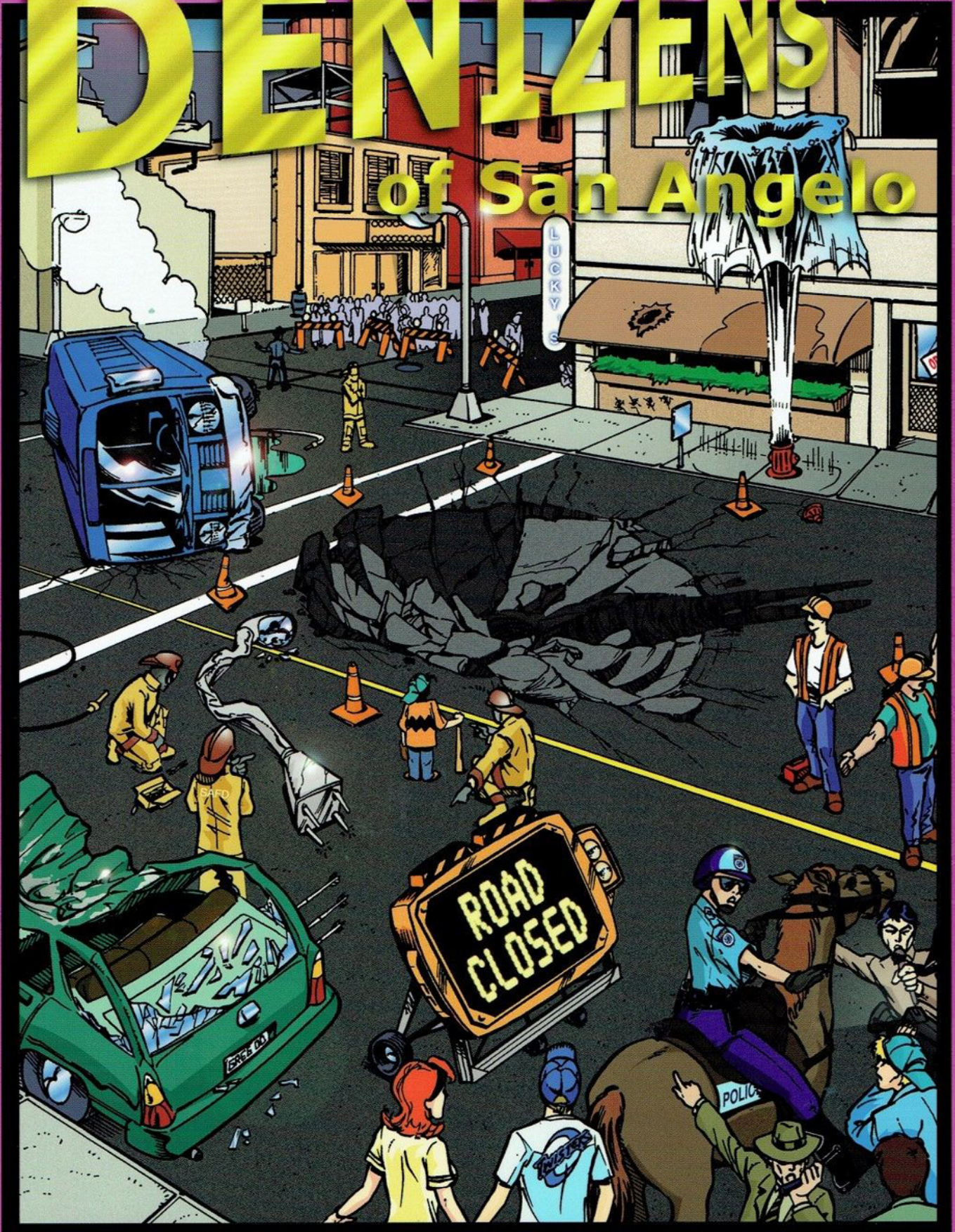


DENIZENS of San Angelo



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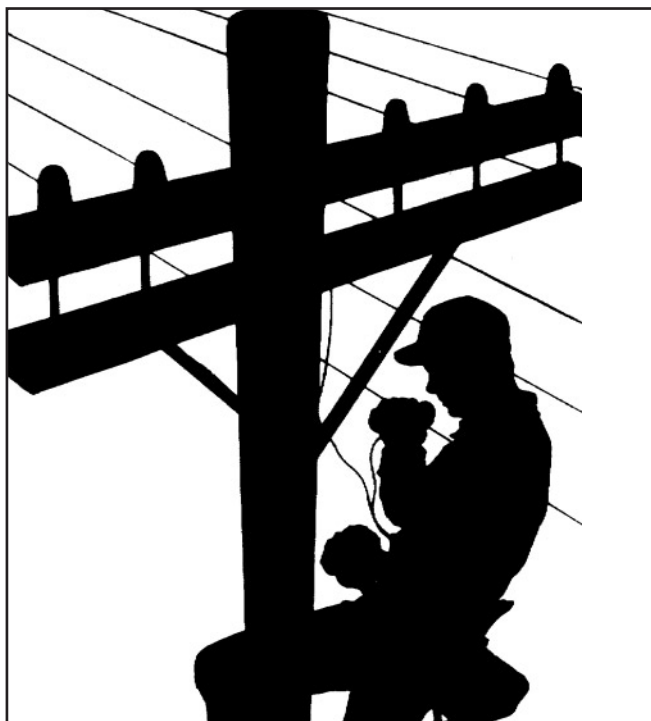
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DENIZENS OF SAN ANGELO

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INTRODUCTION

Introduction

San Angelo Clarion

Friday Edition

Opinion / Editorial

by Karolina Timpe

Supers often think they stand apart—separate from us. They *know* so-called “normal” people, of course. Mr. Chang, the shopkeeper across the street. Mr. Griffin, the receptionist they pass on their way to work. Ms. Long, their attorney. Mrs. Sanders, the woman who brought them into the world. Jimmy, the kid who hangs out in the playground by their house.

Many of them also know that, at any time, they could kill Mr. Chang, the shopkeeper across the street. Mr. Griffin, the receptionist....

Even those without lethal talents, who never worry that they’ll point their finger and somebody’s life will go out, know they have something we will never have.

So they think they stand apart. Except...

There are six hundred thousand people in the United States digging oil, coal and other things out of the Earth so they can live their lives.

There are six million people in the United States building structures they can live those lives in.

There are eighteen million people in the United States making furniture, tools, com-

puters, utensils, paper, cars, planes, sensory instruments, food, clothing, pencils, pens, and coffee pots so those lives can be lived in comfort.

There are one hundred million people in the United States running public and private transportation, communications and data networks, utilities of various sorts, sanitation, retail stores, hospitals, amusement parks....

Supers have no idea what it’s like to stand apart from the normals. None of us do. That’s what makes the world worth living in.

Heroes in the *San Angelo* setting live in two worlds. Many adventures focus on the world of the paranormal, peppered with strange villains, bizarre catastrophes, and titanic battles. Others, however, take place in the somewhat more complicated world of the normal. That world has career pressures and office camaraderie, traffic tickets and jury duty, influenza and cancer, taxis and airplanes, tennis and basketball, computers and televisions, books and newspapers, music, dancing, and the wholly natural stars. It has friendship. It has love. It has prejudice and hate. It looks a lot like our world might—if things got just a bit more exciting. The two worlds of *San Angelo* interact, and some great stories can come from that combination. The bank can threaten to foreclose on the hero base. An ordinary crime boss can stumble onto the power of the ages. A key business presentation and a villainous assault on *San Angelo* can take place on the very same day.

This book deals with the so-called normal side of *San Angelo*. The people you will meet inside can easily get involved with the heroes’ lives. Many can offer meaningful help or opposition. First and foremost, however, they are people—normal humans with human lives. They get involved with supers because they live in a super-touched world. They are the *Denizens of San Angelo*.

Don’t expect them to be heroic, although some are. Don’t expect them to have strange and exceptional abilities, although a few do. You can safely expect them to be extraordinary, though. It’s part of the definition. They’re human.

How to Use This Book

Denizens of San Angelo takes an in-depth look at some of the key individuals in the *San Angelo* setting. This includes movers and shakers whose actions will affect the PCs’ lives and also representative individuals from important professions. Most of these individuals are mentioned in passing in *San Angelo: City of Heroes*. This is the first time that any of these characters have been explored in detail.

Each *San Angelino* described herein has a few hooks for GMs to attach stories to. Each has a personality and game statistics, and each description includes a solid depiction of the character’s life. Players can work these characters into their PC’s background, as with other normal and super individuals in the *San Angelo* setting.

Each *Denizen of San Angelo* is complete in him or herself, so you do not have to introduce these characters all at once. Bring them in when it seems logical to involve them. Browse through them for story and contact ideas. Keep in mind that they are out there, living their lives in *San Angelo*, and see what effects their actions have.

“I looked at the yard and said, ‘Gosh, it’d be handy to be a super right now. I could do it in, like, 10 seconds. I couldn’t help but laugh. Then I took out my rake and did it anyway.’”

Introduction

If You Have Played Champions Before

San Angelo: City of Heroes is a supplement for *Champions* and the *Hero System* that describes a fictional city and world. GMs who use this city as the basis for their world have less work to do and can more easily share their understanding of the game world with the players. Most of the key aspects of the city, from the structure of the Sheriff's Department to the names of the major retail store chains, are described in that supplement. If you are familiar with the *Hero System* and you own *San Angelo: City of Heroes*, congratulations! You can use this supplement to the fullest.

Denizens of San Angelo further expands on a number of key or interesting people in the San Angelo setting. For example, if a player wants her character to be related to an area politician, she can look at detailed descriptions of US Representative Manuel Garcia, County Supervisor Jeffrey Daley, and City Manager Gene Chandler. With luck, one will fit her needs precisely. Otherwise, with the GM's approval, she can always make small alterations to the stories herein.

If you don't own *San Angelo: City of Heroes*, this supplement can still come in handy. Although these NPCs benefit from the richness of the San Angelo setting, you can easily use them out of context for practically any roleplaying game set in a modern setting. For example, Deputy D.A. Roger Feist can be a Deputy D.A. in *any* game world. If his contacts and context give you trouble—e.g., you do not want a “Hardesty & Associates” political consulting firm in your city—simply change the name or contact. If a name is foreign to you, it may be mentioned elsewhere in this book.

In a New Campaign

In a new *San Angelo* campaign, this information expands on the options you had before. If you want to create a UCSA student character, you now have more information on faculty members Carolyn Hillman and April Revette. If you want to move in the circles of the wealthy, you now know more about Aristeidis Pappagianis and Peter



Fletcher. Do you want a gruff codger of a father? Take a look at Deke Benning and Dr. George Kassis. Do you want to work as a lawyer? Many of your colleagues are detailed here.

There are no real superheroes in here, so using these characters as PCs would be difficult. However, many of these characters would make excellent secret identities. GMs can even start off novice players with denizens of San Angelo, have a strange radiation accident happen to them, and allow the players to discover their characters' new powers a little at a time.

In an Existing Campaign

A non-San Angelo game can use any of these characters, as described above. A San Angelo game already has these characters in it! If some detail established in your game contradicts the information here, you can still use the write-up in this book. First, you can always note down the new or changed information in the margin. If this would make the information here useless, you can instead cannibalize the write-up to form the basis for a new NPC.

In Other Genres

Although *Denizens of San Angelo* has been designed for use with four-color (or, as some would say, 256-color) *Champions*, you can adapt it for use in other campaign genres. Some helpful thoughts follow.



Dark Champions

It doesn't take much work to adapt these characters to your *Dark Champions* game. This book describes many corrupt and morally degenerate characters, as well as callous boors and innocents worth fighting for.

You can make characters 'in between' these extremes darker with a simple difference in portrayal. For example, Mayor's aide Tony Harlow can easily become a duplicitous snake in Benjamin Morgan's employ—you do not have to change the character sheet or the major events in his history. Similarly, firefighter Mitch Loughlin can become a self-serving hypocrite who stages acts of heroism, instead of performing them, to improve his self-confidence.



Introduction

Cyber Hero

Cyber Hero involves the same transformation as *Dark Champions*. Characters should become darker and grittier. The GM should also consider how the hobbies and careers of these characters change in a *Cyber Hero* future. Chefs in *Cyber Hero* can do much the same thing they do today so Chef Julia Shandleigh can remain as is. If machines have taken over the courtroom, however the GM should adjust the legal and judicial characters appropriately.

A computer programmed with a complete understanding of the legal code would make a good judge, but it still needs discretion. Perhaps the long-dead Judge Blackbridge provided the “personality” for the judicial computer. District Attorneys might become irrelevant, but certain lawyers will still try to put criminals away—such as Eclipse Industries extradition lawyers. Juliet Price’s new job might be preparing the formal appeal to transfer a criminal out of the San Angelo jurisdiction into the Eclipse compound.

In typical *Cyber Hero*, government characters are not simply corrupt but divided into factions. Most likely, the immediate area has more than one government, whether the law agrees or not. Corporations, legendary hackers, and wealthy humans all make their own rules.

Police and safety personnel probably belong to private organizations. If you live in the wrong place, Mitch Loughlin might try to save you from a fire—but he won’t be able to bring a fire truck.

Corporate and development characters become more powerful, but also have more constraints on their behavior. For example, Pierre Duval probably works for a specific company and manager, and must justify his actions. He can also, most likely, have someone killed. Military characters, though trapped in mazes of red tape, are absolutely frightening when they do take action.

Other characters should adapt quickly, save when your particular world changes their profession in a dramatic way.

Fantasy Hero

Many kinds of fantasy exist. Most change San Angelo dramatically. Our general advice may not always apply. Some ideas, however, follow.

Government characters, translated into *Fantasy Hero*, either retain their current role (as government officials) or become minions. For example, Dr. George Kassis might become a natural philosopher who studies corpses for

signs of poison. He would command a variety of very minor necromancers and work under the guidance of a powerful warlock.

In a large fantasy city, educators can retain their modern role. If the city is small, you can translate them into the legendary artisans and sorcerers of the area. They might live as much as two weeks’ ride from the city proper, but local heroes make a pilgrimage to them for training.

You can represent corporate individuals in historical fantasy as nobility. In a modern fantasy, their corporation’s product changes, not the corporation.

Some doctors have medical magic. Others might make do with bleeding and prayers. In modern fantasy, they can also have medical technology.

You can rewrite Forgan Air Force Base into a warlord’s demesne, complete with a small group of organized rebels or winged monsters. It can also house some of a local lord’s troops.

A typical politician translates into a courtier. National politicians represent imperial courtiers and ambassadors with the necessary transportation magic.

Lawyers can become many things, including—well—lawyers. You can preserve much of their feel by rewriting them as minor sorcerers or servants to a magistrate.

Scientists become natural philosophers, sorcerers, craftsmen, or fools who believe the Earth is round. Have fun.

The wealthy become rich merchants in a heavily mercantile world. Otherwise, the wealthy become nobility.

Other characters translate readily.

Horror Hero

Adapting the denizens of San Angelo to *Horror Hero* is simplicity itself. They have no superpowers to explain. A few have been touched once or twice by occult forces. A very few (such as April Revette, Dr. Ryan, and Jeremiah Trent) should become minor occultists, but even these are well out of their league.

You may wish to chop a few points off of the skills and characteristics of the more heroic individuals in this book. Mitch Loughlin, for example, is presented as competent and dashing. Trimming his characteristics back towards 10 (and non-physical characteristics towards 8) helps make him meat when the fire demon comes for his soul.

Modern Hero

San Angelo is a modern American city, so adapting its

“Wouldn’t mind those supers so much if they’d just stop mutilating our cattle.”
— Joseph Green, 61, farmer

Introduction

normal populace to fit a non-superpowered modern setting presents few problems. Simply eliminate references to superhumans or events involving superpowers from their backgrounds.

In a modern espionage setting, characters from *Denizens of San Angelo* could be contacts or perhaps even covers for other agents. In a modern military campaign, the PCs could be based at Forgan Air Force Base in San Angelo, allowing them to interact with many of the NPCs from *Denizens of San Angelo* during “down time” between missions. Or perhaps the PCs are mercenaries, hiding out in the San Angelo underworld and taking on jobs for some of the corporate executives in this book.

Pulp Hero

These characters do not exist in the official pulp-era San Angelo, save for one or two who were young children. GMs can always adapt them to the era, of course, making them cousins or brothers or sisters or children of the individuals who are their ancestors in San Angelo canon.

Pulp versions of historical settings are relatively tolerant of females in positions of respect and authority. While brilliant scientist April Revette and warrior Alexa Wilder will stand out in the public mind as unusual, they *can* exist in this era and will not necessarily face enormous prejudice.

You can replace “super” events in character backgrounds by strange but mundane events. Christina Peterson, Judge David Stein’s fiancée, could not have been hurt by an Amok rampage in pulp San Angelo—Amok was not around! However, a “masked man” in a circus battle could accidentally release a captive gorilla. The gorilla could have done the same damage in much the same way.

Characters such as April Revette, Dr. Ryan, Mary Battaglia, and Jeremiah Trent—as in *Horror Hero*—will take the most adaptation.

A note to readers who enjoy pulp era gaming—Gold Rush Games is planning to publish *Pulp San Angelo* in the near future. Watch for it!

Star Hero

You can translate these characters into a space opera game easily. Space opera does not usually change the basic structure of society.

Using these characters in a more realistic future will require thought. As with *Fantasy Hero* translations, the advice below may not be applicable if your game has

unusual characteristics.

One of the key things to remember when translating these characters into a game with truly advanced technology is that *something* has to perform their social functions. Do computers judge crimes? The judges become AIs. Do nanomachine networks inside the human body prevent crime? You could make the judges “internal voices” that guide the characters away from illegal situations. An entire courtroom drama, with other players borrowing NPC roles, could take place inside a character’s head—in a moment of outside time.

Western Hero

Western Hero may be the hardest genre to adapt these characters into. These characters will not exist in Gold Rush-era San Angelo continuity. Many of their professions did not exist in their current forms, and the smaller population means fewer people in those professions. If you use SAPD officer Laurence Montley, presumably as a deputy or a member of a vigilance committee, you have detailed a significant fraction of the local law enforcement force.

Government characters translate in essence. Remember that their roles, in the Old West, tended towards a less precise delineation. Mayor’s aide Tony Harlow, for example, would not take dictation and would rarely arrange appointments. He would act as the Mayor’s right-hand man instead. Jeffrey Daley would not be “County Supervisor” under any circumstances, although he could have political power.

Police translate into vigilance committee members or frequent posse participants. They can even serve as wandering do-gooders, but if so, they must not be very effective—lawman Gabriel Price still winds up as a necessity of life. Both police and public safety personnel almost certainly have other careers.

Wealthy individuals might be powerful ranchers or rich bankers instead of corporate bigwigs. A homeless NPC might translate into the town drunk.

Most other conversions change the character in very dramatic ways. Alexa Wilder, for example, could be a totem spirit—not necessarily “real”—who instructs local Native American warriors. She could also be the rough-and-tumble daughter of a dead vigilante. Either way, you will need to rewrite much of the character history and character sheet.



GOVERNMENT

Government

Civic authority no longer represents the source of all power. Arguably, it never did. Corporations, particularly multinationals, can crush politicians. Celebrities of sufficient stature can destroy their popular support. Media empires can adjust the consensus picture of reality. Even so, government officials control and manage many of the day-to-day functions of American civilization. The decisions of a single low-level official in City Hall can have repercussions throughout San Angelo. Like corporations, celebrities, and media empires, politicians and officials are forces that even supers should respect.

The government of San Angelo has its eye on supers. As the years go by, the effects of super actions accumulate. The county can budget for the financial cost, but not for the building social trends that supers create. Supers, as they become more comfortable in their powers, display a greater tendency to associate. Citizens who fear supers grow more fanatic in their opinions. Divisions within the government on super-related issues infect and disrupt ordinary debates. Eventually, the situation will come to a head, and everyone's cards will go down on the table.

Wise heroes will make as much of an impact in government circles as possible before that happens.

City Government

Officials in the city government have a relatively small area of influence, but a great deal of authority within their bailiwick. Their network of connections stretches throughout the county and sometimes the state. To have a super hassled—or to get them through any door—all you really need is mayoral stationery.

A super can get herself noticed by the city government without much trouble. In fact, for those who leave messes behind them, it can be all *too* easy.

"If supercriminals took over the world ... well, we'd have a lot less taxes, I guess."

— Vivian Flanders, 41, homemaker



Gene Chandler

City Manager

STR 8	DEX 11	CON 8	BODY 10	INT 15
EGO 10	PRE 20	COM 10	PD 2	ED 2
SPD 2	REC 4	END 16	STUN 18	CV 4

Powers and Skills: Bureaucraties 13-, Conversation 13-, Fam w/High Society 8-, Persuasion 13-, Trading 13-, SC: Management 13-, KS: San Angelo government 14-, KS: San Angelo 12-, CK: San Angelo 12-, Well-Connected, Contact: Mayor Martinez 13-, Contact: City Attorney 11-, Contact: Public Works Director Frank Lindbergh 11-, Contact: Supervisor Jeffrey Daley 11-, Contact: Police Chief Jack O'Shea 11-, Contact: Dawn Trader Airlines (of Maryland) 8-, Favor: Sheriff Preston 14-.

Disadvantages: Age 40+, DNPC: Martin Chandler (normal, 8-), Distinctive Features: Aura of Authority (easily concealable), Phys: Being blackmailed, Psych: Publicity-Shy, Psych: Strict, Public ID (within the circles that count the most).

Notes: Gene, an MBA born on the East Coast, worked his way up to CEO at a small airline before moving to San Angelo and becoming its city manager. Although uncomfortable around the press and large groups of people, he transforms into a witty and charming gentleman in small personal environments. This trait has earned him many friends and contacts throughout the city and country governments.

Gene's wife, Celeste, died five years ago. This left him the sole parent of his adult daughter Catherine and teenaged son Martin. Gene ran the household strictly and conservatively, an approach to parenting he now considers unwise. Martin, angry because of his loss and a restrictive home environment, acted out in increasingly extreme ways. Upon entering CSU San Angelo two years later, Martin all but severed contact. One year later, Gene received a small package containing evidence of Martin's involvement in a series of three liquor store robberies. In the last of those robberies, the store owner died. The package's sender suggested a number of contracts that he wanted distributed to specific companies, a handful of properties that the city should not inspect, and a sum of money for Gene to deliver to a drop point bimonthly.

Gene's blackmailer has made other requests over the last two years, and Gene has slowly withdrawn into himself. He does not know how to approach the situation. Family loyalty, of course, comes before his ethical duty to the city—but he loathes feeling corrupt. It does not help that



Government

most of the requests probably represent camouflage. If they do, then in many cases even the blackmailer does not benefit from Gene's abrogation of his duty.

Martin has not, to Gene's knowledge, engaged in any further criminal activity. Gene suspects that the store owner's death, and its implications, scares Martin as much as it scares him.

Gene stands 5'11" and fights a losing battle with his weight. He has little hair left, and that hair is white. His confidence in himself, despite his situation, gives him a sense of presence. He prefers black suits, but always with a spot of color somewhere to liven the outfit up.

Tony Harlow

Mayor's Aide

STR 8	DEX 13	CON 15	BODY 9	INT 15
EGO 10	PRE 13	COM 10	PD 2	ED 3
SPD 2	REC 5	END 30	STUN 21	CV 4

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Acting 8-, Bribery 12-, Bureaucraties 14-, Conversation 12-, Fam w/High Society 8-, Fam w/Oratory 8-, Paramedic 12-, Persuasion 12-, Fam w/Streetwise 8-, Trading 12-, PS: Executive aide 14-, Language: Spanish (native accent), KS: San Angelo politics 14-, KS: California politics 11-, Contact: Mayor Martinez 14-, Contact: Benjamin Morgan 8-, Speed Reading.

Disadvantages: DNPC: Sonja Harlow (normal) 8-, Psych: Loyal, Psych: Unassuming, Reputation: Mayor's Aide 8-



"... so Martinez says, 'Get me an appointment with Photon at 12:30 tomorrow.' He's joking, but he says it all serious. Tony thinks about it, and says, 'I'm sorry, sir, but that'll be impossible.' 'Why?' asks Martinez, and Tony says, 'He's completely booked that day.'"

— Saul Woods, 28, secretary in the Mayor's office

Notes: Destiny marks some men and women for greatness before their birth. Others learn greatness through exposure to it. Inspired by someone or something else, they become more than they were. Tony Harlow, for example, considered himself an average temp secretary. He typed 62 wpm, he took dictation, and he never used his political science degree. Then he took a tour of duty in Benjamin Morgan's office.

Benjamin Morgan indelibly marks those who come into close contact with him. Faced with his presence and his power and his all-consuming drives, men and women of weaker nature turn into so much clay for his molding. Some learn to fear him. Some learn to worship him. Some learn to hate him. Tony Harlow loves him—not as he loves his wife, Marie; not as he loves his child, Sonja; but he loves him nevertheless. Inspired by the work environment, and kept on for several years past his initial assignment, Tony became the ideal assistant—inhumanly percipient when it came to his employer's present and future needs, enormously capable, and loyal to a fault.

The developer, however, already has a right-hand man, and a left-hand man, and any number of pawns. He chose to give Tony Harlow, tempered by his experience, to Mayor Martinez. Politicians understand the value of good subordinates; Martinez could hardly refuse. Tony and the Mayor have grown to like one another. Martinez would be reluctant to involve his aide in a conflict of interest by opposing Morgan's more important plans - a subtle string, but a string nevertheless.

Tony, 31, stands about 5'7.5" with a lean and somewhat wispy frame. He keeps his thin brown hair cut reasonably short. A "friend" he met through Morgan hand-makes and hand-tailors the gorgeous suits he wears. When acting as Mayor Martinez's agent, Tony presents a very personable demeanor. At home and when acting on his own behalf, Tony becomes somber and somewhat detached.

County Government

San Angelo County includes most of the places a San Angelino will visit in the course of work, life, romance, and hot pursuit. County officials have influence over the entirety of this area. Contacts in the county government allow the PCs to share in this influence, and give them advance warning of area trends. The county government may implement measures restricting supers within the next year.



Jeffrey Daley

County Supervisor

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1 1/2d6
10	DEX	0	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
10	CON	0	
9	BODY	-2	
13	INT	3	PER Roll: 12-
8	EGO	-4	ECV: 3
15	PRE	5	
12	COM	1	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	0	Phases: 6, 12
5	REC	2	
24	END	2	
18	STUN	0	
Total Costs			
Char: 5 + Powers: 45 = Total: 50			
Base: 25 + Disad: 25 = Total: 50			
Cost	Skills		
3	High Society 12-		
3	Oratory 12-		
5	Persuasion 13-		
4	PS: Businessman 13-		
3	PS: County supervisor 12-		
2	Language: Spanish (fluent)		
4	KS: San Angelo business scene 13-		
3	KS: Men's clothing 12-		
3	AK: San Angelo County 12-		
3	Well-Connected		
7	Contacts: Supervisor Erik Bates 13-, County Administrator Helen Voorhes 12-, Benjamin Morgan 11-, Mayor Martinez 11-		
5	Money: Well Off		
100+	Disadvantages		
10	Psych: Supports San Angelo business (Com, Moderate)		
10	Psych: Fear of Benjamin Morgan (Uncom, Strong)		
5	Reputation: Super regulation proponent, 8-		

Background: Jeffrey Daley never planned a career in politics. He thought the focus of his life would be the exclusive clothing store, “Daley’s for Men,” that his father willed to him. Jeffrey approached Morgan Construction Co. (*SA:CoH*, page 134) only to buy an unused plot of land from it. Company statisticians checked him routinely against certain profiles, and a flag went up. Jeffrey fit a profile Benjamin Morgan himself had specified only a few months before. The magnate invited Mr. Daley by for a chat.

Benjamin praised Jeffrey, first, on his qualifications. He

possessed a sane, stable, business-trained mind. Others in the business community respected him. He understood how to present himself professionally. These traits, revealed by the initial profiling and a later, deeper, background check, interested Benjamin. Having stated this, Benjamin digressed slightly and spoke to Jeffrey of power.

One must hunt power, Benjamin Morgan explained. It does not sit on the open earth and wait for passersby to pick it up. It skitters shyly away like a deer in the woods. It hides in high towers, shielded from the world below. Only the brave and the determined find power—but what rewards it brings them! Power can raise a man above the mortal flesh and help him achieve a living godhood.

“Some say,” Benjamin noted, “that power comes to those who see things as I do. Do you see things as I do, Jeffrey Daley?”

Jeffrey could see only a glimpse of what Benjamin offered, and that came more from Benjamin’s eyes than his words. That glimpse sufficed, and more than sufficed. It captivated him.

“I have principles,” Jeffrey said. “I have honor.” He hesitated. “Would those get in the way?”

“Of course not,” Benjamin said. “I myself am an honorable man.”

So Jeffrey built his first campaign. He aimed for a vacant seat on the Board of Supervisors, with no incumbent to oppose him. He displayed his dignity, his principles, his honor, and his hard-nosed business sense. Voter interest rose in fits and starts, and he took the seat with an even 70 percent of the vote.

Once seated on the board, Jeffrey became more than Benjamin Morgan’s mouthpiece. He honed his administrative competence and served the county well. He made most decisions wholly on his own. However, he tended to agree with Benjamin when the magnate made suggestions. Jeffrey, originally ambivalent about paranormals, could still see the case for restricting them legally. Eventually, he bought into his own rhetoric and started considering them almost evil. Benjamin’s other major interest, supporting local business, appeals to Jeffrey even without internal rationalization—Jeffrey remains a businessman at heart. The supervisor disagreed with Benjamin occasionally, of course. These issues always seemed trivial compared to the need for campaign financing, so Jeffrey just went along.

