

Our Pick in Mayoral
Elections 12A



WEATHER

Record heat wave continues unabated
with highs above 105-degrees
(Weather 1C)

FASHION

Show must go on says Morgan
Leyman despite allegations of threats
to models.
(Society Section 1D)

Tuesday, May 15th 1999

Weekly Midnight Star

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The Leader in City Coverage

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Massacre in Midtown

'When is this going to stop!?' Traumatized residents ask



"StormHammer," leader of Judgment Day claimed during the 117 minute battle that bullets wouldn't stop him.

Gun Battle Rages for 2 Hours, Police Response 'Blocked'

By: Leonard Shiff

NEW YORK CITY – Armed thugs under the banner of wanted fugitive and Neo Nazi "StormHammer" battled with armed security forces of the Midtown Commerce Bank in broad daylight for over two hours.

Seriously out gunned by the paramilitary gangs, security forces and civilians alike suffered repeated salvos of automatic gunfire while the attacker's leader strode un-daunted before the bank, speaking over a megaphone while pausing to terrorize covering hostages.

"All we could hear for hours was the gun fighting and that terrible voice thundering on and on about genocide and the end times and racial purity—while I'm just praying for the cops ... for once," said a witness who refused to give his name. **See Massacre 3A**

The Numbers



- Red Gun
- Green Knife
- Purple Martial Arts
- Brown Machine Gun
- White Unknown
- Gray Rocket
- Black Grenade
- Orange Defenestration
- Eaten

Police Blotter

Fashion Scene In Chaos

BY Lawrence Godfrey

NEW YORK CITY – High society took another turn for the worse this week with high fashion model Maria Yvette bowing out of the prestigious Primer Show under the specter of threats made by some shadowy agency. Insiders speak of a "disfigure and destroy" team that targets those who fail to toe the line. Investigators find "no evidence."

Parents Alert

Pied Piper Strikes Again

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK CITY – Parents in the Manhattan and surrounding area are being asked to escort their children to and from schools in the wake of what appears to be yet another abduction and slaying caused by the serial killer known as the Pied Piper. The individual, as yet unchecked, is highly skilled at luring teenagers and younger children. – SEE SERIAL 3A

Opinion

Reality TV Show Isn't Giving Hope—It's Taking It

BY Linda Archer

The unbelievably popular "Live Talent Search" *Star Power* was supposed to bring renewed life to the culture and morale of the city. Instead what we've got are jealous rivalries and even riots that are tearing the cities spirit apart. Worse, the producers recklessly and gleefully broadcast these battles nightly – SEE STAR 6A

City Page

TOP STORIES FROM ALL FIVE BURROUGHS. OUR EYE ON THE CITY WE WANT TO LOVE

POLICE WATCH: 23 DAYS AND COUNTING

West Side "Cannibal" Slayings

Unsolved

BY EDITORIAL STAFF

We accept that with an astonishing 15 reported homicides a day many are going to go unresolved by a police force creaking under the strain and perhaps only a few weeks away from striking—but the West Side Cannibal Murders where a posse of morbidly obese psychopaths known as "The Heavies" not only slew the diners in the Ferns, a wealthy, upscale eatery, but dined on them seems well, lazy. Seriously, Police Commissioner Lackwell, these guys each weigh 350lbs. How hard can they be to catch? You could track them by satellite.

The crime is made all the more horrific by the fact that "The Heavies" are apparently continuing their diet unchecked: reports of piles of human bones in tenement basements lead us to believe that for these guys, the phone book is the menu. Frankly, we would rather be shot by a scum of the earth skinhead than eaten by perhaps the only thing imaginable that is even more monstrous.



HIGH SOCIETY WATCH

BY Janet Deco

If you weren't already jealous of playboy millionaire Roger Rice for his unashamed, unabashed, and unrepentant shows of wealth and privilege (and, this reporter thinks, savage good looks) you've got another reason. After an incident at the Altinare Club (an exclusive hot spot for the privileged) in which he famously insulted Detroit Philanthropist Harvy Galt for *enabling the underclass* and *relieving the suffering of those who've pretty much earned it* (his press secretary confirmed both quotes) he is showing off a new set of wheels designed to make speed-freaks drool ... and hurt Galt's interests in environmentally friendly vehicle companies. The vehicle is a custom job from the European marketer Voltair Motors and it's called the Road Raptor. Rice (known for his extravagant parties, Houdini like escapes from abuse and battery charges, and a sharp tongue) has told the press that *"this thing breaths smog. It'll chew the planet up in 25 years all by itself—it'd make Galt piss his pants, it'll cut you off and leave you gasping—it's faster than your sister."* Prince Charming again raises the bar for everybody who thought they were somebody.

STUDIO '55 CLEARED OF CHARGES

BY Janet Deco

The "so-posh-you-can't-get-into-it" night club Studio '55 was cleared today by a grand jury of charges concerning the hosting of drug-laden parties of wild abandon. New York celebrity Theodore Franklin Ph.D. known as "Dr. Nothing" for his reputation with the Jet Set of curing everything from depression to ennui with cocktails of anti-depressants, tranquilizers, and hypnosis took the stand stating that "Studio 55 has been unjustly accused of excesses when, in fact, it's activities are simple, wholesome entertainment—necessary escapism in these trying times." Sure, Doc. Sell it hard ... but why don't you let this reporter in so she can get her own look.

Garbage Strike in Third

Week

BY Gerald Mills

NEW YORK CITY – With no end in sight the City Waste Management Department continues its work-outage despite hundred degree temperatures and what health care workers are calling an immediate and present danger to the health of the city. In some places rats could be seen burrowing into the stacks of waste overflowing the dumpsters and trashcans.

City Council members have spoken off the record accusing Union Organizer "Chief" Howard Taber of stalling and letting the city strangle. Other members claimed there was "no evidence" and the charges were baseless.

Beleaguered City Seeks relief

'Wall Street Pirates' Strike!

BY Thomas Gordon

NEW YORK CITY – Like a scene from a science fiction book or a movie, witnesses describe some sort of 'hovercraft' with a colorfully dressed crew has attacked and 'raided' the 100th story offices of NuCore Technologies located directly on Wall Street. Although the complete police report is not yet available, our offices have heard a story about "costumed buccaneers" engaging in data-theft, corporate sabotage, and enterprise-level blackmail.

Whether the stories turn out to be true or not, the legend of the 'Wall Street Pirates' continues to grow, and NuCore's stock plummeted 57 points Monday to close at just three dollars a share.

Architect Missing

BY Mark Kelly

Edwards Renault, the chief architect of Developer Roman Brenner' primer project: the Imperial Tower has been reported as a missing person 48 hours after he failed to return home to his Manhattan apartment.

This comes in the midst of allegations by the Urban Preservation League that the Imperial Tower is a danger to the city.

Brenner, whose plans for the tower are on file and show a blueprint for a building other architects have called "impossible, even with the advanced technology" refused comment. Police are investigating charges that the architect was silenced for threatening to reveal evidence that the stability of Neo-Steel diminishes greatly under certain types of static load.

A spokesman for Brenner said that if the complaints continue, Roman has promised to add two stories to the structure.

Police Blotter

FROM THE DESKS OF THE NYPD

Fashion Gangs Attack

Downtown Shoppers

BY LEWIS GRADY

Police have urged shoppers down town to be alert for what are being called "Fashion Gangs." The so-called gangs are groups of adolescent boys and more and more commonly girls who lay in wait for shoppers with trendy, designer clothes that are their targets.

The attacks, which have been surprisingly violent, have led to increased security around some of the cities poshest shopping centers. Although the average "Fashion Gang" member is from an upper middle class family, has no criminal record, and is often wearing trendy, designer clothes themselves when arrested the attacks have involved knives, clubs, and chains hung with swordfish-hooks to ensnare their targets.

"It's a kind of element," said Bryce Boutique's spokeswoman Casey Flint "that we weren't on guard against a decade ago. The young people of today have realized that they may well never own an original Bryce and are angry to be relegated to so-called mass-produced fashion."

Police have been on the lookout for groups sporting Gucci shopping bags used to conceal mace, electric stun guns, and even a .38 snub-nosed revolver.

SERIAL KILLINGS

General alerts have also been raised for two other well know serial killers that are stalking the NYC area. The individual known as 'Jack In The Box', a killer who targets his victims and then plays (over the phone, through email attachments, or windup music boxes) the stanza "Three Blind Mice" before killing them is still at large. Investigators say that the killer has an array of 'disciples' who have confused the investigation by playing the music for non-targets across the city. They urge anyone with any knowledge or any person who receives a message bearing the tune or part of the tune should contact the emergency response number immediately. Calls to the response number from this office went unanswered.

Fearing that yet another serial murderer may have moved into town, police are keeping an eye on the 42nd Street Red Light district. Our office has learned of a reported "black widow" street walker who sleeps with men and then slays them.

Downtown Commerce Coalition Files

Another Complaint About O'Connor

BY TABITHA SHORT

NEW YORK CITY – Another beating and another trashed shop or restaurant in the wake of David "Showboat" O'Connor, world heavyweight boxing champ has spurred a new complaint from the Commerce Coalition. O'Connor, traveling with his posse of armed sycophants sent concierge Trey Lawrence to the hospital with a cracked skull after apparently taking "too long" to open a seat at the stylish Food For Thought eatery. This is the ninth complaint against O'Connor, a consummate bully with a wide following. This reporter's conclusion? As long as he keeps winning both in the ring and out of it, who's going to stop him from taking what he wants.

Allegations of Police Corruption Go

Unchallenged, Unanswered

BY LINDA STRATHOLM

NEW YORK CITY – They say a black Crown Victoria sporting darkly tinted windows with a police interior and police package under the hood prowls neighborhoods where the cops don't go. Inside it, they say, is a massive man, dressed in a dark parody of a police uniform calling himself "Bruise." The allegations of misconduct by the NYPD are fast and furious these days as are the wild claims of specialty trained police Death Squads and hit teams. What's not fast or furious are responses from the Police Commissioner or Mayor Hambry. Despite this being an election year, the charges seem to fall on deaf ears and the challengers in this year's political joke—erm—election promise an investigation but haven't got a percentage point to hang it on. "When I see that car, I know someone's going to get disappeared," says an elderly resident of a Brooklyn neighborhood who refused to give us her name. Maybe that's what's happened to the reports too.

Residence Show Concern Over Unsanctioned Ultra-Violent

"Blood Sports"

BY CHRISTIAN CRAWFORD

BROOKLYN – The address is somewhere in the warehouse district but locals call it Carnage Hall and say it's not just embarrassing—it's downright dangerous. The self proclaimed World Wrestling X-tream (WWX) holds three weekly "events" that observers have called 'horrifying' and 'disgusting.'

"They have these bloodthirsty steroid monsters in the ring," said Larry Stewart, resident and activist. "Most of the combatants are paid to be there—but one character, Road Rage, claims—and I believe him, to have taken motorists off the streets and *forced* them to fight. Apparently injuries—and even maiming are common for the WWX which follows no sports-association code.

Police Cite Riots in Wake of Rolling Blackouts

BY MARK RUTHEFORD

NEW YORK CITY – The power shortage that continues to plague the city is only one of the many ills that has taken us by storm (the Central Park Fungus Blight, the constant Smog Alerts, and the Garbage Strike are some of the others). However, with the advent of what are being called 'Timed Riots' due to the predictability of a spike in violent crime some are calling for mobilization of the National Guard.

Mayor Hambry opposes any such action and thus far, he seems to get his way. Could it be that he doesn't have the army in his pocket the same way he does the rest of New York?

Police advise citizens to check the power schedules and plan to be indoors during times of outage. Thanks guys.

OP/ED PAGE

OUR THOUGHTS AND YOURS ON LOCAL, NATIONAL, AND GLOBAL ISSUES

The Depths of Despair

BY Deacon Stephen Jackson

Our citizens are under attack; the most vulnerable neighborhoods are cracking under the strain of the violent, the wasteful, and the greedy. The drug dealers and pimps the police are too "occupied" to curtail, the scrawls of graffiti that splatter our landmarks and homes like the blood-spray of the latest drive-by shooting, and the hopelessness that has seeped into our cities pours like ash did in my grandfather's coalmining days. But that's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about something far more insidious and far more directed. I can't say I understand it but I can't say I "understand" evil either. Let me tell you a story.

There was a kid a few years ago for whom I was a mentor. He was really talented in the way I see so many street kids think they are. He had the raw material and, more importantly the drive to play basketball the way that others only dream of. I tell you this kid would have played for the Knicks and you don't have to believe me. The talent scouts I managed to get down to the court said the same thing. Then. Two years ago he called me from jail—caught in a drug sting operation the young man I knew would *never* have attended. But it seemed that with his rising popularity came some new friends who weren't good friends at all. They'd turned him on, taken him out, and set him up. The time he did in jail was it—his future is over now, I think, and it makes me want to cry. Another example of wasted talent.

But then there's Maxwell's Messengers. You may've heard of them—they were bicycle curriers and they're some of the best. They were based in the 'hood but their reputation was good as gold—clean—legit. They'd had some good business and made a strong name. They were coming up and Maxwell Leonard, a man I can personally vouch for deserved all the success he was building. Then came the fire. It was suspicious, the insurance company said—and they wouldn't pay. Maxwell was baffled ... and enraged ... but not devastated. See, two months later Maxwell Messengers opened again with an Internet address instead of a front door. It seems you can't burn a bicycle. That's when things get weird.

A few weeks after his re-opening, some of those same kinds—the "friends" who helped my protégé into jail came around demanding jobs, threatening other messengers, and eventually trying to steal a bicycle or three. Maxwell isn't the type who's easily intimidated. But now he's closed. Why?

He won't tell me. Hell, he won't even talk about it, but I've got three decades worth of eyes and ears on the street that tell me after the kids were sent packing someone *else* paid him a visit. Although Maxwell isn't the type to scare, whoever this was (my sources say) was enough to convince him to get out of the game. *Someone* has an economic investment in keeping the projects down. Someone doesn't want anyone to mess with their investment—and I call on my readers to help us find out who. Lives have been destroyed. Homes have been lost. Good men have been threatened so badly they won't even speak out against their oppressors.

Some one out there doesn't like us, folks. You can go back to your high-rise building and say the Deacon's gone crazy but I haven't. I don't expect any help: I've come to know better. But I will keep reporting as long as I can. Somebody has to.

Another Fine Mess

BY Lauren Quillian

Elections are coming around again and once again it's a lock-in. We at the papers weigh the issues, print the records and in the end the city slouches to the ballot box and can't make the decision no matter how clear we make it. It's almost like someone has the voting machines "fixed"—but that's not necessary. The truth is what dictators and tyrants have known all along: that when you take away the people's hope you don't have to fix the count—that happens naturally. We know whose going to win these games so let's take a snapshot of the record:

Winner: Incumbent Mayor Martin Hamby

Ducking federal charges of wiretapping, extortion, and money laundering it's no surprise the G-men can't catch hold of a fish *this* slimy. Come on, guys, you caught Al Capone, what gives?

Rumors that Hamby employs a nearly invisible squad of ninja assassins are, of course, absurd, but we do have reliable reports that he has interests in a chain of escort services that exists to put the "up" in "set up" when it comes to exposing his rival's vices.

Likewise, wild-eyed tales of "The Cold Vault," an underground frozen mausoleum where Hamby takes troublemakers to see the frosty mutilated remains of his former adversaries are easily dismissible—but less so are the very real charges of high-level "leaks" from state police agencies concerning witnesses and whistle blowers who had come in for protection. Those witnesses are deceased now and Hamby is free ... to keep on winning so long as there's no hope at all.

The Fall of New York: May 12, 1999

Lukewarm rain pounds on the dirty streets of the city. Traffic lights, gone dark from the stray bullets of the gang wars rock gently in the gusts of wind that bring no relief from the baking summer heat wave. Along the walls, past the drifts of reeking plastic garbage bags piled up since the second week of the Waste Management strike, graffiti scrawls splash cryptic messages over the bricks and iron barred windows of the brownstones. The homeless that shuffle in their black, brown, and gray over-coats are both victims (of poverty and mental disease) and victimizers for the (rare) single women that hurry down the streets hoping to be passed over for easier prey.

On 42nd street the whores are bathed in neon light from the vertical signs, crowded together over the dark mouths of the adult theaters. Police cars, whose only function seems to be to clean up the messes *after* they happen prowl the streets and the law abiding citizens sometimes fear *them* as much as the criminals.

In the lofty offices at the tops of the sky-rises the powerbrokers battle with each other while the city below the smog-line writhes and dies like a body riddled with cancer. The Madison Avenue executives sell serenity and beauty and non-existent hope to the desperate while Wall Street's raiders burn and plunder and threaten to drag the rest of the city down into their inferno.

On the West side, the papers scream, the gangs have started *eating* their victims while disenfranchised kids from good homes congregate in gangs outside the tony fashion stores and savage those who can purchase wares they, themselves can't afford. The TV cameras are rolling and it bleeds and leads every night at seven-o'clock ... and again at eleven. The bloodshed is sandwiched between the filth-splattered smear campaign for the upcoming mayoral elections and the Star Power talent search show that's already got would-be musicians and artists stabbing each other and knife fighting at street-side auditions.

The city trembles in the all-too-quick summer shower as the baking oppressive heat comes again and the black streaks of storm clouds remain. The city is dying. Your city is dying. And the people have given up hope.

You. Have. Had. Enough.

● END PLAYER SECTION. PLEASE READ NO FURTHER ●

GM's SECTION

Welcome to The Fall of New York. It's 1999 and Manhattan is a city of darkness. Despair is palpable—carried on the hot winds across the bay and through the buildings, you can sense the disease. The city leans on the edge and it's about to tip over and go tumbling down. It's about to fall—it needs some heroes to catch it.

The Fall of New York

The Fall of New York began life as a "world book" (which would be read by both players and GM's alike) and then became a "scenario" (a *Fast Company* adventure). What it is here is, essentially, a villains book (like you'd find for numerous super hero games). But there's more than that. It's the story of a city told through its bad-guys. And more.

Seven Chapters

The following portion of the book is divided into seven chapters. Each chapter has a name. You're going to recognize them. Whether the players ever see the connection or the pattern we've constructed here or not is immaterial. The pawns (the NPC's) certainly don't see things in the terms we're going to lay them out in ... and maybe you don't either. It doesn't matter. What's *really* going on isn't important. It's what those that have decided (or been *chosen*?) to hold the line against death and chaos and evil do that's important. This is *their* story.

Each chapter has several sections. Here is what they mean.

