

Rifts: Arctic Circle

**The Land of the Midnight
Sun**

by
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A few preliminary notes to the reader:

The term “Eskimo” is in definite disfavor among the native peoples of the Far North. The word literally means “eaters-of-raw-meat,” and is supposed to indicate barbarianism. It is considered disrespectful to the long and ancient heritages of the people of the Far North. “Eskimo” also lumps significantly different and unlike peoples under one blanket term. There are many different Inuit cultures: the Sallirmiut, Aleut, Iglulik, Netsilik, Nunivak, Noatagmiut, Mackenzie Delta Inuit, Caribou Inuit, Copper Inuit, Polar Inuit, East and West Greenland peoples. Along with the Inuit, you have the Indian tribes of the Far North: Micmac, Attikamek, Ojibwa, Chilcotin, Holikachuk, Ingalik, Koyukon, Kolchan, Tanaina, Eyak, Ahtna, Gwich’in, Yellowknife and Dog Rib nations—all with their own distinct customs and traditions.

On modern-day Earth, the word *Inuit* is used to refer to the original peoples of the Eastern Canadian Arctic. Those of the Bering Strait are known as *Yup’ik*. Those of the northernmost part of Alaska are called the *Inupiat*. And those of Siberia are the *Yukaghir* and the *Chukchee*.

In spite of my plainly non-specific application of the word “Eskimo,” which is used here solely for the purposes of simplicity, clarity and consistency, it should be known that no disrespect is intended to the numerous cultures who in this book go unnamed under the umbrella term of “Eskimo.”

Also, it is important to remember that the futuristic concepts and speculative portrayals of customs and cultures in this book are works of fiction that only take inspiration from the actual legends and myths of the North. The contents of this book do not necessarily represent the beliefs and cultures of any real peoples living on modern day Earth, nor are they to be relied on for factual accuracy, or mistaken for a work of reference material. If you are truly interested in the culture, histories and myths of the indigenous peoples of the north, I strongly suggest you check out some books at your local library on the subject.

There isn’t an overwhelming amount of information on Eskimo culture currently in print and easily available. Two notable exceptions (to which I am heavily indebted) are: *Northern Tales*, edited by Howard Norman, 1990, Pantheon Press; and *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, by Hinrich Johannes Rink, 1875, reprinted 1997, Dover Publications Inc. They are both excellent books (even though Rink’s book is badly translated from the original Danish into a somewhat dusty and old-fashioned English). Nevertheless, any half-decent college library or the main branch of your local public library should have a wealth of old and out-of-print books on Eskimo mythology and anthropology.

And, as always, as you who are literate in the English language should all be old enough to know, NONE of the monsters, magic, characters or events presented herein are real. It’s all make-believe. Neither I nor anyone at Palladium Books either condones or encourages the occult, the practice of magic, the use of drugs, violence, alcohol, cigarettes, foul language, constrictive clothing or herbal teas.

Some notes concerning pronunciation:

I know that some (well, ok, a lot) of the Eskimo's megasyllabic vocabulary can look rather daunting. Unfortunately, you're on your own. Partly because of the many different languages and dialects spoken all over the Far North, partly because these languages had no written counterpart until the 19th century and partly because of the many idiosyncrasies of the European ethnographers and anthropologists who have translated the myths of the native peoples of the Arctic, I have not been able to compile a consistent pronunciation key. The best I can offer is a few general guidelines:

Vowels:

a is generally pronounced as in the English words 'cat' or 'pack.'

i is pronounced 'ee,' eg. *inua* (ee-nua).

o is usually a long vowel, as in 'robe,' 'hold' or 'choke.'

u is usually 'oo,' as in 'shoot.'

Q or **q** is pronounced gutturally, from the back of the throat—sounding like a very hard, deep 'k' or something like 'ghk.' This is a tough one, trust me. Long hours have I spent staring at Eskimo text, sounding like a clucking chicken with a severe chest cold, trying to get it right. This is kind of important, though, as the Eskimo 'Q' is probably the most commonly encountered sound in their languages (less so in the speech of the Indian tribes of the Far North). Some translators render this sound as 'rk,' but I find that just as arbitrary as 'q,' so I have used the latter.

ss is said something like the French 'j' (sort of a zj sound, as in 'je ne sais quoi,' or the English word 'jeune')—so Kilaumassok is said something like Kill-laow-mazj-oak. Some Inuit pronounce 'ss' as a long 'h' sound (*asso* = *ahho*).

ng or **rng** is spoken with a nasal tone, somewhat unpleasantly unfamiliar to the English-speaking palate. Like 'singing,' not 'ungrateful.'

r has a harsher, deeper, more guttural sound than in the English language. Roll it a bit. Think German military officers in old war movies.

Please keep in mind that these are nothing more than suggestions. After all, you're not taking an Algonquin-family languages class, and this *is* supposed to be more fun than studying for your Graduate Equivalency Degree. It just seems to me that a measure of competence with the language can only serve to enrich the exotic flavor of the setting.

Even still, if you do encounter any serious difficulty with saying the words, you should pronounce them whatever way is easiest for you. No point in detracting from the game merely for the sake of an odd syllable here or there.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, having said all that, on with the show:

A Post-Apocalyptic History of the Eskimo Nations

The Eskimo Nations Weather the Great Cataclysm

It seemed the world was ending; the continents rocked with nuclear detonations and hundreds of millions died instantly. Many of the denizens of the North escaped the initial bombardment relatively unscathed (after all, who's really going to nuke *Greenland?*), but the worst was definitely not over. A web of mystical energy exploded into being all over the world as the planet was seared raw by unbelievable magic storms. Inhuman monsters and demons poured forth unchecked from ragged dimensional holes gouged out of the fabric of reality, slaughtering and devouring all the humans in their paths.

Those who had not died in the first catastrophic eruption began to sincerely wish that they had. Crackling in the sky, mystical energy surged across continents, exposing Earth to horrors and forces of a magnitude it had not seen for millennia. The planet became a living hell for quite some time.

Fortunately, it did not take very long for the surviving Eskimo to acclimate themselves to this new environment.

After all, their traditional stories—stories of magic and of life among spirits, demons, giants, witches and other evil beings—had been handed down, generation after generation, for more years than anyone could remember. Thrust forcibly into a world that greatly resembled their most ancient tales, originating from what Eskimos call “Deep-Time” or “Way-Back-Time,” they were not caught totally unprepared. Magic—real magic, not the hocus-pocus kind—made a spectacular reappearance and the terrific powers of the far-Northern sorcerers and shaman blossomed again.

The Arctic Circle became once more a place of high sorcery, where you could never trust appearances because most creatures had more than one form. Where animals could talk and spirits could inhabit the bodies of men. Where there were villages populated entirely with invisible people and gods walked among humanity. Where the ghosts of stillborn and abandoned children returned to plague the living and the demonic husks of starved men roamed the wasteland looking to feed their supernatural hunger for human flesh.

The Eskimo adjusted quickly. What choice did they have? Within only a few decades, the “Deep-Time” ways were resurrected, and they were able to defend themselves adequately in that early, dark age just after the Great Cataclysm. In the last few decades, they have even begun to flourish. In the beginning, there were some—those that did not, would not, believe in ghosts—who argued against what they saw as a return to primitive superstition. Those voices of dissent gradually faded out when it was seen that the “superstitious” ways were keeping everyone alive.

Even still, things were not easy. The Arctic Circle and the North Polar region is a collection of hundreds of large, small, very small and almost microscopic islands; more than a few glaciers, floes and icebergs, not to mention the peripheral reaches of Canada; Alaska, Siberia, Greenland and the island chain of Svalbard (a pre-rifts territory of Norway); the northern quadrants of Norway, Sweden and Finland; and a really *big* icecap called the North Pole. With the coming of the Great Cataclysm, some islands sunk, disappearing forever. Others surfaced where none had previously been; vast mountain ranges of ice surged up from the ocean, their glittering, crystalline peaks lancing towards the sky. Blizzards of unimaginable intensity and duration raged, hailstones the size of

refrigerators battered the territory. Thousands upon thousands lost their lives. Thousands starved to death because the game animals were all either hiding or dead. Thousands more were devoured by demons and prehistoric monsters from the rifts. Still more simply vanished without a trace.

At first, the Eskimo were pushed further and further north, driven back before wave upon wave of bloodthirsty demon hordes, to the very end of Alaska and the fringes of Siberia, to the northern tip of Greenland, even as far as the Pole itself, trying to find regions too frigid and inhospitable for the advancing monsters to survive in.

They of course did not find such a place but, during their flight, their Story-Fishers and Anatquqs (Shaman) gradually mastered their restored powers. With what help they could get from the god Kuloscap and other friendly beings, they were able to halt their northern migration, to make a stand where they were, and to hold their ground. The nations and their new territories more or less stabilized at this point, and these *far* Far North locations are where most of them stayed.

There were also (particularly in Alaska and Northern Canada) many people who were not of Eskimo or Indian descent living in the Far North at the time of the Great Cataclysm. Many of them assimilated as best they could into the Native American communities, many of attempted to migrate south, where the majority of the human survivors of North America were congregating, and most of the rest died. There still remains, to this day, very small communities that are populated with people of European origin that are not dependent on a Native American or D-Bee community for their security. Many Eskimo villages contain a family or two of recognizably European descent—but these are exceptions and definitely not the rule. Many European bloodlines have been absorbed into Eskimo ones.

The fantastic upheavals of the Great Cataclysm had pushed all of these peoples further north than they had ever traditionally lived—in truth, farther north than *anyone* had ever lived—causing the nations to split apart, scattering and reforming however they could. Consequently, a given village in the Rifts Arctic may consist of ten extended Netsilik families, a few dozen Holikachuk hunters with their wives, a Koyukon widow and her children and grandchildren, two families descended from pre-Rifts Americans from Alaska, some Iglulik, (likely even some D-Bees like the Atalhis Phantoms, Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves, or Tuneq Giants) and others, all living together, united for a common cause: survival.

It is tough enough to eke out a living in this extremely hostile environment under *ordinary* circumstances, but when you add in the additional complications inherent in living on Rifts Earth, you need all the help you can get. Because of this, many Eskimo communities will welcome just about anyone—any human or vaguely humanoid D-Bee of a non-evil species—who is willing to work hard for the good of the village. Even “monsters” like Ice Dragons and the Tuneq giants are welcome as long as they do their share of the work. Most of these communities have little tolerance for selfishness, and those who are seen as lazy or shiftless or idle will be warned about their standing in the community. If the warning has no effect, the offender may find themselves expelled from under the protective aegis of the village, banished to the wasteland which, in most cases, is a fate worse than death. The attitude in the Far North is that if you are not helping to support the community in some way, you are nothing but dead weight, and no one in the Arctic can afford to carry anyone else’s weight.

In addition to the Eskimo nations, which have been slowly but steadily growing in strength over the last hundred years or so, many of the ancient inhabitants of the Arctic have returned in force as well. Among these are the mighty and evil Kiwa’Kws giants, the more diminutive but incredibly gentle Tuneq giants, the enigmatic Inuksuit Rockpeople, the strange, ingenious Shore Dwarves, the aloof, demi-godlike beings called Manidog and the “Deep-Time” gods themselves, looking to plague or preserve mankind—all striving to establish or consolidate their own presence in the Arctic Circle.

In the midst of all this is the secret pre-Rifts Polar Installation 16-N, otherwise known to its inmates as “The Bughouse,” an illegal biological-warfare research facility of the old American empire, conceived and designed by some very paranoid and very horribly twisted members of the old Military Intelligence community.

The Eskimo have learned to steer clear of this particular area of the Pole where the Outpost is located (not terribly difficult, as it is located in the most inhospitable, hard-to-reach spot at the crown of the planet—the very top of the Pole) because of the once-human, mutated, diseased and infectious creatures that the Outpost disgorges every once in a while. The Eskimo try to avoid these poor, doomed souls if possible. If they cannot be avoided, they are usually destroyed as quickly as possible to prevent an epidemic.

Other than that, the Eskimo know very little about the Outpost, although they have heard stories of enormous whale-like creatures that don’t ever surface to breathe, living in the ocean under the ice that the Outpost is built into. The Shore Dwarves are rumored to have a great interest in the Outpost, although no one knows if this is true or not, or, if it is true, to what extent they are interested. The Dwarves aren’t saying, though.

An Overview of the Arctic Region

Daily Life

Money

Lacking a centralized government, the Arctic has no standard of currency. Trade amongst the Eskimo and Northern Indian nations is usually accomplished through barter, with meat, blubber, weapons and animal hides being the most common mediums of exchange. The nearest center of international (and interdimensional) commerce is Greenland—now called Kalaallit Nunaat—home to the three competing branches of Manidog Enterprises Ltd, where high-tech items are sold, and high-tech services are rendered. Universal Credits are accepted there, but since so few Eskimo actually *have* Universal Credits, the only payment options they are left with is either to sell something to the Manidog (and the only thing the Manidog are consistently willing to buy are slaves; see the **Arctic Slaver O.C.C.**), or to consign themselves for a specified period of indentured servitude to the Manidog, which usually has an exchange rate that is grievously unfair (for the Eskimo). For anyone who wishes to buy things from the Eskimo, using Universal Credits will make him extremely welcome, and will go far to improve the disposition of whoever he's trying to buy something from.

Technology

High-tech weapons and equipment are scarce in the Far North. Many villages will have at least a few items approaching the sophistication of late-20th century technology: short-wave radios, snowmobiles, space heaters, outboard boat motors, etc. (acquiring fossil fuels is another matter altogether). Then again, many villages have absolutely no post-industrial-revolution technology at all.

The more advanced items have either been imported from the Coalition Free State of Quebec far to the south, obtained from Manidog Enterprises Ltd in Greenland, or just taken from someone who regularly carries a decent amount of high-tech equipment—like the alien Viilusi Skullhunters or the amoral Eskimo Slave Traders, two kinds of beings that most Eskimo feel no remorse killing.

Due to the lack of technology like mega-damage weapons, body armor and power armor, these possessions tend to be handed down through families like treasured heirlooms. Eskimo take great pride in the fact that the weapon or armor they are using is a distinguished legacy in their family, and they will know this history of the weapon in minute detail: where it came from, which of their dead relatives used it, who the previous owners were, what battles it was used in, where its been, what was killed with it, etc.

Magic and psionics have picked up the slack for the dearth of technology in the Far North. Most villages will have just as many, if not more, magical weapons as they will high-tech weapons. While not widespread, mid-tech items are reasonably available. S.D.C. firearms are fairly common (if ancient). Energy weapons, lasers and plasma are preferred over projectile weapons like rail guns, which are usually thought of as too noisy.

Most prized (and rarest) of all are suits of power armor and robot vehicles that have energy weapons linked directly to their power source, providing an effectively unlimited supply of ammunition. There are, at this time, virtually no Phase Weapons in the Arctic, but they would be much valued for their ability to kill without causing damage to the target's armor, which may then be taken to wear or sell in Kalaallit Nunaat (Greenland).

The downside, in gaming terms, to this scarcity of high-technology is that it obviously leaves certain characters somewhat vulnerable in the beginning and at low levels. The upside, however, is the expanded role-playing opportunity. Whole adventures and campaigns may revolve around the singular objective of trying to obtain at least *some* form of high-tech weapon, ammunition, body armor or power armor.

Because of the incredibly high demand and near nonexistent supply, these items are even more valuable in the Arctic than they would elsewhere on Rifts Earth. Not only that, but a person who has the skill to fix these items when they've broken down or been damaged can pretty much write his own ticket (somewhere, repairs are *always* needed).

Property

Most property is communal, at least among the Eskimo and Northern Indian nations of the Arctic. Individual possessions are few. Each person will “own” their clothes, their kayak and their weapons, but most everything else belongs to the village: tools, cookware, lamps, medicines and (to a certain extent) food. Even in regions where property is not communal among the entire village, it will at least be among the extended family and housemates.

There is a high value placed on food in Inuit cultures. Most Eskimo would rather be freezing cold than hungry. They'll share food if the person really needs it but, overall, they'd prefer not to. There is an Inuit word for ‘a visitor’ (*tuyurmiangoyok*), and there is a whole other word for ‘a visitor who expects to be fed’ (*aimerpok*)—the two are radically different concepts in Inuit culture.

There is not much importance placed on the accumulation of personal possessions among these Far Northern nations. Eskimo usually think that foreigners (both from other parts of the world and other parts of the Megaverse) have way too much *stuff*—trinkets, gadgets, gizmos, sentimental mementoes, useless bric-a-brac—cluttering up their lives.

It is rare that an Eskimo will own more things than he can carry with him at one time. Not exactly a nomadic people, most Eskimo are nevertheless ready to pick up and move at a moment's notice. This is due to the bare austerity of their lifestyle and the basic need to travel where the food is, should there be a famine in any one area. Excessiveness and wastefulness are disdained—Eskimo don't keep things they have no need for, and they don't hoard belongings, either. No Eskimo caches more food than he and his family will be able to eat, while forcing someone else in the community to go hungry—surplus is bartered or freely given away, if a housemate or village-mate is in need. Likewise, you may, on occasion, see an Eskimo hunter who owns *two* guns, but you could travel the Arctic for years and never meet one who owned, say, five guns. “Why would I need so many guns?” you would be asked. “I don't have five hands.”

The Hunt

Because of the sparseness of vegetation, and an almost total lack of farmable soil, hunting is the chief food supply for those living in the Far North. It is a way of life. All men and women have at least basic hunting skills. Above the Arctic Circle, there is no sentimentality about the death of animals or about the relationship between animals and humans. To these hunters, it is simply natural that animals give up their lives to sustain human life, much as humans have sacrificed their own lives to the severity of the elements and, at times, to the animals themselves. If a person is injured or killed during a hunt, it's considered a fair balance. Hunting often contains an element of personal risk and if someone should risk their life and die...well, those are the breaks.

Traditionally, hunters will not decimate the population of any species, so as not to foolishly waste the inheritance of their children. The Eskimo say that they are not only hunting for today, but for tomorrow—they are well aware that if they hunt to depletion now, they will go hungry later.

It is an unavoidable fact that whaling still exists as a way of life for many of the villages of the north. To a Far Northern community, whales are respected beings, and people are grateful to the whales that give up their lives for human sustenance. The practice of whaling has become somewhat less popular than it traditionally was, mainly due to the fact that many whales now know Ocean Magic and magic Whalesongs, and to the existence of beings like the Whale-Singers and Pneuma-Biforms. Some communities now view whales as the highly intelligent species that they are, and consider them to be as sentient as any bipedal species in the Arctic. However, many communities (usually very hungry ones), still do kill whales for food, blubber, bone and all the other natural resources that can be utilized from a whale's body.

Travel & Transportation

Unless you've got some technological means of transport, which, as previously mentioned, is highly unlikely, then there are three alternative means of travel available to you: dogsled, kayak and good, old-fashioned foot-power.

Dogsleds (*qimusseq*) are popular because they involve the least amount of energy expenditure per distance traveled. You just settle in, grab hold of the reins and guide the dogs where you want to go. The animals do the running for you. Of course, it's not like you can just take a nap while the dogs pull you to your destination. While traveling across pack-ice, one must stay alert and vigilant for the omnipresent threat of disturbances in the landscape: crevasses, deep pits of slush covered over by fresh snow, hidden nilas (patches of darkly-colored ice that look solid but are actually only half-formed and very brittle), unstable pressure ridges and a host of other Arctic hazards that could swallow up a sled and its rider in a heartbeat.

Fortunately, the breeds of dog used to pull sledges in the Arctic: the Siberian Husky, the Alaskan Malamute and the alien Blizzard Hounds, all have an almost preternatural sensitivity to these sorts of dangers, which is where their inbred trait of stubbornness becomes important: a team of sled dogs will not go in the direction their master urges if the dogs feel that there is something wrong with the ice that way, and will instead choose their own route, safer than the one they were directed towards, or, if there is no obvious safer route, they will just stop in their tracks and very likely refuse to budge for some time. Many foreigners will find this frustrating and exasperating, not understanding why the dogs keep stopping, but the Eskimo have learned to trust the instincts of their sled dogs. If a sled team goes in a direction other than the one you wanted it to, or if the dogs just stop dead, be grateful; they probably just saved your life.

Less often seen, but gaining in popularity are sledges pulled by woolly mammoth. They are not nearly as fast as ordinary dogs or Blizzard Hounds, but they can pull much more weight, especially when hooked up in teams of three or more. Woolly mammoth are also steady animals, docile and easily domesticated, requiring none of the arduous training that Blizzard Hounds do. The problem with woolly mammoth is that they are very, very *heavy*, making ice-crossings far more perilous than they would be with a dog team. A huge team of eighteen sled dogs doesn't even weigh half of what a single full-grown mammoth weighs. Traversing an area of thin ice with a team of mammoth weighing several tons apiece can be an unbelievably nerve-wracking experience for all involved (the mammoth won't be too crazy about it, either). For journeys that remain strictly land-bound, mammoth work fine.

Travel by sea is another popular mode of transport. There are the one-seater canoes called *kayaks*, the two-seaters called *baidars*, and the large *umiaq*, which may hold up to fifty people, and simply means "big boat." These craft are all mostly used for hunting, but can be used for travel, also. With good reason, these boats are usually considered prized possessions, because the farther and farther north one goes, the scarcer trees become (until, past the tree line, they are pretty much nonexistent), and the harder it is to obtain wood to make the inner frames of these types of boat. Inhabitants of the Far North rely almost exclusively on driftwood for a supply of wood. Small frames can also be made out of whalebone.

There are many types of kayak. Each Inuit group in the Arctic has a distinctive type of kayak, depending on local conditions of hunting and the sea. Usually, they are long—between 9 and 30 feet in length (2.75 to 9 m)—and light enough for an ordinary man to carry on his head. Kayak hulls are often made out of stretched animal skin (usually seal, sometimes walrus). They are stored on high racks, to prevent dogs and other scavengers from eating the skin hulls.

Umiaq are so valued that, often, the owner of such a craft (the one who built it), is accorded a high status within the village, having the title of *Umialik*, which means nothing more than "the-guy-with-the-big-boat," making the owner a sub-chieftain of a sort.

All these sea craft are propelled by rowers with wooden or whalebone oars (and somewhat less frequently with outboard motors), although a few *umiaq* are equipped with sealskin sails. The reason for sails being so seldom used is that wind-driven ships just do not have the maneuverability needed to successfully negotiate the unpredictable ice channels of the Arctic, where icebergs can come out of nowhere to capsize a ship, and the walls of a lead in the pack ice can suddenly close together, crushing anything caught in-between. Sail-ships don't have a reverse, they have no dead-slow, no reliable hard-to-port

or starboard. You have to work harder with oars than with sails, but it's better than being crushed to death by floating ice.

Even under the best of conditions, crossing the North Polar icepack by sea is a dangerous proposal, but it is possible. If you happen to be in a reinforced M.D.C. ship, one sturdy enough to resist the crushing pressure of temperamental icebergs, and strong enough to plow *through* the thick pack ice, travel is easy enough, although slow. In the winter, the cold temperatures can freeze a ship in place in a matter of minutes, requiring the crew to perform hours of backbreaking labor, chopping ice to free the ship. Not only that, but traveling by surface limits the choice of routes, as even the most powerful icebreaker cannot smash through ice that is more than six or seven feet thick and anything thicker must be sailed around or otherwise circumvented (or blown up with heavy guns).

It is also possible to travel *under* the North Polar icecap with very little trouble...except for increased vulnerability to sea monsters and the necessity of having to surface once in a while to take on fresh air, which, depending on the season and how thick the pack ice is, may be difficult to impossible.

Finally, your last remaining alternative is the most basic one available to man: you can walk. A good pair of snowshoes is essential, because otherwise trying to chug unaided through deep snow can more than halve your speed, and will tire you out four to eight times faster than you normally would. Furthermore, depending on the country you intend on crossing, climbing apparatus may be required equipment. Most of the North Pole itself is pretty flat (although sometimes, at pressure ridges, sheer ice-walls up to 100 feet high can form), as are the Canadian islands, but places like Svalbard are quite mountainous. And don't even think about traveling through the Toqussoq Mountain Range or the interior of Greenland without several lengths of rope, a few dozen pitons and crampons and a good, sturdy pick. Forget it. You could just as easily toss yourself headlong off a cliff and save yourself a lot of time, trouble and frustration.

Traditional Taboos

A taboo is something that is traditionally considered forbidden by a group of people. The difference between a taboo and a law is that there is no one universal written set that is applicable everywhere, and there is often no *apparent* or concrete reason for the taboo. Whereas our society's laws against murder and assault ensure that (theoretically) its citizens are free to live their lives any way they please, within reason, unafraid of threats of violence or physical coercion, the old Netsilik prohibition against having a pregnant woman fishing at the village weir before noon seems to have no logical rationale supporting it.

Many dismiss these Far Northern taboos as mere superstition. They are not. Not in 105 P.A., at least. The taboos of the Arctic are based on pacts that a young human race made with the gods and spirits of the North in the "Way-Back-Time." The reasons for the creation of each pact are too varied to go into, suffice it to say that the gods and spirits remember, even if humans do not. If a spirit (invisible, usually) happens to notice a human not honoring the ancient pacts, it will likely afflict the person with some kind of curse (same as the Luck Curse or Minor Curse spells in the **Rifts RPG** pp. 180-181, only the effects are *permanent* until some form of curse removal is performed on the person).

If you know what they are, most taboos are fairly simple to avoid. As always, however, there is a catch. Taboos are no big deal *if you know what they are*. But the most frustrating thing about them is that they are largely a regional phenomenon, with the

taboos changing from place to place. For example, the list of forbidden actions on the east coast of Greenland will be completely different from the list on Baffin Island in the Canadian archipelago. Upon entering a new territory, it's always a good idea to consult a Story-Fisher knowledgeable about the area or to seek out the local Anatquq to acquaint yourself with the regional taboos, just in case they're different from the ones you are familiar with.

The explanation by your average Anatquq of the taboos of the region will basically be nothing more complicated than: "if you don't obey these rules, something bad will happen to you," which is not *necessarily* true. You can get away with breaking a taboo once in a while. They are not absolutes. If you make a habit of breaking them, however, it will certainly catch up with you sooner or later. In game-playing terms, this translates into a base 5% chance of a spirit noticing a first offense, +3% for each additional offense. Ignorance, to these spirits, is no excuse, and you can wind up being cursed for breaking a taboo you didn't even know existed.

Important Note: If the character is afflicted with a Luck Curse, it is **very** important that the GM not inform the victim that he is, in fact, cursed at all. The GM should apply the penalties to the player's rolls secretly, without the person knowing; he should have to figure it out for himself. Eventually he'll begin to wonder why his attacks seem to keep missing more than usual (SEE ALSO: the Anatquq Psi-Sorcery power **Headlifting**, listed in the Arctic Magic section of this book).

Listed below are some example taboos:

1. A freshly killed seal may not be laid on an unswept igloo floor.
2. If there is unbutchered game in the house, no other work may be done until the butchering is completed.
3. When a family leaves a house and moves to another house or another village, the skulls of the animals caught at the old site must be laid on the ground, pointing in the direction the family is heading.
4. The ears of a caribou may not be cut.
5. The eating of seal meat is forbidden on the same day that one has eaten meat from a caribou that was killed with a bow and arrow.
6. A pregnant woman may only eat food caught by her husband.
7. A hunter's catch may not be brought close to a dead human body (this one is pretty universal around the Arctic).
8. If someone dies, no work may be undertaken by the deceased's house-mates for at least three days.

These are only very general ideas of what the taboos of the Far North are like. The GM is encouraged to make up different ones to spring on the players whenever they travel. The number of taboos a locale has can vary greatly; some places have ridiculously long lists of them, some places only have one or two.

Shapeshifting

One of the fundamental continuities of Eskimo lore is this: the visible world is deceptive and cannot be trusted. So many creatures and entities of the Far North are able

to change shape on a whim that the Eskimo take it for granted that what they are able to see is false. Say, for example, a polar bear strikes up a conversation with an Eskimo traveling alone across the icepack. Maybe it's a Talking Bear. Then again, maybe it's an Anatquq, just trying out the shape of a bear, or maybe it's a Story-Fisher playing with a new Storyspell, or maybe it's a Manido, or a Spirit Animal, a demon, a Tuneq Giant, an Ice-Dragon, a Tarrayarsuit—or even one of the gods. It could be anything, really.

And, really, just about *anything* can be anything. That rock could be a resting Anatquq Medicine-Man, that bird pecking at your supper could be the god Kuloscop, your best friend (who looks human) could be one of the Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People, your guide (who looks like one of the Tarrayarsuit) could be a Manido spy. It can get very complicated, and the GM is encouraged to keep it as confusing as possible.

The Eskimo and Indians of the Far North have long since learned not to trust their eyes, which can often be misleading in this land of magic and enchantment. Strangers to the Land of the Midnight Sun will probably be quite confused and taken aback by the commonness of shapeshifting powers, which, in gaming terms, really is a good thing. Characters who have never been to the North Pole *should* be confronted full-on by a world in which absolutely *nothing* is as it seems, and shapes are as changeable as names. Characters who are native inhabitants, having grown up in this world, will not be troubled in the slightest.

The Far-Northern Temperament

The traditional philosophy of the inhabitants of the Far North is more eastern than western—bordering on the Zen-like. There is a strong concern with harmony and balance between man, nature and the environment. Natives of the Arctic Circle move *with* their surroundings, not attempting to control, master or fundamentally alter them. Those who have always lived off the land, over generations, learn to love it, and are at ease with it on its own terms, never trying to force it to conform to their own wants. While loved, the land is also feared and respected, and those who must live off it accept its kindnesses as well as its wrath with equal poise.

In Arctic society, the traits that are rewarded are energy, endurance, patience, fearlessness and the ability to endure suffering. These are the ideals towards which all aspire simply because they are the characteristics that enable one to survive and, more importantly, enable the survival of the society. Those traits that are condemned are laziness, idleness, stinginess, greed and the refusal to accept suffering. People who possess any of these traits are seen, at best, as spongers or freeloaders—most, however, will consider them to be parasites and bloodsuckers, draining the life out of the community without putting anything back. Lazy, stingy people do not last long in Arctic villages, as their fellow villagers will eventually become completely fed up with them, which will most likely result in banishment. In extreme cases, where the cowardice, apathy, or greed of a person has led to the injury or death of a house-mate or family member, a death sentence is not uncommon.

Geography of the Far North

Alaska

Population:

Human 57,000
Kiwa'Kws Giant 14,025
Dorset 100,000
Tuneq Giant 2,950
Atalhis Phantoms 68,000
Canines: Wolfen 91,000
Canines: Kankoran 28,000
Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 1,500
Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves 26,000 (mostly in the north coast and outlying islands)
Totalet Seal-Men 102,000 (living in the waters off the north and west coasts)
Ogres 9,000
Other 12,000

Having a land area of roughly 335,760 square miles (863,000 sq. km), the territory formerly known as the American state of Alaska (including the small surrounding islands of St. Lawrence, Nunivak, Pribilof, Unimak, Unalaska, Umnak and Kodiak) has now more or less reverted to the untamed wilderness it was before the American colonization. Wild animal populations have risen back to their old numbers prior to their decimation in the 18th and 19th centuries. Highways and roads have been long overgrown, and exist only as footpaths (those that still exist at all). Monsters openly roam the landscape, as if they have every much a right to be there as the bison and caribou they walk alongside.

The communities here tend to be small but sturdy, and evenly spread out over the territory. For whatever reason, while the monsters may be more brazen, they are not quite as numerous as they are in the rest of the Arctic. Since basic natural resources (trees, vegetation, plantable soil) are far more abundant here than they are elsewhere in the Far North, the communities tend to be a little freer with their belongings (but never wasteful), and do not lay the fantastic importance on something like a kayak that a person who lived in, say, the heart of the North Pole would, because that person would have a much harder time replacing the wooden inner-frame of the craft (no trees in the North Pole).

If one digs deep enough, one can still find the ruins of a few pre-rifts cities, but not many. The most notable ruins, in descending order of intactness, are at Anchorage, Spenard, Juneau and Ketchikan, where artifacts such as pre-rifts books and video-tapes aren't too hard to find. This has given rise to an infestation of "archaeologists" who scour the ruins in search of relics that can be sold for a tidy sum in southern communities like Free Quebec and even the towns of the New West, where such relics are mostly considered illegal contraband by the Coalition. Within the ruins, these "archaeologists" tend to be the only humans one will find, because the ruins are prowled by evil, man-eating monsters (the remains of what once was Anchorage have an especial preponderance of Devil Unicorns) that live off the archaeologists the way the archaeologists live off the items they find there.

Alaska remains rich in other natural resources. Oil is not too hard to find, and there remain mines that still contain platinum, gold, silver and other precious and industrial metals in abundance. The Manido of the Sea-Tribe are now putting out some feelers to determine the usefulness of the territory, sending squads of spies and agents to evaluate its economical value to them. What they are about to discover is this: the best platinum and gold mines serve as homes for very large and unfriendly communities of Kiwa’Kws Giants, and the best oil field in Alaska is considered sacred ground to most of the Wolfen and Kankoran that live there, neither of whom would be willing to give up their “property” without a long and ugly fight.

The coast of southeastern Alaska from Mount St. Elias to the Portland Canal is occupied by the Tlingit peoples. They are a relatively peaceful people, living on a secluded strip of coastline. For whatever reasons, many of the Suilarqineq Grieving-Ones O.C.C. are Tlingit.

The only thing the Tlingit really fear is raids from the Haida people from Prince of Wales Island and the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Haida have been known to take wounded Tlingit warriors as slaves. They treat their slaves better than most slavemasters, but, really, no one wants to be a slave, no matter how well treated you are.

Canada’s Northern Territories

Population:

Human 38,000
Kiwa’Kws Giant 27,500
Tuneq Giant 4,380
Dorset 65,000
Elves 100
Atalhis Phantoms 191,000
Canines: Wolfen 237,000
Canines: Kankoran 81,000
Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 7,800
Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves 69,000 (mostly along the coasts)
Total Seal-Men 70,000 (living in the waters off the coasts)
Ogres 22,000
Other 245,000

The Northwest Territory

The Mackenzie Delta area (*Kidliner*): (also the woodlands north of the Churchill River) In the northwestern part of Canada, the Mackenzie River lets out into Mackenzie Bay, about 80 miles from the territory of Alaska. Around this area live the descendants of the Mackenzie Delta Inuit. They are the Kikiktaragmiut, Kupugmiut, Kitegaryumiut, Nuvorugmiut and Avvagmiut peoples. Much of the territory is a wild, monster-infested no-man’s land. Kiwa’Kws Giant (q.v.) raiding parties are a constant threat for the human communities that live here. Sound has an uncanny way of traveling up and down the Mackenzie River for great distances, and sometimes you can hear the screams of a man, woman or child—as they are spitted and roasted alive by the Kiwa’Kws—from miles away. The Kiwa’Kws know that this disturbs and frightens people. They have been known to build large, crude megaphones out of rock along the river, so as to broadcast the screams of their suffering captives for as great a distance as possible.

The Coronation Gulf and Queen Maud Gulf area: On the north coast, just across the water from Queen Victoria Island, is the home of many Copper Inuit, such as the Akkuliakatangmiut, Noahognirmiut, Koglukтомиut, Asiagmiut, Pingangnaktomiut, Nennitagmiut, Kilusiktomiut and Ahagmiut. Unluckily for these peoples, some Xitixic have started a colony right in their backyard, only a few miles back from the coast. No human knows about it yet, but they will, soon.

Keewatin area (Kivalliq): On the Hudson Bay. Home to the Caribou Inuit, such as the Harvaqtormiut, Padlarmiut, Kangiqliniqmiut (or Hauneqtormiut) and Qaernermiut. This land is also known as *Tonrarnuna*. Devil-country. There is some unexplained mystical phenomenon that draws evil summoners, from many dimensions, to the Keewatin area in record numbers. It has become a demonic dumping-ground. Summoners bring forth these grotesque devils, and then, inexplicably, just let them loose. Evil monstrosities, conjured from every hellish plane imaginable can be found wandering the countryside at any time of the day. All in all, a very dangerous place to be. People who travel alone through the Keewatin area are powerful, insane, or colossally stupid—or any combination thereof.

Adelaide Peninsula area: Just east of Queen Maud Gulf, by the Chantrey Inlet, this area is dominated by the Netsilik—Ilivilermiut, Ugyulingmiut, Qeqertarmiut, Utkuhikhalingmiut, Kuungmiut, Netsilingmiut, Arviligjuarmiut—who do a fair job of keeping the highly-populated areas reasonably monster-free. A growing threat to this area, however, is the massive number of **Children of Pukjinkskwes** (q.v.) that have been infesting the countryside in greater and greater numbers over the last few years. Every time a nest of these foul creatures is wiped out, three more seem to spring up in its place.

At their current rate of population growth, the Children will completely overwhelm the humans in this area within the next seven years.

Rankin Inlet area (Kangerdlinerk): On the west shore of Hudson Bay, a small human community is flourishing because of the prosperous nickel mine located there. The people currently trade with the Manidog of Kalaallit Nunaat for weapons and ammunition. Little do they know that the Manidog (of the Earth Tribe) are ripping them off. They also don't know that the Manidog have decided that they do not want to deal with any human middlemen any more, and have decided to take the mine over by political scheming—if not, then by brute physical force.

Repulse Bay area (Naujaat): On the northwestern shore of Hudson Bay, just across the water from Southampton Island. The Aivilingmiut (of the Sallirmiut people) who live here are especially renowned for their skilled Nutarangoaq Magic Dollmakers (q.v.)—the P.P.E. costs for all Dollmaker abilities are 10% less for Aivilingmiut Dollmakers.

Northern Quebec—Hudson Strait area

Home to the Quebec Inuit—Nuvugmiut, Ungavamiut, Tahagmiut, Itivimiut and Koksoakmiut. As many of them live under the aegis of the Coalition States, they develop or exhibit magic powers less frequently than other people who live in the Arctic. On the other hand, the people who do live under Coalition rule tend to lead quieter, safer and, perhaps most importantly, *longer* lives, even though they must shun their magical heritage.

North Newfoundland area

The tip between Ungava Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. The Labrador Coast Inuit. They are the Kidlinungmiut and the Kongithlushuamiut peoples. Almost the entire area has been decimated by Manidog slaving expeditions from Kalaallit Nunaat. Only a handful of human families still live here, and those that do bear a substantial grudge towards the Manidog. North Newfoundland is now populated almost exclusively with young children and the elderly—all the able-bodied men and women have been taken by the Manidog.

Western British Columbia

A massive wilderness region. The coastal area by the Skeena River, across the Hecate Strait from the Queen Charlotte Islands, is sparsely populated by the Tsimshian peoples, which are divided up into three groups: the Tsimshian proper (living by the mouth of the river), the Gitksan (who live inland, further up the river), and the Niska (who live by the Nass, or Niska, river). The Tsimshian are engaged in a massive feud with the Haida living on the Queen Charlotte Islands, who frequently raid Tsimshian villages, taking anything they can get their hands on, including Tsimshian women. The Haida live insulated by the dangerous Hecate Strait, however, so no counterattack by the Tsimshian has ever succeeded. The one-sided feud has gone on like this for almost forty years. This has created a great bitterness in the Tsimshian, who are now considered to be a dour and angry people. They also happen to be in the market for military allies.

Vancouver Island

The north of the island—from Johnstone Strait to Cape Cook—is occupied by the Kwakwaka'wakw peoples. They have been harried almost to extinction by an invading band of Brodkil. The enemy forces are comparatively small—only about 60 Brodkil—but the military resources of the Kwakwaka'wakw are few. They do not have many magic users, and high technology is almost nonexistent. An envoy from the CS has offered military assistance as long as the Kwakwaka'wakw renounce all independence and declare their utter loyalty to the Coalition States. This proposal is still being debated by the Kwakwaka'wakw.

On the southern part of the island, lives a small village of Salish people who are too caught up in their own fight with a band of interdimensional barbarians to render any assistance to the Kwakwaka'wakw. Things are tough all over.

The Canadian Islands of the Arctic Ocean

The Northern Island Archipelago of Canada

Human 44,120

Kiwa’Kws Giant 9,000

Tuneq Giant 8,000

Atalhis Phantoms 211,000

Canines: Wolfen 10,000

Canines: Kankoran 2,500

Canines: Coyles 3,000

Bearmen of the North 20,000 (see **Rifts Conversion Book**, pp. 84-85)

Orcs 15,000

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 4,000

Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves 190,000 (underwater, mostly)

Totalet Seal-Men 400,000 (underwater)

Ogres 2,000

Other 115,000

Virtually all of the Canadian Islands of the Arctic are inhabited—not necessarily by humans, though. The post-apocalyptic Arctic is teeming with alien flora and fauna. The following is a list of the major human settlements and other items of interest:

Baffin Island (*Qikiqtaaluk*): The 5th largest island in the world, sprawling over 195,928 sq. miles (503,614 sq km: equivalent to the pre-Rifts states of Delaware, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Rhode Island and Tennessee—all put together). It is on this island that the consolidated nation of Siorapaluk is located (see the section on **CN Siorapaluk**, below). Baffin is also home to the Baffinland Inuit, which are made up of the following peoples: the Pilingmiut, Akudnirmiut, Padlimiut, Qinguamiut, Saumingmiut, Okomiut, Talirpingmiut, Kingarmiut, Akuliarmiut, Nugumiut and Qaumauangmiut.

The northern end of Baffin Island—much of which is fairly mountainous—between the Gulf of Boothia and Lancaster Sound, is home to the Iglulik: the Tununermiut, Aggomiut and Iglulik peoples. On the Arctic Bay lives a small community called Nanisivik, who are considered wealthy because of the abundant lead and zinc mines there. Nanisivik trades almost exclusively with the Manidog Tribes in Kalaallit Nunaat. They would like to trade with the Coalition as well, but there are several impediments to this. First, there is a great distance between Baffin Island and any Coalition outpost. Too great, really, for any caravans to traverse safely. The second problem is that the Coalition would never engage in trade with a small mining town whose only other customer was a nation of super powerful D-Bees in the Arctic.

Baffin is the most heavily populated (by humans) island in the entire Canadian archipelago. Humankind here is highly organized—if geographically spread out—and coordinated military operations against the demonic raiders that plague the island are not uncommon. To make up for their inferior numbers, Baffinland Inuit have become masters of guerrilla warfare and small-scale mayhem. While the demonic hordes of Baffin have a distinct advantage in numbers and strength, they are frequently left spinning in circles by the precise, pinpoint strikes of the Baffinland peoples.

Because of their sophisticated (if low-tech) military expertise, the Baffinland Inuit do not just stay confined to their own island. They often travel to other islands to help out other villages with their troubles, lending support, supplies and advice when and where they are able.

Banks Island: Covering 27,038 sq. miles (69,498 sq km: slightly smaller than South Carolina), Banks Island is the 25th largest island in the world. In the last 100 years, it has become a Dorset stronghold. See below, the section on **Banks Island and the Return of the Dorset.**

Devon Island: 21,331 sq miles (54,829 sq km: about the size of West Virginia). Between Baffin Island and Ellesmere Island, Devon Island is home to the Iglulik people known as the Tununirusirmiut. Also to a congress of several Old Spirit Animals (q.v.), most notably Big Fox, Big Crow and Old Owl. It is not usual for their kind to flock together—especially those of different species—so why they should do so here is a mystery. Most of the time, they occupy a cavernous underground burrow together. They tolerate no disturbances. They just sit in the dirt and the darkness for years on end, evidently waiting for something...

Ellesmere Island (Ajuittuq): The 10th largest island in the world, covering 75,767 sq. miles (194,751 sq km: roughly Kentucky plus Indiana). The Inuktitut name for this island, *Ajuittuq*, means ‘place which never thaws.’ It is always very cold here.

On Ellesmere, there is a community of Greenlandic Inuit, the Qanaq, from which many famous Ghost Eaters (q.v.) have come. Many people are repulsed by the very idea of how a Ghost Eater gets his powers, but not the Qanaq. For many of them, it is simply a question of survival.

The Qanaq share most of the island with a few thousand **Bearmen of the North**, who seem to have adapted to the Arctic, developing white fur and looking more like polar bear-men than the darker brown bear-men of the Palladium world. The peace is an uneasy one, and tempers flare up occasionally, but both the Qanaq and the Bearmen know that they each have bigger things to worry about.

Not the least of which are the many *Agdlerutit* demons (q.v.), which haunt the frigid plains and icy cliffs of Ellesmere. Many of the demons were the victims of the great famine that hit Ellesmere and the surrounding islands in 101 P.A. From a distance, these small spectres look innocuous enough, but they travel in packs—sometimes in swarms—and have been known to tear apart well-armed mercenary crews in minutes. They are the piranhas of the Arctic spirit world.

Lougheed Island: Between Ellef Ringnes Island and Melville Island is a little strip of land, about 40 miles long and 3 miles wide, called Lougheed Island. It is almost directly at the North Magnetic Pole. Because of this, most of the island is a massive Ley Line Nexus, crackling with energy.

No humans live on Loughheed Island. The Ley Line Nexus is accompanied by the opening of many random rifts. Many random nasty creatures come through these rifts on a daily basis. Not a good thing if you're trying to start a family nearby. Loughheed is, however, populated almost exclusively with Tuneq Giants (q.v.). On Loughheed Island alone, there are 3,500 of these gentle beasts. The all line up along the magical currents, and feed off of the huge nexus as if it were a trough. From being fed such a P.P.E.-rich diet, the Tuneq who live on Loughheed Island are, on the average, about twice as powerful as those found elsewhere in the Arctic.

Qikiqtarjuaq Island: This lies right off of the west coast of Baffin Island. *Qikiqtarjuaq* is the Inuktitut word for “Big Island.” Qikiqtarjuaq Island, however, is only 9 miles by 7 miles in size. It is home to an extremely cantankerous Qivigtoq Polar Mystic (q.v.), named Tununirusiq, who is nonetheless a very powerful old man (15th level) who does not like visitors—human visitors, at least. D-Bees are welcome to visit whenever they like, although there's really not much to see on Qikiqtarjuaq Island. Just a bearded old man running around naked in the snow, cursing the mother that gave birth to him, fanatically guarding a little rock of an island that contains nothing of value.

Tununirusiq hasn't left his little island in over 50 years, but he is nevertheless in constant contact with the spirit world, and he knows many things that most mortals do not. He is a very wise old man. Spiteful, cruel and antagonistic. But wise, too.

Somerset Island: 9,570 sq. miles (24,598 sq km)—about the size of Vermont. Nestled between the Boothia Peninsula, Baffin Island, Cornwallis Island and Prince of Wales Island, Somerset Island is home to the Netsilik people known as the Arvertormiut. There is also a large number of Atalhis Phantoms living on Somerset Island. It's a reasonably safe place to live. The only problem is in the winter, when the North Polar icecap has the north coast of the island locked up. Ten-Legged Polar Bears and Qugdlugiaq Hoarworms (q.v.) can often be found in the vicinity of Somerset Island from October to March. Sometimes longer than that. It makes for good hunting, but tense living.

Southampton Island: Home of the Sallirmiut and some Aivilingmiut, who live in the south, near the Bay of God's Mercy. The Sallirmiut have a well-deserved reputation for producing excellent Story-Fishers, who are called *okratsiarpok* (“articulates well”). They require 10% less experience points to advance in level.

Brutal assaults from well-armed bands of amphibious demonic minions of Takanakpsaluk, the Mother of the Deep (see **Arctic Pantheon**), are frequent here. These raids are not for any material gain on the part of Takanakpsaluk, but intended solely to spread terror and fear in her name. Most people, knowing the source of the attack squads, will commit suicide before being taken prisoner. Everyone in the Arctic is aware of the enormous and long-lasting suffering that awaits the captives brought before Takanakpsaluk in her underwater fortress. The best they can hope for is to be tortured to death by her minions.

Victoria Island: The 9th largest island in the world, covering 83,897 sq. miles (215,649 sq km). Home of the Copper Inuit, which consist of the Kanghiryuatjagmiut, Kanghirjuarmiut, Haneragmiut, Puivlirmiut, Nagyuktomiut, Ekaluktomiut and Kiglinirmiut peoples. Victoria Island is home to many mining camps of the Manidog Earth Tribe, who are endeared to no one by the slaving practices of the other Manido Tribes.

The Manidog keep their camps well-guarded and patrolled, and so many small human communities tend to cluster around the fringes of the Manidog encampments. The Manidog are about to start using Eskimo slave labor to work their mines, which will provoke a swift and hostile reaction from almost all the Inuit peoples. Unfortunately, the Manidog are much better armed than the average band of Inuit warriors.

Banks Island and the Return of the Dorset

Population:

Dorset 600,000

Manidog 10,000

Tarrayarsuit Shadow People 40,000

Human 1,000

West of Victoria Island and north of the Canadian mainland (across the Amundsen Gulf) lies Banks Island, once an untamed wilderness, now the stronghold of the Dorset people.

The Dorset, sometimes called Paleo-Eskimos by archaeologists, were the race that dominated the Arctic in the millenia after the abrupt disappearance of the Ultima Thule people (see the entry on the **Inuksuit Rockpeople**, q.v.). They flourished in the Arctic for three thousand years, but around the 14th century A.D., they started moving further and further north, away from the gradual advance of the people we know today as the Inuit. Then suddenly, around the middle of the 15th century, they—like the Ultima Thule before them—disappeared without a trace. They left nothing in the fossil record to indicate a gradual integration into the Inuit tribes, or even a slow dying out. They just vanished.

The Dorset were not exterminated like the Ultima Thule. Their disappearance was voluntary. Around the time of the birth of Christ, the Dorset were developing their magical and psionic skills. Later on, while Europe was in the throes of the Dark Ages, the Dorset were perfecting their shapeshifting skills. Around 1400 A.D., the Dorset became friendly with some visiting Vikings. Once, a boatload of Dorset accompanied the Vikings back to Europe, where they were eventually mistaken for demons and witches, subdued (with some difficulty), baptized and tortured to death.

When the Dorset in the Arctic found out about this, they became convinced that they lived in a world that was utterly hostile to their kind. They knew that “regular” humans outnumbered them overwhelmingly. They decided to go into a self-imposed exile until the world seemed to be more open to their kind. The entire race changed shape and left their home on Banks Island. For almost a thousand years, the Dorset people existed only as animals—seals, fish, walruses, beaver, bears, caribou—waiting for the right moment to return. They saw the coming of the rifts as the perfect moment.

Now the Dorset have risen from the seas and from their animal forms and are trying to reclaim their position as the dominant force in the Arctic. Dorset can be found all over the Arctic, but they concentrate on Banks Island, which has been chosen to be the seat of their future power. Their society is a kingdom, and the Dorset are ruled by a powerful Dorset Anatquq named Kinngait (the Dorset speak an ancient variant of Inuktitut), who is a contemporary and rival of Kukiaq, the legendary Anatquq responsible for creating the Consolidated Nations of Siorapaluk and Koyukon.

The Dorset have only occupied Banks Island for the last few years, and they have yet to establish anything like diplomatic relations with the local powers. The entire island, for the time being, is enshrouded in a curtain of fog—not very inviting-looking to visitors. The Dorset have been spending their time building the entirety of Banks Island into the walled city of Qingaq. It is nearing completion, and the Dorset are about to admit visitors to the island once more.

For game purposes, treat the Dorset race as human, with the following exceptions:

- All Dorset are at least minor psionics. 40% are major psionics, and 10% are master psionics.
- Twice the S.D.C. and Hit Points of normal humans.
- Able to take any O.C.C. that humans are able to take (the Warlock O.C.C. is overwhelmingly the preferred O.C.C. on Banks Island).
- Shapeshift into any normal animal at will, for an unlimited period of time.
- Twice the lifespan of normal humans.

The Dorset people also have many Anatquq R.C.C.s among them, and they are far more powerful than human Anatquq. All Anatquq Psi-Sorcery powers for Dorset Anatquqs are doubled in power, intensity, range and duration. This leads many to wonder if it wasn't the Dorset who taught humanity the arts of Anatquq Science in the first place. This assumption is correct.

A peculiar quirk of all Dorset Anatquq is that they wear menacing, animalistic masks—sinister things with huge, bared teeth, protruding tongues and crazed eyes—all the time. For a Dorset Anatquq to be seen without his mask on is to be seen outrageously naked, stripped of a level of mystery crucial to the Anatquq's existence in Dorset culture.

For the Dorset, there is no cultural endeavor greater than the carving of tiny statues or totems in bone or ivory. It is an obsession specific to the Dorset, much as *ikebana* (flower arranging) was to the medieval Japanese. They also favor items made from exotic materials such as jade, crystal and meteoric iron.

Haida Gwaii: The Queen Charlotte Islands

Population:

Human 4,000

Tuneq Giant 300

Haida Gwaii is an archipelago of islands—known to the Coalition States as the Queen Charlotte Islands—off the northern coast of what used to be British Columbia, about fifty miles south of the territory of Alaska. The archipelago consists of the following major islands: Langara, Graham, Moresby, Louise, Lyell, Kunghit and Burnaby. It is separated from the mainland by the treacherous, eighty-mile wide Hecate Strait, which is teeming with supernatural monsters.

On the largest of the islands, Graham Island, live the Haida people. The west side of the island is completely mountainous, while the east side is completely flat.

Haida culture is similar to Indian and Inuit culture, with a few exceptions:

The Haida are divided into two basic social groups, called *moiety*s: the Raven and the Eagle. The Raven have 22 families, and the Eagle, 23. The Haida use family crests on almost every kind of object. These crests identify the moiety and family lineage of the owner. More subtly, the placement of the crest refers to a specific myth involving that crest. For example, there is one family that frequently uses the design of a butterfly resting on the chest of a large raven, alluding to a series of stories in which Old Butterfly is the traveling companion of Big Raven, the original Spirit Animal. The family represented by the Raven-Finned Killer Whale is referring to the myth in which Big Raven pecked himself out of the body of a whale through its fin. The Haida also are known to carve enormous totem poles, using their personal crest as the main motif.

Tattooing is common among the Haida, especially full-body tattooing (even in-between the toes). Here the personal crests are seen again, in complicated designs that cover the body from head to toe, literally.

The Haida have about 70 crest figures, each of which is combined with the person's particular moiety to form the family crest. The Killer Whale is popular. Other common crests are the eagle, beaver, mountain goat, wolf, grizzly, frog, blackfish, sculpin, skate, dogfish, starfish and halibut (fishes are very popular).

Names are especially coveted by the Haida. Besides people, names are also given to important material belongings like fish traps, houses, kayaks, feast dishes and even spoons (really). A Haida will go to quite extreme lengths to obtain the exclusive ownership of a particular name, even going so far as to risk his own life (or take a life). Long family wars have been waged over particular names—some of these bloody feuds are centuries old. Names are important business to the Haida.

Haida society is patriarchal, but inheritance is distributed matrilineally. When someone dies, their possessions, social position, slaves and name is typically inherited by the son of the person's oldest sister.

Haida Gwaii is small. It's only about 170 miles long, and, at its widest point, 60 miles across. Nevertheless, despite that and the monster-infested waters of the Hecate Strait, the archipelago remains an oasis of calm. The Haida don't look at the Hecate Strait so much as a dangerous obstacle that keeps them in, but a natural defense that keeps danger and invaders *out*.

The Haida do not fear anything that lives on the mainland. Few creatures are able to cross the Hecate Strait, even by air. In fact, the only ones who seem to be able to cross the strait safely are the Haida. Consequently, they have built up a reputation for being skilled raiders—they have been called the “Vikings of the North Pacific.” The Haida have been known to hit the mainland with a series of lightning-fast raids, and then escape back across the strait before anyone can follow them. By the time they get into the water, no one *wants* to follow them, so they are not pursued. How the Haida are able to safely cross the dangerous waters of the Hecate, no one knows. Not even the Haida. Some speculate that this is due to an ages-old pact with the spirit protector of the waters of the strait, but no one knows for sure.

Because of their enthusiastic return to the practice of slavery (which they had abandoned around the beginning of the 19th century), the Haida have more enemies than friends. But as long as the natural defense line of the Hecate Strait keeps them safe, they couldn't care less what people think about them. It's important to mention that they are only slaveowners, not slavetraders. They do not believe in the selling of a human being (D-Bees are another story). Their slaves are war captives—or the children of war captives—and are taken into the household on a permanent basis. Hardly ever mistreated. Never sold.

Some Haida people also live on the Alaskan islands across the Dixon Entrance, on islands like the Revillagagedo, Zarembo and Prince of Wales islands. The Haida that live in Alaska are known as the *Kaigani Haida*.

The Consolidated Nations of Kukiaq: Siorapaluk and Koyukon

CN Siorapaluk

Population:

Human 12,500

Tuneq Giant 790

Atalhis Phantoms 12,000

Wolfen 1,950

Located on the northwestern tip of Baffin Island, between Greenland and the north coast of Canada, the “Consolidated Nation” of Siorapaluk is the brainchild of the legendary Anatquq (medicine man) named Kukiaq. Believing that humanity stood a better chance for permanent survival in the Far North if the populations weren't scattered over hundreds of small villages, he convinced several human villages, Atalhis Phantom villages, Tuneq Giants and Wolfen clans to merge into one cooperative federation.

The largest and most obvious difficulty with trying to organize such a large community in the Arctic is the limited food supply. There simply aren't enough game animals in any given area to support a concentrated community numbering in the tens of thousands. This has been overcome by the gathering of sizeable herds of livestock—musk oxen and reindeer—for the humans, and the clearing of large tracts of glacier for the cultivation of the alien legumes that the vegetarian Atalhis subsist on (which grow in ice). Both the Atalhis and humans volunteer their P.P.E. for the nourishment of the Tuneq Giants. Most Wolfen still hunt however, as their genetic predisposition makes it exceedingly difficult for them to adjust to the monotonous existence of an ox herder.

As far as military defense goes, and considering the incredible dearth of high-technology in the Arctic, Siorapaluk has a fairly decent-sized and well-equipped militia force, captained by 22 low to mid-level Anatqu (levels 3-6), and consisting of 48 Spirit 'Borgs, with 1,200 able-bodied hunters—both human and wolfen—who possess both some form of light M.D.C. body armor and a light mega-damage weapon (there are also another 4,000 hunters on-call, but who lack either the body-armor or weapon or both). A special division of 30 Atalhis mages (mostly Ley Line Walkers, levels 2-7) is also maintained, as are squads of Story-Fishers (14, levels 2-5), Ghost Eaters (22, levels 1-4) and Tuneq Giant warriors (30).

Siorapaluk can offer safe haven to travelers, provided they do their share of the work while they're there, which may mean anything from quarrying rocks (all homes in Siorapaluk are lodges built from stone) to skinning reindeer. While smaller and militarily weaker, Siorapaluk is considered to be more "cultured" than its sister-nation of Koyukon, presumably because it's been around longer, and there is a wide variety of activities for visitors and residents to take part in: dances, song sings, storytellings, sporting contests, etc. The tales of Siorapaluk's Story-Fishers are reputed to be the most captivating anywhere in the Arctic.

Siorapaluk also has a small public library (no librarian, functions on the honor system) that boasts many books of post-cataclysmic scholarship—including the complete works of Erin Tarn and several trans-dimensional travelogues written by Kukiaq himself (who is an ardent admirer of Tarn's).

Guides and mercenaries may be hired out of Siorapaluk, and people looking to hire guides or mercenaries may also be found, which is why Siorapaluk is where most people in the Arctic head to when they're in need of work.

CN Koyukon

Population:

Human 18,000

Tuneq Giant 1,600

Atalhis Phantom 33,000

Silhouette 9,000

Wolfen 450

Manido 200 (very embittered remnants of the Manido Fire-Tribe)

Not located in what used to be considered the Yukon Territory, the Consolidated Nation of Koyukon is actually built on the southeast coast of Victoria Island.

It is the newest and most ambitious project of the legendary Anatquq named Kukiaq, just initiated in 106 P.A., and it is off to a very rocky start. Plagued heavily by Arctic Slavers, Kiwa’Kws raiding parties and other extradimensional monsters and menaces for a few months following its inception, this Consolidated Nation floundered at first, its scrambling warriors lacking the sturdy structure and group discipline that most militaries must acquire through experience.

Not only that, but Kukiaq the Anatquq had scarcely set up Koyukon before he departed to establish another Consolidated Nation elsewhere in the Arctic—and no one liked the man he had appointed as administrative chief of Koyukon, who was a delicate and ineffectual (if admirably well-meaning) leader. Slowly but surely, the defenses were organized with greater efficiency, and the government of Koyukon—hastily rearranged as a congress of chiefs—began to function smoothly.

Koyukon is home to Earth’s largest stable Silhouette community, a small collection of refugees from the Transgalactic Empire, who neither wanted to work for the Kreeghor nor scuffle as freedom-fighters against them. As far as they are concerned, they never want to see another Kreeghor for the rest of their lives—they’re sick of them all. They came to Rifts Earth because of Kukiaq’s promises that they’d be accepted without qualms by the fledgling Consolidated Nation.

In fact, Kukiaq has tried to promote the Consolidated Nations to all his contacts across the Megaverse as bastions of tolerance and amnesty. It is way too early to say how many D-Bees will hear of the CN’s (and especially Koyukon’s) reputation for accepting those that are willing to work hard, on a basis as *equals*, no matter how they look; and too early to know how many will come to the inhospitable Far North of Rifts Earth to settle.

Whereas Siorapaluk has the feel of a very large village, the ambience of Koyukon is somewhere between that of a large village and a small, tightly-knit city. It’s much more cosmopolitan—if there can be such a thing in the middle of the Arctic. There are artisans, craftsmen and technicians in Koyukon, and most of them are looking for work, so repairs are fairly inexpensive...provided no pricey spare parts are required (although, unfortunately for the player characters, they usually are).

Koyukon’s military is markedly superior to that of its sister-nation, Siorapaluk. Its forces are captained by 52 low to mid-level Anatquq (levels 3-6), with four 7th-10th level “generals” in command. The standing army is made up of 102 Spirit ‘Borgs, with 3,700 able-bodied hunters—both human and Silhouette—who possess both some form of light M.D.C. body armor and a light mega-damage weapon (there are also an additional 6,500 hunters on-call, but who lack either the body-armor or weapon or both). A special division of 100 Atalhis mages (mostly Ley Line Walkers, levels 1-6) is also maintained, as are squads of Story-Fishers (40, levels 1-4), Ghost Eaters (32, levels 1-4) and Tuneq warriors (150).

CN Koyukon also boasts several prestigious magic users from across the Arctic who have consented to lend their energies to the defense of the Nation. Among them are Sabrina Kiladvuak, a 10th level Ghost Eater; Martin Piwese, an 11th level Cree Anatquq; and Qagortingneq, a 15th level Story-Fisher—some say he is the greatest living Story-Fisher.

Unlike Siorapaluk, the Consolidated Nation of Koyukon actually has a degree of high tech weaponry. The Silhouettes brought with them, as a goodwill offering, 800 EPR-8 Energy Pulse Rifles, 1,600 EP-5 Energy Pulse Pistols (both **Phase World**, p. 116) and 80 suits of Imperial Legionnaire's Armor (**Phase World**, p. 121)—standard issue for the Transgalactic Empire's military. These weapons are property of the Consolidated Nation of Koyukon, and do not belong to any of the individual citizens. They are used by the military in civil defense, and will not be sold for *any* price.

CN Koyukon is still very new, and a little rough around the edges. It has, to a degree, the wild feel of a frontier- or border-town, mainly because most of its inhabitants are used to having much more space than they have now, and need time to adjust to this new way of semi-urban life (well, as urban as you can possibly get living next door to a glacier). It's not the kind of place where you could be shot dead in the street, but it is the kind of place where, if you're getting beaten up, don't expect anyone to be too enthusiastic about intervening on your behalf. There definitely exists an undercurrent of tension among the residents of Koyukon, and getting into fights releases some of that tension. Quarrels become fights, fights become brawls. Arguments become feuds. Koyukon has a military, but not any police force yet, and no formal system for arbitrating disputes has been set up.

Icecap: The North Pole & Arctic Ocean

Human 69,000

Totalet Seal-Men 2.6 million

Kiwa'Kws Giant 93,500

Tuneq Giant 56,700

Atalhis Phantoms 326,000

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 107,000

Wolfen 11,000

Silhouette 500

At approximately 8,767,407 square miles (14,056,000 sq km), the Arctic Ocean is the smallest ocean in the world—only about 1.5 times the size of the pre-rifts United States. It consists of the following bodies of water: the Barents Sea, the Beauford Sea, the Chukchi Sea, the East Siberian Sea, the Greenland Sea, Hudson Bay, the Hudson Strait, the Kara Sea, the Laptev Sea, the Northwest Passage and Baffin Bay (which is now almost nonexistent because of the appearance of the Toqussoq Mountain Range, risen from the waters of Baffin Bay).

The average water temperature is a brisk 28°F. Sometimes, in summertime, it warms up to 34°F. The central surface of the Arctic Ocean, the area known as the North Pole, is a drifting icepack that averages about 10 feet (3 m) in thickness, although pressure ridges are usually about 40 feet (12.2 m) thick, or, on rare occasion, even getting to be 100 feet high (30.4 m), and extending for an equal distance below the water. The icepack is surrounded by open seas in summer (July-September), but in winter it doubles in size and extends to the encircling land masses—completely ice-locking the northernmost of the Canadian Islands, the Russian Islands, Svalbard, the Siberian Coast and most of Greenland from October to June.

Surprisingly, in this seemingly desolate territory, many creatures do manage to survive. There are dozens of human communities that have learned to live completely on the ice, with the closest land or solid earth being nearly a mile underneath the Arctic Ocean. Having to live in a much more ferocious environment than virtually anyone else on the planet, residents of North Polar communities tend to be more ferocious themselves. It is a very hard life there.

To other Arctic-dwellers, natives of the North Pole are perceived as wild and grim, fierce in fighting and tireless in work—not that they're evil (they show the same distribution of good, evil and selfishness as anywhere else in the world) rather that they are just pragmatic, uncompromising and harshly indomitable. They are an *extremely* no-nonsense kind of people. They seem to survive by force of will alone. While they work more than most who live in other parts of the Arctic, they sleep and talk less.

This intense dislike for “talking and idle chit-chat” may be the cause for the scarcity of Story-Fishers in the North Pole—they are about one-fourth as common as they are in other parts of the Arctic—while Ghost Eaters, a relative rarity elsewhere, seem to gravitate to this region. Some say it is because of a greater concentration of the grotesque, alien creatures that the Ghost Eaters must eat to derive their powers from. Who knows.

These communities also tend to remain more predisposed to whaling than do their land-bound counterparts, as they mostly use whalebone in place of wood, of which there is none (Earth trees can't grow in ice, although there are some alien varieties that have sprang up here and there around the Pole). The Wolfen that live here have adapted to the ocean remarkably well—fishing and whaling instead of game hunting. Atalhis Phantoms tend to prosper and thrive here, because the ice and temperature here is perfectly suited to the growth of their strange, alien vegetations which takes root in solid ice.

The actual “Pole,” the northernmost point on the planet, is an area at the very top of the world, 440 miles from the nearest solid land (a place called Oodaaq—a worthless pebble of an islet far off the northern coast of Greenland, that hardly deserves mentioning). This is where you encounter the most terrifying extremes of cold in the Arctic, the thermometer regularly dipping down to -70°F during the worst months of winter, December and January.

To give you an idea of just how cold that is, at only -55°F spit will freeze solid in mid-air, before it even gets halfway to the ground.

It is ice, as far as the eye can see, in all directions. To the untrained eye, it appears to be nothing more than hundreds and hundreds of miles of flat, barren *nothingness*. An icy ecological wasteland. While the ecology of the North Pole may not be as visible or as swarming as that of, say, the Amazon jungle, it nonetheless exists, and is quite diverse and complex. The sea life here is quite abundant. As are the sea monsters.

This area at the top of the world is where the pre-rifts Polar Installation 16-N, otherwise known as “The Bughouse,” exists. Not many human settlements reside this far north, although there are some. Most (75%) human communities of the North Pole live further south, where the icecap meets the ocean in summer. The extraordinarily grim, stoical attitudes of the wild-eyed “Pole Dwellers” make their grim, stoical neighbors to the south seem like chatty circus clowns. “Make a Pole Dweller smile” has become an Arctic euphemism for impossibility.

The Toqussoq Mountains & the Bleeding Cliffs

Population:

Human 31,000 (scattered throughout approximately 290 small villages, and not counting the 7,000 or so human beings kept in assorted Kiwa’Kws livestock pens)

Kiwa’Kws Giant 33,500

Tuneq Giant 2,700

Atalhis Phantoms 41,000

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 19,500

Ogres 11,900

Canines: Wolfen 79,000

Canines: Kankoran 6,100

Other (various monstrous, demonic and/or barbaric creatures) 683,000

Located in between Baffin Island and Greenland, the *Toqussoq* (which means, literally, “dead”) Mountains takes up almost all of the sea-area that used to be Baffin Bay and Melville Bay, stretching up through the Mares Strait between Ellesmere Island and Greenland. Violently thrown up during the Great Cataclysm, it extends for longer than 1,254 miles, and is, on the average, 130 miles wide—longer than the Ural Mountain Range in Russia!

With a land-area of 163,020 square miles (419,008 sq km—about one-fifth the size of Greenland) of rugged ice and stone, the Toqussoq Mountains create a formidable barrier between the Canadian Islands and Greenland. To get from one to the other, you can either take a ride by kayak around the south end of the range (that part of the Arctic Ocean is too far south to freeze over enough for a safe land-crossing), which is about a 250 mile trip from the shortest point—paddling across treacherous and monster-infested waters—or you can travel up to the polar ice-cap, going by land *around* the range, which, depending on where you’re starting from and where you’re trying to go, could take you up to 2,100 miles out of your way. Or you can attempt to traverse the mountains themselves, by land.

Most people choose the other two routes. They don’t call them the Dead Mountains for nothing, folks.

The Bleeding Cliffs are the outer edges of the mountain range, along its coasts. Ice-white at the bottom, and a deep blood red at the peaks, the Bloody Cliffs are a bizarre and daunting sight. Their crimson pinnacles are an out-of-place splash of vivid color in a magnificently austere landscape limited mostly to white, black and shades of blue-gray. Looking like something from another world, the surreal coloring is, in fact, completely terrestrial: the bright tint is merely caused by blood-red pigments in the cell walls of a species of freshwater algae that live within the snow at the tops of the cliffs. Even still, from a distance it *does* look an awful lot like great sheets of fresh blood streaming down from the tops of the mountains (well, either that or a colossal vanilla sundae with raspberry syrup on top, take your pick).

At first glance, the Toqussoq range very much resembles the hostile landscape of the interior of Greenland (so much so as to lead some people to wonder if it wasn't, at some point in prehistory, actually a part of Greenland), but whereas the harsh Greenlandic interior is very much the province of the Manidog demi-gods and the Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes, these mountains do not enjoy the guardianship of a civilized race, and consequently are a masterless wasteland, teeming with uncounted scores of monsters and horrific non-humans from the rifts. It's a wonder any humans can survive there at all, never mind maintain stable (albeit small) communities in such aggressively adverse country.

Also, the Toqussoq mountains have a greater diversity of natural formations in the landscape—whereas the Greenland interior is one vast and treacherous ice-plateau, there actually are some genuine mountains, made of rock and not ice, to be found among the Toqussoq.

Human settlements are few and far between in this craggy, monster-infested purgatory of sheer ice-cliffs, hidden crevasses and deep, abyssal fissures, but they do exist. These people dwell mostly in secluded valleys and gorges among the soaring peaks, subsisting mainly on a peculiar species of mountain-caribou (possibly alien) and the many different kinds of wild berries that grow in the Toqussoq Mountains, and driving off supernatural predators in whatever feeble way they can. They live in almost constant fear.

There is also a very strong Wolfen presence in these mountains. Equally hard-pressed to survive, they often cooperate with their human and Atalhis neighbors...although just as often they do not.

Places of Note: **The Ten Highest Mountain Peaks In Descending Order Of Size:**

Ónkaifwe'Kws tl'á — 31,428 ft (9,579 m) An extremely daunting peak of exceptional difficulty, climbing-wise. No human has managed to scale it and lived to tell tale.

The flying demons that periodically make the Toqussoq Mountains their home tend to roost here.

Ikaaginax — 28,374 (8,648 m) A stronghold of Kiwa'Kws giants. This is where the largest human “livestock” pen is, numbering 2,900 human slaves, who are fattened with rich Blizzard Hound meat and encouraged to breed. There is actually a great Kiwa'Kws “lodge” made of stone on this mountain (it is virtually unheard-of for the Kiwa'Kws to construct permanent dwellings), and the Giants that live here actually show a degree of societal organization that is elsewhere unknown among the Kiwa'Kws.

Igdlorssuaq Nuna — 24,681 (7,522 m) This mountain is like a huge hunk of Swiss cheese. There are so many tunnels and caverns running through it that it's virtually hollow. The creature(s), whatever they were, that burrowed these holes through the mountain have (hopefully) long since departed this Earth, but the tunnels that they left behind are now home to a myriad of supernatural, flesh-eating creatures. On windy days, the inside of the mountain—having a peculiar, reedy form—resonates like a gigantic earthen bass clarinet. Even in relative breezes of 10 mph, the mountain makes a great moaning noise that can be heard up to 100 miles away—further on windier days.

Qilagat — 24,126 (7,353 m) More or less the only place in the Toqussoq Mountains where Ogres can be found. No one knows why they gather there. There *is* a Qujaligiaqtuqbic Ring (q.v.) here, a monument of Inuksuit Cairn Magic that can temporarily double or triple the P.P.E. of whomever is standing within the confines of the ring (see the section on Inuksuit Cairn Magic), but no one knows what so many

non-magic-using ogres could possibly want with such a thing, so most people dismiss it as a coincidence.

Kitxalux Point — 24,001 (7,315 m) What the Kiwa’Kws call an “empty” mountain.

They have hunted all species on this mountain (including humans) to extinction, and, except for demonic monsters (most of whom the Kiwa’Kws have eaten, too), there is little animal life here. It is a relatively safe oasis in the Toqussoq mountains. For now.

Atxudigan — 22,911 (6,983 m) There have been rumors about the presence of quite a large pack of Mindolar (**Rifts Conversion Book**, p. 188) on Atxudigan, although these stories have not yet been corroborated.

Imgaxsxi Point — 21,723 (6,621 m) This is the home of Kugrurak, the largest human settlement (pop. 900) in the Toqussoq Mountains. On this mountain grows a grass-like sort of alien vegetation, which is inedible to humans, but which reindeer seem to find quite tasty. The villagers of Kugrurak keep herds of reindeer, which they graze on this grass. The hunting skills of those from Kugrurak are somewhat lacking, due to the fact that most of their food is obtained from the cultivation of their livestock.

Utamqt — 20,622 (6,285 m)

Vank’eedii — 20,000 (6,095 m) A next-door neighbor to Utamqt. Together, along with the Qujbicbac Valley they border, these mountains make up about 30% of the Wolfen population of the Toqussoq Range. Ferociously they fight to keep these peaks free of Kiwa’Kws invaders, and they are largely successful. However, these defenders tend to be so aggressive that they do not allow incursions by *any* non-Wolfen species, including Humans and Atalhis. Travelers beware.

Kitingijait — 19,683 ft (5,999 m) From which descends the Kitingijait River, a bountiful fishing-stream flowing out of Lake Iliamna on the mountaintop, used almost exclusively by the Kiwa’Kws Giants.

Most other mountains in the Toqussoq Range are, on the average, 8,000 to 14,000 feet tall (2,400 to 4,300 m). Also of note:

Kukingneqssuaq (“Great Fire-River”): Elev. 10,311 ft (3142.8 m). Located almost dead center in the middle of the mountain range is this squat, barren mountain peak, capped off with a large rift that, thus far, has proved impervious to all attempts to close it, much like the permanent rifts in Calgary and St. Louis. Abominable supernatural horrors regularly pour out of this dimensional hole, often driving whole villages into hiding until it either leaves the area or is destroyed (or destroys them). The Eskimo avoid this mountain like the plague because, aside from the fact that it’s crawling with supernatural fiends, there is no game to hunt there (normal animals won’t go near it).

Greenland (Kalaallit Nunaat)

Note: In the time of the rifts (and, actually, in our own time as well—as of 1979) Greenland, no longer a Danish colony, has reverted to its original “Greenlandic” name: *Kalaallit Nunaat*. Godthaab, the old capital city, now a Manido city built far beneath the ruins, has likewise reverted to its original name of *Nuuk*. I will use the names “Greenland” and “Kalaallit Nunaat” interchangeably.

Greenland is described in detail in the chapter entitled: **Kalaallit Nunaat and the Three Tribes of Manidog.**

The Svalbard Arkipelet

Population:

Human 3,000

Kiwa’Kws Giant 1,025

Tuneq Giant 400

Atalhis Phantoms 2,010

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 31,500

Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves 19,000 (the majority of whom live underwater in the vicinity of the islands)

Totalet Seal-Men 40,000 (in the waters surrounding the islands)

Roughly 400 miles east of Greenland, 800 miles west of Russia and 550 miles south of the center of the North Pole, this is an archipelago of nine major islands and nearly 150 tiny little islets that, taken altogether, are just about the size of the pre-rifts state of West Virginia. They are freezing and ice-covered nine months out of the year, averaging about 3°F (although it has been known to get as cold as -45°F in winter, not counting the wind chill), freezing and damp during the other three months (warming up to blistering temperature of about 37°F—this is high summer in Svalbard). It gets uninterrupted sunlight from April 20 to August 23 and no sunlight at all from October 26 to February 15. Rugged, mountainous terrain dominates the islands.

Pre-rifts, it was a territory of Norway, but, since the Cataclysm the Norwegians have shown no interest in reclaiming their old Archipelago, even though Norway is reported to be relatively densely populated and technologically advanced, and could probably use the wealth of natural resources that Svalbard harbors. Perhaps they’ve forgotten it exists.

Most of the few (very few) humans that still manage to survive there speak a dialect, unique to these islands, that is a combination of Ukrainian, Norwegian and gibberish. The nine major islands are:

Spitsbergen, the main territory, the largest among the nine islands at about 23,957 square miles (62,048 sq km), was, before the Great Cataclysm, chiefly occupied with coal-mining, and there remains an extensive system of tunnels beneath the island; some large, some not so large. These tunnels have been made more extensive by the inbred survivors, who only managed to live through the coming of the rifts by going down into the Earth, digging the tunnels longer, deeper and narrower, and staying there to avoid the monsters and demons that roamed the surface.

These ragged survivors live more like moles than like men, only infrequently emerging from their burrows, in tattered clothing, their skin streaked permanently black with soot and coal-dust, to forage for edible leaves and berries, and maybe to trap a seal or two before hastening back to their subterranean shelters (underground rivers and ice-veins provide their water).

The tunnels these survivors live in are extremely tight and claustrophobic, often they are just barely large enough for an average-sized human to crawl through on their belly (forget about trying to get into one wearing power armor, or even bulky body armor), and may go on for hundreds of yards like this before reaching a larger living chamber, which is about the size of your average closet. Also, there are absolutely no light sources in the tunnels, as the inhabitants of Svalbard have all developed a sort of limited Nightvision that allows them to see in absolute darkness, with a range of 10 to 15 feet (3 to 4.6 m).

These people live in small, loosely organized familial tribes that are governed by the few master psionics that have developed on the island (since, in the utter absence of any technology, they are the only ones equipped to defend themselves against the horrors from the rifts). Only about nine hundred and eighty people are left on Spitsbergen, most of them concentrated in the tunnels a few miles northeast of the old city of Longyearbyen.

Barentsøya: *aka* Barents Island. See Edgeøya.

Edgeøya: *aka* Edge Island. The 3rd largest island in the archipelago. Since the time of Rifts, it has joined with what was once known as Barentsøya by a series of land-bridges. Like Spitsbergen, there remains an extensive tunnel network beneath the island, once used for coal mining. Unlike Spitsbergen, these mines are still in use. The Manidog of the Sea-Tribe, under the command of their chieftain, Qungusutariaq, have a fairly successful coal-mining operation here because, for some reason, Edgeøya is somewhat less monster-infested, and the deposits of coal are much richer than what remains on Spitsbergen.

Coal has rather less value than the petroleum the Sea-Tribe obtains with its newly-renovated oil platforms in the Arctic Ocean, but it is still a marginally profitable sideline—albeit one that incites the derision and scorn of the other two Manidog tribes, who feel that the Sea-Manidog, making a large amount of their money through the acquisition of fossil fuels (often selling the stuff to primitive societies in other dimensions when they cannot find a buyer on Earth), are themselves barely a step up from outright barbarianism.

This is where the majority of the humans on Svalbard reside, most of them employees of the Sea-Tribe branch of Manidog Enterprises Ltd.

Prins Karls Forland: This slender island has little to recommend it. From one end to the other, it is a jagged, rocky range, varying in elevation from -200 to 1,200 feet above sea-level, with almost no flat, even ground at all, infested with Children of Pukjinskves and the giant Qugdlugiaq Hoarworms, it is as dangerous as any place in the Arctic. Pretty much the only thing that encourages visitors to this unpleasant little rock is the presence of a Qujaligiaqtuqbic Ring, a monument of Inuksuit Cairn Magic that can temporarily double or triple the P.P.E. base of whomever is standing within the confines of the ring (see the section on Inuksuit Cairn Magic).

Because of this, Prins Karls Forland—especially at the Summer and Winter Solstices—is a hotspot of magic activity, with many gods, dragons and other powerful beings competing for the right to use the ring for their own purposes.

Nordauslandet: The 2nd biggest island in the Svalbard archipelago; 5,628 square miles (14,467 sq km). Once in a while, some Eskimo hunters from north or east Greenland will try to launch an expedition to Nordauslandet during the winter when the sea between

the top of Greenland and Svalbard has completely frozen over (to do so in the summer would mean a perilous sea-journey of some 280 miles by sealskin kayak—not a good idea). The ice on the ocean is thick enough to safely attempt a crossing from October 20 to April 20.

Nordautlandet, while completely devoid of human life, is fabulously abundant with game animals: walrus, seals, birds and many polar bear. It is also fabulously abundant with deadly, carnivorous monsters. Sometimes, no matter how well-equipped or well-armed, these expeditions don't come back. Ever. The ones that do come back return laden to capacity with all the meat, bone, blubber and skins they can carry: true Arctic riches.

Kong Karls Land: (sometimes called Kongsøya) has vanished without a trace, presumably sinking to the bottom of the Arctic Ocean. Instead, a new island has surfaced, roughly twice as large as old Kong Karls Land, and about thirty-five miles east of where the old island used to be, that has come to be called Kong Karls Land—maps and knowledge of pre-rifts Arctic geography are sketchy at best, so most people think this *is* the original island.

On this Kong Karls Land, however, there is no life at all. Nothing. It is a completely sterile rock. Not one single walrus, seal, reindeer, bear, insect, or bird of any kind—there aren't even fish within ten miles of its coasts. No trees, no bushes, no flowers, no moss, no mould, no shrubs, no berries. *No living things at all.* Even supernatural horrors from the rifts flee it with great haste.

Why this is, no one knows. Few Eskimo feel like sticking around to find out, either. Who can blame them? They regard such a dead, lifeless place as an abomination—and a rather ominous one at that—and all are careful to steer clear of it.

It is clear that *some* powerful force about or beneath the island prevents life from taking root there: while on Kong Karls Land, no injuries can heal, and food lies undigested in the stomach, causing painful cramps within an hour of first landing there. On the other hand, since there is no bacteria in the air or soil of Kong Karl's Land, even the most sloppily uncovered wounds will not become infected (until one leaves the island's aura of unlife), and dead things don't ever rot. There are corpses on the island that have been there, perfectly preserved, for almost two hundred years.

Instead of inspiring curiosity, these mysteries inspire only fear and dread, and the secret of Kong Karls Land is widely considered too forbidding to ever attempt unraveling.

Bjørnøya: aka Bear Island. A tiny little place, with a land area of only 70 square miles (179 sq km), about 150 miles away from the southern coast of the island of Spitsbergen. Because of its geographic isolation, it is sometimes (when the waterways are not completely frozen) used as a temporary base for pirates and other raiders of the sea. Occasionally, weapons, equipment and machinery—even small boats—that were considered too broken to fix can be found scattered about the island. They usually *are* too hopelessly damaged or old to be of any use at all...but not always.

In the winter, when the North Polar icecap has extended to surround Bjørnøya, Eskimo from Eastern Greenland sometimes try to walk across the ice to scavenge spare parts and what little salvageable equipment there is to be had. Sometimes it is fixable, sometimes it is not. Often, Suilarqineq Mechanics are willing to buy any salvaged parts.

Hopen: Even tinier than Bjørnøya, this is little more than a very large rock jutting out of the Arctic Ocean. Apart from some walrus and polar bear, nothing lives on Hopen.

Kvitøya: Like old Kong Karls Land, Kvitøya has sank beneath the sea, although it hasn't completely vanished. It is now a mountainous underwater plateau, about 160 to 800 feet (48.7 to 243.8 m) below sea level. Living in stone huts on the peaks of the submerged cliffs is a small community of the amphibian Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves.

This tribe, the *Kvitøygdlut* (meaning, simply, “they who have their houses on Kvitøya”), has taken notice of the bizarre Gulub Yaw submersibles underneath “The Bughouse,” the pre-rifts biological warfare research station at the North Pole, and are very interested. Their brother tribe, the *Kuk'Uauk*, who dwell on the ice in the vicinity of “The Bughouse,” and who have been collaborating with the human scientists for years, have already laid claim to this installation, and have made it known to the Kvitøygdlut that they are not going to share. This conflict has yet to turn bloody, but continues to simmer with bad feelings on both sides, and, considering the aggressively territorial nature of the Shore Dwarves, it may still explode into violence at any time.

Jan Mayen

Jan Mayen is an island about 300 miles to the east of Greenland, and about 600 miles southwest of Svalbard. It's a skinny little stone, less than 33 miles long from tip to tip, having a land area of about 242 square miles (591 sq km), and is home to Beerenberg (elev. 7,470 feet/2,277 m), the world's northernmost volcano. At the time of the Great Cataclysm, Beerenberg erupted violently, and continued to erupt for weeks on end, smothering all life on the island under gushing tidal waves of lava—Jan Mayen's sprawling population of 16 unlucky scientists and meteorologists were all incinerated.

Years later, when the magma finally cooled and stopped flowing, it had added about 42 square miles of land area to the island and rendered the rest an ashy, volcanic plain. Jan Mayen still courses with underground rivers of molten lava flowing just below the surface, which still give off quite a bit of ambient heat, making this little island a supertropical oasis in the Arctic Circle. It averages about 180°F year-round, with slight variations of plus or minus 15°, depending on the season. Also, because of underwater magma-vents along its coasts, Jan Mayen is perpetually enshrouded in a hissing curtain of steam that follows the coastline all the way around the circumference of the island.

For decades now, an alien race of lizard-like beings called the Viilusi have been using this island as their home base, mostly because it's the only place on the planet that approximates the searing temperature of their homeworld. They find the cold temperatures of the Arctic to be uncomfortable, but, being mega-damage beings, have nothing to fear from cold injuries. Those Viilusi that can be found on Rifts Earth are pretty much only interested in one thing: the sport of hunting—Earth is a pretty fashionable Viilusi vacation spot at the moment. Promoted on the Viilusi homeworld as a challenging safari on an inhospitable planet, trips to the Arctic usually entail the hunting of sentient, usually human, “game.”

There is a dimensional gate on the island that leads to the Viilusi homeworld, and a series of what can only be described as ‘hotels,’ although they are pretty much just places to rest your head, having little or no amenities other than concession stands operated by Naruni Enterprises that sell their brands of weapons, equipment and ammunition. Even more common than the ‘hotels,’ are the ‘souvenir shops’ that sell the preserved skeletons of all kinds of Arctic creatures, including humans.

Few non-Viilusi species are permitted on the island, the most notable exception being the Manidog, provided they are not a disruptive influence on the ‘paying customers,’ the Viilusi tourists. In any case, most other species would find it too hot to be bearable. The island and its immediate coast (about two miles out from the shore) are patrolled by rather trigger-happy security squads in power armor and robot vehicles, who will not allow any non-Viilusi onto the island, preferring to shoot first and clean up the bloody pulp later.

Three times a week, a low-altitude aircraft flies from Jan Mayen to shuttle Viilusi out to, and back from, their ‘safari.’ The first time, it goes to the southernmost tip of the Toqussoq Mountain Range, the second time out to the polar icecap, and the third time to the island of Spitsbergen in the Svalbard Arkipelet, letting off Viilusi eager to get their vacation started, and picking up Viilusi who’ve had enough for the time being.

The Arctic Environment

Climate

Cold. Very cold.

Weather

While temperatures may vary greatly between different latitudes and seasons—from Southern Greenland’s average summer temperature of 48°F, to the seriously unpleasant -75°F freeze (not counting wind-chill) of your typical winter day in the high North Pole—the weather itself is surprisingly constant. The Arctic has only two seasons: winter and summer. Both are characterized by cold but (mostly) stable conditions: clear skies, almost no precipitation. In fact, no more moisture falls on the Arctic each year than falls on the Mojave Desert. Hardly ever does it truly snow in the Arctic Circle.

The word “blizzard” in this part of the world very seldom means actual snowfall, but instead signifies the way that high, storm-speed winds can pick up snow that’s already on the ground, whipping it through the air, sometimes densely enough to limit visibility to one or two feet. It’s almost exactly like a desert sandstorm: the dry, stinging ice crystals get into every nook and cranny of your person, under your clothes, in your mouth, your nose, your ears. Getting caught in a high-Arctic “blizzard” is a feeling not unlike getting hit with the jet of an industrial sandblaster. This airborne avalanche of snow is able to completely bury things like stationary vehicles in a matter of a few short minutes.

Wind itself is also a hazard that must be dealt with. As if the sub-zero temperatures weren’t bad enough, Arctic wind-chill can be absolutely brutal, making the air so cold that severe frostbite can set in to exposed flesh before you could get from one end of the alphabet to the other. A 30 mph squall blowing across the icecap will have a wind chill factor of -63°, dropping the temperature of a cold winter day on the north coast of Greenland from -30°F all the way down to an obscene -93°F. Thankfully, winds like this aren’t all that common, and are generally (but not exclusively) limited to the summer months, when the temperature is at least on the warmer end of the annual range.

Wind Chill

Wind chill factor is a measure of the combined cooling effect of wind and low temperature on the human body. Since heat is lost from a warm body into the cold air surrounding it, high winds carry a body's warmth away that much faster, and produce a chilling effect that is the same as a lower temperature. Winds moving faster than 45 mph have an additional cooling effect that is too small to be measured.

Determining the wind-chill factor:

Actual Temperature	Wind Speed								
	5mph	10mph	15mph	20mph	25mph	30mph	35mph	40mph	45mph
35°F	33°F	22°F	16°F	12°F	8°F	6°F	4°F	3°F	2°F
30°F	27	16	9	4	1	-2	-4	-5	-6
25°F	21	10	2	-3	-4	-10	-12	-13	-14
20°F	16	3	-5	-10	-15	-18	-20	-21	-22
15°F	12	-3	-11	-17	-22	-25	-27	-29	-30
10°F	7	-9	-18	-24	-29	-33	-35	-37	-38
5°F	0	-15	-25	-31	-36	-41	-43	-45	-46
0°F	-5	-22	-31	-39	-44	-49	-52	-53	-54
-5°F	-10	-27	-38	-46	-51	-56	-58	-60	-62
-10°F	-15	-34	-45	-53	-59	-64	-67	-69	-70
-15°F	-21	-40	-51	-60	-66	-71	-74	-76	-78
-20°F	-26	-46	-58	-67	-74	-79	-82	-84	-85
-25°F	-31	-52	-65	-75	-81	-86	-89	-92	-93
-30°F	-36	-58	-72	-81	-88	-93	-97	-100	-102
-35°F	-42	-64	-78	-88	-96	-101	-105	-107	-109
-40°F	-47	-71	-85	-95	-103	-109	-113	-115	-117
-45°F	-52	-77	-92	-102	-110	-116	-120	-123	-125
-50°F	-57	-84	-99	-109	-117	-123	-127	-130	-132
-55°F	-62	-90	-106	-115	-124	-130	-134	-137	-140
-60°F	-67	-96	-113	-121	-131	-137	-141	-144	-147
-65°F	-72	-102	-120	-127	-138	-144	-149	-152	-156

Arctic summer, especially at more southern latitudes, tends to be very damp and foggy. Bad weather—windstorms, cyclones, “blizzards,” the occasional bit of misting rain or light snow—occurs much more frequently in the short summer months than they do in winter. Down at the lower latitudes, in the summer the “heat” will even alter the terrain. When temperatures rise to just above freezing, the snow and frozen moisture trapped in the ground will melt, but since the level of *permafrost* (i.e. dirt that NEVER thaws) is only about three or four feet below the surface of earth, this moisture can't drain away, it has nowhere to go, and it stays trapped near the surface, transforming large expanses of land into endless, wet, muddy bogs that make travel a truly hellish prospect.

One other curious side effect of the Arctic climate is that it makes thermal-imaging scanners almost useless. Many of the wildlife of the Far North have had to evolve superior insulation from the savage cold, insulation that keeps their heat *in* so well, so efficiently, that not enough of it is lost to the air to register on a thermal sensor. Most furred land-animals, like bears, musk oxen, wolves and foxes are invisible to thermal scanners. At most, the *tracks* that the animal leaves behind in the snow as it walks will register with a faint glow of warmth, because these animals release excess body-heat through their footpads. Although, unless you're in the air or at a high altitude looking down at the footprints, this won't help you very much. The same goes for people wearing high-insulation clothing, especially that which is made from the skins and fur of these extraordinarily insulated animals; they will not show up on thermal scanners, either, except for any uncovered areas of skin, like the face (although, in winter suits, even the face has its own covering).

The Effects of Extreme Cold on the Human Body

Cold injuries are fairly uncommon as long as the skin, fingers, toes, ears and nose are well protected and not left exposed for more than a very short period of time. When exposure is longer than a few short minutes, and especially when the body isn't given enough fuel to deal properly with the cold (the risk of cold injuries rises sharply when nourishment is inadequate or when oxygen is thin, as at high altitudes), the body automatically compensates by narrowing the small blood vessels in the skin, fingers, toes, ears and nose to direct more blood to vital organs such as the heart and brain. This protects the body from life-threatening hypothermia (for a little while, at least), although, unfortunately, this self-protective measure does not come without a price: as less warm blood reaches these outer points of the body, they lose heat more rapidly, leaving these points of the body much more vulnerable to surface damage, like frostbite.

For people in power armor, this poses little threat, as they usually have nothing to fear from the cold—until they take the armor off, of course. People in mega-damage body armor are vulnerable to cold injuries varying with how much thermal protection the armor offers. Most full-environmental body-armors protect the wearer completely (until the wearer inevitably has to take it off), but many of the cheaper, lighter armors (which are usually the only ones available in the Arctic) do not, and must be combined with heavy clothing to prevent the wearer from freezing to death.

Hypothermia is an abnormally low body temperature. Technically, having an internal body temperature of 75°F or lower, and an external temperature of 32°F or lower (character is freezing to the touch) constitutes classic hypothermia. This may occur when a person has been immersed in cold water or has been exposed to the elements for too long—the colder the water, the quicker body heat is lost, the faster hypothermia develops (the waters of the Arctic Ocean can be cold enough to cause serious, life-threatening hypothermia in seconds). On land, the onset of hypothermia is usually so gradual and subtle that the person will very often not realize what's happening. They might feel very cold and a little sleepy. Physical coordination becomes slow and clumsy, reaction time greatly increases, speech is slurred, the mind is foggy, judgment is impaired and hallucinations frequently occur.

A person who has hypothermia may stagger off to nowhere, confused, not sure where he's going, suddenly dropping to the ground in cardiac arrest. He may simply lie

down to relax for a while, asking for a moment to rest his eyes, and just die right there. If the person is in the sea, he will first have difficulty treading water, soon giving up, then drowning. Often in cases of hypothermia, the victim will feel incredibly exhausted and sleepy and, even if he knows what it may mean (death), he will still want to just lie down to sleep for a few minutes.

The early stages of hypothermia mean, in game terms, that a character's speed and melee actions will be reduced by half, and he will be anywhere from -2 to -8 (or -10% to -40%) on all rolls, depending on how advanced his condition is (GM's discretion)—in the very final stage, the last few minutes or seconds just before slipping into unconsciousness, the character's speed will be reduced by 80%, he will have only one melee action, and will be -12 (or -60%) on all rolls.

For treatment of the early stages, it is enough to change the person into warm, dry clothing, having them drink hot liquids, or having them lie in a sleeping bag next to someone (preferably unclothed, or only lightly clothed) with a normal body temperature for a while. With the later stages, the person will be completely unconscious, comatose, and often no pulse can be felt, or heartbeat detected. The victim must be *very* gradually warmed and closely monitored for signs of heart-failure. Not only that, but, if being transported at all, he must be handled extremely gently because a sudden jolt may incite an irregular heart rhythm which can be fatal. Victims of hypothermia should not be pronounced dead until they have been warmed to normal body temperature and still show no signs of life.

Having said all that, I should also mention that dying from hypothermia is fairly painless. You just feel like you're going to take a nap and then you simply slip away, and that's it. There are certainly worse ways to go: strangulation, starvation, disease, drowning, rail gun, vibro-blade, accidentally sitting on a fusion block, being eaten alive by a marauding Devil Unicorn....

Frostbite is a condition caused by a combination of decreased blood flow and the formation of ice crystals in the frozen tissues of exposed extremities (like the skin, fingers, toes, ears and nose). Frostbitten skin becomes red, swollen, painful and then, ultimately, a rotten black. Cells in the frozen areas die. Depending on the severity of the frostbite, the affected tissues *may* eventually heal, or they may develop gangrene. The only treatment is a gradual warming and the affected areas should be wrapped in sterile bandages and kept meticulously clean to prevent infection, which can be quite nasty with gangrenous frostbite wounds, often requiring amputation—accounting for all the instances of noseless Arctic explorers in history.

On occasion, a person who has frostbitten feet, finding himself in the middle of nowhere, must trek to safety. In most cases, if it is at all possible to protect the feet from further freezing, walking on frozen feet is very much preferable to walking on feet that have been thawed. Thawed feet will *hurt* and may prevent a character from walking anywhere for quite some time. He should not thaw them out until he reaches a place of safety.

The Effects of Extreme Cold on Machines and Technology

Machines, being less vulnerable to low temperatures than the human body, are nonetheless susceptible to them. At extremely cold temperatures, vehicles tend to “freeze up” and will stop moving—or will only move sluggishly. Most technology without moving

parts is unaffected, but things that contain any sort of liquid *will* be affected (i.e. things using gasoline or other liquid fuel; oil, grease, or other lubricant; or any kind of hydraulic fluid).

The generally accepted cutoff point is -58°F . This is the point at which, if your machine *is* vulnerable to extreme cold, now is the time it's going to fail you. At -58°F and below, virtually all fluids, unless specifically *designed* for such extreme low temperatures, will freeze solid. Anything that is powered by gasoline or other liquid fuel will not work. Electronics like computers, calculators, radios, will not work unless somehow insulated. Things like guns, power armor and robot vehicles remain unaffected, *unless* they have been recently oiled, in which case a -2 penalty will be applied to all physical actions performed with them until the temperature warms enough for the lubricant to become liquid again.

Sunlight and the Seasons

One thing that people from other parts of the world (and, sometimes, other parts of the Megaverse) have to get used to is the cycle of night and day in the Arctic. Here, both sunlight and darkness are *seasonal* rather than daily phenomena. Any 24-hour cycle of activity and inactivity is imposed solely by the inhabitants—sunrise in the morning and sunset in the evening are concepts that do not exist in the Arctic.

The idea of the sun “rising in the east and setting in the west” is likewise an alien concept here. It simply does not happen that way. The sun, when it can be seen, seems to travel straight along the edge of the horizon before sinking back down like a diving whale. “Day” and “Night” are marked by two dates: June 21 and December 21; the Summer and Winter solstices, respectively.

Midnight on June 21 is like high noon, which is where the Arctic gets the name “The Land of the Midnight Sun.” It's 12:00am, and the sun is still shining brightly and you would never guess that it was “nighttime.” For a few weeks after the summer solstice, the sun doesn't set at all, then, as the year goes on, there begins to be a sort of “night,” but it's more like a very short period of unsubstantial twilight that gets longer and longer, and darker and darker, the closer to winter it gets. Then, rather suddenly, the sun just goes away and night begins.

During polar day, the sun's rays can be quite bright. Painfully so. Especially when reflected off the unending white all around. Care must be taken to protect the eyes to prevent snowblindness—retinal burnout from too much light—which can result in temporary, or even permanent, loss of eyesight. With the sunlight bouncing up off the ice, right in one's face, it's almost like looking directly at the sun. Polarizing lenses, even strong sunglasses, are sufficient to prevent damage to the eyes. People in power armor are safe from this effect, likewise are people wearing a suit of body armor that is equipped with polarizing lenses in the helmet.

The Eskimo have a method of creating simple, non-high-tech snow-goggles from patches of opaque material that cover the eyes entirely, only allowing light in through a small horizontal slit; they limit the field of vision somewhat, but are just as effective as their tech counterparts (not to mention infinitely cheaper, easier to manufacture and more reliable).

At the other end of the yearly cycle is December 21, the middle of polar night—at high noon there is not the least glimmer of sunlight to be seen. During the winter, “day”

may mean a slight luminescence at the horizon for a few short hours. It may mean no sunlight at all. This is not to say that everyone walks around stumbling into things in the dark all winter: there's light, just no *sunlight*.

The night sky in the Arctic is brighter than it is anywhere else on the planet. Moonlight and starlight, reflecting off the vast white surfaces of the horizon-to-horizon ice and snow, provide more than adequate light to find one's way around. Although this light, a dim, gentle bluish glow, doesn't render things very sharply—it's difficult to make out details at any kind of distance—one can see reasonably well for almost two miles by moonlight alone.

With few exceptions, the land above the Arctic circle is level, unobstructed country, stretching out in every direction without any dense forests to block the light from hitting the ground, nor any high mountain ranges (except for the newly sprung-up Toqussuq mountain range) to cast shadows across the land, so "night" visibility is remarkably clear.

Strange as it may seem, the Arctic actually doesn't get any less sunlight than the rest of the planet—it's just that they just get theirs all at once.

Character Classes of the Eskimo and Indian Nations

Most of your regular, garden-variety magic O.C.C.s and psionic R.C.C.s can be found above the Arctic Circle: Line Walkers, Mystics, Shifters, Dragon Hatchlings, Bursters, Psi-Stalkers and Mind-Melters. Likewise, from the **Rifts Conversion Book** you can find some Diabolists, Witches, Warlocks and Summoners, albeit in small numbers. Because of the relative scarcity of high-technology, what you *won't* find so often (and, if you do, they will most likely be visitors to the Arctic, rather than native inhabitants) are: Borgs, Techno-Wizards, Crazies (here called *Pivdlerortok*—the Inuit word for ‘madman’), Juicers, Glitter-Boys and, somewhat less rarely, Cyber-Knights. There are also many, many Mining ‘Borgs (see **Rifts New West**).

Likewise, either because of generally low tech-levels, or because of cultural differences, you will very rarely come across any Body Fixers, City Rats, Cyber Docs, Operators, Rogue Scientists, Rogue Scholars or Unskilled Vagabonds—although some of these may be found in small numbers in the Manidog megalopolis beneath the Greenlandic Interior.

Although the masculine personal pronoun is used to describe all of the O.C.C.s and R.C.C.s in this book, NONE of these classes are restricted to either gender. Just because it says Medicine-Men doesn't mean there can't be Medicine-Women as well.

The following are classes that are *exclusive* to the Arctic Region on Rifts Earth:

Anatquq Medicine-Man R.C.C.

“One day Tchakapesh went out hunting. He was out on the ice chopping a hole to fish. Then a giant walrus came up through the ice. His friends were scared. It was a spirit walrus. It had to be. It was as long as two mammoth lined up one after the other. Big. The spirit walrus took Tchakapesh under the ice. It happened in hardly no time. It happened fast. Snap your fingers—like that fast.

His friends looked down through the ice and they could see the spirit walrus stabbing Tchakapesh's body with his tusks. The tusks went all the way through him. In his belly and out his back. One of his friends had a laser pistol but he didn't use it because he thought he would hit Tchakapesh. Then the spirit walrus tossed Tchakapesh up through the hole in the ice and swam away. His friends didn't know why it did this. They didn't know until later on. When they got to Tchakapesh he looked very bad. His ribs and his leg-bones were smashed and there were holes all over his body from where the tusks went through him. He was very close to being dead. As thin as a seal whisker is, that's how close he was to being dead.

Their village had no Anatquq close by to heal him so there was no reason to take him all the way back to the village. They didn't think he would survive even that short trip. Quickly they built a snow hut for him and placed him inside. After the ordeal, after

suffering such injuries, he would either get better or he would die. His friends thought he would die. In the hut they heard him talking. They thought he was getting ready to die and he was talking to himself. They didn't know until later on who he was talking to. In two days Tchakapesh walked out of the little igloo, completely healed of all his injuries. He was fine. He didn't even limp, he walked healthy. There were only some scars and that was all. They thought he looked different. They couldn't say how, but it was different. His eyes maybe. His eyes were dark like caves and his friends thought he was looking right through them. Into them.

That's when they knew what had happened. They knew Tchakapesh had become Anatquq. The voices they heard talking was the spirits telling Tchakapesh how to use spirit-magic and how to understand spirit-talk and how to speak the Anatquq language. The walrus, since it couldn't kill him, or maybe just didn't want to, became his helping spirit. That is the end of my story.”

—“One Day Tchakapesh Went Out Hunting”
story as told to Freeman J. Getty by Daniel Ayas'e,
a North Polar Story-Fisher

Otherwise known as a Medicine-Man, Shaman, or *Angakkoq* (or, in certain regions, as a *Tungalik* or *Analchtuk*—the player may choose whatever name he pleases, they're all essentially the same thing), the Arctic *Anatquq* are the traditional protectors and guides of the Eskimo village. It is the Anatquq who looks out for the welfare of the entire community: healing the sick, assisting in childbirth, arbitrating disputes, locating game during periods of famine, divining the possible future and fighting against supernatural menaces.

It is important to mention that while it is true that the Anatquq is accorded special status and respect, he is definitely NOT above taking part in the ordinary tasks of the community. Helping the village fishermen mend a broken net is just as important as traipsing around the icy wastes looking for demons to annihilate.

Anatquq tend to be rather eccentric individuals. Their idiosyncrasies and bizarrenesses are usually of the benign sort, so most villagers will take no notice of it when, for example, their Anatquq decides that he is no longer going to walk anywhere, and instead is going to hop on one leg to get from place to place. As long as he keeps them safe, most people are willing to put up with all sorts of strange behavior. Many people have even come to expect it. Anatquq are very proud of their differentness, and they have a name for what makes them distinct: *Imainaq Ingitsut*, which means, roughly: “We who are not like others.”

There is no one single, tried-and-true method of becoming an Anatquq. It often comes, as in the example in the story, given above by Daniel Ayas'e, after a harrowing passage far from home—while lying in a twilight state close to death because of injury or illness, or after a prolonged exposure to hunger or extreme cold, or after surviving a violent encounter with a spirit being—when a man might experience visions, an epiphany, falling into a coma-like trance with spirit apparitions instructing him in the arts of the Anatquq.

The other way to become an Anatquq is to be taught by one. Anatquq can sometimes sense in children who has the potential to become a Medicine Man and who does not, but they are almost as likely, if not more so, to guess wrong as they are to guess

right, and their students don't always turn out to actually have the power within them (see the **Kilaumassok O.C.C.**). Instruction from a human Anatquq must begin as early in childhood as possible, because beyond a certain age—usually about thirteen or fourteen—the person is just too old to be instructed by a human, although it *is* still possible for that person to become an Anatquq through the method mentioned above, where the person lies close to death, and the spirits instruct him (that is, *if* the person has Anatquq-potential within them).

An Anatquq teacher may take on as many as four pupils at a time, called *Kiligtisiak*. There are even some Anatquq—usually ones who are very old, very experienced and very tired of adventure—who devote the majority of their energy to the education of future Anatquq, operating traveling schools with upwards of a dozen young students (and two or three neophyte, 1st level Anatquq) who wander from village to village, offering their services and scouting out new prospective students to join the troupe.

Those who learn how to be Anatquq from a human teacher, even though they spend many long and unpleasant years undergoing intense conditioning, tend to be slightly less powerful than those who were taught by the spirits while in a coma-trance close to death (who are sometimes called Anatquq Inua to differentiate the two). However there is no resentment between these two groups, the Anatquq and the Anatquq Inua, and nearly all Anatquq treat each other with honor and respect, no matter how they came by their powers.

Either way, what has to be present in the first place for anything to happen is the *potential* to become an Anatquq. Not everyone who endures severe, life-threatening experiences, and not everyone who undergoes years of *Kiligtisiak* training, is able to become an Anatquq—and furthermore, not everyone who has the potential to develop into an Anatquq ever actually knows it. They could live their whole lives without the potential being released. “It’s in the blood, but you don’t always know for sure until you hear the spirits talking to you,” says Billy Black-Otter, an Anatquq on the west coast of Alaska.

Whether Anatquq or Anatquq Inua, this day when Anatquq powers manifest themselves is called the *angaku’habvik*, when an Anatquq “gets his lightning,” as it is colloquially known. His powers reveal themselves to him very suddenly, in a split-second, and he instantly transforms into the master psionic, supernatural M.D.C. being that is the true Anatquq.

Like many inhabitants of the Arctic, Anatquq *love* to shape-change. Anatquq live the lives of all the animals. They will almost always appear to their human community in human form, but when alone, or in the company of animals, the Anatquq will take animal form. When not needed (in the case of a village getting a second Anatquq), he may disappear for a generation or two, having become an ice-shelf or a boulder, meditating, communing with the spirits of the Earth within the solitude of nature.

Anatquq speak their own language, one exclusive to Anatquq medicine men, as well as the Spirit Talk, and are usually fluent in a number of nonhuman tongues as well.

The Abuse of Power

Surprisingly, Anatquq of evil and selfish alignments do exist, and are more common than one would think. For as many good, decent, forthright Medicine-Men there are, there are almost as many who are corrupt, dishonest and opportunistic. These “bad” Anatquq are still, in a way, the protectors of the community—the Anatquq temperament runs too deep to ignore that impulse—but are more like magical extortionists than heroes.

