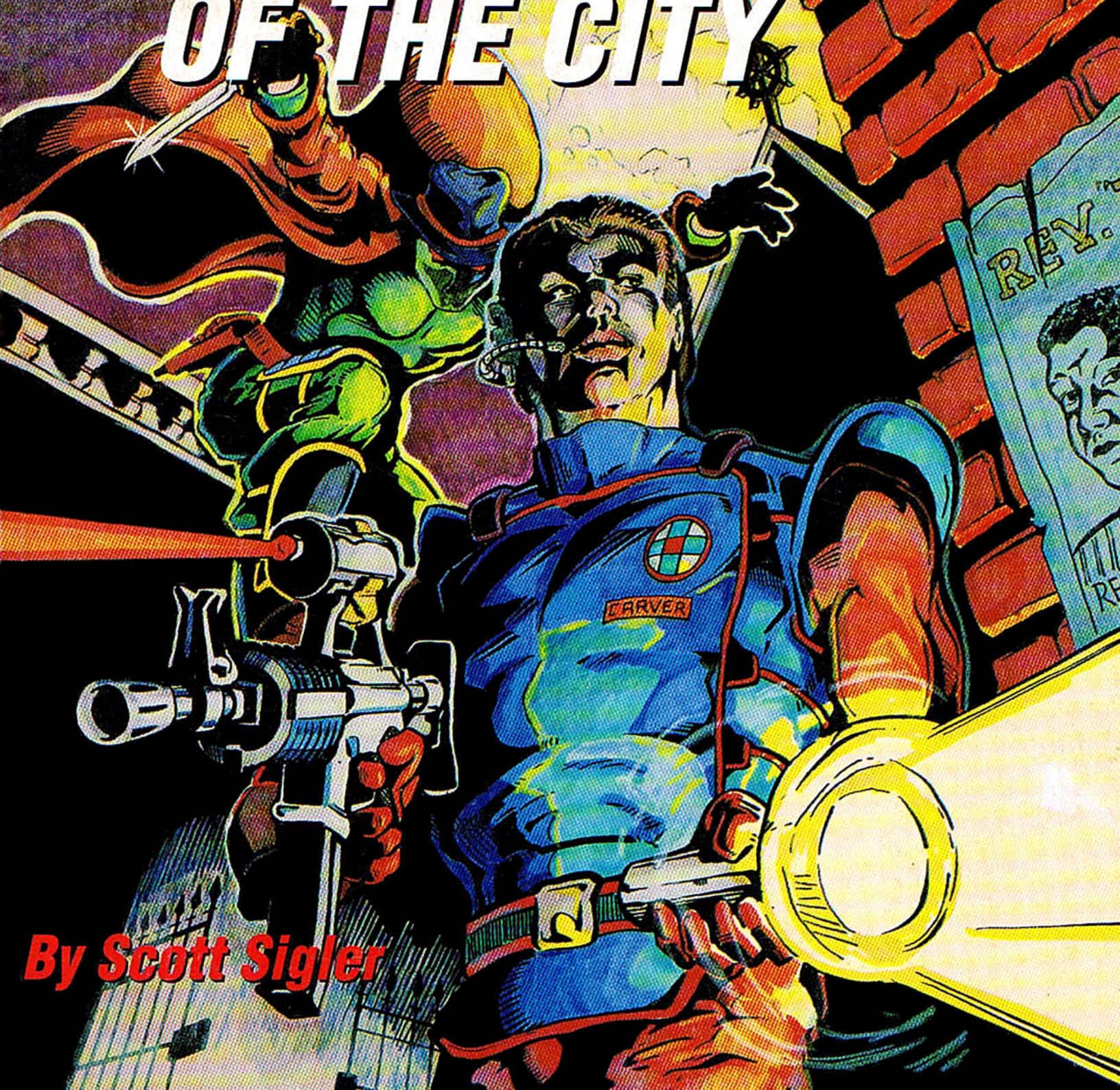


SHADOWS OF THE CITY



By Scott Sigler

SHADOWS OF THE CITY™

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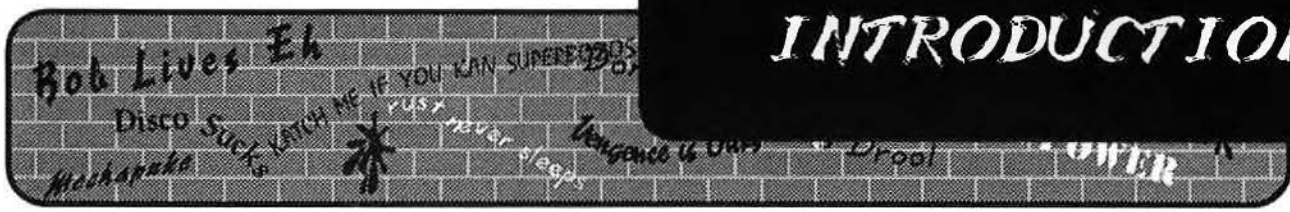
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INTRODUCTION

Shadows of the City is a supplement designed for 5-7 Dark Champions characters with 50-60 active point attacks and an average of 20 points of PD and ED. Resistant defenses should be low to maximize the enjoyment of this adventure.

Shadows of the City can also be used with regular Champions characters. The villains may need to be adjusted; notes on how to modify the villains for a regular Champions campaign are provided.

If you are the Gamemaster, read through the entire supplement thoroughly before the beginning of play. If you are planning on playing this adventure, stop reading here.

This book contains three linked adventures: *Revolution*, *The Pack* and *Street Magic*. These adventures are intended to be run as an intertwined campaign, and are presented in that order. Villain and character write-ups follow the sections in which they first appear.

Revolution is a three-part adventure to be used with the other two adventures listed in this book. Part One of *Revolution* takes place before *The Pack* is run. Part Two comes after completion of *The Pack* and before *Street Magic* has begun. Part three of *Revolution* comes after *Street Magic*'s conclusion. *Revolution* is intended to be played with the same player characters that are used in *The Pack* and *Street Magic*. It can be a functioning stand-alone adventure as well as being used with the rest of the book.

It is possible to run *Revolution* in a single gaming session, but not recommended. To achieve the proper feel of time that takes place between parts of this adventure, it is best to interrupt *Revolution* with separate endeavors. *The Pack* and *Street Magic* are provided for just this purpose. If the adventure is spread out, the players will be able to get a good feel for the growth of the organization detailed below. If the GM rushes the adventure, he will have to explain away the allotted time and the adventure will lose realism in the eyes of the players.

TIME LINE OF EVENTS

Because the time of these intertwined adventures can be quite confusing, we're providing the GM with a time line of events. The time line show what adventure comes when, and where the GM can break up the action by supplying his own mini-adventures. A synopsis of each adventure's plot can be found at the start of each scenario.

- 1 *Revolution, Part One: Make Money the Old Fashioned Way—Steal it*
- 2 The GM can give the characters a chance to investigate some of the information they might have learned in the above adventure, insert his own adventure, or proceed to item 3.
- 3 *The Pack, Chapter 1: Assault on the Mansion*. This item takes place about one or two days after item 1.
- 4 *The Pack, Chapter 2: The Shipment*. This item takes place the night after item 3.
- 5 *The Pack, Chapter 3: Investigating the Streets*. This item naturally follows item 4. The GM could throw in some random encounters, or even a short adventure, to muddy the waters.
- 6 *The Pack, Chapter 4: Mongrel on the Offensive*. About two weeks will pass between this item and item 5.
- 7 The GM could insert a short adventure here, if desired.
- 8 *The Pack, Chapter 5: Home Bound Train*. There is about a week between item 6 and this item.
- 9 *Revolution, Part Two: Industrial Accident for Bridgeport*. The GM can put as much time as he desire between this item and item 8. The characters may be sidetracked, sent on another adventure, or continue on to the next item immediately.
- 10 *Revolution, Part Two: P. Wallace & Sons Get Nailed*. A week passes between the previous item and this one.

- 11 Investigations could go here, as could a short GM-inspired adventure
- 12 *Revolution, Part Two: Attack on the Clearwater Facility.* No more than a week will pass between item 10 and this item.
- 13 *Revolution, Part Two: Wrath of God.* This immediately follows the previous item.
- 14 *Street Magic, Part One: The King Murders.* This item follows closely on the heels of the previous one. The characters might get as much as two days to catch their breaths, heal, and rest before being involved in *The King Murders*.
- 15 *Street Magic, Part Two: Tracking Down the Killers.* This follows item 14, and no time passes between the two adventures.
- 16 The GM could insert a short adventure here, if desired.
- 17 *Street Magic, Part Three: Investigating Savior.* From here until item 21, time will pass with the characters involved in the *Street Magic* adventure.
- 18 *Street Magic, Part Four: Playing the Hand You're Dealt*
- 19 *Street Magic, Part Five: The Gathering Storm*
- 20 *Street Magic, Part Six: The Battle for Ra's Eye*
- 21 *Street Magic, Part Seven: City Saviors*
- 22 *Revolution, Part Three: The Masses Arise.* As much as a month could pass after the characters finish Part Eight of *Street Magic* before they get to this adventure.

Shadows of the City is quite long and involved. Some of the adventures might be run together on the same night, other may take multiple play sessions. This book could supply adventure material for about 5 months of play, if your group plays once a week!

Shadows of the City can have campaign-shaking implications. If the characters lose any of the final confrontations, this adventure can have campaign changing ramifications. The results of such losses are dealt with in the sections detailing the various finales. The GM should read through the sections and decide what will work best for his campaign.

PLOT OVERVIEW — REVOLUTION

PART ONE

The following section is from a work in progress entitled *THE POWERS THAT BE: Paranormals of and Related to Earth and its Sector*, composed by Chronicle for the Princes of the Universe:

REVEREND M

History has seen what can happen when a crazy man obtains a position of power. Often an insane person proves to be the most inspiring leader. Insanity breeds total conviction to a cause, and that conviction can spark millions into action. Modern society's cause is poverty and the low quality of life in American cities. The champion of this cause is Reverend M.

Once a homeless, mad street preacher, Reverend M was blessed with a "miracle" that gave him the power to lead. The miracle also granted him a mind that was able to envision the future and make far-reaching plans to capitalize tomorrow on the actions of today. Reverend M begins his insane plans on a low level, but he has a vision of where his actions will lead.

Religion is the most powerful force in the world today. Used correctly, it can be the difference between a good life and a hellish existence for many. Used by the wrong people and religion turns into a vehicle for warping minds, abusing dreams and starting wars that kill millions.

Leadership is very similar in nature. A good leader can bring a country into modern times, work for world peace and build a good life for all who follow him. A twisted leader can send the world hurtling into war and cause suffering that is legendary. When a twisted leader abuses religion to serve his goals, the combination can be catastrophic.

...

Reverend M has that natural ability so cherished by the world's leaders, the ability to motivate the masses. History has shown us that a crazy man's devotion to a cause is often the element that brings in followers by the thousands. When the characters enter this adventure, Reverend M will be beginning his climb to power in the city.

M uses his power to gather followers. The followers are sent out to gather donations and to recruit more members for M's church. With his dynamic personality, the money flows in. He takes this money and uses it to train his followers in the ways of stealth, guile and terrorism. Sending his new trainees out to rob banks, they bring in even more money to M's church. M is now rolling in the dough, but it is not enough. He reinvests yet again, always planning a grander and bolder scheme.

PART TWO

Reverend M uses the bank money to buy arms and training for his followers. After a personal visit to Weston Industries and the Keller Corporation, M enlists their support in his cause and persuades them to follow his grand plan; a plan that will put the companies at the top of a corrupt capitalist system. M's followers engage in sabotage to destroy the competition of Keller and Weston, and a brilliant financial coup fills the companies' coffers with billions.

As M receives massive donations from Weston and Keller, his church grows to huge proportions. Even as his church spreads across the nation, it is not enough for him. M sends Wrath, a monster straight out of Revelations, into the city streets to murder and terrorize. When Wrath has finished driving property values down, M buys up all the land he can get his hands on and begins his final project.

PART THREE

Soon after the characters deal with Wrath, The Promised Land is finished. Massive housing for the homeless disguises M's national training center, where his holy soldiers learn the ways of devotion and destruction. In the midst of his people's paradise lies the Tower, the heart of the Reverend M Ministries.

From the Tower, M plans the overthrow of the U.S. government. Under his guidance, the masses of America will rise up and tear down the walls of the system, allowing a new and better age to begin—an age in which M is the only leader, an age of purges and atrocities rivaling those of Stalin and Hitler.

He broadcasts daily from his new satellite, spreading his message of hate and destruction. The heroes must stop him before he casts his final message, the command to begin the great overthrow of the bourgeois establishment—a command that will be heeded by M's twelve million followers.

HOW TO USE THIS ADVENTURE

The GM should read all of *Revolution* in order to have an understanding of what each part needs to accomplish. Although the sections are separated by *The Pack* and *Street Magic*, many activities will be taking place behind the scenes while those two adventures are taking place. The GM needs to be familiar with the behind-the-scenes action to keep the players informed, making the developments in *Revolution* seem gradual and not sudden or abrupt.

Reverend M's followers are religious zealots, but they are still normal people. If full power is used on M's followers, there will be quite a bit of blood on the character's hands. Granted, Chosen Ones (M's trained guards) and M's Disciples are a different story, but the majority of the people in this adventure are common folk looking for a better way. The GM should be able to demonstrate to the characters the difference between trained, armed guards and a follower with a gun or a knife.

REVOLUTION PART ONE: MAKE MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY — STEAL IT

"You are the elite, my children. You are the Chosen Ones. You will lead the first strike against this corrupt, bourgeois society. Tonight you will set in motion the wheels of change, tonight you will begin the revolution!" M looked down from the makeshift podium in the basement of his church. He stood atop stacked fruit crates, grasping the sides of an old, peeling ladder that his men had nailed up as a railing. His fingers clutched the wood, illustrating with a white-knuckled grip the intensity of the sermon. Had his men been able to take their faces away from M's passionate eyes, they would have seen the tiny drops of blood trickling from his hands down the splinters to land on the crate's thirsty wooden slats.

The men were kneeling, adding to the feeling of height that M had over them. They looked up with glassy eyes and open mouths—their admiration for their leader bringing them to the verge of tears. Reverend M's eyes stared off into the distance, out of focus as they often were when he was giving his divine words of inspiration. His was the voice of God.

They knew M would lead them to a better way. Much struggle and pain, even death for some, was inevitable. Such is the sacrifice of a righteous struggle, Reverend M had told them. They were ready, each and every one, to fight and die for him. They had to further the holy cause, and they had to spread the holy word. No matter what the price.



Revolution begins quite innocently, as far as adventures go. A series of daring daylight bank robberies has the police scrambling for answers. Three banks have been hit in the last three days, and the M.O. is identical in every robbery, right down to the clothing that the men wore. The banks were small, and perhaps three hundred thousand dollars total has been stolen.

The police have come to the obvious conclusion that it is one gang of men; the police are wrong. Each bank was hit by a different squad of M's Chosen Ones, and when the heroes enter the scene all three are planning to hit separate banks on the same day. Now that the Chosen Ones have worked out the bugs in their techniques, they plan on hitting the three largest banks in the city.

The Chosen Ones are armed with conventional weaponry (use the first set of stats given for the Chosen Ones, which are located at the end of *Revolution, Part 3*). Each group consists of seven men. M almost expects one of the squads to get captured. He hopes that the other two squads can bring home enough cash to begin phase two of his master-plan.

SETTING THE SCENE

BACKGROUND

The following section is an excerpt from *American Decline, The Fall of the Empire*, by Dr. Franco Gillibari, professor of Anthropology at UCLA:

The gap between America's rich and poor grows larger every day. The Government is either unable to fix the problem or doesn't care. The middle class, the glue that holds a capitalist system together, grows smaller and smaller. Never has the disparity between the haves and the have-nots been greater. While the rich get richer, the poor grow in numbers by the millions.

Parallel to so many pre-revolutionary periods in world history, an elite social class is evolving, a class that exploits the poor to gain even more wealth and power. History has shown us that such systems often end up in revolt, and America's poor are losing faith and growing impatient with an archaic and worn out system. The talk of revolution that was laughed at in the activist seventies is now picking up steam. People are tired of the abuses of a callous and uncaring system, and they are finally ready to listen.

...

Life in the city is hard, and there is no relief in sight for the majority of the masses. The grumbling grows louder day by day, and some people seem ready to fight for a change, for equality. All they need is a leader, someone who will promise them the dreams they still pray for. Reverend M works hard at helping the people of the street, supplying food and medicine, arranging for temporary shelters. His message, along with his powerful delivery, daily action and absolute conviction, is exactly what the destitute of the city are searching for, and members are flocking to his church.

His church is, for the moment, tiny and no different in appearance from the hundreds of soup-kitchen worship halls constructed in abandoned businesses. While those churches are destined to remain too small to make a major difference, M's church is already growing at a rapid pace. His followers go out daily seeking donations, and any sympathetic heart they find is sure to receive a personal visit from M himself. After M preaches his message, rare are those who don't pledge their support.

Donations are beginning to pour in, and even the fraction of the money he is giving out is making a real difference for the people of the street. His bank account is swelling rapidly, but it is not fast enough for M's plans. He spends his savings hiring men to train the most physically gifted of his followers, and even at this early stage he sees the grand scale of a his master-plan. The government of America will come tumbling down, but first Reverend M needs working capitol.

GETTING THE CHARACTERS INVOLVED

As the adventure stands right now, it is nothing more than a simple bank robbery. The GM can disguise the fact that this introduces M's ministry by using it to introduce the area to the characters—presumably to get them ready for The Pack. The GM could also pretend he is using this scenario to introduce Shaughnessy. This portion of the adventure is not designed to set off their internal alarms. The only reason you have to disguise the true intent of this adventure is to keep the players from becoming overly concerned with what really is a simple bank robbery.

Getting the characters involved should not be a problem. A paranormal is not a genuine superhero until he stops at least one bank robbery, and an afternoon's excursion against a handful of goons with guns might be a breath of fresh air for some campaigns. The GM could also choose to use this part of the adventure to introduce the characters to M's ministry. A character could happen to be in a bank and be curious about the professionalism of the robbers. A few casual inquiries to the police about the records of these crooks, and the characters will be on their way to finding out about Reverend M and his holy crusade.

- 1) The character (s) are in the bank when it is robbed. The only problem will be stopping the crooks without revealing secret identities.
- 2) If the characters decide to stake out a bank and have a reasonable choice for choosing a particular location, that is where the Chosen Ones will attack. If the characters stake out several banks, only one bank will be hit by M's soldiers, the rest will either hit out-of-town banks or ones the characters have ignored.

- 3) The police could ask for help, as they are spread thin staking banks out. One character at a bank could free up three or four officers who need to be on the streets (use Detective Shaughnessy to ask the characters, unless the GM already has an established police contact in the campaign).
- 4) If the characters are the type who really don't care about anything or are not the type who could walk casually into a bank, then have them pass by on patrol when the van drives through the doors.

THE ROBBERY

If the GM has a bank that is familiar to the characters, use that location. If not, use The Flag National Bank & Trust. The Chosen Ones have changed their method of operation for this robbery. Instead of walking in looking like normals and spreading out to important parts of the bank, they have decided for a more direct approach. The seven members will be in a van with homemade armor which will drive through the front glass doors of the bank and as far into the interior as they can.

Leaping from the van, seven agents will spread out to their assigned posts. Two agents will jump out of the van's back doors and take up positions on either side of what is left of the glass doors, giving them an equal view of the street and the interior of the bank. One will get out of the passenger side and begin giving instructions to the patrons through a megaphone. Two will get out of the side door and begin shoving people who don't heed the commands to the floor, and the remaining two will head for the open vault.

These agents are honestly too naive to realize what they are up against when a hero enters the scene. The agents are trained, but inexperienced, and they will try to shoot the character or engage in hand-to-hand with gang tactics.

While the Chosen Ones have enough fire-power to blast their way through any police barricade, their speed and execution rarely gives the police a chance to get anywhere near the scene before the robbers are gone. Such firepower is enough to discourage pursuit from the city's finest, but it will be pitifully ineffective against the characters. Drubbing the agents should be no problem, and the bank robbery should be foiled without a hitch.

GM's Note: *Any characters who see the robbers in action will notice how efficient they are. Any character with a military background will immediately realize that the robbers are trained in combat maneuvers and squad-level tactics (i.e., handling of weapons, setting up converging arcs of fire, etc.).*

ROBBER ESCAPE

The goal of this adventure is to provide the characters with clues and to give Reverend M a known money supply to begin his plan. To this end, the characters should be able to stop *one* of the robberies while the other two succeed. If the characters have the city completely covered (doubtful), then the GM has two options: **1)** have the other two teams of robbers hit the outside of the city, or **2)** come up with a great escape plan for two of the teams of robbers.

Highly prepared, resourceful characters will realize you can't cover an entire city and will be poised to rush to the scene as soon as an alarm is sounded. The GM should feel free to come up with an escape plan on the fly, catering it to the specific powers of whatever character is pursuing.

The robbers' plan is to get the money, get back in the van and drive to a nearby parking garage, where they will individually change vehicles and leave, each with a portion of the money. A backup car (for each van) is driven by another of M's followers, ready to pick up any robbers who are on the run. These vehicles are nondescript, and if the characters don't see the robbers get in, there's no way to distinguish them from the rest of traffic.

The GM should be creative in escape plans, allowing the robbers to get away with some or all of the money. By thinking on the fly, the GM can demonstrate to the characters that the robbers are resourceful and have a great deal of planning behind the bank hit.

FOLLOW UP

The Chosen Ones are well armed and well organized. After the other two robberies are reported with identical styles, the characters will realize that there must be someone bigger than the agents behind the scheme. Over five million in cash and negotiable bonds were stolen from the other two banks, bringing the spree total to six million dollars. After the characters learn these facts, it should be intriguing enough to follow up on the arrests of the robbers they did capture.

Detective Shaughnessy will give these details of the arrest to any character who goes to the precinct in person to inquire. If the characters are on the outs with the police (likely), they can get the information from a variety of street informants. Shaughnessy is approaching the case in his usual bulldog fashion, and has spread this information around, trying to come up with answers. The GM should try to have Shaughnessy meet one (or more) of the characters, and get a positive relationship established, if possible. Shaughnessy's write-up is at the end of this section.

- 1) The men all had matching tattoos on their right shoulder, a cross separated into vertical strips of red, white and green.
- 2) The men claimed no involvement whatsoever with the other two robberies the day they were arrested, and also claim to have no knowledge of the previous three robberies.
- 3) Their weapons were immaculate and in perfect working order.
- 4) Some of the men have prior records, but all charges were petty theft or minor drug-possession/dealing charges, nothing like bank robbery or grand larceny.
- 5) They have proven to be beyond police interrogating techniques. The men will say nothing, and only talk to their court appointed lawyer.
- 6) None of the men have been in the military.

GM's Note: *If the characters come in a week later (or a week after the robbery attempt), the court-appointed lawyer will have been replaced by none other than Camden Brown, a notorious criminal lawyer who made his name getting wealthy Mafia figures off the hook.*

AFTERMATH

The information provided will give the characters quite a bit to chew on. The tattoos are a great clue to follow up on, but the characters will not have much time as The Pack situation will become too intense to ignore. If the characters decide to follow up on the robbery case immediately or they find time between Pack encounters, use the information on Camden Brown listed in Part Two, the next section of *Revolution*. The cross is the covert symbol of Reverend M's church.

DETECTIVE SHAUGHNESSY

12 STR 16 DEX 15 CON 12 BODY 25 INT
12 EGO 15 PRE 10 COM 4 PD 4 ED
3 SPD 5 REC 30 END 25 STUN

Skills: +1w/ Small Arms; +1 w/ Punch; Combat Driving 12-; Criminology 14-; Deduction 15-; Interrogation 12-; Paramedic 14-; Security Systems 14-; Shadowing 13-; Fam w/Small Arms; Local Police powers

100+ Disadvantages: Reputation as a highly effective detective 11-; Becomes obsessed with solving cases (common, total)

Background: He's been on this beat for 21 years, but he never gets tired of it.

Detective Raymond Shaughnessy has thrown himself into his work for nearly all of his adult life. He joined the force at 20 and worked his way up to detective. That was years ago, and he has passed up many promotions since then.

The city is a cesspool, the crime is always present and things will never get better, he is convinced of that. He doesn't stay on the job for the good of the people - he's been around long enough to know that there are no good people, just people who haven't had an opportunity to go bad. He's been stabbed, shot, beaten up, put in the hospital a dozen times, lost friends and lost his wife.

But he loves the job.

It's the job that he can't get out of his blood. It's the job that makes him get up in the morning when sometimes he'd rather just lay down and die. It's the job that gets his adrenaline pumping and gives him reason to live. The kill?—he could care less, it's the chase that turns his wheels.

Shaughnessy lives for the thrill of solving cases. The harder the case, the more he throws himself into it. The rush he gets when he is putting the pieces together is like nothing in the world. Sure his wife left him because he never came home, but that just gives him more time to work. He doesn't care, he's truly married to his job.

The really good cases are few and far between, but when they come around they are worth waiting for. Shaughnessy lives for the case, when he can work 23 hours, take an hour nap, and get right back into the chase. He's caught some major crooks in his time and solved some mysteries that would have left Agatha Christie a babbling wreck drooling on the carpet, but those are all in the past.

Shaughnessy does his job, waiting impatiently for the next baffling situation to come rolling around. These bank robberies—the ones with the tattooed crooks—they are very interesting. There's something to this case, something very puzzling.

Shaughnessy feels that tingle behind his ear. He isn't sure why he knows this is a big case, but he has learned to trust his instincts. This is going to be one hell of a chase.

Quote: "Does this look like the perfect crime, or what?"

Appearance: Shaughnessy works alone, a request the department finally granted him after he lost his fourth partner. Shaughnessy wears an old plaid sports coat that dates back to the mid-70s. He wears baggy jeans and sneakers. His thick, red hair hangs around his faces except for the cowlick on top of his head that sticks straight up.

Roleplaying Tips: While smart as a whip, he is a bit eccentric. When on a case, Shaughnessy is perpetually pumped up and always a very hyper man. He moves quickly from scene to scene and sleeps very little. When not on a big case he is lethargic, bordering on lazy.

Shaughnessy is a great tool for the GM to use when characters are stumped. He can come to question the characters, trade info or just bounce ideas off of them—anything the GM can think of to give the characters a bit of information to get them on the right track.

He has a slight lisp which gets progressively worse the more excited he becomes.

THE PACK



INTRODUCTION

The Pack adventure will draw the characters into the dark underworld of the poverty-ridden inner city and the billion-dollar drug industry. It will take delicate strategy, sensitive investigation and savage, brute force to counteract the evil forces at work within these pages.

The GM has free reign in using this adventure in any way he wishes. It is highly advised that this adventure is used between the first and second parts of *Revolution*. Characters

introduced in *The Pack* are important for smooth flow of both *Revolution* and third adventure in this product, *Street Magic*.

It is possible to run the entire events of *The Pack* in a single sitting, or it could be spread out over several gaming sessions. The adventure may work better if the GM has an existing campaign to provide action between Pack encounters. This will provide ample opportunity for the characters to pursue leads and think the plot out, but is by no means necessary for the proper play of this adventure. Spreading the adventure out will allow for many subplots to activate and give the GM the greatest creative freedom.

PLOT OVERVIEW

In the past few months, the war on drugs has gained a new ally, or is it a new enemy? It is an ally that does not concern itself with laws or morals, it does what it thinks is right. The Pack has burst onto the street scene, killing everybody from the highest drug lords to the lowliest addict. No one is safe, and The Pack is as indiscriminate as it is efficient.

The police have been unable to touch The Pack. The death toll has grown as the shadowy group roams the inner city. The vigilantes have done major damage to the city's drug trade, and the whole network is primed to topple inward upon itself. What the city doesn't know, however, is that The Pack is planning on this collapse. They are also planning to fill the void created and become the biggest drug dealers the country has ever known.

The adventure begins with the first chance to see how these deadly vigilantes operate. Mongrel and his crew assault the Ballado Mansion and kill everybody in sight, including one of the city's most powerful drug lords, Don Ballado. The characters can investigate the heavily defended mansion and get a feel for just how efficient a team The Pack is. Several clues are provided which give some foreshadowing as to what the characters are up against.

A major clue from the mansion will lead the characters to a drug shipment coming in from South America. The characters will have a chance to experience The Pack's teamwork first hand as they fight to save a ship's crew from certain death. The Pack's tactics allow them to either succeed or escape, leaving the characters to make the next step.

After a fruitless confrontation, the characters will have to do some serious digging at the street level to find the clues they need. The investigation will give the GM a chance to introduce the flip side of the American dream, the crime and degradation of the inner city. Hard work, and perhaps the promise of a few favors that may come back to haunt the characters, will turn up several facts about Mongrel's activities that make his blood-thirsty crusade even more disturbing.

The continuous prying on the part of the heroes will get back to Mongrel, and he sees the characters as a threat to his potential empire. He will seek the characters out and attempt to remove them—permanently.

The attack should raise the obvious question of why a person committed to justice, even vigilante justice, would want to kill heroes (presuming that's what the characters are)? Continued investigation will turn up the fact that although the drug trade has been apparently decimated, key people are still in place, people that are known criminals who would seem to be obvious targets for Mongrel.

Mongrel has reduced the numerous shipping routes to one remaining channel. It is through that channel that Mongrel will bring the largest drug shipment in the history of America. The characters will come to the realization that they are not up against a psychopathic vigilante, as they assumed, but a calculating criminal mind that wants to rule the expansive drug trade.

If he gets the shipment, his power base will be established once and for all. Mongrel will become a crime lord of legendary proportions, the only ruler of a criminal kingdom that will stand in the face of all for a long time to come. Every criminal element will flock to him, hoping to win favor. He will rapidly build an army of paranormals who follow his every command. If the characters truly hope to stop this psychopath from coming to a level of power previously unknown in the world of crime, they have to stop him and his Pack at the site of the shipment.

The Pack are really a distorted mirror for the characters to look into. In the early stages of the adventure, the heroes should be wondering, "*Are we as bad as that? What's the difference between The Pack and myself?*" Towards the end of the adventure, the heroes should be even more upset that The Pack has made their jobs even harder by making the public *really* afraid of vigilantes. There should be some great hatred going on by the time this adventure runs its course.

HOW TO USE THIS ADVENTURE

The Gamemaster should read through the entire adventure to understand the flow of information and see the differing pictures that Mongrel will present to the players. He should examine all of the characters at the end of each adventure, for they will all play a part in the three adventures, but should take particular interest in the characters associated with *The Pack*. The GM should be able to recall The Pack's strengths and weaknesses from memory, for this is a tightly-knit unit who know their comrades abilities as well as their own. A member of The Pack knows exactly what his friends can and will do, and any mistake or forgotten tidbit on the GM's part will lower entertainment value and consistency in the minds of the players.

The Pack is a dynamic group of villains. All of the characters related to this adventure have specific personality traits that will make them individual and memorable in the minds of the players. Practice voices, accents, attitudes and speech patterns until you can be each of the characters and bring them to life during the adventure.

The GM is free to change any aspect of this adventure. As with any supplement, several alterations will need to be made to "customize" this adventure to an individual campaign. The story, however, centers on the gritty life of the street and the reality of drug-related crime. This is not a "save-the-universe" adventure. It is meant to give most characters a welcome break from typical world beaters, and to give Streetwise characters a stomping ground to really strut their stuff.

The Pack is not an isolated adventure. When reading this adventure before play, it may help to highlight aspects that will be important clues and foreshadowings for the next adventures. Missing out on establishing a valuable contact, for example, will mean you have to rush it or make it overly convenient in the next plot. Take time to be prepared with all of the sub-plotting that will run rampant throughout this book, it will make your job a breeze and make you a role-playing guru in the eyes of your players.

SETTING THE SCENE

BACKGROUND

The Following section is from a work in progress entitled *THE POWERS THE BE: Paranormals of and Related to Earth and its Sector*, composed by Chronicle for the Princes of the Universe:

THE PACK

The drug trade deals in dollar figures that annually reach into the billions. Every day more and more lives are poisoned by this modern-day plague, and every day the hiding places grow fewer and far between. The drug business is slowly squeezing the life from Earth's metropolises, making inner-city areas resemble third world nations torn by civil war.

There have always been fighters in this losing war, but none so vicious as The Pack. They appear as dark heroes, spreading justice in the only manner drug lords can truly understand. They are the soldiers society has been secretly praying for: above the law, untouchable, unburdened by conscience or a system that has long since outlived its usefulness. They are fast, they are powerful, they are unforgiving and they are deadly. Society has hoped for such heroes, but now society hopes they can be stopped.

The old proverb, "Be careful what you wish for, it may come true," has never been more appropriate. The Pack has spread their brand of justice beyond the drug-lords and smugglers into the day to day lives of the city's citizens. They spare no one. Children, the elderly, the sick, the wounded; anyone remotely connected with the drug trade has tasted the wrath of The Pack. Mongrel has been quoted as saying "from the lowliest addict to the highest drug lord, all shall die," and he has proven this belief to be true. The wish has been granted, and now it must be stopped.

To defeat Mongrel, it will take strength, courage, guile and solid tactics. Mongrel is a shadow, and so far no one has been able to stop him. Federal and local law enforcement forces can't prove he is the one doing the killing. The only ones who can get a handle on this vigilante are the other vigilantes whose powers rival those of The Pack. The only ones who can stop so much suffering are the heroes of the city.

Mongrel does not plan on being stopped. His vigilante wrath serves a double purpose. One: it keeps eyes blind to his true goal. Two: it allows him to destroy all who would stand in his way of becoming the biggest crime-lord the city has ever seen. Mongrel is taking out the competition before they even know he is in the game. When he is finished, all that will be left are pieces of the many networks that run the drug trade. The only way these pieces will be able to survive is by becoming part of the puzzle crafted by Mongrel.

When he is finished, there will be a single crime syndicate in the city, under his rule alone. Mongrel's power will know no rivals, he will be the kingpin, the one and only. He will destroy anything that threatens his dream ... and anybody.

PROLOGUE

"This is Christy McNamara coming to you live from behind the courthouse building. My camera man and I are being held at gunpoint by the man who claims responsibility for the murder of reputed drug lord Diego Chavez, who was shot to death just a few moments ago on the courthouse steps. The gunman, known only as Mongrel, wishes to make a statement through us to the city."

Christy looked cool and collected as she always did when she was in the field, but it was clear to the viewers that she was not as sure of herself as she was when parked behind her anchorperson desk. As the camera turned to face the man of the hour, it was clear that she was not in control of the situation and she knew it. It was plain to see that Christy McNamara, the fearless reporter who stayed on top of the city's paranormal activities, was scared of the man she was covering. She was scared for her life.

The camera came to rest on Mongrel. His six foot plus frame had a solid build. Muscles were visible underneath his black and gray camouflage tights. A mask, which ended just above his high European cheekbones, covered his slanted eyes and his flat nose. His skin color was impossible to define, a bizarre compilation of African, European and Hispanic. Curly hair in tight coils leapt from his head in all directions.

"You tell them, Christy." Mongrel growled, his breath coming in ragged gasps from anger rather than exertion. "You tell all the druggies and the pushers and the users that their reign of terror is over, man. Mine is just starting."

"You tell them that they are all fair game for me and my Pack. We're gonna make the streets safe again. We ain't playing with no laws, man; this is by their rules, kill or be killed." He shouldered a huge automatic weapon. The camera man zoomed out for a full body shot of the deadly gunman.

"You tell them, Christy! Their days are numbered, and I'm gonna be doing' the counting. The Pack is lose on the streets!" He reached out and grabbed the camera, the view turning into a blur of images before the mini-cam was shut off.

The screen cut to Christy comfortably seated behind a desk with her co-anchor. She was now collected and reserved, again in control of her destiny as the best of the best. A screen above her right shoulder held a freeze frame of Mongrel in mid-sentence. His yellowed, poorly spaced teeth reflected the glare from the portable camera light. His eyes were wide with rage and hatred, and his nose seemed to be caught in an evil flare.

"That was at 12:15 p.m., today," Christy said in her best the-world-could-end-and-it-wouldn't-faze-me-because-I'm-a-newsperson-voice. "At approximately 3 p.m this afternoon, a crack house was demolished and four people inside were killed, either by gunfire or by mutilation. Mongrel has claimed responsibility for this action as well."

"The police claim to have no leads just as yet, but are hopeful that ballistics will turn up some evidence. There is also no knowledge of the 'pack' he refers to. TV 4's sources have reported rumors that Mongrel is leading a new pack of vigilantes, although their numbers and powers remain unknown. Some witnesses claim to have seen Mongrel fleeing the scene with a huge, powerful looking beast wearing, quote, a "University of Alabama football jersey," end quote. Channel 4 will keep you posted on developments in the Mongrel story as they happen. Now for the sports."

...

For the past three months, a shadowy figure has been working his way through the criminal underground. He and his comrades have systematically dismantled much of the drug machinery in the city, killing hundreds of people in the process. Until now, his existence has been but a rumor, has been explained away as the drug wars, or has been attributed to a massive public uprising against the drug trade that has destroyed the quality of life in the city.

Last night, however, Mongrel came forth and took full responsibility for the violent actions plaguing the drug organizations. After killing a major crime figure in broad daylight, he cornered a mobile news team and gave them a statement which was subsequently aired on the evening news. In his statement Mongrel not only admitted to the anti-crime activity but promised it would be more intensive and even more violent. The statement left a shocked populace wondering how he could possibly step up his activities, and it left people wondering if anybody was safe from this cold-blooded warrior of the streets.

INVOLVING THE HEROES

The sheer scope of Mongrel's activities should be enough to draw the characters' attention. Although murders are common within the drug trade, Mongrel's body-count has dwarfed even the worst crime-wars.

Individual campaigns, however, require individual subplots and customized involvement. The GM should take time to plan the way the characters will become involved with the scenario. A well thought-out intro will not only make the adventure more realistic, but it will have the players involved because their *characters* want to be involved.

- 1) The Pack's raid on the Ballado Mansion is a good place to start. A highly fortified mansion, or what is left of it, would provide the characters with an excellent chance to get a feel for The Pack's powers and modes of operation. It would also be a good place to look for clues about The Pack: fingerprints, shellcasings, spent bullets, claw marks, etc. Once at the mansion and the characters see just how efficient Mongrel's boys are the characters should be hooked.
- 2) If any of the character's stomping grounds are the streets, then an encounter prior to the Ballado Mansion is almost inevitable. The GM can choreograph a run in with either the whole group of villains or any of the individuals. Even if the character fights The Pack and is defeated, Mongrel will spare him/her at this point, citing high ideals and being on the same side of the street (which will make the attack in Chapter 3 even more intriguing). Win or lose, the character will see Mongrel and company—the group *rarely* travels apart—murder all who are present. This should be enough of a prompt to put the characters onto the case.
- 3) Any street-type character will undoubtedly have friends and contacts. Any of these people could be closet addicts or just be in the wrong place at the wrong time and be killed by The Pack. Remember that The Pack just doesn't care, they kill everybody in the target zone. If Aunt Betsy takes a wrong turn and winds up at an open-air drug market, she'll be gunned down along with the dealers and buyers.
- 4) Two undercover cops have been killed during Pack raids. Any undercover police officer is in danger not only from the criminals he is investigation, but from The Pack as well. Any contact, friend or acquaintance of the characters will make this clear if the characters should ask. If things get worse (i.e. the characters putting off the investigation) those people will seek the characters out and ask for help.
- 5) The city government may actually ask the characters to help out in the case. This would only be used if the characters were so callous they ignored the hundreds of murders committed by The Pack. If this is the case, those characters probably aren't on good terms with city officials in the first place, and the characters wouldn't be interested in this adventure until Mongrel has already taken over the crime organizations.

CHAPTER ONE: ASSAULT ON THE MANSION

As they drove away from the Mansion, Mongrel looked back on his masterpiece. The security had been state of the art, the best money could buy, and his men had gone through it like it wasn't even there. Every man had done his job to perfection, working together and knowing his teammates would do their part. Mongrel was proud of this fire team. They were five individuals who acted like a single machine.

Rottweiler had taken out the guard shack, loudly and messily, bringing the reserve guards out of the house and out of the way. Moondog had intercepted them, making sure they wouldn't block an escape attempt and slow the team down. Hellhound had hit the remaining guards outside the house, drawing their fire. After shorting out the automatic defenses, Mongrel and Doberman had used Hellhound's diversion to slip inside. Doberman killed the guards outside the office and covered Mongrel's back while Mongrel had confronted Don Ballado.

Ballado had talked like there was no tomorrow, giving Mongrel all the information he had. Ballado had hoped the information would buy him his life. He was wrong.

Four minutes and eleven seconds into the assault, and they were already driving away. His team was efficient, powerful and swift. No one would be able to stop them. No one.

THE ASSAULT

The Pack hit the mansion and killed everybody inside except Ballado's wife and child, who hid in the living room. All of the other guards had been marked for death in the combat plan, and they ran right where Mongrel presumed they would. Thirteen guards, all heavily armed, were killed along with Don Ballado.

Automatic defenses had been shorted out externally, and the alarm system had been left working, apparently on purpose. Sections of the house were burned badly, but the fire didn't spread very well and was put out by a light rain. The front doors of the mansion were smashed apart, the guard shack destroyed and Ballado's office trashed.

THE LEFTOVERS

The site has been closed off after initial evidence-gathering was completed. The remainder of the cataloging will be done the next day, as there are thousands of bits of evidence that must be tagged and collected. The bodies have been removed, but tape outlines mark their places on the floor.

Bullets have been removed from the walls, but there were so many that the characters will be able to get their hands on one if they try (there are still around 150 of them in Ballado's office).

Provide the characters with the layout of the mansion after the attack (Map # 1) and let them look around. If they are with the police, they can do this in broad daylight. If they are not with the police, then they must work at night and get around the two uniformed cops that are guarding the site.

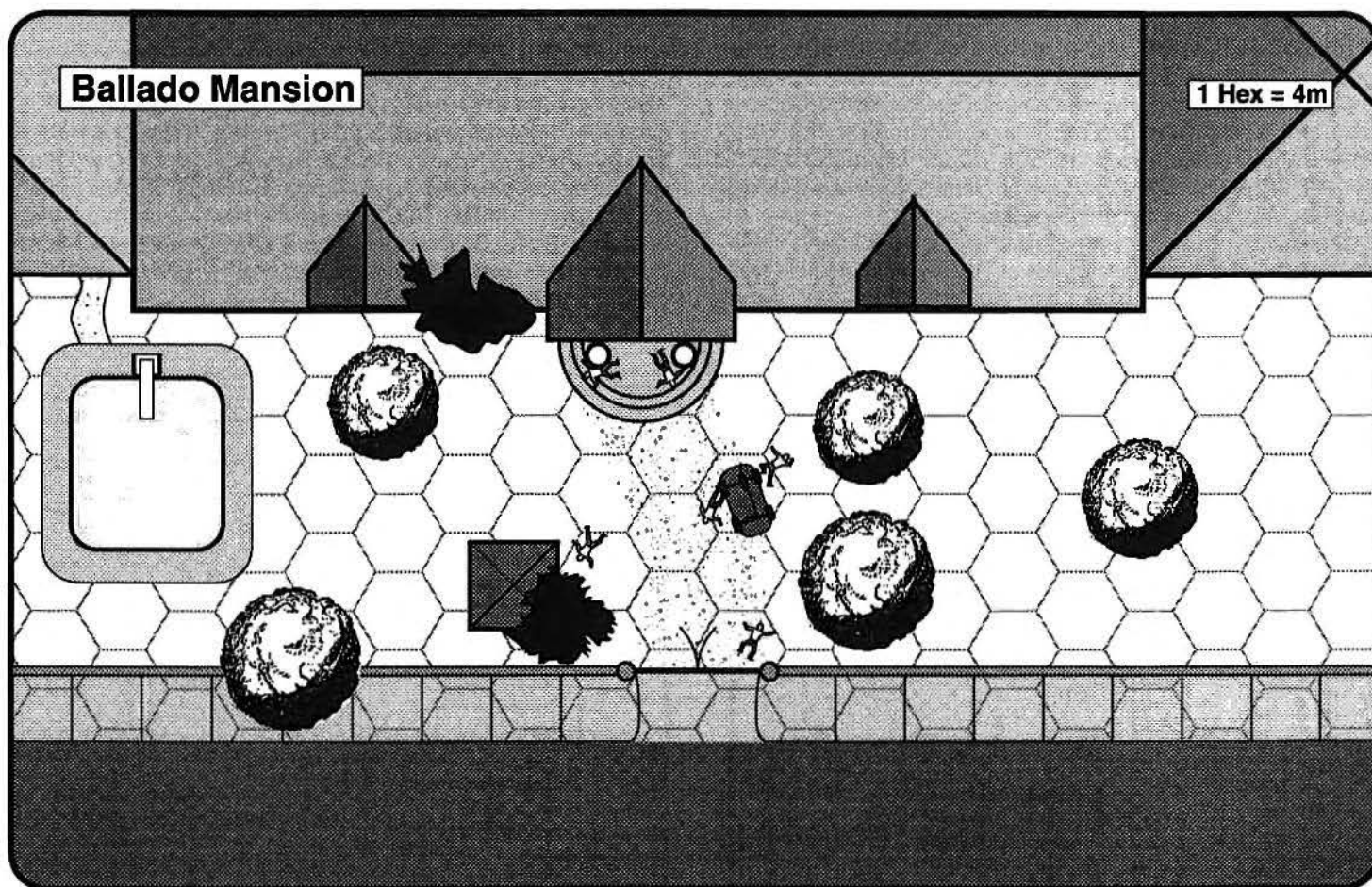
Although there is a path of general destruction that is not difficult to follow, the office has easily suffered the most damage. Chips of plaster cover the floor from the hundreds of bullet-holes in the walls, starkly white where they rest in pools of dried blood. Blood covers the walls, the carpet and the desk where the three men met their fate. File cabinets have been blasted open by machine-gun fire, and their contents have spilled onto the floor as well. Ballado's massive mahogany desk is now suitable only for kindling; its polished shine destroyed by the splintering effect of the large-caliber bullets. Everything else in the office, from destroyed pictures and knickknacks to Ballado's bullet-ridden computer, adds to the general chaotic appearance of the ruined room.

The computer is the biggest clue that remains after the police have gone through their preliminary evidence gathering. More specifically, the disk that remains in the disk drive. The computer was shot at close range through the screen and is splattered with blood.

By just looking at the tape line marked "Ballado" and the position of the overturned chair it will be obvious to anyone that he was shot while sitting at his desk, where the computer once sat. Blood covers the desk, except for a rectangular space that is free from the now-brown stains and wooden patches that were blasted away after Mongrel killed Ballado.

The sheer amount of carnage in the office has made the police decide to catalogue the scene the next day. Now that the bodies have been removed and detectives have been given a chance to peruse the scene, no evidence will be removed until the day after the assault. This allows the shattered remains of the computer to remain amidst the rubble on the floor. Within the destroyed machine is the clue the characters need.

With some common sense and a little group thinking, it shouldn't be hard to figure out that Ballado was sitting in front of his computer when he was shot. After he was killed, the computer was blasted across the room when Mongrel shot up the place. If a character examines the remnants of the computer, he will find that there is still a 3 1/2" disk lodged in the drive.



THE DISK

Don Ballado was known in crime circles as the "Silicon Don" due to his practice of keeping track of his business with computers. Ballado developed an elaborate code over the years, and all of the information he kept on file is coded. The coded information is vague, only holding the details Ballado might forget. There are no names, just dates, times and locations.

The disk that the characters have contains similar information. A major shipment is coming into town and Mongrel wanted the details. Ballado got the information from the disk and was then killed. The characters will have to break the code (Computer Programming at -2) to get at the clue. What is on the disk is a list of future shipments, each in its own computer file which also contains other information about each date.

The file that was most recently opened is a shipment that is due tomorrow night. The shipment information reads:

(fill in date) *Brandweir Shipyards. 10:00.*
Peruvian. 300 Kilos.

(If your campaign city does not have a waterfront, then have the shipment come in at the nearest city that has water access).

IF CHARACTERS CAN'T FIGURE THE DISK OUT

If the players don't find the disk, then the GM will have to find another way to get them the information. If any of the characters are a noted computer expert, now is a good time to introduce detective Frank Shaughnessy. Detective Shaughnessy is a member of the city police force and a crime buster of some note. If he finds the disk, he would give it to the characters to decipher. Shaughnessy fears corruption within the police force (which will become apparent in the *Revolution* adventure) and feels safer giving the information to the characters. He naturally expects them to share whatever information they find with him, and he will make this expectation clear to the characters.

If Shaughnessy managed to establish a positive relationship with one of the characters in *Revolution, Part One* then he might well seek the character out, to enlist his aid. If Shaughnessy hasn't met any of the characters previously, now is a good time to introduce him. Unless the characters are wanton mass-murderers, Shaughnessy will overlook their past indiscretions to enlist their aid. As mentioned in his write-up, solving the case is the important thing for Shaughnessy. If it involves bending a few rules, he'll bend them.

If the characters miss the disk and do not have a noted computer expert with them, then it is time to introduce Shamus. Shamus is a private detective/hero of the inner city. He will arrive at the crime site a little after the heroes, come into the office and introduce himself. Shamus is from the golden age of detectives in the '30's (see his character origin) and treats the characters as rank amateurs. Shamus will find the disk, but will not be subtle about it.

Shamus is not a true paranormal and is very smart. He is wary of becoming involved in any of The Pack's activities and he knows what Mongrel will do if he gets in the way. If the characters can convince Shamus that they are out to stop

Mongrel, Shamus will share the information he finds on the condition that characters never mention he was involved.

After the characters have the disk, they will have to find a way to get the information out of the slightly damaged disk. Shamus is capable of doing this, if none of the characters are, but will have to be talked into it as he doesn't like working with other people. Shamus is probably the GM's best option at this point unless the characters have a contact with computer skills. Shamus will have to be introduced at some point anyway, and regardless of character computer ability this is a good time to do it.

SHAMUS

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
10	STR	0	OCV: 7+			
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7+			
18	CON	16	ECV: 4			
14	BODY	8	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12			
18	INT	8				
12	EGO	4	Costs			
10	PRE	0				
16	COM	3	Char:	108	Base:	100
12	PD	10		+		+
14	ED	10	Powers:	171	Disad:	179
5	SPD	19		=		=
6	REC	0	Totals:	279		279
36	END	0				
38	STUN	10				

Cost	Powers	END
21	Martial Arts—Dirty Infighting	
	Maneuver	OCV DCV Damage
	Punch	— +2 5d6
	Roundhouse	-2 +1 7d6
	Low Blow	-1 +1 2 ½d6 NND
	Disarm	-1 +1 Disarm, +25 to roll
	Kidney Blow	-2 — 1d6 HKA
	+1 DC	
13	2d6 RKA, 2 clips of 8 charges (OAF - Beretta)	
11	1d6 HKA at 0 END (1 ½d6 w/ STR) (OAF - switchblade)	
6	+3d6 HA at 0 END (OAF - blackjack)	
3	Life Support: Immune to Aging	

Skills

17	Streetwise 18-
11	Shadowing 17-
8	KS: City Knowledge 17-
7	Stealth 15-
7	Computer Programing 15-
7	Deduction 15-
5	Bugging 14-
5	Criminology 14-
5	Lockpicking 14-
3	Breakfall 13-
3	Security systems 13-
3	Combat Driving 13-
3	Concealment 13-
5	Bribery 12-
5	Disguise 12-
5	Forgery 12-
2	Familiar w/ small arms
16	+2 w/ Combat

100+ Disadvantages

10	DNPC - secretary Roxy Macmillan (normal, 8-)
8	Watched by Detective Shaughnessy (as pow, NCI, 8-)
15	Hunted by followers of Dr. Scorpion (as pow, 11-)
15	Seeking reasons why he isn't getting older (com, strong)
15	Disdain for modern culture (com, strong)
10	Loner (com, mod)
10	Feels alone and out of place in modern society (com, mod)
10	Public Identity
10	Reputation as troublesome private detective (11-)
25	3d6 from mystery compound (up to GM) (unc, phase)
51	Exp. bonus

Origin: The world gets crazier every day.

It's nothing like the good old days, when this burg was hopping with two-bit gin-joints, ritzy dance halls and big bands blasting foot-tapping tunes into the still of the night. Those were the days.

The work was good then, even before the change. People were always cheating, floozies and johns finding their way into beds that curiously weren't filled with their spouses. Broken wedding wishes were a gold mine, once you got used to them. Okay, so it wasn't like some nickel-novel or a Bogart flick, but it was a living. Now he had more cash than he knew what to do with, jobs that would make Errol Flynn green with envy, his own office, everything a private dick could hope for in the midst of a fevered whiskey wish.

But part of him wished he'd died along with his partner back in 1959.

Shamus hadn't wanted to take the case in the first place—it was fishier than a Russian trawler. But Luke Steele, his partner of 12 years, said it was a mint, worth more clams than New England. That case taught Shamus something, money isn't everything.

They should have left that doll's case alone—they should have left Professor Nefarious alone. Live and learn, but Luke was a slow learner.

Oh sure, they stopped the Professor, but not before he had a chance to try his aging formula on Nicky Shamus and Luke Steele. To this day, Shamus doesn't know why the formula didn't work on him. He watched Steele grow old and die in a matter of hours, wasting away before his partner's eyes. Shamus lived, and he hasn't aged a day since.

The Professor had been converted to religion—Shamus's iron had made him holy-er than a Pope on Christmas. But Steele was dead, and Shamus's life was changed forever.

Just as he had watched Steele grow old, he has watched this city age—and not for the better. The city gets crazier every day, nuttier than a fruitcake, and Shamus misses the old days. Oh well, everybody's got to make a living, even a two-bit dick with a weak-spot for the dames.

Personality/Motivation: Shamus feels out of place in today's society. He hates the music, he hates the culture, he hates most of the changes that have taken place in the past 35 years. He has a dark outlook on life and trusts no one.

He still does his job, good private detectives are hard to find. He's also very good at his job, 40+ years of experience will make a person that way.

Quote: "You call that music?"

Powers/Tactics: Shamus is a classic 30s detective, and likes to mix it up now and again. He tries for the most part to avoid physical danger, but true to the genre it always seems to find him. He is a very good detective, and his decades of experience give him a vast wealth of knowledge to draw from.

He is very familiar with the concept of paranormals, and he will avoid fighting with them unless his life depends on it.



Appearance: Blue fedora, tan trench coat, rumpled suit and dirty shoes fit the stereotypical detective role nicely. He is a normal-sized man, and obviously in good physical shape.

Roleplaying Tips: Shamus has a tendency to turn up under player-characters' feet. If a mystery draws the characters, chances are it will draw Shamus as well.

He despises current culture, and longs for the days of his youth (his mathematical youth, that is, he's still physically 26 years old). Play him as a grumpy detective from the golden days of serials and crime books.

CHAPTER TWO: THE SHIPMENT

A light mist had blown up off the river, turning the dock lights into soft yellow cones that fell on the old, worn wood. A chill gripped the air, adding to the clammy feeling that the dank fog left on skin. Mongrel breathed deep the smells of the night. The conditions were perfect.

Visibility was a mere twenty yards: he and his fire team would now be practically invisible as well as silent. The ship's crew hadn't a prayer of surviving the night. Doberman was already on board, waiting to begin the operation. Moondog and Rottweiler were in place, a mere 25 yards from the ship's ramp. Hellhound stood with Mongrel, waiting to carry his leader onto the ship's deck where the real fun would begin.

If Ballado's information was right, there would be a crew of twelve. Only three of them, the captain and his two mates, knew of the drugs, but killing them all was unavoidable. Estimated running time was two minutes and 20 seconds. Twenty seconds to clear the deck of crew, 40 seconds to kill everyone below decks, 40 seconds to load the drugs and 20 seconds to clear the zone. That left twenty seconds to deal with contingencies.

Mongrel let the safety off of his weapons and checked the ammo readout again. His eyes lovingly traced the outline of the massive machine-gun. It was in perfect working order—any "contingencies" that popped up would find that out the hard way.

THE SHIPYARDS

The Brandweir Shipyards are in the dockyard district. If the characters check shipping dates with the Brandweir office (by whatever method), they will find that there will be three ships from South America in dock that night. The *Brazil Star* from Brazil and the *Amigo* from Columbia arrived Monday. Bolivia's *Senorita Maria* arrived Wednesday morning.

All of the Brandweir's records are kept on computer as well as in standard files. The computer system has standard protection, which would be no problem for any character with computer programming or hacking skills. The information can be accessed via modem, through the terminals located in the main offices, or in the file cabinets also located in the main office.

The Brandweir shipyard is a big place. Over 20 cargo ships are currently docked and there is space for five more, all docks complete with warehouse facilities to store the various goods (see map #2). As luck would have it, two of the South American vessels are on opposite sides of the shipyard, the remainder being smack in the middle. The characters may have to split up and stake out the three ships to find out which one is the target of The Pack.

At 10 p.m., activity is limited on the docks. The night chill and fog will send most star-gazers belowdecks where it is warm and dry.

The yard is surrounded by a chain-link fence (DEF 4, BODY 2). There are stationary cameras watching both gates and all pathways. The monitors are located in the guard shack. Three armed guards patrol the area once every half-hour, and Mongrel has timed his assault to bypass these guards. If the characters engage The Pack in a drawn-out fight, the guards will show up but will be of little use other than as a hostage for the villains, and, without character intervention, will very likely wind up dead.

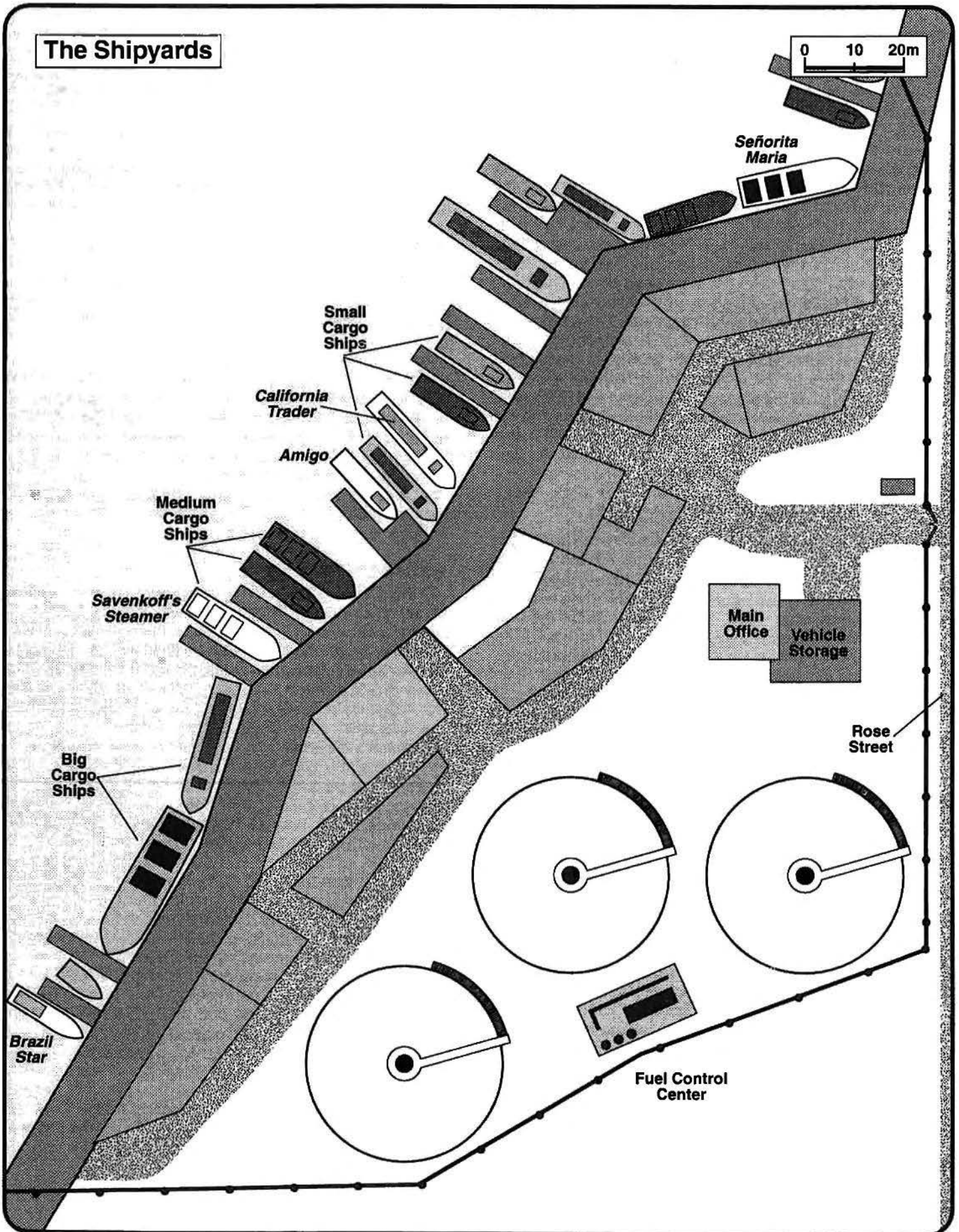
THE SHIP

The *Amigo* is docked at slip 25. A small cargo ship, it docked Monday, delivered its shipment of fruit, and is waiting to be loaded with cotton for its return voyage (or whatever cargo is appropriate for your city). Half of the cargo has already been loaded, and cotton bales are stacked through-out the hold.

The crew of twelve is below decks, sleeping in cabins or watching television in the cramped crew lounge. Seven are in the lounge, two are sleeping. The three officers are in the pilot house, waiting for someone to come and pick up the shipment of drugs. They are merely couriers, and although they know Ballado is dead, they assume someone else will be bringing the money they are supposed to take back.

THE PACK'S PLAN

At 9:34:50 Rottweiler will rush onto the ship and storm the pilot house. Moondog will guard the dock. Hellhound will fly in with Mongrel at 9:34:55, letting him crash through the pilot house window after Rottweiler has penetrated and absorbed any potential punishment. Hellhound will then fly to a height of 25" (top height for effective IR visibility in the heat-dampening fog) and use his powerful eyesight to scan for potential danger.

The Shipyards

Doberman is on board and hiding below decks. He will begin killing the crew at 9:34:50, starting with the sleepers and then polishing off those in the crew lounge with a shrapnel grenade (3d6 RKA Explosion, 1 charge) at exactly 9:35:00 seconds. He will spend the next ten segments disposing of any crew the grenade doesn't finish off.

After Doberman has killed the crew, he will use his stealth to leave the ship and get the van. He has thirty seconds to bring the van around to the main ramp of the ship. The van will remain on the concrete, not on the wooden portion of the pier that extends over the water (unless escape plan #1 is being used). He will avoid all conflict at this point, trying his best to remain unseen and perform his mission assignment: having the van ready and in position at the assigned time.

At 9:35:10, all the crew should be dead or dying with the exception of the captain. Mongrel will then find out where the drugs are and send Rottweiler to get them. The drugs are in waterproof crates brought above deck after the fruit was unloaded and customs agents were finished inspecting the ship. At 9:35:30, they will have the drugs. Mongrel will kill the captain and head off the ship with Doberman and Rottweiler. By 9:35:50 The Pack will have the shipment loaded in the van and they will be on their way out of the shipyards. If everything goes according to plan, the van should smash through the gates between 9:36:30 and 9:36:50.

CHARACTER ACTION

If the characters wait until 10 p.m. to arrive at the site they will be a day late and a dollar short. If they are there in time to engage The Pack, they are in for the fight of their lives.

The Pack is highly organized for this mission, so while the characters may stop them, it is highly unlikely they will capture them. The low visibility should allow The Pack to set up unseen. They will set up at 8 p.m., Mongrel and Doberman scouting the area before settling in for the attack. If the characters are there before The Pack, Mongrel will size up the competition. He may go ahead with the mission if he feels he can separate the characters or drop one or two of them before they can get organized.

No matter where the characters are on the docks, they will be able to hear Mongrel's machine gun. If they react quickly enough, they may be able to save the captain. If the characters are prepared enough to attack The Pack before they can begin their time-table, the characters could potentially save the whole crew. The purpose of this adventure is to give the characters fighting experience against The Pack, so the GM should steer the encounter towards that outcome.

DOG FIGHT

Hellhound and Moondog should be able to handle anything for a few segments. Moondog will block access to the ship and Hellhound will cover him from his high vantage point, using his levels with senses to reduce the range mod to zero. Should Hellhound be attacked in the air, he will handle the attacker, leaving Moondog on his own. After six segments of this action, Mongrel will have re-grouped with Rottweiler. Mongrel will snipe from the excellent cover of the pilot house while Rottweiler dives into the thick of the fight. Mongrel's first target will be anybody threatening Hellhound, as he wants air superiority above all else.

ESCAPE PLAN #1

If The Pack is beating the characters, they will continue fighting until they are reasonably sure they will not be pursued. If they are losing or appear to be out-gunned, they will go to escape plan #1 to get away. The plan is the same whether they are winning or losing.

If Doberman becomes engaged in the fight, he will use his stealth at the first chance available and break from the action to fetch the van. He will come into the dock firing rockets at any visible target. He will pull close to the edge of the dock, allowing Mongrel to leap to the top of the van. Mongrel will commence firing with the recoilless rifle located in the van's turret (make it clear to the characters that this is a powerful weapon and they would be well advised not to get hit). While the van is near the edge of the dock, Hellhound will break all other attacks and go after any threats to the van (a nearby brick, strong telekenitics, ranged attacks of 12d6 or more, etc.).

After Mongrel begins to lay down a covering fire, Rottweiler and Moondog will dive into the open rear doors, closing them once inside. With all in the van, Doberman will hit the gas. The van will shoot away from the scene at SPD 6, 16" per phase (acceleration 10" per phase until top speed is reached) crashing through anything it can't turn past. Any character fast enough to keep up will have to deal with the double threat of Hellhound's fire and the recoilless rifle in the expert hands of Mongrel. This extreme firepower should be enough to discourage pursuit.

ESCAPE PLAN #2

If the characters are able to stop the van or find some way of cutting off escape, Mongrel will activate escape plan #2. Earlier that afternoon, Mongrel used his Frogman skills to plant explosive charges on three vessels in the shipyard. The *Amigo* is one of those ships, the other two are *California Trader* in slip #27 and *Savenkoff's Steamer* in slip #14. While the *Amigo* will probably be empty (no one alive on board) by the time plan #2 is implemented, *California Trader* and *Savenkoff's Steamer* both have crews of 35 on board.

