

Chapter One

DAREDEVIL PILOT

Archetype: *Adventurer*

Motivation: *Fame*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2	Charisma: 2
Dexterity: 4	Intelligence: 2
Strength: 2	Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0	Initiative: 6
Move: 6	Defense: 6
Perception: 5	Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Athletics	2	2	4	(2)
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Firearms	4	2	6	(3)
Gunnery	2	3	5	(2+)
<i>Machineguns</i>			6	(3)
Pilot: Aircraft	4	5	9	(4+)
<i>Jet pack</i>			10	(5)

Talents

Evasive Action (Perform Evasive Action maneuver as a reflex action)

Resources

Artifact 1: Jet pack

Flaw

One Eye (+1 Style point whenever your character's poor depth perception causes her difficulty)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Thompson SMG	3 L	-2	7 L	(3+) L
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N



POZAS'07

"It doesn't take two eyes to fly circles around you."

Character Background

I entered the world on the same day that Cal Rodgers successfully completed the first transcontinental flight. To hear my family tell it, destiny intertwined these two historic events, resulting in my passion for flying. I don't hold with their superstitions, but it's a fact that all I've ever wanted is to be the best pilot in the world...and for everyone to know it.

I grew up in horse country and had to be content with flying on my darling Vin Fiz, who was a fine horse but a poor substitute for an airplane. Still, a girl has to start somewhere, so I moved on to a truck when I hit my teens, and finally the Harley-Davidson motorcycle that I sweet-talked my dad into buying me at 16. Mom nearly killed him, but he never denied me anything. As the youngest of six kids and the only girl, I had all the men in the family wrapped around my little finger.

I was 19 when I piloted my first flight. It was everything I dreamed it would be! I caught the country's attention immediately with my natural talent, and made headlines with my daring air show antics. Kids wanted to fly with me, men wanted to marry me, and women wanted to be me!

Then I had the accident. It wasn't exactly a glamorous way to lose an eye, so I just make up a different story every time I'm asked about it. Last week I said that it happened when I crash-landed in a hayloft. The week before that, I told them it was a mid-air collision following a dual barrel roll. My tall tales keep people asking just to see what I'll come up with next.

Once the attention over my tragic loss died down, I discovered that nobody wanted me to fly their planes. I couldn't even get a job with the third-rate air shows. I'm nothing if not persistent, so I kept at them every day. It's a good thing I did or I might not have been around when that crazy old inventor showed up with his jet pack. He was looking for a test pilot, but the big boys wouldn't touch it. I didn't have anything to lose, so I took him up on his offer.

The jet pack worked spectacularly and I've been flying circles around the other pilots since I strapped it on. I was at the top of my game again; the people and press couldn't get enough of me! I was on my way to making history!

Just when I thought it was nothing but smooth sailing ahead, the old guy and all his research disappeared. It was obviously foul play because there's no way he was going anywhere after the success of our flights. It's enough to make a gal worry, seeing as how I'm in possession of the only jet pack in the world.

If those goons think I'll be an easy target because I'm female, they're sorely mistaken; I'm not sitting idly around waiting to be nabbed. Looks like it's time to put together a rescue mission and get the old guy back so we can continue impressing the world.

Roleplaying

You were the center of attention in your family and you drank it up. That wasn't enough for you, though—you want the attention of millions! Nothing can stop you from finding a way to be America's darling, not even the loss of your eye. You're still as good as the other pilots...hell, you're better!

You've always had a penchant for being showy, but that quality has increased a hundredfold since your accident. You don't just do things; you do things with style. You refuse to admit, even to yourself, that the loss of your eye has affected your abilities. You know that people doubt your piloting skills, but you will go over the top to convince them you're better than ever.

