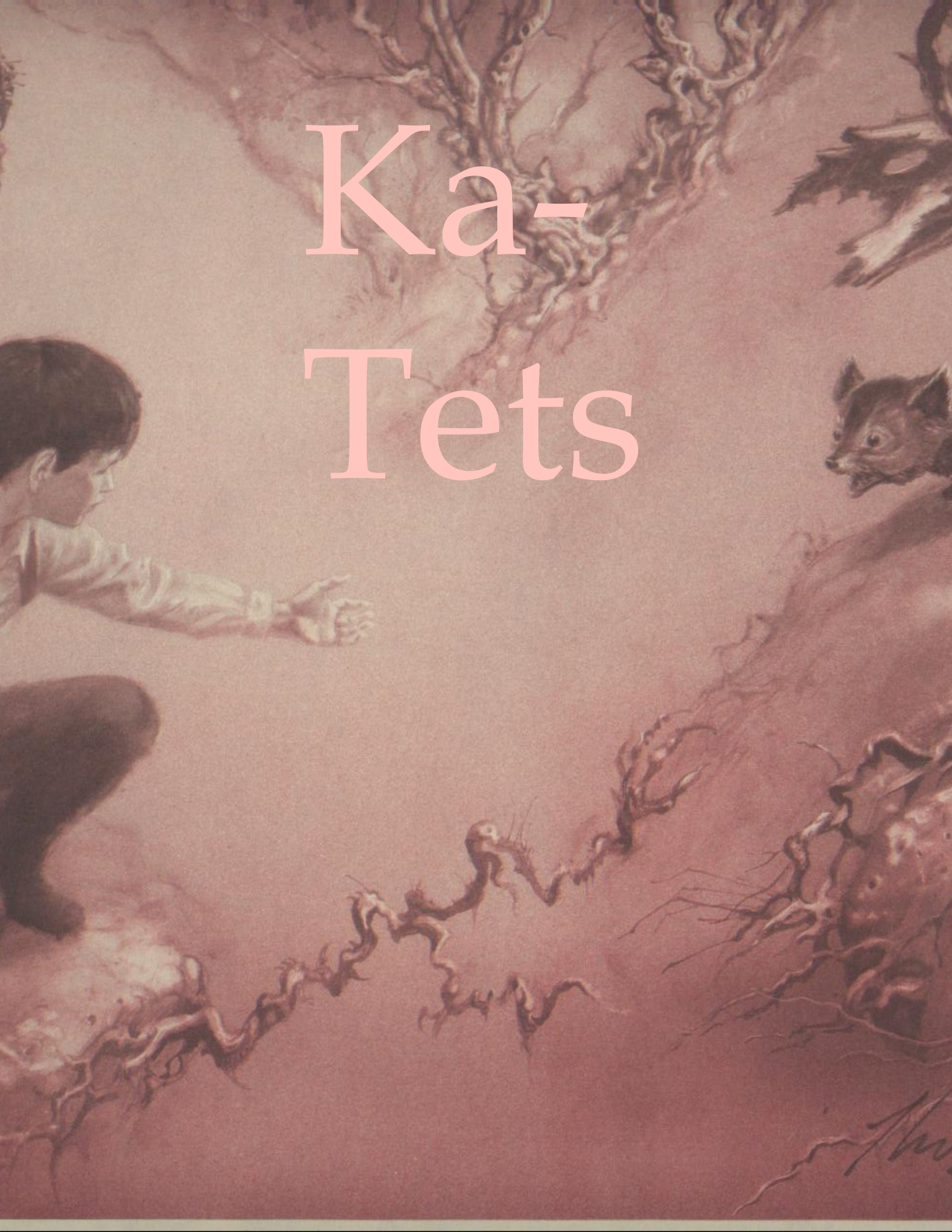


Ka- Tets



Mid-World

Breaker

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	16	12	14	15	8	8	9	2

Breakers in Mid-World need to be particularly careful. Aside from fearful villagers and various telepathic threats, those with the Shine have to fear something much worse: demons.

