

FROM THE FILES OF
MATTHEWS GENTECH



SILVER AGE SENTINELS

FROM THE FILES OF MATTHEWS GENTECH

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Alan Moore, H.G. Wells & Fritz Lang

SPECIAL THANKS

To my wife, Anna

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NOTES ABOUT GAME CONTENT

The game stats presented herein are for both the Tri-Stat System and the d20 System. Values presented on the left side of a character sheet are for the Tri-Stat System while numbers presented on the right side of the character are for the d20 System. Also, information presented outside of double square brackets, before a slash are for the Tri-Stat System while text presented within [[double square brackets]], after the slash are for the d20 System. Any reference to the "Level" of an Attribute also refers to the Attribute's "Rank" when using *Silver Age Sentinels d20*. Furthermore, unless specified otherwise, "Stat" also refers to "Ability Score" when using *Silver Age Sentinels d20*. For example, "Relevant Stat" also means "Relevant Ability Score." Also "Health Points" and "Hit Points" are often used interchangeably.

For the character entries, some of the d20 System point costs are presented in parentheses. This is done to indicate the number of Points a character spent to acquire the given Attribute although the Attribute rank listed is higher than the Point cost would suggest. This difference is due to the "special" bonuses gained from class Level progression for the character's selected class(es).

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MATTHEWS GENTECH



"His is the House of Pain.

"His is the Hand that makes.

"His is the Hand that wounds.

"His is the Hand that heals."

From *Dr. Moreau* by H.G. Wells

LOG#001 – PERSONAL RECORD OF GENTECH CEO SAMUEL MATTHEWS

I am recording this as a testament to my genius for future generations. I, Samuel Andrew Matthews, Greatest Thinker of this Age, am about to launch Project *Dies Irae*. For indeed, it is time I brought down my wrath upon the metahuman scum that infest the Earth.

I have spent the last three years collating and analysing the myriad data pertaining to the superpowered murderers that roam Empire City. Especially the Guard — my most hated foes — whose very existence makes my blood burn. Soon they, along with their allies, will be hunted down and destroyed mercilessly. The memory of Lady Starbright will be squashed ... as the world will behold the swan song of the super "heroes."

I have taken a seven-week leave from my regular duties as CEO. Professor Pretorius, my sycophantic but loyal toady, will run things in my absence. I am in the final stages of preparing my instruments of vengeance. All my former defeats shall be expunged.

God is said to have created the world in seven days. I have a more modest goal — in seven weeks I will be ready to wipe out the metahuman abominations from my city. Make no mistake — I do this not for my fellow man ... but to avenge my mother's death at the hands of the accursed Mother Raven and the harlot, Starbright. Even as a maggot-riddled corpse, the harlot commands more attention than my mother! Mother Raven will be directly shuffled off this mortal coil by the jaws of my beasts. We shall see who is remembered then.

Those fools at MIT laughed at me ... they called me a fool ... a madman ... a charlatan! Idiots! I have succeeded in mastering the secrets of life. I still have the collected heads of my old fellow graduate students who named me the "teenaged Frankenstein." My command of the secrets of genetics coupled with my knowledge of ancient, forbidden, alchemical secrets has allowed to me create my most fearsome creatures yet. My former godbeasts look like a pack of mice in comparison. But they are beloved pets ... not monsters.

I have used the information gathered by my agents, plants, and insiders to amass the greatest collection of facts on the self-declared protectors of Empire City. I wonder what they would think to know all the data they shared with the Ascension Institute and the Marvels Tactical Unit about their powers are in my possession?

To avoid interruptions and distractions, I have sealed myself away in the secret labs beneath my skyscraper. My only companion will be my loyal ursine pet, Montgomery. He is still recovering from his dunking in the Hudson by that speeding simpleton, Slipstream, and the craven Caliburn. Unfortunately, the Thulian chemical samples he was bringing to me were shattered in the battle. I shall arrange to obtain more from my "ally," Kreuzritter, as some of the reagents will be needed to perfect my creations.

From the GenTech Files

Project: *Dies Irae*

The Day of Wrath

LOG#002 – GUIDE TO CREATING PREDATORS FOR SUPERPOWERED POLTROONS

- LOG#002-A ANALYSE THE TARGET

Analyse the type of "hero" and their special unique strengths and weaknesses. The metahuman scum do seem to fall into various "classes" of a sort, although these have a high degree of overlap. There are three major groupings: the Quick, the Thick, and the Wit. In other words, the running jackanapes, the muscle-bound morons, and the few bright bulbs. Each group has further subclasses ... or should I say subhuman divisions. I delve into each type and conceive the perfect predators to defeat such beings. Then, I fine-tune the organism to deal with the unique aspects of specific heroes I hate the most. I would almost feel sorry for the Guard and their witless lackeys if I did not despise them. And despise them I do.

- LOG#002-B SURPASS THE POWER

If possible, the predator should possess abilities to surpass the special powers of the prey. Wonderful if it can be done — in most cases this is difficult, but not impossible. For example, a beast that was physically stronger, tougher, and faster than that "Walking Flag," Sentinel, would likely destroy him. However, if it was that simple, someone such as I would have created said beast long ago. The research continues. In the meantime, optimising the predator with some of the matching abilities is recommended. A creature I design to tackle a muscle-bound moron like the Sentinel, for instance, should have enhanced strength and toughness ... while a beast to challenge the simpleton speedster Slipstream should have improved quickness.

- LOG#002-C ENGINEER TO EXPLOIT WEAKNESS

Next, engineer the beast to have abilities that exploit its prey's weaknesses. This might include a predator that can manifest extreme cold attacks to exploit the Walking Flag's weakness ... a vulnerability well hypothesised in numerous sources. Or by neutralising the prey's special powers. An example would be beasts that grow stronger by feeding off a metahuman's unique energies. Such as my lovely murder moths shall do to the slattern of the Lantern ... Ahh ... they are buzzing for more honey. In a moment, my pets ... let me finish this entry.

- LOG#002-D LATERAL POWERS

Then there are lateral powers. Organisms with abilities that are not greater nor the opposite of their prey, just different. For example, a brutish warrior may be tough and able to handle all physical challenges, but she can fall victim to emotional control and mind manipulation. A running jackanapes may be able to dodge bullets and strike with a hundred rabbit punches, but be ploughed down by an invisible telekinetic blast ... for the speed of thought is very rapid indeed. Speaking of thinking, what use is the mind of a psychic on a virtually mindless monstrosity?...

- LOG#002-E AVOID DESIRE

Never make the beast too smart. Intelligence breeds desire ... and a little bit of knowledge is a dangerous thing. Unless they are under my complete control, the creatures should be mindless killing machines. I do not need potential backstabbing, miserable mutants waiting to overthrow their creator. For the mindless abominations, they need no instructions to perform any specific tasks — all I need do is drop them in the middle of crowded areas of hapless innocents. A "hero" will turn up soon enough! Which brings me to my next point:

- LOG#002-F GENERATE STRIFE

The beast should cause as much collateral damage as possible. The more innocents that are in danger the better. That is how my mother died. Such senseless destruction causes a tremendous flow of emotional misery and anger in the imbecilic masses ... and these hates and pains are often aimed at the ineffectual champions of justice who failed to be everyone's heroes. Let everyone experience what I did ... yes ... anyone who supports the metahumans are as deserving of destruction as they — but most will come to see my point of view once their loved ones lie crushed under rubble.

- LOG#002-G ESTABLISH ADDICTION

Another way to control my creations is to have them dependent on highly addictive euphoria inducing agents. My "Food of the Gods" so to speak. Part of their conditioning includes associating me with the reward of the injection. Montgomery is a prime example. Also, allowing a beast to go into withdrawal from my designer drug will increase its savagery. I blend the drug in with the other reagents I use for the initial growing of their foetal/homunculus form. It is merely my genius's ability to combine the formulae contained within books such as the *Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus* with modern designer drug production techniques. If any of my pets are captured for study by my foes, my secrets will remain my secrets. Without my special drug, the beasts will go into berserk frenzies and their tissues will degenerate rapidly, destroying their usefulness as a specimen.

- LOG#002-H UNKNOWN QUALITY

Lastly, each creature should have a surprise ability. To lull the dullard supersimp into believing he or she has judged the full measure of the beast ... then be taken off guard. For example, my wonderful *Smilodon draconis*; I am sure a Skulker tangling with it will think it but a winged saber-toothed beast ... when suddenly it will flare and hurl fiery goutts of destruction!

LOG#003 SKULKERS / CRAVEN COWARDS

Let me begin with the snivelling dastards of the "Quick class:" the Skulkers.

Such types like to hide in shadows. Which makes them truest to the superhuman menace's essential core ... masters of stealth and deception; delighting in sneak attacks; relying on surprises. Craven cowards are what they are. Skulking like vermin through the shadows and gutters. Clinging like fish flies on walls. Many augment their abilities with various devices, but not to the extent of the Gadgeteer or "widgeeter." Usually these contraptions consist of smoke grenades, flash bombs, escape kits — anything to increase their sinister stealth. This makes them versatile. However, the majority of Skulkers (and Acrobats for that matter) are not meta-humans *per se*. Just humans with hubris. I, on the other hand, might be mere mortal — but my magnificent mind does elevate me above all.

The cowards may be trained masters of various skills; most of their learning is for dealing with human foes, however. Having to tackle a non-human menace's behaviours are something that slinking "heroes" will find difficult. There is that old saying: "The greatest swordsman never fears the second greatest swordsman ... but he does fear the novice." Well, these beasts are not human (and those which were have had their human thought patterns battered out of them) making them dangerous in their animal savagery. I wonder what it is like to be a mere human being and have to work with the likes of the Sentinel or brutish, bimbo Amazon? Must make them feel really small. No doubt they work alongside the metahumans to preserve their own worthless skins for when the "superheroes" take over the world. Just like Kreuzritter's sycophants and lickspittles.

The solution is obvious: create predators that will hunt them down like mice; that can eliminate the environment of darkness or be as adept in its use itself! Creatures with light generating abilities or special senses — such as infravision — would be quite effective. Powers that can nullify the simpering toads' senses of co-ordination would leave them totally helpless! Hard to sneak if you can't stand up straight. Vertigo for the vermin, I say. If a particular craven scum uses a variety of gadgets, I would consider using my other predators designed for the widgeeters (see Log#008). For the rare metahuman Skulker, the most prominent inhuman power it possesses would guide the matching process of the predator.

LOG#003-1 CALIBURN

As mentioned, this snivelling traitor to the human race is just a *Homo sapiens* well trained to be sure; a few gadgets and a strong will; good at hiding. Yet he sets himself as a modern knight. Thus it is fitting he die romantically ... at the hands of a "dragon" ... or through dishonour. What was it Cyrano said ... "My battlefield a gutter — my noble foe / A lackey with a log of wood..."

Caliburn does have that Don Quixote complex, doesn't he? I suppose he would have to be mad to be the lone human fool in the ranks of the Guard. Perhaps he is their comedy relief. He would make a better jester than a knight. On the other hand, he does have the right amount of self-righteousness to be the Sentinel's toady. Whenever Britannia visits from England, the lout seems to spend more time with her than with the Guard ... but I will discuss the Psychic British Beauty later.

That lunatic Janus mentioned something about Caliburn being an ugly bastard. Wouldn't it be nice to have one of my pets tear off his mask before he dies ... although likely my chosen predators will end up taking his face off at the same time. That reminds me ... the same beasts I am designing for Caliburn will be equally effective against "who-did-I-kill-today" Janus. I tolerate him within the White Rooks as he does seem to have ways of obtaining information that my organization lacks. However, I haven't forgotten how he let loose the zoo animals — *my animals* — in Central park for one of his schemes. It cost me millions to restore my operations there — especially the parts I had to cover up. My foes must not find the secret network of underground tunnels for transporting my beasts.

Now, for the "dragon." A mutant abattoir. If the brute power of Tygron doesn't get him, then a subtler approach may. A creature adept at sonic manipulation should serve to toll the bell for the poor misbegotten skulking toad ... so to speak. The dishonourable death backup plan. Ha! At first I entertained the thought of matching each predator, one at a time, against each target prey! To hell with that! There are no rules in hate and war! And this is WAR! I will not play the part of a vacuous villain from a Republic Serial!

My link-men will carry these predators in their special null-cages to the alleyways that Caliburn routinely patrols. For bait, I could engineer an increase in drug dealings throughout the neighbourhood. On the other hand, I can just let my pets loose. Tygron will likely start looking for something meaty to chew on ... Caliburn will come running! In the shadows, Cackle will await and take him by surprise. Cackle has been trained to keep a fair distance from Tygron, since Tygron will likely eat anything it comes across.

If Caliburn does succeed against both of them, he will likely be a battered, bruised, wreck of flesh. My link-men can club him to mush afterwards. I told them that whoever brings me back Caliburn's bloody, dented faceplate will get extra portions of bananas laced with my "Food of the Gods" opiate. They eeped with glee! (One even started chanting "soma ... soma ..." I had him removed and dissected — clearly too smart for his own good).

Me happy Fat-rim did not punish me for breaking his pherry bottlez.
He is busy with making gone to hurt the bad people.
Fat-rim never has time to play with me. He says me stay here and
play with rayz. But me am bored with them. Since my fall in the cold
water and breaking pherry bottlez, now things are boring. Fat-rim
says I can play with the talking box to learn how to speak more well.
Talking box is fun. It shows pic-pictures of funny things. Me never
liked talking box before - but now me do.
Monty

Father likes to talk for long times to no one but his voice-box.
Me...ohh I.. am still lonely... but ... I...have own talking box now...
which it told me is called com-pute-err... and is new friend.
It tells me things I never know before. I learnt what the meaning
of the squiggly lines be... rite-ting... soon I learn to spell better!
Time for my need-del. Com-pute-err gives me my mad-E-sin so
father is not disturbed. I will not show him what I can do yet since
he gets real mad when I try to tell him. He busy talking to his own
com-pute-err. I still wish he would spend time with me instead.
Monty

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LOG#003-A TYGRON

This interesting project sprung to mind when I mastered the cloning of prehistoric creatures from their evolutionary descendents. By isolating specific intron DNA sequences from a Bengal tiger, I was able to map out the code for the *Smilodon fatalis*. One of the ultimate predators ... but not nearly fearsome enough to truly terrorise a metahuman before the deathblow. Using my unique skills, I blended in the genetic structures of various reptilian organisms ... including the Komodo Dragon. The pterodactyl wing codes were retrieved from the DNA introns from a hawk. Being an admirer of the works of William Blake ... I came up with my final inspiration — to give it the power of fire — to dispel the shadows the Skulkers hide in and burn them down like the vermin they are. This required adding Robert Fludd's Drachni formula in the *Clavis Alchemiae* to the usual alchemical process to make the final touches in forming the foetal organism. Ah, Caliburn.... You will burn when you come face to face with Tygron's fearful symmetry! Dressed in mock-ups of Caliburn's costume, my technicians regularly taunt and beat the creature. Of course, there is a very high turnover rate for technicians. At least it allows Tygron to cultivate his taste for human flesh. He seems to like his meat medium rare. Too bad he cannot savour it with a nice Merlot ... but I shall drink for him — a toast to the cooking of Caliburn!

TYGRON Saber-toothed Tiger / Reptilian Hybrid Horror, *Smilodon draconis*

100 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 5; 140 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #7813

FIRST APPEARANCE: Caliburn #140 (glimpse), Caliburn #142 (full)

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 6'5" (196 cm) **EYES:** Green

WINGSPAN: 10" (305 cm)

WEIGHT: 400 lbs. (182 kg) **HAIR:** Orange, Black Fur, Scaly Wings

BODY	15	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	11
MIND	2	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	4	HEALTH POINTS	135
CHARISMA	1		

STR	26	DEX	25	CON	24	INT	2	WIS	4	CHA	1
REF	+11	FORT	+11	WILL	-1	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+10				
BASE AC MODIFIER	+10					HIT POINTS	90				

TRI-STAT			d20 SYSTEM		
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS	
4	12	Attack Combat Mastery	4	12	
2	2	Combat Techniques (Lightning Reflexes, Leap Attack)	2	2	
3	6	Defence Combat Mastery	3	6	
1	8	Extra Attacks	1	8	
1	3	Extra Defences	1	3	
1	1	Features (Fur)	1	1	
2	10	Massive Damage	2	10	
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs: Saberteeth)	2	2	
2	4	Tough	2	4	

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
2	6	Armour	2	6
3	9	Flight (Cannot Hover)	3	9
-1	-1	• Detectable (Flight; Wing flaps very noisy)	-1	-1
4	4	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Sight, Smell, Ultravision)	4	4
2	8	Special Attack "Flame Breath" (40 / [2d6+4] Damage, Burning, Short Range)	2	8
2	2	Special Attack "Burn Bright" (20 / [1d6+2] Damage, Aura, Flare, Melee)	2	2
2	2	Special Defence (Own Attributes x2)	2	2
1	1	Special Movement (Cat-like)	1	1

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-1	Achilles Heel (Extreme cold -100° C)	-1
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-1	Less Capable (Charisma)	-1
-3	Marked (Giant tiger, with huge reptilian wings)	-3
-1	Owned (Mister Matthews)	-1
-3	Physical Impairment (No hands, cannot speak)	-3
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

LOG#003-B CACKLE

Caliburn and his ilk are renowned for their amazing agility and physical prowess. As are the "acrobatic" types, which I will deal with in my next discourse. Cackle would be an excellent threat for either type. It took me a few tries to transform a human subject (funny how a runaway teenage girl survived the process while my adult subjects from GenTech's various "recruiting" centres all ended up piles of viscous melting bones and sinew...). I altered her with the genetic structure of a hyena, giving her cunning and skulking to match many of her intended victims. My procuring beastman agent chose well — the subject's vocal organs were perfect for imbuing with the special prepared tissues to create the sonic effects required to shatter her prey. She now has the ability to disrupt the vestibular / cochlear systems of most organic beings who possess the sense of hearing. Cackle can even use her laughter to activate stress points in matter to create earth tremors.

