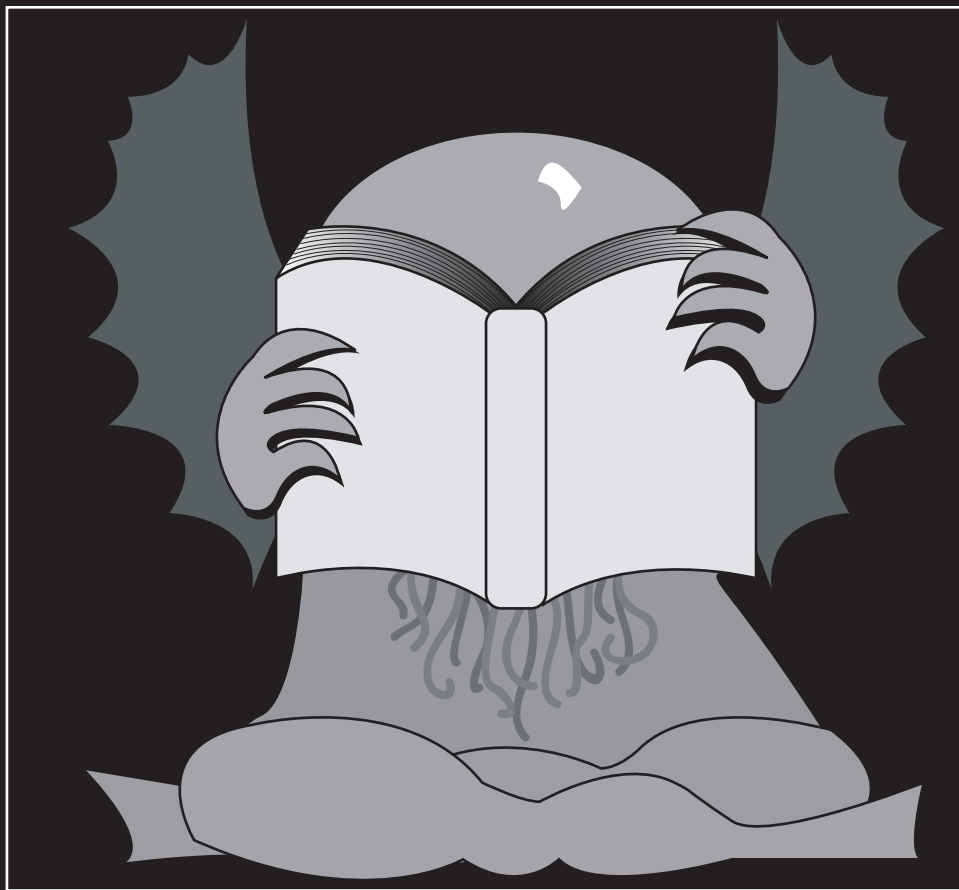


THE CASTING CALL OF CTHULHU

by R. J. Christensen



A COLLECTION OF 120
NPCs FOR MODERN DAY
MYTHOS SCENARIOS



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THE CASTING CALL OF CTHULHU

MODERN DAY NPCs

This is a collection of 120 Modern Era NPCs for overworked Keepers to use in their games and campaigns. These NPCs are ones typically found in society and can provide useful information, assistance, or adventuring opportunities for Investigators. All are complete with Statistics, Skills, a physical description, and a brief, but highly individualized background that can be placed into any Modern Day setting. The collection is organized by 15 Occupation types, each with eight NPCs.

Keepers can place these NPCs in pivotal roles in a scenario; they may be used to provide a specific service to a group of Investigators (medical treatment, fabricating an item, research, etc), be given out to individual investigators as personal contacts and act as the basis for a scenario as a information-seeking Patron for the Investigators or simply being a witness of Mythos activity or a relative of a victim seeking help from the Investigators. They can also act as plot drivers when Investigators naturally stray from the prescribed course of action.

If an Investigator is seeking a speaker of some uncommon language, several of the collected NPCs have unlisted language skills; Keepers may feel free to plug in any desired language required for the occasion. Keepers are welcome to modify the NPC in any given way; name, nationality, languages spoken, weapons on hand etc, to better suit their campaign's need.

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ACADEMIA

These specialists are those found in schools, colleges, and think tanks analyzing, researching, teaching, and solving problems in various intellectual fields. For the Mythos investigator, these persons are those to seek out to obtain obscure bits of information, to analyze strange objects, and correlate gathered evidence.



**SHARON POLLACCO,
ANTHROPOLOGY
RESEARCHER,**

Age 27
STR: 13 CON: 15
SIZ: 13 DEX: 15
APP: 12 INT: 16
POW: 12 EDU: 16

SAN: 60 HP: 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Softball Bat: 40%,
Dam=1d6+db

Skills: Anthropology: 71%, Archeology: 40%,
Music (Violin): 35%, Bargain: 25%, Computer
Use: 21%, Drive 4x4: 30%, Library Use: 70%,
Listen: 45%, Occult: 20%, Persuade: 40%,
Photography: 30%, Psychology: 40%.

Languages: Creole: 41%, English: 85%, French:
31%, Pidgin: 36%,

From prehistoric times, the Americas have been populated by a continual flow of migrant peoples. And it is from this melting pot of Old world cultures came a myriad of New World Cultures. From the thousand of native tribes to social cliques', the social make-up of the Americas is a literally gumbo of different and evolving cultures.

Sharon Pollacco is the product of such ethnic evolution. Born in the bayous of Louisiana, she is an authentic Cajun who can trace her ancestry to both French and Spanish colonists of the early 1700s. And it is her keen interest in her family's genealogy that led her to academic study of the many mixed coastal cultures of the Americas. After graduating from and being hired by Tulane University, she has been on a near constant tour of the Caribbean and Gulf Coast region studying the diverse culture base of the area and how they interact, as well as researching those subcultures which are slowly dying out due to social homogenization.

More often than not, Pollacco will be found in the field, either staying in an area of study or traveling to and from such places. She prefers to travel light, often using nothing more than a camera, tape recorder, notebook, and friendly curiosity. She has also found that her fiddle playing skills often assist in her job, turning suspicious strangers into happy friends. Recently, she has equipped herself with a laptop computer and handheld scanner to collect fading family photographs of her subjects. When not in the field, she is found in her shared office compiling her findings. She has also been assigned to assist various other academic expeditions for the region, acting as that groups' sociological expert. She is always open to public queries to her field of work.

DESCRIPTION: A tall (5'10) and lanky young woman with long, stringy red hair and toothy grin. Due to the nature of her work, she more often found wearing faded and worn outdoor dress; tank top, light cotton short, shorts, and hiking boots, and a Tulane Green Wave baseball cap. Her bright voice has a distinctive Cajun accent, which she is most proud of.



**LUCY FREEMAN,
HIGH SCHOOL
BIOLOGY**

TEACHER, Age: 38
STR: 12 CON: 10
SIZ: 14 DEX: 11
APP: 12 INT: 15
POW: 11 EDU: 17
SAN: 55 HP: 12
Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Art (Drawing): 35%, Biology: 71%,
Computer Use 26%, First Aid: 35%, Forensics:
26%, Geology: 21%, History: 35%, Library Use:
65%, Listen: 40%, Natural History: 50%,
Persuade: 65%, Psychology: 45%, Spot Hidden:
50%, Zoology: 60%

Languages: English: 85%, Greek: 21%, Latin:
31%

For all the effort in the advancement of science that occurs in universities and research institutes, it all begins in the local neighborhood schools where future scientists and researchers first develop their lifelong interest. And it is the role of the unsung and oft-little appreciated school teacher that sparks that interest.

Lucy Freeman was once a young girl whose interest in biology was given focus by a



caring and inspiring teacher. She went onto college, then into grad school, and began work studying the ways of nature as a University field biologist. But as life is an unsuspected series of events, Lucy found her dream of study wildlife altered when she fell in love, married, and settled down. But rather than give up her pursuit of science, Lucy chose to pass along her years of knowledge and interest in the local high school.

Naturally, some of her enthusiasm fell on deaf student ears, but she persevered on, bringing the amazing intricacies of life to the classroom. Whereas the previous biology teacher (the wrestling coach) used standard text book exercises, fill-the-blank tests, and antiquated films, Lucy uses her many years of outdoor experience to interest, excite, and thrill her students with live demonstrations, self-shot video, and most importantly, taking her students into the outdoors on real field trips.

So far, the change in career has proven a trying, yet still satisfying one. Lucy has been named "Best Teacher" in her school and is endeared by students, staff, and parents. Even local folks know her by reputation and often treated as the local wildlife expert, getting speaking invitations from local civic groups and sometimes being referenced by small-time media. She would be not above answering odd biological questions from inquisitive people.

DESCRIPTION: A cheery faced and bright-eyed woman with a sharpish nose, high cheek bones, and shoulder-length brunette hair with a minute touch of gray. Her dress goes between conservative dresses in the classroom to denim and flannel outdoor wear. Her pleasant voice can go from a soft hush to a classroom-alerting happy yell.



ANDREW BOWMAN,

LINGUIST, age 48

STR: 11 CON: 13

SIZ: 10 DEX: 14

APP: 10 INT: 15

POW: 15 EDU: 22

SAN: 75 HP: 12

Skills: Anthropology:

36%, Cartography: 35%,

Credit Rating: 40%,

History: 55%, Library Use: 65%, Listen: 60%,

Occult: 35%, Persuade: 40%, Psychology: 25%,

Spot Hidden: 35%.

Languages: English: 100%,

Major Language _____ : 81%,

_____ : 66%,

_____ : 56%,

_____ : 46%.

_____ : 36%

(Keeper's choice)

Due to the vast cultural and geographical differences in the world, there are hundreds of different languages and thousands of dialects. This social confusion goes back to the very dawn of civilization and the evolution of language continues to this day as new worlds and nomenclature are created, little-used languages die out, replaced by those prevalent in the mass media.

Dr Andrew Bowman is a well-known and dedicated language expert, as well as a recognized collector of various world mythologies. Thus, he holds a most valued and respected place in the college he works at. Now strictly an office and class-bound academic, he was once a well-traveled researcher who studied first hand from those who spoke the language on a daily basis. Currently, he switches between teaching the different languages he is fluent in and researching the origins and evolution of these tongues, as well as the various legends and lore of their native speakers. He already published several volumes of translated stories and has contributed to numerous phrase and instructional manuals.

Not only are Bowman's skills highly respected by the academic community, but also by the international business community and the government, which often requests his assistance in training overseas diplomatic, military, and intelligence personnel, which almost doubles his college salary. But he is still not against doing pro bono translations for befuddled academics or the linguistically interested. Also, he is always interesting in sponsoring travel to foreign locales to obtain local lore and printed materials to be translated.

DESCRIPTION: A quiet and dignified man with longish graying hair and goatee, eye steely blue eyes framed by rectangular frames glasses. He wears traditional suits, often in stereotypical tweed and wool, with an English touring cap atop his head in inclement weather His English is oddly dialect-less, which is perhaps a boon to his foreign language skill.



**WALLACE CHASE,
LOCAL HISTORIAN,**

Age 72
STR: 11 CON: 13
SIZ: 10 DEX: 10
APP: 11 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 18
SAN: 80 HP: 12

Skills: Antiques: 36%, Art (Calligraphy): 40%,

Credit Rating: 35%, Law: 35%, Library Use: 80%, Listen: 50%, Local Architectural History: 56%, Local History: 90%, Persuade: 45%, Photography: 35%, Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden: 45%

Languages: English: 90%, Local Ethnic Language _____: 26%, Local Ethnic Language _____: 21%,

No matter how large or small an area is, there is always someone who has made it their mission in life to collect and keep alive the history and culture of the local area as well as to present that information to anyone else interested. From well-paid professionals in government-funded institutes to the amateur hobbyists in their home, the local historian is the first person to seek out when trying uncover the lesser-known facts of a particular locale.

Wallace Chase has spent nearly his entire life collecting stories and artifacts of his local town. As head of the town's history center, collecting nearly every bit of info on its people, places, and items of interest. He knows by heart the history of the place from before it's founding to the present day, as well as the genealogies of its leading families.

Through the years, he has collected a huge collection of photographs and newspaper clipping, as well as maps and surveys showing where buildings are and were. Wallace has also meticulously gathered a near perfect set of building plans from owners and developers to show the architectural history of his beloved community and thus paint a more detail picture of its development through the years. The extent of Wallace's work even includes a growing collection of local legends and lore. He feels that even the strangest of fictitious accounts and

legends adds to the colorful flavor of the community.

Due to his advancing years, Wallace spends more and more time inside with his collection then going out to gather more information and items. So not only would he be a fountain of information to Investigators, he could even patron of them to obtain some obtain some historic artifact or story.

DESCRIPTION: An elderly, yet still spry fellow with gray, receding hair and reading glasses. Friendly and outgoing, he is amusingly charming and a very good conversationalist with a strong unwavering voice. He is almost always seen in a suit and hat, abet several decades behind in popular fashion.



**SIMONE MAXEY,
MUSEUM**

CURATOR, Age 42
STR: 9 CON: 12
SIZ: 13 DEX: 16
APP: 13 INT: 16
POW: 15 EDU: 23
SAN: 72 HP: 13

Skills: Anthropology: 46%, Archeology: 46%, Astronomy: 20%, Bargain: 45%, Biology: 26%, Credit Rating: 35%, Geology: 21%, History: 65%, Law: 15%, Library: 70%, Listen: 45%, Natural History: 40%, Occult: 25%, Painting: 55%, Persuade: 55%, Photography: 25%, Sculpture: 60%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Language: English: 115%, European Language _____:31%, World Language _____:16%

Once antiquities, art, and exotic animals were only displayed in the homes of royalty. But after the Age of Reason, many collections were opened to the general public in museums. Today, the museum curator needs to keep the balance between historical and science education and showmanship, as the continued visitation is what keeps many a museum in operation.

For all of her life Simone Maxey was interested in history. From the days of ancient Egypt and Imperial Rome to the Victorian Age and the strife of the 1960s, she'd pore over texts and watch any sort of historical-based film. It wasn't the dates or events that caught her imagination, but the people of those times; how they lived, interacted, and existed. In school, she

always had the best historical presentations, often acted out in costume and with rudimentary props.

In college, she studied as much history as she could can with actually emphasis one topic. She had planned on university-level teaching, and that meant post-graduate work. During her grad school days, she worked as a volunteer staffer in the school museum and met numerous alumni, one of which worked in the big natural history museum in the state capital. She then worked there for a summer setting up exhibits, leading tours, and even selling souvenirs. She was immediate taken with the museum as a career and never looked back, working at numerous other museums across the region.

So now, Maxey is the head curator at the local history museum, trying to strike a balance between office-based operational duties, getting her hands dirty in the exhibits, and showing off her work to the public. She is always looking for new and interesting exhibits to keep the existing membership and in bring in new visitors.

DESCRIPTION: A cheerily bright-face woman with shoulder-length brown hair, large blue eyes, and wide smile. She is however aware of her large "Jewish nose", which she tries to downplay with humor. She is always well-dressed as she is the public face of the museum, even when at away from work. She has a clear and concise academic voice that can blend work for well-heeled donors and inquiring first graders.



**BURT GRAHAM,
MUSICOLOGIST,**
Age 29
STR: 14 CON: 14
SIZ: 13 DEX: 12
APP: 15 INT: 15
POW: 11 EDU: 20
SAN: 55 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Cricket Bat:
35%, Damage = 1D8+db

Pocketknife: 25%, Damage = 1d4+db
Skills: Anthropology: 31%, Bargain: 50%,
Credit Rating: 30%, Drive Auto: 30%, Fast
Talk: 55%, Guitar: 40%, Library: 45%, Listen:
70%, Music Appreciation: 80%, Music History:

75%, Persuade: 45%, Psychology: 45%, Spot
Hidden Treasure in Record Bin: 65%

Language: English: 95%, African
Language _____: 21%, Arabic: 16%,
Hindi: 16%

Music has been one of mankind's greatest inventions for both communication and creativity. While music is often thought of being mere entertainment, it is also the subject of serious academic thought.

Ever since he was a young boy, Burt Graham was fascinated by music, both making it and listening to it. His parents and teachers always made sure that he got to hear plenty of ethnically diverse music of various world cultures, and while it went in and out of the ears of his classmates, Graham found meaning and delight in the variety. By junior high, he was listening blues, reggae, Indian, and Arabic music as well as popular and underground rock music. Naturally, while studying anthropology and Sociology in college, he was a three time music director at the campus radio station and wrote volumes of music reviews for the school paper.

When it came time for a career, Graham was lucky in that his Graduate program had a project of recording indigenous music of African tribes and that was all he needed. Later, he wrote two authoritative books on the subject as well as charting the evolution of African music to America. He then traveled to Asia recording and compiling the music of peoples from Afghanistan to Vietnam. He has found that being a decent cricket player gained him local acceptance as much as his appreciation for native music. His travels led to more books, album compilations, and universities lectures. He also manages to find time to write numerous freelance popular music reviews of all genres.

Having had a lifetime of travel adventures, Graham wishes to take it easy for a while, as he prepares for a South American foray. He currently does musical research via the internet and posts many of the new findings on his website along with record reviews. He is also looking for traveling companions and fellow ethnic culture researchers, including those with a more supernatural bent.

DESCRIPTION: A lean and lanky man with shaggy blond hair and a toothy grin, Graham has a friendly and confident personality. He wears the latest hip fashions at home and around town,

but prefers hiking shorts and tough, long-sleeved oxford shirts and t-shirts out in the field. He's not aware of it, but he does speak in a mild "surfer dude" manner.



**HERBERT CARR,
MECHANICAL
ENGINEERING
PROFESSOR, Age 57**
STR: 12 CON: 10
SIZ: 12 DEX: 14
APP: 13 INT: 17
POW: 12 EDU: 22
SAN: 60 HP: 11

Skills: Accounting: 30%, Chemistry: 31%, Computer Use: 36%, Drive Auto: 25%, Electrical Repair: 35%, Electronics: 36%, Engineering Design: 60%, History: 40%, Law: 20%, Library Use: 65%, Listen: 35%, Machining: 46%, Mathematics: 55% Mechanical repair: 40%, Persuade: 55%, Physics: 56%, Psychology: 40%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Language: English: 105%, Other Western Language: 31%

The basis of our technological society is engineering; the art and science of designing and fabricating everything from consumer goods to the factories that produce them. Sustaining this progress is ability to produce new generations of engineers from the knowledge and skills of those elder engineers.

Herbert Carr was once a bright-eyed eager young engineering student, ready to change the world for the better with innovative designs and dreams of mighty machines. However, upon graduating, he ended up spending fifteen years in the up and down aerospace industry before settling into the manufacturing field where he designed and managed building systems; air conditioning, hot water, electrical lines. It was well-paying work, but the lack of excitement and overabundance of long weeks on the road and away from his family took a mental toll. Luckily, his oratory skills in communication information to non-college graduates gave him the tools to seek a new career as an Engineering Professor. Plus, it meant no more airports and week-long motel stays.

After retiring to the less stressful career of teaching, Carr now passes along his decades of knowledge, as well as regaling students with

old "war stories" about NASA, the Defense department, the aviation industry, and constructing plastic bottle making plants. Still, the dreams of engineering marvels of his youth cross his mind and he longs for the chance to pull off some astounding mechanical design or solving some befuddling engineering puzzle—no matter how unusually it may turn out to be.

DESCRIPTION: Grayer and pudgier than he'd like to be, Carr is a tall (6'1"), mustachioed middle-aged man with heavy rimmed glasses who prefers his old company logo-decorated knit shirts and inexpensive sport jackets to the tweed and tie academic look. Quietly friendly, he treats his students favorably, as if they were simply junior members of a design team.



**DR PAUL
O'CONNELL,
THEOLOGICAL
RESEARCHER, Age: 60**
STR: 12 CON: 13
SIZ: 12 DEX: 10
APP: 11 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 22
SAN: 80 HP: 13

Skills: Archeology: 35%, Credit Rating: 35%, History: 85%, Law: 25%, Library Use: 85%, Listen: 40%, Natural History: 25%, Occult: 25%, Persuade: 50%, Photography: 30%, Psychology: 45% Religious Antiquities: 51%, Spot Hidden: 45%

Languages: English: 100%, Greek: 41%, Hebrew: 46%, Latin: 71%

When the concept of the University was developed in the late middle ages, the chief field of study was the Christian religion. And for the hundreds of year since, the subject has continued to be studied, partial as theology, but also as history.

Working from the local university's Department of Religious Studies, Dr. Paul O'Connell has been at the forefront of theological research, namely that of the evolution of Christianity from its start in the Roman era to the modern day. Having been educated in Catholic schools, he was more fascinated by the history of Christianity than he was the dogma and rituals of its modern form



and after graduating, he went on a two-year long hitchhiking tour of European & Israeli religious sites. Returning a long-haired hippie, O'Connell went into the study of the historical and archeological aspects of all aspects of Christianity.

Through the years, Dr O'Connell has studied innumerable historical accounts, theological writings, and Christian reliquaries, gathered by him, colleagues, church members, and everyday people. He has been on several archeological expeditions to Europe, the near east (notably Israel), and in the United States as both volunteer and historical expert, all in attempt to piece together the story of western religion. Over time, he has also collected hundreds of bizarre conspiratorial accounts from the Knights Templar to fearful claims about Mormanism. While handily discounting the wilder tales, he still accounts for them as historical fears of society throughout the ages, all the while maintaining his deep beliefs of Christ.

After a decade of being college-bound, Dr O'Connell wishes to get back out on road of discovery as Russia and more of the Middle East is being opened to study. He is always open to personal discussions concerning religious histories or objects.

DESCRIPTION: The long hair having vanished and grayed long ago, Dr O'Connell is robust, chubby-faced, mustachioed gentleman with wire frame glasses. His rich baritone voice has the slight touch of an Irish accent. He is more prone to business casual wear than his stuffer academic colleagues.

ART

If Investigators need strange Mythos-related artifacts or images analyzed or recreated but do not have the necessary skills, these Artist NPCs would be the ones to go to. More mundane, yet still much needed objects and gear can be crafted for whatever purposes Investigators require as well.



HARLEY SANDERSEN, ANTIQUES DEALER,

Age 63
STR: 12 CON: 14
SIZ: 11 DEX: 16
APP: 13 INT: 14

POW: 14 EDU: 18 SAN: 70 HP: 13
Weapons: Flintlock Pistol: 25%, Damage = 1D6+1, ¼ shots/rd, MAL=95, HP=8,
Cavalry Saber: 20%, Damage = 1D8+1, HP=20
Swordcane: 25%, Damage = 1D6, HP=10

Skills: Accounting: 50%, Antiques: 81%, Archeology: 25%, Bargain: 70%, Cartography: 36% Credit Rating: 40%, Drive Auto: 30%, Fast Talk: 35%, History: 50%, Library Use: 50%, Persuade: 45%, Photography: 30%, Psychology: 35%, Refinishing Furniture: 45%, Spot Hidden: 45%

Language: English: 90%

At the start of the 20th century, the concept of “antiques” either used for a few family heirlooms of ordinary people or expensive imported European artifacts for the wealthy. Most people wanted new and inexpensive items to replace those that seemed old fashioned or out of date. But in the later half of the century the individual workmanship and historical nature of surviving items from long became a much desired qualities in the eyes of astute buyers.

One of many operators in the antiques trade is Harley Sandersen, who has the reputation of one of the better dealers in the region. Sandersen is a quiet, studious, and detail-oriented man who has made the sale and acquisition of old world antiques his life's work. He has an impeccable eye for artistic merit in antiques, ranging from massive oaken furniture to delicate ceramic room décor and tries to pass this immense skill onto his clients---or at least all they need to know about their new possession.

Sandersen got his start as a young boy, being dragged to antique stores and fairs by his social-climbing mother who sought to improve their new wealth status of her Brooklyn-born newspaperman husband. But rather than follow his 4 older brothers into the media business, Sandersen chose the more sedate calm world of antiques. He graduated with a honors degree in Art History from Columbia and immediately went to work as an appraiser for his parent's art and antiques gallery in Manhattan, and moved onto bigger, better, and more noteworthy galleries all over the country until opening his own gallery.

And now Harley Sandersen, whose adult daughter is following in his footsteps, is considered one of the nations foremost

authorities on the furniture and fixtures of old Europe, the Near East, and the Far East. If Investigators have a question about some old object they've come in the passion of, he would certainly be the man to see about it.

DESCRIPTION: An elderly, yet immaculate gentleman with a pinkish, elfin face and whitish silver hair. He is always seen in the best of silk or wool suits, finest in men's shoes, and wearing an old-fashioned bow tie. His voice is one of education, sophistication, somewhat of a snooty attitude that disappears for a noteworthy customer.



KEITH DAVENPORT, IRONWRIGHT,
 Age: 29
 STR: 17 CON: 15
 SIZ: 15 DEX: 11
 APP: 14 INT: 13
 POW: 10 EDU: 18
 SAN: 50 HP: 15
 Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons:

Blacksmithing Hammer: 55%, Damage = 1D8+db

Wood axe: 35%, Damage = 1D8+2+db

Fist/Punch: 55%, Damage = 1d3+db
 Skills: Bargain: 35%, Carpentry: 46%, Climb: 50%, Fast Talk: 40%, History: 35%, Iron Fabrication: 85%, Jump: 35%, Library Use: 35%, Listen: 35%, Mechanical Repair: 40%, Natural History: 40%, Psychology: 45%, Sneak: 25%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Throw: 40%

Language: English: 70%

Once, the local blacksmith was the heart of a community, fashioning the iron necessities of life from horseshoes to cookery. But since the adventure of cheap modern manufacturing and fabrication, the once noble calling of iron smith has all but vanished---except for realm of artist.

Keith Davenport is a back-to-basics type of hippy artist who dropped out of formal art school to take up the trade of his great-grandfather as a decorative iron worker from the Art Deco age. Part of this undertaking was for family reasons, but also that Keith was feeling disenchanting with the face-paced, electronic, cyberized society. Under his aged grandfather's

tutelage, Davenport went from avant-garde sculpture welding to crafting delicate floral pattern gates and grills from wrought iron. After working with other small-town and back-woods blacksmiths, Keith can now build everything from highly artistic iron décor to rustic hand-made tools to working medieval style weaponry. And yes, he can even shoe horses.

Davenport lives with his hippesque wife Hannah and 3 children on an old farm outside of his small mountain hometown happily living the simple life, although the trappings of civilization are moving in; a folk art gallery, antiques stores, Bed & Breakfasts, and a coffeehouse. Hannah grows vegetables and fruit and raises goats, while Keith works on various pieces for urbane clients who gladly make the drive out of town. He usually meets with clients at one of the local antiques gallery or its neighboring coffeehouse. Sometimes, he will travel to do on-site projects, but only at considerable higher billing.

Davenport has contracted with the owner of the antique store to advertise his work on the internet---as his family doesn't even have a telephone. He is always open to setting aside mundane fixture projects for something out of the ordinary.

DESCRIPTION: A swarthy, long-haired bearded young man who looked as if he stepped off the cover of a historical romance novel. However, he is humble and almost self-depreciating with his soft spoken voice. Normally found wearing dirty work clothes, he will put on a clean white collar shirt and black jeans when meeting with clients.



MARGOT ALLENBURG, JEWELER, age 31
 STR: 12 CON: 15
 SIZ: 9 DEX: 17
 APP: 16 INT: 15
 POW: 12 EDU: 13
 SAN: 60 HP: 12

Skills: Antiques: 41%, Bargain: 35%, Credit Rating: 35%, Dodge: 39%, Engraving: 55%, Fast Talk: 35%, Hebrew: 26%, History: 40%, Library Use: 35%, Metalsmithing: 75%, Photography: 30%, Psychology: 35%, Sneak: 30%, Spot Hidden: 65%

Language: English: 65%



For all of history, humans have decorated themselves with objects of art. From rough-cut stones, rings, and gems, to intricate pieces of royal treasure, jewelers have long crafts fine pieces of personal artwork. Taking years of training and practice to create and oftentimes repair these valued works, jewelers are amongst the most skilled artists.

Part of a long-running family tradition of jewelers and diamond importers, Margot Allenburg was always expected to become an integral part of the family business. As a young child, she was practically raised from behind the case glasses filled with shiny gemstones and rings; with many an afternoon spent watching the gemologists and jewelers painstaking handcraft and set pieces. Along with her brothers, she was expected by her parents to be part of the sales and management team, but their expectations ran a bit eschew.

Rather than sit through business courses in school, the painfully shy Allenburg instead went into art, particularly sculpture. She just seemed more comfortable working alone on art projects than the face-to-face contact required in sales. In college, she advanced from large sculpture into metalsmithing and jewelry-making, creating artistically adventurous and often bizarre pieces that would never make it into the family store. After graduating, she split her time between working in the back of the store and making her own pieces at her home workshop for sale at craft shows, renaissance festivals, and art exhibits.

Through hard work and dedication, Margot Allenburg has become the local authority on crafting the fine pieces of jewelry. She has recently added a sideline to the store of assessing and dealing with estate jewelry, often find inspiration in works of the past

DESCRIPTION: A overly-serious looking woman with a square, heavy jaw, narrow lips, and overly large eyes, often found behind magnifying glasses. Her dark brown hair is pulled back tightly behind her head and down her shoulders. She dressed plainly and simply, as she spends most of her time out of the public eye. She does speak in a clear, precise tone.



**SYLVIA LAO,
PHOTOGRAPHER,**

age 24

STR: 11 CON: 11

SIZ: 10 DEX: 16

APP: 14 INT: 14

POW: 15 EDU: 19

SAN: 75 HP: 11

Weapons: Mace: 80%,
Damage = 2D10 Stun

Skills: Anthropology: 26%, Art (Digital Art) 55%, Art (Poetry) 40%, Bargain: 40%, Computer Use: 30%, Fast Talk: 45%, Hide: 40%, Jump: 30%, Library Use: 45%, Listen: 40%, Persuade: 35%, Photography: 75%, Psychology: 55%, Sneak: 40%, Spot Hidden: 55%

Languages: English: 95%, Vietnamese: 36%

Ever since its invention in the 19th Century, Photography has become the premiere media art. Ranging from era-defining news photography to simple family portraits, its principles define film and video production and can stretch the boundary of fine art. Anyone can take a picture with a myriad of devices, but only a true artist can make a photograph delve into the very soul of the subject.

The daughter of Vietnamese refugees, Sylvia Lao was born in a squalid refugee camp in Hong Kong before her parents eventually made it to America. However, the family had to live on the bottom rung of American society while working their way up in typical Immigrant fashion. In order to better acclimate their daughter, her parents changed her name to Sylvia and she grew up as a “typical American girl”, losing some of her ethnic background.

She did have an avid interest in art; ranging from drawing and painting to photography and 3D digital art. She was the chief photographer for her inner-city school paper, but tiring of mundane shots of school life and athletic events, she took to shooting scenes outside the school, those of destitute, the struggling, and those left behind. To her, it was more real than the materialistic cliques of her school, and more like the life she had left behind. Her work was good enough to get her enrollment in art school, which led to her career as a photographer and digital artist.

Of course, with any new art career, she is forced to work typical “day jobs” to pay the bills, but she goes for any opportunity for shooting scenes and creating fanciful scenes on her computer. She has sold numerous pieces to galleries and collectors and does freelance work for the local newspapers. But she still seeks out those living in desperation to record their lives in film.

DESCRIPTION: Slight and slender Oriental you woman with long dark hair with several dyed streaks of crimson. Wears second-hand, yet fashionable urban clothing, with either athletic shoes or “Doc Martin” boots. Although brought up in her native language, she has picked up the typical dialect of American teenage girls known as “Valley speak”.



**GEORGE WESTON,
RECORDING
ENGINEER**, Age 33
STR: 13 CON: 14
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 14 INT: 16
POW: 10 EDU: 16
SAN: 50 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Acoustics: 51% Bargain: 35%, Electrical Repair: 45%, Electronics: 55%, Fast Talk: 40%, Hide: 35%, Listen: 70%, Mechanical Repair: 35%, Play Drums: 30%, Recording: 76%, Psychology: 25%, Swim: 35%

Language: English: 80%

The first recorded sounds in history were that of the inventor of the medium, Thomas Edison, reciting a simple rhyme. Since then recording has evolved into a high-tech artwork where sounds cannot just be recorded, but can also be manipulated and even synthesized into total new sounds. The only key to mastering this is a fine ear and imagination.

Music has always been deep interest for George Weston, mostly rock and roll. He was in his first band at age 12, but his enthusiasm was far greater than his talent, which still wasn't quite bad. When he was 17, he managed to get a job with a local recording studio, abet doing janitorial work. However, while he was cleaning out the ashtrays in one studio, the engineer and producer blindly asked him what he thought of one finished vocal track. Weston's detailed

answer astounded the pair, and by the end of the month, Weston was an assistant sound engineer.

After five years of on-job training, Weston has covered the musical gamut from grunge rock to rap, and the spoken range from radio commercials to animation vocals, all the while playing in various rock and jazz bands. He moved on to bigger studios with more diverse recording needs, including some field recording for commercials and sound editing for some independent films. One particularly odd job was to do some recording analysis of several crime scene audio bits for the local police.

After years of working long hours for others, Weston and a pair of friend recently opened their own recording studio and are trying to find as much work as they can from anyone with a need for recording something or even more sound analysis. Married to an up and coming local jazz vocalist, Weston does prefer working nights.

DESCRIPTION: A handsome, square-jawed, and trim man with short blond hair and deep blue eyes. His toothy grin belies his good looks. He always wears casual pullovers and jeans in the studio or home. His crisp low voice is melodic when speaking, but he sadly cannot a sing a lick.



**MARY KRESWITZ,
WILDLIFE ARTIST**,
Age 27
STR: 12 CON: 14
SIZ: 11 DEX: 13
APP: 14 INT: 16
POW: 12 EDU: 16
SAN: 60 HP: 13

Skills: Art History: 30%, Biology: 41%, Computer Use: 21%, Credit Rating: 25%, Drawing: 75%, Fast Talk: 25%, Hide: 30%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 40%, Natural History: 50%, Navigate: 25%, Painting: 70%, Photography: 40%, Psychology: 30%, Sneak: 40%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Track: 25%

Languages: English: 80%, Eastern European Language _____: 21%

The depiction of wildlife is in fact, the oldest form of artwork, first displayed on cave walls as mystical homage to hunted prey. Since then, animal art has become more decorative than symbolic.



Still, it takes a keen eye for detail and artistry to capture the many qualities of wildlife in a still shot.

Growing up in the affluent suburbs, Mary Kreswitz always had a penchant for drawing and painting. By age five, she was illustrating scenes from her parents' backyard and demonstrating a deep love of nature, from bird watching to collecting flowers to animal-themed crafts. Influenced by a certain public TV artist she later began painting landscapes and by was one of the top high school artists when she was just a freshman.

In college, however, her preference to illustrating natural scenes and animals estranged her from her more edgy classmates and instructors. And rather than spend her time with the "art crowd", she was more in tune with the outdoor and environmental student groups. Only her skill in life drawing won her any academic accolades, but she managed to graduate with an art degree. But while most of her cohorts in fine arts ended up in retail or grad school, Kreswitz began selling her serene scenes of wild life and nature at craft shows, county fairs, flea markets, and even gun and knife exhibitions.

Between sale events, Kreswitz spends half of her time in her rural studio and the other half research both her living and scenic subjects out in the field. She has even hired onto several university field expeditions as a photographer to further broaden her subject matter, and is always on the lookout for more travel opportunities as well as art sales.

DESCRIPTION: A cute, child-like face with a wide, toothy grin. Thin and short in stature, she is nonetheless quite healthy. She wears her hair in two long side braids, topped by a pink "boonie" hat". In the studio, wears much-stained and painted clothes, but out in bush wears earth tone outdoor gear. She has a cheerfully chipper voice.