Active Skills:

Bows

Riding (Horse)

Mental Skills:

Resist Torture

Survival (Urban)

Bargaining

Breaker Abilities:

Any but telekinesis

Resources:

None

Mid- World

Friendly Folk Preacher

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	10	11	15	12	12	13	14	1

The Friendly Folk are a sect of the Old People who called themselves Friends. They often pepper their speech with “thee” and “thou”, especially when angry or to make an important point.

They are very similar to the Quakers of Our World in manner and appearance. Many of them follow the Jesus-man. Most of their shamens have some ancestral knowledge of demons or other agents of the Beast.

Active Skills:

Mental Skills:

Religion
Languages
Riding (Horse)
Persuasion
Leadership

Powers of the White:

Halt

Resources:

Holy symbol, 5 E

Mid-World

Gambler

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	11	15	13	8	10	14	10	1

Physical Skills:

Roland had once known a one-eyed gambler named Omaha; he had died with a knife in his throat at a Watch Me table. He had stepped into the clearing at the end of the path with his head thrown back, and his last breath had sprayed blood all the way up to the ceiling.

Blade weapons
Sleight-of-Hand

Every bar in every shithole village of In-World, Mid-World, and Out-World has at least one Watch Me table, and at least two old men playing it at any time.

Gamblers who don't cheat get taken, and those who do cheat usually don't live long.

Mental Skills:

Gambling (Watch Me, Faro, Poker, Dice)

Fast Talk

Streetwise

Survival (Urban)

Resources:

10 E, deck of cards, boot knife

Mid-World

Gunslinger

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
12	15	15	14	18	15	15	18	2

The ancient war-guild of Gilead stands to protect the world and keep to the ways of Arthur Eld, First Lord of Light and King of All-World. They are champions of the White, and carry the sacred and semi-holy sandalwood guns, passed down from father to son since the days of Eld.

Now she understood that Roland had once been much more than a cop riding a Daliesque range at the end of the world. He had been a diplomat; a mediator; perhaps even a teacher. Most of all, he had been a soldier of what these people called “the white,” by which she guessed they meant the civilizing forces that kept people from killing each other enough of the time to allow some sort of progress. In his time he had been more wandering knight-errant than bounty hunter.

Gunslingers begin their training as toddlers; beaten and spit upon by their teacher, they are efficient killers by the time they reach adolescence. When a student feels ready, he issues a formal challenge to his teacher. If he wins, he is taken in as an apprentice, and given the guns of his birthright. If he is beaten, he is cast out into the barbarian forest west of Gilead, a boy forever.

...eighteen was the most common age (those who had not made the test by the age of twenty-five usually slipped into obscurity as freeholders, unable to face the brutal all-or-nothing fact of the field and the test...

As stewards of a better age, they are charged with keeping the culture and knowledge of All-World. They speak the High Speech, the “language of civilization”. Low speech is the speech of everyday interaction, but High Speech is the language of gunslingers. It is also the language of ritual and magic.

Physical Skills:

**Pistols (Sandalwoods)
Riding (Horse)
Howken**

Mental Skills:

**High Speech
Tracking
Survival (Wilderness)
Strategy
Tactics
First Aid**

Powers of the White:

**Send Thoughts, Longevity,
Cloak of Coldness**

Resources:

Sandalwoods, gunna, horse, 5 E

Mid-World

Harrier

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
14	15	13	11	10	16	10	8	1

“Tell you what,” Susannah said, “I wouldn’t come out if I saw us. Four people, three of them armed? We probably look like a gang of those old-time outlaws in your stories, Roland- what do you call them?”
“Harriers.”

At one time, whole armies had been on the roads, sometimes in advance, sometimes in retreat, always confused and without long-term goals. As time passed, they crumbled into smaller groups, and these degenerated into roving bands of harriers.

