

VICTORIOUS

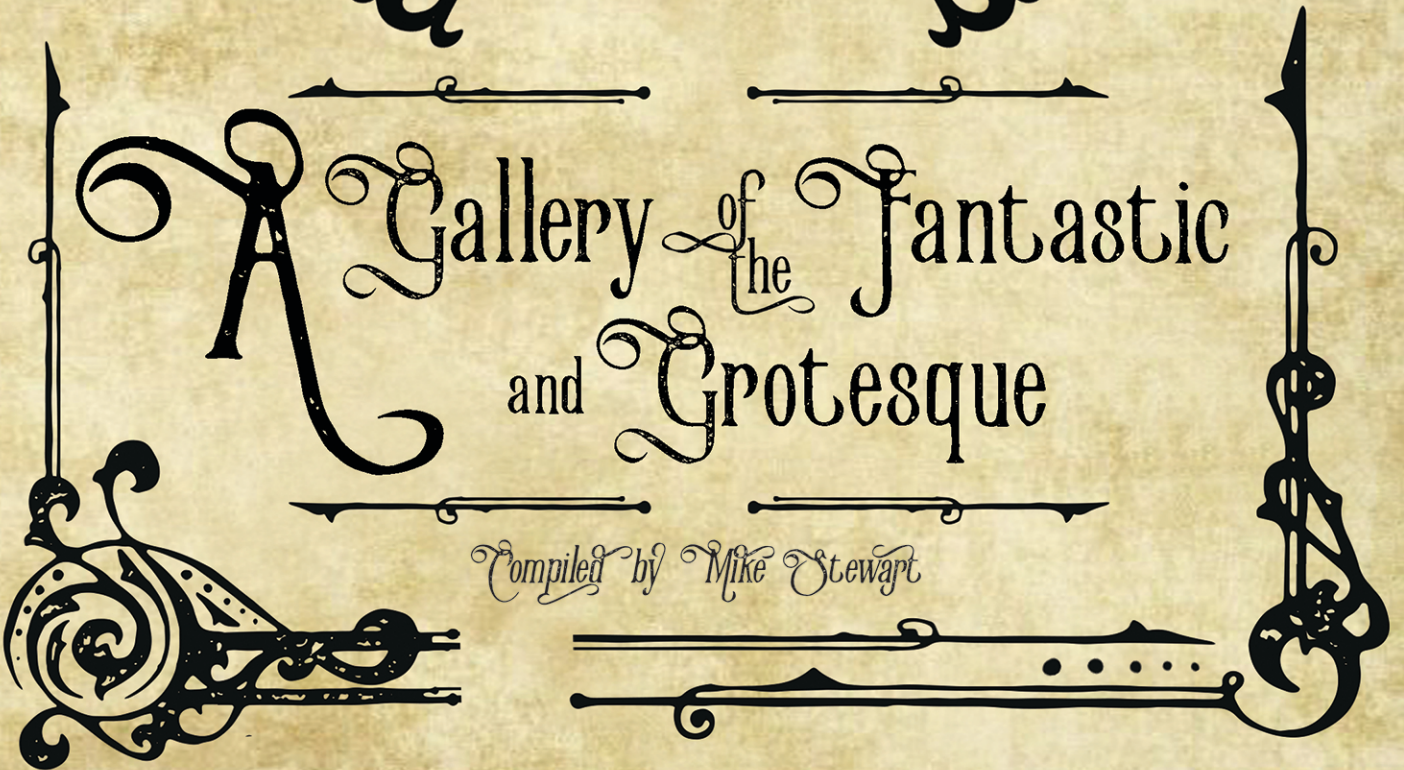


Phantasmagoria



A Gallery of the Fantastic
and Grotesque

Compiled by Mike Stewart



VICTORIOUS

PHANTASMAGORIA

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Printed in the United States of America

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WELCOME TO THE GALLERY



The Gallery of Phantasmagoria is a listing of various heroic, villainous, and uncertain personages that populate the Earth of the Victorious role-playing game. Yet it is more than a simple collection of non-player characters (NPCs) or encounters for players to fight with and against. Instead, it is hoped that each member of SuperMankind collected here will provide a window on how people of the late nineteenth century might react to powerful beings that emerge as if from nowhere to walk their streets and soar through their skies. Whether a Genteel Magistrate decides to use the characters listed herein as they are provided, or changes them in personality or powers, your author hopes that it will assist in the most critical aspect of any role-playing game, that of sparking the imagination. For without this, Victorious is simply an exercise in dice rolling and number collating...hardly the stuff of adventure!

A NOTE ON ALIGNMENTS

As noted in the Victorious rule book, both characters and chronicles can have alignments. As in that book, the characters listed here are divided into sections based on personal alignment: Good, Neutral, and Evil. Naturally any Genteel Magistrate may change these at a whim, but it is hoped that the brief backgrounds provide enough information to allow changes to remain faithful to the original character concept.

In that regard, these characters are created assuming a Gilded

chronicle as the default setting. Any use of these SuperMankind in a Grand or Grim chronicle is possible so long as backgrounds and personalities are modified appropriately. Grim chronicles will see details of the worst aspects of Victorian society, with self-interest reigning supreme in lieu of idealized good and justice. Grand chronicles, on the other hand, will emphasize ideals and clear distinctions between Good and Evil; with very few Neutrals in evidence. Right is Right, Wrong is Wrong, and there will be little question as to which is which.

PERSONS OUT OF TIME

A few characters listed herein, for example Chance, Spellbinder, Twilight, and Moleculon, have origins from the twenty-first century. They, like some of their fellows noted in the Victorious rules, were thrown out of their time stream and due to certain unchangeable realities they cannot return. As described in this book, they've been in the Victorian era for several years and have made lives for themselves in their new locale. However, if GMs wish to have them as new additions from time and space they are welcome to. In such a case, remove any skills that imply specifically the nineteenth century and leave them instead with modern equivalents. Etiquettes would be closer to modern views of politeness (including political correctness), sciences would expand considerably, and professions might include computer use and genetic engineering in lieu of steam mechanics and Eugenics. When all else fails, the Genteel Magistrate's decisions are final and appropriate to their own milieu. So, onward to those of Phantasmagoric mien!

LIFE IMITATES ART IMITATES LIFE

January 21st, 1891

It's odd to write a journal with, well...writing — with a pen, that is. I am too spoiled on computers but I've had to reacquire handwriting skills since we've found ourselves in this strange new world. It was bad enough to find ourselves stranded in the past, in a world we never made, but to use fountain pens? You know, that saying always bugged me. Who DOES make a world anyway?

Come to think of it, I guess we did. After discovering we couldn't return home we decided to do what we did in the 21st century. Namely, use our powers to help people and protect the innocent. Silly me, I thought being over 130 years in the past would make crime fighting and society easier to deal with. I was certainly wrong on that, as Dancer never tires of reminding me. Oh these folk might be "Victorians" in every sense of the term but they're not idiots. Some of the new steam-powered tech they've come up with is downright scary. Not to mention people can be just as selfish, narcissistic, and childish as anyone in the 'future' ever could be.

The strangest part of all is the costumes and personas. Obviously we 21sters were influenced by comic books to take on our masked roles. But there are no comic books here! Well, except for the Illustrated Gazettes, but don't get me started on those. Where did villains such as Comedy and Tragedy, Miasma, and Doctor Golgotha get their outfits and personas from?

I am coming to the reluctant conclusion that...they came from us. Our use of 'nom de guerres' and masks have expanded well beyond our ability to influence the paradigm. We've instigated the tropes that now bind us to the 'archenemies' of our current situation.

Well, if we're caught in our own web of butterfly wings (Yes, I'm mixing metaphors, webs and Chaos Theory. So what? It's my journal!) we can at least do our best to throw as many of them into prison as possible. Her Majesty's Government of Great Britain has just finished rebuilding Dartmoor Prison to hold exclusively criminals of the SuperMankind variety, and I've done some help with building in countermeasures for powers. This, as you might imagine, provides me a unique view of the super criminal element, which I will now document for you in this journal. Assuming anyone ever reads this. I'm hoping perhaps in the next century people will read this and know how things started. Maybe things will be better. Maybe they won't, though I can't entirely rid myself of the idea of killing Hitler before he does his worst in the 20th century. Who knows? Maybe my wife Helene's right and just paying for his way into the Vienna Art School will fix the problem. I hope so.

Now, onto the pulse-pounding, two-fisted, tales to Astonish!

Dr. Richard J. Hunter, PhD

Lord Osborne

THE GREAT AND THE GOOD

ANODYNE

Proper Name: Olivia Grantham

Strength: 10 (+0)

Dexterity: 18 (+3)

Constitution: 10 (+0)

Intelligence: 16 (+2)

Wisdom: 10 (+0)

Charisma: 13 (+1)

INIT: +3

Actions: 3 per 2 rounds

AC: 13, +6 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 24

Level: 3

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 2

Skills: Etiquette 2 (Polite), History/Legend 1 (England), Linguist 1 (French), Physical Arts 2 (Riding, Dancing), Prime 1 (Constitution), Profession 1 (Administration)

Supernatural Powers: Knack 1 (+3 Dodge), Lightning Speed 1

Packages: *Regeneratics 4 (Theme):* Entrap 2 [Pain or Pleasure] (Dexterity, Mystical), Healing 2, Invulnerability 2 (+3 Mystical, +3 Temporal), Mesmerism 3 (3D6, body control only)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Dr. Golgotha), Looking for a Broom Closet, Phobia (Hates arrogant men), Prior Engagement 1, Secret Identity, Watched (Scotland Yard)

Olivia Grantham was in quite a difficult situation for a young woman in her social class. She was eighteen and naturally having her 'season' in English society. That is, she was going to garden parties and generally being shown as available to young swains of the proper breeding. However, despite a beautiful face and form, her obnoxious mother always caused young men to find other things to do than pay court to Olivia. The lowest part of this situation was when her parents made sport of a young African boy while enjoying the Serpentine lakes of Hyde Park in London. Their cruelty was embarrassing enough by itself, but events revealed that the child was the adopted son of Dr. Richard and Helene Hunter; perhaps the wealthiest people in England!

Dr. Hunter then invited her parents to a garden party at his residence in St. Johns Wood, a sprawling mansion on lushly manicured grounds. Alas, he'd invited them to tear into them for their behavior to his son. Olivia, spared this attack, instead agreed whole-heartedly with the Hunters and thanked them for inviting her to the events. In retaliation, her parents decided to send Olivia to India to find a husband, or perhaps even Australia! Evading this fate, she instead returned to New Arcadia and asked the Hunters to help her with employment, something they readily agreed to once their son verified that Miss Grantham had been the only one to defend him at the park.

So, Olivia began employment as a secretary to the two scientists. While doing her job in nagging Dr. Hunter to sign papers for Hunter & Hunter, she surprised both of them by demanding he sign the papers, and he found himself forced to do just that! With some experimentation, they determined that Olivia could control human bodies, though not minds. Her opponent must do as she says, be it 'stop!', 'sleep!' or even 'suffer!' with pain. Furthermore, she could 'command' a body to heal itself of damage in moments that would otherwise be life-threatening. Donning the masked persona of 'Anodyne', she uses her powers to help the Knights defend Great Britain.

Anodyne is a reluctant heroine, but feels that her powers require her to help others as much as possible. She is a typical Victorian middle class girl, with all the mores that such entails. When dealing with her employer Dr. Hunter, she takes on the attitude of a governess with a recalcitrant child. After an adventure where she met an evil version of herself, she has been afraid of using her powers to actually modify herself or others beyond natural healing. Yet she knows this is possible, and it worries her.

Anodyne wears a black domino mask with her hair free. She wears a red brocade corset over a white blouse. Her pants are navy blue bloomers tucked into black riding boots. A blue Napoleonic short jacket (with gold braid) completes the ensemble.

ARTEMIS

Proper Name: Diana Sinclair

Strength: 13 (+1)

Dexterity: 17 (+2)

Constitution: 15 (+1)

Intelligence: 14 (+1)

Wisdom: 13 (+1)

Charisma: 14 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 18, +5 (Dodge)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 44

Level: 4

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: ?

Skills: Acrobatics 2, Etiquette 1 (Polite), Fine Arts 1 (Horseback riding), Linguist 1 (French), Martial Arts 1, Missiles 2, Occult 1 (Fey lore), Prime 2 (Dexterity, Wisdom), Survival 2 (Forest), Targeting 1, Wealth 1

Supernatural Powers: Armor 1 (+8 AC), Knack 1 (+3 Dodge)

Packages: *Animus Silvanus 4 (Theme):* Attribute 2 (+10 bonus), Invisibility 2, Knack 2 (+6 Hunting), Super Movement 2 (Swinging, 60ft.), Telepathy 3 (Animals only)

Crossbow 1 (Gadget): Blast (2D4, magick bolts)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Comedy & Tragedy), Notorious, Prior Engagement, Secret Identity, Watched (Seelie Court)

Equipment: 5 gas crossbow bolts (Suppression 1, Dexterity), 5 net crossbow bolts (Entrapment 1, Strength), 5 explosive tipped crossbow bolts (Blast, 2D8)

There are two types of aristocrats in Great Britain, those wealthy enough to have town homes as well as a country estate and those who aren't. Diana Sinclair's family was among the latter, holding a small manor house in Nottinghamshire and precious little else. What funds the family had were used as a dowry for Diana's older sister, but that was fine with Diana. In all honesty, she'd been looking forward to life as a spinster once she was put 'on the shelf' after age 23 or so.

Things didn't go according to plan however. First a childhood friend of hers left for London and fell into great danger. Diana was torn, but what could a teenage English girl do to help her friend when the social circles of London couldn't? What to do?

To her surprise, she was given an opportunity to do just that. A devilishly handsome young man appeared to her while she was riding through her family forests. He offered her the power to help her friend, and in return she had to swear to follow his dictates. She agreed, and the young man cast a spell granting her the garb and bow of "The Hood".

The man revealed himself to be Robin Goodfellow, also known as Puck of the court of Faerie. As his agent, Diana was commanded to go to London and save her friend, but then to wait for other assignments. She did so, aiding the man known to the world as Fawkes, who was grateful but couldn't provide Diana any assistance to live in the great capital of the British Empire.

By sheer coincidence, Diana was informed by her mother that a distant friend of hers named Lady Covington had written Lady Sinclair and asked for her daughter to come to London and be a lady's companion for her daughter Alexandra (q.v. Frostbite). Conveniently enough, this gave her a place to live while performing her obligations to the Seelie Court. Now calling herself Artemis, she travels through Soho and Bethnel Green, doing what she can to help the poor and downtrodden avoid crime and exploitation.

Diana feels some guilt due to Alexandra's transformation to Frostbite, but is determined to do all she can to prevent her friend's slide into the Unseelie Court's chaotic nature. She is associated with the Queen's Knights, though not actually a member. As such, she has bolts designed by Hunter & Hunter and these are the gas/wire/exploding bolts noted above. She cannot recover these, and once they are used she must contact the Knights to get more.

Diana Sinclair is a practical young woman, a necessary trait for living as one of the shabby gentility in the country. As such, the glittering garden parties and town homes of the rich aristocrats leaves her intimidated and somewhat grateful in being merely a ladies companion. As Artemis she performs her heroine role quietly and doesn't engage in much banter with either villains or other heroes. As noted earlier, she feels guilty about Miss Covington's transformation into Frostbite, and if there were any

way to reverse this she would leap at the opportunity. She is the youngest child of the Sinclairs, and as such has grown up knowing that there would be no money for a dowry and thus she would end up being a spinster. She has accepted this, and rationalizes that she wouldn't be able to explain her nocturnal patrols to a husband at any event.

Artemis wears a forester's brown leather jerkin and pants with short boots, rigid and durable. Her cloak and hood are dark blue, and has green accents. A curious effect of the hood and garb is that the colors change at need to mimic her surroundings and offer camouflage. The blue and brown/green are the hues of her clothing when she's not on the hunt. Her crossbow is dull silver with a dark oak stock, and her standard magickal bolts are of burnished silver.

