



THE FIRES OF WAR

THE ALGERNON FILES, VOLUME 2



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THE FIRES OF WAR

THE ALGERNON FILES VOLUME 2

A BlackWyrms Games Production

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Dedications **Aaron:** To my wife for continuing
to tolerate the time I spend on
this stuff; To Robert Kanigher,
Roy Thomas, and James
Robinson, for reminding me why I
love this era; and to Ken Hite and
Ray Winninger for inspiring
boundless weirdness.
Dave: To my God, my family, and
my friends.
Derrick: To my family, especially
my new niece Benaaja.
Ryan: To Joanna, with love.

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THE GOLDEN AGE

The Golden Age is a term in the history of the comic book industry used to describe the first generation of comic books, those halcyon years that saw us through the end of the pulps as the standard-bearers of heroic escapism and into the complacent post-atomic sparse offerings of the genre. In the real world, it covered the late '30s up through approximately the mid-'50s, and ended with DC Comics heralding in a reworking of their Flash character that introduced the Silver Age. During that period the United States dragged itself out of an economic depression, fought in the single largest military conflict ever seen, and girded itself for a long staring match with the Soviet Union in the altogether new kind of conflict represented by the Cold War. In contrast to those bleak and trying times, the comics of the era offered hopeful and simplistic fantasies for the readers to lose themselves in, at least for a little while – four-color tickets to worlds where dastardly villains could always be separated from lantern-jawed heroes, where the good guys always won and the bad guys always got what was coming to them. From a more modern perspective, the stories were just that: simple. Uncrowded with many of the details and justifications we see in today's works, uncomplicated with psychologies and deep characterizations, those early creations are still remarkable in the energy they showed and the sheer breadth of creativity they enjoyed. From magic rings to caped supermen to angry androids to two-fisted avengers, imaginations ran wild and future comics benefited from a beginning that was fertile if not altogether sophisticated.

This book is *not* a primer to that era as a genre resource. Within these pages, the reader will not find essays on how best to recreate the feel of comic book stories set in the Golden Age, nor will said reader find guidelines on behavior and tropes commonly occurring in the stories of that era. ***The Fires of War: The Algernon Files Volume 2*** is, instead, a setting supplement. It presents a number of locations and characters, many with links to each other, set in and around the period of the Second World War. In many ways, it is a prequel to the first *Algernon Files* book, giving information on the prior happenings and characters alluded to in some of that book's entries, while presenting a wide range of other "stuff" making its very first appearance.

This book is also *not* a history text, though it does include a handy-dandy timeline of events for the era that, while concentrating on the items of note that markedly diverge from our real world's history, also includes a few important events that *did* happen (just as a continuity aid). Hopefully, the reader is already familiar with who the Nazis were, what the significance of Pearl Harbor, the Battle of Britain, and the Manhattan Project was, and who the winners and losers of the whole shebang turned out to be – just as we didn't see any need to review Hitler's real

world biography, or the politics and tactics behind why the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. The Gods of Entertainment have kindly given mankind the History Channel, and historians have added thousands and thousands of very good texts on the subject over the years – we at BlackWyrM enthusiastically recommend diving into a few if you really need a refresher, because we're certainly not going to charge you good money for a rehash of all that. We do give you some game stats and play information for various military personnel and equipment for the era, though, out of the kindness of our hearts.

That being said, this book doesn't cover the entire range of years commonly encapsulated in the Golden Age (oh, about 1938 to 1956), instead focusing on the statistics of the characters, locations, and other materials included here at a single point in time – all of the stats are current as of December 1942. However, ***The Fires of War*** includes within the timeline and the write-ups enough details to allow a resourceful GM to delve into the years preceding and following what is presented herein. Since the materials here are for GMs and players to put to immediate use, and to individualize as necessary to their campaigns, there are no carved-in-stone historical progressions given within the text on these items. What happens or *happened* to them is entirely up to GMs and players within the context of your games. You bought this pretty little book and can decide how you want to use it. But, if GMs and players don't really have any desire to plan out peripheral matters outside of their own plotlines, we do include a section called "The Pages of History" that gives you the skinny on what happened in each case in the viewpoint of the overall BlackWyrM Universe timeline; in other words, the assumptions underlying the first *Algernon Files* tome and the assumptions that will go into future supplements. If you guys don't feel like using that section, feel free to change or ignore its contents at your leisure. To reiterate, it's your book. Enjoy.

The Character Sheets

The character sheets as presented have the picture and public information in the outer column, the background story and notes in the center column, and all of the hard numbers and statistics in the inner column.

1. Name: The character's "professional" name. Names are alphabetized based on the most common shorthand name. Doc Steel, for example, falls under D, since he's most commonly referred to by the media as "Doc." Kid Galahad, likewise, is best known by "Kid."

2. Picture: The characters are all shown at the same scale (except in the extreme cases of Jotun, Maximus Rex and his Saurians, and the Ultranaut), to make for easy size comparisons. 4 in = 6 ft (1:18 scale).

3. Quote: This is something that the character might say, as an indication of his personality and outlook.

4. Visible Information: This indicates how the character appears, not necessarily how he actually is. An immortal, for example, might have a listed age of 30, if that's how he appears. If the real age is *very* different, it is listed in parenthesis following the apparent age.

5. Public Knowledge: This is information that someone might know about the character. Characters with an applicable skill, such as Knowledge (Metahumans), or Knowledge (High Technology) for high-tech characters, can make a skill check to see how much they know about the character. Otherwise, default to a normal INT check for information already known, or a Gather Information or Investigate check for active research. The information gained is cumulative (i.e. a result of 17 will reveal the information at DC 5, 10, and 15). If the facts are contradictory, the higher DC fact is the truth.

6. Notes: Some characters use the rules in uncommon ways, or have powers or feats that need further discussion (sidekicks, sample gadgets, etc.).

7. Description: The character's origin, personality, powers, and tactics.

8. PL: The character's Power Level.

9. Concept: The shorthand idea behind the character.

10. Points: The number of points that the character is built on.

11. Stat Block: If a character's size (or density) is other than normal, and is permanent and innate, only the heightened/modified stats will be given.

12. Saving Throws: If the Toughness Save is two numbers divided by a slash, the first is the total with all normal modifiers included and the number after the slash is without those special circumstances (such as losing access to Dodge Bonus when the TGH SV is modified by the Defensive Roll feat).

13. Reference Numbers: Lift (the number listed is the Maximum Load for the character), Leap (Running long jump distance is listed), Initiative Bonus, and Knockback Modifier.


14. Attack, Defense, Damage: The bonus from Attack Focus or Specialization (if those Feats have been taken) is already added, with the number after any slash representing the standard attack bonus. The flat-footed Defense is given after the slash. If variable size* modifies these values, the first values are for when the character has changed to their largest or smallest size and

* if a character's size (or density) is other than normal, and is permanent and innate, only the heightened/modified stats will be given

DC 50

SCARAB

2



3

QUOTE: You are pitiful.

4

RACE: Human
SEX: Male
HT: 6'
WT: 170#
EYES: Brown
HAIR: None

5

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE: 5
10 Mad
15 Mad
20 Fly
25 Fly
30 Fly

6

Notes: Scarab was born in 1908. Awakened by the computers, Amehoten could do nothing, as his body had atrophied past repair, leaving only his mind, or his Ka, as he thought of it. Eventually found by unscrupulous archeologists, the ancient madman had the character's systems' repair his own body, using there as his model. Reviving his chariot, the flying pyramid that easily extricated itself from its burial site. Dr. Steel began to explore the strange new vistas that he plans to conquer. He's also the wielder of technology that is still centuries more advanced than most. Scarab is on Earth. Memories of his original culture and beliefs mix with artificial memories implanted by Atlantean technology resulting in bizarre delusions of being chosen by his gods to rule the Earth in their place. Scarab wears a highly sophisticated suit of powered armor with a formidable array of weapons and defenses. His home and base of operations is an enormous flying pyramid that is constantly on the move.

7

DESCRIPTION

The Observer was a machine that sank Atlantis. Following the sinking, the Atlantean people or the Observer. But thorough is not the same as infallible. Many of the Atlantean colonies whose proximity to their gate generators pushed them into pocket dimensions were undetectable or unreachable to the Observer's systems (see Atlantean Empire, pg 88). Many surviving Atlanteans scattered and hid among the normal populations of neighboring areas, their small numbers putting them beneath their former pet's notice. One small group of survivors fled across Northern Africa and hid deep in the deserts of Egypt. Terrified that they would be found and summarily disposed of, this group sank into feverish paranoia and began working on any number of plans to avoid or forestall that eventually. They compiled recordings of their culture, of their sciences and arts, of their histories, transferring and consolidating the records they brought with them into an artifact that would survive long past their own fates. They constructed a teaching machine to perpetuate this knowledge. And then they built for themselves coldsleep chambers, hoping and praying that one day even the seemingly omnipotent Observer would succumb to age. Sensors went online to track and passively monitor the Observer, set to wake the Atlanteans upon their pet's demise. Millennia passed and though the hidden chamber of the survivors was buried deeply and securely, a tremor passed through strata of the land as Heliopolis severed its connections to the material plane (see Hons, The Algonquin Files, Volume 2). The chamber was laid open to the sky above and the coldsleep chambers damaged, killing all inhabitants. Eventually, a passing and curious traveler entered the chamber. With no other guidance, the waiting computer system forcibly restrained the man and placed him in the teaching machine. He was mentally force-fed every ounce of knowledge the system judged his mind capable of taking. Where a bitter little merchant of limited ability and prospect had been now stood the heir to all of Atlantis' secrets. Of course, his mind had been broken in the experience, but the systems weren't set up to judge that outcome. Renaming himself Amehoten, soon to be Pharaoh of all Egypt, the man used the technical knowledge and automated construction systems at his disposal to build a weapon, a mighty chariot of war to aid in his conquest. But where dormant systems could hide, active systems immediately brought attention from the Observer. Amehoten and his dreams were buried when the probe collapsed the caverns and surrounding canyon. There he lay, kept barely alive by the systems around him those long years until the sensors picked up the Observer's final drop from orbit and crash in Tunguska in 1908. Awakened by the computers, Amehoten could do nothing, as his body had atrophied past repair, leaving only his mind, or his Ka, as he thought of it. Eventually found by unscrupulous archeologists, the ancient madman had the character's systems' repair his own body, using there as his model. Reviving his chariot, the flying pyramid that easily extricated itself from its burial site. Dr. Steel began to explore the strange new vistas that he plans to conquer. He's also the wielder of technology that is still centuries more advanced than most. Scarab is on Earth. Memories of his original culture and beliefs mix with artificial memories implanted by Atlantean technology resulting in bizarre delusions of being chosen by his gods to rule the Earth in their place. Scarab wears a highly sophisticated suit of powered armor with a formidable array of weapons and defenses. His home and base of operations is an enormous flying pyramid that is constantly on the move.

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the number in parentheses is the normal bonus. Any extra reach from Growth is shown in brackets. If the modifiers come from a Device or Equipment (which could be lost) that total bonus is listed in brackets.

15. Skills: All modifiers have already been included. Any skill bonuses that do not always apply (such as the Attractive feat) will be listed with two values separated by a slash. If the skill is one that has specializations, such as Knowledge or Language skills, the listed specializations are italicized. A bracket around one of the languages listed in a Language Skill list distinguishes that language as the character's native tongue. If a character's native tongue is not English, and he knows no other language, it will appear in brackets at a Language cost of 0.

16. Feats: Feats that require specializations, such as Benefit and Distract, have those specializations italicized. Any new feats are listed in bold, along with the page number on which that feat's description can be found. Some Minions are listed only by PL and Name, such as PL2 Criminals. These are built as the archetypes from the Mutants & Masterminds rulebook.

17. Powers: Powers are given simply as name and ranks, followed by any modifiers and feats. Modifiers are listed as + or - and a number. The abbreviations "PF" and "AP" stand for "Power Feat" and "Alternate Power," respectively.

Regeneration powers are simply listed with rank, not with time increments.

18. Equipment: If the character has any equipment, it is listed here.

19. Drawbacks: If the character has any drawbacks, they are listed here.

20. Math: The cost of each section (Attributes, Combat, Saves, Skills, Feats, Powers, and Drawbacks) is summarized here.

TIMELINE

1935

March: Anton Loveless discovers cache of alien technology in Antarctica, adopts the name "Dr. Prometheus," and begins financing extraction efforts by selling various advanced weapons systems to the Nazis (acting through middlemen).

July: The Pickman Museum of Antiquities opens its doors, with financial help and exhibit donations from adventurers like Jackson Wilde and Quentin McKenzie.

October: Rocketman and Malachite the Magician begin operating openly within a few weeks of each other.

1936

March: Hitler takes Rhineland.

May: Insane superman Hugo Danner retreats into isolated jungles of Central America and begins to try to duplicate his father's work using own genetic material.

September: Doktor Thüle purges many high-ranking members of the society that shares his name; after rebuilding core membership, he offers his services to the Reich.

November: The Red Moon appears in the sky for the first time, and Mathew Tangent begins his struggle against the forces of the Emperor of Heaven.

1937

February: Ulysses Steele is the only surviving member of an Antarctic expedition that encounters a hostile shape-changing alien. The expedition is decimated, but the alien is slain.

April: Spanish Fascists allow German allies to test Luftwaffe's Condor Legion and the new Kriegsmaschinen against the town of Guernica.

August: Xavier Zodiac completes the formation of his Tarot Crime Cartel.

October: Unlucky thieves disturb the Ka of Dr. Scarab in the Valley of the Kings; the self-proclaimed Fist of Anubis is freed to walk the Earth once more.

December: Nazi expedition to the Arctic Circle recovers the inert form of the Patchwork Man; its body is sent to Castle Frankenstein.

1938

March: Germany takes Austria. The village surrounding Castle Frankenstein is given to the Frau Doktor as a reward for services rendered; its inhabitants disappear en masse into the bowels of the castle, practically overnight.

June: Ulysses Steele is involved in a lab accident granting him superhuman powers.

August: The Soviets and the Germans sign a non-aggression pact.

September: Germany is given part of Czechoslovakia in a farcical diplomatic arrangement. Malachite the Magician disappears while chasing Iblis of the Circle of Brass through the Shadowlands.

October: Praetorian attempts the "first" of his invasions of the 20th Century, as his Warwalkers appear in Grover's Mill, New Jersey. Doc Epoch, the Timesavers, and a variety of heroes recruited by Epoch all manage to help the US Army repel the invasion. The government uses entertainer Orson Welles to help cover up the incident and avoid further panic.

December: By the end of the year, the Japanese control most of populated China. Quincy Harkness avenges his parents by finally destroying the vampire known as Der Drache. FDR commissions the formation of the Veil after surviving a failed assassination attempt by a deranged occultist.

1939

March: Germany takes over the remainder of Czechoslovakia. The Thüle Society stages raids of Covenant chapterhouses throughout European mainland.

May: William "Wild Bill" Donovan organizes a disparate group of professionals into Group Zero, a loosely organized intelligence-gathering body that will later form the core of the OSS. Alexander Steele is recruited as one of his first "assets."

July: Grand Admiral Sargall of the Atlantean Defense Forces stages a coup, killing the King and most of the royal family. He seizes the throne, renames himself "Dagon," and declares the birth of the Atlantean Empire. Prince Taggras and his sister escape.

September: Germany invades Poland. The Second World War begins.

November: The Winter War between Finland and USSR begins. A large werewolf clan breaks from the Nighttribes and offers their best warrior to Stalin as the first Krasnoivolk.

December: At the urging of the ancient spirit Albion, Pendragon begins recruiting British heroes into a functional unit. Dr. Diablo becomes known to the public after releasing experimental "acid gas" into New York subway system.

1940

January: The Atlantean Empire formally allies itself with The Axis Powers. Work begins on the submarine Jormungandr.

March: Hitler announces the formation of the Einsatzgruppen Übersoldaten, an organized unit of metahumans. Rocketman perishes in battle with his old enemy Doktor Todt in the skies above the Empire State Building.

April: Denmark falls to German advance. The Silent Knight program is established, and the identity used for first time against a Bundist spy ring.

May: The British evacuate their troops in France through Dunkirk. British heroes Spearhead, Hurricane, and Zenith are killed, while Glorianna taps ancient Lyonessean artifact to prevent Atlantean interference with the retreat. Belgium surrenders to Germany.

June: France falls to Germany. Vichy French government is formed. Norway falls.

July: The US announces the formation of the Sentinels, but downplays their military connections. The Battle of Britain begins. The Soviets take Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The Italians begin military action against the British in Africa. The Sentinels' go on their first mission together – stopping Hammersmith from using his robot army to invade Washington, D.C.

October: The Defenders of the Crown operate openly as a unit for the first time. Italy invades Greece.

September: FDR institutes peacetime draft. Hungary and Romania join the Axis. The Sentinels prevent the Nazis from seizing the Pillars of Vrill in Antarctica.

1941

April: The Germans begin their Balkan campaign. Greece falls to Germany. The Covenant discovers the extent of Circle of Brass involvement in the war and attacks that group and its leadership with every resource they can muster; Malachite is rescued from his magical prison, but not before Umbra, Queen of the Shadowlands, discovers the proximity of Earth to her realm.

May: Avery Hawkins forms the American Eagles. Germany takes Crete. British forces sink the Bismarck with help from the Gryphon. The Defenders of the Crown help Matthew Tangent beat back an incursion by the Emperor of Heaven.

June: Germany invades Russia. The original Magi form and are defeated.

July: Germany sets "The Final Solution" in motion regarding the Jews. Doktor Thüle is instrumental in helping prepare hidden ritual arrangements at several camps.

September: With assistance from Sea Devil, the Sentinels thwart an attempted Atlantean invasion of New York.

December: Japan attacks Pearl Harbor. The US enters the war. The Fearless Four form after its disparate crew of adventurers helps Malachite the Magician stop Araknis the Spider God and his horde of mutants from invading the Earth with Chicago as a beachhead.

1942

February: The Atlanteans capture solo American hero the Torpedo and turn him over to the Nazis. Nazi superman Parzifal beats Torpedo to death in a highly publicized "execution." FDR fears the PR value of a repeat, and issues a presidential order banning American metahumans from operating openly in either Atlantic or Pacific theatre. This order stays in effect until D-Day.

April: The Doolittle Raids prove that the Japanese mainland is no longer untouchable. Members of the Kage Do make the first of many assassination attempts on Douglas MacArthur.

May: The Battle of Coral Sea. The Fearless Four become the Fearless Five after defying the presidential order and raiding Castle Frankenstein to rescue teammate Tommy Triumph – and rescuing the reanimated Patchwork Man in the process, who thereafter joins team.

June: The Battle of Midway. Cagliostro and the Sentinels prevent the Japanese army led by Kage Do sorcerers from taking control of Wakefield Island and its dimensional instabilities.

August: The Guadalcanal campaign begins.

September: The Manhattan Project begins. Ulysses Steele is involved peripherally, as is Cogito.

1943

February: Germans lose Stalingrad. Donner kills the Russian hero Perun and the first Krasnoivolk before retreating. The Sentinels prevent the Nazis from recovering the Nautilus and its "radium" engines.

May: The Allies push the Germans out of Africa. The Sentinels thwart a Nazi attempt to conquer the subterranean "World of the Hidden Sun." Wunderkind pushes the Nazi rocket program far ahead of its planned schedule, as V-1s see production.

July: The first "firestorm" is seen bombing the German city of Hamburg. The Allies invade Sicily. The Battle of Kursk.

September: The Allies invade Italy. The Saurian Dominion assaults US troops in the area around Wakefield Island before being defeated by the Sentinels.

November: The Battles of Malkin and Tarawa. The Sentinels defy the presidential order, and, aided by members of the Defenders of the Crown, destroy Von Frankenstein's prototype army of reanimated schocktruppen in Bavaria.

1944

January: The Battle of Anzio. Praetorian is stopped from giving the Nazis 64th Century weaponry by the Timesavers and the Sentinels. Captain Ryan Hunter and his Ragin' Roughnecks set the record, unbroken to this day, for the highest number of unit decorations during a single engagement.

February: The Nazi super-submarine Jormungandr is finally completed, where it is immediately used to great effect against the Allied Fleet in Atlantic.

April: Jormungandr is sunk through combined efforts of the Sentinels, the Defenders of the Crown, and the British Navy. Japan loses the Marshall Islands.

May: The Allies take Rome. Cagliostro prevents the immortal Roman sorcerer Janus from destroying Allied forces.

June: D-Day. The Allied invasion of France begins.

July: Japan loses Saipan to the Allies. A massive conspiracy by his officers to assassinate Hitler fails. Master spy-for-hire Amadeus turns talents against the Nazis after the S.S. kills Amadeus' lover. The Allies completely destroy the Nazi rocketry facilities at Peenemunde, mere days before the terrifying V-4s can be used.

August: Hitler sends Ungeheuer to help against the Warsaw uprising, before losing city to the Russians. Romania surrenders to the Russians.

September: The Allies launch Operation Market Garden into the Lower Rhine, which fails miserably. Hugo Danner finally succeeds in creating an augmented army from natives who worship him, but is stopped from conquering Central America by the intervention of the Sentinels; Danner is believed accidentally killed by Thunderbird.

October: The Battle of Leyte Gulf. The Allies reach German soil.

November: Amadeus sabotages the weather generating device hiding Castle Frankenstein from the Allied bombers. Acting in conjunction with Amadeus, the American Eagles then lead a bombing run against Castle Frankenstein, completely destroying the structure and its infamous sub-levels.

December: The Battle of the Bulge. Der Schwarzenritter takes measures to establish FENRIS to carry on the fight he knows the Reich has lost.

1945

January: Zeitgeist, Von Frankenstein, and Wunderkind help found FENRIS in the jungles of South America. They organize the escape routes that will be used by a number of high-ranking Nazis over the next few months.

February: The Yalta Conference. Die Spinne attempts to assassinate FDR, Churchill, and Stalin. He is stopped by one of the Silent Knights, with both men perishing in the fight.

March: A prototype atomic weapon is stolen and accidentally detonated. Hachiman, Kamikaze, and a large number of Japanese troops are killed in the explosion, though the Japanese government doesn't learn specifics until much later. Tom Thumb is also killed. Japan loses the Philippines and Iwo Jima.

April: The Fall of the Reich. Hitler commits suicide. Doc Epoch and the Timesavers thwart an attempt by neo-Nazi time-travelers' from the future to save Hitler.

May: Germany surrenders. Allied forces in the Atlantic turn focus on Dagon's fleet.

June: Japan loses Okinawa.

July: The US tests second atomic device successfully at Alamogordo, New Mexico. Dagon is deposed by rebellion forces led by Sea Devil, leaving Japan as the only remaining Axis power.

August: Atomic weapons are used on Japan. Japan surrenders and the war ends. The Soviets declare war on Japan, destroy the Kwantung army, and declare victory – all within a week.

October: A fanatical faction within the Kage Do, led by the tattoo-witch Iretzumi, is unable to accept the shame of Japan's surrender, and attempt to destroy world by tearing open the gates to the Shadowlands. They are stopped by Glorianna, Cagliostro, and the Covenant.

1946

May: To appease hardliners in his own newly reformed government, Taggras the Sea Devil abdicates the Atlantean throne. His younger sister Lissandra becomes queen, a position she holds to this day.

September: After viewing the remains of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Ulysses Steele quietly retreats from public life, going into a self-enforced isolation of almost a year while he works through guilt over his involvement in the Manhattan Project.

1947

July: A slivership scout for the Voth Imperium experiences engine difficulties on a pass through Earth's atmosphere, and crashes near Roswell, New Mexico. Col. John Parker Lincoln, later founder of Majestic-20, is involved in a government cover-up of the incident. The ship and the bodies are taken for study to a covert facility nicknamed Neverland, while Lincoln helps create the myth of Area 51.

November: Mallory Drake regains his lost family titles following a legal battle, marries Eliza Marleyoak (Glorianna), retires his Pendragon identity, and enters politics. He is later instrumental in the formation of Section-9, the agency responsible for monitoring and making use of British metahuman assets.

1948

June: The National Security Act of 1948 establishes the CIA and other known apparati and operating perimeters of the new American intelligence community.

September: The UN-supported quarantine of the area around Wakefield Island goes into effect. The interface between this Earth and the alternate Earth controlled by the Emperor of Heaven finally and irrevocably closed.

November: Quentin McKenzie disappears while exploring the Amazon Basin.

December: Vanguard, the Pantheon, Danger, Inc., the Fearless Five, and three generations of Sentinels all join forces from across time to fight an Umbra-possessed Praetorian who is attempting to shatter the boundaries between different times and dimensions, starting in this era. The Fearless Five are lost to the timestream following the final battle.

1949

March: Rex Mundi begins the first phase of his plan to replace his existing criminal organization with a larger and more profitable one. He begins reorganizing existing assets.

May: Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, when he attempts to abandon the other members, is murdered by the cabal that will later become the New Sons of Liberty. His death is staged to look like suicide.

June: Steiner is pushed out of FENRIS in a power struggle, and begins life on the run from Jewish Nazi-hunters.

November: The Sentinels stop the Doyen from using the Pillars of Vril to destroy the Earth.

1950

April: Doc Epoch and the Timesavers thwart a potential alliance between the Hierophant and Praetorian, averting wide-scale invasion from future. Praetorian attempts no further recorded incursions for almost twenty years.

June: A Saedun covert expedition to Earth recovers the Ultranaught and investigates Voth interest in planet. They suspect ties between Doc Steel and Progenitor technology after meeting him. North Korea invades the Republic of Korea. Group Zero is reestablished to deal with situations to which Truman doesn't want any traceable CIA contact.

October: The Covenant sends Lazarus Arcane to investigate claims of Manus Glorise involvement with Nazis at Dachau. Sepulchre is born, though it will be years before he first surfaces as threat to world.

November: A Chinese counteroffensive stuns US and UN forces with sheer numbers. The Veil reports to Truman the suspected existence of an ancient Chinese necromancer feeding on energies released in massive death tolls.

1951

January: Group Zero personnel discovered to have been compromised by the New Sons of Liberty, fanatical right-wing militants wishing to subvert the US government.

After stopping NSL double-agents from seizing nuclear command codes, Group Zero purges NSL loyalists in bloody mole-hunt, and thereafter makes locating and terminating NSL assets a priority for following two decades.

April: Truman removes MacArthur from command of US/UN forces in Korea. Publicly, this is attributed to insubordination; privately, this is due to suspected ties between MacArthur and the New Sons of Liberty.

May: President Truman decides against sending the Sentinels into Korea out of concern over China's response. Alexander Steele is sent in covertly to deal with Russian and Chinese "advisors" to North Korean forces.

December: The Gryphon begins to lose his grip on sanity, causing a number of deaths and considerable property damage. Finally realizing the truth of his vast powers, he "ascends" and leaves Earth.

1952

January: Agents of Rex Mundi assassinate Xavier Zodiac. Elements of Zodiac's Tarot Crime Cartel are absorbed into the nascent Magi organization.

March: Ulysses Steele and Robert Marston (last of the men to carry the Silent Knight identity) defy direct orders and enter North Korea to rescue Alexander Steele from Chinese captors after the Steele brother is betrayed by a South Korean double-agent. Considerable destruction is involved. Afterwards, the UN Security Council adopts The Tournier Resolution, prohibiting the use of metahuman assets in military actions.

1953

May: In an effort to prove that ex-Nazi scientists acquired during Operation Paperclip were unnecessary, Ulysses Steele, Archimedes Jones, Matthew Tangent, Cogito, and others combine efforts to design and construct a rocketship capable of moon flight. The Galileo successfully launches, carrying Steele and Tangent to moon and safely back. At direct request of Eisenhower, the ship is mothballed and the entire project covered up. The President asks that efforts of normal humans not be overshadowed. Cogito enters a long period of depression, swearing never again to interfere in the social and technological affairs of mankind.

July: Veil members manage to destroy the Chinese necromancer controlling key figures in the Chinese government. The Korean War effectively ends with armistice signed.

August: Rex Mundi moves into the second phase of his Magi project, directly recruiting key personnel and organizing structure. The Magi open for business in late autumn, selling arms to insurgent forces in Southeast Asia and the Middle East. After killing Madrigal and select other Elders, The Magi absorbs both The Brotherhood of Silence and their splinter sect, The Hangmen's Guild.

1954

June: HUAC calls for testimony from the Sentinels Cagliostro, in conjunction with the McCarthy-Army Hearings.

August: Cogito, along with a handpicked crew of former adventurers, refit the Galileo for prolonged travel and leave Earth to explore the cosmos.

October: Reinhardt Steiner becomes Carnifex. As Carnifex, he comes close to killing President Eisenhower and taking control of several atomic weapons before finally being stopped in a costly battle with the Sentinels.

November: Surviving members of Sentinels refuse to testify against teammate, officially disbanding team. Cagliostro disappears, never to be seen by public again. Joseph Welch, counsel for the Army, uses McCarthy slurs against integrity and patriotism of surviving Sentinels as key point of attack against McCarthy that effectively ends HUAC witch hunts.

December: Mysterious explosion first cripples and then eventually destroys Null Point, apparently killing Epoch and leaving Archimedes Jones only survivor.

MILITARY OF THE ERA

In all honesty, and arguments from armchair military enthusiasts the world around aside, there simply isn't that much difference, mechanically, between WW2 era soldiers and other personnel, and their modern counterparts. Archetypes from M&M can be adapted easily. Look to the following short list with the caveat that you should drop the anachronistic equipment (cell phones, etc.) and skills (*Computer*, for example, which only a very few super science types have in this era) from the indicated write-ups – (1) Standard Soldier ("Dogface," "Tommy"): Soldier [Officers add Leadership feat and two more pts (8 ranks) worth of skills to Profession and Diplomacy]. Drop Body Armor and trade out weapons as below:

(2) Elite Soldier (Ranger, Waffen-SS): Soldier [Add three more pts (12 ranks) worth of skills in Stealth, Notice, and Survival]. Drop Body Armor and trade out weapons as below; (3) Spy (OSS, Gestapo): Government Agent [switch Profession to Profession (Spy)]. Gestapo will probably have another pt (4 ranks) in Intimidate; (4) Resistance Fighter: Either Criminal (for rank-and-file) or Terrorist (for hardened veterans).

Equipment

The following chart is more of an overview than utterly exhaustive, but it should provide enough highlights to easily adapt.

Weapons	DMG	RNG	SZ	Cost	Notes	Examples
Pistol	+3	30 ft	S	6/2		.45 M1917 (US), Luger (G), Tokarev (R)
Rifle	+4	40 ft	L	8/2		M1 Carbine (US), Lee-Enfield (UK), Gewehr K98K (G)
SMG	+4	40 ft	L	12/3	Autofire	Thompson SMG (US), Sten (UK), Schmeisser (G)
Grenade	+5	Thrown	T	15/3	Explosion	MkII A1 (US), Hawkins (UK), Eihandgranate 39 (G)
Light Machine Gun	+5	50 ft	L	15/3	Autofire	.30 Caliber Johnson (US), Bren (UK), MG 34 Bipod (G)
Heavy Machine Gun	+6	60 ft	L	18/4	Autofire	.50 Caliber M2 HB (US), Vickers (UK), MG 42 Tripod (G)
Light Anti-Tank Weapon	+7	140 ft	L	22/5	Penetrating, Improved Range 1	Bazooka (US, R), Panzerfaust (G)
Satchel Charge	+8	Thrown	S	24/5	Explosion	
Flamethrower	+6	0 ft	L	24/5	Shapeable Area, Lasting, Continuous,	M2-2 (US), Marsden Mk 1 (UK), Flammenwerfer 35 (G)
Light Artillery	+8	800 ft	H	27/6	Explosion, Improved Range 3	75 mm 1917 (US), 76.2 mm Model 1933 (R)
Medium Artillery	+9	800 ft	H	30/6	Explosion, Improved Range 3	105 mm Howitzer M2 A1 (US), 150 mm Type 4 (J)
Heavy Artillery	+10	2500 ft	H	34/7	Explosion, Improved Range 4	240 mm Howitzer M1 (US), 5.5 inch Mk III Gun (UK)

Vehicles	STR	SPD	DEF	TGH	SZ	Cost	Notes	Examples
Jeep	30	5	8	9	H	9/2		GP (General Purpose) (US), Kubelwagen (G)
Half-Track	35	4	8	11	H	30/7	Impervious (TGH 4), LMG mounted	Mack M3 (US), Bedford BT (UK)
Armored Car	30	4	8	11	H	38/8	Impervious (TGH 4), Wpn as Lt Artillery	Daimler (UK), Sd Kfz 234/z Puma (G)
Light Tank	40	3	8	11	H	41/9	Impervious (TGH 5), Wpn as Lt Artillery	M3 A1 Stuart (US), Panzerkampfwagen I-III (G)
Heavy Tank	50	3	8	12	H	48/10	Impervious (TGH 6), Wpn as Me Artillery	M4 A3 Sherman (US), Panther (G), T-34 (R)
Fighter Plane	30	5	6	9	H	32/7	LMG mounts	Mustang (US), Spitfire (UK), Zero (J), Me-109 (G)
Fighter-Bomber	40	4	6	9	H	64/13	Bombs – Blast 10+ Explosive	Wildcat (US), Stuka (G), Stormovik (R)
Heavy Bomber	55	4	5	10	G	74/15	Bombs – Blast 12+ Explosive	B-17 (US), Lancaster (UK), Ju-88 (G)
PT Boat	40	4	7	9	G	55/11	HMGs, Torpedoes* (Blast 8, Penetrating)	Higgins (US), Gray Goose (UK), Schnellboot (G)
Destroyer	70	4	5	13	C	48/10	Wpns as Med Artillery, Impervious (TGH 8)	Farragut (US), Hunt (UK), Koln (G)
Heavy Cruiser	75	3	3	15	A	50/10	Wpns as Hvy Artillery, Impervious (TGH 9)	Indianapolis (US), Exeter (UK), Takao (J)
Battleship	90	3	3	16	A	57/12	Wpns as Hvy Artillery (+11), Impervious (TGH 10)	Missouri (US), Hood (UK), Bismarck (G)
Aircraft Carrier	120	3	3	18	A	32/7	Impervious (TGH 9)	Enterprise (US), Indomitable (UK), Akagi (J)
Submarine	60	3	5	13	C	39/8	Immunity (Life Support), Torpedoes*	

* Assume equivalent speed to Swimming 6 if trying to outrun

(G) = Germany, (R) = USSR, (J) = Japan

THE SENTINELS

President Roosevelt endured the continuing PR torrent produced by and around the German Einsatzgruppen Übersoldaten for as long as he could, but eventually even his patience ran out. FDR eventually convened a committee of military, media, and industrial leadership, all tasked with finding recruits for an American answer to the Nazi Übermenschen.

Unfortunately, this proved no easy task for the men involved. Unlike their German counterparts, who had generally flaunted their abilities publicly and made no efforts to hide their identities, American "Mystery Men" were generally exactly that, mysteries. The committee initially examined some of the more high-profile metahumans and masked men operating in the States, while compiling comprehensive dossiers on all of the others they could pin down. Old Glory was dismissed as somewhere between an urban legend and a mass delusion. Rocketman had definite public appeal, but met his end before the committee could make contact, having taken his enemy Doktor Todt with him to the grave. Johnny Yank's fanatical zeal worried the committee, as did Son of the South's more public and inflammatory political stances. The Watchman simply evaded the government's every effort to contact him, and the Scorpion was immediately dismissed as a disaster waiting to happen. Only one member of the committee even had the security clearance to know of the Veil's existence, and he agreed with the President that none of that operation's participants ever needed to be brought under public scrutiny. Cogito politely declined formal contact, as he had adversarial relations with more than one of the committee's members, and Avery Hawkins bluntly told the assembled movers and shakers that he had no intention of walking back into the fold after finally having severed his ties to the Army Air Corps. After much consideration, the committee voted to recommend a membership of six to the president. All six either had existing or prior ties to the government or the military.

Alexander Steele was already working for William Donovan's Group Zero. A few direct orders backed with high-tempered threats saw that group's premiere agent reluctantly donning a patriotic costume and entering the public spotlight as the American super-soldier Anthem. His brother Ulysses, having spent a good portion of the prior decade working on one or another highly secret scientific project for Uncle Sam, had recently acquired metahuman status due to the benevolent results of a lab accident. He joined as Doc Steel (the moniker the press had given him following a few well-publicized exploits against the likes of Dr. Prometheus and Maximus Rex). Tom Thumb, as Thomas Burkhalter, had originally been an FBI agent when one of Dr. Diablo's traps resulted in his new condition. Richard Daniels had been an army pilot years before he had found the Indian pendant that had given him the powers of Thunderbird, and Patrick O'Halloran was a new army recruit when his medical testing kickstarted his latent mutations and he became Jack B. Quick. And though the committee proper had never actually met the man they called the Silent Knight, he had come with sterling, practically walk-on-water recommendations from William Donovan and the rest of the military representatives on the committee.

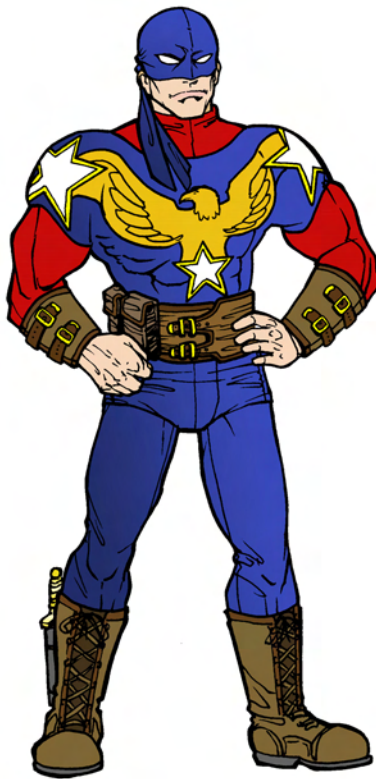
Unbeknownst to the committee, a representative of the Veil privately approached the President and petitioned for membership in the group. Those few men of authority in Washington that knew of the Covenant's existence had been behind the formation of a group whose purpose was to obviate any need the US might ever have for that global organization's services. That this representative knew about the committee's work came as no great shock to FDR, as many members of that operation had access to "unusual" sources of information. The man called Cagliostro had been one of the first assets acquired when the US government had formed that quiet little task force to deal in-house with threats that more mundane authorities weren't even ready to acknowledge lurked in the shadows. He had proven invaluable in that regard, and his loyalty had been shown time and again over the years. But, his heartfelt and personal plea convinced President Roosevelt to rethink his earlier reservations about using any of the Veil's assets publicly. Known to very few, it was the President himself who staged Cagliostro's mysterious appearance during the committee's presentation of findings, a theatrical flourish aimed to ruffle the feathers of those political opponents FDR had reluctantly appointed to the committee's membership.

And then there were seven.

The Sentinels functioned as a de facto "strike team" for the American government. Despite public distancing of the group from its military backing, and the constant statements from the government that the Sentinels were just "citizens doing the right thing," no one who ever saw them requisition military material or personnel, or who saw them locate and neutralize threats that private citizens had not even known of ever bought into the party line. That it wasn't until the last year of the war that they operated directly in either theater of war did little to change this perspective. FDR had his assets, and America had a very public set of very American heroes to show against the Nazi propaganda machine.

On the few occasions when the members of the team met outside of military bases or government offices, they did so in a brownstone provided by Uncle Sam for that purpose, situated in the Georgetown community of Washington, D.C. The team also had the use of an experimental rocket plane designed and built by team member Doc Steel when they needed fast transport.

ANTHEM



QUOTE

Feel free to fall over and moan loudly now.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'2"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	30	240#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	
20	Reluctant hero
25	Member of Group Zero
30	Product of eugenics program

DESCRIPTION

Alexander Steele finally and irrevocably knew he was different the day he got angry and put his fist through the door to the parlor in the family home. The thick oak door. He was six years old at the time. His brother Ulysses was very thankful for their father's constant reprimands to Alex about controlling his temper, since the hole in the door could just as easily have been punched through Ulysses himself as the brother who had angered him.

The Steele brothers were the sons of Jameson and Penelope Steele, who were the products of a long-term experiment in controlled breeding and social engineering established by survivors of the organization behind the Knights Templar so many centuries ago. The various factions involved in this grand experiment had violently splintered following the debacle of their involvement in the French Revolution, and had spent the 19th Century involved in a clandestine global civil war (see *The Algernon Files Volume 1* for more information on this struggle). Jameson himself had demonstrated the fruits of this breeding with his own incredible strength and speed, which he used for his faction's aims under the cover of working as an operative for both the British and American governments at various times. When he and Penelope had become parents, they removed themselves from the board, so to speak, and had hoped that the conflict would continue to die out as it had been during the years leading to their marriage. Unfortunately, such was not to be, as a survivor of another faction took his revenge on Jameson with a crude bomb. The brothers raised themselves, with the help of family friends, as Penelope suffered a nervous breakdown following her husband's death.

As he grew to adulthood, Alex's continuing acquaintance with his father's old professional associates eventually drew him into their field. He did work for the US government for a number of years in a capacity that continued to evolve as the organizations he nominally was a part of grew. When William Donovan formed Group Zero, Alex was one of the first men he sought to recruit. And later, Donovan was the one who laughed the loudest when he saw the "uniform" a three-star general ordered Steele to adopt – a reaction Alex probably will never forgive.

Alexander Steele inherited his father's physical traits: inhuman strength, speed, sensory acuity, and a healing factor the envy of every soldier that's ever seen it in action. In combat, he is a dervish of pain and destruction, always in motion, using his strength and speed to their fullest effect. From his years in the intelligence profession, Steele is a pragmatist, and can seem rather ruthless at times in getting the job done. He is also a perfectionist, and despite the lack of a specified chain of command in the team, he usually assumes a leadership role in the field. Given his exemplary performance in that capacity, none of the others complain about this – though Ulysses will needle him regardless.

Anthem is a role Steele plays only under direct orders, and he doesn't hide this fact from his brother and teammates. Alex hates the costume, he hates the showboat presentation, and he longs desperately for the day when he can disappear back into the shadows where he's far more comfortable.

PL	SUPER-SOLDIER		PTS
11			196

STR	25	+7	TGH	+9	LIFT	1600#
DEX	25	+7	FORT	+8	LEAP	60 ft
CON	23	+6	REF	+10	INIT	+15
INT	14	+2	WILL	+8	KB	-5
WIS	14	+2				
CHA	18	+4				

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+15	+13/+6
DAMAGE	
+7 (Unarmed), +4 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+22	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 5 (+12), Climb 8 (+15), Diplomacy 4 (+8), Disable Device 3 (+5), Drive 3 (+10), Escape Artist 3 (+10), Gather Information 2 (+6), Intimidate 6 (+10), Know (*Civics*) 4 (+6), Know (*Tactics*) 10 (+12), Language 2 (*German, Russian*), Medicine 3 (+5), Notice 12 (+14), Pilot 3 (+10), Search 3 (+5), Sense Motive 8 (+10), Stealth 5 (+12), Survival 6 (+8), Swim 6 (7)

FEATS

Assessment, Benefit (*Security Clearance*), **Combination Attack 3 (p122)**, Connected, Diehard, Endurance, Equipment 3, Evasion, Improved Block 2, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative 2, Improved Throw, Improved Trip, Power Attack, **Sweep Attack 3 (p122)**, Takedown Attack 2

POWERS

Immunity 4 (Aging, Cold, Disease, Heat), **Leaping 2**, **Quickness 2**, **Regeneration 5** (Bruised 1, Injured 2, Disabled 2), **Speed 3** (50 mph), **Super-Movement 1** (Surefooted 1), **Super-Senses 2** (Lowlight Vision, Ultrahearing)

EQUIPMENT

Body Armor 3 (PF: Subtle), **Heavy Pistol 4**

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
59	56	11	24	26	20	—

PL	MASTER OF THE OCCULT		PTS
11			270

STR	10	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+16/2	200#
CON	14	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	16	+3	+10	5 ft
WIS	36	+13	REF	INIT
CHA	23	+6	+6	+2
			WILL	KB
			+18	-8/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4/+8	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+14 (Spells)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+4	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 7 (+13/+17), Concentration 7 (+20), Diplomacy 6 (+12/+16), Disguise 6 (+12), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 18 (+21), Know (<i>Art, History</i>) 12 (+15), Language 6 (<i>English, Enochian, French, German, Hebrew, [Italian], Latin</i>), Perform (<i>Sing</i>) 4 (+10), Sense Motive 7 (+20), Sleight of Hand 7 (+9)
FEATS
Attack Specialization 2 (<i>Spells</i>), Attractive 1, Connected, Fascinate (<i>Diplomacy</i>), Jack-of-All-Trades, Luck 3, Ritualist, Ultimate Skill (<i>Know [Arcane Lore]</i>)

FEATS						
Attack Specialization 2 (<i>Spells</i>), Attractive 1, Connected, Fascinate (<i>Diplomacy</i>), Jack-of-All-Trades, Luck 3, Ritualist, Ultimate Skill (<i>Know [Arcane Lore]</i>)						
POWERS						
Astral Form 9 (PF: Dimensional x3, Selective, Subtle, Survival), Force Field 14 , Immunity 3 (Age, Disease, Poison), Magic 14 (Mastery +1 (p122) , <i>Base</i> : Illusion, PF: Base and All Feats are Dynamic and at Mastery; AP: Animate Object 12, Concealment [All], Create Object, Element Control (Air, Fire, Earth, and Water), ESP, Light of Truth, Mystic Binding, Mystic Blast, Mystic Passage (Portal) 7), Super-Senses 4 (Magical Awareness, Acute, Extended, Radius)						
DRAWBACKS						
Power Loss (Magic Requires Gestures/Incantations, -2)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
53	20	17	20	11	151	-2

DESCRIPTION

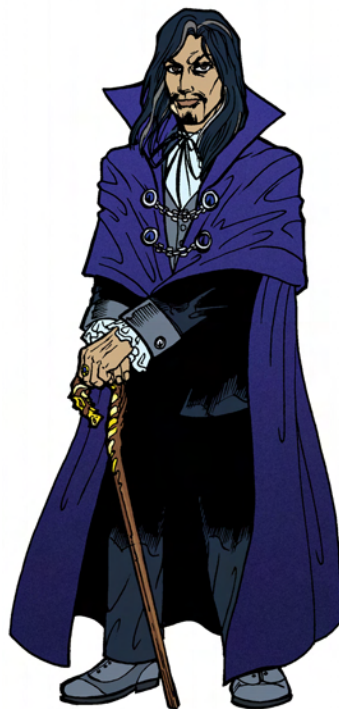
Antonio Balsamo swore to himself his life would not end tied to a burning stake for the amusement of his former neighbors, neighbors who had turned on him and his master seeking scapegoats for the village's spate of bad luck. Neighbors who had already murdered his master despite the old man's years of dispensing healing and aid to all who had needed him. Old Giuseppe had taken in the former pickpocket from the streets and had raised him with the love of a father for a son. He had taught the boy some of his alchemical arts, enough to aid the old man in his daily tasks, and in doing so had instilled a love for learning, of both the mundane and the arcane. But Giuseppe had not been the warlock the town fathers condemned him as, and the boy had never forgotten how to pick the lock of a chain, old skills which saved him from superstitious and religious fervor that day, so many years ago.

Antonio changed his name and appearance as he moved from town to town after his narrow escape from those small minds and brutish hands. He sought out men his master had spoken of in reverent or hushed tones. From those men he learned real magic, not the feeble conjuring that Giuseppe had plied. He would have eventually become quite a terror if he hadn't seen one of his teachers succumb to the lure of power ...and die horribly after failing his part in an infernal bargain. Again, Balsamo swore to himself that he had found another path, and another end, to avoid. Years became decades, and decades became centuries, as Balsamo used the secrets he had gleaned to evade the touch of time and age. He indulged himself on occasion in a swindle or theft, shedding names and identities as most people shed coats in the spring. Always targeting those that Balsamo regarded as the small-minded, self-important swine that had taken from him the one person who had ever accepted and loved him for who he was, not who they saw, not what they judged him to be.

During those years, Balsamo's power continued to grow; and he acquired enemies to match his skills. The deranged Paracelsus, long since taken to calling himself only The Alchemist, was more than once the target of one of Balsamo's confidence games – and has nursed a murderous grudge ever since. The artisan of foci and homunculi that called himself Abraxas, his own name long lost to the passage of years, more than once contended with Balsamo for the same prize, and lost enough times to hold the willworker in contempt. It was an alliance between these two men that resulted in Balsamo's closest brush with death... and several years' entrapment in the Shadowlands. Upon his escape, he began seeking revenge, only to find that the one organization that could have helped him wouldn't; the Covenant held too many influential former targets of Balsamo's schemes. With no other options, Balsamo sought the men who were recruiting for a different group, The Veil. Though he had enjoyed his time in America, Balsamo had no love of authority, and fully intended to rid himself of that entanglement once he had achieved his goals. But safety turned into comfort, and comfort to love, as Balsamo became quite attached to his new home and her people. When he saw a news photo of his old nemesis The Alchemist standing behind Hitler, Balsamo cloaked himself in the name "Cagliostro," to follow what he knew to be his new path.

Cagliostro is a sorcerer of great power and wisdom hard-won over centuries. He's also a showman, a storyteller, a rake, and something of a scoundrel. He holds only a loose affection for the niceties of the truth, a revulsion of authority for authority's sake, and no tolerance for the pretentious and self-important. His honor is his own, and he never forgets either a friend or an enemy... no matter how much he may sometimes want to do exactly that.

CAGLIOSTRO



QUOTE

Impressive as you may be, I still trump you on style, old boy.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	40 (430)	170#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	Scoundrel with nothing but stage tricks
20	Magician of considerable power
25	
30	Sorcerer several hundred years old

DOC STEEL



QUOTE

Fascinating. Appalling, but still fascinating.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'5"	Grey
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	30	400#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	Intellectual giant
20	
25	Powers result of Project Aladdin
30	Product of eugenics program

DESCRIPTION

Even though he didn't inherit the bulk of his father's inhuman traits, Ulysses Steele's parents knew from his early childhood that he was far from a normal child. Years before his brother Alex began to display the same gifts as their father, Ulysses' intellect shined. By the age of two, he was reciting from memory entire volumes of the encyclopedias and other works he pored through intently in his parents' library. By five, he had mastered mathematics up through advanced calculus, and by nine, could teach chemistry and biology to his fellow students at the university he already attended. It was while taking him to Johns Hopkins to begin medical school at the age of eleven that tragedy struck his parents. An old enemy of Jameson managed to kill him with a crude bomb hidden in the train station the family was using. This was one last salvo in a now-dead war that had started over a century before, and the beginning of a long and trying time for Ulysses and his brother, who had to practically raise themselves (see Anthem's entry, and *The Algernon Files Volume 1* for more details).

Ulysses continued his education, garnering honors at a variety of institutions while gathering degree after degree. By the mid-'30s, still relatively young, Ulysses was already hard at work at a number of top-secret scientific projects commissioned by the government. These projects took him to locales across the globe and forced him into a pattern he would repeat over the years, namely matching his intellect against those gifted malcontents and ne'er-do-wells who used their intellects against their fellow man. Ulysses possessed but a fraction of his brother's inherited physical prowess, but they did share the keen sense of responsibility to mankind instilled in them by their father.

The turning point in Steele's life was the operation nicknamed Project Aladdin. While examining presumably alien artifacts smuggled out of Tunguska by Russian aristocrats fleeing the Bolsheviks, Ulysses was one of the people accidentally exposed to an unidentified substance that put him into a coma and induced massive changes in his body. His inherited healing factor enabled him to survive the experience; his lab partner was considerably less fortunate. When Ulysses awoke, he found himself to be an astounding physical specimen, over half a foot taller and almost two hundred pounds heavier. After intense and convoluted negotiations with officials who wanted the project to remain secret, Ulysses was finally allowed to operate with his new abilities in public. In the intervening years, thanks to highly-publicized exploits against the likes of Dr. Prometheus, Dr. Diablo, The Emperor of Heaven, The Silent Syndicate, and Rex Mundi, Ulysses, known in the papers as "Doc Steel," has built a formidable legend.

Doc Steel is immensely strong, having proven capable of demolishing a bunker wall and flipping a Panzer. He is also incredibly resilient. Up to this point, only artillery and tank fire has really been able to inflict any serious injury. Before acquiring his physical changes, Ulysses was already in possession of an intellect matched by few in a world where superhuman achievement has been possible. His inventions and scientific reputation sometimes overshadow even the media-swarmed adventures in which he all too often finds himself entangled, and he has uncouth contacts among the scientific, medical, and engineering communities where he is held in awe.

PL	GENIUS		PTS
11	SUPERMAN		212

STR	35	+12	TGH	LIFT
DEX	15	+2	+14	48 ton
CON	30	+10	FORT	LEAP
INT	30	+10	+15	170 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	15	+2	+6	+2
			WILL	KB
			+12	-12

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+12 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+26	Medium

SKILLS						
Computers 12 (+22), Craft (<i>Chemical, Electronic</i>) 8 (+18), Craft (<i>Mechanical</i>) 6 (+16), Disable Device 4 (+14), Drive 4 (+6), Know (<i>Behavioral Sciences, Earth Sciences</i>) 4 (+14), Know (<i>Life Science, Technology</i>) 10 (+20), Know (<i>Physical Science</i>) 16 (+26), Languages 6 (<i>Classical Greek, French, German, Japanese, Latin, Russian</i>), Medicine 10 (+20), Notice 6 (+10), Pilot 4 (+6), Search 2 (+12), Sense Motive 6 (+10)						
FEATS						
Benefit (<i>Security Clearance</i>), Connected, Eidetic Memory, Fearless, Inventor, Power Attack						
POWERS						
Immunity 10 (Age, Life Support), Impervious (on Toughness 10), Leap 3 , Protection 4 , Regeneration 1 (Injured 1, PF: Persistent), Speed 2 (25 mph), Super-Senses 3 (Extended Vision 1, Extended Hearing 1, Lowlight Vision), Super-Strength 4 (PF: Shockwave, Thunderclap)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
83	32	17	30	6	44	—

PL	SPEEDSTER COP				PTS
10					158

STR	12	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+5/3	260#
CON	16	+3	FORT	LEAP
INT	10	+0	+5	6 ft
WIS	13	+1	REF	INIT
CHA	15	+2	+14	+36
			WILL	KB
			+5	-2/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+15/+7
DAMAGE	
+9 (High-Speed Strike)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+11	Medium

SKILLS						
Bluff 8 (+10), Notice 4 (+5), Prof (<i>Beat Cop</i>) 4 (+5), Sense Motive 8 (+9)						
FEATS						
All-Out Attack, Benefit (<i>Security Clearance</i>), Elusive Target, Equipment 1, Evasion, Fast Overrun, Grappling Finesse, Improved Defense 2, Improved Overrun, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Quick Change, Set Up, Taunt						
POWERS						
Super-Speed 8 (<i>Base</i> : Rapid Attack, PF: Mighty, Strike, Wall Run, Water Run; AP: Air Control, Concealment [All Visual], Regeneration (Injured 4, Disabled 6))						
EQUIPMENT						
Body Armor 2						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
24	50	16	6	15	47	—

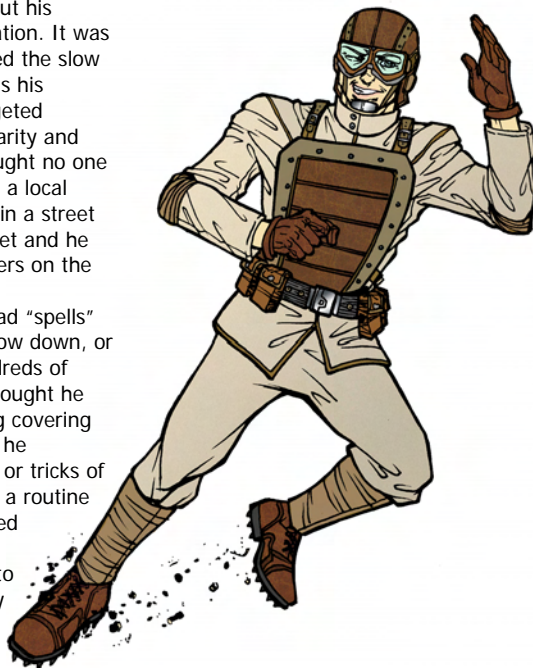
DESCRIPTION

Large Irish families are hardly uncommon in the Boston area. In this respect, the O'Hallorans were just one more loud and busy household among many. Little Patrick was the fifth among eight children, but stood out from his siblings in the sheer amount of mischief that he caused and that his policeman father had to clean up after. More often referred to as simply "him" or "that one," instead of by his Christian name, Patrick gave his parents strong cause to worry about his seemingly inevitable and eventual incarceration. It was with strong relief then that his father noticed the slow changes in Patrick as he grew older, such as his willingness to face down any bully that targeted Patrick's family or friends, or the acts of charity and kindness for the neighbors that Patrick thought no one noticed. After helping his father track down a local hoodlum that killed one of Patrick's friends in a street brawl, the red haired hellion's course was set and he joined his father and two of his older brothers on the local police force.

Growing up, O'Halloran occasionally had "spells" where everything around him seemed to slow down, or where he would suddenly find himself hundreds of yards further along a given path than he thought he had been and with no recollection of having covering the intervening distance. As he grew older, he dismissed these incidents as childish fancy, or tricks of the mind. It wasn't until an accident during a routine army induction medical exam that he learned differently. One of many people from his neighborhood moved by newsreel footage to join the army in concern over the possibility of future US involvement in the growing war, O'Halloran was exposed to a medicine for which he unknowingly possessed an allergy. His metabolism kicked into high-gear to burn the substance out of his system. Suddenly, everything slowed down and stayed slowed down, as Patrick panicked from the initial distortion. He was a blur of motion to the army doctors. Literally. His voice was like the strong, biting sound of an electric saw as he paced fast enough to cause air disturbances in adjoining rooms and scuffed his feet so quickly the friction set the floorboards to smoking. Finally calming down, Patrick was immediately shipped off to a private government facility to test his newfound abilities. Though already dedicated, when eventually offered a chance to serve his country in a way that didn't involve boring patrols or KP duty, O'Halloran jumped at the opportunity.

Jack B. Quick, as the brass dubbed him with help from the newspapers, has been clocked running at ground speeds in excess of mach one. Despite his lack of formal education, Patrick has always been clever, and that cleverness has led to learning a number of new tricks his speed allows, like running across water and up walls, or snapping his fingers in some one's face fast enough to cause air impact like a sonic boom. A favorite is to move back and forth with such speed that the human eye can no longer consciously process the image, rendering him effectively invisible. He sometimes does this to his teammates as a joke; just because he's picked up responsibility as he's grown doesn't mean he's lost his mischievous streak entirely.

JACK B. QUICK



QUOTE

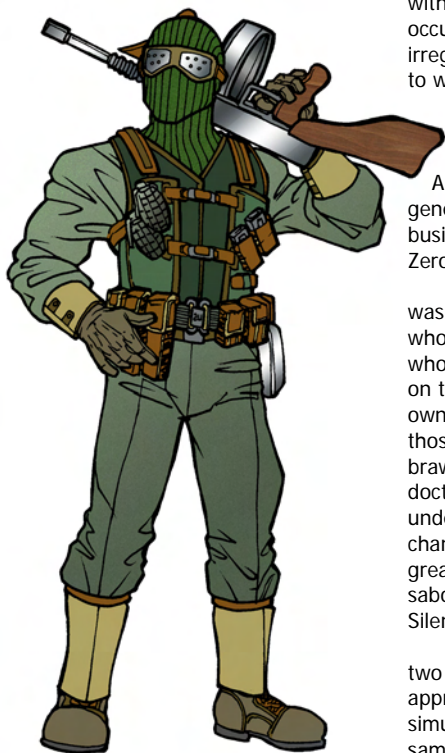
Ah, so it's fast you think you are now, boyo?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'9"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	27	180#	Red

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	Inveterate prankster
20	
25	Former Boston police officer
30	

SILENT KNIGHT



DESCRIPTION

The history books record the O.S.S. (The Office of Strategic Services) as the first “real” intelligence service America put together, with William Donovan at its head. But the truth of the matter is a slightly different story. Over two years before the OSS opened its doors, Donovan and other like-minded military and civilian professionals had already seen the writing on the wall and they didn’t like what they had read. Anticipating with uncomfortable accuracy the events that would occur in the next few years, these men gathered irregular assets from many different fields and set them to work as intelligence-gathering resources.

As a jibe against a Senator that had made Donovan’s “People I Loathe” list, and who had made an all too well-received speech stating that America had “zero interest in spying on and generally sticking our noses into other countries’ business,” Donovan named this organization Group Zero.

Alexander Steele was one of these assets, but he was by no means the only one, or even the only one whose abilities duly impressed the decision-makers for whom he worked. Many of the agents putting their lives on the line for Group Zero were exceptional in their own ways and had been recruited in many cases for those very qualities – deadly marksman and expert brawlers, outstanding pilots, mechanical wizards, doctors who could perform surgery in the near-dark under battlefield conditions, and so on. But it was chance, not planning, that gave the Group its “single” greatest weapon, the legendary agent known to saboteurs, mercenaries, and fifth columnists as The Silent Knight.

While testing a new set of exotic operating gear, two agents that happened to have the same approximate build and similar mannerisms almost simultaneously raided two operations attached to the same spy ring, operations in different parts of the country. Word made it back to Group Zero that the ring in question was baffled, having concluded the agents in question were the same man, and somehow had been in two places at almost the same time. This gave Donovan an idea. He added a third agent, picked for his build, and sent the three of them to disable separate elements of the same ring. He gave explicit instructions for them to remain silent to hide their differences in speech, and to make sure they were seen. The ring again concluded that they were all facing the same inhuman spy-smasher. Donovan was delighted. He gathered twelve of the group’s operatives, men who all had similar builds, highly-prized skills, and some ability at acting. He then presented his scheme, saying “men bleed and men die, but a symbol is immortal and untouchable... and all the more frightening for those same traits.”

The Silent Knight is the face of Group Zero’s elite agent corps. “He” is an identity shared by these men, identical in dress and equipment. The men have been trained to display the same movements and physical behavior, and never to speak when in the role. The Group itself has gotten very good over the years at the little tricks that keep the charade going, up to and including making sure bodies are never found when that has become an issue. The men use the same equipment, including the ballisto-cloth stolen and reverse-engineered from Cogito’s designs, and a special Pepperbox pistol that fires a variety of ammunition.

QUOTE

[None]

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5’11”	varies
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	varies	180#	varies

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	
20	Can be in two places at once
25	Member of Group Zero
30	Actually group of people

NOTES

The agents of the Silent Knight unit are identical in a number of respects, as reflected in the given stats. To represent the different skill sets of the individual agents, choose any ten skills at the beginning of every new adventure and apply the super-skill write-up to those skills only. For example, Stealth is chosen for a mission – as a DEX skill it would be +13 total bonus.

PL	UBIQUITOUS	PTS
10	AGENT	162

STR	15	+2	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	18	+4		+9/6		400#
CON	16	+3	FORT		LEAP	
INT	12	+1		+8		7 ft
WIS	12	+1	REF		INIT	
CHA	14	+2		+10		+12
			WILL		KB	
				+8		-4/3

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+12	+10/+5
DAMAGE	
+5 (Pepperbox)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+14	Medium

SKILLS

Profession (*Spy*) 8 (+9); Any STR Skills +11, DEX Skills +13, INT Skills +10, WIS Skills +10, CHA Skills +11

FEATS

Benefit (*Security Clearance*), Blind-Fight, Chokehold, Defensive Roll 2, Equipment 10, Evasion, Improved Aim, Improved Defense 1, Improved Initiative 2, Improvised Tools, Jack-of-All-Trades, Luck 2, Master Plan, Precise Shot, Redirect, Sneak Attack 1, Takedown Attack, Teamwork 2

POWERS

Comprehend 2 (Languages, Must Choose No More Than 3 per Mission -1), **Device 3** (Easy to Lose, **Pepperbox Pistol** [Blast 5 (Autofire +1, AP: Explosive [Blast (Area Burst +1)], Concussion [Stun (Area Burst +1)], Flash-Bang [Dazzle (Auditory and All Visual)]], **Super-Skill [Enhanced Ability 18** (STR, DEX, INT, WIS, and CHA) (Only for Adding to Skills -1, Must Choose Only 10 Skills for Adds per Adventure -1))

EQUIPMENT

Body Armor 3 (PF: Subtle), **Fragmentation Grenades**, **Heavy Pistol**, **Lockpicks**, **Submachine Gun**

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
27	44	18	2	30	41	—

PL	INDIAN		PTS
10	AIRWALKER		162

STR	13	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	15	+2	+5/2	300#
CON	15	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	12	+1	+5	6 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	14	+2	+5	+2
			WILL	KB
			+5	-2/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+10 (Lightning Blast)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+10/+7	Medium

SKILLS						
Bluff 4 (+6), Craft (<i>Artistic</i>) 4 (+5), Know (<i>History, Theology and Philosophy</i>) 4 (+5), Language 2 (<i>[English], Hopi, Navaho</i>), Notice 2 (+4), Pilot 6 (+8), Search 4 (+5), Survival 2 (+4)						
FEATS						
Beginner's Luck, Benefit (<i>Security Clearance</i>), Equipment 3, Favored Environment 3 (<i>Airborne</i>)						
POWERS						
Device 21 (Hard to Lose, Medallion of the Ancients (Ally Spirits [Deflect 10, All Ranged (Automatic, Free Action, Ranged, PF: Luck 3, Ultimate Save – Toughness)], Flight 5 (200 mph), Weather Control 10 (<i>Base</i> : Distraction, PF: Dynamic [All], AP: Air Control, Blast (Lightning), Cold, Dazzle 7 (Auditory and All Visual), Fatigue, Hamper Movement, Heat, Obscure, Snare)), PF: Restricted)						
EQUIPMENT						
Body Armor 3 (PF: Subtle), Heavy Pistol, Parachute						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
24	28	9	9	8	84	—

DESCRIPTION

When he finally mustered out of the Army Air Corps, all Richard Daniels wanted was to settle down with his long-time girlfriend and move to the Southwest to pursue a quiet life concentrated around his loves of anthropology and Native American folklore. A little digging, a little reading, and a whole lot of lazing around doing absolutely nothing that could be construed as constructive – that was the plan. Unfortunately, fate doesn't take requests.

After only a few months living in his new home, Daniels found himself drawn into a local land dispute when a corrupt industrialist tried to cheat one of the local tribes out of reservation land that was theirs by right. Thanks to the intervention of Daniels and his copious research notes, the land office and its agent had no choice but to clamp down on the scheme – even despite being in the pocket of said industrialist. Daniels strengthened his ties to the local tribes that day, ties he had created by treating the locals, their culture, and their history with the respect he felt was their due. However, he also made enemies, men who had no compunction about showing their displeasure with a volley of lead that demolished a portion of Daniel's home and put him on death's door. He awoke in a cave he recognized from his digs in the area, surrounded by medicine men and their chants. Rising, he examined himself and found no traces of his many bullet wounds. While still in somewhat of a state of shock over this, he found himself presented with an amulet bearing the image of the totemic figure Thunderbird.

"You have proven your courage, Man-With-Old-Paper, and as you took these wounds for our people, it was only right for us to act in your behalf – as you have acted in ours," the oldest and wisest looking of the shamans told him.

"The spirits of the air have told us to give you this great gift from Mighty Thunderbird, that you have been chosen to defend the children of the earth from the hurtful lies of Coyote and from the followers of the Poison Wheel."

Daniels was led to the mouth of the cave, with an escort to take him home. As he left, he could have sworn he overheard the old man mutter, "Or maybe the spirits just want a white man getting shot at instead of one of our sons. Me, I don't judge."

After recovering from the ordeal over the following few days, Daniels made two discoveries. The first was that while he wore the amulet, he had control over weather and the assistance of what are apparently helper spirits – which took him some trial and effort to use without harm to himself or those around him. The second was that his wife had an unhealthy fascination with the pulp magazines he had sometimes seen her reading. When seeing the things her husband could do, she insisted that he had to use his new gifts to fight crime, going so far as to help him throw together an outfit to help hide his identity. Daniels thought this was insane and that he would soon be killed. But, he had never been able to deny his wife anything, and this was no exception.

Despite his misgivings, Daniels has done a good job so far. He's managed to hold his own against threats the likes of Vesper, the murderous Hangman's Guild, and Salamanca the Sky Pirate. He also invested in a parachute (hidden under his voluminous coat), and much to the amusement of his teammates, carries prescription strength antacids in a pouch on his belt to help calm his nervous stomach.

THUNDERBIRD



QUOTE

Hello? This is lightning! Surrender and... *stop shooting at me!*

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	38	200#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	Controls the weather
20	Worrywart
25	
30	Powers come from medallion

TOM THUMB



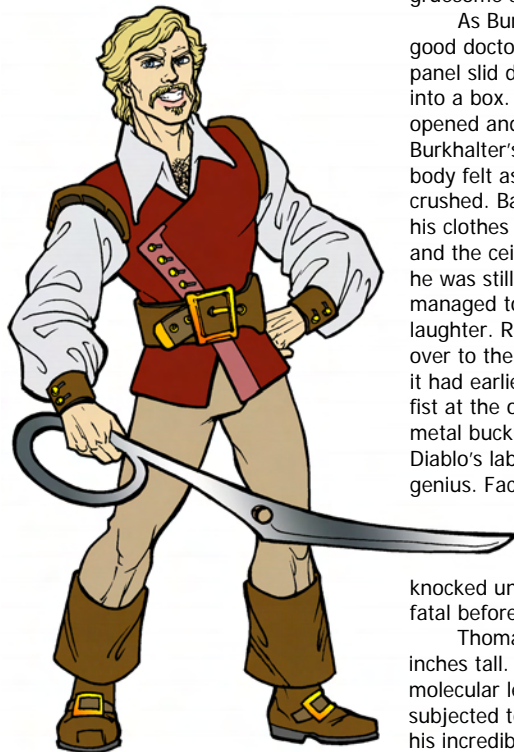
QUOTE

What I lack in size, I more than make up for in personality and good looks.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	10"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Sentinels	28	140#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of the Sentinels
15	
20	Former FBI agent
25	Skilled investigator
30	



(Tom at 5x magnification)

DESCRIPTION

Special Agent Thomas Burkhalter was very good at his job. Whenever the FBI came across a case that stumped other agents in the field, J. Edgar always knew who to call. Without this sterling reputation behind him, Burkhalter undoubtedly would never have crossed paths with the malevolent and completely insane Dr. Diablo.

Diablo had hit upon a very effective kidnapping scheme to quickly generate funds for his experiments. He would ransom a poor victim for an amount his research showed the family or concerned pocket man could handle. If the person refused to pay, the victim was used as fodder in one of Diablo's terrible experiments... and then the result was returned to the reluctant payees. In many cases, given the bizarre amalgamation of science and sorcery the madman delved into, a corpse was infinitely preferable to what was sent home, and death a far more merciful fate than surviving the experience.

Four agents had been set upon the doctor's trail. Four agents had died horribly, their bodies later found by the agency. Burkhalter, the troubleshooter, the fixer, was finally called in. It took him two weeks to locate Diablo the first time. It took another week in a hospital bed to recuperate from barely surviving the traps left behind in Diablo's lab after he fled. This became something of a pattern, with Burkhalter always a little too late to make the catch, but also always a little too good, or a little too lucky, to meet the fate of his predecessors. The chase ended when the doctor decided to combine trap and experiment into one gruesome scenario.

As Burkhalter stealthily entered another of the good doctor's lairs, and began to pick a lock, a metal panel slid down opposite the door, turning the corridor into a box. Before the agent could react, the ceiling opened and an actinic blue light shone down. Burkhalter's world became pain, as every inch of his body felt as if it were simultaneously burning and being crushed. Barely holding on to consciousness, he noticed his clothes suddenly becoming too big for his frame, and the ceiling seeming to move further away. He knew he was still alive, through his pain-addled haze, as he managed to make out the muffled strains of Diablo's laughter. Rising to his feet, Burkhalter slowly lurched over to the door, which now seemed further away than it had earlier. In his anger, he simply lashed out with a fist at the obstruction, and was surprised when the metal buckled around his fist. He was suddenly in Diablo's lab, and his surprise was shared by the mad genius. Faced with a nude man standing less than a foot tall, who had punched through inch-thick steel as if it were cardboard, all Diablo could think to say before being knocked unconscious was, "Hmmp. It's always been fatal before. How extraordinary."

Thomas Burkhalter, or Tom Thumb as the press has dubbed him, stands only ten inches tall. However, as his structure has essentially been compacted on a cellular, if not molecular level, he still weighs a goodly portion of the 160 lbs he carried before being subjected to Dr. Diablo's fiendish "dollmaker ray." The tiny titan is immensely strong due to his incredible physical density, and quite difficult to hurt. In a fight, he uses his size to great advantage, jumping around and among what are – to him – large and easy targets. Though still a keen investigator, Tom's personality is far more extroverted now, almost as if he were compensating for his diminished size by projecting a dynamic, larger than life, swashbuckling persona.

PL	TEENY TITAN	PTS
11		154

STR	34	+12	TGH		LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+8		44 ton
CON	14	+2	FORT		LEAP
INT	12	+1	+8		130 ft
WIS	13	+1	REF		INIT
CHA	15	+2	+8		+2
			WILL		KB
			+5		-8

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+10/+7
DAMAGE	
+12 (Unarmed)	
[Penetrating]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+10	Diminutive

SKILLS

Acrobatics 4 (+6), Bluff 4 (+6/+10), Diplomacy 8 (+10/+14), Disable Device 4 (+5), Gather Information 7 (+9), Investigate 7 (+8), Know (*Civics*) 6 (+7), Notice 4 (+5), Search 9 (+10), Sense Motive 9 (+10), Stealth 6 (+20)

FEATS

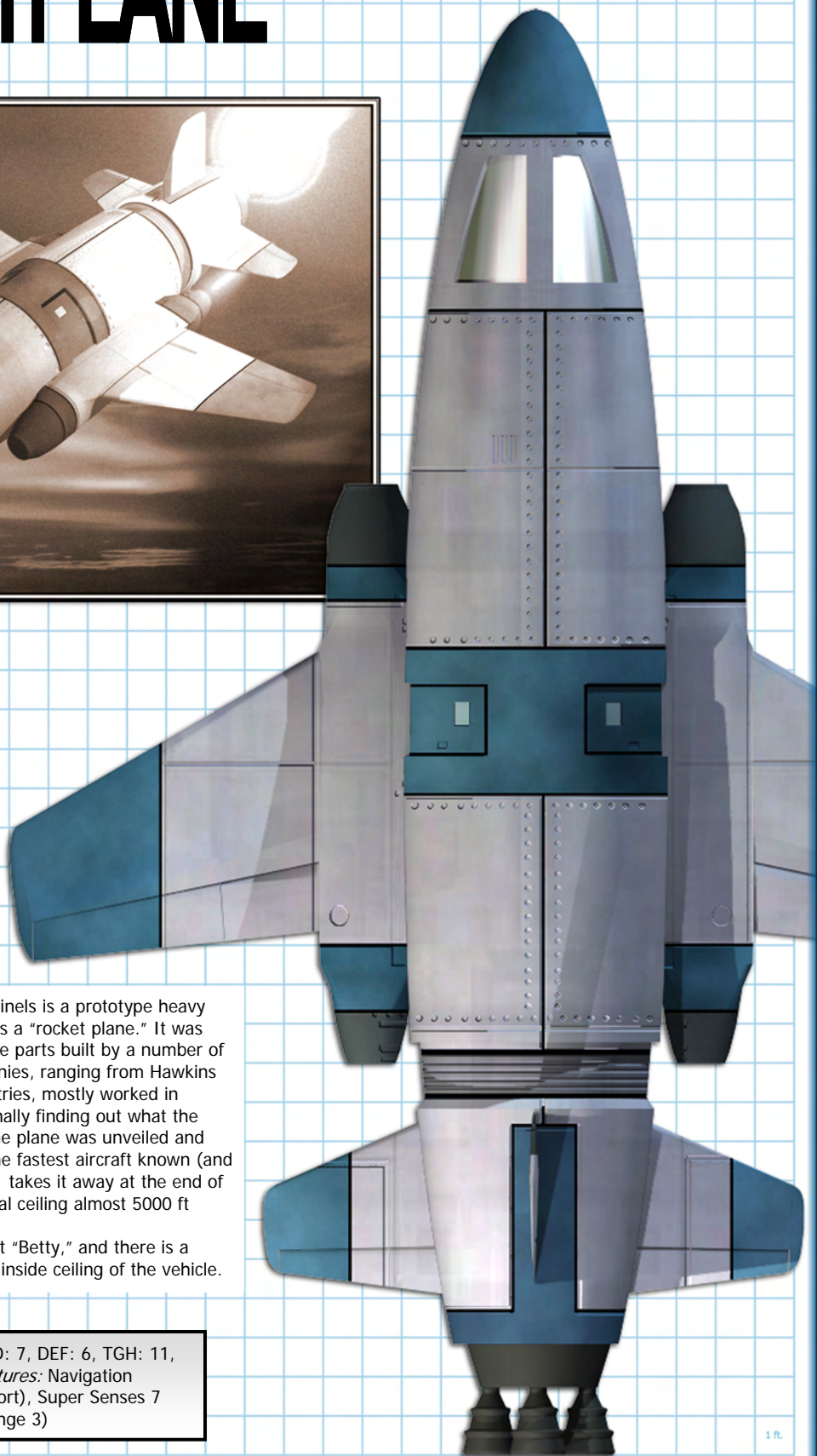
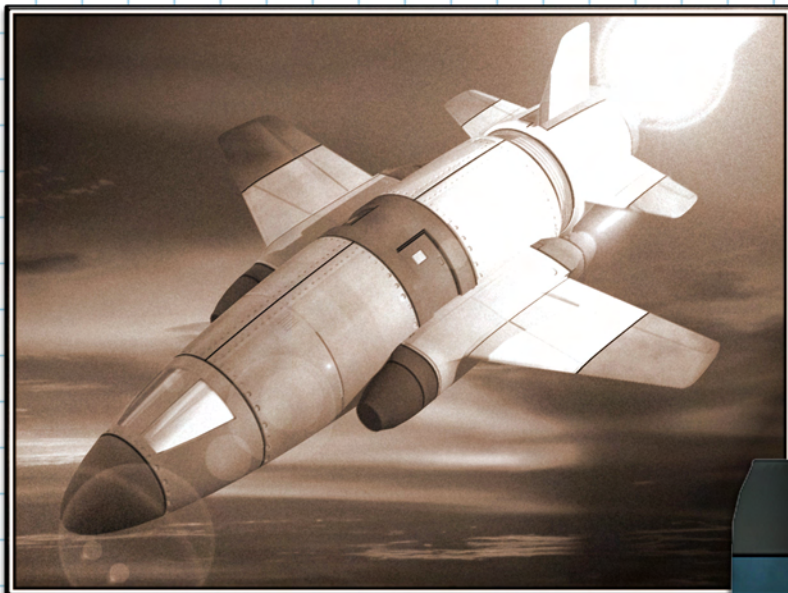
Acrobatic Bluff, Attractive 1, Benefit (*Security Clearance*), Connected, Evasion, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Trip 4, Redirect, Set-Up, Sneak Attack 1, Taunt

POWERS

Density 12 (+24 STR, Impervious Protection 6, Immovability 4, Super-Strength 4, Permanent -1), **Leaping 3**, **Penetrating** on 34 STR, **Shrinking 12** (Diminutive, +4 Atk/Def, -12 Grapple, +12 Stealth, -6 Intimidation, Normal Strength +1, Permanent -1)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
18	24	16	17	14	65	—

THE ROCKETPLANE



The aircraft used by The Sentinels is a prototype heavy jet-engine plane that the press calls a "rocket plane." It was designed by Ulysses Steele, and the parts built by a number of different companies. These companies, ranging from Hawkins Aviation up through Hughes Industries, mostly worked in isolation from one another, only finally finding out what the purpose of their work was when the plane was unveiled and demonstrated to the public. It is the fastest aircraft known (and will keep that title until the Bell X-1 takes it away at the end of the decade), and has an operational ceiling almost 5000 ft higher than its closest competitor.

