

The Trophy Case



In the Hideout...

--Scott Casper—



handful of

Continuing their stories is one of the great things we can do here in *The Trophy Case* and it will continue in this issue with more of David Brashear's *Madam Fatal*.

The biggest news, of course, is that Supplement IV: Captains, Magicians, and Incredible Men: Part I: Ace-Fox came out in December. There were some obvious changes made to the supplement since it was talked up last issue. The number of heroes and villains it would cover had grown so large, and the research for the volume had proven so time-consuming, that the supplement would have been grossly delayed if it had been kept all in one book. So it made sense to split the book in half and release it with the publishing companies divided between them. If you want to read about Blue Beetle, Captain Marvel, or Skyman now, you can purchase Part I today. But if you want to read about the Black Hood, Captain America, or Daredevil...well, you will probably have to be patient, but you also might get sneak peeks here in *The Trophy Case* or on the blog of Fan Supreme Steve Lopez before Part II is ready.

Although this Editor is allowing himself a bit of a break now before tackling the rest of Part II, I have still had to keep reading plenty of Golden Age comic books to catch up! Sometimes this gives me good ideas for things H&H still needs, like this issue's article on expanding the options for the Magic-User class. But it's not just me writing everything; I have guest contributors, including our very first art contribution by Fan Supreme-in-Training Allen Trembone.

The second biggest news item here is a new long-term project for Great Scott! Games that is just getting its start here. It seems I've been waiting my whole life to make my own superhero comic book, but I've never had the pro-level art skills to pull it off. So I'm just going to go ahead and do it anyway with mostly text stories, supplemented with art - both my own and Golden Age art. The character debuting here - Major Magus -- should seem familiar to anyone who knows their Golden Age superheroes, or has read SUPP IV PT I. This is going to be my version of *that* character. I hope it'll be as much fun to read as it's been to write so far.

Our last issue had a focus on fan fiction and, while there were no complaints, there was no encouragement either. Fan fiction will continue to play a big part in *Hideouts & Hoodlums*. Bear in mind that, while some heroes of the Golden Age are still published in new interpretations today, many, *many* characters only appeared in a mere published appearances.

My last big announcement I've put off until the end because...well, we'll see how well it sits with everyone. After this issue, I plan to release only two more all-free PDF issues of *The Trophy Case* before making them for-sale items - at the reasonable rate of 50 cents per digital copy. Will enough of you stick with TTC even if you can't get it for free? I hope everyone sees it has evolved into too useful a resource to continue just giving away for nothing. And I would like to start paying contributors *something*, even if it is such a pittance that they will literally be working for pennies. It would be nice if, by the end of 2013, TTC was seen as a semi-professional zine, with regular columnists, fan art, and advertisers. Well, a fella can dream, can't he?

Editor: Scott T. Casper

Art: Scott Casper (after C.C. Beck), George Tuska, Will Eisner, Allen Trembone, Sam Cooper, Walter Frehm

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MAJOR MAGUS #1 "Invasion of the Scorpions from Space"

Story and art by Scott Casper

It was a beautiful day in the summer of 1941 when the spaceship came.

No one could say who was the first to spot it. Arthur Greaves of Hamilton, New York later told his family that he was birdwatching as early as 1:30 in the afternoon when he happened to glance straight up and saw it in the sky through his binoculars. He could tell at once that it looked like no plane he had ever seen.

Regardless of who saw it first, word of the mysterious object in the sky spread quickly and was easily confirmed because the object in the sky remained there, seemingly motionless.

It was still before two and young Bobby Bauer was sitting in the bedroom of his apartment. In some ways, it was a typical bedroom for a 14-year old boy. Sports pennants were tacked onto the walls beside a tennis racket that hung on pegs. An autographed poster of boxing great 'Buddy' Baer hung on the wall by the bed. More unusual was the telecaster sitting on the table. And the fact that Bob lived alone and this respectable apartment on the Lower East Side of Manhattan was leased in his name.



When the telecaster started up, Bobby looked up from the latest issue of *Whiz Comics* he had been reading. He sat it down, rolled off the bed, and strolled over to the telecaster for a look. As he read what was printing out on the ticker tape, his interest turned from curiosity to concern.

"Holy moley..." Bobby mumbled half-out loud as he pondered the news. Sightings of a UFO over New York? That could only mean Dr. Skala was back.

"Mazash!" Bobby said. Outside, a lightning bolt appeared in a clear blue sky with a peal of

thunder. Inside, Bobby Bauer was gone. He had magically transformed into Major Magus. Major Magus knew what Bobby had known and he knew where to go next for answers. A second later, the door of Bobby's apartment had opened and closed. A second after that, the roof access door of the Parker Apartment Building was left open. Less than a second after that, Major Magus stepped off the edge of the roof and was airborne over 8th Street.

As Major Magus levitated higher and faster, the Lower East Side and then all of Manhattan spread out below him until he could see Long Island Sound stretch out to the east. It was 100 miles along the length of Long Island to Southold and the Custer Institute Observatory. As Major Magus leveled out lengthwise in the air and gathered speed, he knew he could make that in 10 minutes.

The Custer Institute Observatory could have passed for any brick home in the suburbs if not for the big white dome towering over the back of the building. At the front entrance, facing Bayview Road, a crowd of people had already gathered at the entrance. The man Major Magus wanted, Terrence Weston, was trying to block the door with his small, round body from his eight colleagues pressing towards him.

"Gentlemen! We can come up with some reasonable rotation for the telescope!" Weston was saying when Major Magus literally fell out of the sky into their midst.

"Mind if I use it first?" Major Magus asked.

Weston's colleagues fell back or slunk off under the Major's withering gaze. One of them, too intimidated by the Major's towering presence, took off his thick glasses to see if he was less intimidating while blurry.

"Major!" Weston cried. "I know why you've come. Come in!" He waved invitingly with pudgy fingers while holding the door open.

The Major moved through the foyer quickly and down a hall towards the observatory room. "I thought we had an understanding," the Major said as they walked. "If anything was seen coming from Venus, you would contact Bob Bauer and he would relay it to me."