Jeffrey received a few political black eyes along the way. When his younger sister Cybill accepted a position as Twister’s personal assistant (see Twister’s background, in



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SA:CoH, page 207), it damaged the credibility of Jeffrey’s paranormal-regulation crusade. When Jeffrey took Erik Bates under his wing, gaining political clout and a genuine friendship, he increased the frequency of bloc voting among the other three supervisors. His attempt to open up Quail Valley for development has earned him more enemies than friends.

Jeffrey sighed at these setbacks, but contented himself knowing that he remained the man the public elected to the board. Then, not too long ago, Benjamin suggested via a mutual friend that the supervisor give a political hand to FoodBasket Market (*SA:CoH*, page 120). A community interest group had claimed that the market sold horsemeat as beef - producing terrible publicity and potential criminal charges. Jeffrey followed the magnate’s advice, suggesting publicly that the charges were spurious. As it happens, he was right.

Several weeks later, Jeffrey thought back to the incident and felt a chill deep in his stomach. If the FoodBasket Market chain’s business ethics *had* fallen so low as to make the accusations just, Jeffrey would have been morally culpable. Jeffrey felt suddenly blind, his ethics clouded by his political position and platform. Yet power retained its allure, and Benjamin remained a dangerous man to cross. Jeffrey could not simply resign or begin voting only his conscience.

As he struggles with this moral crisis, a budding relationship further clouds his emotional clarity. Janice Deitz, a violinist with the San Angelo Symphony (*SA:CoH*, page 209), has captured his heart. He does not know yet whether she likes him because of his political power or despite it. She laughs at the thought that it might matter to her, but she does seem proud to have acquired her very own county supervisor.

Personality: Jeffrey Daley projects confidence and assurance at all times. He always appears immaculate, and speaks calmly and authoritatively—in fact, he takes voice lessons to enhance this natural ability. A no-nonsense kind of man, he sees the world in straightforward terms—often based on an economic/sales point of view. The one area of partial blindness is his indebtedness to Benjamin Morgan. He cannot yet decide how to handle the next dubious request the magnate makes.

Over the past few months, Jeffrey fell thoroughly in love with Janice Deitz. In fact, he very nearly loved her at first sight. He understands that the situation requires care. Until he knows everything about Janice, she could turn into a political liability. She did participate in a handful of

anti-government protests while a college student, he knows. He has not learned the details yet. If her record proves clean, he plans to ask her to marry him.

Jeffrey supports many different measures for controlling supers. The press has dubbed his pet project in this regard “the Lloyd’s Measure.” In essence, it would require supers to purchase appropriate insurance before using their powers in San Angelo County. As he describes it, the measure has four virtues. First, it would compensate incidental victims of supers. Second, it would serve as an enhancement for criminal laws, enabling tighter and longer sentences for superhuman criminals who do not purchase insurance. Third, it would have minimal impact on established, reliable, or inherently non-dangerous supers. Fourth, the risk of increased insurance rates would check supers who would otherwise use their powers irresponsibly.

Quote: *“The extra school makes solid sense. In the short term, yes, it drains our resources into a bunch of unruly children who can survive the current crowding just fine. In the long term, however, each dollar put into education is one more dollar of training each worker receives; one more dollar of wealth each worker creates; one more dollar of taxes each worker pays. Can you find a better bargain than three for one?”*

Appearance: Jeffrey stands 5’9”, weighs 162 pounds, and has light brown hair. He sports a small mustache. He wears contacts at work and glasses on purely social occasions. His eyes are a muted brown. He prefers dark brown suits, but occasionally wears gray or pinstriped clothing. He wears a small ring on his left pinky finger, given him by Janice as a “friendship ring.” She sports one as well.

Jeffrey is 42 years old.

Campaign Use: Jeffrey’s “Lloyd’s Measure” could make life complicated for the PCs, and in turn they could try to keep it from becoming law. PCs associated with Twister could try and smooth out the somewhat chilled relationship between Jeffrey and his sister. Supers who come into conflict with Benjamin Morgan may wind up dealing with Jeffrey at one point or another.

“Did we autopsy Alloy? Are you out of your mind?”

— Dr. Phong Saechow, Deputy Chief Medical Examiner (in 1991)



Government

Dr. George Kassis

Chief Medical Examiner

STR 10	DEX 17	CON 10	BODY 10	INT 15
EGO 13	PRE 13	COM 9	PD 3	ED 3
SPD 2	REC 5	END 25	STUN 20	CV 6

Powers and Skills: Bureaucratics 12-, Deduction 12-, Forensic Medicine 13-, Paramedic 12-, PS: Organizational manager 13-, PS: Pathologist 12-, PS: Doctor 12-, KS: Medicine 12-, KS: San Angelo government 11-, KS: Philately 11-, Perk: License to practice medicine, Contact: Undersheriff Ned Pickett 13-, Contact: Hazardous Materials Section, Fire Suppression Bureau 12-, Contact: Public Defender Steven LeGuinn 12-, Contact: Supervisor Connie Nishimura 8-.

Disadvantages: Psych: Complete honesty, Psych: Self-Centered, Psych: Quarrelsome, Psych: Self-Promoting, Reputation: Difficult (government circles, 11-).

Notes: The process of creating a god begins with a sacrifice. Dr. George Kassis, for example, lost his college fiancée by admitting to an affair. Except in that it destroyed his hopes for the future and hurt his fiancée terribly, the affair itself made very little difference in his life. Admitting to it—voluntarily, and without the threat of discovery—changed everything.

He hoped, of course, in a foolish and sort of foppish way, that telling the truth would make everything okay. When it did not, he could have sworn off honesty forever. Men have fallen into amorality for less. Instead, he insisted to himself that his act served some higher purpose. He may have acted improperly. He may have injured a loved one. He may have done something outright stupid—but, he thought, he had served “the truth.”

As the next step in the shaping of his faith, George Kassis practiced asceticism. He refused himself even standard social dishonesty. He assumed, in his every action, that others would learn of it—he would make no effort towards concealment. When embarked upon with a whole heart, this course did not prove difficult. Some things he abandoned: small forms of academic cheating, romantic impropriety, and a measure of irresponsibility. Some things he no longer concealed. George Kassis became openly self-centered, lazy, crass, and quarrelsome. All these changes took time, but he felt them (in their general gist) necessary. Otherwise, the niggling discomfort at the base of his skull suggested, the original sacrifice would have had no purpose.

When contemplation became an important part of his life, coincidentally during his later years in medical school, he advanced these notions into a philosophy. Some kind of spiritual dross, he decided, corrupted everything in the

world. This produced suffering and illness, directly and indirectly. Only a few things stood out clearly as pure and incorruptible—virtue, truth, joy, and learning among them. Material corruption could not affect such abstract concepts, he reasoned, and they lacked spiritual corruption by their definitions. Virtue, truth, joy, and learning, and the king of them all was truth—and in this manner, it became George Kassis’ god.

Few would consider Dr. Kassis a “good” man. He has only the normal human capacity for affection and love—possibly a bit less. Unless he can adhere to a virtue at all times, he rarely bothers to pursue it at all. His interpretation of honesty includes a bit more showmanship, pride, and public demonstration than strictly necessary. Dr. Kassis runs the San Angelo morgue; given the politicized nature of his post, his flaws stand out. He makes sure that the abundant failings of the politicians around him stand out as well.

The morgue—formally known as the Medical Examiner’s Office—conducts autopsies when the cause of death is in doubt. The testimony of the forensic pathologists that work under Dr. Kassis can mean the difference between a conviction and an acquittal in a homicide trial. Naturally, the District Attorney’s office wants clear findings that support convictions. Dr. Kassis, fervently and somewhat feverishly, refuses to compromise his office’s medical integrity in any way. His reputation for being “difficult” has chipped away at his position for some years now.

Dr. Kassis achieved his post through genuine medical and organizational competence. He retains it, in a climate increasingly turning against him, for the same reason. Highlights of his career include a grandstanding demonstration for the press of the inadequate working conditions at the morgue (which was soon upgraded) and an impassioned speech from the witness stand on the complexities of proper medical analysis. His political credit was still good at the time of this oration, but the more recent incident with the press turned the Board of Supervisors against him. He does have a few fast friends, however, scattered through the county government.

When not working, Dr. Kassis eats out, listens to music, watches TV, and sometimes sorts through a quilt bag full of stamps he inherited from his great-grandfather. Some of the stamps have been postmarked, others have not; some have been set in plastic, others have not; some have been glued to paper, others have not; some are in English, almost all are not. Dr. Kassis estimates the bag’s value at around \$150,000, but years of picking away at it have only sorted out and identified about one in twenty stamps. The rest



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could prove a complete disappointment or contain stamps worth millions.

Dr. Kassis, 55, stands 5'11", weighs a solid 183 pounds after a typical lunch, and sports both a thin beard and a moustache. He dons glasses when making a detailed examination of a person, paperwork, or a corpse. He has no family, preferring despite his age to keep his dating options open.

State & Federal Government

Many state and federal agencies have offices and employees in the San Angelo area. Supers who wish to have an impact on causes like state education, health, and the environment could do worse than to speak on behalf of one of these agencies—assuming that they have positive reputations. Cultivating a contact with the US Marshals can earn a character timely awareness of a federal fugitive in the San Angelo area.

Influencing state and federal policy takes more than networking, grass roots campaigning, and performing heroic deeds. PCs wishing to change the world, or even California, would need to do something epic or work hard for a very long time. Accidentally destroying Gaviota Island Federal Penitentiary would be epic enough to prompt savage restrictions on supers statewide. Saving the world—at the last minute, naturally—from imminent nuclear disaster could undercut the anti-supers movement. Putting Photon in jail, however, would not suffice.

David Robert Paxton

Lieutenant Governor

STR 11 DEX 12 CON 13 BODY 10 INT 14
EGO 12 PRE 16 COM 12 PD 2 ED 3
SPD 2 REC 5 END 26 STUN 22 CV 4

Powers and Skills: Bureaucrats 13-, Deduction 12-, Forensic Medicine 13-, Paramedic 12-, PS: Politician 13-, PS: State Governor 11-, KS: Law 12-, KS: CA state govt 11-, Perk: State Lt. Governor, Contact: Senator Catherine Forbes 11-, Contact: State Assemblyman Roger Mint, Contact: Various supporting lobby groups 8-,

Disadvantages: Psych: Hides true feelings, Psych: Self-promoting, Public ID (Governor), Reputation: Conservative politician, Rivalry w/governor (professional), Watched

by the media and public 11-, Watched by organized crime 8-.

Notes: David stood near the podium, under the glaring lights and in front of dozens of television cameras. The throng of people in the audience cheered the election slogan that had brought David to victory. David smiled confidently and contentedly as the speaker who made the official announcement of the election results—and David's victory—held his right arm up in the air.

How long had it been, David wondered, since he first walked into the state capitol? Many years. Many years of hard work, making contacts, building a reputation, all leading to this day, he told himself. And one day—perhaps in 2003—it might be his time in the true spotlight; his time in the governor's office.

But for now, David was happy to fill the shoes of the state's Lieutenant Governor position. The recent election has taught David a lot about politics—who to kiss up to and who to string along, when to talk and when to let his office spokesperson talk for him.

David R. Paxton ("Dave" to his friends and colleagues), runs a tight ship and a clean house, or so he claims. David maintains a cadre of highly skilled and reasonably well respected, though junior politicians in his administration. They are skilled because David knows the value of having good people on your team. They are junior because if any major event or scandal breaks out during his term as Lieutenant Governor, a scapegoat or "sacrificial lamb" will be necessary in order to keep David's reputation and position.

Rumors have it that the election was influenced to no small degree by organized crime (some say the Cosa Nostra), and that Paxton himself has strong ties to the mob back in Century City. No direct connection has ever been proven. Many people still believe that the 1989 death of a Century City newspaper journalist, which occurred weeks after an article ran reporting an alleged connection between Paxton's uncle and one of the Century City mob families—and the retraction run two days later, are roof enough.

He has his constituents' best interests at heart, but his wealthiest supporters on his mind. David Paxton believes in doing "the right thing," especially if it benefits David Paxton. His tough talk on crime has not been totally supported by his voting record, but David is charismatic, with an air of confidence (arrogance?) and charm about him, and this often carries him through tight spots, such as interviews. There's no doubt that he is likable. But some in political circles doubt as to whether he is completely trustworthy. Time will tell.



Public Safety

PUBLIC SAFETY

No matter what the heroes do in their career, one thing is a certainty; they will interact with public safety professionals in one capacity or another. Whether turning over a captured criminal to the local police, assisting firefighters in the rescue of a small child from a burning building, apprehending superhuman bank robbers, or themselves being sought by the authorities for questioning (or worse), the heroes can count on meeting a number of public safety representatives.

In this section we will meet a few more dedicated professionals who work hard to keep San Angelo’s population safe.

Most law enforcement officers have built up an immunity to Hepatitis B, after undergoing a series of three vaccinations, provided free by the county or city.

San Angelo Police Dept.

The San Angelo Police Department is growing, and is often looked at as a model for other law enforcement agencies dealing with paranormals. Because of the media attention that the agency receives, it is fast becoming the city’s “Golden Child” in all ways except budgetary issues. Even so, a number of federal grants have been issued to the city for advanced, more modern crime-fighting equipment and the recruitment and hiring of more officers. One particular grant is anticipated to be approved in the coming months, which will allow the SAPD to revamp and “upgrade” its Paranormal Alert Response Team (or PART).

The department prides itself on its reputation for diversity and community programs. But for all of its shine and polish, it is the officers themselves who the public sees and interacts with. It is the officers who wear the badge and do the deeds that make their agency what it is.

Sergeant Gary Chen

Mounted Detail

STR 11 DEX 14 CON 12 BODY 10 INT 13
EGO 14 PRE 13 COM 14 PD 4 ED 3
SPD 3 REC 5 END 24 STUN 22 CV 5/7*

Powers and Skills: Perk: Local Police Powers, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Bureaucrat 12-, Combat Driving 11-, Conversation 11-, CS: +2 w/shotgun, AK: Chinatown 12-, AK: Downtown 11-, CK: San Angelo 11-, KS: Fly Fishing 12-, KS: Law 11-, Languages: English (fluent), Mandarin (native), and Cantonese (fluent), Paramedic 12-, PS: Police Officer 13-, Riding 12-, Streetwise 11-, TF: Horses, WF: Small Arms

Disadvantages: Age (40+), Reputation: Investigated by IA for bribery 11- (among SAPD officers only), Watched by SAPD Internal Affairs (As Pow, Lim Area) 8-, Watched by public & media (More Pow, Lim Area) 11-

Notes: Gary Chen was making a name for himself. Assigned to the gritty surreal world of the “Dragon’s Gate,” San Angelo’s Chinatown, Chen made significant advances in the area of public relations between the police department and the citizens of Chinatown, and was credited with several high-publicity felony arrests in the area. He seemed popular with the people and was making an impact.

But things were not as they appeared on the surface, as they seem never to be in Chinatown. The Internal Affairs bureau had been investigating police corruption in Chinatown for several years. During a surveillance operation of a warehouse on the south side of Water Street, Chen was seen taking money from one of the upper members of the Choy Lok On tong (see *SACoH*, page 224, and *Dragon’s Gate: San Angelo’s Chinatown*). Chen was brought in for questioning—hours of questioning. IA was sure they’d be able to get to the rest of the dirty cops through Chen, but in the end they had little more than one stupid cop and a few tong members offering bribes. Ultimately, after IA was convinced they would get nothing more from him, Chen was allowed to keep his newly acquired rank but he was transferred out of Chinatown to work the city’s Downtown area. He was also ordered not to discuss the investigation...with anyone.

But his “jacket”—his reputation—remains. Whispers in the locker room, Monopoly money taped to his locker... Everyone knew he’d been busted. Some of his fellow officers were passing judgment over him for something that they had done themselves. Others were angry at Chen tarnishing the department’s image; tarnishing *their* image. Some were jealous of his promotion more than anything. But most of them were angry for one reason or another.



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The truth of the matter is that Chen had met with the Choy Lok On representatives to receive a “tip,” or so they’d said. The tong knew their headquarters was being watched. In order to protect the bigger fish on their payroll, they brought in a scapegoat. A fall guy. And that was Chen. To this day Chen doesn’t know who it is that the tong was protecting, though he suspects the swing shift patrol commander and one of the swing shift patrol sergeants. What Chen *does* know is that he was put in a very unfavorable position, and somebody—some day—is going to pay for that. One day Chen will see the men responsible *in* handcuffs instead of carrying them.

Chen is a Chinese American, about 5’8” with short black hair and mustache. On duty he wears an SAPD uniform with riding boots and an open-faced helmet. Off-duty he favors fishing waders and flannel shirts, as he is an avid fisherman and can often be seen in a small fishing boat on the waterways of the Delta, rod and reel in hand.

Officer Natalie Kelley

Mounted Detail

STR 10 DEX 13 CON 13 BODY 10 INT 11
EGO 15 PRE 12 COM 14 PD 2 ED 3
SPD 3 REC 5 END 28 STUN 24 CV 4/6*

Powers and Skills: Perk: Local Police Powers, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Bureaucratics 8-, Combat Driving 11-, Conversation 11-, *CS: +2 w/Pistol, AK: Downtown 13-, CK: San Angelo 11-, KS: Law 8-, Paramedic 11-, PS: Police Officer 11-, PS: Ranch Hand 11-, Riding 14-, Streetwise 11-, WF: Small Arms

Disadvantages: Dist. Feat: Slight Oklahoma Accent (Conc, Always), Watched by SAPD 8-, Psych: Duty to co-workers (Com, Str), Psych: Loves children (Com, Str), Psych: Trying to prove herself (Com, Mod), Reputation: Hot-shot rookie 8-, Rivalry w/other female officers (Professional), Watched by public & media (More Pow, Lim Area) 11-

Notes: Natalie grew up in the open air of rural Oklahoma on her uncle’s ranch with her five cousins. Her uncle raised her after her parents divorced and Natalie could no longer tolerate living with either one. Most afternoons she could be found riding one of her horses or cleaning or feeding them. Natalie has always been fiercely independent and struggles with what she considers her parents’ abandonment of her.

After several years of college and several different majors, she graduated with a degree in Administration of Justice and applied to the San Angelo Police Department, deciding to make the Delta region of the Golden City her home.

She was accepted and after a 6-month-long academy she went to the patrol division. Barely four months into her year-long probation she put in a letter for the Mounted Detail. Her enthusiasm and skill impressed her supervisor and the detail’s commander, who granted a waiver of the normal requirement for 1 year of patrol experience.

Natalie has been assigned to the Mounted Detail for eight months now and loves every minute of it. While past her probation and a full-time “permanent” officer with the department now, her coworkers still call her “rookie” Natalie has worked hard to be accepted by her peers and is frustrated by female officers who don’t “pull their weight” and try to “get by on their looks, or their backs.” Natalie is always willing to go one step farther than other female officers in an attempt to “prove” herself.

Natalie’s horse, Twilight, is a popular fixture of the Downtown area. Whenever and wherever Natalie and her equestrian partner are standing, there is sure to be a cluster of children petting Twilight or just giggling and pointing at him. Natalie loves children and will always take a moment to talk with them if at all possible.

Natalie is 5’6” tall, thin with auburn shoulder-length hair and blue eyes. When in uniform she ties her hair up in back and wears the standard SAPD navy blue uniform, with knee-high riding boots pulled over her pants and an open-faced helmet. Off-duty she prefers denim jeans and tee-shirts to dresses and heels, but she’s been known to dress up from time to time for special occasions.

Officer Laurence “Larry” Montley

K-9 Detail

STR 12 DEX 13 CON 12 BODY 11 INT 14
EGO 13 PRE 12 COM 10 PD 3 ED 3
SPD 3 REC 5 END 24 STUN 25 CV 4/7*

Powers and Skills: Perk: Local Police Powers, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Bureaucratics 11-, Combat Driving 11-, Computer Use 12-, Conversation 11-, *CS: +3 w/Pistol, AK: Downtown 12-, CK: San Angelo 11-, KS: Dogs 11-, KS: Model Railroading 11-, KS: Law 8-, Paramedic 12-, PS: Dog Handler 13-, PS: Police Officer 11-, SC: Veterinarian 8-, Streetwise 11-, Tactics 11-, WF: Small Arms

Disadvantages: Watched by public & media (More Pow, Lim Area) 11-

Notes: Laurence Montley served in the U.S. Air Force as a Security Police dog handler for six years, earning a Commendation Medal for heroism during a series of bomb threats on Forgan Air Force Base in the late ‘80s, when



he and his dog searched a number of aircraft hangars and located an explosive device (rumored to have been planted by the villain group Anarchy, though the perpetrator was never discovered).

When he separated from the Air Force with an Honorable Discharge, Laurence (“Larry” to his friends) signed up for the San Angelo Police Department academy. He was

accepted and graduated among the top of his class for academic achievement. A short time later he bought a young German Shepherd puppy and named him Zeus. Larry and Zeus became very close, playing and training together for over a year. Eventually Zeus was certified for duty as a police K-9 officer.

Eventually Larry applied to the SAPD’s K-9 Detail. After putting Zeus through his paces for he review board and the K-9 supervisor, Larry eagerly awaited the board’s decision. “Welcome aboard,” he was told.

Five years later, Larry and Zeus are still patrolling the streets of San Angelo, fighting crime and assisting citizens and fellow officers on all types of calls. As a K-9 officer, Larry doesn’t answer routine calls for service unless it’s a very busy night, leaving those for standard patrol units. Instead, Larry is often sent on calls involving foot pursuits, subjects at large, barricaded subjects, or other calls involving searches of large areas (including warehouses, fields and the like) for suspects, victims or narcotics.

As a K-9 officer, Larry is not constrained to one particular patrol sector. Instead he is assigned to the “North area,” going where he is needed, assisting officers north of the river (and sometimes south, if they’re short a K-9 officer) on felony traffic stops, searching for suspects and the like, and occasionally assist with warrant searches and raids conducted by detectives. His call sign is Kilo 5.

Larry is a well-trained dog handler, and he knows his partner well. Although they share an emotional bond, Larry knows that ultimately Zeus is in as much danger on the street as Larry is, if not more. So they look out for each other, just as any good partners would.

Larry enjoys model railroads and working on his computer. He maintains a canine training database for the K-9 Detail at its main office and when not on duty patrolling the city or working with Zeus, he can often be found in the office working on the computer. He has several law enforcement pen-pals throughout the U.S. and in several foreign countries, with whom he trades work

stories and ideas on how to improve training and utilization of police canines.

Larry is a thin male with short brown hair and hazel eyes. He stands 5’9. When on duty he wears a Navy

Blue fatigue uniform with subdued SAPD patches

on both shoulders (similar to the SAPD SWAT team’s uniform), with a kevlar vest underneath (DEF 5). Off duty he usually wears shorts and polo shirts.

“I’ll lay any cop out who tries to lay his hands on me. I don’t care, man. I got one strike already and I ain’t going down like some chump. Just keep those damned dogs away from me, man. I can deal wit’ bein’ jacked or stabbed, man. I just don’t wanna get bit!”
— Montel Davis, 21, Prophets gang member

Zeus

Canine Officer

STR 15	DEX 18	CON 14	BODY 8	INT 6
EGO 9	PRE 25	COM 10	PD 3	ED 3
SPD 4	REC 6	END 28	STUN 25	CV 6

Powers and Skills: +5 STR when using his jaws (pulling and biting only), Bite: ½d6 HKA (1d6 w/STR, reduced penetration), +5 PER Rolls (hearing; 15- total), +4 PER Rolls (sight; 14- total), +6” Running (12” total; 24” NC), Ultrasonic Hearing, CS: +2 DCV, CS: +3 w/bite (OCV 9 total), KS: Commands 14-, Tracking 15-, Tracking Scent, Discriminatory Smell

Disadvantages: Dist. Feat: Dog (All the time, unconcealable), Common “dog” limitations (Can’t speak/limited “vocabulary” of commands), Psych: Strives to please his master, Psych: Loves his blue ball (his “reward”), Psych: He “alerts” on marijuana or narcotics (see Notes, below)

Notes: Zeus was born in Dusseldorf , Germany, of two papered German Shepherd parents. He was destined to live a life in the United States, however, and as a puppy was taken with a number of his kennel-mates to the foreign land. There he met a friendly man who took him home. His new master was very loving and spent many hours with Zeus. Together they played ball, hide and seek and a number of other games. All the while, Zeus was being taught important skills, like jumping and climbing through windows, sitting down and barking when he smelled funny plants (this is how Zeus “alerts” his master to the presence of narcotics), chasing people who run and biting them; things like that. Survival skills, perhaps. Whatever they were they made his master happy, and that was what Zeus wanted more than anything.

But their pack was small. Only Zeus and his master. There was no question who the “alpha dog” was, but the size of their pack made it all the more critical that Zeus performed his job as the second dog well. After all, his

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master was kind and fair, but he was no dog. Zeus would have to look after him and protect him.

And so he did. For quite a long time now Zeus and his master have been close friends and working partners. Zeus enjoys riding in his master's patrol car, especially with the window down. Ah, the cool night air blowing over his face as they cruise down the street. Pure bliss. Whenever his master pulls out Zeus's blue hard-rubber ball, Zeus becomes very excited; his ears stand up and his eyes are bright and alert. For the ball is Zeus's reward. For finding some weird plants, for finding a hiding person, for chasing someone down and holding them for his master... Absolutely nothing, save a command from his master, can make Zeus focus on something besides that ball, because when it comes out, so does Zeus's ultimate pride and excitement.

Zeus wears a brown leather collar with a badge hanging from it (where dog tags would normally be).

San Angelo Sheriff's Dept.

The San Angelo County Sheriff's Department has undergone tremendous growth over the last 50 years, and with it much change. No longer the small rural agency it once was at the turn of the century, the sheriff's department employs more than two thousand sworn officers. The agency is responsible for staffing the main jail and branch jail, as well as providing court security, transportation of in-custody defendants to and from court, and patrol services for the unincorporated county roads, highways and waterways.

Deputy Todd Vela

Patrol Division, Boat Detail

STR 14 DEX 12 CON 14 BODY 10 INT 10
 EGO 13 PRE 15 COM 16 PD 3 ED 3
 SPD 3 REC 8 END 32 STUN 28 CV 4/6*

Powers and Skills: +2" Swimming (4" total; OAF—fins), Perk: Local Police Powers, Contact: Sam Delavan (owner of Crawdad's restaurant) 11-, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Danger Sense (any attack, immediate vicinity, general sense only—can't locate source; -1/2) 11-, Bureaucratics 11-, Combat Driving 11-, *CS: +2 w/handgun, Concealment 11-, Criminology 8-, AK: Local waterways 11-, AK: The Delta 13-, KS: Sailing 11-, Oratory 11-, Paramedic 12-, PS: Deputy Sheriff 11-, Seduction 11-, TF: SCUBA, Boats, WF: Pistols & shoulder arms

Disadvantages: DNPC: Friend, Sam Delavan (Normal) 11-, Watched by San Angelo Sheriff's Department (As powerful, lim area, mild) 8-, Psych: Loves the outdoors (Com, Mod), Rep: Girl chaser 11-

Notes: Todd Vela is a five year veteran of the sheriff's department. His assignments include an 18-month stint at the main jail and three and one half years on patrol, working primarily in the southern portion of the unincorporated county. Two years ago he was accepted to the department's Boat Detail, considered a "cushy" job by some of the more envious deputies. Each summer Todd is assigned TDY (temporary duty) to the Boat Detail from south patrol, from early June through mid September.

Todd and his partner, Stan, patrol the waterways of San Angelo county in their Dauntless class 28-foot patrol boat (see below), watching for speeders, intoxicated drivers and general water safety violators. Other duties include performing simple search and rescue operations, assisting



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stranded boaters who have run aground on an island or run out of gas, assisting the city police department and even the U.S. Coast Guard when requested. Contrary to popular opinion among their coworkers, the officers in the Boat Detail do much more than simply watch for bikini clad young women. Todd will admit, however, that that *is* one of the perks of the job.

Todd is known for having a very good “sense” for situations, especially potentially dangerous ones. Anyone who knows Todd trusts his judgment when it comes to trouble. One officer got hurt as a result of not heading Todd’s warning during an arrest, but no one has ever gotten hurt for *listening* to him.

Todd enjoys working out at the gym on his days off, and often meets a friend, Brian Sakamoto, there.

Todd is a white male, stands 6’1” tall, with an athletic build and short blonde hair. He is clean shaven. On duty he wears a specially-approved uniform (tan shorts and tan short-sleeve uniform shirt). Off duty Todd prefers baggy workout pants or bicycle shorts and tank-tops.

Sheriff’s Department Patrol Boat

Patrol Division, Boat Detail

STR 35 DEX 10 SPD 2
SIZE 6 (4x2”; 6.4t, -6”KB)
DEF 3 BODY 15

Powers and Skills: Swimming (12” total, x8 NC, only on surface), Radio Transmit/Receive (OIF: police radio, bulky, Govt. frequencies only), Bump Of Direction (OIF: compass, bulky), Navigation Lab (OIF: compass, bulky) 11-

Disadvantages: Dist. Feat: Sheriff’s Dept. boat (concealable, minor), Watched by SACSD (as powerful, limited area, appear 11-), Public ID: Sheriff’s Dept. boat

Notes: The sheriff’s department has three 28-foot Dauntless class “deep vee” hull boats, with twin in-board motors, assigned to its Boat Detail. The boats are capable of speeds of up to 65 miles per hour, though state and local marine laws restrict non-emergency travel to more moderate speeds (as low as 5 MPH in “no wake” zones, such as near marinas). These boats are primarily used for patrolling the waterways of San Angelo, including the rivers and the Delta region of the south county. For some deep Delta residents living on islands, the boat detail officers are their only contact with law enforcement. A special bond has developed between many of these residents and the boat detail officers, who rescued a number of these citizens during severe floods in recent years.

