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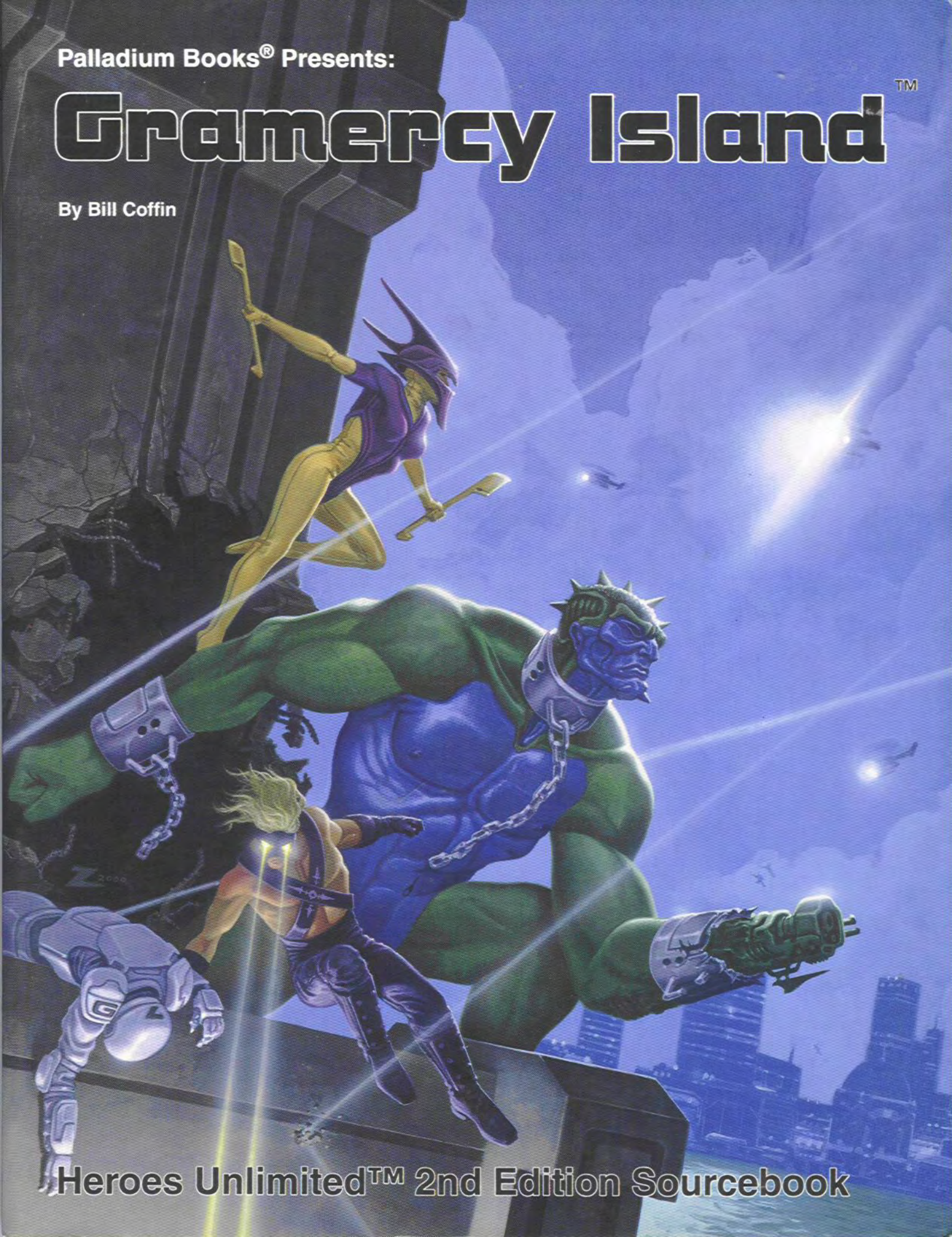
Gramercy Island™

By Bill Coffin



Heroes Unlimited™ 2nd Edition Sourcebook

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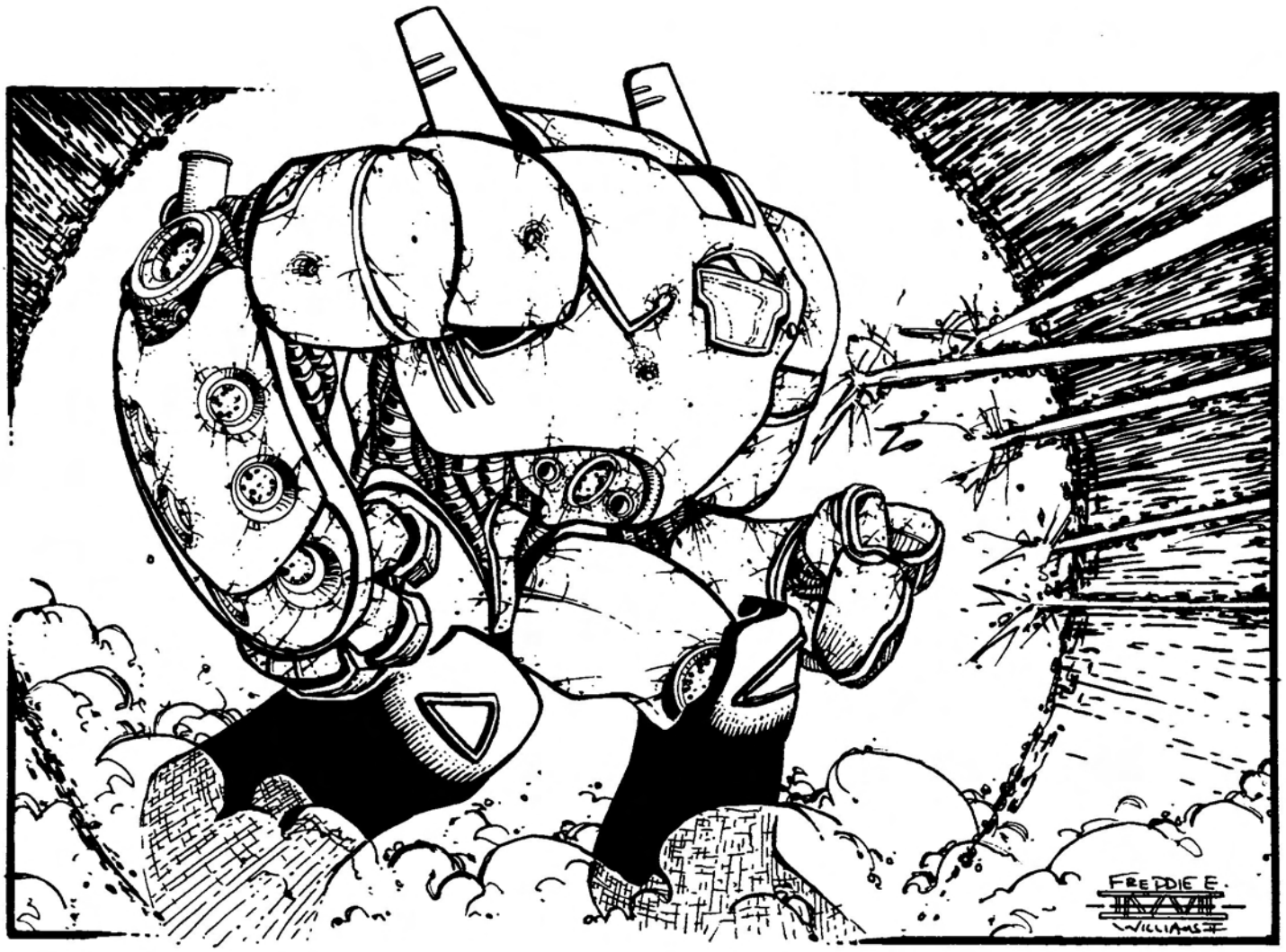

An adventure sourcebook for *Heroes Unlimited™, 2nd Edition.*
Suitable for use with *Ninjas & Superspies™*, and
the entire Palladium Books® Megaverse®!

Dedication

To Kevin and Maryann Siembieda, for their patience, friendship and most of all, for their generosity. You guys are my heroes.

To Alli, without whom I would get nothing done. Thanks for everything, partner.

To Fiona, for lighting up my life in ways I never thought possible. And for being super-cooperative in letting her daddy finish this book!

— Bill Coffin, 2000

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Palladium Books® Presents:

Gramercy Island™

An adventure sourcebook for Heroes Unlimited™, 2nd Edition

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Based on the RPG rules, magic, characters, worlds, concepts and Megaverse® created by **Kevin Siembieda**.

Special Thanks to Bill Coffin for another concept packed, character rich, adventure inspiring sourcebook of epic proportions. To Johnny Z for his jailbreak cover. To Mike Wilson for his dynamic character designs and art, and to all of Palladium's superhuman artists, Ramon, Wayne, Scott, Kent, Freddie, Tod and Tyler. Last but not least, to Maryann, Steve, Alex and all the heroes at Palladium Books.

— Kevin Siembieda, 2000

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Author's Note

It was over a year ago that I began work for **Century Station™**, my first sourcebook for **Heroes Unlimited.™** My primary mission when writing that book was to provide a pre-made setting for **Heroes Unlimited™** that didn't have to be *the* setting for the game. Just *a* setting that can be made to work in conjunction with other **HU2** books, like **Skraypers™** or **Aliens Unlimited.™** Thankfully, response to **Century Station™** has been great, enough so to encourage me to develop a tiny part of that setting into its own sourcebook: **Gramercy Island.™**

Gramercy Island™ is not so much a continuation of **Century Station™** as it is a stand-alone component for **Heroes Unlimited.™** Just as **Century Station™** was meant to stand in for any one of the "super-cities" we know and love from our favorite comic books — Marvel's Manhattan, Metropolis, Gotham City, Edge City, etc. — so too is **Gramercy Island™** meant to represent any prison designed to incarcerate super-criminals.

Although this sourcebook will make numerous references to **Century Station™**, you do not need to own that book to fully enjoy this one. For the purpose of reading **Gramercy Island™**, all you really need to know about Century Station is that Gramercy Island lies off its coast, much the same as *Alcatraz Island* lies off the coast of San Francisco.

Century Station is a massive city with a rampant crime problem, especially involving superbeings. Several years ago, a city-wide super-battle known as *Bloody Monday* resulted in part of the city getting nuked by a now-dead archvillain. Since then, the city has waged a war (literally and figuratively) on crime, with the unfortunate side effect of pitting the city's heroes against each other as well as against true villains. For all the details (as well as a slew of NPCs), feel free to check out the **Century Station™** sourcebook with its 90 superbeings. But those of you without that book can easily place the Gramercy Island prison off any city you like, and everything else should fall into place nicely.

A final note: This sourcebook is *not* meant to be a realistic portrayal of prison life. Nor is it intended as any kind of political statement on the nature of the U.S. penal and judicial systems. And finally, it is not meant to glamorize prison, crime or any kind of illegal activity. Throughout the writing of **Gramercy Island™**, I tapped a number of sources to see what life was like in prison, what standard prison security procedures were, etc. I also watched a lot of prison-type movies like *Escape from Alcatraz*, *Lockdown*, *The Rock* and a bunch more. Ultimately, the extent to which I used any of this information was judged by two standards: would it make for a good adventure, and does it fit with the action-adventure feel of **Heroes Unlimited**? If so, then I included it. If not, it went out the window. The end result is an imaginary prison with certain recognizable elements and just as many (if not more) fictional elements included for the sake of dramatization.

Enjoy!

— Bill Coffin, 2000

Gramercy Island

Part One: The Inside

Existence marked by endless isolation and inactivity, punctuated by spells of hopelessness, violence, and victimization. This is what it is like to spend time in prison, especially the super-penitentiary of *Gramercy Island*. In this awful place, built to house the worst criminals society can produce, a good day for an inmate is any one he survives.

For those whose lives are entwined with this citadel of punishment, writing provides both a means of escape and a type of rehabilitation. For those who work here, their words also provide a means of outletting all the hate and hurt they witness on a daily basis, and not becoming the monsters they watch over.

Together, the inmates and the prison keepers tell both sides of the same story. It is a tale of fear and ferocity, of pain and punishment, and sometimes of remorse and rehabilitation. Those who know this story by heart also know what it is to be part of Gramercy Island.

A Voice of Reason

You can see it from atop the highest arcologies of Century Station. It lies low in the water, a flat-topped outcropping of stone that has been the death of sailors, a pirate's refuge, a military fortress, and now, at last, my target. Gramercy Island.

From here, the place doesn't look so intimidating, but I know better. You don't receive my kind of training without knowing that a place like the Island has plenty more than meets the eye. Knowing that is half the battle. The other half... well, that's a bit more complex. Not that I mind. Complex challenges are what I was made for, and tonight my mission is nothing less than rescuing *Doctor Khaled Zubaya*, one of the greatest criminal minds the world has ever known from Gramercy Island, one of the most fearsome prisons the world has ever known.

Built using the greatest weapons available, designed by top experts in the field, and manned by a myriad of crack guards, soldiers and other surprises, my target is nothing short of invincible. Breaching this place will require nothing less than every ounce of my abilities, and a good dose of luck on top of that. I should probably accept the fact that I will probably die sometime within the next hour or so. But then again, I didn't get to where I am today accepting things like that. I got here by spitting in Death's eyeless sockets at every opportunity, and I'm sure as hell not going to quit that now.

Time to go to work.

I boost off the arcology roof with an ignition of my rocket boots, flashing through the air like a missile. Century Station's high-tech sprawl smoothly scrolls beneath me as I streak overhead, past the coast, and over the waters of the bay. I have a few seconds to collect my thoughts before Gramercy Island comes into range. At this speed, the island will have to act fast to keep me from landing on its soil without so much as a scratch. I have no doubts the island will not disappoint me.

I'm at maybe a thousand meters out when trouble lights up my helmet's HUD like a summer carnival. It seems the Island knows I'm coming and has gone on a full alert to prevent my approach. Good intention. Time to see them enforce it.

I dip in low, skimming the waves at well over 200 klicks an hour. At this speed, nothing short of anti-aircraft defenses could possibly stop me before it was too late. Which, of course, is what I run into first. All along the shoreline is a concrete wall that looks thick enough to keep any heavy hitter at bay for a least a few minutes. I magnify the power on my optics to see armored tower bunkers all along the island wall. Behind them, somewhere deep in the facility is the large radar tower that picked me up the moment I left Century Station. Now the tower bunkers are sweeping the sky on their own sensors to get a lock on me. That's never a good sign.

I zoom in on the tower directly ahead of me to see the guards inside ready and waiting for action. Good for them — I chose to strike at 3:30 in the morning because most guards are near the end of their shift then and more prone to make mistakes. Not these guys. I doubt they've lapsed their attention one bit over the last six hours. This might be tougher than I thought.

I zoom in closer to the bunker so I can see what it is they have in there. A sensor array, sure, but what else? Something that looks like ...

A minigun?

They open up with a long burst of machinegun fire that comes out so fast the muzzle flash looks like one long flicker of fire. Having seen one of these puppies up close, I can tell you the rate of fire is so high that you never hear individual shots. You just hear this terrible, high whine as the gun chews up anything and everything within range.

By the time the bullets reach me, I'm already instinctively dodging beneath them, flying an evasive pattern that I've only practiced a million times over the years. The gunners realize they've missed and fire again. I dodge once

****

more, but this time it's close; the bullets whiz by, making a cracking noise. I'm getting near the island now, and the guards only have one or two more bursts left before I overtake them. I must hand it to them, though, an inexperienced crew would have just held the trigger and sprayed the sky in the hopes that I would fly into the bullets. These lads have the sense to conserve ammo and aim.

I swing low and slip past another burst of fire that comes so close I can feel their heat through my armored suit, on the little part of my face that my helmet does not cover. By now, the gunnery towers on either side of this one are active. At around three hundred meters apart from each other, the three towers might as well be standing side by side. They've all got these damned electric gatling guns, and they are not afraid to use them. One burst hits me square on the side, sending me for a tumble into the water. My rocket boots sputter out as I splash down, and I go limp, sinking in the hopes that the gunners believe me to be dead.

They're to smart too go for it. The central tower goes rock and roll on me, capping off what seems like a thousand rounds into the water. I try to dodge the shots as best I can, but underwater I don't move so well. Thankfully the water slows the impact a little, and the bullets that do pepper me don't completely slag my armor. Thank God for little favors.

The firing from the center tower ceases, but the other two keep blasting away. That means an ammo change, and the opportunity I need. I kick the boots back on and blast out of the water, dodging the crisscrossing bullets coming from the two side gunnery stations. I zoom right up to the central tower and spot the frantic gunmen trying to reload a new ammo drum as quick as they can. Should have paid more attention in reloading class, fellas. I trigger both of the microjet launchers on my wrists, sending a volley of tiny rockets through the tiny gunnery slit in the center bunker. The microjets hit the back wall and detonate, taking care of the guards and silencing the gun. The tower on the left goes haywire and just opens up without regard for friendly fire. I duck out of the way and let the stream of tracers zip overhead and pepper the tower on my right. After a few seconds, I figure either the one tower killed the other or they got a hold of themselves and stopped firing. Either way, I make sure to close the sale when I pop up and begin blazing away with my wrist blasters. Bright energy beams bounce off each tower's polished armor, but a few good shots make their way through and ricochet inside. By now, the entire island is scrambling to meet me, but I've won the first round. I've punched a hole in the outer wall big enough to bring an entire platoon inside.

After the outside wall, the facility defenses thin out considerably. There are several reinforced concrete buildings, all with shuttered windows. That's a nice touch; lets you know that the buildings automatically lock down at the first sign of trouble. It also means I have to break my way into whichever building I want to enter.

I access my helmet's computer for a second and hack into the facility's central computers. A few years ago I could not have done this, but thanks to some tricks a buddy of mine taught me, it's no big problem. Frankly, this part is really disappointing. If an amateur like me can hack my way through, just imagine what a hardcore compufreak like *Motherboard* or *Binary Bob* could do.

Once inside the mainframe, I draw up a detailed floor plan of the entire place. Central communications and admin, check. Guard housing, check. Cell blocks, check. Airfield, bingo! That's where I want to go.

I switch off the computer and sight the building. Ordinarily it would have a nice, inviting airfield on top, but some kind of armored shutter has been laid down on top of it. That's odd. Why armor a landing pad? I blip on the computer again and run a query. Turns out the landing pad is basically a big elevator. When trouble arises, it lowers into the hangar building, which I'm standing on top of, and closes up shop. Looks like I'll have to do this the hard way.

I jet over and begin to work the corner of the armored door, lifting as hard as I can. The stuff's tough, I'll grant it that. But eventually, I'm going to win, and I do. The metal groans and buckles, and I peel it off the hinges, curling it back like the top of a massive sardine can. At this point, a few dozen guards wearing exoskeletons and toting energy weapons have poured out of the various buildings of the facility. About half are rushing along the outer wall, scanning for more intruders and checking on the silenced towers. The other half are coming for me, shooting from the hip. I bend the airfield's armored door so it shields me from the incoming laser fire. I pop off a few energy blasts of my own just to keep their heads down, and then turn my attention to the aircraft elevator. Back to the computer, I override the building's main controls for it and light the thing up. I hit the down button and ride the pad into the building, popping off energy blasts at the reception committee upside to keep them off my back. They might be strong in that armor of theirs, but none of them have the stomach to charge my position, so they go to work trying to open up the locked doors of the hangar's ground floor.

Meanwhile, inside the hangar, I'm treated to the sight of Gramercy Island's fleet of attack helicopters, hover vehicles, and various exoskeletons. The guards on duty can scarcely believe I'm actually busting "into" the place, but they're ready for me. They heard the alarm and took positions behind the various parked vehicles before I arrived. As soon as they see me, they open fire.

It's been a while since I've walked into an ambush like this, and I enjoy the workout. Pushing my reflexes to their limit, I manage to dodge my way through the fire and get close to each gunner. A sock to the jaw, a kick to the ribs, and one by one the gunners go quiet. For a second, it seems that I had secured the building, but the party is only starting. From behind me comes a hissing sound of working hydraulic doors. This is never a good thing to hear, especially in my line of work. I turn around and watch about a dozen cyber-coffins all opening their clamshell doors. Each one disgorges a single sleek security robot, about six feet tall and proportioned like a human. Who knows — maybe with some syntheflesh sprayed on top of them, they could pass for human. Maybe.

The robots command me verbally to surrender. They also send a message to my helmet's comlink as well as its e-mail address. Once I realize they've got access to it, I must shut down my helmet computer entirely. Can't have them hacking into my weapons systems. Of course by now, I have waited too long to give an answer, and the robots spring into action. It seems they aren't programmed to give second warnings.

The robots come at me from all directions, striking fast and hard with their hands, feet, elbows and knees. I suppose if they had time to prepare, they would have armed themselves from the various weapons lockers in the hangar. But against just one intruder, I guess they figured hand to hand would suffice.

I hold my own for about a minute before my cracking ribs and bleeding mouth let me know that it's time to cut my losses. Three of the robots are in pieces, and another two are almost ready for the junk pile, but the other five are still like new and going strong. Hurt and weakening, I go purely defensive, trying to block all of the different shots coming in at me, like I'm stuck in some bad kung-fu movie that simply won't end. I get a lucky counterstrike in and knock the head of one of the robots clean off. A power kick drives through another's chest. I keep taking hits, letting my armor soak up most of them, but I don't have much more protection left. All I can do is keep swinging and hope I don't black out any time soon.

When it's all over, I'm the only one left standing, but just barely. It takes me a second to realize that the robots are all so much scrap metal. Before I have time to celebrate, that damned hissing sound goes off again, across the hangar bay. Four more robots, like the first ones, only about eight feet tall and half that wide. It's like the damned things were just waiting for me to get tired before they sprung out. And by God, they seem to be *smiling* about it.

To blazes with this. I'm getting out of here. I take a gamble on my computer's safety and blip on, hoping to work a miracle. I hack into the central engineering computer and use it to being the startup for one of the choppers parked on the pad and facing the main ground door. Once it's fully active, I override its fire control computer and access its weapon systems. Rockets, machine gun, grenade launcher, the whole nine yards. I activate the twin miniguns on the chopper pylons and direct them to the four bruisers lumbering toward me. Just as they figure out what I'm planning, I open fire. Who's smiling now, tough guys?

The guns run dry just as the last robot goes down, but at the same time, I'm working the grenade launcher to blast open the hangar doors. The explosion knocks the guards outside back a good thirty feet or so. Can't tell if they're out of commission or not, but I don't have time to check. Besides, I'm not going outside anyway. I'm taking one of the hangar elevators down to an underground passageway to Cell Block A. From here, the only way to the cell blocks is underground. A nice departure from your typical prison layout. Bottlenecking access like that makes it a lot easier to prevent large breakouts. It's also a fire hazard, but somehow I don't see the prison administration caring much about that.

The access tunnel is crawling with guards who have set up overlapping firing stations. I can't tell from here, but it looks like they've got heavy energy cannons set up on tripods, just waiting for me to come on down. I take a second to regain my strength, which flows back into me a lot faster than it would for any normal person. Within a minute or two, I feel good as new, and the pain I took fighting those security robots is almost gone. I'm not in tip-top shape, but I'm much better than before. At the very least, I've got enough juice left to take on those guns in the hallways, which is enough for now.

Taking a little time to heal also helped unnerve the gunners. Most of these guys have not seen major action like this, and they're already pretty shaken up. Not so much that they can't fight, but enough to give me an idea. Instead of charging down the hall, I simply walk out from behind the corner and broadcast to them who I am over my throat mike. It takes them a second for it to sink in. *Then* they begin to collectively mess themselves. It's all the opening I need.

I ignite my jet pack and rocket down the hall, hitting the first gunner with a flying arm bar that sends him flying into a few other guards and crewmen filling the floor. Before the rest of them can react, I've taken control of the first energy cannon and swing it to bear on them. At this range, the only way to identify the bodies will be by dental records. The guards know it, so they beat feet down an access hallway, leaving me a straight shot to the cell block. I wish I could bring the energy cannon with me but it's just too heavy and bulky to make it worth the effort. Besides, it's not exactly my style. I fire a few shots at the blast door on the far end of the hall and melt a hole through. After that, I'm gone.

I rocket down the hall, through the melted door, and into the heart of Cell Block A. With the exception of the entire thing being underground, the block looks like it could be from any other prison. This is where I'm lucky. The guy I'm rescuing has no super powers to speak of, so he's here in the general population, not the Super-Being Containment Wing, a cell block on the other side of the island. Over there, security is much tighter, and I honestly doubt I could power my way in.

The entire cell block is locked down thanks to my less-than-subtle entrance, which is pretty much what I expected. This will make things easier, since there won't be a crowd of inmates to get through. Not that they would be let out of their cells at this time of night, but with the chaos I'm causing, anything could be possible.

The floor is thick with guards, however. Many of them are unarmed, as is typical of cell block watchers. They are all wearing exoskeletons though, and more than willing to duke it out with me. With the memory of my beating from the robots in the hangar still fresh, I take a pass and simply fly over their heads to the top level of the block.

Cell 414. Dr. Khaled Zubaya. The reason why I'm here at all. There's a pair of guards standing in front of his cell, each toting some kind of energy rifle. Taking a hit from these point blank certainly will not tickle, but I haven't much choice. I flew up on these guys too fast to pull away

and engage them from a distance, so I'll have to handle them up close and personal.

The first guard triggers a blast into my stomach, which burns like all hell. What's left of my armor barely soaks up the burn, and it's left to my super-strong skin to endure the rest. I focus past the pain and slap the gun out of the man's hands. I follow up with a palm strike hard enough to send him flying off the gantry. He falls into the central courtyard area of the block and plummets four stories to the floor. His armor is intact. If he's lucky, his internal dampeners soaked up the impact, and he'll have no more than a headache when he comes to.

The second guy is too busy watching his buddy take a fall to shoot at me. I chock him across the jaw and put him out. With a heave, I pull the cell door off its hinges and enter. The good doctor is here alone, just as I was informed he'd be. He looks startled and afraid, but does not thrash when I grab him and rocket out of the cell. It's a quick flight back through the access hallway and into the hangar. There's little real opposition to speak of. The legion of guards I left behind in Cell Block A speak to the prison's policy of concentrating most of its manpower in the hold-

, and leaving perimeter security to a few key au-
systems, like the outer wall, or those freaky
rashed. Big weakness, I think. If it let a guy like
side, who knows how easily a whole team of mo-
eople could punch their way in.

nter the hangar, I turn sharply and fly out the hole
through the main door before. There are a ton of
g guards in the center yard, all of whom train on
pen fire, regardless of the prisoner in my arms. I
rough the fire and head up and out of the facility,
r the line of towers I blitzed before. By the time
n has its pursuit aircraft scrambled, I'm long gone,
close to the water to be spotted by radar, and
o catch in a straight chase. Within a few minutes,
k over Century Station, where the thick air traffic
me from any tracking radar stationed on the is-
n safe. I have gotten away.

****

to the headquarters of CHIMERA (Century Sta-
ntralized law enforcement agency), with the good
ll in tow. I land on top of the building where I'm
with a salute by the security guards topside. Dr.
egains his composure a little as we both ride an
rom the roof to the thirtieth floor, to the office of
song, head of CHIMERA.

waiting for me, along with Gramercy Island's
Harker and Chief of Security Jack Ling. Some of
n's private investors have representatives there,
n they all see me waltz in with Dr. Zubaya in tow,
ng but a room full of long faces. Nobody really ex-
e to make it.

bother making the usual introductions because
ly knows each other. They're all here to find out
I broke in and out of the world's greatest prison,
I an inmate and escaped in less than *six minutes.*

Of course, speed and timing was part of my success. Hit them hard and fast. Get in get and out before they could catch their balance or call in any superpowered helpers.