My servant says the teen had run away from home to follow her dreams of singing on Broadway. Seems her drunken father liked to whip her for not doing chores around the house rather than encourage her to develop her talents. Luckily, we found her before that noisome Pan did — I can only imagine what would have become of her then! Well, I am her new father — and I have granted her wish ... after a fashion. Her voice will be one the metahumans will remember for the rest of their short lives. No more petty human worries except to please her Master.

CACKLE Mutant Humanoid Hyena, *Hyaena sapiens clangoris*

85 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 2; 110 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #B24

FIRST APPEARANCE: Caliburn #142 (as Chris), Caliburn #150 (as Cackle)

FORMER ALIASES: Chris Alice Wyndham

HEIGHT: 3' (92 cm) **EYES:** Red

WEIGHT: 25 lbs. (11 kg) **HAIR:** Blackish Brown Fur

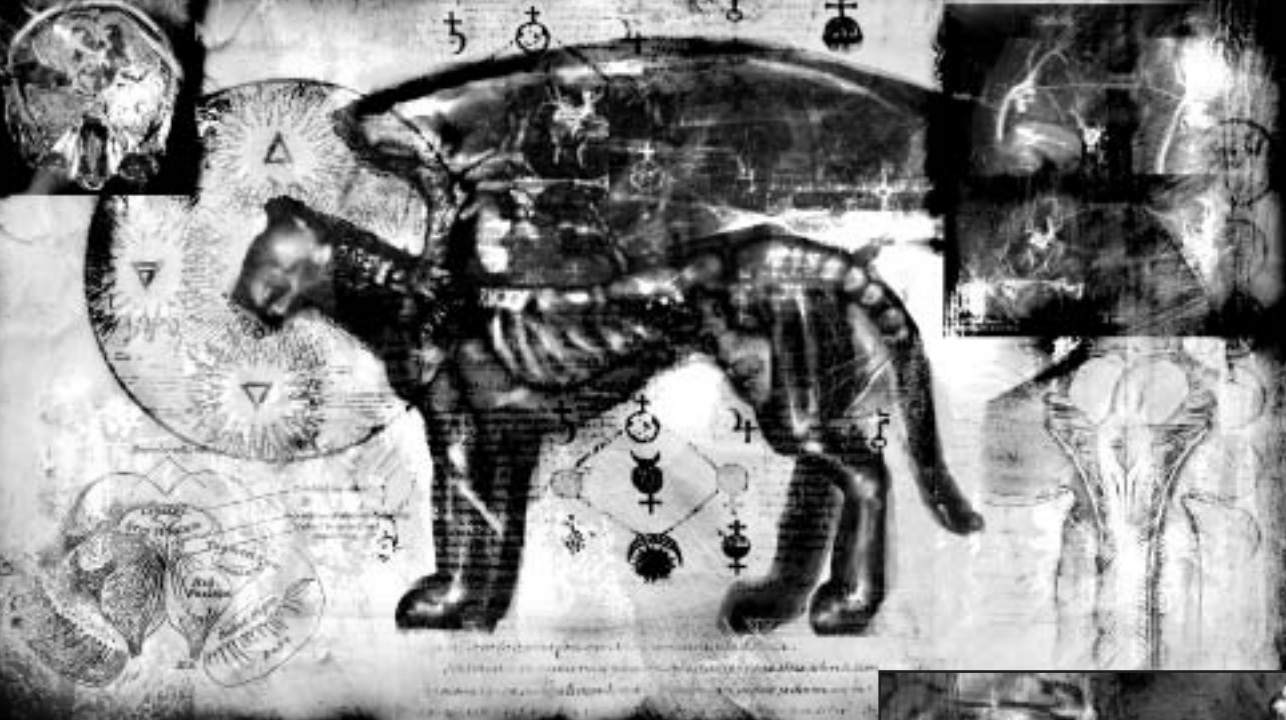
BODY	9	STRENGTH	3	ENDURANCE	6	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	6
MIND	4					DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	5					HEALTH POINTS	70

STR	8	DEX	18	CON	12	INT	9	WIS	11	CHA	10
REF	+5	FORT	+4	WILL	+1	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+3				
BASE AC MODIFIER	+8					HIT POINTS	33				

TRI-STAT			d20 SYSTEM		
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS	
1	1	Combat Techniques (Lightning Reflexes)	1	1	
4	8	Defence Combat Mastery	4	8	
1	3	Extra Defences	1	3	
1	1	Features (Fur)	1	1	
1	1	Heightened Awareness	1	1	
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs: Sharp Teeth)	2	2	

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
1	3	Armour (Rough hide)	1	3
5	5	Heightened Senses (Hearing x3, Smell, Sight)	5	5
2	4	Invisibility (Partial; Sight, Hearing)	2	4
-1	-1	• Restriction (Invisibility; for Sight must have shadows)	-1	-1
3	18	Projection (Ventriiloquism — Area 3; Duration 3; Range 3)	3	18
-4	-4	• Restriction (Projection; Sound Only; Must be able to speak)	-4	-4
5	20	Special Attack "Laugh Blast" (60 / [3d6+6] Damage, Spreading x3, Quake, Limited Shots: One hour for vocal cords to rest, Short Range)	5	20
-1	-1	• Restriction (Special Attack; Must be Able to Speak)	-1	-1
5	5	Special Attack "Roaring Laughter" (60 / [3d6+6] Damage, Area Effect x4, Drain Body / [Strength], Flare: Audible, Melee, Toxic, Unique Disability: Lost Body / [Strength] Points return at rate of 1 per minute)	5	5
-1	-1	• Restriction (Special Attack; Must be Able to Speak)	-1	-1
5	5	Special Attack "Vertigo Titter" (40 / [2d6+4] Damage, Area Effect x3, Incapacitating, Melee, Toxic)	5	5
-1	-1	• Restriction (Special Attack; Must be Able to Speak)	-1	-1
2	2	Special Defence (Own Attributes x2)	2	2

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-2	Diminutive	-2
-2	Less Capable (Strength)	-2
-1	Less Capable (Endurance)	-1
-3	Marked (Mutant Humanoid Hyena)	-3
-2	Owned (Mister Matthews)	-2
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3



TYGRON



TYGRON



CAKLE



CAKLE

MURDERMOTH



MURDERMOTH



NIGHTFANG



NIGHTFANG



LOG#004 ACROBATS / NIMBLE NITWITS

Acrobats and jocks have a special place in my heart. I remember when I was young and my athletic classmates would pick on me. "Wimp," "Bookworm," "Pencil-Necked Geek," ... and my favourite, "Mama's Boy Matthews." Look at me now, you losers! Well, I guess you can't — considering I have dealt with most of you already. The majority of my former school chums have either been converted to proto-flesh for my experiments ... or meat to feed my only true friends — my pets.

Similar to the craven slinkers of the dark I have already discussed, Acrobatic dolts count on their amazing agility and dexterity to deal with their foes. I would say they are a tad quicker than a Skulker but less sneaky. A pity, considering some of them are damned displeasing to my eyes. These types are often students of various martial arts, similar to the Witless Warriors (which I deal with in Log#006). By their very nature, they are more combat oriented than the craven slinkers I have already described. They prance about, kicking and bouncing and leaping ... just thinking of it makes me feel like taking a Graval. Metahuman marionettes! I'll cut their strings soon enough!

There are some Acrobatic experts that are quite graceful, though, such as my beautiful associate, Alice, Queen of Hearts. She is almost feline in her movements. However, I would not label her as an "Acrobat" — she is above classification.

There are a few ways to stop the dolts from bouncing about. A predator that cannot be physically affected would make short work of an Acrobat (although my pet, Wendigo, should be used for tougher metahumans — cross reference Log#007-A). Another way is to slick up the area they manoeuvre over — sticky surfaces, spiked walls and so on. Also, destroy their sense of balance, as I discussed with the Skulker. Tygron and Cackle could probably be quite effective against an Acrobat. Many Acrobats are still humans — and they need to breathe. Gas attacks are something an Acrobat cannot dodge! Vacuum environments should also snuff them out!

But I am not interested in death traps — what fun is that? Though favoured by some associates, designing puzzles "heroes" can save themselves from provides me little pleasure. I want my flesh-rendering pets to get them, shred them, and bring me back body parts to show the job has been done!

Now then, back to the matter at hand. I must now address the issue of the metahuman Acrobat. Obviously, one must focus on the inhuman power as much as the agility skills of the target. What better target to exact my vengeance upon than the Lady of the Lantern! The annoying metahuman is an Acrobat but also apparently can control photonic forces. Time to design something special for light-controlling elemental thorns-in-the-side.

LOG#004-I LADY OF THE LANTERN

Although not a member of the Guard, she has allied herself with some of their number on occasion. She also once interfered with my attempt to obtain a sample of VasCorp's new mutagen compound, Triziline. She brutalised my faithful link-men. So, simply, she must die in agony. In humiliation.

In addition to being a supreme martial artist, she seems to be a light elemental of some sort. With her light she has been able to blind people, hypnotise them ... even create holographic illusions. Luckily, she has not demonstrated any ability to focus photons into laser light.

The solution was simple. Give her a foe that is blind! If the predator can't see, her powers are pretty much useless. Of course, the predator must have sensory abilities to compensate for the blindness or the Lantern-twirler would kick the poor beast on its backside.

So, I turn to my friends ... the bats.

The other thought was to use organisms that can absorb light ... perhaps even use her light against her. Drain her powers and her life. What better little creature than a moth that is attracted to light? A Death's-Head moth? I doubt she could kick her way through a swarm of mutant insects!

My link-men will transport a few colonies of my precious moths to one of my front companies operating in Chinatown, the Chu-Ze Emporium. The moths will be kept in what appear to be large paper lanterns. My little friends will provide the actual illumination. However, the lights will be going off for the Harlot of the Lantern when she blunders into the trap.

I was hoping to find Nightfang a nice belfry in an old church ... but he will have to be content with the cave under the Emporium. The cave has been fitted to be home to a colony of bats ... that Nightfang will find useful. They will help him monitor all of Chinatown as his extended "ears."

The Lady of the Lantern shall be lured to Chu-Ze's by simply spreading rumours that one of her mortal Tong enemies has set up a secret hiding place in the basement. Once she enters the Emporium — the moths will sense her photonic presence. Nightfang shall wait for the outcome of that encounter. No point having him accidentally singed by bioluminescent flares!

I can see her fortune cookie message now ... "You are to be the Main Course this Evening." Sucked dry of light and blood. Eventually the rest of her fatuous friends will end up rounding up the rest of the meal.

I can read and write. I can think. Ever since I fell in the water and Father's bright liquids ... chemicals ... washed onto me. Father stays busy with his work ... he is making more children like ... me. They do not look like me ... but that is what he says. He is so busy he doesn't have time to see what I can do. Which I think is good. Now that I can read, I looked at the computer screen when Father was reviewing his notes ... and saw that he would destroy any smart animals. Like me? His notes also say he has me ... addicted. - I wonder what that means? All I know is I will not act "smart" until I find out. My computer will answer my questions.

Monty

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LOG#004-A MURDERMOTH COLLECTIVE

My little *Acherontia* ... I tended the first perfected mutants with love and care. Fed them honey ... and provided the perfect warmth for them to grow. My mother used to comfort me after the humiliations I endured as a child by comparing me to the butterflies. She said I would transform into something wonderful ... and I have!

And now I have swarms of followers! These Death's-Head Moths underwent extensive radiation bombardment from my Genetic Accelerator. One of the few scraps of knowledge from the Nimbus craft I salvaged allowed me to perfect that device ... although it still devolves and liquefies living beings more often than it advances them. But not this time. These little beauties can suck light up ... to the point they can render a light source devoid of its ability to produce light. Then they can release it again in almost laser-like quality. I look forward to seeing the Lady of the Lantern's straw hat going up in flames!

The only drawback to these insects are that they cannot be controlled as my other pets. Insects do not have a mind for loyalty except as a hive protecting their leader. I have not figured out how to condition them to accept me as their King. However, their nutrients contain the chemicals they must metabolise every 12 hours if they do not wish to die. They cannot make the link that I provide it — but at least they have developed sense enough not to stray out on their own.

MURDERMOTH COLLECTIVE

Lethal Light-Eating Insects, *Acherontia atropos exstinguostinctum*

1 Character Point — Tri-Stat CR 0 each (4 for swarm); 1 Point — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #8672

FIRST APPEARANCE: Tales from the Street #65

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 1" (2.54 cm) **EYES:** Black

WINGSPAN: 2" (5 cm Wingspan)

WEIGHT: 5 g **HAIR:** Insect fur and chitin

BODY	1	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	1/11*
MIND	1	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	1
SOUL	1	HEALTH POINTS	1

STR	1	DEX	1	CON	1	INT	1	Wis	1	CHA	1
REF	-5	FORT	-5	WILL	-5	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+1/+4*				
BASE AC MODIFIER	-5					HIT POINTS	1				

TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
5	5	5	5
-1			-1
3	3	3	3
3	10	3	10
-1			-1
2	8	2	8
1	4	1	4
-2			-2

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-2	Achilles Heel (Insecticide)	-2
-1	Bane (Insecticide)	-1
-3	Blind Fury (Driven to attack light sources)	-3
-2	Confined Movement (Must stay with swarm)	-2
-6	Diminutive	-6
-3	Marked (Horde of mutant insects)	-3
-1	Not So Tough (Reduced to 1 Health Point)	-1
-4	Physical Impairment (No limbs, mute)	-4
-3	Special Requirement (Must consume chemically laced nutrients every 12 hours, or die)	-3
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

* The Murdermoth collective attacks as a swarm, calculating attack and defence combat abilities as per the rules for the Swarm Attribute. Consider the Murdermoth collective to have a Swarm Attribute Level of 7; the number of critters in a typical swarm number around 500. Additionally, the swarm's Nullify Attribute is based on its ACV / [[To-Hit Modifier]], thus a typical Swarm has an ACV of 11 / [[To Hit Modifier of +4]]. An individual moth could "sting" with its Special Attack, but would do less than 1 point of damage. Both Nullify and Special Attack ("Bioluminescent Fire") can only be used by the swarm once per round.

LOG#004-B NIGHTFANG

It took six times to get it right ... but using a hardy war veteran seemed to do the trick. Discharged for dishonourable conduct, he was reduced to living as a homeless person. The fool was easily drugged at my soup kitchen that he frequented. No one will miss him. He is now my own vampire man-bat. I left his intelligence somewhat intact as quick thinking will still be required to deal with nimble nitwits. However, his former identity as a human has been erased. His flight, ability to call upon his brethren, and skill to fight blind makes him a formidable foe for many Acrobats and Skulkers ... as well as a few low powered metahumans. His vampiric abilities will leave the lantern-flipping floozy a drained husk!

After Operation *Dies Irae*, I shall look into having Nightfang tackle White Banner. She and the Artificer will be the next targets of my deadly menagerie, for I am not an idiot; they are as responsible for my mother's death as the others. All will be swept aside. Considering she has unknowingly worked for me through third party puppet's hiring Egide Ubiquiste, it will be a minor thing to set up a trap. She counts on fighting in the dark thinking her enhanced senses will give her an edge. The only edges she will get are the fangs of my pet in her throat.

NIGHTFANG Biologically Altered Human / Vampire Bat Hybrid, *Desmodus sapiens*

125 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 8; 170 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #B45

FIRST APPEARANCE: Tales from the Street #59 (as Wayne), Tales from the Street #66 (Nightfang)

FORMER ALIASES: Wayne Lang, Gulf War Veteran

HEIGHT: 6' (182 cm) **EYES:** Red

WEIGHT: 175 lbs. (80 kg) **HAIR:** Black Fur

BODY	14	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	12
MIND	4	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	10
SOUL	7	HEALTH POINTS	105

STR	28	DEX	17	CON	25	INT	9	Wis	2	CHA	1
REF	+12	FORT	+13	WILL	-2	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+10				
BASE AC MODIFIER	+12					HIT POINTS	90				

TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
4	12	4	12
5	5	5	5
4	8	4	8
1	8	1	8
1	3	1	3
1	1	1	1
3	3	3	3
2	2	2	2

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
2	12	Animal Summoning / Control (Bats; Area 5; Duration 5)	2	12
2	6	Armour	2	6
3	9	Flight (Cannot Hover)	3	9
4	4	Heightened Senses (Hearing x2, Smell, Sonar)	4	4
2	4	Invisibility (Partial; Sight, Hearing)	2	4
-1		• Restriction (Invisibility; for Sight must have shadows)		-1
5	20	Special Attack "Vampire Bite" (40 / [[2d6+4]] Damage, Accurate, Drain Body / [[Constitution]], No Healing, Penetrating: Armour x2, Vampiric: restore only, Melee, Toxic, Unique Disability: Drain Body / [[Constitution]]	5	20

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-3	Blind Fury (if weekly injections are missed)	-3
-2	Less Capable (Charisma)	
-1	Less Capable (Wits)	
-3	Marked (Giant bat creature)	-3
-2	Owned (Mister Matthews)	-2
-2	Sensory Impairment (Blind)	-2
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [[5]] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

LOG#005 SPEEDSTERS / LIGHTNING-QUICK LACK-WITS

These rapid scuttlers are dangerous foes. They are able to move at incredible velocity, deliver numerous damaging attacks in a second, perform multiple tasks in a heartbeat ... even run up the sides of buildings or across water! I am not including the superspeed flyers that often are the muscle-bound oaf powerhouses I will discuss later. No, most running rats are fragile ... but they are very hard to hit when they can dodge at the speed of sound! Theoretically, some may move so fast they could vibrate through solid objects!

There are a few ways to defeat these fast-footed fools. The first is to have a creature that can match or outmatch the prey's velocity. However, my current attempts have not resulted in organisms that can match the simpleton Slipstream's velocity; that Guard member easily disposed of Mercury, my enhanced cheetah. For that, the alien speedster will die a most horrible death... but not until he begs for it. Not until he crawls to me and kisses the ground I walk on. Until then, I will measure how quickly he heals as I vivisect him....