"Oh, b-but it didn't come from Venus!" Weston protested as he followed along. "And there was no sign of it in the sky until it just appeared here today!"

Weston's assistant stepped away from the telescope as Major Magus walked up to it to take a look. Sure enough, the scope was trained right on the ship. Not elegant and streamlined like Skala's rocket ships from Venus, this vessel looked clunky and blocky. It had stabilizing fins for atmosphere re-entry, but looked too ungainly

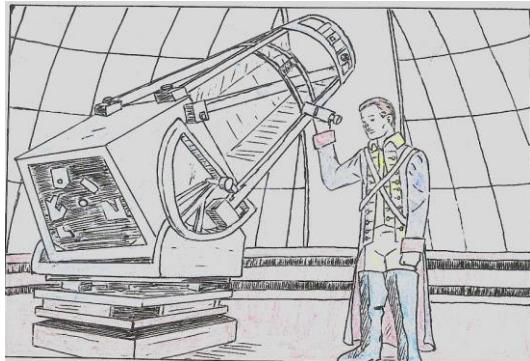
to land.

"How high is it?" the Major asked as he looked for any outward clues as to its exact technological level.

"About 60 miles."

The Major checked the magnification on the telescope and did a quick calculation. "That ship must be a half-mile long! But we have no idea where it approached from?"

"None yet," Weston said, shaking his head. "We could call other observatories and check for earlier sightings. If we could chart a string of different sightings, we might be able to postulate a starting point."



"Assuming it took no course corrections," the Major said, nodding. "No, I think the only way I'm going to get answers is by going up there and paying our new neighbors a visit." Without discussing it further, the Major levitated up into the air and passed through the opening in the dome to leave.

"Good luck!" Weston called out from below.

Once outside again, the Major's loose sleeves and the tails of his long waistcoat flapped in the breeze as he soared higher and faster.

Miles above him, aboard the spaceship, Major Magus was observed on a viewscreen. "*Tajenka*," a gravelly voice commanded. A green hand pointed. Another turned a dial on a control panel.

As soon as Major Magus was in the stratosphere, he doubled his speed and broke the sound barrier. The space ship, at first no more than a dot in the sky, slowly loomed larger and larger. By the time he could make out surface details of the ship, he could see a giant hatch open on its underside. Something - no, some things were flying down from the ship to intercept him. Six of them. Unlike their dull, boxy mother ship, these smaller shapes were round and sleek, their reflective surfaces gleaming in the sun.

They were shaped like oval saucers, each with what looked like a long tail extending from the back. These tails were prehensile and as they turned to face Major Magus, looked suspiciously like they ended in guns.

When the thin beams of light began streaming down towards Major Magus, one of them caught him in the shoulder. It didn't hurt, but his shoulder felt hot. Glancing at it, he could see a scorch mark on his coat. The magical cloth of his uniform was fireproof enough that he could take it off and throw it into a furnace without hurting it. And the ships were not even at close range yet. This was cause for some concern.

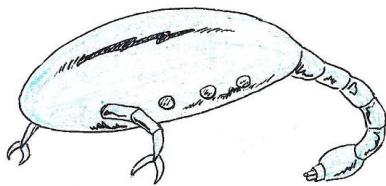
The Major started dodging the light beams as the two sides converged. The ships - now resembling legless scorpions at this range - zoomed in but spread out as well, obviously intending to outflank him. The outside scorpion-ships were flying in the fastest - but how were they flying? They had no visible means of propulsion. Magnetic repulsion? The Major smiled and let the outside ships flank him. Then he poured on another boost of speed and zoomed up past them into the midst of the slower ships. At times he took a few hits, felt hot stings, and saw his uniform singed further. He took mad risks dodging the heat beams at close range, trying to line up the ships so two would shoot each other. He wanted to see what would happen, then was disappointed when he finally succeeded, but found their heat shielding was sufficient to block their own beam weapons.

Tiring of playing with them, the Major swooped down at one of the lower ships, power diving fist-first. Up close, he could hear the hum of the ship's internal machinery, or perhaps it was coming from its magnetic field - either way, they ran remarkably quiet, these ships. At the last moment before impact, this close to it, he could now make out a window in the side of the ship that looked almost exactly like the hull from this side. He could see the outlines of moving humanoid forms through the slight opaqueness of the window. Whatever the hull was made from, it crumpled under the force of his punch. His momentum carried his body through the struts, machinery, and empty space inside the ship and then out the other side before he could try to look better through that window. He leveled off and spun around to take a look at the effects of his handiwork and saw bright flashes of arcing electricity in the open rent he had left in the ship. The humming stopped from the ship and it went into freefall.

The Major had to hope that the pilots had parachutes or some technologically advanced analog, because he still had five more scorpion-ships to contend with. He still was not in pain from the cumulative hits of their heat beams, but he was growing increasingly uncomfortable. He

picked the next closest and zoomed towards it. The scorpion-ship tried to veer out of his path, but was too slow. The Major connected with his fist against the edge of the ship, causing it to flip through the sky, out of control, like a giant wink in a game of tiddlywinks.

The other four ships hung back now and it took the Major a moment too long to realize why. A wider beam of light struck him from the mother ship and the Major felt his every muscle turn rigid. Paralyzed, he could only watch as the ships closed in around him again. Scorpion leg-like appendages telescopied out of the bottom of the nearest ship and the ends of them opened up into pincers that closed around the Major's body. Once secured, the ship transported the Major back up towards the mothership and its open hatch.



The scorpion-ship landed gently in a large hold with metal, mostly smooth walls and rounded corners, beside four other scorpion-ships. The hold reverberated with the 'boom' of the ship's magnetic field clamping to the floor.

Footsteps were coming his way, but since the Major could not turn his head he had to wait for the source to come into his field of vision. It was a group of seven men - no, not men, though man-shaped. They wore some sort of armor with dome-like helmets, but inside the clear helmets, their heads were bald, green, and wrinkly, with their faces pushed in and half-featureless. They held long metal poles with handgrips and, as they formed up around the Major, the pincers of the scorpion-ship let him go. He started to fall forward, but he was caught by some sort of levitation field being generated between the seven poles. He could only float there, mostly sideways, and stare at the floor as he was moved across the hold. As long as the hold was, it took them two minutes to cross it. Then a sliding door opened for them and they moved into another room.