When I tell them my strategy and how things went down, pretty much everybody looks embarrassed except for Director Balisong and Chief of Security Ling, who look like they expected this. Warden Harker just looks angry about all the damage, but that's his problem. It was *his* idea for me to give the facility a live-fire test. What was I supposed to do, go easy? Fat chance.

After I'm done with my report, Dr. Zubaya gives his account of things, which verifies my details of the escape. They'll retrieve and study security video later. Zubaya, of course, was once a super-villain himself, but has served his time and now is an independent consultant for CHIMERA, specifically in the field of superbeing restraint and neutralization. He was wearing a handy personal force field the entire time to protect himself from stray fire. As for me, I was free to surrender at any time if I thought things were getting too rough. I check on the guards I tussled with and aside from a few bumps and bruises, they will all be okay. The guard tower gunners I hit with *stungel microrockets* will have a hard time moving for the next few hours, but otherwise will be fine. Sorry about that, fellas. Nothing personal.

In case you're wondering, my name is **Apex**. I'm one of those big-time superheroes you hear about in Century Station. I also have a unique form of super-cancer that is killing me rather quickly, which is why I'm bothering to write any of this down. Dr. Zubaya says it will be a good form of therapy for me, but I am not so sure. The world does not need to know about how I made Gramercy Island look like a kid's amusement park or that my cancer is getting worse by the day. But as long as Doc stays on me about keeping this journal, I will do it. He knows best about these things.

For the time being, I am still in pretty good shape, so I continue to fulfill my duties as a member of the *Centurions* (Century Station's premier super-hero group) and *Sector 10* (the public law enforcement wing of the *Sector*, an intelligence gathering group bigger than the CIA, NSA or any other alphabet soup agency you'd care to toss in). Most of what I do is old-fashioned crimefighting. But from time to time I'm called in as a consultant for CHIMERA, the administrative body that centralizes all law enforcement within Century Station. Today, my CHIMERA duties brought me to Gramercy Island, which has completed construction one month ago and is due to receive its first prisoners several weeks from now. CHIMERA wanted me to give the place a full-bore security tour in which I was to use my full range of abilities to find any holes in the security, that sort of thing. I had no problem with this, since the facility needed a shakedown before it went active. The guards I roughed up will get triple hazard pay for their troubles; thankfully, with them I pulled my punches and nobody got seriously hurt.

The problem is when I give my findings, the people behind the prison don't want to hear it. The project is already 150% over budget and nobody wants to hear that it's got

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major security problems. The way I could hack into everything, the way I could punch a hole through the outer defenses, the way those robots (called *Argonauts*, I learned) couldn't team up on me effectively, the way the guards spooked, the lack of internal security (no knockout gas dispensers?) and so on.

To do the prison right, I tell them, they should spend another six months and a few more billion to turn the place airtight. But they don't want six months. They want *now*. That's when I learned that I was not supposed to really bust the place up, I was supposed to do a fly-by and rubber stamp the prison. They're angry and start to calculate what I "cost them" with my "exhibition." Shows what you get for doing your job these days.

But there is something more to this place, this mother of all prisons. One look at it tells you that the place is meant purely to incarcerate its inmates, and by so confining their lives, to punish them as well. There seems no room for educating or rehabilitating those who will fill the cells, and that is just not smart. I will be the first to tell you that those who break the law must pay for their crimes. I can also tell you that punishment alone is not enough to keep most convicts from committing crimes again. Once released from prison, most go back to their old lives. Lives of hardcore poverty and drug use, raised by the streets instead of solid families. And while these people must take responsibility for their own lives, how are they supposed to break the pattern without any new skills, hope or plan for the future? Most prisons at least make an attempt to address these things. Gramercy Island does not. And that, in my opinion, makes it nothing more than a *warehouse* for people society just wants to get rid of. That will inevitably lead to severe overcrowding, disintegrating conditions within the prison, and an increasingly angry, violent and uncontrollable prison populace. And that's just among the ordinary convicts! I shudder to think what ills the much-touted Super-Being Containment Wing will generate.

In the end, all I can tell them is the prison has got potential, but unless its shortcomings are addressed, it is only a temporary solution for Century Station's crime problem.

In the end, my advice is taken "under advisement," which means it will be conveniently forgotten and the prison will go on-line as is. The official reason for dismissing my suggestions is because I represent "the cream of the crop" when it comes to superbeings in this town, and that of course "I" could orchestrate a successful jail break. The average supervillain, I'm told could not do what I did, and therefore the facility meets its baseline security requirements, whatever those are.

Suit yourself, people. But when *Baron Zanzibar* or the *Crude Brood* break out of a prison that is supposed to be escape proof, or when a fleet of power armored bad guys blitz the place from the air, they had better not forget that I told them it would happen. And they sure as hell better not forget that it's people like me who will have to round them up again. By then, there's no telling how many folks will get hurt or how much damage will have been done. When it comes time to pay the piper, the city had better be prepared to assume their share of the responsibility. If you know your prison isn't good enough to hold the people its designed for, or keep out the people its designed to keep out, then you have a duty to address it. If you don't, then buckle down, because you're in for a rough ride.

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I leave the review meeting feeling more dejected than I have in a long while. I'm no stranger to the conspiracy business, and I can see the writing on the wall. The "great minds" behind Gramercy Island are so wrapped up in hidden agendas and ulterior motives that they could care less if the prison succeeds or fails. It's like watching somebody build the *Titanic* all over again, only all the passengers are hardcore killers. Or something like that. I just don't know anymore.

It didn't used to be like this. When I first got going as a hero there was a sense that we could make a difference. That we really were the "guardians of society," and that every time we collared a bad guy, the general public could breathe just a little bit easier that night. It was a good time. Good feeling.

Today, things are different, and Gramercy Island is a disheartening reflection of it. I don't know when it happened, but at some point things just *changed*. The crooks weren't afraid of us anymore. The superpowered villains stopped conducting crazy schemes to rule the world and just began killing people. The street-level element became more brazen, got better weaponry, and declared war on anybody charged with upholding the rules of society. People are *scared*, and to them, there is nothing that can be done.

They look to us, the cops, the SWAT guys, the heroes like myself, to defeat these villains and make things safe again. But that only helps to a point. All people see and hear about are the fiascoes, the defeats. They see us doing all we can and still it is not enough — the crime gets worse, the villains get stronger, and society as a whole gets shakier by the day.

Some think their defenders have abandoned them, or that we no longer have the strength to protect them. Some just throw up their hands and consider their fate to be grim and unchangeable. Others shake their fists at us, demanding answers and results. Then there are those who have decided that the way we fight the war today is simply outmoded. That just as the face of the enemy has changed, so too must the way in which we fight that enemy. No longer are the people content to have heroes fight their battles for them. They have taken matters into their own hands, demanding results using any means necessary, electing officials who will make it so, and approving the building of Gramercy Island, potentially the greatest law enforcement fiasco in history. At least as far as I'm concerned.

Ultimately, it won't matter how well Gramercy Island performs, because it will just be the beginning of some-

thing much bigger. The forces behind the island's construction are less devoted to imprisoning Century Station's worst criminals than they are interested in pioneering ways of keeping super-powered individuals under lock and key. The politicians behind the prison have all made it clear that they don't trust us, and want to have the power to "control and contain" us whenever necessary. Gramercy Island is just the first step towards that. What's next? I don't know. I'd like to think that society would never approve of a wholesale manhunt on those with special abilities — good or bad. But the truth is, "supercrime" has gotten so bad in cities like Century Station that a frightened public has given its leaders free rein to do whatever they like to stop the madness. And what begins as a means of imprisoning super-criminals looks to me like a dress rehearsal for superpowered concentration camps. I'll leave it to you to imagine where *that* can lead.

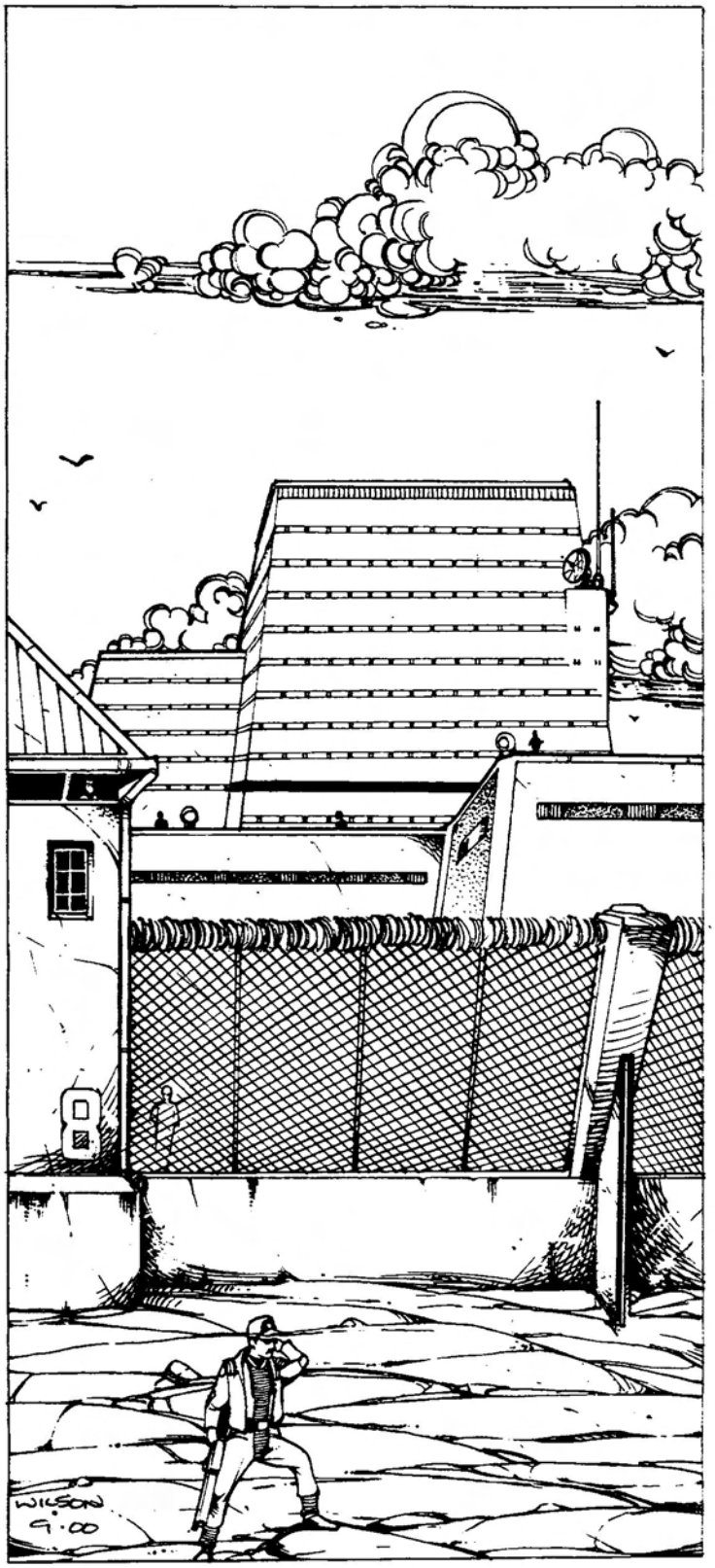
Worst, they look at us superhuman "heroes" and wonder if we are so different from the bad guys. How far can we really be trusted? Should we be trusted?

Listen to me rambling like a tired old man. I think it might be the cancer that's doing this to me. Making me look at everything in hindsight and a troubled eye instead of a future filled with hope and possibilities. I have to remember that I am just a fading hero who soon will no longer be around to continue the good fight. There is a whole legion of newcomers ready to take my place, and even as crime gets worse, the heroes who rise to stem the tide are better and brighter than I could ever be. Who knows? Perhaps Gramercy Island is just a prison, nothing more. Perhaps society will not shuck off its heroes out of fear or ignorance. And perhaps working in tandem, we all can keep society safe from the animals who would prey upon it.

That's a good vision. The one to try to take comfort in. A future that's not as impossible as one might think. I've seen plenty of goodness, compassion and sacrifice to know heroes are real. And I don't just mean the ones with superpowers. Yeah, those are the things I try to hold on to.

Anyway, this is where my chapter on Gramercy Island ends. The place is slated to receive its first inmates in a month or two. As soon as they repair the mess I made. Only time will tell how the place holds up in the real world. From what I saw, they have mostly good people guarding that island. They're doing honorable and necessary work. I wish them the best of luck.

In the meantime, CHIMERA's got me slated to perform another test run next week, this time on one of the Century Station Police Department station houses. Station houses which never implemented the facility defense changes I advised the *last* time I ran a sneak on them. These people. Security is not the place to make budget cuts. They just don't learn.



An Insider's Point of View

My name isn't important. All you need to know is that I'm the snitch who ratted out Jimmy Della Rissi over a dope deal gone wrong here in C Block. Jimmy D's the local dealer on the inside, and the product he's selling isn't so good. Lots of overdoses, you know?

So when my bunkie takes a dirt nap on account of there being freakin' *strychnine* in his heroin, I gotta beef, you

know? So I drop a dime on the D-Man, tell one of the dobermans on the watch about the bad smack racket, and let the cards fall where they may. Jimmy D goes down on four counts of manslaughter and can look forward to spending his next ten years in solitary confinement. But even in the hole, the D-Man is connected, and he gives the order to whack out the convict who fingered him.

That's me, folks.

With this kind of heat coming down. It's only a matter of time before somebody shakes loose the truth. And when that happens, no force on Earth can save me. Snitches are the lowest of the low in here, and they have a life expectancy of about three seconds. Most of the time, snitches score administrative segregation for their troubles. But the boys in ad-seg figure they would have caught Jimmy D on their own and didn't need my help. So no deal for me. No, I get a pat on the back and an extra five bucks a week at the commissary. Thanks, guys. Like those extra candy bars will stop a knife blade.

Since I pretty much live in my cell 24/7, the only way somebody's going to get me is when we all get taken out into the rec yard for some fresh air.

Rec time is like a freaking war zone, man. Everybody what got a beef to settle does it then. In like, five minutes, you'll have six bodies lying on the ground before the guards bust everybody back into their cells.

God, why do they bother? Don't they know the rec yards are just a bloodbath waiting to happen? I dunno, maybe that's what the guards are counting on. Most of them get their kicks watching prisoners kill each other, and a bunch of them will even arrange for rival prisoners to share the same rec yard just to encourage a killing.

I know the next time I'm in the yard, I'll be one of those bodies on the ground. There's no way out of it. Everybody knows I snitched out Jimmy D, and they're practically waiting in line to shank me. I'm living on borrowed time, which is about the hardest thing you can imagine.

To take my mind off it, I've turned to writing. It's not easy to leave this place behind, though, and I always end up coming back to writing about my experiences inside. I mean, what else can you do in here? Prison has a way of infecting every fiber of your being. You lose your individuality when you come in, and somewhere along the line, you lose the ability to ever get it back. You become just another bar code. Just another convict. Just another statistic either ticking down to release day or headed for a date with a chalk outline.

When you live under this kind of death sentence, just spending ordinary prison time seems like not such a bad deal, even though this place really is hell on earth. But it sure beats death. And right now, I'm somehow grateful every morning to wake up without a shiv between my ribs, ready for the privilege of living out just another day behind bars.

I came in here three years ago on a murder one rap. I'm not going to B.S. you about how I'm innocent and the penal system is unfair and all that. The truth is, I capped off some guy because he crossed me, and that's that. Why I'm here stopped being important the moment I arrived. Your reasons for coming to Gramercy Island are lost on the outside. When you're inside, all that matters is surviving. That's an inside thing.

They bring you out to the island on a specially modified hover truck, you know. One of those Space Treck-looking flying boxes you see all over Century Station these days. They seat about ten, all shackled to the passenger compartment. If we act up, they flood the compartment with knockout gas. They could even detach that entire section of the craft if they wanted to and dump us in the bay. You always hear about that happening, but I don't know anybody it has really happened to.

You touch down and the guards single-file you to the processing center. That's where you check in and sign over your life to The Man pretty much forever. It's like when you sign in to a hospital, except there's a guy wearing power armor watching over your shoulder. Then they strip search you and conduct a quick medical exam. Basically, making sure that if you're diseased, they know about it ahead of time. Not like you'll actually get any decent medical care inside. Doctors here hand out aspirin and band-aids for stab wounds, if that gives you any idea of what it's like.

Past the med-zone is the quartermaster, who hands you your overalls, your blanket, your pillow, and a rule book that's about as thick as the Gideon Bible. Thing reads like a stereo instruction manual, too. The best thing you can do with the book is use it for toilet paper, since your cell probably doesn't come with any, or you'll run out soon.

From there, they set you up with a cell in one of the blocks. The first three cell blocks are for hardcore cons like myself. The fourth block is for anybody with superpowers. It's called the Super-Being Containment Wing. That's where the real powerhouses do hard time. Over there they fit you with some kind of gizmo to take away your powers. Then you live in your cell 24/7. You don't get to go outside. Ever. You get no visitation privileges, you can't buy from the commissary, you have no T.V., and since you probably have no parole or release to look forward to, you can expect this routine for the rest of your life. Oh yeah, I almost forgot. You also get to be a guinea pig for all the Frankensteins running the block, who spend their days designing new power dampeners and trying them out on you. Fun.

As bad as it is over in the Containment Wing, things don't seem so bad in ordinary lockup, but believe me, it's no picnic. When they first walk you into the cell, they keep everybody else locked down. But even still, the inmates shower newcomers with anything they can find. Paper, garbage, urine, you name it. The only ones who get spared this warm welcome are repeat offenders and hardcore criminals with a solid reputation already.

Most newbies are pretty shaken up by the time they hit their cells. They're covered in filth and are now locked up in an 6x8 foot cell with two bunk beds, a sink, and a toilet. There is barely enough room for you to pace around, and you must share this space with another convict, who auto-

matically assumes seniority over you. That leads to all sorts of bad things.

That night the newcomer experiences real life on the inside. Lights out is at nine, but the cons all holler and make noise non-stop. Hardened insiders can usually cop a few Z's, but your average newbie can't get any rest. By the time the morning wake-up call comes, you're exhausted and wiped out.

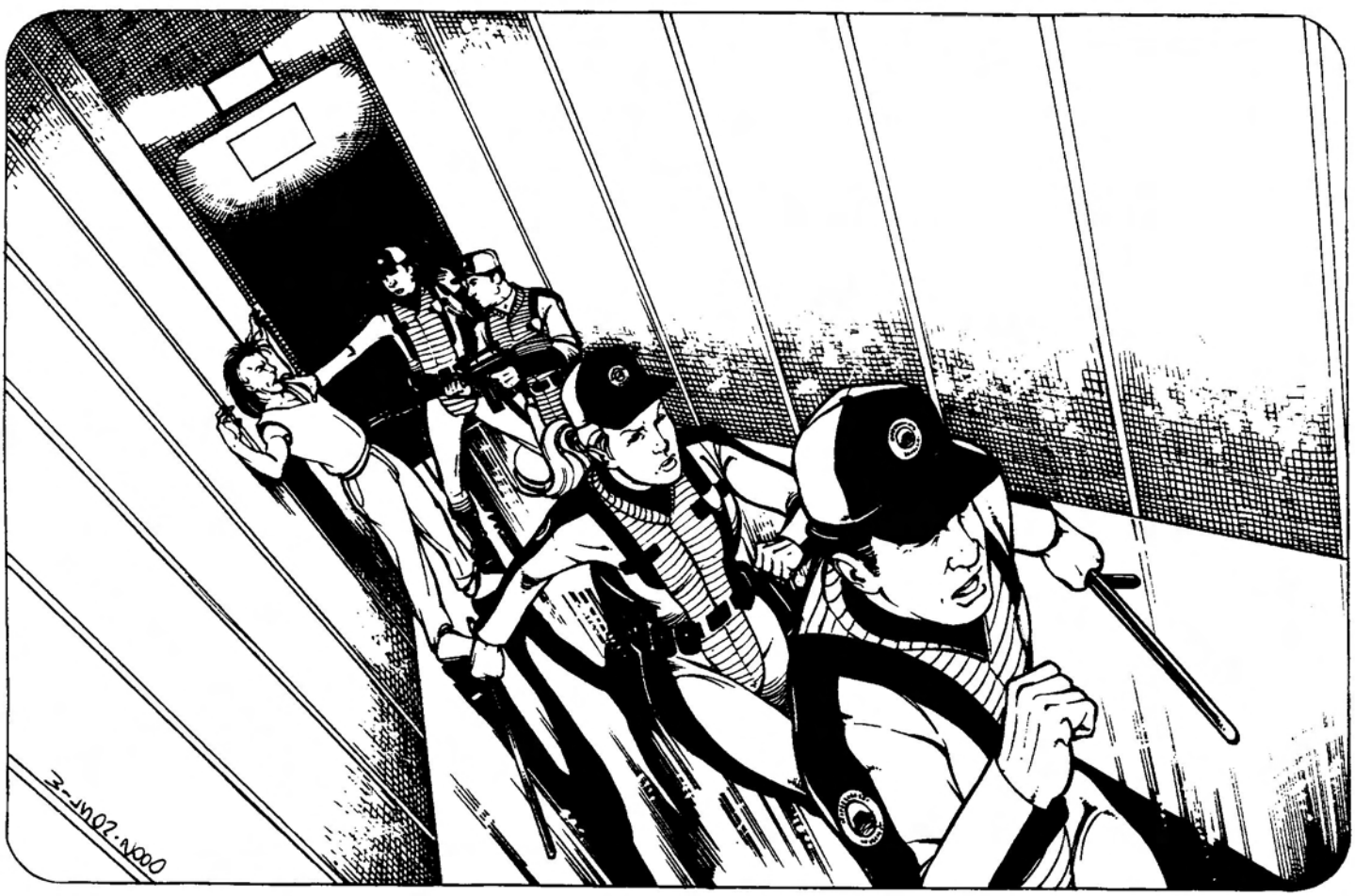
Time to start your first real day in lockup. Unless the facility has been locked down, you spend your working hours in one of the industry buildings working a job like an assembly line or something. Those mooks with drug habits can file for rehab counseling, but the waiting list is about a thousand years long. That, and the program is a joke. Just something to make you look good for parole.

Work time is your only chance to socialize with other inmates. You get one rec day a month when you can sit out in the yard and lift weights or play ball or something. More often than not, some crackerhead shanks another inmate or something, and everybody loses their rec privileges. Me, I haven't seen the rec yard in three years. Safer that way.

They keep you working instead of hanging out in rec yards to cut down on violence, but it doesn't work to well. For the new guy, sometime on that first day, a couple of inmates will gang up on you for a group beating to see how you handle yourself. This is called "walking the walk." The point isn't to win the fight. You can't. There are always too many of them. The point is to show the block that you're wiling to stand up for yourself even if it means you'll get thrashed for it. Until you go through this, you're considered a "fish," an unproven inmate. If you fight back, good for you, you graduate to a full-blown inmate and all that entails. If you belly up or sissy out of it, then you have just become a "punk." Congratulations, now the rest of the prison will use you as a human toilet for the length of your stretch.

Of course, your troubles aren't over once you walk the walk. Being an inmate is still one of the bottom rungs of the prison social ladder. It's not like being a convicted murderer gets you special treatment. Gramercy Island is full of hardcore criminals, so to get respect you either have to come in with it, or more commonly, you have to earn some inside. When you get right down to it, the main way to grab some respect is to hurt or whack another inmate. Chances are, you'll get pinched for it and spend some time in the hole, but when you come out, you'll have a rep for being a hard-boiled killer, and people will respect you for it. If nothing else, they'll give you some room since they know you will kill to protect what's yours. In the joint that can mean a candy bar, your favorite seat on a cafeteria bench, a packet of sugar, whatever. They strip you of everything you've got when you come into the prison, so little things like that mean the world to inmates, and they are definitely worth killing some fool over.

In the end, when you get respect and keep it for a while, you are considered a "convict," which is one step higher than being an inmate. The trouble with being a con-



vict is that you have to justify your rep periodically. It's not like you can off some loser and ride easy for the next ten years. With new guys coming in all the time, not everybody was there to see you earn your rep. That's why you have to keep reminding people from time to time. Otherwise, you become a mere inmate, maybe even a punk. And the guards wonder why there's so much violence every time the prisoners get out of their cells.

Now, I'd like to think my killing days are behind me, so for me to grab some respect, I have to find another way. It's harder to do, but it is possible, and those who become respectable on their own always seem to be even more so than anybody who's killed for it. In general, you have got four basic kinds of special cases: *joss men*, *legal beagles*, *fixers*, and *professors*.

Joss men are religious types who have turned their cells into little places of worship. Rumor has it that some of these guys can really cast magic spells, but they like to keep it quiet, since it would land them in the Super-Being Containment Wing. Nobody troubles a joss man because he might throw a curse on you. It's also because a lot of guys find religion in the joint, and are willing to protect their local joss man.

Legal beagles are either crooked lawyers or convicts who are well-read in the law. These experts can help you prepare an appeal, write a letter to people to get some changes made, etc. While these guys don't have a lot of respect, they are very useful to keep around and tend to get "adopted" by the inmates they help out the most with their legal services.

Fixers are those guys who handle all the smuggling on the block. If there is something you want to buy or sell, the local fixer can get it for you. They typically stay away from drugs, since that's another industry entirely.

And finally, **professors** are just smart guys who know a hell of a lot about a hell of a lot, and always turn up being useful in some way or another. Professors might help you build a home made firearm, or they might figure out how to escape from the prison. Either way, they are definitely worth keeping around. You also don't want to anger them, since they can booby trap your cell.

There's another special class of convict. These guys are the **lifers**, long-time prisoners who know the prison like the back of their hand. These guys have serious pull. Any guard who can be bribed is in tight with the lifers. Any racket going on, the lifers not only know about it, they're probably getting a cut of the action. And anybody who crosses a lifer had better lock himself in his cell, since those old-timers have plenty of friends and favors to call in.

For most of us, the goal is to make it to being a lifer. Ain't nothing else to look forward to. Sure, you might get released a million years from now, when you're an old man and have no way to support yourself. Most cons I know would rather just kill some fool and stay inside forever than get out and die on welfare. That way, you might grow old and earn some of that permanent, home-grown respect that comes with age on the inside. Not that the

connections and the *cojones*, you just might get there. Some might disagree, but that's my view anyway.

In the meantime, you keep at the daily grind, just like you have for the last few years. After a while you stop marking the time and find other ways to occupy yourself. You have to, or else you go crazy thinking about how much time you have left to serve. Every once in a while, somebody goes crazy thinking about it, but the rest of us are hard. We know we've got a long time to ride through, so we're not going to make any false moves. Just take things day by day, one by one, and you might just get through this, even if you're a snitch with a death mark. That's what I'm after. Aren't we all?

Waingroh Sunset

A *Waingroh sunset* means you leave the Island on yer back with a tag on your toe. It means you end up dead, just like all those gang bangers who knock off in the Waingroh section of Century Station all the time. You ain't careful. Get on the wrong side of — whoever — and that's the way you'll get off the Rock.

You only thought it was rough on the streets. That's just an audition for what to expect in here.

So you might have been a superstar outside, but in here, you ain't much of nothin' and we're all superstars. That makes nobody special, and you got to prove yourself all over again. That's why you got so violence goin' on inside. Inmates lookin' to make their name single out some fool and put him on his back. But that's just for respect. There's a bunch of other reasons why you hurt or kill in here that's got nothing to do with that.

Rage. Prison takes everything away from you. In here, you just a number that don't mean squat. And since you used to gettin' respect on the outside, you don't like that too much. After a while, it gets to you. You start actin' crazy, willin' to pop some sucker just because he looked at you funny. Seriously, it happens. Mostly its the new fish and psychos who check out on this ticket. It ain't their fault, really. They just too stupid to know better. But if you want to stay alive past your first week, you got to understand some things.