CHANCE

Proper Name: Arthur Grey

Strength: 14 (+1)

Dexterity: 20 (+4)

Constitution: 19 (+3)

Intelligence: 15 (+1)

Wisdom: 12 (+0)

Charisma: 15 (+1)

INIT: +6

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 16, +10 (Force Screen), +4 (Dodge)

Defensive: +6 Mystical, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 66

Level: 7

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 3

Skills: Acrobatics 2, Linguist 1 (French), Prime 1 (Dexterity), Roguery 2, Targeting 1, Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 1 (+5 bonus)

Packages: *Fortune 9 (Theme):* Intuition 4, Invulnerability 4 (+6 Mystical, +6 Temporal), Lightning Speed 4, Luck 4

Bracer 1 (Gadget): Force Screen 3 (+10 AC, self only)

Shortcomings: Dependent Mundane 1 (Angela, the cutest little girl in the ENTIRE world), Enemy (Moloch), Looking for a Broom Closet, Phobia 1 (Code vs. killing), Secret Identity, Watched (Sceptre)

Like many of the Queen's Knights, Arthur Grey came to the Victorian era from the 21st century, where he was a stage magician in his secret identity. His masked persona of Chance was a member of the Superhero community in New York, and using his powers to warp probability fields to his advantage made him an invaluable ally.

Now residing in London, like many of his friends he is still trying to find his place in 1890s England. Though he maintains his secret identity, he rarely performs anymore. His even-tempered patient personality has not only allowed him to woo the fiery-tempered Shadowstar, but he spends much of his time raising their child Angela; the cutest, sweetest, most adorable child in

the solar system. He might be a bit biased though...or perhaps Angela has inherited some of her father's powers.

Arthur Grey is a calm source of strength to the Knights, and has an almost unflappable bearing that contrasts with his wife's fiery temper. He understands the subtlety of his powers, and accepts that he has a supportive role in the Queens Knights. Despite this, his ability to warp probabilities makes him a dangerous opponent and fills the more logical villains with fear as his presence throws all calculations to the winds.

Chance is a tall man with white-blond hair in a tuxedo and tails, though with more robust shoes. His face is obscured by a feathered "Masquerade" style mask of red and gold.

COBWEB

Proper Name: Annabelle McCoy

Strength: 18 (+3)

Dexterity: 25 (+6)

Constitution: 13 (+1)

Intelligence: 11 (+0)

Wisdom: 12 (+0)

Charisma: 14 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 10, +6 (Dodge), +5 (Knack)

Hit Points: 29

Level: 2

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 1

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Crass), History/Legend 1 (East End London), Prime 3 (Strength, Dexterity, Wisdom), Profession 1 (Scribe/Secretary)

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Electro-Web Outfit 4 (Battle Suit):* Attribute 2, Entrap 2 [Webbing] (Strength), Invisibility 3 (Senses, only in darkness [-2 cost]), Keen Senses 2 (+3 Vision, +2 Hearing, Night Vision), Knack 2 (+5AC, +5 Dexterity Checks), Lightning Speed 2, Spider Climb 2, Super Movement 2 (Swinging, 60ft.)

Shortcomings: Dependent Mundane 1 (Doris Barker), Enemy (Blackguard), Looking for a Broom Closet, Phobia (Out to prove herself), Prior Engagement, Watched (Sceptre)

Annabelle McCoy was a housemaid at the home of Simon Parker, the man known to the world as the villainous Blackguard. As such, she was frequently abused and manipulated by the cruel Parker, and when her master was tracked down by the Queen's Knights and thrown in Dartmoor Prison, she and her companion Doris Edgehill were freed of his evil influence. As they were both East End girls, they had no skills other than being maids, so Dr. Helene Hunter (the sorceress Spellbinder) hired them to be maids at the Hunter's home at New Arcadia.

They both enjoyed their new lives, but it was only a matter of time before they realized that the Hunters and their houseguests were actually the Queen's Knights themselves! Washing clothes and

changing sheets made such a revelation inevitable. Enamored by the adventurous life the Knights represented, Annabelle wheedled Dr. Hunter for some way she could participate as well. After all, as a born Londoner who should fight for queen and country more than her?

Dr. R. J. Hunter (Ironclad) reluctantly agreed, surmising he could use the opportunity to try out some ideas he had for covert exosuits. So, he toiled in the lab and (avoiding Olivia Grantham's attempts to make him go to work) created the Cobweb battlesuit. With this spider-based clockwork suit, Cobweb does her part to help the residents of the East End and protect them from crimes both mortal and Supernatural.

Cobweb is thrilled to join in the escapades of SuperMankind and spends as much time patrolling as possible. Fortunately for her the Knights view the idea of a heroine with a cockney accent to be vital in showing the East Enders of London that the Knights aren't just a collection of "toffs." Her enthusiasms have on occasion led to her getting into trouble that she can't easily escape from, but these don't impede her brash personality and determination to give villainy "wot for!"

The Cobweb suit is a black and silver affair, with a Batman-style cowl with no horns. Over the eyes are two wheels with a lens at the compass points (North, South, East, West), with one lens over an eye at any given time. This way, Cobweb can move the wheels to change lenses on her suit (microscopic, telescopic, etc.) and it further increases the spider motif by having eight eyes. The rest of the outfit is loose but resilient, with a thin silver web pattern across her body (the exosuit). The lower part of the suit is trousers instead of a skirt (!) there are metal wristbands where her webbing is ejected. Finally there is a cloth sheet attached to each elbow and boot (think a flying squirrel's membrane) with two stylized 'spider legs' on the design. So when she raises her arms into the air the cloth-membrane is taut and gives the suggestion of 2 more spider legs on each side, thus eight 'legs'.

DOPPELGANGER

Proper Name: Joseph Merrick

Strength: 12 (+0)

Dexterity: 22 (+5)

Constitution: 19 (+3)

Intelligence: 13 (+1)

Wisdom: 19 (+3)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +5

Actions: 5 per 2 rounds

AC: 15, +5 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Attribute, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 43

Level: 3

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 3

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), History/Legend 1 (SuperMankind), Martial Arts 1, Prime 3 (Dexterity, Constitution, Wisdom), Profession 1 (Journalist)

Supernatural Powers: Knack 1 (+3 Shapeshifting)

Packages: *Shapeshifting 6 (Theme):* Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Attribute, +6 Temporal), Lightning Speed 3, Shapeshifting 3, Super Movement 2 (animal forms only, flight, swim, burrow, 60 ft.)

Shortcomings: Odd Appearance (when changing shape), Phobia (Unsure in crisis), Prior Engagement, Secret Identity

Little is known about Joseph Merrick, even by himself. He knows there must have been a time before his body was grotesque. Yet his memories were limited to abuse, jeering, and a life trapped in local carnivals. These traveling circuses made him the star attraction, the creature that walked like a man!

Even when he was rescued by noted London doctor Frederick Treves and taken to hospital for scientific investigation, he still felt on display. Oh, the doctors kept their disgust quiet, but he could feel their disdain, their fear, their pity. Even when they named him the “Elephant Man”, it was his twisted deformities that defined him. At least he was fed decently, and for a freak like himself that was all he could hope for. Or so he believed.

Dr. Treves asked him one day to visit yet another doctor with even more theories of his condition. Yet this visit would change his life, and for the better. Treves carried him to a manor house on the edge of London; a place called New Arcadia by its residents. The scientists in question were married, a Doctor and Mrs. Hunter. They looked upon his monstrous form, took blood and other samples, and asked him to stand before strange machines with unfathomable purposes.

Then, he was given their diagnoses. The horrible shape his flesh was in was due to his own mind. They called him ‘SuperMankind’ and insisted that he had the powers of self-morphology. However, he was also something called a ‘subtle telempath’ and he could feel the emotions of those around him. Furthermore, his power had been subconsciously changing his body to mimic the expectations around him. As he’d been in a freak show, the visitors expected to see a monster. His body, not knowing any better, attempted to comply with those wishes!

The good Dr. Frederick Treves, caring for Joseph’s well-being, insisted that Merrick move into New Arcadia so that with the help of the Doctors Hunter he might gain control over his treacherous body. To his considerable surprise, it worked! He found that he could not only make himself appear normal, but appear as any normal person at will, of any race or gender! Overwhelmed with gratitude for their assistance, Joseph Merrick agreed to join the Queen’s Knights as the heroic figure of Doppelganger.

As a shapeshifter, keeping a secret identity is child’s play. He currently lives as John Jameson, a name inspired by Dr. Hunter. John’s mundane life is spent as a journalist for the Daily Telegraph newspaper, with a specialty in reports on SuperMankind.

John is still trying to overcome his insecurities from being considered a freak by the public. As such, he is often more comfortable in an animal shape than in a human one. He is

taciturn but resents bullies and will come to the aid of anyone being intimidated, even if this isn’t always the best policy. As a journalist he engages in what Theodore Roosevelt called “muckraking”, always trying to bring government or business malfeasance to the public eye.

As Doppelganger he appears as an almost too-perfect Englishman with a slightly golden tinge to his skin. He wears a jumpsuit with work boots and gloves. Only his face is visible, and he adds the golden tinge to his skin on the recommendation of Sherlock Holmes; who stated that a single imperfection will be concentrated on by observers and they will let other traits fall away.

As John Jameson he appears completely ordinary, perhaps even slightly balding and a small limp.

GAUNTLET

Proper Name: Gregory Carson

Strength: 22 (+5)

Dexterity: 20 (+4)

Constitution: 19 (+3)

Intelligence: 10 (+0)

Wisdom: 12 (+0)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +4

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 14, +4 (Dodge)

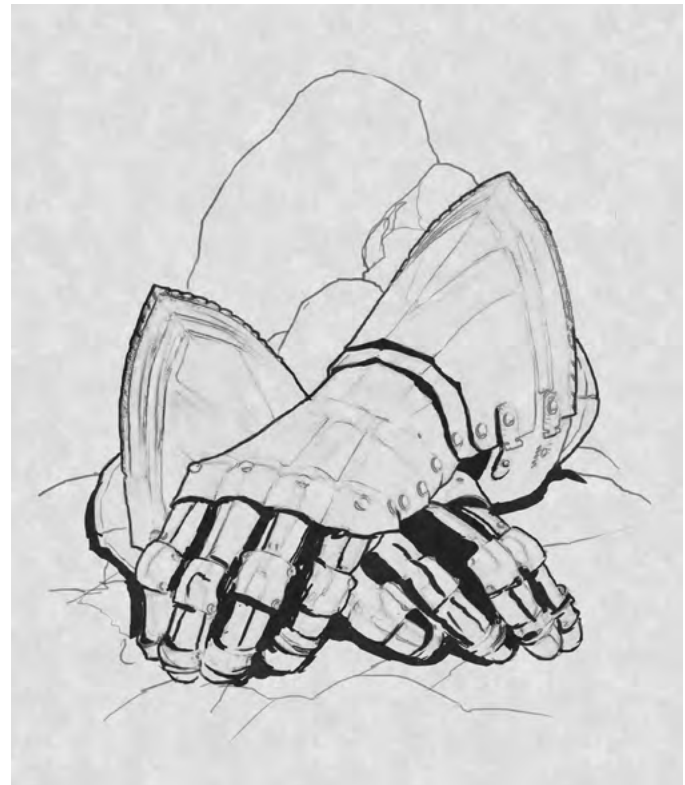
Defensive: +3 Attribute, +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 40

Level: 1

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 1



Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), History/Legend 1 (SuperMankind), Prime 3 (Strength, Constitution, Wisdom), Profession 1 (Accountant)

Powers: Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Lightning Speed 2

Packages: *Gauntlets 6 (Battle Suit)*: Blast 4 (1D10, Physical, No Fatigue, Limited Range: -1/2), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Attribute, +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal), Psycho-Kinesis 3, Super Movement 2 (Flight, 60 ft.)

Shortcomings: Dependent Mundane 1 (Sister), Enemy (The Professor), Looking for a Broom Closet, Phobia (Protective of Women), Prior Engagement, Secret Identity, Watched (Sceptre), Weakness (Gauntlets do not function in total darkness), Weakness (Double damage from magick)

Gregory Carson simply loved the idea of SuperMankind. They were amazing, heroic, and were the very symbol of the future and all that mankind had to look forward to with the benefits of science. They defended civilization, helped the weak and in need, and (despite a surprising number of ladies) fought a good fight against the minions of villainy. He was so infatuated by them that, when a drunken friend of his at the club mentioned coming out to his summer house for a last-minute garden party that he intimated would have some SuperMankind in attendance, he readily agreed.

Much to his disgust, he arrived only to find the same sporting fellows he always spoke to at the club. Despite having certain 'ladies' in attendance, Gregory was irked and not in the mood for yet another bacchanalia. He stalked out into the grounds of the estate, trying to walk off his anger. As if to make the evening perfect, it started to rain. Grumbling, turned to go back to his fellow's party.

He heard a crack from his left, as if stone were being shattered with one mighty blow. He peered into the darkness, and came across some old ruins. Medieval? Roman? Recently made to appear as either? He wasn't sure, but he did see the shining silver gauntlets lying on top of one of the broken blocks of granite. Unsure of why, he felt compelled to take the gauntlets in hand. In doing so, he was imbued with their power.

He left the party without speaking to anyone, and took a late train back to London. With some trial and error, he was able to figure out how to use the gauntlets and their powers. He still didn't know where they came from, or what luck had allowed him to find them, but he would use them as a hero of Great Britain!

Gregory has taken to the SuperMankind role of hero like a duck to water. His demeanor is influenced more by stories in the Strand magazine than what might be more appropriate in actual battle against enemies of queen and country. Those who don't live up to his expectations of heroes and heroines will earn his ire, and he will occasionally scold them if they are not behaving in a proper manner to inspire the masses. He is from the middle class, and has their prejudices as well as virtues. He sees most poor people as inherently criminal, and only the 'worthy poor' as worth protecting. As such, his emphasis is on defending

law and order as well as the society around him. Socialists, anarchists, and Communards are enemies that must be dealt with harshly, lest the terrors of the Paris Commune happen in modern London.

Gauntlet wears a red and black outfit cut in a vaguely military style of the 1880s, with a double-breasted jacket and red piping down the legs to riding boots. His mask is a cloth wrapped over his eyes like a bandit's but his hair obscures all but the very front of the face over the eyes and nose. His gauntlets are brightest silver, and generate ectoplasmic hands of great size and strength. The ghostly hands obey Gauntlet's wishes, and can strike enemies, lift heavy objects, and even carry him through the air, standing on one of the palms.

MOLECULON

Proper Name: Connor Benton

Strength: 13 (+1)

Dexterity: 22 (+5)

Constitution: 15 (+1)

Intelligence: 18 (+3)

Wisdom: 14 (+2)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +10

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 15, +5 (Dodge)

Defensive: +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 45

Level: 5

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 4

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Martial Arts 1, Prime 3 (Dexterity, Constitution, Intelligence), Profession 1 (Medicine)

Powers: Attribute 1 (+5 bonus), Intuition 1, Lightning Speed 3

Packages: *Body Manipulation 8 (Theme)*: Blast 4 (1D12, kinetic), Elasticity 4, Etherealness 4, Invulnerability 2 (+6 Temporal), Potence 2 (Blast, +1D12, bypass armor)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Moloch), Notorious, Phobia 2 (Out of his Time Stream), Poverty, Secret Identity, Weakness (Double damage from electricity)

Connor Benton was finally living the dream! Graduated at the top of his class in high school. In college, he obtained a BS in biochemistry and was steadily working his way through medical school. While working a shift in the Radiology department one night, Connor was exposed to a supposedly toxic dose of radiation. Despite extensive tests, his physicians were unable to find any damage. Only later Connor discovered his unique powers of his physical form.

Over the next few years Connor finished med school, all the while keeping his abilities secret. Yet he couldn't stop himself from using his powers to help others, be it rescuing people trapped on a roof by a fire or nabbing a carjacking hood in the act. He might've continued this way for years had it not been for another strange event. He was on his way home when

something happened. He couldn't recall what, but he found himself waking up on a dirty street corner in New York. Well, "a" New York at any rate.

Currently, Connor still has no idea how he arrived in the 1890s. At least, it's sort of the 1890s that he read about in history classes. He tries to use his advanced knowledge of medicine to gain employment at the Knickerbocker Hospital, but his concepts are considered radical by many of his colleagues. "Germ theory" indeed!

Though lacking his memories, Moleculon is still a cynical American of the 21st century. This results in his making occasional off-color jokes, off-color for the Victorian age at any rate. He means well and does his best to help when trouble arises, but doesn't feel the need to go looking for trouble. In his opinion, it all too often finds him.

