

## Maximilian Weber, Waiter

Max Webber (to use the correct English spelling) is not what he seems. Outwardly, he appears to be Café Gugelhupf's long suffering head waiter; in reality, he is Section D's main man in Vienna. Recruited straight from Oxford University into the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), Webber's ability to blend in and his knowledge of politics made him a valuable asset to the intelligence community, one which Major Laurence Grand insisted be transferred to Section D upon its creation in March, 1938.

Webber has spent much of his life since university in Germany and Austria, keeping a careful eye on the political situation and reporting back to London whenever possible. He was moved to Vienna to team up with the local SIS agent, Maso di Pietro, not long after the *Anschluss* and his recruitment to Section D. He was relieved to get out of Berlin after the collapse of his engagement to *Fräulein* Gisela Waltrun, but still harbours some feelings towards her even though he is almost certain she is now a German spy.

**Appearance:** Not too tall, not too short, of average build and unremarkable features. However, as Maximilian Weber, head waiter, Webber appears to be several inches taller and far more authoritative than his usual self. He is polite and deferential, but with a manner that instils obedience in both his junior staff and his customers.

**STR** 12   **DEX** 11   **INT** 18   **CON** 11  
**SIZ** 14   **APP** 11   **POW** 11   **EDU** 19  
**SAN** 55   **Hit Points:** 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Bargain 45%, Disguise 50%, Drive Automobile 30%, Espionage 65%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 40%, History (Politics) 60%, Listen 45%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 95%, German 60%, Italian 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Walther PP Pistol* (Handgun) 40%, damage 1D8, atts 3, base range 10 yds.

## Tobias Fischer, Egyptologist

Fascinated with far off lands and fairy stories as a child, the otherwise rather serious Fischer decided early in life that he wanted to become a student of ancient history. Digs in Germany and North Africa soon put him off wanting to become an archaeologist and he settled instead for the more academic side of the subject, becoming an expert in the kingdoms of the Nile.

Whilst at University in Munich, Fischer joined the League of Apollo where he learned to fence (another alumnus of the society is the *Reichsführer-SS* himself, Heinrich Himmler). It was there, too, that he gained his first taste of the darker side of folklore and began to research the occult. Having taken a job as a university lecturer in Vienna, a city he had fond memories of from family holidays there as a young boy, he joined the Sphinx Reading Club. He is not interested in the political leanings of some of its members, and does his best to stay out of any discussions on politics and race.

Fischer has recently been shocked to hear of the death of a colleague, Dr. Botho Ehrlichmann, who he knew from their attendance at a variety of conferences and from occasional meetings at the Reading Club of which they were both members. He respects his fellow scholar's work and is puzzled by his death in a hiking accident, particularly as he always thought Ehrlichmann was an experienced walker and not one to take unnecessary risks.

**Appearance:** Stocky and dark-haired, Tobias is quite a good-looking gentleman. If caught up in his research, he can forget to shave and become rather dishevelled, but he is always respectably presented when about town, even if he does tend to dress like a man thirty years his senior.

**STR** 15   **DEX** 10   **INT** 18   **CON** 10  
**SIZ** 14   **APP** 11   **POW** 09   **EDU** 20  
**SAN** 45   **Hit Points:** 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Archaeology 30%, Bargain 45%, Folklore 45%, Handgun 45%, History 80%, Institutional Lore 20%, Library Use 65%, Occult 35%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%.

**Language Skills:** German (Own) 95%, Hieroglyphics 65%, Hieratic/Demotic 50%, Arabic 40%, English 30%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6+1D4.

*Sword Cane* (Melee Weapon—Sword) 35%, damage 1D6+1D4, atts 1, base range touch.

## Maso di Pietro, Cafe Owner

Raised in "Little Italy" in Clerkenwell, London, after his family fled Mussolini's Fascist regime, Maso (short for Tommaso) grew up in the restaurant business, working in his mother's cousin's café from a very young age. His easy-going nature and accomplished management of people made him very popular with both the customers and staff, and his love of numbers certainly helped with running the business.

Maso is still not entirely certain how he ended up in the SIS, although it is probably due to his anti-Fascist activities in London. He was asked one day if he wanted to help his adopted country and happily agreed, particularly as he could see which way the wind was blowing in continental Europe. He has been in Vienna as the owner/manager of Café Gugelhupf for a little over three years, having inherited the business from his "uncle" (the city's former SIS operative). Prior to that, he spent time in Rome and Milan, always watching over his shoulder in case the Blackshirts uncovered his true identity.

Although he is now friends with Max Webber, he was a little insulted when the Englishman first arrived in the city. After a few months of suspiciously sizing each other up, the two have since worked together on very good terms, even though their upbringings could not have been more different.