- **[X] In The City:** the first section describes the *particular disease* and what its effects (in general) in the city have been.
- **Symptom:** When the forces (*Fast Company* and others) have been vanquished, the city will be healthier. The Symptom isn't something the bad-guys are doing—it's something that's just *wrong* with the world. Although the characters (and maybe not even the players) will see no connection, when one force is wiped out, the city will heal. When all of them are finished, the city will thrive.
- **Hooks and Leads:** This is a general section about how to get the characters involved in the plots of that section. Characters might have their own ideas—which is fine—but the Hooks and Leads section can give you some help getting things started.
- **Architects:** There are people at the top of these problems. People behind the curtains. In some cases they're *Fast Company* themselves. Often, they're not (but they usually have a member of the elite on their retainer).
- **Operations:** The Operations section are specific types of crimes the villains are committing. They're things the PC's may investigate, run across, or be involved in. It's more specific than Hooks and Leads—it gives some actual meat to chew on.

GREED

"For the love of money is the root of all evil" Timothy **6:10**

Greed is *desire*. Desire for material things, desire for power, and desire to hoard. Greed walks hand in hand with waste. Greed is the fearful *want* that corrupts us—it is the fracture line against which our morals and ethics cleave. When our greed is hungry we are other's puppets. Greed is also *scarcity*: the belief that the more another has the less for you. The deep belief in "zero-sum" logic is the engine that drives our avarice.

GREED IN THE CITY

Greed has twisted the city where its heart beats. The Police Commissioner has become a twisted pathetic thing, selling the city's soul hour by hour for mere money. If the Mayor (who suffers from Pride, first and foremost) made himself a monster, the Commissioner was made one. On Wall Street, the pirates (their skull and crossbones a private in joke buried deep in their secure network) have begun to destroy billions of dollars of wealth to line their pockets with a few million more. The heads of a cabal of brokerage houses have become saboteurs, data-pirates, and corporate pillagers (in the physical sense!) to destroy those businesses whose deaths will net them profits.

SYMPTOM

The Power Shortage that has descended on New York City has resulted in rolling blackouts. Some refer to these as "timed riots" but wherever they hit there is suffering (the city is under a massive heat wave) and despair. The problems are clearly the result of bad planning and although work being done to correct it is stalled due to dubious politics any investigation shows that the problem isn't directly *related* to influences in the city. But when the forces of Greed are defeated the blackouts will stop.

They can beg and they can plead
But they can't see the light, that's right
'Cause the boy with the cold hard cash
Is always Mister Right
--*Material Girl*, Madonna



☞ The Wall Street Pirates ☞

Also: Taking out the Police Commissioner will lead to a rejuvenation amongst the police force and a vast rise in morale. While the replacement commissioner will probably want to crack down on vigilantes (along with everything else that's going wrong) he (or she? Probably she ... it fits the genre) will at least have an understanding that some good can come from those who are inspired to fight for the forces of good.



☞ Bruise ☞

HOOKS AND LEADS

Anyone with connections to the police force will hear stories about secret "death squads" wearing blue. If a character is *on* the force they might be contacted ... or told to look the other way. "Bruise" is in good standing on paper but the (hushed) rumor is that he and his men oversee mega-violence where the Police Commissioner's flow of money is threatened.

A swath of vandalism and corporate espionage has swept across Wall Street. Shipments have been hijacked, truck yards burned, and data stolen. Reports suggest a band of colorfully dressed "buccaneers" who know how to strike at the heart of a corporation's profit structure. The Wall Street Pirates employ a small group of men who assist them but conduct most of their operations themselves, using their VTOL hovercraft like a modern day galleon assaulting corporate targets at the hundredth floor of skyscrapers. Characters may encounter the pirates in their civilian ID's, may run across the lower-level operations carried out by their underlings, or may face them in full regalia during one of their high-profile attacks.

ARCHITECTS OF GREED

Police Commissioner Hugh Lackwell: Lackwell is the guiding light behind the police forces inefficiency. A network of payoffs funnels money into his coffers. He has toxic dumping in the foundations of new housing projects, protection rackets in China Town and Little Italy, and witness-silencing with a menu of options (Threaten Family, Kidnap Children, Broken Lets, Blinding, The Dirt Nap). His enforcer, mixing the black of his heart with the blue of his uniform is called "Bruise,"—the dirtiest of dirty cops.

The Wall Street Pirates: The Wall Street Pirates are destroying massive quantities of wealth so that they can make a few more millions of dollars. What they lack in morality, they make up in style: their hovercraft—a stealth and hover-capable VTOL flying machine allows them lightning fast strikes into the heart of the financial district and ensured getaways (even if the cops wanted to follow them, they couldn't).

OPERATIONS

Here are some of the ways that Greed may be encountered in the city:

- **Help Us:** A coalition of small-time restaurant owners might approach the characters and ask for help against a vicious protection racket. The cops look the other way when the enforcers come. An investigation will show that the cops are being diverted by a dispatch operator at the time of the attacks—while the trail might go cold there (the dispatch operator has received very compelling death threats but doesn't know directly from who) it will start to point to the police hierarchy.
- **The Beatings Will Continue:** While massive crimes go unpunished uptown, in the barrio police violence is on the rise. Why? Someone wants it that way. A group of teenagers have video footage of cops on a search and destroy mission—and a shadowy image of Bruise and his team coming to the scene. They're hiding. The cops and the media are looking for them. Will the characters get there first?
- **Warning:** A member of the police force tries to contact the characters "off the record." He gives them a warning that there's going to be a big media push and action by the police force to bring down the vigilantes. He says that someone "up top" doesn't like them interfering in his plans. If pressed, he gives them some information about where the death squad hangs out. Bruise and his personal guard may be encountered—but before they can be defeated the rest of the force will show up.
- **Buy Out:** At some point the Police Commissioner will try to buy the characters off. He can offer 2 million each but they gotta leave the city. He is surrounded by trained men and wearing a bullet proof vest.
- **Showdown:** At some point the police (with helicopters and search lights and dogs and SWAT teams) will begin a search and destroy attempt across the city. This is predicated on the kidnap of a wealthy socialites daughter by Bruise and his squad. If the characters can rescue her they can break the back of the anti-vigilante movement.
- **Vandalism:** Characters on patrol may run into the ground forces of the Pirates. They'll learn the code names—but the breaking and entering teams have no way to finger their masters.
- **Party Time:** the characters (some at least) are at an opening party for NetProfits™, a rebirth of Internet profitability: the company that will make the Web money again. During the gala affair the skylights break and the Pirates show up, trashing computer systems and terrifying guests—they have guards as well and their hovercraft outside. The attack doesn't destroy NetProfits (everything is backed up) but their Initial Public Offering plunges due to the publicity that the Pirates have them in their sights! If the characters can get changed in time, hopefully the men they've brought will give them cover to escape.
- **Body Guards:** a philanthropist investor is being threatened by the pirates (he has met with them in their in-character Id's). He has his men contact the characters to go with him to a third meeting—to tell them he will not back off. The encounter can be more talking than fighting (the philanthropist does not want a shoot out—just some back up) but the combat may come later as the pirates try to make good on his threats.
- **Follow that hovercraft:** The hovercraft is striking with impunity (and a good deal of flair). If the characters have an inventor or gadget user they can try to stage an ambush for the flying machine having an on-deck (and on camera—there are news helicopters) battle with the Wall Street Pirates.

Name: Bruise [Jake Lack]

30	PHY	13	STR 15	BLD 18	CON 13
5	REF	11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11
	INT	10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 11

Total	35			
Total	90.85	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	52	17	52	104
Init	16-			

Base Damage	14pts
Streetfighting Punch	14pts
Baton Strike	12pts
Baton Block	16-
Grapple	20/17

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 3	--
Warlord	1P
Mighty	1P
Agent Training	1P
Leader L2	8
Presence L2	8
Big +5	11.25
Total	27.25

Defects

Sadistic	-2
Enemy: Internal Affairs agent Linda McCall who is trying to break the case (although she is stymied by the Commissioner)	-1
Not careful	-2

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3	Streetfighting	AGI	D	2	12-
21	Weapons	AGI	D	3	15-
0	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	13-
4.15	Drive Police Car	COR	N	3	13-
2.15	Streetwise	MEM	N	2	13-
2.15	Surveillance	RES	N	2	12-
2.15	Police Procedure	MEM	N	2	12-
28.6	Total (-6pts)				

Description: Bruise is big and brutal. While not smart, he has a wily intelligence and a cruel bent. He isn't a good cop—but that statement doesn't begin to define him—in a lot of ways, he's a bad as a cop can go. He wears a black parody of the NYPD uniform when he and his "death squad" are out working. He carries a night stick with a spike through it (and the coroner's office knows its exact dimensions well).

He does as he's told and enjoys it (whether it be rubbing out witnesses who came to the police for protection or "keeping the peace" by breaking troublemaker's jaws in the poor sections of town). His men are stone cold killers as well—the worst of the force gathered together under the control of Lackwell, the crooked Police Commissioner.

Style: Bruise has the style of a hard-boiled egg. He's blunt and bland and nasty. He's mean enough to laugh at a man whose legs he's broken but not clever enough to figure out when he's in real danger. Unafraid of being caught as a bad cop (Internal Affairs has been nullified by the commissioner) he wears his badge when "in character" and the people on the streets go the other way when they see him cruising in his black cruiser.

Gear: Spiked Baton. It hits for +5 damage and uses staff skill. He can also use the spike to make it penetrating (still using staff skill).

Black Cruiser: It's a Crown Victoria with the police package but it isn't a police car. It has police radio though, the cage in the back, a shotgun rack and the spot light—but there's no insignia and the back seat smells like blood. It has 6pts of exterior armor, a better than average acceleration, and 50% more damage points than a normal car of its type (the exact rules will be in the JAGS Vehicular Combat Section which will be released after this book). 1GP

Name: James Teach (Black Beard)

5	PHY	11	STR 11	BLD 11	CON 11
15	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 12
30	INT	13	RES 13	MEM 13	WIL 13
Total	50				
Total	102.75	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	37	12	37	72	
Init	20-				

Base Damage	7pts
Streetfighting Punch	7pts
.45 Magnum	9 PEN
Streetfighting Block	11-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Criminal Mastermind	2P

Wealth	16
Presence L4	16
Flair	4
Total	32

Defects	Pts
Pompous	-1
Alcoholic	-3
Cocky	-1

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.25	Streetfightning	AGI	D	2	13-
3.25	Guns	COR	D	2	13-
2.25	Stealth	AGI	N	2	14-
4.75	Merchant	RES	N	3	16-
4.75	Law	RES	N	3	16-
4.75	Economics	RES	N	3	16-
4.25	Accounting	RES	N	3	16-
2.25	Shadowing	AGI	N	2	14-
4.25	Lock Pick	AGI	N	3	14-
4.75	Crime	RES	N	3	16-
4.25	Revelry	RES	N	3	14-
42.75	-28 = 14.75				

Description: Teach is the leader of the Wall Street Pirates and he is the one who put the operation together. By day he is a wealthy owner of a large stock broker firm on the street. He (like many before him) realized that speculating would be so much simpler and more profitable if he made his own luck. Now he does.

Style: The Pirate ethic was never in question—but Teach knew that adopting a pirate *style* would have an added bonus: when the Wall Street Pirates "raise the skull and crossbones" against a target company its stock plummets. Even if the company is hard to damage (and Teach knows how to damage a company!) just the specter of a raid or data theft or sabotage drives away investors. And so he gets to be theatrical as well when he makes an appearance. What a bonus!

In character Teach wears pirate regalia including an eyepatch and carrying a cutlass (he doesn't fight with it). He wears a red coat with gold trim.

Name: Matt "the kid(d)" Walker

13	PHY	11	STR 13	BLD 09	CON 11
25	REF	13	COR 13	REA 15	AGI 13
13	INT	11	RES 13	MEM 11	WIL 11

Total	51				
Total	76.25	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	11 [32]	11	32	64	
Init	20-				

Base Damage	7pts
Boxing Punch	9pts
Boxing Cross	12pts
Streetfighting Block	14-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Criminal Mastermind	1P

Wealth	4
Total	4

Defects	Pts
Craven	-1
Vengeful	-2
Never Pleased	-2
Short -2 build	-0

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.5	Boxing	AGI	D	3	14-
7.5	Guns	COR	D	3	14-
4.25	Merchant	RES	N	3	14-
4.75	Law	RES	N	3	14-
4.25	Economics	RES	N	3	14-
4.25	Accounting	RES	N	3	14-
4.25	Merchant	RES	N	3	14-
7.5	Mathematics	RES	N	3	14-
40.25	-14				

Description: The Kid is a whiz-kid who Teach recruited to back him up. At the age of 20 (barely) he is a fresh-faced boy who already has a grown cynic's venom. He is a nasty strategist, a sarcastic, obnoxious, and often brilliant economist and economics whiz. While he doesn't yet supercede the old man (Teach) he's far younger and still getting stronger.

Style: Walker likes breaking companies ... and he *loves* money. He isn't much into the pirate thing ("it's gay") but he does as he's told. For a while he had a hook, but now he carries two 9mm guns fashioned to look a bit like muskets.

Name: Bartholomew Roberts (the great pirate)

5	PHY	10	STR	BLD	CON
			10	10	12
13	REF	11	COR	REA	AGI
			13	11	11
30	INT	13	RES	MEM	WIL
			13	13	13
Total	48				
Total	83.25	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	13 [34]	11	32	64	
Punch	5				
Init	16-				

Base Damage	5pts
9mm Beretta	6 PEN
Block	11-
Grapple	9/7

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Gadgetry	2P
Likable L 2	8
Attractive L 2	4
Rugged	3
Wealth	8
Total	23

Defects

Smug	-1
Sly	-1
Overconfidence	-3

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.5	Guns	COR	D	2	14-
2.5	Pilot (hovercraft)	COR	N	2	15-
7.5	Mathematics	RES	N	3	14-
7.5	Computers	RES	N	3	14-
7.5	Physics	RES	N	3	14-
7.5	Mechanics	RES	N	3	14-
4.25	Electronic Underground	RES	N	3	14-
40.25	-28 = 12.25				

Description: Roberts was tough for Teach to recruit. For one thing he wasn't an stock broker or analyst—he was an inventor—a bankrupt inventor. At first Teach tried to simply buy out his inventions (a hover craft, electromagnetic cannons, a radar and visual sight "jammer")—but Roberts wouldn't sell. So Teach took a risk and appealed to his anger.

Roberts had been courted by the government with weapons contracts and then abandoned when they had what they needed. Teach's gamble paid off: Roberts was willing to be on board—but as a full member. That meant, Teach said, the man had to fight with them. Roberts was fine with that too.

Roberts is thoughtful and a bit older than the rest (he has some gray hairs). He sees (or saw) the group as a chance to shake things up and make people realize that while the big guys easily screw the little guys, sometimes it goes the other way around. Now, he's not so sure.

Style: Roberts is "in the game." He wears the pirate regalia (he carries an electro-magnetic "Shok Gun" that looks like a blunderbuss rifle). He has rigged a robotic parrot (which says 'Pieces of Eight'—and a few other, less polite things) to sit on his shoulder. In a tight spot it can be thrown as a 18X damage grenade.

He *does* enjoy the action—the audacity, and the relative lack of visceral violence. Lately, though, seeing the jobs they've destroyed, the companies they have damaged, and the ever-consuming greed for *more* he has begun to doubt.

Gear: The hovercraft is a 4 GP device. It can take off and land like a helicopter (it has lush appointments and big fans underneath it). It is invisible to radar and can cruise at 400mph (outrunning helicopters). It has a fog system that can disperse almost a quarter mile of haze that it can vanish into. It makes no sound.

Shok Rifle: This is an anti-computer EMP weapon. A blast will cause electronics to smoke and spark (it is nearly instantly fatal to a main-frame—even through a door or security wall—but not a vault or Faraday Cage. It has no effect on people. 1GP

Name: Mary Reed

2	PHY	10	STR 10	BLD 09	CON 11
15	REF	12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12
15	INT	12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 12

Total 32

Total 69.65 **Mnr** **Mjr** **Crt**

DP 31 10 31 62

Punch 5

Init 17-

Base Damage	5pts
.45 Smith and Wesson	10 PEN
Streetfighting Punch	7pts
Streetfighting Block	13-
Grapple	12/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Criminal Mastermind	1P

Attractive L1	2
Wealth	2

Total 6

Defects

Vain	-1
Pyromaniac	-3
Bloodthirsty	-2
Light (-1 BLD)	0
Foul mouthed	0

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.25	Streetfighting	AGI	D	3	14-
6.25	Demolitions	MEM	N	3	15-
14.25	Locksmith	RES	N	4	15-
6.25	Disarm Security	RES	N	3	15-
4.25	Escape Artist	COR	N	3	14-
4.15	Crime	RES	N	3	13-
3.25	Firearms	COR	D	2	13-
47.65	Total (-14)				
33.65					

Description: Teach found Reed in a criminal asylum. She had been (and still was) a thief of great renowned. She was known for her breaking and entering skills—her ability to crack high security vaults, and her expertise with explosives. All were things he could use! All he had to do was break her out and provide her with fake credentials.

She works in the brokerage house where her temper, her mouth, and her absolute lack of real economics skills cause constant problems. Teach is okay with that: when the team needs to blow their way in (or out) of a building there's nobody quite like Mary.

Style: She has the spirit of a buccaneer—crude, wild, and free. She was interred in the asylum for having constant pyromania problems and some difficulties with "reality"—however now that she's out and with a flying band of pirates her issues with "the real world" seem to have cleared up.

She is bloodthirsty in that she'll fight and, if allowed, even kill (Teach considers that bad business and has thus far prevented her)—but she keeps asking. She takes orders well however, and is a team player (as long as she keeps getting to blow things up). She wears a yellow and blue loose silk outfit, wears (but usually doesn't draw and wave) a cutlass, and has a sack full of simtex and detonators (as well as other tools).

ENVY

emulation adapted to the meanest capacity--Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

You see this woman on a T.V. show
She's drippin' in diamonds from head to toe
They make you believe it's the status quo
You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go
--*Touch and Go* Emerson Lake and Palmer

The Green-Eyed Monster has turned its head towards the city and New York has begun to feel the squeeze of its embrace. It's everywhere, in the airwaves, on the billboards, on the two-story TV's in Time's Square—hell—it *is* Times Square (at least Envy and Greed and Pride can fight it out there)!

ENVY IN THE CITY

Envy's plan is to *envelope*. Everyone within its grasp is to be caught up in jealous longing for what they do not have. Those that do have must strive ever higher. Those with the most will feel the greatest void—Envy's hunger cannot be sated by feeding it.

Envy conspires to make you hate what you have and covet what you don't. Fashion Gangs assault those who shop in tony up-scale stores (and the gangs themselves are comprised of fashionable well off teenagers). Envy leads to a never-ending one-ups-manship. At parties the minions of Envy will strike those who think they've accomplished something.

Cosmetic sales in the city have gotten nasty. Apartment hunting makes you feel worthless. That raise you just got is insignificant and when you turn on the TV you are bombarded with images of a life you will never reach.

SYMPTOM

The Blight of Central Park: the green of central park has expanded into the city itself. The fungus is a sickly color—an off shade—almost a brown. It has become a more dangerous place as the good people stay away in droves. When the forces of Envy are cleared up, the blight will be gone.