You just a prisoner, like everybody else. Don't expect no special treatment. Don't come in here all puffed up and coastin' on your street rep, because it don't mean squat. You back to zero, cuz. Better get used to that. If you act like you got an inside rep but haven't done nothing to prove it, then somebody's gonna teach you a hard lesson for actin' up.

You also got to realize that you a convict. Ain't nobody interested in your story about how it was the other guy what pulled the trigger, or how you was framed, or how you was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Ain't nobody in here buyin' that rap. You keep it up too long, you gonna end up in a world o' hurt or dead just because you squawked your line next to some con who's takin' his punishment like a man and don't want to hear some fish cryin' all the time.

Always show respect to those who deserve it too. Don't

got the rep of a killer, you better treat him like it. If you don't, you sayin' to the whole block that this fella's just some punk who don't deserve recognition. Now the guy has to kill you to protect his-self. See how it works? Simple solution: Don't dis nobody unless you mean to kill them.

Don't be givin' orders to other cons. Cuz, we hate that more than anything. We live our whole lives livin' by what the Man tells us, sc we sure as hell ain't gonna take it from some fool in an orange jumpsuit. Go sell that static to somebody else, cuz. Otherwise, you just get killed for it just on general principle.

Cons don't like gettin' stared at, neither. You lock eyes with somebody, it better be because they a buddy who's got your back. Otherwise, you just showin' disrespect. And you know what happens after that.

Check your attitude at the door. Attitude gets more fools hurt and killed than anything else. This a tough place, cuz. If you don't act tough, then you become somebody's punk, and that's worse than death. But you got to know where the line is. You act up to everybody you see, then you ain't gonna have no friends. And without somebody to watch your back in here, you a dead man. Plain and simple. Eventually somebody's gonna gang up on you or check your rep and you won't have nobody to bail you out of it.

Bangin'. Livin' inside, sooner or later you gonna get on somebody's bad side. And when you do, if you don't got somebody to watch your back, then you gonna end up hurt or dead. That's why so many cons bang. You know, be part of a gang?

Outside, you got gangs of all kinds. You got your street gangs and you got *colorgangs*, who are a step up. They got special colors, outfits, weapons, something to make them worth a little extra effort from the police. They all end up in here, and when they do, they either hook up with other buddies inside, or they join some other gang. The really big gangs on the outside like the *Immortals*, the *Bonecutters*, *Los Pistoleros* and *TZC* have so many people on the inside that when members come in, they just slot up with their homies and business goes on like usual.

Prison admin generally puts existin' gang members in the same block so they can all be together. This is to keep the gangs from minglin' and startin' riots. But there are so many gangs locked up now that in every block, you always got three or four major gangs anglin' to wipe out each other. You got alliances, treaties, sneak attacks, all that. It's like a war, except it's fought with pipes, shivs and homemade bombs.

The guards don't do much about it, because most of them got bets on who's gonna win. They get involved only when the fightin' or killin' gets too far out of hand, but they also know they can't really stop it. Always gonna be gangs in the joint. And when you get gangs, you get gang violence. Simple as that.

The funny thing is, people join gangs for protection, but you probably have a better chance of buyin' a toe tag from bangin' than anything else. Stupid, I know. Ever wonder why they do it, then?

First, bangin' gives you a killer rep. If you on your own, you gotta do a lot more to get enough juice for the block to respect you. If you join a gang that's pretty juiced to begin with, then you get a slice of that. That's good for some new fish who don't want the whole block messin' with him. He prove himself and join a gang, he's solid for the rest of his stretch.

Second, bangin' makes you somebody. And this ain't about rep, neither. In the joint, you *nobody*. They take your name, they take your past, they just take everything. You just a number to the Man now. And while you may act like you don't care about nothing, you still do. You care about yourself. When the Man breaks you down like that, you ain't got no self no more. You just a ghost or something. But gangs, they never die. Even inside, they still hard and healthy. They can be proud of who they are in a place where nobody else is proud about nothing.

Third, if you don't bang, you ain't got no backup. You alone, brother. You do your time solo, you an open target for anybody who wants to mess with you. Other cons, gang members, corrupt guards, whoever. You in a gang, though, then people think twice before crossin' your line because you got twenty guys ready to throw down for you. Other cons can't take on a gang because it's a death ticket, man. One guy against twenty or fifty? Please. Bangers don't jump other bangers unless they want to start a war, which is part of what bangin' is all about anyway, so that's cool. And bad dobermans don't hassle bangers too badly because they don't want a riot on they hands.

Business. If you ain't buyin' a flatline from some mad dog or a banger, then it's probably just business. Just because we inside don't mean we ain't workin', you know?

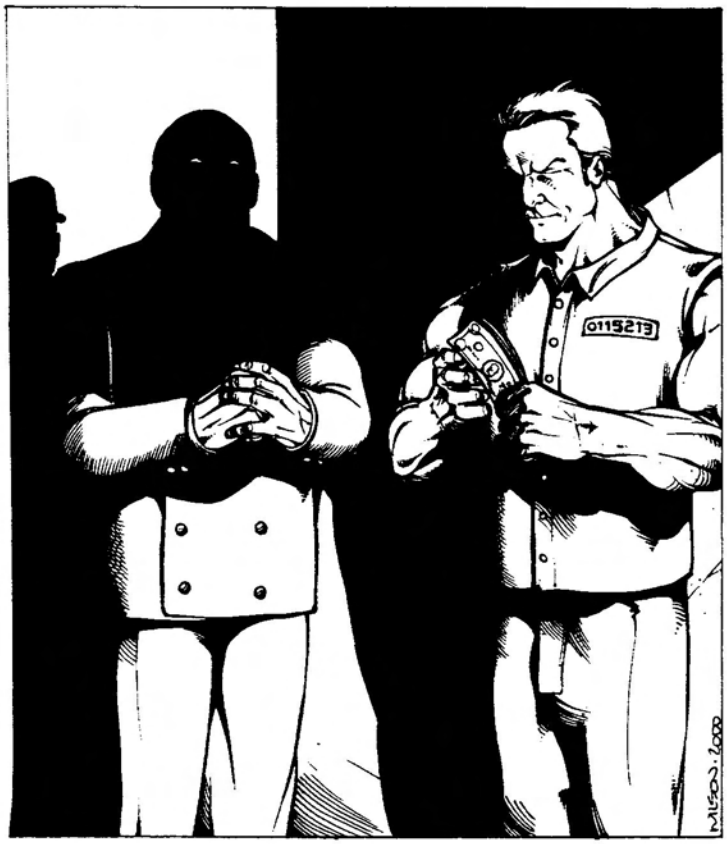
The joint's the best place in the world to meet the right people and learn the right skills. Some fool come in on a manslaughter charge, he go out with a Ph.D. in criminal behavior, set himself up a nice long career.

There are two big industries. One's drugs. The other's syndicates.

Drugs are just pushers who move dope into the facility. They hook whoever they can and make plenty of green to show for it, too. Pushers usually got a few bodyguards and can definitely handle themselves. Most pushers are part of a gang, but some ain't. All of them got turf, though, and they always fightin' over it. Most pushers make it about a couple of years before they go out on their backs, and if you're workin' for one, chances are, you'll go out with your boss. Aside from that, pushers hand out the toe tags a lot, too. They collect on bad debts or people lookin' to squeal on them to the Man. They also ain't afraid of sellin' bad product, which is why every addict in here eithr ODs or knows somebody who has. Hey man, it's all bad, know what I'm sayin'?

The syndicates are like big corporations. They got businesses, money, organization, multiple priorities, and all that other Corleone stuff. They like a gang unto themselves, and ain't nobody gonna tough them. They own the guards, they own the gangs, they do what they want, when they want where they want. You cross the syndicate, you might as well check into the morgue yourself.

The syndicates are happy to take a skim off all the business goin' down in the joint — drugs, extortion, blackmail, robbery, all that. But sometimes, they cross each other's territory, and they throw down over it. Syndicate wars are like gang wars, except they a lot more subtle. Guys be turnin' up dead on the toilet, wake up cold, or just disappear. Half their killers are guards on the take. The other half are prisoners who are really, really good at what they do and never get caught or I.D.-ed.



Syndicates are also like gangs — once you get in you never get out. Except with a syndicate you might not even know you joined 'em. If you owe them money, you owe for life. They do you a favor, you owe them ten. See where this is headed? No wonder why they rule life on the block. They just do what they do and hurt anybody who says different. That's the way in here, and the syndicates got it down to an art.

Last Word. That's it. That's all the reasons we're beatin' and killin' ourselves every day. Now you know the score, cuz, so don't be stupid. Just do your time, be hard but stay cool, and you might just walk out of here someday. Probably not, but it don't hurt to dream, right?

The Lifer's Lexicon

My name is *Ridley Rokes*, and I'm doing life in Gramercy Island for killing a couple of cops back in '71. I've been in six different maximum security facilities during my time inside. I was sent to "the Island" because of my three escape attempts, not to mention the murder of four or five guys while in the Victory City lockup.

I'm trying to put that behind me now, since living like an animal sucks, and that's what this place does to you. It makes you live like an animal, something less than human. Since I'm never getting out, I escape through my writing instead. I wrote the following "Lifer's Lexicon" both to instruct new inmates on what life is like here and to escape my own grim reality. I guess I also wrote this so people on the outside can see what life inside is really like. This is no country club. It's hell.

A good way to get a feel for what life is like behind bars is to study the lingo of the prisoners. More than just slang, the prison vocabulary reflects the peculiar customs and hardships of life behind bars. It's also got *code phrases* for things that are important to those incarcerated (such as drugs and murder) that they can't really talk about in front of their keepers. Every prison has its own particular words and phrases, and Gramercy Island is no different. Because the prison receives inmates from all over the country, its slang vocabulary is a bit of a mishmash of prison lingo from all over, making it a "beginner's dictionary" for how felons talk when they're doing time. If you want to talk the talk of "Gramercy Island," you'd better study up and learn fast, because talking like a con might be the only thing that separates you from all the other fish that come through the airlock doors.

Ad Seg: Administrative Segregation. This is when prisoners are placed into solitary confinement for their own safety or because they represent a security risk to the cell block at large. Ad seg is usually reserved for snitches, sex offenders and syndicate bosses as well as colorgang leaders with death marks on them. Snitches and sex offenders get ad seg simply because other prisoners do not like them and will eventually kill them. Syndicate or gang lead-

ers often are targets of rival organizations and are likely to be assassinated. Such a killing often touches off a wave of severe violence that can lead to simultaneous killings, brawls, and even rioting. Ad seg cells used for purely disciplinary purposes are called "the hole" because they are cold, damp, and dark as a pit — they have no windows and the door is solid with nothing but a peephole that is usually slid shut.

All Day: A life sentence. "Who's that?" — "That's Harlan. He's doin' all day for murder one."

Blanket Party: This is when a bunch of prisoners throw a blanket over another prisoner who is already sleeping in bed. They hold the blanket down so the victim can not move. Then the attackers all beat the victim so he can neither fight back, nor identify his attackers. Treatment usually reserved for despised inmates.

Blood In, Blood Out: To enter a prison gang by committing a murder and to leave by being the victim of a murder.

Broadway: The first floor of any cell block. This is like a large foyer for prisoners to assemble in and occasionally socialize. It is also the likeliest place for fights and murder attempts to occur.

Bruno: Tough guy, enforcer. Collaterally, also refers to the nice shoes enforcers wear, emblematic of their affluent criminal lifestyle. ("Man, Slick's got some nice Brunos. Must be nice working for the top man.")

Buck Rodgers Time: A parole date so far into the next century, the inmate cannot imagine release.

Bullet: One year prison sentence (i.e., "They gave me a bullet.").

Bump off: Kill. Similar terms include *chill*, *clip*, *knock off*, and *zero*. The terms *plug*, *pop* (as in "I popped some caps into him.") and *smoke* ("Yeah, I smoked 'em good.") specifically refer to murder by gunfire.

Bunco: To defraud somebody. Also referred to as *flim-flamming*. Bunco gigs are okay to pull on some Square John back in the real world, but on the inside, buncoing *anybody* is asking for a quick trip to the morgue. That is why almost nobody except newcomers idiots and inmates with a death wish even try pulling fraud jobs on their fellow cons.

Bus Therapy: The practice of transferring prisoners from one institution to another, to keep from away from their friends, allies and contacts. Gramercy Island has become a final destination for many prisoners who had been undergoing lengthy spells of "bus therapy." Also known as *diesel therapy*, *grey goose therapy*, or *round robin*.

C or C-Note: One hundred dollars. Also known as a *century*.

Cabbage: Any folding money. Also known as *kale*, *green*, *lettuce*, and *spinach*. Nobody is quite sure how the vegetable terms got used, but they stick, even among the young inmates.

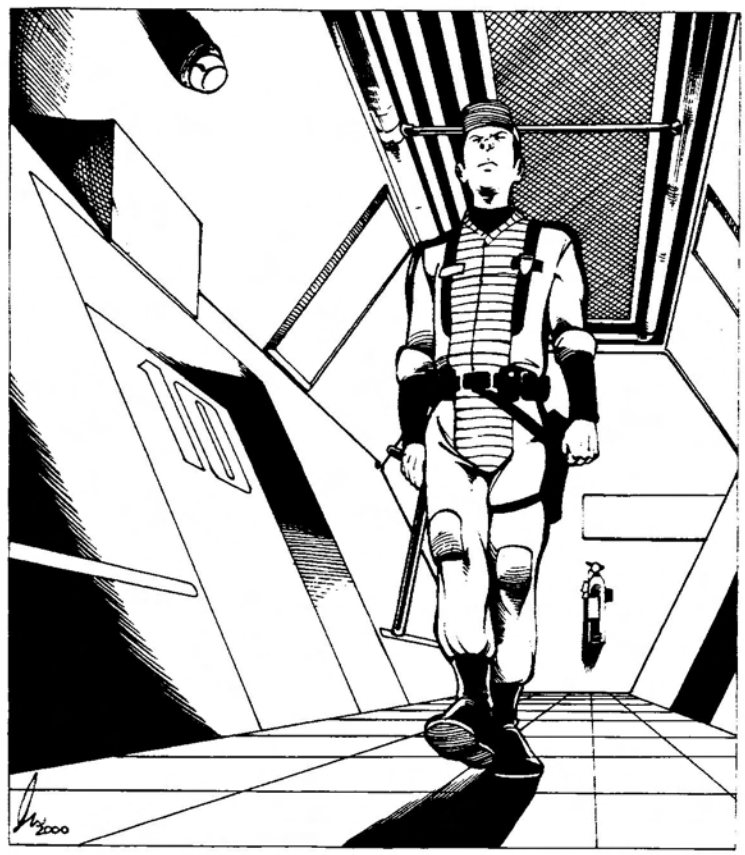
Can-Opener: A low-rent safecracker who forces open cheap safes. Not a particularly skilled individual but, since safe-cracking is seen as a "respectable" criminal specialization, lots of inmates try to enter this work and usually make a serious botch of it.

Cell Gangster: One who talks tough locked in his cell, then says nothing when out of the cell.

Checking: A fight. When it happens in the fields, it is usually unofficially sanctioned by prison officers. When it happens in the building, it is generally testing to see whether someone new is going to be a "convict" or a "punk."

Commissary: A general store from which prisoners may buy small luxury items, such as candy bars, cigarettes, stamps, toiletries, notebooks, etc.

Corner: During the brief times prisoners are allowed out of their cells, they find a particular place to hang out and claim it for their own. This is considered their "corner," and it is every bit as serious a turf claim as the area a gang might control on the outside. Prisoners will fight and die over their corner. Likewise, those who want to really know the people on the block get to know the various corners and other hang-out spots in the cell block.



Count: The institutional count, repeated at different times in the day. Everything stops while prison staff make sure no one is missing. Typically, the count is performed at 5:00 a.m. (morning wake-up), 8:00 a.m. (when inmates report to work), 12:00 p.m. (afternoon chow), 4:00 p.m. (when inmates return to their cells from work), and 8:00 p.m. (shortly before lights out). Those who wish to escape need to keep these times in mind. They present the best windows for exploiting a weakness that might afford them freedom.

Croaker: Doctor. So named because on the Island, medical care is so bad (or comes so late) it usually kills you.

Daisy: Often used to describe a new guy or inmate who is weak, quiet, and likely to be victimized by others but may not actually have been victimized yet. Prison daisies are often targeted by the tougher inmates and new guys looking to prove themselves; it is only a matter of time.

Dead Presidents: Money. Bills are often referred to by the President on them, i.e., Washingtons, Lincolns, Hamiltons, Jacksons, Grants, Franklins. This is street lingo, and to use it marks one as a garden variety crook or an amateur. Professionals do not use this terminology.

Deck: A complete set of something. Often used to refer to a pack of cigarettes, but could refer to almost anything.

Doberman: Prison guards in general, and those who specialize in physical punishment and intimidation in particular. **Note:** This word may take on another meaning in the future, for it is rumored that the Century Station biotech corporation *Genesys* is developing a new strain of mutant humanoid dog to act as a new kind of guard for the prison. The idea was supposedly inspired by a really popular role-playing game that is all the rage in Century Station. Nobody has any proof that this is anything more than a persistent rumor.

Do Your Own Time: The golden rule of prison life: do not bother other prisoners or meddle in their affairs.

Drama: To cause a disturbance, as "There's going to be a little drama." This is understatement of the first order, since the drama in question is usually something pretty serious.

Drop a Dime: To inform on someone. "He dropped a dime on his bunkie."

Dropper: A hired killer. Similar terms include *chopper squad* (a crew of machinegun-toting assassins), *hatchet man*, *highbinder* (also refers to corrupt politicians or functionaries), *torpedo* (specifically, a gunman), and *trigger man*.

Fence Parole: Escape.

Finger: Identify, as in "to put the finger on." Not a good thing. Typically what a snitch does.

Firma: When someone or someone is "down" or "hard." ("Que firma, ese! Heard you capped Eddie Razor back in the Station.")

Flathat: A cop. More specifically, a Century Station policeman, in reference to their flat-topped officer's caps. In the prison, however, it can also refer to any correctional officer.

G: Gangster. Usually a member of a colorgang or a garden-variety street punk whose exploits have made him respected among his peers.

Gat: Gun. Also known as a *strap*, *iron*, *piece*, and more archaically, a *smokewagon* or a *mohaska*. Those who carry a gun are considered to be *strapped*, *heeled*, or *packing*.

Gladiator Fight: Fighting set up for the benefit of others (such as prison staff). Corrupt guards frequently set up gladiator fights for pure amusement or so they can bet on the outcome. Sometimes gladiator fights are large, ritualized affairs. Other times, they are more clandestine; two inmates who hate each other are unwittingly placed in the same rec yard by guards who want to watch the inevitable happen.

Glad Rags: Fancy clothes. Usually in reference to what one wears on his day of release.

Good Time: Credits earned toward one's sentence. In California, good time (one day for two served) credits are awarded for prisoners in certain situations, such as those who are willing to work but unassigned.

Go to Read and Write: Rhyming slang for take flight. The sign that cockney rhyming slang from the London underworld has begun to take root in Gramercy Island.

Grapevine: Refers to rumors and the rumor mill. "I heard on the grapevine that Officer Linheart got caught taking bribes."

Hard Time: Serving a sentence the difficult way. That means no chance for parole, and usually a little time spent in the hole.

Harvey: A corrupt cop. These guys are particularly reviled and *always* have a very rough time inside. The term comes from *Lt. Harvey Seinbold*, a notoriously crooked cop who spent much of his 20 year career on the Century Station Police Force dabbling in various criminal enterprises and getting other criminals to take the fall for it. Seinbold never got caught and is living fat off a pension and the fruits of his illegal labor. He sent over 100 men to Gramercy Island while covering his tracks. He is considered the archetypical "bad cop," and all bad cops who come to prison must pay for Lt. Seinbold's crimes as well as their own.

Hawk, Rutherford: The Director of the Century Station Prison Bureau. Hawk commands considerable power among prison officials. Whenever he announces a visit to Gramercy Island, the warden and administration go on full scramble, making the prisoners work triple time sandblasting, polishing and painting the place to make it shine. Of course, Hawk never gives the facility a thorough inspection. He just does a quick once-through and then holds a big banquet for the other officials to suck up to him. Still, inmates love to send grievances to Hawk in the hopes that he might take action on one of them and make the warden sweat.

Heat: The police or less commonly, superheroes. Also, the pressure being put on criminals by the authorities or heroes. "Lot of heat out there, boys. Lot of heat."

High Pillow: Person at the top, in charge. Typically refers to who is boss in a two-man cell, but more broadly refers to inmates who have power over other inmates. ("Jonny G's got the high pillow on that punk fish what came through today.")

Hit: A prearranged murder, typically for money or some other compensation. Most of the violence within Gramercy Island is not spontaneous, but carefully planned hits to make up for a perceived wrong.

Hock Shop: Pawnshop. In Century Station, as in many other places, pawnshops are merely fronts for fencing stolen property. That makes them a nexus for low-level criminal activity and a great place for cops and heroes to get information.

Hole: A punishment or disciplinary segregation cell without privileges for prisoners who have violated some regulation. It can range from a filthy, horrible, cold, windowless, and inhumane cell without even a blanket to one acceptable for housing human beings.

Ink: Tattoos. Prisoners eventually cover themselves with ink as a form of individual expression, and to identify them as gang members.

Inside: Behind the walls. In prison. Locked up.

In the Car: To be in a tight circle of friends. Being in the car with fellow inmates is like being in a gang, only there is no real gang to speak of. "Riding the bumper" is to be on friendly terms with inmates, but not necessarily to be close friends with them.

In the Hat: Targeted for death.

Jacket: Every prisoner has a central file that describes their entire criminal past. This file is their "jacket." The dirtier one's past, the thicker the jacket. Jackets are kept under lock and key on Gramercy Island, but prisoners and their criminal associates are always wanting access to them, and pay handsomely for them.

Jail: A place for the confinement of drunks and common riffraff. A county facility for pre-trial detainees or prisoners serving short terms (less than a year). This word is frequently used indiscriminately for prison, but "prison" is a place for tough and elite convicts.

Java: Coffee, but particularly coffee worth drinking. The coffee served on the Island is rarely referred to as "java." Usually it is referred to as "Mississippi," as in "like mud." Good coffee can be bought from the commissary or brought in by visitors. It is a valuable commodity and often used as currency.

John Q. Law: Police. Not specific to those of any one city. Not to be confused with the superhero of the same name, who operates in Victory City.

Johnson Brothers: Criminals who worked together on the outside, got caught together, and now are doing their time together. Inseparable partners. Also known more simply as *Johnsons*.

Joss House: In the old days, this term referred to a temple or house of worship for a Chinese religion. Nowadays, in Gramercy Island it refers to the cell of any inmate who is an ardent worshiper of any particular religion. Joss houses often become semi-official chapels for other inmates, and are considered sacred ground. That means

Longjohn: Slang for any super-powered hero.

Made: To be formally recognized by one's underworld superiors. "You can't touch him. He's a made guy."

Mafias: Dark sunglasses. Wearing mafias is prohibited within Gramercy Island, but plenty of syndicate members wear them anyway in open defiance of the rules.

Meat Wagon: Any ambulance, but usually one carrying a dead person. Also referred to the craft that transports dead inmates off the island. According to rumor, there was once a super vehicle getaway car named the *Meat Wagon* that was built by an unknown inventor and rented out to criminal gangs for special jobs. The Meat Wagon has never been impounded by the authorities, but if it still exists, it would be over 30 years old.

Moniker: Name. Usually a handle one adopts when he comes inside. Prisoners typically give each other their nicknames. To have a moniker means one is no longer a newcomer and has adapted at least somewhat to prison life.

Murder One: First-degree murder, a premeditated killing. Also, a fairly common reason to get sent to Gramercy Island. It used to be that doing time for murder one was a kind of badge of honor among inmates. It's all the more impressive if the victim was a superbeing or important authority figure. ("So what, you're doin' murder one. Ain't three guys in this block who ain't." — "Yeah, but Casey's doin' murder one for chilling some longjohn named *Sir Speedy*.")

New Boot: A new correctional officer. These individuals tend to be particularly harsh on prisoners, are quick to use violence, and adhere excessively to prison regulations.

Nevada Gas: Cyanide. The stuff used to execute convicts in the gas chamber. Since Century Station does not enforce the death penalty, this phrase is thought to refer to homemade chemical weaponry prisoners use on other prisoners, such as bombs, acid sprays, and poisonous fume flares.

Newshawk: Reporter, or an inmate who keeps up on developments in the free world. Since a lot of Gramercy Island's inmates can not read, these guys get a little extra respect for conveying news to others and giving them a link to the outside world.

Number: A person, can be either a man or a woman. Once inside, prisoners are referred to by the correctional officers by their serial number alone.

making them even more hands-off. Also known as *lifers*, even if they are not serving a life sentence.

On the One: To be honest. It refers to the one dollar bill, on whom George Washington, who reportedly never told a lie, appears. ("I'm on the one about this, you've got to believe me!")

The Pen: Slang for "penitentiary," State or Federal Prison.

Phone's Off the Hook: This is a common saying among inmates that basically means, "Watch what you say, the guards are listening." Much of the island prison is covered in covertly and overtly placed listening devices. The extent of these devices is unknown, but it is feasible to assume that Warden Harker could listen in on a conversation taking place *anywhere* in the penitentiary. Some say that from his high-tech office, the Warden can also listen in on the many thousands of hidden bugs he has supposedly planted in Century Station, Victory City, Ultropolis, and a half-dozen other super-cities throughout the world. One must wonder who or what he is listening for.

Pulling Someone's Card: To find something out about another prisoner. Inmates often will pull the card on anybody who has a suspicious story to tell. Pulling one's card almost always requires the bribing of corrupt guards to access confidential prisoner files or talking to an Old-Timer.

Put Your Pen to the Wind: The standard response guards give to prisoners who wish to make a grievance known. The guards encourage the prisoners to write their grievance down and submit it for review by the Century Station Prison Authority's oversight committee. The committee moves so slowly on things, however, that submitting a complaint to them will never get anything done. This is one of the many things that highlights just how little power the prisoners have to protect themselves from whatever abuse or misconduct the guards wish to visit upon their watches.

Raisin Jack: Homemade alcohol. Within their first year of incarceration, any given prisoner has a 60% chance of successfully brewing this stuff if he has the right ingredients. An unsuccessful roll means either the stuff is inedible or if drunk, it will cause nausea or temporary blindness. Also known as *buck*, *chalk*, *hooch*, *julep*, *jump*, *mash*, *pruno*, *shine*, and *tiger milk*.

Reals: Any kind of merchandise bearing a recognizable brand name, especially cigarettes, candy bars, etc. Half the time, people don't use reals if they get them. They trade them instead.

Red Tag: To confine a prisoner to his cell, 24/7. Prisoners are red tagged when they have done something wrong and there is no more room in any of the ad seg cells. Anybody caught speaking with a red tagged prisoner is red tagged himself. This practice has recently been implemented to prevent the rioting and killing sprees that sometimes occur after a facility-wide lockdown ends. This term was also the name of *Red Tag*, a supervillain who also happened to be Gramercy Island's first parolee. Although Red Tag was not an alumnus of the Super-Being Containment Wing, he intentionally gained superpowers after his release and embarked on a career of super-crime. His exploits have been an ongoing embarrassment to the prison, which wants dearly to recapture the villain and subject him to the harshest punishments in their power.

Rest Your Neck: Be quiet, as in "Lay down and rest your neck." Also, "Bite your pillow."