The team has named the craft "Betty," and there is a sizable mural of Ms. Grable on the inside ceiling of the vehicle.

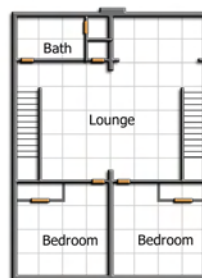
The Rocketplane. STR: 50, SPD: 7, DEF: 6, TGH: 11, SZ: Gargantuan; Cost: 36/8; *Features:* Navigation System 1, Immunity 9 (Life Support), Super Senses 7 (Blindsight [Radar], Extended Range 3)

1 ft.

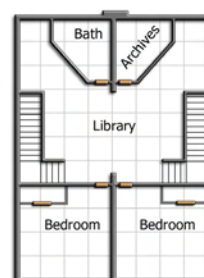
THE BROWNSTONE

Though quite distinguished in its décor, and boasting a number of comfortable amenities, the brownstone structure given to the team by the government actually saw only infrequent use during the Sentinels' career. All of the men had lives outside the team, and simply didn't need additional living space above and beyond their own. The facility mainly saw use as a backdrop for staged photo ops, and, of course, as highly decorative storage space for the numerous "trophy" and paraphernalia acquired throughout the team's existence.

The Brownstone. TGH: 10, SZ: Medium; Cost 8/2;
Features: Communication, Garage, Library, Security System 3



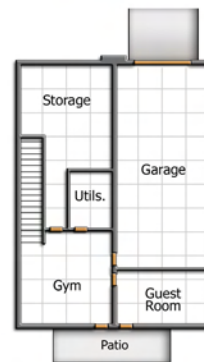
3rd Floor



2nd Floor



Ground Floor



Basement

THE DEFENDERS OF THE CROWN

The heroic tradition in the British Isles is a long and noble one, both in fiction and flesh. From a time before recorded history when Grimm the Wanderer fought bloody battles against the abominations summoned by crazed Pictish sorcerers, through the Roman occupation when Boediccea summoned her twelve great champions, the strain of courage ran true. Nor did it diminish during the long night of the Dark Ages, when champions like the Swan Knight or Cavendish the Black rose to defend their people. The roll continued down the years: Captain Claw hiding his patriotic deeds behind the mask of a pirate's identity; the Loyalist exile and sellsword Jonas Able who sought out dark powers to fight in the farthest reaches of his homeland, while avoiding the Puritans who wanted him hanged; and so on, down to the dreadful covert war that raged behind the Victorians' staid façade (see Anthem's entry in this book, or *The Algernon Files, Volume 7*, for more details) costing the lives of so many brave and extraordinary souls.

When the ancient spirit Albion answered her champion Pendragon's call for counsel, it was with a litany of names such as this that she answered as she told him of the need to gather the Isle's champions into a single unified force. In those dark days, as the British desperately tried to pull their forces back from the continent, Albion told the young sword-bearer that the time to fight in the shadows was past. The people needed to see their heroes fighting the good fight, and see it again and again, to bolster their courage in the harsh times to come. With her mystical guidance, Mallory Drake (Pendragon) was quickly able to locate a number of other people with unusual gifts and abilities, and bring himself to the attention of the authorities – who were keeping a few of these individuals under watch.

First and easiest to find was Glorianna, whose magical connections were a beacon to Albion's senses. At the urgings of her own fey patrons, and due in no small part to her immediate attraction to Pendragon, Glorianna quickly agreed to take part in such a group. John Bull was initially reluctant, but the exuberance of the throng accompanying him when he met Pendragon convinced the good-natured giant that it was worth a try. It took a bit more effort to find the Gryphon, but when the Icon of Valor heard the proposal, he immediately agreed to lend his services – and then lectured Pendragon on how unbelievable it was that such a group didn't already exist, and that, of course, the Gryphon himself was much too busy and humble for a leadership role which he was sure Pendragon was about to offer, but was certain Pendragon would do a fine job in such a position himself.

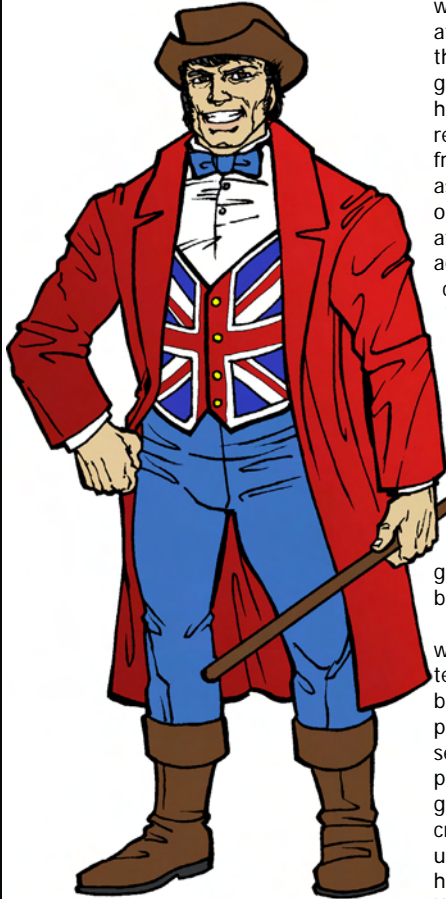
It was at this point that a Mr. Weatherby entered the picture. Weatherby claimed to represent "interested parties" in His Majesty's Government, and had information that Pendragon could use – specifically, files on other metahumans the young man hadn't yet contacted. These included the flying twins operating under the names Hurricane and Spearhead, as well as the elusive adventurer known as Zenith the Perfect Man, and the self-proclaimed champion of Inner Will, Tommy Triumph. There was even information linking a young boy in Wales with reports of a giant robot – of all things. Weatherby was also quite happy to make first contact with those in his files, assuming Pendragon and crew would not be adverse to a more formal relationship with the government... purely voluntary, of course. Loyal patriot that he was, Pendragon saw no problems with such an arrangement.

The first hastily arranged meeting between all of these stalwarts (except Triumph, who had disappeared) was also the last, as they were almost immediately called away to help evacuation efforts in Dunkirk. Though they were successful in helping the retreat, with Glorianna demonstrating the ability to call on vast amounts of power from her patrons, the Gryphon demolishing prototypes for the next generation of *Kriegsmaschinen*, and Zenith destroying the lab-bred monstrosity called *SchwartzenNebel* ("The Black Fog"), it was at great cost. Zenith, Hurricane, and Spearhead were all lost to enemy fire; Glorianna fell into a coma after calling on the magicks which repelled the Atlanteans and their efforts to invade; and the Gryphon proved vulnerable to the superscience of Frau Doktor Frankenstein, as her Null Maschine dampened his powers to such an extent that her bodyguards were able to injure the Bastion of Bravery and would have killed him if Pendragon hadn't intervened.

It took weeks for the team to recover. During that time, the press, building on a chance remark made by Churchill while he was congratulating Pendragon and John Bull, dubbed the group, "The Defenders of the Crown." Eventually coming to terms with their limitations, the Defenders buried their dead, licked their wounds, and moved on. It was immediately decided that little Daffyd Heed (Ultranaut's "controller") would remain safe under secure supervision in an undisclosed location while his robot friend did its part in the war. Much later, when he resurfaced after a number of harrowing, globetrotting adventures, Tommy Triumph politely declined the open invitation he held from the group, as he was already comfortably ensconced within his own team with a few Yank friends, the self-styled Fearless Four.

Despite official fanfare and some powerful connections with the Home Office during the war, the Defenders of the Crown never held the official status their peers in the Sentinels did. For whatever reason, Churchill was enamored with the media play of "citizens doing right for their country" and was bound and determined that the image of private citizens be maintained. An abandoned airbase outside of London was "donated" to the team for their uses (which were limited), and the RAF or the Royal Navy were always happy to "lend" a ride to the group when it became necessary. Nominally, Pendragon was the leader of the crew, though he never really made an issue of it, despite John Bull's constant pushing for him to "Stand your chest out there, lad, and show 'em a good 'what for,' eh?"

JOHN BULL



DESCRIPTION

Jamie Richardson had always been a large and strapping specimen. Even as a child, he overshadowed his peers in terms of his physical development, and by adulthood he not only fit the phrase "barrel-chested" perfectly, his sheer physical strength was legendary for counties far and wide. The only thing about Jamie that rivaled that strength was his popularity. Jamie seemed to have friends wherever he went, making new ones with ease and keeping old ones with an almost fanatical attachment. While drinking and wrestling his way through life, it was through his innate charisma, garrulousness, and sheer likeability that Jamie found his calling. People were willing to consider his words, regardless of their background or his. An introduction from him was good as gold, as people just seemed to assume he possessed a judgment for character that far outstripped the evidence. And Jamie reveled in the attention. Crowds were like a drug. The respect and admiration of a large group of people was a physical charge, making him feel stronger and more exuberant. When the Great War broke out, it was only natural that Jamie should rush off to represent his country. And on the battlefield, surrounded not only by death and destruction, but the desperate, almost palpable need of his fellow soldiers that he be every bit the juggernaut of his reputation, Jamie found out that he was no longer, if he had ever been, human. At the Battle of Belleau Wood, overwhelmed by rage and terror, and thinking he was going to die, Jamie charged through machine gun fire unharmed and shredded a cannon with his bare hands before he returned to his senses.

Once word of this feat reached command, Jamie was pulled from the field and put to more rigorous testing. He was inhumanly strong and tough normally, but found that he grew stronger and tougher the more people were around him to admire his performance. His sense of "puffing up" under those circumstances was proven to be not merely a feeling – he actually did grow physically larger as the emotional charge of the crowd surged in. Satisfied that Jamie was far more useful out of a standard uniform, his government called him "John Bull," and put him to work countering the Kaiser's pet Eisenkreuz. Though there were far fewer metahumans in the first World War than the second (and the term "metahuman" hadn't even been thought of), Richardson still saw plenty of action. He even occasionally helped out his associate Jameson Steele thwart the likes of Der Schwarzenritter, The Prussian, or even homegrown threats like the traitorous Red Razor, or the lunatics that called themselves The Lion and The Unicorn. Following the war, Richardson opened a Public Relations firm, where he made use of his image while letting others do everything else.

As John Bull, Richardson was one of the first metahumans to step up to his country's needs when the Second World War broke out. Even though he was now middle-aged, Richardson's often sedentary lifestyle hadn't slowed down his robust character a whit, and he was well into the thick of public relations tours when Pendragon approached him to join the Defenders.

Initially concerned over how he would perform after such a long retirement from action, Jamie was no more able to resist the siren song of his admiring crowd that day than he ever had been before. As he originally saw action almost

twenty years before the heyday of metahumans' public acceptance, most of the public at that time dismissed John Bull as an invention of the British press at worst, or a well-meaning publicity tool with exaggerated exploits at best. Surrounded by other people with special abilities now, he finds a far easier acceptance in the mainstream. An elder statesman in his own mind, as he has a few years on almost all of his contemporaries, Jamie isn't much for complicated tactics and thinking – he's happy to leave that to those so inclined. Mother Richardson's boy is at his best when all that's necessary is a good right cross and an intimidating glare.

PL	GRAPPLING	PTS
11	GIANT	125

STR	32	+11	TGH	12(10)	LIFT	33 ton
DEX	12	+1	FORT	14(12)	LEAP	16 ft
CON	28	+9	REF	+3	INIT	+1
INT	10	+0	WILL	+10	KB	-10(6)
WIS	10	+0				
CHA	18	+4				

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+7(+8)	+7(+8)/ +3(+4)
DAMAGE	
+11 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+22(+15)	Large (Med)

SKILLS							
Bluff 3 (+7), Drive 5 (+6), Intimidate 8 (+12/+13)							
FEATS							
All-Out Attack, Benefit (<i>Wealth</i> 3), Improved Block 2, Improved Grab, Improved Grapple, Improved Pin, Startle							
POWERS							
Growth 2 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Growth 4 (+8 STR [24 Normal], +4 CON [24 Normal], -1 DEF, 15 ft Tall and 2 Tons at Maximum Size) (Uncontrolled -1), Protection 3 , Super- Strength 2							
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB	
42	32	17	4	10	20	—	

NOTES

John Bull's Growth power is dependent on the number of active "fans" he has around him at any one time, almost as if he feeds off of the admiration and stores it like an emotional battery. When surrounded by a vast number, such as at a bond rally in a stadium, or surrounded by the desperate troops at Dunkirk, he's a veritable giant. Even under normal conditions, with fewer than a dozen people around him, he's still an impressive spectacle.

Intimidated fear of him substitutes as well as admiration and awe – it just doesn't give him the same emotional "high."

QUOTE

Who's the man to win the day, lads? Damn right, I am!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	7'2"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Defenders	50	480#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	Myth to help spur war effort
10	Member Defenders of the Crown
15	Active since World War I
20	
25	Size increases with crowds
30	

PL	TRICKY FEY		PTS
10	WARRIOR		147

STR	8	-1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+1	160#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	14	+2	+3	4 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+8	+7
			WILL	KB
			+5	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4/+14	+18/+9
DAMAGE	
+4 (Arrow)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+3	Medium

SKILLS							
Acrobatics 8 (+11), Bluff 3 (+6/+10), Diplomacy 3 (+6/+10), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 3 (+5), Notice 3 (+6), Stealth 8 (+11)							
FEATS							
Acrobatic Bluff, Attack Specialization (<i>Bow</i>) 5, Attractive 1, Beginner's Luck, Evasion, Improved Initiative 1, Luck 3, Minions 7 (<i>Faerie x10</i>), Move-By Action, Power Attack, Ritualist, Taunt							
POWERS							
Device 7 (Hard to Lose, Cloak [Invisibility 2, Magic 6 (<i>Base</i> : Illusion, AP: Animate Object 4, Mind Control), Shield 3], Faerie Boots [Flight 4, AP: Super-Movement (Trackless), Teleport]), Device 4 (Easy to Lose, Elf-Shot Bow [Blast 4 (Autofire +1, Penetrating +1)], Golden Key [Super-Movement – Dimensional Travel (as Faerie), PF: Progression 2]))							
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB	
23	44	9	7	24	40	—	

As Glorianna, a name she appropriated from one of her favorite stories, Elizabeth is often more of a nuisance to her foes than an actual threat. She relies on trickery and illusion instead of brute force, and leaves the disposal of her frustrated and usually infuriated targets to the proper authorities. When angered, however, she has resorted to her terrible elf-shot bow, a misleadingly delicate-looking weapon whose pernicious magic has proven effective against every target she has yet faced. Willful little “helpers” that she calls sprites, who are agile distractions for her in battle and useful extra hands, occasionally assist Glorianna. Her seemingly inhuman combat agility and unerring aim with the bow are presumably also gifts from her patron, as she never displayed either before taking up the mantle of their champion. Finally, either as an innate talent, or some additional gift from her patrons, Glorianna can unconsciously tap into ancient magicks of the sidhe, such as leyline patterns or Lyonessean artifacts – though she has to be in the direst of situations and it would probably be more accurate to say that she is the convenient focus of those magicks rather than their wielder.

DESCRIPTION

In the early years of the war, as the Luftwaffe relentlessly pounded away at London and other British cities with bomb strike after bomb strike, it wasn't uncommon for families to send their younger members to live with friends and relatives in the countryside. Elizabeth Marleyoak (MAIR-ee-ohk) was one of those urban refugees. Though not as young as many others in her situation, as she was almost ready to take her exams and was thinking of universities, Elizabeth was small for her age, and her parents worried considerably after her. The uncle who took her in at her parent's request was old and prone to spending much of his days napping, and so the young girl spent her time exploring the hills and dales around her new home. It was during one of these expeditions that she came across the weathered remnants of an ancient stone circle.

Memories of early childhood and her avid reading of old fairy stories and folk tales raced through her mind as she examined the relics intently. She quickly lost track of time, and after eating the small picnic meal she had brought with her, Elizabeth was soon asleep lying inside the circle and stayed there well into the night. While she slept, the young girl dreamed a long and vivid dream of adventure. In her dream she rescued a faerie queen from iron-clad captors, endured a number of challenges and riddles that tested her quickness and her wits, and then led the queen's army to victory over a foul rabble of ghouls and goblins. The queen rewarded her with a beautiful silver bow and faerie cloak and urged her, “Now, my champion, take these gifts and fight for us in the sunlit world beyond, for this realm is not the only one that stands in peril should the nightbringers and their cold-iron souls take sway over these verdant lands.”

Elizabeth awoke refreshed and feeling rather more chipper than she had since she had said goodbye to her parents. She was surprised to find that it had become night, but even more astonished to find a cloak and bow neatly placed atop her picnic basket. Seizing everything in her arms, she rushed home and locked herself in her room. Much later, after working up her courage, she began to experiment with the strange gifts, and even discovered a wand and boots in the folds of the cloak. At first frightened and reluctant, Elizabeth eventually began using the tools to anonymously help the folk in the area. When she first encountered a group of saboteurs plying their tricks at a local power station, she was as shocked as they were when she took them all out of commission. She took her success as the final sign that she was up to the task of defending her homeland as well as she had the dreamlands she had stumbled into through that old circle.

GLORIANNA



QUOTE

‘Wee slip of a girl?’ I’ll show you!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'5"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Defenders	15	104#	Red

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member Defenders of the Crown
15	Youngster, barely out of school
20	Powers are gift from Titania
25	
30	

MINIONS

Faerie: PL 3 (60 points, Minion Rank 4); Init +4; Defense +5; Atk +3; SV Tgh +1, Fort +1, Ref +8, Will +1; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10;

Skills and Feats: Notice 3 (+4), Sense Motive 5 (+5), Stealth 4 (+8); Attractive 1, Favored Environment (Air), Improved Defense;

Powers: Flight 2, Illusion 3 (Visual, Auditory, Interactive, Progression 2), Immunity 1 (Age), Shrinking 8 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Super-Movement 1 (Dimensional Movement 1 [Land of Forever Summer]);

Drawbacks: Power Loss (Flight, if Wings Immobilized, -2)

THE GRYPHON



QUOTE

Fret not, gentle citizens, for the Gryphon is here to protect you.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Defenders	30	200#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	Member Defenders of the Crown
10	
15	Dedicated beyond compare
20	Powers come from magic word
25	
30	Powerful psionic, not magical

MORTIMER BRUMBLY

For Mortimer Brumbly's normal identity, use the Bystander Archetype with accounting as the chosen profession.

DESCRIPTION

Some people just go through life under the radar. Unnoticed by those around them, they simply don't make that much of an impression on others, if they make any impression at all. Mortimer Hilbert Brumbly typified such a sad and lonely soul. Mortimer was eminently forgettable, sometimes drifting out of people's attention even while they were speaking to him. He was simply background color and empty noise, though his accounting work at the firm that employed him nonetheless sent home a paycheck every week. Well, almost every week. Sometimes he had to fill out paperwork to remind them that he worked at the firm. But this was only the exterior of Mortimer's physical presence. If only people could have seen inside Mortimer's imagination, they would have seen a very different and far more dashing figure. In Mortimer's daydreams, he was a hero, a pirate, a gunslinger. As a king or a sultan, his subjects loved him; as a daring pulp crime-smasher, he made women swoon and strong adversaries go weak at the knees. To put it mildly, Mortimer had a vibrant inner life.

One day, indistinguishable from all the preceding days of Mortimer's life, everything changed at a fateful trip to the bank. Mortimer walked in on a robbery in progress and was shoved in among the other people being held hostage. Watching as the robbers continued to beat the bank manager for the combination to his office safe, Mortimer was shocked as everything seemed to freeze. No one around him moved, spoke, or even breathed. Suddenly a voice spoke to him.

"Mortimer, you have been chosen. You and you alone can right this wrong. Speak the magic of my name, for I am the mighty wizard El Karim and I have watched and protected you until this wondrous day. Speak my name, Mortimer!"

And a small, forgettable man, at that moment no longer even sure of his own sanity, whispered aloud, "El Karim."

With a flash of blinding light and a mighty crack as thunder, Mortimer Brumbly disappeared. Standing in his place was the Bastion of Bravery, the Vanguard of Valor, the Mighty Gryphon. Smiling at his feeble foes, the Living Icon said, "A dozen against one hardly seems fair, but I don't have the time to wait for you to go get others, so you'll have to do." And he proceeded to make short work of them.

As his mortal self, Mortimer Brumbly seems unremarkable in every way. However, with the mere utterance of the word "El Karim," he seems to transform into a powerhouse, with the bulletproof body of a god, and the charisma to match. The Gryphon has proved able to throw armored cars around like pillows, bounce cannon shells off of his chest, and outpace the fastest planes in the sky. In combat, everything just seems to go his way when he needs it, the villains almost walking into his mightiest blows, or finding themselves unable to connect with his lightning-like frame. Though he hasn't shared his true identity with his adoring public, the story of his magic word and chosen calling have been repeated ad nauseum, usually as part of a lecture to whoever he's fighting alongside that isn't meeting the Gryphon's expectations for what a hero should be and how they should act.

The truth of the matter is somewhat different. There is no mighty wizard and no magic. Brumbly is, in actuality, a horrifically powerful psionic whose powers were latent until the day his stress in watching a bank robbery brought on a psychotic break. He continues to operate under the delusion his mind constructed. Subconsciously, Brumbly rebuilds himself into the form of the Gryphon, going so far as to alter reality and probability around himself to match his dramatic sensibilities of a situation. On a telepathic level, he even intrudes in others' minds around him, making them think they can "almost" hear the heroic theme music playing in his mind, or the pulpish narrator-dialogue his subconscious is constantly generating. Of course, most people simply dismiss these impressions as figments of their imagination, but they add to the overall teeth-grating perfection that is the Gryphon's presence.

PL	GALLANT		PTS
11	POWERHOUSE		184

STR	38	+14	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+16	307 tn
CON	30	+10	FORT	LEAP
INT	14	+2	+10	19 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	26	+8	+5	+4
			WILL	KB
			+5	-11

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+14 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+24	Medium

SKILLS						
Diplomacy 8 (+16)						
FEATS						
Luck 5, Power Attack						
POWERS						
Communication 5 (Area +1, Subtle +1, Uncontrolled -1, Supporting Dramatic Dialogue and Wisps of Heroic Theme Music Only -1), Flight 8 , Immunity 9 (Life Support), Luck Control 3 (Area +1, Selective +1, Uncontrolled -1, Only when Dramatically Appropriate -1), Protection 6 (Impervious +1), Super-Strength 6						
DRAWBACKS						
Normal Identity (-3)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
82	28	3	2	6	63	-3

PL	"CHOSEN"		PTS
11	WARRIOR		212

STR	18	+4	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+9	600#
CON	18	+4	FORT	LEAP
INT	12	+1	+10	9 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	35	+12	+10	+3
			WILL	KB
			+10	-5

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+13/+6
DAMAGE	
+10 (Sword) [Crit 15-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+14	Medium

SKILLS	
Climb 4 (+8), Concentration 8 (+11), Diplomacy 8 (+20)*, Drive 7 (+10), Handle Animal 5 (+17), Intimidate 4 (+16)*, Know (<i>History</i>) 9 (+10), Languages 4 (<i>French, Irish Gaelic, Latin, Old English</i>), Notice 4 (+7)*, Search 3 (+4), Sense Motive 5 (+8)*, Stealth 3 (+6), Swim 4 (+8)	

FEATS	
All-Out Attack, Assessment, Defensive Attack, Equipment 5, Fascinate, Fearless, Fearsome Presence, Improved Block 2, Improved Disarm 2, Inspire, Leadership, Luck 4, Master Plan, Power Attack, Skill Mastery*, Takedown Attack, Uncanny Dodge 2	

POWERS	
Device 5 [Easy to Lose, Caliburn (Strike 8 (Penetrating +1, PF: Critical Strike, Improved Critical 5))], Device 3 [Hard to Lose, Enchanted Mail Shirt [Protection 5 (Impervious +1), Immunity (Critical Hits, Disease, Poison)], Healing 5 (Total +1, PF: Persistent)]	

EQUIPMENT	
Motorcycle, Submachine Gun	
AT	CM
55	46
SV	SK
20	17
FT	PW
29	43
DB	—

DESCRIPTION

Mallory Drake's family had been landed nobility once upon a time. His parents had told him this with pride. Several generations prior, a scoundrel of an uncle had managed through legal trickery to disinherit Mallory's entire branch, and they had gone through hard times ever since that horrid day. A sickly child whose lungs and twisted-from-birth right leg kept him from playing with the other children, young Drake often spent his days immersed in the library of a kindly old teacher with a soft spot for the Drake family. By the time he was old enough to win a scholarship to university, Drake had used that library to become an expert on the histories of, in his mind, a grander time, a time of valiant knights and valiant deeds. He could recite peerage and details of obscure heraldry with a confidence and accuracy that amazed his instructors, and was assured of a don's position teaching his beloved Medieval History at the end of his long and intense studies. Fate, however, had other plans.

To relax, Drake had become accustomed to putting around the countryside on a secondhand motorbike he had scraped and saved to buy. With the wind in his hair and the ground rapidly rolling under his heels, he could forget about his own physical shortcomings and imagine himself a great knight astride a noble steed, master of himself and his surroundings. It was on one of his joyrides, en route to an old archeological dig that Drake loved for its isolation, that he encountered agents of the Thùle Society. They shared his interest in the site, but for very different reasons – they believed items of great power were hidden there, and they didn't take well to his sudden appearance. When he fled from them, they chased him, their car forcing his bike off the road and over a small cliff. As he lay at the bottom of that cliff, his body shattered and dying, the waters of a small stream washing up against him, Drake beheld a vision. A woman, glowing, and dressed as if she had walked out of a Maxfield Parrish painting, appeared before him.

"Fear not, Master Drake. Now is not your final day in this fair land, for I will heal you with these very hands in but a moment," he heard her say, unable to answer through his bloody and torn lips.

"I have known many names in my time, but Albion shall suffice for now. I have come to present you with a choice, much as I did an ancient ancestor of yours... a choice between duty and comfort. Look before you now and see the chalice and the blade. Choose between them and seize the path of your life. The chalice will lead you to great fortune and a long and fruitful life, free from pain or danger; but you and you alone will benefit. The blade promises a life of peril, of trial and sweat, of pain and loss; but multitudes will live free and without fear for your sacrifice. Choose now and walk your path."

When the Nazis reached the foot of the cliff to retrieve Drake's body, they found a nasty surprise waiting. An armored, athletic figure made short work of them, and then strode off with a purpose, and a destiny.

The old Mallory Drake is gone, believed to have disappeared and perhaps become a victim of misadventure. In his place is a towering, inspiring figure, strong, fast, and carrying an incredible presence. As Pendragon, Drake's body has been reborn, and he carries an enchanted sword alongside a trusty submachine gun. His mail shirt has turned bullets, and through great concentration, he can channel his might to heal the broken bodies of his allies and the innocent. His personal magnetism is so great that even those beside him facing battle can't seem to help but to share in his fearlessness.

PENDRAGON



QUOTE

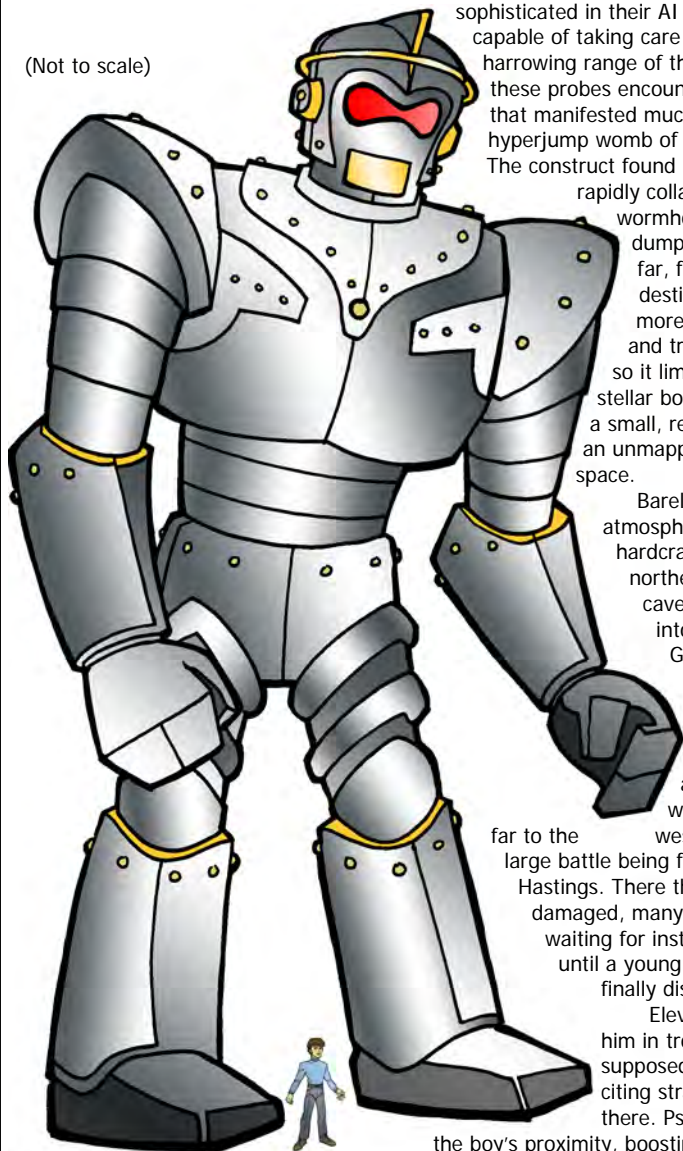
This precious land has always called her champions when needed – now is our time, and we shall not fail her no matter the cost.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'2"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Defenders	30	250#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE	
5	
10	Member Defenders of the Crown
15	Supposedly wields Excalibur
20	
25	Empowered by spirit of Britain
30	

THE ULTRANAUT

(Not to scale)



DESCRIPTION

The first stage in Saeduun exploration of any area is always to disperse great multitudes of highly-advanced drones into the area. These probes are expected to map and analyze a vast amount of potentially very dangerous space, and so are quite sophisticated in their AI construction, and more than capable of taking care of themselves against a harrowing range of threats. Centuries ago, one of these probes encountered a subspace anomaly that manifested much too quickly for the hyperjump womb of the probe to compensate. The construct found itself propelled through a rapidly collapsing series of natural wormhole-like phenomena and dumped back into normal space far, far from its programmed destination. The trip also proved more than the probe's systems and transport chassis could handle, so it limped on toward the nearest stellar body it could manage to reach – a small, relatively undeveloped world in an unmapped sector of unclaimed space.

Barely able to control its atmospheric entry, the probe hardcrashed on an island in the northern hemisphere, weakening a cave system under the crash site into which the probe then fell.

Given the low population density of the area, the crash went almost completely unnoticed. This was aided by the fact that the attention of the isle's natives was, at the time, concentrated far to the west and south of the site, at a large battle being fought at a place called Hastings. There the probe stayed, hidden, damaged, many of its systems offline, waiting for instructions that never came – until a young boy named Daffyd Heed finally discovered it while exploring the caves where it lay hidden.

Eleven years old, headstrong, and with an imagination that had gotten him in trouble more times than he could count, little Daffyd Heed was never supposed to be in those caves. The local lore had the entire area haunted, citing strange dreams and visions that burdened anyone that spent too long there. Psionically active, as most Saeduun computers are, the probe sensed the boy's proximity, boosting the boy's natural curiosity as far as it could without scaring him away as it inadvertently done to all of those that had come before. As the boy approached the cavern where the probe was waiting, it extricated its physical form as much as it could from the wreckage. Using the last of its self-initiative, as well as burning out the last of the transport's repair and construction facilities and its already-damaged telepathic interface, it took a form more "acceptable" to the boy – what it had seen in the boy's mind as the expectations of a robotic construct. And then it waited for its new master to "update" its instructions.

The Ultranaught, as the probe was dubbed by Daffyd, is a large and powerful robot. Its normal form was that of a mass of crystalline shards embedded in a spherical, silvery energy field, but it is now stuck in a classic RKO-serial image of a robot as plucked from Daffyd's mind. Until many of its critical systems are repaired, it will not be able to alter that configuration. The Ultranaught is very difficult to hurt, and can, within limits, effect structural repairs on itself so long as the majority of its structure remains intact. It only has access to

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Robot	N/A	50'	None
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Defenders	?	20 tons	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE	
5	
10	Member Defenders of the Crown
15	
20	
25	
30	Takes orders from little boy

one of the weapon arrays it possessed before the crash, a plasma pulse cannon positioned where its chest is now. Though quite intelligent, the Ultranaught possesses only enough initiative to resolve instructed tasks (but those tasks can be quite elaborate and complicated). It simply isn't programmed to be very intuitive or creative. Currently, Daffyd is in secure keeping at an isolated army base, while "his" robot is following the instruction, "Help the army beat the bad guys." There are a number of theories the authorities have about the robot's origins, including many wild ones provided by the boy, but none are close to the truth, and the exact cavern system where he was discovered has eluded the army as yet – despite Daffyd's "expert" guidance and recall.

PL	GIANT ROBOT FROM SPACE!		PTS
10			197

STR	34	+12	TGH	+18	LIFT	715 tn
DEX	10	+0	FORT	—	LEAP	+17
CON	—	—	REF	+0	INIT	+0
INT	18	+4	WILL	+14/4	KB	-21
WIS	18	+4				
CHA	8	-1				

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8	-4
DAMAGE	
+12 (Punch), +10 (Blast)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+37	Gargantuan

FEATS						
Eidetic Memory, Power Attack, Precise Shot						
POWERS						
Blast 10, Flight 7, Growth 12 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects), Mind Shield 10, Regeneration 10 (Recovery +3, Injured 1, Disabled 1), Super-Senses 16 (Blindsight, Darkvision, Direction Sense, Distance Sense, Extended Vision 1, Infravision, Radio, Time Sense, X-Ray Vision), Super-Strength 5						
DRAWBACKS						
Mute (VC, Mod, -4)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
32	26	12	0	3	124	-4

INDEPENDENT ALLIES

AMADEUS



PL	KING OF SPIES		PTS
6			116

STR	11	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+6/2	230#
CON	14	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+2	5 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	17	+3	+5	+3
			WILL	KB
			+8	-3/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+1 (Dagger), +3 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+5	Medium

SKILLS
Acrobatics 4 (+7), Bluff 11 (+14/+18)*, Diplomacy 10 (+13/+17), Disguise 11 (+14/44), Escape Artist 10 (+13)*, Gather Information 11 (+14), Know (<i>Civics</i>) 4 (+8), Know (<i>Streetwise</i>) 8 (+12), Notice 9 (+12)*, Search 9 (+13), Sense Motive 11 (+14), Sleight of Hand 10 (+13), Stealth 8 (+11)*, Swim 4 (+4)

FEATS
Attractive 1, Benefit (<i>Alternate Identity</i> , Progression 4), Connected, Defensive Roll 4, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Equipment 3, Evasion, Fascinate, Jack-of-All-Trades, Master Plan, Skill Mastery*, Sneak Attack 2, Uncanny Dodge 1, Well-Informed

POWERS
Man of 1000 Faces [Morph 6 (Broad Group [Humanoids], Requires Appropriate Props -1, Requires Time to Change and Prepare -1)], Master Linguist [Comprehend 2 (Speak and Understand Languages, Must Have Previously Encountered Language -1)]

EQUIPMENT						
Dagger, Light Pistol						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
32	22	7	30	24	6	—

DESCRIPTION

No one ever promised man that life would be fair. If Severinson Blakeney ever learned anything from his father, it was *that* harsh and often repeated lesson.

The Blakeney's had lost everything at the hands of their family's old enemies, the de Winters. Both families had made the shadows their home and the game of Cloak and Daggers their avocation. And both families had found themselves in competition and conflict since before Queen Anne had breathed her last.

Unfortunately, Severinson's grandfather hadn't been quite as gifted as either his ancestors or his descendents, and the de Winters had used that weakness and short-sightedness to their decisive advantage. Gone were the titles, the wealth, and the great estate. Gone was the comfort and protection of rank. Severinson and his father (his mother having died when he was quite young) lived the lives of vagabonds and gypsies, always one step ahead of the people they preyed on. And always forced to keep two steps ahead of the de Winter's hirelings, lest they and their name both end in an unmarked grave. Young Blakeney took his father's core lesson to heart, as he did all of his father's teachings. Misdirection, the use of truth and lie interchangeably and with equal facility, the secrets of losing one's identity behind the smallest application of greasepaint and acting – these were the Blakeney curriculum, and Severinson was every bit the prize pupil his father wanted. From childhood, Severinson learned to trust nothing and no one, especially the senses or the heart, both of which were far too easy to fool. He never became attached to anyone or anything that he couldn't leave behind at a moment's notice, and everything was a potential tool, up to and including the many people who made the mistake of trusting him.

He never even hesitated in abandoning his father when the de Winters finally caught up with the duo one cold night in Prague.

The following years he spent honing his skills to peerless levels. The de Winters had never had enough of a description of the youngest Blakeney to help them find him, and Severinson gave them no help in that quarter, inventing and moving from one to another identity with ridiculous ease. Once he was old enough and confident enough in his abilities, Severinson constructed one final identity: Amadeus. As he compared his talents to those of a musician, carefully weaving every disguise and scheme with the same care and genius as a composer, Severinson felt the name of another prodigy he admired suited him well. He spent years cultivating clients among the rich and influential of Europe's aristocracy as well as her political and military communities. A small deception here to aid a diplomatic maneuver, a theft there to recover sensitive documents, an inconvenient witness or courier disappearing on occasion, and bit by bit a very impressive reputation was built, albeit to support a man and a background that was never more than a fiction. When the Germans squeezed their grip around France, papers condemning the de Winters as spies for the Allies conveniently found their way into the hands of the Gestapo, and few of the family managed to escape the country to rebuild over the following decades, as the Germans were amazingly well-informed as to the identities of the family's assets. Amadeus took a moment to revel in avenging his family's honor... and then went immediately back to work.

Amadeus is neither good nor evil, instead maintaining a gray balance of icy pragmatism. He is a spy, certainly, and has killed on more than one occasion, but never maliciously nor without ample reason (the feud against the de Winters a notable exception). He seldom does any work for the Germans and the Russians, but this is more from a sense that he would find a world ruled by either system considerably less comfortable than from any ethical qualms. An unequaled master of disguise, Amadeus has contacts everywhere and is never without a plan or a dozen boltholes in which to hide. He values his own life and little else, but is a consummate professional. He always keeps to his agreements, never betrays those paying him (at least, *while* they're paying him), and strangely enough, has a certain old-world sense of gentleman's honor. This last comforts him, though few others ever see enough of its benefice to guess at its existence.

QUOTE

'Why?' is your concern, sir. Mine is 'how much?'

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	?	?
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	?	?	?

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE
5
10
15
20
25
30
Myth told by spies to other spies
Unrivaled spymaster

COGITO



DESCRIPTION

One of the many factions involved in the covert war behind the staid Victorian façade (see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1* for more details on this conflict), The Daedalean Masque grew tired of watching their small numbers grow smaller while both enemy and ally alike ignored the Masque's call for a peaceful resolution. Eventually, the Masque simply decided to wash their collective hands of the whole mess, and orchestrated their own disappearing act. Retreating to a well-hidden enclave nestled deep inside the Rocky Mountains, the group immediately re-immersed itself in the aspect of Great Work on which they had already spent so many years striving – the biological refinement and improvement of the human species. After two centuries of carefully cultivating a breeding line, and making incremental chemical and surgical modifications to the participants in that line, the Masque had finally moved to the last stage: removing the fetus from a volunteer mother in the project so the end development could happen observably, ex utero, awash in the chemical bath of an artificial womb. So engrossed in their work were the members of the group that they never noticed their hiding place had been discovered by a rival faction. The Rosebearers had always been the Masque's rivals in achieving the biological aims of the Great Work, and had no intention of letting the Masque succeed or even letting any of the other factions know of the Rosebearer's defeat in their centuries-old contest. The Rosebearers had their hired guns raid the enclave and kill everyone, burning the facilities to the ground to cover their tracks. However, the killers didn't find the underground sections of the facility in their haste to finish the job. The artificial womb and its surroundings were left untouched when the rest of the base was destroyed, and the womb eventually opened to release its prize exactly as it had been designed to do.

On the morning of January 1st, 1900, a child came into the world without family, without name, without any sort of real identity at all. Thanks to the telepathic abilities that had become active before it had been taken from the womb, the infant was self-aware from the moment it opened its eyes to the sterile air of the lab. Knowing only the clockwork interface of the automated lab for the first few years of his life, the boy educated himself with the wax recorded cylinders and books left in the below-ground level of the building, naming himself Cogito, from the Latin, "I think." When he finally found his way out into the world, Cogito discovered that even though he was barely through puberty, he already physically and mentally surpassed

QUOTE

It's really quite simple, if you'll just let yourself believe.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'9"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	25 (40)	180#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Pursues dream of utopian society
20	Perfect body
25	Inhuman IQ
30	Product of eugenics program

all the (quite strange to his naive and sheltered view) people he encountered. Overwhelmed by a world that was to him at once both savage and wondrous, Cogito retreated back to his crèche, recovering what he could from the ruins left above his home. He was able to reconstruct the records of the Daedaleans from the remnants he found, as coupled with the memories he had absorbed before his birth. With no other guidance, Cogito set himself up as the living tool of the Great Work's vision, a leader and benefactor to mankind, leading them to a utopian future.

Cogito is the product of centuries of eugenics in action. His physiology and metabolism function as perfectly as they can and still be considered human. Mentally, he is beyond genius, capable of formulating and grasping concepts centuries ahead of current scientific paradigms. He has full mental control over all of his body's processes, and can enter a healing trance to repair his physical frame. Cogito is also a telepath, and while not the most powerful psi on the planet, he is quite versatile and resourceful in using what he has. Cannibalizing the technology left by the Masque and adding his own inventiveness and advances, Cogito has produced bullet-proof cloth as light as silk, a functioning gravitic flight device, and a gun that uses electricity as its ammunition, among many other marvels. Unfortunately, Cogito has been frustrated in his plans time and again by his overly optimistic appraisal of humanity, his limited abilities to establish any kind of social rapport, and the antipathy of any number of industrial, political, and religious leaders who oppose what they view as his "socialist, elitist, and godless" agenda.

PL	MR. PERFECT	PTS
10		215

STR	20	+5	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	20	+5		+12/8		800#
CON	20	+5	FORT		LEAP	
INT	30	+10		+10		10 ft
WIS	23	+6	REF		INIT	
CHA	15	+2		+10		+9
			WILL		KB	
				15/10		-6/4

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+8 (Electro-Gun)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+15	Medium

SKILLS

Computers 8 (+18), Concentration 8 (+18), Craft (*Chemical, Electronic, Mechanical, Structural*) 10 (+20), Disable Device 10 (+20), Know (*Earth Science, History*) 8 (+18), Know (*Life Science*) 10 (+20), Know (*Physical Science, Technology*) 13 (+23), Medicine 8 (+18), Notice 8 (+14), Search 10 (+20)

FEATS

Ambidexterity, Beginner's Luck, Diehard, Eidetic Memory, Endurance, Equipment 3, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Initiative, Inventor, Master Plan, Trance

POWERS

Device 4 (Hard to Lose, **Ballisto-Cloth** [Protection 4 (Impervious +1, PF: Subtle)], **Gravity Pack** [Flight 4 (100 mph)]), **Device 4** (Easy to Lose, **Electro-Gun** [Electrical Control 8 (AP: Dazzle, Stun)]), **Immunity 2** (Age, Disease), **Mind Shield 5, Quickness 10** (Mental Tasks Only -1), **Protection 3, Regeneration 5** (Recovery Bonus +5), **Super-Senses 1** (Mental Awareness), **Telepathy 5** (AP: Illusion, Mind Control, Stun)

EQUIPMENT

Headquarters (TGH 10, SZ: Large, Features: Communications, Concealed, Infirmary, Isolated, Laboratory, Library, Living Space, Power System, Security System, Workshop)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
68	36	14	36	14	61	—

PL	HOMELESS TIME		PTS
8	TRAVELER		112

STR	18	+4	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+3	600#
CON	16	+3	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+5	9 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	14	+2	+5	+3
			WILL	KB
			+8	-1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+4 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+10	Medium

SKILLS						
Computers 8 (+12), Craft (<i>Electronic</i>) 8 (+12), Craft (<i>Mechanical</i>) 10 (+14), Disable Device 8 (+12), Know (<i>History</i>) 10 (+14), Know (<i>Physical Science</i>) 8 (+12), Languages (<i>Chinese, German, Latin, Tagalog</i>), Notice 4 (+8)						
FEATS						
Equipment 20, Improved Initiative, Inventor, Leadership, Luck 2, Master Plan, Seize Initiative, Stunning Attack						
EQUIPMENT						
HQ: Null Point						
DRAWBACKS						
Susceptible (Normal Time, Moderate, Cumulative, All Physical Ability Scores, per Hour, Lethal, Uncommon, -3)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
40	24	8	15	28	0	-3

DESCRIPTION

Joshua Epoch does not exist. He has never existed. There is no record, anywhere, of his ever having been born. At least, not anymore. What little is known about his background comes only from a story he once told his associates in a moment of sentimental weakness.

Once upon a time, there existed a perfect world – a world without war, strife, need, or disease. Free from danger and oppression, society had advanced to the point where technology could work miracles, and even the timestream would soon be usable as a tool. All of man's petty bickering was left in the pages of dusty old history books, and the capacity for violence was the exception, not the rule. Of course, when someone retaining this capacity entered society, he was easily identified and treated for his antisocial tendencies... until the day when one of those individuals was born who was much too intelligent to openly display his true face. A world without war was unprepared to deal with a tactical genius, a world without weapons unprepared for an inventor who could design instruments of death with the same intuitive ease most people used for breathing, and a world without murder was unprepared for a monster that embraced brutality and bloodshed with the fervor of a religion.

The first time he put his plans into action, a quarter of this perfect world died horribly before it even knew of his existence. The majority of the remaining masses joined their kin in the grave in the time it took for the last desperate survivors to find a way to stop the man they only knew as The Beast. But, before they could capture him, he escaped justice, having stolen and exploited the technology to move through time. He went back to the beginning of his schemes, replaced himself and started over, this time immediately killing almost two-thirds of mankind and enslaving the remainder. Again, he was stopped, only to escape into the timestream once more. However, the leader of the rebellion against him, and one of the developers of the stolen time travel technology, managed to follow him. They fought in places spread over millennia. Every time the Beast was defeated, he had a contingency plan waiting, seeding remote eras with his purloined equipment, recruiting allies to help him, finding places to hide. To his horror, the rebel leader discovered that

the Beast had long since lost interest in conquest. The greatest murderer that ever lived wanted only oblivion, to end all life everywhere and everywhen... and he had a very good chance of succeeding in his goal. Faced with that as the alternative, the Beast's enemy did what he had previously held as unthinkable – he stopped trying to repair the damage the Beast was doing to their timeline, and then irrevocably changed it himself. He removed the world that had produced himself and the Beast, simultaneously erasing both his enemy and all of his enemies' many schemes in one fell swoop. Existence had been saved, but it had cost mankind paradise.

Much to the remaining time traveler's surprise, he himself did not also disappear from existence. He found that as long as he didn't spend more than a few hours in one timeframe, he could continue to function – but that past that point he would begin to fade from existence as his nemesis had. He also discovered that the timestream, while still intact, had been damaged by his actions, and that one symptom of this omniversal trauma was a timestream now more mutable than before, more easily changed. In the moment of that recognition, the man calling himself Epoch found a place and a purpose – For as long he would be able, Doc Epoch would work to safeguard the integrity of the new timeline whose existence he helped put into being.

Doc Epoch is an impressive physical and mental specimen, though by no means superhuman in either respect. He is an expert planner, an accomplished guerilla fighter on a number of levels, an astute judge of character, and a peerless master of temporal dynamics. He himself rarely leaves Null Point, his home outside the timestream, choosing to act through his handpicked agents, The Timesavers. Honorable to a fault, and holding himself to a sort of enlightened noblesse oblige towards "underdeveloped" civilizations and sensibilities, he has proven somewhat ruthless, and more than a little devious, when it comes to guarding the timestream against those he views as reckless or dangerous.

DOC EPOCH



QUOTE

I was never here. And this never happened.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'1"	Hazel
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Timesavers	40	200#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	
25	Lone survivor of alternate destroyed timeline
30	Cannot survive long away from Null Point

THE TIMESAVERS

Archimedes Jones



The son of a self-educated lawyer and the grandson of poor Georgia sharecroppers, Lucius Archimedes Jones, or "Archie" to his friends, grew up knowing he would never fit in. He was frighteningly intelligent in a time and place where young black men were expected to stay quiet and out of the way. He wasn't very good at either of those things. Shuttled from relative to relative after his parent's death in a train accident, with no one able to understand him or his needs, Archie would probably have come to an ignoble end if he hadn't met Epoch. Having worn out his welcome with the last of his relatives, Archie was surprised when the social worker who came to claim him not only turned out to not be a social worker, but also to not be from this time. "You'd be amazed what I know about you, Mister Jones," were the first words Epoch said to the boy when he transported them to Null Point. "What say we discuss your future for a while?"

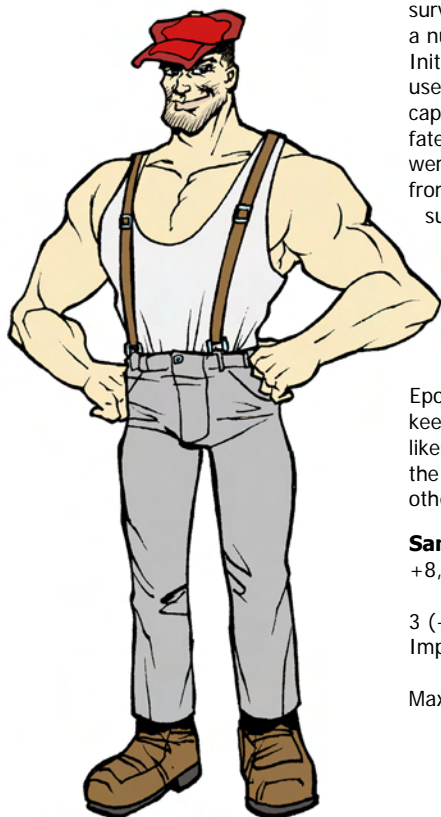
Archimedes Jones hasn't quite hit puberty yet; however, that hasn't stopped him from demonstrating intellectual gifts that promise to rival those of Ulysses Steele or Cogito when the boy grows into a man. Archie is the team's resident egghead and gadget-monger. He views Epoch and the crew as a surrogate family, and Null Point – with its library and workshops – as pretty much his idea of Heaven.

Archimedes Jones: PL 3 (60 points); Init +1; Defense +3/+1; Atk +1 (-2 Unarmed); SV Tgh +0, Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +4; Str 6, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 25, Wis 13, Cha 11;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 3 (+3), Computers 5 (+12), Craft (*Electronic, Mechanical*) 8 (+15), Disable Device 8 (+15), Know (*Physical Science, Technology*) 8 (+15), Language (*Tagalog*), Search 3 (+10); Distract, Eidetic Memory, Equipment 3, Luck 2

Equipment: Utility Pouch (as Utility Belt, M&M)

Samson Smith



Mike Smith was born with all odds against him. Poor, physically weak after barely surviving a number of debilitating childhood ailments, Mike eventually found himself among a number of children and adolescents held like prisoners by the sadistic Dr. Gunther.

Initially trying to escape from his captor and the strange experiments for which Gunther used them as subjects, Mike learned that he and the others had literally been sold to their captor by their individual parents. After that, the young man just stopped caring about his fate. Of all of the subjects, only Mike survived the grueling chemical regimen that they were subjected to – in fact, he found himself growing larger and much, much stronger from the chemicals. As the experiments proved a success, Gunther elevated the boy from subject to henchman, using him to acquire money and materials over the years to continue the experiments. The old man became more and more frustrated as he

proved unable to duplicate Mike's results. When he tried to use Mike as a killer, Mike refused; and as Gunther tried to shoot Mike, his stray shots ignited the lab.

Mike ran from the burning lab and Gunther's incinerated corpse, unsure of what he would do. He ran around a corner and came face-to-face with the waiting Epoch.

Mike prefers to go by the name Samson Smith now. Smith doesn't know how Epoch knew about him, or how to duplicate the "vitamins" Smith needs on a daily basis to keep his superhuman physique, and he really doesn't care. He likes being accepted and he likes being liked, and he would do anything for his friends and his benefactor. Samson is the team strongman – his muscles and tougher-than-human hide helping keep him and the others alive in many a situation where their enemies expected to come out on top.

Samson Smith: PL 6 (77 points); Init +3; Defense +4/+2; Atk +5 (+7 Unarmed); SV Tgh +8, Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 25, Dex 16, Con 23, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12;

Skills and Feats: Climb 3 (+10), Drive 5 (+8), Intimidate 9 (+10), Know (*Pop Culture*) 3 (+3), Language (*Tagalog*), Notice 3 (+3); All-Out Attack, Chokehold, Endurance, Improved Grab, Takedown Attack 1

Powers: Immunity [Cold, Disease, Heat], Protection 2, Super-Strength 1 (3200 lbs Maximum Lift)

Drawback: Power Loss (Daily Dose of Special Vitamins, -2)

Matthew Tangent

Matthew Tangent has always loved to fly. Some of his earliest and happiest memories were of riding in the biplanes flown by his barnstorming uncles. He joined the Army Air Corp as soon as he looked old enough to convincingly lie about his age. A natural pilot, he excelled and would have gone all the way to the top in his profession if not for his encounter with the Emperor of Heaven. Tangent and his squad were captured by the Emperor's forces. The Master of the Red Moon had not made himself known to the people of Earth at that time, as he was probing his hopeful conquest to determine its strengths and weaknesses. Alone to survive interrogation, Tangent escaped only with the assistance of his captor's rebelling son. As they made it back to civilization, Tangent was drummed out of the corps as a dangerous crackpot and locked up by his superiors, the Army refusing to believe his "wild" tales of a Chinese army in the sky. Tangent didn't know what to think when his cell door was ripped off its hinges by a large man with bullet holes in his shirt but no bullet wounds beneath. Stepping around the giant of a man came Epoch, with a proposition for the pilot and his companion.

Matthew Tangent is an incredible pilot, one of the best that's ever flown. He's also a two-fisted, hard-drinking, shoot-first-and-hope-the-questions-weren't-important, western-ideal of a hero. He's brave to a fault, fascinated by the equipment he gets to use and adventures he gets to enjoy, and, sometimes to the detriment of the team, generally obsessed with avenging his squad's deaths by putting an end to the Emperor of Heaven.

Recently, Tangent has been experimenting with one of the spacecraft Epoch captured from a future era. Though his familiarity is limited at the moment, his growing affection for the vessel and the idea of space travel itself hints at a possible new passion on the horizon. He has also adopted an energy weapon captured with the ship – a weapon that can disrupt atomic bonds at its highest setting, and interfere with nervous systems on lower outputs.

Matthew Tangent: PL 6 (105 points); Init +4; Defense +6/+3; Atk +7/5 (+5 Disintegrator); SV Tgh +6/2, Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +5; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 3 (+6), Drive 4 (+8), Language (Tagalog), Notice 5 (+5), Pilot 10 (+14), Search 4 (+6), Sense Motive 6 (+6), Stealth 2 (+6), Survival 3 (+3), Swim 2 (+4); Attack Focus 2 (Ranged), Defensive Roll 4, Equipment 15, Evasion, Favored Environment (Airborne) 2, Fearless, Fearsome Presence 4 (Vs One Person Only -1), Luck 3

Equipment: Ray Gun [Disintegration 5 (AP: Fatigue)], Rocket Ship [as Space Fighter]



Folding Dragon

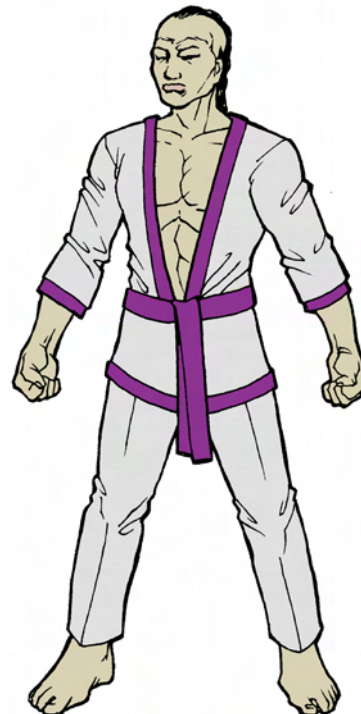
The earliest memories Chien Tsung can recall are of being tested against his siblings. Who was strongest? Fastest? Most clever? These drove his father's curiosity, not concern, not anything resembling paternal affection. Chien drove himself to master the martial arts, but it wasn't enough. He studied until he could no longer keep his eyes open, and it wasn't enough. There was always another test, always another challenge. He watched as his siblings perished in competition with him, disappointing their father one time too many. He grew stronger... and he learned to hate his father. One day, he discovered that he could master the dragon lines, could ride along the chains of Chi that bound the world together, and could move from one place to another without walking the space between them. As his ancestors many centuries before, he too was more than human. He kept this as his secret, not for his father to know and claim. And then the stranger from the new world was dragged in front of his father. Never before had Chien seen anyone defy the Emperor, to literally spit at his father. That this world could produce courage such as this promised a freedom he had never dreamed before. Leaving nothing more than a note to his father detailing the truth of his feelings, Chien used his abilities to help the strange pilot escape. The world he has found is strange, indeed, but with men like Tangent and Epoch, Chien nurses a burning hope that he will at long last see his father's dreams come crashing down.

Chien Tsung, or Folding Dragon as his father's forces have called him after seeing his abilities in action, is a metahuman. He can teleport short distances without effort. He is also an accomplished martial artist, more than capable of holding his own against the many threats he and his friend face.

Folding Dragon: PL 5 (120 points); Init +13; Defense +6/+3; Atk +8 (+2 Unarmed); SV Tgh +3, Fort +5, Ref +10, Will +8; Str 15, Dex 20, Con 16, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 13;

Skills and Feats: Acrobatics 10 (+15), Climb 4 (+6), Escape Artist 6 (+11), Language ([Chinese], English, Tagalog), Medicine 6 (+7), Notice 8 (+12), Search 6 (+7), Sense Motive 10 (+14), Stealth 8 (+13), Survival 4 (+8), Swim 4 (+6); Acrobatic Bluff, Evasion, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative 2, **Kung Fu** [Defensive Attack, Improved Block, Improved Critical, Improved Sunder, Improved Trip, Instant Up, Power Attack, Startle], Takedown Attack, Trance, Uncanny Dodge 2;

Powers: Super-Movement 2 (Surefooted, Trackless), Teleportation 2 (PF: Change Velocity, Easy, Turnabout)





Zara the Dinosaur Slayer

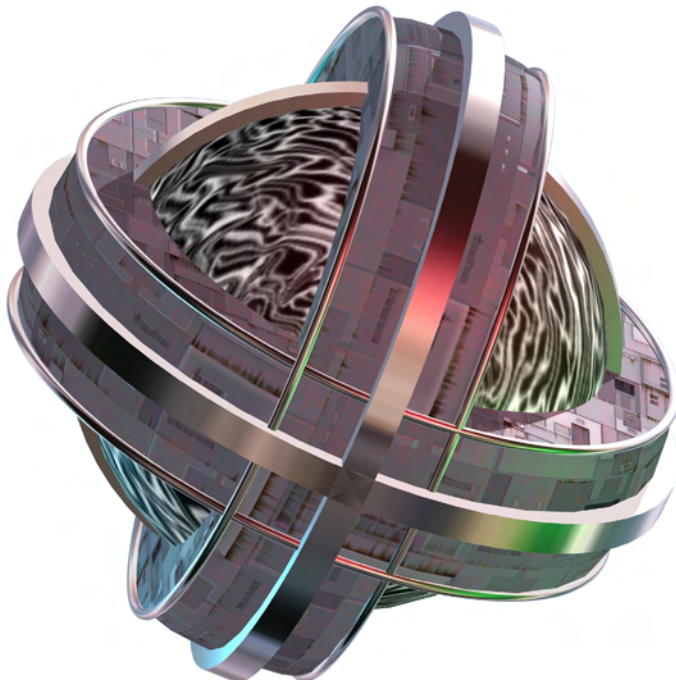
Little Sara Eccleston was born abroad, the child of globetrotting parents working in Her Majesty's diplomatic corps. Traveling from Vladivostok to Japan, the ship she was on was sunk in a sudden storm. To Sara's knowledge, only she survived, flung adrift on a piece of wreckage that floated up on the shore of Wakefield Island. Contrary to what is generally believed by those familiar with the island and its time-lost inhabitants, human tribes do exist in the green-canopied recesses of the island's interior. They simply hide from the monstrous masters of the island's open spaces, and they do it very well. Sara was found by the members of such a tribe. Her fair skin and blonde hair made her a novelty to the tribe, as they had never seen either before. She was adopted by the tribe's greatest hunter, whose wife had lost their child to disease a short time before. Surviving in the savage environs of Wakefield, taught to hunt and fight by a master, Zara, as they pronounced her name, grew into an impressive athlete, her natural talents honed to a fine edge by the demands of her environment and her mentor's constant pushing. When the Imperial Japanese Army invaded the island, Zara was away from the tribe on a ritual hunt. She returned to find the tribe slaughtered to a man. Over the next few weeks, she stalked the men of that expeditionary force, silent and deadly. When the Sentinels arrived to drive the Japanese off the island, they benefited from the damage she had done to the Japanese command structure. As she held back, unsure what to make of men who could fly or down a triceratops with a single punch, Zara suddenly found herself on a glowing metal platform, facing a large man with a knowing smile. "I can show you things to hunt and fight that would impress even you. Interested?" was all Epoch said as way of introduction.

Zara is a daunting physical presence, taller than many of the men she has met, and with a lithe, well-muscled build that drives most to distraction. That she can outrun, outfight, and, especially, outhunt, pretty much anyone she's ever met only goes to complete the cognitive disconnect for the majority of men she's likely to encounter. Having grown up in one of the harshest environments on Earth, she has little patience for what she sees as foolishness or waste. An adrenaline junkie, she often pits her skills against her teammates for the thrill of it, and is always up for a good challenge. Though she's become a crack shot, Zara is far more comfortable with her long dagger, an item she carved herself from the tooth of a scaly predator.

Zara the Dinosaur Slayer: PL 7 (116 points); Init +12; Defense +6/+3; Atk +6 (+4 Unarmed); SV Tgh +4, Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +6; Str 18, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Acrobatics 8 (+12), Climb 10 (+14), Diplomacy 2 (+5/+9), Handle Animal 3 (+6), Language (*English, Tagalog, [Wakefield Tribal]*), Notice 10 (+13), Ride 4 (+8), Search 10 (+12), Sense Motive 3 (+6), Stealth 10 (+14), Survival 10 (+13), Swim 8 (+12); All-Out Attack, Animal Empathy, Attractive 1, Diehard, Endurance, Equipment 4, Evasion, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative 2, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Rage 1, Track

Equipment: Bone "Dagger" 2, Rifle 5

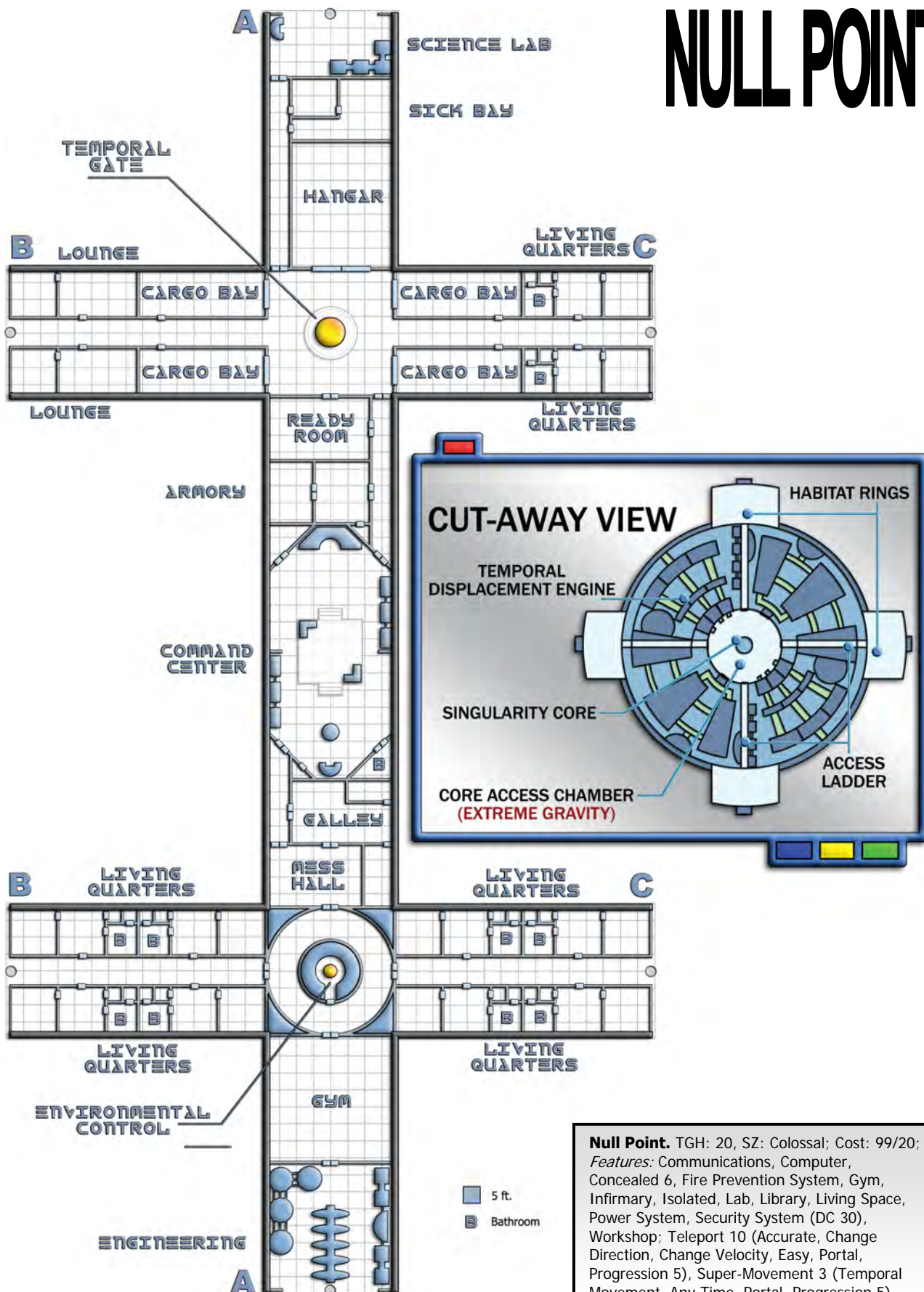


Null Point

Null Point exists outside of the timestream proper. Using gateway technology built into the station, the Timesavers can be sent into and retrieved from any temporal coordinates in realspace corresponding to the physical reflection of the Earth. For dates a century or so on either side of the current era, this is relatively easy, but coordinating variants in the temporal matrix makes passage correspondingly more difficult the farther "afield" this transference is aimed – especially as pertains to the future, since the systems constantly distinguish between viable alternate timelines as they are generated.

The station contains living quarters and workshops for use by Epoch and the team, as well as a tesseract-contained library that probably has no equal (and confusing spatial boundaries for the uninitiated). The inner surface of the station has its own gravitation along its curvature, and occasionally there are minor temporal "hiccups" with afterimages of people, repetition of words and moments of time, and mixing of referential timeframes. The Timesavers are accustomed to this phenomenon, but it can be terribly disconcerting for visitors. Contrary to appearances, sections of the station are not open to space – defensive force screens limit movement to the inner surfaces, while allowing for expansive views of the temporal wakes surrounding the station's exterior.

NULL POINT



Null Point. TGH: 20, SZ: Colossal; Cost: 99/20;
Features: Communications, Computer, Concealed 6, Fire Prevention System, Gym, Infirmary, Isolated, Lab, Library, Living Space, Power System, Security System (DC 30), Workshop; Teleport 10 (Accurate, Change Direction, Change Velocity, Easy, Portal, Progression 5), Super-Movement 3 (Temporal Movement, Any Time, Portal, Progression 5)

THE FEARLESS FIVE

The Fearless Five aren't so much an organized team of heroes, as they are a loosely affiliated group of adventurers who have found themselves thrown into many of the same fights. They formed strong friendships as a result, and actively enjoy working beside each other when the opportunity arises.

El Toro and the Queen of Hearts had encountered each other a number of times as they had both targeted a number of the same gangs and criminals. Malachite first met Tommy Triumph when they were both tracking the hideous Candlesmaker and his cult, and then desperately joined forces to fight their quarry's surprisingly effective followers and allies. When Malachite's long-awaited conflict with Araknis the Spider God spilled over onto the surface streets of the city, Triumph, Toro, and the Queen all three found themselves drawn into the struggle. Subsequently, Toro and the Queen of Hearts individually approached Malachite for information and assistance when forced to deal with cases of a decidedly supernatural bent. Recently, when the Nazis captured Tommy Triumph and handed him over to Von Frankenstein to determine the source of his powers and whether the Reich could duplicate them, Malachite came to the rescue, accompanied by the other two. During that operation, Triumph encountered and freed the original reanimant of the Frankenstein family's legend from his prison in the castle's deepest dungeons. When the five returned to the states, they immediately found themselves involved in a pitched and highly publicized battle against the mechanized gangster, the Iron Skull. The press dubbed them a team, a creative reporter slapped a name on them to accompany a headline picture, and it proceeded from there.

Malachite is nominally the leader, as much as any one of them could be considered such, but that's simply because he's generally come up with the best ideas in the tightest situations and the others have decided listening to him is a good idea. The crew has no actual headquarters, meeting at Malachite's home when necessary and generally only coming together when Malachite sends one of his mental messages to the rest of them.

Malachite the Magician

Malachite doesn't have any idea what his real name is, as he wasn't actually raised with one. Kidnapped from his parents while an infant, Malachite was raised by his kidnappers to eventually become the sacrifice and vessel to bring the entity Araknis to Earth. The magical gifts he began displaying when he reached puberty were part of the heritage that had marked him as the chosen one, he was told. But the young man who forced himself to master those gifts had no intention of becoming some demon's meal, and once he was strong enough, he fought his way free of the cult that called itself the Eightfold Web. He spent several years after that fighting their attempts to recover him, eventually coming to the attention of The Covenant (*The Algernon Files, Volume 1*), who helped him learn more about his gifts and about the cult he was destined to continue fighting. Now an adult, Malachite has accepted his fate as the enemy of the fanatics who raised him, even though he's still a little trepidatious about believing the other major part of the associated prophecies – that he is the current reincarnation of a single soul that has fought the Web down through the ages.

Malachite uses the persona of a stage magician as the front for his traveling crusade against the servants of Araknis, a role he has found strangely comforting. He takes his name from the large malachite amulet he was given by the Covenant. While not necessary for him to use his sorcerous gifts, its innate properties can enhance magical abilities under the right circumstances.

Malachite the Magician: PL 10 (134 points); Init +2; Defense [+10]/+5/+2; Atk +3/+9; SV Tgh +10/+2, Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +12; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 23, Cha 18;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 4 (+8), Concentration 12 (+18)*, Diplomacy 4 (+8), Escape Artist 8 (+10)*, Know (*Arcane Lore*) 12 (+15), Notice 4 (+10)*, Perform (Acting) 4 (+8), Profession (*Stage Magician*) 4 (+10), Search 4 (+7), Sense Motive 4 (+10), Sleight of Hand 8 (+10)*; Attack Specialization (*Spells*) 3, Dodge Focus 3, Elusive Target, Fearless, Inspire 3, Leadership, Luck 3, Master Plan, Quick Change 2, Ritualist, Skill Mastery*, Trance;

Powers: Device 2(Hard to Lose, Amulet [Boost 2 (All Magic)], Cloak [Shield 5]), Magic 10 (Base: Mystic Blast, AP: Concealment, ESP, Force Field, Illusion, Mystic Binding, Mystic Passage, Telepathy), Super-Senses 1 (Detect Magic)



The Patchwork Man

Its first memories in this life are of pain, of electricity dragging him away from the comfort of the grave. After that, things just went downhill.

The monster (or Adam, as it prefers to be called) knows the stories based on its experiences very well, though it has told the others is that viewpoints differ and witnesses change stories over time. He has spent most of the last 100 years avoiding human contact wandering the bleak arctic, until the expedition sent by the SS and the Thule Society caught him by surprise. He was not pleased to find that his creator had a descendent even more brilliant and depraved, and refused to cooperate with her – though he fears he was in her possession long enough that she managed to figure out what she needed anyway.

Adam is large and inhumanly strong. Not really alive, he is virtually tireless, feels little physical pain, and is very difficult to actually injure. Despite common belief to the contrary, he is also quite intelligent, having taught himself a number of languages, and is much more agile than his frame (and Boris Karloff's portrayal) might lead observers to believe. He is also, understandably, extremely shy and averse to public contact, as well as slow to come to violence, preferring to exhaust other alternatives first. For the moment, he is quite pleased to be accepted by anyone and to actually have friends, though he spends a great deal of his free time worrying about what his erstwhile "relative" is going to do with the knowledge she wrested from her examinations of him.

