

Private William H. Frye,
Age 30

Billy Frye hails from Lubbock, Texas, a small town in the middle of nowhere. He grew up ranching and speaks fluent Spanish. During the depression, he ran moonshine down along the border between Mexico and America. He was never caught.

Billy became very comfortable behind the wheel of a souped-up car—stock racing grew out of bootleggers speeding away from police—so it was natural that, when he joined the Rangers, he would eventually sit in the pilot's seat of a walker. Frye still likes them fast, and drives an M1 Series Light Assault Walker "LAW". Sure, it does not do eighty-five on an open road, but a roadster does not have quad machine guns either.

Easy going and relaxed, Frye makes friends easily and is well liked by almost everyone he meets. From his days as a bootlegger, he retains some of his issues with authority. Then again, he is in the army now.

Tall, lanky, and with the look of a Wild West Cowboy, he has even managed to preserve the hat and the Texas swagger.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Notice d8, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6.

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11 (6); **Sanity:** 8.

Hindrances: Overconfident, Loyal, Vow (Minor—Serve US Army).

Edges: Ace, Scrounger, Jury Rig.

Gear: *Dust Body Armour* (6), *M-1 Assault Rifle* (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, Shots 30, AP 2, Auto), *M-9 Bazooka* (24/48/96, 4d8, SBT, RoF 1, Shots 1, AP 9, Snapfire, Heavy Weapon), *M1 Series Light Assault Walker "LAW"*.

Private Benjamin Bodine,
Age 27

From Chicago, Illinois, Bodine's family came north during the Great Depression with many other African Americans who could not find work in the South. Just a ten year old boy then, Bodine watched his father and older brothers fail to find work in the great industrial heart of America.

Being black means being different in the 1930s and 1940s, and Bodine was very thankful when Truman desegregated the military. Until then, he was consigned to non-combat duties. As soon as he could, he signed up for frontline action and went through Ranger School. He is proud to wear the patch on his shoulder.

A big man, Bodine worked construction in Chicago prior to joining the army. He knows his way around a fistfight, a juke joint and some very rough places. He saw a fellow worker fall from 60 stories up long before he ever saw one killed in combat. The war has not hardened him life did that.

A burly African American with a chip on his shoulder, a streak of bad luck, and a hardened approach to life, he commands the respect of those around him with his professional attitude and willing to overcome the odds.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8.

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Demolitions) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d10, Streetwise d6.

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 12 (6); **Sanity:** 7.

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Outsider, Vow (Minor—Serve US Army).

Edges: Brawny, Demo Man, Rock and Roll!

Gear: *Dust Body Armour* (6), *M-1 Assault Rifle* (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, Shots 30, AP 2, Auto), *Victory Machine Gun* (30/60/120, 2d8, RoF 3, 250 shots, AP2, Auto).

Corporal Anton Boyajian, Age 25

Born to Armenian immigrants fleeing the First World War, Boyajian grew up on the tough streets of New York. When the Depression hit, Boyajian's family was already so poor he hardly noticed. He was a small kid and contracted scarlet fever that weakened him more. Boyajian learned to be smart and to survive.

Always picked on, he had no desire to join the army, but was drafted. He decided to do his duty and found himself fighting in North Africa and then Italy. Boyajian kept his head down and did his job, but he was not going to be any hero. Then he kept surviving when others did not. He kept living while his fellow soldiers died. Boyajian was already a loner, but this made him more so. He got a reputation for being the small, wiry kid who gets in and out of places unnoticed. He got the reputation for surviving the impossible.

Eventually, Boyajian was drawn to the Rangers when Captain Miner spotted him at Anzio. Again, Boyajian had no desire to be a hero or to be the first in at Normandy, but that is just his luck. He figures if anyone in this unit survives, it will be him.

A young wiry kid who has seen a number of battles on multiple fronts and has somehow emerged unscathed. Some higher power is watching over him.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Demolitions) d4, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d8.

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 10 (4); **Sanity:** 7.

Hindrances: Loyal, Small, Stubborn.

Edges: Brave, Dodge, Great Luck.

Gear: *Dust Body Armour* (6), *M-1 Assault Rifle* (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, Shots 30, AP 2, Auto), *BCRA Fighting/Garrote Knife* (Str+d4+Poison/Strangle).

Lieutenant Percy Smythe-Butler, Age 38

He attended Eton and Cambridge—both of which kicked him out. It was only his father's influence as an Earl that got him through university in the end. Percy was never a well-behaved lad. He took to drinking and gambling and watched his family lose everything but their name when the stock market crashed in 1929. Now, they were titled aristocracy with no money to back it up. Smythe-Butler became a card shark. His father cast him out and he lived alone in London making his way through the 1930s with a headful of gin and a lucky streak a mile wide. He did not much care when the Germans invaded Poland. He went to his father's funeral after the man died in that same year, but he did not cry.