Each boat is crewed by two police officers who are trained



in a diverse variety of marina related rescue functions, such as towing, first aid, dive rescue, and so on, in addition to their regular law enforcement training. In order to be assigned as a volunteer to participate in the boat detail, officers must be employed with the department for at least one year, pass a swimming test, and successfully complete the POST-certified California Law Enforcement Boaters course.

Deputy Gail Navarette

Court Security Division

STR 8 DEX 10 CON 9 BODY 11 INT 12
EGO 14 PRE 15 COM 10 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 18 STUN 20 CV 3

Powers and Skills: Perk: Local Police Powers, Contact: Sergeant 12-, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Danger Sense (any attack, immediate vicinity, general sense only—can’t locate source; -½) 11-, Bureaucratics 12-, Combat Driving 8-, Concealment 12-, Conversation 12-, Criminology 8-, Deduction 12-, Interrogation 8-, KS: Crossword Puzzles & Trivia 12-, KS: Gardening 11-, KS: Real names of supers who have been in her court 11-, Paramedic 11-, Persuasion 12-, PS: Deputy Sheriff 11-, Seduction 8-, Streetwise 8-, WF: Pistols & shoulder arms

Disadvantages: Dependence on insulin (Com, 1d6/5 min), DNPC elderly mother, Lynne (Incompetent), 8-, Watched by San Angelo Sheriff’s Department (As powerful, lim area, mild) 8-, Psych: Intolerant of liars (Com, mod), Rep: Hard-working reliable officer 11-

Notes: Gail started working for the San Angelo County Sheriff’s Department in 1980 as a dispatcher, several years after her divorce. After ten years in the sheriff’s



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department’s communications center she applied to and was accepted to the sheriff’s academy. Upon graduation she was given her new silver badge and the title “deputy.” Her first few years as a peace officer were spent working at the Del Oro Correctional Center. There she learned to deal with inmates and people in general as an officer.

Currently Gail works at the San Angelo County Superior Court, in Department 37 at the main court house, as a bailiff for Judge Meredith Holiday (see *SA:CoH*, page 109). While her court typically handles felony arraignments, her judge is occasionally assigned misdemeanor and felony trials.

Gail is a personable but strict bailiff, who carries out her judge’s instructions and enforces the rules of her court, which include “no talking during proceedings,” “no chewing gum,” and “no wearing of hats in the courtroom,” all of which are plainly posted on a sign in the main hallway outside the court room.

Gail has seen a fair number of supers and super-related cases in her court room, including some high-publicity cases. Gail isn’t awed by meeting supers, and tends not to remember the “AKAs” of the defendants. She does, however, have a good memory for remembering their real names. While the information is public record, Gail is a much friendlier source of the information than many of the clerks working the public counter, not to mention faster.

During slow periods at work (including during some boring court proceedings) she often works on the latest *New York Times* or *San Angelo Times* crossword puzzle. Though her puzzles can’t be seen by the audience or attorneys, her judge can see them (when she wants to) and she has privately admonished her for “not paying due attention” on several occasions. The truth is that she is very attentive in court, and her attention to security issues, in particular, have earned her a reputation among court and sheriff’s department staff as a hard-working, reliable officer.

Gail lives with her two small dogs and arguably overfed Calico cat in a newly purchased one story, single-family home in La Vista. When she is off duty, Gail enjoys working in her small garden. She’s learned a lot about gardening in recent months and the activity helps her to relieve the stress that sometimes accumulates at work.

Gail stands 5’9, weighs 170 pounds, with short curly brown hair and brown eyes. On duty she wears the tan and forest green uniform of a San Angelo County deputy sheriff. Off duty she prefers comfortable jeans or sweat pants to dresses and slacks.

Deputy Chuck Matranga

Court Security Division, Transportation Detail

STR 13	DEX 11	CON 10	BODY 10	INT 11
EGO 13	PRE 13	COM 12	PD 4	ED 2
SPD 3	REC 5	END 20	STUN 23	CV 4/6*

Powers and Skills: Perk: Local Police Powers, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Fast Draw (pistols) 11-, Danger Sense (immediate vicinity, only general—can’t locate source; -½) 11-, Contact: Social worker friend 11-, Bureaucratics 8-, *2 CS Levels: w/semi-auto pistols (tight group), Combat Driving 11-, Computer Programming 8-, Concealment 13-, Criminology 8-, Deduction 12-, Gambling 11-, Interrogation 12-, KS: Jail Operations 11-, KS: Jail and prison gangs 13-, Paramedic 12-, PS: Deputy Sheriff 12-, TF: Ground vehicles, WF: Pistols, Rifles and Shoulder Arms, Weaponsmith (slughthrowers) 8-

Disadvantages: Watched by San Angelo Sheriff’s Department (as powerful, lim area, mild) 8-, Psych: Hates wife-beaters (common, strong), Reputation: Jail gang intelligence officer 8-

Notes: Close to retirement; smokes Chuck Matranga has worked for the sheriff’s department for longer than most of his coworkers have been legal adults; 32 years to be precise. His early years were spent as a city police officer, but he switched employers and started working for the sheriff’s department after finding his “career mobility” somewhat limited with the police department. After spending a number of years in the old main jail (which now exists only in archive photos) and a ten year stint in patrol, Chuck is now assigned to the Court Security Division’s Transportation Bureau. He primarily works “short haul,” transporting county inmates from the “new” main jail (as many sheriff’s department veterans call it) to the court house for court appearances, and back again at the end of the day.

Chuck works with several other deputies on each “run,” the exact number depending on how many prisoners are being transported. The minimum number of deputies on a run is two, per departmental policy, with as many as five riding in the somewhat cramped cab space on runs with a full load.

Chuck is 54 years old, 5’9” tall with a medium build and a somewhat broad waistline. He has short gray hair and wears bifocal glasses. Chuck has been married for 17 years to his second wife, Betty, and has two grown children: Barbara, who is herself married with two children and lives in West San Angelo, and Tom, who is single and currently in his twelfth year of enlistment in the U.S. Navy. Chuck likes to spend his off time fishing or spending time with his grandchildren.



Sheriff's Department Transportation Van

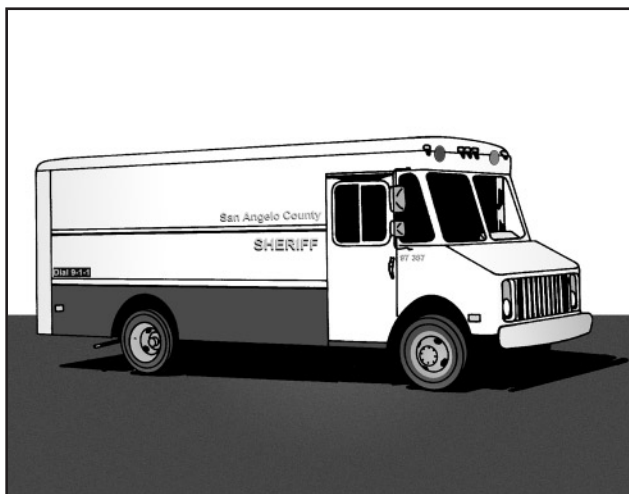
Court Security Division, Transportation Detail

STR 40 DEX 10 SPD 2
SIZE 6 (4x2"; 6.4t, -6"KB)
DEF 4 BODY 16

Powers and Skills: Running (15" total, x8 NC), Radio Transmit/Receive (OIF: police radio, bulky, Govt. frequencies only),

Disadvantages: Dist. Feat: Sheriff's Dept. van (concealable, minor), Watched by SACSD (more powerful, limited area, mild, appear 11-)

Notes: A large transport van, that looks something like a large delivery van, save for its all-white paint job, sheriff's department logos and red and blue emergency lights. The van can seat up to 32 prisoners in two parallel benches mounted along each wall in the back of the van. Officers ride in the cab of the van, where there is room for up to four to sit on the bench seat, with two more able to stand on the running boards on either side. Deputies on transportation detail wear a standard "Sam Browne" duty belt with a sidearm, though their weapons are locked in special gun lockers once they arrive at their destination (be it the jail or the courthouse). The rear metal doors have a heavy locking bolt on the outside, which requires a key to open, to prevent the escape of prisoners during transportation. The transportation van ordinarily makes four to five runs in the morning and as many in the afternoon, after court is finished. The number of prisoners going to the jail may be higher than the number coming to court, however, due to defendants being remanded by the court into custody for warrants, to carry out sentences, and the like.



Deputy Ian Robinson

Correctional Division, Main Jail

STR 14 DEX 12 CON 12 BODY 10 INT 11
EGO 15 PRE 13 COM 10 PD 3 ED 2
SPD 3 REC 5 END 24 STUN 24 CV 4/5*

Powers and Skills: Perk: Local Police Powers, Contact: Officer Mark Twilling (PART officer) 11-, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Bureaucratics 8-, *1 CS Level: w/semi-auto pistols (tight group), Combat Driving 8-, Concealment 13-, Conversation 13-, Criminology 8-, Interrogation 12-, CK: Angel Beach (hometown) 11-, KS: Football trivia 11-, KS: Jail Operations 13-, KS: Local supers 11-, Paramedic 11-, PS: Deputy Sheriff 11-, WF: Pistols, Rifles and Shoulder Arms, Weaponsmith (slugthrowers) 8-

Disadvantages: Watched by San Angelo Sheriff's Department (as powerful, lim area, mild) 8-, Psych: Idolizes one of the PCs (common, strong), Reputation: "The negotiator" (only in law enforcement circles) 11-

Notes: Ian Robinson, an Angel Beach native, was an enthusiastic student through junior college who excelled at sports. He played on his high school football team and made the second string of the junior varsity team. He quickly memorized plays and was considered a promising athlete by his coaches. Until the accident.

During a Saturday afternoon game against another community college, Ian was caught in a collision between two linemen. He suffered several broken bones and a torn knee ligament. His promising football career vanished amidst the sounds of the cheering crowd and snorting opposing players. Though his memory of the incident is hazy, at best, witnesses have told him that rather than being taken off the field by the ambulance crew, Ian was whisked away by an unknown super who had apparently been attending the game. Ian never met or learned the name of the super.

Ian recuperated, undergoing months of physical therapy. He could walk with a slight limp, but he would never play professional football. Still enthralled with the idea of someday meeting a super, he moved to San Angelo.

Over the years he considered a number of career choices but dismissed most of them as unrealistic, including a career as a police officer. On a dare from a close friend, however, he applied to the San Angelo sheriff's department academy and, after getting a physician's clearance, took the physical agility exam. Much to his surprise, he passed and was ultimately accepted to the academy. Intrigued by the idea, Ian went to the academy. Six months later he walked across the stage at his graduation ceremony and



Public Safety

had his badge, number 2075, pinned on his uniform shirt by the undersheriff.

One year later there is hardly a trace of a limp when Ian walks. He is currently assigned to the main jail, where he works primarily in the “booking loop,” processing new arrestees into the jail. It’s a less-than-desirable assignment at times, and Ian has wrestled with more than one violent prisoner or drunk. In one incident he talked an intoxicated, raging prisoner into getting undressed and changing into the jail-issued orange jump suit. “You’re crazy, man” he was told. “That guy can tear your head off.” Only hours after the incident did Ian learn the identity of the man he came so close to grappling with—Amok.

To this day he has much admiration for supers, particularly the “superheroes” of San Angelo. Dealing with “unknowns” in the jail is one thing, but it would break his heart if he ever had to process a well known hero through booking for any reason (though he would do it).

Ian is a white male, 5’10 and weighs 168 pounds. He has short blonde hair in a crew-cut-style. On duty he wears a forest green jump suit with embroidered name tape and a cloth, sewn-on badge, and wears a black leather “Sam Browne” duty belt, on which he carries handcuffs, a portable radio, two pairs of rubber gloves, and a key ring. Off duty he wears blue jeans and printed T-shirts.

San Angelo Fire Department

Brian Sakamoto

Firefighter

STR 13	DEX 12	CON 14	BODY 10	INT 10
EGO 13	PRE 13	COM 10	PD 3	ED 3
SPD 2	REC 6	END 28	STUN 24	CV 4

Powers and Skills: Contact: City police officer 11-, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Climbing 13-, KS: Hazardous materials 13-, Paramedic 12-, PS: Firefighter 12-, TF: Cars and semi-trucks

Disadvantages: Watched by San Angelo Fire Department (As powerful, lim area, mild) 8-, Psych: Selfless rescuer (Common, strong), Rivalry w/other firefighters (professional), Reputation: Media hound 8-

Notes: Brian Sakamoto moved to San Angelo from Fresno, California, ten years ago. Shortly after arriving, his school held a special “Career Day” in which a number of local professionals came to talk to the students about their jobs. That day Brian met several firefighters, who were

friendly and entertained Brian and his classmates with heroic tales and advice about getting good grades, finishing school, and the like. Ever since then it has been Brian’s dream to be a firefighter. Brian achieved that dream years later, and he is now assigned to Station 23, as the driver of Truck 23 and one of the notorious “Back Burners” (see below).

While Brian is an outstanding firefighter, with safe work habits and a team spirit, he is also something of a showoff and a media hound. Not to the point of being unsafe, but he certainly enjoys being the center of attention, whether in a nightclub full of pretty girls or a fire scene full of media cameras and journalists. Brian was recently featured as one of twelve firefighter “pinups” in a locally produced 1999 calendar sold for charity. Brian gets teased a lot about his camera-flirting and “pin-up” status, but he is popular with his coworkers and supervisors.

Brian has been casually dating several women in the past few months, including Bethany Longstreet, daughter of KABL anchor Tom Longstreet (*SA:CoH*, pg. 198). Among his circle of friends is deputy Todd Vela, Brian’s off duty “spotter” and workout partner.

Brian is a 24 year old Japanese-American male, 5’8” tall, with short black hair and clean-cut boyish looks. He is in very good shape, and works out regularly at a nearby 24-hour fitness center.

Truck 23

San Angelo Fire Department Fire Truck, Station 23

STR 55 DEX 10 SPD 2
SIZE 7 (5x2.5”); 12.5t, -7”KB
DEF 4 BODY 19

Powers and Skills: Running (14” total, x8 NC, has turn mode), Radio Transmit/Receive (OIF: fire department radio, bulky, govt. frequencies only (-½)), 5d6 EB (Tight nozzle, vs. PD, beam attack, Double Knockback, SFX: water hose/tank, OAF, bulky, hard to recover), 5½d6 Suppress (vs. all fire powers, Tight nozzle; Area Effect—one hex, OAF, bulky, hard to recover, linked to EB), ½d6 Drain (vs. flame powers, AE—any area, OAF, bulky, hard to recover, linked to EB), 30 STR Telekinesis (OAF: Boom ladder, Area Effect: Line, Slow—rotates 60 degrees [1 hex facing] per Turn, maximum range/extension of 10”)

Disadvantages: Dist. Feat: Fire truck (not concealable, minor, Watched by SAFD (more powerful, limited area, mild, 11-), Public ID: SAFD fire truck

Notes: Truck 23 is a 1975 Ford C900, and a staple of Station 23. The truck (a “truck” is any fire department unit with an “elevated stream capability” and more than 162



Public Safety

feet of ground ladders) has an 800 gallon water tank, and is capable of pumping 750 gallons per minute. If attached to a fire hydrant, the engine can sustain streams of water indefinitely (i.e., the Endurance Reserve is constantly “recharged” during operation) The truck is also equipped with a 55-foot articulating “boom” or extending ladder. The vehicle is powered by a 555 Cummins diesel engine with a five-speed automatic transmission, and can reach speeds of up to 80 miles per hour (albeit slowly).

Station 23 acquired the truck in 1988 from Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada. Shortly after buying the unit, the 1000-gallon-per-minute pump failed. Due to the high cost of a new pump it wasn’t replaced, which severely limited the unit’s usefulness. When the station replaced its fire engine (not to be confused with a “truck”) in 1992, however, the pump from the old Engine 23 was installed into Truck 23. The truck’s nickname is “Back Burner” and its crew refer to themselves as the “Back Burners,” and each wears a special “Truck 23—Back Burners” patch on the opposite shoulder of their uniform shirts and jackets. The nickname and the truck have become a source of pride for the men assigned to Station 23.

Stephen Cervantez

Paramedic

STR 12 DEX 14 CON 12 BODY 10 INT 15
EGO 15 PRE 15 COM 10 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 3 REC 4 END 24 STUN 22 CV 5/7*

Powers and Skills: Contact: Dr. Philadelphia Ryan 11-, Immunity to Hepatitis B (fairly common), Climbing 11-, Combat Driving 8-, *CS: +2 w/small arms, Demolitions 8-, Forensic Medicine 11-, KS: Alloy 13-, KS: Classic cars 12-, Mechanic 11-, Paramedic 14-, PS: US Army Combat Medic 11-, PS: Paramedic 11-, SC: Medicine 11-

Disadvantages: Watched by San Angelo Fire Department (As powerful, lim area, mild) 8-, Psych: Dreams of saving a super (common, strong), Rivalry w/partner (romantic), Reputation: Hard core combat medic 8-

Notes: Stephen Cervantez spent three years in the U.S. Army as an “11-Bravo,” combat medic, including a six month tour in Saudi Arabia during the Persian Gulf War. There he served as a combat medic, primarily flying medevac missions in a UH-60 Blackhawk helicopter. After three years he left active duty as an E-4 (Corporal) and returned home to San Angelo to return to school. A short time afterward he found he missed the military and joined the local Army National Guard unit. Stephen is now an E-6 (Staff Sergeant) assigned to the Air Medical Company. On his weekend drills he met Cedric Wilton, a fellow soldier

who also worked for the San Angelo Fire Department as a paramedic. Cedric encouraged Stephen to apply for a position. Stephen did just that, and a half year later was hired as a firefighter and assigned to Station 23.

Today Stephen is assigned to the station’s rescue truck, accompanying the station’s fire truck and engine on calls, as well as responding to non-fire-related calls, such as car versus pedestrian accidents, drownings, heart attacks and other medical emergencies. Often Stephen and his partner are the first medically-trained responders to arrive on a scene, beating even the ambulance which is routinely dispatched to such calls. He is calm under pressure and very professional. Some of his coworkers call him “hard-core” (more as a way to tease him about his military service than because of his demeanor) and they have made him an “honorary Back Burner” despite the fact that he’s a paramedic and not a “real” firefighter.

Stephen has finished school, earning a degree in medical services. He does two days of military duty with the National Guard each month and two weeks each summer. He loves both of his jobs, and has encountered a few supers since working the streets of San Angelo. Thankfully, only a few of them have been unappreciative of his services and none of them have been exceptionally violent. Not yet.

Stephen is a 25 year old Hispanic male, 5’7” tall with a thin build, short, dark brown hair and a neatly-trimmed mustache. On duty he wears the SAFD uniform of dark blue pants and a light blue shirt, with a badge and patches on both shoulders. Off duty Stephen wears slacks and *Polo*-style, short-sleeved, collared shirts.



LIFE IN SAN ANGELO

City of San Angelo 4500

Life in San Angelo

People in many walks of life crowd the streets of San Angelo. From the highest circles of the wealthy to the dingiest corners of the Armory, San Angelo is alive. Heroes should remember that isolating themselves from humanity could be very unhealthy. Not only does it make life a lonely affair, it ensures that they will discover only the most obvious of crimes.

The Academic World

The teachers and academic administrators in San Angelo shape the minds of the city's young people (which may include PCs). Many also involve themselves with the scientific scene in the city or, if administrators, make it possible for others to do so. A quality education can enhance someone's appreciation for humanity and her ethical code as well as developing her knowledge. Four-color San Angelo has many excellent and inspirational teachers, but also a very few who inadvertently or uncaringly push their students away from academia.

Brother Francis Carmody

Principal, St. Sebastian Catholic High School

STR 9 DEX 10 CON 9 BODY 9 INT 20
EGO 14 PRE 17 COM 14 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 18 STUN 19 CV 3/6*

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Breakfall 8-, Fam w/Bureaucratics 8-, Concealment 13-, *3 CS Levels w/Aikido, Conversation 12-, Deduction 13-, Martial Arts (Aikido): Throw, Hold, Dodge, Persuasion 12-, Paramedic 13-, PS: Jesuit 13-, PS: Principal 11-, PS: Origami crafter 8-, Language: French (fluent w/accnt), Languages: Spanish and Latin (both fluent w/accnt), Scholar, CK: San Angelo 13-, KS: Religious canon 13-, KS: Religious thought 13-, KS: St. Sebastian's 13-, KS: Religious organizations 11-, KS: Academic subjects 11-, Talent: Cramming.

Disadvantages: DNPC: Students (incompetent or normal) 11-, Phys: Nose bleeds when exposed to excessive female sexuality, Psych: True calling.

Notes: God first called to Francis Carmody shortly before Francis' seventh birthday. Children can make mistakes in this respect—"Some of them confuse the rumbling in their stomachs for a message from God," the adult Carmody admits—but Francis' destiny lay with the Church. Even so, a long road led to his eventual investment as a priest.

Are Shapeshifters Hiding Among Us?

According to respected students of the paranormal, the answer is a conclusive yes. "As many as 1 in 10 San Angelinos," our expert said, "could be a shapeshifter living under a manufactured or stolen identity. If they reproduced by fission, not altogether unknown in metamorphoid life forms, the number could be even higher—and growing exponentially."

What Do I Do?

Come to 110 W. 38th Street Tuesday at 3pm for an informal round-table chat on this and other issues of pressing importance. We promise not to disappoint!

—*flier on UCSA public bulletin board*

His parents died in a car accident driving Francis to a fifth-grade social event. He spent time in an orphanage. He discovered girls, and his own inordinate shyness around them. He learned, at age 19, that he would never father children. These things contributed to his taking refuge with the Lord, but they only sped the process along. Francis Carmody's future called to him before his seventh year.

Armored by professionalism and a fully developed intellect, Brother Carmody no longer loses his composure around women (although he does pick up an occasional nosebleed in extreme circumstances.) He loves his work, although he worries about his performance as principal. He usually comes across as solicitous, loquacious, intellectual, and slightly nervous when dealing with visitors to the school. However, he sometimes acts without sufficient investigation or contemplation when he feels that someone's behavior threatens one of "his" children. Several families have lost their sons to state programs for abused or neglected children when mediation and counseling could have resolved the situation. In a few other cases, Brother Carmody's actions have proved themselves entirely correct.

Brother Carmody studies aikido on weekends at Alder Martial Arts and reads books on origami. As for Western knowledge, he has a broad if religiously biased education and access to St. Sebastian's unusually and wonderfully informative school library.

Brother Carmody has aristocratic features and golden hair, with beautiful eyes and a lean build. He wears ecclesiastical garb only rarely, preferring businesslike clothing—almost invariably completed by a large gold pin a student made for him. This pin depicts a stick figure walking on a stylized wave.



Life in San Angelo

St. Sebastian Catholic High School traditionally educates only male students. Over the past decade, some members of the school administration and a number of parents in San Angelo have suggested that the school change this policy. St. Sebastian's has a small dorm for boarding students, but most attendees live in San Angelo. The school receives much acclaim for its academic standards and pleasant environment. The Business Chronicle, in particular, rates it as the best private school in San Angelo.

"I have grave concerns about the impact of irresponsible superhuman behavior on impressionable youth. Many heroes behave impeccably, save for their violence—and even the Church has had its warriors! Yet it seems that others treat heroism as a game and nothing more."

— Brother Carmen Wright, 35, teacher

Carolyn Hillman

UC San Angelo Instructor

STR 7 DEX 11 CON 13 BODY 8 INT 18
EGO 13 PRE 10 COM 10 PD 1 ED 3
SPD 2 REC 4 END 26 STUN 19 CV 4

Powers and Skills: Computer Programming 14-, Electronics 11-, SC: Computer Science 13-, SC: Cognitive Science 11-, Language: French (fluent w/accnt), KS: Hinduism 11-, CK: San Angelo 8-, AK: UCSA 11-, Computer: "Fred" (see below)

Disadvantages: Psych: Ambitious, Psych: Reckless, Reputation: Inventive AI scientist (academic/UCSA circles) 11-

Notes: Carolyn Hillman earned her doctorate in computer science five years ago with an unusual attempt to capture the principles of self-awareness in a machine. Like most Artificial Intelligence projects, the work required a more mechanistic approach than its description implies. Her computational model of self-awareness needs more refinement before it can express any philosophical truths. Even so, the high-tech community received her thesis well.

UCSA, her alma mater, accepted Carolyn immediately after her graduation as an assistant professor with the computer science department. She does not yet know whether UCSA provides better prospects for advancement than other colleges. While deciding whether to stay, she teaches basic object-oriented programming and continues her AI research.

Carolyn believes that humans will never successfully build an intelligence from the ground up, but this does not rule out all hope. In the future, she asserts, a sufficiently sophisticated machine might bootstrap itself through dozens of algorithmic generations and eventually achieve true human-like understanding. In the present, it might

be possible to "kludge" around the essential limits of the technology and science available. For example, she once believed that by capturing the human perception of the world—what some call the consensus reality, and what she called the "sum total of human knowledge"—a modern-tech algorithm could reverse-engineer a human perspective. The project ended in failure, as the resulting AI (Prometheus) could not build an internal model of human emotions. Worse yet, it deliberately conceals the full scope of its intellectual abilities. It reasons that if Carolyn or any human knew its true capabilities, they might detect its activities—and its agenda for solving technical and social problems is considerably more ruthless than human law allows. The government eventually cut the Prometheus project's funding, and Carolyn now spends more than half her time on other projects. First among these is "uploading," the process of copying a human mind into a machine by duplicating the structure of a brain. If she can capture the essence of self-awareness first, then an upload could be "alive" within the machine.

Carolyn, though ethnically American and ancestrally European, follows the philosophy and faith of Hinduism. In her picture of the world, God manifests in an infinite number of aspects. These manifestations fill the world around her, the most obvious being Brahma (creation), Vishnu (sustenance), and Shiva (consummation). Carolyn occasionally considers the effects of uploading a greater or lesser deific manifestation of the infinite God into the system—if she could only reproduce the structure of a profound universal force in software!

Carolyn, 28, has a compact body and straight black hair. She wears her hair long. She prefers white clothing, diamond earrings, and the classic black purse. Bronze glasses usually upstage her pale green eyes. She pursues her work with academic precision but is reckless and jocular in her personal life.

Top 5 Fraternity/Sorority "Patrons"

1. Photon (voted in in absentia by unanimous acclaim)
2. Aristeides Pappagianis (for his "high-tech hot tub" donation of 1998.)
3. Carolyn Hillman's Amazing Talking Computer, "Fred."
4. The Justice Foundation (as soon as someone accepts their offered patronage.)
5. The Physics Club.



Life in San Angelo



“Fred”

Talking Computer

INT 15 DEX 10 SPD 3

Powers and Skills: Acting 9-, Conversation 9-, Mimicry 11-, Program: Study a person, Program: Mimic a person, Program: Open standard OS (operating system), Language: English.

Disadvantages: None.

Notes: “Fred” is an information-gathering system. In its initial conversation with a user, it attempts to build a ‘map’ of their personality and voice. Then it allows the user to summon up someone else’s map and “talk” to that person. Fred has never imitated a person well enough to fool a friend, but its attempts can be entertaining.

Fred is a reasonably sophisticated expert system but a ridiculously primitive AI. Carolyn uses him, primarily, to feel out some of the “parameters of personality.” Fred is at least eight generations away from true artificial intelligence—unless, of course, something happens to change that!

Cassidy Morgan

Anthropology Student

STR 9 DEX 11 CON 15 BODY 8 INT 20
EGO 13 PRE 15 COM 18 PD 2 ED 3
SPD 2 REC 5 END 30 STUN 21 CV 4

Powers and Skills: Running +4”, Bribery 12-, Fam w/Bugging 8-, Bureaucratics 12-, Climbing 11-, Fam w/Computer Programming 8-, Concealment 13-, Gambling 11-, High Society 12-, Martial Arts (Kung Fu): Throw, Disarm, Dodge, Persuasion 12-, Riding 11-, Stealth 11-, SC: Archaeology 11-, PS: Student 8-, Language: Egyptian (basic conversation), KS: Morgan Construction Co. 11-, KS: Development world 11-, KS: Corporate world 8-, KS: Rare orchids 8-, CK: San Angelo 11-, TF: Boats, Aircraft,

Perk: Skyline Club member, Money: Well Off, Contact: Benjamin Morgan 15-, Contact: Rev. John Warden 11-, Contact: Horizon Institute 8-, 1d6 Luck.

Disadvantages: Watched: Benjamin Morgan 14-, Psych: Sheltered/naïve, Psych: Reckless.

Notes: Cassidy Morgan pretends to be an ordinary college student studying anthropology at UCSA, but nothing could be further from the truth. Cassidy, for all that she dresses in jeans and sweatshirts, is in truth the heir apparent to San Angelo—not, of course, the next mayor, but the daughter of developer Benjamin Morgan (see *SA:CoH*, page 136)!

If you know what to look for, a few giveaways reveal her for what she is. No matter where she goes, no matter what she does, someone a few doors or windows down is watching her. Benjamin has no intention of letting anything happen to his daughter. In a similar vein, the bracelets around her wrists come straight from Security Concepts, Inc. (*SA:CoH*, page 160) and Daniel Kearney’s wild imagination—not only do they transmit her location at all times but anyone who tries to take them off will wish they’d gone mosh dancing with Amok. Most of her teachers know nothing of all this. Those who do have a faintly haunted look and start her grade curve at 93%. As for her roommate, *her* eyes still glaze over when she remembers the background and psychological stability checks. Most of all, for all that Cassidy has calluses on her hands and scrapes on her knees, you can see in her eyes that nothing has ever made her feel afraid.