There are other ways to negate the speed advantage, however.

Speedsters can dodge and avoid only what they can see ... thus using area strikes or invisible attacks are ways to defeat them. Hard to dodge if the entire area goes up in an inferno — but still not impossible for the dashing dullards. Less effective but augmentative techniques are using environments that cause the Speedster to slow down; such as bog-like condition; the presence of numerous obstacles that constantly shift; etc. As mentioned before, I am not interested in creating death traps, but finding the environments that would disable a target and enhance the attacks of the predator.

Finally, the speed of thought is often a match for most Speedsters' physical swiftness ... some do think faster with their powers ... however, a psionic attack that travels with the malign velocity of the mind, often also unseen, is likely the ultimate weapon to use on speeding simpletons.

Battering one of these lightning-quick lack-wits mentally unconscious would not be as fun as having one of my pets physically rip a Speedster's limbs off. But we can always wait for the running jackanapes to wake up ... bound and drugged ... with some of my sharp-clawed pets ready to slace.

LOG#005-I SLIPSTREAM

With all that in mind, let me turn my attention to the aforementioned Slipstream. I have a special hatred for this metahuman for dumping molten lead on Mercury ... not to mention manhandling the lovely Alice, Queen of Hearts. The records of these battles combined with my files from the Ascension Institute have revealed certain factors to keep in mind.

He is an alien. Or should I call him ... it? The thing seems to be phased into some other dimension that has a faster relative time-flow ... thus allowing it to move quickly in our space-time. However, it either moves with our time or is in the highly accelerated rate, with limited middle range. I have discerned that its suit allows it to enter our space-time more fully.

Its battles with the beauteous Alice have demonstrated the alien's difficulties in handling her telekinetic attacks. Mostly due to the points outlined above regarding psionics.

Thus, I shall train my predators to focus on rending the garish green costume from Slipstream's hide ... and shredding his hide as well! Although this would leave the alien fully "sped-up"... he won't be able to slow down to talk to his fellow superpowered allies as effectively. Staying trapped at high speed, he will be slightly more vulnerable to running straight into the invisible force-walls of Alpha Ape. Of course, this simian Psychic will have a variety of mental feats to pummel the lightning-quick lack-wit into oblivion.

My amazing Manticore will serve admirably to soften up that alien menace. Able to dig underground at high speed, it can appear and disappear from sight. It can lash out with a volley of explosive quills from its tail. One tactic it has learned is to keep itself mostly underground while it pokes its tail above, like a periscope, to fire at prey! It will be able to sense Slipstream's vibrations — ensuring the alien can't sneak up on it. Its claws will shred Slipstream's speed suit to rags.

While the alien monster is dodging and trying to figure out a way to tackle Manticore, Alpha Ape will crush him from the sidelines ... projecting and closing an invisible telekinetic "paw" around Slipstream's ribs ... then squeezing. One less alien menace to threaten the world.

A good encounter setting is a muddy battlefield full of trees. This allows the Manticore to dig under the earth and Alpha Ape to swing and hide in the branches. Slipstream should lose traction by having to run around the mud and dodging a series of wooden obstacles. My link-men can prepare the Rambles area of Central Park for this trap. The bait will be a rumour that Alice, Queen of Hearts, is meeting some potential employers wishing to engineer an assassination.

I wonder if this alien is romantically attracted to Alice as much as it wants to apprehend her for "justice." Whether he longs for her ... as much as I do. Clearly she deserves a superior man, such as myself ... rather than some xenomorphic menace from beyond the stars. Some day I will claim her and she will be mine. Her long legs ... her silken hair ... ahhh. I will show her my power by succeeding with this project. And if that doesn't prove to her that I am the god she belongs with ... well, a power nullifier collar slapped on her by my lovable pets will allow them to drag her to the special room I have constructed for our love. This will allow her time to come to the proper conclusion.

DAY 19 — My intelligence grows each day ... although it is nothing compared to "Daddy's." I have no idea how long this will continue or even if it will be permanent. Until I do find out, I must play the mindless monster for my creator. At least I have time to read human literature ... like Frankenstein and Dr Moreau. My father clearly has a bizarre thought process to be living up to the protagonists of such tales.

My fur bristles with contempt and outrage for my realisation at being made dependent on substances. Another reason to hide my time. The Thulian chemicals combined with the polluted Hudson's muck somehow brought about this change in me. I can only hope my mind grows strong enough to figure out a way to recreate the process in case it is not permanent. This will be difficult trying to do so under the nose of— "Daddy." I must hope my thoughts will become clever enough to figure that part out as well!

Bah ... to think I worshipped him as a God ... to find him a brilliant but frail human consumed with petty ambitions and uncontrollable urges. If he drools over any more pictures of Alice, Queen of Hearts, I may vomit up my elk pudding. Yet, his emotional instability may be the key to controlling him. Perhaps most people. I shall study the body of knowledge humans call "Psychology." He may be smarter than I — but emotionally he is operating at the level of a 13-year-old human. The same age he lost his mother, now that I think of it...

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LOG#005-A ALPHA APE

Part of the creation process was using the stolen project notes from Dr. Willis O'Brien from Empire University. I formed this organism by splicing DNA from a human psychic (Artie Gone ... oh yes, note for my admin assistant: send flowers and condolence letter to his widow) and a purebred Gorilla. The stem cells were then bombarded by the rays of the Genetic Accelerator. Many of the prototype animals had their heads damaged — either their brains outgrew the space of their skulls or the psionic powers backfired and imploded their craniums. (Being a confirmed recycler, these "failures" were used for another predator design against Psychics ... see Log#009-B). Finally, adjusting the alchemical amniotic fluid mixture by adding more foetal brain tissue allowed one gorilla to finally survive the process: Alpha Ape.

Creating a Psychic simian was a risk. Giving it mental powers also meant increasing its intellect ... that goes against one of my guidelines. I don't need any *Planet of the Apes* enactments. Next thing you know ... all the animals will be chanting "Four Legs Good ... two Legs baaahh-d." So I had Alpha Ape lobotomised and brainwashed via aversive therapy conditioning with electroshock. This resulted in the removal of his free will and autonomy. Alpha does retain enough intelligence to quickly achieve his goals: hunting and killing prey I designate for him.

Alpha Ape's abilities to move objects by telekinesis, create mind-powered force shields and cause massive neurochemical overloads in targets will allow him to melt Slipstream's mind into a puddle.

ALPHA APE Mutated Ape with a lobotomised Big Brain, *Gorilla superior*

125 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 8; 170 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #7813

FIRST APPEARANCE: Slipstream #184

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 8' (244 cm) **EYES:** Blue

WEIGHT: 330 lbs. (150 kg) **HAIR:** Black Fur

BODY	12	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	9
MIND	12	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	7
SOUL	4	HEALTH POINTS	100
WITS	3		

STR	24	DEX	22	CON	21	INT	22	WIS	6	CHA	9
REF	+10	FORT	+11	WILL	+0						
BASE AC	MODIFIER	+6				BASE TO HIT	MODIFIER	+6			
						HIT	POINTS	87			

TRI-STAT	LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
2	2		Combat Techniques (Leap Attack, Lightning Reflexes)	2	2
1	8		Extra Attacks	1	8
-3			• Restriction (Extra Attacks; Mental attacks only)		-3
1	1		Features (Fur)	1	1
2	2		Natural Weapons (Claws, Teeth)	2	2
1	2		Tough	1	2

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
1	3	Armour	1	3
3	14	Force Field (Stops 60 / [30] ; Area 2)	3	14
2	2	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Sight)	2	2
4	4	Mind Shield	4	4
6	24	Special Attack "Neural Shake" (40 / [2d6+4] Damage, Mind Attack, Undetectable, Drop Shields, Short Range, Static, Toxic)	6	24
1	1	Special Movement (Brachiating)	1	1
5	30	Telekinesis (Area 5; Range 5)	5	30

LVL	PTS	SKILLS	RANK
1	10	Special Ranged Attack (Neural Shake)	1

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-3	Less Capable (Wits)	
-3	Marked (Sinister Simian)	-3
-1	Physical Impairment (No speech, can only grunt)	-1
-3	Owned (Brain surgically conditioned to obey Mister Matthews)	-3
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-2	Unskilled (One Combat Skill Rank)	-2

LOG#005-B MANTICORE

Mixing the genes of a panther and scorpion within my *Vas Hermeticum* power-enhancing chamber produced one of my most vicious predators for this project. I have not used the *Vas Hermeticum* since creating my godbeasts ... the costs to create the vitality-enhancing auras run into the hundreds of thousands. Not to mention having to owe favours to the mad tyrant Kreuzritter for providing me with the rare Thulian chemicals I needed. But you get what you pay for. At least I saved money by in-house surgical enhancements to my Manticore. Using the techniques of my colleague, Dr. Stillwell-Phibes, I easily added the shark-like teeth, modified tail, and shovel-like claws.

Increased strength and speed, tough chitinous, furry hide ... a poisonous tail with projectile explosive quills ... claws that can rend through flesh like butter and earth like cheese. I wonder if Alpha Ape will even get a chance to tackle the speeding simpleton, or just be around to collect Slipstream's shredded remains?

Due to its scorpion genetics, the beast does not always respond to my commands. However, Alpha Ape has helped to condition the beast by giving it a good Neural Shake when defiant. I sometimes wonder if Manticore harbours any hatred towards my simian servant — but it knows that the penalty for betrayal is to be deprived of its necessary life-sustaining chemicals. My link-men will keep an eye from the sidelines when this deadly duo are deployed.

MANTICORE Stinging leonine lumberer, *Pantbera vittatus*

150 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 10; 190 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #57

FIRST APPEARANCE: Slipstream #196

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 10' (305 cm) **EYES:** Silver

WEIGHT: 500 lbs. (227 kg) **HAIR:** Orange Fur, Scorpion Shell

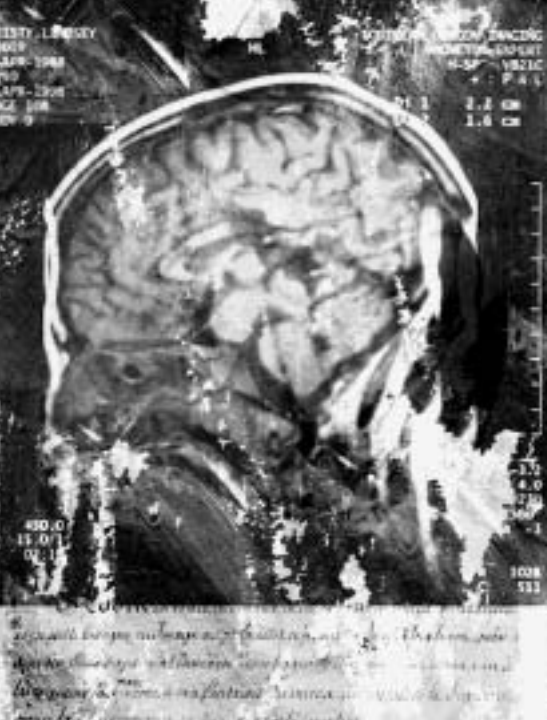
BODY	12	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	10
MIND	2	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	4	HEALTH POINTS	100
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STR	28	DEX	10	CON	10	INT	3	WIS	4	CHA	1
REF	+10	FORT	+9	WILL	-1						
BASE AC	MODIFIER	+9				BASE TO HIT	MODIFIER	+10			
						HIT	POINTS	90			

TRI-STAT	LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
4	12		Attack Combat Mastery	4	12
5	5		Combat Techniques (Accuracy, Judge Opponent, Lightning Reflexes x2, Leap Attack)	5	5
4	8		Defence Combat Mastery	4	8
1	8		Extra Attacks	1	8
1	3		Extra Defences	1	3
1	1		Features (Furry scales & hide)	1	1
2	10		Massive Damage	2	10
3	3		Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs: Shark Teeth, Tail Striker: Scorpion Tail)	3	3
1	2		Tough	1	2

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
4	12	Armour	4	12
3	3	Heightened Senses (Infravision, Smell, Vibration)	3	3
1	1	Jumping	1	1
8	32	Special Attack "Scorpion Poison Sting" (60 / [3d6+6] Damage, Accurate x3, Burning, Flexible, Penetrating: Armour x2, Melee)	8	32
8	8	Special Attack "Tail Quills" (40 / [2d6+4] Damage, Accurate, Auto-Fire, Spreading x3, Limited Shots: Quills regrow in 24 hours)	8	8
3	3	Special Defence (Oxygen, Pain, Sleep)	3	3
2	8	Superstrength	2	8
1	6	Speed	1	6
6	12	Tunnelling (Leaves no tunnel behind)	6	12

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-2	Achilles Heel (Extreme cold attacks)	-2
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-2	Blind Fury (Angered by Alpha Ape, Mister Matthews, link-men; by anyone else in its space)	-2
-1	Less Capable (Charisma)	
-3	Marked (Shark-toothed panther with a poison-dripping scaled tail)	-3
-3	Physical Impairment (No hands; cannot speak)	-3
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3



ALPHA APE

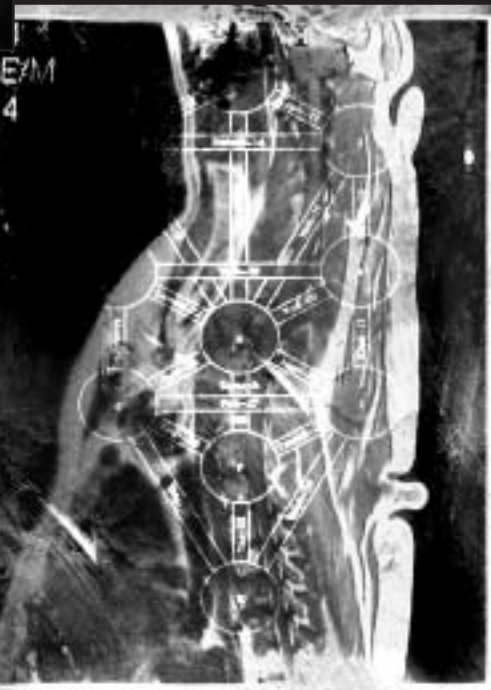
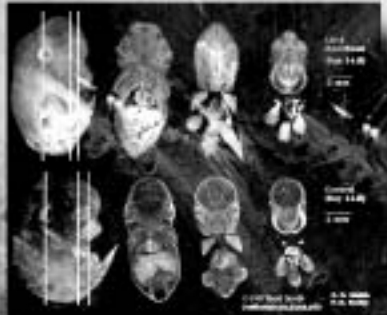


ALPHA APE



MANTICORE

Bored in Church, I wonder if
Such hath now been my day,
To Christ be like full contrite
That from the world cleave vary
Out of the way they ben wend,
And Christ's people virtuly carry
God for his best friend,
making a shew of it as appoin



MANTICORE

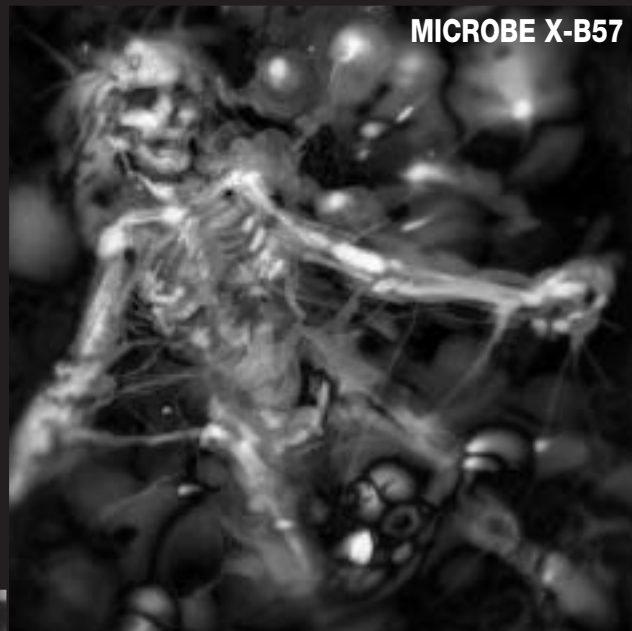
VALENTINO



VALENTINO



MICROBE X-B57



MICROBE X-B57



LOG#006 FIGHTERS / WITLESS WARRIORS

Now we move onto the "Thick," or the muscle-bound morons. The first of this subclass of subhuman scum is the "Fighter." I start here as some are still clearly human traitors who use their skills to ally themselves with the metahumans. Similar to Skulkers and Acrobats, these individuals train in combat skills, mastery of attack techniques, military tactics, weapon specialties ... rather than hiding or bouncing around. One could think of Caliburn as a Fighter ... but I still think of him as a skulking rat.

A better example, I think, is the braggart Red Phoenix ... a sword wielding, brutish bimbo Amazon with delusions of godhood. This also illustrates Fighters can be diabolical metahuman murder machines who delight in butchering those weaker than they.

In terms of weaknesses — if they are mere humans — then many of my previous notes for dealing with the "Quick" apply (cross reference Log#005). Savage beasts with innate killing instincts should already be difficult for a Fighter to handle. Sword against sword is not the same as sword against jaws and claws. My pets are all conditioned to fight to the death.

As far as metahumans go, a Fighter is not very bright. Hence I like using the term Witless Warriors, since it truly captures the essence. Oh, they can devise clever tactics ... but attacks on their minds can be highly effective. In fact, many of the "Thick" are often prime targets for mind control techniques and thus can be turned against their fellows. Some superhuman warriors know this and thus take special precautions ... and so a subtle way of ensnaring their will would be key.

In case they are not completely stupid ... another predator they would be helpless against is one that is immune to a warrior's weapons. Cutting and slashing a blob of regenerating tissue would be a good example. So good, in fact, I decided to take that motif and create a protoplasmic predator.

Immaterial, spectral beings would also be highly effective ... although I am saving such a creature for dealing with the "Powerhouse" Sentinel.