The charges, 10d6 RKA Explosions, are attached to the hull under underwater. They can be set off individually or all at once by a remote control detonator. Mongrel has one detonator and Doberman has the other. If the situation is deteriorating badly, meaning two or more of The Pack are out of the fight, or truck escape is cut off, Mongrel will detonate the ships. If Mongrel is knocked unconscious, Doberman will use his detonator. The *Amigo* will not be detonated if any of The Pack are on or near it. Mongrel will detonate the *Amigo* if The Pack is in the truck, at least five hexes away from the loading ramp, and their escape is blocked.

The charges will not destroy the ships, but will be very noisy and punch a large hole in their hulls. The ships immediately begin listing to port and will sink in two turns. Most of the crew on board is sleeping when the charges are detonated, and they may not be able to abandon ship. Once the ship lists to port, getting out will be difficult. The crew trapped on board will need help from the characters to get out alive. While the ships will not sink from sight in the relatively shallow harbor, they will have enough structure underwater to drown most of the crew.

Mongrel will continue to fight after detonating the charges, hoping the characters will disengage to rescue the crews. Once the characters disengage, Mongrel will collect his casualties and exit the scene. Even if the truck is destroyed, The Pack will be long gone after only one turn. If in the van, Mongrel will stop after two turns of running and use a scanner to locate any tracking devices that may have been placed on the vehicle. If The Pack is forced to leave on foot, Mongrel will steal the first available vehicle to escape tracking scent. He will switch vehicles at least three times after leaving the shipyards.

If the characters have the audacity to ignore the plight of the crews of the *California Trader* and *Savenkoff's Steamer*, Mongrel will detonate the *Amigo*. The *Amigo's* charge is facing the dock and the explosion will send a fireball into the black night sky resulting in a 7d6 flash for anyone caught looking. The charge will also send a huge sheet of water onto the dock, drenching all in a 10 hex radius. A large portion of the dock will be destroyed as well: a three hex radius with the center being the loading ramp will be blown away in the explosion. Anyone caught in this area will take a 10d6 physical attack (the blast wave) and a 3d6 energy killing attack (the blast heat).

The *Amigo* blast is Mongrel's last-ditch effort. If The Pack has to set off the charge while still near the ship, it is an obvious act of desperation. The van may drop into the water if it is too close to the dock. Mongrel has five aqua-lungs in the back of the van just in case of such an emergency. The Pack will tend to its wounded, trying to bring them back to consciousness and keeping oxygen in their systems.

AFTERMATH

The characters may have won a small battle, forcing Mongrel to retreat. Whether he got the drugs or not is up to the GM and how the characters played the scenario.

The purpose of this scenario is to demonstrate to the characters what they are up against. It should be obvious that The Pack is a single unit, they operate as one. To defeat them, it will take planning and teamwork.

The characters are no closer to finding out exactly what is going on, but now they know that they can expect little cooperation or mercy from Mongrel. They are now a target, and if they are not prepared for an attack in the future it is possible that Mongrel could seriously injure or even kill a character in the next fight. The character's victory has bought them some time. They need to use this to develop group tactics and to investigate the results of Mongrel's actions. Now the GM will have the opportunity to really bring out the flavor of the street genre.

IF THE CHARACTERS ARE DEFEATED

A major loss is not a problem at this point. Mongrel is still trying to present himself as a crime-fighter, despite the fact that he is stealing drugs and not destroying them. Because of his "ideals" he will not kill the characters, as such an action would ruin the image he is trying to present. After the fight, Mongrel will apologize to the characters for his actions, but explain that he will let nothing get in his way, not even fellow crime fighters.



The key word to running The Pack is "team." Mongrel & Co. have trained together rigorously, and they are experts at working with one another.

Hellhound uses his Flash attack against Martial Artists to set them up for Moondog and Rottweiler. After that, he will directly engage aerial opponents. He will use his Flash on them as well, hopefully to set them up for Mongrel's sniping.

Moondog and Rottweiler tend to work together. If one is in trouble, the other will spring to help. If Hellhound is successful with Flashing a ground-based opponent, the pair will converge on that target immediately and attack until the target is unconscious. They will abandon this maneuver if the

ground-based target has no armor, in which case Mongrel (unless otherwise occupied) will order the pair to back off to give him a clear shot.

Doberman tends to keep to the edge of the combat, looking for a shot at someone's back. His job is to finish off weakened opponents, allowing the more powerful members of the Pack to go after strong foes.

The Pack is flexible in combat and reacts quickly to new situations. The GM should remember that the Pack can adapt as a team. They will never stumble over one another or get in each other's way. They are *very* adept at working together, and the GM should play them accordingly.

MONGREL

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
35	STR	25	OCV: 9+		
27	DEX	51	DCV: 9+		
24	CON	28	EVC: 3		
15	BODY	10	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12		
20	INT	10			
15	EGO	10			
25	PRE	15	Costs		
8	COM	-1			
15	PD	8	Char: 197	Base: 100	
13	ED	8	+	+	
6	SPD	23	Powers: 208	Disad: 305	
12	REC	0	=	=	
48	END	0	Totals: 405	405	
55	STUN	10			
Cost			Powers		
			END		
32	Martial Arts—Commando Training				
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage	
	Boxing Cross	—	+2	11d6	
	Aikido Throw	—	+1	7d6+ v/5	
	Karate Chop	-2	—	1d6 HKA	
	Choke	-1	-1	Grab, 3d6 NND	
	Judo Disarm	-1	+1	55 STR Roll	
	Kung Fu Block	+2	+2		
	+2 DC (already added in)				
15	2d6 HKA (3d6 w/STR) (OAF - knife)				
15	2d6 RKA, 1 level Penetrating, 2 clips of 12 charges (OAF - .48 Magnum)				
45	2d6 AP RKA, Autofire, 2 clips of 32, Invisible to normal sight & normal hearing: (OAF - modified M-60, Expendable)				
15	3d6 RKA Explosion, 4 charges: OAF - grenades				
3	Damage Resustance (8 PD, 6 ED) (OIF - kevlar vest, Act. 14-)				
Skills					
7	Stealth 16-				
5	Acrobatics 15-				
3	Climbing 14-				
5	Demolitions 14-				
9	Disguise 14-				
3	Concealment 13-				
3	Criminology 13-				
3	Deduction 13-				
3	Tracking 13-				
5	Shadowing 12-				
3	Survival 11-				
8	Fam. w/ Com. & Unc. Melee Weapons, Small Arms and Unc. Weapons				
5	KS: Frogman 14-				
3	KS: Auto Theft 12-				
9	+3 w/ Martial Arts				
9	+3 Levels w/ Guns				
100+ Disadvantages					
15	Enraged when fighting known racists (common) 14-, 8-				
20	Lives life like a war (v. common, strong)				
15	No remorse for killing (v. common)				
15	Hatred of Racists/Racism (common, strong)				
5	Distinctive Features: Well-known face				
20	Reputation: Known for killing everyone in sight				
25	Hunted by Druglords (as pow, NCI) 14-				
25	Hunted by Nazi group (more pow, NCI)				
165	Villain/Exp Bonus				

Background/Personality: Armondo Lincoln Mohammed was never able to identify with any single ethnic group. His mother was Puerto Rican, Anglo-Saxon and Afro-American. His father was Swedish, Irish, Turkish and American Indian. As can be expected from such a mix, his parents were extremely race-tolerant, and they raised Armondo to believe that all people were equal, regardless of race or color.

While his parents had grown up in small communities where such differences can be readily accepted, Armondo grew up in the inner city. In the midst of open racism between blacks, whites, Hispanics and Arabs, Armondo could never seem to find true acceptance. He had many friends, but there was always an element of distrust, that he was not quite as good because he was of mixed racial heritage. Armondo tried his best to accept people for what they were, not what they looked like, but growing up in such an atmosphere was bound to have an effect on him.

He became a fighter of racism, joining "rainbow" political groups and speaking out aggressively against intolerance. While his parents had sat back and forgiven those who were racist, Armondo fought against them. By age 21 he became a political leader in his community, teaching others to fight against racism wherever they found it. He led boycotts and pickets of racist organizations, he investigated racist hiring policies and he spoke up against city officials who turned away from minority hardships.

It was the fight against city government which brought about his downfall. Armondo's tireless campaign against mayor Bradford Whitman began to attract attention, not only from news and media but from Whitman's "low-profile" supporters. Whitman was as corrupt as they come, his zoning kick-backs and bribes to prevent prosecutions had made him a rich man. But the men who made him rich weren't about to see their investment brought down by a 21-year-old kid with a big mouth.

Armondo's parents were gunned down one night as they sat in their own home. A series of pay-offs and planted evidence led to a suspect being arrested for the murder: Armondo Lincoln Mohammed. He was tried and—given the wealth of evidence against him—sentenced to life in prison with no hope for parole. His political clout was crushed, his followers were despondent, and he was to spend the rest of his life behind bars.

It was in jail that the last of Armondo's good nature faded away. In the race-oriented system of America's prisons, Armondo faced a situation similar to the one he faced in school, but with much deadlier consequences. The inmates gave him the nickname "Mongrel," and he was shunned by all races. In a place where your survival depends on associating with a group who can protect you, being a total outcast is the next best thing to a death warrant.

For three years he fought for his life on almost a daily basis. Armondo became vicious, his killer instinct coming to the fore and guiding his actions. His respect for human life quickly melted away amidst the gang violence and brutality of prison life. He had become an animal, intent only on survival. His pure instincts for survival caught the eye of inmate Joe Duffene.



Sergeant Joe Duffene, US Marine Corps (dishonorably discharged), was a 48 year-old man serving several life terms. Despite his advancing years, he had found a system that gave him power in the prison, what he called a fire team. He had four individuals; young, strong men that he recruited from the inmates and trained to survive. He taught them methods of fighting, he taught them ways to kill a man in seconds, he taught them ways to survive in a vicious riot, and he taught them to be loyal.

Once you were in the Pack, as the gang of five was known, you were in to stay. Being in the group was a sure way to survive, a guaranty of respect. When one of the Pack made parole, Duffene needed a replacement. He picked Armondo.

For the next two years, Duffene taught Armondo many things. For the first time in his life, Armondo found acceptance in the small group, and for the first time in his prison stay he found respect and safety. Anybody dumb enough to mess with the Pack quickly wound up dead, as an example to all. He was grudgingly becoming accustomed to the fact that he was going to spend the rest of his life in prison when politics fell into his life yet again.

Whitman was up for re-election. His popularity with the minorities was at an all-time low, and he needed their vote if he was to win the mayorship again. His advisors wracked their brains to come up with the perfect humanitarian effort until Whitman himself created the ideal solution: let Armondo out of jail.

Whitman figured correctly that Armondo's political power was destroyed and he figured correctly that leading a publicized campaign to let the "poor, misguided youngster" out of his life sentence would win votes. What he didn't figure on was how much Armondo had changed. Armondo no longer cared about right and wrong, all he cared about revenge.

After Whitman rode to victory, he kept his campaign promise and convinced the governor to let Armondo out of jail. Armondo was set free, and after the media hype died down, he went to work. It didn't take him long to locate Duffene's contacts on the outside, and they trained him in the use of many weapons. Cashing in on favors owed to Duffene, Mongrel soon found himself well trained and armed to the hilt.

He visited Whitman at his home one night, slipping past the burglar alarms and into the mayor's bedroom. Dragging the begging Whitman into the bathroom at gun-point, Armondo made the mayor face the mirror as he put a bullet through the back of his head.

Since that night Mongrel has lead a shadowy existence. He has turned up as crime-fighter on rare occasions, usually when a Nazi or a racist group is involved, but for the most part he has remained out of sight. He is a suspect in several major thefts, but even if he was caught nothing could be linked to him.

Mongrel is a dark character, leading a life of unfulfilled promise and wasted youth. He lives for himself, and the only things he cares about are success and the four members of *his* Pack. Killing is second nature to him now, and while he is not a psychopath a human life has absolutely no value to him. He is cold, calculating and will stop at nothing to get what he wants.

Identifying Quote: "You want a piece a' me?"

Powers/Tactics: Mongrel has no powers, but is a natural fighter and possesses great strength for a "normal." He is probably a mutant, but has never been tested. He is a virtual library of street-survival skills, and his mastery of weapons is complete.

In combat, he prefers to let his Pack take on the hand-to-hand action while he snipes from a safe distance. He is not afraid of hand-to-hand, but is deadly when he can set and brace with his weapons. In ambush situations, he will use his silencer. When he is discovered or wants to frighten his opponents, he will let the roar of his M-60 be heard across the battlefield. Up close he will use his commando training and, against unarmored opponents, his knife. If an opponent is stunned or distracted, he will not hesitate to use his Magnum. Mongrel has no concept of honor in combat and will do whatever is necessary to win quickly.

The .48 Magnum is a sentimental favorite of Mongrel. Custom built by Rufus Ramirez, the gun can breach almost any armor (Penetration) with its custom nitro-loaded bullets. Mongrel always uses the Magnum for an assassination-type slaying, where he has an opponent beaten. During combat he always uses the M60, also custom built by Ramirez. If the M60 can't penetrate an opponent's armor, he will use the Magnum.

Appearance: Mongrel is thickly built, standing at 6-foot-2 and weighing almost 280 pounds. His fat content is below five percent and his muscles ripple with the slightest move. His face is hard to define, as it is a compilation of features from several races. Large eyebrows lay over his slanted green eyes. Curly red-black hair is cut short and out of the way. His chin is clearly European, his nose is flat and wide, his lips are thin and his cheekbones extend from his face.

His costume is a body suit designed in "urban camouflage," a pattern of various shades of gray designed to break up his outline at night. Flat black leather boots and a web-belt complete his outfit. His machine gun is large and requires a 20 STR to operate. A knife and his custom .48 Magnum are strapped to his belt. He has backups for all of his Foci in case they are lost in combat.

Roleplaying Tips: Mongrel has had a hard life and has little mercy for others. He speaks in a gruf voice, and his soliloquies are short and to the point. He speaks "correct" English most of the time, but street-slang occasionally creeps into his vocabulary, especially when fighting. With the exception of the few threats he will make in a fight, everything he says is highly intelligent and well thought out. He is brave, completely loyal to his teammates and totally committed to his cause: himself.

Champions Conversion: Mongrel probably needs no conversion for a straight **Champions** campaign. The GM might want to raise his defenses a bit, but otherwise he can be left alone.

HELLHOUND

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
10	STR	0	OCV: 8
23	DEX	33	DCV: 8
23	CON	26	ECV: 3
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12
10	INT	0	
15	EGO	5	Costs
10	PRE	0	
10	COM	0	Char: 100 Base: 100
10	PD	8	+ +
13	ED	8	Powers: 291 Disad: 291
4	SPD	7	= =
11	REC	8	Totals: 391 391
50	END	2	
30	STUN	3	

Cost	Powers	END
25	Elemental Control—Fire Powers	
49 a	11d6 EB (½ End)	3
37 b	25" Flight, (¼ End)	2
25 c	4d6 Flash vs. Sight, IR and UV.	5
31	+9 PD, +12 ED Armor	
31	+25" flight (50" total) (2x END Cost)	10
15	Discriminatory Sense (IR pattern) 14-	
10	Tracking Scent (+¼, only works within 1 turn, IR traces)	
35	360° Spatial Awareness (IR patterns)	
5	Infrared Vision	
12	+4 Enhanced Senses (-1 range mod. at 65", -2 at 130", etc.)	

Skills		
3	Driving 14-	
3	Streetwise 11-	
2	City Knowledge (City of campaign) 11-	
6	2 Levels with Range Mod	

100+	Disadvantages
20	2x Stun from holy magic
20	2x Body from holy magic
15	Losing a grip on his humanity (v.common, mod)
20	Fear of holy places (v.common, strong)
15	Can't make decisions for himself (common, strong)
20	Hunted by Dark Seraph 11-
25	Distinctive Features: Black, charred skin. Demonic appearance.
15	Hunted by Drug Lords 11-
15	Secret Identity
10	DNPC - Wife, 8- (Camile Miles, 34)
15	DNPC - Son, 8- (Chuck Miles, 13)
15	DNPC - Daughter, 8- (Sarah Miles, 11)
86	Villain/Exp. Bonus

Background: P.J. Miles was an ordinary guy in every sense of the word. He had a wife and two kids, a small house complete with mortgage and a job six days a week as a taxi driver. At 34, faced with a worsening financial picture and the prospect of putting two kids through college, it looked like his life couldn't really get any worse. He was wrong.

It was just an average day for P.J. when his life changed forever as all hell broke loose: literally. He thought little of the fare he picked up outside the public library, as he thought little about any of his customers. Had he looked carefully, he would have seen the man quivering with nervous dread. He would have seen the frantic glances of a man who fears pursuit. He would have seen someone afraid for his very soul.

P.J. noticed none of this, but he didn't miss the flying man in the black cape that landed on the hood of his taxi. P.J. recognized the man from the warnings he'd seen on the news: it was Prophelese. Prophelese was terrorizing the city with his satanic magic, and it was well known he cared little about who it was he killed.

After he recovered from his initial shock, P.J. demonstrated amazing speed as he dove from his cab, but he was not fast enough. His passenger was already out of the cab and turning the corner of the next block when P.J. was grabbed by some unseen force. He was lifted off his feet and brought face to face with Prophelese.

"It would appear that your passenger has stiffed you out of your fare," Prophelese' deep voice rumbled. P.J. was speechless, his mind blank with terror as he stared into the magician's deep red eyes.

"We can't have that," Prophelese continued, "now can we?" P.J. started to hyper-ventilate as thoughts of his children he knew he would never see again flashed through his mind.

"I know how you feel," the magician said. "The man has stolen from me as well. Perhaps we can work together to teach him a lesson." Prophelese's eyes rolled back into his head as he started to mumble a chant in an awesomely deep baritone. P.J. finally found his own voice, and he began to scream. His screams quickly turned into howls as a voice he couldn't recognize erupted from his throat. He was suddenly engulfed in flames and he felt his skin bubbling away from his muscles: he was on the verge of passing out when the pain stopped.

"Now go teach that man not to steal," Prophelese commanded. "Sic' him."

Before he even knew what he was doing, P.J. flew upward from his taxi, flames trailing behind him as he rose. His sight had changed, and he now saw everything as heat patterns. He could see so much! He recognized everything, but all of it was so much more detailed than ever before. Looking back at his taxi, he saw swirls of dissipating heat that came from the back seat. The swirls continued away from the car and around the next block, a pattern that was plain to his eyes but invisible to the rest of the world. Following it was child's play.



His body was surging with power as he flew over the streets, following the man's trail. It only took him seconds to catch up to his passenger, who was scrambling to scale a fence in a back alley. The man turned and looked at P.J. with newfound terror. P.J. watched the patterns in his face change by the second, and yet there was a constant shape to them that P.J. knew would never alter.

"Please!" the man screamed. "Please don't take me!" Five minutes ago he would have felt compassion towards the man, now he only wanted to do his master's bidding. P.J. stretched his arm towards the passenger, setting him ablaze with the flames of hell that leapt from his fingers. The man had time to scream once before P.J. silenced him forever with a second blast. Prophelese's bidding was done.

He was returning to his new master when panic filled his body: Prophelese was in trouble. P.J. flew as fast as he could, shooting over the streets as a blaze of hellfire. He was back in seconds and saw a man raising a knife his above the prone Prophelese. P.J. dove for the man, but he was too late. The knife found its mark and Prophelese joined the ranks of so many of his victims.

PJ's head was suddenly clear. He blinked with confusion at the man pointing the machine gun at him, not remembering how he had caught fire or why he felt no pain or panic.

"What happened?" P.J. asked in a whisper. As he looked at his blackened skin the racing memories of his family came back to him. His flame went out as he sat down on the pavement and buried his head in his hands. "What happened to me? What happened?" he mumbled to himself.

Mongrel kept the gun pointed until he was certain it was not a trick. The man was in shock and needed help. Mongrel heard the rapidly approaching sirens and knew he had to move. He reached his hand out to the man and helped him off the ground.

"Come on buddy," Mongrel said softly, "we've got to get out of here." P.J. looked up at Mongrel, his mind awash with confusion. He let Mongrel guide him away from the dead body on the pavement and followed him out of the area. He has been following him ever since.

He still loves his family and sends money to them whenever he can. His family has no idea of where or what he is, and Frank will never tell them.

Quote: "You can run, but you can't hide."

Personality: P.J. was a good man at one time, but the powers of evil have taken their toll. He has no friends outside of The Pack, and feels they are the only ones who can understand him. Hellhound doesn't like to kill, but is rather indifferent to it. He will avoid taking a life if he can, but if ordered to kill he will not hesitate.

The evil within P.J. grows stronger every day. The demonic side of his nature and the man that he used to be often confuse P.J. as to what course of action he should follow. In months past, his old nature usually won out, but recently the evil side has held sway more and more.

He was created to be one of Prophelese's demons. He was made to follow orders without questioning, and while this has made him an excellent soldier he has trouble thinking for himself. When all escape plans fall apart and there is no one to give orders, Hellhound fights to survive and becomes basically useless. His powers are from evil magic. Holy magic hurts him badly, and he has a fear of churches, graveyards and other holy places.

Powers/Tactics: P.J. has absorbed the powers of the demon that was brought into his body. He has control over a fire that he generates and can use it for several purposes. His Energy Blast is an impressive attack, and the low END cost allows him to use it frequently.

Although the Flash helps him in combat, its primary use is to set people up for the rest of The Pack. His Flash is often used against another flyer, allowing Mongrel to pick off the blinded character. He also uses it against grounded targets to help Moondog and Rottweiler tear into hard-to-hit opponents.

Hellhound's heat vision is extremely versatile. He "sees" in patterns of heat and his vision is so accurate he can sense temperature variations of .00001 a degree without difficulty. This sensitivity allows him to mentally map complex body-heat patterns, of which no two are the same (Discriminatory Sense), and follow heat-trails which are so subtle no instrument in the world could pick them up (Tracking Scent). He senses the heat all around him, and his mind can accurately deal with all heat information in any direction (Spatial Awareness).

His flight produces a greasy, thick black smoke that trails a dirty-orange flame. When Hellhound concentrates, he can keep his flame and smoke to a minimum to the point it is almost unnoticeable, whether at noon or midnight. When he is in combat, however, he doesn't worry about concealing himself: his flame and smoke echo his flight-path.

Appearance: While the transformation gave Frank incredible power, it scarred him horribly and gave his features a truly demonic appearance. His skin a flat charcoal black and is cratered with tiny pockmarks. His formerly chunky stature has disappeared, and a lean, firm body has taken its place.

His forehead protrudes from his face, and his cheekbones have taken on a high, steep angle. This, combined with an chin that extends down from his face and glowing orange eyes give Hellhound a decidedly evil appearance. His costume is merely strips of urban camouflage wrapped around him to break up his outline when he creeps around the night streets.

Roleplaying Tips: Frank talks little in combat. When he does speak it is with a thick New York accent. His soliloquies are nothing special, and they make him appear rather stupid. He will ignore most character comments, preferring instead to let his power do the talking.

Champions Conversion: Hellhound only needs a couple of points of Speed to bring him up to snuff. If you really want a scary villain, try giving him *three* additional points of Speed!

MOONDOG

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
(40) 10	STR	0	OCV: 7+	
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7+	
24	CON	28	ECV: 3	
(15) 13	BODY	6	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12	
19	INT	9		
10	EGO	0	Costs	
(30) 10	PRE	0	Char: 138	Base: 100
10	COM	0	+	+
(24) 2	PD	0	Powers: 170	Disad: 208
(25) 5	ED	0	=	=
4	SPD	10	Totals: 308	308
12	REC	10		
78	END	15	Values in parenthesis reflect	
(62) 60	STUN	30	Stats when in wolf form.	
Cost	Powers		END	
19	1d6 AP HKA (2d6 w/STR)*		2(4)	
12	Hardened Defenses: +15 PD, +15 ED*			
8	Damage Resistance (10 PD/ED) *			
10	Growth (Bonuses figured into parentheses) -2"			
	Knockback		1	
20	+20 STR When Grown (½ END: +¼)		2	
13	+20 PRE When Grown *			
32	+18 ED, +22 PD *			
24	Armor Piercing on STR 40 at 0 END *		0	
10	Shapeshift (Man to Werewolf)			
	* Only in wolf form, -¼			
Skills				
3	KS: Organized Crime, 13-			
9	+3 w/ Punch			
100+	Disadvantages			
10	2x Body from Sonic attacks			
20	2x Stun from Heat attacks			
15	Enraged when attacked with magic (8- 11-, common)			
15	Fear of fire (v. common, mod)			
20	Overconfidence (v. common, strong)			
15	Manipulating and Conniving (common, strong)			
20	Distinctive Looks: Fear and terror (only in Wolf form, -¼)			
15	2d6 From silver bullets (instant)			
15	Hunted by Wolf Cult, 8- (more pow)			
63	Villain/Exp. Bonus			

Background: Scott Christian was known in his younger days as a wildman. In high school, Scott was a fixture at parties of any size, and he always knew what was going on in the small town of Creeksville, Alabama. In a small town like Creeksville, everyone knows everyone. Scott was a typical product of this environment, a friendly, funny person who chased girls and played football.

But unlike the rest of his partying cronies, Scott didn't plan on getting some girl pregnant and spending the rest of his life working at the mill. Scott worked hard in school, learning with an appetite that amazed his teachers. Scott's dream was to



play football for the University of Alabama, and while he may not have been big enough then he knew he would continue to grow if he kept eating the way he had for the past two months. Where Scott put the food was a mystery to his parents, who were sure a huge growth spurt was in the near future.

Unfortunately they didn't have to wait that long. Something happened to Scott one summer night while the full moon glowed down on the two kegs being enjoyed by he and most of his classmates. The beer seemed to go to his head a lot quicker than it had before, he felt dizzy and disoriented. The party blurred before him, and the weirdly distorted faces of his friends asked him if he was all right.

Scott passed out in a heap in the grass, and he was unceremoniously placed in the back of a pickup to recover while his friends went back to the party. His head was awash with strange visions, he saw faces of men and monsters from long ago and felt strange sensations crawling over his skin. The dream became worse and worse, things with fangs dripping saliva were coming for him through the haze in his head. He began to toss and turn in the back of the truck, the heat causing his body to break out into a thick sweat. The fangs were coming closer, he could feel the beasts' hot breath on his throat, only inches away.

Scott's scream of terror came out as roar of primitive rage. The party went deathly silent, the only noise coming from the car stereos turned up to full volume, sounding eerie without the usual backdrop of buzzing voices. Scott kicked and thrashed as he fought the demons inside his head, and the tailgate of the truck went sailing through the air with a screech of torn metal and popping rivets. Kids who were slowly backing up when they saw the furry arm come over the wall of the truck bed broke into a full run when Scott lifted his head up to clear his dream-filled mind.

Scott climbed from the truck in a daze landing on the ground with a heavy thud. It took him a second to realize why everything looked different. He was taller. Much taller. When he looked down to see what he was standing on, he saw the fur on his feet, which were huge. He looked at his hands and arm—they were covered with fur and muscles. Fighting the growing fear that was falling over him, he looked in the truck window to see his reflection in the moonlight. His cry of terror came out as a roar as well, and Scott fled for home in a panic.

He calmed down before he arrived home, and discovered he could make his wolf-shape revert to normal. He walked onto the gravel of his driveway, only to see men with shotguns and rifles pounding on his door. It took Scott a few seconds to realize they were after him. One of the men turned and saw Scott standing naked at the edge of the driveway, debating whether to call for his pa or to turn and run.

The men walked slowly towards Scott, guns leveled. Chester Briggs, the town sheriff, spoke up for the pack of men.

"Scott, you all right?" Chester asked, sounding genuinely concerned. Scott winced at the flashlights in his eyes, he couldn't see the men clearly, all he could see was the moonlight reflecting off rifle barrels. Guns, they were going to shoot him! Scott began to hyper-ventilate in his panic and more adrenaline was added to his already wired system. He shuffled slowly away from the men.

"Scott, don't run, son, we want to talk to ya," Chester crooned softly. Another man in the pack spoke up.

"I told ya, Chester, them kids was playin' tricks on us. When I get home I'm gonna' whip that boy's hide!" Grumbles of consent were heard from the mob, and Chester was about to tell everybody to go home when Scott tripped and fell backwards, hitting his head on a rock.

Scott was out for only a second, but when he came too he couldn't see straight and all he could remember was the guns.

Guns for him.

The men jumped back as the teenager's body doubled in size. Fur grew quickly from his body until he was covered it covered his new mass in a matter of seconds. Scott struggled to stand, brain filled with terror over what he had become earlier and fear from the men's guns.

Chester tried to stop the men, but when the first gun went off there was no stopping the barrage. Scott felt bullets and shot slam into him. They stung badly. He was unaware that they didn't penetrate his fur, all he knew is that if he didn't leave he would die. Scott ran into the woods, never to see his home again.

He ran to the nearest road, knowing what he needed to do to escape. He waited in the ditch next to a stop sign and jumped out at the first car to come by. Scott left the driver in the ditch and drove as far as the two-hundred bucks he had found would take him.

In the city, Scott found out what out-of-place really meant. He couldn't find a job, and spent weeks sleeping in the alleys with the bums and the junkies. It was only when somebody tried to mug him did his life change. The man's knife may have been effective against a 160-pound seventeen-year old, but against a 400-pound werewolf it was horribly ineffective. Word got around the streets about what Scott could do, and he was soon rolling in body-guard money.

Scott moved up the organization at a lightning pace, his intelligence and growing abilities making him not only a valuable bodyguard, but an excellent security leader as well. It took only a month for Scott to become the second-hand man for the biggest drug dealer on the East side, just about the same time Mongrel started his rampage. A whisper in the night was Scott's introduction to Mongrel. The offer was simple; let Mongrel past security and Scott could be more than a bodyguard, he could part of the ruling class.

Scott knew his collegiate dreams were over. He needed extravagant amounts of money just to pay for the massive amounts of food he consumed daily, let alone making a comfortable living. He would never play for the University of Alabama, and he would never get a degree. If Scott wanted a good life, he would have to be at the top.

With something so simple as an unlocked door to his bosses bedroom, Scott made his decision.

Quote: "Boah, you jest bit off morn' you can chew."

Personality: Scott feels cheated by whatever force turned him into a shape-changer. He had a life and a plan before this came about, he had dreams and goals. Now those goals have changed somewhat, but he still pours all his energy into obtaining them.

Scott acts like the world owes him a favor for being there. He feels sorry for no one, and although he likes the strength his powers give him, he still feels he is the biggest hard-luck case in the world. Compared to his story, everyone else is just a big wimp.

He follows Mongrel's orders because he knows that Mongrel is very good at this game. Moondog watches Mongrel's every move, and studies his decisions as if Mongrel were a professor in a graduate course. Moondog knows that while Mongrel can build an empire, he will have difficulty running it. Scott learned quite a bit from studying his former bosses, and he has a much better idea of how to run an empire that Mongrel does. When Mongrel gets tired and frustrated with making all the decisions, Moondog will be there to take his place and be at the top of the heap.

Powers/Tactics: Moondog's obvious power is his strength. He is still unfamiliar with his wolf form, and is working hard to master his massive body. Although he is learning, his knowledge of tactics is limited and he does what Mongrel tells him in battle. Scott is a quick study, and will pick up tactical tricks for fighting the characters even between adventures. If the GM sees a weakness in a character's tactics, you can bet that Scott sees the same weakness and will exploit it to the best of his abilities.

He doesn't know where his powers come from or why he has them. When Mongrel's plan is over and he has more time, Scott will investigate his transformation fully. He needs massive amounts of energy to make the change, which is provided by eating a *lot* of food. Scott consumes almost two-hundred pounds of food per day, and if he is kept away from food for long periods of time, he cannot make the change more than once.

Appearance: Normally Scott is 5-foot-6 and weighs 160 pounds. He has red hair and green eyes, a decent build, and has no out-of-the-ordinary features.

As Moondog, Scott stands at 8-foot-2 and weighs over 400 pounds. He has thick red fur that is so shaggy it makes him look even bigger than he already is. He wears a University of Alabama football jersey with the number 66 as his only costume.

Roleplaying Tips: Moondog has a thick southern accent and tends to talk very loudly. His soliloquies reek of bravado and he tries to be very macho in everything he does. He tries to be brash and imposing: the classic bully.

Champions Conversion: Moondog only needs about two Speed points and ten points of Strength to bring him up to snuff. Some Regeneration wouldn't hurt him, either. If you are into classic werewolves, you could have his Resistant Defenses not function vs. silver weapons.

THE PACK BATTLE VAN

Val	Char	Cost	
40	STR	—	
26	BODY	—	
12	DEF	30	
20	DEX	30	
6	SPD	30	
16"	Move	20	
Cost		Powers	
30		Size Increase (42x hexes, 4 hexes inside, Mass 6,400 kg., DCV 6, STR 40, 16 BODY, KB -7)	
50		10d6 EB Explosion, 8 charges (OIF: mini-missile launchers)[360° arc]	
67		3d6 AP RKA Explosion, 16 charges (OIF: 57mm M18 Recoilless Rifle)[360° arc]	
18		9d6 EB, 3 continuous charges of 1 turn each (OIF: napalm thrower)[front 60°]	
5		High Range Radio & TV hearing and transmission (no TV transmission)	
280		Vehicle Cost	
120+		Disadvantages	
15		Secret ID (unmarked van is designed to unobtrusive)	
145		Villain Bonus	

Description: The Pack's Battle Van is a fearsome weapon. Designed by Rufus Ramirez, it is one of the premier fighting vehicles the characters will encounter.

Its 12 DEF should allow it to ignore most attacks, and the ones that do get through will take a while to destroy all 16 BODY points. The van is fast (16" at SPD 6) and handles superbly (6 DCV).

The weaponry is designed to discourage pursuit rather than be offensive. The 57mm is clearly the deadliest weapon. A GM should make sure Mongrel misses once to let the characters know what could happen if they were hit—a 3d6 AP RKA would kill unprotected characters with one shot, and protected characters could take serious damage.

All weaponry receives the full benefit of the van's armor. To destroy the heavily protected weapons, characters have to destroy the armor first.

The main purpose of the van is to *get away*. The Pack will not use it to re-group and attack, if they get in the van they are fleeing the scene.

DOBERMAN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
10	STR	0	OCV: 10+		
29	DEX	57	DCV: 10+		
20	CON	20	ECV: 3		
12	BODY	4	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12		
14	INT	4			
10	EGO	0	Costs		
15	PRE	5			
10	COM	0	Char:	141	Base: 100
15	PD	10		+	+
14	ED	10	Powers:	115	Disad: 156
7	SPD	31		=	=
9	REC	0	Totals:	256	256
40	END	0			
45	STUN	0			
Cost		Powers	END		
30	Martial Arts—Street Fighting				
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage	
	Punch	0	+2	7d6 Strike	
	Roundhouse	-2	+1	9d6 Strike	
	Low Blow	-1	+1	3 ½d6 NND (armor)	
	Block	+2	+2	Block, Abort	
	+3 Damage Classes (already added in)				
	with Claws and Teeth				
30	2d6 AP HKA (OIF - Teeth)				
20	2d6 HKA (OIF - Claws)				
Skills					
5	Acrobatics 17-				
3	Combat Driving 16-				
9	Streetwise 15-				
3	Stealth 15-				
3	Shadowing 11-				
9	Security Systems 15-				
3	Lockpicking 15-				
100+		Disadvantages			
10	+¼x Stun from electricity				
15	Moderate Psychopathic (common, strong)				
15	Overconfident (common, strong)				
15	Easily goaded into a fight				
10	Reputation: Cold blooded killer				
20	Hunted by Drug Lords (as pow. NCI) 11-				
25	Hunted by Police (more pow. NCI) 11-				
10	Public ID				
36	Exp./Villain bonus				

Background/Personality: While many little boys are described as “precocious” and “adventuresome”, Willie Stempky had only one adjective applied to his name: “evil.” Around his neighborhood parents cautioned their children against being near little Willie, as his playmates always seemed to wind up with bloody noses, black eyes and broken limbs.

Willie’s parents tried everything they could think of to control their youngster, but he proved to be beyond their abilities. His parents weren’t a Hollywood cut-out, but they were loving and they tried to help Willie. It just seemed as though he had a poisoned soul, and nothing they did could get through to his little black heart.

He was in trouble constantly growing up, and the trouble usually involved fighting. While typical school-boy fights result in more bruised egos than bruised bodies, Willie’s opponents often found themselves in the hospital. He was vicious in a fight, punching as hard as he could with no fear, constraints or remorse. His classmates soon learned to leave him alone.

Sports offered him some success for a while, his natural speed and dexterity made him a star on the football field and the wrestling mat. In his junior year, however, his sports career came to an end. In a heated wrestling match in the city tournament, Willie found himself behind by two points with only seconds to go. His opponent was skilled and clung desperately to his lead, fending off Willie’s brutal attacks. Finally, Willie lost all control. He felt rage fall over him and he felt his body flood with energy. He came off a fake, gripped his opponent in a head-lock and tossed him to the mat. The screams of the crowd drowned out the screams of the boy trapped in Willie’s lock as Willie squeezed the boy’s neck with all his might. The ref slapped the mat, signaling victory for Willie, but he was already too far gone into his rage. Willie twisted with all his might, and the sound of the cracking vertebrae silenced all in the gymnasium.

Willie found that he liked killing. As a matter of fact, he liked it a lot. He began running with a gang, and became known as an effective hit-man on the street level. Unfortunately for Willie, he became too well-known, and within a year he found himself looking at a lengthy prison term. His age of 17 helped him get a reduced sentence, but he was still looking at hard time in a state penitentiary for two murders, as he had been tried as an adult.

Once inside, Willie found a different world. Within days, his street-talking manor had him on an inmate’s bad side, and Willie’s speed and agility would not be a match for the 300 pounds of Andre “Bones” Higgins. Willie knew when and where the fight was to take place, and he either showed up or became marked for death. Before the fight, a well-built old man pulled Willie aside and showed him how to get to the soft part of a man’s throat. Minutes later, “Bones” Higgins lay bleeding to death on the laundry-room floor, and Willie was walking away with the old man, also known as Sergeant Joe Duffene.

Willie, nicknamed "Doberman" after he had torn Higgins' throat out, became Armondo Mohammed's replacement in the Pack. Duffene refined the talents of the young man whose speed and dexterity were phenomenal. Willie became a masterful fighter, and soon all the inmates learned to mess with him was to mess with death itself. Willie also learned the fine arts of modern security and lock-picking: Duffene did the rest.

Willie's escape attempt was well crafted, and when he lithely slipped onto the top wall Mongrel was waiting for him below. They were spotted, but Mongrel's firepower had the guards ducking for cover instead of looking for a good shot. Doberman drove off into the night with his new leader.

Personality: Willie is a deadly human being, and he knows it. Unlike his boss, he *does* like to kill and will do so whenever the urge strikes him. He follows Mongrel's orders to the letter, but possesses enough intelligence to figure things out for himself. He is self-confident and fully aware of his capabilities and limitations, making him a cautious and dangerous foe.

He is a quiet person when in the company of strangers and doesn't talk without Mongrel's permission, but amongst The Pack—his only friends—he is a funny man and actually quite likable. He will do anything for his four friends, and he will never betray the brotherhood of The Pack.

Identifying Quote: "Maybe you'll like being dead."

Powers/Tactics: Willie is not a mutant in the classic sense of the word, but he is blessed with amazing genetics. His reaction time is phenomenal and few in the world can match his quickness. When he adds the special weapons designed for him by Mongrel's weapon-smith, Rufus Ramirez, his street fighting skills turn him into a killing machine.

Doberman like to control the situation. He loves to kick in his stealth and prowl the night streets, looking for his victims. In single combat, he will fight openly but cautiously, confident

in his abilities but wary of every opponent. In group fighting, he hangs around the periphery of combat looking for a unaware opponent. When he finds one, we will use his stealth to get as close as possible before dropping the opponent with his roundhouse. If Doberman knows the opponent is stronger, i.e., he has fought and lost to that foe before, he will go for a surprise killing attack.

Appearance: Doberman is sleek and muscular with almost no body fat. He is 6-foot-1, 160 pounds and his muscles appear long and taut. Despite his height-to-weight-ratio, he is anything but lanky. With just a glance at the way he carries himself, one can tell that Doberman is quick and in great shape.

His face far from reveals the psychotic mind that lies behind it. With sandy-blonde hair and brown eyes, Willie couldn't be any more normal-looking. On the street in normal clothes, he is just another Joe. Although when killing time rolls around, Willie's viscous smile and the psychotic delight in his eyes give him a memorable and unique face indeed.

Doberman's costume reflects his name-sake. Browns, blacks and dark yellows are all used on his body-suit to reflect his personal taste and also to break up his outline. He has another body-suit that matches the pattern of Mongrel's camouflage, which he uses in situations that involve elaborate security set-ups and heavy gun-fire (his stealth roll is the same regardless of his costume).

Roleplaying Tips: Willie speaks normally but has a tendency to giggle quietly while in a fight. He has a rather high-pitched voice, but it is nothing out of the ordinary. His soliloquies are rather juvenile; usually threats or boasting of his fighting skills.

Champions Conversion: Like Mongrel, Doberman needs no adjustments to make him a regular **Champions** villain. He's a very scary **Champions** villain as he stands.



ROTTWEILER

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
50	STR	40	OCV: 7
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7
32	CON	44	ECV: 2
25	BODY	30	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12
7	INT	-3	
5	EGO	-10	Costs
15	PRE	5	
8	COM	-1	Char: 201 Base: 100
23*	PD	10	+ + +
20*	ED	10	Powers: 114 Disad: 215
5	SPD	20	= = =
25	REC	16	Totals: 315 315
70	END	0	
76	STUN	10	* Armor already added into PD & ED

Cost	Powers	END
24	2d6 HKA (4d6 w/STR)—Backbreaker (Requires a grab, -¼)	3 (6)
9	*Armor (+3 PD, +3 ED)	
40	Regeneration (4 Body per turn)	
20	+10" Running (16" total)	
5	Discriminatory Scent 10-	
10	Ultraviolet Vision	

100+	Disadvantages
40	2x Stun & Body from gas attacks
15	Berserk when down to 10 Body (unc, 11-, 11-)
15	Behaves like a dog (common, strong)
15	Vicious (common, strong)
20	Protective of Mongrel (common, total)
15	2d6 From Tear Gas (common, per minute)
15	Distinctive Features: Squat and Bulky
5	1d6 Unluck
5	Rivalry with Doberman
10	Public ID (known only as Angus)
60	Villain/Exp. Bonus

Background: Angus watched the silvery blade dance before his vision, the harsh light of the crude arena glaring off its polished surface, leaving bright flashes and streaks to hang on his eyes—fading slowly then coming back to full-green brightness every time he blinked. The edge of the blade sliced through the air, movements so fluid that they belied the rigidity and the total lethality of the metal.

Angus thought it was pretty.

A stain of red goo still clung to the metal, appearing black when the white metal behind it erupted in reflective brilliance. Angus checked his wound quickly, he couldn't divert his attention for more than a second.

He stepped back and gave his stomach a snap-look, just as quickly turning his attention back to the project at hand. Blood had stained his white shorts, making them blaze with a pinkish-red sheen. The blade had pieced straight through his stomach, then sliced outward, making a very large separation where Angus was sure there were supposed to be no holes. Intestines had been severed, and one peeked out from the gash. Other things had been cut as well, important things. Angus didn't know exactly what those things were, but he knew the wound hurt. It hurt bad.

He would heal.

Angus moved to his right, following the curve of the pocked concrete wall in the bargain basement arena. The crowd roared with delight as they watched the lethal dance of the two fighters. The roar hurt his ears, sounding like a huge monster he dreamed of during the nights in his cage.

His keepers told him the crowd paid the bills, paid for his food and paid for keeping his cage warm and clean. He knew this was true. He also knew they that made him fight every week, making him hurt, making him bleed. They were the ones who made him enter the arena.

His 'fans' loved him, his keepers said. They shouted gleefully every time he snapped an opponent's neck. They shouted his nickname, filling the overly packed pit with a deafening cacophony of slightly out-of-focus-words.

"Rottweiler! Rottweiler! Rottweiler!"

Angus wanted to get *them* into the arena.

He flipped his head back, tossing his shoulder-length hair out of his face. Crouching so that his hands barely brushed the sand, he waited for his opponent to make a move. The swordsman gaped at Rottweiler. If that wound didn't stop him, then the swordsman didn't know what would.

That thought let the swordsman drop his guard, just a little, but it was all Rottweiler needed. The Angus moved in with unbelievable speed and wrapped his hands around his opponent's neck. The swordsman reacted quickly, falling to his back as he planted his sword hilt against the arena sand. Rottweiler landed heavily on the blade, feeling the searing pain as the metal point pierced his heart and erupted through his back.

Angus howled with pain and satisfaction as his weight continued to fall and pin his opponent to the arena floor. The swordsman looked up in terror and disbelief. The last thing he saw before his neck snapped into a hundred useless pieces was Rottweiler's victorious smile.

The machine gun fire erupted from the rafters. The few arena toughs who posed as guards brought their guns up but were mowed down within seconds. For the first time Angus saw blood in the arena that didn't belong to he or his opponent. He liked it.

The gunfire continued as men clawed their way through the exits until the arena was completely vacant. The gunman dropped out of the rafters and landed on the sand with a soft thud. He was a tall man, and he looked very impressive as Angus looked up from his seat atop the swordsman's chest. The man said nothing, so Angus asked the only logical question.

"Are you gonna shoot me?" he asked with no hint of fear. "I don't think so." The man with the gun said.

"Good, cause then I'd have to kill you," Angus said sadly. "I'm sick of killin' people." Mongrel looked down at the massive man with the seemingly childish brain. This poor soul was forced to fight to stay alive, forced to kill for the entertainment of others; a pawn in a much larger game than he knew. Mongrel thought back to his jail-days, and it was easy for him to empathize.

"If you come with me, you can kill people who deserve it. You won't have to fight in an arena anymore." Mongrel said calmly. Angus looked up into the man's eyes. He wasn't lying, somehow Angus could sense it. The man had already chased away his keepers, but they would be back soon. Angus stood up gently, one arm pressed to his rapidly-healing wounds and used his other hand to steady himself on the man's shoulder. Angus followed his new master out of the arena.

Personality: Rottweiler's combat techniques came from years of intense arena fighting. He was brought up in the inner-city's illegal arenas after being sold into slavery at the age of thirteen. At that age Angus already weighed upwards of two-hundred pounds, but had the mental development of a second-grader.

After Mongrel rescued him from the arena life, Rottweiler began to gain some self-respect. He has subconsciously accepted Mongrel as the father he never had and, although he will never be mentally normal, he is making drastic improvements in his mental capabilities. Despite his low I.Q., Angus is struggling hard to master basic reading skills under the constant support and nurturing of Mongrel and the rest of The Pack.

Angus will follow Mongrel anywhere. Mongrel is the man who took him away from the arena and gave him a life again. Now Rottweiler is treated like a man, not a child, and that is the way it will always be.

Quote: (after being hit with a killing attack) "That didn't hurt."

Powers/Tactics: Rottweiler is a mutant who possesses massive amounts of natural strength. He is a skilled fighter, but his bulky frame makes him slow and an easy target. Nature has provided for this factor, however, by allowing Rottweiler to absorb unbelievable amounts of damage. His high

STUN and astronomical BODY allow him to hang tough with the most lethal of opponents. Rottweiler can wade through any type of attack, and will continue fighting until he can wrap his hands around his opponent's neck, squeeze and...

Appearance: Rottweiler has a thick, massive body. He stands only 5-foot-8, but weighs over 300 pounds (with no density increase). He looks stupid, he suffered brain damage as a child as the result of an abusive father he can't remember. He does know how to fight, and isn't the least bit sluggish or slow-witted in battle. He moves quickly for his size, and when he lands a punch on the martial artists he usually winds up fighting the effect can be devastating.

He has a thick face and his features are reminiscent of someone with Down's syndrome. His long, black hair often falls into his eyes when he fights, giving him a killer-sheep-dog appearance when he glares at his opponents.

Roleplaying Tips: Rottweiler has a very child-like mind. He is almost always happy, even when taking damage in the middle of a fight. His soliloquies are typical sound like they are coming from a psychopathic second-grader, and he talks in a halting sing-song speech pattern common for people with retardation.

Angus often displays dog-like behavior, such as using his foot to scratch behind his ear or growling at enemies.

Champions Conversion: Rottweiler merely needs a few more points of non-resistant defense to make him into a full-fledged **Champions** villain. A few levels wouldn't hurt, either, but they would make him very dangerous.



CHAPTER THREE: INVESTIGATING THE STREETS

ROLEPLAYING STREETWISE

It has long been an easy escape avenue for a player to roll his Streetwise skill and have the GM give the character necessary information. This is not what the skill is meant to do in this adventure. By simply giving the characters vital information, the GM will be depriving the players of the opportunity to figure it out for themselves. Deducing Mongrel's plan themselves is not only more fun, it will give the *players* a true feeling of satisfaction.

The purpose of Streetwise in this adventure is to steer the character in the right direction, allowing the player to work the information out of the various sources. In this adventure, there are many avenues the characters may pursue and many objects for a detective's undivided attention.

There are many areas in which a character may pursue his Streetwise skill. It is not acceptable to simply roll the dice and ask for a handout, a player must have a set avenue in his mind before the dice are even touched. Granted, the Streetwise skill allows the character to naturally know how to talk to people and how to get information, but there has to be a reason to use the skill in the first place.

When using this adventure, the characters should have a target before they roll the dice, for example, "I want to go into this bar and see who would know the most about Mongrel," or, "I want to ask these kids if they know where Bob X is." As the adventure takes place in the character's city, the Streetwise types will already have a great deal of knowledge in the areas of who to go to for information, where to find facts, etc. The fact that Mongrel is a primarily unknown factor will make the investigation interesting as the characters really have to think to find out what he is up to.

THE INVESTIGATION

Now that The Pack has gone to ground, the characters will have to dig for information. The characters are bound to have a Streetwise character in their midst. It is wise for them to let this person lead the investigation at this point in the adventure. If the characters do not have a Streetwise character, this will be a new twist on the superhero game for them.

Little is known about The Pack, so any character expecting to roll three dice and know the plot is in for a surprise. There is plenty of information to be had, but it is in little bits and spread throughout various minds in the city. The characters are going to have to piece the clues together to come up with a theory about Mongrel's next move.

One of the best places to find information in the city is Flannigan's Bar, a rough and tumble dive straight out of a bad movie. Some of the worst elements collect in the bar, making it a natural meeting place for criminal business or to find hired help.

The people who would seem to be the most concerned with Mongrel's antics would probably have done the most research on him: the drug crowd. The characters can start on the street and work their way up, or if a Streetwise type knows a higher-up in the drug trade they can go right to the top. If the characters know a drug lord from previous adventures, this will be one of the few that Mongrel has left alone in order to bring him into the new network.

WHAT THE DRUG CROWD KNOWS

The information characters can get from this group depend on what level they ask. Different but useful information can be found from both drug kingpins and from junkies.

At the top of the chain are the kingpins. This level is an endangered species in Mongrel's eyes. No matter how many there are in the campaign, Mongrel is planning on leaving only one, if any, alive. This person will become Mongrel's top advisor. If the kingpin in question can handle not being in charge he'll become Mongrel's right hand man. If the kingpin can't, he'll become fish food.

The fact that Colombians, Jamaicans, Mafia types and Gang-Bangers are all being eliminated has the kingpins worried, so getting to them to obtain information will be difficult. If the GM desires, here is the information characters could get out of the various drug lords. Some of the information is true and some of it is speculation.

The answers are listed from easiest to hardest, based on difficulty of getting the information out of the kingpins. Getting answer number one will be easy, but getting them to admit to number six will be next to impossible. None of these men want to admit they are weak, and it may take more than one visit to get to the really good info listed in the various number sixes.

GM's Note: *Giving number six away too early may give away the plot. One six-answer is fine, but if they get all three of them before Mongrel's next attack, the characters may figure out what's going on too soon. Spread the information out throughout the adventure).*

INFORMATION AVAILABLE FROM THE JAMAICANS

- 1) Mongrel is working for da Colombians, mon.
- 2) We don' know who 'e is or where 'e came from.
- 3) If you keel 'im, we'll bless your soul an' give you three meellion.
- 4) 'E's solving problems for the Colombians, mon. 'At's why 'e 'as hit da Mafia as well and 'at's why e's hitting parts of da Colombian operation. E's doing their house-cleaning for dem.
- 5) E's trying to cut out some turf for 'imself out of our territory, mon.
- 6) We've got no supply left, mon. Our houses are in good shape, all we have to do is get da drugs to 'dem. As it is we 'ave to steal what we can from da Colombians, our soldiers are still strong enough to do dat. *

INFORMATION AVAILABLE FROM THE COLOMBIANS

- 1) Mongrel is working for the Mafia.
- 2) He hits almost at random. The Mafia thinks if Mongrel hits a few Mafia locations as well we won't think they are behind it and we won't go after them for starting this war. They're wrong. **
- 3) Somebody is paying him a lot of money, he's not the brains behind the operation.
- 4) Mongrel wants a piece of the drug trade and he's trying to carve out turf.
- 5) We're hurting badly. We can come back now, but if he keeps it up we're finished.
- 6) We have only a framework of our organization left. Our supply lines are still in order, but we've got nothing left in distribution and muscle-power. The Jamaicans are robbing us blind of whatever we do get in. *

INFORMATION AVAILABLE FROM THE MAFIA

- 1) Mongrel is a crazy do-gooder psycho.
- 2) We know who the bastard is, he's the one who offed the mayor a couple a years ago.
- 3) He doesn't know what he's doing. He is hittin' at random, otherwise he would have gone after one target at a time. As it is, he's hurt everybody and destroyed no one.
- 4) You want to know about him? Eh? Go ask Joe Duffene in Rykers.
- 5) We've made it through the Colombians, the Jamaicans, the Feds, everybody. This guy's taking us apart at the seams, capisce?
- 6) We've been cut off from supply. Our distribution is still in pretty good shape, but they've got nothing to work with. *

* This information is important if the characters are going to figure out the plot. They should have to work to get it, but the GM should find a way to provide this info before Chapter 5.

** This information is vital for effective foreshadowing necessary for Chapter 4. If the characters don't understand that the Colombians are ready to go to war with the Mafia, then Chapter 4 will be less believable and an obvious trap.

INFORMATION FROM DEALERS AND ADDICTS

This group of potential informants will have different info to offer than the kingpins. Everybody is afraid of The Pack, as they have shown no sympathy for anyone related with the drug trade. Life on the street for addicts is worse now than ever; drugs are costing more almost on a daily basis, and paranoia over when Mongrel will strike and who his informants are is running rampant.

DEALER INFORMATION

Dealers, believe it or not, are now hard to find. They change their locations daily, and many have opted for ways of finding the customers rather than letting the customers find them. Dealers will run and shoot first, answering questions later. Many of the larger dealers have been killed already, and several small-time pushers are finding they have larger pay-loads. Price-gouging is abundant, and as lines of communication are sparse prices can vary widely from dealer to dealer.

- 1) We're still getting stuff, just from different sources. The flow hasn't slowed down at all, it's just a matter of finding out who has what.
- 2) I absorb more territory all the time. There's no fighting, there are just fewer dealers every day. If space is available, you absorb it. No one fights over it, there's plenty to go around.
- 3) We're all cooperating with each other now. Raise the price a little and I can use somebody else's supplier. He gives me a little extra and I take care of his customers for a day or two. It's all you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours.
- 4) I don't know anything about Mongrel, and I don't want to know. If he wants to see you, it's because you're dead and you just don't know it yet.
- 5) I'm scared out of my mind, but I'm making way too much money now to walk away.
- 6) Mongrel may be bad for our health, but business is unbelievable.
- 7) Who set's the prices? Sometimes the supplier does, but I've had seven different suppliers in the past month. I usually set the prices 'cause there's no one else to do it.

ADDICT INFORMATION

Addict behavior, for those Streetwise-types who are familiar with it, is even more paranoid and pathetic than usual. The raised prices have sent thousands of people scrambling to come up with the extra cash. This means that petty street crime is up, and the junkies are on a hair-trigger. Everyone suspects everyone else of being a Mongrel informant, and there is no trust to be found. Information will have to be obtained with money or with threats.

Addicts don't care what information they give out, so don't worry about the numbers on their answers. The GM should just give out whatever addict information that will aid the adventure. All of this doesn't necessarily have to be given out by one addict, the GM could spread it out over several people for role-playing effects.

- 1) The prices are outrageous! You heroes should do something about this, it's un-American!
- 2) We can still get the stuff, that's not a problem. You just have to find out who's still alive every time you need a fix.
- 3) Man, I'm getting off the stuff. I mean it this time! Reverend M is helping a lot of people get off the stuff and get addicted to God.
- 4) There are no shortages at all! These dealers are using Mongrel as an excuse to drive up the prices.
- 5) Yeah, we're scared. The other day Mongrel dusted a crack house. Killed fifteen people. Two of my friends were in there.
- 6) My life was shot to start with. I didn't think things could get any worse than they were, but now that Mongrel is on the scene I know things will never get better.

OTHER INFORMATION SOURCES

The police have plenty on Mongrel. The GM should use police sources that already exist in his campaign, and if none exist the ones listed in the back of this adventure can be used. The info can be gathered from police NPCs, physical files and computer files if the characters can gain access to those mediums.

These bits of information, like those of the kingpins, are listed from easiest to obtain to hardest to obtain.

POLICE INFORMATION

- 1) Veteran cops like what Mongrel is doing (attacking the drug trade) but they want to stop him. He is killing everybody and the cops want to take him down, but there is something besides the killing that is bothering them. Instincts tell them that something is very wrong, but they can't put their finger on it. Every detective the characters speak too, regardless of individual morals, is extremely anxious about Mongrel's activities and they fear something major is brewing in the wings.
- 2) 123 deaths have been linked to the group that is attacking the drug trade.
- 3) The special police task force assigned to this case is the largest in the history of the city's investigations. The FBI had been called in as well, and they are working with the city cops to bring Mongrel down.
- 4) Mongrel is suspected to be Armondo Lincoln Mohammed, the political extremist of the late-70's.
- 5) Ballistics have shown that a member of The Pack, presuming that The Pack is responsible for the drug murders, is using the same weapon that was used to kill Mayor Bradford Whitman. The bullets are custom made. The only known use of that particular caliber (.48) is the Whitman murder and the recent spree of drug-related deaths.
- 6) 42 murders have been firmly linked to the same large-caliber (.60) weapon. Another four murders have been matched with the ballistics of the weapon used in the Whitman murder.

The police also can provide information from any of the above sources, with the exception of the top three answers from the kingpin lists.

OTHER SOURCES

Private investigators (PIs), information merchants and Streetwise NPC characters can also be sources of information. If the player-characters can locate these sources, they can find out any of the clues listed above. This avenue is a safety-valve for the GM, if the characters do not have the means or the initiative to gather clues from the listed sources, then the GM can give it to them through any means available.

PIs and NPCs will usually give the information for free, expecting the favors to be returned in the future. Information merchants, however, always charge in cash or—usually—services. If characters think they can blatantly abuse info merchants to serve the characters purposes, they may be right or they may be in for a surprise (see the Information Merchant section in Appendix A).

One interesting note is the recurrence of the name Reverend M. While he has absolutely nothing to do with Mongrel (and the GM should not insinuate that he does), the more time the characters spend on the streets the more his name will pop up.

The GM should use this section to foreshadow the mass appeal Reverend M is gaining on the street level. His name will pop up in almost every level of street life. Converts are beginning to appear in every walk of street life, from addicts and homeless people to small business owners and blue-collar workers.

THE GIST OF IT ALL

What the characters should see here is a pattern. Mongrel is "destroying" the drug trade, but addicts and dealers are facing no real shortages. Organizations are hurt badly, but they are not being finished off. Parts of organizations are being left for some groups, but being wiped out for others. The police are in a near-panic about Mongrel: their instincts are screaming, but they don't know why.

With a solid investigation of all the above sources, the characters should have more information than anyone else in the game, including the police (the characters are the stars of the adventure, after all). The clues provided should make it apparent that Mongrel is performing a surgical strike on the drug trade, leaving only the parts he wants. It is obvious that he could wipe out any aspect of the drug trade whenever he chooses, and yet these well-known aspects of the trade are left virtually untouched.

If the characters are on their toes, it will become apparent that Mongrel is setting up one organization, either for himself or for some

one else. This fact should cause great alarm in the characters, as it is easy to see how powerful one person in control of the city's organized crime could be.

All of this investigation will not go unnoticed. With the characters sticking their noses in all over the city, Mongrel will want the characters out of the way to insure the safety of his plan. Mongrel's attack should come before the characters have figured out his plan, as this gives that characters another clue: why would a person against crime try to kill heroes?

CHAPTER FOUR: MONGREL ON THE OFFENSIVE

His new suit was destroyed, and yet that was the furthest thing from Stoolie Meyer's mind as he sat cowering in the alley with his back to an over-flowing dumpster. The man looking down the sights of the huge gun and into Stoolie's eyes didn't look happy, and he didn't look like he was in the mood to be lied to.

"You better be telling me the truth, Stoolie. I'd hate to have to come back here and have my friend do the talking," Mongrel said, referring to the huge Moondog who's massive body blocked the day's last struggling fragments of sunlight. Stoolie shifted his glance up, being very careful to keep his head absolutely still, to the towering werewolf who was showing his teeth in a foot-long smile.

"That's the truth, M ... M ... Mongrel, I swear!" Stoolie pleaded, unable to take his eyes off of Moondog's inch-long incisors. Mongrel took his gun away from Stoolie's head and walked briskly back to the van parked in the alley.

Moondog bent over, bringing his furry maw to within an inch of Stoolie's face, and let out a long sigh. Stoolie winced at the rancid smell, suddenly finding the odor of garbage to be almost pleasant by comparison.

"Sure you didn't forget anything?" Moondog asked in a sweet-as-you-please growl. He licked the sides of his mouth, little flecks of drool falling onto Stoolie's face and chest. Stoolie's eyes were squeezed shut with fear and nausea as he fought his gut reaction to the smell of Moondog's breath.

"Nothing, I swear! I, t ... t ... told you everything," Stoolie grunted while trying to hold his breath. Moondog stood up and walked towards the van without another word. By the time Stoolie found the courage to open his eyes again, The Pack was five minutes away.

"They're on to us, Mongrel," Doberman said calmly as he turned the van down another side street. Mongrel stared straight ahead from the passenger seat, planning his group's next move.

"No, they haven't figured it out yet, but they're close," Mongrel thought out loud. Those damned heroes were on his trail, and they were going to mess things up sooner or later.

"We're going to have to kill them anyway, right?" Doberman asked with an excited glint in his eye. "Why wait, let's just off them now." Mongrel slowly turned his head to look at his pupil/comrade.

"Willie, I think you have a point."

MONGREL'S PLAN

The Pack is not used to having people fight them and win. Nor are they comfortable having someone on their tail who is actually capable of doing them harm. Mongrel's pet saying is, "the best offense is a shot in the back," and he is about to put that belief into practice. Mongrel knows full well that the characters are not stupid. The trap he sets for the characters will be an elaborate set-up with a brutally simple ending.

Mongrel's plan for taking over the city's crime is to start at the bottom and work his way up. He knows the pride and stubbornness of the men who head up organized crime, and he knows he will need a convincing argument if the men are to work for him willingly. He starts this part of his scheme by recruiting dealers, distributors and soldiers as he grinds his way to the top.

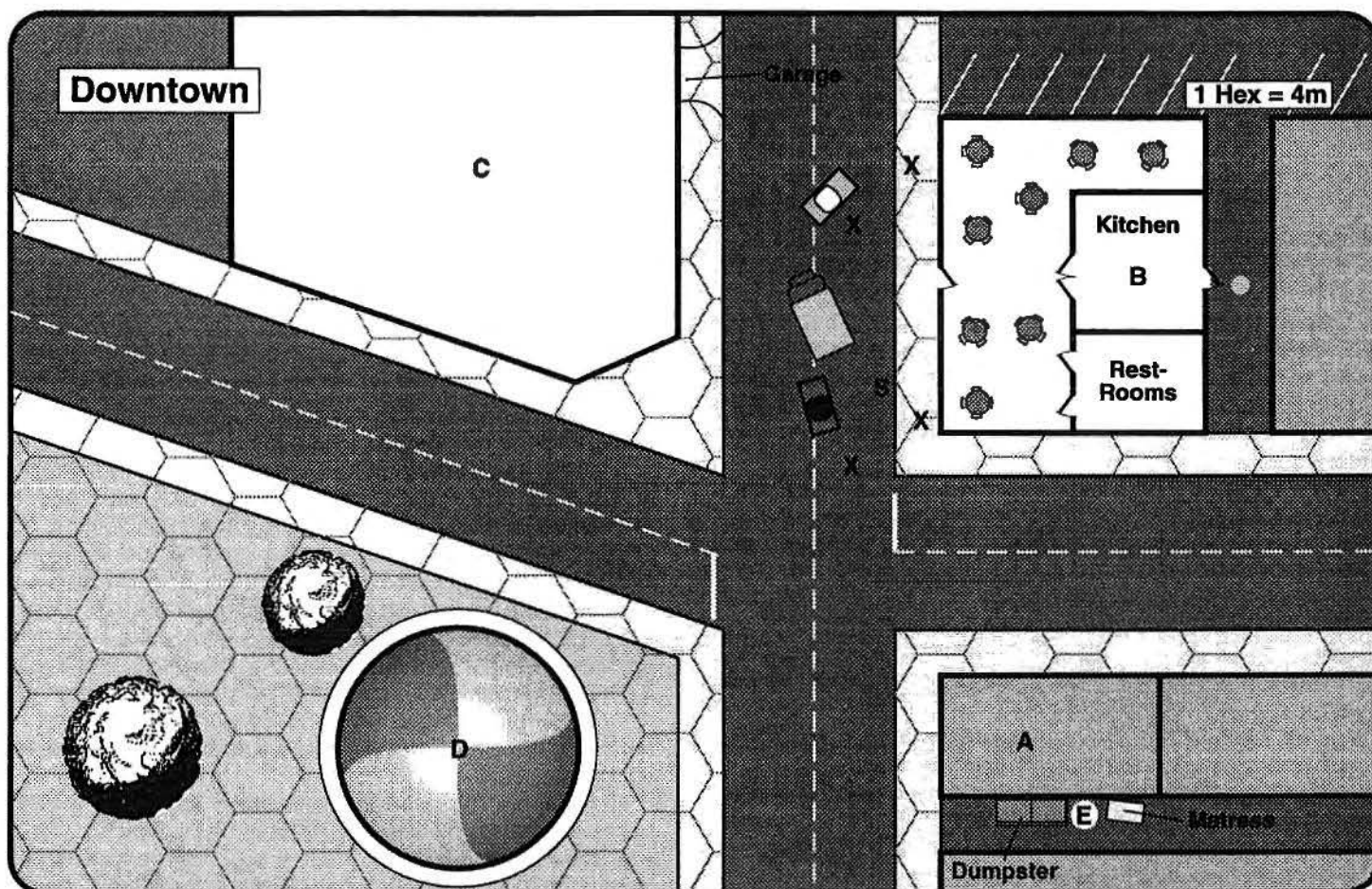
Mongrel has already begun to string together the remnants of organized crime into his custom-built syndicate. At this point in the adventure he has over fifty various street-level criminals under his command. Mongrel will use this relatively unknown fact to stage a massive downtown gun-battle to draw the characters in to an ambush. When the characters arrive to stop the various warring factions, The Pack will be waiting to remove the characters once and for all.