Physical Skills:

- Blades
- Pistols
- Punching
- Riding (Horse)
- Stealth (Urban, Wilderness)

Mental Skills:

- Survival (Wilderness)
- Languages
- Tracking
- Bargaining
- Interrogation
- Intimidation

Resources:
Harrier pistol, knife (2), horse,
5 E

Mid-World

Manni Wanderer

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	14	14	16	15	14	8	12	2

The Manni are a religious sect who know how to travel between worlds. They are scattered all across the face of the world, and live in patriarchal clans headed by a group of elders.

They are another people who pepper their speech with “thee” and “thou”.

They frown on marrying outside of the clans, and generally insist that outsiders come and live with the clan, instead of one of their own leaving. Thus, only the most dire of circumstances can separate one of them from the rest of the clan.

All Manni dress alike, in dark-blue or black robes. The women keep their hair covered by hoods.

Physical Skills:

- Bows
- Driving (Bucka)
- Riding (Horse)
- Sleight-of-Hand

Mental Skills:

- Languages
- Ancient Knowledge
- Cartography
- Bargaining
- Fast Talk
- Survival (Wilderness)

Powers of the White:

- Create Door

- Resources:**
5 E, cams and bobs

Mid-World

Out-World Nomad

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
10	16	14	13	10	14	8	12	1

He had passed the last town three weeks before, and since then there had only been the deserted coach track and an occasional huddle of border dwellers' sod dwellings. The huddles had degenerated into single dwellings, most inhabited by lepers or madmen.

Physical Skills:

Clubs
Stealth (Wilderness)

Mental Skills:

Herbalism
Animal Handling

Resources:
1 E

Mid-World

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
10	12	14	15	15	8	14	18	2

The gunslinger had known magicians, enchanters, and alchemists in his time. Some had been clever charlatans, some stupid fakes in whom only people more stupid than they were themselves could believe (but there had never been a shortage of fools in the world, so even the stupid fakes survived; in fact most actually thrived), and a small few actually able to do those things of which men whisper—those few could call demons and the dead, could kill with a curse or heal with strange potions.

Not all those who dabble in magic are evil, but they all serve Discordia and the Red, whether they acknowledge it or not.

Sorcerer

Physical Skills:

Sleight-of-Hand
Howken
Stealth (Urban)

Mental Skills:

Languages
Ancient History
Herbalism
Etiquette
Intimidation
Storytelling
Tarot Reading

Powers of the Red:

Any

Resources:

25 E, deck of Tarot cards, books

Mid-World

Farmer

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
13	16	12	12	10	12	10	8	1

He dismounted in the crumbling refinery parking lot, tied his horse to the bumper of a rusty old hulk with the mystery-word CHEVROLET barely readable on its tailboard, then walked toward the oilpatch. The wind blew hard, chilling him even through the ranch-style sheepskin coat he wore, and twice he had to yank his hat down around his ears to keep it from blowing off. On the whole, he was glad he couldn't see himself; he probably looked like a fucking farmer.

Physical Skills:

- Clubs
- Bows
- Axes
- Driving (Wagon)

Mental Skills:

- Build/ Repair
- Carpentry
- Survival (Prairie)
- Agriculture
- Animal Handling

Resources:
10 s, plow, mule

Delain

Rider

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
16	15	13	15	14	16	15	16	2

There were perhaps seventy people in that great dining hall, rough-dressed Riders (what we would call knights, I suppose), sleek courtiers and their ladies, attendants upon the throne, courtesans, jesters, musicians, a little troupe of actors in one corner who had been going to put on a play later, servants in great numbers.

Riders serve the monarchy of Delain, protecting the land from dragons, pirates, and internal troubles.

Physical Skills:

Blades

Bows

Riding (Horse)

Mental Skills:

Languages

Survival (Wilderness)

Etiquette

Leadership

Oration

Powers of the White:

Good Luck

Resources:

10 E, sword, armor, horse, estate

Delain

Wizard

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
10	10	16	18	18	13	15	17	2

Physical Skills:

Blades
Slings
Riding (Horse)
Sleight-of-Hand

Mental Skills:

Languages
Herbalism
Intimidation
Oration
Storytelling

Powers of the Red:

Fascinate, Hearth-Light, Dim,
Enchant Object, Illusion

Resources:

10 E, books

Our
World

Breaker

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	16	13	15	15	14	10	9	1

“You’ve heard of the Iron Age and the Bronze Age, of course?”