~ Rockette ~

HOOKS AND LEADS

Several major power-brokers in the city are playing a dangerous game of chicken (not physical—but in terms of one-upsmanship) against Roger Rice. Some of them are getting suspicious that he's *intentionally targeting them*. He is. Even good men often have egos and Roger Rice gets under their skin every time and in a public fashion. The characters may decide to take him down a peg—or find out that his oracle, an advertising super-star is using him to depress people to sell product.

Several assaults and hushed-up problems in the fashion industry have leaked out. Green and her designer are taking over the scene and people are scared to talk. If the characters start investigating she'll be sent to deal with them.

The Star Power fights and arguments appear on the televised show every night at 6:30. If the characters start breaking up the fights they'll discover that the producers *want* them to happen (and get bonuses if they do). If they start making a dent in the program Rockett will be sent to take care of them ... on camera.

ARCHITECTS OF ENVY

Candice Sinclair: Madison Avenue wants you to hate your miserable life—that's how they sell products. The Playboy, Roger Rice, is the master of having everything you don't ... and rubbing your face in it. A celebrity by virtue of his arrogant, obnoxious personality ... and friends high up in the advertising world, he goes toe-to-toe with anyone who seems to be leading the good life and makes sure the world sees it.

Meet Candice: She is a petite, blond, pretty advertising exec with cute green eyes. She works for the Madison Avenue Firm Want-Cubed (Want³) and she is a meteorically rising star. She is aware of what she is doing. She is working ceaselessly to make sure that the people she can touch feel the grip of Envy.

Her Ace in the Hole is Playboy. His perfect—has everything you want persona and extravagant public shopping habits make him the perfect foil to show off her wares. If she were someone else, she would embrace others trying to do the same: make their goods the most valued—overvalued—in existence. But she's not—she's herself and often if someone gets too close for her comfort in her bid to pitch the brand-names that the city will slaver for, Playboy gets called to do some wet-work.

Morgan Leyman: Fashion is the arena of Envy: vanity is its twin. In the world of high fashion super-models vie for the right look, the right clothes, the right designer. In the high-fashion world of New York, Morgan Leyman has the ultimate weapon: Green. A super-model herself, she is the spoiler, the enforcer, and the iron fist behind his smoothly spoken velvet glove. She doesn't rob banks ... she ruins lives and careers.

Meet Morgan: he's a fashion designer who is blazing trails with the ultra-elite. In the ultra-violet spectrum of the fashion world Morgan Leyman's name is spoken with venom and longing. His boutiques require an *application* to shop at—and some of the wealthiest are turned away (not to mention everyone else). Shopping there is for masochists anyway: the

staff will coldly tell you if your figure isn't perfect for the latest dress—or that you are *not* flattered by the latest fashions. He has gone on the record as saying that he would rather destroy a line of clothes rather than allow a common person to wear it.

Green is his fashion-queen, showing the world what a perfect physique, a perfect face, and a perfect body can do—and doing *damage* with it. *Green* wears the fashions he designs on the runway and shapes the fashion world from behind the scenes. He doesn't control her—not exactly—but they are bound to each other: to her he holds the clothes she needs for meaning and to him she is the perfect deadly mannequin to hang them on.

Gregor Rycliffe: The media is also fanning the fires of envy and covetousness. Reality programming has already brought a roman-gladiator-esque sense of the absurd to our living rooms. Now, taking cruelty-entertainment to a new level, *Star Power*, *The Talent Search Show*® is spawning televised violence across the city ... and the ratings *love it*.

Meet Gregor: he is a TV show producer you might have heard of. He did that run of really popular (and really cruel) game shows back in the 80's before they got passé. He did a faux-reality TV show where struggling actors were given millions and a jet-set lifestyle and then each week they held a contest to take it away from one of them. Audiences LOVE seeing the formerly rich thrown back down off of their Olympus.

Now he's the king of talent searches. He builds Girl-Bands (the next big thing), and green lighted *Star Power*, NYC's ultimate Talent Search. He's tapped into a vein and he means to mine it dry. He knows the effect mass-media has on the culture ... he can look down from his office and feel the jealous anger boiling up off the streets—and he thinks what a windfall it will be for him.

OPERATIONS

Here are some encounters with Envy the characters might face:

- Fashion Gangs: Fashion Gangs are groups of well-healed teens in designer clothes who ambush and savage shoppers at stores above *their* level of wealthy. The characters will certainly want to put a stop to that.
- Fashion Show: A model talks publicly about the enforcers in the industry and then drops out of sight. The tabloids guess she may have been killed—but investigation finds her, bloated, obese, and with bad skin tone. She tells of teams with blowguns that have gene-therapy tipped darts that ruin ones appearance ... permanently. She tells them about *Green*.
- At an opening of an art gallery in a very posh area of town, *Green* shows up and, speaking sardonically, trashes the place: the owner didn't make the right pay-offs. Another gallery is opening and the PC's might be there.
- *Star Power* violence is getting out of hand. A character patrolling will see two rival band members fighting with each other while a TV crew drinks it in.
- At a high society party the characters meet Rockette in her public Id (they don't know—or maybe they do know—but most people don't that she's the hostess of *Star Power*).
- The Playboy targets a high society character, insulting him or her in the tabloids and then proceeding to try to goad them into a high cost power struggle. The character notes a ad-campaign built around the struggle. If the character tries to "get out of the game" the Playboy will put the muscle on them.

- The characters are invited *in costume* to a party where the Playboy will be attending. They are told he's a dangerous character and the person wants them there—he also wants to see The Playboy eat humble pie for once.
- Sibling Rivalry: Green is vain and jealous (so is The Playboy, for that matter). None of them rival Pride's Narcissus when it comes to self-absorption though. At some high-society gatherings all three are there and the tension is thick. If one of the PC's is very attractive (Level 3 or 4) they may be targeted as well!

NOTE: Star Power can be shut down by following the food-chain to the top and publicizing that it's designed to cause misery and televise violence. Green and her cadre can be beaten. The Playboy is harder to nullify. If the PC's can cause him to lose face publicly he will opt for violent retribution. If he's beaten there, he will slink away.

Name: *The Playboy* [Rodger Rice]

30	PHY	13	STR 15	BLD 15	CON 13
30	REF	13	COR 13	REA 13	AGI 13
15	INT	12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 13
Total	75				
Total	123.7	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	[46]	15	46	92	
Init	19-				

Base Damage	13pts
Boxing Punch	15pts
Boxing Cross	18pts
Block	14-
Grapple	17/15

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 3	--
Detective +4 perception	2P
Mighty +2 STR	1P
Wealthy	8
Attractive L3	8
Tall +2 build	5
Flair L3	4
Total	25

Defects

	Pts
Never plans for defeat	-1
Always takes everything personally	-2
Enemy: Police	-3

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.5	Firearms	COR	D	2	14-
7.5	Boxing	AGI	D	3	14-
4.15	Surveillance	RES	N	3	14-
4.15	Streetwise	MEM	N	3	14-
14.15	Revelry	RES	N	4	16-
4.25	Tracking	RES	N	3	14
2.25	Tactics	RES	N	2	14
2.5	Climbing	AGI	N	2	15
2.25	Traps	RES	N	2	14
2.5	Stealth	AGI	N	2	15
2.25	Etiquette	MEM	N	2	14
29.7	Total 49.7 -				20

Description: He's got the look! He's got a suave style and impeccable clothes. He's got a chiseled face and windswept hair and sparkling blue eyes. He also has a smug, sardonic smile (perfect teeth!) and an aura that says he thinks he's better than you—*all of you*.

Style: The Playboy lives to run other people down. He loves the game of one-upmanship and he loves to goad people past their limits (usually running home in disgrace, sometimes attacking—an unwise move as he is a deadly combatant).

In his role as fashion torpedo for Want³ Advertising, he uses his fashion and style contacts to engage others in public struggles for being the object of envy.

Name: *Green* [Astra Vannedean]

15+12	PHY	12	STR 12	BLD 09	CON 14
15+5	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 13
5	INT	11	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL 11
Total	52				
Total	84.05	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	16 [36]	12	36	72	
Init	20-				

Base Damage	10pts
Kung Fu Punch	11pts
Kung Fu Kick	13pts
Block	16-
Grapple	13/11

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 3	--
Quick L2	2P
Manic L1	1P

Attractive L4	12
Wealth (Millionaire)	4
Flair L2	2
Total	18

Defects

Light (-3 BLD)	0
Consumed with Envy	-2
Enemy: Alice Holmes, reporter for Weekly Midnight Star (on the trail of the Fashion Assassins)	-3
No sense of humor	-1
Bad Reputation (extreme Diva/Bitch)	-2

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.75	Kung Fu	AGI	D	3	15-
2.15	Etiquette	MEM	N	2	13-
2.15	Riding	COR	N	2	13-
14.05	Total				

Description: Astra Vannedean is a New York Fashion model known for her cool attitude of disdain towards those less refined, beautiful, and wealthy than she. She has hordes of adoring fans (a depressing amount of whom are young women) whom she is famous for publicly humiliating when they meet with her.

Despite her natural talent, she is not satisfied nor sedate: she runs a secret, crack team of "fashion assassins" whose existence is whispered about (and officially they do not exist). Their jobs are to disfigure anyone who might challenge her looks or stature as a pre-eminent fashion model and the "fairest of them all." They use acid, dirty tricks, sneak fluids loaded with carbohydrates into diet drinks, and otherwise seek to sabotage those whom she turns her icy green eyes upon.

Style: On the street her name is *Green*. She wears a tight metallic green outfit with fighting gloves that look a little like karate hand-gear (thick gloves that cover the striking surface of the fist). Instead of housing padding, they house tightly packed ball bearings (the damage is normal—not treated as a weapon—but the gear protects her beautiful fingers). She wears round-lenses electric-green glowing goggles (night-vision) and a head-set radio.

Operations: Green has her own personal deals with organized crime (sometimes helping them out as a troubleshooter). She is known for fixing things at a very high level in the fashion world but will also be seen at other stylish events as a spoiler for her patron's enemies.

Any person (Fast Co or not) who is beautiful, stylish, or a media star (and is not paying homage to Green) may have to deal with her.

Name: *Rockette* [Diana Devon (*Dev-On*)]

0+5	PHY	10	STR 10	BLD 07	CON 12
30+7	REF	13	COR 13	REA 16	AGI 14
5+3	INT	11	RES 12	MEM 11	WIL 11
Total	50				
Total	84.95	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	12 [32]	11	32	64	
Init	16-				

Base Damage	5pts
Cross	6pts
Kick	7pts
Block	14-
Grapple	9/7

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Agent Training	1P
Gadget User	1P
Wealthy	2
Attractive L2	12
Artistic Genius: Music	4
Flair L1	1
Total	19

Defects

Light (-3 BLD)	0
Manic Thrill Seeker	-2
Enemy: Police	-3

Gear

Rockets	GP
Wrist-Rockets: ROF 1, Holds 4, -1/5", X 18 damage (2 yard RAD)	1
Jump Boots: Long move for 10 yards across or 5 yards straight up. Holds 5 charges.	1
Rocket Guitar: Looks like a guitar (plays with built in speakers, fires rockets like wrist-rocket launcher. It holds six). It can "screech" with an 8 REA Long action that does 8pts of damage each turn to everyone not wearing protective hearing gear in a 4 yard radius.	2

It can cancel sound (+3 to Stealth) with a musical instrument roll for the user (silence filed)

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.5	Firearms	COR	D	2	14-
6	Musical Instrument	RES	N	3	15-
2.15	Etiquette	MEM	N	2	13-
2.15	Streetwise	MEM	N	2	13-
2.15	Revelry	COR	N	2	13-
15.95	Total				

Agent Training

2	Climbing	AGI	N	2	12
2	Stealth	AGI	N	2	12
2	Locksmith	AGI	N	2	12

Description: Diana Devon is the host of the New York based Talent Search TV hit show Star Power. She is a dazzling rock-start turned hostess for the show that promises to make one lucky contestant per season a mega-star.

Now in its third hit season, the city is blanketed with promotions and media-blitz advertisements for Star Power. The show itself takes a really, really large group of young women and pits them against each other in a Darwinian bid to be the chosen one. Through their desperate back-stabbing, envy-filled, broadcasts, Diana's cheery voice narrates their lives to the audience.

Although she is known as the show's hostess, she is, more clandestinely, the show's producer. From her penthouse apartment, she devises ways to make the agony of the show's contestants more and more acute (there have been several attempted suicides). The show's tag line is "One Star Burns the Brightest—the others Burn Out." She has lines of clothing that sell in specialized stores to help separate the haves from the have-nots.

Style: In her private life Diana is *Rockette*, a thrill-seeking agent of chaos dressed as an 80's rock star (wears a wild-haired wig, dark sunglasses, and, a sort of punk wardrobe). She wears a heavy wrist-mounted rocket launcher on her right arm, heavy boots (with thrusters in them, and carries a guitar with special abilities that can be combat slung if she has to fight).

Operations: Rockette is hooked into the underground scene. She is admired by the shadow world of pseudo-celebrity and gets invited in her persona to all the edgy parties (her public ID is a bit "nice" and straight-laced).

GLUTTONY

Gluttony Is Not A Secret Vice --Orson Wells

You think of fat? You think of great pink smooth expanses of flesh and wet, quivering mouths yawning to be fed? Yes—yes that is gluttony—but think again. Gluttony is *consumption*. Gluttony is *waste*. Gluttony is *need*. You pump gluttony into the cavernous tank of your SUV and watch it in High Definition Color on your wide-screen TV. Gluttony is coming.

But that's not the end of it—Gluttony's opposite virtue isn't *skinny*—it's Sobriety. So nothing in moderation, eh? Especially not *moderation*. The narcotics trade humms and reverberates with Gluttony: the overindulgence for the pure sake of pleasure is definitive of the vice. The new pharmaceuticals that wrack the city are spawned in the belly of Gluttony as sure as the plates overfilled with food and the dumpsters overflowing with waste.

GLUTTONY AND THE CITY

Studio '55 is a top of the line, hard-to-get-into night club where drugs flow like water and celebrities can *indulge*. However, it is only the surface of the iceberg. Vice dens, a new drug called *Fuel*, and a shadowy figure who stands

I don't care if my liver is hanging by a thread
don't care if my doctor says I ought to be dead
when my ugly big car won't climb this hill
I'll write a suicide note on a hundred dollar bill
-- *Heavy Fuel, Dire Straights*



↻ The Fat Boy ↻

behind it all is rising in the moral decay of New York City.

As one penetrates the mystery one will find deeper and deeper levels of depravity—of forbidden pleasures and shattered taboos. Fuel, distributed by Party Animal, who holds illegal raves of depraved wantonness is part of the picture. So are the Heavies, an obese cannibalistic sect that operates as a street gang. At the top of this web is the Sybarite, a hermaphrodite with almost hypnotic powers of persuasion and a deep understanding of vice.

On the other side of town is a different type of consumption: a figure—some say a devil—has blown in out of the drying oil fields of Texas. He calls himself 'The Texan' (when he speaks at all) and he is a whispered legend—a boogey man feared by lawmen and criminals alike.



∞ The Texan ∞

While he seems to have no taste for the weaknesses of the flesh, he is *insane*. His men (and his organization is growing) deal imported cars that violate environmental control standards, oil cartels that he uses to encourage consumption, and a bizarre intent to waste more, consume more, and use more of everything. Stores change their wares, auto-dealerships are told to *push* SUV's, and even the drug trade where he is changes to aggressively push volume discounts.

SYMPTOM

Clouds of smog hover over the city, choking it at dawn and dusk. Air alerts are common place and medical authorities fear cancer rates will rise. When the forces of Gluttony are defeated cool winds from the north will sweep down and cleanse the skies.

HOOKS AND LEADS

Anyone with an Streetwise skill will know that some major deals go down in Studio '55. Characters that live on the edge and have some weird habits

themselves will have heard of (or be introduced to) the Sybarite. Characters on the Rave Scene will know about *fuel* and Party Animal.

The Texan is a somewhat different story. At the beginning of the game he will be a shadowy figure who is battling the Syndicate (Organized Crime) because he is *taking over* factions of it—and doing it very effectively. Then the characters may become aware of his racketeering practices: within his domain consumption is *strongly* encouraged. Gas prices drop (this causes complaints from the station managers ... and from any organized crime that is attached to them). Drug deals become more open and protected (from the police) ... and paradoxically safer (he wants to encourage them). Automobile dealerships are told to push SUV's over any other vehicle and, under threat, wind up doing so. The trails back lead to The Texan.

ARCHITECTS OF GLUTTONY

Hans Startin: The manager and owner of the Studio '55 Night Club in Midtown Manhattan is a very rich man. His club always has a line outside it and the scene inside is one people have (literally) killed to get into. While it looks like an upscale dance-club/restaurant, it has a darker venue under its skin. It has a sub-basement, a hidden club beneath it called *The Vomitorium*. This is an invite only place where many of the Fast Company celebrities meet. Styled after the Roman hall of the same function, guests gorge and then purge (using electrical stimulation of the throat for first timers) and then consume again. Food is not the only appetite indulged here: drugs and lust are also sated.

Behind Sartin is The Sybarite, the grand host and almost mythical force behind the *Vomitorium*. The Sybarite is there to see to it that your hungers are stoked and the fires fed.

The Heavies: The Heavies are a monstrosity: a gang of massively, morbidly obese cannibals who roam the city (they move undercover in dark vans) striking and gruesomely devouring their prey. They don't speak much and they act as an enforcer for the Sybarite whom they serve.

The Texan: The Texan is a mystery. Eight years ago on the dusty, dry-mouthed oil fields of southern Texas, a man came (on the edge of the worst dust-storm of the decade, some say) in a black truck and a wide brimmed hat that cast his face in shadow. He began working as an agent to Earl Werster, one of the biggest, dirtiest oilmen left. Before the decade was out, Earl was dead and the Texan was in control of 18% of the operational oilfields in the state—they were all going dry.



∞ The Sybarite ∞

He was, it was said, never a man to cross—even a little—even a microscopic amount. The deep empty wells became tombs for his enemies. Now he is promoting his own strange brand of conspicuous consumption—and using muscle to do it. Where he touches organized crime, it becomes more *consumer oriented* and more *accessible*.

Party Animal (and Fuel): The latest drug on the streets is called Fuel and the easiest way to buy is in the illegal raves that are springing up across the city. If the raves are the flames, the moths are young people drawn to them—and they're drawn by *Party Animal*, the self-proclaimed world's best DJ and rocker. *Animal* runs a pirate radio station that gives Alice-In-Wonderland style clues as to where the next mega-rave will be held (and distributes the information through a network of dealers)—and when you get there ... when you get there it's a mosh pit you wouldn't believe, padded mats on the floor for rampant, wanton sex, buffets of food (and people gorging themselves, high on fuel, unable to stop). In the center of the web whether dancing or spinning tunes is *Animal*, writhing to the beat.