Instead of placing the needs of the community ahead of themselves, corrupt Anatquq exploit the needs of the community to serve their own purposes. Specializing in petty blackmail, an evil Anatquq will withhold his services to his community pending “payment” of some sort. This payoff can include weapons, food, boats, clothing, wives, or, in very extreme and rare cases, even slaves. Having no qualms whatsoever about sucking his village dry, the Anatquq of evil alignment will extort everything he can from his desperate community. What choice do they have? They can refuse to pay, but then he will refuse his services, and, in the Far North, the services of an Anatquq often the only things that stand between life and death for a community—especially if they have no other protectors.

Anatquq Knowledge and Abilities

- 1. Anatquq Psi-Sorcery:** At first level, the character automatically knows the Anatquq powers of Headlifting, Fever-Blowing, Spirit Informant and Inua Release. Additionally, he may choose four powers from either the categories of Kusuineq (Little Magic) or Ilisineq (Foul Magic). At levels two, three, five, eight, eleven and fifteen, the character may select two Kusuineq or Ilisineq powers, or one Kusuinutssuaq (Big Magic) power.
- 2. M.D.C. Being:** Once Anatquq potential is fully unleashed on the day of *angaku'habvik*, their bodies psionically develop into (very) minor mega-damage structures. An Anatquq will start out with M.D.C. equal to one-half of his P.E. attribute number (round fractions down), plus one point of M.D.C. for every level thereafter. Anatquq Inua, on the other hand, those who, in a coma or trance, were taught by the spirits and not by a human, will start out with M.D.C. equal to their P.E. attribute number, plus two additional M.D.C. ever level thereafter.
- 3. Shape-Change:** The Anatquq, like a vast number of the Arctic's inhabitants, is capable of assuming many different forms. Unlike most Arctic shape-changers, an Anatquq may transform into inanimate objects as well as animals: a rock, a floating chunk of ice, a kayak. While in animal form, the character gets all the advantages of the shape, retaining his M.D.C., ability to speak and all attributes. The animal must be a normal animal and, not a monster, although giant versions of animals are allowed. While in an inanimate form, the Anatquq retains his M.D.C. and his ability to speak (even though there is no organ for speech in a rock or a kayak) but may not attack; the only attributes he retains are the mental ones. In choice of forms, he is limited only by size, and may not change into something larger than twice his height (e.g. say an Anatquq is six feet tall; he *can* turn himself into a Right Whale—on average 60 feet long—but he'll be a Right Whale twelve feet long, maximum). This power may be used once a day for every level of experience—Anatquq Inua are able to use this

power twice per day for every level of experience—and there is no limit on the duration for either.

4. **Nalussaerunek Senses:** (literally: “to not be unconscious of anything”) All Anatquq have Nightvision at a range of 100 feet (30.5 m), and are able to see the invisible, see elementals, see spirits, sense evil and sense magic. These powers are always on and require no I.S.P. expenditure.
5. **Kiligtisiak Training:** This is the brutally harsh physical and mental training that Anatquq-candidates undergo that prepares them to achieve the full power of their new, supernaturally transformed bodies—the bonuses of this training are reflected in the way the character must roll his stats (see **Attributes** below). An Anatquq Inua, even though he has not spent years training, still benefits from these bonuses as if he had.
6. **Tornaq Helping-Spirit:** Upon becoming an Anatquq, each medicine-man must choose a *Tornaq*, or “guardian animal-spirit,” that he can command or draw P.P.E. from. Sometimes, as in the case of Tchakapesh, the spirit-animal chooses *you* (his became the walrus). Once per day for every three levels of experience (once at 1st level, twice at 4th, three times at 7th, etc.), the character can summon his Tornaq, which will appear within one melee round of the summoning (15 seconds) to do whatever the Anatquq tells them to do: fight, spy, steal, carry something, etc. An Anatquq can also dip into his Tornaq’s pool of P.P.E., using up to 50% of his helping-spirit’s P.P.E. to cast his own spells (although I.S.P. may not be borrowed).

However, Spirit-Animals are intelligent beings, not mindless servants and, while they will never openly *refuse* to do something their Anatquq commands, they will try to talk him out of a course of action they believe to be ill-advised. Such as: “You’d be a fool to fight *that* thing—even with my help,” or: “I suppose I *could* try to put this sled-dog’s collar on that ice dragon if you really wanted me to...I don’t think it’s worth trying, though.” Sometimes an Anatquq summon their Tornaq just to talk. Often as vain as they are wise, Spirit Animals are pleased when they are summoned for advice or conversation. An Anatquq who only calls upon his Tornaq when he needs its help in a fight will make it feel servile and slavish, perhaps causing it to be a little slow in its response to further summons (increasing the response time from one melee round to several rounds, or even to several minutes in the case of a really resentful Tornaq).

The Anatquq can dismiss his Tornaq by taking two melee actions to will its release from the summoning, and the Spirit-Animal will vanish back to wherever it was when it was called. While in combat, the Anatquq should always remember to will away his Tornaq if it is badly injured, because allowing one’s Helping-Spirit to die is considered the mark of a callous idiot who doesn’t have a grain of sense in his head, and will cause him to lose an incredible amount of respect among his people—if you can’t even keep your own Helping-Spirit alive, how can you be counted on to protect your village? Dead Tornaq will be replaced by another Spirit-Animal of the same kind, who will not hold the Anatquq in too high regard (again, taking longer to respond than the customary one melee round), until he *proves* to the Tornaq that he is competent.

If the Spirit-Animal was summoned to fight, the summoning lasts for two melee rounds per level of the Anatquq’s experience; if it was summoned to do something else besides fight, it will remain for 10 minutes per level of the Anatquq’s experience. If summoned purely for conversation or advice, it will remain for one hour per level of experience.

If the GM does not permit the player to choose his own Spirit Animal, roll on table below:

01-25 Bird (choose which species) **51-65** Sm. Land Animal (Ferret, Rabbit)
26-40 Med. Sea Animal (Seal, Otter) **66-90** Md. Land Animal (Wolf, Dog, Lynx)
41-50 Lg. Sea Animal (Walrus, G. Squid) **91-00** Lg. Land Animal (Mammoth, Bison)

7. **Perceive Anatquq Potential:** An Anatquq is sometimes able to sense who, when grown up, will have the ability to become a medicine-man as well. This ability will only work on children fourteen years old or younger (after age 15 or so, the only way for Anatquq potential to be released is to be taught by the spirits while in a death-trance). Base chance of success is 20%, +4% per level. No penalty if trying to use this ability on a child younger than 6 years of age; -10% if trying to use it on someone 6-10 years old; -19% if trying to use it on someone 11-14 years of age.
8. **Major Psionic:** The character may select 6 powers from any ONE category except super, or 4 powers from a combination of those categories. At levels four, eight, twelve and fifteen, he may select ONE additional power from any category except Super.
8. **Bonuses:** +2 to save vs poison and drugs, +2 to save vs magic curses and disease, +4 to save vs possession and +4 to save vs horror factor.

Hand to Hand: Kiligtisiak

Exclusive to the Anatquq R.C.C. and Kilaumassok O.C.C.

Part of the intense *Kiligtisiak* [Anatquq-candidate] training includes instruction in this form of unarmed combat, which is usually referred to simply as “Anatquq Fighting.” Training consists of unbelievably rigorous (bordering on sadistic and physically torturous) exercises. Hours upon hours upon sleepless hours of holding up heavy ice blocks, trying to crush rock with the grip of one’s fist, lugging the *kibvakattaq Inuksuit* (ceremonial stones carried to develop or display strength—each weighing upwards of 220 pounds), straining to move impossibly massive icebergs.

Then there is the constant sparring with Anatquq and other Kiligtisiak, followed by wrestling with spirit-animals. In between it all there is the running: miles and miles and miles, laps around lakes and ice mountains, sprinting without snowshoes in drifts hip-deep, running relays between villages, racing with normal animals—all usually while carrying something rather heavy and unwieldy, like a large iron pot filled with rocks and ice and snow.

Luckily for the Anatquq Inua [those who were taught by the spirits while in a death-trance], there are no years of agonizing exercises, no long painful hours of body-conditioning; when he wakes up from his death trance, he will automatically know Hand to Hand: Kiligtisiak at first level! It is just as if he had been training his whole life instead of just a string of nights spent in a coma—the spirits fill his head with the knowledge of “Anatquq Fighting” and he just instinctively knows it.

The following techniques are known at first level: Disarm, entangle, maintain balance, back flip (escape), back flip (defensive), back flip (attack), roll with punch/fall/impact, pull punch, punch attack (1D6 damage), kick attack (2D4 damage), knee and elbow strikes (1D6 damage) and the usual strike, parry, dodge.

Bonuses: +15% to Acrobatics skill.

Level:

1 Two attacks per melee round to start. Also +2 on initiative, +2 to dodge, +1 to roll

- with punch/fall/impact, +1 to disarm, +2 to pull punch.
- 2 +2 to strike, +2 to maintain balance.
 - 3 One additional attack per melee round, +2 to parry.
 - 4 +1 on all back flips, +1 to damage.
 - 5 One additional attack per melee round, +1 to strike.
 - 6 Leap attack, +1 to maintain balance, +1 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +1 to parry.
 - 7 +2 on initiative, +1 to dodge.
 - 8 One additional attack per melee round, death blow on a natural 20.
 - 9 Critical strike on a natural 18-20, +1 to strike, +2 on all back flips.
 - 10 +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 to maintain balance.
 - 11 One additional attack per melee round, jump attack.
 - 12 +2 on initiative, +1 to dodge.
 - 13 +1 to parry, +1 on damage.
 - 14 Critical strike (double damage) on all punch attacks, +1 to strike.
 - 15 One additional attack per melee round, +1 to disarm.

Anatquq R.C.C.

Alignment: Any; most often good.

Permissible Races: Usually human, but also may be Atalhis, Wolfen or one of the Ignersujet Peculiar-Eyes.

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 4D4+8, M.A. 4D4+3, P.S. 2D4+16, P.P. 4D4+5, P.E. 3D4+10, P.B. 3D6, Spd 4D6+6

P.P.E.: 1D6x10 plus P.E. attribute number, adding 1D6 P.P.E per level.

I.S.P.: M.E. attribute number plus 2D6x10, adding 1D6+1 I.S.P. per level.

O.C.C.: Being an Anatquq *is* their occupation. They may not take an additional O.C.C.

R.C.C. Skills:

- Language: Own language (98%)
- Language: Anatquq (98%)
- Language: Spirit Talk (98%)
- Speaks three additional languages (+20%)
- Fishing (+10%)
- Lore: Monsters & Demons (+20%)
- Lore: Eskimo (+40%)
- Wilderness Survival (+15%)
- Detect Shape Shifting (+10%)
- Holistic Medicine (+10%)
- Track Animals (+10%)
- Animal Husbandry (+5%—from *Rifts New West*)
- Boat Building (+10%)
- W.P. Harpoon
- W.P. Archery
- W.P. two of choice
- Hand to Hand: Kiligtisiak (this may not be substituted for anything else)

R.C.C. Related Skills: To a certain extent, the Anatquq are the proverbial jacks-of-all-trades. There's always a spirit-tutor to be found somewhere who can teach an Anatquq virtually any skill he wants to know, and hence this R.C.C. has no skill restrictions—within reason. Sure, an Anatquq can “learn” Pilot: Jet Fighter but...why? The likelihood that he will ever be able to put that skill into use is next to nil. Select five

other skills. Plus select two additional skills at level three, and one at levels five, eight, twelve and fifteen. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Any

Domestic: Any (+10%)

Electrical: Any

Espionage: Any (+10%)

Mechanical: Any

Medical: Any (+5%)

Military: Any

Physical: Any (+10% where applicable)

Pilot: Any

Pilot Related: Any

Rogue: Any

Science: Any

Technical: Any

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+10%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select five secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base level of proficiency, and are limited (any, only, none) as previously noted in the list.

Standard Equipment: A few sets of clothes and boots, a medicine-bag of holistic herbs, a pair of snowshoes, some sort of S.D.C. melee weapon. In the case of an evil Anatquq, perhaps the character may begin with some form of light M.D.C. body armor or light M.D.C. hand-weapon that he has extorted out of his community.

Money: Generally none to begin with.

Cybernetics: May not get any.

Kilaumassok O.C.C.

“They-Who-Have-Failed”

These “failed” Anatquq (sometimes called *Nerfalassok*) are the wrong choices of Anatquq teachers. They were the young hopefuls, the pupils that an Anatquq mistakenly thought had the potential to become medicine-men. From a very young age, some from birth, they had received the intense physical and mental instruction in the Anatquq sciences that is known as Kilitisiak training, waiting for the day that their powers would manifest themselves, the day of *angaku’habvik*, which, under human tutelage, generally occurs at around age 12 or 13.

Unfortunately for them, as these particular candidates grew older and older, their thirteenth birthday passing without event, then their fourteenth, and fifteenth, and sixteenth, it became painfully clear that the powers were never going to manifest themselves. They simply were not Anatquq.

Some view this twist of fate with great sorrow, some with anger, some with shame, some with indifference. Some are simply glad that there is no more pressure on them to become medicine-men. Some feel resentful about having wasted their childhoods because of the poor judgement of one man. More often, they will feel guilty, believing that

they have wasted the Anatquq's time—time that he could've been using to teach a real Anatquq-candidate, one who would have fulfilled his potential and assumed a position as one of the spiritual guides and dedicated defenders of the village.

The true tragedy of these unfortunates is that, contrary to what their peers and fellow villagers are apt to believe of them (and what they are apt to believe of themselves), they haven't really "failed" at all. The long years of rigorous Kiligtisiak training only *enables* an Anatquq-candidate to recognize and take hold of the powers he already possesses. The training itself does nothing to instill powers. You're either an Anatquq or you're not, and there's nothing you can do about it—it's like feeling guilty that you were born brown-eyed instead of green-eyed. Those who practice hard, and do everything their Anatquq tutor tells them to do, are blameless.

Sadly, not everyone sees it that way. Many people sympathize with them, but many more do not. Kilaumassok, regardless of how they behave, are social pariahs, often looked upon as lazy and no-good. A Kilaumassok child brings shame to his family and housemates. Nobody wants one for a husband or a son-in-law. Having one in the house is considered bad luck. Even those people who sympathize with the Kilaumassok will still call them by that name, which they are branded with for the rest of their lives, which literally means: "This-One-Failed." Few find it a pleasant title to live with.

After they've been dismissed by their tutors, some Kilaumassok strike out on their own, trying to get as far away as possible from the world that knows them only by the name of "Failed-One." Others, feeling abandoned by their friends and relatives, will spitefully turn their backs on every value they've ever been taught, becoming corrupt and evil—using their knowledge and training to do harm wherever they go (which does nothing at all to improve the already-rotten image the Kilaumassok have).

Some elect to remain with their old teachers, in their old villages, reasoning that the only way to give their spent childhood meaning is to devote themselves, body and soul, to the very institutes that have seemingly rejected them. These often become loyal defenders of their village, living out their lives as steadfast and reliable servants of the Anatquq who was their mentor—working tirelessly and without thanks for a community that will never recognize their devotion.

On the other hand, there are some Kilaumassok, having trained their whole lives, patiently waiting and waiting for a wealth of supernatural powers that never appear, who cannot abide by the thought of living out their lives as ordinary, mundane humans. Painfully sensitive about being one of the "Failed-Ones," these sad, insecure cast-offs become obsessed with any kind of augmentation, believing that the only way they can live down the name of "Failed-One" is to truly become superhuman, at any cost (which leads them to make rash, incautious choices about *how* they get themselves augmented).

Inua-Conversion (Spirit 'Borg) is usually the first thing they think of, and, should they be rejected for that (and almost all of them are; most Kilaumassok aren't considered stable enough to cope with the constant psychic strain of being a Spirit 'Borg), their hunger for some kind of augmentation will only increase, leading them perhaps to try the Anatquq-imitative cybernetics of the Manidog tribes, ordinary cybernetics, Juicer and M.O.M. conversion (if they can somehow manage to get to a place that offers it), bio-wizardry, symbiotes and, should they reach the rock-bottom of obsessive desperation, some will even *willfully* seek out bio-wizard parasites. Kilaumassok rarely reach such a frantic point, although it is not unheard of—a character that is this desperate will seek out anything (that must be both affordable and available) that raises him, even incrementally, above the ordinary level of "human": a single bionic foot, cybernetically increased

stomach-capacity, clock-calendar implants, bionic earlobes, *anything*.

Abilities of the Kilaumassok

While having no real supernatural powers to speak of, all Kilaumassok will have undergone the Kiligtisiak training, which, physically, is extremely severe and harsh—much like the extraordinarily punishing exercise regimens of many Far Eastern martial-arts forms. He receives the following attribute bonuses in addition to any possible physical skill bonuses: +1 M.E., +1 P.S., +1 P.P. +2 P.E. and +4 Spd.

Also, while not being able to use any of the Psi-Sorcery of the true Anatquq, they are nevertheless very learned, and by the time they reach their early teens, they will have absorbed a massive amount of information on spirit lore, demon lore, nonhuman languages and healing, among other things. Psionic powers occur slightly more frequently among Kilaumassok than among ordinary people (this ordinary psionic potential is often what a Medicine Man will mistakenly perceive as Anatquq-potential); 3% are major psionics, 36% are minor psionics and 61% have no psionics at all.

Some rare Kilaumassok (1 in 20) manifest a unique ability with Techno-Wizardry items. They themselves may not have the spells to charge the items, but they need only pump the P.P.E. for the spells into the item for it to work (e.g. a TW Machine-Gun ordinarily needs a Telekinesis spell to charge it, but all a Kilaumassok has to do is charge it with the 8 P.P.E. that would be needed to *cast* the spell, and the gun will be charged).

Alignment: Any.

Attribute Requirements: I.Q., M.A. and M.E. of 13 or higher.

P.P.E.: 4D6, plus 1D4 per level.

O.C.C. Skills: Same as the Anatquq R.C.C. Skills.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select seven other skills. Plus select two additional skills at level 3 and one at levels 5, 8, 12 and 15. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only

Domestic: Any (+10%)

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any (+5%)

Mechanical: Any except Robot Mechanics

Medical: First Aid, Holistic Medicine and Paramedic only (+10%)

Military: None

Physical: Any (+10% where applicable)

Pilot: Horsemanship: Exotic—Mammoth, Musk Ox, or Caribou only.

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Any except Computer Hacking

Science: None

Technical: Any, except Computer Operation, Computer Programming and Photography

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+10%)

Hand to Hand: Kiligtisiak (may not be substituted with anything else)

Secondary Skills: The Kilaumassok also gets to select five secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. Secondary skills start at the base level of proficiency and are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: A few sets of clothes and boots, a medicine bag filled with holistic herbs, some weapons (S.D.C., usually), maybe a suit of light mega-damage body armor, and that's it. Often a Kilaumassok will receive a *Poq* bag as a parting gift from the Anatquq who tried to train them (see the Anatquq Psi-Sorcery power **Create Poq Charm** in the Arctic Magic section of this book). If the GM is feeling generous, the Kilaumassok may start with one Techno-Wizardry item, like a TW Magic Optic System, TW Flaming Sword, TW Lightning Rod (all **Rifts RPG** 96) or TW Lightning Blaster (**Rifts RPG** p. 92).

Money: None to begin with.

Cybernetics: Usually none to begin with, although the Anatquq-imitative cybernetic implants and 'Borg bodies that the Manidog tribes manufacture are, to some Kilaumassok, very attractive. Under special circumstances (GM's discretion), the Kilaumassok may begin with some of these. The Inua-Conversion process (see the **Spirit 'Borg**) is also something that quite a few Kilaumassok, yearning for just *some* kind of power, take more than a passing interest in, and many of them will volunteer for the Inua-Conversion process (also will many of them will be rejected).

Eskimo Story-Fisher O.C.C.

"Stories are not just about living things, they are living things."

—Kutsikitsoq

A Greenlandic Story-Fisher

"Kishpin bontoyeg kidatsokanan, kiga onikemin kajibikinamagoyeg."

("If we stop telling our stories, all our knowledge is lost.")

—Ukaleuyak

A Baffin Island Story-Fisher

The Story-Fisher is a master of the magic art peculiar to the Arctic Circle called Story-Magic. He serves as both focal point and conduit for the raw supernatural energies that are contained within the organized framework of a myth or legend. It is difficult to say whether the stories are just mystic scaffolding, a tool to focus these ancient energies, a concentration-aid, or whether they indeed *are* the energies themselves—whether each story, told and untold, is in and of itself a living spirit. If asked, Story-Fisher will say, with characteristic vagueness, that both answers are correct, although none will venture to explain how this can be.

Not just your everyday magic-slinger pulling rabbits and fireballs out of a top hat, Story-Fishers serve a higher purpose. They are the keepers and guardians of all the accumulated knowledge of their people. Each one is a walking library of myth, lore and history, carrying within themselves a near-bottomless memory that would put most 21st century computers to shame. Their role in the community is not limited to the manipulation of powerful Storyspells for the defense of the village—in fact, their status as village defenders is marginal compared to that of the Anatquq, Inuit Champion Hunters and Spirit 'Borgs. Instead, Story-Fishers preserve the very way of life of those they live

among.

Always striking up conversations, always asking questions, always observing, these ubiquitous archivists are continually memorizing old tales, new tales, songs, genealogies, accounts of the lives and struggles of his people, systems of traditions and taboos, recipes, locations of good fishing spots, methods of drying out sealskin, nursery rhymes—anything and everything there is to know about his people and the way they live, the Story-Fisher knows it. Should the village die out (or, as is more likely on Rifts Earth, be wiped out) it is the Story-Fisher's duty to survive and spread the tales of his people; and also to find another Story-Fisher to whom he can impart the body of his knowledge, so that the history and ways of his people will not be utterly lost, but will live on for generations in stories told around the Far North.

This is important because the Eskimo and Indian languages of the Far North have no written component. It's all verbal and memory. All the orthographies of these languages were compiled by European explorers, to make it easier for Christian missionaries to teach the New Testament to the natives. There is no indigenous alphabet or written culture.

Story-Fishers can be unnerving company, particularly when they're casting their magic, because even though they do not always seem to be actually reciting the story (or saying anything), it is apparent that *someone* is speaking. As the practitioner of Story-Magic "unfolds" each story, the words can be heard audibly floating in the air, overlapping to a subvocal gibberish, as if whispered by a chorus of two hundred. In fact, each one of these spectral voices—the "mouths" of the stories—is reciting just a tiny part of the tale which, when recited simultaneously with all the other "mouths" of the tale speaking their own tiny part, becomes the layered *Storyspeak* that only Story-Fishers comprehend, in which an entire epic can be told from beginning to end in a very short span of time.

The volume and intensity of these spectral "mouths" (this word is used in a purely figurative way—there are no actual mouths hanging in mid-air whenever Story-Magic is cast) varies considerably with the mood and state of mind of the caster: an enraged Story-Fisher, when unleashing his magic, will be surrounded by a swirling, eardrum-battering roar of gibberish, while the Storyspells of a frightened Story-Fisher will be accompanied by high-pitched squealing babble. He doesn't *have* to tell the tale in Storyspeak, of course. If he wants to take the time to speak the story in its full length, in a way that ordinary human listeners can comprehend, he will. It just takes longer that way.

Even when they're not casting their unique brand of magic, Story-Fishers are surrounded by a low, ambient murmur that subsides in intensity when the Story-Fisher is not speaking, but never fully goes away. Because of this, Story-Fishers usually live by themselves in small huts with thick walls. Few of them ever have long-term houseguests, and even fewer get married. It doesn't matter so much in the open air, where the wind carries off most of the noise, but in close quarters, most people find this incessant rustling of faraway voices to be quite maddening. Sitting alone in a room with a Story-Fisher is like sitting in a huge, echoing library, packed to capacity with people who won't stop "hushing" one another. A few hours of that, and, even if someone really likes the Story-Fisher as a person, they absolutely have to get away from that nonstop droning for the sake of their own mental health. The Story-Fishers don't seem to mind (or even notice) the noise, but, as one can imagine, they aren't able to do much sneaking up on people (-10% to prowl skill). Those who do marry frequently take deaf brides (or grooms).

A Story-Fisher will insist that his stories are not his own inventions, but exist independently of the teller, of all tellers. "It's like standing in a river," says Kutsikitsoq, a

Story-Fisher on the northernmost cape of Greenland, when asked what the significance of the title ‘Story-Fisher’ was, “and being surrounded all the time with fish. Nothing but fish everywhere. Salmon, halibut, cod, snapper and kinds no one has ever seen before. Colors no one has ever seen before. Fish everywhere. You grab one when you need one, that is your tale. When you are done, you let it go and it swims away from you. That is all there is to tell you about my magic.”

Story-Fisher Knowledge and Abilities

- 1. Story-Magic:** At first level, the Story-Fisher can select seven Storyspells from Storyspell levels 1-4. At every level thereafter, the Story-Fisher may select an additional two Storyspells of a level equal to, or less than, his own experience level. Additional Storyspells cannot be purchased or learned. Ordinary magic spells from the **Rifts RPG** may be purchased or learned by the Story-Fisher, but every spell greater than 7th level will count as two spell slots, and, because it is a form of magic that the Story-Fisher is somewhat awkward with, the P.P.E. costs of ALL standard magic spells are increased by 10% (rounding fractions up).
- 2. P.P.E.:** The Story-Fisher has 1D6 x 10 plus their P.E. attribute number in P.P.E. Add 2D6 P.P.E. per additional level of experience.
- 3. Psionics:** The Story-Fisher has a very minor amount of psionics, able to select 1D2 (flip a coin) powers from the Sensitive category. I.S.P.: 4D6, plus 1D4 per level of experience.
- 4. Saving Throw vs Psionic Attack:** As a minor psionic, the character needs a 12 or higher to save vs psionics.
- 5. Eidetic Memory:** A Story-Fisher has a mind like a sponge, able to hold frighteningly vast amounts of raw information, and able to absorb it after relatively brief exposure. He will remember everything that anyone has ever said to him, every tall-tale, every quirky local legend, every offhand remark, *everything*, with perfect recall. He only has to read a book once to know the entire text by heart. He can even commit large blocks of encrypted information to his remarkable memory (although this doesn’t necessarily mean that he can decode it), absorbing fantastically long strings of number sequences just as easily as he would retain a simple children’s rhyme.
- 6. Memory Bank:** Upon reaching sixth level, the Story-Fisher automatically learns this magic spell (**Rifts RPG** p. 177), without it using up any of his normal Storyspell slots.
- 7. Magic Bonuses:** +2 to save vs horror factor, +1 to save vs magic at levels three, six, nine, eleven and fourteen. +1 to Storyspell strength (the number others must save against when you cast a spell—not applicable when the Story-Fisher is using ordinary magic spells from the **Rifts RPG**) at levels three, seven, ten and thirteen.

Alignment: Any, but tends toward good or selfish—being a Story-Fisher is a rather philanthropic calling, one that few people of evil alignment are attracted to.

Attribute Requirements: I.Q. of 16 or higher.

O.C.C. Skills:

Astronomy (+10%)

Lore: Demon (+20%)

Lore: Faerie (+20%)

Language (Select three additional languages, all are +15%)

Wilderness Survival (+5%)

Hand to Hand combat must be select as an “other” skill. Hand to Hand: Basic costs one slot, Expert counts as two and Martial Arts or Assassin (if evil) counts as three skill selections.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select seven other skills at first level. Plus select two additional skills at level three, one at level six, one at level nine and one at level twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only

Domestic: Any (+10%)

Electrical: None

Espionage: Any except Pick Pockets, Pick Locks and Sniper (+5%)

Mechanical: None

Medical: First Aid only (+5%)

Military: None

Physical: Any except gymnastics.

Pilot: Boat: Sail Type and Horsemanship: Exotic (for Caribou, Reindeer, Musk Ox or Mammoth; must choose one) only.

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Concealment and Prowl only

Science: Any (+15% to Archaeology)

Technical: Any except Computer Operation and Computer Programming (+5%)

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+5%)

Secondary Skills: The character gets to select six secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. They are limited (any, only, none) as previously noted on the list. All secondary skills start at the base level of proficiency.

Standard Equipment: A few sets of clothes, backpack, snow goggles (the homemade, Eskimo version), some fishing lines and small fishing nets to trap food. *Maybe* a suit of very light M.D.C. body armor. As far as weapons go, the Story-Fisher may begin with a knife, an ice-axe, a sling, a manok and a harpoon—these weapons are pretty much common to everyone living in the Arctic. He might have a kayak or a dogsled of his own. It’s not likely, but perhaps he has an S.D.C. projectile weapon. Rarely will a Story-Fisher start out with any mega-damage weapons, as these will generally be reserved for the Spirit ‘Borgs and Eskimo Champion Hunters of the village.

Many Story-Fishers carry a noisemaker of some sort—whistle, horn, drum, or even a hollowed-out log—to signal to people that his storytelling is about to begin.

A story pipe is also a standard accessory for the Story-Fisher. It has no special powers, besides sending a message to people to listen and enjoy the story being told. They are often made from wood or soapstone, and carved in motifs pleasing to the Story-Fisher. They use simple tobacco for burning.

Money: None to begin with.

Cybernetics: Starts with none and a Story-Fisher will avoid them because they interfere with his Storyspell abilities.

Qivigtoq Polar Mystic O.C.C.

The *Qivigtoq* are Eskimos or Indians who, for one reason or another, have decided to forsake the company of humans for the company of nature and the quiet solitude of the wasteland. They live alone, spending their days in a perpetual communion with the Earth, with the spirits of nature and with their inner selves.

Although this peaceful, contemplative life may sound like a somewhat noble (or at least genteel) calling, it is not always looked upon with favor by the friends and family that the *Qivigtoq* abandons. The everyday life of a hunting society demands a certain natural partnership, and a high value is placed on the integrity of the community; at best, hermits are viewed with unease and suspicion, and, at worst, outright contempt. Ordinarily very tolerant, Eskimo myth vilifies the *Qivigtoq* Mystics, treating as monsters these people who do not hunt for anyone else but themselves, do not produce children, do not ever marry, contribute nothing to any community and feel not the slightest kinship with any human being.

The Polar Mystics couldn't care less what people think of them because, in general, they don't care very much for humans either. There is a popular tale about a typical *Qivigtoq* Mystic, named Kucirak Leave-Me-Alone, where all entreaties for help or invitations to rejoin his Eskimo tribe are met by the refrain: "Do not talk to me of such things as that! Leave me alone!" (in the story, Kucirak is eventually killed by a Ten-Legged Polar Bear, and no one will come to his aid—his people, at last, leave him alone; but that's neither here nor there).

It's a little hard to describe the mindset of a Polar Mystic. Meditating in deep trances most of the time, they draw strength from nature spirits, personifications of Earth-power whose thought-processes are more alien than human, and the *Qivigtoq* begin to become like them in many ways. As capricious and indifferent as a winter storm, the Mystics have lost almost all of the ability (or desire) to empathize with human beings. They are merciless and relentless, like nature. They feel for no one but themselves, but do not go out of their way to harm others. They are not sadistic. As funny as the tale of Kucirak Leave-Me-Alone is, *Qivigtoq* really *do* want everyone to simply leave them alone. And they tend to get rather agitated when their solitude is invaded.

The road of misunderstanding goes both ways, however, and ordinary humans understand *Qivigtoq* as little as they are understood by *Qivigtoq*. They distrust them fiercely, whether it's deserved or not. They may even be disliked more than the Kilaumassok, but, whereas the "Failed-Ones" are treated with a mixture of loathing and contempt, most people are genuinely *afraid* of the *Qivigtoq*. Even powerful beings like Anatquq and Spirit 'Borgs are uneasy and apprehensive in the presence of a Polar Mystic. This anxiety is partially due to the powers of the *Qivigtoq*, partially because of their ability to move almost faster than the eye can follow, partially because even to wise Anatquq their attitudes are confusing and unpredictable and partially because, in Eskimo folklore, they are usually grouped in the class of "monsters," being sort of an Arctic bogeyman. In fact, many people don't even consider them to be human, but more closely akin to Bushmen, Windigo and Ewén.

The reason for this is not that *Qivigtoq* actually *do* resemble monsters, in appearance or in spirit, but that it's in the interest of the community to discourage this hermetic life-style, and to make it unattractive and repellent to the young, impressionable children of the village—hence all the folktales where *Qivigtoq* die or otherwise meet unpleasant ends as a direct result of their defiant decision to live *outside* the community.

Whether iconoclastic loner or unbalanced sociopath (up to the player to decide for

himself), there is always one common trait: Qivigtoq Mystics avoid the company of other humans. Some Qivigtoq do permit themselves to associate briefly with communities or adventuring parties of nonhuman D-bees, but none of them would ever permanently rejoin a large, organized community. They value their own personal freedom—freedom in the most extreme sense—too much to ever have the kind of “team player” attitude that is required in most give-and-take social situations.

A Qivigtoq character traveling with a group of people will almost always have an ulterior motive. Their temperament does not lend itself to the cavalier “adventuring- for-adventure’s-sake” mentality, nor are they very ambitious for personal gain, and, consequently, this makes them very tough characters to role play, posing a unique challenge to the player: Just what would a Qivigtoq want? They obviously want *something* from the other members of the party, otherwise they wouldn’t even speak to them...but what? One common motivation for a Qivigtoq to be traveling with a band of adventurers is revenge. Similar to the Anatquq, the Qivigtoq Polar Mystics *really* know how to hold a grudge. For a long, long time. If you wrong a Qivigtoq, they will never forget or forgive you. Ever.

While Qivigtoq may be powerful, there are many entities more powerful than they. Maybe the Mystic will join up with a party that, for other reasons, already has the goal of destroying an entity that offended him; maybe he’ll manipulate the party into *making* it their goal (“Oh, that horrible, demonic, monster! It’s been savaging villages for weeks, devouring women and children”—*which may even be a complete and total lie*—“You must help me defeat it! If you don’t, more innocent people will be killed!”). They are not above lies and deceit to achieve their goals, especially when lying to a fellow human.

Revenge-obsessed Qivigtoq need not be limited to a few campaigns until the object of their hatred has been successfully annihilated, only to then have to leave the party to return to a life of complete hermitage. Sometimes Qivigtoq become obsessed with revenging themselves on something so large that it is unlikely they will ever even come close to destroying it, like a particular Manidog tribe, or the Viilusi race (Qivigtoq hate the Viilusi because they so often wind up being hunted for sport by the vacationing lizard species). Basically, his involvement in the campaign would probably be all about how he could steer the current goals of his companions towards the fulfillment of his own long-term goals. The Qivigtoq would not care one whit about the welfare of his human companions (although some Qivigtoq are able to get along with D-Bees rather well).

Lest it begin to seem that the Qivigtoq is more suited to being an NPC than a PC, it must be said that however disruptive Qivigtoq are in parties of humans or human-like D-Bees, they are usually rather at home in parties of monsters or inhuman-looking D-Bees, and somehow are able to treat these creatures with a deference and respect that they are seemingly incapable of with their fellow man. Pretty much any monster that is willing to travel with a Polar Mystic makes a good traveling companion for them. Nonhumans also like the company of Qivigtoq because they are legendary for their skill as brewers. They can make delicious tasting wine or beer out of just about anything—a skill which can earn you many friends, wanted and unwanted.

Also, Polar Mystics absolutely *hate* the undead, which they view as an outrage against all nature and life. Whenever they can, they seek to hunt down and destroy undead in all the forms the foul creatures take in the Arctic. This hatred for the unliving is a preoccupation that borders on the irrational, sometimes causing them to forget rather important considerations, like their own personal safety, in an effort to destroy an undead creature.

Special Qivigtoq Polar Mystic Powers

Living among the spirits of nature—glacier spirits, ocean spirits, tundra spirits, snow spirits—Qivigtoq acquire certain supernatural abilities, some of which have become quite legendary throughout the Arctic. Somewhat akin to the Mystics of the **Rifts RPG** and also to the Witches of the Palladium universe, these magical hermits derive part of their power from within themselves—they have a “gift”—and part from what they call *unganaqtuq nuna*: a deep and total attachment to the land; an attachment that is, for the Qivigtoq, an utterly unbreakable bond, on both a psychic and spiritual level.

Important Note: Qivigtoq are rather unfortunately limited in their ability to travel. Because so much of their power is derived from the spirits that live in a very circumscribed geographic area, the Qivigtoq may not travel out of the Arctic without penalty. Should he leave the Arctic, while remaining on Rifts Earth, all his bonuses will be halved, and the P.P.E. (or I.S.P.) costs of all his powers and spells will be doubled. *None* of a Qivigtoq’s powers will function if he leaves Rifts Earth. Should he do so, he would be as powerless as any ordinary human—he may not cast spells, use psionics, or activate any of the O.C.C. powers of the Qivigtoq—until he returns to the Arctic.

A Qivigtoq’s abilities function normally at the South Pole, as well.

- 1. Automatic Spell Knowledge:** The Qivigtoq automatically starts with the following spells: Death Trance, Climb and Swim as a Fish. At level five, the Qivigtoq automatically learns the Swim as a Fish: Superior spell.
- 2. Meditative Spell Knowledge:** At first level, the Qivigtoq knows three spells, total, from the spell levels of one and two. At each level thereafter, the Mystic may select one spell of a level equivalent to his own experience level minus one (e.g. a 4th level Qivigtoq may learn a new spell from level one, two, or three, but not four). Additional spells may not be purchased.
- 3. Minor Psionic:** Select three powers from either the sensitive *or* physical category. At fifth and tenth level, the Qivigtoq may select one additional power from the *same* category.
- 4. Impervious to Cold:** The Polar Mystic has nothing to fear from the most brutal extremes of polar weather. Drawing power from the harshest and bitterest of the winter spirits, the Polar Mystic is completely unaffected by normal cold, able to comfortably walk around shirtless, half-naked, even in temperatures that would have pilots in controlled-environment robot vehicles shivering like mad. Even magical cold only inflicts half damage. On the other hand, heat and fire, magical or otherwise, still do normal damage. This power is always on and has no P.P.E. cost.
- 5. Iceberg Body:** By drawing upon the incredible mass of an ice formation, the Polar Mystic can transform himself into a mega-damage being with 1D6 x 10 M.D.C. plus 4D6 per level. +5 bonus to P.S., which also becomes supernatural. The Qivigtoq doubles in size, and the flesh becomes icy and transparent.

Since what he is really doing is drawing on the spirit of the ice, rather than some innate power of the ice itself, he does not actually need to be standing on a formation as big as an iceberg, but neither can he activate the power just by holding onto an ice cube. As long as there is enough ice for the character to stand on with both feet, and is at least eight inches thick, he may activate this power—usually not a problem in the ice-covered Arctic (Qivigtoq gravitate towards the North Pole and the Greenlandic interior for this reason: they’re *all* ice, and so the Mystic never has to worry about there not being enough to activate this power).

Duration: Indefinite as long as contact with the iceberg is maintained; 2 minutes per level of caster otherwise (e.g. say a 3rd level Polar Mystic is standing on a floating iceberg and he initiates the power, becoming a being with 78 M.D.C. He will remain an M.D.C being indefinitely, as long as he does not break contact with the ice—should he leave the ice to engage an attacker, get knocked in the air from a powerful blow, or even leap up so that neither of his feet are touching the ice—the mystic link between the character and the ice is broken, and the clock starts ticking off his six remaining minutes of M.D.C. and supernatural strength, after which he will revert to his ordinary S.D.C. form). **P.P.E. Cost:** 15

- 6. Move Like a Blizzard:** This is the power that the Qivigtoq are *legendary* for, their ability to move at a superhuman velocity for brief periods of time, speeding like a blur against the snowy landscape. In fact, these Mystics are so renowned for their speed that the expression “to race with a Qivigtoq” has come to be a euphemism for a sucker bet, one which you have no hope of winning. When rolling up the character, Qivigtoq enjoy a +1 bonus to their P.P. attribute and a +6 bonus to their Spd attribute.

P.P.E. Cost: For an expenditure of 10 P.P.E., they can increase their Spd attribute by $3D4 \times 10 + 10$ —allowing them to leap 40 feet (12.1 m) across after a short run (half from a dead stop) and 30 feet (9.1 m) high (half without a short run)—which lasts for one half-hour per level of the Qivigtoq.

For 16 P.P.E., they can increase their P.P. attribute by 2D6 (although minimum P.P. when using this power is 21, if lower, adjust up to P.P. 21). This power lasts for one minute per level of the Qivigtoq.

These powers *may* be used at the same time, but to do so costs an extra 10 P.P.E.

- 7. Shape-Change:** The Qivigtoq, like many other beings indigenous to the Arctic, is capable of assuming more than one form. He may only change into the shape of a living creature, not an inanimate object. At first level, the Qivigtoq may choose one animal form. At each level thereafter the Mystic may add one more animal shape to his “repertoire.”

While in animal form, the character gets all the advantages of that shape, while retaining the use of his powers, his S.D.C. and hit points (or M.D.C.), the ability to speak and all attributes. The animal must be a normal one, of average size for that type of animal, and may not be a monster. A Qivigtoq can activate this power once a day for every level of experience, for a duration of 15 minutes per level of experience.

- 8. Spirit Weapon:** For an expenditure of 20 P.P.E., the Qivigtoq can infuse a melee weapon of his choosing with its respective nature spirits, causing it to inflict MEGA-DAMAGE with its attacks. This power only works on melee weapons made from wood, stone, or ice. A weapon so affected does its equivalent S.D.C. damage, converted to M.D. (P.S. bonuses do not apply). The effect lasts for one minute per level of the caster.

- 9. Nalussaerunek Senses:** (literally: to not be unconscious of anything) All Qivigtoq are able to see the invisible, see elementals, see spirits, sense evil and sense magic. These powers are always on and require no P.P.E. or I.S.P. expenditure.

Alignment: Any, but typically anarchist or miscreant.

Attribute Requirements: None. A high P.E., M.E. and M.A. are helpful but not strictly necessary. The overwhelming desire to completely abandon human society in order to become a hermit, on the other hand, *is* necessary.

P.P.E.: P.E. x 3, plus 2D6 per level of experience.

I.S.P.: M.E. attribute number, plus 4D6. Add 1D4 per level of experience.

O.C.C. Skills:

Language: Native language (98%)

Language: Spirit Talk (98%)

Language: Two of choice (+15% each, will usually be a nonhuman language, such as Manidog or Wolfen)

Detect Shape Shifting (+15%)

Brewing (+40%—from *Rifts New West*)

Acrobatics (+10%)

Climbing (+10%)

Wilderness Survival (+20%)

Land Navigation (+20%)

Identify Plants & Fruits (+15%)

W.P. two of choice

Hand to hand: basic can be switched to expert at the cost of 3 “other” skill selections.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select three other skills, plus select one additional skill at levels two, four, six, eight and twelve.

Communications: None

Domestic: Any (+5%)

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any

Mechanical: None

Medical: First Aid or Holistic Medicine only (+5%)

Military: None

Physical: Any

Pilot: Horsemanship: Exotic—Mammoth, Musk Ox, or Caribou only.

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Any, except Computer Hacking and Streetwise

Science: None

Technical: Any, except Computer Programming, Computer Operation and Photography

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+10%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select two secondary skills from the previous list at levels one, five and ten. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in the parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated in the list.

Standard Equipment: It’s easy to tell a Qivigtoq apart from ordinary people. He’s the one standing naked in -30°F weather and not shivering at all. Being impervious to the elements, the Polar Mystic does not generally wear clothes, and when he does, they are rarely more than dirty rags or a frayed cloak. They seldom wear body armor, because it separates them from the elements that are the source of their power. Technology is shunned (which is a good thing, because it saves the Qivigtoq a world of grief trying to acquire them in the low-tech environment of the Arctic). As for weapons, they tend to prefer staves, clubs and the manok (a discus-shaped throwing weapon), or other things they can fashion out of ice or wood.

Money: Generally none to begin with.

Cybernetics: Starts with none, and will avoid them like the plague.

The Nutarangoaq Magic Dollmaker O.C.C.

Dollmaking is an ancient Eskimo tradition. The dolls themselves have many uses. Many of them are given as presents to children. The children are encouraged to sew clothing for the dolls, in order to practice their sewing skills (which are important in an area where survival often depends on your ability to make warm, waterproof clothing for yourself). Dolls can also have magic uses. They can be charms, amulets and fetishes. This is the Nutarangoaq's speciality. Magic doll makers are sorcerers who focus all of their magical abilities through the small dolls that they build.

Nutarangoaq tend to be lonely, elderly or both. Some are hermits. They often have more free time than is usual for an Eskimo living in the Arctic of Rifts Earth. Many dollmakers are widows or orphans who have lost their whole families. They turn to dollmaking to relieve their loneliness by carving "little people" to keep them company. First, they discover the facility that they have for the physical aspect of the job—an innate skill for the carving and construction of the doll itself. They put realistic faces on the dolls. They name them. Lovingly make their clothes. Take care of them like babies. Later on, they discover their latent magical abilities, with which they are able to infuse their dolls with special powers, and the dollmaking goes from being a hobby to a calling.

Many magic doll makers are eccentrics. Quite a few of them are senile. Most of them like the adventuring life, and like to travel. After all, they want their new "children" to see the world, and not be cooped up in one corner of the planet for their whole lives. You can find Arctic Dollmakers all across the planet, and all across the Megaverse, with a small army of tiny, living dolls scurrying around him. Adventurers like traveling with them because Eskimo Magic Doll Makers are really only concerned with their dolls, and not so much with getting an equal share of any treasure found.

Still other Nutarangoaq become champions of good, determined that whatever tragedy befell their families will not befall others. They will use their magical powers and their magic dolls to help any one in need. They become compulsive adventurers, determined to one day join their families in death, but wanting to make a difference in the world before they go.

There are few evil Nutarangoaq. Most of them are incurably mad.

Magical Abilities of the *Nutarangoaq* Dollmaker

- 1. Minor Psionic:** Select one power from either the Sensitive *or* Healing category. At fifth and tenth level, the Qivigtoq may select two additional powers from the *same* category.
- 2. Magic Dollcraft:** Dollmakers are different from regular magic users in that most of their abilities require *permanent* loss of P.P.E., I.S.P. and some attributes. Their own spellcasting abilities are quite limited. At the end of this entry is a list of the magic dolls that the Nutarangoaq can create, and their costs.
- 3. Initial Spell Knowledge:** At level one, the player may select 2 spells each from levels one and two, and one spell from level three. At every odd-numbered level of

experience, the character will be able to select one additional spell equal to or less than his own level. The spells are instinctively known, like a Mystic, and additional spells may not be purchased or researched.

4. **Magic Bonuses:** +3 to save versus horror factor. +1 to save versus magic at levels four, eight and twelve. +1 to spell strength at levels three, eight and thirteen.

Alignment: Any

Attribute Requirements: M.E. of 13 or higher.

P.P.E.: 1D6x10, plus P.E. attribute number. Add 2D6+2 per level of experience.

I.S.P.: M.E. attribute number, plus 1D4 per level of experience.

O.C.C. Skills:

Fishing (+5%)
Sewing (+30%)
Wilderness Survival (+5%)
Disguise (+10%)
Art (+20%)
Carpentry (+5%)
Skin & Prepare Animal Hides (+20%)
W.P. two of choice
Hand to Hand: Basic

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select seven other skills, plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, nine and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only

Domestic: Any (+10%)

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any

Mechanical: Basic Mechanics only (see *Coalition War Campaign*)

Medical: First Aid and Holistic Medicine only.

Military: Camouflage only.

Physical: Any except Gymnastics and S.C.U.B.A.

Pilot: Horsemanship: Exotic—Mammoth, Musk Ox, Reindeer or Caribou only.

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Any, except Computer Hacking

Science: Archaeology & Anthropology only

Technical: Any, except Computer Operation, Computer Programming and
Photography

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+5%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select seven secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: A few sets of clothes, a heavy-winter suit, snow goggles (the inexpensive, Eskimo kind), a harpoon, a set of skinning knives, whittling knife, sharp axe, fishing net, 120 feet (36.4 m) of caribou-sinew thread, one pair of snowshoes, a sack to carry possessions in. Dollmaking materials: various animal bones, furs and skins. A pouch of human hair. Dried fishgut. Two cups of beeswax. Semi-precious stones. Polishing kit. Hammer and chisel. Sewing needles of various sizes—made out

of bone or ivory, usually. Several pieces of driftwood, plus some twigs and sticks.
Money: None to begin with.
Cybernetics: To get any would mean sacrificing all of their magical and psionic abilities, including the ability to make Magic Dolls.

Magic Dolls

All of the materials used in magic doll construction are natural—bone, wood, leather, fur, human hair, corn husk, beeswax, sinew, sealskin, fishgut, etc. Because of this, the lifespan of a magic doll is limited, as they will eventually decompose. Magic dollmaking flourishes where it's cold, since the dolls tend to rot faster in warmer climates. This is not usually noticeable during a human lifetime, but it can make a difference if one wants to pass a particular doll down to one's descendants.

They usually last about 2D6x10 years. If the doll is consistently kept in a warm climate (warmer than the Arctic), the doll's lifespan is decreased to about 20% of that (2D6x2 years).

There are two common types of magic dolls: Totems and animated dolls.

Totems

These inanimate dolls bestow bonuses on whoever (or whatever) wears them. They are typically the smallest of all the doll types—between three and ten inches in height. They are usually made tiny enough that someone could carry them in a small pocket, although most people carry them in their mittens. Any combination of the following bonuses is possible, provided the Nutarangoaq has enough P.P.E., although magic doll bonuses are not cumulative for additional Magic Doll Totems. If a person wears two magic charm dolls, he does not receive the benefit of both of them. Instead, they cancel each other out and both are useless.

Doll Totems for Humans:

Bonuses to strike, parry and dodge: 90 P.P.E. for every +1

Bonuses to save versus horror factor: 30 P.P.E. for every +1

Bonuses to save versus psionic attack: 110 P.P.E. for every +1

Bonus to all saving throws: Affects every saving throw. 500 P.P.E. for every +1

Bonuses to save versus magic: 160 P.P.E. for every +1

Wearer is invulnerable to possession: 95 P.P.E.

Increased Healing Rate: Quadruples healing rate. 180 P.P.E.

Luck: Allows the wearer to re-roll one dice roll per day, choosing the more favorable result. 240 P.P.E.

Increased P.S.: 50 P.P.E. for every extra point. Add 600 P.P.E. to convert strength to supernatural strength.

Convert P.S. to supernatural strength: 500 P.P.E.

Mental Acuity: The wearer's wits become keen and focused. For every 200 P.P.E. expended in the creation of the charm, the wearer receives a +1 bonus to their I.Q. attribute. **Penalty:** While this charm sharpens the wearer's intellect, it also encourages machine-like behavior. The wearer becomes unfriendly and distant, speaking in a monotone. He becomes oversensitive and he loses his temper often. For every point that the subject's I.Q. is raised, his M.A. and M.E. are decreased by 3. While the I.Q. gain is immediately lost if the charm is removed, the M.A. and M.E. loss is a

lingering condition that will remain with the wearer for 1D4+1 weeks after the charm is removed.

Doll Totems for Machines:

Energy efficiency: power supply lasts twice as long (doubles the payload of energy weapons, doubles the range of vehicles). 320 P.P.E.

Problem-free: Never jams, even when the player has rolled a natural 1, a critical miss. 40 P.P.E.

Increase Criticals: Player does a critical hit on a natural 19 or 20. 180 P.P.E.

Super Criticals: Player does a critical hit on a natural 18, 19 or 20. 380 P.P.E.

Increased speed: Vehicles move 15% faster than usual, weapons are +1 to strike, computers 30% more powerful. 210 P.P.E.

Durability: All non-magical damage is reduced by 15%. 350 P.P.E.

Stealth: Makes vehicle invisible to all non-magical forms of detection—although the vehicle is still visible to the naked eye. 240 P.P.E.

Mechanical Healing: The device or vehicle will actually heal itself of all damage that it receives. Broken parts seem to melt and forge themselves back together. Cracked glass smooths out. Punctured tires seal themselves. The healing rate is slow, but it's better than no healing rate. Heals 5 M.D.C. points per day. Also, any repairs attempted will have a +20% bonus to them, and take half of the time they normally would. 800 P.P.E., plus the permanent expenditure of 2 I.S.P. and 1 P.P.E.

Note to reader: The charm dolls for machines must be custom-crafted for each individual item. A charm doll made for a specific suit of power armor wouldn't work on a plasma rifle, and vice versa.

Animated Dolls

If he chooses to do so, a Nutarangoaq can cause a doll to become animated, golem-like, to do his bidding. These dolls are as devoid of intelligence as their golem cousins, and can only follow simple commands and orders in the most literal fashion. They can also be imbued with powerful enchantments, making them very capable servants or warriors. With a supreme effort, the Nutarangoaq can actually breathe life into one of his artificial constructions. These sentient dolls are as intelligent and self-aware as any human, and capable of independent thought (*too* capable, some would say). They are able to follow extremely complicated instructions, and to react intuitively to new and unexpected situations in a way that an unthinking automaton never could.

While the Nutarangoaq doesn't have many psionic abilities or spells of his own, he is frequently accompanied by a small gang of his own doll creations which, altogether, can make a fairly impressive and dangerous crew—not to mention the sheer creep-out factor of having to do battle with a dozen little wax-faced dolls. Inhabitants of the Arctic have by now accustomed themselves to the sight of a lonely old eccentric Nutarangoaq with dozens of dolls on him: in his hood, his pockets, his sleeves, his backpack, running alongside him, climbing up his parka, etc.

Most animated dolls are between 12 and 36 inches tall (304mm to 914mm). It is possible for the Nutarangoaq to make animated dolls as large or larger than human beings, but they lose most of the beneficial bonuses of their tiny size. Animated dolls smaller than 36 inches receive a +4 bonus to dodge, +4 to roll with punch, and a +2 bonus to their P.P.,

in addition to any other bonuses they may have. These bonuses do not apply to human size dolls. Dolls larger than human size have a -6 penalty to dodge, -2 to roll with punch, and -4 to both P.P. and Spd, but a +6 bonus to their P.S.

Simple Animated Dolls

Simple Animated Dolls aren't much more than little golems. They are able only to follow very simple commands. They require close supervision. Without specific instructions, they stand motionless until needed by their creator. Dollmakers typically have at least a few of these dolls for use as simple servants, and to do basic tasks.

Physical Attributes: For every P.P.E. point permanently expended by the Nutarangoaq, the doll will have 1D6+1 P.S. and 1D6+3 P.P. The dolls do not get tired, so the P.E. stat is not applicable. An additional 3 P.P.E. will bestow supernatural strength on the doll. Dolls have a Spd of 2D6, plus 1D4 for every additional P.P.E. permanently expended. A sentient doll's physical attributes may exceed those of its creator.

Mental attributes: None. The doll is an unintelligent husk. Immune to all mind-affecting spells, psionics and possession. Immune to horror factor.

M.D.C.: For every S.D.C. point that the Nutarangoaq gives up permanently, the doll will have 1D6+1 M.D.C. For every hit point that the Nutarangoaq gives up permanently, the doll will have 2D6+2 M.D.C. The Nutarangoaq may also use P.P.E. to increase the doll's M.D.C., but at a costly rate: 3 M.D.C. per 1 P.P.E. permanently expended by the Nutarangoaq.

Resistances: A Dollmaker may add bonuses to the doll's save versus different types of damage, at a cost of 1 P.P.E. per +1.

Combat Bonuses: A Dollmaker may add bonuses to the doll's combat dice rolls, at a cost of 1 P.P.E. per +1.

Sentient Dolls

Simple Animated Dolls have no intelligence. If their maker is incapacitated or otherwise unable to give them specific instructions, they are useless. Sentient dolls, however, have their own mind. They are able to think creatively and make intelligent decisions, based upon what they think would most benefit their maker. They can adapt their orders to face new situations in ways that their creator might never have imagined.

Sentient Dolls do not have the capacity for speech. They communicate only by telepathy with their maker, who is able to communicate with his creations from 1 mile away per level.

While intellectually independent of their creator, Sentient Dolls are still connected in a mystical fashion. They do not gain experience points, but they do level up whenever their creator gains a new level. When their creator gains a new skill, so does the doll—usually the same skill, but not necessarily. Once created, Sentient Dolls are fully capable of learning things that their creator does not know. If the doll has a skill that the creator does not have, the creator may tap into the doll's pool of knowledge once per day, for 1 minute per level of experience, and use the skill as if it were his own.

When a Nutarangoaq dies, all of his sentient dolls die with him. The unintelligent, Simple Animated Dolls, however, continue to follow their last instructions until they are destroyed or fall apart from age.

When a Sentient Doll is destroyed, its creator feels the death as a physical agony

all through his body, during which all of the Nutarangoaq's dice rolls will be penalized -2. This suffering lasts for 1D4 hours. There is also a 25% chance that he will lose 1 point of P.E., permanently.

All attributes are set at the initial creation of the sentient doll. After that, the doll's attributes may not be increased or decreased.

Physical Attributes: For every P.P.E. point permanently expended by the Nutarangoaq, the doll will have 1D4 P.S. and 1D6+1 P.P. The dolls do not get tired, so the P.E. stat is not applicable. An additional 5 P.P.E. will bestow supernatural strength on the doll. Dolls have a Spd of 2D6, plus 1D4 for every additional P.P.E. permanently expended. A sentient doll's physical attributes may exceed those of its creator.

Mental attributes: For every I.S.P. point permanently expended by the Nutarangoaq, the doll will have I.Q. 1D6, M.E. 1D6+1, and M.A. 1D4. None of the doll's mental attributes may exceed those of the Nutarangoaq who created it.

Alignment: The alignment of a Sentient Doll is randomly chosen. There is a 25% chance that the alignment is the same as that of its creator. The

Nutarangoaq

can increase the chances by 15% for every additional P.P.E. point permanently sacrificed. The chances may never be increased beyond 98%. Obviously, to create a doll of an alignment antagonistic to one's own is a problematic thing. Dollmakers cannot compel their Sentient Dolls to do anything—dolls obey their creators out of reverence and respect, not because of any magical compunction—and a doll, fed up with the actions of his creator, may simply leave. Or it may stick around, but acting against the wishes of its creator.

Skills: The doll will have one fifth (20%) of the skills of its creator, who gets to choose which skills the doll inherits. These skills, regardless of how experienced the creator, all start at level one proficiency. Sentient dolls may not be 'born' with skills that their creator does not have, although they may learn them over time. Aside from the fact that they cannot learn any physical combat skills aside from Hand to Hand: Basic, sentient dolls have no skill restrictions.

M.D.C.: For every S.D.C. point that the Nutarangoaq gives up permanently, the doll will have 1D4+1 M.D.C. For every hit point that the Nutarangoaq gives up permanently, the doll will have 3D4+2 M.D.C. The Nutarangoaq may also use P.P.E. to increase the doll's M.D.C., but at a costly rate: 1 M.D.C. per 1 P.P.E. permanently expended by the Nutarangoaq.

Resistances: A Dollmaker may add bonuses to the doll's save versus different types of damage, at a cost of 2 P.P.E. per +1. (e.g., to give a doll a +2 to save versus magic would require the permanent expenditure of 4 P.P.E., to give a doll a +2 to save versus magic and a +1 to save versus horror factor would cost 6 P.P.E., etc.). Dolls have an innate +1 to save versus charm and possession. Although they may be charmed, it is impossible to force a sentient doll to act against its creator.

Combat Bonuses: A Dollmaker may add bonuses to the doll's combat dice rolls, at a cost of 1 P.P.E. per +1.

Spell Casting: For every P.P.E. point that the Nutarangoaq permanently sacrifices,

his doll gains 2 P.P.E. The Nutarangoaq may also empower a doll with the ability to cast certain spells. Each spell that is “taught” to the doll costs the Nutarangoaq 30% of the basic P.P.E. cost of the spell, the loss of which is permanent. The spell does not necessarily have to be one that the Dollmaker himself knows, but can only be of a level equal to or lower than that of the Dollmaker. Since they are magical beings, the dolls recover P.P.E. twice as fast as a normal human.

Psionics: For every I.S.P. of his own that the Nutarangoaq sacrifices, the Sentient Doll will gain 5 I.S.P. To bestow a Physical, Healing or Sensitive power on the doll requires a permanent I.S.P. sacrifice equal to 20% of the power’s basic I.S.P. cost. Powers from the category of Super require a permanent I.S.P. sacrifice equal to 40% of the power’s basic I.S.P. cost.

Limitation: May only be bestowed upon a Sentient Doll with a combined I.Q. and M.E. of 18. There is no restriction on which powers the Nutarangoaq may give his dolls—he is not limited only to those powers which he himself possesses. I.S.P. is recovered at the normal rate.

Inuit Champion Hunter O.C.C.

The third day now

I stand

bent over

a hole in the world

back-bent

all day

over an ice hole.

—Traditional Hunting Song

Standing for hours and hours, sometimes even days, poised to strike with his harpoon as he bobs a seal-lure under the ice at a breathing hole, waiting for the telltale snow-bubbles to signal a seal’s presence, an Inuit hunter may make songs like the one above a part of his long vigil—to keep his morale up, to observe tradition, to fend off unbearable boredom. Just watch a hunter stand all day, rigid as a statue, his furry hunting-bag under his feet, his free hand pushed up into his sleeve to keep it warm, knees bent, body leaning forward, rapt in concentration, and you will realize what an incredible fund of patience and hardiness is required by these hunters, especially on a day when the hunting has to be undertaken in a storm, and in a temperature -60°F.

Inuit Champion Hunters are, in a way, the most important members of the community; more so than even the Anatquq, Spirit ‘Borgs, or Story-Fishers. It’s true that the Anatquq may make a greater contribution to the defense of the village, keeping the people safe from malicious spirits and monsters, but without hunters, no one *eats*.

In times of crises, or whenever they’re needed, the Inuit Champion Hunters also serve as the village militia, as they are able warriors, and as handy with a laser rifle as they are with a fox trap. Pragmatic by necessity, Inuit Champion Hunters are competent with any kind of weapon you can think of. Weapons break, they get lost, they

run out of ammo, an older relative may be borrowing it. Since replacements are not too plentiful in the Arctic, Inuit Champion Hunters must be able to make do with whatever *is* available.

These hunters, particularly in their youth, can occasionally be found wandering the Arctic, for the time being unattached to a community. Because they are so plentiful (the Inuit Champion Hunter O.C.C. is, by far, the most common one among the Eskimo), the hunters enjoy a little more freedom with the idea of simply “adventuring” than some of the other O.C.C.s of the Arctic—a village may have one Anatquq, and maybe a Spirit ‘Borg or two if it’s lucky, but it’ll have dozens and dozens of hunters. As long as he’s not leaving his family in the lurch (which usually means there must be another, older sibling staying at home to do the hunting for the family) the Inuit Champion Hunter has a pretty reasonable freedom to travel wherever he wishes, although he *is* expected to periodically return to his people, and not to abandon them forever. This adventuring is sometimes even encouraged among the young hunters, because, whenever they go out to see the world, they usually seem to return (if they return at all) with some high-tech weapons, armor and equipment! And this is always a good thing for the community.

A Hunter’s Patience

The most important characteristic of an Inuit Champion Hunter is his *enormous* capacity for patience. It’s much more than just simply standing around in the same spot, waiting for something to happen while tapping your foot impatiently—it’s remaining acutely alert and observant, completely motionless (since it’s the motion that many animals perceive, and not the object) and in a state of total, intense concentration for periods of time that would be considered excruciating to anyone else.

Inuit Champion Hunters are able to stand in this attitude of attention for two hours per P.E. point, plus 1D4 hours. Add one extra hour per experience level of the hunter. The hunter may also choose to extend this period, although it can seriously threaten his health to do so. After his allotted time is up, the Inuit Champion Hunter will be very tired and in need of sleep. However, if he so desires, he can choose to remain in this state of immobile attentiveness, but takes 2D6 points of damage directly to his hit points for each extra hour. Furthermore, he will receive a cumulative penalty of -1 to *all* his rolls for every extra hour he remains in the “waiting” state. These penalties will disappear after the hunter gets some sleep. During this “waiting,” the hunter is in a state of total awareness about his surroundings, and will be +5 to strike on the *first* attack—or +5 to dodge, if he’s being attacked—he makes after his period of waiting.

Sometimes the Viilusi Skullhunters, instead of stalking them outright, will engage one of these Inuit Champion Hunters in a waiting-game, the stakes of which are simple: if the Eskimo can out-wait the Viilusi (the creature moves first), the alien will concede defeat and hand over some sort of “prize”—a high-tech weapon, usually. If the Inuit Champion Hunter cannot out-wait the Viilusi (Eskimo moves first), the Viilusi will attack him with the intent of killing him, and, since the Viilusi are naturally mega-damage creatures, most S.D.C.-armed Inuit Champion Hunters will have no hope of beating it in a straight fight. They very rarely have to, though, since it’s usually the Eskimo who winds up triumphant in such contests of will, because even the Viilusi—a race extremely fond of hunting—have a hard time remaining immobile for that long; even a movement so small as a flinch or a sneeze or a shudder means failure.

I understand that it may not be the player’s burning desire to role-play sixteen

hours of furiously intense *waiting*; it's just nice to know that your character is at least capable of such a thing.

Alignment: Any

Attribute Requirements: P.E. of 13 or higher.

O.C.C. Skills:

Fishing (+10%)

Tracking (+10%)

Trap Construction (+15%—from *Coalition War Campaign*)

Camouflage (+5%—from *Coalition War Campaign*)

Recognize Weapon Quality (+10%—from *Coalition War Campaign*)

Wilderness Survival (+10%)

Prowl (+20%)

Hunting

Track Animals (+20%)

Herding Caribou (+5%—variation of Herding Cattle, as found in *Rifts New West*)

W.P. Archery

W.P. Spear (Harpoon)

W.P. Manok

W.P. four of choice

Hand to Hand: Expert

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select four other skills, plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, nine, twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only

Domestic: Any (+5%)

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any, except Forgery (+5%)

Mechanical: None

Medical: First Aid only

Military: None

Physical: Any (+5% where applicable)

Pilot: Kayak, Sail Boat and Horsemanship: Exotic—Mammoth, Musk Ox, Reindeer or Caribou only.

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Any, except Computer Hacking

Science: None

Technical: Any, except Computer Operation, Computer Programming and Photography

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+15%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: A few sets of clothes, a heavy-winter suit, snow goggles (the inexpensive, Eskimo kind), two harpoons, a large all-purpose knife, a small skinning knife, fishing nets, 60 feet (18.2 m) of caribou-sinew rope, one pair of snowshoes, an ice-axe, a kayak, a hunting bag, a sack to carry possessions in. The character may

begin with an *Arnuaq* amulet (see the spell description in the section on Arctic Magic), given by an Anatquq as a reward for some courageous deed or personal sacrifice. Rarely will an Inuit Champion Hunter start with any mega-damage weapons or body-armor, unless it's on loan from an older, more experienced character (in which case, the character will not be able to use it all the time). If he does have some high-tech items at the beginning of the game, they should be of an extremely low-level (e.g. a laser pistol that does 1D4 mega-damage per shot, or a suit of old, beat-up, damaged body-armor that has no more than 15 M.D.C.), that will probably be an heirloom.

Money: None to begin with.

Cybernetics: None to start with, although they are not opposed to them.

Suilarqineq O.C.C. “The Grieving Ones”

Suilarqineq are possessed by a superhumanly intense state of mind and body, brought on by immense grief, in which they deliberately go out in search of the darkest horrors and most dangerous risks in order to relieve their sorrow by means of action and excitement.

What pushes these reckless souls do this? It varies from *Suilarqineq* to *Suilarqineq*. Grief is a highly personalized thing, and an event that would drive one person insane with sadness might barely register with someone else. To a reclusive, paranoid hermit living alone in a cave with just one sled dog for a companion, the loss of that dog's life might drive him to become a *Suilarqineq*, while, for someone else, the loss of a simple sled dog would merely signify the need to quickly skin and butcher it before scavengers came sniffing around.

The origins of *Suilarqineq* are varied, and each one is unique: he may be the final survivor of the massacre of his village; he may have watched his family slowly starve to death during a famine, powerless to do anything; he may have lost his favorite son to monsters from the rifts, etc. The cause is not necessarily violent, either. Men have become *Suilarqineq* when jilted by the women they loved. Fathers and mothers who had pinned all their hopes on an Anatquq-candidate child of theirs, only to have the child turn out to be a shameful and valueless Kilaumassok “Failed-One,” have been driven to the extremes of grief that brings about the *Suilarqineq* state.

Put simply, the *Suilarqineq* are people for whom life is completely unbearable with the monstrous weight of sadness that they carry—they need *bepagwécinùnk* (“something to take your mind off it”).

Whatever the source of the grief, the results are the same. The profound intensity of the pain unleashes powerful, previously untapped psionic forces within the *Suilarqineq*, enhancing their bodies, enabling them to indulge in superhuman levels of physical hardship, making them faster and stronger, pushing their human bodies to the limit in every conceivable way. Their abilities stem not from external magicks, and nor are they exactly “powers” intrinsic to the Kilaumassok. Rather, like a Cyber-Knight, it is a result of their *conviction*. With the Cyber-Knights, it is their will, their unswerving rectitude that allows them to create a Psi-Sword without any I.S.P. expenditure—but with the *Suilarqineq* it is their unyielding preoccupation with their incredible grief that transforms them into superhumanly powerful excitement-addicts.

Suilarqineq, once they take on *perlerorneq* (variously translated as “The Burden,” or “The-Weight-of-Life”—that which is the source of their grief) will typically abandon their former life completely, trekking across the wastes to get as far from the source of their pain as they possibly can, seeking exhilaration through conflict and intense physical activity to make them temporarily forget their pain. In the case of the man who became a *Suilarqineq* because of losing his favorite son to monsters from the rifts, he will most likely leave his house and never come back, deserting his wife and his remaining sons and daughters without a thought or so much as a backward glance. He will not be able to even look at them without thinking of his dead son. This is not unusual.

Often, a “Grieving-One” will completely abandon his old lives (and anything else

that reminds him of his sorrow). They are widely disliked for this reason. Even though many sympathize with the Suilarqineq, they also regard them as incredibly selfish people. After all, there *is* more to life than just your personal pain, and, sooner or later, everyone in the Arctic has to endure some kind of suffering, physical or mental or both. Suilarqineq are also looked upon with a measure of suspicion because they're too restless to remain in any one place for very long. They do not have a home village that they contribute to.

The life-expectancy of these disconsolate excitement-junkies is rather short, as they cannot help but throw themselves, time and time again, into dangerous, life-threatening situations. It's important to mention that Suilarqineq are *not* suicidal—not necessarily, at least—it's just that they need massive amounts of excitement, amusement and diversion (even abject, mind-shattering terror is preferable to their grief) to keep them from thinking about their loss, and it causes them to dive recklessly into just about any situation with a berserk gusto, which, admittedly, often does leave some room to wonder if their goal really is distraction, and not self-annihilation.

It is also important to mention that Suilarqineq do not *at all* seem to be “depressed” or even sad. In fact, it's quite the opposite: a Suilarqineq will appear to be the most lively and energetic person you have ever met in your life, probably annoyingly so. They are wild, irrepressible, irresponsible, boisterous and frequently belligerent. They never sit quietly. Never. In large (or even small) groups of people, they tend to be a rather disruptive influence, always needing to be in the middle of things: an argument, a simple conversation, a fight—and if there isn't one for them to take part in, well, they'll *make* one. Suilarqineq have the attention span of your average housefly, and if there's no excitement where they are, they'll go out and find or manufacture some. Although, once a Suilarqineq is forced to have too much leisure or down-time he will begin to brood, and will become morose to the point of catatonia, obstinately refusing to speak, or even move, for days on end.

Abilities of the Suilarqineq O.C.C.

- 1. Incredible Endurance:** All Suilarqineq possess an unbelievable stamina, stemming from the fact that the more physical hardship that they endure, the less they are able to think about their grief. For example, they can sprint for miles the same as, say, a Juicer could, but unlike a Juicer, a Suilarqineq will really *feel* those miles. They would feel just as bad as you or I would if we tried a full-out sprint for four- or five-thousand meters, but through their conviction they can transcend such physical limitations (even if they can't, or won't, transcend the pain associated with overstepping these limitations). Add 4D4x10 S.D.C., 3D6 hit points and 4D4 to P.E. attribute. Can lift and carry three times more than a normal person of equivalent strength and endurance, and can last 10 times longer before *succumbing* to the effects of exhaustion (he will feel the effects all along, however). Can remain alert and operate at full efficiency for up to three days (72 hours) without sleep, and almost never sleeps longer than three hours a night (the dreams of a Suilarqineq are horrible, torturous things, full of pain and aching—they try to stay awake as much as they possibly can). They are also completely immune to the Agony spell (see **Rifts RPG** p. 177).
- 2. Sorrow-Strength:** Add 2D4 to P.S. attribute because of the incredible reserves of strength that are psionically released by their *perlerorneq* (“The Burden”).
- 3. Increased Speed:** Add 6D6 to Spd attribute. Can leap 20 feet (6 m) across after a short run (half that from a dead stop) and 15 feet (4.6 m) high (again, only half that without a short run).

4. **Sharpened Senses and Bonuses:** +4 to roll with punch, fall, or impact; +3 on initiative. Add one extra attack per melee. Add 1D6 to P.P. attribute.
5. **Saving Throw Bonuses:** +2 to save vs psionics, +5 to save vs mind control (any), +2 to save vs horror factor, +1 to save vs coma/death, +1 to save vs toxic gases, poisons and drugs.
6. **Minor Psionic:** All Suilarqineq have the following psionic powers: Impervious to Cold, Impervious to Fire, Empathic Transmission (only capable of transmitting despair or sorrow) and two other powers of choice from the Physical category.
7. **Insanities:** At first level, there is a 20% chance that the Suilarqineq will have a random insanity, the chance cumulatively increasing by +10% per level (e.g. a 7th level Suilarqineq would have a 80% chance of acquiring an insanity at 7th level, and by the time he reaches 8th level, he will have an 90% chance of acquiring an insanity, even if he already acquired one at 7th level—multiple insanities are possible, although Suilarqineq seldom live long enough to build up a big backlog of them). This insanity will either be a psychosis (1-50) or an obsession (51-100); see the **Rifts RPG** pp. 19-20.
8. **Shortened Life-Span:** The incredibly heightened state of mind and body that animates a Suilarqineq to do what they do also causes a kind of unavoidable burnout. Even *not* considering a Suilarqineq’s reckless disregard for their own personal safety, no “Grieving-One” can survive their condition for more than six years or so. Their physical and mental systems are able to cope well enough with the strain for five years plus one month for every point of M.E., but after that time has elapsed the Suilarqineq will slowly sink into physical and mental debilitation, ending in a vegetative state. After the 4 years + M.E. months has run out, the Suilarqineq will begin to lose one point of I.Q. and M.E. *every month*, and one point of P.E. *every other month*, a loss which is permanent and irreversible. Once either of the mental stats reaches zero, the “Grieving-One” is rendered an insensate vegetable, without the ability to move, speak or even think. His body will forget how to breathe. Unless kept on a respirator and a system of intravenous feeding, the Suilarqineq will die. No matter how long he is kept alive in this manner, however, he will never recover.

Alignment: Tends towards Unprincipled or Anarchist. Suilarqineq of the “good” alignments are uncommon. Being a Suilarqineq takes a certain degree of self-centeredness that is lacking in most Principled or Scrupulous characters.

Attribute Requirements: None, other than an overwhelming, all-consuming grief of a magnitude that, thankfully, few people ever experience.

P.P.E.: 1D4 (Suilarqineq are burnt-out souls—hollow inside)

I.S.P.: 4D6, plus P.E. attribute number, plus 1D4 per level

O.C.C. Skills:

- Cook (+10%)
- Escape Artist (+5%)
- Acrobatics (+10%)
- W.P. Spear (Harpoon)
- W.P. Archery
- W.P. three of choice

O.C.C. Related Skills: A Suilarqineq will have forgotten most of the skills of his old life, and even if he remembers them at all he will act as if he’s forgotten them (maybe he’s pretending, maybe not; no one really knows), having no patience whatsoever for

any skills that require calmness and composure. Physical skills, which can be exhilarating enough to divert the Suilarqineq's attention, are the exception. These grief-stricken unfortunates don't like to do anything that requires much thinking; thinking leads to remembering, and remembering is exactly what a Suilarqineq *doesn't* want to do. Select three other skills, plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, nine and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: None

Domestic: Any (+5%)

Electrical: None

Espionage: Any except Intelligence (+5%)

Mechanical: None

Medical: None

Military: None

Physical: Any (+5% where applicable)

Pilot: Horsemanship: Exotic—Mammoth, Musk Ox, Reindeer or Caribou only.

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Prowl only

Science: None

Technical: None

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any except Land Navigation and Identify Plants and Fruits

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select four secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base level. Also skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: A few sets of warm clothes, a suit of *light* M.D.C. body armor (they never wear anything heavy that slows them down), a set of snow-goggles (the Eskimo kind), a knife, an ice-axe, two ancient or hunting weapons of choice, several lengths of rope, 2D6 ice-pitons and crampons, maybe a tent. If he is lucky, he may have a mega-damage weapon, although Suilarqineq prefer high-tech equivalents of ancient weapons, like vibro-blades, neural maces and other weapons that allow him to use his physical abilities (remember, the Suilarqineq is always looking for physical exhilaration), rather than a gun that he just has to point and shoot.

Money: None to begin with.

Cybernetics: A Suilarqineq may get cybernetic or bionic implants, but the bonuses he receives from being a Suilarqineq will be *halved*. This is presumably because the force that gives a Suilarqineq's body its incredible strength and resilience is psionic in nature and needs the body whole.

Ghost Eater R.C.C.

Ghost Eaters are magic-users that have an uncanny—if disgusting—talent for controlling minor spirits and supernatural entities within their own bodies, and for using the powers of these small creatures towards their own ends. This control is not accomplished through any spells or ritual trickery, but through the literal *ingestion* of the

bodies of small supernatural beasts. Most of these creatures are not always “ghosts” or “demons” per se, but extradimensional *things* of one sort or another. These beings, called *Serrat*, which the Ghost-Eater is able to recognize and magically exploit, are actually, physically swallowed by the Ghost Eater, who stores them in his stomach when not in use, regurgitating them back up to his mouth when needed.

To an ordinary person, these creatures are completely useless, and can even be harmful. Anyone else but a Ghost Eater seeing a *Kingarjuaq* (an *Serrat* that looks like a large scab with spider-legs) would merely see a strange, alien bug that must have been expelled from some rift, and would probably gag if they saw a Ghost Eater pick it up and gleefully swallow it. To the Ghost Eater, however, finding a *Kingarjuaq* is good luck, as they are one of the most powerful *Serrats*. How does the Ghost Eater know this? He just does. Even he doesn't know *how*. He just has the knowledge, has always had it. If an ordinary person tried to swallow a *Kingarjuaq*, the *Serrat* would lacerate that person's mouth, throat and esophagus, and then simply burrow out of the person's body when it got to the stomach, leaving a plum-sized tunnel in that person's guts, which would probably cause some discomfort.

No one—not even the oldest Story-Fishers—knows exactly how, where or *why* Ghost-Eating started. Since the relationship between Ghost Eater/*Serrat* slightly resembles that of *Anatquq/Tornaq Helping-Spirit*, some people have postulated that the Ghost Eaters are a distorted form of *Anatquq*, their powers warped by energies from the rifts. That's just a theory, however, and one likely never to be proven for sure. What *is* indisputable is that most (88%) Ghost Eaters come from the Eskimo nations now living in the North Pole, where the elements are more unforgiving than they are anywhere else in the Arctic. Again, no one knows why this is (there are a lot of things about Ghost Eaters that mystify people).

Ghost Eaters inspire reactions of sickness and disgust in most of the people that they meet. How would *you* react upon meeting a person who had a mouth full of clicking, squirming alien *things*? Because of this, Ghost Eaters tend to be loners. To those who have a stomach strong enough to spend a great deal of time with them, Ghost Eaters are devoted friends and dependable allies—or relentless enemies if you happen to oppose them. They are also quiet, silent types, speaking simply and directly, showing their friendships and loyalties (and enmities) in actions rather than words.

Ghost Eaters appeared much later than the other types of magic-using classes in the Far North, which more or less reappeared from the very beginning of the Great Cataclysm. Accounts of Ghost Eaters don't start until about 12 P.A., and even then they were very few. Now, although far from common, most people have at least *heard* of a Ghost Eater, even if they've never seen one. They are considered an R.C.C. instead of an O.C.C. because of their slight psionic powers and because no one can be *taught* to be a Ghost Eater. You either know how to or you don't. It's an inborn talent—although the physical discipline required to stretch one's mouth and gullet to accommodate the large number of *Serrat* at higher levels is something that the Ghost Eater needs to teach himself.

Ghost Eaters are not compelled to remain in the Arctic the way the Qivigtoq Polar Mystics are, as they can find their *Serrat* virtually anywhere in the Megaverse—although they do prefer rural, wilderness areas to urban ones, merely because it's easier to find small creatures from the rifts lying about. Likewise, there are many other kinds of things a Ghost Eater can ingest that are not on the list of usual *Serrat*, given below. This list is only a catalogue of those *Serrat* found commonly in the Arctic. Other places in the Megaverse may have all, some or none of the *Serrat* listed here. Many places will have more. No

Ghost Eater has ever been to the Wormwood dimension, but presumably that organically supernatural world would be a heaven for them.

Also, there are no Ghost Eaters in Atlantis, but should one ever go there, he would discover that many of the tools of the Atlantean Bio-Wizard are edible to him. He can eat large parasites (**Rifts Atlantis**, pp. 114-117) like the Lobe-optos and Oplos, enjoying the powers they bestow without *any* of the hazardous side-effects they normally cause. He can also eat some of the symbiotic organisms (pp. 117-120): the Absurr Life Node (which may only be eaten by a character of 11th level or higher, and counts as ALL spots in the mouth), the Elom (counts as four spots in the mouth) and the Mindlink. Ghost Eaters can even eat an Eye of Eylor (baseball-sized only, counts as three spots in the mouth). All these Atlantean organisms are considered Greater Serrat.

Moreover, it is possible for Ghost Eaters to learn tattoo magic...in a way. They themselves cannot get tattooed, but they can *eat* a tattoo if it is removed from its original wearer somehow (must be a solid chunk of flesh, not just the skin). They can then use this magic tattoo, when regurgitated to their mouths, as long as they pay the P.P.E. to Activate cost. It is considered a Lesser Serrat. However, since this is just dead flesh and not a living organism, these tattoos lose their effectiveness after 1D4 weeks as they slowly disintegrate in the Ghost Eater's stomach.

At higher levels (eight and up, usually), Ghost Eaters usually tattoo themselves around the mouth with the ceremonial symbols of a senior Ghost Eater. These tattoos of office are called *erkrerutit*. Also, by this time the Ghost Eater's insides will start to get rather full-up with all the creatures inside him, the character will begin to exhibit a seriously distended stomach, growing the large, lumpy pot-belly that distinguishes members of this character class from other magic-users. This grotesque swelling is called *naartog*. Literally: fat belly.

No one ever said Ghost-Eating was pretty.

Special Abilities of the Ghost Eater

1. Serrat Ingestion: These are the small spirits and interdimensional creatures that the Ghost Eater swallows, storing them in his stomach. At first level, the Ghost Eater begins with one Greater Serrat, three Lesser Serrat and four Spell Serrat (with first-level spells). At every level thereafter, the Ghost Eater may select an additional two Lesser Serrat OR one Greater Serrat and two Spell Serrat of a level equal to or less than that of the Ghost Eater.

Each Serrat takes up a certain amount of "spots" in the Ghost Eater's mouth, which is where he concentrates his control. Greater Serrat generally take up two "spots," while Lesser and Spell Serrat each take up only one. This means that not all of the Ghost Eater's magical powers will be available to him at once.

In order to use the powers of any given Serrat, the Ghost Eater must regurgitate it up from his stomach to hold it in his mouth, the focus of his power. At first level, the Ghost Eater may control up to three "spots" at any one time. At every odd-numbered level thereafter, the Ghost Eater is able to control an additional Serrat (i.e. at 3rd level he is able to hold four in his mouth, at 5th level five, at 7th level six, etc.) to a maximum of eight. At 15th level, with ten Serrat in his mouth, the Ghost Eater will look like an insane caricature of Dizzy Gillespie, with his cheeks stretched out to truly inhuman proportions. No amount of training or discipline will enable a Ghost-Eater to hold more than ten Serrat in his mouth at once.

It takes one full melee round to bring any Serrat up from the stomach into the

mouth, or to swallow it back down again. It is possible for him to swallow one back down at the same time he is regurgitating another, so that switching Serrat only takes one melee round.

2. **Psionic Ability:** All Ghost Eaters are considered minor psionics. Choose three powers from either Healing or Physical. At levels five, nine and thirteen, the Ghost Eater may select one additional power from the same category.
3. **Magic Bonuses:** +8 to save vs horror factor. +1 to save vs magic at levels three, seven, ten and thirteen. +1 to spell strength at levels five, ten and fourteen.

Alignment: Any

Attribute Requirements: M.E. of 15 or higher

P.P.E.: 1D6 x 10, plus P.E. attribute number.

I.S.P.: 3D6, plus 1D4 per level of experience

O.C.C. Skills:

Select 1D4 additional languages (all +15%)

Tracking (+10%)

First Aid (+15%)

Lore: Demons and Monsters (+20%)

Lore: Faerie (+5%)

Lore: Spirits (+20%)

Identify Plants and Fruits (+10%)

Hand to Hand combat must be selected as an "other" skill. Hand to Hand: Basic costs one skill selection, Expert counts as two and Martial Arts or Assassin (if evil) counts as four).

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select eight other skills. Plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, nine and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Basic Radio only

Domestic: Any

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any

Mechanical: None

Medical: Any except Criminal Sciences & Forensics and M.D. in Cybernetics (+5%)

Military: None

Physical: Any except Gymnastics

Pilot: Any

Pilot Related: Any

Rogue: Palming and Streetwise only

Science: Biology only (+10%)

Technical: Art, Language, Literacy and Writing only

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+10%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select 6 secondary skills from those listed. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base level and are limited as previously listed (any, only, none).

Standard Equipment: A few sets of clothes, backpack, snow goggles (the homemade, Eskimo version), some fishing lines and small fishing nets to trap food. *Maybe* a suit of very light M.D.C. body armor. As far as weapons go, the Ghost Eater may begin

with a knife, an ice-axe (to chop ice with, not made of ice), a sling, a manok and a harpoon—these weapons are pretty much common to everyone living in the Arctic. He might have a kayak or a dogsled of his own (probably not both, though). It's not likely, but perhaps he has an S.D.C. projectile weapon.

Money: Generally none to begin with.

Cybernetics: May not get any.

Ghost Eater *Serrat*

Serrat are the small supernatural spirits and extradimensional creatures that the Ghost Eater stores in his stomach for the use of their powers. A Ghost Eater's only real power is the ability to handle these bizarre creatures safely—he has no magic on his own other than that which he derives from his *Serrat*. For an ordinary person to swallow any of these creatures would mean serious pain, illness and probably death. It must be stressed that they are NOT magic “pills.” They work only for the Ghost Eater (although many of them are also used as magical components by alchemists and wizards across the Megaverse).

The relationship between Ghost Eater and *Serrat* resembles that of a parasite/host, only it is the Ghost Eater who is the parasite, using the powers of the *Serrat* living in his body, and providing no tangible benefit for the them in return.

However, once a Ghost Eater takes an *Serrat* into himself, that creature is there *forever*. It is now effectively a part of his body. He cannot change *Serrat* once one has been chosen and swallowed. Any attempt at removal—surgical, magical, psionic or otherwise—will be an incredible shock to the body and may cause the death of the Ghost Eater. If one or more of the *Serrat* is forcibly removed, the character must roll three saving throws vs. coma with a -2 penalty (raise penalty to -6 if all *Serrat* are being removed). Two failures indicate the death of the character. One failure means the character remains in a coma for 1D4 weeks and the character's body is permanently weakened, losing both 2 points of P.E. and 2 points of P.S. for each *Serrat* removed. This loss is unavoidable, permanent and irreversible. If the character successfully makes all three saves vs coma, he only suffers 6D6 hours of unconsciousness, and loses only one point of P.E. and P.S. for each *Serrat* removed.

Characters who have had one or more of their *Serrat* removed (and who have survived the ordeal) may replace the lost *Serrat* at the rate of one a month.

With the exception of Spell *Serrat*, the same type of *Serrat* (unless otherwise specified) may be selected no more than twice. *Serrat* tend to be aggressive towards members of their own species and usually will not tolerate any more than a pair.

Some of the *Serrat*'s effects are cumulative when selected in numbers greater than one. Even still, if a Ghost Eater has more than one of the same *Serrat*, BOTH of those *Serrat* must be in his mouth for him to enjoy the cumulative benefits of the two—or all of them, if it's more than two.

Greater Serrat

Ajuwak—The Blister

Looks like a small water balloon filled with thick, purplish blood. They are most often found near Ley Line nexuses, and are rich with P.P.E. energy. Each *Ajuwak* decreases the P.P.E. cost for all the Ghost Eater's spells by 10%, to a maximum of 40%.

Arlu—The Killer Whale

Looks like a small, toy version of a killer whale, with a head at both ends instead of a tail. This Serrat bestows several energy-based powers upon the Ghost Eater. It can create a force field around the character's body—or around anything else within four feet (1.2 m) of the character—that has 15 M.D.C., plus 10 M.D.C. per level of the character. If this force field is damaged, it regenerates at a rate of 5 M.D.C. per hour.

The Arlu can also be used to fire bolts of a bright pink energy from the mouth of the Ghost Eater. These bolts cause 2D6 M.D., are +2 to strike and have a maximum range of 1000 feet (305 m). The rate of fire is equal to the number of hand-to-hand attacks of the Ghost Eater, plus one.

This Serrat also bestows the powers of **Manipulate Electrical Devices** and **Sense Electricity** (as per the psionic power of Electrokinesis) upon the Ghost Eater. The range of the **Manipulate** power is touch, requiring the Ghost Eater to “kiss” the object he is trying to affect. Unlike ordinary Electrokinesis, however, this power CAN be used to disrupt the functioning of power armor and robot vehicles, but this is very difficult. Attacking in this manner has a base chance of success of 30%, +2% per level of the Ghost Eater (never mind the difficulty of getting close enough to a hostile robot to kiss it). Failed roll means no effects, and a successful one means that the Spd and attacks of the target are halved, and the target is -4 to strike, parry and dodge for 1D6 melees.

Kanayuq—The Sea Scorpion

Indeed shaped very much like its namesake (albeit with four pincers), the Kanayuq, when in the character's mouth, increases his speed and reflexes tremendously, adding 1D4 to the character's P.P. attribute and 1D4x10 to his Spd.

This Serrat may not be selected more than twice, and even to pick it twice is a risky proposition. Once there is a Kanayuq residing in the character's body, it will only accept another Kanayuq if it is of the opposite sex. Kanayuq of opposite sexes will become a mated pair and refuse to allow any further Kanayuq into the character's body. If the Ghost Eater tries to ingest a Kanayuq of the same sex as the one he already has in his body, the old one will kill the new one, and the character will have just wasted a Greater Serrat selection. It is very difficult, even for an experienced Ghost Eater, to determine the sex of a Kanayuq. Base skill level for the Ghost Eater is 36%, plus 4% per level of experience.

Kenalogaq—The White Whale

Easily the vilest of all the *Serrat*, the *Kenalogaq* looks very little like a whale a lot like a white glob of snot, covered in eyeballs. Ghost Eaters love them because *Kenalogaq* keep them from getting hit. It magically heightens their awareness and sharpens their reflexes. Every *Kenalogaq* bestows a cumulative +2 bonus to parry, dodge and roll with punch on the Ghost Eater.

Kingarjuaq—The Big Mountain

Looking vaguely like a small plum-sized scab with ten spidery legs, this Serrat toughens its host to supernatural levels, making the body of the Ghost Eater into a mega-damage structure! Each Kingarjuaq swallowed (to a maximum of six) bestows 35 M.D.C. on its host, adds one point to its host's P.S. attribute and makes the strength of the host

into supernatural strength. Kingarjuaq take a long time to adapt to a particular body, so they may not be selected until three levels after the Ghost Eater got his last Kingarjuaq (i.e. if a character chooses it at level four, he cannot choose it again until level seven).

Note: This is the only Serrat that does not ever need to enter the Ghost Eater's mouth, remaining instead affixed to the stomach lining. The character enjoys its bonuses without ever having to regurgitate it up to his mouth.

Kunnararjuq—Dog Serrat

Looking like small, earless black puppies with wet fur, the *Kunnararjuq* induce a state of heightened alertness in the Ghost Eater. Bestows upon the Ghost Eater the Psi-Power of Sixth Sense, plus the following bonuses: +2 to P.P. attribute, +2 on initiative, +1 to strike and dodge, +1 to save vs magic and adds one melee attack. Bonuses are cumulative.

Nanertaq—Bear Cub Serrat

It looks like what you expect it would look like. Small, hairy quadruped with an ursine snout. Each *Nanertaq* gives the Ghost Eater a cumulative +1 to all his saving throws.

Lesser Serrat

Aorpok—The Crawler

Looks like an ordinary eel or aquatic snake. The *Aorpok* dramatically increases the Ghost Eater's psionic powers. For every *Aorpok*, the targets of the Ghost Eater's psionics receive a -1 penalty to their save versus psionics.

Igalaaq—The Window Slug

Shaped like fat, red slugs with gaping mouths at both of their ends and flat, transparent teeth like window-panes, these Serrat don't really have a power in and of themselves. What they do is consume other Serrat and absorb their powers. A single *Igalaaq*, once in the Ghost Eater's stomach, can consume two Lesser Serrat or three Spell Serrat, while retaining and combining the powers of each (Greater Serrat are not affected by *Igalaaq* slugs). The *Igalaaq* then only takes up one spot in the mouth, as opposed to the two or three which were before required to access all the powers at once. This is especially helpful at lower levels, when the capacity of a Ghost Eater's mouth is not so large.

Iinaagiiruk—The Duck in the Ocean All Winter

This Serrat (which does not look like a duck at all, resembling instead a slimy, smooth eel very tightly coiled like a telephone cord) makes the Ghost Eater impervious to normal cold (magical cold does half damage) and enables him to magically swim at speed equal to his Spd attribute plus 3D6, with a base skill of 98%. While this Serrat is in the Ghost Eater's mouth, he can swim a distance equal to four times his P.E. in miles before feeling any effects of fatigue. Bonus of +3 to parry and dodge while in water.

Iksivalitak—The Seeing Worm

This Serrat, while in the Ghost Eater's mouth, bestows the mystical *Nalussaerunek*

Senses upon him. The character has nightvision at a range of 100 feet (30.5 m), and will be able to see the invisible, see elementals, see spirits, sense evil and sense magic with no P.P.E. or I.S.P. expenditure. It has a form not unlike that of a very large tapeworm.

Kaiutinauq—Ghost Soul

These Serrat, assumed to be physical manifestations of the ghosts of dead men (although no knows if this is true or not), add 1D4x10 to the character's P.P.E. base when he is holding it in his mouth, the focus of a Ghost Eater's control. They look like oysters.

Kringarsarut—The Dead Man with a Crooked Mouth

This awful-smelling Serrat is shaped like a slimy collection of pine needles. Instead of remaining together in the mouth of the Ghost Eater, the Kringarsarut spreads out over the gums and teeth, the razor-sharp needles forming a kind of secondary teeth for the character, enabling a wicked bite attack. Damage is 1D6 M.D., plus poison that causes an additional 2D6 M.D. This poison can cause paralysis, inducing uncontrollable muscle spasms in the victim so severe that he may not take any action for 1D4 melees—the muscles are locked into place (save vs poison at 12 or higher to avoid effects). This Serrat also gives the Ghost Eater a +3 bonus to save vs poison.

Kringarsarut are the only Serrat that do not take up any room in the Ghost Eater's mouth. Choosing this Serrat multiple times does not increase damage from the bite attack, although each additional Kringarsarut does impose a cumulative -1 penalty to the opponent's save vs poison and adds a cumulative +2 to the Ghost Eater's save vs poison.

Kukajok—The River of Sickness

This Serrat enables the Ghost Eater to expel a tight stream of damp, gaseous haze from his mouth that is quite debilitating. The damage caused is slight (1D4, applied directly to the Hit Points or M.D.C.) but the gas is highly irritating to the eyes, lungs and skin, and also causes blindness. Victims of this gas suffer the following penalties: -4 to strike, and -6 to parry and dodge. Victims also suffer constant vomiting and gagging, making speech (and spell-casting that requires speech) impossible.

This gas fills up an area of 10 feet (3 m) square, and all effects last for 1D4 rounds per level of the Ghost Eater. All victims get to save vs non-lethal toxin, but need to roll a 15 or higher. Targets wearing gas masks or full-environmental helmets are impervious to this attack. Supernatural creatures are affected by this gas, but receive a +2 bonus to their saving throw.

The Kukajok also makes the Ghost Eater impervious to poison gas attacks.

Mitkutaylyuk—The Arctic Tern

This Serrat, so named because it looks like a newborn bird, enables the Ghost Eater to fly at a speed equal to half of his Spd attribute. Choosing this Serrat twice enables the character to fly at a speed equal to his Spd attribute. Three times, twice his Spd attribute. Four times, quadruple his Spd attribute. This Serrat may not be chosen more than four times. **Note:** In order for them to function cumulatively, each one of the Mitkutaylyuk must be in the Ghost Eater's mouth.

Nukaqpiak—The Little Unmarried Man

This Serrat prevents ALL possession. While in the mouth of the Ghost Eater, the

character is immune to all forms of mind control or possession and is protected from psionic attacks by the equivalent of Mind Block Auto Defense. Also prevents the involuntary loss of P.P.E. to P.P.E. vampires.

Pamiiyok—The Curly Dog Tail

Looks like a shaggy sausage twisted into a tight coil. The *Pamiiyok* bestows 1D4 psionic powers on the Ghost Eater. The catch is that the Ghost Eater is unable to tell what the power is beforehand. Before ingesting the Pamiiyok, he can only guess which psionic power it contains. And once he's already ingested it, he's stuck with it, whether he wants the powers or not. The powers are chosen randomly by the GM from any psionic category, including Super. If any of the powers is one that the Ghost Eater already has, then he's screwed. He's stuck with the *Pamiiyok*.

Piglertarpok—The Bouncing Thing

A large white...thing...thing that looks like a grub, the *Pigdlertarpok* surrounds the Ghost Eater with a porous aura of gravitic energy. All of the Ghost Eater's attempts to Roll with Punch will automatically succeed.

Qernaineq—The Little One Who Answers the Call for Help

This Serrat, when in the mouth of the Ghost Eater, adds two points to his P.E. attribute and quadruples the rate of healing. It looks like a legless crab. There is no limit to how many times this Serrat may be chosen, but the healing rate will never be more than quadrupled.

Tuvika—Great Shoulders

This looks like an old potato with antennae. It raises the P.S. attribute of the Ghost Eater by 8. This strength is not supernatural (unless the Ghost Eater also has the Kingarjuaq Serrat). May not be chosen more than three times.

Spell Serrat

Spell Serrat contain within them standard magic spells that can be found in the **Rifts RPG**. Each Spell Serrat has ONE type of spell within it, of a level equal to or less than that of the Ghost Eater at the time he acquired the Spell Serrat. The Ghost Eater uses his own P.P.E. to power the spell, and he can cast the spell again and again as long as he still has enough P.P.E. (i.e. the spell does not get used up like a scroll). All Spell Serrat look like swollen, black, shell-less snails with sixteen hairy antennae.

Spirit 'Borg O.C.C.

The word "Borg" is here used metaphorically, as these warriors are nothing like what you would see if you visited a body chop-shop in, say, Chi-Town for example. While the Spirit 'Borgs must indeed be "built up" from human bodies, their new bodies are not fashioned out of mega-damage alloys or radically advanced polymers—most of their parts aren't even tangible components, strictly speaking. Instead, these brave souls volunteer for

a sort of localized possession on a massive scale all over their bodies by literally hundreds, if not thousands, of minor spirits.

The Inua-conversion process (“Inua” being a sort of all-purpose word for “spirit” or “ghost” in many Eskimo dialects) involves installing a multitude of these lesser supernatural entities into a willing human host, crowding them by the hundreds into the volunteer’s body, confining them there, and assigning each one of them one tiny little task. Every inch of the body is gone over in minute detail. There would be a spirit to watch over and protect the host’s second knuckle of the index finger on his right hand. There would be a spirit to protect the Achilles tendon. There would be several spirits each for the *gastrocnemius*, *peroneus brevis*, and *peronus tertius* muscles of the leg. Spirits for the eyes. Spirits for each of the bones. Spirits for the circulatory system. For the lungs. The liver. The heart. The ligaments. The spine. The skin. Everything is covered. Everything is accounted for. In fact, the only tangible components used in the construction of a Spirit ‘Borg are whalebone and bearskin, which are fashioned into the outer shell, accommodating several dozen spirits of its own.

For the last hundred years or so, these have been the primary line of defense for most Eskimo communities. Nearly all villages will have at least one Spirit ‘Borg living among them, and larger ones will have more—usually they form a semi-military unit under the command of the local Anatquq (or under the command of the most competent Spirit ‘Borg or Inuit Champion Hunter—decided by village consensus). Sometimes these magical constructs can be found as adventurers, wandering the wasteland—seldom in search of fame or fortune, though. A Spirit ‘Borg wandering without a community is usually either a) from a village that has been annihilated; b) on some sort of quest; or c) from a village that already has a disproportionately high number of Spirit ‘Borgs, and he feels his powers would be more useful elsewhere. Excitement-seeking yahoos are simply not chosen for Inua-Conversion. Not only that, but most Spirit ‘Borg will be reluctant to wander far from the Arctic, and far from any Anatquq, because it is only the Anatquq who can perform the **Inua Release** ceremony to save them from the inevitable full-body paralysis that accompanies the end of a Spirit ‘Borg’s career.

No matter where they travel, the highest priority of a Spirit ‘Borg is always the preservation of human life (and, to a somewhat lesser extent, of D-Bee life). They are keenly aware of their place in the society of the Arctic: they are supernatural constructs built with the express purpose of protecting those weaker than themselves. Spirit ‘Borg are, almost without exception, brave, noble, courageous, honest, upright and indefatigable. They do not tolerate oppression in any form.

Candidates for Inua-Conversion are chosen on the basis of willpower and alignment. It is not an easy thing to live with a hive of minor spirits occupying your body (*you* try it some time, and see how easy it is), and it is a constant battle for the Spirit ‘Borg to remain in control of himself. Luckily, the spirits that inhabit his body are more elemental than intelligent, and not very organized, but the Spirit ‘Borg still has to contend with the nonstop tumult of their voices in his head.

No Power Comes Without Price

It almost wouldn’t be worth it if it did. As always, there is a cost for such power. During the first few years the Spirit ‘Borg will seem to be completely in control of himself: poised, collected, cool; but, as time wears on, as the minor spirits fight amongst themselves for dominance, the host will become prone to sudden unintentional movements

of his body: facial tics, twitching, jerking, sudden incoherent shouting, and even, on rare occasion, seizures. These will grow worse and worse as the Spirit ‘Borg gets older, and his willpower will begin to be eroded by the years and years of trying to impose his own will upon that of the spirits who inhabit his body. There are way too many different spirits living in a Spirit ‘Borg’s body for any single one of them to take over for itself, but as the years go on, all the many spirits, each trying to get the body to do what it wants, will *inevitably* overwhelm the willpower of the host, as the brain is inundated by a river of conflicting impulses.

The host will be able to last for about seven years (+1 year for every point of M.E. over 18) with only the occasional attack of shouting and twitching. Once that time is up, however, it becomes evident that the end is near. First the twitching and tics will become noticeably worse, accompanied by light seizures (1D4 random times a day, lasting 1D4 melee rounds—cannot take any action at all for the duration of the seizure). After 2D6 months of this, the seizures will become more frequent, intense and prolonged (occurring 2D6 random times a day, and lasting as long as 4D6 melees), and the Spirit ‘Borg will suffer uncontrollable tremors of the hands—all the time—making any kind of precise manipulation of objects impossible. He will not be able to hold something in his hand without dropping it, he cannot aim a gun, pick up something on the floor, tie his shoelaces, unlock a door, or even feed himself. His speech will become slurred, unintelligible. Ultimately, these symptoms end in total paralysis, and, although he will be fully conscious and aware of what’s going on around him, he will not be able to move or speak at all.

Once this state is reached, the village Anatquq will then perform the **Inua Release** ceremony upon him, which is a sort of highly-specialized exorcism ritual, that removes all the spirits that had been imprisoned within the character’s body; all powers and abilities are lost, and he becomes a normal human again.

Being a Spirit ‘Borg takes a terrible toll on the body of the host; once the spirits are released, he will age into decrepitude in a matter of minutes. For every year the character spent as a Spirit ‘Borg he will immediately age twelve years upon the spirits’ release from his body. His adventuring days are over. An aged ex-Spirit ‘Borg, one who has finished his “tour of duty,” is held in the absolute highest respect by all Eskimo, especially those of his own village. He will live out his declining days (those few that he has left) in comfort with his family, and among people—many of whom will owe their lives to him—who will consider it a great honor to see to even the most trivial of his daily needs.

Should the Spirit ‘Borg have the extreme misfortune of succumbing to the full-body paralysis while in some other part of the world, or some other dimension, where no one’s ever even *heard* of an Anatquq, well, he has a rather hellish existence to look forward to. If he is alone, and there is no one around to keep feeding him, he will die of starvation in about 1D4+8 months. That’s if he’s lucky. If he’s not so lucky, some charitable but misguided soul will get it into its head to feed the Spirit ‘Borg, in which case he will go on living in this paralyzed state for as long as 500 years, when he will just die of “natural” causes, or until his feeding is stopped.

The Spirit ‘Borg O.C.C.

Alignment: Any, but usually those who are chosen for the Inua conversion are almost always (98%) either principled, scrupulous, or, less frequently, unprincipled.

Attribute Requirements: M.E. of 18 or higher.

Racial Requirements: The Inua-Conversion process will only work on humans and, strangely enough, on Wolfen—although no one is sure why this is. It is *extremely* rare for the Inua-Conversion process to be performed on a non-human, though. So rare that, in all of recorded history, you could count the number of Wolfen Spirit ‘Borgs on two hands.

O.C.C. Abilities and Bonuses:

1. **M.D.C. Transformation:** The character becomes a supernatural creature with 3D4x10+200 M.D.C., adding 2D6 M.D.C. every level. The character also regenerates damage at the rate of 2D4 M.D.C. per minute (or 1D4 M.D.C. every other melee round).
2. **Supernatural Attributes:** P.S. 2D6+20 (supernatural), P.P. 2D6+20, P.E. 2D6+16, P.B. 2D4 and Spd 4D4 x 10. All other attributes are determined normally.
3. **Supernatural Powers:** The Spirit ‘Borg is completely unaffected by normal, non-M.D.C. heat, cold and weapons. Mega-damage and magical cold inflicts half damage. They do not need to breathe, and even though they still need to eat, their digestive systems function with supernatural efficiency, requiring only ¼ of what a normal human their size would need to survive.
4. **Nalussaerunek Senses:** (literally: to not be unconscious of anything) All Spirit ‘Borg are able to see the invisible, see elementals, see spirits, sense evil and sense magic. These powers are always on and require no P.P.E. or I.S.P. expenditure.
5. **Sixth Sense:** As per the psionic power (**Rifts RPG** p.123). This power is always on and has no I.S.P. cost.
6. **Bonuses:** +2 to initiative, +1 to strike, parry and dodge (in addition to hand to hand and attribute bonuses), +3 to pull punch, +3 to roll with impact, +5 to save vs magic (no bonus to save vs exorcism attempts), +2 to save vs psionics and +3 to save vs horror factor. All are in addition to attribute bonuses. Impervious to poisons, toxic gases, drugs and magic potions.
7. **Vulnerabilities and Penalties:** Any form of exorcism spell cast on the character, while not able to separate the spirits from the body (the bond is much too secure), *can* cause pain, and even incapacitate the character. If an opponent performs an exorcism on the character, the character must roll a save vs magic with a –2 penalty; failure means that the Spirit ‘Borg will convulse in spasms of unbelievable agony, limiting him to two actions in the next melee round, imposing a –4 (or –20%) penalty on all of his rolls during that melee round. This pain passes quickly, however, and the Spirit ‘Borg will be back to normal in the next melee round. If the character rolled a 1 for his save, he collapses to the ground in anguish and may not take any action at all that melee round. The exception to this is the Anatquq psi-sorcery power Inua Release.

Spirit ‘Borgs also take double damage from rune weapons, Wormwood crystal magic, and Millennium Tree wands, staves and weapons (good or evil). The bulky outer shell of the Spirit ‘Borg makes prowling somewhat difficult: -15% to all prowling rolls.

O.C.C. Skills:

Native Language at 98%, plus one other language at +10%
Detect Ambush (+10%)
Tracking (+10%)
Climbing (+25%)
Swimming (+15%)
W.P. Archery

W.P. Spear (Harpoon)

W.P. two of choice

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select five other skills. Plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, ten and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: None

Domestic: Any

Electrical: None

Espionage: Any (+5%)

Mechanical: None

Medical: First Aid or Holistic Medicine only

Military: None

Physical: Any (+5% where applicable)

Pilot: None

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Any, except Computer Hacking

Science: None

Technical: Any, except Computer Operation, Computer Programming and
Photography

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+10%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select five secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated in the list.

Standard Equipment: A harpoon, several lengths of sinew-rope, an ice-axe, a set of snowshoes, a small bag for possessions. Will likely begin with an Anatquq-enchanted magical weapon, and possibly an *Arnuaq* amulet (*Poq* animal-charm bags, however, do not work on a Spirit 'Borg). They *can* wear cyber-armor, if they can somehow get hold of a suit of it (not likely).

Upon reaching 5th level, all Spirit 'Borgs are presented with a gift by the Anatquq who made them: one of the magical lances known as *Anguarvikssuaq*. Made from the jawbone of a bowhead whale, the *Anguarvikssuaq* is about 12 feet long (3.6m), and virtually indestructible. Each one has 400 M.D.C., and heals itself of damage at a rate of 1D4x10 M.D.C. per melee round. It does 3D6 M.D., and has the following abilities:

- If separated, a Spirit 'Borg can sense the presence of their *Anguarvikssuaq* anywhere within 5 miles (8 km).
- Monster slayer: causes double damage to supernatural beings and creatures of magic.
- Healing touch: Restores 1D6 S.D.C. and Hit Points, or 1D6 M.D.C. points. Can be performed twice every 24 hour period.
- Circle of Protection. Same as the lesser spell. The *Anguarvikssuaq* must be raised above the head of the Spirit 'Borg, and struck to the ground to initiate this power.
Duration: 5 minutes.