Jack nods.

“On the upper levels of the Tower, there are those who call the last two hundred or so years in your world the Age of Poisoned Thought. That means-”

“You don’t have to explain it to me.” Jack says. “I knew Morgan Sloat, remember? I knew what he planned for Sophie’s world.” Yes, indeed. The basic plan had been to turn one of the universe’s sweetest honeycombs into first a vacation spot for the rich, then a source of unskilled labor, and finally a waste pit, probably radioactive. If that wasn’t an example of poisoned thought, Jack doesn’t know what is.

Parkus says, “Rational beings have always harbored telepaths among their number; that’s true in all the worlds. But they’re ordinarily rare creatures. Prodigies, you might say. But since the Age of Poisoned Thought came on your world, Jack- infested it like a demon- such beings have become much more common. Not as common as slow mutants in the Blasted Lands, but common, yes.”

“You speak of mind-readers,” Sophie says, as if wanting to be sure.

“Yes,” Parkus agrees, “but not just mind readers. Precognates. Teleports- world jumpers like old Travelin’ Jack here, in other words- and telekinetics. Mind readers are the most common, telekinetics the rarest. . . and the most valuable.”

“To him, you mean,” Jack says. “To the Crimson King.”

Physical Skills:

Any

Mental Skills:

Any

Breaker Abilities:

Any

Resources:

\$ 50

Our World

Cop

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
15	15	13	14	12	15	13	12	1

Delevan and O'Mearah didn't even have to discuss which direction the perp might have taken when he left the gunshop. All they had to do was listen to the radio dispatcher.

"Code 19," she said over and over again. Robbery in progress, shots fired. "Code 19, Code 19. Location is 395 West 49th, Katz's Drugs, perpetrator tall, sandy-haired, blue suit –"

Shots fired, Delevan thought, his head aching worse than ever. I wonder if they were fired with George's gun or mine? Or both? If that shitbag killed someone, we're fucked. Unless we get him.

"I just hope he's still there," Delevan said, and used a key to unlock the short steel bars across the stock and barrel of the pump shotgun under the dashboard. He pulled it out of its clips. "I just hope that rotten-crotch son of a bitch is still there."

What neither understood was that, when you were dealing with the gunslinger, it was usually better to leave bad enough alone.

Physical Skills:

Pistol

Rifle

Driving (Car)

Stealth (Urban)

Mental Skills:

Law

Surveillance

Intimidation

Interrogation

Languages (English, Spanish)

Resources:

\$ 500, service pistol, uniform

Our World

Doctor

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	11	13	16	10	14	14	15	1

Surgery was all I ever wanted. Ever since high school. Even then I was wrapping my hands before every game and soaking them afterward. If you want to be a surgeon, you have to take care of your hands. Some of the kids used to rag me about it, call me chickenshit. I never fought them. Playing football was risk enough. But there were ways.

The one that got on my case the most was Howie Plotsky, a big dumb bohunk with zits all over his face. I had a paper route, and I was selling the numbers along with the papers.

I had a little coming in lots of ways. You get to know people, you listen, you make connections. You have to, when you're hustling the street. Any asshole knows how to die. The thing to learn is how to survive, you know what I mean? So I paid the biggest kid in school, Ricky Brazzi, ten bucks to make Howie Plotsky's mouth disappear. Make it disappear, I said. I will pay you a dollar for every tooth you bring me. Rico brought me three teeth wrapped up in a paper towel. He dislocated two of his knuckles doing the job, so you see the kind of trouble I could have got into.

In med school while the other suckers were running themselves ragged trying to bone up -- no pun intended, ha-ha -- between waiting tables or selling neckties or buffing floors, I kept the rackets going. Football pools, basketball pools, a little policy. I stayed on good terms with the old neighborhood. And I got through school just fine.