OPERATIONS

Here are some operations that the characters may encounter with Gluttony

- The Heavies strike! Tracking them down is harder than it should be—but twice as gruesome. There are two gangs and dedicated players will probably encounter the non *Fast* one first. When they strike the block the exits and enter, slaying and eating all within a building.

- Infiltration: A character(s) gets invited to Studio '55 in his private ID (wins an admission or something) and gets to talk to characters like Dr. Nothing, Rockette, Narcissus, The Playboy, etc. If the character is interested, he is approached by the Sybarite and given a test.
- The Test: A businessman (or some of the players as above) has a chance to get into a disturbing *scene*. He doesn't trust what's going on—and contacts the PC's. The Sybarite has 'tapped' him and wants to see if he'll 'play.' The test is a series of rooms in a disgusting abandoned looking building where the person is given a choice of taboo appetites to indulge (these are left to your imagination here—but think Clive Barker level disturbing). If he does, moving through each chamber, he is given a private access card to the *Vomitorium*. The characters may accompany him—there is some danger—several fetish-fashioned thugs will rough up the applicant if they are squeamish (the characters can intervene). While this will not reveal the location of the secret club, the characters will know it exists. The business man will vanish some time later (none of the major players appear at the test site—everyone is a hireling who has no connection to their masters).
- The *Vomitorium*: the characters become aware of a river of decadence and drugs that is flowing through the city. The (true) word is out in very contained circles that *The Vomitorium* is going to start holding executions for the enjoyment of its depraved guests (some gladiator style ... some just plain coliseum style). They can shut it down.
- Deadly Raves: a few bodies have turned up overdosed from Fuel. Tracking the problem to its source will find some heavily armed dealers ... and clues to the existence of Party Animal.
- Let's Get This Party Started: Once the characters are tapped in, they can find the next event—but Animal isn't easy to find—he'll speak to the characters over the speaker-sound system (they can break it up—but they'll probably want to go easy on the teenage toughs who try to stop them). But Animal is on the case now.
- The Next Venue: If Party Animal wants to meet them, he can arrange that—in an arena that is sold out by the Sybarite—who knows the kinds of people who dig on blood-sports. *Party Animal* isn't (probably) going to kill anybody—but he'll certainly hospitalize his foes ...and the proprietors of the arena might not be so forgiving.
- The Texan Strikes: The characters find out that organized crime is having some problems in a fairly nice area of town. This leads them to a lieutenant of the Texan. They learn the story (the legend) and maybe have an encounter or two.
- Confrontation: The Texan is hard to beat in anything approximating a fair fight. However he has a major weakness (so to speak): the Mayor hates him. The Texan is part of no one's plan but his own and Mayor Hambry despises him for it. Several Fast Company battles have already happened. When the final showdown comes, although the Texan is not fighting for the "good guys," he will/may wind up battling organized crime and one of the Mayor's and Police Commissioner's death squads. Common enemies may make him a temporary ally of the characters.

Name: *Fat Boy* [Charles Baxter]

30	PHY	13	STR 13	BLD 36	CON 13
5	REF	11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11
-5	INT	09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09
Total	30				
Total	79.7	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	69	23	69	138	
Init	16-				

Base Damage	14pts
Streetfighting Punch	16pts
Streetfighting Kick	18pts
Block	12-
Grapple	21/18

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Large and Dangerous L2	2P
Fat +8	16
Tough +4	4
Total	20

Defects

Enraged if Weird Al Yankovitch song "Fat" is played – fights at -2 each turn he doesn't make a WIL roll at -2.	-2
Depraved	-2
Ugly	-3
Phobic: Fear of nuns	-2

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9	Streetfighting	AGI	D	3	13-
7.85	Streetwise	MEM	N	2	13-
5	Firearms	COR	N	2	13-
7.85	Crime	RES	N	2	13-
29.7	Total				

Description: Charles started life thin—his gang was thin. They were called the Lean Wolves. His life ended, effectively, when his gang tried to roll—and perhaps rape, what they thought was a young woman exiting the ferry. It was the Sybarite and its hypnotic powers, drugs, or otherwise unexplained charismatic tidal force caught them and they never escaped. Now the Fat Boy is the leader of The Heavies, a gang which is known for its member's wide girths. Despite seeming somewhat ludicrous, The Heavies are nihilistically dedicated to ultra-violence. They carry small fully automatic pistols and have been cutting a horrific thrill-kill mass-murder spree across the city.

Most horrifically, their attacks have culminated in the cannibalism of some of their victims. There isn't much left of Fat Boy's personality—he has given in to his inner demons and slid down the gullet of his own crazed hungry, damaged imagination.

Oddly—but not as *ironically* as one might imagine, The Heavy's have attacked several up-scale eateries that serve healthy food.

Style: The Fat Boy wears a black leather jacket and pants and no shirt under it. He wears wrap-around bug-eyed sunglasses and carries brass knuckles (for show, his natural HTH damage supercedes the weapon's).

He and his men wear fetishes (pieces of skin and hair) taken from their victims.

Operations: The Heavies are controlled and receive orders from the Sybarite. Their operations seem currently to be a sort of media blitz of atrocities—sort of preparing the city to accept a new level of abominations by their existence—but they also run drugs and protection rackets (the garden needs money, after all) ... and will be called on handle any problems that come the way of the Garden (and they do security there as well).

Name: *The Sybarite*

5+8	PHY	11	STR 11	BLD 08	CON 13
30	REF	13	COR 13	REA 15	AGI 13
30	INT	13	RES 13	MEM 13	WIL 13
Total	73				
Total	146.5	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	44	15	44	88	
Init	20-				

Base Damage	8pts
Punch	8pts
Kick	10pts
Block	17-
Grapple	14/14

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 3	--
Quick	1P
Gadget User x2 (weird powers)	2P
Exotic Lvl 4	12
Total	12
Defects	Pts
Light -3	0
Depraved	-2

The Tongue: Power 14

Minor Effect	Feeling of pleasure
Standard Effect	Intense feeling of pleasure: -2 to combat.
Major Effect	Dazed, roll vs. WIL to recover.
Critical Effect	Immobile. Roll vs. WIL-2 to recover each turn.
Catastrophic Effect	Immobile. Roll vs. WIL-4 each turn to recover.

Beguile: Power 14

Minor Effect	Slightly disoriented. -1 to Perception rolls for 10 min.
Standard Effect	Disoriented: -1 to combat skill rolls for 3 seconds.
Major Effect	Confused: treat as dazed, roll vs. WIL to recover. Will walk towards Sybarite if the Sybarite desires.
Critical Effect	Enthralled: wanders aimlessly for 3 seconds. Will walk toward Sybarite and act (but not act in combat) as desired.
Catastrophic Effect	Catatonic: dreaming for 3 hours. Acts dreamily under control of the Sybarite.

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
14.5	Occult	MEM	N	4	15-
14.5	Hypnotism	RES	D	4	15-
9.5	Tai Chi	AGI	D	3	15-
4.25	Showmanship	RES	N	3	14-
4.5	Vamp	RES	N	3	15-
2.5	Literature	MEM	N	2	15-
2.5	History	MEM	N	2	15-
2.5	Etiquette	MEM	N	2	15-
2.5	Revelry	MEM	N	2	15-
4.25	Diplomat	RES	N	3	14-
61.5	Total				

Description: The Sybarite is a lithe, bald figure—it seems to be female at first—but one cannot be sure. It wears unusual clothing like robes that reveal curvy arms and legs (which house surprising power). It moves with grace and speaks with a soft resonant voice.

It is the proprietor of the *Vomitorium*, a restaurant/lounge where all appetites can be indulged. The Sybarite itself indulges when it wishes with tastes in the extreme realm of the bizarre. It is very dangerous in person and very strange.

Style: its attire hides its gender (it is a hermaphrodite under the garb) but beyond that, clothing is woven into fresh piercing through the skin, fresh, extreme mutilations seem to be healed in a week and replaced with new ones, and its jewelry is always using semi-precious stones.

Vampiric Tongue: The Sybarite has a pierced tongue—but instead of just a metal stud, it is a surgical needle that sucks blood. His blood type allows universal transfusions and the blood goes directly into his. The system injects a powerful euphoric. Treat as a Toxin attack 2 GP, must win a Grapple Contest with a Major Success and penetrate armor (damage is 2pts).

Beguile: The Sybarite can beguile with his eyes. This is a Resisted attack (2GP). It may try to beguile one person per action—but multiple attempts in the same day are at a cumulative -1. It may not be tried more than once a second on a given person.

Vanish: Using a "hypnotic technique" the Sybarite can seem to vanish into thin air. This is an 8 REA Long move action that must allow him to run to cover. Targets make WIL rolls at -3 or they see him seem to disappear.

Name: *The Texan* [Unknown]

50	PHY	14	STR	BLD	CON
			14	34	14
5+8	REF	11	COR	REA	AGI
			13	14	11
5	INT	11	RES	MEM	WIL
			11	11	11

Total 68

Total		Mnr	Mjr	Crt
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DP	71	24	71	142
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Init	19-
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Base Damage	17pts
Boxing Punch	18pts
Boxing Cross	21pts
Block	13-
Grapple	24/22

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 4	--
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Large and Dangerous L2	2P
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Bronzed L2	1P
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Presence L4	12
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Total	18
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Defects	Pts
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Crazy Plan: take over gas, make people buy SUV's ... nuts ...	-2
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Dedicated to Consumption	-2
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Honorable	-2
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Enemy: Mayor Hambry	-5
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Enemy: Syndicate	-3
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Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
	Wrestling	AGI	D	2	13-
	Boxing	AGI	N	2	13-
	Firearms	COR	N	3	15-
	Streetwise	MEM	N	3	14-
	Driving	COR	N	3	15-
	Crime	MEM	N	2	13-
	Business	RES	N	2	13-

14.05 **Total**

Description: The Texan is a mystery. Eight years ago on the dusty, dry-mouthed oil fields of southern Texas, a man came (on the edge of the worst dust-storm of the decade, some say) in a black truck and a wide brimmed hat that cast his face in shadow. He began working as an agent to Earl Werster, one of the biggest, dirtiest oilmen left. Before the decade was out, Earl was dead and the Texan was in control of 18% of the operational oilfields in the state—they were all going dry.

He was, it was said, never a man to cross—even a little—even a microscopic amount. The deep empty wells became tombs for his enemies.

Style: The Texan is *huge* (tall and dark—not fat)—his face is shrouded in shadow from his hat and he speaks very rarely and with a stage whisper. He drives a massive SUV. It is said he is impossible to kill—that he will re-animate if shot dead. There is always an air and smell of smoke around him—he has a penchant for arson as well.

He carries a pump shotgun loaded with slugs: 20 PEN damage, ROF 2, -1/15 yards. Holds 8 shots.

Operations: The Texan is taking over the gasoline business in New York. Stations and trucks pay him a tribute. Organized crime is split between playing on his team and dreading going up against him.

To consume his oil, he is going a step further into lunacy: dealerships in his territories are given quotas of gas-guzzler vehicles to sell. He deals in illegal imports of cars without mandated fuel efficiency gear. He sells and smokes illicitly imported cigars.

Name: Party Animal [Gus Loam]

5	PHY	10	STR 10	BLD 14	CON 12
27	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 14
13	INT	10	RES 13	MEM 11	WIL 11

Total 45

Total 103.2 Mnr Mjr Crt

DP 12 [41] 13 41 82

Init 19-

Base Damage	7pts
Kung Fu Punch	8pts
Kung Fu Kick	10pts
Block	16-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Martial Arts(capeoria) Master	2P
Tall +4 Build	9
Wealthy	8
Attractive L1	2
LikableL4	16
One Inch punch	4
Total	39

Defects

Compulsion Drunk	-3
When he is sober he writes very bad poetry	-1
No concept of restraint	-3

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
20.4	Kung Fu	AGI	D	4	15-
1	Singing	REA	N	1	12-
14.15	Revelry	MEM	N	4	14-
4.15	Showmanship	MEM	N	3	14-
6	Dancing	AGI	N	3	16-
0.5	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	15-

Total 26.2

Fuel: Fuel is a new drug to hit the streets. It heightens whatever other vice of choice you mix with it. It's addictive, though—highly addictive. It drives sex, narcotics, and violence full raves—and as it spreads across the city, the party's just getting started.

Appearance: Party Animal is dark skinned, lithe, and has tattoos along is arms. He is very tall and lean with 0 percent body fat. His smile gleams and sparkles.

Style: He's a smooth talker—and a pretty smooth character. Come on, he's not a *bad* guy—he just likes to have more *fun* than's allowed, don't you know? Even when he throws down and fights it's with a bit of regret—and if someone's shooting at him? *Hey, man, what're you thinking? You don't wanna get nobody killed her, hey?*

History: Party Animal is a likeable guy—if he weren't getting people killed and sucked into his vortex of wild abandon he'd be a hell of a side kick. He *might* just be redeemable: the Syndicate will come after him if he stops distributing for a while—but he can handle them (probably). But he's always on the edge and always ready to slide back down into the chaos of his addiction.

LUST

"We have eternity to know your flesh"--
Lead Cenobite, *Hellraiser*

Most people see lust in the neon glare of LIVE NUDE GIRLS or the sleazy shadowed rooms of one-night-stand hourly hotel rooms. Lust is both—and lust is more. Lust is about satisfaction of the flesh, yes, but does the flesh have desires beyond simple copulation? It can—there are darker veins in man than where the blood runs and when those desires beg to be consummated it is lust that drives them.

Lust's public face is bathed in red light up and down 42nd Street and Times Square. Lust's public relations officers prance on high heels with short skirts and garter belts showing underneath. That's Lust's *public* face. Its private one is a bloody smile cut with a razor sharp knife while a mouth screams and the *flesh feeds*. Oh yes. You can feel Lust's eyes on you in a crowd but you may not see the hunter.

LUST IN THE CITY

There are three agents of Lust in the city: three serial killers who ply the streets and high-rises and the playgrounds seeking to *glory* in their dark desires. These hunters are glorified in the tabloids, are super-stars on the evening news, and have their own followings amongst the angry and the dispossessed who feel the stirrings of their own hungers mirrored in their icons.

However, they are more than that: they move in and out of the red-light districts like hammerhead sharks hiding in schools of rotting fish. There is a *network* there that *knows* them—and that *they* know. Students come to seek them out. Adherents come to watch (when they can) and sometimes men or women come to *consummate their desires* with the agents of death.

SYMPTOM

The throbbing pulse of the New York underbelly is the three killers (although the vast, vast majority of the people don't know it). Certain shop keepers do, though, and seek to feed and protect the source of their energy and profits and satisfactions. When the killers are caught

In touch with the ground
I'm on the hunt I'm after you
Scent and a sound. I'm lost and I'm found
And I'm hungry like the wolf.
Strut on a line it's discord and rhyme
I howl and I whine I'm after you
Mouth is alive all running inside
And I'm hungry like the wolf.
--*Hungry Like The Wolf*, Duran Duran

Hannibal Lecter: First principles, Clarice. Read Marcus Aurelius. Of each particular thing ask: what is it in itself? What is its nature? What does he do, this man you seek?

Clarice Starling: He kills women--

Hannibal Lecter: No! That is incidental. What is the first and principal thing he does, what need does he serve by killing?

Clarice Starling: Anger, social resentment, sexual frustration--

Hannibal Lecter: No, he covets. That's his nature. And how do we begin to covet, Clarice? Do we seek out things to covet? Make an effort to answer.

Clarice Starling: No. We just--

Hannibal Lecter: No. Precisely. We begin by coveting what we see every day. Don't you feel eyes moving over your body, Clarice? I hardly see how you couldn't. And don't your eyes move over the things you want?

and killed the river of vice will begin to dry up. Legitimate businesses will move in and the streets will be transformed from Triple-X rated movie houses family friendly entertainment.

HOOKS AND LEADS

Research on the killers will provide what is known: their M.O.'s, basic descriptions, and working cycles. Detective work at the scenes of the crimes will have common denominators: the killers hang out in the red-light districts. Their identities are unknown but there are clues: match books from the infamous strip club *Dirty City*, a blood-soaked hotel room with non-commercial video tapes from some foreign country showing atrocities (Streetwise traces it back to *Flesh Emporium*), or an under-age victim with a hard to get explicit magazine rolled up and stuffed down his throat. The killers aren't shy about their "base of operations"—it's *their home territory* and the cops will *never* catch them there.

When someone starts poking around though, they'll run into trouble fast. Poorly armed but fairly dedicated toughs will 'show them out.' If they prove *harder* than that ... or bring guns, Venus and Aphrodite will be ordered to make sure they never come back—but if that doesn't work then the trail is fresh.



☞ The Pied Piper ☞

A triad of three purveyors of pornography, vicars of vice, and founding fathers of filth really do have a handle on what is going on—they know that the visceral media savvy slayings of their "angels of death" are powering their business the same way a drive-train runs a car. They host the web pages, distribute videos, and call in tips (to the killers, not the police). Ultimately they know how to find the three killers—or know who their current targets are.

ARCHITECTS OF LUST

Hans Wallace: The owner of the dance bar *Dirty City* known for its members-only nights where illegal acts are performed on stage for a 'cleared' crowd. Hans is a trim blond German who at one point saw himself as a businessman—but that changed as he got closer and closer to the abyss. His delving into the forbidden opened new and dark desires in him—and now he has become consumed by them. He manages (but does not own) *Tactile Entertainment*, the company that hosts *Jack-In-The-Box's* web-page (which itself is hard to track).

Garvy Brenner: Garvy is a big, stocky man with ham-sized fists and a fiery temper (although he's a tough-guy, he's nowhere near *Fast Company's* league). He is a pimp and runs one a franchise that extends across the city. With teenage runaways working the street and



☞ Jack-in-the-Box ☞

higher priced escorts working the high rises, he rakes in the money to his 42nd Street Studio *Hard-Ways Productions* (which produces, on the black market, underage films of his stable). He has had big problems with Siren (due to his mistreatment of his girls) but has avoided being a direct target because on the street his lieutenants act in his stead. He knows that since the killers have started, the "beat," the profit on the street has picked up several fold. His connection, however, surprises even him: he is the black market, elite distributor for tapes made by the Pied Piper. Because of his contacts in the underage market, he meets (irregularly and with guards) with the killer to take his tapes ... and distribute them.

Darren Martel: Darren has X-rated movie joints all over the city. He's plugged into organized crime and uses his backing and muscle to shut up or kick out his neighbors that might disapprove of his activities. He does handles customers for Siren (who

Garvy won't touch), usually sending them to their potential death for a few hundred dollars.