Chapter One

HERMETIC MAGICIAN

Archetype: Occultist

Motivation: Power

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2

Charisma: 3

Dexterity: 3

Intelligence: 3

Strength: 1

Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Initiative: 6

Move: 4

Defense: 5

Perception: 6

Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Academics: Occult	3	3	6	(3)
Investigation	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Enigmas</i>			6	(3)
Linguistics	3	3	6	(3)
Melee	1	1	2	(1)
<i>Knives</i>			3	(1+)
Sorcery: Theurgy	3	5	8	(4)

Talents

Magical Aptitude

Resources

Rank 1 (Hermetic Order of the Rose Cross: +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Curious (+1 Style point whenever your character's curiosity causes trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Ritual Dagger	1 L	0	4 L	(2) L
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



“Vox ex astrum—power from the stars.”

Character Background

The desert holds many secrets. I am Egyptian, so I know. We were building pyramids and exploring the mysteries of the universe when the rest of the world was still living in huts. We shared the world with the Atlanteans, and knew many of their secrets. It was from us that Plato first heard of Atlantis, inspiring him to write his dialogues. We prospered for over thirty centuries until the other nations became jealous of our wealth and power. Wave after wave of invaders eventually wore us down, and our great civilization crumbled. The Library of Alexandria was sacked and many ancient artifacts and rituals were lost. There is more knowledge buried in the desert than in all of our modern universities combined. Today's science and technology would be but playthings to the ancients Egyptians.

Over the past decade, an increasing number of foreigners have come to Egypt searching for treasures. I have always been interested in antiquities, so I became a translator for these expeditions and learned much from them. Eventually I moved to England, where I studied Moral Sciences at Cambridge University.

While at school, I met people who shared a deep interest in understanding the true nature of the universe. They promised to show me the true path to enlightenment and power. I was enthralled. I studied with former members of the Golden Dawn and discovered a new way of looking at the world. Through these early teachers I met members of other occult organizations, eventually joining the Argenteum Astrum, where my magical instruction began.

I have always been a good student, attentive and hungry for new information. It was not long before I learned to channel real magical energy. This newfound ability soon led to an introduction into the greatest secret society of them all. Behind the Argenteum Astrum, the Golden Dawn, the Freemasons, and the Rosicrucians is the Hermetic Order of the Rose Cross. Its members wield true power. They are the real magicians. They offered me membership and I accepted immediately.

One does not rise quickly in the Rose Cross. Knowledge and power are hard-won commodities. Many of our rituals are based on ancient Egyptian writings (such as those found in the Corpus Hermeticum) that were lost with the Library of Alexandria. Some fragments are kept in the British Museum, having been brought back by archeological expeditions, but all of our attempts to study these tablets were foiled. We finally decided it would be simpler to send our own Egyptian expedition to recover lost texts and powerful artifacts.

I was a natural choice for this assignment. I have returned home as a true magician, prepared to sift through the sands of ages to locate the ancient artifacts that we seek. I could spend many lifetimes here, studying the wisdom of my ancestors. You would think I would be happy, but there are others lurking about, trying to find objects of power before we do. There are agents of a dark cabal roaming the desert, eagerly taking whatever they can get their hands on. I cannot allow them to succeed in their nefarious schemes. With the help of some unlikely allies, I'm working on a ritual that will put a stop to them once and for all.

Roleplaying

Mystical power and ancient lore combine to work like an addictive drug for you. From early in your life, you associated knowledge with power. Have one and you can get the other. Now you plan to use your powers to track down and acquire greater powers. It won't be easy, but it will be worth it. Someday, perhaps, you can rise to the highest pinnacle of the Hermetic Order of the Rose Cross, which will be easy after you prove your worth in the field.

Curiosity is both your greatest strength and your largest weakness. You are an insatiable reader, you can't resist a riddle, you can't keep from peering into dark corners, and you can't sleep while there is a mystery to be solved. You are often warned not to meddle in other people's affairs, reminded of the old adage that curiosity killed the cat. But felines are revered in Egypt, and death is not as permanent as they think.

Chapter One

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

Archetype: *Celebrity*

Motivation: *Greed*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 3

Charisma: 3

Dexterity: 2

Intelligence: 3

Strength: 2

Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Initiative: 5

Move: 4

Defense: 5

Perception: 5

Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Art: Movies	3	3	6	(3)
Con	3	5	8	(4)
Diplomacy	3	3	6	(3)
Firearms	2	2	4	(2)
Streetwise	3	1	4	(2)
Survival	3	1	4	(2)

Talents

Inspire (Grant +2 Skill bonus to allies)

Resources

Contacts 1 (Entertainment: +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Stubborn (+1 Style point whenever your character's inflexibility causes trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Colt Pocket Model	2 L	0	6 L	(3) L
Punch	0 L	0	0 N	(0) N



“We’re going to be millionaires!”