**Appearance:** Tall and darkly handsome, Maso is a friendly young man who has a way of getting the best out of people. Immaculately presented at all times, he is the smiling face of Café Gugelhupf and his sharp ears miss little of the goings on in his establishment.

**STR** 12   **DEX** 10   **INT** 17   **CON** 10  
**SIZ** 16   **APP** 14   **POW** 16   **EDU** 15  
**SAN** 80   **Hit Points:** 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Conceal 35%, Cryptography 40%, Espionage 45%, First Aid 40%, Hide 35%, Listen 60%, Mathematics 30%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 65%, Radio Operator 20%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 55%.

**Language Skills:** Italian (Own) 75%, English 45%, German 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Beretta M1935 Pistol* (Handgun) 50%, damage 1D8, atts 3, base range 15 yds.

## Livia Sclesinger, Linguist

Languages have always come easily to Livia. Residing in a cosmopolitan city like Vienna, that talent has come in very handy over the years. Through her skills, she secured a position in the University's library and archives where she often finds herself helping the academic staff translate some of the more obscure texts. Livia adores puzzles and games, and can often be found in the Café Gugelhupf enjoying a slice of the eponymous cake and a game of chess with her good friend, Tobias Fischer.

A native of the City of Music and Dreams, Livia has so far managed to hide her Jewish ancestry with the help of di Pietro and Weber by "Aryanising her grandmother" (to use the jocular Viennese term for obtaining false genealogical records after the *Anschluss*). She knows deep down that she should have left her beloved city by now, but she just couldn't bring herself to leave her job, her home, and everything she has ever known. She loathes the Germans for what they have done to her country and her city and, like many of her compatriots, she emphasises her Viennese accent and uses Austrian dialect words instead of the "correct" German whenever possible.

**Appearance:** Petite, with rosy, round cheeks and neatly coiffured black hair, Livia looks almost like one of the china dolls you can buy in the boutiques along the Graben. But looks can be deceiving, and Livia has great reserves of courage and boldness which she prefers to keep carefully in check until such time as she needs them.

**STR** 9   **DEX** 13   **INT** 20   **CON** 14  
**SIZ** 10   **APP** 10   **POW** 10   **EDU** 18  
**SAN** 50   **Hit Points:** 12

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Conceal 45%, Hide 35%, Institutional Lore 25%, Library Use 75%, Listen 65%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 55%.

**Language Skills:** Austrian German (Own) 80%, Latin 65%, Italian 60%, French 55%, Hebrew 45%, English 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6.

## Nora St. Dennis, Adventuress

Young Miss St. Dennis seems to have led something of a charmed life, having been born into a distinguished "old" New York family that somehow managed to survive the Great Depression relatively unscathed. Always the centre of attention, partly because she was a late, unexpected child and partly due to the death of her elder brother in an automobile accident, Nora is used to getting her own way. Some would describe her as spoilt and demanding; others see her as determined and canny. Regardless, she is somewhat of a force of nature and lets nothing stand in her way when she sets her mind to something.

Sent to a finishing school in Paris by her doting but exasperated parents in an attempt to turn her into a "proper" society lady, Nora promptly sets off travelling around Europe instead of returning home when her classes end. From there she progresses on to the Far East and Asia, falling in love with India and the mountains of the Himalayas. Inspired by a battered copy of *My Journey to Lhasa* (p.108) found in a second hand bookshop on College Street, Calcutta, and by the talk given by Ernst Schäfer to the Himalayan Club there in July, 1939 (p.118), her dream is to be the first American woman to enter the Forbidden City and she has been studying accordingly. But first, she has longstanding plans to see Bombay...

**Appearance:** Blessed with long, blonde curls, glittering green eyes, and a curvaceous figure, Nora knows she looks good without really having to try. Although her parents would like to think of her as a delicate rose, travelling has given her a resilience to hardship that would horrify them.

**STR** 12    **DEX** 13    **INT** 17    **CON** 17  
**SIZ** 15    **APP** 16    **POW** 13    **EDU** 16  
**SAN** 65    **Hit Points:** 16

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Anthropology 40%, Climb 45%, Dodge 40%, First Aid 45%, Folklore 40%, History 50%, Jump 40%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 55%, Photography 45%, Persuade 60%, Ride 50%, Sneak 40%, Ski 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Survival (Mountain) 45%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 80%, French 60%, Hindi/Urdu 40%, Tibetan 20%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Knife* 40%, damage 1D4+1D4, atts 1, base range touch.

*.32 Revolver* (Handgun) 40%, damage 1D8, atts 3, base range 15 yds

## Yago D'Souza, Jesuit Priest

Despite his name, Brother Yago is neither Spanish nor Portuguese. Abandoned on the steps of the St. Stanislaus Orphanage in Bombay, the tiny Indian baby who was to become D'Souza was taken in by the Brothers of the Society of Jesus and raised under the watchful eye of God amongst a number of the city's other unwanted children.