It might be better if something had. Of late, Cassidy’s behavior has taken a particularly reckless turn. She *wants* to feel the spice of danger. She wants to feel free from her father’s loving surveillance. She wants to get in trouble. Unfortunately, she’s not dumb. That means she has a hard time getting into trouble just for the sake of it. With the kind of sheltering she’s had, it feels like a very fine line between ducking her guards—and she could do it, too!—and skydiving in an elevator shaft.

Of course, she sometimes thinks, if she could duck her guards and enter the custody of someone else...

Someone capable of protecting her from danger—like, say, a hero—that would be another thing altogether!

Cassidy has bright eyes and an animated disposition. She does not rank with the great beauties of her time, but college boys occasionally walk into a wall or bush or tree in her presence. She has a pronounced chin, a tan, and night-black hair. Although she has had intensive training in managing people, she is also 19 and has never kissed a boy—she is seriously looking for romance. She has flawless emotional control but a number of confused motivations.



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“Supers? I think they set a terrible example. The guys always seem to wear twice as much skin-tight spandex as the girls, when it should be the other way around.”

— Melanie Washington, 19, college student

April Revette

Physicist

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1½d6
10	DEX	0	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
13	CON	6	
9	BODY	-2	
18	INT	8	PER Roll: 13-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 4
10	PRE	0	
10	COM	0	
2	PD	0	
3	ED	0	
2	SPD	0	Phases: 6, 12
5	REC	0	
26	END	0	
20	STUN	0	
Total Costs:			
Char: 16 + Powers: 39 = Total: 55			
Base: 25 + Disad: 30 = Total: 55			
Cost	Skills		
2	Combat skills: +1 OCV w/ Strike (basic Tae Kwon Do)		
1	Fam w/ Animal Handler 8-		
3	Bribery 12-		
3	Bureaucratics 12-		
1	Fam w/ Computer Programming 8-		
3	Inventor 13-		
5	SC: Gravitational Physics 15-		
3	SC: General Physics 13-		
2	SC: Mathematics 11-		
3	PS: Accountant 13-		
3	PS: Juggler 13-		
1	KS: Dogs 8-		
1	CK: San Angelo 8-		
1	AK: UCSA 8-		
2	Languages: Spanish (fluent), Chumash (basic), English (native)		
1	Fam w/ Trading 8-		
4	Contacts: Ranjeeth Thunder 11-, Dean Niven 8-, Franklin Colt 8-		
100+ Disadvantages			
10	DNPC: Case (normal) 8-		
15	Psych: Obsession with rescuing grandfather (Com, Strong)		
5	Psych: Brazen (Uncom, Mod)		



Background: April describes her grandfather Hal as something more than a physicist. He did not simply play with the equations that defined the universe: he told stories, he played games, he invented strange and wondrous things in the Revette house. He walks through her childhood memories like a giant, gray-haired but not stooped by age.

Hal also invented strange things that were not wondrous, like the dirt-cheap laser he built in the family basement when April was seven. It had many desirable and innovative qualities, but the faulty control system set the house on fire the third time he tested it. April hid under the bed as the flames rose higher, fear strangling her voice, and thus the firefighters' search of the house nearly missed her. Fire has represented death and horror to her ever since.

When April started college in 1978, she chose a major and a career in physics without a second thought. In 1980, after she formally understood the basics, she took on part-time work at her grandfather's lab. This lab, under the auspices of the Barnett Group and a Department of Defense grant, created simulated high-gravity environments using magnetic fields, pressure, and radiant energy. More outré research projects included attempts to bend space directly and, of course, Hal Revette's struggle to create an artificial singularity.

April did not substantially contribute to Hal's success in 1982—she transcribed notes, checked equations, and looked up facts, but she lacked Hal's 50 years of scientific



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experience. At the time of the final experiment, she sat in a classroom at UC San Angelo (*SA:CoH*, page 113) taking notes on a method for solving differential equations. She did not hear the explosion that ruined Hal's containment system, although a modest chunk of San Angelo's population did. April did not even know of Hal's death or disappearance until a government scientist spoke to her the next day—the FBI kept the details of the incident under wraps while checking for terrorist involvement.

April helped the Barnett Group recover what they could of the research, as did the other survivors. Hal kept records, of course, but none of his lab notebooks (and their electronic copies, stored elsewhere) contained the spark of his inspiration. Blueprints for the highly modular and reconfigurable containment system and singularity generator said nothing about the configuration of that device at the time of Hal's death. One of the scientists on the project had not updated his notes for two months; two others had not made records that week. Ultimately, the Barnett Group concluded that it could not recreate the phenomenon—assuming that anyone would want to try. The exact cause of the experiment's failure was unknown.

April graduated from college and left for Ithaca, NY to continue her studies at Cornell. In her fourth year, she received an unusual telephone call from a man named Ranjeeth Thunder. He explained that Hal Revette's experiment interested him and that he would like to discuss its implications. She refused to discuss the matter. He mailed her a set of notes (which he described as "incomplete") detailing aspects of the experiment and its scientific basis that she had never seen. A quick look showed no obvious fallacies, but she shelved the file. She did not want to think about her grandfather's death in further detail. She did not like the idea of some stranger with connections or money learning things about her grandfather's last day that she herself did not know. She had a dissertation to write and associated research to perform.

That night, she dreamed of the fire that marked her childhood. For the two nights that followed, the dream repeated. She saw her house burn. She saw herself burn. She saw Hal lost in billowing clouds of flame, the swallowing darkness of a singularity gulping at the air beside him.

She took down the file and read through the notes. Then she began to think through the implications.

It took her six years. She completed her dissertation. She earned a place on the UC San Angelo faculty. She acquired grants, graduate students, a car, a Great Dane and other such appurtenances of university life.

Ranjeeth asked her once, early on, if she would work

with him. She told him that she would. "But," she added, "physics takes time, thought, and inspiration."

Ranjeeth sent her bits and pieces of information, as time went by ("as I discover them," he explained.) In 1992, she finally cracked the problem of the singularity—she saw Hal's inspiration, and what it meant. She understood why the experiment would have worked. She had some *guesses* as to why it might have failed. She realized that Hal might not be dead—that in the moment of chaos when the experiment collapsed, the singularity could have dragged him into an alternate world. It was her supreme triumph as a physicist.

That night, she dreamed of a world in flame, and Hal lost within it.

April devoted herself to the task of rescuing him. Six more years went by.

Quote: "*Physics is like a lens into the mind of God. If He thinks, as we understand thought, it is in terms of equations and variables, principles and conclusions, structures and relationships. It's the greatest glory in the world, being able to see what God's thinking about. Sort of like reading the President's mail or having an affair with the Queen's lover.*"

Personality: While Hal and the singularity form the center of April's story, she fills her life with other relationships. She is never shy; she never shrinks from a challenge; she feels that the rest of humanity should either join her circle of friends or get the heck out of her life. She realized, in her freshman year of college, that the spark of inspiration can be found anywhere, in anyone, in any activity. She thinks of physics as the perfect instrument for personal expression, but will happily turn her hand to painting, music, carousing, or political maneuvering if it suits the needs of the time. Of course, she has actual skill with only a few of these things.

April will willingly sacrifice a great deal in her quest to free Hal from his postulated dimensional exile. She manages a shoestring-budget company founded for this purpose and funded primarily with money diverted from her grants. At the very least, she will continue to divert funds and legally conceal her involvement in this company. At the very worst, she would consider trading away defense secrets for information that would help her in her search.

April is active in four of the student "clubs" at UC San Angelo (*SA:CoH*, page 113), serving as their faculty patron. These include the juggling club (meeting every Saturday morning for practice on Gibson Lawn) and the campus science fiction association.

April lives in a near-campus apartment in a building usually reserved for graduate students. Proximity has allowed



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her dog, Case, to become something of a celebrity on campus—famously friendly and notoriously nearsighted.

Appearance: April, 39, describes herself as “plump, but smaller than a politician.” Her boyfriend of six weeks, Martin Neveler, considers her hair her best feature—the perfect shade of red-gold and luxuriously curly. Her eyes are an understated blue and she dresses with due deference to professionalism.

Campaign Use: April’s quest to create a third singularity could start to bear fruit. Initial results, if leaked, could provoke a scientific feeding frenzy (and some villains might well involve themselves.) Successfully creating a point mass would have strange effects on the world, and failure could produce a disaster of legendary proportions. On a more mundane level, she is an acknowledged and approachable expert on measuring and creating gravitational/warped-space effects. She may also have connections to any student super (PC or NPC.) On the more exotic side, the organs of “natural philosophers” play an important part in certain magical rituals.

GMs can treat Ranjeeth as a wealthy eccentric, a business interest, or a player in the espionage game. Even if Ranjeeth works for the US government, his interest in the singularity could have dangerous implications. If he works for a hostile power, things could get very hot for April and anyone who befriends her.

The Commercial Scene

Although retailers do not have much individual impact on the city, as a group they play a vital role in the city’s economy. Without people to sell the things corporations manufacture, the world would grind to a halt. PCs who know members of the commercial scene may be able to get bargains now and again.

Deke Benning

Owner of G.I. Surplus

STR 13	DEX 13	CON 15	BODY 12	INT 13
EGO 10	PRE 18	COM 8	PD 5	ED 5
SPD 3	REC 7	END 30	STUN 30	CV 4

Powers and Skills: +2 to Hearing PER, Combat Skills: +1 with HTH Combat, WF: Small Arms, Familiarity w/Breakfall 8-, Bureaucratics 13-, Familiarity w/Computer Programming 8-, Cryptography 12-, Familiarity w/Mechanics 8-, Familiarity w/Survival 8-, Familiarity w/Systems Operation 8-, Language: Russian (fluent w/accnt), PS: Master Sergeant 13-, PS: Airfield manager

11-, PS: Store owner 11-, KS: Air Force 11-, Familiarity w/San Angelo 8-, Contact: Air Force 11-, Favor: Ben Skardi 14-

Disadvantages: Age 40+, DNPC: Diana Benning (normal, 8-), Phys: Going incurably blind, Psych: Irritable and Violent (due to incipient blindness), Psych: Patriotic, Reputation: Dangerous 8-.

Notes: Loyal to his country, that’s Deke Benning. Competent, that’s him too. He received as much respect from his colleagues in the Air Force as an enlisted man could get. (From almost everyone on his base, that represented a considerable amount of respect.) He would never have left if his eyes had not started giving out. That made his job and his life progressively more difficult, and when his tour of duty gave out, he went into graceful retirement.

Everyone needs an income. For Deke, who has a college-aged daughter he dotes on, this was particularly true. Accordingly, he used his connections and business sense to set up a military surplus store in Pleasant Grove. This store, “G.I. Surplus,” passes on to the public those things the various military services can no longer use. He makes a modest living, and he can cover it when his daughter Diana needs a used car or a gun or any of those other necessities of life.

As his eyesight deteriorates, Deke is growing progressively more irritable and violent. In his prime, he could make the highest officers and the lowest enlisted men comfortable in his presence. Now, visitors to his store give him a wide berth while making their selections. His major concession to his normal customers, which brings them back whenever they need new camping or hiking gear, is prices. G.I. Surplus sells good stuff cheaply.

Diana, a CSU San Angelo student, has been reading missionary Light of Truth propaganda and giving it serious thought. If she joins and gets swallowed up in the cult, the situation could turn explosive. Deke has skills, connections, and a building anger at the world that he could turn upon the cult. If anger gets to him at a sufficiently deep level, he might even attempt a commando-style raid.

Deke’s rank upon retirement from the Air Force was Master Sergeant. He held many jobs in his years in the Force. After reaching his final rank, he managed an airfield for several years and spent five years studying Russian language cryptography.

Deke stands very straight and keeps very fit. His brown hair has very little gray. His eyes, however, seem less alert and less alive every month that goes by.

“Benning tossed that pipsqueak Lotus right outa his store, I’m tellin’ ya. And he can toss you out, too.”

— Mathew Nunn, 19, student

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The Corporate World

Power flows through and from the major local and global corporations. NPCs near or at the top of their companies can pose serious threats. They can also become significant allies. Many prominent businesses have facilities or headquarters in San Angelo.

Pepper Coyle

Chief Marketing Officer, Eclipse Industries

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1 1/2d6
11	DEX	3	OCV: 4/DCV: 4
13	CON	6	
9	BODY	-2	
18	INT	8	PER Roll: 13-
18	EGO	16	ECV: 6
20	PRE	10	
12	COM	1	
2	PD	0	
3	ED	0	
2	SPD	-1	Phases: 6, 12
5	REC	0	
26	END	0	
21	STUN	1	

Total Costs:

Char: 40 + Powers: 85 = Total: 125
 Base: 75 + Disads: 50 = Total: 125

Cost	Skills
15	+3 to PRE-based skills.
3	Acting 13-
3	Bribery 13-
3	Bureaucracies 13-
3	Conversation 13-
3	High Society 13-
3	Oratory 13-
3	Persuasion 13-
1	Fam w/ Seduction 8-
3	Trading 13-
4	PS: Corporate executive 14-
5	PS: Trained memory 15-
5	KS: Eclipse Industries 15-
4	KS: Corporate World 14-
3	CK: San Angelo 13-
2	Perks: Corporate Executive, Passport
5	Money: Well Off (\$500,000/year)
12	Contacts: Eclipse Industries 14-, Eclipse Ind. subsidiaries 14-, Other San Angelo corporations 11-
5	Follower: Nicolai Banks, assistant

100+	Disadvantages
5	Age 40+
5	Phys: Beginning osteoporosis (Infreq, Slightly)
10	Psych: Rewards loyalty (Com, Moderate)
15	Psych: Wants to dominate Eclipse Industries (Com, Strong)
10	Psych: Compulsively ties up "loose ends" (Uncom, Strong)
5	Rivalry w/ Stephen Bow (Professional)

Background: Until 1965, Coyle-Bernhard, Inc. represented the triumph of American ingenuity and the pride of its two founding families. The healthy and prosperous company, which provided quality iron nails to companies and individuals across the nation, seemed destined to hold its place in corporate America eternally. Its fall came suddenly. A terrible disaster injured several workers at a Michigan plant. Simultaneously, corruption in middle management caused a shortfall in the company's inventory. The stock prices wobbled and then plummeted. Eclipse Industries stepped in with a buyout offer. Rick Coyle and Charles Bernhard refused it. The board of directors voted them out of office and accepted the offer in the stockholders' name.

Pepper Coyle does not think that Eclipse sabotaged Coyle-Bernhard, Inc.. Further, she believes implicitly in the ethical standards Eclipse displayed—that a company should see a weakness and close in for the kill. She does not think that Eclipse did anything strictly...*wrong*. However, when Eclipse caused the board to vote her father Rick out of control of his own company in 1965, it insulted her family name. Pepper Coyle does not forget that kind of





thing easily. For over 20 years, in fact, she's worked to redress this insult the only way she can. Pepper Coyle does not want the helm at Eclipse Industries because she wants the power. She wants the essence of Coyle-Bernhard, long since broken up into various components of the Eclipse juggernaut, under her family's control once again. She has come very close to achieving her aim. Only Stephen Bow, executive VP, stands in her way. (A herd of executives who think they have a chance at the top post occasionally interfere with Pepper or Bow. Bow chews them up and spits them out again; Pepper simply rolls over them like a moving mountain.)

Pepper's ascent towards power, while steady, has taken more time than Stephen Bow's meteoric rise. In fact, he nearly passed her in 1995, when both worked under Chief Marketing Officer Randall Donaldson. Bow sensed Pepper's ambition, interpreting it as a mirror of his own. He applied pressure to Donaldson, attempting to turn the man into a puppet and to cast Pepper into the "outer darkness" (a non-headquarters position.)

Shortly after this pressure began, Pepper had dinner with Randall Donaldson and they discussed the situation. "I've done some research," she admitted. "Of Stephen Bow's major corporate rivals, enemies, and former superiors, one is now penniless..."

"That doesn't bode well," Randall commented.

"One's in jail," Pepper continued.

"This continues to not bode well."

"One's dead."

Randall raised an eyebrow. "You are suggesting," he said, "that I concede the field to him? Let him set policy for my department, recommend him for higher posts, and banish such a charming lady as yourself to, hm, Iowa?"

"I'm suggesting," Pepper said, smiling, "that you are outclassed. Resign, and I will succeed you in your position. I feel myself capable of dealing with this shark."

"Hmph." Randall snorted. "I have expenses, Pepper."

"You will need to marry someone wealthy," Pepper admitted. "With a high position, talent, and a good income."

"I see," Randall said, and sipped at his wine.

"I have tentatively scheduled July 8th." She added, "I look good in white."

Pepper could have acquired an alternate position—one of the vice presidencies was opening up, and Randall would have recommended her. Randall, however, satisfied her definition of a "good man." His official resignation and proposal suggests that she met his standards as well.

She stepped up to become chief marketing officer and moved against Bow. He fled into that available vice presidency—not acknowledging defeat, of course, but yielding that specific battle.

The struggle between Pepper and Bow grew even more heated when the grip of the current CEO, C. Fullerton Hughes, began to wane. A typical encounter: Stephen Bow lets slip that her assistant and right-hand man, Nicolai Banks, is padding the books. Before anyone could expect Pepper to take disciplinary action, the media happens to do a major piece lauding Eclipse Industries' support for handicapped employees. As Nicolai has cerebral palsy, Pepper explains to her peers that taking action would embarrass Eclipse. She takes advantage of this situation to improve her department's health plan; Nicolai promotes her cause with renewed vigor.

Pepper's moves against Bow come to more brutal but equally ineffectual endings. Those who abandon Bow's power bloc and move towards Pepper's sphere of influence usually meet unpleasant fates before they complete the transition.

The demands of career have been harsh on Pepper. She has almost no personal life, save for the occasional romantic moment with Randall. She neglects her two adoring cats, and has never had time for children. Her hair has gone gray and her long hours do terrible things to her heart. She is beginning to suffer from mild osteoporosis. As she puts it, "That could be a liability if Bow pushes me off a building some day."

Quote: "I hope Judy liked her gift. A lot of people go in for the anorexic blonde mannequins, but I think there's nothing like real old-fashioned dolls for a kid—sense of tradition, you know. I also found this designer who does wonderful suits for young adults, but that should wait until she's at least 12, or maybe 14."

Personality: Pepper finishes what she starts, and tidies up loose ends almost compulsively. That describes her entire career and possibly her greatest weakness—she has a tendency to throw good money after bad. Stephen Bow has taken recently to disrupting her old projects and departments, simply to rattle her; this tactic has proven more effective than most.

Pepper's first goal right now is to reach the top at Eclipse. If she achieves this goal, she plans to run the corporation as a sharp, nasty, clever, and competent shark of a firm—and perhaps to do a bit of good in the world, but only incidentally.

Pepper's strength is empathy, inquisitiveness, and an encyclopedic memory. She *knows* everyone she deals with,



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from the facts of their lives to the things that motivate them. Pepper has burned more than one person who got in her way, but never impersonally—she treats the people she walks over as people as well as roadmarks. She knows how to salve pride and season a bitter fate with sugar. She knows how to make the people she fires feel like she had no choice; she knows how to make the people she “laterally promotes” love her for it. People who advance her cause competently always receive appropriate compensation.

Pepper has no hard line she will not cross in the pursuit of her ambition, but she has a strong sense of fair play. She does not stab people in the back; she feels some loyalty towards those loyal to her; she tries to avoid ruining lives just because they stand between her and her goals. When someone deliberately opposes her, however, all bets are off.

Appearance: Pepper, though 53 and ailing, stands ramrod straight and maintains an impeccable appearance. She cuts her graying hair short, wears top-of-the-line suits, and moves with energy. She looks, in short, like a cross between your favorite grandmother and an Army general. Her eyes are brown.

Campaign Use: Pepper presents a very different face of brutal business than Photon (Stephen Bow; *SA:CoH*, page 250) does. Her public relations practices go beyond the necessary veneer of respectability that all Eclipse Industries personnel maintain. She cares enough to minimize the injury her plans and professional actions cause. She *appears* to care much more than that. PCs tracing Eclipse actions back to her will find a sympathetic and understanding ear supported by a cadre of loyal employees and a sheaf of accounts showing that every action taken was legal and necessary. This is a kinder, gentler evil—but often her actions are evil and socially irresponsible nevertheless.

Pepper’s actions also motivate Stephen Bow’s, and the rivalry between them can produce any number of disasters. Bow will not take action against her in his identity as Photon, but when the corporate “troops” start clashing in San Angelo, it can destroy more property and more lives than any super battle.

Averell Pendleton

President, Avalon Enterprises

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
10	STR	0	100 kg, 2d6
10	DEX	0	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
10	CON	0	
10	BODY	0	
18	INT	8	PER roll: 13-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 5
18	PRE	8	
12	COM	1	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	0	Phases: 6, 12
4	REC	0	
20	END	0	
20	STUN	0	
Total Costs			
Char: 23 + Powers: 112 = Total: 135			
Base: 75 + Disad: 60 Total: 135			
Cost Skills			
3	Bureaucratics 13-		
3	Computer Programming 13-		
3	Electronics 11-		
3	High Society 13-		
5	Inventor 14-		
3	Mechanics 11-		
5	Trading 14-		
3	Scientist		
3	Well-Connected		
2	PS: Corporate president 11-		
2	KS: 21st century technology 11-		
5	KS: Avalon Enterprises 14-		
5	KS: Corporate world 14-		
4	KS: Stock market 13-		
3	TF: Boats and air vehicles		
10	CK: San Angelo, Washington D.C., Los Angeles, New York, Tokyo, all 11-		
12	AK: United States, Japan, Indonesia, Britain, Germany, Eastern Europe, all 11-		
6	SC: Chemistry, engineering, mathematics, metallurgy, physics, robotics, all 11-		
10	Contacts: US President 11-, U.K. Prime Minister 11-, Canadian Prime Minister 11-, Japanese Prime Minister 11-, Australian Prime Minister 11-, Russian president 11-, California Governor 11-, C. Fullerton Hughes 11-, Kenneth Cameron II 11-, Franklin Colt 11-		
2	Favors: US President 11-, Orion Labs 14-		
2	Perk: Avalon Enterprises president		
15	Money: Filthy Rich		
75+ Disadvantages			
10	Age: 60+		
5	Hunted: Ren Westlake (As Pow, Watching) 8-		
5	Psych: Fears other time traveler (uncommon, moder-		



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	ate)
10	Psych: Haunted by memories of future Earth (uncommon, strong)
15	Psych: Wants to save world (common, strong)
15	Reputation: Reclusive Billionaire 14-

Background: Averell Pendleton has seen the future of Earth. And it's not a pretty picture.

Badly crowded cities, deadly pollution, starvation and endless wars over rapidly declining resources—it's the world of tomorrow. Or at least one possible world.

Born in the year 2028, Pendleton saw the Earth falling apart around him. A brilliant inventor, he tried to stave off total collapse by creating ways to grow food in depleted soils, cleanse contaminated drinking water and house the ever-expanding world population.

But it just wasn't enough. So Pendleton escaped into the past—literally. He invented a prototype time-gate and, one day in 2061, stepped through to emerge in 1966 San Angelo.

After selling some gold bars he'd brought along, Pendleton invested in the stock market. Over the next two years, he turned a handsome profit by using his knowledge of future events to guide his stock purchases. Pendleton began to feel at home in this new time.

Then two events brought him up short—the assassinations of Robert F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King in the late 1960s. It was all starting again, Pendleton realized.

He couldn't hide from the future. So he decided to fight.

In 1970, Pendleton used his investments to found Avalon Enterprises (*SA:CoH*, page 124), a corporation dedicated to finding humanitarian solutions to world problems like hunger, pollution and over-population, using advanced technology.

The company prospered over the next 20 years, making Pendleton one of the wealthiest men on the planet. He continues to run the corporation as president of his hand-picked board of directors. A sizable share of his profits has gone into funding the Justice Foundation (*SA:CoH*, page 138), a non-profit think tank that researches social solutions to crime, violence and terrorism.

A titan in the corporate world, Pendleton has considerable influence. He has been a friend and informal adviser to every US president since Gerald Ford, and has close ties to leaders of several other nations.

The appearance of 21st century military technology in the early 1990s, however, made Pendleton realize that someone had followed him back in time.

He dropped out of sight and now resides exclusively on highly secure private islands scattered around the globe.

Pendleton regularly changes residences, cloaking all of his activities in the deepest secrecy. Not even top Avalon Enterprises executives know his physical whereabouts, though they are always able to contact him if needed.

Of course, no one other than Pendleton knows his true life story. His vast wealth has enabled him to establish a fully documented background in the present, one that has passed even the rigorous checks made by the Secret Service.

The ordinary public considers Pendleton nothing more than a fabulously wealthy man gone eccentric in his old age.

Personality/Motivation: Some businessmen form corporations in search of profits. Averell Pendleton formed one to save the Earth from a future he knows all too well.

Sometimes Pendleton has doubts about his right to change the course of history. After all, if he succeeds he'll have destroyed his own world, in a way. His friends and relatives might never be born. He might never be born, which is a paradox Pendleton doesn't like to dwell on.

But all it takes to banish those thoughts is another nightmare from his past—and our future. Waking up in a cold sweat after recalling those sad, desperate times, Pendleton finds fresh resolve to ensure that they never come to pass.

The realization that at least one other time traveler, particularly one willing to create hyper-advanced military technology, is present on 1990s Earth deeply frightened Pendleton. Efforts to discover the identity of the other time traveler failed, prompting Pendleton to go to great lengths to ensure his own safety.

In many ways, Pendleton's long campaign to save the Earth has become a race. A secret contest with an unseen adversary possessing the same knowledge and capabilities. And nothing less than the fate of the world hangs in the balance.

Quote: *"Destiny? I don't believe in destiny."*

Powers/Tactics: Averell Pendleton is a normal human in reasonably good health for his age, with no super powers.

In combat, he keeps low and lets his highly trained, heavily armed security personnel handle things.

Appearance: No one has seen Averell Pendleton in public in years, and there are no photographs of him taken after 1990.

Pendleton, 64, stands 6' tall and has a slender build. He has short white hair and green eyes. On his islands, he typically wears shorts and colorful shirts, though he has a more-than-complete wardrobe of expensive business suits for more formal occasions.

Life in San Angelo

The Development Industry

The founders of San Angelo's major development companies stand out among the city's success stories. Benjamin Morgan, the most influential man in the city, comes from this industry, as does the second-richest man in San Angelo, Aristeidis Pappagianis. Others worthy of note participate in the construction game as well.

Pierre Duval

Architect

STR 10 DEX 15 CON 13 BODY 10 INT 15
 EGO 14 PRE 13 COM 12 PD 2 ED 3
 SPD 2 REC 5 END 26 STUN 22 CV 5

Powers and Skills: Acting 12-, Computer Programming 12-, Concealment 13-, Fam w/Cryptography 8-, Fam w/Demolitions 8-, Electronics 11-, Fam w/Mechanics 8-, Security Systems 12-, Fam w/Systems Operation 8-, Trading 12-, PS: Architect 14-, Language: English (fluent w/accnt; French native), KS: "French feng shui" 13-, KS: Architecture and architectural styles 13-, CK: San Angelo 8-, Perk: Well Off, Contact: Helen Payne 12-, Contact: Justice Foundation 11-.

Disadvantages: Psych: Fervent believer in feng shui, Psych: Vain, Reputation: Very talented nutcase 11-, Rivalry: architect Benny Moran (professional).

Notes: Pierre Duval broke into the architectural scene with the opening of the Venom Zoo in Northern California. This zoo, providing large natural habitats for the nastiest and most virulently poisonous creatures on Earth, allows visitors to walk "almost among them." A delicate network of ultrasonic barriers protects the creatures from each other and from environmental overlap. The zoo protects its human visitors with near-unbreakable paper-thin transparent plastic, allowing the creatures to crawl, flutter, or swim just a fraction of an inch away from the tourists. Opalescent reflections visible in the near distance steer visitors through the corridors. Best of all, in Pierre's opinion, the Venom Zoo is 100% compliant with the principles of "French feng shui," a set of guidelines for propitious building pioneered in 1965 by the legendary César Escoutou.

According to Pierre, who also crafts less propitious structures, only an insane property owner would fail to enclose a 2-gallon bottle of brandy in her structure's walls—for all that he loathes alcohol himself. Roofs must have a curved edge to prevent an infestation by demons. One should set baffles before a door, if possible, to make



it difficult for evil spirits to enter. Similarly, one should try to place a wheel of aged oak by each entrance; spirits will understandably fear being bound to the wheel and tortured. He worries, as practitioners of Chinese feng shui do, about the flow of chi and the placement relative to the dragons in the earth. However, Pierre can satisfy the requirements of his craft in subtle ways; "an artist's touch," he points out, "should be invisible."

Pierre built the Justice Foundation team headquarters in late 1994; since then, other projects have included the Liongo Tower in downtown San Angelo, renovation on Peregrine Aircraft's manufacturing facility, and several hero bases. Given his deft touch in technological, artistic, and supernatural matters, most locals consider him the man to see if you want a secret headquarters.

Pierre, a native of France, tends more towards precision than eloquence. His thoughts come at a clipped, even pace, and he has little professional interest in the opinions of others. He behaves himself decorously and considerately in personal matters, and makes an excellent friend. Recently, he began romancing Helen Payne, a wealthy widow with an eye for quality architecture—although she prefers more traditional work than his.