STEWART HIGNELL, WOODWORKER,

age 44
STR: 16 CON: 17
SIZ: 13 DEX: 16
APP: 14 INT: 15
POW: 11 EDU: 16
SAN: 55 HP: 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Wood Axe: 55%, Damage = 1D8+2+db

Chainsaw: 50%, Damage = 2D10+6

Carving Knife: 50%, Damage = 1D4+db

Heavy Crossbow: 35%, Damage = 1d8+2

Light Crossbow: 35%, Damage = 1d8+2

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Carpentry: 76%, Climb: 55%, History: 35%, Library Use: 35%, Listen: 30%, Natural History: 50%, Psychology: 25%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Wood Carving: 65%, Woodworking: 86%

Languages: English: 75%

Once, nearly every manufactured item was crafted out of wood; furniture, ships, wagons, containers. The need for skilled woodworkers was the mainstay of economies until the advent of the Industrial Revolution. Today, working in wood is still important, but has been delegated to more artistic sense.

Stewart Hignell took to wood working as a young boy simply as a pastime hobby, crafting toys and birdhouses. But he soon learned to appreciate the form and texture of wood and the warmth it emoted. He took the prerequisite shop classes in Junior High, but while his peers could barely nail 2 sloppily cut boards together for bookends, Hignell was crafting footstools, eating utensils, and whirl-a-gigs. The interest continued into high school with carpentry classes and community craft classes, most of his training was self-taught through the public library and practice.

Following his formal schooling, Hignell became an apprentice to a maker of high quality stairs and railings, and later worked for a maker of children's' playsets and a custom cabinetry shop. All the while, he continued honing his skill in his home woodshop, making furniture, wooden toys for his children, carved sculptures, and even medieval crossbows. When he was 35, he set out on his own and opened his own custom woodworking shop, providing one-of-a-kind wood furnishings and décor, along with anything else a customer would request.

Currently, Hignell runs his little shop through word of mouth and a small ad in the telephone directory. Several building contractors come straight to him when in need of custom items like stair railings and spindles. His customers simply rave about his work, but Hignell is quite soft-spoken about his craft as he



does it for his own peace of mind as much as for a paying job.

DESCRIPTION: A lanky fellow of average height, Hignell has a prematurely graying beard and longish light brown hair. He barely speaks above a loud whisper in a slightly drawling voice and is usually subdued in mannerism. He is usually clad in worn jeans and a dust-covered t-shirt (long sleeved in the winter).



**JANET GOLDSTEIN,
THEATRICAL
MAKE-UP ARTIST,**

Age 45
STR: 12 CON: 12
SIZ: 13 DEX: 16
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 15 EDU: 18
SAN: 75 HP: 13

Weapons: Heavy Epee: 40% Damage = 1d6+1

Skills: Antiques: 46%, Bargain: 40%, Block: 37%, Disguise/Make-up: 81%, Dodge: 37%, Fast Talk: 30%, History: 45%, Library Use: 45%, Occult: 25%, Photography: 25%, Psychology: 45%, Sew Costume: 70%, Spot Hidden: 55%.

Language: English: 90%, French: 35%, Other European Language _____: 25%

The use of make-up in theater arts goes back to the ancient Greeks. Today, theatrical make-up can be used to turn human actors into visages of the famous, horrific monsters, or age them considerably. Of course, the trick is to provide an effective illusion and still allow the actor to emote and function through the layers of make-up.

Janet Goldstein never intended to go into show business. As an only child, she simply enjoyed dressing up in costume for Halloween, parties, and playtime. The fact her home-made costumes always seemed to win masquerade contests simply encouraged her to improve. In high school, she went out for the Drama club, but mainly made her mark behind the curtain.

That unseen stage presence continued in college, where Goldstein provided costumes and make-up for the actors. When not working the dressing rooms, she took fencing classes and was active in local Renaissance festivals and

science fiction/fantasy conventions. Graduating with a degree in Theater seemed a risky choice, as the vast majority of her classmates ended up waiting tables between auditions, but Goldstein (who married an engineering student) simply went to work for various local small time theater groups doing what she did best.

The big break came when she was hired by a local TV station doing make-up and costumes for their self-produced kids show "Boopster and Bonkers". Each day, Goldstein transforms the actors into a clown, a giant sheep dog, and other various characters. After that show ends, its home for a quick meal, and then off to whatever "real" theatrical offering she's working for. Still, she is not above doing freebie make-up work for friends and acquaintances.

DESCRIPTION: A jovial, chubby cheeked woman with a huge, beaming smile. Her flyaway hair is mixture of dyed red and gray, often piled up or tied with bows. Her soft and sweet voice is offset by a loud, horsy laugh. She is always found attired in a wild assortment of fashions, from medieval to mod.

BUSINESS

Even when dealing with other worldly threats and dangers, Investigators still need to navigate the business world, which at times makes even the world of the Mythos look tame. And in some cases Investigators may require the services and skills provided by these NPCs to combat the human agents of the Mythos.



**ALEXANDRA
FAIRBASS, ASST.
BANK BRANCH
MANAGER,** Age: 26
STR: 11 CON: 13
SIZ: 9 DEX: 14
APP: 14 INT: 15
POW: 12 EDU: 12
SAN: 60 HP: 11

Weapons: Mace Spray: 70%, Damage = 2D10 Stun

Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 2D3,

Kick: 40%, Damage = 2D6

Skills: Accounting: 60%, Art (Sing Karaoke): 35%, Computer Use: 31%, Credit Rating: 25%, Law: 40%, Library Use: 35%, Listen: 50%,

Martial Arts: 46%, Persuade: 40%, Sneak: 25%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Swim: 35%

Languages: English: 85%, Spanish: 31%

Once the domain of governments and the well-to-do, banks provide financial service to all levels of society. Ranging from checking and saving accounts to home & business loans to retirement plan, these services are arranged through local bank managers, who strive to give customers a personal feeling towards these financial institutions.

Growing up a single parent home with three other children, Alexandra Fairbass never had the opportunity for enjoyment as other children. After her father left, her mother was forced to work two jobs to support the family, and at the age of eight, Alexandra was babysitting her younger brothers and sister to save on child care cost. This led to other babysitting jobs, one of which was for the instructor of a local martial arts school, who offered discounted lessons to her and her siblings. That came in handy with dealing with money-demanding school bullies.

Still, money was tight and Fairbass took several cashier jobs, which led to a job as a bank teller when she was 17. Here, her quietly sweet disposition was an asset, and soon customers were giving up their turn in line to be waited on her. Management took notice and promoted her a floor teller, and after quickly upping financial skills on the job, was soon the senior teller. Her keen eye for financial improprieties stopped numerous fraud attempts and her cool head helped when faced with the two bank robbery attempts. One unlucky pistol-wielding robber made the mistake of thrusting his arm over the counter, and Fairbass quickly disarmed him and breaking his arm. The other she simply confused and distracted with her charm until a bank guard arrived.

Taking advantage of company educational credit, she received an associate degree in finance, and was soon promoted to assistant branch manager. Now financially secure, Fairbass still takes martial arts lessons for both self-defense and mental alertness.

DESCRIPTION: A very slight and short pixyish young woman with golden brown hair, high cheekbones, and soft hazel eyes. She has a perfectly friendly smile and a disarmingly sweet

voice. Her business clothes are fashionable, yet off of the discount rack. Away from the bank she wears leisurely and exercise clothes as well as her martial arts uniform.



PHIL HIRST, CAR SALESMAN, Age 43
STR: 13 CON: 12
SIZ: 15 DEX: 10
APP: 13 INT: 14
POW: 16 EDU: 16
SAN: 75 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Tire Iron: 25%, Damage = 1D8+db
.32 Automatic: 25%, Damage = 1d8

Skills: Accounting: 55%, Automotive History: 55%, Bargain: 75%, Credit Rating 40%, Drive Auto: 35%, Fast Talk: 75%, Law: 20%, Listen: 50%, Persuade: 75%, Photography: 25%, Psychology: 55%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Language: English: 85%, Local Minority Language _____: 16%

The automobile literally has become the "engine of the economy", but the factories, designers, and engineers would be useless unless there was some to sell the final product. Often derided as sleazy, fast-talking shysters, most car salesmen simply want to move product and leave a good impression on the customer for the next car purchase.

Cars were never the most important thing in Phil Hirst's life---making money was. As a child, he was a kid who ran the best lemonade stand, sold the most stationary and candy, delivered the most newspapers, and mowed the most lawns. He did enjoy the extra spending money, saving most of his earnings, but he almost seemed to have fun doing it.

In High school, Hirst was a member of various school business clubs and a tremendous fund raiser for the band, the athletic department and social organizations he belonged to. It was here that he began developing his personal skill in persuasion and bargaining. In college, it was no surprise that he pursued a business degree in finance and marketing, and most of his classmates and fraternity brothers assumed that one day, Hirst would be a corporate Vice President or better.

Of course, the business world is a tough place, and perhaps Hirst was too much of a nice

guy, treating his customers like family and friends. But corporate downsizing sent him on a merry-go-round of jobs and positions until he ended up taking a job at a local car dealership. Here, Hirst's personal touch and studious struck a cord with ordinary people looking for a vehicle, whether for reliability, style, or practicality and he was soon the top salesman at the dealership. As he rakes up sales, Hirst is saving up money and keeping a long list of customers and contacts for a possible dealership of his own.

DESCRIPTION: An imposing, yet friendly figure, the bespectacled Hirst seems to beams whenever making a deal or just meeting someone. He has a booming, confident voice that puts even nervous listeners at ease. Easily switches from the business suit at work to leisure clothes at home or out.



**BARNEY ARCHER,
COUNTRY STORE
OWNER,** Age 66
STR: 11 CON: 16
SIZ: 12 DEX: 12
APP: 10 INT: 13
POW: 10 EDU: 14
SAN: 50 HP: 14

Weapons:
.45 Civil War Revolver:

45%, Damage = 1D10+2
.22 Bolt Action Rifle: 40%, Damage = 1D6+2

Skills: Accounting: 45%, Antiques: 46%,
Bargain: 55%, Credit Rating: 25%, Listen: 35%,
Local History: 70%, Mechanical Repair: 35%,
Local Natural History: 45%, Persuade: 50%,
Psychology: 55%, Ride: 35%, Spot Hidden:
40%
Language: English: 70%

The Archer General Store opened in 1890 in the midst of a growing rural area with numerous family farms and small operation mills. It brought to its customers canned patent medicines, fabrics, feed & seed, dry goods, and fuel for the new-fangled automobiles and tractors, as well as often being the post office and community center. The family-run store did quite well all the way up until the late 1950s...and then society began to change.

Barney Archer is the third generation of owner/proprietors of the store since his father

passed away 35 years ago, but quite possible the last. With convenience stores and small shopping centers anchored by grocery stores slowly encroaching, competition is becoming harder. Gasoline sales are way down, while clothing and fabric were stopped being sold decades ago. Groceries, sodas, and farming supplies are the biggest sellers, what with the store still having a loyal customer base even though there are lower prices and bigger selection at on of the "big box" retailers 50 miles away.

Working from sunrise to after sunset, Archer and his wife Annabeth run the store with friendly contentment, although Barney wishes that he could have "seen the world" before he had to take over the family business. He has been offered good sums of money for the property the store sits on, and sometimes considers that offer, but family tradition keeps the deed on the wall. So for now Barney Archer continues to rise at dawn, work all day stocking and dusting shelves, and conversing with both life-long customers and the occasional passer-by looking for directions and other local information.

DESCRIPTION: Archer has a weather-worn and heavily etched face, topped with a slicked-back mane of graying hair. He always wears an apron-covered clean white shirt and bow tie, even with blue jeans and dirty boots. His scratchy voice is indicative of the local dialect, which he doesn't try to cover up.



**GERRY
ANDRIJASLAVICH,
HOT DOG VENDER /
EX-SAFE CRACKER,**
Age 53
STR: 13 CON: 14
SIZ: 14 DEX: 17
APP: 10 INT: 11
POW: 11 EDU: 14
SAN: 50 HP: 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: Baseball Bat: 40%, Damage = 1D8+db
Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 1d3+db

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Climb: 45%, Cookery: 55%, Dodge: 40%, Fast Talk: 60%, Local History: 55%, Listen: 55%, Locksmith: 35%, Open Safe: 70%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Languages: English: 70%, Hungarian: 41%, Italian: 21%, Local Minority Language _____: 21%,

Fast Food is often thought of a modern aspect of life, but quickly prepared and served street food is as old as civilization itself. A mainstay of any modern Western city is the ubiquitous Hot Dog vender, operating from a hand pushed steamer cart dispensing various type of sausages and condiments, often becoming synonymous with the local neighborhood.

Having emigrated from the other side of the Iron Curtain in the 60s with his Hungarian family, Andrijaslavich sadly fell into wrong crowd as a youth and took up life of crime, namely in cracking safes for small-time burglars and the local mob, sometimes actually taking part in break-ins himself. Unfortunately, crime-solving techniques caught up with him and he was arrested and jailed. Unfortunately, no employer would hire an ex-con, so Andrijaslavich fell back into crime, only to be arrested a while later. After his third stint in jail, and with the recent advent of “three strikes” laws, he decided to finally go straight, and with a small inheritance from his late mother, bought into the American free enterprise system with a portable hot dog cart.

Now Andrijaslavich plies the streets of the local business district selling flavorful old world sausages and Americanized frankfurters to all manner of social strata from Investment Bankers to custodians. In doing so, he has become adept at picking up all many of information, from business transactions to local gossip. Sometimes Gerry passes certain bits of information to other customers; businessmen, the police, and sometimes to his old underworld friends, all passed along in the paper hot dog wrappers. Andrijaslavich has done somewhat well in staying on the right side of the law, but if the financial gain and risk were just right, he could help Investigators with a lot more than food and tips.

DESCRIPTION: A burly Slavic-looking guy with thick black hair with some slight gray around the edges. Jovial with a big, booming voice, he is friendly and engaging in conversation. He is usually seen in casual slacks, white apron, and oxford shirts that hopefully cover his embarrassing prison tattoos.



**DARIA GERRARD,
NEW AGE BOOK
STORE OWNER,**

Age 29
STR: 9 CON: 9
SIZ: 9 DEX: 13
APP: 14 INT: 14
POW: 17 EDU: 16
SAN: 85 HP: 9

Weapons: Ceremonial Celtic Dagger: 25%,
Damage = 1D4

Skills: Accounting: 30%, Bargain: 45%,
Calligraphy: 40%, Credit Rating: 45%,
Herbology: 45%, Hindi: 16%, Hypnotism: 35%,
Library Use: 55%, Occult: 40%, New Age
Healing: 35%, Persuade: 55%, Psychoanalysis:
21%, Psychology: 70%, Spot Hidden: 35%.
Swim: 40%

Languages: English: 85%, Irish Gaelic: 26%

One of the lasting after effects of the 1960s Counterculture was burgeoning growth in alternative spiritualities, perhaps as a rebuff to the more rigid Christianity of the preceding centuries. From world-wide religions like Buddhism and Hinduism to faddish beliefs like vegetarianism, bio feedback, crystal power, and A coherent, interconnected cosmos, the so-called “New Age” movements offers spiritual relief to those seeking different life paths

Never feeling a part of her parent’s an upper class established beliefs and even less of her peers, Daria Gerrard drifted through her high school days without much purpose or direction in her life. She went off to college to just to be with her friends, but in the spring of her freshman year she took a yoga class with friends and suddenly discovered how much it helped her mental state as well as physical. Gerrard then began taking courses in Tai Chi and reading up on Buddhism, Transcendental mediation, and holistic health, including herbology and natural foods. She then started living the new-age lifestyle with daily meditation, homeopathology to improve her health, and acupuncture for the occasional pain. And for once in her life, she left like a whole person.

After studying more forms of meditation, alternative medicine, and spiritual paths, she decided she was more adept at passing the information along to paying customers as opposed to being a mere practitioner. So with a

gift of \$15,000 from her parents, she opened a small new age book and herbal shop in the student section of town. The fact that she often seemed more concerned for her customers than the bottom line made the shop an instant hit. Now her little store has become the center of a holistic lifestyle for the local area for the converted and the curious, with the store hosting numerous seminars and clinics for all interested

DESCRIPTION: A reedy thin, pixie-like young woman with shoulder-length dark dirty blond hair and beaming smile. Seemingly shy, but quite friendly, she is nearly always clad in khaki pants and some form of sweater; knit sweater shirts in the spring and summer, pullovers in the cooler months. She speaks in a lilting angelic voice with hippyish accenting



THAD SCOTT, OUTFITTER, Age 31
 STR: 17 CON: 16
 SIZ: 14 DEX: 14
 APP: 13 INT: 15
 POW: 11 EDU: 15
 SAN: 75 HP: 15
 Damage Bonus: +1D4
 Weapons: .30 Lever
 Action Rifle: 35%

Damage = 2D6

Skills: Accounting: 35%, Bargain: 45%, Climb: 60%, First Aid: 40%, Hide: 30%, Jump: 35%, Listen: 40%, Natural History: 50%, Navigate: 40%, Persuade 50%, Pilot Small Boat/Kayak Psychology: 35%, Ride: 35%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Throw: 35%, Track: 35%. Wilderness Survival: 35%

Language: English: 75%, Other Language _____: 26%

Whenever people wanted to venture into the wilderness, they would seek the assistance of equipment dealers to outfit their group, becoming simply known as Outfitters. They have the expertise in knowing what type and amount of gear, clothing, and supplies that a outdoor-going group will need from small backpacking trek to full blown scientific expeditions.

Thad Scott is an Outdoor enthusiast who has actually found a career that caters to his love of outdoor adventure. Raised in the far exurbs of a burgeoning metropolitan area, he spent much of youthful free time exploring the woods

around the subdivision his family lived in. He blazed his own trails through the forest, fished and swam in the creeks and ponds, and spent many a night outdoors.

After a two year stint in Army, Scott attended college, but really had no set purpose in his studies. He did, however, greatly enjoy a part-time job at a local sporting goods store working in the camping and outdoors department. Often skipping class to go kayaking or rappelling, his grades suffered, and finally Scott gave up higher education to go work for a high-end outdoor gear and outfitting retailer.

A favorite of customers and clients, Scott works non-stop from the winter through late summer and heads out on the trail for 3 weeks before hunting season starts, and usually spends one free day a week climbing, biking, or kayaking within a 3 hour drive.

Scott can properly advise, supply, and train Investigator groups on the proper types and amounts of outdoor equipment; in training Investigators, roll Scott's outdoor skill and Persuade for a 1d10 percentile for students. He can also provide references for outdoor guides, transportation, and local contacts.

DESCRIPTION: Youthful and athletic-looking man with an "ah-shucks" grin and friendly green eyes. Keeps his dirty blond hair cut close, and shaves his "outdoor" facial growth before going back to work. He speaks with a confident clear tone that reassures his customers about their purchases. Scott has never worn an tie in life.



MANDI THOMPKINS, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Age 30something
 STR: 11 CON: 12
 SIZ: 13 DEX: 15
 APP: 16 INT: 14
 POW: 14 EDU: 14
 SAN: 70 HP: 12
 Weapons: Mace: 80%,

Damage = Stun 2D10 Minutes

Skills: Accounting: 40%, Appraise Property: 65%, Credit Rating: 30%, Dance: 40%, Drive Luxury Auto: 30%, Fast Talk: 30%, Law (Property): 35%, Library Use: 30%, Listen: 55%, Local History: 40%, Persuade: 65%, Photography: 25%, Spot Hidden: 45%

Language: English: 80%, Local Minority
Language: 26%

Throughout history, many tangible objects have been deemed valuable; gold, gems, spices, finely crafted items, religious relics. But one thing above all has been cherished through the ages - land. People have fought for it, died for it, worked, slaved, and prospered on it. Recently, the process of obtaining land has become more civilized with money exchanging hands instead of blows.

As a daughter of upper middle class parents, Mandi Thompkins was a child of privilege. She spent her early years enjoying a quiet and indulgent childhood, but in high school she became a social-climbing, party girl and cheerleader who dated a throng of similar-minded boys. For her, college was just one party after another. She married right after college to an old boyfriend who had become a well-to-do financial executive. Thompkins then spent next ten years socializing off of her husband's income and status. However, her husband absconded with a large amount of company funds and his young secretary, leaving the 30something Thompkins had to somehow provide for her and her two daughters.

A friend suggested Real Estate as possible career that didn't need much previous skill or experience. After working with her friend for a year and then passing her state Realtor license test, Thompkins found she had quite a knack for selling properties what with her personal charm and social skill. She develops a close relationship with her clients, trying to find that perfect "dream home" in whatever form it may take.

Thompkins has recently struck out on her own, opening her own realty agency, provide an array of services from property location to arranging financing, as well as researching property records and deeds, all with a charming smile and horsy laugh.

DESCRIPTION: Once trim and fit, Thompkins is now slightly larger than normal woman with pudgy cheeks, a thin white smile, and a large mane of frosted blond hair. She now wears fashionable, yet affordable glasses, jewelry, & clothes to impress, but not intimidate homebuyers. Her voice is an odd combination of sweet and fast talk, adding "hon" and "dear" whenever possible.



**WILSON COLE,
FINANCIAL
ADVISOR**, Age 44
STR: 14 CON: 15
SIZ: 13 DEX: 11
APP: 13 INT: 16
POW: 16 EDU: 20
SAN: 80 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1d4
Weapons: Golf Club:

55%, Damage = 1D6+db
Skills: Accounting: 80%, Bargain: 85%,
Computer Use: 36%, Credit Rating: 50%, Drive
Luxury Sports Car: 35%, History: 35%, Law:
40%, Library Use: 45%, Listen: 45%, Navigate:
30%, Pilot Sailboat: 51%, Play Golf: 55%,
Psychology: 50%, Spot Hidden: 30%, Swim:
55%%

Languages: English: 100%, Japanese: 16%

In the post-industrial era, moving and investing money became one of the cornerstones of the New Economy. Where once only the upper class played the stock market, now ordinary people, public institutes & everyday companies invest there for a hopefully secure financial future. Aiding...or some might speculate feeding off of, these investors are a small army of financial advisors and stockbrokers.

Wilson Cole has struggled up from a broken lower class home as a foot soldier in the Free Market economy. He is a definite "Type A" personality who looked at upward mobility as the best way out of poverty and threw his entire self into the endeavor, both professionally and intellectually. From his first businesses mowing lawns and delivering papers, he worked all though high school, then worked his way through college as a salesman, bar tender, and part-time stock market player. Eventually, he made it through grad school with an MBA in finance. After several stints with various banks, brokerages, and credit card companies, he finally had the skill set to head out on his own as an independent financial advisor. Initially, it was rough going, slowly building up a client list and successful portfolio, but as he had been training for it all his life, he managed to succeed.

Of course, such a lifestyle has taken its toll; two failed marriages, chain-smoking, and premature head of gray hair, but Cole takes it in stride. After a week of toiling in the financial trenches, he spends his weekend on his 40'

sailboat with a pretty young lady or out on the golf course...which often is a means to land more clients and improve his business standing.

Investigators in need of financial independence in order to combat the Mythos--- or even to obtain information on suspected Mythos activity can find that with Wilson Cole.

DESCRIPTION: A trim and fit middle age man with a sharp facial features accented by a mane of premature silverfish gray hair and fashionable gold glasses When not out on the water, he is always dressed in solidly conservative business wear....and business casual on Fridays or when out golfing with clients and associates.

CRIME

Often times, Investigators will have to skirt the law in order to combat the forces of the Mythos and will inevitable meet up with those who have made crime their professions. And often times Investigators will require the service of those underworld elements they have me up with.



DARREN WESTON, BURGLAR, Age 22
 STR: 12 CON: 9
 SIZ: 13 DEX: 16
 APP: 8 INT: 11
 POW: 9 EDU: 14
 SAN: 40 HP: 11
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .32 Revolver: 45%, Damage = 1D8

Blackjack: 40%, Damage = 1D8+db

Switchblade: 45%, Damage = 1D4+2+db

Box cutter: 45%, Damage = 1D4+db

Skills: Bargain: 30%, Conceal: 40%, Defeat Electronic Security: 35%, Dodge: 42%. Drive Stolen Car: 35%, Fast Talk: 60%, Hide: 55%, Jump: 35%, Law: 15%, Listen: 45%, Locksmith: 50%, Sneak: 55%, Spot Hidden: 40%.

Languages: English: 50%

Whereas most crime is perceived as a violent attack upon innocent individuals, burglars actively avoid confrontation with the victims. Preferring stealth and guile to aggressive behavior, these criminal avoid

witnesses to prevent being caught by police---or armed victims.

Street smart but unable to pursue a more respectable career, Darren Weston has taken up breaking and entering to support himself, his widowed mother, and the three mothers of his children. A troublemaker all his life, he spent six years on and off in juvenile detention as a teen, mostly for vandalism, breaking into cars, and shoplifting. Of course, with such an extensive criminal background as a youth, he is practically unemployable and thus returned to burglary as a profession which he learned from a pair of neighborhood crooks.

Fearful of being caught by a gun-toting home owner, Weston prefers to stake out a victim's home for a week to learn their daily routine and study the area, then striking when no one is home or next door. He prefers quiet suburbs filled with middle class booty like electronics and jewelry. Sometimes he disguises himself as a garbage man or landscaper or even a locksmith to avoid suspicion.

Weston is in this criminal line of work only for the money, and feels like he is stealing from the "rich" to give to the poor---namely, himself and his kids. Highly secretive about his profession, he is best contacted via the local pawn shop fence.

DESCRIPTION: Due to the nature of his work, Weston tried to remain as mundane looking as he can. He has no facial hair or distinguishing marks aside from bad teeth, short dark hair, and wears non-descript clothes whenever he is not donning some fake serviceman's' uniform--- which is always disposed of as soon as possible. With his medium dark skin tone, he can often pass off as type of ethnicity.



T.J. PELL, CAR THIEF, Age 19
 STR: 13 CON: 8
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 16
 APP: 13 INT: 13
 POW: 9 EDU: 11
 SAN: 41 HP: 10
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Switchblade: 40%, Damage = 1D4+2+db

Screwdriver: 40%, Damage = 1D2+db

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Conceal: 30%, Disguise: 31%, Drive Stolen Car: 40%, Fast Talk: 60%,

Hide: 35%, Hotwire Automobile: 60%, Jump: 35%, Locksmith: 36%, Sneak: 50%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Languages: English: 55%, Local Minority Language _____: 16%

Ever since the first automobile rolled out on the street, somebody has always tried to steal one. Whether it was for selling the stolen car, chopping it up for even more valuable spare parts, or simply as a fast getaway from another crime, car theft has always been one of the more prevalent crimes.

Having grown up in a household where robbery and theft were about the only sources of income, Thomas James Pell, or T.J. as he refers to himself, never had any moral problems with stealing from others. Having dropped out of school in the seventh grade, he ended up a local street punk who specializes in stealing cars for various chop shops and unscrupulous used car dealers. Where most car thieves do it to support expensive drug habits, Pell does it more for the thrill of driving way at high speed than the money, which is still pretty good. Having never had a driving lesson in his short life, Pell actually learned driving skills via video games, which in turn, had been stolen from retail stores. He even imagines himself as the inspiration for car theft-themed video games.

Pell can nonchalantly get into nearly any car in just a minute, and be off in less time. He is a wizard as using door unlocking tools called “slim jims”, and knows the correct method to hot-wire any make of car’s ignition system. Where he once scouted out a potential target (dictated by the local chop shop) by the ease of not being seen he has become far more brazen of late. He has also started using the tactic of attacking magnetized, stolen license plate to divert any cops that get behind him. If anyone can get into a vehicle and get away with it, T.J. Pell can.

DESCRIPTION: A small, but scrappy kid with a thin buzz job haircut and a goofy grin, Pell doesn’t look like a toughened criminal. He wears above average fashionable street clothes, often sports gear for the local pro teams. After getting a car started, he then dons a pair of mirrored sunglasses for the high sped getaway. Tight-lipped, his soft-spoken conversations barely go beyond “Yeah”, “Nah”, or “Uh-huh”.



WILLIAM PRATCHETT, COMPUTER HACKER, Age 24
STR: 10 CON: 9
SIZ: 18 DEX: 10
APP: 8 INT: 16
POW: 15 EDU: 18
SAN: 75 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Glock 9mm: 25%, Damage = 1D10

Skills: Accounting: 35%, Bargain: 35%, Computer Use: 86%, Credit Rating: 35%, Digital Art: 30%, Electronics: 41%, Gaming: 75%, History: 35%, Law: 25%, Library Use: 50%, Occult: 20%, Persuade: 35%, Physics: 36%, Psychology: 45%, Spot Hidden: 45%.

Languages: English: 90%, Hindi: 16%, Russian: 16%

Where it was once connected by transportation lines, the modern world is connected by linked computer networks, enabling the near instantaneous flow of information. And while these networks are designed for corporate and personal use, a more rouge element uses these same networks for far more sinister purposes.

Picked on as the “fat ugly kid” all through his school years, William Prachett took to computers for companionship as well a skill. He found numerous unseen friends who seemed to care about what he thought rather than what he looked like. And it was from some of those online friends that he learned about hacking into computer network. At first, it was a fun way to get back at other kids with falsified school records and speeding tickets, as well as changing his underachieving school grades. Gaining more and more experience, Prachett was able to pass on college due to his self-taught skills and was soon making six figures as a computer consultant for various local companies and firms...but in actuality he uses their servers for recreational hacks just to see where he can sneak into. His only criminal actions are deleting items from his credit card and the occasional vengeful cyber attack on some of his old school tormentors. He could easily steal millions, but feels that is below his intellectual level---not to mention the terrifying possibilities for jail.

Prachett rarely leaves his mother's house; but why bother if there's home delivery and if people will just stare at him anyway? He essentially lives on-line; socializes by gaming bulletin boards, ordering items from websites and cell phone, and trying to pick up hot Russian babes. He often does hacking favors for trusted online-acquaintances

DESCRIPTION: With only walking down the hall as exercise, Prachett packs a billowing 335lb into his 6 foot frame of t-shirts and woolen house pants, topped by a shaggy mane of greasy dark hair and an unkempt beard. His voice however is a mellow and pleasant baritone. That is, if anyone ever actually meets him in person



MATTHEW BOSWORTH, HIPPIY DRUG DEALER,
age 28
STR: 11 CON: 8
SIZ: 12 DEX: 13
APP: 14 INT: 14
POW: 10 EDU: 16
SAN: 42 HP: 11

Weapons: 9mm Pistol: 25%, Damage = 1d10
Mace Spray: 60%, Damage = Stun 2d10min

Skills: Bargain: 40%, Chemistry: 45%, Credit Rating: 30%, Dodge: 26%, Drive Luxury Car: 35%, Fast Talk: 55%, Guitar: 35%, Indoor Gardening: 65%, Law: 20%, Library Use: 35%, Occult: 35%, Pharmacy: 35%, Psychology: 30%, Sneak: 40%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Swim: 30%

Language: English: 80%

Probably the biggest source of crime in America is the illegal drug trade. It enriches organized criminals and creates hopeless addicts who turn to theft to support their habits. And while the stereotype of the drug dealer is a swaggering urban minority, the drug trade reaches even into the seemingly quiet white suburbs.

Matthew Bosworth was the oldest child of two 60s hippies who passed along their preference for marijuana and acid to their kids at a younger than normal age. His father grew his own pot in the backyard and later in a basement hydroponics lab, but after dying of a massive

heart attack, the late-teenage Matthew took over his dad's garden and started selling to his high school classmates. A short while later, he expanded production and went into home brewing hallucinogenic like LSD and Ecstasy. He's considered cooking up methamphetamine, but doesn't like the possibility of violent competition.

Dealing out of his run-down suburban home, Bosworth has a thriving business due to his low overhead and exceptional prices, but is fearful of a police bust and has started rigging up make shift booby traps and hiding places. His widowed mother lazes the days away, stoned out of her mind, leaving household chores to whatever druggie girl her son is living with at the time.

Due to his cash-only business, Bosworth has considerable contacts in the criminal world from fences to other dealers, as well as having a direct line to the local underground party society. Terrified of prison, he would be more likely to turn willing informant to Investigators looking into things more serious than drugs.

DESCRIPTION: Unshaven, long sloppy blondish hair, long sideburns, and grungy clothes outdoors, the lanky, Bosworth is more or less is seen often wearing a ratty bathrobe inside his home. His green eyes are either bloodshot or dilated, and usually hidden behind mirrored sunglasses. He speaks with a wheezing raspy "surfer dude accent."



STEVE MANUCCIO, LOAN SHARK,
Age 34
STR: 12 CON: 12
SIZ: 16 DEX: 15
APP: 12 INT: 15
POW: 10 EDU: 14
SAN: 50 HP: 11
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .22 Auto: 40%, Damage = 1d6
.38 Revolver: 40%, Damage = 1d10
Switchblade: 35%, Damage = 1D4+2+db

Skills: Accounting: 50%, Bargain: 65%, Credit Rating: 35%, Drive Big Car: 30% Fast Talk: 65%, Law: 20%, Psychology: 45%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Languages: English: 55%, Italian: 31%

One of the mainstays of organized crime is that of providing excessively high interest loans to people in desperate need of large sums of cash without legal collateral. However, paying back such loans is often impossible and the unlucky customer finds themselves at the mercy of lenders, who lives up to their nickname of "Loan Shark"

Spending his teenage years as a smart-mouthed, deal-making delinquent, Steve Manuccio looked up to the local organized crime gang as his inspiration. The money looked good, and the prestige was even better. Smart enough to avoid overt criminal acts and subsequent jail time, he even more smartly married into the outer layers of local crime family, and as a "wedding gift" by their Don, was given the task of handling the task of managing the numerous illegal loans to unfortunate business owners, gamblers, both drug dealers and addicts, and people unable to get money the legal way.

Uncaring and cruel to his "clients", Manuccio is highly efficient in getting the high loan payments paid on time with a combination of guile and threats not against the lendee, but their loved ones. Of course, he only makes the thinnest of veiled threats, leaving the poor sucker's imagination to think the worse. When the treat needs to be carried out, Manuccio nowadays gets one of his tough guys to carry out the actual dirty deed. No sense in ruining his own good clothes, he always says.

Of course, Manuccio doesn't believe himself invincible and does fear that an indebted customer may try and personally exact revenge, so he always has three or four of his closest related underlings with him at nearly all times. Investigators in need of quick cash may or may not be so inclined to deal with this financial predator.

DESCRIPTION: Once a lean and mean teen tough, Manuccio has let himself go, gaining nearly 100 pounds since high school. Still, he wears tight fitting silk shirts unbuttoned ¼ of the way down that show off numerous gold chains. His dark hair is slicked back in a slight pompadour. His accented alto voice is so stereotypical as not to be funny....if he had a sense of humor.



**PATRICK NEWELL,
MOB WISE GUY,**

Age 42
STR: 14 CON: 10
SIZ: 15 DEX: 12
APP: 14 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 16
SAN: 68 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 65%, Damage = 1D3+db
Baseball bat: 50%, Damage = 1d8+db
9mm Automatic: 50%, Damage = 1D10
Switchblade: 45% Damage = 1d4+2+db

Skills: Accounting: 40%, Bargain: 55%, Hide: 25%, Drive Auto: 35%, Fast Talk: 50%, Grapple: 40%, Law: 25%, Listen: 40%, Persuade: 60%, Psychology: 50% Sneak: 40%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Language: English: 85%, Local Minority Language _____: 21%

Organized crime is much like a business with multiple levels of management from the Don or Godfather at the top down to ordinary street criminals. In the middle is the so-called "wise guy", who oversees various operations and maintain working relationship with other mobsters, their victims, and outside elements, including politicians and law enforcement.

When his chef father unknowing married into the local "family", he inadvertently began Patrick Newell's criminal career. With his parents operating a restaurant that acted a mob hangout and a front for money laundering, the young Newell's mobster uncles introduced him to the thrill and easy money of the real "family business".