The Patchwork Man: PL 9 (164 points); Init +7; Defense +6/3; Atk +6 (+6 Unarmed); SV Tgh +12, Fort N/A, Ref +8, Will +8; Str 28, Dex 16, Con —, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 12;

Skills and Feats: Acrobatics 4 (+7), Climb 4 (+13), Intimidate 12 (+13), Know (History, Theology and Philosophy) 9 (+12), Know (Life Sciences) 4 (+7), Language 5 (English, French, [German], Italian, Latin, Russian), Medicine 4 (+7), Notice 8 (+11), Search 4 (+7), Stealth 4 (+7), Swim 4 (+13); All-Out Attack, Evasion, Fearless, Fearsome Presence 2, Improved Initiative 1, Improved Pin, Power Attack, Rage 2, Startle, Uncanny Dodge 1

Powers: Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects), Regeneration 16 (Recovery +5, 1 Rank in each Condition, Resurrection), Super-Strength 1 (4800 lbs Maximum Lift)



The Queen of Hearts

Alice Kinderley's childhood adoration for her father matured into a deep found respect and a shared love for the profession of law he cherished, and the card games he played with relish. How her normally staid District Attorney father ever attracted her mother was something she had never understood, as her mother was more devil-may-care, coming from an actual circus background. The skills young Alice picked up from around the household were "broad," to say the least.

When her mother succumbed to cancer, there was nothing the young woman could do but grieve. When her father, in his own grief, fell prey to a conniving casino owner who bilked the distraught man for everything he was worth and then tried to blackmail him, the elder Kinderley's spirit broke and he killed himself. The casino owner, Eddie Fiorino, had too many connections to be held accountable by the law for the tragedy, but Alice wasn't the law. Taking inspiration from the news reports she had seen about The Wraith, El Toro, and other costumed mystery men, Alice made a makeshift costume and proceeded to become a vigilante nuisance enough to push Eddie into acts of violence too public for his connections to cover. He found himself behind bars, and Alice found her calling.

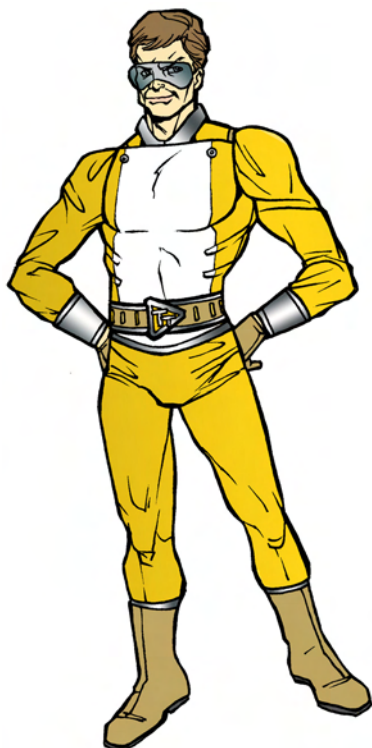
The Queen of Hearts has come a long way since her first outing, in terms of equipment, appearance, experience, and skill. Her natural perfectionist leanings have led Miss Kinderley to constantly improve her methods to the point where she can hold her own beside even powered allies. As the Queen of Hearts, Alice uses a number of "trick" cards, an uncanny accuracy, acrobatic prowess picked up from her knife-throwing, trapeze-swinging mother, and the keen deductive mind she inherited from her father – all to cause humiliating problems for a number of criminals.

The Queen of Hearts: PL 8 (128 points); Init +8; Defense +11/4; Atk +8/+10 (+3 Cards); SV Tgh +5/2, Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Acrobatic 6 (+10), Bluff 6 (+9/+13), Climb 6 (+6), Diplomacy 5 (+8/+12), Drive 3 (+7), Escape Artist 5 (+9), Gather Info 5 (+8), Investigate 6 (+8), Know (*Civics, Streetwise*) 4 (+6), Notice 8 (+11), Search 8 (+2), Sense Motive 8 (+11), Sleight of Hand 12 (+15), Stealth 8 (+12); Acrobatic Bluff, Attack Specialization (*Trick Cards*) 1, Attractive 1, Defensive Roll 3, Dodge Focus 3, Elusive Target, Equipment 4, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Critical 2 (*Trick Cards*), Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative 1, Luck 3, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Ranged Pin, Throwing Mastery 2, Well-Informed

Equipment: Trick Cards [Base: Aces/Explosive (Blast 5, Area: Burst); AP: Face Cards/Edged (Blast 3), Tens- Fours/Hard Weighted (Blast 3), Treys/Smoke (Obscure Visual), Deuces/Tear Gas (Dazzle + Nauseate Explosion, DC 13), Jokers/Bolo (Snare 4)]





Tommy Triumph

Ask Triumph where his abilities come from and you'll get one of any number of stories arranged around the theme of finding his inner self – magic pills, eastern swamis, or monks in the mountains of Nepal. And those stories will each be told with sincerity, seriousness, and great showmanship – as Triumph is a firm believer that the packaging sells the product. The truth, however, is that Tommy doesn't know where his abilities come from. All he knows is that one night, when accosted on his way home from the pub, he suddenly found the strength and speed to throw his muggers around like rag dolls. A few weeks later, Thomas Eccles legally changed his name to Tommy Triumph and went into business as a professional hero. Though many of the cases he took were staged for the press, he soon acquired enough paying clients for his services that he was well-to-do, with a reputation. That was when he encountered the murderous Red Razor, a madman thought dead for over a decade. Tommy not only failed to save his client's life from Red Razor, but was almost killed himself. Anger overcame Tommy's love of adulation and sense of self-preservation. He began chasing Red Razor over several continents. Along the way, Tommy managed to help a number of people without money ever being involved and found that he liked the feeling. By the time he caught up with the Razor in the US, Tommy had retired the "for-hire" part of his hero title. When the Razor returned to the monstrous Candlemaker, the fiend that had resurrected him, Tommy joined Malachite for the fight of their careers. The rest, as Tommy likes to say, is history.

Tommy can temporarily "supercharge" his body's bioelectric field, granting himself increased strength, speed, and resiliency. Triumph's tactical skills are limited, but he is a very shrewd judge of character, as well as a master manipulator of public perception. Though his conscience shines at the moment, Tommy isn't above a boast or two, or a little self-promotion. He's likeable enough that his friends don't really seem to mind.

Tommy Triumph: PL 8 (109 points); Init +7; Defense +8/+4; Atk +6 (+3 to +8 Unarmed); SV Tgh +3 - +8, Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 16(14), Dex 16(14), Con 16(14), Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 15;

Skills and Feats: Acrobatics 4 (+7), Bluff 6 (+8/+12), Diplomacy 2 (+4/+8), Notice 4 (+4), Sense Motive 6 (+6), Stealth 2 (+5); All-Out Attack, Attractive 1, Benefit (*Wealth 2*), Connected, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Initiative 1, Power Attack, Taunt;

Powers: Boost 10 (First 4 Ranks are All Powers at Once, Remaining 6 Ranks are all Enhanced Abilities at Once, Personal Only, -1), Enhanced STR +2, Enhanced DEX +2, Enhanced CON +2, Leaping 1, Mind Shield 1, Quickness 1, Regeneration 1 (Injured), Speed 1, Super-Strength 1 [half ton normal Maximum lift, 14 tons maximum boosted lift]

El Toro

Diego Ramirez had a bright future in front of him. He'd honed his natural athletic gifts to competitive fighting, and rode the boxing circuit almost to the top. Then a few very serious-minded fellows with the middle name "the" presented him with a proposition – take a dive in his championship. Diego walked out of that ring with the championship belt, instead, only to later find his manager dead and himself framed for the crime. Diego disappeared that night rather than go to jail for a crime he didn't commit.

A few nights later, a mysterious figure began showing up at local mob clubs, beating down the enforcers, and trashing the places. The figure wore black from head-to-foot, and a motorcycle helmet with bulls' horns painted on the sides. Calling himself El Toro, he tore through the meanest bruisers his targets could muster. After weeks of this, the right men became angry enough to put pressure on their underlings and the police in their pocket – which is exactly what Ramirez wanted, a clear path back up the chain. A few days later, several bloody ledgers and bloody money men showed up on the doorstep of the only clean D.A. in town. Trials were held, angry men went to jail, and Diego was cleared of his murder charges. Soon after, he opened a gym in his old barrio for other men to use to dig themselves out of poverty as he had. And at night, El Toro makes sure those who would prey on the weak discover that there's always someone bigger.

El Toro is a brawler. Though his technique is more refined than that of a street punk, he seldom bothers with niceties in a fight. His tactics are simple – 1: find the bad guys, 2: beat on them, 3: scare them into the arms of the police. So far, his successes far outweigh his failures – and he's smart enough to get assistance if he thinks the opposition is outside his own abilities.

El Toro: PL 8 (111 points); Init +7; Defense +8/+4; Atk +8/+12 (+4 Unarmed [Crit 18-20]); SV Tgh +8/4, Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +5; Str 18, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 15;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 3 (+5), Climb 5 (+9), Drive 4 (+7), Gather information 4 (+6), Intimidate 12 (+14), Language 1 (*English, [Spanish]*), Notice 3 (+5), Profession (*Boxer*) 8 (+10), Stealth 4 (+7), Swim 4 (+7); Assessment, Attack Focus (*Melee*) 4, **Boxing** [*All-Out Attack, Defensive Attack, Elusive Target, Improved Block, Power Attack, Takedown Attack*], Defensive Roll 4, Equipment 2, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Critical 2 (*Unarmed*), Improved Initiative, Move-By Action, Redirect, Set Up, Takedown Attack, Uncanny Dodge 1

Equipment: Motorcycle



PL	GHOSTLY TRICK		PTS
10	SHOT		171

STR	12	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	23‡	+6	+14/2	260#
CON	23‡	+6	FORT	LEAP
INT	12	+1	+10/6	6 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	23‡	+6	+10/6	+6
			WILL	KB
			+8	-7/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5/+12	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+8 (Pistols) [19-20 Crit]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+6	Medium

SKILLS
Acrobatics 6 (+12), Climb 6 (+7), Drive 8 (+14), Intimidate 15 (+21)‡, Ride 9 (+15)‡, Sense Motive 4/12 (+7/+15)‡, Stealth 4/12 (+6/+18)‡

FEATS
Ambidexterity‡, Attack Focus (<i>Ranged</i>) 7‡, Critical Strike‡, Diehard, Evasion 2‡, Fearless‡, Fearsome Presence 5‡, Instant Up, Move-By Action, Power Attack‡, Precise Shot‡, Quick Draw 2‡

POWERS
Aura of Spookiness ‡ [Environmental Control 3 (Cold 1, Distraction 2)], Deadly Aim ‡ [Blast 8 (Autofire +1, Stopped by Protection of 5 or More -1, PF: Improved Critical, Incurable, Indirect, Penetrating, Ricochet 2,)], Hidden from Moral Eyes ‡ [Concealment 5 (All Visual, Hearing)], Illusion 10 ‡ (Auditory, Free Action for Interaction +1, Jebediah's Voice Only -1, PF: Selective, Progression 4), Ol' Scratch ‡ [Summon Minion 6 (Heroic +1)], Spectral Form ‡ [Enhanced DEX/CON/CHA +8, Protection 8 (Impervious +1, Not Against Area Attacks -1), Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects)], Super-Movement 7 ‡ (Air Walking, Slow Fall, Surefooted 2, Trackless, Wall-Crawling 2), Super-Senses 3 ‡ (Blindsight, Detect Evil, Magical Awareness)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
25	22	13	12	17	82	—

(‡ Only while Possessed -1)

call on the services of a ghostly steed he refers to by the name of the horse he used in his mortal years: Ol' Scratch.

DESCRIPTION

As he wandered the lawless towns of the advancing American frontier, Jebediah Sawyer was saddled with the nicknames "Warlock" and "The Devil's Guns." His skill with his matched pair of coal-black six-shooters was such that witnesses refused to believe they were dealing with a mortal man. That he survived one seemingly unsurvivable fight after another only cemented his unsavory reputation. Truth be told, Sawyer was quite mortal, but was simply that good, that fast, and that resourceful. Unfortunately, although he fought on the side of the angels, his reputation sometimes was more of a hindrance than a help – especially when innocent people were too scared to help him help them.

Sawyer's luck finally ran out when he faced the murderous outlaw known as the Hellfire Kid, a black-hearted killer guilty of every sin Sawyer had ever been accused of committing, and several more that Sawyer's detractors never had the depravity to imagine. Skilled and brave as he was, Sawyer was simply outmatched by his opponent's prowess, which actually was supernatural... and very infernal. With his last breath as he lay dying, Sawyer cursed his opponent and uttered the words, "Not yet... fight... never ends."

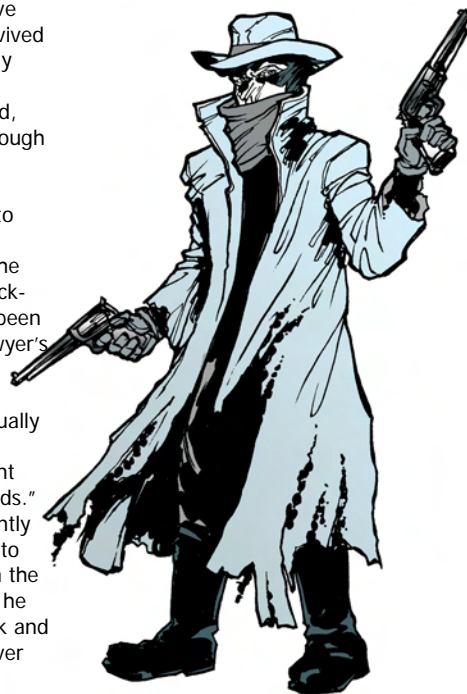
Unbeknownst to the public, Sawyer had recently married. His wife, heavy with child, came forward to claim his effects, including the guns that had been the final earthly sight her husband's eyes had seen as he breathed his last. She put his belongings in a trunk and sealed them away where they would remain for over half a century – until found by her granddaughter.

Nancy Sawyer worked in the movies, though her name never appeared in lights. She was one of the first stuntwomen to ply her trade, and she found herself convalescing in her grandmother's old home one summer following an accident on the set she had been left to her years earlier, she found her grandfather's old guns, though she had no idea to whom they had belonged. That night, she dreamed of gunfights and fire and men with glowing red eyes. The next morning, she awoke to radio news of a brutal robbery stopped the night before by a mysterious vigilante. Lying on the bed next to her, though she knew she had previously returned them to the trunk in which they had been found, were Jebediah's pistols.

Over time, Nancy has slowly realized that she has become haunted; haunted by a man she has determined was her grandfather. On occasion, that haunting becomes possession, as she blacks out and only later hears reports of the activities of a spectral gunfighter during the time she's lost. This makes the realization that she hasn't lost her mind simply not as comforting as it might otherwise have been.

When Jebediah is in control of Nancy's body, she appears in an encompassing cloak and a wide-brimmed hat the combination of whose shadows mask her features and gender completely, and she speaks in the cold and sepulchral voice of Jebediah's that he spent years developing for frightening effect. The guns she carries have a seemingly endless reservoir of ammunition to draw from, and her marksmanship is a thing of awe. The partially incorporeal nature of the possession's manifestation helps prevent direct harm to Nancy's body, and her ability to walk through walls, as well as walk up them as easily as a flat surface, can be very disconcerting to her opponents. Jebediah can also

GUNSLINGER



QUOTE

You may have escaped the law, but justice will always find you.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'8"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	28	120#	Brown

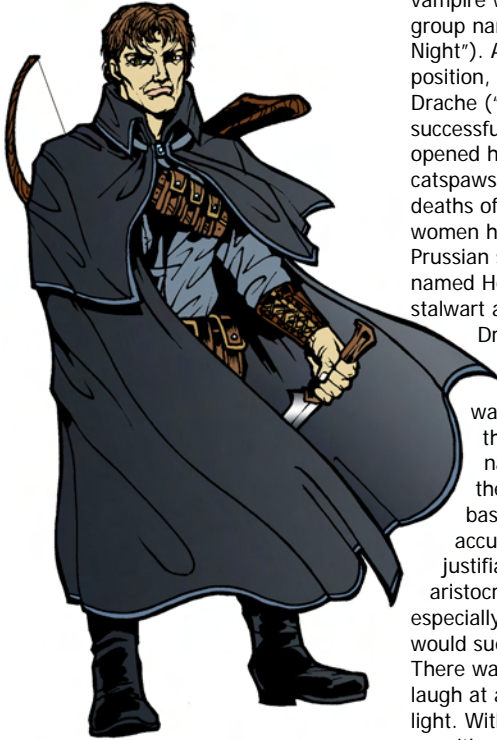
PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Cowboy vigilante on mission
20	
25	Spirit possessed human
30	

HEROIC MINION

Ol' Scratch: PL 7 (89 points); Init +2; Defense +3; Atk +3 (+6 hooves); SV Tgh +10, Fort -, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 18, Dex 15, Con -, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 8; *Skills and Feats:* Notice 8 (+9); All-Out Attack, Improved Defense; *Powers:* Growth 4 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Spectral Form [Protection 8 (Impervious +1, Not Against Area Attacks -1), Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects)], Speed 2, Strike 2 (PF: Mighty), Super-Movement 7 (Air Walking, Slow Fall, Surefooted 2, Trackless, Wall-Crawling 2), Super Senses 2 (Extended Vision 1, Low-Light Vision); *Drawbacks:* Mute (VC, Mod, -4), No Hands (VC, Mod, -4)

QUINCY HARKNESS



QUOTE

He's *already* dead... but when I'm done with him he'll actually stay that way.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Dhampir	Male	5'10"	Yellow
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	22 (45)	190#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Vampire hunter
20	Associated with the Covenant
25	Child of Mina from Stoker novel
30	Abilities are from half-vampiric heritage

DESCRIPTION

In a world that contains wonders to match anything spoken of in mythology or legend, it pays to be careful when dismissing fiction as solely the invention of its writer. A case in point is the story of Quincy Harkness.

Towards the end of the 19th Century, a powerful vampire laid roots around the city of London in an attempt to move against an ancient enemy of his. This vampire was the leader of a large group of his kind, a group named Die Nacht Kinder ("The Children of the Night"). As was traditional for the individual in that position, he was given and used freely the title Der Drache ("The Dragon"). While Drache was utterly successful in destroying his original enemy, his doing so opened himself to assault from those he had used as catspaws. Ordinarily this would have ended in the deaths of the mortals involved, but these men and women had help from a member of The Covenant – a Prussian sorcerer, swordsman, and monster hunter named Helston Dredd. With Dredd's assistance, this stalwart assemblage not only survived, they drove Drache back to the continent and killed him (well, temporarily at least).

One of the people involved in this fight was a minor aristocrat with ties to a number of theatre people, including a failed dramatist named Abraham Stoker. Stoker knew enough of the details of what had happened to form the basis of a work of fiction, but not enough to accurately recount the events. Also, he was justifiably concerned that if he named his aristocratic acquaintance in a published work, especially a piece of base adventurism, said noble would sue the Irishman straight into the poorhouse. There was also the small matter that the public would laugh at any attempt to paint the events in a serious light. With these considerations in mind, Stoker came up with a plan – he would change the names of the people involved so no reflections on possible litigants remained. What details he didn't know he would invent whole cloth. And he would completely change the character of the Prussian that had offended the playwright egregiously when they had met. While browsing through the British Museum, Stoker came across references to a despotic Wallachian madman named Dracula, and the similarity in sound to the title he had heard gave him the final piece to his construction, a villain and geography to replace his own missing information. The result of Stoker's efforts is well known.

Quincy Harkness (not Harker) was born the son of a woman partially transformed into a vampire while she carried him in the womb. Though she was saved from that fate, he was not left untouched. As Quincy grew to a man, he discovered that he possessed many traits that folklore attributed to vampires, but retained his humanity. These abilities have proven useful, as Die Nacht Kinder returned to avenge their master's defeat, resurrecting Der Drache in the process. With the exception of Dredd and Quincy, Drache managed to kill all of the people he blamed for his earlier suffering. This left Harkness in the care of the Covenant, who viewed him as not far from being a monster himself, and Dredd, who had nothing approaching the temperament to raise the boy. Dredd was, however an excellent teacher, and he has taught Harkness a great deal about hunting and killing Quincy's inhuman "cousins."

Harkness is a vampire hunter par excellence. His natural abilities, training, and equipment make him the terror of nightkin far and wide. Though he won't hesitate to exterminate anything he views as a monster, Harkness has a particular hatred for vampires that easily reaches a fanatic level. He will not rest while the Nacht Kinder exist, and they cannot afford to rest while he exists.

PL	VAMPIRE HUNTER	PTS
8		177

STR	23	+6	TGH	+8	2400#
DEX	25	+7	FORT	+10	55 ft
CON	23	+6	REF	+10	+6
INT	13	+1	WILL	+10	-4
WIS	16	+3			
CHA	20	+5			

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+9	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+7 (Dagger), +3 (Crossbow)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+15	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 8 (+15), Climb 8 (+9), Disable Device 4 (+5), Escape Artist 4 (+11), Intimidate 12 (+18), Know (*Arcane Lore*) 5 (+6), Notice 7 (+10), Search 4 (+5), Stealth 12 (+19)

FEATS

All-Out Attack, Diehard, Equipment 2, Evasion, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Block, Improved Grab, Improved Trip, Power Attack, Rage 1, Ritualist, Startle

POWERS

Animal Control 4 (Sensory Link +1, PF: Mental Link), **Immunity 8** (Disease, Poison, All Environmental Conditions), **Leaping 2**, **Mind Control 4** (Conscious +1, PF: Mental Link, Sense-Dependent [Visual] -1, Requires Concentration -1), **Protection 2**, **Regeneration 3** (Disabled 2, Unconscious 1), **Super-Senses 5** (Darkvision, Detect Vampires [Free Action, Mental, Range]), **Super-Strength 1**

EQUIPMENT

Blessed Dagger, Crossbow, Holy Water

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
60	34	14	16	13	40	—

PL	ACE PILOT		PTS
8			109

STR	14	+2	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+7/3	350#
CON	16	+3	FORT	LEAP
INT	15	+2	+4	+7
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	15	+2	+5	+4
			WILL	KB
			+5	-3/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5	+5/+2
DAMAGE	
+3 (Pistol), +6 (Plane's Gun)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+7	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 3 (+5), Craft (<i>Mechanical</i>) 6 (+8), Diplomacy +3 (+5), Disable Device 1 (+4), Notice 7 (+9), Pilot 13 (+17), Search 3 (+5), Sense Motive 6 (+8), Stealth 2 (+6)

FEATS
Ace 5 (p122) (<i>Dodge Focus 2, Evasion 1, Improved Dodge 2</i>), Connected, Defensive Roll 4, Equipment 11, Favored Environment (<i>Air</i>) 5, Improved Aim, Inspire 2, Leadership, Minions 5 (<i>Support Crew x25</i>), Quick Draw, Teamwork 3

EQUIPMENT
Heavy Pistol, Patriot XJ-25, Thompson Submachinegun

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
33	20	5	11	39	—	—

beat a court martial. Avery went back to Texas, and using a generous loan from his family began an aircraft design company called Hawkins Industries. HI did tremendous work thanks to its founder's gifts at aerodynamics, netting a number of clients in industry and government. But sitting behind a desk was no more comfortable for Hawkins than standing on a parade ground had been. He craved the open air and a place to use his piloting skills. Leaving his company in the capable hands of some well-selected bean-counters, Hawkins went to Europe. Under assumed names, he flew first for the Abraham Lincoln brigade and then, later, under his own name after the war began, for the RAF. He excelled in whatever sky he fought, using whatever plane he could go up in. Eventually returning home, both to convalesce from wounds and sate his homesickness, Hawkins was appalled at the isolationist sentiment he encountered, especially from men he had once admired, like Lindbergh. He had seen the Nazis' handiwork, and he knew without a doubt in his heart that it was only a matter of time before German ambition started looking across the Atlantic towards the U. S. of A.

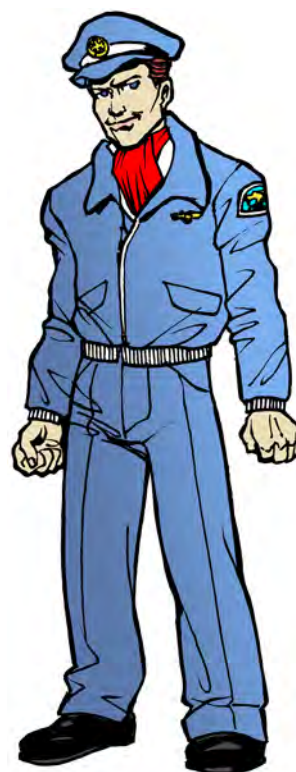
Using his company's production of a fighter prototype as a front for his true aims, Hawkins recruited a small group of likeminded maverick pilots and formed the American Eagles Exhibition Squadron. Nominally a marketing scheme, showing off the new Patriot XJ-25, Hawkins found ways to not only embarrass the Army Air Force into updating its equipment and training, but loaned his squad's services to the British time and again to log combat hours for his people. Since Pearl Harbor, this façade hasn't really been necessary, and the "Exhibition Squadron" has been dropped from their name. Having impressed FDR on more than one occasion, the squad has permission to work beside the Air Force whenever possible. Given Hawkins' past with USAAF brass, this has continued to prove a tense relationship.

DESCRIPTION

Avery Hawkins never had much use for horses. From the time he was a child, and a foul-tempered brute of an old mare intentionally stamped on his foot, Hawkins made every effort to avoid using the smelly things. Growing up in Texas around the time of the First World War, that wasn't as easy as it might have been elsewhere – but Hawkins' stubborn willfulness was one of the two things that people normally associated with him during those years. The other was his temper, which is really what earned him the nickname "Red," not his unruly carrot-top mane. The time other young men of his age might have spent learning to ride he spent puttering around with his father's truck and his uncle's motorcycle. Both of these items were more luxuries than necessities at that time, but the Hawkins' family had always done well for themselves and that granted Avery a few freedoms. Still, he might never have left the family ranch for different horizons if it weren't for the summer his uncle took him to see some barnstormers showing off for Texas crowds what they had learned to do above the fields of France. Once Hawkins saw those machines in the air, it was love at first sight. And when his uncle arranged for him to be taken for a ride up in one of the aircraft, once that young man saw the ground drop away and felt the air on his face, he was lost. The day after his eighteenth birthday, Avery Hawkins signed on the bottom line for Uncle Sam, just so he could get to fly. And truth be told, he would have signed with Old Nick himself, if that's what it had taken for the opportunity.

As a pilot, Hawkins proved a prodigy, mastering every skill and nuance with a certainty and quickness that amazed his teachers. As a soldier, well, the marks weren't nearly as high. Avery had never been very fond of authority figures, or taking orders – a fact his father had tried to tell the recruiters and remind his son about, all to no avail. Though his opinions and expertise regarding aircraft and their usage was held in great respect, and called upon by his superiors with some frequency, Avery's lack of upward mobility was ample evidence that it was only a matter of time before the delicate balance on his record between commendations and black marks failed to hold. He eventually resigned his commission... barely in time to

AVERY "RED" HAWKINS



QUOTE

Because I'm the best is one reason; because it had to be done is another. You pick. Me, I like the first one.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Am. Eagles	35	185#	Red

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Former member of Army Air Corps
20	Gifted pilot
25	
30	

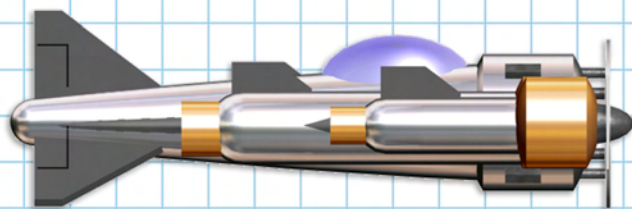
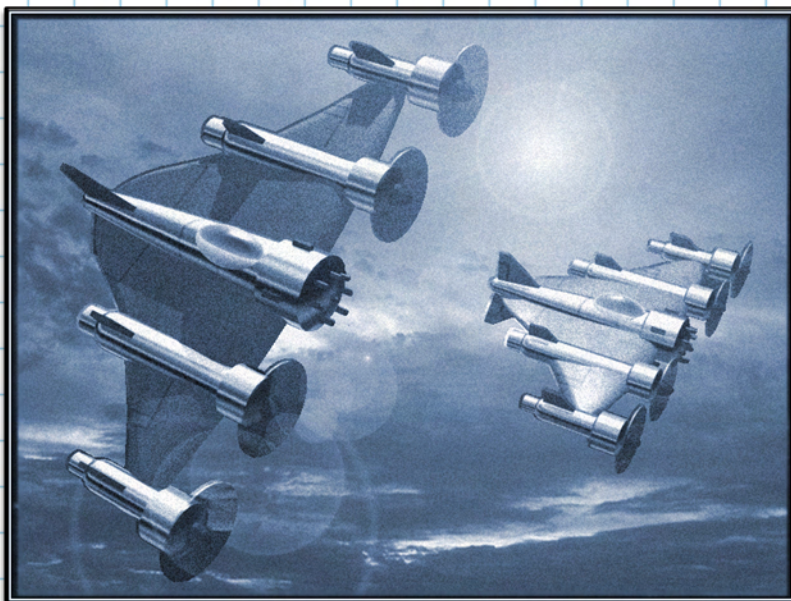
SUPPORT CREW

Use Bystander archetype, with Profession (Mechanic).

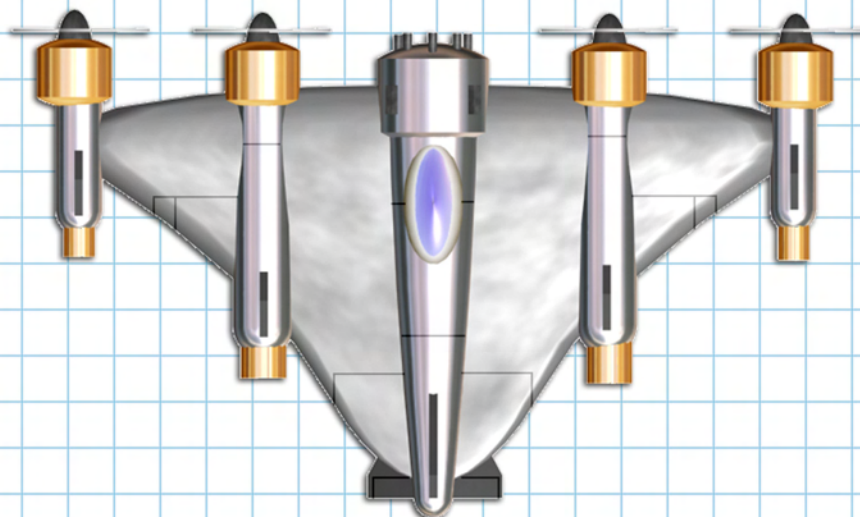
THE PATRIOT XJ-25

The Patriot is a prototype aircraft, originally designed with the goal of selling it to the US military. Due to a number of reasons, including the antipathy of certain USAAC brass against both Avery Hawkins and his flying squad, the US has yet to act on this possibility (and it grows more and more unlikely that it ever will).

The Patriot is one of the fastest prop planes in the air, with an acceleration and turn capability only approached by the British Spitfire. The airframe is reinforced to withstand G-forces that exceed anything it is currently able to push with its engines, as the designer is constantly tinkering with building better, bigger and more powerful engines. Hawkins is consulting with Ulysses Steele on the possibility of retrofitting the planes with some of Steele's jet designs. Also, there's this radar thing that Steele has been telling him about...



The Patriot XJ-25. STR: 40, SPD: 6, TGH: 12, SZ: Gargantuan; Cost 31/7; *Features:* Hidden Compartments, Navigation System 1, Blast 6 (Autofire)



1 ft.

THE AMERICAN EAGLES

The American Eagles are a small team of crack pilots backed by the mechanical and logistical support of Hawkins Industries. Originally an exhibition team for HI's aircraft designs, the true purpose for being drawn together by Hawkins was to show up the shortcomings he saw in the US military's own usage of air power, as well as provide a public venue for speaking against American isolation from the European war efforts. The Eagles fought alongside the RAF before the US entry into the war, albeit while avoiding public scrutiny and using unmarked planes. Since the entry of the US into the war, Hawkins and his flyers have performed a number of "unofficial" services for FDR and the war effort, including a number of missions for Group Zero.

Membership has changed over time, with many pilots and support personnel coming and going. However, during most of the squad's existence, there has been a core group of five pilots at Hawkins' side. One of those pilots, O'Brien, was recently killed by Der Falken, the Nazi crack pilot and aeronautics genius who attacked the Irishman's already damaged plane, followed it down as it crashed, and then strafed the crash site.

Angelo "Jackie" Benzetti

Benzetti was born and raised around "made men" at a time long before the general public even knew what the term meant. He had to fight and scrape for every opportunity he's ever had, and he's no stranger to the sight of blood – either his own or others'. Afraid that their son would follow in the footsteps of his many friends in the neighborhood, rack up a criminal record, and then wind up dead for the effort, his parents pressured him into joining the Army as soon as he could pass for the legal age. He wound up in the Air Corps, where he discovered he was good at something that didn't involve hitting people or breaking the law. During flight training, he encountered the cocky Ryan O'Brien, and the two immediately forged a strong rivalry, followed by an equally strong friendship. Contacts within the corps recommended them to Hawkins when they finally mustered out of the army, and the two jumped at the chance to continue flying – and continue competing with each other. It is Benzetti who has taken O'Brien's death the hardest, and he who has specifically sworn a vendetta against his friend's killer, Der Falken.

Angelo "Jackie" Benzetti: PL 5 (75 points); Init +2; Defense +5/+2; Atk +5; SV Tgh +2, Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 15;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 8 (+10), Craft (*Mechanical*) 2 (+3), Notice 2 (+4), Pilot 10 (+12), Sense Motive 2 (+4); **Ace 3 (p122)** (*Dodge Focus 2, Evasion 1*), All-Out Attack, Equipment 11, Favored Environment (*Air*) 3, Teamwork 2;

Equipment: Heavy Pistol, Patriot XJ-25, Thompson Submachinegun



Cassandra "Cassie" Jennings

Miss Polly Jennings' oldest daughter has always felt that she had to outdo every male she grew up around just to be considered an equal. Growing up in the Oklahoma Panhandle during the era that she did, she was probably right. Unfortunately, that attitude didn't win her many admirers, or suitors, and as she grew older, she was very much made to feel the outsider in her little community. She took this in stride and started working her way out of Oklahoma, taking whatever halfway respectable jobs she could find along the way. Hooking up with an air show crew outside of Abilene, Cassie first worked as their cook, all the while cajoling or browbeating the men around her to teach her what they knew. When one of them finally started teaching her how to fly, she discovered she was good at it – very good. She worked her way up to be one of the airshow's attractions, an aviatrix being something of a novelty. When she read about the Eagles, she felt a defining kinship for a group of people unwilling to bend to fit others' preconceptions. She made her way to Hawkins' airfield, and she challenged him and his men for a spot on the squad. They conceded to the challenge just to humor her, only to have her beat every one of them except Hawkins – who barely beat her. Confronting their shocked expressions once she was back on the ground, her simple response was, "I'm also a crack shot and one hell of a cook. Now, which one of you signs the checks?" She had a billet and a plane before the sun went down that day.

Cassandra "Cassie" Jennings: PL 5 (76 points); Init +3; Defense +5/+2; Atk +5/+7; SV Tgh +2, Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 13;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 3 (+4/+8), Handle Animal 5 (+6), Notice 4 (+6), Pilot 10 (+13), Profession (*Cook*) 6 (+8), Sense Motive 8 (+10), Stealth 4 (+7), Survival 4 (+6); **Ace 3 (p122)** (*Attack Focus 1 [Wing Guns], Dodge Focus 1, Evasion 1*), Attack Specialization (*Rifle*) 1, Attractive 1, Defensive Roll 2, Endurance, Equipment 11, Favored Environment (*Air*) 2;

Equipment: Heavy Pistol, Patriot XJ-25, Thompson Submachinegun





Samuel Lincoln

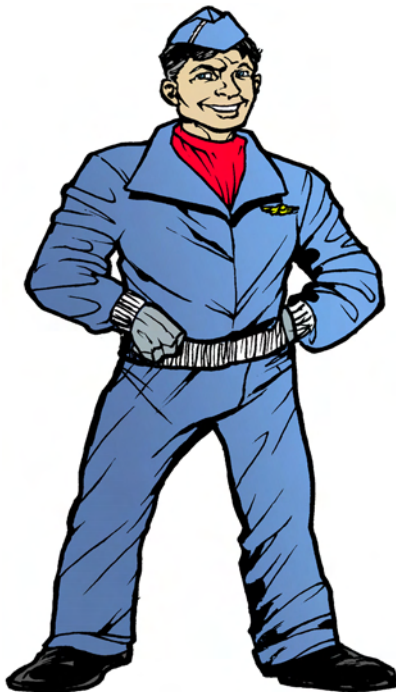
Lincoln is the son of a bus driver from Baltimore, and the fifth of eight children. He fell in love with the idea of flying while watching birds outside his bedroom window, long before he ever saw an actual plane. Poor and black, his chances of ever realizing his dreams were slim, which is why he worked all the harder to make into the Tuskegee Institute's pilot training program. Graduating with the best scores of any man they had ever trained, Lincoln then came face to face with ugly reality again – no matter how good he was, not even the army would take a black pilot except under the most absurd arrangements. Following an official announcement from the USAAC that they would not train black pilots, leaving that to Tuskegee – an announcement that made it clear that such training wasn't viewed in a positive light – a man named Hawkins showed up at the Tuskegee airfield. He was direct and to the point when he said, "Who's your best? I have a spot for a pilot, I don't think much of those brass-draped peacocks in Washington, and if your man can help me show them up I'll make sure he flies till he's sick of hearing the sound of an engine." Lincoln took him up on that offer.

When dealt with by the press, Lincoln is more commonly known as the Ace of Spades due to his affection for and great skill at gambling, at least, that's what the name came to mean over time. Despite the pejorative manner in which the nickname was originally coined, Lincoln doesn't carry it with the least amount of shame, as he is, indeed, an ace (several times over), and he has no problem in turning a racial slur into a badge of honor.

Samuel Lincoln: PL 5 (77 points); Init +3; Defense +4/+2; Atk +5; SV Tgh +1, Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 8 (+11), Notice 4 (+6), Pilot 10 (+13), Profession (*Gambler*) 8 (+10), Sense Motive 6 (+8), Sleight of Hand 4 (+7); **Ace 4 (p122)** (*Dodge Focus 2, Evasion 1, Improved Defense 1*), Equipment 11, Favored Environment (*Air*) 3, Jack-of-All-Trades, Luck 2;

Equipment: Heavy Pistol, Patriot XJ-25, Thompson Submachinegun



Percy Tidwell

Percy Tidwell doesn't look like one of the top engineering minds in the country. For that matter, he doesn't much look like a "Percy," either. The son of two rather physically small college professors who hoped to raise a quiet, studious boy, Tidwell is built like a – short, but with a massive amount of bone and muscle in the mix. He's also a hellion of the first order, drinking and carousing himself almost out of his scholarships to each of the universities whose engineering curricula he strip-mined for everything they were worth and then left behind, one right after another. He met Hawkins at an air show where he was flying a plane built around some of his own engine designs. He out-talked and then out-drunk Hawkins. The next morning, after seeing Tidwell's work in action, Hawkins told him to name his own terms for employment and the two have been thick as thieves ever since.

The engines on the Patriot are Tidwell's contribution, as the airframe and control surfaces are Hawkins'. As he knows that when the Eagles turn to using jet engines it will be his responsibility to manage the maintenance, Tidwell spends every hour he can immersed in studying the nascent technology, that is, every hour he isn't otherwise occupied with flying, fighting, and drinking.

Percy Tidwell: PL 5 (82 points); Init +2; Defense +4/+2; Atk +5/+6; SV Tgh +2, Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 12;

Skills and Feats: Craft (*Mechanical*) 8 (+11), Disable Device 4 (+7), Drive 5 (+7), Intimidate 5 (+6), Know (*Physical Science, Technology*) 4 (+7), Profession (*Engineer*) 8 (+9), Pilot 10 (+12); **Ace 3 (p122)** (*Attack Focus [Wing Guns] 1, Dodge Focus 1, Evasion 1*), All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (*Melee*) 1, Endurance, Equipment 11, Favored Environment (*Air*) 2, Improved Pin, Improvised Tools, Power Attack

Equipment: Heavy Pistol, Patriot XJ-25, Thompson Submachinegun

PL	ROVING REPORTER		PTS
6			124

STR	12	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+3/1	260#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	16	+3	+5	6 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+8	+3
			WILL	KB
			+5	-1/0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6	+8/+3
DAMAGE	
+1 (Unarmed), +3 (Nunchaku)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+7	Medium

SKILLS						
Acrobatics 6 (+9), Bluff 6 (+9), Diplomacy 6 (+9), Drive 2 (+5), Escape Artist 6 (+9), Gather Information 6 (+9), Handle Animal 4 (+7), Investigate 2 (+5), Language 6 (<i>Arabic, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Swahili</i>), Notice 4 (+7), Pilot 4 (+7), Profession (<i>Journalist</i>) 4 (+7), Profession (<i>World Traveler</i>) 8 (+11), Ride 6 (+9), Search 6 (+9), Sense Motive 4 (+7), Sleight of Hand 6 (+9), Stealth 2 (+5), Survival 4 (+7), Swim 4 (+5)						
FEATS						
Animal Empathy, Beginner's Luck, Benefit (<i>Wealth 3</i>), Boxing [<i>All-Out Attack, Defensive Attack, Elusive Target, Improved Block, Power Attack, Takedown Attack</i>], Connected, Defensive Roll 2, Dodge Focus 2, Equipment 4, Evasion, Improved Disarm, Improved Trip, Luck 3, Quick Draw, Sidekick 5 (Dog "Squire")						
EQUIPMENT						
Bolos, Boomerang, Nunchaku						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
29	28	11	24	32	—	—

DESCRIPTION

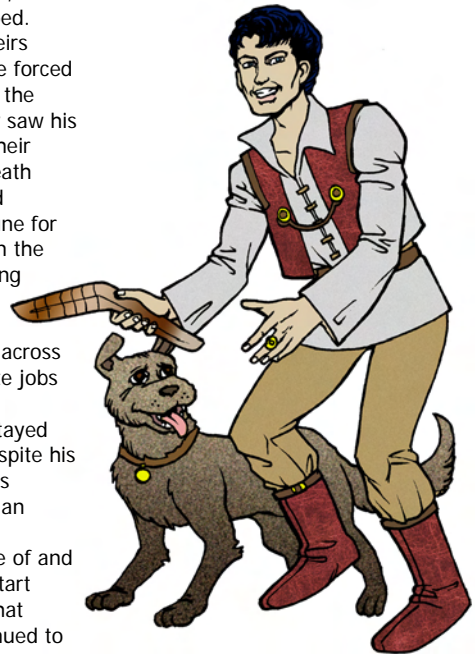
Andrew Wick has fond memories of his parents. They were a happy couple with a sense of adventure and wanderlust, which they shared with their son. As they traveled around the world in his youth, Andrew's parents opened up a world of people, languages, and cultures that his eager and curious mind absorbed. Unfortunately, while trying to help friends of theirs caught in a war-torn section of China, they were forced to leave their son with an uncle that they made the mistake of trusting. It was the last time Andrew saw his parents alive, as they were both killed getting their friends to safety. When word of his brother's death reached him, Andrew's uncle unscrupulously did everything in his power to seize the family fortune for his own, going so far as to throw Andrew out on the street. Penniless, without parents or home, young Andrew began the travels that would be his education.

Over the following years, Andrew traveled across the United States, working at whatever disparate jobs he could find to keep himself clothed and fed. Wherever he went, Andrew made friends and stayed true to the virtues his parents had instilled – despite his own situation, he never lost heart and he always helped those he saw in need. While working as an assistant to an enterprising reporter on a major metropolitan newspaper, Wick discovered a love of and a gift for writing. The reporter inspired him to start keeping a journal of all the places and people that crossed the young man's path, and as he continued to travel, he sent those journals back to his reporter friend, who in turn made them into a series of travelogue articles centering on Wick's adventures and travails. As the articles became popular, and a syndicated feature published them around the world, the newspapers printing his stories and adventures began actually paying for Wick's journeys, greatly broadening his available horizons.

Also, by this time, fearful that his nephew would eventually work out a way to take back his purloined birthright, the boy's uncle had started hiring men to try to make his nephew disappear for good. In order to help hide from his uncle's thugs, Andrew took on an alias that he has used in the articles that have made him famous – Kid Galahad. This was the name Andrew had been given when he competed as a junior league boxer and he always liked the way it had sounded. Under this name, Andrew continues to see the world of wonders that his parents first introduced him to, making steadfast friends and lending his assistance wherever he can.

Wick, or "Kid" as he's better known, is a true jack-of-all-trades, having worked many different jobs despite his limited years. He's an accomplished amateur fighter, experienced world traveler, and one of the most immediately likable people a person is ever likely to meet. He dresses in a mish-mash of items he's picked up in his travels, and he carries a number of exotic items, including weapons, that he's mastered during his various adventures. The Kid knows everybody, and has friends in every port. He seems to have an encyclopedic knowledge of languages and cultures and is always looking to add to his repertoire. The one constant companion in Andrew's life, aside from the threat of his uncle's men, is a runt spaniel he's named "Squire."

KID GALAHAD



QUOTE

Young? Yeah! But old enough to deal with the likes of you, buster!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'6"	Hazel
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	17	130#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Popular globe-trotting columnist
15	
20	Actually Andrew Wick, heir to Wick fortune
25	
30	

SIDEKICK

Squire: PL 2 (25 points); Init +2; Defense +3; Atk +3; SV Tgh +2, Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 8;

Skills and Feats: Notice 5 (+6), Survival 4 (+5), Swim 3 (+4); All-Out Attack, Improved Defense;

Powers: Super-Senses 3 (Scent, Track, Ultra-Hearing);

Drawbacks: Mute (VC, Mod, -4), No Hands (VC, Mod, -4)

QUENTIN "KING CONGO" McKENZIE



QUOTE

There'll always be one more hill to climb, one more river to cross. Ain't life grand?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'5"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	42	240#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Explorer of legendary skill
20	Number of Obsessions, including Odripar and Cibola
25	
30	Trained by model for Quartermain stories

DESCRIPTION

James Quentin McKenzie had a habit of annoying his parents when he was a child. Climbing up the social ladder in their native Glasgow, the industrialist and his wife had little time for their rambunctious son. Eventually they sent him off to live with his uncle, a bachelor who, growing older and knowing each day was closer to the end than his last, was happy to take on the responsibility of children he had too late in his life grown to regret not having. That Uncle Angus lived far, far away in Africa was secondary in the McKenzies' calculations. They paid it no more attention than they had the stories that dreadful writer Haggard had based on Angus years earlier. With their only real annoyance off pestering the black sheep of the family, the McKenzies went on climbing that ladder, giving their son little thought afterward.

Angus McKenzie had long ago forgotten more about wilderness craft than any ten other men had ever learned. Among the tribes of central Africa he was a legend, his exploits having provided his writer friend ample inspiration in their younger years. He spent the last of his life in teaching his nephew every piece of wisdom and ounce of skill he had spent his colorful life acquiring. Quentin took those lessons to heart as he grew older, as he grew into a great strapping bear of a man. He also inherited his uncle's love of exploration and addiction to the adrenalin rush of spitting in death's face on a daily basis. When Angus passed away, Quentin buried the body in one of the hidden valleys his uncle had loved, sold the properties his uncle had left him, and headed out to satisfy his wanderlust...and build his own legend.

McKenzie, or "King Congo" as fellow explorers and hunters have called him after his discoveries in that part of the world, is the top of his game and his game is opening the hidden parts of the world up for all to see (though many of his discoveries have been left unrevealed to the public for one reason or another). He has found any number of previously undiscovered civilizations and extraordinary locales the world over. From the City of Bone in the Great Nef to the Well of Worlds in the icy mountains of Antarctica, McKenzie has been there, seen what he wanted to see, and moved on. He's hunted dinosaurs on Wakefield Island, been hunted by unnamed things in the shadows of Odripar, climbed the Sunset Mountains in the subterranean Land of the Hidden Sun, and swam in the sea of light left in Lyonesse. As an explorer, his skills are matched by only a very few, and he's quite proud of his accuracy wielding the miniature cannon he calls an elephant rifle. Thus far, his ambitions have only encountered two frustrations: finding his way back to the lost valley of Odripar in Africa, and discovering the location of the Seven Cities of Cibola in South America. The second of these is gradually becoming an obsession and other explorations are more and more often today simply breaks between his forays up the Amazon.

PL	GREAT WHITE HUNTER		PTS
8			112

STR	18	+4	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	13	+1		+6/4		600#
CON	18	+4	FORT		LEAP	
INT	14	+2		+8		9 ft
WIS	14	+2	REF		INIT	
CHA	16	+3		+5		+1
			WILL		KB	
				+5		-3/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+7/+9	+5/+2
DAMAGE	
+6 (Elephant Gun)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+11	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 5 (+8), Climb 7 (+11), Craft (*Structural*) 4 (+6), Drive 4 (+5), Handle Animal 8 (+11), Intimidate 6 (+9), Know (*Earth Science, History*) 3 (+5), Language 4 (*Arabic, Dutch, Spanish, Swahili*), Medicine 2 (+4), Notice 6 (+8), Pro (*Explorer*) 13 (+15), Ride 4 (+5), Search 8 (+10), Stealth 6 (+7), Survival 13 (+15), Swim 4 (+8)

FEATS

All-Out Attack, Animal Empathy, Attack Specialization (*Guns*) 1, Benefit (*Status - Knighted*), Connected, Defensive Roll 2, Endurance 3, Equipment 4, Favored Environment (*Jungle*) 2, Improved Block 1, Improved Pin, Track

EQUIPMENT

Big Damn Revolver 4, Elephant Gun 6

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
33	24	11	25	19	—	—

PL	EMBODIMENT	PTS
30	OF AMERICA	767

STR	10	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	10	+0	+20	800 tn
CON	—	—	FORT	LEAP
INT	30	+10	N/A	—
WIS	50	+20	REF	INIT
CHA	30	+10	+0	+0
			WILL	KB
			+20	-10

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+0	+0
DAMAGE	
+15 (Telekinesis)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+15 (TK)	Medium

SKILLS						
Diplomacy 20 (+30), Know (<i>Current Events, History</i>) 20 (+30), Notice 10 (+30), Search 10 (+20), Sense Motive 20 (+40)						
FEATS						
Eidetic Memory, Environmental Adaptation (<i>Astral Plane</i>), Fascinate (<i>Diplomacy</i>), Fearless, Fearsome Presence 15, Inspire 5, Luck 5						
POWERS						
Communication 20 (Area: Radius +1, PF: Selective, Subtle), Comprehend 11 (Animals 2, Languages 3, Machines 2, Objects 2, Plants 2), Concealment 10 (All, PF: Close Range), Dimensional Pocket 10 , ESP 10 (All Senses, PF: Dimensional, Subtle), Illusion 30 (All Senses, Free Action to Maintain Interactive Illusion +1, Selective +1, PF: Progression [Area] 10), Immunity 60 (All FORT Effects, All REF Effects), Impervious on Will SV +20 , Insubstantial 4 (Permanent +1, PF: Innate), Magic 30 (<i>Base</i> : Mystic Passage 20 (PF: Portal), Dynamic, AP: Fatigue 15 (Mental +2), Fog of Forgetfulness, Light of Truth, Telekinesis 15 (Damaging +1, Perception +1), Transform 10 (Anything to Anything, Area: Shapeable +1 [Selective +1], Distracting -1, Area Effect Takes Full Round -1)), Regeneration 60 (Total, +10 Recovery, Resurrection 10), Super-Movement 6 (Dimensional Movement 3 (Progression 10), Temporal Move 3 (Progression 10)), Super-Senses 21 (Awareness (Mystic), Blindsight, Detect Magic (Free Action, Range), Postcognition, Precognition, Radius (All Senses))						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
100	0	20	25	29	593	—

DESCRIPTION

The entity known as Old Glory is most often dismissed as an urban legend. Those who have encountered the entity, been "tested" by it, or been opposed by its terrifying power all know differently. It is very real, though questions as to origin, limits, or purpose are purely matters of conjecture.

One historian, working for the selection committee FDR assembled to choose the Sentinels, traced the folklore behind Old Glory back to a sighting at the Battle of New Orleans during the War of 1812. Supposedly, Old Glory walked among the American soldiers on the battlefield, not only unseen by the British soldiers but filling the beleaguered American soldiers with newfound confidence and vigor. The figure was again seen many years later, weeping in the skies above Antietam, and a few years after that watching over the passage of Lincoln's funeral train. The stories went on, the historian found, placing the entity at numerous sites and events crucial to the history of the United States. On several of those occasions, usually in records of the spottiest reliability and dealing with the most outlandish persons and events, the figure even went so far as to intervene, opposing those presenting a threat to this country. Such confrontations ended with equally absurd displays of power – far outstripping what that researcher or any of the committee members had ever seen demonstrated by any extant metahuman. The committee finally decided against what they saw as a waste of resources in trying to track down the entity, as none of them could conclude that there was sufficient evidence to prove its existence. The Sentinels, Group Zero, and The Veil have all since presented reports contradicting these findings, but neither FDR nor any of those groups have yet to figure out who or, more accurately, what Old Glory is.

Based on current reports, Old Glory presents itself as a human sized figure whose face, skin, and build are hidden under voluminous, layered robes that seem to be made of different American flags from different eras. When it speaks, it is with the voice of many people speaking in unison – men, women, and children, of different timbres and even different accents. It is seen only by those it wants to see it, and has thus far proven capable of staggering displays of power. The Sentinels watched it effortlessly close a dimensional aperture opening in the Appalachians from the Shadowlands; representatives of the Veil have seen it hide the presence of the fearmongering Rha/Zhaketh lord Qsathogua from mortal eyes with an illusion that blanketed the skies above the entire city of New York; and agents of Group Zero have seen the entity change a rain of bombs from Von Stürm's dirigible fleet into a shower of daffodils with nothing more than the wave of a flag-draped hand.

Despite these displays, however, there are no reports of Old Glory operating anywhere outside the continental United States. When asked by Jack B. Quick why the entity simply didn't walk over to Berlin and Tokyo and end the war, it responded, "That is a challenge set before mortal hands. It is not for me to presume to take it from them."

Having also encountered the mystical Albion, who claims to be the spirit of the British Isles given form, the Sentinel Cagliostro has posited that Old Glory may be a similar manifestation. And since the sorcerer has also informed his teammates with uncharacteristic humility that by his assessment Old Glory's "magic" dwarfs anything Cagliostro himself is capable of, the Sentinels hold on to the hope that they will remain in the entity's good graces.

OLD GLORY



QUOTE

Even dreams sometimes need a little help...

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Spirit	Male	?	?
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	?	?	?

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Urban myth
20	
25	
30	Terribly powerful spirit

THE ORPHANS



Juliet: PL 3 (58 points); Init +1; Defense +3/+1; Atk +3 [Pistol +2]; SV Tgh +1, Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 15;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 6 (+8/+12), Disable Device 6 (+8), Notice 6 (+7), Profession (*Resistance Fighter*) 6 (+8), Perform (Acting) 8 (+10), Profession (*Spy*) 8 (+10), Sense Motive 8 (+9), Stealth 4 (+5); Attractive 1, Dodge Focus 2, Equipment 2, Fascinate (*Perform*), Favored Enemy (*Nazis*) 1, Luck 2;

Equipment: Pistol 2

Hans and Otto: PL 3 (59 points); Init +1; Defense +3/+1; Atk +3 [Pistol +2 (Crit 19-20)]; SV Tgh +1, Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 13;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 6 (+7), Disable Device 6 (+8), Notice 6 (+7), Profession (*Resistance Fighter*) 6 (+8), Profession (*Spy*) 8 (+10), Sense Motive 8 (+9), Stealth 4 (+5); Attack Specialization (*Guns*), Dodge Focus 2, Equipment 2, Favored Enemy (*Nazis*) 1, Improved Aim, Improved Critical (*Guns*), Luck 2, Precise Shot;

Equipment: Pistol 2

Ferdinand: PL 3 (61 points); Init +1; Defense +3/+1; Atk +3 [Pistol +2]; SV Tgh +1, Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 13;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 6 (+7), Climb 4 (+4), Disable Device 6 (+8), Notice 6 (+7), Profession (*Resistance Fighter*) 6 (+8), Profession (*Spy*) 8 (+10), Sense Motive 8 (+9), Stealth 8 (+11); Dodge Focus 2, Equipment 2, Favored Enemy (*Nazis*) 1, Grappling Finesse, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Initiative, Improvised Tools, Luck 2;

Equipment: Pistol 2

Andres: PL 3 (58 points); Init +1; Defense +3/+1; Atk +3 [Knife +1]; SV Tgh +1, Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 13;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 6 (+7), Disable Device 6 (+8), Notice 6 (+7), Profession (*Resistance Fighter*) 6 (+8), Profession (*Spy*) 8 (+10), Sense Motive 8 (+9), Stealth 4 (+6); Ambidexterity, Attack Specialization (Knives), Blind-Fight, Dodge Focus 2, Elusive Target, Equipment 1, Favored Enemy (*Nazis*) 1, Luck 2;

Equipment: Knives +1

One of the many reasons for Amadeus' continued success is his care in picking the assets he chooses to use. His network is vast, but outside of information or the infrequent small, traceless service, his contacts seldom see him, and almost never in person regardless. One of the very few exceptions to this operating procedure was a small group of young war orphans Amadeus recruited for a role in the grand deception he played against the S.S. High Command. Amadeus took the part of a schoolmaster of exceptional pupils being trained in spycraft. He had to choose his students very carefully, as they had to be completely trustworthy, and they had to have the potential to be trained in his arts quickly and well enough to fool accomplished intelligence officers into thinking the school's tutelage was equally attractive to the S.S. for their needs. Using his network of informants, Amadeus "acquired" six agents, ranging in age from early to late teens. Each was mature enough to have impressed Amadeus' extant agents, skilled enough to have earned Amadeus own grudging respect, and had personal grudges against the Nazis more than ample enough to provide motivation in accepting Amadeus' offer.

First, he found Juliet Malreaux in France. Daughter of actors executed by the Gestapo, Juliet would have found fame for her own gifts on stage in a different world; in this one she was an extraordinarily effective decoy and gull for staging kills by the French resistance. Otto and Hans Weismann hid in the attic of family friends in Munich after the rest of their family was killed for the yellow stars they wore. The Weismann family had been circus performers, and the brothers were every bit the crackshots their parents had been. Emil Kreski had conned his way out of the Warsaw ghetto, his silver tongue and ingratiating charisma opening doors for him a step ahead of the Germans. Ferdinand Amillero had been raised by thieves, surrounded by thieves, and taught every trick of being a thief. Before Amadeus' people had found him, he had already earned a reputation as El Gorrion (The Sparrow), by robbing the well-guarded homes of German and Spanish fascists alike. The last to enter the class was Andres Atreonos. The lithe little Greek was a holy terror on the backstreets of Athens with his beloved knives, but his temper had ended the life of one too many Nazi informants and put the Gestapo on his trail.

None of the orphans disappointed Amadeus, and the confidence game he played not only put a large bit of German gold in the master spy's pocket, it also permanently removed several counterintelligence agents that had been a little too effective for Amadeus' tastes. He left his students with ample payment for their work, and kept an eye on each for future possibilities. As for the crew itself, they found they not only had liked the direct "game" against the hated Nazis, but also had formed a close bond to each other in the midst of the constant life-or-death stress (a shortcoming in Amadeus' eyes, but one he was willing to overlook in light of their usefulness). They chose to stay together, acting as a roving resistance group and the least likely bunch of commandos the enemy would ever try to find. Infrequently, their former teacher has made use of them (with varying results and a growing bitterness on their part – Emil died during that initial job, and each of the others is certain Amadeus could have saved him), and they have slowly earned the trust and respect of British and American intelligence networks – though they are far more comfortable with the various resistance groups with whom they associate.

PL	EXILED PRINCE OF ATLANTIS		PTS
13			180

STR	35	+12	TGH	LIFT
DEX	20	+5	+14	48 ton
CON	25	+7	FORT	LEAP
INT	14	+2	+10	17 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+5	+9
			WILL	KB
			+8	-9

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+13/10	+11/+4
DAMAGE	
+12 (Unarmed), +10 (Electricity)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+29/+26	Medium

SKILLS
Acrobatics 4 (+9), Diplomacy 4 (+8), Intimidate 8 (+12), Language 1 ([Atlantean], English), Notice 7 (+10), Search 4 (+6), Sense Motive 2 (+5), Swim 10 (+22)

FEATS
All-Out Attack, Diehard, Endurance, Environmental Adaptation (Underwater), Favored Environment (Underwater) 3, Improved Block 2, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative 1, Power Attack

POWERS
Enhanced Abilities (STR +4, DEX +2, Only Underwater, [Already Added]), Device 4 (Easy to Lose, Atlantean War Trident [Electrical Control 10]), Immunity 4 (Age, Breathe Underwater, Cold, High Pressure), Protection 7 (Impervious on 5 Ranks), Super-Senses 5 (Blindsight (Only Underwater), Darkvision), Super-Strength 4 , Swimming 5

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
64	36	9	10	13	48	—

NOTE

Taggras' trident generates an electrical charge that somehow works safely underwater (i.e. arcing away and not immediately grounding into the surrounding fluid).

DESCRIPTION

Taggras, son of Avratos, son of Galtha, was born the heir apparent to a throne that had stood strong and proud since before mankind began recording its history. This was Atlantis, jewel of the deep, descendant in name, if not in power, of the mightiest and most advanced civilization that had ever graced the surface of the Earth. And this was a state that hid beneath the waves, as it had since the fire rained from the sky and wiped the land of their forefathers from the face of that same Earth. This was the way it had always been and always would be. The untamed deeps belonged to them, but only so long as they kept to themselves and left the surface to those unfortunate enough to be trapped beneath the withering sun. So the histories said, so the people believed, and so they lived in peace. At least, they did until the betrayal, until the city's most trusted protector turned on the king and took the crown for himself. Taggras barely escaped Grand Admiral Sargall's loyalists as they attempted to murder the entire royal family. With his sister in tow, the young prince hid from his pursuers, slowly forced to make his way to the dreaded surface. Only when faced with the prospect of their dying under torture at their pursuer's hands did the siblings venture above the waves, not knowing what to expect after so many years of hearing so many horror stories.

What they found astonished them.

Not only did they not perish, they found that they could survive without much difficulty in the air. Strange though it was, and uncomfortable, the siblings, like all Atlanteans were not merely aquatic, they were completely amphibious. And bodies tempered in the ocean's depths were more than capable of dealing with the paltry physical demands of the surface, as Taggras demonstrated to himself and his attackers when set upon by thieves. Though strangers in a very strange land, Taggras and Lissandra managed to make their way south from the beaches of Maine where they had first come ashore. Slowly, they learned the language, harsh on their tongues, and even more slowly came to understand enough of the customs to awkwardly fit in. Over time, their bodies became less prone to dehydration as they adapted to landbound conditions, though the pair still snuck deepwater swims at every safe opportunity. It was with great wonder that Taggras learned of the many stories the surface men had of Atlantis, as equally a creation of superstition as the tales of the surface Atlanteans told their children. And it was with even greater anger he first heard of Sargall, now called Dagon, first revealing the existence of their beloved home to the surface world, and then allying their peaceful people with one of the most warlike nations that surface could boast. Taggras found what he hoped would be a safe place for his sister to stay, at a lighthouse whose keeper they had befriended, and then he made his way home. Stealthily and with great care, he made his way into the city. Without Dagon's men hard on his trail, he had the time to find those he knew would have remained loyal to his family. With their assistance, Taggras was able to steal both a suit of ancient armor from the royal arsenal, and the Trident that was his father's badge of office straight from the throne room itself. He then made his way out of the city again and began the long one-man guerilla war that he wages against the usurper and his traitorous minions.

Taggras, or Sea Devil as he is now called by surface dwellers and Atlanteans alike, is an impressive specimen of his breed. Like all Atlanteans, he is amphibious, is capable of astonishing movement speeds and agility underwater, has very little body hair, webbed fingers and toes, ears that are small and flat against his head, and the sides of his torso show large gill structures. Though all Atlanteans are immensely strong when compared to their land-dwelling kin, the bloodline of the royal family has always produced the strongest and most resilient of their kind, and Taggras is stronger than even his father ever was. He has been trained in the traditional arts of war since childhood, though he never expected to actually use them the way he does now – in actual and frequent combat.

SEA DEVIL



QUOTE

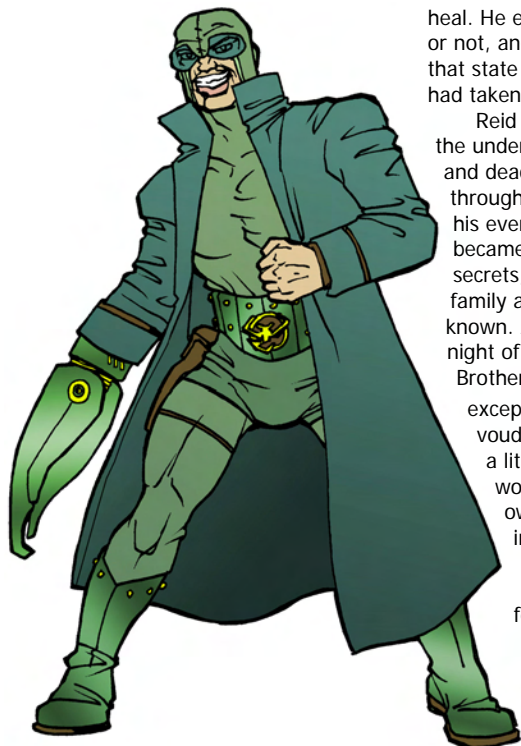
FOR THE GLORY OF ATLANTIS!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Atlantean	Male	6'2"	Black
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	30?	220#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Freakish metahuman
15	
20	True Atlantean, but fights Nazis
25	
30	Deposed Atlantean royal

THE SCORPION



DESCRIPTION

Milo Pilsney had always had his part to play in life, had had it defined for him at an early age. He was the pathos in life's little play, always on the receiving end of tragedies great and small alike. The only breaks he had ever received had been the painful kind, and slow to heal. He existed to be stepped on, whether he liked it or not, and after enough years he had just accepted that state as his lot. Until Barrett Reid had found him, had taken him in and given him a home and a purpose.

Reid was a vigilante, the nightmare that stalked the underworld under the name The Scorpion. Masked and deadly, for years the Scorpion had cut swathes through gangsters, cultists, and mad scientists with his ever-present hydraulic claw and steel-whip. Milo became one of Reid's trusted aides, his finder of secrets, his ear on the streets. It was as close to a family and as close to paradise as Milo had ever known. And it all seemed to come crashing down the night of that terrible final battle against the Blood Brothers. The brothers were the leaders of a gang of

exceptionally brutal smugglers. They were also voodoo... and vampires, as Milo's side found out a little later than would have been useful. Reid won that battle, barely. And at the cost of his own life, as well as the lives of most of his inner circle. Of that tight-knit team, Milo alone survived, and then only because he had panicked and hid. Coming out of hiding, he found the bodies of the only people that had ever shown him respect and acceptance.

Consumed with self-loathing over his cowardice, Milo suffered a psychotic break. The Scorpion could not, did not die. That simply was not possible. And in his madness, Milo formed a plan.

Cleaning up the aftermath of the battle, or his allies' side of it at least, Milo proceeded to use his knowledge of both Reid's set-up as the Scorpion and his personal life as a bachelor playboy to establish a new identity as Reid's long-lost "cousin" Miles. After easing into and taking over what he could of Reid's life as Reid, Milo then did the same with Reid's other identity. Though his methods have changed somewhat, and he now apparently works mostly alone, the underworld has painfully accepted the fact that, after a small hiatus, the Scorpion has returned in full brutal glory.

Scorpion mortis. Vivat Scorpion.

Though not the physical equal of his predecessor, the new Scorpion seldom finds it a bother while he has access to the weapons on which Reid built his bloody legend. He does, however, worry about losing his trademark weapons or having them suffer irreparable damage, as Milo doesn't have the expertise to rebuild them. He trains and conditions himself constantly, while more and more infrequently using his real identity as Pilsney to gather information for later use. His fighting style is much more reckless than Reid ever was, as Milo's psychosis blooms fully in the chaos of combat. He lives to see his enemies, which form a list that grows larger daily, fall before the vengeance of which he believes himself the living incarnation.

QUOTE

Ha ha ha ha! The wages of sin are **DEATH!** Ha ha ha!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	40	205#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Murderous vigilante
20	
25	No longer the same person as has been
30	Delusional, thinks he's the incarnation of the spirit of vengeance

PL	LOOSE CANNON		PTS
8	VIGILANTE		119

STR	15	+2	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	15	+2		+9/6		400#
CON	15	+2	FORT		LEAP	
INT	12	+1		+5		7 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF		INIT	
CHA	12	+1		+5		+6
			WILL		KB	
				+8		-3

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8/+10	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+4 (Whip [17-20 Crit]), +4 (Pistol), +5 (Claw)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+13**/+10	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 4 (+5), Disable Device 4 (+5), Drive 4 (+6), Intimidate 12 (+13), Investigate 8 (+9), Notice 6 (+9), Search 4 (+5), Sense Motive 8 (+11), Stealth 10 (+12)

FEATS

Attack Specialization (*Whip*) 1, Benefit (*Alternate Identity* x5), Chokehold, Contacts, Defensive Roll 3, Elusive Target, Equipment 8, Evasion, Fearsome Presence 5, Improved Critical (*Whip*) 3, Improved Defense 2, Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative 1, Improved Trip 2, Master Plan, Precise Shot 1, Startle, Uncanny Dodge 2

EQUIPMENT

Armor Coat [Protection 4], **Big Pistol 4**, **Headquarters** (as Sanctum Sanctorum without Laboratory), **Mechanical Pincer** [Strike 3 (PF: Mighty), Super-Strength 3** (Only for Gripping/Crushing -1; PF: Improved Pin)], **Sedan** (Full-Size Car with TGH 12, Oil Slick, Smoke Screen, Hidden Compartments), **Steel Whip** [Strike 2, PF: Extended Reach +10 ft, Mighty]

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
25	28	11	15	40	—	—

PL	LEGACY		PTS
10	VIGILANTE		162

STR	18	+4	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+6/4	600#
CON	18	+4	FORT	LEAP
INT	15	+2	+8	9 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+10	+8
			WILL	KB
			+8	-3/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+12	+10
DAMAGE	
+6 (Unarmed or Cloak)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+16	Medium

SKILLS
Acrobatics 8 (+12), Bluff 4 (+7), Climb 8 (+12), Diplomacy 3 (+6), Disable Device 6 (+10), Drive 7 (+11), Escape Artist 5 (+9), Gather Information 9 (+12), Intimidate 6 (+9), Investigate 6 (+8), Know (<i>Streetwise</i>) 6 (+8), Notice 15 (+17), Pilot 4 (+8), Search 5 (+7), Sense Motive 10 (+12), Stealth 10 (+14)

FEATS
Acrobatic Bluff, Benefit (<i>Wealth 3</i>), Combination Attack 2 (p122), Connected, Contacts, Equipment 10, Evasion, Improved Block 2, Improved Initiative, Improved Throw, Improved Trip, Instant Up, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Sneak Attack, Startle, Stunning Attack, Sweep Attack 2 (p122), Takedown Attack 2

EQUIPMENT
Costume [Protection 2, Strike 2 (PF: Extended Reach, Mighty); PF: Dodge Focus 2, Fearsome Presence 2, Improved Defense], HQ [as Abandoned Warehouse without Computer or Living Space], Motorcycle , Utility Belt [<i>Base</i> : Explosives, AP: Cutting Torch, Pepper Spray, Sleep Gas Pellets, Smoke Pellets, Tear Gas Pellets, Throwing Blades]

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
40	44	16	28	34	—	—

NOTES

The extended reach of The Watchman's costume is his weighted cloak (which also makes him harder to accurately hit) – he can use its weighted ends or his reinforced glove-knuckles for extra damage.

DESCRIPTION

Miles Randolph Hartford had been a loyal servant of the crown; it was the people who occasionally hid behind the crown while spitting on her justice, that used the laws to aid in the usurpation of that same justice, these were his enemy. After years of watching his beloved England suffer because of such parasites, he finally took action. As the masked "terror of the seas," known as Captain Claw, he was able to strike at many of the power mongers and hoarders of blood money that perverted his precious land. That his piracy seemed to only target specific men and their assets did little to diminish the carefully prepared and disseminated "legend" of the dread pirate. For twenty long years he fought a private and frustrating war before finally yielding to the demands of age and hanging up his mask. His wife and son had moved to the New World, a new horizon where they hoped they could help build a better place. At his insistence, they had adopted a new name, Harding, and had distanced themselves from him for fear of the consequences should he ever have been captured and unmasked. But that was all in the past...or so he thought.

When his family came to the harbor to meet him, they were horrified to see him dragged from the docks in chains. Powerful men had committed crimes that needed a scapegoat, and Hartford had been chosen from among those new to town to play the role. His mysterious background and apparent lack of ties made him perfect for their schemes, and irony of ironies he was convicted of piracy – but on false evidence and not for any of the acts he had actually committed. He had made a dramatic spectacle on the docks when he saw his family that fateful morning, sufficient to warn them away. And his statements of having no family during his later trial made it clear to them that were to make no contact. Hartford's last words on the gallows seemed oddly confessional to those gathered – that he had turned his back on justice and was paying the price, that he hoped the lesson was taken to heart. But the son who stood in the crowd knew he was the intended recipient of those words, and he understood their true meaning. Joshua Harding put together a disguise that paid homage to his father's Captain Claw identity, mask and cloak and all, and spent the rest of his life seeing to it that his father's last directions were carried out. He eventually saw to it that the men who had framed his father paid for their crime, his work known as far and wide as the words on the note he left with the evidence to hang the men – "Justice must be fair and evenhanded, but she is never blind – there is always someone watching." This wasn't enough to satisfy him, however. Harding knew that *his* effective time underneath the cloak was limited, but so long as that mask always had a man behind it willing to see justice done at any price, he knew his father would rest easier. To the outside world, the Harding family became rich shipping magnates and canny merchants – but that wasn't the real family legacy. No, that tradition lies in the shadowy figure that has haunted the underworld for over two hundred years, a figure whispered of as The Watchman.

The Watchman is an identity used by various members of the Harding family for longer than there has been a United States. In that time, each wearer of the mask has added their own touches to the legend. The illusion of the Watchman's immortality is a widespread story among the underworld, however, and a powerful weapon in the family's arsenal – one they go to great lengths to perpetuate. The tradition has developed that the mask is passed from father to son, with the "retired" Watchman being responsible for teaching the active Watchman's eventual successor. The family has friends and contacts around the world, and this training generally takes years and involves any number of exotic disciplines. Needless to say, the family is very selective in who they allow in by marriage – Secrecy is important, but so is the succession. And every Harding is taught the story and price of complacency from the day they're old enough to learn of the family's true calling.

THE WATCHMAN



QUOTE

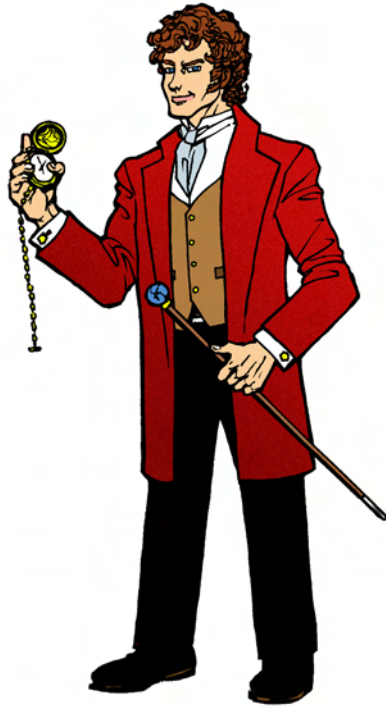
Did you really think I wouldn't be watching? Pity.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	28	185#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Immortal vigilante
20	
25	Not really just one person
30	Family affair

JACKSON WILDE



QUOTE

Perhaps it would be better if I handled this?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'9"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Wilde Family	36	148#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Wealthy philanthropist
20	Owner of Pickman Museum
25	Member of famous family
30	

DESCRIPTION

The Wilde family has always had a reputation. Dating back to their ancestor Cavendish Wilder, a loyal knight who fought beside Richard the Lionheart (and was known as Cavendish the Black for his solid black banner), they have always had their causes and their crusades. Whether fighting for their sovereign, their country, the advancement of science and civilization, or simply for men or women unable to fight for themselves, the Wildes have always done so with honor and distinction. It could be said that "hero" is somewhere between the family's traditional profession and its favorite pastime.