OPERATIONS

Operations that characters battling lust might encounter:

- If a player goes looking for one of the serial killers, Police Procedures Lvl 3 (Police Detective) will turn up links to the red-light districts.
- A player stalking the Pied Piper will be able to, over several days, find a ghost of a pattern with Psychology Lvl3 (roll at -6) or Lvl 4 (roll at no negative) once every 3 days of work. When the roll is made, the character will find the next target. The Piper works as a street musician near accesses to playgrounds (i.e. subways, street corners, etc.) Although his radius is large, he is looking for a certain type—a kid who makes eye contact—who is drawn to the tune he plays (he plays a number of instruments). Then he arranges a couple of chance meetings (he follows the kid), finally luring him or her with tickets or a promise of a rare concert t-shirt or other such item. Although the data is *very* sketchy (the rare, lucky kids who says 'no' rarely reports it), the character may locate a mark who got away and learn something of the techniques. In any event, the character will have located a target he thinks is likely and will need to either Shadow the kid (Shadowing will have to be done against the Piper's Perception Roll, which is hard to beat). If the Piper detects the intervention, he'll send a vicious, angry, letter to the papers telling the vigilante to back off—and start choosing another victim (but this will break up his cycle).
- A character who starts taking on vice and prostitution will begin to see some strange things: a goodly number of the pimps and madams share accounting procedures—there's a chain ... a franchise at work. As the character starts dismantling the machine, traps involving heavily armed thugs will be set (and Venus and Aphrodite will be sent to deal with the character as well).
- Drugs are sold on 42nd Street. A crack-down there will result in several knife and club armed thugs being set on the characters. Members of the Syndicates that work the strip tend to deal out of cars fast cars and will try to streak off at the first sign of trouble. The guy with the rolled down window who does the selling is a low-level guy. The guy driving is the one the characters want (this could lead to vehicular chase scenes).
- "Shark" agents for Garvey cruise bus and train stations looking for runaways to pick up and "induct". A character with Streetwise Lvl 2 can spot them. The characters can put a dent in the trade that way as well.
- Eventually, if the characters attack the LUST operations, the three will try to arrange for a meeting between the characters and the serial killers—in a desperate attempt to eliminate them.

Name: *Siren* [Laurie Strode]

5+8	PHY	11	STR 13	BLD 08	CON 13
15+5	REF	12	COR 12	REA 17	AGI 13
5	INT	10	RES 10	MEM 12	WIL 11
Total	38				
Total	85.00	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	34	11	34	68	
Init	22-				

Base Damage	9pts
Karate Punch	12pts
Hook	8 PEN
Block	14-
Grapple	16/14

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Quick	1P
Mighty	1P
Exotic L4	12
Total	12

Defects

Psychopath	-5
Lots of enemies (criminal, police, etc.)	-3

Gear

Special Weapon: Chain hook. In HTH combat it is a +5 damage (PEN), +1 swing, +2 back swing weapon. When it hits by 4+ and scores a minor wound it can (owner's option) <i>stick</i> . This acts as a grab at grapple of damage taken +5. A Success with a grapple roll will be able to drag the victim around [Grapple / Mass] yards/sec. It takes a WIL roll at -2 and a 5 REA medium action to remove the hook from your body.	GP 0
On the chain it can be thrown—it is a 5 REA action to throw and a skill roll to recover it at -3 (-0 if Level 3). It has a range of 5 yards. If the roll is missed it takes a 5 REA action to recover.	
Its block is Skill-1 at level 3.	

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.5	Karate	AGI	D	3	15-
9.5	Weapon	AGI	D	3	15-
4.5	Singing	RES	N	3	14-
4.5	Vamp	MEM	N	3	14-
2.5	Revelry	MEM	N	2	13-
2.5	Disguise	MEM	N	2	13-
2.5	Streetwise	MEM	N	2	15-
35.5	Total				

Description: Siren is a short, beautiful, athletic red-head who works in the red-light scene all over the city. She has an ID as an expensive call-girl, has worked as a street-walker, an exotic dancer, and a girl on the docks. She is often—but not always—deadly to her customers, killing them at the completion of the act.

Her beauty is almost unearthly and hard to describe—her pale skin seems to glow, her brown eyes are deep and expressive. She has the grace of a dancer and is somehow utterly seductive.

There is a way to get in contact with her via Streetwise—the right people know how to get a message to her. If you have the right connections—or just walk the streets enough—you might find her. Her voice is almost hypnotic and voice clips taken from those very few who've managed to survive her have been played over the radio, stoking her fan's desires to seek her out.

Style: Siren wears a salmon-pink dress down to the knees, black leather boots, and elbow length pink gloves. She wears a pink porcelain mask of the same color and carries an "18" surgical-steel hook on a chain fastened around her waist.

Public Relations: Midnight Star Police Blotter Columnist Erza Lilliford follows her "career" in weekly detail—and the column has many readers. It's a good place to start for tips on what street she might be walking or what name she might be using on the online-escort services.

Operations: Siren gets business from people who know who she is—looking for that ultimate thrill: a date with death. She doesn't kill everyone she sleeps with—but roughly 70% never come back (it's even higher if the person is a lower-class customer or is rude to her—even inadvertently—oh, and trying to leave early gets you killed too).

When she goes out in the Siren outfit (armed) it is usually to kill someone who mistreats their "stable." Abusive or unusually crooked club owners, pimps, even rough vice-cops have been slain by her.

Name: *Jack in the Box* [John Croyer]

15+12	PHY	12	STR 14	BLD 12	CON 12
5+3	REF	11	COR 11	REA 14	AGI 12
15+5	INT	12	RES 12	MEM 13	WIL 12
Total	55				
Total	73.9	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	34	11	34	68	
Init	19-				

Base Damage	10pts
Streetfighting Punch	10pts
Hammer Blow	13pts IMP
Hammer Block	14-
Grapple	14/12

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Agent Training	1P
Weapon Master	1P
Total	0

Defects

Psychopath	-5
Enemy: covert government forces	-3

Gear

Stealth Van: can change color, signs, and plates. It has false windows it can sport. It can drive on auto-pilot at up to 30mph (so he can grab someone and have the van drive away while he has them in the back). Has padded cage and long-range mike and view scope for surveillance.	1
The van has 9/20 armor and 400 DP (STC 15-). It has doors on both sides—but the doors can be <i>concealed</i> so the victim thinks they are walking past a side with no door or window.	
Collapsible Hammer: the hammer (a large mallet) breaks down into two pieces which he can conceal. It strikes for +9 damage and the Swing is 6 REA, the Back Swing is 7 (so he can strike 2x per turn).	1 GP

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.75	Street Fighting	AGI	D	2	15-
4.5	Surveillance	RES	N	3	13-
4.5	Disguise	MEM	N	3	15-
9.75	Hammer	AGI	D	3	15-
8.15	Vehicle: Van	COR	N	3	15-
4.25	Stealth	AGI	N	3	14-
40.9	-6-8-26.9				

Description: Jack in the Box works by day at a shipping warehouse. He is ex-military intelligence and his discharge is sealed (he was involved with an extremely dirty operation overseas, his true character came out—and they discharged him to the care of a mental institution. The man in the institution under his name bares little resemblance to him—the military is aware he's missing but has not been at all public about it).

Style: Jack in the Box is a serial killer. He is consumed with hideous hungers and desires—and has given way entirely to them. Now, glorying in the press coverage, the fear, and the fetishized fan-web-sites he has spawned, he believes he is on the road to becoming a new, dark god: worshiped by those who cannot meet his standards of bloody revelry and horrible license.

Investigators for the police are sure he's working with a partner (who drives the van). Shadowy government forces suspect otherwise but can't move too aggressively.

Operations: Jack begins stalking a victim by playing the first few lines of Pop Goes The Weasel to them (over phone, via some item mailed to them, etc.) Over the next few days he will play more and more of the song—watching them, getting closer, and glorying in their fear. Finally he will take them.

He has a detailed web-log on an out-of-the-country web-server where he posts pictures of his victims, dressed like ballerinas and dead (he has a Nutcracker theme going). His fans have made him hard to track by targeting numerous victims (mostly young women, but some men) and playing the music for them (so the police are forced to track multiple possible targets).

Jack has had several close shaves wherein he has had to fight—he has overpowered investigators twice (one victim escaped and is in protective custody).

He carries a large hunting knife (+3 Damage) and has been known to use chloroform to knock out victims (he usually does a Grapple Attack from surprise (8 REA) and then pulls them in with a 5 REA action requiring a Success on a Grapple roll. The doors snap shut and the van drives off (following a pre-recorded escape sequence and using collision detection radar).

Name: *Pied Piper* [Maxwell Fisher]

15	PHY	12	STR 12	BLD 12	CON 12
27	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 14
15	INT	12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 12

Total	57			
Total	91.75	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	12 [34]	11	34	68
Punch	8			
Init	19-			

Base Damage	8pts
Knife	10pts PEN
Thrown Knife	9 PEN
Block	17-
Grapple	12/10

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Knife Master	2P
Likable L 4	16
Musical Genius	4
Total	20

Defects

	Pts
Merciless	-1
Compulsive Must kill at least once a week even if it means being caught	-5
Enemy: Police	-3
Always humming	-1

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
19.75	Knife	AGI	D	4	15-
3.25	Knife	COR	D	2	13-
	throwing				
4.25	shadowing	AGI	N	3	14-
4.25	showmanship	MEM	N	3	14-
2.25	Stealth	AGI	N	2	14-
2.25	Revelry	RES	N	2	14-
2.25	Diplomat	RES	N	2	14-
2.25	Con Artist	RES	N	2	14-
2.25	Guitar	RES	N	2	14-
42.75 -	16 = 24.75				

Description: The Pied Piper dresses normally when on the job—but with a spot of flair somewhere on his body (a brightly colored handkerchief, perhaps). He also, always, has candy (although he doesn't rely on it to capture prey).

Style: He's in contact with the media. His voice, which he disguises on phone conversations, sounds creaky and high pitched. He cackles when he talks. He leaves sing-song or nursery-rhyme style clues as to where to find his victim's bodies.

When caught, he will make a point of running (and fast)—he usually has an escape route planned and would love to run into old tenement buildings for a game of cat and mouse with his pursuers. He has publicly said the police will never stop him—even if they catch him. He might very well underestimate some more deadly vigilantes.

Knife: The piper carries a +2 damage gutting knife, and has a concealed belt of +1 damage throwing knives (he throws them for 9 damage).

Name: *Aphrodite* [Sarah Wells]

30	PHY	13	STR 15	BLD 13	CON 13
27	REF	12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 14
05	INT	11	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL 12

Total 63

Total 91.8 Mnr Mjr Crt

DP 13 [36] 12 36 72

Init 17-

Base Damage	11pts
Staff Blow	11 IMP
Kick	13pts
Staff Block	16-
Grapple	18/16

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Mighty	1P
Presence	4
Leadership	4
Statuesque	4

Total 12

Defects Pts

Hatred of all men	-3
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Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
7.75	Wrestling	AGI	D	3	15-
7.75	Staff	AGI	D	3	15-
00	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	15-
2.15	Crime	RES	N	2	13-
2.15	Streetwise	RES	N	2	13-
19.8					

Description: Aphrodite was discovered as part of an "Exotic Female Wrestling Show." A female body builder with a penchant for real combat, her act was picked up for Dirty City. Now, on show nights, she beats the crap out of men who pay over \$100.00 for the privilege (she has to be constantly restrained from *really* hurting them—but usually settles for humiliation of her victims).

She usually appears as a bulked up, oiled, toned woman standing almost six-feet tall. She wears a skimpy outfit with black leather boots.

After watching her in a few real fights, with real fighters (some of whom carried weapons), Hans Wallace decided to give her another area of responsibility: security. Even when she's doing her job as an enforcer (in the Red Light district) she's always "in character"—her real persona *is* her character!

Style: Aphrodite comes off as a tough but sultry militant warrior. She's rough with her targets (if they're men—and they almost always are), slamming them around a little even if they're complying.

Despite being dangerous and (in her heart) somewhat bitter, she isn't a killer. If the business dries up in NYC, she'll go back to faked cage matches with other female wrestlers in some other city, leaving behind the life of a thug.

Gear: Aphrodite carries a bronzed staff (it's painted wood) when she goes to bust heads.

Name: *Venus* [Jennifer Yoo]

5	PHY	10	STR	BLD	CON
			10	08	12
45	REF	13	COR	REA	AGI
			13	13	15
00	INT	10	RES	MEM	WIL
			10	10	10

Total 50

Total 112 Mnr Mjr Crt

DP 12 [32] 11 32 64

Punch 5

Init 18-

Base Damage	5
Streetfighting Punch	7pts
Whip Lash	4pts
Whip Grapple	8
Streetfighting Block	16-
Grapple	9/7

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Weapon Master Whip	1P
Exotic L 3	8
Light -2 build	0
Likable L1	4

Total 12

Defects Pts

Sadistic tendencies	-1
Swashbuckler (can't help being theatrical)	-2

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
8	Streetfightning	AGI	D	3	16-
26	Whips	AGI	D	4	17-
00	Acrobatics	AGI	N	2	16-
2	Crime	RES	N	2	12-
2	Streetwise	RES	N	2	12-
2	Showmanship	RES	N	2	12-
40	-12=28				

Description: Venus is a Korean woman in her very early 20's. She wears a leather dominatrix outfit with twin bullwhips (one on each hip).

She performs with Aphrodite at *Dirty City*, performing tricks with her bullwhips (she can undress a man without breaking his skin ... much) for paying customers. Her extreme skill with the weapons made her a choice for a partner as an enforcer.

Style: Venus plays the sex kitten "good cop" to Aphrodite's more no-nonsense tough-girl act (although in this case the 'good cop' is arguing that you should pay up right away to keep your spine intact, not that you should be allowed to slide).

She likes the thrill of being a bad ass and getting enforcer jobs and getting to use her skills for real. Like Aphrodite, she'll fight (always staying 'in character') and play to win—but isn't psychotic.

On some level, she's always a performer.

She carries two bull whips (one on each hip) and a smaller whip belt.

Whips: The whips strike at long reach for +4 damage. They can grab for Grapple +3 with a hit by 2+.

PRIDE

Look upon My Works Ye Mighty And Despair

So if you meet me
Have some courtesy
Have some sympathy, and some taste
Use all your well-learned politesse
Or I'll lay your soul to waste, um yeah
--*Sympathy for the Devil*, The Rolling
Stones

Pride is the big one—the set up for the fall—you're pretty good and then you go thinking you're better than ... well, better than *anyone*. *Anyone*. That's usually where the trouble starts. Pride can have humble origins or it can (and most spectacularly—if not most often does) come from the top of the world—from the elite who have some *reason* to start thinking they're better than everybody else.

In the past, when this happened you got people building a giant plane that would never take off ... or running an unsinkable ship at full speed through iceberg littered waters. Today the same disease can have even more dire consequences. It is also seen in the form of arrogance and vanity where it is often in league with Envy.

PRIDE IN THE CITY

The gods have come to the city to make of it what they will. Great works have begun: the Imperial Tower—the largest building *anywhere* is being built despite the fact that the now vanished architect had warned that even his new steel couldn't support such a height.

The Mayor's office is the rotting carcass atop the dying pyramid that is the city. Martin Hamby, swollen with hubris has decided the city is *his* and that anyone who might think otherwise is an obstacle to be removed. He has massive underground vaults, a freezer full of mutilated bodies, and a fanatical staff of ninjutsu-trained assassins to remove his foes.

On the air, politically active talk-show host Gary Strict fights for "the common man" and speaks out for the "oppressed masses—" but in his heart, he feels he knows better than the 'thugs' on the street doing the same—the idea that his words might do less than their hands



Final Tiger

and feet and bullets wounds his pride so he turns against them—and has sunk, in his pride, to turning a good soul bad *just to prove he is right*.



☞ Narcissus and Echo ☞

On the ground, professional boxing phenomena Showboat glides through the city with his entourage of gang-bangers leaving a trail of destruction behind him. So long as he keeps winning the city won't let anyone touch him and he takes what he wants in a fashion to keep the cameras on him. He's a role-model to many (a woman beating, cruel, and massively egocentric role model ... but he's a winner for now and that's all that counts some times).

The sun is rising—or maybe it's the fire that's starting.

SYMPTOM

When pride is beaten, a new administration will take over and the people will begin to rally against their oppression. If the other forces are still in evidence the new administration will be under assault and in a precarious position—but Pride should be one of the last to fall—and one to bring the largest amount of hope to the city when it does.

HOOKS AND LEADS

Most people know Mayor Hamby is corrupt—but he's *very* slick about it and *very* hard to kill. Most forces will have to start somewhere else.

Showboat is one of the man horrible role models the city has spawned. Taking him down shouldn't be too hard. Finding him is a piece of cake (follow the trail). To really make a difference, though, he should either be challenged and fought fair ... or be fought in civilian identity (or at least without weapons—if he's gunned down, his legend will grow and someone else will replace him). Really, he should be stood up to—he can't have everything and anyone he wants just because he feels entitled to it (this will, of course, provoke a fight—but just blocking a few times while the cameras are rolling could cause him to panic).

Investigations of the disappearance of the Imperial Tower's architects or interference with its slum-bulldozing (projects need to be cleared to make way for the Hyper-Steal plants) will bring resistance (construction guys) and eventually Narcissus. If the characters have high-

society connections or are otherwise introduced to Roman, they will get a pulsing sense of his massive ego ... and his feelings of superiority. Echo is their weakest link: if she can be 'turned' she can give possible locations of the bodies. Turning her might involve a social meeting with Narcissus in which if the situation can be maneuvered so that Echo sees how little he cares for her she may change sides.

Final Tiger is not *easy* to find—but Streetwise rolls will discover her haunts and a good Crime, Police Procedure, or Streetwise roll will give some targets to watch. Questioning people on the street will find they feel betrayed by her. When she is encountered, she will fight to escape or to hold back. The PC's might even be lucky enough to witness her stopping to 'do good' (or talk to someone who was rescued by her when they were endangered during her robberies). Either way, when they meet, if she can get a dialog going, she'll ask for help—and then it's up to the PC's to dig into Gary Strict's skeletons. These can range from off the record *highly* condescending comments about the minorities he pretends to fight for, to the pay-offs he's been arranging on the other side of Final Tiger's attacks.

ARCHITECTS OF PRIDE

Mayor Eugene Hambry

The mayor is, perhaps, the person who sees the biggest picture of everyone in the city. He presides over a dying metropolis and he exalts in it. A huge man (wide girth, loud voice, massive hands) his laughter is the rumble of the cities foundations falling. He has secret underground bases in abandoned reservoirs (appointed with the finest velvet drapes, plush carpets, and gold trim). He has a massive freezer called the Cold Vault where he stores the bodies of his enemies (mutilated and ice-encrusted). He takes people down there to show them what will become of them. He has a personal cadre of Asian assassins—exotic bodyguards trained in the black arts of killing. He is a monster who delights in cruelty, oppression, and destruction. He is the centerpiece of the operation. He travels with convoys of vehicles so one is never sure which is really his—he doesn't sleep in the same place two nights in a row. Public appearances are made by subordinates (when he does appear he does in controlled circumstances) and he has a legion of well trained guards.