A bright boy, Yago yearned to know more of his country whilst at the same time fearing his own place within it. The Brothers recognised his academic gifts and encouraged him to apply himself and, when the time came, to begin his formation as a Jesuit priest. Having passed his novitiate, many more years of training followed, during which time his fascination with other religions grew. As a result, his Regency (the part of Jesuit formation devoted to gaining practical apostolic experience in the community) is spent in Calcutta teaching at St. Xavier's College and studying with the School of Indology, who aim to foster a greater understanding between the Catholic and Hindu faiths.

Now that his Regency is complete, Brother Yago is travelling back to his house of formation to see his friends and former teachers before entering the final stages of his theological training.

**Appearance:** Quite heavy-set and solid, Brother Yago has a round, clean-shaven, gentle face with beautiful deep brown eyes, topped with a shock of thick, black hair. His long, black robes are usually clean and neatly pressed and, thankfully, the colour has a tendency to hide any ink stains (usually caused by Brother Yago's desire to get everything down in his little notebooks before he forgets any pertinent details).

**STR** 13    **DEX** 12    **INT** 16    **CON** 11  
**SIZ** 13    **APP** 10    **POW** 11    **EDU** 16  
**SAN** 55    **Hit Points:** 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Folklore 40%, History 65%, Institutional Lore 40%, Library Use 55%, Listen 50%, Occult 25%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 30%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 60%, Teach 25%, Theology (Catholicism) 60%, Theology (Hinduism) 40%, Theology (Buddhism) 20%.

**Language Skills:** Spanish (Own) 80%, English 60%, Hindi/Urdu 55%, Latin 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6+1D4.

## Sgt. Wallace Gillespie, Policeman

Sgt. Gillespie has long been a source of disappointment to his Scottish father, a respected high-level civil servant stationed in Calcutta. His Brahmin mother, Mrs. Pranisha Tagore-Gillespie, attempted to keep the peace between her straight-laced husband and her fiery, head-strong son while she was alive, but her death widened the rift between them; one which grew even further when, instead of travelling to England to sit his civil service exams as his father expected, Wallace instead ran away and enlisted in the Royal Garwhal Rifles.

Always getting into scraps as a boy as a result of his temper and his mixed heritage, Gillespie took well to Indian Army life. Its discipline helped him control his outbursts and his ability to give orders and direct men enabled him to climb the non-commissioned ranks to reach that of Sergeant (Havildar). He also discovered a flair for boxing, winning many inter-regimental competitions during his twelve year stint in His Majesty's service.

Big, brawny, and more than capable of taking care of himself, his ability to get things done caught the eye of the Calcutta Police Force, and Gillespie was somewhat surprised to be offered the chance of becoming a policeman in his old home city when his time in the Army drew to a close.

His heritage has since found him seconded to a unit investigating revolutionary Indian Nationalist groups, and he has recently infiltrated a new one allied to Subhas Chandra Bose's All India Forward Bloc in the guise of a disgruntled Anglo-Indian (something which is not all that far from the truth, even if he has yet to work out which side of the political divide he will come down upon). Through his work, Gillespie has unearthed some unsettling rumours of a hidden, incredibly powerful weapon in Ellora (Book Two, Ch.2) and has been sent by his superiors to investigate further.

**Appearance:** Tall, heavily-muscled, and as strong as an ox, Sgt. Gillespie's fair skin means that he can easily pass for European. He is usually smart and well turned-out, as befits an ex-Army NCO, unless he has been dealing with drunken soldiers in the Public Bar of the Bristol Hotel (at which point, he will be a little scuffed around the edges). His knuckles are frequently cut and bruised as a result of the harsh realities of his job.

**STR** 17   **DEX** 14   **INT** 15   **CON** 17  
**SIZ** 16   **APP** 14   **POW** 15   **EDU** 14  
**SAN** 75   **Hit Points:** 17

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6.

**Skills:** Close Combat 60%, Command 35%, Espionage 25%, Fast Talk 50%, Fieldcraft 50%, First Aid 40%, Military Doctrine 40%, Persuade 50%, Rifle 60%, Spot Hidden 65%, Tactics 40%, Teach 20%, Throw 50%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 70%, Hindi/Urdu 50%, Bengali 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 75%, damage 1D3+1D6.

*Webley .38/200 Service Revolver* (Handgun) 50%, damage 1D10, atts 2, base range 15 yds.

## David Rafael Manasseh, Businessman

Although his family left Baghdad over 100 years ago, David Manasseh is still proud of his Middle Eastern roots despite his family's adoption of the British Raj's lifestyle in their new home. The second of four sons from a family of textile manufacturers and traders, he is currently learning the ropes of the family business and, as a result, he spends a lot of time travelling between Bombay, Calcutta, and the plantations which supply them with cotton and jute. He would much rather be studying engineering than business, but knows his family is depending on him to help manage their little empire.