I didn't get into pushing until I was doing my residency. I was working in one of the biggest hospitals in New York City. At first it was just prescription blanks. I'd sell a tablet of a hundred blanks to some guy from the neighborhood, and he'd forge the names of forty or fifty different doctors on them, using writing samples I'd also sell him. The guy would turn around and peddle the blanks on the street for ten or twenty dollars apiece. The speed freaks and the noddies loved it.

And after a while I found out just how much of a balls-up the hospital drug room was in. Nobody knew what was coming in or going out. There were people lugging the goodies out by the double handfuls. Not me. I was always careful. I never got into trouble until I got careless -- and unlucky. But I'm going to land on my feet. I always do.

Physical Skills:

Driving (Car)

Mental Skills:

First Aid

Extended Care

Surgery

Diagnose

Biology

Pharmacology

Conversation

Resources:

\$ 1500, car, medical books

Our World

Refugee

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
10	10	10	10	10	14	12	10	1

There had been trouble in Hauck for a couple of weeks, Joe said, but he'd been drinking pretty heavily ("Hitting it hard" was how he put it) and hardly realized that the crowd at his second show was about a fifth the size of the one at the first.

"Hell, I was on a roll," he said. "I don't know about anything else, but I was knocking myself dead, rolling me in the aisles."

Then someone had thrown a Molotov cocktail through the club's front window (Molotov cocktail was a term Roland understood), and before you could say Take my mother-in-law . . . please, the place was on fire. Joe had boogied out the back, through the stage door. He'd almost made it to the street when three men "all very black, all roughly the size of NBA centers") grabbed him. Two held, the third punched. Then someone swung a bottle. Boom-boom, out go the lights.

He had awakened on a grassy hillside near a deserted town called Stone's Warp, according to the signs in the empty buildings along Main Street. To Joe Collins it had looked like the set of a Western movie after all the actors had gone home.

"You couldn't call it heaven, because there were no clouds and no choirs of angels," Joe said, "but I decided it was some sort of an afterlife, just the same." He had wandered about. He found food, he found a horse (Lippy), and moved on. He had met various roving bands of people, some friendly, some not, some true-threaded, some mutie. Enough so he'd picked up some of the lingo and a little Mid-World history...

Physical Skills:

Any

Mental Skills:

Any

Resources:

None

The Territories

Coppiceman

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
15	17	16	15	15	15	16	13	2

Physical Skills:

Pistols
Blades
Clubs
Punching
Riding (Horse)

Mental Skills:

Tracking
Survival (Wilderness)
Etiquette
Fast Talk
Storytelling

Powers of the White:

Halt, Protection, Longevity,
Good Luck

Resources:

10 g

Mid- World

Hedge Witch

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
8	15	14	17	17	12	8	14	2

Physical Skills:

Mental Skills:

First Aid
Herbalism
Languages
Survival (terrain)
Bargain
Fast Talk
Animal Handling
Determine Honesty

Powers of the Red:

Lock, Fascinate, Hearth-Light,
Sup, Hide, Familiar, Command
Animals, Dim

Resources:

3 E

Our World

Revolutionary

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
12	13	12	15	12	12	12	12	1

He hammered along, arms swinging by his sides. He was known, well known, along the highways in hiding that are traveled by the poor and the mad, by the professional revolutionaries and by those who have been taught to hate so well that their hate shows on their faces like harelips and they are unwanted except by others like them, who welcome them to cheap rooms with slogans and posters on the walls, to basements where lengths of sawed-off pipe are held in padded vises while they are stuffed with high explosives, to back rooms where lunatic plans are laid: to kill a Cabinet member, to kidnap the child of a visiting dignitary, or to break into a boardroom meeting of Standard Oil with grenades and machine guns and murder in the name of the people.