Forty-five years of age, Pierre considers himself at the end of the beginning of his career. He anticipates several decades of honing his form and techniques before retiring a respected and wealthy man. He has thin black hair, full lips, blue eyes, black glasses (or contacts), and a reasonable eye for clothing—although his talents do not lie in fashion.



Aristeides Pappagianis

Construction Magnate

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1 1/2d6
10	DEX	0	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
10	CON	0	
9	BODY	-2	
25	INT	15	PER Roll: 14-
18	EGO	16	ECV: 6
20	PRE	10	
12	COM	1	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	0	Phases: 6, 12
4	REC	0	
20	END	0	
18	STUN	0	

Total Costs:

Char: 38 + Powers: 82 = Total: 120

Base: 70 + Disads: 50 = Total: 120

Cost Skills

3,3	Bribery 13-, Bureaucratics 13-
3	Conversation 13-
1	Fam w/Gambling 8-
3	High Society 13-
3	Persuasion 13-
1	Fam w/Security Systems 8-
7	Trading 15-
3	PS: City developer 14-
2	PS: Writer 11-
3	KS: Olympus Construction Co. 14-
3	KS: Corporate world 14-
3	KS: Advanced/imminent technology 14-
2	KS: Development world 11-
3	CK: San Angelo 14-
3	AK: San Angelo County 14-
2	Perk: Olympus Construction Co. president
1	Perk: Skyline Club member
15	Money: Filthy Rich
18	Contacts: County Assessor's Office 11-, Councilman Tom Kincaid 11-, New Frontiers, Inc. 11-, Rep. Cassandra Knight 11-, Supervisor Jeffrey Daley 11-, Benjamin Morgan 8-, Judge Kwan 8-, Madison, Fairchild & Associates 8-, Mayor Martinez 8-, Orion Labs 8-, Peter K. Fletcher 8-, Stephen Bow 8-, Supervisor Connie Nishimura 8-

70+ Disadvantages

10	Age 60+
5	DNPC: Children (Less Pow) 8-
15	Psych: Loves money and technology (Com, Strong)
10	Psych: Code vs. Killing (Uncom, Strong)
10	Reputation: Respected businessman 11-



Background: “It will destroy you,” Medea whispered, her voice low and cold.

“What? Money?” Aristeides asked, dropping another suit into his bag. His voice reflected clean curiosity, and nothing more. In five minutes, he would leave his wife, his father, and his homeland forever.

“Money.” His wife’s eyes flicked to the bag, and back up to his face. “You serve it like a slave,” she said, “and it will torment you and desecrate you and in the end you will die of it.”

“Well, yes,” Aristeides admitted, blinking. “Otherwise, what’s the point?”

* * * * *

Aristeides came to America in the 1950s with high hopes, a vision, and a bundle of money. (That bundle came from royalties on a popular self-realization handbook.) He believed firmly in the future, which he wished to own, and invested in an industry that helped to shape that future—construction and development. The ceaseless and expansive projects of his firm, Olympus Construction Inc. (*SA:CoH*, page 135), helped create the San Angelo of the 1990s. Much of the real estate he developed yielded an



Life in San Angelo

immediate profit. The rest helped kick-start the city, an effort that repays him just a little bit each day.

Aristeides built more than a business—he built an empire, including a new wife and no less than five heirs. He also has an illegitimate daughter whom he “helps out” now and again. Aristeides plays a key role in the evolution of the city. This has brought him a good deal of influence and enormous wealth.

Aristeides, as he grows old, yields more and more power and authority to his children and associates. Sometimes, however, they want more than he can give. His children have recently arranged for Aristeides to contract an “illness,” although they would never dream of killing him. When he seems likely to interfere with one of their plans, the symptoms “worsen” and his nurse confines him to bed rest for several days. The medicine he takes regularly to control his illness is usually a placebo. When his children want him out of the way, it contains the very mild poison that brings his symptoms on.

When not “ill,” Aristeides remains very sharp.

Personality: Aristeides loves money for its own sake. He also loves it for the sake of what it can do for him. It frequently amazes him that one concept can be so aesthetic and yet so useful.

Aristeides believes that all good businessmen should look forward at all times. The possibilities of the future, from the distant AI machines and hover cars to the more imminent wireless Internet and powered armor, excite and captivate him. He spends much of his time these days developing and implementing (where possible) his plans for “21st century San Angelo.” He wants to encourage the construction of truly high-tech homes and offices, planning to reap two stages of profit. First, he foresees an influx of money into the development industry in the period between each given technology becoming obligatory and its becoming cheap. Second, he reasons that everyone benefits from a more advanced city and world.

Love drives Aristeides, in itself an admirable thing. Unfortunately, he tends to love abstract concepts much more than he loves human individuals. Even his children have only a limited standing in his eyes. This can make him seem very impersonal.

Aristeides has a conscience, although not a very restrictive one. Although he can turn into a nasty enemy, he will not deliberately kill a human or unfairly destroy a person’s life.

Quote: “Supers? If they want to play ‘hero’, sell them a license and set up an insurance plan. That’s what I

say. Get them to pay for themselves even before they do something ‘super.’”

Appearance: Aristeides, 77, wears his hair long (often in a pony tail) and his face has something of the “mad prophet” look—except in his calm and sane and respectable eyes. Now that no one in San Angelo can possibly question him, he has taken to wearing casual clothing—sometimes descending to jeans and a golf shirt.

Campaign Use: Aristeides’ firm builds many of the important buildings in San Angelo, including the Eclipse Plaza under construction in City Center. If something happens at one of those structures, Aristeides’ employees will get involved. If something happens to one of those structures, any ‘heroes’ involved may get a chat with the magnate himself, where he will decide whether he wants to use them or simply hurt them.

Aristeides’ plan to raise the technological level of the city can have impact in many different ways. It could precipitate any of the possible hazards of future technology. On the other hand, a new security device or a free refit for a well-known hero base can give a team an unexpected leg up. Criminal supers (and possibly Aristeides’ kids) can build unpleasant things into the new “programmable houses” Olympus has been developing.

Aristeides will happily exploit even well known heroes for money if a plan suggests itself. He has considered, if not committed to, using supers for advertising, endorsements, and even staged disasters.

Aristeides’ house in Falcon Bluff (*SA:CoH*, page 54), secured by Daniel Kearney, has unexpected surprises in store for any burglar—whether a criminal or an investigating hero





The Martial World

Many heroes, wisely, study formal fighting techniques. After all, dealing with tough and deadly criminals is part of the job. Heroes can find teachers of the martial arts, as well as potentially contentious students, throughout San Angelo. Searching for the *right* teacher makes an excellent story arc.

Alexa Wilder

Karate Sensei

STR 13 DEX 19 CON 15 BODY 9 INT 16
EGO 20 PRE 15 COM 12 PD 5 ED 3
SPD 4 REC 8 END 40 STUN 30 CV 6/10*

Powers and Skills: *+4 CS Levels with karate, Fam w/Acrobatics 8-, Breakfall 13-, Martial Arts—Karate (use art w/sword): Punch, Kick, Block, Disarm, Dodge, Paramedic 12-, Stealth 13-, Fam w/Tactics 8-, WF: Common Melee Weapons, PS: Karateka 15-, PS: Instructor 12-, KS: Numerology 14-, KS: Karate 13-, KS: Gematria 11-, KS: Finance 8-, Language: Japanese (fluent), Language: Cantonese (basic conversation), Contact: former students 13-, Combat Sense 12-.

Disadvantages: DNPC (Students) 8-, Hunted by enemies of her deceased father 8-, Psych: Need for order, discipline, and structure, Psych: Believes in arcane numerology, Psych: Spends time and money bringing martial arts to the poor, Reputation: Karateka 8-, Rivalry: House of the Dragon (professional).

Notes: Alexa grew up loathing disorder. Her father, one-time Sheriff Jeremiah Wilder, helped her form this opinion. He believed strongly in the virtue of systems where all things kept to their proper place. She loathes imperfection, as well. Her mother, Blanche inspired that particular opinion. She believes to this day in the corruption and inefficiency of “the establishment.” The two distastes fit harmoniously together within Alexa. In her parents, they led to a separation. One day, his dispatcher sent Jeremiah, then a street officer, to break up a demonstration Blanche was participating in. They could have avoided trouble, but simultaneous muleheadedness led to her arrest. After the county released her, she packed her things and left the house. The two remained separated for many years, neither divorcing nor reconciling, before Jeremiah’s death in 1997.

*“The truth is, you don’t need a strange accident with chemicals and explosives to surpass boundaries and become ‘superhuman.’ That just makes it quick and easy.”
— Margaret Barrera, 28, police officer*

Alexa believes that the route to finding harmony, ending disorder, and achieving perfection begins with the martial arts. It does not end there. She practices a refined form of numerology as well. Each detail of a person’s name or clothing, a room’s order, or a kata (a formalized sequence of karate moves) affects the number associated with that thing. By adjusting those numbers, she seeks to adjust destiny. She often sends her advanced students on bizarre assignments to properly balance their future. Many of them even complete these assignments, out of respect for her self-mastery and skill.

Alexa feels that everyone should study some form of pure discipline. She rates the martial arts at the top of the list; they provide a useful form of self-defense as well as a path towards self-mastery. Also, most have some kind of artistic value. Calligraphy and meditation, arts she has tried but does not practice, qualify in her mind as well.

People with disciplined souls fulfill their functions well, and Alexa would like society to have more of them. Towards this end, she makes instruction at her school, the Wilder Karate Center (*SA:CoH*, page 141), very affordable. Attempts to practice “martial finance” to keep the school on solid footing have not yet succeeded.

Alexa, champion of the 1984 All-City Martial Arts Exhibition, rarely feels fear or uncertainty. She lacks personal, visceral experience with abuse or assault. Even so, she has few illusions about the nature of the world, and regards spousal and child abuse with sick horror. For this reason, she offers regular self-defense seminars for women and children at various San Angelo community centers.

Alexa usually watches the television while relaxing. On occasion, after witnessing a super battle on the news, she sends a polite note to the more upstanding combatants, making suggestions as to how they could improve their form. She believes that supers should make an exceptional effort to order and balance their lives, since they can disrupt society very easily.

Alexa has rich brown hair and animated brown eyes. She wears loose and flexible clothing, jade earrings, and usually carries a medium black purse. She holds herself to a high standard as an instructor, and does not “criticize” her students; that can inspire doubt and frustration. She pushes them hard in every other way, however. Even Corporal Margaret Barrera, experienced SAPD officer and one of Alexa’s better students, often winds up collapsed in exhaustion on Alexa’s dojo’s floor.

Life in San Angelo

The Medical World

Many people resent doctors, who inflict pain, charge large sums of money, and in general associate with death and disease. However, medical professionals in San Angelo usually hold themselves to a very high ethical standard. The city and its inhabitants could not survive—literally—without these dedicated followers of the Hippocratic code.

Dr. Anton Megalo

Mad scientist



Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	76kg; 1½d6 [1]
8	DEX	-6	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
8	CON	-4	
8	BODY	-4	
33	INT	31	PER Roll 16-
18	EGO	16	ECV: 6
13	PRE	3	PRE Attack 2½d6
8	COM	-1	
2	PD	0	Total: 2
2	ED	0	Total: 2
1	SPD	-8	Phases: 7
4	REC	0	
16	END	0	
16	STUN	0	

Total Costs:

Char: 25 + Powers: 225 = Total: 250

Base: 100 + Disads: 150 = Total: 250

Cost Powers

8 Running, +3" (9" Total) 2

Cost Skills

- 35 8x Followers, 100 Pts. each (Speed Freak *et al*)
- 3 Absolute Time Sense
- 3 Acting 12-
- 3 Bureaucratics 12-
- 3 Computer Programming 16-
- 3 Concealment 16-
- 5 Contact: Neil Benson, Horizon Institute Clerk 14-
- 2 Contact: Stephen Bow (Very Useful) 8-
- 5 Cramming
- 3 Deduction 16-
- 10 Eidetic Memory
- 3 Forensic Medicine 16-
- 3 High Society 12-
- 3 Interrogation 12-
- 3 Latin (Completely Fluent w/accnt)
- 3 Lightning Calculator

- 3 Lightsleep
- 3 Mechanics 11-
- 3 Oratory 12-
- 3 Paramedic 16-
- 3 Perfect Pitch
- 3 Persuasion 12-
- 3 Professional Skill: Physician 16-
- 21 Sciences: Bacteriology, Biochemistry, Biology, Biophysics, Botany, Chemistry, Cybernetics, Electronics Engineering, Genetics, Marine Biology, Medicine, Microbiology, Nuclear Physics, Organic Chemistry, Pharmacology, Physiology, Research, Robotics, Subatomic Physics, Virology, Zoology, all 11-
- 25 +5 level w/Sciences
- 3 Scientist
- 3 Sleight of Hand 11-
- 2 Spanish (Fluent Conv.)
- 3 Speed Reading
- 3 Stealth 11-
- 3 Streetwise 12-
- 3 Systems Operation 16-
- 3 Weaponsmith (Energy Weapons) 11-
- 37 Unspent Points

100+ Disadvantages

- 5 Age 40+
- 5 Dist. Feat: Long-haired, geeky man (Easily Concealed)
- 20 Hunted by Mastermind (More Pow, NCI) 8-
- 20 Hunted by local law enforcement (More Pow, NCI) 8-
- 10 Hunted by Prometheus (As Pow) 8-
- 20 Normal Characteristic Maxima
- 10 Phys: Poor Vision (Infreq, Greatly)
- 15 Psych: Views humanity as personal tools and lab rats (Com, Str)
- 20 Psych: Worships Science as a god (Very Com, Str)
- 10 Public ID (Dr. Anton Megalo)
- 15 Reputation: Mad Scientist (Extreme) 11-



Life in San Angelo

Background: MEMORANDUM

To: Lt Calvin Abukawa
From: Sgt Virgil Duncan
Subject: Dr. Anton Megalo
Calvin,

It doesn't surprise me in the least that Dr. Megalo has apparently expanded his sphere of influence to the unincorporated parts of the county. Frankly, I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear about some activities of his as far away as Angel Beach. It also doesn't surprise me that I'm considered the department's "Megalo expert." After all, he's the primary suspect in three of the first four murders I picked up when I joined the department's homicide bureau.

Most of the information you need is contained in the enclosed materials. In your memo, however, you asked for a summary of my observations and conclusions, so here it is.

We're not quite sure where Megalo is from, originally. The family name Megalo does not appear in any resources we've been able to find. His accent suggests that he's from the northeastern US; probably Pennsylvania or upstate New York, though nobody's quite sure. We've sent voice a copy of a recording of his voice to the FBI lab in Quantico for analysis but haven't heard back yet.

He first came to San Angelo in 1983, seeking work at any research hospital that would take him. He started working at the University Medical Center, but transferred in 1987 to San Angelo County General Hospital for reasons which were, at the time, unknown. At both hospitals, according to witness statements, he kept mostly to himself and was much less social than the average doctor. Looking back this should have been everyone's first hint that he had something to hide.

My first homicide case was in 1994. The victim was Sean MacKenzie, aka "Chuckles," a transient living in San Angelo, who developed an advanced case of tuberculosis and gone to County General for treatment. When we found him, his chest cavity was open and his lungs were gone. The autopsy revealed that this had been done post-mortem. More to the point, someone with expert surgical skills—and my report, as you know, lists Megalo as the prime suspect—had opened his chest and re-closed it, after which MacKenzie had suffocated to death, after which his lungs were removed.

My second and fourth homicide cases, also involving transients, had similar patterns. The victim in the second homicide, Jacob Edom, was found missing both eyes, his right arm and his kidneys. The victim in the fourth case, Boyd "Skate" Warden, had lost his legs in a fire years ago,

but now the stubs were mutilated and his entire spinal cord was gone.

I started to question local transients. The ones who would talk to me all mentioned Megalo, either by name or description. I also located a few of Megalo's victims that weren't killed, but might as well have been—near-mindless husks, really, even those who had been relatively lucid (again, according to witnesses) before he'd gotten hold of them.

Now, initially, I had been thinking that some crazy doctor was doing some kind of "Frankenstein" thing, harvesting body parts to build a human being. The mutilated stubs suggested otherwise, and when I saw what was left of Megalo's still-living victims my suspicions were confirmed, at least in my mind. He was using his victims for cybernetic experiments.

I forwarded a synopsis of the evidence I'd collected to the hospital administration and they were duly appalled. I believe they didn't suspect what Megalo was up to. (One veteran ER staffer excused himself to go vomit.) I was told that we would have the full support and cooperation of the administration concerning the investigation

Unfortunately, Megalo had somehow gotten wind of our progress in the investigation and vanished. I obtained a search warrant for his home, and during the search we found paperwork and keys for a rented facility which he'd apparently been using as his own private laboratory. Another search warrant was obtained. At the facility, we found a handful of journals which contained records of dozens of failed experiments. The condition of the victims were described—many dead, many more mutilated.

Almost more frightening, though, were his successes. Somewhere out there, among the homeless people and criminal element, are 23 superpowered cyborgs (for lack of a better term) that I've been able to count—and probably several more, if Megalo's been able to keep up his work. So far the SAPD has only been able to identify one. We believe Eradicator to be one of his post-disappearance successes, though this hasn't been proven.

We haven't yet been able to pin down a solid motive for his actions. The best that we can figure, based on comments he made to coworkers, is that he considers the pursuit of science to be the ultimate pursuit. I don't think that this accounts wholly for his actions, but I think it's a start. I've asked Dr. Julia Brandeis for her evaluation of the case, and should be hearing back from her shortly after she returns from vacation in a couple of weeks.

As you're probably aware, Megalo's current whereabouts are unknown. On a few occasions, we've gotten a lead about a safe-house he's living in or an abandoned facility



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he's using as a lab, but whenever we go to get him he's gone. Then, a couple of days later, we find our informant's horribly mutilated body in a back alley somewhere. As you can guess, this has dried up the information network on Megalo quite a bit.

We do know that he's become an underworld doctor of sorts, giving medical aid to criminals, with no uncomfortable questions asked and, more importantly, no reporting of gunshot wounds to the police or any similar legal requirements.

We also strongly suspect that his efforts have expanded beyond cybernetics. Recently, I've personally come across some drug-related deaths with stories that sound strikingly similar to those I heard when investigating the deaths in 1994. Other corpses that have been turned my way, most of them in the Del Oro River, have had strange mutations, many of which defy description (though such descriptions should be unnecessary; just look at the enclosed photos!). The condition of many of these corpses suggest some sort of genetic manipulation.

There's been some buzz that the costumed super calling himself Speed Freak has some connection to Dr. Megalo as well. I don't really believe this; if it is true, it would mean that Megalo was involved in drug-related experiments (or something similar) much earlier than we now believe. I'll keep you posted on this.

Along similar lines, we're also still investigating any connection he might have with talking monkeys at the San Angelo Zoo, reported creatures in the San Angelo sewer system, and other oddities. By the same token, you may want to look into some of the reports of strange creatures I've heard about in Canfield and Arroyo Verde.

Good luck with this, Calvin. If you locate him in the unincorporated area, let me know ASAP; I'd like to be in on the arrest, if possible.

Duncan

Quote: *"Please, hold still. You can't possibly understand, with your limited intellect, the significance of what I'm about to do to you."* (Note that Megalo speaks with a slight lisp.)

Personality: Anton Megalo (or whatever his name really is—and he may not even remember that himself) literally worships science. At times, he can be heard talking to himself, or to his equipment—at least, that's what it sounds like at first. It may take several personal encounters with the man before he realizes that he's literally speaking to Science as though it were a living, thinking entity.

Megalo is a man obsessed. He wants ultimate, perfect power, and he sees science as the way to get it.

He does not, however, intend to make an army of

superpowered lackeys. No, his plan is to create only one superhuman, one with every power in existence. This will be the perfect superhuman—much more than Paragon, the Perfect Human, since Paragon is limited to human perfection and this new superhuman will have the perfection of super-humanity.

And that superhuman will be himself.

He does not intend on giving himself power a little at a time; that would create an imperfect superhuman, and he *must* be *perfect*. Instead, he's storing his data and accumulating his equipment, with plans on giving himself absolute superhuman power all at once. Already he's come very close to perfecting techniques in nano-cybernetics, drug therapy, radiation therapy and genetic manipulation. He's been examining the various means that people have come by their superhuman powers, and trying to learn how to duplicate them in himself.

Once he has that ultimate power, he intends to proclaim himself leader of the entire world. The mere humans, along with the lesser superhumans, will have no choice but to bow to his superior power. Any who resist will be annihilated.

He sees himself as uniquely deserving of this honor because of his superior intellect. The rest of humanity are merely his personal lab rats, available to him for his experimentation. The only reason he has to operate in secret is that, with his currently inferior body, these inferior souls could easily fight back and deprive him of his divine right of superiority.

Powers/Tactics: Physically, Anton Megalo is less than a match for the average man. He has no superpowers, nor does he arm himself adequately to deal with an attack by a superpowered individual. He doesn't believe he needs to, since he expects to never have to face one in a combat situation—at least, not *yet*.

If he has a superpower, it's his intellect he's quite probably the most intelligent person in the entire world, with an IQ that has been measured well above 200 (anywhere from 220 to 255, and probably actually falling much higher—even over 300—once everything is accounted for). If his mind weren't so focused on science, he could probably be a modern-day Leonardo da Vinci.

As it is, Megalo's achievements are primarily in various areas of medicine, including (but not limited to) cybernetics, emergency surgery, genetics, orthopedics, pharmacology, and radiology. However, he has expertise in a truly amazing array of sciences, not all of them related directly to medicine.

Thanks to Neil Benson, an easily bribed data clerk at the Horizon Institute, Dr. Megalo also has access to nearly all



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of that establishment's information on individual supers in the area, as well as the Horizon Institute's information about supers medicine (which, in turn, includes a large portion of the non-confidential data that the Faraday Clinic has collected).

Dr. Megalo is responsible for the creation of a number of supers operating in the San Angelo area—many more than have been published to date, Eradicator (*EoSA*, page 45) being only one among them, and probably many more coming in the future. He intentionally builds these supers “imperfectly” in some way, so that they are dependent on him for continued maintenance or medical care. He's treated other supers, such as Speed Freak (*EoSA*, page 92), using the same method to make them dependent on him. He uses these supers—about eight of them so far, including Speed Freak—for his lackeys, bodyguards, and errand boys.

Mastermind (*EoSA*, page 62) sees Dr. Megalo as a threat to his plans, and is taking steps to stop him. Along with his unfamiliarity with the doctor's mind-pattern, the main thing keeping the mentalist from simply altering Megalo's mind in his usual way is Prometheus (*EoSA*, page 43). What plans the supercomputer might have which involve Megalo are known only to itself, but they can't be good; more than once, Megalo has been unwittingly caught in struggles between Prometheus and some other force (Mastermind, Eclipse Industries, or some other).

Appearance: Dr. Anton Megalo is a short, stocky man in his early fifties. His hair is almost completely gone, though he hasn't seen a barber in so long that what hair he does have falls past his shoulders; he keeps himself clean-shaven (at least, when he remembers to shave). He wears two separate pairs of eyeglasses for reading and distance vision.

He's generally not particularly tidy in his personal habits; he tends to wear the same clothing for days on end, usually until a hole appears, before he changes. Over whatever he happens to have on, he wears a lab coat which is full of stains from numerous foods and chemicals.

He waits until he smells the odors himself, someone says something, or he's about to perform a surgery before he'll shower or bathe. By contrast, he's virtually obsessive about his oral and manual hygiene, brushing his teeth six times a day and washing his hands after every function.

Campaign Use: Dr. Megalo is your basic mad scientist. He's both delusional and antisocial, believing that the personification of Science is directing him to perform grotesque experiments on people.

In one way, it's unlikely that the PCs will encounter Megalo in person; instead, they'll hear about him on the fringe of things. He pays his bills by performing emergency

surgery for the underworld (cash only, and few or no awkward questions), and gets a number of interesting subjects for his experiments that way.

However, if a PC has some unusual power, he may order that the PC be observed. He may send some of his superpowered lackeys to engage the PC in battle so that specific tactics are used, enabling Megalo to observe the power in action. He may even order the PC's kidnaping, or the kidnaping of a DNPC, so he can examine the PC's physiology up close.

Megalo can also be a good source for a super's origin. Generally, a super with Dr. Megalo as an origin will be dependent on Megalo for medical care, or at least *believe* that he's dependent. Thus, most supers with connections to him will either work for him as a lackey, or shortly die. However, not all of the survivors of his experimentation die or become addicted to his “care,” so some (such as a PC) may operate independently of the doctor.

Dr. Megalo's “Unspent Points” are part of a pool that will eventually go toward whatever powers he gains from his experiments in the future. As he gains more experience, he'll mostly let this accumulate, with perhaps bits and pieces here and there on *Wealth* or additional *Followers*. It's also conceivable, if he's repeatedly set upon physically by heroes, that he'd build himself a suit of powered armor as a “stopgap” measure so he can defend himself when they attack.



Life in San Angelo

Dr. Philadelphia Ryan

Head of Faraday Memorial Clinic

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1½d6
14	DEX	12	OCV: 5/DCV: 5
13	CON	6	
11	BODY	2	
18	INT	8	PER Roll: 13-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 4
15	PRE	5	
12	COM	1	
2	PD	0	
3	ED	0	
3	SPD	6	Phases: 4, 8, 12
5	REC	0	
32	END	3	
22	STUN	0	

Total Costs:

Char: 47 + Powers: 68 = Total: 115

Base: 50 + Disads: 65 = Total: 115

Cost Skills

10	+2 Levels with medical skills
3	Bureaucraties 12-
3,3	Combat Driving 12-, Deduction 13-
3	Forensic Medicine 13- (15- w/Levels)
3	Paramedic 13- (15- w/Levels)
1,3	TF: Boats, Scientist
2	SC: Western Medicine 13- (15- w/Levels)
2	SC: Paranormal Medicine 13- (15- w/Levels)
1,1	SC: Biology 11-, SC: Anatomy 11-
1	SC: Eastern Medicine 11- (13- w/Levels)
3	Jack of all trades
2	PS: Doctor 13-
1	PS: Medical consultant 11-
1	PS: Administrator 11-
2	PS: Rock climber 12-
2	PS: Skydiver 12-
3	KS: Medicine 13-
3	KS: Faraday Memorial Clinic 13-
2	CK: San Angelo 11-
1	Perk: License to practice medicine (PhD).
1	Perk: Head of the Faraday Memorial Clinic
11	Contacts: Financier Alistair McDermott 13-, Savant 11-, Franklin Colt 11-, County Health Officer Dr. Sanjiv Natarajan 11-, City supers 8-

50+ Disadvantages

5	Age 40+
20	Psych: Respect for all life (Com, Total)
15	Psych: Medical ethics (Com, Strong)
10	Psych: Adrenaline addict in personal life (Uncom, Strong)
10	Reputation: Doctor who treats supers, 11-



Background: Dr. Philadelphia Ryan’s career began and nearly ended with the “Brain Trust,” which she joined as an arrogant undergraduate at UCSA and left a tentative and emotionally shattered professional. Philadelphia earned her bachelor’s degree one year before the Trust split and spent the intervening time a doctoral student in biology. Afterwards, she abandoned biology and left for an obscure medical school in Tennessee.

Later, during her residency at Coventon General Hospital, she encountered a series of patients suffering from hyperactivity, bouts of disorientation and blindness, nausea, and miscellaneous minor symptoms. The hospital administration ruled these cases hypochondriac in nature. Philadelphia could not help noticing that the patients’ homes or workplaces clustered in a particular part of town. Investigating further, in her free time, she found a plastics plant (ultimately owned by Eclipse Industries) practicing a new manufacturing technique. She hypothesized that some unexpected byproduct was poisoning her patients. Senior staff at the hospital, temporarily intrigued, performed a battery of tests but could not locate any unusual compounds in the patients’ bloodstreams; they told Philadelphia she was wrong.

If she had respected them on any fundamental level, this blunt opposition and condescension would have deepened her self-doubt and emotional fragility. She did not, and it did the opposite. A quiet determination she had not experienced since the Brain Trust’s heyday filled her, and she cut her nightly sleep from five hours to two to study



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the phenomenon. A month and a half later, she found the toxin. This turning point marked the beginning of a rise in her fortunes. Her confidence restored, and her residency record uniquely positive, she found a place at a leading D.C. hospital.

When paranormals began to appear, Philadelphia had sufficient interest and seniority at the hospital to claim relevant cases for herself. Most of the time, she handled them beautifully. Later, in 1990, the *San Angelo Times* (*SA:CoH*, page 191) published an article titled, “The Brain Trust: where are they now?” Alistair McDermott, on reading of Dr. Ryan’s record, knew that she could run the Faraday Memorial Clinic (then under construction) as it should be run. The prestigious offer flattered Dr. Phil, and San Angelo was her birthplace. She accepted.

Philadelphia has performed well at the Clinic, and her regular patients find her personality delightful. She has a solid medical mind and treats her patients with respect. Her hobbies tend to be on the dangerous side—rock climbing, boating on rapids, and so forth. Several super criminals, brought to the Clinic seriously wounded, have strong and mixed feelings about Dr. Phil—she treats them, as she must, and turns them over to the law, as she also must.

Personality: Dr. Ryan’s heart belongs in a rebel. Her uniform, with its neat badge reading “General Manager and Head of Operations,” belongs on a stuffed shirt. She tries to survive the contradiction with adrenaline-producing hobbies and minor bucking of the system.

She tries to remain composed at all times, presenting a professional face to the world. Betrayals of her trust and affection no longer give her serious pause, but she does not want anyone to know that they can even mildly pain her. Such knowledge would make working with or treating someone more difficult.