The current patriarch of the Wilde clan is every bit the stalwart his family generally has produced, though he's somewhat more refined, and considerably better educated, than the standard lantern-jawed, two-fisted romantic types that the Wildes have become known for these past two centuries. Jackson Phineas Wilde was born on a storm-tossed sailing ship in the dead of night and has spent his life since that night exemplifying an inner calm and peace that can be very disconcerting to those around him who are *also* being shot at or thrown out of planes or suffering any of the other little setbacks that seem to routinely test his patience. Regardless of the situation, Jackson (never "Jack") is impeccably dressed, unruffled despite any provocation to the contrary, utterly controlled in manner and tone, and never, ever, under any circumstances, rude. His more bellicose cousins attribute Jackson's imperturbability to his maternal grandfather and namesake since the trait certainly wasn't carried on the Wilde side of the heredity (as his somewhat darker complexion than his kin comes from the Indian princess that gentleman married). Though Wilde may be every bit the adrenaline addict that Quentin McKenzie or Avery Hawkins, or any of Wilde's many other illustrious acquaintances are, it would never be guessed from his demeanor. In this quality, he often stands out from his more obviously excitable kinsmen. Another way in which he differs is his loathing of spending time on the ancestral Wilde estates. A surprisingly insular family given their highly publicized extroverted tendencies, the Wildes have traditionally shown a preference for the company of their family and the comfort of the clan's demesne. Not so Jackson, who is rarely found at home. Instead, he chooses to wander the globe, sating his love for exotic locales and cuisines, or his passion for antiquities. It is during such travels that he has encountered and befriended a number of kindred souls, such as the aforementioned McKenzie, or the globetrotting writer Kid Galahad. Jackson Wilde is an accomplished swordsman, incorporating elements from many different disciplines when brandishing his sword cane. This is an infrequent display, however, as his finely honed skills as a diplomat are likely to diffuse difficult situations before they ever reach a violent stage. In yet another departure from his family's traditions, Wilde has purchased a museum to display many of the finds he and several of his associates have acquired during their travels. This has cleaned out any number of storage rooms and basements in the family home, where artifacts and memorabilia have been shoved and forgotten over years, decades, and perhaps even centuries. While his family is somewhat unhappy over his "disrespectful" way of dealing with the family "trophy," he has thus far mollified them with the explanation that this is simply one more service the family is performing for the world – a perspective which makes it imminently difficult for any self-respecting Wilde to object.

PL	ADVENTURING	PTS
7	SCHOLAR	128

STR	15	+2	TGH	+2	LIFT	400#
DEX	16	+3	FORT	+5	LEAP	7 ft
CON	15	+2	REF	+8	INIT	+7
INT	14	+2	WILL	+8	KB	-1
WIS	16	+3				
CHA	18	+4				

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+7/+9	+7/+3
DAMAGE	
+5 (Sword), +3 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+9	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 6 (+10/+14), Craft (*Artistic*) 6 (+8), Diplomacy 12 (+16/+20), Gather Information 4 (+8), Know (*Civics, Earth Science*) 8 (+10), Know (*History*) 12 (+14), Language 8 (*Farsi, French, German, Greek, Hindustani, Japanese, Latin, Sanskrit*), Medicine 6 (+8), Notice 11 (+14), Pilot 4 (+7), Pro (*Philanthropist*) 8 (+11), Search 10 (+12), Sense Motive 11 (+14), Stealth 4 (+7), Survival 4 (+7), Swim 2 (+4)

FEATS

Attack Specialization (*Sword*) 1, Attractive 1, Benefit (*Wealth 3*), Connected, Equipment 4, Fearless, Inspire, Leadership, Luck 2, Master Plan, **Sword-Fighting** (*Accurate Attack, Defensive Attack, Improved Block, Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative 1, Power Attack, Taunt*)

EQUIPMENT

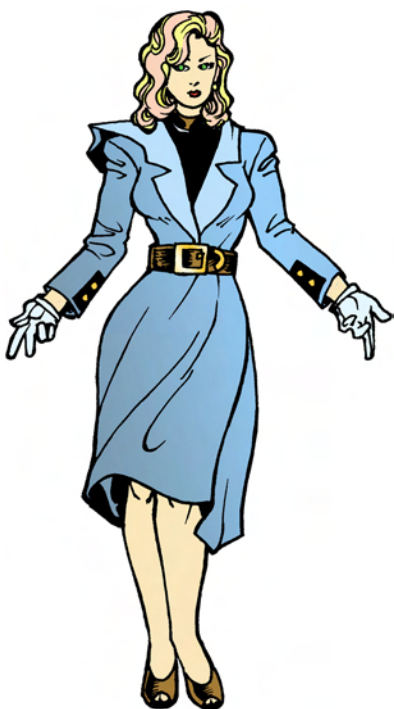
Pickman Museum, Revolver 3, Sword Cane 3

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
34	28	13	30	23	—	—

THE PICKMAN MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES

Once a dilapidated shell of a state-funded museum of natural history, the Pickman Museum was bought and refurbished by the Wilde family as a repository for the strange and unusual finds gathered both by various family members and the many extraordinary associates the family has made over the years. Laurel Wilde, younger sister of the famous adventurer and current family "patriarch" Jackson Wilde, acts as the curator for the museum. During her tenure, she has added a number of colorful and educational exhibit materials to the museums collections, expanding the selection of exhibits far beyond the original goals of the family. Materials deemed too sensitive to show at the moment, or deserving of intensive future study before sharing with the world, reside in special vaults and workshops on site.

Pickman Museum. TGH 10, SZ: Huge; Cost: 9/2; *Features:* Fire Prevention, Library, Power System, Security System, Workshop



Laurel Wilde

The younger sister of current Wilde family patriarch, Jackson, Laurel Ambrosia Wilde made a duty out of driving her sibling to wit's end when she was younger. A truer heir to the family temperament than Jackson, her reckless and rambunctious ways put her in danger's path on many occasions. On a few of those, she actually let her brother think he rescued her – just for his peace of mind. That his sister didn't need him for such brotherly displays would probably have been a greater weight on his nerves than the actual consequences of her thrill-seeking. Make no mistake, little Laurel is more than capable of taking care of herself; given her family, this is hardly surprising. She's a crack shot, an able practitioner of the martial arts, an accomplished equestrian, and the modest possessor of a Doctorate in Archeology from Oxford. Though she's "settled down" a bit as she's grown older, Laurel isn't above a field trip or two should boredom begin taking a toll. A perennial bachelorette, Laurel has all but given up on ever finding a man that keeps both her interest and her respect – her standards are simply unrealistically high, she's come to realize. She has no intentions of lowering them, however, and pity the first masochist foolish enough to use the word "spinster" in her presence.

Laurel Wilde: PL 5 (106 points); Init +7; Defense +7; Atk +6 (+0 Unarmed); SV Tgh +1, Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +8; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Acrobatics 3 (+6), Bluff 3 (+6/+10), Concentration 3 (+6), Craft (Artistic) 5 (+8), Diplomacy 5 (+8/+12), Drive 5 (+8), Handle Animal 4 (+7), Know (Art, History) 7 (+10), Know (Business) 2 (+5), Language 3 (Greek, Latin, Sanskrit), Notice 5 (+8), Perform (Dance) 4 (+7), Pro (Curator) 8 (+11), Ride 5 (+8), Sense Motive 5 (+8), Sleight of Hand 2 (+5), Stealth 2 (+5), Survival 2 (+5), Swim 4 (+4); Attractive 1, Benefit (*Wealth 3*), Connected, Dodge Focus 2, Endurance, Equipment 2, Improved Defense, Improved Initiative 1, **Judo** (Accurate Attack, Defensive Attack, Improved Disarm, Improved Escape, Improved Grab, Improved Pin, Improved Trip, Stunning Attack);

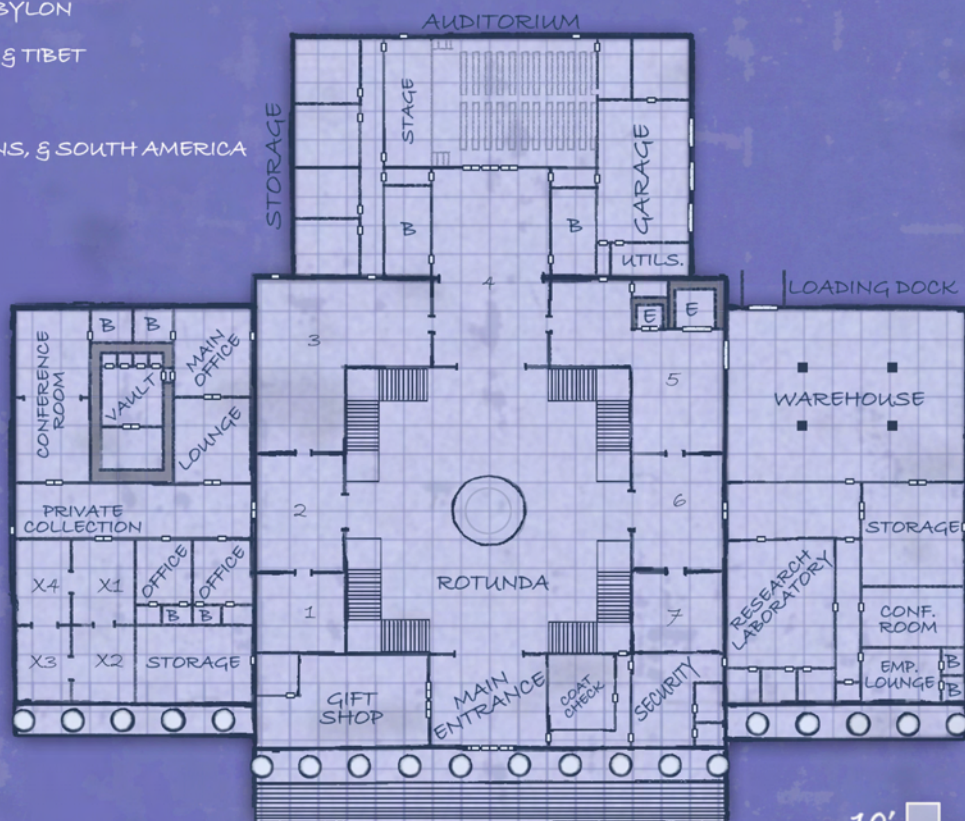
Equipment: Lockblade +1, Pistol +3

PICKMAN MUSEUM of ANTIQUITIES

EXHIBITS

- 1 EGYPT & NORTH AFRICA
- 2 THE CONGO AND SOUTHERN AFRICA
- 3 PERSIA & ARABIA,
MESOPOTAMIA & BABYLON
- 4 THE HOLY LANDS
- 5 INDIAN SUBCONTINENT & TIBET
- 6 CHINA & EAST ASIA
- 7 JAPAN & THE ISLANDS
- 8 SOUTH PACIFIC
- 9 AZTECS, INCAS, MAYANS, & SOUTH AMERICA
- 10 THE NEW WORLD
- 11 INUIT & THE ARCTIC
- 12 WEST ASIA
- 13 CENTRAL EUROPE &
TRANSYLVANIA
- 14 ANCIENT GREECE
- 15 BRITAIN &
SCANDANVIA

- X1 ATLANTIS
X2 EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
X3 EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL
X4 UNKNOWN ORIGIN



GROUND LEVEL

10'

B = bathroom
E = elevator



UPPER LEVEL



EINSATZGRUPPEN ÜBERSOLDATEN

Men and women with strange abilities have been around for as long as their less-gifted kin have walked the Earth. Many have gone their entire lives without discovering the full extent of their abilities, or in some cases, even the possession of such. Many also died when they displayed extraordinary abilities, as most of history knew man to be hostile toward those who committed the sin of being different from the rest of the herd. Those few who have used their gifts to any great extent have generally been the origin of any number of legends and myths. Seldom before the 20th Century, however, had the world seen any gathering of more than handful of these powerful specimens. Even the factions involved in the great and secret war that raged behind the scenes during the 19th Century only really had access to what could be called "optimized" humans more than true superhumans.

Then, the First World War broke out... and Kaiser Wilhelm II saw Theodor Munz demonstrate his great strength and bulletproof skin. Renamed "Eisenkreuz" (Iron Cross), Munz amply demonstrated to western governments not only the existence of metahumans (a term first popularly used in the 1930s), but also their value on the battlefield. But, consensus is difficult to build on a global scale, and the belief of centuries is rarely changed overnight. The average man on the street, unexposed directly to such individuals, often refused to accept the existence of men and women who could bend steel in their bare hands. Even with photographic and documentary evidence to the contrary, following the end of the war the majority of the public chose to dismiss Munz, as well as the British John Bull, as convenient fictions at worst, or exaggerations at best. Unfortunately, not everyone shared this skepticism.

Based as it was on twisted interpretations of the Nietzschean ethos, the Nazi party already worshipped at the altar of the cult of the superman. And, having survived the fall of his Kaiser, Munz not only still walked around his native Germany, he was more than happy to trade demonstrations of his (diminishing-with-age) abilities in exchange for a good dinner or round of drinks paid for by his new friends among the National Socialist Party. The Germans knew that gods walked among them – they just had to find a way to use that knowledge effectively. When he came to power, one of Hitler's first priorities during the build-up of German forces was to locate others such as Munz. Der Fuehrer was certain in his conviction that, given the "superiority" of the Aryan breed in general, Munz could not be the only true example of what Goebbels quickly popularized as "the heirs to the Aesir" that were numbered among Germany's citizens. With advice from the willworkers of the Thüle Society as represented by their leader, Doktor Ernst Thüle, as well as from Frau Doktor Von Frankenstein and the shadowy patron whose work she acted as agent for in selling to the Reich, Hitler was assured that what supermen couldn't be found, could be *made*. He immediately set the party's vast resources toward the largest single aggregation of metahumans seen before or since. Von Frankenstein's patron provided the Nazis the electronic technology they needed to test for metahuman traits and potential, at a hefty cost; the Thüle Society began a global campaign of recruitment among occult quarters for those sympathetic and loyal to Germany's cause; and both Von Frankenstein and Thüle began their bitter rivalry to see who could provide more assets to the Fatherland.

By the time the Einsatzgruppen Übersoldaten were formally announced as a unit to the world, the various members had already been put to use throughout the Reich's war efforts, many having amassed a sizable bit of newsreel footage for themselves before they ever set foot on the Berlin stage where Hitler touted

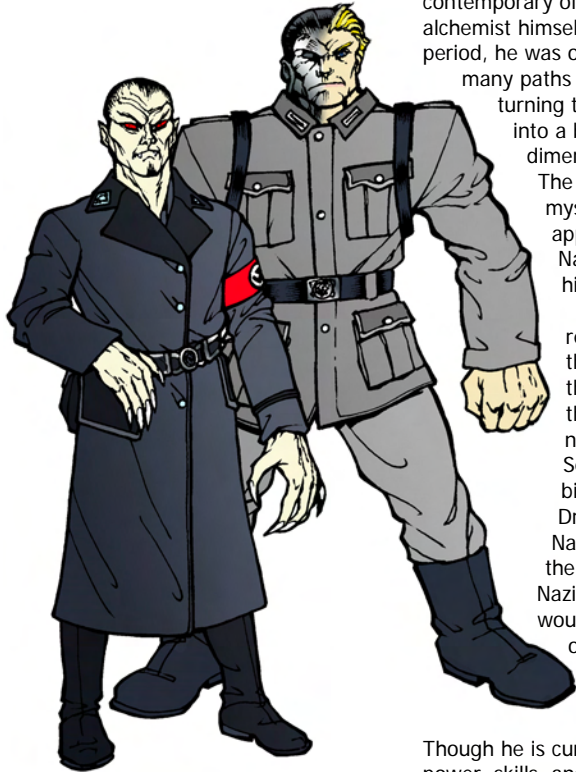
their existence. They were, in the minds of Der Fuehrer and his propaganda machine, the single most dominant symbol of unarguable German supremacy, and the key to crushing the weak, decadent democracies of the Fatherland's enemies. The truth, of course, fell somewhat short of this dream.

Nominally a special unit with the Waffen-SS, the Übersoldaten, despite the promises of Thüle and Von Frankenstein to the contrary, never came close to being the *army* Hitler had strove to build. At their height, not counting Thüle's enchanted Valkyrie or Von Frankenstein's reanimated Schocktruppen, the unit numbered about two dozen members. These soldiers were spread out under the beck and call of a number of powerful actors within the Reich, and politics proved an insurmountable hampering factor even after Der Schwarzenritter (The Black Knight) convinced Hitler to award him "absolute" command of the group, answerable only to Hitler himself. The full complement of the unit was only ever used once, at Dunkirk. Even there, being pulled about and commanded by differing elements within the General Staff, they weren't used to the overwhelming effect their organizers had envisioned. In fact, suffering a far more serious loss of personnel than imagined possible during that conflict – Pendragon slaying Eisenkreuz with Caliburn while British fire killed the telekinetic Zauber (Magic), the winged Die Fliegerin (The Aviatrice), and the darkness wielding Nachtfeuer (Nightfire) – the unit was never to be "endangered" by such concentrated deployment again.

Further, dynamics within the unit were fractious at best, and often murderous. Von Frankenstein and Doktor Thüle loathed each other's very existence with an almost pathological might. They often worked to undermine the rival's position, and on more than one occasion covertly sabotaged the efforts put forth by each other and their contributions to the war effort. Steiner, Der Schwarzenritter, used this to his advantage, as he used everything to his advantage. Steiner finally managed to convince Hitler of the need for a single commander after Thüle co-opted the duplicating commando Wolfsatz (Wolfpack) in an attempt to assassinate old enemies in the Covenant – a scheme which not only failed due to Frankenstein's feeding information to the Covenant, but in giving them the means to kill all of the valuable duplicates at once (after which, she then threw her support behind Steiner's position for good measure). Not trusting Von Frankenstein in the slightest, Steiner kept his pet mad scientist Baron Manfred Von Sturm on a short leash to stay apprised of the value and weakness of the Frau Doktor's every project. Loyal to Steiner first, Germany second, and Hitler a distant third, Steiner himself also liquidated a few Übersoldaten he viewed as threats, namely the telepathic Das Auge (The Eye) and the clairvoyant twins Hugin and Munin (named after Odin Skyfather's mythical all-seeing ravens). He also saw to it that Von Frankenstein's favorite assistant, Doktor Moebius, was killed and Moebius' teleportation experiments in Projekt Bifrost were destroyed when it looked as if the Frau Doktor's star was dangerously close to overshadowing his own.

Dangerous enough taken as individuals, it was to the great fortune of the Allies that the Einsatzgruppen Übersoldaten were never used to anything approaching its potential as a group. As Churchill was quoted at the Yalta Conference, "Unbounded ambition is every bit as dangerous to its wielder as to its obstacles. A lesson these so-called super-men and their handlers never learned, thankfully. I can only hope the same will not be said of we, too, by those that come after us."

BLUT UND EISEN



QUOTE

You'll do fine... I was getting hungry.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'9"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	50?	180#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Real vampire
25	Protected by Thüle Society
30	Eisen made by Blut

SIDEKICK

Eisen: PL10 (125 points); Init +1; Defense +5; Atk +10 (+10 Punch); SV Tgh +15, Fort —, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 30, Dex 12, Con —, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8;

Skills and Feats: All-Out Attack, Chokehold, Improved Grab, Improved Pin, Power Attack;

Powers: Alternate Form (Solid) 10 [Density 10 (+20 STR, Immovable 3, Impervious Protection 5, Super-Strength 3 [24 tons Lift, Mass 1 ton]), Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects), Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Morph 4 (Single Appearance), Regeneration 15 (Disabled 2, Injured 2, Recovery +6)

DESCRIPTION

Like many immortals, Karl Von Rundstedt has gone by many names in the course of his long existence. Boastful, he embellishes that list when speaking to members of the Thüle Society he wishes to impress. The story he most often returns to is that he was once the legendary Paracelsus. Whether or not this is actually true, pieces of a truth can be gleaned from a number of his comments. He was at least a contemporary of the famous alchemist, and was an alchemist himself. As many of the alchemists of that period, he was obsessed with immortality, and followed many paths in its pursuit before finally, desperately turning to blood magic. He eventually entered into a bargain with a vastly powerful extra-dimensional entity he named The Red King.

The particulars of that bargain remain a mystery, but Von Rundstedt next appeared in power struggles involving Die Nachtkinder, apparently having deserted his old comrades in the Manus Glorae.

His plans have been derailed recently. First, he lost a disastrous battle that claimed his base of operations in the Bavarian Alps, the ancestral home of the nobleman he murdered and whose name he stole and currently wears. Second, he failed in yet another of his bids to violently seize the title of Der Drache and take control of the Nachtkinder. If not for the intervention of the Thüle Society and the sanctuary of Nazi Germany, it is likely his many enemies would have put an end to his extended life once and for all. From the tension displayed between Blut and Thüle when encountered together, their relationship isn't a happy one.

Though he is currently a valuable asset, given his power, skills, and experience, Thüle must know it's only a matter of time before Von Rundstedt's ambitions and appetites make him a liability. The ancient vampire is in for a nasty surprise when that happens, as the Society has made suitable plans.

Blut (Blood) is a vampire of sorcerous origin. His abilities outstrip those of many of his kind because of that, and include a number of exotic talents not generally possessed by lesser monsters of the breed. His alchemical skills have suffered over the centuries from neglect while he concentrated on his new traits, but are still quite impressive. As testament to that, his companion, Eisen (Iron) is an iron golem, an animated metal construct of immense power, whose existence and absolute loyalty belong to his creator. Eisen is enchanted with a sophisticated set of illusions that allow him to pass for human in everything but his mass.

Seeing master and familiar together struck Hitler's fancy enough to result in his naming the pair from Bismarck's famous "Blood and Iron" speech. Thüle keeps a very close watch to make sure this fascination remains a distant one, given that Thüle doesn't trust Blut (and is both quite jealous and possessive of Der Fuehrer's attentions).

MINIONS

Ten 30-point Minions; use Cultists with 18 STR.

PL	VAMPIRE AND	PTS
10	IRON GOLEM	276

STR	23	+6	TGH	+8	LIFT	1.2 ton
DEX	16	+3	FORT	—	LEAP	—
CON	—	—	REF	+10	INIT	+3
INT	18	+4	WILL	+12	KB	-4
WIS	23	+6				
CHA	20	+5				

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+12/+6
DAMAGE	
+10 (Claws/Fangs)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+17	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 5 (+10), Concentrate 5 (+11), Craft (*Artistic, Chemical*) 8 (+12), Diplomacy 5 (+10), Intimidate 5 (+10), Know (*Arcane Lore*) 8 (+12), Know (*History, Theology and Philosophy*) 4 (+8), Language 3 (*English, French, [German], Latin*), Notice 5 (+11), Search 3 (+7), Sense Motive 6 (+12), Stealth 7 (+10)

FEATS

Artificer, Animal Empathy, Fascinate (*Diplomacy*), Fearless, Improved Pin, Minions 5, Power Attack, Ritualist, Sidekick 25

POWERS

Animal Control 8 (Sensory Link, PF: Mental Link), **Drain CON 2** (Must First Inflict Damage -1, PF: Slow Fade 8 (per Day)), **Immunity 30** (All FORT Effects), **Insubstantial 2** (Gaseous), **Magic 10** (Base: Visual Illusion, AP: Darkness Control, ESP, Life Control, Mind Control 6 (Area +1, Selective +1, Sense-Dependent -1)), **Protection 8** (Impervious +1, Not versus Blessed, Silver, or Magic Weapons -1), **Regeneration 12** (Injured 2, Recovery +4, Resurrection, Not when Staked or Beheaded -1, Needs Blood -1), **Strike 4** (PF: Mighty), **Super-Movement 2** (Trackless, Wall-Crawling), **Super-Senses 6** (Darkvision, Extended Hearing 1, Scent, Tracking (Scent-Based), Ultrahearing), **Super-Strength 1**

DRAWBACKS

Dependence (Blood, -2); **Susceptible** (Holy Symbols, Opposed CHA Check or Dazed 1 Round, -3; **Sunlight**, Destroyed after 10 Rounds, -8)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
50	44	13	19	37	126	-13

PL	DEMIGOD OF THUNDER		PTS
8			153

STR	27	+8	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+14	1 ton
CON	27	+8	FORT	LEAP
INT	10	+0	+11/5	13
WIS	13	+1	REF	INIT
CHA	13	+1	+5	+2
			WILL	KB
			+5	-10

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+8 (Lightning, Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+16	Medium

SKILLS						
Climb 2 (+10), Intimidate 6 (+7), Know (<i>Tactics</i>) 4 (+4), Language 0 (<i>German</i>), Notice 2 (+3), Pro (<i>Soldier</i>) 5 (+6), Stealth 5 (+7)						
FEATS						
Fearsome Presence 3, Power Attack						
POWERS						
Enhanced Strength 12 (15 Base), Enhanced Constitution 12 (15 Base), Electrical Control 8 , Flight 6 , Protection 6 (Impervious), Weather Control 8 (<i>Base</i> : Distraction/Precipitation), AP: Air Control, Cold, Dazzle 5 (Auditory and Visual), Hamper Movement (Ice), Obscure (Visual)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
20	28	10	6	4	85	—

and very difficult to hurt, and possesses considerable control over both electricity and the weather. This pleases his superiors to no end, as those abilities have proven invaluable on more than one battlefield. His commanders' only real complaint is that Roehm sometimes seems distracted at inopportune times, and that he has adopted some eccentric habits, such as insisting on being allowed to flout some dress regulations (in itself not unheard of from an Übersoldaten), especially as it regards his hair, or suddenly spouting gibberish that only vaguely resembles his native and intelligible German. What they don't know, and what he steadfastly refuses to share with them, is the fact that he frequently hears the sound of battles fought long ago, the cries of the dying, and the voices of men and women speaking to him in a language he doesn't even recognize. Roehm himself isn't even consciously aware of the full extent of his new appearance, or consciously aware that he has insisted upon being allowed to keep his Viking-esque trappings at all. Nor, for that matter, does Roehm know that he occasionally speaks in what Thüle has tentatively identified as an obscure and long-dead dialect of Old Norse. So long as it doesn't start causing him problems, Roehm has no intention of sharing his secret with his superiors; and, so long as it doesn't cause them any real problems, his superiors have no intention of forcing him to explain himself.

DESCRIPTION

The security detachments from the S.S. that follow the members of the Thüle Society around the globe on their dirty little expeditions into the forgotten corners of the world have never been fond of the assignment. It lacks any sort of real prestige or glory, and is often very, very dangerous, as said seekers have an unpleasant habit, in their searches for arcana to aid the Reich, of disturbing any number of things that don't like being disturbed.

Erich Roehm, like many of his fellow troops, often considered his assignment to protect the Doktor's bizarre acolytes as some sort of punishment detail, though he was never able to figure exactly what he had done wrong to deserve it. He managed to avoid the gruesome fates of many of his comrades for quite some time, remaining the only familiar face among a group of troops constantly dying and being replaced, until the day he thought his luck had finally run out. Watching the actinic ball of light erupt from an ancient pillar on a small Norwegian island his charges were looting, he thought he was going to die. He was very much surprised then, when he later woke in an army hospital surrounded by astounded doctors, his superior officers, and an almost gleeful Doktor Thüle. Little of what they said made any real dent in his consciousness, something about a spell having gone awry during an attempt to extract an ancient warhammer from its resting place embedded in a massive stone obelisk, as he caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror. He had grown several inches and put on an impressive amount of muscle mass. Further, he was literally bursting with energy, discharging sparks as his bare hands brushed against the metal side of the bed. It took little convincing to have the parties interested in him remove him from the hospital. Of course, that was partially because he thought better of telling them about the voices he now hears in his head – that was his little secret.

Roehm carries a souvenir of his experience on that northern island – a fragment from the head of an ancient Norse warhammer is embedded in his chest. It glows constantly and occasionally emits an audible hum. Given time, it literally burns through any clothing covering it, resulting in Roehm seldom wearing a shirt. This is all right with him, as it shows off his impressive frame and he feels little effect from the surrounding weather. He has found that he is immensely strong

DONNER



QUOTE

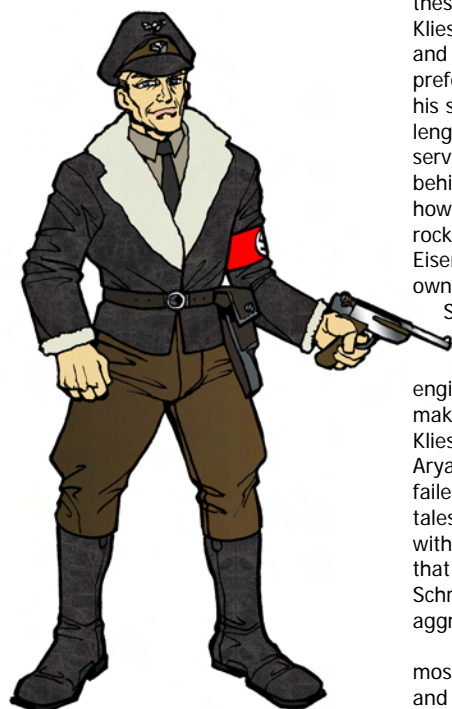
Do you hear the music of the storm, the chorus of the thunder? I do.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	M	6'	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	30	235#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of Übersoldaten
15	Electrical powers
20	Powers come from stolen artifact
25	Piece of warhammer in chest
30	Sometimes speaks in Old Norse

DER FALKEN



QUOTE

Of course it will work! It's *my* plan, isn't it?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'8"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	42	170#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of Übersoldaten
15	Genius in rocketry and aeronautics
20	Obsessed with beating Avery Hawkins
25	
30	Sabotaged KONDOR flight suit

DESCRIPTION

Walter Von Kliest is a genius, the very best at what he does. He has no equal as a pilot, as an engineer, as a soldier, or at whatever it is that he decides he wants to do. All anyone has to do to find out these evident truths is ask Hauptsturmfuhrer Von Kliest himself, as he is only too happy to sing his many and illustrious praises. The one thing that the man who prefers the title Der Falken is never far removed from is his self-confidence. He will lecture the unenlightened at length as to the nature of his detractors and their self-serving lies. That Avery Hawkins is a coward hiding behind effective public relations is a favorite topic, or how Ulysses Steele obviously modeled his so-called rocket plane from earlier plans for Von Kliest's own Eisen Vogel. Der Falken will momentarily interrupt his own hit parade, however, when the name Otto

Schroeder is raised, as he feels he must defend the young man after his death. The KONDOR flight suit was truly inspired, though Schroeder's engineering skills sadly weren't up to the task of making it work – one of the many reasons that Von Kliest selflessly and repeatedly offered to help his fellow Aryan. A pity that Schroeder died when the suit fatally failed during testing, but Von Kliest will happily share tales of the young man's bravery and inventiveness with the interested. That the suit was sabotaged, or that Von Kliest was jealous of being eclipsed by Schroeder, are both scurrilous lies, as Von Kliest will aggressively correct.

His ego aside, Von Kliest actually *is* one of the most accomplished pilots in the world, with Hawkins and Matt Tangent two of his very few peers. And in the field of rocketry and aeronautics, his accomplishments almost live up to his fulsome self-aggrandizing. The Eisen Vogel is an exceptional piece of engineering. Von Kliest constantly struggles through the difficult political and economic obstacles of the war in his efforts to find ways to make the craft reproducible on a practical scale – unsuccessfully, thus far. Still, his prototype is the envy of many a Luftwaffe pilot, and his expertise has resulted in a great deal of his time being spent at Peenemunde with young Albrecht Hartmann (Wunderkind), working strenuously to perfect rocket designs for the various V-X projects.

Der Falken chafes under orders from those he considers his intellectual inferiors, which is just about everyone, and has been repeatedly chastised for circumventing his orders when not actually defying them. His constant victories in the air and his value to the rocket program have so far kept him out of the stockade. However, the patience of the Command staff is finite, and another glaring defeat to Hawkins would be just the ammunition they need to reel Von Kliest in – given his growing obsession with besting the American, it's just a matter of time before Der Falken delivers his enemies exactly what they want.

PL	BARON OF THE SKIES	PTS
8		107

STR	13	+1	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	18	+4	+2		300#	
CON	15	+2	FORT		LEAP	
INT	18	+4	+4		6 ft	
WIS	15	+2	REF		INIT	
CHA	15	+2	+7		+8	
			WILL		KB	
			+7		-1	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5/+10	+5/+2
DAMAGE	
+2 (Luger), +6 AF (Plane)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+6	Medium

SKILLS

Concentration 6 (+8), Craft (*Electrical, Mechanical*) 7 (+11), Disable Device 4 (+8), Know (*Technology*) 8 (+12), Language 2 (*English, [German], Russian*), Notice 6 (+8), Pilot 12 (+16), Search 4 (+8), Sense Motive 4 (+6), Survival 4 (+6)

FEATS

Ace 5 (p122) (*Attack Focus 2, Dodge Focus 2, Evasion*), Attractive 1, Equipment 12, Favored Environment (*Air*) 3, Improved Aim, Improved Initiative 1, Inventor, Master Plan, Seize Initiative, Ultimate Skill (*Pilot*)

EQUIPMENT

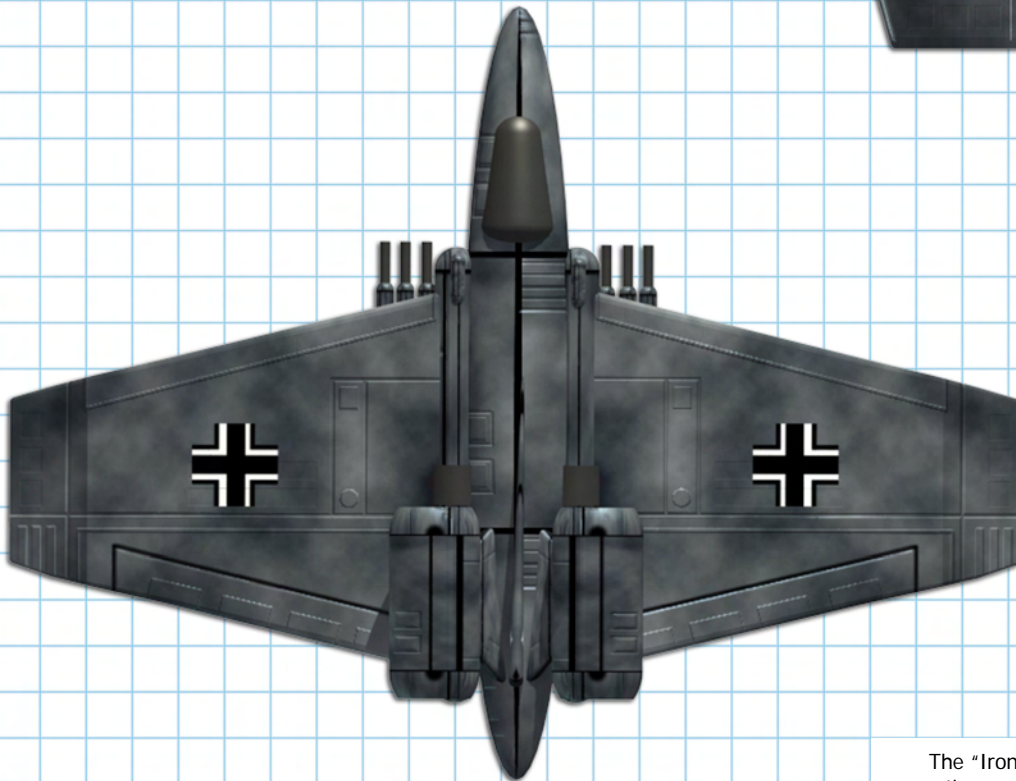
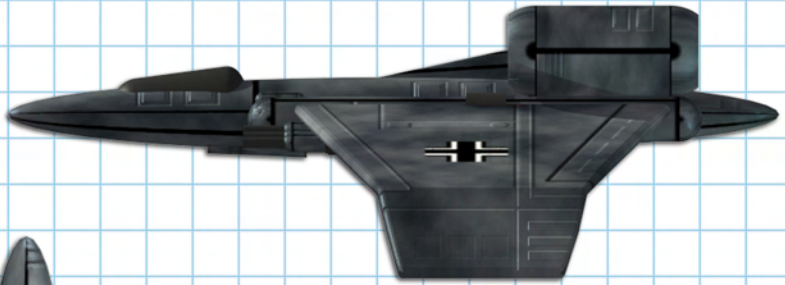
Eisen Vogel, Luger

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
34	20	10	16	27	—	—

DER

EISEN VOGEL

Eisen Vogel. STR: 35, SPD: 6,
DEF: 8, TGH: 10, SZ: Huge; Cost:
55/11; *Features:* Blast 6 (Autofire),
Blast 7 (Explosive)



The "Iron Bird" is a first generation prototype of a jet-powered fighter-bomber. Its revolutionary engine design boasts a fuel-efficiency that won't be matched until the late 1960s. Its avionics are serviceable, but obviously took secondary priority to the overall performance of the vehicle. Von Kliet believes that with only a bit more work, he could be the first to break the vaunted sound barrier. At least, that's what he tells anyone that asks about the engines, or the experimental air-to-air/air-to-ground rockets, or pretty much anything else about or related to the vehicle proper. Thus far, the Eisen Vogel has only really been tested against prop designs in combat, but Von Kliet is vocal in his hopes of eventually showing his design directly superior to the Sentinels' rocketplane.

1 ft.

DER FEUERZAHN



DESCRIPTION

The ancient creature known as Feuerzahn (Firefang) has laired in the Schwarzwald (Black Forest) since before the founding of the Holy Roman Empire. For untold years, it terrorized

Central and Western Europe, its rampages and depredations spawning any number of legends and myths about dragons later spread among the various tribes of the Franks, Celts, Gauls, Norse, and others. Immense, mighty, and cunning, the wily dragon's horrible visage looming overhead, or the heat wave preceding its fiery breath were the last experiences of many an erstwhile hero or crusader. At least, until the late middle ages, when it became enough of a threat to be targeted by the swords and spells of the newly founded Covenant. Powerful as they were, the first enemy the ancient beast had neither been able to terrify into fleeing or simply destroy out of hand, the expeditionary force sent by the Covenant's chapterhouse in Prague found they simply didn't have access to the level of power necessary to end Feuerzahn's existence once and for all. So they did the next best thing, in their estimation. Using the many spells the old wyrm had already cast in and around his lair for protection, they changed the nature of those spells into a different kind of warding, a prison to keep the beast trapped within the lair itself. Imprisoned, with its own power turned against itself, Feuerzahn raged against its "cage" for decades and then centuries, periodically hibernating for long periods to build up its strength, waking and continuing its long and unchanging struggle.

And then, one morning, the beast had a visitor.

The little man claimed to represent something called the Thüle Society, acting on behalf of a king named Hitler, who had apparently risen to control the lands around Feuerzahn's lair. In exchange for the old wyrm's assistance, these men would help it free itself from the ancient spells. They would also help the beast avenge itself on its captors, who these men also called enemy. Finally, they would bring the beast mountains of gold – knowing that the metal possessed mystical significance and that its kind used it as a wellspring of sorts to feed their own energies, these men would bring more than enough to replace the ancient supplies it had drained long since. Feuerzahn smiled a dreadful smile and projected the utmost sincerity it could manage as it agreed to the man's terms, already plotting how best to betray its new benefactors.

Feuerzahn is a dragon. Enormous, massively powerful both in claw and spell, ancient and highly intelligent, it more than lives up to the fearsome stories

told of its kind through the ages. It is a wily opponent, quickly adapting to its new world and absorbing the many changes that have occurred during its imprisonment. Thus far, The Thüle Society have managed to diminish the magical tethers of its lair enough to allow it to roam throughout Northern Europe – but not enough to completely free it from needing to stay within a certain radius of its lair. It suspects that this is due to caution on their part more than any lack of ability, and it constantly works to earn trust that it doesn't know the Thüle Society will never be foolish enough to give. It functions as a terrible weapon of last resort, a devastating surprise to any metahuman foolish enough to believe himself strong enough to invade its home territories. That its existence thus far has been dismissed by the Allied Forces as hysteria or propaganda amuses it considerably.

QUOTE

Pawn, predator, or prey... tell me, which are you today?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Dragon	Male	Varies	Varies
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	1500+	Varies	Varies

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Nazi propaganda
20	Member of Übersoldaten
25	Actually an ancient, real dragon
30	Imprisoned by Covenant

PL	DRAGON WITH A	PTS
14	MAN'S FACE	333

STR	42	+16	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	10	+0		+14		133 tn
CON	31	+10	FORT		LEAP	
INT	18	+4		+18		21 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF		INIT	
CHA	18	+4		+4		+0
			WILL		KB	
				+14		-23(-7)

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4(+12)	+4(+12)
DAMAGE	
+12 (Fire), +16 (Teeth/Claw) [Crit 18-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+36(+28)	Colossal

SKILLS

Bluff 6 (+10), Craft (Artistic) 8 (+12), Diplomacy 6 (+10), Intimidate 16 (+28), Know (*Arcane Lore*) 18 (+22), Language 0 (*[German]*), Notice 12 (+16), Search 14 (+18), Sense Motive 12 (+16)

FEATS

Animal Empathy, Artificer, Benefit (*Wealth 4*), Eidetic Memory, Equipment 3, Fascinate (*Diplomacy*), Fearless, Fearsome Presence 10, Improved Critical 2 (*Claws*), Master Plan, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Ritualist, Taunt

POWERS

Blast 12 (Fire), **Flight 4**, **Growth 16** (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), **Immunity 5** (Age, Cold, Disease, Heat, Poison), **Magic 12** (Base: Illusion, PF: Base and AP all Dynamic, AP: Communication, Comprehend, Confuse, Emotion Control, Environmental Control (Distract), ESP), **Protection 4**, **Shapeshift 8** (Limited – Animals and People), **Super-Senses 4** (Darkvision, Extended Sight 1, Scent)

EQUIPMENT

Lair [Headquarters (as Underground Lair without Communications, Computer, or Garage)]

DRAWBACKS

Power Loss (Flight, if Wings Immobilized, -2)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
35	48	22	23	29	178	-2

PL	MAD SCIENTIST		PTS
5			167

STR	10	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	13	+1	+1	200#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	23	+6	+4	5 ft
WIS	20	+5	REF	INIT
CHA	20	+5	+3	+1
			WILL	KB
			+10	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+3	+8/+5
DAMAGE	
+5 (Explosive Pellets)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+3	Medium

SKILLS
Craft (<i>Chemical</i>) 12 (+18), Craft (<i>Electronic</i>) 8 (+14), Disable Device 4 (+10), Intimidate 7 (+12), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 5 (+11), Know (<i>Current Events</i>) 4 (+10), Know (<i>Life Sciences</i>) 12 (+18), Know (<i>Physical Sciences, Technology</i>) 10 (+16), Language 3 (<i>English, French, [German], Latin</i>), Medicine 10 (+16), Notice 5 (+10), Search 7 (+13), Sense Motive 4 (+9), Stealth 3 (+4)

FEATS
Artificer, Attractive 2, Benefit (<i>Status 1, Wealth 3</i>), Connected, Dodge Focus 3, Equipment 16 (<i>Gear, Castle</i>), Fascinate (<i>Intimidate</i>), Fearless, Improved Defense 2, Inventor, Luck 3, Master Plan, Minions 10 (<i>Soldiers x250</i>), Minions 12 (<i>Schocktruppen x50</i>), Sneak Attack 1

EQUIPMENT						
Hidden Chemical Pellets [as Utility Belt (<i>Base</i> : Explosives; AP: Healing Elixir, Paralytic, Pepper Spray, Sleep Pellets)]						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
39	16	10	21	81	—	—

DESCRIPTION

When the townspeople arrived at the burning home to form a bucket brigade, they found the structure itself too far gone to be able to do much of anything other than watch. They also found a young girl, presumably little Veronika Franke, the youngest daughter of the large family to whom the home belonged, standing some ways off, also watching. Strangely, she had a coat on and a small suitcase in her hand, and showed no signs of distress or injuries. Despite the efforts of the townspeople to talk to the young girl, she remained silent, impassively watching the fire burn down. Finally, when there was nothing left of her home, she turned to the townspeople and said simply, "We can go now." No other member of her family was ever found, and all were presumed lost in the fire.

Placed in a local orphanage, little Veronika never made many friends, nor even tried. Despite growing into a very attractive young woman, something about her distant personality and cruelly judgmental demeanor kept people at a distance. That, plus the fact that the bodies of numerous mutilated animals were often found in areas she frequented around the orphanage, and that harmful accidents seemed to befall those who crossed her. When she left the village at the age of fifteen to attend university at Innsbruck, the people sighed in collective relief, never suspecting that they hadn't seen the last of her. Her studies at university lasted only a short while as she soon learned everything they were able to teach her. The young woman then left in search of other teachers. How she encountered Anton Loveless, aka Dr. Prometheus is unknown, as is how she persuaded him to take her on as a pupil. What is known is that she learned her lessons very well, her progress vaulting her well ahead of any of her contemporaries other than her teacher. Their relationship was trustworthy enough that Prometheus was willing to allow his pretty little blonde-haired, blue-eyed protégé to act as his front for dealings with the nascent Third Reich; and she was willing to share with him the secret her family had carried for over a century and a half – their name wasn't Franke, but Frankenstein, descended from the very same Frankenstein about whom Mary Shelley wrote and whom the world held in such ill regard. They had hidden behind a new name for all that time for fear of their patriarch's sins catching up to them on any number of levels. With Prometheus' help, Veronika was able to establish her claim to her ancestral lands unafraid, though it would take a bequest from her Nazi patrons years later to fully reclaim both castle and lands proper. It was soon after this that the relationship between the two geniuses ended venomously. The details are as mysterious as their meeting, as neither

speaks of it. Other than denouncing him to her new patrons as a club-footed dwarf of "suspiciously Semitic origin," and then endeavoring to replace him as a scientific resource to the Reich, Veronika never speaks of Prometheus. Aside from calling her "that vile, appalling creature," Prometheus likewise never mentions her.

Veronika, or Frau Doktor, or Baroness Von Frankenstein, whichever she's in the mood to use at the time, is a genius in a number of scientific disciplines, biology, and biochemistry foremost among them. Once her relationship with Prometheus ended, she expanded her studies to more esoteric and arcane subjects, all of which her teacher had held in contempt. Her knowledge now extends both to advances far ahead of other scientists in her fields, as well as a drive for mastery in darker arts her lab coat-wearing "peers" would never admit held wisdom to find. She is driven to duplicate and surpass the success of her infamous ancestor. Her most noteworthy addition to the Reich's arsenal thus far has been her schocktruppen – first, as chemically augmented living soldiers, and more recently, as actual reanimated corpses given enough semblance of sentience to follow basic orders. If she can determine how to give her schocktruppen actual sentience to match their resilience, or any degree of longevity past the mere days that can be sustained currently, she will have a terrible army to do her bidding.

When not surrounded by a batch of her schocktruppen, Von Frankenstein has a bodyguard of SS soldiers that she has chemically enslaved to her will.

DR VERONIKA VON FRANKENSTEIN



QUOTE

Yes... quite useful. Take him to my lab.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'8"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	30	114#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE
5
10
15
20
25
30
Member of Übersoldaten
Creator of schocktruppen
Former associate of Prometheus

CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN

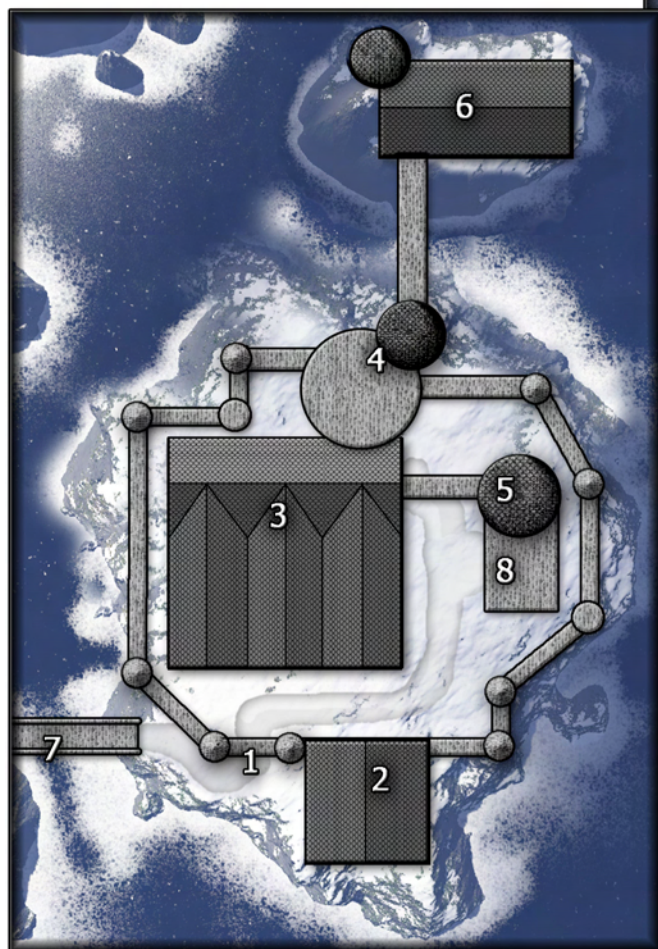
Nestled securely in the Bavarian Alps, Castle Frankenstein has stood resolute and untouched since Baron Heinrich Von Frankenstein finished building it in the late 14th Century. Deserted for the majority of the 19th Century, it has been refurbished in recent years by the Baroness Veronika Elise Von Frankenstein, who has quickly made up for the neglect of the merchant family that had claimed ownership of the structure and grounds these past fifty years until having it stripped from them by the Nazi Party. While the entire structure has seen much refitting and modernizing, it is the vast dungeon sublevel and tower lab that have seen the most work.

The structure now rests under practically constant cloud cover, with intermittent storms generated by a large generator perched on one of the castle towers. This makes it practically impossible to target the castle with bombing strikes, despite the best Allied efforts to date. The servants' quarters have been converted into a makeshift barracks to house the SS unit that acts as security and bodyguard for the Frau Doktor.

The surrounding area holds a town that was once bustling with activity. Today that town is deserted, without a single soul left to call it home. The structures have been abandoned, and are slowly beginning to show signs of their losing battles with time and the elements.

Castle Frankenstein. TGH: 15, SZ: Huge; Cost: 60/12;

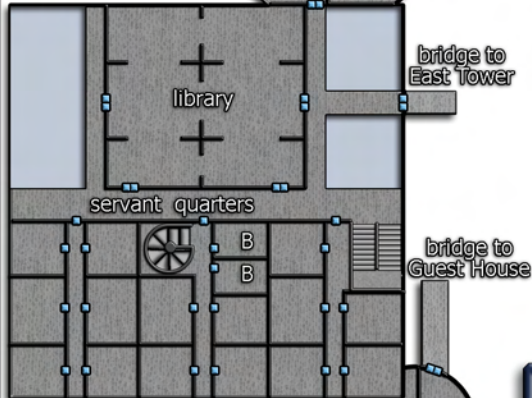
Features: Communications, Defense System, Garage, Hanger, Holding Cells, Infirmary, Isolated, Laboratory, Library, Living Space, Power [Weather Control 10 (Obscure, Linked -1) + Weather Control (Distract, Linked -1)], Power System, Security System (DC 30), Workshop.



- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Gate | 5. East Tower |
| 2. Guard House | 6. Guest House |
| 3. Keep | 7. Bridge to Mainland |
| 4. North Tower (& lab) | (1 mi. to airstrip, 6 to town) |
| | 8. Garage |

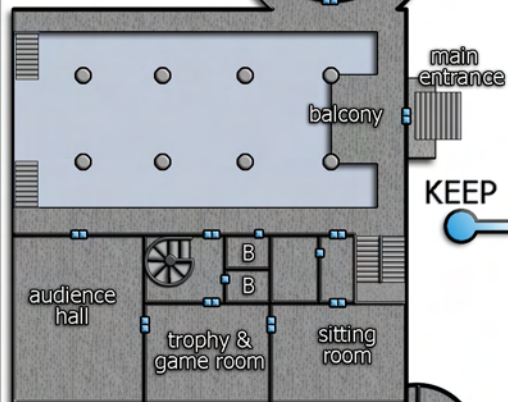
The fourth level of the keep is the same as the third, except there is no bridge and the library space is general storage (the attic).

levels 3 & 4

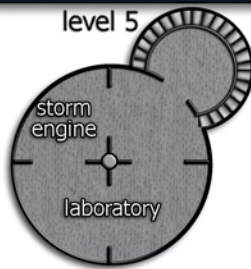
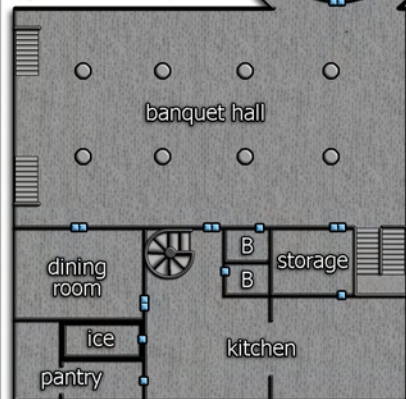


10 ft. (3m)

level 2



level 1 (ground level)



level 5

levels 6 to 8



level 9 (top)



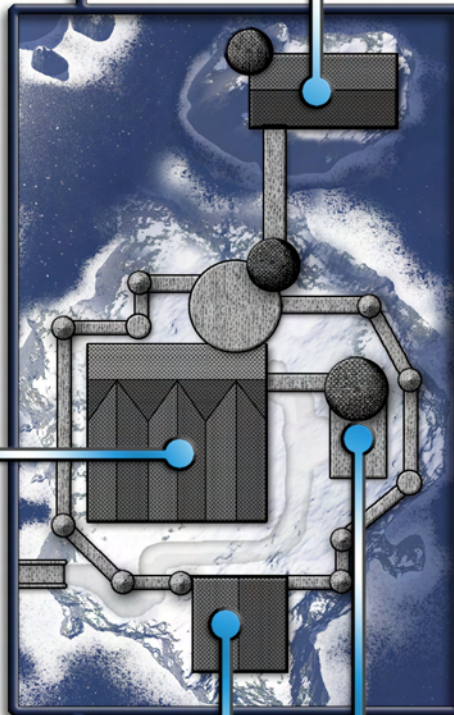
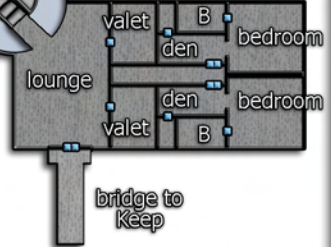
observation deck

NORTH TOWER

levels 1 to 4

GUEST HOUSE

All four levels of the guest house are the same, except that only the second level has a bridge to the keep.



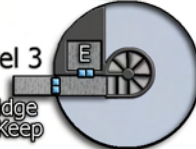
KEEP

level 6 (top)

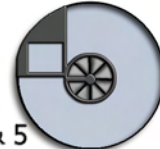


level 3

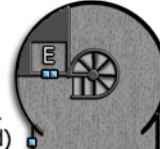
bridge to Keep



levels 2, 4 & 5



level 1 (ground)



garage

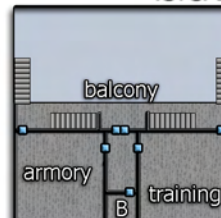
EAST TOWER

GUARD HOUSE

level 3 (top)



level 2



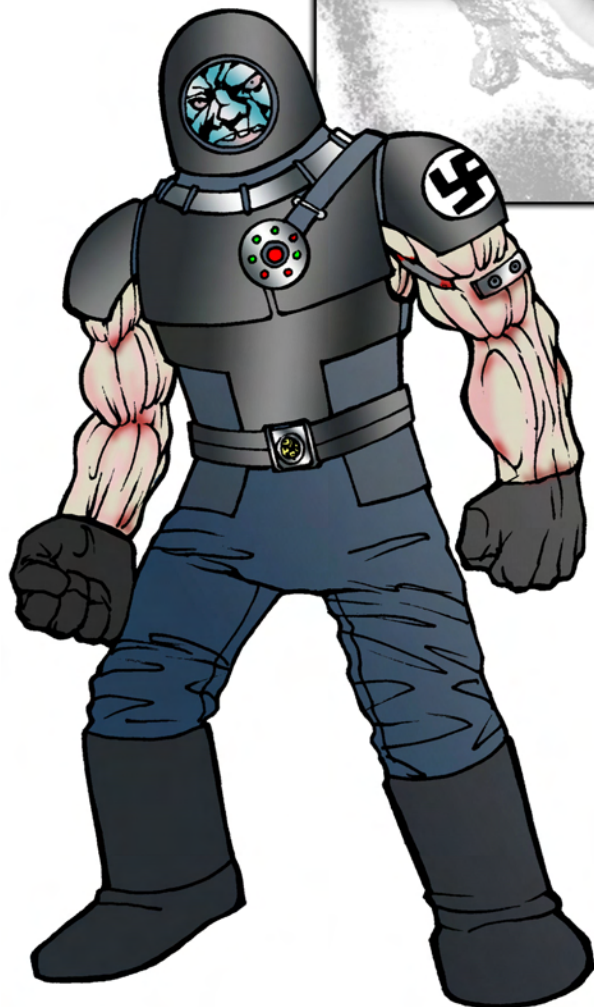
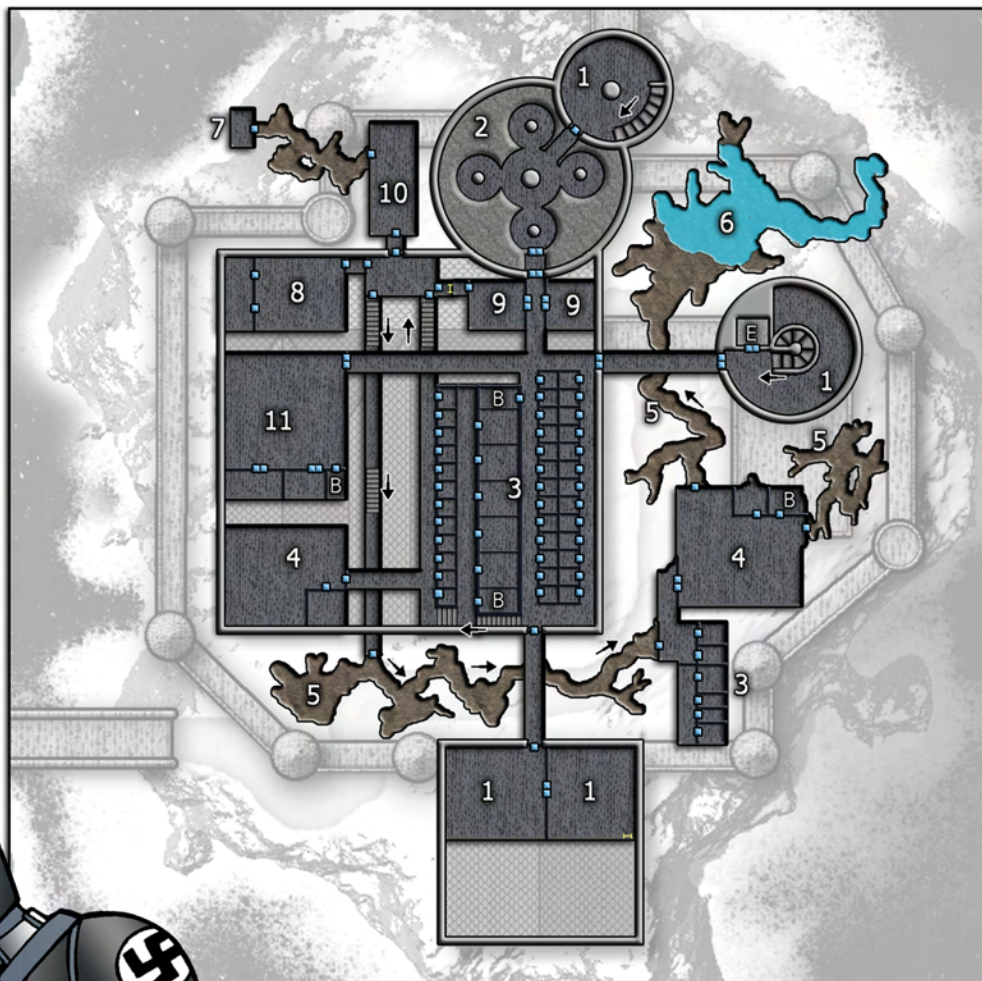
level 1 (ground)



Dungeons Beneath the Castle

1. General Storage
2. Crypts
3. Holding Cells
4. Laboratory
5. Undeveloped Caverns
6. Grotto & Secret Exit
7. Balcony on Cliff
8. Power Generator
9. Offices
10. Archives
11. Infirmary

- 10 ft. (3m)
- indicates stairs or a slope downwards
- E Elevator
- B Bathroom



Die Schocktruppen

Originally, the Truppen were chemically-augmented living soldiers. Those men, chosen from among the healthiest criminals and discipline problems in SS and Wehrmacht stockades, were subjected to horrifying experimentation, stripping them of their wills and identities in exchange for inhuman strength, mindless obedience, and a complete immunity to pain. However, the Frau Doktor was never pleased with the results of those experiments, always striving as she does to outshine her ancestor's work. Recently, she has discovered her long-sought means to reanimate dead tissue, culling her subjects from the ample dead being generated by the war. Amalgamating multiple corpses into a single unit in a process as much black arts as biology, Von Frankenstein produces an immensely strong soldier, neither dead nor alive, perfectly obedient, and very difficult to actually bring down by conventional means. So far, none of those produced has stayed animated for more than a few days, but this is a small matter to the Doktor, delighted to have finally solved one of the problems in her fanatical pursuit. She assures her patrons that it's only a matter of time before she solves the minor longevity issue – and when she does, every good German son will serve the Fatherland, on both sides of the grave.

Die Schocktruppen: PL 6 (94 points); Init -1; Defense +4/+2; Atk +6 (+6 Unarmed); SV Tgh +8, Fort —, Ref -1, Will —; Str 23, Dex 9, Con —, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha —;

Skills and Feats: All-Out Attack, Fearsome Presence 2, Power Attack;

Powers: Growth 4 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects), Protection 6

PL	COMBAT	PTS
11	MONSTER	173

STR	26	+8	TGH	LIFT
DEX	26	+8	+8	1.8 ton
CON	26	+8	FORT	LEAP
INT	6	-2	+10	65 ft
WIS	11	+0	REF	INIT
CHA	8	-1	+10	+20
			WILL	KB
			+10	-4

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6/+12	+8
DAMAGE	
+10 (Claws) [Crit 17-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+21	Medium

SKILLS						
Climb 8 (+16), Intimidate 13 (+12), Language 0 (<i>[German]</i>), Notice 15 (+15), Stealth 8 (+16), Survival 3 (+3), Swim 5 (+13)						
FEATS						
All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (<i>Melee</i>) 6, Blind-Fight, Diehard, Endurance, Evasion, Fast Overrun, Fearsome Presence 6, Improved Critical (<i>Claws</i>) 3, Improved Grab, Improved Initiative 3, Improved Pin, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Startle, Takedown Attack 2, Uncanny Dodge 2						
POWERS						
Burrowing 1 , Immunity 4 (Cold, Disease, Heat, Poison), Leaping 2 , Regeneration 18 (Bruised 2, Disabled 6, Injured 4, Staggered 4, Unconscious 2), Speed 3 (50 mph), Strike 2 (PF: Mighty), Super-Movement 2 (Surefooted 2), Super-Senses 5 (Extended Hearing 1, Low-Light Vision, Scent, Tracking, Ultra-Hearing), Super-Strength 1						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
43	28	14	13	33	42	—

DESCRIPTION

It is difficult to many within the Nazi Party to even remember what Ernst Braun looked like when he was still human, as most of his time was spent in the shadow of the men he hid behind. Braun was the epitome of a small mind matched to an even smaller soul. A bully, so long as he knew the protection of those more powerful than himself, Braun delighted in preying on those who no longer had any power over him, which constituted pretty much everyone who was even remotely like the people he had grown up around, or his neighbors, or even his family – Braun apparently had found threats behind many faces in his life, and had forgotten none of them. More than once those who found him a useful tool commented that Ernst must have been storing hate his entire life in order to account for the sheer intensity with which he targeted his litany of victims after donning his Gestapo uniform. It wasn't long after Doktor Thüle began to climb the upper rungs of the party ladder that Braun ingratiated himself with the toadlike little sorcerer, easily finding common ground with an equally irredeemable and vicious coward.

Unfortunately for Herr Braun, no one ever quite measured up to his insatiable inner needs, and, when his ambitions inevitably began to seek a new star to hitch a ride on, Thüle took it personally. Preparing a ritual to create a new warrior for the Übersoldaten, Thüle approached Braun, promising power and glory all the while feigning sincere rapprochement. Drunk with the possibilities of finally having the physical power to work his own will without depending upon others, Braun accepted, never quite suspicious enough of his one-time patron. The ritual did exactly what Thüle had promised. What left the conjuring circle at ritual's end was, indeed, terrible in its power, a thing of will and strength, unafraid and no longer susceptible to many of the weaknesses of the mortal frame. It also wasn't quite human anymore, and not quite Ernst Braun, either. Thüle had channeled a fraction of power, a splinter of essence, from an elder entity he called The Spirit of Murder.

The fusion of that essence with Braun's body twisted and changed him on every level, including mentally. Very little of Braun's identity survived the experience. Thüle, of course, was quite regretful of this outcome, as Braun had been such a dear friend. He was inconsolable over the loss... in public, at any rate.

Named after the man-eating night terror from Norse story and song, Grendel is a walking charnel house. Little remains of the man he was; just enough to obey Thüle's orders, and just enough to target the seething, bottomless pit of rage behind its fangs and claws. Grendel's skin looks raw, as if it had almost been scoured off his body then stretched and twisted to cover its distorted new frame. Bestial at best, when not acting under orders, Grendel is dangerous simply to be around, as it functions on primal instinct during most of its waking hours. The structure of its mouth no longer accommodates human speech easily, and Braun has only traces of his German vocabulary left anyway. Melodrama aside, Grendel truly is an *it* now, and it truly does live only to kill – its permanent grimace is the last sight many an enemy of the Reich ever sees, and the only time it shows emotion is to revel in the joy of the hunt, and the exultation of the deathblow delivered.

GRENDEL



QUOTE

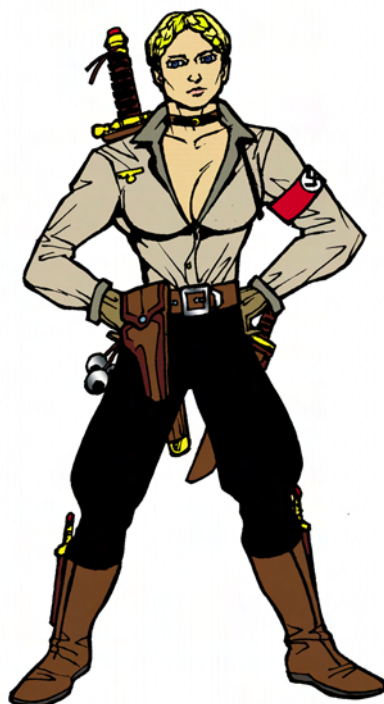
Grrrrr...

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Monster	Male	6'10"	Black
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	?	438#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Used to be Ernst Braun
25	Created by Doktor Thüle
30	Avatar of Spirit of Murder

JAEGERIN



QUOTE

Go on. Run away. I'll even give you a head start.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'10"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	35	143#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of Übersoldaten
15	Answers to Schwarzenritter only
20	Unparalleled huntress
25	Last survivor of infamous Keitels
30	Product of eugenics program

DESCRIPTION

Anna assumes her family died the night of the attack, as she has never found any trace of them since, and she is *very* good at finding things.

The Keitels were loyal soldiers in a war to salvage a great thing, in their eyes a holy thing. They belonged to one of the factions that fought in the clandestine war that raged behind the staid Victorian façade of years. Heirs to the plans and treasures of the Templars, enraged by what they saw as a decadent squandering of their gifts, both on a personal level and as a society, the Keitels had willingly, almost gleefully embraced the most militant of the factions that resulted from the schism brought on by the French Revolution. Early results of the grand breeding experiment the pre-schism secret society had spent centuries developing, the Keitels were among the first to show its fruits – sterling physical and mental specimens, they epitomized the Nietzschean ideal decades before the German philosopher ever published his works. As such, they were among the forefront of any of their faction's plans, and they carried the dual-edged distinction of being the most distinguished of their side's soldiers; where glory went, so too did the fact that they were immediately recognized by all of their enemies, and therefore easily targeted. One night, that weak point was finally used against them. One of their enemies used a family gathering as a convenient opportunity to wipe out the whole brood in one stroke. Only little Anna survived, more through luck than any other reason, and she has never identified which of the factions' many foes pulled the noose tight that fateful evening.

Anna grew up cared for by friends of her family. She trained herself to fight, to hunt, and to kill, all in preparation for the day when she became an adult and would join the struggle that claimed her family's lives. Unfortunately for her, by the time she was an adult, the struggle was, for the most part, over. There were no winners, only survivors and the shattered remnants of a once mighty group (see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*, for more details on the Secret War). She drifted from country to country, aimlessly, putting her talents to work for a variety of employers around the world as she subconsciously looked for any cause that she could actually embrace... but finding nothing. She was working for the Brotherhood of Silence, an ancient order of assassins-for-hire, when Steiner found her. Himself a relic of the same struggle that had produced her, he had heard rumors among his many contacts of one of the deadly Keitels working for the Brotherhood. Schwarzenritter spent months slowly seducing her to his side and his cause, but, as most projects to which he set his talents, he finally succeeded beyond his expectations. Today he has his own "hound," fully in possession of the inhuman Keitel "soulspeer" talents and completely and utterly loyal to him and his plans.

Jaegerin (Huntress) is an impressive physical specimen, well-trained, cold-blooded, and absolutely lethal. In addition to her many mundane skills, Jaegerin possesses a psionic talent that was key to her family's reputation, an expansive and sophisticated form of psychometry. Once in possession of any physical object that has been touched or held by a target, she can sense that target's presence, direction, and distance from her – if the contact is recent, she can even picture the target and his current surroundings in her mind. To date, no one she has ever started hunting has managed to evade her... at least, not for very long.

PL	PSYCHOMETRIC	PTS
10	HUNTRESS	182

STR	20	+5	TGH	LIFT
DEX	23	+6	+8/5	800#
CON	20	+5	FORT	LEAP
INT	15	+2	+8	50 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+8	+10
			WILL	KB
			+8	-4/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+12/+5
DAMAGE	
+8 (Sword), +5 (Rifle)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+15	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 5 (+11), Climb 7 (+12), Drive 8 (+14), Gather Info 8 (+11), Intimidate 4 (+7), Investigate 4 (+6), Know (*Streetwise*) 4 (+6), Language 0 (*[German]*), Notice 12 (+16), Search 12 (+14), Sense Motive 12 (+15), Stealth 14 (+20), Survival 6 (+9), Swim 4 (+9)

FEATS

Acrobatic Bluff, Assessment, Attractive 1, Blind-Fight, Chokehold, Defensive Roll 3, Defensive Attack, Dodge Focus 2, Elusive Target, Endurance, Equipment 7, Evasion, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Aim, Improved Defense, Improved Initiative 1, Improved Throw, Instant Up, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Redirect, Sneak Attack 2, Stunning Attack, Takedown Attack 1, Track, Uncanny Dodge 1

POWERS

Immunity 1 (Disease), **Leaping 2**, **Speed 2**, **Super-Senses 10** (Detect Psychic Spoor, Acute, Extended 5, Free Action, Radius 1, Range)

EQUIPMENT

Bolo, Dagger, Pistol, Rifle, Sword

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
52	44	9	25	37	15	—

PL	GIANT		PTS
9			118

STR	40	+15	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	16/10	48 ton
CON	30	+10	FORT	LEAP
INT	10	+0	+10	20 ft
WIS	10	+0	REF	INIT
CHA	14	+2	+3	+2
			WILL	KB
			+4	-20(-5)

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+2(+6)	+2(+6)/ +1(+3)

DAMAGE	
+15 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+30(+10)	Gargantuan

SKILLS
Climb 4 (+19/+7), Intimidate 4 (+10/+6), Know (<i>Tactics</i>) 2 (+2), Language 0 (<i>[German]</i>), Notice 2 (+2), Pro (<i>Soldier</i>) 4 (+4)

FEATS
All-Out Attack, Power Attack, Startle, Takedown Attack

POWERS
Growth 12 [+24 STR (16 Normal), +12 CON (18 Normal), 52' Tall and 20 Tons at Maximum Size], Protection 6 , Super-Strength 1 [Lift 48 tons at Maximum Size (980 lbs Normally)]

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
24	24	6	4	4	56	—

Frau Doktor Veronika Von Frankenstein, those abilities eventually manifested. Krause can, through act of will, increase his size several times over, until he towers above other men, vehicles, and even many houses. It is currently unknown where the additional mass comes from when he grows, or where it goes when he returns to normal size, though the scientists that constantly study the Übersoldaten have any number of theories they don't possess the technology to test. At his maximum size, Krause is immensely strong and quite difficult to injure through conventional means due to the toughness and density of his bodily tissues as required by his massive frame simply to move about as a normal man.

Krause himself is a reluctant soldier, but quite enjoys the feeling of superiority his size gives him. He is prone to grandstanding in combat, though he is neither terribly bright nor inventive. He does take care, however that his prideful displays do not disobey orders or cause him to fail in assignments, being too frightened by the prospect of being given to the Frau Doktor again. He wears a uniform enchanted by the resources of the Thule Society to grow and shrink as he does, since neither Frankenstein nor her associates were able to construct a similar garment through scientific means.

DESCRIPTION

As the Frau Doktor's ministrations continued and continued, Hermann Krause found himself less and less enamored of the prospect he had earlier found so appealing, of being one of the Übermensch the Party and his neighbors were making so much over. When the men in the long leather coats had shown up on his farm to tell him they suspected he possessed potential he had never dreamed of, it had seemed like a blessing. Hermann hated the farm his father had left him, and was quickly making a mess of running it. If some machine said he had potential that would see him rewarded with money, glory, power, and women, not necessarily in that order, he was certainly willing to give the scientists and doctors the benefit of the doubt. Of course, that had been before months of tests and trials, of foul-tasting "medicines" and excruciating treatments, of being poked and prodded and measured and poked and prodded again until he was slowly going insane from the frustration. On one of those days of endless tests and measurements, a nightmare like the many days before it and probably much like the many, many days after it for all Hermann knew – he finally lost his temper.

Screaming "Enough!" at the top of his lungs, he surged up from the table, wrestling against the straps that held him in place. He was quite surprised to suddenly find that the grown men surrounding him looked no larger than toddlers, that the straps were tiny shreds of leather falling away from his massive frame, and that his new weight had crushed the table he hated beneath him. He heard the Frau Doktor say dispassionately, "Satisfactory. Process him and move to the next subject," before she turned away and left the room.

Krause, or "Jotun" (Giant) as he is now better known, is a mutant. His abilities were identified, though latent, by equipment provided to the Reich through their early partnership with Dr. Prometheus.

Under torturous experimentation at the hands of

JOTUN

(Not to scale)



QUOTE

You say 'car,' I say 'toy.'

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'2"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	28	255#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of Übersoldaten
15	
20	Not too bright
25	Powers "awakened" by Doktor Frankenstein
30	

PARZIFAL



DESCRIPTION

Regardless of the number of other Nazi supermen around him, or of those with flashier abilities, it is still Parzifal who is the face of the Übersoldaten in the minds of the German people and on the front pages of any number of newspapers outside of Germany. It is Parzifal who is always in the forefront of any of Goebbels' public relations events, or his many staged propaganda pieces. As the Reich's so-called unstoppable engine of destruction, the Nazi faithful view Parzifal as Hitler's living weapon with which the Fatherland will march to inevitable victory over the weak, decadent western cultures and their pitiful excuses for supermen.

Lying in a hospital bed years earlier, his body a broken and crippled wreck as the result of a parachute malfunction during a night jump, Friedrich Von Boch could never have imagined the changes that would shortly envelop his life. A decorated SS commando and acclaimed hero under battlefield conditions, Von Boch quietly plotted suicide after being informed by the doctors that he would never walk again, that it would take extensive retraining before he would even be able to feed himself or use the bathroom without assistance. And then, fate intervened. Through her mysterious patron, source of so many scientific and technological miracles before this, Frau Doktor Von Frankenstein offered a new chance at life. Her patron had a treatment that needed a test subject. If successful, the treatment would result in a god made flesh, with physical prowess dwarfing the greatest athletes in the world; thus, they needed someone who could carry that mantle of glory with the trust of the Reich. If the treatment failed, the subject would die horribly; thus, they needed someone who was both brave enough to still take the risk, while not inflicting any great loss on the war effort if ultimately a casualty of science. Von Boch readily agreed, grateful, if nothing else, for the chance to give his life for his beloved Reich instead of wasting away in a worthless shell.