The Four Blades

Somewhere down the line, somewhere in the past Mayor Hambry made a deal with ... *someone*. What he got was a fanatically loyal group of expert Asian assassins. They are headed by The Four Blades, four weapons masters each with special roles to play in the art of killing. Most people guess Mayor

Hambry is (in our opinion) the final battle. As the characters set the city to rights, he will move against them and organize the remaining forces to take them down. The final battle may take place at his estate, in his skyscraper, or in one of his underground fortresses. Either way, he is designed to be the last to fall.

Roman Brenner

Roman is NYC's preeminent and most flamboyant developer. He and the many, many millions or billions backing him have decided to remake the city in his image (his idea of how it should look—not to literally make it look like *him*). He has begun reshaping the city with a ruthlessness that has earned him protestations that can sometimes even be heard over

the rumble of his bulldozers. His skyscraper: The Imperial Tower is to be the tallest building (and the broadest) in the world—by a long shot. It uses Neo-Steel, a substance created in his labs—a substance he says is 200x stronger than ordinary steel. He has bulldozed subdivisions of low income housing for his “great pyramid” shaped mausoleum—a resting place fit for a Pharaoh and his final destination should he die.

Gary Strict

The Voice of Truth. His popular radio show is, for the most part, a seemingly compassionate voice for the "little man." He speaks out against oppression of minorities, government corruption, and police brutality. Gary Strict *could* be a powerful agent for good ... but he is not. His heart is a sanctimonious beating morass of hypocrisy. He truly believes the people he speaks for are "little people" and his liberal politics are marred by a streak of elitism that isn't just deep: it defines him. That's why he hates vigilantes: they actually stand up to 'The Man' and *do something*. In Gary's world, the poor and downtrodden *need his help*—not their own—and certainly not the aid of these would-be white knights who take the law into their own hands. So he rails against them. Any time the characters do something good, he'll spin it badly on his ubiquitous morning show. He'll fake witness call-ins, he'll make up evidence, he'll poke and pry into their secret id's (he's not very good at this, though)—and he runs Final Tiger—his ultimate weapon against the Masks.

David O'Connor

A super-star heavyweight boxer, David O'Connor (goes by the name of Showboat) is the living embodiment of pride. Where he goes paparazzi and violence (often in the form of his gun-toting posse) follow. He believes he is a god amongst men (and women—the list of complaints of rape, rough treatment, and battery is yards long) and his adoring fans bear that out. Being the best in the absolute worst crop of champions the sport has ever seen does nothing to dampen his self-image. He is a consummate showoff, he plays wonderfully to the cameras and the tabloids follow his every move with morbid curiosity. Worse yet, he is a role-model (his fans can fight with the WWX wrestling crowd). His fans, following in their self-obsessed hero's footsteps commit their own flashy violent acts in an attempt to touch some of his false glory.

OPERATIONS

- **Bulldoze That Slum:** A project has been brought by Brenner and is going to be demolished. The people are refusing to leave (he needs a Neo-Steel foundry very close to the Imperial Tower project). They have a defender: a big tough guy named Nathaniel Gray—someone of character and self-confidence who has stood down the cops. Narcissus is sent in to take care of him—and will, handily, without the character's intervention.
- **Where's The Architect:** Brenner had the architect of the Imperial Tower project killed when he started speaking out against it. A witness has been hiding but has tried to tell his story to the police (who aren't interested)—he finds one of the PC's and tells him what he knows: the body is in the Pyramid Mausoleum. Poking around will get the attention of Echo ... who will bring Narcissus (the crypt is a giant pyramid shaped building with several layers of unusual security and a neo-Egyptian theme).

- High Society: The characters are invited to a party where they get to interact with Brenner and Narcissus and Echo (who is feeling despondent and sort of hanging out around the edges).
- The Tiger Project: The characters find out that Final Tiger is doing bad things down in the 'hood. People have been hurt (broken arms, property damage for no good reason, etc.) An investigation turns up no tiger, but people who say she was "one of the good guys!"
- A Chance Meeting: Tiger strikes uptown (because Gary tells her to). One of the characters is in civilian Id when she strikes. His/her trained eye notes that things are all kinds of wrong (a guy is on Gary's payroll to attack her and get badly and bloodily pasted—and it just doesn't look right. Also: she clearly hates what she's doing). She has an auto-wench rappelling line as an escape route (when she reaches it, it will suck her up the side of the building quickly—at which point she'll be gone)—but if the character wants to talk she'll arrange a meeting.
- Showboat Shows Up: the character is on a date and Showboat arrives and wants their table. The first encounter is the posse coming over and telling the PC (and date) to take a hike. If that doesn't work, Showboat may or may not fight them then (if the posse gets demolished he probably won't go in for a fight) but he will issue a challenge.
- Hero Worship: Some young toughs, dressed like Showboat are trashing a string of downtown jewelry stores. The cops aren't around. There's press there and if the characters make a statement, Showboat will call them out.
- The Mayor: although election signs are ubiquitous, there are few operations that he indulges in that the characters could run into. Rather, he will move against them as they begin to salvage the city he is glorying in destroying.

Name: *Showboat* (David O'Conner)

15+5	PHY	12	STR 13	BLD 18	CON 12
15	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 12
5	INT	10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 12

Total 40

Total	75	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	46	15	46	92
Init	20-			

Base Damage	11pts
Streetfighting Punch	14pts
Boxing Cross	16pts
Block	14-
Grapple	20/15

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Martial Arts Master L2	2P
Flair L2	2
Statuesque L2	4
Big +6	13.5
Kidney Punch	2
Face Smash	2
Total	23.5

Defects

Bully (compulsively—all the time)	Pts -3
Almost always boxes if fight is public	-1
Has a 14- Level 4 skill (we made an exception)	0

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
21.25	Street fighting	AGI	D	4	14-
9.25	Boxing	AGI	D	3	14-
0	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	13-
4	Showmanship	MEM	N	3	14-
4	Revelry	MEM	N	3	14-
14.5	Total 38.25 -				
	24				

Description: Showboat tends to wear flashy clothes with bright colors (he dresses like he's about to get into the ring). He usually goes with nothing above the waist but a vest or open jacket (to show off his abs and chest). He also often has his hands 'tied' as though for a fight (it saves time since he's liable to punch people).

Style: Showboat is a photogenic bully who's always playing to the cameras. He isn't likeable in any rational sense but he's charismatic and the tabloids love following his exploits while still mustering some journalistic rage for his constant excesses.

His gang of bodyguards wear sun-glasses, black t-shirts, and silver rings and chains. They carry large-frame 9mm automatics and give him that 'gangsta' vibe. He's always got a few slinky females in his entourage (they often wear sunglasses too—to hide black-eyes).

Name: *Narcissus* (Victor Grant)

15+5	PHY	12	STR 13	BLD 12	CON 12
30-5	REF	13	COR 13	REA 15	AGI 13
5	INT	11	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL 11

Total 50

Total 93.05 Mnr Mjr Crt

DP 39 13 39 78

Init 20-

Base Damage	9pts
Karate Punch	11pts
Karate Kick	13pts
Block	12-
Grapple	13/11

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2 --

Bronzed Level 2 2P

Statuesque L4 8

Presence L2 4

Likeable L4 [he is *not* NICE—a weirdly hypnotic aura]. 16

Total **28**

Defects **Pts**

Social Dysfunction: Ultimately Vain -2

Addicted to looking at self (4 hrs / day) -1

Ward: Echo (sidekick) -1

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.5	Karate	AGI	D	2	14-
4.75	Dance (sport)	AGI	D	3	15-
2.15	Etiquette	MEM	N	2	13-
2.5	Riding	COR	N	2	14-
2.15	Art Appreciation	MEM	N	2	13-
15.05	Total				

Description: He was born in America (he says—the records are contradictory) and schooled in Europe (that is certain—his identity was established then). His records show him to be 28 years old but pictures of him from a decade ago show no change—and no marks of surgery. Narcissus appears as a perfectly idealized man: Tall, blond, crackling blue eyes, and a body that looks like it was chiseled out of marble. He is emotionally a virgin: he has never seen another human being other than himself that he was sexually attracted too (although many have been attracted to him).

His moves are perfect and his ability to effortlessly seduce and entrance others have bought him a free-ride in life—but he has goals: he wishes to be worshiped and to do that, he must first build his cathedral. That is where Roman Brenner comes into the picture. Brenner, caught in the gravity of the Narcissus, has become infatuated (Brenner is commonly believed to be Heterosexual and has had several wives—but he finds himself transfixed).

Despite the Narcissus's power to entrance, Brenner—and the other men of pride and power who might be able to get him what he wants—are not easily controlled. So there is an alliance between the Narcissus and Brenner—and for now the Narcissus does his bidding.

In person, Narcissus is profoundly boring if you are not under his spell—he sees the world as a thousand minor distractions that try to steel the spotlight from *him*. He's been known to shut up attractive young men and women who are *praising him—but not doing it cleverly enough to keep him interested*.

Style: The Narcissus wears as little as possible, even when “on the job.” He may go to the scene impeccably dressed—but when in full form he wears a Speedo, sandals, and wrist bracers of polished bronze. He looks like a Greek god so he can get away with that.

Name: *Echo* [Amy Monroe]

5+3	PHY	11	STR 11	BLD 08	CON 12
15+12	REF	12	COR 14	REA 15	AGI 12
15	INT	12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 12

Total 50

Total	74	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	38	13	38	76
Init	20-			

Base Damage	7pts
Punch	7pts
Kick	9pts
Tai Chi Block	14-
Grapple	12/11

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Archer L1	2P
Agent Training L1	

Attractive L2	4
Total	4

Defects **Pts**

In love with Narcissus	-2
------------------------	----

Gear **GP**

Long Bow: 11 PEN dmg -1/15 yds	0
Normal Arrows	0
Rubber-tipped (-1/8 yds) 11 IMP	0

Swing-Line Arrow: head turns into a high-tech grappling hook (and has a setting to sink a bolt into concrete if necessary). Attached is a bungee-cord like line and an auto-reel that can lift 300 lbs at 1.5 y/s (it then burns out and must be replaced). With this arrow and an acrobatics roll she can descend 2 stories with an 8 REA long action to get into a fight—and can haul her partner out if necessary).

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
5.75	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	14-
3.75	Long Bow	AGI	D	3	18-
5.75	Tai Chi	AGI	N	2	13-
2.25	Surveillance	MEM	N	2	14-
2.25	Stealth	AGI	N	2	14-
2.25	Climbing	AGI	N	2	14-
1	Streetwise	MEM	N	1	12-
17	Total (-18 Bow,-6 Agent)				

Description: Amy was in her senior year of high school and shooting at the top of the nearby college's archery team when her life intersected with Narcissus's during a European competition (her team was doing terribly—her record was flawless). For her (and legions of other unfortunates—both men and women) it was love at first sight. For him it was a rare moment that got his attention: he could see her potential—her *adeptness* in the way she moved. He accepted her as a traveling companion and (in the airy dismissive way he has) found her a teacher—a person to hone the blade he saw in her dulled by years of life as a middle-American adolescent.

Now she is Echo. She is his shadow—watching his back, going ahead to scout the way, and fighting along side him if necessary. She lies to herself minute by minute telling herself that once his projects are done his gaze will turn around to her—telling herself he cares even if he doesn't show it (he doesn't *care*—he finds her *useful*). She is bright and skillful and has an honestly kind heart—but caught in his web she has not been able to realize these qualities. If there is a character in these pages that is redeemable it is Echo—but left to her own devices she is helpless to save herself and will follow him until the spark of goodness in her heart expires completely.

Style: Echo carries a 75lb compound long-bow with regulation balancers and sights. She wears a green hood and tunic with white pants and black boots.

Operations: Echo is fairly social—she pines for Narcissus but many nights find her out on her own (she is below legal drinking age but can get into most bars)—and sometimes can even be found morosely patrolling the rooftops brooding on her future and looking for trouble (in the form of those that prey on innocents. On the job she is a stealthy scout for Narcissus, going ahead on the rooftops to see what's there—and watching for ambushes or other surprises.

Name: *Final Tiger* (Pamela Lear)

5	PHY	10	STR 11	BLD 07	CON 12
37	REF	13	COR 13	REA 17	AGI 14
13	INT	11	RES 13	MEM 11	WIL 11
Total	55				
Total	75.5	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	42	14	42	84	
Init	22--				

Base Damage	6pts
Tae Kwon Do Punch	8pts
Tae Kwon Do Kick	12pts
Tai Chi Block	16-
Grapple	11/10

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Manic	1P
Detective	1P
Exotic L2	4
Total	23.5

Defects

Enemy: Dangerous (Harvey Strict)	-5
Code of Ethics (protect innocents)	-2
Bad Rep as villain	-1
Write-up	-2

Style: Final Tiger appears as an urban, "blacksploitation" heroine. She talks tough. Her dialog is littered with street lingo and rough language. Although not a heavy hitter, she's fast as lightning and accurate as hell. She despises hand guns. She also hates the bind she's in. When it comes down to a battle with the heroes she'll do her best to escape—and with later confrontations, ask for help.

Operations: Harvey is setting up the jobs for her on both sides. He has orders for her (to break arms of hapless guards during a bank robbery—to make the masks look bad—to read statements). On the other side, security may be bribed to attack her when it's clearly suicide (so the visceral, visual damage can be done).

His work is masterful and subtle—but it has holes. There are people out there who know at least their part of Final Tiger's rampage was staged ... and with the right persuasion they'll talk. Competent detective work will lead back up the food chain to Strict himself, freeing Tiger and ending his game once and for all.

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.75	Tai Chi	AGI	D	2	15-
7.75	Tae Kwon Do	AGI	D	3	15-
0	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	15-
14.5	Psychology			4	15-
1	Streetwise			1	12-
2.75	Stealth			3	16-
2.75	Climbing			3	16-
1	Etiquette			1	14-
1	Literature			1	12-
1	Art			1	12-
	Appreciation				
35.5	Total	-10:			
	29.5				

Description: Pamela is from an upper-middle class Connecticut family who came to NYC to give back to society. She took a job as a social worker using her Harvard degree in psychology to assist those in desperate circumstances. Over time, though, the city began to eat at her. The darkness, the despair, the terrible crimes perpetrated by those in power began to gnaw away at her sense of social justice ... her belief in the innate good of people ... and her moral compass of right and wrong. More than once, in a bleak storm-cloud of self-doubt and feelings of failure she packed to leave. More than once, she only barely scraped together the strength to meet a client of hers in the hospital after yet another senseless shooting. But finally, what broke, wasn't her will.

She is 24 years old and in many ways quite naïve in her sense of the streets (despite her clinical background and experience, she found herself shocked at what really went on outside the social welfare offices). When she adopted the uniform and the identity of Final Tiger, it was as though permanent darkened sunglasses were lifted from her eyes. As she tore her way through the gangsters and the dealers and the pimps that ruled the streets where her clients tried feebly to live she felt invigorated—alive—even resplendent.

It did not last long. Strict, the city-wide radio phenomena, the self-proclaimed "Voice of Truth," the host of the radio show "Beat of the Heart" discovered her identity after a month of study and a series of mistakes on her part. The public voice that spoke against corruption and spoke "for the downtrodden and the desperate" sang a different tune in private.

Strict's campaign against the vigilantes wasn't panning out for him: despite his public statements that they were the *real oppressors* and did more harm than good and stifled the city's attempts to heal, the stats weren't backing him up. The city was bleeding badly and despite his hatred for the masks, the common perception (and the apparent reality) was that they were the only ones trying to staunch the flow.

So now he has himself a so-called vigilante who *isn't* popular with the people—one that does more harm than good. One that *does* traumatize the oppressed and do the work of 'The Man' in keeping minorities down. Now, using her secret against her, Final Tiger works for him.

The Four Blades

Name: *North Wind*

13	PHY	11	STR 11	BLD 09	CON 13
20	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 13
13	INT	11	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL 13
Total	46				
Total	74.9	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	38	15	43	86	
Init	20-				

Base Damage	7pts
Karate Punch	10pts
Sword Strike	11 PEN
Karate Block	14-
Sword Block	15-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Weapon Master	1P
Gadget User	1P
Tough +4	4
Total	4

Defects

	Pts
Light (-2 BLD)	0
Wanted by the police (they have no really good leads)	-1
Grim	-1
Gear	GP
Ninja-to (+6 damage, PEN)	0

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.5	Sword (Ninja-to)	AGI	D	3	15-
5.25	Dart	COR	D	2	14-
4.25	Stealth	AGI	N	3	14-
4.25	Climbing	AGI	N	3	14-
2.15	Streetwise	MEM	N	2	13-
7.5	Karate	AGI	D	3	14-
24.9	Total (32.9-8)				

Description: He is a tall handsome Asian man with a splash of colorful tattoos across his chest.

Style: In combat North Wind wears black pants and sandals. He is stripped to the waist to show off his tattoos.

Operations: He is the leader of the four blades and runs the operations.

The Sword: The blade "The White Venom" is a historical treasure of Japan—a straight ninja's fighting blade of exquisite workmanship. It has several special characteristics

2GP	+4 Damage Ultra Sharp Armor Piercing Blade (total damage is +10 PEN)
2GP	Fires Darts! The darts have a toxic damage of 12 and a Power of 14-. It has 3 darts. The darts each do 2pts of PEN damage and must do 1pt to have an effect.

Poison Effect Chart

Effect	Description
Minor Effect	Target takes ¼ Base Damage each 10s until a CON roll is made
Standard Effect	Target takes ½ Base Damage each 5s until a CON roll is made
Major Effect	Target takes ¾ Base Damage each 2s until a CON-1 roll is made
Critical Effect	Target takes 1x Base Damage each 2s until a CON-2 roll is made
Catastrophic Effect	Target takes 1.5x Base Damage each 1s until a CON-4 roll is made

Name: *South Wind*

5	PHY	10	STR 11	BLD 08	CON 12
50	REF	14	COR 14	REA 14	AGI 14
5	INT	10	RES 10	MEM 12	WIL 10
Total	60				
Total	82	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	12[32]	13	38	76	
Init	19-				

Base Damage	7pts
Punch	7pts
Sword Strike	7 PEN
Sword Block	14-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Agent Training	1P
Exotic L1	1
Total	1

Defects

Light (-2 BLD)	0
Wanted by the police (they have no really good leads)	-1
Grim	-1

Gear

Ninja-to (+6 damage, PEN)	0
Throwing Stars (+2 PEN damage)	0

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
5	Acrobatics	AGI	D	2	15
5	Sword (Ninja-to)	AGI	N	2	15
2.25	Climbing	AGI	N	2	14-
2.25	Stealth	AGI	D	2	14-
3.5	Knife Throwing	COR	D	2	14-
18	Total				
2.25	Disarm Sec	MEM	N	2	14-
2.25	Locksmith	MEM	N	2	14-
2.25	Surveillance	MEM	N	2	14-
2.25	Disguise	MEM	N	2	14-
3	Total				

Description: South Wind appears as a young Japanese woman. While not as combat-capable as her partners, she is trained as a capable intelligence agent.