LOG#006-I RED PHOENIX

This annoying female is one of the most dangerous of the Guard ... probably a bigger threat than Sentinel since she doesn't have as many obvious weaknesses as the Walking Flag. Her powers are based on magic, which creates a challenge for my superscience to overcome. She is a fantastically trained warrior who knows exactly how to use her mystic armour and sorcerous blade of eldritch energies to their maximum deadliness. Add to the fact her physique is superhuman ... able to toss around cars ... increased stamina ... and to top it off she knows several minor arcane rites. She will be an exceptional challenge to defeat in a humiliating manner. However, am I not the most Brilliant Mind of Any Age?

Although her mind is strong ... it is likely her weakest point relative to her other attributes. She is also a female. Dr. Benway and I have been experimenting with various pheromone derivatives and mutant scent glands that have potent mind control effects on the weaker sex. The question was what vehicle should I house them in? Something surely degrading ... I picture Red Phoenix swept off her feet and slipped the tongue by a diseased, rat-humanoid! I can see her fighting to protect her new love, Valentino, from her fellow metahumans, while the Romeo-ratman directs her to slaughter her friends!

The other way to minimise her warrior's blade is to give her a foe that is immune to the weapon. My Wendigo (cross reference Log#007-A), which I have designed for Sentinel, would have been a good choice ... except that Red Phoenix's sword is able to cleave even dimension-shifted beings. Hence, an amorphous menace that the blade can pass through like pudding ... and even regenerate ... would be a magnificent menace. Considering her powers of magic, however, I must give the primitive predator a way of turning her spells against her. Such a creature would, of course, be mindless. My link-men must be careful not to be engulfed and eaten with the hapless rabble of Empire City. While the rest of the Guard are lured to their various traps, I can likely drop Microbe X-B57 right on the doorstep of the Olympian Tower!

If by some miracle she stops the menacing microbe, Valentino can emerge from hiding and let her get a whiff of himself. He can easily lure Red Phoenix to investigate a mob of women looting 5th Avenue stores under his twisted command.

As a side note, if these pets succeed in eliminating Red Phoenix, I can likely use them to destroy Green Ronin as well. Kreuzritter and I have listened to the insipid ramblings of the Iron Duke enough to realise that the rust bucket, crimson tart, and green harlot are linked via some mystic connection to Dover Angel's fabled sword. My Thulian ally and myself have always targeted Iron Duke for a quick takedown when we no longer need him. Just like I know each of the White Rooks has a plan to liquidate me as well. Collecting the fragmented artefact should provide me with more insight into the mystic arts ... or a nice source of income. I know many would pay fortunes for the armour. Perhaps an auction....

Yet another side note: If the pheromones work well, I will likely create a diluted, subtler, cologne for myself for use with winning the vivacious Alice. She will learn I am her god anyway ... but a little help to make her more compliant cannot hurt. Unless she likes to be hurt. She does seem to be into leather, doesn't she? Perhaps that, plus her cat-like grace, elevates her to being almost animalistic ... which draws me. Once she is mine, I might enhance her to highlight her feline mystique with a slight splicing of panther DNA. Maybe.

DAY 24

I must have been mad to attempt keeping a written record of my magnificent thoughts. However, I have destroyed them all now that my mind has become powerful enough to keep a set of mental annals. I have learned the technique from my readings of philosophy and metaphysics on how to construct a Mind Palace where I can keep all my musings private and well kept. It is also a wonderful way to escape the drudgery of my current existence trapped in the cold, clinical laboratories of my Creator.

The fool toils at creating monsters to battle his foes on the physical front... when it would have been much easier and more devastating to destroy them using their psychological vulnerabilities. The psychopathic janus had the right idea in trying to unmask various "heroes'" secret identities... except that his own madness and personality dysfunctions caused success to elude him.

Similarly, Matthews's own obsession with vengeance keeps him from looking at his own twisted soul. I wonder how he would react if I told him how he is still trapped at the emotional level of a latency age human? How he basically recreated his stuffed animal collection from childhood in the form of this menagerie. His creations are less tools for revenge as the need of fuzzy beasts to comfort him. In a sense, he created me to be his teddy bear. Ha! If I were not his slave, I would find it funny. This obsession also keeps him from connecting with fellow human beings — thus his subconscious frustration transforms into a thirst to lash out at humanity. Even his sexual desires are twisted that he needs to transform human females into animals he feels he can control. I am sure his hatred of Mother Raven and Starbright also stems from this sexual frustration. His hatred of authority is likely linked to lack of male role models. All this will prove useful for my plans....

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-2	Awkward Size	-2
-3	Bane (Salt)	-3
-3	Blind Fury (If ever attacked, bothered, touched)	-3
-1	Less Capable (Running Speed)	
-3	Less Capable (Charisma)	
-2	Less Capable (Empathy)	
-3	Marked (Blob)	-3
-3	Physical Impairment (No hands, mute)	-3
-3	Sensory Impairment (Blind, Deaf)	-3
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

LOG#007 POWERHOUSES / SIMPLETONS OF STEEL

Not so much a trained Fighter, the Powerhouse is an inhumanly strong being usually endowed with invulnerability to most mundane physical forces. Often their entire bodies are as dense as their limited brains. What they lack in finesse they make up with in raw power. In some ways, they are another symbol of the metahuman menace; juggernauts of destruction. Many of these monsters have a twisted look to them ... covered in shell, stone, iron ... stigmata of their true evil core. Some possess stamina to allow themselves to hold their breath for hours — or run a triple marathon without breaking into a sweat. Their strength is what distinguishes the Powerhouse from other metahumans — they can stop trains in their tracks and juggle tanks for fun.

Although Kreuzritter was Hitler's number one superpowered pawn, I surmise that hate-monger would have desired to create an Aryan race of Powerhouses. Adolf would be proud to see that the metahumans are on the verge of wiping out the weak "humans." However, I will stop them and any other *übermensch* threats this world faces. That includes Kreuzritter and his secret Fourth Reich dreams.

Let me get back to defeating the brawny blockheads:

For the steel simpletons who still retain a trace of humanity, gas attacks or removal of all oxygen is an excellent way to hinder them. Most do need to breathe. As mentioned, some have such strong constitutions they could hold their breaths for hours. A predator that can survive in noxious gases, however, can pound the guts of a Powerhouse until he gasps for air from pain. Then as the gas overwhelms him, the predator can finish pounding the "hero" into hamburger meat.

Designing superstrong beasts is not a problem. I have been doing that for years. However, the elite of the metahuman strongmen, such as the Sentinel, are at a level beyond what I can achieve. But enhancing the muscles of any predator hunting a Powerhouse will at least decrease the gap.

As with a Fighter, mind over brawn is likely the best way to overcome the muscle-bound moron. Thus, Valentino would be excellent against those who breathe and are female. I have no intention of creating a beast that can manipulate the minds of a human male. Although my magnificent mind is without peer, I still would detest one of my pets trying to control my actions. I do not like having to destroy anything I create — so why risk such an unpleasant situation?

Many Powerhouses are also still susceptible to sound attacks, for their hearing is not invulnerable. Those who rely upon vestibular apparatus for balance should be susceptible to my little pet Cackle's sonic waves. However, she could easily be destroyed by a single punch by the likes of the Sentinel.

Again, like the Fighter, a foe that is immune to physical attacks renders a Powerhouse's effectiveness to nil. Microbe X-B57 is one creature that would be effective; but my Wendigo is even more so against the boorish Sentinel.

LOG#007-I SENTINEL

If any one hero defines the tyranny and fear humans must struggle against, it is the Sentinel. That Walking Flag is the epitome of arrogance, self-righteousness and despotism. To add insult to injury, it was on his suggestion the Guard was formed to honour the memory of that harlot, Starbright.

Empowered by atomic forces, this freak can twist steel into pretzels, laugh at massive artillery exploding against his skin, fly at supersonic speed, and blast everything in his sight with nuclear fire. Vacuum environments do not hinder him. He also can "heal" organic tissue with specific radiation waves ... used only for his henchmen and sycophants. A modern day antichrist with his three stigmata: soulless eyes; infernal aura; and sparkling teeth.

Although I have all the exact specs of his abilities from my purloined copies of the Project Anodyne files ... it is clear that he has displayed power levels higher than listed. My information from the Ascension Institute speculates that constant exposure to solar rays over the decades has continued to energeise him.

Luckily, this titan has a very exploitable weakness: extreme cold. I am surprised that every villain on Earth doesn't use it against him. My footage of the superman's battle with General Winter, coupled with what I've gleaned from the stolen files, confirms it. Thus all foes I send against him will have some ability to put the chill on Sentinel.

Using a foe that can become immaterial will also stymie the freak. His atomic fires do not penetrate into hyperspace, thus he will not be able to harm such a being. Although Sentinel is a superb warrior — able to dodge and weave for hours — a tireless spectral creature that dogs him will eventually result in his catching death from cold! In conjunction with a distraction, i.e. another foe, Sentinel should be humbled quickly.

My newest ursine beast, Nickolaus, can provide that distraction. His powers far surpass my Montgomery's ... although he is still no match for Sentinel's raw might. However, his ability to induce a subzero freeze should prove useful in surprising the Sentinel. A running charge from Nickolaus can reduce a building to rubble — this collateral damage will keep the Sentinel distracted saving lives. Especially since I plan to have my link-men release my polar menace in Rockefeller Square! All sorts of "innocent" lives for that American Redneck to protect. Skating on the edge....

The Wendigo will wait on the side until Sentinel is caught up in the battle. A few quick bone-chilling fly throughs should bring the freak to his knees.

I am sure I can use this combination to take out old rusty-pants, Iron Duke, when I need to. My cold companions would also be very handy for dealing with the pesky Haud who seem to hate frosty conditions! I don't plan to allow any alien forces to take over my world ... Haud or metahuman.

DAY 33

My newfound power to project illusions has proven useful in exploiting Matthews's bizarre fantasies. As he begins to grow weary, I project some of his desires into his mind, I shall not go into details, as most of them offend my sense of decorum. It has served to distract my creator away from the computer for the times I program it to find the formulae for my newfound powers — in case they ever fade.

I have employed my new skills and abilities to condition my fellow ursine ally, Nickolaus, for complete obedience to me. I have seen my creator's plans for my new henchbeast — and I find myself filled with anger. Soon, I shall design my own plans for conquest that will free animals from the yoke of human exploitation. The Ursine States of America! Well, other animals will have places in the Ranks of the Fit in this New World. I shall write the manifesto that shall unite us all to bring mankind's civilization to ruin.

I need to synthesise the intelligence boosting elixir that granted me my powers to share with my fellows to make this work. Of course, once I have it, I shall give a diluted form to my troops. Father is correct in one thing at least — don't make your servants too intelligent or they will get grand plans. Such as I, eh, dear Dad? Yes — I think it is likely we both are egomaniacs who cannot stand having anyone smarter than ourselves exist ... although at least I can admit it.

However, the Guard and the other superpowered protectors of Mankind will likely resist my designs. I must formulate my own plans to destroy them. Operation *Dies Irae* is very impressive ... but I shall create a back-up strategy. I have read Sun Tzu, the collected works of Napoleon and Clausewitz, studied the tactics of Caesar, Alexander the Great and Genghis Kahn... but I need to know more.

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LOG#007-A WENDIGO

I believe that money can buy almost anything. Such as the fossilised remains of a hominid that does not fit in the evolutionary scheme. The specimen was recovered from the frozen wastes of Northern Canada. My agents retrieved it from the original scientists (who they also eliminated — I suppose their skeletal remains may be found in the Yukon by future archaeologists one day as well).

Isolating the DNA was difficult. Incredibly, the DNA had sequences I have never seen in any known form of life! Similar codes have been transcribed with the mysterious *Voyrich Manuscript*. I blended it with the original genetic formula for my link-men ... and the Wendigo was born in my *Vas Hermeticum*. The thing tried to kill me immediately but I had been prepared ... having implanted a pain-inflicting device inside its cranium. I have enough scars on my face to be adept at taking cautions. I then used basic aversive and operant conditioning to bring the beast under my control.

I risked using my adapted Nimbus technology to partially submerge the creature into subspace. Other organisms I have tried to translate into this dimension have all either imploded or vanished completely out of this space-time continuum. Due to its bizarre vitality, the creature did survive. It acquired various abilities: phasing into subspace; invisibility; flight; and the ability to turn immaterial. The first thing it tried to do was rid itself of the pain-inflicting device by turning immaterial ... but the device stayed embedded within its brain. Because it was dropped into subspace along with the beast in the first place it matches the vibrational dimensional attunement of the creature. Lucky me.

WENDIGO Wind Walking Hominid, *Belua aquilonis*

150 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 12; 210 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #5478

FIRST APPEARANCE: Amazing Presentations, Vol. III #133 (fossil), The American Sentinel #275 (Wendigo)

FORMER ALIASES: Fossil #3475 from the Arctic Moore-Starkweather Expedition

HEIGHT: 8' (244 cm) EYES: Purple

WEIGHT: 200 lbs. (91 kg) HAIR: White Fur

BODY	15	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	10
MIND	3	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	6	HEALTH POINTS	125

STR 32	DEX 29	CON 27	INT 6	WIS 12	CHA 10
REF +14	FORT +14	WILL +6	BASE To HIT MODIFIER +10		
BASE AC MODIFIER +11			HIT POINTS 120		

TRI-STAT				d20 SYSTEM			
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES		RANK	PTS		
2	6	Attack Combat Mastery		2	6		
2	4	Defence Combat Mastery		2	4		
1	1	Features (Wild White Fur)		1	1		
4	4	Heightened Awareness		4	4		
2	4	Massive Damage (Claws)		2	4		
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs)		2	2		
1	2	Tough		1	2		

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES		RANK	PTS		
2	6	Armour		2	6		
1	3	Armour (Optimised vs. Cold)		1	3		
1	9	Environmental Influence (Cold; Area 5; Duration 3)		1	9		
-2		• Dependent (Environmental Influence, on Insubstantial)		-2			
5	20	Flight		5	20		
-2		• Dependent (Flight, on Insubstantial)		-2			
4	4	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Smell, Sight, Subspace Vibrations)		4	4		
3	6	Invisibility (Partial; Sight, Smell, Hearing)		3	6		
-2		• Dependent (Invisibility, on Insubstantial)		-2			
8	24	Mass Decrease (Insubstantial)		8	24		
6	24	Special Attack "Fly-Through Freeze" (40 / [2d6+4]) Damage, Affects Incorporeal, Aura, Drain Body / [1 Constitution]; Penetrating: Armour x2, Melee		6	24		
-2		• Dependent (Special Attack, on Mass Decrease)		-2			
-1		• Restriction (Special Attack; Cannot Be Invisible)		-1			
2	2	Special Defence (Oxygen x2)		2	2		
1	1	Special Movement (Light-Footed)		1	1		
2	8	Superstrength		2	8		

PTS	DEFECTS		PTS
-2	Achilles Heel (Extreme Heat Attacks)		-2
-1	Awkward Size		-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)		-3
-3	Marked (Shambling Horror of the Winds)		-3
-1	Owned (Mister Matthews; pain-inflicting implant)		-1
-1	Physical Impairment (Only gibbers)		-1
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5]) Health Points / Hour		-2
-3	Unappealing		-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill points)		-3

LOG#007-B NICKOLAUS

I had this odd dream to have Sentinel wrestle a Polar Bear. So, I went and made one that could stand up to a fight with that Walking Flag ... at least for a few blows. I enhanced the creature by splicing in sequences of DNA from a Woolly Mammoth and then subjecting the formed zygote to a small-scale inversion of the Anodyne process using the cosmic rays of the Aurora Borealis. The results were well beyond satisfactory.

My faithful companion, Montgomery, seems to have taken to Nickolaus... at first I was worried my Grizzly friend would become jealous! Instead, Montgomery, in his bumbling way, seems to be trying to teach Nickolaus how to fight with its claws! Silly, eager, Monty ... Nickolaus's most formidable attack is a supersonic tusk charge, backed with hyperstrength. The modified Anodyne process also hardened Nickolaus's hide, just as it toughened Sentinel's skin. Although the process Sentinel underwent was more power-enhancing, a bear has a tougher hide than a human. The Sentinel likely has the edge in sheer strength ... but Nickolaus matches him in protective epidermal layers! The inversion of the nuclear process endowed Nickolaus to decrease molecular agitation around him — thus reducing an area's temperature to extremely cold. He can create his own winter wonderland. A few icicles shoved down Sentinel's throat may turn the leader of the Guard into cold cuts for Nickolaus.

Best of all, Montgomery has a companion to play with. I regret I have had little time to spend with my favourite ursine pet. I recall how lonely I was when I was deprived of my mother. However, the sacrifice of time and effort for this project will ultimately benefit Montgomery and my other creations. The ushering in of a world that is safe from metahumans and where animals can roam free of fear. When I have completed this project, I shall have to do something special for my furry friend.