It was a small room, likely an airlock. The light was darker in here, with a green cast coming from the light sources embedded in the ceiling. The air smelled of something unidentifiable, but vaguely like cabbage. Another sliding door opened and they moved into a third room.

The Major saw them putting something on his head. It immediately gave him a headache - the first Major Magus had ever had. Then he was

tilted upwards so he could face a television monitor embedded in the wall facing him, just five feet away. One of the same aliens, but without a helmet on, was looking at him through the monitor.

"Vooshlanka proxultaria. Etad being?" the alien on the monitor asked. "How many biological weapons like you does Earth possess?"

Thinking quickly, the Major realized the helmet was helping his mind translate the alien speech. He also realized that he could suddenly move his face, lungs, and diaphragm, the Major bluffed and answered. "Hundreds. And if Earth was full-out attacked, we could quickly mobilize thousands."

The alien on the monitor touched its fingers to its nose, perhaps symbolically, like how Earthlings will scratch their chin to show they are thinking. "We do not wish to decimate your people in a senseless war," the alien said. "Would your people not accept defeat once they saw how overmatched they were by us?"

"No, sir." The Major said, pulling his stiff face into a defiant look. "It would only make us resist harder."

"A pity, then, since any resistance will come to nothing but death and destruction. We Proxultarians already hold the world you call Mars. Earth will be next."

"I don't think so."

"And why not?"

"Because your paralysis ray has worn off already."

Before anyone could react to that, the Major reached out, snatched two of the levitation poles around him with his hands, and snapped the poles in half like matchsticks.

"Stop him!" the alien on the monitor shouted.

Four of the guards obeyed by adjusting dials set above the lower handgrip on their poles to the next setting. Electricity arced through the air between poles, striking the Major from each side and making him grunt in pain.

One of the guards, Poolsa, late of Vorlux Trana, decided he was not earning nearly enough retirement credits for this. He dropped his pole, turned, and fled.

But the Major ignored the pole-wielding guards remaining around him. He flew forward and punched his fist through the monitor screen. The screen went blank as his arm passed through the machinery behind it and wrecked it. The Major paused only a moment to consider the matter, then decided to press right on through into the wall. Crashing through knocked the helmet off

his head. He paused and reached back out to pick it up. It was a tall, conical, metal hat with blinking lights and two short antennae sticking out of it. The Major tucked it under his arm for safekeeping and went back into wrecking his way through the wall.

Once the Major was out of sight, the guards just stood around staring at each other. Without orders, they were unsure of what to do, but what Poolsa had done was beginning to seem even more like a good idea.

On every floor of the ship, the same results started happening. Systems started shutting down or losing power. A Proxultarian would be standing there, wondering what was happening, when Major Magus would come crashing through the wall, fly across the room, and crash through another wall. In both directions would be a tunnel of destruction, sparks flying from loose cables, and pieces of broken machinery - all *gorgzoi*-capacitors and a *zramsha* assembly, as well as numerous *memshoi* relays, all scattered over the floor.

The Major was finding that more of the ship was solid machinery than rooms or even access tunnels. How much of this ship was automated? Major Magus crashed through one more wall and came into a small room with only one blinking red light. One whole wall was covered in what looked like giant printed circuit boards, like one could find in some English radios. Across from this wall was a wall-embedded monitor screen, with a button pad and a speaker mounted below it. Before busting the circuit boards, the Major found himself more curious about the monitor. He went over to it and started pressing random buttons to see what would happen.

The monitor did nothing at first, but when the Major turned his back on it to go smash the circuit boards, the monitor turned itself on and the image of the same Proxultarian who had interrogated him appeared on it.



"Gelstoldo eln ot frelya, Earth merji," the Proxultarian said.

"Hold on a moment," the Major said, putting his confiscated helmet back on. "Say that again."

"You are accomplishing nothing, Earth man," the Proxultarian repeated calmly and politely.

"Really? Because it looks like I'm taking your ship apart."

The alien wrinkled up its little face, which seemed like it would be difficult given how wrinkly it already was. "True, the ship cannot make the trip back to Mars now, but you have surely also noticed by now that the crew is small. Twenty-two crewmen are acceptable losses and you are not the only one capable of shutting down systems on board."

"You—you're going to crash your own ship?" the Major asked in surprise.

"You keep calling it mine, but I am not on it. And it will be a nice...opening salvo, if I understand your idioms correctly, on your world to crash it into one of your largest cities."

"Why you!" the Major shouted as he punched his fist through the monitor screen. The image winked out just as it broke into shards. "I've got to stop this thing!"

Major Magus did some quick calculations. It would take too long for the ship to fall out of its geosynchronous orbit into freefall. Most likely the rockets, or whatever made the ship move, were being fired remotely right now. The ship's propulsion system would also be the only way to aim the ship towards New York City before letting it fall. If the rockets were in use, there was no time to spare. The Major crashed right through the circuit board wall and dug through the interior of the ship. He dropped the helmet he had been carrying so he could punch his way through walls two-fisted. Instead of navigating around within walls, he crashed his way in a straight line through the ship to the outside hull. He knew he reached it when the wall did not yield at his first punch. *How thick is this?* The Major wondered, as he had to punch it twice just to make the wall buckle.

Soon, the light of day was making the Major squint as he stared out of the dark interior of the spaceship and down on the New York countryside from about 60 miles up. He could hear the metal hull stress and groan from gravity taking hold of it, but he heard no rockets. If they had already been fired, it was just a short burst to knock the ship out of orbit before the rockets were powered down with the rest of the ship. The Major could feel the ship lurching. It was now way too late to hope that the alien had just been bluffing. As soon as it went into freefall, he would have maybe five seconds before this spaceship-turned-meteorite hit New York City. That left no time at all for his preferred plan of figuring out the

controls for the ship and restarting the propulsion systems. Even his Plan B of destroying the ship was not feasible now. If he had to kill less than two dozen aliens to save millions of Earthlings, he might have done it. But now all that was left to him was his Plan C.