Moleculon wears a bodysuit that is more appropriate on a 21st century superhero than in the Victorian era. It is a combination of red and black, with the red overlaying his right shoulder down to his hips and down the left leg to his boot. The left shoulder and right leg are in black.

MONITOR

Proper Name: Veronica Grimaldi

Strength: 25 (+6)

Dexterity: 18 (+3)

Constitution: 20 (+4)

Intelligence: 20 (+4)

Wisdom: 12 (+0)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +3 (Dodge)

Hit Points: 40

Level: 1

Alignment: Good

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), Prime 3 (Strength, Constitution, Intelligence), Science 4 (Electrics, Mechanics, Metallurgy, Steam)

Supernatural Powers: Invention 3, Knack 1 (+3 punch, +2 cannon)

Packages: *Steam Mechanism 2 (Battle Suit):* Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Blast 1 (1D10, only fires every other round), Climate Resistance 1, Keen Senses 2 (+5 vision, 360 degree vision), Super Movement 1 (Jump, 30 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Ghost Dancers), Looking for a Broom Closet, Odd Appearance (Iron Suit), Phobia (Thrill Seeker), Secret Identity, Weakness (Double damage from magnetics)

Veronica Grimaldi was originally a young student of her father, a brilliant scientist working to advance understanding of electricity and its uses with mechanical apparatuses. With her father's help, Veronica hit upon a method to polarize copper fibers embedded in aluminum to form extremely light, tough armor. She demonstrated the suit for her father's friends at the

University of Chicago, but the demonstration went very badly and she was dismissed as a "simple female". Dejected at this, she was about to give up the whole idea when late one night a group of thugs broke into her father's lab to steal the secret of the armor (secretly hired by one of the observing scientists from the local Mob Syndicate). During the robbery the villains killed Dr. Grimaldi and escaped police, but without the secret they wanted.

Determined to make the killers pay, she refused to abandon the project. Penniless with her father's death, she tried to rob a bank to fund her future work. Unfortunately she was caught by Thunderbolt and John Henry. While battling the two heroes, they made her see reason and abandon her attempt at crime and instead join them in their crusade against villainy.

Veronica feels like she fell into being a heroine. It hadn't been her intention, as she prefers just staying in her lab and working on new inventions. Her father's death led her to the Monitor armor, and only later did she decide to continue her heroic exploits. Though a believer in the Suffrage movement, she does not resent the fact that most Americans view Monitor as a man. This, in her view, keeps her real identity safe and thus she can avoid the public whenever she wishes. She has few interests outside her laboratory, rarely associating even with her teammates in social occasions.

Veronica is a prim young lady in her early 20s, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Due to her ideas being dismissed as from a "mere woman", the Monitor armor gives the appearance of being a man, and she has a vocal timbre unit to make her voice sound male while in the armor. At least now people would take her seriously! Currently only Motivator among the Minutemen knows she's female, a secret Kim intends to keep as she's all too aware of how women are treated in the 19th century.

SHADOWSTAR

Proper Name: Karen Grey née Page

Strength: 32 (+11)

Dexterity: 23 (+5)

Constitution: 23 (+5)

Intelligence: 15 (+1)

Wisdom: 15 (+1)

Charisma: 23 (+6)

INIT: +6

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 16, +5 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Attribute, +3 Mystic, +9 Temporal

Hit Points: 69

Level: 6

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 5

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Crass), Prime 3 (Strength, Dexterity, Constitution), Survival 1 (Urban London)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 3 (+15 bonus)

Packages: *Darkness 6 (Theme):* Attribute 3 (+15 Strength), Blast 3 [Shadow Ray](2D8), Invisibility 3 (all senses, only in

darkness), Invulnerability 5 (+3 Attribute, +3 Mystical, +9 Temporal), Keen Senses 3 (+5 Vision, +5 Hearing, Sonar), Lightning Speed 4, Might 3 (1D10), Super Movement 3 (flight, 120 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy 2 (Moloch), Notorious, Odd Appearance 2 (Height, Beauty), Phobia (Code vs. Killing), Secret Identity, Watched (Sceptre), Weakness (Mind control)

Karen Page was among those 21st century superheroes that found themselves trapped in a past that was as much fiction as reality. She was never sure how her powers emerged, no laboratory accidents surprised her. No super-soldier serums, no alien artifact, not even bitten by a radioactive shadow! Yet her powers manifested one day, and it was the best and worst thing to ever happen to her. She'd always been tall, but now she was over seven feet in height! Her build had been on the slim side, but now she was muscular and could summon beams of physical darkness from her palms. Add to this invulnerability, flight, and super-strength as well as stunning beauty. Her husband, ever looking for a social angle, insisted she costume herself and join the paranormals fighting super criminals. She wasn't sure she wanted to do that, but Tom was and she loved him, so she did.

She had some success, and made friends. The Dancer, Angel, Ironclad, Spellbinder, all became her friends just as much as comrades. Unfortunately, her husband left her for someone more 'normal'. This broke her heart, and she left adventuring as Shadowstar.

Then, she found herself in the 19th century, in her spandex costume with her fellows. They couldn't return, but she was still too devastated to become Shadowstar again. She'd planned to live out her life as a hermit in America somewhere. Then Chance convinced her to stay with her friends, and eventually with him. She agreed, and they were eventually married.

Though a founding member of the Queen's Knights, Karen doesn't really feel confident in her powers despite being physically one of the most powerful SuperMankind on the planet. She obsesses over her height and build, and seems utterly unaware of just how attractive she is. Her low self-esteem plagues her still, though her husband struggles to build her self-image.

Shadowstar is a statuesque redhead with a height of seven foot two. She's curvy, and though she left her spandex behind in this new era is still noticeably well formed. Her current outfit, designed by Worth of Paris himself, is a black and gold ensemble with a gold disc on her chest with a black compass star in the middle. This is over a woman's full-sleeved jacket and split black skirt and riding boots.

SPELLBINDER

Proper Name: Helene Sherwood-Hunter

Strength: 12 (+0)

Dexterity: 17 (+2)

Constitution: 18 (+3)

Intelligence: 18 (+3)

Wisdom: 15 (+1)

Charisma: 15 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +5 (Dodge), +5 (Force Screen when cast)

Defensive: +3 Knockback, +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal (Mystical and Temporal only when cast)

Hit Points: 67

Level: 7

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 7

Skills: Linguist 3 (French, Greek, Latin), Missile 1, Occult 1, Physical Arts 1 (Riding), Prime 1 (Intelligence), Science 4 (Biochemistry, Chemistry, Medicine, Pharmacology)

Supernatural Powers: Inventing 2, Knack 3 (+3 Dodge, +3 Intelligence checks, +3 Wand), Potence 1 (Blast)

Packages: *Magick* 8: Blast 2 [Wand] (1D8), Entrap 2 (Strength), Force Screen 1 (+5 AC), Invulnerability 2 (+3 Mystical, +3 Temporal), Translocation 6 (2/day, ritual)

Broom 2 (*Gadget*): Invulnerability 1 (+3 Knockback), Super Movement 2 (Flight, 60 ft.)

Shortcomings: Dependent Mundane 1 (Georgie, 12 year old son), Enemy 2 (Moloch), Phobia (Obsessed with Ironclad), Prior Engagement 2, Secret Identity, Sidekick (Blackjack, cat familiar), Watched (CID)

Doctor Helene Sherwood was a mix of contradictions. She was a PhD in chemistry and taught at a prestigious New York medical school. On the other hand, she was a practicing Wiccan with a certain talent for incantations. She consulted with various labs in 21st century America on pathogens, and yet had a Siamese cat as a magical familiar. When her supernatural abilities reached major proportions, she found herself semi-drafted to aid the superheroes of New York City to overcome an insane robot's plan to destroy Manhattan with a volcano. Giving in to her fate, she took the name Spellbinder and began a superheroic career. Then she found herself stuck in an odd 19th century England that she was both familiar with and adrift in. Along with her husband Doctor Richard "Ironclad" Hunter, she has built a life for herself and her friends in this new world.

Like her husband, Helene finds herself doing more to help humanity as Dr. Sherwood-Hunter than as Spellbinder. Her chemical company Panacea Pharmaceuticals is famous for its groundbreaking medical advances (for the 1890s) and provides her some fame of her own despite the era's view of women as second-class citizens. A supporter of women's rights and suffrage, she battles both in and out of costume to make the world a better place. Perhaps even better than the future they left behind?

Helene is easygoing in her demeanor, a fact that explains how she can remain married to the eccentric Dr. Richard J. Hunter. She shares his sense of humor, but not to the degree R. J. does. This allows her to hide her eccentricities (being from the 21st century) that her husband seems incapable of doing. She is forgiving and deals with criticism well. This is good as her medical theories are frequently assailed by those who don't believe a "mere woman" should involve herself in science. She does her best to help other women, and is quite involved in the Suffrage movement. Hunter & Hunter, Ltd. provide grants to both the British and American Women's movements and can be found advocating their goals.

Dr. Sherwood-Hunter is an attractive brunette in her late twenties with brown eyes and wavy brown hair. As Spellbinder she wears an outfit consisting of a lavender blouse with a brown tooled-leather corselet and dark purple suede pants along with matching dark purple leather gloves extending to the forearm. Her brown hard-leather boots are knee high and with a pirate cuff at the top. Her belt is made of silver discs, with built in containers holding various chemicals, powders, and magical unguents she may need in the field. She wears several bracelets, necklaces, and other such pieces of jewelry, but all are charms or otherwise of practical use in spell casting or chemistry.

TEMPEST

Proper Name: Gwendolyn Rose Spencer Hayes

Strength: 10 (+0)

Dexterity: 14 (+1)

Constitution: 10 (+0)

Intelligence: 18 (+3)

Wisdom: 15 (+1)

Charisma: 11 (+0)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +1 (Dodge),
+5 (Force Screen)

Defensive: +6 Electricity

Hit Points: 28

Level: 4

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 3

Skills: Etiquette 2 (Polite), Linguist 1 (French), Martial Arts 1, Occult 1 (Elemental Air), Prime 2 (Constitution, Wisdom), Science 1 (Astronomy), Thespian 1 (Piano)

Supernatural Powers: Climate Resistance 1, Intuition 3 (only vs natural disturbances/weather), Invulnerability 2 (+6 Electricity), Telepathy 3 (audio only, 50% control)

Packages: *Wind & Weather 6 (Theme):* Blast 2 (1D10, 6/day), Force Screen 1 (+5 AC), Psycho-Kinesis 2 (winds/tides), Super Movement 2 (usable on others, flight, 60 ft.), Suppression 1 [Wind Vortex] (hit points, 2D6 subdual only)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Reverend Smythe), Looking for a Broom Closet, Phobia (Anti-social), Secret Identity, Unlucky 1, Watched (CID)

Orphanages are no place to raise a happy, positive child except perhaps in novels. Gwendolyn Spencer was certainly neither happy nor kindly. In fact, a surly temper would be one of the milder pejoratives laid at her feet, despite being fourteen and in the year of 1885 nearly a woman. Yet she was alone in an orphanage, left by her parents after strange things began to happen at the home. Sudden violent winds, items flying through the air, and other such ghostly events caused Gwen's highly religious parents to decide she was cursed and best left to another to raise to adulthood.

Though it appeared that she had a dark future ahead of her, it was due to her powers that she escaped this unpleasant fate. She always knew the winds would act on her behalf; it was simply that she couldn't always get them to do what she wanted when she wanted it. So the cursed reputation followed her, and led her to the attention of a Reverend Smythe. This leader of a radical anti-SuperMankind group decided to use Gwen as an example of how these people with powers were really possessed by demons. Thus 'curing' her would show the world the truth!

Before Gwen could be given the Reverend's torture treatments, she was rescued by The Dancer and brought away from both Smythe and the orphanage alike. Seeing a bit of herself in the resentful and lonely girl, Dancer took her into New Arcadia's grounds and began instructing her in the use of her power. Thanks to Dancer, the Hunters, and the Queen's Knights she gathered her powers under her own control. Taking the name "Tempest", she joined the Knights and began to fight evil.

Though she's still quite a grumpy and bookish young woman, she has increased her self-confidence and secretly feels safer among her fellow SuperMankind than she ever did at home or at the orphanage. She is called "snarky" by some of her teammates, a 21st century term she has adopted with enthusiasm.

Her costume is overall blue with silver trim. She wears a dark blue hard leather corselet and a Musketeer cape of blue and silver. Medium laced boots of dark blue and silver laces complete the outfit. A blue domino mask offsets her long flame red hair and gray eyes.

UNICORN

Proper Name: Ophelia Grimley

Strength: 18 (+3)

Dexterity: 24 (+6)

Constitution: 22 (+5)

Intelligence: 13 (+1)

Wisdom: 11 (+0)

Charisma: 15 (+1)

INIT: +6

Actions: 3 per 2 rounds

AC: 22, +6 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 54

Level: 3

Alignment: Good

Victory Points: 2

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Etiquette 1 (Polite), Martial Arts 1, Prime 1 (Dexterity), Stealth 1

Supernatural Powers: Armor 1 (+8 AC), Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Luck 1

Packages: *Unicorn Aura 4 (Theme):* Blast 2 (2D8), Invulnerability 2 (+3 Mystical, +3 Temporal), Lightning Speed 2, Translocation 2 (line of sight, +1 person)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Blackguard), Phobia (Code of Honor), Prior Engagement 1, Secret Identity, Watched (Sceptre), Weakness (Double damage from magick attacks), Weakness (Blast does half damage if target is Neutral, no damage if Good)

Miss Olivia Grimley had her whole life planned out for her, by her parents. As any proper Victorian girl, she was taught manners, sent to finishing school until age eighteen, and then expected to have her 'season' where she would travel to social events and garden parties to catch the eye of a proper young gentleman. Flower arranging, learning to host parties, and of course choosing the latest fashions were all Ophelia had to look forward to and she was expected to be content with this.

To the great consternation of her family, she didn't want that. She wanted to have a career, to marry when she wanted to, and to do something meaningful with her life. In short, she was a "New Woman", a breed to strike fear in the hearts of all proper Victorians everywhere. What was worse, as she was walking (alone!) down the streets of Piccadilly Circus, she was nearly run down by a careening Landau carriage. She was unhurt however, as with a flash of light she found herself on the far sidewalk, well away from the speeding horses and their vehicle. Keeping this secret from her family, she went to the parks and practiced this strange ability of translocation until she felt confident in her power.

She dressed herself in an old masquerade costume she had from her school, a set of knightly armor that displayed engravings and mounted on the helmet a horn just as if she were like a unicorn. The armor was mere tin, washed in light silver but she decided to name herself after the mythic creature and fight for the less fortunate, for those victimized by the criminal elements.

Alas, her first attempts to battle crime nearly led to her death. Only the timely intervention of the heroine known as the Dancer saved her from the criminal Hotspur's fiery grasp. At first Dancer tried to dissuade her from this chosen path, but she soon realized Miss Grimley was quite stubborn. Considering this and the fact that with her abilities she couldn't be banished to her rooms, the leader of the Queen's Knights decided instead to train the girl and at least give her a chance in defending herself against those who would feel no remorse at killing those in their way.

Ophelia has been a diligent student (her Acrobatics, Martial Arts and Stealth skills are a reflection of her training) and she's obtained a more protective suit of armor.

Despite her training, she's occasionally headstrong and refuses to look before she leaps. She idolizes the heroine Dancer, and does

all she can to emulate her icon. Like Gauntlet, she occasionally performs more as a protagonist in a "Penny Dreadful" than more rational behavior, but so far it hasn't backfired on her. This is something Dancer continues to warn her of, but only time will tell if she takes the advice.

As noted, Unicorn wears a suit of silvery steel armor. The breastplate, pauldrons, and greaves are of a hoplite style, and her helmet is a Corinthian face with a spiral horn coming from the helmet's forehead. A white-blond horse-tail comes from the back of the helmet, implying that Unicorn is blonde (when she's really a brunette). Metal bracers and finger-gauntlets complete the martial ensemble, with leather coat and leggings underneath the armor.