What came out of that lab was a juggernaut, possessed of vast superhuman strength, durability, and recuperative powers. After a period of adjustment to his new, larger body, Von Boch immediately went back into service, matching his newfound abilities to his already exceptional training, unswerving dedication, and steadfast belief in the rightness of his cause. The rest, as seen to by Goebbels and the Nazi propaganda apparatus, is very well-documented history.

Unbeknownst to all but a few, Parzifal is the result of efforts by Dr. Prometheus to duplicate the abilities of his famous nemesis, Ulysses Steele. One of the many items found in the cache of alien technology Prometheus discovered in his pivotal Antarctic expedition was a sample of the same fluid responsible for altering Steele into his superhuman form. After years of analysis, and information about Steele's lab accident leaked through corrupt sources, Prometheus finally determined what he thought the purpose of the fluid was – a hypothesis validated by Parzifal's final transformation. Unlike Steele, however, Von Boch possessed no special recuperative powers before his exposure to the Nanotech catalyst – as a result, many of the minor traumas to the brain that Doc healed during his transformation left permanent damage to Von Boch. Parzifal possesses a form of organic psychosis that is gradually worsening the longer he exerts himself. Though not immediately obvious today, time will only exacerbate the condition.

QUOTE

I am the hammer that shatters Germany's enemies. I am the dagger that strikes at their hearts. The Reich is invincible, as am I.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'6"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	38	450#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Member of Übersoldaten
15	"Face" of Übersoldaten
20	Highly decorated SS officer
25	
30	Powers gained same way as Doc Steel

PL	ÜBERMENSCH	PTS
12	POSTER BOY	181

STR	35	+12	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+14	48 ton
CON	30	+10	FORT	LEAP
INT	13	+1	+15	170 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+8	+3
			WILL	KB
			+8	-12

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+12	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+12 (Unarmed) [18-20 Crit]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+26	Medium

SKILLS						
Climb 4 (+16), Intimidate 8 (+11), Know (<i>Tactics</i>) 8 (+9), Language 0 (<i>[German]</i>), Notice 4 (+7), Pro (<i>Soldier</i>) 8 (+11), Stealth 4 (+7)						
FEATS						
All-Out Attack, Assessment, Distract (<i>Intimidate</i>), Improved Block 2, Improved Critical 2 (<i>Unarmed</i>), Improved Grab, Inspire 2, Leadership, Power Attack, Startle, Takedown Attack 1						
POWERS						
Immunity 10 (Age, Life Support), Impervious (on Toughness 10), Leap 3 , Protection 4 , Regeneration 1 (Injured 1), Speed 2 (25 mph), Super-Senses 3 (Extended Vision 1, Extended Hearing 1, Lowlight Vision), Super-Strength 4						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
66	36	15	9	14	41	—

PL	CREEPY		PTS
10	FEARMONGER		126

STR	13	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+10	300#
CON	23	+6	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+10	6 ft
WIS	14	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	10	+0	+8	+11
			WILL	KB
			+8	-5

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+6 (Acid), DC 20 FORT (Psychotropics)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+7	Medium

SKILLS						
Disable Device 2 (+6), Intimidate 10 (+10), Know (<i>Life Science</i> , <i>Physical Science</i>) 8 (+12), Know (<i>Technology</i>) 4 (+8), Language 0 (<i>[German]</i>), Medicine 4 (+8), Notice 7 (+9), Search 3 (+7), Stealth 6 (+9)						
FEATS						
Defensive Attack, Diehard, Distract (<i>Intimidate</i>), Endurance, Fearless, Improved Initiative 2						
POWERS						
Device 6 (Hard to Lose, Gas Tank Harness [Emotion Control 10] (FORT SV instead of WILL [+0], Area: Cloud +1, Negative Emotions Only -1, AP: Corrosion 6 (Area: Cloud +1), Obscure (Visual), Suffocate (Area: Cloud +1)), Protection 4 , Immunity 1 (Suffocation))), Immunity 1 (Poison), Regeneration 4 (Bruised 2, Injured 2)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
34	28	15	13	7	29	—

DESCRIPTION

Fedor Goetz was handpicked by Frau Doktor Von Frankenstein to work on the reanimation project. His own research into the workings and manipulations of the human nervous system fascinated her. That she had to arrange for his release from a mental hospital before he could join her staff was a trivial consideration for her. His genius was obvious – his “unorthodox” methods of acquiring specimens for his experiments were easily overlooked in light of many of the tactics she herself had been forced to employ to further her research over the years. And one could hardly argue with results, after all. Goetz’ involvement advanced the project by years seemingly overnight, and the Frau Doktor milked his knowledge for all it was worth, as she was never one to waste a valuable resource. The accident was doubly unfortunate, then, at least from her perspective. It not only cost her his input on future projects, but the aftermath set him firmly in the opposing camp.

While he was examining the distillation process for the fluid catalyst used in the Schocktruppen revivification, the bracing on the catwalk Goetz was walking on failed, dropping the iron grating and Goetz himself into the highly noxious substance filling the vat below him. By the time lab workers could extricate him from the vat, Goetz was already displaying a dynamic reaction to his immersion. The color leached from his skin and his hair falling off in clumps, Goetz could only scream in agony as his body changed around him. The Doktor finally managed to slow the changes down to a survivable rate, but not before significant damage had been done. Though the chemicals didn’t finish killing the man, neither was he really alive anymore. His heart no longer beats, yet he moves, and blood, or something very much like it, inexplicably still flows in his veins. He no longer feels pain, since his nervous system seems to have shut down as far as any normal medical examination can determine. Yet, every waking second is pure nightmarish torment, as “phantom” pains, echoes of the pain he felt during the change, burn through him. His body seems to be immune to drugs of all kinds, making any sort of painkillers a waste of effort, an irony that galls pharmacological prodigy Goetz whenever he bothers to give it thought.

Worst of all, his skin and muscles slowly continue to react to their initial exposure to the chemicals. While hardier and more resilient than they were before, his tissues are slowly rotting away; currently, only weekly exposures to weak dilutions of the reanimate catalyst slows this deterioration to the point where he measures his life in months and perhaps years, instead of the few weeks he would otherwise have.

The most dangerous damage, however, doesn’t show to casual observation – never the most stable individual to begin with, Goetz slides between an uneasy lucidity and full-blown psychosis with little warning. Isolating himself from the research team, Goetz delved back into his earlier research, reformulating any number of psychotropics he had earlier devised, making them hardier, increasing their longevity, and devising an aerosol delivery system. He then surprised both the Frau Doktor and Schwartzenträger by presenting himself to the Übersoldaten commandant as Schreckmacher (Fear Maker), ready to fight alongside “the other freaks” as he put it. Steiner reluctantly accepted the loose cannon offered him, over the Frau Doktor’s objections. Though she suspects Thule of having gotten to Goetz and somehow having convinced the man that she was responsible for the accident, Von Frankenstein has no proof. That Goetz barely remains civil around her the few times he hasn’t managed to avoid her only feeds this suspicion.

SCHRECKMACHER



QUOTE

What flavor of terror do you want today, little ones?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	45	170#	Grey

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	
25	Former mental patient
30	Kept alive with chemicals, living on borrowed time

DER SCHWARTZENRITTER



QUOTE

Unacceptable!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'3"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	(30)	235#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Also served the Kaiser
25	Peerless tactician
30	Product of eugenics program

regaining his equilibrium and putting into play new plans, long-term plans based on the lessons he had painfully learned watching the Kaiser fail. When Hitler and the Nazi Party rose to power, Steiner was already prepared, and already in place. Hitler even uses the name Steiner was given by Wilhelm, much to Steiner's amusement. Today he continues to watch his demesne grow, continues to manipulate those around him, and to move his "pieces" one play at a time... always watching... always learning... always planning.

Karl Reinhardt Steiner is the very model of the Aryan ideal, which he uses to great advantage. Physically, his body is as perfect as it can be and still be considered human. His strength and speed border on the superhuman, as do many other traits, such as the fact that he looks less than half his age. His mind is also a testament to the success of the breeding program that made him.

Though not as versed in the technical disciplines as the Frau Doktor or Baron Von Sturm, the pet scientist he uses to keep an eye on her, Steiner is brilliant. His IQ is simply untestable, and he constantly absorbs information like a living computer. As a tactician, he currently has no equal. So long as he can control the variables involved in a given encounter, he *will* not lose. What weaknesses he has boil down to the x-factor, that unpredictable element that plays into any human interaction, a foul temper when a plan fails for reasons outside his control or because someone failed him, and a consuming personal ambition that will never let him remain satisfied until he takes every square on the board (which, in his mind, is the world).

DESCRIPTION

Precision.

The flawless workings of a well-crafted watch, whose precise movements know neither fear nor doubt, whose every wheel, whose every cog, works toward a

dedicated, finely-planned end; this was an image that young Karl Reinhardt Steiner remembers taking comfort in, watching his father spend what little free time the elder Steiner could scrounge indulging in the hobby he hoped his son would also find joy in – watch-making. This was a rare thing, though, as the elder Steiner was a very important man, and free time, any time to spend with his son, was difficult to find. When he wasn't advising men like Chancellor Bismarck, Rudolf Steiner was doing his part in a covert war being fought in the shadows across Europe and the Americas. The Steiners, like the Keitels, or the Steeles who fought for one of the other factions in the great and secret war, were special. They were the fruits of a breeding program dating back to the clandestine rebirth of the Templar dream following the very public "death" of the order. The Steiners were stronger, faster, smarter than those around them. Unlike their once-brothers in the old society, however, they saw their gifts as emblems of the duty to rule, not the responsibility to guide. And so they fought to enable their version of the old dream, as their enemies struggled for their own vision. In the end, the conflict simply guttered out, leaving survivors and shattered remnants of either dream. Rudolf didn't live to see that day, but his son did. (For more on the Secret War, see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*.)

Unable to find support among the other survivors he knew, Karl Steiner still refused to give up the hopes passed from father to son. He began to manipulate more mundane agencies, setting the ungifted on the paths he chose. Most successful of these was the man who became Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Kaiser was a proud man, but he admired Steiner above all else, taking his counsel in secret while hiding the true value of the man behind the guise of a spymaster he codenamed Schwarzenritter (The Black Knight). Only towards war's end did Steiner realize that many of the variables he never controlled were actually being used against him by an even craftier hand, the elder Holmes' brother, long an unrivaled asset for one of the other factions of the Great War, had put his talents to work for his native country, and it took Steiner much too long to learn the truth. Though he escaped Germany after the armistice, and managed to kill Mycroft's favorite agent, Jameson Steele, Steiner was nonetheless left without a home or a plan. He slowly moved from conflict to conflict, taking money from unworthy employers while

PL	SUPERSOLDIER	PTS
11	TACTICIAN	230

STR	23	+6	TGH	LIFT
DEX	23	+6	+8/5	1200#
CON	20	+5	FORT	LEAP
INT	25	+7	+10	22 ft
WIS	20	+5	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+10	+10
			WILL	KB
			+12	-4

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+13	+14/+5
DAMAGE	
+7 (Dagger), +3 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+19	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 5 (+11), Bluff 7 (+11/+15), Climb 5 (+11), Diplomacy 5 (+9/+13), Disable Device 2 (+9), Drive 4 (+10), Gather Information 6 (+10), Intimidate 8 (+12), Know (*Civics, Current Events, History, Theology and Philosophy*) 4 (+11), Know (*Tactics*) 16 (+23), Language 8 (*Arabic, English, French, [German], Japanese, Latin, Russian, Spanish, Turkish*), Notice 8 (+13), Pilot 3 (+9), Pro (*Soldier, Spy*) 10 (+15), Search 9 (+16), Sense Motive 10 (+15), Stealth 10 (+16)

FEATS

Ambidexterity, Assessment, Attractive 1, Benefit (*Status*), Connected, Defensive Roll 3, Distract (*Bluff*), Dodge Focus 3, Endurance, Equipment 4, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Aim, Improved Block 2, Improved Defense 2, Improved initiative 1, Leadership, Luck 5, Master Plan, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Takedown Attack, Ultimate Skill (*Tactics*)

POWERS

Immunity 3 (Age, Disease, Poison), **Leaping 1**, **Regeneration 5** (All Conditions 1 Level), **Speed 2** (25 mph), **Super-Senses 1** (Lowlight Vision)

EQUIPMENT

Dagger, Luger

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
66	48	16	33	36	12	—

PL	SKILLED		PTS
11	ASSASSIN		182

STR	20	+5	TGH	LIFT
DEX	20	+5	+9/7	800#
CON	20	+5	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+8	10 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+10	+9
			WILL	KB
			+11	-4

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+11	+13/+6
DAMAGE	
+7 (Spikes), +5 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+16	Medium

SKILLS
Acrobatics 10 (+15)*, Bluff 10 (+13), Climb 10 (+15), Disable Device 6 (+10)*, Disguise 8 (+11), Drive 4 (+9), Escape Artist 8 (+13)*, Gather Information 9 (+12), Intimidate 8 (+11), Know (<i>Streetwise, Tactics</i>) 8 (+12), Language 3 (<i>English, French, [German], Russian</i>), Notice 14 (+18), Pilot 3 (+8), Search 10 (+14), Sense Motive 15 (+19), Sleight of Hand 8 (+13), Stealth 14 (+19)*, Survival 2 (+6), Swim 2 (+7)

FEATS
Acrobatic Bluff, Connected, Defensive Attack, Defensive Roll 2, Equipment 5, Evasion 2, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Initiative 1, Improved Trip, Instant Up, Jack-of-All-Trades, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Seize Initiative, Skill Mastery*, Sneak Attack, Startle, Takedown Attack 2, Uncanny Dodge 2

EQUIPMENT
Grapple Gun [Super-Movement 1 (Swinging)], Special Uniform [Protection 2], Utility Belt [<i>Base</i> : Flash-Bangs (Dazzle 3, Visual and Audio, 15-ft Burst); <i>AP</i> : Throwing Spikes (+2 Damage), Smoke Bombs (Obscure 4, Visual, 20-ft Burst), Stun Grenades (Stun 3, Ranged, 15-ft Burst)]

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
52	48	15	40	28	—	—

DESCRIPTION

Bruno Werner was born into the lap of luxury, his aristocratic parents showering him with all the gifts their station made possible. If not for the war, he would have lived an idyllic, easy, and completely undistinguished life as a privileged rake and wastrel. That possibility, however, died with his parents, who were killed by looters while trying to defend the ruins of their home during the armistice ending the First World War. Young Bruno never knew the identities of the killers. He assumed then as he assumes now, that they were enemy soldiers, or perhaps even German deserters – in either case, enemies of the Fatherland. As he held his parents' bodies that day, he swore eternal vengeance on all the many enemies that had brought his country low and left his parents victims.

Werner possessed three traits that ultimately made this oath more than mere words: the blessings of good genes, the wealth (even after the war) to find people willing to teach him what he wanted, and an iron determination that bordered on the fanatic. For the better part of two decades, he prepared, he trained, and he plotted, all the while finding his only comfort in the dream of becoming an instrument of vengeance for his parents, which his mania had elevated to veritable sainthood. Constant conditioning gave him the body of an Olympic athlete, and twenty years of the right tutors honed those physical gifts and an equally keen mind into deadly tools. By the time he felt himself ready to share his rage with the world of his targets, Bruno was a living weapon that would have shamed any SS commando in uniform. But, the first time he attempted to offer his talents to the Reich, he found himself spurned by an officious toad of an official who judged him by his class without ever giving him a chance to demonstrate what he could do. This man scoffed at Werner's claims regarding his skills, while chiding against measuring himself too highly when there were the likes of the Übersoldaten about. Having seen some of the recruitment drives seeking the superhumans among Germany's willing masses, Werner worried that he would be left with no other choice but to join the many other able bodies in the ranks – striving under someone else's agenda; or, barring that, be left an outside agency. He could well guess the Gestapo's response to that tact. It was then that he read a newspaper story about the American mystery man known as the Watchman and his one-man war on crime. This gave Werner inspiration. He hastily assembled a crude disguise, planning his demonstration carefully. By himself, he snuck through the best defenses the Waffen-SS boasted around the high security facility called the Eagle's Nest as he slowly, methodically worked to locate his quarry. When Schwarzenritter entered his quarters that evening, he found a shock waiting for him. Trussed up like a prize boar on the floor was one of the Reich's preeminent commandoes, the illustrious Otto Skorzeny. Sitting in the chair beside this tableau was a masked man, calm, confident, and apparently waiting for him. No alarms had sounded, no signs of entry had been evident, and Steiner had thought Skorzeny was many miles from that building. "Is this an adequate display," the man asked, "or do you require other proof of my value?"

Werner operates under the codename of Die Spinne (The Spider), and he is every bit as sneaky and lethal as his namesake. Though possessing no abilities other than those he achieved through training, he has constantly equated himself well against the other Übersoldaten – his cunning, ruthlessness, and practically unmatched resourcefulness earning even Steiner's respect. Spinne works with Steiner's actual trust, an honor shared in all the world only by Zeitgeist – a relationship which infuriates many of the other Nazi metahuman assets. Werner is the premiere assassin in the Nazi arsenal, his trademark a broken-necked corpse left in secure areas seemingly impossible to breach through mundane means.

DIE SPINNE



QUOTE

Thus do all enemies of the Fatherland meet their end.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'2"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	32	210#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	
25	Highly skilled assassin
30	

DR ERNST THÜLE



QUOTE

We both know I'm going to win. Why not save time and just surrender now.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'4"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	45	164#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Leads the Thüle Society
25	Finds arcane relics for the Reich
30	Member of the Manus Glorïae

DESCRIPTION

The Manus Glorïae was founded in response to the early successes of the organization called The Covenant. Not all of the willworkers and sorcerers dotting the foreboding landscapes of Europe and Asia Minor (where The Covenant first grew) agreed with the philosophy that their hard-earned secrets and power were better served in usage for humanity's defense. Many liked having their arts and secrets exactly that – theirs. Others were painfully aware that The Covenant wouldn't approve of the sources of their knowledge, the bargains made to acquire it in the first place, or the demands it had been used to meet in the past. And then there were those who, to use the modern idiom, simply didn't play well with others. Singly, these few anti-social mages, diabolists, and crazed druids stood little chance against the organized might represented by the ranks of their newfound enemy. The Manus Glorïae (The Hand of Glory) was hastily arranged as a loose-knit, mutual protection society. A gathering of equals placing no judgments or burdens on its members other than the pledge to defend their brethren's right to exist as they would their own. Surprisingly, enlightened self-preservation and a common foe has been sufficient to keep the Manus Glorïae together over the centuries – though they have yet to accomplish any of their long-term goals regarding The Covenant's destruction. From among this disparate group of self-centered and self-absorbed sorcerers eventually came the man named Thüle.

Doktor Ernst Thüle (undoubtedly not his real family name, and he has never been specific about exactly what he is supposed to be a doctor in) first came to the attention of the Reich following a putsch he organized involving the original membership of The Thüle Society. A group of dilettantes playing at the occult, that original membership was either suborned or outright murdered when Thüle and his disturbing acolytes violently took over. Now an actual ritual group, with very effective power to place at the disposal of the Nazis, Thüle presented his people and himself to Hitler after already duly impressing Himmler to earn the audience. Thüle told Hitler that he had personally read the runes of Der Fuehrer's future, and that Hitler was destined to usher in a new era for the world, to transform Germany irrevocably, and to be immortalized in history as no other man before him. The two immediately developed a very strong rapport, resulting in Thüle's ordination as The Reich's most distinguished advisor in all matters arcane. In the intervening time, Thüle has used his acolytes to canvas the globe, unearthing numerous items of magical power, and he has personally been responsible for recruiting several of the most powerful of the Übersoldaten to the Reich's cause.

Comments that Thüle has let slip over time have led to speculation that other members of The Manus Glorïae have been less than pleased with his new dedication to the apparent land of his birth. Though he's made inroads against The Covenant with Nazi help, Thüle has also been peripherally involved in actions that have proven costly against his fellow sorcerers. If not for the very serious power that now stands behind him, it is certain that he would have been called to task for these events already. Thüle himself is an obstreperous little toad of a man, ingratiating to those he finds useful, and vicious to those he sees as obstacles. He is completely smitten with the cult of personality surrounding Hitler, slowly moving toward an attachment that borders on worship. This infatuation has thus far blinded him to anything other than the most optimistic interpretations of his fortune-telling efforts. The Doktor's mastery of his arts is competent, if not nearly on par with the likes of Cagliostro or The Alchemist. What he lacks in personal power, however, he tries boldly to compensate for with assistance from his own acolytes and the purloined fruits of his people's many expeditions around the world. His amulet allows him to pull considerable fodder from the netherworlds, and his hexstick casts a variety of temporary, but effective, curses.

PL	SADISTIC SORCEROR		PTS
10			182

STR	10	+0	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	13	+1	+8		200#	
CON	11	+0	FORT		LEAP	
INT	18	+4	+3		5 ft	
WIS	18	+4	REF		INIT	
CHA	8	-1	+1		+1	
			WILL		KB	
			+10		-4	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+1/+9	+2/+1
DAMAGE	
+10 (Mystic Blast)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+1	Medium

SKILLS
Concentration 8 (+12), Diplomacy 4 (+3), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 12 (+16), Language 3 (<i>[German]</i> , <i>Hebrew</i> , <i>Latin</i> , <i>Sanskrit</i>), Notice 5 (+9), Search 5 (+9), Sense Motive 7 (+6), Sleight of Hand 2 (+3), Stealth 2 (+3)

FEATS
Attack Specialization (<i>Spells</i>) 4, Benefit (<i>Wealth 2</i>), Connected, Minions 10 (<i>Die Valkyrie x25</i> , <i>Fanatic +7</i>), Minions 10 (<i>Acolytes x25</i>), Ritualist, Sneak Attack 1

POWERS
Device 25 (Easy to Lose, Amulet der Welten (Amulet of Worlds)) [Summon 12 (Broad Type [Otherdimensional Monsters and Demons, Any up to 180 points Apiece], Fanatical, Horde; Mental Link, Progression 7 (number), Sacrifice), Super-Movement 3 (Dimensional Movement 3), Teleport 9], Bruja Hexstick [Nauseate 5 (AP: Confuse, Luck Control)], Force Field 8 , Magic 10 (Base: Mystic Blast, AP: Binding, Concealment, ESP, Mind Control, Telekinesis), Super-Senses 1 (Mystic Awareness)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
18	6	9	12	28	109	—

Die Valkyrie

The Valkyrie are the result of a ritual used by Thüle to bind what he says are the spirits of actual Aesir warrior-maidens into the bodies of "volunteers" provided by his patrons in Berlin. The melding results in women with mystically-enhanced physical abilities, nearly no memories of anything other than their purpose and their allegiance to the Nazi cause, and a fanatical devotion to Thüle himself, their creator. Thüle makes a point of keeping a handful of the women around him at all times as a sort of personal bodyguard, while giving others to various members of the high command to perform a similar function. As with so many other elements of their little feud, Von Frankenstein uses this against Thüle, with comments such as her loudly "noticing" that Thüle's harem (in her words) are the only women who willingly seem to spend any time with the little man (and she always emphasizes the word "little").

Die Valkyrie: PL 6 (90 points); Init +3; Defense +6; Atk +6 (+7 sword); SV Tgh +6, Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +5; Str 18, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 14;

Skills and Feats: Climb 8 (+12), Ride 8 (+11), Stealth 8 (+11); All-Out Attack, Attractive 1, Endurance, Equipment 2, Evasion, Power Attack;

Powers: Immunity 2 (Disease, Poison), Leaping 1, Protection 2, Regeneration 1 (Bruised 1), Speed 1, Super-Senses 1 (Danger Sense), Super-Strength 1 (1200 lbs Maximum Lift)

Equipment: Pistol 3, Shortsword 3.



Acolytes

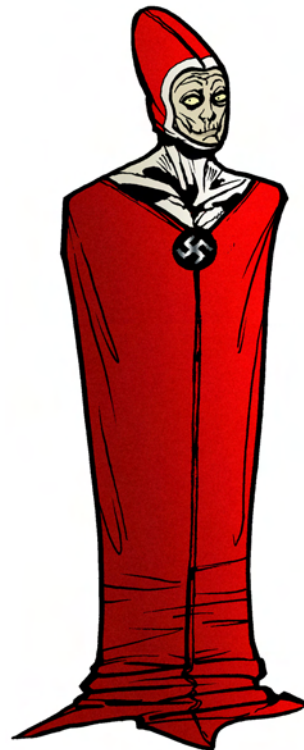
Thüle drew many of his assistants from the ranks of those discontented with how the Manus Glorise was being run. He further bolstered the ranks with various occult malcontents and ambitious spellcasters from around Europe. So long as he stays on top of his game, giving his underlings what they want and at least the veneer of protection and an apparent opportunity to further their ambitions, they'll stay loyal. Just.

Thüle occasionally likes for them to accompany him wearing their creepy ritual regalia, just for the psychological effect on those around him.

Thüle Society Acolytes: PL 6 (90 points); Init +1; Defense +6; Atk +2 (+8 with Spells); SV Tgh +6/0, Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +10; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Concentration 10 (+14), Know (Arcane Lore) 8 (+10), Notice 6 (+10); Attack Specialization (Spells) 3, Ritualist;

Powers: Force Field 6, Magic 8 (Base: Mystic Blast; AP: Create Object, ESP, Illusion, Mind Control), Super Senses 2 (Mystic Awareness, Acute)



UNGEHEUER

DESCRIPTION

Ungeheuer (Ogre) was originally introduced to his Nazi associates as a bodyguard for Doktor Thüle. At that time, he went under the name "Ruuk." His *nom de guerre* was a gift from Hitler himself after seeing the reactions from several of the high command's wives

and mistresses when first encountering the massive yet strangely quiet brute.

After Thüle created the Valkyrie to act as his new bodyguards, the little sorcerer presented Ruuk to Hitler, performing a small ritual that he

said bound the giant to the Reich itself as his new master.

Ungeheuer has proven completely loyal to his Nazi



"masters" thus far. So long as he recognizes that the person giving him orders actually has the authority to do so, he will follow those orders without question. The key is that he must actually recognize the legitimacy of the relationship. Attempts by lower soldiers to enforce dominance over the brute have uniformly ended quickly and graphically. Wherever Ruuk comes from, his

people apparently adhere to very strict interpretations of pack dominance. Or, in Ungeheuer's own words, "the weak follow the rules, they do *not* make them."

Ungeheuer has proven most useful in what his fellow soldiers call object lessons. Violence is second nature to him. His casual brutality unnerves even veteran killers he fights alongside. In his view, life is constant struggle leading up to the one fight you don't survive – everything else is a lie one tells oneself when that truth is too much to bear.

Enormous, towering over others around him (except for Jotun and Feuerenzahn), Ruuk has often commented that he likes finally not being the runt of the litter. And when asked about his unnatural stealth, impressive in a small man but incredible for one of his size and mass, Ungeheuer responds simply, "If you hunted what my brothers and I have hunted, you too would learn to be very quiet." He has never given any other details to help explain these comments, always utterly ignoring any questions, especially any regarding his origins. Ungeheuer is inhumanly strong and difficult to hurt. He is an exceptionally able hunter, and the elements don't seem to faze him, not even the most withering cold. He carries a massive metal club he calls Knochen-Schleifer (Bone Grinder), which not only seems to be able to summon great cold, but also seems to revitalize or even heal its wielder the more damage it inflicts on those poor souls around him. He never uses firearms unless directly ordered to wield one – he has said that they aren't real weapons, but rather like cheating.

PL	HUGE	PTS
13	MAULER	147

STR	28	+9	TGH	+12	LIFT	9.6 ton
DEX	14	+2	FORT	+12	LEAP	14 ft
CON	25	+6	REF	+3	INIT	+2
INT	10	+0	WILL	+12	KB	-10
WIS	12	+1				
CHA	14	+2				

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6/+10	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+15 (Bonegrinder)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+25	Large

SKILLS						
Climb 8 (+17), Intimidate 8 (+11), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 4 (+4), Language 1 (<i>German, [Old Norse]</i>), Notice 10 (+11), Search 10 (+10), Stealth 10 (+12), Survival 9 (+10)						
FEATS						
Attack Focus 4 (<i>Melee</i>), Diehard, Endurance, Fearsome Presence 5, Improved Grab, Improved Grapple, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Startle						
POWERS						
Device 4 (Easy to Lose, Bonegrinder [Strike +6 (PF: Mighty), Vampiric +1, PF: Shockwave, Restricted, AP: Environmental Control (Cold 6)], Growth 5 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Immunity 4 (Age, Cold, Disease, Poison), Protection 6 , Super-Senses 1 (Extended Hearing 1), Super-Strength 2						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
29	24	17	15	16	44	—

QUOTE

How boring. The least you can do is scream, you know.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
?	Male	8'5"	Grey
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	?	1100#	White

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Given name by Hitler personally
25	Thinks guns are for the weak
30	

PL	BOY GENIUS		PTS
7			101

STR	6	-2	TGH	LIFT
DEX	12	+1	+0	120#
CON	11	+0	FORT	LEAP
INT	25	+7	+3	3 ft
WIS	14	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	8	-1	+3	+1
			WILL	KB
			+6	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+3	[+14]/+4/+2
DAMAGE	
DC 15 FORT or WILL	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+1	Medium

SKILLS						
Computers 4 (+11), Disable Device 6 (+13), Know (<i>Life Science, Physical Science, Technology</i>) 10 (+17), Language 1 (<i>English, [German]</i>), Search 3 (+10), Sense Motive 4 (+3)						
FEATS						
Eidetic Memory, Improved Defense 1, Improvised Tools, Inventor, Jack-of-All-Trades						
POWERS						
Device 2 (Hard to Lose, Electric Shield [Shield 10]), Device 10 (Easy to Lose, Pain Modulator [Paralyze 5, Subtle +1, AP: Nauseate, Stun; PF: All Dynamic], Puppetmaker [Mind Control 5, Subtle +1, Conscious +1]), Quickness 4 (Mental Only -1)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
21	14	9	12	5	40	—

worthless. Empathy, by any definition, is pretty much an alien concept to Albrecht. Worse, given his age and size, he often feels the need to overcompensate, giving him a reputation as a little dictator, and something of a sadist to boot. Only his continuing value as a mechanic, such as his being one of the few people that can keep the Kriegsmaschinen in anything resembling working order, or his pushing rocketry efforts far ahead of the expected schedule other engineers had given the Reich, keeps those around him the most often from resorting to violence.

Hartmann is most often found at Castle Von Frankenstein, working in the labs he so loves. His relationship with the Frau Doktor is odd but strong. Unlike others around him, the Frau Doktor can do no wrong; and she never sees anything but his most stringent courtesy. As one of the few people who operates mentally on a level she can respect, but who doesn't threaten her status, she finds Albrecht entertaining. As a beautiful woman who actually shows Wunderkind attention and respect, and to whom he can actually relate on an intellectual level, Frankenstein has Albrecht thoroughly wrapped around her little finger. His puppy-like adulation is another useful asset in her arsenal, and she finds his inventions delightful additions to her own work. As a birthday gift to her, Hartmann recently gave her his newest invention, The Puppet Maker, an electronic device that can override control of the human nervous system, effectively rendering a victim into a passenger in his own body.

DESCRIPTION

Little Albrecht Hartmann could read before he could walk, taught himself mathematics while other children his age were learning nursery rhymes, and was correcting his siblings' teachers from the classroom windows long before he was ever supposed to enter the building proper. Born the son of itinerant mine workers in the Ruhr Valley, his gifts would probably have continued unappreciated if one of the mine owners hadn't noticed a jump in efficiency in the output at certain of his mines. Going to investigate, he noticed that many pieces of machinery had been obviously altered, and were performing far above their designed parameters. It took him far more effort to find out who had come up with the amazing modifications, as all of those involved seemed embarrassed to speak of them. After much haranguing and an open threat or two, he finally find out why – the improvements were the work of a boy who had only recently "graduated" up to long pants. After testing the boy to make sure the miners weren't playing an elaborate hoax on him, the mine owner made sure young Hartmann was introduced to the right people in the local Nazi Party apparatus. From there, it was only a matter of time as introductions went further up the chain of command and Albrecht met people willing to give him access to anything he wanted to build.

Hartmann, or Wunderkind as the other Übersoldaten call him, isn't a combatant. His function, as such, is purely support. That hasn't stopped him from field-testing a few of his toys from the sidelines, nor from being exposed to allied fire in the process. Albrecht doesn't mind. In fact, he finds it somewhat exhilarating. Considering that he once thought he would live and die in a boring little town surrounded by boring little people who would never even understand his genius, little less appreciate it, Albrecht is more than willing to take any risks he deems necessary to insure his continuing status. His truest gifts lie in electronics and mechanics, yet Albrecht has shown the capacity to absorb other disciplines wholesale. Unfortunately, his awkward upbringing, the standoffishness of his family and peers resulting from how freakish they found him growing up with an intellect that dwarfed theirs, has had a distinct effect on the young man. Emotionally stunted, Albrecht tends to view the entire world around him as something to be tested, modified, and improved on. People fall into one of two groups: useful and

WUNDERKIND



QUOTE

Toys? Ah... humor. Well, let's see how amusing you find it when I 'play' with you. Simpleton.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	4'8"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	11	90#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Associate of Dr. Frankenstein
25	Child genius
30	Sadist

ZEITGEIST



DESCRIPTION

Wilhelm Schroeder knew his parents were going to die that morning, hours before they left for the market where an out-of-control truck put an end to their lives. Since early childhood, Wilhelm had been "blessed" with amazing powers of foresight, sometimes seeing entire events before they ever happened or watching events in his vision change as he altered his own actions. Good, god-fearing farmers, his parents had at first tried to hide his gift from their neighbors, even going so far as to ask their local priest to examine him for demonic possession. They had finally settled on a more modern recourse, a combination of drugs and threats. The drugs came from a doctor who was delighted to have a constant source of the best quality food and produce during the economic desolation of the Weimar era; the threats were much easier, as young Wilhelm already had a pretty good idea that not fitting in was a bad idea. For years, stress and chemicals managed to keep his visions submerged – until the sight of his parents' death shattered his peaceful equilibrium.

Placed with relatives following their funeral, Wilhelm had to work through mixed feelings of loss and guilt throughout an already unpleasant period of adolescence. Finding a focus for his anger in working with the gangs that surrounded him, Schroeder discovered that he had a natural gift for leadership, at least when it came to violence. Knowing... *knowing*... exactly what his targets (or any opponent) were going to do before they ever even began to react gave him a distinct tactical advantage. Further, he had long developed a very methodical personality, mostly in an effort to keep straight the timeframe of his visions from his actual operating timeframe; this, in turn, made him an excellent planner – he was good in coming up with ideas and alternatives, and his natural gifts let him pick the most successful and efficient of those plans. When the Nazi Party rose to power, many of the best of the "soldiers" from those gangs found a new home, and Schroeder saw any number of doors opening for him. Rising rapidly through the ranks of the new army, Schroeder eventually settled into a comfortable niche as an intelligence operative. When the talent sniffers came looking for metahumans to recruit for the new Übersoldaten, Schroeder was already waiting, a smile on his lips, as his many successes already played out in his mind's eye.

Wilhelm Schroeder is a precog, and an exceptionally accurate one. Though his gifts are more an unconscious occurrence – most of the time he can't make them work at will, his visions simply come and go – the glimpses he gets into the future have never proven false based on circumstances as they exist. Usually he sees a chain of events leading up to an occurrence in the future. Sometimes he can see links in that chain that can be altered to get different results; sometimes he sees things that will happen regardless of what he chooses to do. Over the years, he's gotten very good at determining which is which and what he can do about it. Taking the name Zeitgeist (Spirit of the Time) when he joined the Übersoldaten, Schroeder works as a planner beside Steiner. The two have forged an unlikely friendship; their perfectionist, methodical personalities, and mutual inner need for professionalism mesh well. Along with Die Spinne, Schroeder is one of the only two people in the world that Steiner actually respects and trusts. As with Die Spinne, Zeitgeist understands and greatly values that status. When in the field, Schroeder usually functions as support, most often as a sniper – one that almost never misses, as he can see every zig and every zag that his opponents can manage before they even make them.

QUOTE

I suggest you try the second of the three plans that just occurred to you. It won't be any more successful than the first two would, but I'll find it much more entertaining.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'11"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Übersoldaten	32	190#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Übersoldaten
20	Close to Schwarzenritter
25	Master planner, sniper
30	Precognitive

PL	PRECOGNITIVE	PTS
10	SOLDIER	123

STR	14	+2	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+7/2	350#
CON	14	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	15	+2	+5	7 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	11	+0	+12	+10
			WILL	KB
			+6	-3/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+15**/+5	+13/+2
DAMAGE	
+5 (Rifle), +3 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+7	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 5 (+7), Bluff 5 (+5), Concentration 6 (+8), Disable Device 4 (+6), Escape Artist 8 (+10), Know (*Tactics*) 8 (+10), Language 0 (*[German]*), Notice 12 (+14), Pro (*Soldier*) 6 (+8), Search 6 (+8), Stealth 8 (+10)

FEATS

Accurate Attack, Attack Focus (*Ranged*) 10 (*Only to Directly Counter Dodge Bonus -1**), Defensive Roll 5, Dodge Focus 8, Elusive Target, Equipment 4, Evasion, Improved Block 4, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative 2, Luck 2, Master Plan, Precise Shot, Redirect, Set-Up, Uncanny Dodge 2

POWERS

Quickness 2 (Only where Speed Reflects Efficiency Gained from Prior Knowledge -1), **Super-Senses 4** (Precognition, Uncontrolled -1)

EQUIPMENT

Rifle, Pistol

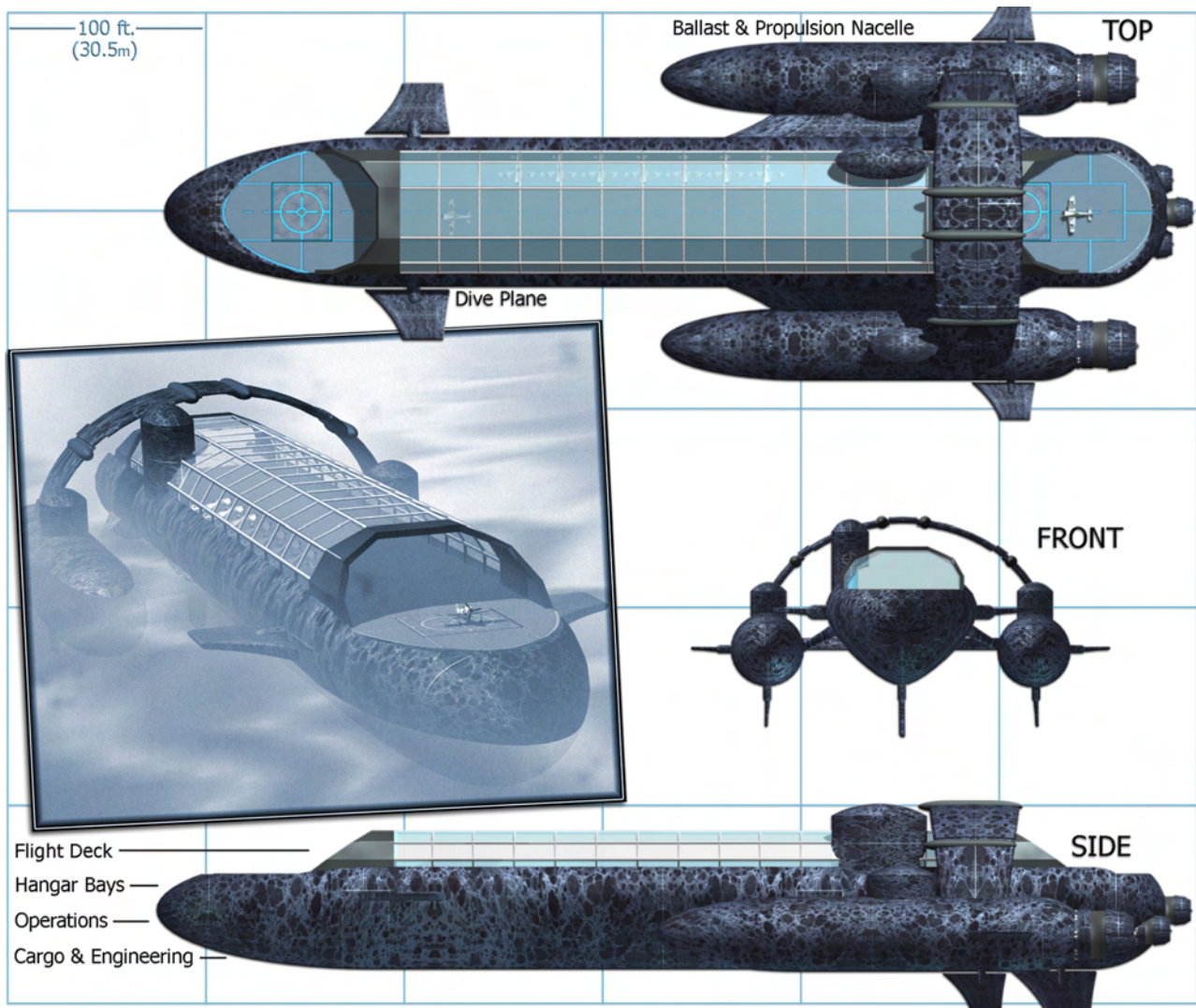
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
23	20	19	17	41	3	—

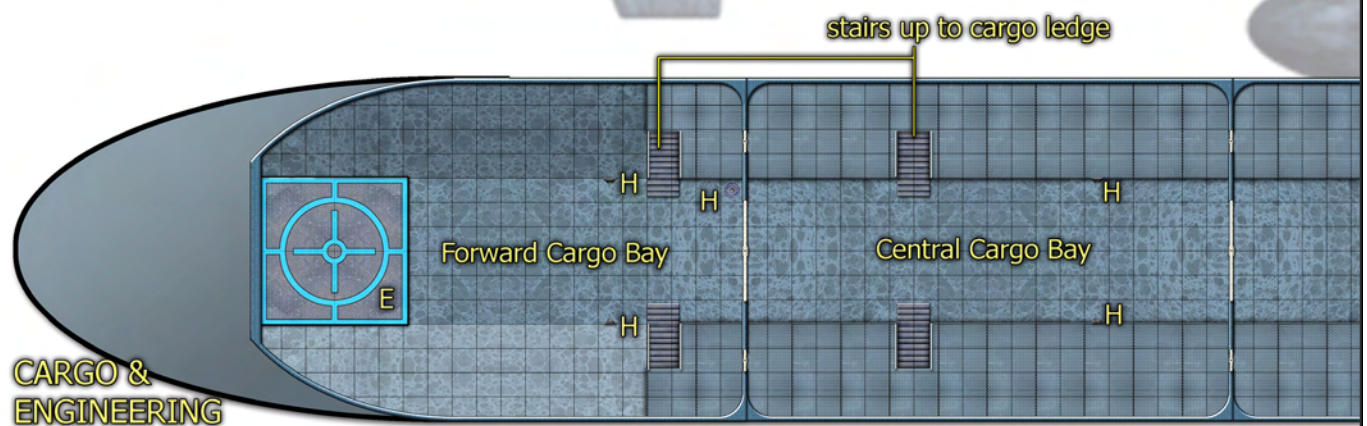
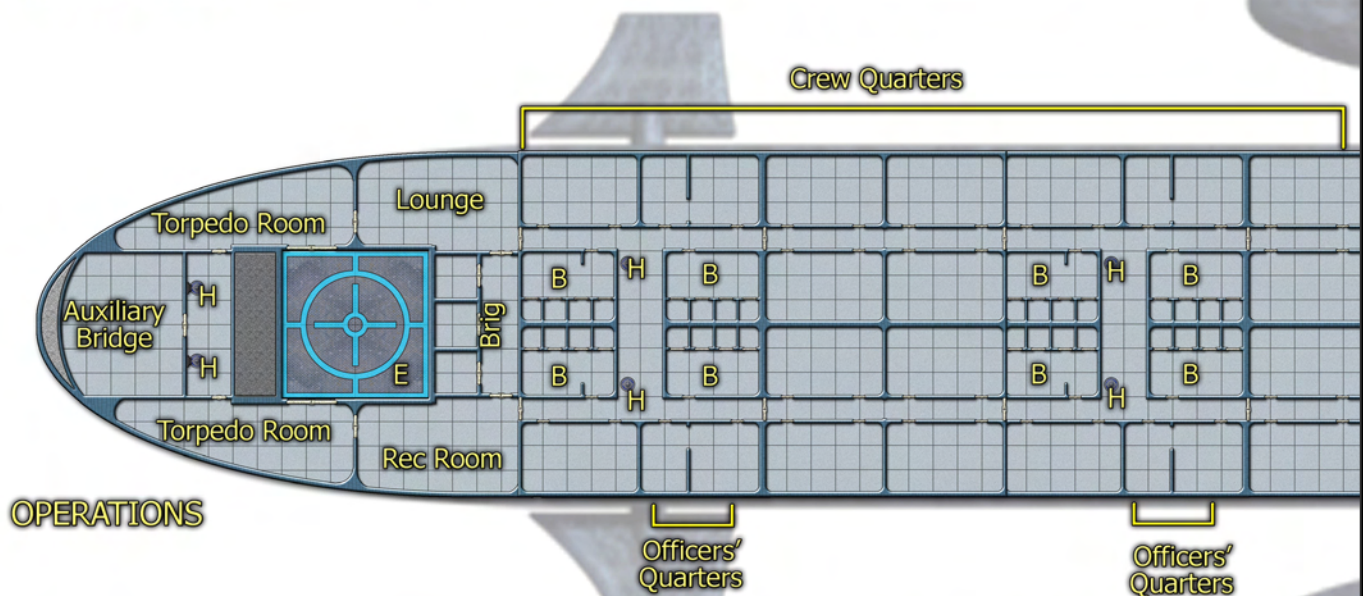
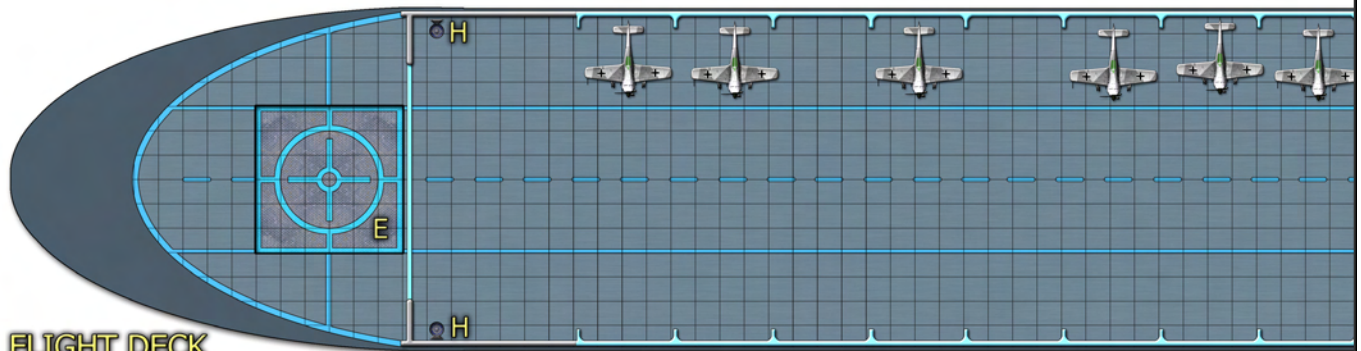
JORMUNGANDR

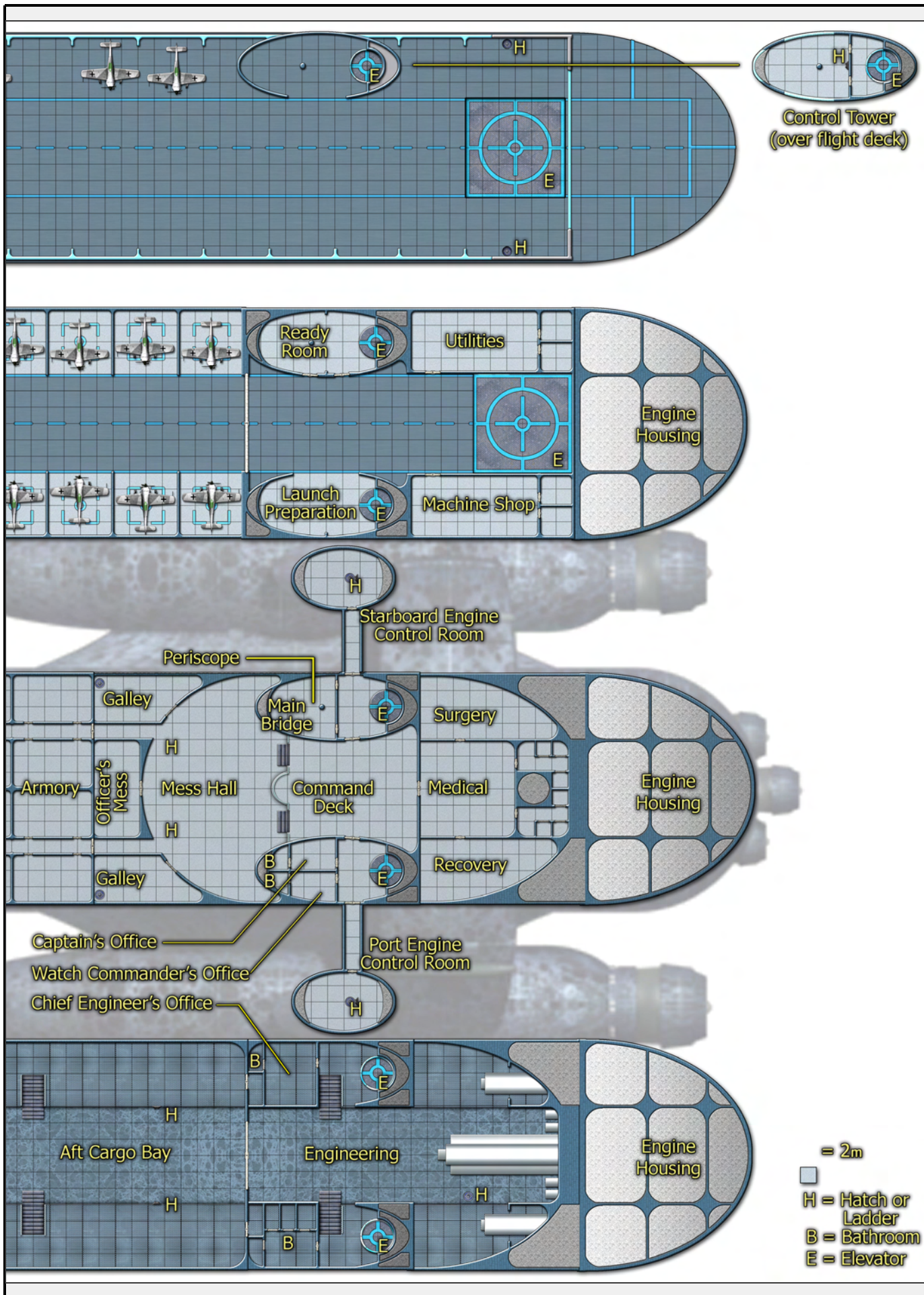
Jormungandr. STR: 110, SPD: 4, DEF: -2, TGH: 18, SZ: Awesome; Cost: 72/14; *Features:* Concealment (Sonar), Immunity 9 (Life Support), Super-Senses 7 (Blindsight [Sound-Based]), Radius, Extended Range 2, Only Underwater, -1), Torpedoes [Blast 8 (Homing 3)]

To cement their relations, to emphasize to Nazi Germany the value of allying with the Empire, and to clearly demonstrate the overwhelming technological advantages possessed by the Atlanteans, Dagon presented Hitler with a personal gift: the plans to an unequalled weapon of war that the Atlanteans were building for their surface allies. This vehicle was a submarine far larger and more advanced than anything the Nazi fleet could produce. It possessed a hull construction that enabled it to dive many times deeper than any German engineer had even dreamed possible; a sonar system that wouldn't be equaled by surface science in the 20th Century; and torpedoes that could literally lock onto a target's physical signature and self-correct their course. Further, the "hangar" area on the top level boasted a canopy of transparent material that was still several times stronger than the best steel the Reich could manage. As if all of this wasn't impressive enough, the craft used a magnetohydrodynamic drive that was not only more efficient than any diesel, but more powerful, fuel-efficient and utterly quiet – another stealth component to add to the already sonar-invisible nature of the vessel.

Hitler showed uncharacteristic patience in waiting on the Atlanteans to finally deliver a carrier that could approach targets unaware, and with no warning suddenly spew forth an entire aerial strike force. Due to both their own logistical difficulties in constructing the craft (unused to constructing systems that had to operate within life-support capacity, as well as match up to existing control surfaces to minimize necessary retraining of Nazi naval personnel), and the constant efforts of an "underground" organized by the Sea Devil, delivery took almost two years longer than Dagon had promised.

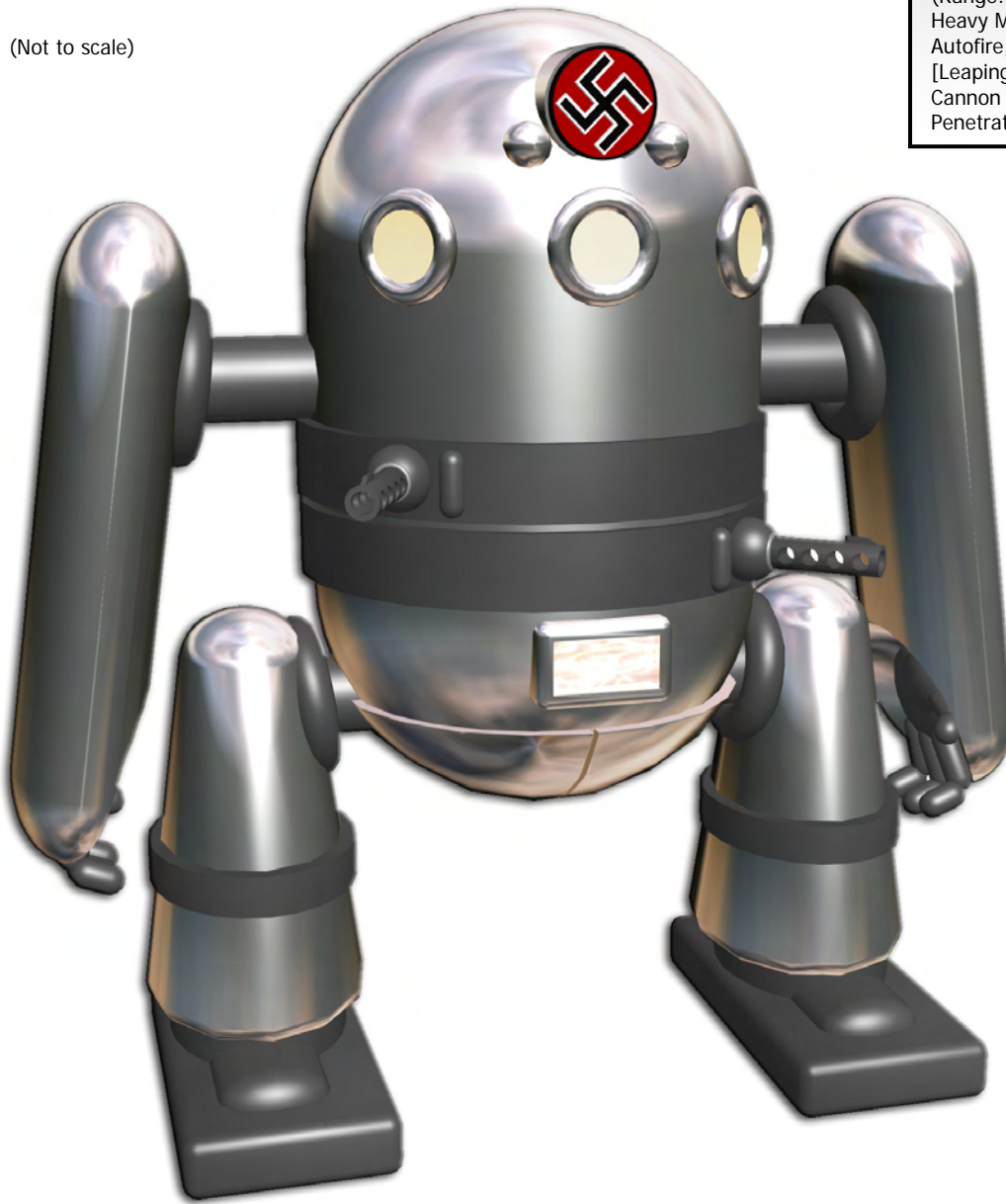






KRIEGSMASCHINEN

(Not to scale)

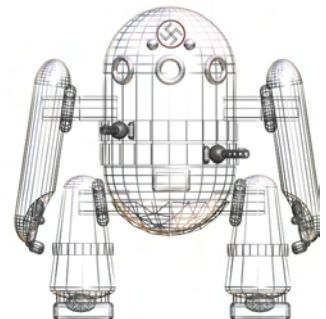
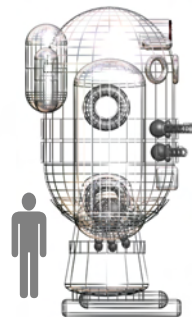


Die Kriegsmaschinen. STR: 40, SPD: 4, DEF: 9, TGH: 12, SZ: Large; Cost 58/12; *Features:* Armor [Protection 5, Impervious], Attack Armatures [Strike 10, AP: Snare 8 (Range: Touch -1, PF: Tether)], Heavy Machine Guns [Blast 6, Autofire, 60-ft Cone], Jump Jets [Leaping 3 (160/80/40 ft)], Torso Cannon [Blast 8, Explosion, Penetrating]

DESCRIPTION

The robotic-looking "war machines" were one of many technological innovations that the diminutive genius Prometheus provided to the Nazis, albeit at great cost. Piloted by specially trained two-man crews, these heavily armored vehicles were far more maneuverable than any tank, could cover distance with their jump-jets that only a fighter plane could easily outrun, and carried sophisticated chain guns and an auto-cannon firing highly-explosive fragmentation shells.

The world first saw these machines in use during the Fascist assault on the Spanish town of Guernica, where Franco gave his German allies leave to field test the first series. Over time, three more series were produced, each with slight modifications and upgrades to improve performance in different climates and against different targets. The mkIV (shown here) was the last of the models designed by Prometheus, immediately before the disastrous demise of his relationship with Hitler's regime. Without assistance from Prometheus in maintaining the machines, the Germans saw the numbers of operational Kriegsmaschinen (never very large due to their immense expense) dwindle rapidly. Their own engineers were limited in the extent of repairs and servicing they could perform on the highly sophisticated mechanical and electronic systems, and it showed as time went by and more and more of the vehicles broke down or took on a piecemeal, jury-rigged appearance.



THE EMPEROR'S HAND

Japanese mythology and folklore are rife with stories of men and women gifted with extraordinary abilities. It was with great consternation, then, that Ujimitsu Yoshisato continued to read of the exploits of American and European metahumans, where it seemed new demigods surfaced on an almost weekly basis, while finding none within the Home Islands despite his best efforts.

The Emperor had seen newsreel footage of the Einsatzgruppen Übersoldaten and the American Sentinels – and was very cognizant of the War Ministry's efforts. They sought to find or make supermen who would place their loyalty to Tojo and his men first, the Empire and Hirohito second. Thus Yoshisato, trusted diplomat from a family whose loyalty was ancient and unquestioned, had been summoned to the Imperial Court. Yoshisato now served as a special attaché to Emperor Hirohito himself. His task had been direct and without possible misinterpretation – search the empire for her own hidden metahumans. It had been unthinkable that the Children of the Rising Sun would be denied such a blessing while the mongrel nations of the decadent West labored under the weight of so many. Yet, he continued to encounter failure in his own searches, despite his best efforts, and all the time and expense. Knowing that the Emperor's enemies gathered their political strength and mocked the wasted efforts of the Chrysanthemum Throne, Yoshisato's heart grew heavier every morning as his appointed deadline grew nearer. Unaware of the centuries-long pogrom carried out by the Kage Do against metahumans in the Pacific, as was most everyone outside the Kage Do, Yoshisato could only conclude that there were no such champions to be found. And the secretive metahuman responsible for many of the Germans' startling technological advances had already rebuffed the offer of Japanese gold.

When the morning finally came, Yoshisato dutifully made his way toward the Imperial Palace, fully prepared to face his fate, whatever the Emperor decided that to be. Along the way, he chose to walk the last few hundred yards and enjoy the warm morning air. A sudden streak of sunlight across his eyes momentarily blinded him, and as he opened his eyes to blink away the light-blindness he noticed he no longer walked alone. Beside him, wearing a simple white tunic that looked several centuries further away from fashion than the young diplomat's own suit, strode a quiet figure whose bearing spoke of power, and who carried a sword the very presence of which seemed to turn the little diplomat's insides to water.

"I won the toss – Susanwo never could throw straight. You will have the honor of introducing me to Amaterasu's child, young one," the figure said.

"I... Who are you?" was all that Yoshisato could manage as a response.

"Hachiman, Father of Swords," the figure answered, "or have you so quickly forgotten your gods, boy?"

The rest of the morning, the introduction, and the demonstration of Hachiman's abilities to the understandably dubious Emperor and his court, all passed in a blur to Yoshisato. What he remembered was how happy the Emperor was with him, and the promise from Hachiman that the inhuman samurai was only the first. Hachiman seemed to know where to find others of power, and quickly recruited each to the call of their Emperor. Kuninori, called Baku by his fellow monks, who could physically enter and affect other people's dreams was discovered in a Buddhist temple. The archer who could mentally summon his glowing bow and terrible arrows, and named for the ancient hero Hidesato was next, earning his living as the protector of a small

neighborhood in Chiba. The beautiful Etsuko, daughter of a merchant in Kyoto, agreed with some reluctance to accompany the men after Hachiman told her he knew of her ability to animate anything made of paper, from simple sheets made into deadly swords, to origami tigers suddenly grown as large and ferocious as their models. After bringing her to Tokyo under the name Gohei, from the paper charms used in Buddhist ritual, Hachiman and Yoshisato went to a secluded farm where Noriko Mimuroto's parents hid their daughter from the world. From childhood, the young woman had shown command over wind and air, even to the point of transforming her physical mass to a gaseous form and back. Before returning to the palace with the newly renamed Kamikaze, Hachiman and the diplomat stopped at a Tokyo hospital where Sadataka Tomizawa was being examined. Miraculously, the young foundry worker had not only survived an accidental immersion in molten metal, but had emerged relatively unscathed, except for his now metal skin. The doctors were baffled by both his survival and transformation; with the help of the War Ministry's authority, they were keeping him confined for study until Yoshisato appeared with one of his official summons signed by Hirohito and took the astounded Tetsujin (Iron Man) away with him.

Yoshisato's grateful prayers were interrupted when he, Hachiman, and the most recent recruits arrived at the compound where the others were supposed to be waiting. As they were attacked by cloaked figures that seemed to melt from the shadows, Yoshisato had just enough time to notice the bodies of Gohei and Baku at Hidesato's feet as he fought for his life – then Hachiman exploded into action, making short work of their attackers. Enraged that his presence alone had not been deterrent enough to stop the shadow-men from their crusade, the divine samurai left the compound, straight for the source of the attack, the hidden temple of the Kage Do.

Hachiman fought through the temple's defenders, killing the monstrous Gaki (Hungry Ghost) and the necromancer Emma-O, mightiest of the Kage Do's agents. He forced his way to the sorceress Tadamako Kane, current holder of the title Iretzumi, her body covered in the black, ritual tattoos that marked her as leader. He spared her life only after binding her, and through her, all of the Kage Do, with a mystic oath. They would stop their pogrom – immediately. Further, they would put themselves at the Emperor's beck and call until Hirohito asked Hachiman to release them from their oath. The Kage Do had never bowed to any emperor, had always viewed themselves as the true power behind the shoguns and other petty, mundane rulers, but had little choice other than to seethe in their servitude and plot eventual revenge. Apart from tricking Hidesato into assaulting the halls of Kun Lun in China, where the Monkey King and The Eight Immortals killed him, the order has kept to the letter of that oath... thus far.

Hachiman, Kamikaze, and Tetsujin, along with the Kage Do as usually represented by the brutal shape-shifting killer Oni, answer only to the Emperor himself. He frequently allows the Minister of War to use them for necessary missions, but only after subjecting Tojo to the embarrassing ritual of presenting himself personally before Hirohito to make any such request. Hachiman is the obvious leader, his every instruction obeyed immediately and strictly by the others – even though Oni sometimes makes jokes at the samurai's expense, he never makes them obvious enough to provoke Hachiman to violence, and always obeys his orders just as meticulously as the others do.

THE KAGE DO

Disciples (Sorcerors): *Acolytes* (as Cultists, M&M), *Adepts* (as Corrupt Sorcerer, lower Magic and Force Field to 10 ranks, Magic Base is Darkness Control with all Alternate Powers listed under that power)

Shinobi: *Soldiers* (as Ninjas, M&M), *Leaders* (as Kung Fu Killer, M&M)

Before a number of the citizens of Atlantis were corrupted by contact with the Rha'Zha'Keth, one of the greatest masters of the emerging arts of sorcery was a member of one of the weaker Great Houses named Sovikha (see *The Atlantean Empire*, page 89, for more information). His house traced its pre-Atlantean roots to the lands far to the east of the massive city-state. So when the worldwalker gates reached a state where their range allowed efficient colonization options as far away as their ancient homelands, the House pushed the Council of Elders into approving a test site of the House's choosing. Successful, they began building a city in the mountains of what is today China, a city they called "Kun-Lun," which in Atlantean meant "Dawn's Edge." The people of Kun-Lun worked very hard to justify the Council's faith in them, and soon eclipsed the other colonies of Avalon, Odripar, and Aztlan in the many exports sent back to Mother Atlantis.

During this time, Sovikha continued to advance in personal power to such a point that he no longer needed ritual and invocation to summon, create, or destroy. He could send his body anywhere on the planet with a thought, and his mind traveled the many different dimensional planes spinning out from this one along the cosmic axis. He discovered that a land of dark and troubling energies, what would later become known as the Shadowlands, was closer to the Earth's frame of reference in his part of the world than anywhere else. He suspected this was a side effect of the powerful gate connecting Kun-Lun to Atlantis, the most powerful of all the ones built so far and a beacon resonating across a number of dimensions contiguous to itself. Finally, unfortunately, while on one of his astral expeditions, he made contact with a small brood of Rha'Zha'Keth. Isolated as he was from the rest of the practicing sorcerers back in Atlantis, and tremendously secretive by nature, Sovikha neither knew of other's contacts with this kind of entity nor shared information of his own contact. In exchange for continued contact, these entities helped Sovikha increase his own gifts and, if The Observer hadn't taken action against the Atlanteans and destroyed the gate system, would undoubtedly have slowly influenced the sorcerer to aid them in reaching the physical world. Warned by fortunate divination of the oncoming cataclysm, Sovikha escaped from Kun-Lun immediately prior to The Observer's attack against Atlantis and the resultant backlash along the gate network that trapped Kun-Lun, as Avalon and the other colonies, halfway between this world and some pocket dimension. The islands he escaped to were relatively bare in native population and he found it easy to hide there from The Observer's half-hearted efforts to hunt down remaining Atlantean settlements.

Without the dimensional shallow provided by Kun-Lun's gate, Sovikha now found it much more difficult to contact his Rha'Zha'Keth friends – very difficult. Contact with many of the realms he had earlier found child's play now took considerable effort... except for the Shadowlands. For whatever reason, the collapse of the gate network had served to strengthen the connection between Earth and that dimension, which now functioned in tandem with the Astral plane, almost as a dark reflection of that interdimensional nexus. Though Sovikha remained unaware of it, the Devourers writhed savagely in their prison dimension, deprived yet again of the possibility of freedom. They realized that it was still possible to escape using the mortal and his world, but that it would be much more difficult and take much, much longer than they wanted. And so they began planning. First, they devised the particulars of how they would eventually escape; then, they created the fictions they would use

to deceive Sovikha so they could use him for their purpose. As he was growing old, they shared with him a ritual to extend his life, promising him that this was only the first of many benefits he would derive from their partnership. They then began studying the Shadowlands from their connection with it, learning how to shape its substance to their will and then teaching that also to their catspaw.

After enough time had passed that Sovikha felt safe to walk the Earth without fearing the Observer's response, he began hunting for humans with the talent to wield magic. These were his first acolytes and he taught them how to tap into the power source represented by the Shadowlands. The more they used their connection to the Shadowlands the stronger that connection became, and the stronger that connection became, the more it could function as an eventual anchor for the partners they never knew their master had. After the anchor, there was the matter of the "fuel" it would take to use it. This was to be provided through the relatively simple expedient of blood sacrifice – simple from a technical perspective, but almost impractical due to the sheer number of such sacrifices that would be required. Not wanting to become entangled openly in a war, which could prove dangerous and expose him to the Observer, Sovikha took a longer-term view: Assassins. Again he recruited, and then he settled into his hidden temple to watch the progress of a ritual he knew would span so many, many lifetimes.

The Kage Do (Path of Shadows) are a secret society comprised of sorcerers and assassins who possess ancient ties to a bleak netherworld, and equally powerful ties to alien entities desiring nothing more than to be freed from their eternal prison to claim a universe that they hate, that was denied them already. Not being a fool, and knowing the Rha'Zha'Keth (whom most of the order, if they know of them at all, think of as the Yomi Kings from Asian mythology, masters of the underworld most of the Kage Do believe waits on the "other side" of the Shadowlands) have their own agenda, Sovikha has deliberately kept the recruitment of new sorcerers and the continuing blood ritual assassinations to the minimum required by his patrons. By this point, the Rha'Zha'Keth involved have resigned themselves to taking as long as necessary – though they've made gruesome plans for Sovikha himself once they are free. The ancient Atlantean continues to live to this day thanks to that first mystic ritual. Every new leader of the order is subjected to a ritual tattooing ceremony that covers their bodies in elaborate, decorative tattoos. The true purpose of this arcane ceremony, never revealed to the subject or the ritualists involved, is to prepare a new body for Sovikha, who subsumes the soul and memories of his successor. The title of this leader, Iretzumi, has entered the vernacular over the centuries as the general description of such tattoos. Sovikha himself has continued on through many bodies, his own personality and memories slowly fragmenting over time. Today he is quite insane, though still lucid enough to keep his basic plans intact while he fights the remnants of his current body's personality.

Sometime around the 14th Century, Sovikha experienced a physically debilitating prophecy. In his vision, he saw the Kage Do being finally and irrevocably destroyed at the hands of men and women possessed of inhuman abilities. As a result, he has had the assassins of the order constantly hunt down and kill any potential metahumans discovered throughout the order's Pacific sphere of influence since that day.

PL	GOD OF WAR		PTS
14			250

STR	23	+6	TGH	LIFT
DEX	23	+6	+13/10	1200
CON	23	+6	FORT	LEAP
INT	14	+2	+10	55 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	20	+5	+12	+14
			WILL	KB
			+10	-6

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+18	+15/+6
DAMAGE	
+10 (Sword)[Penetrating]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+24	Medium

SKILLS
Acrobatics 18 (+24), Climb 4 (+10), Concentration 6 (+10), Diplomacy 2 (+7), Intimidate 8 (+13), Know (*Tactics*) 4 (+6), Language 0 (*[Japanese]*), Notice 10 (+14), Search 4 (+6), Sense Motive 10 (+15), Stealth 10 (+16)

FEATS
Acrobatic Bluff, All-Out Attack, Assessment, Blind-Fight, **Combination Attack 3 (p122)**, Defensive Roll 3, Dodge Focus 3, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Block 1, Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative 2, Improved Sunder, Improved Throw, Instant Up, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Quick Draw, **Sweep Attack 3 (p122)**, Stunning Attack, Takedown Attack 2, Uncanny Dodge 2

POWERS
Device 8 (Easy to Lose, **Ghostcleaver Blade** [Deflection 5 (All Ranged, as Reaction +3, Automatic +1, Redirection +1, Reflection +1); AP: Blast 8 (Indirect 3, Subtle), Strike 4 (Autofire +1, Continuous +1 (Only for Triggered Effect), Penetrating +1; PF: Affects Insubstantial, Mighty, Restricted, Triggered (Enemy Moves within 5 ft)]), **Device 1** (Hard to Lose, **Armor** [Protection 4]), **Immunity 3** (Age, Disease, Poison), **Leaping 2**, **Regeneration 5** (Bruised 1, Disabled 2, Injured 2), **Super-Movement 4** (Slow Fall, Surefooted 2, Trackless), **Super-Senses 4** (Danger Sense, Extended Hearing 1, Extended Vision 1, Low-Light Vision)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
61	66	16	19	33	53	—

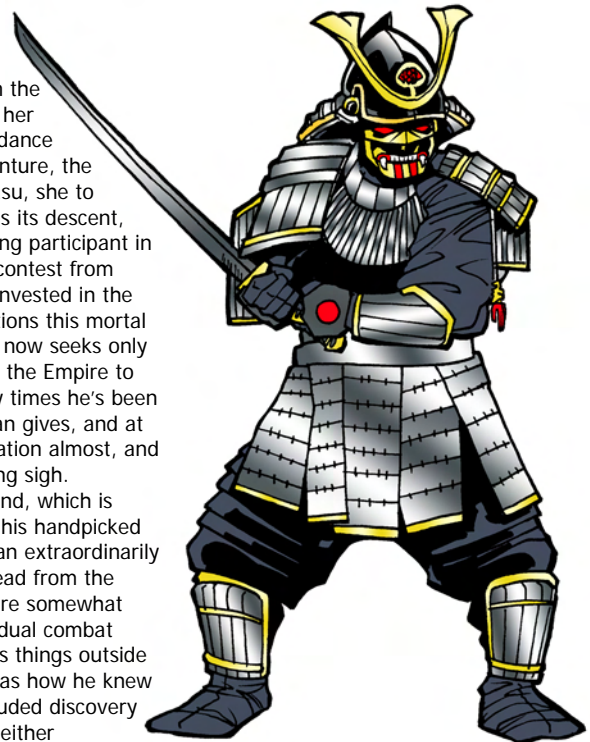
DESCRIPTION

There is a great deal of speculation among interested parties, ranging from the Emperor Hirohito and his staff to the analysts in US Army Intelligence, as to the veracity of Hachiman's consistent claims to divinity. Though he never seems to make more of an issue of it than to demand the respect he considers his due, Hachiman has never budged when pressed (by very brave questioners) on the source of his abilities. Seeing the need her children would have of more direct guidance from the Heavens in this dangerous venture, the all-seeing goddess of the sun, Amaterasu, she to whom the imperial line ultimately traces its descent, asked among the many gods for a willing participant in her plan. Hachiman won some sort of contest from among those interested and was duly invested in the flesh he wears. He accepted the limitations this mortal frame demands without complaint and now seeks only to fulfill the duty before him – to guide the Empire to glory and victory. No matter how many times he's been asked, this is always the story Hachiman gives, and at this point his answer has become recitation almost, and is generally preceded by a long-suffering sigh.

As the leader of the Emperor's Hand, which is what most of the people involved with his handpicked crew call them, Hachiman has proven an extraordinarily able leader... at least, in his ability to lead from the front. Unfortunately, his tactical skills are somewhat lacking, the palest shadow of his individual combat abilities proper. Though he often knows things outside what can be explained to others, such as how he knew where to find metahumans that had eluded discovery under intense national scrutiny, he is neither precognitive nor omniscient. For every victory in which he shines, his detractors can point to failures resulting from his recklessness, shortsightedness, confidence in his own "infallibility," underestimation of "inferior races" and their capabilities, or simply his sacrificing his own discretion to the letter of his orders. In short, Hachiman is much more a weapon that walks like a man than he is an able soldier. Further, regardless of what those around him believe or don't believe about his origins, no one yet has failed to notice how very much out of time he seems in behavior. In manners and expectations, Hachiman is an anachronism, almost as if he had stepped out of feudal Japan directly into the 20th Century. Intractable, unyielding, utterly unconcerned with his own safety when it conflicts with his orders, he is the very model of the samurai spoken of in legends and stories. And as those who have attempted to subvert his loyalty have learned too late and at great cost, he doesn't simply live by the code of bushido, he is that code, living and breathing only by its precepts. His oath given to Hirohito as part of the arrangement he says Amaterasu insisted on, he is the Emperor's servant in all things and his loyalty is absolute. Rescued from the Shadowlands by Cagliostro (before the old mage realized who he was saving), Hachiman, honor-bound to repay his savior, was persuaded to enter an oath wherein he swore never to enter the United States or Britain so long as they remained under their own rule. Worried that Hachiman will resort to ritual suicide if forced to choose between his own honor and a direct order, Hirohito has wisely never told him to break that oath.