The Major flew outside and circled around the ship. The last of the lights visible within the ship winked off, section by section, as the ship completely powered down. It was little more than a mountain-sized rock now, ready to fall and crush and destroy.

The location of the ship's target, if it was New York City, presented the most obvious solution. New York City was right on the coast. If he could just angle its descent a little more, he should be able to pitch it into the ocean instead. But missing the coast by a little would not be enough - there was the danger of a tsunami swamping the coastline then. He had to angle this thing at least 100 miles out to sea, and as bulky and un-aerodynamic as this ship was...well, it was going to be like trying to get a thrown boulder to skip on water. The ship must have weighed tens of thousands of tons, way beyond the Major's lifting capacity. The Major came up underneath one of the ship's stabilizing fins. He pressed his back into it, and willed himself to fly in reverse. It seemed to be just in time too, as the Major could suddenly feel more and more of the ship's weight crushing down against him. He gritted his teeth and kept pushing back. He could hear the fin bending at his back under the terrific pressure. But the good news was that the tableau below him was starting to shift a little. In the direction he and the ship were facing, he guessed he might be able to splashdown in the bay...or maybe wipe out Coney Island if he was a little off.

He needed to push much harder and pivot the ship more, but when he tried, the fin he had already bent out of shape snapped off completely. Without anything there to brace himself against, the Major would have zoomed way past the ship and lost precious time, so he dug his fingers into the ship's hull as it rocketed past him to slow himself down. Once he had good handholds on the ship's surface again, he resumed flying up to pull on the ship.

It was clearly helping. Major Magus could not keep it from falling, but he could keep the ship from reaching its terminal velocity. Five seconds came and went and the ship and the Major were still falling. The friction with the atmosphere was horrific. Major Magus could hear nothing but the terrible roar of the wind against his ears and could barely hold his eyes open. The air ripped at his uniform, as if trying to tear off his clothes. But had he pulled the ship far enough off-course? He could not see the coastline from his vantage point. Below him was only the wide expanse of

ocean - waves growing larger by the moment as they zoomed closer to impact.

The metal under the Major's fingers was now painfully hot and the Major felt like he was on fire, but still he kept tugging at his heavy load. He was right on top of the ocean now. One second to impact. Praying for the best, the Major let go and zoomed away. Behind him, the ocean exploded into a mile-wide, two hundred foot-tall water plume at the site of impact.

Though the Major had tried to veer up at the last moment, even he could not level out in time to keep from hitting the water. He assumed the form of a diver to reduce surface impact and went under deep. When he finally stopped himself, he found himself swimming naked - the last tatters of his uniform floating away from him.

Unconcerned, he swam upwards towards light and broke the surface of the ocean. He could hear the rush of the waves instead of the roar of the wind now and the salty tang of the seawater was strong in the air. Rising back out of the ocean, he followed the waves from above them in the air. The waves ahead of him were enormous - large enough to swamp the coastlines of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania with ease. But were they far enough out? Would the waves subside enough before hitting the shore?

Flying higher, the Major could see the Manhattan skyline rising above the horizon. The waves were shrinking as they drew nearer, but they were still high - awfully high. There was bound to still be some flooding in the Bayside Area, though the damage was going to be much less now than a direct hit would have caused.

For the first time in a while, Major Magus allowed himself a sigh of relief. Then he remembered he was naked! Up ahead was a Coast Guard tugboat that had managed to ride out the worst of the waves without capsizing. Major Magus slowed down, flew in low to the waves, and shouted "Mazash!"

Bobby Bauer, fully clothed in what he had been wearing earlier, appeared in the sky and hit the water hard. He kicked off his shoes and struggled his way up to the surface. "Help! Help!" he called out to the tugboat crew. He could see the man at the railing getting ready to throw him a life preserver.



"Who are you?" an officer asked once Bobby was up on deck and wrapped in a dry blanket.

"Bobby Bauer, sir, reporter for American Communication Radio? And have I got a story for you..."

Next issue: Skala's Paralyzing Gas!

Silver Age Superhero Subclasses

By Walt Jillson & Scott Casper

[This is the last submitted article about tweaking H&H for Silver Age campaigns. At the time I accepted this article, I was unaware how much of the article was borrowed from the classic game Superhero 2044. I am going to go ahead and publish it anyway because I feel we have made significant enough changes, but I did want to make sure we cite the original source material.
~SC/Ed.]

Just to give Superheroes a little more variety, all Superheroes in a Silver Age campaign may choose a sub-class. The subclasses are: Gadgeteer, Specialist, and the Achilles.

Gadgeteer: This is a character who relies on a gadget of some type to gain his powers. It might be technological, like Iron Man's armor, or magical, like Green Lantern's ring, but it gives him a wide variety of powers, and can be tinkered with to provide different powers each day.

The Gadgeteer, because of his versatility, can draw from a wider range of powers that includes Magic-User spells. The Gadgeteer still gains powers/spells at the same progression as a regular Superhero.

Further, the Gadgeteer has all the abilities of a 1st-level Scientist.

The drawback of the Gadgeteer is that these powers/spells are dependent on one item (a suit of armor, a magic ring) that can be lost, stolen, or even destroyed. If this happens, the Gadgeteer can make a replacement, but it will take 1d20 days and 1d20x1000 dollars to finish the task.

Specialist: These Heroes sacrifice flexibility for more power. The Specialist has some unique power granted to him in a manner not easily duplicated, or something the Specialist was born with (such as the X-Men) or from a radioactive accident (such as the Hulk).

The Specialist gains new power levels at the same rate, but the number of powers at each level is halved, rounded up. So, a Superhero always has just one power of each level until he reaches 9th level, and all those powers have to be thematically linked. Someone playing Cyclops, for example, would have to pick powers that could relate to the explosive beams that shoot from his eyes, such as Wreck at Distance

and Bulls-Eye, but could not pick Outrun Train. The upside of all this is that the Specialist can use all his powers as if 2 levels higher. None of this affects the ability to wreck things.

The Specialist also advances in level using the experience point progression of the Fighter class at the same levels.