Character Background

You want to know the secret to success in the movie business? Listen, kid, I’ll tell you the secret. Just bring me lunch first.

Okay, here’s the secret: Spectacle. All those egghead critics say things like “plot” and “character development” and all that fancy-sounding kind of stuff are what we need. But that’s not what really sells tickets. You’ve got to give them something they’ve never seen before—maybe never even imagined. That and maybe a knockout dame. But spectacle is more important because you can always add the dame later.

The thing is, to give people a new spectacle, you’ve gotta go find it. Audiences these days, they’ve seen it all. You mark my words: special effects and camera tricks won’t work; people will see right through that. You can never make a studio set look as authentic as the real thing—it’s just not possible. You have to—here, light my cigar, would you?—you have to film the real deal or it won’t fly. You have to know what you’re talking about. Listen, did Charlie Chaplin know about pratfalls? Absolutely. Did Hemingway know about shooting guns and chasing broads and all that stuff he wrote about? You bet. And did Shakespeare know about...whatever it was that Shakespeare wrote about? Well, yeah, I’m pretty sure he did, because otherwise he wouldn’t have written it, would he?

And that’s the thing about the movie business these days. Those other directors, they don’t see how it’s changing. Think about it! First, we got “talkies.” And now it’s color. But what’s even more important is what you don’t see in the theater: we’ve got motion picture cameras that a single person can carry, which means you can pack them all over the world...as long as you have a few assistants to lug the film canisters. Which reminds me—I need you to label all the reels before tomorrow’s shoot.

Anyway, where was I? Oh, yeah—my path to success. I knew I wanted to be part of the business when I saw my first picture back when I was living in Queens. My dad ran a grocer’s business that he wanted me to take over. But I had dreams—big dreams—and he finally saw things my way. It was getting the big producers at the studios to see things my way that was the problem. Boy, will they be sorry when I own the biggest house in Hollywood! Anyway, I managed to finagle my way onto a set and convince Old Man Goldstone—you know Goldstone, right? The original movie mogul?—anyway, when the Old Man saw some of my footage, he said he’d give me a budget and a camera and see what else I could bring him.

So here I am, about to make the film that will revolutionize the industry, the new spectacle that will capture the imagination of the world. And that’s why we’re on this steamer—we have to go to the spectacle, ‘cause it sure ain’t coming to us. Now, you’ve got work to do, so scram. And bring me back a cup of coffee while you’re at it.

Roleplaying

You are a visionary, a genius, and a natural leader, and you will use your talents to make movies, because nothing pays better. Anyone who doesn’t see things your way is simply wrong. It is up to you to bring them around, which usually isn’t difficult, since you are able to promise them a share (a very small one) of the grand payout. Besides that, you have a special ability to bring out the best in people, no matter what they are doing. Sometimes they resent this, but they need to understand that you know best.

The edge you have over every other director in the world is that you can handle yourself out there on location, whether that location is in the heart of an unfriendly city, in the middle of a remote jungle, or up the side of a barren mountain. You are rugged, and your belief in the size of your profit margin will pull you through any difficulty.

Chapter One

PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR

Archetype: *Spy*

Motivation: *Mystery*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2
Charisma: 2
Dexterity: 3
Intelligence: 3
Strength: 2
Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0
Initiative: 6
Move: 5
Defense: 5
Perception: 6
Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Academics: Occult	3	1	4	(2)
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Bureaucracy	3	1	4	(2)
Con	2	3	5	(2+)
<i>Lying</i>			6	(3)
Drive	3	1	4	(2)
Firearms	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Pistols</i>			6	(3)
Investigation	3	3	6	(3)
Stealth	3	1	4	(2)

Talents

None

Resources

Artifact 1 (Amnesia Ray)

Rank 1 (FBI: +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Inscrutable (+1 Style point whenever your character's motives are misunderstood)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Amnesia Ray	2*	0	8*	(4)*
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N

* See Amnesia Ray, p. 140



"This is no longer under your jurisdiction. I will take over from here."