Money: Generally none to begin with.

Cybernetics: May not get any.

Arctic Magic

Eskimo Story-Magic

What is it about legend and myth that electrifies listeners and readers for millennia? What is it about them that boldly imposes their imagery—like a flaming iron brands the calf—on the minds and souls of whole cultures? Whole civilizations? It isn't literal truth, otherwise myths would read like ancient newspaper articles, grocery lists of straight-up facts: "Here is exactly what happened..." Yet, it isn't merely their fantastical nature, or their adroit examination of the human condition, either. It is *something else*. That "something else" is the stuff of which Story-Magic is made.

Eskimo Story-Magic is a strange art, the fundamentals of which even other learned practitioners of magic—men accustomed to dealing with the intricate workings of magic's mysterious energies—find confusing and difficult to grasp. Practitioners of Eskimo Story-Magic work in the grey middle-area between words where the ordinarily sharp dividing line—between the tale and the teller, between reality and invention, between order and chaos—blurs considerably. One of the reasons most foreign magic-users have a hard time grasping the idea of Story-Magic is that while the magical results of the Storyspells remain uniform and standard, the stories themselves are all *different*. They vary from Story-Fisher to Story-Fisher. A student of Story-Magic must be able to tell his own tales, to tell them his own way, to be considered deserving of the powers of a Story-Fisher.

All the versions of a particular Storyspell, all the different ways that different Story-Fishers tell it, are, in general, variations on a theme. One Story-Fisher's version of the Storyspell "The Day Auks Took Away Eernilik" may be quite different—perhaps involving a sub-plot about Eernilik's bereft wife—from another Story-Fisher's version of the same tale, who might instead choose to place emphasis on Eernilik's laziness as a hunter. Another version might not even reference his wife, may completely refrain from making any judgments about his hunting ability, and instead emphasize some other aspect of the tale; it all depends on the attitude of the Story-Fisher: his approach to storytelling, his temperament, his personal perspective on the theme of the tale, and his alignment all play a part in how the tale unfolds. There are two sides to every story, so to speak.

There are 8 main varieties of Storyspells: **Beast Stories**, which concern the summoning and manipulation of animals; **Fighting Stories**, which directly cause damage to an enemy; **Stories About People**, which alter the abilities of a person in ways that are either negative or beneficial; **Stories About Things**, which alter inanimate objects the way Stories About People alter human beings; **Hunting Stories**, which, obviously, aid in the hunt; **Journey Stories**, which make traveling easier; **Epics** are the longest, most complex and powerful Storyspells there are, and have a variety of different effects; **Ballads** are continuous, unending Storyspells that mostly assist allies in battle.

Storyspeak — How Tales Are Told Quickly:

An even odder aspect of Story-Magic is that the Story-Fisher doesn't actually have to recite the whole story himself. Indeed, if he had to speak them in their entirety, most of the stories would take too long in the telling to be useful or convenient, at least in a combat sense (imagine a "Fourteen with One Stroke" Storyspell that took fifteen minutes to recite; the fight would be over already). Ask any one of these obscure magicians, and he will assure you that he does not necessarily control or create the stories he speaks, but can only be said to be their keeper or custodian, as the stories are, in themselves, "living spirits" (just how metaphorically this is meant is a subject the Story-Fishers have always remained extraordinarily vague on). The Story-Fisher will say only that they help "unpack" each story, and these living spirits, the stories, when "unpacked" by the Story-Fisher, will *tell themselves*.

Seeming to speak only a few words himself, the Story-Fisher, while "unpacking" (casting) his magic, is surrounded by a loud wave of the unintelligible, gibbering hiss that is *Storyspeak*—the spirits of the stories who do the actual telling during melee combat, or if the Story-Fisher has been rendered physically unable to speak, or is simply pressed for time. When not in combat, the Story-Fisher will *always* take the time to recite the full story himself, which can take anywhere from five minutes to several hours, depending on the story's complexity.

All Story-Fishers will "know" *all* the stories listed in this section—but "knowing" a story, and being able to "unpack" the magic beneath a *Storyspell*, are two very different things. "When Animals Talked Like People," for example, is a very common story, and is known by virtually anyone who ever sat around an igloo listening to their family swapping tales. Many children, probably having heard it over and over again, will be able to recite it in its entirety. This does *not* mean that just anyone can unlock the pattern of magic that underlies the literal words of the story—that is something only the Story-Fisher can do. Similarly, even though every Story-Fisher knows the *story* of "The Girl Who Watched in the Nighttime," he does not necessarily know the *Storyspell* that lies beneath the words—the arcane inner-workings of the tale and how to release its magic.

A note about "Telling Time": This indicates how long each story takes to recite (long-form/short-form), meaning how long it takes to cast. The first half (before the slash) of the entry is how long the story takes to recite ordinarily, in the Story-Fisher's native language. This is something like ritual magic, reducing the target's chances of making the saving throw, but increasing the casting time considerably.

The second half (after the slash) of the entry is the number of melee actions or rounds the story takes to recite in the dense, compressed *Storyspeak* language. Some stories that are inherently too long or too complex, intended to be understood by an audience, or simply not meant for combat, cannot possibly be shortened to less than their full reciting time, and will not have a number in the second half of the entry, having instead an entry of "NA" (not applicable) following the slash.

Base Saving Throw: 12, same as regular magic when telling a tale in Storyspeak, the short-form used for melee combat. Telling a Storyspell in its entirety, the long-form, is similar to ritual magic, and has a base saving throw of 16.

Alphabetical List of Magic Storyspells

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Ballad of the Arssartut (36) — pg. 113
Ballad of Giviok (6) — pg. 112
Ballad of Kinigseq (25) — pg. 113
Ballad of Kuloscap (150) — pg. 114
Ballad of Wenebojo (20) — pg. 113
Fourteen With One Stroke (18) — pg. 100
The Gift of Big Skunk (4) — pg. 108
The Gift of Old Wolf (5) — pg. 109
The Girl Who Watched All Night (7) — pg. 109
Go Away (35) — pg. 110
He Looked Into the Sun and Went Crazy (50) — pg. 105
How Ivaluardjuk Wasn't Really Dead, Only Sleeping (545) — pg. 111
How the Snow Turned to Light (3) — pg. 107
How There Became Here (15) — pg. 109
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One Day a Strength Contest Happened (15) — pg. 105
The Sons of Kinigseq All Had Hands Made of Fire (20) — pg. 101
Sorartog! This Is Broken! (22) — pg. 101
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Stories About An Animal (special) — pg. 97
They Fight Like Dogs (24) — pg. 102
What Has Happened to Tingmiaq? (125) — pg. 106
When Animals Talked Like People (7) — pg. 97
Where the Wife of Igisuk Hid Where No One Could Find Her (10) — pg. 104
Why This Thing is Closed and No One Can Open It (10) — pg. 108

Storyspells by Level

Level One

The Gift of Big Skunk (4)
How the Snow Turned to Light (3)
Qasiagssaq, The Great Liar (3)

Level Two

The Gift of Old Wolf (5)
When Animals Talked Like People (6)

Level Three

The Ballad of Giviok (6)

The Girl Who Watched All Night (7)
The Most Obstinate Man Who Ever Lived (7)

Level Four

Awaliarutak Was Awake All Night (20)
Where the Wife of Igisuk Hid Where No One Could Find Her (10)
Why This Thing is Closed and No One Can Open It (10)

Level Five

Fourteen With One Stroke (18)
How There Became Here (15)
Soruseq Cannot Do It (14)
Stories About an Animal (special)

Level Six

The Ballad of Wenebojo (20)
One Day a Strength Contest Happened (15)

Level Seven

The Ballad of Kinigseq (25)
The Sons of Kinigseq All Had Hands Made of Fire (20)
Sorartog! This Is Broken! (22)

Level Eight

Ballad of the Arssartut (36)
Go Away (35)

Level Nine

He Looked Into the Sun and Went Crazy (50)
They Fight Like Dogs

Level Ten

The Man Who Ate the Weather (180)

Level Eleven

The Ballad of Kuloscap (150)

Level Twelve

The Micmac Women Who Married the Stars in the Sky (140)
What Has Happened to Tingmiaq? (125)

Level Thirteen

How Ivaluardjuk Wasn't Really Dead, Only Sleeping (545)

Storyspell Descriptions

Beast Stories

When Animals Talked Like People

Level: 2nd

Range: 150 feet (46 m)

Duration: 10 minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: 6 minutes/2 melee rounds

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 6

There was a time—The Way-Back-Time—when animals used to talk like men. I don't know why they stopped, but they did. Now only some animals remember how to talk the human way.

This allows a single animal to speak in a language of the caster's choosing—limited only by the languages the caster himself knows (i.e. if the caster can't speak American, he cannot make a skunk speak it either). It works on just about all land and sea animals native to Earth, but not on things like insects, plant-life, monsters, demons or anything else that is either nonintelligent or possessed of a mind that is too alien to comprehend most human concepts (e.g. a Xitixic).

It should be known, however, that this Storyspell does nothing to improve the intelligence level of the target creature, and will definitely not make it into an interesting conversationalist. For the most part, this story is used only to garner basic information from an animal, although there is no guarantee that it is going to feel like answering questions, or is going to feel like answering them correctly, or is even going to be friendly (just because you can talk to a polar bear doesn't mean he necessarily wants to talk to *you*—this story does not calm enraged or attacking beasts). After a while, a Story-Fisher gets to know which animals it is worthwhile to put questions to, and which ones are a waste of time and P.P.E. The overall temperament of the animal is usually a good indicator of whether or not it would be useful to speak to. Birds and woolly mammoth are, for the most part, polite and helpful; wolves and wolverines are not. Reindeer are skittish and evasive; walrus are belligerent. (Incidentally, wolverines, for a reason long forgotten when the world was still young, always refer to humans as “brother-in-law” or “sister-in-law”).

Statements from the animals and their answers to questioning will be curt, and not very elaborate. Generally on the order of: “No, I did not see a man in a kayak go by in the last hour,” or: “Yes, I have seen an igloo around here somewhere,” or: “This water is very warm today.”

Stories About an Animal

Level: 5th

Range: 2 ft per level of caster

Duration: 10 minutes, +6 minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: 20 minutes/special

P.P.E.: Special

This is not one story, but a catch-all category of Storyspells that bring into being a Story Animal, which appears to be a “real” animal in every way, and behaves exactly as a

real animal of its type would. Nevertheless, these Story Animals are fabricated by the Story-Fisher, radiating a definite aura of magic, and will obey his every command. It will have the maximum S.D.C. and hit points common to that type of animal. The Story Animal can be used to fight, distract, or, since the Story-Fisher is aware of all its senses and perceptions, to spy. No more than a single Story Animal can be maintained by the Story-Fisher at any one time. If destroyed, the Story-Animal will seem to evaporate into thin air as if it never existed (and it didn't, did it?).

The P.P.E. cost for these stories is related to how quickly the Story-Fisher needs the animal. It costs 5 P.P.E. if the Story-Fisher tells it long-form, taking about 20 minutes; for 11 P.P.E. he can compress it to 5 minutes; for 20 P.P.E. to 1 minute; and he can compress the story all the way down to one melee action for a cost of 38 P.P.E.—although an animal created with a story so compressed will only remain for half the regular duration time.

Also, for an extra 55 P.P.E., a mega-damage Story Animal can be created, having an M.D.C. equivalent to its S.D.C., causing mega-damage with its attacks. If the animal has no S.D.C. (like the Arctic Hare) it will have M.D.C. equal to half its hit points.

Only animals indigenous to the Arctic zone may be created using these stories. Whales may not be created with this spell.

Some Brief Arctic Animal Descriptions:

Bear: Grizzly: The same size and behavior as a real grizzly bear. 120 hit points, 80 S.D.C. Bite does 1D8+6 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws 2D6+8 damage, pouncing/ram does 2D6+4 and has a 1-62% chance of knocking its opponents down (victim loses initiative and one melee attack), but counts as two attacks. Four attacks per melee. +2 to strike and parry, +1 to dodge. Average Spd is 16 (11 mph/17 kmph) but can run in bursts of Spd 33 (20 mph/32 kmph) for up to 15 minutes.

Bear: Polar: The same size and behavior as a real polar bear. 135 hit points, 80 S.D.C. Bite does 2D6+10 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws 1D6+6 damage, pouncing/ram does 2D6+4 and has a 1-62% chance of knocking its opponent down (victim loses initiative and one melee attack), but counts as two attacks. Four attacks per melee round. +2 to strike and parry, +1 to dodge. Average Spd is 16 (11 mph/17 kmph) but can run in bursts of Spd 33 (20 mph/32 kmph) for up to 15 minutes. Swim 80%.

Bird: Arctic Tern, Auk, Auklet, Bluejay, Bluethroat, Bunting, Canvasback, Cormorant, Dovekie, Dunlin, Eider Duck, Fulmar, Gadwall, Guillemot, Gull, Kittiwake, Magpie, Merganser, Murre, Northern Wheatear, Phalarope, Ptarmigan, Puffin, Raven, Scaup, Skua, Svalbard Grouse, Tundra Swan, Water Ouzel, Whimbrel: The same size and behavior as the real animals. 7–12 hit points and no S.D.C. Bite 1D2 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws inflict 1D4 damage, and diving claw attack 1D4+2 damage, but counts as two attacks. Two attacks per melee round, +1 to strike and parry and +4 to dodge. Average airspeed is about 50, roughly 35 mph (56 km). Nightvision 300 feet (91.5 m), exceptional vision and hearing, and track by smell 65%.

Bird of Prey: Gyrfalcon, Jaeger, Peregrine Falcon, Sea Eagle, Snowy Owl: The same size and behavior as the real animals. 16 hit points and no S.D.C. Bite 1D6 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws inflict 1D4+2 damage, and a diving claw attack 2D4+2, but counts as two attacks. Three attacks per melee, +2 to strike and parry, +1 to dodge. Average Spd flying is 50, about 35 mph (56 kmph). Nightvision 300 feet (91.5 m), exceptional vision and hearing, and track by smell 65%.

Canine: Arctic Fox or Small Dog: The same size and behavior as the real

animals. 24 hit points and 10 S.D.C. Bite does 1D6+4 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws do 1D4 damage. Three attacks per melee round, +1 to strike and parry, +4 to dodge. Average Spd is 22 but can run in bursts of Spd 50 (35 mph/56 km) for up to 30 minutes.

Canine: Wolf or Sled Dog: The same size and behavior as the real animals. 48 hit points and 40 S.D.C. Bite does 2D6+5 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws 1D4 damage. Three attacks per melee round. +3 to strike, +1 to parry, +6 to dodge. Average speed is 50, roughly 35 mph (56 km) and can run at that speed for 2D4 hours. Track by smell 85%, swim 65%, prowl 50%, keen vision and hearing, and Nightvision 30 ft (9 m).

Caribou, Moose, Reindeer, or Svalbard Reindeer: The same size and behavior as the real animals. It can be ridden by the Story-Fisher who created it. 65 hit points and 60 S.D.C. Kick does 1D6+2 S.D.C. damage, gore/charge does 2D6+4 damage, but counts as two attacks. Three attacks per melee round. +1 to strike and parry, +2 to dodge. Average speed is 50, roughly 35 mph (56 km).

Ermine, Ferret, Marten, Mink or Skunk: The same size and behavior as the real animals. 12 hit points and no S.D.C. Bite and slashing claws inflict 1D4 S.D.C. Three attacks per melee round. +1 to strike and parry, and +4 to dodge. Average Spd is 10. Nightvision 40 ft (12.2 m), exceptional vision and hearing, track by smell 65%, climb 50%, prowl 65%, and swim 70%. Skunk can squirt a putrid-smelling musk onto a target that adds a +40% bonus to all future attempts to track that target by smell until the musk is washed off, which is a very difficult thing to do.

Feline: Lynx: The same size and behavior as a real lynx. 42 hit points, 40 S.D.C. Bite does 1D6 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws 2D4+3 damage. Four attacks per melee. +3 to strike and parry, +4 to dodge. Average Spd is 22, about 15 mph (24 km) but can run in bursts at a speed of 30 mph (48 km) for 1D4 minutes. Swim 44%, prowl 86%, climb 90%, keen vision and hearing, and Nightvision 60 feet (18.3 m).

Musk Ox: The same size and behavior as a real Musk Ox. It can be ridden by the Story-Fisher who created it. 80 hit points and 75 S.D.C. Two attacks per melee, gore with horns inflicts 2D6 damage, and a ramming charge/trample inflicts 4D6 damage and has an 80% likelihood of knocking opponents weighing less than 500 pounds to the ground, causing them to lose initiative and one melee attack (counts as two attacks). Average Spd is 14, about 9.5 mph (15 kmph), but can run as fast as 21 mph (33 kmph) for up to 3 hours without tiring. Keen hearing and sense of smell, good vision.

Otter: The same size and behavior as a real otter. 20 hit points and 10 S.D.C.. Bite and slashing claws inflict 1D4+1 S.D.C. Three attacks per melee round. +2 to strike and parry, and +3 to dodge. Average Spd is 10. Nightvision 55 ft (m), exceptional vision and hearing, track by smell 55%, climb 30%, prowl 65%, swim 85%.

Rabbit, Arctic Hare, Snowshoe Hare, Tundra Hare: The same size (small) and behavior (jumpy) as a real rabbit. 10 hit points and no S.D.C. Bite inflicts 1D2 points of damage. Three attacks per melee, +1 to strike and parry, and +5 to dodge. Average Spd is 14. Nightvision 40 feet (12.2 m), exceptional vision and hearing, track by smell 45%, prowl 55%.

Sabre-Toothed Tiger: The same size and behavior as a real sabre-toothed tiger. 70 hit points and 90 S.D.C. Four attacks per melee. Bite does 3D6 S.D.C. damage, slashing claws do 2D6 damage. +3 to strike and parry, +4 to dodge. Average Spd is 22, about 15 mph (24 kmph), but can run in bursts at a speed of 25 mph (40 kmph) for 2D6 minutes. Track by smell 70%, swim 50%, prowl 70%, climb 30%, keen vision and hearing, and Nightvision 60 feet (18.3 m).

Seal: Bearded Seal, Gray Seal, Harp Seal, Hooded Seal, Ribbon Seal, Ringed

Seal, Sea Lion, Spotted Seal: The same size and behavior as the real animals. 40 hit points and 38 S.D.C. Bite does 1D6 S.D.C. damage. Three attacks per melee. +2 to strike and parry, +2 to dodge. Average land speed is 10, but can swim at speeds up to 35 mph (56 km). Swim 98%. Keen hearing, Nightvision 30 feet (9.1 m).

Spider (non-poisonous, the Arctic has no poisonous breeds): One to three inches in diameter (76 mm maximum). One hit point and no S.D.C. Bite does one point of damage. Two attacks per melee, Spd 10 and can climb most surfaces except glass or highly polished metal.

Walrus: The same size and behavior as a real walrus. 50 hit points and 70 S.D.C. Bite/stabbing tusks does 3D6 damage, head butt does 1D6, ram does 2D4+2 and has a 65% chance of knocking its opponent down, causing the victim to lose initiative and one attack (counts as two melee attacks). Three attacks per melee. +2 to strike, +1 to dodge and parry. Average land speed is 10, but can swim at speeds up to 30 mph (48 km). Swim 92%. Keen hearing, Nightvision 30 feet (9.1 m).

Woolly Mammoth: The same size and behavior as a real mammoth. It can be ridden by the Story-Fisher who created it. 100 hit points and 95 S.D.C. Three attacks per melee round. Tusk inflicts 2D6+6 S.D.C. damage, strike from trunk 1D6, leg kick/stomp 3D6+6, head butt 3D6+6, and a ramming charge and trample inflicts 6D6+6 damage and has an 80% likelihood of knocking opponents weighing less than 1,000 pounds to the ground, causing them to lose initiative and one melee attack (counts as two melee attacks). Average Spd is 10, about 5 mph (8 kmph), but can run as fast as 35 mph (56 kmph) for up to 30 minutes. Keen hearing and sense of smell, good vision, Nightvision 40 feet (12.2 m), swim 60% and has a prehensile trunk.

Wolverine: The same size and behavior as a real wolverine. 30 hit points and 10 S.D.C. Bite or slashing claws do 1D6+2 S.D.C. damage. Three attacks per melee. +1 to strike and parry, and +3 to dodge. Average Spd is 12. Nightvision 50 feet (15.2 m), track by smell 65% and dig 5 feet (1.5m) per minute.

Fighting Stories

Fourteen With One Stroke

Level: 5th

Range: 150 feet (45.7 m) plus 5 feet (1.5 m) per level of the caster

Duration: Instant

Telling Time: Three minutes / Three melee actions

Saving Throw: Dodge

P.P.E.: 18

This Storyspell shoots out fourteen bolts of mystic energy that do 1D4+1 points of mega-damage per target. The catch is that only one bolt may hit any one target. If the Story-Fisher uses this spell on two targets, one bolt will strike each target, causing 1D4+1 points of damage to each, and the other twelve will fly off, not hitting anything. If he uses it on nine targets, nine will be hit (unless they dodge), the other four bolts wasted. The only exception is when the target is extraordinarily large, seventy feet long or longer, like an iceberg (or, say, a Ten-Legged Polar Bear). While the energy bolts won't all hit the same spot, striking at random points all over the target, none will fly off unused.

The Sons of Kinigseq All Had Hands Made of Fire

Level: 7th

Range: Self

Duration: Five minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: Ten minutes / Five melee actions

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 20

Kinigseq was a great wizard, so strong with magic that when his sons were born their hands were burning all the time but it did not hurt them.

This Fighting Story causes the hands of the teller to burst into vividly red mystical flame, enabling them to inflict mega-damage with their hand-to-hand attacks. Damage is figured by taking the ordinary S.D.C. damage that that person would inflict with an attack (including P.S. bonuses), multiplying it by two, and making it MEGA-DAMAGE. Since it is magical fire, damage against a Windigo is tripled (e.g. a Story-Fisher who usually delivers 1D4+3 S.D.C per punch would, for the duration of the story's effects, do 2D4+6 M.D.; or, against a Windigo, 6D4+18 M.D.). This damage bonus is not applied to kicks, head-butts, knee/elbow attacks or any other hand-to-hand attacks other than punches.

This fire can be used to melt through mega-damage material, causing 5D6 M.D. points for every melee round that the hands are held *consistently* on the target—touching it for the full fifteen seconds. Also, the light that these fires give off is rather bright, and will illuminate an area surrounding the Story-Fisher out to a radius of 45 feet.

Sorartog! This Is Broken!

Level: 7th

Range: 100 feet (30.5m) per level of experience

Duration: One minute per level of experience

Telling Time: Five minutes / Two melee actions

Saving Throw: -2 penalty

P.P.E.: 22

Once, Pagneq was attacked by a polar bear. He tried to shoot it, but his rifle wouldn't shoot. He cried 'Sorartog' just before dying. He should have thought to check the safety. Pagneq wasn't a smart man.

This Storyspell—always told with a comical slant at the expense of poor Pagneq—is useful if an opponent has a combat advantage because of a powerful weapon: it convinces him that the weapon is somehow broken or out of ammunition. The opponent will put the weapon away and continue his attack with the next most logical weapon. If he has no other weapon, he will attack with his fists.

If the opponent is not using a weapon, but casting magic, he will believe himself out of P.P.E. (or, if using psionics, out of I.S.P.). Multiple castings are not possible. If this Storyspell is cast on the same person twice, the second casting nullifies the first, and he will switch back to his original weapon.

They Fight Like Dogs

Level: 9th

Area of Effect: A circle, centered on the caster, with a radius of 40 feet (12.2m) per level of caster's experience

Duration: Two melee rounds per level of experience

Telling Time: Twenty minutes / Six melee actions

Saving Throw: Standard

P.P.E.: 24

They were smart men, but they fought like stupid animals—with their hands and with their feet. If they had used their heads, they might have won.

This Fighting Story reduces all enemies in the area of effect to bestial, snarling madmen, gripped with a blind rage. All affected enemies receive a –1 penalty to strike and a +3 bonus to damage. This storyspell also causes enemies to be so blinded by fury that they are incapable of doing anything that requires much human brainpower—like use psionics or cast spells. *They Fight Like Dogs* is an effective way of dealing with powerful spellcasters—when affected, the enemy will simply stop casting spells and charge forth, kicking, biting and clawing like a beast. Luckily, most magic-users aren't very tough in hand-to-hand combat, and they are dispatched easily enough.

They Fight Like Dogs has no effect on unintelligent constructs (like golems or robots), monsters with innate spellcasting abilities, and creatures of markedly less than human intelligence.

Stories About People

Qasiagssaq, The Great Liar

Level: 1st

Range: Self, or touch

Duration: Twenty minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: 5 minutes / NA

Saving Throw: None (or Standard if the target is unwilling)

P.P.E.: 3

Qasiagssaq was such a skilled liar that he could tell people all kinds of lies and they would believe anything he said.

This Storyspell is used to change a character's aura to send out false messages to anyone who can read auras. Alterations include:

- General level of experience can be made to seem much lower (up to four levels) or much higher (up to eight levels) than it actually is.
- Conceal the presence of psionic powers.
- Make a non-psionic character appear to have the aura of a powerful psychic
- Disguise the level of base P.P.E. (seems to be up to 50% lower, or 100% higher).
- Conceal the presence of magic.
- Make a non-magic-using character appear to have an aura of magic.
- Conceal the use of shapeshifting from those able to detect a creature's true form.

The Most Obstinate Man Who Ever Lived

Level: 3rd

Range: Self or touch

Duration: 5 minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: 1D6 + 12 minutes / 1 melee round

Saving Throw: None—may not be used on an unwilling target

P.P.E.: 7

There was a man—his name was Uteritsoq, but that doesn't matter—who would never listen to what anyone told him. He was never able to hear good things, but he never heard bad things, either.

For the duration of this Storyspell, the caster is endowed with a cast-iron will that allows him to simply *refuse* all kinds of psychic penetration. He is thereby made completely impervious to telepathy, empathy, hypnotic suggestion and empathic transfer. He receives a +2 bonus to save vs all other psychic and mental attacks, and those magical attacks that affect the mind. In addition, he is afforded a +5 bonus to save vs possession.

The drawback is that for the duration of this Storyspell, the target is unable to use *any* psionic powers, and, due to the unusual state of concentration brought about by the spell, is rendered deaf and mute. All further Storyspell casting for the duration of this effect must be accomplished in Storyspeak—by letting the spirits tell the story for him.

Awaliarutak Was Awake All Night

Level: 4th

Range: Self

Duration: Two days per level of the caster, +1D4 days

Telling Time: Twenty minutes / No short form

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 20

Awaliarutak and Old Owl had a contest to see who could stay awake longer. Awaliarutak won, but he died right after.

This Storyspell endows the caster with unearthly endurance. No matter how much work he does, the character never feels tired or fatigued. He can run at full speed for the duration of the storyspell and never get winded. He does not need to sleep. A fifteenth level character can remain alert and active for over a month straight!

After the duration has elapsed, the character will be completely exhausted and will collapse for 2 days plus 6D4 hours of uninterrupted sleep. If the character is awoken before this time is up, he will be extremely groggy: -7 penalty to all rolls.

Where the Wife of Igisuk Hid Where No One Could Find Her

Level: 4th

Range: Self

Duration: Five minutes per level of the caster

Telling Time: Eight minutes / Six melee actions

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 10

The wife of Igisuk was standing right there where everyone could have seen if anyone thought to look for her. No one did, though. And no one saw her.

This bizarre Storyspell causes the caster to become almost like a one-dimensional being. Length and width are reduced to a bare fraction of an inch, and the character looks like a string of black thread, roughly human-sized in height, sticking straight up. When standing against a wall or rock, unmoving, the character is effectively invisible. Every yard per round that the character moves will cumulatively increase his visibility by 1%. (e.g. if the character moves 7 yards in a given round, his visibility is 7%).

Also, a character under the effects of this spell can move in spaces too small for

any human to get through, and even through locked doors by passing through the crack between the door and the doorframe (pressure-doors, however, cannot be circumvented in such a way). While in this form, the character's P.S. is reduced to 1. He may not attack physically, magically, or psionically, may not parry attacks and has no bonus to roll with punch or impact. However, he receives a +8 bonus to dodge. Up to 20 pounds of clothing and equipment on the character's person can be rendered semi-dimensional with him.

While good for hiding, it is not so effective for skulking. The effects of this Storyspell reduce the caster's movement rate to a twentieth of its normal pace (i.e. a character's Spd attribute number then indicates the number of yards, instead of yards multiplied by 20, that the character can move per melee round).

Soruseq Cannot Do It

Level: 5th

Range: 10 feet (3.5m) per level of experience

Duration: 6 hours per level of experience

Telling Time: 1D6 minutes / 4 melee actions

Saving Throw: Standard

P.P.E.: 14

Soruseq

This brief tale causes a person (or intelligent creature) to think himself incapable of one single action specified by the caster. It can be a physical action, (thinks that he is unable to drive a car), or something more abstract (thinks that he is unable to accept women as equals). Both can have equally distressing consequences.

The enchantment from this Storyspell will not cause anyone to endanger their own lives, or those of others. If, because of the enchantment, a person's life or health is threatened, he will realize at the last moment that he can, in fact, do it (whatever *it* is). The instinct for self-preservation always overrides this Storyspell.

One Day a Strength Contest Happened

Level: 6th

Range: Self, or others by touch

Duration: Special

Telling Time: Fifteen + 1D6 minutes / 2 melee actions

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 15

Ayaje and Midaswe were neighbors. They were both very strong. They sat down together to see which one was the stronger one. Each one held out their arm and said: Are you ready?

This stirring and proud (and, in some hands, comical) Storyspell magically adds three points per level of the Story-Fisher to a character's P.S. attribute, to a maximum P.S. of 55. which, for the duration of this Storyspell, is considered supernatural. The catch is this: every time the character with the enhanced strength is attacking hand-to-hand, and his attack *misses*, he must roll a saving throw vs magic with a -3 penalty. Failure means that the superhuman strength is gone. Success means that the character still has the strength, at least until he misses another attack, at which time he must roll another saving throw.

The effects of this Storyspell last until the character misses both an attack and the

accompanying saving throw, or one minute per level of the Story-Fisher. Whichever comes first.

He Looked Into the Sun and Went Crazy

Level: 9th

Range: 5 feet per level of the caster

Duration: Three minutes per level of the caster / special

Telling Time: Fifteen minutes / two melee rounds

Saving Throw: Standard

P.P.E.: 50

You shouldn't look into the sun. Eviksheen did once, and he never came back to his senses. There was nothing anyone could do for him.

This Storyspell deprives its victim of the senses of sight, hearing, taste and smell (the only sense he retains is touch) and renders him incapable of speech. His isolated mind will be deluged by horrific, phantasmagorical images taken from his own memories; causing him to relive nightmares of the most grotesquely inflated sort. As if that weren't nasty enough, after the duration of the spell is elapsed, and the victim's senses have returned to him, he is left with some lingering mental problems! For 2 days per level of the caster, the victim retains 1D4 Random Insanities (1-50) or Phobias (51-00) that can be found in the **Rifts RPG** pp. 19-20.

Creatures of below-human intelligence (animals and stupid monsters) are immune to this Storyspell. Intelligent creatures that are immune to horror factor are likewise not affected by this Storyspell, although bonuses to save vs horror factor do not apply in the saving throw for this magical effect.

The Micmac Women Who Married the Stars in the Sky

Level: 12th

Range: 100 feet (30.5m) per level of experience

Area of Effect: A circle with a diameter of 20 feet (6.1m) per level of experience

Duration: One melee rounds per level of experience

Telling Time: Twenty minutes / one melee round

Saving Throw: Standard

P.P.E.: 140

There were two Micmac women who wished that they could each marry one of the stars. The next morning, they woke up in a bed in the heavens, next to their new husbands. When they looked at their new star husbands, their eyes burst into flame and their bodies burned to ash. You cannot get that close to stars and live. Their husbands were very sad.

There are two versions of this Storyspell. The first, which resembles the synopsis given above, has each of the wives exploding into nothingness as soon as they set eyes on their celestial husbands. The other version has them living happily ever after. The Story-Fisher must decide which version he wants to tell. He cannot tell both, nor can he learn the magic behind both. He has to pick one version and stick with it. Each version has different effects.

Version 1: Just as the Micmac wives burst into flame, this version causes fiery silver energy to rain down from the heavens, striking the Story-Fisher's enemies. Every round that an enemy remains in the area of effect of this Storyspell, he has a 50% chance

of being struck by one of the energy bolts. Each bolt does 1D6 M.D. per level of the caster, and drains the victim of 2D6 P.P.E. and 2D4 I.S.P. The victim is allowed a save versus magic to halve the damage. There is no saving throw for the P.P.E. and I.S.P. loss. The silvery energy automatically blinds all undead; no saving throw.

Version 2: Silvery energy rains down from the heavens, but strikes all of the Story-Fisher's allies. While in the area of effect, there is a 50% chance that any of the Story-Fisher's allies will be struck by one of these healing bolts. When struck, the person is healed of 1D6 S.D.C. & Hit Points (or 1D4 M.D.C., if a supernatural creature) per level of the caster. They are relieved of all fatigue and exhaustion. They also receive a temporary +1 bonus to all of their saving throws that lasts five minutes.

What Has Happened to Tingmiaq?

Level: 12th

Range: Touch or 20ft (6m)

Duration: 3 days per level of experience, or until Remove Curse is performed on victim

Telling Time: 2D4x10 minutes / 1 melee round

Saving Throw: Standard (-2 penalty if storyspell is told long-form)

P.P.E.: 125

Tingmiaq used to be the same person everyday. Now no one knows what has happened to him. He is a different person all the time!

This strange storyspell, basically just a storyspell curse, causes the victim to undergo radical shifts of temperament in very short spans of time. Once per day, the victim must roll once on the Disposition table (**Rifts RPG**, p. 18), and once on the Sentiments Towards Non-Humans table (same page). This is the victim's new personality for the day, and the player **MUST** role-play the character as such. Moreover, the victim must also roll 1D2 (flip a coin) times on the Random Insanity Table (the one at the top of the right-hand column on p. 19 of the **Rifts RPG**).

As if that weren't bad enough, the victim must also roll once on the Family Origin table (p. 19 of **Rifts RPG**). The results of this roll do not physically alter the victim at all, only his *perception of himself*. For example, if the roll is: Earth Mutant with Long, Monkey-Like Tail, the victim will not grow a tail, but he will steadfastly *believe* that he does in fact have a monkey tail—no matter what anyone tells him. This may lead to moderately destructive behavior (in the case of someone who believes he has a tail, he may attempt to cut a hole in the bottom of his Body Armor to accommodate this "tail").

The next day, the victim's disposition will once more change, and he must roll on all the tables again. This Storyspell will **NOT** cause the victim to change his alignment in any way, but aside from that, the person will seem to be a completely different person—or, at least, he will *believe* he is a different person. This can make things extremely difficult for the other players.

It is somewhat difficult to get victims of this spell to consent to undergoing a Remove Curse ritual. Victims of this spell will believe that they have *always* been this way, and they think their friends are playing a joke on them by telling them otherwise. Victims of this spell will actively *resist* a Remove Curse spell, some to the point of physically threatening their friends (depending on the character's alignment).

Stories About Things

How the Snow Turned to Light

Level: 1st

Range: 90 ft (27.4 m)

Duration: 5 minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: 5 minutes / 1 melee action

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 3

This Storyspell causes an area of snow or ice to glow with a vivid, ghostly luminescence, bluish in color. The area affected is equivalent to 100 sq ft (10ft x 10ft) per level of experience, and moves with the caster as he moves. Of course, a brightly lit patch of such size can be spotted from a long way off in the nighttime. In the eventuality that the caster does not wish to be quite so visible, this Storyspell can affect smaller areas, making “lanterns” out of a small quantity of ice or snow that the caster would carry. Telling the Storyspell in long-form doubles the duration of the magic.

Why This Thing is Closed and No One Can Open It

Level: 4th

Range: Touch

Duration: Two days per level of experience (One week per level if the Storyspell is told long-form, taking twenty minutes.)

Telling Time: Twenty minutes / Three melee rounds

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 10

This simple Storyspell causes a specific closable object (door, window, tent flap, jar, locket, zipper, collar, disk drive, toilet seat cover, etc.) to remain sealed shut, no matter how much physical force is exerted upon it. The only way to open it is to break it. The item is always openable by the Story-Fisher who performed the incantation in the first place, and by whomever else the Story-Fisher wishes. The mage can also create a “password” for the incantation, to act as a sort of key to let certain people open the item.

One particularly useful application of this Storyspell is the sealing of books or important papers. A simple sheet of paper, folded in half, cannot be unfolded when under the effects of this enchantment, ensuring that an important message may not be read by prying eyes.

Hunting Stories

The Gift of Big Skunk

Level: 1st

Range: 40 feet (12.2 m)

Duration: Instantaneous

Telling Time: Three minutes / 1 melee action

Saving Throw: Dodge, Save vs nonlethal poison

P.P.E.: 4

This rather humorous Storyspell causes a jet of loathsome, putrid-smelling spray to issue from the Story-Fisher, which can cause vomiting, dry heaves, watering eyes and a kind of general dread. Targets of this spray must roll a save vs nonlethal poison or suffer a

penalty of -2 to strike, parry and dodge (those who fail their saves with a natural roll of 1 will also have their speed halved). The target may attempt to dodge (with a -3 penalty) but, obviously, may not parry the spray. The duration for this effect is 2 melees per level of experience of the caster.

The foul spray, even if the target does not succumb to its offensive fumes, will, on any successful hit, “mark” the target. Any attempt to track this “marked” person by scent will be +45%. The duration of the “marking” is two days per level of the caster, as this unwholesome juice is *extremely* difficult to wash off, and conventional soap and water will have no effect. The secret—for those of you unaware—is a bath of *tomato juice*, which will get the stink out in a matter of hours. Where the characters get a bath of tomato juice is their problem.

The spray can affect more than one target at a time, as it issues forth in a cone that, at its widest (the end of its 40 ft range), covers an area of 15 feet—and any number of poor souls who happen to be standing within that 15 ft area.

Telling this Storyspell in longform, rather than Storyspeak, ensures that the spray will be that much more horrible smelling. Apply a -2 penalty to target’s save vs poison, and add an additional +15% to any attempts to Track by Scent.

The Gift of Old Wolf

Level: 2nd

Range: Self, or other by touch

Duration: 10 minutes per level of the caster

Telling Time: 4D4 minutes / 2 melee rounds

Saving Throw: None (standard if the target is for some reason unwilling)

P.P.E.: 5

This Storyspell bestows the ability of Track by Scent upon a single character. This ability has a base proficiency of 80%. Also, the character will be able to move through even the deepest of snow drifts *at his normal Spd*, without snowshoes of any sort to aid him.

The Girl Who Watched All Night

Level: 3rd

Range: 100 feet (30.5 m)

Duration: 1 minute per level of experience

Telling Time: 5 minutes / 1 melee round

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 7

Every night the girl refused to sleep. Instead, she sat up all night looking for Old Weasel to return. He didn’t come back, but she became very good at seeing in the dark.

This tragically-themed Storyspell temporarily enables the character to see with the supernaturally acute **Nalussaerunek Senses** that many paranormal beings in the Arctic have. For the duration of this Storyspell, the character has Nightvision, and can See the Invisible, See Elementals, See Spirits, Sense Evil and Sense Magic with no additional P.P.E. expenditure.

Unfortunately, the character’s day-vision is also adversely affected, and his bonuses to strike and dodge will be halved if there is any trace of daylight at all.

Journey Stories

How There Became Here

Level: 5th

Range: Self or touch

Duration: 1 minute per point of caster's P.E., +5 minutes per level of experience

Telling Time: Seven minutes / 3 melee actions

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 15

It is a long way between villages sometimes. Sometimes you have to walk and it takes a long time. This is how Quajukasauk learned how to get to far places quickly.

This Storyspell is effectively like a very low-grade teleportation spell triggered by movement. For every inch forward that the character moves, he is teleported forward two additional inches—every time he moves—which effectively triples the character's Spd for the duration of the spell. To those not affected by this spell, the character will appear to flicker like a movie with frames missing, or one that is sped up too fast (like the way old silent movies are sometimes sped up—think *Keystone Cops: fast and jerky*) and, when running quickly, will appear to leave trails of color and slowly-fading afterimages in his wake.

The character's bonuses to dodge and parry are increased by +3 and +1, respectively, for the duration of this Storyspell.

Telling this Storyspell in long-form (the seven minute version) also increases the mage's P.P. attribute by 4.

Epics

Go Away

Level: 8th

Range: 15 feet (4.5 m)

Duration: 6+ months

Telling Time: Twenty minutes / NA

Saving Throw: 16

P.P.E.: 35

Terrible things can get inside people. Once they are inside, they don't want to leave. But if you know how to tell them to, they will go away. This is a story about one of those terrible things. And about how it was made to leave people alone.

This Storyspell not only compels a possessing supernatural being to relinquish its control over the enslaved person, but it can also be used as a sort of "possession-insulation," preventing a person from being possessed in the first place. In the case of the former, this Storyspell functions identically to the Exorcism spell in the **Rifts RPG**. In the case of the latter, the effect prevents possession for one hour per level of the caster. This may be used as an area-effect spell, also: by chanting the story over and over again like a mantra, the Story-Fisher can prevent possession in up to one being per level of the caster, as long as all those affected are in an area 10 feet (3 m) square.

When forced out of its host body, the evil intelligence will attempt to possess any other human or animal within the immediate area (30 feet/line of vision). The horrid thing

gets two attempts at possession. Fortunately, the exorcism incantation protects the person who was the original victim with a bonus of +12 to save vs possession, and the Story-Fisher conducting the spell saves with a bonus of +6. **If the evil force fails** in its attempts to take possession of a host body, roll percentile dice on the following:

1-52 The evil intelligence is instantly returned to its own dimension.

53-00 The being can continue to exist in our world, but must immediately flee the area and cannot return for at least 6 months.

Note: This Storyspell can only be told long-form. It may not be shortened with Storyspeak. Twenty minutes is a rough average length for this particular Storyspell. In practice, however, the story will usually either be 1D4 minutes shorter or 1D6 minutes longer than this (even chance, either way).

The Man Who Ate the Weather

Level: 10th

Range: Immediate area around the Story-Fisher, affecting a 1 mile (1.6 km) area per level of experience.

Duration: For as long as the Story-Fisher can withstand it.

Saving Throw: None

Telling Time: 2D4+2 hours/NA

P.P.E.: 180

This is the story of Osarqaq, who took a bite out of the sky and ate some storm. It gave him indigestion, but at least the winds didn't blow anymore.

The magic behind this story quiets stormy weather and internalizes it within the body of the Story-Fisher. It will reduce hurricane-level gusts to a moderately forceful wind, a fierce, raging blizzard to a light snowy breeze, and light winds to a dead calm. Every twelve hours that the Story-Fisher suppresses the natural weather, he takes 3D4 points of damage, which are applied directly to his hit points. This damage may not be healed or recovered in any way until the duration of the Storyspell is up (i.e. until he decides to stop affecting the weather).

This Storyspell is effective against both natural and magically induced storms.

How Ivaluardjuk Wasn't Really Dead, Only Sleeping

Level: 13th

Range: Three feet (.9 m)

Duration: Instant and permanent

Telling Time: 2D6+4 hours / NA

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 545

This is the story of Ivaluardjuk, who everyone thought was dead, but wasn't. Only he was lazy and wouldn't get up from sleeping when his friends called his name.

This powerful (and long) Storyspell is able to resurrect the recently-deceased: a corpse dead no longer than one month. The recipient of the spell returns to the world of the living pretty much the way he went out of it: all memories, skills, abilities that he had at the time of his death are intact. Missing limbs, however, will remain missing, although healed. This story only restores the dead to life, no more, no less.

The recipient of this Storyspell will not be able to remember the last few days of his life, nor will he be able to recall the circumstances of his death, or even that he had died at all. Instead, the resurrected person will feel as if he has, in fact, only been *asleep* for however long he's been dead. Any insanities acquired from traumatic or horrific experiences in the resurrected's last seven days of life are erased completely, although insanities dating from before this one-week period are unchanged, as are insanities acquired from non-traumatic experiences (e.g. the M.O.M. conversion process).

Base chance of success is a percentage equal to the storyteller's M.A. attribute number, +3% per level of the caster. This Storyspell may be attempted on a corpse no more than four times; after four unsuccessful tries, you might as well take that character's rail gun and millennium tree staff for yourself, because he certainly won't be using them any more. After four failed tries, the person is irretrievably dead. Might as well take his shoes, too.

Ballads

Ballads are a very special category of Storyspell. They are more lyrical and poetic than most other Storyspells, and unlike the rest of them, their narrative has no definite beginning or end. Rather, each time a Story-Fisher tells a Ballad, he takes up where he left off the last time he cast the Ballad, further embellishing the exploits of a particular mythical hero.

There is no set duration for each of these Storyspells because the effects for each last as long as the Story-Fisher continues to tell the Ballad—it is continuous, like a chant. If necessary, the Story-Fisher can keep continuously telling these tales for a number of hours equal to his P.E. attribute plus his M.E. attribute. There is no further P.P.E. cost once the Ballad is initiated. It doesn't matter if the Story-Fisher tells it for 12 melees or 12 hours, the P.P.E. cost is the same (although if the Story-Fisher *does* stop the telling, even for a second, he must pay the initial P.P.E. cost once more if he wants to start again).

While reciting a Ballad, the Story-Fisher is not able to cast any other magic, although he otherwise has complete freedom of movement: he can run, shoot a gun, perform a gymnastic routine, drive a dogsled, etc., with no negative penalties. A Story-Fisher will even continue to tell the Ballad if he is injured. However, a **Mute** spell, cast on the Story-Fisher, will cause the Ballad to be ended prematurely. Ballads cannot be told in Storyspeak, he must speak it himself.

These Storyspells tend to cause a degree of confusion among enemies, as it can be disconcerting when someone who is trying to bash your brains in also seems intent on telling you a poetic story about his favorite folk hero. Most people are bound to think that the Story-Fisher is off his nut.

The bonuses from Storyspell Ballads are NOT cumulative.

Ballad of Giviok

Level: 3rd

Range: 20 feet (6.1 m) per level of experience

Duration: Special (Continuous)

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 6

Giviok (or Quivuiq or Kivioq) is, in many Eskimo tales, a sort of adventuring

Ulysses-type character; intrepid and dauntless. The recitation of his Storyspell Ballad endows some allies of the Story-Fisher (one for every level of experience) with the following bonuses: +1 to strike, dodge and parry, and +2 to save vs horror factor.

Ballad of Wenebojo

Level: 6th

Range: 15 feet per level of experience

Duration: Special (Continuous)

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 20

Wenebojo (the firstborn and most powerful of the Chippewa mythical triplet consisting of himself, Nekajiwegizik and Maskásaswábik), in a retelling of his exploits, endows some allies of the Story-Fisher (one for every level of experience) with the following bonuses: +1 to parry and dodge, +2 to save vs psychic attack, and +2 to save vs magic.

Ballad of Kinigseq

Level: 7th

Range: 15 feet per level of experience

Duration: Special (Continuous)

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 25

Kinigseq was a famous sorcerer, and the recitation of this Storyspell Ballad confers a small degree of the unusual magic resistance of this legendary figure—a bonus of +4 to save vs magic—onto some of the Story-Fisher’s allies (one for every level of experience).

Ballad of the Arssartut (The Suffering Dead)

Level: 8th

Range: A circle, centered on the mage, with a radius of 20 feet (6.1 m), +2 ft per level of experience

Duration: Special (Continuous)

Saving Throw: Standard

P.P.E.: 36

This is the only Storyspell Ballad that imposes penalties upon the enemies of the Story-Fisher, instead of bonuses on his allies. The telling of this Ballad imposes a -2 penalty to ALL saving throws made by undead creatures within the area of affect. Moreover, all damage caused to undead beings within the area of affect is DOUBLED.

This Ballad WILL affect vampires and zombies, and while it will affect undead bodies animated by some other being (like, say, a necromancer), it will not affect the being himself. Undead beings of a truly superior level of power remain unaffected (e.g. Gods and alien intelligences—while it would affect even a Master Vampire, it would not affect the Vampire Intelligence that empowers him).

Ballad of Kuloscap

Level: 11th

Range: 20 feet per level of experience

Duration: Special (Continuous)

Saving Throw: None

P.P.E.: 150

The recitation of this awesomely powerful Storyspell Ballad bestows, on some of the Story-Fisher's allies (one for every two levels of experience), the following bonuses: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +3 to save vs psychic attack, +5 to save vs magic and +8 to save vs horror factor.

Anatquq Science: The Psi-Sorcery of the Arctic Medicine-Men

There are three classes of Anatquq-Science: Kusuinek (Little Magic), Kusuinutssuaq (Big Magic) and Ilisineq (Foul Magic). These powers are somewhat unique in that many of them require the expenditure of both P.P.E. *and* I.S.P. It is an Anatquq's psionic ability that "opens" the magic, but it is P.P.E. that fuels the power, generally affecting its range, duration, damage, etc.

Note: ALL of the listed P.P.E. costs in the following section are CUMULATIVE!!

Example: Your basic "Fog That Makes Wizards Quiet," having a volume of 27,000 cubic feet, lasting only 1 melee, and applying no penalty to its victims' saving throws, would cost 42 I.S.P. to initiate, and 41 P.P.E. to power. On the other hand, a "Fog" with a volume of 81,000 cubic feet (+96 P.P.E.) and originating up to 270 feet away from the Anatquq, lasting 10 melees (+90 P.P.E.), incurring a -2 penalty to all those caught within it (+150 P.P.E.), would still only cost 42 I.S.P. to open, but to *power* it would cost 386 P.P.E. ($96 + 90 + 200 = 386$). Not too hard, eh? Maybe you ought to get a pencil and paper out, just in case. It's really easier than it looks.

On The Subject of High P.P.E. Costs

Who Do You Expect to Have that Much P.P.E., Anyway?

No one, really. Except Gods and super-powerful beings.

Anyone can see that with some of these Psi-Sorcery powers, the P.P.E. cost can skyrocket rather quickly. That's because they aren't all meant to be powered by the Anatquq alone, especially the Kusuinutssuaq (Big Magic), which can sometimes have truly astronomical P.P.E. costs. Just as the community relies on the Anatquq for protection, so does the Anatquq rely on the community, too. P.P.E. energy, like nearly everything else in an Arctic village, is considered to be communal property. It is customary for the members of a village to give of their P.P.E. when their Anatquq needs it, because it is assumed that he is acting in their interests. Often, this takes place at large festivals or ceremonies (or when the community has gathered to fight off some supernatural menace) where large portions of the village, sometimes even the entire village, unite together, joining hands, and allowing their P.P.E. to flow together into a communal pool to be used by the Anatquq in charge.

Figure an average village contains about 200 ordinary humans, and that the average, non-magic-using human has about 6 P.P.E., then the Anatquq, when he is within "range" of his village, will have about 1,200 P.P.E. available to him (so long as they have all been previously instructed to join hands and will him their P.P.E. at a specific time—no village is going to sit in a circle all day, just *waiting* for their Anatquq to need their P.P.E.), which doesn't even consider what the Anatquq can also "borrow" from his Tornaq Helping-Spirit.

It is very important to mention that the Anatquq may only draw P.P.E. from those in his village who are KNOWING AND WILLING PARTICIPANTS in the ceremony. Anyone who does not wish their P.P.E. to be used, will not have it used—the Anatquq is incapable of leeching away P.P.E. from people who do not want to freely give it to him.

Not everyone in a village is compelled to contribute their P.P.E. on every occasion, but to consistently refuse to contribute (the Anatquq innately knows who contributed and who didn't) is generally considered to be a dereliction of duty. However, in any given village at any given time, assume that about 5-10% of the population is unavailable for some reason; some perhaps at odds with the Anatquq, or angry at him, and unwilling to give him their P.P.E., and some may be too far away. However, in the case of a violent menace that threatens the lives of all the villagers, no one in their right minds will refuse the Anatquq their P.P.E.

An Anatquq can take advantage of his community's P.P.E. pool from distance of up to 5 miles per experience level of the Anatquq—double that distance when the Anatquq is at a Ley Line, triple that when he is at a Ley Line Nexus, or when his community is at a Qujaligiaqtuqbic Ring (see the **Inuksuit Cairn Magic** section of this book); and quadruple that during the summer and winter solstices.

These factors are, again, cumulative, meaning that (theoretically) a 3rd level Anatquq at a Ley Line, while his community is at a Qujaligiaqtuqbic Ring, during the winter solstice, would be able to take advantage of their pooled P.P.E. from a distance of 360 miles! (15 miles x 2 x 3 x 4 = 360). The accumulation of all these factors at once hardly ever works out this well, however.

How Do Anatquq Travel Further Than Their Village, In That Case?

Or, moreover, what of Anatquq who, for one reason or another, do not *have* a home village anymore? Don't despair. Anatquq *are* able to utilize the P.P.E. of villages that are not "theirs," meaning villages in which the Anatquq is a complete stranger. The Anatquq would have to somehow convince the village that it would be in their interest to lend him their P.P.E.—that his goals coincide with their own ("There is a Kiwa'Kws encampment near, and they may attack you if they are not stopped" would probably be acceptable, while "I need to kill this dragon-hatchling because I want some new lizard-skin boots" would probably not).

Or, if not actively in their interests, the villagers must be convinced that there is a good reason, or *just cause*, for them lending the Anatquq their P.P.E. ("The demon that killed my people is near and I want to kill it so I can be at peace with their ghosts"), which may or may not be accepted by the village. The character would probably also have to seek the approval of the local Anatquq who regularly protects that village.

The distance from which an Anatquq can draw P.P.E. from a village that is not his own is half the distance that he would ordinarily be able to draw it, if it were his own village.

What About the Rest of the World? The Megaverse?

The Anatquq, unlike the Qivigtoq Polar Mystics, are not quite left high and dry if they leave the Arctic, or Rifts Earth. Anatquq may draw P.P.E. from a foreign village (or large encampment, or group of nomads, etc), but he must first explain to them that he

intends to do this, and also how they must congregate to pool their potential psychic energy. He *must* convince them to do this, much in the same way he must convince a village in his native Arctic, because he may only utilize the P.P.E. of those who are KNOWING AND WILLING PARTICIPANTS. This is very important. Any villager who has no intention of allowing a foreign magic user take advantage of their P.P.E. will not have their P.P.E. used. Simple as that.

Saving Throws: While Anatquq-Science may resemble psionics in many ways, it remains a *magic* discipline. Psionics and I.S.P. are both used to initiate the powers, to “turn them on” if you will, but the forces unleashed are strictly magical. Hence all saves (unless otherwise indicated) are saves vs magic, and NOT psionics.

Descriptions of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery Powers

Kusuinek—Little Magic

Acts Without Being Seen (*Tireqsorpoq*)
 Almighty (*Ajugakangitok*)
 Body-Shell (*Migis*)
 Headlifting (*Krilaq*)
 Spirit Flying (*Ilimarneq*)
 Sickblowing
 Spirit Informant (*Equngassoq*)
 Spirit Shock
 Stinghitter
 This Is Between Us (*Akkunaptingni*)
 Uncurse

Kusuinutssuaq—Big Magic

Adrift (*Savidyauyok*)
 Clever (*Pokrittok*)
 Create Arnuaq
 Create Poq-Charm
 Epidemic
 Fever Throwing
 The Fog That Makes Wizards Quiet
 Hunting Science (*Pilersaineq*)
 Inua Release
 Lucky Wind
 Medicine Dance (*Midewiwin*)
 P.P.E. Cannibalization Dance
 Sky Drain
 Weather Science (*Silagigsaineq*)

Ilisineq—Foul Magic

Aksikuk's Barrage (*Aksikuksapputit*)
 Create Antler Familiar
 Create Tupilak
 Dead Arms (*Tatdlikatoqussoq*)
 Dead Fingers (*Aq'ssaittoqussoq*)
 Dead Hands
 Death on the Land (*Toqonunname*)
 Devouring the Remains (*Sunasorpok*)
 Gloves of Aksikuk

Kusuinek—Little Magic

Acts Without Being Seen (*Tireqsorpoq*)

Range: Self

Duration: 1 melee round per 2 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 10

Use of this power summons an small, invisible helper to take care of the Anatquq in battle. The little helper performs many small tasks that leave the Anatquq free to fight. For the duration of the summoning, a *Tireqsorpoq* will render the following assistance:

- Automatically reload all weapons as soon as they are emptied. The *Tireqsorpoq* spirit does not carry any ammunition of its own—the Anatquq must be carrying extra ammo with him.
- Tend to fresh wounds. The spirit will bandage any wounds received in combat as they happen and, if necessary, will also stitch them up while the Anatquq is still in motion. Applies healing salve to burns and administers painkillers if needed—these are magical in nature and do not need to be carried by the Anatquq. Non-magical damage reduced by 5% for every 3 levels of the Anatquq. No combat penalties from pain.
- Inventory shifting. If the Anatquq needs something in his pack, but doesn't have the time or the ability to get it, the spirit can retrieve it for him. All the Anatquq needs to do is think about something from his pack, and it will appear instantly in his hand (as long as his pack isn't further than 10 feet away). The *Tireqsorpoq* cannot steal items from enemies.
- Warn Anatquq about sneak attacks. As long as this power is in effect, the Anatquq cannot be surprised or blindsided.

Almighty (*Ajugakangitok*)

Range: Self

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 10

This power causes psionic energy to surge through the Anatquq, supercharging his body, making it faster and tougher. While under the effect of this power, the Anatquq gains the following bonuses:

- A temporary bonus to his M.D.C., equal to 20% of his maximum M.D.C.
- +2 to all saving throws
- +1 to strike, dodge and roll with punch for every four levels of experience
- +1 extra attack for every five levels of experience
- +1D4 to P.S. for every level of experience
- P.S. becomes supernatural

The P.P.E. cost for this power depends on the duration. To maintain it for one melee round costs 3 P.P.E. Each successive melee round has an additional P.P.E. cost equal to twice the cost of the previous round. The first melee round would cost 3 P.P.E., the second melee round would be an additional 6 P.P.E., the third round 12 P.P.E., etc. Because of the way the P.P.E. cost mushrooms quickly, *Ajugakangitok* is not usually used for more than a few melee rounds. For example, to use this power for 5 melee rounds straight would cost 93 P.P.E. ($3+6+12+24+48=93$).

After this power is used once, it may not be used again for another 24 hours.

Body Shell (*Migis*)

Range: Self or other, by touch (may not be cast on an unwilling target)

Duration: 2 minutes (8 melees) for each additional P.P.E. point expended

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 6

This power creates a hard, chitinous shell around the body of the Anatquq, like a suit of natural armor—it is best described as looking like lobster plate mail—that protects him from damage. The shell has 5 M.D.C. for each P.P.E. point expended. For an additional outlay of 40 P.P.E. per person, the Body Shell is magically strengthened, making the wearer impervious to psionic attack, impervious to cold, and magic does half damage.

This power may be cast on a target from a distance for a cost of 2 P.P.E. per foot., or may be cast on multiple people if their hands are all linked, circle-fashion (P.P.E. cost per person is unchanged).

Example: An Anatquq encasing himself in a 30 M.D.C. Body-Shell (6 P.P.E.) for 20 minutes (10 P.P.E.), *with* the added magical and psionic protection (40 P.P.E.) would cost 56 P.P.E. ($6 + 10 + 40 = 56$).

Or, for a larger example, an Anatquq may encase a company of 50 Inuit Champion Hunters all in 80 M.D.C. Body-Shells ($16 \times 50 = 800$ P.P.E.) for half an hour ($15 \times 50 = 750$), *without* the added magical and psionic protection (0 P.P.E.) for the cost of 1,550 P.P.E. ($800 + 750 + 0 = 1550$). *With* the added psionic and magical protection would be 3,550 P.P.E. ($800 + 750 + 2000 = 3,550$).

Clever (*Pokrittok*)

Range: Self

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: N/A

Pokrittok gives the Anatquq a one-time bonus of +5% (or +1, for W.P. skills) to each and every one of his skills. He may select this power no more than four six times.

Fever-Throwing

Range: 50 ft (15m) for every 10 P.P.E. expended

Duration: Three weeks

Saving Throw: Standard

I.S.P.: 12

This power allows the Anatuq to cause sickness and disease in the body of an enemy. Each disease moves on a three-week cycle; the first being the mildest, the second being more serious, and the third being the most dire. Symptoms typically set in 24 hours after the spell has been cast on the victim (there are no *immediate* effects), and vanish a day or so after the three weeks are up.

There are four main categories of disease which may be caused with this power:

Nervous System: This disease causes uncontrollable shuddering, twitching, and spasms; spontaneous muscle cramping and muscular tics. A person so afflicted with this disease will suffer the following: 1st week: -10% on all skills that require physical manipulation of objects (Radio: Basic would be affected, while Mathematics: Basic would not), and -2 to strike, parry, and dodge; 2nd week: -20% on all physical-manipulation skills and -4 to all combat skills; 3rd week: -35% on all physical-manipulation skills and -8 on all combat skills. **P.P.E.:** 48

Musculature and Constitution: This physically debilitating disease leaves its victim in a severely weakened state. Each week, for three weeks, the victim loses 3 points of P.S., and 2 points of P.P. and P.E., to a minimum of 3. The victim will feel incredibly weak, fatigued, and will tire out five times faster than he ordinarily would. **P.P.E.:** 42

Brain: Particularly devastating to psionics and magic-users, this sort of disease afflicts the victim with a temporary degeneration of the brain cells and synapses that causes them to lose two points of I.Q. and M.E. per week (with a corresponding decrease in skill percentages). The victim will be in a state of mild befuddlement most of the time, and will be highly absent-minded, at random times forgetting small but very simple things (e.g. his sibling's name, how to tie his own shoes, which end of a fork to use, what to do with a fish hook, how to reload a gun, etc).

In magic-users or psionics, it also restricts access to their spells and powers: the first week, they will not be able to remember $\frac{1}{4}$ of their spells or psionic powers (chosen at random by the GM); the second week $\frac{1}{2}$ of their spells or powers will be unavailable to them; and in the final week, a full $\frac{3}{4}$ of their spells or powers will be forgotten. A day or so after the third week has passed, full memory will return to the victim. **P.P.E.:** 30

Blood: This type of disease doesn't *directly* harm the victim, only severely lowers his resistance to the germs that cause the other diseases. Each week that goes by, the victim has a cumulative 10% chance (i.e. 10% the first week, 20% the second, 30% the third) of contracting a random one of the other categories of disease. While this means that there is, at best, only a 30% chance of the target actually contracting a disease, it also means that their saving throw vs this disease is decreased by -4, and the disease itself is much greater in severity than it ordinarily would, and the penalties usually caused by the disease are *doubled*. **P.P.E.:** 12

Note: These diseases are neither extraordinary nor supernatural in any way. A knowledgeable, well-equipped physician and a few days of bed-rest can potentially cure any one of them—although it must be said that, outside of Greenland, medical personnel so qualified are *extremely* few and far between. It takes a successful roll, with a -30% penalty, with the Medical Doctor skill to cure these diseases (and also a modicum of sophisticated medical technology—most doctors cannot cure disease with only their bare hands). First making a successful roll with the Pathology skill will lower this penalty to a more manageable -15%.

The Anatquq psi-sorcery powers of Headlifting and Sickblowing will similarly cure these diseases, and with less difficulty than traditional medicine. Sickblowing will cure it with a -2 penalty, and the penalty is nullified if the power of Headlifting is used first.

Secondary Note: If any one of these diseases is allowed to progress to its third week of virulence, it is then firmly entrenched in the victim's system and may not be cured by any means, magical or otherwise. By that point, the victim just has to sit tight and wait for the disease to run its course.

Headlifting (*Krilaq*)

Range: Touch, or 8 P.P.E. per 20 feet of distance between Anatquq and patient

Duration: 1D6x10 minutes

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 9

Headlifting is an Anatquq-Science somewhat similar to the psi-Sensitive power of Psychic Diagnosis. The character is not only able to sense physical pain, damage, disease and possession with pinpoint clarity, but he is also able to diagnose *magical* maladies, and curses of all kinds. Since, in the Arctic, where magical spirits frequently inflict curses upon the people who transgress their taboos (see the section on **Traditional Taboos** in this book), curses are a bit more common here than they are in other parts of the world, and the Anatquq must become adept at removing them.

The diagnoses obtained from this power is incredibly precise. If the character's injuries are physical, the Anatquq will know *exactly* what is wrong with him. If the character is possessed, Headlifting will identify the possessing entity and give the Anatquq a general idea of its power and alignment. The same goes for a curse—Headlifting will identify the curser and identify the steps that must be taken to remove the curse (which are not necessarily magical). If the character is under the influence of some mind-control spell or power such as Trance, Domination, or Compulsion, Headlifting will identify and locate the controlling mage. It will also discover if someone is attempting, or has attempted in the past 7 days, to use Second Sight upon the patient.

A prior reading with Headlifting will DOUBLE the effectiveness of both the Sickblowing and Medicine Dance (Midewiwin) powers. The only reason Headlifting is not always used first in a medical situation is that it can take up a considerable amount of time. A good reading can take anywhere from ten minutes to an hour, and to someone who is obviously on the verge of death or in a hurry, that is a long time to wait for treatment. Sometimes the patient is in such a bad state that Headlifting must be dispensed with and treatment with the Sickblowing begun immediately.

In the case of a cursed patient who is cursed because he has broken a taboo, Headlifting may discover that the Uncurse power is not even necessary. Often with these things, it is only a matter of appeasing the spirit in question with some kind of offering or symbol of atonement—an offering of burnt blubber, seal fins, Dwarf Birch branches, etc

Sickblowing

Range: Touch

Duration: Instantaneous and permanent

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 10

This is a healing power that cures all sorts of physical maladies, and isn't necessarily limited to sicknesses or disease. Like the psi-Healing power of Psychic Surgery, it can repair broken bones, life-threatening blood-loss and internal bleeding, restore a person from hypothermia, and remove foreign objects (such as bullets). It can also be used to revive a character who has lapsed into a coma due to extensive damage. *The recovery from a coma* (near death) is equal to hospital treatment: 66%.

1D6 Hit Points and 1D6 S.D.C. points can be healed for each 6 P.P.E. spent. (or only 4 P.P.E. if Headlifting has been performed first).

Most *moderately-serious* illnesses can be cured with Sickblowing, including: Pneumonia, Smallpox, Tuberculosis, measles, mumps, the common cold, Mononucleosis, Cirrhosis, Cholera, Typhoid, Malaria, and most infections, etc.

Extremely serious illnesses and *chronic conditions*, such as Epilepsy, Diabetes, Multiple Sclerosis, high blood-pressure, Alzheimer's disease, Cystic Fibrosis, or any kind of cancer, cannot be *cured* by Sickblowing, although their symptoms may be moderated or sent into remission.

Sickblowing will also not cure afflictions linked to a lack of nutrition (i.e. it will not cure Scurvy or Beriberi), although it will keep a starving man alive long enough to get some food into him.

While Sickblowing will not cure a body in the grip of poison, it will boost that person's resistance to the action of the poison, allowing them to re-roll their save vs poison (with a +2 bonus) with each use of the Sickblowing power.

Unlike other forms of magical or psionic healing, those healed by the Sickblowing power *will* retain scars, although ones definitely smaller than those that would have been left with just conventional treatment.

Spirit Flying (*Ilimarneq*)

Range: Self

Duration: 5 minutes per P.P.E. expended

I.S.P.: 22

Similar to the commonly known phenomenon of Astral Travel, the power of Ilimarneq (or Spirit Flying) allows the Anatquq to fly unseen through the material world. Unlike Astral Travel, there is no alternate dimension that the Anatquq inhabits, rather his immaterial "Spirit" moves through our everyday dimension. Likewise, there is no "silver cord" attaching the Anatquq's spirit to his physical body.

Instead, the invisible “Spirit Body” leaves the physical body, which slumps comatose, and the Spirit Body flies out into the world at a tremendous speed. The Anatquq retains the ability to see, hear, and speak, but he cannot otherwise physically interact with the material world unless he happens to have the psi-Physical power of Telekinesis.

The speed of the Spirit Body’s flight is equal to the Anatquq’s Spd attribute times twenty in miles per hour (e.g. an Anatquq with a Spd of 22 can fly at a Spd of 440 miles per hour). See the Invisible will not reveal the presence of the Anatquq’s Spirit Body, although Sense Magic, Sense Spirits, or the Nalussaerunek Senses will. Also, for an additional expenditure of 10 P.P.E., the Anatquq can cause his Spirit Body to become visible. He can then return to invisibility at will with no further P.P.E. cost.

The Spirit Body remains susceptible to magic and psionic attacks, although it has a +2 bonus to save vs magic and psionics. As with Astral Travel, if the physical body is killed the Spirit Body will die minutes later. A character killed in this way cannot be resurrected *by any means*.

At the end of the duration, if the Anatquq has not returned to his body, his spirit will instantaneously snap painfully back to its physical shell. An Anatquq who returns to his body in this fashion receives 2D4 points of damage applied directly to his Hit Points, and will be stunned and woozy—causing him to be -3 on all physical rolls for 4D6 minutes. For 70 P.P.E., the Anatquq can return to his body instantly, without having to fly back to it, or look for it, and suffers no damage or ill effects.

Spirit Informant (*Equngassoq*)

Range: 1 mile per 2 P.P.E.

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 14

This power enables the Anatquq, meditating upon a piece of information that he needs and does not have, to miraculously obtain that information from a random Spirit. It’s sort of the magical, Spirit World equivalent of the “word-on-the-street” gimmick used in a million old cop movies. The Anatquq basically puts out a psychic message in Spirit Talk, describing the nature of the information he needs, and hopes that a Spirit who possesses that knowledge will answer his call.

The knowledge is limited to things that are physically observable (something that can be seen or overheard); meaning that “How many Kiwa’Kws giants are there in that camp over the hill?” would yield an answer, while “What is their leader thinking right now?” would not. It is also limited by distance (1 mile per 2 P.P.E.), so that an Anatquq on one end of Baffin Island could conceivably find out what’s happening at the other end of the island, but he wouldn’t be able to find out what’s going on in Chi-Town.

Base Skill Level (chances of receiving a truthful answer): 50%, +4% per level, plus I.Q. bonus (if any). The GM makes this roll secretly, so that the player character does not know if the information he is receiving is true or not.

Spirit Shock

Range: 50 feet (15.3 m) for every 2 P.P.E.

Bonus to Strike: +1 for every 4 P.P.E.

Duration: Instant

Saving Throw: Dodge

I.S.P.: 12

This is a concentrated burst of pure magical energy that the Anatquq can direct at his enemies. The damage varies with the P.P.E. expended. The Anatquq can fire mild bolts of energy causing 1D6 S.D.C. for every 2 P.P.E. spent, or it can be used to hurl more powerful blasts inflicting 1D6 Mega-damage for every 11 P.P.E. spent. It inflicts double damage to vampires, and triple damage to Windigo (although it cannot be used to destroy its heart).

Stinghitter

Range: 200 feet (61m) for every 1 P.P.E. expended

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Standard

I.S.P.: 14

This power causes a purplish-black bolt of pure, unadulterated Spirit Energy to leap forth from the Anatquq (usually via the mouth), striking the very soul of the target. Stinghitter inflicts no damage but causes a host of debilitating effects that can effectively cripple an opponent. A successful attack will cause one or more of the following: **Partial Blindness** (-4 to strike, parry, and dodge); **Anguish** (-2 to strike, parry, or dodge); **Bewilderment** (Spd decreased by half, loses one attack per melee), **Terror** (-1 to strike, parry, or dodge, and there is a 44% chance that the victim will attempt to flee); **Hesitation** (automatically loses initiative every turn); **Loss of Concentration** (applies to magic users and psionics only: all P.P.E. and/or I.S.P. costs will be doubled).

Whenever this attack is used, a 1D4 is rolled to determine how many of the debilitating effects will affect the victim (e.g. a roll of 3 means that 3 of the effects, randomly chosen, will work). Victims must roll a separate saving throw for *each* of the effects.

The duration for all of these effects is 1 minute per 4 P.P.E. spent.

For some reason, this Spirit-attack also forces the victims *away* from the Anatquq who used the power. This curious side-effect, which happens even if the victims make their saving throw to resist the other effects of Stinghitter, will knock victims back 2D4 feet, plus another 1D4 feet for each additional 2 P.P.E. spent.

While this aspect of the power causes no *direct* damage, it can be used to knock targets *into* danger...say off the edge of a cliff, for example. This force that causes targets to be knocked back this way affects only the “soul” of an object, exerting a “push” that is not physical in its nature. Inanimate objects cannot be moved using this power, nor are Robots, golems, vampires, Story-Animals and other unliving beings affected by either the “push” or the debilitating effects of this power.

Creatures of magic (Inuksuit, Manidog, Dragons, True Atlanteans, Godlings, etc.) have a -1 penalty applied to their saving throws.

This Is Between Us (*Akkunaptingni*)

Range: 120 feet (36.6m) for every 1 P.P.E., to a maximum of 1 mile (44 P.P.E)

Duration: 1 melee round for every 2 P.P.E. expended

Saving Throw: Standard (-2 penalty if the subject dislikes the Anatquq, is in a violent rage already, or is a vicious creature of animal intelligence or lower)

I.S.P.: 6

This power causes the target creature to become enraged with the Anatquq and to attack him. In fact, the target will become so enraged with the Anatquq that it will attack *only* him, and no one else. This is a handy power to have if M.D.C. monsters are attacking weak S.D.C. beings. The monsters will leave the weaker beings alone and direct their attention towards the Anatquq—a much more capable opponent.

Targets will become so livid that they will not be able to think clearly. There is a 5% chance (+3% per level of the Anatquq) that any attempt by the target to use a spell or psionic power will fizzle.

Akkunaptingni can affect one creature per level of the Anatquq.

Uncurse

Range: Touch or 10ft (3m)

Duration: Instant removal

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 14

This power is fundamentally the same as the Remove Curse spell from the **Rifts RPG**, p. 186, with the only difference being the Anatquq's keenness and insight in using the power. This greater acumen is reflected in the reduced P.P.E. cost for the Anatquq.

P.P.E. for the spell is 30, while P.P.E. for the ritual is 90.

Kusuinutssuaq—Big Magic

Adrift (*Savidyauyok*)

Range: 2,766,000 sq ft—an area roughly 1,700 ft x 1,700 ft—per 10 P.P.E. (or 1 sq mile per 100 P.P.E.)

Duration: 1 hour per 2 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: Standard, or with a –1 penalty for each additional 40 P.P.E. spent.

I.S.P.: 35

This power renders all forms of navigation equipment totally useless—even a simple compass will be affected while in the area of effect of a *Savidyauyok* enchantment. All navigation equipment will yield false results while affected by this power, jumbling coordinates, directions, distances, speed, etc. Weapons that rely on some sort of electronic tracking technology—especially missile guidance systems—will have a –6 penalty to hit. There is no saving throw for this effect.

Adrift will also cause the direction sense of sentient beings to become scrambled. Directionally confused people will head in wrong directions, move in circles, become unsure of their position, wander or sit perplexed. Travel time for those affected is multiplied by a number equal to half the casting Anatquq's level (e.g. those affected by the *Savidyauyok* of a 12th level Anatquq would take six times longer to get where they're going)—with a minimum multiplier of 2, for Anatquq of levels 1 through 4.

This power is a good way to delay an approaching army or band of raiders just long enough for the defenders to prepare themselves or get a head start on an escape. The saving throw for this effect is made by group and is based on the person in the group who has the best saving throw versus magic. If he fails the save, the whole group does too.

Create *Arnuaq*

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 month per 100 P.P.E. spent

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 90

Arnuat (the plural of *Arnuaq*) are protective amulets that confer some kind of bonus upon those who wear them. There are several main kinds of *Arnuat*:

To Make Animals Tame: Used mainly for hunting, this *Arnuaq* causes one specific type of animal to be completely submissive and gentle in the presence of the character wearing it. The animal will not run away or attack when the character approaches. This spell is broken once a character attacks, causing the animal to either counterattack or flee, but this hardly matters when the animal is tame enough to let you walk right up to it and drive a harpoon into its heart—just don't accidentally miss with that one attack. Only works on normal animals. **P.P.E.:** 280

To Be Invisible to Animals: Causes a character to be invisible to one specific type of animal. While it may not be able to see the character, it *will* be able to hear him and smell him, so animals approached in this fashion must be approached quietly and from downwind. **P.P.E.:** 110

Running: Adds 20 to the Spd attribute of whoever is wearing it, and also adds a bonus of +1 to parry, and +2 to dodge. **P.P.E.:** 380

Paddling: Allows a character to pilot a kayak at a speed equal to twice his Spd attribute, plus 30. **P.P.E.:** 280. Double bonuses, **P.P.E.:** 430.

Swimming: Enables the character to breathe underwater, and swim as agilely as a seal; Spd 26 in water. Base skill 98%. Can swim a distance equal to twice the character's P.E. in miles before fatigue sets in. Bonus of +2 to parry and dodge while in water. Impervious to cold and cold damage. Magical cold does half damage. **P.P.E.:** 360

Health: Adds 12 to the character's P.E. attribute, and the rate of healing is quadrupled. **P.P.E.:** 290

Strength: Adds 18 to the character's P.S. attribute. This strength is NOT supernatural. **P.P.E.:** 400. (For supernatural strength, **P.P.E.:** 750).

Powerful Arms & Fists: Adds +2 to strike, and +8 to damage from hand-to-hand attacks. **P.P.E.:** 200

Protection from Evil Spirits: Prevents *lesser* supernatural creatures from approaching within 5 feet (1.5m) of the wearer. The wearer is also impervious to possession and mind-control. *Greater* supernatural beings (vampires, elementals, godlings, etc) are not affected. **P.P.E.:** 1,400

Protection from Magic: Imparts a +2 bonus to save vs magic. **P.P.E.:** 900

Awareness: Gives the wearer the psi-Sensitive power of Sixth Sense. **P.P.E.:** 380

Vision: Endows the wearer with the fabled *Nalussaerunek* senses: Nightvision at a range of 100 feet (30.5 m), See the Invisible, See Elementals, See Spirits, Sense Evil, and Sense Magic. These powers are always on and require no I.S.P. or P.P.E. expenditure. **P.P.E.:** 560

Note: Not only are *Arnuaq* bonuses *not* cumulative (i.e. wearing two of the same *Arnuaq* does not double the bonuses), but two *Arnuaq* amulets of any kind worn by the same person will magically cancel each other out, and none of the bonuses will be applied. However, several types of *Arnuat* may be *carried* by a person, in a bag or container of

some sort, so long as only one at a time is worn.

Create Poq-Charm

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 month per 100 P.P.E. expended

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 80

Similar to an Arnuaq, a Poq-Charm is also a kind of magical amulet, but one with a highly specialized usage. Poq-Charms are enchanted talismans of a particular animal's skin and bone that enable a person (and up to 15 pounds of clothes and equipment) to transform into the shape of that particular animal. While in that animal's form, the character gets all the inherent abilities and defenses which that animal form may offer, but retains his own I.Q., ability to speak, S.D.C., and hit points. The transformation takes one melee round to complete.

For some example animal types, see the **Brief Animal Descriptions** on pp. 98-100 of this book.

Epidemic

Range: 50 ft (15m) per 15 P.P.E. expended

Duration: Three weeks

Saving Throw: Standard

I.S.P.: 45

Essentially an extended version of the Fever-Throwing power, Epidemic allows the Anatquq to throw fevers into a large number of people at once. The types of disease are the same as they are in the Fever-Throwing power, but instead of affecting one person at a time only, Epidemic is an area-effect power. For every 25 P.P.E. expended, one circular space having a diameter of 100 feet (30.5m)—with an area of 7,857 sq ft—will be affected, and however many people are standing or living within that area.

The diseases caused with this power, while they affect a far greater number of people, are not as virulent as those caused by the Fever-Throwing power. Those caught within the area of effect of the Epidemic power receive a +3 bonus to their saving throw.

The Anatquq can attempt to counter this by spending an additional 100 P.P.E. per 7,857 sq ft affected to bring the bonus down to +2, or by spending 200 P.P.E. to bring it down to +1. This bonus cannot be totally nullified.

The Fog That Makes Wizards Quiet

Range: Affects 27,000 cubic feet (a cube 30ft x 30ft x 30ft) up to ninety feet away (27.4 m) for every 32 P.P.E.

Duration: 1 melee for every 9 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: Standard, or with a penalty of -1 for every additional 100 P.P.E.

I.S.P.: 42

This conjuring creates a bright, misty shimmering in the air that seriously retards, and can possibly even negate, the effects and influence of most magic. Anyone caught in this haze, friend or enemy—even the Anatquq himself is vulnerable to the effects—must roll a saving throw each time they attempt to use magic. For ongoing magical effects (like Invisibility), a saving throw must be rolled every melee round that it is within the confines of the haze. If the save is failed, the magic is canceled and negated. A successful save

means that the duration, range, damage, and area of effect of any spell or magic power used while within the haze (even if it is a natural ability like dragon's breath—as long as it's magical, it's affected by this conjuring) are halved. The area of effect can be any shape so long as it does not exceed the given volume (e.g. it could be a low rectangle with the dimensions of 58ft x 58ft x 8ft, or a high pillar 5ft x 5ft x 1,080ft—so long as it adds up to 27,000 cubic feet, it doesn't matter).

The Fog That Makes Wizards Quiet will not work on possession, exorcism, constrain being, banishment, talisman, amulet, enchanted objects, symbols/circles of protection, wards, zombies, or golems. It has no effect whatsoever on psionic abilities.

Example: A Fog that has a volume of 27,000 cubic feet, lasting only 1 melee, and applying no penalty to its victims' saving throws, would cost 41 P.P.E. to power. A Fog with a volume of 81,000 cubic feet (+96 P.P.E) and originating up to 270 feet away from the Anatquq, lasting 10 melees (+90 P.P.E.), incurring a -2 penalty to all those caught within it (+200 P.P.E.), would cost 386 P.P.E. ($96 + 90 + 200 = 386$).

Hunting Science—Pilersaineq

Range: 2,766,000 sq ft—an area roughly 1,700 ft x 1,700 ft—per 50 P.P.E. (or 1 sq mile per 500 P.P.E.)

Duration: 1 hour per 40 P.P.E. spent

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 45

This basic Anatquq-Science power, virtually essential in times of famine or scarcity of game (as in extremely cold winters), well, for lack of a better description, just makes it easier to hunt. Game will be twice as plentiful, yet sluggish, while the weapons of the hunter will be made more accurate.

This power affects all hunters within the area of effect *known to the Anatquq*. At least the name of each hunter must be known to him. Assume that the Anatquq knows all the names of those who live within his village. These bonuses are NOT enjoyed by strangers who have accidentally wandered into the area of effect.

Each hunter affected by this spell will have +20% added to his Tracking skill, will encounter game twice as frequently, and will have +1 added to his bonus to strike, parry, and dodge, and to his initiative *when attacking a game animal*—these bonuses do not apply if the hunter is in combat with anything other than a normal animal. Conversely, all game animals in the area of effect will suffer a -1 penalty to all their physical actions, and their Spd will be reduced by -15% (only affects normal animals—aliens, mutants, and supernatural creatures are not affected, although Talking Beasts are affected).

Inua Release

Range: Touch

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Standard

I.S.P.: 80

This power enables an Anatquq to free a Spirit 'Borg from the debilitating after-effects of the Inua Conversion process (see the section on the Spirit 'Borg for more information). When a Spirit 'Borg reaches a certain point at the end of his career, he becomes unavoidably paralyzed, and must be released from the powerful compact that bound a teeming multitude of spirits in his flesh or else spend the rest of his days as an

inert, motionless hulk.

The ceremony takes 6D6+12 hours to complete, and costs 1,000 P.P.E. At the end of that time, the Spirit ‘Borg must roll a saving throw vs magic. A successful save means that the ritual has failed and he remains trapped in his paralyzed body. A failed save means that he is released from his bond, and the spirits will immediately flee his body, which will immediately, in a matter of minutes, advance into old age. The Anatquq can decrease the Spirit ‘Borg’s saving throw by -1 for every additional 500 P.P.E. spent.

This ritual may only be performed once a month, although there is no limit to the number of times an Anatquq can attempt it, if he failed the first time. It *may* be tried on an unwilling Spirit ‘Borg, but that person then gets a +8 bonus to his saving throw.

Lucky Wind

Range: 2,766,000 sq ft—an area roughly 1,700 ft x 1,700 ft—per 40 P.P.E. (or 1 sq mile per 400 P.P.E.)

Duration: 1 hour per 20 P.P.E. spent

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 30

This power grants an extraordinary luckiness to those people in the area of effect that the Anatquq knows—for simplicity’s sake, assume that the Anatquq knows everyone within his village, and any friends or others he has recently met on friendly terms (i.e. the power has no effect on strangers who have wandered into the area of effect). Twice per hour, any character affected by this power may choose to re-roll any single dice roll he had just made: saving throw, roll to strike, dodge, parry, etc. The better dice roll is applied.

Medicine Dance (Midewiwin)

Range: 40ft (12.2m) per 1 P.P.E. expended.

Duration: Instantaneous and permanent

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 22

An extension of the Sickblowing power, Medicine Dance allows the Anatquq to heal large numbers of injured or ill people at once. For every 4 P.P.E. spent., one character can be healed of 1D6 Hit Points and 1D6 S.D.C. points—meaning that it would take 12 P.P.E. to heal three characters of 1D6 Hit Points and S.D.C. each, and it would take 36 P.P.E. to heal those same three of 3D6 Hit Points and S.D.C. each.

The Medicine Dance takes 4D6 minutes to complete. Otherwise, treat exactly as the Sickblowing power.

P.P.E. Cannibalization Dance

Range: Self

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 115 — 5 of which are permanently lost

P.P.E.: 2,000 + special

This powerful magic-science enables an Anatquq to convert his own physical health and stamina into an increased capacity to hold and store P.P.E. energy. The performance of this ritual allows the character to convert 1 point of his P.E. attribute, and 5 points of his I.S.P. base—which are all PERMANENTLY lost regardless of whether the ritual is a success or a failure—into 30 P.P.E. points, which are PERMANENTLY added to the Anatquq's P.P.E. base.

At the end of the performance of this ritual (takes about 4-7 days of *continuous*, nonstop dancing—the character may not eat, drink, sleep or talk to anyone during this time or the ritual is spoiled), the Anatquq collapses in an exhausted heap in the snow, and immediately falls into a coma-like trance. He will remain in this trance for 2D4x10 hours. At the end of this trance, he will have to roll a saving throw vs magic—only the Anatquq's *own* bonuses apply to this saving throw. Bonuses to save vs magic from other spells or magic items do not count, although every additional 500 P.P.E. initially expended will add a +1 bonus.

If the save is *failed*, the Anatquq loses the 1 P.E. point, and 5 I.S.P. points, and does not receive anything in return. Furthermore, he is enfeebled and weak upon waking from the trance, requiring serious bed-rest for 3D6 days. If the save is *successful*, the Anatquq still loses the P.E. and I.S.P. points, but receives 30 P.P.E. points added to his P.P.E. base (40 P.P.E. if the save is made with a natural roll of 20), and he will only need bed-rest for 2D4 days.

This ritual *must* be performed at a Ley Line. Being at a Ley Line Nexus adds +2 to the chances of success.

Note: Successful or not, the Anatquq may attempt to perform this ritual only once per level.

Sky Drain

Range: 1 P.P.E. per 200 feet (61 m), to a maximum of 3 miles.

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Dodge

I.S.P.: 7

This power siphons off electrical energy from the Aurora Borealis (known to the Inuit as *aksarneq*) for the Anatquq to use. The Aurora, a strange natural phenomenon seen glowing colorfully in the night sky of the Arctic, is caused by the friction of solar winds on Earth's magnetic field at the poles, and is an immense and effectively inexhaustible source of natural energy, generating well over one trillion (or, for those of you who like to count the zeroes: 1,000,000,000,000) watts of electricity every minute of the day.

Calling down a radiant column of this energy from the atmosphere, channeling it through his own body like a funnel, the Anatquq can blast an enemy target with a bolt that does 6D6 S.D.C. per P.P.E. point, or 2D6 M.D. per 5 P.P.E. points.

This power has one major drawback: it may only be used when inside the Arctic Circle, or at the South Pole (which has its own version of the Borealis). The Anatquq may attempt to use it on a world with as severe an atmospheric disturbance as the Aurora Borealis, or elsewhere in Rifts Earth during an *intense* thunderstorm (hurricane level, at least), but such attacks will do anywhere from full damage to ¼ damage (or no damage at all), at the GM's discretion. Enemies that are impervious to lightning and electrical attacks are likewise impervious to this power.

Like the Fire Ball spell, the blast from a Sky Drain is magically directed and seldom misses. Victims must be aware of the attack and must roll an 18 or higher to dodge.

Example: An Anatquq trying to blast someone at point-blank range (0 P.P.E.) with a blast that does 1D6x10 M.D. (25 P.P.E.) would cost 25 P.P.E. (0 + 25 = 25) while one trying to hit a target at a distance of 3 miles (79 P.P.E.) with a blast that does 4D6x10 M.D. (100 P.P.E.) would cost 179 P.P.E. (79 + 100 = 179).

Weather Science—Silagigsaineq

Range: 2,766,000 sq ft—an area roughly 1,700 ft x 1,700 ft—per 35 P.P.E. (or 1 sq mile per 350 P.P.E.)

Duration: 1 hour per 5 P.P.E. (or 1 day per 120 P.P.E.)

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 65

This power enables the Anatquq to exert an unbelievable amount of control over the weather within a given area. Within the area of effect, he can drop or raise the temperature by 1°F for every 25 P.P.E. expended (to maximums of -90°F and 125°F). And can increase or decrease wind speed by 5mph per every 75 P.P.E. expended (to maximums of 70mph and 0mph, respectively). He cannot cause it to start raining or snowing, but, if it is already raining or snowing, he can stop it.

Ilisineq—Foul Magic

It may be called “foul” magic, but that has more to do with the foul-smelling nature of corpses than with any moral judgement made upon the magic.

This Arctic version of necromancy is not quite as reviled as its counterparts elsewhere in the world. An Anatquq can possess some of these powers over dead flesh and still considered by his peers to be a good and virtuous man (although, one that specializes in such powers will be viewed with a degree of suspicion). A player with an Anatquq

character shouldn't feel that these powers are only for evil Anatquq.

All of these powers require certain material components, usually parts of dead bodies—human or animal—that have to be obtained from corpses. Even in the Arctic, which is like living in one big freezer, such components don't keep forever, and the Anatquq's supply must be replenished from time to time. If treated properly, these fleshy components will keep good for about two or three weeks before putrefaction sets in—putrefied components are useless. This means that the Anatquq may not be able to use all these powers at all times. For example, with the Dead Arms power, if the Anatquq isn't carrying a supply of severed human arms with him, he will not be able to use the power.

Each component may be used only once—as soon as the duration elapses, they crumble into dust.

Aksikuk's Barrage (*Aksikuksapputit*)

Range: Self

Duration: Special

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 8

This power enables to throw a furious barrage of punches at an enemy. For the duration of the power, the Anatquq's number of hand to hand attacks are doubled, *for punches only*. It does not apply to kicks, stabs, shots, dodges or any other action besides punching. The punches are also +2 to strike.

The P.P.E. cost for this power depends on the duration. To maintain it for one melee round costs 3 P.P.E. Each successive melee round has an additional P.P.E. cost equal to twice the cost of the previous round. The first melee round would cost 3 P.P.E., the second melee round would be an additional 6 P.P.E., the third round 12 P.P.E., etc. Because of the way the P.P.E. cost mushrooms quickly, *Aksikuksapputit* is not usually used for more than a few melee rounds. For example, to use this power for 5 melee rounds straight would cost 93 P.P.E. (3+6+12+24+48=93).

After this power is used once, it may not be used again for another 24 hours. The material component is the hand- or paw-bones of a mammal, which are crushed to dust in the Anatquq's fist.

Create Antler Familiar

Range: Touch / 480ft (146.4 m) per 1 P.P.E. initially expended

Duration: 1 month per 2 P.P.E. initially expended

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 15

This power enables the Anatquq to fuse several sets of animal antlers together to form a small (about the size of a dog—generally 30" to 36" tall) spider-like construct that can be used as a familiar for the Anatquq. This familiar will understand and obey any command, verbal or mental, no matter how complicated or involved. For the Anatquq, the Antler Familiar is now an extension of the Anatquq's own senses. Whatever the Familiar sees, hears, or smells, the Anatquq does also, making them excellent tools of espionage. Antler Familiars also have the same Nalussaerunek Senses that all Anatquq do (see the **Anatquq R.C.C.**).

Although the familiar obeys and understands its master, it cannot actually speak to him. The range of an Antler Familiar's activity is limited to a distance from the Anatquq of

480ft per 1 P.P.E., initially expended in the creation of the construct.

Unlike ordinary familiar symbiosis, the Anatquq gains no additional hit points from his connection to the familiar, but neither does he lose any if it is damaged or destroyed.

The familiar is a creation with 2D4x10 S.D.C. and no hit points. It has two attacks per melee and causes 2D6 S.D.C. per attack, plus P.S. bonus, if any. The Antler Familiar's S.D.C. and attack damage can be converted to M.D.C. for an additional expenditure of 600 P.P.E. It is +1 to strike, and +2 to parry and dodge. Spd is equal to the Anatquq's Spd attribute, +1 for every additional 30 P.P.E. expended. The construct has P.S. 8, +1 for every additional 50 P.P.E. expended.

Create Tupilak

Range: Touch

Duration: Indefinite

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 145

Tupilaks are horrible, golem-like creations constructed from the corpses of various dead animals, and enchanted with an aura of Spirit Energy. They are mostly used as assassins, agents of revenge or, in a pinch, warriors. If you see a Tupilak coming towards you, you can be sure that you've made someone *very* angry.

Although they are constructed from once-living flesh, Tupilaks are immune to all psionic attacks and magic attacks designed to affect the physiology of humans and other living beings. Turn Dead will keep one at bay, although Banishment, Negation, and Remove Curse are thoroughly useless. It cannot speak, and only understands simple commands (like, for example: "Kill"). It has no emotions and it fears nothing. When its creator dies, a Tupilak will follow his last command until it is destroyed.

- Horror Factor: 17
- I.Q. 6; P.S. 16, +1 per 75 P.P.E. expended (supernatural); Spd 6, +1 per 20 P.P.E.
- Height (8-14 ft long)—moves something like an insect, and something like a crocodile
- Three attacks per melee, +1 attack per 500 P.P.E. expended. Damage is calculated as per supernatural P.S.
- M.D.C.: 10 per 85 P.P.E.

Dead Arms (Tatdlikatoqussoq)

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 melee per 2 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 15

With this power, the Anatquq can temporarily graft the severed arms of human corpses onto his own body. Each additional arm (one for every four levels of experience, up to a maximum of five Dead Arms) provides the Anatquq with one extra physical attack per melee, and +1 to parry.

Each arm grafted to the Anatquq's body costs 10 P.P.E.

Dead Fingers (Aq'ssaittoqussoq)

Range: 100ft (30.5m)

Duration: Indefinite, until used

Saving Throw: Dodge

I.S.P.: 10

This extraordinarily grotesque power enables the Anatquq to temporarily graft *severed human fingers* (or roughly equivalent-sized animal appendages) onto his own body, which can be launched off like magical projectile weapons later on.

The Anatquq can graft on two fingers for each level of experience. To graft each finger on costs 10 P.P.E. per finger, the ritual requiring 5 minutes per Dead Finger grafted, and, once grafted in place (usually onto the arms or face of the Anatquq), the fingers will remain there indefinitely, until used. To fire off each Dead Finger costs only 1 P.P.E. each. They can be fired in volleys, varying from only one, to all of them at once—but only at one target: if one misses, they all miss, if one hits, they all hit.

The damage for each one is 2D4 M.D., but because of their short range (100ft), they are used more as back-up weapons than as weapons of attack. A common Anatquq tactic is to graft all the Dead Fingers to their chests, under their shirts to keep them concealed, and then, as a last resort, they will lift their shirts and fire them all off in one concentrated volley.

Dead Hands

Range: 1 or 2ft

Duration: 1 minute per 4 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 6

This defensive power enables the Anatquq to animate a bunch of severed human hands (or equivalent-sized animal appendages) to protect himself from physical harm. The Anatquq can animate one Dead Hand per level of experience, at the cost of 3 P.P.E. per Dead Hand animated. Once animated, these hands orbit around the Anatquq like satellites, blocking or deflecting things coming towards his body. Every *pair* of Dead Hands adds a bonus of +1 to dodge, and +2 to parry. Each Dead Hand has 10 M.D.C. (+4 M.D.C. for every additional 4 P.P.E.) and can not only parry hand-to-hand attacks, but bullets, missiles, and other projectiles as well.

Death on the Land (Toqonuname)

Range: 1 mile, +1 additional mile per 50 P.P.E.

Duration: 2D4 minutes, +1D4 minutes per 25 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: Standard

I.S.P.: 12

This power requires a rather large quantity of blood from a freshly killed animal—generally about five or six liters—which must be splashed upon the ground. The blood seeps into the earth (or the ice, as the case may be), and surges up beneath the target, “staining” it with an aura of death. It causes minimal damage: 1D6 S.D.C. to S.D.C. targets or 1D4 M.D. to M.D.C. targets.

Once a target is “stained,” he becomes like one of the undead (in terms of vulnerabilities, at least)—spells that affect only the undead will now affect the target in the same way. Turn Dead, Animate/Control Dead, Protection Circles: Simple & Superior will all work on the victim as if he were a zombie (although they get to make a standard saving throw for all of them). The victim will now take double damage from fire and electricity; the Anatquq powers of Stinghitter and Spirit Shock will both have doubled effectiveness

against the victim, and anything in general that causes increased damage to the undead will now cause increased damage to the victim, too.

Victims will also stink heinously of decay and rotting flesh for 2D4 days.

Devouring the Remains (*Sunasorpok*)

Range: Touch—the Anatquq must actually, physically bite the corpse from which he is trying to extract P.P.E.

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

I.S.P.: 2

This power allows the Anatquq to draw P.P.E. out of decaying corpses. The Anatquq must get close enough to the corpse to bite it before he can use *Sunasorpok*. When successful, this power strips every last bit of energy away from the corpse, which collapses into a small heap of ash and cinders. From this, the Anatquq receives P.P.E. equal to 50% of the corpse's max S.D.C. (when it was alive, obviously), or 75% of its max M.D.C., if it was a supernatural creature.

Sunasorpok doesn't always work. The base chance for success is 80%, +1% for every level of the Anatquq, and +10% if the corpse happens to be sitting within a 100 feet (30.5m) of a Ley Line or Ley Line Nexus.

Gloves of Aksikuk

Range: self

Duration: 1D4 days per 45 P.P.E.

Saving Throw: none

I.S.P.: 32

Named after an Anatquq of legend, this psi-sorcery power enables the Medicine-Man to enchant a pair of gloves with superhuman strength. The ritual to create such gloves is a long one, lasting 4D6 hours, minus one hour per level of the Anatquq (to a minimum of two). For every 10 P.P.E. spent during this ritual—over and above the P.P.E. spent to extend the enchantment's duration—the gloves carry within them 2 additional points of P.S., which is considered supernatural. For each additional 15 P.P.E., the wearer's P.E. is also increased by 2. The strength can be made supernatural by spending an additional 120 P.P.E.

The gloves must be made out of the skin of a dead man's hands (or dead woman's) and the skin must be large enough for the Anatquq to fit his hands into. Very tall or big-handed Anatquq seldom use this power because of the difficulty of finding dead people whose hands are big enough to provide enough skin to fit over that Anatquq's large hands. The gloves must also be custom tailored to a single wearer's hands, and may not be worn by anyone else. These gloves do not work on robots or cyborgs, but will work on a Spirit 'Borg.

To use this power, the Anatquq must also have the skills of Sewing and Skin & Prepare Animal Hides, both at a skill percentage of at least 75%.

Example: Aksikuk gloves that retained their enchantment for 1D4 days (45 P.P.E.), and increased their wearer's P.S. by 16 points (80 P.P.E.) and his P.E. by 4 points (24 P.P.E.) would cost 149 P.P.E. (45 + 80 + 24 = 149 P.P.E.).

New Skills

Espionage

Detect Shape-Shifting: When a creature shape-shifts into the form of an animal, it betrays its humanoid origins by tiny, almost-imperceptible actions—perhaps he doesn't move in *quite* the right way, or paws the ground uncharacteristically, or isn't as twitchy and nervous as the animal *should* be, etc. This skill enables a character to notice and recognize these slight discrepancies for what they are: evidence that the animal in question is not a “regular” one, but a person shapeshifted into the form of that animal. The character must be able to observe the animal in question for at least five minutes before he can make an accurate guess. This skill can be used only if the subject is shape-shifted into a normal animal, and one that the character is familiar with. (e.g. he would be able to use it on someone metamorphosed into a wolverine, but not into a rhino). **Base Skill:** 25% + 5% per level of experience.

Mechanical

Animal/Mechanical Improvisation: A handy skill to have in a place where replacement parts are hard to come by, this skill allows the character to replace broken or defective mechanical components with improvised ones from a freshly butchered animal. Fan belt busted? Try the braided sinews of a caribou. Crack in a reactor battery? Fill in the breach with a gluey paste made from tree sap, ground up animal teeth and hair. You get the idea.

It must be stressed that spare parts obtained from this skill are only *temporary* replacements—they are not intended to be permanent repairs. They are only intended to be used in emergency situations when there really isn't anything else available—and only to get the machine in question up and running again. Vehicles, robots, power armor, weapons, etc, repaired in such a manner are NOT in any condition to be strenuously used. **Base Skill:** 25% + 5% per level of experience. **Requirements:** Hunting, Mechanical Engineer.

Technical

Language: Anatquq: This is the specialized cant of the Anatquq Medicine-Men. While it is known mostly by Anatquq, non-Anatquq *are* able to learn it. Non-Anatquq generally learn it because, due to its high degree of complexity and its extreme rarity, the Anatquq Language makes for an excellent code. Also, knowing Anatquq Language is considered to be a sign of class or refinement. Most village chiefs, even if they aren't Anatquq, will know at least some of the Anatquq Language. **Base Skill:** 20% + 5% per level of experience.

Language: Eskimo and Indian: This is not one skill, but rather a category of language skills. After the Great Cataclysm, many European-descended languages faded out of usage in the Arctic, and tribal languages have again become the rule (although you can still find many that speak American or French).

There are several language families used in the Eskimo and Indian Arctic of Rifts Earth, and dozens of dialects and variants of each family. Each “family” is a separate skill. The player character will be able to communicate reasonably well with everyone

else who speaks a language in that family, although with some of the more complicated dialects, communication may be limited. The nine major families are:

Algonkian: Spoken by the Montagnais, Naskapi, Algonkins, Chippewas, Micmac, Maliseet, Crees, Abenakis and Penobscots.

Iroquoian: Spoken by the Hurons, Attignauouantan, Attingueenongnahak, Ahrendarrhonon, Tahontaenrat and Wendat.

Inuktitut: Spoken by most Inuit peoples, chiefly the Mackenzie River Inuit, Copper Inuit, Caribou Inuit, Netsilik, Iglulik, Sallirmiut, Baffin Inuit, Polar Inuit, Hudson Bay Inuit, and Labrador Inuit. Easily the most practical and useful of all the language families, rivaled only by Algonkian.

Tlingit: Spoken exclusively by the Tlingit.

Haida: Spoken exclusively by the Haida.

Tsimshian: Spoken exclusively by the Tsimshian, which include three peoples: the Tsimshian proper, the Gitksan and the Niska.

Kwakiutl: Spoken exclusively by the Kwakwaka'wakw.

Nootkan: Spoken exclusively by the Nootka, although most Eskimo whale-hunters know at least a little Nootkan (since the Nootka are renowned whale hunters).

Salishan: Spoken exclusively by the Salish.

Obviously, language families that do not have many speakers, such as Tlingit or Kwakiutl, are of limited usefulness to the character in everyday situations. Although, bear in mind that such languages become valuable by virtue of their exclusivity—often, the rarer languages are used as code. Also, you will always make a good impression on someone if you speak their native language, especially if it's an obscure one. **Base Skill:** 20% + 5% per level of experience.

Language: Spirit Talk: This is the ancient language of the Spirit Animals, as composed by Big Raven. Being able to speak to Spirit Animals in their own language will often greatly improve their disposition towards the speaker. As with the Anatquq Language, knowing Spirit Talk is considered a sign of enlightenment and education. **Base Skill:** 40% + 5% per level of experience.

Weapon Proficiencies

W.P. Harpoon: Training with the harpoon (*ernangnaq*), particularly its use in hunting: the skill of the long throw; its use as a melee weapon (*anguvigaq*); the use of the detachable, barbed harpoon heads (*tukaq*) that lodge in the enemy's body; the use of the attached line and inflated seal-bladder (*agdligaq*), which allows the hunter to follow quarry even if it dives beneath the water, by following the attached bladder which floats on top of the water, etc. **Bonuses:** +1 to strike as a melee and thrown weapon at level one; +1 to parry and strike as a thrown weapon at level two; +1 to parry and strike as a melee weapon at level four; +1 to strike as a thrown weapon at level five; +1 to parry and strike as a melee and thrown weapon at level seven; +1 to strike as a thrown weapon at level nine; +1 to parry at level ten; +1 to strike as a thrown and melee weapon at level eleven; +1 to parry and strike as a thrown weapon at level fourteen; +1 to strike as a melee weapon at level fifteen.

W.P. Manok: Training with the Manok. A Manok is a sort of barbed, discus-type of

weapon generally used for hunting, but, in the hand, can also be used to effectively parry attacks. It is thrown much in the same way as a boomerang. They are mostly S.D.C. weapons, but some mega-damage Manok do exist. **Bonuses:** +1 to strike at level one; +1 to parry at level two; +1 to strike at level three; +1 to parry at level five; +1 to strike at level seven; +1 to parry at level eight; +1 to strike at level ten; +1 to parry at level eleven; +1 to strike at level fourteen.

The Arctic Pantheon

It is hard to think of the gods of the Arctic pantheon in the ordinary, adversarial way in which most other pantheons are structured. To divide it into warring factions of ‘light’ and ‘dark’ is to drastically oversimplify the personalities, motivations, and conflicts of these great spirits.

The first thing to note is that none of these gods are ‘family’ the way the gods of some pantheons are—there are no brother-sister or father-child relationships among them—and, in fact, they aren’t exactly even a ‘pantheon’ in any organized fashion. There is rarely any inclination among them to ever gather together, and they don’t think of themselves as a unit in any way. Of course, they all know each other, and, along the millennia, each has encountered the others numerous times. In general, though, they all tend to give each other a pretty wide berth. Placing a high premium on their independence from one another, most of them just don’t particularly care what the other gods get up to. They’ve all got their own problems to worry about, and they rarely work together.

Even in marriage, on the rare occasion that a god takes a wife or a husband, it is usually to a mortal, and not to another god. They *are* a pantheon in the sense that their territories overlap in the same geographic vicinity, and they (at least on Rifts Earth) all share believers of a common culture who consider these gods to be of the same group, even though the gods themselves don’t actually have much contact with one another—although this is not to say that they *never* have contact with one another, just that it is unusual.

No one actually “worships” these gods per se, but they are all respected and believed in by the people of the Arctic. Their rituals and taboos are observed, and they are appealed to (rather than prayed to) for good weather, good luck, good health, plentiful game, a light winter, etc. Again, in a manner very unlike most other pantheons, these gods tend to take an extremely active interest in the affairs of mankind, personally intervening (albeit usually in disguise or by proxy) wherever and whenever they feel they need to; even if it is merely for entertainment’s sake most of these gods like to get “down on the ice,” i.e. to spend time on a planet’s surface among its inhabitants.

In the case of a benevolent god, this may mean leading a hunting party towards an area of plentiful game, protecting a child from a rampaging monster, healing someone laid up in a sick-hut, and even small, mundane helping tasks such as sweeping floors, mending clothing, cooking food, or cleaning and gutting fish. And in the case of a cruel, malicious, evil god, it may mean sending sickness into a house, leading horrible monsters into the village, suffocating babies in the night, secretly damaging weapons and equipment so that they do not work when needed, etc.

This does not mean that their interests are limited exclusively to mortals and their struggles. Not by a long shot. In fact, the gods of the Arctic are equally enthralled by the lives of the animals who inhabit the Arctic circle alongside man (think about it: aren’t nature shows always the coolest things on TV?), and, as often as they can be found wearing mortal form and walking among man, they can just as often be found wearing the form of an otter or a walrus or a seal, or any other animal form that catches their fancy. To them, living among a beaver community is as fraught with drama and intrigue and fun as camping with an Eskimo hunting party.

It is necessary to mention that, even among the deities of good, “good” is

considered an extremely flexible term. Even the most noble, generous, and compassionate Arctic god, like many a creature of the Arctic, *loves* to change into different shapes, to travel in disguise, to deceive, to play pranks, and each god possesses a near-schizophrenic number of personas: mad jester, annoying practical jokester, childishly curious explorer, wise mentor, storyteller, tutor, lover, hunter, thief, sage. The deity of the Far North is all of these things and more (all except Takanakpsaluk: she's just pure evil, and the only pranks she indulges in are generally intended to cause grievous mental or bodily harm).

Not that a good deity would ever willfully harm anyone on a whim; absolutely not. But, on the other hand, even a god like Kuloscap, who is by far the greatest of the forces of light in the Arctic Pantheon, is not above a practical joke as mindlessly banal as filling someone's sleeping bag with snow. Or casting an illusion on the characters that makes Polar Bear dung appear to be valuable treasure. Or turning into a fish and viciously mocking or taunting a fisherman for not being able to catch him. Or turning into a raven and biting someone on the nose (no damage, just annoying as hell) for amusement. Of course, the objects of these pranks almost never know it was a god who was pestering them and jeering at them.

As you may imagine, even under the best of circumstances these gods can be rather frustrating to deal with.

Note: These gods are only (no pun) the tip of the iceberg. As would be expected, there are many, many more that were omitted for space reasons, such as: Nanabusho of the Ojibwa, Ohokoku Horned-Owl the Conjuror, Wenebojo, K'luyesh the Giant, Nekajiwegizik, Maskásawábik, Misákik the Winged Otter, Inugpasugssuk the Giant God, Chulyen the Old Crow, Mink-Woman, Old Bluejay, Beaver-Brother, and many more.