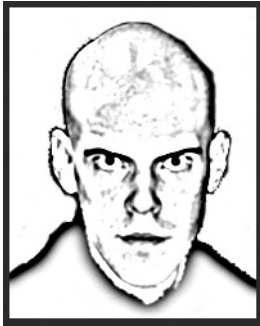
Against the wishes of his parents, Newell started his criminal life in his teens as low level strong arm, and worked his way up the mob organization, all the time adhering to the code of silence. After acting as the getaway man for several mob hits, Newell has personally killed five men in his life; two snitches, an overreaching accountant, and two mob rivals. This work firmly cemented Newell's place in the organization.

Currently, Newell oversees the mob's gambling operations, namely high stakes pokers and numbers running, even though he doesn't gamble at all. He also engages in blackmail of

business men, public figures, and even other mobsters who can't pay their debts or who are caught in "embarrassing situations". This endeavor has made Newell a model family man, ever faithful to his wife and two children.

Still, Newell is best described as a dapper, smiling shark who seems to be a friend to all at first but can turn either sadistically threatening or deathly vengeful when crossed.

DESCRIPTION: A large and powerfully built man at 6'2 and 200lbs, Newell presents an intimidating figure. His pudgy face is accented by his sinisterly friendly smile and stiletto eyes, while his dark hair is stereotypically slicked back. His deep and horse-sounding voice however, has none of the typical gangster accent. Since moving from the lower ranks, his clothes are now stylish and tailored...but he wouldn't care about getting them soiled.



LEE ALLEN,
SKINHEAD, age 22
 STR: 17 CON: 15
 SIZ: 14 DEX: 14
 APP: 9
 INT: 11 POW: 7
 EDU: 10 SAN: 35 HP: 15
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Luger 9mm Pistol: 40%, Damage = 1D10

Kick: 45%: Damage = 1D6+db

Thrown Rock: 45%, Damage = 1d4

Molotov Cocktail: 45%, Damage = 1d6+ burn

Baseball Bat: 35%, Damage = 1d8+db

Head Butt: 30%, Damage = 1D4+db

Skills: Climb: 50%, Fast Talk: 45%, First Aid: 35%, Law: 20%, Listen: 35%, Make Bomb: 21%, Psychology: 30%, Revisionist White Supremacy History: 75%, Sneak: 40%, Throw: 45%, Wilderness Survival: 25%

Language: English: 50%, German: 26%

Even with the utter defeat of Nazi Germany in 1945, the twisted ideology of that evil regime still continues to linger ghost-like in Western nations. Finding a fertile home in America, where varying beliefs of natural supremacy have long been held, the Nazi philosophy has endeared it to itself young radicals called Skinheads.

Lee Allen was once a typical young boy, happy and carefree. But due to economic downturn for his blue collar family and community, that life became one of despair, hopelessness, and fear. Failing in school and feeling threatened by scores of seeming preferred minorities and invading immigrants, Allan had nowhere to look for security or hope until he read a crude pamphlet at school extolling the same virtues he had been raised on; patriotism, religious fervor, and civic duty. Interested, he attended what turned out to be a Neo Nazi rally and immediately accepted the message that things wrong with American society were the fault of others; namely, Jews and inferior non-whites.

Allan joined up that day and found himself with a new family of friends in which he no longer felt fear, but instead was filled with angry pride, despite his ethnically mixed American heritage. Between drunken punk rock parties and the monthly rallies to vent their rage and distribute their message, a few innocuous minorities felt the steel-toed boot and hardened fist of Allen and his skinhead buddies. Of course, he and his buddies never stick around to take credit for their actions.

Now dedicated to the belief that the white race is superior to others, Allen sees himself as one of the foot soldiers in an inevitable race war and is willing to do anything it takes to achieve victory in the inevitable coming Race War. Of course, any kind of unearthly threat would extol Lee Allan to do anything for victory.

DESCRIPTION: A tall and lanky young man with a shaven head, long sideburns, and burning dark eyes, his arms have numerous tattoos of a white supremacist theme; lighting bolts, Germanic heraldry, and few Nazi emblems. When working at his minimum wage warehouse job, he wears camouflaging workclothes, but prefers the Skinhead "uniform" of white t-shirt, black pants, suspenders, and army boots. He distinctly speaks in the local majority dialect



CARRIE HILL,
STRIPPER/
PROSTITUTE, Age 20
 STR: 11 CON: 9
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 16
 APP: 14 INT: 10
 POW: 10 EDU: 9
 SAN: 40 HP: 10

Weapons: Switchblade: 35% Damage = 1D4+2

Skills: Bargain: 45%, Conceal: 30%, Exotic Dancing: 50%, Fast Talk: 60%, Hide: 30%, Persuade: 45%, Pharmacy: 21%

Language: English: 50%

While not historical true, the sex trade is not called “the world’s oldest profession “ for nothing. People of both genders have sadly been using their sexuality to survive economically. In today’s open society it just seems more prevalent the it was once thought to be.

Following nightmarish teen years of family abuse, Carrie Hill uses the only thing she has to support herself...her body. After running away from home, she prostituted herself for about three months while living on the streets avoiding both the police and predatory local pimps. She then tried working normal job as a waitress in a working class diner, but found that sex truly does sell. While working out of her grungy apartment during the day, she worked nights as topless waitress, and then moved up to nude exotic dancing. Now workings in one of the local strip clubs, she makes a good amount of money from big tips, but often supplants her income even more so for having sex with club patrons. She tries to avoid working the streets again, but the profession she has sometimes dictates otherwise. Through her street contacts, she is quite familiar as the low-down on local characters from cops to criminals, low-lifes to the high society.

Carrie is heavily dependent on alcohol to numb the pain of the life she has fallen into, but adamantly avoids the drug abuse that has trapped so many of her peers. She still however manages to keep something of a smile on her face despite her situation. Investigators using kindness and concern are more likely to get information from her then those not.

DESCRIPTION: Due in part to her job as a dancer, Carrie is surprisingly in good shape, being small and shapely, and still attractive with her dirty blond hair and pouty lips. She holds herself with a semi-aggressive, come-on stance and can easily go from flirty teasing to sarcastic disdain. Her “work clothing” is tackily bright and attention-grabbing, and at home wears just shorts and tank-tops.

GOVERNMENT

Modern society survives on the fine-balance of government; too little and anarchy reigns, too much and society stagnates under totalitarianism. And while most people complain bitterly of the incompetence or overbearing of government, the services provided by the many local, state, and national governments make modern life livable. One of the services available to Mythos investigators is the readily available bits of information needed to combat the human allies of the Mythos.



CYNTHIA FORSTER,
911 OPERATOR,
age 38

STR: 12 CON: 10

SIZ: 14 DEX: 10

APP: 12 INT: 12

POW: 14 EDU: 13

SAN: 67 HP: 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Art (Painting): 40%, Fast Talk: 35%, First Aid: 45%, Know County-wide Directions: 65% Law: 50%, Listen: 65%, Persuade: 60%, Pharmacy: 31%, Psychology: 50%

Languages: English: 80%, Spanish: 35%

In the early days of the telephone system, calling for emergency help usually meant calling a central operator who connected the caller to a nearby police or fire station. By the late 1960s, a new system of direct communication to public safety units was developed, which sped up response time considerable and more accurately

A Big haired, fun-loving country gal who is carrying on several non-serious relationships with local police officers and emergency workers, Forster sadly came from a broken home where affection was a rare commodity and thus made her look to serial dating from the age of 14 to make up for it. She has been married three times since leaving home (the first at age 17), but now prefers to be a swinging single. However, her pleasant and high-spirited personality makes the numerous break-ups and non-committal relationships almost sporting.

She got the 911 Operators job after working as a receptionist, a telemarketer, and a ambulance company dispatcher, where she got to personally know some paramedics and

firemen. Despite her relative lack of education, she does a professional job of calmly taking information about crime, car accidents, fires, and assorted other emergencies from panic-ridden callers.

Forster does have one personality flaw; she is an incurable gossip. Not only does she like to talk about other people in call center, she likes to discuss aspects of certain 911 calls; particularly domestic squabbles and public drunkenness charges. Thus, the nature of emergency calls and any other type of law enforcement information can easily be obtained through the loose lips of Ms. Forster.

DESCRIPTION: A large, but not obese woman with pile of dyed blond hair and pronounced cheekbones, Forster imagines herself still the high school beauty. Her sparkling green eyes, a sugar sweet drawl, and bubbly personality make for what the years have done. She wears low end fashionable clothes that are as revealing as workplace standards will allow, and goes even further when out on the town.



**MARCUS TAYLOR,
ANIMAL CONTROL
OFFICER, Age 32**
STR: 16 CON: 14
SIZ: 17 DEX: 14
APP: 10 INT: 08
POW: 8 EDU: 10
SAN: 40 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D6
Weapons: Pepper
Spray: 70%, Damage =

Stun 2D10 Rounds

Tranquilizer Rifle: 45%, Damage =
Sleep 3D10 Rounds

.38 Revolver: 25%, Damage = 1d10
Skills: Biology: 31%, Fast Talk: 35%, Grapple:
50%, Law: 30%, Mechanical Repair: 30%,
Sneak: 45%, Track/Trap Animal: 55%,
Veterinary Medicine: 25%

Language: English: 60%, Local Minority
Language _____: 21%

At one time, domesticated animals roamed freely in the streets of cities, but with the 20th century, the sanitary conditions caused by animals were deemed a health hazard. From the medieval rat catcher to the suburban dog catcher, someone had to deal with both loose

and dead animals. A dirty job, but someone has to do it.

Growing up, Marcus Taylor was always a big and muscular guy whom everyone assumed would one day play professional football. And play he did, from Pee-wee league to High school as a huge defensive lineman. Unfortunately, Taylor has a severe learning disability which went unnoticed and it severely hampered his ability to recall plays, let alone academics. He managed to squeak through high school, but college scouts completely passed him by. With no career possibilities, Taylor thought of the Army, but his old coach used his county government connections to snag his former defenseman a decent job. It's just that only job that anyone would be willing to give the semi-literate Taylor was with the Animal Control department.

But oddly enough, the job was something Taylor didn't mind; he gets to ride in a truck all day with the occasional animal to trap for brief excitement, and only a quick shovel toss of rotting roadkill to contend with day. When dealing with angry owners of loose pets, but Taylor's sheer size convinces those owners to quiet down and deal with his required action. Even snarling, rabid creatures do not seem to faze Taylor, and after years of dealing with animals, he has grown into somewhat of a gentle giant, especially when it comes to abandoned puppies and kittens. When dealing with animal abuse cases, Taylor silently seethes with rage, but knows openly unleashing it will land him in jail and out of a job.

DESCRIPTION: Taylor is a huge Black male weighing over 300lbs and standing at 6'3". His chubby face is marked by a bushy mustache and shaved head. He barely fits into his oversized uniform, and speaks in a slow and low rumble.



**SUSAN DUDENEV,
COUNTY CLERK,**
Age 46
STR: 13 CON: 11
SIZ: 13 DEX: 9
APP: 12 INT: 12
POW: 14 EDU: 12
SAN: 60 HP: 12
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .22 Short Automatic: 25%, Damage = 1D6

Skills: Accounting: 65%, Bargain: 40%, Law: 45%. Library Use: 40%, Listen: 50%, Local History: 60%, Persuade: 45%, Psychology: 55%, Spot Hidden: 40

Language: English: 75%

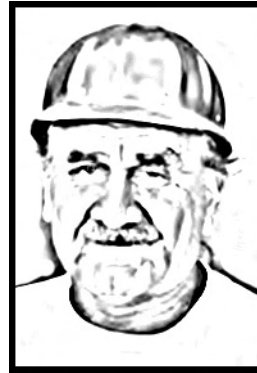
In America, the Government goes from the national level to local level, which is usually that which people have the most contact with. It is often the County (or Parish in Louisiana) that bears the brunt of law enforcement, social welfare, education, roads, and utility service. And it is often the level of government that most people deal most with on a day-to-day basis.

An overly dedicated bastion of civic duty, unlike the stereotype of any government bureaucrat, is Susan Dudeney. Friendly, cheerful, and compassionate, she always seems to happily assist citizens with whatever their problem or disposition. Of course, she seems to have always been a outgoing helpful type of person, going all the back to days in the Girl Scouts and as a student aide in Junior High. She tried college for a while but dropped out to take a clerking job and a husband.

But after one too many corporate cutbacks and mergers, she took her experience into the public sector as a clerk in the local government permit office where nepotism and uncaring boredom reigned. After just a few months in the office, inquiring citizens began asking for "nice Mrs. Dudeney" when asking for information. Later, she was transferred to the local tax office, where again her helpful attitude made her popular with the public.

And now Susan Dudeney finds herself in the records department, overseeing all manner of past county business ranging from property titles to death certificates, often filling in for less motivated office workers in other departments. If asked with politeness and sincerity, she will do her utmost to help an exasperated citizen needing something out of the morass of public records.

DESCRIPTION: A stern-looking maven with piercing eyes behind large librarian-like glasses, she has short, feathered reddish hair, thin lips, and a jutting chin. She always dresses casually elegant with a gleaming pearl necklace around her creased neck. Her voice is disarmingly calming and polite, something usefully when dealing with the public.



JEFF SAMMONS, COUNTY ROAD WORKER, Age 57
STR: 15 CON: 12
SIZ: 14 DEX: 10
APP: 13 INT: 10
POW: 10 EDU: 12
SAN: 50 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 12g Pump
Shotgun: 40%. Damage = 4/2/1D6

Skills: Cartography: 51%, Climb: 50%, Drive Auto: 30%, Fast Talk: 25%, First Aid: 35%, Geology: 36%, County Law: 20%, Mechanical Repair: 40%, Operate Heavy Machinery: 61%, Sneak: 25%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Surveying: 66%

Language: English: 60%, Spanish: 16%

When the Romans built roads, it was done by the Legions and when English and American roads were first constructed, it was done by gangs of impoverished immigrants. Today, roads and highways are built by dedicated crews of paid professionals---even if they often appear to be doing nothing more then stand around and foul up traffic...

A gruff and intimidating fellow at first sight on a road construction or repair site, Sammons is simply a dedicated worker who dislikes distractions to his schedule from equipment delays and lazy workers to rubbernecking drivers and impatient bureaucrats. Off site, he is a much more personable fellow.

Sammons dropped out of school at 16 to take a construction job. He joined Army to be a combat engineer for 6 years, made Sergeant, but left to make more money laying road. He has worked across the country for several different contracting and civil engineering firms building everything from hydroelectric dams and an airport to office parks and housing subdivisions. He is currently working for the local county Department of Transportation, which is desperately trying to alleviate crowded roadways while at the same time heavily promoting new development, which means more roads and more digging up forest and demolishing old properties. He could easily get a desk job handling management issues, but laying down asphalt his in his blood.

Married with three children and 2 grandchildren, Sammons likes to spend autumn weekends duck and quail hunting, often going with corporate engineers, real estate developers, and government officials. Otherwise, he's a simple pro sports fan who works hard during the week, trying to maintain a good lifestyle.

DESCRIPTION: Aged and grizzled beyond his years by working outdoors, Sammons is still an imposing figure with graying hair and moustache, a hooked nose, and a deep, booming voice. The only softness about him is in his deep set brown eyes. Usually clad in a dirty t-shirt and dirtier jeans, he tends to wear his hard hat all day, even indoors. When relaxing, he changes to clean t-shirts, jeans, and a hat from his favorite sports team.



**RALPH
GLADSTONE,
FIREFIGHTER,**

Age: 32
STR: 17 CON: 15
SIZ: 16 DEX: 13
APP: 12 INT: 12
POW: 13 EDU: 13
SAN: 65 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fire Axe: 50%, Damage = 1D8+3+db
Fire Pick: 20%, Damage = 1D8+db
Assault Rifle: 50%, variable

Skills: Cookery: 25%, Chemistry: 31%, Climb: 65%, Dodge: 41%, Firefighting: 85%, First Aid: 65%, Jump: 45%, Law: 25%, Navigate City Streets: 45%, Persuade: 35%, Throw: 45%

Language: English: 65%

One of the greatest threats and dangers in urban areas throughout history has been fire. Fighting these fires has evolved over the ages from a chaotic, volunteer "bucket brigades" to multi-station, multifunction, high tech professional departments. But no matter how well equipped or trained a fire firefight may be, the primary attribute they have shared is the personal courage to fight fires.

Always ready for excitement of any kind, Ralph Gladstone was always racing bikes, climbing fences, and getting into boyish trouble as a kid. After high school, he joined the Army for action, heroics and travels. And even though he never saw combat, he had enough realistic training to get his adrenalin going. However, he

didn't find it much of a career path for the future and left after 4 years, only to find his infantry skills pretty much useless back home in the civilian market, but was fit enough and service-duty bound to try his hand at firefighting. Here, he found both the camaraderie of the firehouse and thrill of battling fires just what he needed and wanted.

In the last ten years, Gladstone has battled over two hundred blazes and innumerable car wrecks, industrial accidents, several suicide attempts, and one toxic waste emergency. He has also been accused of landing his job via racial quotas, but his hard work in the field and the station house clearly demonstrate his dedication to the job. Now married with two kids, he finds the on-again, off-again nights spent in the station tiresome and wishes to be permanently assigned to the day shift. However, it is usually in the night that most serious---and sometimes mysterious---emergencies occur that that which require his skilled presence.

DESCRIPTION: A Friendly, good-looking black male, Gladstone tries his best to stay in shape. He keeps his hair short and moustache well-trimmed to military specs. His uniform is often in varying conditions depending on his firehouse duties. He speaks in a clear, bass tone with not sign of "street slang", being the adamant profession he is.



**TERRI TURNER,
POSTAL CARRIER,**

Age 44
STR: 11 CON: 16
SIZ: 14 DEX: 13
APP: 10 INT: 11
POW: 8 EDU: 11
SAN: 40 HP: 15

Weapons: Mace: 75%,
Damage = Stun 2D10 minutes
Kick: 35%, Damage = 1D6+db

Skills: Crochet: 55%, Dodge: 46%, Drive Right-Handed Mail Truck: 46%, Fast Talk: 25%, Jump Fence: 40%, Listen at Door: 55%, Navigate City Streets: 65%, Psychology: 40%, Sneak: 40%, Spot Hidden: 55%, Videography: 30%

Languages: English: 55%, Local Minority Language _____: 26%



One of the most familiar faces in any neighborhood is the postal carrier, delivering mail, anticipated packages, gift catalogs, and of course, bills. Whether on foot or in the distinctive right side steering wheel-equipped trucks, the people who carry the mail have to deal with inclement weather, angry dogs, and sometimes, angry residents.

An overly sweet & kind woman, Terri Turner enjoys meeting and talking with the people she meets on her daily mail route. As an ordinary and average student, she never intended to be a postal carrier, but it seems to be a job that suits her helpful personality. Since her parents were too poor to even afford a trade school, she went to work immediately for the local Post office as a letter sorter. And a few years, this task was automated, but she proved reliable and sociable enough to be brought to the front counter. Ten years later, she made the move to postal carrier after easily passing the driving test.

Turner has had several mail routes and has been well-received on each one and always accepted as one of the neighbors. Of course, there have been a few unsociable types, but nothing too drastic. She is always on the lookout for trouble, ranging from burglaries, to lost kids to traffic accidents. Since witnessing a car accident, she has taken to carry a small video camera to hopefully catch some newsworthy event.

As her no-count husband left ages ago, Turner lives with her grown daughter Nancy (age 24). She has tried finding a new man, but sadly, she seems to keep picking losers. Her hobby is crochet, and she is skilled enough to knock out an entire sweater in a week, and she gives potholders as Christmas gifts to the nicer people on her daily stops.

DESCRIPTION: Of medium build with quite tall for a woman at 5'11, the hazel-eyed Turner is quite sun-tanned with frizzy, cocoa brown hair often tied in a large ponytail and somewhat pointed chin. As she spends most of her work day sitting in a small mail truck, she usually just wears her Postal Uniform blouse and comfortable pants or shorts. She has a remarkably cheery voice and disposition.



LENNY BULLARSKI, SANITATION WORKER, age 27
STR: 16 CON: 14
SIZ: 15 DEX: 11
APP: 11 INT: 9
POW: 11 EDU: 10
SAN: 50 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Pry Bar: 45%, Damage = 1D8+db
Kick: 35%. Damage = 1d6+db
.357 Magnum: 30%, Damage = 1D8+1D4

Skills: Climb: 55%, Dodge: 27%, Drive Garbage Truck: 45%, Fast Talk: 35%, Jump: 35%, Navigate City Streets: 40%, Operate Heavy Machinery: 36%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden Item in Trash: 40%, Throw: 45%

Language: English: 45%

Ever since the advent of cities, someone had to pick up the waste the inhabitants produced. Slaves, lepers, prisoners, “untouchables”, and the impoverished were the first to undertake this unwanted task. It wasn’t until the arrival of the Victorian era uniformed civic street sweeper that picking up garbage became a profession. It’s still hard and smelly work, but it does pay better these days.

The quintessential high school jock that never once had to crack a book in his rural hometown, Lenny “The Bull” Bullarski once had the promise of a college scholarship, but threw it away with drinking and steroid abuse in his senior year. After getting cut from the team, he saw no further need for high school, but had no useful job skills. Luckily for Bullarski (and his parents), his uncle got him a job with the sanitation department hoisting garbage cans. He does get a thrill out of riding on the back end of the garbage truck, but heads into the cab during cold and wet weather.

Although he’s got a seemingly un-cool dead-end job, he still social active with old team friends and plays touch football with the departmental team. He also enjoys hanging out in local sports bar playing pool, where he gossips about the residents and events on his route as he’s seen numerous social flagrances going on from drug deals and break-ins to truant kids and cheating spouses.

When working in poorer and crime-ridden sections of town, Bullarski carries a pistol



in case of trouble, and always carries a pry bar for both protection and loading difficulties. But even with a good union wage, Bullarski tries to make a few extra bucks by secretly stealing nice-looking items out of people's garbage to pawn at various places around town---whether they work or not.

DESCRIPTION: A huge bulk of a boy, Bullarski has a flat, broken nose accenting his beefy face and has thick, curly black hair, but no trace of a beard. He speaks in a gruff, deep voice, trying to sound imposing to everyone. At the end of a day, he can't get out of his dirty and smelly uniform coveralls fast enough, preferring sporty athletic wear when at home and out.



**JENNIFER
TILLBROOK,
SOCIAL WORKER,**

Age: 36
STR: 13 CON: 12
SIZ: 14 DEX: 8
APP: 12 INT: 13
POW: 15 EDU: 15
SAN: 72 HP: 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Pepper Spray: 70%, Damage = 2d6+4 Stun

Skills: Accounting: 35%, Bargain: 40%, Drive Auto: 30%, Fast Talk: 40%, First Aid: 45%, History: 35%, Law: 50%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 55%, Persuade: 60%, Psychology: 70%, Spot Hidden: 40%.

Languages: English: 80%, Spanish: 35%

It was not until the early Victorian Period that the social welfare of the poor came into the realm of government. At times, social work can be simply checking and advising those in need, something it involve direct action. It is not an easy career, dealing with pain and suffering while carefully trying to strike a balance between heavy handedness and allowing tragedy to occur.

Having grown up in a dysfunctional household, Jennifer Tillbrook was once a teenage hellion with poor self-esteem that barely escaped becoming a social statistic herself due to efforts of a caring social worker. Having gotten out of a nearly dangerous situation with a violent older man, Tillbrook decided to help others as well, and worked her ay through community

college by working as a waitress, a receptionist for a private investigator, a telephone operator, and as a plus-sized model.

She enjoys working with people to help them escape their current dismal conditions but tires of having to put up with a angry and agitated clients and media and society criticism that complains back and forth that her agency is either "interfering" or "not doing enough". But due to the diminishing state budget, Tillbrook is forced to work more and more cases, reducing the amount of time she can spend with a client family. And as if her caseload wasn't full enough, she's been requested to spend an additional 1-2 hours a day updating the state-wide social service database one case file at a time.

In her off-hours, Tillbrook enjoys a good party and juggles three boyfriends who all have an affinity for "big beautiful women", and doesn't hold back if a new possibility shows up her way.

DESCRIPTION: The rather heavy set, yet attractive Tillbrook describes herself as a "Big Beautiful Woman" and carries herself as such. Quite heavily-chested, she has a very teased and streaked pile of shoulder- length reddish brown hair, a button nose, shining blue eyes, and brilliant white smile. On the job, she wears very conservative fashions and is never without her shoulder bag of case files. On her own time, she dresses far more flirtatiously

LAW ENFORCEMENT

The forces of Law & Order can be both a bane and boon to Investigators of the mythos. On one hand they can be the disbelieving persecutors of those risking life, limb, and social reputation to combat the Mythos, but these same agencies can also provide both informational and tactical support in this fight.



**MELISSA BECKER,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,**

Age: 28
STR: 14, CON: 14
SIZ: 13 DEX: 13
APP: 13 INT: 14
POW: 16 EDU: 15
SAN: 77 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 1D3+db

.38 Automatic: 55%, Damage = 1D10
12g Pump Shotgun: 60%, Damage =
4D6/2D6/1D6
Police Baton: 40%, 1D6+db
Armor: 8 Point Kevlar vest

Skills: Block: 46%, Drive Police Cruiser: 50%,
Fast Talk: 30%, First Aid: 40%, Law: 80%,
Listen: 45%, Martial Arts: 41%, Persuade: 55%,
Psychology: 45%, Sneak: 25%

Language: English: 80%, Local Minority
Language _____: 21%

As the highest elected law enforcement official in a county, the Sheriff is assisted by a number of deputized underlings. These Deputy Sheriffs carry out the legal functions of the county from patrolling the roads and arresting criminals to serving legal warrants and providing security for courthouses.

After her father left the family, 9 year old Melissa Becker ended up becoming the “father figure” for her three younger siblings and depressed mother. A tomboy who integrated the local Little League, she enjoyed hunting with her grandfather, who was a retired deputy sheriff. In high school, she was a definite overachiever, managing to get good grades, find athletic success, hold down a part-time job and still run the family household.

After graduating, Becker joined Sheriff’s department as a desk clerk assigned to answer the phone. She tried her hardest to persuade the Sheriff to allow her to attend the state Deputy Academy. Finally accepted, passed as the #3 Cadet in her class. However, she had to endure a year of harassment from her male peers while working the simplest of court summons issues. But all that changed when a minor summons for an automobile accident lawsuit ended up with the deranged defendant opening fire with an assault rifle. Becker managed to evade the gunfire and take down her assailant alive before calling for back-up. That’s when her fellow officers and superiors finally accepted her as fellow deputy.

Currently, Deputy Becker splits her time between issuing warrants and summons, providing security at the courthouse, and patrolling the county back roads. In her spare time, she plays for the department softball and bowling teams, and still enjoys hunting with her grandfather and younger brothers.

DESCRIPTION: Short for a deputy at 5’3, but rather muscular, Becker carries herself with extreme confidence. With tight curly red hair, cute smile, and small nose, she looks somewhat child-like. However, she does have a very commanding voice that catches many suspects off guard. She manages to keep her uniform immaculate, neat, and shined at nearly all times. Off-duty, she tends to wear athletic wear.



**DR. CHRISTOPHER
WELHAM, FOENSIC
PATHOLOGIST,**

Age 56
STR: 13 CON: 16
SIZ: 13 DEX: 11
APP: 11 INT: 16
POW: 17 EDU: 23
SAN: 80 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Scalpel: 40%, Damage = 1D4+db

Skills: Anthropology: 31%, Cooking: 45%,
Biology: 61%, Credit Rating: 35%, Employ
Black Humor: 75%, First Aid: 40%, Forensic
Pathology: 91%, Law: 45%, Library Use: 65%,
Medicine: 70%, Occult: 15%, Persuade Jury:
75%, Photography: 30%, Psychology: 35%,
Spot Hidden: 60%, Toxicology: 51%

Languages: English: 100%, Latin: 31%

Medical Doctors typical deal with the living, but there are those that specialize in the dead. Pathologists study how people die for both medical research and law enforcement. Suspicious deaths require careful investigation in case foul play is at hand, and when it does, the Pathologist’s knowledge is the best key to solve the crime.

The fourth generation in a family of doctors, Christopher Welham never considered anything but medicine for a career. It wasn’t just the high salary and social status, but the intricate and expansive skill set that intrigued Welham the most. And unlike the general practitioners in his family, he wanted to be surgeon. Excelling in both biology and chemistry, he breezed through private school and graduated summa cum laude from college with a degree in Biology.

He was accepted by the Johns Hopkins Medical School, but after working with his anatomy instructors, he switched to the field of forensic pathology. His inquisitive, highly

analytical mind seemed tailor-made for determining the myriad of ways a human can die, and his eye for detail pleased his professors and astounding his peers. Graduating in the top of his class, Dr Welham interned with the Baltimore Police department, before hiring on in Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and New York City.

As the chief forensic pathologist with local law enforcement, the most interesting aspect of Dr Welham is his dead pan, dark sense of humor, and is a bit of a practical joker. To first time morgue visitors and observers, his habit of talking to the “patients” seems bizarre, but to Dr Welham, it is simply paying one last bit of respect to the deceased, along with finding the cause of their demise. When off duty, he lives a quiet and unobtrusive life with his wife and two teenage children.

DESCRIPTION: Aged and angular features describe Dr Welham from his sharp nose, facial lines and chin to the way his combs his thinning gray hair. He wears hipper than expected glasses and longish sideburns, which seem to compliment his friendly, but odd demeanor. Finely dressed underneath his lab coat, he often changes out of dirty lab aprons a few dozen times a day.



**KATYA STOCKLEY,
FORENSIC
TECHNICIAN,**
Age: 30
STR: 12 CON: 14
SIZ: 12 DEX: 12
APP: 12 INT: 16
POW: 12 EDU: 17
SAN: 55 HP: 13

Weapons: .38 Automatic: 40%, Damage = 1D10
Skills: Chemistry: 71%, Debunk Hollywood Forensics: 90%, Forensics: 76%, History: 35%, Law: 50%, Library Use: 55%, Listen: 35%, Medicine: 30%, Natural History: 25%, Persuade: 50%, Photography: 50%, Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden: 65%, Swim: 40%, Throw: 35%

Languages: English: 90%

It was not until the creation of the modern police force in early Victorian England that technology was used in the investigation of crime. Using fingerprints, gunpowder residue, firearm caliber sizes, blood typing, and other

crime scene traces, skilled technician have been able to piece together the hidden truths of crimes. Now with DNA testing and microscopic fiber samples, the fight against crimes goes to another level.

A studious girl born into a long line of police officers, Katya Stockley was never expected to join the force. But hearing stories around the dinner table from her father and uncles laid the seeds for a career in law enforcement. This was offset by her aptitude in science, particularly chemistry. But being branded as “Miss Einstein” by her classmates, she was a solitary figure in school, which did worry her family a great deal. Not being able to decide between her love of Science and the family business of Crime fighting, she went to college on a chemistry scholarship, but managed to take as many course in Criminal Justice as her advisors would allow. Upon graduating, she returned home to take a position as an assistant crime lab technician

At first working as a finger print examiner, Stockley moved into chemical and substance analysis, determining the origin of materials found at various crime scenes. An incredibly effective multi-tasker, she is able to juggle five or six cases at a time and still manage to do an accurate job on each. She also acts as a back-up crime scene photographer. Aside from family, her work is basically her entire life, with her hobbies consisting entirely of photography and reading “Crime Lab Science” magazine. She annoyingly derides any comparisons between her job and that of TV and film crime lab techs.

DESCRIPTION: A very serious-looking, pale-faced woman with straight, dark black hair, piercing eyes, and glasses. Hardly known to smile out of shyness, her sternness is only visual, as she is quite soft-spoken and bookishly quiet. As she works in the chilled lab nearly 12 hours a day, she wears mostly flannel clothes and sneakers.



**MANUEL SANCHEZ,
PRISON GUARD,**
Age 32
STR: 16 CON: 16
SIZ: 17 DEX: 12
APP: 10 INT: 12
POW: 12 EDU: 12
SAN: 56 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons:

Taser (Contact): 60%, Damage = Stun
Pepper Spray: 60%, Damage = Stun 2D10 minutes
Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 1D3+db
Semi-auto 12g Shotgun: 50%, Damage = 4D6/2D6/1D6, 2 attacks
Police Baton: 50%, Damage = 1D6+db
9mm Pistol: 30%, Damage = 2D6+4
Kick: 40%, Damage + 1D6+db
Armor: 10 points in Full Riot gear. 6 points with Kevlar vest

Skills: Drive Low-Rider: 36%, Fast Talk: 40%,
First Aid: 35%, Law: 40%, Listen 50%,
Mechanical Repair: 30%, Persuade: 40%,
Psychology: 40%, Spot Hidden: 45%

Language: English: 65%, Spanish: 25%

Ever since laws were created, there has been a need for places to keep law-breakers. Once jails and prison were nothing more the dark dungeons for prisoners to waste away and die in, but in modern western societies, criminal incarceration means decent living conditions, freedom from brutality, and rehabilitation. However, due to the simple nature of prisons, this is not often the case.

As opposed to many of his peers, Manual Sanchez walked the straight and narrow as a teenager to avoid landing in jail. A former high school football player of average talent, he was unable to get into college, so he joined the army for 2 years as a Military Policeman. Liking the job, he tried wanted to get into the local police academy, but his lackluster high school grades kept him out. He ended up joining the local sheriff's department as an assistant jailer, where he got to meet up with some old neighborhood friends---on the other side of the bars. Dealing mostly with drug dealers, addicts, and small time crooks meant the duty was fairly uneventful.

After several years in at the county jail, Sanchez moved up the judicial chain to be a guard in the state prison system, and suddenly the working conditions worsened. Having to deal with some of the worst criminals around, Sanchez puts up with a lot of anger and awfulness thrown at him---literary in the form of constant insults and even human waste, Twice, he has been involved in near riots and barely escaped without serious injury.

When not at work, he spends his time at home with his wife Juanita and two sons, working on a his cherished '62 Dodge low-rider or watching sports at the local bar---trying to forget the workday.

DESCRIPTION: Big and bulky Hispanic male with a thick black moustache and dark tan complexion. The sides of his head are shaven with a close crop black military-style haircut onto top. A fifth generation Hispanic American, he has practically lost his accent.



MICHAEL "POPS" O'MAY, SECURITY GUARD, Age: 71
STR: 11 CON: 12
SIZ: 12 DEX: 11
APP: 12 INT: 11
POW: 10 EDU: 13
SAN: 42 HP: 12

Weapons: Nightstick:

50%, Damage = 1d6
Fist/Punch: 55%, Damage = 1d3
12g Shotgun: 40%, Damage = 4/2/1d6
.32 Revolver: 40%, Damage = 1d8
Kick: 35%, Damage = 1d6

Skills: Dodge: 22%, Drive Wagon: 35%,
Grapple: 45%, Hide: 30%, Law: 65%, Listen:
20%, Persuade: 60%, Psychology: 35, Sneak:
35%, Spot Hidden: 20%, Track: 30%.

Languages: English: 60%, Gaelic: 31%

When public police are not available for businesses or individuals, there is private security. Often employing those not experienced enough for the police force, those that are retired from the police, or even off-duty officers, private security groups generally lack the motivation to put their lives on the line.

Boring the last throes of the depression, Michael O'May always wanted to be a policeman. He lived for radio crime dramas, detective magazines, and film noir thrillers. After high school, where he was fairly good athlete, he immediately tried out for the local police academy, succeeding on his first attempt. Afterwards, he was proven to be a decent, honest cop for the next 35 years, performing his duties quite adequately in the role of the neighborhood patrolman.