Achilles: This is the mightiest of Superheroes, though he also suffers from some powerful drawbacks. Like the legendary Greek warrior of the same name, or like Superman or Thor.

The Achilles gets a +1 bonus to all his attributes, and this can take the attributes to 19, if he is lucky. Further, the Achilles advances in acquiring powers as if one level higher and performs those powers as if two levels higher.

If the Editor does not normally allow Superheroes to use powers without choosing and preparing them in advance, the Achilles is not bound by this restriction, but is able to choose powers as soon as they are needed. If the Editor does not use this requirement for other Superheroes, then the Achilles has a 1 in 6 chance of being able to re-use a power after its duration expires.

However, the Achilles always suffers from a strange drawback, rolled for by the Editor at the time of character creation.

Achilles' Heel (1d10)

1. Magic
2. Mind control
3. An element normally alien to Earth, but now fairly commonly found by criminals
4. Negative universe energy
5. Heat
6. Cold
7. Daytime
8. Being separated from a magic weapon
9. Being in water/being away from water
10. Having one's hair cut off

In any situation where the Achilles has to face his Achilles' Heel, all attacks against him have double effectiveness (hit point damage, duration, or whatever the Editor thinks appropriate), and also causes all of his powers, including wrecking things, to fail until the exposure to his Achilles' Heel is removed. Note that the Achilles Heel can be built into a death trap, a raygun, imbued into the armor of a robot, or whatever the Editor likes.

The likelihood of an Achilles Heel showing up in any encounter is based on the highest level enemy encountered, as follows: ultra-mad scientist or level 7+ evil magic user 25%, mad scientist or level 5-6 evil magic user 20%, Genghis Khan 15%, Napoleon 10%, other villain of level 6+ 5%. If the news of the superhero's Achilles Heel is somehow reported to the underworld at large, the chance of it appearing in

any specific encounter increases by a permanent +15%. Note, however, that most mastermind-type villains will not report a known super's Achilles Heel, as their egos demand that no one else be able to defeat their arch-foes.

Madame Fatal Pt. 2 "Birth"

By David Brashear

"Dat bird better not be loud!" The building manager hadn't stopped grousing since Stanton and Hamlet had arrived to rent a room. "I don't want any complaints!"

"He'll be plenty quiet," Stanton said. He'd changed into an old set of clothes, mussed his hair, thrown on a pair of glasses and added a makeup scar down the side of his face. Squinting and roughening his voice completed the effect.

"He'd better be." The manager stopped in front of a door and stabbed the key into the lock. After fighting the lock a second, he swung open the door. "Rent's due on the first. Bathroom's at the end of the hall. There's a phone in the lobby and I do charge for calls." The manager handed the key to Stanton and left.

Stanton closed the door and looked around the small room. A bed sat against the wall beside a battered dresser. In front of him was a window which glowed with neon from outside and doubtlessly led to the fire escape. A small hotplate and an icebox sat against the third wall with a rickety table and chair provided for eating.

"It looks like this is home for now, Hamlet," Stanton said as he set the parrot's cage down on the bed and opened the door. Hamlet hopped onto the metal rail at the foot and watched as Stanton locked the door and closed all the windows. Stanton pulled down the blind and smiled. "Time to go to work."

Stanton quickly removed his makeup and dug through one of his suitcases. He pulled out a red dress and shoes, which he donned. Careful makeup application and a gray wig changed his appearance to that of an elderly woman.

Stanton smiled. "What do you think, Hamlet?" he asked in a voice that was higher and crackly.

"Frailty, thy name is woman!" Hamlet replied.

Stanton chuckled. He walked back to the bed and picked up a cane. He twirled it in his hand to judge the weight. "It looks like all that fight training I went through is finally going to pay off," he judged in his normal voice. He put on a pair of glasses and walked toward the door. "Don't wait up, Hamlet," he said. "I'll be late."

"Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!" Hamlet called as Stanton closed the door.

Miles away, things were not going as well for Daniel Dyce. He'd been notified of the fire and raced to the scene, fearing the worst. He'd arrived as the firefighters finished spraying down the skeletal remains of Stanton's home and now he stood in the ruined living room.

"Why did you do it?" he muttered. "We would have found Mary." He looked around and remembered Stanton's state of mind the last time they'd talked. He looked down at the place where the couch had stood and his eyes opened as he noticed something. Beside the couch there should have been a mound of melted metal, the remnants of Hamlet's cage. There was nothing.

He turned and walked out of the room as quickly as he was able and grabbed a firefighter by the sleeve of his coat. "Where did you find the body?" he asked.

"Body?" the firefighter repeated with a confused look on his face. "We haven't found any bodies. Looks like nobody was home."

Dyce let the firefighter go and stared into nothing, wheels whirring in his head. If there was no body, then Stanton had to be alive! The absence of Hamlet's bones in his cage confirmed it. Stanton would have never let any harm come to the bird.

Dyce walked out of the house's ruins and stepped onto the manicured lawn with a sinking feeling in his stomach. He knew why Stanton had staged this. "He's going after Carver himself," Dyce muttered as he walked to his car. He started it and drove out of the driveway as he realized that he had to find Stanton before he got himself killed.

The disguised Stanton made his way through the streets of the city. He made sure to stick to the dark alleys as he searched for anyone who could lead him to Carver.

It didn't take long for his hopes to be rewarded. A thug stood in front of him with a knife exposed. "Hey, granny," he said. "Hand over the purse and you don't get hurt."

"Come get it," Stanton said in his disguised voice. The thug charged him and Stanton whirled around, spinning the cane like a staff. He struck the thief's arm with the cane and heard bone snap. As the thief grunted and his knife fell to the ground, a second blow to the back of the thief's neck sent him sprawling.

The thief rolled over and looked up to see the old woman holding the cane to his throat. "Don't kill me!" the thief begged. "I got a family!"

"I find that doubtful," the woman said, "but I'm letting you live because I need you. I want you to tell every one of your hood friends that I'm on patrol for them, and I'm going to keep coming after them until I find a man named John Carver."

"Who are you?" the thief asked.

"Madam Fatal," the woman replied and ran into darkness as she laughed.