If the characters haven't figured out the plot by now this segment should give them the final clue.

THE SET-UP

As explained in Chapter 3, the Colombians have made no secret the fact that they think the Mafia is behind the Mongrel situation. The characters should know that the Colombians are afraid, angry, and ready to go to war to save their organization.

Mongrel is as aware of this fact as anyone else, and he is making an educated guess that the characters know of the potential for war to break out on the city streets. Mongrel's first mission for his new recruits, which are about equally Jamaican, Colombian, Mafioso and Gang-Banger, is to stage a downtown gun-battle that will draw the characters in. Well-known Colombian and Mafioso soldiers will be faking the action.



A mixture of live and blank ammunition is being used, live for convincing collateral damage and firing at civilians and blanks for simulating direct fire at each other. Mongrel has stressed that realism is vital.

THE MAP AND DEPLOYMENT OF FORCES

The Colombians are using a van (not the Battle Van) and two big luxury cars for cover in the middle of the map. Two Colombians with AK-47s (+2 OCV, +1 Range Mod, 2d6 RKA, Autofire, 30 shots per Clip) are firing from each luxury car and one with an Uzi (+2 OCV, 1d6+1 RKA, Autofire, 40 shots per Clip) is firing sporadically from the corner of the van. The man with the Uzi is holding a walkie-talkie, which he is using to communicate with the Mafia leader across the street.

Every three or four phases, the bosses decide who will fire live ammunition. The soldiers then hit the deck while live bullets are used against the soldier's cover. They are speaking in Italian.

Two Colombians have "maneuvered" their way to the second floor of building "C" and are firing from the windows, using the brick walls for cover. One Colombian is laying face down in a pool of blood behind one of the luxury cars.

The Mafia appears to be trapped in an Italian restaurant (building B), "The Olive Branch." The glass of the restaurant is shattered, and smoke is pouring from the back of the building, as if the Colombians set the rear of the restaurant on fire to prevent escape. In reality, the smoke is from smoke grenades that the Mafia soldiers throw to the back of the restaurant every turn to keep the "fire" going.

Four Mafia soldiers are firing sporadically with pistols (9mm Beretta 84F: 1D6+1, 15 shots per Clip), and one soldier has an M-16 (+2 OCV, +1 Range Mod, 2D6-1 RKA, Autofire, 30 shots per Clip) which is being fired mostly for effect on the luxury cars of the Colombians. All of the soldiers have oxygen masks at their feet in case the smoke spreads to their location, and they take half of their phases per turn to get good, smoke-free breaths. The Mafia leader with the walkie-talkie is in the middle of the restaurant, out of sight from the outside, and has a gas mask on to protect him from the thicker smoke.

Several civilians are wounded, one seriously, and are trapped in the cross-fire. All of these civilians are marked on the map with an "X" and the one who is seriously injured (he will die if he does not receive hospital attention within ten minutes) is marked with as "S".

OTHER CIVILIANS

Mongrel's campaign of death and the resulting wars between rival drug factions have not gone unnoticed by city dwellers. People are more cautious than they were before Mongrel's war started. At the first sound of gunfire, every civilian will be heading for cover. People no longer waste time gawking or trying to find out what is going on, they simply run for their lives. By the time the characters arrive, there won't be a non-wounded civilian in sight.

CHEESE IT — THE COPS

The police are perfectly aware of what is going on as well. There is a fully armed SWAT team on call 24 hours a day. Three turns after the fight begins, the SWAT team's armored van will roll into the fight. The van will stop and the eight SWAT members will disperse in groups of two to form a perimeter on the north end of the map. They are all excellent shots and will concentrate their fire on the Colombians and the Mafia soldiers, hoping the characters can deal with The Pack.

GM's Note: *If there is too much firepower for the characters to handle, the SWAT team can show up much sooner. Mongrel had hoped to have the characters out of the way before police arrived, but Shamus may have tipped the police off to the ambush. If the GM thinks that the characters will be overpowered by the number of guns as well as the presence of The Pack, use the SWAT team to balance the scene out.*

Mongrel was counting on additional firepower to defeat the characters. Mongrel's soldiers will immediately begin trading fire with the cops unless a character is very close. With the addition of the SWAT team, the characters will have a great chance of forcing The Pack to retreat.

THE PACK'S POSITION

Mongrel has chosen the site for this encounter carefully, and plans to maximize his use of the terrain. He is located in an empty water tower marked "D". He has constructed a small armored vantage point which provides him with ¾ cover (the armor around him is armor plate +15 PD, +15 ED Armor, ablative). The vantage point is well hidden, but can be located if a character makes a perception roll on the tower at -2.

Mongrel will fire away with his silenced, picking off as many characters as possible before being seen. When his cover is no longer of use or is destroyed, we will use a cable (installed when he set up this position) to swing to the roof of building "A". He will either continue firing from there or call Hellhound to get him to ground level. If Hellhound is out of the picture, Mongrel will jump to two stacked mattresses he placed in the alley (marked "E"), then join the fray.

Moondog is in the van by the two luxury cars, waiting to jump out at the first character to engage the Colombian soldiers hand-to-hand. Unless the characters express that they are expecting an attack from inside the van, the attack will come at +3 surprise (Moondog is a huge and frightening villain with a high PRE). Moondog will continue to fight from this location unless he has to chase an opponent or is ordered to retreat.

Two Jamaican soldiers are in the van and will attack along with Moondog.

Rottweiler is in the restaurant, and will attack the first character to enter. He will attack with full strength, hoping to get an edge on the character which will let him use his killing attacks. He will ignore the smoke—his UV vision allows him to see right through it. The soldiers in the restaurant will switch to live ammo and use full automatic on any character who comes in. The soldiers might hit Rottweiler in the process, but it is the nature of his powers to ignore massive amounts of BODY damage.

Hellhound is also on the water tower, hidden from view. His job is to fly interference with other energy projectors so Mongrel can fire without distractions. He will remain hidden until a flyer or someone with a ranged attack makes a move on Mongrel's position. Hellhound will then fly out of a rust-hole located above Mongrel's vantage point and engage the character who poses the biggest threat to Mongrel's location.

Doberman is again in charge of the retreat, if necessary. The Pack's van (the same one used in chapter one, with all damage repaired) is parked in a garage in building "C", just at the western edge of the map. He will be lurking around the edge of the garage, looking to get a cheapshot on anybody who winds up in this area. If he is spotted, he will enter the garage and duck out of sight. If a character wishes to engage Doberman, that character will have to enter the garage.

If anyone enters the garage, Doberman will engage immediately, looking for a surprise attack using his stealth. He will try to drop the character as soon as possible, as per his orders from Mongrel. If the character proves to be powerful for Doberman, he will enter the van and begin the retreat plan listed below.

GM'S GUIDE TO THE BATTLE

The Pack is well prepared for this encounter, and they have additional firepower from the Colombians and the Mafia as well. Once the characters have determined that this is a set-up, it may be wise for them to grab the wounded and retreat. It is not by any means impossible to defeat The Pack in this scenario, but they are well prepared and have planned this assault extensively.

Mongrel has set up this encounter for the sole purpose of taking the characters out of the picture. He is almost ready to put the finishing touches on his plan, and he wants the characters out of the way. Whether he kills them, incapacitates them or just plain scares them off is irrelevant: he doesn't care as long as the characters are no longer a factor.

There is no elaborate death trap, that's not his style. He is going to take the characters out himself, the old-fashioned way. The GM should make it obvious to the characters (once the trap has sprung) that this is a trap and they are the targets. The GM should *make sure* the characters understand what they are up against, and *make sure* that the characters realize that if the whole team goes down fighting, the whole team may stay down permanently.

THE ATTACK PLAN

Mongrel is hoping some intrepid hero will try to break up the fighting between the Colombians and the Mafia. He would like to hold his fire (and therefore not reveal his position) until Moondog and Rottweiler have engaged the characters. Once the fighting has begun, he will set and brace for a clean shot on a character. If he drops this character, he will target the next until all the characters are disabled.

Moondog and Rottweiler have been given free reign, and are to attack anyone in the area. They will continue to fight until unconscious or until ordered to retreat. Hellhound's strategy is listed above under his location.

HOLES IN MONGREL'S PLAN

While Mongrel is an excellent small-unit tactician, he has little group experience against paranormals. Until he created The Pack, most of his fighting had come against people with inferior powers and skills. He is prone to underestimating the damage potential of trained and powered vigilantes, especially bricks. He will, of course, learn what these people can do and will be able to plan for their powers in the future, but for now he is ignorant of what they can do to his plan.

THE WATER TOWER

Mongrel thinks he has the ultimate high ground: a perfect sniper's position, armor plating all around him and an unobstructed view of the battlefield. What he doesn't realize is how easy it is for some paranormals to topple the entire tower.

Bricks, especially, will have a good time bringing down the massive structure. Characters will have to be careful where they bring the tower down, the potential for property damage is enormous. If the tower is toppled, Hellhound will fly Mongrel out before the tower hits the ground. They have practiced flying together numerous times, and Mongrel has full ranged offensive capabilities when Hellhound is carrying him. Hellhound will set Mongrel down on the nearest roof top and re-join the fight.

THE RUST-HOLE

Mongrel has made a tactical error by not covering up the rust-hole above his position. While the armor protects him from the outside, he has no cover for damage from *inside* the tower. Area effect and explosion attacks, especially grenade-type devices, will have a dramatic effect inside the tower, particularly on Mongrel, who might just be blown out of his firing hole by knockback.

The hole is one hex in size.

RETREAT

If the fight is going badly, i.e., Mongrel is flushed out of his vantage point and/or Rottweiler and Moondog are losing, Mongrel will call for Doberman and the van. The van will drive through the wooden garage doors, and will immediately begin firing its new weapon, a front mounted napalm thrower.

The napalm thrower (9d6 EB, continuous damage for three segments or until building is on fire, three charges of one turn each), is used to set the surrounding buildings on fire. Mongrel hopes that the burning buildings will slow the characters down long enough for The Pack to make a getaway. The van will start moving as fast as it can go and The Pack will move towards it as heads for the street on the north edge of the map. The van will only slow down long enough to let one of The Pack catch up. Mongrel will be firing from the turret as he did in Chapter 2.

If something goes wrong with the van escape plan, each member of The Pack has an individual escape route.

Mongrel can escape through the roof-access door on building "A" or into a door next to the mattresses marked "E." Once inside, he will move into a closet in either building where he has stashed a disguise and fresh ammunition. If he knows he can take out the character following him, he will grab the ammunition and continue the fight. If he is hurt or pursued by superior forces, he will don an old-man disguise and try to exit the building through a rear service entrance. He has a motorcycle parked across the street and will use this to get to the rendezvous point.

Doberman will drive the van away from the battle unless the van is destroyed. It is his mission parameter to drive the van and pick up whoever is stranded. If the van is destroyed or crippled, he will drive it as close as possible to the nearest building (he will drive into the building if van movement allows). He will then try to lose the characters inside the building using his stealth. If he is pursued by one character, he will make sure that the character is alone and then double back, using his tracking scent to get behind the character, if possible, and engage.

Hellhound will try to rescue Rottweiler or Moondog if either is in trouble. He can easily carry Rottweiler and can carry Moondog when Moondog reverts to human form. After grabbing one of these characters, he will turn on his extra flight and speed away from the scene. If he can not get to either or both have already escaped, he will simply fly to the rendezvous.

Rottweiler has three options; the van, Hellhound, or access to a sewer grate behind the Olive Branch. If he can't escape via the first two listed, he will use the sewer grate. Rottweiler will run into the smoke and try to enter the grate without attracting attention. If this is not possible, he will move close and prepare a phase, using two phases in a row to grab the grate and remove it (one phase), drop in and pull the grate back in place above him (one phase). Once inside his UV vision and high running should allow him to escape. If not, he will run until only one character can keep up with him, turn and finish off that character. As soon as the characters are unconscious, Rottweiler will push his running and head for the rendezvous point. If he is being pursued by too many characters or is seriously hurt, he will run straight to the rendezvous point hoping to get help from the rest of the pack.

Moondog will try to use either the van or Hellhound. If these options fail, he will enter the nearest building and, as soon as he is out of the sight of the characters, change into his human form. He will then stay out of the character's way, acting just like any normal who does not want to get in the middle of a super-fight. He also has a motorcycle parked in the near-by lot, and will join the rendezvous as soon as possible.

Moondog has a shirt, pants and shoes taped to his back under his costume. He is so large that the clothes will be nearly unnoticeable.

THE RENDEZVOUS

Mongrel has set up the rendezvous as a preventive measure. If he is beaten in the ambush, he wants to quickly recover any members of The Pack who get captured. If none of The Pack are captured and they are not pursued, the GM can ignore the rendezvous and move on with the adventure.

If a member(s) has been captured, Mongrel will rally his troops, assess damage, and set out to get his comrade back. The Pack will recover as much as possible in order to be at full fighting strength. Hellhound will fly up and use his keen eyesight to spot the characters and the lost member. Once located, The Pack's actions will depend on typical character behavior.

If the characters typically call in a police or PRIMUS van to deal with captured villains, Mongrel will wait for the van to pick up the captured member and assault when as few characters as possible are around (Mongrel has done some investigating of his own, and has a good idea of typical character practices).

If the characters have split up to find more Pack members, Mongrel will attack any characters left to guard the captured member. The attack will be quick and brutal: the only goal is to get the captured member and escape.

If the characters are all escorting the captured member to whatever holding facility is being used, he will weigh his options. If the characters are weak from the fight, he will attack. If they are strong or if they beat The Pack convincingly, he will wait.

His last chance is to attack whatever holding facility is being used prior to incarceration at Stronghold. He will wait for the characters to leave, and if they won't he will create a diversion with some of The Pack as the potential targets, and then perform a quick surgical strike. The only goal of the attack is to free the captured member.

AFTERMATH

If the characters had any doubts about Mongrel's intentions before, the ambush should set their minds straight. He was working with known criminals, not actors, and it was clear that they were following his orders. Any claim Mongrel may have had to serving justice can now be tossed out the window.

Mongrel is vicious and was trying to kill the characters. This *should* tell them that they're getting to close for his comfort. It should also inform them that Mongrel has some sort of a plan, and that the characters are getting in the way. Mongrel set the entire operation up to take the characters out of the picture, and they were the only target. This should put a little bit of fear into the characters, and should motivate them to find out what is so important to him.

If the characters haven't already pieced together the puzzle, this remaining clue should do the trick. The drug-soldiers in the city who weren't killed now appear to be working for Mongrel, and he has brought the different sides of the crime wars together into one organization. Subsequent investigation will show that Mongrel is gaining complete control of the streets, and soon he will be the only boss in charge of a huge operation.

CHAPTER FIVE: HOME-BOUND TRAIN

The AmTrak™ shot down the rails at well over 200 mph. Quantum matched speed, pushing her abilities to the max. The train appeared stationary to her as she slowly gained ground on the engine—it was the dark shapes of the night-time trees and hills that shot past her with lightning velocity.

Hellhound shot up from the other side of the train, his dirty-orange flame trailing behind him as his smoke trail disappeared in the night. He was a ghostly figure, his black skin fading into the encroaching twilight. Only his flame and glowing, evil eyes were clearly visible. He matched the train's speed effortlessly, making Quantum's straining attempt look amateurish by comparison.

Quantum shot a glance at the train. Obsidian was clinging to the last car, his powerful grip sinking his fingers into the steel as if it were Styrofoam, trying to keep from being knocked off the steel-gray train. Moondog's big feet were firmly planted on the train's roof, his massive paws raining blows down upon the Imperial Prince. Again and again Moondog's fists rose into the air. Again and again they slammed into Obsidian with a force that would have shattered a normal man. Obsidian was slipping into unconsciousness under the irresistible force of the crushing blows.

Another glance inside the train saw that Jaguar was faring little better. Both he and Rottweiler were covered with a dozen cuts, both shallow and deep. Jaguar's mouth was twisted into a roaring vent for his animalistic rage and he slashed continuously at his opponent. Rottweiler took the blows in stride, ignoring the punishing effect of Jaguar's claws. Rottweiler smiled through his torn lips as his hands finally closed around Jaguar's neck.

She looked towards her goal: the engine. Seeker was on his back, head and shoulders hanging out of the gaping hole in the engineer's compartment wall. Mongrel was on top of him, trying to bring his pistol to bear on Seeker's head. Seeker writhed about, trying to free himself of the bigger man's hold. It didn't look like he was succeeding.

Quantum banked hard left to avoid a searing stream of fire that split the twilight. The blast ripped into the ground, sending chunks of dirt and rock into the air before the crater shot off into the night as the speeding train left it behind. She had to reach the engine and stop the train from hitting the station! Her quick defensive move had already caused her to lose ground on the engine, and Hellhound was coming straight for her, eyes blazing in the night as he prepared to fire again ...

THE FINAL SHIPMENT

Drug supply is starting to run low in the city. Mongrel's final removal of all pipelines he doesn't want, along with the character's capture of the last big shipment (*Chapter Two*), have caused a shortage. Mongrel's brilliant execution of his plan and his new organization are in danger of falling apart unless he can pump some drugs into his new pipeline.

What Mongrel has decided to do is have his suppliers ship everything they have for one giant order that will handle the immediate demand and give him a large cache to fall back on in times of steeped up federal anti-drug activities. Several large shipments were sent into America, and eventually made their way to New Orleans (if the campaign is set in New Orleans, substitute Dallas). Rufus Ramirez (see characters write-up at the end of this section) was there waiting. After a few hefty bribes to some train station officials, Rufus used his gadgeteering and ingenuity to conceal the entire shipment under the floor of a passenger-train car.

The shipment is well over 2,000 kilos and is the largest single shipment ever sent through America. Its destination is the campaign city of the characters, where Mongrel will be waiting for it. After he obtains this shipment, he will be the only supplier for the entire city, and only people working for him will have access. This will permanently establish his power base in the city and, with no product to sell, all remaining competitors will quickly go out of business.

TROUBLE ON THE TRACKS

Mongrel's plan for picking up the drugs is true to his style. He plans to simply fire the train up to its top speed and let it crash into the station. As for the 154 passengers on the train, Mongrel couldn't care less. Once the train has stopped, Moondog will pick up the car with the drugs and vacate the premises, leaving the authorities to tend to the dead and wounded.

At this point, Mongrel no longer cares about being subtle. The train accident will be huge and the cost in lives will match all he has done to this point. The characters will have to find out about the plan and then fight a running battle atop, around and inside a runaway train that—unless stopped—will smash into the station and kill all aboard.

FINDING OUT ABOUT THE SHIPMENT

There are several ways to discover Mongrel's plan. The best way to do it is to provide the characters with several clues and let them figure it out for themselves. If the characters prove to be incapable of deducing the train scheme, then it is a good time to use Shamus again. The GM can use him to provide the characters with a little bit of information at a time until the characters can figure out the plan for themselves.

Although it is far from impossible to figure out the train scheme, the GM may be stuck with characters who have no idea what Mongrel's next move is. If this is the case, the reports of the runaway train will blare across the city's TVs and radios before it reaches the city limits. Characters responding to the train fast enough will be able to ascertain that The Pack is responsible and will have time to call for help.

CLUES

The GM can use established sources to deliver these clues or the characters can pick them up from the evening news. Any police-related clues the characters don't get on their own will be provided by Shaughnessy.

- 1) New Orleans police intercepted a large shipment of 300 kilos of cocaine. The bust was unusual in that it seemed the shipment got larger instead of being distributed. Police trailed the semi-truck for two days and witnessed three separate pick-ups, in which couriers brought smaller shipments of cocaine to the semi. The destination of the shipment was unknown.

New Orleans officials believe their city is now being used as a collection point for future northward distribution. The semi had plates from the characters' state.

The size of the shipment is enough for it to make the national news.

- 2) Rufus Ramirez, a.k.a. "The Wiz," an alleged arms builder, was arrested in New Orleans for possession of two grams of cocaine. After he was positively identified and booked, he escaped from the holding tank. Authorities say he found a way to short-circuit the electronic locks at the station-house and released all of the prisoners. Seven officers were hurt in the ensuing violence, one seriously. Seventeen prisoners, including Ramirez, escaped.

- 3) The word on the streets is "dry." Mongrel's crusade finally seems to be having a major impact. Most dealers are out of drugs and those who still have them are charging exorbitant prices, which allows only the very rich to fulfill their habit.

It would take a huge shipment to bring the city up to its usual supply level. The word is that there is no way that much supply could come in anytime soon, unless someone invented a new way to deliver.

- 4) The police are cracking down on the minor and amateurish dealers who are trying to cross state lines. The cops feel for the first time that supply has been effectively cut off. While the Mayor claims this victory as the result of his policies and praises the force, veteran detectives can't shake the feeling that something big is in the air. Something bigger than the city has ever seen before. They can't explain it, or give a reason, all they know is that they can't get a good night's sleep and they spend a lot of time looking over their shoulder.

- 5) A mixed mob of Jamaican and Colombian goons was arrested at the train station for trespassing in restricted areas. The police tried to use the trumped up charge to hold the men, who were known drug soldiers, but they were sprung by Camden Brown, an infamous Mafia lawyer.

- 6) There have been reports of a werewolf sighting in (a city between New Orleans and the campaign city) only a few hours ago. While this story will be ignored by most local affiliates, the similarity between this sighting and the repeated sightings in the campaign city will be enough to put it on the local evening news. The sighting took place at a train station.

GM's Note: Clue five makes it obvious that the train station and subsequently the train are involved. Clue six makes it obvious that not only is the train involved, but that The Pack is on it before it hits the city, so use this clue only if the characters are at a total loss.

These clues are provided to give the characters a general idea of what is involved in the next scenario: New Orleans, a big shipment and the train station. What should come as a surprise to the characters is Mongrel's method of delivery, the runaway train crashing into the station at top speed. The clues are meant to point the characters in the right direction so they will have a feasible chance of stopping the train with a limited loss of life, they are not meant to give the characters a chance to stop the train before it even starts.

THE PLAN

Mongrel and his boys boarded the train at the city Moondog was spotted in. Mongrel plans to ride the train as a normal passenger along with Moondog, Doberman and Rottweiler. Hellhound is in the baggage car. They plan on taking over when the train is about twenty miles from the city. The Pack will then reveal their identities, commanding all of the passengers to sit absolutely still while Mongrel makes his way up to the engine. Mongrel will send the engineer back with the rest of the passengers while he jams the train's controls at top speed, just as Rufus "The Wiz" Ramirez showed him.

After this is done, Mongrel will clear all passengers from the last car. About twenty seconds before impact, The Pack will enter the last car and disconnect it from the train. Moondog will use his strength as brakes, slowing the car down and letting it coast into the station about the time the crash is finished. Moondog will pick up the car (second back from the engine) that contains the shipment and will head away from the station to a place The Pack can remove the drugs without fear of interruption.

Mongrel and the rest of the boys will cover Moondog's escape in case the crash, the wounded, and the fires caused by the crash do not give the authorities enough to worry about. Once the drugs are separated from the train and placed in a waiting heavy-duty van, The Pack will drive off to a new hideout from where they can distribute their goodies and seize control of the city's crime once and for all.

STOPPING THE TRAIN

The heroes, of course, will be attempting to stop the train from reaching the station. This scenario is quite different as far as finales go, and it should provide the characters with some unique and original problems.

First of all, how do they stop the train? A thirty car train, with each car weighing approximately 12.5 tons, moving at 100+ mph presents a massive amount of force to stop. The characters could simply blast the engine apart, which *will* stop the train, but not before a 100 mph derailling guaranteed to turn everybody aboard into lifeless mush. It is improbable anyone has 70 STR telekinesis, which would be enough to simply lift the train, let alone the 120+ STR TK it would take to gently curb the 37,500 lbs/mph of force the train is generating. So, how do the characters stop that sucker?

First of all, there is the classic tactic of placing the brick at the front of the train and letting him gradually brake the speed with his strength. While this will work fine if the brick is left alone, The Pack has no plans to allow this to happen. Moondog can easily slow a single car down in few short seconds, but stopping the entire train would take at least a 60 STR and about ten miles of track. The character would be a 0 DCV target for Hellhound's energy blasts or punches from Moondog (after he climbs to the front of the engine). All in all, this is a tough way to solve the problem.

The characters could also separate the engine from the train, which would provide a significant loss of force by the time the train reaches the station. If a brick were to use the brake tactic *after* separating the engine, he would need only about two miles of track (while remaining undisturbed by the tactics mentioned above, of course). Separating the engine will prove difficult, as Mongrel will be stationed near the junction, ready to fire at any energy projector who even looks funny at the coupling. A flyer would have to match the speed to get a shot at the coupling.

The third way to stop the train is to board it and fight one's way to the engine. This will result in a very difficult situation for the characters, who have to fight their way past Moondog, Doberman and Rottweiler in the middle of a passenger train. Characters can also run on top of the train, where interesting fights are bound to occur on the slick metal surface. Since Mongrel will be sniping at anyone who comes near the engine, flyers will have to drop the characters near the rear of the train and then they will have to work their way towards the engine.

Another way for the characters to stop the train is for a reasonably strong character with Flight to get to the front of the engine and use of combination of Strength and Flight to gradually slow the train down. In this case, the character's inches in flight will add to his Strength. But the character will need to overcome a STR of 75, and it will take time. If the character can get up to a STR 75, it will take ten miles of track to stop the train, minus one mile for every five points of STR over 75 the character can generate. Note that a push is *not* allowed in this circumstances; the character needs to apply the Strength and Flight over a long period of time.

A combination of effects is probably the best bet for the characters. A flyer can drop off a character onto the train and then fly for the engine. The brakes can only be pulled from the engine.

Whatever solution the character come up with, the things to keep in mind are mass and force. The train generates an amazing amount of force, and any solution will have to take that factor into account. If the characters try to force the train to stop through any number of ways, a derailment is a high probability. Be liberal with intelligent character solutions, but let them know that whatever action they take, they may be partially responsible for the deaths of 154 passengers.

TRAIN SPEED

The GM will have to come up with a speed that is highly challenging, but not impossible, for his characters to deal with. The only member of The Pack outside the train will be Hellhound, and his 50" flight should allow him to outpace most characters.

A realistic speed average for the train is 25" at speed 12—that roughly accounts for 175 mph. Of course, this is way too fast for most campaigns. The fastest character should have trouble keeping up with the train, while characters with no movement powers are out of the scenario as soon as they are off the train.

The desired effect is to have the fastest characters struggling to keep up with the train, keeping them from flying up and down and providing fire where needed. If the characters lose ground on the train with a lot of defensive (or offensive) maneuvering, then you have a good speed.

Flying characters will probably have to use non-combat movement to catch up with the train. This can be done, but since characters travelling at non-combat speeds are at ½ DCV, they had better do their best to avoid being spotted by Hellhound. Otherwise, they will find themselves in some hot water!

GETTING ON THE TRAIN

The GM should be very lenient in allowing characters to find a way onto the Amtrack. If the characters can't find a way to get aboard, then all of the passengers are without hope. Give the characters credit for ingenuity and help them find a *plausible* way onto the train.

Characters can potentially jump on the train as it passes them, but if they do, they'd better be prepared for a jolt. A character who lands on the train will need to make a STR vs. STR roll vs. the Train's effective STR of 75; failure means that the characters falls off. See the section on fighting on top of the train for more details about that. Clinging can really help a character here, as can Extra Limbs. Give the character +10 STR for every handhold he grabs. TK might come in useful as well.

FIGHTING LIMITATIONS ON THE TRAIN

ON TOP

Characters on top of the train must make a dexterity roll every time they are hit or they will fall off the train. It is legal to abandon a phase and grab at anything (anything is DCV 4) if the roll is missed. This will put the character at a disadvantage, but it will keep them on the train, which is the important thing. An acrobatics roll will put the character back on top and on his feet, but characters without acrobatics may be in deep trouble. While hanging from whatever the character has grabbed, he is at ½ DCV and may only make attacks that can be reasonably explained to the GM that use one hand (throwing a weapon or grabbing for a foot, for example).

It takes a full phase without being attacked to climb back up to the roof of the train.

- Characters with STR sufficient to penetrate the Def 7 steel of the car can put their fingers into the metal itself and resist knockback if they are being pummeled. Everyone else will be knocked off the train if the knockback exceeds 1" per 5 STR.
- Characters with clinging may operate normally on top of the train

Movement on top of the train is halved (to simulate the cautious steps characters must make to keep from slipping on the steel surface). If the characters wish to move at full speed (run) across the top of the train, they will be forced to make a dexterity roll at -2 for *every phase they move at full speed*. If they fail, they can make the grab for whatever is handy.

INSIDE

Combat inside of the train is run normally. Knockback, for the most part, will be stopped by the Def 7, BODY 5 walls. If a character or NPC is knocked through the wall and is still conscious, that character may abandon a phase and make a grab against DCV 4 to stay on board. If the character misses that roll, he has been knocked from the train and is out of the encounter (unless the character has sufficient movement capabilities or can re-board before the train is gone). A fall from the train will result in 10d6 damage for hitting the ground at such a high speed during the first three turns of the fight, and 15-20d6 damage during the last three turns when the train is passing through the city, depending on the GM's judgment.

OUTSIDE

Characters flying or running with the train will not have a speed modifier to their attacks, as they are matching speed and therefore effectively stationary to any targets on the train. Any lateral movement will detract from the character's keeping up with the train, and the GM should make sure that, when matching speed, every inch of movement in any direction but forward will result in losing one inch on the train. This factor can be important if a character is trying to reach the engine and has to avoid attacks from Hellhound and Mongrel.

THE FIGHT

Moondog, Doberman and Rottweiler are spaced throughout the train. Moondog will be the first to go up top after any character because his huge feet give him almost normal movement and very secure footing on the slick surface. Rottweiler will deal with any character who has determined it is time to use killing attacks, and Doberman will be the last obstacle before reaching Mongrel and the engine.

The GM should time the fight carefully, as The Pack's reactions are dictated by a set schedule. After the characters board the train, it will hit the station in six turns. At the end of four turns, the engine will be a mere mile and a half from the station. The Pack will try to get to the last car and separate it from the train.

After three turns, city scenery will begin to appear. The train will rocket past the various buildings that line the sides of the track, the noise of the runaway locomotive blaring of the walls back to the characters' ears. After five turns, the characters will be able to see the station. The track engineers have managed to clear the rails of other trains into the station, but at the speed the AmTrack is coming in a derailment is imminent.

CHANGING THE TRAIN'S COURSE

Station officials have discovered to their dismay that they can't change the path of the runaway train. Once the officials cleared all other trains from the path of the oncoming AmTrak, they found they could no longer alter its computerized course. Thanks to the skill of Rufus "The Wiz" Ramirez—who had days to prepare for this—the tracks the AmTrak is traveling on are frozen and no other alternate tracks can be used. All other tracks outside of the rails involved are working fine.

All tracks that the characters could switch manually aren't designed to handle the high speed of the train. Any manual switching would result in a curve that is too sharp and a derailment would occur. While the manual switches would normally handle a fast train, this one is traveling at such high speeds that even minor curves could prove to be disastrous.

Any bricks who think they are clever may try to physically change the route of the train. This is the same thing as a signed death warrant for those on board. The train is moving so fast that even minor imperfections in the rails are like a car hitting speed bumps at 30 MPH. Any changes in the rails made by brute strength are guaranteed to cause a derailment.

The action will become heated in the later turns, especially if the characters keep The Pack from reaching the last car. The Pack's actions will become desperate as they seek to avoid being in the station collision. Rottweiler will fight right up to the crash, confident he can survive whatever injury he may sustain, but Moondog and Doberman have other ideas. Both will take their chances with a leap from the train rather than be on board when it strikes the station.

If Mongrel is hard pressed in the engine room, he may decide to fight right up to the collision. He does not have a death wish, but is willing to take his chances if he thinks the character would not survive the crash. If the character can easily survive, Mongrel will look for an out. Once he is in the city, "outs" are few and far between, so he may even decide to pull the brake himself. He will do this only after 5 ½ segments, slowing the train's velocity to lower the lethality but still ensuring a violent crash. Remember, his goal is to create enough havoc to allow he and The Pack to escape with the drugs.

HITTING THE STATION

If the train does hit the station, damage will have to be inflicted on every person aboard. Those belted in, which some of the passengers may be, depending on how much fighting was going on, will take a single 10d6 attack. Half of those people will take an additional 1d6 HKA to simulate flying pieces of metal and glass.

People not strapped in are in serious trouble. They are traveling at 100 mph and will effectively stop instantaneously, giving them a 15d6 attack. Half of these people will take an additional 2d6 HKA from hitting jagged edges, seat and door corners and windows. Any normal facing this damage is almost assuredly going to die, and characters will be faced with serious injury.

Characters on top of the train can expect major-league damage regardless of what they hit (GM's option). At any rate, they are going to take at least 30" of knockback forward from the point of impact, with the damage they sustain from the impact being identical to those not strapped in listed above.

Any characters in the engine compartment are in true danger. Being at the front of the collision they will not have the cushioning effect cars farther back have: kinetic energy being absorbed by bending metal and smashed couplings. The engine will absorb the full impact of the collision. Anyone in the engine will take 18d6 of damage. In addition, the sudden smash into the engine itself will add a 4d6 killing attack *after* the 18d6 has been assessed.

The station will be evacuated by the time the train hits, but the impact will be a spectacle to behold. The train will hit curves designed to be traveled at 10 mph, causing it to leap from the tracks. It will sail through the air, ripping into other trains as it begins to turn sideways from the numerous impacts. Finally, the train will slam through the station's brick walls, sending masonry, glass and metal flying everywhere. When the pieces of the train slide to a stop, it will be in a cloud of dust and a pile of rubble, sparks cascading onto the ruined metal walls from the torn powerlines of the station. Sirens will be blaring as rescue crews race in to help the wounded and flashing lights will illuminate the dust clouds that would be invisible in the night sky.

AFTERMATH

The characters' goal, obviously, is to prevent the train from crashing into the station. If they succeed in doing this, then they will have to continue fighting The Pack unless they are already subdued. This is the one time that Mongrel doesn't have an escape plan, as he assumed no one could stop the train. With no escape plan, the characters may be able to defeat the poorly organized Pack.

If the characters can't capture The Pack, the villains will escape into the night. Mongrel's hold on the gangs will be broken if he can't supply, and new suppliers will move in from surrounding cities—all with super-powered support to protect them from The Pack. Mongrel & Co. will still be a factor in the following adventures, but Mongrel's shot at being the big cheese of crime will, for now, be gone.

If the characters are unable to stop the train and it smashes into the station, they will be very busy helping with the wounded. If the characters were on the train when it hit, it is likely most of The Pack was too. Doberman and Moondog would have jumped for it, weakening them and making them easy targets for a group pick-up later on (Moondog should have no trouble surviving the fall, but Doberman's fate is doubtful). Rottweiler will be alive and, more than likely, ready to continue fighting. However, he will be weakened from the collision and this will be the characters' best chance at nabbing him.

If Mongrel was on the train when it hit, he would probably be in the engine. It will take hours to get through the twisted metal to find his body, or what is left of it. If he got off the train, he will limp into the shadows until he can recover and pursue his goal another day.

IF MONGREL WINS.

It is possible that The Pack fights the characters, gets to the last car, separates it and lets the train hurtle into the station. If this occurs, Moondog will walk off with the passenger car containing the drugs and Mongrel will be set up as the city's new kingpin. This is not desirable, but is it far from tragic to the GM's campaign. The two remaining adventures can run smoothly regardless of the outcome of *The Pack*. If Mongrel wins, it may give the characters a goal and a worthwhile opponent to pursue.

Mongrel will run the city with an iron hand. As he will have no serious competition for quite some time, violence will be limited and the characters need be in no hurry to take him out. As soon as he delivers the drugs he has confirmed his new role as crimelord, so that characters will lose nothing if they wait a while to go after him. Once Mongrel has attained the top spot, he will largely ignore the characters and let his worthwhile opponents live. If the characters make trouble for his new organization, however, he will be forced to deal with the problem.

THE PACK AND OTHER PARANORMAL DRUG DEALERS

The GM may already have paranormal dealers or kingpins in the campaign. If this is the case, something will have to be done if *The Pack* is to play as written.

First of all, it is highly possible that Mongrel will walk all over the existing paranormals just the way he does with the normals. If the GM thinks this will be logical to the characters, it is a good choice. If the paranormals are powerful, an easy defeat could show the characters just how dangerous The Pack is.

Secondly, the existing paranormals may be smart enough to see what is going on. If this is the case, they may opt to simply leave town for a while. Why risk damage to an organization or personal injury (or death) to a madman raging through the streets. If the characters have always thwarted Mr. X, then perhaps he has faith they will stop Mongrel. Many druglords will avoid a war, especially if they think they can come out as good or even better than they were when the conflict started. It is obvious that Mongrel is a deadly adversary, and many a druglord would be happy to avoid him.

Thirdly, the paranormal drug lord may be so powerful that Mongrel will ignore him. This is unlikely, but can be logically explained to the characters if the GM wants to leave the existing druglord intact. Mongrel may decide not to run *all* the drug business, just the parts not owned by Mr. X.

Fourthly, Mongrel and Mr. X could go to war. It is doubtful Mr. X can stop Mongrel's guerrilla tactics. The Pack could decimate Mr. X's organizations just as they will the Jamaicans, the Colombians and the Mafia. Mr. X could become an integral source of information and be a vivid part of the adventure, especially if the characters are familiar with him. If Mr. X is very powerful, Mongrel will ignore him and just destroy his organization. Mongrel is very patient—there will always be time to design the perfect plan to kill Mr. X.

REVOLUTION

PART TWO

"As you can see, my children, the systems designed for us by Mr. Ramirez are a total success," Reverend M said to Peter Keller and Margaret Weston, CEOs of their respective companies. The two captains of industry were so utterly shocked by the demonstration of Reverend M's new crack troops that they paid no heed to the fact that M referred called them "children."

Seven men lay dead on the training floor, their small arms scattered about the room. Two men in purple armor stood tall, facing their leader, the barrels of their weapons sending curls of acrid smoke wisping into the air. Behind them stood the huge powered armor guided by the pilot who was hidden deep behind the thick metal plates. All three had taken direct fire from the seven dead men, but the bullets had bounced from the strong armor they wore. After absorbing the weapons fire for almost twenty seconds, M gave the command to attack. Ten seconds later, all of the gunmen were dead.

"How senseless," Keller said, finally recovering his composure. "Did you have to kill them? I mean, they were your followers." Reverend M turned his ice-blue eyes onto Keller.

"You will learn not to question my wisdom, my child," M commanded in a stern tone. Keller felt strange, he was not used to being rebuked—by anyone. He was near cowering as M continued to speak. "Those men just gave their life in a holy cause. They were ready and their souls were prepared. I did not kill them, they gave their life to the lord above!" Keller's head dropped in shame, no longer able to face this great man. His voice held such power, such wisdom! Keller had never met anyone like Reverend M before, and he knew there would never be another. Without realizing it, Keller had fallen under the spell that had thousands following M without question.

Margaret Weston had different ideas.

This bastard is completely and utterly insane, she thought to herself while smiling at Reverend M. He just butchered seven of his followers, and no one seems to think anything



is wrong! On the outside, Weston kept her business-like composure. On the inside, she was finding it hard to believe she had messed up the family business so badly she had to listen to someone like Reverend M to get back on top again.

On top.

That was where she wanted herself and her company to be, like it was in the sixties when her father built it from nothing. M may be crazy, but the rest of the loonies in this nuthouse were willing to die for him. She wasn't about to buy into his doctrine, but if his plan worked Weston Construction would rule the city.

She was only too willing to go along with that.

M'S PLAN IN PART TWO

Reverend M has reinvested the money stolen from the banks. Thanks to the creative technical skills of Rufus "The Wiz" Ramirez, M now has a force of armed and armored soldiers. His Chosen Ones are now a match for any agent in the country, be it VIPER, UNTIL, the Army or PRIMUS.

He plans to use these soldiers to destroy the competition of Weston Construction. Hakura Motors has announced they are building a new plant in the campaign state. Weston, once a pillar of the construction community, doesn't stand a chance of being awarded the 57 million dollar contract unless the competition is removed.

When M's forces are destroying Weston's competition, Keller will be sinking every penny his corporation possesses into Weston stock. While this is happening, M's followers, who are now in every aspect of city life, will spread the rumor that Hakura plans a buy-out of the struggling Clearwater Motors plant in the campaign city. Being played just like a chess piece, the board members of Flag National Bank decide to cash in on their "tip" by buying every piece of Clearwater stock they can get their hands on.

When the Clearwater plant blows at the end of part two, the only company left large enough to handle Hakura's needs will be Weston. Weston's stock will sky-rocket with the contract, and Keller will sell the Weston stock for a huge profit. Moving quickly to turn the cash around, Keller will execute a forced takeover of Flag National Bank & Trust. Weakened by plummeting Clearwater stock, Flag National will be ripe for the picking. Utilizing his new capital, Keller will get the jump on everyone and buy out 51 percent of Flag National Stock. Adding Flag National's assets to Keller's existing wealth will catapult Keller Corp. into the nation's top ten businesses.

With Keller and Weston raking in millions of dollars, their contributions (tax-deductible, mind you) will pour into Reverend M Ministries. After the explosion at the Clearwater plant, M will unleash Wrath on the city as he prepares to re-invest his latest wealth yet again.

TERRORIST CAPITALISTS

There are four companies that could provide the type of facility the Hakura wants. Hakura is insisting on going with an in-state construction firm, as it is trying to shed the image many transplanted Japanese operations have of not using the local labor pool. Weston is a distant fourth on that list.

Two construction companies, Bridgeport Construction and P. Wallace & Sons Contractors, have constructed similar facilities before. Bridgeport also owns the consulting firm that helped bring Hakura to the state, a definite plus in their favor.

The third company is Clearwater Motors, an independent automaker that has fallen on hard times. Although the plant owners are proud men, they realize the time may be near for them to close shop. The plant would be easy for Hakura to re-tool, and it would save them millions in start-up costs and be a public relations field day as they could keep the existing labor pool. While the Clearwater facility is a prime candidate, Hakura is leaning towards building a new plant. As of yet they are undecided. Only when the sabotage starts will they lean towards using an established facility.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT FOR BRIDGEPORT

The first signs of foul play occur at a Bridgeport construction sight. Their new downtown office building, a seventeen story ultra-modern facility, collapses in the night killing two workers and injuring seven more. The bad publicity will not fare well for Bridgeport, and this accident alone may put them out of the running in Hakura's eyes.

Reverend M's men have gone for the easiest target first. Although Bridgeport's personal safety measures surpass even state standards, a half-finished building can be brought down with little difficulty. M's soldiers are using a powerful acid provided by Rufus Ramirez to destroy the main supports and let the building collapse in on itself. In the time it will take investigators to sort through the rubble and see the sabotage, Weston will already have the Hakura contract in her hand.

The characters could get involved with this collapse in several ways. If they happen to be passing by on patrol, there will be several people that need rescuing. As the acid takes a little time to work, the building may collapse in sections and the characters may be called in to rescue trapped workers (who are already dead, their bodies stashed in the lowest section of the construction site after being killed by M's men), or they may respond to news coverage of the collapse.

There is nothing the characters can do to prevent the collapse, but their curiosity should be piqued by news reports. Not only do the news anchors mention that two people died or are missing in the collapse, but that the incident probably removes Bridgeport from the running in the chase for the multi-million dollar Hakura Motors contract. If that is not enough to get the characters attention, the subsequent explosion at P. Wallace & Sons will.

GM's Note: *If player tendencies lead the GM to believe they would ignore the collapse, simply let them know about it before the end of The Pack adventure. When they get around to the P. Wallace & Sons incident, the collapse will already be in their heads.*

P. WALLACE & SONS GET NAILED

Peter Wallace has run a respected contracting firm for over thirty years. When he started his biggest competitor was Weston Construction. Wallace and Weston were bitter rivals, and while the competition made both companies stronger Wallace was finally able to leave Weston in the dust around 1982. Right when his company needed him the most, Blake Weston died of a heart attack, leaving the business to his only child.

Wallace knew the situation his biggest competitor was in, and he under bid to the point of taking losses to prevent Weston from getting a major contract. The strategy worked, and Weston fell so far behind that Wallace has never looked back. His biggest competition now is Bridgeport Construction, a firm that started up with major financial backing when he was under-cutting Margaret Weston.

Last year, Wallace began his campaign against Bridgeport. A series of bribes and kickbacks had started the gears in motion. The only thing that kept Bridgeport in business was the high quality of their work.

As one can imagine from the practices listed above, Pete Wallace made many enemies over the last thirty years. At age 64 and ready to pass the business down to his sons, Wallace had only one goal before he retired, getting the Hakura contract. While he was far from sad about the Bridgeport collapse, he would have never stooped to sabotage. Perhaps because he would have never tried to physically hurt anyone, he assumed that others would follow the same practice.

Exactly one week after the Bridgeport collapse, a firebomb will kill P. Wallace and his entire family, including his wife and three sons, when his boat explodes just a mile off the city shores. While the Bridgeport incident was presumed, at first, to be an accident, there is no doubt the Wallace bombing was first-degree murder.

THE HIT

Reverend M's men sank Wallace's boat with three torpedoes designed by Ramirez. Released at three different points (one on either shore and one from a boat trailing Wallace's yacht), the three 15d6 explosions were enough to kill everyone aboard. The entire operation was overseen by Napoleon, who flew above the boat and was prepared to finish the job if the torpedoes failed their task.

PREVENTING THE HIT

If the characters are keeping an eye on Wallace or further investigations show that he is a target, they may be there on the night of the hit. Six agents (second generation Chosen Ones) are being used in the operation along with Napoleon. The GM should play the encounter by ear. While Wallace's death is not important, destroying the boat is. Destroying the yacht sends a clear message to the world that someone is trying to kill P. Wallace, and this alone will be enough to take him out of the running for the Hakura contract.

TALKING TO WALLACE

If the characters decide to talk to Wallace before the bombing, they will find him to be a gruff man who doesn't take kindly to accusations of sabotage. He will answer the character's questions unless they begin to hint that he was responsible for the Bridgeport collapse. After that insinuation, Wallace will insist that the characters leave or he will call the police. If the characters are the police, he will demand to be arrested and charged with something if the characters do not leave. Threats of lawsuits will abound.

TWO AND TWO COME TOGETHER

Shortly before the firebombing, investigators at the construction site will announce that the two men killed in the collapse were fatally shot sometime before the accident. If the characters helped look for the men, then they'll know of this well before the Wallace firebombing. While Wallace may be a suspect at that point, the characters should see that he could be the next target as well.

THE WORD ON THE STREET

The sources established in The Pack are also available for this adventure. The streets are buzzing with talk about the collapse, the firebombing and especially Reverend M. While Stoolie Meyers (or whoever was the character's main contact in The Pack) is free of the good Reverend's influence, the rest of the characters' contacts will be devout followers of M's church. Many rumors are flying around, but depending on who the characters ask there are many bits of information to be had.

SHAMUS INFO

- 1) Wallace had a lot of enemies, see? He was a real low-life in the construction business. I'm surprised somebody didn't punch that character's ticket and send him on the graveyard express a lot sooner.
- 2) He wouldn't have fricasseed the Bridgeport building, that wasn't his style. Wallace would have used bribes and pay-offs, a kick-back to a man in black, but he wouldn't have brought the whole building down.
- 3) The Weston dame is involved in this somehow. Word is the skirt's been getting real cozy with this whole Reverend M circus, she may have even joined the church. Everyone else in this stinkin' city has.

STOOLIE MEYERS (OR OTHER INFORMANT) INFO

- 1) This city is nuts. Everybody is sayin' Reverend M this, Reverend M that. (lowers voice) You can't even talk about him without somebody finding out what you said. He's the new man on the street, he finds out about everything.

- 2) Word is that Wallace did the Bridgeport building. There's also a rumor going around that the Bridgeport people did the hit on Wallace for revenge. I don't know if I buy that. Wallace was a dirty player, but Bridgeport always played it by the numbers.
- 3) Reverend M's people are starting to harass the local churches. Some of his members went to the same church for twenty years, they hear him speak once and they up and join him. Now those same people are calling their old churches blasphemy and evil and stuff like that. The Rev has a powerful grip on the po' people in this city.

POLICE (SHAUGHNESSY) INFO

- 1) That M character is dangerous. Half the guys on the force are in his church now, the meeting room is like a damn revival. I've heard his message and I don't buy it, but a lot of the guys say he should run for mayor.
- 2) I don't like this one bit. It's getting so bad around here I don't know if some of the force can be trusted. All of the sudden being a cop comes second to religion. I haven't seen anything like it in my 20 years with the force. It makes you wonder where these guys' true allegiance is, you know?
- 3) We don't know who is pulling these industrial stunts. We know the building wasn't an accident, and it's no coincidence that Wallace got baked a week later. If I was Margaret Weston or Langston Otto, I would find another place in the world to be right now.
- 4) Ever heard of Peter Keller? He's a second-rate big business type. He's loaded with dough, and he's been hangin' around Reverend M a lot.

Word is he's bringing some of his rich friends to meet the good Reverend. Something fishy is goin' on around here, I just wish I could put my finger on it.

INVESTIGATING WESTON AND CLEARWATER

MARGARET WESTON

As the only two candidates left in the running, it would seem probable that one of them is responsible for the bombing and the collapse. Characters are naturally going to want to find out all they can. Margaret Weston will refuse to talk to anyone. If the characters press a meeting with her she will give no useful information and will inform the character that her lawyer will be in touch should this harassment continue.

This is not to say that a character with disguise and a line of bull can't get in to see her and size up the competition. Characters with Telepathy will find that she is very nervous and worried about Reverend M. Images of the collapse and the bombing run through her head often, but she does not know the next step in M's plan. Read her character description in the index section to get a better feel for roleplaying this business cutthroat.

LANGSTON OTTO, CEO OF CLEARWATER MOTORS

Langston is still a shrewd and witty man, even at his age of 72. He formed the company almost fifty years ago, and retains 52 percent of the stock and total control of his board of directors. He is getting a little tired of the auto business, but it's still his company and he takes great pride in it.

He will be happy to talk to the characters and answer whatever questions they might have. The characters will be able to tell that he is thinking of selling the company, but the decision is causing him great strife. Clearwater Motors is on its way out, no longer able to compete with the Japanese and the Big Three. Selling now would be his only hope of getting a good deal of money for his life's work, but as yet he is undecided. Besides, he will tell the characters "the Japs ain't made no offer yet."

If asked about connections with the sabotage incidents, he will tell the characters flat out that he had nothing to do with it. He has never been involved in dirty pool nor has he been involved with bad business.

THE STOCK MARKET

If characters decide to check the stocks on these companies, they will find a bonanza of information.

- 1) **Bridgeport Stock (NYSE):** It has dropped almost five points since the collapse and is now selling at 5¾ a share. It looks like it is leveling out again, and board members confidently predict that Bridgeport will bounce back from this attack on their livelihood.
- 2) **P. Wallace:** Wallace never offered stock, he owned the entire company himself. Now that his immediate family, his only beneficiaries, have died as well, his distant heirs have already begun a lengthy legal battle to see who gets what.
- 3) **Hakura stock (NIKKEI INDEX):** Buyers are showing a loss of confidence due to the problems in America with choosing a site for the new plant. Experts predict that stock, currently trading at 27¼, will rise sharply if and when Hakura goes ahead with the new site.
- 4) **Weston stock (AMEX):** The usually stable stock was in heavy trading all week at 3 1/8 a share, but when word got out that Keller Corporation was the only company doing the buying, some 15,000 shares in three days, the price rose to 7 1/8 a share, the most it has been since 1982.

5) Clearwater Motors stock (AMEX): Clearwater has seen aggressive trading all week. Being the favorite to pick up the Hakura deal, speculators have driven the price up almost four dollars a share to 8¼. The main buyer has been Flag National Bank and Trust, who controls an estimated 30 percent of Clearwater stock.

INVESTIGATING THE KELLER CORPORATION AND FLAG NATIONAL BANK & TRUST

The fact that these two are the main players in the rampant stock speculation may motivate the characters to investigate either Keller and/or Flag National. In addition to the stock reports, the fact that Keller has been seen spending quite a bit of time campaigning for Reverend M may make him a prime target for character inquiries.

FLAG NATIONAL

Flag National was founded in 1908 by Burcell Briggs. The Briggs family ran the business for decades, working it into a national power in the late forties and early fifties. The Briggs family sold controlling interest in 1962 and Flag National became a share-holder owned corporation. After a brief boom from 1963 to 1966, in which Flag National's value doubled, the bank and trust began to enter a decline.

The decline became so bad that Flag began to sell off assets just to stay afloat. By 1975, the once powerful organization was near total collapse and bankruptcy. Flag National was ripe for the picking, and in 1976 entrepreneur Maxwell Bellman used several backhanded techniques to force the board as hiring him on as CEO.

Bellman immediately set out to recapture Flag's lost assets. Borrowing heavily from other banks, Bellman used the capital to diversify Flag National's interests. By 1980, Bellman had Flag National back up to its pre-decline stature. After using diversified income to pay off the loans, Bellman piloted Flag National on a rapid-paced expansion course. By 1985 Flag entered the Fortune 500 list, and by 1988 Flag National entered the hallowed ground of the Fortune 100.

Flag has fallen into a recession of its own in the past two years. Two bad investments have seriously drained working capital, and Flag's involvement in the Savings & Loan crisis cost them millions. Despite these set-backs, Flag National and Bellman's reputations are still sound. Taking out another series of loans, Bellman is guiding his ship back to an even keel. If things work out in the Hakura deal the way his informants think they will, Flag will be debt-free and able to cash in on its nation-wide assets.

THE KELLER CORPORATION

Keller does not share the rich history of Flag National. In direct contrast, Peter Keller started the company on his own in 1984. Back then Peter was the hot property in financial areas, and whatever he touched seemed to turn to gold. When he set out to start his own endeavor in '84 he had no shortage of willing backers. At age 33, Keller was one of the youngest CEO's in America.

Keller Corporation deals in everything it can get its hands on. If there is money to be made, Peter Keller will find a way to be involved. While this attitude worked fine when he was spending other people's money, he is finding out that his eyes are much bigger than his pocket-book. Although most of his investments are sound, he has spread his wealth out too far. Instead of reaping huge percentages from a few sound projects, Keller is making very small amounts from the thousands of investments he has spread throughout the world.

Keller's supporters have grown tired of his spendthrift attitude, and stock in his company has fallen sharply since 1989. While his critics say he needs to sell off some of his projects and concentrate on a handful of major investments, Keller has been quoted as saying "my foot is in the door to the biggest fortune the world has ever seen. When I find the capital to expand my interests in Keller Corporation's many projects, my critics will hail me as the financial genius of the twentieth century, bar none."

For the first time in its history, the Keller Corp. is selling off some of its projects to gain capital, a fact that is garnering national attention. Whatever Keller is sinking his money into this time, the thought around the business world is that the new project must be a gold-mine.

MARGARET WESTON

8 STR	8 DEX	8 CON	10 BODY	14 INT
20 EGO	15 PRE	18 COM	2 PD	2 ED
2 SPD	4 REC	16 END	18 STUN	

Skills: Wealthy; PS: Business 11-; High Society 16-; Seduction 16-

50+Disadvantages: Watched by Reverend M (more pow, NCI)

Background: Maximillian Weston was a business giant. Born into money, he could have spent his life in posh surroundings living the life of a millionaire playboy. Max was a shaker, not a sitter, and he used his family's significant financial resources to bankroll his fledgling construction business.

Always a competitive man, Max stuck to his construction firm while his siblings dabbled here and there, always losing money but never running out. Max took pride in his company and guided it through tough times with a masterful hand. Eventually Max led the company to great prosperity, instinctually making the right moves and pursuing the big contracts with a zealot's fervor.

Weston Industries grew to one of the city's top companies, but Max was not immortal. He was diagnosed with lung cancer at the age of 56, the result of a lifetime of smoking. When Max died, the company fell to his only child, his daughter Margaret.

Margaret had none of her father's business instincts, and the company has gone downhill ever since. She works very hard, trying to do her father's memory proud, but she has much to learn. Watching a multi-million dollar company falter and stumble has not been easy for her, and she has decided to go for the quick fix. If Reverend M can put Weston Industries on top, then she is willing to play along. Right from the start, she knew the deal was more than she bargained for, but right from the start it was too late to get out.

Quote: "I know what I'm doing."

Appearance: Margaret Weston is a sharp-looking woman in her early thirties. She dresses rather severely, opting for power suits and clothing that resembles men's fashions more than women's.

Roleplaying Tips: Margaret is proud and brash. She acts like she knows how to run her business better than anyone, while inside she doubts herself. She is arrogant to anyone who doubts her ability. She thinks every man is a chauvinist, and she is obnoxious in her zeal to prove women are better than men in all aspects of life.

LANGSTON OTTO

5 STR	6 DEX	4 CON	6 BODY	20 INT
18 EGO	10 PRE	8 COM	1 PD	1 ED
2 SPD	4 REC	20 END	20 STUN	

Skills: Wealthy; PS: Business 13-, PS: Automotive Industry 15-; Conversation 13-; KS: Automotive History 18-

50+ Disadvantages: Age

Background: "Mamma Otto had always told me that if I didn't want to get beat up, I should stay away from the bullies.

"While not the most heroic credo to live by, I never had a problem during recess. That lesson has stayed has stayed with me ever since. When I got into the car business, any idiot could see there were people who could crush me if I made trouble.

"So I didn't.

"Am I a coward? Or am I smart? While that idiot Tucker was making waves, I was quiet. He's been out of business for decades, and I'm still going strong. Nobody's going to make a movie about me, for sure, but I'm still doin' what I love—making cars.

"Been doin' this for most of my life. It'll be hard to give it up, but the world is changin' fast. Guess it's time for an old fart like me to start acting like just that—an old fart.

"Oh sure, you can say what you want about me hiding my head in the sand an suckin' up to the Big Three, but in two months I'll be sitting in Costa Rica with more money in my pocket than you'll see in a lifetime. Where will you be? I thought so."

Quote: "Makin' waves is a good way to sink."

Appearance: Langston is 72-years-old, but looks like a healthy man of 65. He wears tailored suits that compliment his wire-thin frame. His hair is thin and combed back from his blue eyes. Langston is still as sharp as ever—while his body is becoming frail with age there is nothing wrong with his mind.

Roleplaying Tips: Langston is still a business man, and is ready to retire should Hakura offer to buy the plant. His little-known but high-priced cars have sold well over the decades, mainly a result of his efforts to avoid attention from the influence of the Big Three. He would still like to avoid undue attention for fear of scaring away the Japanese. He will gladly talk to the characters, but he will think carefully before he says anything, always wary of attracting attention to himself and his company.

P. WALLACE

14 STR	11 DEX	14 CON	12 BODY	18 INT
10 EGO	15 PRE	10 COM	3 PD	3 ED
2 SPD	6 REC	28 END	26 STUN	

Skills: Wealthy, Bribery 15-, Streetwise 11-; Private Investigator contact 15-; Zoning Commission contact 14-; City Hall contact 14-

50+ Disadvantages: Reputation—dirty businessman (11-); Watched by Media (as pow, NCI) 11-; 3 DNPC (Children) Normal, 8-

Background: Peter Wallace never needed anybody's help.

Not that anyone was going to give a black man help in a white man's world, mind you. He built a fortune, sure, and he was a rich man, sure, but he got that way with blood, sweat and dirty hands!

Not like these rich wimps of today, no sir. Back in his day you had to get your hands dirty if you wanted to live the American dream. Now all you have to do is sell you soul to some damn foreigner and presto—you're a millionaire!

But P. Wallace has never dealt with those damn foreigners, no sir. Oh he's built buildings for them, sure, but they were paying with American money. It was good old fashioned business, not political pandering to gain an unfair advantage.

When P. Wallace wants an unfair advantage, he does it the old fashioned way—he pays for it. Bribes and kickbacks are a standard part of the construction game, yes sir. Oh he plays by the rules when he can, sure, but who cares about the rules as long as you win the game, right?

Quote: "I ain't no banker in a three-piece, I get my hands dirty in this company!"

Appearance: P. Wallace wore a tie once—to his wedding. He dresses like his construction workers, in thick shirts and big boots. He really did get his hands dirty and he is a strong man because of it, 25 years in the construction business will put muscle on your body. His hair, what's left of it, is gray and oiled down with Brilcream.

Wallace's face is lined with marks left by his continuous scowling. His eyes are almost always slanted in suspicion or anger, and his nostrils flare widely when he raises his voice in anger or annoyance (a very common occurrence).

Roleplaying Tips: P. Wallace is arrogant, suspicious, brash, insulting and an all around jerk. He has come up the hard way and worked his butt off for everything he owns. He has been the boss so long that he is used to giving orders and having people follow them—when people don't do what he says he becomes angry to the point of incoherence.

He shouts and screams, constantly making threats of physical or legal action. To him, any questions are a threat to his company, and no one threatens P. Wallace's company.

No one.

PETER KELLER

10 STR	10 DEX	10 CON	10 BODY	21 INT
14 EGO	18 PRE	20 COM	2 PD	2 ED
2 SPD	4 REC	20 END	20 STUN	

Skills: Filthy Rich; High Society 13-; PS: Business 17-; PS: Stock Market 17-; KS: Egyptian History 13-; KS: Egyptian Artifacts 13-

50+ Disadvantages: Overspends in business (unc, mod); Devoted to Reverend M (total)

Background: Keller has struggled to work his way to the top, if you can call Harvard the bottom. He is business and investment whiz kid who at age 38 is a very rich man. His only problem with his money is the tendency to continue spending past the point of prudence. He has an innate knack for spotting potential goldmines, but he spots many of them, and his money is just too spread out to reap any real rewards from his insight.

Quote: "Leave me alone or I'll sue."

Appearance: Keller's devilishly good looks have wooed many a heart. He is always the epitome of fashion, and is perpetually dressed to a "T."

Roleplaying Tips: Keller is a brash and arrogant man. In addition to his usual conceited nature, he now has a moral high ground as he is a dedicated follower of Reverend M. He is rude and insulting to all who don't follow M.

ATTACK ON THE CLEARWATER FACILITY

"Go forth, my children, and destroy that which stands in the way of our final glory," M commanded, his voice echoing in the cathedral hall. He looked down at his holy warriors from his wrought-iron perch, one hand gripping the recently painted guard rail while the other hand shook towards the sky. "Judgment day is upon our enemies! Soon I will realize the plan of our lord!" M screamed, his voice echoing like an explosion off the old stone walls.

"And we shall share it with you," the soldiers answered.

"Are you prepared to do what has been asked of you?" M asked, leveling his gaze on each and every one of his glassy eyed followers.

"We are ready to do God's will," the group echoed in unison. M looked down at his work and he saw it was good. He was finally going to get 'em, if just a little. He flung his hands skyward, letting the folds of his purple and gold robe fall just shy of the landing. With his head tilted back and his chest out, he gave the command to send out his minions.

"Go forth! Go forth and show them the power of our love!"

...

The characters' investigations should alert them to some sort of activity between Weston, a prime candidate in the Hakura deal, Keller, a faltering corporation in desperate need of a financial boost and Reverend M. Clearwater is in the picture as well; somebody seems to know something or their stock wouldn't be rising when Langston Otto hasn't even decided if he wants to sell.

What is known is that speculation on who will get the deal has the stock-market jumping. Whoever gets the deal will see their stock double or triple almost overnight. Whoever is behind the attacks will have to make their move soon—Hakura is expected to make their decision by the end of the month. The characters must be ready for anything and be able to respond quickly when the villains make their move.

THE ASSAULT PLAN

This is the culmination of Reverend M's re-investment practices, and he is not taking any chances. His entire force of 80 Chosen Ones will be at the Clearwater facility to insure its destruction, as will all of the Disciples. M has passed down instructions that not a single machine is to be left working when Clearwater falls, and his soldiers take him literally.

The Chosen Ones will be tough to stop. The agents are infiltrating from eight different points in squads of nine. Each squad being backed up by an Avenging Angel agent. Each foot soldier is carrying one 15d6 explosion charge set with a five minute fuses. This is roughly three times more explosive than is needed to completely destroy the plant, but Reverend M wants to make sure. A total of 72 charges will go off within three phases of each other, a very grand explosion indeed.

The soldiers are wasting no time with subtlety. The Avenging Angels will take out Clearwater's fifteen-man guard force within two phases. The foot soldiers will then move in, getting to their assigned locations within two turns. They will shoot anybody they see on sight as they race to reach their posts.

After the foot soldiers reach their positions, the bombs will be set to go off in three turns, which should give them enough time to get out of the facility. Once the timers are set they can not be stopped. Pulling the timer from the bomb after the timer has been activated or pulling the bomb off its anchoring point will result in an immediate detonation of the bomb. A successful Demolitions, Security Systems or KS: Explosives roll will defuse the bombs, but each charge takes about five phases to defuse, 2 phases with Demolitions skill.

Supervising the entire operation will be the Disciples. Their task is to handle any unforeseen difficulties that may pop up, including the characters. The Disciples' main task is to make sure the plant is destroyed, so all they have to do is keep the characters occupied for a few turns. Once the timers are within one turn of detonating, the Disciples will break away and re-group north of the plant on the only hill marked on the map. From there they will decide if they are able to fight the characters and insure that most of the Chosen Ones escape, or if they should cut their losses and leave. The GM should weigh the situation against the Disciples' personalities and make a logical decision.

CHARACTER ACTIONS

This scenario is designed to be too much for the characters. Even if they take out half of the agents and defuse half of the remaining bombs, the Clearwater facility will wind up being destroyed. It is doubtful the characters can do even this much while taking on the Disciples as well as eighty agents. The Clearwater facility must be destroyed if Revolution is to continue as written.