David's family, amongst many others, have been watching the events unfolding in Germany with concerned interest. While the Baghdadi Jews of Calcutta live their own lives, separate from both the native Calcuttans and the British hierarchy, they are respected members of the community as a whole and fear for the survival of their European brethren. In fact, their trade links across Europe and the Middle East have enabled them to smuggle several families out from under the nose of the *Reich* to safety, and David is currently on his way to Europe via Delhi in an attempt to arrange passage for several more.

**Appearance:** A little on the short side, David is an extremely pleasant, apparently unassuming chap who does not look to be at ease in a suit. Not particularly good at sports or even all that fit, he often wishes that he was as robust and athletic as his brothers, but his ability to charm people with only a little effort on his part thankfully enabled him to avoid too much rough and tumble as a child. While he enjoys his life of comfort, he is fairly certain that he could rise to any challenge that life might present him.

**STR** 11   **DEX** 10   **INT** 17   **CON** 10  
**SIZ** 12   **APP** 10   **POW** 14   **EDU** 19  
**SAN** 70   **Hit Points:** 11

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Accounting 55%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 60%, Electrical Repair 30%, Fast Talk 75%, Institutional Lore 40%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural History 30%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 95%, Arabic 60%, Hindi/Urdu 50%, Persian 30%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6.

## Lt. Michael Everhart, Naval Surgeon

A second generation German American, Michael's forebears came to America to avoid political persecution and found themselves working in Milwaukee's burgeoning brewing industry, where they carved a tidy niche for themselves.

Michael initially thought about training as a chemist and following in his father and grandfather's footsteps, but the Everharts had bigger plans. A solid if not necessarily gifted student, Michael was encouraged by his family to train as a doctor, a subject which he took to like a duck to water. He graduated from Maquette University School of Medicine after an uneventful studentship and, much to his family's surprise, immediately joined the US Navy.

Medicine was not the only thing Michael had taken to like a duck; he had always loved boats, grabbing every opportunity whilst at University to sail on Lake Michigan and hone his maritime skills as a member of the medical school's sailing club. Although his family were initially shocked by Michael's decision, they can see that he is happy and doing well; they only wish he were serving closer to home.

Lt. Everhart has been chosen for this mission by his superiors because of his medical skills and because he is considered to be a safe pair of hands, diplomatically speaking; he can also be spared from his other duties at this moment in time.

**Appearance:** Michael's appearance is, like the rest of Michael's life, solid and largely unsurprising. His uniform is always neatly pressed, his hair regulation length, and his shoes clean and polished. Perfectly pleasant and good company, Michael only ever really gets enthusiastic about one thing: boats.

**STR** 13   **DEX** 11   **INT** 18   **CON** 12  
**SIZ** 11   **APP** 10   **POW** 11   **EDU** 18  
**SAN** 55   **Hit Points:** 11

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Biology 60%, Command 25%, First Aid 50%, Listen 45%, Medicine 60%, Military Doctrine 20%, Navigate (Sea) 45%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 45%, Pilot (Boat) 45%, Psychology 55%, Rope Use 20%, Spot Hidden 60%, Surgery 55%, Swimming 40%, Tactics 20%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 90%, German 40%, Spanish 30%, Latin 30%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

*M1911A1 Pistol* (Handgun) 45%, damage 1D10+2, atts 1, base range 15 yds.

## Mireia Robledo, Graduate Student

Studious and hard-working, Mireia's family were a little bemused at her insistence that she wanted to go to Seville University, but were more than happy to let her attend after she secured a scholarship to pay her fees. After all, she was the first in the family to do so, and it certainly had better prospects than orange farming (the family's ancestral form of employment).

Her studies in mathematics and astronomy soon saw an interest develop in ancient star-gazing and, after graduation, she took on a research assistant's position with Prof. Salazar, convinced that the stars had influenced Peru's pre-Columbian builders. The two work well together and she trusts his judgement, although she has not been able to bring herself to tell him the truth about why she was so determined to flee Spain.

Mireia was attacked by a drunken rebel (Nationalist) soldier in the aftermath of the uprising in Seville that heralded the start of the Spanish Civil War. Despite being stronger than her, the man's inebriation acted against him and, in the ensuing struggle, his gun went off, killing him instantly. Horrified by what she had done, and knowing it would only be a matter of time before the soldier's friends found her, Mireia begged Prof. Salazar to take her with him to Peru. She is haunted by her actions even though she knows she had no choice, and often wishes she could turn back the clock.

Miss Robledo is accompanying Prof. Salazar on this expedition as his assistant. She is hoping that they may also be able to undertake some research once the missing party (or whatever might remain of it) has been found.