Style: On a job, she wears a black, kimono like robe with a black mask that covers from her eyes down. She has long black hair and wears black gloves.

Operations: South Wind is a surveillance expert and usually follows targets and handles the break-in (letting the others in after she penetrates the outer defenses).

Name: *East Wind*

30	PHY	13	STR 13	BLD 27	CON 13
30	REF	13	COR 13	REA 10	AGI 13
-5	INT	09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09

Total 55

Total	79.5	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	51	17	51	102
Strike	11			
Init	15-			

Base Damage	11pts
Kick	13pts
Sword Strike	14 PEN
Sword Block	13-
Grapple	18/16

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Large and Dangerous	1P
Big +4	10
Total	10

Defects **Pts**

Wanted by the police (they have no really good leads)	-1
Grim	-1
Gear	GP
Great Sword	0

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
3.5	Wrestling	AGI	D	2	14-
7.5	Taito (sword)	AGI	N	3	14-
2	Stealth	AGI	N	2	12-
13	Total				

Description: East Wind is a large bear of a man. Fat like a sumo-wrestler but with solid muscle under his skin and a menacing looking goatee (he is otherwise bald), he appears as a frightening man wielding an ornate, curved 2 handed sword.

Style: He wears black "shorts" and a black vest over his vast expanse of hairless chest and stomach.

Operations: East Wind is a heavy hitter, used as a battering-ram against human security.

He carries the Oriental equivalent of a 2 Handed Sword.

Name: *West Wind*

15	PHY	12	STR 12	BLD 12	CON 12
27	REF	12	COR 12	REA 14	AGI 12
5	INT	10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 12
Total	47				
Total	73	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	34	11	34	68	
Strike	7				
Init	19-				

Base Damage	7pts
Punch	7pts
Sai Strike	10 PEN
Sai Block	15-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Knife fighter	1P
Quiet	4
Total	4

Defects

Wanted by the police (they have no really good leads)	-1
Ugly: bad facial scar	-1
Proud: enraged if insulted.	-1

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
13.25	Knife	AGI	D	3	15-
4.25	Stealth	AGI	N	3	16-
4.25	Climbing	MEM	N	3	14-
4.25	Surveillance	MEM	N	3	14-
22	Total (26-4)				

Description: West Wind fights with two Sai (three-pronged forks). He wears an all black outfit and a metallic plate over half his face to conceal a wicked scar. He has long black hair (down to the middle of his back) that is usually tied back in a tail when he fights.

Style: West Wind doesn't talk—he's very quiet and meticulous. He will usually not *grapple* with a target, but will step into close combat to use his knives.

Operations: West Wind is part of the surveillance team, traveling from afar and using very small binoculars and radio bugs to locate a target.

Sloth

"*Evil is human/ Weakness is human. Indifference is not.*" -- *Elie Wiesel*

Countin' flowers on the wall
That don't bother me at all
Playin' solitaire till dawn with a deck of fifty-one
Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo
Now don't tell me I've nothin' to do
-- *Flowers on the Wall, The Startler Brothers*

SLOTH

Sloth is laziness and apathy. It's sleeping on the job, keeping a slovenly house, and giving in to despair and numbness. Sloth is not being able to finish what you started ... or indeed, even to start. Sloth is also decay and despair—it's the death of passion and the end of ambition. I'd tell you about the rest of Sloth ... but I just don't have the energy.

SLOTH IN THE CITY

The despair that has set in on the city takes many forms but few more iconic than the ghetto. The projects are breeding grounds of filth and hopelessness—but that isn't enough for some. The forces of sloth are dedicated to stasis. From the union boss who sees to it that nothing every *really* gets done, to the hotel heiress who makes sure the *little people* never get ahead, Sloth has sunk its teeth into New York and isn't letting up.

Then there's "Dr. Nothing," New Age Guru to the rich and counter-culture icon to the desperate, Dr. Nothing's soothing voice and chemical cocktails have created a movement ... a following that is seeping through the city like some sort of knock-out drug.

SYMPTOM

The garbage strike has been going for several weeks and the city reeks. Rats breed, disease festers, and still, city sanitation is nothing more than a trickle. Their grievances are real but the solutions aren't easy (broken trucks, lack of manpower, lack of funds). When the forces of Sloth are vanquished the strike will end and the city will become clean again.



☞ Dr. Nothing ☞



☞ Sloth Samurai ☞

HOOKS AND LEADS

Both the Hotel Heiress and the Union Chief are making trouble in the city. Any investigative work into union corruption or vandalism in bad neighborhoods will eventually lead to them. It's far easier to get to Haber (the Chief) since he's more or less on the table about it. The Heiress goes to great lengths to disguise her projects.

Dr. Nothing is more difficult to get into. He appears many places (high society parties, Studio '55, radio talk shows with Gary Strict, and on TV) but his operations are hard to track. The Church of the Neon God is a street-cult that pushes the drugs he manufactures and the philosophy he sells ... really, the way to find him though, is to back-track the massive web of dead dreams and halted lives that he stands in the center of.

ARCHITECTS OF SLOTH

Helen Granstar: Helen owns a notorious 5-star in midtown. She keeps it spotless, a

glistening castle for the wealthy and famous. And she's dedicated to helping the poor—she employs an army of them to scrub floors and wipe down toilets. And even another division in the kitchens. But her real charity work comes in her investments.

Helen buys real-estate in bad neighborhoods. She owns rows of dilapidated buildings off 125th. She owns the gray-green industrial-looking towers that overlook the Hudson. She owns the grim, fire-trap multiplexes that spawn like mushrooms in the Bronx. And she's paid handsomely for it. Miss Granstar is a woman of the people, packing immigrants and ex-convicts into her properties. Let them come. Let them live marginally. Let them suffer and die in squalor. The urban poor are an investment! Without them, who would clean? Who would carry? Who would fetch and scrape? And the more dire and desperate they are, the cheaper it gets.

Schools are important, and she owns them as well (not officially, but by funding her people). Warehouses for future servants. Education would just make them unhappy. Keep them quiet. Keep them dumb.

And for those who do see a way out, she has special torments. Role-models are bad. Better to keep tabs on them. Best to find their secrets and ruin them publicly. Almost no one in the ghetto has escaped some kind violence, drugs or crime... so when the

scholarship finally does come, she pays a premium for those who can expose the unworthy for what they are.

Her fixer, when there's trouble is a "samurai" who has the skills of the ancient warriors but makes a mockery of their passion.

Howard Taber: Mr. Taber was never as powerful when he held official titles as he is now. His career in "labor relations" ended when he withdrew from the limelight to become a "negotiation consultant." Now, from the shadows, he knows everyone and pulls strings. His techniques are notorious—personal threats, vandals and arsonists on the payroll. Leg-breakers. But it's all for a good cause, isn't it?

Maybe it was at one point. Long ago. When he believed in something. But now it's about power and games. He likes to see how far he can push things. How much he can break. In person he's jaded and distant. Rarely excited about anything. In private clubs and in his rockstar hotel suites (he has no permanent address, moving from 5-star hotel to 5-star hotel), he samples exotic depravities to keep himself awake. If he has a passion, it's for watching things fall apart.

Mr. Taber is usually found with his assistant (Melissa Li) and his driver/enforcer (Mr. Granite—his real name, apparently), and his cell phone. At \$1000/hour, people call him to get deals made. Sometimes he makes them. More often, he creates webs of conditions and pre-requisites. Hoops for his toys and trained pets to jump through.

He plays with everyone, but he knows who not to piss off. Taber keeps himself alive with personal payments to the people who really, really matter. And if he can pay enough to make progress not matter, why not?

Taber's operations usually have some ostensible purpose (to make money for someone, somewhere). His organized crime contacts keep hoping he'll pay off. Desperate employers and city officials keep holding out hope he'll come through if they just do enough. But in private, unguarded moments, it's clear that it's not even about the game (the game is part of it, but that's just enough to keep him awake). By being in the middle of everything, and by slowing it down or stopping it, money flows through him. Keeps him alive.

Sometimes his passion is engaged. This happens when he discovers something he wants to destroy. He loves finding people with a mission (Rebuild the projects! Clean up the park! Help the Homeless!) and subtly frustrating them. Letting them watch as things get worse instead of better as permits are lost in the mail and phone-calls are un-returned. He gets a bit of a thrill when they come to him begging, but the real payoff comes when they give up, too. And walk away. And whatever they were doing dies and withers on the vine.

Dr. Theodore "Dr. Nothing" Franklin: If you're awake and aware, you're in pain. The more you know, the more it hurts. And for those who care the most, it's almost unbearable. Dr. Franklin feels your pain. He knows what ails you and he knows the cure. It's not about solving the problems, you see. That's outside you. That's beyond your control. To stop hurting you need to change yourself, and to do that you have to stop caring.

For some people, that comes naturally. For the rest, he offers help. The little yellow pills he carries with him take the weight of the world off of you. You can watch a tenement burn with everyone inside, and feel safe and warm (not too warm) because you're all nice and cozy outside. You can watch an old woman being beaten by thugs and remember that it's most important that you get away.

And when the yellow pills stop working, there're other therapies. Some of his most prestigious patients have checked out entirely. Dr. Franklin can offer you a complete chemical vacation to a candy-land where the sun is shining and the children are laughing happily. When caring and struggling, and feeling the pain of others gets to be too much, Dr. Franklin offers a way out.

Franklin is not an A-list celebrity himself, but he knows plenty of them. He has enough of a 'normal' practice to keep his special patients and therapies from dominating his public image (Psychiatrist to the Movers and Shakers of Manhattan!). The kinds of people he wants to treat (busy-bodies. Do-gooders) aren't likely to come to him, so he watches for them. Earns their trust (he's always at the black-tie charity balls. Always at the press conferences. Always there to help a good cause), and when the exhaustion catches up, he's there to offer help.

It's not just drugs. It's philosophy. You've got to take care of yourself first. How can you worry about *them* when *you're* not getting what *you* need? It's not selfish when it's about survival—and after *all* you've done, don't you deserve a rest? A *long* rest? Sure you do, baby... and doesn't it feel good?

He has a core of people he's treated. People who have retired from public life, their works incomplete, their projects rusting away where they left them. And when you meet them they seem content. Hey—at least they tried, right? More than most folks? And if they didn't see it all the way through... well, that's what happens sometimes. But if you keep on looking, content is actually placidity. And placidity ... well, when they go home at night, they might not even bother to turn on the light anymore... placid is revealed as empty.

Doctor Franklin has a library in his Park Avenue office. It's full of books of all shapes and sizes, all beautifully bound. Most without titles. Most empty. The ones that aren't empty and are titled, are named for his patients. His real patients. Inside, laid out in page after page, are their dreams, their causes, their passions, their desires. They're full of emotion. Outrage. Adoration. Empathy. Sorrow. They're poetic in places and incoherent in others. Some have detailed ideas about how to change the world. Others are love

poems to lost causes. They're written, printed, and even stamped out on the page, but every word is struck through. Not so much you can't read it, but enough tell you it's negated. Finished.

Doctor Franklin sits in his study and reads through them, chuckling. Smiling wryly, and sometimes laughing with great rolling guffaws full of cheer. This is why I do this, he thinks. This is what it's all about.

OPERATIONS

Here are some of the ways the characters may encounter Sloth:

- **You Can Keep a Good Man Down:** An investigation into some of the projects owned by Helen Granstar finds that anyone with anything going on is a target for trouble. First comes the bad luck. Then comes the accidents. Then comes a visit with a man in ratty clothes with a Samurai sword across his back—that's usually the end of the project.
- **Dreams Deferred:** Any good-works project of any scale is tangled in snarls of red tape. Someone has seen the pattern and is starting to make noise about it. Then he shuts up. If the characters investigate they discover the magnitude of the decay that Taber has created. This leads to Taber—but first he'll want to talk: he can buy you out ... or in ... it's a sure thing. Finally, he'll promise to look into it and call on his friends (the Mayor, the Police Commissioner, a few others). If the characters come back after him, Granite will do his best to protect him.
- **Nothing Else Matters:** A friend who is depressed has started seeing Dr. Nothing—and has a creepy feeling about him. She stops ... and then goes crawling back. Trying to get to see him is interesting: his address isn't the main office (he does 'charity work' from another address). He's easy enough to find in night clubs (Studio 55 is a place you can get him) or on radio talk shows. He'll offer potential opponents treatments to help take the edges off their violent personalities "Before you judge and execute me, why don't you give me a try?"

NOTE: Dr. Nothing has a few very scary tricks up his sleeve. If a character winds up in therapy with him, Dr. Nothing will "know" a scary amount about him—he can smell *Fast Company* coming. Dr. Nothing will begin with a battery of tests. Some of these will be disturbing ("Question: I can dodge bullets. Strongly Agree. Agree. Moderate. Weakly Disagree. Strongly Disagree.") These tests have "lie detectors" built into them. As the character completes one, his score will determine another. Here are some of the ploys Dr. Nothing will use.

- **You are Delusional:** He tells the character that he or she is wrapped up in a fantasy life of their own devising. He tells them that no one can really dodge bullets (he'll draw this out by saying "you have dreams about violent acts—about rage against society and the underworld ... etc.). This can actually cause the character to have self-doubts that may *strip him of his powers* temporarily.
- **I know a secret about you:** Dr. nothing can tell the character a secret about himself—a repressed memory of something awful (usually a murder of a sibling the character didn't know he or she had by a weapon or modus operandi the character uses).

Depending on the nature of reality in the campaign, this may be true. "Of course your parents will deny it."

- There is someone I want you to meet: Dr. Nothing has a "Circle"—a group of men and women who have given up the fight. Some are cops. Some are paramedics or normal guys. The PC will not know if they are *Fast Company* or not. They meet and discuss their peace since laying down their battle. The character will be drawn into the web of despair and emptiness (standard solution: the NPC's were of a vigilante bent—but not FC.)
- Imaginary Friend: After a session, a character will meet (and be told he or she will meet: the 'energy' you exude will attract the right people to you) a perfect match. There's only one catch—the *match* will mean the end of the character's *Fast Company* Career. Once the character sees things correctly the match will be utterly wrong and horrible for the character ... or maybe even nonexistent.

Just Beating Up Dr. Nothing: Just pounding the guy is difficult ("he knows what you're going to do before you do") but certainly possible. The best bet is to have a friend of the character deep in therapy with the doctor—saving this friend will require going in and fighting the philosophical battle to prove to him or her that the Dr. is destructive.

Dr. Nothing will over-play his hand at some point. Maybe at a black tie affair, when the character "doesn't have his abilities" something bad will start to happen and the Doctor will, 'making sense,' tell the character to stand down. Maybe something will come out in the papers and the friend of the PC will urge the character not to get involved and try to get Dr. Nothing (surprise visit) to talk him out. However it happens, a showdown, especially if there is some daring risk involved on the part of the PC, will cause Dr. Nothing to reveal his true colors—the next visit to his office will be for forced sedation.

Name: *Sloth Samurai* [John Doe]

15	PHY	12	STR 12	BLD 12	CON 12
27	REF	12	COR 12	REA 14	AGI 14
05	INT	10	RES 10	MEM 12	WIL 10
Total	47				
Total	68.2	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	12 [41]	13	41	82	
Init	19-				

Base Damage	9pts
Jujitsu Punch	9pts
Sword Strike	10 PEN
Sword Block	18-
Grapple	15/3

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 3	--
Weapons master	2P
Fast	1P

Total

Defects

Pts

Enemy: Dreams of a magnificent warrior in full armor—his abandoned dreams made flesh. In the daytime he <i>knows</i> the image doesn't exist—but at night, sometimes, he feels fear.	-1
Cynical, laconic, and cruel	-2
Mocks those who study the ancient ways with dedication	-2

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
25.75	Sword	AGI	D	4	17-
7.75	Jujitsu	AGI	D	2	15-
4.25	History	MEM	N	3	14-
4.00	Philosophy	RES	N	3	12-
4.25	Politics	MEM	N	3	14-
4.25	Art: Calligraphy	COR	N	3	14-
0.0	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	15-
Total	26.2				

Description: The Samurai clearly doesn't care about his appearance. He's lazy, sloppy, and even disheveled. He wears ripped jeans and a somewhat stained shirt. His sword is a blazingly sharp blade—but a cheap one (he buys cheap but dangerous replicas from time to time).

Style: Sloth Samurai was, at one point, dedicated and entranced with the idea of the 'ultimate warrior.' He studied the arts of the ancient Japanese samurai and achieved a degree of skill that suited those "perfect warriors." Then, somewhere, he lost it.

In a Park Avenue office is a book, bound with a name the man born to no longer uses. His dream is gone—what's left is cynical, sneering, and dangerous. He's lazy—but he'll kill you stone cold dead if he thinks he should. He's laconic—but utterly and coolly threatening in the sincerity of his threats. He works for Helen Granstar because it's the most reprehensible job he could imagine. He has embraced the death of his dream completely, and now he is a mockery of the ideas he once held.

Gear: Ultra-sharp sword: +2 Damage (1GP). Base damage is +8 PEN.

Name: *Dr. Nothing* [Dr. Theodore Franklin]

13	PHY	11	STR 11	BLD 11	CON 13
27	REF	12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 14
30	INT	13	RES 13	MEM 13	WIL 13
Total	58				
Total	104	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	44	15	44	88	
Init	17-				

Base Damage	8ts
Tai Chi Punch	8pts
Tai Chi Kick	10pts
Tai Chi Block	18-
Grapple	17/18

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 3	--
Martial Artist	1P
Detective [17- Perception Roll]	2P
Likeable L3	12
Attractive L1	2
Total	14

Defects

Can't stand tea	-1
Hates vulgarity	-1
He will be crushed by defeat. When he loses he will be come an ugly, vicious, spiteful, hateful vulture—denied its dinner of dead dreams.	-5

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
19.75	Tai Chi	AGI	D	4	15-
14.75	Psychology	AGI	D	4	16-
19.75	Hypnotism	RES	D	4	15-
4.25	Literature	MEM	N	3	14-
4.25	Politics	MEM	N	3	14-
4.25	History	COR	N	3	14-
4.25	Etiquette	MEM	N	3	14-
0.0	Acrobatics	AGI	D	3	15-
71.25	-12-20=39.25				

Description: Dr. Nothing is a tall bald man who radiates impeccable taste and a sense of ... wisdom. He is smooth and polite, neither condescending (save when he feels it will improve his position) nor cynical (he is, in fact, a man of some passion). When you meet him, you feel instantly that you can trust him.

Style: Dr. Nothing does not engage in combat (if he can at all help it). He'll keep talking reasonably as he blocks and dodges and weaves. He'll try to talk you down—and then tell you you're only hurting yourself. If out numbered he'll run—but even when he flees he manages to *stride*—to move with implicit dignity.