As a physical combatant, this apparent avatar of a war god currently knows no equal. He has simultaneously fought off Anthem, Pendragon, Silent Knight, and Zara the Dinosaur Slayer, seriously injuring or threatening the same to all four. His sword cuts through practically anything (save, notably, Caliburn), even the spectral, and has left a wound across Doc Steel's chest that is the only scar he carries. Hachiman's prowess with his Spirit Blade is such that he has been seen blocking bullets with it – and no one has yet managed to actually make it to his person with out at least once feeling the bite of its edge. His armor, of antique design, appears around his body with nothing more than a thought, and disappears with the same ease.

HACHIMAN



QUOTE

I am immortal. You can no more defeat me than you can hope to kill me.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Emp. Hand	35?	190#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Leader of the Emperor's Hand
25	
30	Divine agent of Amaterasu

KAMIKAZE



DESCRIPTION

When Noriko Mimuroto was nine years old, she lost her temper at the son of a neighboring farmer, a young man who teased her incessantly. Turning around and yelling at him, her yell was followed by a blast of wind that flattened or uprooted everything within a 100 yards of her. The boy's body was later fished out of a pond that lay several hundred yards away from the scene of their encounter, though whether it was air pressure or the impact with the water's surface that killed him was never decided. Young Noriko was appalled at the price of her temper, and terrified at what she had proven capable of doing. She went into a self-imposed isolation on her parent's small farm while the neighbors, none of whom had witnessed a thing, all blamed the incident on freak weather. As she grew older, the young woman was forced by reflexive usage of her abilities, and occasional subconscious manifestations, to learn control. After years of trial and error, she finally managed to develop fairly sophisticated conscious control. That she had only recently achieved a level of control she found satisfactory before being visited by Hachiman and the Emperor's envoy Yoshisato she took as an omen.

Mimuroto is a loyal daughter of the empire, and was brought up in a very traditional and conservative atmosphere. As such, her dress and behavior are somewhat old-fashioned, even by the standards of the day. This is one reason that she and Hachiman get along so well together. Another is her thinly disguised hero-worship of the man. Carrying himself as the avatar of a god, Hachiman is hardly immune to the effects of having a pretty woman showering him with constant and sincere compliments and verbal support. Kamikaze (Divine Wind), as her associates have named her, rarely engages in direct combat. This would not be appropriate behavior, for one thing; for another, she finds herself "protected" by both Hachiman and Tetsujin in any such situation, either directly or in her positioning during any plan. This is in no way a reflection on her abilities, however. She has devastating control of wind and air pressure for quite some area around her, and she can use it to very creative effect. She can even "translate" her body into a gaseous form, almost like a living tornado, and while in this form is very difficult to hurt.

Noriko has found herself thrust into the role of celebrity since being plucked from her parent's farm. The War Ministry's propaganda machine uses her as the model for what all women in the country should strive to be. If the Japanese had such a thing as a pin-up girl, in the vein of Betty Grable or the like, it would probably be something similar to the level of stature Kamikaze is accorded. Shy by nature, and having been raised in an isolated, rural area, she is immensely uncomfortable with her new fame. Noriko is quite happy to remain in Hachiman's shadow. Her fondest wish is that one day he will return her affection, her upbringing little preparing her to distinguish between infatuation and true love.

QUOTE

You are not the first to face the divine wind. You will not be the last to fall before its power.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'2"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Emp. Hand	23	105#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Emperor's Hand
20	Very traditional Japanese female in behavior
25	
30	Infatuated with Hachiman

PL	SPIRIT OF THE WINDS		PTS
10			189

STR	8	-1	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	16	+3	+12/0		160#	
CON	10	+0	FORT		LEAP	
INT	12	+1	+3		4 ft	
WIS	12	+1	REF		INIT	
CHA	18	+4	+8		+3	
			WILL		KB	
			+6		-0/-6	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6/+8	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+12 (Air Blast)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+5	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 8 (+12/+16), Diplomacy 8 (+12/+16), Know (Business, Current Events) 4 (+5), Language 0 (*Japanese*), Notice 6 (+7), Search 2 (+3), Sense Motive 6 (+7), Stealth 6 (+9)

FEATS

Attack Focus (*Air Attacks*) 2, Attractive 1, Distract, Evasion, Improved Defense 2, Quick Change 2, Stunning Attack

POWERS

Alternate Form (Gaseous) 12 (Concealment 4 (All Visual), Flight 6, Immunity 10 (Snare Effects, Life Support), Insubstantial 2, Suffocate 10), **Element Control (Air) 12** (AP: Blast, Snare), **Environmental Control 10** (Distraction 2, AP: Hamper Movement 2), **Protection 12** (Only versus Energy Attacks, -1, Only while in Air Form, -1)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
16	28	13	11	10	111	—

PL	SHAPESHIFTING		PTS
10	DEMON		172

STR	30	+10	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+12	1.6 ton
CON	25	+7	FORT	LEAP
INT	10	+0	+10	15 ft
WIS	14	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	10	+0	+8	+4
			WILL	KB
			+8	-12

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+10 (Unarmed) [Crit 18-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+20	Medium

SKILLS							
Acrobatics 10 (+14), Climb 6 (+16), Escape Artist 4 (+8), Intimidate 10 (+10), Language 3 (<i>Chinese, English, [Japanese]</i>), Notice 10 (+12), Search 4 (+4), Sense Motive 4 (+6), Stealth 10 (+14)							
FEATS							
Acrobatic Bluff, All-Out Attack, Chokehold, Evasion, Fast Overrun, Improved Critical 2 (<i>Unarmed</i>), Improved Grab, Improved Throw, Instant Up, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Prone Fighting, Startle, Takedown Attack 1, Uncanny Dodge 1							
POWERS							
Alternate Form (Swarm) 3 (Flight 2, Insubstantial 2), Anatomic Separation 2 (Variable Split +1), Immovable 6 , Immunity 1 (Poison), Morph 4 (Any Form of Same Mass), Protection 5							
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB	
47	36	13	15	16	45	—	

DESCRIPTION

Akemi Endo remembers little before the Old Man found him in the woods. Vaguely swimming in his memories he can see the face of a woman he believes was his mother, contorted in terror, her screams driving him away and into the forest. Until he was taught the control to return to a human shape, he didn't even remember that he was human, as he had been living in the wild in a number of terrible, feral forms. One day an old man wandered into the area that Endo claimed as his territory, Endo attacked the man ...and everything went to black. He awoke alone on the floor of a deserted dojo, with the voice of the old man coming from every corner and every shadow.

"It is time to learn. I will be your teacher. Your first lesson will be to respect your teacher."

And with those words the old man suddenly appeared, effortlessly evading and blocking the boy's feeble attacks while inflicting painful counterstrikes in return. When the boy finally collapsed, exhausted and laboring through a haze of pain, his teacher left him to recover. This display repeated itself over the following few days until, finally, the day came when the old man appeared and the boy simply sat on his haunches, quietly, assessing the figure.

"Excellent," the old man said. "Let us move on to your next lesson."

It took his teacher years to shape the boy, giving him a name and a face and the discipline to accept both. First he learned how to be human again. Then his teacher moved on to lessons in how to use the many gifts Endo had at his command. When he finally grew to a man, sure in his abilities as training, his teacher, who he had always known simply as "The Old Man," summoned him to a clearing that Endo remembered as the same place where he had first laid eyes on his teacher those many years ago. Arriving, his senses told him he and his teacher were alone, but his training said otherwise. Moments after his own arrival, the Shinobi, silent killers belonging body and soul to the Kage Do, melted from the shadows, surrounding him.

"In the first hours after we learned of your existence, I argued with my brethren over your fate. They wanted you dead, but I saw the potential for a valuable tool, an exquisite weapon. Now, it is finally time for you to make a choice, boy. Your fate is in your own hands."

Endo looked only at his teacher, the brutal, callous taskmaster that had beaten and bled every lesson into Endo's body, who had made his existence a torturous labor, and he knew suddenly and without a doubt the price of failing this last test. He sank to his knees, slowly putting his face down on the ground.

"I am your servant in all things, my master," he responded, willing the insolent smile to remain hidden behind the mask he made of his face.

Akemi Endo, called Oni from the demons that populate Japanese mythology, is one of the most valuable of the Kage Do's many assets. His jovial demeanor and seemingly good-natured jibes hide a cold and calculating mind that knows he's only ever one step away from the order to end his life should his usefulness falter. A versatile shape changer, Endo maintains mental control over every cell in his body, even when he wills those cells to separate from the surrounding mass. He takes a great deal of pleasure in experimenting with new and horrifying forms when fighting, and seldom takes exactly the same one twice. Endo's work is his life, on a number of levels and he knows it – just as he knows he's under constant observation by the rest of the Kage Do. A lifetime of brutal training at the hands of his master has instilled three lessons that are never far from his heart: Pain teaches, Anger gives strength, and Hate sustains a man in places where hope withers and dies. He fervently hopes he lives just long enough to show his teacher how well those lessons were learned, and takes comfort in what he imagines the old man's last breath will sound like.

ONI



QUOTE

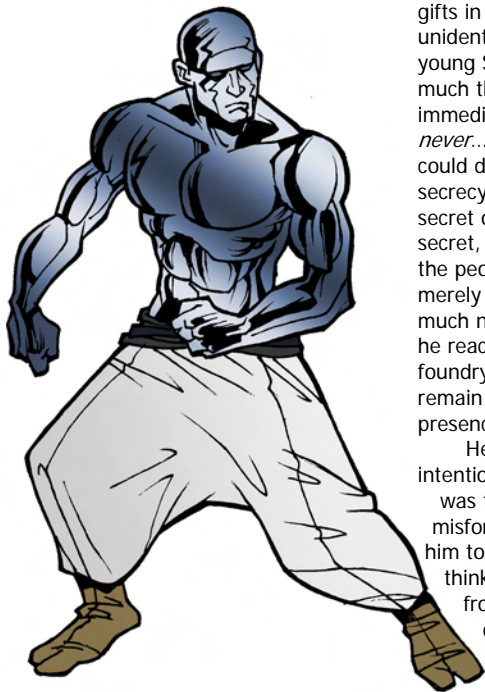
Stand and fight. Stand and die.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human?	Male	(5'5")	(Brown)
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Emp. Hand	(30)	202#	(Black)

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Member of Emperor's Hand
25	Member of Kage Do
30	Shapeshifter

TETSUJIN



DESCRIPTION

Sadataka is not the first of the Tomizawa to display special gifts. His uncle and grandfather also had abilities that separated them from their mundane kin. Both could shape matter to their will, one wood, the other earth; and both had died after displaying those gifts in public, killed in their homes by assailants still unidentified many years after their murders. When young Sadataka showed his parents that he could do much the same, but with metal in his case, they immediately scolded him at length. He was never... never... to show anyone outside of the family what he could do. Every relative in his small family was sworn to secrecy, all of them helping the boy to maintain the secret of his gifts as he grew older. He practiced only in secret, at night, in his room, away from prying eyes. To the people in his village, the young Tomizawa was merely a talented sculptor, his "sculptures" bringing in much needed extra income to his needy family. When he reached adulthood, he took a job at a nearby foundry, the heat not bothering him when he could remain around so much of the substance whose presence comforted him.

He still doesn't know if it was an accident or intentional that the smelting line collapsed when he was the only one near enough to suffer for the misfortune. As the scaffolding collapsed and threw him toward the molten metal, the only thing he could think of was to desperately push the mass away from him as he plummeted toward it. He passed out from the heat before he ever impacted in the enormous cauldron. When he awoke, it was to the sound of doctors and nurses expressing their continual disbelief over his survival – and his new condition. He was still trying to accept the reality of his situation when Hachiman and Yoshisato appeared in the hospital to whisk him away.

Sadataka goes by the name Tetsujin now, from the Japanese for "Iron Man." Somehow, his mental mastery over metal substances had a strange reaction in those final moments as he was covered in molten steel. Instead of killing him, the substance seems to have melded with his body's structure, coating his frame with armored skin and a heavily reinforcing his skeleton and musculature. Tomizawa is very difficult to hurt physically, and immensely strong. Amazingly, this new state doesn't seem to interfere with any of his body's natural processes. Much to his horror, however, the trauma of the transformation seems to have robbed him of his metallokinetic abilities – he can no longer affect even the smallest amount of metal with his mind as he once could. He is constantly testing for this ability resurface, normally on a daily basis, though when caught in the grips of his frequent bouts of depression, this effort is expended much more often, sometimes several times an hour.

A junior champion in a number of competitive martial arts, Tetsujin has thrown himself into renewed training into his younger interests. The longer he goes without the ability to express himself in the way to which he was accustomed, the more desperately he tries to lose himself in his hyper-intensive martial training and conditioning.

QUOTE

My hands are far deadlier than any sword or gun.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'6"	Chrome
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Emp. Hand	25	388#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Member of Emperor's Hand
20	Strong, tough, metal-skinned
25	Lost other powers gaining current
30	Family has expressed superhuman traits before

PL	IRON-SKINNED	PTS
11	MARTIAL ARTIST	135

STR	26	+8	TGH	+12	3.8 ton
DEX	18	+4	FORT	+8	65 ft
CON	18	+4	REF	+8	+8
INT	13	+1	WILL	+6	-15
WIS	16	+3			
CHA	16	+3			

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6/+9	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+13 (Unarmed) [Crit 18-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+19	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 6 (+10), Climb 6 (+14), Diplomacy 3 (+6), Escape Artist 5 (+9), Intimidate 8 (+11), Language 0 ([Japanese]), Notice 6 (+9), Stealth 6 (+10)

FEATS

Assessment, Attack Focus (Melee) 3, Evasion, Improved Block 2, Improved Critical 2 (Unarmed), Improved Initiative 1, Instant Up, Power Attack, Stunning Attack, Takedown Attack 1

POWERS

Density 4 (Permanent -1) [+8 STR, +2 Impervious Protection, Immovable 1, Super-Strength 1, 2x Mass], **Immovable 4**, **Leap 2**, **Protection 6** (Impervious +1), **Strike 5** (PF: Mighty), **Super-Strength 1**

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
39	28	11	10	13	34	—

INDEPENDENT VILLAINS

PL	PARANOID	PTS
16	TECHNOMANCER	246

STR	8	-1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	8	-1	-1	160#
CON	8	-1	FORT	LEAP
INT	20	+5	+5	4 ft
WIS	20	+5	REF	INIT
CHA	13	+1	+4	-1
			WILL	KB
			+12	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+3	+3/+1
DAMAGE	
DC 15 FORT (Transform)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+2	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 7 (+8), Craft (<i>Artistic, Mechanical</i>) 10 (+15), Diplomacy 5 (+6), Disable Device 8 (+13), Know (<i>Arcane Lore, Technology</i>) 8 (+13), Notice 5 (+10), Search 5 (+10), Sense Motive 6 (+7)

FEATS
Artificer, Diehard, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Equipment 2 (HQ), Improved Defense, Improvised Tools, Inventor, Luck 3, Minions 12 (<i>Constructs</i>), Ritualist

POWERS
Astral Form 12 (PF: Dimensional, Survival), Device 9 [Easy to Lose, Seal of Solomon (Nullify 15 [All Magic, Power Resistance +1])], Immunity 1 (Age), Magic 16 (<i>Base</i> : Summon [Technomantic Creatures]; PF: Progression [Number] 8; AP: Create Object, ESP (Visual, Auditory, Requires Medium -1), Illusion, Transform 5 (Living Creatures into Automata or Machine Parts, Continuous +1)), Possession 12 (Only into His Minions -1, Linked to Astral Form +0)

EQUIPMENT						
HQ (as Sanctum Sanctorum, but add Isolated feature)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
17	12	18	18	24	157	—

DESCRIPTION

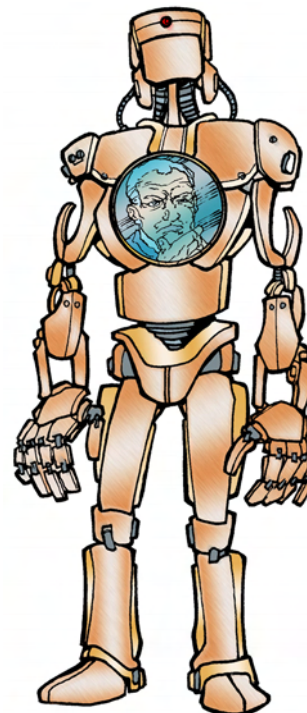
Templeton Weir's work as an engineering student was impressive enough to draw the attention of his favorite professor, Hiram Merryweather, one of the most brilliant minds of the 19th Century. If not for his many eccentricities, old Hiram might have overshadowed Newton, and left large boots for Einstein to fill. However, Merryweather's areas of research were so esoteric that those that knew of him at all either worshipped him, as did Weir, or dismissed him as a lunatic. Merryweather's Holy Grail was a theorem propounding the ultimate connection of everything in the universe – Time, Matter, Energy, in this world and worlds unseen by mortal eyes. Despite the limitations of his surroundings and contemporary technology, Merryweather and his young assistant Weir constructed devices that warped space and time – first a simple pocketwatch to test their theories with, and then the *Lux Veritas* – a converted train that could move through space, time, and all the many dimensions built on both.

On one of their many travels led to a cosmos consumed by Ex Machina, the Great Clockwork Consciousness. Merryweather insisted on making contact with the "advanced" entity. Weir deserted Hiram the moment the clockwork armatures seized the old man in their terrible grasp. He was such a gibbering mess when he made it back to England that he didn't even bother to shut down the *Lux Veritas*, which started moving again moments after. Weir destroyed his mentor's notes, working, models, and lab – all in an effort to make sure no one ever found a way to duplicate that trip. But, Ex Machina invaded his nightmares, and Templeton awoke to find the first of the strange machines from his dreams standing beside his bed.

Templeton Weir lives in fear, and has for most of a century. As Abraxas, Weir discovered he could summon numerous clockwork constructs from some far realm of Ex Machina's. With but a thought, he can induce changes in his surroundings, overlaying artificial patterns of gears, wiring, and other technological paraphernalia. While this has given him some measure of power, and material reward, it has always terrified him – for he knows with absolute certainty that this is the touch of Ex Machina, who will someday come for him, without fail or mercy. The old technomancer, whose engineering skills have long since blurred the line between science and magic, has taken measures to hide himself in a heavily fortified and isolated sanctum – appearing, when he must, through the intermediary of one of his summoned constructs into which he can project his mind and senses. He has thus far cheated death by extending his life through technical trickery – but he fears his tricks will fail him sooner or later. He hates all of the true immortals he's encountered thus far for their continuing refusal to share the secrets of their longevity with him, and plots against many of them for their "cruel" reticence.

Abraxas was recently one of those recruited by Dr. Prometheus to join the Magi, as his experience against Cagliostro gave him both knowledge and motive valuable to the enterprise.

ABRAXAS



QUOTE

You'll have to find me, first.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'6"	Grey
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Magi	60 (112)	160#	White

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Inventor for hire
20	Never seen in person
25	Steals and kills to remain hidden
30	Hiding from alien entity

MINIONS

For Minions (180 pts tops) and summoned creatures (300 pts tops), use any of the archetype stats in the M&M book. Apply the construct trade-off (No CON, INT, or CHA; Immunity to FORT effects) and an appropriate techomantic appearance and voila!

THE ALCHEMIST



QUOTE

Evil? You've seen nothing
...allow me to educate you.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'1"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	40 (?)	184#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Sorcerer and actual alchemist
25	Many other names over the years
30	Source for "Wandering Jew" myth

DESCRIPTION

Most of what is known about the man called The Alchemist is conjecture, or garnered from those who've known him the longest. Cagliostro is willing to share one of the stories he's collected about the man he's fought time and again over the last two centuries, usually in exchange for drink or information.

Two millennia ago, in the lands of Judea, there lived a successful apothecary named Caiaphas. One day a neighbor of the apothecary died, but when the entire village gathered to bury him, they were interrupted by a traveling holy man. Caiaphas at first dismissed the man as one of the many charlatans who traveled Judea in those lawless days. The man's words really didn't register with Caiaphas, who wanted to get home to eat and was annoyed at the interruption – but he certainly took better notice when his neighbor suddenly came back to life. The villagers praised the holy man, and helped spread his teachings throughout the surrounding lands. Caiaphas was duly impressed, but had responsibilities that needed tending. These priorities changed when his own family later contracted the same plague that had struck down their neighbor. Desperate, with no medicine proving efficacious and the deaths of his family looming before him, Caiaphas went in search of the holy man. To his shock and dismay he was told that all things happen for a reason, that some things couldn't... no... shouldn't be changed. Returning to his village, Caiaphas discovered his family had died in his absence. Overcome with grief, he cursed the name of the holy man and swore revenge. When the Romans came to kill the holy man, Caiaphas again traveled to see the holy man, this time to spit on him as he died. His shock was even greater following this act when the man forgave him, but, strangely, uttered the words to the effect of "stay and wait for my return." Only after time had passed did the import of those words sink in. Caiaphas didn't age, didn't sicken, didn't die. He suffered accidents that should have killed him, but left not even a scratch. Soon, he was cast out of his village, condemned for the witchcraft his neighbors were sure he practiced. This began his wandering.

Over the centuries, Caiaphas has let his bitterness and hate consume him. He's mastered the blackest of arts and used them to terrible ends. He's embraced depravity, helped perpetuate every sin and debauchery he could conceive of and a few that he needed help in creating. Through it all, he's proven immortal. Not merely unaging, as many fellow long-lived types that bandy around the description "immortal," but actually unkillable. No matter what he's suffered, he has always healed, always revived. Not that he's inured to pain – his bones break, he bleeds, and his screams and can be tortured as any other man's – but he has yet to find any treatment that will actually kill him (and in black depressions, he *has* tried). Down through the long roll of years, Caiaphas has cycled through denial, depression, rage, and any number of other emotions about his condition. But he as always returned to hate, all of which falls squarely on the holy man who, in his mind, cursed him. Forgiving souls in The Covenant who have studied his past theorize that he's been given time to work through the pride and anger which would have surely damned him at the time of his "change," and that some great work must surely lie ahead – but Cagliostro and others who've directly fought the man are less altruistic in their appraisal. They speak of unbending pride, towering and consuming rage, and the aching need to make someone, anyone, pay for The Alchemist's self-perceived suffering – which is all too often the people unlucky enough to get in his way. For himself, The Alchemist (who refuses to answer to the name Caiaphas) offers neither excuses nor explanations. He strives to be the villain's villain, reveling in what he insists be described as "evil," and embracing his envisioned role with an operatic glee. His apologists point to the fact that he has left the Nazi fold as proof of some redeeming quality left to him. His detractors point out that he left only because Von Rundstedt (Blut) joined – the two hate each other, as they've both claimed to be many of the same historical figures, such as Paracelsus and St. Germaine. Neither side expects an easy answer to the debate any time soon.

PL	SCHEMING	PTS
13	IMMORTAL	236

STR	14	+2	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+12	350#
CON	24	+7	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+10	7 ft
WIS	30	+10	REF	INIT
CHA	20	+5	+5	+2
			WILL	KB
			+15	-6

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4/+8/+10	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+14 (Mystic Blast)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+6	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 10 (+15/+19), Concentration 10 (+20), Craft (*Artistic*) 8 (+12), Craft (*Chemical*) 12 (+16), Diplomacy 5 (+10/+14), Disguise 5 (+10), Gather Information 7 (+12), Handle Animal 7 (+12), Know (*Arcane Lore*) 16 (+20), Know (*Art, Civics, Current Events*) 8 (+12), Know (*Theology and Philosophy*) 12 (+26), Language 8 (*[Aramaic], English, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Russian, Sanskrit*), Notice 2 (+12), Perform (*Keyboards*) 5 (+10), Ride 6 (+8), Search 4 (+8), Sense Motive 6 (+16)

FEATS

Artificer, Attack Specialization (*Spells*) 3, Attack Specialization (*Sword*) 2, Attractive 1, Benefit (*Wealth*), Connected, Diehard, Fascinate (*Bluff*), Fearless, Jack-of-All-Trades, Ritualist

POWERS

Immunity (Age, Life Support), **Magic 14** (*Base*: Mystic Blast, PF: All Dynamic, AP: Concealment, ESP, Illusion, Mind Control, Mystic Binding, Mystic Passage), **Protection 5, Regeneration 25** (Disabled 4, Injured 4, Recovery 3, Resurrection 10, Staggered 4), **Super-Senses 4** (Magical Awareness, Acute, Extended, Radius)

DRAWBACKS

Power Loss (Gestures, Incantations for Magic -2)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
60	20	11	34	14	77	-2

PL	WARRIOR WOMAN		PTS
11			184

STR	26	+8	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	26	+8	+6/12		15 ton	
CON	23	+6	FORT		LEAP	
INT	14	+2	+10		65 ft	
WIS	18	+4	REF		INIT	
CHA	18	+4	+10		+12	
			WILL		KB	
			+10		-3/6	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+14	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+8 (Unarmed), +5 (Blast)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+22	Medium

SKILLS						
Acrobatics 7 (+15), Climb 10 (+18), Intimidate 4 (+8), Language (<i>[Ancient Gaelic]</i> , <i>English</i>), Notice 10 (+14), Ride 4 (+12), Search 4 (+6), Sense Motive 4 (+8), Stealth 8 (+16), Survival 10 (+14), Swim 10 (+18)						
FEATS						
Acrobatic Bluff, All-Out Attack, Assessment, Attractive 1, Blind-Fight, Evasion, Improved Block, Improved Initiative, Improved Throw, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Startle, Stunning Attack, Takedown Attack, Uncanny Dodge						
POWERS						
Device 3 (Easy to Lose, Crystal Shield [Deflection 5 (All Ranged), AP: Flight 5, Blast 5]), Immunity (Age, Disease), Leaping 2 , Protection 6 (Not vs. Lethal Damage -1), Speed 3 (50 mph), Super-Senses 3 (Danger Sense, Extended Hearing 1, Extended Sight 1), Super-Strength 4						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
65	44	12	18	15	30	—

DESCRIPTION

When the Atlantean gate system collapsed, many colonies constructed around the terminal anchors of the gate generators were destroyed. Some, however, were pushed "out of phase" with the world around them, trapped in pocket dimensions. One of those surviving colonies was on the island nation of what would later be called Ireland. The colony was called Avalon, from the Atlantean "Ave-Alon," for "Green Treasure." Over time, this colony was occasionally accessible from Earth's plane. During these times, some citizens would leave voluntarily (or were exiled), and some new citizens from the local population would join – usually people whose abilities, accomplishments, or ideals brought them to the attention of Avalon's elders. Cultures intermixed to some extent, each influencing the other, and a number of stories and legends arose. Early on, the Avalonians adopted Elements of their neighbors' druidic practices in an attempt to fill the "spiritual void" left by the loss of their homeland, and this faith became a mainstay of their culture – with some changes. Government was based on a council of elders who in turn were advised by a collection of warrior-priestesses. These priestesses began as the representatives of one particular family, which birthed the first great leaders of Avalon. As a result, the council and Avalon's culture in general were heavily matriarchal. With their greater natural endurance and higher pain tolerance, as well as their perceived connection to the world around them through intuition and the cycle of birth, Avalonian culture eventually settled around the idea of war and religion being women's roles – a tradition heartily endorsed by the warrior-priestesses who helped perpetuate it.

This was the world into which Morrigan was born, the direct lineal descendent of the founder of the priesthood. Traditional divinations before her birth had foretold that the child would grow to be one of the mightiest warriors her line had ever produced, and so she was named after a goddess of war venerated in ancient times in the lands surrounding Avalon. As she grew, her display of physical prowess validated the omens time and again. She excelled in all the arts of warfare she studied, and neither her strength nor her speed had equals among her people. Unfortunately, ability breeds ambition, and though Morrigan was capable and cunning, she was well away from the experience needed to develop the wisdom to carry alongside her other gifts. She gradually vented her aggressions on those around her, becoming a disruptive influence. Her peers fell injured to her temper, followed later by her teachers as she surpassed them. When she began fomenting rebellion, clumsy in her rhetoric but dangerous in her potential, the council was forced to take action before she could implement the coup they all knew was coming.

Over the centuries, the occasional opening of their realm onto the physical plane of Earth became a more and more infrequent occurrence, with years and sometimes decades between usable interfaces. When Avalon saw the toll of the Industrial Revolution on the world around them, they had decided this was a good thing, and had severely limited their contact. With the knowledge that it would be decades before she could return, the council and her sisters hoped that experience in the harsh world outside Avalon would wear down her rougher edges to the point where she could be dealt with on a more reasonable basis. At least, this is the theory.

Morrigan, or "Amazon" as the press has named her (much to her chagrin, as she has no connection with Greece of any kind), is a stranger in a very strange land. Though her judges gifted her with the speech of the lands that are now her home, the culture and attitudes are still alien. Women are second-class citizens, in Morrigan's view treated as little better than breeding stock or chattel... and they accept the role, embrace it even. She has set about correcting this "perversion" of the natural order, with frustrating results. Amazon has violently demonstrated her distaste for a number of familiar societal structures, being labeled a dangerous anarchist or perhaps even a lunatic by the authorities.

Amazon is physically superhuman and comes from people of great longevity. She carries a crystalline shield of ancient Atlantean make which is indestructible and can propel itself through the air to return to her hands or enable her to fly.

AMAZON



QUOTE

I'll teach you who's the weaker sex, dolt!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	6'3"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	25	185#	Red

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Violent superwoman
20	Crazy anarchist
25	Doesn't like men being in charge
30	From pocket dimension

BARON BRASS



DESCRIPTION

Manfred Von Sturm and Salvador Alejandro Diablo found each other to be that rare find: similar enough to spark many rewarding conversations while different enough and in the right ways to prevent the personality clashes that would interfere with those talks. Of course, each was also brilliant, ego-driven, and, unfortunately for those around them, pretty much completely demented on a number of levels. The bald pates, dueling scars, and shared affection for the much-maligned monocle were trivial things that only went to help cement the bond. For the space of a year, they provided each other with something both had found missing throughout their long and mutually lonely existence: friendship. No one else benefited from this baleful partnership, as the meeting of twisted minds produced any number of threats to the rest of humanity, threats which tested the resourcefulness of many heroic adventurers to put to an end.

And then, Von Sturm received the summons. He was to return to Germany and provide his services to the Reich, or risk losing the titles and lands of his aristocratic family. Such a loss was unthinkable to the fiendish little Prussian, and with a heavy heart, he said goodbye to his associate. Days went by after his departure and Diablo grew more and more despondent. He had no one to talk to, know one to share mad ideas with, no one to compare notes with on tortures and experiments. One morning, an epiphany struck.

He set about creating his own Von Sturm; the homunculus would be a pale shadow of his partner, but it was better than nothing. Of course, once he got started, there were the inevitable tweaks, additions, modifications, and so on. Friendship was friendship, but art took precedence, and Diablo was prouder of nothing than his role as an artiste. Finally, the homunculus was ready. The spitting image of Von Sturm, possessed of the same intellect, and drive, and personality, and with a few extra gifts, as Diablo had some orichalcum left over and an experiment or two he wanted to try. Much to Diablo's surprise, the makeshift man's first action was to assault its creator and escape. How insulting! Diablo washed his hands of the whole fiasco, and quietly concluded that the problem must have lain in the source material. He was over his loss and his loneliness, and promptly returned to his work on mutated vampire squids.

Baron Brass is neither a Baron nor does he have anything to do with Brass. He refuses to use any other name as long as the other Von Sturm lives, and is convinced that he is the original and that his life has been stolen by whoever it is following Der Schwarzenritter around Europe. He has every ounce of the original's technical knowledge, drive, and lunacy. In addition, he can cause his body to become a form of organic orichalcum, a mystical alloy born from alchemy. As his mad scientist tendencies don't roam as far into the Arcane as Diablo's, he thinks of the metal as the brass it somewhat resembles. He can also transmute other things into the same metal with but a touch. The Baron hates the real Von Sturm with a passion matched only by his hatred of Diablo. Von Sturm, who knows only a little about his doppelganger, is torn between flattered amusement and indignant annoyance at Diablo's efforts. Diablo himself has already put the whole thing out of mind and amuses himself with other concern.

QUOTE

BEHOLD, MY GENIUS!
Hahahahahhahah....

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	46	160#	Bald

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Looks like that Nazi guy in the newsreels
20	Commands zeppelin fleet of pirates
25	
30	"Clone" of real Von Sturm

NOTE

To derive the original Von Sturm's stats, simply remove the powers from Baron Brass' write-up.

HIDDEN GRAND CANYON BASE

SZ Gargantuan, TGH 15, Cost 17/4; *Features*: Communications, Concealed, Fire Prevention System, Isolated, Hangar, Lab, Living Space, Power System, Security System, Workshop

PL	MAGICAL CLONE	PTS
10		213

STR	31	+10	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	13	+1	+11		15 ton	
CON	14	+2	FORT		LEAP	
INT	20	+5	+5		6 ft	
WIS	11	+0	REF		INIT	
CHA	16	+3	+3		+1	
			WILL		KB	
			+8		-10	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5	+5/+2
DAMAGE	
+12 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+6/+15	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 5 (+8), Concentration 10 (+10), Diplomacy 5 (+8), Disable Device 8 (+13), Know (*Life Science, Physical Science, Technology*) 10 (+15), Medicine 5 (+10), Pilot 5 (+6), Sense Motive 8 (+8)

FEATS

Chokehold, Equipment 20 (*Zeppelins [Progression (Number) 3], HQ, Ornate Dagger*), Fascinate (*Diplomacy*), Improved Pin, Inventor, Master Plan, Minions 8 (*Criminals x100*), Power Attack, Rage 3, Taunt

POWERS

Alternate Form (Solid) 9

(Immunity 9 (Life Support), Density 9 [+18 STR (13 Normally), Impervious Protection 4, Immovable 3, Super-Strength 3, Masses 1280 lbs at Maximum Density], Protection 5, Strike 2 (PF: Mighty)), **Transform 10** (Anything Solid into Metal, Continuous +1, Range: Touch -1)

EQUIPMENT

Hidden Base in Grand Canyon, Zeppelins

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
27	20	13	19	38	96	—

ZEPPELINS

STR 50, SPD 3, TGH 15*, SZ Colossal, Cost 59/12; *Features*: Navigation System 2, Smokescreen 10; *Powers*: Armor Mesh Construction [Protection 2 (Impervious +1)], Dreaded Heat Ray [Blast 11 (Area: Burst +1)]

PL	ATLANTEAN CONQUEROR		PTS
14			262

STR	30	+10	TGH	+16	24 ton
DEX	14	+2	FORT	+12	15 ft
CON	28	+9	REF	+4	+2
INT	16	+3	WILL	+10	-6
WIS	16	+3	LEAP		
CHA	18	+4	INIT		
			KB		

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+13	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+15 (Mace) [Crit 18-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+21	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 6 (+10), Craft (<i>Structural</i>) 5 (+8), Diplomacy 5 (+9), Intimidate 16 (+20), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 2 (+5), Language (<i>[Atlantean], English, German</i>), Notice 10 (+13), Pro (<i>Soldier</i>) 10 (+13), Search 3 (+6), Sense Motive 9 (+12), Stealth 6 (+8), Survival 6 (+9), Swim 12 (+22)

FEATS
All-Out Attack, Assessment, Benefit (<i>Status</i>), Blind-Fight, Endurance 3, Environmental Adaptation (<i>Underwater</i>), Equipment 47, Fascinate (<i>Intimidate</i>), Favored Environment (<i>Underwater</i>) 2, Improved Critical (<i>Mace</i>) 2, Improved Grab, Inspire 3, Leadership, Minions 18 (<i>Atlantean Soldiers</i> ×1000), Power Attack, Startle

POWERS
Device 2 (Easy to Lose, Mace [Strike 5 (PF: Mighty, AP: Shield, Shockwave with 20 STR, Stun)]), Enhanced Abilities (STR +4, DEX +2, Only Underwater -1), Immunity 4 (Age, Breathe Underwater, Cold, High Pressure), Protection 7 , Super-Senses 5 (Blindsight (Only Underwater), Darkvision), Super-Strength 4 , Swimming 5

EQUIPMENT						
HQ (<i>Atlantis</i>), 50 Cruisers, 500 Fighters						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
62	42	12	23	85	38	—

DESCRIPTION

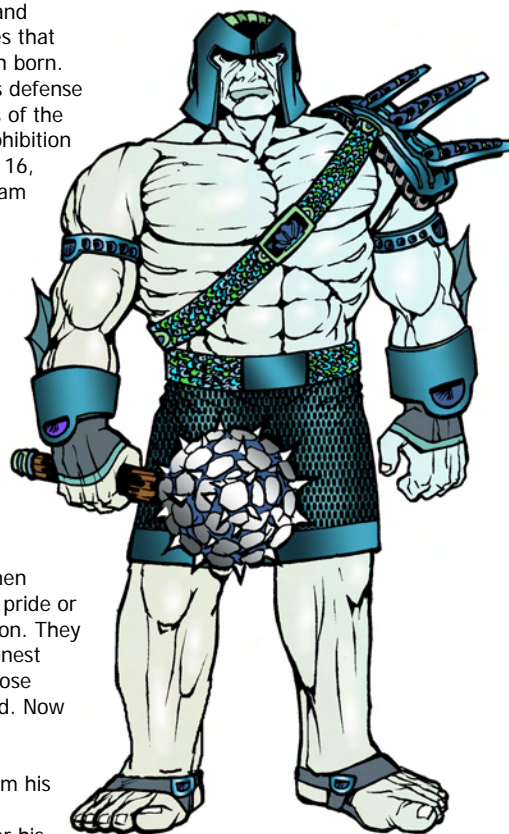
As a child, Sargall used to escape the dull confines of his upbringing with occasional stealthy forays outside of the city of Atlantis. He would explore the crevasses around the city and sometimes venture into the great bottomless pit that marred the seascape by the pristine towers of his homeland. He was adventurous and stricken with wanderlust, neither being qualities that appealed to the culture into which he had been born. His family, the traditional marshals of the city's defense forces, was expected to be stalwart supporters of the throne and the throne's edicts, such as the prohibition against contact with the surface. At the age of 16, Sargall finally gave in to his frustration and swam away from home. He spent years exploring far and wide from the city. He even dared leave the ocean to set foot on land. He was unimpressed by what he encountered there. What puny little things the surface-dwellers were, weak, careless, and so very arrogant. When he returned to Mother Ocean, it was with a sense of utter contempt for what his people seemed to be hiding from. He made his way back to Atlantis, having sated some of need for exploration. Along the way, he encountered a feeding frenzy of dozens of sharks. As he swam around the cloud of blood and crazed eating machines, in a moment of clarity he finally realized what it was he felt when he looked at them. They were terrors, without pride or shame. They killed without remorse or hesitation. They were what they were in a clear and brutally honest fashion, no hiding, and no concern for what those around them felt or thought as the teeth closed. Now considering his own culture a monument of hypocrisy, Sargall embraced the viewpoint he gave the sharks as refreshing. He began to form his plans.

It took years to rebuild his reputation after his return, reassuring his family and the King that his youthful gallivanting was only a momentary weakness. He performed his role masterfully, and by the time he took over his father's position, he had the absolute trust of the king and the kingdom. Trust enough to mold the defense forces into a an actual army; trust enough to condition them to follow his rules and orders before those of the king; and, finally, enough trust to leave his targets open to a violent and bloody coup.

Sargall now calls himself Dagon. It was the name of some ancient god-monster of the deep in the stories told him by the sailors he met on his travels, and he likes both connotations – god *and* monster. Today, he plots the inevitable conquest of the lands above the waves and spends his every waking hour honing his people and resources into a deadlier and deadlier force. Occasionally he finds himself facing failure, as with the invasion of New York being turned back, or annoyance, as with the efforts of Prince Taggras to undermine Sargall's rule – but Dagon's confidence remains absolute.

Dagon is considerably larger and stronger than the average Atlantean and second only to Taggras in strength. He is superhumanly durable, a vicious combatant, and wields a massive mace that can emit shockwaves on impact. He has an army of loyal followers and a devastating fleet at his beck and call. In his mind, all of that pales next to the fact that destiny itself is on his side – as he will smugly share with anyone brave or foolish enough to ask.

DAGON



QUOTE

By the time you see my teeth, little man, they'll already be tearing into you.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Atlantean	Male	6'6"	Black
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	38	390#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	King, or something, of Atlantis
20	Tried to invade New York City
25	Buddy-buddy with Hitler
30	

THE ATLANTEAN EMPIRE

The original Atlantis was a massive city-state built by the first real generations of metahumans gathered by the Observer. The Observer itself was a sentient supercomputer of Acaathii origin. The Acaathii scientists who had been experimenting on Earth and the versatile gene pools to which it had given birth knew that they would never be able to return to Earth following the collapse of the Acaathii gate network in their war with the Rha'Zha'Keth (see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1* for more information on these races), so had sent the Observer to continue some of their experiments.

Traveling through a series of hyperjumps instead of the gate network, the Observer took eons to reach Earth, whereupon it promptly identified prominent gene-lines that had resulted from earlier experimentation. It isolated those individuals it predicted were most likely to eventually produce metahuman children (though "metahuman," of course, was not what it called them) and "jumpstarted" their genetic development; then it educated the successes (culling the failures and sending them away to survive or not all on their own), having decided that it would not only continue but expand on the experiments of its own designers. The Observer then watched as this new and artificially constructed culture it had set in motion grew and evolved.

Ancient as it was, the Observer would occasionally have to enter diagnostic and repair periods, periods which grew longer as it got older. During one of these periods, its "children" not only reached a point where they could duplicate on a smaller scale the gate system of their ancient patrons, but had also reached a decadent enough cultural state that, when the gates inevitably enabled them to contact Rha'Zha'keth trapped in between dimensions, some in nodes quite close to Earth, they actually were willing to bargain with the horrors. At the insistence of the Rha'Zha'keth, those factions of the Atlanteans with whom they were in league attacked the Observer and attempted to destroy it. They had grossly overestimated their abilities, and failed miserably. Appalled and terrified at the lengths their peers were willing to move against their patron, a coalition of the major houses not aligned with The Devourers used the gates to colonize an alternate Earth made accessible by the gate experiment before their fellow Atlanteans' attack could be mustered. The attack was powerful, but easily rebuffed by the well-defended remnant of Acaathii super-technology.

The Observer reluctantly decided that, if the subjects of the experiment were going to try to destroy their "loving" patron, that the entire experiment had been a failure. Further, the continued use of the gates introduced the very real danger of the Rha'Zha'keth finding a means to freedom – something which absolutely could not be risked under any circumstances. It sank Atlantis with a massive energy beam that cored the tectonic structure of the island. The resulting superheated vapor discharging explosively from beneath the entire city – effectively wiping all traces of the original city off the face of the Earth.

The only survivors of the city proper still present at the time were a minor faction of Atlanteans that had been experimenting with amphibious adaptations. The current city is comprised of the descendants of that faction. It took them millennia to rebuild to anything resembling their ancestors, and the disparate examples of advanced technology they had access to and could understand gives their culture a piecemeal demeanor, a primitive veneer over a scientific and technological understanding that outstrips anything on the surface world. Triton's Rift is a seemingly bottomless pit outside the city that marks the impact point of the weapon the Observer used to sink the island. The city itself lines one of the shallower crevasses leading away from this wound in

the Earth. The various colonies that had been connected through the nascent gate network were isolated, or even pushed out of phase with the world around them due to the destruction of the gate systems. A number of pocket dimensions and other dimensional shallows "litter" the Earth as a long-term result (see *Wakefield Island*, pg 106).

Over the century, legends of their ancestors' destruction have filtered down through a hybrid of myth and oral history. The men and women who rose to govern the city, founding a royal dynasty in the process, long ago decided that the safest route for progress was relative secrecy. Those rulers banned any contact with the world above the waves, and over the centuries have used their technological advantages to hide their people from discovery by explorers and scientists. They succeeded beyond their expectations as, until recently, the majority of the surface world dismissed Atlantis as an empty legend. It is likely the charade would have continued for decades further if not for the action of Grand Admiral Sargall. Sargall commanded the Atlantean Defense Forces, a military that had never been called to battle, that had never been forced to fire its weapons except at overly aggressive aquatic predators. The Royal Family had trusted him implicitly as his was a hereditary position and his family had served Atlantis loyally since before the city had started to maintain historical chronicles. When he started intensively training his forces in more martial maneuvers than tradition had ever demanded of them, the King had dismissed it as enthusiasm (and perhaps boredom). When he adopted the title of Grand Admiral, replacing with it the traditional "First Defender," the King dismissed it as an eccentricity. This lack of vigilance cost the King and most of his family their lives when Sargall led a coup and took over the city.

Sargall, or Dagon as he is now called, has led his people on an intense arming period, stockpiling an arsenal of weapons and vehicles of war. What his forces lack in numbers, they more than make up for in tenacity, innate physical ability, and gross technological superiority. The alliance with Nazi Germany is only a temporary convenience as Dagon's scientists work on building deadlier and more powerful weapons... and Dagon and his inner circle devise their strategies and dream their bloody dreams. Eventually, once their allies have the rest of the surface world under an iron heel, the ancient power of Atlantis will rise and replace Germany at the center of an unbreakable hegemony – the world may answer to Berlin, but Berlin will answer to Dagon.

The average Atlantean is an impressive physical specimen, with hyperstrong muscle and bone tissue bred to withstand the pressure of the ocean's depths. Even the weakest of them is several times stronger than the average surface dweller. Atlantean females have only vestigial traces of body hair, and males have none. Their eyes have adapted to the demands of deep sea spectra, with larger-appearing dark irises. As with most of their streamlined swimmer's bodies, the average Atlantean's ear structures are smaller and less obtrusive than a surface man's, though the internal structure is more sensitive to certain ranges of sound. Skin flaps between fingers and toes, combined with their great strength, make the Atlanteans swimmers unmatched by other denizens of the deep. Small gills are hidden along the neck, and larger ones line the side of an Atlantean's torso. Their language is a musical and highly complex set of sound structures that, while learnable by surface humans for purposes of understanding, is simply not reproducible by the vocal structure of a throat designed only for air-breathing.

ATLANTEANS

The people of Atlantis live in harmony with their surroundings for the most part, their home giving them little choice. Almost all Atlantean technology is organic or at least semi-organic in nature, with strange farm-like areas filling the role of factories. Their preferred weapon technology is sonic, and their mastery of the science of sound is awe-inspiring, as is the lethality of tightly focused sonic weapons in a watery environment. The royal family also had in its possession ancient weapons of electrical nature, whose discharges were controllable even immersed in a conductive medium – but those weapons disappeared during the coup, either due to the actions of Prince Taggras as he escaped, or, more likely, to those of loyalists to the crown that remain hidden throughout Atlantis (and whose sabotage of Atlantis' war efforts continues despite Dagon's best efforts to suppress them).

Much to the chagrin of Dagon, his impressive cruisers and amphibious fighter craft, accomplishments he drove his engineers at a feverish pace to complete, were shown last year to have an exploitable flaw that his people have yet to overcome – Atlantean technology, based as it is on the application of sound in so many respects, is vulnerable, both structurally and in its control systems, to harmonics designed to resonate destructively with the fields used in their hulls and engines. This was discovered by the surface man Ulysses Steele, whose hastily assembled sonic emitters pushed back the Atlantean invasion force from New York last year. Those same emitters now float on heavily secured buoy chains off the coasts of many major seaports along the Atlantic. Jormungandr is being built to circumvent that limitation, which is costing a considerable amount of construction time. Dagon hopes that what his engineers learn in the supersub's construction can then be adapted to the rest of the fleet.

Atlantean Soldiers: PL 8 (99 points); Init +1; Defense +6; Atk +7/+9 (+6 Unarmed, +6 Sonic Blaster); SV Tgh +5, Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 23, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 11;

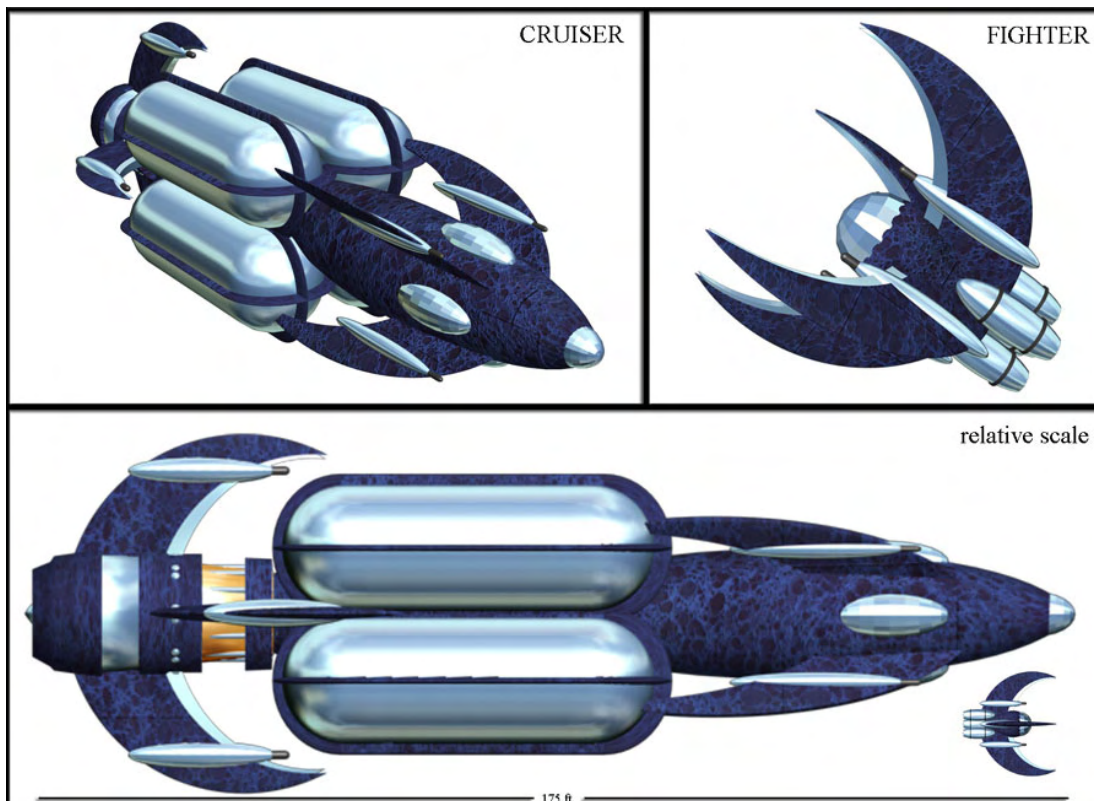
Skills and Feats: Intimidate 3 (+3), Notice 3 (+3), Pro (Soldier) 4 (+4), Swim 6 (+12); Endurance, Environmental Adaptation (Underwater), Favored Environment (Underwater) 2, Improved Flank 2, Teamwork 2;

Powers: Device 3 (Easy to Lose, Sonic Blaster [Sonic Control 6 (PF: Accurate Attack 1)]), Enhanced Abilities (STR +2, DEX +1, Only Underwater -1), Immunity (Age, Breathe Underwater, Cold, High Pressure), Protection 2, Super-Senses 5 (Blindsight (Only Underwater -1), Darkvision), Super-Strength 1 (2400 lbs Maximum Lift), Swimming 4

Atlantean Fighter Craft: STR: 30, SPD: 5, DEF: 8, TGH: 10, SZ: Huge; Cost: 43/9; **Features:** Flight 6, Cannons [Sonic Control 6, Autofire 5, Accurate Attack 2], Super-Senses (Blindsight, Extended, Only Underwater -1)

Atlantean Cruiser: STR: 75, SPD: 4, DEF: -2, TGH: 15, SZ: Awesome; Cost: 95/19; **Features:** Immunity 9 (Life Support), Cannons [Sonic Control 12 (Penetrating)], Concealment 1 (Sonar), Super-Senses (Blindsight, Extended, Only Underwater -1), Torpedoes [Blast 10 (Explosive, Homing x3)]

Militarized Portions of Atlantis: TGH: 15, SZ: Awesome; Cost: 22/5; **Features:** Concealed 3, Defense System, Hangar, Holding Cells, Infirmary, Isolated, Lab, Library, Living Space, Power System, Security System, Workshop



DR. DIABLO



QUOTE

Beautiful, isn't it? Now, imagine it... but... with wings!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'9"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
The Magi	40	183#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Crazy scientist
25	Creates monsters
30	

MINIONS

Any combination from among the monsters listed in M&M that fits the 10 rank parameters.

For example: **10 Flesh Golems** and a **Giant Ooze** (Minion Rank 4 plus 3 Progression Levels [number], and another Minion Rank 3 Critter); another example would be **100 Monstrous Insects** (Minion Rank 3 plus 7 Progression Levels). Go crazy!

DESCRIPTION

The little town of Sangredios was typical of the isolated communities of coastal Mexico at the turn of the century, and births were one of the many things that always carried a celebration with it. Normally, That Salvador Alejandro Diego was the son of a leading and prosperous citizen of the town, should have lent an even more festive air. But Senor Diego's wife died in a long and painful labor, all of the animals within a mile fled following the birth, and the gardens around the house blackened and died within hours of little Salvador's first breath. Milk soured around the boy, mirrors were known to crack when he looked into them, and so many other strange things seemed to follow in his wake.

The boy was treated as a pariah, shunned and avoided. It didn't help that he seemed to enjoy the ostracism, to feed on the fear and distrust. His tenure in the local school was short-lived after he reduced his teacher to tears before noon of his first day and left shortly after, laughing all the way home. His father's purse strings lured tutors from far away places who came and taught the boy all they could: some left, having quickly exhausted their store of knowledge, and others simply disappeared. When the elder Diego died after a mysterious wasting illness, his son liquidated the family holdings and left Sangredios, much to the relief of her people. Mere days after his departure, a terrible plague swept through the area, decimating the population and leaving a ghost town. Today, there is nothing to show that the area ever supported life at all.

When next Diego was seen, it was in America, fifteen years later. He had changed his family name to "Diablo," acquired dueling scars and shaved his head – trappings which only served to set off his strange behavior. He moved around the country consulting with doctors and scholars, asking the strangest questions, accumulating bizarre materials and constantly moving on. Then strange animals began terrorizing people; chemical "accidents" in populated areas began occurring with greater frequency; and members of wealthy families disappeared, held for ransom with the most exotic of threats (see Tom Thumb, pg 15). By the time he was captured by the authorities, the self-styled Dr. Diablo had perpetrated a wave of terror from sea to sea – and when the man in custody literally melted, leaving blood and gore in the cell and a note from Diablo thanking the FBI for helping him test his newest creation, his reputation was cemented forever after.

Dr. Diablo is strange. Not just odd, or eccentric, but truly disturbing – his personality, tastes, and predilections so surreal as to approach the alien. Diablo is brilliant, but his goals remain vague – wealth, perhaps, but only as a means to an end; power, only to prevent others from interfering in his "experiments;" the pursuit of knowledge, obviously, but to what eventual purpose? His arts obscure the division between science and magic, almost as if he refuses to acknowledge the difference, but he is happy to share his findings with any brave enough to ask, and his ego doesn't get in the way of cannibalizing the work of others. He has said that he is an *artiste*, the first of new and liberated *avant garde* – his palette consisting of homunculi, mutated and nightmarish creatures, toxins that twist the mind and body, and many, many other perversions of science. Given the unpredictable nature of his plans and crimes, this description remains the only unchanging element in a disconcerting mix.

PL	ARCHETYPAL	PTS
10	MAD SCIENTIST	195

STR	16	+3	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	16	+3		+9/4		460#
CON	18	+4	FORT		LEAP	
INT	28	+9		+8		8 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF		INIT	
CHA	20	+5		+6		+7
			WILL		KB	
				+14		-4/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+3/+9	+11/+3
DAMAGE	
DC 20 FORT (Disintegrate)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+7	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 3 (+8), Computers 3 (+12), Concentration 10 (+13), Craft (*Artistic*) 3 (+13), Craft (*Chemical*) 9 (+18), Craft (*Electronic, Mechanical*) 6 (+15), Disable Device 6 (+15), Escape Artist 4 (+7), Gather Information 4 (+9), Intimidate 5 (+10), Know (*Arcane Lore*) 7 (+16), Know (*Life Science*) 11 (+20), Know (*Physical Science*) 5 (+14), Know (*Technology*) 6 (+15), Medicine 6 (+15), Notice 2 (+5), Search 2 (+11), Sense Motive 4 (+7)

FEATS

Artificer, Attack Specialization (*Ray Gun*) 3, Defensive Roll 5, Diehard, Distract (*Intimidate*), Dodge Focus 5, Equipment 12, Evasion, Fearless, Improved Defense 1, Improved Initiative 1, Improvised Tools, Inventor, Luck 4, Minions 10 (*Monsters*), Rage 3, Ritualist, Startle, Trance

POWERS

Device 9 (Easy to Lose, **Ray Gun** [Disintegrate 10 (AP: Paralyze, Stun)])

EQUIPMENT

HQ (TGH: 10, SZ: Medium; Features: Concealed 2, Defense System, Holding Cells, Lab, Living Space, Power System, Security Systems 2, Surgical Bay/Transmogrification Tubes 12 [Transform Any Living Thing into Practically Any Other Living Thing (Touch -1, Must Be Restrained or Helpless -1, Takes 1 Day -1, Permanent +2)], Workshop)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
54	18	18	24	54	27	—

PL	DIMINUTIVE FIEND		PTS
13			253

STR	10	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+17/2	150#
CON	14	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	36	+13	+4	5 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	13	+1	+3	+6
			WILL	KB
			+10	-13/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4/+14	+7/3
DAMAGE	
DC 22 FORT (Disintegrate)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+1	Small

SKILLS
Bluff 3 (+4), Computers 13 (+26), Concentration 12 (+16), Craft (<i>Chemical, Electrical, Mechanical</i>) 12 (+25), Disable Device 7* (+20), Know (<i>Behavioral Science</i>) 5 (+18), Know (<i>Earth Science, Physical Science</i>) 12 (+25), Know (<i>Life Science</i>) 18* (+31), Know (<i>Technology</i>) 14* (+27), Medicine 4 (+17), Notice 4 (+8), Search 6* (+19), Sense Motive 6 (+10)

FEATS
Benefit (<i>Wealth 3</i>), Connected, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Eidetic Memory, Equipment 5 (HQ, Progression 2), Improved Initiative 1, Improvised Tools, Inventor, Luck 5, Master Plan, Minions 7 (<i>Criminals x50</i>), Seize Initiative, Skill Mastery*, Ultimate Skill (<i>Know (Life Science)</i>)

POWERS
Device 9 (Hard to Lose, Force Projector [Force Field 15 (Impervious on 10), Create Object 10]), Device 21 (Easy to Lose, Death Ray [Disintegration 12; PF: Accurate Attack 5], Petrification Ray [Transform 12 (Flesh to Stone), Continuous +1; PF: Accurate Attack 5]), Quickness 8 (Mental Only -1), Shrinking 4 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Super-Senses 3 (Danger Sense, Distance Sense, Time Sense)

EQUIPMENT						
HQ (as Underground Lair, Progression [Number] 2)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
49	18	9	38	30	109	—

DESCRIPTION

In a small alcove of a well-hidden facility there is a collection displayed: The metal head of TKT Tock: The Artificial Man, Jack Dandy's magic cane, Answer Man's Coat of Gadgets, Dash Daring's ivory-handled Mauser, and many other items and paraphernalia that once belonged to adventurers and mystery man around the globe. These macabre trophies are fodder for the endless ego of Anton Loveless, better known to the world as Dr. Prometheus – memento mori for the litany of heroes whose last mistake was underestimating this diminutive genius and archfiend in the annals of crime.

Left in an orphanage at the turn of the century by hands unknown, young Anthony suffered derision growing up, shunned for his dwarfism and his clubfoot. His only escape was the library of the school attached to the orphanage. There he buried himself in textbooks that taught him how the world worked and collections of mythology that gave him escape from its crueler realities. His only constant comfort was his intellect. His time at university was notable but brief, as he left his scholarships behind after learning all his teachers had to teach him. His time in business was equally notable and equally brief, as his underdeveloped social skills and overdeveloped ego eventually managed to close any doors his brilliance had opened. Finally left with nothing but himself and his ideas, Anthony sold his talents to a less discriminating clientele – arms merchants and criminals, hard men who only cared that his inventions worked and didn't expect him to kowtow to their social expectations and fragile sense of self-worth. It didn't take very long to finance his own enterprises, and the contacts he made finally shed light on the mystery of his own heritage – he was the son of an equally maligned genius who had nearly brought The United States to its knees in the latter 19th Century. He discarded the "Anthony Smith" that had been given him in the orphanage and became Anton Loveless.

Loveless led an eventful life thereafter. Experimenting with radio technology, he discovered a signal well outside anything other operators on Earth were using. He tracked that signal to the Antarctic, where it originated from the wreckage of a downed craft that was never made on this planet. He financed his long-term extraction efforts by selling many of his ideas and inventions to the Nazis through middlemen and cut-outs, and delved into a study of the craft's secrets that he knew would take decades. Off and on during this period, he has tested the fruits of his labors in the field, usually resulting in conflict with any number of self-styled heroes. Until he faced Ulysses Steele, these skirmishes had always ended with new trophies and an ever more grisly reputation. Steele has been different, not only surviving their meetings but actually besting Anton – an experience that is novel, but frustrating.

Recently, Anton has not only started to use a nom de guerre of his own, "Dr. Prometheus," after the titan of myth who stole fire from the gods, but has actually, gallingly, forced himself to gather allies to use against Steele and his partners. The Magi, as Anton and the others call themselves, have made some impressive showings, but their individual egos seem to keep curtailing their potential – particularly the friction between Prometheus and Dr. Diablo, who Anton recruited to deal with Tom Thumb.

Anton Loveless has one of the most finely developed minds that has ever been produced on this Earth. He knows no intellectual superiors and few equals, none of whom he would admit as such. He almost always acts through agents and intermediaries, keeping himself far removed from physical danger. Those stalwart souls that have managed to locate his bases of operation unfailingly encounter traps and defenses of staggering complexity – and quickly learn that the deadliest of Loveless' creations are those he keeps closest. His technology, both of his own invention and that he's cannibalized from his prize discovery, are usually decades if not centuries more advanced than that of the world around him.

DR. PROMETHEUS



QUOTE

Eventually you lot will learn I have no equal – until then, do throw your life away.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	3'11"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
The Magi	42	80#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Criminal inventor and genius
20	Fights that Doc Steel a lot
25	
30	Used to sell tech to Nazis

DR. SCARAB



DESCRIPTION

The Observer was very thorough when it sank Atlantis. Following the cataclysm it caused, the Acatih probe scoured the globe looking for other aggregations of Atlantean people or technology. But thorough is not the same as infallible. Many of the Atlantean colonies whose proximity to their gate generators pushed them into pocket dimensions were undetectable or unreachable to the Observer's systems (see Atlantean Empire, pg 88). Many surviving Atlanteans scattered and hid among the normal populations of neighboring areas, their small numbers putting them beneath their former patron's notice. One small group of survivors fled across Northern Africa and hid deep in the deserts of Egypt. Terrified that they would be found and summarily disposed of, this group sank into feverish paranoia and began working on any number of plans to avoid or forestall that eventuality. They compiled recordings of their culture, of their sciences and arts, of their histories, transferring and consolidating the records they brought with them into an artifact that would survive long past their own fates. They constructed a teaching machine to perpetuate this knowledge. And then they built for themselves coldsleep chambers, hoping and praying that one day even the seemingly omnipotent Observer would succumb to age. Sensors went online to track and passively monitor the Observer, set to wake the Atlanteans upon their patron's demise.

Millennia passed and though the hidden chamber of the survivors was buried deeply and securely, a tremor passed through strata of the land as Heliopolis severed its connections to the material plane (see Horus, *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*). The chamber was laid open to the sky above and the coldsleep chambers damaged, killing all inhabitants. Eventually, a passing and curious traveler entered the chamber. With no other guidance, the waiting computer system forcibly restrained the man and placed him in the teaching machine. He was mentally force-fed every ounce of knowledge the system judged his mind capable of taking. Where a bitter little merchant of limited ability and prospect had been now stood the heir to all of Atlantis' secrets. Of course, his mind had been broken in the experience, but the systems weren't set up to judge that outcome. Renaming himself Amenhoten, soon to be Pharaoh of all Egypt, the man used the technical knowledge and automated construction systems at his disposal to build a weapon, a mighty chariot of war to aid in his conquest. But where dormant systems could hide, active systems immediately brought attention from the Observer. Amenhoten and his dreams were buried when the probe collapsed the caverns and surrounding canyon. There he lay, kept barely alive by the systems around him those long years until the sensors picked up the Observer's final drop from orbit and crash in

QUOTE

You and your weapons... pitiful trinkets.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	?	200#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Madman with Egyptian fetish
20	Flying Pyramid!
25	Very advanced technology
30	Ties to ancient Atlantis

Tunguska in 1908. Awakened by the computers, Amenhoten could do nothing, as his body had atrophied past repair, leaving only his mind, or his Ka, as he thought of it. Eventually found by unlucky archeologists, the ancient madman had the chamber's systems' repair his own body, using theirs as material. Activating his chariot, the flying pyramid that easily extricated itself from its burial site, Dr. Scarab began to explore the strange new vistas that he plans to conquer.

Dr. Scarab is insane. He's also the wielder of technology that is still centuries more advanced than most anything else on Earth. Memories of his original culture and beliefs mix with artificial memories implanted by Atlantean technology resulting in bizarre delusions of being chosen by his gods to rule the Earth in their place. Scarab wears a highly sophisticated suit of powered armor with a formidable array of weapons and defenses. His home and base of operations is an enormous flying pyramid that is constantly on the move.

PL	EGYPT-THEMED	PTS
12	BATTLESUIT	272

STR	35	+12	TGH	LIFT
DEX	15	+2	+16/8	3 ton
CON	15	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	20	+5	+12	+17
WIS	23	+6	REF	INIT
CHA	20	+5	+5	+6
			WILL	KB
			+12	-11/7

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8/+12	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+12 (Blast) [Crit 18-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+20	Medium

SKILLS

Bluff 7 (+12), Concentration 12 (+18), Diplomacy 9 (+14), Disable Device 5 (+10), Intimidate 7 (+12), Know (*Technology*) 12 (+17), Language 1 (*[Ancient Egyptian], English*), Medicine 7 (+12), Notice 4 (+10), Pilot 3 (+5), Search 5 (+10), Sense Motive 3 (+8), Stealth 5 (+7)

FEATS

Eidetic Memory, Equipment 23 (Flying Pyramid), Fascinate (*Diplomacy*), Fearsome Presence 4 (Only in Scarab Armor -1), Improved Critical 2 (*Blast*), Improved Initiative 1, Master Plan, Power Attack, Trance

POWERS

Device 20 (Hard to Lose, **Scarab Armor** [Blast 12 (AP: Dazzle, Stun, PF: Accurate 2, Homing 3), Enhanced Strength 20, Flight 5, Force Field 8 (PF: Selective, Subtle), Immunity 9 (Life Support), Protection 6 (Impervious +1), Super-Senses 10 (Blindsight [Mental, Extended x3, Radius], Darkvision)]), **ESP 6** (Auditory, All Visual), **Healing 4**, **Telepathy 8** (AP: Mental Blast, Stun)

EQUIPMENT

Flying Pyramid (see next page)

DRAWBACKS

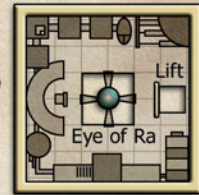
Normal Identity on Most Powers (Full Round, -4)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
48	32	19	20	33	124	-4



Photograph taken 4:15am, Dec 18, 1940 - over Al-Bahari, Egypt.

COMMAND CENTER

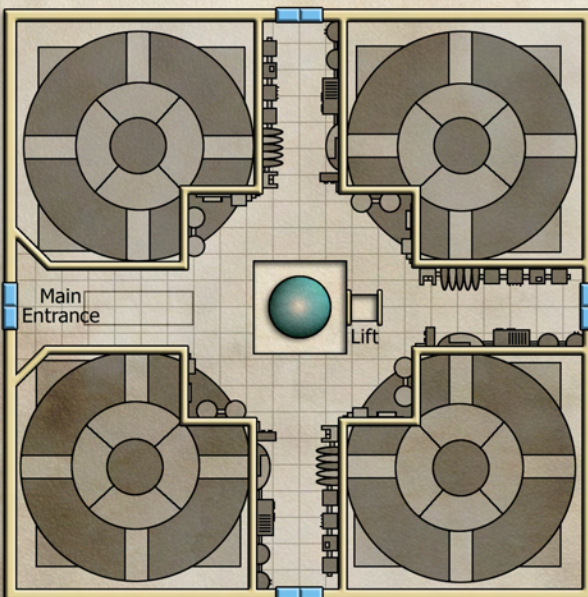


LIVING QUARTERS

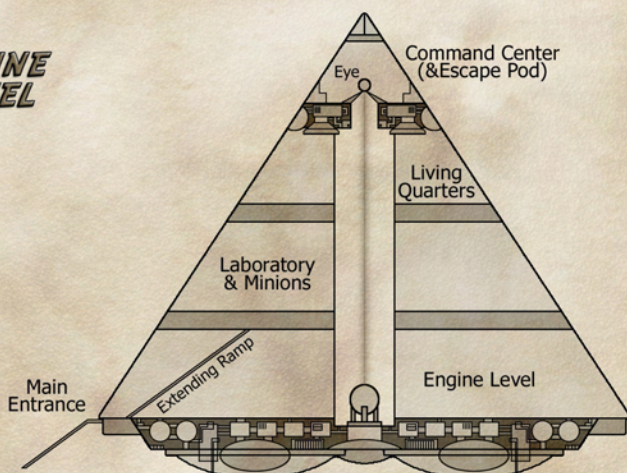
Flying Pyramid: STR: 70, SPD: 7 (Flight), TGH: 16, SZ: Awesome, Features: Blast 12 (Area Burst +1, Penetrating +1), Communications, Computer, Defense System, Fire Prevention System, Hidden Compartments, Holding Cells, Immunity 9 (Life Support), Lab, Library, Living Space, Navigation System, Power System, Security System 2, Teleport 8 (Affects Others +1)



LABORATORY & MINIONS



ENGINE LEVEL



5 ft.

THE ELEMENT OF CRIME



QUOTE

Let me take care of that for you, boss.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	28	180#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Powerful thug-for-hire
20	Former henchman to Alchemist
25	Former mafia legbreaker
30	

DESCRIPTION

Jimmy DiGrasso was a bright boy. He learned his lessons quickly, and well. Of course, when the streets were your classroom and the Great Depression your teacher, the slow learners never made it out. Jimmy grew up among the made men of the neighborhood, seeing the benefits of their efforts – the fancy cars, the fancy dames... and the respect.

He also saw the result of trying to climb too far, too fast. He learned that lesson watching the blood of the made men draining into the sewers after a hit. He decided one thing early on – better to not stand out too much, to be the guy that attracts all the attention... and all those bullets. Better to be the guy that takes the orders without becoming the target. He decided to become a henchman (though he preferred the title "Right Hand Man"). With his drive and focus, he quickly became known as a useful guy to have around. His hard work eventually came to the attention of some of the stranger employers, like the Alchemist, who took him on. Jimmy assisted the Alchemist for six months, working to bring him the weird stuff he needed to work his magic, working quietly so as not to attract attention. Unfortunately, the Alchemist wasn't quite so subtle. As his latest scheme to gain power came to a crucial moment, Jimmy and his boss were interrupted by the arrival of the Sentinels bursting through the wall. Jimmy was a man of honor, so he immediately stepped between the boss and those super g-men. He was never sure what happened next... he just knew that suddenly he was flying backwards and into the vat of chemicals the Alchemist had been preparing. Jimmy wasn't sure who screamed louder – himself, as the scalding magical liquids began to be absorbed through his skin, or the Alchemist, seeing his chance for great power being lost. When Jimmy awoke, he found that the powers meant for the Alchemist were now his! He could control the four classic elements: earth, air, fire, and water. To Jimmy DiGrasso, these newfound powers were both a blessing and a curse: a blessing, because he was in a position to have even more of the good things in life; a curse, because now he was definitely an actual target. Jimmy did what came naturally – he found a powerful employer and offered his services as henchman... umm... right hand man.

Jimmy, now known as the Element of Crime, or sometimes the Criminal Element, sometimes just the Element, wasn't about to do anything else to pull a lot of attention down on himself, though. Fat chance that he'd ever dress up like some of these other super-types looking like they wanted every hero type to beat on 'em. Jimmy stuck with his tried and true, nondescript clothes and hat. Quiet was always better than loud. Always. One guy who never really caught on to that idea has been the Alchemist. Infuriated by what he saw as theft of his power by a henchman, he has tracked Jimmy down several times and unsuccessfully attempted to steal those powers back. Jimmy has been pretty aggravated by this, as he was only doing his job protecting the boss when this happened, and has worked hard to placate the ancient sorcerer on those frustrating occasions, usually by taking on dangerous tasks for the bitter old coot. Other than those rare incidents, Jimmy continues to work behind the scenes, trying not to attract attention, but still acting as the Number Two man for the highest bidder.

PL	ELEMENTALLY POWERED THUG		PTS
8			115

STR	15	+2	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	15	+2	+10/7		400#	
CON	25	+7	FORT		LEAP	
INT	10	+0	+8		7 ft	
WIS	11	+0	REF		INIT	
CHA	14	+2	+5		+2	
			WILL		KB	
			+8		-5/3	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+7	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+8 (Fire)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+9	Medium

SKILLS

Disable Device 3 (+3), Drive 5 (+7), Know (*Streetwise*) 5 (+7), Notice 4 (+4), Search 4 (+4), Sense Motive 4 (+4), Stealth 7 (+9)

FEATS

Assessment, Attractive 1, Connected, Defensive Roll 3, Sneak Attack, Taunt

POWERS

Elemental Control (Fire) 8
(PF: Dynamic, AP: Air, Earth, Water, Blast, Create Object, Obscure, Snare)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
30	26	12	8	8	31	—

PL	SPACE OPERA		PTS
10	WARLORD		175

STR	15	+2	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+5/3	400#
CON	16	+3	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+6	7 ft
WIS	23	+6	REF	INIT
CHA	23	+6	+8	+8
			WILL	KB
			+8	-2/1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+12/+4
DAMAGE	
+5 (Sword), +2 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+12	Medium

SKILLS						
Acrobatics 6 (+10), Bluff 8 (+14), Diplomacy 8 (+14), Gather Information 8 (+14), Intimidate 10 (+16), Know (<i>Civics</i>) 8 (+12), Language 1 (<i>[Chinese]</i> , <i>English</i>), Notice 8 (+14), Pro (<i>Emperor</i>) 7 (+13), Sense Motive 6 (+12), Stealth 6 (+10)						
FEATS						
Acrobatic Bluff, Benefit (<i>Status</i>), Dodge Focus 3, Elusive Target, Equipment 2, Evasion, Fascinate (<i>Diplomacy</i>), Grappling Finesse, Improved Defense 1, Improved Initiative 1, Inspire, Kung Fu [Defensive Attack, Improved Block, Improved Sunder, Improved Trip, Instant Up, Power Attack, Startle], Leadership, Minions 16 (<i>Robots x25,000</i>), Minions 19 (<i>Soldiers x250,000</i>), Sneak Attack						
EQUIPMENT						
Armor 2, Sword 3						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
53	36	9	19	58	—	—

MINIONS
Robot (as Robot, Medium, with Blast 5 (Autofire) and Impervious 5 on Protection – raising cost to 43 pts [PL stays the same])

DESCRIPTION

Conquest. It called to him. Xian Tse Tsung lived the life of a ruler, but yearned for the life of a conqueror. Unable to force unyielding nations to his will, since they had long since all become a part of the Empire of the East, he instead arranged ritual combat among those for whom he called progeny. If he could not be an invading terror himself, his legacy would live on through the children who survived his "training," deadly games intended to drive home the simple point that power is all. Physical prowess to best one's enemies; political influence to enforce one's will upon the populace; cunning capable of undermining intrigue; ruthless determination enough to compel oneself to one's chosen goal despite any obstacle... These were the lessons that must be learned to shape one's destiny. And that destiny must be refined in the crucible of combat in order to be attained.

The Lunar Throne that Tsung sat upon had been established hundreds of years before, when early Chinese experiments in fireworks had led to the discovery of rocketry. Colonizing the Moon in 1669, the Dynasty began the terraforming process. It was the byproduct of the mutations of the Lunar vegetation combined with the radioactivity of their drone robots that gave the moon the red tinge it has now known for over a century. Such power to change the face of heavenly bodies exhibits the power wielded by the rightful Emperor Gods whose line Tsung proudly continues. No challenge was too great. No enemy was too strong. No goal was too lofty. Until boredom and complacency set in. With no adversary left to overwhelm, the Empire poised on the brink of corruption if not for Tsung's iron rule.

Thus, when the Earth itself altered its face beneath Tsung's Red Moon, the Emperor looked on with a face of bored curiosity that masked his inner glee. The primitive rocketships in use by the western continents, previously inhabited by uncivilized red and brown men, provided Tsung with an opportunity for the conquest he sought. Long-since subjugated, the Earth was once again ripe for a warrior's rule, and he fervently buried himself into the role for which he was born.