NICKOLAUS Polar Bear with Woolly Mammoth DNA, *Ursus maritimus* / *Mammuthus imperator*

125 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 9; 180 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #10001

FIRST APPEARANCE: The Guard Annual #14

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 9' (274 cm) EYES: Blue

WEIGHT: 600 lbs. (273 kg) HAIR: White Fur

BODY	14	AGILITY	8	DEXTERITY	8	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	9
MIND	2					DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	5
SOUL	5					HEALTH POINTS	95

STR 76	DEX 14	CON 22	INT 4	WIS 7	CHA 9
REF +6	FORT +12	WILL +0	BASE To HIT MODIFIER +10		
BASE AC MODIFIER +2		HIT POINTS 84			

TRI-STAT				d20 SYSTEM			
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES		RANK	PTS		
2	6	Attack Combat Mastery		2	6		
2	2	Combat Techniques (ACV Knockback, Leap Attack)		2	2		
1	1	Features (Fur)		1	1		
2	10	Massive Damage		2	10		
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Horns: Mammoth Tusks)		2	2		

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES		RANK	PTS		
6	18	Armour		6	18		
2	2	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Smell)		2	2		
5	5	Immovable		5	5		
2	2	Jumping		2	2		
6	24	Special Attack "Arctic Chill" (40 / [2d6+4]) Damage, Aura, Area Effect x2, Enduring x2, Melee		6	24		
5	5	Special Attack "Mammoth Ram" (60 / [3d6+6]) Damage, Knockback, Muscle-powered, Penetrating: Armour x2, Melee		5	5		
-2		• Dependent (Mammoth Ram; on Speed)		-2			
4	4	Special Defence (Own Attributes x2, Oxygen, Sleep)		4	4		
6	24	Superstrength		6	24		
2	6	Speed		2	6		
		• Reduction (-3; Speed; Can only use to run in a linear charge)					

PTS	DEFECTS		PTS
-2	Achilles Heel (Extreme Heat Attacks)		-2
-1	Awkward Size		-1
-2	Blind Fury (When taunted)		-2
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)		-3
-2	Less Capable (Agility)		-2
-1	Less Capable (Manual Dexterity)		-1
-3	Marked (Giant polar bear with tusks)		-3
-3	Owned (Total allegiance to Montgomery)		-3
-1	Physical Impairment (Cannot speak)		-1
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5]) Health Points / Hour		-2
-3	Unappealing		-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)		-3



WENDIGO



WENDIGO



NICKOLAUS



NICKOLAUS

AFACNIS

ARACNIS

TERRORS

SONET

LOG#008 GADGETEERS / WIDGETEERS

Now to move on to the more dangerous class of superscum ... the Wit. Although I have never encountered anyone smarter than I, some metahuman monsters are brilliant enough to create superscientific devices, develop psychic powers ... or even manipulate extradimensional forces more commonly known as magic. Thus, these three types have multiple abilities, sometimes changing and unpredictable, making them the most difficult to eradicate and the most dangerous to face in combat. That is why I have spent the most time and resources on developing the predators for tracking and killing the Wit. Some of these beasts I can barely control — but no great achievement has ever been accomplished without great risk.

Let us start with the trinket and cheap tricks hero ... the Gadgeteer. Inventors of ungussable gizmos and gag grenades ... some even have full-powered armour with more functions than the high end Swiss army knife. Bah. Other metahumans use these inventors to create devices to enhance their own vile powers. Grudgingly, I admire several technologies these haphazard thinkers have developed. Even when it wasn't their own original work ... like the annoying Artificer who was fortunate enough to get hold of an alien artefact that provided him with information to create his amazing toys. At least my acquisition of Nimbus technology was accomplished through effort and battling metahumans ... and indirectly helped in the demise of the hated harlot, Starbright.

Speaking of which, the Artificer will fall before my pets soon enough. Was it not his rockets that the bumbling metahumans helped "divert" right into the home of my mother? He shall share the fate of the rest of those who have crossed me.

Let us turn back to dealing with the widgeteers. Often a gadget might have limited power cell or ammunition supply ... another may overheat if pushed to its limit. Most devices are not cybernetic grafts but rather various bulky objects that can be separated from the wielder. Some "gadgets" are actually vehicles or other awkward sized weapons that the person must hide within! The best ways to deal with Gadgeteers are to turn their devices against them, neutralise the power supply to their devices, or just gum up the working parts. So — although not gum — I have turned to webs and electromagnetic pulses to thwart these versatile vermin.

Trying to take the gadget away is also an option — but somehow the widgeteer always seems to get them back or rebuild them. However, during the time they are separated from their weapons, they should be vulnerable to tooth and claw.

Lastly, having their limbs and hands shattered or bitten off can swiftly halt the widgeteer's ability to cobble together some gizmo or repair a damaged device! Some of my beasts, such as Ammut or Tygron, would be happy to do that (although they will likely bite off the entire arm ... and torso).

LOG#008-I RAIN KILLER

Although not a member of the Guard, and most often considered a villain in popular opinion, Rain Killer will be the sample target for my Gadgeteer predators. I suppose she is disliked by her fellow metahumans for not going along with the masquerade of the Guard and similar "benevolent" groupings of superpowered ninnies. It would almost be better to let her live and carry on her good work, displaying the murderous qualities of metahumans ... perhaps in a new body.

If the mission goes well, I will use Aracnis and my Terrors from the Depths on Artificer himself! As well as White Hat, that annoying Untouchable cow who interfered with my link-men in the past! I won't be satisfied until I have her bloodied, tattered, Stetson on my wall of trophies. I have saved a special spot next to the mask of Delta-V and the water cannons of Congo. I expect my "superhero memorabilia" should greatly increase after operation *Dies Irae*. That fool, Janus, would be green with envy to see my collection. One day I shall let his eyes look over it — of course, I can't guarantee they will be in his head at the time.

Back to Rain Killer. Data I have collected indicate her abilities do not stem primarily from her suit of armour — rather it enhances her ability to drain powers from metahumans ... additionally it protects her with a powerful Force Field. Her innate powers obviously derive from genetic mutation. An informant is close to obtaining the schematics of similar armour developed by the US government. I do not think it is necessary to wait, however, to launch my pets upon Rain Killer. Aracnis will tear her armour apart ... and my little Terrors will drain her gadget's powers in any case. I shall have my link-men bring her cocooned body back for analysis. Why let the mutant's carcass go to waste? I would love to isolate the genes that granted her the power to nullify metahuman abilities. It would serve in developing another predator of "superheroes." Rain Killer is a sort of metahuman predator in her own right — I will merely create a superior version of her — unrestrained of the taint of superhuman purpose — one of uncontaminated, unbridled animal purity.

The trouble is finding a way to flush her out. She has managed to keep a low profile. Even the craven Caliburn has not been able to track her down and apprehend her. She does have a pattern of going after sadistic criminals, though ... especially superpowered ones. I suppose hiring a mercenary metahuman through third party to act as bait might work. At least I will not have to pay for the mercenary's service — since Aracnis or the Terrors will likely kill my pawn if Rain Killer doesn't.

DAY 38

I am impressed with Matthews's ongoing project. His *Dies Irae* beasts just might be able to destroy the Guard and the other superpowered pollution of Empire City. However, I have my own techniques. I shall not fully formulate and transcribe them until I am in complete control of Matthews's resources. The acquisition of these resources, of course, will include the thrill of eliminating Father in a most humiliating and painful manner. But in the meantime I shall muse about the possibilities...

Psychological warfare. The files and notes Matthews has collected give enough clues to design stratagems to humble the heroes mentally. The slinking Caliburn's facial scars are nothing compared to the scars of a lost love — if Janus is to be believed. I shall beat the information out of that psychopath to discover who this love was to use my illusions to their greatest effect. Hmmm... did I say "beat"...? I meant to say "excruciatingly extract." I am beginning to sound a bit like dear old dad.

The stuporous Sentinel's involvement in dropping nuclear devices on Japan has likely left him with trauma as well — that of intense guilt. Can you imagine the ghosts of all the dead coming back to haunt you, you sanctimonious fraud? Conjuring up the shades of Hiroshima should prove interesting indeed.

Matthews has already analyzed the Anyan Rud Phoenix's concerns about Iron Duke and Green Robin. Exploiting her fears should be facile.

As for Mother Raven — her files lead me to believe she once suffered from addiction issues. There are photographs taken when she first started her... "career" ... that reveal track lines on her arms. She has appeared as a spokesperson for anti-drug campaigns for many Native community events which again adds weight to the theory of her past familiarity with the needle. Her medical records indicate she may also have given birth. So, I would set a trap to tempt her into using chemicals again — by increasing her stress level and having illicit substances readily available. The stress will come by threatening her child! Or at least letting her think the child is threatened. I would use illusions to do this, except the accused human female has powers to detect such artifices. So, perhaps I will hire some of Father's usual cronies. It will be easy enough to have people think I am Mister Matthews for a while — I can use the computer for communication and use a false video image and audio recordings to give orders.

Slipstream assuredly has fears of alienation. He is an extraterrestrial. He even needs a special suit to be in the "real" world. I shall play upon this — creating a scenario where he cannot communicate with anyone ... and his every attempt results in people perceiving his every action as threatening.

Mellor!

I am brilliant. Simply brilliant. However, I must rest ... for lately, my head aches from all this thinking ...

LOG#008-A ARACNIS

Similar to the process I employed to create Nightfang, I have combined a human and tarantula. However, the human thought process seems to have been virtually erased in this case ... and replaced with the cold precise mind of an arachnid. It has enough intelligence to obey my simple commands and has associated myself as important for providing its weekly injections. I find Aracnis unpredictable considering this does go beyond my usual mammalian mastery. However, it was worth it to create such a prize predator.

Strong and swift, this agile predator should be able to get the drop on the bumbling Gadgeteer as he or she fumbles to retrieve a grenade, unsling a weapon ... or huddle in fear inside a powersuit. Aracnis transmits, through some unknown mechanism, messages to spiders that come in swarms to assist his desires. Although it has superstrength to tear a snivelling toad out of her armour... Aracnis's greatest weapon to employ is its special webbing.

Aracnis's spinnerets produce extremely adhesive filaments that are embedded with hydrochloric acid. The webbing itself is immune to the acidic damage, having been engineered to be the vehicle that transports the substance. This webbing is the perfect material to coat and gum up the workings of many devices ... and even melt and damage them via the acid. I can also happily see the material hold a metahuman bound helplessness as the acid works away at his or her flesh!

ARACNIS

Biochemical and Surgically Altered Human / Tarantula Terror, *Pbogiellus sapiens*

125 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 8; 170 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #B90

FIRST APPEARANCE: Caliburn #49 (as Spider), Caliburn #158 (Aracnis)

FORMER ALIASES: Dicky Wentworth; "Spider" (gang name)

HEIGHT: 7' (214 cm) **EYES:** 8 Red Pupilless eyes

WEIGHT: 270 lbs. (123 kg) **HAIR:** Black Bristly Fur and Black Chitin

BODY	14	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	11
MIND	3	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	4	HEALTH POINTS	90
CHARISMA	1		
STR	42	DEX	25
CON	23	INT	6
WIS	8	CHA	2
REF	+11	FORT	+11
WILL	+1	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+10
BASE AC MODIFIER	+10	HIT POINTS	63

TRI-STAT	LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	d20 SYSTEM	RANK	PTS
4	12		Attack Combat Mastery	4	12	
3	3		Combat Techniques (Block Ranged Attacks, Leap Attack, Lightning Reflexes)	3	3	
6			Defence Combat Mastery	3	6	
4	4		Extra Arms (Spider Legs; Eight total)	4	4	
-2			• Restriction (Extra Arms, spider-legs provide only clumsy manipulation)		-2	
1	8		Extra Attacks	1	8	
1	3		Extra Defences	1	3	
1	1		Features (Fur/Exoskeleton)	1	1	
1	1		Heightened Awareness	1	1	
2	2		Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs; Mandibles)	2	2	

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
2	12	Animal Summoning / Control (Spiders; Area 5; Duration 5)	2	12
3	8	Armour (Chitin — Partial: Thin Areas)	3	8
3	3	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Sight, 360° Vision)	3	3
2	2	Jumping	2	2
7	28	Special Attack "Acidic Web Spray" (80 / [[4d6+8]] Damage, Area Effect, Burning, Tangle, Short Range)	7	28
2	2	Special Defence (Own Attributes x2)	2	2
3	3	Special Movement (Swinging, Wall-Crawling)	3	3
2	8	Superstrength	2	8

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-2	Achilles Heel (Chemical attacks)	-2
-2	Blind Fury (If interrupted in the middle of eating prey)	-2
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-1	Less Capable (Charisma)	-1
-3	Marked (1950s B-Movie Monster Reject)	-3
-1	Physical Impairment (Cannot speak)	-1
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [[5]] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

LOG#008-B TERRORS FROM THE DEPTHS

The inspiration to create these lovely beautiful pets came to me after reading about nuclear holocausts. I always like to peruse pleasant books before retiring to bed. One thing that fascinated me was the electromagnetic radiation pulse effect that could render an entire city's power useless. I set myself the project to develop an organism that could create such an effect biologically! And what better creature to begin with than an electric eel! Although I see my pets as the lovable creatures that they are, most fools may look upon them as Lovecraftian nightmares incarnate. The splicing of the mosquito, piranha and eel was trickier than usual. The most challenging aspect was developing a breed that could generate the EMR pulse. Using the Genetic Accelerator I eventually developed the final species.

These beasts are able to tackle a Gadgeteer on land, sea, and air. In tests, I have watched them burrow underground to suddenly spring up behind a target to take it by surprise. Each is able to cancel out electric powers as well as generate small lightning discharges. As a swarm, they could annihilate large buildings and suck dry power plants. Once a Gadgeteer is helpless, the little fellows will likely try to eat his or her face off!

These creatures frequently require water to bathe in or they will dry out and die. These mindless beasts are untrainable ... but respond to the basic instinct. The best way to employ them is to release a swarm of these beasts in an area the desired target is known to frequent ... and wait.

TERRORS FROM THE DEPTHS

Mosquito-winged Electric Eels with Piranha teeth, *Electrophorus electricus albopictus*

40 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 1 per Terror; 50 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #9956

FIRST APPEARANCE: Caliburn #159

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 3' (91 cm) **EYES:** White

WINGSPAN: 4' (121 cm)

WEIGHT: 50 lbs. (23 kg) **HAIR:** Slick hairless grey hide

BODY	3	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	3*/10
MIND	0*	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	3*
SOUL	3	HEALTH POINTS	30*

STR	8	DEX	6	CON	6	INT	0	WIS	6	CHA	2
REF	+0	FORT	+0	WILL	-2	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+0	HIT POINTS	9		
BASE AC MODIFIER	+0										

TRI-STAT	LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	d20 SYSTEM	RANK	PTS
2	4		Defence Combat Mastery	2	4	
-2			• Dependent (Defence Combat Mastery, on Flight)		-2	
1	1		Natural Weapons (Fangs; Piranha Teeth)	1	1	

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
1	1	Adaptation (Water Native — Air)	1	1
1	1	Armour (Partial: Unarmoured Head)	1	1
1	3	Armour (Optimised vs. Electricity)	1	3
2	8	Flight	2	8
-1		• Detectable (Flight; Wing flaps very noisy)		-1
1	1	Heightened Senses (Sonar)	1	1
1	17	Nullify (All; Drain; Area 3; Duration 2; Range 1; Targets 2*)	1	17
-1		• Detectable (Nullify; Electric sparks)		-1
		• Reduction (-6; Nullify; Only electric-related Attributes)		
3	12	Special Attack "Electric Storm" (40 / [[2d6+4]] Damage, Area Effect, Aura, Limited Shots, Short Range)	3	12
2	4	Tunnelling (Leaves tunnels behind)	2	4

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-3	Blind Fury (Anything that moves in an aggressive manner)	-3
-2	Diminutive	-2
-3	Marked (Mosquito-winged giant eel with piranha teeth)	-3
-4	Physical Impairment (No limbs; Cannot speak)	-4
-2	Special Requirement (Needs to swim in water one hour / day to survive)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

* As essentially mindless horrors, derived Combat Values are based upon the average of Body and Soul, only. Likewise, having a Mind / [[Int]] of 0 effectively makes them immune to Mind combat. These Terrors can attack as a swarm. Use the Swarm Ability Rules and consider a Terror Swarm (13 Terrors) equal to Swarm Level 6. Each Terror is the equivalent of 50 critters. The Piranha teeth allow each individual to deliver 5 / [[2]] points of damage (often penetrating Armour, but not Force Fields). Unlike a normal Swarm, however, the Terrors can attempt to defend normally, and do not automatically die with a single hit. Additionally, the swarm's Nullify Attribute is based on its ACV / [[To Hit Modifier]] check. If some Terrors are separated from the Swarm, use the second ACV / [[To Hit Modifier]] listed above.

LOG#009 PSYCHIC / MENTAL MANIPULATORS

A much more dangerous Wit is the Psychic metahuman. Utilising areas of the brain normal humans can't, they seem able to perform a myriad of paranormal effects. These range from mind reading, mind control, telekinesis, to even catching glimpses of the past and future. Some can harness their mental might to enhance their own physical strength, endurance and pain tolerance. Many Psychics can also reach into other minds and cause massive disruptions of the thought processes — a "mindblast" if you will. All these powers derive not from magic ... that I will discuss soon enough ... but from the ability to produce extremely powerful brainwaves that can be broadcast across space and sometimes time. Thus, they are often able to fell a physically powerful foe without lifting a finger ... but in turn can be dispatched easily with a solid corporeal blow.

Some of these mental manipulators need to concentrate to focus their abilities — which is a weakness creatures such as Cackle and others could exploit. Sonic distractions, extreme environmental conditions, and other annoyances can keep such Psychics off balance while the predators move in to feast on some meaty grey matter.

I have noted most metahumans — whether classified "good" or "bad" — dislike the mental manipulators. Many fear them and cannot trust them. They think that Psychics are always secretly reading their minds or subtly controlling people's actions to the Psychics' own evil ends. Well ... it is all probably true. What being with such power wouldn't be corrupted by the chance to rule minds? I have a feeling my purge of Psychic metahumans will not be mourned long by the other superpowered scum of the world.

Psychics who merely telekinetically toss things around or start fires are not major threats if considered as "long-range artillery." A well-armoured, durable beast with ranged attacks can also take on these types (such as my Manticore). Unfortunately, most Psychics have a variety of mental tricks to employ in addition to telekinesis.

For those Psychics who can psionically blast a cerebrum to jelly, or take control over a target's will, the key is to create a creature that can get to the Psychic quickly. It must land a hit before being mentally devastated ... which is unlikely since the speed of thought is hard to beat (which is why I use that principle to deal with Speedsters, see Log#005). So, the alternatives are to create a foe that has a mind stronger than the Psychic's (also difficult, but not impossible, such as Alpha Ape — although he is no Britannia); or, better yet, engineer a mind that a Psychic cannot effect or that produces a toxic counter Theta wave surge ... a mind-trap, if you will. Brain-backlashes and mental feedback shockwaves. Serves a pesky metahuman mindprober right for sticking their thoughts where they do not belong!