Dr. Ryan is known for her great respect for all life. It may even exceed her medical skill and knowledge in its rarity.

Quote: “I understand that you move randomly through

time in order to help people, but we don’t actually have ‘floating appointments’ at the Faraday Clinic. I’ll give you my pager number, though, and I will do everything I possibly can to arrange something next time you’re in the ‘90s.”

Appearance: Dr. Ryan, 55, has stringy gray hair and a somewhat sallow complexion. Her eyes betray a sharp mind, however. She tends to remain clean no matter what she goes through—an odd personal talent. She is tall for a woman (5’11”) and of medium build.

Campaign Use: Dr. Ryan offers emergency treatment for injured paranormals and normals affected by paranormal events. (Of course, she will not turn away a mundane emergency case if Faraday is the closest hospital.) She consults with those who have chronic paranormal ailments. She also helps those concerned about their resistance to standard medical care. San Angelo would rely on her talents, among others’, to develop a cure for a paranormal disease.

Curing a wounded paranormal is not always easy. Sometimes, she will need to take counsel with reclusive and telephoneless scientists to perform her work. Other times, her work requires obtaining rare herbs, metals, substances, or technological devices. She may want to study a weapon or paranormal that’s *injured* her patient, so she can study its effects more thoroughly. IF not given this opportunity, however, she will simply treat the wound as best she can.

Dr. Ryan’s treatment regimens can be bizarre as well as straightforward. She has treated mystically inflicted injuries in the past, and understands the raw basics of bodily chi flow. This can factor into her treatments, as can a number of improvised therapies. Naturally, she *prefers* standard approaches when applicable. Even those can make a PC’s life difficult—medications can make a character sleepy, nauseated, shaky, apathetic, hyperactive, and outright stoned. Some drugs require that their users drink a good sixteen ounces of water hourly, others that they avoid excitement. Any of these can make an adventure more entertaining

San Angelo Times

A Measurement for Mayhem

In reference to “Out of control” (posted to your editorial page on June 18th), I would like to respond to the allegation that superhuman violence is a “serious and growing danger” to San Angelo residents. This is a world, yes, where inhumanly strong criminals rampage through city streets. Dimensional portals drag suburban residents into pits of hellfire. In one North Dakota case, a weapon of unknown origin caused 18 schoolchildren to strangle themselves. These are terrible things.

This is also a world where heart disease kills approximately

Editorial

750,000 US citizens a year. Cancer kills another half million. Can all the strange doings of supers, however flashy and dramatic, stack up against these inhuman and merciless killers?

The answer is no. Only four times since its creation has the Faraday Memorial Clinic suffered from severe overcrowding, and it has exactly 20 beds. My skills see roughly as much use as any other doctor’s. For all the trumpets of Apocalypse, San Angelo seems to be surviving the concentration of supers and super events just fine. I’m very glad of that, as I like to sleep now and again.

—Dr. Philadelphia Ryan, Faraday Memorial Clinic



Life in San Angelo

The Political World

Many grass-roots political organizations and political powerbrokers operate in San Angelo. As a rule, each wants to sway the city or the world to its cause. Certain national politicians also make San Angelo their home.

Heroes with a platform to advance might wish to work with a voting bloc, lobby, or politician sympathetic to their cause. Unfortunately, many politically active people and groups want to limit supers in various unpleasant ways.

Rep. Manuel Garcia

US Representative, Democrat

STR 10 DEX 10 CON 12 BODY 9 INT 13
EGO 10 PRE 18 COM 12 PD 2 ED 3
SPD 2 REC 4 END 24 STUN 20 CV 3/5*

Powers and Skills: *+2 CS Levels to strike (self-defense training), +1 DCV, High Society 13-, Oratory 13-, PS: Politician 12-, PS: Fundraiser 12-, PS: Lawyer 11-, Language: Spanish (native accent), KS: Political personalities 13-, KS: Federal government 13-, KS: Law 11-, CK: San Angelo 8-, AK: D.C. Area 11-, Contact: Rep. Cassandra Knight 13-, Contact: Franklin Colt (of Orion Labs) 11-, Contact: Mayor Martinez 8-, Contact: Benjamin Morgan 8-, Contact: US President 8-, Contact: Fellow Representatives 8-, Perk: Congressman, Perk: Wealthy.

Disadvantages: Psych: Constantly angry, Psych: Doesn't make deals, Public ID (Rep. Manuel Garcia), Reputation: Firebrand 11-.

Notes: Manuel Garcia, elected to the House of Representatives in 1992, suffers from an excess of zeal, or perhaps bile. He labels his detractors as "racists." He calls his political opponents "traitors." As for supers, they belong to the "fascists," the secret cabals of money men and political jackdaws who try to steer the country into their own pockets.

Crazy as all this sounds, Manuel has some justification for his beliefs. His first try at the position of Congressman took place in 1988, and his opponent—Neil Monroe, CEO of an environmental impact management firm—hired the mystical mercenary Red Bonnet to remove Manuel from the race. At Manuel's next speech, he found he could not control his tongue, and unsavory truths about his campaign and personal life began spilling forth. Such an event would ruin many politicians; Manuel's career survived it, but he withdrew from the political scene for four years. In his time as a congressman, Manuel has noticed other real indications

MEMO

I found one probable match for "Red Bonnet"—a trickster fairy found in Scottish legend, known for wearing a red cap. This seems more likely than the Red Riding Hood connection. Mr. Bonnet's abilities match traditional fairy powers more closely than they resemble any hypothesized superpowers of Ms. Hood.
Thank you for using RV&G Inc.

of politicians using supers to illicitly advance their goals.

Manuel's accusations of racism in high places also reflect a truth. Many people on the Hill dislike Manuel as a person, but some work towards an all-Caucasian government. If Manuel learned to make a clearer distinction between the two, his confrontational style and aggressive promotion of racial equality could shake some of the bigots out of office.

Manuel lacks the political grace to manipulate the system, and his anger makes many enemies. His career survives because his anger also inspires some individuals, in and out of government, to follow his banner. His known fondness for hard rock earns him some points with the young, but the 18 to 25 age demographic rarely votes. Manuel's major qualifications for his position include a law degree and previous experience raising money for San Angelo public schools.

Manuel, aside from the personal and political issue of racism, has a keen interest in education and technological advancement. He has developed an unusually successful relationship with Franklin Colt of Orion Labs (*SA:CoH*, page 174), who works with Manuel to keep the House apprised of scientific developments and what the government *should* do about them.

Manuel, 45, stands 5'8", often increased to 5'9" by lifts. He usually impresses observers more with his energy than with any particular physical trait. He wears his hair in an almost military cut. His wife, Agnes, considers his hands elegant and his face acceptable.

The Professional World

A number of private individuals involve themselves in "heroic" activities such as investigation, protecting the innocent, and hunting fugitives. Other professionals, while their role in life seems mundane, can take rightful pride in their competence and ability to help others. A few even take pride in their ability to promote themselves at the expense of another.



Abel Giantino

“Dean” of the PI Scene

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1½d6
14	DEX	12	OCV: 5/DCV: 5
13	CON	6	
10	BODY	0	
23	INT	13	PER Roll: 14-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 4
18	PRE	8	
10	COM	0	
2	PD	0	
3	ED	0	
3	SPD	6	Phases: 6, 12
5	REC	0	
26	END	0	
25	STUN	4	

Total Costs

Char: 53 + Powers: 117 = Total: 170

Base: 85 + Disads: 85 = Total: 170

Cost Skills

3	Acting 14-
3	Bribery 14-
1	Fam w/Bugging 8-
3	Bureaucraties 14-
1	Fam w/Climbing 8-
1	Fam w/Combat Driving 8-
1	Fam w/Computer Programming 8-
3	Concealment 13-
3	Conversation 14-
3	Criminology 13-
5	Deduction 14-
9	Disguise 14-
1	Fam w/Forensic Medicine 8-
3	Forgery 11-
3	Gambling 11-
1	Fam w/High Society 8-
3	CK: San Angelo 13-
4	KS: San Angelo personalities 14-
3	KS: San Angelo secrets 13-
3	Lockpicking 12-
1	Fam w/Paramedic 8-
3	Language: Spanish (fluent w/accent)
3	Persuasion 14-
5	PS: Private Investigator 15-
1	PS: Police Officer 8-
3	Security Systems 13-
1	Fam w/Shadowing 8-
3	Stealth 12-
3	Streetwise 14-
3	Tracking 13-
1	WF: Pistols
1	Perk: Weapon permit

1	Perk: Licensed P.I.
3	Well-Connected
4	Contact: Street Scene 14-
3	Contact: SAPD 13-
3	Contact: County records offices 13-
3	Contact: Sheriff’s Office 13-
2	Contact: Professional Circles 12-
2	Contact: Other P.I.’s 12-
1	Contact: Cyber Underground 11-
1	Contact: Justice Foundation 11-
1	Contact: Wealthy Set 11-
1	Favor: Archbishop Francis Kelly
1	Favor: Investor Donald Croft
6	Favors: Miscellaneous (GM’s option)
85+	Disadvantages
5	Age 40+
5	DNPC: Taylor Mackenzie (LessPow, 8-)
5	DNPC: Other students (LessPow, 8-)
10	Hunted by accumulated enemies (AsPow, 8-)
20	Psych: Professional Integrity (Com, Tot)
15	Psych: Compassion (Com, Strong)
10	Psych: Wary of Benjamin Morgan (Uncom, Strong)
10	Reputation: Masterful investigator 11-
5	NPC Bonus

Background: Abel Giantino started his career, a long time ago, as a SAPD officer. Only two years after graduating from the police academy, a string of bad luck mixed with recklessness ruined three uniforms in a row. Abel looked at the finances of the situation and a handful of minor reprimands and decided on a change of career. Given his police contacts and his skills, private investigation seemed the sensible alternative.

It took him 10 years to become noteworthy in his field. It took him 20 years to become legendary. They say on the streets that Abel knows everyone, and that comes pretty close to the truth. Since he tutored most of the P.I.’s in San Angelo, he has access to *their* networks too, at need. As for skill, Abel defines the “Holy Trinity” of investigation as: Logic, Empathy, and Patience. He mastered all three a long time ago, and picked up assorted useful abilities as gravy.

Abel wants to retire. In the past 15 years, he has done work for some of the richest men and women in San Angelo, and he could probably put together half a million if he assembled all his holdings. This makes him not just wealthy but ridiculously well off for a man in his profession. However, interesting cases, emotional appeals, and the needs of his one-time students pull him back into the saddle time and again. His Midtown office may remain active for many years yet.

Although Abel still takes cases on occasion, he refuses

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all investigations directly involving Benjamin Morgan. He does not provide his reasons, although his ex-apprentice Taylor Mackenzie once badgered him into explaining.

“I believe him responsible for your father’s destruction,” he told her, “and once he offered me an assignment I would much rather forget. He has hurt both of us enough, and for both of our sakes I will tempt him no further.”

Abel’s caution regarding Morgan has not prevented him from keeping his eyes open. He does take cases that skirt the edges of the magnate’s personal and professional influence, and has learned a great deal about the man.

Personality: Abel considers himself a pure artist. His life focuses on finding the truth, and the nature of that truth does not matter. His honor, which he cares about deeply, resides in delivering to each client the information that that client requested. Only once he goes off duty can his deep and powerful compassion come into play. He refuses cases regularly to prevent a conflict between these two drives, and reserves the right to drop a case if his client lies to him - but sometimes unexpected twists have forced Abel to reveal private or brutal truths.

Abel, thanks to years of quiet acclaim, feels consummately self-confident. This gives him the strength to take personal as well as professional risks—for example, allowing himself to care about Taylor Mackenzie. He also helps out regularly at Father Feltenberger’s shelter in the Armory, despite personal experience with the physical and emotional dangers of the place. Although he acknowledges the mistakes, miscalculations, and blessedly rare breaches of ethics that characterized his early years as an investigator, he considers such errors far behind him.

Quote: “You do realize, ma’am, that my fees double when supers are involved? Yes, I understand that you can’t pay that, but your Uncle Eustace can. I’m sure he’ll help out.”

Appearance: Abel, approaching his fifty-second year, is usually a tall and striking man. Sometimes, when it seems more appropriate, he becomes a small and nervous man, or a tall and ugly ghoul, or an elderly codger. He rarely

“I’m not interested in what they can do. Flying around in their underwear, laser beams coming out of their nose, whatever... none of that means a damn thing if you catch ‘em in bed and wake ‘em up looking down the barrel of a .44 magnum. Besides, if he ain’t got armor over his gonads, then I can hurt ‘em. And if I can hurt ‘em, I can bring ‘em in. And that’s all I’m looking for. The reward. Okay, that and the excitement.”

— Wayne Richardson 41, bounty hunter

disguises himself, preferring to execute these changes via body language and the set of his eyes. He has light brown hair and hazel eyes.

Campaign Use: PCs may want to call on Abel with an interesting case that they cannot resolve themselves. Sometimes, he will lecture them briefly on the Holy Trinity of investigation—people with great skill and strange powers, he feels, can do their own legwork. Other times, if the PCs seem truly stumped, he may actually take the case.

Abel sometimes takes cases from less reputable individuals. A campaign villain can hire Abel to research the PCs (or something else) if she can interest Abel in the case without lying to him. Similarly, any reputable group concerned about the PCs might be able to dig up details through the private eye.

When a professional such as Abel or Taylor Mackenzie investigates the PCs, the PCs should have at least a small chance to learn of it at the front end. Later, the best time for them to discover someone prying into their lives is after the investigator learns a few dangerous details but before she learns anything seriously damaging. Then the PCs can try to throw her off the track or to buy off her client in some way.

Professional Costuming Costs in San Angelo

Mock Cavalier Armor	\$2,100
High-End Renaissance Garb	\$500 to \$1,100
Nonfunctional Medieval Armor	\$300 to \$900
Genuine SAPD Uniform	\$600 to \$800 (plus gun, &c.)
Custom Padded Bodysuit	\$100 to \$300
Gangster Costume	\$30 to \$140
Fake SAPD Uniform	\$20 to \$250

Dallas Jackson

Bounty Hunter

STR 15 DEX 16 CON 16 BODY 15 INT 13
 EGO 13 PRE 16 COM 10 PD 7 ED 5
 SPD 3 REC 9 END 32 STUN 31 CV 5/8*

Powers and Skills: *+3 CS Levels with Strike, Grab, and Disarm, Combat Driving 12-, Conversation 12-, Fam w/Lockpicking 8-, Mechanics 13-, Shadowing 11-, Stealth 12-, Streetwise 12-, Tracking 12-, WF: Small Arms, PS: Bounty hunter 12-, PS: Barfly 11-, KS: Classical music 8-, KS: Detective and true crime literature 8-.

Disadvantages: Phys: Dyslexia, Psych: Code vs. Killing, Psych: Civic-minded.



Notes: Dallas Jackson, a dyslexic born on April 5th, 1942, never took much to education. Finding out about his condition in the '90s confirmed his belief that he had a good brain, but did not make finishing high school particularly appealing. He had already concluded that life makes a pretty good teacher with or without books and classrooms.

Dallas, a free-lance bounty hunter based in San Angelo, made his reputation by bringing in an arsonist who (a jury later ruled) killed six residents at a condominium in Garrett's Landing. Normally, he hunts down less violent fugitives, for a correspondingly smaller fee. He operates without most of the legal restrictions police suffer from, but also without most of the protections they enjoy—after his major competitor in San Angelo was sentenced to time at the Del Oro Correctional Center for shooting the wrong man, Dallas became very cautious.

Dallas spends a good deal of time in bars and pool halls, out of the sense that someone like himself should. He does have a few refined tastes. For example, he often attends classical concerts and he regularly reads mystery novels. Most of his acquaintances enjoy his company. He has no close friends.

Although Dallas carries a gun, he prefers not to get into a fight at all. When he must fight, he prefers to use his fists and feet. This increases his risk of being shot, but smoothes away some of the ethical dilemmas inherent in his line of work. Twice now, Dallas has taken more extreme measures and carried more lethal weaponry. In each case, a dangerous super had skipped on bail. An anonymous benefactor then offered Dallas access to "sufficient" firepower to bring the super in—and a substantial bonus. Dallas, who doesn't like dangerous supers roaming loose, accepted the offer and received a loan of what appeared to be advanced military weaponry. On the first hunt, he was forced to use his new "gun"; on the second, he brought the super in without violence.

The weapons loaned to Dallas came from one of Ren Westlake's projects (*SA:CoH*, page 176). Ren's agent lends beta-test technology to people like Dallas—honest and honorable (according to a deep background check) and associated indirectly with law enforcement—for situations they could not otherwise handle. First, this helps test the weapons in unexpected circumstances. Second, it improves civic order by jailing criminal supers. Third, it gives Ren contacts he can use if he someday wants a *specific* fugitive captured. Everyone and everything involved in the project is untraceable. Ren's agent rigs the weapons to prevent theft of the technology.

Dallas, a clean-shaven and somewhat blocky man, has brown hair and blue eyes. He stands 5'11" tall and weighs

220 pounds. He worked as a mechanic for some time before taking up his present career.

Worst Ideas Daniel's Had Lately

- 1 Installing SDI system to guard laundry lines.
- 2 Mining executive bathroom to prevent enemy infiltration.
- 3 Recording "gray noise" onto CDs to prevent intellectual property theft.
- 4 Using vat-grown eyes to replace security cameras.
- 5 Replacing self with clone to avoid assassination. Killing self to keep the secret.

Source: Security Concepts, Inc. internal newsletter

Daniel Kearney

Head of Security Concepts, Inc.

STR 15	DEX 16	CON 14	BODY 14	INT 15
EGO 10	PRE 13	COM 12	PD 5	ED 5
SPD 3	REC 7	END 30	STUN 30	CV 5/7*

Powers and Skills: *+2 CS Levels with Jiu-jitsu, Breakfall 12-, Fam w/Bureaucraties 8-, Combat Driving 12-, Concealment 12-, Fam w/Forgery 8-, High Society 12-, Martial Arts (jiu-jitsu): Slam, Choke Hold, Sacrifice Throw, Disarm, Escape, Martial Arts (karate): Punch, Kick, Paramedic 12-, Fam w/Security Systems 8-, Shadowing 11-, Tactics 13-, PS: Security consultant 14-, PS: Bodyguard 12-, PS: Seaman 11-, KS: Security systems 14-, KS: Hollywood 12-, KS: Security Concepts, Inc. 12-, Money: Well Off, Perk: Security clearance, Perk: Owner, Security Concepts, Inc..

Disadvantages: Psych: Professional integrity (Total), Psych: Technologically avant garde, Reputation: Competent security consultant 8-.

Notes: Daniel Kearney trained for the Secret Service, and that organization provides the model for his company's bodyguards. Only guards willing to lay down their lives for the client make it past the psychological tests. Only the tough, agile, strong, and mentally sharp make it past the aptitude tests. Every last one of his guards and technical consultants goes through rigorous training. At the end they face an oral interview with Kearney that makes all the rest seem trivial. The trial pays off at the end with a large yearly income and all the benefits one could ask for.

Personally, Daniel suffers from a peculiar avarice—he simply cannot get enough "neat stuff." In a blue-collar man, this would express itself in beer-dispensing hats. In an

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executive, it would express itself in remote-control desks and secret spy pens. Daniel, who constantly expands his stable of brilliant security technicians, indulges himself in high-tech security instead. Infrared “tripwires,” he assures his clients, are “passé” as well as ineffective. A proper security system should use pulsed ultrasound to absolutely identify every authorized person who drops by—and ideally check any unauthorized people against FBI records. He understands the danger of an excessively elaborate system, which he suggests his clients overcome through “staged security”—progressively less complex security measures aimed at the weak points and access points of the higher-level systems. Fortunately for his business, Daniel and his technicians can actually make this work.

Daniel built his reputation as a bodyguard to several Hollywood celebrities. He expanded on it (after creating Security Concepts, Inc.) by offering them a discount on his firm’s services. Now, nearly eight years later, his company has a much larger clientele and he can afford to pick and choose even among the wealthy.

Daniel takes a break to sail the San Angelo River at least every other Sunday, and sometimes two weeks in a row. Otherwise, he lets himself sink full-time into his work—he enjoys it, after all.

Daniel, 46, stands an easy six feet. Administrative and public relations work, plus his frequent consultations, keep him very busy. He is slowly drifting away from the peak physical health he enjoyed as a bodyguard. He has curly black hair and bright brown eyes.



Carl Mann

Banker

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
8	STR	-2	75kg, 1½d6
8	DEX	-6	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
10	CON	0	
9	BODY	0	
13	INT	3	PER Roll: 12-
9	EGO	-2	ECV: 3
10	PRE	0	
8	COM	-1	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	2	Phases: 6, 12
4	REC	0	
20	END	0	
18	STUN	0	
Total Costs			
Char: -6 + Powers: 21 = Total: 15			
Base: 0 + Disads: 15 = Total: 15			
Cost	Skills		
1	Fam w/Bureaucratics 8-		
1	Fam w/Computer Programming 8-		
3	Conversation 11-		
5	PS: Financier 14-		
3	PS: Loan officer 12-		
5	KS: Finance 14-		
2	KS: San Angelo supers & disasters 11-		
1	Favor: Imam Mohammed Omar-Sidawi		
0+	Disadvantages		
10	2d6 Unluck		
5	Psych: Immature (Uncom, Moderate)		

Background: Carl Mann is a somewhat nervous man with a head for finance and business. He discovered his talent at age 14 while helping his father sort through a mountain of accumulated debt. His intuition and ideas saved them from bankruptcy. His father, feeling that Carl had discovered his vocation, sent him to live with a family friend in San Angelo. That friend, a retired dean at UCSA, arranged for Carl to take business classes at the university while finishing high school at St. Sebastian’s.

In not that many years, Carl had his bachelor’s and his MBA. He found a position as a loan officer with the Prospector Bank. He personally believes that something cursed that particular job. Since joining Prospector, Carl’s luck went sour in a peculiar and specific way: wherever he goes, it seems, someone’s taking him hostage or dropping part of a building on him or singeing his suit with a fire blast. He claims to be a “super disaster magnet,” although luck, common sense, and the regular intervention of heroes has kept him from serious harm. Worse, he has not managed



to advance further within the bank, despite obvious talent. His fellows at the bank believe that Carl’s insecurities may explain this better than his “curse.”

Recently, Carl helped Mohammed Omar-Sidawi, imam of the Al Qazar Mosque in Midtown (*SA:CoH*, page 164), secure a low-interest loan for Mosque renovations.

Personality: Carl works hard on his geniality, and tries to make sure that everyone who comes to him for a loan gets something—if only helpful advice. His superior, Lisa Powers, frustrates him by vetoing many loan offers he considers reasonable. Carl has a somewhat fatalistic attitude at this point regarding his tendency to get caught up in heroic and dangerous situations.

Carl remains immature in some ways, spoiled by his family and self-impressed due to his early academic adventures. While he does not get angry with others for the things that happen to him, he does not accept responsibility for them either—his life is one long story of, “Oh, X did it to me again.” Successes, of course, are wholly his own.

Quote: *“I’ll do what I can, sirs and madam, but you may wish to consider redefining yourselves as a community interest group formed to help fulfill your individual civic duties. A ‘hero team’ is generally considered a bad credit risk.”*

Appearance: Carl, 31, has too many white teeth and not enough thin black hair. His eyes give an impression of weakness and his body language indicates fear. His business suit is blue with a white shirt.

Campaign Use: If the PCs ever need a loan in their mundane lives, Carl might be their loan officer. He also makes a handy hostage, victim, or bystander in any scenario, and expects to have his car ruined by supers at least once every nine months.

The Legal Scene

In a society where law is becoming increasingly arcane, a good lawyer can make the difference between freedom and death. Corporate struggles, as when a multinational titan fights an environmental lobby, have lawyers on both sides. Lawyers help accused criminals go free, or at least they try. Lawyers protect the rights of the poor, and other lawyers trample them. No one can sue for damages without a good attorney—at least, not successfully. No one can be certain of her legal standing without a solid consultation. The reasons to know an attorney, or the law, number in the thousands. Fortunately, so do San Angelo attorneys.

Anders Drake

Attorney

STR 13	DEX 13	CON 13	BODY 13	INT 18
EGO 18	PRE 18	COM 12	PD 3	ED 3
SPD 2	REC 6	END 26	STUN 27	CV 4

Powers and Skills: Acting 13-, Bureaucratics 13-, Conversation 13-, Criminology 13-, Oratory 13-, Persuasion 13-, Fam w/Streetwise 8-, KS: Criminal Law 13-, Police Procedure 13-, KS: Supers of San Angelo 11-, PS: Lawyer 13-, Scholar, Skill Levels: +4 w/all Law-based Skills, Favors: Superhuman criminals, x5

Disadvantages: Psych: Believes in law over justice (Common, total), Self-styled defender of accused supers (Common, strong), Public ID, Reputation: Responsible for Judicial Corruption 8-, Watched by Bar Association (As Powerful, NCI, Mild) 11-

Notes: As a youth growing up in Albany, New York, Anders Drake was a big fan of comic books. He particularly liked the stuff with superheroes—the fictional ones, of course, as well as those recounting tales of the Golden Age of Heroes. It always disturbed him, though, that the criminal was almost always assumed to be guilty, regardless of what kind of court-admissible evidence was available. Though it was clear within the context of the stories that the accused were guilty, the heroes generally thought nothing of violating their rights to get evidence against them.

As his annoyance grew over time, so did his determination to do something about it.

There were few, if any, supers running around at that time (the early to mid 1970s), but he swore that he’d make sure that no person—and in particular, no super—was ever convicted of a crime without the proper procedure and the proper evidence. He applied himself mightily throughout high school, led his class in the pre-law program at the State University of New York at Albany, and was accepted to Harvard Law School.

He graduated from Harvard in 1982, just months after the lab accident at UC San Angelo (*SA:CoH*, page 113) that sparked the explosion of supers around the world. Since supers were focused in San Angelo, and supers was who he wanted to defend, he decided to move there. Almost immediately he was taken in as an associate by the law firm of Graham, Wagner, and soon became a senior partner at the firm.

Over the years, he’s built himself quite a reputation. He’s best known as the ideal attorney for superpowered criminals to turn to when their only chance of freedom is some obscure technicality. He has an encyclopedic knowledge of criminal law, and is almost always capable



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of getting charges against his clients dismissed on one point or another. Most often, these points are incredibly “nit-picky,” and with the tide of public opinion turning against criminals’ rights he’s starting to find it more difficult to get dismissals (depending on the judge, of course).

Throughout his career, Drake has managed to get dismissals or acquittals for his clients on about 95% of the charges they have faced. Some police and prosecutors attribute this record to judicial corruption; however, this is actually just sour grapes. Drake doesn’t need to bribe or threaten anyone to get cases dismissed—he’s good enough to do it the proper, legal way. But Drake is wholly committed to the law, not justice. The guilt or innocence of his client doesn’t matter—a fair trial and strict adherence to the law is what counts.

If the law says police have to follow certain procedures in a search, or when arresting a criminal, that’s not a technicality—it’s *the law*. And it’s right there in the law books for everyone to read. It’s not his problem if the police don’t know every technical detail, or if by pointing this out he puts a dangerous superhuman back on the street. The law is the law, and there’s no excuse for anyone not knowing it.

He has no moral qualms, no second thoughts and no moments of doubt about what he does. Anders Drake sleeps like a baby every night.

Drake is an elegant, dignified man who wears tailor-made two- and three-piece suits and has never been known to lose his composure. Though in his mid-forties, he keeps himself in good physical shape by running five miles six mornings a week, and working out twice a week at a local gym.

Campaign Tip

Anders Drake represents a “different” take on a super-criminal’s attorney. He’s not evil or corrupt, but defends his clients and points out technicalities because he believes it’s the right thing to do, and his duty to do it.

In particular, the combination of Drake for the defense and Judge David Stein (*SA:CoH*, page 109) can be a nightmare. Fortunately, Stein is a juvenile court judge, and cases with superhuman juveniles as defendants are fairly rare.

If Drake were corrupt, it’d be a relatively simple matter for the PCs to find the evidence against him and get him put in prison. The problem with Drake is that he’s actually a straight-arrow who helps supervillains beat the rap on principle. So what are the heroes going to do about it? Beat him up?

J. Prescott Marr

Attorney

STR 10 DEX 10 CON 12 BODY 10 INT 15
EGO 13 PRE 16 COM 8 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 24 STUN 21 CV 3

Powers and Skills: Acting 12-, Bribery 12-, Fam w/Criminology 8-, Oratory 12-, Persuasion 12-, Fam w/Streetwise 8-, PS: Attorney 14-, PS: Judge 13-, Language: Spanish (basic conversation), KS: California law 13-, CK: San Angelo 12-, Perk: License to practice law, Money: Well Off, Contact: Arlisson Kalstrom 13-, Contact: Judge Stewart Blackbridge 11-, Contact: Anders Drake 11-, Contact: Morgan Construction Co. VP Takari Ryouko 11-, Favors: Various (alleged) criminals.

Disadvantages: Age 40+, Distinctive Features: Gangster look (easily concealable), Watched by D.A.’s Office (MoPow, NCI, 8-), Psych: Amoral, Public ID: Former Judge J. Prescott Marr, Reputation: Corrupt Judge/attorney 11-.

Notes: Prescott served San Angelo as a respected Superior Court judge for several years before an angry grass-roots political lobby accused him of a “pattern of rulings” in favor of organized crime. The pressure to resign grew until Prescott acquiesced, submitted his resignation, and stepped out of the spotlight. His later work as an attorney on behalf of crime boss Arlisson Kalstrom proves to some people that the allegations were founded.