The intent of this scenario is to introduce the Disciples, demonstrate the efficiency of the Chosen Ones agents and to provide the characters with prisoners for questioning. It will also alert the characters to the fact that they are no longer dealing with simple bank robbers, but religious fanatics with training and a bank roll to back them up.

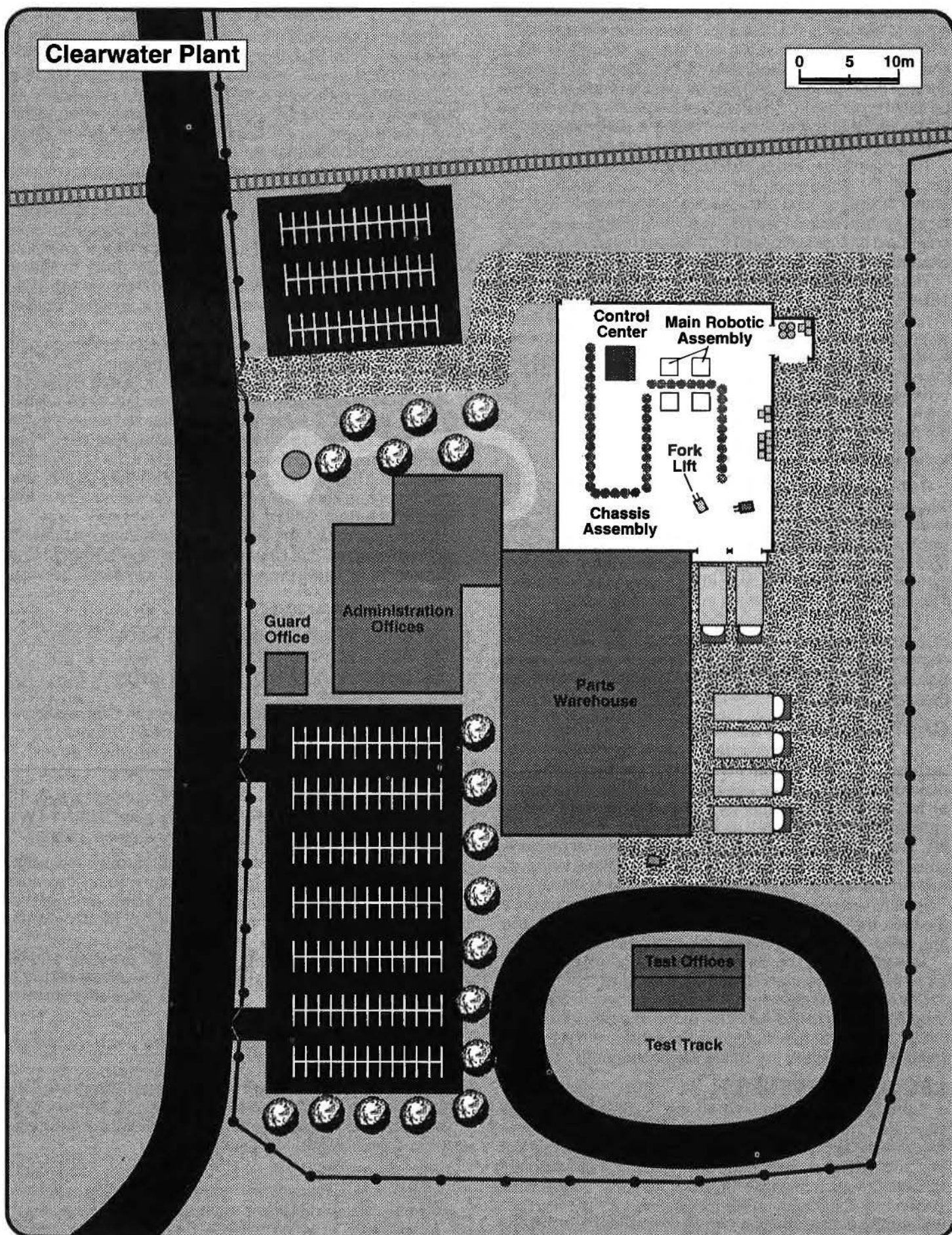
With over eighty agents to choose from, the characters should easily wind up with at least a handful of prisoners. The GM should not count any agents knocked unconscious and left in the plant, as anyone inside when that many bombs go off is a guaranteed corpse.

MULTIPLE EXPLOSIVE MATHEMATICS

While most characters would be hurt by one of the bombs, 15d6 is not usually going to kill them. So one 15d6 is not a real threat and the characters may underestimate the danger of being trapped inside the plant when the bombs go off. The logic listed is the same as practical use of dynamite. One

Clearwater Plant

0 5 10m



stick may not blow a wall, but ten sticks, though individually equal to the first ineffective stick, compound the damage.

To make things easy, the GM should count how many charges are left when the timers run out. Simply add the total number of sticks to 15, and you will get the damage that will be felt at ground zero (the center of the plant). If you explain to the characters that they are facing a potential 87d6 of damage, they may find it prudent to get out of the building.

This effect is caused by overlapping blasts areas, and will drop off the farther you get away from ground zero. The farther outside ground zero, the charge will have 15d6 + 1d6 for every blast radius that hits the original charge. E.g., if the outermost charge is crossed by the blast radius of two other charges, than the outermost charge would do 17d6.

The characters really aren't subject to much more than the 15D6 Explosions—multiple times. Six 15D6 attacks are not the same as one 90D6 attack, after all. However, that many explosions should knock the characters out, and might even kill them outright. Add in the damage from a building collapsing on them, and it is all over. The building collapse can do from between 1D6 to 6D6 RKA from falling I-beams and such, plus a massive (20D6 to 25D6) crushing attack from the rest of the rubble. Ouch!

ESCAPE PATTERN

Before embarking on this holy mission, each of the men was blessed by Reverend M himself. The men are prepared to die for the cause, and they know that everyone involved with the mission is prepared as well. This means there will be no concerted efforts to drag the wounded from the plant, because once the timers are set it is every man for himself. The squads will still move out in orderly fashion.

The Disciples will continue fighting until they are in danger of being captured. If they feel strong they will fight the characters to aid in the escape of as many chosen ones as possible. If they feel weak, they will skedaddle and let God choose the survivors.

CAPTURED AGENTS

The agents have been ordered not to fight unless in self defense—they have been instructed to get away. The vast majority of fighting will be against the Disciples, but an agent or two may still be captured. All of the men and women captured are all about 5-foot-10 to 6-foot-2, 170 lbs to 200 lbs. If the characters check, all agents have the tricolored cross tattooed on their right shoulder. They will not talk under any circumstances, and they're very good at handling pain. Telepaths will be able to get the details of the mission out of the men, including Reverend M's commands and his blessing, which is foremost in all of the soldier's minds.

Telepaths will not be able to locate M's base of operations, as he has blocked that out of the minds of all the soldiers.

Once the characters turn the prisoners over to the police they will be able to find out much more. The new information will be given after the characters have dealt with Wrath and before the GM starts the *Street Magic* scenario.

LEGAL INTERVENTION

If the characters keep tabs on the court hearings of the captured Chosen Ones, they will be shocked to see what happened. Camden Brown will appear as the defense lawyer, and will pull some serious shenanigans to reduce bail to \$50,000 for each prisoner. (It is not out of the question that Brown has something on the judge.) He will promptly meet bail and the men will be free to go, pending their next hearing.

CAMDEN BROWN

If the characters did any investigation of Brown during the Pack adventure, than they will know what he is all about. If they did not, they will certainly want to find out about him now.

Camden Brown is a Harvard Law School graduate. He is nephew of Sol Grumballa, a reputed gangster of the sixties. Sol paid Brown's way through school and in return Brown became Sol's personal lawyer. Brown proved to be very good, and his complex defenses kept Grumballa out of jail for the next fifteen years.

When Grumballa died in 1971, Brown began offering his services to the highest bidder. He shortly became the top criminal defense lawyer in the city, and his legal manipulations have kept known felons—obviously guilty of various crimes—out of jail. Brown demands, and receives, top dollar. He will work for anybody who can pay his retainer, which is estimated at five million a year. Court records show he is currently under four such agreements at once, bringing his annual income into the vicinity of \$20 million.

The GM should let the characters know that Brown has very powerful Non-Combat Influence, and he won't hesitate to use it. If the PCs use strong-arm tactics on Brown, they will likely wind up with a warrant out for their arrest, even if they are federal agents. Brown could never hurt the characters in combat, but he can destroy them out of it—the GM should let the characters know this before they decide how (or if) they want to approach Brown.

Brown has never met Reverend M. He does his business with M by phone. The Church of M (the legal name of his organization) has paid the retainer for Brown's legal services.

CAMDEN BROWN

10 STR	12 DEX	10 CON	10 BODY	24 INT
12 EGO	15 PRE	16 COM	3 PD	2 ED
3 SPD	4 REC	20 END	20 STUN	

Skills: PS: Lawyer 16-; Bureaucratics 12-; Conversation 12-; Criminology 15-; Deduction 14-; High Society 12-; Oratory 14-; Flu. Italian, Flu. French, Wealthy, Lawyer License, Mafia contact 18-, Police cont. 14-, P.I. cont. 14-

50+ Disadvantages: Reput. as sleazy criminal lawyer 14-; Public ID; Watched by the FBI (more pow, NCI) 11-; Will defend anybody for the right price (v. common, strong)

Background: Camden Brown was put through law school by criminal money, and he has made a living defending criminals. He is widely regarded as scum amongst law circles, but he is also respected as one of the top criminal lawyers in America.

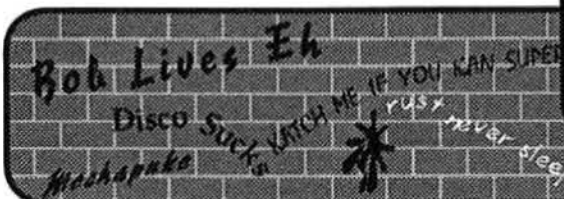
It is widely known that he will work for anybody who can afford his services. This is significant in *Shadows of the City* because it indicates his clients have a great deal of money at their disposal.

Quote: "History has shown that morals are transitory and subject to change."

Appearance: Brown wears only the finest Italian suits and is surrounded by wealth and splendor. He is a handsome 45-year old man, just starting to gray at the temples. He stands 6-foot-2 and weighs 195 pounds.

Roleplaying Tips: He is rich, arrogant, a snob, and a phenomenal lawyer. He will rarely talk to the characters and will never let them talk to his clients unless the characters are law enforcers, in which case Brown may have no choice.

WRATH OF GOD



Louis had a bad feeling about this run from the start. His mom had always told him to trust his instincts, but the money was just too good to pass up. Now the rest of the guys were gone, and the last noise Louis had heard them make was a scream of agony—a death-scream.

He should have listened to his mother.

He had to make it back to the car. Screw the merchandise, if he could make it back to the car he could get out. His fingers flexed involuntarily on the handle of his Browning. Sweat was making the gun slick, but the harder he squeezed the more he could feel the knurled handle dig into his palm. The other guys had all shot, including Billy Ray letting go with both barrels of his shotgun. The blast had echoed through the deserted alleyways for what seemed like minutes, until it was drowned out by Billy Ray's scream.

If his buddies had shot them, or it, or whatever was out there, maybe it was hurt. Maybe it would leave him alone and he could just leave. Maybe. Why had he come here? What was the latest police report, nine, maybe ten killings? It was stupid to come here, just stupid.

He should have listened to his mother.

Louis spotted the car. It sat out in the open under a dim, flickering street light. One door was left open and the dome-light cast patches of weak yellow illumination onto the pavement, but it looked like a glowing angel to Louis. Then the devil stood up.

Now he knew why the door had been open, and he saw Charlie Speed's lifeless body fall to the pavement. Charlie's blood was on the window, on his shirt, on the pavement—on the thing.

The thing had to be eight feet tall, but Louis only noticed the blood stained mouth. It didn't walk around the door, it came through it, ripping it off the hinges and letting it clatter noisily to the street as if it had been a tin lunchbox instead of steel. Long strides ate up the distance before Louis could even think to run. He pulled the trigger, eight, maybe nine times in rapid succession and a scream tried to find the path from his brain to his vocal cords.

When the claws sunk into Louis' belly and he was lifted towards the razor-sharp teeth, for some strange reason he wondered if he had clean underwear on.

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Reverend M has a dream of a vast ministry. He wants housing for the homeless, he wants a tower to house his national endeavors, he wants a park free from the taints of the bourgeois upper class for children to play in and he wants a training ground for his soldiers. Reverend M doesn't want to place his dream-land in the suburbs, he wants it right downtown. Thanks to his efforts in putting Weston and Keller at the top, M had the cash but needed the land.

He tried to buy up tracts big enough for his dream, but there was always somebody who wouldn't sell and those who wanted outrageous prices. The real estate consultants he hired came up with even more expensive packages, but M had plans for the money in his coffers. He needed cheap land in prime real-estate areas. The only way to do this was to drive the price down and drive the occupants out.

M found a way to do both in one fell swoop. He prayed hard and long, spending hours in meditation before God gave him the answer he needed. The Chosen Ones discovered the lair of a horribly mutated woman. They brought the naturally bloodthirsty but restrained creature before M. He knew exactly what to do with her.

Bringing in Rufus Ramirez once more, M began to turn the inherently violent creature into a raging beast. Using electrical torture and negative reinforcement techniques, Ramirez enhanced her natural hunter instincts and turned the mutant into a bloodthirsty savage intent on destroying any human she saw.

Placing Wrath in the area he wanted, Reverend M sat back to watch. The first five murders went fairly unheeded, as they would in such a bourgeois city of decadence. But the next five murders, and the five after that, sent people in the area packing. As the police were powerless to stop the beast's rampage property values plummeted. Reverend M bought up almost every tract of land in a ten square-block area. The Promised Land is now set for construction, as soon as the characters take care of M's problem and remove that pesky little murdering Wrath, that is.

GM's Note: *Wrath is a Nocturnal, a race of blood-thirsty creatures that live beneath the city (explained in full in the Street Magic scenario). She was a paranormal to begin with, and after M used his Summon power she became very dangerous. Rufus Ramirez then used violent behavior modification techniques to remove all aspects of rational intelligence from her mind and turn her into a raging animal*

STOPPING WRATH

Wrath is a killer, plain and simple. The semi-restrained creature Wrath used to be is gone and now there is only the will of Reverend M. Wrath will never stop killing. When she runs out of prey, she will expand her territory until she finds another victim. A carnivorous predator, Wrath has fallen into a regular killing schedule. She likes only fresh meat, and there are numerous portions of rotting bodies in her lair from unfinished meals.

The killings have taken place every three days. The first few victims were street people, homeless who were looking for a place to ward off the night chill. Although police were getting more and more missing reports, no bodies were found. When the body of Louis Carlson was found, however, the police and the media immediately figured out what was going on.

Carlson and three other men with long criminal records were found butchered in the back alleys on the west side of the city. All of them had firearms, and all of them had fired several rounds. The bodies had all been stabbed repeatedly in the abdomen and had their throats ripped out. The men were found the next day, spread out over a three block area.

The discovery of the bodies prompted the police to investigate the missing reports more carefully. As it turned out, they found evidence of seven more killings in blood stains and decomposing bits of flesh, but no bodies. Two disappearances in the area, where people have been removed from their apartments via a shattered window, have been reported in the last weeks. With the total estimated at fifteen victims of what the press has dubbed the "Side-Street Slasher," police are working hard to stop what appears to be the work of a psychopath.

People have abandoned the area. A seventeen-block section has become a ghost town, visited only by thrill seeking teens who want to court danger in the middle of the night. The city is gripped in terror over the killings. People knew Mongrel's general target areas and could avoid them, but this killer shows no concern over social standing. People who live near the area are terrified, and many are looking to move as soon as possible.

WHAT THE POLICE KNOW

The police have not let all the details of the case out to the public. The main thing they are trying to keep secret is that the stab-wounds were not knives, but organic claws. Forensic experts have found bits of fur around the killing sites as well. The police know it is some kind of animal, but in these days of multiple paranormals they really don't know what they are dealing with.

Another fact they have kept secret is that two cops have fallen prey to the killer. As soon as they realized what was what was happening, the police put out decoys to try and capture the monster out. Teams of two plainclothes were in constant contact with a squad car only blocks away, but the safety precautions weren't enough. Detectives Mullins and Washington were already dead by the time the squad car responded to their distress call, and there was no one else in sight. Both men had been wearing Kevlar armor (Def 6, body 3), which had been shredded like paper.

INVOLVING THE HEROES

The characters will probably want to catch Wrath as soon as they find out there is a mass murderer in the city. If not, they could be asked by Shaughnessy for help, one of their friends or DNPCs could have lived in the area before the killings forced that person to move, or a personal acquaintance of a character could even be among the victims.

CATCHING WRATH

The killer has struck in three-day cycles. The only exceptions to this are the four criminals, who were slain in the same night, and the two police officers. In both cases where the killer struck out-of-cycle, the bodies were left where they were killed. This may indicate, correctly, to some characters that the killer chose the out-of-cycle victims for sport, picking victims that would be more of a challenge.

The next cycle is coming up, and the characters will have to be waiting. Their best bet is to split up, and that tactic will give the GM a chance to milk the suspense and possibly put a real scare in the characters. Wrath will not attack if characters travel in a group. She may travel out of her territory to kill elsewhere in the city forcing the scene to be repeated three days later.

If the characters have tracking abilities or special abilities that allow them to find Wrath, the first thing they are going to find is her lair. When in her lair, she will be watching them all the time. Mind Scans will not work on her, as her thought patterns are too alien and animalistic to be detected. If the scanner can detect animals, Wrath will one of thousands the mentalist will detect.

WRATH'S LAIR

Wrath has set up her humble abode in the third story of an abandoned warehouse. The windows were painted over decades ago, and the only light comes from jagged holes in the glass caused by years of vandals. The place is dusty and dank. A thick layer of dirt and grease covers the floor and assorted pieces of refuse are scattered about the building. Flats scurry about the floor, their presence only revealed by little squeaks as they hide in the dark. The first thing the characters will notice when they enter Wrath's lair will be the smell.

The smell is caused from the twenty or so half-eaten victims scattered about the dark recesses of the lair. The odor of death hangs over the building, and characters of weak heart will not want to discover the bodies. All of Wrath's victims are butchered, with the entrails being eaten first followed by large chunks torn from the muscular areas in the thighs and biceps.

If the characters count, they will find twenty-two bodies of varying ages. Added to the other victims, Wrath's total body-count is twenty seven. The bodies are in various stages of decomposition, with the really ripe ones being overrun by worms and maggots.

ENTER SAVIOR

Wrath is one of the Nocturnals, a centuries-old race of mutants who dwell in the forgotten places of the city. They prey on society's carrion; the homeless, the burns and the bag ladies who simply die on the street. Savior has dedicated his life to eradicating this race of monsters. Most of the time the Nocturnals stay hidden, but when an individual starts killing too often Savior is there to hunt that individual down.

When the characters begin to hunt Wrath, they are certain to run into Savior. He has hunted Nocturnals all of his life, so he is very good at it. M, however, has souped up Wrath's abilities with his knack for bestowing power, making her very dangerous indeed.

While the characters are hunting Wrath, they may see Savior as a shadowy figure with a bow fading into the darkness. At most, the characters will catch short glimpses of the man. Any character who goes after Savior will lose him quickly in the night. He is hunting Wrath, but wants nothing to do with the characters and will avoid them at all costs.

FIGHTING WRATH

Wrath will use her considerable skill in staying unnoticed to follow the characters and try to pick out a good victim. Although animalistic, she is very smart and will not attack more than one character at a time. She likes to let her victims see her for at least a phase before she moves in for the kill. She may even allow herself to be seen and then disappear, hoping to make the characters split up and follow her.

Wrath knows this area of the city very well, and she has literally thousands of hiding places that are invisible to sight. With a very flexible body, she can hide anyplace that has about a square meter of total space. She wants to attack the characters one by one, so the GM will have to make random rolls to see who she'll go after.

GM's Note: *If there is any truly weak-looking characters, those will be her first choices. Much like any predatory animal, she will look for the easiest kill first.*

If a character gives her a good shot and she is hurt, she will find another target. The GM should try to give all the characters a chance at Wrath (or vice versa), because once she is caught she will be out of the adventure for good. Wrath is a great tool for the GM to make the characters feel like they are not in control, because in truth they aren't.

Cornering Wrath is the character's best bet. They can spend all night chasing her, and it may take that long to bring her in. If there are too many characters, she will run in the opposite direction. The characters can use any type of hunting strategy to flush her out, she responds much like an animal would. The only difference between her and a hunted animal is that she is smart enough to turn some strategies around. If she gets three or four phases alone with a character she may be the one coming out of the encounter with a trophy for her wall.

SAVIOR'S ROLE

Savior will try to kill Wrath. If Wrath has one of the characters pinned down and that character has no chance of coming out of the encounter alive, a shot from Savior's bow could chase Wrath away. This allows the GM to use Wrath at her full power, because there is an unexpected escape route for the characters.

If the characters manage to catch Wrath alive, Savior will still try to kill her. The characters could be happy to be alive, facing an unconscious Wrath and glad to finally have a break in the case. The short whizzing sound of Savior's arrow will be the only warning he is there. Before the characters even know what is going on, he is gone and Wrath has an arrow in her heart.

Savior does not have to kill Wrath in this scenario, he simply has to try. If the GM wants Wrath taken alive, then allow this to happen. Wrath is a complete animal and will serve the characters no purpose, so her death will be no loss (although the characters don't know this).

GM's Note: *This encounter is designed to introduce Savior and the concept of the Nocturnals. These items are very important for the next adventure, *Street Magic*. The key items that have to be presented to the characters are Savior, the fact that he uses a bow and silver-tipped arrows, and that he was hunting down Wrath. The characters have never encountered him before and have probably never even heard of his existence, so it is vital they see the shadowy figure when they are chasing Wrath.*

AFTERMATH

The characters will capture or kill Wrath and free the city from one more element of danger. They may bask in the media spotlight for a while and will have picked up a few points in the eyes of the police. The heroes have done the people a great service, but when the common folk try to move into their apartments they will find themselves locked out.

The Keller Corporation has bought every piece of property in a ten-block area, and they have evicted every resident. It will not take investigation to discover this, as it will be on the news reports. The reports say that Keller came in when property values were low and bought everything. What he has done is perfectly legal.

Police reports from the examination of Wrath's body will reveal that a small electrical device had been placed in the skin at the back of her neck. The device was masterfully attached to a nerve ending and could emanate a powerful electrical charge. Electrical experts have been consulted, and while the charge was minimal the pain would have been enormous. The device is similar in construction to electrical devices used to train dogs.

The death of Wrath ends part two of *Revolution*. While the characters are busy dealing with *Street Magic*, the Keller Corporation will donate all of the property to Reverend M Ministries. M will announce his plan to build a vast housing project for homeless as well as constructing his national headquarters. Weston Construction will begin building at a very rapid pace while the characters are busy with *Street Magic*.

WRATH

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
35	STR	30	OCV: 10	
29	DEX	57	DCV: 10	
24	CON	28	ECV: 1	
14	BODY	8	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12	
16	INT	6		
3	EGO	-14	Costs	
19	PRE	9		
6	COM	-2	Char:	173 Base: 100
17	PD	10		+ +
15	ED	10	Powers:	149 Disad: 222
6	SPD	31		= =
12	REC	0	Totals:	322 322
48	END	0		
44	STUN	0		
Cost		Powers	END	
30	2d6 HKA (4d6 w/STR) - Claw		3 (6)	
40	40 pts. Ego Defense (completely animalistic mind)			
15	+15" running (21" total)		4	
5	Discriminatory Scent			
5	Ultraviolet Vision			
3	Ultrasonic Hearing			
Skills				
7	Acrobatics 17-			
7	Stealth 17-			
7	Shadowing 15-			
7	Breakfall 17-			
7	Climbing 17-			
7	Contortionist 17-			
9	KS: Area Knowledge (area of her lair) 18-			
100+ Disadvantages				
20	Craves human blood (v. common, strong)			
15	Completely animalistic (v common, mod.)			
15	Hatred of humans (common, strong)			
25	Distinctive Features (abject fear)			
25	Hunted by Police (more pow, 14-)			
122	Villain/Exp. Bonus			

Origin: Wrath was just another minor Nocturnal until the Chosen Ones dragged her before Reverend M. She remembers little of that now, all she can remember is the pain and terror she suffered at the hands of the humans.

Personality: Wrath is as close to an animal as an intelligent being can come. The unimaginable torture she suffered has turned her into a primitive creature, thinking only in terms of survival, territory and the next meal. Wrath is truly an animal.

Quote: None

Powers/Tactics: Wrath's powers are simple. She uses her skills to get close and then strikes her prey with the killing attack.

She is an excellent hunter and will rarely rush a kill. She takes her time to stalk prey, looking for the opportune moment to strike. She has a fondness for terrorizing her prey, so the GM should never have her rush a kill.

Her mind is animalistic, hence the Mental Defense. A typical Egoist wouldn't even be able to understand the thoughts in her mind, let alone control them or hurt her. Animal-control type characters may have some success with Wrath, but enough of her intelligence is left to put her above typical animal thoughts. The high intelligence represents animal cunning.

Appearance: Her body is long and lean, covered with reddish-brown fur. A large chunk of fur grows out from her chin, giving her a killer-beatnik look. Her eyes are black and predatorial, as are her claws.

Roleplaying Tips: Play Wrath like a very intelligent jungle cat. She loves to hunt and she loves to kill. Don't forget that she knows every inch of her territory, an asset that may give her an edge against more powerful characters.

Champions Conversion: Wrath only needs some more defenses and, maybe, another point of Speed or two to make her very tough.



STREET MAGIC

INTRODUCTION

Street Magic is designed to be run following the second chapter of *Revolution*. The adventure is intended to be played with the same players characters that were used in *The Pack* and *Revolution*. It can be a functioning stand-alone adventure as well as being used with the rest of the book.

Street Magic, like *The Pack*, can be run uninterrupted from beginning to end. If the GM wants to create a more realistic feel for the time that takes place in this adventure, another scenario of the GM's choice can be inserted between chapters Two and Three. Any adventure will suffice, but the GM should feel free to add a minor encounter with *Revolution* forces. The encounter should not result in any of the **Disciples** being captured nor should it give away any of the *Revolution* plot.

PLOT OVERVIEW

Street Magic is a lesson in biological control. The Nocturnals are a race of intelligent, bloodthirsty creatures who dwell in the darkest corners of the city. They are held in check by one man—the Savior. This man knows how deal with Nocturnal individuals who become killers: he exterminates them quickly and quietly. The characters first encounter Savior in *Revolution* when they fight Wrath.

The second factor in this adventure is Rex, a fifteen-year old social outcast. Rex's innate mental abilities give him a link with the Nocturnals. He dreams he is one of them, hunting the night streets for food. When Rex's enemies begin to turn up butchered and spread out over building walls, he begins to realize his destiny. The Nocturnals see him as their legendary King. He accepts this role and set out to free the Nocturnals from their centuries-old torment.



The characters become involved when the police ask for help with the ritualistic "King" murders. The characters begin to investigate, looking for clues, when they run into the Savior again. When a silver arrow cuts down a man right in front of the characters, they decide that they need to investigate Savior as well.

Using the arrowhead to track him down through various sources, the characters finally catch up with Savior. He panics when he sees the characters and lashes out at them. In the ensuing fight, he is seriously injured and subsequently hospitalized. His house provides many clues—one room is filled with monsters, stuffed like trophies.

To make matters worse, Rex has decided how he will free the Nocturnals—by enslaving humanity. The characters first encounter the Nocturnal warriors when they rob a university to get an ancient Egyptian artifact needed to perform the spell. The next encounter occurs when the Nocturnals rob a private Egyptian collection to gather the final component needed.

The plot thickens when the police inform the characters that the man Savior killed was one of the King murderers. Research reveals that seven people have been killed by silver arrows in this century. All of those people were murderers or murder suspects. The characters also discover that the monsters in Savior's house aren't fakes, they were once alive and kicking.

What happens when Savior, the only biological check on the Nocturnals, is removed? The Nocturnals soon realize that their ancient nemesis is gone, and they erupt upon the city with a spree of terror and death. The characters are faced with something that may be beyond their control, and the only man who can stop it is lying comatose in a hospital bed.

The action builds to a climax as the characters race to stop Rex from casting a dread spell that threatens to enslave the city. The characters battle Rex and the Nocturnals in the city's oldest graveyard, a huge area filled with grotesque mausoleums. If Rex succeeds, the people of the city will be cast into the dark ages—an age that only the Nocturnals will rule.

HOW TO USE THIS ADVENTURE

Street Magic is a fast-paced adventure. The GM should be familiar with all aspects of this adventure before playing. Knowing how to role-play Savior will be important, as playing his character is key for a smooth transition between *Revolution* and *Street Magic*.

Knowing the Nocturnals history is vital for a well-run adventure. The GM must be well-schooled in Nocturnal history to answer player questions that might not be covered in this text. The Nocturnals have been around for over two-hundred years, so the characters may come up with some surprising questions. If the GM is knowledgeable of the history, a satisfactory answer can be given quickly that will not contradict any of the provided information.

SETTING THE SCENE

BACKGROUND

The following section is from a work in progress entitled *THE POWERS THAT BE: Paranormals of and Related to Earth and its Sector*, composed by Chronicle for the Princes of the Universe:

MOTHERQUEEN AND THE NOCTURNALS

A dark and dreary day on October 14, 1735 heralded the unremarkable birth of Marie Renault. Unbeknownst to anyone, Marie was a mutant with a power so vast she threatened to change the face of humanity itself. Marie was born with a subconscious control over her genetic code. As time went by and she matured, she discovered she could alter her children's genetic structure as well.

After her first hideous child was born in 1757, Marie was cast out of her family. With no money, no friends and nowhere to go she became a vagabond of the street. She wandered from city to city, moving however she could and eating whatever food she could find, always moving to protect her monstrous little boy. She continued to move until 1766, when her ever-changing body forced her to seek refuge in a run-down building.

Her expanding body kept her from searching for food, and she was soon facing starvation. Her boy finally became big enough to steal sustenance in the dead of the night. As the boy continued to bring her food, her strength returned. Her subconscious translated the simple equation: children = food. That subconscious then guided her body into one of the most dramatic evolutionary changes the world has ever seen.

To her surprise, she discovered that she could have babies on her own: no man was needed. On top of this fact, her mind seemed to have taken control of her life—she was continuously pregnant. On June 14, 1812, she laid the egg that contained her second child. She has laid two eggs a month ever since.

All of her children were unique. Some appeared perfectly normal, and some were positively hideous. She loved them all. Most of her offspring could never fit into human society, so they used society like a parasite uses a host. Her children discovered that their favorite food was human flesh. They ate it whenever they could, but they learned too late the folly of killing to many.

By 1874, Marie had just over 1,000 offspring. A few had been lost to constables and a few to vigilante justice, but they kept on eating every person they could find. They became careless; killing in broad daylight and taking live victims back to their lair. Her children became bolder every day, and the city fathers soon took action.

A lynch mob of over 3,000 men led by Johan Ericson attacked Marie's lair. They shot and killed over 700 of her babies in a massive slaughter that lasted two days. The bodies were burned and the remnants buried deep in the ground. Marie fled with the rest of her children and went into deep hiding, forever banished to the night and the dark places of the city.

A small group of the human lynch mob dedicated themselves to ridding to world of Marie's Children. Calling themselves Saviors, they set about systematic extermination of every monster they could find. A few of Marie's Children still tried to feed on humans, still tried to live the old life. The Saviors made short work of these individuals, and by 1876 Marie had only 100 of her smartest, strongest and craftiest children left.

The Nocturnals, as they came to call themselves, created an underground town on the outskirts of the growing city. Safe from the destroying humans above, they lived out their lives in relative peace. Human flesh was still a driving instinct, but they now fed on bums, vagabonds and street people. The Nocturnals were careful to feed on those no one would miss.

Not all of the Nocturnals were smart enough to stick to eating the dregs of humanity. The genetic crapshoot that was Marie's womb often turned out individuals that were born killers—psychotics who would feed whenever they wanted to. The Saviors became very proficient at their task, eliminating the killers as soon as the problem arose.

The Saviors still hunted, but their numbers dropped as the years rolled on. As the years went by the killings became fewer and farther apart. The stories of the Nocturnals faded with the years, gradually slipping from fact, to legend, to fantasy to a fairy tale used to scare bad little children. Men who had once proudly proclaimed themselves Saviors were laughed at by the 1920's and some were thrown in insane asylums by the late 1940's. Once the last of the original lynch mob succumbed to old age, the truth of Marie's children faded away.

Safe in her little town within beneath the expanding city, Marie would entertain her children with stories of a great King who would someday come and rescue them. The King would teach the humans not to kill the Nocturnals, the King would lead them out of their dark existence and throw humanity into slavery for all eternity. After she told these stories enough times, Marie began to believe them herself. The story of the King grew from her imagination and became a religion.

THE KING

A little whine escaped the confines of Rex's nightmare and whispered through his lips. He threw his head about, each time his cheek hit the sweat-soaked pillow a wet slap was heard. His eyes were clenched tight, as if by keeping them shut he could keep the dreams from leaping into the reality of his bedroom where he would no longer be able to escape by merely waking up.

Only he couldn't wake up.

He wasn't running in his dream, he was prowling slowly down an alleyway as he stalked his prey. The victim-to-be wasn't aware of the danger, he continued walking down the back street with his hands in his pockets and his attitude on his shoulder. The victim looked like the kind of man you didn't want to mess with - big enough to let his worldly rage out on you if you looked at him wrong and young enough to not have a concept of where such actions would land him.

But the prowling Rex was far from intimidated by the wide-shouldered man/boy who walked along, oblivious of his doomed fate. Rex was angry, and he could feel the need for revenge, the need to vent a primal hatred on the person who had caused him so much pain.

In the back of his dream-mind he recognized the boy, it was Go-Go Harkener, a gang member with a lot more muscle than brains. And yet in the front of his mind, Rex only knew the victim-to-be as an enemy, someone who was a threat to his kind. As the heat of the hunt crept farther through his tingling nerves and he closed the distance between himself and the walking corpse, a single thought remained in his head: Long Live The King.

Just as the claws sank into the muscular arms and his fangs reached longingly for the pulsating jugular vein, Rex awoke with a choked whimper lodged in his throat. It took him a few seconds to realize he was back in his room and it was nothing more than a nightmare.

No, not a nightmare. Nightmares were supposed to scare you. He was scared, but more than that he was excited. He subconsciously felt along his eyebrow, where the cut that should have received three stitches was busy healing. The cut had come courtesy of Go-Go, another of the many physical and mental injuries the boy had given Rex.

He had been on the verge of ripping Go-Go's throat out. On the verge of having the ultimate revenge for a life-time of mental torture and daily physical abuse. No, it wasn't a nightmare.

You weren't supposed to enjoy nightmares.

...

GM's Note: Any character with a trace of mental powers could share Rex's dream. They would see it from a first person point-of-view, and have no idea who's dream it really is. It would make an excellent bit of foreshadowing.

While Marie invented the religion, ironic fate had brought forth a real King figure. His name is Rex Deprovdechuk, a fifteen-year old social outcast. Rex begins having dreams that he is hunting on the city streets. He sees through another's eyes and tastes the blood of their victims. The dreams are frighteningly real, and Rex knows something he can't control is happening to him.

When Rex got beaten up at school for the thousandth time, his life changed forever. He dreamt of revenge and awoke to find that wish had been granted. The boys who beat Rex up were found slaughtered: "Long Live The King" written on the walls in their blood. As Rex comes to terms with his link to the Nocturnals, all of his enemies meet untimely deaths. Before Rex disappears, his foster parents, principal, several teachers and a gang are murdered.

All of the Saviors are gone now except one, the son of Johan Ericson. He still hunts on, waiting for any Nocturnal who gets careless or greedy. He keeps the Nocturnal population in check, killing those who are genetically weaker than the others. When Nocturnals begins a killing spree, Savior is there to stop them. Savior has hunted these creatures for decades. He knows their patterns, their thoughts and their actions. He is an efficient hunter, well versed in the tactics of any Nocturnal. What would happen if the last Savior was unable to hunt?

As Rex takes control of the Nocturnals, he dedicates himself to leading them out of their dark existence. Where there was once a boy with a passion for Middle-Eastern occult magic, there was now a King with 1,500 followers at his back. Sending out his followers to gather the components of the spell, Rex begins plans to beset the city with "The Storm." The ancient Egyptian spell will free his people, and he will lead them out of the darkness and into the light.

PART ONE: THE KING MURDERS

Ed Shaughnessy looked with disbelief at the ghastly scene before him. Even his jaded eye and iron stomach were having difficulty dealing with the slaughtered body spiked to the brick wall.

Portable spotlights illuminated the scene, their light and the flashing red and blue of the siren-bubbles gradually giving way to the morning sun. The body was a good eight feet off the ground, held to the wall by steel spikes that had been driven through hands, feet and forehead. The body had been eviscerated, and the victim's blood was plastered on the wall in ghoulish graffiti.

"Long Live The King."

Shaughnessy shuddered when he read that sign. It was the third such slaughter he had seen in two days. Preliminary reports from the first body had told him something very serious was going on. The body had been butchered with a combination of animal claws and a long metal instrument. Bones, including the femur, had been snapped by a pair of massive hands. Forensics had told him the victims had been alive through most of the damage.

These were more than just murders—they were ritual killings. Somebody out there was sending a message, a very painful message. Someone had a lot of muscle, probably paranormal, and was getting some serious payback. But who was the King? No one knew and so far there was no apparent reason for these victims. The police didn't have a motive, a suspect or even a clue.

Shaughnessy felt that familiar and unwanted tingling at the back of his ear. It was his own sort of internal alarm—his ear always tingled when something was wrong, something big. Something was very wrong, and all of his instincts and experience screamed out one undeniable fact.

This was only the beginning.

INVOLVING THE CHARACTERS

Several factors in this case could pique the characters interest. The GM needs to find a way to involve the characters at this point. Allowing the characters to see Savior kill or attempt to kill Marco Machete is vital to the plot.

1) Police Requests. If the characters established any relations with the Police during *The Pack* or have any ties already existing in the campaign, the Police may ask for the characters' assistance. If the Police did this in *The Pack* scenario, than they won't hesitate to ask when the King Murders begin.

The Police will tell the characters about the murders and share case information. This is done with the understanding the characters will share whatever they find with Shaughnessy. The characters will be called into a crime-scene and allowed to view the carnage first hand.

2) Word on the Street. While the killing sprees of Mongrel and Wrath scared people, these murders have an air of intelligent mystery to them. The majority of city people are curious about the killings, but they are not afraid for themselves. The assumption on the streets is that someone new has entered the criminal scene.

Once the characters catch the word on the street that there is a new player in town, perhaps to fill the void that Mongrel left, they should be interested. The characters can investigate on their own or ask the police what is going on (see above).

3) Finding the bodies. The characters could be patrolling and be the first to arrive at the crime scene. Responding to screams of pain and terror, they will arrive to find the freshly killed body spiked to the wall with the assailants vanished into the night.

4) Occult References. The bodies appear to be displayed in some sort of ritual or sacrificial fashion. Obscure occult figures are written in blood along with the "Long Live The King" messages. If any of the characters are known occultists or magicians, the Police may contact them in an official capacity. The Police would ask for help identifying the symbols. When the character researches and discovers the symbol's meanings, they will be very interested indeed.

ROUND ONE

Four victims, murdered with the same brutal method of operation, have been found in the last three days. The victims, all young males ranging from 17 to 24 in age, were members of the same gang.

The first to die Johnny "Go-Go" Harkener, 17, murdered at approximately 11:30 p.m. in an abandoned building often used as a crack house. The next day, Ty "Comic" Kitner, 21, and Andre "Fat A" Williams, 16, were both killed at approximately 9:00 p.m. in an alley. The latest victim, Shaqua "Easy Flow" Akbar, 22, was killed last night in his apartment. A witness puts the time of death at 2:45 a.m.

Harkener and Williams were students at Central High School. Kitner was a known drug dealer with an extended rap sheet, and Akbar had no known occupation other than gang member.

All of the victims were members of a gang known as the Downtown Boys Company. The murders took place in a four square-mile radius. All of the victims lived in that radius, but only one was killed in his residence.

CORONER'S REPORT

The information listed below is in the coroners report. Any character with forensics skills who has access to the bodies or at least the crime scene would be able to conclude this information. The murders are similar—one coroner's report could easily be substituted for the next.

THE REPORT

The bodies were all found spiked to a wall with railroad spikes through the hands, shoulders and neck (**GM's note: the railroad spikes come from a rail yard within the Nocturnal's territory, although it is unlikely the characters have any way of tracing the spikes**). Evidence indicated that while the victims were mortally wounded, they were still alive when spiked to the wall. In all cases the final cause of death was the spike through the neck which severed the jugular vein.

The victims suffered multiple lacerations and contusions prior to being put on the wall, indicating that a severe and tortuous beating had taken place. Lacerations were made by a long metal blade, animal teeth and claws. The blade is approximately a foot-and-a-half to two feet in length. The teeth range in size from half-inch incisors to two-inch canines.

Contusions appear to have been made by a large, fist-like object. Victim was severely bludgeoned by this object prior to being spiked to the wall. The bludgeon object is a foot wide and six inches high with four protruding points on the top edge, similar in proportion to the placement of knuckles.

Due to the mutilation of the bodies and the extended torture, time of death is unclear. All bodies were missing large chunks of flesh that were not found on the premises.

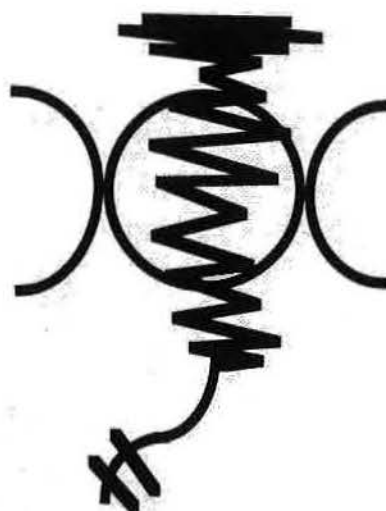
Markings were found on the walls written in the victims' blood. The markings were the same at all four locations.

OCCULT MARKINGS (boxed and shaded)

Any character with KS: Occult will be able to identify the markings with a minor amount of research. Those without an Occult specialist in the group or those without an occult contact can use Madame Varunna listed in the characters section.

- 1) The Circle.** The first symbol is a rough circle with a half circle attached to both sides. A smear cuts through the circle from left to right on a downward angle. A hook-shape crossed by two parallel lines comes out of the bottom of the smear.

The Circle



This symbol hasn't been seen since 1873. The symbol represents a coven of witches, known only as *Marie's Children*, who were very powerful at that time. The story goes that the coven was so powerful they used to kill and take victims for sacrifice in broad daylight with no fear of retaliation.

In 1873 the citizens, calling themselves the Saviors, conducted a massive witch hunt. The legend says that in a four month period, over 1,000 people were burned at the stake. Historians have never been able to verify the body count, and the only reliable record talks of an incident in which seven individuals were killed.

The symbol is a pictograph. According to legend, the circle represents the egg from which the witches were spawned. The smear represents human blood. Examples of the symbol from the early 1800's show the half circles were originally arms. The arms represented the witches' desire to protect the egg. The egg symbolized the coven and future children.

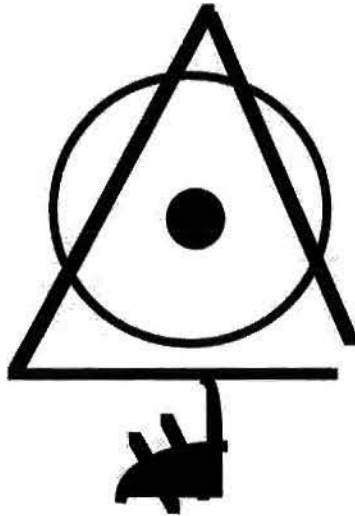
The hook at the bottom is apparently an identifier of this city. Its actual meaning has been lost, but has been seen in other covens and in all cases represents this city.

The coven was unique to the city—they have been reported nowhere else. They were very powerful and their magic was feared not only by normal people but by other witches as well. According to legend, the witches were children of the devil, half-man and half-beast.

All that is known about this coven comes from a very poor history of the city and from other covens. No records from *Marie's Children* have ever been found.

- 2) **The Triangle.** The triangle is a ward, a symbol designed to protect. This symbol, like the circle, is unique to the city. It is meant to protect the individual who wears it or draws it against a specific mythological hunter. The actual hunter in question is unknown.

The Triangle



The symbol's origin is unknown, but it is a relatively recent development. The first recorded incidence of the symbol was in 1892, found in an abandoned building that was rumored to be occupied by witches. It has been seen on and off in various locations about the city.

The circle represents both the egg (in the same sense as the egg mentioned above) and the eye of the hunter. The unfinished triangle is a symbol of protection against the hunter. The hook, again, represents the city.

The fact that the triangle is unfinished means that the drawer of this symbol acknowledges the hunter's magic is greater. The symbol is a ward, meant to protect, but it is clear that the hunter is greatly feared, considered unstoppable and all-powerful.

INVESTIGATIONS

WORD FROM THE POLICE

The Police are worried about the occult implications of the case. The murders were very brutal and ritualistic, meaning the victims were a target of revenge or they were put on display as a symbol to others. The main problem the police have is that they don't know why these four were chosen as targets.

While they were all gang-bangers, Kitner was the only one who moved a decent-sized volume of drugs. Akbar was basically a thug, and Harkener and Williams were low-level members of the gang at best. The fact that all four of the victims lived in the same area is very important to the police, but they haven't been able to link the occult angle to anyone in the area.

The Pack was a bad time for the police department. They are afraid that another gang-war is starting up on a level they can't quite comprehend, and that this one is going to get out of control as well. The bottom line is that while the police are working hard to uncover any information (at this time assume that they have the occult information listed above), they have no idea what is going on.

WORD ON THE STREET

Any street contacts will tell the characters that the four were gang members. Even if the contacts never heard of the victims before the murders, there is no one who hasn't heard of them now.

The Downtown Boys Company is hot for payback, and they are doing everything in their power to find out who is responsible. While the gang is just as brutal as any other in the city, the area they control is considered to be small potatoes in the bigger crime scheme of the area.

Contacts on the street think there may be a new player in town, but why they would start in this part of the city with those four victims doesn't make sense. If the new player had wanted to take over, he should have hit the gang leaders. Now that the gang knows somebody is after them, the leaders will be very difficult to find let alone kill.

The general consensus among street contacts is that there was no strategic value in killing those four.

TALKING TO THE KIDS AT CENTRAL HIGH

Contacts may or may not be hard to come by at the high school, it just depends on the character's reputation. The characters' rep will determine what type of kid will talk to them. The two students were reasonably well known in the large school, and an ample cross-section of the students had run-ins with them.

Harkener and Williams hung together when in school and with Kitner and Akbar afterwards. The two students were often in trouble for fighting, but vice principal Kyle Souller keep the school mostly under control. Any number of students could have wanted Harkener and Williams dead for reasons ranging from drug-deal scams to revenge for beatings.

THE WITNESS

Claire Rosemary, 67, claims she was a witness to the murder of Shaqua Akbar. Rosemary lived across the hall from Akbar in the downtown apartment building. Police reports say that at about 2:40, Rosemary was awoken by strange noises.

Rosemary said the noises weren't loud, but they were very disturbing. She was not friends with Akbar, but said the boy never gave her any trouble. Rosemary decided to go next door and see if everything was all right.

When she knocked on the door it swung open. Rosemary claims to have seen Akbar being spiked to the wall by a "huge man with green scales and a long, pointy nose like a snake." Rosemary said there was blood everywhere and Akbar was still alive.

She also saw a "horrible monster with a skewed jaw and big teeth." Rosemary said she stood in the doorway only for a few second before fleeing out of the building. Police picked her up after a convenience store owner five blocks away called about a woman crying in hysterics next to his cheese curls.

GM's Note: *If the GM wants to play an encounter between Rosemary and the characters, she is described in Part Three: Tracking down the Killers.*

FOLLOWING UP

After the above information has been learned, there is little else to know about the four murders. Characters who want to investigate the crime scenes will find the same info as the police, if they are even allowed to look.

Rosemary knows nothing more than what she has seen, and the students at the school can tell the characters about little more than Harkener and Williams' reputation. If the characters come up with a good follow-up idea to Round One, let them do it, but it is doubtful they will be able to turn up much that will be of use without the info in Round Two.

ROUND TWO

Soon after Rex realized that his dreams were really happening, the Nocturnals made contact with him. Rex now realizes his destiny in life—to lead the Nocturnals. Before he sets out to freeing his newly-found flock, however, there is more revenge to be dished out.

Rex's learning disability made him a problem for teachers despite his vast intelligence. His temper caused him to cross his teachers more than once, and his diminutive size allowed the teachers to take out their aggressions on him. The teachers were afraid of several students, but Rex wasn't one of them.

While these teachers didn't go out of their way to make Rex's life hell, they never understood how he hated being singled out in front of the class. When Rex was called to task for his extremely violent writings, his audible frustrations in math class or his knack for mixing volatile chemicals in science, his humiliation turned into a psychotic rage. the more he thought about his teachers, the more he longed for revenge.

THE VICTIMS

Rex called on his followers to kill four more people—three teachers and the assistant principal of Central High. The Central High Murders occur about a week after the King Murders, or whatever time period is convenient for the GM. All of the murders occur on the same night.

Most of the police information the characters could find out from the authorities or on their own is listed after the bold headings. All of the bodies, except for Kyle Souller, were missing large chunks of flesh just as the gang victims were.

1) Stacey Telling. A 62-year old English composition teacher, Telling had been at Central High for 30 years. She was a widow and lived alone in the suburbs north of the city. Forensic tests indicate she was killed in her bedroom sometime between 7 p.m. and 5 a.m.

MO. Exact cause of death is unknown. Telling has massive damage to her internal organs and brain, and large contusions all over the front of her body. Her ear-drums were both ruptured.

Entry. The lock had been ripped out of the door. Perpetrators gained entry through a back door. The door was poorly lit and no neighbors would have a line of sight to the door.

2) Clarise Anderson. Anderson, 38, was a math teacher.

MO. She was found butchered in her living room while her husband slept, unaware of the situation. Anderson was severely burned.

"The King knows how to party!" was written on the wall in Anderson's charred skin.

Entry. A large hole had been burned in the back wall. Tests indicate some form of acid. Exact qualities and make-up of the acid is unknown, but experts are sure it is organic.

3) Jason Heath. Heath was 22 and in his first year of teaching. He was renting a room on the outskirts of the city while he looked for a permanent residence. He had only been in the area for four months (or whatever corresponds to the current school year).

MO. Heath had been drained of most bodily fluids. Seventeen half-inch puncture wounds were found on his body. Time of death was estimated at 5:15 a.m., the time he stopped screaming. Neighbors tried to get into the room but the door was blocked by a dresser.

"Let the King get his own damn blood!" was written on the wall in magic marker along with the two occult markings.

Entry. How the perpetrator gained entry is unknown. The only door was locked from the inside, as were all windows. The landlord said that Heath always kept the doors locked.

4) **Kyle Souller.** Souller was in his fifth year as assistant principal at Central. As assistant principal, he was in charge of discipline. Souller was a big man, standing at 6'4" and weighing almost 230 pounds.

Souller was killed at the high school at approximately 10:30 p.m. He was killed in the parking lot and his body was spiked to the roof of the car. The wounds on Souller exactly match those found on the King Murder victims. "Long live the King" was written in Souller's blood on the hood of the car.

Police were on the scene quickly, as Souller was able to place a 911 call on his cellular phone before the door of his car was ripped off the hinges and he was dragged out. The transcript of his emergency call is as follows:

Police: 911, what is the nature of your emergency.

Souller: Help me! Help me! This thing is going to eat me!

Police: Sir, please calm down and give us your ...

Souller: For God's sake, help me! He's right in the (expletive) window!

Police: Sir, where are you?

Souller: I'm at Central High, in the parking lot. Oh please help me!

Police: Sir, we'll have a car there in ...

Souller: He's ripping the door off! No! No! (followed by screams and pause).

Police: Sir? Sir are you there?

Unknown voice: Hello?

Police: Hello, sir?

Unknown voice: I'm afraid he won't be giving no more detention. (Laughter). We're coming for you all. Long live the King (disconnected).

Police arrived on the scene at 10:31, three minutes after the call was placed. The perpetrators were nowhere to be seen, and a fast search turned up a single witness.

The witness, Marco Gastineau, was detained for questioning. He was released later that evening after giving a statement. Gastineau lived only two blocks away and said he was walking home from a movie.

Gastineau is 5'7", 260 lbs., and walks with pronounced limp in his left leg.

MARCO'S STATEMENT

"I was coming home from the movie when I heard 'discreamin'. I could see in the parking lot because of the lights they have on at night, you know? There was only one car, and some poor guy was up on the roof screaming because there were these three other guys cutting away at him with big knives.

They was just stabbin' at him and there was blood everywhere, it was horrible, you know? I wanted to help, but I was scared so I just hid in the bushes where the cops found me."

Gastineau made no mention of monsters nor did he describe anything that fit the descriptions given by Claire Rosemary. Souller's body had the same claw and tooth marks as the gang victims (something that may take forensics experts a short while to discover as the bodies were badly mutilated).

WHY THE TEACHERS BOUGHT IT

If the characters want to find a link between the teachers, they are taking the right step. If they want to go talk to Gastineau right away, the GM can simply have him be temporarily out of town. If the players insist on talking to the witness and not looking into the teacher's records, or why they were chosen as victims, the GM has the option of skipping the Deprovdechuk investigation or coming back to it when the characters feel it is necessary.

THE TEACHER'S FILES

Each of the teachers has a fairly thick file that contains most of their history at the school as well as containing their records from previous schools. Telling and Anderson have a great deal of information in their files, so the place to start would probably be Heath. Heath has a thin file and would provide a good start in searches for a common link amongst the victims.

The obvious place to look for a killer is amongst the other teachers, the students, or anyone who repeatedly deals with the high school staff. If the characters look, they will find that there were four students who had all three teachers. If they choose to look further into these students, they will find that one student in particular has been a regular discipline problem—Rex Deprovdechuk.

Other avenues to find common ground amongst the teacher-victims may provide a couple of false leads, but the characters should be able to figure the dead-end leads out without leaving the file room. The only strong common ground between the teachers and Souller, who was responsible for discipline, is Rex.

REX'S FILE

Rex, a sophomore, has had disciplinary troubles since his freshman year, but it is only in the past two months that he has really become a real problem. He has frequently begun shouting loudly in class. Telling thought he was shouting gibberish, but Anderson thought he was speaking a different language.

Rex has also shown violent streaks when called upon in class, and he has often refused to sit within five feet of any other student. Twice he has had to be forcibly removed from the classroom by Souller.

Rex has spent time with the school psychologist, Mark Bigsley. Bigsley's recommendation was to remove Rex from school and put him under observation, but Souller opted against it. If asked, Bigsley will say that Rex had a violent, repressed nature that could erupt at any moment. Bigsley isn't sure if Rex was capable of murder, but he wouldn't bet against it.

Rex claimed he didn't remember the shouting fits, and acted very defensive whenever they were mentioned. Bigsley feels he had been on the verge of getting to the root of the problem before the teachers were murdered. Rex hasn't been seen since.

Bigsley managed to tape one of Rex's shouting fits. He was able to make no sense of it, and had been meaning to send it to the university language professors but had let it slip by the wayside.

Rex's address is in the report.

THE TAPE

The shouting fit is in ancient Egyptian. The characters may have to have it analyzed by someone with Language Skill: Egyptian (four points worth). The translation is roughly as follows.

"No longer will my people be trapped! I will set them free! You'll all cower at the feet of the King and die at my hands! No one will be spared!"

INVESTIGATING REX

POLICE RECORDS

The only mention of Rex in the police files are two complaints he filed. The first complaint was Rex's freshman year against Andre Williams for assault. Rex's injuries were described as minor, and after a very short investigation the police dropped the complaint due to lack of evidence (it was Rex's word against Williams').

The second complaint was filed against Williams and Harkener later the same year. This time the police had witnesses. Williams and Harkener were put under juvenile probation for assault.

Rex's third appearance in the files was a week later for an assault write-up. Rex was put in the hospital for five days with a broken arm and a mild concussion suffered from physical beating. He refused to file charges and wouldn't even talk to the police.

REX'S APARTMENT

REX'S PARENTS

Rex's parents, Frank and Melanie Deprovdechuk, are extremely uncaring. They adopted Rex when he was two, and the child started showing problems shortly afterwards. They rarely see Rex and obviously care little for him.

They haven't seen Rex since the night of the teacher murders. Any mental scans on the parents will show a genuine hatred of the boy, and memories of frequent beatings are prevalent.

The three-room apartment is very run down and unkempt. Paint is peeling from the interior walls and water-marks stain the ceiling. The apartment is very musty, smelling of sickness and garbage.

REX'S ROOM

Rex's tiny room is filled with occult reference material. The walls are covered with examples of his considerable artistic ability. His works are done in pencil and charcoal, and the subject material is mainly drawings of pain, anguish, tortured souls and horrible monsters.

Rex has many occult symbols on the walls as well. While most of these are from the 15 occult books he has on his shelf, there are two on his night stand that will be very familiar to the characters. On one piece of paper, he has the Triangle and the Circle underneath the heading "I dream of a better day." Neither the Triangle or the Circle are listed in any of Rex's books.

THE PARENT'S DEATH

Frank and Melanie Deprovdechuk are the last victims on Rex's hit parade. The two will be killed en route to their bowling league on a night the GM chooses. The deaths will be identical to those of the gang members.

If the characters stick close to the parents looking for a clue, the Nocturnals will leave them alone. They are consummate hunters—they will not attack if there is a chance they will be caught, there is always another opportunity and the characters can't follow the Deprovdechuks around forever.

PART TWO: TRACKING DOWN THE KILLERS

Seeker knocked on the door to the apartment. The sun was out and kids were playing on the streets and sidewalks, almost turning the desolate neighborhood into a happy scene. He adjusted his wool sport-coat for the umpteenth time, and looked nervously at Jaguar.

"I hope this turns out, mate. We don't have many leads left," Seeker said quietly.

"Tell me about it," Jaguar said with a huff. They had been looking and digging, and yet they were little closer to an answer than when the first body turned up spiked into a brick wall. The case was bothering all of the Champions, and the frustration of not being able to turn up a lead was very getting to them all.

The door opened quickly and the sound of a chain-lock snapping tight brought the two heroes' attention back to the task at hand. Half a greasy face appeared in the two-inch crack of the door. The smell of sweat was overwhelming at once, and Seeker found himself wondering if the man had ever had a shower.

"What do you want?" The man asked gruffly.

"Mr. Gastineau," Jaguar said, holding up a badge. "We're the police and we need to ask you a few more questions."

"What do you guys want from me?" Gastineau said with disgust. "I already answered all your stinkin' questions!"

"We just need to ask a few more, sir," Jaguar said with great patience. The door shut just long enough for Gastineau to undue the chain-lock and then swung open.

"Come on in," Gastineau said with a wave of his pudgy arm. "But I'm tellin' you, I already said everything I can..." His sentence was cut short with a hiss of air and a blur of silver that shot by Seeker's head. The arrow stopped as suddenly as it had arrived, buried with a thud in the heart of Gastineau. The fat man barely had time to grimace before he dropped to the floor. Seeker had his blade out before the body started to fall, but Jaguar was even faster.

"Take care of him!" Jaguar said in a hoarse voice as the change came over him. He had seen motion on top of the roof across the street where the assassin must have shot. Jaguar was gone in seconds, leaving Seeker to care for Gastineau.

But it was already too late. Gastineau had only seconds to live as his shredded heart feebly tried to pump blood to the cholesterol-stoked body. Seeker held Gastineau's head as he looked at the wound and then back to the rooftop across the street. The shot was at least fifty yards, shooting down at about a 55 degree angle, between both Jaguar and himself. The assassin had buried the arrow in his target, just grazing the sternum to hit the heart dead on.

Seeker was suddenly worried about his comrade. Whoever the bowman was, he was an incredible shot. Jaguar had better be careful.

TALKING TO THE WITNESSES

CLAIRE ROSEMARY

Claire Rosemary is still in shock over what she saw. Her address can be obtained if the characters have a police contact. The characters can also discover her by investigating the scene themselves. Rosemary still lives at her apartment. She would like to move elsewhere and lives in constant fear after the incident, but she has no family and nowhere else to go.

She is living on social security. Her apartment is small but clean and presentable. The apartment has that "grandmother" aura about it and is decorated with antique lace and porcelain nick-nacks.

She talks in a quiet voice and speaks of the incident in a barley audible whisper. She says she saw a huge monster that looked like a cross between a man and a snake, and another monster that had very long teeth. The second monster's bottom jaw and top jaw didn't line up correctly, and his long tongue rolled out the side of his mouth. She also caught a glimpse of a normal-looking man, but her attention was focused on the two monsters for the short amount of time she was there.

She will cooperate with the characters and will be thrilled to have visitors. If there is an egoist in the group, Rosemary has very clear pictures of all the perpetrators in her head. Sly and Pierre are on her surface thoughts and they are in great detail, while Marco Machete is in detail only in her subconscious. She will describe Sly and Pierre in good detail, and can give Marco's general size.

MARCO GASTINEAU

When the characters talk to Marco, who is the only lead in the case at this point, they are in for a surprise. Savior knows Marco is one of Marie's Children, and he has been tracking Marco for weeks. When the characters go to talk to Marco, Savior has already staked out the ground-floor apartment, and has a good vantage point from the roof of a building across the street. All Savior has been waiting for is Marco to open the door.

At this point, the characters should have no leads. Rosemary can give no help other than descriptions, and the police have nothing but physical evidence they can't link to anything. While they may suspect Rex is involved, he is gone and there is no way to find him without more clues. The characters' only option for getting to the bottom of the incident is to talk to Marco Gastineau.

As soon as Gastineau opens the door, Savior will attempt to kill him. Savior has a phase prepared, he is braced and set under $\frac{3}{4}$ cover. He has complete knowledge of the surrounding area, has several escape routes available (in case his teleport doesn't work) and is patiently waiting for his shot. He is such a phenomenal archer that no matter how many characters are at the door, he will find a small window of space to hit Gastineau.

Some characters may have their Danger Sense tingling, but since there is no danger to the characters they will not be able to pinpoint the source or the direction. Danger Sense will also be sensed from Gastineau (he is constantly looking for a way to get away with murder, and will be sizing the characters up the second he lays eyes on them). This may mislead the characters as to the direction of the real threat.

The arrow is a 4d6 RKA with magical properties (see Savior's write-up), so Gastineau's chances are limited even if there is a healer present. It is not vital to the plot that Gastineau dies, but it is extremely helpful. With Gastineau dead, the only lead will be the Silver Arrow Vigilante, whom the characters now know is alive and well.

CHASING THE ASSASSIN

Characters will undoubtedly want to give chase to the archer. If the characters saw Savior in the Reverend M section, they will recognize his dark robe and hooded head immediately. Savior will be moving before the arrow even strikes its mark, so the characters are going to have to react quickly. As soon as he shoots he will be out of sight behind the ledge of the rooftop. He is about 20 inches away from Gastineau's door.

When the characters reach the rooftop (assuming some have flight or teleport), they will arrive just in time to see Savior teleport away. He had the teleport spell prepared, and only needs a half-phase to activate it when the characters arrive. Since he has had the whole scenario planned out for days, it is highly improbable the characters will be able to do any more than watch him disappear.

WHAT SAVIOR LEFT BEHIND

The character will be left with evidence of a stakeout and several occult items. There are seven zip-lock bags and seven cola cans in a neat pile next to an air-intake fan. A paper bag is next to the ledge with four sandwiches and four of the same cola. There is a sleeping bag tightly rolled up under a two-foot high canvas tent. The color of both is almost exactly that of the roof-top.

There are occult scribbles all over the area. The best vantage point of the door has a silver shield drawn on it. There is a mark in the silver-dust used to draw the shield where Savior probably rested his arm while waiting. There are chicken-feathers and a small still-burning incense pot where he disappeared. On the ground in that spot is a silver pentagram.

TRACKING DOWN SAVIOR

WHY THE CHARACTERS WOULD WANT TO TRACK HIM DOWN

- 1) **He is the only lead.** Savior knew something about Marco. The obvious conclusion is that Savior wanted to shut Marco up before he could talk about something or remembered something that happened that night. Finding out what that is would be very important to the case, not to mention this incident, makes Savior a good suspect in the King Murders (he killed a witness).
- 2) **The Silver Arrow Factor.** A silver arrow is uncommon, and now it has been used twice in front of the characters. It is possible old-timer type characters could remember news accounts of a Silver Arrow Vigilante (Shamus does). Now the vigilante has struck twice, killing right in front of the characters who were helpless to stop it. Luckily, the person in question has conveniently left a great clue for the characters to track down—the arrow itself.
- 3) **Revenge.** If the characters lost Wrath to Savior's marksmanship, then this will be the second time the shadowy figure has stolen a lead from the characters. Twice may be too much for the characters, and they may want to track him down to find out what he is up to.
- 4) **Curiosity.** If none of the above reasons apply to the characters, raw curiosity may win out. Who is this archer who keeps killing people right in front of the characters? Is he following the characters? Were Wrath and the King murders related? Why haven't we seen him before? These and other questions may lead the characters to seek Savior out and find some answers.
- 5) **Justice.** The characters may believe that no one has a right to kill. If this is the case, Savior must be brought to justice. At this point the characters are probably unaware of Marco's involvement in the King Murders, so Savior's actions will appear to be that of a cold-blooded killer.

THE ARROW

The arrow is described in detail below under *Details of Forensic Reports*.

GM's Note: The characters may want to track down this information right after the Wrath encounter. If they do, the GM should find a way to prevent the characters from obtaining Savior's home address until after Gastineau has bought the farm.

PART THREE: INVESTIGATING SAVIOR

INVESTIGATING SAVIOR AFTER THE WRATH INCIDENT

Some players may want to know who the shadowy figure hunting Wrath was before they go any further. If this is the case, then the GM should let them run through the information listed. After the characters have investigated police records and past news-clippings, let them move on to the King murders investigations.

If the characters try to rush into discovering more about Savior, the GM should prevent this from happening. Finding out too much too soon will disrupt the continuity of the adventure. If the characters try to pursue forensics with the arrow-head, delay them with the King Murders. The GM should make the King Murders such a major problem that the characters will drop everything to find out what is going on.