Relations With Other Entities

1. **Other Pantheons:** Not given to warring or to grudge-holding, the gods of the Arctic seem nonetheless to get on rather badly with most other pantheons. This stems mostly from the Arctic gods' attitudes towards humanity and towards their own godhood, and from their almost total lack of "godly arrogance": that trait that most gods share that keeps them supremely assured of their manifest superiority over all other non-godly entities (cf. the Greek and Roman pantheons). The fact that most of the Arctic gods don't think of themselves as magnificent, magnificent, or magnificent, is an attitude perceived by many other pantheons to be simply... inappropriate for a god. Indecent. However, there are also a great many other deities who merely think it peculiar, although not off-puttingly so.

The Arctic gods have been on consistently friendly, almost neighborly, terms with the Norse pantheon, and the Vanir in particular, for millennia.

2. **The Manidog:** The Arctic gods, for the most part, have a fairly casual attitude towards the Manidog. On the one hand, they don't really like them, but on the other hand, they have never had any problems with them either. The three Manidog tribal chiefs—Gicimánido, Skabewis, and Qungusutariaq—are themselves minor gods, and the continent of Kalaallit Nunaat (Greenland) is a relatively powerful one, so there is sort of an unspoken agreement between the Manidog and the Arctic gods of "Don't start any trouble and there won't be any trouble."
3. **Vampires:** There isn't much of a vampire problem above the Arctic Circle, and not since the "Way-Back-Time" has a Vampire Intelligence even attempted to establish a presence in the Arctic. You would think that any place that has a single night that

lasts for *four months* and rarely receives much *direct* sunlight, would be extremely interesting and even attractive to a Vampire Intelligence, and you would ordinarily be right...except for one thing. Water. Lots and lots of water. Only the very lower part of the Arctic Circle is not covered with ice for most of the year, and ice means lots of raw material for vampire-killers. Even something so mundane as a snowball takes on a deadly significance for vampires.

Most Arctic communities and villages base their livelihoods around water, clustering around rivers and sea-shores for convenient access to fish and whales, and that is way too close for comfort for most vampires. Even still, should a Vampire Intelligence try to gain a foothold on the Far North, the reaction of the Arctic gods would be swift and merciless. Vampires are unequivocally despised by these gods and they will not permit any incursions into their territory by a pack of uppity bloodsuckers.

4. **The Splugorth:** While the Arctic gods don't particularly care for the Splugorth, they don't particularly dislike them, either. As long as they are left alone by these alien intelligences, they will remain neutral on the subject.
5. **Atlanteans:** For the most part, the Arctic gods, themselves avid travelers, enjoy the company of True Atlanteans very much.
6. **The Mechanoids:** A long time ago, on a distant tundra-planet, many deities of the Arctic pantheon encountered "The Horde," and were nearly annihilated. At that time, the Arctic gods only had one form each, a bipedal one (unluckily for them). It was this encounter that caused all of them to develop their fondness for shape-shifting, which they have spread around the Arctic. Most of the Arctic gods are flat-out terrified of the Mechanoids, and should "The Horde" threaten Rifts Earth, the gods would be on the offensive immediately, and would ally themselves with anyone who stood against the invaders. At least, *most* of the gods would...all except Takanakpsaluk. No one, not even her fellow deities, is quite sure *what* her attitude towards the Mechanoids is.
7. **Humans and Others:** As has been said before, most of the Arctic gods quite enjoy being around humans, although they will almost always disguise their true nature when walking among mortals.

Tarquip

The Moon Man

There are few gods of any pantheon, with the obvious exception of Zeus, that are quite as lecherous as Tarquip. Female companionship is always first and foremost in his mind and, over the centuries since he has returned to Rifts Earth, he has left a long trail of demi-gods in his wake, each one sired with a different mother. These children follow their father's example usually, and the sons and daughters of Tarquip are known far and wide for being bad news, albeit very charming and charismatic bad news—the kind of people who will take shameless advantage of you...but make you not mind it so much.

A frequent visitor to Atlantis and several Manido cities (he loves the debauchery), Tarquip is also probably the most social of the gods—talkative, sprightly, amiable—and he manages to get along with just about everyone he meets, mainly because he doesn't fall too hard on the side of either good or evil. He may not sincerely care about what you have

to say, but at least he'll *seem* like he does. In truth, he's just out to have a good time and to indulge his two main obsessions: women and high-technology.

Tarquip has a wee bit of a technology fetish, with a particular love for flying machines and other things that go very fast. A compulsive gun collector, he doesn't delight in weapons for their ability to wage war (Tarquip tries to avoid these and other wasteful, self-destructive conflicts for power) but for their sheer ability to *blow things up*, which he rather likes to do, and can sometimes be seen trying out some new toy against an iceberg or mountainside.

Outside the Arctic, he sometimes employs spies to raid the Research & Development departments of places like the Coalition States in North America, the NGR in Europe, and both Icho and H-Brand in Japan (he has had many happy dealings with the ninja clans there), stealing any new or interesting prototypes for weapons or vehicles they find there. Stockpiled in a small, extradimensional locker-room he created, Tarquip has racks and racks filled with strange, bizarre, and often downright impractical technological items that never saw mass production anywhere in the world (most of them are things that functioned better on the drawing board than in reality). For many of the items, the only existing models are the ones that he owns, a fact that he is very proud of—even if most of the devices are junk or unusable.

For all his vices and flaws, he is a rather peaceful god, and the only times he allows himself to be goaded into fights is when someone is trying to interfere with his amorous pursuits. Many other gods and powerful entities take Tarquip's lack of allegiance (and lack of strong morals) as a cue to try to move in on him and convert him to their own cause—an ordinarily futile gesture. Tarquip is fiercely independent and, if there is one thing he hates, it is being used or manipulated.

Several times in the past, however, Tarquip *has* been duped into assisting other gods (usually female gods) with their own enterprises, and, having gotten nothing out of the deal, has become rather embittered about the idea of helping anyone with their troubles. He will forever carry a vendetta in his heart against Xochiquetzal of the Aztec pantheon, who convinced him to hide her—causing her “common law” husband/consort, Tezcatlipoca, the extremely brutal Aztec god of darkness, to hunt the two of them down and to beat Tarquip to within an inch of his divine life.

It is said—correctly—that Tarquip never forgives a slight, no matter how minor, and he will patiently wait thousands of years for the perfect opportunity for retribution to present itself. As for Xochiquetzal, he has yet to devise his revenge—although it says something rather unpleasant about his personality that he only wants to harm *her*, and feels no ill-will towards Tezcatlipoca whatsoever, whom he feels was perfectly justified in his actions.

Other Names: Tatqeq; Aningaut; “The Philanderer”; “The Amorous Moon”

Alignment: Anarchist

M.D.C.: 44,000 (8,800 M.D.C. on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (for non-M.D.C. worlds): 3,100 S.D.C. and 1,500 hit points.

Attributes: I.Q. 21, M.E. 22, M.A. 29, P.S. 30 (supernatural), P.P. 18, P.E. 23, P.B. 24, Spd 77 (52 mph/84 kmph)

Disposition: For the most part, Tarquip is well-intentioned towards mankind: gentle, benevolent, fair. Although, like many gods, he can also be vicious and ruthless when angered, offended, or just plain bored—handing down dread punishments to the objects of his fury. Thankfully, Tarquip is usually too busy chasing women to get

angry very often.

Horror Factor: 10

Level of Experience: 15th level Ley Line Walker and Stone-Master

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 1200 ft (365 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will.

Invulnerable to cold and heat. Bio-regenerates 2D6 x 10 M.D.C. per minute. Teleport at 98%, dimensional teleport at 60%. Magically knows all languages.

O.C.C. Skills of Note: All Domestic, Mechanical, and Pilot Related at 98%; Basic Electronics 98%, all other Electronics skills at 85%; plus Pilot: Airplane, Automobile, Helicopter, Jet Aircraft, and Jet Fighter; W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle.

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Basic

Number of Attacks: Five physical or psionic attacks per melee round or three by magic.

Restrained Punch – 5D6+13 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch – 3D6 M.D.

Power Punch – 6D6 M.D.

Kick – 3D6 M.D.

Bonuses: +3 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +13 to S.D.C. damage, +2 to pull punch, +3

to roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 to save vs horror factor, +5 to save vs magic, +4 to save vs psionics.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all Stone Magic, and all spells from levels 1-7, plus Negate Magic, Wisps of Confusion, Mute, Speed of the Snail, Wards, Remove Curse, Protection Circle: Superior, and Close Rift.

P.P.E.: 1,900

Psionic Powers: Induce Sleep, Empathy, Telepathy, Hypnotic Suggestion, Mentally Possess Others, and Mind Wipe.

I.S.P.: 312

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Tarquip takes quadruple damage from weapons made from the species of Dwarf Birch tree that grows in the lower reaches of the Arctic Circle. These weapons, even if they are S.D.C. weapons, will cause mega-damage to Tarquip, and cause him a great deal of pain, imposing a penalty of -1 to all his rolls during a melee round in which wood or bark from a Dwarf Birch has touched his skin. Dwarf Birch are rather small, slender trees so there really isn't enough wood on them to make any weapon larger than a short rod or dagger...or bullets. If the Dwarf Birch were not a species of tree that the Spirit Animals, both Old and Young, feel for some reason obliged to protect (it is rumored to have holy properties), Tarquip would have eradicated them from the Arctic already.

Alliances and Allies: None.

Enemies: Cuckolded husbands everywhere.

Minions: The **Children of the Moon** is a loosely organized club composed of Tarquip's demi-god bastard children, but while they may show their father a small measure of deference, few of them consider him their leader. If he has to, he can try to persuade one of them to perform a task for him. Usually, if there is something in it for them, and if Tarquip asks nicely enough (they like to see him grovel a bit), they will do it. Not always, though. The Children of the Moon is, for the most part, a gang of swindlers, extortionists, and con men who only advertise their divine ancestry because they think it impresses or intimidates people.

Description: Tarquip is like the Rudolph Valentino of the Far North. He has a positively spellbinding personal charm coupled with the most exquisitely handsome good-looks

you've ever seen. Dark-haired and dark-eyed, Tarquip has the all perfect proportions of a classical Greek statue. At twilight, his flawless, unblemished skin seems to have a pale luminescence all its own. If gods made movies, he'd be a star.

Weapons and Equipment of Note: It would take a text the size of the Encyclopedia Britannica to list half of the stuff Tarquip has hidden away. He either owns or has ready access to just about any technological gadget—guns, power armor, robots, robot vehicles, cars, planes, helicopters—in the Megaverse, although, as far as vehicles go, he rarely ever collects anything that requires more than one pilot. Some of the items he is most fond of include:

1. An S-14 Sea Hawk VTOL Jet Fighter (see **Rifts Underseas**) modified with the Dimensional Teleport ability at 50%.

2. A Bandito Tarantula (see **Rifts New West**), modified with the Armor of Ithan, Impervious to Energy, and Invisibility Superior spells.

3. Not one, but *two* FASSAR-60 Coalition Centaur Skelebots (see **Rifts Coalition War Machine**), of which only twelve were ever manufactured before the design was scrapped. Their M.D.C. has been magically doubled, but all other stats remain the same. Tarquip has reprogrammed these to obey his every command, and they are now acting in the capacity of his personal valets, accompanying him everywhere he goes when he's not in disguise.

4. A suit of Glitter-Boy power armor, modified with the Armor of Ithan, Chameleon, Levitation, and Impervious to Fire spells, and with the laser-reflective surface altered to have a silvery white sheen, instead of a glittering golden one. He is very impressed with the unbelievably loud -BANG- that the boom-gun makes.

Kuloscap

Champion of Humanity...and of His Own Warped Sense of Humor

Kuloscap, the greatest champion of light in the Arctic, is the entity almost directly responsible for mankind's survival in the Far North after the Great Cataclysm. While many other gods took an "I've-Got-My-Own-Problems" attitude during those dark times, Kuloscap, although greatly weakened from a recent defeat at the hands of an extradimensional alien intelligence halfway across the Megaverse, took it upon himself to nurture and protect the struggling survivors of humanity, educating the first generation of new Anatquq and Story-Fishers, and tirelessly fighting supernatural menace after supernatural menace.

Most people are rather shocked when they first meet Kuloscap because of how little he seems to live up to his reputation. He is crude, impolite, vulgar, crass, lewd, buffoonish, and deceitful—although never maliciously so. Beneath all that, however, is a genuine love for all sentient life-forms—for humanity in particular—and a raw bravery that none can deny.

Kuloscap likes to hang around human communities (always in human shape, because, while he may associate with humans often, he hardly ever reveals his true nature to them), pretending to be one of them, usually taking the form of one kind of hopeless fool or another—at different times he has pretended to be: an itinerant drunk; an appallingly inept hunter; a senile old Anatquq who can hardly remember his own name, much less anyone else's; a cantankerous, deaf Story-Fisher; a brutally sarcastic weasel (I

don't mean a person with a weasely attitude, I mean he often appears as an actual talking weasel); a very fat, voraciously hungry, and boringly talkative polar bear—basically getting on everyone's nerves in whatever form he takes—and loving it.

When he's not impersonating any of these characters, and not out pulling pranks or practical jokes with Big Raven, Kuloscap can usually be found roving the Arctic protecting the weak and defending the innocent, fighting tirelessly for the sake of justice and freedom. Actually, he'd be a really annoying goody two-shoes if it weren't for his bizarre sense of humor, which, admittedly, can also get pretty irritating after a while.

While he may be a shameless joker 95% of the time, Kuloscap is, in combat, as serious as a heart attack. He chooses his battles carefully (if sometimes inexplicably) and has, in the last hundred years or so, variously taken stands against an organized uprising of the Kiwa'Kws giants, the slaving practices of the Manidog nations, the Lord of the Deep, a Mexican vampire intelligence, and an enormously powerful demon-baron that had emerged, mad and bloodthirsty, from Kukingneqssuaq, the permanent rift in the Toqussoq Mountain Range that the Eskimo have come to call the "Great-Fire-River."

Alignment: Scrupulous, with some occasional Unprincipled leanings

M.D.C.: 78,500 (15,700 on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (on non-M.D.C. worlds): 5,500 S.D.C. and 2,400 hit points

Size: 2 to 24 feet (.6 to 7.3 m)

Weight: Varies with size

Attributes: I.Q. 33, M.E. 30, M.A. 35, P.S. 38 (supernatural), P.P. 29, P.B. 12 (only in true form), Spd 91 (62 mph/100 kmph)

Disposition: A bewildering hybrid of Lancelot and Jerry Lewis, Kuloscap can be the most staunch, dead-serious champion of good one minute, and the most rubber-faced champion of scatological, adolescent humor the next—his conversations wildly range from the suppression of vampire intelligences, to the evils of slavery, to slapstick pratfalls and fart jokes. While he has many friends, few creatures (except Big Raven) really understand him. Not that this matters a whole lot, since his overwhelming good-nature and joviality can usually win over even the most humorless and stone-faced. Eventually.

Communication with him can sometimes be frustrating, because if he doesn't feel like being serious there is no force on Earth that will make him be. A character may be trying to talk to him about some crucial point that affects the character's whole campaign but Kuloscap will not really be listening, trying to make the character (or himself) laugh instead, most likely refusing to do anything even remotely constructive, with the exception of tying the character's shoelaces together, or teleporting a cold, slimy fish into their underwear (which, in Kuloscap's odd mind, *is* somehow constructive).

In his defense, it must be said that, when he *absolutely needs to be*, Kuloscap can be serious and level-headed; of course, the only judge of whether or not he absolutely needs to be serious is Kuloscap himself. Oddly enough, however, some people find that it is just when they are most frustrated with Kuloscap's attitude and silly antics that they suddenly find themselves having a brainstorm, thinking of things they'd forgotten or hadn't thought of before, and coming up with the answer without his help. Whether this is some weird power Kuloscap has, or a mere side effect of humor in general, no one can say.

Horror Factor: 12

Experience Level: 20th level Ley Line Walker, 10th level Temporal Wizard.

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 2000 ft (610 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, magically knows all languages, bio-regeneration (6D6 x 10 M.D.C. per minute). Impervious to disease, heat, and cold. Exorcism 90%. Can transform into any animal or inanimate object at will and remain in that form indefinitely. Teleport and dimensional teleport at 96%.

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: None

Skills of Note: All domestic, rogue, and wilderness skills at 98%, swim 98%, gymnastics, wrestling, climbing 80%, prowl 75%, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Spear (Harpoon), W.P. Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle (Kuloscap was, for a short time, fascinated with high-tech weaponry, although once their novelty wore off he stopped fooling around with them—he retains the skills to use them even though his interest in them has faded).

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Expert

Number of Attacks: Seven hand to hand or psionic attacks, or four by magic.

Restrained Punch—6D6+23 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch—5D6 M.D.

Power Punch—1D6x10 M.D.

Kick—4D6 M.D.

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +3 to strike, +10 to parry and dodge, +23 to S.D.C. damage, +4

to pull punch, +4 to roll with impact or fall, +8 to save vs horror factor, +5 to save vs magic, +8 to save vs psionics.

Magical Knowledge: Knows all spell magic from levels 1-15, plus all temporal magic spells (see **Rifts England**)

P.P.E.: 8,000

Psionic Knowledge: Knows all psi-powers from the category of Healing, plus Sixth Sense, Psi-Shield, Psi-Sword, and Pyrokinesis.

I.S.P.: 800

Weapons and Equipment of Note: 1. *Savik Auanqarnisalerssarutit Okalualut* (The Legend-Knife-of-the-Men-of-the-North)—usually referred to simply as “*Savik*,” a greatest rune weapon (see **Rifts Atlantis**), with all basic abilities, plus the following:

- Principled good alignment, I.Q. 10, and has the ability to speak out loud (voice like an opera tenor).
- Animated and flying weapon. Can be thrown 2,000 feet (610 m) and magically returns to its owner.
- 1D4x10 M.D. damage
- Enables Kuloscap to cast any Storyspell, from any category except Epic, once per day, equivalent to a 10th level Story-Fisher.
- So long as Kuloscap holds the *Savik Auanqarnisalerssarutit Okalualut*, he has the psi-power of Telemechanics.

2. *Kitingijait* Armor—suit of magical power-armor that Kuloscap seldom wears (usually only in times of war) because it interferes with his shape-shifting abilities. Built for a 22-foot tall humanoid (which is exactly how tall Kuloscap is in his natural shape), it is named simply for the place where he built the armor, on the banks of the river *Kitingijait*, which, incidentally, is now used mostly by the Kiwa’Kws giants as a fishing ground when other game is scarce. It increases all his physical attributes by 5, except for his Spd, which is increased by 50, and gives him an additional +4 bonus to save vs magic, although he himself may not cast magic while wearing the armor (but

he still may use “*Savik*” to cast Storyspells). 3,500 M.D.C. and regenerates 1D6x10 M.D.C. per minute.

Description: Although he can make himself look like just about anything, Kuloscap’s true form, which he does on rare occasion use, is that of a 22 foot tall humanoid with webbed fingers and toes, greenish skin and round, bulging black eyes, that are set on his head a little wider than would be considered normal on a human head.

Big Raven

The First Spirit Animal

Big Raven is the most ancient and powerful of the Old Spirit Animals still in existence. Given his species’ penchant for millennia-long periods of hibernation and contemplation, there may yet be another one of his utterly ancient generation still slumbering in the Earth, but, while some may approach him in age, none are older.

Big Raven was the first.

In prehistoric times, at the dawn of his species, Big Raven was nothing more than a floating aggregation of magical energies, without form or purpose. He first created himself, forging his own bodiless magical intelligence into a solid shape, then, almost as an afterthought, he created his legendary descendants: the Spirit Animals.

There really isn’t much else to Big Raven’s history. His is not a species of movers and shakers. He has spent most of the time since he created himself either in millennia-long periods of contemplation, or in the perpetration of harmless pranks on the inhabitants of the Arctic. He has managed to avoid all but a few violent conflicts during the passage of that time. On three occasions, he has stood against an invading alien intelligence and its minions, once on his own and twice with help from other entities, when it looked as if his territory would be encroached upon, and three times he has emerged victorious—not that he takes any particular pride in success over failure, finding it interesting sometimes just to participate in events as they unfold, whatever the consequences.

Aside from the desire to remain in his Arctic habitat unmolested by other deities and intelligences, Big Raven possesses little in the way of goals or objectives. There is nothing he feels he must accomplish in the future, aside from simply surviving. It’s true that Big Raven may be easily as smart or smarter than most ancient dragons, but deep down he’s basically just...well...a really big bird.

Ordinary ravens don’t think or plan terribly far into the future (at least, I assume they don’t), and neither does Big Raven. His interests are as varied as they are unpredictable, and they seem to change from year to year. One year he may be especially absorbed in the conflict between rival Narwhal in a particular herd. One year he may entertain himself by observing the exploits of a certain Suilarqineq (see “The-Grieving-Ones” O.C.C.). One year he may not want to have anything to do with other sentient beings at all, amusing simply by flying from place to place, there and back, over and over again.

To call Big Raven a practical joker would be a *gross* understatement. Lacking anything recognizably resembling “goals,” the only things he seems to truly care about—aside from millennia-spanning contemplations of the cosmos—are pulling pranks, stealing small and (usually) inconsequential items, and getting up to the kind of impish mischief that so many of the Arctic’s supernatural entities are inexplicably fond of. It’s confusing to

think of how such an old, mysterious, and powerful creature can yet derive such an almost childish amusement from the theft of a mere fish-hook, mitten, or brass button.

When stealing, he tends to prefer shiny things (some Eskimo, if they happen to own high-tech, mega-damage weapons, will coat them with an unpleasant-looking grime to prevent a too-pretty item from vanishing in the night). This is one of the reasons behind Big Raven's long-standing friendship with Kuloscap, another divinely mischievous entity, himself a deity of many moods. Only Kuloscap fully understands this curious double-nature of Big Raven, that bizarre mixture of petty thief and wise mystic, the highest intelligence and understanding coupled with the lowest, most trivial, whimsical impulses—contradictions of personality too large for any but a god to encompass.

Other Names: Ku'urkil

Alignment: Unprincipled

M.D.C.: 22,240

S.D.C./Hit Points (on non-M.D.C. worlds): 1,988 S.D.C.; 1,010 hit points

Attributes: I.Q. 31, M.A. 30, M.E. 30, P.S. 53 (supernatural), P.P. 25, P.E. 31, P.B. 19, Spd 110 (75 mph/121 kmph)

Disposition: Big Raven just doesn't care. It's not that he's callous. Because he's not. On the contrary, he is actually a rather sensitive and compassionate being, sympathetic to the human condition. He just doesn't like to take much of an active role in the lives and struggles of other entities. The frame-of-mind of an Old Spirit Animal is a difficult thing to describe, and this is particularly so with Big Raven. He has an intellect that is far above that of the greatest human geniuses of history, yet his mind, essentially, still functions like that of an ordinary raven's. It is hard to conceive how any creature can be so superhumanly brilliant and yet so elementally *animal* at the same time, but that is exactly what Big Raven is. He rarely involves himself in the conflicts of humanity, or in conflicts that he feels have nothing to do with him. To humans, he seems gruff, terse, stern. He *is* all of those things but, paradoxically, Big Raven is also an inveterate practical joker and trickster, rivaled only by Kuloscap in his love for pranks and embarrassing antics.

He is also, at times, a compulsive petty-thief, one who compulsively steals items of little actual worth. Not above stealing things of greater value and importance, Big Raven will nevertheless not take an object if the loss of it would be anything more than mildly inconvenient or incredibly annoying. Trinkets, beads, glass bottles, shiny things, hats, blankets, shoes, eating utensils, keys, and other small odds-and-ends are all fair game for Big Raven—if just to see the looks on the faces of his victims when they realize that the bowl of food they just put on the table has mysteriously gone missing.

Horror Factor: 17 (or awe)

Level of Experience: Equivalent to a 12th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 2000 feet (610 m), See the Invisible, See P.P.E. Energy, Turn Invisible at Will, track by smell 98%, bio-regeneration 1D6x10 per minute, teleport self 96%, dimensional teleport 85%, and metamorphosis at will (for an indefinite period of time).

O.C.C. Skills of Note: All Espionage and Wilderness skills at 98%.

Attacks Per Melee Round: Seven physical attacks per melee round, or four by magic or psionics.

Damage:

Bite — 1D4x10 M.D.

Claw — 5D6 M.D.

Restrained Wing Slap — 1D6 M.D.

Full Strength Wing Slap — 1D6x10 M.D.

Power Wing Slap — 2D6x10 M.D.

Bonuses (all): +4 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +6 on initiative, +5 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +3 on all saving throws

Magic Knowledge: Knows all spell magic from level 1-12, plus Protection Circle:

Superior, Summon Storm; knows all Anatquq Science powers.

P.P.E.: 2,120

Psionic Powers: Knows all psi-powers.

I.S.P.: 294

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Takes triple damage from weapons made from a Millennium tree.

Alliances and Allies: Revered as a god by nearly all Spirit Animals, even most of those that approach himself in age, Big Raven only has to ask once to receive the complete and utter cooperation of any Spirit Animal at any time. All Spirit Animals defer to his wishes ALWAYS. On at least sociable terms with most of the other gods that reside in the Arctic, Big Raven considers Kuloscaph a friend, especially because he is able to indulge in his playful side with the mischievous god, and has even once lent his strength to the legendary Anatquq named Kukiaq in a battle against a demonic intelligence that was trying to establish a foothold in the North Pole.

Enemies: Not many; since he usually keeps to himself, most evil creatures give him a pretty wide berth. They figure that if he leaves them alone, they'll leave him alone too.

Minions: Spirit Animals everywhere, when he needs them (which isn't often—he has better things to do with his time than to boss around his youthful descendants).

Description: His normal form is that of a giant raven, with a wingspan of 65 feet (19.8 m). However, when not resting or hibernating or thinking, he usually uses the form of a normal-sized raven. While possessing the metamorphosis powers common to all Spirit Animals, Big Raven doesn't use them very often, and usually only in connection with pranks and mischief.

Weapons and Equipment of Note: None

Money: None; through his Spirit Animal minions, Big Raven has access to just about any item he could ask for, but he himself has no personal possessions or money. He never holds onto the items he steals for very long, and piles of the little trinkets, doo-dads, and other assorted items (usually valueless) can periodically be found here and there in the Arctic, dropped by the Old Spirit Animal when he tires of them or loses interest. Any scattering of useless junk is usually referred to as a "Big Raven pile."

Wisakecahk

The Fool-Hero

"One day Wisakecahk was looking for food. He was getting mad at his ass because every time he went to shoot his bow, his ass would fart and scare off the animals. He wanted to punish his ass. He built a large fire under a big rock. When the rock was hot, he

sat on it. Wisakecahk screamed in pain. He ran to the river and put his ass in the cold water. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘that ought to teach my ass.’

“Big black scabs formed on his burnt ass. As he walked, the scabs dried up and fell off. Later, he walked back along the same trail and he saw the scabs on the ground. ‘Hey,’ he said, ‘that looks like Grandma’s dried meat!’ He picked up the scabs and ate them. Some animals that had been watching started laughing at Wisakecahk. They laughed so loud that they scared him. ‘What are you laughing at?’ he said. ‘Wisakecahk!’ they said, ‘You’ve been eating the scabs from your burnt ass!’

“Wisakecahk was very embarrassed and he ran away. And so it happened.”

—*Niviasar*

A Mackenzie Delta Story-Fisher

(That’s an actual myth, folks.)

Many people think that Wisakecahk is a fictional character. He’s real. Many people who have met him *wish* that he was fictional, but it is not the case. Wisakecahk is the hero of the Wisakecahk story-cycle. Almost all of these tales are about how Wisakecahk attempts some practical joke or idiotic scheme—usually a way to dodge hard work—and how it blows up in his face.

Wisakecahk is the living embodiment of the wrong way to do things. The wrong way to trap seals. The wrong way to wash animal dung stains out of your clothes. The wrong way to keep warm in the winter. Everything Wisakecahk does, he does wrong. Very, very wrong. If the Arctic god Kuloscap is the teacher who imparts his cleverness to humanity by his teachings, then Wisakecahk is the imbecile who, by example, teaches people how *not* to do things.

There is one curious thing about Wisakecahk that several story-lore scholars have noticed: it doesn’t seem like he can die. Several times in the past, Wisakecahk’s stupidity seems to have gotten him “killed”—often spectacularly so—but he always returns, days later, without a scratch on him. If anyone asks him, he will say that he has been on a long trip. No, he will say, he does not remember getting killed. Scholars estimate that this has happened thousands of times in Eskimo history.

Some scholars have theorized that he isn’t really a god at all, but a living manifestation of an idea, like a Storyspell, that cannot die or be destroyed. Some wonder if Wisakecahk isn’t some sort of vampire or minor vampire intelligence. Still others say that Wisakecahk isn’t one being, but many beings. These scholars figure that, considering the frequency with which Wisakecahk dies and returns and dies and returns again, there must be a factory somewhere that does nothing but manufacture dozens and dozens of Wisakecahk clones. As frightening and perplexing a theory as this is, it does have some support to it. Wherever Wisakecahk is found, there are usually Gene Splicers skulking nearby. What interest Gene Splicers could have in the semi-moronic manifestation of the concept of ineptitude is anyone’s guess. Maybe they just want to know why he never seems to stay dead.

It is doubtful that Wisakecahk himself knows the answer. It is certain that he doesn’t care, one way or the other.

Other Names: None known

Alignment: Unprincipled

M.D.C.: 10,000 (2,000 on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (for non-M.D.C. worlds): 950 S.D.C. / 500 hit points

Size: 5'9"

Weight: 185 lbs.

Attributes: I.Q. 6, M.E. 7, M.A. 7, P.S. 9 (supernatural), P.P. 11, P.E. 9, P.B. 8,
Spd: 10

Disposition: Wisakecahk is too stupid to have any outstanding character traits besides his laziness and gluttony. Think Homer Simpson, but dumber. He always complains that he's hungry, and that his feet are tired because he has been walking for a long time.

Horror Factor: 10 (not so much horror, as the terrible knowledge that bad things *always* happen near Wisakecahk).

Level of Experience: Equivalent to 1st level Unskilled Vagabond

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 1000 feet (30.5 m; can see in total darkness), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, bio-regeneration 1D6 x 10 M.D.C. per melee round (15 seconds), metamorphosis at will for an indefinite period of time.

Skills of Note: None

Combat Abilities: Hand to Hand: Pathetic

Attacks Per Melee Round: Two

Bonuses (all): None

Magic Knowledge: None

P.P.E.: 900

Psionic Powers: Knows all physical powers.

I.S.P.: 500

Alliances and Allies: Most people try to stay the hell away from Wisakecahk, but he does make a friend here and there among some unintelligent animal species.

Enemies: None

Minions: None

Equipment of Note: None

Description: Wisakecahk looks like your everyday, garden-variety village idiot. Buck-teeth, bad posture, obesity, wandering eyes, irregular bathing habits, obvious drooling problem, uneven haircut, five inches of ass-crack peeking out from the back of his pants, dirty and ill-fitting clothes: Wisakecahk's got them all. He usually smells bad, and has stains on his clothes from falling into a pile of animal dung, or into a tub of rotten fruit, or a well of skunk-spray, or some other such bizarre, embarrassing circumstance.

Sila

The Great Sky Spirit

Not much is known about this fickle goddess of the winds. She keeps very little in the way of friendly company around her (although it has been said that she travels with an unknown Atlantean...) and doesn't associate with her fellow gods at all. She remains, much like her fellow weather deity, Gabibonike, as reserved and distant and the clouds she represents. But whereas Gabibonike merely seems aloof, Sila appears as if she refuses to associate with sentient creatures strictly on principle, maintaining an air of smug superiority.

Yes, Sila's got an attitude problem.

While not quite as feared or hated as Takanakpsaluk (the **Mother of the Deep**, see

below) Sila is nevertheless not very well liked. Part of the reason for this is that she is so easily offended. She may lash down freezing rains on a village, create fog to blind a traveler, or lock an entire hunting party in a blizzard. By and large, these rages of hers, while dangerous, are not murderous. She doesn't want to destroy humanity, just to teach them a lesson or two about who's boss.

Other than that, concrete knowledge of Sila is very limited. She is just another one of the great enigmas of the Arctic Pantheon that has yet to be unraveled. On the one hand, she doesn't seem to like humanity very much, but, on the other hand, she despises the slave trade, and has made several violent stands against Splugorth slaving expeditions.

One thing she *does* unquestionably like is espionage. Her information-gatherers are as ubiquitous as the weather. She maintains a permanent "staff" of about 50 Tarrayarsuit Shadow People, 20 Silhouettes, 10 Shore-Dwarves, 10 Totalet Seal-Men, and 5 Kiwa'Kws Giants—D-Bees only, no humans allowed—whose full-time occupation it is to gather as much information as possible for her, on a staggeringly wide array of subjects. There are very few things that happen in the Arctic that don't get back to Sila sooner or later... usually sooner. Especially prized is information regarding superpowerful entities: Gods, Godlings, Alien Intelligences, Cosmo-Knights, Inuksuit Rockpeople, etc. In a way, Sila suffers from... well... something resembling the human psychological concept of "Inferiority Complex," and having this information makes her feel superior to these other entities.

Other Names: None known—but there is some speculation that Sila might possibly be a fugitive or exiled deity from some other pantheon. This speculation is known only to a very few: five or six other deities and learned human magic-scholars. Even her fellow Arctic gods have doubts as to her true identity. Who Sila *really* is, where she came from, remains a mystery.

Alignment: Unprincipled, with Anarchist tendencies

M.D.C.: 22,000 (4,400 on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (on non-M.D.C. worlds): 1,750 S.D.C. / 950 Hit Points

Size: 7'8"

Weight: 390 lbs

Attributes: I.Q. 27, M.E. 31, M.A. 23, P.S. 37 (supernatural), P.P. 24, P.E. 27, P.B. 19, Spd 148 (102 mph / 162 kmph)

Disposition: Unbelievably intelligent, but also sourly temperamental and moody in the extreme, Sila in many ways resembles a very brilliant but troubled teenager. She believes herself to be superior to virtually every living creature in existence, fellow gods and alien intelligences included. There is nothing she delights in more than teaching someone "a lesson"—especially if they are a god or other superpowerful being, which has earned her no friends in any pantheon she has ever come into contact with.

In particular, she glories in finding a god she believes is arrogant or conceited (and, being gods, most of them are) and then giving them a comeuppance somehow—completely overlooking the fact that she is often far more arrogant and conceited than the gods she delivers a comeuppance to. She just loves to see people taken down a peg, but one of these days, she's going to try to do it to the wrong entity, and she'll finally be taken down peg or two herself—and there are *lots* of people who want to be there when that happens.

Virtually the only time she will even deign to talk to humans or other petty

creatures is when they have some sort of damaging information about a god or alien intelligence or other entity sufficiently powerful enough to interest her.

Horror Factor: 13

Level of Experience: 20th level Air Warlock, 12th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 1000 ft (305 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, magically knows all languages, bio-regeneration (3D6x10 M.D.C. per minute). Impervious to disease, cold, and lightning. Can transform into any animal or inanimate object at will and remain in that form indefinitely. Teleport and dimensional teleport at 80%.

O.C.C. Skills of Note: Knows all Espionage skills at 95%; all Pilot and Pilot Related skills at 98%; knows all ancient Weapon Proficiencies at 10th level; knows all ancient projectile Weapon Proficiencies (e.g. Bow, Sling, Throwing Knife, Harpoon, Manok) at 15th level.

Combat Abilities: Hand to Hand: Basic

Attacks Per Melee Round: Six hand-to-hand or psionic, or four by magic

Damage:

Restrained Punch—6D6+22 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch—5D6 M.D.

Power Punch—1D6x10 M.D.

Kick—4D6 M.D.

Bonuses (all): +5 on initiative, +1 to strike, +10 to dodge, +6 to parry, +6 to pull punch, +6 to roll with impact or fall, +5 to save vs horror factor, +4 to save vs magic, +6 to save vs psionics.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all Air Elemental magic, and all standard Spell Magic from levels 1-8, plus Speed of the Snail, Banishment, Control/Enslave Entity, Wards, Summon Fog, Calm Storms, Summon Rain, Summon Storm, Summon Lesser Being, and Sanctum.

P.P.E.: 4,200

Psionic Powers: All psi-Sensitive powers, plus Detect Psionics, Alter Aura, Death Trance, Electrokinetics, Group Mind Block, Hydrokinesis, Hypnotic Suggestion, Mentally Possess Others, Mind Block Auto-Defense, P.P.E. Shield, and Telekinesis (super).

I.S.P.: 615

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: None

Alliances and Allies: None known...although there do persist several rumors of a shadowy group of friends that Sila travels with (widely rumored to be True Atlanteans). No one knows if this is true or not, and if it is, why she should be so secretive about it.

Enemies: Everyone she has made to look like a fool at one time or another, in order to “teach them a lesson” (Thor, among others).

Minions: A small but omnipresent network of D-Bee spies and information specialists.

Description: An imposingly tall (relative to humankind) beauty with blue-gray skin and a long, ankle-length flood of hair the color of a torrential sky. Her eyes, cold and black-pupiled, have a razor-sharp, piercing quality to them that unnerves most people. She dresses in long, monochrome robes and scarves of a length that would be absurdly impractical for anyone else, since they would be dragging along the floor all the time—however, for her, they are carried aloft by the strong winds that accompany her wherever she goes, and they flutter about her like wisps of cloud.

Weapons and Equipment of Note: A Dragon Thunderer greatest rune weapon, which she took from a Splugorthean High Lord, which did not earn her too many friends in Atlantis. He is definitely looking to get his rune weapon back, and get some revenge in the bargain—he is just one of many.

Body Armor: None, prefers subterfuge to outright physical conflicts.

Takanakpsaluk

The Mother of the Deep

The Mother of the Deep is the bane of all the Arctic, and there are few creatures in the Megaverse as universally despised as she. The living personification of the word “sadist,” Takanakpsaluk knows how to do only one thing: hate, and that’s all she does. Unlike other gods, who usually have a complex agenda of plans and machinations, she seems to have no goals or activities or pursuits other than the causing of pain and suffering in even the lowliest creatures of the Earth.

Takanakpsaluk is the enemy of all the good Arctic deities, and, indeed, every creature of good alignment in the Arctic. Several thousand years ago, a minor deity named Nekajiwegizik led a small company of godlings, demigods, heroes and other powerful beings against Takanakpsaluk in order to free the Arctic from her hateful presence. They were all butchered. All except Nekajiwegizik himself, who was taken alive. It is now close to nine thousand years that he has been Takanakpsaluk’s captive, a screaming pincushion to lavish all her torturous attentions upon. His anguish has become somewhat like a hobby to her: a thing to wind down with, to release anxiety.

Since that time, no other celestial power has seen fit to plot against her, mainly because, while she herself would be enough of a challenge to kill, she is constantly flanked by legions of demonic attendants and bloodthirsty monsters that obey her every command.

To be fair, though, it must be said that no one—with the exception of Tarquip, Kuloscap, Sila, Gabibonike and several other lesser deities of the Arctic pantheon—knows the whole story about Takanakpsaluk, about the old days, earlier in the “Way-Back-Time” than most can remember, when she was an unpleasant, but fairly innocuous, minor alien intelligence named Nulijuk. At that time, aside from the Arctic, most of the deities of the Far North also inhabited a distant tundra-planet, thousands of light years away from Rifts Earth, populated by a fragile bipedal lifeform resembling humanity. The gods liked the planet, and liked the little lifeforms, but then, one day, the skies were filled to crowding with the vast ships of a hostile alien culture. The Mechanoids.

In the days and weeks to come, the deities were to see the entire planet overrun by an innumerable horde of hideously efficient killing machines that ravaged the once-peaceful planet’s indigenous population. The deities, none of whom, at the time, had any shape-changing abilities at all (being exclusively bipedal, making them instant enemies of the Mechanoids), fought desperately to preserve their idyllic haven—all except Nulijuk, who did not particularly care for the lifeforms and had no intention of risking her life for them. Of course, the gods’ resistance made little difference. Nothing is able to stand up against the Mechanoids for very long.

The gods were able only to postpone the planet’s demise by a few weeks. A group of them, exhausted, spent and weak, sought to escape in Gabibonike’s dimension-crossing *umiaq* (big boat). Nulijuk, herself under attack and severely wounded (she had never realized that the Mechanoids actually intended to kill *her*, too), attempted to flee with them by clinging to the side of the packed-to-capacity boat. They might have been able to save her, but she was terrified, involuntarily releasing a vast amount of magic energy which was preventing the *umiaq* from functioning properly. So that the rest of them would be able to escape, Gabibonike cut Nulijuk’s fingers off, whereupon she fell away from the *umiaq*, and it was able to teleport the rest of them out of danger. They abandoned her to the Mechanoids.

For several thousand years, no one heard from her. The other Arctic gods thought Nuliajuk must be dead, assumed that the Mechanoids had destroyed her. However, millennia later, Nuliajuk *returned*, with two loyal demonic servants in tow—Kataum Inua & Isarrataitsoq—having taken a new name, a new form, and having dedicated her existence to hurting the humans and lesser creatures her fellow deities so valued. Just what exactly happened to her in the intervening 5,000 years, only Takanakpsaluk knows.

Not one to be terribly interested in power games with other deities, Takanakpsaluk is content to rule her underwater realm, and busies herself solely with the business of tormenting humans, and making their lives utter misery and hell. She usually tries not to kill them outright. *Anyone* can kill humans, she figures. That much is easy. What really thrills her, what really sets her a-flutter, is to zero in on a single person and hound them mercilessly and without respite until that person, hopeless and heartbroken, is driven to suicide.

Challenges thrill her, and she has been known to spend *years* wearing an especially strong-willed person down to the nub—exterminating his family, infecting him with fevers and disfiguring diseases (gangrene, leprosy, chronic boils, psoriasis), ostracizing him from his community by causing blizzards and murderous hailstorms to hover over any village that takes him in, starving him by making game scarce whenever he goes to hunt—until the poor, unlucky victim takes his own life.

Almost as fun for her is if she can, through the same tactics, drive a community to murder a man they know to be completely innocent of any wrongdoing, for the sole reason that they know that only if they kill him will Takanakpsaluk finally leave them alone. Only then will she stop raining down boulder-sized hail on their children whenever they go outside, and she will end their famine by allowing game animals to return to the territory. Only if they kill this man will she stop terrorizing the community. Sometimes she succeeds in getting an innocent man murdered by his peers, sometimes not. Sometimes she gets bored when it looks like nothing she is able to do will compel a certain village of people to kill the innocent person. Sometimes an Anatquq, usually a band of them in such cases, or even another deity like Tarquip or Kuloscap, will intercede on behalf of the human Takanakpsaluk has chosen to torment.

Also, for someone who despises humankind as much as she, she spends quite a lot of time observing them. Using magic and/or psionic means she is almost always looking in on some random human, watching them, just *waiting* for them to break a taboo (see the section on **Traditional Taboos**). She takes these minor deviations from tradition as a personal affront, perceiving it as that human's open disrespect for the gods and the old ways. When she does see someone who has, usually inadvertently, broken a taboo (e.g. someone, while butchering a caribou, accidentally cuts its ear), she is quick to manifest her disapproval, usually in the form of one of her long-distance spells: Luck Curse, Minor Curse, Sickness, or Curse: Phobia—and sometimes even Summon Storm—which she can send to afflict a human being from up to 400 miles away! In all cases, the victim *will not* be aware of what has happened to them, only that they are now afflicted with some disease or debilitating condition. The Anatquq Psi-Sorcery power of *Headlifting* will be able to discover the origin of the distress, and aid its effective neutralization, but all other attempts to **Remove Curse** on one of Takanakpsaluk's curses suffer a -2 penalty.

Other Names: Nuliajuk; Arnarquagssaq; The-Hateful-One

Alignment: Diabolic

M.D.C.: 54,000 (27,000 M.D.C. on Rifts Earth—unique supernatural entity, does not

require worshippers).

S.D.C./Hit Points (on non-M.D.C. worlds): 3,000 S.D.C. and 2,200 hit points.

Size: 64 feet long (19.2 m)

Weight: 58 tons

Attributes: I.Q. 20, M.E. 22, M.A. 22, P.S. 57 (supernatural), P.P. 18, P.E. 27, P.B. 3,
Spd on land: 44 (30 mph/48 kmph), on water: 88 (60 mph/96 kmph).

Disposition: Takanakpsaluk is a savage, primitive force of almost pure malevolence.

She delights in causing misery and suffering to any intelligent being she can, but especially to humans. One quirk of hers, odd in anyone but infinitely more so in a superpowerful deity, is that she has a strange but undeniable need to surround herself with a legion of toadies and sycophantic servants, who praise her unceasingly and unreservedly, swearing to her that she is the most ruthless, most despicable, most evil and powerful scourge of the Earth's oceans. Receiving praise in this way gives her as much joy as committing acts of unspeakable torture upon humans whom, although she loathes them with a bottomless hate, she is not above manipulating or using to further her own twisted goals.

Horror Factor: 18

Level of Experience: 15th level Necromancer, 15th level Water Warlock, 6th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 1000 feet (305 m; can see in total darkness), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, bio-regeneration 2D4 x 20 M.D.C. per melee round (15 seconds). Impervious to poison, disease, heat, cold, potions, and the pressure of sea depth. Does not need to breathe air. Teleport self 90%. Dimensional teleport 44%. Takanakpsaluk is completely invulnerable to all kinetic attacks; including (but not limited to) projectile weapons (e.g. rail guns, explosives, shrapnel), hand to hand combat damage, impacts, falling from great heights, etc. She takes no damage at all from these attacks.

Skills of Note: Takanakpsaluk is rather unskilled, relying either on magic or on her foul minions to perform such menial tasks.

Number of Attacks: A total of thirteen (!) hand to hand (tentacles, bite, claws, stingers) attacks per melee round or three by magic.

Tentacle Strike (8) – 1D6 x 10 M.D.

Beak Bite – 5D6 M.D.

Claw Snap (2) – 2D6 x 10 M.D.

Stinger Stab (2) – 1D6 x 10 M.D. plus debilitating poison. Victims are -4 to strike, parry or dodge for 1D4 rounds unless a save vs poison (15 or higher) is made.

This weird poison even affects gods, godlings, dragons, Inuksuit and other supernatural creatures.

Bonuses: +3 on initiative (cannot be surprised or attacked from behind), +6 to strike, +8 to parry, +4 to dodge, +2 to roll with impact or fall, +10 to save vs horror factor, +8 to save vs magic, +6 to save vs psionics.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all Necromantic and Water Warlock spells. Knows all ordinary spell magic from levels 1-6. Also knows the following spells: Luck Curse, Minor Curse (penalties are doubled, duration is 4D6 *months!*), Sickness, Spoil, Curse: Phobia, Summon Fog, Summon Storm, all with an increased range-of-effect of 400 miles, and double the duration of the normal spells.

P.P.E.: 4000

Psionic Powers: Has all powers from the Sensitive and Super categories, except

Psi-Shield, Psi-Sword and Pyrokinesis.

I.S.P.: 300

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Takanakpsaluk is one of the few supernatural beings of the Arctic that *cannot* shape-change. She has only one additional form that she can change into, but she despises it, and almost never uses it (see **Description** below). As a result, she operates through her servants more than most gods do, relying heavily on them to be her agents in the world.

Alliances and Allies: She has never even considered allying herself to anyone. Although she shares a common interest with Sila, that of causing human suffering at every available opportunity, the two of them are too irredeemably full of bile and hate to make any partnership between them plausible.

Some of the gods wonder how she managed to escape from the Mechanoids...?

Enemies: Takanakpsaluk is terrified of the Lord of the Deep and of the possibility of his encroachment on her territory. She knows that she could not stand against him. Since she is so loathed by her fellow Arctic Gods she also knows that she cannot count on anyone coming to her aid. She has only the shallowness of the Arctic Ocean to rely on as a defense. The Pacific Ocean, where the Lord of the Deep lurks most of the time, is, on the average, three miles deeper than the Arctic and she is well aware that the Lord does not like being in water as shallow as her own.

For the most part, she does not permit forays into her territory by minions of the Lord of the Deep, although she rarely gets personally involved, not wanting to incur the Lord's wrath, which would force the two of them into a confrontation that Takanakpsaluk would surely lose. Instead, she will do anything in her power, short of taking direct action herself, that she can do to assist *anyone* who is fighting the Lord's minions. If she sees that a band of adventurers are involved in a battle with some minion(s)—Devil Shark, Monster Naut'Yll, Psiren or any of the Cult of the Deep—and are faring badly, it is not unlikely that she would send reinforcements of some form or another: perhaps she would convince a Ten-Legged Polar Bear to attack the Lord's minions, perhaps she would have one of her own minions lead a group of Whale Singers to the scene, or perhaps (if the situation was severe enough) she would even send her servant, Isarrataitsoq, to assist the intrepid adventurers in their battle. This does not mean that she has even the tiniest shred of charity in her heart for humans, it's just that, while she only hates humans, she hates and *fears* the Lord of the Deep.

Wenebojo, a minor deity and brother to the captive Nekajiwegizik, has been driven nearly mad with his hatred for Takanakpsaluk. He would side with just about anyone who was out to harm Takanakpsaluk or any of her minions, no matter what their motives were.

Minions: Kataum Inua, her most trusted servant and chief bodyguard; and Isarrataitsoq, a bizarre creature that shares an inexplicable relationship with Takanakpsaluk (see below). She also constantly maintains a retinue of sycophantic toadies, demonic yes-men, and obsequious supernatural menaces of all sorts. The exact number, and type, of entities that make up her entourage changes daily.

Weapons and Equipment of Note: None

Description: Takanakpsaluk is a horrifying abomination, striking fear and panic into the hearts of all who glimpse her repulsive form. She has the thorny, plated lower body of a sea scorpion—ending in a double tail, each with its own poisonous stinger—and its chitinous legs, a mottled black-and-blood-red in color. From her shoulders, where her

arms would be if she were human, sprout enormous lobster-like claws, which, as a habit, she is constantly clacking and chittering together. Eight huge tentacles, four just behind and under each arm, undulating and swaying like hypnotized snakes, slash through the water around her as she walks. Her head and face are those of an octopus: lumpy, misshapen, viciously beaked, with only sharp slits for eyes.

The only other form Takanakpsaluk is able to assume is that of a young, pathetic-looking humanoid girl with no fingers, although this is a shape that she dislikes intensely and only rarely changes into. The reason for this aversion to her second form is a secret so ancient that some wonder if even Takanakpsaluk herself can remember it. She can, though.

Kataum Inua

Chief Attendant and Bodyguard of Takanakpsaluk

Nobody knows where Takanakpsaluk picked up this vicious creature, and most people don't want to. Apparently, Takanakpsaluk did *something* for him that indebted the Inua to the "Mother of the Deep" for the rest of eternity, and, rather unusually for such a deceitful, lying, self-interested creature, he seems totally committed to honoring this debt. Sometimes, behind his back, called the "Chief Sniveler" because of his utter and total devotion to Takanakpsaluk and the nonstop stream of praise and compliments that he blathers at her, Kataum Inua is nevertheless highly valued, and perhaps even *loved* (in whatever way such a creature as the Mother of the Deep can love) in a semi-maternal way by Takanakpsaluk. She takes a vicarious pride in his triumphs and actually feels sympathy for his defeats, rarely punishing him as severely for these failures as she does her lesser servants—although punish him she does.

Most of the time, he can be found at Takanakpsaluk's side, patiently awaiting any orders she may have for him, and, as the general of her demonic forces, organizing the defense of her underwater realm. When out by himself, on Rifts Earth or elsewhere in the Megaverse, he is usually acting in the capacity of Takanakpsaluk's hatchet-man, performing all the violent dirty-work that she feels is beneath her, like the murder and intimidation of other beings. She actually rather enjoys murder and intimidation, but rarely feels secure enough to leave her realm to take care of these things in person. Kataum Inua feels honored to perform these loathsome duties.

Very often, the Inua winds up in the company of Isarrataitsoq (Takanakpsaluk's other chief minion) who, unbeknownst to Takanakpsaluk, he hates with a bottomless passion. She is, to the Inua's mind, his only competition for Takanakpsaluk's "affections," and he deeply resents the fact that Isarrataitsoq speaks in a language understandable only to Takanakpsaluk—giving them a unique and exclusive connection that he does not share. For centuries he has been plotting to have Isarrataitsoq killed, and he has several complicated plans in the works, but has yet to figure out one that he feels is 100% safe, one that wouldn't eventually point the blame to himself. He knows that if Takanakpsaluk finds out that he is fomenting any assassination plans for Isarrataitsoq, he would be one dead Inua, regardless of her affections for him.

Other Names: Erdlaveersissok ("The Entrail-Seizer"); or just plain "The Inua," (which simply means "The Spirit") usually spoken with some degree of reverence or fear, as in: "Oh no. It's him. *The Inua.*"

Alignment: Diabolic

M.D.C.: 7,000 (does not diminish on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (for non-M.D.C. worlds): 500 S.D.C. and 190 hit points.

Size: 12 feet tall (3.6 m)

Weight: 490 lbs

Species: Unique demonic being

Attributes: I.Q. 22, M.E. 28, M.A. 14, P.S. 43 (supernatural), P.P. 18, P.E. 26, P.B. 4, Spd 90 (61 mph/98 kmph)

Disposition: Kataum Inua treats the orders and wishes of Takanakpsaluk with a quiet respect, but around anyone else he is a brutal, degenerate bully, reveling in the debasement and violent degradation of all lesser beings. He keeps no promises—ever—and is under no circumstances to be trusted by anyone. If he has the opportunity, he will always “play” with his victims before killing them, usually with his trademark, entrail-ripping stroke, or with other physical or psychological torture.

Kataum Inua is also a compulsive liar, and, even when he really wants to, he has an extremely difficult time telling the truth. Somehow he manages to not tell lies to Takanakpsaluk.

Horror Factor: 16

Experience Level: 12th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 1000 feet (305 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, metamorphosis at will for an indefinite period of time, does not need to eat, drink or breathe, bio-regeneration 1D6x10 M.D.C. per minute. Can animate, control or turn 1D6 dead.

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Takes triple damage from all Anatquq Psi-Sorcery powers, and quadruple damage from weapons made from a Millennium tree.

Skills of Note: Knows all Espionage and Wilderness skills at 98%. Magically knows all languages (except, of course, the impenetrable language of Isarrataitsoq).

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Assassin

Number of Attacks: Five hand to hand (six with *Ugruktukaq*, see **Equipment of Note** below), or two by magic

Damage:

Restrained Punch—1D6x10+32 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch—6D6 M.D.

Power Punch—2D4x10 M.D.

Bite—6D6 M.D.

Bonuses (all): + 2 to strike, +5 to parry, +5 to dodge, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch, +6 to save vs poisons, toxins and drugs, +6 to save vs magic, +7 to save vs horror factor.

Magical Knowledge: Knows all spell magic of levels 1-8, plus Curse: Phobia, Summon and Control Canine, Control/Enslave Entity, Summon Fog, and Summon Entity.

P.P.E.: 1,000

Psionic Knowledge: See Aura, Sixth Sense, Alter Aura, Hypnotic Suggestion, Mentally Possess Others, Mind Block Auto-Defense, and Psi-Shield.

I.S.P.: 300

Allies: Takanakpsaluk, his master, and Isarrataitsoq, who is as incomprehensible to him as she is to everyone else on the planet.

Enemies: Kataum Inua hates all Anatquq everywhere. No one knows why. Every opportunity he has, every time Takanakpsaluk permits him to walk the Earth (which

is fairly often), Kataum Inua will devote most of his attention to hunting down Anatquq and killing them slowly. It is told that every time he tortures a Medicine-Man to death, removing the steaming entrails as his prize, he is trying to fully avenge an ancient slight or crushing defeat at the hands of some powerful Anatquq from the “Way-Back-Time.”

This is, of course, pure conjecture—usually on the part of those about to be disemboweled—and Kataum Inua has never ventured to explain his fiendish motivations. He has a particular hatred for the ancient Anatquq named Kukiaq, who has thus far proven too wily, too powerful and too well connected for the Inua to kill.

Minions: None

Equipment of Note: Kataum Inua has a magical whip, *Ugruktukaq* (the seal-point), which is made from dozens of human vertebrae strung together, and looks like one long spinal column. At the end of this spinal whip is an eyeless seal’s head—with razor-sharp crab claws protruding from the empty sockets—which can deliver a nasty, venomous bite.

This whip is ordinarily about 20 feet long (6 m), but can magically extend up to 100 feet (30.5 m), and provides its user one extra hand to hand attack, but will attack anyone, other than Kataum Inua, who tries to use it. Damage is 1D6x10 M.D., and the victim must save vs poison or receive an additional 1D6x10 M.D. from the undead seal’s venom—it causes triple damage to Inuksuit, however they are immune to the effects of the poison. The whip is sentient (like a rune weapon, I.Q. 6) and can attack on its own, although it is not nearly as effective as when Kataum Inua is wielding it—two attacks per melee round, and is +2 to strike; Spd 30. *Ugruktukaq* has 1000

M.D.C.

Description: Tall, gaunt and gruesome, Kataum Inua looks like a dead body that someone forgot to embalm. Seemingly fleshless—being mostly a skeleton with a tight, leathery covering of skin stretched across it—the feeble appearance of his spindly arms and legs belie the incredible raw strength of the demon. Also, he has somewhat of an elongated appearance, like someone just doubled the lengths of all the bones of his body, without doubling the corresponding proportions. His mouth is filled with long, sharp teeth that seem to be rather too large for his head, but his jawbone is actually elastic enough for him to be able to touch his waist with his chin, allowing him to open his mouth wide enough to get his teeth around things many times larger than his own head.

Isarrataitsoq

The-One-With-No-Wings, The-One-With-No-Arms

This immense, incomprehensible serpent seems to be a “friend” of Takanakpsaluk, however a diabolic fiend like her can be said to have friends. Because Isarrataitsoq is seemingly only able to communicate in a language of low-pitched clicks and growls well outside the range of human hearing that apparently Takanakpsaluk alone is able to understand, the nature of their relationship remains uncertain, although they are rumored to have once been married to the same demonic entity (the thought that either of these malignant creatures have ever been *married* boggles the mind—one wonders what kind of *thing* would look at Isarrataitsoq and say “I do”). This language that Isarrataitsoq speaks is resistant to all means of translation and understanding, magical or mundane—NO ONE

can comprehend this language but Takanakpsaluk. Consequently, only Takanakpsaluk really knows anything about this cruel and inhuman monster.

What is known for certain, is that Isarrataitsoq devotedly serves Takanakpsaluk. She is used as a brute force alternative to Kataum Inua's more "finessed" approach.

Alignment: Miscreant

M.D.C.: 40,000 (20,000 on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (for non-M.D.C. worlds): 3,000 S.D.C. and 900 hit points.

Size: 100 feet long (30.5 m)

Weight: 35 tons

Species: Unique demonic monster

Attributes: I.Q. 22, M.E. 27, M.A. 20, P.S. 50 (supernatural), P.P. 20, P.E. 25, P.B. 5, Spd 131 (90 mph/144 kmph—speed is unchanged whether in water, on land, or tunneling).

Disposition: Simply put: Isarrataitsoq is just plain mean. She shows little discretion as to whom she lashes out at when she's in one of her evil tempers—which is pretty much all the time—and, aside from Takanakpsaluk and Kataum Inua, she doesn't seem capable of differentiating one being from another, venting her murderous rage on any and all creatures she comes across (which, on more than one occasion, has led to her almost getting killed). Since she cannot (or will not) speak in any language other than the incomprehensible one that is uniquely hers, it is beyond pointless to attempt to communicate with her, as her only response will be to attack.

Horror Factor: 18

Experience Level: 16th level Summoner, 6th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 4,000 feet (1,219 m; can see in total darkness), see the invisible, see aura, bio-regeneration 2D4x10 M.D.C. per melee round (15 seconds), impervious to poisons, impervious to magical fire and cold, impervious to deep-sea pressure, does not need to breathe, teleport self 86%, metamorphosis at will for an indefinite period of time.

Special: Maddening Screech: Once per melee round, Isarrataitsoq can emit the most horrible peal of noise anyone has ever heard. Those who hear it (even affects those wearing earplugs, or those in power armor or robot vehicles, although they receive a +4 bonus to their saving throw) must roll a save vs magic. Those who fail are afflicted with severe headaches, dizziness, and deafness. Victims lose one attack per melee, and have a penalty of -4 imposed to their rolls to strike, parry, and dodge, for 2D4 rounds. Furthermore, during these 2D4 rounds, the victim must roll a save vs magic every time he attempts to cast magic or use psionics. Failure means that the spell or psionic ability has no effect—the P.P.E. or I.S.P is spent, but nothing happens. This special ability counts as four of Isarrataitsoq's physical attacks.

Skills of Note: None

Number of Attacks: Seven physical (four by bite, and three by tail), or three by magic.

Damage:

Bite—2D4x10 M.D.

Tail Whip—1D6x10

Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry, +3 to dodge, +4 to roll with punch/impact/fall, +10 to save vs horror factor, +6 to save vs magic, +9 to save vs psionics.

Magical Knowledge: Knows all spell magic of levels 1-8, plus Speed of the Snail and

Impenetrable Wall of Force.

P.P.E.: 3,129

Psionic Knowledge: Knows all Psi-Sensitive powers

I.S.P.: 293

Allies: Takanakpsaluk, the Mother of the Deep.

Enemies: All enemies of Takanakpsaluk are the enemies of Isarrataitsoq. Also, she is well aware that Kataum Inua despises her, and she tries to keep an eye on him when she can, because she knows he is plotting something. Isarrataitsoq has yet to mention Kataum Inua's hatred to Takanakpsaluk, because she knows how Takanakpsaluk will take it: she'll think it's Isarrataitsoq who is being jealous of the attention the Inua receives. Consequently, The One-With-No-Wings, The One-With-No-Arms is biding her time until she has some concrete evidence of the Inua's treachery, and, at the same time, formulating her own plans to have him assassinated—which is a delicate thing, because it must be done in a way that doesn't let Takanakpsaluk know that Isarrataitsoq was responsible.

Description: Isarrataitsoq appears to be a 100-foot long cross between an earthworm and a king cobra, with a hooded head and slimy skin. Partially scaled, partially segmented, her body is almost completely colorless, like that of a jellyfish, clear enough that one can see straight through her and even watch as she digests the creatures she has just eaten.

Gabibonike

The Winter God

It was a story as old as time itself: when a god falls in love with a human, rarely do good things follow. Sadly, this was the case with Gabibonike. Thousands of years ago, he took a human woman as his bride (incidentally, his wife was one of the Ultima Thule people, a detail that, even though she died five hundred years before her people's enslavement of the Inuits, nevertheless does not endear Gabibonike today to the Inuits Linebenders or Rockfathers). He thought he could somehow find a way to make her immortal before she died, and then he thought that (since it was *only* a human) he wouldn't care anyway if he couldn't do it.

To his eternal chagrin, he found out that he was wrong on both counts. Gabibonike tried all the magicks he knew, went on quests to discover new magical knowledge, and all he managed to do was extend his wife's lifespan by two thousand years—most of which she spent in senile decrepitude. Throughout all of the years, while he searched for a cure for human mortality, his one greatest obstacle was that, however much he genuinely loved this woman, he was too divinely proud, stubborn, and vain to ask any of his fellow gods for assistance. So she died.

Gabibonike, of course, went near-insane with sadness. He lashed the Arctic with blizzards that did not stop for months on end. The winds blew with hurricane force twenty-four hours a day. Finally, as much as the Arctic gods disliked being involved in the lives of their fellow gods, they saw that they would have to intervene or every living thing in the Arctic would either freeze to death or die of starvation if Gabibonike didn't allow the weather to calm a little. So Kuloscaph, Big Raven and Tarquip visited the bereaved god

and, after much argument, were able to make him end his celestial tantrum.

It was only out of a sense of futility that he acquiesced to his fellow gods' wishes. Had he snuffed out every life in the Arctic he would not have cared one whit, but he realized that it wouldn't make him feel better, either. From that day on, a part of Gabibonike was dead, sealed off forever. He came to believe that emotions were a painful defect of the soul, and that he would be much better off without them.

It was then that he became extremely interested in an ancient, arcane magic ritual that he had once heard rumors of. This ritual, supposedly, could make a god like himself into a completely elemental intelligence—one devoid of all thought or feeling. Over the millennia, this interest has mushroomed into obsession. He simply will not rest until he has transformed himself into an unthinking, unfeeling, elemental being, acting on principles and motivations utterly incomprehensible to human beings and other small, pathetic creatures.

Many of the Arctic gods have tried to discourage him from this quest of his—not so much because they care deeply about Gabibonike's emotional state (although some do), but because most oracles and seers, when asked to look into the future of this particular situation, see nothing but *very* bad things happening if Gabibonike gets his wish—but his obsession is such that no being in the Megaverse could possibly hope to dissuade him.

At the moment, Gabibonike is convinced that Splynncryth, the Atlantean Splugorth, has some knowledge of this fabled ritual. Although the alien intelligence has never in his long life heard of such a magic ritual, and hasn't the faintest clue how to go about performing such a thing, he has not yet said so to Gabibonike. For the time being, Splynncryth is content to bide his time, stringing along Gabibonike with empty promises until he figures out how to use the god's desperation to manipulate him.

Other Names: Narssuk

Alignment: Unprincipled, bordering on Anarchist

M.D.C.: 25,000 (5,000 on Rifts Earth)

S.D.C./Hit Points (for non-M.D.C. worlds): 1,850 S.D.C. / 1,000 hit points

Size: 5'2"

Weight: 101 lbs.

Attributes: I.Q. 23, M.E. 20, M.A. 20, P.S. 27 (supernatural), P.P. 18, P.E. 27, P.B. 9, Spd: 74 (51 mph/81 kmph)

Disposition: This deity may maintain the aura of being as emotionless, remote, and indifferent as the forces of nature that he represents, but it is all a front—wishful thinking by Gabibonike, for the most part. While he is perhaps the most isolationist of all the gods, he is also, at heart, one of the most emotional, as well—although he hates this fact and goes to great lengths to disguise it. His cold, calm exterior cloaks his once-passionate inner self. Everything Gabibonike feels, he feels BIG. He loved his wife tremendously, and, when he could not prevent her from dying, he suffered hugely. Even though he still feels this hurt, over time it has become more of an overwhelming bitterness than anything else.

This bitterness has limited Gabibonike to a very narrow range of emotions: most everything he feels is some variation of sadness and pain and want. He has been known to throw colossal tantrums when he does not get his way. For centuries, he has been pretending he doesn't care for the company of mortals or of other gods. In fact, it has gotten to such a point that no one is really sure that he cares much for anything at all. He does, though. Without his wife, he has been lonely for so many years that he

lost count somewhere around the time the Roman alphabet was invented, but, even in his loneliness, he still refuses to seek out companionship because of his intense stubbornness. Gabibonike is incapable of asking any being for help or assistance with *anything*. His only chance for relief, he feels, lies in the literal eradication of all his emotions.

Horror Factor: 14

Level of Experience: 15th level Air Warlock, 10th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 1000 feet (30.5 m; can see in total darkness), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, bio-regeneration 1D6 x 10 M.D.C. per melee round (15 seconds), metamorphosis at will for an indefinite period of time.

Special: Severing Wind: Gabibonike can drive hurricane gusts of wind in sheets as thin as a razor blade with such precision and speed that they can tear metal as if it were flesh, and flesh as if it were dust. 1D6x10 M.D.C. per attack. On a natural attack roll of 20, the victim must roll a save vs magic with a +2 bonus; success merely means a critical hit (double damage), but failure indicates that one of the victim's extremities have been severed! Either one of the arms or legs (never the head)—roll 1D4 to determine which.

Skills of Note: All Domestic and Wilderness skills; plus Disguise, Literacy, Lore: Demons and Monsters, and Writing—all at 98%.

Combat Abilities: Hand to Hand: Basic

Attacks Per Melee Round: Five hand to hand attacks, or two by magic

Damage:

Restrained Punch—5D6+13 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch—3D6 M.D.

Power Punch—6D6 M.D.

Bonuses (all): +5 to strike, +5 to parry, +6 to dodge, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +6 to pull punch, +6 to save vs magic, +4 to save vs psionics, +10 to save vs horror factor, +7 to save vs drugs and poisons.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all air spells, equivalent to a 16th level Air Warlock. Also knows all magic spells levels 1-8.

P.P.E.: 2,900

Psionic Powers: Knows all sensitive powers, plus Electrokinesis, Hydrokinesis, P.P.E. Shield, and Psi-Sword.

I.S.P.: 500

Alliances and Allies: Gabibonike has no friends.

Enemies: Gabibonike has no real enemies except those trying somehow to swindle him with phony promises of the emotion-destroying ritual he is so desperately seeking.

Minions: Can summon 1D6 lesser air elementals (whose unthinking single-mindedness of purpose he greatly admires).

Equipment of Note: Gabibonike has a magical *umiaq* (literally, a big boat) that has the ability to teleport at 98%, and teleport dimensions at 80%. It is smaller than a traditional *umiaq*, only accommodating about 20 passengers. The use of magic violently disrupts its function, and if any of the passengers happen to be using magic—or expending P.P.E. in any way—the chance for a successful dimensional teleport plummets to 10%. Whether flying through the air or floating on the water, it moves at Spd 200 (roughly 135 mph/216 kmph), and has 1,000 M.D.C., magically regenerating 3D6 M.D.C. per melee round.

Description: Gabibonike has the appearance of a bearded and rather frail-looking old

man. Not one of the more attractive gods to begin with, Gabibonike has, in the last several thousand years, allowed his appearance to degenerate to a somewhat unpleasant condition. His hair is a windblown, knotted mess. Frosty crystals of ice form at the corners of his mouth and eyes. His skin is creased and wrinkled like a suit that he's slept in. There is seldom anything other than a blank look on his face (the exception being when he's looking sullen), and he is almost pathologically incapable of looking directly at anyone he is speaking to, leading to the impression that he's hardly aware that someone is there at all.

Kukiaq

Several years ago, a great and powerful Anatquq, by the name of Kukiaq, who most had thought was long dead, was seen walking around, traveling in the company of some very powerful warriors and medicine men, seemingly very much alive. This near-legendary Anatquq claimed to have been sucked through a rift, spending many, many years wandering strange lands but has returned to lend his strength to his people. Many of his people looked upon him with suspicion, and believed him to be a liar and an imposter, but his tireless vigilance in protecting the good inhabitants of the Arctic from supernatural predators, and his inexhaustible compassion, have won over all who had earlier sought to question him.

In truth, this venerable medicine-man *has* been all over the place in the hundred-odd years he's been away from Rifts Earth. At one time or another he has either lived in, surveyed, or visited extensively: The Palladium World, Atlantis, Phase World, Wormwood, Africa (with a short stopover in Hokkaido), and many other dimensional hot-spots in the Megaverse. This manic traveling more than fulfilled any wanderlust his heart may have had, and as soon as he was able to return to his homeland, he did so. He had learned much during his journey, and grown much stronger, and he eventually came to feel that there was only one place where he truly belonged.

Kukiaq now roams the North Pole with his companions, most of whom are strangers to the Arctic but who are willing to stand—and, if necessary, die—alongside him in the interests of peace and justice. Roving from one end of the Arctic Circle to the other, together they organize and unify the small, dispersed communities spread out all over the territory, forging larger, stronger nations behind them.

Kukiaq's ultimate goal is to remake all the vulnerable, isolated villages into well-defended population centers: the Consolidated Nations—places where humans and D-Bees of all kinds could live and work together without the taint of prejudice, and (theoretically) without the fear of supernatural predators. With a seemingly unstoppable momentum, Kukiaq has already gotten CN Koyukon and CN Siorapaluk successfully established, and is now scouting out new locations for a third Consolidated Nation.

People were skeptical at first, but he has put his own life—and those of his companions—on the line more than once, certainly enough to earn the cooperation or, at least, respect, of all who knows his name.

Full Name: Kukiaq Nucaq

Alignment: Principled

M.D.C.: 194

Attributes: I.Q. 20, M.E. 22, M.A. 19, P.S. 24, P.P. 20, P.E. 12, P.B. 9, Spd 45

Disposition: Benevolent, kind, supremely charitable and invincibly compassionate—even

if all those qualities are sometimes marred by a sort of politician-on-campaign kind of demeanor—Kukiaq has no greater concern than that which he has for the weak and unprotected inhabitants of the Arctic. He has dedicated his life to being a defender of the defenseless, and has carried this mantle, uncomplainingly, for over a century, and looks to carry it for many more years to come.

However, being a chronic overachiever in the deepest and most profound sense, Kukiaq doesn't really have much time for a personal life, and consequently doesn't really understand how to socialize outside of "talking business." For all his considerable personal charm, he remains more comfortable with plans and agendas and organizing large-scale actions than he is with solving a simple dispute between friends: Kukiaq sees *the big picture* easily, but has difficulty understanding simple interpersonal conflicts. There are no real "friends" in his life, more like "friendly associates."

Truly, Kukiaq has no life outside his obsessive humanitarianism.

Horror Factor: 10 (awe)

Level of Experience: 20th level Anatquq Inua, 5th level Story-Fisher

Natural Abilities: Anatquq Shape-Change, Nalussaerunek Senses (see **Anatquq R.C.C.**)

O.C.C. Skills of Note: All Communications skills at 90%; Detect Ambush, Detect Concealment, Disguise, Escape Artist, Intelligence all at 98%; all Medical skills and Science skills at 85%.

Combat Abilities: Hand to Hand: Kiligtisiak

Attacks Per Melee Round: Six hand to hand, or two by Anatquq-Science Power

Bonuses (all): +4 on initiative, +7 to strike, +6 to dodge, +7 to parry and roll with punch/fall/impact, +5 to maintain balance, +10 on S.D.C. damage, +3 on all back flips, +1 to disarm, +1 to pull punch, +4 to save vs psychic attack/insanity, +6 to save vs poison, +4 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs magic curses & disease, +8 to save vs possession, +4 to save vs horror factor.

Vulnerabilities and Penalties: None

Anatquq-Science Knowledge: Knows all the powers of Anatquq-Science.

Storyspell Knowledge: Knows all Storyspells from levels 1-6.

Spell Knowledge: Globe of Daylight, See Aura, Mystic Alarm, Turn Dead, Armor of Ithan, Invisibility: Simple, Ley Line Transmission, Multiple Image.

P.P.E.: 479

Spirit Animal: Bluejay

Psionic Powers: Detect Psionics, Induce Sleep, Resist Fatigue, Clairvoyance, Empathy, Mind Block, Presence Sense, Sixth Sense, Telepathy, Total Recall.

I.S.P.: 221

Alliances and Allies: Most every Eskimo or Indian village in the Arctic. Occasionally assisted by the god Kuloscap, and by various Old Spirit Animals. Also travels with The Lodge of the Bluejay (see **Minions**, below).

Enemies: Kukiaq despises Kataum Inua, the chief attendant of Takanakpsaluk, as he despises no other thing that has ever existed. For every Anatquq that the Inua has slain over the millennia, Kukiaq intends to exact a deadly, righteous vengeance on the Inua's head. He knows that he is not yet powerful enough to directly take action against the Inua, but, for now, he is willing to bide his time until that day. He is also afraid that, should he succeed in killing the Inua, the fiend's master, Takanakpsaluk, would take her revenge on one of the villages Kukiaq defends instead of taking her vengeance on Kukiaq himself. His worries are justified, because this is exactly what

she would do.

Weapons: *Nukfit* (Little Bird-Spear)—a greater Holy Weapon shaped like a short harpoon, inflicting 6D6+12 M.D. per attack, possessing the following powers:

- Totally indestructible
- May be used only by a person of Principled alignment
- If separated, Kukiaq can sense *Nukfit*'s presence anywhere within 50 miles (80.6 km).
- Monster slayer: causes triple damage to supernatural beings and creatures of magic (including dragons).
- Healing touch: Restores 2D6 S.D.C. and Hit Points, or 2D6 M.D.C. points. Can be performed eight times per 24 hour period.
- Circle of Protection. Same as the lesser spell. *Nukfit* must be raised above Kukiaq's head and struck to the ground to initiate this power. Duration: 40 minutes.

Body Armor: A suit of customized power-armor, with a Bluejay-head helmet that doesn't inhibit the use of Anatquq-Science powers while wearing the armor; main body: 310 M.D.C. The exoskeleton adds 2 to all his physical attributes and 20 to his Spd; and an N-50 Superheavy Force Field with 160 M.D.C. (see **Phase World**). He also carries three talismans enchanted with Armor of the Sun magic (see **South America 2**)—which he has been known to lend out to people in his service when they need it.

Minions: The Lodge of the Bluejay is a small military organization, commanded by Kukiaq, that travels with him and serves as a contingent of generals under him in times of war. The membership of The Lodge changes from time to time, and varies in number from 20 to 200. At this present moment, it consists of about sixty members. Some of the more prominent personages include:

Rab Half-Ear, a 10th level Techno-Wizard of exceptional ingenuity.

Mekker, an 11th level Ice Dragon hatchling, who acts as Kukiaq's chief bodyguard.

Wuouler Wu, a powerful and hideous bio-borg, a former slave from Atlantis with a temperament as gentle as a child's, and a body more terrifying than any demon's.

Otter: A Young Spirit Animal.

Akutagawa Kenji, an only moderately-unbalanced Tsunami 'Borg from Japan.

Seegloo Ootah, a very cranky human Qivigtoq Polar-Mystic (9th level) with only one eye, who travels with a contingent of talking Polar Bears.

Irkrowatoq, an extraordinarily violent and short-tempered Krilasoktoq Doctor of Medicine of 11th level, who is so tough (or crazy) that, during battle, she has been known to perform minor surgery on herself without anesthesia. She is nevertheless very popular among the Lodge for her loud and bawdy sense of humor. And because she is one of the greatest healers in the Arctic.

Freeman J. Getty, a scientist and historian, a onetime disciple of Erin Tarn's, who is trying to piece together the history of the years preceding the Great Cataclysm by listening to the stories handed down by oral tradition in the Eskimo nations.

Others of note include 10 Spirit 'Borgs, 4 Atlantean Tattooed Men, 4 Cyber Knights, 2 Anti-Monsters, and 18 Juicers of various sorts. Juicers, especially those who are very close to death, seem to flock to Kukiaq. Knowing that they are going to die very soon, many Juicers begin to think of serving someone like Kukiaq as a way to redeem themselves for whatever horrible acts they may have performed in their short

lives.

Kukiaq's current chief aide and right hand man is **Son Benjamin**, one very desperate and guilt-ridden (although no one knows why) Hyperion Juicer, who only has about a year to go before the end. If he's lucky.

The Kalaallit Nunaat Interior and the Three Tribes of Manidog

Population:

Manidog— Sky-Tribe 15.8 million
Earth-Tribe 4.4 million
Sea-Tribe 2.9 million

Humans 228,000 (less than 12% of whom are native to Earth—many arrived via dimensional portals, and are travelling merchants or tourists not intending to make this planet their permanent residence—does not include a human slave population of about 650,000)

Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes 490,000 (on the surface—about 5,000 are kept as slaves in the subCities, but they have an annoying tendency to escape their captors)

Kiwa’Kws Giants 620,025 (mostly on the surface—those in the subCities are slaves)
Wolfen 277,000

Totalet Seal-Men 750,000 (living in the waters off the East Coast of Greenland)

Tuneq Giants 79,815 (mostly on the surface)

Atalhis Phantoms 359,900 (75% slaves)

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People 222,500

Silhouettes 49,300

Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves 560,000 (85% of whom live beneath the surface and are employees of the Manidog)

Other, Non-Human Slaves 600,000

Transient Visitors 1D4 million at any given time. Five to eight times that much during a Cushkaveah championship tournament.

The Return of the Manidog

(**Note to reader:** “Manidog” is the plural of “Manido.” One Manido, many Manidog.)

The Manidog are an ancient D-Bee race that have traditionally lived scattered all across the Megaverse. Some of them had, at one point thousands of years ago in their Megaversal wanderings, lived on Earth—in the Arctic—as scattered, nomadic clans. Their interaction with humans was minimal, as humans at that time tended to be rather poor customers.

The general attitude of the Manidog Tribes was, and to this day still is, entrepreneurial, and they eked out an undistinguished but stable existence as mercenaries, merchants, brokers, and middlemen in various exchanges of goods or services with races and powers that lived on, or had an interest in, Earth. Eventually, as Ley Line energy began to decline, and most of the Manidog’s extradimensional customers began to vacate the planet for greener pastures, the thousands of small Manidog clans followed suit and traveled to the far corners of the Megaverse searching for profit and adventure (with heavy emphasis on profit). What they found instead was organization.

Tiring of being considered little more than a race of scheming mercenaries, go-fers, and mid-level employees, always hustling on the behalf of other races, four exceptionally

powerful and visionary Manidog emerged, all of whom had big plans for their race, to unite all the scattered Manidog. It was the goal of these new leaders, calling themselves “Chieftains” in honor of their tribal origins, to make the Manidog races a power to be reckoned with. Why not start an empire?

Why not, indeed. After the resurgence of the Ley Lines, with Earth once again becoming a Megaversal hot spot, an epicenter of conflicts (and, hence, customers), the Manidog realized their time had come. They decided to resettle in the Arctic, a location and climate that the Manidog evidently enjoyed. Greenland was ideal for their purpose: a gigantic, virtually uninhabited land mass that none of the post-Cataclysmic powers had yet claimed as their own, beneath which the Manidog could tunnel their subCities to suit their subterranean tastes—a place from which they could launch their new “Empire.”

Unfortunately, simple arithmetic was against them. When the Tribal chieftains went about trying to organize their people, they realized that they really didn’t know where most of them had *gotten* to. After the initial Manidog diaspora, when they had spread throughout the Megaverse, many hundreds of the old clans had simply disappeared, vanishing to obscure places that were so far away that few could remember their names, never mind their locations.

The Megaverse really is a rather large place, you know, and there are about three hundred million scattered Manidog—perhaps more, by now—who were not able to be located, despite the best efforts of the Manido Chieftains. Pitifully few Manidog were actually found (only about sixteen million) to unite under the banner of the elemental tribes.

To make matters worse, not one of the four Chieftains could agree with one another at all, and the few Manidog that *were* gathered were divided between four separate and distinct tribes (today only three remain), whose relationship with one another was antagonistic at best, so that not only were the Manidog tribes in competition with the rest of the Megaverse, but with *each other*. Today, the three tribes have an unspoken agreement that is more than a treaty, but less than an alliance—while antagonistic to one another, they do cooperate to a certain degree.

In spite of all these obstacles, the Manidog Chieftains remain resolute in their dream to make the name “Manido” feared and respected throughout the Megaverse—despite the fact that none of the Manidog Chieftains has any idea how this is going to be accomplished.

At this point, most have taken no notice of them. Those powers that are aware of them so far consider them to be a gang of spirited upstarts with no real chance of making their mark in the Megaverse as anything more than subject matter for a snidely comical anecdote told over dessert. Some, like the Splugorth, find them to be rather amusing. Splynneryth thinks it’s hilarious—just absolutely hysterical—that they would think that Greenland could, even in a thousand years, rival Atlantis in any way. He’s even been magnanimous enough to send envoys and ambassadors to attend, very briefly, the final match of the last championship Cushkaveah tournament.

Most find it at least amusing that the Manidog *insist* on calling themselves an “Empire.” Virtually no entity in the Megaverse thinks of them as competition or opposition in any way, shape or form...yet. The Manidog are working on it, though. Time will yet tell. Their greatest obstacle is that, while they might make a small impression on Earth, unless they find out a way to divine the locations of their three-hundred million fellow Manidog, and find a way to convince them all to congregate in Greenland on Rifts Earth, they haven’t a chance to go Megaversal.

The Elemental Tribes

There are three main tribes of Manidog still in existence today, and each one is ruled by a Tribal Chieftain, which are superpowerful, godlike beings, each a master of their respective branch of elemental magic. The Sky-Tribe is ruled by Gicimánido; the Earth-Tribe, by Skabewis; and the Sea-Tribe, by Qungusutariaq.

There is no Fire-Tribe anymore, since, having been rather unstable and very aggressively militaristic, they constantly waged campaigns of outright war against the other Manidog in an effort to seize total control of Kalaallit Nunaat for themselves (a conflict which was unimaginably bad for business at such early stages of their development), and wound up being annihilated in a joint effort by the other three tribes, if for no other reason than to be free of the Fire-Tribe's disruptive presence. Ingnerssuaq, the Fire-Tribe chief, was presumably killed (although no body has ever been found), as were 98% of the tribesmen. Scattered members still live in hiding here and there, none of them in Kalaallit Nunaat, however, and all of them hungering for revenge.

The most powerful of the three remaining tribes is the Sky-Tribe, both numerically and economically. It is the Sky-Tribe that controls the majority of the slave trade and the gambling trade on Kalaallit Nunaat, although the capital subCities of the other two tribes do feature gambling as a prominent attraction, and slave-trading as a small sideline. It is the Sky-Tribe that hosts all the major Cushkaveah tournaments (see **Cushkaveah—A Megaversal Obsession** below) and most of the minor matches, which, so far is the only thing that has really spread the name of Manido throughout the Megaverse at all.

Cushkaveah tournaments are virtual magnets to gamblers across the cosmos, and just about everyone who makes gambling their business has been to at least one. The tremendous influx of visitors and tourists during one of the tournaments, held once every 3½ years, provides a generous source of income that goes mostly into the coffers of the Sky-Tribe, although the other two tribes do benefit marginally as well.

Other than that, the Sky-Tribe's major business is entertainment. Operating casinos, brothels, bars, slave-auctions, dancehalls, drug-dens, sporting events, cinemas, theaters (both *grand guignol* and the ordinary kind), restaurants, vomitoriums, gladiatorial arenas, baths, torture gardens, shooting galleries (with real live human bullseyes), *et cetera*, and just about anything else imaginable that one race or another derives enjoyment from—even going so far as to buy 2,000 Pleasurer slaves from the Transgalactic Empire (see **Rifts Phase World**).

While the entertainment industry is hardly thought of as the stuff of empires, the standard Sky-Tribe line is that they're attempting to become a solid economic power before amassing their imperial army.

The Earth-Tribe, on the other hand, has been trying their hands at weapons-manufacturing. 90% of all weapons with the Manido insignia on them were designed and built by the Earth-Tribe. They remain optimistic because no one single weapons company has managed to get a stranglehold on Earth's buyers. They fear the Naruni, but since they, the Naruni, have yet to establish anything even remotely resembling a monopoly on Earth, they, the Manido, don't think they have anything serious to worry about yet.

They are 100% wrong, of course.

The Naruni didn't get to the position they are in by blithely ignoring the competition, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant, and they are, as of this very

writing, attempting to insinuate a spy network into the Earth-Tribe's facilities, and will very probably succeed.

And the Sea-Tribe? Well...the Sea Tribe, numerically the smallest, has never quite figured out a cohesive direction for itself. It's into a little of everything. A little of the entertainment- and slave-industry, like the Sky-Tribe, a little weapons- and vehicle-manufacturing, like the Earth-Tribe, and a lot of the selling of Earth's fossil fuels: oil from their renovated platforms in the Arctic Ocean, and coal from their mines on the island of Edgeøya in the Svalbard Arkipelet.

Geographical Data: Terrain and the subCities

At roughly 840,000 square miles (2,175,602 sq km), Greenland is the biggest island in the world. Almost a continent, but not quite. It is more than ten times larger than the island of Great Britain, slightly larger than three times the size of the pre-rifts state of Texas, and about one-third the size of Australia or Atlantis.

89% of this vast land area is completely covered with ice 365 days a year, and only the slender belt of shores and coasts along the outer rim remain free of glaciers. On this tiny rim live several dozen human and D-Bee settlements that are *not* controlled by, or involved with, the Manidog in any way.

The entire rest of the land-mass is a gigantic ice-plateau that rises 9,000 to 10,000 feet (2,743 to 3,047 m) above sea level, with the ice of a thickness varying between 1,000 to 11,000 feet (304 to 3,353 m). On the surface, this terrain is incredibly treacherous to navigate, making the dangers and difficulties of the Himalayas look like child's play. The surface consists primarily of constantly shifting and unstable ledges, deep and twisting canyons, sheer ravines that are thousands of feet deep, sinkholes of solid-looking but brittle ice that can drop a person nearly a mile before they hit anything solid, fissures that can open wide enough to swallow a man, and then close again in a matter of seconds, crushing him like the mouth of some giant beast.

It's a place where only the mad or foolish would attempt a crossing by foot. Most of the travel across the surface of Kalaallit Nunaat is accomplished by flight. The surface is lightly populated by ground-dwellers (mostly hermits and other creatures that don't enjoy visitors) but its chief inhabitants are the avian Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes, who enjoy virtual isolation in these inner reaches of Kalaallit Nunaat. The Manidog tolerate their presence because the Ijerket are not aggressive to the Manidog, yet they *are* aggressive to invaders, and will fiercely defend their own territories. So, for the Manidog, the Ijerket form a convenient (and conveniently unpaid) first line of defense. Any power (be it the Naruni or the Splugorth or what have you) who attempts to commit an act of aggression towards Greenland will have to get through all the Ijerket first.

Beneath (and throughout) this massive blanket of ice, lies the interior of Greenland: the Manidog subCities.

The subCities are made up of a series of huge, interconnected caverns; usually one giant one and several smaller ones are grouped together, with the smaller ones constituting outlying "districts." They are linked by a large, well-lit system of highway-like tunnels big enough to accommodate just about any amount of traffic.

Inter-subCity travel can very easily be accomplished by a ride on the **Kalaallit**

Nunaat Monorail System...for a nominal fee, depending on how far one is going.

The main caverns themselves are so breathtakingly beautiful and seamlessly constructed, with such gigantic dimensions, that they cause some to wonder if the Inuitsuit Rockpeople—super-powerful beings with abilities similar to those of Atlantean Stonemasters—didn't have a hand in their creation.

Who knows? Maybe they did. Some of the larger, central caverns begin as low as 3,000 feet below sea level, and extend as much as 8,000 feet above sea level, with more than half a mile of ice between the ceiling and the island's surface, and, even to regular visitors, are a truly majestic sight to behold.

The subCities

The subCities of each of the three Manidog tribes has their own particular “look”:

The subCities of the **Sky-Tribe**—especially their capital, Nuuk—are magnificent, flashy, and bright. Wall-to-wall glowing neon and blinding, colorful lights dominate the scenery. Dancing shafts and corkscrews of magentas, mauves, cyans, cool blues, hot pinks, flaming reds and banana yellows criss-cross hyperactively before one's eyes in a concerted and well-executed assault on the senses. Advertising holograms flaunting the wares of a thousand illicit and unsavory businesses violently clamor for one's attention. It's extremely noisy, too.

Think Las Vegas on steroids, times ten. With mutants and aliens walking around.

Towering “icescrapers” (the Sky-Tribe's term for skyscrapers in this underground domain) reach toward the lofty ceilings, connecting with them like massive pillars. Here, business never stops, nothing ever closes. It's nonstop amusement. At any hour of the day or night—and, being underground, “day” and “night” have even less meaning here than they do on the surface—there is some event happening or attraction to be seen. Somewhere to go, something to buy, something to watch. Then again, there are always the casinos.

The subCities of the **Earth-Tribe** tend to be more muted. Darkly-colored. Quiet. Since the Earth-Tribe's goal is to become an important weapons-producing empire, most of their subCities resemble vast, industrial tracts of a kind not seen since 19th century England. Miles and miles go by with nothing to see but enormous factories, foundries, dormitories where the workers sleep, warehouses and more factories again.

To most tourists and visitors who come to Kalaallit Nunaat looking for excitement and entertainment, the subCities of the Earth-Tribe mean one thing, and one thing only: Unendurable boredom.

There is nothing to do in most of the Earth-Tribe's subCities except buy or build some weapon or vehicle...or get hassled by one of the many, many patrols of surly, and frighteningly well-armed, guards (they are justifiably paranoid of industrial espionage).

If, on the other hand, you *are* in need of some expert weapon engineers or well-equipped workshops (a rarity in the Arctic) or a well-stocked technical library (even rarer), this is the place to be. This is where you'll find the greatest concentration of experienced weaponsmiths (not to mention engineers of other trades, too—most notably robotics, which is the next direction of Earth-Tribe development) in all of Kalaallit Nunaat, and also the greatest concentration of Suilarqineq Mechanics.

The only exception to the nonstop tedium of the Earth-Tribe subCities is their

capital subCity of **Upernavik**, which has at least some touristy things to entertain a visitor, and resembles a watered-down imitation of Nuuk.

Finally, there are the subCities of the **Sea-Tribe**, which contain the most curious mish-mash of styles and ideas one is likely to see in one's lifetime. Elegant and austere high-tech buildings stand next to the stinking run-down abodes of squatters and violent street-gangs. Exquisite, classical Greek architecture, palaces of marble and glass, next to stone-age granite hovels. Which are in turn next to the glowing neon glitz of open-air bazaars, the kind you would find in a subCity of the Sky-Tribe.

The really exotic thing about the Sea-Tribe's subCities is all the water. Somewhere between $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of each subCity is underwater, although one doesn't have to be amphibious to travel through them. Most establishments will have a "dry" side and a "wet" side, separated by a wall of force (either magical or technological) that allows people to freely pass between the two. There are "dry" tunnels to allow air-breathers to travel through "wet" districts, and vice versa.

A few ruins of the old subCities of the **Fire-Tribe** still exist, but they are generally desolate, empty and/or prowled by a really nasty element: looters, thieves, violent fugitives, and the incurably mad. These ruined subCities are little more than ghost towns, with nothing to attract any visitors. Not any sane ones, leastways.

The Guts

However beautiful or impressive the linked caverns of the subCities are, there is—as there is with any large urban expanse—an underside. A very unpleasant underside. The Guts.

Beneath the open, relatively safe surface lies the labyrinth, unexplored innards below the subCities. Here there are thousands upon thousands of tiny, uncharted tunnels—home to uncounted legions of thieves, murderers, cutthroats, madmen and other "human rats" or "mole people" of the seamy urban landscape, ready to rob and kill (or worse) anyone straying too far from the open caverns.

The tunnels are mostly old and disused service passageways. Some have been tunneled anew by industrious groups of Guts-dwellers or by the occasional monster that finds its way down there. They are extraordinarily confusing to navigate and it is a simple matter to become completely lost after only a few minutes of walking. These tunnels are tight and claustrophobic, badly lit, damp, cold, hideously rancid-smelling, dirty and disease-ridden—not to mention infested by rats, cockroaches, fleas, lice, scabies and other assorted nasty little creatures. The drinking water is full of bacteria (tapeworm time, everyone), and the air is full of gnats. The walls are muck-encrusted. The floors are a clotted swamp of mud, slush, refuse, algae and human filth. Everything smells overpoweringly of urine.

Not a comfortable place to spend the night.

Nevertheless, the Guts has no fewer than 31,000 permanent residents (although no one has ever taken an accurate census of them to know for sure). Only about 35% of these bandits and lowlifes are human. The rest are assorted D-Bees of varying kinds. Ex-slaves, mostly.

Living conditions in The Guts, as one would expect, are appalling. There is garbage, filth and rotting food everywhere. The stench is almost unendurable. Personal

hygiene is nonexistent. All manner of vermin boldly scurry over sleeping bodies. Disease and infection run rampant: Tuberculosis, Cholera, Dysentery, Tetanus, and Smallpox are all common.

Nutritional deficiency is also a tremendous problem: at least half of the inhabitants of The Guts are Anemic, and almost all of them have a condition called Cheilosis (which is caused by an extreme lack of Vitamin B), which causes the tongue to swell, makes the lips crack painfully and turn a deathly-gray in color, and renders the complexion of the victim a bright sunburn-red. This red-faced, dead-lipped countenance is the characteristic appearance of someone from The Guts. Obviously, you can spot them a mile away if they're walking among normal-looking people—never mind the usual assortment of boils, running sores and pustulent abscesses that they have.

Violent criminals often get exiled to The Guts as punishment. Debtors who have a chronic habit of not paying their bills also will find themselves cast down into this hell. The vicious criminal element here makes The Guts a good place to go if you need to make some kind of illicit connection, but a bad place to go if you want to stay alive for very long. Also, since very few people are willing to *voluntarily* go down there, The Guts is an ideal place to hide out if you're on the run. Even hardened bounty-hunters shrink away from the thought of pursuing quarry into this infernal place.

Places of Note in Kalaallit Nunaat

Nuuk — Capital subCity of the Sky-Tribe

If there's something you want to do, no matter how depraved or frivolous or outrageous, you can do it in Nuuk...so long as you have the money to pay. Although technically only the Sky-Tribe's capital subCity, Nuuk is the *de facto* capital of Kalaallit Nunaat entire, being the largest, most populous and most popular subCity on the island. It's sort of like an underground Las Vegas, crossed with the brutal lawlessness of a border town like the Juarez, Mexico of 20th century Earth.

Nuuk's many attractions include:

Ooqueah's Bloodbath: The greatest gladiatorial arena on the northern hemisphere. Some say it is even the equal of the arenas in Atlantis. Nonstop, 24-hour-a-day brutality and carnage for the whole family. Monsters of all shapes and sizes battle with one another and with professional gladiators (here "professional" usually just means that they survived yesterday's massacre). Hundreds of slaves are butchered daily—Ooqueah, the owner and Master of Ceremonies at the Bloodbath, is the biggest customer of Ekkittik, the slave-dealer. He buys slaves by the thousands. Juicer bloodsports are just beginning to catch on here, now that Juicer-conversion shops are becoming common in Upernavik.

The arena floor used to be sand, but now it is a marsh of bloody, sandy muck. It stinks, but who cares? The attractions are spectacular. Pack a lunch.

Slave Depot of Ekkittik of Nuuk: By far, the largest slave-market in all of Kalaallit Nunaat, run by Ekkittik, a stone-faced Manido of the Sky-Tribe, and a notoriously ruthless bargainer—regular customers know not to try to haggle Ekkittik down on a price, as he will counter by haggling the customer *up* on the price, and will

usually be successful!

Ekkittik's Slave Depot typically sells their slaves in "parcels"—groups of three, consisting of: one prime slave, one slave (of the opposite sex) slightly past their prime, and a young child or elderly slave, all of the same race or species. If the "prime" slave in a parcel is of unusual quality, Ekkittik, he will often throw in an additional slave too old or too young to be of much use.

However, it must be said that Ekkittik's is not known for their consistent quality. On the other hand, in terms of sheer variety, none can compete with Ekkittik's selection. It's easily as wide as any slave-market in Atlantis, and, while they do specialize in humans and other Arctic species and races—Kiwa'Kws Giants, Atalhis Phantoms, Totalet Seal-Men, and even Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People—one can just as easily find a wide selection of monsters and supernatural creatures.

The Gate: An object of envy throughout the other two tribes, this is a dimensional gate linking Nuuk with Phase World. It is heavily guarded at all times.

The Blood & Greasepaint Dramaturgical Theatre of Brutality: Twice a day here are featured plays of a violent and sadistic nature, the main attractions of which are actual acts of murder and torture against actual living beings. Those "victims" that are tortured, burned, dismembered, disemboweled, decapitated, crushed, sawn to pieces, etc., are bought daily in the slave markets by the producers of the show and by the other "legitimate" actors.

The victim's part in each play is generally small, with no lines (no Julius Caesar here—if you knew you were going to be stabbed to death *for real* before the end of the play, you're not going to be much interested memorizing your lines). No sooner are they brought on stage than they are disposed of. An obscene and gory spectacle for all. One is not believed to have fully experienced the magical allure of the Blood & Greasepaint Theatre if one has not taken home a part of one of the victim's bodies as a memento—noses, fingers, ears, and toes are preferred.

Widely considered to be far more amusing than most gladiatorial arenas. More expensive, though.

Suffering Suites: Private, soundproofed chambers, fully equipped with the most state-of-the-art torture equipment for interrogators and sadists from all corners of the Megaverse. Professional victims (i.e. slaves) are available for a nominal fee. It is recommended that visitors bring their own victims, however, as the house-victims are of a slightly shopworn quality—most are either mad or half-dead or both. Those who lapse into coma are generally used as bullseyes in the Suffering Suites shooting range.

In the interest of good taste, no more can be said about the Suffering Suites.

Skinplugs: Nuuk's chop-shop emporium, offering just about any kind of mechanical augmentation you can think of, but specializing in full-body 'borg conversion. Although there is no Juicer or M.O.M. conversion available here (you have to go to the Earth-Tribe's subCities for that), they do have excellent Juicer detox facilities that improve the chances of a successful detox attempt by 10% (although this is a very expensive process). They project real-time video feeds of their operations on a 200 x 560 foot tall screen on the side of their building, which attracts massive crowds of the bored and inebriated.

The Gullet: The Megaversally-renowned eatery that serves delicacies of a near-infinite variety, attracting gastronomes of every race and species. Here you can find anything from poached Mindolar-grubs to deep-fried humans to roast rump of Rhinobuffalo to boiled Loogaroo eggs to filet of Stidjron in a creamy Gurgoyle-blood sauce. You can even get, if you've got twenty or twenty-five million credits to spare, broiled Pegasus with scallions.

For those who wish to eat more than their stomach can hold, there is a sparkling marble vomitorium on the premises, and a wide variety of pleasant emetics available, free of charge. The Gullet usually purchases their stock from Ekkittik's Slave Emporium, but will pay top dollar for exotic species not ordinarily kept in stock by Ekkittik. Mercenary monster-hunters can sell the bodies of their kills to the Gullet for a nice piece of change—provided they have been dead no longer than four hours (twelve, if refrigerated).

Nanortalik — Capital subCity of the Sea-Tribe

Nanortalik, the City of Water, is kind of an odd sight. Through a complicated system of force-barriers, half the city lies submerged in water, while the other half remains completely dry. There are neighborhoods that are totally “wet” (meaning no air-breathers without some sort of oxygen tank are able to go there) and a few that are totally “dry.” The Manidog of the Sea-Tribe are the only Manido that are amphibious, and, really, if they didn't have to worry about customers, they wouldn't have any “dry” parts to the city at all.

The architecture of Nanortalik is famously hodge-podge. Every style of building that has ever been in vogue on any of a dozen planets can be found here. There are Maya-style pyramids, early 20th century skyscrapers of steel and cement, medieval castles with towers and moats, Japanese pagodas, and a few other alien variants not immediately recognizable by humans as an abode of any sort. The impression is of a city cobbled out of the leftovers of other cities from other times, but it suits the Sea-Tribe just fine.

Unless otherwise stated, all the establishments listed below have both a “wet” side and a “dry” side.

***Toqonichithl* The Death-Lodge**, is the second greatest gladiatorial arena in all of Kalaallit Nunaat, although, to tell you the truth, that's not really saying a whole lot. Housed in an enormously beautiful cavern of gleaming black stone and glittering ice, its bloody attractions are nevertheless pale, pale imitations of those in the arenas of Nuuk and Atlantis.

Spectators will note that even the monsters (the ones the gladiators lay down their lives to fight) seem bored and listless. Often, they look as if they can hardly be bothered to maim or kill the next contestant. Dying gladiators appear similarly unimpressed with their semi-ferocious opposition. The matches still attract a regular crowd, but that attests more to people's desire to see bloodshed than to *Toqonichithl*'s ability to entertain.

On occasion truly thrilling matches do take place, but more often they are fairly humdrum. Only about 1 in every 10 or so matches is genuinely exciting. Admission *is* dirt-cheap, though, and the matches take place at all hours of the day, non-stop, so what the gladiators lack in quality, they more than make up for in quantity.

Toqonichithl seats 75,000, and has vendors selling refreshments of all kinds.

Yagha’s Slaves: Like the sign in the window says: “Those are some good slaves!!” Not nearly as large or as well-stocked as Ekkittik’s Slave Depot (which is located in Nuuk), Yagha nevertheless has a consistent reputation for quality and value. No aged, scrawny, feeble, malnourished, sick, blind or diseased slaves sold here. It’s definitely the most expensive slave market in Nuuk, but it’s worth it. Nothing but the best at Yagha’s.

Incidentally, it is also the only slave auction in Kalaallit Nunaat that isn’t Manido-owned. Yagha is a dour, unpleasant, and thoroughly honorable Emirin (or some ultra-powerful mutation thereof, see **Rifts Conversion Book**) with shape-changing powers. She boasts that in 50 years of working the slave trade, she has never yet cheated a customer.

The Bazaar Marvelous: The largest open-air (well, what passes for open-air in an underground city) bazaar in all of Greenland. Shops, shops, and more shops. Most of the wares here are sold out of small kiosks, tents or simply off of a table. Items of all kinds can be found here: from power armor to cheeses, Millennium tree wands to velvet underwear, techno-wizard batteries to paprika. If what you want is not here, someone who knows how to get it is here.

Bargains can be found by those willing to look hard enough. This is where almost all of the thieves of Greenland come to sell their booty. This provides opportunities to the shrewd: few thieves are aware of the value of what they have stolen (especially if it’s a magical item of some sort) and will be willing to part with it for a sum far below its actual value.

However, those caught stealing while *in* the Bazaar Marvelous will be subjected to harsh punishment—if the offender is very lucky, he will only be exiled to The Guts without any of his weapons or armor. If he is unlucky, he may stand to lose a part of his body (removal of a hand, eye, or head is not uncommon in such cases).

Upernavik — Capital subCity of the Earth-Tribe

A sprawling gray city, with highlights of rust brown and soot black streaked among its structures, Upernavik is not a place for sightseeing. Nor is it a place for amusement, pleasure, distraction, or fun of any kind. At least, that’s the reputation it has.

The reputation is justified. Upernavik is a place of industry, of work. It is the crux of virtually all Manido technological advancement. The residents of Upernavik do not fritter away their lives with petty, frivolous pastimes. They bring their work home with them. They create new and innovative designs daily. They live for technological achievement.

The suicide rate in Upernavik is the highest in all of Greenland.

While it’s not necessarily a fun town, it’s certainly a practical place. Finding your way around is a cinch. Whereas Nuuk and Nanortalik are confusing, swirling messes of curvy, criss-crossing streets, Upernavik is fashioned in a perfect grid. Streets that run north/south are given a number, and the ones that run east/west are given a letter. Only an imbecile could get lost in Upernavik.

Reconnect Your Carcass: Kalaallit Nunaat’s premier body-shop, featuring all sorts of partial- and full-body ‘borg conversion, Juicer conversion, M.O.M. conversion.,

and a host of bionic and cybernetic augmentation—10% to 20% cheaper than anywhere else in Kalaallit Nunaat, yet of equal or greater quality than any of their competitors.

They even offer some “pirated” ‘borg conversions here—meaning designs that are not original with the Earth-Tribe. For example, the bodydocs at Reconnect Your Carcass can change you into a Tsunami ‘Borg (see **Rifts Japan**) if you like. They also pay top-dollar for the design schematics of any foreign ‘borg, and even higher if you have a sample of the ‘borg with you.

Upernavik State Athenaeum of the Sciences: A vast and government-funded library containing books on a variety of scientific and technical subjects—chemistry, physics, biology (human and alien), geology, mathematics, cybernetics, computer engineering, optics, hydrodynamics, etc. There are no books of an untechnical nature here, which means no fiction, no sci-fi, no plays, no history, no biography, no humor, no personal growth, no porn.

Organized first by subject and further subdivided, in a species-ist way, by culture (i.e. Manido, Human, Kittani, Kreeghor) the library has all the major and minor texts ever published on the subjects they feature. They even have a reproduction of Isaac Newton’s *Principia Mathematica*—although it’s considered more of a curio than anything else.

The Athenaeum is open to all Manido of the Earth-Tribe, free of charge, but rather expensive for others: 2,500 credits per hour for foreigners and 10,000 credits per hour for Manido of the other two tribes (who usually just hire non-Manido researchers instead of shelling out the whole 10,000). Books and periodicals MAY NOT leave the Athenaeum. Perhaps the greatest library of its kind on the planet.

The Shop: A basic workspace-rental business. Each of The Shop’s work-units is fully equipped with all the elementary equipment a good electrical or mechanical workshop needs. A basic, well-equipped workshop costs 1,000 Universal Credits per day. Extra-rare or specialized equipment (such as an electron microscope or cyclotron) increase the rental price considerably.

It is important to mention that the workshops contain only *tools*, not parts. One cannot build a gun or a tank if one does not have the parts to do so. The Shop does have a parts-store (to buy conventional parts at) and a foundry (to create new parts) on the premises, but these both cost more money.

Tools are inventoried before and after the workshop is used to prevent thievery. Missing tools will be charged to the user’s bill.

Manido Arms Headquarters: This is where the design, research & development, and testing of all the weapons Manido Arms produces is carried out. There is a shop in the lobby that sells Manido Arms at a 15% discount (the only place in Greenland you’ll find such a deal). They sometimes sell experimental models in small numbers, at incredibly low prices, in exchange for a promise that the user will return after a certain period of time and give his opinion of the weapon or vehicle (how it handled, if it worked properly, what changes, if any, he would have made to it, etc). Sort of a focus-group for mercenaries.

Weather

Since Kalaallit Nunaat crosses so many latitudes, its seasonal temperatures vary widely. In the south, the average summer and winter temperatures are, respectively: 63°F and -4°F (although summer only lasts for three months, while winter lasts for nine).

It is in the north, which usually has a relatively warm summer of about 39°F, where the frigid arctic temperatures become a harsh reality; in winter the thermometer hovers at around -40°F for weeks on end, not uncommonly dropping as far down as -75°F on bad days (not counting the wind chill factor, of course). Other than that, weather is pretty much the same as it is in the rest of the Arctic—meaning that there is virtually no precipitation, and savage, buffetted windstorms are a common occurrence.

That's all on the surface, however. In the interior—the subCities and tunnels—a constant temperature of 42°F to 49°F is magically maintained year-round, regardless of whether the tunnel constructed from some M.D.C. alloy or is burrowed through stone or solid ice. It is brisk, but not terribly unpleasant to those properly dressed. The Guts tend to be, on the average, 4° to 16° colder.

The Game of *Cushkaveah*—A Megaversal Obsession

Cushkaveah is not, in fact, a game invented by the Manidog (as they sometimes claim), but the pastime of an ancient race, gone and forgotten, that the Manidog appropriated and renamed with a term taken from one of the local languages. The word “*Cushkaveah*” literally means “orphan” because the object of the game is to force your opponent to take your last piece with his last piece. Endgame does not begin until each player only has one remaining piece on each of the surfaces.