PERSONS OF DUBIOUS INTENT

BOMB

Proper Name: David “Pretty Boy” Silverton

Strength: 13 (+1)

Dexterity: 11 (+0)

Constitution: 18 (+3)

Intelligence: 11 (+0)

Wisdom: 9 (+0)

Charisma: 13 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +15 (Force Screen)

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 51

Level: 4

Alignment: Neutral

Victory Points: 1

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Crass), History/Legend 1 (London), Prime 3 (Constitution, Wisdom, Charisma), Roguery 1

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Detonationism* 6 (Theme): Blast 3 (2D8, 10 ft. radius, Dexterity save for half damage), *Etherealness* 1, Force Screen 3 (+15 AC), *Invulnerability* 3 (+3 Mystical, +6 Temporal), *Keen Senses* 2 (+5 Vision, X-Ray Vision), *Suppression* 3 (Vision)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Special Branch), Fame, Looking for a Broom Closet, Phobia (Hates Bullies), Weakness (Double damage from water attacks)

Old Davie was a junior member of one of the modest street gangs in Cheapside. He made a few shillings breaking into stores or setting fires to shops where the owners didn't pay their protection money. He wasn't fond of physical violence, so he left that to his sister's man Tommy the Bruiser. He got by, and had money at the end of the week for the gin shop, so what more could a bloke ask for?

One night he was sitting around with his own girl Cynthia, his sister Angie, and Tommy in a small doss house that only had a few rats. They were drinking, laughing and generally raising hell when there was a massive explosion, leveling the doss house and killing all within it.

It should've killed Davie too, but to his surprise he survived. So did his sister, his ladybird, and even that git Tommy. All appeared unhurt, but then they discovered their powers. Real powers, like the SuperMankind Toffs and everything! Well, now, Davie thought this certainly would change things!

It did, and the four criminals started a crime spree that ended two weeks later when The Dancer and Unicorn caught them breaking into a jeweler's shop in Piccadilly Circus. They went to jail, and then broke out only to be taken back by Ironclad and Tempest. Another breakout led to another thrashing by the heroes or heroines, and finally Davie had enough.

The last time he was in prison he did his best to be a model prisoner, and vowed he was going to walk the straight and

narrow from now on. To his shock, Dancer herself came to speak on his behalf to the magistrate and on her recommendation he was released. Since then he's thought highly of the verdant vigilante, and has on occasion helped her out when Dancer's found a use for his explosive skills. Alas, his sister and mates are still wedded to the criminal life, and he worries that one-day he'll be forced to use his powers against them.

Bomb is a typical cockney resident of the East End of London. He's barely literate, though not stupid. It's merely that he's not been well educated. As such he puts on an act of bravado to hide his insecurity when around “Toffs” such as the Queens Knights. Despite this somewhat overbearing personality he is sincerely trying to reform himself. The authorities take a dim view of his activities, which his natural contrariness makes him more a champion of justice than law and order.

Bomb wears a rough mask over his eyes that ties in the back of his head. His clothes are normal lower-class London wear save for a long black coat of quality make. He wears a black bowler hat with a fuse coming off the top, which he lights whenever going into combat to give the hat the appearance of a round “Bomb”.

ELECTRESS

Proper Name: Skye Deveraux

Strength: 13 (+1)

Dexterity: 22 (+5)

Constitution: 23 (+5)

Intelligence: 15 (+1)

Wisdom: 16 (+2)

Charisma: 18 (+3)

INIT: +4

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 14, +5 (Dodge), +10 (Force Screen)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 54

Level: 4

Alignment: Neutral

Victory Points: 1

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite – French), Linguist 1 (French), Prime 3 (Dexterity, Constitution, Wisdom), Wealthy 1 (protégé of Eugenie)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 1 (+5 bonus), Keen Senses 2 (+5 Sight, Electrical patterns), Knack 1 (+3 Blast)

Packages: *Electrical Powers* 4 (Theme): Blast 2 (1D8), Blast 3 (3D4, Exploding, 3 per day [-1 cost]), Force Screen 2 (+10 AC), *Lightning Speed* 2

Shortcomings: Enemy (Fantômas), Fame, Notorious, Phobia (Mercenary), Weakness (Double damage from Water-based attacks)

Skye Deveraux enjoyed her job as a legal assistant in 21st century New Orleans. So much so that when her electrical powers began to develop, she tried to ignore them. Still, when heroes and villains started battling in major cities, she was tempted. After all, we're talking product sponsorship, TV shows, and fan

clubs. A real financial boost! This would involve the hero thing though. She wasn't stupid. People breaking the law in shiny silly spandex got their rears kicked and thrown into prison, either by the so-called good guys or the government. Not for her. Money was what Skye was all about, and prison time didn't fit in at all to her five year plan.

So she was quite upset when the demon Moloch threw her into a band of 'villainous' types and sent them all back in time to the 19th Century in order to give some heroes some grief. The 19th century? Mary Poppins and My Fair Lady? What a crock!

She couldn't get back home, though she certainly tried every scientific and mystical means she could find. As she reached the end of her tether, a mysterious woman, just like in the Victorian novels, approached her. The woman was Eugenie, formerly Empress Eugene Bonaparte of France, but now she was acting on behalf of the French republic. Apparently Paris was outraged that the "Anglo-Saxon" nations of Britain and the USA having SuperMankind working for their governments, but not one had yet emerged in La belle France. In short, they wanted her as France's heroine, and were willing to pay (a lot) for the privilege.

So, she put on the costume, took a code name "Electress" and fights evil. Well, what the French government says is evil. They're signing the checks, so as long as the Francs keep coming in she'll use her power for good; the good of France anyway. Mansions on the Riviera don't pay for themselves, you know!

Electress is the iconic "fish out of water." Despite a bit of Cajun background, she's overwhelmed living in France and trying to maneuver the various pitfalls in French social life. The support of Empress Eugenie has been of great help, and Skye now views the former Empress of France as a mother figure.

She is less concerned with doing the right thing and more as to what will grant her the wealth and comfort she desires. In this regard, she's less likely to go out of her way to help other SuperMankind unless she sees an obvious advantage to herself. This can be as simple as good stories in the Parisian newspaper Le Monde or as complex as acquiring favors for her future use.

Electress wears a blue skirt with a set of blue knee boots beneath. Her blouse is electric blue silk, and a copper corset provides her both protection and conductivity at need. She also wears blue opera gloves with lightning bolts embroidered down the sleeves and cuffs. As she is a public figure, she wears no mask and keeps her black hair pinned up in a demure manner.

FROSTBITE

Proper Name: Alexandra Covington

	Human	Wolf
Strength:	19 (+3)	22 (+5)
Dexterity:	21 (+4)	21 (+4)
Constitution:	14 (+1)	17 (+2)
Intelligence:	13 (+1)	13 (+1)
Wisdom:	15 (+1)	15 (+1)
Charisma:	18 (+3)	18 (+3)
INIT:	+0	+4
Actions:	1 per round	3 per 2 rounds
AC:	10, +4 (Dodge)	10, +3 (Dodge)
Defensive:	None	+6 Cold, +3 Knockback, +6 Temporal
Hit Points:	30	37
Level:	2	2
Alignment:	Neutral	Neutral
VictoryPoints:	0	0

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), Melee 1 (Claws), Prime 3 (Dexterity, Wisdom, Charisma), Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 4 (+20 bonus)

Packages: *Winter Wolf* 4 (Theme): Blast 3 (6D4, 3 per day, Dexterity save for half damage), Gigantism 1 (always on), Invulnerability 4 (+6 Cold, +6 Temporal), Lightning Speed 2, Robust 2

Shortcomings: Enemy 2 (Werewolves), Notorious, Odd Appearance (Large Wolf), Secret Identity, Watched (Queen Maab), Weakness (Double damage from heat), Weakness (Theme powers only work in wolf form)

Lady Alexandra Covington was a young woman at the height of her social grandeur. After leaving finishing school the year before, she had been preparing for her season in London society all winter. In the spring, mummy had promised the best gowns, jewelry, and invitations to both town socials and country house parties. Yes, for a young woman of the aristocracy life appeared to be a grand adventure!

Then her mother decided she needed a ladies companion. After some letters and conversations, a distant relation by the name of Diana Sinclair came to act as Alexandra's companion. Though from shabby gentility, Diana had attended finishing school herself and seemed ideal to act as friend and chaperone for Lady Alexandra, in the best Victorian style. Of course, there was the small matter of Diana being the costumed heroine Artemis, which Alexandra discovered by accident one night when she saw Diana slipping away in the night. After she recovered from her shock, Alexandra was envious of her friend. Imagine, wearing disguises and traveling the city at night! No chaperones, no polite manners, and doing something worthwhile with her life! Not just marrying some titled twit and bearing a couple of children only to then be ignored by her husband and left alone in the home. Diana's powers however came from the fey court of the

Seelie, and they weren't looking for additional human avatars. In frustration Alexandra drove herself to tears and near hysterics.

Then a mysterious woman in the gardens approached her one very cold night, with a proposition. She would bestow the powers of a huntress upon Alexandra, but she must come to the garden three nights and agree to the pact each time. On that third night, she would be given her powers, and Queen Maab of the Unseelie court would fulfill her part of the bargain. The young socialite agreed thrice, and the power was hers. Alexandra was now a huntress indeed, but not in the manner she'd hoped. Not garbed in hunting leathers and wielding a crossbow like her friend, but instead taking on the form of a great winter wolf, with fur as white as her own blonde hair and with ice blue eyes that mirrored her own. Furious at first for the trick she felt Maab played on her, Alexandra has reconciled herself with this queer ability of shapechange and now works with Artemis to stop villainy in London's Soho and Bethnel Green districts.

Alexandra is torn between an inherent desire to do good and the chaotic nature of her dark powers. Though she strives to do good, the nature of the Unseelie court draws her mind ever closer to evil and chaos, and this struggle is why she is listed as neutral in alignment. She is loyal to Artemis, and it is that girl's moral compass that keeps Frostbite from the excesses her dark fey nature demands, for now.

As Lady Covington Alexandra appears as a very pretty young woman in her late teens, with platinum blonde hair and ice blue eyes. As Frostbite she appears as a massive white-furred wolf whose shoulder reaches over four feet high and wears an air of frostfire around her form. When she changes back and forth, there is the whispering sound of sleet falling on stone as she transmogrifies.

MATCH GIRL

Proper Name: Lizzie

Strength: 6 (-1)

Dexterity: 16 (+2)

Constitution: 19 (+3)

Intelligence: 14 (+1)

Wisdom: 17 (+2)

Charisma: 10 (+0)

INIT: + 0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +2 (Dodge), +10 (Force Screen)

Defensive: +6 vs Temporal

Hit Points: 39

Level: 2

Alignment: Neutral

Victory Points: 0

Skills: Prime 1 (Constitution), Survival (City)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 1 (+5 bonus)

Packages: *Fire-form 4 (Theme):* Absorption 2 (Fire or heat), Blast 2 (1D8), Blast 3 (2D10 radius, 2 times per day, Dexterity save for half damage), Force Screen 2 (+10 AC), Invulnerability 2 (+6 Temporal)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Sceptre), Notorious, Phobia (Hates Wealthy), Unlucky 1, Weakness (Double damage from cold-based attacks)

In an age where orphanages were a luxury, many children of poverty grew up on the streets of Victorian London. Lizzie didn't know what her last name was, and her early life was spent running with the gangs of Street Arabs that lurked the alleyways and riverfront of the great city. By the time she was nine, Lizzie had a choice of going into various criminal pursuits or trying to work for her bread, and she chose working. As an untutored girl her only choices were in the match factories or selling flowers. She hated flowers, so she went to work in the foul chemical stink of the matchstick plants.

She didn't know what set off the explosion that day in March 1889. All she remembered was the flames coming from everywhere, and watching in horror as her mates Betsy and Cillie were consumed by fire right in front of her. She passed out, from pain or grief she never knew.

When she awoke, the fire brigade was picking through the smoking ruins of the factory. She was unhurt as far as she could tell, but she was changed? Her clothes were gone, but her modesty was maintained due to an inhuman body of flame that she was now comprised of. Anger and sorrow mixed, and she went on a flaming rampage towards the West End of London, where the 'toffs' lived in their fine houses. They would all pay; pay for her friends and for her own lost humanity!

Match Girl was eventually apprehended by Artemis and Frostbite (q.v.) though the vigilantes didn't turn the child over to the law but instead took her to the Knights to see if she could be helped. Eventually they reasoned with her, and she now resides at the Knight's commandery to learn to better use her powers.



Lizzie is a young girl who is poorly educated but wise in the cruel ways of the world. Even though she is a kind soul at heart she still bears a great resentment for all those who left her kind to fend for themselves in the filth of the East End. She will go out of her way to use her abilities to inconvenience the wealthier residents of London, so long as she can do it without getting caught. Horses with burning tails will do damage to private carriages, small fires can do damage to posh townhomes, and such minor crimes will be her limit as she doesn't wish to kill anyone, no matter how much she might think they deserve it.

As Match Girl, Lizzie appears as an 11-year-old girl but comprised entirely of white-hot plasmic fire. She leaves flaming footprints behind her, thus making it difficult to hide from enemies.

TWILIGHT

Proper Name: Victor Price

Strength: 12 (+0)

Dexterity: 16 (+2)

Constitution: 11 (+0)

Intelligence: 12 (+0)

Wisdom: 13 (+1)

Charisma: 15 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +2 (Dodg), +15 (Force Screen)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 31

Level: 4

Alignment: Neutral

Victory Points: 0

Skills: Linguist 2 (French, German), Prime 3 (Dexterity, Constitution, Charisma), Roguery 1, Targeting 1, Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Shadowforce 8 (Theme):* Blast 4 (2D10), Entrap 4 (Strength, Dexterity, -3 to saves for each), Force Screen 4 (+15 AC, Instant On), Psycho-Kinesis 4, Translocation 5

Shortcomings: Enemy (Barbarossa), Handicap (Colorblind), Looking for a Broom Closet, Notorious, Phobia (Sarcastic), Prior Engagment 1, Watched (Sceptre), Weakness (Double damage from light-based attacks), Weakness (Translocation only works in shadows)

Nobody in the 19th century had ever heard of genetic engineering, so Victor Price doesn't bother trying to explain it to anyone. Nor does he go on about how he'd been designed by a criminal organization in the 21st century to break into places and steal things for very high paying customers. He certainly doesn't dwell on how the never-to-be-sufficiently-cursed demon Moloch spirited him from his world and dropped him into this faux Victorian era and left him to deal with the consequences.

No, he just does what he always did, try to get rich and make life as comfortable as possible for him. This, if you can walk into shadows and emerge out of any shadow anywhere within 150 miles is a lot easier than actually working for a living. That is, until he was hired by an unknown client called simply "M."

The job was to break into the British Foreign Office and steal some documents. The price was right (no pun intended), so Victor took the job. Only when he met his employer again to turn the documents over did he find out that he'd been set up. "M" was Sherlock Holmes' brother Mycroft Holmes, and he had an ambush waiting. Twilight was gassed before he could shadow-jump out of the room, and when he awoke he was given a choice. Work for Sceptre and earn obscene amounts of money, or be turned over to the prison officials at Dartmoor, where they had several techniques to deal with shadow powers that they were enthusiastic to try out. Seeing which way the wind was blowing, Victor agreed to become the first Companion of the Sceptre.

Truthfully, it's worked out quite well for Twilight. Money, excitement, and he can even relax in London without having to worry about the police or the Queen's Knights coming to drag him to prison. Oh, he's earned the enmity of a few governments, and their agents. But hey, it's a living, right?

Victor Price is a cool and aloof fellow, always giving the impression that he's in on some private joke that others aren't aware of. He still can't quite grasp that the Victorious world is real, and occasionally finds that he expects to wake up in the 21st century and thus get back to "real life." He is a collection of useful insults, the more verbose the better. He will use these on friends and foes alike, using their irritation to salve the secret bitterness of his condition.

Twilight doesn't have a costume or mask. He wears a gray Inverness coat and the wardrobe of a gentleman of leisure, unless an assignment requires him to wear other clothes. He has brown curly hair that he allows to go to his collar, and refuses to use Pomade or any sort of hair greases. He is slim and has gray eyes, and wears a perpetual condescending crooked smile whenever around people.