INVESTIGATING SAVIOR AFTER THE MARCO INCIDENT

If the characters put off their investigation of Savior until he makes an attempt on Marco's life, there is no problem. After Marco is dead or an attempt has been made on his life, the characters can proceed through the Savior investigation. Characters can now receive all information including Savior's address.

UNCOVERING SAVIOR

As in *The Pack*, there are several sources the characters can contact to get information about Savior. Word on the street and police knowledge are the two best bets. If there are existing information sources in the campaign, the GM should determine if these sources would have any knowledge of Savior.

The name would be familiar to old occult-types, who could tell the characters what is known about the Nocturnals, listed under *Occult Markings* in *Round One*. Retired police sources would know, but they would be just as tight-lipped as sources listed under "Police." Old heroes (characters from mid-70's back to mid 50's) might be familiar with the "Robin Hood Vigilante" or the "Silver Arrow Vigilante," but they would not know who Savior is.

WORD ON THE STREET

There is only one interesting fact about the street's knowledge of Savior: there isn't any. No matter who the characters ask, no one has ever seen or heard of Savior or anyone matching his description. Even the worst crime types have never been bothered by the vigilante archer.

The most the characters can get from the streets is references to silver arrows. A few of the old-timers remember the Grand Park Slasher being brought down with a silver arrow, but that's it.

This should tell the characters that Savior is not your typical crime-stopper. No one on the streets has ever heard of him, so it is a very safe bet that he hasn't done any crime-fighting in the last twenty-five odd years. There is no way he could fight crime and not have his name or at least his description circulating through the information chains of the city.

POLICE INFORMATION

The characters are faced with different problems when they ask the police. The few officers who do know anything about the silver arrow killings will not talk about it. Only a few cops know what happened with the Devil Dog case in 1969, and the only recent case that is common knowledge was in 1974, so there aren't that many who have given the silver arrow killings a second thought.

The only ones who really know about the Silver Arrow Vigilante are the old-timers, people who were on the force in the 1940s and 50s. Any old-timer the characters talk too will deny knowing anything about it. On top of that, they will act hostile to the characters and refuse to answer any questions regarding the Silver Arrow Vigilante. If characters press the interviews, the sources will tell the characters to leave well enough alone. The sources will also say that the characters are making a big mistake by looking into the case, and that they will be doing more harm than good (but they still claim to know nothing).

THE ONLY SOURCE WHO WILL TALK

Out of the entire pool of retired officers and old-timers, only one man will talk to the characters. That man is Francis Parkmeyer, a retired police detective. Parkmeyer was on the Grand Park Slasher case back in 1974. He will give the characters some details, but will be as adamant about leaving well enough alone as the other officers were.

Parkmeyer was heading up the investigation and saw the mutilated bodies of seven children first hand. The police were unable to get a clue on the murderer, all they had was forensics evidence for a knife with a nick in the blade and a set of fingerprints that matched nothing. The cops were clueless, and it looked like there was no way to stop the slasher anytime soon.

The body had been reported in a back alley on Dec. 7, 1974. Parkmeyer had looked at the John Doe only after fingerprints turned up a match with the prints found near the murdered children. The murder weapon was found on the body as well. The John Doe had been shot through the heart with a silver arrow.

Parkmeyer said they probably could have traced the arrow, but nobody did. No one would have known about the arrow if the press hadn't seen the body first. The John Doe was officially pronounced the Grand Park Slasher and the case was closed. Police officials said they were looking for the John Doe's killer, but that was a lie. The case had quietly been dropped and to Parkmeyer's knowledge no one has even opened the case file since he closed it on Dec. 17, 1974.

Eventually the press stopped asking about the case and it faded away. Parkmeyer doesn't know who the silver arrow killer is and he doesn't want to know. As far as he is concerned, the man should be awarded a medal. If he wants to be left alone then leave him alone, Parkmeyer will add.

POLICE FILES

The Police Files hold a wealth of information on the Silver Arrow Vigilante. If the characters can gain access to the files, then they will discover that the Silver Arrow Vigilante has been very active over the past fifty years.

HOW TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE FILES

There are four ways to get at the information held in the files.

1) Breaking in. Characters can either tap into the police computers or break into the files themselves. Any character with experience tapping into police files will have no problem getting at the information.

If characters like to live on the edge and they don't mind breaking the law, they can break into the files at the station. This could be a fun side-adventure and would probably take Disguise and Persuasion.

2) Inside Sources. Any contact in the department can get at the information. Shaughnessy or a files clerk could get the actual case files to the characters. This would be a risk to that person's job, and they would only give the information to people they trust. If the GM thinks it is improbable to give the characters the actual files, then the source could copy the information or memorize enough to give the characters something to go on.

3) Official Permission. If the characters have any kind of political pull, they can have somebody order the files to be opened. Police commissioners and higher ups will deny characters initial requests, as most of them remember the Grand Park Slasher. Unless the characters know high-level police administrators, they will not be allowed to look at the files without political pressure (probably from the mayor). If the characters know any higher-ups and can convince them that the files are vital, then give the characters access.

4) Sunshine Acts. Many states have "Right To Know" legislation. If a case is closed and the characters have any kind of valid press credentials, they can ask for the files. If the case is officially closed, most departments are required to comply with request within five to ten days. If the department refuses the information for any reason other than the case being re-opened or the information being used in a current investigation, the characters can take the case to court. While this method would probably get the characters the information they wanted, it would take five days at the least and up to a year at the most. The characters can't even afford the five day's wait.

FILES CROSS REFERENCED UNDER "SILVER ARROW"

1974: Grand Park Slasher. John Doe slain at approximately 1:30 p.m. on December 7, 1974. Unknown Caucasian found dead at the scene from puncture wound caused by an arrow. The arrow penetrated the left ventricle of the heart causing death.

Instrument of death was a wooden arrow with a silver arrowhead. Broadhead configuration features four razor-sharp edges and a barbed point. Range from which arrow was shot is unknown.

Subject's prints matched prints found at the scene of all seven Grand Park child murders that took place from February 18, 1974 to the last murder on November 27, 1974. Subject's prints have never been catalogued before murders.

Subject was also found near a Bowie knife. The blade had a small nick in the end. Forensics proved that blade's nick matched scratches on bones of four of the Grand Park victims. The nick is as effective as a fingerprint, and blade was determined to be weapon in Grand Park murders.

Detective Francis Parkmeyer closed case on December 17, 1974 on recommendation of Police Chief Gordy Mulhauser. No further investigation has occurred.

1972: Harvey Campbell a.k.a. "Man-eater" Case. Subject was found dead at the scene on July 22, 1972. Time of death estimated between 8:40 a.m. to 9:10 a.m. Incident took place at 11567 35th Street, apartment 5. Neighbors identified body of subject as Harvey Campbell. No social security number or any other records could be found on subject. Prints were not on record.

Subject was found dead in apartment. Cause of death was a cardiac puncture wound caused by an arrow. Arrow lacerated both the right and left ventricle.

Police discovered body after investigations of subject led to apartment. Evidence of partial bodies found in apartment matched remains found at three separate locations. Hack-saw found in apartment matched wounds found on victims' bodies. Forensics determined that hacksaw was instrument of death for Man-eater victims.

The instrument that killed Campbell was a wooden arrow with a silver arrowhead. Broadhead configuration features four razor-sharp edges and a barbed point. Range was approx. thirty yards. Arrow was fired through the window from three-story rooftop across the street from subjects' apartment building.

Detective Eldon Washington closed the case on July 25th, 1972, on recommendation of Police Chief Gordy Mulhauser. No further investigation has occurred.

1969: Killer Dog, dubbed by press "Devil Dog" case. Carcass of animal found dead at Frankeiser Warehouse, 154 Southern Ave. on May 2, 1969.

Weight: 278 ¼ pounds (dead).

Height: 39" at shoulder.

Distinguishing Features: Canine teeth measured at two inches; jaws measured at 17 inches long; front paws had five fingers with opposable thumb; dark red fur.

Pattern of teeth matched fatal wounds found on seven victims. Mutilated victims found between March 26, 1969 and May 1, 1969. Forensics determined animal was responsible for deaths of victims.

Animal was found dead with last victim. Time of death estimated at 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. on May 1. Time of death of victim estimated between 2:30 a.m. and 4:20 p.m..

Animal killed by three puncture wounds; two caused by arrows and one caused by a blade. Arrow #1 struck between ribs just outside the heart. Point of arrowhead missed puncturing cardiac wall by .15 of an inch. Arrow #2 struck front right shoulder. Fatal wound struck to neck, severing jugular vein.

Subject had two blood types other than its own on its mouth. One belonged to the last victim and one was of unknown origin.

The body was destroyed on May 10, 1969.

Arrows were tipped with matched silver arrowheads. Broadhead configuration features four razor-sharp edges and a barbed point. Instrument of death approximately 15" long, sharp on one side and jagged on the other.

Detective Frank McGuinn closed case on May 9, 1969, on recommendation from Police Chief Cy Morgan. No further investigation has occurred.

1956: John Doe killing spree. Subject went on a six-hour killing spree on the lower west side between the hours of 6:35 p.m. on September 6, 1956, and 3:10 a.m. on September 7. Subject was found dead by police on West 12 Street.

Subject killed five victims during said time span. Apparently picked his targets at random and killed in front of many witnesses. Police got the first call at 6:40 p.m. on September 6. Officers responded to the scene, but did not see the subject. Subject struck again at 7:16 p.m. a mile north of first sight. Police again responded, but could not find subject. Subject was found at 3:12 a.m. at said location, one block away from the last victim. Time of death of last victim estimated at 3:10 a.m.

Subject could not be identified. Fingerprints had never been recorded and no record of subject's history could be found.

Cause of death was a cardiac puncture wound caused by an arrow. Arrow lacerated both the right ventricle and right auricle.

Instrument of death was a wooden arrow with a silver arrowhead. Broadhead configuration features four razor-sharp edges and a barbed point. Range was approx. thirty yards. Arrow was fired from five-story rooftop across the street from subjects location at the time of death.

Detective Gordy Mulhauser closed case on September 24, 1972, on recommendation of Police Irvin Smith. No further investigation has occurred.

1942: Central Station Beast case. Subject was found dead at Central Station Railway Terminal on July 26, 1942. Cause of death multiple puncture wounds and multiple lacerations.

Height: 6'9"

Weight: 426 pounds (dead).

Distinguishing Features: Massive musculature; extended metatarsals; large claws on hands; five eyes spaced equally around head; long, thick black fur.

Subject killed fifteen victims, including two police officers, in vicinity of Central Station from November 14, 1941, to July 26, 1942. Forensics matched claws and teeth from subject to wounds on remains of victims. Subject had apparently eaten the victims, leaving only skeletal remains. Subject apparently did not have time to eat last victim.

Victims were reported missing during the said time span, and no one saw the subject until July 26, 1942, when subject was killed. Victims were found in central heating duct subject was apparently living in.

Witnesses say a man dressed in black robes and carrying a large bow was seen coming out of one of the heating ducts at 11:17 a.m. The man was said to be bleeding from chest and head wounds. The subject followed the man out of the duct approximately twenty seconds later. The subject had at least four broken arrow-shafts sticking out of its body and was extremely bloody.

Appearance of the subject caused panic among patrons of the station. Two police officers, Clyde Morris and Michael Mayer, responded to the scene at 11:24 a.m. Witnesses said that the two officers entered the station and commanded the subject to stop where he was. The subject then attacked the two police officers. Both officers opened fire.

Witnesses said Morris fired four times at point-blank range before he was struck in the head and killed by the subject. Morris was pronounced dead on the scene at 11:29 a.m.. Cause of death was massive skull fracturing.

Witnesses said that Mayer managed to fire all six shots from his revolver, including two to the head. The subject then grabbed Mayer and threw him into one of the iron support beams in the station. Mayer died from internal injuries at 3:56 p.m. at Kelly Memorial hospital.

Witnesses said that the man in the black robes fired three more arrows at the subject. One arrow struck the subject in the lower back, one struck in the front left thigh and the last missed completely.

The subject ran to the man and struck him in the upper shoulder. Witnesses claimed the man flew at least fifteen feet and hit the wall of the station. The man then threw an incendiary device that temporarily blinded the subject. The man recovered his bow and fired two more shots into the subject's chest.

The subject ran at the man at a high speed. The man lowered himself, tripping the subject. The subject flew onto the tracks and was hit by an oncoming train. Witnesses claimed the subject was still alive after being hit by the train, and was killed when the man stabbed the subject in the heart with a long knife.

Cause of death was multiple wounds caused by arrows and the blade. Forensics said the train collision had nothing to do with subject's death. Subject was hit eight times by matching arrows.

Arrows were tipped with matched silver arrowheads. Broadhead configuration features four razor-sharp edges and a barbed point. Instrument of death approximately 15 inches long, sharp on one side and jagged on the other.

Case closed on September 7, 1942, by Detective Samuel Ginsberg on recommendation of Police Commissioner George Hammersmith. No further investigations have occurred. Press representatives have asked to see case files four times. All four times were denied.

DETAILS OF FORENSIC REPORTS

Arrows were described in detail in the individual reports. There is no file comparing the arrowheads of multiple cases, despite the fact that reports and pictures of arrowheads used in the five cases are identical. Pictures of each arrowhead used in the five different cases are included with the case files, but can not be seen by looking at computer files.

The arrowheads were 2½ inches long and made of 99 percent pure silver. The arrowheads have four edges at 90° angles to each other. Markings include a symbol on the flat of every blade and another symbol on the silver part of the shaft. The first symbol is a cross with a small "V" shape on the end of each line in the cross. The other symbol on the shaft is a stylized eye with a dagger behind it.

The blade was only used in two of the five cases, but the reports of the blade are identical. The blade is approximately 15 inches long and made out of a silver/steel compound. The blade is extremely sharp on one side and jagged, like a hacksaw blade, on the other side.

PRESS CLIPPINGS

One of the best ways for characters to find out the recent history on a local subject is by checking back papers. Major papers save every article printed and have the articles classified by subjects. One article on Joe Montana would appear in files on the NFL, the San Francisco 49ers, and on Joe Montana. This excellent documentation gives characters with access to those files an incredible investigative resource.

The characters should be curious why the Silver Arrow Vigilante isn't a legend worthy of legitimate investigative journalists. They should at least wonder why, with all the cases the police have, they never heard of the Silver Arrow Vigilante. Checking press clippings may help answer these questions.

If the characters check police files first, then they will know the exact dates and could look up the articles in any library microfilm file. If the characters did not or could not get the information from the police, then they will have to look in the clip files of their major paper. Looking at the headlines of every paper to find silver arrow cases would take years.

CASES FOUND IN CLIP FILES

ANIMAL MURDERS

The Devil Dog and Central Station Beast stories are under this heading. The Central Station Beast article is very close to the information in the police files. The essence of the Devil Dog article is as follows.

DEVIL DOG

May 3, 1969. Morning edition. Page 1-A.

The string of mutilated bodies that has terrorized this city from Early March until yesterday was not caused by some mythological monster.

It was a domestic monster, a rabid dog, that was responsible for the tragic deaths that have plagued our city.

"It was just a rabid Rottweiler that got out of hand," Detective Frank McGuinn said. "The deaths are terrible, but this case is over." McGuinn was the head of the investigation team looking into the murders. McGuinn said that it must have been a very intelligent animal to evade capture this long, but that the disease finally destroyed the dog's ability to think in terms of survival.

Police Chief Cy Morgan cited the bravery of his officers and the skill of marksman Dick Pearlman who killed the dog. Pearlman killed the dog with one shot from an M-41 military rifle.

CENTRAL STATION BEAST

July 26, 1942. Evening edition. Page 1-A.

Two police officers were slain today as they were trying to arrest a suspected kidnapper at Central Station.

Officers Clyde Morris, 42, was pronounced dead at the scene at 11:29 a.m. Officer Michael Mayer, 27, died of internal injuries at 3:56 a.m. at Kelly Memorial Hospital. The killer of the officers was himself slain by Detective Samuel Ginsberg and other officers who arrived in support of Morris and Mayer.

The subject's identity is unknown. Police said that the killer was a Black man, 25-30 years of age, standing about 6'5" tall. The subject was being arrested in connection with the disappearances in the Central Station area reported since mid-November. No further information is known about the disappearances.

Witnesses claimed that the subject was not a Black man, but a black furred beast standing at least seven feet tall. Witnesses also described a drawn-out battle between the "beast" and a robed man who carried a bow and shot the subject several times. The witnesses continued to say that the subject was not in any way human and had been killed by an oncoming train, not police bullets.

"I think the crowd panicked when they heard the gunshots," Ginsberg said. "We shot down a black man who killed two good cops. There weren't any monsters."

Police officials said the search for the missing persons related to the case will continue.

"We're doing everything we can," said Commissioner George Hammersmith. "Our best lead was killed, and I'm afraid we have very little to go on. I would tell the families of the missing victims to suspect the worst." Hammersmith had no comment on the witness claims of a seven-foot monster, saying the idea was "ludicrous."

Unnamed police officials said that the subject was indeed connected with the disappearances in the Central Station area. The official also said that the missing persons are presumed dead and there is little hope that any of them are alive.

SILVER ARROWS

Two cases fall under this category; the Grand Park Slasher and the John Doe Killer. The information in these articles is very close to the information in police files. The exact forensics information would not be included. The other three cases are not listed under this heading.

FILES UNDER "JOHN DOE" KILLERS

The Grand Park Slasher, Central Station Beast and John Doe killing spree are under this heading.

GRAND PARK SLASHER

December 7, 1974. Morning edition. Page 1-A.

A horrible mystery drew to a close early this morning as a man the police identified as the Grand Park Slasher was slain in the very park he terrorized for 10 months.

Police have not identified the man, and sources inside the force speculate that the John Doe's identity may never be known.

Police Detective Francis Parkmeyer said that fingerprint checks had already placed the John Doe at the scene of all seven Grand Park child murders that took place from Feb. 18 to the last victim on Nov. 27.

John Doe was found near a Bowie knife, a weapon police had long ago said was the instrument of death in all of the murders. Parkmeyer said that forensics had not given official confirmation that the knife found at the scene was the weapon used in the child murders, but preliminary reports indicate that distinguishing marks on the blade match marks found on the victim's remains.

"I have no doubt that what we have found is the body of the Grand Park Slasher," Parkmeyer said. "The prints match and other details that we didn't release to the press match up as well. He's the one."

The body was found at 5:15 p.m. this morning by a maintenance crew. Police said he had been slain with a silver-tipped arrow that pierced his heart. Time of death was estimated at 1:30 p.m.

JOHN DOE KILLING SPREE

September 6, 1956. Extra edition. Page 1-A.

It seemed like there was nothing left that could phase the jaded residents of the inner city, but true terror was reintroduced to the streets last Thursday as a man took the lives of seven innocent victims.

Even to the residents of hell's kitchen, the murder-spree took on a surreal quality that shocked them to their souls. Police have been unable to discover the identity of the killer, and he rests in the city morgue with "John Doe" tied to his toe and a silver arrowhead buried in his heart.

The police were powerless against the mysterious assailant who seemingly came from nowhere to take the lives of his victims before disappearing into the back alleys and side streets. The "John Doe Killer," as he has been labeled, was finally stopped at approximately 3:10 a.m. this morning by another mystery man who cut the killer down with a silver arrow.

Police are completely clueless as to the reasons of the killer or the identity of the vigilante who cut John Doe down a mere block from his last victim.

"We have no conclusions at this time," said Detective Gordy Mulhauser. "This whole incident is overwhelming. The nature of the killings, all the killings, is new to us."

Police Chief Irvin Smith could not be reached for comment.

The article goes on to list names, times and locations of the killings.

GM's Note: Copy the Police Reports and news clippings and pass them out to your players as they check the various sources. They make great props, and will get the players thinking.

CITY LEADS THE NATION

Close examination of the police files will reveal that there have been 27 serial murderers or serial disappearances in the last 50 years. The next closest city in America has had seven in that same time span.

The press corps are not entirely aware of how high the serial-murder rate in their fair city. While they know the city is violent, they really have no clue that the discrepancy in serial murder rates is so high. The reason they don't know is because the police are covering up the fact.

The cover up has not been a large, planned operation by the higher ups, but rather an unspoken bond amongst the homicide detectives. Some officers know that there is an unknown factor in their work, and the old-timers will admit that most serial-killings just stop on their own after a few victims.

Any psychologist will tell you that serial killers rarely "just stop" on their own. Examination of the multiple murder files the police have under the heading "Serial killers" by any competent psychologist would reveal that the cases did indeed fit the classic interpretation of the serial killer.

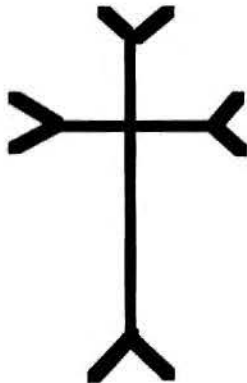
Of the 27 cases listed under the heading, four have been caught by police work, five have turned up dead (the cases listed above) and eighteen have stopped with no explanation.

THE ARROW'S TRAIL

The markings on the arrow as well as the arrowhead itself are the character's main clues. The same sources can be used to research these markings as were used to research the King Murder markings.

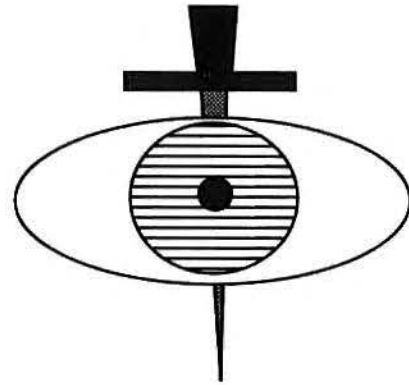
THE CROSS

The symbol on the flats of the arrowhead is a cross with small "V"s at the end of each line.



The cross represents God, and the "V"s are a symbol of vigilance. The symbol has only been seen in the character's city and they date back to the 1880's. The cross was symbol of the Saviors, a witch-hunting group in the late 1800's. The symbol stands for "vigilance before God," which meant that the Saviors would protect against witches for all time.

THE EYE



The symbol on the shaft of the arrowhead is an eye with a dagger behind it. This symbol is also connected with the Saviors, and it has only been seen in this city. The eye represents watchfulness, and the dagger represents death. This symbol means that the Saviors are always watching for witches and will kill them on sight.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

All of the arrowheads are nearly identical and made with excellent quality. Any silversmith will tell the characters that the arrowheads were handmade by a very talented artisan. Silver artisans will not know the artist, but will refer the characters to a handful of weapons makers who deal in custom work.

It will not take much detective work to get the name of the man who made the arrows. There are five weaponeers in the city who specialize in custom weapons using rare metals. Four of these weaponeers will take one look at the arrowhead and know its maker: Alder Jessup.

ALDER JESSUP

Alder Jessup sold his shop years ago and is retired. His address is in the phone book. Jessup, 72, has been retired for at least ten years and the other weaponeers aren't even sure if he is alive. None of the weaponeers know his whereabouts.

Jessup was known as the master silver smith in America. His work is of exceptional quality, a family tradition that dates back to the mid-eighteen hundreds. Jessup forged his own silver and other metals, using a formula passed down from father to son over the last two centuries. Jessup's blades are said to be as hard as steel but made primarily of silver.

Jessup lives in a secluded house on the outskirts of the city. He is an old man and lives alone. He wants no trouble from the police or the characters and will cooperate in every way.

If the characters ask about the arrowheads, he will calmly tell the characters who they were made for—Jebadiah Ichabod Erickson. Jessup is merely a craftsman and has little connection with Erickson. Jessup does know Erickson's address, as he has been delivering the arrowheads since he was a little boy.

All elements of Jessup's story will check out. He did own a store downtown which he sold in 1976 when the neighborhood went truly bad. The store was completely legit and all records are kosher. The address Jessup gives the characters is listed as belonging to a Jebadiah Erickson.

JEBADIAH ERICKSON

BACKGROUND CHECK

Depending on the resources of the characters, there is a great deal of information to be gathered from various records about Erickson.

Social Security. Checking social security records on the name will turn up only one Jebadiah Erickson, born in May 11, 1905 (date reported, he has no birth records on file. Actual birthdate is 1886). He shows no record of having worked a day in his life.

Property Records. Available through the city library, the character can check ownership of the address. Jebadiah Erickson bought the three-story townhouse in 1935, and the ownership hasn't changed since.

Tax Records. Enterprising characters could tap into the IRS records and read up on Erickson's history. In 1932 Erickson inherited close to \$750,000. He has been investing in various interests in the last sixty years and is now worth about 5.4 million. He has no property (other than his house) and all assets are liquid, held in stocks and bonds. All taxes he has paid have been based on investment returns—he has never been charged a dime of personal income tax.

Police Files. Erickson has only one entry in his police file. Erickson had been raving to police about a group of witches he called "Marie's Children." The file says that Erickson was committed to Hilltop Sanitarium in 1947. Erickson was released in 1952.

HILLTOP SANITARIUM REPORT

A copy of Erickson's release report is included in the police file.

Name: Jebadiah Ichabod Erickson.

Birthday: May 11, 1905.

Age: 52.

Date arrived: July 7, 1947.

Reason committed: Diagnosed as raving paranoid. Potentially dangerous to others. Ordered to be kept in maximum security by police.

Initial reports: Subject showed repeated delusions of race of monsters he called "Marie's Children." True to classical paranoia cases, no evidence was required to back up his claims. Subject said Marie's Children lived underground and came out mostly at night to feed on humanity. Erickson said Marie's Children could be hideous or they could be living amongst us and they must be stopped at all costs.

Progress reports: Erickson showed little progress in the first year and attempted escape four times. The third time he was successful, escaping in a rage after reading about a mass murderer in the paper.

Subject was re-captured by police three days later. Erickson was put in maximum security and newspaper privileges were revoked.

After three years, subject began to show outward signs of improvement. Doctors allowed him small privileges, but were very wary of Erickson's intelligence and calculating mind. The staff agreed that Erickson hadn't been cured, but was pretending to be so in order to gain release.

Release report: On the adamant advice of Detective Gordy Mulhauser, Erickson was released from custody against the written opinions of the staff psychologists.

GM's Note: *Mulhauser passed away in 1983 at the age of 72.*

IS THIS TOO EASY?

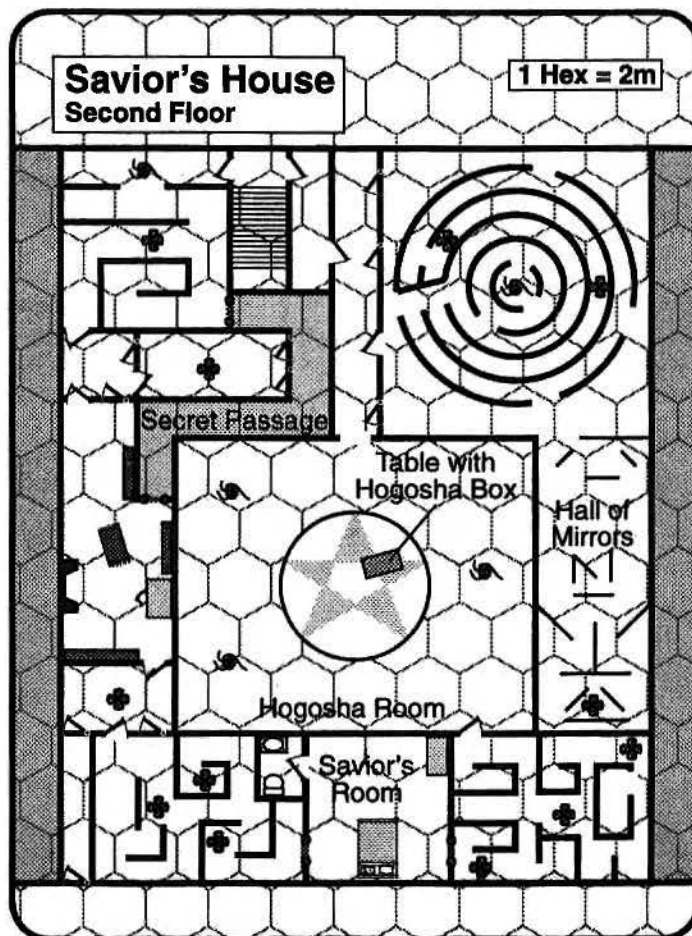
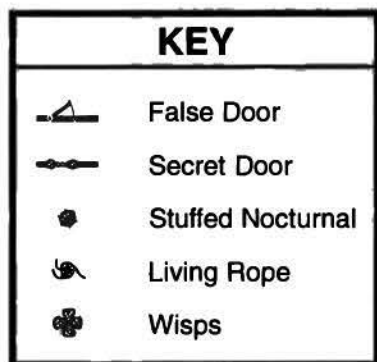
The characters may be wondering why Savior's trail is so easy to follow. They have a good deal of his history and they have his home address. They may be expecting a trap, they may be saying that this is just too convenient. The truth is that this information has been there all along, but nobody has chosen to follow up on it. The characters may soon figure out that the police have chosen to completely ignore this simple and obvious trail of evidence.

The question will remain: why? The answer is simple—the police don't want Savior to be stopped. He has found killers that they couldn't, he has saved lives that would have been lost had it been left up to the police, and he has handled the cases in a way that the police only wish they could. If the police had found these murderers, there would have been long court cases and the possibility of the murderers being put in jail. With Savior, that wasn't a problem.

The police who handled the murder cases, in particular, were happy to see the killers dead. The investigators saw all the bodies, all the gore and putrefaction that went along with Nocturnal murders. The police who do know are more than happy to keep Savior an efficient secret.

CONFRONTING SAVIOR

Whether the characters decide to capture or talk to Savior, the results will be the same. He will panic as soon as he spots the characters and will not listen to anything they have to say. If the characters are the fight-first-ask-questions-later-type, than they are perfect for the scenario. If the characters are more cautious and try to give Savior the benefit of the doubt, it may be tougher for the GM to provoke a fight. Once Savior and his house defenses start attacking the characters, however, there should be no problem.



The end result of this scenario should leave the characters with a severely wounded (preferably comatose) Savior. He is covered with defensive spells that keep heal spells from working on him, and when he is in a coma Egoists will not be able to peer into the twisted, tortured avenues of his mind. The characters will be left with a keystone predator out of the picture and, although they don't know it yet, a situation that is about to rapidly escalate to catastrophic proportions.

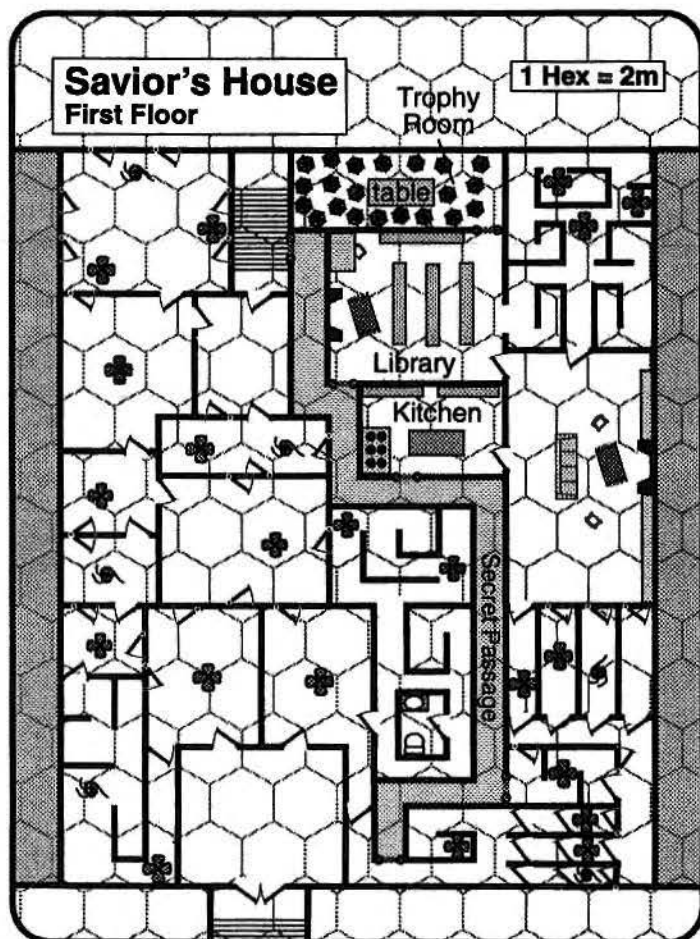
SAVIOR'S HOUSE

Savior has lived in the same location for over sixty years. There have been multiple attempts on his life by the Nocturnals and other proponents of evil, and his house is heavily defended by both magic and by mechanics.

THE HOUSE MAZE

The interior of the house has been the same since Savior renovated in 1961, but the layout is far from normal. The interior of his house is a nonsensical maze of walls, false doorways and concealed passages. Savior's rampant and well-founded paranoia led him to construct an abode that would literally take weeks to figure out. He has had decades, and he can sprint through every inch of the house blindfolded.

The characters should outnumber Savior, but it is his home turf. He knows all the traps and the entire layout, which should balance the scenario and give the characters an exciting chase scene. The household weaponry will go a long ways towards evening things out.



HOUSE DEFENSES

Savior has several levels of defenses and traps waiting to spring on would-be attackers.

- 1) **Living ropes.** These magical devices are an adaptation of a spell from India. The ropes have a SPD 5, a 7 OCV and a 50 STR (for grab and hold only). The ropes are designed to hold only, as Savior expects the Hógosha to deal with multiple intruders. Ropes are marked with a percentage sign (%).
- 2) **Wisps.** Floating balls of light that do damage by passing through the characters. This should provide an interesting change of pace to armored types, as the light is unaffected by physical boundaries. They are SPD 6, CV 6 and do 6d6 NND (desolid) whenever they pass through a person. The Wisps can only be affected by Energy attacks (4 DEF, 4 BODY). Wisps are activated when the characters enter the areas marked with a dollar sign (\$).
One Wisp per segment will appear and attack the characters until the characters leave the marked area.
- 3) **The Hógosha.** This is the mainstay of Savior's defenses—a mystical guardian that even the most experienced character should have a tough time with. The Hógosha is a 300 pound mottled worm-like creature of mystical Japanese origin that flies with a crackling of mystical energy. It is destroyed if it leaves the house, but within the house it is very powerful (see character sheet).

HÓGOSHA

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
50	STR	40	OCV: 8			
24	DEX	42	DCV: 8			
0	CON	-20	EVC: 0			
15	BODY	10	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12			
5	INT	-5				
0	EGO	-20				
25	PRE	15	Costs			
0	COM	-5				
12	PD	10	Char:	78	Base:	100
8	ED	10		+		+
5	SPD	16	Powers:	280	Disad:	—
15	REC	10		=		=
0	END	0	Totals:	358		358
0	STUN	-35				
Cost		Powers	END			
100	10d6 ED Damage Shield, zero END (mystical energy)					
45	+5 PD, +5 ED Force Field, zero END					
60	Takes no STUN or BODY (see "Automatons" in rulebook) <i>Only destroyed when reaches -15 BODY. Takes no STUN damage and can't be stunned.</i>					
5	Detect Motion sense (mystical, works against <i>all</i> motion, including invisible or desolid)					
20	Detect Motion is Targeting Sense					
25	360° Sensing with Detect Motion					
25	Zero END on STR					

Description: The Hógosha is an Automaton, a simple guardian of Savior's house. In battle, it attacks everything except Savior. Only Savior can trigger its release from the small Japanese box from where it originates (the genie in the bottle concept).

Savior has confined the Hógosha to the house, and if should leave the house it will explode in a cloud of mystical energy (no damage). Since it is an Automaton, the Grimoka will continue to fight until it reaches -15 BODY and is destroyed (the same explosion).

The Hógosha has no killing attacks, but it will continue attacking until all targets have ceased moving. It is blind, deaf and has no sense of smell—its only sense is detecting motion. A character able to stay absolutely still will be invisible to the Hógosha. The Hógosha can see any moving invisible character.

Tactics: It simply uses its tail to punch. The high velocities its whipping tail reach produce the 10d6 worth of Strength damage. Property damage is not a concern of the Hógosha. The damage shield keeps most physical attackers at bay, so the best way to beat it is with ranged energy attacks. Remember, any physical focus used on the Hógosha will suffer the 10d6 EB!

CATCHING UP WITH SAVIOR

Initially, Savior will stay in the house and try to beat the characters with his spells and his house defenses. If it becomes apparent that those tactics will not stop the characters, he will try to escape. The trouble with his fortress of a house is that there are very few points of entry/exit. He has done this to limit the number of entrances enemies can attack from, but it will work against him when he needs to escape.

This scenario has two key points; 1) to let the characters know that magic is definitely involved with this scenario and 2) to have Savior become severely injured.

Despite all of his considerable skills, he is little more than a normal man. One good shot from a powerful character could do major damage to his aging body. Most of his defenses come from magic, and he needs time to prepare them (which he does when he goes after the Nocturnals). Without his magical defenses, damage he would normally laugh at could kill him.

This should come as a surprise to the characters, who are probably used to lashing out at full power. The Hógosha should have the characters edgy enough where they won't think about using restraint. If they do take it slow and try to talk to Savior, he will attack so that the characters have no choice but to defend themselves.

The GM should feel free to arrange the situation so that Savior takes some body after a tense fight/chase through the maze of a house. There are other options to make sure that Savior is wounded by the end of the scenario.

- 1) **A Fall.** The house is three stories tall, and opportunities abound for a fall. Floors will be weakened by fighting in the house, especially by the typical holes left by rampaging Bricks. Even a one story fall could prove to be incapacitating if Savior fell on his head, for example.
- 2) **Spell backfire.** Savior could try one of his more powerful spells, either to incapacitate the characters or to escape. The trouble with his spells is that he needs ample time to perform most of them. If he is disrupted in the middle of one of his spells, the spell could backfire and he could be severely injured from the resulting energy.
- 3) **Nocturnal attack.** It is more than possible that the Nocturnals are making yet another attempt on the life of their most hated enemy. It could be a concerted effort sprung when the Nocturnals see the characters are fighting, as they plan on attacking at the first sign of weakness. More than likely the attack would come from Tricky Dick, who has the ability to circumvent most of Savior's house defenses, especially if the place is under attack by the characters. The GM should use this as a last resort only!

AFTERMATH

After the raucous romp through the townhouse, the characters should be left with a comatose Savior and a mystery no closer to being solved. Luckily for the characters, there is a whole house full of clues for them to peruse after they attend to Savior's medical condition.

GETTING SAVIOR MEDICAL ATTENTION

Regardless of what skills the characters have, they must get Savior to the hospital as quickly as possible. He is protected against any type of healing spell or power (see character sheet) as part of his protection against Nocturnal magic. It is doubtful that any character has medical facilities on his person that would allow him to deal with Savior. Savior has obvious head injuries and his vital signs are poor. If the characters have any medical knowledge, the GM may have to remind them of a top rule in medicine—don't mess with a head injury. Savior needs medical attention at the nearest hospital if he is to survive.

If the characters choose to ignore his situation, he could very well die. He is in a coma and needs immediate care if he is to live. Savior's death would have no real detrimental affect to the playability of the adventure, but it might remove some of the potential fun. If the characters ignore his situation, he will assuredly perish and the blood will be on their hands.

THE HOUSE

The house is loaded with valuable information, including a well-stocked occult library and a trophy room straight out of the Twilight Zone.

THE TROPHY ROOM

This room is hidden behind a secret door in the library. The false bookshelf is very flimsy and will come down easily if it is hit during combat. Characters who investigate the house will notice that Savior's bow, arrows and his magical paraphernalia are nowhere to be found, perhaps indicating the presence of a secret room.

The trophy room is filled with grizzly evidence of Savior's many hunts. Huge monsters, tiny monsters, humanoid and human (human-looking Nocturnals, that is) trophies fill every shelf and corner, indicating Savior has had a very successful hunting career.

The creatures vary in size, but most appear to be quite deadly. Some are so bizarre (GM should make up monsters that would be suitably impressive for his campaign) that the characters may have a tough time believing they were ever alive. The amateurish taxidermy attempts add to that impression.

CONCLUSIONS

The monsters in the trophy room should lead the characters to the conclusion that they needed Savior alive and well. Judging by the size and apparent ferocity of some of the stuffed Nocturnals, the characters may well realize that they have just made a terrible mistake. It is the sight of the trophies that should provide the characters with the final piece of the puzzle—that Savior hunted and killed monsters that no one else even knew existed. But if he was the only one who knew they were there, and he is out of the picture, what will happen now?

ARE THE TROPHIES REAL?

With a typical supercampaign, the characters will probably not have a second doubt that the monsters are real. Especially after the encounter with Wrath, the characters have little reason to doubt their authenticity. If the characters don't have a scientist in the group and want to make sure that they are not being duped, there are two probable sources.

- 1) **Taxidermists.** Any taxidermist who sees the trophies will at first be disbelieving, but as the investigation of the trophy continues disbelief will give way to incredulation. Any taxidermist will tell that characters that the animal/monster was once alive and real.
- 2) **Biologists/Scientists.** At first glance, scientist-types will refuse to believe what they are seeing (unless horrible monsters are a common occurrence in the campaign). After continued investigation, especially of skeletal structure, the scientists will confirm that the monsters were once alive and real.

SAVIOR

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
10	STR	0	OCV: 7+
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7+
20	CON	20	ECV: 6
8	BODY	-4	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12
18	INT	8	
18	EGO	16	
16	PRE	6	
12	COM	1	
8	PD	6	
8	ED	4	
4	SPD	10	
10	REC	8	
50	END	10	
29	STUN	6	
Cost	Powers	END	
80	60 pt. Magic Pool (Need bulky spellbook at house: -1/2) Set Spells (has more spells—usual set Nocturnal hunting spells listed)		
15	15" Teleport, 960" w/ 1 extra phase, set location (his house) (Five hours extra time: -3; one charge: -2; Incantation: -1/4; Gestures: -1/4; OIF - Spellbook)		
10	10 pts. Mental Defense (Gestures: -1/4; Incantation: -1/4; O END Persistent: +1; spellbook: -1/2)		
14	12 pts. Power Defense (works vs. Aid) (Gestures: -1/4; Incantation: -1/4; O END Persistent: +1; spellbook: -1/2)		
12	+12 PD, +12 ED Force Field (One turn extra time: -1; Gestures: -1/4; Incantation: -1/4; O END Persistent: +1; spellbook: -1/2)		
60	Multipower—50 pt. Pool(OIF - Arrows) Arrows (50 pt. pool)		
6u.	4d6 AP RKA (AP—only against Nocturnals -1/4; 16 charges, OIF)		
3u.	3d6 AP RKA, +8 OCV (8 charges; OIF)		
3u.	10d6 Explosion (8 charges; OIF)		
35	3d6 AP HKA at 0 END (AP—only against Nocturnals -1/4; OAF—Knife)		
10	3d6 Flash (Two charges: -1 1/2; IAF: -1/2)		
18	+6 w/ Bow		
32	+4 w/ Combat		
36	Martial Arts—Classic Comic Book		
Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage
Punch	—	+2	8d6
Kick	-2	+1	10d6
Block	+2	+2	Block, Abort
Throw	—	+1	STR + v/5; opponent falls
Dodge	—	+5	Dodge, affects all attacks, Abort +4 DC (already added in)

Skills

7	Stealth 16-
7	Shadowing 13-
7	Breakfall 16-
7	Climbing 16-
5	Concealment 13-
9	Security Systems 15-
7	Streetwise 13-
7	Lockpicking 16-
7	KS: City Knowledge 17-
5	KS: Taxidermy 14-

100+ Disadvantages

20	2x Stun from evil magic (common)
20	2x Body from evil magic (common)
25	Terrified of someone stopping him (v. common, total)
25	Must kill all Nocturnals no matter what cost (v. common, total)
10	Watched by Nocturnals (more pow, 11-)
15	Secret Identity
259	Exp. Bonus

Origin: It's the only life he's ever known.

For Jebadiah Ichabod Erickson, the stories of the Nocturnals were never legends—they were a daily occurrence. His earliest memories were filled with the training needed to hunt out and kill the monsters who stalk the streets of the city. Jebadiah never knew a childhood.

His first recollections are of archery practice, endless hours of shot after shot under the watchful eyes of his father. Fencing lessons, knife fighting, ways to kill a man or beast in seconds—it was a far cry from playing marbles with the neighborhood kids. Jebadiah's life was decided for him before he was even born. He was to follow in his father's footsteps and be a slayer of the enemy of man.

By the age of ten, he was a better fighter than most men two and three times his age could ever hope to be. His mastery of the bow was unprecedented, and even his teachers were afraid of his blades in practice. A true prodigy, his father beamed with pride as he often told his son of the great role he would play in history—protecting people from the Marie's Children. Jebadiah was a trained killer before puberty even started to show, but he wasn't ready yet.

He still had to learn the ways of magic and the dark arts. As his father always said, to truly beat your enemy you have to know them. Jebadiah spent five long years in a dark monastery in Europe, learning of pentagrams, incantations and spells. He proved to be adept at this art as well as the art of killing.

He was ready for his life's calling.

He returned to his father, ready to take over as the hunter of Marie's Children. The war his father had waged for years had not been easy, and it had turned the man prematurely old. Johan Erickson had seen many horrors in his day, and it was finally catching up with him. Once a huge, proud man who sacrificed his life that others may live in safety, he wasted in the grip of insanity, his mind caught forever in the horrors of Marie's Children.

As Jebadiah's father slipped further into the horrors of his memories, Jebadiah led the war against the hateful enemy. At first, he was respected for his selfless role in society. He was the best of the Savors, and they ignored his age and accepted him as the leader. It was far from a happy life, but he lived with respect and honor.

But it was not to last.



Gradually, his fellow Savors felt the call of a normal life. One by one they left for other parts of the country, seeking an escape from the endless task of hunting down the evil offshoots of humanity. Jebadiah could not blame them—they were good people who had worked hard and sacrificed much for their fellow man.

Time wore on, and the numbers shrank to a dedicated handful who had known no other life. Sightings of Marie's Children grew fewer and far between, and eventually became so rare that the Savors were the only ones to notice. People no longer respected Jebadiah and his comrades as they once did, and in the corners of society they started to laugh and trade quiet whispers about the crazy old men with the bows.

Still the Savors did their job, struggling on even though the people they protected were unaware of the threat, unaware that their lives were in constant danger by a horde of monsters. Unawareness turned into complete ignorance, and soon the legends of Marie's Children faded from memory.

It was no longer respectable to be a Savior, and the three men left were looked upon as crazy old men. They pressed on, silently chalking up the kills one after another. Jebadiah didn't know when they started stuffing the monsters, but it turned into a way to give their lives reason. No matter how hard people laughed, the Savors could look at their trophies and remember the danger, remember the battle, remember the reason why they fought on.

He never knew exactly why they came for him that day, but Jebadiah found himself in handcuffs talking to strange men who asked him about the monsters. He told them, having nothing to hide, perfectly willing to share with them the dangers of Marie's Children. A padded cell was his reward for honesty.

Locked away, Jebadiah was in a constant state of panic. If he wasn't out there on the streets to protect, the slaughter would be gruesome. It didn't take long for the monsters to figure out the Savors were gone, and the newspapers told him of the beginnings of a massacre. He escaped once, to end a murder spree by one of the monsters who passed for human, but they had him back in the cell again after only a few days.

He didn't see the light of day for four more years.

Jebadiah never knew exactly how the police officer had figured out he was a Savior. Detective Mulhauser had asked a few simple questions, and Jebadiah had answered truthfully. The police officer had him out of the asylum and back on the streets.

Jebadiah found that the others had all passed on, and that he was the only one left. If he passed on, there would be no one to protect humanity from Marie's Children. He must keep to himself, never telling anyone about his calling as a Savior, lest they throw him in the cell again. He must forever be alone.

After all, what was his life when compared to the safety of humanity?

Personality: Savior hasn't associated with people, other than conducting his personal finances, since 1957. He feels terribly alone, but thinks that is secondary to his task. If he has to remain alone for the next three hundred years to do his job as a Savior, he will. He is desperately afraid someone will throw him in jail again, and he will do anything to stay free. His greatest fear is that he will be locked up and Marie's Children will run free.

Savior knows that he cannot last forever and is looking for a successor, someone to carry on the fight. He'll probably be able to see one in one of the characters. It could make for an excellent continuing plot hook.

Quote: "I must not let you stop me."

Powers/Tactics: Savior has many powers, most of which revolve around his magic. Whenever he leaves the house, it is for a purpose and he has ample spells to deal with that purpose. He has used magic to slow down the aging process, and he has the body of a 30-year old male in good shape.

He never wants to fight hand-to-hand. The ideal encounter for him is dropping a target from 100 yards with one shot. While dangerous in battle, he will avoid it at all costs. Conversely, he will do anything to bring down a Nocturnal, including placing himself in great danger.

The spells listed are his typical Nocturnal-hunting package. He keeps the Teleport handy for emergencies, although he would only use it to escape the law, he won't run from a living Nocturnal. The GM should feel free to create any spell useful to the adventure, although he does not have any long-range Tracking Scent, Mental Scans or city-wide Detects (which is why he has never found the lair).

Appearance: Savior wears a black robe with a big hood that covers his head. He stands at 6-foot-1, but is usually crouched over, ready to launch his 170 pounds in any direction. He has gloves and boots of black leather tied off with leather straps. A bag on his belt carries various spell components. His bow is six feet long, a deep, shiny black lacquer.

Roleplaying Tips: Savior is a raving paranoid. Not only has he been fighting a horde of evil monsters for over a century, but the people he is trying to protect would like to throw him in jail! He has no one, and has been totally alone for almost 40 years. For Savior, there is danger on all sides—either from the fangs and claws of Marie's Children or from the laws and ignorance of society.

He will do anything to stay free. He knows that if he goes into jail again, there will be no one to stop Marie's Children. He is still a masterful hunter, but he is no longer in complete control of his facilities. There is no reasoning with him—in his mind everyone is either trying to kill him, or trying to stop him from killing the Nocturnals.

And he will never let that happen.

There is a chance that the characters will be able to bring Savior back to normal. Normal for Savior, that is. If he does get stabilized, much of his paranoia will vanish, and he'll be willing to interact with the characters on an almost regular basis. Combine this with the successor plot hook, and you have a continuing character.

MARCO MACHETE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
15	STR	5	OCV: 7+			
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7+			
14	CON	8	ECV: 3			
11	BODY	2	Phases: 4, 8, 12			
18	INT	8	Costs			
10	EGO	0				
10	PRE	0	Char: 65 Base: 100			
8	COM	-1				
4	PD	1	+ +			
5	ED	2	Powers: 43 Disad: 8			
3	SPD		= =			
6	REC	0	Totals: 108 108			
28	END	0				
26	STUN	0				
Cost		Powers		END		
11	1d6 HKA at 0 END (2d6 w/STR) (OAF— machete) 0+					
10	10 pts. Mental Defense					
Skills						
3	+1 w/ Machete					
7	Conversation 13-					
6	KS: City Knowledge 15-					
2	KS: Chess 11-					
4	Fluent English (native Nocturnal)					
100+ Disadvantages						
5	Craves human blood (common, mod)					
3	Exp. Bonus					

GM's Note: The majority of Nocturnals are similar to Marco. The highly powered ones are listed, but the low-end individuals are not. When running the fight in The Lair or the graveyard, Nocturnals the characters encounter that aren't listed will have point totals similar to Marco.

Origin: From the start, it was obvious that Marco wasn't going to spend his days withering away in The Lair while the excitement and life of this city pulsed above him. He was normal, or at least as normal as you can be when one is hatched from an egg. Marco grew and played with the other young Nocturnals, but while they were destined to slink out at night into the city of the humans, he could walk the streets in broad daylight.

In appearance, he was as normal as any Tom, Dick or Harry. In reality, he was just as bloodthirsty as the rest of his kin. Sly was the first to grasp the possibilities of Marco's human-like appearance. Sly would send Marco to the city streets during the day, looking for easy prey to take when the sun went down. Eventually, Marco moved above-ground to stay.

He stalked the right man for weeks, making sure that the loner had no friends or associates. When he was sure that the man had no one, Marco moved in for the kill. Adapting the man's identity was simple, and soon afterwards he was collecting welfare and found a place to live. During the day, he scouts for easy kills. During the night, he rendezvous with Sly and Pierre to satiate their horrid appetites.

Quote: "Don't bother fighting, it'll only make it hurt worse."

Personality: Marco is fairly one dimensional. He spends his day scouting for kills that no one will miss, and he spends the nights hunting with his only friends, Sly and Pierre. He is brash, abrasive and about as much fun to be around as a rabid bear.

He has the ability to talk his way out of things, which served him very well when the cops found him near the body of Kyle Souller. He is smart and has no police record, which led the cops to believe his intelligent story.

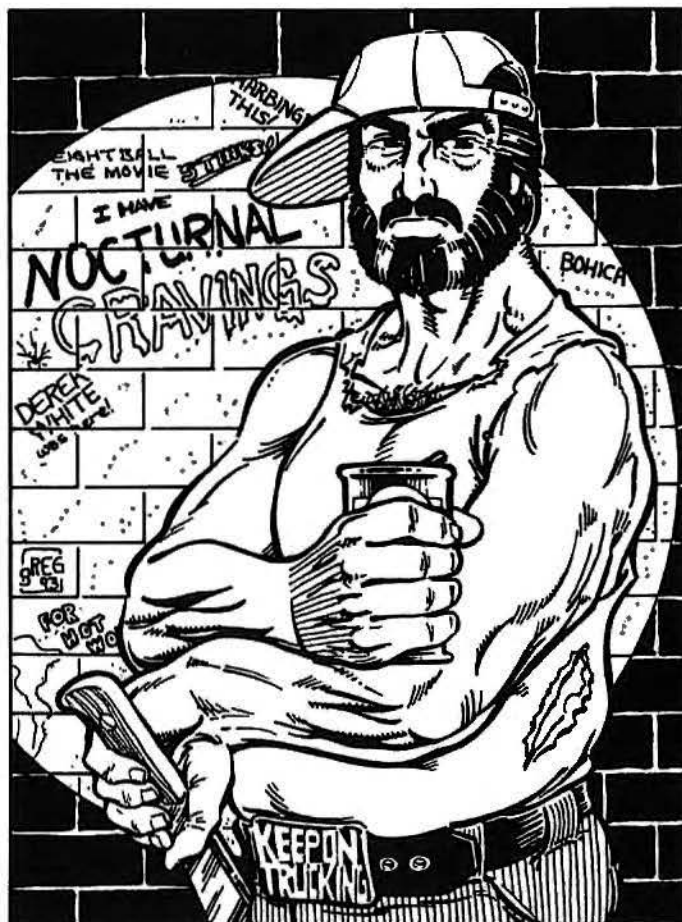
Powers/Tactics: Marco is without the natural hunting ability that most of his kin possess. He makes up for it by never taking a victim on his own. He is a spotter, finding likely victims than fetching Sly and Pierre for the kill. They scope out the prey and determine if the hunt is safe and practical.

His only weapon is the machete.

Appearance: Marco is 5-foot-8 and about 30 pounds overweight. He walks with a limp and wears dirty, smelly tee-shirts, corduroys and a large brown belt with a "Keep On Truckin'" buckle.

Roleplaying Tips: The GM probable won't have to worry about roleplaying Marco. More than likely, he will be dead within a segment after opening the door to talk to the characters. If not, simply be as rude and annoying as possible.

Champions Conversion: Marco and the rest of the low-level Nocturnals really don't need any conversion. They are low-powered, and are intended to be low-powered.



PART FOUR: PLAYING THE HAND YOU'RE DEALT

NOCTURNALS ON THE LOOSE

Rex's childhood was not filled with tales of the mystical hunters that stalked the Nocturnals, and because of this he has been able to see things in a more logical light. This fact, combined with his intense study of local occult lore, has allowed him to realize that Savior is the only thing keeping his people off the street.

In fact, the Nocturnals' numbers are so great there is little Savior could do if they were all to revert to the kill-at-will behavior of the mid-1800s, but the myth of Savior is difficult to overcome. Rex quickly realized that the majority of the Nocturnals would never believe Savior was just a man and not a mystical hunter, so he bided his time as he worked on a plan.

Attempts had been made on Savior's life before, but all were horrible failures. The handful of Nocturnals who escaped the attempts told of a slaughter within the house which served to reinforce Savior's god-like status. Savior's address is known to the Nocturnals, but the majority refuse to even go near the place.

Rex has had a few of the bravest keep Savior's house under constant surveillance, trying to ascertain a pattern of some kind of weakness. His minions will undoubtedly see the characters' assault on the house. They will also be able to see that Savior was wounded in the exchange, and by following the characters to the hospital they will have a pretty good idea that he is incapacitated.

Savior's legend among the Nocturnals is so powerful they won't go near him despite his obviously weakened condition. All of the Nocturnals are terrified of Savior, including Sly and Pierre.

MURDER CITY

News of the fight quickly produces the underworld rumor that Savior has been destroyed. Despite Rex's demands for caution, the word spreads throughout the tunnels and abandoned buildings that the enemy is gone. Nocturnals begin to give in to life-long desires for blood and human flesh—a reign of murderous terror has begun.

RIISING MURDER RATES

Police precincts all over the city are soon flooded with serious problems. Reports of monster sightings become the most common call at night, and while the cops initially dismiss these calls the sheer number of sightings begins to convince them that there is a situation. Many of these sightings are reported from the hospital, where victims with terrible wounds are spewing tales of attacks by hideous creatures.

The missing person reports rise almost as fast as the monster sightings. Within one week after Savior's fight with the characters, the missing persons rate quadruples. Within two weeks, the rate is 10 times what it was before Savior bit the dust. After three weeks, the rate will begin to stabilize at about 13 times the original mark.

POLICE HELPLESS

The Police are clueless about the sudden rise in assaults, mutilated bodies, monster sightings and the missing persons rate. In the space of two weeks, the city has gone from a bad situation to a warzone. The only police to see these monsters are a handful of sightings from out-of-uniform cops. The Nocturnals are still wary of police, and the legends of the old slaughter in which the constables played a big part is still in their psyche.

The police are also stumped by the MOs. The massively swamped staff is comparing notes on the cases, and it appears that they have at least 40 repeated MOs, all different and somehow unique. There are another 50 MOs that have not been paired up with a second case, but that doesn't mean those cases aren't out there. Police appear to be facing an army of mass murderers, and they are near-panicked trying to figure out a way to stop it.

PATROLLING ENCOUNTERS

While the characters have a solid chance of coming across a member of the feeding frenzy, the Nocturnals are not on a blind rampage. They are not killing in broad daylight nor are they going after strong-looking targets. Their predatory instincts are exceptional, and they are still taking the weak and the young. While there are, of course, a few stupid Nocturnals who will be careless, the majority are still extremely cautious about hunting.

What this means to the characters is that it will be difficult to catch a Nocturnal in action. They stalk their prey, sometimes for up to six hours, before moving in for the kill. They are patient, they will watch a victim in his apartment for as long as it takes to be sure it is an easy kill and not a trap. Nocturnals will avoid any targets that look strong or suspicious. The change from hunted to hunter is not a rapid one, and it would be months before the majority of Nocturnals make any careless hunting mistakes.

They have hunter's instincts developed by a century of persecution, so it is doubtful they will fall for character traps. They will also be sure an area is secure before striking, circling many times and checking all hiding places at a discrete distance before feeling safe enough to kill. Unless a character has considerable Stealth, patience, and KS: Hunting the chances of spotting a Nocturnal are slim.

MARCO'S TRUE IDENTITY

It is likely that the characters have already figured out Savior's purpose in life, and henceforth have assumed that Marco was one of the killers that waxed the vice principal. If the characters have not yet figured this out, forensics will tell the characters that physical evidence has linked Marco to the death of Kyle Souller and possibly the King murders as well.

DNA Match, Anyone?

If a character suspects the big picture behind the city's high mass-murder rate and Savior's behavior, the character may ask for a DNA test to be done. Police are willing to take any help they can get at this point, and they will be happy to comply with the characters request. If the characters are on bad terms with the police, they could seek out Shaughnessy who could have the test done. If it is impossible for the characters to use the police, they can contact Dr. Leah Panhk at the local university.

The Nocturnals have a very unique protein in their genetic makeup. That protein is found in Wrath, Marco and all of Saviors' trophies. Panhk or the forensics people will tell the characters that all of the samples belong to individuals who are closely related.

SAVIOR IN A COMA

Savior has become a victim of his own magic. The spells he has cast on himself protect him should he become incapacitated, but they also prevent the doctors from helping him. He is listed in critical condition. Savior escapes the bonds of his coma for moments at a time, saying only "stop them" before slipping back into the blackness of his mysterious mind.

PART FIVE: THE GATHERING STORM

"Come on Dick!" Skeeter hissed in his high, whining voice. "Can't you move any faster?" Tricky Dick blinked away a droplet of sweat that tried to find his eye. He talked through clenched teeth that held a lock picking tool while his hands worked the electronic sensor.

"Shut uh, Skeeter," Dick said, unable to perfectly from his "P"s through his clenched teeth. He knew Skeeter was in a hurry to get home and sleep. Skeeter always liked to sleep for days after a kill, and the near-mummified body of the security guard lying on the marble floor looked like he'd had a lot of blood in him. Enough blood to keep Skeeter zoned out for at least a week. Dick was looking forward to being free of Skeeter's incessant whining—a week was better than nothing.

Sly walked into the room, casually gnawing on the ragged scraps of meat left on the other guard's femur. He held the bone with one hand, like a chicken wing, the other hand lazily spinning the guard's revolver on one huge finger.

"How's it coming, Dick?" Sly asked when his teeth weren't busy scraping bone. Dick hesitated a minute, wishing he had another hand to wipe the nervous sweat away from his brow. With slight grimace he made the final cut—and the electronic eye blinked off without a sound. He pulled the tool from his teeth and went to work on the lock.

"Silent alarm shut off, Sly, we'll have the scroll in two minutes." One minute and fifty-seven seconds later the three were heading for the back door, the Book of Set scrolls safely tucked away in a waterproof tube the King had given them.

THE BOOK OF SET

The morning staff of the museum arrived the next morning to find two security guards murdered and the scrolls in the Egyptian exhibit gone. The scrolls are ancient and priceless, dating back to the time of Ramses. They once belonged to an obscure cult that was said to worship Set. The scrolls are rumored to have great destructive powers over the environment.

The main spell on the scrolls translates into the word "Storm," but the word doesn't aptly describe the gist of the magic. "Storm" is a spell that will call forth great pain, misery and enough power to enslave an entire population. The spell would bring forth a perpetual midnight, the sun would never shine again and the creatures of the night would rule the new world. The details of the spell are unclear, but there is no mistaking its purpose—to destroy a city.

THE STORM

English translation:

When the full moon rises to its greatest height above the city of the dead, the power of Set shall be unleashed upon the city of the living. With the sacrifice of innocence, the dawn of evil will be at hand.

The Storm will awaken and ravish the city with the power of the dark gods. Houses will tumble before the winds as locusts devour all food. Fires will tear through the city streets, and poisoned water will be all there is to quench a dry throat.

Bodies will pile up and there will be none to carry the corpses away. The stench of death will cling to the city.

Clouds will rise so thick and black that the sun will never again shine upon the city of the living. Daylight is never, dawn is forever, and the beasts of the night will be free to rule.

FINDING COPIES OF THE SPELL

The characters will undoubtedly want to know exactly what the spell says. There are many copies and several excellent English translations. Any good occultist would have a copy or description of the spell within the books of a personal library. Savior has a book dedicated to the Cult of Set in his library. If the characters think to look, Rex has a copy of the same book in his room.

SPELL COMPONENTS

The spell components for "Storm" are very specific. Amongst a dozen items that can be found in any occult store and are very common to all magic practitioners, there are two ingredients that are vital and rare.

RA'S EYES

Ra's Eyes were a badge worn by priests of Ra in ancient Egypt. The Eyes are a ruby surrounded by intricately worked gold into the pattern of a classic Egyptian "eye" with the ruby as the iris. Once worn as a badge of position and prestige, there are now only five known Eyes left in the world.

Two of the Eyes are in Egypt, one is in Saudi Arabia (the private collection of a prince), one is in the Smithsonian and one is owned by a local university.

For the Storm spell, the Eye must be prepared for five days. A laborious process; according to the spell instructions the Eye must be surrounded by evil in all four directions (north, south, etc.) at all times for five days. There are no special instructions for using Set's Teeth in the Storm.

GM's Note: *It is a very rare but little-known artifact, prized by the university's anthropology department. Pick the largest and/or most prestigious university near the campaign city.*

SET'S TEETH

Set's Teeth are ancient chunks of black onyx meticulously carved and polished to resemble six inch long incisors. The teeth were once to be part of a huge statue rivaling the Sphinx in size. The statue was to be a representation of the god Set. The genius who had planned the huge structure was killed by a snakebite, and none of his contemporaries could grasp the grand visage he had planned for the sculpture. The superstition surrounding the snakebite was interpreted as Set's displeasure—the god obviously was unhappy with the statue.

The superstition surrounded the teeth, which were one of the early parts of the statue due to their delicate, labor intensive nature. While finished, they had no statue to call home. The teeth were seen as a symbol of Set's displeasure, hence as a symbol of death. The teeth were smuggled throughout the empire, always fetching a high price from evil cults who longed for the power rumored to be held in the stone.

There are several of Set's Teeth in the Middle East, but only one known to exist in the Western Hemisphere. That particular tooth is held in the private collection of one Peter Keller. Rex knows that Keller has the tooth, and is sending some of the lesser powered Nocturnals to steal it. Keller has kept his possession of the tooth a secret, and there is no way that the characters can find out he has it before it is stolen.

PART SIX: THE BATTLE FOR RA'S EYE

Rex trusts only a few of his followers with delicate operations, which is why he hit the museum first. The museum could dramatically up security in a short amount of time, so he wanted it out of the way before anyone knew what was going on. Rex believes that even if the University does up security, it still won't be as great as that at the museum.

THE LAB

The anthropology lab is a typical vine-covered building found on any major university campus. While campus security is competent and makes its very visible rounds, there is no extra security for the lab. The three-story building is made of stone and is very solid. The Eye is kept in the basement vault.

The vault has a reinforced door (Def 7, BODY 4). The walls surrounding the room are reinforced concrete surrounded by earth, and the door is the only way in or out. The lock of the door is an electronic credit-card style device, the same as the rest of the campus security.