Rumble: The news, usually in terms of rumors or scuttlebutt circulated within prison. "What's the rumble over in C Block? Heard some loser took a shiv over a round of dice."

Rustler: One who preys on weaker inmates, subjecting them to all kinds of abuses from threats, bullying, vandalism and psychological torture to theft, outright extortion, muggings and murder. They are vile bullies who do whatever they please to whoever they please. Rustlers are also known as *predators* and *wolves*, and are generally considered to be the most dangerous, psychotic and untrustworthy inmates. Those who operate solo eventually pick on the wrong guy and die for it. Rustlers who are part of a gang are considered true "mad dogs" and enjoy immunity from reprisal from their many victims. These sick individuals always continue their predatory ways if they ever get out of prison, which pretty much ensures their speedy return.

Scratch: Counterfeit money. A *scratcher* is a counterfeiter or a forger. Most infamous among these crooks is the legendary *Jack Scratch*, an electrical genius who created some of the most sophisticated counterfeit money in history, and built a small factory to mass produce it. By the time the Secret Service (who pursue counterfeiters) destroyed the facility, Jack Scratch had entered over one trillion bogus dollars into circulation, none of which could be differentiated from the real McCoy. The government's answer has been to downplay Scratch's achievements and hope nobody makes a big deal out of it. Jack Scratch's ultimate impact on the global economy is unknown, but it is definitely substantial. At last report, Scratch has been traveling the world, sharing his money duplication secrets with rogue nations that traditionally oppose the West.

Shakedown: A search of a cell or work area. The most common complaint by prisoners is that property is lost, destroyed, or left scattered after a search.

Shiv: Handmade prison weapon — generally a stabbing instrument. Also called a *shank*, *a piece*, or a *shark* if it is really large or heavy. To shank somebody is to stab them.

Skate Around: To make friends and acquaintances a little *too* easily. It used to refer to women of easy virtue, but inside, it refers to one who is everybody's friend but is doing it purely for ulterior motives. *Skaters* are generally disliked, but they do tend to be the most up to date on prison news and rumors, so they serve a purpose.

Slam: Use of force by a guard against an inmate. Typically, the prisoner is thrown to the ground face first and placed in handcuffs. Additional beating might or might not happen. "Getting slammed" might also refer to being thrown into the hole for a while.

Smoke on the Horizon: A term used by both inmates and guards to describe a state of increasing tension within

a cell block or the prison at large. When there is smoke on the horizon, there are underlying tensions and grievances among the inmates that will imminently explode into violence if not addressed. Since Gramercy Island does not negotiate with its prisoners, "smoke on the horizon" is something of a cyclical thing. Tensions rise, nothing gets done about it, violence breaks out, the prisoners get locked down, and things start over again.

Snatch Job: A kidnapping. Almost all kidnappings end in failure since they usually get caught either trying to collect their ransom or trying to move the cash afterward. Snatch jobbers have a very difficult time getting any respect in Gramercy Island, since their criminal specialty is seen as the choice of idiots and amateurs.

Sneak: Any kind of burglary, immortalized by *The Sneak*, perhaps the most successful super-burglar in history. He remains at large and is believed to have stolen over one billion dollars in money, valuables and intellectual and industrial property.

Snitch: To inform on somebody. To snitch on a fellow inmate is perhaps the easiest way for an inmate to alienate himself from *everybody*. Snitches usually end up in protective custody or get transferred to another wing of the facility to avoid getting killed. Snitches are also known as *finks*, *cheese eaters*, *rats* and *stoolies* (short for *stool pigeon*).

Soup: On the outside, any kind of explosive. On the inside, any kind of homemade explosive. A "soup job" is to use explosives to some criminal end, typically to crack a safe or escape from confinement. When explosives are used to kill somebody, it is called a "chili job" (i.e., soup + body parts = chili).

Square: Honest, as in "on the square" = telling the truth. "Square" also means law-abiding. A civilian on the outside who has never had trouble with the law is called a "Square John."

Stilts: The nickname for the AN-202 Argonaut robot, so named because of its thin mechanical legs.

Stir: An old-timer term to describe prison. Being "in the stir" is to be incarcerated. Going "stir crazy" is to have some kind of emotional breakdown due to the stresses of prison life. And to suffer "stir belly" is indigestion or an ulcerated stomach caused by the tension and fear of life behind bars.

Superstar: Any criminal who has had a long and relatively successful career. The truth is, most cons get busted back to the island shortly after their release. Those who do not, who spend substantial time in between prison kicks, are considered heroes to the inmate culture. When they return to prison, they are often given a hero's welcome. Ironically, most superstars do not care for the camaraderie of prison life, and conduct themselves in a very professional manner. They see their jail time as downtime unless they take advantage of their situation and either learn new skills, make new contacts, or set up new scores for when they get out.

Take the Fall For: To accept punishment, usually for a crime one did *not* commit. Taking the fall for a criminal acquaintance, especially one's superior, so they can stay out of prison is considered the height of criminal chivalry. Inmates known for this often have a great deal of respect both inside and outside of prison, and may be given special treatment.

Taking it to the Square: To call somebody out for a fight. Although many fights and killings in prison are done by ambush and assassination, a dueling tradition has somehow taken root, presumably because killing somebody in the open earns a lot more respect than simply whacking him without warning. This practice has spilled out of the prison and is being used increasingly by street hoods, career criminals and even superpowered villains looking to settle a score with their enemies.

Tin: Badge. A *tinhorn* is any kind of law enforcement official. To *throw tin* is to use one's position as a cop, guard, etc. to bully an inmate. ("Long as you skimming my profits, don't be throwing your tin at me.")

Tin Boot: The nickname for the human-like AN-105 robot guards.

Tin Can: The nickname for the AN-307 heavy robot because it's a big tin can with legs and weapon arms.

Traffic Ticket: Minor disciplinary offense. ("You mean you got a nickel on the Island for nicking cars? Man, that's just a traffic ticket.")

Trip for Biscuits: A trip for biscuits is any kind of for-profit crime that ends up not paying off. Most of the time, a "biscuit trip" happens because the criminal got stiffed on payment or because he chose an inherently unsuccessful score (like robbing a store right after it deposited all of its money to the bank). It also might refer to any botched job, like a bank robbery in which the crooks had to run before collecting any money. Any trip for biscuits that lands a crook in jail is cause for sympathy among other cons, most of whom have such a story themselves to tell. However, those who have made repeated biscuit trips are considered unlucky, stupid or both. That is not something to brag about.

Turnkey: A guard who is there just to open doors, who cares about nothing other than doing his or her shift. Turnkeys are prime candidates for bribery or other forms of corruption.

Waingroh Sunset: Fatal injury, done deliberately, usually with a knife or other hand-held implement. In reference to the crime-ridden Waingroh district of Century Station.

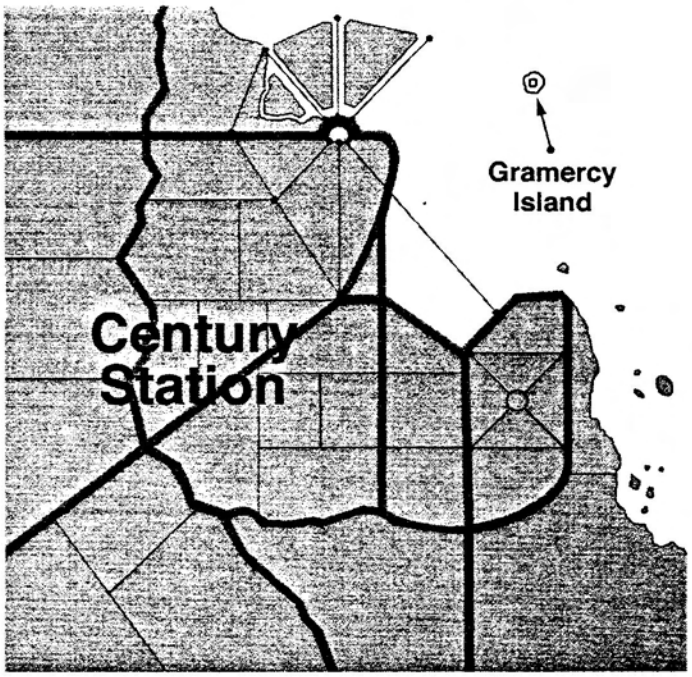
Walkalone: A prisoner who cannot exercise on a yard with other prisoners, usually because they are too violent or because they have made too many enemies. Gramercy Island has a yard for "walkalones" to exercise together.

Wheats: Pancakes. Wheats are the most common breakfast food on Gramercy Island.

Yarbles: Stones. Cojones. Guts. Backbone. "Putting your yarbles on the block" means to stick one's neck out in a fit of bravado or to do something which is especially courageous but entails some kind of punishment, like standing up to a correctional officer.

Zebra: Any inmate who associates with inmates of other races or ethnicities. Zebras are typically considered

hustlers trying to work everybody for an angle. In the racially charged atmosphere of Gramercy Island (and most prisons), zebras are treated like *skaters*, only worse.



Part Two: The Island

The History of Gramercy Island

Gramercy Island has had a long and colorful history that dates back to before the United States was even born. Throughout the years it has always managed to find itself in the middle of some crisis or another, lending credence to the theories of certain locals that the island is cursed somehow, and truly deserving of one of its many nicknames, "the Devil's Rock."

Land Ho

When settlers first came to this country hundreds of years ago, the rocky island was the first thing many sailors saw after their long voyage across the sea. It quickly became a landmark confirming that the mainland was only a short distance away. Upon seeing the island, weary mariners often gave out a cry of gratitude "grand merci" — old French for *great thanks* — which is how the island earned the name "Gramercy."

Originally known as "Gramercy Rock" it was never formerly settled, although it was often a home to hermits, bands of Indians, fishermen and, for a troubling period, pirates! According to legend, deep underneath the surface, there lies a network of hidden caves carved out by sea dogs who hid contraband and treasure deep inside the belly of Gramercy Rock. In later years, bootleggers during prohibition would use the island (and its secret hideaways?) for similar purposes.

Today, the island has been *extensively* developed and tales of secret caves and pirate treasure have been long forgotten. No serious excavation efforts have ever been made by modern man, so for all anybody knows, far beneath the high-tech prison could be a labyrinth of caves and even a king's ransom in plundered gold and other historical treasures (although unlikely).

Fort Gramercy

Sometime in the early 1800s, the Navy decided it had had enough with pirate captains and foreign spies using the island as a free port and launched an all-out campaign to oust the buccaneers living there, and to discourage naval criminals from ever setting foot on the island. The fight to clear Gramercy Island ended up being one of the fiercest naval battles on U.S. territory in decades, but after a prolonged battle, the Navy simply overwhelmed and destroyed the pirate fleet. The island was finally captured when the infamous pirate captain, *John Burkee,* was slain by Marines. Burkee took six Marines with him before he was cut down in a hail of pistol fire. Some say his angry ghost roams the island still, spooking guards and inmates to this day. Some go as far as to insist that Burkee, a criminal at heart, has somehow taken part in every escape attempt at the prison. He always does his bit to help out, they say, unlocking doors, shutting off video cameras, things like that. While most pooh-pooh such "crazy" stories, there have been incidents in which the guards on duty insist they locked a particular door, gate, cabinet, etc., only to discover it unlocked (and even wide open) later. Most assume such claims come from careless guards trying to cover their behinds, but who knows?

After the pirates were driven away, the military built a stout fortress on the island to prevent it from falling into the wrong hands ever again. The structure was named *Fort Gramercy*, and it packed an impressive array of guns capable of sinking ships well before they got close enough to return fire. For the most part, Fort Gramercy saw little action except for one instance.

It was on the eve of World War I, when an unidentified warship appeared off the coast of the island, fired a few salvos at the fortress (causing only light damage) and withdrew. Gunners on the island immediately returned fire, but since it was dark and the enemy ship was already withdrawing, the gunners could not tell if they sunk the mystery vessel or if it simply ran away. To this day, it would seem that nobody knows who sent this unidentified attacker or why. According to some investigative journalists, however, the reason for the attack was not part of any nationalist aggression against the United States, but part of some hidden war being fought by extra-national organizations without the public's knowledge. On that particular occasion, Fort Gramercy just got caught in the crossfire. But who these organizations were, what they wanted and why they were fighting is anybody's guess. Some have suggested it was the handiwork of the early predecessors of what later became known as *The Sector* (an incredibly powerful, secretive and self-sufficient spy organization technically funded by the U.S. but seemingly beholden to nobody).

Others see a less earthly source, claiming it was no clandestine group or foreign enemy taking potshots at the fort, but a *ghost ship*! One of the many pirate ships destroyed decades earlier come back, somehow, for a bit of revenge. Indeed, there have been other reports of ghostly sailing ships that occasionally appear on moonless nights and vanish in the fog or fade away in the distance.

A rock and a hard place

In the final days of World War II, Fort Gramercy was selected to hold numerous superpowered prisoners of war, such as *Die Panzer*, *Rising Sun*, and a dozen other Axis operatives. Possessing special skills and abilities, they could be held in no ordinary prison, so Fort Gramercy was specially outfitted to hold them. This proved to be an ideal choice: the island was isolated from population centers, the fort had a jail section, its fortifications were a deterrent to anyone who might consider an attempt to liberate the prisoners, and it was manned by U.S. Marines, with additional naval support all around it. When the war ended and these villains were repatriated (most of them continued their careers as international supervillains long after their mother countries renounced them), the U.S. government decided to keep the island operating as a maximum-security island prison where the worst of the worst could be housed with minimal risk of escape. The fort itself was decommissioned (so its funding and administration could be handled by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, not the U.S. military) and renamed the *Gramercy Island Penitentiary*. However, it is more commonly known simply as "Gramercy Island," a name synonymous with maximum security prison.

Gramercy Island became more than just a top-level prison. It was a place criminals actually feared to go. So harsh were the cons on the inside, so strict were the guards, so remote was the chance of escape, that any stay there was considered really hard time. Across the nation and the world, Gramercy Island became known as one of the world's hardest places for criminals.

Over the next few decades, the prison was expanded to house an ever-increasing inmate population, eventually covering the entire island. However, by the time a nationwide crime explosion hit the United States in the 1970s, Gramercy Island had fallen into serious disrepair. The zeal with which the original facility was built had long since evaporated. Over the years, repeated and gradual funding cutbacks eroded the facility's ability to adequately maintain itself. And though the inmate population kept growing, the number of guards remained unchanged. Overcrowding and corruption made the once shining pinnacle of prisons a crumbling relic that was a true living hell. It was only a matter of time before disaster struck.

The Long Ten

The next decade became known as "the Long Ten" by those who worked at the facility and by penologists who have chronicled the penitentiary's history. During this time, the prison became so decrepit and poorly run that it was nearly impossible to keep the inmates under control. There were nine separate breakout incidents, three of which were 100% successful. In one case, prisoners built a rubber raft in one of the prison workshops and paddled their way to the mainland. In another, a helicopter made a daring landing in one of the prison yards, picked up three inmates, and flew to safety. Guards on duty had either been bribed not to fire on the chopper, or their marksmanship was so poor they could not disable the vehicle. A third instance saw five prisoners simply disappear only to send the warden a postcard with their picture on it three years later. The quintet had apparently moved to Cancun, Mexico, and were living it up on the money they had stolen prior to their imprisonment.

That was not the worst of it either. In September 1979, model prisoner *Samuel Haines* was brutally beaten to death by prison guards who had singled the man out because he refused to pay them "protection money." As it turns out, the prison guards habitually shook down the inmates for a slice of what little money they made working in the facility, or what was sent by friends and family. When Haines refused, the guards feared other prisoners would follow suit. So, they killed him to make a statement. Their plan backfired terribly. The resulting furor among the inmates was so intense that the warden locked down the entire prison — prisoners were confined to their cells 24 hours a day for nearly a month. In late October, the prisoners were released, but the guards continued their extortion practices. Refusing to pay any more and with Haines' death to unify them, the prisoners began rioting on Halloween Eve. In what later became known as the "Samhain Riot," nine guards and thirty prisoners were killed in the initial wave of violence. The warden and all staff members (and their families, who lived on the island) were taken hostage for more than a week, requiring a joint force of Marines and Navy SEALs to free the hostages and liberate the island. Another 41 prisoners (including the riot's ringleaders) were killed in that operation, all hostages were freed, and the crisis was over ... for the moment.

Nationwide, the backlash from the Samhain Riot was simply incredible. How did the prison become so corrupt, so dilapidated? Why was it that local or state police could not handle the hostage scenario? Did the military really have to be called in to take action against U.S. citizens? These and other questions pretty much ruined the careers of anybody even remotely connected to the operation of Gramercy Island. In what was considered a monumental act of brushing the dirt under the carpet, the Federal government closed Gramercy Island and dispersed its inmates to other prisons. Having started as a mighty fortress and then a bastion of justice, Gramercy Island was finally a disgraced ruin.

Bloody Monday and Revival

For nearly two decades, Gramercy Island went uninhabited and unused. The prison's dark history prevented it from being a viable tourist attraction, and the island's overall inaccessibility made it unattractive for redevelopment.

The prison remained a husk until the infamous **Bloody Monday** riots five years ago. This grim chapter in Century Station's history began when the Century Station Police Department (CSPD) assisted by many of the city's superheroes launched a massive raid into the lawless and

mostly devastated *Waingroh District*, where a supervillain mastermind had established a criminal empire. In the resulting battle between the CSPD, scores of superhumans and an army of gangsters and other villains, nearly ten city blocks were flattened. This so-called criminal "empire" was shattered, but not before it detonated a small nuclear device that gutted Waingroh. Although there was virtually no radiation damage form the ultra-clean blast, it did touch off a wave of rioting and looting that plunged half the city into terror and chaos for three days. By the time the National Guard and other elements of the military, along with numerous superheroes from other cities quieted things down, Century Station was on the brink of ruin.

The city's recent history has been one of promises, rehabilitation, rebuilding, crime, and disappointment. Its future, an uncertain one. Details about **Century Station** can be found in that sourcebook. What is important with regards to **Gramercy Island** is that the people of the Station were fed up with rampant crime, gang lords, and superhuman villains ruling their streets. They wanted change, and they wanted it now! They wanted their police and heroes to protect them. They wanted to see justice, and they wanted to see villains locked away where they can't hurt anybody.

Riding this kind of public sentiment, Century Station's controversial Mayor, *Dwayne Zardona*, launched the ambitious rebuilding of Gramercy Island. With city funds, generous Federal aid and considerable private investment by the advanced technology companies that make up Century Station's influential *Council of Industry*, the Mayor leveled the old prison and built a new, state-of-the-art institution to take its place. The ultimate maximum security prison. A facility that can hold the worst criminals in the world, including superbeings. Thus, the *Super-Being Containment Wing* is said to be able to hold and control any superhuman brought to it for the duration of their sentence.

The public loved the idea. The new Gramercy Island Super-Pentitentuary has become the symbol of justice and represents the most advanced thinking in containment of superbeings. The shoreline of the island has been sculpted for better security, and the Council of Industry has used the project to develop and test a wide range of new technologies to make the prison work. With a final price tag greater than most States' entire annual prison budgets, Gramercy Island Penitentiary has burst onto the scene as the pinnacle for all others to strive for.

Prison Overview

Gramercy Island, already near maximum capacity, has its share of problems, but compared to many other penitentiaries (and considering the extremely high threat level of most of its inmates), the Island is considered by many to be a model prison for the future. Even now, similar facilities are under construction throughout the United States (in both *Ultropolis* and *Victory City*) as well as in Canada, Great Britain, Russia, China, Japan, Australia, Brazil and Egypt.

Like many prisons, Gramercy Island serves four purposes: *deterrence*, *punishment*, *incapacitation*, and *rehabilitation*. That said, Gramercy Island is primarily meant to *punish* its inmates, not rehabilitate them. The voting public of Century Station is so angry and fed up with crime that they do not really care about helping those who have hurt them. They simply want societal payback for the pain and ruin crime has brought into their lives. Thus, the rehab measures at Gramercy Island are woefully underfunded in favor of extra-tight containment and security measures.

Aside from satisfying the four basic tenets noted above, Gramercy Island serves other purposes. Among the political hierarchy of Century Station it is both a public relations tool and means of generating much needed revenues. As a PR tool, it serves to satisfy the public's cry for justice and creates the illusion that more is being done to solve the problems of crime throughout the District. Nationally, the prison has generated a positive buzz and recognition that brings industry and commerce to the city. All those places that are creating similar institutions are "buying" much of their technology from the corporations headquartered at Century Station. On top of that, the prison itself is also a source of revenue.

Ever since the District of Century Station entered decline, the city fathers have been looking high and low for a means of reversing the metropolis misfortunes. Gramercy Island is one avenue by which they can do it. Until other super-prisons complete construction, the island is the only facility in this half of the world capable of successfully containing superpowered criminals, even Mega-Villains. While Century Station has a serious crime problem with plenty of super-crooks running afoul of the law, most of the inmates at Gramercy Island come from other jurisdictions. Places where the local governments do not have the capabilities to contain them. So, they opt to pay a $5 million annual fee to the *Century Station Prison Authority* Gramercy Island to have incarcerate these individuals. Not only does this provide the prison's annual operating budget of roughly $200 million and generate a total of $500 million each year (the other $300 million going into the District's general operating fund), also it generates more positive national publicity. "Got a superhuman too hot to handle, who you gonna call ..." With so many other city projects on shaky ground, the profits of Gramercy Island remain one of Century Station's chief sources of revenue.

Opponents of this policy point out that in less than four years the prison is filled to capacity with obvious overcrowding to come in the years that follow. They warn that inhumane conditions, corruption and prison crime are already on the rise. Overcrowding will only escalate these problems. Moreover, they fume that *more* super-powered criminals are being "imported" to a place that already has more than its fair share. Sure, there has not been one escape yet, but there is bound to be. These are superhumans, after all. Don't they *always* break out of prison?

The greatest concern for overcrowding lays with the Super-Being Containment Wing. What happens when a superbeing from Century Station gets busted but can not be held because their slot is taken up by an imported prisoner? The CSPD vows that efforts are underway to *triple* the size of the Containment Wing, but will it be in time to hold the District's worst superhuman public enemies?

egory of superbeing. It has even gotten to the point that fringe politicians have begun basing their platforms on this, playing off of people's fears for their support. While nothing major has come of that yet, it might only be a matter of time. And with that possibility on the horizon, facilities such as the Gramercy Island Penitentiary seem to serve a larger and darker purpose: A testing ground to forge and test new weapons and means of controlling

means the boat crashes against the rock wall that is the island's shore. Crashed ships will be trapped by the waves and pinned there, and battered to pieces. Once a ship is pinned like that, the only hope is to evacuate the ship or to use super abilities to alter the water, the stone, or the ship so a complete rescue might be effected.

Those trying to land on the extreme southeastern tip of the island may do so at only -30%, since conditions are a little milder there.

For years, prisoners felt that the most dangerous part of their stay on the Island was their trip out. Even with the expert piloting of the prison boat captains, more than a few transports have been dashed against the island. Today, there is no dock on the island for ships at all. Prisoners are transported to and from the island exclusively by air.

Of course, the rough water is one of the security measures for the prison, since it dissuades non-superpowered inmates from delusions of swimming to safety. Those who try are said to never make it very far (it is a five mile/8 km swim to shore). Every quarter mile, one must make a Swim roll at -30% or drown, and must fight the waves to such a degree that they must swim the equivalent of 20 miles (32 km)! The only other way through the water is to use a SCUBA system, mini-sub or superpowers that make crossing the water a minor problem.

The island itself holds a final mystery, it is home to the *boring weevil*, a small beetle indigenous to the island. The boring weevil possesses diamond-hard mandibles and lives by boring through the rock base of the island and actually eats the gravel and rock dust generated. The shell of the beetle can withstand most normal kinetic attacks (fly swatter, punch, kick, stomp), and the beetles are resistant to cold, heat, fire and even electricity. Only certain chemicals have a shot at destroying them, but finding a toxin capable of killing the beetles has proven elusive and will take years. Of course, super-strength is effective against them, as are a number of high-tech weapons and super abilities. Fortunately, the little buggers are not harmful to humans, nor represent any apparent danger. While they burrow through the granite of the island, they don't seem to like concrete and other man-made materials, so they don't threaten the integrity of the prison. Nor are the tiny beetles very prolific, so at any given time, there are only 8-10

ire island; no more than a thousand boring iven time.

eworthy for three reasons. One, it is possi- e centuries these insects may be responsi- es legend says exist under the surface. erbeings can control and command insects sn't appear there is much one can do with t would take decades for them to chew a And three, who knows how the sinister y, *Genesys,* might mutate and use them if eir hands on these creatures? For the time know very little about these insects, and of them in place.

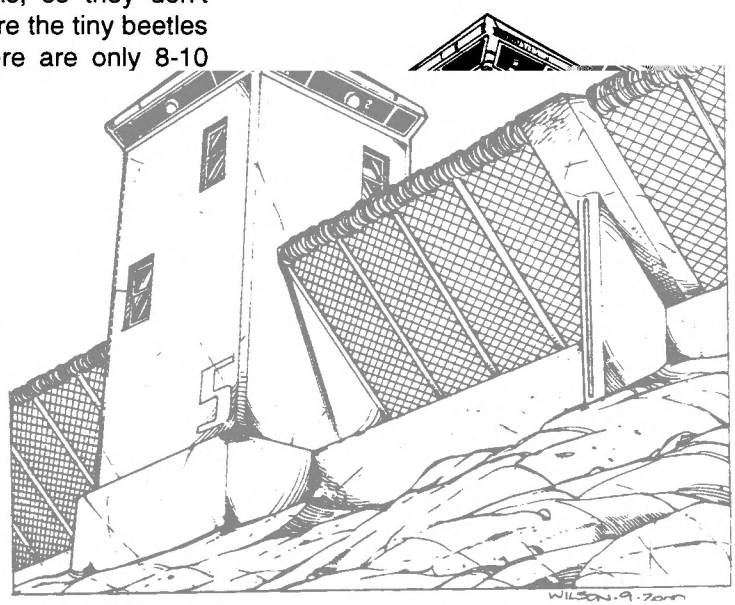
The Penitentiary

Prison Security

Most prisons are simple structures — a barracks-style living environment within a fort-like confine divided into small, armored cells with few amenities to speak of. The living quarters are spartan and unremarkable at best. The most remarkable feature is the omnipresent security systems and measures that give a prison its distinctive look, feel and character. Gramercy Island is no different. As a maximum-security facility for locking up the worst of the worst, the penitentiary resembles a fortified military compound. The threat of riots, escape attempts and break-in attempts to "spring" prisoners makes the prison an extremely dangerous place. The only way to counter such danger is to be more than ready for it. Gramercy Island does a rather good job of doing just that, in large part thanks to the personnel on staff here, but also due to a number of automated systems and defenses.