VILLAINY OF THE DEEPEST DYE

BANSHEA

Proper Name: Fiona Fitzgerald

Strength: 10 (+0)

Dexterity: 16 (+2)

Constitution: 17 (+2)

Intelligence: 7 (-1)

Wisdom: 18 (+3)

Charisma: 14 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +2 (Dodge)

Defensive: +9 Temporal

Hit Points: 36

Level: 2

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Prime 3 (Constitution, Wisdom, Charisma), Profession 1 (Maid)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 1 (+5 bonus)

Packages: *Banshea* 6 (Theme): Blast 3 [Keen] (2D12, radius, Wisdom save for half damage, 1 per day), Etherealness 3, Invulnerability 3 (+9 Temporal), Mesmerism 3

Shortcomings: Enemy (Special Branch), Notorious (Terrorist – Irish Invincibles), Odd Appearance (Ghostly), Poverty, Weakness (Double damage from silver)

Fiona Fitzgerald was a poor farmer's daughter raised in Western Ireland. Her family lived as tenants on a estate nominally owned by an English Earl, but the landlord never visited the demesnes and only used it for income. Absentee landlords, always the bane of Ireland, were especially brutal in this case as Fiona knew only poverty and despair. Though raised Catholic, Fiona wondered if God could really love the Irish yet leave them to the tender mercies of the English. She decided to run away to the big city of Dublin, not only to free her family of the burden of her presence but also find a better life for herself. None of this worked, and she found herself freezing to death in a filthy alley one dark winter night. She slept, hoping to find heaven when she awoke once again.

She woke, but not to the gates of St. Peter. Instead, she seemed a ghost, or at least appeared as one. Not educated, she panicked and fled to the woods to avoid the stares of people around her. It was there she first encountered the creature Formori, and later Gallowglass of the Irish Invincibles. This handsome son of Eire convinced her that she was given her abilities for a purpose, to free her homeland from the English. She wasn't sure that was the reason she was given her powers, but Patrick was so sincere that she had to believe him. Maybe now she could be of use to someone?

Banshea is a kind and simple country girl. More uneducated than stupid, she really has no idea what to do with her powers. If she hadn't encountered Gallowglass, she might've just returned to her village and ignored her powers. She has low self-esteem, and readily follows any orders Gallowglass gives her. She has a young woman's infatuation with the

Irish terrorist, and will do anything he asks of her. She's not really evil, and considers herself a good girl. Yet she follows Gallowglass' instructions to kill and destroy, all in the name of Irish independence.

Banshea appears as a translucent woman wearing a medieval style gown and jewelry. When she emits her Keen, her body changes and appears as a skeletal wraith for the duration of the keen.

BARBAROSSA

Proper Name: Ernst von Heidelberg

Strength: 27 (+7)

Dexterity: 8 (-1)

Constitution: 17 (+2)

Intelligence: 10 (+0)

Wisdom: 10 (+0)

Charisma: 17 (+2)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 18, -1 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Knockback, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 40

Level: 2

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Firearms 1, History/Legend 1 (Germany), Linguist 1 (English), Melee 1, Prime 2 (Strength, Constitution), Wealthy 1 (Graf von Heidelberg)

Supernatural Powers: Armor 1 (+8 AC), Attribute 2 (+10 bonus)

Packages: *Urbemensch* 6 (Theme): Blast 3 (2D8, must channel through focus or weapon [-1 cost]), Climate Resistance 2, Gigantism 1 (always on), Invulnerability 2 (+6 Temporal), Might 2 (1D8)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Stauhelm), Notorious, Phobia (Constantly competitive with other SuperMankind), Weakness (Double damage from fire attacks)

Graf Ernst von Heidelberg was born to privilege and authority, as many of his class in the German Empire enjoyed. Schooling, University at Heidelberg, and service in the army all instilled Ernst with certitude of his own greatness and the respect from others that was his due. When he began to exhibit his superior physical traits, it was only more of his due in that it was merely a reflection of his own innate superiority.

When Berlin called upon him to take up armor and become Germany's preeminent SuperMankind, he was smugly certain that it was only the beginning of his power. He took the name "Barbarossa" not merely because of his own red hair and beard but also his family's distant relation to that holy Roman Emperor and crusader.

This led him to overreach himself. Believing his own right to the throne of the Reich as greater than that bumbling Hohenzollern monarch Wilhelm, he was discovered to be in league with several army officers to overthrow the Kaiser and make himself the new

monarch of Germany. With this act, he lost his privilege and status, but it only increased his determination to seize Germany by the only method Germans respect, brute force. On the day he ruled Deutschland, then tomorrow, the world!

Though he views his own goals as the best for all Germany, Barbarossa is an arrogant megalomaniac. Only he can rule Germany properly, and he is convinced that under his leadership the German Empire would soon rule Europe. Britain would be next, and then he would bestride the Earth like a colossus! He denigrates anyone else's abilities, even other SuperMankind. He is the supreme mensche and so deserves everything he can take from others.

Barbarossa is a large man with red hair and beard along with a dueling scar on his right cheek. He typically wears leather and steel armor that implies a medieval past but is instead made of the latest materials to protect its wearer from bullets and explosions. He usually wields some sort of sword or axe, but these are paraphernalia and he usually depends on his powers to win the day.

BLAST

Proper Name: Cynthia Parksdale

Strength: 8 (-1)

Dexterity: 11 (+0)

Constitution: 23 (+6)

Intelligence: 18 (+3)

Wisdom: 14 (+1)

Charisma: 15 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +15 (Force Screen)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 46

Level: 1

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Crass), History/Legend 1 (Underworld), Prime 1 (Constitution), Roguery 1

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 2 (+10 bonus)

Packages: *Conflagration* 6 (Theme): Blast 3 (1D10), Etherealness 3, Force Screen 3 (+15 AC), Super Movement 2 (Flight, no fatigue, 60 ft.), Suppression 3 (Vision)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Sceptre), Notorious 2 (Ladybird, Dynamiters), Phobia (Vindictive), Poverty, Secret Identity, Unlucky 2, Weakness 2 (Triple damage from wind powers)

Cynthia Parksdale was a "Ladybird" (prostitute) in the East End of London, growing up poor and living in poverty. Her man David (q.v. Bomb) had invited her to a night of gin and fun over at a room he'd rented at a doss house she'd used a time or two. She readily agreed, and a night of drinking led to fire and death as a gas explosion leveled the old wood house.

Yet she didn't die, nor did her friends. Instead, Cynthia found that she could unleash rays of heat and set things ablaze! Her mates had strange powers as well, and they decided to begin

a crime spree across London. They took on costumes like the Knights, and called themselves the "Dynamiters" since they blew things up good!

They were caught, and put in jail of course. Still, getting out of prison was a lot easier now than it had been in the past, and so she continued her life of crime. David went straight, and that infuriated her. He'd rather be a lap dog to the Bobbies and peelers? Fine, but she wouldn't. She'd do as she always did, making her own way on her terms, as Blast.

Cynthia is an East End girl full of resentments towards the law, the church, and just about anyone else in authority. To her, powers are meant to be used and their use should be for her benefit alone. She feels betrayed by Bomb, and will go out of her way to fight and humiliate him any chance she can get. A small part of her still cares for him, so she would never intentionally kill him. Yet powers do strange things, and she has a tendency to start blasting with her rays of force and thinking about it afterwards.

Cynthia is a sandy blonde haired girl in her late teens, though hard life on the streets makes her appear a decade older. As Blast, she wears a garishly red gown with ankle skirts (!) and red ladies' boots. Her silk red opera gloves are her pride and joy, and woe to any hero that takes or damages them in combat!

COIR NOIR

Proper Name: Jeanette de Bovary

Strength: 20 (+4)

Dexterity: 23 (+5)

Constitution: 18(+3)

Intelligence: 14 (+1)

Wisdom: 18 (+3)

Charisma: 17 (+2)

INIT: +4

Actions: 3 per 2 rounds

AC: 17, +5 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Senses, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 39

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Criminology 1, Linguist 1 (English), Martial Arts 1, Prime 3 (Strength, Dexterity, Wisdom), Stealth 1

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 3 (+15 bonus)

Packages: *Savate Magna* 4 (Theme): Blast 2 (1D10, no range, attached to kick), Invulnerability 2 (+3 Senses, +3 Temporal), Keen Senses 2 (+3 Vision, +2 Hearing, Ultraviolet Vision), Lightning Speed 2, Super Movement 2 (Leap, 60 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Sceptre), Enemy (Sûreté Nationale), Notorious (Danse Macabre), Phobia (Must be "The Best"), Secret Identity, Weakness (Double damage from attacks by men with Charisma 15+), Weakness (Double damage from telepathy)

Equipment: 4 Knives (2d4 each), Studded Leather Armor

Unlike her older sister Marion, Jeanette de Bovary never had things easy. She always had to work harder, do more to gain the attention of her parents. Her friends seemed more interested in being Marion's friend than hers, and of course men flocked to her sister more than her.

Such would've made other girls hate her older sister, but not Jeanette. It was just a simple truth; she had to work harder to be appreciated. That's all, and it wasn't worth blaming Marion for her beauty or charisma.

Then one morning everything changed. Screams from Marion's room drove Jeanette to race to her sister's aid. To her surprise, Marion was now only two feet tall: still beautiful, but more like a china doll than a person. Her parents were upset at first, but then seemed to ignore Marion's affliction. Jeanette worked with her sister, and discovered hidden depths to her own body, that dear Marion helped her discover. When Marion started calling herself "Marionette" and used her mesmeric personality to gain money and jewelry throughout Paris, it only made sense for Jeanette to follow in her sister's footsteps, as she'd always done.

Now, in her black armor and exquisite knives in hand, she acts as her sister's enforcer in a growing criminal empire that extends from Mon Martre to Notre Dame. Woe to anyone, hero or villain, who stands in her sister's way!

Coir Noir is, in the end, an "Apache" as the French call her type. The English-speaking world would call her a "Thug." She enjoys inflicting pain on her enemies, and considers anyone who opposes her sister Marion an enemy. She lacks an appreciation of other things in life, her view colored by how much her sister likes or hates them. Some assume she is under the mesmeric thrall of her short sibling, but in truth she idolizes her sister and simply emulates her in all things.

Coir Noir has black hair and green eyes, and wears a black leather body suit. Her torso is reinforced by armor made to appear like a black corselet that blends into the rest of the ensemble. She wears no mask, but she paints half her face into a black heart-shape, thus obscuring her identity and epitomizing her nom de guerre "Blackheart."

COMEDY

Proper Name: Carmen Enid Dee

Strength: 9 (+0)

Dexterity: 22 (+5)

Constitution: 14(+1)

Intelligence: 15 (+1)

Wisdom: 16 (+2)

Charisma: 19 (+3)

INIT: +4

Actions: 3 per 2 rounds

AC: 16, +5 (Dodge)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 35

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Disguise 1, Etiquette 1 (Polite), Prime 3 (Dexterity, Wisdom, Charisma), Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: Translocation 3 (1 per day, only when unconscious, random destination)

Packages: *Fey Comedic 4 (Theme):* Attribute 4 (+20 bonus), Blast 2 [Sonic Laugh] (2D4), Lightning Speed 2, Might 2 (1D8), Suppression 3 (Dexterity, linked to Blast)

Blowgun 2 (Gadget): Entrap 2 (Constitution, 50% chance of working [-1 cost], requires poison powder)

Shortcomings: Enemy 2 (Scotland Yard), Phobia (Insane), Prior Engagement 1, Weakness (Double damage from sonics), Weakness (Theme powers only function while costume is worn)

Equipment: Poison Powder for blowgun, Leather Armor

Carmen Enid Dee was born at the rambling Dee manor outside London. Yes, she's related to "that" Dee; Dr. John Dee of Queen Elizabeth I's court. Her ancestor made a deal with the Fey Seelie Court for power, and he got it. Indeed, all his family has it to one degree or another. Of course, that power rendered them insane, but one can't make an omelet and all that. Normally her life would've been composed of teasing her family, exploring Dee manor, chasing faeries and goblins in the gardens, and otherwise amusing herself. Then, she got a copy of the London Times.

"SuperMankind"? Costumes? Fighting in the streets of Old Londontown? That sounded like EVER so much more fun than tooling around the old stodgy manor where they don't even let you kill peasants anymore! So, with her dear brother Trajan (Tragedy) Dee, they garbed up and went to London to get in on the fun! Of course, they probably won't kill anyone. Well, not for a while. Just not cricket, since they've only just been introduced! Plenty of time for murder later, just like mummy always said!

Put simply, Carmen Dee is insane. The powers bestowed by the Seelie Court upon her bloodline have driven the entire family into madness. What is worse, she enjoys the condition and has no desire to change it. Chaotic behavior is part and parcel of her life, both as Carmen and as Comedy. She commits crimes with her brother, but the Dee's have so much secret wealth that the actual items of a robbery are irrelevant. To her it's all part of the game, and she loves embarrassing her foes whenever possible.

Comedy dresses as a typical Jester of the eighteenth century, with all the baubles one might expect. The typical theater mask of "Comedy" covers her face, though the lower mouth and chin are missing to allow her real lower face to show.

DOCTOR GOLGOTHA

Proper Name: Viduk G. Gothenburg

Strength: 18 (+3)

Dexterity: 21 (+4)

Constitution: 17(+2)

Intelligence: 16 (+2)

Wisdom: 12 (+0)

Charisma: 18 (+3)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 23, +4 (Dodge), +10 (Force Screen)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 49

Level: 7

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), Martial Arts 1, Melee 1, Prime 5 (Strength, Dexterity, Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma), Science 1 (Mechanics), Wealthy 3

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 1, Invention 4

Packages: *Skull Gadgets 4 (Battle Suit)*: Armor 2 (+13 AC), Blast 2 (1D8, radius, Dexterity save for half damage), Force Screen 2, Mesmerism 2

Shortcomings: Enemy 2 (Queen's Knights), Fame, Odd Appearance (Skull under hood), Phobia (Megalomania), Prior Engagement, Weakness (Double damage from magick)

Equipment: Pistol, with micro-rocket bullets (2d8 damage, 10 shots)

By the end of the 1880s Gothenburg Steel and Shipyard was a major company throughout Scandinavia and its environs. Its owner Viduk Gothenburg had plans to become the steel manufacturer across Northern Europe, and from there who knew? Wealth meant power, and Gothenburg loved both.

Then the Queen's Knights appeared, and the idea of SuperMankind was brought to public attention. Viduk had always been a member of the Thule movement, and a strong believer in Eugenics, as well as the superiority of the Aryan peoples. Now, there seemed to be physical proof of all that he'd believed in!

There was just one problem. He didn't have these powers. No matter what he did, scientists or mystics he patronized, none of them could give him what he wanted. In a fit of pique, he hired villains to capture some of the Knights so that he could experiment on them. Perhaps a blood transfusion would transmit the power? Or maybe being in proximity with them over time? He was willing to try anything.

His plans failed, and the Knights freed their comrades and put him in a Swedish prison. He escaped, and continued his quest for SuperMankind for himself. He even stole the Invisible Man out of a prison cell and synthesized his invisibility formula. Rather than wait for it to be tested, Viduk drank it himself, and suffered the consequences. The serum partially worked in that his flesh and blood became invisible. His skeleton was still quite

visible however, and what little sanity Gothenburg possessed snapped.

Styling himself Doctor Golgotha for the Biblical hill of skulls where Armageddon would occur, the madman bent all his endeavors to insure the end of the world would come; on his terms.

Doctor Golgotha is the stereotypical madman determined to rule the world. He believes only his genius, power, charisma, insightfulness, and most of all modesty can save the world from inevitable ruin. He frequently will monologue to heroes whenever he can, and revels in elaborate death traps to punish his foes in the most fiendish ways possible. No matter his defeats, he is sublimely convinced that they are mere temporary sidetracks to his inevitable triumph. Like most would-be dictators, he also is determined to find a wife "worthy" of him, SuperMankind of course. Perhaps one of the young heroines of the Supernature might fit the bill?

Thanks to the formula, there really is no more Viduk Gothenburg, only Dr. Golgotha. He wears a double-breasted black uniform with silver buttons and epaulettes. His belt has skulls around its length, and a black hood obscures his face with a silver skull over the eye holes.