For the most part, his career consisted mainly of breaking up fights, investigating burglaries, traffic stops, and crowd control. He only came under serious fire four times in his career, twice being involved in 1960s era riots. O'May has been part of numerous high speed chases, one that landed him in the hospital for 2 months. When he hit the mandatory retirement age, he stoically took his gold watch and pension, anticipating a quiet retirement

However, nowadays O'May is trying to supplement his stationary pension and social security by working as a security guard for both income and some sense of purpose. After getting roughed up by two teen age shoplifters at a big box discount store, he switch to the quieter and less hazardous duty of night watchman for office buildings, warehouses, and factories. After his wife passed away due to cancer, he now just whiles the late hours away anticipating his own death.

Keepers are welcome to employ Pops in any type of setting; from retail outlets and office buildings to warehouses and factories were Mythos mischief is bound to occur.

DESCRIPTION: O'May is an aged, wrinkled old man deep set, narrow weak eyes. His silver streaked dark hair combed to one side and his smile rarely shows his slightly yellowing teeth. Despite his age, he speaks clearly and louder then one might expect. He hasn't bought a new short-sleeve oxford shirt since he was 45 year old.



**MARK STEVENS,
STATE HIGHWAY
PATROLMAN,**

Age 31
STR: 16 CON: 14
SIZ: 15 DEX: 13
APP: 13 INT: 14
POW: 14 EDU: 16
SAN: 70 HP: 15
Damage Bonus:
+1D4

Weapons: S&W .38 Automatic: 65%, Damage = 1D10

Pepper Spray: 65%, Damage = Stun 2D10 minutes

12g Shotgun: 45%, Damage = 4/2/1D6

Police Baton: 45%, Damage = 1D6+1+db

Machine Gun: 45%, Damage = Varies

Armor: 8 Point Kevlar vest with 4pt Helmet

Skills: Climb: 45%, Drive Automobile: 55%,
Fast Talk: 25%, First Aid: 40%, Law: 80%,
Listen: 40%, Local History: 40%, Navigate State
Roads: 60%, Persuade: 50%, Psychology: 45%,
Radar Gun: 80%, Sneak: 30%, Spot Hidden:
55%

Language: English: 80%

Since the advent of the automobile, state law enforcement has been assigned to patrol the vast stretches of highways and freeways. Often alone with only a radio for communications with other officers, these law officers watch the road for speeders, reckless drivers, fleeing criminals, as well investigating traffic accidents. They also assist disabled motorists, so their presence is not always unwelcome.

Raised in the rural area of the state, Mark Stevens grew up in a black family which was initial afraid of the county and state police, what with their ranks being entirely white, and sometimes antagonistic towards all colored people. His parents were working class poor, but were devout church-goers who did everything to try and keep their six children out of trouble. Luckily,, the youngest Stevens member Mark did just that, avoiding drugs and the gangs that sold them.

Graduating early from high school, Stevens joined the Army, and spent 2 years in the light infantry as a Humvee driver and gunner in Korea, then transferred to the Military Police for another four years as a way to find a good career after leaving. Married to a Korean woman and with a small child, he came home and enrolled in the State Police academy.

Due to the nature of his job, Stevens often works alone patrolling the highway with only a radio dispatcher for company and security. Thus, he treats every single traffic stop as a potentially dangerous situation. Already, he has been shot at three times by criminals; two drug deliverers and one car thief. Luckily, the one shot that hit him was easily defeated by his Kevlar vest. Still, he proudly dons his uniform and takes to the road. The fact that he is often the first assistance to an accident victim provided far enough motivation.

DESCRIPTION: Stevens is a thick-set, yet athletic black male with nary a trace of hair on his head. His most pronounced facials features are a flat nose, small smile, and dark eyes. He speaks with a calm, yet very authoritative voice that takes control of most situations. When not

in uniform (including traditional “Smokey bear” hat), Stevens prefers very causal clothes



ROBERT GARRISON, POLICE BOMB SQUAD TECHNICIAN, Age 41
STR: 15 CON: 16
SIZ: 13 DEX: 15
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 20
SAN: 81 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 9mm Beretta: 35%, Damage = 1D10
Shotgun: 35%, Damage = 4/2/1D6
Armor: 20 points of body armor in bomb disposal suit, 8 in flak jacket with 4pt Helmet

Skills: Chemistry: 40%, Climb: 50%, Computer Use: 25%, Electrical Repair: 40%, Electronics: 46%, Explosives Disposal: 81%, History: 30%, Law: 50%, Library Use: 35%, Listen: 35%, Machining: 30%, Mechanical Repair: 55%, Persuade: 40%, Psychology: 30%, Robotics: 67%, Sneak: 30%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Throw: 35%
Language: English: 90%

Ever since explosives were developed, somebody had to deal them. Once the sole concern of military engineers, the use of explosives in criminal acts has made the Police Bomb Squad a dangerous but much needed profession in law enforcement.

A decorated Air Force bomb technician and veteran of numerous military campaigns, Robert Garrison retired after 15 years of defusing 500-2000lb bombs to join the local police department’s Explosive Disposal Team. While the big news event items such as abortion clinic bombings, school shootings, and acts of terrorism grab the headlines, Garrison usually deals with explosive chemicals found in drug labs, along with the occasional loose blasting cap or stick of dynamite found in criminal possession. More than a few times, a live war surplus hand grenade is found in someone’s home and needs proper elimination. Garrison is extremely cool under stress and sometimes spooks his fellow squad members with dark humor. Still, the danger to citizens, fellow officers, and himself is never out of his mind and he treats every case as if it were a nuclear warhead.

In the course of his military and civilian duties, he has built and used several remote controlled robots, and having made it his hobby, now competes in various “Robot Battle” competition—and usually wins in whatever weight class he enters. When off duty, he spends time in his backyard shop working on the next gladiator ‘bot.

Married for 20 years to his grocery store baker wife Mindy, Garrison has two children, a 16yr old wheelchair-bound Boy Scout son, a 10yr old Celtic dancer daughter, and is the father figure to two foster kids taken from two sets of convicted drug dealing parents.

DESCRIPTION: Somewhere between slender and burly, Garrison had thinning brown hair, a very bushy, non-military regulation bushy moustache and aviator style glasses. On duty, wears black military fatigues and a field cap. Off duty, he is most seen in jeans and t-shirt. He has a deep, jolly voice that belies his serious and competitive nature.



STEVE WATERSON, SWAT OFFICER,
Age 28
STR: 16 CON: 14
SIZ: 15 DEX: 16
APP: 12 INT: 13
POW: 11 EDU: 15
SAN: 50 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: HK MP5 Submachine gun: 65%, Damage = 1D10
Glok17 9mm Pistol 60%, Damage = 1D10
Fist/Punch: 55%, Damage = 1d3+db
Kick: 35%, Damage = 1D6+db
Armor: 8 Point Kevlar vest with 4pt Helmet

Skills: Climb: 55%, First Aid: 40%, Hide: 35%, History: 30%, Home Repair: 50%, Jump: 35%, Law: 50%, Listen: 40%, Martial Arts: 41%, Psychology: 35%, Sneak: 60%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Throw: 45%,

Language: English: 75%, Local Minority Language _____: 21%

Following the turbulent 1960s, the Los Angeles Police Department felt the need for a new unit capable of dealing with heavily armed criminals, particularly snipers; the Special Weapons and Tactics unit or SWAT team. Soon

every major city's police department was forming them, as by the 90s, even smaller towns county could boast of such a formation in the fight against crime.

A life-long local boy and high school athlete, Steve Waterson was never really interested in college, but wanted to do something exciting for a living. Graduating early from high school, he enlisted in Marine Corps for both the action and as well as doing his patriotic duty. After basic training, he volunteered for the extremely difficult Marine Corps Force Recon duty. It was tough training, but through both physical and mental strength, he succeeded. Waterson served four years in the Pacific area command continually training for, but never see any real action. After mustering out, he came home and joined the local police department as a patrol officer.

However, an upsurge in home-brewed meth and crack cocaine use encouraged the department to form a SWAT unit to deal with arresting the heavily armed and chemically-induced paranoid criminals inside, and Waterson was the first to sign up. Aside from drug labs, the SWAT team is often called out to deal with heavily armed and cornered suspects. So far, Waterson has been involved with 3 hostage situations, and has had to kill one drug-crazed suspect who was holding his pregnant girlfriend hostage and then opened up on approaching officers. He felt some guilt about his actions, and has been working with the departmental psychologist on dealing with it. Married with one son, he spends his off-hours working quietly rehabbing an old 1920s era bungalow in town.

DESCRIPTION: Tall and powerfully built, Waterson keeps himself fit and in fighting trim. His narrow, well-worn face is always serious looking, usually shows no sympathy and his dark eyes seem to bore into those he meets. Recently, he's let his close-cropped blond hair grow out on top. Still, in his black battle fatigues, he is an imposing sight and usually unrecognizable in civilian clothes

MEDIA

It is said that the new modern world economy is based on the exchange of information, and since the first storytellers, it has been the job of mass media to gather, analyze, and deliver most of that information to the

public. And that includes the information both required and gathered by Mythos Investigators.



TAMERA STOCKTON, CLUB DJ, Age 25

STR: 9 CON: 13
SIZ: 10 DEX: 15
APP: 15 INT: 15
POW: 13 EDU: 12
SAN: 60 HP: 12
Weapons: Pepper Spray:

75%, Damage = Stun, 2D10 Minutes

Skills: Computer Use: 26%, Dance: 50%, Drive Scooter: 45%, Electrical Repair: 25%, Fast Talk: 55%, History: 25%, Listen: 40%, Cell Phone Photography: 25%, Psychology: 41%, Sneak into Club: 50%. Spin Record: 80%

Language: English: 60%, Other Language _____: 26%,

For ages, live entertainment meant a musical group playing instruments to groups of young people wanting to dance. From Square Dances and neighbor how-downs to Big Band Swing and Rock and Roll, that's how people had a good time at night. But with the advent of digital recording, a new musical form called Techno developed where all only needed was some programmed beats, sound effects, and someone else's music spun on a turntable. That's progress.

Growing up in a strict religious home, Tamera Stockton was once a straight-lace, obedient young girl who believed modern pop music was horribly immoral and something to be avoided. Of course, young children like that often rebel against their family upbringing when teenagers, and Stockton was no exception. She however made the change while at a church youth camp when she discovered Christian techno music. After that, she began sneaking into underground record shops and then going out at night to forbidden rave parties.

While at these raves, Stockton got involved with club drugs such as Ecstasy, as well as several romantic relationships. One was with a young DJ who taught her the rudiments of creative beat-driven club music and Tamera instantly caught on. Soon, she was the one doing the mixing and spinning and developing a small following. She dropped out of college in her first year to go professional. Since she can barely

make a living at it, she often has to rely on the charity of friends and associates.

So now Stockton works the turntables in several dance clubs and private rave parties from 10pm to dawn, where she has witnessed a lot of crazy & strange events. Some might be too strange....

DESCRIPTION: A small and slight young woman with very long black hair and the latest fashionable glasses with a pixieish face. Due to her lack of money, her clothes are a combination of kitschy second hand and high fashion consignment fashions. She speaks in a squeaky whisper that is something barely audible.



HARRY STANCOMBE, DOCUMENTARY FILM MAKER,
Age: 26
STR: 13 CON: 14
SIZ: 15 DEX: 12
APP: 12 INT: 16
POW: 16 EDU: 18
SAN: 80 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Art (Storyboarding): 40%, Bargain: 40%, Camera/Gear Repair: 50%, Cinematography/Photography: 75%, Credit Rating: 30%, Digital Editing: 56%, Drive Auto: 30%, Fast Talk: 55%, History: 40%, Law: 15%, Library Use: 45%, Listen: 35%, Theatrical Make-Up: 30%, Persuade: 45%, Psychology: 50%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Language: English: 90%

Everyone has dreamt of a career as a big name movie star, but a select few often consider a dream career making movies. Armed with a camera, enthusiasm, and more often than not, loads of borrowed funds, Independent film makers try the hand at bring their ideas and stories to life on the silver screen.

Growing up, Harry Stancombe was more fascinated by cartoon comedies, science fiction film epics, and video games than documentary films. In high school, he took up the video camera to try and make his own filmed fantasy adventures, however being poorly shot, written, acted, and produced. Still, it was his first few tries, and he kept trying.

In college Stancombe decided on studying film to further his skills. However, he had a revelation when he attended an all day festival of independent documentaries ranging from corporate exposes' and the plight of the poor to historical events. Immediately, he switched gears from fantasy action to revealing social ills. His first attempt was a series of ambush interviews of local politicians and businessmen trying to ramrod a controversial redevelopment plan. In his next film, he interviewed aging World War 2 veterans of the Eighth Air Force, which he did get aired on the local Public Broadcasting station. His third film was a travelogue of a run-down, by-passed US Highway and the people who still lived and worked alongside it. Barely finishing the project due to lack of money, he entered and won a local film festival with it.

So now Harry Stancombe is preparing a new documentary film, hopefully, the one that will get him national attention. But he is stuck for the lack of a good subject and the financial for his planned 'hard-hitting expose' of a underhanded conspiracy..

DESCRIPTION: A beefy young male with a barrel chest, pudgy face, glasses, and a short, light brown haircut. He walks with a confidence unbecoming his slackeresque clothing style, and is very animated while filming or talking to potential backers. When selling his films, he talks fast and enthusiastically, but when interviewing subject, he goes to slow and methodic.



STUART HASTING, METRO BEAT REPORTER, age 40
STR: 12 CON: 11
SIZ: 13 DEX: 13
APP: 13 INT: 16
POW: 14 EDU: 17
SAN: 65 HP: 12
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Bargain: 35%, Drive Auto: 30%, Fast Talk: 50%, Library: Use: 55%, Listen: 45%, Local History: 70%, Martial Arts: 21%, Navigate City Streets: 60%, Persuade: 70%, Photography: 40%, Psychology: 45%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Language: English: 95%, Local Minority Language_____: 31%

While national news often grabs the front-page headlines, local news is often printed in its own section towards the back of the newspaper. Mundane, but locally important items such as city and county government activity, crimes, traffic accidents, and obituaries are the staples of the Metro Section of the paper.

Ever since the advent of the Watergate scandal in the 1970s—and perhaps the media persona of the investigative reporter, Stuart Hastings has also wanted to be a news reporter. He got his start on his grade school newsletter, where instead of weekly menus and teacher profiles, he wanted to print details of school bullies, vandalism, over-disciplined students, and the state of the lunch room kitchen. His eye and hear for uncovering the dirt of authority followed him through high school and college, where he infuriated school authorities, thrilled editors, and sparked---well, sparked a few interested readers.

After college, where he had won several state prizes for investigative journalism, Hastings began working his way up the newspaper media chain, starting at a small town daily and moving onto papers with larger and larger circulations. Along the way, he made numerous scandal-revealing reports—and naturally numerous enemies ranging from businessmen, local landlords, and politicians. Often accused of being part of the “liberal media”, Hastings considers himself more of a champion of the people then allied to any political affiliation.

So now, Hastings finds himself assigned to the Metro beat, exclusively covering local news. While there’s no opportunity for a Woodward & Burnstein-sized scoop, Hasting does find plenty of material, mundane and sometimes quite odd...

DESCRIPTION: Due to his constant running around, Hasting is a youngish looking middle aged man with a lean face and a slightly thin frame. Almost clad exclusively with casual slacks, a light blue oxford shirt, non-descript tie and a batter old fedora his grandfather gave him years ago. He switches his speech from a rapid-fire fast talk to a slow and methodic interviewing tone.



JACK WEBER,
LOCAL RADIO
CALL-IN HOST,
Age 57
STR: 13 CON: 11
SIZ: 13 DEX: 15
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 19
SAN: 80 HP: 12
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: 12G Shotgun,
Damage = 4/2/1D6

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Credit Rating 40%,
Electrical Repair: 30%, Fast Talk: 40%, Local
History: 70%, Law: 45%, Library Use: 60%,
Listen: 50%, Music Appreciation: 65%,
Persuade: 75%, Psychology: 70%

Language: English: 95%, Yiddish: 31%

Radio was once the most personable mass media; bringing news, sports drama, comedy, music, and even salvation to listeners everywhere. Today, it’s down to just mass programmed music on the FM band, and news on the AM band. And in small markets, the programming is often feed via satellite from a central office hundreds of miles away. Thankfully, some stations still have some independence.

Coming from a family that owned a moderate successful trucking company, Jack Weber was often more interested in music from classical to early rock & roll. But it was at college while pursuing a Business degree that Webber discovered a better outlet for his love of music--- the campus radio station. Having far more fun then even his fraternity could offer, Webber played all manner of music, did sardonic comedy bits, recited poetry, and even read the news. But after graduation, it was back to the Trucking business.

However, when Weber’s father died, he took his share of the inheritance and bought a struggling local AM radio station and turned it from a money-losing sports and news station into an eclectic music station that managed to eke out a sizable following as well as a small profit. Webber, broadcasting locally between Noon and 3pm, is not the typical Radio Talk Show host. Although a self-proclaimed Conservative, he is not as rabid or vicious as other big national radio hosts and is in fact, quite reasonable with callers of all political

persuasion. He is pro Business until it comes to the local economy, but when hearing of tearing down historic building or old trees, Weber is more of a Populist, focusing on local and State issues, all brought up with the occasional bit of music

Revealing the acts of Bad politicians and showcasing local problems are his forte, although anything out of the ordinary brought up by a listener could become a topic.

DESCRIPTION: A thin-faced middle-aged man with only a few streaks of gray in his short, black hair. Weber is a highly animated person, even when talking alone in the studio. He always wears a comfortable fitting suit, although sometimes with sneakers. His rich, unwavering, staccato voice is welcome relief from typical DJ patter.



JONATHON PARKINSON RHODES, SCIENCE FICTION WRITER,
 Age 35
 STR: 13 CON: 10
 SIZ: 15 DEX: 15
 APP: 13 INT: 17
 POW: 16 EDU: 17
 SAN: 80 HP: 12
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons Sword Cane: 30%, Damage = 1D6+db
 Cricket Bat: 25%, Damage = 1D8+db

Skills: Anthropology: 26%, Astronomy: 41%,
 Biology: 31%, Cartography: 31%, Chemistry:
 26%, Credit Rating: 20%, Geology: 26%,
 History: 45%, Library Use: 75%, Listen: 35%,
 Natural History: 35%, Occult: 30%, Persuade:
 50%, Physics: 41%, Psychology: 55%, Spot
 Hidden: 45%

Languages: Central/Eastern European
 Language _____: 31%, English: 90%

Science fiction is defined as speculative story-telling exploring the interaction of mankind with science and technology. There are many sub-genres of Science fiction ranging from pulpish space operas and galaxy-spanning political epics, to grim cyberpunk, time travel, and humanity's interaction with alien races. All the SF writer...and reader... needs is imagination.

Never the athletic type, Jonathon Parker sent his youth as a devourer of comic books, Saturday morning cartoons, and sci-fi and horror movies on late-night TV. As long as his grades were up, his parents simply treated it as a "childish phase". Rhodes then began writing fantasy fiction as a teenager; either typical "swords & sorcery" adventures or rollicking space operas, and managed to win the school paper's "Halloween Horror" contest four years in a row.

In college, Rhodes joined the campus SF club, contributed to its semesterly self-published fanzine. He attended a SF convention and met his two favorite authors, who unabashedly treated him as an equal and both inspired and encouraged him. He made his first short story sale in his junior year as a General Science major and decided to turn pro.

Of course, the first decade out of college was a difficult time for an unknown, struggling SF writer and Rhodes had to fall back on being a high school science teacher. When not in class, he would peruse stacks of magazines and books for possible subject matter and background information for his literary work. Persevering; he wrote more and more, continued to submit material to publishers, and finally got a deal. His first published novel "Flight into the Abyss" was on the bookshelves, getting a good deal of regional and national attention, and enough money to live off of. Nowadays, he is a local celebrity; abet sort of a local literary oddball.

DESCRIPTION: A quite stocky fellow with a large, rectangular head with short brown hair, Rhodes' piercing eyes and large moustache/goatee combinations sometimes give him a sinister look. While usually clad in pajamas and robe while writing at home, Rhodes often dresses in a Victorian fashion ala Vincent Price for fun. He speaks in a wide variety of tones, often with a maniacal laugh.



MICHELLE DALEY, TV NEWS REPORTER, Age: 33
 STR: 11 CON: 14
 SIZ: 12 DEX: 15
 APP: 17 INT: 15
 POW: 12 EDU: 15
 SAN: 60 HP: 13
 Weapons: Mace Spray:
 70%, Damage = 2d10
 Stun

Skills: Antiques: 51%, Bargain: 45%, Credit Rating: 35%, Drive Sporty Import: 35%, Fast Talk: 35%, History: 35%, Jump: 35%, Law: 25%, Library Use: 45%, Persuade: 75%, Photography: 45%, Psychology: 55%, Sneak: 25%, Spot Hidden: 35%
 Languages: Dutch: 21%, English: 85%, French: 31%.

Where once local TV stations were responsible for nearly 75% of programming, nowadays the only local production stations have are news broadcasts. Usually airing three times a day (noon, 6pm, & 11pm) they tend to focus on local crime and politics, along with weather forecasts and sports scores. Thus, the competition between local stations is amazingly fierce with millions of dollars in revenue hanging with every news story.

Started in print journalism at the tender age of 7, Michelle Daley wrote simple book reviews for her weekly elementary school paper. In middle school, her clear and concise voice led her to lead the morning in-house close circuit TV school news, and while editing the school paper. In high school, she went from gawky preteen to stunning beauty, but was considered too much of a “brain” by her peers. She was torn between theatrics where her voice and looks were showcases and the intense enjoyment of journalism.

Always an attractive female, Michelle Daley ironically found it a liability in her pursuit of a career in journalism, often being stuck with “fluff” pieces. On her third stint with a newspaper, she was covering a city council meeting when her challenging and well-spoken question caught the eye of a local TV news producer who set up an audition for her. She easily won over the other producers and the station owner and was immediate put to work with a camera crew covering everything from local politics and visiting dignitaries to compelling human interest and sensationalist crime stories.

Always on the lookout for a fast-breaking news story, Daley is constantly communicating with contacts in local government, law enforcement, and other public institutions, as well as checking up with the station’s “Viewer’s Hot Line” in which ordinary people call in with breaking news or demands for public action.

DESCRIPTION: A highly attractive woman with considerable intelligence in her soft hazel eyes, Daley’s large mane of hair is so lightly brown, it’s often mistaken for dyed blond. High cheekbones and small mouth give her a sculpted look. Nearly always clad in profession business clothes on the job, she often wears flowery prints in her spare time. And whether on air or not, she speaks with a precise, articulated voice.



RUPERT RIDGEWELL, TRAVEL WRITER,

Age: 34
 STR: 13 CON: 17
 SIZ: 13 DEX: 10
 APP: 15 INT: 15
 POW: 14 EDU: 15
 SAN: 70 HP: 15
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Archeology: 26%, Bargain: 65%, Climb: 50%, Computer Use: 26%, First Aid: 45%, History: 55%, Library Use: 70%, Natural History: 40%, Navigate: 25%, Persuade: 45%, Photography: 40%, Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden: 35%, Swim: 35%

Languages: English: 85%, Spanish: 31%.
 European Language _____: 26%,
 Asian Language _____: 16%,

It wasn't until the Romantic Movement that people traveled for enjoyment, but writers have been describing epic treks since antiquity. Perhaps it is the thrill of discovering of new places, learning helpful travel hints or the imagining oneself taking the trip, but travelogue writers have long enticed readers with tales of exotic and faraway locales.

Rupert Ridgewell started traveling with his wayward musician folks from birth, discovering the many fascinations of exotic locales. To him, home was a VW camper plying the highways with stops in college campuses, state parks, and private campgrounds. The family finally settled down when Ridgewell was in his teens, but Ridgewell himself just could not seem to stay in one place. He was a prolific hiker and bicycle rider and would extol his many life treks to friends. One of them persuaded Ridgewell to write up some of them for the school paper and soon his travel tales were the most highlighted articles.



While a journalism major in college, Ridgewell continued his many travels, either weekend jaunts into the woods or school break treks to exotic locales like Baja California, the Yukon, Central America, all over Europe, and to the less touristy spots in the Caribbean. All of his travels would end up in the pages of the school paper in both print and pictures, and in his junior year, he won a writing contest for a leading travel magazine. He then contributing more articles to other magazines, and by the time he graduated, he was full-time freelancer for three different magazines.

So now, Ridgewell spends his days either researching or traveling to some new and exotic locale, learning about local customs, sights, and interesting facts, as well as trying to provide helpful hints to perspective travelers. He is always open to acting as a local travel guide for groups.

DESCRIPTION: A well-tanned, dark blond haired fellow with piercing gray eyes, Ridgewell is slightly on the pudgy size, but still quite fit. He knows about 2 dozen friendly gestures from different world cultures, and is prone to use a few at one meeting. His flat, plain voice affords no distinctive accent in any of his four languages. He typical wears—and recommends-- the best clothing per environment.



**ZELDA WATSON,
WEB DESIGNER,**
Age 29
STR: 10 CON: 12
SIZ: 10 DEX: 15
APP: 15 INT: 16
POW: 11 EDU: 19
SAN: 55 HP: 11

Skills: Animation: 40%, Bargain: 30%, Computer Art: 50%, Computer Use: 66%, Credit Rating: 20%, Drive Scooter: 46%, Fast Talk: 40%, Library Use: 45%, Persuade: 30%, Photography: 50%, Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden Error in Code: 60% Language: English: 95%, HTML: 81%, Java Script: 76%,

Perhaps the biggest technological advance of the last decade of the 20th century was the explosive popularity of the Internet. Once the domain of government researchers, this new medium had enabled near instantaneous

two-way, international communication down to the individual level. And where once computer communication was nothing but raw data, it is now designed to be highly interactive, and that is the realm of the website designer

Zelda Watson, having grown up with computers all her life, is on the front line of Internet communications as a web sit designer and programmer. She started when she was just 4, playing with her older brothers' console model computer that was hooked up to a kit-built TV set. In elementary school, she was introduced to education game software, but in higher class levels where the boys moved onto video games and the girls gave up computers entirely, Watson continued to learn about programming and networking. In High school she was the sole female in the few programming classes offered.

In college, Watson tried to study computer science, but being one of the few women in her classes made her annoyed with sexist remarks and near continual requests for dates. She then switched to Photography as a major, but then discovered the miracle of digital photo manipulation. When the Internet boom took off in the mid 90s, Watson had all the tools and skills for the more visual usage of computer networks. She left college and immediately was hired by several start-up internet companies to create visually appealing...and user-friendly...web sites.

Even after the first "Dot.com Boom" went bust, Watson continued to find work programming and creating web art. She works out of her home, finding little reason aside from socializing to go out driving. She is always keen to help friends...even those she's only met on-line.

DESCRIPTION: A small, slightly chubby, & mousy looking, yet adorable young woman with shoulder length red hair. Her round glasses take up most of her small face, which is also defined by her high cheek bones and small mouth. She rarely wears anything showy or elegant, preferring t-shirts and sweatshirts. Her voice has given her the nickname "Squeaky".

MEDICAL

Investigating and combating the forces of the Mythos is a very dangerous game, and sooner or later, Investigators will require some sort of medial treatment. This can come in the guise of both physical and mental attention, as well as much needed technical information for an investigation.



MICHAL YAMBAMBOU, CHIROPRACTER,
age 30
STR: 15 CON: 14
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 12 INT: 14
POW: 12 EDU: 19
SAN: 60 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting: 30%, Bargain: 40%, Biology: 51%, Chiropractic Medicine: 85%, Credit Rating: 30%, First Aid: 60%, History: 30%, Latin: 36%, Library Use: 50%, Persuade: 45%, Psychology: 45%, Spot Hidden: 40%,

Languages: English: 70%, Central African Language: 96%, Other African Language _____: 41%.

For years, the practice of Chiropractic Medicine has been so distained and put down by the normal medical establishment for its claims of miracle cures, that it is sometimes treated as a pseudo-science or quackery. But somehow, the manipulation of bones and joints has attracted a wide acceptance by patients that the insurance industry now accepts it as a proper treatment.

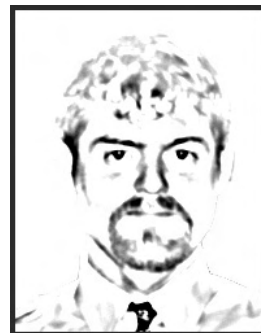
Raised in a mid-sized African city by hard-working, lower middle class parents, Michal Yambambou always wanted to help other less fortunate than he and that meant medicine. However, after being turned down by French and American medical schools, he found that there was a quality substitute--- a College of Chiropractic medicine in America that actually partially paid him to come to school and play sports. Studious and determined, he succeeded quite well and in six years had a medical degree--sort of.

After leaving school, he and three other chiropractors opened a local clinic together. However, his partners were unable to keep ahead of their school loan payments and were

forced out after five years. Yambambou, being thrifter and far less indebted, was able to go it alone and soon became financially secure. At the moment, he is torn between returning home to practice or continue to build his financial future here in the land of the medical insurance payment.

While never claiming to be a cure-all, the quietly friendly immigrant doctor Yambambou can ease many bodily injuries with his medical skills. Investigators with back and joint problems who seek out his services can gain 1D3 HP per session and at more reasonable rates than most "normal" medical practitioners and with few incriminating questions, either.

DESCRIPTION: Yambambou is a tall and lanky African-born male with a very dark complexion, medium-sized lips, and larger than normal eyes. He wears his hair short but not shaven and has a slight goatee. He dresses quite conservatively and wears his medical coat as often as possible to show that his is a medical practitioner. His French accent is so pronounced that he speaks English rather slowly to avoid confusing patients



CHARLIE FERRARI, PARAMEDIC, Age 36
STR: 14 CON: 15
SIZ: 13 DEX: 18
APP: 14 INT: 14
POW: 12 EDU: 17
SAN: 51 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 55%, Damage = 1d3+db

S&W 9mm: 50%, Damage = 1d10
Baseball bat: 35%, Damage = 1d8+db
Skills: Dodge: 40%, Drive Ambulance: 70%, Fast Talk: 35%, First Aid: 75%, Law: 25%, Mechanical Repair: 40%, Medicine: 50%, Navigate City Streets: 55%, Pilot Speedboat: 50%, Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Swim: 35%, Throw: 45%.

Language: English: 85%, Italian: 21%

From 19th century European battlefields, the ambulance driver has had one mission, get the victim to proper medical attention as soon as possible. Later, the job of transporting patients to a hospital was merged with the battlefield medic and thus the job of paramedic was born. Now the



race to medical care has been joined by the race to provide proper emergency care at the scene and enroute.

If there was ever a Paramedic with the perfect name, it was Charlie Ferrari. It seems as if he was born for speed. As a youth, he raced bikes and soapbox cars, rode fast motorcycles, and was a certifiable automobile nut. He dreamt of becoming a professional racer, but had little chance of doing so. Coming from a large family of eight, he joined the Army and became a medic, learning all manner of first aid and emergency medical care. After an uneventful four years, he got out and headed straight home to get a job where he could drive fast—as a paramedic.

Not only is Ferrari a fast driver, he's quite agile at navigating the streets of town and avoiding serious accidents, all the while whooping it up from behind the steering wheel as if he was busting a bronco. However, once at the scene of an accident, the bravado goes away and is replaced by cool professionalism as he and his partner try to save the life he was dispatched for and get them to the nearest emergency room. In his ten years on the job, he has seen quite a lot of accidents and medical emergencies, both gory messes and just plain weird ones that he regales in retelling to anyone. When not racing at breakneck speeds through the area, he can be found nursing his pride & joy, a 25ft, high-performance speed-boat he recently bought

DESCRIPTION: A youngish male of medium build with a goatee and short, moussed dark hair and a toothy grin. While driving during the day, he always dons a pair of mirrored sunglasses, and a pair of amber driving glasses at night. His uniform always seems to have smudges of car grease and dirt on them. He proudly uses an Italian neighborhood dialect, culled from generations of his family.



CLAUDETTE WILLIAMS, PHARMACIST,
Age: 34
STR: 13 CON: 16
SIZ: 14 DEX: 10
APP: 12 INT: 16
POW: 14 EDU: 20
SAN: 67 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting: 30%, Bargain: 35%,
Biology: 46%, Chemistry: 56%, Credit Rating:

40%, Drive Auto: 30%, First Aid: 40%, Library Use: 50%, Listen: 45%, Local History: 40%, Mechanical Repair: 30%, Persuade: 40%, Pharmacy: 86%, Psychology: 40%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Languages: English: 85%, Latin: 41%, Spanish: 50%

From the time early man realized that certain plants provided a health benefit, pharmaceuticals have been integral parts of medicine. Today, most drugs are research, formulated, and made by large, multi-billion dollar corporations, but still distributed by various small drug stores and hospital pharmacies.

Born to a white Navy father and Puerto Rican mother, Claudette Williams grew up in an ethnic mixed home, but always felt like an outsider to either culture. Still, she did well in school, being a bright and overly friendly student. With an aptitude for math and science, namely chemistry, her guidance counselor suggested chemical engineering as a wide open field for a minority woman.

However, by the time of her junior year, Williams felt that she would prefer helping people rather than working in a cold and staid lab, particularly one in the petrochemical field. She then switched to a biochemistry emphasis and after completing her undergraduate degree in chemistry, she was easily accepted into pharmacy school, which was sadly filled with a lot of med school drop-outs.

Surpassing her peers, Williams graduated and began a career with a nation-wide retail pharmacy chain, but after 2 years of that became a medical technician for a FEMA disaster relief team, heading to devastated sites to help with emergency medical care, in her case, handing out various types of medicines. After the umpteenth hurricane, she took a sabbatical from the emergency work and took a position in a hospital pharmacy, where she oversaw narcotic painkillers and various anesthetics. After two years away from the action, she accepted a part-time and entirely local FEMA medical position, prepared for whatever disaster might hit nearby.

Keepers can have Williams currently work in either a retail or hospital pharmacy. A chain retail facility would have access to electronic patient data bases, and a hospital

setting would have access to in-house records and access to medical gear.

DESCRIPTION: A tall woman with a slightly dark complexion and long black hair, Williams downplays her partial Hispanic heritage. Her broad, brilliant smile and friendly green eyes presents an instant image of compassion to her customers, while her soothing voice produces a calming effect. While at work, she wears an immaculate lab coat over her fashionable clothes.



DR. CAROLINE JARVIS, PSYCHIATRIST,
Age 38
STR: 10 CON: 11
SIZ: 10 DEX: 15
APP: 13 INT: 17
POW: 16 EDU: 23
SAN: 80 HP: 11

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Biology: 31%, Credit Rating: 45%, History: 35%, Hypnosis: 50%, Law: 30%, Library: 65%, Listen: 60%, Medicine: 51%, Occult: 35%, Persuade: 65%, Pharmacy: 51%, Psychoanalysis: 81%, Psychology: 85%.

Languages: English: 105%, Latin: 31%

For ages, physicians attempted to heal the body, but it was not until the late 19th century when Freud and others decided that healing the mind was equally important. In today's highly stressful society and lifestyles, psychological treatment is ranges from simply counseling sessions and in-depth psychoanalysis to chemical and surgical therapies.

Up until the age of 13, Caroline Jarvis seemed like any parent's dream child. Polite, smart, and sweet, she deemed an angel by all who met her. That abruptly changed when she hit her rebellious years, evolving from sullen teen to full-blown "Goth Girl", espousing the world of darkness, death, and eroticism found in post-punk music, horror films, modern vampire novels, and other dark romantic imagery. Naturally, her parents were shocked and her mundane peers repulsed, but she became part of a small, tight-knit subculture.

At first, Jarvis wanted to be yet another writer of vampire novels, but in college she became more interested in the deeper aspects of

psychology. In her senior year, she decided to try the medical route, and having wealthy parents (the same ones she rebelled against) got into medical school. There, she gave up the fashion trappings of the goth subculture and instead focused on her future career. After six years of study, clinical research, and internships at mental institutions and drug rehab centers, she became a Psychiatrist, focusing on troubled youth and mental trauma. After a decade of working in institutional settings, she joined a small private psychiatric practice, but still works cases for the local mental hospital.