Character Background

More questions? You have entirely too many questions. There will never be enough answers, and asking too many questions will only get you into trouble. But that's all right—in a moment you won't remember anything.

The first thing you need to understand is the chain of command. In brief, the chain goes like this: God, our constitutionally appointed leaders, and then the people. Each link in the chain, by necessity, needs to know more than the link below it or the whole thing will fall apart. God, I'm told, already knows everything, and there are certainly things He knows that my immediate superiors do not. That is as it should be, just as the men for whom I work should know things that the common people do not.

Are you confused? Dubious? You must abandon your misguided impulse to continue this line of query. Most civilians have their hands full with their lives, their families, and, most importantly—with maintaining their contributions to our economy. Questioning is unnecessary. Too much knowledge leads to anxiety about things over which they can never have control. Yes, they must know about immediate threats, such as a murderer in the neighborhood. They must also know that their government has the situation in hand, and the murderer will soon be captured and imprisoned. But what of a threat the government cannot control, and perhaps does not even fully understand? I could tell you stories of monsters and ancient artifacts and all manner of seemingly irrational things, and perhaps you might even believe some of it. But if it were generally known, it could cause panic, disruption, and bank-runs, and the nation cannot afford such things at this time.

What makes me so special that I'm allowed to know more than you do? Well, I was doing my job as an FBI Special Agent in the New Orleans field office, and I thought my life was laid out before me. Then that call came about the strange rituals in the swamp, with the human sacrifices—and the things to which they were sacrificed. The local police were horrified and didn't want anything to do with the case. But I didn't question. I simply did my job.

A month later, I was transferred to the Special Investigations Unit in Virginia. My superiors wanted me there to help monitor "foreign threats." It was a chance to serve my country and I agreed immediately. I did what I was told and never asked questions. Now, here I am, preparing to cart away more information that no one will ever be able to prove existed.

I have said as much as I will say. Do you now see how it won't do you any good? In a moment, you won't even remember that you asked. Please turn your head—this won't hurt a bit.

Roleplaying

Your job is to protect the public from that which they will not understand. Ignorance is bliss, after all. You are to retrieve evidence your superiors need to make decisions, and to prevent that evidence from becoming common knowledge. Simple.

This is not to say that you can't make allies along the way. If a handful of fellows discover what you require to be hidden, then it is a perfectly acceptable cost to keep the information out of the hand of the general public—and especially out of the hands of those who would use it to cause civil unrest.

You might be attached to a group of explorers—or have infiltrated them under false pretenses—in order to serve as "damage control." This means keeping a low profile, cleaning up messes, and erasing tracks. They may be grateful for this service. Other times, you may have to convince or coerce them to see things your way. After all, you have the greater good to consider.

Chapter One

PROMETHEAN SCIENTIST

Archetype: *Scientist*

Motivation: *Hope*

Style: 3

Health: 4

Primary Attributes

Body: 2	Charisma: 3
Dexterity: 2	Intelligence: 4
Strength: 2	Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0	Initiative: 6
Move: 4	Defense: 4
Perception: 6	Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Craft: Medicines	4	2	6	(3)
Diplomacy	3	3	6	(3)
Empathy	4	2	6	(3)
Medicine	4	4	8	(4)
Science: Biology	4	4	8	(4)

Talents

Weird Science: Biology (May create Artifacts)

Resources

Rank 1 (Order of Prometheus: +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Merciful (+1 Style point whenever your character shows compassion to an enemy)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Injector	2*	0	2*	(1)*
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N

* Weapon injects a drug or poison with a successful attack (see "Poisons and Drugs" in *Hollow Earth Expedition*, p. 136)



“Excelsior!”