Walls & Fences

The outermost perimeter of the prison is an electrified fence which runs the entire length of the island's coastline. The fence is energized with electricity 24 hours a day. Anything that touches it will receive a massive jolt that inflicts 1D4x10 points of damage. The fence is 20 feet (6.1 m) high, angled outward and topped with rolled razor wire. If one were impervious to the shocking effects of the fence, it could be climbed, but only those who are impervious to cutting damage (i.e., have a high natural A.R. or are wearing full-body armor) or who make their Climb roll at -25% will get over the top without becoming entangled in and slashed by the razor wire. Those who do get caught in the wire will take 3D6 points of damage, and must roll under their P.P. on a D20 or become hopelessly trussed up in the stuff. Every further movement (i.e. melee action) will inflict another 2D6 points of damage. At this point, the only way out is to cut the wire, or to inventively use one's superpowers to get the wire off or one's self out.



nests on the ent weevils at any g

They are not ble that over the ble for the cav Two, some supe (although it doe these beetles; i short tunnel). biotech compan they ever got th being, scientists there is no study

Main Wall

After the fence is the main prison wall that encircles the [illegible] towering super-alloy bulwarks are 50 (15.2 m) tall and 15 feet (4.6 m) thick. A ten foot e (3 m) section of the wall has 1,000 S.D.C. Given thick the wall is, one would basically have to inflict S.D.C. to a single wall section to punch or blast gh. Those with super abilities or high-tech weapons do so more quickly and easily, but are still likely to a minute or more unless a true powerhouse.

rd Towers

ere is one guard tower for every 1,000 feet (305 m) er wall. These towers stand 20 feet (6.1 m) high from o of the outer wall, and basically consist of a 20 foot foot (6.1 m by 6.1 m) square pillar with a reinforced r and watch area on top. Again, any given 10 foot e (3 m) section of a tower has 1,000 S.D.C. To com- smash through a tower's support column, one have to inflict 2,000 S.D.C., but thanks to the law of , a tower will tilt and collapse after its support col- ustains only 1,000 S.D.C.

top of each tower are two guards, one manning a negun and another to feed ammo, operate a search- and to serve as a backup. Each guard wears a optics helmet with a built-in communicator to stay in ant radio contact with their superiors. The guards ely sweep the 180 degree area in front of their tower heir searchlight, but this is really more for show than ng else since the towers have automated motion de- s and infrared scanners active at all times. Any mov- ject over five pounds (2.3 kg) that comes within feet (305 m) of a guard tower will automatically reg- n the motion trackers. This will alert the guards and atically cause the searchlight to sweep the area. there are a fair number of seabirds who visit the is- these sensor arrays do not automatically raise a al facility alert (since the prison would constantly be false alarms). That is why there are human guards the towers — to respond to any genuine threats.

e weapon mounted on every guard tower is an *34 Minigun*, a 5.56 mm electric gatling gun capable owing tremendous amounts of firepower. Their ex- ly high rate of fire and sheer lethality make charging all a suicide run for most intruders. Likewise, these are a constant threat to anybody trying to bash gh the outer walls.

one might guess, these towers are geared mainly pelling an assault of the island, rather than gunning escapees or rioters. The threat from superhuman s trying to invade the prison to break out their part- is a constant worry. Consequently, the guards take ances with intruders. Any boat, aircraft, or swimmer ely as that may be) gets one verbal warning over the bull horns to turn back. If that warning goes un- eeded, the towers open fire, shooting to kill. Over the last year, a private yacht filled with drunken college students was sunk when it tried to land on the island. Although there was a considerable uproar from the parents of the slain students, the prison's spin doctors managed to make it clear that absolutely no intrusion will be tolerated on Gramercy Island. After that, the public got the point and knows full well to stay away. Ships that are stricken and drifting toward the island can broadcast a special emergency code that will delay any firing, but will cause the prison patrol vessels to intercept and bring the vehicle back to the mainland.

One final note: The range of the motion trackers and sensors on the guard towers are wide enough to overlap with those from adjacent towers on either side. For one to approach a wall undetected, high-tech gadgetry, super powers, magic, or some other unusual method must be employed.

XM-134 Minigun

Range: 2,500 feet (762 m).

Damage: 5D6 per round.

Rate of Fire: Long and full melee bursts only. This weapon's rate of fire is so fast that a long burst counts as only two attacks and a full melee burst counts as only two attacks.

Payload: 4,000 rounds, enough for 8 long bursts, or four full melee bursts. Each tower station carries two 4,000 round reloads. Reloading the MX-134 takes a full melee round.

G500-High-Powered Searchlight

Each tower carries a powerful searchlight capable of illuminating the area out to 500 feet (152 m). The searchlight has only 30 S.D.C. and can be operated by the second guard or placed on automated response.

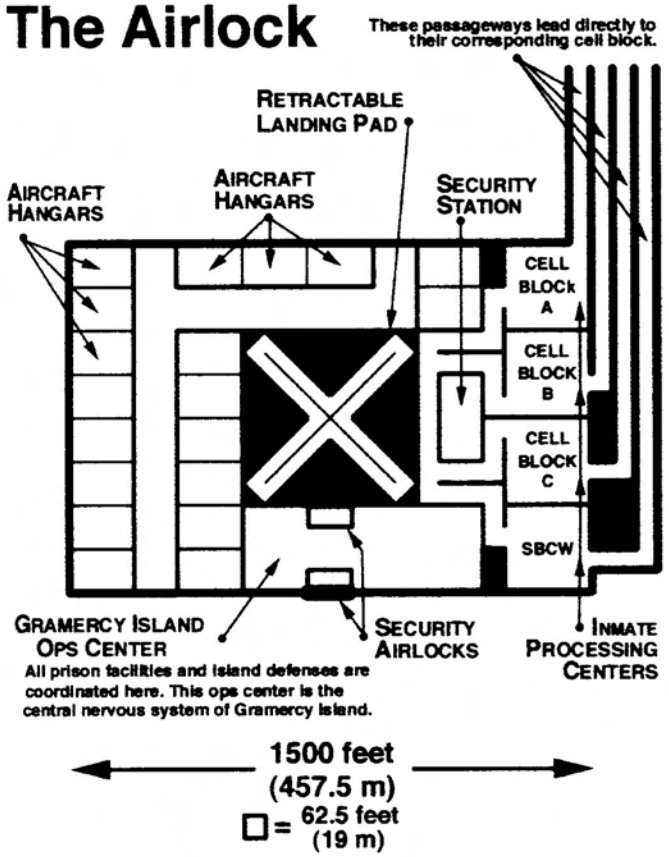
The Airlock

Inmates and visitors typically come to Gramercy Island by air, landing on the large armored landing pad known as *The Airlock*. Once aircraft land on this unusual structure, it hydraulically lowers into the bedrock of the island, and a super-alloy blast door closes over the top of it. The landing pad comes to rest on the floor of the prison's underground aircraft hangar, sealed within the prison proper. Only then are prisoners ordered to disembark and fall in line to the processing areas where they will be admitted to the prison, issued their clothes, given verbal instructions, a book of rules, a rudimentary medical exam, a work assignment, and sent off to their cell via underground passageways that link up to the basement entrances of the various cell block buildings.

Like the outer walls, the Airlock blast door is made of a super-alloy that has 800 S.D.C. for every ten foot square (3 m). The blast door and the landing pad are both 500 square feet (152 sq. M) section across; the blast doors are 10 feet (3 m) thick. It takes a full minute for the blast doors to open or close.

The Airlock maintains a squad of eight guards at all times, who admit aircraft, clear them for departure, and [illegible] airspace surrounding the island out to a 20 radius. This range brings much of Century view, something the prison radar operators ul to watch. Century Station has a great deal traffic, any of which might suddenly veer off monitor the a mile (32 km) Station within must be caref of its own air

The Airlock



and begin an unauthorized approach to the island. Unless one is using some kind of stealth technology, approaching the prison by air undetected is a long shot at best.

The Airlock staff are backed up by an additional eight-man guard squad whenever visitors are landing or preparing for takeoff. For handling the transfer of especially dangerous inmates, Intervention Squad units might be deployed, as well as *Argonaut assault robots* and other facility hardware.

Docking Station

On the southern end of the island is a single docking area where the prison's fleet of patrol boats and semi-submersibles are housed. All craft are wet docked in enclosed docking areas, but can be stored dry if need be. The dock facility is a freestanding structure with a staff similar to that of the airlock: Eight guards for running the harbor and monitoring the surrounding 20 miles (32 km) via sonar. Another eight guards are on hand when visitors arrive or leave the island. There are also another two guard towers positioned here, one on either side of the harbor entrance, where they can intercept hostile inbound vessels. The only action they have seen, however, was one time when a torpedo was fired at the harbor from far, far away. The culprit escaped unidentified, but the torpedo was destroyed by the harbor guns before it could damage any of the vessels stationed there.

Aqua-survival courses take place here for the prison staff each year. These classes teach the guards how to handle the rough surf around the island, and how to rescue or retrieve people swimming in it. Those who pass the course receive a one-time bonus to their Swimming and Advanced Swimming/SCUBA skills.

Note: With the exception of the occasional visiting dignitary or aquatic superbeing, the Dock Station does NOT accept visitors. It is a defense and security outpost.

Visiting Centers

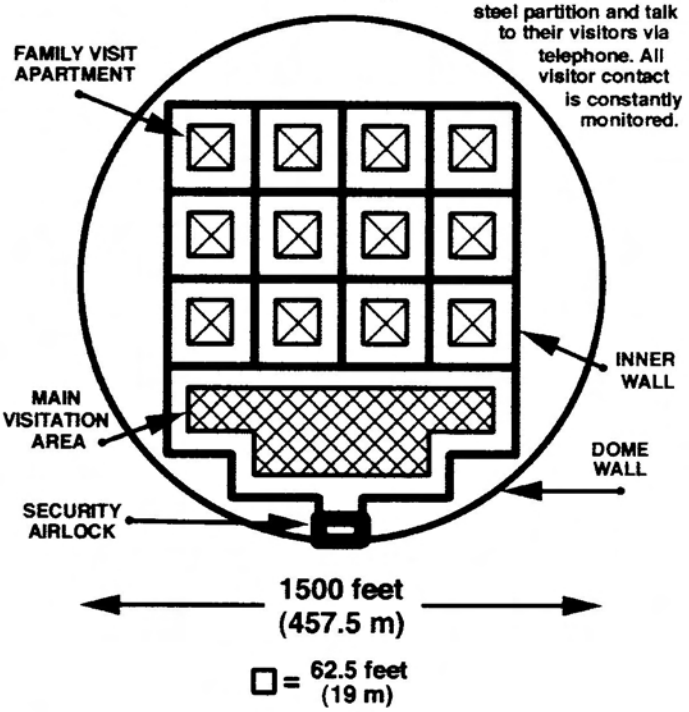
Most of the prisoners on Gramercy Island have some kind of visitation rights. Since visitors can bring in drugs, weapons, or tools for escape, all visits are rigorously structured and regulated. Most visitation is done in the **main visitors' center**, a centrally located building made of reinforced concrete (400 S.D.C. per ten foot square/3 m section). The visitors' center is under complete video surveillance (even the lavatories), and any visitor must sign a waiver before entering, agreeing to completely surrender his or her right to privacy while in the building. Visitors pass through a metal detector and X-Ray machine, as well as subjected to a body search in which they are frisked for weapons or other contraband. Body cavity searches are specifically prohibited, unless a visitor is caught passing contraband to a prisoner. The inmates are likewise subject to a full body search after each visitation to make sure they do not have anything smuggled to them. Theoretically, this procedure screens out all contraband, but the truth is there are enough corrupt guards on the staff that some contraband manages to get through.

Items and delivered packages containing food, money or other presents are submitted to a facility quartermaster who searches the stuff for contraband and then has it delivered directly to the prisoner after the visit.

In standard visitation, the inmate and his visitor sit at a little two-person booth, separated by a pane of transparent

Visitors' Center

The VC is a geodesic dome enclosing 12 family visit apartments (each enclosed by a wall and airlock) and a main visitation area where inmates may receive visitors for up to one hour. During such meetings, inmates sit on the opposite side of a transparent steel partition and talk to their visitors via telephone. All visitor contact is constantly monitored.



super-alloy (320 S.D.C.). They communicate through telephones that are hooked up to each other. All conversations on these phones are monitored and recorded; any mention of escape, contraband, smuggling or any other illegal activity will result in swift and severe disciplinary action against the inmate. Usually, that entails no visitation at all for 1D6 months, and even 1D4 weeks in administrative segregation (solitary confinement). During standard visitation, guards are present on either side of the pane, ready to spring at a moment's notice if it appears that any-

busted back into prison shortly after they hit the streets. To battle this, the prison has established a few colleges of its own — industrial centers where inmates all go to learn and practice a trade that could actually turn into a decent job on the outside. Most prisons make their inmates work, but it is always in some kind of low-tech, menial job such as industrial laundry, swabbing the floors, or working a 1930s era metal shop. A con who does this for 10 years is just unskilled and unhappy with his lot in life as ever before. Thus he turns to his criminal training to fall back on

quired to work in one of these four areas for the course of their sentence. The inmates get to choose which one they get into, and are paid minimum wage for their toil. This money goes into a prison account that can be used to buy luxury items at the prison commissary (such as cigarettes, candy bars, magazines, etc.) or they can direct deposit the money into a savings account to support a family on the outside or build a nest egg for when they get out. Sadly, the majority of cons spend their money in stir.

Each industry center has a staff of around 100 instructors plus foremen and guards who supervise the prisoners' work, just as if they were in a job on the outside. Those who perform well (i.e., take pride in their work, put forth an honest effort, don't give any attitude) receive one day off their sentence for every week worked. Those who slack off or cause trouble are usually pulled off of work duty and placed in administrative segregation. New inmates undergo a six week training period in which they learn the basic foundation of their new trade. After that, they go to work for eight hours a day, five days a week.

General Manufacturing

The first industry center specializes in *general manufacturing*, and is a highly automated production center capable of churning out a wide variety of goods, from license plates to prefab furniture to machine parts. The prisoners working here learn how to manage industrial automation, drill presses and similar "machine shop" operations — all skills in good demand in Century Station and other large U.S. cities. This is probably the most popular of the industry centers, since it is the kind of job anybody can pick up fairly easily, and is considered the least mentally taxing. Industrial accidents are a little more common than usual, however, because the prisoners often overlook basic precautions and will even disable safety interlocks on their machinery because they get in the way. A small percentage of prisoners will deliberately maim themselves here to get permanent disability benefits from the prison — a loophole ride in which one gets full work credit but no longer has to do anything. These "one handers," as they are called, are considered to be untrustworthy slackers by the rest of the work crews in this center. A surprisingly small number of prisoners suffer an "accident" as an act of revenge.

Although weapons manufacturing is a risk here, tight supervision and control over raw materials prevents it — mostly. About a year ago, an enterprising inmate actually constructed a super-nail gun, smuggled the parts to his cell, assembled it, and used it to assassinate three guards before he was killed himself. Since then, making nail guns has become part of the underground education of this industry center, and the prison administration fears that at any given time, there might be eight to ten of these lethal devices among the inmate population. These guns are not just on the inside, either. Over in Victory City, a new hardware-toting villain calling himself *Tenpenny* used a super-powered version of a Gramercy Island nailgun to kill two heroes and a cop. Rumor has it that even Fabricators, Inc. is working on their own version. In addition, other homemade weapons have begun to filter out of the manufacturing center, from simple small knives, shanks and ice picks to larger and more dangerous items. **Note:** Anybody caught trying to build a zip-, nail- or any type of gun is severely punished and permanently loses work privileges in the manufacturing center as well as any days deducted from his sentence for participating in the work program.

Gramercy Island Nailgun

This is like a standard nail gun used for construction, except it fires larger nails at greater velocity (it is effectively a gun not a construction tool). These weapons are best known for their fully automatic firing capabilities and for breaking down into six easy to smuggle components.

Range: 100 feet (30.5 m).

Damage: 2D6 S.D.C./Hit Points per nail.

Rate of Fire: Single shot or short burst firing.

Payload: 50, 100 or 200 rounds.

Bonuses: +1 to strike when burst firing only.

Zip-Gun

A simple homemade gun that typically fires one or two projectiles; anything from bullets (bought or smuggled), nails or metal slugs. Range is typically short for this crude gun and best for shooting at very close range (20 feet/6 m or closer).

Effective Range: 20 feet (6 m); maximum range: 60 feet (18.3 m).

Damage: 4D6.

Rate of Fire: Single shot.

Payload: One or two rounds.

Penalties: -1 to strike. When trying to hit a target more than 20 feet (6 m) away, add another -2 to strike for each 10 feet (3 m) of distance.

Homemade Knives & Bludgeons

These are crude knives and ice pick style constructs.

Damage: 1D4 for small knives and ice picks, 1D6 for larger blades.

Note: Homemade black jacks and pieces of pipe may also be used as a simple bludgeon/club and do 1D4, 1D6 or 2D4 damage depending on size. In both cases, the smaller and easier to conceal, the better.

Computer & Robotics Center

The second industry center is dedicated to *computer and robotics hardware* work. Century Station has an advanced high-tech sector that builds and extensively uses robots, cybernetics, and other cutting edge electronics and machinery. This has created a boom market for those able to build, service and repair such equipment. It is the hope of this industry center that the training it provides will give inmates skills that are in real demand. For those willing to go the distance, a paycheck working cybernetic repair is double or triple what most career criminals can ever dream to pull down. And, it's clean and legal.

The only problem is that there is an even bigger *black market* for these skills, and it pays top dollar. Numerous "graduates" of this industry center have rotated to the outside only to become a cyber-mechanic for the underworld,

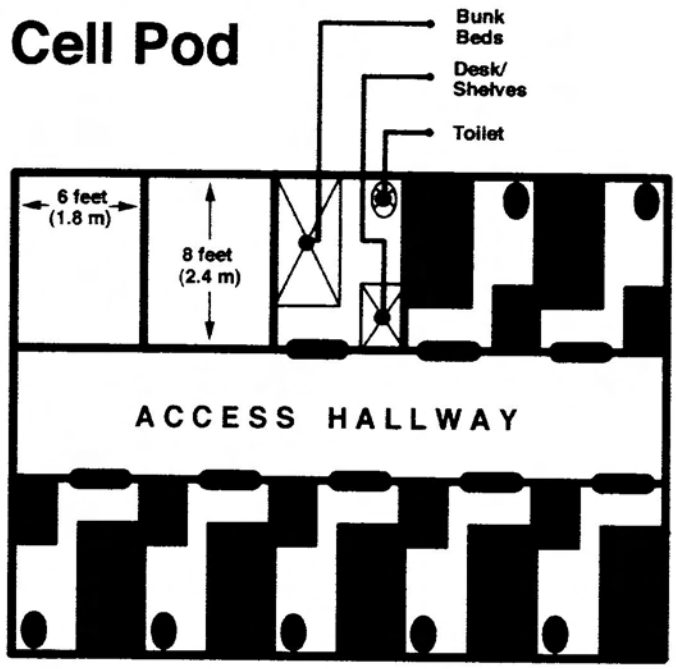
pulling down six figures or more a year. On the good side, a few inmates have taken to this training like ducks to water, and even invented new applications and even some equipment from behind bars. Perhaps the most noticeable is a micro-servo system invented by former convict *Kendrick Ngorongoro*. This system, when applied to any cyborg or robot, can radically increase strength in the arms and legs. In game terms, the Ngorongoro servo system essentially allows one to buy strength at half cost, effectively doubling the amount of strength one can buy with their budget. The only problem is it is a fairly untested system and has a 01-10% chance of locking up every time the servos lift their maximum weight. Once locked, the servos are ruined and they must be replaced! Unfortunately, Ngorongoro has disappeared since his parole. Sources suspect that he has been taken prisoner by a criminal mastermind in Ultropolis who is forcing him to design and build an army of experimental super-robots.

Software Development

The third industry center is for *software development*. In today's world, software skills mean big bucks, and inmates are finally beginning to catch on to that. Those who are able to figure out the nuances of advanced programming learn how to handle computers like a pro, program in the most popular language, and wrangle even the most complicated networks. Of all the industry programs, this one has had the best success with getting convicts decent jobs on the outside. Most of those willing to reform themselves find a job, stick with it a few years, and then form their own company. One such success story is *Graybar Programming*, a company staffed entirely by Gramercy Island "graduates." So far, it is doing pretty well, but unbeknownst to them, their advanced artificial intelligence program is about to take on a life of its own. That, and the Sector, that mysterious and ultra-covert spy organization, is keeping the group under surveillance for some reason, and it's not because of the groups' soon to be born digital brainchild.

Building Construction

Finally, the fourth industry center is dedicated to *building and construction*. This job program is best suited to the many inmates who have no appreciable skills and may not even be literate. Century Station and many major cities require plenty of building power. It provides steady, reasonably lucrative work, and it is not difficult to come by. The problem is that on the outside, construction is often a haven for criminals. In certain communities, for every legitimate business, there is one where the construction industry is purely a front for organized crime, whereas in others, construction firms merely work for well-concealed villain organizations. The risk of running afoul of unsavory elements is high for the newly released ex-con. Such a temptation to fall back to their criminal ways is powerful, indeed. But there are those who manage to take their training here and use it as a vehicle for a new life. Of the more interesting examples are a construction firm of ex-cons who specialize in repairing the collateral damage left by super-brawls. (Business is very good in the world's super-cities.) Another firm hires Gramercy Island ex-cons to help them build correctional facilities, and more importantly, to test their designs for weaknesses in security. These "ethical escape artists" are fantastic at finding a weakness in a structure's security and exploiting it. Law enforcement is leery about such "professionals," however, since they believe their skills could be turned to criminal ends and sabotage all too easily. After all, didn't a graduate of this program use his skills to become the *Dodgeman*, the world's greatest super-burglar? (Until he got caught, that is.)



NOTE: Cell pods typically are "stacked" next to each other. Certain inmates have been known to tap morse code messages through the wall to the adjacent cell. While most do this purely for conversation, all kinds of illegal activity is arranged through this coded tapping between the cells. The facility staff have no way to stop it, and fear that some inmates are organizing a massive revolt this way.

The Cell Blocks

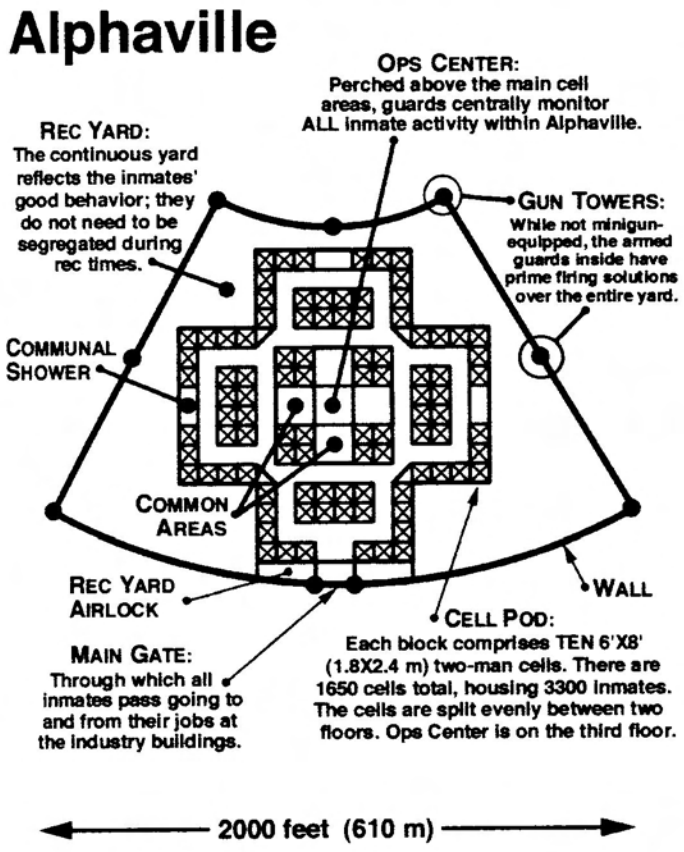
The prison is designed to hold approximately 10,000 inmates, total. There are three main cell blocks which each house 3,300 inmates, and a fourth cell block (the Super-Being Containment Wing) which holds another 100. However, the three main cell blocks are all at or close to their maximum capacity. Should the stream of inmates continues unabated, as it is almost certain to do, serious overcrowding problems will arise. As any other prison can attest to, overcrowding is a very bad thing, leading to increased violence and security risks.

Each cell block is monitored around the clock from a central control room which is located on the top floor of each block. Here, guards can monitor every cell and address the prisoner's needs and requests. It is from here that they can also provide armed response to any disturbances or escape attempts in the block.

Facility-wide, Gramercy Island has one guard for every four inmates. This provides a pretty serious show of force

and does a lot to keep the inmates in line. Of the roughly 2,500 guard total on Gramercy Island, around 250 belong to the Intervention Squad, Gramercy Island's Special Weapons and Tactics unit. In cases where either conventional guards or the Intervention Squad can not do the job, the prison's Argonauts (robot guards) are called in as the last line of defense. Only occasionally are other superpowered authorities called upon to squelch trouble at the prison.

The cells themselves are a uniform six by eight feet (1.8 m by 2.4 m) and consisting of one or two bunks, a sink, a toilet, and enough room for each inmate to stow a few personal belongings. That's it. Enjoy your stay.



Alphaville

Cell Block A, nicknamed "Alphaville," is the cell block with the lightest security, compared to the other Cell Blocks. The prisoners housed here are those on their best behavior, have shown signs of rehabilitation, and represent the lowest risk for violence. They are all usually granted work, visitation and recreational privileges that inmates in the other cell blocks do not enjoy. Violence and drug use here is at a minimum compared to other cell blocks, though it is still higher than what the prison administration cares to admit.

Alphaville is at 100% capacity with 3300 inmates split between 1650 two-man cells. Prisoners are locked down in their cells 16 hours a day. Five days a week, prisoners are let out for eight hours at a time so they can work in one of the prison's industry facilities. The average prisoner working in the industry buildings for 20 years can save $50,000 to $150,000 depending on how much he puts away. Unfortunately, few save more than $20,000. Still, the opportunity is much better than what most prisoners elsewhere can expect.

One day a week, prisoners are let out for an eight hour rec period. They can spend this time either in their cell, in the Alphaville common area, or outside in one of the rec yards. Prisoners may roam freely in the cell block and outside yards at this time. Although this is when any violence or drug transactions are likely to occur, what prevents a lot of that from happening is the no-tolerance policy of the block. Any infraction of prison rules whatsoever — fighting, disrespecting guards, vandalism, obvious drug use, displaying gang colors, etc., results in the prisoner's expulsion from Alphaville to Bedlam, the next cell block down. Life there is considerably harsher than Alphaville, so those inside this block usually tow the line so they can stay here. Those who break the rules often do so within a week of entering Alphaville; long-timers in this block are fairly trustworthy and dependable.

Alphaville inmates also may have one hour of visitation per week, and up to 12 days of familial visits a year. Familial visits allow inmates to have somewhat ordinary interactions with their families in a highly monitored yet otherwise unrestricted environment.

Meals are served in-cell for breakfast and dinner. Lunches are served either at the industry centers or in the common area.

Notable prisoners in Alphaville include:

Tommy Clark, doing 20 years for aggravated assault upon six law enforcement officers. Turns out, Clark sent five cops and a C-SWAT member to the hospital during the Bloody Monday riots that gripped Century Station a few years ago. What nobody seems to have noticed is that Clark cold cocked that trooper and man-handled the others using his power of *Supernatural Strength*! That he is not in the Super-Being Containment Wing is a SNAFU of the first order. So far he has successfully kept a low profile and most inmates aren't aware he has Super-Strength, but should he ever need it, he's got it.