FORMORI

Proper Name: Unknown

Strength: 30 (+9)

Dexterity: 13 (+1)

Constitution: 20 (+4)

Intelligence: 5 (-2)

Wisdom: 15 (+2)

Charisma: 4 (-2)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 28, -1 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Attribute, +6 Knockback, +9 Temporal

Hit Points: 56

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Prime 2 (Strength, Constitution)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 2

Packages: *Monstrous Form 8 (Theme)*: Armor 3 (+18 AC), Gigantism 2 (always on), Invulnerability 4 (+3 Attribute, +9 Temporal), Might 3 (1D10)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Special Branch), Fame, Handicap (Cannot speak), Notorious (Terrorist – Irish Invincibles), Odd Appearance 3 (Brutish giant), Phobia (Fear of spiders)

Nobody knows where the hulking monster came from. It emerged from the misty woods outside Belfast in Ireland and began destroying everything in its way. Both local police and the army couldn't stand against it, and nothing seemed safe.

Then the woman Banshea appeared and seemed to commune with the creature. It stopped its rampage, and followed the ghostly form back into the woodlands. Since then, this

aberration (dubbed the Formori by the newspapers) has been seen aiding the Irish Invincibles in their reign of terror across the British Isles. They fight for Ireland's independence, though few are sure if the Formori fights for anything save carnage.

The Formori seems at best semi-intelligent. It doesn't speak, but accepts kindness from Banshea. It seems to understand simple sentences in English, but most theoretic statements are beyond its ability to retain. It has a temper that can be set off by people who act with fear and loathing towards the monster. It is friendly to Banshea, and does whatever she asks of it. As she in turn follows orders from Gallowglass, this gives the Irishman considerable authority over the creature.

The Formori is a hulking ten-foot tall monster with hideous deformities and bulging muscles. It wears a loincloth made of some unidentified leather, but otherwise is unclothed. Small claws emerge from the fingers and toes, exaggerating its monstrous body.

GALLOWGLASS

Proper Name: Patrick O'Hare

Strength: 21 (+4)

Dexterity: 21 (+4)

Constitution: 20 (+4)

Intelligence: 11 (+0)

Wisdom: 15 (+1)

Charisma: 17 (+2)

INIT: +5

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +4 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Mystic, +3 Senses, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 55

Level: 4

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Disguise 1, Firearms 1, History/Legend 1 (Ireland), Martial Arts 1, Melee 1, Prime 1 (Dexterity)

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Warrior Born* 6 (Theme): Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Intuition 3, Invulnerability 3 (+3 Mystic, +3 Senses, +3 Temporal), Might 3 (1D10)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Special Branch), Looking for a Broom Closet, Notorious (Terrorist – Irish Invincibles), Phobia (Berserk when fighting, will not leave unless immediate foe is defeated), Secret Identity, Watched (Unseelie Court)

Patrick O'Hare was like many young Irish of the mid 19th century, poor and resentful of British rule. With no money or education beyond the minimal ability to read and write, he felt powerless to aid his homeland's liberation. Oh, he had a brother in the Irish Brotherhood, but he'd died in a gunfight with British troops when they staged a reprisal raid after the murder of the Irish secretary. Was that to be Patrick's fate as well?

Then, the morning of the "Golden Rays" broke over Ireland from coast to coast, and he felt strange forces within his soul. He fell asleep, and had a vision of the Irish folk heroes bestowing

the warrior soul upon him. He awoke, a true Gallowglass, to fight for his honor and homeland!

Patrick decided he wouldn't waste a moment in preparing for Ireland's happy day of liberation. He quickly gathered other SuperMankind of Irish decent to his banner of the Irish Invincibles. Thistle, Banshea, Formori; all work with him to free Eire from the English yoke. He tried to recruit Dancer and other Irish-appearing members of the Queen's Knights but was disappointed to find their lack of willingness to do whatever it took for Irish victory and self-government.

Patrick is a fanatical supporter of Irish independence. This frequently goes beyond simple patriotism and into support of terrorist tactics. He is listed as "evil" because he sees no problem with bombing buildings full of innocents in order to further his goals. He appears as a charismatic and confident young man, but he is ruthless in attaining his goals. He knows of Banshea's love for him, and uses her affections to get what he needs from her (and through her Formori) to strike against the English oppressors. He hasn't become formally involved with Banshea, just leaving the possibility of it dangling in front of the girl in order to manipulate her. In his opinion, it's all for the greater good; Irish freedom. Anything and everything is worth that, and nothing should stand in his way.

When not in disguise, Gallowglass appears as a red-haired Irish man in green, even down to his work boots and gloves. A green scarf is worn over his face in the manner of American Wild West outlaws, and his eyes burn a brilliant green when engaged in fighting, which he loves with a fury.

GRUESOME

Proper Name: Victor von Frankenstein

Strength: 28 (+8)

Dexterity: 12 (+0)

Constitution: 20 (+4)

Intelligence: 19 (+3)

Wisdom: 9 (+0)

Charisma: 8 (-1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10

Defensive: +3 Attribute, +3 Knockback, +9 Temporal

Hit Points: 66

Level: 4

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Prime 3 (Strength, Constitution, Intelligence), Science 3 (Biology), Science 3 (Biochemistry), Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: Knack 1 (+3 Invention), Invention 4

Packages: *Grotesquery* 6 (Theme): Attribute 3, Invulnerability 5 (+3 Attribute, +3 Knockback, +9 Temporal), Might 3 (1D10), Robust 2

Shortcomings: Enemy (Adam, a.k.a. Frankenstein's Monster), Fame, Notorious, Odd Appearance 2 (Horribly ugly), Phobia (Hates Vigilantes), Unlucky, Weakness (Double damage from magickal attacks)

Nothing is more irritating than having the unwashed public turned against you. Bad enough that some English authoress turned the literate of Europe against the cutting edge of scientific inquiry, but the illiterate then stormed his castle and burned down his laboratory! Still, science marches on, and so does Baron Victor von Frankenstein.

For decades he had moved around Europe, continuing his investigation into the secret of life. A less charitable fellow might mention that he also moved from place to place to avoid the vengeance of his one success, the creature named Adam. He continued these studies and in a divinely inspired piece of irony he made his next success in England, the home of that Shelly woman!

The success was just in time, for his elderly body was nearing death. With the aid of a brilliant young surgeon, Frankenstein not only brought a dead body to life but also insured that his own mind was placed within the animated form. No aberrant brains this time, it was the Baron's own brilliance that would live on within this form, forever!

It was true that the massive body was unappealing and scarred with stitches and scars, but appearance never meant much to von Frankenstein. It was life that mattered; life, brilliance, and of course immortality. Now, he has the power to take what he needs to further his research, and all of eternity in this body to use to push forward the boundaries of Science.

Victor von Frankenstein originally began his experiments in order to help mankind defeat sickness and death. These laudatory goals were lost in his incessant drive to make the "perfect" man; first as a subject under his control and then later remaking himself. Now that his brain is in his latest experiment, his once bright idealism has given over to cold cruelty. Perhaps the transfer drove him mad, or perhaps now that he's effectively immortal he feels no compunction about doing whatever disturbing experiments he decides are necessary to push his knowledge of the human body ever forward. While he accepts that other contraptionists are superior to his knowledge in other fields such as engineering or electricity; he believes no one equals his knowledge of biology and the revivification of necrotic flesh. As such, they are in no place to judge him or his actions. He will ignore any appeals to humanity, and treat such actions with cold contempt.

Gruesome appears as a huge, almost gorilla-like form with scarred features and massive strength. He wears common work clothes when he ventures outside his laboratory, wearing leather coats, canvas pants and heavy work boots.

HOOLIGAN

Proper Name: Gerald Ponsonby

Strength: 20 (+4)

Dexterity: 18 (+3)

Constitution: 18 (+3)

Intelligence: 12 (+0)

Wisdom: 13 (+1)

Charisma: 10 (+0)

INIT: +3

Actions: 3 per 2 rounds

AC: 13, +3 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Attributes, +3 Mystic, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 40

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Firearms 1, History/Legend 1 (Tower of London), Martial Arts 1, Prime 1 (Strength)

Supernatural Powers: Lightning Speed 1

Packages: *Vita-Ray Accident 6 (Theme):* Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Attributes, +3 Mystic, +3 Temporal), Might 2 (1D8)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Sceptre), Looking for a Broom Closet, Notorious, Phobia (Disdain for women), Secret Identity, Weakness (Double damage from psychic attacks)

Gerald Ponsonby wasn't a nice man. He wasn't a rich man either, but he certainly wanted to be. He'd always been known as a rough-and-tumble sort of fellow in his neighborhood, so it only made sense for him to go into crime as soon as he was out of short pants. He never knew just when his powers emerged, and only really knew something was up when another bludger from a rival gang shot him in the chest with a pistol, and the bullet bounced! He had a bit of a bruise, but nothing else. He kept on with his gang job as enforcer; he was just a lot better at it than others.

Then Lady Miasma appeared one evening with a proposition. Work for her, and he'd make ten times what he made as a bludger in Spittlefields. So he joined her little band in a raid on the Bank of England, and got thrown in jail. The magistrate called him nothing but a "Hooligan", so he took the name with pride. He got out of prison of course, and is now for hire to any criminal that can afford him. The criminal underworld is rife with schemers, prowlers, cracksman, and all sorts of cunning villains. Hooligan is not one of these. He is a bludger, pure and simple. He takes orders, and hits what he's told to hit as many times as necessary to get things done. He is basically a blue-collar criminal, with no grand goals of world domination or destruction of heroes and heroines for interfering in his plans. He does what he's told, and expects to be paid well for it. No monologue, no death traps, no vows of vengeance; he just takes the money and runs.

Hooligan wears a heavy leather outfit that is more armor than costume. He carries a pistol, and usually has a clasp knife or two hidden on his person or in one of his riding boots; his pride and joy. A leather domino mask held on by spirit gum completes his outfit.

HOTSPUR

Proper Name: Thomas Blazonstoke

Strength: 21 (+4)

Dexterity: 21 (+4)

Constitution: 18 (+3)

Intelligence: 12 (+0)

Wisdom: 9 (+0)

Charisma: 13 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +4 (Dodge), +5 (Force Screen)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 31

Level: 2

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Etiquette 1 (Crass), Prime 3 (Strength, Dexterity, Constitution), Survival 1 (City)

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Fiery 4 (Theme):* Attribute 4 (+20 bonus), Blast 2 (2D6, touch only, lasts 2 rounds), Force Screen 1 [Flame Aura] (+5 AC), Super Movement 2 (Leaping, 60 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Metropolitan Police/London), Notorious (Dynamiters), Phobia (Overconfident), Secret Identity, Weakness 3 (Double damage from gas, magick, and psychic attacks)

Thomas “Bruiser” Blazonstoke was an orphan who grew up on the streets of the East End of London. One thing you learned there was that the missionary types were full of it, and if you wanted anything you had to take it. Tommy learned that lesson well, and became a chief enforcer for one of the smaller gangs that owed allegiance to “The Professor.” He got by with the odd few shillings for tobacco and gin, so he was content. His girl Angie was a nice one, even if her brother was kind of a prat.

That was one of the last things he thought in his gin-sodden brain when the world exploded around him. Tommy, his girl, her prissy brother and his whiny chit of a girlfriend disappeared in fire and smoke. He was dead, Tommy was certain, and he was going to Hell just like the preachers always said he would.

He didn’t though, and instead he gained the power to bring hellfire to those he didn’t like. His power seemed to be to set things aflame with a touch, even things that shouldn’t burn at all! Angie and Davy wanted to start breaking into places and using their powers to make them all rich. Fine by Tommy!

Of course, like those Queen’s Knight bints, they had to have costumes and names as such. Tommy wasn’t big on the idea, but Angie convinced him. He never read much Shakespeare, but one of the names he heard about was “Hotspur,” and he liked it. So, that would be his name, and he’d set London aflame.

Hotspur was a small time hood before his powers emerged. Now that they have, he is a big time hood. He is arrogant and coarse, only occasionally listening to Shatter when she tries to come up with a more inventive plan than wreck the front door and rob

the joint. He has a relationship with Bomb’s sister Shatter, but this doesn’t prevent him from putting the moves on any young woman he can get near. This may result in his losing the support of the remaining members of the Dynamiters one day.

Hotspur dresses as somewhat of a dandy, with a bright red frock coat and orange waistcoat. Fine leather shoes and dark red trousers complete the outfit, with a highwayman’s mask cut in a pattern to imply licking flames to cover his face.

LADY MIASMA

Proper Name: Alexandria, Lady Chelmsford

Strength: 15 (+1)

Dexterity: 20 (+4)

Constitution: 20(+4)

Intelligence: 14 (+1)

Wisdom: 14 (+1)

Charisma: 18 (+3)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 14

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 45

Level: 1

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), History/Legend 1 (England), Prime 1 (Constitution), Thespian 1 (Department), Wealthy 2

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Miasmic Vapors 6 (Theme):* Attribute 2 (+10 bonus), Blast 2 (2D6), Blast 1 [Exploding Gases](1D6, Constitution save for half damage), Etherealness 1 (usable on one other), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Mystical, +6 Temporal), Super Movement 3 (Flight, only while Ethereal, 120 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Queen’s Knights), Fame, Notorious, Phobia (Arrogant towards inferiors), Weakness (Double damage from ethereal attacks)

Alexandria Devin, Lady Chelmsford, was born to wealth and privilege as most of her class in the late nineteenth century. She did have a problem in that she was the only child for her parents. There were murmuring of illegitimacy, but nothing could be proven of course. Yet she was expected to marry some Scottish “noble” only two generations from wearing kilts and stealing sheep. Why, the very idea of a woman like Alexandria marring such a cur!

It became even worse when said Scot broke off the engagement to marry an American heiress. That was really the last straw! Alexandria announced to her family she wouldn’t marry anyone and would remain in the country estate. Her father was outraged, but his precipitous death that very night seemed to resolve the situation. That is, until her uncle came to take control of the family fortune. His sudden death from asthma didn’t help Alexandra either, as his second cousin tried to claim the land and fortunes as well.

This would never do, Alexandra thought. She decided instead to use her newly discovered power of summoning poisonous

vapors to build her own fortune. A criminal one, naturally, since Victorian Britain would allow for no other direction for a woman unless she was the Queen. Yes, she would get what she deserved, which was the best of everything! The newspapers called her Lady Miasma because of her powers and posh demeanor, and she embraced the name and reputation with enthusiasm. Though captured and put into prison twice, her ability to become a gaseous form allowed her to escape with little effort. Where she will strike next? No one knows, but deaths will certainly follow her path.

Lady Miasma is well named, as she is the child of privilege and class. Born to the highest levels of British aristocracy, she carries herself with an assumption of power and prestige that assume obedience to her every whim. This is especially evident when she encounters heroes and heroines of the kingdom, who are in her view middle class at best and common as dirt at worst. Why, the very act of these people taking on masked identities shows their shame at raising their hands to their betters! Though using a moniker, she is known as Lady Chelmsford throughout the land and wouldn't think of masking herself. In short, she is an arrogant spoiled daughter of the elite of a vanishing class.

Lady Miasma wears a riding outfit of greens and yellows. She takes advantage of her powers to wear her hair loosely and her tresses usually float around her on the winds and gusts as she invokes miasma to do her bidding. As she is known publicly, she eschews the wearing of masks. After all, such garb is for the lower sorts as anyone knows.

MARIONETTE

Proper Name: Marion de Bovary

Strength: 6 (-1)

Dexterity: 18 (+3)

Constitution: 18(+3)

Intelligence: 18 (+3)

Wisdom: 21 (+4)

Charisma: 18 (+3)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 13, +3 (Dodge), +10 (Force Screen)

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +3 Senses

Hit Points: 46

Level: 5

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Acrobatics 1, Etiquette 1 (Polite), Linguist 1 (English), Martial Arts 1, Prime 1 (Wisdom)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 1 (+5 bonus), Shrink 1 (always on)

Packages: *Puppeteer 4 (Theme):* Force Screen 2 (+10 AC), Invulnerability 2 (+3 Mystical, +3 Senses), Shrink 2 (Usable on others, area effect, affects organic only), Suppress 3 [Darkness] (1D8, Vision, Area Effect)

Mesmeric Influence 4 (Theme): Blast 2 [Psychic] (1D8), Intuition 2, Mesmerism 2, Telepathy 2

Shortcomings: Enemy (Fantômas), Enemy (Sûreté Nationale), Handicap (2 feet tall), Odd Appearance, Notorious (Danse Macabre), Phobia (Obsessed with Ironclad), Weakness (Double damage from punches and kicks), Weakness (Opium addiction)

For a middle class young woman in Paris, Marion de Bovary really did have it all. Beauty, charm, and a family with some connections in the government made Marion quite the catch for any young man looking for a wife. They didn't see the other side of Marion of course. The tantrums, the obsession with control, and domineering of her family and younger sister was kept quietly out of the view of society.