Character Background

I'm a man of medicine rather than a mathematician, but I recently calculated the total quantity of all human knowledge in the world (measured as a function of the sum of all books and machinery, along with an assortment of other technological indicators). I discovered that the total sphere of human knowledge barely doubled during the millennia following the fall of the Roman Empire. Since the Renaissance, it has doubled once per century, and following the Industrial Revolution it has doubled again nearly every decade. With this acceleration, it may double each and every year by the end of our glorious century.

My mind reels with delight when I consider the scientific achievements that are just around the corner. Imagine surgeons reattaching a severed limb or replacing a human heart with a more reliable mechanical pump. Diseases that have plagued mankind for millennia will be cured. Aging will be slowed or even stopped completely! And that is but a taste of the wondrous age that is soon to come.

According to my calculations, the rate of scientific advancement will continue to outdistance humanity's moral development. As a race, we are still primitive and warlike. I've seen it so many times. Hurt people will often sink into despair or swear revenge against the person who harmed them. It is frightening how quickly men, even good men, can turn to barbarity. Therefore, we must encourage mankind's moral development and be selective about which scientific advancements we share with the world.

By finding new and radical ways to heal wounds, I hope to be able to mend spirits as well as bodies. After all, how important is vengeance if injuries heal instantly or a loved one can easily be brought back to life? By the same token, if violence can no longer resolve a dispute, enemies will be forced to find new ways to resolve their differences. Diplomacy and compromise will become the order of the day. Imagine a world without war!

When I first joined the Order of Prometheus, and realized the depth and breadth of their scientific understanding, I was paralyzed with amazement. Since then, I have come to realize that it is an incredible opportunity, but also a tremendous responsibility, to bring knowledge unto the world. It can be extremely dangerous if done carelessly. Just as the gods punished our namesake Prometheus, so too we risk retribution from those who fear progress. They can only delay the inevitable, however. It is mankind's destiny to realize its full potential and we will be there to guide humanity into a new Golden Era!

Roleplaying

You are man of great vision with the skills and knowledge to turn your dreams into reality. Whereas most people are forced to rely upon conventional tools and muscle power, you have something much more versatile: a keen intellect. While they might grind away at a problem, you can think your way around it.

You will eagerly sign on to any project that benefits humanity, but you will never usher in the future while the human race behaves like savages. Therefore, you must set the example by transcending the need for revenge or excessive punishment against a defeated foe. It simply isn't logical. Besides that, wisdom and experience can often change the way people see the world, which means that there is hope for even the most vicious enemy to see the light.

Chapter One

PSYCHIC DETECTIVE

Archetype: *Lawman*

Motivation: *Duty*

Style: 3

Health: 6

Primary Attributes

Body: 3

Charisma: 2

Dexterity: 2

Intelligence: 3

Strength: 2

Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Initiative: 5

Move: 4

Defense: 5

Perception: 6

Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Athletics	2	2	4	(2)
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Investigation	3	3	6	(3)
Firearms	2	2	4	(2)
Stealth	2	2	4	(2)
Streetwise	2	4	6	(3)

Talents

Psychic Ability (Telepathy: Will x 2)

Resources

Contacts 1 (Police: +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Addiction: Alcohol (+1 Style point whenever your character's drinking causes trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Colt Detective Special	2 L	0	6 L	(3) L
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N



"I knew you were trouble the moment you walked through the door."

Character Background

The sound of the rain ticks out a ragged rhythm on my window like a broken metronome. Sometimes I think that if it only rained long enough it would wash away the filth in this city. But I know that will never happen. The real filth isn't on the streets—it's inside the hearts of the people who walk those streets. Believe me, I know. And since the storm can't wash it all away, I find solace in a different kind of water—the kind that's eighty proof.

It's another sordid case. Blackmail this time. At least it's a break from the usual dirty divorce jobs. It wasn't always this way for me. I was an idealist once, back when I was a rookie cop. I thought I could make a difference in this world. I thought I could change the city and make the streets safe for all the honest citizens. But the human garbage that floated in and out of the precinct house on a daily basis smothered the optimist in me.