Somewhat of an amateur expert on vampire legends, Jarvis still likes sublime dark wave music, but has given up the gothic club scene—mainly because she needs to be at work by 8am. She does feel that her once fascination with the darker side of life puts her closer in touch with her more dark-minded patients.

DESCRIPTION: A slight and tallish woman at 5'11, Jarvis is slightly pale with shoulder-length soft brown hair that bears no resemble to the goth style of her youth. Her face is filled by her overly large rectangular glasses, which she often wears low on her nose. Her low and calming voice is almost hypnotic in itself, enabling her to get more of her patients. She wears professional-looking business clothes, but perhaps she has more cutting edge fashions in her closet.



BOBBY BECKETT, RADIOLOGIST,
Age: 38
STR: 14 CON: 12
SIZ: 14 DEX: 11
APP: 13 INT: 13
POW: 10 EDU: 15
SAN: 50 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Semi-automatic 12g Shotgun: 35%,
Damage = 4D6/2D6/1D6, 2 shots/rd

Skills: Anatomy: 36%, Boating: 55%, Fast Talk: 40%, First Aid: 50%, Natural History: 25%, Operate X-Ray Machine/MRI: 80%, Persuade: 25%, Pharmacy: 26%, Photography: 30%, Physics: 21%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 55%, Swim: 50%, Water Ski: 50%
Languages: English: 75%, Latin: 11%

One of the most difficult aspects of medicine was determining what was going on inside of a patient. When X-Rays were



discovered, the first means to see inside the human body was also found. Whether a patient has broken a bone or swallowed something radiologists provide doctors with precise internal pictures.

Once a high school party boy from a working class home, Bobby Beckett only thought of the immediate future, which consisted mainly of fast cars and fast girls. His grades were average and his athletic skills average, so he would figure to get a factory job like his old man. But when a series of city-wide manufacturing layoffs hit, with his father being a casualty, Beckett needed to think fast.

Noticing that hospitals rarely laid off employees, Beckett decided to try medical tech school. Saving up for three year while working in fast food, he somehow managed to get in and studied hard for once in his life. Being unable to stand the sight of flowing blood, he switched to the relatively clean area of radiology. Operating the X-ray machines was sort of like working on cars, he figured, and being able to lift injured patients onto the table helped, too. He graduated and was soon working at all hours in various hospitals.

Even with the stable career with a good salary, Beckett has continued fast living past high school. He has been married to two nurses and now to a female paramedic, and has a child with each. He owns a powerboat that he takes to the lake nearly every warm weekend for water skiing, either with his current family, other children, or old buddies.

DESCRIPTION: As skinny as he was in high school, Beckett looks amazing young for his years, particularly with his goofy grin and the cartoon character-print scrubs he wears at work. His thick curly back hair is matched by his dark, wide moustache. His comically higher-pitched voice lessens the tension with anxious patients.



**VICKY VICKERSON,
REGISTERED
NURSE, Age 49**
STR: 14 CON: 16
SIZ: 15 DEX: 11
APP: 13 INT: 14
POW: 14 EDU: 17
SAN: 65 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: TASER: 35%, Damage = 2D8 Stun

Skills: Biology: 56%, Credit Rating: 20%, Flirt: 55%, First Aid: 70%, History: 30%, Law: 15%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 40%, Medicine: 85%, Persuade: 60%, Pharmacy: 51%, Psychology: 55%, Spot Hidden: 45%

Languages: English: 85%, Latin: 26%, Local Minority Language _____: 21%

Next to the medical doctor, the nurse has been historically the next most important medical professional in history. From highly skilled surgical assistants to retirement home caregivers, nurses all have specialized medical skills for direct care to patients. Thusly, they have the quality many doctors lack in, simple human compassion.

Raised a “good girl” by her church-going, widowed mother, Vicky Vickerson was taught at early age to avoid the temptations of society and fast-living, but life in the ghetto provided too little incentive, too little opportunity, and too many of those temptations. Seduced by an older man who promised her the world, but who left almost immediately, Vickerson became a single mother at age 16. Her mother took care of the child while Vickerson tried to finish school, but hanging out with fast-talking boys only landed her with two more children by the time she was 21.

Sadly trapped in the public welfare system with no job and three children, things seemed hopeless for the young woman. But when Vickerson was 25, she managed to get in on a government work program assisting in a nursing home. The pay was minimal, but with her mother babysitting, Vickerson performed quite admirably. She like having a career helping others, and then went to Licensed Nurse practitioner classes. She went for a nursing college degree when she was 35, proudly graduating seven years later.

Vickerson started working works typical hospital recovery room duties, but often switches with Emergency room nurses for extra pay. She is quite worried about her 2 now-grown daughters and teenage son, hoping her example of pulling oneself up from poverty will keep them from falling into trouble. But no matter the situation, nurse Vickerson is always a kind, concerned, and dedicate healthcare provider.

DESCRIPTION: A youngish-looking middle-aged black woman with a cocoa-colored smooth

complexion, with a smallish nose & lips. Her glossy black hair is worn in a short bob down to her neck, and she wears very large, gold earrings of every description. When not clad in medical scrubs at, she dresses in professional looking pantsuits or leisurely house wear.



DR. HENRY WOODSON, SURGEON, Age 61
STR: 13 CON: 12
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 14 INT: 17
POW: 16 EDU: 23
SAN: 75 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Scalpel: 85%, Damage 1D2+db

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Anthropology: 26%, Bargain: 30%, Biology: 56%, Computer Use: 45%, Drive Luxury Automobile: 30%, First Aid: 75%, Law: 25%, Library Use: 65%, Medical History: 60%, Medicine (Surgery): 90%, Persuade: 55%, Pharmacy: 41%, Psychology: 55%, Spot Hidden: 65%

Language: English: 115%, Latin: 46%, Other Language _____: 26%

Perhaps considered the highest skilled of doctors, the surgeon takes what would normally be a death-dealing tactic of slicing open flesh, and instead performs life-restoring medical expertise. While most specialize in various parts of the human body, all are considered the top echelon of the medical world.

The youngest son in a hard-working farm family, Henry Woodson is the American success story. Wanting to become a big-city doctor, he studied hard, worked part-time jobs, and managed to get a small academic scholarship to a state college. From there, Woodson studied even harder and worked every other waking hour in order to pay his expenses that his parents could not afford. He went straight from a Pre-med program into medical school at the University of Chicago where his typical pattern of long and hard hours of study paid off with a Medical degree

Woodson then started his hospital career in the emergency room, dealing with everything from household accidents to extreme trauma cases. Following his residency, he went in for a volunteer stint in the Army, but missed having to deal with combat injuries. After four years in

the military, he returned to the Emergency room for another four years but then joined a general surgical practice, dealing with various forms of internal medicine. With skills honed by the pressure of the ER and broadened by general practice, Woodson developed a reputation for quality and life-saving work. He stayed with his partners for a decade before opening a practice of his own, building up a clientele of the area's most prominent citizens.

Currently, Doctor Woodson finds removing gallbladders and tonsils quite profitable, but he yearns for the excitement of dealing with severe trauma cases and with his children grown, is considering trading one or two days in the office for the local Trauma center

DESCRIPTION: Somewhat stout with age, Woodson has an aura of compassion and concern. His slightly tanned, and non-wrinkled face is offset by his balding, white hair. A deep, near monotone voice comes from his thin-lipped mouth. When not in his operating room garb, he has an extremely conservative dress style and is rarely ever seen in leisure wear.



JANICE BAKER, VETERINARIAN,
Age: 38
STR: 13 CON: 15
SIZ: 13 DEX: 15
APP: 14 INT: 16
POW: 15 EDU: 21
SAN: 75 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: .38 Revolver:

35%, Damage= 1d10

Skills: Art (Guitar): 35%, Biology: 61%, Chemistry: 31%, Credit Rating: 35%, First Aid: 70%, Library Use: 45%, Listen: 35%, Persuade: 30%, Pharmacy: 46%, Psychology: 45%, Ride Horse: 55%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Veterinary Medicine: 80%, Zoology: 51%

Languages: English: 105%, Latin: 36%, European Language _____: 21%,

Ever since the first animals were domesticated, mankind had to figure out how to provide medical care for them. Made more difficult by the fact animals are unable to communicate their ills and have widely varying anatomies, Veterinarians need to be more well



trained then most doctors. While urban vets normally care for house pets, the rural practitioners are often the most important person in the area.

Growing up on a California horse ranch as the daughter of one of the hired hands, Janice Baker always loved animals, and not just horses. She had a regular zoo of domesticated and tamed wild animals from chickens and ducks to raccoons and a fox. In school, she did fairly well, despite her low economic level. As a teenager, she satisfied her love of animals and need for money by working in the local vet clinic, first as a receptionist, then as an assistant.

After high school, she immediately married a rodeo cowboy, and hit the road with him as a horse handler, working at innumerable rodeos and parades. But after a very up and down marriage filled with drunkenness, abuse, and philandering, he ran off with another woman and never came back. Deciding she needed to change in her life, the 26 year old Baker went back to the vet clinic, began working her way through college, and eventually managed to get accepted to the state's Veterinary School.

After three years of hard work and self-sacrifice, Baker graduated with an emphasis in a large animal medicine, although she does know a lot about ordinary household animals. Hired by an elderly local veterinarian, she spent many days out on farms and ranches dealing with sick and injured livestock as well as ailing pets. So far, she hasn't run into anything out of the ordinary, but one never knows.

DESCRIPTION: Thin and somewhat short, but still athletic, Baker comes across as the typical country girl with short, curly dirty blond hair and tanned skin. Her high cheekbones and small, but bright smile present a friendly face, although she is somewhat self-conscious about her large nose. Her "uniform" generally consists of flannel shirts, jeans, and hip waders.

OUTDOORS

While more of modern life seems more urbanized, the wild areas of the world still exist and still hold secrets. And as ordinary people become more urbanized, they increasingly need the assistance of those skilled in the ways of wilderness when venturing into the Outdoors. And those who regularly frequent the less beaten paths of outdoor areas thus become more apt to cross paths with elements of the Mythos.



GRETCHEN GOODSON, BIRDWATCHER,

Age 53
STR: 12 CON: 16
SIZ: 12 DEX: 12
APP: 12 INT: 16
POW: 14 EDU: 17
SAN: 70 HP: 14

Skills: Accounting: 60%, Bargain: 40%,
Cookery: 36%, Credit Rating: 40%, Library
Use: 40%, Listen: 55%, Natural History: 55%,
Ornithology: 66%, Persuade: 40%, Photography:
40%, Psychology: 40%, Sneak: 45%, Spot
Hidden: 60%, Track: 35%

Languages: English: 85%, European
Language _____: 26%

Humans have long enjoyed watching and listening to birds for their beautiful plumage and pleasant songs. By the 20th Century, bird watching had grown into one of the most popular hobbies in the world, with enthusiasts spending their free time with binoculars, cameras, recorders, and guidebooks seeking out both favorite and rarely witnessed birds.

Alaskan-born, Gretchen Goodson grew up in the isolated slender of the sub-arctic wilderness. Going to school in one of the last remaining one-room schoolhouses in America, she spent a good deal of her free time simply watching the multitudes of wild animals that her family shared the area with. Goodson later took a university office job in Anchorage, where four years later she met and married an Air Force Fighter pilot.

The young Mrs. Goodson took her enjoyment of birdwatching with her, started clubs where ever her husband was transferred to. After a decade and a half of moving from one air base to another, her husband retired from the military and was hired by a leading airlines and Goodson was finally able to settle down. Her lifelong hobby, however, continued to grow, and was particularly helpful during those long stretches when her husband was off flying. Goodson would pack up her two children and head to state parks, zoos, and wildlife refuges to pass along her love of observing and photographing nature.

With the children now grown up and off on their own, Goodson spends nearly every weekend in the outdoors looking for birds,

counting endangered birds, or leading amateur birding expeditions. Goodson also teaches classes at the local community college in making one's residence more habitable to birds and other animals.

DESCRIPTION: With an average build, Goodson is slightly chubby cheeked, with thin lips, but an animated and shiny smile. She has blondish brown hair streaked with gray that is tied back in a long pony tail. She wears her round reading glasses low on her nose, showing her narrow green eyes. Her clothing tastes usually run from one outdoor fashion catalog to another, no matter in or out of doors.



**MIKE UPTON,
FISHERMAN,** Age 35
STR: 16 CON: 16
SIZ: 15 DEX: 12
APP: 10 INT: 12
POW: 09 EDU: 14
SAN: 45 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Marlin Spike: 55%, Damage = 1D8+db

Signal Pistol: 30%, Damage = 1D10+3+burn

Knife: 30%, Damage = 1D4+2+db

Skills: Accounting: 35%, Bargain: 45%, First Aid: 35%, Jump: 45%, Marine Biology: 26%, Mechanical Repair: 50%, Natural History: 40%, Navigate: 55%, Operate Heavy Machinery (Winch): 51%, Pilot Fishing Boat: 76%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Swim: 60%
Language: English: 70%

From the time humans discovered that bodies of water held large numbers of edible creatures, fishermen have labored to make a living from the harvesting of fish and mollusks. Casting nets or lure-tipped lines, the work is laborious, dirty, smelly, and a gamble to boot. Yet for millions of people world-wide, the sea provides a never-ended siren call of survival.

Mike Upton's father was a fisherman, as was his grandfather and great grandfather, so it was pretty inevitable that he would go into the rough profession of fishing. His only training in school was to toughen his body against the long hours of exposure, as well as practical math for navigating and keeping the accounting books in order. Working summers aboard the family boat, the "Donna Kaye" at the young age of 14, he

was an engine mate, a deck hand, cook, radioman, and loader. The work was hard and miserable, but Upton felt the family pride as they'd head back into port with a full catch ready for sale.

With only baseball as a distraction, Upton went straight from high school to working on the "Donna Kaye" with his father, learning the secrets of hunting down profitable spots and getting in port before foul weather. Sadly, when the younger Upton was just 25, his father had a stroke and was unable to go to sea anymore. Thus Mike Upton became the head of the family business, and responsible for their financial survival.

Now struggling against rising costs, lessened catches, and overseas competition, Upton doesn't think his two own sons should go into the trade as there doesn't seem much future in it. Until the time for retiring comes, Upton is willing to do most of anything legal to bring in some money with the "Donna Kaye", including hiring out to academic researchers and sport fishermen.

DESCRIPTION: His face and featured weathered prematurely by the elements, Upton is a husky man of 6 feet with a full beard, short brown hair and thick neck. He has a bear of a grip and equally imposing stare when upset, but tries to keep his calm under harsh situations. Almost always wearing flannel shirts and heavy work overalls, with well-used storm gear at hand. He has a gruff, yet personable voice....when not giving orders to the crew.



**NELSON WARNER,
FOREST RANGER,**
Age 31
STR: 15 CON: 17
SIZ: 15 DEX: 12
APP: 14 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 17
SAN: 80 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Glock 9mm
Pistol: 55%, Damage = 1D10
Wood Axe: 30%, Damage = 1D8+2+db

Skills: Biology: 61%, Climb: 50%, Drive 4x4: 40%, Drive Snowmobile/ATV: 41%, First Aid: 45%, Park History: 50%, Jump: 40%, Law: 40%, Library Use: 35%, Listen: 40%, Natural History: 50%, Navigate: 40%, Persuade: 50%,



Ride Horse: 50%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Swim: 40%, Wilderness Survival: 41%

Language: English: 85%

When the United States created the first national parks, cavalry troops were used to protect the natural wonders and wildlife, with visitor needs being an afterthought. Now National & State parks and forest preserves are run by Rangers, whose mission is provide a safe and rewarding experience for the visitor. But while once biology and history majors provided the bulk of new Rangers, Law Enforcement is the newest desired skill.

A former Air Force security guard and life-long outdoorsman, Nelson Warner became a park ranger almost by accident. After spending four years guarding nuclear missiles in Montana and spending every available off-duty moment camping, hiking, and fishing, he became a member of a county search and rescue team under the control of the \Sheriff's department. During a week-long search for a group of missing hikers in a nearby National Park, Warner got to meet the park rangers and was intrigued by their need for ranger candidates with law enforcement experience.

After applying through the Department of the Interior (or State Department of Natural Resources if a State Park Ranger), Warner managed to parlay both his outdoor experience and law enforcement background into a career as a forest ranger. He deals with hunters, hikers, fishermen, and regular park visitors more as a law enforcement officer than the stereotypical interpretative ranger, often having to deal with "big city crime" such as drug and alcohol violations, theft, assaults, and traffic problems, but he still enjoys it nonetheless.

Recently, Warner has started teaching outdoor skills and techniques to park visitors interested in backcountry experiences. He also leads the park's search and Rescue team and has been called out on numerous searches...sadly, often not with a happy ending.

DESCRIPTION: A handsomely rugged man with a bushy brown moustache, hazel eyes, and despite his age, slightly salt & pepper hair. He is most likely seen in his uniform. With his friendly grin, and a hearty friendly voice, not presenting too imposing a figure at first meeting, but can turn incredible serious in an emergency situation.



CHUCK WITTON,
GAME WARDEN,

Age 34

STR: 16 CON: 17

SIZ: 14 DEX: 12

APP: 12 INT: 15

POW: 10 EDU: 18

SAN: 50 HP: 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .444 Marlin Rifle: 45%, Damage = 1D8+1D6+4

Pepper Spray: 60%, Damage = 2D10 Stun

Wood Axe: 25%, 1D8+2+db

Skills: Biology: 71%, Climb: 60%, Conceal: 45%, First Aid: 50%, Jump: 40%, Law: 50%, Listen: 45%, Natural History: 65%, Navigate: 50%, Persuade: 40%, Pilot Boat: 46%, Pilot Canoe: 56%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Swim: 35%, Track: 50%

Language: English: 80%,

From the days of royal hunting grounds to government-managed forests, the job of protecting and maintaining these lands and animals has gone to wily men of stout heart and skill in the wilderness. However, today the job of merely protecting game from poachers has evolved into one balancing hunting and biology.

A denizen of the woods ever since a toddler, Chuck Wittson always loved nature. He was more at home in the wild than he was at home, and while introduced to hunting at the age of eight, he still respected the wildlife he encountered. In high school, he decided to combine his two loves and began a course of study to become a Game Warden.

As a dedicated public custodian of state wildlife, Wittson now manages the local fish stocks, studies and counts the local game bird populations, teaches as a hunting safety instructor, and still manages to be an investigator of poaching or illegal animal importation. But while seemingly overworked, he gets a kick out of being able to work outdoors out of a 4x4 truck. His works brings him in contact with all sides of the outdoor society, hunters, campers, environmentalists, scientists and government officials. Thus, he tries to keep a steady balance between the many factions.

While out in the field, he has often had to act as first responder to hunting accidents, and thus is constantly lecturing any and all outdoor



goers he finds on the fine rules of safe hunting, hiking, and camping. He is however, wary of unscrupulous characters out in his woods, whether they are poachers, marijuana growers, or just plain dangerous. Depending on how one acts in the woods will determine how Warden Wittson will treat a person.

DESCRIPTION: A rugged, physically fit man with short brown hair under his Ranger hat and with a bushy moustache. He is outwardly friendly, but wary of unknown persons. He carries three sets of his uniform as to present an authoritative figure, which aided by his deep drawing voice.



**TOM
CARTWRIGHT,
ELECTRONIC
TECH/ LOCAL BOY
SCOUT LEADER,**
Age 52
STR: 14 CON: 16
SIZ: 13 DEX: 12
APP: 12 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 19
SAN: 80 HP: 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 12g Shotgun: 35%, Damage = 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Art (Singing): 30%, Climb: 50%, Computer Use: 26%, Electronics: 76%, First Aid: 55%, History: 35%, Library Use: 35%, Natural History: 40%, Navigate: 40%, Outdoor Cookery: 41%, Persuade: 50%, Photography: 25%, Pilot Canoe: 41%, Psychology: 45%, Ride: 25%, Scout Law: 100%, Sneak: 30%, Spot Hidden: 35%, Swim: 35%

Language: English: 85%

Since 1907, countless men and women have taken it upon themselves to provide good moral leadership and character development in the world Scouting program. From a myriad of careers, people step forward to lead boys and girls in outdoor experiences, for nothing but personal satisfaction as a reward.

A former Navy electronics mate who now works for a local defense contractor making missile guidance systems, Tom Cartwright was always an outdoor enthusiast, enjoying camping, hiking, and rafting. Being a Scout from age 8 to 19 provided ample opportunities, and he did

manage to achieve the highest rank possible of Eagle Scout. After working a year in construction following high school, he joined the Navy and stayed in for ten years, serving mainly in shore-based Naval Air bases maintaining missiles and radar jamming gear.

When his three sons were old enough to walk, he and his wife Katie took them numerous outdoor trips. And naturally when they were old enough to join the Cub Scout program, it basically became the family social outlet at the three bases he served at. From Cub Pack Chairmen to Webelos Leader to Scout Troop committee member, Cartwright eventually became an Assistant Scoutmaster in charge of Camping for his sons' Troop. He was practically more proud of that than retiring as a Chief Petty Officer.

Considered the neighborhood outdoor expert, Cartwright has hiked in the Rockies, canoed in Canada, and sailed in the Florida Keys, using up much of his company vacation time for such trips as well as weekend campouts in state parks and National Forests. A friendly, outgoing fellow, he is eager to help anyone in need in the woods or on the trail.

DESCRIPTION: Aside from his age which shows in his gray streaked short hair and well-worn and faintly paunchy face, Cartwright he is in good physical shape, particularly his muscularly trim legs. He is usually seen in either polo shirts and khakis or tee-shirts and hiking shorts. His normally friendly voice can get quite loud when needed.



**DARREN HAWKINS,
OUTDOOR GUIDE,**
Age 45
STR: 16 CON: 18
SIZ: 15 DEX: 14
APP: 11 INT: 13
POW: 14 EDU: 18
SAN: 70 HP: 17
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .30.06 Rifle: 50%, Damage = 2D6+4
Bowie Knife: 45%, Damage = 1D4+db
Wood Axe: 35%, Damage = 1D8+2+db

Skills: Climb: 55%, Conceal: 40%, Cooking: 50%, First Aid: 50%, Fish: 75%, Listen: 45%, Natural History: 45%, Navigate: 50%, Outdoor Survival: 71%, Persuade: 30%, Pilot Canoe:

71%, Ride Horse: 51%, Sneak: 35%, Swim: 40%, Track: 45%, Trap Animals: 40%.

Languages: English: 80%

Before trekking through unfamiliar lands, prudent travelers often hire a local who is familiar with the area to happily show them the way. As for wilderness places, a guide who experienced in traversing and surviving in such areas is vital for both the success-and survival-of their charges.

Born and raised on the edge of the wilderness, Darren Hawkins lived quietly with his parents who owned and operated a small town grocery store. But he spent nearly all of his summers and weekends traveling with his fur trapper great uncle Ned who taught the young Hawkins all about traversing the back woods on foot, horseback, and canoe. By the time he was fifteen, Hawkins had garnered more outdoor knowledge than most of the adults in his hometown, if not the local area.

At 17, he assisted in guiding a group of Chicago businessmen on a fall hunting trip, who were astounded that someone so young could be so wilderness savvy. With a hefty fee that dwarfed his county high school classmates' allowances, his destiny was decided and soon Hawkins was leading canoe trips and backwoods hunting expeditions in all seasons. Nowadays, he prefers to spend winters inside his cabin home a few miles out of town, but the right amount of money could persuade him otherwise.

Extremely laid back in personality, Hawkins mainly works for vacation groups interested in backwater canoeing and fishing expedition. He leads the group, determines the best camp sites, does the cooking, and even skins and prepares game, allowing clients to "enjoy the scenery". Hawkins prefers not to hunt for sport, but will shoot or trap large and small game animals for food.

Keepers can place Hawkins in any desired nearby wilderness region, operating out of any nearby small town.

DESCRIPTION: Tall and athletic middle age man who seems to have a continual grizzled-looking 5 day beard. He does have an "ah-shucks" grin even under the worse conditions. Over his graying light brown hair, he wears a beat up felt hat which he jokingly calls his "Idaho Jones fedora". Aside from his well-worn

collection of hiking boots, he leans more toward the L.L. Bean outdoor fashion, but he says it's more comfortable than just shorts and t-shirts.



**LAURA RAINES,
SCUBA DIVER/
INSTRUCTOR,**

Age 28

STR: 13 CON: 16

SIZ: 10 DEX: 14

APP: 15 INT: 15

POW: 11 EDU: 14

SAN: 50 HP: 14

Weapons: Speargun: 40%, Damage = 1D8+2

Scuba Knife: 25%, Damage = 1D4+db

Kick: 40%, Damage = 1D6+db

Skills: Guitar: 35%, Marine Biology: 31%, Mechanical Repair: 35%, Navigate: 35%, Persuade: 40%, Pilot Boat: 51%, SCUBA: 81%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Surf: 41%, Swim: 80%, Underwater Photography: 40%

Language: English: 80%, Other

Language _____: 21%

For ages, mankind yearned to explore under the waves, but the physical demands were too great. Just prior to World War 2, the invention of the aqualung enabled divers to freely explore the depths. From its use as an exploratory and military device, the Self-Contained-Underwater-Breathing-Apparatus (SCUBA) has enabled millions of ordinary people to experience the undersea world.

Laura Raines practically grew up on the water, as her dad was a professional surfer, and her mother was a lifeguard. The tight-knit and laid back family lived on an old rehabbed sail boat until Laura was 10 and her dad retired to become a writer for Surfer magazine. An adept swimmer, she was the captain of her High school swim team for three years. She was also a bit of a party girl, being the school's sole female surfer.

While Raines started snorkeling at age 5, she only took up scuba diving at age 15. But she so enjoyed the freedom of exploring the underwater world, that it would become her life's passion. She and her folks would spend vacation to different dive sites all over North America, ranging from cold British Columbian straits to warm Caribbean reefs. After high school, she went to work for a long series of

dive shops and underwater tour groups, living day to day, but enjoying life to the fullest.

Raines has worked for regional police departments as a rescue/recovery diver, but she doesn't really care for hauling up bodies. So now, she mainly works as a diving and swimming instructor as well as an underwater photographer, doing jobs as varied from nature documentaries to pipeline inspection.

A 2hour instructional session with Raines gives Investigator 1D10+5 in use of Scuba gear OR Swimming, which can increase by 1D6 per supervised dive up to 40%.

DESCRIPTION: An outdoorsy-looking young woman with long, sun-bleached brown hair, a tanned oval face and long neck, and large soft brown eyes. Her build is short and slender, but she is still quite athletic. Most likely clad in denim shorts, tank top and flannel overshirt when not in her wetsuit, rarely wears shoes. Her voice is low and a bit nasally due to her pronounced nose



**KENNY MARSDEN,
SKI INSTRUCTOR/
SNOW PATROL,**
Age 24
STR: 16 CON: 15
SIZ: 13 DEX: 17
APP: 14 INT: 13
POW: 09 EDU: 14
SAN: 45 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Kick: 40%, Damage = 1D6+db
Flare Gun: 25%, Damage=1D6+1D3 Burn
Ski Pole: 25%, Damage = 1D4+2+db

Skills: Climb: 60%, Dodge: 44%, First Aid: 50%, Guitar: 25%, Natural History: 35%, Operate Snow Blower/Snowmaker: 56%, Persuade: 45%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Skateboard: 50%, Snow Ski: 76%, Track: 30%

Language: English: 70%

Centuries ago, Scandinavians strapped thin planks of wood to their feet for winter mobility. Today, the ski is most thought of as a recreational device for both downhill and cross-country enjoyment. At many ski resorts and recreational areas, instructors in the art of skiing teach anxious amateurs.

Kenny Marsden grew up a spoiled rich kid, the youngest son of a high-powered lawyer. Even with every privilege from expensive toys to private school, he never seemed to apply himself to anything. That is, anything but skiing on biannual family winter treks to high fashion ski resorts. It was here that the young slacker discovered how fun and thrilling downhill skiing, and later snowboarding, was. Any chance that he got for skiing or boarding, he on the slopes, hoping one day to be skilled enough for professional skiing.

However, his parents had different ideas of what their son's future should be, and that did not include snow. Naturally, the young Marsden rebelled, and at the age of 17, he ran off with his 18year old girlfriend Miranda, heading straight for the nearest ski resort where they decided to set up house. While she waited on tables and he did odd jobs like maintenance, janitorial, and snow-clearing, Marsden continued to hone his skill. Before long, he had managed to convince the head ski instructor staff that he could teach. Starting off with children's' classes, he showed considerable aptitude and enthusiasm and was soon teaching adults. Later, Marsden joined the local snow patrol for the rescuing of injured or lost skiers, as well as determining dangerous snow conditions. He wants to work with explosives for avalanche removal, but his still deemed too inexperienced.

A 2hour instructional lesson from Marsden gives an Investigator 1D8+2 in Snow Ski, per session.

DESCRIPTION: A slim and physically fit yet boyish-looking young man with a broad grin, short, spiky dark hair, and beginning of a chin goatee on his ruddy, suntanned face. Has a loud and friendly, yet affirmative voice that is often emitting with the word "Dude". Wears the most leisurely of leisure clothes underneath his smart-looking winter gear.

SCIENCE

The one thing that has help Humanity make the transition from primitivism to modernism has been Science, then systematic investigation of the powers of nature once held in the hands of mythic deities. But Science, and the knowledge gained, is a double edge sword; its benefits or banes come about from the right or wrong application of that knowledge.



DR. WALLACE GARLAND, ASTRONOMER,

Age 68
STR: 11 CON: 14
SIZ: 12 DEX: 10
APP: 12 INT: 17
POW: 12 EDU: 22
SAN: 60 HP: 13

Skills: Astronomy: 86%, Cartography: 41%, Computer Use: 41%, Credit Rating: 30%, Lens Making: 41% Library Use: 60%, Mechanical Repair: 45%, Persuade: 50%, Photography: 50%, Physics: 76%, Psychology: 40%, Science History: 50%, Spot Hidden: 60%

Language: English: 110%, Latin: 26%, World Language _____: 36%

Ever since the advent of humanity, men have looked to the night sky with awe and wonder. Some saw vast realms of mystical deities and portents of the future, while more practical ones used the stars for navigation and time keeping. Today, the mysteries of the universe still beckon humans to look skyward, with modern Astronomers now employing gigantic telescopes, huge arrays of radio receptor, and even artificial satellites to explore the heavens.

Ever since a youngster from the plains of Iowa, Wallace Garland was fascinated by the stars. After a day of farm chores, he would stay out late at night looking upwards, at first only with the naked eye, and later with a small telescope his hard-working parents saved for. The top student in his tiny rural high school, he won a partial scholarship to college, and worked as a faculty assistant for the first four years of studies. In graduate school, he was an able assistant to some of the top Astronomers in the nations and provided vital research to NASA Moon missions.

That was all some time ago, and now Dr Garland is in the final days of his astronomical career as a professor with the local college where he teaches. Gone are the giant radio telescope arrays and access to titanic telescope facilities, but his skill in star gazing still enables him to make discoveries with the college's satisfactory equipment. The advent of the Internet also enables him and his students to assist in collecting astronomical data, including scanning for signs of Intelligent Life, which

would be the Greatest scientific discovery since the use of fire.

Dr Garland is also a member of the local Astronomy club, which offers stargazing opportunities for the general public, who often bring him questions ranging from comet sightings, meteorite fragments, and even the occasional UFO report. But no matter the question, Garland always shares his love of the stars with anyone.

DESCRIPTION: A short, cherubic older man with thick pompadour of white hair, puffy cheeks, and a ruddy bulbish nose, Wallace Garland is an affable and quite approachable by student or public person. His deep, jolly voice belies his scientific mind. While avoiding suit coats, he always wears a tie as "that's what we wore at NASA".



GILLIAN FREEMAN, BOTONIST, Age 32

STR: 12 CON: 11
SIZ: 11 DEX: 16
APP: 14 INT: 17
POW: 15 EDU: 19
SAN: 75 HP: 11

Skills: Bargain: 25%, Botany: 85%, Gardening: 45%, Geology: 21%, Library: 55%, Listen: 35%, Natural History: 40%, Painting: 45%, Persuade: 40%, Photography: 40%, Psychology: 40%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Zoology: 25%

Language: English: 95%, Latin: 35%, World Language _____: 21%

The first botanists were not scientists, but in fact primitive gatherers, who through trial and error, learned which plants were edible, had health benefits, and those that were easily to domesticate. Botany was in fact the first science to delve into genetics, and today has practically applications in chemistry and medicine.

Always an outdoorsy young girl, Gillian Freeman was often thought of a tomboy, but her love of beautiful flowers and cute animals belied that characterization. She just simply enjoyed being out in nature. By age 10, she was collecting and pressing wildflowers, as well as growing them in her mother's garden. In high school, she had already decided to pursue a career in the biological sciences, in particularly, Botany.

In college, Freeman poured herself into her college studies and was a Dean's List student all throughout her undergraduate years. She was also very active in the school's Biology Club, Outdoor Society and various environmentalist groups. She graduated with Honors and then moved onto grad school, where she worked her way through as a biology lab assistant and later, a teaching assistant. Her academic emphasis was on the restorative powers of wildflowers on wasted and reclaimed land, but did try and get a broad scope of botany in general. After getting her Masters, she took a job with the State EPA for a few years before heading back to college.

As of now, Gillian Freeman is in the final years of her PhD candidacy, working as both a lecture and laboratory researcher. She has been a member of several biological field research teams and is always on the lookout for new opportunities to further her research, including the investigation of new and exotic specimens and their properties.

DESCRIPTION: A taller than average and rail-thin woman with very short hair, a longish neck, and large glasses taking up most of her face. She is alternatively seen in casual clothes underneath her lab coat and discount rank outdoor fashion. As opposed her elfin feminine frame, she has a huskier voice than one would expect.



TRACY RING,
CHEMICAL LAB
TECHNICIAN, Age 38
 STR: 13 CON: 10
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 16
 APP: 13 INT: 15
 POW: 14 EDU: 17
 SAN: 70 HP: 11

Weapons: Softball Bat: 50%, Damage = 1D8

Skills: Accounting: 30%, Bargain: 35%,
 Biology: 36%, Chemistry: 86%, Climb: 50%,
 Credit Rating: 25%, Dodge: 42%, Drive Auto:
 30%, Fast Talk: 25%, First Aid: 40%, Jump:
 35%, Latin: 26%, Library Use: 50%, Listen:
 35%, Mechanical Repair: 30%, Persuade: 45,
 Photography: 35%, Psychology: 35% Spot
 Hidden: 40%, Swim: 45%, Throw 55%

Language: English: 85%

For the first part of history, Chemistry was actually the mystical art of Alchemy. But ever since the Scientific Revolution, Chemistry has truly become a Miracle Science, providing society with innumerable products, from new fabrication an building materials to fuels to life-saving drugs.

Interested in science ever since being a young girl, Tracy Ring dedicatedly studied chemistry, biology, and physics in school despite a less-than updated curriculum and poor facilities. Raised in a single parent home, she worked her way through high school and college in fast food and retail, all the while with her sights set on a science career. Having finally gotten a degree in Chemistry with a minor in Biology, she started work at various medical university labs, doing the grunt work for PhD researchers. She then worked for a while in the chemical manufacturing sector, researching paint and coatings, but due to business mergers, offshore outsourcing, and overwhelming school loans, she took an entry level Quality Control lab job for a plastics manufacturer, a job that only required a basic high school education

Overworked and under appreciated by her supervisors and coworkers, Ring still dreams of one day getting back to school to further her science studies and getting into pure research or possibly even crime scene investigation, as she is a voracious reader of mysteries and crime stories. She has taken it upon herself to start a small home chemical lab in her spare bathroom to keep up her chemical studies.