This was why Marion had the supreme tantrum of all when she awoke one morning to find herself two feet tall. It wasn't right, it wasn't fair, and it would not stand! Despite learning that she was given even greater powers of persuasion with her small size didn't calm her temper. Not one bit.

She still enjoyed the finer things in life, and even if she couldn't disguise her deformity she could still gain wealth and fame, or infamy. She hadn't thought her criminal career through at first, which was why she found herself a prisoner of Doctor Golgotha (q.v.) and experimented on in his never-ending quest to discover the source of SuperMankind's powers. He'd forced her to become addicted to opium, which made her temper worse and her mesmeric powers hard to control. Another prisoner of Golgotha, Dr. R. J. Hunter, used his own knowledge and abilities to help her control her powers and overcome her addiction; at least for a while. She fell in love, or at least what she thought was love, with Dr. Hunter. The fact he didn't reciprocate such romantic feelings, or that he was already married, didn't daunt her in the least. Marion was used to getting what she wanted, so this would be no different. He would divorce his wife, and marry her. That witch Spellbinder clouded his mind and she would 'free' him! All her criminal forays are now to gain wealth and power to save Doctor Hunter, for herself.

Marionette's powers grant her considerable knowledge of the minds and emotions of those around her. Unfortunately for her, the same can't be said for her own psyche. The shrinking of her body has scarred her mentally, creating an overactive need to be powerful and to dominate those around her. Her opium addition also results in violent mood swings, from a relaxed bonhomie to sudden rages. As leader of the Danse Macabre, she is determined to control all aspects of her gang and the city of Paris itself. She is superstitious, and any run of bad luck convinces her that the witch Spellbinder has cast a curse on her. This leads to sadness, which brings her to the opium pipe, and rages once again.

Marion is a very small (2 foot 4 inches tall) young woman with black hair and hazel eyes. She is still quite beautiful, though more in the manner of a porcelain china doll than as a living woman. She usually dresses in fine gowns and jewelry, and since hiding her size is impossible she doesn't bother to obscure her face.

MEDUSA MASQUE

Proper Name: Antonia Hampton

Strength: 11 (+0)

Dexterity: 18 (+3)

Constitution: 18(+3)

Intelligence: 15 (+1)

Wisdom: 17 (+2)

Charisma: 14 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +3 (Dodge), +15 (Force Screen)

Defensive: none

Hit Points: 42

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Polite), Fine Arts 1, Prime 3 (Dexterity, Intelligence, Wisdom), Profession 1 (Teaching), Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Medusa Mask 6 (Theme):* Elasticity 3, Entrap 3 (Dexterity, turn to stone, -6 to save), Force Screen 3 [Serpents] (+15 AC), Psycho-Kinesis 3

Shortcomings: Enemy (Imagineer), Fame, Handicap (Mask cannot be removed), Notorious, Phobia (Anti-social), Weakness (Double damage from magick)

Miss Antonia Hampton was a teacher at Chering Cross Finishing School for Young Ladies. Unlike many teachers, she was quite happy with school life, guiding young minds, and of course the liberal application of the lash. If some of her fellow teachers thought she used the switch far too liberally on her young charges, well nobody would say so to her face.

When her school was taken over by the villainous SuperMankind known as Aleister Crowley, Dorian Grey, and Blackguard, she was terrified as any proper young Victorian lady would be. Yet something about their power, their ability to do as they would with no one capable of stopping them was intoxicating. When Dorian Grey offered her a bauble of his, a porcelain mask of a woman's face, she accepted it with some reluctance. The handsome young man promised that it would give her power. She put it on, and it did! Ghostly green serpents appeared around the edge of the mask, doing her bidding to strike down those who displeased her. She was thrilled with the power, and Grey was happy to have another warm body to throw against the heroes of the Queen's Knights when they inevitably arrived.

During the battle, the heroine Imagineer struck Miss Hampton smartly across the face with her gyrojet-powered umbrella. There was a breaking sound, and the mask now had a spider web crack running through the left side of the porcelain from forehead to chin. Hampton didn't have time to be outraged, for the blow rendered her unconscious. When she awoke in a cell at Newgate Jail, she was horrified to find the damage to the mask. Worse yet, the mask wouldn't come off! The police, ceramics makers, even surgeons were brought in to remove the dangerous item but to no avail. This last

event cracked Miss Hampton's sanity much as the mask itself was cracked. She blasted her way out of prison and went to ground in the East End of London. They all did this to her, and she'd give them the lash for it! Lashes of her snakes and their dripping fangs!

The magickal artifact of the Medusa mask has driven Antonia into insanity. She never discovered whether or not the crack was the reason why she couldn't take off the mask, it may very well have been the curse of the item to begin with. Certainly Dorian Grey wouldn't have informed her of such a limitation. Yet her desire to avenge herself, to humble and break the spirit of her enemies; this is far more appealing than simply accepting her fate. She is cruel to those around her, even to her minions and allies. Power and domination is what she craves, and if ever in a position of helplessness it will drive her to irrational acts to escape the situation. This has led to difficulties keeping her in jail, and so far only the special wing of Dartmoor Prison has kept her incarcerated for any length of time. Whether or not it will succeed in the long run is anyone's guess, but Medusa Masque will break anything (and anyone) to escape.

Miss Antonia Hampton wears normal clothes for a Victorian woman of the Middle Class. However, her cracked porcelain mask and spectral green serpents twisting and writhing around her mask give her true nature away to any observer. The mask itself is white and unadorned, reflecting the face of a young woman.

RAIDER

Proper Name: James Jaeger

Strength: 25 (+6)

Dexterity: 13 (+1)

Constitution: 20 (+4)

Intelligence: 25 (+6)

Wisdom: 10 (+0)

Charisma: 18 (+3)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +1 (Dodge), +8 (Mystical), +10 (Temporal)

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 49

Level: 4

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Linguist 1 (French), Occult 1, Prime 1 (Intelligence), Science 3 (Electronics, Hydrodynamics, Mechanics), Target 1

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 2 (+10 Intelligence), Invention 4

Packages: *Raider Armor 8 (Battle Suit):* Armor 3 (+8 Mystical, +10 Temporal), Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Blast 4 (2D10), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Mystical, +6 Temporal), Keen Senses 3 (+3 Vision, +2 Hearing, Darkvision, X-Ray Vision), Super Movement 4 (Flight, no fatigue, 120 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Ironclad), Phobia (Resentful of Ironclad), Secret Identity, Unlucky 1, Weakness 2 (Double damage from electrical and magnetic attacks)

The armored criminal known as Raider seemed to literally appear from nowhere one day in 1889, aiding the French crime cartel known as the Danse Macabre with an attack on a gold-laden train moving from London to Portsmouth. Though the Queen's Knights retrieved the gold later, they were surprised by Raider's use of futuristic technology against them, with lasers and cruise missiles as part of Marionette's hideout. Though the French villains have been captured at times, Raider always seems to get away only to resurface and break his fellow SuperMankind out of prison.

The Raider's origin is most surprising, as he is the scientist known as Dr. R. J. Hunter. Rather to say, he is a Dr. Hunter from an alternate timeline. Torn from his own future and trapped in a world that already has someone with his face, name, and abilities, it has driven him near to madness. He is determined to kill Ironclad and thus become the "only" Hunter in this world. Until that day, he takes his middle name and the Germanic translation of his last name ("James" and "Jaeger") for his secret identity. His anger is kept in check by Marionette, who finds him useful and pleasing to while away time with. That is, until the "real" Dr. Hunter is in her grasp.

James Jaeger is as brilliant an inventor as Ironclad is, but his inner turmoil keeps him from being able to spend as much time in research as his twin. Somehow he has convinced himself that Dr. R. J. Hunter is the source of all his miseries, and if he can just kill his copy then he will be able to live a meaningful life here on this world. It is possible that Marionette is manipulating his mind to feel that way, but it is also possible that he's doing it to himself. Where Ironclad is friendly and somewhat goofy, Raider is surly in demeanor. Instead of gregarious, he is bitter and resents anyone taking time away from himself and Marionette. He works hard to help the Danse Macabre, and perhaps in his subconscious he's aware that Marion compares him to Ironclad, and he is found wanting.

In the Raider armor, Jaeger appears as a futuristic set of battle armor more streamlined and sophisticated than most nineteenth century inventions. The armor is silver, edged in blued steel with weapon systems and reinforced gauntlets for hand-to-hand combat. Only a thin visor slit mars the otherwise featureless helmet.

SHATTER

Proper Name: Angela "Shrew" Silverton

Strength: 18 (+3)

Dexterity: 20 (+4)

Constitution: 23 (+5)

Intelligence: 15 (+1)

Wisdom: 11 (+0)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +4 (Dodge), +5 (Mystical), +10 (Temporal)

Defensive: +3 Mystical, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 46

Level: 2

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 2 (Crass), Prime 1 (Constitution), Profession 1 (Bargaining), Roguery 1

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 2 (+10 bonus)

Packages: *Earthforce* 6 (*Theme*): Blast 6 (1D20, radius, Dexterity save for half damage, works 50% of time), Force Screen 3 (+5 Mystical, +10 Temporal), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Mystical, +6 Temporal), Psycho-Kinesis 3, Super Movement 3 (Earth Slide, 90 ft.)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Sceptre), Notorious (Dynamiters), Phobia (Hates mortals), Secret Identity, Unlucky 1, Weakness (Double damage from energy attacks)

Hawking wares on the streets of East End London ain't easy, something Angela "Shrew" Silverton knew only too well. Her brother didn't want her earning money in other ways, so selling and reselling became Angie's lot in life, earning her the nickname of "The Shrew" because of her coarse language and haggling skills. Money's money though, and if she felt bad about gyping folks, well some gin always kept her from feeling too bad about it. Bad things happened to everyone, it was how you fought your way out of the mess that counted.

Which was why Angie was the first one to suggest that she and her friends use their newfound powers to take what they could get from London's richest and snobbish. The others were still stunned by the gas explosion at the class house and their miraculous survival (and maybe due to leftover gin in their systems) so they agreed. Fame and fortune was theirs! Well, infamy anyway and that was good enough for Angela. She was the last to come up with a name for herself, and took it from an article in the Daily Telegraph describing their crime spree. "... the brunette woman left everything shattered before her, be it glass or brick, wood or stone." She liked that word; 'Shatter', so she took it as her SuperMankind name. She'd shatter anyone that got in her way, Peelers or Queen's Knights, Yard men or Toff; all would suffer like she had all her life. The strong thrive, the weak don't eh? Well, she would live that adage to the fullest!

Shatter sees herself as someone using her powers to her own benefit, something that the rich and titled do every day. That doesn't make her evil, it makes her smart! If the establishment claims she is a criminal for what she does, well that's just because they don't have her powers. They fear her, and what she and her fellow Dynamiters can do. Revenge against those who have wronged her, as well as a desire for all the finer things in life, both play a big role in Shatter's psyche. If she was given a million US dollars, she'd spend it all on clothes and jewelry to walk around the East End in. She doesn't think about the future, only wanting to live in the moment. She plans their crimes to be sure, but she always assumes the next job will be the "big one" that will set them up for the rest of their lives. Living in the moment is why she can't understand her brother Bomb's intention to go straight. Work with the Bobbies? For what? Not money, or not enough anyway. Most policemen don't make more than a cabbie. Not for her, it's silver spoons and satin sheets for the rest of her life. Just one more crime should do it.

Shatter wears a practical skirt and vest of brown and blacks, with bare hands so she can touch stone and earth more freely. Short black boots and a brown blouse complete her wardrobe. A black domino mask pinned to her hair keeps the mask in place and her hair from her eyes.

THISTLE

Proper Name: Katrina O'Malley

Strength: 15 (+2)

Dexterity: 24 (+6)

Constitution: 13 (+1)

Intelligence: 11 (+0)

Wisdom: 12 (+0)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +5

Actions: 2 per round

AC: 15, +6 (Dodge)

Defensive: +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 41

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Crass), History/Legend 1 (Ireland), Prime 1 (Dexterity), Target 1

Supernatural Powers: see Packages

Packages: *Thistledown 6 (Theme)*: Attribute 3 (+15 bonus), Blast 3 (1D8, 14 charges, Dexterity save for half), Invulnerability 1 (+3 Temporal), Lightning Speed 3

Shortcomings: Enemy (Special Branch), Fame, Looking for a Broom Closet, Notorious (Terrorist – Irish Invincibles), Phobia (Hates English), Weakness (Double damage from magick)

Owning a pub wasn't Katrina O'Malley's idea of a great future, but since her brother went to the church she was the only one willing and able to inherit the business. As time went on she found herself getting more and more Fenian clientele, and started agreeing with their more reasonable demands. She might've remained a moderate until the government shut down her business as a 'den of treason' and threw her in jail for six months; all in the name of keeping the peace in Ireland.

She was serving her time in a woman's prison near Cork when her powers manifested. She used her thistles to fight her way out of jail, and freed all her fellow prisoners at the same time. This wasn't out of sympathy so much as to obscure her trail. It worked, and though on the run she kept her contacts with the Irish Brotherhood and did odd jobs to help the cause.

That's when she met Patrick. He fancied himself a ladies man, and certainly turned the charm on Katrina. She didn't buy it though, having seen his type over and over again at the pub. She agreed with his politics though, and had become more radical the more time she spent as an outlaw. So when he suggested gathering the Irish SuperMankind into a group like the Queen's Knights, she accepted. Now, the "Irish Invincibles" would strike at the English foe and drive him out of the Emerald Isle!

Thistle was near middle age when her powers emerged, which is unusual among the SuperMankind. Normally Supernatural powers emerge among the teenage to the middle 20s. Katherine was a mildly successful pub owner and considers herself wise in the ways of the world. She has the bartender's gift of being someone people want to talk to, to unload their worries and fears on.

Thistle certainly plays that role for Banshea, but not for Gallowglass. As far as she can tell, Patrick hasn't had a doubt in his whole life. She does, however. She desires Irish independence, but she is beginning to grow increasingly uncomfortable about the body count the Irish Invincibles are collecting. British soldiers and police are one thing, but too many civilians (many Irish themselves) are dying or being injured on the path to freedom. This may result in a parting of the ways sooner or later, and it will be interesting to see where Banshea and Formori go in such an event.

Thistle appears as a modest woman of middle years. She dresses in men's clothes, and wears rough workman's garb whenever possible. As she has no identity to keep secret, she does not bother to hide her face.

TRAGEDY

Proper Name: Trajan Edward Dee

Strength: 20 (+4)

Dexterity: 12 (+0)

Constitution: 19(+3)

Intelligence: 11 (+0)

Wisdom: 9 (+0)

Charisma: 13 (+1)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 12

Defensive: +3 Attribute, +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal

Hit Points: 48

Level: 3

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Disguise 1, History/Legend 1 (London Theatre), Prime 3 (Constitution, Wisdom, Charisma), Thespian 1

Supernatural Powers: Translocation 3 (1 per day, only when unconscious, random destination)

Packages: *Tragic 4 (Theme)*: Attribute 4 (+20 bonus), Blast 2 [Sobbing] (2D4), Invulnerability 3 (+3 Attribute, +3 Mystical, +3 Temporal), Might 2 (2D8), Suppression 3 (Wisdom, linked to Blast)

Blowgun 2 (Gadget): Entrap 2 (Wisdom, 50% chance of working [-1 cost], requires crying powder)

Shortcomings: Enemy 2 (Scotland Yard), Phobia (Insane), Prior Engagement, Weakness (Double damage from psychic attacks), Weakness (Theme powers only function while costume is worn)

Equipment: Crying Powder for blowgun, Flash Powder (save vs. Wisdom or blind for 1D4 rounds), Leather Armor, Sword Cane (1D6)

Trajan Edward Dee was born as the scion of the prestigious family of Dee. Well, they feel it's prestigious anyway. They traced their lineage to Dr. John Dee of Elizabeth's court of the 16th century, and didn't he just do well for himself? The good Doctor kept Queen Elizabeth's favor (most of the time) and Queen Titania's fey favors on occasion. He was bestowed powers both temporal and mystical, that was the important part.