Then the big day came. Me and my partner were interrogating a kidnapper—some of the worst scum you can imagine. We needed him to tell us where his buddies were hiding the child they had nabbed, but he wouldn't crack. I wanted to get in his head. I wanted it so bad I could almost taste it. Then wham—it happened: suddenly I could feel his sick mind all around me. Sure, I knew what he was thinking, but it made me ill, physically ill. Even after we drove away, I could still feel his thoughts clinging to me, and my hand shook so badly that I could barely hold my piece during the raid.

If it had only stopped there, I would have been happy. But I started hearing other people's thoughts. I guess you could say I read their minds, although it's a lot less like reading a book and a lot more like sticking my hands into a sewer to grope for a key. Then I started seeing all the dirty dealings in my fellow officers' heads. At first I tried to use what I heard to do some good, but that had repercussions. Then I tried switching it off, but it was like trying to turn back the tide. Booze was the only thing that helped silence the voices in my head, so I climbed into the bottle and haven't come up for air since.

I quit the force—or I was thrown out, depending on who you talk to. Now I got a dame in here who wants me to find out which laundry boy is threatening to air her dirty laundry. The problem isn't that I don't know how to solve the case. The problem is that I know exactly what I need to do, and it won't be pleasant. I still take the job seriously, though, and when I take money from a client, I hold up my end. The bottom line is that I get results, and you can't argue with that.

Roleplaying

When it comes down to it, you get the job done no matter what. You don't like doing the dirty work, but it's the only work you're fit for—and you're very good at it. God knows why you have this ability to read minds, but you're going to use it. It may not even be the most distasteful thing you do. There's no sense griping about it—it's just what you do.

You have problems, but who doesn't? If you need to carry a flask to keep the edge off, then so be it. It's not like anyone else can do what you do, whether they're stone cold sober or stinking drunk. Besides, it helps steady your nerves. Really, it does.

Chapter One

SCION OF ATLANTIS

Archetype: : *Everyman*

Motivation: *Love*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2

Charisma: 3

Dexterity: 3

Intelligence: 2

Strength: 2

Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Initiative: 5

Move: 5

Defense: 5

Perception: 5

Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Academics: History	2	2	4	(2)
Acrobatics	3	3	6	(3)
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Diplomacy	3	3	6	(3)
Linguistics	2	2	4	(2)
Melee	2	3	5	(2+)

Talents

Atlantean Blood (Longevity)

Resources

Wealth 1 (\$250/month)

Flaw

Hunted (+1 Style point whenever your character is in danger of being caught by her pursuers)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Arming sword	3 L	0	8 L	(4) L
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N



"I can't go out with you tonight. I'm...busy."

Character Background

My parents disappeared before I was old enough to walk. The professor took me in and raised me. He and my parents were close, and I can tell he misses them. He's always telling me I'm special, just like them.

The professor knows all kinds of things and he's always watching over me. He warned me that bad men might come looking for me someday because of my family, because of who I am. He's overprotective, and I'm sure he was exaggerating. Besides, I can take care of myself.

I've always known that I'm different. When I was little, I thought the other children weren't really trying or that they were playing some kind of game. Eventually I decided to play along, and I've been faking it and trying to act normal ever since.

But I'm not like everyone else. One time I dreamed that I was a great warrior who lived in a golden city. But then I left the city—or maybe it left me—and I was very sad. I was still sad when I woke up, and I couldn't forget my dream. But the strange part was that I knew how to fight when I woke up. I can even use a sword.

I'm good at lots of things, but the professor always tells me to be careful not to make anyone aware of it. I joined the debate team and gymnastics squad, but never really allowed myself to excel. I even joined the fencing club. That caused a bit of a stir—as a rule, proper young ladies at my school do not fence—but I found that I could keep the scandal a trivial one as long as I allowed the boys on the team to beat me occasionally.

I had a normal life for a while, but it's all over now. The professor is missing, just like my parents. I know he didn't abandon me. He just wouldn't do that. I think something bad happened to him. Maybe the bad men got him. I don't know for sure, but I'm going to find out. The professor is the only family I have, and I'm going to get him back, no matter what. If the bad men did take him away, they're going to see exactly what I can do. I'm not holding back anymore.