He cared little that his own Empire on Earth had faded away, as the Moon crossed the path of the dimensional shallows sometimes surrounding Earth (best known on Wakefield Island). It only mattered that there were aliens on Earth that were in need of authority, and that he owned an entire planet (well, a moon) filled with minions, both man and machine.

When Matthew Tangent's squadron was captured by Tsung's surreptitious probes, and his own son helped the insolent dog escape, Tsung's temper flared as never before. He swore vengeance upon the Earth, and a torturous rule. No loving benevolent dictatorship as his moon men knew awaited the people of this green earth. No, their discipline must be harsh.

Since that first incursion, the Red Moon has faded in and out of our Earth's dimension several times, sometimes staying a day or two, sometimes months.

Tsung is an expert combatant, in both unarmed martial arts and in swordplay, and although he's physically past his peak, enough skill remains to make him a serious danger. But since he is typically accompanied by an entourage of bodyguards armed with death rays and swords, and "indestructible" robots, that display of skill rarely comes into play. He enjoys toying with his prey, but does not brook any sign of insolence, and will gladly torture a man for weeks for the slightest insult before allowing him the mercy of death.

THE EMPEROR OF HEAVEN

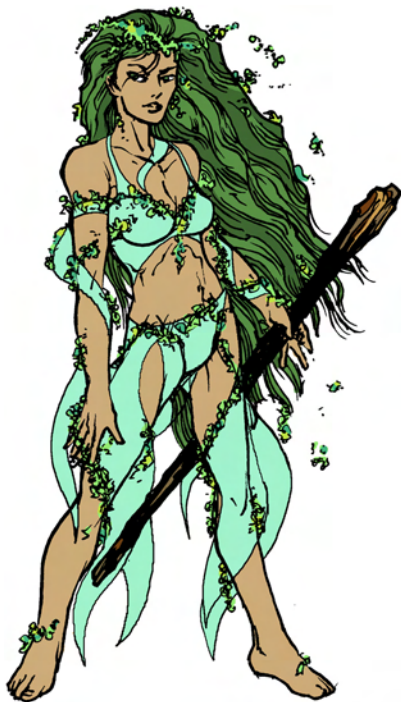


QUOTE
Kneel before your superior, pale-haired dog, while your knees are still attached to your body.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'4"	Jade
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	54	105#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE	
5	
10	
15	
20	
25	Base on the moon
30	From alternate Earth

EVERGREEN



QUOTE

Bags of blood and bone – you'll do this land more good buried beneath it than walking atop it.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human?	Female	5'6"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
The Magi	25	118#	Green

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Ecological terrorist, not fond of humanity
25	Moods change with the seasons
30	Queen of Arcadia

DESCRIPTION

It would be an understatement to say that Mavis Reed had a green thumb. Every day, she could be found in her parent's florist shop, tending to the flowers for which the shop had already garnered a sterling reputation. County fairs and botanical experts alike had awarded Mavis' efforts time and again with blue ribbons, prizes, and accolades. She simply smiled and accepted the attention with silent modesty. She couldn't really explain the nature of her advantages, how she almost felt like the plants spoke to her of their needs, that she could look at the wilt on a single leaf and diagnose the problems of an entire flowerbed. This had been her gift for as long as she could remember.

One night she drifted into a deeper sleep than ever before, opening her eyes to see a magnificent castle made of living trees. At first, Mavis thought she was dreaming, and even as the surroundings took on so much detail that she couldn't possibly have imagined them, she still couldn't make herself believe this fantastical place was real. Then she was approached by strange men in armor of lacquered wood decorated with thorns and roses, men who led her into a throne room and introduced her to their king. Unlike the "knights" whose yellowish, pixie-like faces had marked them as clearly alien, the man upon the throne was exactly that, a man. He was old, so very old, and wizened beyond any old man she had ever met, his face like parchment, but he was clearly a man. He introduced himself as The Erl King, saying that the name he had been born with was no longer relevant. He had ruled long and wisely, he told her, but the time had finally come for him to pass the scepter of his office to another, and he had brought her to Arcadia because she had been chosen for that honor. Mavis noticed the cheer in his words didn't match the cold gleam in his eyes, but by then she was so overwhelmed that she gave it no real importance. Her mind still awhirl with the unreal tableau around her, Mavis stepped up to accept the scepter.

The moment she put her hand around it, she knew she was in trouble. The king had lied – he hadn't brought her here, the land of Arcadia itself had. Through the connection of the scepter, she could feel his hate and loathing. He didn't want to give it up, didn't want to pass on and die; in fact, he had already lived far longer than his predecessors, far longer than he was supposed to live, and the land had finally forced the issue of succession he had so long delayed. She knew this was now a contest of wills, and should she be the first to release the scepter, her life would go with it. But her fear passed within seconds as she realized her will was by far the stronger. Stepping back away from the throne, scepter in hand, she watched as the old man crumbled to dust before her. She could already feel herself starting to change as she sat down on the throne, her throne. The Erl King was dead. Long live the Verdant Queen.

Mavis is no longer even remotely human, her body having magically altered to fit her new role. She is much harder than she had been, capable of recovering from the most terrible wounds so long as she remains in contact with the life-giving earth beneath her feet. Her passions are now driven by season instead of her body chemistry, and her personality reflects it. In the Spring, she can be sweet-natured, acting with restraint and an appreciation of the harm she can cause as she, unlike those who held her throne before, directly intervenes against the industries poisoning her fields and destroying the forests that keep Arcadia linked to Earth. However, as the year stretches on into autumn, she becomes harsh and bitter, murderous even, and her actions become more and more violent and reckless before she finally returns to Arcadia to sleep the winter away. As long as she possesses the scepter, plant life is hers to command, sprouting from seemingly anywhere, rapidly growing and shaping to her will – shafts of wood exploding from the ground to hit her enemies, clouds of pollen to put those around her to sleep. The only limits shown so far have been those of her imagination.

Recently, Evergreen has been recruited by Prometheus to work with The Magi against her frequent sparring partner, Thunderbird.

PL	LADY OF THE WOODS		PTS
12			181

STR	14	+2	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+11	350#
CON	25	+7	FORT	LEAP
INT	16	+3	+13	7 ft
WIS	16	+3	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+13	+4
			WILL	KB
			+10	-5

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+7	+9/+4
DAMAGE	
+15 (Scepter Strike)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+9	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 6 (+9/+21), Concentration 10 (+13), Know (<i>Arcane Lore</i>) 2 (+5), Know (<i>Earth Science</i>) 3 (+6), Know (<i>Life Science</i>) 7 (+10), Notice 4 (+7), Stealth 8 (+12)

FEATS
Attractive 3, Chokehold, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Evasion, Fascinate (<i>Bluff</i>), Favored Environment (<i>Woodlands</i>) 2, Instant Up

POWERS
Communication 2 (Plants), Device 10 (Hard to Lose, Erl King's Scepter [Plant Control 13 (AP: Create Objects, Fatigue, Nauseate, Strike, Stun), Super-Movement (Dimensional Movement 1 [Arcadia]), Teleport 6 (Accurate, PF: Change Direction, Easy, Turnabout, Limited Medium: Plants -1)]), Immunity 3 (Age, Sleep, Starvation/Thirst), Protection 4, Regeneration 21 (Bruised 3, Disabled 6, Injured 4, Staggered 4, Unconsciousness 3, Resurrection, Conditions Require Contact with Ground -1)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
45	32	22	10	10	62	—

PL	INFORMATION		PTS
5	BROKER		84

STR	8	-1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	FOR	LEAP
CON	12	+1	REF	INIT
INT	11	+0	WILL	KB
WIS	16	+3	+6	+2
CHA	16	+3	+6	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+3 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+3	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 10 (+13/+17), Concentration 2 (+5), Diplomacy 10 (+13/+17), Disguise 2 (+5), Gather Information 10 (+13), Intimidate 6 (+9), Know (<i>Streetwise</i>) 8 (+8), Language (<i>Chinese, French</i>), Notice 6 (+9), Pro (<i>Vice Lord</i>) 9 (+12), Sense Motive 7 (+10)

FEATS
Attractive 1, Benefit (<i>Wealth</i> 2), Connected, Contacts, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Equipment 2, Luck 2, Master Plan, Minions 7 (<i>Criminals x50</i>), Sneak Attack, Well-Informed

EQUIPMENT						
Pistol 3						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
17	20	9	18	20	—	—

SCALEFACE

Scaleface: PL 8 (91 points); Init +6; Defense +5; Atk +8 (+7 Unarmed); SV Tgh +11, Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +5; Str 23, Dex 15, Con 20, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 8;

Skills and Feats: Intimidate 10 (+9), Notice 5 (+5), Pro (Legbreaker) 5 (+5); Defensive Roll 4, Improved Initiative 1, Power Attack, Startle;

Powers: Protection 2, Strike 1 (PF: Mighty).



DESCRIPTION

So, the price for the information I need is to answer a simple question? I believe the price is agreeable, what is your question?

Who is Fantasia DuPris?

I do believe that I have not been asked that question in many years, I am not quite sure I could still answer it. Know this, before I begin, that few people know what I am about to tell you. This should indicate my level of trust in you. Well... let us begin at the beginning. I was born in October of 1907. Yes, I know this lets you know my true age, but you are a Gentleman who knows how best to keep a woman happy. To say that my family was poor would be a discourtesy to the poor, as we barely had enough to keep my baby sister fed. It was when I turned seventeen that my fortunes would begin to turn, as mother had taken the last bit of money and bought me a beautiful red satin dress. She explained that father had left and this was all that she could give me as a start in the world. I took that dress and went down to the local dancehall and never looked back. I was lucky enough to meet a very wealthy and well-traveled gentleman there, and was able to convince him that with me at his side nothing was impossible. He whisked me away on a train bound for New York. It was there that I was able to fill in my woeful education at the hands of the government, and discover that this pretty little head had other uses. After exhausting the opportunities in New York City, I was finally ready to further broaden my horizons.

As luck would have it, my paramour passed peacefully on to his great reward, leaving me his fortune to continue my education. I spent many years traveling the globe, dining with aristocrats, and dancing with heads of state. It was during this time that I realized that best information is always shared with a pretty face and a gentle touch. I had grown bored with the life of a dilettante – I wanted more. I learned from one of my more adventurous paramours of this place known as Haven – a place, where, if one had the right information, they could build themselves an empire. So, I gathered together some of my friends, and traded some information on some... delicate... troop movements. In compensation I received where we now sit. *The Heart's Desire*, where gentleman of power may come to relax amongst pleasant company. Yes, you're quite correct in thinking that some consider this just another house of ill-repute, but they are just jealous of the Generals and Princes that travel so very far just to stay here. Some have even taken their jealousy to violent levels, but that is why I keep my dear bodyguard here by my side. You must forgive him his terrible scaled face, but experiments sometimes have nasty side effects. Luckily, I was able to convince the good doctor to not leave him on that island. He has been happy here ever since.

So, you have your answer, or as much as I am willing to give. Now, pray tell, where does the Frau Doktor get such wonderful subjects?

Fantasia DuPris, born Fancy Price in a small town in Missouri whose name she's worked hard to forget, is a very specialized broker of sorts. She trades in information, mostly. But she also accumulates favors, as well as an exhaustive list of people for whom the proper introduction at the proper time is also profitable. She runs her business out of a very stylish villa, which some vulgarians call a brothel, on the pacific island of Makoroo, better known as Haven. Always present at her side is her mysterious bodyguard, a towering brute of a man whose disfigurements suggest a reptilian demeanor.

FANTASIA



QUOTE

Of course, I can help you, dear... assuming you can meet my price?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'7"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	33	120#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Owner of <i>Heart's Desire</i>
20	Sells information
25	Knows everybody worth knowing
30	Originally from America

GILGAMESH



QUOTE

You look interesting. Up for a fight?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'3"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	30 (?)	280#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Would-be conqueror
25	Claims to be from ancient times
30	Actually <i>is</i> Gilgamesh from myth

DESCRIPTION

His worst enemy has always been boredom. He had never found anything to fear, anything that could equal his strength or endurance – even going so far as to loudly and publicly challenge the gods in the square of his native Uruk. So long as he had a monster to slay, an enemy to fight, he would be fine. It was when he was left with the monotony of ruling, the ceaseless mind-numbing crawl of his responsibilities, that bad things eventually happened. He lost his temper, or broke hearts, or soured friendships. Gilgamesh learned painfully that he was a doer, not a thinker or planner. To force himself down any other path would be to seek failure, and failing wasn't something he did gracefully.

Eventually, his wanderlust getting the better of him, he took his one steadfast friend, Enkidu, left his kingdom behind and went in search of adventure. He wandered the world over the following years, enjoying himself immensely as he found momentary challenge after challenge. But, as had always been the case before, he found himself the equal of every challenge he confronted, his skill and strength granting him victory in every contest. The world, it seemed, was smaller and less interesting than he had hoped. As time passed and he showed himself immune even to the demands of age, he grew curious. When his friend finally died an old man, Gilgamesh wanted answers – why was he to be left alone, why was he cursed to live, seemingly forever, in a world bereft of the challenges he so desperately needed? Learning of a wise man in the lands of Babylon, Gilgamesh went searching for someone that could ease his troubled mind. What he found was the sorcerer Nergal (see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*), who, discovering the mighty warrior beyond the power of his magicks to even harm, much steal a body from, quickly made up a story to send him far, far, away. Nergal told Gilgamesh that he had offended the gods, who had cursed him. He was trapped, his gray existence would drive him mad and the gods would laugh at him for his pride in daring to compare himself to them – Unless Gilgamesh forced them to relent. Nergal opened a door to what he told Gilgamesh was the land of the gods, and, in a fit of rage provoked by Nergal's masterful performance, the warrior barged through. He found himself in a trackless waste, a netherworld far removed from the Earth he had walked. Convinced the gods had run away from him, he began searching for other doors away from there. It took centuries for him to find a way home. In that time, the world had changed, kingdoms he knew had fallen, new and strange ones had risen, chief among them one ruled by people called Romans. Gilgamesh decided that if he couldn't find the gods, that he would force them to come to him. He would take this world by force, allowing no one to give worship to the gods until they came and granted his wishes. When he attacked Rome, however, the half-god Janus transported him deep

beneath the Earth, where it took centuries more to dig up from. He came to the surface in a Britannia torn down after Camelot's fall and Lefay's corruption. Only the Swan Knight was able to stand against him, her great blade Caliburn inflicting a wound far more terrible than Gilgamesh had ever suffered before and her ally Albion banishing the warrior to a land of ice and mirrors. Again he escaped, again he set to take the lands of mortals by force, and again he was stopped, this time by The Covenant, who trapped him in an enchanted oubliette. This became a pattern over the centuries leading up into the modern day: Imprisonment, Freedom, Conquest, Imprisonment. He has only recently freed himself from the mountain under which Mordecai Wilde and a considerable amount of explosives buried him. For the moment, the ancient warrior is showing uncharacteristic patience as he actually learns about the contemporary world. But this is mere prelude, as he is only assessing his targets and biding his time – of which he knows he has plenty.

Unbeknownst to Gilgamesh, he is a mutant. His longevity is merely a side effect of the many processes that comprise his near-invulnerability. He is horribly strong and an accomplished warrior, but not burdened with the concept of real tactics. He's learned a number of languages over the years and amassed a store of knowledge and experience, has treasure hidden in any number of places, but seldom uses either skill or wealth in his campaigns, trusting instead to his raw physical power.

PL	IMMORTAL		PTS
12	WARRIOR		221

STR	30	+10	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	25	+7	+15		24 ton	
CON	28	+9	FORT		LEAP	
INT	16	+3	+15		75 ft	
WIS	16	+3	REF		INIT	
CHA	23	+6	+8		+7	
			WILL		KB	
			+10		-10	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10/+14	+10/+5
DAMAGE	
+10 (Unarmed) [Crit 19-20]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+24	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 3 (+10), Bluff 4 (+10/+14), Diplomacy 4 (+10/+14), Handle Animal 5 (+11), Intimidate 9 (+15), Know (*Civics, History, Theology and Philosophy*) 9 (+12), Language (*Arabic, English, Farsi, French, German, Russian, [Sumerian], Swahili*), Notice 9 (+12), Ride 8 (+15), Search 7 (+10), Sense Motive 9 (+12), Stealth 4 (+11), Swim 4 (+14)

FEATS

All-Out Attack, Assessment, Attack Focus (*Melee*) 4, Attractive 1, Benefit (*Wealth 4*), Chokehold, Endurance 2, Fearless, Improved Critical (*Unarmed*) 1, Luck 2, Power Attack, Stunning Attack, Takedown Attack 1

POWERS

Immovable 5, **Immunity 10** (Age, Life Support), **Leaping 2**, **Protection 6** (Impervious), **Regeneration 6** (All Conditions 1 Level, Resurrection), **Speed 3**, **Super-Senses 3** (Extended Hearing 1, Extended Sight 1, Lowlight), **Super-Strength 4**

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
78	40	14	25	21	43	—

PL	BEAUTY THIEF		PTS
12			234

STR	8	-1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+1	160#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	15	+2	+3	4 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	20	+5	+3	+2
			WILL	KB
			+5	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+2/12	+5/+2
DAMAGE	
DC 22 WILL (Transfer)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+2	Medium

SKILLS						
Bluff 5 (+10/+26), Concentration 5 (+7), Diplomacy 5 (+10/+26), Gather Information 5 (+10), Know (<i>Arcane Lore, Streetwise</i>) 3 (+5), Notice 4 (+6), Pro (<i>Spy</i>) 6 (+8), Sense Motive 4 (+6)						
FEATS						
Attack Specialization (<i>Touch</i>) 5, Attractive 4 (<i>Lose a Rank Each Week She Doesn't Steal Someone's Looks -1</i>), Connected, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Fascinate 2 (<i>Bluff, Diplomacy</i>), Minions 5 (<i>Criminals x10</i>)						
POWERS						
Confuse 12 (Linked to Transfer +1, Range: Touch -2), Immunity 1 (Age, Only if Powers Used Once a Week -1), Mind Control 12 (Linked to Transfer +1, Range: Touch -2), Mind Reading 12 (Cumulative +1, Linked to Mental Transform +0, Probe Only -1, Range: Touch -2), Paralyze 12 (Linked to Transfer +1), Transfer INT/WIS/CHA 12 (Alternate Save Will +0, Linked to Mental Transform +1, Tainted -1; PF: Slow Fade 6, Subtle), Transform 12 (Beautiful to Ugly, Narrow Group, Alternate Save Will +0, PF: Subtle), Transform 12 (Mental, Forget, Linked to Transfer +0; PF: Subtle,)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
25	14	6	10	16	163	—

DESCRIPTION

Felicity McBride was long accustomed to getting her way. She had been blessed with looks, ambition, intelligence, and wealth. What she was missing were a number of traits in which she saw little value, things like modesty, humor, compassion – or, some would argue, humanity. In her eyes, those were just excuses for other people's weakness. If she saw something she wanted, she took it, letting others suffer any consequences. This was the way she thought life was supposed to be. Then she met Randolph Pearson. He was handsome. He was charming. He was rich. Naturally, he was meant for her, she reasoned, as he met all the criteria on the exhaustive mental list she had compiled for what would be appropriate in a husband worthy of her. She decided to allow him to court her, and informed him of such. Much to her surprise and shock, he wasn't interested. In fact, he was more than a little repulsed. Not only did he already have a fiancé, he bluntly informed Felicity that he found nothing about her appealing.

She had been spurned. She had been denied something she wanted.

This was a new experience for Felicity. She didn't like it, at all. She began scheming, but all of her plots ultimately came to nothing. She was unable to show Pearson the error of his ways, unable to drive a wedge between him and his sweetheart, and worst of all, she was becoming the target of jokes and innuendo from among her social circle. It was intolerable. Finally, having exhausted her repertoire of underhanded wiles, she turned to her maid. She had heard the other servants whisper of her maid's background, that she was outcast gypsy trash, a witch. She had never paid much attention of course, as she had hired Magda for her exotic demeanor in the first place, to add a little color, perhaps spark some conversation. If there was the slightest bit of truth to these witch stories, Magda was going to help her, or else. Harshly threatened by her employer, the young gypsy complied immediately, knowing that putting Magda on the street was the least Felicity could do. Magda showed her an old invocation, all that was required was a mirror. The rest was up to Felicity. Not knowing how much to believe, McBride performed the invocation. Fate intervened. The invocation summoned the enigmatic entity called The Lord of Mirrors (see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*). It intended to send one of its fetches through to possess the hapless mortal, as it had done to select summoners for centuries. The fetch failed, it couldn't touch her. Intrigued, The Lord of Mirrors listened to Felicity's wishes, and granted them, in its own way. She wanted power to steal Pearson's heart, to take away whatever his fiancé had that held his affections. And so she was given.

Her next encounter with Pearson and his fiancé left them both withered husks, drooling mindlessly. Felicity's shock turned quickly to curiosity, and then to avarice. Her need for Pearson channeled away through what she decided was fitting revenge, Felicity has entered a new and rewarding life – taking from the weak for her own use everything she found of value – beauty, wits, knowledge – and leaving them the nothing everyone not her deserved. That the theft is in many cases only temporary, her losing everything over time, is a small price to pay for the expression of terror on her victim's face as she takes what she wants.

McBride, often called the Hag by the people she's worked with – a reference to both her personality and the after effects as her own beauty fades between "thefts"—has the ability to steal a person's beauty, their force of personality, their wits and will, even their memories, all with a touch. The memories are actually stolen, as the target actually loses them, but everything else is only "borrowed," shortly to fade away. Felicity has taken to her abilities like a drug, and sells many of the secrets she's gleaned from her stolen memories – making for a profitable side venture in espionage.

The Hag has recently been recruited for the Magi, to work against Anthem, who has stopped her espionage efforts on more than one occasion.

THE HAG



QUOTE

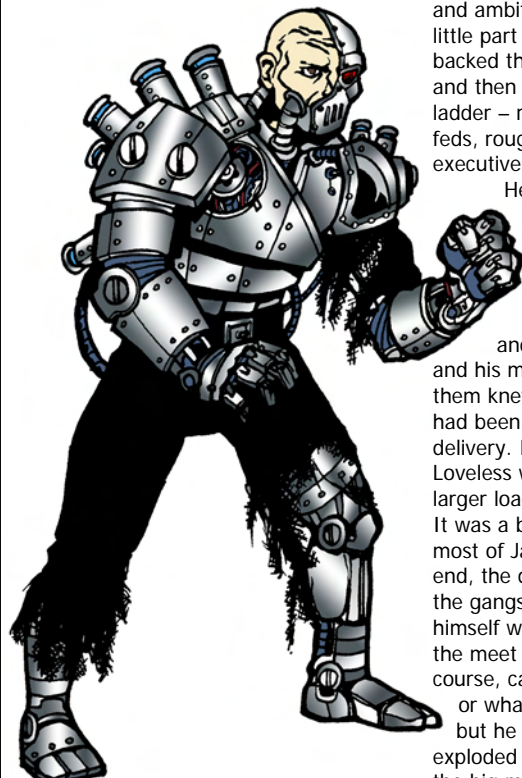
How very pretty you are. Very pretty. Do come closer so I can... admire you.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'9"	Hazel
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	29	115	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Former dilettante
20	Professional thief and spy
25	Her beauty comes from others
30	

THE IRON SKULL



DESCRIPTION

Amos Jankowski had always been a big guy – few people had ever been brave enough to try to pick on him as he was growing up. His father worked on the docks, his brothers worked on the docks, and when he finally convinced his parents to let him drop out of school, something he was never going to use, he got a job on the docks, too. But what Amos lacked in formal education, he more than made up for in street smarts and ambition. He saw where the real power was in his little part of the city – the unions and the mob that backed them. He worked his way into the ground floor, and then doubled his efforts so he could climb the ladder – rung by bloody rung. He beat up undercover feds, roughed up scab-workers, intimidated company executives, whatever he had to do to get his jobs done.

He was dependable, brutal, and a quick study, someone his superiors kept an eye on. It wasn't long before he had his own crew and called his own shots.

When Prometheus called due a few favors to have a government truck hijacked and its contents delivered to him, it was Amos and his men who got picked for the job. What none of them knew, including their employer, was that there had been a last minute change in schedule for the delivery. Instead of a small quantity of the isotope that Loveless wanted, the truck would be carrying a much larger load – and consequently much greater security. It was a bloodbath. All of the guards were killed and most of Jankowski's men fell along side them. In the end, the deciding factor was only that slightly fewer of the gangster's men died than Uncle Sam's. Jankowski himself was badly injured. His men had to carry him to the meet with their "benefactor." Prometheus, of course, cared little how many men Jankowski had lost or what injuries the big man had suffered himself, but he patiently stood and listened to the rant that exploded from Boss Jankowski. Intrigued by the spirit the big man showed, Prometheus decided not to kill him. Instead, he made Jankowski an offer. He had been engaged in certain experiments recently and need "volunteers" to test some of the newly developed technology. If Jankowski agreed, Prometheus would essentially rebuild him, stronger and far tougher than anything that had a right to call itself human. Knowing his wounds were going to kill him otherwise, Amos reluctantly agreed.

Jankowski was under the knife for what seemed like days. When he finally woke up and stayed awake, he saw the extent of the changes. He had been nicknamed "Iron Man" Jankowski on the docks, but now he truly lived up to the appellation. He was more metal than man, with two solid and deadly piston-driven fists and a bulletproof frame, though he had to wear a metal faceplate to complete that image. He was beyond many of the weaknesses his fragile flesh and blood body had suffered. What he gave up, his appearance, part of his humanity, was a bargain in his view. Telling the big man that he owed favors that would one day be called in, Prometheus left him to his own devices.

When he woke up that morning, there were three men in the city's mob structure that outranked him – when he went to something resembling sleep that night, there were none. He was the boss of bosses. He's even been given a name to go with his new look and M.O., The Iron Skull. A little melodramatic for his tastes, but he's slowly getting more comfortable with it as time goes by.

Recently, Prometheus has called in the favor, recruiting Jankowski to The Magi to deal with Jack B. Quick. The wisecracking speedster has long proven himself a thorn in the side of Jankowski's outfit since even before the gangster took over.

PL	CYBERNETIC GANGSTER		PTS
11			174

STR	30	+10	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	11	+0	+16		24 ton	
CON	28	+9	FORT		LEAP	
INT	10	+0	+10		15 ft	
WIS	13	+1	REF		INIT	
CHA	15	+2	+5		+0	
			WILL		KB	
			+6		-16	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+10	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+12 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+24	Medium

SKILLS	
Bluff 10 (+12), Diplomacy 6 (+8), Drive 6 (+6), Gather Information 9 (+11), Intimidate 9 (+11), Know (<i>Streetwise</i>) 12 (+12), Notice 6 (+7), Pro (<i>Gangster</i>) 10 (+11), Sense Motive 10 (+11), Stealth 2 (+2)	

FEATS	
Assessment, Connected, Diehard, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Fearsome Presence 3, Improved Block 2, Improved Critical (<i>Unarmed</i>) 2, Improved Grab, Leadership, Minions 9 (<i>Criminals x250</i>), Power Attack	

POWERS	
Immovable 6 (Unstoppable +1), Immunity 3 (Cold, Critical Hits), Protection 7 (Impervious 4), Strike 2 (PF: Mighty), Super-Movement 2 (Surefooted 2), Super-Strength 4	

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
47	32	11	20	23	41	—

QUOTE

Ever hear the sound of metal hitting flesh and bone – very, very hard?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'2"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	40	600#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Former <i>small-time</i> gangster
25	
30	Associate of Dr. Prometheus

PL	GENTLEMAN		PTS
5	ASSASSIN		118

STR	13	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	16	+3	+2	300#
CON	14	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+5	6 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+8	+7
			WILL	KB
			+8	-1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
+3 (Pistol)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+7	Medium

SKILLS						
Bluff 6 (+10/+14), Climb 3 (+4), Concentrate 3 (+5), Diplomacy 6 (+10/+14), Disable Device 6 (+10), Disguise 4 (+8), Drive 5 (+8), Gather Information 6 (+10), Intimidate 6 (+10), Know (<i>Current Events, Streetwise</i>) 6 (+10), Languages 3 (<i>French, German, Japanese</i>), Notice 10 (+12), Perform (<i>Sing</i>) 6 (+10), Pro (<i>Assassin, Spy</i>) 8 (+10), Search 6 (+10), Sense Motive 10 (+12), Stealth 7 (+10), Survival 5 (+7)						
FEATS						
Assessment, Attack Focus (<i>Ranged</i>) 2, Attractive 1, Connected, Equipment 1, Evasion, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative, Precise Shot, Teamwork 2						
EQUIPMENT						
Pistol 3						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
35	28	14	28	13	—	—

The Brotherhood of Silence

Centuries ago, in the early years of putting together the organization they would need to carry out their work, the survivors of the Knights Templar realized that their lofty goals and noble intentions would sometimes require some very base and practical actions. Not wanting to sully their great work with bloody hands, the leaders from among the survivors put together a group within their group, a secret within their secret. This smaller group was charged with taking whatever steps needed taking to safeguard the great work and its attendants, be it bribing a petty aristocrat or assassinating a pope. Thus was the Brotherhood born. Over time, as their founders and handlers grew old and died, the members recruited into the order were told less and less, though their uses never diminished. In the aftermath of the French Revolution, as their mother organization fractured into pieces, the Brotherhood was freed to work for itself – with many of the other factions never having even known of its existence (see *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*, for more information on the secret war). Assassins and quality mercenaries never want for employment for very long. Soon after, those within the Brotherhood who knew of their original purpose splintered from their brethren. They formed The Hangman's Guild, choosing their contracts with more precision, carrying on a shadow of the great work by targeting only the powerful and the corrupt – bringing bloody justice to their doorstep for a price (and sometimes for no money at all). As the Guild continues to "tithe" part of its keep to the Brotherhood, the order has no problem with its existence.

Secretive in the extreme after centuries of conditioning, The Brotherhood meets with prospective employers through a single representative. The holder of this position is traditionally call "Madrigal," for reasons no one seems to remember anymore.

DESCRIPTION

Bernard Halliwell served his country with courage and distinction. He risked his life time and again for her interests, never questioning his orders, never shirking his duties. That he would never receive recognition from his countrymen for his sacrifices was an accepted part of his job. Halliwell was a spy, one of Britain's top operatives. His level head and absolute reliability had proven invaluable, as had his keen discretion. This ended the day he was made a pawn in a power play between two bureaucrats with axes to grind and strings to pull. When everything was said and done, Halliwell's career was in shambles, a number of his associates were dead, and assets stretching halfway round the world had been burned and discarded. And neither of the instigators would ever pay for their arrogance or incompetence – the titles before their names and the favors in their pockets would see to that. Halliwell had finally had enough of other people's games and other people's rules. He disappeared without a trace... the morning before the bodies of his two former superiors were found.

A year later, on an island in the Pacific, when a little gray man in a little gray suit went to hire The Brotherhood of Silence for a few discreet jobs, the man who met him was not the man he was accustomed to meeting.

"My appointment was with Madrigal. You are not him," the little gray man said.

"I am now," was the answer. "Shall we discuss terms?"

There is no Bernard Halliwell anymore. After leaving Britain, he eventually wound up on Haven, where a number of contacts with the organization known as The Brotherhood of Silence were able to bring him into the fold. They had long admired his work, and were more than happy to offer him a place in their ranks, especially now that their face man was in need of retiring. For Halliwell's part, he still gets to play in the arena he knows so well; however, as long as he stays within certain accepted parameters, he gets to make most of his own rules. There is no romanticized image for his new associates, no lies to tell about their intentions or their work, to others or themselves. He appreciates the newfound clarity in his life.

And then, there's also always the matter of the pay.

MADRIGAL



QUOTE

There is a problem you need dealt with, yes?

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'1"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	43	191#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	
25	Represents the Brotherhood of Silence
30	Former British Spy

HAVEN



The island of Makorooa was originally settled by pirates in the 1700s as a refuge from the efforts of the various nations in the Pacific Rim to wipe those criminals out wholesale. Many people say that the only things that have changed in the intervening years are the fashion sense and business interests of the powers-that-be working behind the island's paradisiacal face.

Nominally, the island is governed by a prince, his family brought from mainland China back during the Nanking Rebellion. In reality, the island survives due to the complex interweaving of power among a web of corrupt interests and power players, always in flux, never falling apart but never allowing any one participant to gain too much power. It is said that anything can be found here for sale, that anything can be found here for the buying, so long as prices can be agreed on: drugs, weapons, mercenaries, and most of all, information. Haven is a crossroads for pacific travelers of all stripes, nicknamed "the Casablanca of the East," and its refueling station is open to anyone able to meet the prices demanded. Situated strategically between Japanese and Allied interests, it is a constant point of speculation why one side or the other hasn't moved troops in to take over – but that remains one piece of information no one seems to be selling.



1. City of Haven
2. Town of Westport
3. Town of Butcher's Cove
4. North Island Estates
5. Refueling Dock
6. Gun Emplacements
7. Blackfin Bay
8. The Red Reefs



Historic Haven township, est. 1752

PL	PROJECTING PSYCHOPATH		PTS
10			135

STR	10	+0	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	11	+0	+0		200#	
CON	10	+0	FORT		LEAP	
INT	14	+2	+3		5 ft	
WIS	14	+2	REF		INIT	
CHA	14	+2	+3		+0	
			WILL		KB	
			+5		-0	

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4	+5/+2
DAMAGE	
DC 20 WILL (Mind Control)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+4	Medium

SKILLS						
Bluff 8 (+10), Pro (<i>Con Artist</i>) 8 (+10), Sense Motive 8 (+10)						
FEATS						
Fearsome Presence 10 (Not Usable Against Any Target with Mind Shield -1), Luck 3, Taunt						
POWERS						
Mind Control 10 (Any Area +1, Selective +1, Sense Dependent [Eye Contact] -1), Mind Shield 10, Possession 5 (Linked to Mind Control +1, Tiring -1), Transform 10 (Mental, Change Personality)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
13	18	9	6	9	80	—

DESCRIPTION

Walter "Waldo" Fontana was born into a family of Irish Travelers – modern gypsies, tinkers, and grifters that wandered across the US plying their dubious trade. Growing up, he learned to lie, cheat, and steal from veteran experts – his family. He also figured out that his name probably wasn't "Fontana" (they're called "Irish" Travelers for a reason), but his mother would never tell him whether or not he had another one, and she was constantly running from enough people with badges and legal papers that he figured she had her reasons. It was when one of those people caught up with him and his mother that he discovered his draw at birth had been a little luckier than he had known. He panicked as the men closed in with the handcuffs, looked around frantically at them, and screamed for them to go away. And they did. The entire group of lawmen just stiffened, took on a dazed expression, and left en masse. Waldo was confused, but he recovered quickly and fled. When he calmed down, he realized that he had actually exerted some kind of control over the men. He also realized that his mother was no longer with him. He searched, but to no avail. He was now alone.

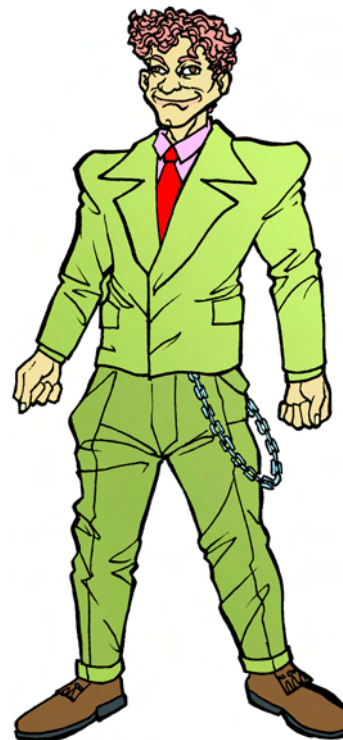
Over the following years, Waldo managed to scrape by with street-level cons and petty theft. All the while, he practiced and honed his gifts. He found he could momentarily take control of another person's mind, even make changes, a little tweak here and an inhibition was gone forever; a little tweak there and moral foundations were shaped a little differently than they had been before he intruded in that person's mind. Eventually, he decided to make a little more money, and enjoy some well-deserved fame while he was at it. Fontana went on stage as "Malice A. Forethought," a hypnotist and mind reader. No one would believe he was really putting people under his control nor suspect the long-term re-programming, allowing him to make money on both sides of the law. He was never suspected of being behind the robberies he committed, mostly because he never acted directly... only ever through his molded pawns. A dilettante would

bring him her jewels and then forget she had ever done so, or a bank president would come to his senses holding an empty bag that once contained money from his bank – completely clueless as to what he had just done.

Fontana could have continued on indefinitely and never been caught, but he got greedy. He took on yet another identity, "The Evil Eye." With a hood and robe, followed by hired guns, he started a crime wave. He was bringing in a lot more loot, albeit at much greater risk, but he was enjoying it a lot more – until The Watchman caught up with him, that is. The mysterious vigilante pounded the stuffing out of Fontana and left him for the cops. In custody, his unmasked identity was open to the public, though the only name they had to use for him was his stage persona. It didn't take long for someone with his gifts to free himself, but by then the damage was done. He was now known as a criminal, his picture on post office walls far and wide. So be it, Fontana decided. No more hiding. His abilities were too much fun to hide from, and the thought of honest living was an alien concept. Malice A. Forethought, once the darling of vaudeville, is now the terror of Broadway as he targets the rich, the famous, or just those that catch his whim.

Fontana is a powerful psionic, though he believes his abilities to be magic. He can control minds, as well as mold and reshape personalities. He can also, with great efforts, literally become a presence inside other people's minds, his own body merging with theirs while he's in control. He refrains from this last usage unless absolutely necessary, as it is quite taxing and leaves him with a headache for days afterward.

MALICE A. FORETHOUGHT



QUOTE

And for my next trick...

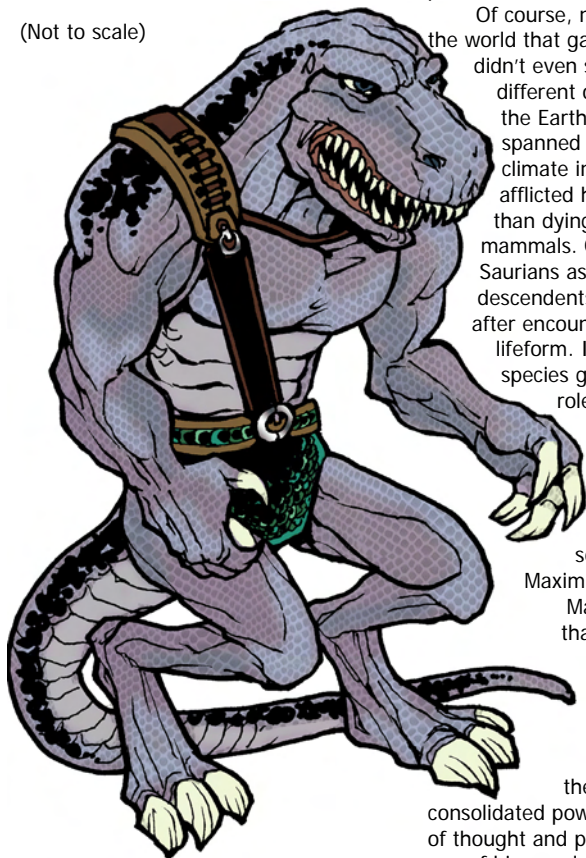
RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	35	175#	Red

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	Controls minds
15	Famous vaudeville act
20	Also that Evil Eye guy
25	
30	Irish traveler background

MAXIMUS REX

(Not to scale)



DESCRIPTION

Quantum physics embraces the manifold possibilities of "the road not taken." There are worlds upon worlds that differ from each other by only the merest of minor steps taken. A choice of "yes" instead of "no," or vice-versa, a misstep that causes an action to take place a few seconds later than it did elsewhere – the miniscule ways in which difference can be born are countless and grow ever more infinite as time passes.

Of course, not all differences have to be small. On the world that gave us Maximus Rex, the difference didn't even start on Earth. Due to a slightly different orbit, the planet-buster asteroid missed the Earth he called home. The cloud that spanned the globe and dragged this world's climate into a long and lethal winter never afflicted his world. Dinosaurs evolved rather than dying out to pass the world on to mammals. On his world, the dinosaurs, or Saurians as their smaller, more humanoid descendants were named by US Army intelligence after encountering them, remained the dominant lifeform. Individual differences in the evolved species gave them a multitude of castes, and roles to fulfill. But aggression and interspecies intolerance limited what the Saurians were able to do, as they were too often at each throats (sometimes literally) and incapable of productive cooperation to build viable societies. At least, they were until Maximus Rex was born.

Maximus was a mutant, greater in size than his brethren, and with the ability to command Saurians of all kinds. Telepathic dominance reinforced the pheromonal cues at his disposal, so that Maximus was obeyed completely by every Saurian he encountered. In the space of a generation, he consolidated power on a global scale, bringing a unity of thought and purpose that had never been seen by any of his people before. They forged an empire that spanned the globe in its entirety. When he then looked over all he created, Maximus was consumed with a deep sense of satisfaction... followed by an overwhelming sense of dread at the tedium which loomed before him as the future norm. As Alexander, worlds away, he was faced with the prospect of there simply being no more worlds to conquer. Then his people discovered a rift, stable and freestanding that seemed to have opened from another world. Maximus knew an omen when he saw it. He gathered an elite selection of his warriors and counselors and proceeded to invade. Thus began the harshest trial of his reign.

First, he found that the rift opened onto an island, necessitating the development of some form of transport as he and his troops were limited in what they could bring through the rift. Second, he discovered that this world was overrun with mammals – filthy little things only vaguely similar to the vermin routinely exterminated on his Earth. The initial encounter with the breed showed them to be similar to what his troops were already familiar with – primitive and undisciplined – but then they encountered others that had weapons enough to harm he and his warriors, and the training to use them. To add insult on to injury, the rift closed to his world, shifting to another; wherever it opened to after it changed, it was an

uninviting place, and one from which his scouts didn't return. In a passionate speech to his subjects, he made it clear that fate had chosen to test them, to force them to prove their worth by taking this world from its inferior masters. He had no intention of failing that test.

Since that day, Wakefield has been closed off by unspoken agreement between the warring powers; the two sides have even unofficially joined forces on two occasions to contravene Saurian efforts to leave the island.

Maximus and his followers remain trapped on Wakefield. He spends his time planning, plotting, and fuming. Above all else, he refuses to concede defeat. He has never known defeat before, and he doesn't intend to fail his subjects by adopting the habit now.

PL	KING OF THE DINOSAUR MEN		PTS
12			177

STR	32	+11	TGH	+16	8 ton
DEX	12	+1	FORT	+12	16 ft
CON	26	+8	REF	+1	+1
INT	13	+1	WILL	+10	-12
WIS	18	+4			
CHA	18	+4			

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8	+4/+2
DAMAGE	
+11 (Unarmed), +13 (Bite)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+27	Huge

SKILLS						
Intimidate 10 (+19), Know (Tactics) 6 (+7), Notice 4 (+8), Pro (Conqueror) 10 (+14), Sense Motive 8 (+12), Survival 6 (+10)						
FEATS						
All-Out Attack, Diehard, Endurance 2, Fearsome Presence 5, Improved Grapple, Inspire, Leadership, Minions 10 (Counselors x10), Minions 12 (Shocktroops x100), Power Attack, Rage 2, Startle, Track						
POWERS						
Animal Control 10 (PF: Mental Link, Only Dinosaurs -1), Enhanced CHA 10 (Becomes CHA 28, Only to Other Saurians -1), Growth 8 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Protection 8 (Impervious 4), Speed 2 (25 mph), Strike 2 (PF: Mighty)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
35	32	10	11	39	50	—

QUOTE

Flee before me, pathetic mammals! <translated>

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Saurian	Male	16'5"	Black
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
Dominion	?	7.5 ton	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	
25	King of Saurians
30	Extradimensional invader

THE SAURIAN DOMINION

The forces serving Maximus Rex on Wakefield are a cross-section of his people from their homeworld. He has his shocktroops, the meanest and toughest of his soldiers – humanoid Triceratops derivatives that have been conditioned for battle. Advising him, as well as servicing their remaining technology, are his counselors. These resemble humanoid Stegasauri, though they have another crucial difference from Earth's examples of that species – they share a sort of hive intellect. The more of them congregating in one place, the smarter each of them gets, almost like a circuit being fed more and more power. The aerial troops he brought with him, obvious descendants of Pteranodons, were lost to Maximus thanks to Thunderbird and some very brave allied pilots. Similarly lost were his aquatic Plesiosaur-based troops, all of whom were destroyed by the British Navy and an awful lot of depth charges.

The Dominion forces have been forced back to a primitive level. Most of their technology was either left on their homeworld, lost in transit, or victim to attrition once here. They use cobbled together vehicles and structures based on what could be scavenged or built from available materials. Further, they are domesticating a large number of the existing dinosaurs on Wakefield to use as beasts of labor. They view this struggle as just one more challenge to overcome on their inevitable path to victory.

While they painfully learned to respect what their relatively tiny opponents were capable of, the common belief among the Saurians is that such mammalian hegemony must be limited given the size and obvious physical inferiority of what they've seen. They, of course, have no idea of the sheer scope of what awaits them should they ever free themselves from the constraints of their current "prison."

Shocktroops: PL 9 (85 points); Init +0; Defense +3/+1; Atk +7 (+11 Unarmed); SV Tgh +11, Fort +10, Ref +0, Will +3; Str 26, Dex 10, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 14;

Skills and Feats: Intimidate 6 (+10), Notice 2 (+2), Pro (Soldier) 4 (+4); All-Out Attack, Fast Overrun, Fearsome Presence 2, Improved Overrun, Power Attack;

Powers: Growth 6 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Protection 6 (Impervious 3), Speed 2 (25 mph), Strike 3 (PF: Mighty).

Counselors: PL 6 (85 points); Init -1; Defense +1/+0; Atk +2 (+9 Unarmed); SV Tgh +11, Fort +8, Ref +0, Will +8; Str 23, Dex 8, Con 20, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 15;

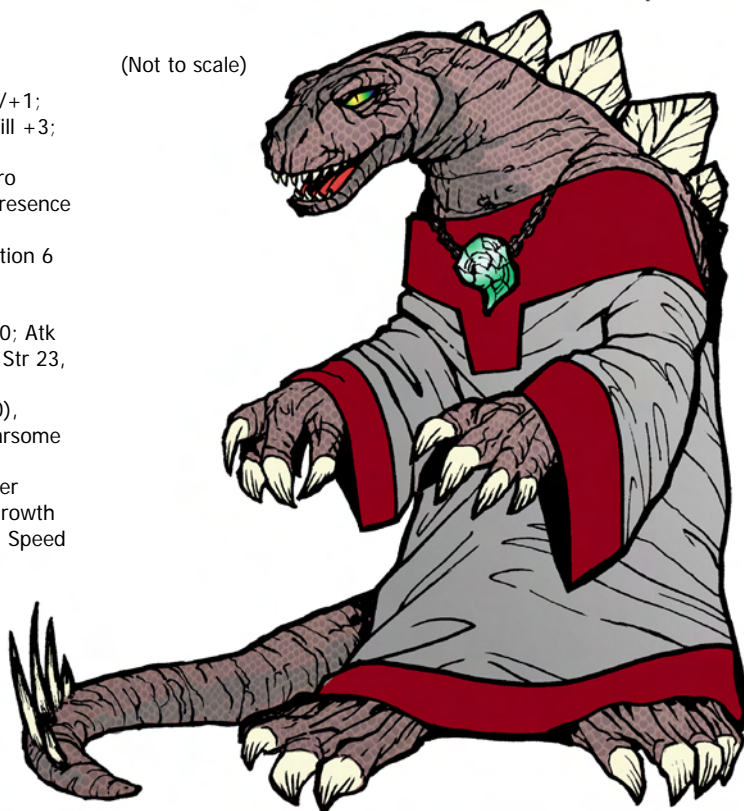
Skills and Feats: Craft (Mechanical, Structural) 6 (+10), Know (Tactics) 10 (+14), Know (Technology) 6 (+10); Fearsome Presence 2, Improvise Tools, Inventor;

Powers: Boost INT 12 (Only when in Proximity to Other Counselors -1, +2 Boost per Counselor present Only -1), Growth 6 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Protection 6 (Impervious 3), Speed 2 (25 mph), Strike 3 (PF: Mighty).



(Not to scale)

(Not to scale)



WAKEFIELD ISLAND

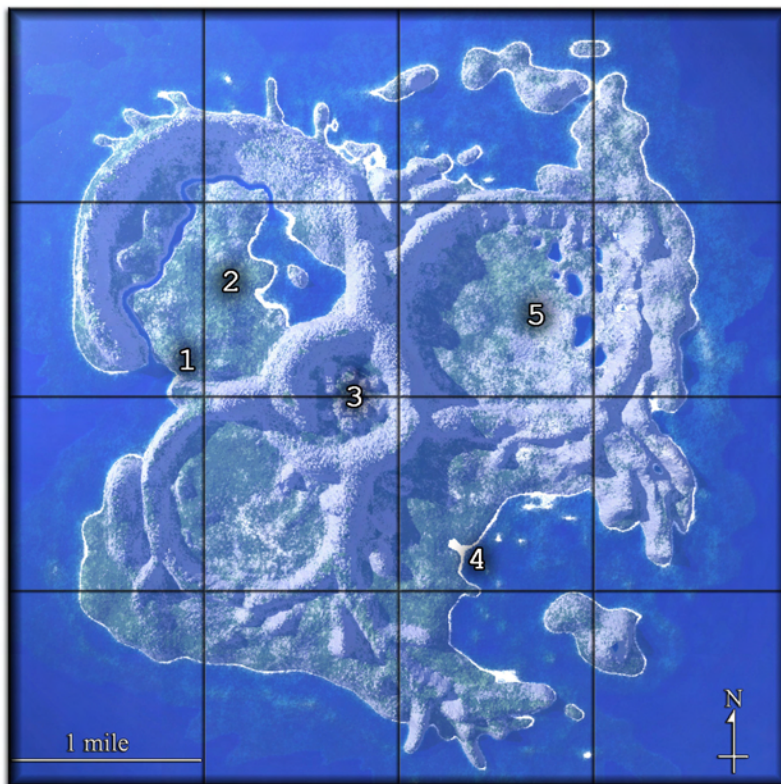
One of the most enduring legacies left by the original Atlantean city-state is that of the various dimensional shallows that dot the Earth. These are remnants of the gate system constructed to connect Atlantis to her colony cities around the globe.

Some shallows are direct echoes, such as the pocket dimensions containing various surviving Atlantean colonies, such as Avalon, Kun-Lun, or Odripar, where those cities were trapped following The Observer's brutal collapsing of the gate network. Others are less easily understood – indirect backlash events caused by the collapsing network that “bubbled to the surface” in various parts of the world. Most fade in and out of contact with the Earth, such as the one that often connects the Bermuda Triangle to parts unknown, or the Well of Worlds that connects to Caernas from a hidden cave in Antarctica (reminiscent of the same temporary nature of the contact between the colony pockets and this planet). Wakefield Island is alone among these shallows in that it seems to be permanently open... at least, on this side of the interface. What changes is the anchoring point of the rift's other side. Wakefield's interdimensional interface apparently only remains open on other Earths – and it seems that its connection only runs to Alternate Earths along the great Cosmic Axis, nothing else – for a limited period of time, and the destination points are unpredictable.

How many explorers from what kinds of Earths have come through Wakefield in the past is unknown; however, due to the many large reptiles that currently make the island their home, and the subsequent ill-fated beachhead made by the Saurian Dominion, it is theorized that for the past few decades or centuries the rift has opened on any number of Earths where dinosaurs either were never wiped out – as with the majority of the island's fauna – or, where they evolved into sentient species – such as those represented by the Dominion. No evidence of other incursions or immigrations has yet been discovered.

One side effect of the interface is a somewhat warmer climate than that of the surrounding waters – Wakefield being in an even more northerly latitude than the Sakhalin Islands, its closest neighbor. The resulting thermals cause any number of odd weather phenomena in the region, and the significant thermoclines beneath the waves usually results in very few of the aquatic fauna wandering far from the island's waters.

Aside from a number of lost expeditions lured by legends of a “Monster Island,” and a disastrous attempt by the Japanese to invade the island, the island's only human inhabitants were a tribe of primitives whose origins were open to speculation. Unfortunately, the Japanese Expeditionary Force wiped out these natives during that aborted invasion.



1. Beachhead for failed Japanese invasion attempt.
2. Former encampment of possible proto-humans.
3. Ruins?
4. Crash site of Pacific Air, Flight 2640, Aug. 1938.
5. Heavy geothermal activity in this area.

— Camera found floating 11 mi. NW of island.

PL	DREAM KILLER		PTS
10			219

STR	16	+3	TGH	LIFT
DEX	15	+2	+8/4	460#
CON	18	+4	FORT	LEAP
INT	23	+6	+8	8 ft
WIS	20	+5	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+8	+6
			WILL	KB
			+11	-4/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+6	+8/+4
DAMAGE	
DC 20 FORT (Fatigue)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+9	Medium

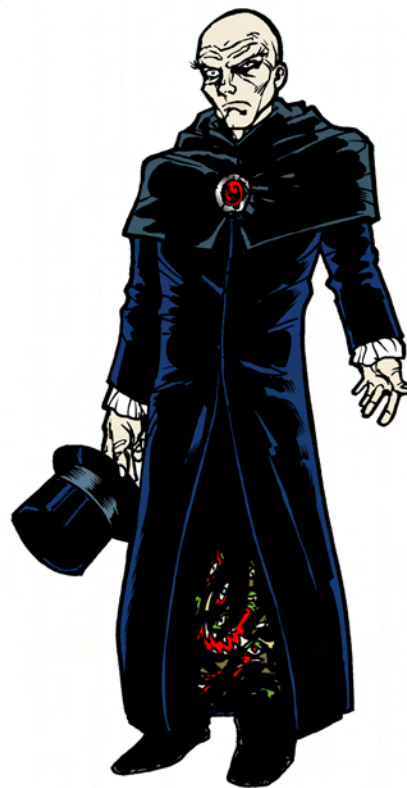
SKILLS						
Bluff 5 (+8), Concentration 5 (+10), Craft (<i>Chemical</i>) 10 (+16), Escape Artist 4 (+2), Gather Information 4 (+9), Know (<i>Life Science</i>) 6 (+12), Medicine 6 (+12), Notice 8 (+13), Sense Motive 7 (+12), Stealth 9 (+11)						
FEATS						
Defensive Roll 4, Eidetic Memory, Fearless, Improved Defense 2, Improved Initiative, Improved Throw, Inventor, Luck 3, Master Plan, Minions 6 (<i>Criminals x25</i>), Sneak Attack, Startle, Stunning Attack						
POWERS						
Fatigue 10 (Aura +1, Selective +1, Shapeable +1, Permanent -1; PF: Reversible), Immunity 3 (Hallucinogens, Sleep, Soporifics/Sedatives), Illusion 10 (Visual and Auditory, Shapeable +1, Sustained (Lasting) +1, Linked to Fatigue +0, Uncontrolled -1), Protection 4						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
48	28	16	16	24	87	—

DESCRIPTION

Ethan Hall had what can at best be deemed a Dickensian childhood, which is to say, dreary, depressing, and brutal. The child of uncaring parents who merely wanted another pair of hands to help out, he found at an early age they would have been happier had those hands come without a mouth to feed. His escape from abuse was his dreams. They were his only escape, since every hour of his day was accounted for in his parents' planning. From the moment he was forced from bed in the early, early morning, he looked forward to returning to the happier world that beckoned him from his sleep. When he was a young teenager, the worst thing that could have happened to him did happen. That year a sleeping sickness spread around the world. People in many different countries went to sleep and never woke up – children, adults, men, and women, nationalities of all types. Ethan contracted that same illness, but with very different results. The opposite results, in fact. While his body could rest, sleep eluded him... completely. No matter how much he tried, no matter how tired he was, he couldn't go to sleep. Though, strangely, this had no effect on his physical health, Ethan was cut off from his dreams, his precious, sanity-sustaining dreams. He had only his memories of his dreams to sate him, far less than what he needed or wanted. When, after several days without any contact with Ethan's parents their neighbors came to check on them, those neighbors found the Halls sitting at the dinner table, quite dead. They had been strangled and placed in a lovely family tableau, the scarecrow from the field placed in Ethan's seat. Ethan himself was nowhere to be found.

The criminal Morpheus first appeared as a resource turned to by a number of crime lords. As a hired killer, he was frighteningly well-accomplished, but his true value lay in his pharmacological expertise. Morpheus was the premiere designer of opiates and hallucinogens to be found. Painkillers and sedatives, narcotics and psychotropics, he was a master of all. And his prices were very reasonable, sometimes even non-existent if allowed to watch his buyers enjoy his wares. This ended when The Watchman entered the picture. Morpheus found himself out of business, his hired guns outmatched by the enigmatic vigilante. During this fight, Morpheus was accidentally doused with a number of his own concoctions. Paralyzed as his body shut down around him, but never able to surrender to unconsciousness, Morpheus changed even more than he had from the sickness in his teens. He used his newfound powers first to escape custody, and then to move in on several of his former business associates. He was no longer satisfied being the hired help; instead, Morpheus had started to climb to the top

MORPHEUS



QUOTE

Run away, children. You don't want to play my games, you don't want to dream my dreams.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'2"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	43	177#	Bald

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Drug dealer and hitman
20	Can't sleep... ever
25	Twisted proclivities
30	

in the criminal community – enjoying the freedom and money to indulge his most twisted needs that his new status granted him.

Morpheus is a mutant whose latent abilities were sparked into manifesting by his body's reaction to a virulent pathogen in his youth, and further developed by his later exposure to powerful chemicals. He is incapable of sleeping himself, but projects a soporific mental aura that induces unconsciousness in others. In fact, he is constantly generating this transmission, and must concentrate to deaden it. He can further exert mental control over those he puts to sleep by shaping and dominating the dreams they have while sedated. His constant exposure to narcotics over the years combined with his mutant metabolism has rendered Hall immune to the effects of any number of chemicals he might otherwise enjoy. He is also much tougher than he looks, shrugging off considerable physical abuse. Finally, Hall is an expert chemist, easily one of the best in regards to his peculiar specialty.

Out of costume, he is listless and sullen, almost cadaverous; in costume, as Morpheus, he is jaunty and charming, though disturbing and not at all modest in sharing his perverse observations and personal vices.

THE NEEDLE



QUOTE

Now you see me, now you don't.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'7"	Hazel
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	31	204#	Bald

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	Former circus performer
20	
25	Spy/thief for hire
30	Walks through walls

DESCRIPTION

Aldo Guezzara stood out from the crowd. Perhaps, stood above was a better description. Aldo was tall, very tall, and freakishly thin. Coming from a poor family with few opportunities, it's understandable that Aldo jumped at the chance to fulfill the boyhood dream of many young men – he joined the circus. Of course, he was billed as part of the sideshow, but it was money, and a roof over his head, and the company of people that didn't treat him as an outsider. All things considered, he was pretty happy. That's where he made friends with old Rahib. Rahib was a drunk, but he was a friendly drunk. He was also a fakir, possessor of secrets passed down in his family for generations. That's what he said, anyway. Aldo didn't care, so long as Rahib shared his whiskey and continued to tell funny stories. It was curious that Rahib always managed to have access to a bottle, what with the roadies and manager hiding it from him all the time – but the little mysteries about him were one of the things that Aldo found so appealing in Rahib's character. Alone, with no family to share his life with, tired after a long and tragically adventurous life, and amused by Aldo's company, Rahib was only too happy to have at least one friend in his twilight years. Two very disparate souls drawn together by circumstance. Fate can have its little jokes at times. And she wasn't through just yet.

The same day the company doctor told Rahib just what the old fakir had done to his liver, and how little time he had left, was the same day that Aldo was forced to face how people outside his safe little world viewed him. A young woman with a great deal of beauty and charm had made Aldo's acquaintance while the circus whiled away the winter in her little hometown, literally swept him off his feet. For the first time in his life, he was in love. Then he went with her to a party she was throwing and had his idyll come crashing down when he saw the dates her friends had brought – fat, ugly, deformed. It seems his paramour had been engaged in a small wager to see who among her friends could bring the most outlandish partner to the dance. She had won. He left among the laughter of her and her diletante friends. Returning to his little trailer, he found Rahib waiting for him. The fakir was resolved that his family secrets weren't going to die with him, whatever they would be used for without him. And Aldo was in the right mood to seize on any ticket out of his despair. The following winter, when the circus came through town again, that pretty young woman and her friends found themselves missing any number of valuables – among other things, as papers and records damning to a number of wealthy families and their business dealings, thought securely locked away, somehow found way into the hands of the authorities. Aldo had a new profession. Lucrative, yes, and oh so very satisfying.

Guezzara, or the Needle as he's known to the underworld because of his appearance and what it looks like when he uses his abilities, is a thief. Ancient and sublime mystical secrets for traveling through the spaces between space are his to command, though his will and experience limit his applications of them. Locked and guarded rooms are child's play to enter, safes and vaults to steal from, to a man unhampered by stone walls and steel doors. Aldo is enjoying his notoriety immensely, no longer the pushover for those around him. He's proven surprisingly effective in social situations, and equally surprising in his facility for planning his thefts and for navigating his way around a life of crime. After years of simple theft, Aldo has within the last few years moved up to espionage, adding government facilities to the list of banks and penthouses that have known his touch. He's encountered and narrowly evaded the Silent Knight often enough in the past year to gain Prometheus' attention when the diminutive mastermind began recruiting for The Magi – though he's found himself immensely uncomfortable so far with his new associates.

PL	CREEPY THIN TELEPORTER		PTS
10			155

STR	10	+0	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	25	+7		+7/4		200#
CON	18	+4	FORT		LEAP	
INT	14	+2		+5		5 ft
WIS	14	+2	REF		INIT	
CHA	14	+2		+12		+11
			WILL		KB	
				+8		-3/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8	+13/+6
DAMAGE	
+8 (Strike) [Penetrating]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+8	Medium

SKILLS							
Acrobatics 8 (+15), Bluff 8 (+10), Climb 6 (+6), Disable Device 6 (+8), Escape Artist 10 (+17), Notice 4 (+6), Search 4 (+6), Sense Motive 4 (+6), Stealth 10 (+17)							
FEATS							
Acrobatic Bluff, Defensive Roll 3, Elusive Target, Evasion, Hide in Plain Sight, Improved Defense, Improved Initiative, Sneak Attack 2, Uncanny Dodge 1							
POWERS							
Spatial Control 6 (PF: Change Direction, Easy, Turnabout, AP: Deflect), Strike 8 (Penetrating +1, PF: Indirect x3), Super-Movement 2 (Permeate 2)							
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB	
35	42	12	15	12	39	—	

PL	TIME-STOPPING		PTS
10	THIEF		200

STR	10	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+2	200#
CON	14	+2	FORT	LEAP
INT	16	+3	+4	5 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	16	+3	+15/5	+2
			WILL	KB
			+5	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+3	+15/+1
DAMAGE	
DC 20 WILL (Paralysis)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+3	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 5 (+8/+12), Diplomacy 5 (+8/+12), Disable Device 3 (+6), Escape Artist 3 (+5), Know (<i>Streetwise</i>) 5 (+8), Notice 7 (+9), Pro (<i>Thief</i>) 8 (+10), Search 5 (+8), Sense Motive 7 (+9), Stealth 4 (+6)

FEATS
Attractive 1, Benefit (<i>Aristocrat</i>), Connected, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Elusive Target, Evasion 2, Hide in Plain Sight, Luck 1, Redirect, Set-Up, Sneak Attack

POWERS
Device 40 (Easy to Lose, Timepiece [Enhanced Dexterity +20 (Only for Reflex SV Bonus -1; PF: Dodge Focus 12, Uncanny Dodge 2), Paralyze 10 (Linked to Telekinesis +1, Selective +1, Shapeable Area +1), Telekinesis 10 (Linked to Time Control +1, Selective +1, Shapeable Area +1, Only for Holding Things in Place -1; PF: Precise, Subtle), Time Control 10 (Share Speed +1; PF: Wall Run, Water Run))), Teleport 10 (Affects Others +1, Only Affects the Watch -1, Only to Retrieve the Watch -1)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
25	12	8	13	12	130	—

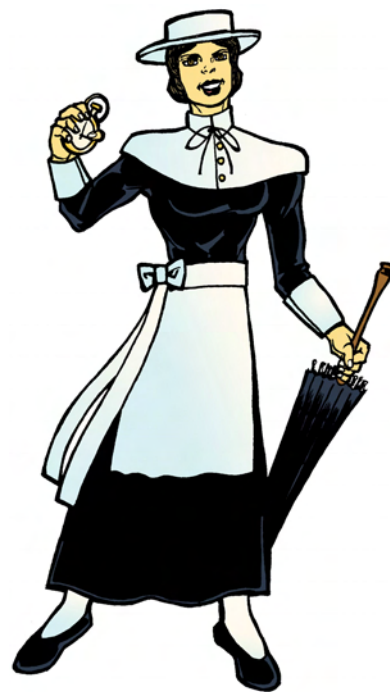
DESCRIPTION

Nicole had always been the black sheep of the Merryweathers. A proud aristocratic family, her kin took poorly to the antics that amused her during her teen years. Petty theft, burglary, criminal trespass, and vandalism simply weren't acceptable modes of behavior for one of the scions of a noble heritage. Not that she cared. Nicole may not have been tolerated by the rest of her family very well, but the rest of her family were well and truly loathed by the young girl. She had no use for a bunch of old stuff-shirts, decaying fossils rotting away in their country manors, or their children, rapacious parasites waiting anxiously for their older relatives to die so the inheriting could begin in earnest. As soon as she was able, she had set about distancing herself from her family name and she had succeeded, in her mind, in her relatives' minds, and in the eyes of the law. In fact, her family and the local constabulary had come to an agreement on just how to quietly deal with Nicole when she came across her grandfather's laboratory. Though she now likes to paint a picture of a hidden dungeon room full of mysterious concoctions and contraptions, buried by her family for fear of discovery, the truth was considerably more prosaic – a dusty set of rooms in an almost abandoned summer home that she felt obliged to visit after “acquiring” the keys. It was there that she discovered the watch.

Nicole's grandfather, it seemed, was another member the family would like to be able to forget spawning. An eccentric inventor, Hiram Merryweather had disappeared decades before, his assistant, one Templeton Weir (*see Abraxas, page 83*) following shortly thereafter with a disappearing act of his own when authorities came asking questions. The old man's work had been crazy talk, things like time travel and moving between worlds and realities. The family had ignored him, hoping he'd come to his senses one day, or maybe just pass away and out of their concerns. With him gone, they had done a good job of covering up his work and burying his past. No questions, no scandals, no worries. What Nicole found was one of the first fruits of her Grandfather's genius, a portable temporal inhibitor – whimsically placed inside the casing of a rather forgettable looking pocket watch and easily overlooked by the family during their hasty “clean-up.” Thinking it a mere trinket, Nicole promptly stole the watch (and a few other odds and ends around the workshop) and left. It wasn't until she tried setting the watch that she discovered its fantastic capabilities – and a very amusing afternoon of experimenting with it was all it took to convince her that *petty* crimes were a thing of the past. She eluded the authorities, took some childish revenge on select members of her family, and absconded across the pond after a close call with Glorianna encouraged her to seek greener pastures. So far, America has been good to her... and very, very entertaining.

Nic o' Time possesses a marvel of dimensional engineering. The inhibitor allows her to change her relative positioning within the temporal framework of the universe. She can accelerate her personal time point, becoming a blur to those around her, or slow time in precise areas around her, literally stopping whatever she wants in its tracks. Her precision is such that she can stop a falling cup and allow its contents to continue along their path. Originally, she had to fiddle with the device's controls, but continued usage has somehow bonded the device to her, and it now reacts to her thoughts. When separated from the device, she can even bring it back to her through intervening space. She has no idea how that works, or any of its abilities for that matter, and really doesn't care so long as they continue *to* work. She dresses in a manner many Americans would expect someone with her accent to, which is to say, about fifty years out of actual British fashion and similar to a Hollywood or novelized Englishwoman of the late Victorian era. She views this as a playful homage to her grandfather for the “gift” he left her.

NIC O' TIME



QUOTE

Don't worry about me, dearie... I have plenty of time.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Female	5'5"	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	26	116#	Brown

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Thief
25	From aristocratic family
30	Powers are in the watch she carries

REQUIEM



DESCRIPTION

Wolfgang Meijer was always going to be a musician. He knew this growing up because he was quite gifted in terms of musical ability, and because his parents latched onto his gifts as a ticket to easy street the first time his teachers mentioned the words "genius," and "prodigy," and never actually *let* the boy think of anything else for his life. Immigrants, the Meijers had faced a hard time acclimating to their new home and all of the things the war had cost them before they had been forced to flee their beloved Austria. Once they set their sights on little Wolfgang's inevitable ascension to the top of the musical profession, they refused to rest until they saw it through to its completion. They also refused to let their son rest, or waste his gifts on unnecessary distractions, such as a childhood. Practice, day in, day out with no respite, with no release. This was Wolfgang's life. What started as love, with his efforts giving voice to the music inside him, gradually grew into hate, as his affection was ground into nothing under his parents' relentless agenda. His few hours away from his parents and practice were at school. He excelled at studies that required attention to detail, such as math and science, but his stunted social growth kept him from appreciating art or literature – ironic considering his "destiny" to be an artist.

The day finally came when Wolfgang had the chance to leave his parents and his monotonous prison of a life behind – an audition for a spot at a prestigious arts academy. If he won a spot there, he would be able to define his own days away from his parents' regimen, maybe actually even make friends. He knew he was an easy pick, that his abilities surpassed most any competition he could possibly encounter, and so his spirits were high when he went in that day. He was slightly better with the flute than he was the violin, and so it was his flute and a little Mozart with which he prepared to thrill the judge.

He was denied.

The judge said that he had never heard a more flawless technical performance, but that Wolfgang's music had no soul – it was the musical equivalent of an accomplished typist, fast, precise, and sterile. The young man never heard the judge's offer of a follow-up audition the next year, as he was in shock. He was also on his way back to his parents. The world slowly turned a burning red.

When the other faculty finally broke into the little room, they found Wolfgang trying to fix the flute he had broken clubbing the judge to death.

At the trial, the jury couldn't understand how Wolfgang could be so happy, unaware that his parents had disowned him. Judging him mad, the court put him in a mental institution, where he languished for years. While there, he encountered a number of other fallen geniuses, many of whom weren't so far gone in their own dementia to teach the youngster a few tricks. One, a former sparring partner of Cogito and The Watchman known as The Clockwork King, took Wolfgang under wing and taught him the fine art of exotic weaponsmithing. The orderlies ignored the strange musical instrument Wolfgang made in his therapy-ordered shop time, at least, until he used it to blow a hole in the walls and escape.

Today, Wolfgang, known to his "adoring public" as Requiem, uses music the only way he's ever actually enjoyed it – as a club, metaphorically, or literally a weapon. He targets those who might otherwise have patroned his work, the rich, the literati, and art circles. His strange flute-like instrument is always at hand, capable of the most astonishing effects through the appalling application of sound.

QUOTE

The sounds of rending steel and shattering concrete as they blend with the screams of the dying... I love it so when the parts of a symphony flow together effortlessly.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	28	162#	Blonde

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Murderous lunatic
25	Musical genius
30	Can't stand to have his music criticized

PL	MUSICAL	PTS
10	MADMAN	156

STR	10	+0	TGH	LIFT
DEX	18	+4	+1	200#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	18	+4	+4	5 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+5	+4
			WILL	KB
			+8	-0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+2/+10	+10/+2
DAMAGE	
+10 (Blast) [Penetrating]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+3	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 3 (+7), Concentration 5 (+7), Craft (<i>Electronics</i>) 8 (+12), Disable Device 5 (+9), Know (<i>Art</i>) 15 (+19), Know (<i>Technology</i>) 6 (+10), Language (<i>French, Italian</i>), Perform (<i>Keyboards, Stringed Instruments</i>) 10 (+14), Perform (<i>Wind Instruments</i>) 15 (+19), Sleight of Hand 5 (+9)

FEATS
Attack Specialization (<i>The Instrument</i>) 4, Defensive Attack, Dodge Focus 5, Fascinate 3 (<i>All Perform Skills</i>), Inspire 5, Inventor, Luck 4, Move-By Action, Precise Shot 2 (<i>Only with The Instrument -1</i>)

POWERS
Device 18 (Hard to Lose, The Instrument [Blast 10 (Penetrating +1, PF: Indirect x2 (Only for bypassing his own Create Object barriers -1), Create Object 10 (Continuous +1, PF: Subtle (Invisible)), Sonic Control 10 (AP: Obscure (Auditory), Drain Toughness (Ranged +1, Limited to Crystalline or Brittle Objects -1), Nauseate, Stun, PF: Indirect)])

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
32	14	10	21	25	54	—

PL	CRIMINAL		PTS
6	MASTERMIND		175

STR	13	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	15	+2	+2	300#
CON	15	+2	FOR	LEAP
INT	30	+10	+8	6 ft
WIS	23	+6	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+3	+2
			WILL	KB
			+15	-1

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4	+6/+3
DAMAGE	
+1 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+5	Medium

SKILLS						
Bluff 11 (+15), Diplomacy 8 (+12), Gather Information 11 (+15), Intimidate 6 (+10), Know (<i>Art, Physical Science, Theology and Philosophy</i>) 4 (+14), Know (<i>Behavioral Science, Business, Civics, Current Events, Streetwise</i>) 10 (+20), Languages (<i>Arabic, Chinese, Classical Greek, French, German, Latin</i>), Medicine 2 (+12), Notice 8 (+14), Pro (<i>Mastermind</i>) 11 (+17), Search 8 (+18), Sense Motive 11 (+17)						
FEATS						
Benefit (<i>Wealth 4</i>), Connected, Contacts, Diehard, Eidetic Memory, Endurance, Fascinate (<i>Diplomacy</i>), Leadership, Luck 4, Master Plan, Minions 10 (<i>Assassins x100</i>), Minions 10 (<i>Crime Lords x25</i>), Minions 11 (<i>Criminals x1000</i>), Well-Informed						
POWERS						
Immunity (Age, Requires Yearly Ritual -1)						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
54	20	16	36	48	1	—

DESCRIPTION

The young man was fearful as he walked the long hall. Passing the enormous picture windows with their magnificent view of the Swiss Alps did nothing to calm his nerves. He'd been asked for by name. Asked to see the man in charge, and he didn't know if that was a good thing or a fatal thing. Any normal employee of a criminal enterprise such as this one would probably still be frightened, but they probably wouldn't be hiding the secrets he was. He stopped before the massive oak doors leading to Rex Mundi's private suite, struggling to force his heartbeat back down to a manageable rate. "King of the World," he thought, if only that weren't so very true in so many ways.

"Enter," he heard before his knuckles actually rapped the door.

Inside, seated on a divan, was Rex Mundi, some complicated apparatus attached at various points to his body, seemingly pumping blood in and out of his distinguished frame. Beside him stood one of the oh-so-very intimidating men that Rex Mundi found in alarming quantities. No gun was showing, but the quiet mountain of muscle really didn't need one to complete the picture.

"Sit, make yourself comfortable," his employer said. "We haven't met before, but your name has been spoken well of and I thought it was time I actually laid eyes on the 'golden boy.' Never mind this garish thing – it's just something I have to do now and again. Move the books and have a seat."

As he sat on the ottoman that had been motioned to, the young man gave only a glance at the books he was pushing aside, esoteric texts on abstract mathematics and celestial mechanics – a strange thing for a crime lord to be reading, he said to himself.

"Do you know who I am, young man? I ask out of curiosity, not ego. So few of the people who accept my coin do, you know," the older man continued, languidly and in a conversational tone.

"I've heard the stories, of course, but I can't say I actually believe them. Rather fanciful, I think. You hardly look a day over fifty, sir. Awfully spry for three times that, I'd say. Besides, there's all that fiction, of course. Doesn't paint you well, sir. Interesting cover, though," he replied.

"Bah. Damn the man. Damn that buffoon with the pen, as well. I saw him dead, you know... dead and buried. The addict as well as the Chinaman who didn't guard his secrets nearly well enough," he said, sounding half-distracted as he tapped on one of the glass vials circulating blood in and out of his body. "Danced the same jig on both graves, I might add."

The younger man's eyebrow rose, unsure what to make of the statement, or its veracity. "Oh, yes. Quite true, my young sir, every word of it. I just wanted to see the look on your face when you saw it verified. I always take some perverse amusement in the inevitable war between incredulity and shock as the information is digested. Not that you'll ever tell your superiors back at Scotland Yard, of course. My compliments, though. You infiltrated far higher than any of your predecessors did."