Of course his family is mad, and polite society avoids them like the plague, but you can't spend all your time crying over spilt milk, now can you? Trajan could. A lot. Most of the time, come to think of it!

Trajan would've been happily miserable at home had it not been for his sister Carmen's determination to go to London. She wanted to meet people even madder than they were, with strange costumes, stranger powers, and all beating the stuffing out of each other. It sounded, painful, horrible, and full of misery. Naturally, Trajan couldn't wait to go. Combat, crime, and cucumber-sandwiches awaited them both, and Trajan is certain this will spell the ruin of his life.

Like his sister Comedy, Trajan is nuttier than a fruitcake. To him, misery is the best of all emotions, followed quickly by despair and sobbing sadness. Even in combat he will cry and wail about the injustice of his life, the unfairness of being picked on by strange people in costumes, leaping out of the darkness upon him for no reason, and generally interfering with his reasonable attempts to rob jewelry stores. It's enough to drive someone mad, which it did! Well, he was always mad, but you can't make an omelet without breaking a few skulls, right? Of course not!

Tragedy dresses as a typical Jester of the eighteenth century, with all the baubles one might expect. The typical theater mask of "Tragedy" covers his face, though the lower mouth of the frown and chin are missing to allow his real lower face to show.

TRIUMPH

Proper Name: Gerard de Villepan

Strength: 25 (+6)

Dexterity: 18 (+3)

Constitution: 23(+5)

Intelligence: 8 (-1)

Wisdom: 10 (+0)

Charisma: 16 (+2)

INIT: +0

Actions: 1 per round

AC: 10, +3 (Dodge)

Defensive: +6 Knockback, +6 Temporal

Hit Points: 44

Level: 2

Alignment: Evil

Skills: Etiquette 1 (Crass), Prime 3 (Strength, Dexterity, Constitution)

Supernatural Powers: Attribute 2 (+10 bonus)

Packages: *Form du Magnifique 4 (Theme):* Climate Resistance 2, Invulnerability 4 (+6 Knockback, +6 Temporal), Mass Variation 2 (self), Might 2 (1D8)

Shortcomings: Enemy (Sûreté Nationale), Phobia (Spiders), Prior Engagment 1 (Hangover), Weakness (Double damage from women in hand-to-hand combat)

Gerard de Villepan had never been accused of excessive intelligence. Book learning simply wasn't for him, nor was church, or much else. He was strong though, the strongest man in his village. When the carnival came through town, the master of the fair convinced him to join the freak show as "The strongest man in France!" Why not? He had little to look forward to in his tiny village, and lifting things was what Gerard was good at.

As the fair moved through France, Gerard got better and better at his "strongman" routine. So much so that he gave up using the hollow iron weights for the real thing. When he started lifting horses in each hand, mutterings began through the crowds. It was unnatural, infernal even! The carnival was driven out of the town of Nancy with pitchforks and torches to speed them on their way. Gerard wanted to fight them, but was convinced not to. A stay in prison would make a bad situation even worse. So, Gerard left the carnival and went to gay Paris. Surely something worthwhile would emerge for him to do?

It turned out to be crime. He worked as an enforcer for a gang of Apaches (French thugs) in Mon Martre, before the Marionette's syndicate took control. Gerard went to a meeting with the little girl, and came out convinced she knew the answers to everything. He became a loyal servant of Marionette, taking the name "Triumph" for Napoleon's arch in Paris. As part of the Danse Macabre, he does as he's told and earns more money than he'd ever seen in his life!

Gerard is not a complicated man. He is strong, and he likes to show off. So, he gets into fights where he can use his strength to show everyone how mighty he is. He will start fights with any large looking fellow, just to show everyone who's boss. Well, Marionette's the boss but she's different.

Triumph is truly disturbed by the ladies of SuperMankind. Not Marionette or Coir Noir, they are delicate and pretty. Coir Noir is fast, and certainly could be deadly to normal people, but Triumph is immune to her knives. No, it was women like the English Shadowstar, or the German Starkerfrau; these women were too strong to be believed. He dreads the day where he might very well lose a fight to one of these ladies, and he doesn't know if his pride will survive such a humiliation. He'll do anything to avoid that, absolutely anything.

Triumph dresses as the stereotypical nineteenth century circus strongman. He wears a white tank top shirt, shaves his head and wears a curled and waxed moustache. His domino mask seems more for effect than really anything to disguise him, but his oilskin black pants and boots complete a carnival outfit.

SCEPTRE

LEADER: “The Club”

SYMBOL: Gold royal scepter

ALIGNMENT: Law

GOALS: Protection of Great Britain from SuperMankind and other Supernatural threats. Secondary goal is preservation of the House of Hanover on the throne of England.

LOCATION: Tower of London

Despite repeated attempts to deny the reality of the situation, the emergence of SuperMankind could not long be ignored by the British government. Queen Victoria’s inspired intervention in creating the Queen’s Knights recruited several of the heroes and heroines to the service of the nation, but supernatural threats continued to arise. The Knights did their best, but even those heroic figures could only be at a few places at once. By the year 1890, both the crown and the cabinet decided something had to be done.

Sceptre was forged to resolve this need, and to provide a venue for the government to regulate and enforce its will on the supernature as well as more temporal threats. It was decided early on that the higher authority of the agency would be unknown, and all communications would be from the “club.” This unnamed club would be the fount of all orders and missions, and its agents would have royal authority throughout the British Empire and its dominions.

In truth, the “club” is a single man, Mycroft Holmes. Mr. Holmes continues to work as a junior official at the Foreign Office, and does nothing to jeopardize this apparent position. However, as he spends considerable time at the Diogenes Club, it is there that he performs his duties as the leader of Sceptre. The Diogenes club has several secret methods of communication to various parts of the government as well as Sceptre’s headquarters at the Tower of London. It is even rumored that there are special tunnels built to connect the club with the White Tower by use of a private steam locomotive so at need Mr. Holmes may visit the tower directly. While at the tower proper, Mr. Holmes is not identified directly and is only referred to by the first letter of his Christian name, “M.”

AGENTS

Sceptre is a relatively small organization, with barely 1000 staff and agents in total. This makes them smaller than the Metropolitan police, on a par with Scotland Yard, and only Special Branch is smaller. However, Sceptre is given considerable funding towards training and equipment to insure that their agents are the best-prepared governmental forces when it comes to dealing with the supernatural.

All agents except for Sentinels tend to be dressed in a black uniform with gold edging and red accents. A gold sceptre is always on the right breast of the jacket. Further details on individual ranks are as follows:

SCEPTRE YEOMAN

This is the standard member of the organization. Though armed, yeoman are usually assigned to administrative or light guard duty around the White Tower or other general duties as needed. A typical Yeoman is a Good or Neutral human 1st level inquiry agent whose vital stats are: HP 8, AC 12. He wears a reinforced uniform and carries a magazine pistol. His skills are Firearms 1, Prime 2 (Strength, Dexterity) and Professional 1 (various).

SCEPTRE WARDER

These are the actual combat forces of the agency. As the first duty of Sceptre is to battle supernatural threats, they are more robust than Her Majesty’s soldiery and are as of matter of course better trained. Warders are Good or Neutral human 2nd level agents whose vital stats are: HP 15, AC 16. He wears a reinforced leather armor outfit and carries an electric gun (2d6 damage, fires every other round) along with a magazine pistol and 3 grenades (1d8, Dexterity save for half damage.) His skills are Melee 1, Firearms 1, and Prime 2 (Strength, Constitution).

Warders are the prison guards at both the special SuperMankind cells at Newgate and at the Special Wing at Dartmoor Prison. The exact numbers of Warders at these locations are unknown, but it is believed that they are even more heavily armed and armored than the standard warders noted above. See the description of Dartmoor Prison for details in the following pages.

SCEPTRE SENTINEL

SENTINELS: These are the investigators and spies in the service of Sceptre. Though they are ostensibly limited to investigating SuperMankind and similar threats, they usually overlap with the Special Branch and Naval Intelligence, which the latter two groups resent to a considerable degree. There are only a few dozen Sentinels, but they make up for in skill what they may lack in numbers. A Sentinel is a Good human 3rd level inquiry agent whose vital stats are: HP 15, AC 14. She wears underneath normal clothes an armored corset and carries a sleeve holster for a stiletto knife. She also carries a pneumatic pistol (1d6 damage, no noise, 8 shots.) Her skills are Disguise 1, Firearms 1, Prime 3 (Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma), Roguery 1, and Thespian 1 (Acting).

COMPANIONS OF THE SCEPTRE

These are members of SuperMankind that are in service to Sceptre and can be either regular agents or individual SuperMankind who are recruited for a single mission. Sceptre is concerned about its image, and so will rarely recruit those with bad reputations or affiliated with foreign governments. They are very liberal in regards to hiring nonstandard personnel, and thus they are able to leverage the skills of many women or non-Anglo-Saxon types within their agency, to great success.

Twilight (q.v.) is currently their only regular Companion of the Sceptre, though Dancer and Ironclad had served the agency as single mission agents. Of course a Genteel Magistrate may add more or less to the organization as they wish.

DARTMOOR PRISON

Light. Fuzzy light, No sound, just the harsh glare of light beyond her sticky eyelashes. How long had she been asleep? Her muscles ached, her mouth tasted vile, and she had a terrible case of the headache. She blinked and slowly her vision cleared and focused, upon a bright electrical light hanging from a bare ceiling.

She was in a stone room, a cell? Now she remembered that unfortunate altercation at the Bank of England. Her vapors killing or driving off the Clarkes and police at the bank. Her minions helping themselves to bank notes while she floated above them, their leader, basking in her triumph.

Then the heroes appeared. Heroines mostly, except for that fellow in the Inverness. Dancer, Unicorn, and that woman Anodyne. She released her miasmas in their direction, and expected them to fall. Hadn't everyone else? It was why she took the name Miasma after all. Dancer leaped above the fog and chlorine she projected, and then nothing.

Nothing until now. She blinked again, and tried to sit up. She was dressed in a rough wool gray dress, most unbecoming. Added to this indignity was the clink of a chain, a manacle was attached to her right foot. Indeed? Were they fools? No matter, she'd teach them a lesson soon enough.

"Like the accommodations, Lady Chelmsford? It's probably not what you're used to, but we all must make allowances don't we?"

She whirled to face the man's voice, to snarl out something most unladylike, but then saw the man. He was pleasant enough to look at, though somewhat common in his black suit and bow tie. Diamond cufflinks glittered at his wrists, an odd affectation for this man, who she recognized.

"The room is not appropriate to my station, Lord Osborne. Being an American, I don't imagine you would notice that distinction."

The man smiled, dazzling white teeth for a man in the year 1890. If the barb irked him, he gave no sign. "Oh, I'm quite aware of what you assume to be your appropriate accommodations are, and please just call me Doctor Hunter."

Lady Chelmsford, known to Fleet Street as Lady Miasma, raised one elegant eyebrow and smiled. "You don't approve of your title Lord Osborne? Victoria Regina herself bestowed it on you after all. I'd expect you to show more respect." She shrugged, an elegant motion despite the common manner of her wardrobe, "But then, Americans can't help being a common sort of people. I suppose I should pity you your lack of graces."

The second barb missed the mark just as the first had done. Doctor Hunter's smile just grew as he gestured around them. "You didn't answer me about the accommodations? I did my best to get the room ready as fast as possible. The lads at Newgate kept you under ether for days while I worked this place up."

Lady Miasma blinked. That explained how wretched she felt. How many days was she unconscious, helpless before those

of lesser station than herself? She wouldn't ask that grinning jackanapes though.

"You know I can just take on my gaseous form and leave here." The statement was calmly delivered, as if speaking about the weather.

Hunter's grin became a roguish smile, a look that she thought more appealing to the American. "Oh no, you can't. That's why I worked this place up." He gestured around the room. "Take a close look at the walls, Lady Chelmsford. A sharp eye will note several small tubes set between the stones. Not big tubes, about the diameter of a smoking pipe." Despite herself, she looked close at the nearest wall. Yes, there were several of the holes, in a regular pattern between the bricks.

"Those lead to pneumatic pumps." He continued. "There are several eye holes in here too, and you will be constantly observed. Any attempt to turn into your miasmatic form will result in all the air being pumped out of this room, and stored in several air tanks."

Now he smiled at the look on her face, a look of shock and horror. "That's right! I don't know how long we can hold you in your vapor form before you lose all human consciousness, but try to escape and we will both find out won't we?"

The dour gray stones of Dartmoor prison, located near Dartmouth, are a famous prison in the British Isles. Its fame is somewhat akin to Alcatraz in the United States, and has a fearsome reputation for solitude and hardness. In the world of Victorious, the British government realized quickly that the normal prisons of the empire were insufficient to hold SuperMankind. This created a controversy, with many saying it would be safer to simply kill criminal SuperMankind instead of spending the time and money to keep them incarcerated.

Two points were brought against capital punishment in these affairs. First, it made proud Englishmen uncomfortable at the idea of killing someone because they were part of a minority, even though many were brought up as "Anglo Saxons" (whatever that is) and thus accorded Christian mercy. The second point, and rather more pragmatic, was that the British government hoped to convince these villainous people that their best interests were served in volunteering to work for Whitehall and not against them.

As such, the special wing of Dartmoor was to be considered both a mode of punishment yet comfortable enough that such incarceration wouldn't drive the inmate to excessive fury. Nothing is more deadly than a man or woman who believes s/he has nothing to lose. This was to be avoided at all costs.

Hunter & Hunter, Ltd. was hired to refurbish a wing of Dartmoor prison to become the prison for these recalcitrant villains. This company was employed due in so small part to their close ties with the Queen's Knights and as such they were felt to be uniquely qualified in creating mechanics to maintain the cells in a manner to fit both of London's goals.

Below is given a sample list of prison cells and the mechanisms behind their construction. Genteel Magistrates are encouraged to use these samples to inspire them for further inventions to hold criminal SuperMankind of most any stripe as needed. However, don't forget that the technology of the era should be primarily steam and clockwork powered, with some small amount of electricity available. It is true that a time-traveling heroine might be able to build in highly advanced circuitry or automated cameras and sensors, but unless that heroine intends to reside at Dartmoor then the maintenance of this equipment will be next to impossible. Magick is more available, but conversely less dependable without regular rituals and invocations, so the prior admonition about residence of the magician applies just as equally as it does to the contraptionist.

This wing has the men in private cells on the west side of the wing's hallway while women reside in the east side cells. Despite each prisoner being kept in solitary confinement this separation of the sexes is considered necessary for morality and proper virtue.

THE BEAST: The cell walls are covered in strong alloy steel; no "natural" furnishings or materials. Blankets are silk, and furniture is made from non-European sources in order to inhibit Crowley's magick. It is expected that, being European,

Crowley's magickal powers will have a more difficult time with non-European materials.

GRUESOME: The walls are lined in Dynasteel throughout the cell. In addition, he is bound with Adamantine chains and shackles bolted to the floor. This allows movement around the cell but not quite reaching the walls. Finally, there are two gas vents in the ceiling to allow the insertion of sleeping gas or natural gas. The latter is as a last resort and a hidden electrical wire will provide a spark for the explosion that is expected to render the prisoner unconscious if escape is imminent.

HOTSPUR: This is a Steel cell with concrete reinforcement. The furniture is all steel, with nothing flammable in the cell except for the prisoner's clothes. The ceiling has gas vents to incapacitate at need similar to Gruesome's cell.

MEDUSA MASQUE: The cell is made of normal brick, though the walls and ceiling are covered with polished silver mirrors.

LADY MIASMA: This appears as a normal cell, but the brickwork is full of rubber hoses so that pneumatic pumps can quickly draw air or gases from the cell and store within tanks. It is not a vacuum, but heavier than air gases will be drawn first out of the cell.

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WITH NOTES ON THE COMPOSITION AND INHABITANTS

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PRINTED AT CHENAULT & GRAY PRINT

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



ISBN 978-1-944135-22-5



TLG 77041
\$9.99