**Appearance:** Miss Robledo's appearance has changed since she came to Peru. Previously a fan of pretty clothes, ribbons, and costume jewellery, she now dresses as if she were thirty years older and surviving on a very meagre pension. It is almost as if she is deliberately trying not to draw any attention to herself. She always carries a gun for protection, although she loathes the thing.

**STR** 12   **DEX** 11   **INT** 14   **CON** 14  
**SIZ** 10   **APP** 12   **POW** 10   **EDU** 17  
**SAN** 70   **Hit Points:** 12

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Art (Technical Drawing) 45%, Astronomy 50%, Bargain 55%, Folklore 45%, History 45%, Library Use 55%, Mathematics 55%, Persuade 60%, Physics 50%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 60%.

**Language Skills:** Spanish (Own) 85%, English 40%, Aymara 20%, Quechua 20%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

*Beretta M1934 Pistol* (Handgun) 40%, damage 1D10, atts 2, base range 15 yds.

## Prof. Esteban Salazar, Historian

Estéban Salazar is not the first of his family to find himself in Peru. Once upon a time, the family held substantial shipping rites in Seville and, by extension, had a share in the trade monopoly Spain enjoyed over its South American colony. That was a long, long time ago, though, and the family no longer has any mercantile interests to speak of. Still, the stories Estéban heard at his *abuela's* (grandmother's) knee sparked a life-long love of history and far away places.

He was already a professor at the University of Seville and had visited Peru several times to investigate the country's monumental pre-Columbian architecture. After the Civil War broke out, Salazar's Republican political leanings soon meant that it was impossible for him to stay in Spain with any degree of safety. Thanks to his connections in Peru, Salazar managed to secure a position at the University of San Marcos in Lima, where he watches the goings on in Spain with a growing sense of dread. He has learned the hard way to keep his political opinions to himself.

He is not entirely certain why Miss Robledo was so insistent about accompanying him to Peru, although he suspects she is running from something in her past. He is, however, glad to have someone to talk to about the situation at home.

The Professor has been invited along on the mission due to his familiarity with the region the German expedition has gone missing in, having worked there in the past with American archaeologists Paul Kosk and Wendell C. Bennett.

**Appearance:** Salazar shows few signs of the fact that he is now entering middle age. Although he loves his adopted country's history, he is not an archaeologist, and prefers to spend his time studying objects in the comfort of his rooms or in the country's many museums and private collections. Still, he likes to keep himself fit and is a little vain when it comes to his physical appearance.

**STR** 11   **DEX** 11   **INT** 17   **CON** 10  
**SIZ** 13   **APP** 14   **POW** 15   **EDU** 19  
**SAN** 75   **Hit Points:** 11

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Anthropology 60%, Bargain 55%, Folklore 65%, History 70%, Institutional Lore 10%, Library Use 65%, Natural History 50%, Persuade 55%, Photography 50%, Psychology 65%, Ride 35%, Spot Hidden 65%, Teach 40%.

**Language Skills:** Spanish (Own) 95%, Aymara 40%, Quechua 40%, German 35%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6.

## Sgt. Silvester Murphy, Shore Patrol

Lt. Richards (p.291) is not the only person with a family history of service. Sgt. Murphy's relatives also have a record: either as jail birds or members of the police force back home in Boston. Well aware of the cliché of having an Irish policeman for a father and Italian criminals for uncles, Sgt. Murphy was always determined to get as far away from his family as possible and make something of his life, so the irony of now being a naval policeman is far from lost on him.

Still, the skills his less than reputable uncles taught him have come in handy: he knows how to knock heads and how to spot potential troublemakers and quash unrest before it has a chance to really get underway. His easy-going nature and ready smile have often been just as big a help when diffusing a tense situation as his fists, but he always believes in having something up his sleeve in case the worst should happen.

Sgt. Murphy has been asked to accompany Lt. Everhart and Lt. Richards on this mission as their security back-up. Whilst his superiors are hoping there won't be any trouble, they, too, believe in taking precautions, especially as they know that *huaqueros* (grave-robbers) can be a real problem when dealing with ancient archaeological sites in Peru.

**Appearance:** Stocky and powerfully built, there are times when it looks as if Murphy's sturdy frame is barely being restrained by his uniform. His closely-cropped, glossy black curls, dark complexion, and striking green eyes (the only physical characteristic he seems to have inherited from his father) all combine to make it very difficult to overlook the Sergeant, either whilst at work or at play.

**STR** 14   **DEX** 10   **INT** 17   **CON** 12  
**SIZ** 11   **APP** 14   **POW** 09   **EDU** 15  
**SAN** 45   **Hit Points:** 11

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Bargain 50%, Close Combat 65%, Command 30%, Dodge 50%, Grapple 60%, Law 45%, Locksmith 30%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Tactics 25%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 75%, Italian 40%, Spanish 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 60%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*M1911A1 Pistol* (Handgun) 35%, damage 1D10+2, atts 1, base range 15 yds.