THE CREW

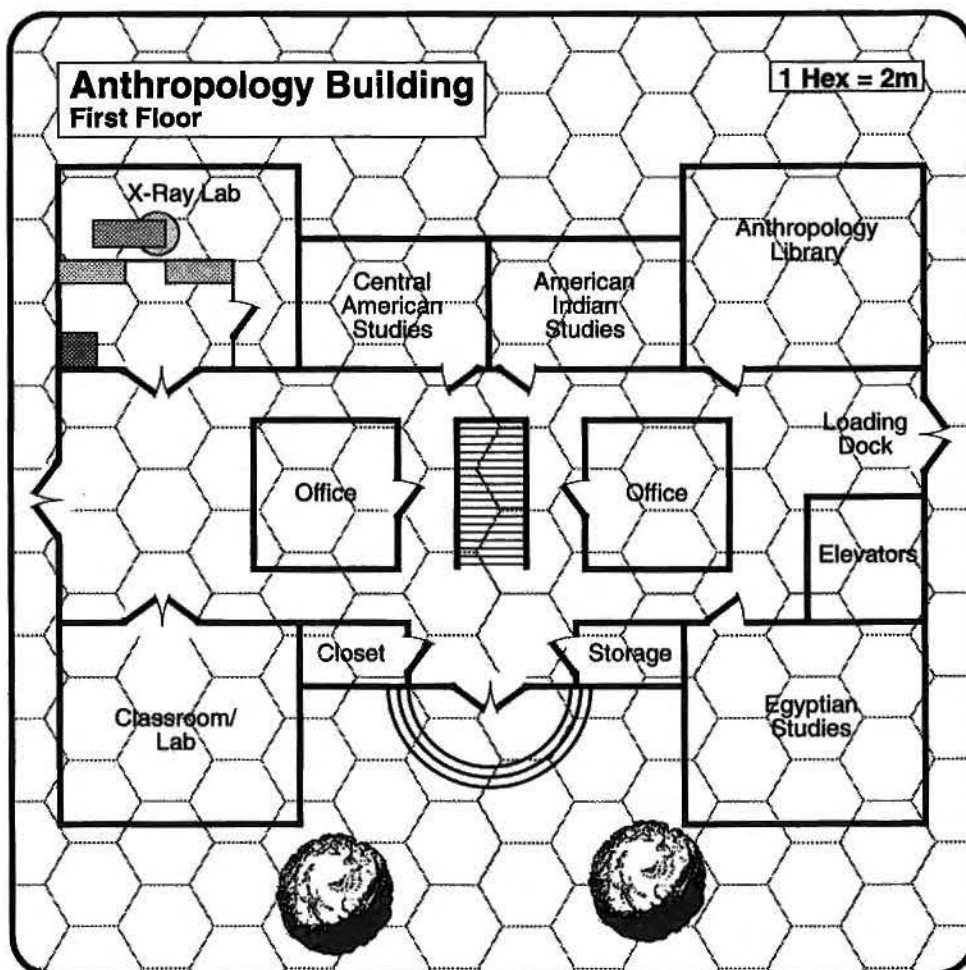
Rex is hoping for finesse, but is playing it safe by sending plenty of muscle. Pierre, Brains, Brawn, Tricky Dick and Firstborn are the advance group. Sly and Skeeter are holding back as reinforcements or to cover a quick escape.

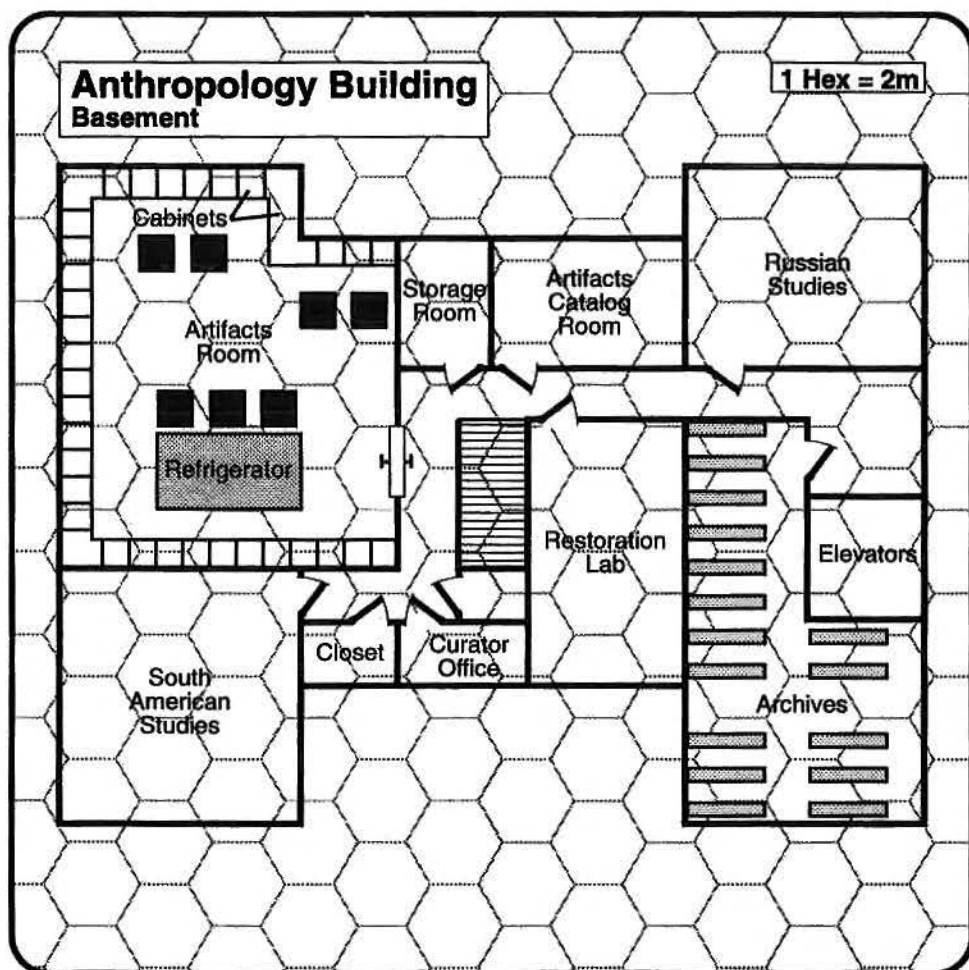
If the GM can obtain building maps for the local university, use them as the anthropology lab. If not, use the map provided. The anthropology lab has a decent security system, but it is inferior to the museums' and not a challenge for Tricky Dick.

The crew plans to hit at about 3 a.m. Dick and Firstborn are at the front, picking locks and circumventing any security systems. Brawn and Brains are close behind, ready to take out any guards or bystanders who may raise alarm. Pierre is the vanguard, ready to rush in for help if anyone enters behind Brains and Brawn. Sly and Skeeter

remain at the edge of the campus, out of sight. Sly is in a mental link with Brains and will automatically know the group's location or any danger.

The crew has maps of the building (available at the university's main information office). They plan on entering through the west door and heading straight to the stairs. From there, Dick, Firstborn, Brains and Brawn will head to the basement. Pierre will stay just inside the west door. Dick will pick the lock to the artifacts room and then the vault. Brains and Brawn will stay at the door to the artifacts room while Dick and Firstborn hit the vault. The crew will exit the same way, putting Brains and Brawn in front. Firstborn and Dick will follow with the Eye about 20 yards behind, and Pierre will again bring up the rear.





THE FIGHT

The scenario is tailored to put the characters at the scene after the Nocturnals have already penetrated the lab. The hit takes place the night after the museum, and it should take the characters that long to ascertain the Eye is a target.

Nocturnals will grab the Eye and try to escape. Pierre should prove to be a tough adversary, and will hold out long enough for Dick and Firstborn to get the Eye. The Nocturnals are not great at coordinated fighting strategy, but they do have a lot of power to throw around. They will try to fight their way out, calling in Sly and Skeeter if things begin to look bad.

They have no interest in wiping the characters out, they only want to get away and get back to Rex. If they are being beaten badly, they will scatter to allow Dick's escape. The GM should use this as a last resort, and try to tailor the encounter so that all of the Nocturnal escape *with* the Eye.

If the characters are exceptionally quick or have an occultist in the group, therefore giving them faster reaction time, the GM will have to play it by ear. The Nocturnals would risk a daytime raid, conveniently putting them at the scene when the characters arrive. They could also put more bodies into the crew attacking the lab, providing a force that can overpower the characters and get to the Eye.

The second solution poses a problem, however. The Nocturnals are likely to kill the characters if they have time. A powerful Nocturnal assault force will probably overpower the characters, who would then be in a very dangerous situation that the GM could not get out of without compromising the integrity of the plot. A daytime raid is still the best solution to very fast-thinking characters.

AFTERMATH

The characters should get a first-hand experience with the Nocturnals. The characters should be certain that Rex is trying to implement The Storm, and he is gathering components to do so. When news of the theft of the Set's Tooth reaches the characters, they will know that Rex has everything he needs to cast The Storm.

IN CASE OF CAPTURE

It is possible that the characters can come away with a Nocturnal captive. What to do with such a captive is a problem, as Tricky Dick is the only one with an official identity. The others are on no records of any kind. The characters can detain the prisoner, even send him to Stronghold if necessary.

Enough Nocturnal characters are provided, so the capture of two or three should not hamper future scenarios. The premise behind Nocturnal characters is not difficult and there are literally hundreds of them, so the GM can create new ones to replace captured individuals, if so desired.

Little information can be divulged from the captive. The Nocturnals do not talk easily, and their EGO Defense should keep information vital to the plot out of the hands of the characters. A mind probe will give the characters some information about how many Nocturnals they are up against. Telepathy will not divulge the location of The Lair unless it is *very* powerful.

IF THE CHARACTERS WIN

If the characters manage to defeat the Nocturnal crew and gain possession of the Eye, then Rex will have to play his trump card. Teleporting into the area (he is monitoring the whole battle), he will cast his teleport object spell on the Eye. Rex would like to avoid encountering the characters, and if he is forced to get the Eye himself he will do so as quickly as possible and then teleport away.

Rex will teleport as many of his followers as possible back to The Lair. Once the characters attack Rex, he will teleport himself away and leave the rest of his followers.

SLY

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
50	STR	50	OCV: 9			
27	DEX	51	DCV: 9			
30	CON	40	ECV: 5			
16	BODY	12	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12			
16	INT	6	Costs			
14	EGO	8				
24	PRE	14				
2	COM	-4				
20	PD	10				
20	ED	14	Char:	220	Base:	100
6	SPD	23		+		+
16	REC	0	Powers:	83	Disad:	203
70	END	5		=		=
56	STUN	10	Totals:	303		303
Cost		Powers				END
10	Damage Resistance (10 PD/ED)					
15	3d6 Luck					
10	10 pts. Mental Defense					
5	UV Vision					
Skills						
5	Stealth 15-					
6	Shadowing 15-					
5	Tactics 13-					
7	Conversation 16-					
5	Persuasion 15-					
6	KS: City Knowledge 15-					
5	KS: Chess 14-					
4	Fluent English (native Nocturnal)					
100+ Disadvantages						
20	2x Effects from Flash attacks					
20	2x Stun from Holy Magic attacks					
10	x1½ Body from Holy Magic attacks					
20	Craves human blood (v. common, strong)					

100+ Disadvantages

- 15 Fear of heights (common, strong)
- 15 Likes to trick people (v.common, strong)
- 25 Distinctive features (not concealable, extreme)
- 10 Hunted by Savior, 8-
- 15 Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)
- 63 Villain Bonus

Background: Even in a subterranean realm of man-eating nightmares, you can still have a bully. From the first day that Sly ripped out of his massive egg, it was clear that he was to be special amongst the Nocturnals. Walking under his own power at the tender age of four days, Sly was clearly a cut above the other youngsters in The Lair.

His strength was clear from an early age, as his body developed at a speed that made even the old ones shake their head in wonder. By six months, Sly was five feet tall and growing, a whopping 250 pounds of bouncing baby boy. Such a prodigious growth rate demanded huge amounts of food, and Sly needed to eat twice as much as the other youngsters to maintain his burgeoning body. It was from his quest for food that he got his name.

As big as he was, Sly was quicker than the sewer cats and craftier than Savior himself. While he was growing up, the powerful old ones tried to ration food as they did with all of the Nocturnals. But Sly simply *needed* more food, and his incessantly rumbling stomach forced him to search for added sustenance.

He proved to be adept at stealing, and his silver forked tongue talked more than one elder into a larger share than he deserved.

By the age of ten his growth had maxed out at an amazing 7-foot-2, 530 pounds. Easily the biggest Nocturnal to ever walk The Lair, Sly eventually stopped worrying about being crafty and took what he wanted—no one was about to argue with him. The name and the attitude stuck, and Sly enjoys using his mind as much as he enjoys using his musculature.

Quote: "Me? Why, I'm harmless."

Personality: Sly comes across more as a shifty-eyed card shark than a bruising brick. He loves to out-think his opponents more than he loves to beat the living crap out of them, although one usually goes hand-in-hand with the other. He gets a kick out of his strength and what it allows him to get away with, but he won't pursue a hand-to-hand brawl just to see who is the toughest.

He is patient, plotting, devious and impossible to provoke. Characters who try to entice him into poor tactical situations with insults or talk of bravado are in for a surprise. He will wait and look for a way to trick the characters, that being his favorite activity in all the world. He can be as charming as a 500-pound snake-man can be.

Powers/Tactics: Sly's biggest assets are his mind and his quickness. He is lightning fast for a brick, and his Stealth gives him a decided tactical advantage in dark or crowded situations. When at his sneakiest, his size is not a factor in staying hidden.



His mind is sound, one of the best Marie's creative womb has ever kicked out. He uses it to give him an edge where raw power just isn't enough. The GM should take a good look at the battle scene, looking for something that Sly can use or do to get a tactical edge on his opponents.

In HTH, he uses his speed and quickness in accordance with his strength. He usually has a speed point (or two) over his opponents, and he will take advantage of these by blocking most of the characters offensive actions and only striking when the character doesn't have a phase.

Appearance: Sly is a big fella. He is covered with iridescent scales that shine under light in a greenish-purple hue. His chest is massive, his arms are so big he can't put them all the way at his sides and his legs look like five-gallon barrels.

It is his sheer mass that belies the fact that he is as quick as some martial artists.

His face is stretched out like that of a snake. His eyes are narrow and black, and his mouth is usually open in a wicked, sly grin. Sly has the overall appearance of a big fox eyeing up the ungarded hen house. . . . A *really* big fox.

Roleplaying Tips: Sly is well named. He is a crafty devil, and takes immense pleasure in outsmarting his opponents. While he is not shy about using his strength, he is not viscous. His overall manner is that of a little kid who is up to no good and knows he can get away with it. The GM should not forget for a minute that, while a charming and engaging conversationalist, Sly craves human flesh as much as any other Nocturnal.

PIERRE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
40	STR	30	OCV: 8			
24	DEX	42	DCV: 8			
22	CON	24	ECV: 3			
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12			
8	INT	-2				
10	EGO	0	Costs			
20	PRE	10				
4	COM	-3	Char:	139	Base:	100
20	PD	12		+		+
14	ED	10	Powers:	147	Disad:	186
4	SPD	6		=		=
14	REC	0	Totals:	286		286
64	END	10				
41	STUN	0				
Cost		Powers				END
10	Damage Resistance (10 PD/ED)					
10	+5" Running (11" total)					
10	10 pts. Mental Defense					
25	Spatial Awareness (sight)					
9	Telescopic Vision (+6 vs. range penalties)					
5	Discriminatory Scent 11-					
10	Tracking Scent 11-					
3	Ultrasonic Hearing					
12	+4 with all senses					
Skills						
7	Mimic					13-
17	Shadowing 18-					
9	Stealth					17-
7	Tracking 13-					
10	Find weakness with punch (11-)					
3	Lightsleep					
100+		Disadvantages				
15	x1½ Stun from Sonic attacks (v.common)					
15	x1½ Stun from Electric attacks (v. common)					
20	Uncontrollable killer (v.common, strong)					
20	Craves human blood (v. common, strong)					
10	Hero worship of Sly (common, mod)					
25	Distinctive features (not concealable, extreme)					
15	Hunted by Savior, 8-					
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)					
51	Villain Bonus					

Origin: Imagine a creature so evil, so dangerous and deadly that even other monsters are afraid to go near him. Pierre is one such creature—the penultimate achievement in predatorial instincts and homicidal behavior.

All of the Nocturnals except Sly and Firstborn are afraid of Pierre. Even from his earliest days, it was clear that he the most vicious Nocturnal ever to crawl from an egg. He fought for food with a wild abandon that caused the old ones to separate him from the rest of the children, and even then he was apt to overpower his elders in a quest for more sustenance.

All of the Nocturnals crave human flesh, it is one of the few constants of their genetic makeup. What makes Pierre so terrifying to the rest of his tribe is a common rumor—that he is so evil he will eat Nocturnal flesh if the opportunity arises. While Nocturnals often disappear, never to be heard from again, a disproportionate number of them have happened to be Pierre's rivals and enemies. He no longer has enemies, as most are afraid to cross him.

Strangely, he has become friends with Sly—the two are often venturing out into the night looking for an easy meal. Pierre is afraid of no one except the King and Firstborn, and these are the only ones who dare tell him what to do.

Personality: Pierre makes the rest of the Nocturnals look like social workers. He loves to kill and will take any excuse possible to take a life. He is far more a predatory animal than any of his kin. Pierre lives for the hunt and relishes the kill as his greatest joy in life.

He has become friends with Sly after Pierre tried to kill him. The massive Sly looked like a meal fit for a king, and Pierre could not resist a chance at such a sumptuous buffet. After Sly thoroughly thrashed him, Pierre developed an admiration for the largest Nocturnal. The two have been fast friends ever since, and they are rarely seen apart.

Quote: "I'm hungry."

Powers/Tactics: While Sly is clever and crafty, Pierre is stupid. If it is a hunting situation set in the night with ample cover and hiding places, Pierre is tough to beat. His natural hunter's instincts are arguably the best of the Nocturnals and possibly the best in the world. His nightvision is perfect, his hearing is extremely acute and he can follow a trail that is days old. When the hunt is over, his strength allows him to weaken his prey before quickly finishing them off with his skewed jaws.



When not in a hunting situation, Pierre is not nearly as proficient. He attacks with punches and will often go for his killing attack even when it is not tactically sound. He will bite another brick three or four times before figuring out that it has no effect. Pierre swings away and hopes for the best or a chance to slip into a shadow and draw the character into his kind of fight.

After taking time to observe his prey, he will often use his mimicry to draw a victim into an ambush. The PC may hear the voice of a friend of comrade in a dark alley, calling for help. When the unsuspecting character runs to help, Pierre will be hidden and waiting for a shot at the character's back. Pierre will never use the voice of a character that is in sight.

Appearance: Pierre stands at about 6-foot-8 and weights slightly over 300 pounds. He is lean and firm, and covered with a long, thin, straggly gray fur. He is fond of wearing a black tuxedo jacket complete with tails and plaid shorts, leaving his feet bare.

His face is his most distinctive feature. He has black eyes set deep back into protective, bony ridges. His mouth is 18 inches long, and the jaws don't quite match up. The lower jaw lies a little to the left of the upper teeth, and the long black tongue hangs out the right side of the mouth.

Roleplaying Tips: Pierre should be a fun character to play. He is an idiot savant with an incredible knack for hunting. Outside of that talent, he is about as quick as guacamole.

It is doubtful there is a PC anywhere who can match his hunting prowess. What makes this fun is that when the characters finally come face to face with Pierre, he is just plain stupid. A GM can use this to give a character an inferiority complex about his intelligence, or can just use it for a lot of good-natured teasing.

Eating and hunting occupy the majority of Pierre's thoughts. He idolizes Sly and fears Firstborn. Pierre has eaten just about every type of living creature that exists in the city, and is always ready for the next meal. Remember—his smarts are comparable to asphalt, but when it comes to the pursuit and capture of prey he *never* makes a stupid mistake.

Champions Conversion: Pierre is pretty tough as is. For a regular **Champions** game, give him a point of speed, 10 points of strength, 5 to 10 points of resistant PD & ED, and up his Find Weakness roll. Add in a few levels with Hand-to-Hand, and your players will flee in terror.

FIRSTBORN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
20	STR	10	OCV: 10+			
30	DEX	60	DCV: 10+			
25	CON	30	ECV: 5			
14	BODY	8	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12			
16	INT	6	Costs			
14	EGO	8				
30	PRE	20				
6	COM	-2	Char:	184	Base:	100
16	PD	12		+		+
18	ED	12	Powers:	263	Disad:	347
5	SPD	10		=		=
10	REC	0	Totals:	447		447
50	END	0				
47	STUN	10				
Cost		Powers				END
67	50 Magic Pool (-½: Need bulky spellbook in Lair)					
48	Eclectic Martial Arts					
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage		
	Coup de pied					
	Chasse	-2	+1	10d6		
	Boxing Cross	—	+2	8d6		
	Jab	+1	+3	6d6		
	Karate Chop	-2	—	1d6+1 HKA		
	Low Blow	-1	+1	3d6 NND		
	Choke Hold	-2	—	Grab, 3d6 NND		
	Judo Disarm	-1	+1	40 STR Roll, Disarm		
	Kung Fu Block	+2	+2	Block, Abort		
	Wrestling					
	Escapes	—	—	35 STR vs. Grabs		
	+2 DC					
1	Martial Arts—Fencing (Use sword with the following maneuvers:)					
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage		
	Thrust	+1	+3	3 ½D6 HKA		
	Lunge	—	+2	4D6 HKA		
	Slash	-2	+1	4D6 HKA		
	Parry	+2	+2	Block, Abort		
	Disarm	-1	+1	40 STR Roll, Disarm		
30	Danger Sense (Mystical) 16-					
22	2d6 HKA - Sword at 0 END (OAF)					
10	10 pts. Mental Defense					
3	+1 w/ Martial Arts					
10	+2 w/ Hand-to-Hand Combat					

Skills

9	Acrobatics 18-
11	Stealth 19-
15	Shadowing 17-
9	Breakfall 18-
7	Climbing 17-
5	Concealment 13-
7	Lockpicking 17-
7	KS: City Knowledge
2	Idiomatic Nocturnal (Native French)
3	Idiomatic English

100+ Disadvantages

13	Enraged if Motherqueen is struck (unc., 14-, 8-)
20	2x Stun from Holy Magic attacks
10	x1½ Body from Holy Magic attacks
20	Craves human blood (v. common, strong)
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)
269	Villain/Exp. Bonus

Origin: He has seen it all. Firstborn is so old that he can remember when the Motherqueen was a normal-looking woman, not a swollen, bloated, egg factory. He remembers the lean times, sneaking amongst the humans looking for enough food to keep he and his mother alive. He remembers the good-old days of walking amongst the men in broad daylight and taking what was rightfully his. He remembers the horrors of the Massacre, and the incessant hounding of the vicious Savivors.

Firstborn also remembers the days when the King was a story the Motherqueen made up to entertain the young ones. He has watched every other Nocturnal grow and he has watched many die, but all of them have bought into the King religion hook, line and sinker.

At first he didn't believe the images that flashed into all of the Nocturnals heads when the boy began, unwittingly, to manifest his control. At first he tried to stop Sly, Pierre and Marco from destroying the boy's enemies and making contact with the so-called "King." At first he doubted, but every day it grows harder and harder not to believe.

Firstborn has been the leader of the Nocturnals for two hundred years, and yet this boy has done more for his people in a month than Firstborn has done all of his life. He knows, somewhere deep in his mind, Motherqueen invented the King, he is something she created out of her imagination and yet this boy fits every detail of the legend. The King's power is plain for all to see, and his voice rings with the truth.

As much as Firstborn wanted to believe this was some human trick, some ploy by Savior to destroy them once and for all, he finds himself drawn to the power of the King as much as any of the others. His doubts are still there, and the King may very well be doom for the Nocturnals rather than salvation, but Firstborn has been hiding for such a long time.

Perhaps the race is destined to be squashed under the heel of humanity, but at least with the King in control, they will die as the attackers. They will die as the enslavers—no longer can they tolerate being the enslaved.

Quote: "Bluster and boast all you like, your time on Earth will soon be at an end."

Powers/Tactics: One can imagine the amount of experience a character can gather in 200 years. Firstborn's talents and skills are widely diversified, making him a match for magicians, martial artists and energy projectors alike.

He picked up most of his magic from the covens the Nocturnals dealt with in the 1800s, although he has continued his study on his own. He has passed up the complicated, involved spells in favor of more practical, combat-oriented magic. Most of his spells have to do with the combat or pursuit and capture of humans for food (EB, entangles, attacks with invisible effects, etc.).

His martial arts are a result of natural quickness and reaction time, combined with a lifetime of fighting. He is not stupid, and will not use his killing attacks on opponents with armor or force fields. He will use them, however, on martial artists who press him in HTH.

Firstborn's preferred strategy is to catch his opponents unawares, taking them out quickly and quietly.

Personality: Firstborn has many years behind him, although he has yet to show any serious signs of aging. He has seen much suffering in his days, and his many years give him a wisdom about the world. Although he is quiet and reserved, his leadership in combat is unquestioned and most of the Nocturnals have a respectful fear of him.

Left to himself, Firstborn would rarely seek out company, preferring the sanctity of his own quarters. He is a voracious reader, and finds the written word the only worthwhile thing humans have done. He is a Nocturnal of few words, but when he speaks everybody listens, and all respect the knowledge he has attained in over two centuries of existence.



Appearance: With the exception of bristly black fur and long claws, Firstborn's body could pass for a stocky human.

Roleplaying Tips: Firstborn is quiet in combat, but has a deep bass voice when he calls out a command. He cares deeply about his kind, and his willingness to put himself in danger to save a friend could be a liability in combat. Firstborn is supremely confident, there is nothing that can phase him. He is strong, smart and can draw from two-hundred years of combat experience.

Champions Conversion: Firstborn needs about 5 to 10 more points of PD and ED, some resistant defenses, and about two speed points to become a very effective **Champions** villain. Beyond that, he can use his Magic Pool to really be dangerous.

BRAWN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
65	STR	55	OCV: 6			
18	DEX	24	DCV: 6			
30	CON	40	ECV: 3			
20	BODY	20	Phases: 4, 8, 12			
6	INT	-4				
10	EGO	0	Costs			
20	PRE	10				
10	COM	0	Char:	182	Base:	100
28	PD	15		+		+
21	ED	15	Powers:	102	Disad:	184
3	SPD	2		=		=
19	REC	0	Totals	284		284
70	END	5				
68	STUN	0				
Cost		Powers				END
24	Full Damage Resistance (28 PD, 21 ED)					
20	22 pts. Mental Defense					
10	Life Support (Self-Contained Breathing)					
5	Mind Link w/brother					
20	-10" Knockback Resistance					
10	Detect brother (sense, at range)					
10	360 sensing w/Detect					
3	+1 w/Headbutt (punch)					
100+		Disadvantages				
20	Berserk if brother is knocked unconscious (11-,11-)					
10	Enraged if brother attacked (11-,11-)					
15	x1½ Stun from flame attacks (v. common)					
15	x1½ Body from flame attacks (v. common)					
25	Highly protective of brother					
15	Craves human blood (v. common, mod)					
10	Believes the King without question (total)					
25	Distinctive features (concealable, major)					
15	Hunted by Savior, 8-					
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)					
19	Villain Bonus					

BRAINS

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
2	STR	-8	OCV: 5			
15	DEX	15	DCV: 5			
12	CON	4	ECV: 8			
6	BODY	-8	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12			
30	INT	20				
24	EGO	28	Costs			
4	PRE	-6				
6	COM	-2	Char:	120	Base:	100
4	PD	4		+		+
6	ED	4	Powers:	209	Disad:	229
5	SPD	25		=		=
9	REC	14	Totals:	329		329
44	END	10				
33	STUN	20				
Cost		Powers				END
55	Multipower (55 point Reserve)					
4u	4d6 EGO Attack					4
5u	Telekinesis (30 STR, fine manipulation)					5
4u	8D6 Telepathy					4
20	20 pts. Mental defense					
40	+20 PD, +20 ED Force Field					4
20	10" Flight					2
15	Mind Link w/ any Nocturnal (Two at a time)					
10	Sense Brawn at Range					
10	360° sensing w/Detect					
3	Mental Awareness					
13	2 levels Shrinking at 0 END, Persistent (always on)					0
100+ Disadvantages						
20	Berserk if brother is knocked unconscious (11-,11-)					
10	Enraged if brother attacked (11-,11-)					
15	x1½ Stun from flame attacks (v. common)					
15	x1½ Body from flame attacks (v.common)					
25	Hghly protective of brother					
15	Craves human blood (v.common)					
10	Believes the King without question (total)					
25	Distinctive features (concealable, major)					
15	Hunted by Savior, 8-					
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)					
64	Villain Bonus					

Origin: The egg had been larger than most, although misshapen from the start. These were minor details, and rare was the egg that was perfect, so it didn't attract much attention until the hatching.

It was clear the new offspring was large, perhaps as large as Sly had been when he hatched. But while Sly hatched with a fine, healthy body, the new Nocturnal had a severely humped back and would clearly have problems throughout life. He was taken to the nursery, where the old ones would see him through his first few days.

The next day, however, it was apparent that the newborn was not as he had appeared. When the old ones came to his crib after the day's sleep, they found blood and slime caked to the soaked sheets. The big newborn still looked all right, but there, clinging to where the hump had once been, was a tiny Nocturnal.

The two twins, who had been fused together in the shell but finally split after hatching, were inseparable throughout their adolescence. It was in the first attempts to separate them that the old ones found the two had awesome power—the big one possessed the strength of many and the little one could drop anyone with his powerful mind. As the two grew up together, their powers and dependency on each other became apparent.

Brawn was big and strong, able to best anyone in a test of strength, but he was dumber than a dead rat. He counted on Brains to do his thinking for him, filling in where the portions of his own mind were inadequate. Brains could more than make up for the lack of his brother's intelligence, and in many respects he was the smartest of the Nocturnals, a true genius. But his body was so feeble even the slightest jarring could threaten to do him serious injury. His safety was dependent on the muscles and protection his massive twin would always provide.

Apart, their inadequacies are prevalent and make for a rough existence. Together, the whole is greater than the sum of the parts and they succeed as one where two would surely fail.

Personality: Their dependence on each other has made Brains and Brawn introverted. They have a tough time relating to the other Nocturnals, and are often ridiculed for their lack of personality (behind their back, of course, who would say it to their face?). The pair appear sullen and withdrawn, and in combat they come across as highly intense individuals.

Quote: "You mess with my brother, you mess with me."

Powers/Tactics: Brains and Brawn don't always get to fight together, but when they do they are an awesome force. Their most common tactic is for Brains to do a TK grab just before Brawn's phase, allowing the bigger twin to do a pushed headbutt on the 0 DCV victim. If Brains can hold with the TK indefinitely, Brawn will serve up a deadly haymaker (20d6).

Brains will always try to avoid physical contact, and will use his flight to stay away from bricks. As soon as this is accomplished, he will try to take out other flyers first, allowing him to concentrate his powers on his brother's opponents.

Brawn is a very simple fighter, throwing punches occasionally but relying heavily on his favorite move, the headbutt (just a special effect on a punch maneuver). The knockback resistance also him to stay in close with bricks who have a higher speed. His goal in a fight is to close in and headbutt till the opponent falls. He will throw objects if necessary, but he normally want's to use his phase to close in with an opponent rather than give up the running to make a throw attack.

Appearance: In their favorite and most common appearance, Brains can always be seen sitting on Brawn's left shoulder, tail wrapped around his brother's massive neck. Brains has a sickly, weak appearance. He is misshapen with long arms and tiny legs. His skin is a pale, mottled gray while red eyes protrude from his oversized head. Brawn has the same red eyes and many of the same facial features of his brother, although his head is fairly normal looking. His body is well muscled, but his legs are proportionately shorter while his arms are proportionately longer than the rest of his body.

Roleplaying Tips: The twins are very dry characters. They will display almost no emotion unless one or the other is hurt, and then the rage will be awesome to behold. They are very close to each other and depend on each other very deeply. In combat, they tend to follow orders and both think well on their feet during encounters with the characters.

Champions Conversion: Brawn needs another speed point and some more DEX and levels to bring him up to the right power level. Brains could use another die or two of Ego Blast and a little more TK. Otherwise, he is fine as he is.



TRICKY DICK

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
15	STR	5	OCV: 9			
26	DEX	48	DCV: 9			
22	CON	24	ECV: 4			
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12			
16	INT	6	Costs			
12	EGO	4				
10	PRE	0				
8	COM	-1	Char:	135	Base:	100
16	PD	13		+		+
16	ED	12	Powers:	135	Disad:	170
5	SPD	24		=		=
7	REC	0	Totals:	270		270
44	END	0				
29	STUN	0				
Cost		Powers				END
33	Martial Arts—Dirty Infighting					
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage		
	Punch	—	+2	8d6		
	Roundhouse	-2	+1	10d6		
	Low Blow	-1	+1	3½d6 NND		
	Kidney Blow	-2	—	1½d6 HKA		
	Disarm	-1	+1	8d6 Disarm roll		
	+3 DC					
12	2d6 RKA: Automag (OAF, 6 Charges)					
11	1d6 HKA (2d6 w/STR) at 0 END: Knife (OAF)					
	0					
Skills						
7	Stealth 16-					
7	Shadowing 13-					
7	Breakfall 16-					
7	Climbing 16-					
5	Concealment 13-					
9	Security Systems 15-					
7	Streetwise 13-					
5	Computer Programming 13-					
7	Lockpicking 16-					
7	Electronics 13-					
1	Fam. w/ Small Arms					
7	KS: City Knowledge					
3	Idiomatic English (Native Nocturnal)					

100+ Disadvantages

15	2x Stun from lasers attacks (v. common)
15	2x Body from lasers flame attacks (v. common)
15	Afraid of fighting with supers (v. common, mod)
15	Craves human blood (v. common, mod)
10	Believes the King without question (total)
10	Overconfident w/burglary skills (common, mod)
20	Hunted by FBI (more pow, NCI, 8-)
15	Hunted by Savior, 8-
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)
15	Secret Identity
25	Villain/Exp. Bonus

Origin: Dick is one of the Nocturnals who are indistinguishable from humans. As soon as he was old enough to be aware of his surroundings, he enjoyed walking in the streets above and associating with humans in normal surroundings. It was akin to making friends with beef, but Dick was always careful to keep his human friends off of the Nocturnal dinner tables.

When he hit his teens, he began running with a gang. The territorial fights and drug wars were like a banquet for his brethren: when one or two of the gang members turned up missing during a rumble, it was the other gangs who would take the rap, not the Nocturnals.

Dick's daily association with the human underworld continued for years, and he gradually picked up many skills needed for a successful life of crime. What he found as he moved up the ladder from muggings to drug deals to second story work was that he truly enjoyed the danger involved with burglary. He also found that he was quite talented at it.

Tricky Dick turned into one of the top burglars in the city, and his services were in demand for those who could find the elusive thief. If people wanted a job done and didn't care if a few people turned up missing, than Dick was the guy to call. With his Nocturnal brethren helping his robberies, Dick rapidly built a reputation as a top notch second-story man.

He continues to hone his skills, and has even delved into the world of computers. He is versed on the keyboard, but his true love is still out-thinking security systems.



Personality: Tricky Dick is a shady character, much like an ugly thief who plays opposite the handsome hero. His personality is that of the bit player, never the star. Although quite talented at what he does, he is hesitant to talk about his accomplishments and demonstrates sincere modesty.

Quote: "I could get in there no problem."

Powers/Tactics: Dick is primarily a skills machine designed around infiltrating and defeating security systems. His martial arts skills are quite good, however, and combined with his superior Nocturnal strength and skills he is a formidable opponent. He avoids combat if possible and unless his kin are in danger, he will try to slip out of the action and stay out of battle.

Appearance: Dick is best known for his horrible complexion and his large, dark eyes. A victim of acne since childhood, Dick's face is cratered with pockmarks and scars.

He wears old suits that he buys from second hand stores and is fond of a blue fedora that once belonged to an unfortunate fashion plate.

Roleplaying Tips: Tricky Dick talks with a raspy voice thick with street slang. He is comfortable around the Nocturnals, but distant and suspicious of all humans. His job is primarily to break in silently, and he will avoid combat if at all possible. If his martial arts skills are needed to make the difference in an encounter, he will reluctantly step into the fray.

Champions Conversion: Dick isn't intended to be a combat monster, so he really doesn't need to be more powerful. Use him as written.

SKEETER

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
15	STR	5	OCV: 8			
24	DEX	42	DCV: 8			
20	CON	20	ECV: 3			
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12			
10	INT	0				
10	EGO	0	Costs			
12	PRE	2				
6	COM	-2	Char:	121	Base:	100
18	PD	15		+		+
19	ED	15	Powers:	141	Disad:	162
5	SPD	16		=		=
10	REC	6	Totals:	262		262
40	END	0				
30	STUN	2				
Cost		Powers	END			
40	Desolidification (affected by electricity)					4
45	3d6 AP HKA					5
20	10" Flight					2
10	12 pts. Mental Defense					
15	Active Sonar					
Skills						
5	Stealth 15-					
3	KS: City Knowledge 12-					
3	Idiomatc English (Native Nocturnal)					
100+		Disadvantages				
15	x1½ Stun from electrical attacks (v. common)					
15	x1½ Body from electrical attacks (v. common)					
20	Craves human blood (v. common, strong)					
15	Fear of Electrical powers (common, strong)					
15	Believes the King without question (unc, total)					
25	Distinctive features (not concealable, extreme)					
20	Hunted by Savior, 11-					
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)					
22	Villain/Exp. Bonus					

Origin: No one can remember if Skeeter got his name from his tendency to suck the blood from human victims or his incessant, monotone ramblings that sounded like the constant, irritating buzzing of a Mosquito's wings.

He was viewed as a normal Nocturnal, perhaps hungrier than most but still nothing special, until his ability to walk through walls was discovered. Skeeter rapidly gained a place in the hierarchy of the Nocturnal's strong, and his abilities were prized by his kin.

Despite his annoying, pestering nature, the other Nocturnals were willing to put up with him to enjoy the benefits of his powers. Many a perfect victim was locked tightly inside apartments and homes, people no one would ever miss but the noise of breaking in would attract too much attention. Skeeter provided the answer to that problem, and he has brought back many meals to his hungry kin. After he eats, that is.

Personality: Skeeter is about as annoying as they come. He talks continuously in a high-pitched, whinny voice with no change of inflection in his speech, creating a steady buzz. He is excitable and hyper.

Quote: "Time to quench my thirst."

Powers/Tactics: Skeeter is a very one-dimensional character in combat. His job is to help with infiltration, and then to sit at the edge of the scene and wait for a potential victim to show. If someone is stunned or unconscious, Skeeter will try to move in quickly and finish the character off. He will also take advantage of characters who are unawares, and if he can get the first shot in he will often take it.

His killing attack comes from his extended mouth, which is extremely hard, rigid and sharp on the end. Skeeter is a master plunging this natural weapon into his victims to quickly drain them of blood. It is so hard that he has been known to pierce thin armor and Kevlar.

Appearance: Skeeter's mouth extends over 18 inches from his head, tapering into a thin, sharp needle-like protrusion at the end. He is a small man, standing at 5-foot-4 and weighing 130 pounds. He wears a yellow trench coat that is dingy with years of filth.

Champions Conversion: Skeeter needs no modifications; use him as he is.



PART SEVEN: CITY SAVIORS

Chumpio's Dool
RAIDER POWER
Lick my Bootsauc
Hachapuke
France is Ours

Obsidian struggled to get into the mausoleum. His fist blurred in a downward arc as it smashed into Sly's snake-like head. Sly took the punch hard, but he snapped back with a right hook of his own that sent Obsidian crashing through a huge granite tombstone. All around them the fight raged.

Jaguar dove for Rex, but was brought down in a desperate grab by Skeeter. Defender flew through the doors and high into the vaulted chamber, spreading Nocturnal destruction as he tried to free up his comrades for a coordinated assault on Rex's forcewall. Seeker went down under a pile of grotesque Nocturnal bodies. Obsidian was on the ground, wrestling with Sly as more of Marie's Children swarmed over the huge creatures.

Defender stole a glance at Rex. The boy's chanting was becoming faster and more intense, reverberating off the walls of the mausoleum despite the cacophony of the raging battle. The knife in his upraised hands was glowing brightly, illuminating the terrified face of the girl strapped to granite slab in front of him.

As Defender dove to clear the pile off of Seeker, he felt helpless panic seeping through the cracks of his high tech armor.

...

The grand finale of Street Magic takes place in an old graveyard complete with a huge mausoleum. This is the "city of the dead" referred to in the spell. The characters will probably be scrambling to discover Rex's next step and get to him before the spell is cast. If they choose to ignore the immanent threat—which all occultists will desperately warn against—they may find themselves waist deep in death and destruction as Marie's Children take over the city.

The Storm requires a human sacrifice. Rex has ordered the Nocturnals to kidnap a teenaged girl. If possible, the kidnap victim should be someone who is important to the characters. If there is no appropriate DNPC to kidnap, perhaps the Nocturnals have grabbed a friend or relative of the characters.

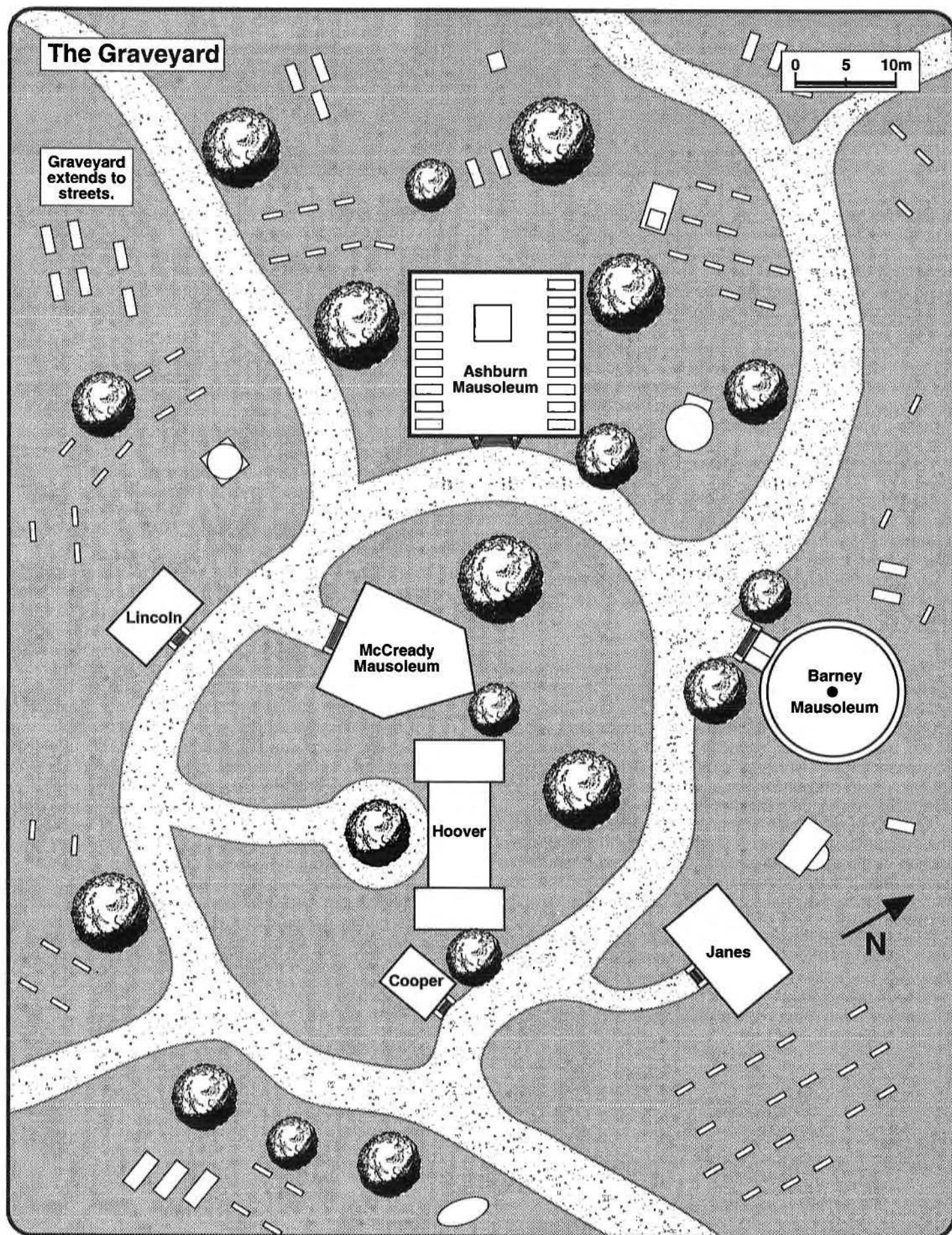
The characters should find out about the kidnapping on the night of the Storm. One of their contacts will report that they saw the girl being carried off by some of the Nocturnals, who were taking great pains not to hurt her. This will give the characters even more motivation to seek out the lair.

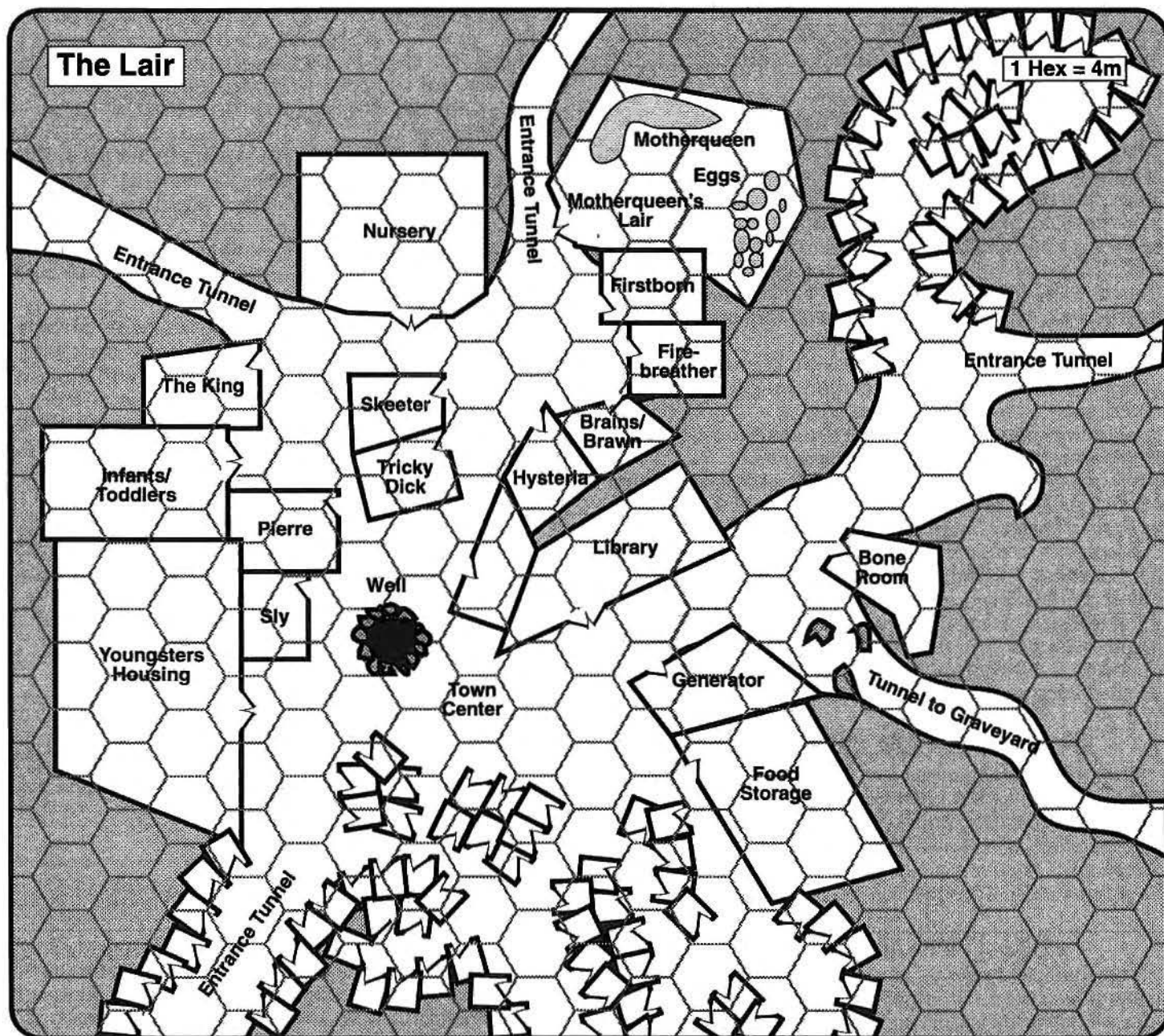
Locating the Nocturnal's position will probably be the main focus of any and all character action. Finding The Lair is by no means vital to the adventure, but characters may wish to locate it and deal with the Nocturnals as soon as possible. In addition, finding The Lair, or at least the general location, will give the characters a good idea of which graveyard Rex will use to cast The Storm.

FINDING THE LAIR

The Lair is extremely well hidden. Savior has been looking for it for over 70 years, and he has been unable to find it despite being an expert on Nocturnal culture. It is doubtful the characters could do any better if this were a normal situation, but it is far from normal. Nocturnals are growing overconfident and careless as the time of The Storm grows near. Magic energies are gathering like never before as Rex prepares to cast the dreaded spell. If anyone was ever to find The Lair, now would be the time.

- 1) **Crime stats.** Desperate or inventive characters may realize the destructive nature of the Nocturnals and use it as a key to finding them. Knowing that in years past they have not had the free reign they have now, the characters may realize that they had to keep their hunting close to home. A computer scan of locations of missing persons reports, murders, animal attacks and assaults will each reveal pockets of intensity around the city. When all of these are cross-referenced on a map, however, one area will show high concentrations of all categories—the area of The Lair. A crime-scan will not give the exact location, but it will vastly narrow the character's search area.
- 2) **Following a Nocturnal.** This solution sounds extremely simple, and it is provided the characters can find a Nocturnal to follow. Rex had told his minions not to step foot outside The Lair until the spell is cast, but now that they have tasted the freedom of the hunt many ignore his words. Setting up an elaborate, well thought-out plan to find a hunting Nocturnal and follow him (or any other way of determining his location) should work, but the GM should provide the fruits of such labor only scant hours before The Storm begins.





FINDING THE GRAVEYARD

- 1) **Finding The Lair.** If the characters find the lair and know a graveyard is going to be used ("city of the dead" is a pretty obvious clue), then it would make sense to look for the graveyard nearest The Lair. Ashburn Acres is only two miles from The Lair, and the next nearest graveyard is over eight miles away. The Nocturnals are trying to avoid detection, but there will be so many on the premises of the graveyard that characters will be sure to see a few.
- 2) **Occult search.** If there is an occultist in the group with an appropriate skill, detecting magic would narrow down the search. In the hours prior to the casting of the spell, great

magical energies will be gathering over the city. Characters with appropriate skills or talents could pinpoint the location of such magic, giving the players a good fix on Ashburn Acres, the graveyard Rex will use. NPCs could provide this service for the characters, but the GM should only do this as a last resort if the characters are truly stumped.

- 3) **News reports.** Characters who are totally clueless are not a problem. In the hours before The Storm is cast, reports of "walking dead" in Ashburn Acres will be all over the news. Mourners are running from the graveyard claiming to have seen "demons, walking dead, monsters," etc. At least seven sightings have been reported since 5 p.m., and police are beginning to cordon off the area for further investigation.

THE LAIR

GETTING IN

The Nocturnal's abode has many entrances. While most of these entryways are well camouflaged, on the night of The Storm they will all have guards. Rex's has great confidence in the spell, and has no qualms about the Nocturnals being seen. It is a miscalculation on his part, of course, because it may give away the location of The Lair, but he is vastly overconfident at this point. Every entrance marked on the map has two 100-point guards. Most of the fourteen guards could not pass for a normal human.

The guards have orders to look at whatever situation arises and ascertain the level of the threat. If the threat is minor, such as a few gang members or a single cop, the guards have instructions to handle the situation themselves. If the situation looks like a serious threat, like known paranormal or a SWAT team, the guards will use an air-horn inside the entrance to sound an alarm. The alarm will bring a reaction force to deal with the situation.

Rex wants to keep the reaction force from responding to a minor threat. This may give the characters the edge, as the tunnel guards will take a few phases to examine the situation. If the threat is obvious, they will not hesitate to sound the alarm. If a threat *looks* minor, however, the guards will try to deal with it themselves, thereby giving the characters a decided edge on infiltrating The Lair.

IF THE ALARM IS SOUNDED

If the guards manage to get to the alarm, the reaction force—ten 100 to 150 point Nocturnals led by Pierre—will respond immediately. Brains, who is at the cemetery guarding Rex along with Brawn, Firstborn, Tricky Dick, Sly, and Skeeter, will keep a mindlink with Pierre (if any Nocturnals have been captured, substitute or create new characters).

FIGHTING IN THE LAIR

The characters may be amazed at the sheer size of the underground town. If they get in without sounding an alarm, they will have a difficult time passing as Nocturnals—meaning the alarm can be sounded further into The Lair. Whenever the characters are recognized as non-Nocturnal, they will be attacked viciously. This is the Nocturnal's home and they are about to end centuries of persecution: they will not be afraid to fight the characters.

While the minor Nocturnals' harassment shouldn't be a major problem to the characters, it will slow them down and prevent them from moving in secret. The Lair is a huge area, complete with streets and buildings. The characters may get lost, but the GM should do little more than remind the characters how close they are to midnight.

If the characters encounter the reaction force, they will not be able to surprise Rex, and the defending force will be ready for them.

All told, it will be difficult for the characters to move all the way to Marie's Chamber without causing an alarm to be sounded. The characters will have to fight past the reaction force and the 100-point Nocturnals just to gain entry to Marie's Chamber, which the 500+ Nocturnals in The Lair will guard with their lives.

The Nocturnals will have little strategy at this point. Aside from the reaction force, most of the individuals in The Lair are 50- to 100-pointers. The characters would have no trouble handling them, but there are hundreds. The sheer swarm of bodies may be enough to bring some characters down. Once the characters are identified as non-Nocturnal, they will be attacked every step of the way.

GM's Note: *The GM should not try to keep stats on every minor Nocturnal in The Lair. True to comic book form, most of these agents will be knocked out with a single shot. All of them have one attack, be it claws or an energy blast or whatever the GM feels like throwing out at the time. The GM should play this for atmosphere, for setting, not get caught up in book keeping for over 500 NPCs.*

FINDING THE TUNNEL TO ASHBURN ACRES

While The Lair is full of tunnels, most of them have been walled off with stone, chunks of concrete or other debris. There is one tunnel leading off the town center that is surrounded by piles of dirt. It is obvious this tunnel has just been dug. The tunnel leads directly to Ashburn Acres.

MARIE'S CHAMBER

If the characters gain access to Marie's Chamber, they will be greeted with a horrible sight. Marie's bloated, disgusting body, surrounded by eggs of various size, occupies half of the room. French-style art (her favorite) of various sizes covers the walls.

ASHBURN ACRES

Ashburn Acres is a large and very old graveyard. Gravestones date back hundreds of years, and the oldest portion of the graveyard has markers as old as the city. At the turn of the century, Ashburn Acres was one of the ritziest places to be buried. The city's elite and mega-rich were buried here as a final symbol to their status, power and prestige.

Consequently, large sums were spent on gravestones as families tried to out-do each other. Most of the gravestones are large, while some are simply enormous. The various tombs and gravestones are all made out of granite and make very good projectiles (should a character be so callous). The GM should gage the size of the stone by the map or whatever is convenient for the scenario. Gravestones are DEF 8 and range from 3 (the smallest) to 13 (the biggest) BODY. All gravestones are unbalanced and non-aerodynamic (-4 to range modifiers).

Odds are the characters will be fighting at night, so keep in mind modifiers for darkness—Ashburn Acres is very old and the lighting is poor, even on the pathways.

THE MAUSOLEUM

Ashburn Acres has several large mausoleums and tombs, but it's the resting place of the Ashburn family that dominates the graveyard. The Ashburn tomb is at least twice the size of any other on the premises, bigger than small many modern day churches.

The tomb, made of solid granite (walls DEF 9, 8 BODY), is still black with the soot of long-dead factories that used to keep the city alive. Blackened vines cling to the walls, precariously treading the line between life and death. The tomb is extremely ornate, complete with 10-foot gargoyles that adorn the roof. Built, filled and forgotten before electricity came to the graveyard, there are no external lights. The only illumination on the hill is a strange, flickering light coming from inside the tomb—bouncing shadows stretch away from the mass of foreboding black stone, dancing in time to the shimmering within the walls.

Inside the 15-foot doors the characters will find Rex and many of his followers. The interior of the tomb is cleaner than the outside, but over a century of disrepair has taken its toll. Chunks of mortar litter the floor along with an occasional small stone that has worked free from the wall. Dust covers everything, swirling up in dirty clouds every time something moves. Cobwebs cover the place, terribly thick in the 30-foot (five hexes) vaulted ceiling.

In the middle of the room lies a concrete slab surrounded by candles. On the center of the slab is tied a teenage girl, gagged and obviously terrified. Rex stands behind the slab, dressed in full Egyptian priest regalia. He clutches the scroll in one hand and a wicked-looking knife in the other that glows with increasing intensity. As he mutters long-dead words in a voice far too deep for his small body, his eyes are ablaze with evil magic. His intentions are obvious.

The characters will arrive at the altar with only minutes before the moon reaches its apex. The GM should make it clear the characters have only six turns to stop Rex or the girl will be sacrificed and The Storm will be cast.

STOPPING REX

Rex and the victim-to-be are surrounded by a mystical 15 ED, 15 PD, 15 EGO DEF force wall. There are about twenty minor Nocturnals in the room, those held in the highest esteem by Marie and Rex. Along with the twenty-or-so minor Nocturnals, the characters have to get past the remaining majors (those that were not captured, guarding The Lair or encountered outside the mausoleum). If they snuck in without being noticed, they will have to fight all the remaining majors (those not captured or guarding The Lair), but they will also have more time.

The characters must defeat the Nocturnals and then breach the force wall to get at Rex. Rex is basically prepared for the spell and is only waiting for the moon to reach its apex, so he will be free to engage in a sorcerer's duel with any willing occultists.

GM's Note: *The girl will be sacrificed when the moon reaches its apex. This is a nice tool for the GM, who doesn't have to rely on a set time for the spell to be cast. It is almost impossible for the characters to know exactly when the moon will reach its apex—the GM can use this fact to build suspense. As the moon travels higher in the sky, the characters will never know when the exact moment will come and tension will build with each passing phase.*

The GM can use this fact to make the finale more exciting as well. If the characters are handily beating the Nocturnals, the GM can say that the moment is very near. If the Nocturnals are whipping the heroes, the GM can put the moment of apex off until the characters can gain control of the fight. The GM should use the moon's apex as a variable, thereby controlling the time of finale and tailoring the scenario for the player's entertainment value.

The moon will be at its apex for 12 segments. Rex can kill the girl anytime during that turn. When the moon reaches its apex, a moonbeam will shine through a hole in the ceiling of the mausoleum onto Rex and the girl. The moonbeam itself is not needed for the casting of The Storm, but it will let the characters know the apex has arrived (because Rex will scream it to the world).

HOW TO STOP THE SPELL

To stop The Storm from crashing down upon the city, the characters need to take Rex out of the picture or free the girl. Once the moon reaches its apex, Rex can sacrifice his victim and cast the spell within the next 12 segments. The victim is bound, so Rex only needs one attack to the throat to kill her. If he kills her during the moon's apex, consider the The Storm cast.

Knocking Rex unconscious, killing him or keeping him away from the victim during the moon's apex (or keeping the victim away from Rex) will prevent The Storm from being cast. If the characters prevent the casting of the spell, they will be left with the cleanup of the Nocturnal problem.

IF THE SPELL IS CAST

If the characters fail in stopping Rex, The Storm will be cast. It is now up to the GM how to run the rest of the adventure and possibly the rest of the campaign. The Storm will have adverse effects on a normal campaign, so there are several ways out of the situation should the characters fail.

1) Reverend M intervention. As one of the most powerful paranormals in the city, it is probable that Reverend M has a grip on what Rex is trying to accomplish. Reverend M would not want to see all of his hard work shot down by The Storm. He will have trouble instigating the second American Revolution if the people are dying by the thousands.

Reverend M and his Disciples could storm The Lair if the characters fail. With the added might of the Disciples, Rex and the Nocturnals don't have a chance of getting the spell off.

- 2) **Spell sputters.** After all of Rex's preparations, the spell just doesn't work. The GM can claim any reason for the failure of the spell. This is a truly sad way to make up for the characters' inability to deal with the situation. This should be used only as a last resort by a desperate GM.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM

The true effects of the spell are left up to the GM. The Storm is real wrath-of-God type of stuff, and there will be serious consequences to the city. The general idea is to set up an environment that is hazardous to humans and beneficial to Nocturnals. Some general guidelines: perpetual night, high winds and storms that will bring down above-ground housing, insect plagues and poisoning of most water supplies.

AFTERMATH

If the characters can't stop Rex and the GM wants the spell to be cast, the Nocturnals will rule the perpetual night. The characters will have to try to regain control of the city, either through force or through magic. If the characters fail to stop Rex, the GM should feel free to create another scenario in which the characters can destroy the spell that plagues the city. Countering the spell with magic or getting Rex to remove the spell are two possible solutions, but so is killing Rex (not a very heroic answer, is it?).

If the heroes are successful, their next action depends on the Nocturnals. As the spell fails, the Nocturnals will be filled with rage and will try desperately to punish the characters. Minor Nocturnals were spread all over the huge graveyard, and they will converge on the Mausoleum after the apex passes. The players must get out of the graveyard as hundreds of Nocturnals try to bring them down. There are just too many for the characters to fight successfully, something the GM should make clear.

Once out, they will have to deal with the Nocturnal situation. The characters may return with UNTIL, a police task force or even the Army. What they will find is a mostly abandoned Lair. The Nocturnals have vanished, off to some other location in the city that will be as well-hidden as The Lair was for over 100 years. The characters have only one solution to the problem—reviving Savior.

If the characters didn't find The Lair, then the Nocturnals will have no reason to leave. After The Storm fails, they will go back to their old ways and The Lair will be as hard to find as it was before Rex came along.

FUTURE ENCOUNTERS WITH NOCTURNALS

The GM is now left with a wonderful plot tool and organization. Rex (unless killed) will remain the leader of his new people. The Nocturnals will undoubtedly lose many members to the raid and to various mop-up efforts afterwards, but there will still be a core group of 300-400. Marie can continue as the egg-laying machine.

If Marie is out of the picture (dead, captured), future Nocturnal episodes could revolve around Rex trying to obtain cloning or reproductive technology. Rex will always be trying to find a way to enslave humanity and lead his people to glory.

REX DEPROVDECHUK (THE KING)

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
8	STR	-2	OCV: 6			
17	DEX	21	DCV: 6			
18	CON	16	ECV: 6			
9	BODY	-2	Phases: 4, 8, 12			
30	INT	20				
18	EGO	16	Costs			
10	PRE	0				
20	COM	10	Char:	84	Base:	100
2	PD	0		+		+
4	ED	0	Powers:	211	Disad:	195
3	SPD	3		=		=
10	REC	2	Totals:	295		295
36	END	0				
22	STUN	0				

Cost	Powers	END
90	60 point Magic Pool	
	<i>Set Spells:</i>	
1 - 27	15" Teleport, 120" w/ 1 extra phase, x8 mass, memorized location (The Lair) (Incantation: -¼; Gestures: -¼; 6 charges: -¾)	0
2 - 17	12 PD, 12 ED, over 12 Hexsides (OAF - Amulet, 1 Hour to Cast, Incantation, 2 Continuing Charges, each lasts 1 Hour)	0
3 - 16	4D6 Ego Attack (OAF—Amulet, Act 14-)	4
20	+40 PRE (Only for Defense, -1)	
5	Magic Skill 16-	
15	Mind Link with Nocturnals (up to 16)	2
28	6d6 Mind Scan, +4 to roll (Only usable on Nocturnals: -½)	6

Skills	
7	Oratory 13-
6	Ancient Egyptian (intimate dialects, literacy)
2	Nocturnal (fluent conversational)
3	French (fluent with accent)
7	KS: Occult 16-
7	KS: Nocturnal History 16-
9	KS: Egyptian History 18-
9	KS: Egyptian Occult 18-
3	KS: Egyptian Culture 12-

100+	Disadvantages
20	Megalomania complex (v.common, strong)
15	Wants to destroy society (common, strong)
15	Wants to enslave humanity (common, Strong)
25	Hunted by the Police (less pow, NCI, 14-)
10	Watched by occultists (as pow, 14-)
10	Villain Bonus



Origin: All his life, he was the outsider. Rex was different, that much he knew from a very early age. Acceptance was something he never found—at school, in his neighborhood, from his abusive adoptive parents. His few feeble attempts to socialize with those around him left him ridiculed and humiliated.

Negative reinforcement is a powerful tool.

He grew to be an introverted boy, preferring to spend time locked away in his room rather than running and playing in the streets with others his age—as he became more withdrawn, he faced more ridicule from his peers. School was a daily hell, a place where he was the butt of jokes and the target of bullies. Rex had the IQ of a genius, but surrounded by the environment he faced at school he was barely able to pass classes.

The more they assailed him, both mentally and physically, the more introverted he became. The vicious circle spiraled downward for years, finally sucking him so far into the depths of misery that he would never be able to crawl out, never be able to function socially or even be able to lead a normal life. He developed an intense hate for everything around him, and his thoughts turned homicidal more often than not.

It was a cruel beginning for Rex, but he had his escape from the tortuous life that surrounded him. When he was seven, he saw "Clash of the Titans" and he finally found something that captured his dark imagination and his massive intelligence.

The library became his best friend as he devoured mythology. The tales of monsters, magic and mayhem thrilled his imagination. Greek, Roman, Norse, American Indian, Oriental, Indian, African ... he quickly became an expert on all of the world's mythologies. His favorite lexicon was Egyptian. The grandiose tales of Sphinx's and Pharos were, to him, the most thrilling of all the world's myths. Rex became so enthralled with Egyptian mythology that he mastered the language, even the ancient dialects, to be able to read copies of actual texts, not just translations (when you have a 30 INT, mastering a language from reading books is not difficult).

Rex's genius had finally found a roost, and within the next two years he became—unknown to him or anyone else—one of the world's premier authorities on mythology.

Eventually he exhausted the library's substantial resources. He began to explore the city, looking for other avenues to satiate his mythology fix. Soon he found specialty book stores dealing with the occult. While the library was free, he found the prices on these books to be astounding.

But his expertise in the field finally found a profitable outlet. Rex was hired at "Coven of Books," an occult store only a bus ride from Rex's house. Not only was he able to start building his own library and devour the contents of the rare books in the store, but Rex began to make contacts within the city's occult circles. With access to information not found in many books, Rex discovered the Nocturnals.