WRATH

"And one of the four beasts gave unto the seven angels seven golden vials full of the wrath of God" Revelations 15:1, 7

Mankind's wrath is blind. It is blind, bloody rage that flies in the face of reason and sanity. Wrath is not simply a protection of what is ours or people we love—wrath is the quest for destruction, insatiable vengeance, and complete absence of mercy. The city is consumed with wrath and it is boiling like pressure-cooker with no vent to release the steam.

WRATH IN THE CITY

New York City is shot through with jagged red razor-blades of wrath. Up and down the East Side the Neo Nazi gangs feed and thrive on misdirected anger. They fan the flames of hate to raging bonfires and drive, heavily armed out of their hidden enclaves to wreak havoc. Over the bridge and into the Bronx is a high roofed warehouse now known as Carnage Hall where WWX Wrestling, an extreme, no holds barred illegal (but massively popular) wrestling league meets. Thrown into the ring with vicious steroid-pumped psychopaths are (often) ordinary, desperate people who naively believe the enraged beasts of the wrestlers won't *really* hurt them. Some die later of gross internal injuries. Some are hurried out past the thundering crowds in neck-braces ... their bodies already growing cold. The lucky ones are crippled, legs full of bloody compound fractures or skulls wrecked with spider webs of cracks. The police, of course, don't know anything about it.

SYMPTOM

The heat wave that bakes the city will break when the forces of wrath are defeated. The 90-degree and higher heats that bake the city are responsible for a multitude of smaller altercations every day—but in a city that is spawning "role models" that maim, taunt, and

I'm a rolling thunder, a pouring rain
I'm comin' on like a hurricane
My lightning's flashing across the sky
You're only young but you're gonna die
-- *Hell's Bells*, AC/DC



☞ Bloodsoaked ☞

kill in the glory of their anger, more and more these fights are being "settled" with firearms and switchblades.



☞ StormHammer ☞

HOOKS AND LEADS

Anyone with Streetwise L2 will know about Carnage Hall. If someone goes to check it out, they'll be appalled at the cruelty and the naked anger of the WWX (and perhaps even more appalled that these monsters are role models). Beating the wrestlers in the ring will break it up—but what would truly put the nail in the coffin of the Hall would be a show of compassion or a statement to the fans.

The Neo Nazis (lead by StormHammer) are a bit tougher. There are three Fortresses in hidden locations, each with a staff of about 20 armed "soldiers." Investigations (a few days of making Streetwise and Surveillance rolls to tail suspected members) will reveal where the indoctrination meetings take place. Infiltration is an easy way get to meet some of StormHammer's lieutenants through those (or simply waiting for one to show up and then storming the place). If the Nazi's know that a lieutenant has been captured, his Fortress will be set up as a trap (possibly including StormHammer, possibly not).

ARCHITECTS OF WRATH

Rick Vance: Rick is the brain-trust behind WWX Wrestling. He recognized the deep chord of rage that was growing in NYC and made it muscle and flesh in his bloody arena. There is no story-line, just a parade of victims. Most of them are volunteers: desperate men who chase a twenty-thousand dollar cash prize. Some of them are wannabes—fans of the men who work the ring: they are treated no better—they are fed to the beast and leave broken. A few though, are sacrifices—and the crowd loves these—the rude driver Road Rage kidnaps, the street kid who's in the wrong place at the wrong time and gets grabbed ... these unfortunates are caged in the ring and destroyed by the wrestlers within. Rick's ticket sales have never been higher—he has no difficulty paying off the police commissioner and donating to the mayor's campaign.

StormHammer: StormHammer is the leader, the premier warrior, and the brains behind Judgment Day, a genocidal neo-Nazi faction. They are armed as a paramilitary force and have thus far, through a series of blindingly fast hit and run raids, evaded the police (due to dealings with the Police Commissioner they have even managed to tie up the police). Donations to the governor and the Mayor's Campaign have kept federal forces at bay as well. StormHammer is a hate machine: he is a martial, focused, and accomplished warrior whose heart keeps beating because of the hate that burns in it. He wishes for a silent planet: a planet "cleansed" of all those who do not share his "purity" of vision. His faction

has bases in the mid-west but the soapbox of NYC provides him with a platform billions of dollars of advertising could not buy. He is a grim and driven individual, assured in his superiority while empty of all but bottled rage.

OPERATIONS

Here are some of the ways the characters may encounter Wrath in the city:

- **Nazi Attacks:** Judgment Day has bigger fish to fry than "local gangs" but, as they are driven by hatred, they can't resist. If the characters patrol, they will find counter-patrols of JD warriors (*Hate Squads*) who travel in unmarked vans, use spotters, and strike quickly when they locate a target (mixed racial couples are a favorite—but minority owned businesses, liberal spokespersons, and anyone else they don't like ... which could be everyone).
- **Nazi Raids:** Judgment Day is trying to accumulate money for various operations (as well as making statements). This involves raids against cities financial establishments. To keep the cops under control, payoffs to the Union organizers and the Police Commissioner have resulted in dispatches getting muddled, specific commanders holding back for reinforcements or SWAT teams that never come and other suspicious behaviors. A person with police contacts might get the picture that something was going down before it actually happened.
- **Carnage Hall** has gotten some press—some angry editorials, some public complaints ... but not for the atrocity that it really is. Most of these complaints take the form of objections to Boxing (it's a vicious sport!). A Streetwise roll at -2 (no negative if Level 3) will discover some of the truth: the injuries are hideous. Further investigation will show the kidnappings, the killings, and the cover-ups.
- The **WWX Wrestlers** are "role models" for the more and more disaffected youth. "Wrestling Clubs" have sprung up where vicious beatings are carried out (often the victim is left with his valuables). Characters who patrol might find some of them—flying the colors of their favorite WWX wrestlers as they cripple their targets.

Getting a Match at Carnage Hall

If a character wishes to audition, they have to fight a preliminary match or two against other contestants (that changes if the person is especially interesting in the ring ... a young girl would be welcomed in and demolished without a pre-fight screening). There's waivers to sign (pages of them) and then you're held in a holding room. There are guards—if you try to leave, they won't let you (well, they'll try to stop you).

Judgment Day's Battle Plan

StormHammer is the general—the characters may hear about him—and even meet him—but the first battles should be against Judgment Day's thugs and the two cybernetic lieutenants. Built up to the final showdown. If the characters are making waves (operating in the neighborhoods where Judgment Day's hate-squads are, showing up to prevent robberies, etc.) StormHammer will start setting traps for them and trying to entice them into a bloody showdown.

Name: *StormHammer* [Hemmel Rostine]

15	PHY	12	STR 14	BLD 15	CON 12
15	REF	12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 12
15	INT	12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 13

Total 45

Total	80.25	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	44	15	44	88
Punch	11			
Init	20-			

Base Damage	11pts
Street Fighting	11pts
Whip Blow	11pts
+ Electrical Charge	9pts
Streetfighting block	11-
Grapple	17/14

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Mighty	1P
Agent training	1P
Wealthy	4
Statuesque L2	4
Leader L2	4
Big +3	6.75
Total	18.75

Defects

	Pts
Neo Nazi and very proud of it	-3
Underestimates minorities and women	-3
Fanatic	-4

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
7.25	Chain Whip	AGI	D	3	13-
7.25	Ranged Wpn	COR	D	3	13-
3.25	Streetfighting	AGI	N	2	13-
7.25	Electronics	RES	D	3	13-
.5	Revisionist History	MEM	N	1	6-
2	Computer Underground	RES	N	2	12-
2	Survival	RES	N	2	12-
2	Politics	RES	N	2	12-
31.5	-6 = 25.5				

Description: StormHammer appears as a head-shaven muscled Aryan wearing urban combat gear or a slick black trench coat (armored underneath). He wears black rubber gloves and has a length of metal chain wrapped around his right arm—it is connected to a battery pack (the wires run under his clothes).

When his bare chest shows, the symbol of the Fist of Rage is tattooed on it (this is the mark of Judgment Day).

Style: StormHammer is a grim general in the service of the army of hate. He is a tall, somewhat handsome man with piercing dark eyes. Inside he is twisted by the surging anger that has become part of his soul.

Although usually somewhat reserved, when he gets fired up the anger comes out. He will thunder and sermonize on the battle field, play to the crowd, spewing his beliefs and ranting about the four horsemen of the apocalypse and the coming holy war.

Gear:

Chain whip that hits at Long Range for +6 IMP damage. Swing is 5, Back Swing is 6. It can be electrified 6x per day (charge only expends if it hits) for 9pts of damage (2 GP).

Rubberized gloves

Storm Trooper Outfit

Name	Gadget Pt. Cost	Coverage	Mod	defense
Light Armored trench coat	0	5	-2	4/16

Name: *Sigurd* [Frank Gworff]

8	PHY	11	STR 14	BLD 11	CON 11
15	REF	12	COR 12	REA 13	AGI 12
5	INT	11	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL 11

Total 28

Total	46.3	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	46	15	46	92
Punch	8			
Init	16-			

Base Damage	8pts
Pneumatic Punch	9pts
Streetfighting Kick	10
Streetfighting Block	12-
Grapple	14/11

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Cybernetics (36pts)	2P
Leader L1	4
Toughness +4	4

Total 8

Defects

Hates Minorities	-3
Enraged if reminded of his former self	-1
Psychotic [Cyber-Feedback Psychosis]	-10

Cybernetics

Mk1 Enhanced Skeleton [2/4 Coverage 4]	12
Mk1 Muscle Grafts	8
Mk1 Polymer Armor [4/8 Armor]	12
Ultra-Sound Eye Scanner	3
Pneumatic Rams (HTH Weapon)	0 [!]

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
5.25	Street Fighting	AGI	D	2	14-
5.5	Vehicle Ops: Driving	COR	N	2	14-
2.15	Tactics	RES	N	2	13-
5.25	Firearms	COR	D	2	11-
2.15	Streetwise	RES	N	2	13-
20.3					

points

Cyber Effects: Sigurd takes a -2 Damage Modifier from impact attacks and -6 Damage Modifiers from ranged attacks. He loses 2pts of Combat Technique damage.

With his Pneumatic Rams his punch does 9 damage. When hit, he has 4/8 armor over 100% of his body but an additional 2/4 armor with Coverage 4. He can easily absorb light arms fire.

The BLD bonuses for Cybernetics are under examination and have not been added in to his character. Similarly, the Pneumatic Rams have a 0pt weapon cost in *Fast Company*.

Description: Sigurd is the product of Judgment Day's misappropriation of black-market army cybernetics technology. Two of their soldiers went under the knife and came back ... changed. He appears as a short man with rippling muscles stacked onto his small frame. One eye glows a dim red (the ultra-sound scanner) and his body is hairless and slightly off-color. He has "zipper-like" scars along his arms and legs and chest where the technology went in. With his clothes off he appears as though an autopsy was performed on him.

The technology sends saw-wave signals up his spinal column and he has become (like the others tested) insane. Fortunately for Judgment Day, his blood-lust is exactly what they need. Sometimes he kills his own troops (usually with the excuse that they disobeyed or disappointed him)—but mostly he executes Judgment Day's targets: other races.

Style: Siguard seems like a bit of a scheming sycophant next to StormHammer—a decent combat leader, he exhibits an almost craven devotion to the chapter's general, excessively worrying about the minutia of his reports. In person he is arrogant but crafty and he is callous about expending "resources" (his troops) in combat.

Name: *Blitzkrieg* [Jane Grant]

5	PHY	11	STR	BLD	CON
			11	11	11
30	REF	13	COR	REA	AGI
			13	18	13
00	INT	10	RES	MEM	WIL
			10	10	10
Total	35				
Total	72.7	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	18	16	49	96	
Punch	7				
Init	27-				

Base Damage	7pts
Karate Punch	9pts
Ingrams	9 PEN
Karate Block	12-
Grapple	11/9

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Cybernetic [36pts]	2P

Face Smash	2
Statuesque L1	2
Leader L2	8
Total	12

Defects	Pts
Psychotic [Cyber-Feedback Psychosis]	-10
Goes into (violent) rants about germs and cleanliness during operations	-2

Cybernetics	
Mk1 Hard-wired Reflexes [+3 REA]	20
Mk1 Computer Targeting	6
Mk1 System Shock dampers	8
2x In-Built Forearm .45 Ingrams	[0]

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.5	Firearms	COR	D	3	15-
3.5	Karate	AGI	D	2	14-
2	Streetwise	MEM	N	2	12-
2	Revelry	RES	N	2	12-
2	Revisionist History	RES	N	2	12-
19					

points

Cybernetics: Her cybernetics combined with *Fast Company* give her a phenomenal REA and Initiative. She looks strange with faint red-glowing "circuit board" imprints under her skin.

Her forearms have two magazine-wells for the 9mm ammo-clips (they fire through her hands). Her eyes have red dots that dance on them (her targeting system). When she fights she spends 5 REA to "lock onto a target" (this actually fires a tracking laser from her eye). She then hits at +2 thereafter

Description: Blitzkrieg has short blond hair and blue-eyes shot through with red-light. Her skin appears to have some sort of strange rash from afar—but up closer one can see the faintly luminous nerves under the flesh.

Style: Jane Grant was selected after Judgment Day's doctors thought a female might respond better to the cybernetics treatment than a man—they were wrong. Blitzkrieg suffers the same Cyber-Feedback Psychosis as Sigurd. Although she works as a combat-team leader, she is unstable and psychotic.

Gear: The guns hit for 9pts of damage and have ROF's of 12. Their Recoil is -0 (built-in with recoil suppression) and they each carry 36 rounds.

Name: *BloodSoaked* [Hue Jarley]

37	PHY	12	STR 14	BLD 22	CON 12
15	REF	12	COR 12	REA 11	AGI 12
-5	INT	09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09
Total	47				
Total	72.7	Mnr	Mjr	Crt	
DP	49	16	49	96	
Init	16-				

Base Damage	12pts
Boxing Punch	13pts
Boxing Cross	16pts
Wrestling Block	14-
Grapple	21/19

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 2	--
Large and Dangerous	1P
Quick	1P

Face Smash	2
Statuesque L1	2
Leader L2	8
Total	12

Defects

Hates Everyone	-3
Quick temper	-2
Enemy: Police	-3

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
9.5	Wresting	AGI	D	3	14-
5.5	Boxing	AGI	D	2	14-
4	Showmanship	MEM	N	2	12-
1.85	Revelry	RES	N	2	11-
1.85	Con Artist	RES	N	2	11-
22.7					

points

Description: When Rick Vance laid eyes on the man who would become Bloodsoaked (both in name and description) he knew he'd struck gold. A massive physical specimen, Bloodsoaked was unmatched in the violence he was willing to unleash in the ring. He'd fight—and hurt—*anyone*.

To give him some style, Rick had his arms tattooed with flames and gives him lines to read in the ring after he cruelly demolishes another contender. Especially valuable to Rick is that Bloodsoaked doesn't value his *fans*. Some of them, wishing to meet their idol, sign up for the gory combats—and Bloodsoaked shows them as much mercy as anyone else: none.

Style: Although he wasn't born with it—and it didn't come easy, Bloodsoaked has developed a "ring" persona that has become his real identity. He is the bringer of pain. He tells his opponents that he has *had it with them. Their whining. Their crying. Their wanting to be someone. Their hopelessness.*

Then he demolishes them.

Name: *Valkirie* [Eva Strange]

13	PHY	11	STR	BLD	CON
			13	11	13
13	REF	11	COR	REA	AGI
			11	11	13
00	INT	10	RES	MEM	WIL
			10	10	11

Total	26			
Total	40	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	34	11	34	68
Init	16-(15-)			

Base Damage	8pts
Power Slam	21 Grapple
Sword Strike	9 PEN
Sword Block	14-
Grapple	17/15

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Mighty	1P
Wealthy	2
Attractive L1	2
Power Slam [Chi Martial Arts]	4
Total	8

Defects

	Pts
Hates Men	-3
Bloodlust	-3
Enemy: Police	-3

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
7.5	Wresting	AGI	D	3	14-
3.5	Sword	AGI	D	2	14-
2	Showmanship	MEM	N	2	12-
2	Revelry	RES	N	2	12-
15 points					

Description: Valkirie is a blond haired tall woman with well defined muscles (but not bulging). She wears sparkling armor and has a sharp sword across her back. Her hatred for men is venomous.

She has taken her need to hurt them to an art-form. Often having to be "dragged off" (Rick lets her go on way longer than he should), to a crowd thundering for more, she inflicts every last bit of *damage* she can. As she says "I aim to maim!"

She will also sermonize in the ring, calling men worms and on occasion, even dragging spectators into the ring. Insulting her from the crowds isn't safe either—if the spotlight falls on you, she'll exit the stage and come after you. She lives for it.

Style: Valkirie tries for regal but gets angry and aloof. She struts and poses and calls to the crowd, but she's hollow. All that's there is an un-quenchable fire—a hunger to rage on and on against the men she despises.

Gear: Wears "skimpy" light ceramic plate armor. Modifier is -1. Coverage is 1 (if hit by 0 or 1, the blow hits the armor) if hit by more, the attacker can reduce his to-hit modifier by 1 and ignore the armor. The armor is 6/24. It looks a little like a brilliant, silver and gold metallic bathing suit.

She carries a broadsword (+6 PEN damage) but doesn't use it much.

Name: *Road Rage* [Brant Jolan]

30	PHY	13	STR 13	BLD 13	CON 13
15	REF	11	COR 12	REA 13	AGI 12
05	INT	11	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL 11

Total 50

Total	64.5	Mnr	Mjr	Crt
DP	39	13	39	78
Init	18-			

Base Damage	10pts
Punch	10pts
Power Slam	21 Grapple
Wrestling Block	18-
Grapple	17/15

Enhancements

Fast Company Level 1	--
Manic	1P
Leadership L2	8
Power Slam [Chi Martial Arts]	4

Total 12

Defects Pts

Hates rude drivers	-3
Bad Temper	-2
Enemy: Police	-3

Cost	Skill	Stat	Typ	Lvl	Roll
7.5	Wresting	AGI	D	2	14-
6.25	Driving	COR	N	3	15-
2.15	Revelry	RES	N	2	13-

11.5points

Description: Road Rage is a big man (although not so towering as Bloodsoaked) with black hair and a blunt face. He wears metallic blue trunks and has more "lines" than the other two combined.

Road Rage is the self-appointed avenger of the traffic laws. His diatribes are against those who drive too slow in the fast lane, people who take more than one parking space, those who cut off others, and so on. But instead of simply being amusing (he can be occasionally funny) his punch lines end in splattered blood and broken bones. The Road Rage posse is always on the look-out for a bad driver who can be taken (ripped from the car) and sent to "the Cage of Judgment!"

Here the terrified victim has their alleged crime read allowed by Road Rage wearing judicial robes—before those are slipped off, and the carnage begins.

Style: Road Rage is a showman to be certain. He sometimes dons a flashy blue cape or sparkling skin-tight blue gloves to give himself some flair. He'll often stop a match mid-way (wherein his opponent is laying unconscious or crippled on the mat) to play to the crowd who cheer, ever louder, for the final blow.