Roleplaying

You may have been born special, but you don't have to like it. You never asked to be different. All you ever wanted was to be like everybody else. But you just aren't normal, and there is no denying it. Other people don't have the strong suspicion that they're the reincarnation of a warrior. Other people don't have to try so hard to be ordinary.

While other characters must find ways to be involved in the action, you are likely to find that the action revolves around you. Because of your special heritage, people will seek you out. Secret societies may try to manipulate and deceive you. Sinister men may attempt to unlock the secrets of your lineage through hypnosis or dissection. Your mere presence draws danger to yourself and those around you. You can run, but you will never be able to hide for long. When you do find people you can trust, you treasure them, for they are a rare gift in a life that promises nothing but peril and uncertainty. For this reason, you will do everything in your power to rescue a loved one if he is in danger, and there is very little that can stop you once your mind is made up.

Chapter One

THE WANDERING HERO

Archetype: *Monk*

Motivation: *Justice*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 3

Charisma: 2

Dexterity: 3

Intelligence: 2

Strength: 3

Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Initiative: 5

Move: 6

Defense: 6

Perception: 4

Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Acrobatics	3	3	6	(3)
Focus	2	2	4	(2)
Martial Arts	3	4	7	(3+)
<i>All Styles</i>			8	(4)
Melee	3	3	6	(3)
Stealth	3	1	4	(2)
Survival	2	2	4	(2)

Talents

Skill Mastery (Martial Arts)