From high above, two eyes narrowed behind a dark mask and a caped figure moved to pursue Madam Fatal.

Across town, wealthy heiress Brenda Banks was at dinner with the man she loved, Police Chief Hardy Moore. Her green eyes sparkled and her red hair shone like fire under the restaurant's lights. Moore sighed with happiness as she laughed at a joke he'd just finished.

"Oh, Hardy," Brenda said. "You're so funny." She took another drink from her wine glass.

Hardy smiled. "I'm just glad to be spending time here with you," he said. "It seems like I've had to spend so much time in the office lately I feel like I've been neglecting you."

"Oh, Hardy," Brenda cooed. "Is it that same case?"

"It is," Hardy said as he laid his fork down on his plate. "It's bad enough we have that vigilante the Clock running around. Now we've got a woman running around in a green dress calling herself Lady Luck!"

Brenda gasped. "Another one?" she asked. "What is happening?"

"I don't know," Hardy said, shaking his head. "I don't understand why these people won't let the police do our job." He stopped as a waiter walked up and whispered to Hardy that he had an urgent phone call. Hardy soon returned and took Brenda's hand.

"I'm sorry but I have to go, my dear," he said. "We just got a call that the Clock's been spotted."

"Be safe," Brenda said as she demurely kissed him on the cheek. She watched him leave and motioned the waiter over. After the waiter had assured her that the bill had been settled, a now-resolute Brenda stood and retrieved her coat from the coat check. If Hardy was after the Clock, perhaps Lady Luck should look in on the situation.

Madam Fatal stopped as she heard footsteps coming up behind her. She turned to see a man

in a suit with a black mask covering his face. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Nice job on that hood back there," the man said. He extended a hand. "They call me the Clock," he said.

"Madam Fatal," she replied as she clasped his hand.

"I believe we're both on the same case," the Clock said. "I also want to find John Carver. I thought that we might combine our resources."

"Why not?" Fatal asked. "You've got a deal, Mr. Clock."

Unbeknownst to the two, another hood had slipped up behind them with a gun in his hand. Suddenly a green-sleeved arm seized him and executed a judo throw that sent him crashing into one of the alley's walls. Both turned to see a woman dressed entirely in green standing there.

"Looks like you two need to be a little more careful," she said. "That hood was about to punch your tickets."

"Lady Luck," the Clock said. "I've heard about you."

"The same here, Mr. Clock," Lady Luck said. "But who are you?"

"Madam Fatal," Fatal said as she clasped Lady Luck's hand.

"I heard you two talking about John Carver," Lady Luck said. "I've got my own reasons to want to hand him over to the cops."

"Then it looks like we're working together," Clock said. He turned as the hood started to stir and a quick kick to the head sent him back to dreamland. "I suggest we see what we can turn up working on our own and we meet again tomorrow night."

"Agreed," Fatal said. "What about the old fire station on Seventh Street?"

"Works for me," Lady Luck said. "Until tomorrow night!"

Lady Luck and Madam Fatal ran into the shadows. The Clock paused only long enough to place a calling card on the unconscious hood before vanishing as well.

Only a few minutes later the police pulled up. Moore, still in his suit, was one of the first into the alley. "Keep an eye out!" he ordered. "The Clock might be in the area!"

"Sir!" Moore hurried into the alley and discovered a policeman kneeling over the fallen hood. "Look!"

Moore picked up the card and read the familiar words 'The Clock has struck'. "Keep looking!" he yelled.

The search would be useless.



Stanton returned to his apartment via the fire escape and was talking as he fed Hamlet. "It was incredible," the smiling Stanton said. "Everyone underestimated me. They just saw an old woman. And then meeting the Clock and Lady Luck was a stroke of luck. They said they'll help me find Carver."

Stanton slept peacefully that night for the first time in weeks. He dreamed of finding his daughter and restarting their lives together.

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History Corner Backgrounds Care of the Census Bureau

By Scott Casper

The 1940 Census records are a trove of information that can be used for detailing the background of Supporting Cast Members - or even Heroes -- in H&H.

The median age in 1940 was younger than today, ranging from 22-33 years old, with only 2% of the population over the age of 75. Only 24% had a high school education and 5% attended college. 90% of the population was white and 10% was black (the percent of other was less than 1%, but with the most numerous race being Chinese; the Census did not collect information on Hispanics at that time). 87% were native citizens, 7% were foreign born, naturalized citizens, 4% were legal aliens, and 4% were illegal aliens. The most common country of birth for foreigners was Italian, followed by German.

The average employment rate for those 14 or older was 52%, meaning almost half of all people were still out of work from the Great Depression. Of those not in the labor force, only 5% were still trying to find jobs, 29% stayed at home and did

housework (that number was 57% for women), 9% were in school, 5% were unable to work because of disability, illness or old age, and 1% were institutionalized. Of those employed, their numbers broke down like the following:

1-6	professional workers (artists, teachers, authors, etc.)
7	semi-professional workers (designers, draftsmen, photographers, etc.)
8-18	farmers (or farm management)
19-26	non-farm management (ad agents, train conductors, inspectors, etc.)
27-43	clerical/sales (bookkeepers, accountants, cashiers, etc.)
44-54	craftsmen (bakers, blacksmiths, brickmasons, etc.)
55-72	operatives (attendants, train brakemen, chauffeurs, etc.)
73-77	domestic service workers (housekeepers, laundresses, servants, etc.)
78-85	non-domestic service workers (firemen, doormen, policemen, etc.)
86-89	farm laborers (for a wage)
90-92	farm laborers (unpaid family)
93-99	laborers (fishermen, car washers, non-farm gardeners, etc.)
00	other?