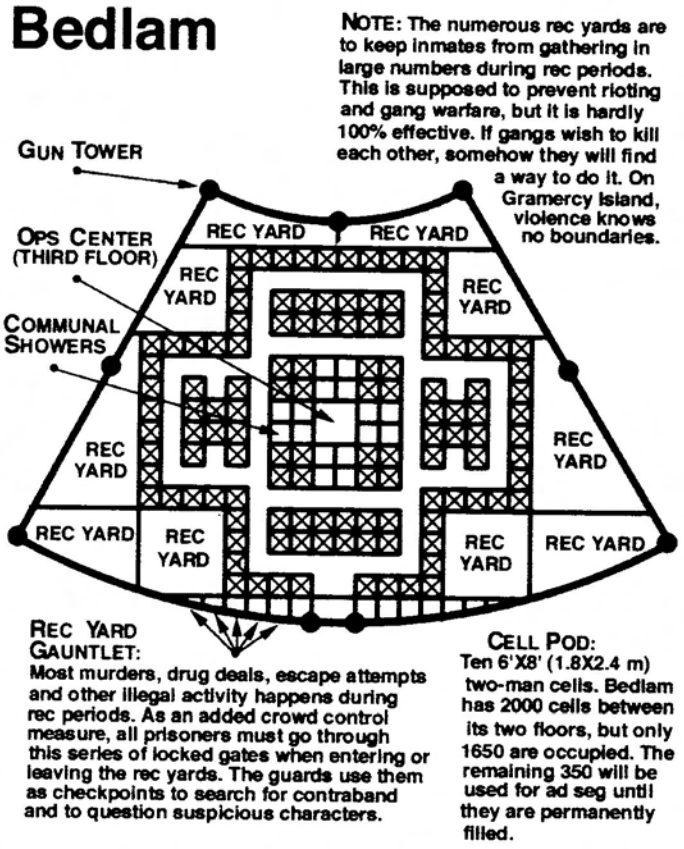
Ernesto Garcia, ex-leader of the colorgang *Latin Apocalypse*. Garcia, now doing 25 years for murder, found religion after coming to Gramercy Island, and currently runs one of the busiest joss houses out of his cell. Rumor has it, the strange deity he worships has actually granted him magical powers. Whether true or not, he appears to have been a model prisoner for the last 16 years.

Riley Gradle, doing 30 years for contempt of court. Huh? Seems Ol' Riley mouthed off to the judge when he was acquitted for a triple homicide that he really should have been found guilty on. Gradle made the mistake of mooning the judge on the way out of the courtroom, for which he was arrested immediately. Shortly thereafter, he was framed for a double homicide on the "inside" and sentenced for 30 years. Riley chose not to fight it because he figured the judge would get him one way or the other.

Orion Hardcastle, doing life for double murder. Hardcastle killed his brother and his wife when he found them sleeping together. This intelligent nut-bug tends to

keep to himself, reads a lot and is quiet and demure, almost hermit-like. He's a respected Old Sage.

Benny Selk, doing 20 years for armed robbery. Selk has discovered his muse in prison and now writes novels based loosely on his experiences on Gramercy Island. Three have been published so far and the latest, *The Longtimer*, is on the Victory City Times' Bestsellers List.



Bedlam

Cell Block B, also known as "Bedlam," is Gramercy Island's *medium-security facility*. The block is at 82.5% capacity, with 3300 prisoners distributed between 1650 of the block's 2000 two-man cells.

Bedlam is for prisoners who either washed out of Alphaville or who don't quite merit the supermax security measures of *The Cage* (detailed next). Prisoners here are locked down in their cells 20 hours a day (all meals are in-cell), with a four-hour rec shift per day. During this time, prisoners may pass freely from cell to cell, the cell block common area, or the rec yard outside. Violence, especially gang violence and contract killings, is endemic here, as is drug trafficking and consumption. Those who are caught committing a crime are busted down to The Cage, but most often, nobody gets caught for their dirty deeds. Part of it is because the guards in Bedlam inevitably become hardened, and ignore minor trouble (like drug use), or a little corrupt. With so much drug money and syndicate influence among the prisoners, the average guard can not help but look the other way once in a while. As a result, there is an intricate economy of favors between the inmates of Bedlam and their guards, who often have things the others want. For the guards that is usually hush money. For the inmates, it is drugs, weapons, recommendations to Alphaville, etc.

Notable members of Bedlam include:

Sonny Trendsetter, the notorious leader of the *Milkmen*, one of Century Station's most vicious colorgangs. Sonny is doing all day, not for killing ten members of various rival gangs, but for the three innocent children who got caught in the crossfire. Sonny sheds no tears over the people he has killed. For him, prison time is just an occupational hazard.

Harwell Mangrove, diabolic leader of the *Aryan Uprising*, a purely evil white supremacist gang that has contributed a great deal to the racial tensions in the Cell Block.

Jaeger Smith, a commercial pilot who stole an experimental jet fighter from his Air Force reserve base with the intent of selling it to private offshore buyers. He was shot down trying to flee American airspace and was sent to Gramercy Island after killing a guard in the Big Sky Federal Penitentiary. Jaeger is an ace pilot who can handle any flying machine.

Solomon Frasier, a mercenary who is doing life for a mortar attack he launched on the Waingroh district of Century Station. His story was that he was hired through *Pocket Wars, Inc.*, a third party mercenary recruiting agency specializing in finding talent for urban war jobs.

Mike Chapelle, doing 150 years for an arson job that not only took the lives of forty-three people, but also caused over $300 million in damage, including the destruction of a government data bank that held incriminating computer evidence against every major underworld figure in the country. Coincidence, or the reason for the arson in the first place?

The Cage

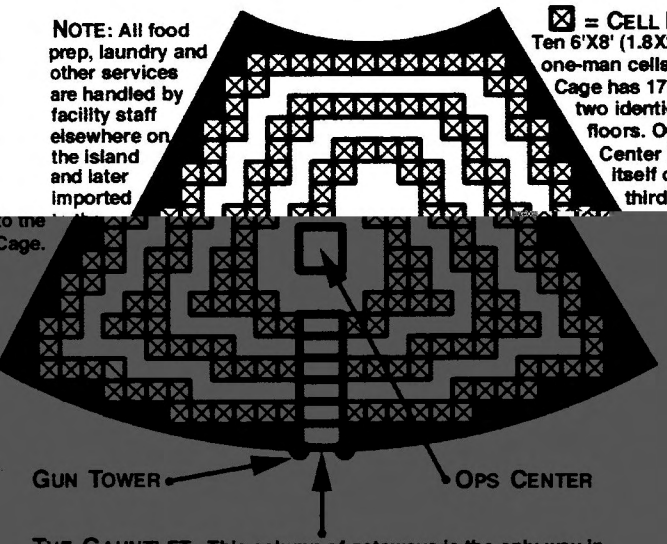
Cell Block C, better known as "The Cage," is Gramercy Island's "supermax" facility. The 3300 prisoners here fill 94% of the wing's 3500 one-man isolation cells, and represent the very worst non-powered criminals the facility has to offer. The inmates here have either committed a felony while in prison, or were convicted of crimes so heinous the inmate had to be separated from other prisoners for his own safety. This may include criminal masterminds, thrill killers, gang leaders, serial killers and those who routinely instigate riots or hurt and murder other inmates. Snitches may also get a ride in The Cage, since the moment they mingle with other inmates their life is placed in jeopardy. The Cage also houses prisoners with chronic disciplinary problems who have been deemed too incendiary to mix in with other prisoners or who have tried more than two escape attempts.

Residents of the Cage live under 24 hour lockdown. They have no TV privileges in their cell, and aside from their contact with the guards, have no interaction with the outside world. They have no visitation privileges whatsoever, and for only one hour a week, they are let out of their cells for some exercise in a slightly larger cell with a tiny window made of strong, transparent material.

Since the prisoners here have no interaction with each other, most guard duty consists of shuttling food, reading material, and other such services to and from prison cells. Prisoner transfers are the most dangerous times here, since that is when a prisoner has a chance at escape or strike out. Most of the time, however, these hardcases simply use the opportunity to hurt a guard for the sheer fun of it. To their way of thinking, why not? What's the worst that can happen to them?

The Cage

NOTE: The Cage is a solid structure. Being a supermax facility, it has no rec yards, no visitation centers, no common areas, no industry buildings. It is a warehouse for storing hardcore criminals.



THE GAUNTLET: This column of gateways is the only way in or out of the Cage. Generally, the highest risk inmates are placed within the deepest ring of cell pods. Those rare few who show the potential for rehabilitation are placed on an outer ring, pending their transferral to Bedlam, and from there, perhaps one day to Alphaville.

otable members of the Cage include:

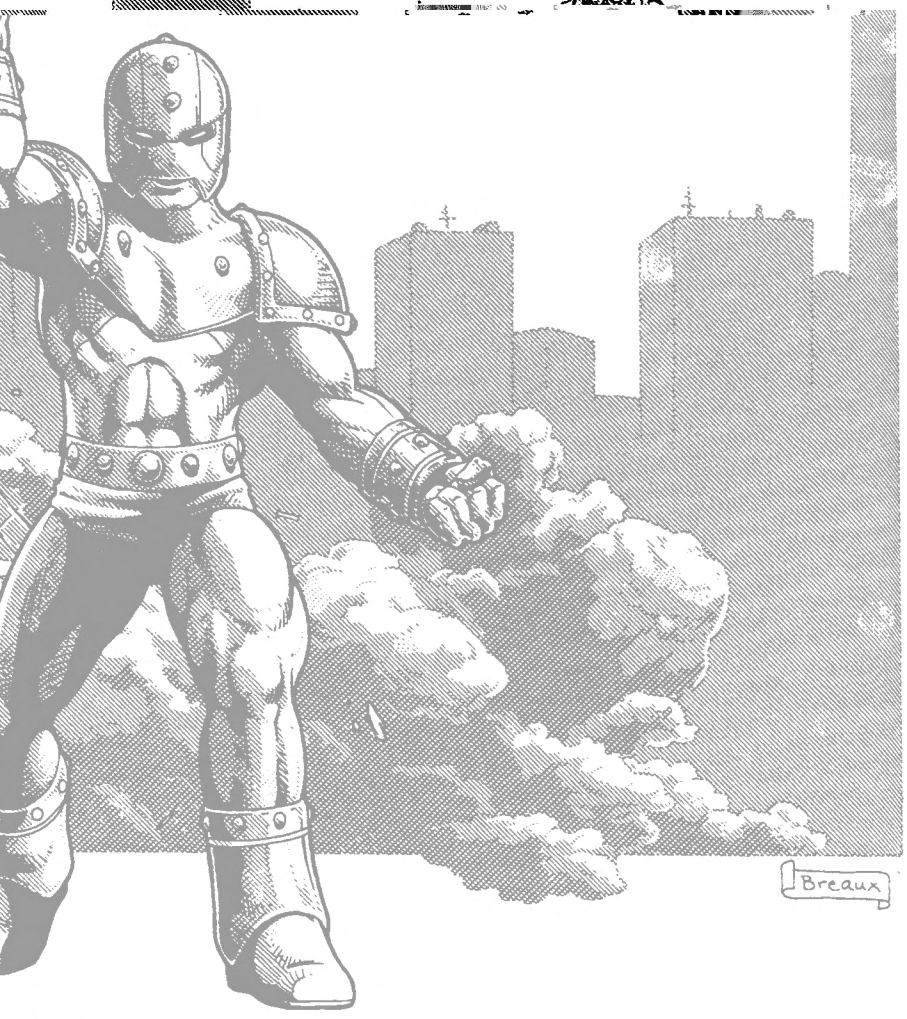
Fred Wilson, a diabolic thrillkiller who is doing life for whacking" a mayoral candidate while the poor guy was aking a routine speech stop. Wilson has no care for life hatsoever, and has been known to kill people simply beause they are wearing the wrong style of shoes, or beause they remind him of somebody who once knew of a uy he didn't like. What really sets Wilson apart is that he *immortal*, only nobody knows it yet, not even Wilson imself.

Chigger Jones, a guy who has gone insane from living ost of his entire life in solitary confinement. On the day e was to be let out of solitary in the Gulf Coast State Pen, e bit the nose off one of his guards. For that, he was ansferred to Gramercy Island's C-Block. Chigger is comletely insane (Miscreant alignment), and claims to be in elepathic contact with two mega-alien friends of his, *ort-Bortle* and *Chamtuggler*. He claims they are on their ay to, "bust me out of this cracker box even as we peak." He's been waiting almost two years now, but is ure they'll come. (Could he be right?)

David Scarsdale (Anarchist) is a corrupt cop who got busted in an Internal Affairs drug sting. Since cops don't go over too well in lockup, it was only a matter of time before some guys paid Scarsdale a little visit. Only instead of Scarsdale buying a shank, he killed the three cons who came looking to turn him over! Scarsdale will now spend the rest of his 20 year sentence in The Cage unless he can convince a Federal prosecutor that he really *does* have important racketeering information on *Anton Scalia*, international criminal kingpin, and that he will talk if his own sentence is commuted.

Olson Lancaster, a British national who actively collaborated with the Nazis during World War II and actually performed staff duties at a death camp. He has been on the run from Israeli payback agents ever since the end of the war, and just recently felt they were closing in on him. In desperation, he shot a cop in the face just so he could get sent to The Cage, the one place where he felt nobody could get to him. At 92 years old, Lancaster is the oldest inmate currently doing time in the U.S. penal system.

Hideki Matahachi, leader of the *Tokyo Dragons*, perhaps the largest and most well organized gang in Bedlam. Matahachi's gang moves entire kilos of heroin and cocaine throughout the prison as well as engage in other acts of smuggling, extortion and bullying. They enforce their will upon other prisoners through violence, and engage in murder when Matahachi deems it necessary. How these guys have this much pull in what should be the hardest prison in America is a statement that no matter how tough prisons get, prison gangs always find a way to survive and even prosper.



Containment Wing

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vailing attitude is that "if you can't do the time, don't do the crime."

Almost all of the superbeings confined here have had their civil rights trampled in some way, shape or form. To the prison administrators, the high risk these prisoners pose justifies the questionable methods used to keep them under control. So far, no SBCW inmate has filed suit against the prison for mistreatment (probably because they have no mail, telephone or visitation privileges, and return to a life of crime the moment they get sprung). One day, however, word *will* get out, and the SBCW will have to drastically change how it operates. It might not be as secure anymore, but it will at least be a little more humane.

The SBCW is currently at near full capacity with 100 inmates (there's only room for another 20). Construction is underway to triple the size of this cell block, but until then, the prison simply can not accept any more prisoners unless it is a dire emergency or criminals from Century Sta-

Super-Being

By Bill Coffin & Kevin Siembieda

This specially designed portion of the facil
for detaining inmates with bona fide super a
current 100 superhuman inmates here a
super-maximum security conditions, living un
nent lockdown, except they have the added
living with whatever power restraints were plac
The unique jurisdiction of Gramercy Island gra
tainment Wing the right to essentially use its
guinea pigs for power-dampening devices,
and other methods of "control and containm
drugs and hypnosis to suspended animation
Many of the means used to neutralize super
cruel, unusual, or just plain illegal. This does n
stop the Wing from using them. Since no visi
the prison authority are admitted to the Wing
the inmates have no way of complaining, the W
cians can pretty much do as they please. Ev
mates did air their grievances to the public,
care? The people of Century Station are so si
of supercrime that many of them have har

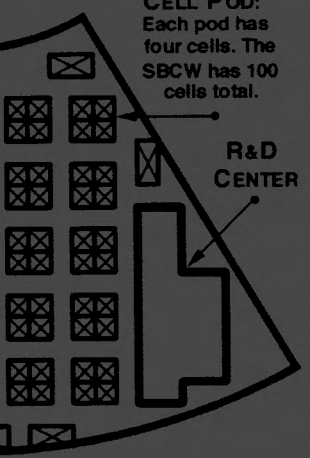
Security on the SBCW is *extremely* tight. Armed guards are present at every corner. Each cell is under complete around the clock surveillance. The labs where power restraint technology is developed, as well as the depot where supervillain equipment and hardware is stored, is a vault under equally tight security measures.

Some may argue that storing inmates' special gadgets, weapons and equipment on the Island compromises security, but it does not pose a special risk. For a prisoner to break free from his cell, battle out of the Containment Wing, make it over to the separate Containment Wing Development building and grab their hardware is crazy. It would be much easier for the character to just overpower a guard and use *his* high-tech weaponry for murder and mayhem. Besides, in the six years that the Island has been in operation, no such scenario has unfolded (of course, there is a first time for everything). Moreover, the prison authorities argue, there is no place in Century Station better equipped to store experimental and high-powered technology than the Gramercy Island Penitentiary.

The Containment Wing currently utilizes over a dozen different kinds of standard power-neutralizing methods. Magic based prisoners may have additional special restraints placed on them or other means of magical containment by other magic-using heroes working with the prison.

Super-Being

Wing



TY AIRLOCK: All staff, guards, ates going in or out of the SBCW dergo a rigid security check here. undergo x-ray, z-ray & hyperscan , as well as submit to retinal & nt identification. An intervention eam is on hand to detain any rized visitors, as well as to foil ttempts.

mplant

ants that monitor the body data to monitor sensors in used by the guards). The implants show vital physiological statistics. including respiration, heart rate/pulse, blood pressure, stress levels, pain tolerance, and irregularities that can indicate if a prisoner is becoming dangerously agitated (and therefore aggressive or readying himself for an attack) or gearing up to use a super ability. This information can help guards nip problems in the bud, and anticipate attacks and the use of superpowers. This is used on most superhuman prisoners.

Bionic Minimalization

Rather than completely *dismantle* cyborg prisoners (although this an option to consider for the most dangerous), a series of simple modifications can reduce the strength, quickness and power of most bionic limbs. Thus, cyborg prisoners undergo mechanical surgery to have their bionic P.S., P.P., and Speed reduced to an attribute rating of only 5 or 6. Of course, all weapon systems, tools, and special optics are disconnected as well. Prison guards often mock these one time powerhouses by calling them "kittens" or their "cyber-kittens." Being reduced in power means most cyber-criminals can be placed in Cell Block B or C (never A where they have access to machines and electronics). Costs typically run from $100,000-$500,000 dollars.

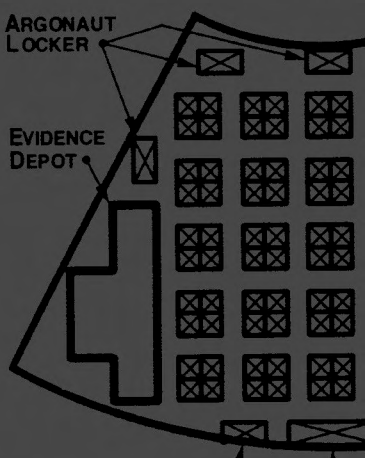
Brainlocks

This technique neutralizes psychic powers. Basically, it requires a small surgical procedure in which a tiny CPU is inserted into the prisoner's skull and placed at a critical juncture in the brain where psychic energy is regulated. With this CPU in place, one's psychic powers can not be (easily) activated. The "Brainlock" redirects the brain waves ordinarily used to activate and direct psychic abilities and channels them evenly throughout the rest of the higher brain functions, particularly those used to cope with frustration and acceptance of authority. Consequently, not only does it effectively prevent the use of psionic powers, but it serves as a calming influence whenever the psychic becomes agitated. Powerful psychics can *sometimes* still manage to access and use a psionic power. However, the normal amount of available I.S.P. is reduced to one tenth (dissipated by the Brainlock implant), and to use a psi-power for one third its usual duration, range and level of power costs the psychic four times the usual amount of I.S.P. The cost for the implant, including surgery, is around one million dollars.

Feedback Rig

These devices are especially effective on superbeings with the powers of energy expulsion, such as energy blasts, light, fire, electricity and even sound and cold, etc. Through a series of implanted sensors and power conduits, a Feedback Rig intercepts that energy as it leaves the prisoner's body and redirects it back to him, causing the character to suffer whatever damage he was going to dole out (usually at half the normal damage). This even works on superbeings who are otherwise immune to their own powers, although damage is typically only 25% of normal! Feedback technology is just one of a number of "negative incentive" technologies used to teach the inmates that struggling against the system only results in

Containment



ARGONAUT LOCKER:
These containment areas house an entire squad of Argonaut-series combat robots as a crisis response force. The lockers are currently empty, as Warden has not carried out his plans of mechanizing the prison's guard staff...yet.

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escape

Bio-Comp Monitor I

A half dozen cybernetic impla
of the prisoner and transmit the
the wall (or a hand-held monitor

hurting one's self. Cost for the rig is around 2.5 million dollars.

Forced Molecular Stabilization

Molecular Stabilization technology is a new and revolutionary science that attacks the problem at the molecular level. This particular system is used to put the stop on prisoners who can alter their physical structure (i.e., any APS power, Shapechange, Metamorphosis, etc.). It uses a cocktail of nanomachinery that once injected, takes constant readings of the inmate's genetic structure and monitors for even the slightest physical change. Once a change is detected (i.e., a power of transformation is activated), the nanobots swing into motion, activating the inmate's "baseline" genetic code, and effectively turning off one's power to transform before it ever gets a chance to turn on.

Molecular Stabilization is tricky and still has a number of flaws and glitches, plus the nanobots have a life span of only one year. Consequently, the system has a poor 49.8% success rate. However, when tied to a *stun collar* identical to the Proximity Collar, which goes off the instant the nano-sensors signal it that a physical transformation is being initiated, the success rate at preventing transformations skyrockets to 99.9%. In this case the stunning effect of the collar not only has the same initial effect as noted previously, but the shape changer can not usually focus enough to try another transformation for 6D6+6 minutes. More than enough time to contain the individual and take additional measures to circumvent an incident. **Note:** In the case of shapechangers and physical transmuting beings, a larger stun harness with a portable battery capable of dispensing up to eight stun blasts can be used in place of the simple collar, and there are versions of both that can be hooked to a cable and generator with effectively unlimited shock capabilities.

Unfortunately, any system utilizing nano-machines is quite expensive. This system has a 1.5 million dollar price tag per inmate, but when combined with the stun collar, has proven to be worth every penny.

Gravity Fields

Gravity effectors in the walls, floors and ceilings of the cell as well as on a collar, belt, arm bands, and leg bands worn by the inmate increase his personal gravity field so much that any super-strength, agility, speed and similar powers are brought down to ordinary human levels. Even a hulking brute with a Supernatural P.S. of 100 is effectively as strong as a normal person with a P.S. of 10. Likewise, the P.P. and Spd of the wearer is reduced to 10. Gravitic effectors also reduce the wearer's number of attacks per melee to just one! These units have proven to be very effective but costly at 4.2 million dollars.

Harmonic Disruption Systems

The Harmonic Disrupter rigs represent the cutting edge in the field of super-power containment. They are specifically tuned to their wearer's unique harmonic frequency. Those beings who have powers that provide teleportation, intangibility, and other powers that incorporate any kind of dissolution or instant movement are contained by this technology. The rigs consist of 96 tiny modules all connected by superfine trioptic cabling. This network is then surgically implanted in the inmate, preventing him from using his powers until he is released, and the matrix deactivated. Depending on the inmate's crimes, the matrix itself may be surgically removed, or it may be left in as a reminder that their punishment can be reinstated at any time. A less invasive, temporary version woven into a poncho or prison fatigues (tied to the prisoner) is also available for those awaiting trial before a permanent version is implanted. Of course, such measures are easily circumvented by simply removing the articles of clothing.

Note: The nature of this technology — something that can be implanted permanently into the inmate and activated or deactivated at the state's whim — is what the Containment Wing would like to do with all of its power neutralization products. If any superbeing could be implanted with the means of having his powers "shut off" at will, then the problem of controlling supercrime could be made much simpler, especially if superbeings are forced to register their powers upon manifestation. Of course, that involves a large and complicated set of political issues that are not likely to pass Congress any time soon. Fortunately (for now), the SBCW at Gramercy Island does not have to contend with those issues and is free to use invasive (and arguably inhumane) countermeasures. Cost is 3.8 million for the permanent implant, half that for the clothing version.

Lock Jaw Implant

This is a cybernetic implant that takes control of the jaw muscles to lock them tight and render the victim unable to open his mouth or speak clearly. Prisoners victimized by Lock Jaw implants can grunt, groan and even utter slurred words through clenched teeth, but can not speak clearly, shout or whistle. This has proven an effective countermeasure to inmates who can cast magic spells or who possess sound/sonic powers that require the use of the mouth, throat and sound. Spell casters can only invoke simple first and second level spells, but the character must speak slowly and as clearly as possible, effectively using up four melee actions (takes about 15 seconds). This relatively inexpensive implant ($150,000) is used on comparatively low risk inmates for cost cutting measures. Also see *Vocal Cord Neutralizer.*

Lowjack Tracking System

All inmates on the Super-Being Containment Wing are injected with a serum of nano-machinery that renders their entire body detectable by a series of Cell Block D scanners and alarms as well as satellite tracking around the globe from geosynchronous orbit! The life span of these nano-machines is five years, during which time the Containment Wing, the central communications area of the prison, CHIMERA and the Sector can "dial up" any inmate on the Wing and get a precise fix on their location. Even if one were to escape, recapture would (in theory) be swift and sure, since the bad guy has nowhere to hide. If there are any countermeasures, the authorities are not aware of them. What worries the engineers who designed the

nano-system is that it has never been fully field tested and there *may* be ways of defeating these nano-machines (injecting counter-active nano-machines? A blood transfusion? A radiation bath?). Furthermore, tests did indicate that satellite tracking became unreliable when the subject was around high-power lines or microwaves and was completely lost when the subject was deep underground. Still, other than these few weak areas, the system seems to work like a dream. Cost is $725,000.

Optic Blinder

An implant that scrambles optic signals to the brain and blinds the victim. As with most implants used on prisoners, this implant can be turned on and off by an external control mechanism. It is used to punish, control and manage difficult prisoners such as sorcerers. **Note:** A blind mage can not use spells that require "line of sight." In addition, the usual -9 to strike, parry and dodge combat penalties for being blind apply. Running means stumbling and falling or running headlong into people or objects. Cost is a low $220,000 dollars.

Power Dampeners

The ubiquitous power dampeners are the most effective means of containing superbeings, but they are also the least reliable. The basic power dampener rig contains a collar, two wristbands and two ankle bands. When this rig is activated, the superbeing wearing it loses *all* of his powers. Period. Like a light that has been switched off, one's powers simply no longer work while the rig is functioning.

Each device has 200 S.D.C. and will transmit a warning signal to the Super-Being Containment Wing control center when any one of the units reaches 75% S.D.C., then again at 50% S.D.C., then again at 25% S.D.C. At this point, the damaged unit will sound a general alert, which should result in a full guard scramble to lock down the wing and isolate the inmate whose power dampener is compromised.

If any one of the power dampening units fails, there is a 20% chance that the inmate's powers will return in full force. Naturally, this is a cumulative effect; if two units are destroyed (i.e., a wristband and leg band), there is a 40% chance of the prisoner's powers coming back.

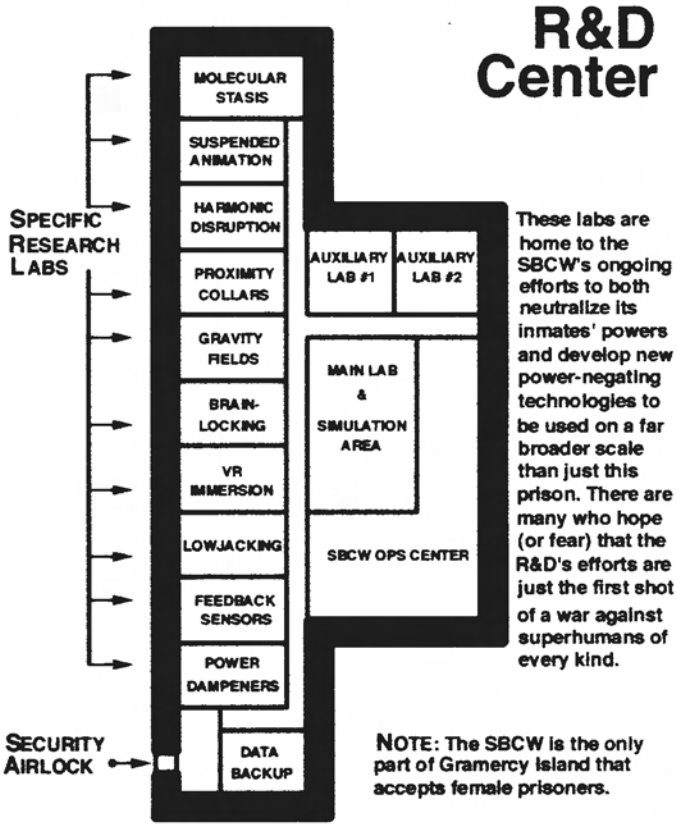
Power dampening rigs are now being issued to the Century Station Police Department as well as sanctioned heroes for superbeing containment. All five dampeners must be placed on a subject and then activated for the rig to work. Placing the singular units of a power dampening rig on a subject will have no effect at all until all five are in place, all five are shut off, and then all five are simultaneously activated by the master switch that can be found on any one of the five rig elements.