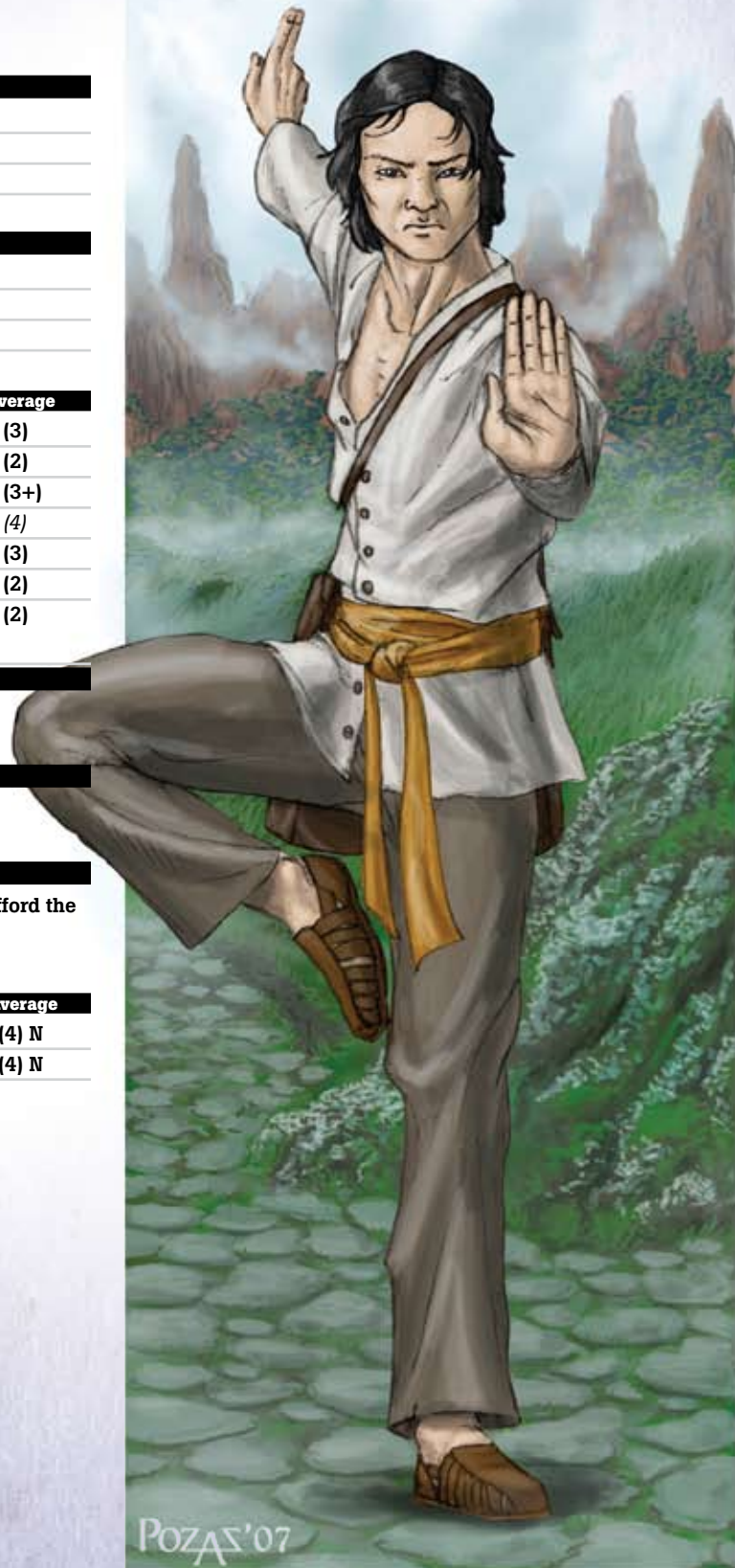
Resources

Mentor 1 (Lao Tsen: +2 Skill bonus)

Flaw

Poor (+1 Style point whenever your character cannot afford the basic necessities)

Weapons	Rating	Modifier	Attack	Average
Punch	0 N	0	8 N	(4) N
Kick	0 N	0	8 N	(4) N



POZAS'07

“Our souls are intertwined. If you endanger one, you endanger all, and then the soul must become a warrior.”

Character Background

Compassion. Equilibrium. Non-attachment. It is easy to cultivate these qualities within the order and isolation of the monastery. Yet if these virtues cannot survive in the outside world, they are worth little. It is my fate to take what I have learned into the wide world where I might be tested, and hopefully spread my master's teachings to others.

I left to test my virtues, it is true; but it is also true that my mind is as divided as my heritage. I am only half Chinese. My father was a British soldier who came to fight in the Boxer Rebellion. Although I should release my desire for answers—for all desires are obstacles on the road to enlightenment—I have found the question of identity lurking within me, pulling at me while I am in my deepest meditations. My master, Lao Tsen, perceived my restlessness and understood that the cure could only be found outside the monastic walls.

After leaving the monastery, I quickly discovered how desire poisons the lives of people. Most men are not hateful unless they are first hated or hurt. Unfortunately, the innocent are often preyed upon by those who are controlled by their desires. They are victimized by petty thugs and disorganized hoodlums who do not see that they themselves are tools of powerful men who get what they want by denying others what they need. This creates a cycle of demons: first, the demon lord inflicts injury and depravation upon the people, and then the people transform themselves into demons as they seek to inflict similar injury upon others. They do not see how this shortens their lives and guides them toward unfavorable reincarnations.

Though I began in China, I have traveled through many lands and found the soil in all nations capable of bearing the fruits of virtue. But the lands are wild and untamed, and the weeds of corruption will not readily relinquish their hold upon the earth. It is my humble destiny to go forth and clear the way so others might have a chance to cultivate their own lives. Whether they do so is up to them; I can only use my wisdom and strength to defeat injustice and give them the opportunity to choose their own path.

Roleplaying

You are surrounded by chaos and disorder, yet you are determined never to lose your feeling of inner peace. Being half-English and half-Chinese often keeps you from fitting in anywhere, so you must be content to be alone even in a crowd. As a result, you are a person of very few words, and those words you do speak are often dismissed by others as gibberish or fortune-cookie wisdom. But you are not seeking to convert anyone to your religion or your culture; you simply seek to give them a chance to discover their own enlightenment in the absence of the fear and disruption caused by injustice.

You are content to have no permanent home and no regular source of income, but you do not lack advantages. Your training in the monastery was rigorous and thorough, and, by comparison, many of the hardships of the road seem insignificant. What is more, the wisdom planted in your mind by your master Lao Tsen has an uncanny knack of lying dormant for long periods, only to bloom into the fullness of realization just when you are encountering some new trial.