*M1 Garand* (Rifle) 40%, damage 2D6+4, atts 1, base range 110 yds.

## Lt. Philippa (“Phil”) Richards, Navy Nurse

The Navy is in Philippa’s blood; there is virtually not a male member of her family who has not served, or is not currently serving in it, including her father and her two elder brothers. And as far as family tradition goes, Philippa is determined to uphold it for as long as she can in practically the only way she can: as a Naval nurse.

Although her father was a little sceptical at first, Philippa’s resoluteness won him over in the end and the Commodore is proud of the fact she wants to serve her country when she could have opted for an easier (in his eyes) life as a Navy wife.

Philippa volunteered to come to the American Naval Mission in Peru as its senior nurse in an attempt to establish her own reputation as a valuable member of Uncle Sam’s Navy. Whilst there have certainly been times where her family’s long association with the service have helped open doors, Philippa is not content to rest on their laurels.

Lt. Richards is aware that she has been chosen for this mission in part because of who her father is, but also because she works well with Lt. Everhart thanks to their common bond of having surprised their parents with their career choices. Together, they form a formidable team and Philippa has become quite adept at anticipating Lt. Everhart’s needs.

**Appearance:** Tending towards the petite side, men often underestimate Philippa; a mistake they seldom make twice. Having grown up on a variety of naval bases around the world, little phases her: she has seen the Navy at its best and worst and is more than capable of taking care of herself (something two big brothers have also helped with). Her red permanent wave is kept short for practicality’s sake and she has been known to wear slacks instead of the regulation uniform skirt (far more practical when on board, even though most of her time is spent on the land-based wards).

**STR** 09   **DEX** 11   **INT** 15   **CON** 15  
**SIZ** 11   **APP** 11   **POW** 15   **EDU** 14  
**SAN** 75   **Hit Points:** 13

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Biology 45%, Command 20%, Damage Control 25%, Drive Automobile 20%, First Aid 50%, Medicine 45%, Military Doctrine 60%, Navigate (Sea) 35%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 40%, Pilot (Boat) 30%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, Tactics 45%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 70%, Spanish 35%, Latin 20%.

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3.

*M1911A1 Pistol* (Handgun) 35%, damage 1D10+2, atts 1, base range 15 yds.

*.22 Bolt-action Rifle* (Rifle) 30%, damage 1D6+2, atts 1, base range 30 yds.

## Timothy Jones, Mining Surveyor/FBI Agent

Some people know that it is only a matter of time before the situation in the Pacific will get seriously out of hand. Some people, like J. Edgar Hoover, believe in being well prepared for just such an eventuality, and that is why Mr. Timothy Jones just happens to be in Peru posing as the junior surveyor at an American mining company.

Jones (not his real name) has been tasked with keeping an eye on various potential enemy companies and people, in particular Peru’s Japanese population and German and Italian shipping and mining interests. As junior surveyor, he is often about town sorting out company paperwork (and not just the “geological reports” he sends back to Washington), as well as dealing with the local business community. His interest in photography also gives him an excuse to visit a variety of interesting sites on his days off.

Jones has been requested for by name by the Peruvian government in this matter. They are well aware that he is on the FBI’s payroll and are keen to show their willingness to support Hoover’s plans to identify potential troublemakers within their country, should the worst come to pass.

**Appearance:** Rangy and suntanned, Jones is an unassuming fellow. He dresses as you would expect a surveyor to dress, speaks softly and only after consideration, and has no apparent vices apart from enjoying the odd cocktail or two when in town. Although many have met him, most would be hard-pressed to remember anything much about him thanks to his carefully cultivated air of ordinariness.

**STR** 11   **DEX** 11   **INT** 16   **CON** 11  
**SIZ** 16   **APP** 10   **POW** 10   **EDU** 17  
**SAN** 50   **Hit Points:** 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Bargain 45%, Disguise 30%, Drive Automobile 40%, Espionage 60%, Fast Talk 65%, Geology 40%, Hide 30%, Law 40%, Listen 50%, Persuade 55%, Photography 30%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 60%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 85%, Spanish 50%, German 40%, Italian 40%.

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Colt M1911 Pistol* (Handgun) 50%, damage 1D10+2, atts 1, base range 15 yds.

## Lt. Iwo Nowak, Mountain Warfare Expert

Born and raised in the town of Zakopane in the Podhale region of southern Poland, Nowak has spent virtually his entire life outdoors and usually half way up a mountain. Although during the 18th and 19th centuries his family's employment had been in the region's ore mines, after the iron had all been stripped away and urban visitors from the likes of Kraków started to flock to the growing spa town, they found new work above ground as mountain guides and innkeepers.