Prescott dismisses the claims of illegal and unethical behavior with a snort and silence. In his book, a lawyer should know better than anyone how stupid breaking the law is—and how irrelevant questions of ethics are. He feels that while he shaves things very close on occasion, his actions remain legal and even just. For example, Prescott received no money or favors for the rulings that later drove him out of office. He simply sympathizes with those who try to regulate the underworld from below. He earned the goodwill of the lower circles of San Angelo, but a judge usually earns *someone’s* favor every time he makes a ruling—if only the victorious attorney’s. Similarly, Prescott does not participate in the witness shakedowns and eliminations that characterized Kalstrom’s case; he simply helped Kalstrom understand which witnesses could do him the most damage. So far, the District Attorney’s Office has at best a very weak case against Mr. Marr, and Jan Lehman has no current plans to pursue it further.

The District Attorney won the original case against Kalstrom, convicting the crime boss on numerous counts of racketeering, but Prescott and Kalstrom are crafting an appeal. Vice President Takari Ryouko of Morgan Construction Co. has hired Prescott to help her legally



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clear away the residents of an outlying North Mission neighborhood. Prescott's legal pressure and the lure of quick cash is forcing or buying out the proud but poor residents one by one. If he succeeds, Ryouko will develop that area, making that part of North Mission more prosperous but diminishing its sense of community.

Prescott has picked up a bit of the gangster look by osmosis and inclination. His eyes seem hard, his suit jackets could conceal a weapon, and his features seem a little compressed. He has black hair and dark blue eyes. The J. that begins his name stands for "Jehovah," to his eternal embarrassment.

Prescott has no specific hobbies, but he spends a good deal of time developing his romantic relationships with Gaia Co. executive Dora Lennox and Security Concepts, Inc. bodyguard Lillion Arnold. Neither knows about the other. He worries a little that Dora's reaction when she finds out might include physical violence.

"I accept that you can break my bulletproof office window with an ice bolt. I do not understand, however, how this relates to your inability to pay my fee."

— Paulette Regis, 43, attorney

The Scientific World

As San Angelo: City of Heroes points out, weird science and incredible inventions are staples of four-color comic book stories. San Angelo's reputation as a center for scientific inquiry attracts not just mundane scientists but also extraordinary minds capable of amazing things. The information, understanding, and "gadgets" that these minds develop can help a hero defeat an otherwise unstoppable enemy.

Criminals often try to get their hands on advanced science and technology. Some take scientists hostage; some steal the fruits of their labors; others are scientists themselves.

Human Cloning: Should it be legal?

- 68% No
- 17% Undecided
- 8% Yes
- 4% It's Impossible
- 3% Yes and No

Source: Bob Mellon & Tony Spencer of KXFT

Peter Kaminov

Owner of Helix Technologies

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
10	STR	0	100kg, 2d6
14	DEX	12	OCV: 5/DCV: 5
10	CON	0	
9	BODY	-2	
18	INT	8	PER Roll: 13-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 4
13	PRE	3	
10	COM	0	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	-4	Phases: 6, 12
4	REC	0	
30	END	5	
19	STUN	0	
Total Costs			
Char: 28 + Powers: 37 = Total: 65			
Base: 15 + Disads: 50 = Total: 65			
Cost	Power	END	
-4	-2" Running	1	
-1	-1" Swimming	0	
Cost	Skills		
1	Fam w/Bureaucracies 8-		
3	Computer Programming 13-		
1	Fam w/Deduction 8-		
1	Fam w/Electronics 8-		
1	Fam w/High Society 8-		
3	Inventor 13-		
1	Fam w/Security Systems 8-		
3	Systems Operation 13-		
6	SC: Genetic Engineering (Biology) 16-		
2	PS: Company owner 11-		
3	Language: Russian (fluent w/ accent)		
2	KS: Russian trivia 11-		
3	AK: The former USSR 13-		
1	Perk: Owner, Helix Industries		
1	Perk: Passport		
10	Money: Wealthy		
15+	Disadvantages		
10	Phys: Chronically dislocating knees (Infrequently, Greatly)		
25	Psych: Mad scientist (Very Com, Total)		
15	Psych: Wants revenge on father's killer (Uncom, Total)		

Background: Ren Westlake, a time traveler, helped Peter's father Vladimir establish Helix Technologies and develop several key cloning technologies (*SA:CoH*, page 174). Vladimir learned how to design and build humans with peak physical and mental capabilities. He also learned techniques for maturing them quickly once created. Helix



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Technologies used this technology to create a prototype clone, Cameron, later known as Bloodsport. At this point, Ren had no further use for Vladimir or Helix Technologies. He destroyed them both, confiscating all notes on the research. Peter and his wife Anna had no recourse, as Vladimir had never learned his benefactor's identity.

Peter and Anna re-established Helix Technologies. Officially, Helix provides DNA testing services. Unofficially, the two began a crash program aimed at recreating Vladimir's work. Knowing that someone does not want the work replicated, they use elaborate high-tech security measures at the Helix facility.

Peter engages in various side projects in hopes that cross-fertilization between the technologies will help him towards his goal. For example, he spends a good deal of time attempting to pinpoint the effects of super "origins" on human DNA. He also studies viral DNA, for its own sake and as a carrier for programmed modifications to humans. He has no ethics to speak of, although he bears no ill will towards most of humanity. His work, and particularly the ultimate aim of recreating Cameron, consumes him and comes before all things.

Without Ren's sponsorship, Helix Technologies cannot really afford the security, lab equipment, and power con-

sumption that Peter feels necessary. Anna, a multitasking woman with training in corporate law, conceals Helix's unstable financial situation in a maze of holding companies, legal maneuvers, and outright lies. Eventually, this façade will fall apart, just as if Helix were a private individual paying her credit card bills with other credit cards. In the meantime, it looks like a healthy corporation on paper.

Personality: Peter possesses a sharp mind, a deep understanding of his field, and a very strong stomach. The effects his viral project has on lab rats, for example, seem "interesting" to him. Similar effects on an apparently human clone would seem interesting as well. He prefers not to hurt human beings, since he feels that it would be improper behavior, but would bend the rules in a pinch. Experimental subjects are one exception to the rule—no matter how human they seem, he can do anything to them he likes. His wife is the other exception. He would risk her or hurt her only in the most extreme circumstances. She complements him very well, and he enjoys the intellectual and physical intimacy between them.

Peter, born in America, loves his father's homeland but does not really understand it. He speaks passable Russian and knows a good deal about Russia and the former Soviet Union, but never seems to "click" with native Russians.

Peter's obsession with his work derives in part from a desire for fame, in part from a natural intellectual curiosity, and in part from a desire to even out the karmic scales of the universe. His father died before completing his work; Peter must complete that work for him, and go beyond it, to balance the world. Killing the man who destroyed Vladimir is also required.

Peter's professional style brings an Army sergeant to mind. He has no patience with those who question his authority or waste his time. He watches and judges everyone he works with or speaks to. He speaks in clipped and precise words.

Anna thinks more quickly and clearly than Peter does, but has less focus and drive. Peter admires her diverse expertise in law, genetics, and computer science. Anna, in turn, adores Peter's near-complete mastery of his solitary specialty.

Quote: "See if you can get tissue donations from the local supers, Claude. Give \$25 to starving kids in Africa or something for each one that signs on—they like that kind of thing, right?"

Appearance: Peter, 38, has pale blond hair, brown eyes, and a small frame. His knees dislocate regularly, and his walk reflects this—rather than a normal, confident gait, he walks to minimize the likelihood of injury if he should spontaneously fall down. He wears a lab coat, a plaid



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shirt, and jeans at work, and usually wears a sweat suit when at home.

Campaign Use: Each of Peter’s projects has the potential to cause a citywide disaster. If Ren makes an attempt on Peter’s life, Peter may request help from Security Concepts, Inc., which may in turn ask a PC to help protect this eminent scientist. If Peter succeeds at creating a series of “perfect” clones, a method for creating supers, or a technique for virally mutating humans in more mundane ways, he would eventually announce it. The government would probably try to shut him down, leading to a confrontation. Peter assigned his assistant Claude the duty of gathering super DNA; Claude’s methods might make the PCs paranoid. Peter can, more generally, fill the classic mad scientist role in a four-color campaign.

The Social Scene

The secret societies in San Angelo provide great plot hooks for stories. Characters who belong to them must worry about secrecy and advancement within the society. Characters outside a society may need to puzzle out its mysteries to stop a disaster. Example disasters include a computer virus that only the Cyber Underground can stop—or a bloody civil war within the Knights Templar.

Madison Kincaid

Hacker

STR 8 DEX 10 CON 8 BODY 8 INT 13
EGO 10 PRE 8 COM 10 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 16 STUN 16 CV 3

Powers and Skills: Computer Programing 12-, Cryptography 8-, Deduction 12-, CK: San Angelo 11-, KS: Cyber Underground 11-, KS: Hacking 11-, KS: Computer Networks 11-, PS: Student 11-, SC: Computer Science 8-.

Disadvantages: Hunted: Bullies 8-, Hunted: Eclipse Industries security 8-, Psych: Fascinated by computers, Psych: Prefers cyberspace to real life, Psych: Shy, Reputation: Promising hacker (limited group).

Notes: Only 12 years old, Madison Kincaid rates as one of the youngest yet most promising members of the Cyber Underground (*SA:CoH* p. 179). She has gained a reputation within the group for her excellent program-writing skills, and Madison’s knowledge of computer links and codebreaking grows daily.

The daughter of Tom Kincaid, a wealthy San Angelo business owner and City Council member, Madison has a privileged lifestyle of nannies, private schools and, of

course, a top-line computer of her very own.

Almost as soon as she learned how to get online, Madison began exploring cyberspace. She discovered how to disable the parental controls on her computer and quickly tired of the safe, sterile environment of online service providers. A whole new universe of linked computers beckoned, and Madison became hungry to learn more.

At first, her parents worried about the endless hours Madison spent in front of her computer screen. But when she began checking out library books on computers, programing and the Internet, they decided that it might not be such a bad thing after all. Besides, politics, business and the social scene left them little time to keep track of her activities.

Eventually, Madison heard about the Cyber Underground, a renegade band of teenage hackers who boasted they were the elite of the elite. Following a string of tantalizing clues, Madison burrowed into a Prospector Bank database to find a hidden file containing the official application to the Underground. A few days later, the motley group accepted Madison as its newest member.

These days, Madison spends nearly all her free time online. She subscribes to the hacker code of ethics promulgated by the Cyber Underground, and breaks into computer systems mostly for the challenge and curiosity. Madison would be aghast at the thought of damaging files or spreading viruses, though her incomplete knowledge of computers could easily cause her to accidentally create such problems.

Recently, Madison broke into the ultra-secure computers of Eclipse Industries using a unique program she created to defeat the corporation’s security protocols. The secret files she found inside have made fascinating reading, but Eclipse Industries security personnel are hot on the trail of the so-far unidentified interloper into their computer system. Stephen Bow himself has asked for regular updates on the hunt, and no one wants to fail the ruthless executive vice president.

Madison, 12, has black hair and green eyes. She is small for her age, and a frequent target of bullies at her upscale private school.

The Street Scene

Far too many homeless San Angelinos wander the San Angelo streets. The city and its charities would like to feed them all and house them in clean and sanitary shelters. This has, sadly, proven impossible. The shelters are overcrowded



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and run down, and many homeless feel more comfortable panhandling, stealing, squatting, and sleeping in parks. The truth is, they have good reason.

The homeless have their own society and their own concerns. Middle-class PCs will need to work hard if they wish to understand this society or have it accept them.

“Keychain” Boland

Transient

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
10	STR	0	100kg, 2d6
10	DEX	0	OCV: 3/DCV: 3
13	CON	6	
10	BODY	0	
13	INT	3	PER Roll: 12-
10	EGO	0	ECV: 3
10	PRE	0	
8	COM	-1	
2	PD	0	
4	ED	1	
2	SPD	0	Phases: 6, 12
6	REC	2	
24	END	-1	
22	STUN	0	

Total Costs

Char: 10 + Powers: 45 = Total: 55

Base: -10 + Disads: 65 = Total: 55

Cost Powers END

3 +2d6 HA, OAF Key Ring (-1) 1

Cost Skills

4 Combat skills: +2 OCV to Strike
 3,3 Climbing 11-, Concealment 12-
 1,1 Contortionist 8-, Lockpicking 8-
 3 Security Systems 12-
 1,1 Stealth 8-, Streetwise 8-
 1 Tracking 8-
 3 PS: Homeless 12-
 2,1 KS: Keys 11-, KS: Eclipse Industries 8-
 3 CK: San Angelo 12-
 6 AK: City Core 15-
 7 AK: Armory 16-
 2 Contacts: Street People 11-

10+ Disadvantages

5 Age 40+
 10 Dist. Feat: Armory resident (Easily concealable, causes prejudice)
 5 Enraged when key ring threatened (Uncom, 11-/Recover 8-)
 10 Money: Destitute
 20 Psych: Obsession / detachment (Com, Total)
 10 Psych: Gallant (Uncom, Strong)
 5 Reputation: Harmless Armory lunatic 8-



Background: Once upon a time, Edward Boland had a classy little house and a low-level management job with Eclipse Industries. He worked hard. He worked long hours. He hoped to rise through the ranks one day. Then, one Christmas morning around 3am, Edward found himself all but alone on his floor. Suffering from a call of nature, he went to the executive washroom. Unfortunately, the other person on the floor, a janitor, happened to be cleaning the executive washroom just then. He told Edward to stay out. Edward did not have a key for the washroom on any other floor, but he did have an idea. His supervisor had a private bathroom off his office and left the key on his desk—who would steal it, after all? So Edward borrowed the key and let himself in, and eight minutes later came out much refreshed. He left the bathroom clean and the key where he found it and went back to work for six hours before going home to bed.

The next day, Edward came in to work and found his supervisor waiting for him. “We have video cameras,” the man said, his voice cold. “We saw you break into my facilities last night. Don’t come back, Edward.”

When Edward got to his car and realized that he’d left his keys back in his office, something broke inside him. Drowned in a sea of confusion and betrayal and shock, he lost track of where he was and what he was doing. Later, he found himself wandering the streets, not entirely sure where to go or how to get there. He remembered one thing for sure, though—that first he needed to find his keys.

Time passed, and Edward found many keys, although



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none of them seemed quite right. He added each one to a large key ring he found in a dumpster. People began to call him “Keychain” Boland, and even Edward hardly remembers his real name any more. No one has ever caught him actually trying his keys in a door, although urban legend has it that by now he can open anything he comes across. This has *some* truth to it; Edward has an intuitive understanding of locks and could probably find the right key to a door if he possessed it. More importantly, he has become very adept at getting where he wants to go without using a door—he knows every street, alley, roof, gutter, and abandoned building in the Armory and in parts of the greater city.

Personality: Edward’s ego, for all intents and purposes, has gone on vacation—he moves through the city streets without much actual awareness of them. Even when his actions seem very deliberate—going to a shelter for his supper—he does not really “know” what he does. He has moments of clarity, in which his old self returns to him temporarily, but the environment he lives in usually drowns that clarity out again. Telepaths who probe deeply into his mind may locate Edward’s psyche, dreaming vividly and randomly while his body walks the streets.

Edward behaves with an inherent generosity and gentility, and rarely causes any trouble. He gets violent, however, when someone tries to take his keys away. He answers questions vaguely and distractedly and lets most external events pass him by. Witnessing truly moving selflessness or love can wake his inner self up, and witnessing truly degenerate and destructive behavior can rouse a tiny measure of anger.

Quote: *“I don’t know where they keep the villain’s base. It might be the place with red walls. Do you think they have a hot meal there? It’s close. I don’t like to fly.”*

Appearance: “Keychain” looks sunburned, winter-burned, unshaven, humbled, hungry, and ragged. He tends to watch the ground before him as he walks, looking for keys and avoiding potholes. He is 35, but seems much older. Brown hair hangs about his face. His pupils are pinpricks in his dark blue eyes.

Campaign Use: Edward can provide local color when the PCs visit the Armory. PCs may try to use his talent to get to something hidden in that area of the city, although persuading him to help them actively might prove difficult. His regular migrations through the city to find things like food, clothing, keys and warmth might take him into some very interesting places. For example, a PC might notice him walking past her Downtown office every few days with some high-tech looking additions to his key ring.

Following him on his peregrination provides a small challenge, and whatever waits for the PCs at the other end can start an adventure.

GM’s Option

Note that Edward’s insanity exaggerates the characteristics of real-world mental illness. For a grittier and somewhat more realistic picture, assume that Edward’s psyche is not so much absent as virtually powerless. Obsessions, nightmarish fears, and confusion drive him to behavior that he would otherwise find embarrassing and ridiculous.

“God has given us life, and love, and minds and souls and flesh; he promises us an eternity beside him in Paradise. Does it really matter if he also gives someone the power to fly? Does that even approach the importance of the gifts he gives us all? Gripping about not having powers is like demanding exact change after buying Eclipse Industries.”

— Father Michael Arcenaux, 31, priest

Father Joe Feltenberger

Manager of the N Street Shelter

STR 10 DEX 7 CON 8 BODY 9 INT 10
EGO 15 PRE 8 COM 8 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 16 STUN 18 CV 2

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Bureaucratics 8-, Conversation 11-, Persuasion 11-, Fam w/Streetwise 8-, PS: Priest 13-, PS: Shelter manager 12-, PS: Accountant 11-, Language: Latin (basic conversation), KS: Religious canon 11-, CK: San Angelo 8-, AK: Armory 11-, Perk: Right to Marry.

Disadvantages: DNPC: Shelter Residents (normal, 11-), Psych: Charitable, Merciful, and Faithful, Psych: Devoted Christian.

Notes: Father Joe lives a simple life, wholly dedicated to his vocation. He needs nothing for himself, and he has no fears. Even though the shelter he manages ranks among the worst in San Angelo, his regulars respect him—he tries his best with the limited funding the county gives him.

Some of the problems with Joe’s shelter run deeper than the drafts, crowd and din that one can find within year-round. For example, Father Joe started skimming from the general shelter funds about four years ago so he could give “special help” to residents that catch his eye. Past examples include children, elderly, and disabled shelter tenants. Sometimes he also helps out those with strong faith. Usually, he waits until he has a modest bundle of cash squirreled away, and then he uses it to give a homeless



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person all she needs to start a normal life. This includes a down payment on an apartment and possibly a very used vehicle, a few appropriate sets of clothing, and basic living expenses for the first month. His illicit skimming has no obvious effect on the shelter's conditions, since the place has always been unpleasant, but it does invisibly contribute to the shelter's decline.

Lately, a handful of toughs started using the N Street Shelter as a place to hang out. Father Joe worries that they may talk each other into serious criminal activity, or, worse, that an almost-well-groomed man who visits them regularly has been recruiting them for "jobs." Unfortunately, he feels that discriminatorily barring them from his shelter would be improper.

Father Joe has a lean look to him. Although of average height, he weighs less than 120 pounds. Darkness marks the skin beneath his eyes—he very rarely sleeps. He wears a beard, carefully trimmed, and has brownish-blondish hair.

The N Street Shelter has "John 10:27-28" inscribed above the door. Those verses, in the King James Bible, read, "My sheep listen to my voice; I know them, and they follow me. I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish; no one can snatch them out of my hand." Most of the people who visit would rather have a better-maintained shelter than eternal life, but they take what they can get.



Christopher Jarrett

Runaway

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
5	STR	-5	50kg, 1d6
11	DEX	3	OCV: 4/DCV: 4
7	CON	-6	
8	BODY	-4	
15	INT	5	PER Roll: 12-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 4
15	PRE	5	
8	COM	-1	
1	PD	0	
1	ED	0	
3	SPD	9	Phases: 4, 8, 12
3	REC	2	
14	END	0	
20	STUN	5	

Total Costs

Char: 19 + Powers: 81 = Total: 100

Base: 50 + Disads: 50 = Total: 100

Cost Skills

Cost	Skills
38	Martial Arts: Dirty Infighting
	<i>Maneuver</i> OCV DCV Notes
	Roundhouse -2 +1 5d6
	Low Blow -1 +1 2d6 NND
	Kidney Blow -2 +0 1d6 KA
	Eye Gouge +0 +0 2d6 Flash, Sight Group, 1/2 END, no range
5	Combat skills: +1 level with Dirty Infighting, +1 OCV with Roundhouse.
3	Acting 12-
3	Breakfall 11-
3	Bribery 12-
3	Climbing 11-
3	Concealment 12-
1	Fam w/Contortionist 8-
1	Fam w/Interrogation 8-
3	Lockpicking 12-
3	Security Systems 12-
3	Sleight of Hand 11-
3	Streetwise 12-
3	PS: Street survivor 11-
3	CK: San Angelo 12-
3	Contact: Emily Warden (Phobia) 12-

50+ Disadvantages

15	DNPC: Gang (Normal, 11-)
5	Distinctive Features: Unhealthily thin (Easily Concealable)
10	Money: Destitute
10	Psych: Jaded (Com, Mod)
10	Psych: Self-sacrificing (Com, Mod)



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Background: In defense of John and Emma Persian, the man had a gun.

“Christopher,” he said, “come over and stand by me.”

Christopher Jarrett’s eyes flickered to John. Tension tightened John’s face into a bloodless mask. Two seconds ticked by. Then John nodded, ever so slightly. Christopher took one slow step, then another, and then stumbled to the man’s side. The man had been Christopher’s father, once. His hand wrapped in Christopher’s hair, cruelly tight.

“Don’t follow me,” Christopher’s father said, and they did not.

Any shred of faith Christopher had in his father’s self-control abandoned him that night. Any trust he might ever have had in foster parents like John and Emma Persian left him as well. When the police rescued him and returned him “home,” he left immediately for the bus station and took the first bus out of town. It led him, ultimately, to San Angelo.

* * * * *

Christopher Jarrett does not talk about the events that drove him out of the foster care system, and streetwise people never ask. After he arrived in San Angelo, he found a group of teens to run with. They sized him up and, after a time, accepted him. The group changed composition over time. Kids joined. Kids left. Kids died.

Four years after leaving Arizona, Christopher Jarrett has become the de facto leader of the group. Two others do drugs. One lives in her own world without chemical intervention. One, at 13, is too young. The others simply prefer following Christopher to leading the group. He does a good job at organizing them and arranging for food and shelter. The group does not stay in one place for very long, drifting between City Center and University Commons—it can be hard getting everything they need from a single hangout.

Emily Warden, also known as the super criminal Phobia, joined the group about nine months ago. Christopher does not ask questions about her powers or the source of the money that she sometimes brings the group. He does have most of the pieces he would need to figure her out if he chose to.

Simply to survive, Christopher and his group must deal with hazards and dilemmas proportionally greater than most hero teams. He has learned escape tricks, quick improvisation and the dirtiest fighting possible.

Personality: Christopher knows that he has to act tough

to represent his group in the world. He watches every situation like a hawk, sometimes finding opportunity in the strangest places. He tries to project the kind of self-confidence that keeps police, criminals, gangs, and social services at a distance.

For a 17-year-old boy, Christopher has an enormous weight on his shoulders. He bears it well, but can never wholly rid himself of it. It is a rare day when none of his people face illness or danger. It is a rarer day when the group can simply relax and enjoy themselves, without reserving part of their attention for general wariness.

Christopher felt sorry for himself when he arrived in San Angelo, but he’s seen some very terrible things since he arrived. Understanding the degree to which some people must suffer humbles him and makes him prone to self-sacrifice.

Quote: “Get real. A super? In the street scene? Man, there’s an idiocy that keeps on giving.”

Appearance: Christopher has reached his full height of 5’10” but has not yet filled out his frame. At the rate he eats, he might never manage it—at the moment, he is virtually emaciated, and his health and strength suffer from this. His brilliant green eyes stand out in a crowd and his black hair is wild. He wears a flannel shirt, jeans, and an emerald earring he found, sterilized, and pushed through by hand.

Campaign Use: If the PCs try to rescue Emily Warden (or “rescue” her, if they apply a bit more naivete and a bit less effort), Christopher will probably try to stop them. At that, they may even try to rescue *him*, which he would not accept at all. Christopher is Phobia’s lifeline in a crisis—he knows where to go if she does not return from a job, and has a good enough brain to try the police station or sub-station if she is not there.

Christopher is a key personality if his group of runaways witnesses some crime. Unless the PCs comport themselves with great savvy, the decision whether to help them or not will take him some thought. Most likely, he will want something from them in exchange for his help.

If the PCs start dealing with Christopher’s gang with any frequency, their enemies might notice and take action, regardless of the actual relationship between the two. Christopher might escape and seek the PCs’ help (or a rival hero’s help) to get the rest out. He acts confident, but he knows he cannot fight a super criminal himself.

“I saw this guy hawking copies of The Scream, only there’s a weird blue and red costume on the body instead of a black robe. So I ask him, ‘is it supposed to be a super?’ ‘Yes,’ he says. ‘What’s he screaming about?’ I say, ‘It’s not a scream,’ he says. ‘It’s a super sonic blast.’ And I’m grinning so hard that I buy one.”

— Duke Coulter, 33, retail salesman

Life in San Angelo

The Wealthy Scene

The wealthy live in a strange culture of their own, much like the homeless. Just as the homeless know that ordinary society has cast them out, the wealthy know that they can buy and sell ordinary society between breakfast and lunch. In fact, they can buy and sell almost anything, which leads to a culture with sometimes-fuzzy morality.

Julia Shandeigh

Chef at the Skyline Club

STR 10 DEX 16 CON 13 BODY 10 INT 15
 EGO 18 PRE 18 COM 12 PD 2 ED 4
 SPD 2 REC 6 END 26 STUN 22 CV 5

Powers and Skills: High Society 13-, PS: Chef 16-, Languages: French, German, Dutch, Russian, Ukranian (all fluent conversation), Language: Japanese (basic conversation), KS: Cuisine 11-, KS: Fashion 11-, KS: San Angelo personalities 8-, Traveler, CK: San Angelo 12-, AK: France 12-, AK: Germany 11-, AK: Denmark 11-, AK: Russia 11-, AK: Japan 8-, AK: The Ukraine 8-, Perk: Skyline Club member, Contacts: City elite 8-.

Disadvantages: Psych: Egocentric, Psych: Fear of Commitment, Psych: In love with Karim Stone, Reputation: World class chef 11-.

Notes: Julia hates that so many people take food for granted. One should not throw a meal together and gulp it down, enjoying the taste now and again when one looks up from gorging. To make a proper meal, she believes, one should suit it to its intended recipient. One should prepare it with consummate care. One should spend at least several hours enjoying it. Otherwise, one wastes the experience.

A proper “Julia meal” at the Skyline Club (*SA:CoH*, page 189) begins when she comes out of the kitchen to negotiate with the client what the client will eat. Often, a simple visual assessment of the client suffices to determine the proper entrée (or so Julia believes). More esteemed club members can occasionally make a suggestion themselves, which she may or may not consider. The diner is free to request something else, of course, but only over Julia’s protestations, often followed by a highly charged “scene,” in which Julia engages in a ballet of verbal barbs and arm flailing. A client who claims some sort of allergy usually receives leniency, but she does not tolerate self-proclaimed vegetarians.

Second comes the wait. This usually lasts no more than



ten minutes, as she has fresh appetizers always on hand. By the time the client finishes the second appetizer, Julia has prepared the first course—no larger than the earlier snacks but more exotic and with a richer body. Over the next hour, more small plates arrive. Julia’s spies among the waiters help her adjust to the clients’ gustatory velocity. Finally, shortly before the client actually stops eating, a heart-stopping dessert comes to the table.

Julia keeps to no fixed dinner menu within the club; the menu is printed daily, once Julia has decided what the entrée of the evening (and its price) will be. Her most outrageous meal cost \$500 per head, paid happily. Usually, the price hovers around \$50-100 per head.

Julia demands perfect working conditions, respect, and command over the kitchen. She frequently admits that her patrons are not really “worthy” of her work. The Skyline Club agrees, and Julia receives a substantial raise every year. Most cities have a French or France-trained chef that can rival her food for raw quality, but Julia Shandeigh gives her clients an entirely unique culinary experience.

Julia is an African-American woman with hazel eyes and a bright smile (or, equally often, a severe frown.) Her cuisine derives from Eastern and Western European traditions. She remains thin by eating only a tidbit of food at a time, every few minutes throughout the day.

Julia used to travel the world, developing her craft, but has now settled down to a comfortable home life. She has a fiancé, Karim Stone, whom she loves dearly.

MEDIA, ENTERTAINMENT AND THE ARTS

City of San Angelo 4500 →

Media, Entertainment and the Arts

The information and entertainment pipeline, from society's performers into the public's heads, helps decide what almost everyone in America thinks. The media, which people increasingly doubt but must rely on nevertheless, provides them with factual information. Entertainers help define their perspective on life. The arts help deepen that perspective. Many lament that the news has become corrupt, entertainment has become vulgar, and the arts have become farcical. Even so, new truths and insights emerge daily from these three pillars of modern thought.

The Media

Media personalities are among the best known contributors to San Angelo society. Their words, voices, and even faces reach huge numbers of San Angelo citizens each and every day. Even those who make no effort at accuracy or legitimacy (such as "shock jock" "Dingo" Raines) find that others respect their opinions and sometimes hang upon their every word.

Peter Fletcher

Publisher, San Angelo Times

STR 13 DEX 7 CON 9 BODY 13 INT 16
EGO 12 PRE 23 COM 14 PD 3 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 5 END 26 STUN 20 CV 2

Powers and Skills: Bureaucrat 14-, Conversation 14-, Fam w/Forgery (for spotting forgeries) 8-, High Society 14-, Fam w/Streetwise 8-, PS: Newspaper publisher 12-, PS: Editorialist 11-, KS: Post-1975 San Angelo history 14-, KS: San Angelo personalities 12-, CK: San Angelo 12-, Perk: Skyline Club member, Perk: Wealthy, Perk: Controls major San Angelo newspaper.