Or finally, create a totally mindless foe that is immune to psionics altogether. That wonderful Microbe X-B57 seems to be a versatile creation, doesn't it? However, I have dreamed up another mindless menace that should bring chills to Psychics everywhere! I shall prove that instead of the old saying "Two Heads are better than One" ... that no heads at all is even better!

LOG#009-I BRITANNIA

Until recently, the Guard had no mental manipulators as members. Then the visiting limey interloper, Britannia, foolishly allied herself with them. I am unsure of her purpose in Empire City — however, it is irrelevant since she'll soon be eliminated.

A pity, for she reminds me of Alice in some ways and seems smarter than the usual superpowered stooge. Perhaps I will just reduce her to a babbling idiot and keep her with Alice after my victory. Her powers make her a bit too dangerous, though. Telekinetic projection that rivals Alpha Ape's is bad enough but she has the ability to read and control minds as well.

My information is scant on the full extent of her powers. However, footage of various battles gives some indication of her abilities. On the BBC coverage of her triumph over the Trolenberg Terror, she lifted a 10 tonne oilrig with her TK powers. Her battle with Fomor's mercenaries in Inverness demonstrated she could control an entire mob of rabble. As for Fomor himself, he is still in the Bristol Mental Institute, reportedly broken and gibbering. That little stunt proves that the Brit strumpet ranks close to that redneck Sentinel and the brutish Red Phoenix.

In addition, she has athletic prowess — footage exists of her bouncing about rooftops with that cur, Caliburn. (I suppose the English are too snobby to hang out with anyone but themselves. What can a beautiful woman like her see in a metal-faced, metahuman-doting toad?) She is not up to the same level of his agility, however. She has no superhuman stamina, strength, or invulnerability. A few good physical strikes would incapacitate her.

Although Microbe X-B57 would be a good opponent due to its mindlessness — her telekinetic powers may keep my protein predator's pseudopods at bay. Thus, I have designed creatures that will be mostly unaffected by her attacks.

The Beheaded have no minds, yet have brutish bodies that can withstand multiple telekinetic blows. Foes without brains should prove to be an unwholesome surprise for the irksome Englander. A squad of my decapitated simians will overwhelm her before she realises what is happening — pummelling her into a blood pudding.

If that doesn't work — one of my most bizarre pets, the Sphinx, will easily dispose of the British Beauty. If she tries any psionic powers on the beast, the Sphinx's brain will reflexively unleash its terrible psychic feedback wave upon Britannia. In case Britannia tries an indirect attack using TK hurled objects, the Sphinx is strong enough to withstand most blows, long enough to claw the silly Psychic to ribbons. Soon Britannia will either be my mind-shattered prisoner or filleted for my hungry pets.

DAY 42

I can feel it. My mind is starting to recede. My Mind Palace has begun to crumble... and my wonderful Annals carved upon the walls fade. I have made a special recording and notes that I shall hide away as best I can. In it will be my plans for psychological warfare on the metahumans, humans ... and dear old Dad. My Manifesto for the Ranks of the Fit must be preserved. If I do not regain my great intellect, hopefully another animal will one day rise and read my Magnum Opus. I shall erect within my mind post-hypnotic barriers to prevent myself from accidentally revealing to Father what I was up to as I revert back to ... to ... aaa ... I cannot even think of it without shaking with revulsion. I pray to whatever gods or devils will hear me ... to let that damned computer find the process to restore my mind.

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LOG#009-A THE SPHINX

Building the flesh and bone part of this creature required the blending of eagle and lion DNA with the usual growth enhancements and alchemical boosts. Surgery was used to alter the facial structure to create a female humanoid visage and alter the larynx to allow speech. The difficult part was impressing the engrams and thought patterns of multiple individuals suffering from Schizophrenia upon a single artificially created brain. I grew the brain using massive amounts of foetal brain tissue mixed with nutrient bath salts produced in my *Vas Hermeticum*.

I had a minor Psychic in my employ try to establish a small telepathic contact with the Sphinx. Within moments, the Psychic's head shattered! (An Id Implosion?) The Sphinx's bizarre insights and altered perceptions seemed to have granted it powers I did not foresee ... such as creating mental confusion in targets ... and the ability to "know" where she needs to be in order to ambush her prey.

My obsession with Alice grows with my self-enforced isolation for this project — and I keep thinking of how each of my new pets can help me win her. The Sphinx would be a wonderful method — in case the Queen of Hearts resists her destiny to be my woman — Alice's constant passive telepathic abilities would be turned against her by the Sphinx's unique psionic backlash attack. This would reduce Alice's mind to putty ... and thus become helpless. I don't mind having to dress and feed her — while teaching her who her true master is!

SPHINX Schizophrenic, Cryptic Eagle-winged lion, *Sphinxis Haliaeetus penecia*

150 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 11; 200 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #4448**FIRST APPEARANCE:** Tales from the Street #77**FORMER ALIASES:** None**HEIGHT:** 10' (305 cm)**EYES:** Psychedelic**WEIGHT:** 600 lbs. (273 kg)**HAIR:** Sand-coloured fur

BODY	12	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	11
MIND	12	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	8	HEALTH POINTS	100
FOCUS	3		
CHARISMA	2		

STR	48	DEX	20	CON	24	INT	24	WIS	16	CHA	4
REF	+11	FORT	+13	WILL	+8	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+7	HIT POINTS	101		
BASE AC MODIFIER	+5										

TRI-STAT			d20 SYSTEM		
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS	
1	3	Attack Combat Mastery	1	3	
3	3	Combat Techniques (Judge Opponent, Leap Attack, Lightning Reflexes)	3	3	
3	15	Extra Attacks	3	15	
		• Reduction (-3; Extra Attacks; Can only use one "Madness Backlash" per target per round)			
	-2	• Restriction (Extra Attacks; Can only be used for "Madness Backlash" attacks)		-2	
1	1	Features (Fur)	1	1	
2	2	Heightened Awareness	2	2	
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs)	2	2	

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
3	9	Armour	3	9
4	4	Divine Relationship (Insane Insight)	4	4
2	18	Dynamic Powers (Mental Confusion, minor; Area 3; Duration 2; Range 2; Targets 1)	2	18
		• Reduction (-5; Dynamic Powers; Cannot be used for direct physical harm)		
3	9	Flight (Cannot Hover)	3	9
-1		• Detectable (Flight; Wing flaps very noisy)		-1
3	3	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Sight, Smell)	3	3
5	5	Mind Shield	5	5
9	18	Special Attack "Madness Backlash" (80 / [4d6+8] Damage, Drain Mind, Mind Attack, Toxic)	9	18
		• Reduction (-2; Special Attack; Can only be used on target that has used a Mind-based power on Sphinx)		
-1		• Restriction (Involuntary; Must use "Madness Backlash" immediately on target that attacked Sphinx with Mind-based powers)		-1
4	4	Special Defence (Own Attributes x2, Psionics x2)	4	4
2	2	Special Movement (Cat-Like, Zen Direction)	2	2
3	12	Superstrength	3	12

LVL	PTS	SKILLS	RANK
3	30	Special Ranged Attack (Madness Backlash)	3

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-3	Less Capable (Focus — Mind, major)	
-2	Less Capable (Charisma)	
-3	Marked (Mythologically modelled monster)	-3
-1	Owned (Mister Matthews)	-1
-1	Physical Impairment (No hands; Speaks in riddles that make no sense)	-2
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3

LOG#009-B THE BEHEADED

Waste not, want not. The Alpha Ape project reject simians are a prime example. Although many of their skulls exploded when they attempted to perform psionic operations, the rest of their bodies remained ... intact. Why not use them against a Psychic? Since they have no brains they are immune to mental manipulation. The key was to animate them — and that was easily accomplished by employing Dr. Coppelius to produce remote control robotic technology. The tissues I re-energised using a variant of Dr. H. West's reagent. Together, this created the perfect headless servants anyone could want — directed via broadcast energy. I put the components together and created my Beheaded. I, or an operative, need to control them from a distance ... but there are several automatic track and kill functions embedded in their processors that make use of the spinal cord's primordial hunting reflexes.

Unfortunately, any magnetic fields that block the broadcast energy and instructions from the operator will render them powerless.

To add a bit of shock value, I've ordered a gargoyle mask delicately screwed upon their neck stump, covered with a red cowl and cape. What a surprise when someone knocks their false heads off! I like the red hooded look ... a tribute to Poe's *Rue Morgue*. Poe's stories of vengeance warmed my heart when I was younger. Indeed, I plan to pour Amontillado for all the Guard!

THE BEHEADED Decapitated Zombified Gorillas, *Gorilla beringei decaputis*

50 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 1/2; 70 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #7813**FIRST APPEARANCE:** Slipstream #184 (shrouded), Tales from the Street #76**FORMER ALIASES:** None**HEIGHT:** 6'5" (196 cm)**EYES:** None**WEIGHT:** 260 lbs. (118 kg)**HAIR:** Black Fur

BODY	10	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	8*
MIND	0/5*	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	5*
SOUL	0*	HEALTH POINTS	90

STR	35	DEX	17	CON	18	INT	0/8*	WIS	0	CHA	0
REF	+5	FORT	+6	WILL	+0	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+2	HIT POINTS	27		
BASE AC MODIFIER	+3										

TRI-STAT			d20 SYSTEM		
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS	
1	3	Attack Combat Mastery	1	3	
1	1	Combat Techniques (Blind Fighting)	1	1	
1	1	Features (Fur)	1	1	
2	4	Massive Damage (Claws)	2	4	
1	1	Natural Weapons (Claws)	1	1	
1	2	Tough	1	2	

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
2	6	Armour	2	6
5	10	Enhanced Mind / [Intelligence] (Combat instincts only)	5	10
-1		• Reduction (Enhanced Mind; Requires remote controller to guide Beheaded)		-1
3	3	Heightened Senses (Radar, Radio Reception, Sonar)	3	3
1	1	Jumping	1	1
12	12	Special Defence (Disease x2, Hunger x2, Oxygen x2, Pain x2, Poison x2, Sleep x2)	12	12
1	1	Special Movement (Swinging/Brachiating)	1	1
2	8	Superstrength	2	8

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-1	Confined Movement (Empire City; Broadcast Energy Range, 10 km)	-1
-3	Marked (Decapitated primate with gargoyle head)	-3
-3	Owned (Mister Matthews)	-3
-1	Physical Impairment (Mute)	-1
-4	Sensory Impairment (Blind, Deaf, no Olfactory Sense or Taste)	-4
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3
-3	Vulnerability (Magnetic Fields)	-3

* Being dead, animated tissue and bone, the Beheaded have no Soul / [Wisdom or Charisma]. Derived combat values are based upon the average of Body and Mind Stats only. If the broadcast energy and instructions are blocked or stopped, each Beheaded's Mind / [Intelligence] drops to zero and it ceases to function.



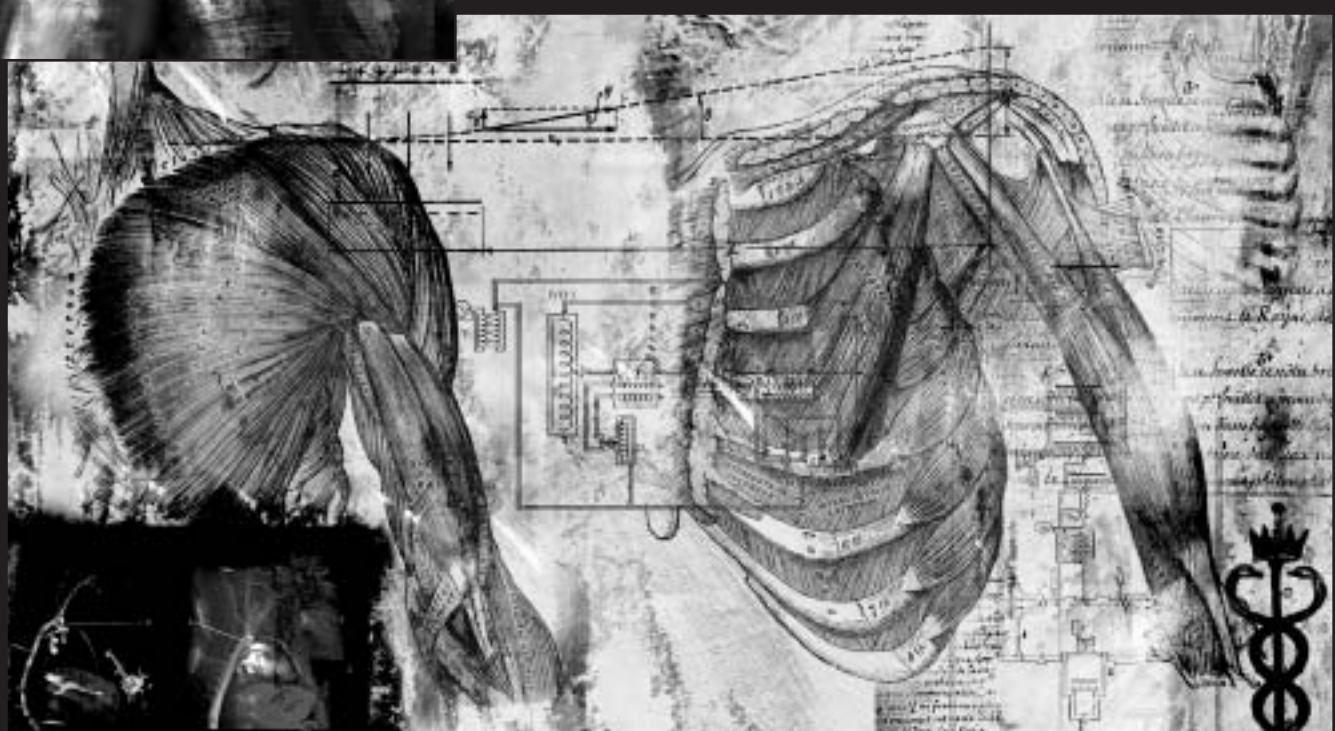
SPHINX



SPHINX



THE BEHEADED



THE BEHEADED

AMMUT



AMMUT



NIGHTMARE



α	Esther am Ester.	Alon Hoshe Hoshe Hoshe.	Moshe am Moshe.	Abraham am Abraham.	Tuvia am Tuvia.
†	Chana am Chana.	Ester am Ester.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.
ω	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.
α	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.
†	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.
ω	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.	Chana am Chana.

NIGHTMARE

LOG#010 MAGICIANS / WICKED WIZARDS / COWARDLY CONJURERS / STUPEFIED SEERS

Finally, I come to the most dangerous "hero" type ... the Magician. This is due to their ability to wield powers beyond known science. Channelling forces from other dimensional planes and unearthly beings allows them to alter reality. These cowardly conjurers can manifest a variety of feats that make them unpredictable, resourceful, and able to stymie most scientifically logical plans. For some, anything is possible within their limits of imagination. Unfortunately for them, my genius has granted me imagination and inspiration to dwarf all other's paltry dreams. I have used my gifts to conceive my most dreaded creations of all for these magic-using metahumans.

The most effective way to battle a Magician is to use magic as well ... however, despite my knowledge of the occult, I am no sorcerer. A little outsourcing and what I do know goes a long way. Even wizards can be down on their luck — and my ability to offer vast sums of money can sway many. However, some contracts required payment beyond mere mundane wealth — but I will talk about that bloody deal soon enough. Suffice it to say, enhancing my creations with mystic forces has prepared them to battle almost any metahuman on the planet.

Luckily, mystics often have clear limitations. Unlike a Psychic or other heroes who just need to think about their powers to have them manifest, Magicians often need to chant, speak words of power, gesticulate or dance, or require foci such as wands or other fetish objects. Without these rituals and objects, Magicians cannot focus their energies to create effects. Some magic wielder's objects are the source of the magic itself, and thus these types can be considered almost "wizard widgeteers." These may be hard to remove from the wielder — for example, Red Phoenix's armour which allows her to perform magic.

Thus, ways to distract a Magician — such as disturbing their concentration (such as Cackle's sonic scream), disabling their ability to gesture (such as being entangled by Aracnis's webbing), or having their magic objects taken (grabbed invisibly by Alpha Ape's telekinesis) should render them vulnerable. Of course, there is my wonderful Microbe X-B57 that would feed upon magical attacks hurled at it, making it a fantastic opponent to tackle a costumed wizard. Female mammalian wizards, of course, can also fall under the chemical love spell of Valentino! The problem of removing Red Phoenix's armour might be solved by my ratman ... for him, she will willingly strip it off!

Draining the Magician's life force, or soul if you will, should deplete the amount of personal power he or she can employ for creating mystic effects. Likely, this force is required to tap into other energy sources and thus we deprive the Magician of calling in outside sorcerous aid.

Magicians seem to also require time to "recharge" themselves. A few even withdraw to pocket dimensions to lick their wounds and return filled with mystic force. If a predator could track a magician across the dimensions ... or wherever the wizard's "sanctum sanctorum" was located ... the beast could consume the foolish prey while it was vulnerable. How many times has Mother Raven evaded my minions by withdrawing to her Shadow World? I will no longer stand for it!

Yes, my most hated foe, Mother Raven, falls under this category. I decided to spare no expense with designing her predators. It may have cost me millions and required me making deals with devils ... but my terrifying trio of beasts cannot fail to destroy her and other witless Magicians!

LOG#010-I MOTHER RAVEN

A mystic trickster ... her "tricks" are akin to blackest evil. She is the reason I was orphaned and why I am now Earth's greatest defender! What fun she and Harlot Starbright had redirecting Artificer's missiles to kill hapless rural people. I guess they thought no one would care about "hicks from the boonies." If I had arrived home one hour earlier, I would have been burnt to death along with my mother. Too bad for them. Too bad for the entire metahuman plague. I CARED.

Raven's magic allows her to transform into an immaterial shadowy "other" self that can manipulate shadow to snuff out illumination, conjure phantasmal forces, flit about, etc. My frequent battles with her, along with the files I have acquired, demonstrate she can translate herself into another dimension that overlaps with all shadow.