The concluding words were punctuated with a subtle nod, which shook the young man from his shock as he suddenly realized the bodyguard had deftly maneuvered out of sight without his notice. These were his last thoughts in the split second before the cold, cold wire bit deeply as it snapped around his neck.

Rex Mundi is the spider at the center of a very large, and frighteningly well-hidden web. He has had a very long time to plan, and plot, and cover his tracks. A man of practically inhuman intellect, he has known very few peers, and has seen them all in their graves. The mastermind's mastermind, he sits, learns from his very few failures, and weaves his schemes and conquests with the precision of a well-constructed equation. The elixir vitae he stole from one of his former rivals now grants him the longevity to see his long-term plans through to their completion. Past mistakes taught him the price of exposure, and he never, never makes the same mistake twice.

REX MUNDI



QUOTE

Torture you? Oh, no. I already know more about your operation than you do. You're simply going to die.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'11"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	46 (122)	174#	Grey

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	
25	A myth – the crime lord of crime lords
30	Mastermind who's been around for over 75 years

SALAMANCA



DESCRIPTION

Vance Tyler always knew he was the son of an eccentric woman. Growing up in an isolated community, he knew the stories of her abrupt appearance before his birth, of the gold she used in place of money to set up the ranch, and of her very strange accent. He had her many cryptic comments about her birthplace over the years, the intense lessons in horse riding, sword fighting, etiquette, and other archaic pastimes, as well as the strange language she forced him to learn and use with her. And then there was her paranoia – her unflinching and consistent vigilance against enemies he never saw nor about which she would ever speak.

Finally, on her deathbed, she confessed the entire story to him, much to his shock. His name wasn't Vance, it was Vrom, heir to House Rhovanion as named by her father upon Vrom's birth. Not that there was much of a House left now. She had fled from an alternate Earth called Caernas. The locket she wanted him to have was an amulet that allowed passage between worlds – passage that was forbidden by hidden laws that predated the Empire now in power there. Her family's discovery of the truth about Caernas, that it was settled by refugees from this Earth many thousands of years earlier, had doomed them. The Keepers, a secret order within the Imperial Archives who viewed it as their duty to maintain the secrets of the Empire's founding, had moved against House Rhovanion. They had hunted its members, destroyed its demesnes, and planted evidence implicating the Witchqueens of the North in Rhovanion's fall. His mother had barely escaped with her life as the Warwyrms tore through her family's fortress at Snowforge and a legion of the Empire's bestial Halfmen troops slaughtered the family retainers. She had promised his father that she would see Vrom safely to manhood, and she had. Now it was time to avenge his blood. After he had buried his mother, he found the instructions she had left for him. He used the amulet to return to Caernas and, after acclimating himself, slowly acquired the supporters and resources he needed to begin striking at the Keepers, their allies within the Great Houses, and the Imperial Assembly. Vance had enjoyed reading about pirates as he grew up, and watching the occasional movie about them. Once he had *The Everkeen Blade* and a crew, he took the name Salamanca (which he vaguely remembered from a book he once read, and because he liked the sound) and began operating under the pretext of piracy to hide his real motives and background. His homage to Captain Blood and other movie pirates in his appearance is lost on the Caernasians, but provokes the intended reaction on Earth.

Salamanca is a pirate, though more in the romantic and cinematic tradition than the brutal historical reality. He moves his ship between Caernas and Earth, for revenge on the former and for resources on the latter. His crew is a mishmash from both worlds, his ship an artifact from Caernas' past, though still quite serviceable today. Salamanca himself is an impressive physical specimen, albeit still quite human, and a highly accomplished swordsman. Much to his delight, he's found his charm and guile to be equally as effective a weapon as his sword. Details about Fetish, a living voodoo doll that is his constant companion, are sketchy, but it is presumed he picked up the valuable little magical construct while hiding from authorities in the South Seas.

QUOTE

The jewels, dollface... please.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	6'	Brown
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	30	185#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Looks like movie pirate
25	Has a flying ship
30	Slips between worlds

SIDEKICK

Fetish: PL 5 (144 points); Init +6; Def +12; Atk +9; SV Tgh +4, Fort —, Ref +8, Will +8; Str 8, Dex 14, Con —, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 8; SZ: Diminutive;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 10 (+3), Know (Arcane Lore) 10 (+13), Notice 4 (+7), Sense Motive 6 (+9), Stealth 6 (+20); Diehard, Elusive Target, Fearless, Improved Defense, Improved Initiative 1, Luck 3, Ritualist, Taunt;

Powers: Immunity 30 (All FORT Effects), Luck Control 3, Mental Blast 5 (Requires Physical Link -1), Protection 10, Regeneration 16 (Resurrection, Recovery 12), Shrinking 12 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate).

PL	SWASHBUCKLING	PTS
10	SKY PIRATE	224

STR	16	+3	TGH		LIFT	
DEX	20	+5		+8/4		460#
CON	18	+4	FORT		LEAP	
INT	15	+2		+6		8 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF		INIT	
CHA	18	+4		+12		+9
			WILL		KB	
				+8		-4/2

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+8/+14	+12/+4
DAMAGE	
+6 (Sword), +8 (Flintlock)	
[Penetrating]	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+11	Medium

SKILLS

Acrobatics 10 (+15), Bluff 4 (+8/+12), Climb 6 (+9), Diplomacy 4 (+8/+12), Intimidate 4 (+8), Know (*Popular Culture*) 2 (+4), Notice 6 (+8), Ride 6 (+11), Search 6 (+8), Sense Motive 4 (+6), Sleight of Hand 6 (+11), Stealth 6 (+11), Swim 8 (+11)

FEATS

Acrobatic Bluff, Assessment, Attack Specialization (*Swords*) 3, Attractive 1, Defensive Roll 4, Distract (*Bluff*), Dodge Focus 4, Elusive Target, Equipment 14 (*Sword, Galleon*), Evasion, Grappling Finesse, Inspire 2, Luck 2, Minions 8 (*Criminals x50*), Move-By Action, Sidekick 35 (*Fetish*), Sneak Attack, **Sword-Fighting** (*Accurate Attack, Defensive Attack, Improved Block, Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Taunt*), Takedown Attack

POWERS

Device 4 (Hard to Lose, **Amulet of Bardic Charm** [Communication (Mental) 5 (Shapeable Area +1, PF: Selective, Subtle), Comprehend (Languages) 2]), **Device 4** (Easy to Lose, **Enchanted Flintlock** [Blast 8 (Penetrating +1, Only Penetrating against Living Targets -1; PF: Indirect 2)])

EQUIPMENT

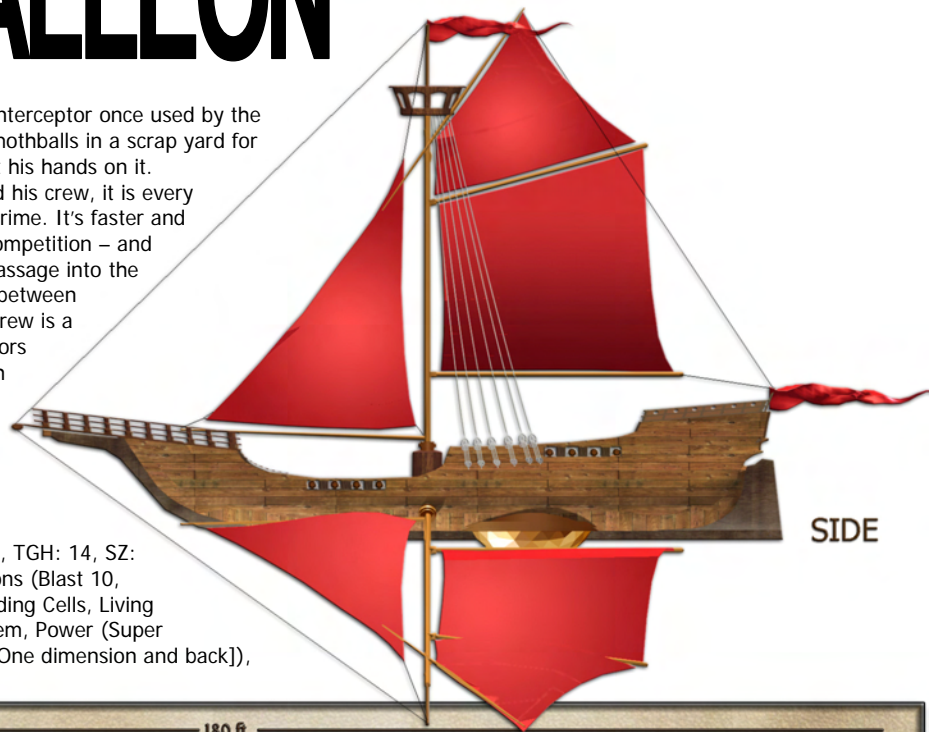
Ship, Sword +3						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
42	32	15	18	89	28	—

THE SKY GALLEON

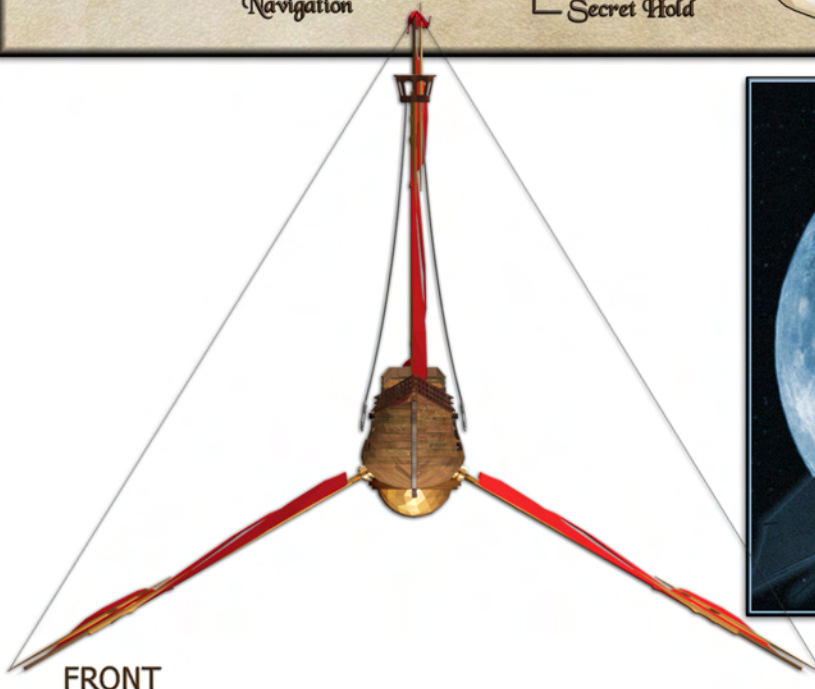
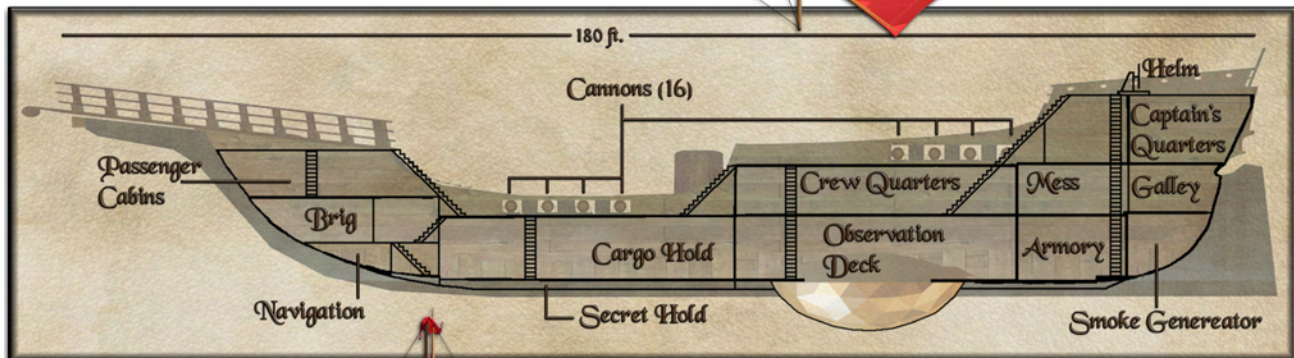
The Everkeen Blade was originally an interceptor once used by the Imperial Fleet. It had been gathering mothballs in a scrap yard for the last 30 years before Salamanca got his hands on it. Refurbished, added to by its owner and his crew, it is every bit as serviceable now as it was in its prime. It's faster and more maneuverable than most of its competition – and Salamanca fit his mother's amulet of passage into the tiller, allowing the entire ship to move between Caernas and Earth as he desires. Her crew is a mishmash of Earth and Caernesian sailors who struggle to get along, though each group is baffled by the origins of the other and miscommunication is frequent.

Crew: Use Criminal archetype – add Profession (Sailor) +4.

Sky Galleon: STR: 50, SPD: 6 (Flight), TGH: 14, SZ: Colossal; Cost: 66/14; **Features:** Cannons (Blast 10, Explosive), Hidden Compartments, Holding Cells, Living Space, Navigation System, Power System, Power (Super Movement 1 [Dimensional Movement, One dimension and back]), Smoke Screen (Area, Progression 10)



SIDE



FRONT



SEE HEXE



DESCRIPTION

Gertruda Mueller never seemed any different from the other children with whom she played. Blue-eyed, blonde-haired, and cute as a button, she made her parents very proud, just as proud as her four sisters did. She didn't tell anyone about the dreams that haunted her sleep. She didn't tell anyone about the voices that she alone heard, and she certainly never told anyone about the strange impulses she felt when she looked overlong at the lovely, lovely water. Then, one summer her parents took her with them on holiday to the coast of France – and that was the last anyone ever saw of the little girl. Witnesses later said that they saw the girl staring longingly out to sea before simply walking out into the waves. When the little girl went under the water and didn't come back up, near-by swimmers rushed to her aid, only to find nothing where the girl had been. Authorities declared the girl a victim of drowning and closed the case. Her parents returned to Germany, mourned their loss, and moved on.

There are areas south of the city of Atlantis where no one, not even her soldiers, venture willingly... and certainly not alone. Caves that stories are told about, strange shapes seen moving in the water that match no known marine life, these are the things that lend those areas their disturbing demeanor. The sentries posted along the southern walls of the city were understandably surprised to see a shapely young woman swimming toward them, even more surprised when she demanded an audience with the Emperor. Even with the unexplainable feeling of dread they felt emanating from her, and her freakish eyes, the soldiers laughed at her preposterous request. With a motion from her hand, the section of wall behind them shattered into a hundred pieces. They stopped laughing. When she was presented to Dagon, she acted out a level of obeisance he had never seen before, practically fawning over him with the most fulsome praise. She told him that she was sent to help him by old, old friends of Atlantis, powers that had watched the Jeweled City of the Sea for a very long time. Dagon, she told him, was the fulfillment of prophecy and would bring about the return of the city to the lands above. She was the gift to seal an alliance between Dagon and her patrons, a powerful tool and weapon to serve at his every command. Even her name was up to him.

Dagon did not rise to his position by being a fool. He no more trusted the woman than he felt

QUOTE

Feel the fury of Mother Ocean!

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Atlantean?	Female	5'11"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	30?	185#	None

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Atlantean working with Nazis
25	Tireless supporter of Dagon
30	Not really Atlantean

comfortable in her presence, and her apparent gender certainly didn't lull him into underestimating her— of the five most dangerous people he had ever met, three had been women. Regardless of her appearance, no Atlantean had visible irises, especially not the vibrant blue that hers were. Her cryptic comments about being perfect to cement his relationship with the Germans was also disturbing, as few outside his trusted counselors knew the details of that arrangement. Still, it would be imprudent to shun a possible resource. He asked for a demonstration of what she could do; afterwards, he was even more certain he had made the right decision and named her Sea Witch. Since he didn't want to spend any more time than necessary with the Nazis, she would be his liaison to them, his voice away from Atlantis. And when she left with his ambassadors to be introduced to her new associates, Dagon quietly began making plans on how to dispose of her

Sea Witch, or See Hexe to the Germans, is in an unenviable position. She is trusted by absolutely no one with whom she works. Dagon uses her, but waits for the day that she turns on him, or that her "patrons" come calling. The Germans tolerate her as a political necessity, but no more than that. Regardless of her birth, Gertruda is long gone. The Sea Witch has the body of an Atlantean, and carries their speech as a native, though no other Atlantean has her eyes or the tentacles that can suddenly erupt without warning from her body. She has shown frightening control over the creatures of the deep as well as water itself, going so far as to being able to become water (and grow to great size when in contact with enough liquid to absorb into her mass). Further, she can command the storm above the waves with equal facility as the substance and natives below it.

PL	WATER WITCH	PTS
12		200

STR	36	+13	TGH	+16	15 ton
DEX	16	+3	FORT	+11	10 ft
CON	27	+8	REF	+6	+3
INT	13	+1	WILL	+11	-16/6
WIS	25	+7			
CHA	18	+4			

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5(+7)	+6(+8)/ +2(+4)
DAMAGE	
+13 (Unarmed), +12 (Lightning)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+26(+12)	Huge (Medium)

SKILLS

Concentration 13 (+20), Intimidate 6 (+10), Know (*Arcane Lore*) 9 (+10), Language (*[Atlantean]*, *English*, *[German]*), Notice 8 (+15), Search 3 (+4), Sense Motive 5 (+12), Swim 10 (+23)

FEATS

All-Out Attack, Attractive 2, Diehard, Environmental Adaptation (*Underwater*), Favored Environment (*Underwater*) 2, Fearless, Power Attack, Rage 1, Ritualist

POWERS

Additional Limbs 3

(Tendrils), Alternate Form

(**Water**) 4 (Concealment 4, Insubstantial 1, Suffocate 4, Swimming 3; Only Underwater -1), **Animal Control 8**

(Aquatic Animals Only -1, PF: Mental Link), **Growth 8** [+16 STR, +8 CON, Huge] (Only

when in Contact with Sizeable Bodies of Water -1, Linked to

Alternate Form -0), **Immunity 3** (Breathe Underwater, Cold,

High Pressure), **Protection 8**,

Super-Senses 5 (Blindsight [Only Underwater -1],

Lowlight,), **Super-Strength 3**,

Swimming 4, **Weather**

Control 12 (Base: Cold, AP: Blast, Dazzle (Visual, Auditory), Obscure (Visual), Snare)

AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
55	30	10	8	11	85	—

PL	NURSERY RHYME		PTS
10	THEME VILLAIN		165

STR	12	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+7/1	260#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	20	+5	+4	6 ft
WIS	18	+4	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+4	+6
			WILL	KB
			+12	-3/0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+5/+9	+13/+5
DAMAGE	
DC 20 FORT (Fatigue)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+6	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 10 (+14), Craft (<i>Electronic, Mechanical</i>) 10 (+15), Diplomacy 4 (+8), Disable Device 6 (+11), Escape Artist 10 (+12), Gather Information 10 (+14), Know (<i>Life Science, Physical Science</i>) 5 (+10), Notice 10 (+14), Perform (<i>Dance, Sing</i>) 6 (+10), Pro (<i>Crime Lord</i>) 12 (+16), Search 8 (+13), Sense Motive 8 (+12), Sleight of Hand 10 (+12), Stealth 4 (+6)

FEATS
Attack Specialization (<i>Mr. Sleepy-time Cane</i>) 2, Connected, Contacts, Defensive Roll 6, Distract (<i>Bluff</i>), Dodge Focus 3, Evasion, Fascinate (<i>Bluff</i>), Improved Defense 1, Improved Initiative 1, Inventor, Luck 9, Master Plan, Minions 6 (<i>Criminals x25</i>), Set-Up, Sneak Attack 2, Taunt, Ultimate Effort (<i>Bluff Check for Taunt</i>), Well-Informed

POWERS
Device 5 (Easy to Lose, "Mr. Sleepy-time" Cane [Fatigue 10 (AP: Confuse (Normal Range -1, Area Burst +1, Alternate Save FORT +0)), Corrosion (Normal Range +1) 5, Suffocate (Normal Range +1) 5, Stun (Normal Range +1) 5])

EQUIPMENT						
HQ (SZ: Huge, TGH: 10, <i>Features:</i> Concealed, Garage, Holding Cells, Living Space, Power System, Security System, Traps (Defense Systems), Workshop						
AT	CM	SV	SK	FT	PW	DB
35	30	13	31	41	15	—

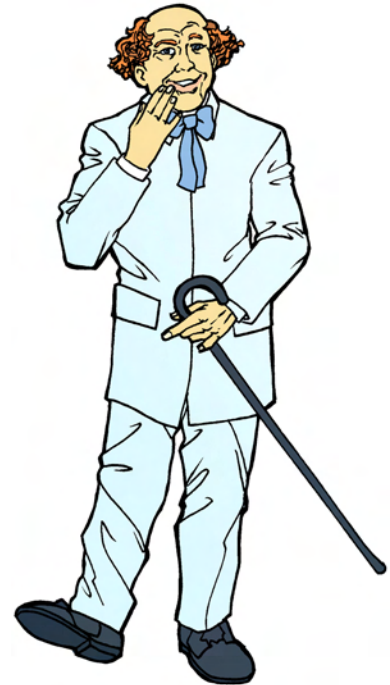
DESCRIPTION

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, there lived a very strange boy in a very strange house. All of the people who lived in the house with the boy were quite mad, but the boy didn't mind. The house was quite large and had so many interesting things to do, so many interesting things to play with, so many interesting uncles and aunts who told so many interesting stories. He was a secret, their secret, and his mother just as mad as all of the others, and they guarded him, and cared for him and never told anyone he was there in the very strange house. When the people who took care of the people who lived in the very strange house found the strange little boy, they became very cross.

This could not be, would not be, was not allowed. They took the strange little boy away from the house where all of the people continued to be quite mad. They took him away from the people who cared for him and they gave him to people who didn't really like the strange little boy at all. They put him in a dull, little house with dull, little people who told dull little stories, and the strange little boy was oh so unhappy after that. When those dull, little people didn't want him anymore, he was given to more people just like the ones that he left. And so on, and so on, and so on again. But then a wonderful thing happened: the strange little boy grew up and wasn't a little boy anymore and didn't have to stay with all of the dull, little people. He went and he found a new house just like the one where he had been happy, and then he decided that all of those dull, little people were only dull and little because no one had ever told them interesting stories like the ones he had been told. But that could be changed, and then wouldn't everyone be just as happy as he was. What a wonderful world that would be!

Simple Simon was born the son of an inmate at one of the poorly run mental asylums that dotted the landscape in the first half of the 20th Century. His mother had been committed for the crime of being different, of wanting things like independence and to speak her own mind – and of doing these things when she had powerful male relatives that envied her wealth and could find judges sympathetic to their "needs." The institution was so poorly run that when she was raped and became pregnant, she was able not only to hide the condition, but also to hide the birth, and then the child – at least, for a while. By the time Simon (the only name to which he'll answer) grew old enough to seek out the place of his birth, his mother had died from abusive electroshock therapy, which pretty much ended his curiosity about how things liked laws and authorities worked and why. Simple Simon isn't so much immoral in his activities as he is amoral. He doesn't subscribe to society or its laws, and most certainly not to her traditions or mores. He wants to have fun, and he doesn't much care who or what gets hurt in the process. Truth be told, even in his more lucid moments he isn't really sure how much of the outside world is a terrible delusion and how much is horribly real – and you can't feel bad about what happens to a make-believe person in a make-believe world, can you? They are there to be played with, after all. That he can continue to function within those parameters, financially and organizationally, is testimony to the genius behind the madness. Those who have underestimated Simple Simon for his obvious lunacy have paid heavy prices when the tables turned and they discovered just how resourceful the man spouting nursery rhymes could be, and how very, very deadly.

SIMPLE SIMON



QUOTE

All the king's horse and all the king's men couldn't put the masked man back together again.

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'6"	Blue
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	41	182#	Red

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Bank robber and kidnapper
25	Strange speech pattern
30	Doesn't think world is real

THE TERRIBLE TRIUMVIRATE



The man known as Rex Mundi is in control of an impressive amount of information and personnel. His shadow empire has recently grown to encompass three "heirs" to compatriots he knew of old. Amused by the nostalgia of his "acquisitions," he invited them all to work together on a case. The blend of infiltration, muscle, drugs, and animal minions proved fruitful. Giving this trio a semblance of autonomy, he allows them to operate their own jobs in exchange for a small "finder's fee."

Esmeralda Griffith

Esmeralda was a manipulative thief. She'd wile her way into a foolish man's heart and then disappear with his valuables. She left a profitable trail of anguish behind her for years, until her condition began. She began fading from sight. Over time, she became completely invisible, with no control over it. No doctor could help her, or even make educated guesses as to what was causing her condition or even how such a thing as invisibility was possible – or how she could continue to see when light bent around her. At wit's end, she was contemplating suicide when she received the telegram and the rendezvous arrangement. An old friend of her grandfather's had information for her, and a job offer. She was descendant of the infamous Invisible Man, inheriting a version of the ability he had needed drugs to produce. Rex Mundi would seek a cure for her, while she would steal for him. She has so much fun as a thief now, she no longer really worries about the cure.

Esmeralda Griffith: PL 6 (91 points); Init +3; Defense +10/+4; Atk +4 (-1 Unarmed), +6 (Pistol +3); SV Tgh +2/0, Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +5; Str 9, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 16;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 3 (+6), Disable Device 6 (+8), Know (Streetwise) 6 (+8), Stealth 5 (+8); Attack Focus (Ranged) 2, Defensive Roll 2, Dodge Focus 2, Equipment 2, Evasion, Improved Defense 2, Precise Shot, Sneak Attack 2;

Powers: Immunity 10 (Light-Based Attacks), Invisibility (All Visual, Permanent -1);

Equipment: Pistol +3 (Subtle [Silenced])



Harcourt Jekyll

Even as a child, although Harcourt Franklin was young, he was never little. He grew up a large bully in the orphanage, and got even larger during his adolescent growth spurt. Using his size and ruthlessness to his advantage, he formed a small gang and went into business as muscle for hire.

The large envelope was slipped under his office door one day, with no indication of its origins. It detailed his genealogy, showing that he was actually the son of Dr. Jekyll, the famed mad scientist. That man's alter ego, Mr. Hyde, had raped a woman and left her for dead. A young farming couple found her, and nursed her back to health, allowing her to bear the child, who was then left on the doorstep of a church.

At first angered, Harcourt has learned to accept his heritage, and even enjoy it. How many thugs were fathered by a famous monster, after all?

Harcourt Jekyll: PL 7 (107 points); Init +2; Defense +5/+2; Atk +7 (+8 Unarmed); SV Tgh +8, Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +10; Str 26, Dex 14, Con 23, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 15;

Skills and Feats: Bluff 6 (+8), Climb 5 (+10), Intimidate 10 (+12), Know (Streetwise) 4 (+5), Notice 6 (+10), Stealth 5 (+7); All-Out Attack, Fearsome Presence 2, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Takedown Attack 2;

Powers: Growth 3 (Permanent -1, PF: Innate), Immunity 1 (Poison), Leaping 1, Protection 2, Super-Senses 1 (Scent), Super-Strength 1 (3680 lbs Maximum Lift)

Etienne Moreau

Teased about his name growing up, Etienne quickly accepted the fact that no one really understood the grandeur of his grandfather's work save himself. A brilliant medical scholar, he nonetheless had to attend medical schools under assumed names due to the small-minded judgmental natures of those who constantly interfered in his pursuit of knowledge. He also had to go through a number of such schools, as he was discreetly dismissed from one after another when his extracurricular activities and experiments came to light. He was barely keeping one step ahead of the authorities, who took a dim view of how he acquired test subjects and the "medications" he made to finance his work and travels, when Rex Mundi "found" him. His new patron opened new horizons for Moreau, though there were, of course, some small demands made on his time and expertise in recompense.

Moreau wishes to surpass the achievements of his grandfather Alphonse. This obsession drives a constant high-strung tension level in Etienne that provokes frequent migraines and temper tantrums. His self-medicating is closely watched by his patron, though Etienne has yet to realize just how tight a leash he's kept on.

Etienne Moreau: PL 6 (78 points); Init +1; Defense +5/+2; Atk +2 (+1 Unarmed); SV Tgh +2, Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +6; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 23, Wis 8, Cha 14;
Skills and Feats: Craft (Chemical) 11 (+17), Handle Animal 6 (+8), Know (Life Science) 11 (+17), Medicine 8 (+14), Sleight of Hand 2 (+3), Stealth 2 (+3); Animal Empathy, Equipment 4, Fearless, Inventor, Minions 7 (*Beastmen* x25, *Fanatic* +1);
Equipment: HQ (as Underground Lair)



Beast Men

Animal-human hybrids, Moreau's Beastmen barely qualify as sentient. He has yet to master the complete transformation from animal to human-seeming, with the bestial appearance of his ever-present 'hench-things' a constant reminder of how far he has yet to go in his research. They are good for leg-breaking and intimidation, and conditioned to be very loyal to Moreau, but that's about the limits of their usefulness so far

Beast Men: PL 3 (46 points); Init +6; Defense +2/+1; Atk +3 (+3 Unarmed); SV Tgh +4, Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 8;
Skills and Feats: Notice 2 (+2), Stealth 4 (+6), Survival 2 (+2); All-Out Attack, Improved Initiative 1;
Powers: Growth (Permanent -1), Leaping 1, Protection 1, Speed 2, Strike 1 (PF: Mighty), Super-Senses 3 (Lowlight, Scent, Track)



ZAVIER ZODIAC



DESCRIPTION

Lucius Xavier Tudbury had a problem. He liked to gamble. He liked to gamble a lot. This, however, was not his problem. Nor for that matter was his problem his level of competence – Tudbury was an exceptional player at any number of games of chance. No, the problem was his luck. He had too much of it, and never a predictable amount or predictable kind at the predicted time. Tudbury would go through streaks – one day untouchable and on top of the world, the next seemingly cursed. He made and lost fortunes regularly. Large fortunes. Unfortunately, not everyone found this amusing, despite his charm and vital personality. One powerful and wealthy man, obviously at a loss for anything resembling a sense of humor, after presuming a continuing and steady stream of misfortune for Tudbury, was particularly unhappy to watch as the jovial gambler's luck turned for the better in mid-game, with Tudbury walking away from the table with a sizable pile of winnings that had belonged to the other man shortly before.

Tudbury played several other games that night, exploiting his streak for all it was worth. He was in such a good mood that he was open to people putting other property up for stake that evening – including a pretty set of tarot cards Tudbury saw and liked. A superstitious man, Lucius was quite pleased with his new acquisition when those cards came into his hands the same as so many other people's money that evening. That elation disappeared almost immediately after he left the casino that night and encountered the reception left for him by the humorless man who had been fuming since his loss earlier that night – unpleasant men with tire irons and chains. Thinking himself about to die, Tudbury gripped his new cards tightly in his hands as he began to pray. Much to the surprise of everyone present, especially Tudbury, there was a sudden burst of light and the appearance of a number of figures resembling the pictures on his cards. These newcomers made short work of Tudbury's attackers, smiled at Lucius, and then disappeared. Lucius breathed a sigh of relief, and then fainted.

Over the next few weeks, Lucius found that he could summon the figures back when he wished, so long as he had the cards in hand. He could also influence his luck and the luck of others, finally influencing some control over his streaks of fortune, again, only so long as he had his cards with him. Another first for Lucius was that he could use the cards to predict the future – though he had often used tarot cards in the past to attempt foretelling, with these cards, his predictions actually came true. With wealth and fortune at his disposal, and the specter of a painful death still a fresh memory, Tudbury did a little soul-searching. He sat down with his cards and asked fate what would happen if he didn't change his ways. The answer came back – a certain and bloody end. Through

trial and error, he managed to gain answers for a number of subsequent questions, answers that illuminated a clear path for Tudbury to follow, one far removed from his earlier ambitions though not unattractive. He said goodbye to the name of Tudbury, just as the cards had directed. Xavier Zodiac came into the world, and with fate as his guide, loyal and powerful helpers at his apparent beck and call, and only a little cheating now and then to keep his luck on track, Mr. Zodiac set out to build an empire.

Xavier Zodiac believes that he is in possession of a powerful magical artifact in the form of his deck of tarot cards. It is true that the cards have a certain pedigree, having, it seems, once been owned by the infamous Aleister Crowley himself, and a certain charm for Xavier, as they use zodiacal imagery – of which he's always been very fond. However, the cards themselves have no power. The probability control, the precognition, even the manifesting of the mental constructs from the card faces, all of these are Zodiac's own tremendous mental power. A latent psionic for most of his life, with his odd streaks of luck as the only outward sign of this, Zodiac's powers flared into activity under the stress of his imminent demise that evening. Not that he's consciously aware of this, of course. In his mind, he needs the cards to use his abilities; being mental powers in nature, a perceived crutch is an actual crutch, regardless of its validity.

PL	MAGIC CARD		PTS
11	DEALER		199

STR	12	+1	TGH	LIFT
DEX	14	+2	+3/1	260#
CON	13	+1	FORT	LEAP
INT	15	+2	+4	6 ft
WIS	15	+2	REF	INIT
CHA	18	+4	+2	+2
			WILL	KB
			+8	-1/0

ATTACK	DEFENSE
+4	+4/+2
DAMAGE	
+1 (Unarmed)	
GRAPPLE	SIZE
+5	Medium

SKILLS
Bluff 12 (+16), Diplomacy 12 (+16), Gather Information 12 (+16), Know (<i>Current Events</i>) 8 (+10), Know (<i>Streetwise</i>) 10 (+12), Notice 6 (+8), Pro (<i>Gambler</i>) 16 (+18), Search 5 (+7), Sense Motive 10 (+12), Sleight of Hand 5 (+7)
FEATS
Beginner's Luck, Benefit (<i>Wealth</i> 3), Connected, Contacts, Defensive Roll 2, Fascinate (<i>Diplomacy</i>), Luck 5, Minions 9 (<i>Criminals x500</i>), Taunt, Well-Informed
POWERS
Luck Control 3 (All Effects; Area: Shapeable +1, Selective +1, Requires Tarot Cards -1, Tiring -1), Summon 16 (Fanatical +1, Heroic +1, Type +2, Requires Tarot Cards -1; PF: Progression 4, Mental Link, Sacrifice,), Super-Senses 8 (Precognition, Postcognition, Unreliable -1, Action: Full Round -1, Requires Tarot Cards -1)
AT CM SV SK FT PW DB
27 16 9 24 25 100 —

QUOTE

Pick a card...

RACE	SEX	HT	EYES
Human	Male	5'10"	Green
GROUP	AGE	WT	HAIR
None	39	230#	Black

PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE

5	
10	
15	
20	Professional gambler
25	Never without his tarot cards
30	Master of the Tarot Crime Cartel

The Tarot Crime Cartel

When Zodiac began building his criminal organization, it was only natural that he fall back on his gift and inspiration, his "magic" tarot deck, for guidance on an organizational schema. In simplest terms, the cartel is divided into two separate bodies, the Major Arcana and the Minor Arcana. The Minor Arcana are the majority of the cartel, the Major Arcana being "lieutenants" to Zodiac himself – troubleshooters with special abilities who answer only to Zodiac, and, known only to their creator, are entirely manifestations of his will. The Minor Arcana is further broken down into suites: Wands, Pentacles, Cups, and Swords. The suite of Wands handles vice in all of its forms, gambling, drugs, prostitution, etc. Pentacles are the moneymen, laundering ill-gotten gains, financing any number of loan-sharking efforts, confidence schemes and other examples of traditional white-collar crime. Smuggling and the general trafficking of any profitable form of contraband falls under the auspices of the suite of Cups. Finally, the suite of Swords has their stock-and-trade in violence: Arms sales, mercenary-brokering, contract killings, and so on. Each suite has a King that handles planning, long-term development of resources and goals; a Queen who oversees the daily operations of the suite; and a Page who acts as liaison to the other suites, insuring that all the hands employed by the cartel work together in profitable harmony. Within the suites, ranks are denoted by numbers, with higher numbers being fewer in representation and possessing greater authority. Each member carries a card denoting their rank that they use for general identification purposes. These cards are printed with special ink that glows under the right light. Undercover policemen have discovered that simply carrying a card from any old tarot deck for this purpose is a fatal mistake.

Zodiac himself has stayed as removed as possible from the organization's infrastructure. With step-by-step consultation (guidance from his foretellings) with his deck, he slowly picked capable decision-makers to represent his interests in the leadership roles of the Minor Arcana. These were men and women he *knew* he could trust, that he *knew* would do their jobs and do them well. Most of the underlings who work for the cartel have never even actually seen their ultimate boss, though they know of his name, and that is just the way that Zodiac likes it. On those few occasions when personnel problems have arisen, representatives of the Major Arcana have suddenly arrived and dealt with the problem – almost as if Zodiac had been aware of the treachery or betrayal before it actually happened. That Zodiac seems at time to be practically prescient has gone a long way in reinforcing discipline, and that his fortunes are often the repeated good luck of the cartel's members goes a long way to maintain morale.

Thus far, the Tarot Cartel is primarily a western presence, building and consolidating its power in North, Central, and South America. Its holdings in Europe and Asia are limited. The authorities have thus far been stymied by the widespread nature of the organization, and the limited ability of arrested members to finger those above them. Initial hostilities between Zodiac's people and Rex Mundi's organization have settled into a sort of détente. Zodiac believes this is because his competitor is afraid of Tarot's power – unaware that Rex Mundi is a true long-term planner, and that the older man not only likes what he sees in Tarot's assets and daily operations, but that he is already planting the seeds for an eventual "hostile takeover."

The current Kings of each suite (by seniority) are as follows:

Blake Chambers (Pentacles): Disowned scion of a Boston banking family, Chambers has put his ivy-league education and financial connections to great use while bringing money into the cartel hand-over-fist. Pentacles has a much lower violence rate than the other suites, and Chambers is a coward at heart and very fond of breathing, so he's lasted much longer than his peers in the other suites.

Etienne Dumont (Wands): Before coming to Tarot, Dumont ran a number of brothels in New Orleans, and indulged in several profitable blackmailing ventures on the side. He puts on quite a show of being a voodoo practitioner and bokor, but his demonstrated abilities have yet to match his hyperbole.

Stefano Antonelli (Cups): Former bagman for the Capone mob, Antonelli learned the tricks of his trade bringing liquor in from Canada and gold from Cuba. Tarot's muscle is currently the only thing keeping the mob from brutally punishing Antonelli for his abrupt and costly departure from their ranks

Ariana Diokemedes (Swords): Daughter of a Greek revolutionary, Ariana was recruited by her immediate predecessor after he saw her demolitions work in Mexico. When he turned traitor to Tarot, she stabbed him to death in front of the arriving Major Arcana enforcers, bringing her to Zodiac's attention and resulting in her promotion.

For each of the Kings, use the Crime Lord Archetype from the M&M rulebook. Add Knowledge (Arcane Lore) +4 and the Ritualist feat to Dumont; add +2 to Diokemedes's Charisma and Demolitions +8 to her skills. Standard Tarot personnel use the Criminal Archetype from the same book.

The Major Arcana are one and all manifestations of Xavier Zodiac's immense psionic abilities. While they might seem to possess sentience, initiative, and free will, it's pretty much an illusion. Any semblance of personality they might exhibit is actually a reflection of fragments of Zodiac's consciousness. All the Minor Arcana knows is that the Major Arcana are very powerful and completely loyal to their master. They appear as representations from the cards in Zodiac's tarot deck. In the few instances of non-human card images, they appear as humanoid dressed in the same faux-medieval costumes as their peers, but bearing small representations of their card's symbol (e.g., a stone tower) painted on their chests. Zodiac's deck is one of the prototypes of Crowley's Thoth deck and the cards are therefore a little different from the standard deck's iconography. The following are the Major Arcana's cards and the associated Archetype from the M&M rulebook which provides their statistics:

The Fool:	Kung Fu Killer (Acrobatic Combat Style)
The Magus:	Mystic
High Priestess:	Puppeteer
Empress:	Psionic
Emperor:	Psionic
Hierophant:	Brain in a Jar (treat as unmoving figure on flying throne)
Lovers:	Shapeshifter
Chariot:	Speedster
Adjustment:	Mimic
Hermit:	Kung Fu Killer (Stealthy Combat Style)
Wheel of Fortune:	Not used (Zodiac is worried about possible abilities)
Lust:	Vampire Lord
Hanged Man:	Not used (Zodiac is very spooked by the "vibe" he gets from this card)
Death:	Weapon-Master (Scythe +5)
Art:	Gadgeteer (equipment looks archaic – blaster is a flintlock, jetpack is Da Vinci wings, force field is loud Jacob's Ladder effect, and so on)
Devil:	Savage Man-Beast
Tower:	Powerhouse
Star:	Energy Controller (Radiation Control)
Moon:	Energy Controller (Light Control)
Sun:	Energy Controller (Element Control: Fire)
The Aeon:	Energy Controller (Gravity Control)
The Universe:	Not used (Zodiac is concerned that this may be beyond his control)

OPTIONAL RULES

Feats

Ace (General, Ranked)

You can apply appropriate personal combat feats to vehicles you control instead of gaining the effects of those feats for yourself. You may purchase one such feat, or one rank in such a ranked feat, for every rank you possess in this feat. You do not get to apply the benefits of such feats outside a vehicle unless you purchase those feats separately outside of the Ace feat as well.

Example: Rocket Ranger has Dodge Focus 1 and Ace 3 (Dodge Focus 2, Evasion 1). Outside of a vehicle, Rocket Ranger only gets the benefit of one rank of Dodge Focus, increasing his personal defense by +6 with a full defense action, and being just as vulnerable to the effects of an area effect attack as any other target. Inside a vehicle, however, the Ranger can get +8 to the defense of the vehicle, and a Reflex Save to completely avoid the effects of an area effect attack.

Combination Attack (Combat, Ranked)

You are a fighting machine, able to combine complex maneuvers, or pummel a target with a flurry of blows. Take a full round action and make an attack roll. For every five points starting down from your total, you may perform the equivalent of a standard action requiring an attack roll (e.g., attack, trip, block), with the incremental total substituting for any actual roll of the die. This ends when you either fail in an action (for example – your incremental total is less than the opponent's defense) or when you have performed a number of combat actions equal to your rank in this feat plus one (minimum of two maneuvers possible). Multiple attacks that require Toughness saves from the same opponent, such as a flurry of blows, are resolved with a single save, as with an autofire attack. You may not have more ranks in this feat than ½ the campaign's power level.

Example: Ben is playing Anthem (Combination Attack 3) who is facing Pendragon's old enemy: The Fomorian. Though Anthem wins initiative, Ben delays until The Fomorian reaches his character. Ben then makes a combat roll for Anthem, getting a total of 32 (Anthem is very good in a fight). As The Fomorian had ended his charge with an attack, Ben decides to block first and then counterattack. The Fomorian's attack is a lucky roll totaling 30, so it's fortuitous that Ben chose the 32 as a block. Incrementing down, (32 – 5 = 27 – 5 = 22 – 5 = 17 – 5 = 12) Ben sees that he gets a few more actions. Even though The Fomorian's adjusted Defense is a 12, Anthem only has the Combination Attack feat at rank three, so his last action is the 17. Anthem blocks The Fomorian's punch, snaps off two impressive punches of his own and then spins to kick The Fomorian's feet out from under the brute. The GM rolls a toughness save against Anthem's unarmed damage bonus (with an additional +1 from the flurry), and then an opposed DEX vs. STR roll for the trip (Anthem has Improved Throw, and The Fomorian is much stronger than he is agile).

Sweep Attack (Combat, Ranked)

You are expert enough of a fighter to attack multiple opponents fluidly. Make an attack roll. Apply the result of that roll against the Defense of every viable target within melee range of you (5 ft normally) up to a number of opponents equal to your rank in this feat plus one (a minimum of two targets). Usable with any standard melee attack action (Disarm, Trip, etc), except grapple.

Modifiers

Extra: Mastery +1

You can "fine tune" your use of any of the powers you use that have this extra by adding and/or changing around modifiers on the fly without the result being considered an Alternate Power. To use with an existing Alternate Power, that AP must first also be Dynamic (for a total of 3 pts for the AP).

Example: Rob is playing Cagliostro, who has Mystic Blast with (Spell) Mastery. Rob decides to make his Mystic Blast an Area Effect: Burst this round and is willing to take a little extra time for it. He adds the modifiers Area: Burst +1 and Action: Full Round -1 to his normal Mystic Blast. Without Mastery, this new version of Mystic Blast would have been considered a new Alternate Power and would have required Extra Effort and/or a Hero Point to add to his Magic Power for this round.

Optional Rules

"Soft" Attacks

Given the broad range of results possible when rolling a Toughness Save on a d20, it is quite possible to have lucky human-strength combatants tearing apart brick and iron structures, as well as some vehicles, with no more than their bare hands. If this is a possibility that doesn't fit with your style of game, and you don't want to resort to the blanket rule that human strength attacks are simply ineffective in such cases (problematic when dealing with some characters... and some players), simply assume that non-living materials have the Impervious advantage on their Toughness Saves – but only against unarmed attacks. Claws don't necessarily count as unarmed attacks, and picking up a club or rock certainly circumvents the limitation. Human strength attackers can still use feats such as Power Attack, or special combat maneuvers like Slam, to push their Damage bonus to an effective level versus their target, and superhumanly strong attackers will have damage bonuses that easily surpass the Toughness of stone and iron and such anyway.

Particularly evil GMs may also want to treat such a futile attack in a manner similar to Slam attacks – with the attacker potentially hurting himself with his own attacks against the unyielding target.

Breaking Stuff

The basic M&M rules list a number of materials and their individual Toughness Saves for one inch of that material, and tells what increasing thickness will do when attempting to damage the material in question. But most things characters will find lying around the battlefield will be complex items, composites of different materials. At the very least, most of these items will not be simple plates of the material of set thicknesses. Below is a sample list of things for characters to shatter, smash, spindle, and mutilate. Most of the items in the list will simply have a Toughness Save. Some, however, will also have a number in parentheses beside the SV bonus – this is the modifier for the amount by which the damage threshold must be exceeded to inflict damage, exactly the same as a doubling of the material's thickness causes under the basic rules.

Item	Toughness Save
Aircraft, Jet Engine	+9
Aircraft, Landing Gear	+6
Aircraft, Propeller	+5
Aircraft, Wing	+6
Automobile, Engine	+9
Automobile, Fuel Tank	+6
Automobile, Tires	+4
Barrel, Wood	+4
Boulder	+6(+3)
Bridge, Large (5-ft)	+9(+4)
Bridge, Small (5-ft)	+8(+2)
Chain, Battleship	+15 (+3)
Chain, Handcuffs	+10
Chain, Steel	+12
Computer, Mainframe	+4
Computer, Personal	+3
Dirt (5 cubic feet)	+0(+7)
Door, Airlock	+12(+4)
Door, Metal/Fire	+8(+2)
Door, Wood, Exterior	+3(+1)
Door, Wood, Interior	+3
Door, Safe	+12(+2)
Door, Vault	+15(+3)
Drum, Steel, 35-gallon	+8
Flagpole	+5
Furniture, Metal	+5
Furniture, Plastic	+2
Furniture, Wood	+4
Glass, Bulletproof	+5
I-Beam	+11(+1)
Lamppost	+7
Manhole Cover	+9
Railroad Tracks	+10
Roadway (5-ft)	+7(+4)
Telephone Booth	+5(+2)
Telephone Pole	+6
Tree, Small	+6
Tree, Large	+8
Wall, Brick	+5(+4)
Wall, Concrete	+7(+4)
Wall, Home, Exterior	+4(+1)
Wall, Home, Interior	+2
Wall, Reinforced Ferroconcrete	+13

Tactical Movement

The basic rules of M&M second edition do not cover tactical movement, which is to say, character movement rules designed to be used with miniatures and a "battlemat." Though many of the rules, as written, cover a number of instances (basic movement, power ranges, etc.) easily translated to miniature scale combat, some do not. Movement powers, such as Flight and Teleportation, are assumed to involve amounts of movement that make a reasonably scaled battlemat problematic in use. This is most certainly true for Full Movement, but Standard Movement can easily be abstracted to relative rates – and comparative movement between characters, the perception of speed among the players, is more important for our purposes than exacting mathematical accuracy (this is a game, not an engineering class). Should you disagree with that assertion, feel free to ignore the following remedy, as these are, of course, only optional.

The basic rules reiterate the standard d20 movement rate for a normal-sized humanoid: 30 feet per move action. Given that on a standard battle mat a square (sometimes hexes, depending on the kind of mat – we'll just use "squares" though, since that's more the d20 idiom) is roughly equivalent to five feet, that means the normal human moves six squares with move action, twelve with an accelerated or double move action. In the real world, the average human maintains about a 4 mph run (hey, we've seen *The Fugitive*...Tommy Lee wouldn't lie to us). We can keep that comparison in mind when we start looking at the movement powers. Flight and Speed both start out at rank one with a 10 mph rate. Approximating, we can say that this is about twice the norm or around twelve squares. Swimming puts in at about a quarter of that (2.5 mph for Swimming at full move, for example), which we can round up from 1.5 squares to 2 squares. Burrowing starts off at 10 feet and Teleport rates increments of 100 feet per rank, or 2 squares and 20 squares, respectively. Using these comparisons as our rubric, we can do some quick multiplication and easily derive a few tactical movement rates. Keep in mind that:

- (1) These rates are only for standard and double moves. An all-out move refers to the Progression Table in M&M for that actual rate of speed, and immediately leaves the arena of tactical scale (and suffers all of the combat adjustments for all-out movement);
- (2) All other rules concerning movement (acceleration, Slam attack damage, etc.), stay unchanged; and
- (3) At higher ranks of power, we will still have rates of speed that exceed the size capacity of the average battlemat (the largest any of the BlackWyrms crew owns is about 60 squares long, for example) – adjust play as necessary.

For Flight and Speed powers, tactical movement is equal to $[6 * (\text{Rank} + 1)]$ squares. Swimming and Burrowing use 2 for the multiplier, instead of 6, and both Leaping and Teleportation keep to the listed rates in rulebook – as they already distinguish between standard and all-out movement. Or, for those math averse among the audience – a handy, dandy table for the first ten ranks and their associated squares of movement:

Rank	Flight/Speed	Swim/Burrow
1	12	4
2	18	6
3	24	8
4	30	10
5	36	12
6	42	14
7	48	16
8	54	18
9	60	20
10	66	22

PAGES FROM HISTORY

For those craving closure, here is what happened to the characters in this book according to the timeline of the BlackWyrn Games universe. You are, of course, completely free to alter these endings to fit your game.

The Sentinels

The original Sentinels disbanded in 1954 following a pyrrhic victory against Carnifex and the public condemnation of the team at Senator Joseph McCarthy's hands for failing to throw Cagliostro to HUAC's dogs.

Anthem

Alexander Steele is still active in the modern era. Looking about half his actual age, Alex is the nominal director of Group Zero and one of the Powers-That-Be in the U.S. shadow community.

Cagliostro

Cagliostro has never publicly shown his face after the disbanding of the team in '54, especially since it took him years to recover from the physical toll of the binding spell he cast on Carnifex. However, he still shows up from time to time to help his old friends. The warding spells on Fortress were a contribution from him, for example.

Doc Steel

Ulysses Steele, while no longer active in the costumed community, is still extant in the modern era, and provides considerable assistance to "the cause" even without his direct participation. He is the financial backer of the modern incarnation of the Sentinels, a political and financial ally to any number of heroes, and the father of Sentinels' members Hardcore and Technomancer.

Jack B. Quick

Jack suffered a debilitating injury in the fight with Carnifex, one that never really healed. He retired from adventuring after the team disbanded, returning to his native Boston to raise a family. He is the father of The Blur, member of the '60s Sentinels, and the grandfather of the modern era heroine Speed Demon. He passed away peacefully in his sleep, presumably of natural causes, in 1985.

Silent Knight

The majority of the men who wore the Silent Knight mask perished during WWII, the Korean conflict, and the beginning of the Cold War. The last of these men, Robert Marston, died fighting Carnifex in 1954.

Thunderbird

Daniels was killed fighting Carnifex in 1954. His son, Paul, briefly used The Medallion of the Ancients to fight crime under the name Raindancer in the late 1960s, only to perish at the hands of the fiendish Dr. Grimm. Following Paul's death, the medallion disappeared, its current whereabouts unknown.

Tom Thumb

Tom Thumb was killed in 1945. He intentionally set off a prototype atomic bomb stolen by the Japanese in order to prevent them from using it on America. The same explosion killed Hachiman and Kamikaze.

Brownstone

Steele Omnitech purchased the Sentinels' brownstone from the government in 1964. It was eventually demolished in 1976 to make way for a park and playground. The contents of its trophy room and archive are kept at Fortress.

Rocketplane

"Betty" hangs in the Smithsonian. A holographic replica is projected on the first floor of Fortress' museum/trophy room.

John Bull

James Richardson died heroically in 1960. Hospitalized for the strain his powers had put on his heart, Richardson was present when a fire gutted the hospital where he was staying. He held up a section of the structure long enough to allow the rest of the patients to escape, a herculean effort which finally induced a massive and fatal heart attack.

Glorianna

Eliza Marleyoak married Mallory Drake (Pendragon) and retired from adventuring in 1947. She was the proud and beloved mother of four, grandmother of ten, and great-grandmother of eighteen when she passed away in 1998. Her funeral was attended by many, many people, including heads of state, all of whom were treated to a beautiful and hauntingly mournful song the source of which no one was able to identify. Her husband simply told those gathered that *all* of his wife's friends were saying goodbye.

The Gryphon

Following an attempt by the Hag to drain his memories in 1951, The Gryphon forcibly realized the truth of his abilities. He threw a godlike tantrum, leveling a sizable amount of London before coming to his senses and deciding to leave Earth and the physical realm entirely. Presumably he still exists somewhere in the cosmos, far, far away, exploring places Man cannot yet reach.

Pendragon

Mallory Drake married Eliza Marleyoak in 1947. He was the first and longest director of Section 9, the British Agency responsible for managing the United Kingdom's metahuman resources during the Cold War. Though retired and quite advanced in years, he still surprisingly spry and vigorous. His government occasionally asks him to consult on matters involving his old bailiwick, much to the chagrin of the current head of Section 9, Nigel Cavender.

The Ultranaut

The Saeduun probe was recovered by its makers during a clandestine expedition to Earth in the early 1960s. Presumably, its observations of Earth people and culture added immensely to Saeduun studies of the Earth; however, whether it was repaired and returned to service is unknown.

Amadeus

Severinson Blakeney's last known mission was for Group Zero, infiltrating the TUNDRA weather control facility in Siberia in 1966. The facility was destroyed in a massive explosion, narrowly averting its use and the escalation of hostilities into a third World War. As Amadeus never reported back to the Group to receive the second part of his sizable fee, he has always been presumed KIA.

Cogito

Disgusted with his inability to help society cure itself of its many ills, and thoroughly disillusioned with mankind in general, Cogito refit the prototype spacecraft The Galileo for interstellar travel and left Earth for parts unknown in 1954. He was

accompanied by a small group of adventurous souls, including daredevil Matthew Tangent, explorer Kid Galahad, the human computer known as Cipherman, and Cogito's fiancée, Laurel Wilde.

Doc Epoch

Epoch disappeared following the destruction of Null Point in relative time 1954. Though he has appeared a few times since then to help right temporal wrongs, the strange nature of time travel doesn't preclude those excursions from predating his disappearance.

Archimedes Jones

Archie Jones grew into his potential, surviving the destruction of Null Point and joining '60s era adventuring team Danger, Inc. Outliving his teammates, Archie used drugs and cybernetics to retard his aging and maintain his edge in an ever more dangerous world. He suffered a nervous breakdown in 1998, following the airing of a cable special on defunct hero-teams that, while presented as respectful and even-handed, painted him and his old friends in Danger, Inc. as second-rate losers. He next appeared as Archimedes, the leader of a destructive and anti-social group labeled the Slaughterhouse Six by the press. Currently, Archie is incarcerated with the rest of the Six in the hidden federal prison called Neverland.

Samson Smith

Samson Smith is believed killed by the destruction of Null Point in 1954.

Matthew Tangent

Following the closing of the interface between this world and the world controlled by the Emperor of Heaven, Tangent lost a great deal of drive and purpose. He tinkered with spacecraft designs and was involved in the construction of the prototype The Galileo. When Cogito told him of his plans to leave Earth, Tangent jumped at the chance to find a new purpose and enthusiastically joined the "expedition." As with the rest of the crew, his whereabouts following the launch are unknown.

Folding Dragon

Chien Tsung was instrumental in destabilizing his father's "Celestial Empire" prior to losing contact with his homeworld forever when the interface closed for the last time in 1948. Tsung was killed fighting the Umbra-possessed Praetorian shortly thereafter, sacrificing himself to buy Archie enough time to detonate the device that sealed the rift to the Shadowlands.

Zara the Dinosaur Slayer

Sara Eccleston married Jackson Wilde in 1957. They were both killed in a plane crash in the Amazon while searching for their mutual friend Quentin McKenzie in 1961.

Null Point

Null Point was destroyed in a mysterious explosion in 1954. Neither Archimedes nor Doc Steel nor any of the other interested parties investigating has ever determined the cause.

The Fearless Five

The Fearless Five continued working as a team up until the Umbra/Praetorian incident, where all five were lost in a temporal vortex. Their current whereabouts (or final temporal destinations) are unknown.

Gunslinger

The ghost of Jebediah Sawyer was finally laid to rest when Gunslinger, aided by members of the Covenant, managed to destroy The Hellfire Kid in 1950.

Quincy Harkness

Quincy Harkness was killed destroying the Bloodstone of Amra'Zahn, an artifact of immense power coveted by Die Nachtkinder which would have allowed them to shed the innate

weaknesses of their vampiric states while losing none of their abilities. His daughter, Lady Katherine Harkness, accrued quite a reputation as a monster hunter in her own right before joining Danger, Inc. in the '60s.

Avery Hawkins

Hawkins survived long enough to see all of his teammates pass away. In 1965, while facing a giant robot weapon constructed for FENRIS by Baron Von Sturm, Hawkins crashed his plane into the behemoth to bring it down before it was able to smash through a populated area. He was killed in the effort and later buried with full honors in Arlington.

Angelo Benzetti

Benzetti was killed in a fierce aerial battle against an overwhelming number of enemies in Mig Alley during the Korean War.

Cassandra Jennings

Jennings died on the day Japan signed its surrender. She was hit by a drunk driver while crossing a busy intersection in Houston.

Samuel Lincoln

Lincoln was murdered in 1964 while visiting relatives in Alabama. His murder was tied to southern radical and violent metahuman Son of the South, whose associate Rebel Yell eventually buckled before the FBI and testified against him for that and many other crimes, before himself entering Witness Protection. Son of the South is continuing to serve his five consecutive life sentences today at Fort Sunderland.

Percy Tidwell

Tidwell succumbed to liver failure in 1963. Given his drinking habits, this came as little surprise to anyone that knew him.

Kid Galahad

Wick eventually grew tired of his travels and adventures, returned to the States, and managed to sue his uncle for his rightful inheritance. This "retirement" didn't actually last long, as when he found out that his old friend Matt Tangent was leaving Earth for the stars he persuaded the crew to allow him to join as well – even donating a sizable amount of the capital required for the extensive refit. He left aboard The Galileo in 1954.

Quentin McKenzie

McKenzie disappeared in 1948 while searching the Amazon for the Seven Cities of Cibola. Unbeknownst to the rest of the world until the late '60s, he finally actually found his questing beast. Marrying a princess of one of the cities, McKenzie had a son who inherited the animal powers of his mother. This child grew up enraptured by his father's tales of the outside world, and eventually left Cibola to explore so-called civilization. Razca McKenzie worked with the '60s era Sentinels as the hero called Puma and was able to put to rest many long-standing concerns about his father.

Old Glory

Old Glory sporadically appeared throughout the '50s and '60s. However, his last known public sighting was confronting Lt. William Calley on the steps leading to his court martial over the My Lai incident. Hovering in the air, never saying a word that anyone other than Calley heard, he reduced the officer to tears and then vanished. Though he has appeared a rare few times after that to aid a hero or two, Old Glory has yet to show his face to the American people at large since that day.

The Orphans

Of the Orphans, only Juliet survived the war. She went on to enter theater and then politics. Today, she is the Grande Old Dame on UNSOCIS (The United Nations Special Operating Commission on International Security).

Sea Devil

Taggras wandered the oceans for years after being forced to give up his throne, never making any one place his home for very long. He was a member of the '60s era Sentinels, eventually leaving the team once he finally reconciled with his sister and his people. He has been the Atlantean Ambassador Plenipotentiary to the United Nations for the last twenty years.

The Scorpion

Pilsney went out in a blaze of glory in 1946, taking contract killer and wannabe crime lord Madame Guillotine, most of her organization, and an entire city block along with him.

Jackson Wilde

Wilde reluctantly said goodbye to his little sister Laurel in 1954, when she left Earth with her fiancée Cogito. He married his long-time paramour Sara Eccleston in 1957. Wilde and his wife were killed in a plane crash in 1961 while searching for their friend Quentin McKenzie, leaving behind several children to be raised by their many relatives.

The Pickman Museum

The Pickman Museum is still in business today, and still enjoys its unique relationship to the Wilde family.

Blut und Eisen

Blut was incapacitated by a Covenant strike team in 1944. Eisen escaped with his master in tow, hiding Blut during the many years it took for the monster to recover. Today, Blut still struggles to bring Die Nachtkinder under control, Eisen faithful at his side.

Donner

Donner was burned out by the powers he summoned fighting Thunderbird in the sky above Jormungandr in 1944.

Der Falken

Der Falken was killed by Avery Hawkins in a final aerial duel during the Battle of the Bulge.

Eisen Vogel

The Russians captured the remaining Eisen Vogel prototypes when they took Berlin in 1945. They reverse-engineered a great deal of their Cold War rocketry knowledge from its technical marvels.

Der Feuerzahn

Firefang was banished from Earth, trapped in some nameless netherworld, by a ritual that marked one of the few moments of cooperation between The Covenant and The Veil. As he faded from this reality, the old wyrm cursed Lazarus Arcane, leader of The Covenant present and driving power behind the ritual. What part this curse played in Arcane's later fall from grace is open to speculation.

Veronika Von Frankenstein

Von Frankenstein was originally presumed killed when The American Eagles led a bombing run that completely destroyed Castle Frankenstein in late '44. However, she had actually escaped to South America to help build FENRIS into the terror in proved throughout the 1960s. Though Von Frankenstein and her many clones proved troublesome for many heroes during that time, she hasn't been seen since Danger, Inc. blew up FENRIS' main base in the Andes Mountains in 1969.

Die Schocktruppen

Von Frankenstein was unable to ever duplicate her success in creating her reanimated soldiers after The Sentinels destroyed her amassed army and Cagliostro magically nullified her alchemical catalysts.

Grendel

Grendel was killed by Pendragon in 1945 during the push into Berlin to try to capture Hitler.

Jaegerin

Jaegerin was captured by allied troops in Berlin in '45. She spent several years in a British prison before being freed by FENRIS. She is believed to have died in the same explosion that claimed Von Frankenstein.

Jotun

Jotun was killed during the Battle of the Bulge. Beaten unconscious by Ultranaught, Jotun's prone and normal-sized form was riddled with machine gun fire by panicky American soldiers.

Parzifal

Parzifal was killed by Doc Steel in hand-to-hand combat outside of Berlin in 1945. The surviving newsreel footage of this incident is quite famous.

Schreckmacher

Goetz was killed by one of the Silent Knights in 1944 when the Knight in question fired an incendiary round into Goetz's gas tanks.

Der Schwarzenritter

Steiner escaped the fall of the Reich, but was later ousted from FENRIS by a cabal he had seriously underestimated. While on the run from Nazi hunters, Steiner bargained with the entity contacted through the Grendel amulet he had taken from Thüle's body in Berlin in '45. Not knowing the proper limitations to place on the invocation, Steiner was possessed by the entity and became the terrifying powerhouse called Carnifex. Bound into the mystical axe he carried, Carnifex is currently in a secure and heavily warded chamber deep within the bowels of Neverland.

Manfred Von Sturm

Von Sturm survived the war and escaped Europe to take part in the building of FENRIS. His last clone was shot by John Phoenix of Danger, Inc. in 1967, and his body dumped in a vat of molten metal.

Die Spinne

Werner was killed by one of the Silent Knights while attempting to assassinate FDR, Churchill, and Stalin at the Yalta Conference.

Dr. Ernst Thüle

Devastated and distraught over Hitler's suicide, Thüle took his own life with Hitler's gun moments after his idol's death in that dirty little bunker in Berlin.

Die Valkyrie

The Valkyrie had a high mortality rate during the war. Eventually, Thüle ran out of the time, resources, and volunteers needed to make new ones.

Ungeheuer

After his part in the brutal purge of the Warsaw Ghetto following the uprisings in '44, Ungeheuer was hunted and killed by Covenant member and deadly monster hunter, Helston Dredd. Dredd lost friends in the purge and this hunt was quite personal.

Wunderkind

Hartmann escaped allied forces alongside Von Frankenstein. He was instrumental in a number of FENRIS' technical operations in the '60s, and proved a thorn in the side of Archimedes Jones and the rest of Danger, Inc. He is believed to have died in the same explosion that killed Von Frankenstein and Jaegerin.

Zeitgeist

Schroeder died of lung cancer in 1970. Withered and unable to move, he died humiliated, covered in his own waste, having spent agonizing months being eaten up by a disease he had foreseen for years but could never figure out how to avoid.

Jormungandr

Jormungandr was sunk by the Sentinels, Sea Devil, and the Defenders of the Crown in 1944. Sections of its superstructure are thought to still sit intact on the floor of the Laurentian Abyssal in the Atlantic, the surface above having been the location of its final battle.

The Kage Do

Some semblance of the Kage Do still exists, though their sorcerers are mostly dead. The order still performs assassinations, but the rituals behind the killings are no more. Iretzumi/Sovikha and the majority of the power players were lost when Cagliostro and Glorianna sealed the Shadowlands around them in '45.

Hachiman

Hachiman was killed in 1945. He and Kamikaze had led a contingent of Japanese soldiers that stole a prototype atomic bomb, and then died when Tom Thumb detonated the device to keep it from being used on America.

Kamikaze

Noriko died with her beloved Hachiman aboard a plane above the Pacific when Tom Thumb reconnected the detonator to the atomic device she was stealing.

Oni

Oni was contacted by the Clan of the Kymaera, a group of shapeshifters that were able to prove to him that he was descended from one of their members. He happily joined the only real family he would ever know, and produced many children before finally dying in a fight with a splinter group of the Clan, The Dragon's Teeth.

Tetsujin

Tetsujin is still active today as a high-priced mercenary called The Steel Samurai.

Abraxas

Abraxas died in 1953, his age finally catching up to him. Upon his death, a spoilsport plan to introduce a technomantic plague was activated – and barely stopped by Cagliostro.

The Alchemist

The Alchemist is still extant. During the '60s, in the absence of his old sparring partner Cagliostro, The Alchemist became obsessed with destroying the spirit of the hero Dynamo, and hence came into conflict with that era's Sentinels. Today, he seldom operates openly; instead, he occasionally helps younger malcontents and powered thugs get started in a life of crime, acting in a way as an obscene, albeit hidden, opposite number to Ulysses Steele.

Amazon

Over time, Morrigan matured. While her philosophy never changed, her methods did. By the 1980s, she was fighting on the side of the angels as a valuable member of the team The Pantheon. She died in 1990 with most of her teammates, stopping her former friend and team leader Emphyrean from conquering the Earth.

Baron Brass

Manfred Von Sturm, the man of whom he was an alchemical clone, killed Brass in 1949.

Dagon

Dagon was deposed in 1945. He wandered the seas thereafter, with a fanatical contingent of loyalists and a few Atlantean combat vessels he seized during his escape when the Kingdom was restored. He acted as a pirate and terrorist for hire for many years following his fall. Today, he is one of the hidden powers behind the new Haven, a.k.a. The People's Paradise of Makoroo.

Atlantean Empire

The empire fell and the Kingdom was restored in 1945. Queen Lissandra took the throne after hardliners in the city refused to serve Taggras – a man who had brought surface dwellers into the hidden city and caused substantial destruction in the process, regardless of his reasons. Though not an official member of the United Nations, Atlantis is today a peaceful and productive part of the global community.

Dr. Diablo

Diablo's fortunes rose and fell with great frequency in the decades following the war. Succumbing to his dementia, or possibly the senility brought on by his advanced age, he was attempting to recreate some of his earlier experiments when he died at the hands of a few of his experimental subjects in the late '90s.

Dr. Prometheus

Anton Loveless is still very active today. He recently returned from a decades long (in the view of the rest of the world) excursion to an alternate Earth. He and his genetically engineered "children," The Prometheans are causing the authorities and a number of hero-types considerable difficulties.

Dr. Scarab

Amenhoten continued his attempts to seize control of the "inferior" civilizations of the world, until 1966. That year, the Serpent Queen took over one of Scarab's many bases of operation in the Egyptian desert. Enraged, he attacked her. To his credit, the fight actually lasted for over a minute... before she devoured him.

The Sky Pyramid

The Sky Pyramid was finally destroyed by the '60s era Sentinels when Dr. Scarab attempted to take control of the Pillars of Vril hidden in Antarctica.

The Element of Crime

Tony had a change of heart while serving overseas during the war. He came to regret his criminal past, and has spent the last few decades acting covertly for various legal authorities as a hidden asset.

The Emperor of Heaven

Xian Tse Tsung was last seen trying to restore order to his empire after his son Chien fomented a revolution. The result of that revolution is unknown, as contact with the Emperor's alternate Earth was lost in 1948. Presumably, age has caught up with the Emperor by today.

Evergreen

Evergreen made peace with her many pathologies in 1964, and became one with Arcadia in that year. She passed on the scepter of the Erl King to the heroine Wildflower.

Fantasia

DuPris eventually retired in the early '70s. Ownership of *The Heart's Desire* was passed to one of her daughters. Today, one of DuPris' granddaughters runs the establishment.

Scaleface

DuPris' bodyguard was killed protecting her during Prince Suchibahn's attempted coup of the island in 1965.

Gilgamesh

Gilgamesh is still extant. The modern age has yet to lose his interest and so he continues his occasional attention-grabbing schemes to force heroes to hunt him down and fight him.

The Hag

Felicity continued to ply her trade, switching clients from Germany to Russia after the war. She made the mistake of attempting to work her powers on The Gryphon in 1951. Her

mind was quite literally overloaded, leaving her a vegetable. She died in a mental hospital in 1974, having never recovered from the incident.

The Iron Skull

Jankowski was killed in 1959 when he attempted to “muscle” the Magi out of his territory.

Madrigal

Halliwell was killed in 1953, when the Magi moved to absorb the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood of Silence

The order was absorbed into the Magi in 1953. The Hangman's Guild separated completely at that time, managed to evade the Magi's many attempts to destroy them, and continue to operate to this day.

Haven

Today, Makorooa is known as The People's Paradise of Makorooa. While Prince Mansihara is the face the world sees for the island's leadership, Haven is actually run from behind the scenes by a cabal of powerful metahuman criminals: Dagon, Empyrean, Hammersmith, Dr. Phobos, and Spector. For a price, any criminal can hide comfortably on the island. For a substantial investment, said criminal can actually become a Makorooan citizen. Many governments know of the cabal's existence, but are unwilling to pay the price the cabal's power and technology would exact should authorities move against the island.

Malice A. Forethought

Fontana retired from “the business” in the early '60s after serving one more prison sentence than he could stomach. He died of congestive heart failure in 1977. His granddaughter carries on the family tradition of malfeasance under the name Lament.

Maximus Rex

Maximus Rex is believed to have been killed when The Primacy took over Wakefield in 1964.

Saurian Dominion

The remnants of the Dominion on this Earth are believed to have been wiped out by the Primacy's shock troops in 1964. The Dominion on its home world is believed to still exist.

Wakefield Island

Wakefield continues to exist under international quarantine. The island's interface settled for a time during the '60s on an alternate Earth where intelligent apes had evolved and controlled a global dictatorship called The Primacy. Kraga Khan, leader of The Primacy, attempted to stage multiple invasions from the interface on Wakefield, earning him the name The Sinister Simian from the world's press in the process. Today, the island's interface is in a state of flux and hasn't settled on any one alternate for any real length of time after moving away from the Primacy's homeworld in 1980.

Morpheus

Morpheus was murdered by Dr. Grimm in 1965. His restless ghost continued on, tormenting the dreaming and waking world alike until being put to rest by Johnny Karma and Dr. Rune in '69.

The Needle

The Needle disappeared in 1950 while experimenting with dimensional travel applications of his powers. His final fate is the focus of considerable speculation in the underworld.

Nic of Time

Nicole used her watch one too many times and finally came to her grandfather's attention. The Hierophant recovered the watch, which had become a totem-like object for him. Nicole is believed to be one of the humanoid servitors always by The Hierophant's side.

Requiem

Meijer died in prison in 1959. He shared his notes and ideas with his cellmate who used the knowledge to become the criminal Crescendo in the '60s. Today, Crescendo's granddaughter and Meijer's grandson carry out a vicious rivalry as the criminals Crescendo (II) and Coda, respectively.

Rex Mundi

Rex Mundi continues to be the driving force and leadership behind the Magi.

Salamanca

Salamanca eventually grew disenchanted with his whole one-man crusade. He returned to Caernas permanently at some point in the late '60s. He is known to have taken over a trading house in the imperial city of Highcrown under an assumed name and false history. He occasionally visits Earth for pleasure – as Caernas has no cinema.

Fetish

Presumably Fetish is still in Salamanca's possession, as it hasn't been seen on Earth since his departure.

The Sky Galleon

Salamanca used *The Everkeen Blade* as the foundation of his merchant house's trading fleet. It is still in service today, though playing a much more sedate role and looking different enough as not to draw the wrong kind of attention.

See Hexe

Gertruda vanished when Dagon was deposed. She has infrequently popped up over the years to cause trouble for Atlantis and remote surface targets. The Atlanteans believe she is somehow to blame for the monstrous humanoid engine of destruction called Kraken.

Simple Simon

Simple Simon built himself a sizable organization over the years. He continued to operate his small criminal empire practically untouched until well into the 1960s. Despite interference from a number of competitors, his success was unhampered until he entered a “holy war” of a personal rivalry with the motif-villain Dr. Grimm in 1966. Both men had a fixation on nursery rhymes and fairy tales, but very different styles and philosophies. Their brutal conflict took years and eventually resulted in Grimm going to prison, but the damage done to Simon's operations put him out of business after he'd been left vulnerable to both the Wilde family and Danger, Inc. After several attempts to rebuild, he went into a sort of retirement in the early '80s, coming out again at an advanced age to pull one last job for his “retirement fund.” For the outcome of that job, read Wendy Wildstar's entry in *The Algernon Files, Volume 1*.

Esmeralda Griffith

Griffith's strange cellular structure continued to mutate as she grew older. By 1953, she developed a particularly debilitating form of skin cancer that defied conventional treatment. She died within the year, her body taking up residence in Moreau's laboratory cold storage.

Harcourt Jekyll

Jekyll left the auspices of the Magi following the death of his friend and associate, Esmeralda Griffith. He formed his own short-lived gang of brutal thieves and thugs-for-hire in 1954, but lasted only a year as his own boss before being gunned down by the authorities following a failed hostage situation in Boston. Legend has it that his abnormally large and dense skull sits on a shelf in Rex Mundi's study. Legend further has it that the self-proclaimed crime boss of London's underworld, Black Annie Kelso, is related to the brute.

Etienne Moreau

Etienne Moreau eventually developed an addiction to painkillers during his self-medicating attempts to deal with his persistent, chronic migraines. More and more reckless over time when procuring his drugs, Moreau was eventually captured by the authorities in 1958 and put in prison. He only lasted six months in the general population before agreeing to turn state's evidence against various Magi functionaries – and was found dead in his cell the morning after agreeing to the Justice Department's terms.

The Beast Men

As Moreau stopped performing his standard experiments when he went to prison in 1958, and the beast men have life spans of only a few years, the last of the breed died out by the end of the 1950s. Autopsies and notes on several of Moreau's procedures were used by the government during their ill-fated Myrmidon-series of supersoldier projects – notably Project 3, which resulted in the creation of the Hypersapiens.

Zavier Zodiac

Zodiac was assassinated in 1952 by an agent of Rex Mundi. This agent, who spent years working her way into Zodiac's confidence and then his bed, garroted her unsuspecting lover – his precious cards mere inches from his fingertips. Following his death, his mental constructs all ceased to exist within moments. The Crowley deck is now in the possession of Rex Mundi, who occasionally likes to play an intricate game of mock solitaire with the cards.

The Tarot Cartel

Following the death of Xavier Zodiac, and the subsequent disappearance of all of his "lieutenants," the cartel, personnel, and operations, were forcibly absorbed wholesale into the Magi.

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