The playing board is a transparent pyramid of energy (four sides and a bottom), using both inner and outer surfaces (for a total of ten playing surfaces, called “sides”), eight of which are divided up into triangular grids—the remaining two being square—and each “side” is a different contest, effectively requiring the participants to play ten games at once.

Upon the squares and triangles of the “sides” are placed revolving geometric crystals—the “strength” of the piece is indicated by the speed with which it is rotating. A piece’s “strength” determines the extent to which it can or cannot be forced to move by the actions of the opponent’s pieces. A player needs to capture at least six out of ten sides to win.

In a championship match, it is recommended that a player capture all ten sides. In these, the final matches of a tournament, each side that is ‘lost’ costs the loser half an I.Q. point, which is *permanently* gone. The loser’s I.Q. is magically reduced at the end of the match. There is no way to avoid this loss, and no way to restore the lost half-point. As would be expected, there aren’t very many rematches between champions and challengers. Any entity that loses once usually has the good sense not to ask for a rematch, thereby risking their remaining intellects.

Got all that?

The game is, to say the least, complicated beyond belief. Cushkaveah was not designed with players of average human intelligence in mind. It necessitates a minimum I.Q. of 17 to just barely comprehend the rudiments of the game, and an I.Q. of at least 23 to play with any degree of skill (the exception to this rule being the savant-like Suilarqineq Mechanics). It is a pastime favored by gods, ancient dragons, and alien intelligences alike—if not to play, then to observe.

So What’s the Point?

Cushkaveah tournaments, which are held every 3½ years in Nuuk (the capital subCity of Kalaallit Nunaat) attract an enormous intergalactic and interdimensional crowd. Not necessarily to watch the game (few but the most superhumanly intelligent can follow it anyway), but for the incredible surge in gambling that occurs at these times.

Most of the bettors who lay down everything they own on the outcomes of these games *do not have the slightest idea* what the rules of Cushkaveah are, nor what separates a good player from a bad one (besides winning), but that is precisely what makes the game so interesting to so many.

Part of the thrill of Cushkaveah is that almost *nobody* understands how it’s played, yet such titanicly enormous amounts of money and commodities change hands during tournament matches—attracting bookmakers and bettors of all stripes, from the absolute *crème de la crème* of classy interdimensional gamblers, the strict professionals, the high-rollers, all the way down to the lowest dregs of the betting sleazeballs looking to get rich

quick, the cigar-chomping bookmakers, the mugs, the con-artists, the ten-time losers that infest every two-bit house of gambling in the Megaverse.

Wagers of (literally) astronomical magnitude are frequently placed during a championship event. Usually, at least once every six or seven tournaments, some small backwater empire will bet one of their own *planets*, and more than one entire population, often numbering into the billions, has been sold into slavery whole (or simply obliterated) because of a bad bet on a Cushkaveah match. It happens.

The current Cushkaveah champion is a Suilarqineq Mechanic by the name of John Lee Iniuq who, in a stupendous upset over two consecutive matches, soundly defeated the previous champion, an adult Great Horned Dragon named Krilvin, who had reigned unbeaten for the past 17½ years. Iniuq is well liked by some (as the underdog that *no one* expected to win, he came in at 100 to 1, making some people very, very rich), and despised by others.

Mostly despised. Splynncryth, for one, lost big because of him (although, really, Splynncryth has enough money not to care about such trivial things). The one who really hates him the most is Krilvin, the former champion, who, having twice lost all ten sides in a championship match, has had her I.Q. permanently reduced to 17 (which, for an Ancient Dragon, is an intelligence level beneath stupidity—it's virtually retarded), and she would very much like to kill John Lee Iniuq slowly over a roaring fire, but it is considered bad form for Cushkaveah losers to physically threaten the victors.

Nevertheless, the Manidog guard the current champion for his own personal safety, and will continue to do so...at least until he loses the championship to someone else. At which point, he's probably going to be dead meat unless he can find some new protectors.

The Manido Chieftains

Gicimánido

Manido Sky-Chief

It was all Gicimánido's idea to begin with. He had a dream that he would end the Manido diaspora, and that's what he immediately set to doing. For a three-quarters of a century, he traveled from one end of the Megaverse to the other, searching for traces of his Manido brethren: riding broken-down space transports to obscure corners and backwaters of civilization, performing decades of tedious detective-work, collecting Manidog wherever he found them, convincing them to follow him. He went to planets and dimensions few people knew existed. Somewhere along the way, three other Manido Chiefs hopped on the bandwagon and started campaigning alongside him, lending momentum to the movement he was starting. Morale among the Manidog was high. Soon, those Manidog that had heard of his campaign began to seek him out. His legions of followers swelled—and then stopped. He was only able to find fifteen million or so, and that seemed to be it. He continued a fruitless search for several decades more, and then quit, out of frustration.

And now here he is.

As the leader of the largest Manido faction in Greenland, Gicimánido is quietly amassing a solid economic base before using his nascent Imperial Horde in an aggressive

action against another power. This Imperial Horde, by far the largest standing army in the entire Arctic (although absolutely puny and inconsequential by Megaversal standards), numbers about 3.5 million Manidog and about 600,000 from other species recruited either from Earth or from other planets in the Megaverse. Another 1.8 million Manidog are available as a warrior militia, should a crisis or emergency arise.

He has not voiced his plans to do so yet, but it is his intention to first unite all of the Arctic—Manido and non-Manido alike—under the Manido Sky-Tribe banner, before making another move. The first thing he wants to do is to negotiate an alliance with the Earth-Tribe and Sea-Tribe. Or more than an alliance, if possible. He would like them to become one single, unified tribe (under the rule of Gicimánido, of course).

Once that unification is accomplished, the next things on his agenda are the conquering of the North Pole, then the Russian archipelago of Novaya Zemlya, and then the Canadian Islands and Alaska. From there, he believes he will have a good idea of whether or not he wants to push into the Canadian or Russian mainlands, which he knows are inhabited by comparatively large, organized military forces. He feels that he will only be ready to challenge these large militaries if he first absorbs the different populations (human and D-Bee) of the Arctic into his own empire.

Towards this end, Gicimánido supports a large intelligence network that is busy gathering information on all the communities and populations in the Arctic. Of particular interest to him, because of their degree of organization, are the Consolidated Nations of Siorapaluk and Koyukon, and the Free State of Quebec, further to the south. He hopes that, through diplomacy, he will be able to convince the leaders of the Consolidated Nations to voluntarily become segments of the Sky-Tribe Manido Empire. He doesn't have such high hopes for Quebec.

It would please Gicimánido if he did not have to resort to violence in such cases. He is preparing to send ambassadors to these and other, smaller, communities of the Arctic, most notably the Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes, the scattered Kiwa'Kws encampments, the Atalhis Phantoms, and the Wolfen packs. However, if violence is the language that his enemies will hear, then he will speak that language.

Alignment: Anarchist

M.D.C.: 4,429

Attributes: I.Q. 26, M.E. 29, M.A. 29, P.S. 30 (supernatural), P.P. 20, P.E. 22, P.B. 10, Spd 102

Disposition: Ruthless, callous, dishonest, devoid of any trace of pity or compassion: this is Gicimánido on a good day. On bad days, he's usually much worse. Motivated solely by the desire for maximum profit, Gicimánido cares for nothing so much as he cares for money. He'd sell his mother (were she still alive) if he thought he could get a nickel and two rusty pennies for her.

Unlike the other two Manido Chiefs, he's willing to take it violently if he has to. He is not squeamish about deriving personal glory from conquest.

However, for all his voracious greed it must still be said that Gicimánido, being the most ambitious of the three remaining Manido chieftains, is also the one most likely to realize their collective dream of establishing themselves as a minor empire. In a Megaversal market already saturated with weapons-manufacturers, mercenaries, and assassins-for-hire, it is Gicimánido alone who has the sheer, ferocious drive (not to mention utter, unmitigated gall) to carve out a niche for his people. Skabewis and Qungusutariaq will probably wind up riding his coattails all the way to the top.

Like all the Manido chieftains, Gicimánido is also very protective of the members of his own tribe. They are his workforce and his shareholders, and, while he is their ruler, he very firmly believes that he is *their* servant.

Horror Factor: 15

Level of Experience: 15th level Air Warlock, 15th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: See the invisible, turn invisible at will, Nightvision 600 feet (182.8 m), immune to horror factor and possession, regenerates 1D6x10 M.D.C. every minute. Animal Metamorphosis at will (see the **Manido R.C.C.**).

Combat Abilities: Equivalent to Hand to Hand: Assassin at 15th level.

Attacks Per Melee Round: Seven, or two by magic

Damage: As per supernatural strength

Bonuses (all): +4 on initiative, +9 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +3 to roll with impact,

+3 to pull punch, +4 to save vs magic, +7 to save vs drugs and poisons.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all Air Warlock spells, plus all spell magic from levels 1-6, and the following spells: Constrain Being, Dispel Magic Barrier, Locate, Negate Magic, Wisps of Confusion, Mute, Banishment, Control/Enslave Entity, Calm Storms, Time Hole, Create Golem, Close Rift, and Teleport: Superior.

P.P.E.: 1,947

Psionic Powers: Considered to be a master psionic. Has all powers from the Healing, Physical, and Sensitive categories, plus: Mentally Possess Others, Mind Block Auto Defense, and Mind Wipe.

I.S.P.: 422

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Curiously, Gicimánido suffers from the same vulnerability to the wood of the Dwarf Birch that the Arctic god Tarquip does. Weapons made from this holy wood do *quadruple* their ordinary S.D.C. damage, converted to mega-damage. Also, Rune weapons and weapons made from a Millennium Tree do double damage.

Skills of Note: Fluent in all three Manido languages, all six Trade Tongues, and most Eskimo and Northern Indian languages and dialects. Has all Mechanical and Electrical skills at 98%, plus Computer Operation, Computer Programming, and Mathematics: Advanced all at 80%. Knows all modern and ancient weapon proficiencies, and can pilot any aircraft at 90%.

Alliances and Allies: All members of the Manido Sky-Tribe. A sometime ally to Sila, the great sky spirit, although Gicimánido finds her too unreliable to trust her completely.

Enemies: Skabewis and Qungusutariaq, and the members of the Manido Earth- and Sea-Tribes.

Weapons: Frequently carries an Impaler greatest rune sword (**Rifts Atlantis**, p. 130)

Body Armor: Owns a set of personalized, magical power armor. 420 M.D.C. It increases Gicimánido's P.S. and P.P. by four points each, and his Spd by 20 points when worn. It is equipped with the Armor of Ithan spell, at 12th level.

Skabewis

Manido Earth-Chief

Skabewis used to be the Chief Armorer for a mercenary group headed by

Gicimánido. They used to be best friends. That was a long time ago—both are very old.

When Skabewis heard his old friend and mentor was forming a Manido nation, he thought it was a wonderful idea...except for the fact that Gicimánido would be running the show. Skabewis always held his friend in high regard, but doesn't believe that he has the best interests of the Manido at heart. He wonders if his old friend hasn't become too concerned with personal glory.

Who would be a better choice to lead? Why, Skabewis, of course!

Skabewis doesn't believe that the road to Manido supremacy needs to be paved with the blood of violent conquest. He thinks they should stick to their traditional entrepreneurial origins, and start a large technology conglomerate, like Naruni Enterprises. Sadly, little does he know that even the Manido of his own tribe disagree with his ideas. Most of them are just playing it safe, and waiting to see if Gicimánido doesn't fall on his face first. If it turns out that Gicimánido is as successful as he thinks he is going to be, there will be mass defections from the Skabewis's Earth-Tribe to Gicimánido's Sky-Tribe.

Not being particularly observant when it comes to these types of things (he's mostly an introverted technophile, ignorant in most other matters) Skabewis is completely oblivious to these mutterings of dissent within his own tribe. His daily thoughts are instead occupied with new designs, and with industrial espionage. He frequently uses the spy network of his friend, the Arctic god Tarquip.

Alignment: Aberrant

M.D.C.: 3,111

Attributes: I.Q. 23, M.E. 22, M.A. 20, P.S. 29 (supernatural), P.P. 20, P.E. 20, P.B. 9, Spd 51

Disposition: Skabewis is at heart a numbers-cruncher, a slave to the bottom-line. He just wants to build guns and vehicles, sell them, make the Earth-Tribe lots of money, and not be bothered. He believes in always playing it safe: hedging his bets, cutting down the odds, stacking the deck—so to speak. He hates chance and randomness.

Not as visionary as Gicimánido, or as imaginative as Qungusutariaq, Skabewis looks to both of them to see how he should act before making a move himself. Manido followed him not because he was thought to be a particularly good leader, but because he was considered to be completely reliable. He said he would make money for whoever joined him, and he has. It's uncertain how long he will last as an entity independent of the overwhelmingly charismatic Gicimánido, once the latter tries to absorb Skabewis's tribe into his own—a plan that will go into effect in the next few years.

Horror Factor: 15

Level of Experience: 15th level Earth Warlock, 13th level Techno-Wizard

Natural Abilities: See the invisible, turn invisible at will, Nightvision 600 feet (182.8 m), immune to horror factor and possession, regenerates 1D6x10 M.D.C. every minute. Animal Metamorphosis at will (see the **Manido R.C.C.**).

Combat Abilities: Equivalent to Hand to Hand: Expert at 14th level.

Attacks Per Melee Round: Six, or two by magic.

Damage: As per supernatural strength.

Bonuses (all): +4 to pull punch, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +6 to parry and dodge, +5 to strike, +5 to save vs magic, +6 to save vs poisons and toxins.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all Earth-Warlock spells, and knows all spell magic from levels 1-4, plus Energy Disruption, Fly, Call Lightning, Fire Ball, Impervious to

Energy, Globe of Silence, Speed of the Snail, and Remove Curse.

P.P.E.: 1,421

Psionic Powers: Considered to be a master Psionic. Has all powers from the Sensitive and Healing categories, plus Mind Block Auto Defense, Psi-Shield, and Psi-Sword.

I.S.P.: 312

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Rune weapons and weapons made from a Millennium tree do double damage.

Skills of Note: Fluent in the three Manido languages, all six Trade Tongues, and most Eskimo and Northern Indian languages and dialects, plus knows a smattering of American. Has all Mechanical and Electrical skills at 98%, plus Computer Operation and Computer Programming at 90%. Knows all modern and ancient weapon proficiencies.

Alliances and Allies: All Manido of the Earth-Tribe; Tarquip, the Moon Man.

Enemies: Gicimánido, Qungusutariaq, and all Manido of the Air- and Sea-Tribes.

Weapons: Sometimes carries a Glitterboy boom gun magically modified so as to be completely silent. Skabewis rarely shows up on the field of battle, however.

Body Armor: Wears a suit of magical power-armor of his own design (with help from several Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarves and Suilarqineq Mechanics) that looks as if it is made from blocks of stone (it's not really). It has 720 M.D.C. and is enchanted with the following spells: Armor of Ithan (8th level), Chameleon, Impervious to Energy, Invisibility: Superior, and Shadow Meld. If anyone but Skabewis tries to wear the suit, a 10th level Fire Ball spell is continuously cast *inside* the suit until the wearer either removes the armor or is quite dead. It regenerates 1D4x10 M.D.C. per minute.

Qungusutariaq

Chief of the Manido Sea-Tribe

Qungusutariaq is, in many ways, the weakest of the Manido Tribal Chieftains. Of the three Manidog Tribes, the Sea-Tribe is, numerically speaking, the smallest, yet the material assets they have managed to hold on to over the years puts them almost on equal footing with the other two tribes. It is Qungusutariaq and his Sea-Tribe that have renovated and, in several cases, even completely rebuilt many of the offshore oil-drilling platforms that are some of the few remaining sources of fossil fuels on Rifts Earth!

Most of the platforms were either completely destroyed during the Great Cataclysm or in the turbulent decades immediately after, and were thought (by Gicimánido and Skabewis) to be time-wasting lost causes. Qungusutariaq, however, undertook a massive reconstruction project—with invaluable help from tenscore Suilarqineq Mechanics—to get the drills and pumps back in working order. At the time, the other tribes had laughed. They're not laughing now.

Qungusutariaq Petroleum is sold wherever there is a buyer. From what used to be the old Panarctic facility at Rae Point on Melville Island, and renovated platforms off Mackenzie King and Lougheed Islands of Canada, barrels of the crude are shipped all over the Earth (although mostly to North America and Russia) and to several other worlds across the Megaverse. The Sea-Tribe has proven remarkably skillful at discovering and exploiting new markets. Whatever money the Sea Tribe loses to the Air- and Earth-Tribes in technology sales, it (almost, but not quite 100%) makes up in the sale of the Earth's "black gold."

Even still, Qungusutariaq has had a hard time holding on to his fountains of money. The other two tribes have made repeated attempts to seize the oil-drilling platforms, either by threats or by force, and, while he has been able to fend them off so far, Qungusutariaq wonders how much longer he can do so. It is because of this that the Sea-Tribe is so tolerant, even friendly, towards non-Manidog species. The Sea Tribe welcomes employees freely, no matter what their background, and, unlike the other two tribes, on an *equal* economic footing with the regular, Manidog employees. A human working for the Sea-Tribe will not be short-changed, whereas he would make less than one-fifth of a Manidog's salary were he working for the Earth or Air tribes.

This tolerance of Qungusutariaq and his tribesmen also has a military motivation. Qungusutariaq knows he simply doesn't have enough warriors to last in an all-out conflict with either of the other two tribes, so he hopes to augment his tribe's numbers with non-Manido soldiers. Towards this purpose, the Sea-Tribe offers 'Borg conversion in exchange for a limited period of military service by the recipient (five to ten years, usually), and warriors are much in demand in Nanortalik, the Sea-Tribe's capital subCity.

Qungusutariaq lives in a state of almost perpetual fear of an assault by the other two tribes of Manidog. Most of his day is spent in obsessive contemplation of how he can shore up his tribe's defenses and military strength. Over the last few years, he has taken to hiring mercenary gangs to disrupt the trade affairs of the other tribes: stealing, vandalizing, and/or wrecking anything they can. For a long time Qungusutariaq thought such utterly dishonest practices were beneath him, but he has recently come to realize that industrial sabotage is just good business. He tends not to use his own personnel on these raids, and also tends not to inform the mercs just who they are working for, so he can deny having a hand in the affair, with at least a little credibility.

Now that he has had a little taste of industrial espionage, Qungusutariaq is eager to try out his mercenary spy network on bigger fish than the other Manidog tribes, hoping now to perhaps insinuate permanent moles into Atlantis, the New German Republic, the Coalition States, the New Navy, and, offworld, even Naruni Enterprises! Such audacious schemes will undoubtedly necessitate the hiring of even more spies and secret operatives than Qungusutariaq already has (the player characters?), and, sooner or later, will very likely cause him to cross paths with the god Tarquip, who is also a very enthusiastic advocate of industrial espionage and theft.

Word about the "abandoned" Gulub Yaw submersibles beneath the North Polar icecap (see the section on the Bughouse, in this book) has finally reached Qungusutariaq's ears, but, having only received vague descriptions of the craft, he remains skeptical about their capabilities. He has dispatched spies and investigators to do a more comprehensive analysis of the Gulub Yaw's technology, and when they return he is likely to send a full force of troops to try to seize the craft for himself.

Alignment: Unprincipled

M.D.C.: 2,814

Attributes: I.Q. 25, M.E. 28, M.A. 28, P.S. 26 (supernatural), P.P. 18, P.E. 19, P.B. 14, Spd 66

Disposition: A little neurotic and doddering, Qungusutariaq clucks over the tribesmen in his charge like a mother hen. How he manages to be so efficient and well-respected a leader when he so obviously lacks many of the qualities necessary to leadership is one of the great wonders of the Megaverse. Carrying himself, not with an air of authority or control, but with one of commotion and disarray, Qungusutariaq seems to get

flustered easily. Often, he seems thoroughly perplexed by the things he says, as if he previously had no idea he was thinking them until they came out of his mouth. Nobody knows how the Manidog Sea-Tribe functions as smoothly as it does under his command, but it does.

Having a little too much brotherly compassion for his own good, he also has a very hard time sending his fellow tribesmen into extremely dangerous or potentially suicidal situations, even if their presence is necessary. To get over this apprehension, Qungusutariaq usually hires mercenaries to perform the service—of course, without telling that the odds against them surviving are, at best, a hundred-to-one.

Horror Factor: 15

Level of Experience: 15th level Water Warlock, 10th level Ley Line Walker

Natural Abilities: See the invisible, turn invisible at will, Nightvision 600 feet (182.8 m), immune to horror factor and possession, regenerates 1D6x10 M.D.C. every minute. Animal Metamorphosis at will (see the **Manido R.C.C.**).

Combat: Equivalent to Hand to Hand: Expert at 12th level

Attacks Per Melee Round: Five, or two by magic

Damage: As per supernatural strength.

Bonuses (all): +4 on initiative, +2 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact,

+4 to pull punch, +2 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs drugs and poisons.

Magic Knowledge: Knows all Water Warlock spells, plus all normal spell magic from levels 1-4, plus Fly, Impervious to Energy, Constrain Being, Dispel Magic Barrier, Exorcism, Negate Magic, Mute, Speed of the Snail, and Dimensional Portal.

P.P.E.: 1,684

Psionic Powers: Considered to be a master psionic. Knows all powers from the Sensitive and Healing categories, plus Alter Aura, Hydrokinesis, Mind Block Auto Defense, Mind Bolt, and Telekinetic Force Field.

I.S.P.: 369

Vulnerabilities/Penalties: Rune weapons inflict double damage, heat- or fire-based attacks (including plasma weapons) inflict triple damage.

Skills of Note: Fluent in the three Manido languages, all six Trade Tongues, German, American, and most Eskimo and Northern Indian languages and dialects. Has all Mechanical and Electrical skills at 98%, plus Computer Operation, Computer Programming, and Mathematics: Advanced all at 80%. Knows all modern weapon proficiencies.

Alliances and Allies: Members of the Manidog Sea-Tribe. Several Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarf tribes have allied with him, as well.

Enemies: Gicimánido, Skabewis, and the members of the Earth and Air tribes.

Weapons: A modified PH-400 Heavy Phase Beamer (**Phase World**, p. 123) that has triple the range, causes twice the damage, and has ten times the payload (necessitates the carrying of a very heavy and cumbersome power pack, though). This weapon was a goodwill gift from Gicimánido, who very likely stole it from Skabewis.

Body Armor: Hates to wear armor, but frequently carries a variant of the Robot Model of the N-50 Superheavy Force Field, that has 380 M.D.C. (**Phase World**, p. 122).

O.C.C.s and R.C.C.s of Kalaallit Nunaat

Manido R.C.C.

An Optional Player Character

Note: “Manidog” is the plural of “Manido”—one Manido, many Manidog.

These are the demi-godlike beings that form the rank and file of the Manido “Empire.” They work in the factories (or supervise the work of the slaves), they collect the money, they carry the weapons, they run the whole show. They, being a rather materialistic and possessive kind of race, have come to take it for granted that all of Greenland is *theirs* and no one else’s. To their minds, the hundreds of thousands of Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes and marauding Kiwa’Kws giants that populate the surface live there on the provenance of the Manidog alone.

The Manidog are a stolid and phlegmatic people. They don’t seem to experience extremes of emotion too often, and appear unperturbed by even the most horrible of calamities. This is sometimes mistaken for arrogance (and sometimes it *is* arrogance) but mostly it is just an extreme cautiousness and reserve. It is a businesslike manner.

Dependability. Durability. Stamina. These are the cornerstones of the Manido way of thinking. The most honorable things in the Manido culture (besides making money) are remaining level-headed in times of crisis, and enduring in times of suffering. Complain in front of a Manido—about *anything*—and you insult him. Panic in front of a Manido and he will instantly lose all respect for you. Negotiation is acceptable, so long as you don’t whine or seem anything less than 100% in control of yourself.

You could loudly relieve yourself on the carpet in a Manidog’s office and still retain more respect in his eyes than if you panic and lose your head during a difficult situation.

Also, having less than a third of the facial muscles that humans have, they have a much smaller repertoire of facial expressions than humans do, so even when they *are* feeling emotional, they are incapable of showing it on their faces. Instead, they move their bodies, and are aware of how others move theirs—reading extremely subtle nuances of body-language is as natural to the Manidog as breathing, and they are able to tell much about a person by just observing him for a few minutes.

Most Manido are fanatically devoted to their Tribal Chief. The Chief’s word is law because he knows what is best for the Manidog as a whole. Manido instinctively understand that a certain small degree of individualism—and no more—is healthy for the survival of a people, but anything more than that small degree is counter-productive for the state. They know their place in their society and do not ever feel dissatisfied with that place.

However, while single-minded of purpose, they are not brainless worker ants. Not every Manido is actively working day and night for the welfare of the Manido Empire. On the other hand, *no* Manido is working *against* the “Empire” either. They have been known to fight with one another, but if the feud will somehow cause harm to the Empire or to their tribe in some way, the two disagreeable parties will find a way to reach some agreement peacefully.

While heavily concentrated in Kalaallit Nunaat, Manidog can be found all over the Arctic: as spies, surveyors, adventurers, slavers, bounty-hunters, researchers, fugitives, etc.

Manido R.C.C.

Alignment: Any

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 4D6+6, M.A. 3D6+3, P.S. 3D6+3, P.P. 5D6, P.E. 4D6+3, P.B. 3D6, Spd 6D6+6

M.D.C.: A mega-damage creature on M.D.C. worlds. P.E. x 2 M.D.C. plus 4D6 M.D.C. per level of experience. Additionally, any S.D.C. bonus the character would get from physical skills is added as M.D.C. points.

S.D.C./Hit Points (for non-mega-damage worlds): P.E. attribute number times six, plus any S.D.C. bonus from physical skills. Hit points are equal to the P.E. attribute, plus 2D6 per level of experience.

P.P.E.: As per the appropriate O.C.C., plus 2D4x10.

I.S.P.: As per the appropriate O.C.C., plus 1D6x10.

Horror Factor: 1D6+2

Natural Abilities (All Manidog): See the invisible, turn invisible at will, Nightvision 300 feet (91.4 m), immune to horror factor and possession, bio-regenerates 1D6 M.D.C. every minute, +2 to save vs magic.

Animal Metamorphosis: All Manidog are able to change at will into any kind of animal, twice a day per level, for an indefinite period of time. The character gets all the advantages of the shape, while retaining his M.D.C., ability to speak, and all attributes. The animal must be a normal animal, and not a monster, although giant versions of animals are allowed (e.g. a 7 foot long rabbit, or an Arctic Tern 6 feet tall—abilities remain unchanged).

Amphibious (Sea-Tribe only): Members of the Sea-Tribe are actually a genetic offshoot of the regular Manido species, having gills and the ability to breathe underwater. Curiously, this ability tends to estrange the amphibious Manido from their land-dwelling cousins, and they are looked down on and ostracized by “normal” Manido.

Combat: Varies with O.C.C. and physical skills learned.

Bonuses: +4 on initiative, +2 to parry and dodge, +1 to save vs magic, +1 to save vs psionics, +50% to save vs coma/death. Immune to horror factor. These are in addition to skill, combat, and attribute bonuses.

Psionics: Standard as per O.C.C.

Magic: Standard as per O.C.C.

O.C.C. & Skills: The Manido can choose any O.C.C. that fits his background with the following exceptions: cyborg, juicer, crazy, or spirit-borg.

Average Life Span: 3D6 x 100 years

Size: Typically between 3 and 11 feet tall (1 to 3.3 m)

Weight: Varies with height. Tends to resemble the proportions of a very lean and gaunt human. Manidog aren't exactly scrawny-looking, but they almost never look muscular, either.

Standard Equipment: As per O.C.C.

Money: 3D6 x 1,000 in savings; salary for the average Manido is typically 3,000 credits a month.

Cybernetics and Bionics: While they do a good business selling them, a Manido may

not get either.

Description: All Manidog have smooth, alabaster-white skin with a warmish, stone-like texture that makes them almost appear to be a race of animated statues. Their noses are typically very small and very thin, and the Manidog of the earth tribe don't even have protruding noses, but slits in their faces. Behind eyelids that blink *sideways* instead of up-and-down, are solid red eyes—the red of uncooked meat—that throb gently in their sockets like little beating hearts.

The Manido of the Sea-Tribe, being amphibious, have gills along their necks.

Note: Manidog mature extremely quickly, going from infancy to full adulthood in just two years.

Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes R.C.C.

The Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes are a race of large winged canines that roost in caves among the cliffs and peaks of the surface of Greenland. They derive their name from their peculiarly wide, double-pupiled eyes (and from the hypnotic powers these eyes possess). These wide, thin eyes also give them extraordinary peripheral vision, allowing them to see clearly everything in almost a 235° arc.

Their bones, like those of birds, are hollow, which makes the Ijerket extremely light for their size. Yet these thin, hollow bones are surprisingly durable and tough. The Ijerket are physically rather hardy characters and ferocious combatants—especially when protecting another Ijerket.

Traveling in flocks of twenty to fifty, the “Peculiar Eyes” mate for life and are very community-oriented. Defense of the flock is the responsibility of everyone who lives within that flock. Both males and females are expected to fight and, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives in defense of their flockmates. If the situation is dire enough, even young children are expected to take up arms and fly to their parents' defense.

By nature, Ijerket are very inquisitive beings. They are apt to go off adventuring at one time or another in their lives, and especially during the period just following their adolescence (which roughly corresponds to the human), at around ages 16-22.

Arctic slavers stay away from them because, even though the Ijerket are prized slave stock, they have the annoying tendency to escape no matter how hard the slaver tries to prevent it. Once an Ijerket makes it to the surface he's home free, as he is able to disappear back into the general Ijerket population. As a people, the Ijerket despise slavery, and any flock that comes across an escaped Ijerket slave will take him in immediately, without question. Ijerket will also sometimes—if they have the opportunity—assist beings of other races who are being kept in slavery.

Alignment: Any

Attributes: I.Q. 3D4+5, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 3D6, P.S. 5D6+6 (supernatural), P.P. 3D6+6, P.E. 3D6+6, P.B. 4D6+2, Spd 6D6+22 (flying speed is double that).

Average Size: 7 to 12 feet tall (2.1 to 3.6 m)

Average Weight: 250 to 350 lbs (109 to 159 kg)

M.D.C.: 2D6x10, plus 2D6 per level of experience

Horror Factor: 8

P.P.E.: 4D6 (or by magic O.C.C.)

Average Life Span: 110 years

Natural Abilities: Night vision 200 ft, bio-regenerate 2D6 M.D.C. per hour.

Special Ability: The Peculiar Gaze: This is a form of hypnotic suggestion that does not require the Ijerket to speak the language of the person he is trying to affect. Instead of working the suggestion into conversation, the Ijerket simply looks into the eyes of the person and the person just *knows* what the suggestion is—perhaps by a form of telepathy or empathic transmission. Otherwise, treat exactly as the psi-Super power of Hypnotic Suggestion (**Rifts RPG**, p. 125).

Strangely, this ability does not work on all species. Most creatures of magic and supernatural creatures that possess the power of bio-regeneration are immune to this power. Likewise are creatures that naturally have more than 200 P.P.E. immune. Annoyingly, the Kiwa’Kws Giants—the Ijerket’s mortal enemies—are also one of the species that is immune to this effect.

The Ijerket can only use this power on one person at a time.

Magic Powers: Even though their advancement in the magic-using classes is limited (may not progress past 8th level in any O.C.C. that uses magic), the Ijerket possess a great affinity for magic, and an uncanny skill with it. Consequently, they need 15% *less* experience points to advance to the next level than most members of that O.C.C. would need (round fractions up). For example, an Ijerket who was a Shifter would need only 1,803 experience points to get to 2nd level, while any other race would need 2,120.

Psionic Powers: Average. About the same as humans.

Combat: As per skill, plus add one attack per melee.

Bonuses: +1 on initiative. Claws do an additional 1D6 M.D. in hand to hand combat.

Alliances and Allies: The Manidog of the Sky-Tribe are currently courting the Ijerket as allies. Ijerket get on consistently well with Wolfen.

Enemies: Kiwa’Kws giants, with whom the Ijerket wage bitter wars for the domination of the surface of Greenland.

O.C.C.s: The Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes can select most O.C.C.s without penalty, although they tend to gravitate towards the magic-using classes: Ley-Line Walkers, Shifters, Summoners, Diabolists, Warlocks, and Techno-Wizards are common.

Standard Juicer augmentation is lethal to most (96%) Ijerket, but there is one shop in Upernavik—the renowned Reconnect Your Carcass—that has figured out a way to adapt both the standard Juicer conversion process and the Titan Juicer process to the Ijerket physiology. M.O.M. conversion does not work on them.

Standard Equipment: Per O.C.C.

Money: Per O.C.C.

Cybernetics: Per O.C.C.

Appearance: The Ijerket look like large flying wolves, with long, muscular arms and sharp claws. Their fur ranges in color from black to snow-white to a luminous silver. Their “peculiar eyes,” each with two pupils, are all a cloudy, moiling yellow. Opaque one minute and then translucent the next.

Suilarqineq Mechanic O.C.C.

These pathetic souls have fundamentally the same origin as the ordinary Suilarqineq—an unleashing of psionic potential through great suffering—the greatest

difference being that instead of intense physical activity and punishment, the Suilarqineq Mechanic seeks solace from his pain by throwing himself entirely into more cerebral pursuits, usually mechanical engineering of some sort.

They live to design things, build things, fix things. And that's all they live for.

Suilarqineq Mechanics do not have “down time.” They do not take vacations. They do not ever punch out and go home. They are restless and fidgety, and they feel extremely uncomfortable if their hands or minds are at any time unoccupied, but put a tool in one of those hands and watch them go. Possessed of a supernatural ability to understand and repair just about any technology they come across, the Suilarqineq Mechanics are engineers and machinists of almost unparalleled skill.

As their obsessions differ from those of a regular Suilarqineq, so do their quirks. Where a regular Suilarqineq is liable to manufacture physical amusement for himself—being as equally likely to initiate a fistfight as a relay race—the Suilarqineq Mechanic is more apt to be calculating the multiplication of vast sums in his head, or rattling off exponents. They can often be heard mumbling their logarithmic litanies to themselves, along the lines of: “3 - 9 - 81 - 6,561- 43,046,721 - 1,853,020,188,852,841 - ” etc, etc. Because almost all Suilarqineq Mechanics are prone to such involuntary mutterings, most people can spot them from a mile away. They simply *cannot* keep themselves from calculating things and from formulating, improving, and revising designs and blueprints in their heads. Over and over again. All the time.

In addition to their mechanical endeavors, many Suilarqineq Mechanics become quite obsessed with games and the subtle intricacies of game theory—that branch of mathematics that deals with probability and the abstract rules of certain systems (games). Many of them become brilliant, savant-like masters of tactics and strategy. The current *Cushkaveah* champion of Kalaallit Nunaat is a Suilarqineq Mechanic named John Lee Iniuq.

This fame has spread the reputation of all Suilarqineq Mechanics far and wide across the Megaverse, and, as a consequence, many alien races have become curious about hiring these virtuosic engineers and tacticians, although none have yet done so. All Suilarqineq Mechanics currently live on Rifts Earth, but it is only a matter of time before they begin to disseminate throughout the Megaverse as alien races begin to hire them out.

Suilarqineq Mechanics are only interested in the idea of adventuring insofar as it will probably mean contact with new ideas and new technology. They care little for the “adventuring spirit” or for monetary gain. All they care about is the complete and total occupation of their minds so as not to think about the source of their anguish.

Natural Abilities of the Suilarqineq Mechanic

- 1. Major Psionic:** All Suilarqineq Mechanics have the following powers: Object Read, Speed Reading, Total Recall, Electrokinetic, Empathic Transmission (only able to transmit a sense of complete and utter misery), and Telemechanics. At levels three, six, and nine, the character may choose one additional power from either Physical or Sensitive.
- 2. Supernatural Understanding of Machines:** Suilarqineq Mechanics seem to be at home with any and all kinds of technology, whether or not they have actually encountered it before, and receive NO penalty whatsoever when attempting to understand or repair a device of alien technology. In truly *extreme* cases (say, for example, an alien communication device constructed from peach pits, oyster shells, and plutonium), a penalty of -5% to -15% may be levied, but no more. They are even

able to combine different technologies that have virtually nothing in common, repairing a device with parts that were manufactured half a Megaverse away for an entirely different function.

- 3. Superb Strategic Theoretician:** Game Theory, also known as the Science of Conflict, is a mathematical discipline wherein the circumstances of decision-making are related, in mathematical terms, to certain puzzles and games of strategy. The Suilarqineq Mechanic has an instinctive talent for such mathematical strategies, making him fantastically adept at all games requiring tactical cunning, such as Chess; the Japanese games of Go, Moku, and Shogi; the African game known as Mancala, Ikiokoto, or Wari; and, of course, the intergalactic pastime of Cushkaveah. **Base skill level** for ANY game of strategy is 36%, +6% per level of experience, plus I.Q. bonus (if any), with an additional +4% for every “other” skill selection sacrificed. A Suilarqineq Mechanic can out-strategize most seasoned military generals.
- 4. Semi-Precognitive Ability:** Also, the Suilarqineq Mechanic has a comprehensive knowledge of odds and probabilities that borders on the precognitive, allowing him to dominate not only in games of strategy, but in games of *chance*, as well. The character can sometimes “know” the outcome of a particular action, although it’s really more like an educated, but uncannily accurate, guess.

In game terms, it means this: a Suilarqineq Mechanic has a **Base Chance** of 4% to guess an outcome correctly, +1% per level of experience, and +1% for every “other” skill sacrificed. Say a first-level character wants to guess which card is going to come out of a deck next, he has a 5% chance of guessing correctly, which is a significant improvement over ordinary odds (1 in 20 instead of 1 in 52).

This skill can also be used to guess the outcome of a dice roll in the game. For example: a character wants to know if the shot he is going to fire at a Devil Unicorn is going to hit or miss. The GM, out of sight of the players, rolls a percentile dice to see if the guess will be correct—he rolls an 04, the guess will be right. He then rolls the dice to see if the attack will hit, and it won’t. He tells the player this, who decides not to waste the shot then.

It is important to mention that *at no time does the player know whether or not his guess was correct*. Had the GM, when rolling the percentile dice, *failed* the player’s guess roll, he could have told the player anything he wanted: hit, miss, whatever. It’s up to the player to decide if he wants to go with his instincts (what the GM tells him his guess is) or to ignore them.

The Suilarqineq Mechanic can attempt to make such a guess once per day for every two levels of experience (if only to keep the GM from being inundated with requests, at every roll of the dice, to “guess” the number).

Alignment: Tends towards Unprincipled or Anarchist. Suilarqineq Mechanics of the “good” alignments are markedly less common—being a Suilarqineq takes a certain degree of self-absorption that is (usually) lacking in most Principled or Scrupulous characters.

Attribute Requirements: None, other than an overwhelming, all-consuming grief of a tremendous magnitude that, thankfully, few people ever experience.

P.P.E.: 1D4 (Suilarqineq are burnt-out souls—hollow inside)

I.S.P.: 6D6, plus P.E. attribute number, plus 1D4 per level

O.C.C. Skills:

Radio: Basic (+15%)

Basic Electronics (+10%)
Electrical Engineer (+5%)
Intelligence (+20%)
Mechanical Engineer (+15%)
Animal/Mechanical Improvisation (+10%)
Mathematics: Advanced (+25%)
Hand to Hand: Basic (can be changed to Expert at the cost of three “other” skill selections)

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select 11 other skills, but at least four must be from either Electrical or Mechanical. Select two additional skills at levels three and six, plus an additional one at levels nine and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Any (+5%)

Domestic: Any

Electrical: Any (+10%)

Espionage: Detect Ambush, Detect Concealment and Pick Locks only

Mechanical: Any (+10%)

Medical: none - they have a vague phobia about all human bodies, including their own

Military: Any (+5%)

Physical: Any except Acrobatics, Gymnastics and Prowl.

Pilot: Any

Pilot Related: Any (+5%)

Rogue: Computer Hacking and Concealment only.

Science: Any (+10%)

Technical: Any, except Art, Photography or Writing.

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: None

Secondary Skills: The Sularqineq Mechanic also gets to select six secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base level, and are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: Portable tool kit with screwdrivers and wrenches; large tool kit; soldering iron, welding torch, a roll of duct tape, a roll of electrical tape, adjustable beam flashlight, portable language translator, snow goggles (the technological kind), protective goggles, work gloves, and other various and sundry tools of the trade. Select one energy weapon of choice (gets one e-clip of back-up ammo), and one ‘ordinary,’ non-mega-damage weapon.

The character *may* begin with a small vehicle—typically a snowmobile or hover-cycle. Something relatively lightweight and uncumbersome.

Money: Usually 5D6 x 1,000 credits saved up (rarely spends), and, depending on circumstances of employment, usually about 3,000 a month.

Cybernetics: Avoids them.

Arctic Slaver O.C.C.

The hands-on working men and women of the Arctic slave trade, the Arctic Slavers—frequently referred to as a “Manstealer,” “Whip-Boss,” “Tongue-Cutter” (most

slaves do not need the ability so speak), or, more often, as just “Lowlife Scum”—are, for the most part, human beings who have made a business out of betraying their own kind. Wolfen, Manido, Atalhis Phantom, Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarf, Kiwa’Kws Giant, and Totalet Seal-Men slavers *do* exist, but in far fewer numbers than human Arctic Slavers. Why humans seem to have a propensity for this sort of betrayal is unknown.

It must be said that Arctic Slavers do not limit themselves to their own kind, however. They go where the money is. Whatever happens to be worth more at that particular moment. After humans, the most common slave stocks in Greenland are, in descending order: Atalhis Phantoms (with their “Good Eye” excised), Kiwa’Kws Giants, Totalet Seal-Men (a favorite of the Manido Sea-Tribe), and Wolfen. Slavers who go after Kiwa’Kws Giants, because of the dangerous nature of their quarry, tend to specialize in that particular race, and work in large, well-organized teams.

The ins-and-outs of the slave trade need not be gone into here. Anyone who went to elementary school should be familiar with them.

Arctic Slavers tend to be at least moderately wealthy. With the exception of Atlantis, there is no other place on Earth where the slave trade is more profitable. Most Slavers carry more high-tech equipment and weapons than is usual in the Arctic, which makes them a target of envy to those who covet such items (and, in this technology-poor environment, there are many). Arctic Slavers are the constant targets of people looking both for revenge and for mega-damage weapons.

Also, most other Slavers, if they encounter another Slaver in the Arctic wastes, will attack them. After all, they’re the competition.

Pretty much the only market for slaves in this area is in Kalaallit Nunaat (Greenland). Usually, the Slavers do not sell their slaves directly to the customer, but to large auction-houses like the Slave Depot of Ekkittik in Nuuk, or Yagha’s Slaves in Nanortalik. Theoretically, Arctic Slavers would rather sell their slaves at the Atlantis Markets, since Atlantis pays higher prices, but no quick or safe route to Atlantis has yet been discovered.

In a pinch, the Kiwa’Kws will also buy slaves, which saves the slaver a trip all the way back to Greenland. Unfortunately, Kiwa’Kws have very little money and are only able to offer terribly low bids for slaves. However, on the positive side (since they plan to eat them and not work them), the Kiwa’Kws will take *anything*: sick, disabled, old, young, whatever. Condition doesn’t matter. Just so long as the creatures have a pulse and are conscious enough to suffer, they’re o.k. with the Kiwa’Kws. Consequently, many slavers use the Kiwa’Kws as a clearing house for the “undesirable” slaves they have captured that no reputable slaving house wants. Kiwa’Kws can’t pay much, but it’s better than nothing.

Of course, being a slaver means that virtually everyone is going to hate you.

Even most of your clients, *who are spending their own money to buy the slaves that you captured*, will consider you to be a thoroughly despicable person, barely even worthy of contempt. They will wish to conclude their dealings with you as quickly as they possibly can so they can get away from your horrid presence.

Don’t count on having a lot of friends.

Those friends that you *do* have will probably be as nasty and unpleasant as you are. Hey, no one said this was going to be easy, folks. No one said being a slaver was going to be fun in the sun (unless you’re on a level of psychopathology altogether remote from my own). Being a slaver is not for the timid or the faint of heart. It takes a strong stomach and

a highly disregardable conscience, but it is profitable. And they do make for interesting characters.

Alignment: Almost always Miscreant or Diabolic

Attribute Requirements: P.E. and P.P. of 12 or higher. A high P.S. and I.Q. are recommended, but not necessary.

O.C.C. Skills:

Radio: Basic (+15%)

Radio: Scrambler (+10%)

Detect Concealment (+15%)

Tracking (+15%)

Land Navigation (+10%)

Weapon Systems (+10%)

Read Sensory Equipment (+10%)

Pilot: Boat: Motor and Hydrofoils (+5%)

Pilot: Hover Craft (+5%)

Pilot: Tanks and APCs (+5%)

Language (select four, +10%)

W.P. (select five)

Hand to Hand: Expert (can be changed to Martial Arts at the cost of one “other” skill selection)

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select four other skills. Plus select two additional skills at level three, one at level six, one at level nine, and one at level twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Any (+15%)

Domestic: Any

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any

Mechanical: Automotive only (+5%)

Medical: Paramedic only

Military: Any (+5%)

Physical: Any

Pilot: Any

Pilot Related: Any

Rogue: Any

Science: Math only

Technical: Any

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+5%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated in the list.

Standard Equipment: A suit of light or heavy (usually heavy), mega-damage body armor, including power armor or exoskeletons. A set of dress clothing, a set of Arctic camouflage clothing, a gas mask and air filter, polarizing goggles (the technological kind), hatchet, harpoon, knives, fish hooks, an energy handgun and rifle and eight extra ammo clips for each, three additional weapons of choice, 2D6 grenades, robot

medical kit and IRMSS, tent, knapsack, two canteens, matches, freeze-dried food rations (one week supply), and some personal items.

Tranquilizer gun, sedatives, rope, handcuffs, leg-irons, steel collars, muzzles, gags, nets, whip (more for psychological effect than for actual use), stun-batons, and other paraphernalia of the Arctic slave trade.

The Arctic Slaver's mode of personal transportation is usually something large enough to accommodate a decent-sized slave cargo. Small, motor-driven barges are common. So are trucks or converted armored personnel carriers. Usually, if it's the slaver's personal property, it will only be big enough hold about forty man-sized slaves.

Groups of slavers will have fleets or one large vehicle among them.

Money: Starts off with 4D6x1,000 Universal Credits.

Cybernetics: Has 1D6 cybernetic implants of player's choice, plus one bionic limb (hand, hand and arm, or leg and foot) and two bionic weapons for that limb.

Krilasoktoq, Doctor of Medicine O.C.C.

The Krilasoktoq are kind of magical frontier physician: part mystic, part skeptic, all healer. It's not that they're skeptical about the existence of supernatural forces, that much is obvious to the Krilasoktoq, rather they are skeptical about the wisdom of man's involvement with the supernatural. Krilasoktoq, almost as a rule, dislike (or, at least, are wary of) all practitioners of magic, and see them as one of the main reasons Earth is in the trouble it is in today. This attitude is more than a little shocking in the Arctic, where magic is just about the only thing that has kept mankind from dying out altogether.

Even more shocking is the origin of all Krilasoktoq: they were all once Anatquq candidates. They are not "Failed-Ones" like the Kilaumassok O.C.C., but actually could have become Anatquq—had they wanted to.

For one reason or another, the Krilasoktoq all *abandoned* their Anatquq training very early on to pursue a markedly different path. Most felt that the Anatquq Medicine-Men, as helpful to the communities as they seemed to be, were directly responsible for keeping the people of the Far North in a dark age of backward superstition by encouraging irrational beliefs in spirits and demons, when there were perfectly logical, rational explanations for such things.

To the Krilasoktoq, there are no such things as demons. There are no such things as ghosts. There are no such things as spirits. There are only alien life-forms, that, however radically they may deviate from what humans tend to think of as "life," are nonetheless explainable in some way other than making them into ghostly, mythical bogeymen.

They even believe that their own powers are manifestations of a scientific phenomenon that is both empirically measurable and perfectly rational.

To most Krilasoktoq Doctors it seems that Anatquq Medicine-Men encourage dangerously reactionary superstitions that prevent the scattered villagers of the Arctic from progressing towards a greater level of civilization. There are even some die-hard Krilasoktoq that consider *all* Anatquq Medicine-Men to be outright charlatans who hold entire villages in their thrall with illusions and petty magical trickery.

By the same token, most Anatquq feel that Krilasoktoq Doctors are bumbling,

meddlesome fools—if not outright evil—who make judgements on things that they cannot even begin to understand. The animosity between Krilasoktoq Doctors and Anatquq Medicine-Men grows more intense every year.

To a certain degree, these accusations may actually be true for some Anatquq. There are some Anatquq who can be more accurately described as frauds or quacks than as heroes. Also, since it is incredibly important for a Medicine-Man to have the full and total support of his people, some disreputable Anatquq have been known to engage in a little hocus-pocus now and again to impress villagers dissatisfied with their shaman's recent performance—empty magic-shows to convince the villagers that their Anatquq is really working hard for them.

However, Krilasoktoq all abide by a rigid code of professional ethics that approaches that of the Cyber-Knights—who most Krilasoktoq deeply respect—in its uprightness and inflexibility. The content and character of the Krilasoktoq Code somewhat resembles the Hippocratic Oath that was at one time taken by ancient Earth doctors, in which they (the Krilasoktoq) swear: to respect all other Krilasoktoq as if they were brothers, to act only for the welfare of their patient, not to inflict any needless suffering, to prevent others from inflicting suffering, and not to refuse treatment to *any* living being in need.

Their code in no way compels them to become pacifists (although some Krilasoktoq do interpret it that way) because it only states that the Doctor not inflict any *needless* suffering—a qualification subject to some very diverse and creative interpretation among the Krilasoktoq of the Far North.

Some Krilasoktoq are known as “Anatquq-Busters.” Aside from being simply healers and physicians, these Krilasoktoq roam from village to village in the Arctic, investigating the local Medicine-Men: they expose powerless frauds, and try to rally support against those unprincipled Anatquq who abuse their position of power.

Most Anatquq, even those that are not fakers or exploiters, dislike Krilasoktoq, chasing them away from their villages whenever they can. They feel, justly, that the Krilasoktoq Doctors dismiss their mystical powers as counter-productive mumbo-jumbo, deserving no credence in the “modern” world.

Villagers will be ambivalent towards the appearance of a Krilasoktoq, with their reaction depending on just how they feel about their Medicine-Man at the moment. Any villagers who allow their opinions to be swayed by the Krilasoktoq Doctor will likely lose respect for their Anatquq, refusing to cooperate with him—a condition that can be paralyzing for an Anatquq, if enough people decide to stop contributing their P.P.E. to the communal pool.

Powers of the Krilasoktoq Doctor of Medicine

- 1. Psionic Powers:** All Krilasoktoq are considered minor psionics. Each one has the psi-Healing powers of Deaden Pain, Induce Sleep, and Psychic Purification. Plus an additional two powers from the category of Healing. **Base I.S.P.:** M.E. attribute plus 4D6. Add 1D6 I.S.P. per level.
- 2. Psi-Sorcery Powers:** All Krilasoktoq have the Anatquq Psi-Sorcery powers of Headlifting and Sickblowing (see the section on Arctic Magic in this book). At levels five, ten, and fourteen, they may choose one additional Kusuinek Power (Little Magic).
- 3. Healing Touch:** Once per day per level, the Krilasoktoq can heal with just a touch of his hands. This touch restores 1D6 hit points *or* 2D4 S.D.C. per level of the

Krilasoktoq. This healing touch may only be used on others, the Krilasoktoq cannot heal himself with it.

- 4. Minor P.P.E. Battery:** The Krilasoktoq has more P.P.E. than the average person, but less than an average magic-user. Each Krilasoktoq starts with P.P.E. equal to their M.E. attribute number plus 2D6. Add 1D4 P.P.E. per level thereafter.

Alignment: Any good or selfish

Attributes: Roll as for normal human.

O.C.C. Skills:

Medical Doctor (+10%)
Biology (+30%)
Pathology (+30%)
Chemistry (+20%)
Basic Math (+15%)
Literacy (+30%)
Language (select 3 additional, +10%)
Body-Building
Fishing (+10%)
Wilderness Survival (+10%)
W.P. Harpoon

Hand to Hand: Basic (which can be substituted by Expert at the cost of 1 “other” skill selection, Martial Arts for 3 “other” skills, or Kiligtisiak (see p. 40) for 5 “other” skill selections).

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select 12 other skills, but at least three must be from Technical or Science. Plus select three additional skills at level three, two at level six, one at level nine, and one at level twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only (+5%)
Domestic: Any (+10%)
Electrical: Basic Electronics only (+5%)
Espionage: Wilderness Survival, Detect Concealment, and Escape Artist only (+10%)
Mechanical: None
Medical: Any (+15%)
Military: None
Physical: Any except Acrobatics
Pilot: Any
Pilot Related: Any
Rogue: Streetwise only
Science: Any (+5%)
Technical: Any (+10%)
W.P.: Any
Wilderness: Any (+10%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select eight secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in the parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously noted on the list.

Standard Equipment: A set of sterile surgical clothing, reusable surgical gloves, surgical kit (includes scalpel, clamps, suture, needles, etc), medical kit (first-aid kit, bandages, antiseptics, protein healing salve, aspirin, morphine, ether, antibiotics,

hypodermic gun, stethoscope), pen flashlight, IRMSS/Internal Robot Micro-Surgery System, RMK/Robot Medical Kit, hand-held computer, blood-pressure cuff, thermometer, vials, portable chemical laboratory, and other basic items.

The Krilasoktoq is also likely to have some set of lightweight mega-damage body-armor and/or a small mega-damage weapon (received in payment from some grateful patient, usually). Select one automatic weapon (S.D.C.) and one mega-damage energy weapon with 1D2 (flip a coin) extra ammo clips for each, plus standard equipment for hunting: a harpoon, a knife, fish hooks, etc.

Money: Little to none, since most of his patients don't have money to give, and those that do have some usually need it more than the Krilasoktoq does. 2D6x10 Universal Credits.

Cybernetics: May have 1D4 cybernetic implants of the player's choice. The Krilasoktoq has an affinity for these and other accouterments of hard science. Cybernetics do NOT interfere with a Krilasoktoq's supernatural abilities in any way. Whether this is from force of will, or if it's another one of their powers, no one knows.

Weapons and Equipment of the Manidog

Weapons

Most weapons manufactured by Manido Arms are laser-based. Their energy-delivery systems tend to be comparatively primitive, so most of their weapons have low payloads. This is made up by their excellent craftsmanship, balance, light weight, accuracy, durability, ease of repair, and incredible range for their size. Among Megaversal gun-experts, Earth-Tribe laser weapons are considered to be works of art. From their streamlined, ergonomic design, to their rugged and sturdy workmanship, MET arms are as fun to look at as they are to shoot.

Those Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarf engineers really know their stuff.

Their mastery of the science of optics enables them to produce superior focusing elements that make Manido Arms lasers some of the most far-shooting lasers in existence.

MET-12.01 Heavy Laser Pistol

This is the cheap, mass-produced basic energy pistol manufactured by the Manido Earth-Tribe. It is the gold standard for energy pistols in Greenland against which all domestic competitors are measured.

Weight: 3.5 lbs (1.57 kg)

Mega-Damage: 2D6+3 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 1600 feet (488 m)

Payload: 10 shots

Cost: 16,500 credits

SKY-22 Laser Pistol

This is the standard sidearm of the Sky-Tribe's military, the Imperial Horde. The Sky-Tribe cannot match the Earth-Tribe's craftsmanship, but these weapons are every bit as reliable as their Earth-Tribe counterparts. At close range, it'll put a hole through you

just as big as the MET-12 will.

This is the energy weapon most commonly encountered in the Arctic. Nevertheless, those who can afford it usually go for the Earth-Tribe's model, despite the SKY-22's slightly larger payload.

Weight: 4.5 lbs (2 kg)

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 800 feet (244 m)

Payload: 15 shots

Cost: 11,000 credits

MET-14 Laser Rifle

Light, accurate, durable, the MET-14 is the prime choice for wilderness adventurers. The optional energy pack allows longer firing without reloading.

Weight: 8 lbs (3.6 kg)

Mega-Damage: 3D6+6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 3000 feet (915 m)

Payload: 10 shots, or 38 with accompanying energy pack (adds 6 pounds to total weight)

Cost: 20,000 credits. Energy clip costs 3,000 credits. Energy pack costs 10,000 credits.

Recharges for both cost 1,200 credits.

MET-28 “God’s Hand” Laser Sniper Rifle

This is the gun that leaves snipers shivering in ecstasy. Known far and wide not only for its unbelievable range and power, but for its incomparable targeting-scope, the “God’s Hand” is equally accurate at 6600 feet as it is at 600 feet.

The size of the payload is extremely poor, so its uses are usually limited to that of an assassination or guerilla-warfare weapon.

Weight: 30 lbs (13.5 kg)

Mega-Damage: 1D4x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 6600 feet (2013 m)

Payload: 4 shots

Laser Targeting: Add +3 to strike on an aimed shot.

Cost: 50,000 credits—65,000 credits for one with the scope upgraded to Nightvision

MET-23/24 Plasma Assault Rifle

The MET-23 model is the “light” version, and the MET-24 is the “heavy” model. The MET-24 “heavy” model features slightly increased damage and an integral grenade launcher beneath the gun barrel. This is the standard Greenlandic infantry armament. Even the Sky-Tribe's military, the Imperial Horde, have licensed this design from the Earth-Tribe.

Weight: “light”: 9 lbs (4.1 kg)

“heavy”: 12 lbs (5.4 kg)

Mega-Damage: “light”: 1D6x10 M.D.

“heavy”: 2D4x10 M.D.

grenades: 1D4x10 M.D. to an area with a radius of 10 feet

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 1600 feet (488 m), grenade launcher 1000 ft (305 m)

Payload: “light”: 10 plasma shots

“heavy”: 8 plasma shots, 12 grenades

Cost: “light”: 21,000 credits

“heavy”: 32,000 credits

Note: Manido grenades cost 500 credits apiece, 4000 credits per dozen, or 32,000 credits per gross.

MET-15 Pulse Laser Hand-Cannon: “Toqunartoq” (Hot Death)

Hand-held heavy artillery for those who simply can’t do without. The latest development by the Earth-Tribe Labs, this monster of a hand-weapon fires coherent plasma-augmented laser rounds. It is extremely heavy: characters with a P.S. of less than 24 suffer a -3 penalty to their attack rolls when using this weapon.

Weight: 50 lbs (22.5 kg)

Mega-Damage: 3D6 M.D. per single shot, or 1D6x10+10 M.D. per burst of four shots

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m). Delivers half-damage out to 2400 feet (732 m)

Payload: 32 shots or 8 bursts

Cost: 75,000 credits

MET-44 “Polar” Heavy Laser Cannon

Power Armor Weapon

Too heavy for any (normal) human to use, the Polar is nevertheless a favorite among cyborgs, Spirit ‘Borgs, or those in power armor. It packs a considerable punch, and its rugged design will hold up undamaged under even the most rigorous of use (or abuse).

A Giant-sized model is available for larger-than-human sized creatures. Kiwa’Kws love this gun, when they can get it.

Weight: 97 lbs (43.6 kg)

Mega-Damage: 2D4x10+20 M.D. per single laser blast.

Rate of Fire: Standard.

Effective Range: 4000 feet (610 m)

Payload: 35 blasts.

Cost: 65,000 credits.

MET-101-idg “Ernangnaq” Plasma Harpoon

An energy weapon/melee weapon of simple and inexpensive design, made up of a thin steel shaft and a hollow, crystal-like head that resembles the proportions of a harpoon and its point. This long staff is actually a plasma weapon. It can be held the way a rifle shot from the hip is held, but is much more effective in the hands of someone who knows how to use a harpoon. The person goes through the motions of throwing it, but does not actually release the shaft. Instead, he presses a firing button and the staff coughs out a small ball of plasma, which arcs towards the target. Unfortunately, the plasma projectiles are rather slow-moving, and targets are +2 to dodge.

Also, aiming these lobbed bursts of plasma is a tricky thing. The user must be at least 4th level with the W.P. Harpoon skill or suffer a -2 penalty to his attack roll. Still, this is just about the cheapest mega-damage weapon widely available to Arctic-dwellers, so

Manido Arms does a fairly booming business in this little item.

Weight: 8 lbs (3.35 kg)

Mega-Damage: 1D4 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 350 feet (106.4 m)

Payload: 20 shots

Cost: 3,000 credits

MET-117-idg Plasma Manok

The manok is a barbed, discus-shaped weapon once used to kill seals. The Manido have managed to produce a reliable mega-damage model. Due to the precision of the guidance and propulsion systems, it's not cheap—although that balances out because of how economical the power system is.

The Plasma Manok is thrown by the wielder, and its onboard propulsion systems greatly accelerate it in the seconds before impact. This weapon has a phenomenal payload, because it automatically powers itself up just before hitting the target, and then powers down again so that the power was only on for a fraction of a second, without wasting any. After the hit, the Plasma Manok returns to the hand of the wielder (a coded registry glove insures that the Manok will always return to the proper person), decelerating sharply so that it doesn't break his hand when he catches it. Because the manok has to travel all the way to the target and then all the way back to the wielder for each attack, it is a slow weapon, halving the wielder's hand to hand attacks.

Unless, of course, he has had the forethought (and cash) to buy the remote control system (49,995 credits). This allows the wielder to control the motion of the manok after it leaves his hand. He can bounce it off of one target and into another, and into another. With the remote control system, the wielder can attack with his full number of hand to hand attacks. If the enemies are tightly grouped (standig within three feet of one another), the manok will actually *add* two attacks, as the manok bounces rapidly from one target to the other, like a pinball game.

Weight: 3 lbs (1.3 kg)

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. when powered up, 1D6 S.D.C. otherwise

Rate of Fire: Half the number of hand to hand attacks, unless the wielder also owns the patented remote control system.

Effective Range: 400 feet (122m)

Payload: Powered by a custom E-Clip for 24 hours of continuous use. Just one E-clip can literally last months and months.

Cost: 29,000 credits

MET-98-idg “Whale-Cutter” Vibro-Spear

This long, giant-bladed melee weapon derives its name from the fact that, with it, a user is able to cut a whale into pieces in a matter of seconds, as opposed to the hours it would take with ordinary, S.D.C. tools and implements.

Since this is such a large, heavy weapon, users are -1 to strike and parry with it unless they have a P.S. of 22 or higher, are using power armor, or have a supernatural P.S. of 18 or higher. For those strong enough to wield it, it is an economical choice (what gun could last for one hour of continuous usage on just a single E-Clip?), and a bargain at only 7,000 credits.

The Whale-Cutter is also totally waterproof. For many Eskimo and Indians, the Whale-Cutter, with its wide, flat blade, also doubles as their kayak paddle.

Weight: 30 lbs (13.5 kg)

Mega-Damage: 6D6 M.D. when powered up, 3D6 S.D.C. otherwise

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: Melee weapon

Payload: Powered by an E-Clip for 1 hour of continuous use

Cost: 7,000 credits

Body Armor, Exoskeletons, and Power Armor

MET Light Combat Armor

A cheap, all-purpose suit of semi-comfortable armor. It's made out of a durable mega-damage mesh body suit, with small, overlapping plates that give the vague appearance of reptile scales. Used as the standard armor of the utility personnel of almost all the Manidog's militaries.

- M.D.C.: 50
- Weight: 16 lbs (7.2 kg)
- Mediocre mobility: -15% Prowl penalty
- Colors: The Manido militaries use either a combination pattern of dark blues and blacks, or a flat white for surface assignments. However, the armor is available in any color the purchaser desires, except, because of a quirk in the Manidog's laser-dyeing process, any shade of green.

Cost: 27,000 credits

“Dog-Claw” High-Performance Combat Exoskeleton

Offering more protection than body armor, but less than power armor, this is the top of the line Earth-Tribe item in the sub-power-armor category. They are manufactured relatively cheaply, and they provide excellent protection for their weight.

This is the standard armor for almost all of the infantry troops of the Manidog militaries, especially the Sky-Tribe's Imperial Horde. As impressive as it is, it still lags somewhat behind what most other Megaversal militaries use for their rank-and-file armor.

Model Type: MET-777-DC

Class: Assault Exoskeleton

Crew: One

M.D.C. by Location:

Laser Rifle — 75

Arms (2) — 60 each

Legs (2) — 75 each

*Head — 50

**Main Body — 200

* Destroying the head of the exoskeleton will eliminate all forms of optical enhancements and sensory systems. The pilot will be forced to rely on his own human vision and senses.

** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will shut the armor down completely, making it useless.

Speed:

Running: 70 mph (112.6 kmph) maximum. Note that the act of running does tire out its

operator, but at 15% of the usual fatigue rate.

Flying: n/a

Statistical Data:

Height: 9 feet (2.7 m)

Width: 5 feet (1.5 m)

Length: 4 feet (1.2 m)

Weight: 200 lbs (91 kg)

Physical Strength: equal to a P.S. of 32

Cargo: none

Power System: Nuclear; average energy life of 4 years

Market Cost: 220,000 credits

Weapon Systems

1. Integral Pulse-Laser Cannon: This fearsomely short and ugly-looking gun will chew you up and spit out the seeds. It is incredibly large, bulky and heavy (no one with less than a P.S. of 30 can even hope to use it), but it hits like a sledgehammer. Even though lasers are silent weapons, this cannon, for psychological effect, is designed with small but powerful micro-speakers to cause some kind of sound when the weapon is fired. The onboard sound-computer can be programmed to make the noise of an artillery piece, roaring lion, shrieking woman, dishes breaking, cash register ringing, etc. Many operators choose to use the sound of some sort of glib comment like “Y’all come back now, hear?” or “Thank you for dying.”

Primary Purpose: Anti-monster

Secondary Purpose: Anti-personnel

Mega-damage: 3D4x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 4000 feet (610 m)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

2. Mini-Missiles (6): With only one on each forearm and two on each shoulder, these stubby mini-missiles are used sparingly and usually only in last-ditch efforts or during retreats.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-Personnel

Mega-Damage: 1D6x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: one at a time, or in one single volley of six

Effective Range: One mile (1.6 km)

3. Vibro-Knuckles: These “dog claws” are where the suit derives its name from. These add 1D4 M.D. to all hand to hand combat damage.

4. Stealth Systems: The Dog Claw can alter its surface color to match any background, and is completely radar-invisible.

“Jaeger” Heavy Infantry Power Armor

Bristling with weapons, electronic countermeasures, and sheer bad attitude, this, the official armament of the members of the Manidog Jaegers Corps (who have a reputation for toughness and tenacity even among other Manidog) is not something you want to mess with. The Jaeger is a fast and powerful suit of bone-crunching, laser-blasting

pandemonium.

Since virtually no one in the “wild” Arctic (except Slavers) has access 3.5 million credits to buy such an advanced suit of power armor, these suits are highly prized. Someone bestowing a suit of Jaeger armor on any given village would have friends for life.

Obviously, Jaegers are seen with less frequency than other forms of power armor in the Manidog militaries. Usually, for every three Dog Claws in a given military group, there is one Jaeger, who is usually the commander of the four-man unit.

Model Type: MET-888-J

Class: Aerial Infantry Assault Power Armor

Crew: One

M.D.C. by Location:

High Intensity Laser Cannon — 90

Particle Beam Emitters — 40 each

Retractable Mini-Missile Towers — 50 each

Chest Laser — 60

Tracking Lasers — 25 each

Arms (2) — 180 each

Legs (2) — 200 each

*Head — 100

**Main Body — 460

* Destroying the head of the power armor will eliminate all forms of optical enhancements and sensory systems. The pilot will be forced to rely on his own vision and senses.

Furthermore, all power armor combat bonuses to strike, parry, and dodge are lost! The head is a small target that can only be hit when a character makes a called shot, and even then the attacker is -4 to strike.

** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will shut the armor down completely, making it useless.

Speed:

Running: 100 mph (160 kmph) maximum. Note that the act of running does tire out its operator, but at 10% of the usual fatigue rate, thanks to the robot exoskeleton.

Flying: Up to Mach 1 (approximately 670 mph/1077 kmph)

Altitude: 25,000 feet

Underwater: Maximum speed of 25 mph (40 kmph) to a maximum depth of 2000 feet (620 m).

Range: The rockets will overheat after about six hours of continuous use, and will need to cool down for half an hour before use again.

Statistical Data:

Height: 9 feet (2.7 m)

Width: 6 feet (1.8 m)

Length: 4 feet (1.2 m)

Weight: 1.5 tons (1350 kg)

Physical Strength: equal to a P.S. of 50

Cargo: none

Power System: Nuclear, average energy life is 10 years

Market Cost: 3.5 million credits

Weapon Systems

1. High Intensity Laser Cannon: The traditional, quadruple-barreled sidearm of the Jaeger Corps, with its telescoping barrel (extends out to 14 feet when in use) is one of the best hand-held laser weapons on Earth. When not in use, the barrel is half this length.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Armor

Secondary Purpose: Anti-Personnel

Mega-damage: 4D4x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 6000 feet (1800 m)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

2. Particle Beam Emitters(2): These energy emitters, both located on the stomach of the Jaeger, affect all objects in front of the power armor, in a cone-shaped area 100 feet long, and with a radius of 40 feet at its widest. Damage is halved if one emitter is destroyed.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-Missile

Mega-damage: 2D4 M.D. per melee round of exposure

Rate of Fire: Continuous

Effective Range: 100 feet

Payload: Effectively unlimited

3. Retractable Mini-Missile Towers(2): These high projections, which, when not in use, fold back behind the shoulders, each carry within them twelve mini-missiles, usually of the plasma variety. Since they can be fired off in a payload-emptying volley of 24 (causing a colossal damage of 24D6x10 M.D.!), these missiles are often used to take out enemy emplacements or large enemy vehicles. Or when the Jaeger operator is incredibly frustrated, and wants to blow a small and helpless enemy all to hell.

Jaeger pilots are fond of overkill.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Aircraft and Anti-Personnel

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-damage: varies with missile type. Usually plasma, 1D6x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: One at a time or in volleys of four, six, twelve, or twenty-four

Effective Range: About one mile (1.6 km)

Payload: 12 in each tower, 24 total

4. Chest Laser: A laser blaster is mounted on the chest and is used for close-range combat.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Personnel

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-damage: 4D6 M.D. per blast

Rate of Fire: Standard

Effective Range: 500 feet (155 m)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

5. Tracking Lasers(2): These small cannon, located on the sides of the Jaeger's biceps are designed to be artificially intelligent weapons to serve the pilot. They're not terribly intelligent, but they do help, especially when the Jaeger is outnumbered or alone.

What they do, when activated, is shoot automatically at any movement they detect. Any movement at all. They *can* be set to concentrate on a certain range, however. Say, so they shoot at anything moving at a distance of 300 to 1000 feet.

This is to keep them from blasting your friends who are standing next to you.

On the other hand, if you're alone, you can just set them to blast anything that comes near you.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-Personnel

Mega-damage: 1D6 M.D. each

Rate of Fire: three per melee round

Effective Range: 2000 feet (600 m)

Payload: effectively unlimited

6. **Forearm blades**: These long, vicious blades can be extended forwards or sideways and are used in close combat. The blades do 4D6 M.D. *in addition* to regular hand to hand damage.
7. **Hand to Hand Combat**: Rather than use a weapon, the pilot can engage in mega-damage hand to hand combat.
 - Restrained Punch — 1D6 M.D.
 - Full Strength Punch — 3D6 M.D.
 - Power Punch — 6D6 M.D. (counts as two attacks)
 - Kick — 4D6 M.D.
 - Leap Kick — 6D6+3 M.D. (counts as two attacks)
 - Body Block/Ram (on the ground) — 2D6 M.D.
 - Body Block/Ram (flying) — 4D6 M.D.
8. **Stealth Systems**: The Jaeger, like the Dog Claw, can alter its surface color to match any background, and is radar-invisible. It is also able to completely mask its heat emissions.

Other Inhabitants of the Far North

Kiwa’Kws Ice Giant

Optional R.C.C.

The malignant cancer of the Arctic, the tribes of Kiwa’Kws are about as primitive as humanoids get. Their entire existence revolves around hunting, killing, and eating. They have no folklore, no oral or written history of their people, no traditional stories.

Nothing except recipes.

Even their language is a bizarre, corrupted dialect of the tongue of the Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves. If the Kiwa’Kws ever had a language that was uniquely their own, they’ve forgotten it by now. They seem to have no cultural art-forms other than torture and eating. Not really having any goals other than acquiring more food, and acquiring more money to acquire more weapons to acquire more food, they are unequivocally loathed because every species, at one time or another, has been hunted by the Kiwa’Kws. Also, since their culture not only condones but encourages acts of torture, Kiwa’Kws have no compunction about killing women, children, the sick, or the elderly, and even rather enjoy it.

Even species that never ordinarily cooperate will all rally together at the thought of exterminating an encampment of Kiwa’Kws. Luckily for the Kiwa’Kws, they are usually tough, and travel in groups large enough, to withstand any small assaults.

Traveling in nomadic tribes of about fifty, with hunting and raiding parties usually numbering about 3-8 (mainly because Kiwa’Kws cannot bear to share their catch with too many other Kiwa’Kws) these Giants are like bloodthirsty locusts, typically claiming an area of about three hundred square miles as their territory, and remaining there until they have completely exhausted the food supply with their gargantuan appetites, until there is not a single edible animal of any kind left in a fifteen mile radius. Then they move on.

The only Kiwa’Kws communities that are not nomadic are the large clans that inhabit the Toqussoq Mountain Range, numbering into the hundreds, who have gotten rather fat devouring just about every creature that emerges from the many rifts there, which, in a roundabout way, makes the mountains safer for human habitation (although, by no stretch of the imagination can the Toqussoq mountains be called “safe”). One clan, the Qitik’Kws, is at the moment experimenting with the idea of raising humans as livestock, much the way vampires do in Mexico.

They can, and frequently do, eat anything but, most of all, they prefer the flesh of humans and Wolfen. Utterly hated by all sentient beings of the Arctic for their strict and invariable custom of torturing captives to death, the Kiwa’Kws have a rabid enthusiasm for inflicting pain that verges on the religious—it is indeed one of the cornerstones of their depraved culture. This sadism fills them with a great feeling of well-being that goes beyond mere malice. In fact, the Kiwa’Kws word that translates as “torture” can just as easily be translated as “spice,” “seasoning” or “that which makes dinner taste good.” They honestly believe that a slowly-tortured victim tastes better than one that died quickly. And maybe they’re right...can you say for sure that they’re not?

Found all over the Arctic, Kiwa’Kws are often seen in the employ of others—usually the Manidog, who also do a modest but steady business in Kiwa’Kws slaves, which have been exported throughout the Megaverse. So long as they are permitted to eat

whatever they kill, Kiwa'Kws make splendid mercenaries: obedient, hard-working, predictable, tough—and they work cheap (or for free, if they're slaves). They're not too bright, but that, in a way, is a sort of asset if you're going to be muscle-for-hire. They never question their orders, no matter how vile.

Alignment: Any, but the vast majority (98%) tend to be either miscreant or diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q. 4D4, M.E. 4D4+2, M.A. 4D4, P.S. 3D4+30 (supernatural), P.P. 2D4+10, P.E. 4D4+10, P.B. 5D4, Spd 3D6 x 5

Average Size: 22 to 26 feet (6.7 to 7.9 m)

Average Weight: 5,000 to 6,500 pounds

Average Life Span: No one is quite sure how old a Kiwa'Kws Giant would be if it were permitted to live out its full life span—guesses range from 650 to 725 years. In Kiwa'Kws tradition, the elderly (those who reach 560 years old) are killed and eaten by the rest of the tribe in an elaborate ritual, with the dual intention of passing all the elders' knowledge into the younger generation, and also of weeding out those who would be a liability in a fight.

It is considered by all Kiwa'Kws to be an honorable and practical custom, and those who have become too enfeebled to be useful in battle look forward to passing along their strength and wisdom to their relatives and the rest of their tribe.

Kiwa'Kws never die of natural causes: they are either killed in battle, or their family eats them.

M.D.C.: 6D6 x 10, plus 3D6 M.D.C. per level of experience—the average Kiwa'Kws is about 4th to 7th level.

Horror Factor: 12

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 100 feet (30.5 m)

Magic: Some Kiwa'Kws can learn the rudiments of magic, but lack the intelligence and intellectual drive to progress very far with their studies. They may become Ley Line Walkers, Shifters, or Warlocks, but are unable to advance past the 6th level in any of these disciplines (substitute the O.C.C. skills for the R.C.C. ones below, although they get half the secondary skills).

P.P.E.: As per magic-using O.C.C., or 2D6.

Psionics: None.

I.S.P.: 2D4

Combat: As per hand to hand skill

Damage: As per supernatural strength

Bonuses: +2 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs horror factor, +5 to save vs Hypnotic Suggestion.

Allies: Because they are able to buy weapons and other high-tech equipment from the Manidog, the Kiwa'Kws will show them an amazing amount of deference and politeness, although their relationship does not technically constitute an alliance.

Enemies: Just about all living things that they can catch and eat are the enemy of the Kiwa'Kws.

R.C.C. Skills: With their basic, tribal existences, Kiwa'Kws Giants don't really ever take O.C.C.s (the exceptions being those Kiwa'Kws that become magic-users), and so begin with the following list of skills:

Language: Kiwa'Kws (98%; but not literacy, the Kiwa'Kws have no written language)

Language: one of choice (+5%)

Basic Math (+5%)

Climbing (+35%)

W.P. any five

Hand to Hand: Expert can be changed to Hand to Hand: Martial Arts or Assassin at the cost of one “other” skill.

R.C.C. Related Skills: Select six other skills, plus select two more at levels three and five, and one more at levels seven, ten, twelve, and fourteen. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Basic Radio only

Domestic: Any (+10%)

Electrical: None

Espionage: Wilderness Survival, Tracking, and Detect Ambush only

Mechanical: None

Medical: First Aid and Holistic Medicine only

Military: None

Physical: Any

Pilot: None

Pilot Related: None

Rogue: Any except for Computer Hacking

Science: None

Technical: None

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+5%)

Note: A very small number (less than 1%) of Kiwa’Kws take the Arctic Slaver O.C.C., in these cases, the Slaver skills are substituted for the R.C.C. ones listed here.

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the benefit of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated in the list.

Standard Equipment: Kiwa’Kws will start out with a full range of cooking and torture implements—pots, pans, skewers, filleting knives, graters, grinders, basting brushes (made from walrus whiskers), giant-sized mortar and pestle (to mash things in), spits, deep-frying cages, etc. Also they will have at least one giant-sized, but usually low-powered, energy weapon, generally doing no more than 2D6 M.D. per shot, with three extra e-clips, maximum.

Money: May start with as much as 2D4x100 Universal Credits, usually from the sale of slaves to the Manidog.

Cybernetics: They rather like the idea of cybernetic enhancement, but so few Kiwa’Kws can afford it that it’s almost unheard of.

Description: Large, muscular humanoids with immaculately white skin that acts as an effective natural camouflage against the frozen wastes of the Arctic. Although, being impervious to the extremes of Arctic cold, they do not *need* to wear clothing, the Kiwa’Kws nevertheless enjoy wearing light garments made from animal (usually human) skins sewn together into long tunics. Broad-shouldered and thick-necked, these giants have disproportionately large hands with thick fingers and bony, knobby knuckles. They are very frequently seen to be drooling.

Tuneq Giants

Optional R.C.C.

“The Tuneq are a wise people, and they know the thoughts of men before they are spoken.”

—Kukiaq Nucaq, an Anatquq

To call the Tuneq Giants a race of P.P.E. vampires is probably inaccurate, or, at the very least, unfair. Not that they don't live off of the P.P.E. energy of other living beings—they most certainly do—but the word “vampire” just conjures up some rather unpleasant imagery that the Tuneq really don't deserve to be associated with.

Tuneq Giant communities are very small, usually having no more than 20 members or so. This is mostly because too many Tuneq Giants living in the same vicinity would simply not be able to feed themselves, but also partly because the Tuneq have always had to fight tooth and nail to keep from becoming extinct. Their incredibly long gestation period (seven years!), along with a combined infant mortality and stillbirth rate that often exceeds 55%, makes it difficult to maintain even zero population growth.

They very often live in symbiosis with human or Atalhis villages (who are very often already living in symbiosis with each other), feeding off the donated P.P.E. of their fellow villagers, and, in the case of humans, off the doubled P.P.E. that is released at the moment of a hunter's kill. Innately adept at most wilderness skills, the Tuneq also hunt for themselves, and have devised many non-lethal traps for a variety of animals, which they capture to drain its P.P.E., then letting it go, unharmed—the only reason they ever kill small animals is to make their clothing. Their benevolence and gentle ways make them a welcome sight in almost any human community, as does their protective attitudes towards their human and Atalhis neighbors.

Although they are called “giants” they are not terribly much larger than humans, and not nearly as huge as the Kiwa'Kws—standing, at most, ten or eleven feet tall. Rather odd looking creatures, the Tuneq have broad, barrel-chests with huge, powerful arms and short, small legs that are almost vestigial in their uselessness. Even though they have roughly the form of a bipedal humanoid, they are in fact quadrupeds, in the sense that Earth gorillas are quadrupeds, meaning that, while the Tuneq may be capable of standing on their hind legs for a short time, they normally walk about on all fours—but, to run, they tuck their legs up close to their bodies and only use their long arms for locomotion.

Tuneq Giants also have no facial features whatsoever. No eyes, mouth, nostrils, or ears. Their bald skulls are humanoid-shaped (albeit with a slightly enlarged cranium), and, looking carefully, one can still make out the evidence that the Tuneq did, at some point in history, once have facial features, which somehow must have evolved away over time: there are two shallow depressions that can be thought of as once having been eye sockets, and beneath that is a vaguely nose-shaped ridge in the middle of the face, with roughly symmetrical cheekbones on either side of that.

Powers Common to All Tuneq Giants

- 1. Sense Psychic and Magic Energy:** Identical in all respects to the Psi-Stalker Ability from the **Rifts RPG**, p. 105, with the addition that they are able to memorize certain psychic “scents,” the distinct and unalterable energy signature of an individual psychic or magic-user. They can identify a particular psychic or magic-user as long as they have encountered him before, even if he is wearing the most complex, impenetrable disguise—they will see his P.P.E. “fingerprint,” not the disguise.

2. Magical Senses: While having no eyes or ears, Tuneq Giants are able to see and hear through a combination of magic and psionics. All Tuneq have the powers of Nightvision, See Aura, See The Invisible, which are always on at no P.P.E. cost. The range of this “eyesight” roughly approximates that of an ordinary human. On the other hand, their “hearing” is far more acute, lending them a +1 bonus to their initiative. They have no magical equivalent for a sense of smell, and even the most horrible pungent odors go unnoticed by the Tuneq.

They communicate telepathically, with a finesse that most other psychics are not capable of. The communication is two-way, even if the person the Tuneq is talking to is not a telepathic psychic, and the messages exchanged are not restricted to short, clear declarative sentences. The communication *is* limited by the fact that it is only a one-on-one exchange, and the conversation will only be “heard” by the person he’s talking to, and anyone else who may be in the room will hear nothing. Also, if a person doesn’t want to “listen” to the Tuneq, he doesn’t have to. The telepathic communication is not forceful and can be very easily blocked out even by non-psychics. This telepathy may **ONLY** be used for communication. In order to be able to probe the surface thoughts of people, the Tuneq must pick the Telepathy power.

A Negate Magic spell (**Rifts RPG** p. 181) will blind, deafen, and make mute the Tuneq for 1D4 melee rounds. The Anti-Magic Cloud spell (**Rifts RPG** p. 185) and Fog That Makes Wizards Quiet power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery (q.v.) will, if the Tuneq does not make a successful save vs magic, cause the giant to remain blind, deaf, and mute as long as he stays within the area-of-effect of the enchantment.

3. Psi-Bonuses: Saves as a master psionic, with a +4 bonus to save.

4. Innate Psionic Talent: At first level, the Tuneq may select three powers from the category of Sensitive, and one from any other category except Super. At every odd-numbered level thereafter, the Tuneq may select two more powers from the category of Sensitive OR one power from either Physical or Healing. At 8th level, he may select one power from the category of Super.

5. Nourishment: Tuneq Giants must feed on an absolute *bare minimum* of 100 P.P.E. per week in order to survive, and about 250 P.P.E. per week to feel satiated. While receiving 100 P.P.E. per week may prevent the Tuneq from dying of starvation, it will not be enough to prevent starvation fatigue—the character will be -2 to ALL rolls until he feeds on enough P.P.E. to feel full. Unlike Psi-Stalkers, Tuneq Giants *can* absorb P.P.E. from animals and non-psychics, although they also find the P.P.E. from a Ley Line to have a foul “taste.” Tuneq Giants have to be rather close to the P.P.E. source to absorb any useful amount of P.P.E. energy, needing to be within 20 feet (6.1 m) of the creature or Ley Line. Beyond that range, they can absorb P.P.E. energy at a distance of up to 100 feet (30.5 m), but at that range will only be able to feed upon one-tenth of the energy they’d normally be able to absorb.

They have no need at all for food and water, which is a good thing considering the fact that they have no mouths.

6. Shape-Change: The Tuneq, like virtually all other supernatural creatures of the Far North has the ability to (in this case, briefly) change its shape. They get all the advantages of the shape, retaining their S.D.C., and all attributes. The animal must be a normal animal, and not a monster, although giant versions of animals are allowed. In choice of forms, they are limited only by size, and may not change into something larger than their own height. This power may be used once a day for every two levels

of experience, and limited to a duration of ten minutes for every level of experience.

Alignment: Usually good, infrequently selfish.

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.A. 3D6, P.S. 4D6, P.P. 3D6+3, P.E. 4D6, P.B. 2D6, Spd 4D6

Average Size: 11 feet tall (3.3 m) when standing straight up on their hind legs, however their stooping, quadruped gait keeps them at about 7½ to 9½ feet (2.3 to 2.9 m)

Average Weight: 500 to 900 pounds

Hit Points: P.E. attribute number + 1D6 per level of experience.

S.D.C.: 2D6x100

Horror Factor: 9 (only when one is unaware of the Tuneq's gentle nature)

Magic: Tuneq may not learn magic or use techno-wizardry items.

P.P.E.: 4D4

Combat: Two without any combat training, or those gained from Hand to Hand combat skills.

Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +2 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs horror factor, +6 to save vs possession attempts, +5 to save vs poisons, drugs, and toxins.

Skills: In comparison to humans, the Tuneq are somewhat deficient in the skills department. At first level, they know their native language at 98%, and may select two other languages with +10% each. They also know Track Animals at +15%. They may then select six skills, each with a 10% bonus. The character may also select five secondary skills without bonuses. At levels four, eight, and twelve, the Tuneq may select an additional three secondary skills.

Available categories are as follows—Domestic, Espionage (any except Sniper), Medical (First Aid and Holistic Medicine only), Physical (any except Gymnastics, and S.C.U.B.A.), Pilot (Boats only), Technical (Art, Language, Literacy, and Lore only), W.P., and Wilderness (except Hunting).

The only acceptable combat skill is Hand to Hand: Basic or Hand to Hand: Expert, which may be learned only at the sacrifice of three “other” skill selections.

Average Life Span: 400 years

Habitat: Are able to adapt themselves to almost any environment, although the only Tuneq known to exist on Rifts Earth live in the Arctic. No one, not even the Tuneq anymore, knows quite where they came from.

Allies: Humans and Atalhis.

Enemies: Kiwa'Kws Giants.

Standard Equipment: Non-lethal animal traps, fishing nets, knapsack, sewing kit, snowshoes (which they fit onto their broad hands), rope, mountain-climbing equipment. As one may imagine, finding body armor that fits onto their bizarre shape is next to impossible.

Cybernetics: The implantation of *any* cybernetic or bionic devices in a Tuneq Giant will cause it to go irreversibly blind and deaf.

Inuksuit Rockpeople

Note to reader: *Inuksuit* is the plural of *Inuksuk*. One Inuksuk, many Inuksuit.

The origin of the magical creatures that the Eskimo call The-Stones-That-Walk has

been lost to history (and is a tale any Story-Fisher would give his eyeteeth for). For reasons evident only to themselves, the Inuksuit refuse to divulge even the slightest clue as to the details of their race's initial creation. Some speculate that they were magical constructs created by the Ultima Thule civilization (the mysteriously extinct culture that predates the Eskimo in the Arctic).

This couldn't be further from the truth. The Ultima Thule, as a people, were barely around for a few dozen millennia before the Eskimo, and the Inuksuit are far, far older than that, having been created by an entity so ancient that, aside from the Inuksuit themselves, there are less than twenty beings in the entire Megaverse that know it ever existed at all—mostly some gods and alien intelligences as old as time (Zurvan, the four-dimensional being of the Persian pantheon, remembers this entity—not that he cares very much about it one way or the other).

In actuality, the Inuksuit were betrayed, and, through some very powerful magicks and some very dark dealing with two separate alien intelligences, were enslaved by the Ultima Thule people. For over a thousand years the Thule prospered unimaginably with their workforce of Inuksuit slaves, who never needed sleep or rest, and who never showed what humans recognize as emotions—most Thule thought that the Inuksuit didn't mind being enslaved, because they never had the appearance of unhappiness.

The Thule forced the Rocklings to fashion towering cities of ice and stone for them. Seemingly overnight, the Arctic was dotted with the grand palaces of slaveowners, parapets of mind-boggling height soaring thousands of feet into the sky, the seamless walls twinkling in the brilliant summer sun. Few of the people of Ultima Thule had to work for themselves, and, with such vast amounts of uninterrupted leisure time, a lush (if decadent) art culture emerged, concentrated mostly on woodcarving, painting and a form of long, metrically complex poetry. To the Thule, it seemed like their civilization had become a true paradise on Earth...until their slaves finally managed to free themselves from the powerful spells and evil pacts that had bound them into servitude.

The Inuksuit were not happy with the Thule.

One thousand years of menial subjugation seldom fosters good will in anyone, but for the Inuksuit it was especially offensive: a life indentured to beings of such obvious inferiority carried with it a considerable amount of embarrassment. It's one thing to be bound into servitude by a god or alien intelligence—they at least are more powerful than any one Rockling or Linebender—but to live, as a species, in slavery to a bunch of *humans*? That was insufferable.

Upon their release, the Inuksuit went to war against their old slavemasters with such a brutal and unrestrained savagery that, less than four days after the slaughter had begun, the Inuksuit had exterminated the Ultima Thule to the last man, woman, and child, completely wiping them off the face of the Earth. Across the Canadian Islands and on the northwest coast of Greenland, the Inuksuit demolished the great structures that they had been for centuries forced to build. Whole cities were ground down to a fine powder and scattered to the summer winds. All of the surviving literature and art of the Thule people was likewise destroyed—every last trace that the Ultima Thule civilization had ever existed was systematically obliterated. Only a few leftover cups and bowls and bones dating from a primitive period long before the Inuksuit's servitude remained to show that there had ever been a civilization before the Eskimo.

That was almost twelve thousand years ago. Understandably, the Inuksuit have been wary of mankind ever since.

Three-hundred years later, the Inuksuit located one of the two alien intelligences

(by the name of Orr Nvn) who were responsible both for teaching the Thule the secret, powerful ritual to bind the Stone-Walkers, and for giving them the power to enact it. Every single Inuksuit—Rockling, Linebender and Rockfather—converged upon the being's lair, annihilating all of its followers and minions, and magically banishing the intelligence itself to a small, inescapable pocket dimension of never-ending pain and agony. It lives there still, and has grown quite mad.

For the next 3,700 years, try as they might, no Inuksuit has been able to discover who the second alien intelligence was. Jupiter, the evil alien intelligence of the Dark Olympus pantheon was suspected for a few centuries, but has been ruled out with 97% certainty by the Synod of Old Stones (although a very small faction of Inuksuit still cling to the belief that he was the other one responsible, though). When and if they do find out the identity of this second alien intelligence, well, what they do to it will make what they did to Orr Nvn look like a half-hearted spanking.

If someone (one of the player characters?) did happen to discover the identity of this fugitive intelligence, the Inuksuit would spare no expense in order to acquire this knowledge (then again, some Inuksuit would not be above torturing the information out of the person, instead of buying it). The Stone-Walkers find the concept of money to be distasteful, and never have any, but can usually offer something in the way of magical items or their own unique and invaluable services.

Society

The social structure of the Inuksuit is three-tiered. Occupying the bottom position, the “children” of this magically animated species, are the Rocklings. For this stage, essentially Inuksuit adolescence, a large portion of time is devoted to the exploration of the world and the Megaverse around them. In some, this takes the form of adventuring; in others, study. Though they may consider the Arctic and Antarctic zones of Rifts Earth to be their homeland (why they prefer these frigid regions, who can say?), Rocklings can be found, at one time or another, just about anywhere in the Megaverse; although, it is true that they prefer backwater locations to high-tech societies—Inuksuit tend to shun large population centers like Phase World and Atlantis, and are especially leery of places that are populated with a lot of human beings. Adventures aside, learning how to use the basic innate skills and stone-molding powers of the Inuksuit requires quite a long time as well, with full and comprehensive mastery requiring anywhere from three- to four-thousand years.

Once a young Inuksuit has acquired sufficient worldliness from his travels and is sufficiently adept at the use of his natural powers, he is then initiated into the magic arts of the Inuksuit Linebenders (and is thereafter no longer available as a player character). Basically, the Inuksuit are a species whose nature resembles that of a mobile, sentient pyramid, possessing a far more profound connection to magical P.P.E. energy than most beings. The Inuksuit Linebender's command over Ley Lines is an acquired talent unparalleled in the entire Megaverse, capable of weakening, strengthening, moving, splitting, interrupting or even temporarily canceling out Ley Lines.

Getting on into what passes (in their species) for maturity, the Linebenders start to become somewhat puzzling creatures—at least, by our standards. Characteristic of species with incredibly long life spans, the motives of elder Inuksuit are born from goals so long-term and complex as to be virtually inconceivable to all but the most positively brilliant (or insane) of humankind, and, little by little, they lose the ability to easily associate with most species of shorter life spans. This manner of detachment becomes steadily worse as they

get older, but is not yet overriding at this point.

At the highest level of Inuksuit society, which not many Inuksuit reach, is the ruling class of these creatures, those called Rockfathers, who make up the members of the Synod of Old Stones, a sort of quasi-religious governing body that dictates Inuksuit law and holds the secrets of Inuksuit Cairn Magic. I say “quasi” because, due to the fact that they refuse to reveal even the tiniest bit of information about the being they revere as a god (presumably because it’s also the being that created them), no one is sure to what extent their society can be considered “religious.” Even the Rocklings aren’t sure, as they are not initiated into the deeper mysteries of their kind until they reach Linebender status, and, thus far, no Linebender has ever divulged his secrets to an outsider.

Rockfathers are the oldest of the Inuksuit, and no Linebender of less than 75,000 years of age has ever ascended to the Synod of Old Stones. It is at this point in the life of an Inuksuit that they become completely detached from nearly all “juvenile” races (ones living less than 10,000 years), and must communicate with these beings through an interpreter, usually a younger Linebender who is not yet *so* removed from the way these creatures think. Rockfathers simply do not remember how to relate to species that are short-lived.

Inuksuit Rockling R.C.C.

Optional Character Class

GM’s Note: Be aware that even the Rocklings, the smallest and weakest of the Inuksuit, are *seriously* powerful beings and will probably be inappropriate as player-characters for most campaigns except “cosmic” or “gods only” campaigns, ones involving other exceptionally powerful entities (cosmo-knights, adult dragons, old spirit animals, gods, godlings, etc.) on a regular basis. The “adult” Inuksuit—the Linebenders and the Rockfathers (members of the Synod of Old Stones)—are NOT available as player characters, as their outlook on life is simply too alien, and their motives too incomprehensible for the human mind to grasp.

To most other life-forms who encounter them, the Rocklings appear to be egotistical and arrogant creatures. Well, they are.

Unable to disguise their contempt of races they believe to be “beneath” them, the Rocklings live secure in their belief that they are the noblest, most advanced beings on Rifts Earth—perhaps in the whole Megaverse! Even among the few Inuksuit who do happen to get along well with humans and humanoid D-Bees, few believe them to be more than amusing, semi-intelligent monkeys, some of whom happen to know a little about magic. Rare is the Inuksuit who will admit, even grudgingly, that any “lower” life-form could possibly be a peer of his.

Needless to say, this attitude doesn’t make them terribly popular in the Arctic. That doesn’t mean that the Rocklings care at all about being not well-liked; they’re more than powerful enough to survive on their own without having to worry about alienating people who they might need for protection, and the fact that they have a hard time making friends outside of their own species certainly doesn’t keep them up nights.

Aside from this one quality of arrogance, there is little that unites the Rocklings. They have no greater tendency towards good than they do towards evil, pretty much running the gamut of available alignments, and, if they happen to be on different sides of a conflict, are not above fighting one another (although no Rockling in his right mind would

ever raise a hand or otherwise try to harm a Linebender or Rockfather), sometimes even to the death.

Rockpeople have also been known to *shift* alignments over the course of millennia, as they try out new values, ideas and perspectives the way most species try on clothes. Usually, even if the Rockling does change alignment, it happens very, very gradually, over centuries, and rarely shifts more than two positions up or down the scale from their original alignment (e.g. a Principled Inuksuit may become Scrupulous or Unprincipled, but would not change to an evil alignment—likewise an Anarchist Inuksuit may go in the direction of evil, becoming either Miscreant or Aberrant, or he may head towards good, becoming Unprincipled or Scrupulous, but he may not become either Diabolic or Principled).

As arrogant as they are, Rocklings are also extremely inquisitive, and, contrary to the aloof nature of the Linebenders and Rockfathers, who try to stay uninvolved in outside confrontations and conflicts of any sort, the Rocklings love to be in the middle of things; if not active participants, then observers, at least. After all, that pretty much is their “mission” during the roughly six-thousand years of their youth: to absorb as much information as they possibly can, about the way the universe and its inhabitants behave, and to learn how to effectively use their own powers.

Whatever long-term plan it is that the Rockfathers have for their species, for the Arctic and for Rifts Earth in general, the Rocklings are kept completely ignorant of it. As “children” they’re pretty much excluded from the Linebender/Rockfather loop. Their elders permit them to wander and to adventure, but, for the most part, they want the Rocklings to assist in their great plan about as much as you would want to see a six-year-old joining your local police department—sure, maybe the kid *can* hold a gun...but is he mature enough to understand its implications? The Synod of Old Stones has long since decided that employing Rocklings as agents of their great plan would be decidedly counterproductive to their goals, whatever they may be.

There are less than two-hundred Rocklings currently in existence, and usually no more than thirty (*maybe* forty, on very rare occasion) can be found on Rifts Earth at any one time.

Inuksuit Stone-Skill and Magic Abilities

All Inuksuit possess the following knowledge and abilities, which are refined in the Rockling stage of their life-cycles:

- 1. Shape stone:** Inuksuit have an innate ability to mentally mold stone, causing it to change and flow like hot putty. They can reshape this stone into just about anything they desire—statues, walls, doorways, dwellings, bridges, weapons—with truly unbelievable precision, creating some of the most elegant, intricate nuances of design seen anywhere on Rifts Earth. This power affects 150 cubic feet (14 cu m) of stone per level of experience.
P.P.E. cost: 32
- 2. Move stone mentally:** Rocklings can—at a range of 500 feet (153 m) per level—cause stone to levitate and float in whatever direction they wish. Affecting up to 4,000 pounds of stone per level, this power is nevertheless of little use as a weapon, and less than useless as a mode of transport, as the fastest an Inuksuit can make stone fly is Spd 4. It is possible to cause damage by *dropping* rocks on an opponent, but you’d have to be pretty sneaky and stealthy about it to keep an opponent from noticing several tons of rock slowly floating towards him. Rock-dropping attacks are

always -2 to strike. Damage is 2D6 M.D. for every 4,000 pounds of stone dropped on an opponent. It's not a very efficient method of attack, because it takes some time to maneuver the load of stone above the target, and, if they see it coming, most creatures can dodge such an attack with relative ease.

P.P.E. Cost: 10 P.P.E. per melee round.

- 3. Move Through Stone:** Being able to alter the consistency of stone the way they can, Inuksuit are able to travel through solid rock with no penalty to their movement rate whatsoever. This is an ideal way to travel unobserved; even a very young Inuksuit can usually cover more than ten miles in a matter of minutes, completely underground, before his P.P.E. runs out. What they do is not burrowing and not digging, as they do not leave tunnels behind them, but is more like they are *swimming* through the rock. It ripples and flows around their touch and seals behind them like a viscous ooze, and yet, surprisingly, when one feels it, it still feels exactly like solid stone: substantial, unyielding, hard. Stone that an Inuksuit has passed through shows no signs of damage or disturbance, and automatically returns to its original appearance 1D4 melees after the Inuksuit passes through it. If an Inuksuit runs out of P.P.E. while he is still within a formation of rock, he'll be stuck—unharmd—until he recovers enough P.P.E. to activate the power again.

P.P.E. Cost: 8 per melee.

- 4. Ley Line Powers:** All Inuksuit have the powers of Sense Ley Line and Magic Energy, Sense Ley Line, Sense Ley Line Nexus, Sense a Rift, Sense Magic in Use, See Magic Energy, Read Ley Lines, Ley Line Transmission, Ley Line Phasing (no limit to the number of phasings), Line Drifting, and Ley Line Observation Ball as detailed in the Line Walker O.C.C. (**Rifts RPG** pp. 83-85), with a bonus of +15% where applicable.
- 5. Spell Knowledge:** Inuksuit start out with three spells each from levels 1-3, two from level four, and one from level five, for a total of 12 spells. At each additional level of experience thereafter, the Rockling will be able to figure out/select two new spells equal to, or lower than, his own level of experience.

Alignment: Any

Attributes: I.Q. 2D6+12, M.A. 3D6+4, M.E. 2D6+12, P.S. 4D4+30 (supernatural), P.P. 3D6+3, P.E. 2D6+20, P.B. 2D6, Spd 6D6+14

M.D.C.: 1D4 x 1,000—plus 3D6x10 per level.

P.P.E.: 4D6 x 10, plus P.E. attribute number. Add 6D6 per level of experience.

Horror Factor: 12

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 150 feet (45.7 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, can transform into any animal—including a human—at will for an indefinite duration (attacks, abilities, and M.D.C. remain the same), doesn't need to eat or sleep, and regenerates 1D4 x 10 M.D.C. per minute.

Psionics: None.

Combat: Hand to Hand: Basic—no substitutions.

Bonuses: +10 to save vs horror factor, +1 to save vs magic at levels three, six, nine, eleven and fourteen. +1 to spell strength at levels three, seven, ten and thirteen.

Average Life Span: 600,000 to 800,000 years, although they stop being Rocklings (having been promoted to the level of Linebenders) at around 6,000 years of age.

Allies: None, really.

Enemies: Takanakpsaluk, the evil Sea-Goddess, dislikes these creatures (although, truth be told, she dislikes pretty much everything) because she finds them, in their mature

stages, to be too unpredictable. Solitary and unorganized most of the time (the exception being in the defense of their magic cairns), Takanakpsaluk has nevertheless crossed paths with this species enough times, and in unpleasant enough circumstances, to have acquired an especial hatred for them. Also, there is a terribly intense and long-standing antipathy between the Inuksuit and all dragonkind on Rifts Earth, and, almost without exception, they refuse to associate with one another for even the briefest span of time. Inuksuit don't really get on well with young or old Spirit Animals, either. The latter seeing them as unnatural magical abominations that have no place among living beings.

O.C.C.: May not take an O.C.C.

Skills: At first level, the Inuksuit starts out with four skills. An additional two skills may be selected at levels three, five, seven, ten, and thirteen. The only acceptable skill categories are Communications, Domestic, Military, Rogue, Technical, and Wilderness. There are no skill bonuses other than a possible I.Q. bonus. Inuksuit Rocklings have little need or desire for "skills," which they view as little more than the primitive trappings of an inferior species, and have a habit of regarding anything that they cannot accomplish through magic as not worth doing.

Standard Equipment: None. What would they possibly need?

Money: None.

Cybernetics: Of course not.

Average Size: 5 to 10 feet (1.5 to 3m)

Average Weight: 600 to 2400 pounds

Appearance: Of humanoid shape in only the very vaguest of ways, the Inuksuit look pretty much like a pile of small boulders, each one being no smaller than a bowling ball, hastily and not too conscientiously gathered into the rough shape of a human. Having no apparent sense organs—no nose, eyes, ears or mouth—they communicate telepathically and receive their sensory input magically (or psionically, no one's really sure). Inuksuit heads are a featureless stone, and, hence, they do not have the capacity for facial expressions. Nor do their rocky bodies have any small appendages resembling fingers; Inuksuit "arms" are just clusters of oblong stones. All their delicate manipulations of objects is accomplished either psionically or magically, through invisible, telekinetic "fingers."

Lacking any connective tissues (or any tissues at all, really), Inuksuit are held together by this unseen force that animates them, which ceases when they die, causing the body to collapse into a heap of rubble. The dead body of an Inuksuit is indistinguishable from an ordinary pile of rocks, although it does strongly radiate magic, and the powder from the pulverized corpse of an Inuksuit can be used in many magical ceremonies and concoctions.

Inuksuit Linebenders, Rockfathers, and the Synod of Old Stones

The Linebenders

Once a Rockling advances through their immature stage, they are promoted to the status of **Linebender**, thereafter to be instructed in the greater mysteries of the Inuksuit

species that all Rocklings are deliberately kept ignorant of. Linebenders spend most of their time carrying out the obscure commands of the Rockfathers, who are the rulers of the Inuksuit. They do not seem to have any ambitions or goals of their own—supposedly having transcended desire during their tenure as a Rockling—and instead are satisfied to be little more than cogs in the eon-spanning process that is the Inuksuit species-plan (see “The Sole Purpose,” below).

Their phenomenal control over Ley Lines notwithstanding, the Linebenders themselves are generally more powerful than the immature Rocklings: they have more M.D.C., more P.P.E., and know a lot more spells, but it is their Linebending powers that really sets them apart from their younger brothers. The following are abilities common to all Inuksuit Linebenders:

- 1. Line Tap:** Inuksuit Linebenders are able to tap Ley Line energy from a greater distance than most creatures.
Being within four miles (6.4 km) of a Ley Line increases the range and duration of their spells by 50%.
Being within two miles (3.2 km) of a nexus point doubles the range, duration, and damage of their spells. The Linebender may also draw upon an extra 150 P.P.E. every 12 hours. P.P.E. recovers at the rate of 20 per hour.
Being within 400 feet (122 m) of a Ley Line Nexus triples the range, duration, and damage of their spells and confers upon them a bonus of +2 to save vs magic, with a +1 increase in spell-strength. The Linebender may also draw upon an extra 450 P.P.E. every 6 hours, plus his own P.P.E. recovers at the rate of 40 points per hour.
- 2. Ley Line Extension:** Once per day, they are able to extend, shorten, or alter the course of any given Ley Line by up to 1,500 feet (457 m)—“bending” the line towards themselves to further increase their bonuses and available reserve of P.P.E. This power may also be used to bend the line *away* from someone else, to likewise decrease their bonuses and available P.P.E. The effect lasts for a period of minutes equal to the Linebender’s M.E. attribute number, and can be used at a range up to 3 miles (4.8 km).
- 3. Ley Line Weaken/Line Strengthen:** Twice a week, the Linebender is able to either double or halve the available amount of P.P.E. on a particular Ley Line for a distance of 5 miles (8 km) in each direction up and down the line. This power affects only the amount of extra P.P.E. other beings are able to tap from the Ley Line, but it does not change the amount of P.P.E. the Linebender is able to tap from the line. This power lasts for a period of minutes equal to twice their M.E. attribute number. He must be within 100 feet (30.5 m) of the ley line he intends to weaken/strengthen for this power to be effective.
- 4. Line Cancel:** Once per week, for a distance of 2 miles (3.2 km) in either direction, the Linebender may *completely* cancel out a Ley Line’s energy. That means no extra P.P.E., no enhanced range, duration or damage, no increased rate of P.P.E. recovery—no nothing—to anyone along this stretch of nulled Ley Line. The power lasts for a period of minutes equal to half the Linebender’s M.E. attribute number. He must be within 20 feet (6.1 m) of the Ley Line he intends to cancel for this power to be effective.

Alignment: Their bizarre, incomprehensible motivations make the concept of alignment almost inapplicable to these creatures. Most closely resembling Anarchist, if anything.

Attributes: Same as the Rockling R.C.C., +1D4 to all mental attributes.

M.D.C.: Same as the Rockling R.C.C., plus 1D4 x 1,000

Horror Factor: 8

P.P.E.: Same as the Rockling R.C.C., plus 1D6 x 100

Magic: Knows ALL spell magic from levels 1-12, with 1D4 spells from levels 13-15 (1D4 total, not 1D4 from each level).

Combat: As per Hand to Hand: Basic at 15th level—elder Inuksuit feel that hand to hand combat is a symptom of species inferiority, and shun it, preferring to attack with magic whenever possible.

Number of Attacks: Eight, or four by magic.

Bonuses (all): +4 to strike, +6 to parry, +5 to dodge, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +4 to pull punch, +6 to save vs horror factor, +7 to save vs magic, +5 to spell strength.

Equipment of Note: Generally none, although sometimes Linebenders will have in their possession one or two magic items or weapons (amulets, rune weapons, millennium tree weapons, etc.). The Linebenders do not desire or use these items themselves, and will only keep an item if they feel it has some value as a bargaining chip or medium of exchange with another species (since the Inuksuit have no money).

The Rockfathers

The **Synod of Old Stones**, a sort of elder council of incredibly old Inuksuit, are keepers of what they (when speaking in a humanoid tongue) refer to as “**The Sole Purpose**,” or sometimes: “Everything.” This is their species’ great plan, the fantastically intricate, tangled web of minutely subtle and interdependent plots, counter-plots and counter-counter-plots carried out over generations of Inuksuit, which will very likely not come to fruition for at least the next three-hundred thousand years or so. To the human mind, which is incapable of dealing in any meaningful way with such a vast scope of time crossed with such a colossal amount of variables, the actions and commands of the Inuksuit Rockfathers very often seem to be sheer and utter lunacy—sometimes to the point of being quite funny, even.