How the dampeners work is something of a mystery, since the scientist who designed them, Doctor B. Emory Schellenfaust died shortly after the first mass production order was completed, without ever explaining the power dampening process to anybody. While Century Station has the ability to make as many of these power dampener rigs as they like, none of their scientists are likely to ever improve on the design nor figure out exactly how they work.

Each power dampening rig *costs* three million dollars, which is why every police department in the country does not have a few lying around. They are also very labor intensive and "touchy." For every week that a power dampening rig operates after its last servicing, there is a 1% cumulative chance that the entire rig will malfunction and suddenly stop working at some point. For Gramercy Island, this is just a big inconvenience, since the guards of the Containment Wing must change each inmate's power dampening rig weekly. Such changes are a security risk, since the prisoner will momentarily regain his powers and may suddenly seek retribution and/or try to escape. Once the rigs are switched out, the Containment Wing's tech staff overhauls the previous unit, checking it for malfunctions, and prepares it to reenter service. The overhaul process takes about 8 hours.

For most police stations and other organizations with fewer resources, maintaining power dampener rigs is not possible due to the expense to manufacture and maintain them. That's why some law enforcement bodies eschew them in favor of simply turning over subdued villains to their local heroes, who deliver them to Gramercy Island personally. Others apply for generous government grants that assume 90+% of the funding, enabling smaller communities to imprison villain in conventional facilities through the use of these miraculous rigs.

The other problem with power dampeners is that, inexplicably, approximately 13% of those on whom they are tried are completely unaffected by them. That is, the first time a character is fitted with a power dampener rig, there is a 01%-13% that he is immune to its effects. Moreover,



there are villains whose powers are intrinsic to their nature (such as certain aliens), who are also immune to power dampeners. To constrain such beings, other means must be used, such as feedback sensors, lowjacking, and the other methods listed in this section. Developing other means of power containment and negation is where the real heart and soul of the Containment Wing lies. Unless noted otherwise, these other methods all use the same five-unit (collar, wrist bands, leg bands) structure of the standard power dampener.

Proximity Stun Collars

Neck collars are armed with a potent stun capability that will go off when the inmate strays more than 100 feet (30.5 m) from his cell. Buried deep within the walls of the cell are transmitters sending out a special frequency to the collar worn by the prisoner. So long as the collar continues to receive these waves, then it remains inert. Once the collar goes beyond the range of its transmitters, it stops receiving its "do not discharge" command, and it goes off immediately.

Damage: 3D6 plus the character must make an unmodified roll of 19 or 20 to save vs stun and temporary paralysis. Victims of the stunning discharge receive a brief, powerful shock that effectively short-circuits their nervous system, rendering them unconscious for 2D6 minutes. Even upon awakening the victim is -10 to strike, parry and dodge, has no initiative, skill performance is at -60%, and the victim is as weak as a kitten (reduce the number of attacks to one, P.S. and P.P. by half and Spd by 80%) for another 5D6 minutes.

Those who manage to save remain conscious but staggered, weak and hurting: -6 to strike, parry and dodge, has no initiative, and reduce the number of attacks, other combat bonuses, skill performance, P.S., P.P. and Spd by half for 2D6 minutes. Another stun attack will initiate within 1D4 melee rounds unless the collar is removed. Requires a Superhuman P.S. of 30 or greater to break and has an A.R. Of 16 and 50 S.D.C.

Payload: Two stun blasts, after which the collar must be replaced with a fully charged one. Recharging a spent collar takes one hour.

Note: Stun collars (there are also stun rods/billy clubs that shock by touch or an energy discharge up to 10 feet/3 m away) are cheap too, at only $32,000 each.

Suspended Animation

For inmates who possess incredible powers of destruction and/or present a severe flight or fight risk, suspended animation is the answer. For the duration of their sentence, the inmate is injected with a glycolate solution that enables the individual's heart rate and metabolic rate to slow to that of a hibernating animal. Then the inmate is inserted into a stasis pod where his lowered life functions are regulated and maintained, keeping the inmate in what amounts to a coma. Aside from a catastrophic failure of the stasis pod, this is perhaps the safest way to contain the most dangerous superpowered inmate.

Some critics of this technology maintain that the inmate is never truly punished, but only sleeps through his prison sentence. Sure, society has been protected from this supervillain, but he has undergone no rehabilitation or suffered retribution! That is why the Containment Wing techs are working on ways to couple suspended animation with VR immersion. The difficulty is that the inmate's brain activity is so low while in suspended animation that matching a VR program to that has proven nearly impossible. Meanwhile, others insist suspended animation is too dangerous (with an estimated 17% not surviving the reawakening process) and inhumane (muscles atrophy to some degree and the prisoner is completely removed from the world for the duration of his sentence). Some even argue that execution would be preferable to a life of sleep, which is a sort of living death. Cost is about one million per year.

Vocal Cord Neutralizer

A cybernetic implant that effectively neutralizes the vocal cords to prevent speaking. The character is effectively a mute, able to mouth words but unable to utter a sound other than a few grunts, groans and whistles. This device has proven to be 99.9% effective against prisoners who cast spell magic or who possess some sort of super ability that requires vocalization/sound. It can be activated and deactivated by a hand-held control in the possession of a guard, but is normally turned "on" unless the prisoner is required to speak. Cost, including the surgical procedure, is $175,000.

VR Immersion

This is especially useful for robots, cyborgs and other mechanical-oriented prisoners. With this approach, the inmate wears a virtual reality headset and bodysuit, and is subjected to a preprogrammed virtual reality setting for the duration of his sentence. Inmates undergoing VR immersion typically are hooked into a pod where they are fed intravenously and have their life signs monitored at all times. Suspended in a sort of harness, the inmate can actually walk, run, leap, etc., keeping muscles from atrophying. The VR simulation usually mimics that of ordinary life, except the inmate has no super powers to speak of. The idea here is to help "reorient" the character to reject his super abilities and old criminal patterns and accept a normal life — or at least develop a sense of compassion and kinship toward ordinary people to curb homicidal tenancies.

If the Containment Wing techs so desired, they could program the VR Immersion to subject the inmate to tortuous punishment, but that has not happened yet. The worst that the inmates must endure is either witnessing (helplessly) or suffering the crimes they have committed visited back upon them at least once a year.

In the alternative, the VR supervisors could create a setting in which the villain could (seemingly) retain his or her super abilities and live in a fantasy world where the prisoner continues to run at large, committing crimes and even taking over the entire city. This concept has been rejected because it is believed to fuel homicidal and antisocial tendencies, exacerbate megalomania and obsessive and psychotic behavior, and encourage dangerous delusions. Among the most cunning it would also enable the

super-criminal to effectively perform "test-runs" for criminal operations and plots for revenge that could be committed for real if the villain ever got back to the outside world. Furthermore, even in the VR setting, the prisoner will try to access and use his super abilities whenever he imagines using them in the virtual world. This could lead to accidental circumvention of superpower dampeners and a prison break.

Theoretically, this technology possesses incredible potential for teaching and rehabilitating (reconditioning) inmates, but its full potential and impact are unknown. The VR system has only been in service for a few months and all the possibilities have yet to be considered, let alone explored. It is the hope that eventually VR immersion can be used to "cure" criminal and anti-social tendencies, and perhaps even suppress superpowers, so the individual can return to the outside world as a law-abiding citizen, perhaps with no memory of his/her evil past.

Note: At first, most inmates placed in Virtual Reality Immersion know they are not in the real world, but after the first month or two, they stands a 96.4% chance of forgetting they are living in a computer fantasy simulation world, and not reality. Each VR Immersion unit has a four million dollar price tag on it with another half million per year to maintain.

Staff Personnel

Gramercy Island has a staff of nearly 5200 full-time employees. Nearly 4000 guards are on the payroll (2750 on duty during the day, 1250 on the night shift). Five hundred are members of the Intervention Squad (250 on duty around the clock). Another 350 perform the daily service and maintenance that keeps the prison running — basic maintenance and janitorial duties, laundry, food preparation, etc. Roughly 60 hold administrative jobs and 120 are support staff (chaplains, doctors, nurses, psychologists, psychiatrists, rehab counselors, etc.).

Most security personnel work on the island for 30 days at a time, after which they get 21 to 30 days off depending on their position and extenuating circumstances at the facility. It is a rigorous and offbeat schedule, but those who hack it for the first few months usually find it agrees with them and stay on for years. The month-on, month-off approach is a work schedule used by offshore oil drillers, deep sea salvage and construction divers to mitigate the stress and mental fatigue of such highly hazardous and often methodical work. In jobs such as these, one accident or slip-up can cost lives, so workers are given strict limits on how long they can work at a time, and also are given lengthy recuperation periods to keep them sharp and relaxed. The Century Station Prison Authority adopted this approach with great success. It also cuts down on the number of people coming and going to the island and helps to monitor and gauge corruption by the respective shifts.

During their month of duty, guards and other select employees are paid double their usual salary as a form of hazard pay. Their time off is also fully paid, but at the regular rate. Employees on the island live in dormitories not unlike the familial visitation apartments within the facility. The accommodations are sparse but livable. And since most of the personnel are more than ready to deal with adversity, the less-than-cozy living arrangements are not much of a bother. Within the facility housing areas are common recreation centers, special commissaries, and other small amenities to make life on the island a bit easier. All in all, the personnel quarters resemble a tiny village on this prison island, a curious settlement that the inmates like to refer to as "Easy Street."

Warden Ernest Hawker

Warden Hawker is a harsh man with an open disdain for superpowered criminals and super-folks in general. His cruelty towards prisoners is legendary and he has been known to throw prisoners into administrative segregation for months at a time for inadvertently offending him. The Warden's heavy political connections enable him to lengthen or shorten inmates' sentences with ease, something he often does according to his personal whims. Those who rub him the wrong way will mysteriously find their time to serve doubled, or their appeals universally denied, while those who please the Warden might find their parole hearing moved up a few years, or special privileges suddenly coming their way. The trick is getting on the Warden's good side, but to most of the prisoners, the man is just too unpredictable to figure out. The Warden is particularly tough on snitches, who he personally disdains as disloyal opportunists to be discarded once their usefulness is expended.

Warden Harker got his position after years of service as a police officer, judge and corrections official. Having been born into a wealthy family, he passed on an opportunity to serve in his father's prestigious law frim to become a beat cop in the worst sections of Century Station. Harker served with distinction, even if he did have a few brutality citations on his record. (He defended himself as just "doing what had to be done." So what if a few suspects had to be roughed up?)

After 20 years on the police force, Harker retired and became a judge, serving for another 10 years and earning a fearsome reputation. On the bench, "Hang 'Em Harker" became notorious for throwing the book at any criminal who came before him, often laying down maximum sentences or unusual punishments. In one case, he ordered a convicted bank robber to pay one dollar per month for the next twenty years to every customer and teller he terrorized during the heist (on top of the twenty years prison time he had to serve). Finally, Harker pulled a few political strings and got himself appointed to the Century Station Prison Authority shortly before the Bloody Monday riots. When the new Gramercy Island project was announced, Harker leapt at the opportunity to run this new prison, and was granted his wish. He is the only member of the prison staff who lives on the island year round. He keeps in touch with friends, family and the media by way of computerized teleconferencing, but lately, he has begun to make more and more trips to the mainland to drum up support for his upcoming *senatorial campaign.*

To many people, the thought of this borderline sadist and megalomaniac as a senator is terrifying. To others, however, the idea of "Senator Harker" is comforting. The Warden has made it plain that he disapproves of *all* superpowered individuals (something that puts him at odds with his top three co-supervisors of Gramercy Island, who would all qualify as superbeings of some kind) and has taken a strong anti-crime and anti-superbeing platform. If elected, he promises to introduce legislation that requires superbeings to be Federally registered and monitored. This would apply to heroes as well as villains. To the segment of the public frightened by superbeings, Harker is hero. He represents "little people" standing up and making sure that "super-freaks" will never enslave or destroy them. To superheroes and ordinary people with abnormal and extraordinary abilities or talents they keep secret, Harker and his supporters are a dark omen of what American society might become. Sure, policing superbeings may sound like a good idea, but where would it all end? What if ordinary people with above-average abilities are targeted next? What if critics of the Harker agenda are unconstitutionally silenced? What if the man takes the freedoms this society was based on and tramples them in the name of public safety and societal stability? All questions that have no easy answers. Questions that look to a future that might already be in the making. A future where law and tyranny might well become the same thing.

The truth about Warden Harker, however, is even more disturbing than his political aspirations. It is a secret that only he knows, something he has kept hidden from the world for an indeterminable length of time: Ernest Harker is not Ernest Harker! He is an impostor, an *alien android* that deposed the real Harker some time ago and has acted as his doppleganger ever since. If somebody were to realize that the person running the prison was an android from another world, a host of questions would arise. Where has this alien android come from, and what purpose does it serve? Is it acting of its own accord, or is it merely carrying out the plans of its builders? Are Harker's current political plans the robot's or those of the real McCoy? And what about the true Harker himself? Where is he, what is his condition, and why has he allowed this impostor to act in his place? All questions the android will refuse to answer if questioned.

If revealed, the machine will try to escape off-planet without offering any explanation of itself or its mission. If captured, the first thing it will do is wipe its own memory to prevent its captors from learning its secrets. Only an Electrical Genius or one with machine-manipulating powers may be able delve into the android's memory (even if blanked) and learn exactly what it was doing here on Earth. What those secrets might be is left to the G.M.'s discretion. But let's face it, this robot Harker, whatever it is, can not be up to any good. An alien android seeking public office, swaying the opinions of the masses, seeking even higher status? And why try to sway public opinion against superhumans and put into place legislation that will identify and track *all* paranormal. Whatever it's insidious purpose, sounds bad. (Also see *Operation Argonauts.* Is there a reason the Warden wants robots to dominate, if not completely run the prison? Could he be planning to take over the prison? To usurp control over the incarcerated criminals or superbeings? To what end?)

Warden Harker (android)

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 65 (robotic), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** 100

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 230 lbs (104 kg).

Experience Level: 10

S.D.C.: 1000

A.R.: 17

Power Category: Alien Android.

Power Supply: Micro-Fusion.

Legs: Normal Humanoid (Speed: 100; roughly 72 mph/115 km).

Propulsion Systems: Fully retractable jump jets (500 feet/152 m up and 600 feet/183 m out) and jet pack (top speed: 300 mph/480 km). The propulsion vents for these raise out of the android's back, arms and legs, and retract fully when not in use.

Arms & Hands: Basic humanoid (P.S.: 65).

Audio Systems: Advanced audio system, bug detector, loudspeaker, modulating voice synthesizer, sound analysis computer, and inaudible frequency transmission.

Optics: Advanced robot optic system, thermo-imager, telescopic vision, video receiver and transmitter, and laser targeting system.

Sensors: Combat computer, motion detector and warning system, micro-radar, radar detector, and radiation detector.

Weapons:

Eye Ion Blasters (2): Damage: 3D6 each, 6D6 for a simultaneous strike (counts as one action). Rate of Fire: Each shot counts as one melee attack. Range: 200 feet (61 m). Payload: 20 shots per hour.

Retractable Wrist Blasters (2): Damage: 3D6 each, or 6D6 per simultaneous strike (counts as one attack). Rate of Fire: Each blast counts as one attack. Range: 660 feet (201 m). Payload: Effectively unlimited. Bonuses: +1 to strike.

Retractable Blades (2): Damage: 3D6+50 per hand. Can be used as paired weapons.

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Underwater capabilities, radiation shielding.

Miscellaneous: Locking joints, self-destruct system (Damage: 3D6x100. Blast Radius: 40 feet/12.2 m), artificial blood system, realistic skin overlay, real body hair, realistic eyes, sculpted facial features, and minor body characteristics. It has every one of Warden Harker's birthmarks, scars, etc., and the outer skin seems real; warm to the touch and even bleeds real blood — Ernest Harker's blood!).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +7 to initiative, +6 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +5 to pull punch, +54 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact.

Other Combat Info: Body flip/throw, death blow (if desired; must announce intention), karate kick: 2D4+50, crescent kick: 2D4+54, roundhouse kick: 3D6+60, critical strike: 18-20, and paired weapons (all).

Education Level and Skills: Advanced AI (Artificial Intelligence).

Basic Skills: Basic and Advanced Math (98%), Speak/Literacy: English (98%), Speak/Literacy: Spanish (98%), Biology (50%).

Investigative Program: Criminal Science/Forensics (88%), Computer Operation (92%), Intelligence (86%), Interrogation (80%), Photography (88%), Surveillance Systems (82%), Research (88%), Cryptography (80%), Laser (Communications) (80%), Radio: Basic (80%), Radio: Scramblers (80%), and T.V./Video (80%).

Social Science Program: Anthropology (80%), Law: General (88%), Speak/Literacy: Russian (80%), Speak: Chinese (80%), Speak: Japanese (80%), Speak/Literacy: French (80%), Computer Programming (80%), and Computer Hacking (80%).

Penitentiary.
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Money: Harker (the android) has over $3 million in his various accounts. Considering his annual salary is only $100,000, it seems that the Warden has some extracurricular fund-raising going on. Wonder what it could be?

Weapons, Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Jack Ling, Chief of Security

For the last twelve years, Special Agent Jack Ling has been in the employ of The Sector, an ultra-powerful, ultra-secret spy organization that was founded by the United States, but seemingly answers to no one. For years, nobody even knew The Sector existed until a blown operation in Paris a few years ago destroyed their invisibility. Forced by Congress to tone down their operations, The Sector made a public law enforcement branch (Sector 10) to partially atone for their wrongdoings. In Century Station, **Sector 10**, a subset of the larger organization, works closely with CHIMERA (**C**itywide **H**ighly **I**ntegrated **M**etropolitan **E**mergency **R**esponse **A**gency), the administrative body that organizes all law enforcement efforts in the city.

Agent Ling was born in Taipei, China, but his family came to the U.S. shortly after the Tiananmen Square massacre. Already fluent in English, Ling joined the Century Station police department and very quickly made a name for himself as an exceptional operator. He caught the attention of The Sector, who recruited him away from the CSPD, trained him as a secret agent, and put him to work in black operations across the globe. When Sector 10 was formed, Ling returned stateside to be a part of it. He served with *The Sector Squad* (a team of Sector 10 superhuman operatives) briefly before he was tapped to head security efforts for the new Gramercy Island
Ling has served on the island ever since it op
telligence, abilities and extraordinary eye fo
kept the prison safe and secure under his wa
the prison very much like a military facility an
personnel to exacting standards. He is curre
on rooting out corruption among his guards
out ways of preventing it from reappearing.

Meanwhile, Ling grates under the constant snobbery he receives from Warden Harker, who Ling sees as nothing more than a temperamental figurehead. The two have never gotten along, especially since Warden Harker has ordered the integration of a new line of security robots, the *Argonauts* (described later in this section) to slowly phase out human guards. Security Chief Ling is convinced there is something not quite right about the Warden, but he can not put his finger on it. Ling has conferred with both of his "lieutenants," Ardent McGee and Tom Rickles, and they concur that there's something disturbing about the Warden. Whether he is hiding something or up to no good is yet to be seen.

Chief of Gramercy Security, Jack Ling

Alignment: Principled. Ling is the archetypical "boy scout." His unflinching dedication to the law and right vs wrong has earned him many enemies among the corrupt guards of Gramercy Island and operatives within The Sector. In fact, he was chosen for the Gramercy assignment to get him out of their hair.

Attributes: I.Q.: 17, **M.E.:** 17, **M.A.:** 19, **P.S.:** 24, **P.P.:** 24, **P.E.:** 24, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 25

Age: 32; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, one inch (1.85 m). **Weight:** 230 lbs (104 kg; all muscle!).

Experience Level: 7th

Hit Points: 60; **S.D.C.:** 100.

Power Category: Special Training (Secret Operative).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +7 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +4 to disarm, +2 to pull punch, +9 to damage, +18% to save vs coma/death, +5 to save vs magic and poison, +1 to save vs psionic attack and insanity, trust/intimidate: 55%, and charm/impress: 60%.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+9, crescent kick: 2D4+11, roundhouse kick: 3D6+9, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, and paired weapons (all).

Education Level and Skills: Secret Operative.

Common & General Skills: Pilot Automobile (98%), Pilot Motorcycle (96%), Pilot Jet Pack (78%), Basic Mathematics (92%), Speak Chinese (98%), and Speak Russian (98%).

Military Program: Boxing, Running, Climbing (92%/82%), Military Etiquette (77%), Radio: Basic (98%), W.P. Pistol, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, and W.P. Energy Pistols, W.P. Energy Rifles, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns.

Espionage: Intelligence (78%), Wilderness Survival (82%), Detect Ambush (77%), Detect Concealment (72%), Escape Artist (77%).

Rogue: Find Contraband (72%), Pick Pockets (77%), Seduction (60%), Streetwise (60%), Computer Hacking (62%), Palming (72%), and Pick Locks (62%).

Secondary Skills: Body Building, Wrestling, Swimming (82%), Computer Operation (72%), Computer Programming (62%), Research (82%), Law (General) (57%), Basic Mechanics (62%), Automotive Mechanics (57%), Basic Electronics (62%)

Money: Ling makes $100,000 annually, and spends it very prudently. He has a large family in Taiwan, to whom he sends nearly one third of every paycheck. He lives off the other third, and he saves the rest.

Weapons of Note:

XM-134 Minigun: Range: 2,500 feet (762 m). Damage: 5D6 per round. Rate of Fire: Long and full melee bursts only. This weapon's rate of fire is so fast that a long burst counts as only two melee attacks. Payload: 4,000 rounds, enough for 8 long bursts, or four full melee bursts. Once empty, Ling will drop the weapon and go to one of his sidearms. Ling can fire this weapon on his own only because he wears a suit of *Maximillian Combat Armor* at all times when on duty.

Laser Rifle: Range: 1,800 feet (548.6 m). Damage: 5D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. E-Clip Capacity: 20 shots. Note: This weapon is the standard issue for the Intervention Squad, and comes with an M-203 grenade launcher mounted under the barrel.

M-203 40 mm Grenade Launcher: Range: 1,150 feet (350 m). Damage: High explosive: 2D4x10. Riot slug: 1D4x10 plus lose initiative and two melee attacks (no blast radius). Flechette: 1D6x10 (no blast radius, but acts like buckshot). Tear gas: -6 to strike, parry or dodge. Knockout gas: Roll to save vs. poison or fall asleep for 1D4 minutes. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m) for explosive rounds, 40 feet (12.2 m) for gas rounds.

Beretta Model 92 9mm Automatic Pistol: Range: 180 feet/55 m. Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: 15 rounds.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Ling has access to any piece of Gramercy Island hardware at any time. He has free run of the place, as well he should.

Ardent McGee, Deputy Chief of Security

Ardent McGee is Jack Ling's right-hand man when it comes to running the security operations of the prison. Deputy Chief McGee was a member of C-SWAT, Century Station's Special Weapons and Tactics unit, until he lost his arms, legs, and parts of his face to a land mine during the Bloody Monday riots a few years ago. The blast put him into a coma that lasted for nearly a year. When he came to again, he was a different man.

Prior to Bloody Monday, McGee had an exemplary service record, an outstanding psych profile, and had signed a medical waiver authorizing the Century Station Police Department and its affiliates within the Council of Industry to perform any emergency medical services upon him they deemed necessary without his specific consent. While McGee was in his coma, **Orion Robotics** used this waiver

to "volunteer" McGee to field test a new series of cybernetic prosthetics. His arms and legs were restored, as was his sight, hearing and facial features. When McGee awoke, he was amazed to still be alive. He was even more astonished to learn that he was now more machine than human. However, being a man of iron will, he was able to cope with his transformation and embraced his new cybernetic abilities. However, his biggest surprise was yet to come.

During his coma, McGee's wife, children, brothers and sisters were all slain in a brutal night of savage bloodshed. Their murders were thought to have been orchestrated by an organized crime leader named *Gunther Grossman* who was seeking revenge for McGee's participation in the C-SWAT raid that killed Grossman's oldest son (an enforcer in Grossman's criminal empire). When McGee learned of the tragedy, it was as if something had hollowed out his insides. He felt cold and lost. Devoid of feelings for anybody. What turned him around was the arrest and conviction of Gunther Grossman for racketeering and his being sent to Gramercy Island for life without parole. Given the duty of making sure this monster and others like him would never hurt anybody again was a job McGee took with pride. By upholding the law and working at the prison, he felt he could honor the memory of his loved ones.

McGee has worked on the island ever since. He truly loves his job and believes that the prison stands for justice and peace. The Deputy Chief is more "hands-on" with the facility than Security Chief Ling, since it is his job to visit the cell blocks each day to ensure things are running smoothly. Deputy Chief McGee's reputation as a hard-nosed enforcer of the law (both as a C-SWAT member and as Deputy Security Chief) precedes him, so most inmates usually treat him with a mixture of fear and respect. Those few who try to make trouble with the prison's resident cyborg usually find they have bitten off far more than they can chew. With the strength, armor and weapons of his cybernetics, as well as extensive combat and street experience, there is little an inmate can do to rattle McGee. Usually, all he has to do is fire a hard stare at rowdy prisoners, who very quickly back-pedal into their cells, apologizing all the way.

The Deputy Chief is on excellent terms with Chief Ling and Engineer Tom Rickles. Like them, he knows Warden Harker is up to no good, but he can not prove it. Until he can, he will take Harker's orders without question, but will never, ever trust the man.

Deputy Security Chief, Ardent McGee

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 18, **M.A.:** 23, **P.S.:** 20 (robotic), **P.P.:** 17, **P.E.:** 17, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 188 (130 mph/208 km).

Height: Six feet, two inches (1.88 m). **Weight:** 500 lbs (225 kg).

Experience Level: 6th level.

Hit Points: 45; **S.D.C.:** 30

Power Category: Bionics (partial Conversion).

Legs (2): Speed: 188 (130 mph/208 km)

Arms & Hands (2): P.S.: 19, P.P.: 19; interchangeable from human-like appendages to weapon arms.

Audio Systems: Amplified hearing, receive wide band radio transmissions.

Optics: Infrared vision, light beam, macro-eye, macro-eye laser, micro-video camera eye, multi-system eye socket, night sight, targeting sight, telescopic vision, thermo-imager, ultraviolet and polarized sight.

Sensors: Bio-scan, bio-comp monitoring system, clock calendar, gyro-compass, internal comp-calculator, motion detector, radar, and radiation detector.

Weapons:

Multi-Missile Arm Launcher: Damage: 1D4x10. Rate of Fire: Single shot or volleys of 2, 4 or 6. Range: One mile (1.6 km). Payload: Six missiles. Note: This modular missile system can replace McGee's entire left forearm when he needs it. It takes only five minutes for a skilled technician to switch out the arms. Normally it takes three hours, but since McGee must often respond to trouble at a moment's notice, he had his arms specially designed for quick-change capability.