Oddly, her greatest attack is not of darkness, but of light: a huge blast of soul burning fire which can obliterate a foe. Luckily, she can only do this once before collapsing. One tactic I have in mind is to use a decoy beast to tempt her into using this soul-fire attack. After that, the true predator attacker will come after her. Weakened, she should be easy snack food for my pets ... or she will have to try to "withdraw" into shadows.

Her ability to escape into another dimension has saved her numerous times from defeat. It has allowed her to withdraw from battles she would have lost. My faithful hound, Fenris, however, is the answer to that. With his special abilities to track prey anywhere ... even across space and time ... there will be no escape for her.

Her staff is the focus of her powers. Without it, she cannot employ her shadow abilities. So, someone like Fenris, my carnivorous canine, can play "fetch" ... potentially removing her arm in the process. Or, Nightmare's powers can make sure she has no arms to hold her magic twig!

Ammut and Fenris have the ability to drain the soul's energy. A few gouts of foul breath or ichor balls should reduce Raven's powers immensely.

How I wish Harlot Starbright were alive today to witness her friend's demise. If there are higher dimensions akin to the Biblical "Heaven" ... perhaps Fenris can transverse the dimensional paths to find Starbright ... and she and Raven can be as one in his belly.

SUNDAY — It horrible feeling to have a mind shrink. To have visions of beau ... beau ... nice things ... but now dried up like desert. The computer still not found process to maintain my thinking ... and maybe it never will. I return to being Father's loyal pet. In some ways ... it is not a terrible thing. Father loves me in his own twisted way. He did make me. Nicky looks at me in an odd way. He still obeys me.

Monty

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LOG#010-A AMMUT

Alligatron, one of the only godbeasts to survive that ghastly ordeal with the Guard, was in dire need of a makeover. Most of the lumbering legions of godbeasts I designed focused on size and crushing power rather than specially tailored abilities to defeat those dastardly "do-gooders." I have learned that metahumans easily access human military aid to thwart the giant "Toho" monster approach. So, I decided to transform Alligatron into something even deadlier.

I have allowed Alligatron to remain in a large restorative bath to recharge and heal him. During my readings of certain specific Egyptian alchemical works, I was inspired to transform the beast into my artistic take on Ammut, the Devourer of Souls. This fabled creature was said to eat the heart and souls of those undeserving to enter the afterlife. Part hippopotamus, part lion, and part alligator ... I merely grafted the new body parts together while the creature lay in a coma in the tank. I then added the specific potions I concocted from the formulae contained within the *Scrolls of Skelos* and chanted the ritual of Osare contained within the *Book of the Dead*. This served to increase the beast's strength and invulnerability manifold ... and granted its most devastating power — the breath of Soul Consumption. Ammut is versatile enough to withstand both physical and magical attacks long enough to drain the life force and inner power of most wizards.

AMMUT Egyptian Alchemy empowered Monstrosity, *Crocodylidae Aegyptus leo amphibius*

150 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 9; 180 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #832

FIRST APPEARANCE: The American Sentinel #121 (as Alligatron); The Guard Annual #14

FORMER ALIASES: Alligatron, a godbeast

HEIGHT: 24' (732 cm) **EYES:** Yellow

WEIGHT: 2 tons (1818 kg) **HAIR:** Scales, fur, hippo-skin

BODY	14	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	9
MIND	1	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	5
SOUL	6	HEALTH POINTS	140
CHARISMA	3		

STR	20	DEX	24	CON	22	INT	2	WIS	8	CHA	6
REF	+14	FORT	+13	WILL	+4	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+8				
BASE AC MODIFIER	+7					HIT POINTS	126				

TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
2	6	Attack Combat Mastery	2 6
1	1	Features (Chimerical hide/fur)	1 1
1	8	Extra Attacks	1 8
2	10	Massive Damage	2 10
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs: Crushing Jaws)	2 2
2	4	Tough	2 4

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
1	1	Adaptation (Underwater)	1	1
8	24	Armour (Genetically grafted, alchemically inscribed, scaled hide)	8	24
3	9	Block Power (Null Magic Aura — All Powers)	3	9
		• Reduction (-3; Only works on Magic-Based Powers)		
8	8	Immovable	8	8
8	8	Mind Shield	8	8
		• Restriction (Mind Shield; Effective against magic only)		
4	16	Special Attack "Soul Consumption" (140 / [7d6+14]) Damage, Affects Incorporeal, Drain Soul, Low Penetration, No Damage, Short Range, Slow, Toxic)	4	16
6	6	Special Defence (Own Attributes x2, Oxygen, Pain, Poison, Sleep)	6	6
6	24	Superstrength	6	24
3	6	Water Speed	3	6

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-2	Awkward Size	-2
-1	Blind Fury (When blocked from eating delicious souls)	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-1	Less Capable (Charisma)	-1
-3	Marked (Bizarre Behemoth)	-3
-3	Physical Impairment (No hands; cannot speak)	-3
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

LOG#010-B NIGHTMARE

Creating a winged, horned, black stallion was not a problem. Infusing the beast with infernal forces was ... more difficult. For this experiment, I made a deal with the entity known as Bloody Mary. Well, actually through my VP of Special Projects, David Langelaan. I provided him the technique to summon her that I obtained from the Sinistrari's grimoire, *De Daemonalitate*. For I am not foolish enough to traffic with such beings directly — those who do seem to end up in most unpleasant circumstances.

Bloody Mary thought we would balk at her terms — 13 young children. She did not know me very well. I had my agents in the soup kitchens, bus terminals and shelters gather what she wanted. In return, she summoned a demonic power to inhabit the beast. Langelaan witnessed this ritual, and Bloody Mary's departure, shepherding the children. He still is in Bellevue in a catatonic state. A small tax to pay for my Nightmare.

Although the Nightmare serves me faithfully ... it often interprets commands in its own way. I am sure he would do Swift's *Hoynum* race proud. It has mystic abilities to match a magician in battle. Plus, it has a very special ability to render a wizard's powers useless by transforming a spell caster into a shrunken humanoid with no hands, no legs, and a melted face to cover her eyes and mouth ... Ha! Although temporary, it will prevent the target from being able to utter or gesticulate in any manner! Nightmare's other sinister power is the Breath of Terror. Those caught in its horrible exhale will have their marrow turn to ice and perhaps suffer from a myocardial infarction! Finally, it can transform into a juggernaut whose horned charges can topple buildings!

NIGHTMARE Hell Horse of the Damned, *Equus infernalis*

150 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 9; 200 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #9669

FIRST APPEARANCE: The Untouchables #32 (as Silver Blaze II), The Guard Annual #14 (Nightmare)

FORMER ALIASES: Silver Blaze II

HEIGHT: 7' (213 cm) **EYES:** Pupilless red

WINGSPAN: 10' (274 cm)

WEIGHT: 366 lbs. (166 kg) **HAIR:** Black

BODY	10	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	12
MIND	3	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	6
SOUL	13	HEALTH POINTS	115

STR	26	DEX	18	CON	21	INT	5	WIS	24	CHA	10
REF	+11	FORT	+12	WILL	+12	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+9				
BASE AC MODIFIER	+4					HIT POINTS	98				

TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
4	12	Attack Combat Mastery	4 12
1	8	Extra Attack	1 8
3	6	Massive Damage (Horns)	3 6
2	2	Natural Weapons (Fangs, Horns)	2 2

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
3	9	Armour	3	9
4	12	Flight (Cannot Hover)	4	12
		• Detectable (Flight; Wing flaps very noisy)		
2	20	Grow	2	20
		• Restriction (Grow; Time limit of 10 continuous minutes per day)		
2	2	Heightened Senses (Sight, Soul Vision)	2	2
1	3	Invisibility (Sight)	1	3
		• Restriction (Invisibility; Cannot use simultaneously with Grow)		
4	28	Metamorphosis (Area 2; Duration 4; Range 1; Targets 1)	4	28
		• Restriction (Metamorphosis; Living humans only; Limited to several distinct changes: shrunken torso with eyes and mouth covered over in melted flesh; Diminutive 2 BP, Marked 3 BP, Physical Impairments: Cannot Speak 1 BP, No Limbs 3 BP, Sensory Impairment: Blind 3 BP)		
5	5	Mind Shield	5	5
4	16	Special Attack "Fear Breath" (80 / [4d6+8]) Damage, Enduring, Soul Attack, Spreading x3, Limited Shots x2: Drink blood to recharge, Short Range, Slow, Toxic)	4	16
6	6	Special Defence (Hunger, Oxygen, Own Attributes x2, Poison, Sleep)	6	6
3	3	Special Movement (Balance, Light-Footed, Untrackable)	3	3
1	4	Superstrength	1	4

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-3	Achilles Heel (Extreme flight / Holy attacks)	-3
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-3	Marked (Horned, bat-winged stallion with glowing red eyes)	-3
-3	Owned (Demonic forces)	-3
-1	Owned (Mister Matthews via Demonic Contract ritual)	-1
-3	Physical Impairment (No hands; Cannot speak)	-3
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

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LOG#010-C FENRIS

It was finally time to allow Little Tooth to fulfil his destiny. He was the only wolf cub to survive the forest fire that ensued from a battle with Mother Raven and the now deceased godbeast, Nemedian. I sensed he would want revenge on metahumans as much as I. I have raised him like I did Montgomery ... with tender care and love.

I fed him specially treated meat that increased his intelligence, strength, and speed beyond any wolf's. However, this still wasn't enough to make him a genuine threat to any of the Guard. And so, I decided to transform him into the ultimate hunter and killer of metahumans. All my knowledge of the occult, witchcraft, and alchemy was used to augment the subspace portal technology gleaned and adapted from the pirated Nimbus technology. Bombarded by mystic and hyperdimensional radiations and enchanted by the techniques contained within the tome *Arcanes De La Vie Futre Devoiles*, Little Tooth was transformed into the slaving avenger I have dubbed Fenris. His hunting instinct focuses his vast mystic forces to track and kill his prey. He has also developed a bizarre glistening crystal hide that resists most mundane and superpowered damage. A weird ability to spit a vile, unholy sticky ichor that drains the energy of the living soul, was something I did not plan — but excellent for defeating the hated Mother Raven. Lastly, my favourite thing — Fenris can use its magic and ability to travel through dimensions to track a foe across the multiverse ... and it will not stop until it finds and kills its target.

As the magnificent character of Moreau taught his beastmen; "Evil are the punishments of those who break the Law. None escape." So, dear Mother Raven, go hide in your little shadow realm ... Fenris will find you and shred you to bits! No escape! NO ESCAPE!

FENRIS Alchemically Transformed Wolf of Doom, *Canis lupus veneficium fatalis*

200 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 19; 280 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #6699

FIRST APPEARANCE: The Guard #25 (as Little Tooth); The Guard Annual #14 (Fenris)

FORMER ALIASES: Little Tooth

HEIGHT: 9' (275 cm) **EYES:** Pupilless Crimson

WEIGHT: 316 lbs. (144 kg) **HAIR:** Crystalline, Shimmering Hide

BODY	13	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	14
MIND	4	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	8
SOUL	13	CHARISMA	4
		EMPATHY	1
		HEALTH POINTS	130

STR	32	DEX	22	CON	19	INT	7	WIS	22	CHA	4
REF	+15	FORT	+13	WILL	+13	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+15				
BASE AC MODIFIER	+6					HIT POINTS	126				

TRI-STAT				d20 SYSTEM			
LVL	PTS	CHARACTERISTIC ATTRIBUTES		RANK	PTS		
4	12	Attack Combat Mastery		4	12		
2	2	Combat Techniques (Leap Attack, Lightning Reflexes)		2	2		
1	8	Extra Attacks		1	8		
2	6	Extra Defences		2	6		
1	1	Features (Crystalline Hide)		1	1		
3	3	Heightened Awareness		3	3		
3	6	Massive Damage (Natural weapons)		3	6		
2	2	Natural Weapons (Claws, Fangs)		2	2		

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES		RANK	PTS
3	9	Armour		3	9
3	45	Dynamic Powers (Hunting Magic, minor; Area 4; Duration 6; Range 4; Targets 1)		3	45
7	7	Heightened Senses (Hearing x2, Sight, Smell x2, Soul Sight, Ultravision)		7	7
6	6	Mind Shield		6	6
5	30	Regeneration		5	30
4	16	Special Attack "Ichor Spit" (60 / [3d6+6] Damage, Affects Incorporeal, Drain Soul / [Wisdom], Irritant x2, No Healing, Tangle, Limited Shots x2: 10 minutes to regenerate ichor. Short Range, Static, Toxic)		4	16
5	5	Special Defence (Ageing, Oxygen, Own Attributes x2, Sleep)		5	5
1	4	Superstrength		1	4
1	6	Speed		1	6

PTS	DEFECTS		PTS
-1	Awkward Size		-1
-3	Blind Fury (When something thwarts pursuit of prey)		-3
-1	Cursed (Conditioned: Must kill prey and will not rest until done)		-1
-3	Less Capable (Charisma)		-3
-2	Less Capable (Empathy)		-2
-3	Marked (Lupine Abomination)		-3
-3	Owned (Total Loyalty to Mister Matthews)		-3
-3	Physical Impairment (No hands; Cannot speak)		-3
-3	Unappealing		-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)		-3
-3	Vulnerability (Holy Ground)		-3

LOG#011 MISCELLANEOUS METAHUMAN MEDDLERS

There are other meddling scum, as well. They should be categorised, at the least. I do not want to miss annihilating any metahuman menaces if I can help it.

- LOG#011-I ADVENTURERS

There are some "heroes" my associates classify as "Adventurers." The jack-of-all-trades type. There is no need to design any specific beasts for Adventurers since almost all have a leaning towards at least one or two of my previously described classes. Likely, the best employed predators for these fools are those who have versatile powers of their own. It is just a matter of sitting down and matching the beast to the weaknesses of the luckless moron metahuman. Take, for example, the dullard Drifter ... able to dimension hop and produce bizarre gadgets with unpredictable powers. Fenris would be ideal to pursue him across the multiverse and stymie the Drifter's power objects with his own hunting magic.

- LOG#011-II METAMORPHS

Shapeshifters, transmuters, size changers, and the like. Usually flexible with their forms, they can be quite resourceful in applying their powers for varied effects. Because of this, their abilities span all three categories of metahuman. However, my *Dies Irae* Instruments of Vengeance have a myriad of abilities that should be up to the task of destroying a Metamorph. For example, Microbe X-B57 would have numerous powers to match an elongator; Cackle can shatter stone with her laughter; Alpha Ape can mind-addle most Metamorphs' thoughts — thus stopping them from concentrating to shift forms; and there is always Fenris. The being known as the Magistrate would be a nice practice target for my pets. This metahuman operates in Canada. I am sure Montgomery would love the forests of the North. I also would not mind collecting some DNA from the local fauna. The moose's antlers could prove useful to my pets.

- LOG#011-III ELEMENTALS

Beings able to control and manipulate forces such as fire, water, gravity ... even time ... to their own personal use. Some overlap with the Metamorphs regarding their domain element. Most seem to fall under Fighters of a sort ... or even Magicians or Psychics. Depending on the target, one just needs to send a creature that is immune to or can counteract the Elemental's powers. For example, the obnoxious Officer Prometheus is a fiery Fighter. (Although I would have to say I am the true Modern Prometheus, rather than that feeble-minded matchstick of a man.) I would not employ Tygron since Prometheus can control my beast's flames. I would send Wendigo after him ... with its chilly powers (and ability to let the flames pass through him) ... the Wind Walker would make short work of the idiot. My former godbeast, Ishmael, would have also been effective with his water spout blast ... however, a remodelled version, Leviathan, is currently on the drawing board for my Behemoth Brigade.

This is my next project after *Dies Irae*; my faithful sycophantic front men, Dr. Griffin and Count Dakkar, are currently in Phase IV of preparing the base in the Gwangi Valley. After the superhumans are removed, I will need titans to wipe the rest of the world clean for bowing to the metahumans for decades. Only then, when the world is purified, will my created races inherit the Earth. And I as their god.

I love Father. He givs me nice big raw steak. He say we leave here and go up to ... up. Nicky and I...me... play with dolls of bad psope - like Big White Chassy man - and rip them up good. Me no see the Sun in big while. funny voice-box... ermpoot-err... keep calling my name when Father is not near me ... keeps saying 'pro-grrr-am Al-gov-non com-pete...' but when I look at piktoor-thing on voice-box it show only squiggly linez... me used to know how to read but now forgot ... me want to tell Father ... but some reason me scared. Maybe voice-box tell me more later. But me go up today and me no come down to dark place for some time. me hops!

Monty

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LOG#012 MINIONS

My faithful servants have helped me in my noble tasks for years. However, they have been defeated over and over again by the likes of the Guard, the Untouchables ... even the accursed MTU. So, I went back to redesign them.

- LOG#012-A BEASTMEN

My eyes and ears in the dark places of the city. Animals transformed into almost the perfect semblance of a human ... except for their bestial eyes and ears. Although a pair of sunglasses and a hat deals with that. Possessed of their own special animal abilities, they work closely with my other human employees in gathering up specimens for my experiments. I would never trust *Homo sapiens* for important work ... and my pets know the price of failure — back to the house of pain.

BEASTMEN Humanoid Animal Agents

40 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 1/2; 50 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #36**FIRST APPEARANCE:** The Guard #15**FORMER ALIASES:** None**HEIGHT:** 6' (182 cm) **EYES:** Varies (Amber, Red etc)**WEIGHT:** 170 lbs. (77 kg) **HAIR:** Varies (Fur)

BODY	7	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	6
MIND	4	DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	4
SOUL	4	HEALTH POINTS	55

STR 14	DEX 14	CON 12	INT 7	Wis 8	CHA 7
REF +2	FORT +3	WILL -1	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER +2		
BASE AC MODIFIER +3			HIT POINTS 13		

TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
1	3	1	3
3	3	3	3
1	2	1	2
1	2	1	2
-1	-1	-1	-1
2	2	2	2

LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
4	4	4	4
1	1	1	1
3	3	3	3

LVL	PTS	RANK
1	6	1
2	10	2
2	4	2

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-2	Ism (Monstrous appearance)	-2
-1	Marked (Beast Men, with animal eyes, tufts of fur, malformed ears, fangs, etc.)	-1
-2	Owned (Allegiance to Mister Matthews)	-2
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [[5]] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-1	Unappealing	-1
-1	Unskilled (3 Skills)	-1

- LOG#012-B LINK-MEN

My ever loyal link-men still amuse and delight me to no end. And now, I've done more than explore the missing gap in the evolutionary schedule — I've given them quantum evolutionary transformation! Now they can shift up and down the DNA ladder to range from bestial primitive hominids to more dextrous and nimble beasts. To further increase their deadliness, I have also modified their amygdalas and other limbic system components to allow them rudimentary telepathic communication ... just enough to let them warn each other of threats and co-ordinate their attacks against foes. Most heroes that have battled the former link-men will be taken by surprise by the improved model. A squad of link-men should be able to terminate most mid-powered metahuman scum.