With further civic developments in the 1930s come yet more tourists, and Nowak finds his skiing skills in great demand. But the growing threat from Nazi Germany prompts Nowak and his three brothers to join the Polish Army only a few months before the invasion of Poland begins.

Nowak is one of the lucky ones who manages to escape to France with his men. His reorganised Highland unit sees service in his adopted new country before they are sent into Norway in April, 1940. Whilst there, Nowak's men are given a covert mission to extract a Norwegian physicist, Øydis Skjelvik (p.295), who is being hunted by the Germans. Nowak and his troops face strangely armed opposition and are lucky to escape with their lives but, thankfully, the operation proves to be a success.

Diverted to England as France teeters on the edge of catastrophe, Nowak is asked to escort Dr. Skjelvik to Kent where her services are required, and where he is recruited into an undercover outfit known as Section M.

**Appearance:** Tall and athletic, Nowak is in almost peak physical condition now that he has had a few weeks to recuperate from his escapades in Norway. His ruddy complexion always gives the impression that he has just returned from an invigorating walk in the countryside. Although he does not mind people in general, large crowds make him uncomfortable, and he would much rather be out in the fresh air with a few like-minded companions.

**STR** 11    **DEX** 13    **INT** 15    **CON** 13  
**SIZ** 16    **APP** 11    **POW** 10    **EDU** 15  
**SAN** 50    **Hit Points:** 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Climb 65%, Close Combat 55%, Command 45%, Fieldcraft 60%, First Aid 40%, Military Doctrine 40%, Navigate (Land) 45%, Pilot (Boat) 50%, Ski 55%, Spot Hidden 55%, Survival (Arctic) 60%, Tactics 35%, Throw 45%, Teach 20%.

**Language Skills:** Polish (Own) 75%, French 45%, English 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*MAB Modèle D Pistol* (Handgun) 50%, damage 1D8, atts 3, base range 15 yds.

*EMP-35* (Submachine Gun) 40%, damage 1D10, atts 2 or burst, base range 30 yds.

## Dr. Runi Strand, Parapsychologist

Strand always thought of himself as a serious-minded, meticulous scholar, one who had worked his way up from a lowly position as an assistant librarian at Copenhagen's Royal Library to become a respected authority on the Icelandic Sagas. A coveted research position at the University of Copenhagen, where he met his wife, Alvida, was followed a few years later by a junior teaching position at Oxford University. Everything was going so well; his life, his work, his marriage—all was proceeding according to plan, and he had never been happier.

And then it all went wrong. Alvida was drowned in a boating accident on the Isis, in the company of a man Strand did not know at a time when she was supposed to be attending an academic symposium sixty miles away in London. The rumours started not long after; of course they did, and he could not blame them for being suspicious of his wife's behaviour at the time of her death when he was, too.

It was the pitying looks that bothered him the most, and something inside him seemed to snap. Once a rationalist, Strand turned to spiritualism to try and get the answers he so desperately craved: what was Alvida doing on the river that day and why had she lied to him?

Like many before him, Strand quickly became disillusioned with the mediums he encountered and took to exposing their fraud instead. He still hopes to contact his late wife and discover the truth, but for now he works for Section M, having come to Alec Ward-Gray's attention through his contacts at Oxford.

**Appearance:** Prematurely aged by the circumstances surrounding his wife's death, Strand turned from a smartly-attired academic to an unshaven, unkempt shadow of his former self before he found new purpose in rooting out those who exploit people's grief for their own personal gain. His clothes may be a little threadbare in places, but he is mostly managing to keep up appearances these days, even if the dark circles under his eyes never truly seem to go away. There are days when even his closest friends barely recognise him; those are the ones when he is pretending to be someone else so the fraudsters do not see him coming.

**STR** 12    **DEX** 13    **INT** 16    **CON** 11  
**SIZ** 13    **APP** 09    **POW** 13    **EDU** 20  
**SAN** 60    **Hit Points:** 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Anthropology 60%, Disguise 40%, Folklore 55%, History 70%, Library Use 70%, Listen 65%, Occult 55%, Persuade 65%, Photography 55%, Pilot (Boat) 40%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 65%, Teach 40%.

**Language Skills:** Danish (Own) 95%, Icelandic 60%, English 50%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6+1D4.



## Dr. Øydis Skjelvik, Physicist

Music and engineering have always been a part of Øydis' life. Her grandmother was a renowned *hardingfele* (Hardanger fiddle) player and storyteller, although young Øydis never quite believed the tale that she had learned to play the instrument from a forest troll. Her grandfather and father were both engineers who worked at the hydroelectric power plant at Tyssedal, not far from their home village.

Her family always encouraged Øydis to work hard and practice her skills, and they were delighted when she gained a scholarship to the University of Oslo to study physics; they were even more delighted when she graduated at the top of her class. Keeping up the family association with power production, Øydis began to look into novel methods of energy generation, and it is this work that brings her to the attention of *Nachtwölfe* shortly before war breaks out.