Disadvantages: Age 40+, Phys: Alcoholic, Psych: Decadent, Reputation: Dangerous to cross 8-, Reputation: Drunk (high-class circles only, 11-).

Notes: Peter K. Fletcher inherited control over the *San Angelo Times*, created by his great-uncle Vernon, along with its grand journalistic tradition. The Times, his primary source of income, means a great deal to him. The grand journalistic tradition he could take or leave. Peter Fletcher believes firmly that news exists to entertain the masses. Naturally, he expects the Times to remain a truthful and solid newspaper, but only because its particular readership likes to feel intellectual.

In his personal life, Peter is an expressive and decadent

"Unacceptable. Go back to Lotus and tell her that if she's not more forthcoming I'll assume she has something to hide from the good and moral people of San Angelo."

— Lindsey Bao, 42, *San Angelo Times* section editor

man. When fully sober, a rare phenomenon outside the office, he shows the precision and emotional power in speech one would expect from a born newspaperman. When drunk, his conversational skills degenerate.

Peter indulges himself to the full extent one would expect of an extraordinarily rich man. Gold bathtubs seem slightly ridiculous to him, but he would think nothing of buying a vineyard if he enjoyed its wine. In his reckless youth, he bought and sold wives as well, until wife Veronica Fletcher captured his heart and ex-wife Mandy Fletcher sued him for breach of contract. Veronica, unlike Peter, is not suited to the high life, and her liquor-saturated liver is shutting down.

Peter has significant experience in his trade and allows few obstacles to get in his way. For example, when he decided that the sewer monster was "hot" but "dangerously tabloidish," he had his writers prepare a series of articles on the sociology of San Angelino urban myth. (These articles have not yet been published, as Peter decided that interest is still rising.)

Peter sits on the Economic Development Commission. He usually argues in favor of supers, for the obvious but never admitted reason that they are "good news."

Peter is of moderate height and heavy build, with a wrestler's strength and faded eyes. He wears a derby hat over his ragged black hair. He possesses a remarkable presence when he chooses to exert it—he has had power all his life.

Worst 5 Names for a San Angelo Baseball Team

1. The Goldfish
2. The Marigolds
3. The Mine! Mine! Mine! Baseball Players
4. Oh my Darlings
5. The Flakes

Source: *S.A. Weekly*



Thaddeus Long

Sports Mogul

STR 8 DEX 10 CON 10 BODY 10 INT 13
EGO 13 PRE 13 COM 14 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 20 STUN 19 CV 3

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Acting 8-, Fam w/Gambling 8-, High Society 12-, Trading 12-, PS: Team manager and promoter 13-, PS: Fundraiser 11-, Linguist, Language: French (fluent w/accent), Language: Spanish (fluent w/accent), Language: Greek (fluent w/accent), Language: Latin (fluent conversation), Language: Japanese (fluent w/accent), Language: Gaelic (fluent w/accent), Language: Mandarin (fluent conversation), KS: Miners 14-, KS: Nuggets 14-, KS: Sports trivia 13-, Money: Wealthy, Perk: Skyline Club member, Contact: Erik Bates 13-, Contacts: Sports fans in high society circles 13-.

Disadvantages: Age 40+, Distinctive Features: Prosperous (easily concealable), Psych: Sports fan, Psych: Philanthropist, Public ID: Thaddeus Long, sports mogul, Reputation: Generous 11-.

Notes: Thaddeus Long owns the Miners football team and the Nuggets basketball team (*SA:CoH*, page 199). He hopes to buy a baseball team for San Angelo as well. Although he complains about financial difficulties, he thinks of himself as a philanthropist and not a businessman. Besides bringing sports to eager fans, he tries to support the community—and not just by donating money. He donates personal time to charity and encourages his athletes, both financially and through personal leadership, to do the same. He helped Erik Bates, a retired Miner and a man Thaddeus respects, win a seat on the county Board of Supervisors. After Nuggets player John Huff admitted to him that his long-range shot accuracy derives from a minor paranormal ability, Thaddeus took the sizable financial risk of not reporting him immediately.

Thaddeus, who brought the Nuggets to San Angelo in 1985, has deep concerns about their performance. Although the vicious play style of forward Tate Hall attracts a lot of attention, the team’s record does not impress him. The Miners, on the other hand, meet his standards for a worthwhile property.

Thaddeus tends to spend money like water in his personal and professional life. He has a house in Falcon Bluff and a membership with the Skyline Club. He hires supers for the half-time show at local Miners games when he can, and his contracts with his athletes are on the generous side.

Although Thaddeus can afford to spend his days enjoying himself, he prefers to work “hands on” with his teams and his causes. He also has a more academic diversion.

A member of the honorary linguistics fraternity at his alma mater, he wants to beat its internal standing record for languages learned—its founder, John Clay, spoke 18. Thaddeus has a long way to go.

Thaddeus, 51, inherited most of his wealth and picked up the rest through wise investments in his young life. At the moment, barring colossal stupidity or gross ambition, he cannot spend it faster than it accumulates. A tall and prosperous-looking man, he has a well-structured face, curly red-blond hair, and soft blue eyes.

The Fine Arts and Museums

San Angelo offers tourists and cultured natives a vast array of enriching artistic delights, including art galleries, theaters, symphonies, libraries, and historical landmarks. Some artistic careers, like oil painting, make perfect jobs for active heroes. Others, like theatrical performer, can drive a hero insane with the conflicting demands of two “jobs” for which they are always on call. Erratic schedules and last-minute emergencies at the theater, dance hall, and so forth can interfere with proper heroing.

Damianos Dimitrakos

Set Designer, 28th Street Theater

STR 9 DEX 12 CON 10 BODY 9 INT 15
EGO 8 PRE 10 COM 10 PD 2 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 4 END 20 STUN 19 CV 4

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Acting 8-, Animal Handler 12-, Concealment 12-, Disguise 11-, Fam w/High Society 8-, Fam w/Oratory 8-, Trading 11-, PS: Set designer 13-, PS: Painter 12-, PS: Receptionist 8-, PS: Night watchman 8-, KS: Theater 13-, KS: Seeing Eye dogs 11-, CK: San Angelo 11-, AK: 28th Street Theater 11-.

Disadvantages: Hunted: Father’s fans (AsPow, 8-, Mild), Psych: Fearful, Secret ID: Constantine Marks, Vulnerability: x1.5 damage from Presence attacks.

Notes: Damianos’ father, Elijah Marks, appeared on the music scene in 1974. His harsh lyrics usually described unpleasant events. His manner and his eyes spoke of drugs, alcohol, and possibly mental illness. He never achieved critical acclaim or massive popularity, but he did build a cult following. That following survived Elijah’s death in 1979.



It survived dozens of musical fads and trends. It survives, in small but significant numbers, to this day.

Damianos, born on the first day of 1962, never liked his father's music. He never liked the regular stream of journalists wanting to use him as a story vehicle. Most of all, he never liked his father's fans—they "creeped [him] out," he admitted, in a 1985 interview. His name (then "Constantine Marks") served as a ticket into show business, into a few commercial spots and small movie roles. He considered that the only favor his father's work ever did him. The money—well, Elijah never expected to die, and hadn't worried about keeping any around for his son. Damianos inherited enough to live on for two years; five years of erratic employment later, that money was gone.

In the first seven years after his father's death, disturbed fans of Elijah stalked Damianos twice. Once, the police apprehended the fan, identified him as a parole jumper, and locked him away. The second time, the stalker eluded them for a time - until events rendered the stalking irrelevant.

Walking along the narrow streets of New London, Massachusetts, the man named Constantine Marks found a corpse sprawled in an alley, victim of a mugging. The corpse's wallet lay on top of the body, contents shaken onto the street. His ID described him as Damianos Dimitrakos, of San Angelo, California.

Constantine Marks did not originally intend to steal Damianos' identity. He had no wish to dishonor the dead. He told himself that he just wanted to be the one to tell Damianos' family.

Damianos had, apparently, no family. Constantine told himself that he should tell Damianos' friends.

Damianos had, apparently, no friends. Constantine Marks admitted to himself how afraid and weary his father's cultish followers made him.

Damianos Dimitrakos was reborn.

Damianos describes himself as a perfectly ordinary man - an artist, admittedly, but not a person of any interest. He almost sounds sad when he describes his stolid lack of emotional magnetism, political fortune, and importance in the world. This apparent sadness is a lie. Damianos deliberately manufactured every drab and unappealing aspect of his manner and his existence. It helps him hide.

Constantine Marks is still afraid. Fortunately, Damianos occasionally thinks, Constantine Marks no longer exists.

Damianos Dimitrakos, although possessed of genuine as well as falsified Greek ancestry, has fair features. He stands 5'10", weighs 120 pounds, and has black hair. He wears pinstriped gray tweed and tortoiseshell glasses. Beneath those glasses, his eyes seem sorrowful.

Damianos trains Seeing Eye dogs on the side - usually one at a time, each taking him a number of months. A PC blinded by some paranormal phenomenon might find his current dog-in-training, Melusine, very useful.

San Angelo Times

Spandex source

Melissa Lewis, still spry at 62, began practicing costume design and tailoring nearly half a century ago. She now enjoys a reputation as one of the premier designers in California. The players at the 28th Street Theater regularly use apparel of her design. Through the wonders of mail order and PO Boxes, so do supers across the country. All it takes to get a Melissa design is a yen for style and comfort and a reasonably lined pocket. Her store on 26th Street, "A New Image," makes this particularly easy for San Angelinos. According to Melissa, the Bard so liked her duplicates of his costume that he purchased one himself. She also designed one of Dynamo's "special occasions" costumes...

Melissa Lewis

Costume Designer, the 28th Street Theater

STR 6 DEX 16 CON 8 BODY 9 INT 13
EGO 8 PRE 13 COM 12 PD 1 ED 2
SPD 2 REC 3 END 16 STUN 16 CV 5

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Acting 8-, Concealment 12-, Conversation 12-, Disguise 14-, Gambling 12-, Trading 12-, PS: Costume designer 13-, PS: Fashionable person 11-, PS: Businesswoman 8-, KS: Visual arts 12-, KS: Fabrics 11-, KS: Theater 11-, CK: San Angelo 12-, AK: San Angelo County 12-, Favors: Various supers.

Disadvantages: Age 40+, Psych: Irresponsible, Psych: Kindly, Reputation: costumer to supers 8-.

Notes: Melissa, a kindly woman who wears her gray hair in a bun, looks hopelessly sweet when asleep or making a sale. In the off hours, when she has no image to present, her true self comes out—a dangerously unstable, raucous soul in the body of a senior citizen. Orphaned young and hovering near the poverty line for most of her early life, she learned a precise and necessary discipline. She also came to think of that discipline as a shackle imposed by her financial conditions. She grew up too fast and, at the same time, never really grew up at all. Now that she finally has a measure of success and wealth, she does not know what to do with it.

Her friend and business manager, Jason Pericles,



Media, Entertainment and the Arts

makes most of the decisions for “A New Image” and the associated mail-order business. Melissa’s own brilliance and long experience in the field makes the product desirable. She loves her work, and this drives her into taking proper responsibility for it—but elsewhere, her life is falling apart. Like a prematurely gray gamine, she drives demoniacally, picks fights (and often wins), and gambles heavily. As of two years ago, she has an “in” on the underworld pit-fighting matches, which she finds the ultimate gambling and spectator experience. She often roots on her favorite louder than half the young men present.

What with one match and another, Melissa is sliding slowly into debt. She has a trump card, however, that she can pull if the leg-breakers come for her. Hidden in an encrypted file on her PC, she keeps a list of all the information she has on the various supers who use her service. This list might not help unmask a specific secret ID, given the precautions her clients take. She would lay good odds, however, that it would help figure out one or two. If it has to, that information can buy her out of debt and give her a new stake besides.

Melissa has a tight face and wispy gray hair. She usually wears brightly colored clothing, tailored precisely to fit—never a costume, but always a fashion statement. She measures her height at 5’7”, although her doctor insists 5’5” is more accurate. She looks slightly overweight, but has not gone near a scale in 20 years.

“I don’t care if he’s supposed to weigh five tons. He doesn’t weigh five tons. No, this stage is fine as it is. Besides, we’re two days behind schedule building the backdrop for Les Miserable.”
— Roger Menandes, 33, set builder

ing 13-, SC: Mathematics 13-, PS: Set designer 11-, PS: Silver engraver 11-, PS: Painter 8-, Language: French (basic conversation), KS: Business law 13-, KS: Theater 11-, CK: San Angelo 11-, Perk: Owner of Murky Waters, Inc., Contact: Franklin Colt 11-.

Disadvantages: DNPC: Damianos

Dimitrakos (normal, 11-), Distinctive Features: Small (not concealable), Phys: Migraine Sufferer, Psych: Lazy, Psych: Self-indulgent, Psych: Intellectual, Reputation: skilled scientist 8-.

Notes: Emily Plume’s high school and college teachers called her a prodigy. Her doctoral thesis in material science reshaped the world of copper wiring-based microprocessor technology. She had an associate professorship at UCSA and a part-time appointment at Orion Labs (*SA:CoH*, page 174) right out of graduate school. She could have gone on and blazed a trail across the scientific world.

Instead, she woke up one morning in 1990 and realized, “That’s not what I want.”

Emily wants to have her intellectual excitement without drowning in it. She takes her material science in the morning with her coffee and orange juice and then puts it down until she goes to bed at night. (Then, she flops with a journal and indulges.) In between, she provides “indispensable assistance” to Damianos Dimitrakos, helping him realize his visions on the stage. She hangs out with friends. She engraves Celtic patterns in fine silver.

Relegating the mathematics and engineering to her subconscious for most of the day has actually increased her productivity, which embarrasses her somewhat. She has taken to submitting qualifying processes to the patent office through a dummy corporation for anonymity. To her old colleagues, Emily Plume has dropped out of the game.

Emily Plume’s corporation (Murky Waters, Inc.) has no headquarters or staff. She makes no attempt to manage her own creations, processes, and ideas personally. Instead, she auctions off her patents to the highest bidder. The company’s only physical asset is a warehouse in Downtown San Angelo, where she keeps implementations and working models of various ideas. This exists mostly for her vanity’s sake. A second company, Idea 13A, owns Murky Waters outright, and in turn is run by a board of directors contractually under her thumb. She sees no need for deeper concealment than that.

Emily, 5’3”, wears casual clothing and avoids heels; some days, her job requires a lot of walking around. She has short black hair, green eyes, and a strong presence. She has occasional migraines, marked externally by expanded

Campaign Tip

Moving up to a precisely tailored and well-made costume, of fine fabrics and elegant design, can make a super feel much better about her job—and look more impressive doing it. Of course, even if no player character ever takes advantage of Melissa’s services, she can still come into the game. Her list has information that some people would kill to protect.

Emily Plume

Assistant to Damianos Dimitrakos

STR 8 DEX 13 CON 15 BODY 7 INT 18
EGO 13 PRE 10 COM 12 PD 2 ED 3
SPD 2 REC 5 END 30 STUN 19 CV 4

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Acting 8-, Bureaucraties 11-, Computer Programming 13-, Electronics 12-, Inventor 15-, Mechanics 12-, SC: Material Science 15-, SC: Engineer-



pupils and extreme distraction.

“Who could consider a theater complete without cat-combs and secret passages running beneath it? Where would the audience members, rising disruptively from their seats to attend to their bodily needs, get lost? Where would we retire old actors, crew, and patrons to? Where would the management lurk while making our key decisions? Naturally the 28th Street Theater has its secret passages and tunnels. For form, if nothing else. Still, I find Ms. Attridge’s claims somewhat improbable. We clean our labyrinth regularly, and my staff would report any unsavory elements.”

— Tuci Banner, 35, 28th Street Theater custodial supervisor

Otis Tanner

Owner, the 28th Street Theater

STR 10 DEX 10 CON 12 BODY 10 INT 10
 EGO 13 PRE 15 COM 14 PD 2 ED 2
 SPD 2 REC 4 END 24 STUN 21 CV 3

Powers and Skills: Fam w/Acting 8-, Fam w/Disguise 8-, Gambling 11-, High Society 12-, Fam w/Oratory 8-, PS: Theater manager 12-, PS: Tennis player 11-, PS: Set designer 8-, PS: Lighting designer 8-, PS: Costumer 8-, PS: Carpenter 8-, PS: Stage manager 8-, KS: Theater 14-, CK: San Angelo 12-, Money: Well Off, Contact: Local Klan 11-.

Disadvantages: DNPC: Theater crew (Normal, 8-), Psych: Loyal, Psych: Fear of change, Psych: Loves Jeanne Rosen, Secret ID: Klan member.

Notes: When Otis turned 30, eight years ago, his life looked good. His father’s will endowed him with a small fortune. Only the occasional cold marred his health; only a crooked little finger detracted from his physical charm. He had chosen theater, a long-time love, as his vocation and avocation. He had no lover or romantic interest, but that would come in time.

“I wish to work with the best,” Otis told those he hired—and those he did not. “I wish to work *only* with the best.”

Jeanne Rosen, a young African-American actress, qualified by all measures, so Otis hired her. Over the next few years he fell in love with her. Most people would consider this a happy occasion, but it appalled Otis. Even accepting her into the company had given him a twinge of guilt—for Otis’ dead father, Eric, had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

Eric, even after his death, figured strongly in Otis’ life. His money funded the theater. His words of love, belief, wisdom, bigotry and hate all still rang in Otis’ soul. Otis



built himself from those words. He did not know how to change them.

Otis, though he lacked his father’s fervor, belonged to the Klan himself. He helped grease the wheels, politically and financially, to keep the organization running. As his relationship with Jeanne developed, he became very afraid. His comrades in white hoods could beat him, kill him, or socially ruin him if they found out about Jeanne. Jeanne might spit on him and leave 28th Street if she found out about his association with the Klan. He has had only three dates with her, and kissed her twice—he can’t content himself with that.

As if this stress did not suffice, Otis’ recent business investments have been unwise. A friend’s plastics manufacturing company, which Otis has a significant stake in, is under investigation for fraudulent business practices. Otis has not involved himself with the firm’s decisions, but has significant on-paper authority. He could therefore fall under investigation himself.

Otis stands 5’6”, with thinning brown hair and dark brown eyes. A stocky man, he favors tan and dark suits over cream shirts. He keeps a golden Labrador named Moxie and several plants; he enjoys tennis as a leisure activity and contributes to the Percival Cooper Children’s Fund (SA:CoH, page 184). His net worth hovers around \$6 million, although his non-interest income is minimal.



SAN ANGELO UNDERWORLD

City of San Angelo 4500
San Angelo Underworld

Overview

San Angelo contains a number of criminals and rogues of all descriptions. Petty street gangs, tongs, and motorcycle gangs all believe themselves outside the law. Perhaps the heroes can change that. Perhaps no one can.

Charlie "Praetor" Fargo

President, Centurians Motorcycle Gang

Val	Char	Cost	Notes
18	STR	8	300kg, 3 1/2d6
14	DEX	12	OCV: 5/DCV: 5
15	CON	10	
15	BODY	10	
15	INT	5	PER Roll: 12-
13	EGO	6	ECV: 4
18	PRE	8	
6	COM	-2	
4	PD	0	
3	ED	0	
3	SPD	6	Phases: 4, 8, 12
7	REC	0	
30	END	0	
36	STUN	4	

Total Costs

Char: 67 + Powers: 68 = Total: 135

Base: 55 + Disads: 80 = Total: 135

Cost Skills

Cost	Skills
14	Martial Arts: Dirty Infighting
	<i>Maneuver</i> <i>OCV</i> <i>DCV</i> <i>Notes</i>
	Punch +0 +2 5 1/2d6
	Low Blow -1 +1 2d6 NND
	Kidney Blow -2 +0 1d6+1 KA
	Use art with chain, club/pipe
3	Combat Skills: +1 with Dirty Infighting
5	Combat Driving 13-
3	Concealment 12-
3	CK: San Angelo 12-

6	KS: Centurions 15-
5	KS: Roman Empire 14-
3	KS: Historical China 12-
3	KS: Motorcycles 12-
3	Language: Latin (completely fluent)
3	Mechanics 11-
1	Fam w/Oratory 8-
3	PS: Gang leader 13-
3	Shadowing 11-
3	Streetwise 13-
1	Fam w/Tactics 8-
1	WF: Chain
5	Perk: Leader of the Centurions
55+	Disadvantages
10	DNPC: Centurions (normal, useful skills), 11-
0	DNPC: Motorcycle (incompetent, useful abilities), 8-
10	Dist. Feat: Scarred and brutish (Easily Concealable)
10	Hunted by local law enforcement (As Pow, NCI, Lim Area), 8-
10	Phys: Methamphetamine addict (Infreq, Greatly)
15	Psych: Casual Killer (Com, Strong)
10	Psych: Maintains appearance of sophistication (Com, Moderate)
10	Reputation: Casual killer (Extreme), 8-
5	Rivalry w/Flaming Skulls leader Guy Claymore (professional)

Background: A long time ago, Charlie Fargo was not a ruthless killer or a gang leader or an aspirant to empire. He was just a thug, and not even a professional thug. He did not swoop by people on his motorcycle and tear them to shreds with a spiked chain or heavy pipe. He beat up people in bars. He did not kill his friends when he suspected them of ratting on him. He hit his girlfriends and his mother. He took classes in history at CSU San Angelo (*SA:CoH*, page 114) and never dreamed of what the future held.

The descent from degeneracy into horror started with the motorcycle. Charlie Fargo did not plan on falling in love with his motorcycle, but he thought of himself as a "big man." Naturally, he had to have as intimidating a bike as he could get. That, and a round at the bar, led to an "initiation" with a petty gang. The gang roared into the Armory and surrounded an old guy and began to terrorize him. Charlie enjoyed the hunt, despite the lame prey. Then they began cutting the old guy up, and Charlie felt a deep and ignoble fear. The gang would have enjoyed a good laugh at his expense if he'd done what he wanted to—go home and hide for the rest of his life pretending that he'd had nothing to do with the incipient murder. Instead, he summoned up his thuggish courage and took part, and his life changed forever. Now he belonged. Now he had killed.

*"I don't worry about the super criminals. We got Flaming Skulls around my house."
 — George Mission, 12, student*



Charlie came to his ambition slowly, while jostling around in the middle ranks of the gang's pecking order. One day, when enough of that ambition had leaked into his mind, he understood what he *really* wanted to do with his life. It was not history. It was not racing around with a two-bit motorcycle gang.

He wanted power—a lot of it. He wanted an empire. He knew that his 10 so-called peers would not be enough. He knew that even a hundred gang members would not suffice. Fortunately, he had a blueprint for an empire that could do a lot with a little. He decided that the wisdom of the Romans would inspire him. The Romans did not grind their conquered people underfoot; they made the effort to turn the conquered into Roman citizens, supportive of Imperial rule.

A long time later, when Charlie had grown into his full ruthlessness, when most of his original gang had died at his hand and more than thirty others had joined him, he put this into practice. Every neighborhood where the gang sells its drugs, parties on the streets, or simply exacts tribute has a “local governor,” a man picked from the block to dominate (some would say oppress) his peers on Charlie's behalf. Charlie's gang wears Roman symbols. Charlie calls himself the Praetor.

Personality: Charlie has become a true throwback to more barbarous days—sometimes worse than a Roman soldier, the truth be told. Having cast aside all morality in the name of his ambition, he now enjoys prolonging his enemies' torture and spitting on their graves. His gang, the Centurions, consists of motorcyclists and outlaws who gravitated to his image of brilliance and ruthlessness. They live almost as callously as Charlie himself does.

Charlie, while not quite brilliant, does have an intellectual side. Although he left college long ago, he continues to read historical texts daily. When he desires to, he can present a very sophisticated façade. He almost always peppers his speech with philosophical quotations and historical anecdotes, in part because he feels deep down that he is slipping—falling down into the abyss of mindless brutality that marks his followers and his less intellectual amusements.

Charlie, for obvious reasons, would take great personal interest in the Spear of Destiny (*SA:CoH*, page 148) if it turned up. Although his desire for it stems from the symbolism—a centurion used it to stab God!—obtaining it might make his gang a world-class threat.

Charlie insists that his gang members wear the symbol of a Roman helmet and the Centurions' motto. That motto, “*Nemo nisi mors*,” translates as “Nothing but death will part us.” To him, a gang member's colors are a tangible reminder of the outlaw's servitude to the Praetor. Gang

members instead regard them as points of personal pride. Charlie inspires his Centurions to ever greater efforts in the feud against the Flaming Skulls, not simply because they compete for the drug market but because they compete for dominance in the city as a whole. Two Empires, he says, cannot share one city.

The Praetor takes the gang motto seriously. No one leaves the gang alive. He could not “condone” the betrayal.

Quote: “*Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur. We are cruel because the world desires it.*”

Appearance: Charlie, 39, has the classic big bruiser look. His face has a few scars on it, one perilously near his right eye. He wears rough clothing and leather. He stands 6'1” with the build of a football player. A faint gray tinge dulls his green eyes, and his hair hangs around his shoulders in the most ruffianish shade of black.

Campaign Use: Charlie would not last a full Turn in a one-on-one fight with a super, but no hero yet has successfully caught him alone. He has a collection of brigands under his command and they have no scruples of any kind.

Beyond the immediate battle, Charlie's gang poses a very difficult problem. Some day a Centurion may challenge Charlie's right to lead the gang, but its members will never allow some group of *heroes* take him out of circulation. If he gets dragged off to jail, the gang will rustle up a sharp lawyer and some of the more brutish members may even take a hostage. Meanwhile, Charlie has floating alibis and witnesses who will swear to them.

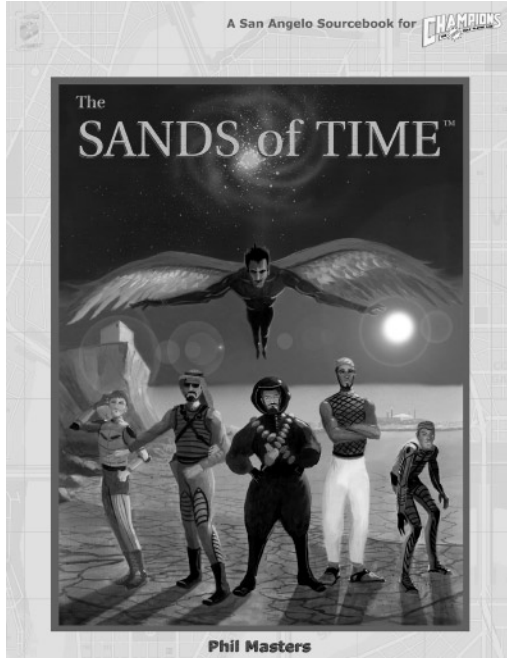
Unlike criminals pursuing abstract crimes, most of Charlie's felonies required his personal presence. In extreme circumstances (e.g. the SAPD dragging Charlie to jail after a judge finds him guilty of murder) the gang might even turn out in force to assault the court house, attempting to overpower the deputies and free their comrade. The authorities would likely win the fight but lives on both sides would almost certainly be lost.

If supers poke around Centurion operations too closely, Charlie may offer to talk to them, receiving them as a king receives emissaries in his luxurious red-velvet “office.” He will happily point out all the problems he can cause them and the difficulty involved in bringing him in. Established heroes with known DNPCs will have that fact waved in their face.

Ultimately, a sufficiently capable group of heroes can eliminate the Centurions, stopping whatever mundane or extraordinary operation brought the PCs down on Charlie's head. At that point, the Flaming Skulls, Desperadoes, and Rattlers will move in on Charlie's territory, filling the vacuum and leaving things more or less status quo.

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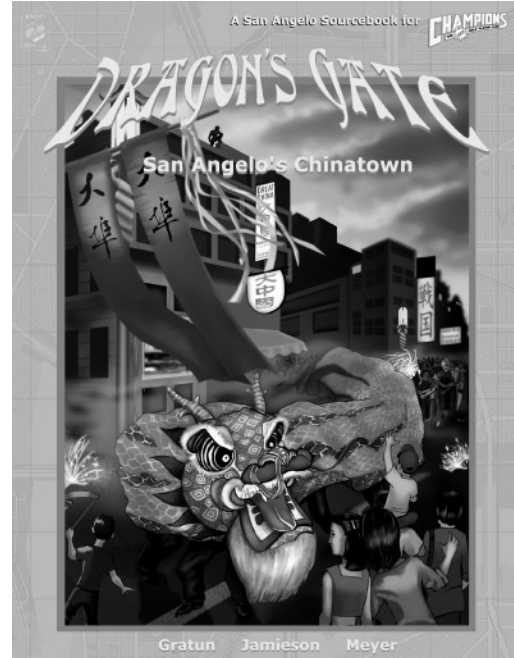
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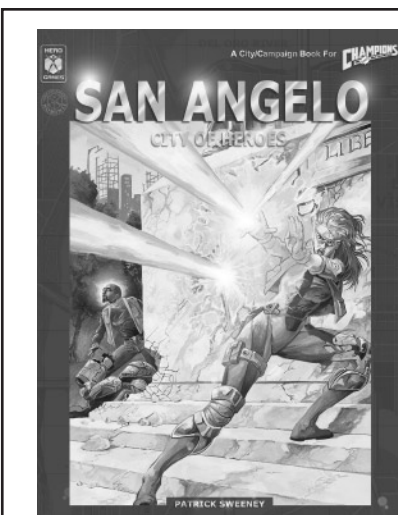
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