56% of the population lived in urban areas and 43% in rural areas. 23% lived on farms. 58% lived in the North, 32% lived in the South, and 11% lived in the West. This geography of origin could be further broken down as follows:

1	Maine
2	New Hampshire or Vermont
3-5	Massachusetts
6	Rhode Island
7	Connecticut
8-17	New York
18-20	New Jersey
21-29	Pennsylvania
30-34	Ohio
35-37	Indiana
38-43	Illinois
44-47	Michigan
48-49	Wisconsin
50-51	Minnesota
52-53	Iowa
54-56	Missouri
57	North or South Dakota
58	Nebraska
59	Kansas
60	Delaware or District of Columbia
61	Maryland
62-63	Virginia
64	West Virginia
65-67	North Carolina
68	South Carolina
69-70	Georgia
71	Florida
72-73	Kentucky

74-75	Tennessee
76-77	Alabama
78-79	Mississippi
80	Arkansas
81-83	Louisiana
83-84	Oklahoma
85-89	Texas
90	Montana, Idaho, or Wyoming
91	Colorado
92	New Mexico or Arizona
93	Utah or Nevada
94	Washington
95	Oregon
96-00	California

Most statistically common industry groups for male workers, by state:

Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island - textile-mill products

New Hampshire - leather products

Vermont, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, California - agriculture

Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland - iron and steel products

New York - apparel and fabricated textile products

New Jersey, Illinois - machinery

Michigan - automobiles

Delaware - chemical products

District of Columbia - government

West Virginia - mining

Georgia - retail trade

Nevada - mines and quarries

Washington, Oregon - sawmills

Data taken from:

U.S. Census Bureau. United States Summary (1940).
<http://www2.census.gov/prod2/decennial/documents/33973538v2p1ch2.pdf>

"I Challenge You to a Contest of Wills!" A New Option for Magic-Users

By Scott Casper

"Bah!" Shadillah the Sorcerer spat. "You claim to be great, Yarko, but you are no match for me. My spells can utterly destroy you!"

"Perhaps," Yarko the Great said calmly. "We could hurl lightning at each other all day, but will you risk having your victory be from random chance and a lucky shot?"

"Yes, you're right!" the old sorcerer suddenly chortled with glee. "Let this contest be decided with a proper duel. I challenge you to a contest of wills!"

Since time immemorial, Magic-Users have challenged each other to magical duels of will for a variety of reasons. Since it involves less random chance than ordinary combat, it has often been seen as a truer measure of a Magic-User's ability. Since the combat is all cerebral, it runs no risk of property damage, nor does it reveal the Magic-Users to be using magic - particularly useful back in the days when charges of witchcraft led to trials and execution.

Before the contest of wills begins, each side must determine their mental hit points. This number is the sum of the Magic-User's level and total spell levels currently memorized. For example, if a 7th-level Magic-User was down to his last four 1st-level spells, his mental hp would be 11. A 5th-level Magic-User with three 1st-level spells, 1 2nd-level spell, and 1 3rd-level spell left uncast would have a mental hp of 13.

For every 10 minutes the Magic-Users spend concentrating on pouring all their mental energy

YARKO STEPS FORWARD...THE DEEP COAL BLACK EYES OF THE VAMPIRE WIDEN, AND STARE FIXEDLY AT HIM...



at each other, each Magic-User losing 1 mental hp. From this point, the contest becomes essentially a game of chicken. The higher the percentage of mental hp lost, the higher the risk to the Magic-User, so which one will drop out first? At each of the following thresholds, the Magic-User starts racking up cumulative penalties.

At 10% of total mental hp lost, a Magic-User will exit the battle shaky and at a -3 penalty to all attack rolls and saving throws for the next hour.

At 25% of total mental hp lost, a Magic-User will exit the battle exhausted and unable to fight, cast spells, or do any physical activity more

exerting than walking until he sleeps for at least four hours.

At 50% of total mental hp lost, a Magic-User will exit the battle with all spells wiped from his memory and a 1 in 10 chance for each spell memorized of permanently losing the ability to memorize and cast that spell.

At 75% of total mental hp lost, a Magic-User has a 1 in 6 chance per 10 minutes of "permanently" losing 1 real hit point and a 1 in 8 chance per 10 minutes of "permanently" losing 1 point of Intelligence. These "permanent" penalties last until the Magic-User gains his next level.

At 100% of total mental hp lost, a Magic-User dies.

There will be times, when calculating thresholds, that the player will not know whether to round up or down. The player never chooses whether to round up or down; this is determined randomly by the Editor at each occurrence. So the contest becomes trickier the closer one comes to each threshold.

Obviously, a contest of wills is time-consuming. The two Magic-Users will need to be left alone and unmolested for the duration of the contest. Any attack upon either Magic-User breaks the contest for both parties.

There are ways to cheat in a contest of wills. After it has begun, other Magic-Users can enter the contest and pit their wills against either side. Certain magic trophies that have mind-affecting effects, such as wearing a Helm of Telepathy or drinking a Potion of ESP, will confer +1 cumulative bonuses to the Magic-User's mental hit points.

Psionics are a definite cheat. A psionic Magic-User can add mental hp for each psionic defense mode used, depending on the strength of the mode, as follows: 5 hp for Mind Blank, 10 hp for Thought Shield, 15 hp for Mental Barrier, 20 hp for Intellect Fortress, and 25 hp for Tower of Iron Will. Of course, if both sides in the contest have psionics, then they can simply battle it out with psionics instead.

It is possible to try and force a fellow Magic-User to engage in a contest of wills, requiring a save against spells to resist, but since anyone can leave a contest of wills as a free action the effort is largely pointless -- except perhaps as an attempt to show dominance.

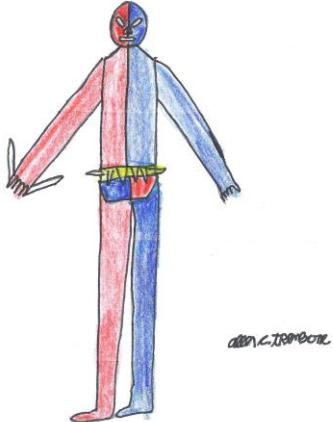
When determining how low a Magic-User controlled by the Editor is willing to go, there are several methods the Editor can use. One would be to make a morale save for the Magic-User each turn of the contest. Another would be to roll

1d100 and use that number as the lowest percentage the Magic-User is willing to drop to. Of course, the Editor is always free to rely on his own sense of drama.