Still, Percy always knew he had not lived up to his father's image let alone his name. He was a rake, a joke in London's better circles. When Hitler declared war on England, Percy decided it was his moment to grow up. He joined immediately, fighting his way through, and back out of France. He has been at war for seven years, but there are still occasional flashes of the cocky kid he used to be. Mostly, now, he wishes he had listened more to his father and wasted less of his life. Like many soldiers, he does not expect to see the end of the war.

A rakish but tired looking man. He has been in the war for too many years, and does not expect to see the end of it. He approaches battles like someone with a cavalier attitude and little fear of death.

Lt. Smythe-Butler Pilots the MCW M3A "Mickey".

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Knowledge (London Geography) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Taunt d6.

Charisma: 2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11 (6); **Sanity:** 8.

Hindrances: Arrogant, Loyal, Quirk (Shuffles cards one-handed while nervous).

Edges: Alertness, British Pluck, Charismatic.

Gear: *Dust Body Armour* (6), *M-1 Assault Rifle* (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, Shots 30, AP 2, Auto), *M3A Mickey*.

Captain Walter Miner, Age 43

Miner is 43, the oldest man in his unit and a Veteran of North Africa, Italy, Normandy, Zverograd and other theatres. He never wanted to go to war. He got in line with everyone else because it was the right thing to do, but Miner's grandfather fought in the Civil War and his older Brother was at the Somme. Miner did not have any illusions about what soldiers went through. He was not the wide-eyed recruit wars so desperately depend on.

Miner is educated. He came from an upper middle class family in Kansas and attended university at Columbia. He went on to earn his PhD in philosophy and speaks fluent German, Latin and French. A thinker, he is always assessing his men's chances for survival. He puts them first, because they are the only family he has over here. He writes to his wife, and thinks of his two girls, but that seems like someone else's life now. He and Percy have gotten to be best friends, pushed together by a common, morbid cycle of thought that tells them it is the toss of a coin that determines who lives or dies in this war.

A grizzled and educated man, Captain Miner is beloved by his soldiers. He tries to keep them alive and make them see the better parts of life. At this point, he has buried a few too many and his former life with his wife and daughters seems like memories from someone else.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6.

Skills: Fighting d6, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Knowledge (Philosophy) d6, Knowledge (Theology) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Survival d4, Swimming d4.

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11(5); **Sanity:** 7.

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal, Vow (Minor—Serve US Army).

Edges: College Boy, Command, Command Presence, Inspire, Rank (Officer), Tactician.

Gear: *Dust Body Armour* (6), *M-1 Assault Rifle* (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, Shots 30, AP 2, Auto), *Victory Machine Gun* (30/60/120, 2d8, RoF 3, 250 shots, AP2, Auto).

Sergeant Reiner Heinzl, Age 28

Born in 1919, Heinzl caught the tail end of anti-German sentiment after the First World War. His family was not treated well in Los Angeles, where he grew up, and he took it personally. Before the Second World War rolled around, he had something to prove. Heinzl was the first to sign up in his high school. He joined the army at 17, lying about his age. He was stationed at Pearl Harbour when it was attacked and never forgot. After that, he volunteered for the marines and saw combat at Guadalcanal and Peleliu.

The jungles were hot. He had never seen anything like it. Men died as much of sickness as they did of wounds. The Japanese came on in waves glad to die for their Emperor. Whatever Heinzl thought he had to prove, he does not feel he has to prove it any longer. When the Rangers called for any men who spoke German, Heinzl transferred right away. The Pacific was hell, his friends were all KIA, wounded or went home. At least, he thought, he could do some good as an interpreter. He became much more than that. He is the team's ace-in-the-hole time and again. His accent is flawless. His parents spoke nothing but German. He has saved the unit more than once. Heinzl is no longer the German kid being picked on by the block bullies. Sometimes, he wishes he was. That world was much easier than the world at war.

A thin wiry man with a hint of Aryan blood in his sandy blonde hair and blue eyes, Heinzl is a bitter man who has seen too much of the war, but knows that the missions he is sent on, and his fluency in German is too valuable to the Allies. He does not have anything to prove, and just would like to see the war end.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8.

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Lockpicking d4, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Survival d4, Taunt d6.

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 12 (6); **Sanity:** 10.

Hindrances: Doubting Thomas, Mean, Outsider.

Edges: Brawny, Marksman, Rank (NCO).

Gear: *Dust Body Armour* (6), *M-1 Assault Rifle* (24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, Shots 30, AP 2, Auto), *Springfield M-1 Sniper Rifle* (30/60/120, 2d8, RoF 1, Shots 15, AP 1, Telescopic Sight).