Recently widowed in just her mid thirties, she lives alone with a small herd of cats that she dotes upon. Very much a homebody, she is most likely contacted via the internet, where she posts to various chemistry, general science, criminal justice, and mystery websites. If contacted for a possible chemical analysis, she will whole-heartedly do it, if just for fun.

DESCRIPTION: A reedy thin woman with thin reddish blond hair, large round glasses, and pale skin, the middle aged Ring still looks much like college student. She wears very casual clothes at work, covered with a white lab coat, and is often seen with a St. Louis Cardinal baseball cap with a pony tail sticking out. She speaks with a mild Midwestern accent and is darkly humorous.



CARL THORPE,
GEOLOGIST, Age 39
 STR: 15 CON: 15
 SIZ: 16 DEX: 11
 APP: 12 INT: 16
 POW: 11 EDU: 20
 SAN: 55 HP: 15
 Damage Bonus: +1D4
 Weapons: .32 Revolver:

30%, Damage = 1D8

Skills: Bargain: 45%, Computer Use 31%,
 Credit Rating: 25%, Drive 4x4 Vehicle: 45%,
 Fast Talk: 35%, First Aid: 50%, Geology: 86%,
 History: 40%, Library Use: 60%, Natural
 History: 65%, Persuade: 55%, Pilot Plane: 41%,
 Psychology: 40%, Spot Hidden: 55%

Language: English: 100%, Major World
 Language _____: 41%, Minor World
 Language _____: 26%

The science of geology did not come into its own until ironically the Romantic Movement in the early 1800s when natural science became a rage. Nowadays, geologists study not just various rocks and minerals, but investigate seismic activity, fault lines and tectonic plates, interstellar material, and construction projects above and underground.

Outdoorsy and well-traveled, Carl Thorpe is a Colorado-born and bred rock hound from the age of seven. Although he had started off studying in college to be a civil engineer, he preferred the freedom of working outside as a geologist. After completing his undergraduate degree in Geology from Colorado State University, he went to work for the US Geological Survey as a field researcher for three years in the Rocky Mountains. Later, he obtained a Masters degree in Geology from the Colorado School of Mines in and then went before going to work in the private sector.

Thorpe has worked for various overseas petrochemical and mining companies doing rudimentary surveys and studies from California to Venezuela to Saudi Arabia to the Arctic. He was however, fired by one company searching for oil in Alaska after he submitted reports that the local tundra was too unstable for drilling operations. His vindication after the platform collapse was sadly tempered by the deaths of two workers and he has vowed never to allow a single fatality again.

His personality is very business-like, but Thorpe remains inquisitive about what's hidden beneath the earth's surface. He still enjoys collecting interesting rock and mineral specimens from all over the world, geodes in particular. Any opportunity to obtain more additions to his collection will always spark Thorpe's interest.

Keepers can place Thorpe in either a private sector or academic setting depending on the specific scenario needs.

DESCRIPTION: A big beefy man with a shaved head, light brown thick goatee, and soft hazel eyes. His skin is suntanned from years of field work in both hot and cold environments. He has a rock hammer tattoo on his muscular lower right arm. Usually clad in a tan khaki field clothes and well-worn hiking boots, leaving the boots on when doing lab work



JASMINE WHELAN,
MARINE
BIOLOGIST, age 31
 STR: 14 CON: 15
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 13
 APP: 15 INT: 16
 POW: 12 EDU: 21
 SAN: 60 HP: 14
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Bangstick: 70%, Damage = 4D6
 Scuba Knife: 40%, Damage = 1d4+2+db

Skills: Biology: 86%, History: 35%, Library Use: 45%, Natural History: 45%, Persuade: 45%, Pilot Boat: 41%, Pilot Mini Sub: 61%, Psychology: 40%, Scuba: 46%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Swim: 60%

Language: English: 95%, Latin: 36%

The Oceans are the Earth's most fertile, most diverse, and life-filled regions, with hundreds of species still being discovered every year. From tropical coral reefs to lightless volcanic vents at crushing pressures, life teems everywhere. The job of investigating such a limitless population of life falls to the Marine Biologist, who works in both laboratories and even at the very bottom of the sea.

Having been born and raised far inland in Omaha, Nebraska, Jasmine Whelan became fascinated by undersea life from various TV documentaries and family vacations to



aquariums in Chicago, Baltimore, and Florida. She kept a 30 gallon fish tank in her bedroom while studying all she could about sea life. But as opposed to most childhood fascinations, she actually applied to and was accepted at the University of San Diego to pursue a dual degree in Oceanography and Marine Biology. Since Nebraska didn't have any place to learn scuba diving, she spent most of her free time at local dive shops and the University pools. Her enthusiasm paid off by graduating Magna Cum Laude and moving on to graduate school work as a researcher.

Currently working on her PhD at the local university, Whelan spends a good portion of her time in the laboratory and lecturing, relishing any and all opportunities to get out on the ocean to do "the real work". She is adapt at working with both free diving and piloting a minisub; being slim enough to fit in the cramped sub compartment helps, too. No matter how many dives she makes, Whelan is always in awe of what she sees underwater. And whether on research expedition or back at the university, she spends time at local fish markets inquiring of anything unusual fishermen have caught or seen.

DESCRIPTION: Due to years of swimming, Whelan is a trim, athletic, and cheery woman. Her face is marked by a sharp chin, a big, bright, and toothy smile, and brilliant blue eyes. She has shoulder length, sun-bleached strawberry blond hair. She speaks with a wafting midwest drawl. On shore, she often wears conservative clothes under her lab coat, but often flashy swim wear out on the water.



**PAUL CHO,
METALLURGIST,**

Age 33
STR: 13 CON: 10
SIZ: 13 DEX: 10
APP: 14 INT: 16
POW: 11 EDU: 20
SAN: 55 HP: 11
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Bargain: 35%,
Chemistry: 51%, Computer Use: 36%, Credit
Rating: 25%, Electrical Repair: 30%,
Electronics: 26%, Geology: 36%, Library Use:
55%, Machining: 36%, Metallurgy: 81%,
Mechanical Repair: 35%, Mountain Bike: 41%,
Physics: 71%, Psychology: 20%, Spot Hidden:
55%, Swim: 35%

Language: English: 100%, Korean: 31%

One of the greatest moments in the history of Mankind was when stone tools were replaced by metal ones, thus becoming the keystone in the advance of technology. For a thousand years iron stood supreme, and then a myriad of new metal alloys were developed in just the last two centuries

As the second generation American child of Korean immigrants who moved to California in the 70s, Paul Cho was driven to succeed in school, learn proper English, and help the family. While his parents and older siblings worked hard in the family dry cleaning business, Cho was more interested in science and technology than cleaning clothes. From grade school science fairs to computer camp to college preparatory chemistry courses, he wanted to make science his life's work.

After spending his first 11 years in school enjoying general science, Cho discovered an aptitude for metal machining while on the school team for a robotics competition. Combining this new interest and his skill in chemistry, he decided to pursue a career in metallurgy. He attended college at Stanford on an academic scholarship, getting a Bachelor of Science degree in Metals Engineering, and worked summers interning for three Silicon Valley computer companies. Afterwards, he was accepted to graduate school at Texas Tech, which afterwards, led to metals lab positions in various aerospace and petrochemical companies across Texas and eastward across America.

Since landing his current job at a local research lab, Cho has provided metal analysis for numerous manufacturing firms as well as the Defense and Energy Departments, NASA, and even the local FBI office. While most of the work is interesting, he is always looking out for a real challenge and is open to nearly any sort of inquiry.

DESCRIPTION: A tall and athletically trim young man, Cho is moderately tanned-skinned—mainly from outdoor activities in his native California. Aside from his close-cropped black hair and eyebrows, he is practically hairless. He tends toward office casual and outdoor wear. He has nary an Asian accent, although native Koreans will puzzle over his ethnic tongue.



SHARON HALLSTON, MOLECULAR GENETICIST, Age 52
 STR: 10 CON: 12
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 14
 APP: 12 INT: 17
 POW: 15 EDU: 23
 SAN: 75 HP: 12

Skills: Art (Medical Rendering): 45%, Biology: 91%, Biochemistry: 51%, Computer Use: 35%, Credit Rating: 30%, First Aid: 40%, Forensics: 26%, Genetics: 65%, History: 30%, Lab Equipment Repair: 45%, Library Use: 75%, Medicine: 51%, Persuade: 40%, Pharmacy: 41%, Physics: 21%, Spot Hidden: 55%

Languages: English: 115%, Latin: 41%

One of the most compelling scientific projects of the modern era is the mapping of the human genome, uncovering the very makeup of humanity. Not only can such research uncover the building blocks of the human body, but can also help prevent numerous diseases, disabilities, and could even prolong life itself.

From the plains of Dakota where her family ran a thriving automobile and truck dealership, Sharon Hallston always wanted to be a doctor, and received strong encouragement from her parents for this social challenging achievement. After excelling in all levels of school and finally graduating from the premed program at the University of South Dakota, she discovered in med school in Iowa that she preferred lab work much more. Hallston then transferred to the biology department, with an emphasis on human reproductive science and genetics.

While in graduate school, she married a civil engineer, whose various jobs forced several moves and transfers around the country, but Hallston managed to find human genetic research lab positions in nearby universities where she compiled information and data for her PhD, all the while still finding time to raise their two children. In the 1990s, she worked for one university genetics lab that contracted to do research for the Human Genome project, uncovering the building blocks of life and cause for numerous genetics defects. At the same time, she also worked as a genetic counselor for a for-profit fertility center, determining the possibility

for birth defects and future genetically passed maladies.

Currently, Dr Hallston has landed a teaching and research position at the local university, where she wishes to help train new genetic researchers as well as help improve local medical conditions by spotting genetically-borne ailments before they are brought to fruition.

DESCRIPTION: A tall and thin woman with short grayish blond hair and an owlish face punctuated by her large, round glasses. She has a soft, yet chipper Midwest-accented voice. Unlike her fashionable namesake, she tends toward the moderately priced bargain rack clothes to wear under her lab coat



GORDON RICHARDS, PALEONTOLOGIST, Age 33
 STR: 15 CON: 15
 SIZ: 13 DEX: 14
 APP: 12 INT: 18
 POW: 12 EDU: 23
 SAN: 60 HP: 14
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Pickaxe: 45%, Damage = 1D6+1+db
 Signal Pistol: 25%, Damage = 1d10+1d3 Burn

Skills: Anthropology: 31%, Bargain: 40%, Biology: 56%, Climb: 60%, Drive Off Road Vehicle: 40%, First Aid: 40%, Geology: 46%, History: 30%, Jump: 30%, Library Use: 45%, Natural History: 65%, Navigate: 45%, Paleontology: 91%, Persuade: 45%, Photography: 30%, Psychology: 25%, Ride: 40%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Languages: English: 115%, Spanish: 31%
 Asian Language _____: 31%

Once, dinosaur fossils were considered evidence of dragons and monsters, but following Darwin's theories of evolution, the scientific study of these ancient creatures began. The pursuit of more fossil evidence sent expeditions into arid deserts, rugged badlands, deep mine shafts, and even local rock faces. The recent popularity of dinosaurs in popular culture has made paleontology a dream career of many a young child.

One of the first generation of school kids to become fascinated by dinosaurs, Gordon

Richards was one of the very few to actually become a paleontologist and study these creatures for a living. Brilliant, imaginative and at times single-minded, he had the right mindset to both spend hours searching for fossils out in unpleasant environments and even longer hours in the lab extracting fossils from their stone prisons.

Aside from the near constant study of biology and geology, Gordon learned numerous outdoor skills as a Boy Scout in New Mexico, where his artist parents were hippy “back-to-basic” types. Attending the University of Northern Colorado, he put all that handiness to use as an undergraduate field assistant in Colorado’s Dinosaur National Park and later a graduate level lab technician. Now working for a leading natural history museum, Gordon has traveled extensively in Latin and South America, as well as participating in expeditions to China and Mongolia to search for dinosaur fossils. He has also helped on numerous anthropological digs as well, hoping to find fossil evidence of prehistoric mammals that early American natives hunted, if not a lucky dinosaur find.

Gordon’s expertise in prehistoric animals has also been consulted for rather odd searches, namely evidence of large apes in America and still living dinosaurs in Africa. Naturally, he dissuades such wild theories, but secretly would be incredibly interested in conclusive evidence of such.

DESCRIPTION: Mountain man look-a-like with a long bushy black beard and long, stringy black hair that he ties back in a spine-draping pony tail. He wears large granny glasses covering his gray eyes, as well as a set of prescription mountaineering goggles for inclement weather. In the lab and lecture hall, he wears loud pattern print shirts while out in the field he wears sturdy outdoor work clothes. He speaks with a hurried, excitable alto voice.

SERVICE

Whereas labor was once divided between farm and factory, the modern economy is dominated by the service industry, where trained experts provide specific assistance to others. And while Mythos Investigators are oft skilled in many fields, there often comes a time where outside help is needed.



SIMON ARMSTRONG, ANIMAL TRAINER,
Age 47
STR: 15 CON: 14
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 10 EDU: 18
SAN: 50 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .Tranquilizer Gun: 45%, Damage= POT: 20 Tranquilizer
.357 Magnum Revolver: 35%, Damage= 1D8+1D4

Skills: Animal Training: 81%, Biology: 41%, Block: 42%, Climb: 50%, Fast Talk: 40%, First Aid: 45%, Jump: 40%, Listen: 45%, Natural History: 30%, Persuade: 35%, Pharmacy: 31%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Language: English: 75%

After the he discovery of fire-making, the next great leap of mankind was the domestication of animals for food production and work, such as herding, hauling, hunting, and guarding. In the early 18th century, some animals went from workers to mere pets for both companionship and showcasing.

Many children dream of running away from home and joining the circus. Simon Armstrong, however, grew up in the circus. His family, “The Amazing Armstrongs”, were small animal trainers with a zoo of performing dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys, and squirrels. At the age of five, Simon was made part of the act, and remained that way for nearly three decades, performing in five different circuses, numerous county fair side shows, local TV shows, and school events.

However, Simon became tired of the road in his late 30s, and after handing over the family act to his younger sister Anabeth, he settled down to marry, have two children, and to own and operate his very own boarding kennel and animal training school. Initially just for dogs and cats, he and his wife later started training various animals for local TV ads, film production, sports teams, and private amusements. Lately, he has done a lot of work training and providing guard dogs for local law enforcement, businesses, and individuals---once a background check has been made.

Some people get the feeling that Armstrong is more comfortable with animals than people. His feelings are that both should be treated with respect, but that since animals cannot vocalize their thoughts, they need to be given a little more leeway. But it is quite eerie to see the considerable rapport he has with animals.

It takes Armstrong about two-four weeks with 2 successful Animal Training roll per week to fully train an animal, depending on what sort of training.

DESCRIPTION: A youngish-looking middle aged man with a short dark hair. His skin is weathered and tanned from years of outdoor work, He has a gravelly voice, although he communicates with animals by a variety of whistling and chirping. He wears causally comfortable madras-style shirts, shorts, and hiking boots.



**NOLA RYAN,
BARTENDER/
WRITER,** Age 40
STR: 13 CON: 15
SIZ: 14 DEX: 11
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 15 EDU: 15
SAN: 75 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: .22 Short

Automatic: 30%, Damage = 1D6

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Compute Use: 26%, Fast Talk: 55%, First Aid: 60%, Grapple: 40%, History 35%, Law: 25%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 55% Mixology: 71%, Persuade: 45%, Pharmacy: 36%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Languages: American Sign Language: 41%, English: 85%

One of the earliest foods humans were able to make was alcohol. It preserved wheat and grapes for later consumption and made the drinkers feel good. It wasn't long before the first taverns were opened, leading to that solitary dispenser of sage advice and comfort---the bartender.

Nola Ryan always wanted to be writer, ever since penning her first stories at age five. She tuned her writing skills all through high school and college, writing for anyone who'd accept it and accept it they did. Her main foray was the human interest story, and she was able

to make even the most mundane daily tasks seem epic. She helped pay for college by tending bar for various alumni and social events and found she had a talent for mixing drinks and making customers feel welcome. Still, writing was her first great love.

However, writing professionally is one of the more difficult professions to break into and soon the struggling freelance writer needed a back-up career. She ended up moonlighting as bartender in a local neighborhood bar when the proprietor suffered a stroke. At first the regulars didn't know what to make of a female bartender, but Ryan's personality and gift of story-telling won them over. The owner's wife allowed her to take up residents in an empty 4th floor attic and Ryan practically became a neighborhood fixture. A friendly and a compassionate listener, she uses her position for picking up human interest stories for local publication and even more and ideas for future fiction stories....particularly any odd stories or rumors going around town

Investigators who enter her bar will be sure to pick up a plethora of information as well as a comforting place to make plans or relax.

DESCRIPTION: A short and somewhat rotund woman with curly, shoulder-length, dark red hair surrounding her pudgy pale, yet adorable face. However, her personality is aggressively friendly, sparked by her charming alto voice and beaming smile. She dresses masculinely when working, often a sports coat over a tee-shirt with jeans.



**JANIE WOLLERS,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC
ACCOUNTANT,**
Age 38
STR: 9 CON: 10
SIZ: 10 DEX: 12
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 13 EDU: 16
SAN: 65 HP: 10

Skills: Accounting: 80%, Singing: 55%, Bargain: 45%, Credit Rating: 30%, First Aid: 40%, History: 30%, Law: 40%, Library Use: 45%, Listen: 45%, Persuade: 55%, Psychology: 50%, Spot Hidden: 55%, Swim: 45%

Language: English: 95%, Spanish: 31%, Other World Language _____: 21%

Accounting dates back as far as the early city states when rulers needed a way to tally

grain supplies. Today, with the complexity of business laws and options, accurate and precise accounting practices go up against stringent laws and regulations as well as the needs and desires of thousands of employees and stockholder.

An average high school student, the mild-mannered Janie Wollers decided upon accounting as a career due to the stable nature of the job. She took all the appropriate business and math courses and then quickly got an associates degree from the local community college and simply went to work as a book keeper for a couple of manufacturing companies and a large accounting firm after passing her CPA test.

As an avid and active church-goer as a child and adult, she was involved with two religious clubs in high school and one in college. Just after getting married, she volunteered as a Christian missionary overseas, spreading the word of the Lord as well as helping people learn the basis of business as a way to lift themselves out of poverty. It certainly has given her more interesting stories to tell than from what comes out of the office.

Three years ago, Wollers took a big step and quit her job at the big accounting firm to open her own small accounting business. Here, she provides personalized tax preparation, home and business accounting, budgeting seminars, plus investment and retirement plans for ordinary folks. She also works with several lenders to assist with loan consolidation, bankruptcy, and home financing. For a few clients, she has done forensic accounting to untangle financial messes caused by past errant bookkeeping.

DESCRIPTION: Standing at precisely 5 feet tall, Wollers is an adorable elfin figure with her very short dark red hair, pronounced cheeks and wide smile. The cuteness is furthered by her chipper, agreeable tone of voice. Woller's large green eyes are her most striking feature. At work, church, or home, she is usually clad in a business casual wear, and



**JERRY KING,
EXTERMINATOR,**
Age 30
STR: 15 CON: 16
SIZ: 14 DEX: 12
APP: 10 INT: 11
POW: 10 EDU: 12
SAN: 50 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons:

Poison Sprayer: 60%, Damage = 1D4+Stun

Hand Pick: 45%, Damage = 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Bargain: 35%,
Biology: 36%, Chemistry: 36%, Drive Truck:
35%, Natural History: 25%, Persuade Customer:
45%, Sneak: 25%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Track
Pest: 55%, Trap Animal: 56%

Language: English: 60%

Battling rats and other pests has always been a bane of society, requiring professional rat catchers, but it wasn't until the early part of the 20th century that most people in society decided that living with vermin was not a good thing. However, the survivability of such creatures proved hard to deal with and call went out for chemical pest control, requiring a new force of professionals.

Never having much incentive to do much in life, Jerry King was a sub-par average student and not much a social person, either. He wasn't anti-social, having some friends and getting along with his family, but perhaps he just preferred being alone. The fact that his parents and uncle ran a local pest control company gave him a career, which he started at age 15, happily driving the truck. Luckily, he did show aptitude for the job of crawling into dark and dirty places to spray poison and has stayed on ever since.

Currently, King Exterminating is doing fairly well business-wise; having expanded to a fleet of six trucks in the last five years---but the youngest King never gave up the field work for the office. He starts work early and ends late, getting his coveralls dirty, killing bugs, and trapping wanted ever unwanted critter a scared homeowner is worried about. While some animals such as bats or squirrels get released later, mice and small rats end up as food for his two pet pythons.

King does have a rather peculiar habit when on job sites; he nonchalantly wanders around and inside of properties, checking out what customers have in their homes or yards. He has no intent for theft, it's just plain curiosity. So far, he hasn't found anything unusual---yet.

DESCRIPTION: A husky, youngish looking man with long sideburns and greasy black mullet-style hair underneath his King Exterminating cap. Often has a cigarette hanging

from his mouth (except when filling flammable chemicals) Most likely seen in his work clothes of khaki coveralls, flannel shirt, and work boots. When he does speak, it's with a lazy, hound doggish drawl.



BOB SILVERSTON, Jr, LAWYER, age 37
 STR: 14 CON: 12
 SIZ: 14 DEX: 11
 APP: 15 INT: 16
 POW: 14 EDU: 22
 SAN: 70 HP: 13
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Golf Club: 45%, Damage = 1d\$+db
 Kick: 40%, Damage = 1D6+b

Skills: Bargain: 60%, Credit Rating: 40%, Fast Talk: 45%, Golf: 40%, Law: 80%, Legal History: 70%, Library Use: 60%, Listen: 45%, Natural History: 25%, Persuade: 75%, Play Piano: 35%, Psychology: 55%, Swim: 40%

Language: English: 110%, Latin: 51%

Law has also been one of the cornerstones of society, but through the ages the law became written and amended so complicatedly, that someone had to be able to interpret those laws for the ordinary citizen. Alternative praised for being defenders of the public interest and highly criticized for being money-mad leeches, Lawyers do provide a much needed service, even to those who criticize the most—especially when they need one.

Growing up as the well-to-do son of one of San Jose's leading lawyer gave Robert Silverston, Jr. a life of privilege and prosperity, but somehow he always feel like he were destined for better things. He grew up on a diet of TV cowboy heroes and crusading public defenders and prosecutors and realized that he just had to help people, believing that using the law to help people was a worthy cause.

In college, he got involved with various charity organizations as a volunteer, and in law school he saw himself as a champion of the people whereas most of his classmates were thinking high salaries and sports cars. He shocked his father and family when after graduating he went to work for a non-profit legal charity for the underprivileged, instead of the family firm. But helping change the ways of

society for the betterment of all people was Bob Silverston's own ideals of the Law.

But when his father had a debilitating heart attack three years ago, the high-minded Silverston soon found himself in a corner office of his dad's firm as a full partner. Now he deals with corporate legalities, tax laws, high society divorces, and contentious wills of the wealthy. It's as if you became a mirror of his father, even having some of his old friends. Still, he is willing to help whatever sort of charity case comes across his way.

DESCRIPTION: A handsome, fairly athletic fellow, Silverston has angular features, calming blue eyes, and fashionably neat brown hair. His has a distinctive speaking voice which can go from quietly calming to directly confronting in a second. In court, he dresses in lesser quality and affordable suits and away from the office prefers jeans and t-shirts.



LORI CRANE, NEW AGE MASSAGE THERAPIST, Age 37
 STR: 10 CON: 12
 SIZ: 15 DEX: 15
 APP: 13 INT: 14
 POW: 15 EDU: 17
 SAN: 75 HP: 14
 Damage Bonus +1d4
 Weapons: Neck Pinch:

75%, Damage = Stun 1d5min

Skills: Alternative Medicine: 55%, Credit Rating: 20%, First Aid: 45%, Grapple: 45%, Herbology: 35%, History: 30%, Hypnosis: 30%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 40%, Occult: 15%, Persuade: 40%, Psychoanalysis: 25%, Psychology: 65%, Spot Hidden: 35%, Therapeutic Massage: 85%, Yoga: 60%

Languages: English: 90%, Asian Language _____: 21%

The therapeutic rewards of massage have been known to society for thousands of years, from all corners of the earth. However, in "civilized" western society it was often equated with overt sexuality and often a ruse for prostitution. But due to the over-stressed business world, the benefits of a soothing and muscle-relaxing massage provide not only physical relief, but often bring productivity gains via a soothed mind.

After living a bohemian lifestyle that has taken her from America to Europe, India, and the South Pacific, Lori Crane is a certified Massage therapist, and who sees herself as a holistic healer. She studies under various masseurs and masseuses in places ranging from high class spas to primitive thatch huts.

But while trying to set up her home healing center, the local governmental Small Business License bureau initially rejected her application, fearful that this meant "massage parlor" and thus "Prostitution". But she persevered and now has a thriving business of providing soothing relief from stress to overworked modern office personnel, including several at the University. She also delves into such new Age remedies as Yoga, Herbal medicine and Aromatherapy.

Working out of the house she shares with her professor husband Greg (a local Graduate Ph.D. candidate in Human-Computer Interactive Relations), their young daughter, and several friendly cats, Crane, who schedules patients from 9am to 4pm, and also makes office calls for an additional fee. An in-house 30 minute massage session costs \$75 (with aromatic candles \$15) and an office visit is \$15 extra. One session of therapy can get the over-worked / worn-out Investigator the choice of either 1pt SAN or 1D2 HPs

DESCRIPTION: A shy, pudgy woman with long dirty blond hair and a beaming smiles, Crane is a flighty yet angelic soul, striving for the well-being of others. Her wardrobe is a funky mix of southeast Asian, Indian, Gypsy, and 60s Hippy. Her sweet, melodic voice is nearly as soothing as her therapeutic touch.



STEFFI WILSON, PERSONAL TRAINER, Age: 25
 STR: 16 CON: 16
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 15
 APP: 16 INT: 12
 POW: 9 EDU: 14
 SAN: 45 HP: 14
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 2D3+db
 Kick: 60%, Damage = 2D6+db

Skills: Aerobic Dance: 75%, Block: 55%,
 Climb: 60%, Dodge: 50%, First Aid: 45%,
 Jump: 50%, Listen: 30%, Martial Arts: 36%,

Persuade: 50%, Psychology: 35%, Sneak: 30%,
 Swim: 55%, Throw: 40%, Twirl Baton: 60%

Language: English: 80%,

The need to both look good and feel good in these hectic times has given rise to the private gym where members exercise by working out with weights or doing aerobic exercises. To better help those seeking physical fitness, personal trainers are used to coach and cajole them through pain, frustration, and apathy.

Peppy and petite, athletic and attractive, Steffi Wilson is a former high school cheerleader turned aerobic dance instructor, weightlifter, martial arts student, and physical fitness guide for the out of shape, injured, and aged. Growing up, she was always a gifted athlete, playing soccer, basketball, and softball. However, because of her good looks, her mother pressed her towards beauty pageants, which also meant dance lessons, singing lessons, and baton twirling lessons.

Eventually, Wilson tired of the pageantry and concentrated on high school athletics and staying physically fit. She managed to get a Volleyball scholarship to a leading university, where she majored in Physical Education and Recreational studies. During college, she started taking various marital arts, namely taebo, tai chi, and tae kwon do, and for both self-defense and the fitness benefit. During this time, she was hired by a local gym to run a new women's fitness program featuring aerobic dance and weight training. Soon after, Wilson was in not only in charge of that, but also a rehabilitory program, a seniors program, and eventually the overall fitness program.

Currently, she has moved on to running a local gym, where she continues to try and get people into shape. Still quite attractive, she has numerous would-be suitors, but playfully just leads each one on, waiting until she finds the "Mr. Right".

A total of 25 hours under Ms. Wilson's tutelage gives Investigator the choice of either 1D6 Dance, Dodge, Block, or Martial Arts, OR for 50 hours, an additional 1Point in STR, CON, or DEX.

DESCRIPTION: A bright-faced, chipper-voiced, and athletically slender young woman with a narrow but broad smile. Wilson has bright green

eyes. She wears her dirty blond hair pulled back in a pony tail. In the gym, she wears fashionable exercise clothes, high-end athletic shoes and leg warmers, and in social occasions anything that shows off the fruits of her work skills.



**DALE NORMAN,
TAXIDERMIST,**
Age 46
STR: 13 CON: 14
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 10 INT: 12
POW: 12 EDU: 15
SAN: 60 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .22 Rifle: 45%, Damage = 1D6+2
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle: 45%, Damage = 2D6+2

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Bargain: 30%,
Biology: 45%, Conceal: 40%, Harmonica: 35%,
Natural History: 35%, Sculpture: 50%, Sneak:
40%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Taxidermy: 86%,
Track: 40%, Wilderness Survival: 31%.
Language: English: 75%

When humans first hunted, they used the entire animals from meat and skin to sinews and bones. But by the time of the Roman era, hunting for mere sport became the game of the ruling class. And what better way to preserve that "sporting moment" than to display the preserved body of the beast. Today, sport hunters, as well as museums, display everything from elephants to fish, all dependent on the artistic skills of the taxidermist.

Coming from a long-line of hunters in his family who did it to put food on the table, Dale Norman spent most of his youth in the woods, often skipping school to roam alone or go hunting with his grandfathers. An avid collector of insects, he began mounting small mammals and fish for Boy Scout merit badges and school projects. Despite failing out of school, he is quite well-read—abstain only when it comes to various nature field guides, atlases, and books about wildlife, biology, and the environment.

Norman is entirely self-taught in the art of taxidermy, relying on library books and mail-order course books. His craftsman shift is due to a keen eye for detail work and an inherent artistic sense. He does, however feel guilty when taking money from poor fishermen who happen to catch a whopper and feel obligated to

have it mounted instead of feeding their families.

He has done work for about a dozen natural history museums cross the region and science centers as well as a local pet store that hates to lose money with deceased inventory. His more exotic work with moose, buffalo, and various antelopes is also displayed in several local barbeque and steak restaurants in the area. There are not too many critters that Norman can't outright identify---or figure out how to stuff and mount artistically.

DESCRIPTION: A heavy-set, double-chinned, small-nosed fellow with short black hair and a thick, two-piece moustache. When working, his deep-set, blue eyes are hidden behind magnifying glasses. He speaks with a low, slow country drawl and wears pullover shirts and jeans nearly all the time.

TECHNICAL

As technology progresses, it becomes more and more compartmentalized, and thus more difficult for laymen to comprehend, let alone master. This makes those with specific technical knowledge invaluable for modern society....and for those Mythos Investigators who need that know-how in pursuit of their otherworldly adversaries.



**STEVE HOWARD,
AUTOMOBILE
MECHANIC,** Age: 36
STR: 14 CON: 15
SIZ: 15 DEX: 12
APP: 10 INT: 12
POW: 8 EDU: 13
SAN: 40 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .44 Magnum: 30%, Damage = 2D6+2
12g Shotgun: 40%, Damage = 4D6/2D6/2D6
Rifle (M16): 35%, Damage = Variable
Wrench: 30%, Damage = 1D6+1+db

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Bargain: 40%, Auto Body Work: 36%, Drive Auto: 30%, Electrical Repair: 35%, Fast Talk: 30%, Machining: 30%, Mechanical Repair: 75%, Natural History: 30%, Operate Heavy Machinery: 26%, Persuade:

30%, Paint Car: 41%, Psychology: 25%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Language: English: 65%

In the early days of the automobile, drivers either acted as their own mechanics...or hired one to accompany them. And even as the reliability of cars increased, there was still a great need for people to fix them. The stereotype of the greasy shyster taking advantage of car owners does still exist, but for the most part, car mechanics take great pride in the work—and keeping customers.

Steve Howard always loved cars, even as a preschooler. He played with toy cars, built model cars, raced R/C cars, and helped tinker with his father's vehicles. In high school, he waited with eager anticipation until he was old enough for a learner permit and the ability to practice driving. A year later, he breezed through the driver's test and then he then built a souped-up hot rod out of an old junked Chrysler K-Car; a feat which had his shop teacher and classmates scratching their heads in amazement.

After graduating, Howard enlisted in the Army with the sole ambition of being a mechanic and spent the next four years repairing and maintaining everything from staff cars to large cargo trucks. Afterwards, he returned home to get a series of jobs in the local automotive dealerships. And as opposed to the shady mechanics out to cheat car owners, Howard prided himself on doing an honest, effective job in a short amount of time.

Recently, Howard opened his own automotive repair shop out of an old gas station, using up all his savings, borrowing some from friends, and getting a government Small Business loan. Initially, he did all the work, putting in 10-14 hour days in the beginning, but has recently hired two high school work study students. He considers going a good, affordable job the key to success.

DESCRIPTION: Howard is a tall (6'3) and muscular man with a slight paunch from inactive lifestyle. A long chin actuates his narrow head topped by short, curly blondish brown hair. His constant grin oddly only shows the top row of his teeth. Despite weekly washings, his work clothes seem permanently grease-stained. More of a listener than talker, but he is a friendly conservationist once started.



NORM PARSONS, CARPENTER, age 42
STR: 13 CON: 13
SIZ:13 DEX: 15
APP: 12 INT: 13
POW: 10 EDU:17
SAN: 46 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: .58 Springfield Rifle: 50%, Damage = 1d10+4 (1/4 shots/round)
Bayonet: 35%, Damage=1d6 +db
Claw Hammer: 45%, Damage =1d6+db

Skills: Carpentry: 80%, Climb: 50%, Electrical Repair: 40%, Civil War History: 75%, Library Use: 40%, Mechanical Repair: 35%, Persuade: 40%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 55%, Woodworking): 65%

Languages: English: 75%

Building has always been one of the mainstays of society, from both a practical and artistic sense. While giant stone edifices and towering skyscrapers often typify modern architecture, it is still often the ubiquitous wooden, frame-built home that describes an area's chief architecture, and is the realm of the simple carpenter who provides this ageless service.

Advertising only by word-of-mouth, Norm Parson is considered one of the local area's best carpenters and specializes in restoring old houses and buildings, something he's been doing for since he started playing with tools at a very young age and never had the inclination to do anything else. After finishing high school, he took up the trade like his father and grandfather before him, working with his father and brother for 12 years. After that his father was disabled in a freak accident and Parson went independent.

He is able to construct most anything from the most rudimentary of plans; he also has a knack for building by eye with no plans at all. His estimates are general only 10% off at most and does high quality work —after all, you only have to do a bad job once to lose a client. He has a story for nearly every job he's done, including some rather bizarre tales of what he's come across while working in old houses.

Parsons, who lives in a rehabbed farm house (naturally) with his wife Vicki and four



children, is a member of a local Civil War Reenactment Company as a Rifleman. Owning several authentic uniforms and antique accessories, Parsons also crafts reproduction rifle stocks, barrels, wagon wheels, and period wooden fixtures. On the job, he is quiet and often loses himself in the work. It's sometimes dirty, loud, and dusty work, but he loves it.

DESCRIPTION: An average sized middle aged man with a slight bit of paunch around the middle, Parsons has thinning dark hair and a graying beard, accenting his hound dog eyes. While working, he is clad in dusty jeans, flannel shirt, and hiking boots. Very soft-spoken, he is thrifty with his words.



**MARTIN EDWARDS,
COMPUTER
REPAIRMAN**, Age 45
STR: 12 CON: 10
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 10 INT: 14
POW: 8 EDU: 17
SAN: 45 HP: 12
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Soldering Iron: 30%, Damage = 1D2+db+1D3 Burn
Screw Driver: 25%, Damage = 1D2+db

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Computer Use: 61%, Credit Rating: 25%, Electrical Repair: 45%, Electronics: 66%, Engraving: 21%, Fast Talk: 35%, History: 30%, Library Use: 35%, Mechanical Repair: 30%, Photography: 25%, Psychology: 20%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Languages: BASIC: 56%, C: 36%, English: 85%, Machine Language: 51%

The Computer Age promised technological ease for mankind--- until the first one malfunctioned. Since computers are basically programmable electromechanical devices, somebody had to be skilled in repairing and restoring them in both the hardware and software areas.