The Nocturnal's story fascinated him. In all his research, they had only turned up in this city. Nowhere in the world was there a comparable myth. Most religions were centralized to one culture, but a purely American myth that was found in only one city? It was a puzzle worth of his genius.

He had finally found acceptance of a sort within the bizarre personalities of the occult underworld. Re-gaining his self-esteem, Rex worked to make contacts among the witches and warlocks of the city. Trading favors and research for knowledge, Rex rapidly became a bastion of Nocturnal knowledge.

In a matter of months, he had excavated every Nocturnal fact and legend ever recorded. Rex began to dream of the Nocturnals not only in slow times at the book store, but in his nightly subconscious. Rex dreamed of prowling the night streets, hunting for weak humans and dragging them away. The stories fascinated him, and as the world's greatest expert on the Nocturnals, he felt—in a way—that they belonged to him.

His personality began to flourish at the bookstore, but at school he was still a victim of brutal attacks. Introverted as ever when in the halls of learning, the Downtown Boys Club staged another—and, as it turned out, their final—attack on Rex.

A simple lunch was beyond Rex's enjoyment at school. Trying to eat his mystery entrée, the Boys Club decided it would be fun to pummel Rex in front of the student body. The attack was quick and viscous, lasting only a few seconds, but long enough to leave Rex on the floor covered in his food with a black eye and a cut on his forehead—and all of the student body watching.

Rex vowed, for the umpteenth time, never to return to school. But he knew that was an empty promise, for if he skipped his father would beat him far worse than the boy's club. Crying himself to sleep, Rex dreamed of the Nocturnals once again.

The next day he went to school, happy for once because of a delightful dream in which Go-Go Harkener had died a horrific death. But when Rex arrived at school to see Go-Go's body spiked into the bricks of Central High School fifteen feet off the ground, he knew it was no dream. Besides, Rex thought, Go-Go deserved to die.

Rex was far too smart to dismiss the incident as coincidence. He dreamed the next night as well, only to see another of the Boy's Club dead the following morning. It was the third night that he actually made contact with the Nocturnals.

Sly's huge snake-like face appearing at the window would have terrified a normal teenager, but Rex had never been so excited. With no fear for his life, Rex quietly ran outside.

"Why are you here?" he asked, so pumped on adrenaline he never realized how easily Sly could have dragged him away, into the night.

"You called to us," the big Nocturnal said with a grin that betrayed his own excitement. "We heard your thoughts, and we have answered your call at long last."

"Answered my call?" asked a confused Rex. "Who do you think I am, anyway?"

"Why," Sly said with a slight shock, "you're the King."

The statement hit Rex like sledgehammer between the eyes. The King. *The Nocturnal King*. It was the title of their legendary leader, the master of the entire race.

An evil smile crept over Rex's face. He didn't know how or why he had this title, if it was permanent or temporary, but he knew it was his destiny. Humanity had persecuted him for so long, and these fascinating Nocturnals had been hunter to near extinction. He instantly embraced the fate that brought him to this day.

And besides. There were a few more people who deserved to die.

Personality/Motivation: Rex has never had a high opinion of humanity. He has accepted the Nocturnals as his people, his race, and he now views humans as the enemy.

Rex's goals in life are inseparable from those of the Nocturnals. He strives to put his people on top and crush humanity under his heel. He is totally committed to this cause, and nothing will sway him.

Quote: "The only good human is a roasted human."

Powers/Tactics: Rex's listed set spells are only a portion of his magic pool—the spells that will definitely be used in this book. He has massive innate magical potential, and in ten years could be one of the most powerful occultists on the planet. Remember, he is only a teenager—his powers will grow considerably the more time he has to study and learn.

Rex can instantly cast any simple spell (ED, Entangle, FF, etc.) that is within his pool points. Very complicated spells (mind scanning for a single target, conjurings, pre- and post-cognition, etc.) take him more time, due to his inexperience with his powers.

Rex has been studying the occult intensively, but he is also a natural mage. He has the ability that so many occultists yearn for, a natural well of power to draw from. That power will grow in the near future, but for now he is relatively new to the magic game. This *does not* mean he should be played as a bumbling competent. He is a genius and very effective with what he knows.

Appearance: How much more normal could a master villain look? Rex is a typical skinny 13-year-old. At 4-foot-2, 95 pounds, he is shorter than most boys his age (4-foot-2). His size provides an interesting contrast to the super-bodied heroes he will undoubtedly encounter.

He has brown hair and brown eyes and would be very nondescript looking if it wasn't for his expressions. He already has the air of royalty (the 20 PRE), and when he hits a non-human rage his face is gnarled into a repository of hateful intentions.

Rex has taken a fancy to wearing Egyptian priests' clothing, and is often seen with some element of ancient Egyptian culture in his dress.

Roleplaying Tips: Don't be fooled by his age or his inexperience—Rex is the Nocturnal King. It is not some passing fancy of these monsters or an adolescent phase for Rex, he has arrived exactly as Marie's stories said he would.

His voice is still breaking with puberty, but his soliloquies are very mature. He is fiendishly smart—his intelligence makes up for his lack of physical attributes. Thoughts of death and revenge on humanity dominate half his thoughts, taking care of his people dominate the other half.

Champions Conversion: Rex isn't supposed to be that tough. In five or ten years, he'll be a monster. Right now, he's still learning. The GM might want to pump up his Magic Pool for a regular **Champions** game, but his characteristics and other powers are fine as they are printed.

MOTHERQUEEN

5 STR	6 DEX	20 CON	12 BODY	15 INT
6 EGO	8 PRE	2 COM	2 PD	4 ED
2 SPD	4 REC	20 END	23 STUN	

Powers: Summon: can summon up to 350 point Nocturnals (-2, can only call up Nocturnals in infant stage, -¼ Nocturnals are permanent {i.e. can't be sent or go "home"})

50+ Disadvantages: Huge, bloated body (frequently, fully); Distinctive features (not concealable, extreme disgust)

Origin: Motherqueen's origin is listed in the *Street Magic* section under *Motherqueen and the Nocturnals*.

Reverend M gripped the solid gold hand rail as he stared down from his marble perch onto his followers. Deep in the bowels of the Tower, M looked out across the vast hall to absorb the majesty of five thousand followers, all gazing up at him and ready to perform the will of God. He could feel the power riding up within him, the power to speak the truth and lead these people to glory.

"My children," he called. The domed ceiling that had been built to his exact vocal characteristics cast his amplified voice down upon his followers. He sounded huge, as if his words were booming from the mouth of God himself. In a way, Reverend M thought to himself, they were.

"The time has come upon us to begin the last phase of our glorious plan. Tonight we will spill forth from all across this city to tear this corrupt government down!" M shouted.

"We must get them," five thousand voices spoke as one.

"We will broadcast our message all across this nation! Tonight America will burn in the fires of retribution, and tomorrow it will belong to the people once again."

"You will guide us to the truth," the crowd said. Five thousand voices strong, the crowd was a very convincing symbol of Reverend M's power. All of the followers were glassy eyed and hung on his every word. All of the followers except for three.

"Can you believe this joker?" Seeker whispered silently from under his purple and gold robe. Solitaire turned her head slightly, just enough to catch Seeker's eye.



REVOLUTION PART THREE: THE MASSES ARISE



"We can't let him make that broadcast!" She whispered fiercely. "Millions will die if his followers rise up." Her face was a picture of fear and concern. They were standing in the midst of five thousand followers who would die for Reverend M, and they had to find a way to take him out.

"I dunno," Seeker said, his mind a blank slate of ideas. "Maybe Jaguar can think of something." Solitaire turned to her left to ask Jaguar if he had any ideas. She stopped cold before she could utter a word. Jaguar's eyes were glassy and his jaw slack as he gazed up to the podium.

"Jaguar," Solitaire whispered, "are you all right?" Jaguar turned his head, a dazed smile spreading across his face.

"I never really listened to him before," Jaguar mumbled in a dream-like voice. "He has so much to say, so much of the truth! We've been wrong about him all along, Solitaire." Jaguar turned again to face Reverend M, whose sermon was building in intensity. Solitaire nudged Seeker and gestured towards Jaguar.

"Seeker," she said unable to control the icy fear that crept up from her stomach, "I think we're in major trouble."

Part Three of *Revolution* allows the characters to focus only on Reverend M. With the concerns of *The Pack* and *Street Magic* out of the way the characters can devote full time to investigating M and his master plan.

The link between M, Weston and Keller should be apparent by now. If it is not, the facts listed below under "investigations" should clear things up. If the characters were confused as to why M's soldiers were helping Weston get the Hakura contract, the back-scratching should be easy to decipher as the characters watch the finishing touches being put on the Promised Land.

Through investigations and infiltration, the characters will discover M's insidious plot to throw America into a bloody revolution. Thirteen million followers nationwide are waiting to heed his call, and over 10,000 trained agents will spearhead the revolt in 57 major cities. The army will be powerless to stop a simultaneous uprising of the city dwellers, and most city governments and police forces should be wiped out by midnight. When the national guard finally mobilizes, it may be too late to do anything. The characters will have to find a way to stop M from sending his broadcast of doom, or the country may never be the same again.

THE PROMISED LAND

What appears to the world to be housing for over 5,000 homeless people is actually a barracks and training centers for M's 2,000 soldiers. He has built parks and recreation facilities, giving the real homeless living there a paradise in the midst of their despair. In the middle of it all is the Tower, M's headquarters for his televangelist ministries and his stronghold against the forces of the world. If M has his way, the Tower will become the seat of America's new government.

Between M's bribes and the efforts of his followers, all of the Promised Land has quietly been declared private property. Pairs of armed guards (second generation Chosen Ones) patrol the streets, questioning often and intensely. Any healthy-looking man or woman will be immediate targets of the guards' interest, making any character who chooses to walk the streets a choice target for questioning.

While still under the jurisdiction of city police, M has build an ultra-modern precinct right in the heart of the Promised Land and donated it to the city. The department was flooded with transfer requests, and almost 90 percent of the Promised Land precinct is completely loyal to Reverend M. These police work closely with the armed guards patrolling the streets, and if the guards have any serious trouble authorized police are never more than a minute away. The police under M's control do whatever the Chosen Ones tell them, and will attempt to incarcerate any characters that prove too difficult for the patrolling guards.

The overall effect of the Promised Land resembles a communistic or fascist city. No one is truly free. While the majority of citizens are happy, troublemakers can disappear without a trace. The former homeless now walk the streets with smiles on their faces but fear in their hearts. They are not about to leave the existence M has given them. They have food, work and a place to live, but they are careful about what they say. While M himself is a true and blessed leader, the homeless fear the Chosen Ones and are very careful of attracting their attention.

THE TOWER

Cost	Base Characteristics
38	<i>Building Size:</i> 49,500 Hexes (30 stories of 40 hexes x 40 hexes, basement of 150 hexes x 85 hexes)
7	<i>Grounds Size:</i> 6,336,000 hexes (5 square miles): <i>The Promised Land Assembly Hall Size:</i> 50x50
24	Building Wall DEF 2+8 = 10
6	Building Wall BODY 2+6 = 8
7	Basement DEF 10+4 = 16
2	Basement BODY 8+4 = 14
—	City Location
4	High Range Radio and TV Hearing and Transmission (OIF, Static Location)
3	PS: Cyborg Lab 12-
5	PS: Medical Lab 14-
3	Linguist lab (for translating sermons)
39	2,048 agents (Chosen Ones, Tower Guards, M's Personal Guard, Avenging Angel agents)
65	10 Containment cells, 20 DEF, 16 BODY, 150 pt. Multipower (Partial Coverage: -2; only usable to negate prisoner powers: -1) <i>listing doubles as individual cells or character strapped into laser guillotine</i>
25	Clairensience for normal sight and hearing (security cameras)
57	Defense blasters 8d6 NND-FF EB (OIF, Immobile), 64 units
64	Computer
349	Total Points

COMPUTER

Val	Char	Cost	
10	INT	0	
18	DEX	24	
5	SPD	22	
Cost	Skill		Roll
3	Defense systems operation (w/weapon familiarity) Specific targets can be quickly programmed in by guards, meaning every blaster in the Tower will shoot at that target)		11-
3	Sensor monitoring (alerting guards to on-screen presence)		11-
5	Religious history		14-
5	World history		
62	Total Cost		
30+	Disadvantages		
10	Watched by the City, State and Federal Government (Less Pow, NCI, 14-, x½)		
5	Watched by Player Characters (As Pow, 11-, x½)		
5	Watched by Dark Seraph (Less Pow, 14-, x½)		
10	Public ID		
319	Reverend M points		
349	Total Points		

The Tower is the focal point of the finale of this book. It is heavily fortified outside and in, and the weaponry installed is a challenge for even the most experienced characters. The Tower is crawling with highly trained agents, and everyone inside is totally committed to Reverend M.

Thirty stories tall, the Tower is equipped with everything M will need to run his American kingdom. In the sub-basement is the Assembly Hall, from which M conducts speeches and his church services. When the new government is ushered in the Hall will serve as the place where The Convention will meet. The Convention, the people's representatives, will make decisions and be the governing body. The Hall is fully equipped with a television studio and broadcast facilities, and it is from here that M broadcasts.

The basement that is not taken up by the vaulted ceilings of the Assembly Hall is used as an armory and a military planning center. The basement extends beyond the edges of the building itself, and the offices and strategy rooms of M's military are housed here.

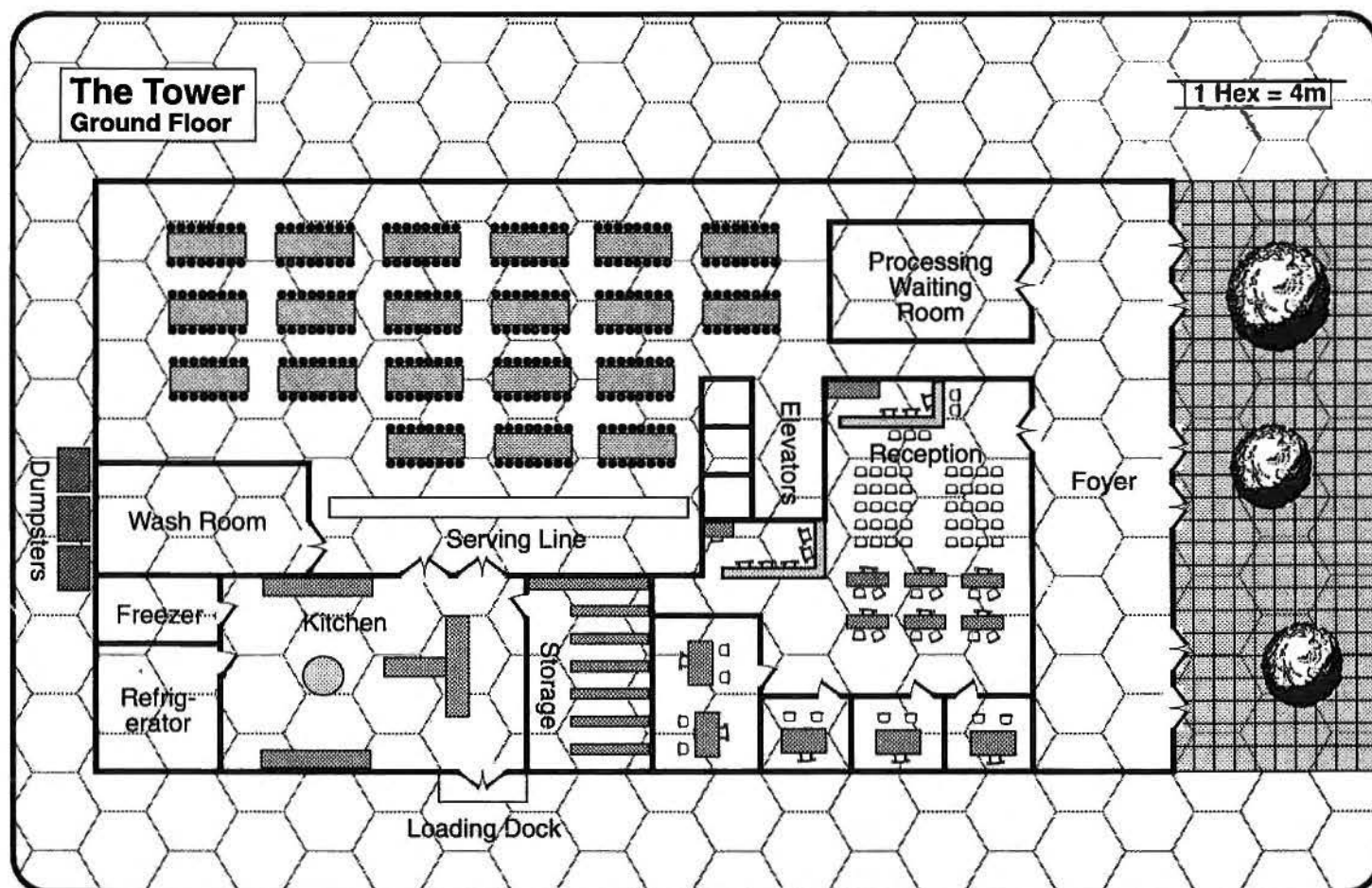
The first floor is an expansive set-up designed to help the homeless of the city. A massive cafeteria and food preparation facility dominates half of the floor, and the other half is set up with a homeless "processing center" that handles housing and work assignments. The second floor is filled with the offices of the people who run the first floor. The second floor is buzzing with activity from 6 a.m. to at least 9 p.m.

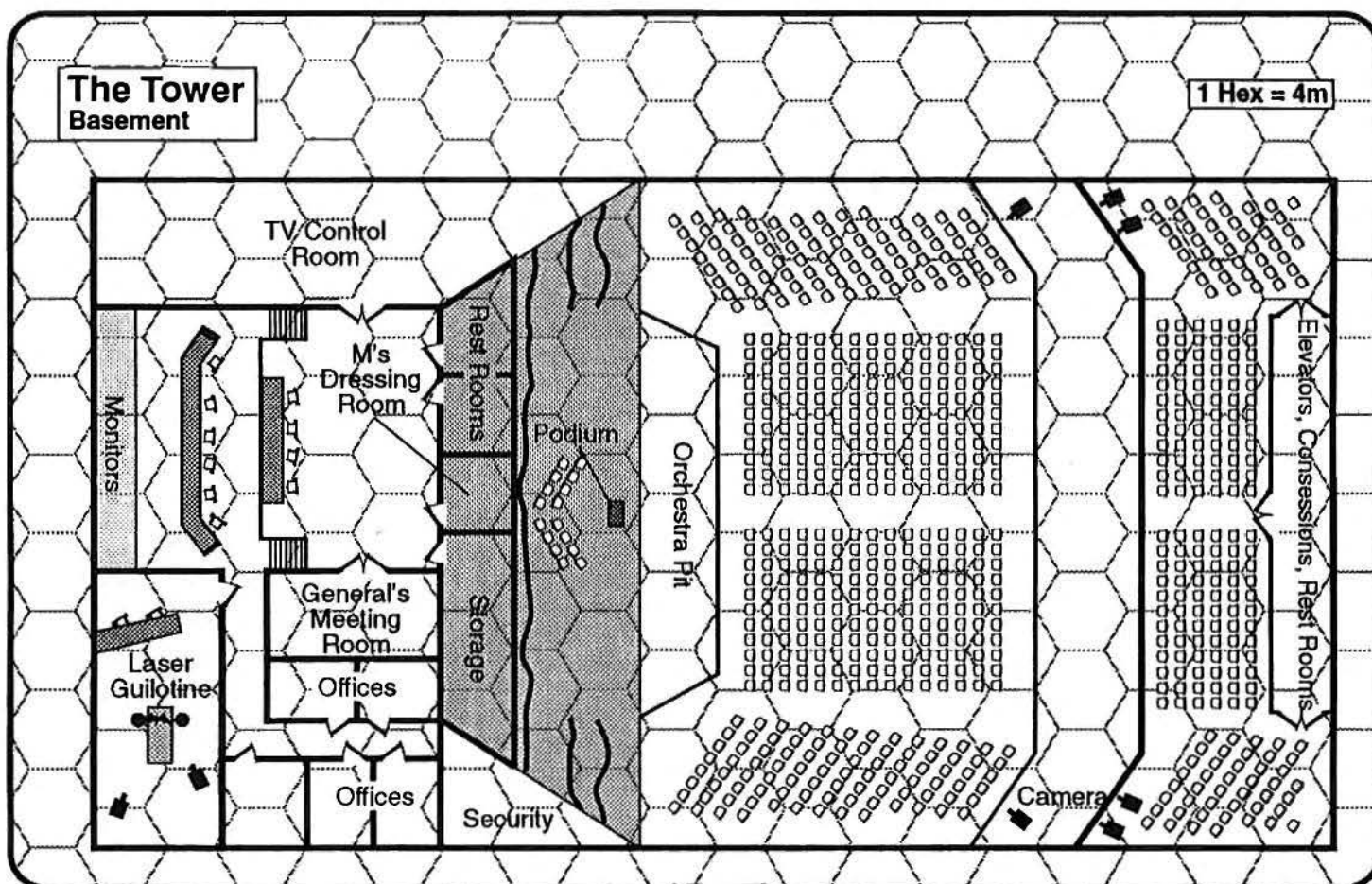
The next 22 floors, primarily empty, are filled with offices. M foresees the bureaucratic problems that will arise in his new empire and he has already planned extensively for them. Each floor houses potential space for various "ministries." Each ministry will be responsible for national coordination of a single aspect of government. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Social Services, the Ministry of Commerce, the Ministry of Trade and so on occupy these floors.

The 25th floor is the housing for M's Personal Guard. The agents are the top five percent of all the Chosen Ones. The 26th floor is the luxurious housing for the Disciples. The 27th floor is a nerve center and housing for all guard activities within the Tower.

The 28th floor is M's personal residence. The map description lists his various rooms including library, bedroom, meeting room and private chapel. Only M's top administrators are allowed here, and the number of guards who are permitted on this floor is in single digits.

The 29th and 30th floors are one and the same. A 20-foot-high roof covers a second television studio. This one is covered with a glass dome to permit activity in any weather, and the glass dome is shielded by retractable steel armor (Def 10, body 8). If the basement studio becomes disabled, M and his minions will try to broadcast from the top of the Tower. He has not used the penthouse studio yet, and its existence is mostly unknown to anybody but the builders.





WHY INFILTRATE THE TOWER?

- 1) **Clues.** The characters will probably see that something big is happening. Obviously, they will want to get to the heart of the situation. As M is headquartered in the Tower, it seems a likely place to find information. If the characters have followed up on the initial bank robberies in *Part One*, they will know that M's ministry is somehow connected with the crimes. To continuing the investigation, the only answer may be to infiltrate the Tower and find out what is going on.
- 2) **Shamus.** Everybody's favorite flatfoot is a master of meddling, and if the characters are too dense to see the strategic value of information in the Tower, Shamus is not. He could easily infiltrate the lower levels of the Tower, only to find himself in serious trouble as he moves higher into M's domain. He would be able to get out a message to the characters (Use that imagination, GM), saying the key to the M mystery lies within the Tower—and would the heroes please come and save him?

- 3) **M's Residence.** It is public knowledge that M lives at the top of the Tower. What better way do the characters have to find out about their mysterious opponent than by rooting through his personal belongings? Anyone who has heard M's sermons knows he is spreading a dangerous message. Finding out more about him may be vital if the characters want to prevent what could be a serious situation.
- 4) **Missing Persons.** People are starting to turn up missing in the Promised Land. Outspoken people, in particular, have simply disappeared—and the last place they were seen was M's playground. An NPC, a contact, source or acquaintance could turn up missing, not to mention undercover police who venture into the nest of deceit and treachery that is law enforcement in the Promised Land.

INFILTRATING THE TOWER

Taking into consideration that close to 5,000 people a day are fed at the Tower cafeteria, getting access to the building should not be a problem. The Assembly Hall is open to all members of M's church, and around 1,000 people a day filter through the massive room to worship and pray. Gaining access to the upper floors is a little more difficult.

There are three staircases, as marked on the map, and eight elevators. A single guard blocks the door to each staircase, and two guards block access to the eight elevators. The guards will only allow church members with upper-floor access or maintenance passes. If the characters observe the guards action long enough, they will notice deliveries of furniture and computers being sent up the service elevator about every ten minutes. The guards appear to have been there all day, and when people bringing boxes or furniture approach they do little more than wave that person on.

Chosen Ones (third generation) patrol in pairs on all floors up to the 25th. All floors above that are patrolled by M's personal guard. The various Ministry floors are fairly unoccupied, so almost any time a guard spots a person on one of these floors that person is questioned. The questioning is not difficult to get past, and any character with persuasion, mind control or a really good line of bull probably won't be hassled much.

Cameras look down the length of each hallway. The cameras are not hidden, nor are they particularly resistant to damage (Def 2, Body 1). The cameras transmit their images to the central security room on the 27th floor. There is enough activity in the building that any character dressed in church clothing will not be reported. However, any character seen in costume or not in church clothing will be reported, and a team of two Chosen Ones will be dispatched immediately.

Activity on the ministry floors is limited, but there are discernible actions taking place. The longer the characters watch, the more it will become apparent the maintenance crew is preparing the offices for occupancy. If the characters decide to investigate the offices, they will find boxes of blank forms such as personnel reports, requisition orders and others. All of these forms are tailored to fit whichever ministry floor the characters are on (GM's choice.)

There are no signs up with the various ministry names on them. These are being kept in a storage rooms on each floor. If the characters make any kind of effort to look at the various storage rooms, the GM should let them find the signs. The signs are three feet high by four feet wide and are meant to hang in front of each floor's reception desk.

None of the offices have been assigned occupants yet, and most of the furniture still has protective plastic wrapping on it. Computers are on every desk, and bits of Styrofoam packing are scattered everywhere. Everything the characters will see is brand new, and all of the Ministry floors look like they could be filled with workers at any time.

THE UPPER FLOORS

The upper three floors are very difficult to get at without a fight. The eight elevators listed above all stop at the 27th floor, opening into a central lobby. Two more elevators then continue up to the Penthouse, each guarded by a Chosen One (all Chosen Ones on this floor are from M's Personal Guard). One elevator is for Reverend M's use only, and it opens at the 28th floor and the Penthouse studio. The other elevator opens only at the Penthouse studio. Two Chosen Ones are at the opening of the eight elevators. The stairwells follow a similar pattern. Each staircase opens into the central lobby on the 25th floor. One more staircase allows access to the upper floors, and it is guarded by a single Chosen One.

The guards at this level of the Tower are highly trained and extremely alert. The only way the characters can gain access to the upper floors without violence is by disguise with a functioning picture I.D./pass or by mind control. Only Reverend M, the Disciples (but not Reign), Keller and Weston are allowed past the 27th floor. No amount of persuasion will convince the guards to allow anyone else to the upper levels.

There are three automatic defense guns spaced throughout the lobby. The guns (SPD 5, OCV 12, DCV 6, 2D6 RKA, Autofire, 32 charges) are programmed not to fire at the guards, who are wearing an electronic signal on their belts. Anyone without this signal will be fired upon. In any case of violence, the guards will immediately activate the guns, which start firing when the word "oxymoron" is shouted.

THE 28TH FLOOR

M's personal residence is a showcase of riches and splendor. In sharp contrast to his message of equality and anti-bourgeois society, Reverend M has used much of the money contributed to his church to set his private quarters up in style. Persian rugs cover hardwood floors, teak wood trims all doorways and all metal is solid gold. Furniture is done in oak, gold and rich purple velour.

Pictures of Reverend M are everywhere on this floor, all framed in solid gold. Pictures of him helping poor abound, as do large prints of him addressing crowds. In the center of the living room hangs a painting of Reverend M that covers the entire wall.

The bathroom is done in solid marble and gold. The dining room houses a massive black walnut table used for entertaining guests and future affairs of state. There are no cameras within M's personal residence, but there are three on the security alcove outside.

M's study houses the only written existence of his plans for America's downfall. The office is done in teak and gold, and a solid onyx desk lies in the center of the room. On the desk lies a map of America drawn out in M's vision of the future. America is divided up into ten parts of roughly equal square mileage, and each large section is subdivided into ten smaller parts. The map is labeled "Ministry of the Land Reapportionment, Final Edition."

Beneath this map lies a map of the North American continent. In this map, all of Canada has been divided into ten sections, each subdivided into groups of ten. Mexico has been divided into five parts, each sub-divided into groups of ten. The title reads "Holy Quest for Greater Land, Phases Two and Three, Final Edition." The map below that is almost identical, except that all of South America has been added, and is labeled "Phase Four."

Next to the map is a eighty-nine page report. The report bears the tricolored cross in the background, and an official looking "Ministry of The Military," logo embossed on top of the cross. Under the seal is the title, "Projected Time Table for the Great Uprising." Within the pages, the characters will rapidly be able to tell that the report outlines a city-by-city projection of urban uprising. The character's campaign city is expected to fall first, and under the city's private timetable is a plan for troop reinforcement to other nearby cities. The master timetable on page one gives the figure of two weeks for the total collapse of American government. The date that starts that two week estimate is the same day the characters are looking at the report.

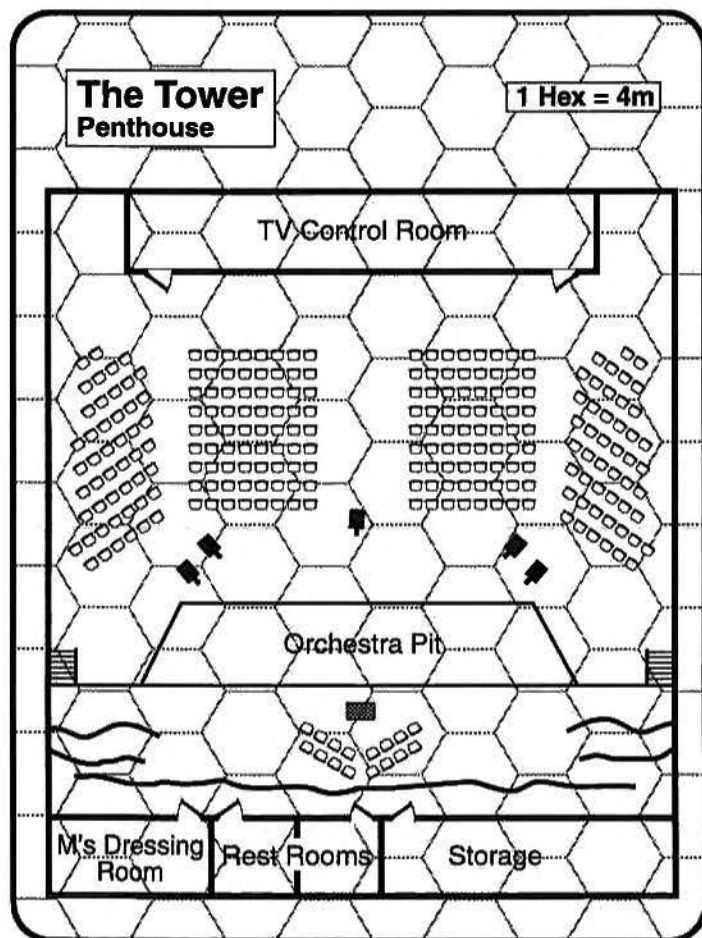
The Penthouse studio is crawling with twenty agents from M's personal guard. Nobody has permission to be on this levels with the exception of M himself and his television crew, so any character who appears in the stairwells, the elevator, or flies in with be attacked immediately unless they can pass for one of the 30 TV crewmembers. An alarm will be triggered the second the characters are seen, and all of the security in the building will react and attempt to get to the upper floors while blocking all exits out of the Tower.

If the characters are caught on the upper levels, all security forces will respond immediately. The Disciples will arrive within two turns, and the characters will have to fight past them to escape. If the characters are caught, the adventure will pick up at the death trap listed below.

DISCOVERING M'S PLAN

The best way for the characters to discover the plan is to work their way to M's study. If this proves to be impossible, here are some options for the GM to use.

- 1) **Shamus discovers the plot.** He calls the characters for help. When the characters reach Shamus, he is being attacked by the Disciples. A fight will ensue, the outcome of which will be determined by a straight-out battle. If the Disciples win, they will kill Shamus right in front of the characters, but not before Shamus has a chance to yell to the characters, "M's crazy! You have to stop him tonight or the country will burn!" If the characters win, Shamus will be able to spill the beans of the plan.
- 2) **Margaret Weston has a change of heart.** She was willing to deal with M to put her company back on top, but she is not quite willing to see America destroyed in revolution. She will contact the characters and a combat scene similar to the one listed above will occur.
- 3) **Questioning Keller.** With the word on the street is that something big is going down tonight, the characters may be pressed to find out what's going on. Keller is not very well guarded outside of his home, and has only two Chosen Ones with him at all times. If he is pressed by the characters, he will reveal the plot, but only about an hour before it is to happen. Spewing revolutionary jargon, Keller will tell the plot and laugh at the characters, telling them there is no way they can stop the all-powerful Reverend M.



THE FINAL CONFLICT

Once the characters become aware that Reverend M plans to topple the government of the United States, the characters will not have much time to act. It will be known that the M is planning to trigger the revolution that night, and the characters will have no choice but to face him in the Assembly Hall.

The Hall is packed with M's followers, as well as a large compliment of Chosen Ones and all of the Disciples. Faced with such a opposing force, the characters may have think of another strategy besides brute force to overpower Reverend M's forces. If the characters think they can defeat 100+ agents, Reverend M and the Disciples, by all means let them try. The punishment for such folly will be an immediate shortcut to the deathtrap listed below.

If the characters decide to attack the equipment instead of the man, Reverend M's plan will be thrown slightly askew. With the element of surprise, the characters should get a good enough jump on the defenders to wipe out the cameras and the production booth. While this would seem to end M's chances to broadcast his message, the characters may not know of M's reserve broadcast center on top of the Tower.

The characters will likely be defeated against such an overwhelming force and more than likely be captured. Regardless of the effect they have on the equipment, captured characters will be shipped to the death-trap listed below.

REVERED M'S DEATH TRAP

Reverend M has a special treat waiting for all who would cross him. In the grand tradition of the French Revolution, M has come up with a new approach to one of the most efficient forms of execution: the guillotine. The guillotining chamber is located on in the basement in a well armored bunker off of the main strategy complex.

The characters will awake to find themselves confined to a conveyor belt, face up. The situation resembles an assembly line, except that parts are to be removed instead of added. The conveyor is circular, so all of the characters will have a good view of the centerpiece of the room, the Laser Guillotine.

Resembling the original guillotine, the modern version sports a locking circle to hold the neck firmly. On top of the structure is a high-tech looking device (the laser) which will produce a continuous beam about two feet long. The beam slowly slides down the length of the structure and slices into the neck of the person strapped in. The laser is very powerful (a 6d6 AP HKA) and can slice through most anything.

Reverend M will be in the room as the characters awake. Once he arouses all of the characters, he will answer any questions they may have, as he is confident the characters are about to die. If the characters still don't know the plot and were just winging it, this is the perfect time to clue them in. After playing the polite host, M will demonstrate his toy by having his laser slice neatly through a block of solid steel. If the GM has a brick who thinks his defenses are too much for the laser (this is for bricks who *mistakenly* think this—if the brick can hold up to such an attack, then no demonstration is going to scare him), find a suitable material that the character knows is stronger than his defenses.

Before he leaves to begin the downfall of America, M will point out to the characters that three studio-quality cameras in the room will capture the moment for posterity. If asked, M will explain that this room is to be the showcase for nationally televised executions in the future. M will then exit with a grand sweep of his robes, leaving the characters to deal with five Chosen Ones and the laser guillotine.

The characters are strapped down with sufficient force and material to eliminate a quick escape. The GM will have to tailor the restraints to the particular characters. All weapons and foci are removed, being kept behind the broadcast console. Using the room's multipower (see Tower write-up), all known characters powers will be negated..

The purpose of this scene is to make the characters think of a way to get out. With their known powers being shut down, and they can't use any old-standby tricks. Escape is left up to the GM, but the characters should have to come up with an original plan based on the materials provided. It is possible that the characters have powers that are not known to the general public, or have not been demonstrated in combat. Such minor powers (this scene is intended to remove all major powers) could be used subtly to alter a companion's restraints. That companion in turn could use a power, now free from constraint, to help another member of the team, until someone is free to deal with the guards.

The guards are attentive, but overconfident that the characters are adequately confined. Two are watching the characters, two are preparing the guillotine and one is preparing the cameras. The characters will have a chance to perform one action each before the conveyor starts. Once the conveyor starts, the first character (decided randomly) will be locked in place in two phases. The laser will begin descent as soon as the character is locked down, and three phases later the character will take damage. If the damage is enough to kill the character, his head will roll across the floor while the conveyor begins moving again. The process will repeat until all the characters are dead or they have escaped.

Once the characters have escaped the death-trap, they will have the upper hand. If they already destroyed the Assembly Hall broadcasting facility, M would have told them about the studio on the 30th floor. If the characters were caught before they did in the equipment, they will have to attack the Assembly Hall again. However, regardless of when the characters are caught, M will be unable to resist telling them of both broadcasting facilities, which will allow the characters to plan ahead for total destruction.

RACE AGAINST TIME

M's set is lit, his makeup is ready, and all he needs is for his satellite time to open up. At 9 p.m., EST, M will broadcast his message to the estimated 13 million viewers who turn into his weekly show. All he needs is a few seconds of time to give the essentials of his speech, so the characters will have to act fast.

Whatever studio he is in for the 9 p.m. transmission, all of the Disciples will be there too. In this grand fight, the characters must realize that simply destroying the equipment will prevent M from making his speech, but it will only be a delay. Eventually, M will broadcast revolution all over the country, so the characters best opportunity to prevent this madman from throwing the country into bloody revolution may be stopping him here and now.

AFTERMATH

The results of this adventure are up to the characters. If the characters prevent the broadcast, they will have saved the country from certain disaster. If M broadcasts his message and it gets to his followers, there will be a massive uprising. If the characters prove to be unable to stop the madman, the GM has several options to prevent a second American revolution.

1) Satellite-related problems. The US government has not been blind to M's rapid rise to power. They have kept a close eye on the man and are fully aware of the implications of his message. As they are monitoring all of his broadcasts, they will have no compulsions about pulling the plug on M before he gets his entire message out. The government has the ability to jam all signals sent to and from the satellite. Any government-character the GM has in the campaign could come into play.

An overcast sky or a heavy storm could delay M's satellitewindow. This would not solve the problems for the characters, but it would give them more time to find a solution to whatever problems they are facing.

2) Shamus. The GM's best bet to get the characters out of a sticky situation. Shamus knows what is going on and knows the characters are trying to stop M. He could easily infiltrate the Tower and come to the character's rescue either in the guillotine scene or at any time the characters find themselves captured. The GM should feel free to use imagination with Shamus. He is the GM's catch-all for getting the characters un-stuck from whatever situation they find themselves in.

Of course, if he's already dead, this is a problem.

3) Equipment damage. With all the fighting that will happen within the Tower, is it probable things could be damaged that neither the characters or M's forces know about. This damage would be temporary at best, as M has extremely qualified technicians working for him. Equipment damage, like satellite interference, would give the characters more time to find a solution. Total equipment destruction is another story. It will take M weeks to replace destruction of major equipment.

4) Bastille. His love for life finally winning out over his love for Reverend M, Bastille could be the turncoat who will solve the character's problems. He could get the characters out of a second capture (after they get themselves out of the Laser Guillotine, that is). He could turn in the middle of the final fight, helping the characters defeat the rest of the Disciples. The GM shouldn't use him to destroy the equipment, but to help the characters find their own solution.

IT'S M'S WORLD, WE ALL JUST HAVE TO LIVE IN IT

If the GM decides to let the results of this adventure stand, or if the characters prove to be absolutely hopeless, than M's broadcast could go through as planned. Every major city in America would fall to a simultaneous uprising of armed and trained agents backed by thousands of angry street people. The resulting country would be ruled by Reverend M and his followers.

If the characters escape, they would be living the life of rebellion. There are plenty of people who are not under Reverend M's spell, and most of these people would fight to get him out of power. This could be the basis of another adventure or even a campaign for the GM in which the characters fight M's hordes on a daily basis. They would have to stop him from conducting massive purges while finding a way to destroy his organization.

The characters would never know who they could trust, what information was correct or when the Disciples will show up next. It would be a shadowy life for the characters, and they would have their work cut out for them as they strive to return America to democracy.

WHAT TO DO WITH M

If the characters soundly defeat M's forces, they can happily send M off to Stronghold for treason, conspiracy and a number of serious offenses (but remember, his lawyer is Camden Brown). If they manage to destroy the broadcasting equipment, but nothing else, the adventure is not over. M still has massive amounts of power, and he will try again to broadcast his message. It will take him about one week to repair his equipment and broadcast again.

The characters can try to defeat him again. If they fail and are captured, it might be fun to allow the players to come up with all new characters. The new characters could be anything from concerned heroes to corporate-hired agents who are to stop M at all costs to an CIA hit squad arranged to kill M. However the GM decides to run it, player imagination should be enough to find a way to stop M.

One thing is for certain. While the characters may stop M, he is very hard to put away forever. He will come back, and when he does he will call his former followers to aid his cause. M is a dangerous villain, one who believes he is the voice of God and who believes that his way is the only way. He will do whatever it takes to throw America into chaos and "liberate" the masses.

THE DARK SERAPH FACTOR

Dark Seraph is hunting M and any of the Disciples who gained their powers from M. All of these people have the power of Prophelese flowing inside of them. Dark Seraph wants that power for himself, and he can obtain it only by killing those who have it.

The GM should feel free to replace Dark Seraph with any evil-magic type character in case of campaign conflicts.

WHAT IF CHARACTERS HEAR M'S SERMON?

M's mind control is very powerful. It is more than likely that characters will become caught up in his message if they hear him preach. If they are unfortunate enough to talk to him one-on-one, they will be facing a powerful 16d6 Mind Control.

M's messages talk of the evils of society, and a character caught up in the spell will suddenly be compelled to join M's church. The character will want to give all of his money and possessions to M's church, and unless other characters stop him that's just what will happen.

The character will join M's church, and he will be constantly trying to get the other PCs to do the same. A sudden religious zealot, the character will be highly obnoxious in the eyes of his friends. Besides being obnoxious, he is dangerous. A converted character could spill his guts to M, putting the character's comrades in great danger.

The GM should make the necessary rolls and see if a character will convert (this can happen from listening to him on TV or in person, although it is more likely in person). If the character falls to M's Mind Control, the GM should tell the character that M's message is starting to make sense. The GM can either overtly tell the character that he has been converted, or the GM can pass a note. The note would tell the character to roleplay the part of a religious zealot, trying to convert the other PCs and being a general pain in the butt.

The character can break the Mind Control in any normal manner. M's power is great, and if more than one character insists on hearing the preacher's message, they all run the fear of being converted. The only way to remain safe from M is not to listen to him live (strangely enough, listening to him on videotape has no effect—he just comes across as a raving lunatic).

CHOSEN ONES

FIRST GENERATION CHOSEN ONE (BANK ROBBER)

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
11	STR	1	OCV: 4			
12	DEX	6	DCV: 4			
15	CON	10	ECV: 3			
11	BODY	1	Phases: 4, 8, 12			
11	INT	1				
11	EGO	2	Costs			
13	PRE	3				
12	COM	1	Char:	43	Base:	75
5	PD	3		+		+
5	ED	2	Powers:	50	Disad:	18
3	SPD	8		=		=
6	REC	4	Totals:	93		93
32	END	1				
22	STUN	0				
Skills END						
39	2d6 RKA, +2 OCV, +1 Range Mod, 2 clips of 30 (OAF—AK 47)					
5	+4PD, +4 ED Armor (OIF—Kevlar vest, Act. 11-)					
2	+5 PRE (Only for Defense, -1)					
2	KS: City Knowledge 11-					
2	Fam w/ small arms					
75+ Disadvantages						
20	Dedicated to Reverend M (common, total)					

SECOND GENERATION CHOSEN ONE (AUTO PLANT SABOTEUR)

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
13	STR	3	OCV: 4	
12	DEX	6	DCV: 4	
17	CON	14	ECV: 4	
12	BODY	4	Phases: 4, 8, 12	
12	INT	2		
12	EGO	4	Costs	
16	PRE	6		
14	COM	2	Char:	58 Base: 100
5	PD	2		+ +
6	ED	3	Powers:	69 Disad: 25
3	SPD	8		= =
7	REC	4	Totals:	127 127
34	END	0		
27	STUN	0		
Skills			END	
39	2d6 RKA, +2 OCV, +1 Range Mod, 2 clips of 30 (OAF—AK 47)			
13	15d6 Explosion (OAF: -1; 5 minutes extra time: -2; 1 charge: -2, Explosion: +½)			
9	+6 PD, +6 ED Armor (OIF—Ramirez vest, Act. 14-)			
6	KS: City Knowledge 15-			
2	Fam w/ small arms			
75+ Disadvantages				
25	Dedicated to Reverend M (v. common, total)			
27	Villain Bonus			

THIRD GENERATION CHOSEN ONE (TOWER GUARD)

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
13	STR	3	OCV: 5			
14	DEX	12	DCV: 5			
18	CON	16	ECV: 4			
13	BODY	3	Phases: 4, 8, 12			
13	INT	3				
11	EGO	2	Costs			
17	PRE	7				
14	COM	2	Char:	62	Base:	100
6	PD	3		+		+
7	ED	3	Powers:	64	Disad:	28
3	SPD	6		=		=
7	REC	2	Totals:	128		128
36	END	0				
27	STUN	0				
Skills						
END						
39	2d6 RKA, +2 OCV, +1 Range Mod, 2 clips of 30 (OAF-AK 47)					
12	+8 PD, +8 ED Armor (OIF-Ramirez vest, Act. 14-)					
3	Radio hearing & transmit, OIF-hi-band walkie-talkies					
8	KS: City Knowledge 17-					
2	Fam w/ small arms					
100+ Disadvantages						
25	Dedicated to Reverend M (v. common, total)					
3	Training/Exp. bonus					

M'S PERSONAL GUARD

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
15	STR	5	OCV: 5			
15	DEX	15	DCV: 5			
20	CON	20	ECV: 4			
13	BODY	3	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12			
14	INT	4				
12	EGO	4	Costs			
18	PRE	8				
16	COM	3	Char:	88	Base:	100
6	PD	3		+		+
7	ED	3	Powers:	64	Disad:	52
4	SPD	16		=		=
8	REC	4	Totals:	152		152
40	END	0				
29	STUN	0				
			Skills			
			END			
39	2d6 RKA, +2 OCV, +1 Range Mod, 2 clips of 30 (OAF—AK 47)					
12	+8 PD, +8 ED Armor (OIF—Ramirez vest, Act. 14-)					
3	Radio hearing and transmit, OIF—hi-band walkie-talkies					
3	+1 level with gun					
3	+1 level with HTH					
4	KS: City Knowledge 14-					
2	Fam w/ small arms					
100+			Disadvantages			
25	Dedicated to Reverend M (v. common, total)					
20	Will do anything to protect Reverend M (common, total)					
7	Training/Exp. bonus					

Description The Chosen Ones represent a growing organization. In the beginning of the adventure, the agents are very weak and easily overpowered. As the adventure progresses, the agents become better trained and better equipped. By the time the characters reach M's Personal Guard—people who are continuously trained—they are in for more than a quick beating of agents.

The GM should feel free reduce or increase the number of agent points. The goal of these agents is to provide a growing challenge to the characters, representing a highly organized, well-backed and improving force. The first agents should be complete pushovers for the characters. The Second Generation should be close to the traditional agent role, while the third generation should be a modest challenge for the characters. The Avenging Angel agents are meant to be very tough—there are only a handful of them and they will provide a delightful challenge for flying characters.

AVENGING ANGELS
(TURTLE ARMOR AGENTS)

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
20	STR	8*	OCV: 6
17	DEX	14*	DCV: 6
20	CON	20	ECV: 4
13	BODY	6	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12
14	INT	4	
12	EGO	4	Costs
20	PRE	8*	
10	COM	0	Char: 106 Base: 100
10	PD	5*	+ +
10	ED	5*	Powers: 126 Disad: 132
4	SPD	10*	= =
6	REC	0	Totals: 232 232
40	END	0	
23	STUN	0	* Only in Villain ID (-¼)
Skills			END
40*	10d6 EB		5
27*	8d6 Explosion—mini-missiles (4 charges)		0
24*	+10 PD, +10 ED Armor		
24*	15" Flight*		3
3	Radio hearing and transmit (OIF—hi-band walkie-talkies)		
3	+1 level with EB		
5	KS: City Knowledge 14-		
100+	Disadvantages		
25	Dedicated to Reverend M (v. common, total)		
20	Will do anything to protect Reverend M (common, total)		
87	Training/Exp. bonus		

Tactics: Chosen Ones try to follow simple group tactics. The will often hold phases, alternating their fire so at least one of them has a shot during every character phase. This allows them to catch characters trying to take advantage of superior speed—if a character does something stupid because he knows he is faster than the agents, that character may pay for it.

The Avenging Angels are meant to provide backup to ground forces. The explosions are intended to be used against ground troops, softening up the enemy for friendly infantry. Since the creation of the suits by Ramirez, Napoleon has been working with the Angels to prepare them against flying supers, so they will not be awkward when fighting these opponents. The Angels will, just like their infantry comrades, prepare phases against flyers in hopes someone will drop a shield or do something stupid. With their high speed, they will only hold their fire for a phase or two—the tactic is meant to direct a constant stream of fire against an opponent, so they will fire all they can.

THE DISCIPLES

REVEREND M

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
15	STR	5	OCV: 8
24	DEX	42	DCV: 8
25	CON	30	ECV: 8
12	BODY	4	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12
20	INT	10	
24	EGO	28	
30	PRE	20	
16	COM	3	
16	PD	13	
18	ED	13	
6	SPD	26	
10	REC	4	
50	END	0	
43	STUN	10	
			Costs
			Char: 208 Base: 100
			+ +
			Powers: 404 Disad: 512
			= =
			Totals: 612 612
Cost	Powers	END	
75	Multipower—75 pt. Reserve (Wrath of God Powers [magic based])		
7 u	2d6 AP RKA - Lightning Blast. Indirect: Attack can come from any direction and fire in any direction.	7	
18 u	10d6 Area Effect EB - Fire and Brimstone. (Any Area: +1; 6 Charges: -¾)	0	
50	6d6 EB - Lightning. (Double Knockback: +¾; Indirect: +¾; Linked to RKA: -½)	7	
45	+10 ED, +10 PD, +10 Ego Def Force Field at 0 END		
157	Multipower: Subconscious Powers (135 pt. pool), Invisible to Sight and Hearing (Doesn't realize he is doing it: -½)		
12 m	16d6 Mind Control at 0 END (1 Turn Extra Time: -1)0		
12 m	12d6 Area Effect Mind Control at ½ END (1 Turn Extra Time: -1; ½ DCV Concentrate: -¼)	6	
6 u	10d6 Healing	9	
4 m	64" Change Environment - Wind (Vary Environment: +1; No Conscious Control: -2)	6	
64	The Tower - base		
7	Oratory 16-		
100+	Disadvantages		
15	Hunted by Dark Seraph (as pow) 11-		
15	Watched by Federal Government (more pow, NCI) 14-		
25	Thinks he is God's chosen leader		
25	Completely dedicated to the cause of revolution		
10	Public Identity		
20	2x Stun and Body from Holy Powers		
455	Master Villain Bonus		

Origin: "Rise up! Bring down the rulers of this country!" The bearded man in the scruffy clothes screamed at people on the sidewalk. "Get them rulers of ours! Kick 'em and punch 'em, tear their throats out o' their bodies." He shook his fists in the air as he preached, making bits of dirt, paper and past lunches fall from his scraggy beard. His wrinkled eyes were shut tight, his head tilted back as his conviction spread from his mouth through his whole body. "Kill 'em, I say! Bring down the fires of gawd and kill all them rulers."

People gave him a wide berth, but then nobody ever went near Preacher Ralph if they could help it. He was a common sight any night the temperature didn't drive him to find a sewer grate or a communal street-fire. Ralph was always out there, screaming and preaching, not really concerned with the fact that no one listened. Everyone figured old Ralph for crazy, and they were right.

Ralph roamed the streets during the day, looking for food or any handout he could find. Somehow, he managed to survive on the streets for over five years. No one knew where he had come from and no one knew his story. All anyone knew was that Ralph was crazy, and they didn't want their kids to go anywhere near him.

"They'll see us all dead, I tell ya!" Ralph screamed. Strings of spittle flew from his mouth as his sermon picked up speed, landing on his beard to mix with the thousands of tiny object that had found a home amidst the tangled hairs. "We gotta get them before they get us! Storm that Bastille!" His whole body shook with rage as he cast hate upon hate at the government. His sermon was more animated than usual, and even some of the most callous pedestrians stopped to watch the show. "Storm that sucker and kill 'em and punch 'em!"

Bits of blood began to fly in flecks from Ralph's mouth to join the spit his beard. He was shouting so loudly that his vocal cords were beginning to rupture. Ralph felt nothing, he was beyond pain, he was beyond all help. The life of the insane in a lonely one, no one really knows what goes on in those tortured minds. As Ralph's screams grew so intense his words became incomprehensible, people started to move away. Fast.

They weren't moving away from Ralph, they were running at the sight of the man in the black cape that flew down out of the sky and landed on the hood of a taxi. A few screams were heard as the crowd suddenly recognized Prophelese, but most of the jaded inner-city tenants spent their energy on running away as quickly and quietly as possible.

Ralph noticed nothing when Prophelese' magic lifted the driver of the taxi off the ground.

"Kill 'em and get 'em, punch 'em in the face ... "

He noticed nothing when the taxi driver was engulfed in flame.



"... smash 'em hard, storm that sucker and teach 'em ..."
He was completely unaware of the taxi driver flying off, trailing a cloud of thick smoke as he pursued some unseen victim.

"... they'll die like pigs, get 'em 'fore they get us ..."
Ralph didn't see the man in camouflage shoot Prophelese from behind and pounce on him, a foot-long knife raised above his head.

"... they deserve it, kill 'em all right now ..."
The street preacher failed too see the black cloud that poured from Prophelese' body before the knife stuck home. The cloud searched desperately for a body to possess, and the closest one was Preacher Ralph.

The cloud poured into Ralph's body, breaking his endless stream of epithets for the first time all night as he screamed in soul-wrenching pain. Ralph fell to the ground, writhing about in agony as a battle went on inside of him.

Prophelese had done this many times before in his seven centuries on Earth. When one body died, you simply found another one. He had gone through the process of taking over a brain so many times it was almost second nature to him. He knew exactly what to expect from these shallow, petty humans whose minds were as easy to crack as a dry twig in an August draught. But Prophelese made a mistake when he chose Ralph, and he was not prepared for what he found in the street preacher's head.

There were demons in Ralph's head. Sick, twisted avenues of hate and confused patterns of insane logic. Prophelese turned down every avenue he could, looking for anything familiar he could get a grip on. Panic began to fill the magician as Ralph's dark secrets jumped at him at every turn. Prophelese last words were a scream of terror as he was torn asunder by the twisted mind of the street preacher, a scream that would echo only in Ralph's mind.

Ralph stopped screaming. He looked up from the sidewalk, thoughts awash in the newfound level of consciousness we was experiencing. His mind raced with golden intelligence, and he felt as if a dark curtain had been pulled from him at long last. He stood up and brushed himself off, silently thanking God for whatever miracle that had delivered him from the evil of his own mind.

There were things to be done! So many things needed to be done now that he was free from that evil spell. At last he could continue spreading the word of God! Oh glorious day, he was born a second time. Ralph would not waste this chance, nor would he ever be tempted by evil again. As he walked down the street, silently cleaning the bits of trash from his beard, only

one thought ran through his mind.

He had to get 'em.

Personality: Reverend M is a devoted soul. He is as crazy as he was before Prophelese entered his mind, but now he has genius to plan out his thoughts of revenge.

M comes across as a very kind, benevolent man. The crinkles in his eyes give his genuine smile added warmth. He treats all as if they were his grandchildren; kindly, patiently and with genuine love. Such is the image that has allowed people to follow his contrasting message. Although his words are sweet and kind, the message behind them is unmistakable: death to the establishment.

In private, M's rages are a sight to behold. His kindly face vanishes amidst the fury of his warped mind, and his intensity surpasses even that of his old street-preaching days. His followers cower in fear when his shaking fists and echoing voice mark his dissatisfaction.

M is a walking contradiction in terms. While he is a genius and a leader extrodinare, he is also certifiably insane. While he is genuine in his love for his people, his rages often reach a murderous conclusion. While he is honestly dedicated to his cause of the common people, he will feel no remorse if millions have to die in his name.

Quote: "I am the modern day Moses, and I will lead the people out of slavery and into the promised land."

Powers/Tactics: When M absorbed Prophelese, he absorbed most of the magician's power. M's subconscious mind translated this energy into a form that his conscious mind could easily interpret: holy power. M's lightning blasts are accurate and deadly, and his rain of brimstone can take out an entire group with one shot. A strong wind whips up whenever he is fighting, indoors or out, and it grows in intensity with the duration of the fight. While the wind will blow paper and dust around and even move furniture, it is not enough to hurt the players. The wind adds to the atmosphere of the encounters, and it can make communication between the characters rather difficult.

M's ability to add power to people is a plot device. M didn't pay points for it, but it does exist. If the GM wants to create new Disciples (like, say, one of the player characters who falls under M's sway), he should just add on new powers. Whether the powers are permanent or not is up to the GM.

Appearance: The absorption has done wonders for Preacher Ralph. He now stands straight and tall, reaching an impressive 6-foot-2 and weighing 180 pounds. His silvery beard is neat and trimmed, making his brown skin appear slightly darker than it is. His hair is cut very short and is flecked with spots of gray. Ice-blue eyes stare out from the face that has aged well and belies his 60+ years.

Whenever at an official function, M wears his purple robes that are trimmed in yellow. At other times he wears a suit that fits him to a "T".

Roleplaying Tips: There are two sides to Reverend M's personality. When he is calm, he speaks kindly and quietly. His words are filled with love and compassion. When he is angry, his voice becomes impossibly loud and his words often convey death and hate. He is constantly talking in revolutionary jargon.

Champions Conversion: M needs only another 10 PD and 10 ED in his Force Field to stand up to regular **Champions** characters.

NAPOLEON

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
25	STR	15	OCV: 9		
26	DEX	48	DCV: 9		
22	CON	24	ECV: 5		
12	BODY	4	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12		
18	INT	8			
14	EGO	8	Costs		
25	PRE	15			
16	COM	3	Char:	184	Base: 100
15	PD	10		+	+
15	ED	10	Powers:	178	Disad: 265
6	SPD	24		=	=
10	REC	0	Totals:	362	365
68	END	10			
42	STUN	5			

Cost	Powers	END
25	EC Light	
30 a	11d6 EB - Light Beam	5
25 b	25" Flight	2
25 c	+10 ED, +10 PD, +10 Ego Def,	
	+10 Power Defense Force Field at ½ END	2
17	Martial Arts—Dirty Infighting	
	Maneuver	OCV DCV Damage
	Punch	— +2 7d6 Strike
	Roundhouse	-2 +1 9d6 Strike
	Low Blow	-1 +1 2d6 NND
	Disarm	-1 +1 35 STR roll
	Kidney Blow	-2 — ½d6 HKA

Skills	
5	Bribery 15-
7	High Society 16-
3	Interrogation 14-
3	Persuasion 14-
3	Shadowing 11-
7	Streetwise 16-
9	Tactics 16-
5	Malaysian
3	French
2	Latin
2	Fam w/Small Arms
7	KS: Organized Crime 15-

100+	Disadvantages
40	2x Body & Stun from Holy Attacks
15	Sadistic
20	Devoted to Reverend M (v.common, strong)
15	Thinks he always knows best (common, strong)
20	3d6 From Baptism Rites (common, per phase)
15	Bounty on his head (as pow) 11-
20	Hunted by Dark Seraph 11-
15	Secret ID
102	Villain/Exp. Bonus

Background: You might say Mike McReady had a charmed life. Born into old money, Mike (or Michael, as he was called then) was given everything a boy could ask for and more. He was lavished with affection and praise from his family and the servants—anything Mike wanted, he got. He enjoyed the good life, the mansion and travel. In fact, by the time Mike was 17 he had seen the world quite extensively.

Europe, the Middle East, the Orient, Africa, you name it and Mike had seen it. The finest hotels, limousines, the best restaurants: yessir, when a McReady saw the world they saw it first class all the way.

Mike hated it.

It was in Singapore that he decided he had had enough. Enough of the pampering, enough of the being catered too, enough of the being treated like a child and protected from everything but growing old. In a rebellious, albeit stupid, move, Mike ran away from the hotel with nothing to his name but \$100 and his gold card (just in case of an emergency).

The fool and his money (not to mention the gold card) were soon parted, and Mike began to ponder the wisdom of his decision as he laid in the gutter after being beaten up quite badly when he was mugged. Mike knew his parents had half the police in the city dreaming of rich rewards and out looking for him. He limped his way to a phone, and had half the numbers dialed in when he stopped.

Right then he had nothing, nothing at all. No money, no ID, no way of fending for himself. For the first time in Mike McReady's life, he was helpless. He liked it. Despite the alarms that went off in his head, despite the fact that he may have very well end up dead, despite the fact that his situation was hopeless unless he got back to his parents, Mike decided to get home on his own.

The first two weeks were the hardest. He was mugged two more times, and the beatings were even worse when the muggers found he had no money. No one was about to give away food, and pride went by the wayside as he found himself digging through the garbage alongside bums in search of a rotten bite or two. Bruised, swollen and nearly starving to death, Mike kept his resolve strong. He could make it without his parents money, he could make it as a man.

It was in the trash that Mike learned to fight. He started out battling with the weaker bums over bits of bread, and soon he was re-gaining his strength as he got the best of the scraps that were thrown out of the tourists hotels. Mike soon realized that not only could he stand up for himself, but he



was good at it. The muggers soon learned that Mike had nothing to lose and fought like a devil, so there was no point in going after him. That little victory began Mike on the road to recovering his pride and self-respect.

Soon he began to pick up the language. Only a little at first, but then he learned so fast he was able to function on the streets within a month. His bi-linguistic ability soon landed him a job luring tourists to the various traps that dotted the city. After two months, Mike found himself getting paid from more than twenty street vendors, as well as being paid by the tourists themselves. As he became a regular on the streets, and even accepted in some ways, Mike was recruited to move on to bigger and better careers.

"I give you three times as much as you make in a day," The big man told Mike.

"What do I have to do?" Mike asked, eager to get his hands on enough money for a ticket home.

"You bring the tourists to me, and I take their money," the man answered simply, sounding like this was just like any other job. Six months ago, when his ship had docked, Mike would could have been one of this man's victims. Six months ago, he would have yelled bloody murder at such an offer and ran for the police. Six months after his boat had docked, Mike was only too happy to accept the man's offer.

The racket went well, but before too long Mike became recognized by the police as poison for the tourists. After Mike spent his first week in jail, and after he had experienced a beating at the hands of professionals, he decided to change careers. He went back to drawing people to the vendors, but the thoughts of how much money he could make in crime came back to him. Eight months he had spent in this city, and he was ready to move on to life's next adventure.

It didn't take him long to get into the local drug trade. His mastery of English soon found him plenty of work in the smuggler's market, and he concentrated on climbing the company ladder. Two years after arriving in Singapore, Mike finally saw his chance to get ahead.

A shot in the dark left Mike feeling confident about his first murder, and it left him in charge of his first gang. He also changed his mind about going home. Taller, stronger, and close to his physical prime at 19, Mike was ready to lead. His natural ability to guide his gang to success was nothing short of phenomenal.

Tactically, he was a veritable Midas of the crime world. His gang's territory expanded constantly, and violent turf war became an almost daily occurrence. Mike guided his ever-growing gang through conflict after conflict, learning as he went. Soon the fine art of bribery and blackmail were tools he handled with an expert's flair, and more and more of the city felt his touch. Unfortunately Mike grew too fast too soon, and his rapid expansion caught the eyes of those who had spent decades staking their claims.

The crackdown taught Mike a lesson in governmental bribery by men who had spent their whole life doing it. His gang became a target for hit-men, and bounty aplenty was offered on his cohort's heads. Soon his territory began to shrink much faster than it had grown. Like wolves sensing when the prey is weak, all of the gangs Mike had attacked wanted a piece of his crumbling turf. At 22, Mike made the smartest decision of his life—it was time to leave.

The money he had stashed away was enough to travel home in style. He returned to his shocked family triumphant and proud. He had proven to the world that he could make it on his own, and now he could enjoy the family's money without guilt. Or so he thought.

After living the life of an adventurer for so long, the life of a playboy paled by comparison. Soon he grew bored, and he longed for the days of flying bullets and street-level war. He longed for the things he had been good at, and he set out to find them again.

Mike McReady disappeared from sight on his twenty-fourth birthday, leaving behind all ID, money, and even his gold card. He was set to size up the competition and begin a new gang when he ran into Reverend M. Mike noticed the number of people wearing purple and gold, and sensed that the man these people followed could be akin to the old men of Singapore who had easily taken him down. Mike decided to find out early if Reverend M was someone he needed to kill.

Reverend M sensed divine possibilities in Mike from the first time he laid eyes on him. Mike sat in the back of the church, listening to the sermon. At first the Reverend came across as a mad-man, just another slightly waco evangelist, but by the end of the sermon Mike found himself listening, and agreeing, intently. M approached Mike at the end of the sermon, eager to talk to the bright-eyed young man.

"My child, did you enjoy the sermon?" M asked with his warmest smile. Mike stammered for a second, torn between questioning the man's sanity and telling him how inspiring the sermon had been.

"I don't know, Reverend," Mike managed to spit out at last, "I'm confused by what you said, and yet it makes sense in a strange sort of way." Reverend M smiled and put his arm around the young man's shoulder.

"Walk with me, my child, and let me tell you what I mean one to one." Soon Mike's eyes became glassy and love filled his heart. Although M didn't know it yet, he had found the leader for his army.

Personality: Although he started life having everything, Mike has come up the hard way. His five years on the streets have given him a mean-streak a mile long, and he even leans a bit towards the savage side. He expects the Disciples to do what he tells them, and in the back of his head he still sees himself as the only one in charge. To cross him is too die as an example to others.

Napoleon is a devoted follower of Reverend M, but often Napoleon has better ideas on how to run things. This leads him to change tactics and mission objectives in the field, and often leads to conflict with Guillotine who follows Reverend M's word as if it were holy gospel. Mike's sadistic side often come out in battle, and he is the only one of the Disciples who likes to let Reign do his thing. He has had just about enough of Bastille's whining about the sanctity of life, and if Reverend M doesn't do something soon Napoleon just might.