FAN ART

Great Scott! Games has received its first art submissions from Fan Supreme-in-Training, Allen Trembone. Allen has a way of stripping characters down to their core essence that I think we can all appreciate. Here he works his magic on Bulletman, Bulletgirl, and the Golden Age Daredevil!





New Race: the Undead

By Scott Casper

The Spectre. Mr. Justice. Sgt. Spook. They haunt the Golden Age of Comics. Just because you're dead doesn't mean you don't want to beat up hoodlums.

But how to replicate these Heroes in H&H? Just assigning random undead stats onto a Hero could be grossly overpowering, but a graduated approach, with a weak starting form - that could work. Our undead hero will start out as a mere skeleton, gradually regain some semblance of his original form, and then growing more incorporeal and ghost-like over time.

Undead of any level all have the following ability: mobsters always have to make morale saves when first encountering the undead if the mobsters are lower in Hit Dice than the undead has levels.

Undead always have the following disadvantage: Superheroes can wreck them. The longer the undead have been this way, the easier it is for Superheroes to wreck them. At 1st level, the undead wreck as if dams; at 2nd level, as if battleships, at 3rd level, as if tanks; at 4th level, as if trucks; at 5th and all subsequent levels, as if cars (note that this is the inverse of how wrecking undead mobsters works, but this intended to help balance out the race). A wrecked undead Hero is never destroyed like non-Hero undead would be, but is "unconscious" for 24 hours and then reappears.

All undead start with the following disadvantages and can remove one disadvantage for each level above 1st.

- Cannot have SCMs.

- Must save vs. plot each turn to come within 5 ft. of anyone presenting garlic or a cross.
- Takes 1d6 points of damage for each turn spent crossing running water.
- Must save vs. plot to enter a building without being invited in.
- Cannot cross a silver circle made on the floor by a Magic-User.
- Is kept at bay by Protection from Evil spells.

The rest of the undead's special abilities and disadvantages are spelled out by level as follows:

1st level: The undead form is that of a skeleton. Our Hero's hit point total is halved from what it would normally be according to his class (if a Superhero, the undead only gets 1d6 hp instead of 2d6). Unlike a regular undead skeleton, this one still has the mind of a living being and can still be affected by mind-affecting spells, though it does gain a +1 bonus to save against them.

2nd level: The same undead now has magically regained enough gristle on its bones to be a zombie. The zombie now has the regular Hit Dice for a 2nd-level Hero. The Hero's AC [AAC] improves by 1, but the Hero's movement slows by 30 ft.

3rd level: The ghoul-like new body of the undead has both a natural bite and claw attack that do 1d4 and 1d6 damage respectively and can both be used against the same opponent in lieu of other attacks. The bite attack includes a mildly paralytic spittle that requires the victims to save against poison at +4 or be slowed (like the spell Slow) for 1d10 minutes. There is no limit to how often this bite attack can be used. The Hero's AC [AAC] improves by 1 again and the movement rate returns to normal.



4th level: The undead body turns white and now takes half-damage from cold and 1 point less of damage (including possibly zero damage) from weapons that are not silver or magical. Once per day, the Hero's touch can energy drain 100 XP away from a victim, killing

anyone with less XP than that (or anyone with less than 1 HD, if not leveled). The Hero's AC [AAC] improves by 1 again.

5th level: The undead body now appears to be

partially insubstantial, but still feels solid. For one hour per day, the wraith-like Hero is immune to cold and takes half-damage from non-silver or non-magical weapons (all rounded down and 1 becomes 0). The Hero's energy drain touch now drains 300 XP (still usable only once per day and still only kills anyone with less than 1 HD, if not leveled). The Hero can now levitate once per day (as per the spell).

6th level: The undead can now become immune to cold and take half-damage from certain weapons (as per the previous level) for twice as long now (2 hours per day; both hours do not have to be used consecutively). The Hero also gains the ability to cause disease (as per the spell) by touch twice per day. AC [AAC] improves again by 1, but for the last time.

7th level: The undead now looks spectral in appearance and feels partially insubstantial to the touch (like goo, or ectoplasm). The Hero's energy drain touch now drains 700 XP (still kills the same) and can be used twice per day. The Hero can now fly once per day (as per the spell). For 30 minutes per day, the Hero takes no damage from non-silver or non-magical weapons.

8th level+: From now on, the undead can move between its spectral appearance and how it appeared when alive at will and can change self (like the power) once per day. The energy drain touch attack now drains 1,500 XP (non-leveled mobsters up to 1+1 HD can be killed). The Hero regenerates 1 hp per 5 minutes.

GREEN MASK



Hideouts and Hoodlums Character Sheet

Player Name: _____

Real Name: _____

Hero Name: _____

Race: _____

Class: _____

Level: _____ HP: _____ AC: _____

Strength: _____ Alignment: _____

Intelligence: _____

Wisdom: _____ Friend(s)/SCMs: _____

Dexterity: _____

Constitution: _____

Charisma: _____

XP: _____ Money/Loot: _____

XP for Next Level: _____

Weapons

Transportation

Housing

Clothes

Costume

Misc. Items

Class Abilities

Race Abilities

Notes to Self

(see reverse side for more)

Designed by Megan Griffin, 2012

GREAT SCOTT! GAMES

PRODUCT LIST

The following products are currently available for sale on drivethrurpg.com (also see sites.google.com/site/hideoutsandhoodlums/ for free products):

Book I: Men and Supermen
Book II: Mobsters and Trophies
Book III: Underworld and Metropolis Adventures
Reference Sheets
Supplement I: National
Supplement II: All-American
Supplement III: Better Quality
Supplement IV: Captains, Magicians, and Incredible Men; Pt I: Ace-Fox
Module FS1: Sons of the Feathered Serpent

The three core rule e-books are \$2 each, Supplement I is \$2.50, Supplement II is \$3, and Supplement III, Supplement IV Pt. I, and Module FS1 are \$4 each - a total of well over 500 pages of material for less than \$24!

Later this year, Supplement IV: Captains, Magicians, and Incredible Men; Pt. II: Harvey-Timely will also be available for sale. This e-book will include stats and detailed histories of all the major characters not covered in Part I!

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6300 Church Rd.
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