Once Martin Edwards was a teenage rabble rouser whom school authorities believed was headed for no good. But after a near brush with death in a car accident, he cleaned up his act in senior year, and then joined the Navy like his Granddad did in WW2. He wanted to join the Submarine force and possible become a

well-paid nuclear plant worker, but was medically unfit for underwater training. He was however qualified to work on computers being a bit of an electronic hobbyist.

Edwards then spent his decade-long Navy career aboard a maintenance ship in the Far East for three years, three more at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and the last four working at the San Diego Naval Center. He was a computer hobbyist in his off hours, playing with primitive Personal Computers, often combining several malfunctioning machines into one powerful computer...circa 1984. When work got slow, he would secretly fix friends' home computers for a small fee between mainframe maintenance.

After leaving the Navy, Edwards vowed he'd never take orders from anyone anymore, and opened his own small, home-based computer shop, repairing, setting up, and building home computer systems. Amazingly, he held his own against the "big box" electronics stores, building up a good-sized clientele with personal and inexpensive service. But as computers got cheaper, it became easier to just replace them than repair them. Once the family breadwinner, the stubborn Edwards now relies on his wife's income as a school teacher for living expenses as his business slowly erodes. Right now, he'd do about anything for a few good paying servicing jobs.

DESCRIPTION: The short and stocky Edwards has deep set eyes with big busy eyebrows and dark curly hair that receded to back of his head. He tries to compensate with a big, wax-curved moustache. With a back-room lab bench job, he wears only jeans and colorful prints shirts, often of a Hawaiian flavor. Due to his size, he speaks with a jovial, upbeat tenor voice.



**HEIDI GOODRICH,
COMPUTER
SECURITY
EXPERT**, Age 39
STR: 13 CON: 14
SIZ: 12 DEX: 15
APP: 16 INT: 17
POW: 10 EDU: 22
SAN: 50 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .38 Automatic: 35%, Damage = 1D10

Skills: Accounting: 40%, Aerobic Dance: 35%, Computer Use: 86%, Cryptography: 60%, Credit Rating: 40%, Drive Vintage Sports Car: 40%, Electronics: 51%, History: 45%, Law: 45%, Library Use: 60%, Listen: 35%, Persuade: 55%, Pilot Aircraft: 35% Psychology: 50%, Spot Hidden: 55%, Swim: 40%

Language: Computer Language _____: 56%, English: 110%, Russian: 26%

The true power of computers began when it was discovered that one could link computer together by telephone lines in order to transmit huge batches of data. It also enabled outsiders to break into computer databases, and the need for computer security began. It is both a function of the computer and network owners and law enforcement to try and keep one step ahead of these electronic intruders

Heidi Goodrich was an athletic young girl who strove on basketball court, classroom, and school social scene. Both smart and popular, she was elected both Homecoming queen and Senior Class president. But as opposed to most girls in such a social strata, she declined most college offers and instead was selected for and attended the United States Air Force Academy. There, she majored in math and computer science, and was captain of the women's basketball team, as well as being on the co-ed cross country team.

Graduating in the top 10 of her class, Goodrich was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, and was assigned to various Air Force Computer Security duties, protecting everything from on-base PCs to the entire NORAD/Strategic Air Command air defense network. Her duties included both computer maintenance and military counter intelligence, often joking about trying to keep teenage boys from starting World War 3.

After retiring from the service in mid 90s as a Major, Heidi was immediately hired by a leading computer firm to maintain their network security system. She did that for five years, and has now started a consultant firm providing computer system security for both businesses and government. She has 12 employees and contracts with about 2 dozen firms, and both state and federal agencies. Striving to increase her business, she still manages to live the good life in a downtown penthouse condo.

DESCRIPTION: Slim and attractive due to good diet and exercise, Goodrich offsets her "beauty queen" looks by keeping her dark hair in her former military hairstyle. She wears business professional fashions on the job about switches to sporty athletic wear in her spare time, even when not at the gym. She tries to play down her mild Texas drawl, but sometimes uses it to her advantage.



**HALSE
TJORCHOK,
IMMIGRANT
ELECTRICIAN,**

Age 39

STR: 14 CON: 10

SIZ: 12 DEX: 14

APP: 12 INT: 12

POW: 11 EDU: 17

SAN: 45 HP: 11

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 1d3+db

Claw Hammer: 40%, Damage = 1d6+db

SKS Carbine: 40%, Damage = 2d6+1

.38 Revolver: 25%, Damage = 1d10

Skills: Anthropology: 10%, Art (Play Zither): 45%, Climb: 55%, Dodge: 33%, Electrical Repair: 65%, Electronics: 30%, First Aid: 35%, Hide: 50%, Balkan History: 45%, Listen 30%, Mechanical repair: 30%, Occult: 15%, Persuade: 25%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 50%, Throw: 35%.

Language: English: 55%, Serbo-Croatian: 85%.

European immigrant families from the former Soviet Bloc have been the most recent of American Immigrants. As opposed to past waves of people seeking a better life through unskilled labor, these new American brought with them much needed and desired technical skills.

Growing up in what was once Yugoslavia, Halse Tjorchok never imagined that one day he would be living and working in the United States of America. In his teen years, he was openly patriotic and trusting of the Communist government. In the equivalent high school, he tested for aptitude in the electrical trade was trained for five years as an electrician. The pay was hardly above Western poverty levels, but at the time it seemed that Tjorchok was living the East Bloc dream. Then it all fell apart.



In the early 90s, Yugoslavia collapsed into a bitterly contested civil war between long-embattled social groups. Serb mobs and militia began ethnically cleansing his neighborhood, and fearing for his family of five, he fled into Croatia, but having a Bosnian wife made life there equally impossible. His story came to the attention of an American Army chaplain serving with NATO peacekeepers, and by some bureaucratic miracle was able to obtain an exit visa and passage to the United States.

Upon arriving in a strange country and knowing only partial English, the initial going was hard for Tjorchok and his family, but his electrical skill was in much demand. He started work as an Electrician's assistant at a local contractor and worked harder than nearly all the native-born employees, studying English at night. Now living the American Immigrant dream, Tjorchok has now saved up enough and obtained all the local IBEW union certifications to try and open his own electrical business, and now does small contract job on weekends and in his spare time.

DESCRIPTION: A barrel-chested man of obvious Slavic stock, Tjorchok has large muscular arms and very short, graying dark hair that he combs back. Due to finances, he wears second hand clothes, mostly of an athletic nature. He takes pride in his limited English, speaking in a deep heavily accented voice.



ERIC THATCHER, GUNSMITH, Age 57
 STR: 15 CON: 16
 SIZ: 16 DEX: 15
 APP: 10 INT: 14
 POW: 11 EDU: 16
 SAN: 55 HP: 16
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .22 Bolt Action Rifle: 60%, Damage = 1D6+2
 .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle: 60%, Damage = 2D6+4
 .58 Muzzleloading Rifle: 60%, Damage = 1D10+4
 12Gauge Shotgun: 60%, Damage = 4d6/2d6/1d6
 .38 Revolver: 50%, Damage = 1D10
 .45 Revolver: 50%, Damage = 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain: 30%, First Aid: 40%,
 Gunsmithing: 86%, Law: 20%, Library Use:
 30%, Mechanical Repair: 50%, Metalsmithing:
 66%, Operate Heavy Machine: 26%, Spot
 Hidden: 45%, Track: 40%, Woodworking: 40%
 Language: English: 80%

Ever since the introduction of gunpowder to Europe, the manufacture of firearms has been a highly prized craft. Until the Industrial age, firearms were hand-made with as much artistic work as functionality. And even though personal weapons are now mass-produced in the millions, the need for gun repair and craftsmanship has never gone away.

Eric Thatcher's family moved from the backwoods when he 4 after the family farm was foreclosed. Still, he enjoyed going hunting with father and grandfather, and learned to shoot guns by the time he was seven. Mechanically-minded, he would take apart clocks, radios, and engines as well as guns. He also learned wood working from his grandfather and by Junior High, he was the top student in shop class. Later, he took machining classes in high school and was soon able to repair the family firearms at home. In his senior year, he took a mail order correspondence course in gunsmithing and he was soon working for a local gun store owner repairing and maintaining pistols, shotguns, and rifles.

After working in the back of the store for years and years, Thatcher decided to go into business for himself several years ago, and now has a fairly decent shop operation. While gunsmith work takes up most of his time, he does have to do several typical machining job orders now and then to help supplement his and his office clerk wife's household income.

He is also slightly wary of the government and its real—and imagined—intrusions into personal liberties. Any Investigator showing similar thoughts and opinions will find a fast friend in Eric Thatcher, a friend willing to provide firearms or work on upgrading of semi-automatic weapons into full automatics.

DESCRIPTION: A Grizzled and graying beard over his weather-worn face, the transplanted country boy Thatcher is a grandfatherly figure despite his relative age. He replaced his oval glasses with magnifying goggles for detail work.. Working from home, he is always clad in colored t-shirts and jeans, often with a leather

apron. Thatcher walks with a limp from a non-weapon hunting accident.



TOM McCALL,
PLUMBER, Age 43
STR: 12 CON: 13
SIZ: 14 DEX: 10
APP: 10 INT: 11
POW: 9 EDU: 13
SAN: 45 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Pipe

Wrench: 45%, Damage = 1D6+db

Chisel: 40%, 1D2+db

Cutting Torch: 40%, 1D6 Burn

Skills: Bargain: 40%, Climb: 50%, Conceal:
30%, Fast Talk: 35%, Machining: 26%,
Persuade: 20%, Pilot Skidoo: 36%, Plumbing:
78%, Psychology: 25%, Sneak: 30%, Spot
Hidden: 43%, Swim: 30%, Welding: 50%
Language: English: 65%

While often thought of a modern convenience, plumbing has long been a part of society since the Roman era. Today, life could be barely tolerated without fresh water coming in and waste water going out. The work is not easy, often dirty, but quite invaluable when the need arises---which is why plumbers often make more money than college graduates.

Never an outstanding student, Tom McCall spent his teen years playing football and partying with nary a care for the future, thinking he'd get an athletic scholarship for four more years of fun. But a miscalculated school prank got him thrown off the team, and there went his chances. Graduating with barely enough skills to get a job, he was talked in joining the Navy by his uncle who told him tales of wild times in foreign ports. Signing up, he decided on becoming a Boilerman—and promptly spent 6 years in a repair facility in Philadelphia fixing broken piping.

Fed up with the military, McCall mustered out---but happily with a decent skill in plumbing and pipe fitting. He went back home and apprenticed with a couple of established plumbing contractors. He married and settled down to a simple life of work, home, and the occasional sports-themed beer blast. After a decade of working for others, he and his brother-in-law went into business for themselves.

The work is not easy, often dirty and wet, and usually in cramped spaces under houses and in basements, but the income pays for his house, car, boat, and seasonal sporting event tickets. Recently, McCall got into the septic tank installation and removal business and purchased a small bulldozer/ backhoe combo. He relies almost entire on word of mouth and the telephone directory for new business.

DESCRIPTION: Physically having gone downhill since giving up regular exercise, McCall is portly, and chubby-faced with a large handlebar moustache. His balding hair is black with flecks of gray and combed back. His clean uniforms always end up a horrid mess by the end of a work day, when he changes into the jerseys of the local pro teams. He speaks with a deep, quite audible mumbling, as if running all his words together.



AARON NICHOLS,
TELEPHONE LINEMAN, Age 33
STR: 16 CON: 17
SIZ: 16 DEX: 15
APP: 10 INT: 12
POW: 10 EDU: 12
SAN: 50 HP: 16
Damage Bonus:
+1D4

Weapons: Live Wire: 70%, Damage = 4D8+stun

12g Shotgun: 40%, Damage = 4D6/2D6/1D6

Utility Knife: 30%, Damage = 1D4+db

Skills: Climb: 75%, Drive Truck: 35%,
Electrical Repair: 70%, Electronics: 36%,
Fishing 40%, Listen: 45%, Navigate Land: 40%,
Operate Cherry Picker: 51%, Pilot Motor Boat:
36%, Psychology: 15%, Spot Hidden: 45%,
Swim: 40%, Throw: 35%

Language: English: 60%

One of the greatest advances in communications was the use of electrical pulses through pole-strung wire. At first the telegraph with a series of dots and dashes was the tie that bound vast distances, but the telephone made personal communication possible, bring together family and friends, customers and business, and aided public safety. And when the lines are down, society can revert back centuries.



A former high school football player, who dejectedly realized college ball was not his ticket out of the lower class, Aaron Nichols decided on a practical technical trade. He went to the local public vocational tech school to study as an electrician, but only got by with average grades. Luckily, he was hired by a local telephone and cable TV company as a lineman, namely because he was strong enough to carry equipment and supplies, as well as not being the least bit afraid of heights.

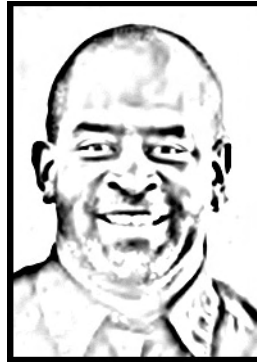
However, he started his career on the ground simply drilling holes for poles, but through hard work and dedication moved up to senior lineman. Normally, Nichols works in the elevated bucket installing and repairing phone and cable lines, often connecting them to new and existing homes---sometimes getting an interesting eyeful in nearby windows and backyards. Sometimes, he has to trim trees in the way of lines and more then once has taken the cherry picker truck to do pruning at home and for friends. He usually works a 40-50 hour week, but when bad weather rolls through, he is out there working for long and difficult hours fixing downed lines, sometimes in distant areas as a “trade-off” with other utility companies.

After a long and strenuous work week, Nichols either heads straight to the nearest lake to go boating with his family, or to go play flag football with his old friends.

DESCRIPTION: A tall and stocky man who looks years younger then he actually is. Nichols has a beard under his chin and small moustache of the dark color of his close cropped hair. He smiles with his mouth closed due to the family trait of crooked teeth. When getting off duty, he peels off his work coveralls to reveal his standard “uniform” of jeans and crew neck t-shirts.

TRANSPORTATION

One of the reasons of how society evolves is the advances in mobility and transportation. When it once took months and days to make a long journey, that same distance can be covered in hours or minutes. The same advantage can both make a world-spanning Mythos campaign or an area-specific single investigation far more expedient.



DAVID JACKSON, BUS DRIVER, age 32
 STR: 11 CON 16
 SIZ: 16 INT: 11
 POW: 16 DEX 14
 APP: 12 EDU:13
 SAN: 80 HP:12
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Grapple
 55%, damage special

Tire iron 40%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: Drive Bus 75%, Electrical Repair 20%, Fast Talk 45%, Local History 65%, Law 20%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 35% Navigate City Streets 65%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 50%

Language: English: 80%, Local Minority Language: _____: 16%

In the early days of wheeled public transport, the carriage and stagecoach reigned supreme. But with the introduction of engines, the coach became the ubiquitous bus. Normally considered the low rung of public transportation, the bus does offer fairly stress-free riding, a far wider variety of routes other than rail or aircraft, and the opportunity to meet new and interesting people.

Never much of a physical person despite his large size, David Jackson was not very popular in school. Picked on, teased, and ignored, his only solace came in church where he sang gospel music in the choir. He was quite talented vocally and very much the most acclaim male youth in his church. But pursuing a professional singing career was quashed by a pair of heckler-filled school talent shows.

With college priced out of his reach and the military not being an option, Jackson slaved away for a few years in fast food, before a church deacon managed to get him a job as a public transit ticket vender. There, his friendly demeanor made an impression on riders, and after a few years of interest, he began practicing and studying to become a bus driver. Four years ago, Jackson passed the test and immediately put on the night shift.

So now David Jackson plies the streets of the city at night behind the wheel of a city bus, providing rides for a myriad of riders from the inner city out to the more affluent suburbs. He makes the ride more interesting by singing

out his route stops to passengers, who feel both entertained and calmed by his rich baritone voice. He works Friday and Saturday night so he can make Wednesday church service and Thursday night choir practice, and thus runs into a lot of odd situations.

DESCRIPTION: An overly large and beefy male with a dark complexion, closed shaved head, and glasses, Jackson is nonetheless a friendly teddy bear of a man. He keeps his uniform clean and immaculate as well as his person, and rarely seen out of a white shirt and tie when not on duty. He speaks deeply, but jovially, even when under stress.



**FELIX BASKER,
BUSH PILOT,**

Age: 51
STR: 14 CON: 16
SIZ: 13 DEX: 15
APP: 12 INT: 14
POW: 10 EDU: 15
SAN: 50 HP: 15
Damage Bonus:
+1D4

Weapons: .30 Lever-action Carbine: 45%,
Damage = 2D6
Bowie Knife: 30%, Damage = 1D4+2+db
Aircraft machinegun: 40%

Skills: Airplane Maintenance: 51%, Astronomy:
21%, Bargain: 30%, Electrical Repair: 25%,
Listen: 30%, Natural History: 40%, Navigate:
50%, Pilot Aircraft: 86%, Spot Hidden: 55%,
Swim: 35%,

Languages: English: 75%, Local Native
Language _____: 36%

The first aviators were a rugged lot due to the simple fact that the only available places to operate out of were any open tract of land. But even with today's ultramodern airports and airfields, there is still a need for skilled pilots to land and take off from undeveloped sites, including deserts, savannahs, and even wilderness lakes-anywhere that a paying passenger is willing to go.

Raised in a military family, Felix Basker was the fifth generation to join up, but was the first to go beyond enlisted rank as a Marine Corps Warrant Officer. With 2 years of college already under his belt, he was qualified for flight

school, but rather than helicopters, he chose to fly the OV-9 Bronco, a propeller-driven, machine gun-armed spotter aircraft. When leaving the service after a decade, he went into business for himself, flying crop dusters in California and working as a Los Angeles radio station traffic report pilot. But tiring of the Southern California lifestyle, Basker saved up as much money as he could and then moved his family to the edge of the wilderness to work as a bush pilot.

So now Basker earns a decent salary delivering mail and supplies to wilderness-based customers, as well as dropping off hunting, fishing, and canoeing parties during all seasons. He owns two planes, one equipped with floats for water landings and a conventionally wheeled plane that can have skis attached for winter landing. Basker also gives flying lessons at \$100/hour. After 20 hours, an Investigator will receive 1D20 in Pilot Aircraft, after 50 hours, Investigators receive an additional 1D10+5 Pilot Aircraft and are qualified for a solo flight exam.

Keepers may place Basker and his operation in any near wilderness region; Alaska, Canada, the Rockies, Maine or overseas.

DESCRIPTION: Lean, but has a muscular build hardened by years outdoors. His weather-worn facial features include deep-set, icy blue eyes, and a short, graying crew-cut. He rarely smiles, being deathly serious about his job and his aircraft. As opposed to the stereotypical leather flying jacket, Basker wears a military-style field jacket over flannel shirts and denim clothes.



**DERRICK
HORNER,
CHARTER BOAT
CAPTAIN,**

Age 48
STR: 15 CON: 15
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 11 INT: 13
POW: 11 EDU: 18
SAN: 55 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch:
60%, Damage = 1D3+db
.45 Automatic: 40%, Damage = 1D10+2
Gaff: 40%, Damage = 1D6+2+db

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Bargain: 45%, Climb:
50%, Credit Rating: 20%, Electrical Repair:
25%, Fast Talk: 30%, First Aid: 45%, Local



History: 50%, Mechanical Repair: 45%, Natural History: 35%, Navigate (Sea): 65%, Occult: 25%, Persuade: 40%, Pilot Boat: 81%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Swim: 45%

Language: English: 80%, Other Language _____: 31%, Other Language _____: 16%

Commanding a ship at sea has always carried an air of respect, romance, and freedom. Away from land, the captain of any size ship is ultimately responsible for the safety of their crew, passengers, and cargo. Most captains of large ships are assigned command by the vessel owners, but there are still those who serve no one but themselves and charter their ships out to those willing to pay.

The latest in long line of sea-going men, Derrick Horner started his coating career early as a teenage deckhand on his uncle's fishing boat. A rebellious youth, he would often escape trouble, (academic, legal, and social) ashore by hopping aboard other outgoing fishing boats for up to 2 weeks. Despite never having completed high school, he managed to join the Navy, but disliked the discipline and left after just 2 years. He then spent a decade in the Merchant Marine, where his deck skills made up for his wild streak, spending much of his spare time carousing in exotic ports.

At the age of 30, he decided to try his at fishing himself. But because of high operating costs and imported seafood, many of Horner's peers gave just the business entirely. But he just could not get the sea out of his blood, and spent an entire year of retirement pay and savings on converting his boat "The Red Dolphin" into a charter cruise boat with the idea of getting rich folks to pay him to take them game fishing. That way, he can be back by sundown and spend the night---and charter fee-- in some local bar.

Married and divorced three times, Horner is a notorious womanizer and treats younger and attractive females as potential flings. He is gruff, but friendly to other men, particularly those who don't mind knocking back a beer and a stogie.

DESCRIPTION: Horner is a large, powerfully-built man with an over-abundance of body hair he has no qualms about showing. He combs his receding hair back, and has a large busy dark mustache. A cigar (often an illegal Cuban) is almost always clamped in his mouth and his

voice is as gruff as his looks. His fashion depends on the weather; cold and wet, it's a rain slicker, water boots, knit cap, and a life jacket, and in warm weather---a tank top and cut-off jeans---if that.



BARBARA SIMONSON, FLIGHT ATTENDANT,
Age 45
STR: 12 CON: 14
SIZ: 12 DEX: 15
APP: 15 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 14
SAN: 80 HP: 14:

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fencing Epee: 45%, Damage = 1D6+1+db

Skills: Climb: 50%, Fast Talk: 45%, First Aid: 50%, History: 35%, Illustrating: 55%, Jump: 35%, Law: 20%, Listen: 40%, Persuade: 65%, Photography: 30%, Psychology: 45%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Swim: 35%

Languages: English: 85%, French: 21%, Spanish: 21%

Ever since commercial air traffic began, there was a need for someone to care for the passengers. In the 1920s, the need was for registered nurses, in the 70s it was for chic, attractive women, but now it's for anyone who can stay calm under the duress of dealing with ornery passengers, hurried working conditions, and the possibility of emergencies.

Barbara Simonson never intended to be a flight attendant, as her real love was illustrating children's books. However, that career has never paid much, especially for beginners and Simonson ended up taking a long a series of minimum wage retail jobs to support herself after college. When she was 28, she answered a newspaper ad for Airline Gate personnel, and because of her friendly and helpful attitude, she got the job. Two years later, she moved up to a Flight Attendant position for a large national carrier. But after some industry mergers, she ended up working for a subsidiary regional airline that served the smaller markets and commuter flights, often in foreign-built propeller-driven aircraft. Sometimes she is the only flight attendant to handle up to 30 nervous passengers.

While sometimes derided as merely a “waitress in the sky”, Simonson takes her job very seriously, especially considering the planes she flies in are relatively not as safe as jetliners, as they fly in and out of mountainous or oceanside resort areas, and into smaller, less equipped airports. Still, she most enjoys working with people and being able to travel to parts of Mexico and Canada, where she happily sketches landscapes and people.

So far in her long career, Barbara Simonson has never been involved in any sort of serious air accident or passenger altercation, and hopefully will not--perhaps.

DESCRIPTION: A thin, frail-looking woman with fiery red hair, green eyes, and a sharpish nose, Simonson nearly always calm and collected and exudes that feeling as well. When not in her uniform (including long black trenchcoat for foul weather), she is usually wearing fashionable, yet functional clothing. Her speech, while highly articulate, tends to speed up when she gets excited.



MATT McNAMARA, HELICOPTER PILOT, Age 45
 STR: 14 CON: 12
 SIZ: 13 DEX: 16
 APP: 13 INT: 15
 POW: 10 EDU: 20
 SAN: 45 HP: 13
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Machine Gun: 50%, Damage = Varies
 9mm Beretta: 40%, Damage = 1D10

Skills: Aviation Mechanics: 60%, Avionics: 41%, Computer Use: 21%, Electrical Repair: 35%, Fast Talk: 35%, Law: 15%, Navigate: 45%, Persuade: 30% Physics: 21%, Photography: 40%, Pilot Helicopter: 86%, Pilot Light Plane: 41%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Language: English: 100%, Other Language _____: 26%

Perfected by Igor Sikorsky, the helicopter can do things a normal aircraft cannot do, ranging from vertical take-off & landing to hovering and heavy lifting. And while similar to piloting small aircraft, it takes an entirely

different mindset to precisely and safely guide the helicopter through its designated tasks.

Growing up around engines in his father’s auto shop, Matt McNamara initially joined the Army to become a mechanic to following the family footsteps, but had his attention grabbed by helicopters. While serving as an avionics mechanic, he took as many college credit courses as possible, and after obtaining an Associates degree in History, entered Army flight school as a Warrant officer.

For the next sixteen years, McNamara flew utility helicopters such as Huey, the Chinook, and the Blackhawk, serving in the first Gulf War (1991), Somalia (1992), and later in the Balkans (1994-1996) before retiring. He now works in the private sector as a TV news station helicopter pilot, often soaring over high speed car chases, massive fires, and police stand-offs. On slow news days, he helps a friend with a commercial helicopter operation transporting medical patients, search and rescue parties, construction site cargo, and even sightseers; anything for an extra buck. Otherwise, he spends his weeks at sporting events or having a good time in the local tavern with friends.

McNamara can also give flying lessons; classroom activities at \$50/hour, \$150 for actual flight time. After 30 hours, an Investigator will receive 1D20 in Pilot Rotor Aircraft, after 50 hours, Investigators receive an additional 1D10+5 Pilot Rotor Aircraft and are qualified for a solo flight exam

DESCRIPTION: McNamara’s most prominent feature is his broken nose, blond and graying Army buzz-cut hairstyle. His deep set eyes can still spot small targets from the air. After years of khaki green uniforms, he now prefers to wear Hawaiian shirts and tan slacks, although with a leather flying jacket when working. He is a good-humored and boisterous talker who punctuates his speech with descriptive hand gestures.



RANDY COYLE, LONG DISTANCE TRUCK DRIVER, Age: 48
 STR: 13 CON: 13
 SIZ: 12 DEX: 12
 APP: 10 INT: 11
 POW: 9 EDU: 12
 SAN: 45 HP: 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 1D3+db
.38 Revolver: 30%, Damage = 1D10
Head Butt: 30%, 1D4+db
Tire Iron: 30%, Damage = 1D8+db

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Conceal: 30%, Dodge:
34%, Drive Truck: 80%, Engine Repair: 35%,
Fast Talk: 55%, Law: 15%, Navigate Highways:
65%, Persuade: 35%, Psychology: 25%.

Languages: English: 60%, CB Lingo: 90%

The mainstay of the modern transportation system is the tractor trailer truck, delivering a wide variety of goods from factories, warehouses, and rail lines to individual stores and end users. The drivers of these big rigs, who often spend weeks on the road, have become a subculture unto themselves with a specific lingo and style of life.

Born into a rough-and-tumble country home, nothing was expected much for typical “Good ol’ Boy” Randy Coyle. His home life was nearly devoid of positive influences as his abusive father was in and out of jail for alcohol-related misdeeds. School was hard labor for the young Coyle and he got out of high school barely able to read. Still, Coyle tried to keep out of trouble and managed to get a part-time driving delivering farm supplies. It was on the job that the first time that people seemed to like Coyle for his prompt and friendly service.

Coyle then moved up from flatbed delivery trucks to tracker trailer rigs, making deliveries across the nation’s highways for a living. It was a solitary life, but it gave him a self of self-purpose and personal responsibility. But due to the life on the road, Coyle and been married three time and divorced twice, and now tries to support his three children. Of course, he’s not above finding a little companionship on the road.

Coyle does think of himself as a “knight of the road” and if his schedule permits will stop to help stranded drivers or help out at accident scenes, and if not able to stop he will call the authorities on his CB radio. And while often he sees the highway patrol as an adversary out to hit him and other truckers with speeding tickets, he will happily serve as a “rolling roadblock” to deter interstate criminals.

DESCRIPTION: A short and stocky middle aged man with short graying red hair and large, bushy moustache accenting his well-worn

pinkish face. His cold blues eyes are often hidden behind sunglasses, but he always takes them off indoors. Due to his sitting for hours on end, he has a bit of a paunch and wears a multiple layering of clothes deal with varying temperatures. Naturally, he talks with a friendly “good ol’ boy” twang.



WILLIAM ANDERSEN, RAILROAD ENGINEER, Age 48
STR: 14 CON: 17
SIZ: 14 DEX: 12
APP: 11 INT: 13
POW: 10 EDU: 15
SAN: 50 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 55%, Damage = 1D3+db
12g Shotgun: 40%, Damage = 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Climb: 45%, Drive Truck: 30%,
Electrical Repair: 35%, Fast Talk: 35%, First Aid: 40%, Grapple: 45%, Jump: 45%,
Mechanical Repair: 50%, Natural History: 25%,
Operate Heavy Machinery: 46%, Persuade: 45%, Pilot Locomotive: 86%, Spot Hidden: 55%

Language: English: 75%

Long has the romance of the railroad held sway over people, particularly the train engineer. Celebrated in song and movies, driving a train has been a most popular dream of the adventurous. And while today locomotives lack much of the romance of their steam-driven ancestors, the thrill of guiding one of these massive giants at high speed is a dream indeed.

Living out in the country, William Andersen would eagerly await the sight of any train passing by, as well as the faraway night cry of a train whistle. Deciding at a young age that the railroad would be his chance to seethe world, he studied as much mechanical knowledge in school as he could, as well building up his physical makeup. At 16, he managed to get a part-time job with the railroad as a yard and line worker, which meant weekends spent repairing miles of rail.

After graduating from high school and spending another three years working the rails, Anderson took and passed the operational rules efficiency test and was accepted as an apprentice engineer, which meant hours of checking and

maintaining the mechanical condition of the locomotives. He worked a part-time schedule of actually running a locomotive until he garnered enough seniority to completely leave the yard behind. It is difficult work, monitoring a myriad of systems from engine power to air pressure, but at last Anderson realized his dream.

At all times, he is in constant communication with traffic control center personnel, and tries to be aware of the condition of his train and the oncoming terrain. He has been involved in a single accident; a car of teenagers tried to beat his locomotive across a lonely crossing---and he never wishes to experience that tragedy again. So as he rides through the night, Anderson is constant on the lookout for anything unusual.

DESCRIPTION: Anderson is quite youngish-looking for his age. Of average height and slender build, he is remarkable hale and hardy. He has short, yet saggy dark brown hair, but light brown and gray-flecked moustache. Incredibly soft-spoken and his eyes are lost behind his small reading glasses. And as opposed to traditional engineer fashions, the air-conditioned locomotive cabs allow him to work in shirt sleeves, jeans, and hiking boots.



BEN BOWERS, TAXI CAB DRIVER Age 43

STR: 13 CON: 10
SIZ: 16 DEX: 11
APP: 12 INT: 13
POW: 12 EDU: 11
SAN: 57 HP: 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: .45
Automatic: 45%,
Damage = 1D10+2

Fist/Punch: 55%, Damage = 1d3+db

Skills: Bargain: 40%, Dance: 30%, Drive Auto: 35%, Fast Talk: 55%, Listen: 30%, Auto Mechanics: 30%, Navigate City Streets: 50%, Photography: 40%, Psychology: 50%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Swim: 40%

Language: English: 60%

Before urban public transportation, horse-drawn carriages were the chief mode for the wealthy and well-to-do to get around crowded, filthy city streets. When the

automobile arrived, it sent the horse and buggy to the tourist trade, and Taxi cabs became the principle method to get to specific city addresses. Of course, the taxi is for any level of society from high brow to low count, and thus makes it a dangerous, yet interesting career.

Ben Bowers never wanted to be just a taxi cab driver...but finances dictated otherwise. A former Navy Photographers' Mate, he had intended on a glamour career of taking pictures of beautiful fashion models, swim suit models, and magazine centerfolds. After leaving the Navy, he tried breaking into the business of fashion photography, but failed in six months. To pay bills and creditors, he drove a cab for two years, nearly getting killed by would-be robbers three times. The next two attempts at starting a business both failed, and once again Bower finds himself behind the wheel.

Naturally talkative, Bowers enjoys meeting all manner of people that he meets on the job. He tries to keep a series of conversation-starting stories ranging from sports news, and national headlines to trivia about the local area and its inhabitants. His skill with a camera has also lent itself to assisting the local cops, as Bowers has snapped pictures of car thefts, purse snatchers, and a flasher or two. Of course, his anonymity is forefront in Bowers' mind to avoid angry criminal retribution in return.

So now when he's not practicing his former artistic endeavor, Ben Bowers plies the streets of the city looking for that next fare and the next human interest story---and hopefully avoid whatever awful crime that lies in wait for the unsuspecting cabbie.

DESCRIPTION: A large man with thin, balding dark blond hair, Bowers poorly attempts to look hipper than he actually is. He wears humorously loud and vivid shirts---under which he wears a ballistic vest, just in case. His course & friendly voice is marked by his strong local accent.

UNUSUAL

As Investigation of the Mythos is an utterly unusual preoccupation, interacting with other people in odd pursuits and hobbies will eventually occur. These persons may have full-time jobs, but use their spare time for furthering their interest, being able to provide Investigators leads or information unavailable normally.



**DEAN NASH,
CONSPIRACY
THEORIST**, Age 38
STR: 13 CON: 14
SIZ: 14 DEX: 16
APP: 11 INT: 16
POW: 12 EDU: 18
SAN: 55 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Pepper Spray:
85%, Damage = 2D10min Stun

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Audio Analysis: 35%,
Chemistry: 21%, Computer Use: 51%,
Electronics: 36%, Fast Talk: 55%, History: 70%,
Law: 35%, Library: 80%, Occult: 45%,
Photographic Analysis: 50%, Physics: 36%,
Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Languages: English: 90%, Latin: 26%, Other
European Language: 21%

UFOs! JFK! Government Mind Control!
Insidious business cabals! Secret Societies! It's
all Fodder for the Conspiracy Theorist. These
persons apparently see the hidden strings being
the scenes while other mindless go about their
daily lives, and they feel a duty to try and
convince others of the Truth---whatever it may
be.

Dean Nash grew up all-American young
man, being involved in the Boy Scouts and Little
League, and the Young Republicans in college,
where he had planned to study Law, There, he
became concerned with seemingly heavy-
handed Government suppression of civil rights,
which led to online discussions which led him to
learn about more and varied theories about
Government, corporate, and social secrets. At
first, it was good-hearted fun discussing the
personal foibles of the President, the evidence
for UFOs, and sightings of a still-living Elvis
But the volumes of supposed evil-doing by high
level institutes built up a serious mistrust of the
powers that be. And soon, influence by
centuries-old secret societies and Aliens didn't
seem so far-fetched.

After failing out of law school, Nash
worked for a big insurance company, but after
being laid off twice in two subsequent corporate
mergers, he became even more sure that that
"someone" was out to "get" him. Two hit and
run car accidents furthered his personal
paranoia. Now working from home as an

insurance adjuster, he spends a lot of his time
researching all he can about the hidden powers
behind society's ills, always thinking he is still
at great personal risk.

Nash is loosely associated with several
dozen other conspiracy theorists world-wide,
and helps to try and spread the word
electronically. His work has been mentioned on
a national syndicated radio program and on a
couple of TV documentaries, but Hurst tries to
keep a very low profile. Most likely,
Investigators will come across him and his
research via the computer.

DESCRIPTION Nash is a heavy set man who
looks 15 years older than he really is. He wears
very out-of-date, large plastic framed glasses
hiding his dull brown eyes and has dark hair
with a heavy "5 o'clock shadow" each evening.
His clothing never ventures past XXL polo shirts
and bargain basement slacks. He speaks with a
heavy droning voice which increases in volume
for emphasizing items.