6 DEAD, 14 INJURED IN DANBURY BOMB ATTACK **Radical Group Claims Responsibility** **“No One Meant to Be Hurt,” Female Caller Tells Police**

The group—Militant Students for Peace, they called themselves—planted the bomb in a lecture hall on the Danbury UConn campus. On the day of the explosion, Coleman Chemicals was holding job interviews there between ten A.M. and four P.M. The bomb was apparently supposed to go off at six in the morning, when the building was empty. It failed to do so. At eight o’clock, then again at nine, someone (presumably someone from the MSP) called Campus Security and reported the presence of a bomb in the first-floor lecture hall. There were cursory searches and no evacuation. “This was our eighty-third bomb-threat of the year,” an unidentified Campus Security officer was quoted as saying. No bomb was found, although the MSP later claimed vehemently that the exact location—the air-conditioning duct on the left side of the hall—had been given.

At ten minutes to two that afternoon, the bomb finally went off.

Attributes:

Active Skills:

Guns (any)
Knives
Driving

Mental Skills:

Survival (urban)
Bomb-making
Manipulation
Radical Groups
Sociology
Military Theory

Resources:

\$40

World Next Door

Superflu Survivor

Attributes:

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
9	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	1

Physical Skills:

“The byline says John Corcoran, plus staff and AP reports. That means a lot of different people worked on it, Roland. Okay. Here goes. ‘America’s greatest crisis- and the world’s, perhaps- deepened overnight as the so-called superflu, known as Tube-Neck in the Midwest and Captain Trips in California, continues to spread.

‘Although the death-toll can only be estimated, medical experts say the total at this point is horrible beyond comprehension; twenty to thirty million dead in the continental U.S. alone is the estimate given by Dr. Morris Hackford of Topeka’s St. Francis Hospital and Medical Center. Bodies are being burned from Los Angeles, California, to Boston, Massachusetts, in crematoria, factory furnaces, and at landfill sites.

‘Here in Topeka, the bereaved who are still well enough and strong enough to do so are urged to take their dead to one of three sites: the disposal plant north of Oakland Billard Park; the pit area at Heartland Park Race Track; the landfill on Southeast Sixty-first Street, east of Forbes Field. Landfill users should approach by Berryton Road; California has been blocked by car wrecks and at least one downed Air Force transport plane, sources tell us.’

Jake glanced up at his friends with frightened eyes, looked behind him at the silent railway station, then looked back down at the newspaper.

‘Dr. April Montoya of the Stormont-Vail Regional Medical Center points out that the death-toll, horrifying as it is, constitutes only part of this terrible story. “For every person who has died so far as a result of this new flu-strain,” Montoya said, “there are another six who are lying ill in their homes, perhaps as many as a dozen. And, so far as we have been able to determine, the recovery rate is zero.” Coughing, she then told this reporter: “Speaking personally, I’m not making any plans for the weekend.”

Mental Skills:

Breaker Abilities:

Telepathy (possible)

Resources:

None

Our World

Shop Agent

S	F	D	W	A	Sz	Ap	E	K
15	16	14	15	13	13	12	16	1

“Are you Defense Department?” Tierney asked.

The pilot looked at him with expressionless dark glasses. “Shop.” It was the only word he spoke before, during, or after the flight.

The remaining twenty-six Tommyknockers, looking like the weary, pox raddled remnants of the final Apache tribe in existence, were flown in the controlled-environment cargo-bay of a C-140 Starlifter to a government installation in Virginia. This installation, which had once been burned to the ground by a child, was the Shop. There they were studied... and there they died, one by one.

They had pulled her fingernails out, one by one. They had pulled out four of them and then she had talked. That, at least, was his deduction. Thumb, index, second, ring. Then: Stop. I’ll talk. I’ll tell you anything you want to know. Just stop the hurting. Please. So she had told. And then... perhaps it had been an accident... then his wife had died. Well, some things are bigger than both of us, and other things are bigger than all of us.

Things like the Shop, for instance.

Her mind turned from the past to the present, and she thought about the men who were chasing them. They were from the government, Daddy said, but not a good part of the government. They worked for a part of the government called the Shop. The men chased them and chased them. Everywhere they went, after a little while, those Shop men showed up.

Attributes:

Active Skills:

Guns (any)
Driving
Brawling
Running
Stealth (urban)

Mental Skills:

Surveillance
Tracking
Interrogation

Resources:

\$400