Her refusal to join the organisation does not go down well, and makes her a legitimate target for Wolff's forces when the Nazis invade Norway in April, 1940 (at least as far as they are concerned). Fortunately for her, others in the scientific community have also realised her value. A small unit of Polish troops, commanded by Lt. Iwo Nowak (p.293) is sent in to snatch her out from under the nose of a crack *Nachtwölfe* retrieval team, led by the Norwegian military patrol (the forerunner of modern biathlon) champion and Olympic demonstrator, **Capt. Kai S. Fredriksen**.

Øydis has no idea why she has really been brought to Clemens Park, although she is very grateful to both Lt. Nowak and Lord Towton for getting her out of Norway. Her research into some of Nikolai Tesla's wireless energy work and her personal fascination with unified field theories has certainly been branded as "crackpot" by some of the more respected voices in academia and, from what she sees as she begins to work with Dr. Parker and his team, crackpot is a very good word to describe her current situation.

**Appearance:** Øydis keeps her wavy, dusty blonde hair short and neat to prevent it from getting in her eyes whilst she works. It also makes it easier to stuff under a woollen hat when out and about in cold weather. Never without a pencil (which is usually tucked behind one ear as an impromptu hair slide), Øydis has a habit of absent-mindedly chewing on its end or doodling strange mathematical formulae on any scrap of paper or flat surface she can find. Even though she has not been in England long, she misses the fable-soaked mountains and valleys of her childhood, and often daydreams of snow.

**STR** 13   **DEX** 12   **INT** 17   **CON** 10  
**SIZ** 10   **APP** 11   **POW** 12   **EDU** 18  
**SAN** 70   **Hit Points:** 10

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Skills:** Chemistry 40%, Electrical Repair 30%, Folklore 25%, Geology 30%, Library Use 65%, Mathematics 65%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Meteorology 25%, Perform (Hardanger Fiddle) 40%, Physics 60%, Pilot (Boat) 35%, Rifle 40%, Ski 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Survival (Arctic) 40%.

**Language Skills:** Norwegian (Own) 90%, English 45%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3.

*Kick* 25%, damage 1D6.

## Flight Lt. Duncan Ross, RCAF Pilot

Raised on his family's farm on the prairies of Alberta, Canada, young Ross is fascinated by his father's tales of flying during World War One, and always dreamed of one day taking to the skies and escaping from the humdrum routine of his daily farm chores.

Skilled with his hands and with a knack for tinkering, Ross worked hard to become a bush pilot, and, in the mid-1930s, took his first step towards his goal when he was hired by a company to maintain their bush planes (including flying boats). His easy-going charm and dedication soon saw him up in the air, surveying the forests and wildernesses for fires or delivering goods to out of the way locations.

When war breaks out, he immediately volunteers for the Royal Canadian Air Force and quickly works his way up the ranks. Thanks to his varied flight experience, in early 1940 Ross is chosen to become part of the teaching staff on the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan (or "The Plan" for short), the Commonwealth equivalent of the later British Flying Schools (the *Keeper's Guide*, p.259).

However, on his flight to the training facility at the Eglinton Hunt Club in Toronto, Ontario, Ross disappears during a freak storm, and the RCAF add him to their list of missing pilots. However, a few days later he arrives at his destination completely unaware of his missing time. Instead of teaching new pilots, he finds himself transferred to England and a crazy secret organisation known as Section M, where his bush piloting skills are put to good use on a variety of weird and wonderful clandestine missions.

**Appearance:** Tough and rangy from his life on the prairies and in the wilds of Alberta, Ross takes great care to maintain his health so that he can cope with the physical demands of flying. His thick, black hair and dark, sparkling eyes hint that there may be a touch of Cree ancestry in his family background somewhere. Charming and friendly on the whole, Ross can be a little shy around ladies, which tends to manifest itself as even more polite and formal behaviour than would usually be expected even of a Canadian.

**STR** 14   **DEX** 14   **INT** 14   **CON** 13  
**SIZ** 11   **APP** 15   **POW** 10   **EDU** 14  
**SAN** 48   **Hit Points:** 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Skills:** Command 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Electrical Repair 50%, Heavy Weapons (Machine Gun) 30%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Military Doctrine 35%, Navigate (Air/Sea) 50%, Parachute 40%, Pilot (Multi-prop) 65%, Pilot (Single-prop) 60%, Radio Operator 40%, Spot Hidden 65%, Tactics 45%.

**Language Skills:** English (Own) 70%, French 40%.

**Weapons:** *Fist/Punch* 50%, damage 1D3+1D4.

*Webley .38/200 Service Revolver* (Handgun) 40%, damage 1D10, atts 2, base range 15 yds.