**BERNIE RUSSELL,
CRYPTOZOOLOGIST**,
Age 35
STR: 14 CON: 16 SIZ:
13 DEX: 12 APP: 13
INT: 15 POW: 10 EDU:
17 SAN: 50 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting: 45%, Anthropology: 51%,
Biology: 30%, Computer Use: 26%, Drive 4x4
Auto: 30%, History: 35%, Library Use: 40%,
Listen : 40%, Natural History: 50%, Occult:
25%, Persuade: 40%, Photography: 40%,
Psychology: 35%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden:
45%, Track: 35%, Videography: 40%,
Wilderness Survival: 35%

Language: English: 85%, Northwest American
Indian Language _____: 16%

While most biological scientists scoff at
the idea of previous unknown and undiscovered
large animals, the pursuit of such creatures has
fallen to a fringe group of believers who put
enthusiasm before scientific proof. These would-
be discoverers call their science Cryptozoology".
While often branded "monster hunters", the
adherents of this endeavor strive to be as
scientifically sound as possible.

By day, Bernie Russell is a typical and normal-sounding office-bound manager with a mid-sized engineering firm. However, his hobby is Bigfoot hunting. Russell has been interested in the subject of a large unknown wilderness humanoid ever since he a small boy watching various Bigfoot and real-life monster documentaries, even though he himself has never witnesses such an encounter. He scans the media for any and all reports of Bigfoot sightings as well as other odd bits concerning unknown large animals in North America such as the “Florida Skunk Ape”, the South Carolina “Lizardman”, “Shaggy Harry” in Indiana, and the Lake Champlain monster “Champ”. He is a member in good standing of the International Cryptozoological Society and is the regional secretary of the local group, which meets monthly.

In his quest for evidence of Bigfoot type creatures, Russell has been on a dozen field expeditions to the American Northwest, four to British Columbia, and one each to Nepal and Central Russia--- usually as his yearly 2 week vacation. While not a trained biologist, he has tried to pick up as much amateur scientific evidence gathering skills as he can, but mainly relies on anecdotal and photographic evidence. He also tries to act as a representative for the ICS, arranging speaking engagements which are more like spooky public curiosities than actual science talks. But Bernie Russell just keeps on trying to prove the belief. Anyone with a similar mindset would find an instant ally in him

DESCRIPTION: A average size man with short black hair and horn-rimmed glasses, Russell hardly looks the role of a woodsy explorer. While rarely seen in a suit, he always wears a tie at both work and while pursuing his hobby. He speaks with a clear, moderate tone that presents an air of authority.



**TIM MAKOWSKI,
GHOST HUNTER,**
age 37
STR: 13 CON: 15
SIZ: 12 DEX: 14
APP: 15 INT: 16
POW: 17 EDU: 16
SAN: 77 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Bargain: 25%, Computer Use: 45%, Electrical Repair: 30%, Electronics: 45%, First Aid: 40%, History: 35%, Jump: 30%, Law: 20%, Library Use: 70%, Listen: 45%, Navigate: 35%, Occult: 30%, Persuade: 40%, Photography: 50%, Psychology: 55%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 50%

Languages: Central European
Language: _____: 21%, English: 80%

The idea of life after death and of ghostly spirits still existing in our world has long been the subject of eerie legend and religious belief. In the Victorian age, Spiritualists trying to contact these spirits enjoyed great popularity, abet with much fraud. Today, inquisitive people armed wit an array of electronic measuring and recording gear attempt to prove that ghosts do in fact exist.

Always interested in the supernatural, Tim Makowski started investigating ghosts, haunted places, and other paranormal phenomena on a dare of going into a supposed haunted house at age 10. He found the thrill of the unknown enticing and was soon getting into trouble doing it late at night. At first, he just took an instamatic camera equipped with a flip flash with him, getting what seemed to be incredible shots of floating, lowing orbs of lights. However, in high school photography class he learned his evidence of spirits was simply the flash reflecting off of dust, insects, and rain. He has since avoided quickly jumping to conclusions.

While working as a computer network systems engineer, Maskowski is the founder and leader of a local ghost hunting club that takes bi weekly forays into suspected haunted places like old buildings, cemeteries, crime scenes, and Civil War battlefield sites. And as opposed to his first forays into supernatural investigations, he now carries a wide range of devices; film and digital camera, camcorders, tape recorders, electromagnetic detectors, infrared temperature sensors, and even anemometers, and plenty of notepads. Makowski insists that his fellow ghost-hunters try and remain skeptical when examining evidence. He also is adamant to outsiders that he and his group do not “bust” ghosts or perform any type of exorcisms; they’re just there to look.

DESCRIPTION: Tall, slim, and good-looking aptly describes Maskowski. His most striking

feature is his premature silverish hair, which some say is due to his “seeing ghosts”, but is actually a family trait. He speaks with a very melodious and rich, captivating voice which enhances his interesting talks. He dresses casually but business-like, even when on investigations.



**KATHY PATTERSEN
MEDIEVAL
REENACTOR**, Age 43
STR: 13 CON: 16
SIZ: 15 DEX: 13
APP: 14 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 18
SAN: 80 HP: 16
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Long Bow: 40%, Damage = 1D6
Butcher Knife: 35%: 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting: 50%, Bargain: 40%, Brew Beer: 51%, Computer Use: 21%, First Aid: 45%, Library Use: 55%, Medieval Cookery: 66%, Medieval History: 80%, Natural History: 30%, Persuade: 35%, Psychology: 35%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Languages: English: 90%, Old Style European Language _____: 41%

Sometime during the counter-culture of the 1960s, the social idea of going backward in time to learn about and then experience simpler times was born. And while the actual Middle Ages could in fact not be considered a “merry ol’ time”, the fantasy of knights in armor, damsels in distress, and ale-swilling, dancing peasantry induce thousand of modern people to dress up and pretend that it’s 1350.

During the week, Karen Peterson is the office manager for a nation-wide engineering firm, but on weekend she assumes the role of “Lady Esmeralda” a medieval noblewoman and has been doing it for over 20 years now. She discovered this hobby in college, where she was a history major. Growing up, she was always ostracized by her peers for her weight, but here for the first time in her life, she was eagerly accepted for what she knew and thought.

At first fascinated by the period fashions, and later the fun and frivolity of the Medieval Society club (an affiliation of the Society for Creative Anachronism), Patterson threw her historical and social interest into the

group, researching everything about medieval life from dances and combat to cookery and beer brewing. Suddenly having several guys romantically interested in her helped, too.

Sadly, there’s not much of a job market for history majors with an interest in the Middle ages, so after getting married to a fellow Reenactor, Patterson eventually settled on a clerical career, but remained active in the SCA where ever she found herself and continued to do further research on the medieval era, enriching the depth of her alter ego. To further her research, she now scours the internet, various libraries, and once a year, tours Europe to explore old cities and museums.

DESCRIPTION: A big, buxom woman with a chubby face that somewhat hides her bright blue eyes and gleaming smile, Patterson has long reddish blond hair that either reaches down her back or is tied up in medieval buns. She has a sweet, disarming voice. At work, she wears neutral-colored and drab casual wear, but in the “1500s”, she goes for brilliantly dyed gowns showing ample cleavage.



**TAMILYN
SULLIVAN ,
MODERN DAY
PAGAN**, age 24
STR: 10 CON: 12
SIZ: 14 DEX: 14
APP: 13 INT: 15
POW: 16 EDU: 14
SAN: 80 HP: 11

Weapons: Sacred Blade: 45% Damage = 1D3+2

Kick: 40%, Damage = 1D6

Skills: Drawing: 50%, Botany: 25%, Celtic Dancing: 40%, Climb: 50%, Fast Talk: 25%, Flower Arranging 75%, History: 45%, Jump: 30%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 45%, Herbology: 45%, Occult: 40%, Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Swim: 35%
Languages: English: 75%, Scots Gaelic: 31%

Spells: Bless, 1D2 Other Minor Mythos Spells

The religious notion of polythesism waned greatly with the rise of Christianity and Islam. However, in 19th Century Western society, a backlash against the overbearing hand of the Church began with a look back to the days

of Paganism. Groups practicing Druidic rites, Eastern mysticism, Hinduism, Wicca, and ancient European polytheism grew on the fringes of society---something as a fervent belief or sometimes a mere rebellion against society's mores.

The equivalent of a modern era hippy, Tamilyn Sullivan was raised in a *liaise-faire* Catholic home where religion was strictly for holidays. She did grow up quite enthused about her Celtic heritage, taking classes in Celtic dance long before it was popular. Never truly satisfied with contemporary religious dogma, she learned about Wicca in college where she majored in Fine Arts. Joining what counted for the campus "coven", she became enthralled with the "buffet-style" of neopagan traditions, ranging from reverence for nature and ecology, veneration of a Goddess and a Horned God, elements of a variety of ancient mythologies, a belief in and practice of magick. Naturally, her entire family was socially horrified, but she finally discovered the spiritually long missing from her life.

Now working as a flower arranging in a local florist shop, Sullivan leads a quiet, almost mundane life with her like-minded boyfriend. During private and public rituals with her group of fellow pagans and Wiccans, she attempts to perform "magic spells", nearly all of which except a Dreamlands-imported Bless have no applicable effect. Mostly, the group celebrates the cycles and seasons of nature through a festival calendar that honors these changes. She does have a good working knowledge of spiritual phenomena, as well as the use of symbolism from popular culture in spiritual contexts.

Sullivan is open about her religious belief to those who inquire seriously, but is cautiously not flagrant about it due to possible social repercussion.

DESCRIPTION: Sullivan is a short, child-like young female with short, stylish black hair, funky framed glasses and a button nose that offsets her "plain Jane" appearance. Fashion-wise, she wears men's shirts with a vest and revealing midriff, along with hip, clunky-looking shoes. Her only outwardly evidence of being a Pagan is her silver pentagram necklace. She speaks with a flighty, adorable soprano voice.



PETRA McPEARSON,
PSYCHIC, Age: 38
STR: 6 CON: 8
SIZ: 16 DEX: 13
APP: 12 INT: 14
POW: 21 EDU: 13
SAN: 85 HP: 12

Skills: Astrology: 35%,
Credit Rating: 25%,
Dreaming: 51%, History: 35%, Law: 35%,
Library Use: 40%, Listen: 55%, Occult: 30%,
Make Vague Future Prediction: 65%, Make
Accurate Future Prediction: 15%, Persuade:
55%, Psychology: 55%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Spells: Treat Psychic Powers as a Spell;
Clairvoyance requiring 8 magic points and
Psychometry 10 magic points, along with a SAN
Check with losses typical for any seen past
experience.

Language: American Sign Language: 31%,
English: 85%

For ages, seers and mystics have alleged the use of incredible mental powers to visualize the future, unknown pasts, and even the thoughts of others. Even today, with virtually no scientific basis for psychic powers, many claim to possess and use such abilities. Some are complete charlatans while others seem to have uncanny mental abilities.

Ever since a small child in a lower class rural family, Petra McPearson seemed to have a mysterious ability to sense things no one else could. She could be able to know what people were doing even miles away and could make uncanny predictions of minor events. Her overly religious family took this as God-given miraculous power, but when McPearson became a teenager, she suddenly found she could sense the past through common objects. This new ability was now seen as a sign of devilry and occultism and the girl was now shunned by her family and church.

Forced to leave home at 15, McPearson took up with an older man, who tried using her ability to win big in casinos, but gambling was something she could not affect. After being dumped at age 18, she found jobs waiting on tables and working cash registers, but could never shake her strange visions and mental sensing. When McPearson was 27 (and after two marriages), she had a horrid vision of a brutal

murder that occurred two decades before from handling a steak knife. The police were skeptical of her “evidence”, but after following up the lead, they amazingly got a confession out of a state prison inmate.

Since then, McPearson has been making a modest living as professional psychic, giving advice and readings to customers, with an occasion visit by skeptical, yet interested police and private investigators.

DESCRIPTION: With her huge head of frizzy red hair, overuse of make-up and wearing huge gaudy sparkling earrings, McPearson presents a near comical appearance. Her clothes range from gauzy gypsy wear to overly flashy and colorful modern outfits, but she always wears a hand-knitted scarf. Her typically high pitched voice strangely changes tone when she is psychically active.



**R.J. CHRISTENSEN,
ROLE PLAYING
GAME WRITER,**

Age 43
STR: 10 CON: 15
SIZ: 14 DEX: 6
APP: 12 INT: 17
POW: 10 EDU: 23
SAN: 0 HP: 15

Weapons: Metal Forearm Crutch: 40%, Damage = 1D8+2

Bow/Arrow: 25%, Damage= 1d6

Skills: Astronomy: 21%, Computer Art: 45%, Computer Use: 31%, Cookery: 31%, Cthulhu Mythos: 50%, Drawing: 45%, Fast Talk: 50%, First Aid: 40%, Gardening: 16%, Geology: 21%, History: 70%, Law: 20%, Library Use: 70%, Listen: 35%, Natural History: 30%, Occult: 30%, Persuade: 35%, Photography: 35%, Physics: 21%, Psychology: 50%, Spot Hidden: 40%

Language: English: 115%, Norwegian: 16%

Ever since growing up with Herculoids, Scooby Doo, & sci-fi toys, RJ always seemed to have a thing for the odd and fantastic. Ambling from cartoons and Star Trek to hard SF books and graphic novels, he discovered war games at age 9 and by 15 had moved into role playing games. It wasn't until 1987 that he discovered

“Call of Cthulhu” via the Purdue university SF club. After flirting with careers in college radio, railroad conducting, and Industrial engineering, he began selling game articles and scenarios to GDW's “Challenge” magazine. He has since contributed to Gary Sumpter's “Arkham Now” and “Cast of Cthulhu” and has been featured in Tales of Dread & Wonder” vols 1 & 2.

Currently, RJ is a freelance video editor, local Boy Scout leader, and is married to a wonderful red-haired chemist with 8 cats. He thanks you for buying this Chaosium Monograph.

DESCRIPTION: Somewhat tall (5'11”) lanky guy with balding dark hair, a reddish beard, and round glasses, RJ is most defined by his affliction with Muscular Dystrophy, requiring a set of forearm crutches to move about. He is more often than not seen wearing an oxford shirt, slacks, and sneakers, along with a “school of witchcraft & wizardry” cap. Although somewhat prone to stammering, he can at time be an interesting conversationalist.



**NATE SMITH,
SURVIVALIST,**

Age 44
STR: 16 CON: 16
SIZ: 14 DEX: 13
APP: 12 INT: 15
POW: 10 EDU: 17
SAN: 45 HP: 15
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .22 Calico Carbine: 50%, Damage =1d6+2 (100rnd magazine) (99 mal)

30-.06 Bolt Action Rifle/Sniper Scope: 65%, Damage =2d6+4

AK-47: 50%, Damage =2d6+1 (2 Att/rnd, + burst)

SKS carbine: 50%, Damage =2d6+1 (97 mal)

.357 Magnum Pistol: 50%, Damage =1d8+1d4

9mm S&W Automatic: 50%, Damage =1d10

Pipe Bomb: 30% Place or 35% Throw, Damage =d6/3yd (85 Mal)

SAS Commando Knife: 30%, Damage =1d4+2+db

Baseball Bat/Club: 35%, Damage =1d8+db

Skills: Animal Husbandry: 45% Gunsmith: 45%, Bargain: 45%, Conceal: 45%, Fast Talk: 35%, First Aid: 50%, Gardening: 50% Hide: 40%, Mechanical Repair: 35%, Natural History: 40%, Persuade: 20%, Sneak: 40%, Wilderness Survival: 50%, Swim: 35%, Throw: 35%, Track: 45%

Language: English: 85%

After the 60s counter culture and the social crisis of the late 1970s, a movement to return to simpler, old-fashioned, country ways of self-reliance began. Some wanted to be closer to nature, some wanted away from their perceived social evils, and others anxiously prepared for the utter End of Society.

A peace-time army veteran, Nate Smith was once just an average American, working hard in an urban manufacturing company. But years of seeing violent news stories and watching his own town spiral into a dilapidated, crime-filled wreck, Smith finally had enough. At the age of 34, he decided that the modern society was too sick to survive and that a violent upheaval was just one crisis away. He sold his home and most of his possessions and then took his wife and three kids into the back country mountains, living on 10 wooded acres in a trailer while he built a 6-room cabin, with a barn, outhouse, and windmill.

Unlike most survivalists, he is not a white supremacist dreaming of a purifying race war, but a pragmatic realist who only wants to protect his family from the dangers of crime, terrorism, and whatever oncoming ecological and economic disaster will befall society. He has built up a small, somewhat self-sufficient little country farm which his home-schooled kids think is actually fun. Ironically, Smith makes his living by growing organic produce and animal products for restaurants in town. All his profits are plowed back into supplies and equipment, as well as more livestock.

Smith now lives happily—but warily--- on his back county estate with his wife Annabelle, sons Jess (16), Tom (15), Aaron (11), John (9) and daughters Sara (13) and Ruth (10). People inadvertently crossing his land get just one opportunity to make a good impression. He is willing enough to provide others information on the back-to-basics/survivalist lifestyle via the internet or the occasional “back-to-basics” seminar.

DESCRIPTION: Thanks to years of hard laboring, Smith is a large, yet still athletically muscular man with gnarled hands from hard labor. He has a full beard and longish hair which he tries to keep clean as possible. He is nearly always clad in rural work clothes. His urban accent clashes with the perception of a backwoods resident.

URBAN

With the advent of the Suburbs, life in the big city became more either fast-paced and profitable for the affluent and economically aggressive---or a turned into a destitute trap for those unable to deal with it. The modern days streets are as gritty as those of the old west...but with a different twist.



**PHIL THEAKER,
BIKE MESSENGER
& BASSIST, Age 22**
STR: 16 CON: 16
SIZ: 12 DEX: 17
APP: 13 INT: 13
POW: 10 EDU: 11
SAN: 50 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Collapsible Night Stick: 35%,
Damage = 1D6+db

Skills: Bargain: 25%, Climb: 50%, Dodge
Traffic: 44%, Fast Talk: 45%, Kick: 40%,
Navigate City Streets: 50%, Play Bass Guitar:
55%, Psychology: 35%,qw 2e Bicycle:
65%, Ride Skateboard: 40%, Sneak: 35%.

Language: English: 75%, Local Minority
Language _____: 21%,

Even with the advent of instant electronic transmission of business information, there is still a need in many cities for quick delivery of physical documents and packages. Often, businesses of all sorts will hire bicyclists to race between locations with needed papers, presentations, and packages. And in turn these messengers use their assigned tasks for sheer thrilling action.

A struggling bass player known as “Theaker the Freaker” in a local rock band, Phil Theaker lives day by day by delivering packages around downtown area on his bike. He grew in solidly middle class home, but he has always strove to make a name for himself. He used to be a preteen BMX bike racer and skateboard trick artist, but discovered he could have more fun and meet girls by playing in a rock band...about ten bands so far.

But his adept skill on two wheels caught the attention of a friend who also made downtown deliveries and got Theaker a job doing the same. He threw the same intensity



from hard rock music and extreme wheeled sports into his new occupation and now has a reputation for fast hand delivery of everything from documents to take-out food. He lives for the sheer thrill of riding through traffic, and treats each delivery as if it was an Olympic event. He also has a reputation with young, pretty female office workers who appreciate his “bad boy” looks and friendly “cool dude” personality.

Theaker still skateboards in his spare time when not making deliveries or practicing for the next gig, using the various urban landscape as a course. He lives alone (aside from female “visitors”) in tiny fourth floor attic apartment in a converted old downtown house that’s home to other punkers, artists, urban eccentrics, and an elderly couple.

DESCRIPTION: A lankily athletic young man with spiky, often multicolored, hair and a moustache-less beard under his chin line. His smile is wide, yet filled with often broken and repaired teeth, as well as several piercings in his ears and one in his chin. Normally, he wears loose-fitting leisure clothes on the job, he wears tight fitting biking pants, uniform shirt, helmet, and knee pads. He is conspicuous in his use of “Surfer Dude” speech.



**JORGE LUPAS,
IMMIGRANT DAY
LABORER,** Age: 30
STR: 16 CON: 15
SIZ: 13 DEX: 12 APP:
10 INT: 10 POW: 13
EDU: 7 SAN: 65 HP: 14
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Claw Hammer:
35%, Damage =

1D8+db

Skills: Carpentry: 46%, Climb: 50%, Hide: 25%,
House painting: 30% Landscaping: 26%, Operate
Heavy Machine: 31%, Sneak: 40%

Languages: English: 21%, Spanish: 70%

Throughout American history, cheap immigrant labor has been a mainstay of the economy. Manual labor that was too hard, too dirty, and too undignified has been left to those willing to do it in order to support their families. Once it was African slaves, then the Irish and

Chinese, and nowadays it is from the throng of Latin Americans....who often are not here legally.

Having walked and hitchhiked all the way from the Guatemala backcountry, Jorge Lupas secretly crossed the American border and now does manual labor in construction, warehousing, landscaping, and food service. The pay is often minimum wage or less, but it is far more than he could make back as a farmer for his wife, four children, and 3 in-laws. He wires half of his meager earnings home to his impoverished family and the remainder is lumped into a household budget with 10 other illegal immigrants from all over Central America, crammed into a dingy 2 bedroom apartment in a bad neighborhood.

His meals consist entirely of fast food or the occasional take out Mexican dish and a cold beer, and the only entertainment is soccer games on the Spanish language TV network. Not only does he live in fear of being discovered by government authorities and being shipped back home, but also the predatory criminals who know their victims can’t go to the cops.

Lupas finds work by standing on street corners with other immigrant workers, waiting for a willing employer to drive up and wave some dollars. Sometimes, after a hard day of work, he is just dumped off with nothing to show for his effort, but still he perseveres. He realizes that survival of his family depends on his efforts and would be willing to do most anything asked of him.

DESCRIPTION: Lupas is a dark-skinned Hispanic male with distinctive Native American features; a slightly sloped forehead, and sharp nose As opposed to most of his brethren, he is clean shaven. He wears a random mix of used t-shirts, most with advertisements for products and places he’s never heard of. He is a quiet, but friendly sole once the suspicious fear of deportation is broken.



**IAN PATTERSON,
HOMELESS
ADVOCATE,** Age 24
STR: 14 CON: 13
SIZ: 12 DEX: 15
APP: 14
INT: 15 POW: 16
EDU: 16 SAN: 77 HP:
13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Mace: 70%, Damage = Stun 2D10
Minutes

Skills: Accounting: 25%, Bargain: 40%, Climb:
50%, Credit Rating: 40%, Fast Talk: 45%, First
Aid: 45%, Guitar: 40%, Law: 30%, Library Use:
35%, Listen : 40%, Persuade: 55%, Psychology:
50%, Sneak: 35%, Sociology: 61%, Spot Hidden:
45%, Swim: 35%

Languages: English: 80%, Local Minority
Language _____: 36%

The modern world is based on monetary wealth and the upward climb to achieve it. Sadly, some cannot even hang onto the lowest rung and often find themselves adrift on the streets of many an urban center. These unfortunates usually require the assistance of a caring outsider.

Raised in the security of wealth, Ian Patterson came from a long-time upper class family. His two other siblings ended up rich snobs, but as a pre-teenager, he became concerned with the plight of an elderly beggar woman pushing a shopping cart and picking food from a garbage can. He parents hurriedly took him away the old lady, telling his to “stay away from those kinds of people”. The event was quickly forgotten by his family, the last view of that ragged woman eating from a thrown-away mayonnaise jar left a lasting impression on young Patterson.

Now having just finished college with a business degree, Patterson now spends his time and energy (and family money) on trying to make life better for the local homeless population, much to the embarrassment of his family. He took up a small downtown apartment and rides his bicycle to three various homeless shelters to help make meals, pour coffee, set up cots, and try to provide some semblance of social rehabilitation to the less fortunate. He also volunteers time and money at a shelter for battered women who often have small children with them.

While not directly assisting the homeless, Patterson works the telephone and social circles, trying to get more funding, more donations, more assistance, and more volunteers to the cause. His efforts have gotten him the respect of the local population, who stopped thinking of him as a “guilty rich kid”, but now as a trusted Samaritan.

DESCRIPTION: Seemingly the all-American boy type with athletic good looks, a clean face, and stylish light brown hair, Patterson tries to downplay his appearance. His clothes are simple

business casual wear, with fashionable cold and foul weather gear (LL Bean, Eddie Baur, etc). His soothing soft voice is often the nicest thing his charges hear during the day.



**FATHER NICOLAS
PELTROWSKI,
CATHOLIC PRIEST**

Age 63

STR: 12 CON: 11

SIZ: 13 DEX: 11

APP: 12 INT: 16

POW: 17 EDU: 19

SAN: 85 HP: 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Baseball Bat: 35%, Damage =
1D8+db

Skills: Bargain: 30%, Credit Rating 20%, First
Aid: 45%, Hide: 30%, Local History: 60%,
Jump: 35%, Library Use: 55%, Listen: 45%,
Occult: 35%, Persuade: 65%, Psychology: 65%,
Rifle: 45%, Spot Hidden: 45%, Swim: 35%,
Throw: 35%

Spells: Bless, Sanctify

Language: English: 90%, Latin: 76%, Local
Ethnic Language _____: 31%

Ever since the advent of organized religion, those empowered with the rites and knowledge of a practice has been looked up with reverence, awe, and often political power. While the Catholic Church has always enjoyed a top-level presence, it is because of the priests at the lowest level that allows the Church to function and grow.

As he grew up in a lower class working neighborhood, Nicolas Peltrowski sought solace from the hard life in spirituality, namely at the old stone gothic church erected 80 years prior. While other boys turned to baseball and petty crime for pastimes, Peltrowski was a dedicated altar boy and in his teen years, Peltrowski acted as the groundskeeper and maintenance man. Afterwards, he joined the Army for two years and took his GI benefits to attend Seminary school. After becoming ordained, he worked in upper class cathedrals, Indian reservations, inner city soup kitchens, and even a major diocese office.

Ten years ago, he finally came home to the old neighborhood in same city he was born in, which had in the meantime undergone a



drastic change. The old world Central and Southern European working class families had mostly moved out, replaced by a stew pot of different minorities, as well as the destitute elderly who could not afford to move. Concerned for both their spiritual and economic well-being, Father Peltrowski struggles to abridge the gap between the many groups to bring a sense of religious community. In his spare time, he runs youth basketball and soccer, which somewhat brings the youth of the parish together against the lure of crime and drugs. At night, when the old venerable church is empty except for a few homeless vagabonds, he delves deeply into the history of the neighborhood to better understand what he sees as his earthly home.

DESCRIPTION: White-haired and kindly looking, Father Peltrowski presents the classic image of the local Catholic Priest. With sympathetic hazel eyes behind his glasses, sheepish smile and soft calming voice, he exudes compassion for his down-trodden parishioners. He wears his Priest's collar nearly all the time, even when coaching.



KYLE LOFTON, PUNK ROCK TATTOO

ARTIST, age 23
 STR: 15 CON: 11
 SIZ: 14 DEX: 15
 APP: 12 INT: 15
 POW: 11 EDU: 15
 SAN: 50 HP: 13
 Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch: 60%, Damage = 1d3+db
 Kick: 35%, Damage = 1d6+db
 Head Butt: 30%, Damage = 14+db

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Climb Fence: 50%, Dodge: 40%, Fast Talk: 60%, First Aid: 40%, Grapple: 45%, Hide: 35%, Local History: 30%, Jump: 45%, Psychology: 35%, Slam Dance: 55%, Sneak: 60%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Tattooing: 55%

Language: English: 85%, Local Minority Language: 21%

For ages, tattoos have been the personal décor of native tribesmen, sailors, Marines, bikers, and prison inmates. But sometime in the late 70s, punk rock musicians started getting them, and then edgy artists and other musicians took them as badges of offices. The fashion of tattoos exploded in the 1990s as even college women started

decorating themselves with artistic designs—often in places that old WW2 Sailors would never have imagined getting one.

Once a bright suburb high school kid, Kyle Lofton was seemingly trapped in a mentally abusive home life and even worse school existence, so he ran away with some friends and took up living on the streets. He would spend his days sleeping, and his nights slam dancing, but luckily Lofton avoided typical street life hazards by getting grungy day jobs with the local clubs as cleaning and security staff. He did manage to make friends with the owner of a local tattoo parlor where he'd get decorated, started sweeping and cleaning the place for a few extra bucks and eventually ended up as an apprentice tattoo artist.

So now Lofton spends his morning and early afternoon sleeping, and then tattooing other like minded young people---and even some "squares" until after midnight. Lofton is rather amused to see how sorority girls, suburban moms, and high school jocks have taken to tattooing when it was once only a "punk" thing to do. He is careful to avoid getting drunken customers under the needle, and to keep his equipment as sterile as possible, so that a case of hepatitis doesn't shut his boss' place down.

Whether in the tattoo parlor or out on the streets, Lofton has become a familiar face on the streets of town, picking up all manner of interesting news and gossip.

DESCRIPTION: A thin, gangly young man with a near shaved head, hair dyed dark blue, and with colorful artwork up both arms, around his back, and back of his neck. He most often wears a white tank top underneath a distress black leather jacket, torn jeans, and "Doc Martin" boots. Aside from his gruff and menacing look, he is actually quite soft-spoken and pleasant to talk with.



SANDY 'STARSHINE' UPTON, RELIGIOUS CULT MEMBER,

Age 21
 STR: 10 CON: 8
 SIZ: 11 DEX: 14
 APP: 13 INT: 10
 POW: 9 EDU: 11
 SAN: 30 HP: 9

Skills: Beg: 50%, Cult Knowledge: 60%, Dance: 40%, Dodge: 38%, Hide: 30%, Persuade: 40%, Psychology: 35%, Sing: 45%, Sneak: 40%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Languages: English: 60%, Other Language _____: 16%

The homogenization of modern society has inevitably left considerable gaps for the overtly sensitive types and often the impersonal nature of society has left many feeling empty and unfulfilled. Some turn to substance abuse, some turn to the religion for their salve. However, some religions bear no resemblance to the traditional faiths and these sometimes are far less personable than the society they claim to offer peace from.

Originally from an emotionally abusive upper middle class home, Sandy Upton ran away at age 16 to the big city. But as opposed to falling into criminal activity, she met a girl with a similar background who told her of a wonderful group of people who would take care of her and love her for whoever she was. What she found was an alternative religious group with a mixture of eastern beliefs that practices celibacy, self-deprivation, and devout duty to their leaders. The local “priest” immediately began converting her while the other members instantly accepted Upton into their “family”.

Living in a converted warehouse with 22 other members of the cult, Upton is quite happy with her new family, although most people would say she’s a victim of brainwashing. She spends her days roaming the streets clad in robes selling flowers, handing out cult promotional flyers, trying to garner some small change by begging, or attempting to recruit new members from the throng of emotionally lost youth. Meanwhile, her parents have realized the error of their ways and are now searching desperately for their missing daughter.

Ever so happy and blissful, the now adult Upton is completely oblivious to her real condition; being underfed, in poor health, and with little future for a productive life. The cult she belongs to may have a Mythos overtone to it or be completely oblivious to it.

DESCRIPTION: Upton is a withering caricature of a young woman, desperately thin, standing only 5’2 in her oversized white robes. Her eyes are almost hollow hazel orbs and her constant smile is more unnerving than inviting. She speaks with a cheery bright, yet monotone voice.



DANNY BRASWELL,
STREET MUSICIAN,
Age 25
STR: 11 CON: 8
SIZ: 11 DEX: 17
APP: 14 INT: 16
POW: 13 EDU: 18
SAN: 65 HP: 10

Skills: Bargain: 35%, Electrical Repair: 35%, Fast Talk: 55%, Guitar: 75%, Law: 20%, Library Use: 40%, Listen: 50%, Occult: 15%, Persuade: 40%, Psychology: 45%, Sing: 65%, Songwriting: 51%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 35%

Languages: English: 90%, Local Ethnic Language _____: 26%

Part of any urban scene is the plethora of street musicians plying their craft on street corners, subway stations, and parks. Playing for donations from interested passer-bys, they hopefully enliven the area they inhabit, becoming part of the landscape themselves.

Interested in music since he was a preschooler, Danny Braswell played everything from drums to trumpet to piano, but his true love is the 12 string guitar. Evolving from a preteen garage rocker to classical-trained musician took a lot of time and effort, but Braswell would have it no other way, as he simply loves to play. Getting paid for his artistic talent, however, was another thing entirely.

After his third group broke up, Braswell found himself dead broke and in desperation took to simply playing his guitar out on a street corner in front of a café’ for loose change, which amazingly somehow almost paid more in one day than the last gig—and he didn’t need an agent, either. He continued at various other locales and decided it was a pretty good way to make some money while trying to “catch the big break”.

Weekends are surprisingly good as he heads down to local street festivals and places where merrymakers were more than willing to toss a few bucks in his guitar case. When not plying passer-bys for tips or doing the occasional acoustic gigs in various coffee shops, he occasionally works as a house painter to pay the rent on his dingy one-room apartment located in the “Artsy hippy” section of downtown.



Due to his precarious state in life, he is always on the lookout for criminals and obnoxious panhandlers, as they not only threaten his livelihood, but possibly his life. Thus, he is on a friendly nature with the local police, who respectively let him play on the sidewalks—provided he doesn't block traffic too badly.

DESCRIPTION: Quite thin from his threadbare existence, Braswell tries to keep a good image in order to impress listeners, staying and looking clean, well-shaven, and keeping his long brown hair in a neat and tidy ponytail. He tries to main a fashion somewhere between shabbily chic and sharp. His gorgeous alto soprano voice is cheery and quite evocative.



“OLD WEIRD WALLY”, STREET PERSON, Age 63
STR: 10 CON: 10
SIZ: 12 DEX: 10
APP: 07 INT: 16
POW: 10 EDU: 16
SAN: 33 HP: 11

Weapons: Nailed 2x4: 35%, 1D8+2
Thrown Rock: 30%, Damage = 1D4
Head Butt: 25%, Damage = 1D4

Skills: Conceal: 35%, Cthulhu Mythos: 15%, Fast Talk: 40%, Hide: 50%, Local Lore: 50%, Occult: 40%, Psychology: 30%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Academic Pursuit _____:65%

Languages: English: 80%, Latin: 31%

In today's fast-paced, breakneck speed society, sometime people fall trough the cracks. Whether driven destitute by substance abuse, financial destitution, or being just simply insane with inadequate treatment has driven countless many to living out on the streets. This harsh environment often furthers the desperate mental state of the homeless.

A long-time denizen of park benches, alley ways, and homeless shelters, “Old Weird Wally” is well-known by the locals as a bizarre and insane homeless man with no discernable last name. Luckily, they know him well enough to treat him as harmless “local color”, and often hand him a leftover sandwich or spare dollar. He plies the sidewalks with all his earthly belongings

trailed behind in a broken and soiled wheeled suitcase...which consist mainly of old ratty books, ragged clothes, and assorted junky knick-knacks. He often sleeps in dangerous back alleys and only enters the neighborhood homeless shelter in case of extreme cold weather. During bad weather, he often seeks shelters in libraries and book stores---whose operators quickly try and persuade his to leave.

Rumors about about Wally and his past; a Vietnam war vet who saw too much, a one-time high-powered business executive who gave it all away for booze and drugs, or just a plain crazy street preacher from unknown years ago,. Actually, he was once a highly intelligent and respected scholar who made the mistake of delving into the Mythos too deeply and has gone mad from his academic inquires.

Wally is usually seen muttering quietly to himself, but will politely address passers-by with words of sage advice or warnings of cosmic evil. He is also a keen observer of events around him and has been known to pass cryptic bits of information to police and those willing to listen.

DESCRIPTION: A shaggy white grizzle of a beard covers most of Willy's wrinkled face, worn beyond his years, with his topped by a ragged old knit cap. His clothes are ruined throwaways picked from garbage cans or Goodwill boxes. He speaks with a combination of academic resonance and childish gibberish, and in a wide variety of vocal ranges and volumes.