Although most humans do fear the Linebenders, because of how awesomely powerful they are, tales of encounters with elder Inuksuit usually have a rather humorous tone. There are tales of Inuksuit dramatically materializing in the midst of Eskimo villages, standing motionless for a matter of minutes, stonily ignoring all attempts at communication, then throwing another log on the campfire with a grave aura of purpose, and then vanishing, not to be seen again. Freeman J. Getty, a foreigner to the Arctic and collector of Eskimo tales, has one particularly amusing story about an Eskimo who once saw a Linebender teleport onto the Arctic plain, move a small pile of stones westward about six feet, contemplating, then moving them another foot in the same direction, and, satisfied, teleporting away again. In spite of all that, there definitely *are* reasons behind these seemingly inexplicable actions, even if humans find these reasons unfathomable or just plain laughable. Just what it is the Inuksuit intend to accomplish with their “Sole Purpose” is an enigma that may never be unraveled.

Rockfathers of the Synod of Old Stones are, most importantly, the only ones who can create their species’ young: the Rocklings. When a Rockfather reaches the limit of his lifespan, he can will his consciousness to dissipate, abandoning his body of stones which then divides itself into two 1st-level Rocklings, who go their separate ways, and do not, in any way, consider themselves to be “siblings.”

There are, at this writing, only twenty Linebenders and seven Rockfathers still living—many Inuksuit died during their period of slavery to the Ultima Thule (who, for entertainment, frequently had these great beings fight each other to the death in elaborate arena competitions) and the species really has not had a chance to recover their numbers since then. None of these remaining elder Inuksuit now live on Rifts Earth. The Synod and their Linebender servants reside mostly in a small pocket-dimension fashioned by the first generation of Inuksuit, long dead, with the help of their creator, whoever that may have been. They seldom feel the need to leave this dimension, and only infrequently make forays to Earth, usually to quickly set up another Magic Cairn before heading back to their home again.

Alignment: See above.

Attributes: Same as the Rockling R.C.C., +2D6 to all mental attributes.

M.D.C.: Same as the Rockling R.C.C., plus 1D6 x 1,000

Horror Factor: 15

Natural Abilities: Has all the powers and abilities of the Rockling and Linebender (at 20th level, where applicable), plus the knowledge to create Inuksuit Magic Cairns. Immune to Horror Factor.

Magic: Knows ALL spell magic from levels 1-15.

P.P.E.: Same as the Rockling R.C.C., plus 2D4 x 100.

Combat: As per Hand to Hand: Basic at 15th level—although they feel physical combat is beneath them, and try to avoid it whenever possible.

Number of Attacks: Eight, or five by magic.

Bonuses (all): +6 to strike, +7 to parry, +6 to dodge, +5 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +5 to pull punch, +8 to save vs magic, +6 to spell strength.

Inuksuit Magic Cairns

The creation of Magic Cairns is an Inuksuit secret that is as jealously guarded as the secret of their race's origin. Even within Inuksuit society, only the most ancient and powerful among them, the Rockfathers of the Synod of Old Stones (not available as player characters), possess the knowledge to construct these wondrous structures.

The Arctic landscape is here-and-there dotted with these magic cairns, placed at locations that seem to be completely and utterly random. Just as often found out in the middle of nowhere as near an inhabited village—as often at the tops of mountains as at the bottoms of deep caves. You never know where you're going to bump into one.

Many of them don't appear to be of much use to the Inuksuit themselves, and seem more intended for the use of the "juvenile" species of the Arctic: humans, Wolfen, Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People, Atalhis Phantoms and the Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarves. Why the Rockfathers should provide these structures for races that, apparently, they neither comprehend nor even like is a mystery. One assumes that their creation and placement must be a key strategic element of some fabulously far-reaching plan, with the end result not to be realized for tens of thousands of years. Who knows? Needless to say, they don't take kindly to the destruction, attempted or otherwise, of any of these structures. Causing damage to one of these magic cairns is more than likely to instigate a swift reaction, usually coming in the form of a Linebender (sometimes two), who usually appears, via teleportation, 6D6 melee rounds after the first point of mega-damage is inflicted on the cairn.

All Inuksuit have an innate knowledge of how to use these Magic Cairns and only need to spend half the required P.P.E. cost (if there is one) to activate them.

Tupqujak Archway

Shaped like simple stone arches, usually about 7 to 12 feet high (2.1 to 3.6m), the *Tupqujak* are stable, permanent dimensional portals. Each one can be designed to lead to one dimension only (e.g. a *Tupqujak* designed to reach Wormwood can only be used to travel to Wormwood; Phase-World *Tupqujaks* can only be used to reach Phase-World, etc). There is, of course, no way of knowing where a given *Tupqujak* portal might lead (unless you happen to be an Inuksuit—they instinctively know the destinations of all *Tupqujaks*) until you cross to the other side and find out yourself, firsthand.

Once activated, the portal remains open for five minutes or until someone steps into it. Once someone enters, it shuts immediately (although there is no limit to the things that may *emerge* while the portal is held open).

It is important to note that *Tupqujak* portals only provide the means to *go* places, not to come back. If you step through one and wind up someplace you don't want to be, there is no *Tupqujak* arch waiting behind you that you can just step into to get home. You have to find your own way back. If you like, you can wait around in that spot with the hope that someone on the other side will eventually activate the portal again, and then you can just step back through the rift with no P.P.E. expenditure of your own. This wait may take days, weeks or even months, and you may be in a place where it's inadvisable to be standing around, doing nothing, just waiting for a rift to open—like, for example, the den of a Ten-Legged Polar Bear, or a Xiticix hive.

Rockfathers of the Synod of Old Stones sometimes do this as a security measure, to limit the use of the portals by non-Inuksuit. Hence, the destinations of *Tupqujak* portals are frequently (but not always) places that would be extremely dangerous to anyone that wasn't as powerful as an Inuksuit, or places that only Inuksuit are welcome, causing most lesser beings to avoid the dimensional arches altogether. Humans and D-Bees usually view *Tupqujak* Arches as a last resort, only to be used in times of emergency (needless to say, these portals can be used to take the characters out of the proverbial frying pan and into the fire).

All *Tupqujak*, regardless of size, have 650 M.D.C.

P.P.E. to Activate: 210 per person

Inunnguaq—Little Walking Stones

Inunnguaq know only one verbal expression: “Follow me,” but they magically know it in every language of the Megaverse. These Magic Cairns are mindless, golem-like guides that are constructed to lead people to where they want to go, or, failing that, to point them in the right direction. This may not sound like much, but it can be an incredible relief if you happen to come across an Inunnguaq when you’re lost in the harsh Arctic wasteland (especially in the dead of a bad winter, when you *really* don’t want to be out in the open for too long), or if you don’t know the exact location of the place you wish to go to. Just ante up the 10 P.P.E., and say, “Take me to...(wherever)” and off the little Inunnguaq waddles. Follow him and he’ll walk to the destination you just named.

Shaped somewhat like human beings, Inunnguaq are about 3 feet (.9 m) tall, and have roughly the same body-proportions as the Rocklings, which leads some people to call these guides “Baby Inuksuit.” They are, however, completely unintelligent, and are capable only of carrying out the few extremely basic commands that they were constructed to handle: “Take me to...” (which starts them walking), and “Stop” (which, when spoken by the person who activated them, causes the Inunnguaq to halt dead in its tracks so the person may rest if he needs to).

Inunnguaq are definitely not very fast (Spd of 7, about 8.3 miles per hour), but, if you follow it, it will get you there. Eventually. In addition, they are limited by the fact that they will not leave the Arctic Zone and will not cross any body of water (unless it’s iced over), so, while “Take me to Siorapaluk” will start it trekking towards Siorapaluk, “Take me to Atlantis” will cause it to mutely point southwards. “Take me to the nearest village” can be sort of an unsafe command unless you specify “Take me to the nearest *human* village.” Otherwise, the Inunnguaq may walk you right into the middle of a settlement of Kiwa’Kws Giants, where you’ll probably become dinner—after several hours of body-shattering torture.

Rough terrain doesn’t slow Inunnguaq down a bit—they all have the ability to *Climb* as per the 2nd level spell (**Rifts RPG** p. 169)—which can be a problem if the person who is following them has no climbing equipment or other means, magical, technological or otherwise, to cross such difficult topography. The player’s progress may be slowed to a crawl, or he may not be able to follow the Inunnguaq at all on its present course.

In this case, there is a third command: “Another Way,” which causes the Inunnguaq to forsake its present course, which may be too difficult for the person to follow, and choose, well, another way. Generally, this takes much longer, as the Inunnguaq will then go completely around the obstacle, which may waste precious hours or days, depending on how large the obstacle is.

Once it has reached the destination, the Inunnguaq then ceases to respond to all commands, turns right around and begins to walk back to its “spot,” the place it was standing when it was first encountered. It will guide no one else until it returns to this spot, resetting itself, waiting for someone else to come along and activate it.

These “Little Walking Stones” are by far the least resilient of all the Inuksuit’s Magic Cairn structures, only having 5D6x10 M.D.C. each.

P.P.E. to Activate: 10 per each 12 hour period—good for about 100 miles of travel if the characters do not stop to rest or eat. If the journey takes longer than 12 hours, more P.P.E. must be channeled into it to keep it from returning to its original spot. It will wait around for up to an hour after the initial 12 hours is over, but if no one charges it with

P.P.E. during that hour, it will turn around and start to march back to where it began, ignoring all commands directed at it.

Tammariikkuti—Far Seeing Stones

These stones look something like petrified tree stumps, raised about two feet above the ground, with the circumference of a small dining room table. They function like magical, long-range communication devices, and, when activated, they permit a character to observe things that are happening far from where he is. All one has to do is pump 10 P.P.E. into the Tammariikkuti and step up onto the circular platform. To the people around him, the character looks like he has gone into a trance: his eyes will roll up into his head, his face expressionless, his muscles stiff. To the character himself, it will seem as if he has teleported to a completely different area. He'll still be standing on a Tammariikkuti stone, but he'll be looking out on an entirely new vista.

This image of the character is purely an illusion: his body has not left the stone he was standing on. The character's image will be able to look around, to speak, but that's all: he is an immaterial projection and may not pick anything up, touch anything, cast magic or use psionics—nor can his image be affected by magical, physical or psychic attacks. He's not really there. This image may not leave the confines of the stone's platform, which acts as sort of a magical, 2-way movie projector, allowing him to observe and converse with whoever is near the Tammariikkuti stone.

What are they used for? Communication, mostly. In the generally low tech-level of the Arctic, communications equipment is as almost as scarce as power armor. More than a few villages are at least equipped with a shortwave radio of some form, but by no means are all of them so equipped. Tammariikkuti stones make instant communication possible across the Arctic or across the galaxy. They are often used to get information from the Canadian Archipelago to Greenland—or vice versa—without having to send a messenger over the treacherous Toqussoq Mountain Range.

There are two major limitations to the Tammariikkuti stones: 1) It is necessary for there to be a Tammariikkuti stone in the area the mage wishes to send his psychic projection to—there must always be two stones: one that sends and one that receives. 2) The mage must already know the location of the “receiving” stone with some certainty before he is able to activate the stone to send his image. If he has been there before, and seen the area firsthand, the mage is automatically able to send his image to that Tammariikkuti. If he knows the general area, but has not been to the specific spot where the receiving stone is, there is a 10% chance of failure (the P.P.E. is spent, but there is no activation); if he has only seen a picture of the place (in a pinch, even a very good painting or detailed sketch will do) the chance of failure rises to 50%; if he is operating only off of a precise description from someone else's firsthand account, the failure rate reaches 85%; if he is any less familiar with the place, he cannot activate the stone.

Mostly encountered in the Arctic and Antarctic Zones of Rifts Earth, Tammariikkuti stones *can* be found scattered all across the Megaverse. As one might expect from the Rockfathers, the logic behind the dispersal of these stones is as perplexing as the logic behind their creation. They can be found with equal frequency on lush, populous forest planets and on dusty, uninhabited moons. There is a rumor among many Eskimo magic-users that *somewhere* exists a reference book that, with vivid photographs, details the locations of ALL the Tammariikkuti stones still standing. If this were true, it would be an extremely valuable tome, should someone stumble across it (maybe even too

valuable to safely sell it as a whole; you could sell it by the page and still make more than a king's ransom that way).

GM's Note: This catalog does, in fact, exist, but it is not one single book, rather it's more like a set of encyclopedias: made up of eleven sealskin-bound volumes, each one containing careful descriptions of about 180 different Tammariikkuti stones across the Megaverse. The set has been broken up as well, and the books are not all in the possession of one person—Kukiaq, the great medicine-man, has two of the volumes in his custody. Where the other nine volumes can be, who knows?

P.P.E. Cost: 10 per activation, lasts 15 minutes.

Sakabluniit—Stones of Significance

No one is really sure why these large boulders should be significant, as they don't seem to *do* anything. Sakabluniit are made of one single stone, jade-colored, a little bit egg-shaped, and about the size of a pre-rifts compact car. Anyone touching a Sakabluniit cairn with their bare skin for the first time will find himself instantly drained of 90% of his current P.P.E. and I.S.P. (regained normally), unable to cast magic, use psionics or speak for 2D6 minutes, and color-blind (sees only in black and white) for 1D4 days. There is no saving throw for any of these effects. Repeated contact with the same Sakabluniit causes no further consequences, and the person may thereafter touch their bare skin to the boulder with impunity.

Despite the Sakabluniit having no apparent function at all, the Inuksuit Rockfathers are furiously protective of them, more so than of the other types of magic cairn. Any assault on a Sakabluniit will occasion the response of *three* Linebenders, instead of the usual one or two, and sometimes even one of the Rockfathers themselves! Whatever tactical purpose the Sakabluniit stones serve, the Rockfathers seem to think it's incredibly important.

Sakabluniit have 3,000 M.D.C. each.

Mumirvik

Mumirvik, small squarish platforms of stone, about 4 feet by 4 feet (1.2 x 1.2 m) in size and six inches off the ground, function like the mage spell Protection Circle: Simple (**Rifts RPG pp.182-183**). They are permanent magical fixtures and do not require the expenditure of P.P.E. Lesser supernatural creatures—ghouls of all sorts, entities, ghosts, gremlins, bushmen, ewán, spirit 'borgs and, for some reason, those of the Anatquq R.C.C.—will not be able to come within 5 feet (1.5 m) of a Mumirvik. Those standing on the platform will receive a +2 bonus to save vs magic and psychic attack. Also, for as long as they are actually touching the stone, the healing rate of all characters will be doubled.

Although lesser supernatural creatures will not be able to approach the Mumirvik, they can throw objects, use weapons, or use magic and psychic powers against the person(s) standing on the stone. *Greater beings*—windigo, vampires, elementals, gods, demi-gods, godlings and spirit animals—can approach the Mumirvik at will; although the rock itself will weaken them, and, should they stand on it, they will receive a -2 penalty to ALL their saving throws for as long as they remain in contact with the stone.

Mumirvik have 2,500 M.D.C. each.

Circles of Upiguhungniq

The-Place-Where-All-Things-Must-Be-Respectful

An Upiguhungniq circle is a ring of stones set into the ground, having a diameter of about 10 feet (3 m). While not activated, Upiguhungniq stones act exactly like the Mumirvik (see description above). Once activated with P.P.E. energy, however, *lesser* supernatural beings will be unable to come closer than 150 feet (45.6 m). *Greater beings* will be held at bay at a distance of 20 feet (6.1 m) from the edge of the circle; they can try to get closer than this, but to do so they must roll a save vs magic with a -3 penalty. If they save, they can approach (but not enter) the activated circle. Inuksuit are unaffected, and can approach the circle without impairment.

Activated Upiguhungniq also provide the following bonuses to all occupants: +5 to save vs all magical and psychic attacks, impervious to possession, +8 to save vs horror factor. Plus it provides an *extra* 15 P.P.E. to each mage and 15 I.S.P. to each psychic, and quadruples the healing rate of all occupants. Of course, the characters are still vulnerable to conventional weapons and thrown objects.

The really odd thing about Upiguhungniq circles is that they can be *deactivated* by “disrespectful” actions—conduct that is taboo while within an activated circle. The Upiguhungniq is immediately deactivated if anyone within the circle: shouts (voices must be kept to a whisper); belches; eats anything, cooks anything, or builds a fire; shoots, reloads or otherwise uses a weapon (although magic and psychic attacks are still permitted); meditates, sleeps, or goes to the bathroom. To do any of these things, the characters must leave the confines of the circle—but it is also “disrespectful” for a character within the circle to leave and re-enter it more than three times. If deactivated for any of these reasons, an Upiguhungniq cannot be reactivated again for 1D6x10 melee rounds.

Note: Those of the Anatquq R.C.C., while unable to enter the circle themselves, *are* able to activate it for the protection of others. Anatquq may activate an Upiguhungniq circle from up to 150 feet away, plus 10 feet for every level of the Anatquq.

Even characters who are not magic-users may activate an Upiguhungniq circle. As long as they have 8 P.P.E. to spare (most normal, non-magic-using humans have about 2D6), they can activate it by laying both hands (if a character only has one arm, he’s out of luck) on one of the stones that make up the circle. The stone will painlessly withdraw the 8 P.P.E. from the person and the Upiguhungniq will be activated. Characters wearing gloves, mittens, power armor or body armor that covers the hands must remove it before attempting to do this.

All Upiguhungniq, the stone circle itself, have 4,000 M.D.C. Its protective bonuses will disappear if the circle is destroyed, but supernatural creatures are loathe to do this, as any direct attack on the Upiguhungniq stone will merit the immediate and extremely unpleasant retaliation of the Inuksuit Linebenders.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: 8 per half-hour

Qujaligiaqtuqbic—Rings of Ceremony

Eskimo villages tend to cluster around or nearby these giant rings in the earth, as they temporarily *double* the P.P.E. of whoever is standing within their confines. This P.P.E.-doubling effect works on all creatures: Humans, Wolfen, Tuneq Giants, Dragons, Spirit Animals, supernatural menaces of all kinds; *anything* that is standing inside the confines of a Qujaligiaqtuqbic ring has its P.P.E. doubled (anything except, curiously, the Inuksuit themselves). I.S.P. remains unaffected.

They are extremely valued by Anatquq, who depend greatly on the P.P.E. of the

villagers they live among to power some of their greater *Kusuinutssuaq* (Big Magic) powers, which can have incredibly high P.P.E. costs. Consequently, a Qujaligiaqtuqbic ring—if one is close by—is where most traditional religious ceremonies and festivals are held. They are the places where the villagers assemble to dance, sing, and tell tales, gathering their P.P.E. into one large, communal pool for their Anatquq to dip into. To keep up his end of the bargain, the Anatquq is expected to use this huge supply of P.P.E. energy in a way that serves the good of the community, and not for his own gain.

The area a Qujaligiaqtuqbic encloses is a figure made up of two great linked circles, in an almost figure-eight shape, that, together, are about 90 feet (27.4 m) long and 45 feet (13.7 m) wide at their two widest points. Where the two circles meet, there is a slender space where they overlap slightly, a space just large enough for about two humans to stand on, or one creature of slightly larger size (up to 10 feet/3 meters tall). While standing in this small spot, a person's P.P.E. will be *tripled*—this is usually where the Anatquq positions himself during the festivals and ceremonies held there.

Also, Qujaligiaqtuqbic rings are as sensitive to times of year as a Ley Line Nexus. At the summer and winter solstices (June 21 and December 21, respectively) the P.P.E. available to those standing within the ring is increased by 100 P.P.E. per level of experience. There is, however, also a corresponding likelihood (25%) that a random rift will open at these times, remaining open for 1D4 hours, which is plenty of time for something nasty to crawl out.

The one slight drawback to Qujaligiaqtuqbic rings is that they render those standing within them somewhat vulnerable to magical attacks, imposing a -2 penalty on the save vs magic for everyone standing within its confines, and a -3 penalty to the saves of those who are standing in the overlapped space between the circles.

Only seven Qujaligiaqtuqbic are definitely known to exist in the Arctic. One near Siorapaluk, one near Koyukon, two out on the ice-cap of the North Pole, one in a deep cave on Qilagat in the Toqussoq Mountains, one on the island of Prins Karls Forland in the Svalbard Arkipelet, one on the Russian island of Novaya Zemlya. There are none at all on the island of Kalaallit Nunaat (Greenland). It remains to be seen whether there are one or two more in the Far North of Russia; Anatquq say yes, but the existence of these is unconfirmed. The rings each have about 5,000 M.D.C.

Pillars of R'Quva—Spell Cairns

Pillars of R'Quva are short columns, standing roughly eight feet high, and about as thick as a man's waist. They contain within them the ability to cast magic when provided with the requisite number of P.P.E. Strangely, these Magic Cairns WILL NOT work for practitioners of magic, but only for ordinary people. Similar to the Upiguhungniq cairns, Spell Cairns are activated by placing both hands (bare skin—gloves must be removed) on the stone itself, which painlessly withdraws the necessary magic energy from the person—provided that the person has that much P.P.E. to begin with (most normal, non-magic-using humans have 2D6 P.P.E.).

The most common spells contained within the Pillars of R'Quva are: Death Trance, See Aura, See The Invisible, Sense Evil, Sense Magic, Chameleon, Climb, Detect Concealment, Armor of Ithan, Breathe Without Air, Impervious to Fire, Impervious to Poison, Invisibility: Simple, Negate Poison/Toxin, Resist Fire, Charismatic Aura, Cure Minor Disorders, Repel Animals, and Swim as a Fish.

Spell Cairns contain ONE spell each, which never changes, and there is no way to

tell which spell it is just from looking at it. You've got to try it to find out, which can provide some nasty surprises: imagine a player, in the midst of battle, hoping for Armor of Ithan, and getting Death Trance instead. Goodbye player.

The spells are cast as if by a fourth-level magic user, and these spells ONLY affect the person who is touching the stone. A person touching a Spell Cairn that Negates Poison/Toxin can only negate poisons in his own body, and a person touching an Armor of Ithan Spell Cairn cannot bestow the armor on someone else, etc. It is impossible for a particular person to utilize a Pillar of R'Quva more than once in any given 24-hour period, although multiple users are acceptable.

Atalhis Phantom R.C.C.

The Atalhis are a curious race. In shape and proportions, they are very similar to humans (although they do have three eyes); their societies and behaviors closely resemble those of humans, forming small family groups within a tightly-knit tribal organization; and they are also hunted by many of the Arctic monsters that plague humanity. In fact, the only readily apparent difference between humanity and themselves is that the Atalhis, as a race, are *completely invisible*.

From birth until death, the Atalhis cannot be seen by any being who doesn't possess the power of See the Invisible (or Nalussaerunek senses, the supernaturally acute awareness included in several Arctic O.C.C.s and R.C.C.s). Walking into an Atalhis village can be a disorienting experience, as it will appear that the village is populated with sentient, mobile suits of clothes, with nothing in them. Atalhis can see one another, but only with their third eye, the "good" eye, as they call it. If an Atalhis loses this eye somehow, or it is damaged, his people will be just as invisible to him as they are to everyone else.

An Atalhis so cut off from his friends and family usually becomes despondent very quickly, and sometimes will even take his own life rather than live out an existence in which he cannot even see *himself*.

Peaceful beings, for the most part, Atalhis Phantoms are probably the only vegetarian race in the entire Arctic Circle, this because there is so little in the way of actual vegetation or even plantable soil that far north. The Atalhis, however, subsist largely on a diet of alien vegetables that take root directly in the ice, and don't need the sun's constant ultraviolet rays to grow. These alien vegetables are edible to humans, but, while they may keep one from starving to death, they also give humans painful indigestion, and taste like a cross between motor oil and wax, served in a crunchy charcoal shell. The Atalhis Phantoms find them to be delicious.

In game terms, their invisibility isn't really *that* much of a bonus, as their clothes and equipment are all still fully visible, so it's not like they can really wander the Arctic unseen—unless, of course, they remove all their clothes...but in a place where a temperature of -10°F (*without* wind-chill) constitutes a mild day, would *you* want to run around naked? No, they don't either.

In the dangerous, unpredictable Arctic, where you take security and companionship pretty much anywhere you can find it, many Atalhis can be found living among the Eskimo and vice versa. Their steady reliability and easygoing, gentle nature makes them more welcome in human communities than virtually any other kind of D-Bee.

Sometimes Atalhis and human communities unite, to their mutual benefit, into large villages where the work is distributed evenly. It may sound bizarre to have invisible friends and neighbors but, trust me, you get used to it.

One of the main difficulties with creating large population centers in the Arctic is that they would strain the already precariously balanced food chain—the wild game living in an area can only support so many people, and overhunting can cause them to disappear completely—but Eskimo/Atalhis villages work very well this way because neither of them live off the other's food supply: an Eskimo's diet consists mainly of fish and meat, which the Atalhis cannot digest, and avoid (which is another of the reasons why the Eskimo like them so much), and the Atalhis eat a kind of extraterrestrial legume that humans find disgusting. Consequently, Eskimo/Atalhis villages can have more members than most very large, homogeneously human, villages, which can put too heavy a drain on the local food supply, and would eventually drive the game animals into a famine-inducing scarcity.

Not quite as physically hardy as most other races in the Arctic, the Atalhis nevertheless make up for it with their natural adeptness with magic and psionics. Most Atalhis have at least some degree psychic powers (50% are minor psionics, 5% are major psionics), and a vast number of them grow up to be very skilled magic-users. Some Eskimo do get a little frustrated with the Atalhis' inability to keep up with them, physically speaking, will but excuse them for it because of all the advantages their magic offers, and because they realize that it's not that the Atalhis are lazy, just delicate, and they simply do not possess the strength and stamina of most other races. As long as the Atalhis try, their effort alone is respected by their human neighbors.

Alignment: Any; leans towards good, though.

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6+2, M.E. 3D6+2, M.A. 3D6, P.S. 4D4, P.P. 3D6, P.E. 4D4, P.B. 3D6, Spd 3D6

Average Size: Same as human

Average Weight: Same as human

S.D.C.: 5D4+2 **Hit Points:** P.E. attribute number, plus 1D4 per level

Natural Abilities: See the Invisible

Magic: As per O.C.C.

P.P.E.: As per O.C.C., plus 3D6

Psionics: As per O.C.C.

I.S.P.: As per O.C.C., plus 2D6

Bonuses: At first level, Atalhis receive a one-time bonus of +2 to all their skills.

O.C.C.s and R.C.C.s: An Atalhis can become most any of the Psychic or Magic classes from the original **Rifts RPG** book: Ley Line Walker, Shifter, Mystic, Burster, Psi-Stalker, or Mind-Melter—but may not become a Techno-Wizard. Similarly, from this book, they may become a Story-Fisher, Qivigtoq Polar Mystic, Suilarqineq “Grieving-One,” Suilarqineq Mechanic, or, with the rare evil Atalhis, an Arctic Slaver. They may not be Anatquq Medicine-Men, Kilaumassok “Failed-Ones,” Hunters, Spirit ‘Borgs, or Archivist ‘Borgs.

Average Life Span: 150 years

Allies: Most human communities and Tuneq Giants.

Enemies: Kiwa’Kws Giants find Atalhis flesh to be extremely tasty. Also, the Manidog have an irrational prejudice against the Atalhis, abusing and insulting them whenever they encounter one another. The Manidog feel that the Atalhis are beneath their contempt, but, because of their exoticness, are willing to pay just a little bit more for

Atalhis slaves than for human ones—this also makes them targets for greedy Arctic Slavers.

R.C.C. Skills: As per O.C.C., with the following limitations: May not take Fishing, Hunting, Skin and Preserve Animal Hides, or Track Animals—although he may take the Tracking skill. In addition, all Atalhis, regardless of O.C.C. skill restrictions will start out with the Identify Plants and Fruits skill with a +15% bonus.

Money: Generally, none to begin with.

Cybernetics: Tends to avoid them, because any cybernetic implant at all will forever render an Atalhis Phantom completely visible, which is something they view as extremely abnormal and distressing.

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People R.C.C.

Known in some places as the Taglerqet, the Shadow-People are a secretive and enigmatic race, about whom little is known for certain. They seem to have inhabited Earth's Arctic region some time in the distant past, but offer no explanation for why they may have temporarily left. They possess an imposing physique, with their tall, lean bodies, pure white fur, large saw-toothed mouths, unblinking eyes, and hard attitudes.

Their disposition is, typically: mistrustful, taciturn, overly suspicious, gruff, and hard to please. Impossibly cryptic and vague in their speech (the Tarrayarsuit have no definite assertions in their native language: instead of saying "It is cloudy today," they would say "It may be cloudy" or "It might be possible that it is cloudy today") it is *extremely* difficult to get a straight answer out of a Tarrayarsuit. They have a natural, perhaps genetic, disposition towards lying; even about insignificant things. Asked what his name is, a typical Tarrayarsuit will make up something on the spot, even if the questioner is not hostile. Those who befriend Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People quickly learn to take this into account when asking any question of their friend.

Their tendency towards suspicion and even paranoia sometimes leads them into violent outbursts at inconvenient moments, but, while gruff, they are generally **not** a very aggressive people.

Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People aren't exactly unfriendly, but they certainly don't work very hard to make friends. This, coupled with their natural tendency towards lying, makes most people suspicious of them. However, to those that can look beyond these character flaws, the Tarrayarsuit are solid allies, and really not that bad company if you need someone to travel with.

Tarrayarsuit adapt well to different environments, and can be found both in the cities and in the wilderness with equal regularity. There are even some Tarrayarsuit serving on interstellar vessels in space (merchant and mercenary ships, mostly). They are excellent swimmers, and, while they may not be able to breathe water, they can hold their breath for long periods of time (1 minute for every point of P.E.). Their fur also provides excellent insulation from the cold both on land and in water, and they do not have a need to wear clothes or other forms of cold-weather gear while in the Arctic—although many of them choose to do so.

The Manidog appear to have a grudging respect for the Tarrayarsuit and, generally, will not buy Tarrayarsuit slaves. This is partially because of a Manidog legend in which Tarrayarsuit are portrayed as bad luck, like black cats. Most of the Shadow-People that live in Greenland are free, but friendships between Manidog and Tarrayarsuit are rare

indeed.

Alignment: Any, but the majority are unprincipled or anarchist

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 4D6+6, M.A. 3D6+4, P.S. 3D6, P.P. 3D6, P.E. 3D6, P.B. 3D6, Spd 4D6+6

Hit Points: P.E. plus 1D6 per level of experience

S.D.C.: 5D6x10, plus those gained from skills, O.C.C.s, magic or psionics.

Natural Armor Rating: None

Horror Factor: 10

Average Height: 6 feet, plus 3D6 inches (about 1.9 m)

Average Weight: 170 lbs plus (75.6 kg+)

Average Life Span: Tarrayarsuit can live to be up to 220 years old. They reach physical maturity at about age 20, and old age is considered 170+ years.

Appearance: Lithe, slender humanoids with thick fur pelts. Typical fur coloration ranges from pure white to jet black to a Dalmatian-pattern of both. There are no grey or brown Tarrayarsuit. The pure white are the most commonly encountered.

Tarrayarsuit eyes have no lids (only a thin nictitating membrane that covers the eyes when they swim, like in the eyes of an alligator), and their mouths are filled with thousands of incredibly tiny and incredibly keen teeth—imagine a sheet of sandpaper where the grains were sharper than the sharpest razor blade. These tiny teeth aren't really of any use as a weapon, but, given time, a Tarrayarsuit can chew through just about anything.

Combat Skills: As per O.C.C.

P.P.E. Base: 10, plus P.E. attribute number, or as per magic-using O.C.C., +2D6 P.P.E.

Psionic Powers: Standard, same as human's.

O.C.C.s: Typically magic or psionic, but can be any. Players can select any O.C.C., but the most common types of O.C.C. for the Tarrayarsuit are as follows:

General Distribution of O.C.C.s among Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People:

15% Story-Fishers

13% Qivigtoq Polar Mystics

12% Ley Line Walkers

11% Mystics

10% Ghost Eaters

9% Mind Melters

6% Shifters

5% Bursters

2% Temporal Wizards

17% Other/Non-magic O.C.C.

Standard Equipment: As per O.C.C.

Money: As per O.C.C.

Cybernetics: May not get any.

Special Abilities & Characteristics Common to the Tarrayarsuit

1. Shadow-Form: The Tarrayarsuit have the ability to transform their bodies into a semi-insubstantial ectoplasmic-like form, which is translucent and dark gray: greatly resembling a three-dimensional shadow. Physical attacks against a Tarrayarsuit in Shadow-Form cause only @ of their normal damage (e.g. a laser blast doing 8 M.D.

would only cause 8 S.D.C. of damage against a Tarrayarsuit in Shadow-Form).

On the other hand, in Shadow-Form, a Tarrayarsuit may not attack or use magic, although he may use psionics from any category other than Super. Also, a Tarrayarsuit in Shadow-Form loses the benefit of any armor he may be wearing until he returns to his material form, which means that, in Shadow-Form, damage to the Tarrayarsuit is inflicted directly to the character's S.D.C. and hit points, regardless of any armor he may be wearing.

Movement rate in Shadow-Form remains unchanged, and it is extremely hard to spot in the dark. Chances of detection while in Shadow-Form in darkness is only 10%, raised to 20% if moving any faster than a slow walk, or to 30% if moving at the character's top speed.

2. **Shape-Change:** The Tarrayarsuit, like virtually all other supernatural creatures of the Far North have the ability to change their shape. They get all the advantages of the shape, retaining their S.D.C., and all attributes. The animal must be a normal animal, and not a monster, although giant versions of animals are allowed. In choice of forms, they are limited only by size, and may not change into something larger than their own height. This power may be used once a day for every level of experience, and is limited to a duration of one hour for every level of experience.
3. **Razor Sharp Teeth:** These teeth aren't large enough to allow any useful bite attack, but can be used to chew through extremely dense, tough materials. A Tarrayarsuit Shadow-Person can chew through 2D6 M.D.C. of material every melee round (15 seconds) of intense chewing (no other actions possible).
4. **Sense Ley Lines and Ley Line Nexuses:** Same as the Line Walker. See *Rifts* p. 83.
5. **Other Bonuses:** +1 to save vs magic of all kinds (in addition to P.E. bonuses), +3 to save vs all poisons and poison gasses, and +2 to save vs horror factor.

Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarf R.C.C.

The Inuarutligkat (or, less tongue-bendingly referred to as "Shore Dwarves" because, being amphibious, they tend to live as close to the water as possible) are a race that, having visited the Earth's Arctic several times in the past, are now beginning to settle on it in greater and greater numbers. They love the climate. Just precisely what their relation is to the other types of Dwarves in the Megaverse (if there is in fact any relation at all) remains to be discovered.

What they *do* have in common with other Dwarves is an intense desire to *make* things. While generally avoiding the mechanical side of technology, Shore Dwarves possess an amazing natural aptitude for the "purer," more abstract sciences. Almost all Inuarutligkat, having picked up a mish-mash of concepts and theories here and there, will have at least a cursory knowledge of chemistry, physics, higher mathematics (and, to a somewhat lesser extent, biology—itsself a discipline which the Inuarutligkat perceive as being rather mechanistic in nature), but relatively few are experts in any of these areas. The Inuarutligkat who individually specializes in any one branch of science is a rarity, but Inuarutligkat tribes, as a whole, do tend to have a general focus. Some tribes pride themselves on their astronomy skills, while others celebrate their biological know-how. It acts as a rallying point for the tribespeople.

It's important to mention that even the most knowledgeable Shore Dwarf is neither a "scholar" or "scientist" by the ordinary definitions of the words. Seemingly innate, their

knowledge and skills are not acquired from study, systematic logic, or rigorous adherence to scientific method, but through the great Dwarvish tradition of “tinkering.” By just messing around with a thing—a technological device or a scientific concept—the Shore Dwarves are somehow able to understand it, after a fashion. Even they don’t know *how* they know, they just do. Consequently, Shore Dwarves make rotten teachers, as they have an extremely difficult time verbally expressing the ins and outs of even the simplest of concepts, making the most confusing, bumbling, long-winded, absent-minded professor look like a model of clarity and concision.

They look upon their “tinkering” as a hobby or sport, and definitely not an organized pursuit of knowledge. Taking a great joy in building things, and an even greater one in designing them, the Shore Dwarves nevertheless do not hang onto their creations for very long. The effort is what pleases them, not necessarily the result. Quite a few of them are employed by the Manidog in their Research & Development departments, and, in fact, Shore Dwarves make up fully 70% of the non-Manidog employees of the Kalaallit Nunaat Municipal Goods & Services Co.

Carnivores, for the most part, Shore Dwarves eat their food raw. Cooking is anathema to them. The traditional dinner meal of an Inuarutligkat family consists of uncooked fish (eaten head, bones, tail and all), uncooked shellfish (eaten with the shells), strips of raw seal meat (also with bones), and maybe cold blood soup when the hunting has been good.

Another of the not-so-amusing peculiarities of their race is that Shore Dwarves seem to get along with just about everyone...except other Shore Dwarves. To members of other species and to members of their own tribe, a Shore Dwarf will seem genial, polite and considerate (if a little eccentric), but towards members of other Inuarutligkat tribes they will act aggressively suspicious, hostile, feral, ferociously territorial, frequently violent. If a Shore Dwarf tribe allies itself with a particular Eskimo village, that tribe will react harshly to even an innocuous visit by the member of another Shore Dwarf tribe, sometimes going so far as to gather in a mob with the intention of executing the trespasser.

This instinctive—and completely irrational—territorial hostility baffles most observers. It is an impulse that seems to run contrary to the most essential nature of the Inuarutligkat, but is really quite understandable...once you get to know them. Shore Dwarf tribes seem to think that they are in intense competition with every other Shore Dwarf tribe. It is their scientific pursuits that give them their identity, and the thought that some other tribe may “steal” one of their ideas or inventions infuriates them to no end. Similar to the way horse-thievery was looked upon in the Old West, this “idea-theft” carries with it, among Shore Dwarves, a penalty of death. Long-standing, bloody feuds—entailing everything from simple espionage to guerrilla warfare and assassination campaigns—have been fought for centuries between tribes over such infringements.

On the other hand, Shore Dwarves are more than happy to share any and all of their ideas and knowledge with non-Inuarutligkat, so long as they’re not spies for another tribe of Shore-Dwarves. Humans and Atalhis are free to benefit from the Shore Dwarves’ knowledge as much as they can. Some communities, however, are somewhat wary of taking in Shore Dwarves or making alliances with Shore Dwarf tribes, because of the inevitable inter-tribal warfare of the Inuarutligkat that, sooner or later, will *always* involve their fellow villagers, whether or not they actually have anything to do with the conflict. Still, many human tribes overlook this because of the Inuarutligkat’s ability to manufacture high tech gadgets for them (when raw materials are available), an ability much in demand

in the Far North.

Alignment: Any

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 4D6 (supernatural), P.P. 3D6+2, P.E. 4D4, P.B. 2D6, Spd 3D6+2

Average Size: Three feet plus 2D6 inches tall

Average Weight: 150 to 250 pounds

M.D.C.: 1D4 x 10, plus 1D4 M.D.C. per level, and, in addition, S.D.C. gained from physical skills is counted as M.D.C.

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 50 ft (15.2 m; can see in total darkness) and impervious to cold. Amphibious: has gills and can breathe as easily underwater as they can on land.

Magic: Only those of a magic-using O.C.C.

P.P.E.: 2D6 or as per O.C.C.

Psionics: It is *very* rare for an Inuarutligkat to develop psionic powers, and it is a talent that they find difficult to understand. One in a thousand is a minor psionic, and the I.S.P. costs for all powers is doubled.

I.S.P.: None unless a psionic.

Combat: As per Hand to Hand combat skill.

Bonuses: +1 to dodge.

Average Life Span: About 570 years

Allies: Different tribes have allied themselves with various Eskimo and Indian nations.

Enemies: A Shore Dwarf's only true enemy is another Shore Dwarf not of the same tribe as himself. Other than that, they don't really have any consistent antagonists.

O.C.C.s: Any of the magic-using O.C.C.s is acceptable—Ley Line Walker, Summoner, Shifter, Diabolist, Warlock, Techno-Wizard, or Story-Fisher—although, lacking the drive and attention-span to completely master any discipline, Shore-Dwarves are not able to advance beyond ninth level in any of these O.C.C.s. They can also become Headhunters, Wilderness Scouts, Rogue Scientists, Archivist 'Borgs or Arctic Slavers.

They may not become Mystics, Cyber-Knights, Juicers, Crazies, Suilarqineq, or Suilarqineq Mechanics. Regardless of the skill restrictions of any of these O.C.C.s, the Inuarutligkat is able to learn any skill from the Electronic, Mechanical, and Science categories, but receive only half of the O.C.C. Related and Secondary skills normally allotted to that particular O.C.C.

R.C.C. Skills: All Inuarutligkat, regardless of O.C.C., will start out with Chemistry, Chemistry: Analytical, and Mathematics: Advanced, all with a bonus of +5%. They also begin with Astronomy, Biology, Basic Electronics, and Mechanical Engineer, but with no bonus.

Standard Equipment: As per O.C.C. They like guns, but hate loud noises, so they lean towards laser and plasma weapons, as opposed to projectile weapons (like rail guns) and things that explode (like missiles).

Money: Starts with none.

Cybernetics: Starts with none. Cybernetics have no adverse effect on the Inuarutligkat.

Appearance: Small, swarthy D-Bees with wide gills running down each side of their necks. It is Inuarutligkat fashion to grow a voluminous, waist-length beard, strands of which are used to tie up lighter accessories and tools that dangle from the Dwarf's chin. There are also usually chips of half-eaten shellfish stuck in this beard—remnants of dinner.

Totalet Seal Men R.C.C.

While not the smartest race that ever lived, Totalet Seal-Men are so incredibly peaceful-natured, and just plain *good*, that no one seems to mind much. They are the crusaders of the Arctic Ocean, upholding the good wherever they can. They do not tolerate evil in any form, and they do not flinch at even the most mind-shattering of supernatural horrors. Virtuous, fearless and selfless, it is a rare Totalet who would not be willing to lay down his life to save another's or to destroy some extradimensional menace.

Any warriors who has fought alongside the Totalet in a large battle can testify to their courage. Many are the tales of monsters defeated by sheer weight of Totalet numbers: tales where hundreds upon hundreds of Seal-Men throwing themselves at the monster, only to be slaughtered by the hundreds, and yet hundreds more come to take their place. For better or worse, the words "retreat" and "surrender" do not occupy very prominent places in the Totalet vocabulary.

The average Totalet Seal-Man's sense of duty towards benevolent or defenseless living beings is absolute.

Their one problem is that, for all their good intentions and bravery, the Totalet are just not very well-equipped to deal with the problems they are trying to deal with (e.g. Takanakpsaluk and her evil minions). They are naturally S.D.C. creatures. They have no mega-damage technology of their own. All of the weapons and armor they have must be bought from an outside source. Which is hard to do when you don't really have any money to speak of, either.

Powerful Totalet are revered almost as much as demi-gods because of this. Totalet 'Borgs, Juicers, and those that have power armor or M.D.C. vehicles lead very busy lives because so many of their people are weaker the average unenhanced human. A Totalet 'Borg is always on call. They travel from place to place, fighting this monster and that monster, and then another monster. It's very dangerous and, after a while, very boring. In exchange, the Totalet treat them like princes.

Most often, as much as they'd like to, the Totalet do not always take an active role in the fighting of supernatural menaces in the Arctic Ocean. Instead, they have become very good at finding people who *can*. Word-of-mouth among the Totalet Seal-Men spreads like wildfire in a dry field. Once word of a threat gets out, this information is passed along the entire ocean within hours, and the hunt begins for someone who can combat that threat, be it the New Navy, Kukiaq Nucaq the Legendary Anatquq, or the player characters.

Savage and tenacious when combating evil, they are, in social interaction, some of the nicest D-Bees you are likely to ever meet. Pleasant, friendly, talkative and generous, a Totalet will give you the food off his plate or the shirt off his back if you need it more than he does. Granted, they can be a little dull sometimes, and not very witty, but they are so amiable in every other aspect of their lives that they can be forgiven being not too smart.

Totalet Seal-Men overwhelmingly prefer to live in or near water, but they certainly don't have to. They won't die or suffer any ill effects (other than a mild depression) from having to live on land for a few months.

Alignment: Any, but most (85% are of good alignments)

Attributes: I.Q. 4D4, M.E. 4D6+6, M.A. 3D6+1, P.S. 4D4, P.P. 3D6+6, P.E. 4D4, P.B. 4D4, Spd: 4D6 (swimming Spd is twice that).

Average Size: 3 to 6 feet tall (.9 to 1.8 m)

Average Weight: 75 to 175 pounds

S.D.C.: 3D6 plus those gained from physical skills or O.C.C.

Hit Points: P.E. plus 1D6 per level

M.D.C.: By armor or magic only.

P.P.E.: 4D6

Natural Abilities: Excellent swimmers, they are able to hold their breath for 3 minutes per point of P.E. Heal twice as fast as normal humans.

Magic: As per O.C.C.

Psionics: All Totalet Seal-Men have the psionic powers of Presence Sense, Sense Evil, Sense Magic, and Sixth Sense. I.S.P.: M.E. x 2, plus 1D6 per level of experience.

Combat: As per O.C.C.

Bonuses: +1 to strike, +2 to dodge, +2 to save vs poison gases and toxic fumes, +3 to save vs horror factor.

Average Life Span: 60 years

Enemies: Takanakpsaluk, The Lord Of The Deep, and all the minions of both.

Allies: Whale-Singers, Pneuma-Biforms, and other benevolent denizens of the Arctic Ocean.

O.C.C.s: Totalet Seal-Men have no restriction upon what O.C.C. they wish to choose. They most often prefer magic-using O.C.C.s, but some are men-at-arms types like Headhunters, some are professional psychics like Mind Melters, and some are nihilistic psychos like Juicers. Totalet Anatquq Medicine-Men are highly respected by all races.

There are very few Cyber-Knight Totalet, but they are rapidly becoming more common. It is theorized that a new Cyber-Knight monastery has opened up in the Arctic in the last five years or so. If this is true, no one knows where it is.

Standard Equipment: As per O.C.C., but with some type of S.D.C. spear, and a waterproof pack to keep valuables in.

Money: As per O.C.C.

Cybernetics: None to start with, unless otherwise stated by O.C.C., although some Totalet love cybernetics. Implants are not uncommon. Even the occasional partial- or full-conversion Totalet 'Borg can be seen now and again.

Appearance: Basically, humanoid seals. Their legs are slightly shorter than what would be proportional for a human, and their hands and feet are very flippery-looking, and they are covered with an oily, waterproof fur, but otherwise they more or less resemble humans. Totalet Seal-Men have sharp teeth and black eyes, and can tend to look far more ferocious than they actually are.

Viilusi Skullhunter R.C.C.

“You’re on vacation! It’s time to relax! Enjoy yourself! Come to EARTH! Revel in the mighty majesty of an untamed wilderness! Pit your skills against dangerous big game! Challenge the savage locals!”

—Viilusi travel brochure

The Viilusi are bipedal, lizard-like beings that come to Rifts Earth to get away from the petty in-fighting that plagued their homeworld, Viilu, a very minor member of the Transgalactic Empire. For a thousand years, Viilu had been torn by senseless clan-warfare and sweeping religious jihads. Then, almost in unison—in a move that would be almost

statistically impossible, were it not for the Viilusi's deeply ingrained racial characteristic of gullibility—their unusually strong, innate desire to “follow the crowd”—the entire planet just up and decided that they were fed up with the whole affair. The whole planet.

As the saying goes: “*If one Viilusi makes up their mind, they all do.*”

There was a spontaneous 7,000% surge in business for the Viilusi offworld travel agencies, with every single Viilusi griping about how completely disgusted they were with the situation at home, and how they wanted to get as far away from other Viilusi as possible. As a race, the Viilusi's lives had revolved around conflict for too many centuries for them to be able to utterly forsake it, however. It had become like a sport to them. Consequently, 99% of the vacations offered by Viilusi travel agencies are a dangerous sort of wildlife safari, dropping the “vacationer” into hostile, alien terrain, filled with bloodthirsty monsters. The Arctic of Rifts Earth just happens to be one of many, many thousands of different vacation locales across the Megaverse. Right now, their homeworld is almost totally deserted, virtually a ghost-planet, and is used primarily as a way-station between vacation spots.

Occasionally, in “slow” seasons, when, for one reason or another, the monsters of the Arctic just haven't seemed very interested in attacking the Viilusi (such boring droughts are bad for business), an official from the Viilusi Board of Travel will make an appearance in an Eskimo village, offering to pay a fee (in Universal Credits!) to anyone who will attack a Viilusi; with the fee usually ranging from a few hundred to a few thousand credits, depending on how tepid a reputation Earth has been getting.

These “local color” are paid double if they do not to kill the vacationers, though (a dead Viilusi is not a very good repeat customer)—but even if one or two are killed, it's only more good press for the travel bureaus. As soon as the news gets around that the Earth Arctic is so fraught with danger and mystery that Viilusi vacationers are getting *killed*, interest in the Earth as a vacation spot will only increase. There can't be *too* many deaths though, because if the Viilusi think that they're going to get slaughtered as soon as they step off the shuttle-craft, they'll stop coming, too.

Such business agreements rarely work out in the Eskimo's favor. First of all, knowing that they'll get paid double for leaving the Viilusi alive, Eskimo are usually holding back somewhat in the fight. However, the Viilusi vacationer is never aware of this arrangement with the Travel Board, and will be trying his hardest to kill the Eskimo. And he *won't* be holding back. Not only that, but once word circulates among the Viilusi that the “primitive” locals have been beating them to a pulp lately, their pride will be hurt, leading them to wage campaigns of very un-sportsmanlike revenge against Eskimo villages (and usually *not* the ones who made the original arrangements, either).

The Viilusi abide very stringently by a complex system of honor that can only be accurately described in English as “sportsmanship.” They believe that all opponents deserve a fighting chance, even to the point of handicapping themselves against one who is markedly weaker than they are, and, while certainly a violent species, they are not (necessarily) bloodthirsty. They do have that one unpleasant habit of taking the skeletal remains of their kills as trophies, but, other than that, Viilusi have no particular desire to inflict pain and suffering, and have lost all taste for wholesale carnage and slaughter.

Neither very curious nor very inquisitive beings, the Viilusi are easily manipulated, almost always accepting, unequivocally, what they're told, having a tendency to follow the will of the most charismatic person around. They're definitely not stupid...just not very free-thinking. Your average Viilusi isn't even aware that Earth has regions of different climate. They think the whole planet, except for the tiny, superhot island of Jan Mayen, is

completely ice-covered. That's the way it's marketed to them. In fairness, you can't really blame them for their ignorance—after all, they're tourists.

Alignment: Any

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 3D6, P.S. 3D6+6 (supernatural), P.P. 3D6+2, P.E. 4D6+6, P.B. 2D6, Spd 6D6

Average Size: 7 to 10 feet (2.1 to 3 m)

Average Weight: 480 to 840 pounds

M.D.C.: 2D4 x 10, plus 2D6 M.D.C. per level of experience.

Horror Factor: 9

P.P.E.: 2D6+6

Magic: None. The Viilusi, as a species, have a deep, ingrained mistrust of magic and magic-users, arising from an eons-old feud with the other dominant race on their homeworld, a species of enormous, intelligent spiders that are born with a wealth of innate magical knowledge. These creatures also tend to avoid practitioners of magic when hunting, as they don't consider them to be very "sporting."

Psionics: There is a higher incidence of psionic powers in the Viilusi than in humans. 20% are major psionics, 35% are minor psionics, and 45% have no psionics at all.

I.S.P.: Depends on whether or not the character has psionics.

Combat: As per Hand to Hand skill

Damage: Short claws add 1D6 M.D. to Hand to Hand damage; bite inflicts 2D6 M.D.

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +2 to strike, parry, and dodge, +1 to roll with punch or impact.

These are all in addition to skill and attribute bonuses.

Average Life Span: 300 to 350 years

R.C.C. Skills:

Radio: Basic (+5%)

Read Sensory Equipment (+5%)

Weapon Systems (+10%)

Skin and Prepare Animal Hides (+15%)

W.P. Energy Pistol

W.P. Energy Rifle

W.P. Heavy

W.P. of choice

Hand to Hand: Expert—can be changed to martial arts or assassin at the cost of one "other" skill selection.

R.C.C. Related Skills: Select nine other skills. Plus select one additional skill at levels three, six, nine, and twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Any (+5%)

Domestic: Any

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any

Mechanical: None

Medical: First Aid only

Military: Any (+15%)

Physical: Any except Acrobatics

Pilot: Any

Pilot Related: Any

Rogue: Any except Streetwise

Science: Mathematics: Basic only (+5%)

Technical: Any

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any (+5%)

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis. All secondary skills start at the base skill level, and are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list).

Standard Equipment: Depends on what they're hunting at the time. Viilusi shy away from overkill, and generally believe in giving their prey a "sporting" chance (e.g. they will not hunt walrus with a rail-gun). Even still, they will almost always carry some sort of back-up weapon for protection. They overwhelmingly prefer Naruni weapons to the products of their competitors, and are very brand-loyal. For simplicity's sake, a Viilusi Skullhunter character will begin with a mega-damage pistol and rifle, and a suit of light M.D.C. body armor.

Money: 3D6 x 100 Universal Credits.

Cybernetics: It is possible for them to get cybernetic implants, but they view most kinds of augmentation with contempt, somehow considering them to be a form of "cheating."

Appearance: Viilusi look like upright-walking iguanas, with a rough, spiky hide that ranges in color from a dusty brown to a brilliant green. They stand about as tall as the average human, but their dense and somewhat bulky body composition makes them almost three times as heavy. Their hands are rather large in proportion to their arms and bodies, and each of their long fingers and toes end in sharp, curved claws. Viilusi have eyes the size of tennis balls, which are always open so widely that, to a human, it makes them seem perennially eager or just plain goofy-looking. They can't help themselves, though, that's just the way their lids work. Don't *ever* make fun of a Viilusi's eyes.

Note: Incidentally, it is possible to make a suit of light M.D.C. body armor out of the hide of a Viilusi, which, when cured and dried appropriately, isn't too difficult to work with—5D4 M.D.C., weighs about 28 pounds, the dried and crinkly texture of the hide gives the wearer a -15% penalty to Prowl—but, since obtaining the skin is such a grisly proposition, none but the most desperate or twisted would ever even consider such a thing.

Creatures of the Arctic

The Post-Cataclysmic Arctic is a place fierce with monsters and frightening supernatural beasts of all types. For space reasons, much of the broad palette of monsters from the Eskimo mythology had to be omitted: the **Ignersujet**, fire-breathing people that never sleep, who rule huge ice-caves inside glaciers with their own powerful variation of Anatquq Medicine-Men. The **Narajet Gluttons**, unbelievably savage, needle-mouthed cannibalistic barbarians that make the brutal Kiwa’Kws giants look like bashful graduates of the Miss Manners Charm School. The strange, surreal-looking **Totanguarsuk**, that resemble living stick-figures made out of sinuous string—they’re really vicious, too. The **Ewán**, malevolent, ghostly apparitions that torment and terrify mankind. And then there are the dangerous, man-eating **Nakasungnaikut Half-Bodies**, who have the torso of a man, but the lower body of a squid, and slither about on land.

What has been left in:

Bushmen

“Old people say that bad dreams come true sometimes. This story is like that. It came true. It’s a story about a stupid man who didn’t listen to his dream. He dreamed that his wife and son were both someone else.

He should have known it from the beginning. When he had the dream, he should have known. When the dogs wouldn’t stop barking as he left his house, he should have known. When he came back from trapping otter, and he saw that all the sled dogs were dead, he should have known. This man was not very smart.

There are two things a dog will bark at and will not stop. You have to kill it to make it stop. Ewán ghosts and Bushmen. Dogs can smell them. But this man wasn’t thinking. He wasn’t using his head. He walked inside his house and said to his wife: ‘All the dogs are dead. Cut up!’

‘Mm-hm,’ his wife says. She was braiding a length of sinew.

‘Did you hear what I said?’ he said, ‘All the dogs are dead. Something killed them. Did you hear anything?’

‘Mm...no...’ said the man’s wife.

‘I hope our son comes home soon. He should go and find out what killed our dogs,’ said the man. ‘I am too old to go off fighting, and he is almost old enough.’

‘He will come home,’ said the man’s wife, ‘He is still out. Playing.’ She put the man’s dinner before him. He began to eat. The man gagged.

‘This is polar bear liver!’ the man shouted. He spat out the meat onto the floor. ‘Have you gone crazy! Are you trying to kill me!’* He was getting ready to really yell.

Right then the man’s son came in the door. Right when the father was spitting and getting ready to yell. The son had blood on his clothes and he had blood on his mouth. He shut the door behind him. He locked the door. He had the man’s whalebone hunting knife in his hand and a long mark on his neck like someone had been strangling him.

The man turned his back to his wife to talk to his son.

‘Come here you lazy thing! What is all that blood from!’ I told you the man wasn’t very smart.

The man kept yelling: ‘Something killed all of our dogs and your stupid mother just tried to feed me a polar bear’s liv—’

The man’s wife had come up behind him and put the braided sinew cord around the man’s neck. She pulled it tight. The man could not breathe. He tried to pull the cord out of his wife’s hands. He could not. His wife was very strong. Stronger than she ever was.

The man’s son came up in front of him and stuck the man’s whalebone hunting knife in the man’s heart. The man started to die. He looked up into his son’s eyes.

‘You are very stupid,’ said the man’s son, who wasn’t the man’s son but a Bushman. And he was right. The man was stupid. He should have known it from the beginning. That was the last thing the man was thinking when he died. Then the Bushmen ate his brains.

That is the end of my story.”

* **Note:** The liver of a polar bear contains a phenomenally high concentration of Vitamin-A that is toxic to human beings, and eating it causes a condition called Hypervitaminosis-A, which can be fatal. True fact, folks.

—Samuel Attin’qeym
a Koyukon Story-Fisher
as told to Freeman J. Getty

A source of horror and dread for many of the inhabitants of the Far North, Bushmen are truly the stuff of nightmares. Imagine someone who looks exactly like, say, for example, your father. Not just looks like, it *is* him. Has the same scars. The same tattoos. It talks like him. Walks like him. It remembers the day you were born. Remembers if it was snowing or windy out that day. Remembers all the silly things you did as a child.

But it’s not your father.

And it wants to kill you.

And, truthfully speaking, it *would be* your father. Or, his body, at least. The Bushman is not the body. A Bushman’s real body resembles a thick, blood-colored eel about the length of a human forearm, which lives curled up inside the body of its victims.

Bushmen subsist solely on a diet of brains, preferably human. To feed, the Bushman extends its body from the mouth of its host like a long, obscene tongue, which enters the mouth of the victim and burrows up into the brain from the back of the roof of the mouth. The Bushman then feasts.

After the victim’s cranial cavity has been hollowed out, the Bushman can choose to leave its host body and inhabit the victim’s body, instead. To do this, it just slithers up into the empty cranial cavity of its new host. The old host collapses like a doll and begins to decompose rapidly.

As a Bushman devours a victim’s brains, he learns all that the victim knew, and therefore is able to impersonate the person later on. Almost. The one thing a Bushman lacks is emotion. They are soulless, heartless creatures that do not comprehend emotion in any way. That is the one thing that always gives them away, their complete lack of feeling or empathy, although this is usually only noticed by those who were close to the victim: a wife notices that a hug from her husband is somehow not *right*; a child feels that his sister is looking at him strangely although he can’t say how; a man out ice-fishing with his friend gets the idea that there is something strangely wrong about his friend, although he can’t

quite put his finger on it—something about the way he talks, his reactions, the way he moves, the way he coils his fishing line....the man can't say exactly *what* is different. His friend looks the same. His friend acts the same. But the man knows that *something* is wrong. Something.

And dogs notice. Dogs always notice right away. They know. Any dog that gets within a hundred feet of a Bushman will start to bark madly and WILL NOT stop until either the Bushman leaves, the Bushman is killed, or the dog is killed.

Bushmen also reproduce with frightening speed. Bushmen, despite the name, are asexual, although two Bushmen are required for them to reproduce, which is why they tend to travel in multiples of two. Every mature pair of Bushmen is capable of producing one pair of Bushmen every 24 hours. This newborn pair of Bushmen also mature within a 24 hour period and then they also start producing Bushmen pairs. Theoretically, if their spread is unimpeded, and if they have a continuous supply of host bodies, one pair of Bushmen can beget 377 other pairs—754 Bushmen—in just *two weeks*. More than enough to take over a whole village.

The catch is that Bushmen must have a host body to be born into. The parent pair hollow out the cranial cavity of the new host and deposit an egg inside. That egg grows at a supernatural rate and in 24 hours is an adult Bushman already, but the eggs cannot survive without a host body. No host body, no eggs.

The host body must be also be dead before the Bushman feeds. They have to commit standard, human-type murder before they can feed on their victim's brains, inhabit the victim's body, or lay eggs. They favor knife wounds to the torso for this purpose, because a shirt can be worn over these wounds without anyone seeing. Signs of obvious trauma to their host body will arouse suspicion about the Bushman, which can potentially expose it.

A Bushman is able to live in any one body for 24 hours for every point of M.E. that it has—although, after two weeks, the body will begin to show signs of decomposition that will also give the Bushman away.

Even though they prefer humans, Bushmen are not limited to them. They may also inhabit the bodies of normal animals (no monsters or supernatural creatures) and some D-Bees, including Kiwa'Kws Giants, Totalet Seal-Men, Viilusi Skullhunters, and Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves.

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 5D6, M.A. 2D6. Physical attributes are the same as the host body, +6 to P.S. (which becomes supernatural if it already isn't), +1 to P.P., +6 to P.E., +12 to Spd. P.B. remains unchanged.

Average Size: As per host body.

Average Weight: As per host body.

M.D.C.: Same as host body, +3D6 M.D.C.

Horror Factor: 14 (once one realizes that one is dealing with a Bushman)

P.P.E.: 1D6x10

Magic: Bushmen cannot use magic.

Psionics: All Bushmen have the following psionic powers: Detect Psionics, See The Invisible, Sense Magic, Sixth Sense, Total Recall, Mind Block Auto-Defense, Pyrokinesis, and Telekinetic Force Field.

I.S.P.: 3D6x10

Combat: Usually Hand to Hand: Expert or equivalent. 1D4+1 Hand to Hand attacks per

melee round.

Bonuses: Save vs coma/death, poison, and magic is the same as host's, +2 to all saves.

Average Life Span: Unknown

Standard Equipment: Carries no equipment.

Money: Has no need for money.

Cybernetics: If the host body may get cybernetic implants, the Bushman can have them put into the host body.

Windigo

Hunger-Spirits

These pathetic creatures are the creations of Takanakpsaluk, who will do anything she can to torment humans short of actually angering the other Great Spirits, who might move against her in force. Being the petty Spirit that she is, Takanakpsaluk constantly watches humans to take delight in their torments.

These poor souls *were* human once, although you'd never know it to look at them now, with the exposed ribs of their hulking, rotted physique, the long and shaggy hair, the clawed hands, the facial tusks, the mad, senseless eyes. Men are transformed into Windigo in one way, and one way only: by slowly starving to death. Emaciated, weak to the point of immobility, suffering excruciating pangs of appetite, they are visited by Takanakpsaluk (or, just as often, the duty falls to her chief attendant, Kataum Inua) just a short while before the moment of death, who offers to relieve the pain of hunger. All they have to do is agree to let her transform them into "something else"—a being that never has to worry about starving to death.

Some people, not knowing what they're getting themselves into, readily agree to anything, no matter what the cost, as long as the anguish of death by starvation is alleviated. Even among those who do suspect what the terrible offer means for them, those who are told that being rescued from a starving death this way means that they will turn against their fellow man—most readily agree anyway. It is a horrible thing to starve to death.

It is important to mention that only those who *agree* to the transformation ever become Windigo. Those who are strong-willed, no matter how great their suffering, will ask Takanakpsaluk leave them alone so they can die in peace. The Hateful One does not like to be rejected, though. In cases like these, it is not uncommon for Takanakpsaluk to magically prolong the life (and, hence, the suffering) of these adamant individuals, trying to wear down their resolve. Sometimes it works, sometimes not. Some are so resolute that even added months of starvation are not enough to break them. Some are driven mad and literally beg her to remake them into Windigo.

Either way, those who decline her offer die (they are the lucky ones), and those who accept become her slaves. Shambling through the night fog looking for food, moaning famished wails, they quickly realize that becoming a Windigo doesn't mean that the hunger gets better, but that it gets *worse*. Being a Windigo means experiencing a degree of hunger that, even in their worst nightmares, no human can ever imagine.

All of these hunger-spirits are possessed by an insane, murderous voracity—attempting to kill and eat any living creature they come across. The only thing a Windigo will not attack on sight is another Windigo. They can (and often do) eat anything, but they never stop being hungry; there is only thing that will even temporarily abate the hunger of

a Windigo: human flesh. This is the true horror for these poor creatures: only after eating of human flesh (a significant amount, at least 50 pounds) does the lunatic hunger go away for a short while, and their old, human mind briefly resurfaces—just long enough for them to see what they’ve done, to see the corpses before them, to taste the blood in their mouths, to feel shame and loathing of the *thing* they’ve become, before the immitigable hunger grips them again and they stagger off hunting for food.

Condemned to starve unceasingly until they are killed, it is, unfortunately for these wretched creatures, not an easy thing to put a Windigo out of its misery. In the brief moments of lucidity after eating human flesh, some Windigo have the presence of mind to try to kill themselves. No Windigo yet has been able to accomplish this breach of contract with Takanakpsaluk. It is a tough enough thing to kill one of these Hunger-Spirits, but it is virtually impossible for them to do it themselves. The physiology of a Windigo in some ways resembles that of a vampire, which leads people to wonder if Takanakpsaluk isn’t some kind of alien variation of Vampire Intelligence (she isn’t).

A Windigo is invulnerable to most conventional “kinetic” weapons—this includes *any* weapon that fires a solid projectile (rail guns are useless), impacts, and also hand-to-hand combat damage. Energy weapons have reduced effectiveness, although they at least will *work* against a Windigo, however its quick regenerative powers will make trying to kill it with such minimal damage a more or less futile proposition. It is magic, and, more specifically, magic *fire*, that is the true destroyer of a Windigo. They are also relatively susceptible to psionic attacks, as well.

Even still, while a Windigo may be thought to be destroyed, may even seem to have been completely obliterated, it is not necessarily dead. If its heart is not destroyed it will soon regenerate back to full strength. The heart of a Windigo, no longer pumping blood (since they are magically animated creatures) will have petrified, turning into smooth, glassy red stone. The organ itself is even more durable than the Windigo’s body, being vulnerable to magical fire only—no other type of attack will do any damage.

If magical fire does happen to be available, the heart can quickly be destroyed (it only has 5D6 M.D.C.), although sometimes the greatest trouble associated with destroying the heart is *finding* it. When the Windigo’s body is destroyed, the heart drops out of the body—or flies out, depending on the force of the final blow—and tends to land in places where it is not readily visible: typically in a deep snow bank, in a thick swath of ryegrass, or somewhere else similarly inaccessible, like in the ocean, where it sinks to the bottom. The heart must usually be searched for, and if it is not found soon and destroyed, it will completely regrow the body of the Windigo around it. Keeping the heart immersed in, or even just smeared in, hot tallow (animal fat), is enough to prevent it from regenerating indefinitely, but as soon as this tallow is removed from the heart, however, it will begin almost immediately to regrow the Windigo’s body.

Game Master’s Note: It is rumored that, somewhere in the far reaches of the North Pole, very possibly near Polar Outpost 16-N, “the Bughouse,” is a deranged hermit Anatquq who collects the hearts of Windigo, keeping *hundreds* of them shelved in his hut, jars filled with hot tallow lining the walls. Should all these Windigo be released in the same vicinity at the same time, well, quite frankly, all hell would break loose.

Windigo Hunger-Spirits

Horror Factor: 13

Alignment: Diabolic; radiates an *intense* aura of supernatural evil, although, in the brief moments of lucidity, lasting 2D4 minutes, just after eating human flesh, a Windigo

will radiate whatever their original alignment was.

Habitat: All over the Arctic. Windigo prefer to prey on hunting parties and lone travelers of the Arctic wasteland rather than on organized villages (although they have been known to do that too). They may also sometimes be encountered on the water or underwater, but this is relatively rare. Even though they can survive underwater without needing to breathe, and have nothing to fear from the extreme pressures of the deep, it is just not as easy for them to catch, kill, and eat things in the water as it is on land.

Size: 6 to 10 feet (1.8 to 3 m)

Weight: 115 to 200 lbs.

Attributes: I.Q. 2D6, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 2D4, P.S. 3D6+15, P.P. 3D6, P.E. 3D6+15, P.B. 1D4, Spd. 6D6+10

P.P.E.: 6D6

M.D.C.: 4D6 x 10

Natural Abilities:

Nightvision: Can see in total darkness (includes darkness at the bottom of the ocean) up to 800 feet away (244 m).

Smell Life: Can smell living beings up to a mile away (1.6 km), even those in a robot vehicle or wearing power armor, and can Track by Scent at 75% proficiency (+15% if tracking a human).

Does not breathe: Windigo does not need to breathe and can survive in a vacuum, in a toxic gas cloud, or underwater, without any of their abilities being adversely affected.

Does not radiate heat: A windigo is cold to the touch and is invisible (cannot be detected) to infrared. Thermal-imaging systems are equally useless. In the North Pole, a Windigo is about the same temperature as the frigid environment. Thermal-imaging can only identify a Windigo if it walks in front of a heat source (the Windigo would appear as a walking silhouette of cold).

Does not need to eat: As starving as they are all the time, a Windigo does not actually *need* to eat to survive, and eating will not make it less hungry. They are magically able to eat and eat and eat, apparently not limited by the size of their physical body. A Windigo can literally consume *hundreds* of pounds of meat in a single sitting and still not feel as if it has eaten anything at all, and still be ready to consume hundreds more.

Impervious to normal cold and magical cold: These do absolutely no damage.

Impervious to kinetic attacks: A windigo is completely invulnerable to projectile weapons (rail guns, shrapnel), hand to hand combat damage, impacts, falling from great heights, etc. They take no damage at all from these attacks, although knockback rules are still in effect.

Regenerate: 1D6+4 M.D.C. per melee round

Regenerate from Heart: If the Windigo's heart is not destroyed (heart has 5D6 M.D.C.) it will lay dormant for 4 full melee rounds (one minute), after which it will regrow the body almost instantly, at the creature's full M.D.C.. The actual regeneration process, once it is started, takes only a single melee round.

Vulnerabilities: While a Windigo takes no damage at all from projectile weapons or kinetic attacks (although is subject to knockdown penalties) it will take **one-tenth** damage from laser and other amplified-light weapons, and full damage from plasma weapons. Normal (S.D.C.) fire does its damage in M.D.C.—even a flaming branch

used as a club will inflict 1D6 mega-damage on the creature—and magical fire does triple damage. Weapons made from a Millennium Tree also do triple damage. Magic damage is otherwise unchanged (except for cold attacks, which do no damage).

Psionic damage is unchanged as well.

Psionic Powers: Considered a minor psionic; requires a roll of 12 or higher to save vs psionic attacks. All Windigo have the psi-power of 6th Sense.

I.S.P.: 2D6

Combat: Five hand-to-hand attacks per melee.

Combat Damage:

Bite/Gore with Tusks – 4D6 M.D.; The main attack of the Windigo, which causes horrible, festering wounds that take three times as long to heal as they normally would—even affects creatures with supernatural regenerative powers, like dragons and Manido. This type of attack also has a 25% chance of bestowing a **Minor Curse** (see **Rifts RPG** p.181) on the victim—roll 1D10 to randomly determine which curse is bestowed. Saving throw is standard for magic; even affects people in M.D.C. body armor and power armor, whose flesh is not actually touched by the creature. The duration of this curse is 2D6 *months*, unless some sort of Remove Curse spell is performed on the victim.

Restrained Punch – now why would a creature like this ever restrain its punch?

Full-Strength Punch – 1D6 M.D.

Power Punch – 3D6 M.D.; counts as two attacks

Combat Bonuses: In addition to attribute bonuses, +6 to save vs horror factor (too hungry to care), +1 on initiative. Impervious to all forms of magical and psionic sleeps and paralysis.

Skills: The Windigo retains all of the skills it had as a human, whatever O.C.C. it had been. These skills are greatly reduced, though. –45% on all skills, and, even still, no skill proficiency can be higher than 35%. The flip side to this is that a Windigo, while technically possessing these skills, are generally too crazed with hunger to think about using them, or even to remember that they have them.

Agdlerutit

Revenge-Demons

In the post-Cataclysmic Arctic, there are some places where the practice of “exposing” an infant is still carried out. This is when babies that are born with some obvious physical problem will often be brought out to the middle of nowhere and left there to die of exposure to the elements; the logic being that a) the infant will grow up to be a burden to its family and house-mates, needing a share of food but not being physically capable of contributing to the community; b) the crippled person would not really have been happy anyway; and c) the child might not even survive its infancy. Other times, as in periods of severe famine, a perfectly *healthy* baby may be left to die of exposure because the community, not even having enough food to feed themselves, simply cannot afford another hungry mouth, and the child probably would have died of starvation anyway.

While you may think that the soundness of this logic is questionable, the precedent is certainly not: “exposing” has gone on for thousands of years. It is a tradition ancient beyond recorded history, by no means limited to the Eskimo (in classical Greek myth, Oedipus, as an infant, had been left to die of exposure. He survived, though—lucky him, eh?). The attitudes toward this practice vary widely throughout the Arctic, somewhat paralleling the abortion debate in late 20th century North America; some view it as abhorrent beyond belief, outright murder, and some view it as a perfectly sensible decision made for the good of the community at large.

It’s up to the players to decide where they stand on the issue. Although making a slow resurgence, the practice of “exposing” has not become widespread yet—mainly because the need for it has not become widespread (and it likely never will). For the most part it is only practiced in the nations that live in the harshest of country—it’s a general axiom that the nations beset by the severest hardship and attacks from supernatural monsters, the more this practice will be tolerated (the nations of the Toqussoq mountain range practicing it more than any other nation in the Arctic). Some tribes and nations will not permit it at all, and will punish anyone who does such a thing, usually meaning banishment, or sometimes even execution.

This penalty is not for strictly moral reasons, either: once in a while, the twisted spirit of an infant who was left to die of exposure comes back as an *Agdlerutit* demon, to revenge itself on the family that abandoned it (and just about anyone else it comes across). No one knows how or why these particular spirits come back, they just do. Neither does anyone have any explanation for why the *Agdlerutit* demons seem to far more intelligent than any “infant” could possibly be.

Agdlerutit demons are particularly nasty and malevolent entities, knowing only bloodshed and violence, sometimes remaining in the vicinity of the area where they were abandoned, sometimes actively seeking out their families for slaughter. Even worse, they tend to band together whenever they happen to come across one another, and “flocks” of *Agdlerutit* demons of up to 3-18 entities have been known to decimate a well-armed war-party without much trouble. When in great numbers, they are like a school of piranha, cutting a wide swath of blood as they go.

They don't seem to hunt or travel with any definite objective, but just indolently drift from one place to another, only stopping to attack any travelers they meet. Because of their small size and deathly grayish-white color, they are difficult to spot from a distance, and usually a victim has no idea that anything is even near him until the Agdlerutit are virtually on top of him. Usually, the one thing that forewarns people of their presence is the horrible wailing and squalling noises they make, a maddening and fiendish perversion of the sound that a living, crying infant makes.

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. 1D6 (considered to be a supernatural predator, functioning more on instinct than intellect), M.E. 6D6, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 4D6 (supernatural), P.P. 4D6, P.E. 3D6, P.B. 1D4, Spd 2 crawling, 3D4x10 flying.

Average Size: 1 to 1½ feet (.3 to .45 m)

Average Weight: 6 to 14 pounds

M.D.C.: 5D6

Horror Factor: 15

Natural Abilities: Swim in water as fast as they can fly; do not need to breathe.

Agdlerutit take no damage from cold-based attacks, although double damage from fire-based ones. They are immune to poisons, toxins, and gases of all kinds. They apparently don't use their eyes or ears to see or hear—using instead some kind of supernatural senses to perceive the world—so they cannot be blinded or deafened by any magic or psionic. They are immune to all psychic or magical attacks that affect the mind. Nightvision and See The Invisible, 150 feet.

Magic: Agdlerutit possess the following spells: Blinding Flash, Befuddle, Sense Magic, Chameleon, Fear, Energy Bolt, Blind, and Shadow Meld.

P.P.E.: 1D6x10

Psionics: None.

Combat: Equivalent to Hand to Hand: Basic at sixth level. Three attacks per melee round. Typically, the Agdlerutit uses one attack to bite, clamping its powerful jaws down upon a limb of the victim, then uses its remaining attacks to batter the victim with its tiny (but powerful) fists. After the Agdlerutit has latched onto a victim like this, it may continue to pummel the victim without needing to roll to see if it hits. It hits automatically for three punch attacks every melee round until the demon is dead or until it is removed from the victim. It takes someone with a P.S. of at least 17 to pry the jaws of an Agdlerutit apart to free a caught limb.

Damage:

Punch—1D4 M.D.

Bite Attack—2D4 M.D., plus poison which causes Agony, as per the 7th level spell, although the victim gets a +2 to his save vs the poison.

Bonuses: (Hand to Hand: Basic bonuses included) +5 to dodge, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 to parry, +1 to strike. +1 to save vs magic and psionics.

Average Life Span: Unknown. They do not seem to grow or mature beyond their initial form, so it is difficult to estimate how long these wretched beings "live."

Appearance: Basically, they look like flying babies. Albeit ones with a uniform deathly gray color. The one thing that looks truly inhuman about them are their faces. Their eyes have become a solid, beady black, and their mouths are filled with long, black, razor-sharp teeth set into bright blood red gums.

Kukuweaq

Ten-Legged Polar Bears

These sneaky predators are feared from one end of the Arctic to the other. They'll eat anything, but humans and Inuarutligkat Shore Dwarves seem to be their preferred food. While not as smart as humans, they are nonetheless very cunning and crafty when it comes to stalking their prey. Their favorite tactic is to swim under a reasonably thin section (no thicker than 3 feet or so) of the polar icepack, waiting for someone to appear on the surface, and then they smash up through the ice to grab the person in their enormous jaws, dragging them under the freezing Arctic waters. Another one of their preferred strategies is to burrow up through the ice on which someone's house is built, usually while the occupants are sleeping, and smashing or overturning the structure in order to then pick off the bewildered, groggy victims at leisure.

It is suspected that Kukuweaq are created magically, rather than born like ordinary mammals. No one has ever seen a Kukuweaq cub. Nor has anyone yet ventured any speculation as to who or what may be creating these creatures, or for what purpose. This theory is also supported by the fact that Kukuweaq have limited magic capabilities. As if their gigantic size, enormous strength, devastating attacks, and incredible, M.D.C. toughness weren't enough, these nasty creatures also have a measure of innate magical knowledge, being as likely to cast Call Lightning on someone as they are to stomp on them. Most Eskimo and Indians shudder at the very thought of these beasts.

Not only that, but, the instant after a Kukuweaq dies, its body will inexplicably lose its super-toughness and become an S.D.C. structure! Why is that important? Because it's hard to eat something that has flesh the consistency of reinforced steel, that's why. In death, even a small Kukuweaq can easily yield as much or more edible (and somewhat tasty) flesh as a large Right Whale. So, while the Eskimo fear this powerful, mean animal, they also have a great respect for it. It may be dangerous, but, hey, if you *do* manage to kill one, you at least get to eat it afterwards, which is more than you can do with most other of the supernatural menaces that roam the Arctic.

Ten-Legged Polar Bears are way too dangerous to be hunted by most Eskimo hunters, who will rarely have the sheer firepower needed to take out one of these great beasts, so villages usually only get to eat Kukuweaq meat after one has been defeated by a clique of Anatquq or other adventurers, who just happened across the animal, or were attacked by it. However, sometimes a band of Spirit 'Borgs, because they themselves are too powerful to feel any thrill in the hunting of normal animals, will go on a Kukuweaq hunt to regain that lost sense of exhilaration.

Alignment: Miscreant or Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q. low human intelligence, but a clever and resourceful predator: 1D4+4, M.E. 2D6+15, M.A. 1D4+3, P.S. 2D6+44 (supernatural), P.P. 1D6+18, P.E. 2D6+30, P.B. 1D6+1, Spd 3D6+20

M.D.C. by Location:

Head – 560

Legs (10) – 390 each

Main Body – 880 + 1D6x100

Average Size: 65 to 75 feet long (19.8 to 22.8 m), although some have been known to grow up to 100 feet long (30.4 m)!

Average Weight: 72 to 95 tons (or roughly 135 tons for the rare, 100 foot long

Kukuweaq)

Horror Factor: 16

P.P.E.: 1D6x10

Natural Abilities: Excellent swimmer (Swim skill 98%), can hold its breath for 1D4+20 hours, unaffected by deep-sea pressure, See the Invisible, Nightvision 200 feet (60.8 m), superior sense of hearing, keen color vision, track by smell 55% (even underwater), prowl 40%, digging/tunneling 35% (tunneling Spd of 13).

Magic: Instinctively knows how to cast the following spells (equivalent to a 6th level caster): Blinding Flash (which, due to the way the pure white, ice and snow terrain of the north acts as a reflective surface, magnifying ambient light—snow blindness—imposes a penalty of -2 to its victims' saving throws), Thunderclap, Climb, Paralysis: Lesser, Shadow Meld (especially useful close to the Pole, where the extreme angle of the sun causes sharp, impenetrably dark shadows that, when coming from an iceberg or ice-mountain, can be large enough to conceal even these huge monsters), Call Lightning, Agony, Hallucination.

Psionics: None

Combat Attacks Per Melee: Nine, or three by magic

Damage:

Paw Swipe: 1D4x10 M.D.

Bite: 2D4x10 M.D.

Head Butt: 5D6 M.D.

Hold with Paws, Tear with Teeth: 4D4x10 M.D. (counts as two attacks)

Stomp: 1D4x10

Bonuses: +3 on initiative, +3 to strike, +2 to save vs magic and poison, +4 to save vs disease, +4 to save vs psionic attack.

Average Life Span: 600 years

Slave Market Value: As yet undetermined, but it's a cinch that certain representatives of Atlantis would love to have one for the arenas at Alvurron or Splynn. A Kukuweaq at the Splynn Slave Market (good luck trying to get it there, ha ha ha) might fetch up to 2D4 million credits, perhaps more.

Qugdlugiaq Hoarworm

These large, ponderous creatures are a not uncommon sight in the far Arctic, up around the North Pole and in the Arctic Ocean. Solitary creatures, they feed on carrion but need surprisingly little food in order to survive. A single dead walrus can keep a sixty-foot Hoarworm fed for up to three weeks! Drifting in the water (they're very lazy) or sifting through sand on a walrus beach looking for any morsel of dead flesh, Hoarworms are slow and ignorant.

Fairly harmless if they can be avoided, Hoarworms are nevertheless not the kind of creature one would want for a pet. No attempt has ever been made to try to ride one. Their eyes are very sensitive to motion, and quick movements startle them, causing them to react in an extremely aggressive manner. If something attacks them first, the Hoarworm's first reaction will to flee at top speed, but if the Hoarworm attacks first it will keep fighting until it is dead, its opponent is dead, or its opponent has fled. A Hoarworm on the offensive loses its instinct for self-preservation and will continue fighting even if it is obvious that to do so will mean the Hoarworm's imminent death.

The only fast-moving things that do not disturb a Hoarworm are normal animals. Fox and birds and seal can dart around like crazy when a Hoarworm is near and it doesn't bother the giant monster, but all it takes is one human or one Atalhis or one Kiwa'Kws (although Wolfen don't seem to bother it) to make a sudden move to send the creature into a violent frenzy from which it will not soon calm down.

All in all the best strategy with these easily-frightened animals is just to avoid them. The only reason Hoarworms are ever actively hunted is for their skin, which dries into hard plates that can be used to fashion light mega-damage body armor (3D4 M.D.C. per outfit). Their sharp teeth are sometimes also used to fashion spearheads or knives out of.

Alignment: Considered anarchist or evil. While not intentionally evil (they lack the intelligence for that), they are very aggressively territorial, and if they feel threatened in any way, they will attack without mercy.

Horror Factor: 14

Average Size: 60 feet (18 m)

Average Weight: 14,000 pounds (6,300 kg)

Attributes: Animal intelligence and instincts. Most Rifts attributes are not applicable.

Spd is 2D6x10 slithering or swimming, or ¼ that when burrowing through ice. Can move at top speed for 1D4 hours before exhaustion sets in. When they don't need to move quickly, they tend to be somewhat sluggish.

M.D.C.: 4D6x10

Combat: Four attacks per melee, +3 to strike, +1 to parry and dodge, and +2 on initiative.

Damage:

Bite—4D6 M.D.

Head Ram—2D6 M.D.

Trample—3D6 M.D.

Natural Abilities: See the Invisible. Also sees in the infrared and ultraviolet spectrums of color. Impeccable sense of direction, equivalent to Land Navigation skill at 80%.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

P.P.E.: 2D6x10

Average Life Span: About 60 years.

Appearance: Very large, semi-translucent worms with mouths the size of garages and large teeth. Their bodies look like cloudy ice.

Blizzard Hound

A large, alien species of canine that seems to be oblivious to even the most horrific extremes of cold, the Blizzard Hounds are often used by inhabitants of the Arctic as pack-animals or sled-dogs. They are faster and hardier than ordinary dogs, without being terribly much heavier, but require a very long period of diligent, careful training to insure their domestication...and even then they remain aggressive, nasty beasts.

About the size of a donkey or mule, Blizzard Hounds are gaining favor as the pack-animal or sled-puller of choice in the Arctic. They're faster and stronger than ordinary sled dogs, and faster and lighter than Woolly Mammoth. The only problem is

their aggressive tendencies. Even those “domesticated” Blizzard Hounds have the nasty habit of trying to take a bite out of their trainers now and again. An owner of a Blizzard Hound team must keep the hounds muzzled at all times and must constantly manicure their sharp claws to keep them from getting long enough to do any damage to the trainer.

After that, all you have to worry about is the Blizzard Hound ramming or head-butting you to death.

In the wild, Blizzard Hounds travel in packs of 6-36, in a somewhat diamond-shaped formation, with the cubs at the center of the diamond, and the healthiest, strongest males forming the outer walls. They are predators by nature, and mostly hunt normal animals and edible supernatural animals. When they can, they prey on walrus and seal, but, owing to the water animal’s greater agility in the sea, this doesn’t happen too often.

Not surprisingly, these creatures seem to have a great empathy with Wolfen. Large packs of wild Blizzard Hounds have been known to attach themselves to Wolfen settlements without any prompting from the Wolfen themselves. These friendly Blizzard Hounds act as very effective sentries for the Wolfen encampments and villages.

Alignment: Effectively anarchist. Animal-minded predator.

Attributes: Most attributes have no meaning for the Blizzard Hound. **P.S.** 4D6+10, and is not supernatural. **Spd** is 2D6x10, or somewhat less if dragging a heavy sledge. **Spd** in the water is 4D4.

Average Size: Five feet long

Average Weight: 300 pounds

S.D.C.: 1D6x100+50

Hit Points: 4D6x10

P.P.E.: 5D6

Natural Abilities: See The Invisible, Sense Magic, and Nightvision 100 feet. Impervious to normal cold. Magical cold does half damage.

Combat: 4 attacks per melee round.

Damage:

Bite—1D6x10 S.D.C.

Claw—6D6 S.D.C.

Pounce/Ram—4D6 S.D.C. and has a 65% chance of knocking down any target that weighs less than it does. Counts as two attacks.

Bonuses: +1 to strike.

Average Life Span: 20 years.

Appearance: Very large canines, wolf-like, about the size of a cow. A much more muscular build, with lightly longer necks and longer, shaggier fur than typical canines, but otherwise quite similar.

Monster Sea Lice

That’s right. Sea *Lice*. While not technically a relative of the small, wingless parasitic insects belonging to the orders Anoplura (sucking lice) or Mallophaga (biting or chewing lice) native to Earth, these somewhat larger, somewhat nastier alien insects *look* a heck of a lot like lice; the only glaring difference being that ordinary Earth lice are about the size of a grain of salt, and each one of these alien Sea Lice varies between the size of a large walnut, and the size of a human fist.

Their behavior is quite different, too. Instead of being parasitic, these creatures are mainly scavengers, rarely, if ever, attacking live prey. They inhabit the Arctic ocean in swarms of 2D4x1,000 (a full-sized swarm of about 8,000 would be an underwater cloud of these creatures, the dimensions of which would roughly be 10 x 10 x 10 feet, or 3 x 3 x 3 meters—1,000 cubic feet/28.3 cubic meters).

They eat what scavengers eat: dead things—dead fish, dead whales, dead seals, dead walrus, dead people—but they will also devour organic matter like driftwood, a whalebone knife, a bow strung with caribou tendons, clothing made of leather or fur, or (and this is what makes them the bane of the north) the sealskin lining of a kayak. More than once a hunter out in the middle of nowhere, paddling his kayak, has accidentally steered through a cloud of these ravenous, piranha-like vermin, and wound up with nothing beneath him—the sealskin lining, and the bone or wood framework of the kayak both devoured in matter of minutes, seconds even. Once in the water, the Sea Lice will devour his clothes if they're made from organic materials (and, above the Arctic Circle, they almost always are). Unless you've got some kind of magical or psionic protection, no one can survive a dip in the Arctic ocean for very long, so many of these unfortunates, unless someone is around to help them out, simply develop hypothermia and drown.

At which point the Monster Sea Lice will devour their dead bodies.

Children of Pukjinkskwes

The infamous witch named Pukjinkskwes reputedly lived in a secret village populated solely by giant, blood-drinking black cats. For almost 2,000 years, no one has been able to locate this accursed village of legend (no one who has been there and returned, at least), although many claim that it does still exist somewhere in the Arctic. Whether or not this is true, one thing is for certain: the Children of Pukjinkskwes live on.

Pukjinkskwes' one great gift as a witch was the ability to mate successfully with *anything*, no matter how monstrous or alien, and to produce viable offspring from these foul unions (viable meaning that they themselves were capable of reproducing—usually, the progeny of inter-species couplings are born sterile). The first generation of her children were rather normal looking, appearing to be half-breeds of whatever species she had mated with, but, down along the centuries, as the creatures kept continually breeding with each other, they became more and more hideous looking. Today, the average Child of Pukjinkskwes is a repulsive mongrel of a thousand species, having bred so far away from their original sources that only the most jumbled, mixed-up traces of their ancestors can be discerned in their horrible forms.

Mongrels beget mongrels, so even among Children of Pukjinkskwes there are few common traits except a malformed hideousness. They are all unique. For the most part, they don't even resemble each other, instead looking like things that a mad doll-maker glued together in a drunken fit. There is often no rhyme or reason to the way their bodies are formed, and it is sometimes surprising that a Child of Pukjinkskwes can even *move*, much less attack, considering the abominably ungainly forms of some of them. That is often the most terrifying thing about them, the bizarre methods of locomotion some of them have developed to be able to move as fast as they do. Imagine an eight-legged, six-armed creature with seven heads (all of a different kind of beast), its body covered in antlers and eyeballs, scuttling at you with a sort of rolling, bouncing, zig-zagging, lop-sided run. At 60 mph. That's enough to scare the pants off anyone, I think.

Children of Pukjinkskwes always mean trouble. If you encounter one, you should

prepare for a fight, as they pretty much will attack *anything* on sight. They're not afraid of death, and they breed like cockroaches, so no matter how many Children of Pukjinskws are killed, there always seem to be more around, which is how they survive when everything in the Arctic hates them (even Kiwa'Kws giants find their flesh to be thoroughly nauseating). The evil ocean-goddess Takanakpsaluk has something resembling an affection for these malignant creatures, presumably because she sees some of herself in their hatred of all living things.

On occasion, a particular region will become infested with these horrible creatures and it is a *massive* undertaking to rid an area of them. There are actually traveling bands of adventurers who will offer their services as "exterminators" for a region so overrun with Children of Pukjinskws, although these groups are usually rather mercenary and disreputable—frequently taking payment and then leaving the job only half-completed, or not done at all.

Miscegenation Table

01-10	Humanoid	51-55	Goat
11-15	Canine	56-60	Woolly Mammoth
16-20	Worm	61-65	Seal
21-25	Feline	66-70	Spider
26-30	Slug	71-75	Beetle
31-35	Rabbit	76-80	Bird
36-40	Musk Ox	81-85	Bear
41-45	Caribou or Reindeer	86-90	Dragon
46-50	Ferret or Skunk	91-00	Alien/Demonic Other (includes all misshapen things not of this Earth)

FIRST:

Roll on the Miscegenation Table to determine general body-type. Regardless of type, whether they have a torso shaped like a beetle or like a dragon, all Children of Pukjinskws are between 4 and 16 feet (1.2 to 4.8 m) in size (4D4).

SECOND:

Roll for the number of heads

Note: The head(s) of a Child of Pukjinskws need not necessarily be situated between the shoulders. They just as often occur on the back, the chest, the thighs, coming out of the elbows, etc, and may appear in series (one head growing out of the other, like a swollen tumor). Also, there is a 50% chance that each head will have 1D6 more eyes than it should.

1-13	One	52-63	Five
14-26	Two	64-75	Six
27-39	Three	75-87	Seven
40-51	Four	88-00	Eight

Roll on the Miscegenation Table to determine the appearance of each head

THIRD:

Roll for the number of legs

1-14	One	52-63	Five
14-26	Two	64-75	Six

27-40 Three
40-51 Four

75-87 Eight
88-00 Ten

Roll on the Miscegenation Table to determine the appearance of the legs (one appearance for all the legs, no matter how many).

FOURTH:

Roll for the number of arms_____

01-16 One
17-32 Two
33-48 Three

49-65 Four
66-81 Five
82-00 Six

Roll on the Miscegenation Table to determine the appearance of the arms

FIFTH:

Roll for the type of appendage with which each arms ends_____

01-07 Human head (the jaws can function as a kind of pincer, but it will otherwise be very difficult to pick things up with one of these as a hand)
08-14 Normal human appendage (hand of normal proportions; four fingers and a thumb)
15-21 Animal head (roll on Miscegenation Table to determine type)
22-28 Animal appendage (roll on Miscegenation Table to determine type)
29-35 Flipper
36-42 Crab or lobster-type claw
43-49 Tentacle
50-56 Bird claw
57-63 Bony hook
64-70 Fingerless stump or a bony, hammer-like knob
71-77 Giant eyeball
78-84 Large wet tongue
85-91 Dripping fountain of pus and goo
92-98 Toothed, leech-like suction surface
99-00 Limb ends in two different appendages, roll twice on this table to determine what kind each is

SIXTH:

Roll for the toughness of the creature_____

01-09 1D6x10 S.D.C., 5D6 hit points	55-63 1D4x10 M.D.C.
10-18 2D6x10 S.D.C., 1D6x10 hit points	64-72 1D6x10 M.D.C.
19-27 3D6x10 S.D.C., 2D4x10 hit points	73-81 2D6x10 M.D.C.
28-36 4D6x10 S.D.C., 3D4x10 hit points	82-90 4D6x10 M.D.C.
37-45 3D6 M.D.C.	91-98 6D6x10 M.D.C.
46-54 6D6 M.D.C.	99-00 10D6x10 M.D.C.

SEVENTH:

Roll for extra powers, traits and abilities_____

01-06 **None**
07-12 **Silent:** Prowl is at 80% and is +2 on initiative, does a critical strike (double damage) from sneak attacks.
13-18 **Giant:** Double size, damage and S.D.C. (or M.D.C.)
19-24 **Pygmy:** Halve size, damage and S.D.C. (or M.D.C.)

- 25-30 **Super-Fast:** Add 20 to Spd attribute and 5 to P.P. attribute.
- 31-36 **Super-Strong:** Add 10 to P.S. attribute
- 37-42 **Super-Tough:** Add 10 to P.E. attribute, and add 100 S.D.C. or M.D.C.
- 43-48 **Regeneration:** The creature regenerates 3D6 S.D.C. or M.D.C. per melee round.
- 49-54 **Turn self invisible and see the invisible at will:** Basically the same as the spells but there is no limit to the duration or how often the powers can be used.
- 55-60 **Minor Psionic:** Pick two powers from any one category except Super. 6D6 I.S.P.
- 61-66 **Major Psionic:** Eight powers from any one category except Super. 1D6x10 I.S.P.
- 67-72 **Minor Innate Magical Talent:** Knows 1D4 random spells of 4th level or lower. 6D6 P.P.E.
- 73-78 **Major Innate Magical Talent:** Knows 1D6 random spells of 7th level or lower. 1D6x10 P.P.E.
- 79-84 **Shape-Change:** Can alter its shape as per the Metamorphosis: Superior spell (*Rifts RPG* pp. 183-184). Once per day, for a duration of 20 minutes.
- 85-90 **Wings:** Can fly at a Spd of 44 (30 mph or 48 km).
- 91-94 **Super-Regeneration:** Creature regenerates 1D4x10 S.D.C. or M.D.C. per melee round, and will grow back severed limbs and appendages (including heads) within 3D4 days.
- 95-97 **Roll twice on this table**
- 98-99 **Roll three times on this table**
- 00 **Roll four times on this table**

EIGHTH:

Roll for additional freakish features—————

- 01-10 None
- 11-20 Body covered in horns and antlers; add 1D6 to damage
- 21-30 2D6x10 extra eyeballs in random places—add +1 to initiative
- 31-40 1D6 extra gaping mouths in random places—no bonus
- 41-50 Covered in long, shaggy fur; insulating—takes half damage from all cold attacks
- 51-60 Covered in a viscous slime, add +1 to roll with punch
- 61-70 Reeks of rotting meat; impossible to sneak up on anything
- 71-80 All heads have insect antennae—+1 on initiative per head
- 81-90 Has 1D4 long, non-prehensile tails, at least half as long as the monster's body—they can't do anything, they just hang there, dragging along the ground.
- 91-00 Unbalanced body—one of the extremities (arm, head or leg) is extraordinarily oversized, up to three times bigger than it proportionally should be. -2 penalty to all physical actions.

Children of Pukjinkskwes as an R.C.C.?

The children of Pukjinkskwes are not recommended as player characters due to their *extreme* freakishness, and to their wide range of power levels (would a character that can have anywhere from 5 S.D.C. and 3 hit points to 1,180 M.D.C. easily fit into your campaign?). Nevertheless, if your heart is set on role-playing one of these hideous, twisted abominations (mine would be), and if it's cool with your GM, well, here you go:

The upside to a character that is a Child of Pukjinkskwes is that it's a neat role-playing possibility. The downsides? Well...(deep breath): they cannot take an O.C.C.; they're low on skills; it's impossible to find armor to fit the character; it may not be

possible to find weapons for the character because he may not have any *hands* (you could very possibly roll up a three-armed character whose arms end in a fingerless stump, a dripping fountain of pus and goo, and a human head); if anyone sees you coming towards their village, you're pretty much going to be attacked on sight whether you're evil or not (and if you're not, then other Children of Pukjinkskwes will attack you on sight); it's going to be next to impossible to find anyone willing to travel with you; you will inspire gut-churning nausea and revulsion in everyone who sees you.

Don't say I didn't warn you. Enjoy.

Alignment: Usually (94%) diabolic evil, and a very few (5%) are selfish. Almost none (1%) are of good alignment, but they do exist—and are considered freakish aberrations by all other Children of Pukjinkskwes, who will attack them whenever encountered.

Attributes: I.Q. 4D4, M.E. 2D6, M.A. 2D4, P.S. 2D6+14 (supernatural), P.P. 1D6+14, P.E. 2D6+8, P.B. 1D4, Spd 2D6+14

Average Size: 4 to 16 feet (1.2 to 4.8 m) long or tall, depending on the body type.

Average Weight: Varies with size

Natural Armor Rating (for S.D.C. Children): 6

S.D.C.: Varies

M.D.C.: Varies

Horror Factor: 12

Number of Attacks: Number of arms + number of legs + number of heads, divided by three. Round fractions down.

Damage:

Bite (regardless of what type of miscegenated head is doing the biting) – 2D6 M.D.; bite attacks per round cannot exceed the number of heads.

Hand to hand damage is as per supernatural strength.

Bonuses: +2 to strike; +1 to parry; +1 on initiative; +1 to roll with impact; +4 to save vs magic; +2 to save vs psionics; +3 to save vs drugs and poisons.

Average Life Span: 1D6x50 years

Allies: None

Enemies: Just about anyone that sets eyes on a Child of Pukjinkskwes will have an (almost) irrational impulse to kill it, if only to put the malformed thing out of its misery.

Skills (only if the Child of Pukjinkskwes is used as a player character): The character may select four skills at first level, limited to the categories of Domestic, Espionage, Physical, Rogue, Technical, Weapon, and Wilderness. He may thereafter choose one skill for every three levels of advancement. There are no skill bonuses. There are no skill restrictions, either, but use your head. No Child of Pukjinkskwes is EVER going to be able to learn or use the Streetwise skill (“Pssst. Hey, buddy. Yeah, you... c'mere. You know where I can find some illegal chop-shops around this place?”); likewise, it would be pretty hilarious to see one just *try* to use the Disguise skill. So just ask yourself: would this...*thing*...really have this skill? And you can probably figure out the restrictions for yourself.

Talking Beast

If you sit down on a ridge of ice to rest for a moment, and a moose sidles up next to you and says: “Excuse me, but do you know which path will take me to Siorapaluk? I seem to be lost,” one of three things could be happening: 1) You have gone completely insane. Everyone knows moose can’t talk. 2) Some shape-changing Anatuq or Manidog or spirit is messing with your head. Or 3) You have just met one of the Talking Beasts of the Arctic Circle.

Actually, these animals are more common than one would think. Fully 5% percent of a given animal population is made up of intelligent Talking Beasts (i.e. a one-in-twenty chance that any animal encountered is an intelligent one). Strangely, while possessing an intellect far above that of their peers (generally, I.Q. 4D4) these intelligent animals still mostly (but not always) prefer their species’ company to the company of humans (which is why they wouldn’t make good player-characters; interesting NPCs, though), who are at least on par with their intelligence levels. Why this is, nobody knows. What is important is that, while they are as intelligent as most humans, and capable of human conversation, these intelligent animals are not treated any differently by humans. An Eskimo hunter feels just as little remorse killing an animal as smart or smarter than himself as he does killing a normal animal. Dinner is dinner, and animals are animals, whether they can hold up their end of a logical argument or not.

This is an arrangement the Talking Beasts seem to have no problem with whatsoever. In their eyes, they *are* the same as normal animals. They do not perceive themselves to be superior to their “dumb” brethren, nor do they usually think they deserve any kind of special privileges or treatment because of their intelligence. These beasts will be able to speak one human language, and possibly one or two non-human ones as well.

Also, these intelligent animals are all able to *shape-change*. Once per day, for an indefinite time period, these animals can transform into basically any other (normal) animal they wish, although human-form is usually the only other form these animals bother taking. There are even Talking Beasts who, in human form, have married into human communities. No one finds this terribly strange, though, and there is no subterfuge involved (Talking Beasts in human form hardly ever pretend to be genuine humans, just animals wearing human guise). A woman married to a polar bear will usually not think too much about her husband’s animal heritage; as far as she’s concerned, he’s just her husband, who only *happens* to be a polar bear.

These Talking Beasts that have moved, more or less permanently, into human communities can be used as player-characters (stats are rolled up as a normal human’s), but they lose the full scope of their shape-shifting ability, only being able to shift between their original form and their human form at will—they will have forgotten how to change into any other animal.

Spirit Animals

Even rarer than Talking Beasts, Spirit Animals comprise less than .5% (half of 1%) of a given animal population. They are powerful, mystical creatures that are revered by most inhabitants of the Far North: not only by the Eskimo and Indian, but by the Tuneq giants, Atalhis Phantoms, Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarves, and Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People as well (the Kiwa’Kws giants hunt them for food, considering the flesh of Spirit Animals to be a delicacy).

There are two kinds of Spirit Animals: the Young and the Old. The Young are what most people think of when they think of Spirit Animals; they are the creatures that act as Tornaq (Helping-Spirits) for the Anatquq Medicine-Men of the Far North, and can be sometimes encountered wandering the Arctic. Two to three times larger, and supernaturally faster, stronger and tougher than the animal they represent, Young Spirit Animals are powerful M.D.C. creatures with an innate understanding of magic. Most everyone will have had at least one experience with a Young Spirit Animal in their lifetime, even if it’s just the experience of being chased by one.

Old Spirit Animals, on the other hand, are even rarer than their immature counterparts. They spend most of their time hibernating deep within the earth, in the long periods of contemplation characteristic to the old of their species, only infrequently walking the Earth or traveling to other dimensions. They are fantastically powerful, most of them are equal in strength to a minor deity. With their shape-changing powers, they can assume any form they wish, but their true form is usually about ten times larger than the animal they represent.

All Young Spirit Animals of the same type will all have the same name (e.g. all falcon Young Spirit Animals will be named “Falcon”—don’t ask me how they tell one another apart, they just do), while, as a symbol of their maturity, Old Spirit Animals will have the title of “Old” or “Big” added to their names (e.g. Old Snowy Owl, Big Wolf, Big Raven, Old Moose, Big Rabbit, Old Spider, etc).

The one strange thing about Spirit Animals, the one thing that humans have the hardest time understanding, is their attitude. While Spirit Animals are very wise supernatural creatures, on the average exceeding even the smartest human in intelligence, they are also every bit as bestial as the animals they represent. On the whole, they react to humans in the exact same way an ordinary animal of their type would. Bird Spirit Animals, for all their power and intelligence, are easily spooked; Walrus Spirit Animals are lazy and indifferent, but violently belligerent if roused; Wolverine Spirit Animals are thieving and sneaky, but tenaciously vicious and savage if backed into a corner, etc. Then again, sometimes they just don’t feel like behaving in an animalistic manner, and will interact with humans the same way any intelligent species would.

All Spirit Animals, young and old, have the ability to enhance a particular power or skill of mankind. Some are able to increase all of a person’s skills by a few percent, some are able to increase one particular skill. Some are able to increase a person’s command over psionics (-20% to all I.S.P. costs) or magic (-20% to all P.P.E. costs). Every Spirit Animal is different. There are thousands of kinds of enhancements and I will not list any here—I leave it to the GM to make them up.

These increases are temporary and typically last 1D4 days.

Young Spirit Animals

Alignment: Any, but tends towards good.

Attributes: I.Q. 3D4+10, M.A. 3D4+10, M.E. 3D4+10, P.S. varies with animal type (supernatural strength), P.P. 2D4+12, P.E. 3D4+8, P.B. 2D4+12, Spd 2D4x10

Small animals (spiders, birds, rabbits, ferrets) have a P.S. attribute of 2D4+10

Medium animals (wolves, mink, otter, seals) have a P.S. attribute of 2D4+20

Large animals (bears, moose, walrus, musk ox) have a P.S. attribute of 2D4+30

M.D.C.: Equal to twice the maximum hit points of an ordinary animal of its type.

Horror Factor: 12

Natural Abilities: Same as an ordinary animal of its type, plus See the Invisible, Turn Invisible at will, bio-regeneration 1D6 M.D.C. per minute, and metamorphosis for an indefinite period of time.

Combat: Physical attacks equal to the number of attacks of an ordinary animal of its type, +1 additional attack. Two attacks by magic.

Damage: Causes mega-damage equivalent to the S.D.C. damage of an ordinary animal of its type.

Bonuses: Same as an ordinary animal of its type, +1 to each bonus.

Magic: Small Animals know 1D6 spells each from spell levels 1-6, plus 1D4 spells each from spell levels 7 and 8 (total of 8-44 spells), equal to an 8th level practitioner of magic.

Medium Animals know 1D6 spells each from spell levels 1-6 (6-36 total spells), equal to a 6th level practitioner of magic.

Large Animals know 1D6 spells each from spell levels 1-4 (total of 4-24 spells), equal to a 4th level practitioner of magic.

P.P.E.: Small animals have 5D4x10 P.P.E.

Medium animals have 3D4x10 P.P.E.

Large animals have 2D4x10 P.P.E.

Psionics: Has 1D6 psi-powers from EITHER the Sensitive or Healing categories.

I.S.P.: 1D4x10

Size: Two to three times larger than an ordinary animal of its type.

Weight: Varies with size.

Old Spirit Animals

Very few humans ever meet, or even see, Old Spirit Animals, which can be as awesomely powerful as ancient dragons or minor gods. Reserved and largely indifferent, they tend to be uninterested in the affairs of humans. Neither do they seem to take interest in the affairs of gods or other superpowerful entities. The life of an Old Spirit Animal seems to be mostly contemplative, involving incredibly long periods of meditation—some of these creatures have literally not moved a muscle for *centuries* while they were doing their “deep thinking.” They have reached a sort of Zen equilibrium with their surroundings, without want or ambition or desire. At the moment, there is an Old Spirit Animal, Big Mink, who is traveling in the company of the venerable Anatquq named Kukiaq, but this is definitely the exception, and not the rule.

Alignment: Any, but tends towards good

Attributes: I.Q. 2D4+20, M.A. 2D4+20, M.E. 2D4+20, P.S. varies with animal type (supernatural strength), P.P. 2D4+16, P.E. 3D4+18, P.B. 4D4+14, Spd 2D4x10

Small animals (spiders, birds, rabbits, ferrets) have a P.S. attribute of 2D6+20

Medium animals (wolves, mink, otter, seals) have a P.S. attribute of 2D6+30

Large animals (bears, moose, walrus, musk ox) have a P.S. attribute of 2D6+40

M.D.C.: 2D6 x 1,000 + the maximum hit points, multiplied by ten, of an ordinary animal of that type. For example, an Old Polar Bear would have 2D6 x 1,000 M.D.C., plus 1,350 M.D.C. (because the maximum hit points for a polar bear is 135).

Horror Factor: 16

Natural Abilities (common to all Old Spirit Animals): See the Invisible, Turn Invisible at will, bio-regeneration 6D6 M.D.C. per minute, teleport self 90% (See **Rifts RPG**, p. 100), dimensional teleport 40%, and metamorphosis at will (for an indefinite period of time).

Combat: Six physical attacks per melee, or three by magic.

Damage: As per supernatural strength. Bite attacks do mega-damage equivalent to double the regular S.D.C. damage of the attack.

Bonuses: +2 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +3 on initiative, +5 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +3 on all saving throws; these are all in addition to attribute bonuses, and in addition to whatever bonuses a normal animal of that type would have (e.g. Old Ferret would have an additional +1 to strike and parry, and an additional +4 to dodge).

Magic: All spell magic from levels 1-10, plus all Storyspells and Anatquq-Science powers. Equal to a 2D4+6 level practitioner of magic.