Quote: "I'm afraid this will not be a Waterloo, my good man."

Powers/Tactics: Napoleon is another of Reverend M's holy creations. Utilizing the magical power within himself, M gave Mike the powers of the angels. Napoleon is a classic energy projector, and uses his energy blast as a main weapon. He is without a killing attack, but is fond of hurting an opponent and letting Reign finish the job. Napoleon usually takes a few phases to survey the battle scene, and he will always try to spot Stealthed characters or look for prime ambush spots that the enemy might hide in.

The powers have souped up his physical abilities as well. He is a vicious hand to hand fighter. He loves to fight other martial artists, using a combination of his dirty infighting and his elemental control to ensure victory.

Napoleon is a master of squad-level tactics. His mastery enabled him to lead gangs to victory in the bloody streets of Singapore. That same skill would make him an unbeatable combat leader of the Disciples, if he could get them to do what he wants. He is even a better tactician than Mongrel, but while The Pack works as a team the Disciples tend to work as individuals. Napoleon gives orders that encompass the entire battle scene, and he has an excellent ability to see the long-range development of any encounter. If the Disciples follow his orders, he is unbeatable. Because of conflicting the ideologies of Guillotine and Bastille, however, they rarely follow his orders exactly.

Appearance: The name is the only thing Napoleon has in common with the original. Mike is 6-foot even and weighs 205 pounds. He has black hair and black eyes, which contrast sharply with his extremely pale skin. His costume is the tricolours of the French revolutionary flag, and all of the trim is done in white.

Roleplaying Tips: Napoleon is as cool and confident as they come. He is only 23, but has years of combat and leadership experience. Because of this, he will never panic: no matter how bad the situation he will remain calm and look for a solution. He is an excellent leader; smart, tactically sound and understanding of his comrades. He has absolutely no compulsions about killing, but usually does it only for tactical or personal reasons.

He speaks with confidence and maturity. His clear voice rings of self control and betrays his heritage with its cultured New England accent. He rarely trades insults talks little in combat with the exception of giving orders.

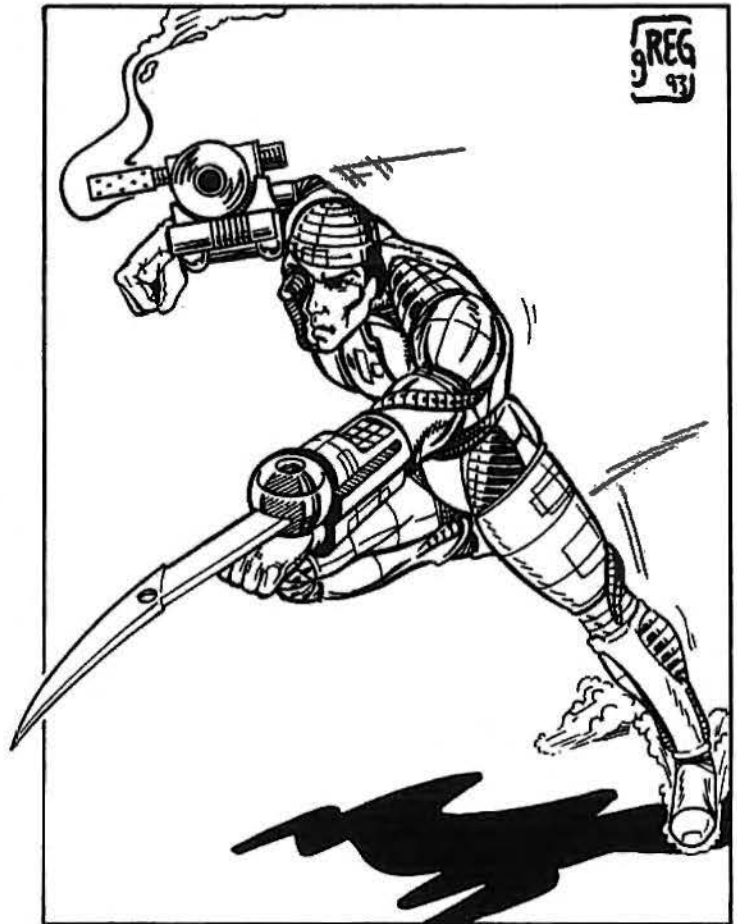
Champions Conversion: Napoleon is fine as he is written. He needs no conversion to make him usable in a regular **Champions** campaign.

GUILLOTINE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stat
45	STR	35	OCV: 8; DCV: 8; ECV: 4
24	DEX	42	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12
25	CON	30	
20	BODY	20	
14	INT	4	Costs
12	EGO	4	Char: 159 Base: 100
25	PRE	15	+ +
4	COM	-2	Powers: 184 Disad: 241
10	PD	0	= =
5	ED	0	Totals: 343 343
4	SPD	6	
15	REC	0	§ Guillotine Blade (OIF)
62	END	5	¥ Caseless machine guns
62	STUN	0	on arms(OAF)
			† Grenade Launcher (OAF)
Cost Powers			END
20	§ 2d6 HKA (4d6 w/STR) - Guillotine Blade		3
3	§ 1" Stretching - Guillotine Blade		1
34	¥ 2d6 RKA Auto fire (+½), 125 Charges (+¾)		
15	† 6d6 NND Explosion (Tear Gas Grenade)		
	1 Charge		
13	† 2d6 RKA Explosion (Shrapnel Grenades)		
	2 Charges		
19	† 10d6 Explosion (Concussion Grenade)		
	1 Charge		
30	+10 PD, +10 ED Armor		
10	10 pts Sight Flash Defense		
10	High Range Radio Hearing (search on 12-)		
5	Infrared Vision		
5	Ultraviolet Vision		
10	Self-contained breathing		
10	+5" Running (11" Total)		
10	+2 w/ HTH		
5	Streetwise (14-)		
100+ Disadvantages			
15	1 ½x Body and Stun from fire attacks		
10	1 ½x Body and Stun from sonic attacks		
10	Public Identity		
20	Totally dedicated to Reverend M (common, total)		
15	Follows Reverend M's orders to the letter		
	(common, strong)		
15	Obnoxiously righteous and pious (common, strong)		
35	3d6 from immersion in boiling liquids		
	(v. common, per phase)		
25	Distinctive Features: Cyborg (not concealable,		
	major reaction)		
15	Hunted by PRIMUS (more pow) 8-		
81	Villain/Exp. Bonus		

Background: King Ridley owes everything to Reverend M. Before he met the great leader, he had nothing. Now, he has everything a man could want and more. Self-respect, a sense of belonging and a sense of purpose in his life. Reverend M has brought King a long, long way from his meager beginnings.

King had worked hard in high school, trying to avoid the pitfalls that await so many kids of the city. His mother rode him hard, but he knew it was done out of love. Always



pushing him to study longer, to work out longer, Mrs. Ridley saw college as the only escape for her son. The only way for King to get to college was on a scholarship, be it athletic or academic. She pushed her baby to reach for the stars and work his tail off to get there.

It was the summer before his senior year that he met Shandrel. King fell for the pretty sophomore, and the two were soon lost in young love. King pledged to love her for all time, and she returned his love with no restrictions. Shandrel saw the potential in King, she saw that he had a chance to escape the city and make a better life. She pushed him just as hard as his mother did, and King was surrounded by positive encouragement in everything he did.

It was a year later, just a week before he was to graduate with honors that tragedy struck. He had signed a football scholarship to play at the University of Michigan, and although he had his doubts about stardom and he knew the NFL was beyond his grasp, the education he had waiting was far more precious. He needed to thank the women in his life for all they had done, for all they had given him. King had saved his money for this day, and he smiled to himself as he reached the florist.

He bought a dozen roses to take back to his mother and Shandrel, a small way of thanking them for everything. Shandrel was over for dinner, and he had made some excuse about getting some milk so he could get out of the house without suspicion. Five years later, he would understand it was a miracle he wasn't in the building. When it happened, all King could see was the pain of losing the only people who cared about him.

He saw the smoke from three blocks away, but it took a few seconds to register in his mind. When he realized that the smoke was coming from his building, he broke into a run. Sharp thorns drew blood from his hands, but King felt nothing as he sprinted for his home. When he turned the corner, his heart sank. The building was engulfed in flame, fire-fighters were just breaking out the hoses to contain the blaze. He ran to the police barricade, straight to one of the cops.

"What happened?" King yelled, peering into the blaze.

"Boiler exploded," the cop said, already tired of giving the same story fifteen times in the last minute. King didn't give the cop a second glance. He leapt the barricade and ran for the burning building, his apartment had been right above the boiler room.

The cop reached for King, but a solid stiff-arm put man in blue on the ground. The cop yelled for help, and three more dove for King, trying to keep him from entering the death trap. The first cop went down in pain as King put all of his 210 pounds into the hit. The two remaining cops managed to bring him down. Cuffs snapped on his wrists, and the vision of the burning building blurred as King tried to stare through his tears.

King tuned the world out. Deep in depressions, he never reported to U of M, and his scholarship was given away. Coaches tried to talk to him, but he didn't want to listen. Alone and homeless, King spent the next three years wandering the streets, begging occasionally for a handout of food. King was on his way to starving, freezing to death, or being killed by one of the many gangs the ran the streets. Either way he didn't care. He just didn't care anymore.

He was wandering past a set of open doors when he heard the voice. The voice carried power, it carried hope, and for the first time since the explosion he found himself feeling something in his heart besides pain. King entered the little church, which until a week ago had been an abandoned clothing store. A man stood on a make-shift podium, and he talked about the system and how it was time for change. King listened for hours, and when the man was done King knew he had found a purpose in his life again.

Reverend M found King a place to stay. When M discovered King's athletic past, he commanded King to begin training again. With enough food for the first time in three years, the 20-year-old King soon regained his prime physical condition. King became Reverend M's body guard, and he did his job well until the day that Reverend M gave him a new calling in life.

"My child," M said, looking deep into the eyes of his precious follower. "You have protected me well, and now God has called upon you to perform a new task." King accepted all without question. Even when the experiments began and he spent every day in agony, even when his body he had worked so hard on was chopped up and replaced with machinery, even when wires were run into his brain itself, King didn't complain. His was an important task, and he would perform it for the glory of Reverend M.

When Ramirez was finished, King had been changed forever. Reverend M held a great ceremony, giving King a new name befitting his glorious role in the new revolution: Guillotine, liberator of the people. King leads by example with strength and conviction. He will not let anything disappoint Reverend M, and he will fight to the death to serve him.

Personality: King was a walking dead man when Reverend M found him. The tragedy in his life had caused him to give up, he no longer wanted to struggle or even live. Reverend M gave the young man a purpose in life, and King has built his mentality around that fact.

King is incredibly disciplined, even for M's followers. King is reserved, and feels words are often unnecessary unless they are used to pass on orders. He is distant and secluded, and although the rest of the Disciples know he loves them and would die for them, they find it difficult to be King's friend. He follows Reverend M without question and expects others to do the same.

Quote: "You are following the path of evil, change your ways before it is too late."

Powers/Tactics: Guillotine is the masterpiece of Rufus "The Wiz" Ramirez. Rufus collaborated with robotics experts and pioneers of the cybernetics field to turn King into a perfect killing machine.

The Wiz has replaced King's blood with Proscolene, a chemical compound he invented himself. The fluid carries oxygen and satisfies all of King's biological requirements as well as serving as a lubricant and cleaning agent for all of King's mechanical parts. While this synthetic compound has made cyborg functions easier and more efficient, it has its drawbacks. The liquid expands greatly with intense heat. Guillotine's suit can handle a gradual pressure increase, such as a burning building, but fire attacks cause too rapid of a rise in pressure. Sonic energy tends to irritate the Proscolene as well. King's body is not hermetically sealed, but vacuums cause his synthetic blood to gush out the joints. Boiling liquids can force their way into his bloodstream, causing a quick and painful death.

King has many weapons to choose from. In the air he will use his caseless machine guns at a distance. Against crowds, he will stay at a distance and use his grenade launchers to soften the group, and then follow up with the machine guns as he closes for hand-to-hand.

In hand-to-hand, King will use his augmented strength to do the most damage. When he feels the time has come to end a fight or he has several opponents at close range and needs to give himself space, he will use his guillotine, a devastating weapon in close quarters. The guillotine's one hex reach will surprise many characters, and those who don't dodge may never get another chance.

Appearance: Before they even brought a knife near him, King Ridley was a physical specimen. Now he is a model for successful cybernetics, and both his armor and his muscle are impressive. His dark-brown skin is in sharp contrast with his silver armor. On his left breast is a tricolored cross worked right into his armor, and he is trimmed in purple and yellow.

Roleplaying Tips: Guillotine is a soldier. He does anything Reverend M tells him to do and he does it gladly. He is a very serious man and laughs very rarely. He is jealous of Napoleon and wants to lead the Disciples in the glorious revolution, but he would never do anything about it. He talks in thick street slang that leads people to underestimate his considerable intelligence.

Champions Conversion: Give Guillotine two points of Speed, and ten more points of PD & ED armor to make him a functional **Champions** villain.

BASTILLE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
50*	STR	30	OCV: 7; DCV: 7; ECV: 7 Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12 Costs Char: 214 Base: 100 + + Powers: 71 Disad: 185 = = Totals: 285 285 * Characteristic bonuses from Density Increase already added in
21	DEX	33	
30	CON	40	
20	BODY	20	
12	INT	2	
20	EGO	20	
20	PRE	10	
18	COM	4	
28*	PD	18	
26*	ED	18	
4	SPD	19	
14	REC	0	
80	END	10	
55	STUN	0	
Cost Powers			
15	2 levels Density Increase (0 END Persistent, Always On)		
20	Damage Resistance (20 PD, 20 ED)		
10	10 Pts Power Def		
6	-5" Knockback (Density increase included)		
Skills			
10	+2 w/HTH		
5	KS: Insurance 14-		
5	KS: Real Estate 14-		
100+	Disadvantages		
40	2x Stun & Body from radiation attacks		
15	Enraged if Reverend M hit 14-, 8-		
20	Devoted to Reverend M (v. common)		
15	Hates Killing (common, strong)		
10	Distinctive Features: Massive build (concealable, recognizable)		
15	Loves to fight (common, strong)		
20	Hunted by Dark Seraph (more pow) 11-		
10	Public ID		
30	Exp. Bonus		

Background: "Lord, give this man the strength to fight the demons inside of him," Reverend M called to the sky. One hand was planted firmly on Simon LaGrue's chest. The weight made Simon's already difficult breathing almost unbearable. M's other hand reached to the sky, searching for the power to cure the man who had suffered for so long.

Simon lay on his back, looking up at the water-stained ceiling. His body felt no different than before he had come, it was still wracked with cancer-filled pain. He knew he had, at best, a few weeks to live, but he was a fighter. Simon had argued with the doctors years ago when he was diagnosed. He had gotten second, third, even fourth opinions, and all of the doctors agreed: Simon had inoperable lung cancer.

The diagnosis was as good as a death sentence, but Simon refused to believe he was going to die. Every day he mentally fought the poison inside him, but everyday he became weaker and weaker. Every penny to his name was spent in search of miracle cures. He had traveled to seven countries and fifteen states following up leads that always turned out to be charlatans. Charlatans who stole his money and left him filled with the disease that was eating him up from the inside.

Simon had never been a big man, but in his prime he had been a far cry from his current 107 pounds. He looked like a walking bag of bones, and as his physical strength failed him so did his resolve to fight the beast within. Simon was near death, every breath was agony and every movement was torture. Despite this, he decided to try one last time and travel to a hole-in-the wall church on some back street.

Simon fought to keep from screaming, but the weight on his chest was the worst pain he had ever experienced. Reverend M continued to yell to the heavens, and soon Simon's cries of pain joined him.

"Give this man the strength!" M shouted. "Make him strong enough to cast out the demons!" Simon tried to listen to M's words, but the pain was too much. Simon passed out, and M's followers took him to a side room to recover. When he awoke, he was a different man.

He looked in disbelief at arms that had swollen with muscle. His thighs were bigger than his entire body had been. His hands felt a chest that was massive, and Simon could feel power with every flex of his new-found bulk. It hit him, suddenly, that the pain was gone. He was so used to every breath being a horrible task that he almost missed the familiarity of it. Simon wept with joy, and screams of happiness burst from his thick, healthy chest.

Reverend M came running at the sound of Simon's deep-chested screams. M burst open the door of the room not to see a frail, dying man, but a powerhouse whose every move belied the strength within his body.

"My child," M said, barely able to contain his own joy. "My child, God has smiled upon you." Was there no end to the miracles that flowed from his fingertips?

"Bless you Reverend!" Simon cried, clinging to M's robes like a lost child who has just found his mother. "You have saved me!"

"I did nothing," M said calmly. "God saved you because he has work for you to do." The Reverend was already thinking of the uses for such a man.

"Whatever it is," Simon said, wiping the tears from his eyes, "whatever it may be, I will do it."

Personality: Simon LaGrue is a happy man. He feels every day he is alive is an extra day he has been given, and he plans on making the most of it. Simon is in love with life, he handles even the most mundane chores with a smile and a flair that is contagious to all around him. He is well liked by his fellow Disciples, and his warm disposition has made him a favorite of Reverend M.

Bastille's love for life has spread beyond his own. He thinks death is a bad thing and he is having problems following M's orders. Bastille believes that Reverend M is actually the voice of God. He has committed himself to doing God's will, but deep in his heart he knows what he is doing is wrong.

He is ready to die, and feels these extra days are icing on the cake. He will do anything on a dare, confident that God will protect him. Simon is a firm believer in fate, and he thinks the day of his death is written down in some great book. When it is his time, he will go and there is nothing he can do about it. Until then he is confident that nothing can really hurt him.

Against an equal, Bastille loves to fight. To him the trading of blows is fun, a celebration of God-given strength. Against people who are weaker, however, Bastille is lax to use his full strength. This often results in a bad tactical situation for the Disciples. M and Napoleon are working hard to convince Bastille that he must do God's will without question.

He has seen too much killing in his short time with Reverend M. He is having more and more trouble turning his back to senseless death, and he fears soon he may have to do something about it before he drowns in guilt.

Quote: (smiling and happy) "C'mon, hit me. I can take it, let's see what you've got!"

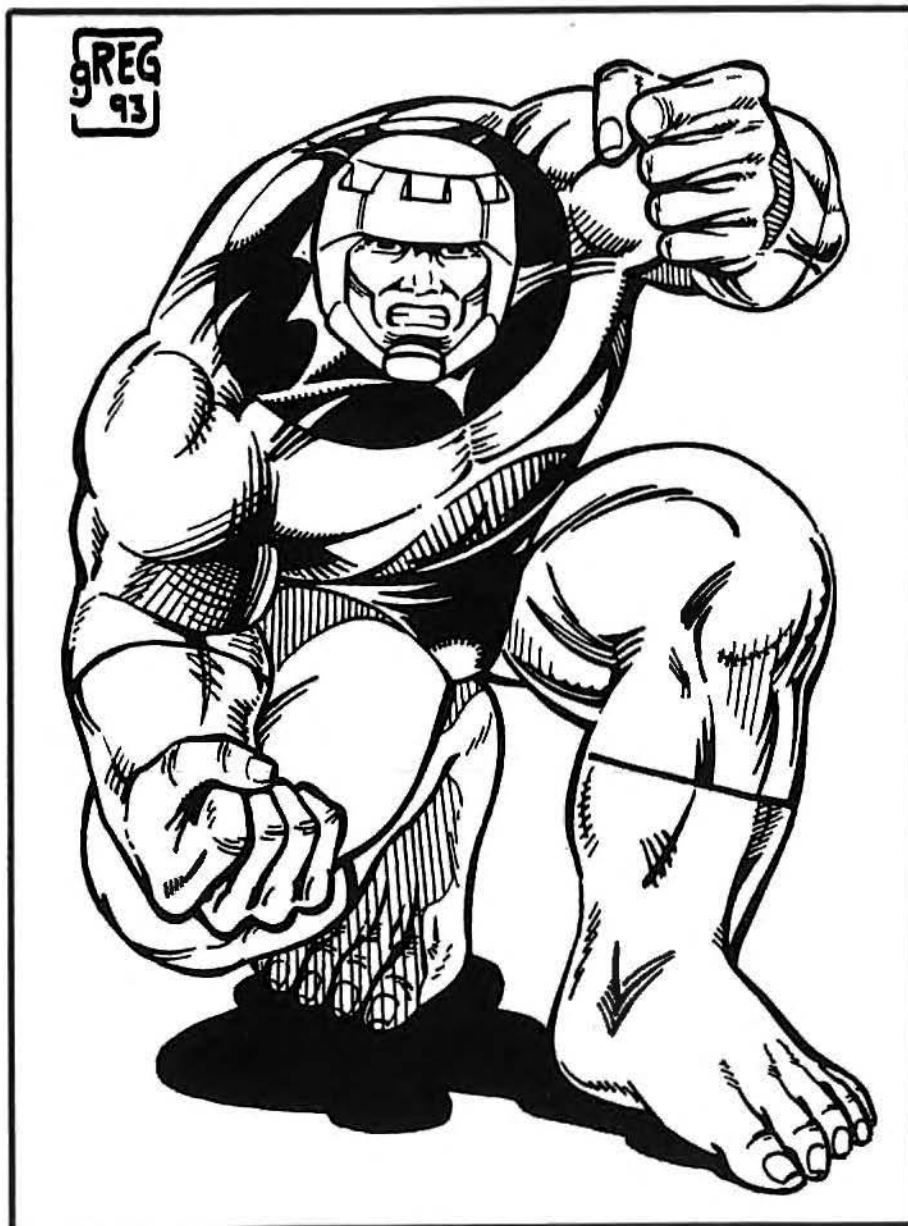
Powers/Tactics: Simon has become the classic Brick. He is invulnerable to almost everything, and his physical condition is without weakness. His strength is his only weapon, and his resolve in a conflict and willingness to take damage for his friends makes him a focal point of Disciple strategy. He will wade into the middle of a conflict regardless of the number of opponents. He follows Napoleon's orders very well, except when he is ordered to be involved in killing.

Appearance: Bastille stands at 6-foot-6 and weighs about 500 pounds. He is very muscular and would have trouble moving around in public without drawing a crowd of gawkers. His costume is yellow with purple trim and is invariable shredded by the end of any prolonged fight.

Roleplaying Tips: Bastille loves to fight. He is happy when fighting, and will laugh with delight whether punching or being punched. He doesn't really care if he gets beat, it is the act of trading blows that he enjoys. Bastille is always talking, and only shuts up to listen to Napoleon's orders and the Disciple's calls for help.

The key word for roleplaying Bastille is happy. The man loves life and finds something enjoyable in everything he does. The only time he stops being happy is when needless pain or suffering are being inflicted. If one of his teammates kills, he will become sullen and despondent for a while. This will not affect him in combat, but characters could potentially use his love of life to turn him against Reverend M.

Champions Conversion: The GM should add more Strength and a Speed point to Bastille to bring him up to bring him up to **Champions** standards.



REIGN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
30	STR	20	OCV: 7
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7
22	CON	24	ECV: 3
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12
8	INT	-2	
10	EGO	0	Costs
10	PRE	0	
10	COM	0	Char: 158 Base: 100
18	PD	12	+ +
18	ED	14	Powers: 154 Disad: 212
4	SPD	10	= =
20	REC	20	Totals: 312 312
44	END		
66	STUN	30	

Cost	Powers	END
60	Multipower (60 pt. Reserve)	
6 u	2d6 Energy HKA (4d6 w/STR), 2 levels Penetration 6	
4 u	4d6 ED Drain, 1 level Penetration (only once per target, -1/2)	6
30	3 Body Regeneration	
10	+4 ED, +4 PD Force Field (0 END Persistent, Always On)	
15	17 Pts Mental Def	
10	+20 Pre (-1, Only used vs. Presence Attacks)	
10	Breathing is self-contained	
9	Safe Environment: Vacuum/High Pressure, Intense Heat/Cold, High Radiation	

100+	Disadvantages
20	2x Stun and Body from Holy Attacks
20	Raging Psychopath (v. common, strong) - only held in check by M and disciples
20	Believes anything Reverend M tells him
10	Hates anyone who tries to control him except for M and Disciples (unc, strong)
13	Enraged if Mind Control attempted or used (unc) 14-, 8-
20	Hunted by Dark Seraph (more pow) 11-
20	Hunted by The Champions (more pow) 11-
30	3d6 From Exorcism Rites (common, per phase)
59	Villain/Exp. Bonus

Background: "Killin's fun. No two ways about it, killin' is good old fashioned fun. I like killin'. Like it a lot. That's good though, 'cause it seems to be the only thing I'm good at. Hurtin' people's okay too, and maimin' is a good time, but when you want yer solid entertainment dollar, nuthin' beats killin'.

"I ain't no dummy, mind ya. I know there's people out there don't like killin'. People out there don't like me killin', if you can believe that fer cryin' out loud. I know those people'd like to put me away some where. I don't wanna go to jail, but I imagine I could do plenty of killin' there, I suppose.

"Now I know those people is only speakin' their minds, and that's what this country is about; bein' and sayin' what you want. Look at me, fer instance. I want to be a killer, so I kill. If they want to be a carpenter and make carpets or a chess player and play chess, I don't say nuthin', do I? No I don't, not a darn thing! But they all got a beef with me killin'. Maybe they should kill, maybe they'd like it. I like it. I like killin'.

"Killin' for killin's sake is fine and dandy, it's fine if you're a young buck, but more mature people like myself need a reason to kill. You can't just go killin' for nuthin', that's uncivilized. That's why I like Reverend M. He gives me a reason for killin'. I get to kill all those people who want to control other people's lives. You know, that same people who want to make a carpenter a chess player or make me stop killin'. That'd be a shame, 'cause I like killin'. I like it a lot.

"I used to kill for fun—hey, nobody's perfect, right? But the Rev showed me the light. Just killin' is kind of a sin, unless you do it for God. The Rev told me killin' for God ain't a sin at all, as a matter of fact he told me it was about the bestest thing you could do. The Rev sure can do some talkin'. When he talks, I just can't help but listen, he really helps ya to get in touch with God and do God's biddin'. Which means I get to kill. I like killin'. I like it a lot."

Reign used to be a mass murderer, and if he hadn't been stopped he may have become America's most prolific killer in history. He had 42 kills stenciled onto his "Dukes of Hazard" lunch box before he killed a Chosen One. The Chosen One's partner beat him to near-death and brought him before Reverend M for judgment. Reverend M saw an opportunity where others saw a problem, and he gave Reign the power to join his Disciples.

Personality: Reign likes killin'. That is all he talks and thinks about. He could care less about the revolution, all he likes is the fighting. His simplistic mind was easily converted my Reverend M, and Reign is now a dedicated follower.

The rest of the Disciples hate Reign. Everyone of them is afraid of the psychopath, and if the opportunity should arise where they can quietly dispose of him they will probably take it. Even Bastille thinks Reign should be killed, as it is a matter of taking that one life to save countless others. Reign only has two things keeping him alive: the fact that Reverend M would be very upset if he found out the Disciples had done away with him and the fact that Guillotine will not let the characters kill Reign. They have asked him several times and he would like nothing more than to see the "little psycho," as they call him, dead, but he stays true to Reverend M and will not disobey orders.

Quote: "I like killin'."

Powers/Tactics: Reign is a one man show. Its not that he disobeys orders, its just that he doesn't have the capability of understanding or following them. He goes after the nearest target and attacks until that target is dead or another target hurts him. If hurt, he will switch to the character that caused him pain. The only order he will follow is when Napoleon tells him it is time to leave.

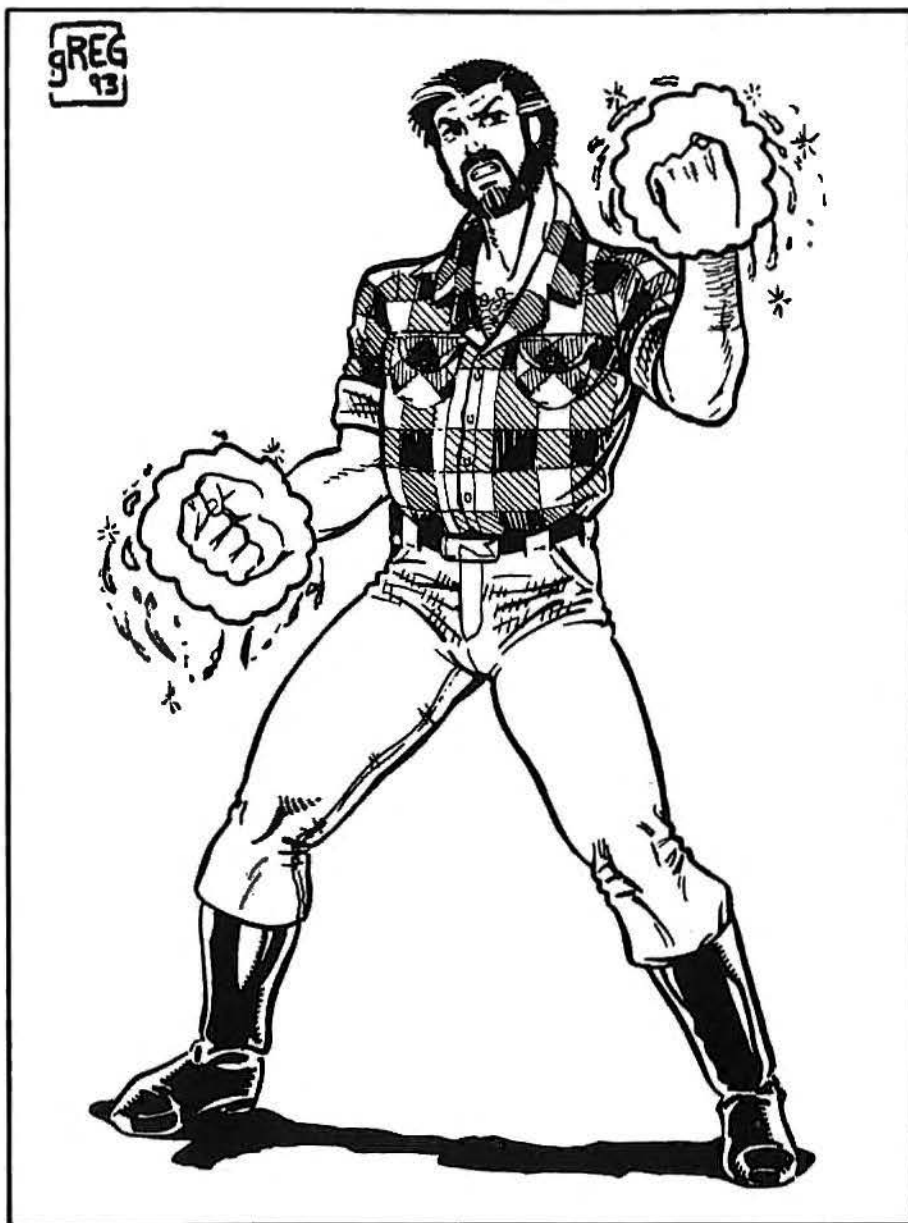
He will open up with his killing attack. If the character's defenses are too strong, he will use his ED drain, and then strike with the killing attack again. Remember that Drains against defenses are halved, and Reign can only use his Drain once against any given target in any given combat. He is fond of weapons, but doesn't carry one with him. Instead, he like to use whatever is handy. He will use a weapon once, and if it can't penetrate through defenses, he will discard it and concentrate on his killing attack.

His powers allow him to fight for a long time. If he is cut he will bleed profusely, but at the first recovery the characters will see his wounds close up and heal without leaving even a scratch. He has no concept of retreat: his high STUN and REC allow him to come back from even the worst damage.

Reign was a normal man with a rather abnormal mind before Reverend M got hold of him. In yet another display of subconscious use of his power, M preyed for an answer to the problem that Reign presented. "God" answered by giving Reign all the tools he would ever need to kill and kill again. If Reign should ever slip from M's power, he will go on a spree that could make Wrath's look like child's play.

Appearance: Reign wears a red flannel shirt and blue jeans. The others have tried to get him to wear M's colors, but no one wants to press the issue. He has black hair, black eyes and stands at about 5-foot-10, 180 pounds. A slight gut pokes out just above his Sears belt, and appears as if he is beginning middle-age. Reign always has his head tilted to the side at a 45 degree angle. When Reign is using his powers, his hands glow a deep purple and his eyes turn pitch black.

Roleplaying Tips: Reign knows how to kill, and that's about it. He takes everything in stride and rarely gets mad or even irritated. Perhaps that is what makes him so frightening: he fights and kills as if it were a pleasant everyday activity. Even when killing, he talks to the victim like he was having a normal conversation with a friend over a nice cup of coffee.



His calm nature may lead characters to think he is not dangerous: a bad mistake. Reign's first priority is killing. He will usually tell characters in advance what he is going to do to them. His descriptions are calm, accurate and graphic.

Champions Conversion: Reign could use another Speed point, some more END, and a couple of levels to bring him in line with a regular **Champions** campaign. The GM could chose to leave him as he is—slow, but very dangerous.

The kids showed almost immediate improvement. They were more positive and had more self-confidence from day one. Parents of the students called her and praised her as an angel from above sent to help guide the children. Just as Danton predicted, she had no money but never went a day without a cooked meal or a hot shower. Word of Erin spread through the parents of the city, until her reputation reached Reverend M.

The Reverend came into her studio and watched her teach the children. As soon as he saw her pick up a sword, M heard a voice inside of his head. She was destined to be part of his church, destined to help M's plan to fruition. He walked across the mats, interrupting class as he strode up to face the red-haired beauty.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, buddy?" Erin demanded, furious the cook in the robes had disturbed her student's concentration. M's voice shot out, shaking her usual confidence with its power.

"My child, you are speaking to a man of the church, and I will expect you to curb such foul language!" he commanded. Erin was immediately abashed.

"I ... I'm sorry sir, I didn't know," she stammered

"It's all right my child, and you may address me as Reverend." M smiled at her, and Erin had never felt so pleased by a smile in all her life. She internally breathed a sigh of relief, she had just met the man, but for some reason she wanted desperately to please him.

"I hear great things about you in the neighborhood," M said, letting his smile grow wider. Erin's jaw dropped, she could think of nothing to say to this man that would be an adequate response. "You are a teacher, so am I. Let us discuss the value of teaching the leaders of tomorrow, I have much to share with you, my child."

Erin dismissed class—permanently.

Personality: Erin, like the majority of M's followers, fell prey to his powers. She is the same person she was before, but now all of her energy goes into furthering the cause of Reverend M. Bayonet is likable enough if you can get her to stop talking about the revolution, but that rarely happens.

She has bought M's philosophy hook, line and sinker, spewing revolutionary jargon with every breath she takes. She will answer to nothing but Bayonet, the glorious revolutionary name Reverend M has bestowed upon her. She is a weapon of the revolution, sharp and deadly. She lives for the revolution just as she lives to do Reverend M's bidding.

Quote: "May God guide my blade against bourgeois pigs like you."

Powers/Tactics: Bayonet has gained mastery of edged weapons such as swords and knives. She carries a wide assortment of weapons and will not hesitate to use any of them. Bayonet likes to strike from a distance, using her throwing knives to reduce the number of opponents, or follow another member of the Disciples into combat.

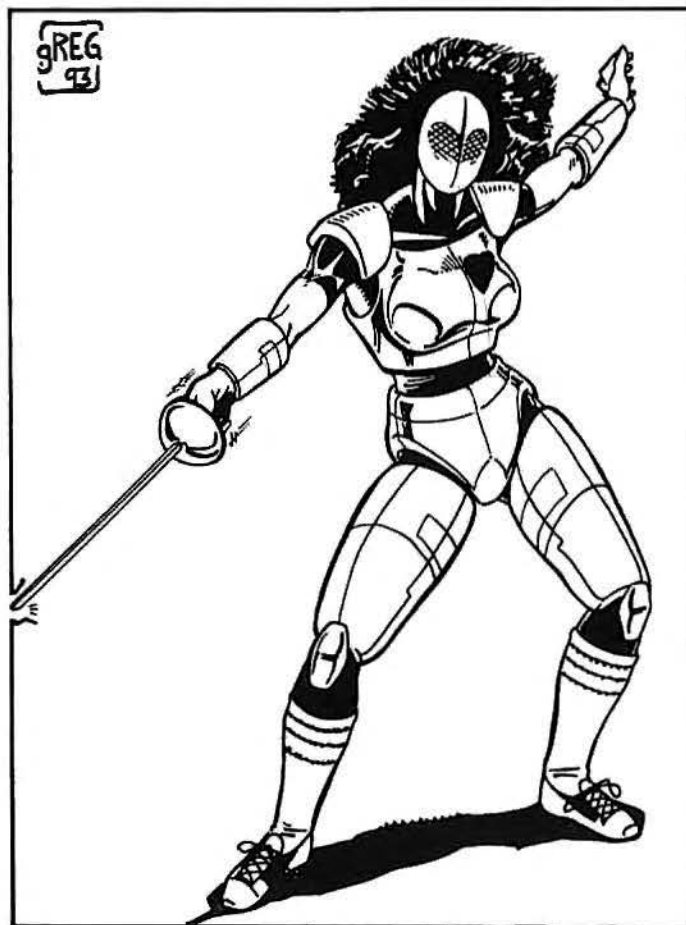
In hand-to-hand she is a match for any martial artist, but she has little training against multiple opponents. If attacked by more than one opponent, she will dodge continually until one of her teammates can help her out. Guillotine and Napoleon are trying to train her to handle multiple opponents, but compared to her they know nothing about sword fighting.

The Way is a rare form of fencing that emphasizes unity with the weapon. She has such mastery over her weapons that a simple grab would not be sufficient to take them away, hence the inaccessible focus limitation on her blades. Her betrayal of The Way has made her the target of other followers of the discipline.

Appearance: Bayonet stands at 5-foot-4 and weighs 100 pounds soaking wet. Her very feminine appearance often makes her an initial target of the burly-man type, but her prowess with weapons quickly teaches them different. She has red hair and green eyes with several tiny scars around her face (from intensive training exercises). Her costume is yellow with purple trim and her armor is the same color silver as Guillotine.

Roleplaying Tips: Bayonet is gung-ho on revolution. She is dedicated to the cause, and nothing could sway her from Reverend M's will. In combat, she is constantly angry and hates all who would fight against the cause. She will be happy to trade verbal barbs with anyone, and every sentence she utters will have at least one revolutionary term in it.

Champions Conversion: Bayonet is pretty tough as she stands. The GM might want to give her a couple of more levels, and a few more points of armor. With those additions, Bayonet should be a challenge for most heroes.



CANNON

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
13	STR	3	OCV: 8
24	DEX	42	DCV: 8
20	CON	20	ECV: 4
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12
10	INT	0	
12	EGO	4	
15	PRE	5	Costs
18	COM	4	Char: 118 Base: 100
10	PD	7	+ +
11	ED	7	Powers: 194 Disad: 212
5	SPD	16	= =
7	REC	0	Totals: 312 312
40	END	0	
37	STUN	10	

Cost	Powers	END
80	Multipower— Heat (80 pt. pool)	
12 m	16d6 Energy Blast - Fire	6
12 m	2d6 RKA Continuous - Fire	6
15 m	10d6 Explosion - Fire	7
8 u	8d6 Cone Area Effect Fire Blast	8
6 m	+16 PD, +14 ED Force Field	3
10 m	25" Flight	5
15	6d6 Area Effect Heat Field (No Conscious Control, -2)	6

Skills	
5	Streetwise 13-
3	Stealth (not with flight) 14-
3	Shadowing 11-
3	Security Systems 11-
3	Lockpicking 14-
5	KS: Gang Life 14-
7	KS: City Gangs 16-
2	Fam w/Small Arms
5	Fluent English (native Spanish)

100+ Disadvantages	
20	1 ½x Stun and Body from Fire Attacks
20	1 ½x Stun and Body from Lasers
25	Berserk if Reverend M hurt (unc) 14-, 8-
15	Enraged if manhood insulted, questioned (v. common) 11-, 8-
15	Enraged if humiliated in battle (common) 14-, 8-
20	Total commitment to Reverend M (common, total)
10	Macho (common, mod)
10	Quick to take offense (common, mod)
10	Losing a fight is a threat to his manhood (common, mod)
15	2d6 From 110° heat (unc, turn)
10	Hunted by old gang members, 11-
10	Public Identity
22	Villain Bonus

Background: When Hernando Cortez's family crept across the Mexican/American border he was only three. For years, the Cortezes lived as migrant workers, traveling across America making a living by picking whatever crop was in season. Hernando traveled from town to town, helping in the fields as soon as he was able.

His education was poor at best. He was never able to stay in one school long enough for the teachers to make a difference. Despite the lack of education, Hernando proved to be a quick study. He soon learned that America was a land of rich and poor, workers and bosses. Being in America at such an early age, Hernando's earliest memories were of the vast houses and well-kept estates that seemed to be just off the highways and back-roads his family was always traveling.

While his brothers and sisters adjusted to the situation and tried to make the most of it, Hernando rebelled. His siblings worked here and there, picking up skills as they searched for a way out of the fields. Hernando found a simple way out: stealing. When the family went through the campaign city, Hernando left and never came back. He began to run with an Hispanic gang and found he could make more than just a simple living by peddling drugs.

Hernando's gang lived the violent, unpredictable life of street dealers. On a good day, Hernando could make more money than his parents had seen in six months. On a bad day, he would lose another friend and be lucky to come away with his life. The savage life of gang violence began to swallow Hernando up, and he became meaner and nastier every day. The once happy, withdrawn little boy had grown into a teenager adept at killing and surviving, a man-boy whose only thoughts were those of revenge and the next deal.

Halfway through Hernando's 16th year, he began to experience hot flashes and dizziness. Rare at first, the incidents began to increase in number until both Hernando and his friends began to think something was wrong. Two months after the first attack, they became so steady that it was almost a constant thing. Hernando began to lose weight and ran temperatures in excess of 150 degrees on a daily basis. His friends finally decided to take Hernando to the hospital.

The nurses at Mercy General told Hernando's friends to be patient, and they tried to fill out the required patient information. When Hernando collapsed on the floor a nurse rushed to him. Burning hot to the touch, the nurse had Hernando wheeled to an emergency room. When she took his temperature, she could barely believe the 175 degrees the thermometer registered.

Hernando tried to rise, his head ablaze with visions brought on by his record fever. His hand grasped the safety rail of the bed, but melted right through the metal. Laying on the floor, he tried to grasp the bed to pull himself up, but the sheets immediately caught fire, filling the room with smoke. The nurses ran at the sight of the boy whose hands burnt everything they touched, and Hernando's struggles to leave the room soon had a dozen small fires burning.

The fire in his head grew hotter, and Hernando began to scream with pain. Closing his eyes and asking God for forgiveness, Hernando fought to stay alive, not even knowing what he was fighting against. He tried to clear his mind, but the heat continued to rise. Beyond the point of seeing anything, the entire room burst into flames as hospital alarms screeched in the halls.

He stumbled from the room and into the hall. The patients and staff could hardly even look at him, shielding their eyes from the radiating heat. His body appeared to shimmer and lose its definition as the heat distorted the light-waves around him. His head cleared slightly, Hernando ran from the hospital amidst the screams of horror.

The attack passed, and Hernando found himself cowering in an alley, shivering from the cold. Tears rolled down his face as he wrestled with the fact that he was a damned soul. All of his violence and evil ways had not gone unnoticed, and he was now to pay, to rot in hell for all eternity. If there was one thing Hernando's parents had drilled into his head when he was a child it was the concept of religion. He should have listened to them.

Desperate for forgiveness, alone and cold, Hernando sought a church to pray in. Clothed only in rags he had found in the trash, he walked in to the church, slumped over from shame and fear. He sat heavily in a pew, and as he searched for the words he needed to say to God he quietly fell asleep.

Hernando's head swam with heat amidst his cloud of a dream. A hand gently prodded his shoulder, trying to wake him. Hernando's eyes opened, but the hazy world he saw inside the church was little different from the hell that lurked inside his head. He sat up, trying to control his dizziness, to see the room slowly filling up with strangers. His heat-filled mind could only register "threat", and Hernando began to panic. The pew beneath him burst into flames.

People ran from him in all directions. Hernando tried to stand, to leave the church, but his legs failed him yet again. He collapsed onto the floor, unable to see the wood beneath him blackening with fire from the heat that poured from his body. The church quickly filled with smoke, and the rapidly rising temperature threatened to engulf the entire room in destroying fire.

"Fight it, my child!" The voice boomed through the smoke. "Fight the demons inside of you!" The voice cut through the smoke as well as the heat in Hernando's brain. For just a second, he could think clearly, then the heat engulfed his head once more.

"You can stop this, my child! Don't let the devil take your soul, fight him down!" The voice hammered home yet again, and Hernando grabbed on to it in his mind like a drowning man grasps on to anything that floats. "Fight him back," the voice called, "you can beat him!" Hernando fought back his panic and he tried to control the heat inside him. He felt the temperature lower, but it was to much strain for him. The heat welled up inside him yet again, and he tried desperately to keep from passing out.

"The cross, child, concentrate on the cross!" Hernando looked up slowly to see the strange cross. The three colors that ran down its length shimmered in the heat, and the cross looked like a living thin to his fevered mind. Hernando keyed in on the cross and focused his thoughts. He blocked everything out, concentrating only on the cross and all the things he had been told it represented. The devil would not have him this day.

The temperature suddenly dropped. Heat left his body, floating up and out of the church. The man in the purple robes walked towards Hernando, ignoring his followers who were busy with fire extinguishers. Hernando sat on his knees in the aisle, looking up at the man who had called to him through the smoke, the man who had saved him from the devil.

"My child," the man said with a loving smile, "we will work together to beat this demon

inside of you. I will help you for as long as it takes." Hernando looked up at the man, awash in the genuine love that poured out of him. The man was truly an angel sent to deliver Hernando from the sins he had so brazenly committed. Hope filled his soul, and for the first time in years, Hernando smiled.

Personality: Cannon has a serious attitude problem. He is highly protective of Reverend M and will react harshly to any threat towards M. Hernando gets along with the other Disciples, but carries a large chip on his shoulder. Being the youngest in the group, he feels he has to prove something to everyone.



Napoleon has shown Hernando the most understanding, as he can relate to life on the streets and the violence of gangs better than any of the others. Hernando has accepted Napoleon as almost an older brother, and will do what he says as long as Napoleon does not treat him like a child. The rest of the Disciples have a natural tendency to tell Hernando what to do as he is much younger than anyone else. He overreacts when people tell him what to do as he thinks it is an insult to his manhood, a very important concept in Hernando's background.

Quote: "Come on! Let's find out just how tough you are."

Powers/Tactics: Hernando has no tactics to speak of, lashing out with his most powerful attacks until he runs out of energy. He has yet to learn how pace himself, although Napoleon is trying to teach him to relax in combat and not get so worked up.

Cannon is still learning to use his powers. His control over molecule excitability still tends to get away from him sometimes, and many fires will erupt around him if he gets mad enough. He is an asset to the Disciples, but the line between asset and liability is a fine one. Napoleon and Reverend M both see the potential that Cannon has, and they will keep working with his growing power until as the teenager continues to mature and adjust to his new life.

He has trouble controlling his temperature, as can be seen by the 6d6 Area Effect with No Conscious Control. When he is hit by attacks such as fire and lasers, the high temperatures affect him harshly. The higher the temperature, the worse off Hernando is. If the temperature around him is raised long enough, he will lose control of his powers and simply combust.

Appearance: Cannon is trim to the point of skinny, although his muscles are developed and very defined. He stands at 5-foot-7 and weighs 150 pounds. His chest is always puffed out, and his thick, glossy black hair has a tendency to fall into his face (no effect on combat). His uniform, a fire-proof fabric designed by Ramirez, is white on the bottom with a purple stripe across the center and a yellow top.

Roleplaying Tips: Hernando is a passionate and excitable man. The best word to describe his character is macho. He tends to relate everything to his manhood, and is very violent when his manhood is questioned.

He talks with a moderate Spanish accent and he is big on threats. He is a violent fighter and will do his utmost to destroy his opponent.

Champions Conversion: Cannon really doesn't need much of anything to become a full-blown **Champions** villain. The GM might want to bring his attack dice up, or give him a level or two.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A: INFORMATION MERCHANTS

The information merchant can be a great way for a GM to give characters a constant source of solid clues and information. An info merchant is a person who deals with the business of secrets and little-known facts—information that people will pay money for.

Info merchants deal with all kinds of sources. They are very knowledgeable in business, crime, the underworld, religion, the occult, government, the military or anything else that could come into play in a campaign. They don't know everything, but they often know enough to give the characters an edge or to put them on the right track in an investigation.

Dealing with an info merchant is like dealing with the devil, you can't get anything for free. Most info merchants won't take money from characters—the knowledge a paranormal can collect is far more valuable. When a character wants something from a merchant, the characters will have to provide some juicy info the merchant can turn around and use. This can create tricky situations for a character—info merchants are smart and they will only accept information they didn't know and can use for a profit.

Any info merchant who has built a reputation has done so by being careful. They don't give out information that can get them killed. The merchants who do things like selling mob secrets or talking about occult groups usually don't last long enough to build a reputation.

Most merchants are an institution of the city in which they live. The successful ones are very safe. The information most people can get from an info merchant is worth far more than killing a merchant to prevent information from getting out. Most criminal (or business) organizations will take punitive actions on the person the information merchant talked to (if those organizations can find that person—an info merchant will *never* reveal a source).

This results in an unspoken code of protection for merchants. They are so valued that anyone harming a merchant is in big trouble from the rest of the city. Hurting, harassing or killing an info merchant is a great way for a character to wind up on every hit list in the city or even the country. Characters who think they can rough up high level info merchants will be facing opposition that will make the character's hunts desirable by comparison.

Most merchants make their money with legitimate business secrets. Corporation will pay hundreds of thousands or even millions for the right info about the competition. Merchants deal with all kinds of secrets, relying on the constant exchange of information to bring them something they can sell.



Even the most powerful villains in the world don't have access to all the tidbits an info merchant can find. Merchants deal exclusively with information, and their constant attention to their trade gives them access to secrets the best detectives can't come up with in months of investigation. And the best part of it all is that the merchant never has to leave the place of business—everybody comes to them.

CHARACTERS AND INFO MERCHANTS

When starting a relationship with a merchant, the character will have to give some really good stuff. The character will always have to spill first, until a professional relationship is established. The character can first ask if the merchant has info on the topic in question, but for the first few trips the character will have to give his info first.

Merchants will not trade for information they already know, but they are very honest. It is part of their business for customers to know that they will not lie. If they hear something they didn't know and can use, they will give information of equal importance related to the character's question.

Merchants never tell everything at once (unless the character's information is very good). They like to tantalize with the promise of future secrets—all the character has to do is pay with more information. The GM should have a good grip of how important certain info is in the campaign. Use that knowledge to ascertain the value of character information, and the info merchant will give something of equal value.

THE GM'S USE OF INFO MERCHANTS

The info merchant is not a solution to a plot, just a helping hand. The merchants do not know everything, but they do know *something* about everything. Merchants are a great way for the GM to move stumped characters along or give characters info they couldn't get in any other way. They are honest and will never betray their sources. The GM should treat a merchant as an institution of the city, something no one would even think of abusing.

If characters harass, threaten or lie to a merchant, most merchants have favors to call in. Even if the characters are with the law, they can't touch the merchant. Putting a merchant in jail would be a capitol offense in the eyes of the underworld—not to mention the characters have to have a good reason to arrest a merchant. Many denizens of the city are so dependent on the merchants that they would kill to protect them. The GM should find a way to make this obvious before characters go storming in and pompously demand service.

Lying to a merchant is another serious offense. The characters will be able to get away with it once, and then the merchant will not deal with the character again. The character will be out in the cold unless he can provide a really big tip to the merchant to balance the scales. Lie a second time, and the character's relationship with that merchant is permanently over. A player who thinks he can simply lie and outfox a person who makes a living dealing with information deserves to lose that source.

APPENDIX B: FBI RAP SHEETS

At the beginning of this book, The Pack are the only ones with a record.

Mike McReady (Napoleon) has a record in Singapore, but the rest of the Disciples have a clean slate. Phillip Jason Brewer (Reign) was never caught, let alone tried or convicted, for his mass-murder spree, so he has no major-crime record (he has a large misdemeanor and petty crime record, however).

The Nocturnals, obviously, don't have identities, so they don't have records.

The FBI Rap Sheet is used for characters who want to do background checks on the villains. This information is standard and obtainable in any law-enforcement data bank.

MONGREL

Suspected Identity: Armondo Lincoln Mohammed

- Mohammed convicted in first-degree murder of Sebastian Mohammed and Latoyah Mohammed.
- Prime suspect in murder of mayor Bradford Whitman.
First Degree Murder: Main suspect in another 48 counts
Second Degree Murder: suspect in 50+ counts
Grand Theft: Suspect in seven counts.

DOBERMAN

Identity: Willie Stempky

- Convicted in first-degree murder of Lyle Boson and Julius Jenkins, sentenced to 30 years.
- Escaped maximum-security prison
First Degree Murder: suspect in 12 counts.
Second Degree Murder: Suspect in 17 counts.

MOONDOG

Identity: Unknown.

- First Degree Murder:* Suspect in seven counts.
- Second Degree Murder:* Suspect in 14 counts.
- Racketeering:* Suspect in four counts.
- Extortion:* Suspect in five counts.

ROTTWEILER

Identity: Unknown.

- First Degree Murder:* Suspect in eight counts.
- Second Degree Murder:* Suspect in five counts.

HELLHOUND

Identity: Unknown.

- First Degree Murder:* Suspect in 14 counts.
- Second Degree Murder:* Suspect in 32 counts.

APPENDIX C: SUPPLEMENTAL CHARACTERS

This section presents two supplemental characters to be used with *Shadows of the City*.

FIREBREATHER

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
10	STR	0	OCV: 8
23	DEX	39	DCV: 8
24	CON	28	ECV: 5
12	BODY	4	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12
10	INT	0	
14	EGO	8	
20	PRE	10	Costs
8	COM	-1	Char: 143 Base: 100
4	PD	2	Powers: 177 Disad: 220
10	ED	5	Totals: 320 320
5	SPD	17	
15	REC	16	
58	END	5	
39	STUN	10	

Cost	Powers	END
30	EC-Fire	
45 a	12d6 EB, ½ END Cost	3
32 b	25" Flight, ½ END Cost	2
10	10 pts. Mental Defense	
45	A armor (+15PD/+15ED)	
5	KS: City Knowledge 14-	
5	KS: Sitcom trivia 14-	
5	KS: Sitcom Impersonations 14-	
100+	Disadvantages	
15	1½x Stun from knife attacks	
15	1½x Body from knife attacks	
15	Follows orders without question	
15	Craves human blood	
10	Believes the King without question	
10	Can't conceive of giving up without an order	
25	Distinctive features (concealable, major)	
10	Has trouble fitting through doors, etc. (freq, slightly)	
15	Hunted by Savior, 8-	
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)	
92	Villain Bonus	

Origin: Even in the subterranean catacombs of The Lair, there are the kids everyone makes fun of. Fatty was one such kid, and growing up amongst the other Nocturnals was a hard experience. He couldn't help it if he was extremely fat, and it surely wasn't because he ate too much.

The other young ones often beat him up and took his food, leaving him lonely and hungry. His layers of fat always kept him from physical injury, even against those with considerable strength and power, but he was too physically weak to stop his tormentors. He had a few friends amongst the Old Ones, but he longed to run wild in the streets above with the others his age. But for a fat, disgusting slob like Fatty, such dreams would surely never be realized.

Most Nocturnals show at least some evidence of future power from birth. Sly, Brains & Brawn and Hysteria, to name a few, were marked from their first hours in The Lair as future warriors, filled with the energy that would someday be at the fingertips of The King's wishes. But for Fatty, that power took much longer to arise.

It wasn't until he was seventeen that he began to realize something inside of him was changing. His stomach was knotted with pain for days on end—gas built up in him and he could never seem to be rid of it. Every one of Marie's Children was a genetic gamble, but Fatty's "seven" didn't show until he had been picked on one too many times.

Several minor Nocturnals took great pleasure out of torturing him on a daily basis, humiliating him and doing everything in their power to make his life hell. They would have their hell, all right, just not in the way they wanted.

The straw that broke the camel's back was food. As they took Fatty's food for the third day in a row, a famished rage befell him that allowed him, for the first time, to stand up to his tormentors. He could feel the anger building inside of him, aggravating the gas and filling his stomach with pain. The other's laughed at his feeble attempt stand up for himself. The laughter pushed him beyond the point of rage, and as the pain in his stomach became excruciating his instincts took over.

Looking at one of his tormentors, Fatty finally felt the welcome release of a belch building up in his chest. But when he opened his mouth to let the dreaded gas out of his tortured stomach, a blinding stream of flames shot out, engulfing the Nocturnal who had been laughing only seconds before.



By the time the Old Ones arrived to restore order, three of Fatty's tormentors were dead and the others were nowhere to be seen.

Under Nocturnal law, murder is not tolerated but individuals who cannot defend themselves are considered weak and inferior. Fatty had been one of those weak ones, but he had demonstrated his strength and his ability to defend his right to the food. Besides his moral high ground, the Nocturnals were not about to lose someone with such a potential for power to put in service of The King.

Now he prefers to be called Firebreather, and he has taken his place amongst the most powerful of his people. He is still learning to fully use his powers, and he grows stronger by the day. For now, however, it is enough for him to enjoy his newfound respect and run with his brothers and sisters when they venture into the streets.

And nobody calls him Fatty anymore.

Personality: Firebreather is a nice guy, as far as flesh-eating monsters go. He has proven to be a hard worker and a dedicated soldier to the Nocturnal cause, never complaining about anything and willing to push his power to the ultimate limits in the name of his people and his King. He is brave and will suffer any pain or torture if it will help his kin or his friends.

While Sly and the others used to look down in disgust at Fatty, they now consider him a good friend and a trusted comrade. Any of the high-powered Nocturnals know that Firebreather will do whatever is asked, and he will do it with a smile on his face. Amongst the Nocturnals, it is known that Firebreather will do anything as long as he is treated with respect. When respect goes out the window, however, he is as dangerous to his comrades as he is to the humans.

Quote: "I'll think I'll go on a diet—as soon as I'm finished devouring you."

Powers/Tactics: Firebreather's stomach is a chemical factory. It produces large amounts of a concentrated acid that erupts upon contact with air. His powerful stomach muscles can hurl this acid long distances at high velocity. His fat is extremely pliant and strong at the same time, giving to absorb kinetic energy from most physical attacks and insulating him against energy assault.

His midsection is full of organs that no one knows about. He can produce many types of acid and chemicals, but so far only three have shown any immediate use. One is the flame-acid, another is his flight gas. Firebreather produces a gas that is far lighter than air, making him buoyant enough to fly. Propulsion is provided via orifices in his palms that dispel the third product of his productive stomach, a highly concentrated gas that is forced out via the powerful flexing muscles in his midsection.

Firebreather's tactics are very simple. He likes to fly out of the reach of earth-bound opponents and then deal with other flyers. When there are no other flyers, he will concentrate his EB on ground opponents. He always follows the group leader's orders without question.

So far, there is no known limit to the amount of gas and acid his body can produce.

Appearance: This cat is fat. We're not talking overweight, portly or "pleasantly plump," we're talking sheer, unadulterated obesity. If Firebreather's body had normal qualities, he would easily weight over 1,000 pounds. That doesn't fit very well on a 5-foot-6 frame, either. He's got fat fingers, fat legs, a big fat body and really fat face.

He wears many bright-colored rags that have been fashioned into a body-suit because he'll never get close to conventional clothes. His hair is a greasy-black and is swept back away from his face.

Roleplaying Tips: He has gone from an insecure wimp to a very well-adjusted individual. Firebreather is about as normal as you will find amongst the Nocturnals. He fights like a wildcat and is very brave in combat—he will never back down from an opponent and will keep fighting until the end. He has heard every insult in the book, and there is little the characters can say that will get through his thick skin.

HYSTERIA

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
8	STR	-2	OCV: 8
24	DEX	42	DCV: 8
20	CON	20	EVC: 3
9	BODY	-2	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12
12	INT	2	
8	EGO	-4	Costs
14	PRE	4	
8	COM	-2	Char: 102 Base: 100
18	PD	15	+ +
19	ED	15	Powers: 180 Disad: 182
4	SPD	6	= =
10	REC	6	Totals: 282 282
40	END	0	
30	STUN	2	

Cost	Powers	END
30	EC Sonic	
30 a	12d6 EB	6
50 b	8d6 AE (Cone, 9") EB	8
30 c	30" Flight	3
30	+10 Pd, +10 ED Force Field, 0 END	0
10	10 pts. Mental Defense	

100+	Disadvantages
20	Berserk if being beaten and mocked (11-, 11-)
10	Enraged if looks are insulted (11-, 11-)
10	Enraged if can't get her way (11-, 11-)
15	1½x Stun from bullets
15	1½x Body from bullets
15	Craves human blood (v. common, mod)
10	Makes irrational demands of others
10	Believes the King without question
15	Distinctive features (concealable)
15	Hunted by Savior, 8-
15	Watched by DEMON (more pow, NCI, 14-)
32	Villain Bonus

Origin: She came out of the egg screaming.

Not a normal, healthy scream of a Nocturnal fresh from the egg, but an ear-piercing shriek that had the Old Ones in the nursery crawling on the floor in agony, trying in vain to get away from the newborn sonic monstrosity. They were there to help the little one crawl from the egg. Their reward was mind-rending agony and bleeding ears as they lay only moments from death—the newest nocturnal shrieked with fear as the cold air of The Lair hit her for the first time.

Brains was called in and he was finally able to calm the newborn, bringing the potentially deadly situation under control before any serious casualties ensued. As if there was any doubt from her lungs, she was a healthy baby.

Hysteria picked up her name as she progressed from infancy to the terrible toddler stage. Not understanding what her voluminous voice did to her elders, she would scream and rant and rave when she didn't get her way just as any small child might have done—except whenever she threw a tantrum lives were at stake.

Brains finally had to be with her full-time to control her hysterics, for as she grew in size and age she also grew in power. He calmed her and guided her, helping her to mature past the point of screaming when she didn't get her way.

While she has grown up under constant supervision, she has often lost her deadly temper. The Nocturnals are very careful of what they say around Hysteria, ever cognizant of the danger involved with igniting one of her volatile tantrums.

At 16, she shares the burden of adolescence with her human cousins. The Nocturnals know that her power is invaluable and that someday, they hope, she will mature to become an upstanding servant of her people and The King, but for now she may be more of a liability than an asset. Her rages are a wonder to behold, and they could prove fatal to everyone around her.

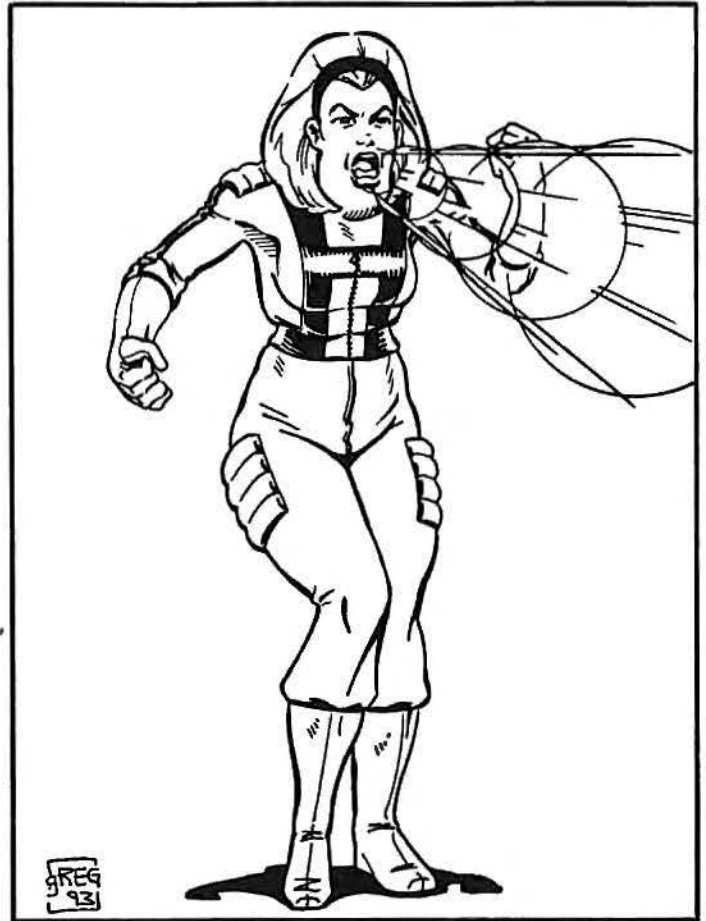
Personality: Hysteria is a teenage girl with some serious power at her disposal. She is trying desperately to get a grip of her wild temper, and she truly wants to become a normal part of the Nocturnal upper-crust, but her emotions often get the best of her. She is highly emotional and apt to behave in extremes.

Combat is new enough to her that she is fairly scared in battle. Because of this, she will follow orders, but as her combat experience grows her know-it-all attitude will extend to the arena of conflict and orders in the field will be accepted about as well as orders in the Lair.

Quote: "That's not fair!"

Powers/Tactics: Hysteria has massive sonic power at her disposal, but is very inexperienced with it. As long as she is under control, she follows the leader's directions and uses her EB as her primary weapon. She keeps the Force Field up at all times, as it is very easy for her to maintain,

When she loses control or heads into a Berserk rage, she tends to lash out at full power with the EB or even use the AE, regardless of who is in the way.



Hysteria unleashes her EB and AE from her mouth, but she does not need to scream to make her other powers work. Her massive vocal cords are capable of vibrating without her screaming, providing all of the sonic energy for her energy blast.

Appearance: Hysteria's throat is so large she looks like she doesn't have a neck at all. Most of the mass between her head and shoulders is masterfully engineered vocal cords, some as thick as pencils and some thinner than human hairs, allowing her to produce many frequencies.

She is blond and styles her hair, but there is little she can do to accentuate her pair-shaped body. Her skin has a bluish tinge and her eyes are a deep violet. She is one of the few Nocturnals to wear a typical costume, consisting of a purple suit with light purple trim.

Roleplaying Tips: Hysteria is an emotional, excitable and deadly teenage girl. She shares the quest for blood and the love of the King with the rest of her kin, but aside from that play her as a teenage girl who reacts much more drastically to situations than a normal teenage girl would.

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