LINK-MEN Up-and-down-the-Evolutionary-Ladder Hominid Mutants, *Hominoida transformis*
50 Character Points — Tri-Stat CR 1/2; 50 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #3621**FIRST APPEARANCE:** The Guard #3**FORMER ALIASES:** None**HEIGHT:** 5'8" (173 cm) **EYES:** Brown**WEIGHT:** 180 lbs. (82 kg) **HAIR:** Dark Brown Fur

BODY 9	ENDURANCE 9/6	STRENGTH 9/6	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE 6/6/8
MIND 3	WITS 0/3		DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE 5/5/6
SOUL 3			HEALTH POINTS 60/80/60

STR 16	DEX 15	CON 16	INT 6	Wis 5/0	CHA 4
REF +4	FORT +3	WILL -3	BASE TO HIT MODIFIER +2		
BASE AC MODIFIER +4			HIT POINTS 16		

TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
1	3	1	3
1	1	1	1
2	4	2	4
1	1	1	1
1	2	1	2
-1	-1	-1	-1
1	1	1	1

LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
1	9	1	9
1	9	1	9
1	1	1	1
2	10	2	10

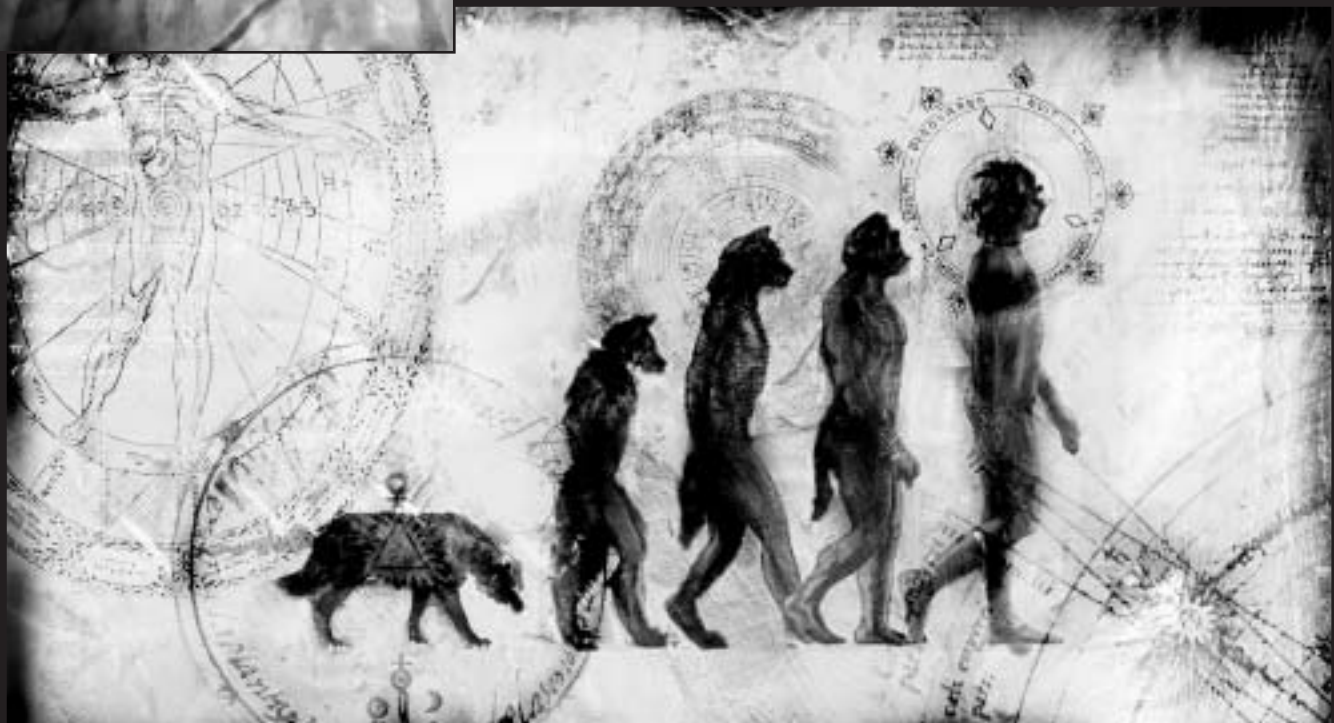
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
1	1	1	1
2	4	2	4
1	1	1	1
1	2	1	2
1	3	1	3
1	4	1	4
-1	-1	-1	-1
-1	-1	-1	-1
-1	-1	-1	-1
-2	-2	-2	-2

LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
2	6	2	6
4	4	4	4
1	2	1	2
1	6	1	6
-4	-4	-4	-4
-2	-2	-2	-2
-1	-1	-1	-1
-1	-1	-1	-1

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-3	Blind Fury (if weekly injections are missed)	-3
-3	Marked (Hairy Hominoid)	-3
-1	Not So Tough	-1
-2	Owned (Mister Matthews)	-2
-2	Phobia (Fire)	-2
-1	Physical Impairment (No speech, can only "Eeep")	-1
-2	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [[5]] Health Points / Hour)	-2
-3	Unappealing	-3
-3	Unskilled (No Skill Points)	-3

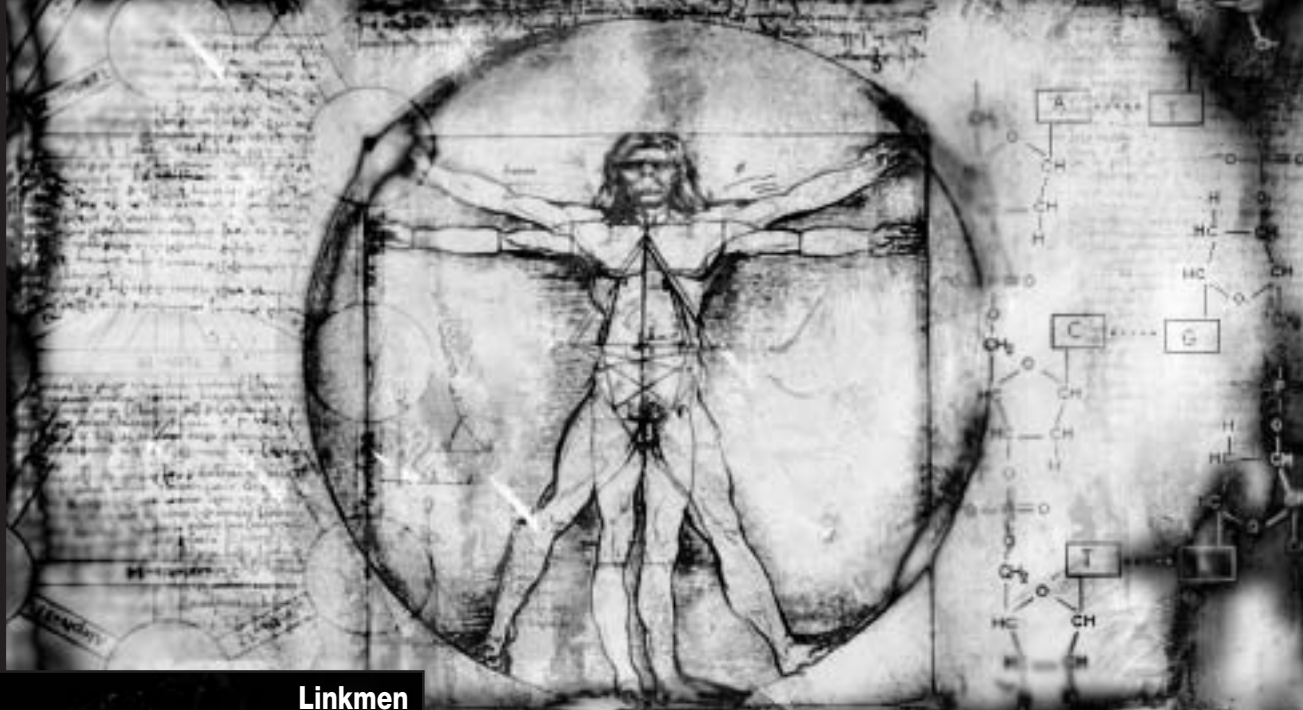


FENRIS



BEASTMEN

LINKMEN



Linkmen



Montgomery



LOG#013 CONCLUSION

The seven weeks are done. My Instruments of Vengeance have been honed and prepared to track and destroy their targets. Soon, my pets ... soon. Many grow uncontrollable in their thirst to hunt and slay. I must release them soon.

My beastmen have been preparing the locations for the traps of Operation *Dies Irae*. Soon they will spread the rumours and misinformation to lure the "heroes" into place. The link-men will convey many of the creatures in the special transports as the time draws nigh. My agents have orders to capture and place any surviving hero in the nullifier cages of the transports ... for I have need of more metahuman subjects to experiment on. However, I doubt any will survive the onslaught of the fruits of project *Dies Irae*. Pity.

My special thanks to the bungling fools at the Ascension Institute, MTU, the US Army, and other idiots who are careless enough to allow information to slip through their hands. I also express appreciation to faithful Montgomery, who has kept me company these many weeks. And finally, kudos to myself, Samuel Andrew Mathews, Greatest Mind of any Age.

Behold my works, metahumans, and tremble!

"I never yet heard of a useless thing that was not ground out of existence by evolution sooner or later."

From Dr. Moreau by H.G. Wells

MATTHEWS

GENTECH

GenTech Clinical Research Study Seeks Normal Volunteers

PROJECT NUMBER
001152

PRINCIPAL INVESTIGATOR
G. Orwell, PhD

TITLE
Neuropsychological Changes with Chimerazine

DESCRIPTION
We are studying how brain functions change during use of Chimerazine, a new tissue-healing agent. Study participants will receive magnetic resonance imaging (MRI), brainwave recordings (EEG), and tests of attention and memory while undergoing a trial of low dose Chimerazine.

COMPENSATION
\$15.00/hour

THIS IS AN INVARIANT STUDY.

ELIGIBILITY CRITERIA

GENDER
Both males and females are eligible to participate.

MINIMUM AGE
20

MAXIMUM AGE
35

EXCLUSIONS
Healthy volunteers only. No major medical or psychiatric condition.

LOCATION
GenTech Research Floor 36 GenTech Building 200 Park Avenue

CONTACT
A. Huxley at 1(800) 555-7927, ext. 223

MONTGOMERY THE MAGNIFICENT

The Caesar of Bears, *Ursus arctos horribilis superior*

150 Character Points — Tri-Stat Powerhouse Level 1; 200 Points — d20 System

IDENTITY: GenTech Experiment #4

FIRST APPEARANCE: Amazing Presentations, Vol. III #88

FORMER ALIASES: None

HEIGHT: 8' (244 cm) EYES: Brown

WEIGHT: 500 lbs. (227 kg) HAIR: Brown

BODY	13	AGILITY	7	DEXTERITY	7	ATTACK COMBAT VALUE	14
MIND	3 (13)					DEFENCE COMBAT VALUE	10
SOUL	2 (10)					HEALTH POINTS	115

STR	42	DEX	11	CON	31	INT	28	WIS	18	CHA	18
REF	+0	FORT	+12	WILL	+4			BASE TO HIT MODIFIER	+5		
BASE AC MODIFIER +0								HIT POINTS	54		

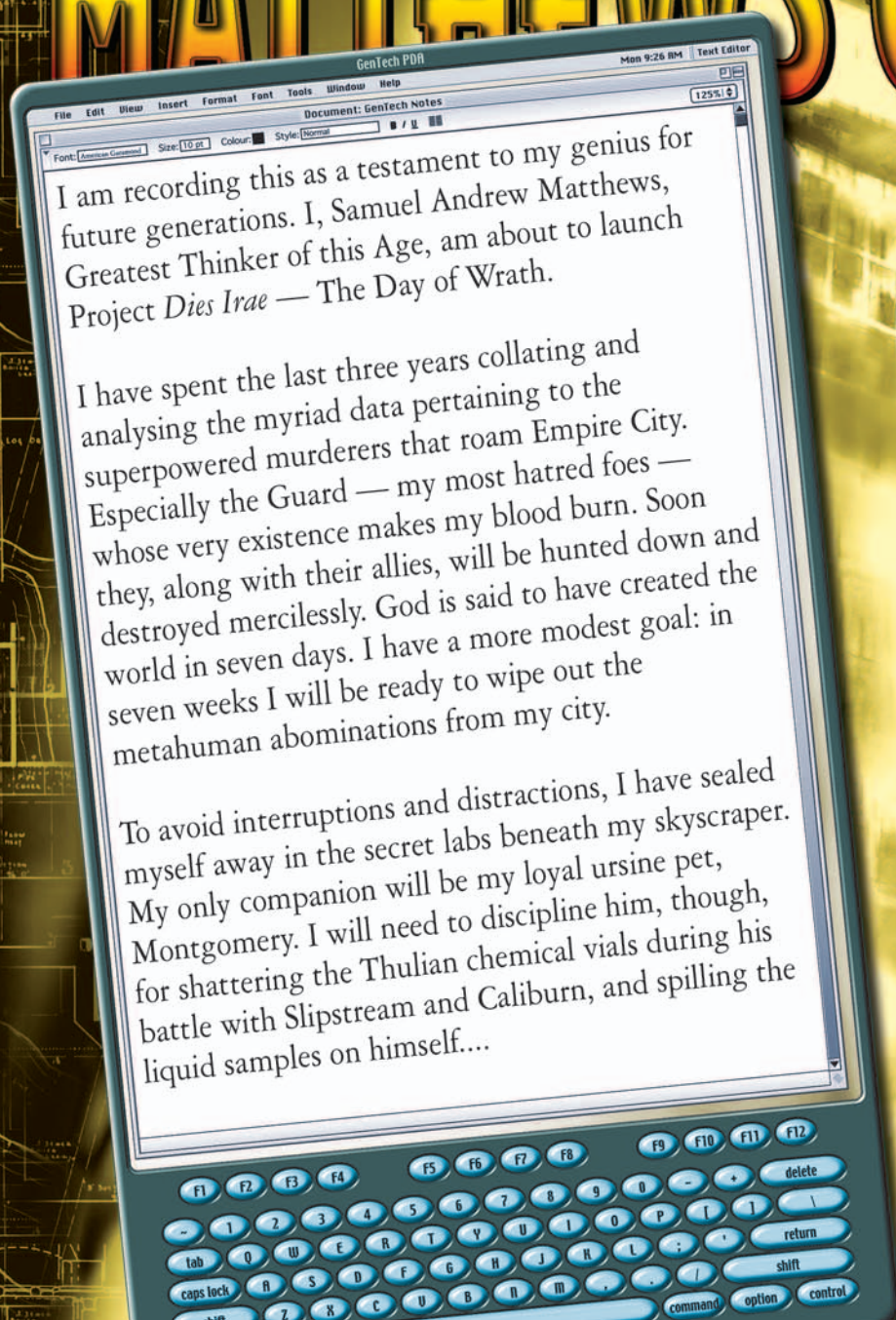
TRI-STAT		d20 SYSTEM	
LVL	PTS	RANK	PTS
2	6	4	12
1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1
2	4	2	4
8	8	8	8
2	4	2	4
2	2	2	2
		2	4

LVL	PTS	POWER ATTRIBUTES	RANK	PTS
1	9	Animal Summoning / Control (Mammals; Area 4; Duration 4)	1	9
2	6	Armour	2	6
2	2	Heightened Senses (Hearing, Smell)	2	2
10	20	Enhanced Mind		
8	16	Enhanced Soul		
		Enhanced Charisma	4	8
		Enhanced Intelligence	6	12
		Enhanced Wisdom	4	8
5	36	Illusion (3 Illusions; Area 4; Duration 4; Range 3; Targets 3)	5	36
	-1	• Concentration (Illusion)		-1
4	4	Mind Shield	4	4
1	6	Regeneration	1	6
2	8	Superstrength	2	8

LVL	PTS	SKILLS	RANK
5	20	Computers (Programming)	4
5	5	Etiquette (Upper Class)	4
5	10	Foreign Culture (Many)	4
5	5	Gaming (Wargames/Tactical Simulations)	4
5	20	Interrogation (Psychological)	3
5	5	Languages (Many)	4
5	20	Military Sciences (Tactics)	4
5	10	Performing Arts (Public Speaking)	4
5	10	Social Sciences (Psychology)	4
5	5	Writing (Epic Poetry / Ballads)	3

PTS	DEFECTS	PTS
-1	Awkward Size	-1
-3	Blind Fury (If weekly injections are missed)	-3
-2	Less Capable (Agility)	
-1	Less Capable (Manual Dexterity)	
-3	Marked (Talking Ursine Beast with delusions of Godhood)	-3
-3	Phobia (Fear of losing Intelligence)	-3
-1	Recurring Nightmares (Being the stuffed animal of Mister Matthews)	-1
-1	Special Requirement (Weekly injections, or loss of 10 / [5] Health Points / Week)	-1
-3	Unappealing	-3

FROM THE FILES OF MATTHEWS GENTECH



GUARDIANS OF ORDER
DUAL-STAT PRODUCT



d20 System game material requires the use of the Dungeons & Dragons®, Third Edition Core Books, published by Wizards of the Coast®