P.P.E.: Small animals have 4D4x100 P.P.E.

Medium animals have 3D4x100 P.P.E.

Large animals have 2D4x100 P.P.E.

Psionics: Has all Sensitive, Physical, and Healing psi-powers, plus Group Mind Block and Mentally Possess Others.

I.S.P.: 4D4x10

Average Life Span: Long enough as to be virtually immortal

Size: Ten to twelve times larger than an ordinary animal of its type.

Weight: Varies with size.

Normal Animals

Lastly, you should keep in mind that, aside from the previously listed evil spirits, ghouls, demons, fiends, and sundry supernatural monsters, even the *normal* fauna of the Arctic can be rather threatening to humankind. Polar bears have been known to attack people. Sabre-toothed tigers regularly do. Wolves, if they get hungry enough, will also. Walrus are generally pretty sedate...if they're left alone. However, they can be extremely aggressive and hostile if approached or if their territory is encroached upon—also, for a reason no one has ever been able to figure out, sometimes a lone walrus will turn mankiller, eschewing its normal prey in favor of hunting down human beings exclusively, not even necessarily for food, but for the sheer pleasure of killing (a rare natural phenomenon sometimes observed in African lions).

On the other hand, while dangerous, all of the native animals of the Arctic are highly respected by the Eskimo because they provide their flesh for the Eskimo to live on; whereas something like a Devil Unicorn, one of the many supernatural menaces that plague the Arctic, is held beneath contempt because not only are they dangerous but their flesh is nauseatingly inedible to humans. To the Eskimo, a creature like that—a being (an ecological parasite, really) that is only able to take things out of the world, and never give anything back—has no redeeming value and is not worth the tiniest shred of respect or compassion.

Creatures from other Settings

Rifts Conversion Book

Bearmen of the North

Canines: Wolfen

Canines: Kankoran

Ogres

Frost Pixies

Dragon Wolves

Ice Dragons

Woolly Dragons (rare, most of which reside in the Toqussoq Mountain Range)

Boschala

Werebears

Werewolves

Rifts Mindwerks

Gene-Splicers

Brodkil

Rifts New West

Devil Unicorns

Rifts Underseas

Dragon Rays

Gene-Splicer Creations

Ley-Line Mutations

Rifts Atlantis

Erta

Rifts Phase World

Silhouettes

Polar Outpost 16-N

“The Bughouse”

Origin

Officially, it did not exist. It was not on any maps, a place with no name. Outside of its staff and inmates, who never left, only a handful of intelligence czars from the old American Empire and several international spooks, knew it was even there. Those few who did know of it, the few who had dreamed it up and had it built, referred to it as Polar Outpost 16-N. These men were, on the whole, paranoid and mentally unhinged even by military intelligence standards, where paranoia is a professional asset.

Over the years of the 20th and 21st centuries, several small meteorites had struck the Earth, which were surreptitiously “acquired” by the American government, stored in hermetically sealed vaults, and never touched. The meteorites carried on them trace amounts of unidentified, alien microorganisms: extra-terrestrial bacteria, viruses, microbes, pathogens, bacilli, and other wildly exotic microscopic *things* that human medical science had never previously encountered, and hence had no nomenclature for.

It was the bright idea of some government spook to have these microorganisms clandestinely studied somewhere far, far away from any human populations—but to be tested on human guinea pigs. This was, of course, highly illegal, highly unethical, and highly immoral—not that these things have ever been an impediment to the industrial/military complex or the shadowy worlds of weapons-research or intelligence-gathering.

These nameless government operatives were concerned that they might find it necessary to terminate the Outpost’s research (which would have been accomplished with a high-yield nuke, vaporizing the Outpost, its personnel, the alien microorganisms, everything) if they thought it was becoming too unstable—they wanted a biological weapon manageable enough and potent enough to wipe out an entire country, but not if they had to risk the entire human race being infected with some deadly alien plague.

They wanted personnel who wouldn’t be missed if they had to wipe them off the face of the Earth. It had already been decided to use convicted felons—mostly death row inmates—as the Outpost’s stock of lab rats. They were chosen for several reasons: 1) Testing on actual humans, rather than subhuman primates, yielded more accurate results; 2) The prisoners were “dead” already and no one would miss them; 3) One of the Outpost’s designers was the kind of legislative sadist who felt that even capital punishment mollycoddled all murderers and psychopaths, and felt that these violent offenders simply *deserved* to be experimented upon with lethal, alien viruses, no matter what the judges said.

Unfortunately, they still could not think of anyone to staff the Outpost. Would *you* voluntarily agree to such an assignment?

They couldn’t think of anyone who would, either.

One day their answer plopped right in their lap: Ward Wallace Jackson, a moderately brilliant virologist, murdered his wife and two children in their sleep.

His was the assured, precise hand of a veteran surgeon, he explained to the court, and he had, he claimed, with his scalpel, severed his family’s critical nerve junctions between certain vertebrae deftly and swiftly enough so that they never once stirred awake

as he cut into them. They felt no pain.

The judge was unmoved by Jackson's plea for leniency based on his compassionately humanitarian killing method, and sentenced him to death.

It came to the designers of the Outpost in a flash: the *researchers* should be criminals also! (Well, it sounded like a good idea at the time) They quickly "disappeared" Ward Wallace Jackson and began scouring the books for men and women, serving prison sentences, with science Ph.D.'s (there really are more than one would expect, believe it or not). These people, also "disappeared" by government agents, were offered a simple choice: relocate to the Polar Outpost, where they would have remain for the rest of their natural lives, conduct inhuman experiments with human subjects on behalf of their nameless intelligence superiors, and devote a certain amount of their energies to the examination, analysis, and manipulation of the alien bacteria. In exchange: they would have unrestricted movement within the Outpost complex (i.e. no more living in a cell), and they would be allowed a steady supply of prisoners to dispose of how they wished (i.e. if they were obsessed with torture, they could indulge that obsession to their heart's content for the rest of their lives).

Also, the intelligence operatives said they would, for reasons of national security, execute them if they refused. As you would expect, none rejected this generous offer.

So finally, after a long period of waiting for the construction to be complete (building a rather large installation in the middle of the North Pole and still keeping it a secret is no easy task: there are raw materials to obtain illegally, problems of transportation, whole construction crews to assassinate—in the interests of maintaining secrecy once the construction was finished, of course—and high-ranking government officials to be bribed or blackmailed into silence) the day came when the Outpost was finally up and running, with its full complement of prisoner/lab rats and convicted scientist/felons—many of whom, albeit very gifted in their respective fields, were nonetheless a pack of sadists, homicidal maniacs, and all-around unbalanced psychotics.

The facility, all sparkling and new, had been in operation for exactly eighteen days when the missiles flew and the first age of man came to an end. For nearly three hundred years now, the residents of the Bughouse have managed to survive—and flourish—by a combination of resourcefulness, bravery, and plain dumb luck.

After the Apocalypse

The first question that arose was that of security. Even though they had completely lost contact with the outside world, it was evident that some heavy-duty bad things had happened. Bloodthirsty demons and monsters ran rampant on the surface. Satellite transmissions were nonexistent. No one tried to communicate with them. The residents of the Bughouse thought that they were the last humans on Earth.

They had some weapons, and some lightly-armored corrections-facility robots, but nothing near what was needed to deal with the horrors that were pouring forth from the rifts, threatening to engulf the Outpost. A decision was made. The research at the Bughouse had to continue, but the direction had to change. Their research was chiefly oriented towards the killing of human beings by virus-based, mass-infection weapons that were obviously going to be of little or no use to them from now on. It was determined that their research should be retooled towards the aim of creating weapons that affected a greater range of creatures than just *homo sapiens*, and towards speeding up their

effectiveness (most conventional biological warfare takes hours or days to show any results at all). It is only recently that the scientists of the Bughouse have stumbled across new applications for the alien microorganisms, in the field of human augmentation.

The second question that arose was: how were they going to reproduce themselves? There wasn't enough scientists to propagate a species without risking DNA degradation through inbreeding, and they were sure they didn't want to mix the genes of the scientists and criminals (they might breed out the intellects that would keep them alive). With the technology and equipment they had at their disposal, cloning was a simple matter...but not on a large scale. It was determined that the scientists, guards, and administrative personnel would be cloned, and each man or woman given their infant clone to raise and train in their particular specialty.

The prisoners, of whom there were more than enough to safely reproduce the old fashioned way, were left to their own devices. This arrangement has worked for over three centuries now, with the scientists educating clones of themselves (and, now that the original scientists are long dead, with the clones educating *their* descendants), and the prisoners producing enough offspring for the scientists to remove test subjects as they are needed, without seriously depleting the convict population.

The Gulub Yaw Come to Earth, Receive Warm Welcome

Just about three months ago, half a fleet of a seafaring alien race, the Gulub Yaw—humanoids piloting strangely-shaped craft—were accidentally rifted into the Arctic Ocean, just beneath the Bughouse. Perhaps they were aggressive, perhaps not—no one bothered to find out. Everyone assumed they intended to invade or destroy the Outpost. The Bughouse scientists, by a stroke of sheer luck, managed to capture one of the aliens alive. Chief Director Ward Wallace Jackson 4, by a stroke of sheer genius, managed, in *under a week*, to develop a deadly strain of virus, custom tailored to the Gulub Yaw's physiology.

The only problem then was how to deliver the lethal pathogens when the aliens were all in submarines? They couldn't go around injecting the aliens with the virus, one after another, over and over, until they were all wiped out. Surely the aliens wouldn't be willing to wait in line for such a thing? They settled on this: a torpedo was jury-rigged to try to shoot a payload of the virus into one of the submarines, thereby infecting the inner atmosphere of the ship.

It didn't work. Not the way they intended it to, at least.

The specialties of the Bughouse scientists are many, but they unfortunately do not include torpedo construction. The torpedo blew up before it was even halfway to the target. It did not even come close to penetrating the hulls of one of the ships. What it *did* do, however, was release the virus into the sea. What the Bughouse scientists did not know was that the sea-craft of the Gulub Yaw do not carry sealed atmospheres with them like regular submarines—instead they work on a gill-system that extracts oxygen from the water and circulates it throughout the ship.

The Gulub Yaw's advanced technology worked against them in the most calamitous way possible: their ships "breathed in" the Bughouse-engineered germs, circulating the infected air through all the ships. In a matter of hours, every single one of the aliens on every single one of the ships was dead or dying. They, of course, had atmosphere scrubbers and filters to prevent such a thing from happening, and these systems had always been completely effective but—again, hard luck for the aliens—it didn't work that way this time.

As otherworldly and different the aliens' technology was to the scientists of the Bughouse, so were the Outpost's terrestrial permutations of human and space bacteria utterly unknown to them. The filters and scrubbers had never encountered anything quite like it, and did not recognize it as an infectious substance. The germs that got through the scrubbers spread like wildfire among the crews of the ships, causing a fatal epidemic that annihilated them to the last being.

You can imagine the shock and delight on the part of the scientists when they learned that their genocide had been a complete and unequivocal success. The vessels were found floating at a middle depth near the Bughouse, unresponsive, seemingly uncrewed. Exploratory expeditions revealed that the entire complement of all the strange alien ships had been wiped out. In their death throes, some of the alien captains had had the presence of mind to scuttle their vessels, but not all. Nearly half of the fleet, including the enormous flagship, that had originally rifted to Earth remained intact.

Ward Wallace Jackson 4, the Chief Director of the Bughouse, while mad and insane, is, in his own way, as pragmatic and crafty as the military intelligence heads that exiled his cloned ancestor to the Bughouse in the first place. A human supremacist through and through, he is nonetheless not averse to appropriating the "discarded" technology of an alien race...especially if it's advanced technology.

Along with the scientists, there was a group of inmate trusties (well-behaved inmates that have earned special privileges) who were permitted on the alien ships to perform simple maintenance duties. Among them was an inmate named Mag Klepper, a woman, a minor psionic, unknowingly possessing the power of Biomechanics (treat as the psionic power of Telemechanics, but only affecting organic-based technologies, like that of the Gulub Yaw, and Atlantean Bio-Wizardry). As soon as she set foot onto the ship—the big one, the Glacial Fury—the ship began to "talk" to her. She could hear it all around her. It was like hearing the voice of a mountain. Frightened (she was, up until then, unaware that she possessed the Biomechanics power), she told the scientists about what was happening. It was then that they realized that, not only were the ships organic, but they were sentient, *living* beings, possessed of intelligent minds.

This changed the situation entirely. The scientists quickly discovered that any psionic with the powers of either Telepathy or Biomechanics could pilot the alien vessels far better than the best non-psionic pilots among them, and were also able to utilize the magic capabilities of the ships.

Many Ears Hear the News of the Gulub Yaw Technology

Along with the Bughouse scientists, Deputy Director Ward Wallace Jackson 5 has had his team of Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarf technicians look over the vessels (his clone-father may be a human supremacist, but this is a trait that somehow did not rub off onto the Deputy Director). Not that the Shore Dwarves have been consciously spreading information about the arrival of the abandoned Gulub Yaw fleet, but, well, news gets around.

One way or another, word about this technology that is not yet being used for any purpose, has spread to certain interested parties in the Arctic. Many entities, besides just W.W. Jackson 4 and Mag Klepper, would very much like to be able to obtain—free of charge—half a fleet of powerful submersibles, the likes of which have never been seen on Earth.

On a long-term expedition across the oceans of the globe, the Fourth Fleet of the

New Navy, currently surveying the Arctic Ocean, have gotten word from their pneuma-biform operatives about the existence of the Gulub Yaw fleet. They are now making their way to the Bughouse. Spies within the New Navy have spread the news even farther, and there are now quite a number of entities who have turned their attention to the Bughouse, and, more importantly, to what's beneath the Bughouse. A small sampling of the feeding-frenzy-to-come follows:

The Arctic god Tarquip has dispatched spies to check out the situation (he would love to add the unique alien technology to his collection).

So has Qungusutariaq, the Chieftain of the Manido Sea-Tribe—Skabewis and Gicimánido, the Chieftains of the other two Manido tribes are preparing expeditions to do the same.

More than one tribe of Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarves wants the Gulub Yaw ships to be theirs alone.

Kukiaq Nucaq, the legendary Anatquq, and his band of heroes, The Lodge of the Bluejay, all want the ships and the technology they carry in order to provide the sort of vehicles that could mean the beginning of the first organized military of the Far North.

Takanakpsaluk, the Mother of the Deep, would like to see them destroyed, so her power in the Arctic Ocean is not threatened.

The commanders of the 4th Fleet of the New Navy aren't sure whether or not they want the ships...but, if they decide that they don't want them, they will try to scuttle them, so that the ships don't fall into the wrong hands.

There are even some operatives from Atlantis getting involved now!—An armored investigation squad is preparing to embark on a journey to the Arctic to see what's what. This squad is composed of a Splugorth Slaver (with barge), a 6th level Great Horned Dragon Hatchling, a High Lord (8th level), two Volute Metzlainns, two Sunaj Assassins, three Powerlords, and two Shaydor Spherian Explorers.

Little do the Ward Wallace Jacksons know, but their little Polar Outpost is about to become rather busy. Depending on who winds up with the ships, the balance of power in the Arctic could—and probably will—be completely altered. Which way? Until the dust clears, it's going to be impossible to tell.

Life in the Bughouse

The Bughouse complex extends forty-feet above (levels One and Two), and more than a hundred feet below the North Polar ice. It is located at the crown of the world in ice that is, at its thinnest, twenty feet thick, and never melts. Food is provided by a small internal greenhouse that grows vegetables and soy at an artificially super-accelerated rate. Fresh water is provided by a de-salinization apparatus.

The prisoners are confined in small, but not cramped, cells—two people to an area eighteen foot square. There are no windows, they never see the sun. For twelve hours a day, the inmates are not permitted to leave their cells; six hours of their day is taken up by work detail (janitorial duties, mostly) or “survey” (the prisoners receive intensive medical checkups twice weekly, to keep a precise record of each person's physical status), and the remaining six hours are “communal time”—time spent in either the recreational auditorium

(gossip-fests, petty bickering, or intensive study), or in the exercise amphitheatre (treadmills and free-weights—this is where the “Hardened Cons” gravitate to).

On an almost daily basis, the exercise amphitheatre is host to competitive brawls between burly prisoners, representing different factions—“gangs”—among the inmates. The crippling, disfigurement, or even death of the competitors is not an uncommon occurrence. These gladiator-like fights are strictly prohibited by the Bughouse administrators, but are tacitly permitted, on the sly, in order to provide a source of entertainment for the Guards, who bet on the fights using food-rations instead of money.

The only real currency among the inmates is food. People hoard up their extra rations and use them to purchase...well...the kinds of things that you purchase when you’re incarcerated in a prison. Among these things (and, by far, the most innocuous of them) is tobacco—which is also used as currency—that is cultivated in the internal greenhouse by the Guards, with the help of some of the scientists.

Amusements are dearly treasured. The books that had at once been in circulation at the Bughouse have long since disintegrated into nothingness. Vid-Texts (small viewers that house a miniature library of books in their memory banks) are in high demand, but are usually monopolized by a cadre of older Reformed Cons. Games are popular, as a board and the corresponding pieces can be constructed out of just about anything (prisoners can be rather resourceful), with Chess and Othello being the two favorite pastimes—Checkers running a strong third. Decks of homemade playing cards are like family heirlooms.

Once every third week or so, a few prisoners (two, generally, almost never more than three) are taken away to be experimented upon. New diseases are tried out on their bodies, and newly engineered bacteria introduced into their bloodstreams. After the effects are logged, and pathologies studied, their corpses are incinerated in an antibacterial oven so hot that it doesn’t even leave ash behind. Under the human-supremacy directive handed down by W.W. Jackson 4, the scientists of the Bughouse try to experiment on D-Bees whenever possible, but when no D-Bees are available, well, as they say, the show must go on.

Level One: Cellblock C and Cellblock P. Block C is mostly Reformed Cons, and Block P is a mixture of Reformed Cons, Hardened Cons, inmates who are extreme disciplinary problems, and the incurably insane. Bughouse library. Inmate cafeteria.

Level Two: Cellblock A and Cellblock B. Hardened Cons. Gymnasium. Treadmills. Weight room. General infirmary.

Level Three: Agriculture level. Hydroponic crops. Food storage. Exit hatches.

Level Four: Barracks for the Bughouse Scientists and Cooperation-Enforcement Officers. Engineering labs. Robot garage. Robot storage.

Between levels Four and Five is a detox & decontamination corridor.

Level Five: Infirmary. Operating room. Low security laboratories. Bacterial fermentation tanks (gigantic). Bughouse armory. Toxin storage.

Level Six: Ultra-high level security. Medical isolation cells. Viral & bacterial weapons Storage vaults.

Between Levels Six and Seven is a detox & decontamination corridor.

Level Seven: Airlock leading to the ocean beneath the Bughouse.

The Bughouse and Psionics

In order to keep the inmate population relatively powerless and manageable, all inmates displaying psionic powers are immediately sent to the operating room to have psionic-inhibiting devices hardwired into their brains. These devices prevent the use of all psionic powers that the person may possess. To remove these devices requires a difficult operation that is basically open-brain surgery. Those inmates who have attempted to remove it themselves—with kitchen utensils, homemade knives, rusty screwdrivers, broken surgical equipment stolen from the operating-room garbage cans, etc.—have only succeeded in lobotomizing themselves.

There are three inmates who have managed to conceal their psionic powers from the guards and from their fellow inmates (many of whom would be only too glad to rat out a fellow inmate for the promise of an extra breakfast ration) but they live in constant fear of being found out.

The Personalities of the Bughouse

Chief Director Ward Wallace Jackson 4

A seemingly-friendly Grandfather figure with extreme delusions of godhood, Ward Wallace Jackson I had a long medical career as one of the world's most eminent viral physiologists (admittedly, not an extremely populous field to begin with) which came to a shuddering halt one early morning when he calmly, and seemingly without forethought, slaughtered his wife and two children in their sleep. He could not at that time, nor even years later, offer an explanation for *why* he did it any more precise than: "They made me unhappy, which was bad for my concentration, which interfered with my work."

And now, hundreds of years later, this man (or, rather, a clone of this man) looks as if he might have his own navy. He sees this unbelievable stroke of serendipity, acquiring the small fleet of extraordinary alien vessels, as a sign from the heavens that the time is *nigh* [his word, not mine - D.L.M.] when he will intervene in the world conflict to turn the tide for mankind, and it will be his hand that drives all the monsters and demons from Rifts Earth. As intelligent as he is, in his delusion, he really has *no idea* of the magnitude of what humanity is up against.

He is secretly planning on moving the Bughouse lock, stock, and barrel into the Glacial Fury: all the personnel, all the research and development facilities, everything. The one glitch is that the Glacial Fury is not a prison vessel, it has no cells. Even though he is quite aware of the intense hatred most of the inmates feel for him, for the other scientists, and especially for the guards, he is quite certain that, as soon as he announces his true nature, his divine status, they will all peacefully and speechlessly fall in line behind him, tearfully grateful to be a part of his celestial mission.

He doesn't consider himself egotistical enough to crave worship, just unflagging obedience.

Ward Wallace Jackson 4 is an unrepentant human-supremacist. If it weren't for his affection for alien germs and viruses—and for the patently otherworldly technology of the Gulub Yaw—he would fit into the hierarchy of the Coalition States quite nicely. It is his dream to rid the Earth of every non-human that now walks unmolested upon it. He is unaware of his clone-son's (Ward Wallace Jackson 5) heavy reliance on his team of Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarf technicians, and definitely unaware his clone-son's treacherous

intentions towards him. Were he to find out about either, he would take the news very, very badly. Perhaps even going so far as to have his clone-son *executed*.

Whatever he would do, it would not be pretty.

Alignment: Diabolic

S.D.C.: 20

Hit Points: 55

Height: Five feet, six inches (1.65 m)

Weight: 185 lbs. (83.5 kg)

Age: (this current body) 66; looks his age

Horror/Awe Factor: 8

Attributes: I.Q. 25, M.E. 20, M.A. 14, P.S. 11, P.P. 17, P.E. 9, P.B. 7, Spd. 10

Disposition: Jovial and deeply disturbed, ebullient and megalomaniacal, tirelessly diligent and scholarly, W.W. Jackson 4 is a mad, overweight chunk of living contradiction. Not one of the most balanced individuals *before* he came to the Bughouse, he has, generation after cloned generation, grown into the firm conviction that he is, quite literally, a god—the Chief Director of planet Earth. In his convoluted brain, he’s absolutely convinced that it is his divine mission to elevate humanity from the Dark Ages it is languishing in, whether or not anyone wants to accept his mission. He’s going to save mankind no matter how many people he has to kill, sacrifice, or exterminate to do it!

But he’d never tell *that* to his underlings. They’d think he was crazy—Fools!

On the other hand, he does have a rather robust, if demented, sense of humor—he derives quite a bit of amusement from the more antisocial and crazed inmates, and he can often be heard in his lab, hunched alone over a petri dish or spore sample, giggling and snickering about something he’d heard earlier in the week.

There is, however, a ghastly dimension to his merry countenance, because you never know if he’s laughing at a dirty limerick he’d heard while walking the catwalk through the cellblocks, or something one of his test subjects blubbered before dying in a blood-spurting, virus-induced seizure.

Experience Level: 15th level Medical Doctor (Epidemiologist/Virologist)

Skills of Note: Pathology and Biology 98%, knows all medical and science skills at 92%, and the following at 80% skill proficiency: Computer Operation, Computer Programming, Interrogation Techniques, Intelligence, Radio: Basic, Lore: Demons & Monsters. W.P. Energy Pistol at 3rd level.

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Basic, 4th level

Number of Attacks: Three

Bonuses: None

Magic Knowledge: None

Psionic Knowledge: None

Weapons & Equipment: Has access to anything he wants in the Bughouse compound, although he does not particularly care for guns and armor and such, and does his best to stay sequestered within the labs, working alone with his megalomaniacal delusions and his obscene, frequently puzzling jokes.

Cybernetics: None

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse.

Appearance: A little roly-poly about the middle, long-jowled, not terribly tall, white-haired, with white, bushy eyebrows, The Chief Director looks like a friendly Santa Claus kind of old man. He has the kind of eyes that make you think that he always

wants to be your friend, and would never, ever do anything bad to you.

Deputy Director Ward “Thumper” Wallace Jackson 5

For decades, the Bughouse scientists, in order to propagate themselves without having to mix with the “specimens” (i.e. the prisoners), have cloned themselves and educated their clones in their own particular specialties. Born from genetic material identical to that of their “parents,” and left to mature in close proximity to these parents, the clones generally turn out to be exactly like their predecessors. That’s the way these things go. Usually.

Not so for W. W. Jackson 5. This, the fifth generation clone of the original Ward Wallace Jackson, is apparently the result of some genetic burp in the cloning matrix. He grew up the same way, had the same training as all the rest, but he just came out....different. Jackson #4 began to notice it just before his clone-son hit puberty. All the other Ward W. Jackson clones thus far had been quiet and good-natured (if inhumanly sadistic) lab-hounds. They were scatter-brained but at least they seemed friendly. They were also diligent. Midnight oil-burners. Obsessed with their work and its development. Not so for #5.

At age sixteen, the Deputy Director (or Dep Jackson, as some of the inmates call him), having already absorbed all his clone-father had to teach him about diseases, started to come out of his introverted cocoon, and quickly developed into a brash, talkative man wholly unlike any of his predecessors. This is the cause of no small amount of personal friction between the two cloned Jacksons. Neither one likes the other very much, but they both recognize that the Wallace dynasty must not be weakened by petty bickering. The clone-father tolerates the son because he knows that *someone* has to rule the Bughouse after him, and the clone-son tolerates the father because he knows that he’ll be dead eventually.

Not quite as hard-working in the lab as his clone-father, Dep Jackson (sometimes called “Thumper” because of his penchant for administering beatings to restrained inmates as a form of entertainment) maintains a secret retinue of Inuarutligkat Shore-Dwarf mechanics who are loyal to him, and him alone. “Thumper” is not the human-supremacist that his clone-father is, and so has no reservations about relying on the expertise of a tribe of diminutive sea-dwelling D-Bees—many of the recent breakthroughs that he attributed to himself were actually accomplished by his Shore-Dwarf team. He also—after long weeks of deliberation, and against all better judgement—has decided to licence some of the Bughouse’s biowarfare viruses, bacteria, and toxins to the Manido Earth Tribe, whom he has never met (the deal was conducted solely though Shore-Dwarf mediators).

He is aware that if his clone-father ever found out about any of this, there would be hell to pay.

Dep Jackson thinks his clone-father is a madman, and that his ideas for the Gulub Yaw submarine fleet can only come to failure and disaster. He wishes the strange alien fleet had never appeared. Deep down, he truly loves the setup he has at the Bughouse, where he rules the roost, and doesn’t want to live in the real world where he knows he will be cut down to size sooner or later. In the confines of the Bughouse, Dep Jackson lives like a prince, but were he to go out into the world, he’d be just another guy trying not to get killed. He does not want that—so much that he’s willing to sabotage the alien craft and sink them before anyone has a chance to put them to use. He is dimly aware of a prison-revolt plot, but does not know that Mag Klepper and Paul Bendix are the ones

organizing the scheme.

Alignment: Anarchist

S.D.C.: 40

Hit Points: 50

Height: Five feet, six inches (1.65 m)

Weight: 148 lbs. (66.8 kg)

Age: (this current body) 31

Horror/Awe Factor: 6

Attributes: I.Q. 25, M.E. 20, M.A. 14, P.S. 13, P.P. 18, P.E. 12, P.B. 9, Spd. 14

Disposition: Devious, fiercely intelligent, sarcastic, and very mean, Dep Jackson brings to life the stereotype of the vicious, hyperintelligent snob with a chip on his shoulder and something to prove. *Everyone* has to know how smart he is. *Everyone* has to be constantly belittled to prove that he is just that smart.

He is obsessive about order and regularity. Routine. Habit. He loves his life and wants nothing about it to change in even the slightest detail. *Nothing*. In this respect he is strangely immature, for even tiny changes in his daily routine send him into raging tantrums unbecoming for a brilliant, genius-level scientist.

He has been growing a bit paranoid lately, what with his father (secretly) planning to move the Bughouse into the largest of the Gulub Yaw's alien submarines, and a prison revolt fomenting right under his nose—neither of which he wants. Dep Jackson wants the whole Bughouse to stay right where it is: under his thumb. He wants to enjoy his little crumb of power for as long as he possibly can.

For all his power-hunger and vanity, Dep Jackson is also a bit more outdoorsy than his clone-father, and likes to get out in the field once in a while. While W. W. Jackson #4 is basically a permanent fixture in the lab, #5 likes to get out and take samples, make observations, chart results, get into a fight now and again maybe.

Experience Level: 9th level Medical Doctor (Epidemiologist/Virologist)

Skills of Note: Pathology and Biology 96%, knows all medical and science skills at 75%, and the following at 65% skill proficiency: Computer Operation, Computer Programming, Interrogation Techniques, Intelligence, Radio: Basic, Lore: Demons & Monsters. W.P. Energy Pistol at 3rd level.

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Basic, 4th level

Number of Attacks: Three

Bonuses: None

Magic Knowledge: None

Psionic Knowledge: None

Weapons & Equipment: Has access to anything he wants in the Bughouse compound, although, like his clone-father, he does not particularly care for guns and armor and such.

Cybernetics: None

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse.

Appearance: Looks just like his Daddy, but younger, skinnier, and smiles far less frequently. Deep blue eyes set in a gentle, paternal face. A smartly cropped head of brown hair. Wire glasses. Immaculate lab coat. Fingernails, trimmed. Taut, athletically-toned muscles, and the general appearance of health. Permanent smirk.

Mag Klepper

Margaret “Mag” Klepper is something of a rarity in the Bughouse: an inmate who is both a Reformed Con and a Hardened Con at the same time. Born of two of the vilest and most ruthless Hardened Cons of the previous generation, Mag Klepper somehow turned out good inside. From a very young age, the kind-hearted Mag displayed an astounding intelligence and a voracious appetite for reading material. Even though they were brutal, illiterate thugs, her parents knew enough to keep this prodigious intelligence of their daughter’s a secret from the Bughouse scientists and guards. They taught her to shield her intelligence behind a screen of overbearing and belligerent behavior. Basically, they taught her how to act like the nastiest, toughest Hardened Con in the joint.

As she hit her teenage years, Mag developed psionic powers. Since she was already an old hand at keeping her intelligence level a secret, it wasn’t very hard for her to hide these as well. Mag remains one of the few psionic inmates who does not have a psionic-inhibiting device wired into her skull.

She also came to realize that she was a natural leader. People respected her. The Reformed Cons accepted her as one of their own because she was incredibly intelligent, and, under the exterior, very gentle. The Hardened Cons accepted her as one of their own because she wasn’t afraid to resort to violence if violence is what would best solve the problem. She was as competent with her fists as she was with her brain, and she knew how and when to use both to their greatest effect.

It wasn’t long before virtually every inmate in the Bughouse was asking her advice on matters ranging from mathematical set theory to the proper materials for the construction of a shank blade. She had become like a religious figure to them. Her new status among the inmates was kept hidden, out of fear that the Bughouse Scientists wouldn’t tolerate the emergence of an inmate “leader” and would have her executed immediately.

For a while, she balked at the role of inmate leader, not wanting to be responsible for so many lives. But eventually she decided that if she *was* going to be their leader, she might as well lead them somewhere. Out of the Bughouse sounded like a good idea to her. As far as she was concerned, the inmates had suffered for the sins of their forebears for too many generations at the hands of the Scientists and guards. It was time for that to end. She started planning a prison revolt. The meticulous development of this plan occupied the better part of five years. It was set. It was ready to go.

And then something happened.

As part of a small janitorial crew taken aboard the largest Gulub Yaw vessel, the Glacial Fury, Mag was assigned to mop up after all the semi-rotted Gulub Yaw corpses laying about the deck. Only days away from the initiation of her riot plan, she didn’t dwell on this daily drudgery. She had bigger things to think about. Mop and pail in hand, contemplating the plan in all its intricacies, contemplating everything that could possibly go wrong and how she would have to deal with it, Mag Klepper stepped on the ship. She hadn’t gone five feet down the corridor before she felt it. The gentle pressure in her brain, a sensation she had never felt before. She froze, stopped dead in her tracks.

The ship was talking to her.

Forcing herself to be calm and not to appear startled by anything, she coolly looked around. No one else seemed to be hearing anything. She looked at the guards. Nothing. Not even a blink to show that they had heard anything. The voice was in her head, and her head alone, she was sure of it. This was when she discovered she had the psionic power of Biomechanics.

The ship asked her why everyone on the ship was dead. It asked her what

happened to the pilot. It asked her if she was the new pilot. Mag hesitated only a second before she said to it, in her mind, “Yes,” and instantly abandoned the plan she had spent the last five years of her life formulating.

Up until then her plan—as intricate as its elements were—was basically to stage a mass riot, eliminate all the Cooperation-Enforcement Officers and Scientists, and take over the Bughouse. But she saw new possibilities in the fleet of alien craft. A new way out. She saw that not only could they leave the Bughouse with the ships, but they could leave the North Pole, as well. The miserable, frigid, inhospitable North Pole which they all hated.

She continues to volunteer for janitorial duty on the Glacial Fury every day and every day she talks to the ship a little more. Reassuring it that soon it will have a pilot. Asking it questions about its capabilities and specifications, details which she memorizes and commits to paper later on. To her supervisors it just looks like she’s mopping as usual, but the entire time she is holding a conversation in her head with the Mind of the Glacial Fury.

Mag is now working frantically to retool her plans for the revolt, assisted by Bughouse newcomer Paul Bendix, to include the alien vessels as escape craft. It is her plan (surprisingly like Ward Wallace Jackson 5’s plan) to move all the inmates onto the craft and sail away from the Bughouse forever.

But not before blasting it to oblivion first.

Full Name: Margaret “Mag” Klepper

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q. 20, M.E. 22, M.A. 19, P.S. 13, P.P. 10, P.E. 18, P.B. 7, Spd. 14

S.D.C.: 45

Hit Points: 60

Height: 5’2” (1.55 m)

Weight: 145 lbs (63.4 kg)

Age: 35

Disposition: Surly and aggressive, but with a keen, quiet intelligence and a generous heart lurking underneath that diamond-hard exterior. This violent hair-trigger persona of hers is largely one grand act perpetrated for the benefit of the guards and the scientists. Because they all think Mag is a belligerent, obnoxious, violent-tempered, loud-mouthed idiot, none of them suspect that she is in fact the spiritual leader of the Reformed Cons (and for a good many of the Hardened Cons, too) and that she possesses the kind of ordered, organizational intelligence needed to formulate an intricate plan for a concerted prison revolt months and years in advance of the actual event.

This underestimation of Mag Klepper is likely to be a mistake that the rulers of the Bughouse may not live to regret.

Experience Level: 10th level Hardened Con, 5th level Reformed Con

Skills of Note: Advanced Math 94%, Electrical Engineer 86%, Intelligence 78%, Paramedic 96%, Demolitions 81%, Boxing, Navigation 56%, Biology 61%, Chemistry 66%, Computer Hacking 46%, W.P. Knife at 10th level.

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Prison at 10th level.

Number of Attacks: Five Hand to Hand or two by psionics

Bonuses: +5 on initiative, +11 on damage, +3 to strike, +2 to dodge.

Magic Knowledge: None.

Psionic Knowledge: Impervious to Cold, Impervious to Fire, Impervious to Poison,

Mind Block, Resist Fatigue, Resist Hunger, Resist Thirst, Summon Inner Strength, Biomechanics (treat as Telemechanics, but works only for organic-based technologies like those of the Gulub Yaw). All of these psi-powers except for Biomechanics are currently suppressed by the implantation of a psionic inhibitor (standard issue for all the psionic Bughouse inmates). She may not use them until this device is disconnected from her brain—a laborious and complicated medical procedure, not to be performed by amateurs.

I.S.P.: 101

Weapons & Equipment: Several Vid-Text viewers, a set of prison clothes, a homemade shank, homemade fountain pen (uses own blood for ink since no regular ink is available), several dozen sheets of homemade recycled paper.

Cybernetics: None.

Appearance: Short, stocky, and with a vaguely bovine profile, Mag Klepper's outward appearance belies the glittering intellect that hides behind the dull and unremarkable gray eyes in her stony, inscrutable face. Thin, mouse-brown hair spills across her meaty shoulders. She has the appearance and shuffling gait of someone who has been drugged into a stupor, but this is largely an act for the guards and scientists. When in the company of fellow prisoners, she becomes very animated, and she moves with a grace and raw physical power not even hinted at in her ordinary, daily persona.

Paul Bendix

On November 6, 1951, a U.S. Navy P2V-3 Neptune patrol aircraft called the *Truculent Turtle*, ostensibly on a weather reconnaissance mission off the northern coast of Siberia, was engaged by Soviet fighters and fired upon. There was a fantastic explosion of light and then the plane was simply not there anymore. The *Truculent Turtle* and all ten crewmen were presumed lost.

If truth be told, the *Truculent Turtle* was really on a spy mission to take aerial photographs of Soviet military research stations in Siberia, and not on a harmless weather mission, as the State Department later claimed. Now, since we're telling the truth here, it must also be said that the *Truculent Turtle* wasn't destroyed by Soviet fighters, either. In fact, it wasn't destroyed at all. Not in 1951, at least.

The spyplane actually flew through a naturally occurring aerial rift, entering it above the coast of Siberia in 1951, and exiting it just above the North Pole in 102 P.A. The rifting wreaked havoc on the systems of the ship, and all the engines cut off, then exploded, leaving the plane dead in the air, tumbling towards a reunion with the ground. Confused and disoriented from the rifting, the ten crewmen flailed about the ship, unable to get their bearings, each man seeming to have completely lost his sense of balance and spatial orientation. The cabin was on fire. The parachutes were on fire. Men were screaming. The plane was going down.

The next thing Capt. Paul Bendix remembers is waking up on a plain of ice, lying flat on his back, looking up at the grey sky. There was no trace or wreckage of the *Truculent Turtle*, no sign of his nine fellow crewmen. He was not wearing a parachute and couldn't remember how he had gotten out of the plane, much less how he managed to reach the ground alive. The only thing he knew was that he had to find shelter, and fast, or he would freeze to death.

After only twelve miles of walking, he was overjoyed to find the centuries-old wreckage of a wooden whaling ship, the *Viewforth*, locked solid in the pack ice, preserved

for over four hundred years. It had been crushed, and looked like it must have sank at least partway before being pushed back up onto the ice by the force of the currents and the pressure of the ice—but the captain’s cabin was somewhat intact, and at least it offered some shelter from the wind and cold.

There wasn’t much of anything useful still onboard. It was empty of everything except a few rusty harpoons, some cloth rotted to uselessness, and the ship’s log. The very last entry in the log read:

“Strong winds with snow; heavy press, ship suffering greatly, how she can bear it God only knows. It’s awful work; this long sunless night, no hope for us if she goes. How far off course now? I can only pray that a thaw frees her up some, we could sail home. May God preserve our shelter.”

Capt. Paul Bendix’s spirits were not greatly improved by reading this.

On the other hand, he was discovering that he now had strange mental powers that he did not have before. Bendix guessed (rightly) that it was his passage through the strange portal (rift) that had bestowed, or unleashed, these powers within him. Unfortunately, he also gradually discovered that he had developed a severe case of vertigo, and even looking down from the deck of the *Viewforth* onto the ice, a distance of a mere fifteen feet, made him sick to the point of unconsciousness.

His new psionic powers helped him survive in his new home for over a year, then, one day he looked out over the horizon and saw what seemed to be other human beings. He immediately struck out in that direction, traveling for three days until he came to what looked like an Arctic research station—the Bughouse. He was so happy to find civilization, he could’ve wept. Upon approaching it, robots swarmed upon him and electrocuted him senseless.

The next thing Capt. Paul Bendix remembers is waking up in a dimly lit prison cell, wearing a prisoner’s numbered jumpsuit, a psionic inhibiting device hard-wired into his skull. The cell is small and cramped; there are five other prisoners in there with him: three women and two men. They talk. It is the first time he’s heard another human voice in over a year. It is the first time he hears that it is not 1951 anymore.

He is appalled at the despicably inhuman treatment that the prisoners (himself included) suffer at the hands of the guards and the scientists, and one of his cell-mates, a woman named Mag Klepper, sort of a spiritual leader and secret organizer of the prisoners, is actually trying to plan a prison revolt.

Not the kind of person to just lie down and die in the face of adversity, Paul Bendix, a career military man and expert pilot with years of Navy education and training to his credit, has made himself a partner in Mag Klepper’s plans for the Bughouse and for the Gulub Yaw technology floating in the ocean beneath the polar ice. Not only that but, somewhere along the line, he found himself falling for Margaret Klepper, in a romantic way. He cannot help but admire her tenacity—so much like his own—her brilliance, her sheer charisma, her iron-clad ethics. Bendix has not voiced any of this to her, but suspects that she suspects it already (she does).

Also, he has not stopped thinking about the nine crewmen that were under him in the *Truculent Turtle*. In his heart he harbors secret hopes that they managed to survive as he did, and one of the reasons (apart from the humanitarian one) he wants to take part in the prison revolt is to get his hands on some of the Gulub Yaw’s technology so he can

conduct a search for his former crewmates, to at least find out if they are dead or alive, thereby putting his mind to rest. He has no money or possessions, but if he did, he would pay dearly for any information concerning the whereabouts of his mysteriously vanished crew and ship.

Full Name: Capt. Paul Aaron Bendix

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 17, M.A. 9, P.S. 12, P.P. 13, P.E. 14, P.B. 16, Spd 20

Hit Points: 46; **S.D.C.:** 48

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 161 pounds

Age: 38

Disposition: Unflappable, levelheaded and tenacious, Paul Bendix is the kind of man that never gives up once he has set his mind to something. He has the composed demeanor of a seasoned veteran, but, beneath his confident, sure-handed exterior lies the creeping feeling that he is nothing more than a historical relic; a man of a dead time, hundreds of years hopelessly out of date. He desperately wants to be of use to Mag Klepper, and, in a more abstract sense, to the modern world in general, and will do anything to prove it.

Experience Level: 9th level U.S. Navy Pilot

Skills of Note: Pilot: Airplane, Automobile, Helicopter, and Sailboat at 98%; also Navigation, Read Sensory Equipment, Mathematics: Basic and Advanced at 98%; Radio: Basic and First Aid at 90%; Radio: Scramblers and Basic Electronics at 80%; Intelligence 68%; Aircraft Mechanics 85%; W.P. Knife, W.P. Pistol, and W.P. Rifle.

Combat Skills: Hand to Hand: Expert

Number of Attacks: Four

Bonuses (all): +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact; +4 to parry and dodge; +2 to strike.

Magic Knowledge: None

Psionic Knowledge: Deaden Pain, Increased Healing, See Aura, Telepathy, Summon Inner Strength, and Telekinesis.

I.S.P.: 40

Weapons & Equipment: None

Cybernetics: None

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse

Appearance: Dapper, well-groomed, Rock Hudson-ish in his charm, Paul Bendix looks like a typical Navy pilot from any 1950's war movie. His hair is dark brown, almost black. His eyes are steel gray. He carries himself with that implacable straight-backed erectness that a lifetime of military academies will instill in a man.

O.C.C.s of the Bughouse

Bughouse Scientist O.C.C.

These are the rank-and-file workers of the Bughouse. In the halls of the Bughouse, in the laboratories, dozens of these thin, pale, nearsighted researchers can be found, hunched over their workstations, their faces almost permanently planted in their microscopes. They are the ones who collect the samples, they perform the experiments at

the direction of the Ward Wallace Jacksons, they harvest the new viral cultures, they inject the batches of test subjects with lethal strains of hybrid human/alien viruses.

They are experts in the science of human vivisection.

These Scientists, the cloned descendants of the original Bughouse Scientists, are, by and large, a cold and indifferent bunch. They need to be, with the experiments they have to perform on humans and D-Bees and animals on a daily basis. Most of them are intelligent, resourceful, imaginative people, not to mention slightly agoraphobic. This is something the Ward Wallace Jacksons encourage. How else to keep the Scientists from fleeing their fishbowl-lives in the Bughouse than by keeping them so afraid of the monster-filled outside-world that they wouldn't *dare* leave the Bughouse. Only one Scientist has ever successfully escaped from the Bughouse, and he promptly vanished off the face of the Earth. No one has heard from him in a decade.

Not all the Scientists are feeble bookworms, either. Many of them willfully take assignments in the field, defending the Bughouse from monsters and supernatural predators. This arrangement is fine with the Cooperation-Enforcement Officers (hey, better than *them* going out and fighting monsters) and has a kind of logic to it: the main weapons of the Bughouse are the Biological Warfare Viruses, and who has a better understanding of the viruses than the Scientists? Certainly not the semi-literate guards. The Scientists know the capabilities and practical uses of each one of the Bio-Warfare substances like the back of their hand.

Attribute Requirements: Most have an I.Q. of 12 or higher.

Alignments: Tend towards the selfish and evil end of the scale—they have to, in order to do the things they do on a daily basis.

O.C.C. Skills:

- Computer Operation (+20%)
- Literacy (+40%)
- Advanced Math (+20%)
- Radio: Basic (+10%)
- Surveillance Systems (+10%)
- Medical Doctor (+10%)
- Read Sensory Equipment (+15%)
- Basic Electronics (+10%)
- W.P. Energy Pistol

Bughouse Scientists must choose a Hand To Hand combat skill as one of their “other” skill selections. Basic costs one, Expert costs two. Martial Arts, Assassin, and Prison are not allowed.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select 14 other skills, but at least four must be selected from science. Plus select two additional skills at level three, two at level six, two at level nine, and one at level twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

- Communications: Any (+5%)
- Domestic: Any (+5%)
- Electrical: Any (+10%)
- Espionage: Wilderness Survival only
- Mechanical: Any (+5%)
- Medical: Any (+10%)
- Military: None
- Physical: Any except Climbing, Gymnastics, and Acrobatics

Pilot: Robots and Power Armor, and Boat: Motor and Hydrofoils only

Pilot Related: Any

Rogue: None except Computer Hacking

Science: Any (+20%)

Technical: Any (+15%)

W.P.: Any

Wilderness: Any

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills at level one and another four at level four from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus listed in parenthesis (). All secondary skills start at the base skill level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: Note pads, pens, portable hand-held computer with micro-printer, surgical gowns, gloves, surgical kit, petri dishes, med kit, and other implements of medical science. One Safesuit. One Hand-Held Blaster, the standard sidearm of the Bughouse Scientists. One Bughouse “Mister” weapon, with several toxin cartridges.

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse.

Cybernetics: May start with 1D4 of the permanent body-augmentations of the Bughouse.

Cooperation-Enforcement Officer O.C.C.

These are the loathed individuals that serve as the prison guards and, when the occasion necessitates, military forces of the Bughouse. Their schedules work on a rotation system, with each Officer spending one week patrolling the Bughouse’s cellblocks, followed by one week manning the surface garrison, defending the Bughouse itself. They have the euphemistic name of “Cooperation-Enforcement” because it is chiefly their job to make sure that the inmates cooperate with the tests being performed on their bodies.

Now, there is a stereotype of prison guards as being cruel, evil, sadistic thugs, and, well, this stereotype is not wholly inaccurate—at least when it comes to the guards at the Bughouse. Amusements being few and far between when walking the tiers of the prison section, the Cooperation-Enforcement Officers routinely make games out of the brutalization and degradation of the inmates, and otherwise take advantage of them as if it was in their job description.

In actuality, they are not all bad. Quite a few of them are—well, most of them, really—but not all of them. Although even the good ones are all guilty of the crime of turning away when the brutal ones administer beatings, torture, and other...indignities to the inmates.

At this point it must be said that all of the guards are male.

Most of them act more like the Hardened Cons than like Scientists. Bughouse Cooperation-Enforcement Officers value silence, solidarity, bravado, and the solving of problems by violence. They are heavy drinkers and hard-livers. Most of the drugs, alcohol, and tobacco that the inmates consume is manufactured by the Cooperation-Enforcement Officers. Whatever surplus they have after they use what they want is “sold” to the inmates. There being no money in the Bughouse, the inmates pay with whatever they have: food, information, services, homemade games, their bodies, etc.

Attribute Requirements: P.E. and P.P. 12 or higher. A high P.S. is recommended.

O.C.C. Skills:

Detect Ambush (+10%)
Detect Concealment (+15%)
Weapon Systems (+10%)
Literacy (+10%)
W.P. Energy Pistol
W.P. Energy Rifle
W.P. Blunt
W.P. (select two)
Hand to Hand: Expert

Hand to Hand: Expert can be changed with Hand to Hand: Martial Arts, Assassin, or Prison, at the cost of three “other” skill selections.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select four other skills. Plus select two additional skills at level three, one at level six, one at level nine, and one at level twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Any (+5%)
Domestic: Any
Electrical: Basic Electronics only
Espionage: Escape Artist, Intelligence, Sniper and Tracking only.
Mechanical: Automotive only (+5%)
Medical: Paramedic only
Military: Any (+15%)
Physical: Any except Gymnastics, Acrobatics, and Climbing.
Pilot: Robot and Power Armor, and Boat: Motor and Hydrofoils only
Pilot Related: Any
Rogue: None
Science: Math only
Technical: Any
W.P.: Any
Wilderness: Any

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus in parenthesis (). All Secondary Skills start at the base level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: One Bughouse laser rifle, Stun-Truncheon, Hand-Held Blaster, Bughouse Infector (the virus ammunition is allowed to them on an as-needed basis only—guards are not permitted to run around the Bughouse with bulbs of lethal viruses in their possession), one suit of Cooperation-Enforcement Officer light body armor, one Safesuit, one aluminum nightstick, handcuffs (both the metal kind and the plastic zip-up kind), one can of aerosol anti-personnel spray (similar to mace or pepper-spray), one Bughouse “Mister” weapon, with several toxin cartridges.

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse.

Cybernetics: May start with 1-3 biological body-augmentations of the Bughouse.

Hardened Con O.C.C.

Some of the prisoners, even though they themselves have committed no crime (they are the distant descendants of those who have committed crimes), have taken to the prison lifestyle as if they were born criminals. Prisons have always been notorious for being places where one learns to be a better criminal—sort of a lawbreaker college—rather than places of education and reform, and this is no less true here than it was in any 17th century prison.

And the Hardened Cons learn their lessons well. Each one is a very accomplished criminal, even though not one of them has ever been out in the real world to commit a crime. They know how to make homemade knives as sharp as a shaving razor, how to crush a man's windpipe with one punch, how to mix up intoxicating substances out of household ingredients. All this and more they learn from their elders in the Bughouse.

The Hardened Cons are violent, borderline psychotic people who would stab you as soon as look at you. They like to have a good time (what else is there in prison?) and they take what they like by force. The Reformed Cons keep themselves safe by traveling in groups of no fewer than three wherever they go. Strays are usually set upon and assaulted by one or more Hardened Cons.

Luckily for most of the other inmates, the Hardened Cons spend most of their time in an intoxicated state on some kind of drug or alcohol. A favorite drink of the Hardened Cons is a beverage that they call Nighttime, which is 185 proof and laced with small amounts of hallucinogenic. It's called Nighttime because after one glass of the stuff....good night!

If a Hardened Con ever escaped and made his way to The Guts—the dangerous labyrinth of service tunnels beneath the Greenlandic subCities—he'd fit right in.

Attribute Requirements: None, of course, although a high P.S. is recommended.

Alignment Requirements: While quite a few of the Hardened Cons are of evil alignments, it is not a necessary requirement to be one. Hardened Cons are simply inmates who rely on violence, intimidation, and physical force (rather than brains or bargaining) to get what they want. It is true, though, that Principled Hardened Cons are a rarity.

O.C.C. Skills:

- Detect Concealment (+10%)
- Escape Artist (+10%)
- Pick Locks (+5%)
- Pick Pockets (+5%)
- Body Building & Weight Lifting
- Prowl (+15%)
- Concealment (+15%)
- Streetwise (+5%)
- W.P. Blunt
- W.P. Knife

Hand To Hand: Prison—may not be substituted by anything else.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select four other skills. Plus select one additional skill at levels three, seven, ten, and fifteen. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only

Domestic: Any (+10%)

Electrical: Basic Electronics only

Espionage: Any (+5%)
Mechanical: None
Medical: None
Military: Any
Physical: Any except Climbing, Acrobatics, and Gymnastics
Pilot: None
Pilot Related: None
Rogue: Palming only
Science: None
Technical: Any
W.P.: Any
Wilderness: Any

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select six secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus in parenthesis (). All Secondary Skills start at the base level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: Other than some contraband, perhaps, or a homemade shank, usually none. These characters have only their wits and the clothes on their backs.

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse.

Cybernetics: None to start with.

Hand to Hand: Prison

What it lacks in finesse (it may very well be the most graceless form of hand to hand combat on the planet) prison-style fighting makes up for in raw brutality. Maximum aggression instantly is the operative strategy here: you don't wait for your opponent to take the fight to another level, you don't wait to see if he's trying to kill you or just hurt you, *you* take it to the last level. Immediately. You fight every prison-fight as if it is a fight to the death (and it often is).

There is no 'sizing up' of the opponent. There is no holding back. There is no pulling of punches. As such, this fighting style is weak defensively but horrifyingly potent when it comes to offense. The veteran prison-fighter is a cyclone of eye-gouging, ear-biting, lip-tearing, nose-smashing, Adam's apple-hammering, tooth-shattering, groin-stomping, kidney-punching, finger-breaking, kneecap-pulverizing mayhem.

Developed in prison weight-piles, where hulking, muscled convicts with necks the circumference of birthday cakes are the norm, this style is designed to *kill*, or, short of killing, to permanently disable and/or disfigure. Unlike many other forms of unarmed combat, there is no code of honor associated with prison-fighting, and the preferred way to initiate combat is to surprise the opponent from behind, striking him in the back before he knows what's happening. The art of the sucker-punch is an old and time-honored one.

There is no ethics in prison-style fighting. No lip service paid to the ideas of "fighting fair" or "fighting dirty." Those concepts don't even exist as abstractions in the prison-fighting ethos—fighting is fighting. It's a dirty business. You fight to win. You fight to maim. Losers *do not* get up and walk away.

The following techniques are known at first level: Roll with punch, fall, impact; body block/tackle; punch attack (2D4 damage); kick attack (1D6 damage); knee and elbow strike (1D6 damage); and the usual, strike, parry and dodge.

Bonuses: +3D6 S.D.C., +1 to P.S., +2 to P.E., +1D4 to Spd

Level:

- 1 Two attacks per melee to start; +1 on initiative; +3 on damage
- 2 +1 on initiative; +1 to strike
- 3 +One additional attack per melee round; +2 on damage
- 4 Disarm; +1 to strike, +1 to dodge
- 5 Tripping/Leg Hook and Floor Stomp; +2 on damage
- 6 +One additional attack per melee round; +1 on initiative
- 7 +1 to strike; +2 on damage
- 8 Critical blow on a natural 18-20, or (preferably) on attacks from behind
- 9 +2 on damage; +1 to dodge
- 10 +One additional attack per melee, causes Severe Physical Damage on a natural attack roll of 18-20 (see Side-Effects from Physical Damage table in **Rifts RPG**, p. 11)
- 11 +1 on initiative
- 12 +2 on damage; +1 to strike
- 13 All punches do critical (double) damage
- 14 Death blow!
- 15 +One additional attack per melee round; +2 on damage

Reformed Con O.C.C.

The Reformed Cons are a movement among the Bughouse population of inmates who reject the criminal-at-birth role that is automatically handed to them because of their ancestry. All of the inmates of the Bughouse are descended from that original crop of ultraviolet felons and death-row prisoners that were “disappeared” from North America in the decades before the Great Cataclysm. For most of the history of the Bughouse, even the offspring of these desperate, violent convicts (and the children of those children) matured into desperate, violent adults.

It was only about a hundred years ago that there was a real intellectual movement among some of the prisoners, a mass-recognition that the only reason that they were in this “prison” was that they were born there, and that none of them had done anything—both legally and philosophically speaking—to deserve the imprisonment they suffered. They were innocent of any crime, suffering not for the sins of their fathers, but of their great-great-great-great-great-great grandfathers.

Though they were being treated like criminals, they had decided that that did not mean they had to act like criminals. The Reformed Cons became self-educated.

There wasn’t much for them to go on. There were only a few dozen Vid-Text viewers (a portable, hand-held screen that holds up to a thousand books in its memory banks) in the Bughouse, with perhaps 50,000 books between them, and, at that point, few of the Bughouse inmates were literate at all, so it was slow going for a while. Those who could read and who had Vid-Text viewers would impart their knowledge along to the other Reformed Cons via oral tradition. Spending the day sitting and listening to an older Reformed Con lecture on some subject or other is the usual way in which the Reformed Cons pass the long, monotonous hours in the cellblock.

Today, the Reformed Cons are all literate, and well-versed in any one of dozens of scientific and artistic subjects. They are certainly more educated than the guards that patrol the cellblocks, and, while they don’t have the specialized expertise that the

Scientists have, they definitely are familiar with a wider range of subjects, and have a more rounded base of knowledge in general. It must be said, however, that at this point all the Reformed Cons' knowledge is all "book learning." Since none of them has ever left the Bughouse (except those put on the occasional outdoors work-detail), there has been no opportunity to put any of this knowledge into practice.

Reformed Cons tend to be less brawny than the Hardened Cons. They also find it difficult to murder with impunity the way the Hardened Cons do. For this, the Hardened Cons considered the Reformed Cons to be easy prey, and make it a point to victimize them whenever the opportunity arises. For their part, the Reformed Cons try to make sure that the opportunity never arises. In the Bughouse, they usually travel in large groups of six to fourteen people. Individual forays to the commissary or to the infirmary or to the exercise room or to the shower room are not advised. A lone Reformed Con must constantly be on his guard.

Hardened Cons and Reform Cons are, for the most part, housed in separate cellblocks. There are four blocks: A, B, C, and P blocks. The A and B blocks are made up of mostly Hardened Cons, C block is mostly Reformed Cons, and P block is a mix of Reformed and Hardened Cons, mentally unbalanced inmates who don't fall into either category, and recently captured inmates like Paul Bendix. P block is also where the Infirmary is housed.

Attribute Requirements: None, other than a willingness to improve oneself and not live as if you are of the lowest and most violent level of human society.

O.C.C. Skills:

Forgery (+10%)
Intelligence (+10%)
Mathematics: Advanced (+20%)
Concealment (+10%)
Literacy (+15%)
Writing (+5%)

Hand to Hand: Basic can be substituted with Expert at a cost of two "other" skills, or Prison at cost of four "other" skills.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select ten other skills. Plus select two additional skills at level three, two at level six, two at level nine, and one at level twelve. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Radio: Basic only
Domestic: Any (+15%)
Electrical: Basic Electronics and Electrical Engineer only (+5%)
Espionage: Any
Mechanical: Automotive Mechanics, Locksmith, & Mechanical Engineer only (+5%)
Medical: First Aid and Paramedic only.
Military: None.
Physical: Any except Gymnastic, Acrobatics, and Climbing.
Pilot: None.
Pilot Related: Read Sensory Equipment only
Rogue: Any except Computer Hacking
Science: Any (+10%)
Technical: Any (+15%)
W.P.: Any
Wilderness: Any

Secondary Skills: The character also gets to select seven secondary skills from the previous list. These are additional areas of knowledge that do not get the advantage of the bonus in parenthesis (). All Secondary Skills start at the base level. Also, skills are limited (any, only, none) as previously indicated on the list.

Standard Equipment: Other than some contraband, perhaps, or a homemade shank, not much. A few Reformed Cons have possession of a Vid-Text, which is a portable viewer that has a miniature library of books stored in its memory banks. These are hotly coveted, however, and the owners of these must keep them well hidden or else become the target of assassination attempts from some of the Hardened Cons.

Money: There is no money in the Bughouse.

Cybernetics: None to start with. “Trusties” (inmates who, through good behavior and a demonstrated willingness to betray their fellow inmates) *may* start with one or two of the permanent implants or biological body-augmentations of the Bughouse.

Weapons & Equipment of the Bughouse

Cooperation-Enforcement Officer Body Armor

This body armor is light and relatively comfortable, but not incredibly durable. Then again, no one ever expected to use them in combat against aliens and demons; just unarmed, or lightly armed, prisoners.

Consisting of a padded body suit with a helmet, this simple suit has all the features common to most modern body armors (see **Rifts RPG**, page 209).

M.D.C. 30

Weight: 16 lbs (7.2 kg)

- **Fair Mobility:** -15% on the performance of Prowl and other physical skills such as gymnastics.

Safesuit

This is the standard sealed-systems, anti-viral suit worn by scientists and technicians in the “hot zone” laboratories (the labs where the very most lethal and most contagious of the biological weapons are spliced and manipulated).

It consists of a thick, insulated padding covered by a triple-redundancy airtight material, with an integral helmet that has a wide glass visor that does not limit peripheral vision at all. The suit carries its own atmosphere, a six-hour supply of oxygen. The gloves of the suit are thin (although the material is no less tough than on the rest of the suit), allowing the wearer to manipulate tiny objects with no penalty to his manual dexterity.

The material that the suit is made of is covered in a reflective substance similar to what covers the Glitterboy armor, that is specifically designed to reflect the penetrating laser beam of the Bughouse Infector weapon, which the suit is impervious to. This is to prevent any accidental infections while handling the weapon. It also reflects 60% of all other laser blasts, although, given its incredibly low M.D.C., this suit is NOT meant for combat.

The complicated and intricate network of seals, closures, and valves make this suit rather time-consuming to get in and out of. It takes a half hour to put on or take off, and may be worn over other suits of very light armor (like the Cooperation-Enforcement Officer Body Armor), but not over power armor.

M.D.C. 5

Weight: 8 lbs (3.6 kg)

- **Excellent Mobility:** -5% on the performance of Prowl and other physical skills such as gymnastics.

Heavyweight Stun Truncheon

Damage: Nonlethal; the *stunned* victim is -8 to strike, parry, and dodge; plus reduces the character’s speed and number of attacks per melee round by half. The accumulative effect on the nervous system of the body being repeatedly stunned may knock the victim unconscious, even if he has previously saved. After being successfully stunned (failed saving throw) more than *three times* in a single melee round, the character will be rendered unconscious for 2D6 melee rounds. When he recovers, he will suffer the

stun penalties for 1D6 minutes.

Every failed saving throw means there is a 35% chance of being rendered unconscious. Note that in this case, even if the individual remains conscious, he will continue to suffer the penalties to his movement and actions as the powerful energy charge impairs his strength and coordination.

Physical Damage: 3D6 S.D.C. plus P.S. attribute bonus when used as a clubbing weapon; 1D6 S.D.C. from jabbing attacks. However, the baton is an M.D.C. structure and can be used to parry M.D. attacks from vibro-blades, 'Borgs, 'Bots and power armor. Has 120 M.D.C.

Duration of Stun Effects: 2D6 melee rounds. The duration of the impairment is increased 2D6 melee rounds for every hit by the truncheon in which the character does not save.

Save vs Stun Truncheon: 17 or higher; the same as saving against non-lethal poison. The character must save each time he is struck. A successful save means the character loses initiative and one melee attack/action that round but is otherwise okay.

Payload: 80 stun attacks – rechargeable.

Size: 4 feet (1.2 m) long

Note: The Stun Truncheon is *ineffective* against environmental, M.D.C. body and power armor, but is effective against half suit armor, or body armor without a helmet (not fully environmental without the helmet attached).

Hand-Held Blaster

This is the standard sidearm for all official personnel of the Bughouse. It is a short, thin, silver wand about 13 inches long. It delivers a nasty bolt of S.D.C. energy to any target within a range of 250 feet, although its power tends to peter out beyond 100 feet.

Each Blaster is assigned a serial number, and if a prisoner gets hold of one, a quick computer scan checks the numbers to tell which Blasters are unaccounted for. The unaccounted-for Blasters can then be safely deactivated from the Main Control Room of the Bughouse (or from the private quarters of either of the Ward Wallace Jacksons). Deactivated Blasters can only be re-activated by direct command of either the Chief Director or Deputy Director of the Bughouse.

Weight: 2 lbs (0.9 kg)

Damage: 4D6 S.D.C.

Rate of Fire: Standard, see Modern Weapon Proficiency section of the **Rifts RPG**.

Effective Range: 250 feet (76 m)—although at distances further than 100 feet, it only delivers half-damage.

Payload: 10 shots.

Bonus to Strike: +1 because of light weight and superior balance.

Bughouse Energy Rifle

This is the standard sidearm of the Bughouse Cooperation-Enforcement Officers. It is a far heavier weapon than needed to deal with unarmored prison inmates, but that's good because they're just about the only M.D.C. weapons in all of the Bughouse. They are more often used on supernatural monsters than on prisoners.

Each Energy Rifle is assigned a serial number, and if a prisoner gets hold of one, a

quick computer scan checks the numbers to tell which ones are unaccounted for. The unaccounted-for Energy Rifles can then be safely deactivated from the Main Control Room of the Bughouse (or from the private quarters of either of the Ward Wallace Jacksons). Deactivated Energy Rifles can only be re-activated by direct command of either the Chief Director or Deputy Director of the Bughouse.

Weight: 5 lbs (2.25 kg)

Damage: 2 settings: 6D6 S.D.C.
2D6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Standard, see Modern Weapon Proficiencies section of the **Rifts RPG**.

Effective Range: 1000 feet (305 m)

Payload: 20 mega-damage shots, or 40 S.D.C. shots.

Bughouse “Infector”

This is one of the standard ways that the biological weapons of the Bughouse are delivered. In function, it is basically a laser hypodermic-needle.

The Infector is a tube, two feet long, and about the thickness of a flashlight, with a lens at one end. It projects a powerful, ultra-tight laser beam less than @ the thickness of a human hair to a distance of up to 200 feet. This beam by itself causes no damage, but it is powerful enough to pass through heavy-duty M.D.C. materials like body armor, power armor, and the skin of supernatural, M.D.C. creatures.

The beam will pass through just about anything in its path: through the power armor a person is wearing, and, consequently, through the body of the person in the armor. On this tiny beam of light is carried a few germs of a Biological Warfare Organism, which are released into the bloodstream of the first organic being that the beam encounters.

The beam is so tiny that those who are hit by it may not even feel it. At most, victims will have the sensation of being pricked by a pin, but 65% of the time they will not feel anything. Since the beam is so small as to be virtually invisible, it is difficult for a user to tell if he has hit a target or not. There is an indicator on the shaft of the Infector that registers whether the last shot hit anything or not, although it doesn't say exactly *what* the beam hit, or if it hit what it was supposed to, only that it hit *something*.

Weight: 10 lbs (4.5 kg)

Damage: As per Biological Warfare Virus used.

Rate of Fire: The Infector must be reloaded after every shot. Firing takes one melee action, and reloading takes another.

Effective Range: 200 feet (61 m).

Payload: One shot. Must be reloaded after each firing. Virus samples are carried in a heavy, shock-absorbing satchel that holds 28 sample-bulbs. The bulbs are somewhat delicate, and must be handled with care. If a bulb breaks anywhere within 12 inches of exposed skin or 30 inches of an open wound, there is a 15% chance that the person may be infected by the biological weapon. The satchel weighs 22 pounds fully loaded and 17 pounds empty.

Bughouse “Puffer”

This, the other standard way that the biological weapons of the Bughouse are delivered, is long, semi-hollow tube, about the size of a bazooka. It fires ceramic bulbs containing weapons-grade bacteria and viruses, in powdered form. Upon hitting the target,

the bulb shatters and releases a powdered biological weapon, which dissolves colorlessly into the air like a puff of smoke.

The effectiveness of this weapon depends solely on whether or not the target breathes in any of these free-floating particles of biological warfare, or has porous enough skin to allow the germs to pass through (most humans and humanoid D-Bees do). At best, the weapon has a 75% effectiveness against unprotected targets (i.e. who are not wearing a helmet or armor). The Puffer has almost zero effectiveness against enemies that do not need to breathe, or who do not have any skin exposed. Although, shooting a Puff bulb at (or into) the open wound of an enemy is remarkable effective, whether the enemy breathes or not.

However, even shooting a Puff bulb at a protected target can be effective, in a way. Most of the Biowarfare Viruses and Bacteria will remain active on any kind of surface it hits. So, even if a character is wearing power armor, if the armor is hit by a Puff bulb, the biowarfare agent will remain active on the surface of the armor. If the character takes the armor off anytime before the biowarfare agent becomes inactive, he has a 45% chance of contracting the disease through contact with the infected surface of his armor—so does anyone else who comes into contact with this infected surface.

Typically, Biowarfare viruses remain active on a surface like this for one hour per point of **Virulence** the specific disease has. Biowarfare bacteria remain active for two hours per point of **Virulence**. See individual entries for the **Virulence** of each disease.

Weight: 5 lbs (2.25 kg)

Damage: As per Biological Warfare Virus or Bacteria used.

Rate of Fire: The Puffer must be reloaded after every shot. Firing takes one melee action, and reloading takes another.

Effective Range: 300 feet (91.5 m). The Puffer can also be loaded with heavy-duty, explosive bulbs that can infect anything within a 6 foot radius of detonation, although the effectiveness against unprotected targets drops from 85% to 70%.

Payload: One shot. Must be reloaded after each firing. Virus and bacteria samples are carried in a heavy, shock-absorbing satchel that holds 42 sample-bulbs. The bulbs are somewhat delicate, and must be handled with care. If a bulb breaks anywhere within six feet of exposed skin or sixteen feet of an open wound, there is a 20% chance that the person may be infected by the biological weapon. The satchel weighs 38 pounds fully loaded and 27 pounds empty.

Bughouse “Mister”

This is a common personal sidearm for the official personnel of the Bughouse (i.e. the scientists and guards). It is a small aerosol tube, only slightly larger than a roll of breath mints, that shoots out an aerated stream of a harmful substance at an attacker.

It is mostly used to deploy the faster-acting biological toxins that the Bughouse manufactures. The range of this weapon is too short for it to be effective in a hit-and-run attack situation (you pretty much have to get right in the enemy’s face to use it), so most of the Viruses and Bacterium become impractical in a combat situation.

However, since it is a completely silent weapon, it can be used to spray viruses or bacteria on a sleeping enemy, if the character is stealthy enough to sneak up on the target without waking it up. Another use for it is to use it on a captured enemy, infecting them with something very contagious, like smallpox, and then letting the enemy go, so it returns to its community and hopefully infects others with the disease. This is also the weapon that

is used to deploy viruses, bacteria, or toxins into an enemy's food or water supply.

When using a biological toxin, the effectiveness of this weapon depends solely on whether or not the target has their face exposed. Some toxins are able to seep through the skin of a target and poison them, but this takes too long to be useful in a combat situation. The only part of the body that yields immediate results when hit with a biological toxin is the face. Also, toxins do not remain active on the surface of armors the way bacteria and viruses do, so using it against a character in armor is a useless gesture.

Using viruses or bacteria, the Mister has, at best, a 90% effectiveness against unprotected targets, and almost zero effectiveness against enemies that do not need to breathe, or who do not have any skin exposed. Although, shooting a stream from the Mister at (or into) the open wound of an enemy is remarkable effective, whether the enemy breathes or not.

As with the Puffer weapon, Biowarfare Viruses and Bacteria fired from the Mister will remain active on any kind of surface it hits. So, even if a character is wearing power armor, if the armor is hit by a Mist stream containing viruses, these viruses will remain active on the surface of the armor. If the character takes the armor off anytime before the biowarfare agent becomes inactive, he has a 45% chance of contracting the disease through contact with the infected surface of his power armor—so does anyone else who comes into contact with this infected surface.

Typically, Biowarfare viruses remain active on a surface like this for one hour per point of **Virulence** the specific disease has. Biowarfare bacteria remain active for two hours per point of **Virulence**. See individual entries for the **Virulence** of each disease.

Weight: .5 lb (.25 kg)

Damage: As per Biological Warfare Virus, Bacteria or Toxin used.

Rate of Fire: The Mister must be reloaded after every shot. Firing takes one melee action, and reloading takes another.

Effective Range: 9 feet (2.7 m).

Payload: One shot. Must be reloaded after each firing. Virus, bacteria, and toxin samples are usually carried in a light, canvas sack. These sample cartridges are made of durable, shock-absorbing metal, and are not as delicate as the bulbs used for the Infector or Puffer weapons. They do not break easily, and are even considered safe enough to carry in one's pocket without worry. However, if one *does* break anywhere within three feet of exposed skin or eight feet of an open wound, there is a 20% chance that the person may be infected by the biological weapon.

Decon & Detox Fieldkit

The standard Bughouse D & D Kit (Decontamination and Detoxification) comes equipped with everything an operative in the field would need if he were to be accidentally or purposefully infected with an organism of biological warfare, or poisoned by a natural toxin (i.e. one that is produced by an animal). One ampule=one dose. This kit includes:

- 2 sterile hypodermic syringes, with eight disposable needles.
- 8 pairs of sterile latex surgical gloves
- 2 sterile cloth facemasks to cover mouth and nose
- 168 grams of antibiotics (twice the minimum amount needed to cure the average person of most of the bacterial weapons).
- 2 tubes of antibiotic ointment. 40% effective against infected skin rashes.

- 1 ampule of VIG serum (*Vaccina immune globulin*—a fairly effective antidote for smallpox-based weapons, that has 85% effectiveness if administered within 7 hours of initial exposure, and 100% effectiveness if administered up to half an hour *before* exposure).
- 2 ampules of Rifampin, which is a semi-effective (75% effectiveness) antidote for all Brucellosis-bases infections.
- 1 ampule of TC-83, the vaccine for Venezuelan Equine Encephalitis-based weapons (VEE), which has 100% effectiveness if administered within five minutes of exposure, -10% effectiveness for each successive interval of five minutes (0% effectiveness if administered any longer than 50 minutes after infection).
- 2 tablets of doxycycline and 2 tablets of ciprofloxacin, which are anti-anthrax agents. If taken before exposure, effectiveness is 99%. If taken after exposure, effectiveness drops to 60%.
- 6 ampules of Ribavirin, a general, all-purpose anti-viral agent that has 55% effectiveness against *any* viral weapon if administered within two hours of infection.
- 4 ampules of Mega-Antivenin, which neutralizes most natural, animal-produced venoms—including (but not limited to) the toxins of various snakes, scorpions, and spiders indigenous to Rifts Earth. This serum is also effective in 72% of alien and supernatural creature-produced venoms.
- 1 ampule of *heptavalent botulinum antitoxin*, which is an antidote for most Botulism-based toxins and biological weapons, and is effective in 100% of cases.
- 6 tablets of superactivated charcoal and 6 tablets of magnesium citrate, to be crushed and swallowed for intensive gastric decontamination—if a toxin or bacterially-contaminated food has been ingested. Effective in 70% of cases.
- 24 tablets of Calcium Hypochlorite, which can be dissolved in water to form a disinfecting and decontaminating solution. This solution is used to thoroughly wash the body (especially open wounds and areas of thin, semi-porous skin like the mouth, tongue, inside of the nose, corners of the eyes, under the fingernails, genitals, and rectum) to eliminate biological warfare organisms that may be clinging to the skin. A heavy-concentration solution—using four tablets instead of one—is used to decontaminate clothing and other objects that may have come into contact with infectious substances. It would take fourteen tablets worth of solution to adequately disinfect something the size of, say, a suit of power armor.
- 4 disposable heat flares. Small sticks each with enough energy to boil one gallon of water for 30 minutes, which is to be used for sterilization purposes.

Weight: 13 lbs (6 kg)

AL-6 Prison Utility Drone

This robot is designed to take the place of the simple, everyday technicians of the Bughouse. It is used for repairs (especially if something on the outside of the Bughouse needs to be repaired—it's cold out there!), equipment maintenance, and simple, clerical-type work like data entry and filing. It is not designed for combat or for the control of the prison population, although it does have an integral stun blaster just for emergencies.

These robots are squat, boxy, and ungainly looking, being designed for practicality rather than for being aesthetically pleasing to look at. Nor are they very bright. They do not understand voice commands, and any Scientist wishing to change its work-assignment

must first radio in to the Main Control Office to have an operator reprogram the bot's list of chores for that day.

If any bot in the Bughouse is damaged in any way, sirens go off, and the prison block goes on immediate lockdown—meaning that all the doors in the cellblocks close and lock automatically. Since there are doors about every twenty or thirty feet in the cellblock, this effectively immobilizes everyone trapped in it. Lockdown status remains in effect until the damage to the bot can be investigated to determine if it was caused by an accident or by one of the inmates. Then, and only then, can the doors be opened by two high-level supervisors simultaneously punching in their personal “all-clear” codes into the security computers in the Main Control Office of the Bughouse.

Bughouse Utility Bot

Model Type: AL-6

Crew: None

M.D.C. by Location:

Hands (2) — 4 each

Arms (2) — 9 each

Legs (2) — 14 each

*Head — 12

**Main Body — 30

*Destroying the head of the robot will eliminate all optics and sensory systems. In most cases, the robot shuts down as a safety feature. The head is a small and difficult target to hit, especially when the robot is in motion. It can only be hit when a character makes a “called shot,” and even then the attacker is -2 to strike.

Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will effectively destroy the bot, shutting it down completely. **Note: Additional armor or protection cannot be worn by this robot.

Speed:

Running: 20 mph (32 kmph). Note that the act of running does not tire the robot and maximum speed can be maintained so long as the robot's battery charge does not run out.

Flying: Not possible.

Range: Technically, since the maximum charge of this bot lasts 18 days, and since its maximum speed is 30 mph, it could travel up to 8,640 miles (13,824 km) in that time. However, no Bughouse bot has ever been further than 30 miles from the Bughouse before.

Underwater Capabilities: Due to the occasional need to repair the parts of the Bughouse exposed to the Arctic Ocean below the pack ice, the Utility Drones are able to move in water via a primitive propeller system, but at 20% of their maximum speed.

Maximum Ocean Depth: 500 feet (153 m)

Statistical Data

Height: 4 feet (1.2 m)

Width: 2 feet (.6 m)

Length: 2 feet (.6 m)

Physical Strength: Equivalent to a P.S. 32

Cargo: None

Power System: High Pressure Superconductor Battery. Lasts 18 days of continuous use on a single charge. Charging the battery to full takes 24 hours.

Weapon Systems

1. **Hand to Hand Combat:** Rather than use a melee weapon, the Utility Bot can engage in mega-damage hand to hand combat using its fists. One attack per melee.

Damage:

Restrained Punch — 2D6+16 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch — 1D6 M.D.

Power Punch — 2D6 M.D., counts as two melee attacks.

Kick — 2D4 M.D.

Body Block — 1D6 M.D.

Bonuses: Includes all bonuses from programming, robotics, and sensors: +1 to strike with a Hand to Hand attack. +1 to parry with hands or truncheon, +2 to dodge, +1 to parry and dodge attacks from behind, +1 to roll with impact or fall. Impervious to poison, gas, and biological weapons, as well as psionic and magic mind control, charms, bio-manipulation, and S.D.C. attacks.

2. **Stunner:** The index finger of the left hand of this robot is a low-power stunner, for emergency use only. Unarmored targets must save vs coma or be stunned for 4D6 melee rounds. Targets in S.D.C. armor have +4 applied to their saving throw. The Bot is +2 to strike with this weapon. Range is 50 feet (15.2 m), rate of fire is once per melee.

Each time the robot uses this stunner takes two hours off of its remaining battery charge.

3. **Arc Torch:** The fingers of the right hand of this robot double as arc-welding torches. They are not intended for use as a weapon, but anything coming into contact with the flame from these torches will suffer 1D4 M.D. of damage for every melee round of contact.

4. Sensor Systems of Note:

Motion Detector: 100 foot radius (30.5 m), prevents inmates from sneaking up on it, and adds to ability to parry and dodge (see bonuses).

Radar: Not a very advanced form of radar, this sensor system can track up to four targets simultaneously at a range of one mile (1.6 km).

5. **Skill Programs of Note:** Advanced Math 96%, Basic Electronics 96%, Computer Repair 96%, Electrical Engineer 96%, Locksmith 77%, Mechanical Engineer 96%, Robot Mechanics 96%, Pilot: All boats and Submersibles 45%, Computer Operation 80%.

Programming and Memory: Allows the Utility 'Bots to identify all official Bughouse personnel—both the guards and the Scientists—by means of a coded identity chip that all of the personnel have implanted at their birth as a clone.

XS-41 Corrections Facility Guard Drone

This bot, more powerful but less versatile than the Utility Drone, is used as a guard dog for the cellblocks, particularly at night, when the majority of the Cooperation Enforcement Officers go off duty. Their functions, by robotics standards, are primitive: they patrol the cellblocks at night, when the prisoners are all supposed to be asleep. If any prisoner is out of their cell unaccompanied by a guard or scientist, he is to be detained until a guard or scientist arrives. If the inmate resists, he is to be stunned or subdued by S.D.C. combat. The bot is programmed to never kill an inmate unless the inmate is threatening the life of a scientist or guard, attempting to destroy or sabotage one of the

bots, or attempting to escape.

More important than their cellblock-guarding duties, these robots are used on the surface to defend the Bughouse from the occasional monster or supernatural predator. Over the years, the number of Guard Drones has dwindled due to losses incurred fighting these monsters. Unfortunately, the Bughouse lacks the raw mechanical materials required to manufacture new robots, and the scientists have had to content themselves with constantly repairing and patching together the rather beat-up and ragged ones that they have. When the Bughouse was first established, it had 125 Guard Drones. Today they are down to 47.

These robots can also be used to hunt escaped inmates, but since none have ever escaped, this particular capability has never been put to the test.

If any bot in the Bughouse is damaged in any way, sirens go off, and the prison block goes on immediate lockdown—meaning that all the doors in the cellblocks close and lock automatically. Since there are doors about every twenty or thirty feet in the cellblock, this effectively immobilizes everyone trapped in it. Lockdown status remains in effect until the damage to the bot can be investigated to determine if it was caused by an accident or by one of the inmates. Then, and only then, can the doors be opened by two high-level supervisors simultaneously punching in their personal “all-clear” codes into the security computers in the Main Control Office of the Bughouse.

Bughouse Guard Bot

Model Type: XS-41

Crew: None

M.D.C. by Location:

Hands (2) — 11 each

Arms (2) — 23 each

Legs (2) — 35 each

*Head — 30

**Main Body — 75

*Destroying the head of the robot will eliminate all optics and sensory systems. In most cases, the robot shuts down as a safety feature. The head is a small and difficult target to hit, especially when the robot is in motion. It can only be hit when a character makes a “called shot,” and even then the attacker is -2 to strike.

Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will effectively destroy the bot, shutting it down completely. **Note: Additional armor or protection cannot be worn by this robot.

Speed:

Running: 45 mph (72 kmph) maximum. Note that the act of running does not tire the robot and maximum speed can be maintained so long as the robot’s battery charge does not run out.

Flying: Not possible.

Range: Technically, since the maximum charge of this bot lasts 11 days, and since its maximum speed is 45 mph, it could travel up to 11,880 miles (19,008 km) in that time. However, no Bughouse bot has ever been further than 30 miles from the Bughouse before.

Underwater Capabilities: None

Statistical Data

Height: 7 feet (2.1 m)

Width: 3 feet (.9 m)

Length: 2 feet, 9 inches (.9 m)

Physical Strength: Equivalent to a P.S. 30

Cargo: None.

Power System: High pressure superconductor battery. Lasts 11 days of continuous use on a single charge. To charge the battery to full takes 24 hours.

Weapon Systems

1. **Hand to Hand Combat:** Rather than use a melee weapon, the Guard Bot can engage in mega-damage hand to hand combat using its fists. Four attacks per melee, equal to Hand to Hand: Expert.

Damage:

Restrained Punch — 2D6+15 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch — 1D6 M.D.

Power Punch — 2D6 M.D., counts as two melee attacks.

Kick — 2D4 M.D.

Body Block — 1D6 M.D.

Bonuses: Includes all bonuses from programming, robotics, and sensors: +1 to strike with energy rifle, energy pistol, or truncheon. +3 to strike on aimed shot. +2 to strike on a Hand to Hand attack. +3 to parry with hands or truncheon, +4 to dodge, +3 to parry and dodge attacks from behind, +2 to roll with impact or fall. Impervious to poison, gas, and biological weapons, as well as psionic and magic mind control, charms, bio-manipulation, and S.D.C. attacks.

2. **Stunner:** The index finger of the left hand of this robot is a low-power stunner, for emergency use only. Unarmored targets must save vs coma or be stunned for 4D6 melee rounds. Targets in S.D.C. armor have +4 applied to their saving throw. The Bot is +3 to strike with this weapon. Range is 150 feet (45.7 m).

Each time the robot uses this stunner takes 4 hours off its remaining battery charge.

3. **Sensor Systems of Note:**

Motion Detector: 200 foot radius (61 m), prevents inmates from sneaking up on it, and adds to ability to parry and dodge (see bonuses). It also aids it in detecting inmates who are out of their cell when they shouldn't be.

Radar: Not a very advanced form of radar, this sensor system can track up to ten targets simultaneously at a range of 1.5 miles (2.4 km).

4. **Skill Programs of Note:** Basic Math 96%, Tracking 35%, Demolitions Disposal 40%. W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Blunt.

Programming and Memory: Allows the Guard 'Bots to identify all official Bughouse personnel—both the guards and the Scientists—by means of a coded identity chip that all of the personnel have implanted at their birth as a clone.

Viral Augmentation, Biowarfare, & Other Microbiological Manipulations of the Bughouse

Through the splicing of terrestrial microorganisms, bizarre alien microbes, and, often, genetic material from Earth animals, the Bughouse scientists have developed an incredible talent for the manufacturing of biological weapons, and micro-biological augmentations of the human body, somewhat akin to Atlantean Bio-Wizardry, but completely non-magical in nature. Or so they think. The alien microbes that they use in their experiments are a complete mystery to the Scientists. They know how to use them, sure, but they're not exactly certain about *why* they work the way they do. Some have speculated that magic is behind it. No one knows for certain.

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Viral Augmentations

This is the area in which the Bughouse scientists have found the use of alien microorganisms most useful. They seem to be best suited for the augmentation of the human body (augmentation) rather than for destructive purposes (biowarfare). Consequently, the following viral body-augmentations are composed almost exclusively of alien microbes; as opposed to the Biowarfare division (viral and bacterial weapons, and biological toxins), which are composed almost exclusively of microorganisms native to Earth—although some of them have been juiced up a bit with alien spores.

Brain Crawlers

Brain Crawlers are viral agents that inhabit the host's cerebellum, using their bodies to bridge the natural gaps between the synapses of the brain, becoming biological superconductors. They permit a person to access parts of their brains that ordinarily remain unused, temporarily instilling some psionic powers in their host, and quickening their response time considerably.

Host Type: Most any animal, humans, and D-Bees; will not work on supernatural creatures.

Host Environment: Entire body

Reproduction: Not applicable

Hit Points: Not applicable

Average Life Span: 2D4+2 days.

Alignment: n/a

Powers: Brain Crawlers give the host the psi-power of Mind Block Auto-Defense, plus 1D4+1 other, randomly chosen psionic powers, which can be from any category except Super. I.S.P. base is 5D6+6. If the character is already a psionic, this virus doesn't add any new powers (except Mind Block Auto-Defense), but does temporarily double their I.S.P. base.

They also bestow a +3 bonus to the host's initiative.

Side Effects: Brain Crawlers cause mild headache and confusion in their hosts. Those infected with Brain Crawlers are -5% on the performance of all skills. This penalty cumulatively increases each day the host carries the Crawlers within his brain. -10% on the second day, 15% the third, etc.

Size: Microscopic

Means of Elimination: Any standard anti-viral medication will remove the Brain Crawlers from the host's body.

Cold Bugs (Arctic Survival Glycoprotein)

Host Type: Most any animal, humans, and D-Bees; will not work on supernatural creatures.

Host Environment: Entire body

Reproduction: Not applicable

Hit Points: Not applicable

Average Life Span: 72+1D8 hours (takes 2D6x10 minutes to have any effect).

Alignment: Not applicable

Powers: Cold Bugs are microbial agents that deposit slightly bio-engineered glycoproteins—naturally occurring enzymes found in Arctic fish and some beetles—into every cell of the host body. It's sort of a cellular antifreeze, preserving the body from cold injuries for almost 80 hours. A character with Cold Bugs in his bloodstream has nothing to fear from hypothermia or frostbite, even in the worst extremes of polar cold. It could be -60°F degrees and the character would be perfectly safe wearing pants and a short-sleeved t-shirt; he could even swim in the chilly Arctic Ocean with no ill effects if he wanted to. He takes half damage from magical cold attacks.

Side Effects: The character will feel hot, even stiflingly so, at normal temperatures. Being indoors somewhere with a room temperature of 55°F or more will cause the character to break out in a thin sweat. Standing next to a heat source, such as a radiator or open flame, will cause the character to sweat profusely, and he will be extremely uncomfortable until he gets away from the source of heat, or until the room cools to about 32°F, which the character will still regard as “very warm,” but, at least, not uncomfortably hot. Being inside power armor, unless somehow ventilated with freezing air, is completely out of the question, as the character will feel as if he's being baked alive in the close, climate-controlled space.

Size: Microscopic

Means of Elimination: No need, are safely metabolized by the body after 72+1D6 hours.

RIS Virus (Radical Infectious Scleroprotein)

This virus ravages the body of those infected with it, eventually devouring it entirely, but, as a side effect, temporarily renders the body of those infected into a superpowerful, M.D.C. creature. Still, an hour later, they're dead all the same.

Why would anyone volunteer to take a lethal organism like this, you ask? Blackmail, usually. Occasionally, when the Bughouse is being menaced by some sort of powerful, supernatural creature, the Scientists will take away an inmate's children and tell the father that they will be tortured to death if he does not willfully ingest the lethal RIS Virus and go out and defend the Bughouse to the best of his ability until he dies. Few parents can resist this sort of compulsion.

Host Type: Humans and humanlike D-bees. Will not work on supernatural creatures.

Will not work on someone who has already had their bodies chemically or otherwise altered (i.e. a juicer).

Host Environment: Entire body; cardiopulmonary, respiratory, nervous and renal systems, skeleton and musculature. Everything. Generally delivered as a huge viral payload carried in a very large capsule, roughly a little smaller than a walnut shell,

which takes about two minutes to digest to infection level (which is when the powers, and also side effects, kick in), which gives you a little time to change your mind and vomit it up (if it even was your choice to take the thing in the first place) before you become terminal.

Reproduction: n/a

Hit Points: n/a

Average Life Span: about an hour

Alignment: n/a

Powers: This virus invades all parts of the body, providing it with synthetic, catalytic metaproteins and telling the body's cells to reproduce in a wild, mass-increasing boom, turning the character into a super-powerful being. Unfortunately, the virus is also irreversibly lethal in 100% of all cases. This is mainly due to the fact that the virus only commands the body to enlarge itself so that, when the person finally breaks down and dies as his organs one by one all fail from the superhuman strain, there is just that much more meat for the carnivorous RIS viral organisms to eat. Shortly after the growth phase is completed, the host body will inevitably die, and then the devouring phase begins as the microorganisms turn upon their host, feasting on the swollen corpse. They work so quickly, and consume so efficiently and so totally that within fifteen minutes of a person's death from the virus, they will have been completely consumed, leaving not so much as a fragment of bone behind to indicate that the person ever existed.

- Transforms the body into an M.D.C. structure; the durability of skin, muscle, and bone increases exponentially, becoming rigid to the touch, and as hard as body armor. Start with P.E. x 10 M.D.C., plus five M.D.C. for every point of P.S. Maximum: 250 M.D.C. Character also looks extremely pale and bloodless.
- Impervious to normal cold and heat. Plasma weapons do / damage.
- Add one inch of height and 20 pounds for every point of character's original P.E.
- Hyper Endurance – add 2D6 to P.E. attribute. Does not tire.
- Hyper Strength – add 2D6 to P.S. attribute. Strength is considered supernatural.
- Hyper Speed – Add 2D6 x 5 to Spd attribute. Can leap 15 feet across after a few short paces and 15 feet high (half that without a short run).
- Superhuman reflexes and response time – +4 on initiative, +4 to roll with punch, fall or impact. Add 2 extra attacks per melee round, and add 1D6 to P.P. attribute.

Bonuses: +6 to save vs toxic gases, poisons, and other drugs; +10% to save vs coma/death.

Side Effects: The RIS Virus is *lethal* to all those infected. The transformation from human to superhuman takes approximately 1D6 minutes, and is exceedingly painful. Death follows *inevitably* one hour (plus 1 minute per point of P.E.) after the transformation takes place. There is no antidote, no anti-virus. Once you transform you are a walking corpse, and that's that. End of story. From that point on, your body's systems have been fatally overtaxed and will begin to fail you like clockwork a little over an hour later.

Adios. Roll up a new character.

Size: Microscopic

Means of Elimination: None, save vomiting up the delivery capsule before the protective shell digests away (takes about two minutes to digest away). This virus doesn't get eliminated, it eliminates *you*.

PMS Catalyst (Passive Metamorphic Scleroprotein)

Host Type: This unfortunately-acronymed catalyst biocompound affects only humans and humanlike D-Bees. No effect on supernatural creatures. Will not work on someone who has already had their bodies chemically or otherwise altered (i.e. a juicer).

Host Environment: Entire body; cardiopulmonary, respiratory, renal, and nervous systems, skeleton and musculature. The biocompound must be delivered by syringe, as the microbes cannot survive air-borne, outside of a warmed saline solution.

Reproduction: n/a

Hit Points: n/a

Average Life Span: Once they establish a life-cycle, they live as long as the host does.

Alignment: n/a

Powers: This is an extremely low-grade, watered-down, and, most importantly, *stable* strain of the aforementioned RIS Virus. The host is metamorphosed into a being of superhuman power, albeit not even remotely as much power as the undiluted virus, but, hey, at least it doesn't kill you.

- Transforms the body into a minor mega-damage structure. Skin, muscle, and bone increase in durability, becoming rigid, yet still somewhat pliable, to the touch. The character has with one M.D.C. point for every point of P.E. he has.
- Impervious to normal cold and heat. Magic cold and magic fire and plasma weapons still do full damage.
- Increased Mass and Size – add 1D6 inches to the character's height, and add 15 pounds for every inch.
- Increased Endurance – add 1D2 (flip a coin) to P.E. attribute. Character tires at half the normal rate.
- Increased Strength – P.S. attribute number does not increase, but is now considered supernatural strength.
- Increased Speed – add 2D6 to Spd attribute.
- Increased reflexes and response time – +1 on initiative, +1 to roll with punch, fall or impact, add one extra attack per melee round.

Bonuses: +2 to save vs toxic gases, poisons, and other drugs. Acts as an inoculation for the RIS virus (if you have this one, you can't undergo the fatal RIS transformation).

Side Effects: Also, the host is rendered completely sterile by the body-altering superprotein. There is absolutely no possibility of children after one has been affected by this biocompound.

Note: Some discrete suggestions have been made to re-dub it PASMETS Catalyst, for PAssive METamorphic Scleroprotein, but W. W. Jackson 4, in his profoundly disturbed mind, finds it far too funny to alter and forbids any change of name or euphemism for the biocompound.

Sparklers

Sparklers are microbial agents that absorb magical energy. They improve the host's save vs magic considerably. They derive their name from the fact that they cause their

host's eyes to twinkle and glow like a pair of diamonds.

Host Type: Most any animal, humans, and D-Bees; will not work on supernatural creatures.

Host Environment: Entire body

Reproduction: Not applicable

Hit Points: Not applicable

Average Life Span: 6D4 hours.

Alignment: n/a

Powers: Adds a +4 bonus to host's save vs magic.

Side Effects: After the Sparklers are metabolized by the body, it leaves the host "hung over." He will suffer headache and nausea for 6D6+6 hours. -4 to strike and on initiative.

Size: Microscopic.

Means of Elimination: No need, are safely metabolized by the body in 6D4 hours.

Viral Warfare Agents

Another great achievement of the Bughouse scientists (due largely to the genius of the Ward Wallace Jacksons) is their expertise with biological warfare viruses.

A virus is a tiny organism (as small as 1/100,000 of a millimeter) that lacks a system for its own metabolism—in other words, it has an incomplete body—and is dependent on the machinery of its host cell to survive. Viruses are intracellular parasites. Imagine that you have no stomach. In order to eat, you have to borrow someone else's stomach, and you don't always take too good care of it when you borrow it. Sometimes you misuse it, return it in poor condition, or do not return it at all. That is essentially what viruses do.

The cultivation of viruses is time consuming and complicated, but this wasn't the Bughouse's only problem. Their biggest problem was that when the Great Cataclysm came, all of the biological weapons they possessed were designed to kill large numbers of humans over a period of days or weeks. Unfortunately, large numbers of humans weren't attacking them. Large numbers of strange, monstrous, alien and demonic creatures *were*, attacking them every other day it seemed, and they weren't particularly susceptible to most of the Bughouse's human-physiology-based bioweapons.

What the scientists needed were biological weapons that would affect a variety of species, and that would be effective in a relatively short time—hours instead of days. They needed fast-acting, non-species-specific germs. Day and night the scientists worked, trying to adapt their human germs—spliced with alien micro-organisms—to inhuman hosts. They succeeded.

The only problem then was how to deliver the germs. Before the Cataclysm, it was mostly done by aerosol—having a plane fly over the target area, dumping hundreds of pounds of powdered viruses or bacteria cultures into the atmosphere—but the problem with that is that not all supernatural creatures breathe, and some (like men in robots and power armor) carry their atmospheres with them. This problem was solved with the invention of the Bughouse "Infector" which is basically a hypodermic syringe made out of a laser beam. (See the section on **Weapons & Equipment of the Bughouse**), and the later invention of the "Puffer" and "Mister."

Although they have, in most cases, the same names as their 21st century counterparts, these viral and bacterial weapons are markedly different. They can cause damage, debilitate, and/or kill faster than the ones used hundreds of years ago (some of them act up to thirty times as fast as they did in the 21st century). In most cases, even though the names remain the same, these diseases are only cousins to their namesakes that, while similar, are not identical to their forbears. The strains of Junin, Smallpox, Brucellosis, Glanders, etc, listed below have all been re-bioengineered and spliced with alien microorganisms.

Regardless of how advanced these strains are, the effects still take some time—generally a few hours. They are not instantaneous. The general tactic of someone using these biological weapons is to shoot a few rounds from an Infector or Puffer at the target and then scatter away and hide while the virus takes effect. The Bughouse Cooperation-Enforcement Officers have become masters at this sort of hit-and-run style of attacking. They pop up quick, hit the target with as many toxins and infectious attacks as they can, and then disappear to give the viruses and bacteria to work their deadly ways. Then return several hours later, for another “hit,” then run away. Hours later, they return again....and so on, until the enemy is dead or is so incapacitated that it can be dispatched with a simple point-blank laser blast to the head.

Another favorite tactic is a sabotage-raid to contaminate the food or water supplies of an enemy. This tactic works well with Kiwa’Kws giants, who torture their kills, but don’t examine them for traces of disease very much.

Infection and Recovery

Another drawback is that all of these diseases have an incubation period ranging from a few melee rounds to a few hours. During this incubation period, the diseases can be cured instantly by a dose of simple antibiotics (and, even *after* the incubation period has passed, treatment with antibiotics can sometimes work, but it is a longshot, and only works in 5% of cases).

Most victims will not realize that they have been infected, so even if they have some antibiotics with them, it likely will not occur to them to inject themselves with the antibiotics (or with some other curative agent). Usually by the time the victim begins feeling the symptoms, it’s either too late or the victim mistakes these symptoms for something else: a mundane, ordinary illness (many of the early symptoms of these biological warfare weapons resemble the symptoms of other, less dangerous sicknesses like the flu, bronchitis, or mono), or a magical or psionic attack perhaps.

Even doctors who examining a patient with one of these diseases may have some difficulty in reaching an accurate diagnosis, and are penalized -20% on any attempt to diagnose or treat the illness. Part of the problem is that some of the diseases used to produce these biowarfare weapons are so rare that any given doctor is likely to have no experience with them whatsoever (“Venezualan Equine Encephalitis? Never heard of it.”). And the ones that the doctor *will* be familiar with (like the more common Smallpox), have all been spliced with alien microorganisms that are designed to resist standard medical attempts at curing.

Contagion and Communicability

The Biological Warfare and Bacterial Warfare weapons listed below are CONTAGIOUS. Once a host is infected, anyone approaching within three or four feet has

a 25% chance of contracting the disease as well. That chance is doubled if the person makes physical, skin-to-skin contact with the host, and tripled if some of the host's blood gets on another person. If some of the host's blood splashes on the open wound of another person, the chance raises to a 99% certainty.

Doctors treating a patient infected with such diseases must take elaborate, anti-contamination precautions: always use a facemask, always wear sterile, protective clothing, exercise EXTREME caution when taking blood samples, do not remain in the presence of the patient one second longer than absolutely necessary. The patient's clothes and bedsheets—and anything else they may have touched that may be infected—must be either burned or *thoroughly* sterilized (infected cloth remains infectious for as long as 1D4 days) if they are to be used again.

Quarantine procedures are wise in cases like these.

Once the disease runs its course (a time specified in each individual entry listed below), the person is no longer contagious—assuming they survive the disease. For those that die from the disease (if it is a lethal one), their corpses will remain highly contagious and infectious for 2D4 days. For this reason, the Bughouse Scientists have been very successful in their campaigns against local infestations of Children of Pukjinkskwes, which are generally too stupid or crazed to know enough to avoid the bodies of their dead. When one Child of Pukjinkskwes gets fatally sick, it limps back to its “nest” and dies, the rotting corpse then infects other Children of Pukjinkskwes, which in turn die and infect still more Children of Pukjinkskwes.

However, outside of a host body, these biowarfare substances are designed to have a short half-life of only a few minutes (generally 2D4x10). Which means that, upon exposure to the air, they begin to disintegrate very rapidly (exposure to sunlight will double the speed of their decay). The reason the Scientists engineered this short lifespan of these substances is because they want to be able to affect specific targets, while leaving greater populations intact—so as not to cause an epidemic that could conceivably spread to the remaining human communities of the planet. They don't want these diseases floating around in the atmosphere for weeks or months.

Whenever the word “effectiveness” is used in conjunction with the following diseases, it usually means the roll of a percentile die. For example, when it is said that a certain vaccine has a 75% effectiveness against the biowarfare bacteria of Brucellosis, that means that when administering a dose of the drug, the character has to roll a percentile. 01-75 means that the drug was effective (cures the disease), and 76-00 means that it was ineffective (does not cure the disease—does nothing, other than to add a +1 bonus to all future saving throws against the disease made in the next 24 hours).

Incubation Period is a measure of how long the biological warfare agent remains dormant in the host's body before becoming active. For most of these biological weapons, a strong dose of antibiotics administered before the microorganisms have fully incubated will completely eradicate the microorganisms from the host's system (luckily for the Bughouse personnel, most monsters from the Rifts do not carry antibiotics around with them).

When a biowarfare description says that “effects begin one hour after infection,” this means one hour after the *incubation period* has elapsed, and not one hour after the initial exposure to the biowarfare substance.

Infectiousness indicates the penalty to the victim's saving throw when rolling to save against the effects of the disease.

Virulence indicates the relative strength of the virus or bacteria, meaning how often—in terms of hours—a victim may re-roll his saving throw AFTER the Incubation Period as ended. 1 = once an hour, 2 = once every 2 hours, 3 = once every 3 hours, etc.

Method of Delivery is how the toxin or infectious substance must be introduced to the host body—by the Bughouse Infector, Puffer or Mister biological weapons delivery systems (in this book, pp. 299-300), by subcutaneous injection, by aerosol, by chemical warhead, by contamination of the host's food or water supply, etc.

Sequelae are the after-effects of the biowarfare substance—after the disease has run its course. Some of these diseases linger with you for a long, long time, and these after-effects can last anywhere from a few hours to a few months. Typically, these are not much more than common illness symptoms: runny nose, fatigue, light headache, cough—but in some cases can be almost as nasty as the initial disease itself.

Note: These biological weapons are designed to be effective on a wide variety of very different kinds of creatures, but are designed to have a weakened effect on the human body. Humans enjoy a +1 bonus to their saving throw to resist the effects of the Bughouse's Viral and Bacterial agents. Bughouse Biological and Bacterial Weapons have no effect on non-organic beings like robots or creatures of magic like dragons.

Secondary Note: Damage from viral and bacterial weapons is NOT cumulative. In the case of multiple infections—even of different viruses—damage is equal to the damage caused by most destructive disease, plus one for each additional infection. For example, "Plague" causes 1D6 points of damage per hour, and Smallpox causes 1D4. Someone infected with both "Plague" and Smallpox at the same time would suffer 1D6+1 points of hit point damage per hour. If someone is infected with "Plague," Smallpox, and Brucellosis at the same time, the poor fellow would suffer 1D6+2 points of hit point damage per hour, and so on.

The same thing goes for the debilitating effects of the diseases. Penalties are not cumulative. In the case of multiple infections that impose similar penalties, whichever penalty is greater is the one that will be counted.

The various viral warfare agents are:

“Bloody Laughter” (Congo-Crimean Hemorrhagic Dementia Fever)

Nairo-Bunyaviridae X

Also referred to as “The Chuckles” (the way some people refer to the common cold as “The Sniffles”), this is a radically re-engineered, and highly infectious, hemorrhagic fever that is designed to incapacitate an enemy with madness.

The onset of infection is characterized by fever, lethargy and an odd, coppery taste in the mouth—blood.

Internal hemorrhaging causes blood to well up in the throat, and leak from the

mouth like drool. Whenever the victim tries to talk, all that comes out is an unintelligible gurgle. This disease is also accompanied by compulsive laughter. It's not that the victim thinks anything is funny, it is just an irresistible natural compulsion, like a sneeze, or like the urge to scratch oneself when one has an itch. The victim cannot resist laughing.

Despite all the chuckles, the victim of "Bloody Laughter" is actually undergoing a horrible ordeal. He is bombarded by terrifying images from the pit of his subconscious. As long as the victim attempts to remain calm, and is under no other stress, he will be able to resist the terror inspired by these images. Unfortunately, the victim will not be able to maintain concentration and calmness during the strain of combat—the nightmare images will get the better of him. Every round that the victim participates in combat, he will have to roll against a horror factor: 12. A failed roll means that the character is momentarily stunned, with the usual horror factor combat penalties applicable for that round.

Also, the victim will develop 1D4 Random Insanities (roll on the **Random Insanity Table**, on the top of the right-hand column of p. 19 of the **Rifts RPG**). Every hour thereafter, the victim will develop one more Random Insanity, ignoring insanities that the victim has already acquired. Under all this mental duress, the victim's personality will fracture into several other, distinct personalities. Roll on the **Multiple Personality** table, starting at STEP ONE, on p. 59 in the **Rifts RPG**.

This disease lasts 6D6 hours. After recovery, the victim's full sanity will be restored gradually over 4D6x10 minutes.

Incubation Period: 1D4 hours

Infectiousness: -3 penalty to victim's saving throw.

Virulence: 12 (re-roll saving throw every 12 hours)

Method of Delivery: Any

Sequelae: There is a 10% chance that one of the Insanities or extra personalities will persist for 1D6x10 days, despite all treatments, medications and spells that are used in an attempt to cure the lingering affliction.

Junin Stinger

Xeno-Adenaviridae Majora

Ordinary Junin is the virus that causes Argentine Hemorrhagic Fever. Junin Stinger is a reengineered version, heavily spliced with alien viruses and P.P.E.-absorbing microorganisms.

The onset of infection with Junin Stinger is characterized by petacial hemorrhaging—which means that thousands of tiny, pinpoint-sized specks of blood appear on the host's skin: it looks like a thousand flea bites, all over the body. Blood begins to seep through the skin like sweat. The outer extremities—hands, feet, face—start tingling painfully (which is where the "stinger" name comes from). The sense of touch in the hands and fingertips is temporarily lost—they go completely numb, and the only sensation that can be perceived in them is the painful stinging. Tasks that require handling of small objects become impossibly difficult.

1D4x10 minutes after infection, fatigue sets in: the host is -1 (or -5%, for a skill roll) on all rolls of a physical nature—including, but not limited to, rolls to hit, dodge, parry, roll with punch, etc.

1D6x10 minutes later, the host will feel physically exhausted, and is penalized by a -3 (or -15%) on ALL rolls, not just physical ones. The host's number of attacks is reduced by one. He will not want to travel anywhere, and will not want to take part in any

activities. He will not want to do anything except sleep.

For the duration of a Junin Stinger infection, the host's available pool of P.P.E. is reduced by 55% + 5D6%. Not only that, but every 12 hours, the victim will suffer 1D4 points of damage directly to his hit points (2D4 M.D., if a supernatural mega-damage creature). This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of the infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with Junin Stinger will only heal half as many hit points as they normally would.

All these effects persist for 1D6x10 hours, at the end of which time they abruptly stop, and the victim returns to normal, except for his pool of P.P.E. (see **Sequelae**, below).

Incubation Period: 2D4 minutes.

Infectiousness: -2 penalty to saving throw.

Virulence: 3 (re-roll saving throw every 3 hours).

Method of Delivery: Any.

Sequelae: After the disease has run its course, the host's pool of available P.P.E. is halved for 2D4 days.

“Plague”

This horrific, artificially-produced hybrid virus, simply referred to as “Plague” is made from a mutated Smallpox strain spliced with a rare filovirus called Marburg (a close cousin to Ebola).

During the incubation period, the victim will begin to experience chills, faint headache and slight nausea. Once the incubation period is complete, the victim will—over the next 3D6x10 minutes—begin to experience intense back pain, high fever and vomiting, with a continuation of the headache. The host will feel drained, extremely lethargic. A -2 penalty to all attack rolls is imposed, and -3 to dodge.

Every hour, for the next 3D6 hours, the victim will receive 1D6 points of damage directly to his Hit Points (or 2D6 M.D. if a supernatural, mega-damage creature). This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of this infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with “Plague” will only heal half as many hit points as they normally would.

“Plague” infection is also characterized by partial liver-failure. Victims will become jaundiced—the skin, the white of the eyes, and bodily fluids all take on a yellowish cast. Nausea and vomiting become more intense.

1D4 hours after infection, skin lesions will begin to appear on the victim's face and hands, slowly spreading to the rest of the body. These crusty eruptions go through four distinct stages: starting as discolored spots, then getting red and swollen, then the swellings fill with clear fluid like a blister, then the liquid becomes a thick, yellow pus. Each stage takes about one hour to complete. These stages are accompanied by profuse internal hemorrhaging, with blood flowing freely from the nose, mouth and eye-sockets.

Incubation period: 3D6x10 minutes.

Infectiousness: -1 penalty to victim's saving throw.

Virulence: 4 (re-roll saving throw every 4 hours)

Method of Delivery: Bughouse “Infector,” or by contamination of the food and/or water supply of the intended victim(s).

Sequelae: There is a 30% chance that someone recovering from a Plague infection will

spontaneously develop pneumonia. Also, the pock-marks and scars that are left by the pustulent eruptions on the victims face have a 25% chance of permanently reducing the victim's P.B. by 1D4 (assuming the disease had the time to run through all the four stages of skin eruptions).

There is a 10% chance that the victim's P.E. may be permanently reduced by 1. This chance rises by 5% for each successive infection (e.g. if this is a character's third time being infected with "Plague," he has a 20% chance of permanently losing a point of P.E.). 30% of those once infected with "Plague" will develop diabetes within 3D4 weeks of infection.

There is *also* a 50% chance that the victim will develop Hepatitis A. This causes a persistent, low-grade fever, chills, constant tiredness, loss of appetite, and nausea. Victim is -1 on initiative. Hepatitis A lasts for approximately 2D4 weeks.

Smallpox

Variola Majora

One of the most infectious and contagious of the viral warfare weapons*, smallpox infection begins with fatigue and a low fever. Within 2D6 minutes of infection, the victim's muscles will feel stiff and sore, while he will develop a painful backache and headache. He will be -1 on all attack rolls, which increases to -2 after 1D4 hours.

Every hour thereafter, for the next 2D6 hours, the Smallpox sufferer will receive 1D4 points of damage directly to his Hit Points (or 2D4 M.D. if a supernatural, mega-damage creature). This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of this infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with Smallpox will only heal 75% as many hit points as it normally would.

Smallpox causes delirium in approximately 15% of its victims, meaning there is a 15% chance of anyone infected with smallpox going temporarily crazy. For those who succumb to the delirium, roll once on the Random Insanity Table (the one at the top of the right-hand column on p. 19 of the **Rifts RPG**). This delirium persists for the duration of the disease.

1D4 hours after infection, skin lesions will begin to appear on the victim's face and hands, slowly spreading to the rest of the body. These crusty eruptions go through four distinct stages: starting as discolored spots, then getting red and swollen, then the swellings fill with clear fluid like a blister, then the liquid becomes a thick, yellow pus. Each stage takes about one hour to complete.

Incubation Period: 2D6 melee rounds.

Infectiousness: -5 penalty to victim's saving throw

Virulence: 2 (re-roll saving throw every two hours)

Method of Delivery: Any

Sequelae: There is a 40% chance that someone recovering from a Smallpox infection will spontaneously develop pneumonia. Also, the pock-marks and scars that are left by the pustulent eruptions on the victims face have a 55% chance of permanently reducing the victim's P.B. by 1D4 (assuming the disease had the time to run through all the four stages of skin eruptions).

***Note on Smallpox Contagiousness:** Smallpox, on its own, is *extremely* contagious. Anyone approaching a smallpox sufferer within three or four feet should have his nose and

mouth covered to prevent germ inhalation (or else be in some kind of safesuit or power armor that has a separate air supply) or risk a 60% chance of catching it each minute spent in the presence of the infected person. Unprotected, skin to skin contact raises the probability to 90%. The smallpox virus also clings to cloth *very* well, and can survive on a section of cloth (like a shirt or a sock or a uniform or...a blanket) for weeks, and has a 90% chance of infecting anyone who wears or otherwise comes into bodily contact with the cloth for more than an hour.

And perhaps the most insidious thing about smallpox is that even if the victim rolls a successful first saving throw, and doesn't himself contract the disease, he remains a *carrier* for the smallpox virus, and will remain contagious—possibly passing the virus on to those around him—for the next 2D6 hours.

VEE (Venezuelan Equine Encephalitis)

Not terribly lethal, as far as viral warfare weapons go (in only 1% of cases does it turn life-threatening), VEE is more debilitating than anything else. The incubation period is characterized by a generalized malaise, erratic and spiking fevers, and headache.

With the onset of infection comes a painful tenderness in the muscles, especially in the legs. This soreness and muscle pain imposes a -2 penalty on initiative and the performance of all physical skills and actions. Spd and P.S. are both reduced by 25%. The P.P. attribute is lowered by 1D4 points.

Then follows vomiting, cough, sore throat, diarrhea, severe headache and a *highly* increased sensitivity to light, known as photophobia: ordinary daylight will be painful and seem blindingly brilliant; and bright light will be excruciating and will literally blind the victim for 1D4 minutes.

This photosensitivity is caused by an inflammation of the victim's brain and the meninges of the brain. This painful swelling likewise prevents all infected psionic characters from using *any* of their psionic powers for the duration of the disease. Even psionic-based powers, ones that aren't purely psionic in nature—like the natural psionic abilities of certain R.C.C.s and monsters, and like the Psi-Sorcery of the Anatquq Medicine Men—are totally neutralized by this disease.

Every time an infected psionic attempts to use one of his psionic powers, the already excruciating headache that this disease causes will become a thousand times worse: the character will drop to the ground screaming and curl up in agony. He will clutch and claw at his temples, for the next 1D6 melee rounds, unable to take any action at all (besides screaming).

Any children or young of a species who contract this disease are prone (20% chance) to neurological complications: convulsions, coma and paralysis.

The effects of this disease last 2D4+1 days.

Incubation Period: 3D6 melee rounds.

Infectiousness: -4 penalty to victim's saving throw.

Virulence: 24! (re-roll saving throw once per day)

Method of Delivery: Bughouse Infector

Sequelae: After the infection has passed, the patient will be extremely lethargic and will have a persistent headache for 1 to 2 weeks. -1 penalty on initiative, -3% penalty on all skill performance.

Once the victim recovers from the VEE infection, he is also immune to further VEE infections for the next 2D4 months.

Note: This virus can be rather easily destroyed by heat. A temperature of 115°F, sustained for at least one half hour, will eradicate the virus from the host's system. While a body temperature of 115°F for any amount of time would be lethal to a human, there are many D-Bee species who can withstand body temperatures of that extreme.

Bacterial Warfare Agents

Bacteria are unicellular organisms, generally spherical or rod-shaped. They are as much as fifty times larger than viruses, and are too big to be carried upon the hypodermic beam of the Infector weapon of the Bughouse. Otherwise, they behave similarly to the biowarfare viruses.

Brucellosis

brucella melitensis

Intended to be debilitating rather than lethal, weapons-grade Brucellosis causes a host of negative effects to the victim. It's like a miserable "Pandora's Box" of symptoms. Everything but the kitchen sink, that's Brucellosis.

During the Incubation Period, the victim will experience a slight weakness, sweats, chills, lack of appetite, and hiccups of the central nervous system like excessive and uncontrollable blinking, or facial tics. Once the incubation period is over, the fun begins.

Brucellosis takes 4D4 hours to run its course. In this time, severe muscle and joint pain flare up. The character is -1 on all rolls of a physical nature. The flesh around the spinal cord becomes inflamed, leaving a long, painful swelling down the character's back. There is a 10% chance that the victim is temporarily blinded because of pinched nerves in the neck and spinal cord.

One hour into the infection, the depression and mental changes begin. The victim becomes despondent and unhappy (-5% on all skills). He is convinced that life is unfulfilling and empty. There is no point to anything. This disease is going to last forever and he doesn't care. He wishes he had never been born. The victim also develops one randomly chosen Neurosis and one randomly chosen Phobia, both of which can be found in the **Rifts RPG** pp. 19-20.

The following are a listing of the possible accompanying effects of Brucellosis. A victim may suffer some, all, or none of the following effects, and the percentile for each of the seven following effects should be rolled separately:

- **20%** of cases develop a constant, severe cough and chest pain. Conversation with this character is impossible, he is unable to get more than two words out before going into another coughing fit. -1 on initiative. **Sequelae:** Chest pain persists for 2D4 weeks, although no penalties are imposed.
- **70%** develop vomiting, intense stomach pain, diarrhea of blood and mucus (alternating with painful constipation), and jaundice. -2 to all strike, dodge and parry rolls. -4 to initiative. -16% on the performance of all skills. **Sequelae:** These symptoms persist for 1D4 days, although in weaker form. The penalties are halved.
- **63%** develop painful swelling in the liver and lower intestines enough for them to visibly bulge out from the abdomen. -1 (-5%) on all rolls of a physical nature. The victim's P.E. is temporarily reduced by 4. Plus, on the round that this swelling appears (and trust me, even if you can't see it, you can feel it) the victim must roll to save vs a horror factor of 11 (fear and disgust at what's happening to his body). **Sequelae:** None.
- **50%** develop severe infections of the hip joints, accompanied by swelling. These infections are very, very painful and reduce the victim's top speed to hobbled crawl. Spd is reduced by 85%. **Sequelae:** The hip joints will remain mildly infected for 2D4

weeks unless treated by a week-long regimen of antibiotics and uninterrupted bed-rest. Until then, Spd is reduced by half.

- In men, **20%** develop epididymo-orchitis (painful, swollen testes). This is an agony which causes a -2 (-10%) penalty to ALL rolls except saving throws. P.S. and P.P. temporarily reduced by 1D6. Spd is reduced by half. **Sequelae:** None, thank God.
- **25%** receive 4D6 points of damage directly to their hit points (1D6x10 M.D., for supernatural mega-damage creatures).
- **5%** develop disgusting, pus-dripping rashes over 75% of the body. Bleeding skin-ulcers appear on the face. Gigantic, painful warts appear on the legs. Spd is reduced by 10%. All the skin that is not affected by this rash becomes a dark, revolting, purplish-black, like a bruise. **Sequelae:** This rash persists for 1D4 days after the disease has run its course. No penalties other than being completely repugnant to look at, and getting pus all over everything you touch; including your clothes, armor, weapons, girlfriend, etc.

Incubation Period: 5D6 hours.

Infectiousness: -5 penalty to victim's saving throw. As infectious as Brucellosis is, it cannot be transmitted easily from person-to-person. Consequently, characters can be around someone infected with Brucellosis and not worry about becoming infected themselves.

Virulence: 2 (re-roll saving throw once every two hours)

Method Of Delivery: Any except Infector. When delivered in the food or water supply, the victim has an additional -1 penalty applied to their saving throw.

Sequelae: 90% of the time, Brucellosis will cause creatures that are pregnant to spontaneously abort their fetuses. There is a 10% chance that one of the phobias or insanities (GM's choice) acquired by the disease turns out to be *permanent*. Otherwise, each of the effects have their own sequelae. See above.

Bubonic Plague “The Black Death”

Yersinia pestis

A slight variation on the dreaded disease that ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, this “Black Plague” doesn't carry as much terror as it used to. It still makes a moderately effective bioweapon (especially for its capacity to lower a victim's resistance to other bioweapons), but, even if left unchecked, it would not spread in the Arctic the way it once did in Europe. Part of the reason for this is because, back then, Bubonic Plague was transmitted primarily by vermin. There are very few fleas, and very few rats in the North Pole, so that's not an issue.

Onset of infection is characterized by high fever, chills, and headache. There is a painful tickling sensation in the chest, and the victim will begin to cough up frothy, bright red blood. Breathing will be labored, difficult. The skin turns a slight shade of blue. Lack of oxygen will make the victim feel weakened: -1 on all rolls of a physical nature. Black lesions and pus-filled nodules (buboes) cover the skin.

Every two hours, this disease causes 1D4 points of damage directly to the hit points (or 2D4 M.D. if a supernatural, mega-damage creature). This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of the infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with Bubonic Plague will only heal half as many hit points as it normally would.

Bubonic Plague also attacks the immune system, and the victim's resistance to disease will be drastically lowered. A penalty of -3 is applied to the further saving throws vs disease and toxins made while under the influence of "The Black Plague."

This disease lasts 1D4x10 hours.

Incubation Period: 3D6x10 minutes.

Infectiousness: -3 penalty to victim's saving throw.

Virulence: 2 (re-roll saving throw every two hours)

Method Of Delivery: Any except Infector

Sequelae: 50% of Bubonic Plague sufferers develop pneumonia.

Glanders

burkholderia mallei

Glanders is a disease which, in its natural form, primarily affects horses, mules, and donkeys. Human Glanders infections were ultra-rare before the 20th century, when Glanders was weaponized by several world powers.

The disease starts off slowly with a high fever during the Incubation Period. After the Incubation Period elapses, then comes inflammation of the mucous membranes, especially those of the nasal cavity, and formation of ulcers and pus-filled abscesses all over the skin.

Tiny pustulent buds begin to form beneath the skin, growing in size and multiplying very quickly like a rash. They break down to a viscid discharge of mucus and pus which has an extremely foul smell. A character who is discharging this vile pus will reek abominably, and will inspire revulsion and nausea in anyone who does not have a strong stomach.

1D4x10 minutes later, the victim will begin to feel as if he is suffocating. No matter how hard he breathes in, it will feel as if his body is just not absorbing the oxygen. He will feel cold. He will sweat profusely. There will be a stabbing pain in his side—a "stitch"—as if he had just run a marathon. -1 on all rolls of a physical nature. -3 on P.E.

The victim's eyes will discharge tears uncontrollably. He will develop a highly increased sensitivity to light, known as photophobia: ordinary daylight will be painful and seem blindingly brilliant; and bright light will be excruciating and will literally blind the victim for 1D4 minutes.

From the victim's nose, a rivulet of blood-streaked pus and mucus will drip. Every hour, the victim will suffer 2D6 points of damage directly to his hit points (or 4D6+2 M.D., if a supernatural mega-damage being). This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of the infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with Glanders will only heal half as many hit points as it normally would.

15% of Glanders victims develop pus-filled abscesses within their muscles. Reduce P.S. and Spd by 20% for 1D6+4 weeks.

Glanders lasts for 4D4 hours.

Incubation Period: 1D6+8 hours

Infectiousness: 0 — No penalty to victim's saving throw.

Virulence: 3 (re-roll saving throw once every 3 hours)

Method Of Delivery: Any except Infector

Sequelae: 5% of those who have once had a Glanders infection will develop one of the following after-effects:

- Osteomyelitis (01-45) — An inflammation of the bone marrow in 1D4 randomly chosen limbs. The affected limbs will be extraordinarily painful, and may require the sedation of the patient. Any action that requires the use of one of the affected limbs will be done with a -8 penalty (or -40% if a skill roll). If one of the affected limbs is a leg, Spd is reduced by 50%. Even with the best available medicines and medical treatment, and complete bed-rest, Osteomyelitis lasts for 1D4+5 days.
- Meningitis (46-90) — An inflammation of the tissues of the spinal cord and brain. Causes fever, loss of appetite, constipation, intense headache, photophobia (see above), increased sensitivity to loud noises, and convulsions. Muscles of the neck and back become rigid and contracted. A character with Meningitis is in no condition to go anywhere. They will be completely delirious, unintelligible. They require bed rest and medical attention for no less than 5D6+10 days. 25% of cases go temporarily deaf or blind during this time, and 40% lapse into a coma.
- Brain Abscess (91-00) — Parts of the brain rot. Roll a saving throw vs coma/death. Failure means death. Success means the character survives, but loses 1D4 points of I.Q. PERMANENTLY.

Note: Glanders is super-fatal to any being that has an even vaguely equine physiology—meaning it resembles a horse. Creatures like centaurs, satyrs and normal horses, mules, donkeys, etc., have an additional -7 penalty applied to their saving throws versus this disease.

Hyper-Anthrax

bacillus anthracis hyperion

This is a juiced-up version of the standard Anthrax virus that has been a biological warfare standby for centuries. It is still one of the baddest boys on the block.

During the incubation period, the victim will experience a slight nasal stuffiness and mild twinges of pain in the joints. He will feel a little fatigued, and will have a dry, persistent cough. This stage of the virus very much resembles the onset of the flu, actually. These symptoms are annoying, but not so much as to warrant any combat penalties. Fluid-filled blisters begin to appear on the hands and arms.

After this, there is a one-hour “eclipse” period, where the symptoms will appear to vanish completely. By that point, the bacteria will be multiplying furiously in the bloodstream, releasing a toxin which attacks all the internal organs.

Once the “Eclipse” phase is over, the flu-like symptoms return now, but with a vengeance. The joint-pain becomes an agony. The dry cough makes the victim’s throat feel like burnt sandpaper. The fatigue becomes all-consuming. The lungs (if the creature has lungs) will slowly begin to fill with liquid. Breathing becomes difficult. The victim’s skin will turn a faint bluish color.

Every hour for the next 1D4 hours, the victim will take 1D6 points of damage directly to his hit points (or 2D6 M.D. if a supernatural, mega-damage creature). This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of the infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with Hyper Anthrax will only heal half as many hit points as it normally would. Also, the victim of Hyper Anthrax will suffer a -1 penalty to strike and dodge, and -2 to his Spd.

From there, Phase II kicks in, and things only get worse. Every hour for the next 2D4 hours, the victim receives 2D4 points of damage to his Hit Points (or 3D6 M.D., if

supernatural, mega-damage creature). The -1 penalty to the victim's strike and dodge, and -2 to his Spd become *cumulative*—in the 1st hour of Phase II, penalties are -1 and -2, in the 2nd hour it is -2 on strike and dodge, and -4 on Spd, the third -3 and -6, etc.

Once the disease has progressed to Phase II, no means of healing—magical, psionic, technological, holistic, whatever—*nothing* will be able to restore the character's lost hit points until the disease has run its course. Magical spells or psionic powers that cure disease *may* (60% chance) remove the Anthrax bacteria from the victim's body—although antibiotics and standard medicines will no longer have any effect on the patient.

The fluid-filled blisters on the hands and arms become coal-black scabs (hence the term “anthrax,” which is Greek for coal).

Each breath becomes more painful than the last. The victim will experience a choking sensation, as if he were drowning, and he may begin to panic. He may (25% chance every hour) go into fits and convulsions, rendering him incapable of action for 2D4 melee rounds. If the victim *does* go into convulsions, he must roll a saving throw vs coma/death. If the saving throw fails, the victim falls into a coma, and the disease continues, with the chance of convulsions rising to 45%. If the victim again goes into convulsions while in the coma, he must roll another saving throw. If he fails this one, he is dead.

Now, if the victim has survived all this, the disease begins to subside. No more damage is incurred. For every hour of Anthrax Phase II that the victim endured, the effects take an equal amount of time to reverse themselves (e.g. if a person was in Phase II for 5 hours—incurring a -5 penalty to his strike, and dodge, and -10 to his Spd, these penalties take 5 more hours to reverse themselves).

Incubation period: 1D6x10 minutes.

Infectiousness: -2 penalty to victim's saving throw

Virulence: 3 (re-roll saving throw every three hours)

Method of Delivery: Puffer, or contamination of the food or water supply of the target(s). Water or soil contaminated with Hyper-Anthrax remains infectious for a *very* long time. At least 3D4 months.

Sequelae: There is a 15% chance that someone who has once been infected with Hyper-Anthrax will develop a permanent immunity to it.

Magic-Reactive Q Fever

thaumatococcus coxiella burnetii

Ordinary, terrestrial Q Fever was thought to be a dead-end in the world of biowarfare. It was very infectious, but it had an almost nonexistent fatality rate, and was only mildly debilitating. One lone Bughouse Scientist—Ward Wallace Jackson 3, the previous Chief Director—saw in it possibilities that no one else saw. He bred a significantly new strain of the Fever, crossed with an alien microorganism that likewise no one could figure out a use for. Together, they make an effective anti-magic preventative agent—it is positively devastating against magic-users and magic-using creatures.

The onset of Magic-Reactive Q Fever is characterized by chest-pain, fever, weakness, loss of appetite, and chills. Victim is -1 on all rolls of a physical nature, and has their P.E. temporarily lowered by -2. In the system of a creature that does not use magic, this is all the effect it has.

In the body of someone who is a magic-user, the bacteria also remain relatively

inactive....until the creature attempts to cast a spell or otherwise use P.P.E. Whenever a spell is cast, the expended P.P.E. energize the bacteria, which flare up explosively, causing damage to the host body. For every point of P.P.E. spent, the host body receives two points of damage—S.D.C. damage to S.D.C. creatures, and M.D. to mega-damage creatures.

For example, a Story-Fisher casting a “Fourteen with One Stroke” storyspell (18 P.P.E.) would receive 36 points of damage. This damage will not heal until the disease has run its course. Supernatural or accelerated healing factors, such as Bioregeneration, are suspended for the duration of the infection. Magical or psionic attempts at healing a character afflicted with Magic-Reactive Q Fever will only heal half as many hit points as it normally would.

In addition, there is a 15% chance that the spell will not work at all, the P.P.E. having been totally absorbed by the bacteria.

Whenever a host body activates this bacteria—by expending P.P.E.—it lights up very brightly and very briefly....like the pop of a flash-bulb.

This disease lasts 2D6 days.

Incubation Period: 4D6 minutes. Not curable by ordinary antibiotics.

Infectiousness: -2 penalty to victim’s saving throw.

Virulence: 24 (!) re-roll saving throw once per day.

Method Of Delivery: Any except Infector.

Sequelae: There is a lingering chance of magical “misfire” for quite some time after the main effects of Magic-Reactive Q Fever have passed. For the next 1D4 months, every time the victim attempts to cast a spell or otherwise use P.P.E., there is a 5% chance that the spell will not work. In those 5% of cases, the caster has to roll a successful saving throw vs magic, or the spell “misfires”—the P.P.E. is spent, but there is no spell.

Wolfen Hematemetic Cholera

vibrio cholerae hematemesis

Certainly the most disgusting of the biowarfare bacteria, this Cholera is something you *really* do not want to contract in the middle of a fight. Made from the three-way splicing of ordinary Cholera bacteria, alien bacteria, and bacteria from a captured Wolfen subject, this nasty Super-Cholera has a quick onset, short duration, and is mostly painless. Nevertheless, if left untreated, it can result in death.

Onset of this disease is incredibly sudden. There is no period where you are only a little sick, before you get really sick. No: with Cholera, one second you’re healthy, feeling fine, and the next you are sick as a dog.

It begins with the victim vomiting up the contents of his stomach. When his stomach is empty, he will start vomiting dark, acid-tasting blood. The vomiting is accompanied by headache and slight stomach cramps. 1D6 minutes after infection, the uncontrollable diarrhea begins. And does not stop.

Diarrhea resulting from a Cholera infection is painless and...abundant. A victim of Wolfen Hematemetic Cholera can lose 5 to 9 liters of body-fluid *per hour*, sometimes more in extreme cases. The discharge—referred to as “Rice Water”—is thin and watery, almost clear, and filled with tiny, whitish lumps.

The fluid loss due to both the unstoppable diarrhea and the vomiting of blood is extremely life-threatening. The victim will feel weak: -2 on all rolls of physical nature.

Every hour that the victim does not replenish at least half of these fluids—by drinking a *lot* of water, by being hydrated intravenously, or by getting a blood-transfusion (preferably all three)—he will be on the verge of passing out: P.S., P.P., and Spd are halved. The victim will be insanely thirsty.

He must roll a saving throw vs coma or go into shock (-5/-25% on all rolls). One hour later, if not rehydrated somehow, he will have to roll another saving throw or fall into a coma. If one more hour passes in which the disease is not treated at all, he will have to roll one more saving throw—with a -2 penalty—or die of severe dehydration and blood loss.

This disease lasts 2D4 hours. Wolfen receive an additional -2 penalty to their saving throw against this disease.

Incubation Period: 1D6 minutes.

Infectiousness: -4 penalty to victim's saving throw.

Virulence: 2 (re-roll saving throw once every 2 hours)

Method Of Delivery: Contamination of water supply only. Cholera infections do not easily pass from person-to-person, and consequently the chance of catching it from someone else is nil.

Sequelae: 15% chance that the victim of this Cholera will become a hemophiliac.

Biological Toxins & Poisonous Substances

These poisonous substances that the Bughouse works with are different from chemical agents such as cyanide, VX, or mustard gas in that they are not man-made. With the exception of Antimony, they are all toxic substances of natural origin produced by an animal, plant, or microbe. The bioengineers of the Bughouse have “tweaked” them a bit, made them more powerful and faster-acting, but they remain essentially the same as they exist in nature.

These toxins are mostly used in the contamination of food or water supplies, since, being poisons, they cannot be carried on the hypodermic beam of the Infector, and their powdered forms are not effective with the Puffer weapon. They are very effective if injected into the victim, subcutaneously, but this is impractical. Who’s going to run up to a raging Rhino-Buffalo with no weapons but a poisonous syringe? Hypodermic darts would work well, and the scientists of the Bughouse are researching the creation of such a weapon that would fire them, but a prototype has yet to be constructed.

These toxins are not contagious and cannot be spread person-to-person like the viral and bacterial warfare microorganisms can. On the other hand, they are even more fast-acting than the viral or bacterial weapons, and some are devastatingly powerful. Not only that, but there are no vaccines for any of these toxins. Some of them (like SEB and Trichothene Mycotoxin) do not have any known medical antidotes.

Humans DO NOT receive any bonus to their saving throws against these toxins.

Time of Activation is a measure of how long it is before the victim feels the effects of the toxin.

Toxicity indicates the penalty to the victim’s saving throw when rolling to save against the effects of the poison.

Power indicates the relative strength of the toxin, meaning how often—in terms of hours—a victim may re-roll his saving throw. 1 = once an hour, 2 = once every 2 hours, 3 = once every 3 hours, etc.

Method of Delivery is how the toxin must be introduced to the host body—by subcutaneous injection, by aerosol, or by contamination of the host’s food or water supply, etc. The Bughouse Infector and Puffer weapons may not be used with any of the toxins listed below.

Sequelae is what the after-effects of the toxins are—after the poison has run its course. Some of these poisons cause serious damage to the victim’s body that can linger with you for a long, long time.

Aconite

Once used as an arrow-poison by both ancient Chinese and Gallic warriors, Aconite is cultivated from the dried root of the *Aconitum napellus*, a potato-like tuber. It

is not unbelievably powerful, but it is easy to produce in very large quantities, and works against weak enemies.

Symptoms of Aconite poisoning include excessive salivation, excessive perspiration, a tingling sensation in mouth, restlessness, dizziness, slow pulse, slow and shallow respiration, and a noticeable dimness of the victim's vision. He will be -1 to strike and on initiative.

Every hour, for the duration of the effects of Aconite poisoning, the victim will suffer 1D6 points of damage directly to their hit points (or 2D6 M.D., if a supernatural, mega-damage creature).

The effects of this poison last 1D4 hours.

Time of Activation: 6D4 melee rounds.

Toxicity: -1 penalty to victim's saving throw vs poison.

Power: 1 (re-roll saving throw every hour).

Method Of Delivery: Contamination of food or water supply.

Sequelae: None.

Antimony Salt

Antimony is a metallic element that can crystallize into poisonous salts. The victim of Antimony poisoning will feel an acrid, metallic taste in the mouth. This is accompanied by a burning heat all over the body, constriction in throat, pain in abdomen, vomiting, cold skin, rash, respiration slow, and pulse is erratic. He will be -1 on strike, dodge, and parry.

Every hour the victim suffers from Antimony poisoning, he will receive 1D4 points of damage to his hit points (2D4 M.D. to supernatural, mega-damage creature).

Antimony poisoning lasts 1D6+2 hours.

Time of Activation: 2D4 minutes.

Toxicity: No penalty to victim's saving throw.

Power: 1 (re-roll saving throw every hour).

Method Of Delivery: Contamination of victim's water supply ONLY. Unfortunately, this toxin requires that the victim consume large amounts of it before any effects can be observed. The victim must drink, in a time-span no greater than four days, at least 1 liter of contaminated water per 100 pounds of the victim's body weight for the above effects to take place. Any contamination consumed above that level reduces the saving throw proportionately (e.g. if someone who weighed approximately 200 pounds—who would need only 2 liters to be adequately poisoned—drank 4 liters, his saving throw would be penalized by -1; if he drank 6 liters, it would be -2, etc.).

Sequelae: Loss of appetite for 1D4 days.

Botulinum

This group of neurotoxins produced by the *Clostridium Botulinum* bacteria, known as Botulinum toxins (among which is the toxin which causes Botulism Food Poisoning) are some of the most powerful poisons on the planet. They are 15,000 times more toxic than Cyanide, and 100,000 times more toxic than Sarin (a common 20th century nerve-gas).

Botulinum poisoning is characterized by a generalized weakness in all the muscles, drooping of facial features (because of the slack muscles), dizziness, dry mouth and throat, and shortness of breath. The victim's vision will be blurred. He will have trouble speaking. He will not be able to swallow any food or liquids because of throat spasms.

The penalties begin 3D4 minutes after poisoning. Spd, P.S., and P.P. are all reduced by 30%. Penalty of -2 to strike, dodge, and parry. -1 on initiative. -1 penalty on all saving throws.

One hour later, these penalties double.

There is a 25% chance that 1D4 limbs will become temporarily paralyzed, and will be useless for the duration of the poisoning.

Every hour the victim will receive 2D4 points of damage directly to his hit points (or 3D6 M.D. to supernatural, mega-damage beings).

Botulinum poisoning lasts 4D6 hours.

Time of Activation: 4D6 minutes.

Toxicity: -4 penalty to victim's saving throw vs poison.

Power: 2 (re-roll saving throw once every two hours)

Method Of Delivery: Contamination of food or water supply, or by subcutaneous injection. It is also possible to deliver Botulinum by the Bughouse "Puffer" and "Mister" weapons—but the possibility of an effective poisoning drops to 65%.

Sequelae: None.

Ricin

This a potent protein-toxin manufactured from the beans of the Castor plant (*Ricinus communis*), is an easily-produced powder. One hundred pounds of Castor beans—which the Bughouse scientists grow in their hydroponics lab—produce five pounds of Ricin powder.

Symptoms of Ricin poisoning include weakness, fever, nausea, joint pain, chest pain, and cough. Swelling of the lung tissue and pustular lesions in the windpipe (or ulcers in the stomach, if poison was delivered in victim's food or water supply). -2 on all rolls of a physical nature, and -1 on initiative.

Every hour, the victim will receive 1D4 points of damage directly to the hit points (2D4 M.D., if the target is a supernatural, mega-damage creature), or double that if the poison was delivered in the target's food or water supply.

If Ricin poisoning persists longer than three hours (i.e. if the victim fails three consecutive saving throws vs poison), the victim must roll a saving throw vs death or fall into a comatose state for the duration of the poisoning. If he rolls a natural 20 for this saving throw, the character dies of massive cardiac shutdown.

Ricin poisoning lasts 4D4 hours.

Time of Activation: 3D6 minutes

Toxicity: -2 penalty to victim's saving throw (-4 if delivered in the target's food or water supply).

Power: 1 (re-roll saving throw every hour).

Method Of Delivery: Any except Infector.

Sequelae: 25% of those recovering from Ricin poisoning develop Pneumonia.

SEB (Staphylococcal Enterotoxin B)

The fastest-acting of all the Bughouse toxins, SEB is the one usually used in the Bughouse "Mister" weapon, since its effects are instantaneous.

Poisoning by SEB causes intense pain, particularly at the point of contact with the poison (usually the face). If the victim fails his saving throw vs poison, he will be stunned for 1D4 rounds: -5 on all rolls.

1D4 rounds later, after recovering from the stunning, symptoms of SEB poisoning develop immediately. There is an onset of high fever (up to 106°F), chills, headache, awful muscle tenderness, dry cough, shortness of breath, and extreme chest pain. The victim's Spd is reduced by 25%, P.S. and P.P. are reduced by 10%, and a penalty of -3 is imposed on their strike, dodge. -2 penalty on initiative.

If the poison was squirted in the eyes, the victim must roll an additional save vs poison, or be blinded for 3D4 hours.

The debilitating effects of SEB poisoning last for two hours.

Time of Activation: Effects begin instantaneously.

Toxicity: -4 to victim's saving throw vs poison.

Power: low — re-roll saving throw once every fifteen minutes.

Method Of Delivery: Bughouse "Mister" or by contamination of victim's food or water supply.

Sequelae: 50% chance that the fever will last 1D4+1 days. 40% chance that cough will persist for 5D6 days.

Note: Heavy exposure to SEB (usually only possible with contaminated water) can cause coma. Drinking more than 1.5 liters of contaminated water has a 85% chance of sending the victim into a convulsive stupor (if they fail their saving throw vs coma) in which no action is possible for 1D4x10 minutes.

Trichothecene Mycotoxin (Myco T-2)

Myco T-2 is a toxin produced by various poisonous molds and fungi. It is also commonly used in the Bughouse "Mister" weapon, because of its capacity to cause immediate, intense skin pain at the point of contact—which, if it is your face, will stop just about anyone in their tracks. Direct facial exposure causes the victim to be stunned for 2D4 melee rounds—incapable of any action but screaming and clawing at his face while pieces of skin drop off into his hands.

Exposure to this toxin causes severe itching in the area of exposure, skin pain, and redness. Large areas of exposed skin become morbid (die) and slide off like patches of cloth. Effects on the airway include nose and throat pain, profuse discharge of mucus from the nose, wheezing, chest pain, uncontrollable sneezing and the coughing up of blood.

For the duration of the poisoning, the victim is -4 on initiative, -3 to strike, -1 to dodge, parry, and roll with punch. -10% on the performance of all skills. If the poison got in the victim's eyes, the victim must roll an additional save vs poison—with a -4 penalty—or be blinded for 2D4+5 hours.

The victim receives 1D4 points of damage directly to the hit points (or 2D4 points of M.D. if the victim is a supernatural, mega-damage creature) for each exposure.

Myco T-2 poisoning lasts 1D4+6 hours.

Time of Activation: 0-3 melee rounds (1D4-1).

Toxicity: -2 penalty to victim's saving throw vs poison.

Power: 1 (re-roll saving throw every hour).

Method Of Delivery: Any except Infector or Puffer.

Sequelae: None.

Permanent Body-Modifications

Because, as talented as they are, the scientists of the Bughouse do not have the sheer high-magic brilliance of, say, an Atlantean Bio-Wizard, their procedures for the implantation of permanent additions to the human body are a little less than perfect. Any character who receives one of these implants must roll a save vs poison, with a penalty of -8, to see if their body rejects the new tissue (which, often, will contain at least a little bit of alien microbiology as well) being introduced into its system.

If the saving throw is **failed**, then everything is all right and the character's body accepts the implant. If the save is made (usually only happens with characters who have a super-high bonus to save vs poison) that means that the character's body has rejected the implant and will attack it as if it were a disease invading the body, causing the implant to become gangrenous, necessitating its immediate removal so as not to threaten the life of the character. A natural roll of 20 always means implant rejection.

Blubber

Exactly what the name implies. The Bughouse Scientists implant a thick layer of heat-insulating fat beneath your skin, which they likewise have to toughen up a bit. The character winds up looking somewhat like a walrus, although, for cosmetic reasons, they can also implant a layer of thick, white hair all over your body as well—in which case you wind up looking like the Abominable Snowman.

- Character faces no damage from even the most extreme Arctic cold. +2 bonus to save vs magical cold.
- Adds 2D4x10 S.D.C.
- Reduces Spd by 10%.

Electroreceptors

All living beings generate an electro-magnetic field. These implants allow a character to sense that field. For tracking purposes, this sense is of superior use. There is no camouflage that can mask a being's electromagnetic field, no way to hide.

At the very least, this sense will inform the character if there are any living creatures within the range of the power, their direction, their approximate distance, and what kind of being they are (biped, normal animal, monster, etc). This power can also be used as a sort of second-sight in battle, if the character's eyes have been blinded—he receives no penalties for fighting while blind.

If the character is familiar with another being (has spent more than an hour in close proximity to the being), he will be able to identify their particular electromagnetic “signature,” and will be able to see through any disguise this being may attempt. Likewise he will be able to single the being out of a crowd, without actually being able to “see” the being with his eyes.

Adds +1 to initiative.

Range: 300 foot radius (91.4 m)

Magnetoreceptors

This implant make the character sensitive to the magnetic field of the Earth. He will be like a living compass, able to sense which direction is North. These receptors are interpretive, which means that even in areas of high magnetic disturbance, the direction-

sense will still function normally.

Magneto-Orientors

This makes the character aware of the magnetic field of a particular location, so that no matter how lost he gets, he will always be able to find his way back, like Hansel and Gretel following the trail of breadcrumbs home. The character will be able to “memorize” the magnetic field signatures of one location for every point of I.Q. he has. Once he has a point memorized, he will constantly be aware of that point’s location, it’s direction, and its approximate distance.

It takes $2D4+2$ minutes of concentration to memorize a location’s magnetic signature.

Multi-Lids

This is a set of three retractable, transparent membranes—like the nictitating eye-membranes of a crocodile or camel—that are installed behind the normal eyelids of the character. These membranes drop down automatically for any of the following four reasons:

- To act as a polarizing lens, to prevent being blinded by very bright light (especially snowblindness).
- To protect against chemical irritants or blinding toxins sprayed into the eyes—such as mace, pepper spray, the blinding spittle of an Indian Spitting cobra, etc. These substances have no affect on the character with Multi-Lids.
- To protect the eyes from gritty particles flying at a high speed—as, for example, in a snowstorm or sandstorm.
- To cover the eyes when the subject is underwater so, like with a set of diving goggles, the vision is clear, and the eyes are not irritated by salty seawater.

Poison Sacs

These are simple, poison-producing glands and sacs that are implanted just below the jaw of the character. This poison can be injected into a victim by a bite, or spat in the face of a victim like mace (SEB and Myco T-2 are the preferred toxins for a spit attack). A character can only be implanted with glands that produce one kind of toxin, which must be specified at the time of implantation. The character is immune to that particular toxin from then on.

Whale Ears (Bioacoustical Lipids)

These aren’t actually “ears” that are grafted to the outside of a character’s head, but two sacs of fatty, sound-sensitive tissue that are implanted at the base of the skull, just behind the ears. Sound makes them resonate, similar to human ears but much more efficiently. At 50 feet (15.2 m), a fox’s footfalls in the snow can be heard; at 150 feet (45.6 m) a quiet conversation can be heard clearly—otherwise, ordinary hearing distance is multiplied by a factor of ten (twenty if underwater).

In addition to the enhanced hearing distance and effectiveness, these implants also allow a character to hear things in the subsonic and ultrasonic that are ordinarily out of the

range of human hearing; for example: the language of the Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People, dog-whistles and whalesong (while some parts of whalesongs are audible to humans, the full range of tones is lost on normal human ears). Fairly inconspicuous unless someone is being thoroughly examined, these implants create only a faint bulge behind the ears and halfway down the back of the neck.

Bonuses: +2 on initiative

Penalties: -2 on against sonic-based attacks

Weapons and Equipment of Gulub Yaw Technology

At first it seemed hopeless. It seemed as if the Gulub Yaw's bizarre, organic technology was just *too* alien for the Bughouse scientists to understand. For many weeks after the Bughouse scientists first started working on the alien ships, they had no idea what they were doing. What do you do when you pry open a computer panel, expecting to find circuits and computer chips, components made of metal or silicon, and instead, gallons of an opaque, mucilaginous glop ooze out all over the floor? The computer technology of the Gulub Yaw was gelatin-based—but no one at all could tell what the submersibles and symbiotic power-armors were made of.

The scientists are getting close but, unfortunately, they haven't quite got it yet. They know how to use about 80% of the technology, and they have figured out how to pilot the submersibles with a moderate degree of skill, but that's about it. Their understanding of *why* it works is still extremely limited. The scientists of the Bughouse may be smart, but this one is way out of their league.

As for the ships, it took the incident with Mag Klepper for anyone to discover perhaps the strangest thing about them: not only that they were, in some sense, alive—that much was obvious—but that they were *sentient*, intelligent creatures. They did not, strictly speaking, possess individual personalities, rather they bonded with and mimicked the personality of whoever was in the driver's seat, provided that person was a psionic capable of communicating with the vessel's Mind. Theirs was a raw, animal intelligence, not morally grounded in any way, shape, or form, and incapable of action without the dynamic motivations of a pilot.

The Ships' Properties

Moreover, these living constructs mimicked many of the behaviors of the cetaceans they were built in the image of. They could sing whalesong. Their manner of locomotion was a thruster-assisted action of tail, fins, and body: swimming. Remarkably, the compartments and cabins within these ships remain relatively stable in spite of these vigorous ship-movements, although a slight, but indisputable, bobbing sensation is noticeable that becomes more pronounced during combat or at high speeds.

It was also discovered that the ships didn't ever need to surface to refresh their breathing atmosphere, as the ships all functioned on a gill system, extracting oxygen from the water and circulating it throughout the compartments via a simple ventilation system.

Similar is the way in which the ships produce rations for the crew, drawing water through special intake valves as it moves through the ocean, catching seaweed, microscopic organisms and plant life—much like baleen whales do—and processing them into a form fit for consumption. Compressed but messy, the runny and lukewarm protein-patties produced by the ships' ration servers, while edible, are not what one would ever call 'tasty,' nor is their unnatural texture pleasing to the palate. Nevertheless, they are vitamin-packed and plentiful, and make perfect rations, eliminating the necessity of ever having to stock up on food supplies.

Repairs are likewise a fact of naval life that the ships do not need to take part of. It is possible to effect repairs, if the crew so desires, but, regardless of the actions of the

crew, the ships *heal* themselves, regenerating a certain amount of M.D.C. every hour. This is incredibly lucky for the scientists at the Bughouse, because, while knowing that it must be possible to repair damage to a ship other than just waiting around for it to heal, even the brightest among them have no idea whatsoever how this might be accomplished.

As far as piloting goes, any human is able to pilot the alien technology with medium-effectiveness, thanks to a back-up system of emergency manual controls, somewhat reminiscent of ordinary controls on ordinary Earth vessels. In order to take advantage of the full potential of the vessels, though, a pilot must have some form of psionic that enables him to contact the Minds of the craft—Telepathy or Biomechanics (treat as the psionic power of Telemechanics, but only affecting organic-based technologies, like that of the Gulub Yaw, and Atlantean Bio-Wizardry). As long as one possesses either of these psionic powers, no I.S.P. expenditure is necessary to open or maintain “pilot’s contact” (as it is called), because the connection is a *mutual* bond between the mind of the pilot and the Mind of the ship.

Using the emergency, manual controls, the ship’s responses will be rather sluggish, ungraceful, and the pilot will not be able to effect any of the spectacularly agile maneuvers that the ship is capable of, nor will he be able to use the vessels’ spell-casting abilities, nor will he be able to operate many of the functions on the larger ships (like the infirmary, the torpedo tubes, or the shipbuilding facility on the Glacial Fury).

Director Ward Wallace Jackson 4 insisted on, rather unimaginatively, naming the ships himself, calling the five small craft the *Sea Prowlers*, the two mid-sized craft the *Sea Shrikes*, and the one enormous craft the *Sea Leviathan*—at least for official purposes.

Unofficially, as he derives not a small amount of perverse amusement from the Bughouse’s more deranged prisoners, he has permitted them to name the individual vessels whatever they wish, giving preference to the somewhat less sane-sounding suggestions. Hence, the prisoners have dubbed the five small ships: *Wolly the Fish*, *The Bloody Snowball*, *Invincible Armageddon Machine*, *This Lucky Bathtub*, and *Lard or Starch*; the two mid-size subs: *Long Greasy Perdition* and *Tender Annihilation*; and the huge ship: *Glacial Fury*.

There are currently no Tidal Manta with the Bughouse’s Gulub Yaw fleet, although the Glacial Fury is capable of manufacturing them in its shipbuilding facility.

Fracture-field Technology

Many of the Gulub Yaw’s weapons are based on a unique fracture-field generator technology. Fracture-fields disrupt the bonds between atoms of different atomic weights: compounds. Even the toughest alloy is like tissue paper to fracture-field technology.

There is one catch, though. Fracture-fields are completely ineffective against ‘pure’ materials. While a fracture-field cannon would damage steel (an alloy of iron and carbon), it would be completely blocked by even a thin sheet of pure lead or aluminum.

Fracture-fields cause S.D.C. damage to S.D.C. structures, and M.D. to M.D.C. structures. They are completely useless against immaterial barriers such as force fields, or those erected by magic or psionics.

<h2>Tidal Manta</h2> <h3>Light Attack Submersible</h3>

These are the light fighters of the Gulub Yaw. Ghostly-looking black vessels, they

are small, very fast, and super-maneuverable. They are the most organic-looking of the Gulub Yaw's already very organic-looking craft; excepting the laser pods on the nose of the ship, and the almost imperceptible seam of the pilot's hatch on the whitish underbelly, the ship has no other outstanding exterior features and looks *exactly* like an Earth manta ray (although a very large one).

With an incredibly low profile (41 feet), the helmsman lies prone in the pilot's compartment, diving towards targets, laying down streams of fire from the forward laser guns, changing direction with frightening, whiplash-quickness for another strafing run. While not capable of actual flight, the ship can make long, thruster-assisted leaps to attack targets hovering above the surface or aircraft flying at a reasonably low altitude.

Ordinarily, the wet-dock of the Glacial Fury can accommodate about 55 of these vessels, and another 165 of them can adhere to the surface of the giant ship like remora eels to the body of a shark. Even still, although the shipbuilding facility on the Glacial Fury is fully capable of manufacturing them, at the time the alien fleet rifted into the Arctic Ocean, there were no Tidal Mantas in service.

Model Type: Unknown alien.

Class: Undertow class light-fighter submersible

Crew: One

Alignment: Free-floating alignment – assumes the alignment of the piloting psionic who bonds with it. Incapable of acting independently of a psionic pilot.

Attributes: These vessels are sentient beings, possessing a roughly animal intelligence of their own! I.Q. 1D6, M.E. 2D6+2, M.A. 2D6+1, all others N/A

M.D.C. by Location:

Forward Fracture-Field Generator (1) – 80

Forward Laser Banks (5) – 50 each

Belly Lasers (2) – 30 each

Wings (2) – 85 each

Aft Thrusters (4) – 55 each

Tail – 30

**Main Body – 140 (to -10 M.D.C.)

**Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body causes the Tidal Manta to shut down, incapacitated; no locomotion, no weapon systems, no communications, nothing (although life support continues to function, and a phosphorescent glow from the lining of the pilot's compartment provide adequate emergency lighting). However, the ship will still regenerate until it reaches positive M.D.C., at which time most of the systems will slowly begin to come online again. The ship is not actually “dead” until it reaches -10 M.D.C., at which point the sentient intelligence of the craft ceases to be and it will no longer regenerate but will begin to rot like a corpse.

The Tidal Manta can regenerate 1D4 M.D.C. every two hours of rest (not being in combat and not traveling any faster than 10% of its maximum speed) or 1D4 x 2 for every two hours of complete inactivity.

Speed:

Driving on the ground: not possible

Flying: not possible

Water Surface: 30 knots (56 kmph/35 mph)

Underwater: 62 knots (116 kmph/73 mph)

Range: Effectively unlimited. Does not need to surface to replenish its air supply, and can manufacture enough rations to sustain a single pilot indefinitely.

Maximum Safe Depth: 1.5 miles

Statistical Data:

Height: 41 feet (1.5 m)

Width: 20 feet from wingtip to wingtip (6 m)

Length: 16 feet (4.8 m)

Weight: 2 tons

Cargo: none

Power System: Biological reactor; the Tidal Manta is a living being with an estimated life span of 75 years.

Weapon Systems

1. Forward Fracture-Field Generator (1): This is the primary armament of the Tidal Manta.

Primary Purpose: Anti-ship

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 1D6 x 10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the hand-to-hand attacks of the pilot.

Maximum Effective Range: 1 mile (1.57 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

2. Forward Blue-Green Laser Banks (2): These guns are generally used to wear down force fields, which are unaffected by Fracture-fields.

Primary Purpose: Anti-force-field

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single blast or 4D6 M.D. for a double blast.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the hand-to-hand attacks of the pilot.

Maximum Effective Range: .5 miles (.8 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

3. Tail Energy Lash: Only available to ships being piloted psionically. This secondary weapon is designed to protect the ship's underbelly.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-submersible

Mega-Damage: 4D4 M.D. per blast.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand to hand attacks of the pilot.

Maximum Effective Range: 1 mile (.8 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

4. Extraordinary Maneuverability: Only available to ships being piloted psionically.

These bonuses are not applied to ships being piloted with the manual controls.

Tight Circle/Turn: These ships, when helmed correctly, can make extremely tight turns because of the flexibility and nonrigidity of their organic hulls. Consequently, they can pull a complete 180 turn in an area as small as 14 feet (4.2 m) in diameter.

Mid-Air Leap: 65 feet out of the water, covering a distance up to 215 feet long.

Bonuses: +2 on pilot's initiative, +1 for pilot to strike, +3 to roll with impact.

SP-1 Sea Prowler

These are the small exploratory craft of the Gulub Yaw. They move like large killer whales, and to sonar and radar, that is exactly what they appear to be...albeit extraordinarily large killer whales. They are designed to operate as scouts and, if necessary, as battle support for the Tidal Mantas and Sea Shrikes.

Model Type: Unknown alien. Dubbed SP-1 by the Bughouse scientists.

Class: Whirlpool class heavy-scout submersible

Crew: 5 (4) Two pilots (only one if using psionics), systems operator, three gunners, plus four passengers (five, if co-pilot spot is vacant)

Alignment: Free-floating alignment – assumes the alignment of the piloting psionic who bonds with it. Incapable of acting independently of a psionic pilot.

Attributes: These vessels are sentient beings, possessing a roughly animal intelligence of their own! I.Q. 2D6, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 3D6, all others N/A. While the pilot sleeps, they can function intelligently, carrying out his last commands—provided they aren't too complicated.

M.D.C. by Location:

Forward Fracture-Field Generator (1) – 160

Forward Laser Banks (3) – 90 each

Belly Lasers (2) – 60 each

Tail Lasers (2) – 50 each

Tail Fins (2) – 180 each

Dorsal Fin – 200

Side Fins (4) – 150 each

Aft Thrusters (4) – 200 each

**Main Body – 800 (to -100 M.D.C.)

**Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body causes the Sea Prowler to shut down, incapacitated; no locomotion, no weapon systems, no communications, nothing (although life support continues to function, and a phosphorescent glow from the walls provide adequate emergency lighting). However, the ship will still regenerate until it reaches positive M.D.C., at which time most of the systems will slowly begin to come online again. The ship is not actually “dead” until it reaches -100 M.D.C., at which point the sentient intelligence of the craft ceases to be and it will no longer regenerate but will begin to rot like a corpse.

The Sea Prowler can regenerate 1D6 M.D.C. every hour of rest (not being in combat and not traveling any faster than 10% of its maximum speed) or 1D6 x 2 for every hour of complete inactivity.

Speed:

Driving on the ground: not possible

Flying: not possible

Water Surface: 32 knots (61 kmph/38 mph)

Underwater: 56 knots (105 kmph/66mph)

Range: Effectively unlimited. Does not need to surface to replenish its air supply, and can manufacture enough rations to sustain a complement of ten humans indefinitely.

Maximum Safe Depth: 2.5 miles (although, since the Arctic Ocean is, on the average, only 3,407 feet deep, no one at the Bughouse is quite certain how deep the submersibles are able to go)

Statistical Data:

Height: 12 feet (3.6 m)

Width: 18 feet (5.4 m)

Length: 55 feet (16.5 m)

Weight: 78 tons

Cargo: can tow up to two tons of cargo.

Power System: Biological reactor; the Sea Prowler is a living being with an estimated life span of 100 years.

Weapon Systems

1. **Forward Fracture-Field Generator (1)**: This is the primary armament of the Sea Prowler.

Primary Purpose: Anti-ship

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 2D4 x 10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the hand-to-hand attacks of the pilot.

Maximum Effective Range: 2 miles (3.1km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

2. **Forward Blue-Green Laser Banks (3)**: These are designed to handle most of the ship's secondary combat need. They are generally used to cut through force fields that the Fracture-Field Generator is useless against.

Primary Purpose: Anti-force-field

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. each, or 6D6 M.D. for a triple blast.

Rate of Fire: Each gun can fire three times per melee round (or three triple blasts)

Maximum Effective Range: 1 mile (1.57 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

3. **Belly Lasers (2)**: These secondary lasers are designed to keep opponents busy until the main guns can be brought to bear on them.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-submersible

Mega-Damage: 1D6 x 10 M.D. per single blast

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand to hand attacks of the gunner (+1 attack if the gunner is a psionic)

Maximum Effective Range: 1 mile (1.5 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

4. **Tail Lasers (2)**: These tertiary armaments are designed to cover whatever blind spots that are left out of the scope of the previously listed two guns.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-Aircraft

Mega-Damage: 1D4 x 10 M.D. per single blast

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand to hand attacks of the gunner (+1 attack if the gunner is a psionic)

Maximum Effective Range: 4,000 feet (1200 m)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

5. **Spell Casting Abilities:** These craft are sentient creatures akin in many ways to Earth cetaceans, and, as such, are capable of casting certain whale-related magicks. Only available to ships being piloted psionically, the following spells can be cast as if the Sea Prowler were a third level magic user:
 - Song of Protection – Twice per day
 - Sonic Boom – Three times per day
 - Speed Doubler – Four times per day
6. **Extraordinary Maneuverability:** Only available to ships being piloted psionically. These bonuses are not applied to ships being piloted with the manual controls.
 - Tight Circle/Turn: These ships, when helmed correctly, can make extremely tight turns because of the flexibility and nonrigidity of their organic hulls. Consequently, they can pull a complete 180 turn in an area as small as 60 feet (18 m) in diameter.
 - Mid-Air Leap: 25 feet, covering a distance up to 100 feet long, the practical application of which, as one can imagine, is pretty dubious.
 - Head Strike: 1D6 x 10 M.D. – this attack also does 1D6 M.D. to the Sea Prowler itself unless target is less than 1/10 the mass of the ship (i.e. less than 8 tons). Double damage (to both target and attacker) if the Sea Prowler is at full speed. +3 to strike targets 30 feet long or larger. Counts as two attacks.
 - Bonuses: +2 on pilot's initiative, +2 for pilot to strike when using Sonic Boom or head strike, +2 to roll with impact.

SS-1 Sea Shrike

Slightly more eel-like in its proportions than the Sea Prowler, the overall shape of this craft still resembles the terrestrial killer whale somewhat (albeit a very fast-moving, 280 foot long killer whale). This can be a particularly scary thing for an inexperienced sonar or radar operator to encounter because, to most underwater electronic surveillance, the Sea Shrike *looks* like a killer whale. A nearly three-hundred foot Orca.

They are used as long-distance exploratory vessels, and large-scale battle support for the Tidal Mantas. Like all of the Gulub Yaw fleet, they are designed to be away from any base or supply ship indefinitely. There is also a fully-stocked scientific laboratory onboard. Unfortunately, the lab is fully-stocked with equipment that is extremely alien to the human mind, and no one in the Bughouse has figured out how to use all of it yet (although with the help of Mag Klepper or some other psionic Biomechanic, they could figure out the uses of all the tools easily).

It is also part of the Sea Shrike's job to defend the mother vessel, the Glacial Fury.

Model Type: Unknown alien. Dubbed SS-1 by the Bughouse scientists.

Class: Lagoon class all-purpose submersible.

Crew: 20 (bare minimum of 12 to operate vessel at maximum efficiency), able to accommodate up to 70 passengers

Alignment: Pure, animal intelligence detached from morality—assumes the alignment of the piloting psionic who bonds with it. Incapable of acting independently of a psionic pilot.

Attributes: These vessels are sentient beings, possessing a roughly animal intelligence of their own! I.Q. 2D6, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 3D6, all others N/A. While the pilot sleeps,

they can function intelligently, carrying out his last commands—provided they aren't too complicated.

M.D.C by Location:

- Forward Fracture-Field Generator (1) – 320
- Forward Blue-Green Laser Batteries (2) – 200 each
- Tail Lasers (2) – 100 each
- Plasma Spines (4) – 80 each
- Retractable Tentacles (4) – 55 each
- Tail Fins (2) – 400 each
- Dorsal Fins (2) – 420 each
- Side Fins (6) – 210 each
- Aft Thrusters (4) – 800 each
- **Main Body – 4,000 (to -300 M.D.C.)

**Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body causes the Sea Shrike to shut down, incapacitated - no locomotion, no weapon systems, no communications, nothing (although life support continues to function, and a phosphorescent glow from the walls provide adequate emergency-lighting). However, the ship will still regenerate until it reaches positive M.D.C., at which time most of the systems will slowly begin to come online again. The ship is not actually “dead” until it reaches –300 M.D.C., at which point the sentient Mind of the craft ceases to be and the ship, no longer regenerating, will begin to rot like a dead fish.

The Sea Shrike can regenerate 1D6 x 10 M.D.C. every two hours of rest (not being in combat and not traveling any faster than 10% of its maximum speed) or 1D6 x 20 for every two hours of complete inactivity.

Speed:

Driving on the ground: not possible

Flying: not possible

Water Surface: 32 knots (61 kmph/38 mph)

Underwater: 47.6 knots (89 kmph/56 mph)

Range: Effectively unlimited. Does not need to surface to replenish its air supply, and can manufacture enough rations to sustain a complement of ninety humans indefinitely.

Maximum Safe Depth: 2.5 miles (although, since the Arctic Ocean is relatively shallow, being, on the average, only 3,407 feet deep, no one at the Bughouse is quite certain how deep the submersibles can go without being crushed like a pea.

Statistical Data:

Height: 41 feet (12.3 m)

Width: 48 feet (14.4 m)

Length: 280 feet (84 m)

Weight: 2,900 tons

Cargo: can carry 30 tons of cargo, and tow an additional 25 tons of cargo behind it

Power System: Biological Reactor—although no one is exactly sure just what this is. The Sea Shrike is a living being with an estimated life span of two hundred years.

Weapon Systems

1. **Forward Fracture-Field Generator (1):** This gun is the primary armament of the Sea Shrike.

Primary Purpose: Anti-ship

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 6D6 x 20 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the hand-to-hand attacks of the pilot.

Maximum Effective Range: 3 miles (4.7 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

2. **Forward Blue-Green Laser Batteries (2):** These powerful clusters of laser cannons open up enemy force fields like a can opener, so they can be pummeled with the Sea Shrike's massive Fracture-Field Cannon.

Primary Purpose: Anti-force-field

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 1D4x10 M.D. per single blast, or 2D4 x 10 M.D. per double blast

Rate of Fire: Two shots each per melee round, or two double blasts

Maximum Effective Range: 1 mile (1.57 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

3. **Tail lasers (2):** These guns protect the Sea Shrike's relatively undefended rear while giving the pilot time to come about, bringing the main guns to bear on targets behind the ship.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-Aircraft

Mega-Damage: 1D6 x 10 M.D. per single blast

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand to hand attacks of the gunner (+1 attack if the gunner is a psionic)

Maximum Effective Range: 1 mile (1.5 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

4. **Plasma Spines (4):** These long, plasma-discharging quills are manned by "gunners" in an almost identical fashion as ordinary ship's armaments (i.e. no special training needed as long as the gunner would normally be able to use a stationary cannon of equivalent size and power on an Earth vessel). Two are located on the belly, and two located just forward of the main dorsal fin, acting as a defense against close-quarters hostilities: small submersibles, power armor, and torpedoes.

Primary Purpose: Anti-torpedo

Secondary Purpose: Anti-personnel

Mega-Damage: 3D6 x 10 M.D. each—cannot converge all fire on same target

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand to hand attacks of the gunner (+1 attack if the gunner is a psionic).

Maximum Effective Range: 350 feet (105 m)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

5. **Retractable Tentacles (4):** Only available to ships being piloted psionically. These thick, sinuous feelers were not intended for combat, although they can be used in a pinch, if necessary. For the most part they are for the manipulation of objects outside the ship without necessitating the deployment of divers (i.e. the retrieval of things left floating in the water, or lying on the ocean floor).

Primary Purpose: Investigation & Utility

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Damage:

Warning Nudge—1D6 S.D.C.

Slap—1D6 x 10 S.D.C.

Restrained Strike—1D4 M.D.

Full-Strength Strike—2D6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand to hand attacks of the pilot, although limited to no more than four attacks total.

Maximum Effective Range: Each tentacle is 90 feet (27 m) long.

6. **Spell Casting Abilities:** Only available to ships being piloted psionically. The Sea Shrike is a sentient creature similar (in some ways) to common Earth cetaceans, and, as such, are capable of casting certain whale-related magicks. The following spells can be cast as if the Sea Shrike were a fifth level magic user:

Song of Protection – Four times per day

Sonic Boom – Six times per day

Speed Doubler – Three times per day

7. **Extraordinary Maneuverability:** Only available to ships being piloted psionically.

These bonus are not applied to ships being piloted with only manual controls. Due to the extreme stresses that rigorous combat maneuvering puts on the ship, all bulkheads and corridors are sealed, and travel between compartments and cabins is impossible – for the safety of those aboard. For example, when pulling supertight turns, the corridors will accordion in and out, twisting and bending in different directions, depending on whether the ship is turning port or starboard, and it would be hazardous to attempt to travel through the ship at that time.

Tight Circle/Turn: The Sea Shrike, when helmed by a proper psionic pilot, can make fantastically tight turns for a ship of its size, due to the flexibility, and approximately whale- and eel-like physiological construction of the hull. As a result, it can pull a complete 180 turn in an area as small as 196 feet (58.8 m)!

Head Strike: 2D6 x 10 M.D. – this attack does 2D6 M.D. to the Sea Shrike itself unless target is less than 1/10 the mass of the ship (i.e. less than 29 tons). Double damage (to both target and attacker) if the Sea Shrike is at full speed. +3 to strike targets 80 feet (24 m) long or larger. Counts as two attacks.

Bonuses: +2 on pilot's initiative; +2 for pilot to strike when using Sonic Boom, tentacles, or head strike; +2 to roll with impact.

SL-1 Sea Leviathan (Glacial Fury)

Vast and terrible, looking like an impossibly huge, jet-black whale, this truly colossal and alien ship dwarfs nearly every man-made seafaring vehicle on Earth (the exceptions being the *USS Ticonderoga*, which is larger, and the *NGR Poseidon*, which is the only other thing that even approaches it in size) yet lays crewless beneath the Arctic ice while the scientists of the Bughouse try to figure out what to do with such a powerful, immense thing.

The problem is that they don't have enough Enforcement officers to crew the enormous vessel, and most are wary of using prisoners to fill out the ship's complement (justifiably so, since most of the prisoners hate the Enforcement Officers' guts, and would not mix well with them). Most of the scientists, Enforcement Officers, residents and inmates of the Bughouse are ignorant of the grand, ambitious designs that both Chief

Director Ward Wallace Jackson 4 and Mag Klepper each have for the ship.

The Glacial Fury comes complete with a large gymnasium, unbelievably extensive scientific research facilities, surveying equipment, and a hospital.

Model Type: Unknown alien. Dubbed SL-1 by the Bughouse scientists. Aka *Glacial Fury*.

Class: Ocean class submersible battleship and migratory base

Crew: 2,000 total (8,250 with troops and/or passengers)

Troop Capacity: The first number is what is actually on the Glacial Fury at the moment, and the numbers in parenthesis are the full complement of what the *Glacial Fury* is designed to accommodate:

Starfish Symbiotic Exoskeleton: 29 (8,250)

Eel-Wing Symbiotic Power Armor: 32 (290)

Trench Crawler Symbiotic Robot Vehicle: 8 (120)

Tidal Manta Light-Attack Vehicle: In internal wet-dock – 0 (55); attached to the surface of the Glacial Fury like remoras – 0 (165); total – 0 (220)

Alignment: Free-floating, nonmoral alignment—assumes the alignment of the psionic pilot who bonds with it. Incapable of acting independently of pilot.

Attributes: The Glacial Fury is a sentient being, possessing an intelligence of animal nature! I.Q. 2D6 + 6, M.E. 3D6 + 12, M.A. 3D6 +6, all others N/A

M.D.C. by Location:

Nose Section (Forward Fracture-field Generator) – 3200

Blue-Green Pulse Laser Pods (2) – 500 each

Plasma Spines (14) – 65 each

Torpedo Cavities (5) – 550 each

**Tail – 4,000

**Thrusters (4) – 850 each

Tail Fins (4) – 1,400 each

Dorsal Fins (2) – 1,500 each

Side Fins (4) – 950 each

Hull per 40 ft (12.2 m) area – 75

***Main Body – 16,500 (to –2,000 M.D.C.)

**Destroying either the tail section or the thrusters decrease the ship's speed by half; destroying both the tail and thrusters will reduce maximum speed to a crawl: 5% of full speed.

***Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body causes the Glacial Fury to shut down, incapacitated: no locomotion, no weapon systems, no communications, nothing (although life support continues to function, and a phosphorescent glow from the walls provides adequate emergency lighting). However, the ship will still regenerate until it reaches positive M.D.C., at which time most of the systems will slowly begin to come back online again. The ship is not genuinely “dead” until it reaches –2,000 M.D.C., at which point the sentient Mind of the craft ceases to be and the ship, no longer regenerating, will begin to rot like a gigantic whale-carcass.

The Glacial Fury can regenerate 4D6x5 M.D.C. every two hours of rest (not being in combat, not trying to grow new vehicles or regrow torpedo stock, and not traveling any faster than 5% of its maximum speed) or 4D6x10 for every two hours of complete inactivity.

Speed:

Driving on the ground: not possible

Flying: not possible

Water Surface: 28 knots (53 kmph/33 mph)

Underwater: 40.8 knots (77 kmph/48 mph)

Range: Effectively unlimited. Does not need to surface to replenish its air supply, and manufactures enough rations to sustain a complement of 8,000 humans indefinitely.

Maximum Safe Depth: 2.5 miles (although, since the Arctic Ocean is relatively shallow, averaging about 3,407 feet deep, no one at the Bughouse has any idea how deep the Glacial Fury is capable of going)

Statistical Data:

Height: 169 feet (50.7 m) although main dorsal fin adds another 87 feet

Width: 348 feet (104.4 m)

Length: 1,840 feet (552 m)

Weight: 166,000 tons fully loaded

Cargo: In addition to its full troop complement, the Glacial Fury can carry an additional 14,000 tons of cargo

Power System: Biological reactor—just *what* this is exactly, nobody seems to know yet. It cannot be identified as wholly technological or organic or nuclear or magical or psionic or *anything* right at the moment. It is far, far beyond both the scientists of the Bughouse and the Shore Dwarves, who have neither been able to accurately estimate the life span of this huge creature (although some have guessed it to be several hundreds of years, possibly even approaching a thousand) nor have they been able to ascertain how long it has been alive already.

Weapon Systems:

- 1. Forward Fracture-field Generator (1):** This massive dynamo, taking up much of the internal space of the “nose” of the ship, is the main gun of the Glacial Fury. It works on a technological principle that baffles even the ingenious Shore Dwarves—one which they have, ignorantly and for lack of a better term, dubbed the “starved electron” principle. The weapon projects a tight field of unusually-behaved electrons that invade the infinitesimally small spaces between molecules, pairing off and recombining with the atoms—effectively disintegrating, dissolving, and rearranging the molecular bonds of any matter that it hits, breaking the target up into its elemental components. Since it even affects the water that it’s shooting through, the discharge of this weapon looks like a 1.7 mile long stream of tiny bubbles, as the hydrogen and oxygen of the water separate, turn back to gas, and float to the surface.

Note: This weapon causes M.D. to mega-damage structures, but only S.D.C. to S.D.C. structures, and is COMPLETELY INEFFECTIVE against force fields, magic fields or other forms of non-matter barriers, and cannot be used against a target that is protected by such a field until the field has been destroyed or otherwise eliminated. This weapon also has no effect on “pure” materials—while it *would* damage steel (which is an alloy of iron and carbon), it would be completely blocked by a thin sheet of pure iron, or even pure lead, tin, copper, gold, platinum, or aluminum—anything that can not be broken down into more than one basic element is completely unaffected by this weapon.

Primary Purpose: Anti-ship

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 1D6 x 100 M.D. or S.D.C. per blast

Rate of Fire: once per melee round

Maximum Effective Range: 1.7 miles

Payload: effectively unlimited

- 2. Blue-Green Pulse Laser Pods (2):** These heavily armored laser pods, at a forward position, on the sides of the “head” of the creature, are the secondary guns for the Glacial Fury. They can fire against ships, surface vessels, enemy torpedoes, men in power armor, aircraft, ground targets...bottom line: they’re good for blowing up just about anything. They’re also used to wear away other ships’ force fields so the main gun, the Fracture-field generator can be used against them.

Primary Purpose: Anti-ship

Secondary Purpose: Anti-force-field

Mega-Damage: 2D6 x 10 M.D. per blast, or 4D6 x 10 if both lasers fire at the same target in unison.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of hand-to-hand attacks of the gunner (+1 attack if the gunner is a psionic).

Maximum Effective Range: 3 miles (4.7 km)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

- 3. Plasma Spines (14):** As in the Sea Shrike above, these spiny protrusions spread over the hull of the ship, can fire bolts of plasma energy, and are used for close-range in-fighting, protecting the ship from boarders, incoming torpedoes, small vehicles, and men in power armor. These weapons are distributed pretty much evenly about the ship, with a slight concentration about the forward section of the belly, and the aft section of the back, near the tail.

Primary Purpose: Defense

Secondary Purpose: Anti-torpedo

Mega-Damage: 3D6 x 10 each, and fire cannot be concentrated on the same target

Rate of Fire: Equals the number of hand-to-hand attacks of the gunner (+1 extra attack if the gunner is a psionic).

Maximum Effective Range: 300 feet (90 m)

Payload: Effectively unlimited

- 4. Torpedo Cavities (5):** Only available when the Glacial Fury is being piloted psionically. These small unmanned explosive vessels are not really “torpedoes” in the generic sense because they are, like nearly all of the Gulub Yaw’s technology, alive. Possessing only the most primitive splinter of intelligence, the Torpedo-creatures are capable of being aware of only one thing: their target, which they are completely fixated on, and will hunt until they either score a hit (annihilating themselves in the process) or are destroyed. Kill kill kill.

Each of these monomaniacal kamikaze-creatures, resembling a sleek grey seal, is +1 to strike, and, if they miss, shooting on past the target, will come fully about for another pass and try to hit the target again! If they miss the first attack, and unless they are destroyed, these creatures will keep on trying to score a hit for two more attacks, or 10 minutes (whichever comes first), at which time they will automatically self-destruct.

Primary Purpose: Anti-ship

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 4D6 x 10 M.D. each

Rate of Fire: Up to two torpedoes can be fired each melee round.

Maximum Effective Range: 10 miles (15.7 km)

Payload: 75 total: 15 in each cavity – the Glacial Fury has the capability to replace lost or spent torpedoes: see the entry for **Construction Facility** below.

M.D.C.: Each torpedo has 25 M.D.C.

5. **Spell Casting Abilities:** Only available when the ship is being piloted psionically. The Glacial Fury is a sentient being distantly related to Earth's sea-mammals, and, as such, is capable of casting certain whale-related magicks. The following spells can be cast as if the Glacial Fury were a ninth level magic user:

Song of Protection – Seven times per day

Song of Strength (only the variety that turns away animated dead, zombies, poltergeists, sea-undead, and haunting entities for a 1,000 foot radius around the vessel) – Twice per day

Sonic Boom – Seven times per day

Sonic Boom Mega (identical to the above, but does 4D6 x 10 + 80 M.D., inflicting 1D6 x 10 M.D. to everything within a 120 foot radius around the main target) – Twice per day

Stormsong – Twice per day

Valorsong – Three times per day

Speed Doubler – Twice per day

6. **Construction Facility:** The Glacial Fury, meant to be a mobile, completely self-sufficient base, possesses a facility for the manufacture of the Gulub Yaw's specific kind of technology. There are two separate facilities on the ship: one large one for the manufacture of submersibles like the Tidal Manta, Sea Prowler, and Sea Shrike; and a smaller facility occupied by the manufacture of the symbiotic power armors, symbiotic robot vehicles, Torpedo-Creatures, weaponry and other miscellaneous technologies. The operation of these facilities requires a Master Psionic with the power of Biomechanics to supervise and direct the forming of these sentient, organic vehicles. Without a Biomechanic, the facility is less than useless.

The symbiotic power armors, symbiotic robot vehicles and Torpedo-Creatures are spawned from large, steaming vats of alien goo. The larger vehicles, the submersibles, are grown in a sealed "womb" chamber, take weeks or months to gestate, and then are "birthed" out of the Glacial Fury the way whales give birth to their young.

Each of the two facilities may only grow one thing at a time (i.e. if the ship is busy trying to grow a new suit of Starfish Symbiotic Exoskeleton, it can't replenish its Torpedo-Creature supply—it has to wait until the Starfish suit is complete). The length of gestation for each of the crafts and symbiotic armors are listed below:

Torpedo Creatures: Takes four hours to produce one; the Glacial Fury is able to completely regrow its torpedo stock in about two weeks.

Starfish Symbiotic Exoskeleton: four a week

Eel-Wing Symbiotic Power Armor: one a week

Trench Crawler Symbiotic Robot Vehicle: one every month

Tidal Manta: two every month

Sea Prowler: one every six months

Sea Shrike: one per year

Sea Leviathan: The Glacial Fury is not able to produce another vessel of its type; one can only wonder how massive must be the thing that *is* able to produce one of these gigantic ships as its offspring.

Starfish Symbiotic Exoskeleton

This suit of body armor, a supernatural exoskeleton offering greatly enhanced strength, speed and performance, gets its name from the dozens upon dozens of starfish-shaped alien creatures, each just slightly larger than a human hand-span, that adhere to the wearer's body, overlapping and locking together to provide a sealed, watertight system. These creatures cover the wearer's entire body except the face (eyes, mouth, nose)—which is covered by a considerably larger, bright green starfish called the “Queen-star” (because of the creatures' vaguely hive-like behavior, and despite the fact that they are hermaphroditic) or “visor-star” (because of the place on the suit it occupies) which settles over the unprotected face of the wearer, wrapping its five tentacles around the back of his head, securing itself.

Substituting its own senses for the host's, this “Queen-star” allows the wearer to see and hear things ordinarily beyond the human range of perception and, like the submersibles, has a gill-system that provides oxygen to its host, enabling him to breathe underwater as easily as he would on land.

This marvel of the Gulub Yaw's bioengineering techniques is remarkably light and supple, and, once one gets over the initial squeamishness (or, in many cases, abject terror) associated with being smothered head-to-toe by a swarm of wet alien organisms, the suit is actually quite comfortable and does not chafe or cramp the wearer in the slightest.

Each individual suit is painstakingly custom-grown for every wearer and may be worn by that person only—the creatures simply will not assemble and link together for anyone else. While not being worn, the creatures separate from each other and from the host, dropping off in a slimy pile, and must be kept in a container of special nutrient solution to keep them alive. Even in this nutrient solution, for the creatures to survive, they must be attached to the host (worn) at least 14 cumulative hours per week, and anything less risks serious damage to the suit by “starvation” (1D6 points of M.D.C. deducted PERMANENTLY from the Main Body of the suit for every week that goes by in which this requirement isn't met).

Likewise, should the person for whom the Starfish suit was grown die while outside the suit, the creatures, not long after, will wither, gradually curling up, becoming rigid and brittle to the touch, eventually dying as well.

Model Type: Unknown alien. Dubbed SF-1EX “Starfish” by Bughouse scientists

Class: Deep-sea environmental symbiotic exoskeleton.

Size: Needs be custom fit for each wearer, who must be no taller than 8 feet, or shorter than 5 feet—suit adds about six or seven inches of height. The only suitable hosts are human and very human-like D-Bees.

Weight: 65 lbs. (29 kg)

Bonuses: The exoskeleton adds the following bonuses to the attributes of the person who wears it: +5 to P.S., +25 to Spd, +10 feet to the length and height of leaps, and reduces the rate of fatigue by 50%.

Mobility Penalties: Excellent mobility; –5% to prowl; no penalty whatsoever to swimming, acrobatics, climbing, or similar physical skills/performances. Allows the wearer to move through the water at twice his Spd attribute.

M.D.C. by Location:

*Head/Helmet (the “Queen-Star”) – 65

Arms (2) – 60 each

Claws (2) – 30 each

Legs (2) – 75 each

Main Body – 115

*Depleting the M.D.C. of the “Queen-star” causes all sensory and communications functions of the suit to shut down. The pilot must rely on his own human vision and senses. The head is a small and difficult target to hit; requires the attacker to make a called shot at –4 to strike. Also, the character may no longer breathe underwater.

Maximum Safe Depth: 2 miles

Side Effects: After coming out of the suit, the host will feel completely enervated, physically and psychically, and exhausted, feeling an *intense* need to sleep for approximately half the amount of time he’d just spent in the suit, or even a few hours longer, depending on how long he’d worn it (if he does not get to go to sleep immediately, the host will be extremely groggy, -10% on all skills). If the host spent less than four hours in the suit, he will be, upon removing it, down to 75% his P.P.E. and I.S.P. (both are regained normally). If the host spent more than four hours in the suit before removing it, he will be drained of half of his P.P.E. and I.S.P. Upon awakening, the host will be wickedly thirsty and have a voracious appetite and, for that first meal, will need twice his normal amount of food to satisfy his considerable hunger. The host will still feel just a little sluggish and achy—hung over—but this feeling will disappear after an hour or so.

Note: The Starfish Symbiotic Exoskeleton cannot be worn by anyone who has any cybernetic implants.

Weapon Systems and other Features

1. **Face-Beam:** The “queen-“ or “visor-star” can fire destructive bolts of a pale, aquamarine energy; to do so, the wearer of the suit must stop and concentrate, not performing any other actions that melee round other than attacking with this weapon.

Primary Purpose: Anti-personnel

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 1D6 M.D. per blast

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the wearer

Maximum Effective Range: 1000 feet (305 m) underwater or on land

Payload: Effectively unlimited

2. **Claws (2):** These razor-sharp protrusions from the backs of the Starfish suit’s hands allow the host to do mega-damage with his punches. S.D.C. damage is converted to mega-damage, not including strength bonuses.

Mega-Damage: Adds +2 M.D. to the ordinary hand to hand damage of the host.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of the hand to hand attacks of the host

3. **Supernatural Sensory & Communications Capabilities:** The following capabilities are innate powers of the suit’s “Queen-” or “visor-star”:
 - a. Optical Enhancements: Nightvision 1,000 ft (304 m), Telescopic vision 6,000 feet (1,829 m), magnification to the 100th power, and also provides the following supernatural forms of vision without requiring I.S.P. or P.P.E.: see the invisible, and see P.P.E. energy.
 - b. Aural Enhancements: Excellent hearing adds +1 to initiative of the host.

c. **Targeting Bonus:** Adds a +1 bonus to strike with a ranged weapon; effective up to 1,000 feet (304 m) away.

d. **Animal Communication:** the wearer of the suit can, at will, Communicate with Sea Creatures as per the 5th level Ocean magic spell, without requiring P.P.E. expenditure.

e. **Immunities:** as long as the “visor-star” is intact, the wearer of the suit is immune to all forms of blindness and deafness.

4. Regeneration: The suit is capable of “healing” itself, recovering 2D6 M.D.C. per day.

5. Breathe Underwater: The “Queen-star” has gills that extract oxygen from the water for its host to breathe.

Eel-Wing Symbiotic Power Armor

Eel Wings are tough, durable suits of symbiotic power armor. Their form is vaguely humanoid, except for the fins that cover the main body of the symbiote, and the four huge eels that radiate out from the rear shoulder-area of the main body.

The Gulub Yaw used the Eel Wings as their elite forces. They are a fearsome sight in combat: the eels chomping away at the enemy while the host blasts them to atoms with his fracture-field projector. They are not very fast, but this is their only real weakness. Magic users are able to cast spells while wearing the armor, an ability unique to the biomagical technology of the Gulub Yaw.

The eels themselves are intelligent, and move independently of the wearer of the armor. He does not control them in any way. In hand to hand combat, they go into a frenzy, wildly biting the enemy while the wearer of the symbiote pummels it with the suit’s claws or blasts it with the chest-mounted fracture-field projector. In ranged combat, the eels don’t do much besides keep watch for sneak attacks—unless the symbiote is heavily damaged. If this is the case, the eels will actually sacrifice their own lives to block incoming ranged attacks. They can parry mega-damage attacks such as laser or plasma fire, or even rail gun fletchettes.

Getting into and out of the symbiote is a snap. It takes only a single melee round for a person to get in or out of the suit—although the wearer must be naked, so there may be some additional time involved in the removal of his clothes. The symbiote splits in half like a giant clam and swallows up the wearer. Then it locks up again.

Each individual suit is painstakingly custom-grown for every wearer and may be worn by that person only. The symbiotic suit must be attached to the host (worn) at least 24 cumulative hours per week in order to survive, and anything less risks serious damage to the suit by “starvation” (1D6 points of M.D.C. deducted PERMANENTLY from the Main Body of the suit for every week that goes by in which this requirement isn’t met).

Model Type: Unknown alien. Dubbed EW-1AR “Eel Wing” by Bughouse scientists

Class: Deep-sea environmental symbiotic power armor

Crew: One pilot

M.D.C. by Location:

Head – 170

Hands (2) – 60 each

Arms (2) – 160 each

Eels (4) – 95 each

Legs (2) – 270 each
Reinforced Pilot's Compartment – 100
*Main Body – 440

*Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will shut the symbiote down completely, rendering it useless.

Side Effects: After coming out of the suit, the host will feel completely enervated, physically and psychically, and exhausted, feeling an *intense* need to sleep for approximately the same amount of time he'd just spent in the suit, or even a few hours longer, depending on how long he'd worn it (if he does not get to go to sleep immediately, the host will be extremely groggy, -20% on all skills). If the host spent less than eight hours in the suit, he will be, upon removing it, down to half his P.P.E. and I.S.P. (both are regained normally). If the host spent more than eight hours in the suit before removing it, he will be drained of all but one P.P.E. and I.S.P. point each. Upon awakening, the host will be wickedly thirsty and have a voracious appetite and, for that first meal, will need three times his normal amount of food to satisfy his considerable hunger. The host will still feel just a little sluggish and achy—hung over—but this feeling will disappear after an hour or so.

Speed:

Running: 90 mph (144 kmph)

Leaping: Up to 12 feet (3.6m) high or across. Add 15 feet with a running start.

Swimming: 20.5 knots (35.5 kmph/24 mph)

Range: effectively unlimited

Maximum Safe Depth: 2.5 miles (4 km)

Statistical Data:

Height: 9 feet

Width: 3 feet

Length: 2.5 feet

Weight: 1200 pounds

Physical Strength: Equal to a robotic P.S. of 30

Cargo: no storage space

Power System: Biological reactor, augmented by symbiosis

Bonuses: the symbiote adds the following bonuses to the attributes of the person who wears it: +25 to Spd reduces the rate of fatigue by 90%. +1 hand to hand attack.

Mobility Penalties: Good mobility; -10% to prowl; no penalty whatsoever to swimming, acrobatics, climbing, or similar physical skills/performances.

Weapon Systems

1. Fracture-Field Projector: This is a large, circular beacon on the chest of the symbiote that can project a fracture-field.

Primary Purpose: Assault and anti-armor

Secondary Purpose: Anti-submersible

Mega-Damage: 4D4x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the wearer and the symbiote.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m)

Payload: effectively unlimited

2. Eel Wings: These are four gigantic eels that protrude from the shoulder blades of the symbiote—two on either side. They can attack in melee combat, or even parry mega-damage attacks. If the main body of the Eel-Wing symbiote is down to less than 20%

of its maximum M.D.C., the Eels will begin to attempt to parry further attacks. The eels move as an unconscious extension of the wearer's protective reflexes, and therefore have the same chance to parry attacks against the body that the wearer does.

The eels also keep lookout on all sides, so that the wearer of the symbiote can never be surprised or blindsided by a sneak attack. No matter what direction the danger is coming from, the wearer of the symbiote will always know about it first.

Primary Purpose: Anti-personnel

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Mega-Damage: 1D6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Four per melee round—the eels act independently of the wearer.

Maximum Effective Range: 5 feet (1.5 m)

Payload: n/a

- 3. Hand Lasers (2):** These are used primarily to knock out force fields, against which the fracture-field generator is powerless. The fracture-field projector is then used to complete the kill. Each projector is located in the palm of the hand.

Primary Purpose: Anti-force-field

Secondary Purpose: Assault

Mega-Damage: 3D6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the wearer and the symbiote.

Maximum Effective Range: 1000 feet (305 m)

Payload: effectively unlimited

- 4. Claws (2):** These razor-sharp protrusions from the backs of the Starfish suit's hands allow the host to do mega-damage with his punches. S.D.C. damage is converted to mega-damage, not including strength bonuses.

Mega-Damage: Adds +4 M.D. to the ordinary hand to hand damage of the host.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the number of the hand to hand attacks of the host.

5. Supernatural Sensory & Communications Capabilities:

a. Optical Enhancements: Nightvision 1,000 ft (304 m), Telescopic vision 6,000 feet (1,829 m), magnification to the 100th power, and also provides the following supernatural forms of vision without requiring I.S.P. or P.P.E.: see the invisible and see P.P.E. energy.

b. Aural Enhancements: Excellent hearing adds +1 to initiative of the host.

c. Targeting Bonus: Adds a +2 bonus to strike with a ranged weapon; effective up to 1,000 feet (304 m) away.

d. Animal Communication: the wearer of the armor can, at will, Communicate with Sea Creatures as per the 5th level Ocean magic spell, without requiring P.P.E. expenditure.

- 6. Regeneration:** The suit is capable of "healing" itself, recovering 3D6 M.D.C. per day. 4D6 M.D.C. at a Ley Line Nexus.
- 7. Breathe Underwater:** The "Eel-Wing" has gills that extract oxygen from the water for its host to breathe.

Trench Crawler Symbiotic Robot

The Trench Crawlers are designed for long-term reconnaissance and deep-sea combat. Very deep sea. Able to cruise safely at a mind-boggling 3.4 miles below the sea, where very few beings and virtually no terrestrial seacraft can follow. This is due partly to

a unique pressure-distribution system, and partly to the pressurized, oxygenated fluid which surrounds the pilot and which he breathes instead of air—this keeps the pressure on the lungs constant.

These symbiotic robot vehicles are also able to produce their own rations and fresh water—like the Gulub Yaw submersibles—so as to sustain the pilot indefinitely. Low-level bioelectric shocks keep the pilot’s muscles stimulated and toned, so that he never feels sore or cramped, no matter how many hours or days he remains cooped up in the vehicle. Even the pilot’s waste is automatically removed from the cabin for him. Trench Crawler pilots hardly ever need to leave the safety of their symbiotes.

Trench Crawlers look like gigantic lobster-centaurs, with huge cannons mounted on the shoulders. The lower half is almost entirely lobster-like in nature: a long, chitinous trunk and tail with six segmented, insectoid legs on either side. The upper body is humanoid, but thorny, and the arms are like gigantic, razor-sharp lobster claws.

One of the amazing things about the Gulub Yaw biomagical technology is that spellcasters who are piloting the Trench Crawler are still able to cast their spells from within the symbiotic vehicle. The Trench Crawler even acts as a focus for the caster’s magical energies: all range, damage and durations are increased by 10%.

Getting into and out of the symbiote is a snap. It takes only a single melee round for a person to get in or out of the suit—although the wearer must be naked, so there may be some additional time involved in the removal of his clothes. The symbiote splits in half like a giant clam and swallows up the wearer. Then it locks up again.

Each individual symbiotic robot is painstakingly custom-grown for every wearer and may be worn by that person only. The symbiote must be attached to the host (worn) at least 30 cumulative hours per week in order to survive, and anything less risks serious damage to the suit by “starvation” (6D6 points of M.D.C. deducted PERMANENTLY from the Main Body of the suit for every week that goes by in which this requirement isn’t met—this damage is unrepairable).

Model Type: Unknown alien. Dubbed TC-1R “Trench Crawler” by Bughouse scientists

Class: Deep-sea environmental symbiotic robotic vehicle

Crew: One pilot

M.D.C. by Location:

Right Shoulder Torpedo Launcher – 100

Left Shoulder Laser Cannons – 100 each

Chest-Mounted Fracture-Field Generator – 180

Legs (14) – 160 each

*Sensor Turret (Head) – 190

**Main Body – 900

*Destroying the head, which doubles as a sensor turret, will destroy many of the targeting systems. The pilot must now rely on his own human vision and abilities. **Note:** the head a small and well-armored target. It can only be hit when a character makes a *called shot*, and even then the attacker is –2 to strike.

Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will shut the robot down completely, rendering it useless. **Note: The Fracture-Field Generator has its own independent power source and own M.D.C. It can still shoot after the rest of the robot has been smashed into oblivion.

Side Effects: After coming out of the suit, the host will feel completely enervated, physically and psychically, and exhausted, feeling an *intense* need to sleep for

approximately the same amount of time he'd just spent in the robot, or even a few hours longer, depending on long he'd worn it (if he does not get to go to sleep immediately, the host will be extremely groggy, -30% on all skills). If the host spent less than eight hours in the suit, he will be, upon removing it, down to half his P.P.E. and I.S.P. (both are regained normally). If the host spent more than eight hours in the suit before removing it, he will be drained of all but one P.P.E. and I.S.P. point each.

Upon awakening, the host will be wickedly thirsty and have a voracious appetite and, for that first meal, will need three times his normal amount of food to satisfy his considerable hunger. The host will still feel just a little sluggish and achy—hung over—but this feeling will disappear after an hour or so.

If the time spent in the symbiote exceeds two weeks, the pilot will need 1D4 days of uninterrupted bed rest to feel normal again.

Speed:

Running: 80 mph (128 kmph)

Leaping: Not possible

Swimming: 20.5 knots (35.5 kmph/24 mph)

Maximum Safe Depth: 3.4 miles (5.5 km)

Statistical Data:

Height: 14 feet (4.2 m)

Width: 13 feet (3.9 m)

Length: 28 feet (8.8 m)

Weight: 22 tons

Physical Strength: Equivalent to a robotic P.S. of 42

Cargo: Minimal storage space. Enough for a few personal belongings, but that's it.

Power System: Biological reactor, augmented by symbiosis

Bonuses: the symbiote adds +2 melee attacks to the host's total.

Weapon Systems

1. **Fracture-Field Projector:** This is a large, circular beacon on the chest of the symbiote that can project a fracture-field.

Primary Purpose: Assault and anti-armor

Secondary Purpose: Anti-submersible

Mega-Damage: 3D6x10 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the wearer and the symbiote.

Maximum Effective Range: 3000 feet (915 m)

Payload: effectively unlimited

2. **Left Shoulder Laser Cannons (2):** These are used primarily to knock out force fields, against which the fracture-field generator is powerless. The fracture-field projector is then used to complete the kill.

Primary Purpose: Anti-force-field

Secondary Purpose: Assault

Mega-Damage: 3D6 M.D. per single blast, or 1D4x10 for a double blast

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the wearer and the symbiote.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m)

Payload: effectively unlimited

3. **Right Shoulder Torpedo Launcher:** A turret mounted above the right shoulder.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Personnel

Secondary Purpose: Defense

Missile Type: Any type of standard missile/torpedo may be used or the unique Gulub

Yaw kind—the Deoxygenators—which detonate in the water and cause a chemical reaction that quickly leeches the oxygen out of a small area around the target, as well as right out of the target itself! Deoxygenators do 2D4x10 M.D. to gill-breathers or other creatures that derive their oxygen from the water, and 2D4 M.D. to others.

4. **Claws (2):** The Trench Crawler has huge, lobster-like claws instead of hands, and can engage in mega-damage combat, if the pilot so desires.

Primary Purpose: Hand to hand combat

Mega-Damage:

Restrained Punch – 5D6+13 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch – 3D6 M.D.

Power Punch (counts as two attacks) – 6D6 M.D.

Claw Snap – 2D6 M.D. & has a 10% chance of severing or breaking any relatively slender object, such as a weapon or a man's arm.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the host and the symbiote.

5. **Retractable Tentacles (8):** These are used for the manipulation of small or breakable objects for which the giant lobster claws would be too clumsy. They can also be used to attack, but are very weak.

Primary Purpose: Manipulation of small things

Damage: 1D6 S.D.C. from a typical slap.

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined hand to hand attacks of the host and symbiote.

Maximum Effective Range: 20 feet (6.1m)

6. **Supernatural Sensory & Communications Capabilities:**

a. Optical Enhancements: Nightvision 1,000 ft (304 m), Telescopic vision 6,000 feet (1,829 m), magnification to the 100th power, and also provides the following supernatural forms of vision without requiring I.S.P. or P.P.E.: see the invisible and see P.P.E. energy.

b. Aural Enhancements: Excellent hearing adds +1 to initiative of the host.

c. Targeting Bonus: Adds a +2 bonus to strike with a ranged weapon; effective up to 2,000 feet (610 m) away.

d. Animal Communication: the wearer of the symbiote can, at will, Communicate with Sea Creatures as per the 5th level Ocean magic spell, without requiring P.P.E. expenditure.

7. **Regeneration:** The symbiote is capable of healing itself, recovering 5D6 M.D.C. per day. 7D6 M.D. per day at a Ley Line Nexus.
8. **Breathe Underwater:** The “Trench Crawler” has gills that extract oxygen from the water for its host to breathe.

Experience Point Tables

Anatquq Medicine Man

1	0,000-3,000
2	3,001-5,000
3	5,001-1,0000
4	10,001-20,000
5	20,001-30,000
6	30,001-50,000
7	50,001-80,000
8	80,001-120,000
9	120,001-170,000
10	170,001-230,000
11	230,001-300,000
12	300,001-380,000
13	380,001-470,000
14	470,001-600,000
15	600,001-800,000

Eskimo Story-Fisher

Ghost-Eater

1	0,000-2,240
2	2,241-4,480
3	4,481-8,960
4	8,961-17,920
5	17,921-25,920
6	25,921-35,920
7	35,921-50,920
8	50,921-70,920
9	70,921-95,920
10	95,921-135,920
11	135,921-185,920
12	185,921-225,920
13	225,921-275,920
14	275,921-335,920
15	335,921-395,920

Qivigtoq Polar Mystic

Nutarangoaq Magic Dollmaker

1	0,000-2,300
2	2,301-4,600
3	4,601-9,200
4	9,201-18,400
5	18,401-26,500
6	26,501-36,600
7	36,601-51,700

8	51,701-71,800
9	71,801-96,900
10	96,901-137,000
11	137,001-188,000
12	188,001-229,200
13	229,201-279,300
14	279,301-340,400
15	340,401-400,000

Kilaumassok

Krilasoktoq Doctor of Medicine

Bughouse Scientist

1	0,000-2,000
2	2,001-4,000
3	4,001-8,200
4	8,201-16,400
5	16,401-24,500
6	24,501-34,600
7	34,601-49,700
8	49,701-69,800
9	69,801-94,900
10	94,901-129,000
11	129,001-179,101
12	179,101-229,200
13	229,201-279,200
14	279,301-329,400
15	329,401-389,500

Suilarqineq

Suilarqineq Mechanic

1	0,000-2,140
2	2,141-4,280
3	4,281-8,560
4	8,561-17,520
5	17,521-25,520
6	25,521-35,520
7	35,521-50,520
8	50,521-71,000
9	71,001-96,100
10	96,101-131,200
11	131,201-181,300
12	181,301-231,400
13	231,401-281,500
14	281,501-341,600
15	341,601-401700

Spirit 'Borg

1	0,000-1,925
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2	1,926-3,580
3	3,851-7,450
4	7,451-14,900
5	14,901-21,000
6	21,001-31,000
7	31,001-41,600
8	41,601-53,000
9	53,001-73,000
10	73,001-103,500
11	103,501-139,000
12	139,001-189,000
13	189,001-239,000
14	239,001-289,000
15	289,001-339,000

Inuit Champion Hunter

Arctic Slaver

Bughouse Cooperation-Enforcement Officer

1	0,000-2,100
2	2,101-4,200
3	4,201-8,400
4	8,401-17,200
5	17,201-25,400
6	25,401-35,800
7	35,801-51,000
8	51,001-71,200
9	71,201-96,400
10	96,401-131,600
11	131,601-181,800
12	181,801-232,000
13	232,001-282,200
14	282,201-342,400
15	342,401-402,600

Hardened Con

Reformed Con

1	0,000-1,875
2	1,876-3,750
3	3,751-7,250
4	7,251-14,100
5	14,101-21,200
6	21,201-31,200
7	31,201-41,200
8	41,201-51,200
9	51,201-71,200
10	71,201-101,500
11	101,501-136,500
12	136,501-186,500

- 13** 186,501-236,500
- 14** 236,501-286,500
- 15** 286,501-326,500

A Brief Lexicon of Terms

Listed below are the definitions of some of the terms contained in this text, and some terms of possible interest to the casual RPG'er using this worldbook. Some of them are Indian, most of them are Inuit. Where I know the origin of the word, I have listed it in italics. If the origin is not specified, assume that the word is a generic Inuktitut word. Unless otherwise specified, all of the following words are nouns.

- Agdlerutit** : Aborted or stillborn children, esp. those that return as malevolent spirits.
- Agdligaq** : Inflated bladder and line (what Eskimos use to track sea animals—they throw a harpoon with a detachable, barbed head. The barb stays in the target, and is connected by a line to an inflated seal bladder. The bladder bobs on the surface while the animal swims underwater.)
- Aitsuineq** : An animal sacrifice (*syn mingulerterrinq*).
- ajok** or **Ajok-** : Sickness, illness (incomplete word—needs to be joined to another word as a prefix or suffix to have meaning).
- Ajugakangitok** : Almighty. A power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery. See the **Arctic Magic** section of this book.
- Aksikuksapputit** : Aksikuk's Barrage. A power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery. See the section in this book about **Arctic Magic**.
- Amaroq** : Wolf
- Amaut** : Hood on the back of a woman's coat in which a baby is carried.
- Analchtuk** : Shaman or medicine man.
- Anatquq** : *Naupaktomiut Eskimo* Shaman or medicine man.
- Anerneq** : Angel
- Angakkoq** : Shaman or medicine man. (*Greenlandic Eskimo*)
- Angakuneq** : Knowledge or power of a medicine-man. (*Greenlandic Eskimo*)
- Angussorsaineq** : Success in hunting.
- Anguviaq** : Unbarbed spear or harpoon.
- An-yuk** : Magic charm.
- Aq'ssait** : Fingers, or hand.
- Aq'ssaittoqussoq** : Dead fingers. A power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery. See the section in this book about **Arctic Magic**.
- Akkisartorpok** : Avenges
- Arnaq** : Woman.
- Arnuaq** : Magic amulet (plural **arnuat**).
- Arsissut** : The happy dead (good people).
- Arssartut** : The suffering dead (bad people).
- Arviq** : Bowhead whale.
- Arviliqjuaq** : Place of many bowhead whales.
- Ataata** : Father.
- Atalhis** : The Phantom People. The race of invisible beings that inhabit the Arctic alongside mankind. See the Atalhis Phantom R.C.C. in this book.
- Aksarneq** : Aurora Borealis
- Ayorama** : *idiomatic phrase* Roughly equivalent to the French *c'est la vie*. It can't be

helped. Life is like that. Don't worry, be happy.

Baidar : Kayak made for two.

Cushkaveah : Orphan. (*Tanaina Indian*)

Eqsinartoq : Dangerous

Equngassoq : Spirits that help, esp. those who bestow information.

Erkrerutit : Tattoos around the mouth. Esp. those obtained by the Ghost Eater R.C.C. upon achieving a high level of experience.

Ernangnaq : Shaft of a large harpoon.

Ewén : Malevolent spirit or ghost. (*Hare Indian*)

Gabibonike : *proper name* The father of winter. A god of the Arctic Pantheon.

Ibruluk : Moss cabin. (*Noatagmiut Eskimo*)

Igalaq : Window. (*Greenland Eskimo*)

Igdlo : House.

Idglorssualiq : Man with a large house.

Igdlorssuaq : Large house.

Igdruk : Two houses.

Igdlut : Several houses.

Iglu : House.

Igluligaarjuk : Place with few houses; a wasteland.

Iinaagiiruk : Ducks that stay in the ocean all winter (*Naupaktomiut Eskimo*).

Ijerket : The Peculiar-Eyes. Avian monsters that make their roosts among the craggy ice plateau of Greenland's interior. See the Ijerket Peculiar-Eyes R.C.C. in this book.

Ikpiarjuk : Pocket.

Ilimarnek : The flight of the spirit. An Anatquq Science power. See the **Arctic Magic** section of this book.

Iisineq : Foul magic.

Iisitsaq : Wizard or witch (plural **iliseetsut**)

Illitkosetsiak : Virtue. Honor.

Imainaq Ingitsut : *phrase* We who are not as such; not as others. The term for the slightly eccentric personalities of Medicine Men. Can also be applied to other people who sometimes act strangely.

Immeriokritartok : Illusion. Mirage. (*syn* **puipkartok**, **uyomereartok**)

Ingneq : Fire.

Inoseq : Human soul.

Inua : Magical spirit.

Inuarutligkat : Shore Dwarves; *aka* Lake Dwarves.

Inuksuk : stone, esp. in reference to the Inuksuit Rockpeople, a magical race of animated stones. See the Inuksuit Rockpeople R.C.C. in this book. (plural **Inuksuit**)

Inuktitut : The language family spoken by most "Eskimo" peoples.

Iqaluit : Place of many fish.

Iqaluktuutiak : A good place to fish.

Isarrataitsoq : *proper name* Gigantic, eel-like demonic minion of Takanakpsaluk, the Mother of the Deep.

Kalaallit Nunaat : The original, Inuit name for Greenland.

Kangiqtugaapik : Nice little cove.

Kanungayok : *adj* Vicious. Brutal.

Kataum Inua : *proper name* Demonic minion of Takanakpsaluk, Mother of the Deep.

Kayak : Slender canoe. Standard issue in the Arctic.

Kibvakattaq Inuksuk : Huge stones carried to build strength or for competition.

Kilaumassok : “This-one-failed.” A failed Anatquq candidate—an object of almost universal disdain. See the Kilaumassok O.C.C. in the beginning of this book.

Kiligtisiak : The hand-to-hand combat style of an Arctic shaman. *Aka* Anatquq fighting.

Kilyigvuk : *Kobuk River Eskimo* Woolly mammoth.

Kimmirut : Heel.

Kingoq : Mountain (plural **kingait**).

Kiwa’Kws : Monstrous, flesh-eating giants that infest most of the Arctic. See the Kiwa’Kws giant R.C.C. in this book.

Koyukon : A CN (Consolidated Nation) set up by the Anatquq named Kukiaq. Located on Victoria Island.

Krilaq : Headlifting. A power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery. See the **Arctic Magic** section of this book.

Krilasoktoq : Secular healers and doctors. See the Krilasoktoq O.C.C. in this book.

Kuk : River.

Kukiaq Nucaq : *proper name* Legendary Anatquq and founder of the Consolidated nations of Siorapaluk and Koyukon. An honorary member of the Arctic Pantheon.

Kukuweaq : Ten-legged polar bear. Massive arctic monster. See the section on Arctic Monsters in this book.

Kuloscap : The most powerful ‘good’ god of the Arctic Pantheon.

Kusuinek : Little magic – a category of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery.

Kusuinutssuaq : Big magic – a category of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery.

Maiksuk! : *exclamation* That is a bad thing!

Mamakwasew : Small human orphan. (*Swampy Cree*)

Manido : Demi-godlike race of beings living underneath the ice-plateaus of Greenland
See the Manido R.C.C. in this book. (plural **manidog**)

Masagtoq : *adj* Wet.

Midewiwin : Medicine dance.

Mígis : Shell; usually one that protects a soft body, like that of a clam. (*Chippewa Indian*). Also, an Anatquq Psi-Sorcery power. See the **Arctic Magic** section in this book for details.

Mikissoq : *adj* Small.

Mingulerterrineq : An animal sacrifice (*syn aitsuineq*).

Mitkutaylyuk : Arctic Tern (slender type of sea gull).

Naartoq : Obesity; ‘fat belly,’ esp. the swollen, pot-bellied appearance of an experienced Ghost Eater. (see Ghost Eater R.C.C. in this book.)

Naisageaksaungitut : *adj* Infinite, uncountable.

Nalussaerunek : *verb + noun phrase* Literally: to not be unaware (unconscious, uncomprehending) of anything. This is the word for the extraordinary, supernatural senses that many Arctic beings have.

Nichithl : Tent or lodge-house. (*Tanaina Indian*)

Nigdlertok : *adj* Cool, chilly.

Nilas : A patch of ice that looks solid, but conceals a slushy drop into the Arctic Ocean.

Ningarnert : Anger

Nitáowis : Cousin (*Chippewa Indian*)

Nudyuartok : Savage, feral, barbarous, uncivilized. Brutal.

Nukaqpiaq : Unmarried man, with the connotation of being small.

Nukfit : Small spear or arrow used to hunt birds.

Nuliaq : Wife.

Naluvurma Takugivkit : *phrase* You did not know that I saw you.

Nuna : Land.

Nuname : *verb + noun phrase* On the land.

Nunavtinut : *verb + noun phrase* To our land.

Nutarangoaq : Dolls. The act of making dolls. One who makes dolls. Specifically, the *Nutarangoaq* Magic Dollmaker O.C.C.

Oqalualarut : Local tale or anecdote; usually recent (plural **oqalualat**).

Oqalugtuaq : Myth or larger tale, being more universal than local (plural **oqalugtuat**).

Panertoq : *adj* Dry.

Pangnirtung : Place of many caribou.

Payok : *verb* Wrestles

Perlerorneq : Literally: the burden. Depression. Extreme sadness.

Pivdlerortok : Mad or insane person. The Crazy O.C.C.

Poq : A charmed bag made of the hair and skin of an animal, which enables its holder to transform into the shape of that animal.

Puipkartok : Illusion. Mirage. (*syn immeriokritartok, uyomereartok*)

Pukjinkskwes : *proper name* Legendary witch that had the power to mate with any creature or demon and produce viable offspring from the vile union. Noted for the species of grotesque monstrosities, The Children of Pukjinkskwes, that bear her name, which are allegedly descended from her loins. See the section on Arctic Monsters in this book.

Qamani'tuaq : A lake joined by rivers at both ends.

Qapvik : Wolverine

Qaugri : The increase in consciousness or curiosity that one undergoes as one moves from infancy to childhood. (*King Island Eskimo*)

Qernaineq : An appeal for aid or assistance to some special entity or power.

Qikiqtarjuaq : Big island.

Qimusseq : Dogsled.

Qingaq : Nose.

Qivigtoq : A north polar mystic known for magical feats and superhuman speed. Feared and whispered about. See the Qivigtoq O.C.C. in the beginning of this book.

Qoq : Urine.

Qugdlugiaq : Worm or serpent, specifically the Qugdlugiaq Hoarworms. See the section on Arctic Monsters in this book.

R'quva : A command or wish.

Sapputit : Barrage

Savik : Knife; for a male, usually.

Serrat : Spell, magic item. Specifically, the strange magical creatures that enable the Ghost Eater R.C.C. to use their powers.

Sila : *proper name* The great sky spirit. A god of the Arctic Pantheon.

Silagigsaineq : The act of procuring favorable weather. An Anatquq Science power.

Sinnektomaneq : Dream. Also: nightmare.

Siorapaluk : The CN (Consolidated Nation) founded by the Anatquq named Kukiaq. Located on the northwestern tip of Baffin Island.

Sioraq : Sand.

Sioraussaq : Something (anything) that is like sand—sugar, for example.

-ssuaq : *adj suffix* Great or large.

Suilarqineq : A human being who has received superhuman powers through a combination of innate psychic ability and extreme suffering. See the Suilarqineq O.C.C. in the beginning of this book.

Sunaubva! : Exclamation of astonishment. Literally, “I thought it was otherwise, but...”

Tatdlkatoqussoq : Dead arms. A power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery. See the section in this book on **Arctic Magic**.

Takanakpsaluk : *proper name* The Mother of the Deep. A sadistic, evil god of the Arctic Pantheon.

-talik : Suffix indicating a place where someone is buried (e.g. Mittiimatalik means “place where Mittiima is buried.”)

Tammariikkuti : Portals to both spiritual and earthly places. A monument of Inuksuit Cairn Magic.

Tarneerunek : The act of removing a soul from the body.

Tarnerutoq : One who is bereft of his soul; has had his soul stolen.

Tarquip : The Moon Man. A god of the Arctic Pantheon.

Tarrayarsuit : The Shadow-people. See the Tarrayarsuit Shadow-People R.C.C. in this book.

Tatdlika : Arms.

Teriankniaq : Fox.

Tiglikte : Thief

Tireqsorpoq : Acts without being seen. An Anatquq Psi-Sorcery power. See the section in this book on **Arctic Magic**.

Tiriguhunginiq : Respect for ancient customs, traditions and rituals. All pious Eskimo have this—especially the magic-users.

Tonrar : Devil, demon, spirit, haunting entity.

Toqo : Death.

Toqonuname : Death on the land. A power of Anatquq Psi-Sorcery. See the section in this book about **Arctic Magic**.

Toqunartoq : Hot death; death in flames.

Toqupa : *phrase* He killed him.

Toqussoq : *adj* Dead.

Tornaq : Spirit that guards. Helping spirit.

Tornineq : The act of conjuring something.

Totalet : The Seal-Men. A race of intelligent, humanoid seal people. See the Totalet R.C.C. in this book.

Tukaq : Point or blade of a large harpoon.

Tuneq : Gentle, psionic giants. Friendly to mankind. See the Tuneq Giant R.C.C. in this book.

Tungalik : Medicine man.

Tupilak : Horrible, golem-type creature made from dead animals; usually used for assassination. Created by the Anatquq Science power **Create Tupilak**.

Tuvik : Shoulders.

Tuvika : My shoulders.

Tuwawi! : *exclamation* Hurry! Quick!

Ugruk : Seal (animal). (*Noatagmiut Eskimo*)

Uksruks : Seabird. (*Naupaktomiut Eskimo*)

Ulu : Knife; specifically one that is used by a woman. (*Greenlandic Eskimo*)

Umialik : “The-man-with-the-big-boat”; term for a sub-chieftain.

Umiaq : Big boat.

Unartoq : *adj* Hot.

Uqsuqtuuq : Place of plenty blubber.

Uvika : Husband.

Uyomereartok : Illusion. Mirage. (*syn immeriokritartok, puipkartok*)

Windigo : Horrific, undead spirits—manifestations of pure, animalistic hunger. Very nasty. See the section on Arctic Monsters in this book.

That's all, folks. Hope you found this an interesting and edifying journey through a really cold part of the world that you are not likely to ever see.

If you want, need, just can't live without more Inuit vocabulary (I've got plenty), e-mail me at **liam72975@aol.com** and I will forward some links to you.