XM-134 Minigun Arm: Range: 2,500 feet (762 m). Damage: 5D6 per round. Rate of Fire: Long and full melee bursts only. Payload: 4,000 rounds, enough for 8 long bursts, or four full melee bursts. Note: This is another weapon that replaces McGee's lower left forearm. He prefers it to the missile launcher, and will often patrol the facility with this weapon installed as a show of force to the inmates.

Conventional Weapons: As Deputy Chief of Security, he has access to a variety of sidearms and assault weapons.

Light Body Armor: A.R.: 11, S.D.C.: 120

some kind of concealed cybernetics, he can feel it, but can't prove it. (Of course, Harker is really an alien robot whose unique construction makes him very difficult to detect by conventional Earth equipment. Should Rickles ever realize this, he could use his powers to neutralize the Warden in short order. Whether or not he would actually do that depends on if he believes the Warden is an alien or villain plotting something illegal. After all, this is Century Station, where intelligent robots and cyborgs mingle unseen among humanity all the time. To Rickles, Harker's true nature in and of itself would not be as shocking as it would be to most other people.)

Chief Engineer Thomas Rickles

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 14, **P.S.:** 11, **P.P.:** 10, **P.E.:** 10, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 11

Height: Five feet, nine inches (1.75 m). **Weight:** 165 lbs (75 kg).

Experience Level: 6th level.

Hit Points: 35; **S.D.C.:** 40

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: Metallic silver-colored hair.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Limbs, Alter Physical Structure: Electricity, and Mechano-Link.

Combat Training: None. Rickles discovered early on that mutants who know how to fight often find themselves in big trouble.

Number of Attacks: Three attacks or actions per melee round.

Bonuses: None.

Other Combat Info: Fire electrical ray: 1D6x10, flying electrical body block: 1D4x10.

Education Level and Skills: Master's Degree.

Electrical: Electrical Engineer (85%), Basic Mechanics (85%), and Robot Electronics (85%).

Mechanical: Mechanical Engineer (80%), Robot Mechanics (85%), and Locksmith (80%).

Science: Advanced Math (98%), Chemistry (85%), Chemistry: Analytical (80%), Biology (85%), and Botany (80%).

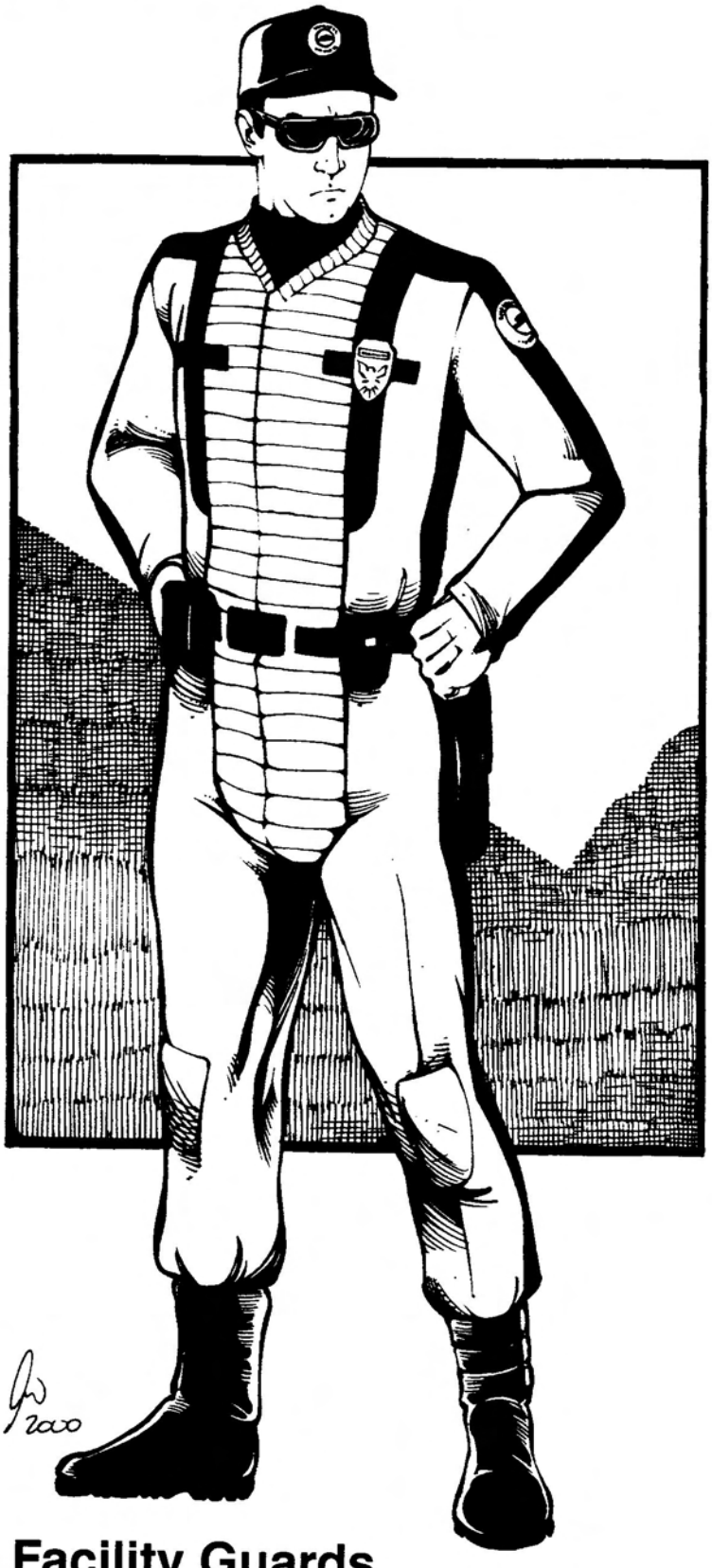
Computer Program: Basic Electronics (85%), Computer Operation (85%), Computer Programming (85%), and Computer Repair (80%).

Secondary: Law (General) (55%), Swimming (80%), Writing (55%), Astronomy (55%), First Aid (75%), Radio: Basic (75%), Pilot Truck (65%), Pilot Airplane (75%), Pilot Motorboat, (85%), and Pilot Hovercraft (80%).

Money: Rickles earns $80,000 a year. He simply has no idea what to do with all that money, and since he is a workaholic anyway, he doesn't really ever spend much of it. His bank account has swelled to over $160,000 in savings already, with no letup in sight. Part of Rickles' self-imposed spending ban is his belief that a mutant who is seen throwing around cash is likely to attract unwanted attention and trouble. The other part is that he hopes to retire early and find a nice, quiet, secluded place in the country where he can live in peace (or so he dreams).

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.



Facility Guards

The average security officer on Gramercy Island is roughly equivalent to a Century Station beat cop. These guys are tough, resourceful, and tenacious. Their biggest

problem is getting so hardened by what they have to deal with every day that they become mean or corrupt. Disillusionment and apathy are the two things that undermine a guard's efficiency, while greed contributes to succumbing to bribery, smuggling, conspiracy and other forms of corruption. Those with a less than solid dedication to the law, justice and their work are quickest to succumb to greed, cruelty, and crime.

Alignment: 15% Principled, 24% Scrupulous, 21% Unprincipled, 20% Anarchist, 10% Miscreant, and 10% Aberrant.

Typical Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 14+1D6, **P.P.:** 12, **P.E.:** 12, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 14+1D4.

Experience Level: The stats given here are for 1st level guards, but feel free to adjust them upwardly for more experienced personnel. A good rule of thumb is to add one level of experience for every 3-4 years of guard experience.

Hit Points: 20

S.D.C.: 30

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, and +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info:

Education Level and Skills: Trade School.

Law Enforcement: Radio: Basic (60%), Criminal Science (50%), Law (General) (40%), Intelligence (47%), Surveillance Systems (45%), and Streetwise (35%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Shotgun, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Automatic and Semiautomatic Rifles, and W.P. Heavy Weapons.

Weapons & Armor: When mingling with prisoners in general population, guards do not carry firearms because they create a security risk if taken away by an inmate. Billy clubs and pepper spray are discouraged, but not prohibited. The bulk of guards rely on their armor and physical abilities to restrain unruly prisoners. If a riot or major disruption is in the works, then weaponry will be broken out. Otherwise, this hardware is used when guarding the facility outside of general population areas, such as the outer walls and entry ports, or during riots and attacks on the prison (break ins).

H&K MP-5 9mm Sub-Machinegun: Range: 660 feet (201 m). Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: 30 rounds. Note: Has a flashlight mounted at the end of the foregrip (for illuminating dark shooting zones) and a laser targeting sight which adds +1 to strike.

Beretta Model 92 9mm Automatic Pistol: Range: 180 feet (55 m). Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: 15 rounds.

Mace/Pepper Spray: A stinging chemical spray that blinds one's opponent. Victims are -6 to strike, parry and dodge. Range: 6 feet (1.83 m), Duration: 4D4 melees or until washed out of their eyes. Payload: 20 shots.

Spring-Loaded, Collapsible Billy Club: Damage: 1D6+1 (and any P.S. bonuses). Note: This weapon gains an additional +2 to damage if it is "extended" into an opponent. It adds a +1 bonus to parry.

Point Blank Armor: A.R.: 13, S.D.C.: 120, Note: This consists of an armored vest, helmet with shatter-resistant goggles, knee and elbow guards, padded leggings and sleeves, and heavy-duty combat boots.

Intervention Squad Member

The Intervention Squad is the prison's equivalent of a Special Weapons and Tactics unit. These armored guards specialize in handling isolated prisoner disturbances, such as brawls, prisoners who refuse to move out of their cells for a transfer, armed combat, small-scale riots, and so on. These fellows have no interest in establishing any kind of relationship with the prisoners — they are simply high-tech enforcers who are called out to bust some heads and restore order as needed. They are feared universally by the inmates both for their invulnerability to prisoner attack and for their eagerness to use violence upon any inmate who gets in their way. For most of Gramercy Island's residents, the mere mention of the Intervention Squad is enough to get people to straighten up and play by the rules, at least temporarily.

Alignment: Alignment breakdown: 14% Principled, 25% Scrupulous, 21% Unprincipled, 15% Anarchist, 10% Miscreant, 12% Aberrant and 3% Diabolic.

About half are decent, duty-bound individuals, while the other half are less than honorable in their intentions. Intervention squad members are almost never susceptible to corruption, however, so those of selfish or evil alignments on this force do their work because they enjoy the opportunities it affords them to bully and hurt other people with impunity. These bad eggs almost always commit atrocious acts of brutality when called into action. Such acts are typically brushed under the carpet by the prison administration, even if they are looked down upon by the good half of the squad.

Typical Attributes: I.Q.: 11, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 15+1D6, **P.P.:** 14+1D6, **P.E.:** 13+1D4, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 15+1D6

Experience Level: The stats given here are for 1st le guards, but feel free to adjust them upwardly for mo experienced personnel. A good rule of thumb is to a one level of experience for every 3-4 years of guard e perience.

Hit Points: 25

S.D.C.: 45

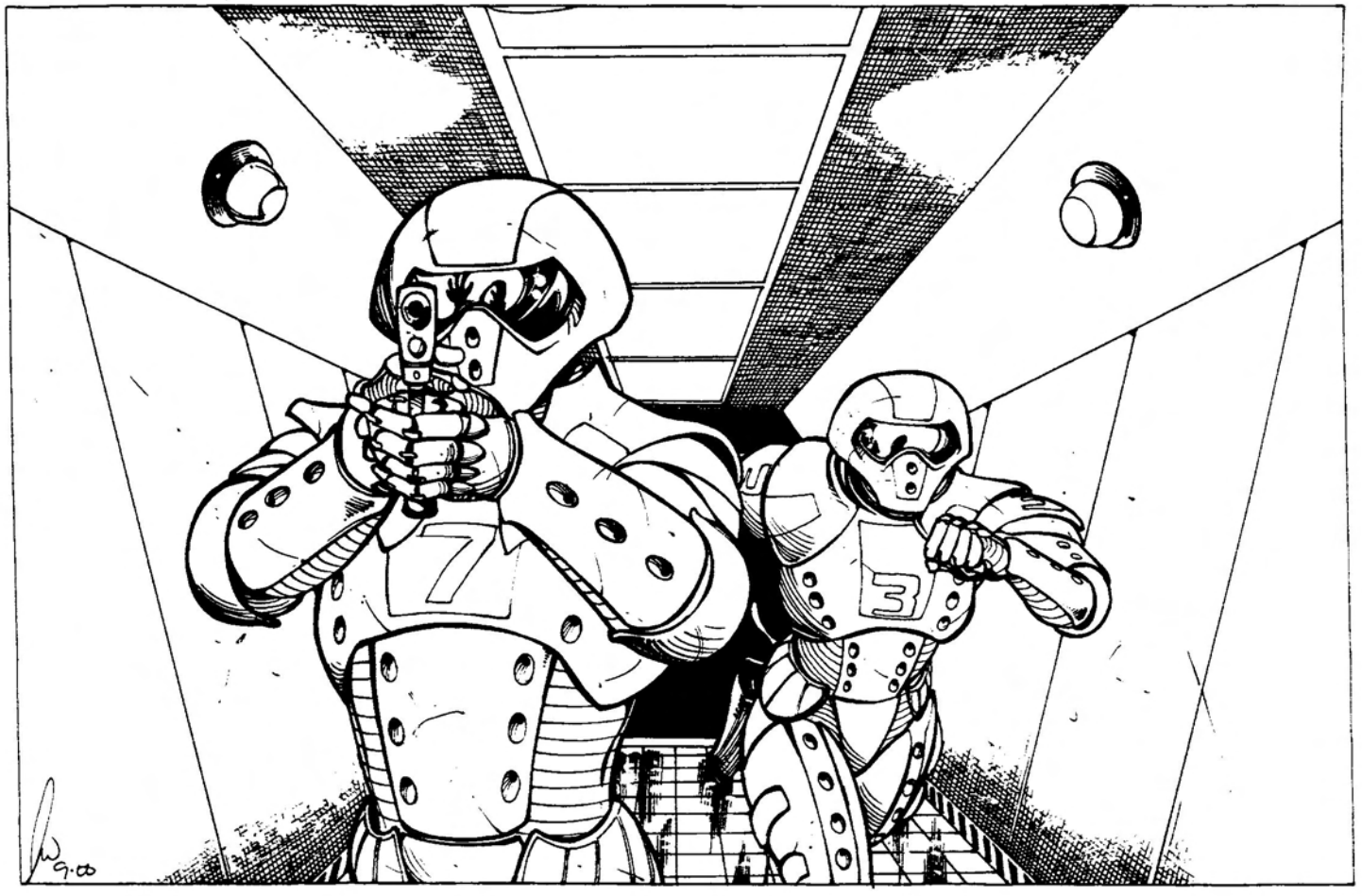
Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, and +2 to p punch.

Education Level and Skills: Trade School

Law Enforcement: Radio: Basic (60%), Criminal S ence (50%), Law (General) (40%), Intelligence (47% Surveillance Systems (45%), and Streetwise (35%).



Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Shotgun, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Automatic and Semiautomatic Rifles, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P., Energy Rifle, and W.P. Heavy Weapons.

Weapons:

Laser Rifle: Range: 1,800 feet (548.6 m). Damage: 5D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. E-Clip Capacity: 20 shots. Note: This weapon is the standard issue for the Intervention Squad, and comes with an M-203 grenade launcher mounted under the barrel.

M-203 40 mm Grenade Launcher: Range: 1,150 feet (350 m). Damage: High explosive: 2D4x10. Riot slug: 1D4x10 plus lose initiative and two melee attacks (no blast radius). Flechette: 1D6x10 (no blast radius, but acts like buckshot). Tear gas: -6 to strike, parry or dodge. Knockout gas: Roll to save vs poison or fall asleep for 1D4 minutes. Smoke and flash grenades may also be used. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m) for explosive rounds, 40 feet (12.2 m) for gas rounds.

Beretta Model 92, 9mm Automatic Pistol: Range: 180 feet (55 m). Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: 15 rounds.

Stun Shield: This is a large riot shield lined with combat electrodes capable of delivering a powerful, stunning jolt to whomever they touch. These shields are typically used when guards must forcibly extract a prisoner from his cell. Damage: 3D6 plus the victim loses initiative and one melee attack for the next 1D4 minutes. During that time the victim will also be at -4 to strike, parry and dodge, skill performance is -20% and speed is reduced by 20%. Rate of Fire: One jolt per attack. Range: By touch. Payload: Six jolts per hour.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Intervention guards each wear a suit of *Regulator Light Combat Armor* when on duty. In addition, the prison motor pool has a fleet of six *Deadlock Cybersystems* reserved for critical operations (such as an invasion of the island or complete breakout of the Super-Being Containment Wing) where heavy firepower is needed. Those guards who pilot the Deadlock are specifically trained to do so; this is not a piece of hardware that just anybody can jump into and pilot competently.

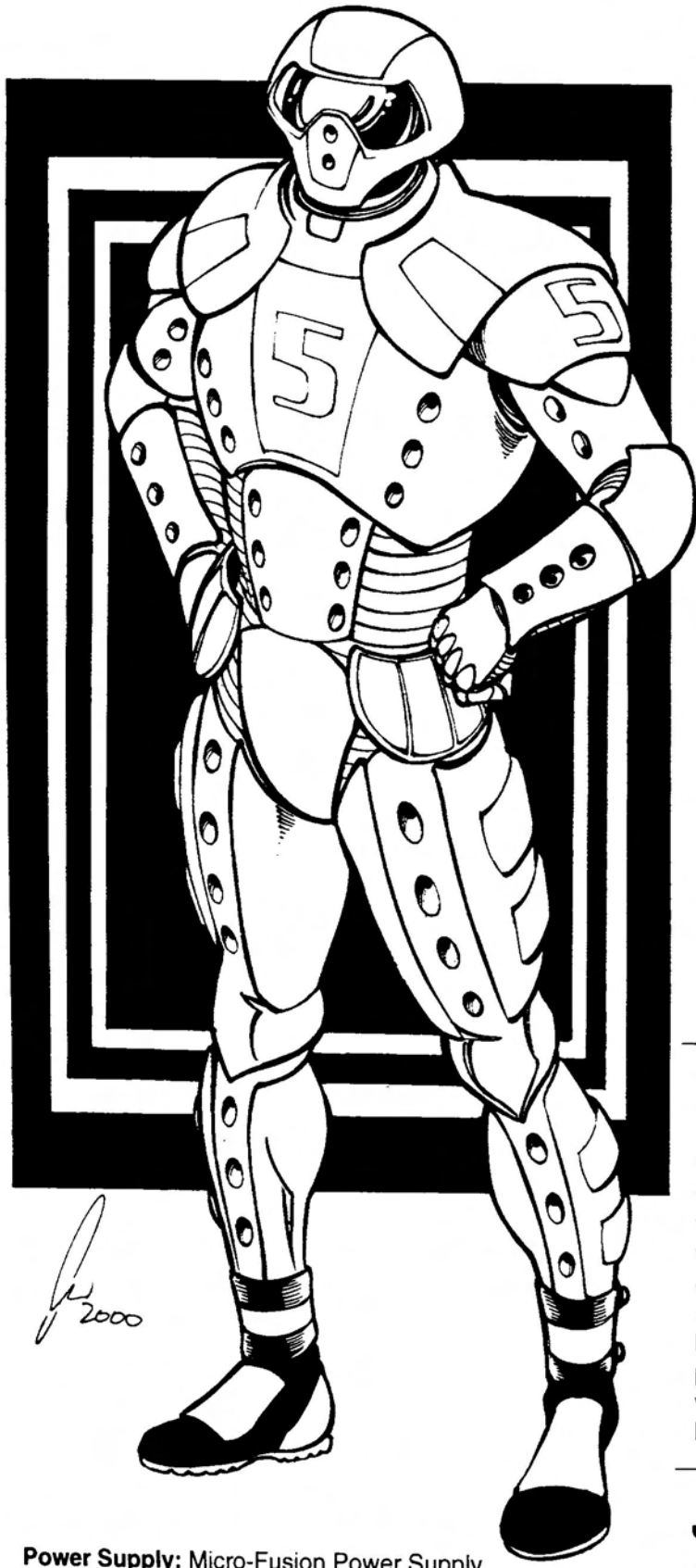
RX-3 "Regulator" Combat Armor

The Regulator is standard issue for all Intervention Squad members. It is inspired by the C-SWAT Maximillian armor, but has a superior A.R., greater S.D.C. and offers additional features like a padded, impact-resistant helmet and full environmental protection that makes it an even sturdier heavy combat armor. At the same time, it is nearly as light and mobile as the Maximillian. Depending how the prison's funding goes over the next few years, the Regulator may be put to wider use and the Maximillian (see *Century Station,* page 51) might gradually become standard issue for all guards.

Type: Combat Exoskeleton

Body Frame: Basic Human.

Dimensions: 6-7 feet (1.8 to 2.1 m) tall, 200 lbs (90.8 kg).



Power Supply: Micro-Fusion Power Supply.

Legs: Running speed is 88 (60 mph/96 km).

Propulsion Systems: Leaping Servos (Can leap 12 feet/3.6 m). Optional Detachable Jet Pack with a top speed of 250 mph (400 km); range: 350 miles (560 km) and +2 to dodge in flight.

Arms & Hands: +6 to user's P.S., typically boosting it to 20-24.

Special Features: Advanced Robot Audio and Optics System, heat and cold resistant, and has an air filtration, purge and circulation system. As an *environmental suit* it can be completely sealed to protect its wearer from noxious fumes, gas, and microorganisms, as well as low levels of radiation. To this end, the air circulation system will keep the flow of air fresh for 12 hours and has a 30 minute oxygen supply for emergencies and underwater operations. However, if the suit suffers more than 75 points of damage, its integrity as an environmental suit is breached and air, water and others elements will seep through.

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Pressurized underwater capabilities able to survive depths of up to 400 feet (122 m), but may require an additional oxygen tank.

Built-in Sensors & Weapons: None

Armor Rating (A.R.): 16

S.D.C.: 250

Cumulative Robot Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, parry and dodge, and +1 attack per melee.

Total Cost: $13 million. However, all Regulator suits have been donated to Gramercy Island by **Orion Robotics**, which claims to be using the prison to field test the units. Officially, Orion plans to mass produce the Regulator for worldwide law enforcement and military use, but, since Orion also is a front company for the supervillain group *Fabricators, Inc.*, chances are authorities using the armor will eventually meet underworld figures, mercenaries, and supervillains with alarmingly similar armor. A mind game that does not go unappreciated by the criminal masterminds behind Orion.

Motor Pool

Gramercy Island's motor pool is home to the aircraft, watercraft and power armor used by the Gramercy Island facility personnel. This hardware is absolutely critical to the prison's safe and efficient operation, and is kept in tip-top shape at all times. The motor pool contains a variety of small trucks, hovercycles, jet packs and other (mostly) conventional vehicles. The water scooters, patrol boats, helicopters and hover vehicles all used by the prison resemble models common to the CSPD, but feature various experimental modifications and upgrades. The following items are a few of the most notable.

JG-86 "Deadlock" Cybersystem

The JG-86 Deadlock is the next evolution in power armor to follow the JG-76 Juggerman power armor (see *Century Station* page 50). Like its predecessor, the Deadlock is designed for riot control and urban assault, however, any similarities end there. The Deadlock is a huge, hulking behemoth with extremely heavy armor. It

has a much more robot-like appearance (even though a man pilot's it from the inside) and can take a significant amount of punishment. Akin to a walking bulldozer, the Deadlock can wade through an army of rioters, smash through barricades, bring vehicles to a crashing stop, and punch through walls and iron doors. Its built-in weapons systems only add to its all-around combat capabilities.

This Orion Cybersystem is nicknamed "Deadlock" because it is used to *break* deadlocks, stalemates, stand-offs and barricades that hold off the authorities. Conversely, the giant robot combat suits can be used to lock down and block rioters and trouble. Six units are currently at Gramercy Island, with another four to be delivered by the years end and three others earmarked for use by C-SWAT.

Type: Exoskeleton/Heavy Power Armor

Body Frame: Large Humanoid.

Dimensions: 16 feet (4.9 m); 22 tons.

Armor Rating (A.R.): 15

S.D.C. by Location:

Hands (2) — 100 each

Arms (2) — 220 each

Legs (2) — 400 each

Laser (1; right arm) — 60

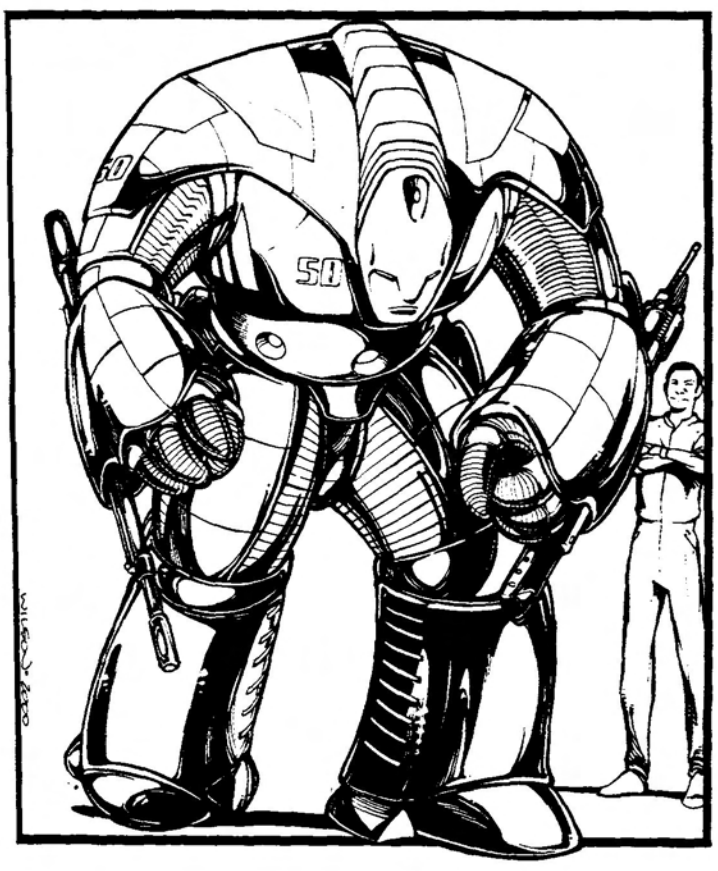
Grenade Launcher (1; left arm) — 75

Head — 120 (Destruction of the head reduces all optics and bonuses by half)

Spotlight (1; head) — 6

Main Body — 920

Power Supply: Micro-Fusion Power System.



Legs: Speed: 66 (45 mph/72 km).

Propulsion Systems: Leaping Servos enable it to leap 12 feet (3.6 m) high or across. A giant-sized detachable jet pack is currently under development and should be available for testing in a year (Top Speed: 250 mph/400 km, Range: 300 miles/480 km; +1 to dodge in flight).

Arms & Hands (reinforced): 32 P.S. (superhuman)

Sensors: Bio-Scan, Combat Computer, Motion Detector and Warning System, and Micro-Radar.

Special Features: Advanced Robot Audio and Optics System, heat and cold resistant, and has an air filtration, purge and circulation system. As an *environmental suit* it can be completely sealed to protect its wearer from noxious fumes, gas, and microorganisms, as well as low levels of radiation. To this end, the air circulation system will keep the flow of air fresh for 72 hours and has a three hour oxygen supply for emergencies and underwater operations.

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Pressurized underwater capabilities able to survive depths of up to 1000 feet (305 m), additional oxygen tanks and underwater propulsion system (25 mph/40 km) may be desirable.

Cumulative Robot Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +4 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +27 to damage (including weight and robot strength considerations), +5 to pull punch, +2 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact, and +1 melee attack. A running body block/ram does 3D4x10 S.D.C. damage but counts as four melee actions/attacks.

Total Cost: $26 million, but these also have been donated to Gramercy Island by Orion Robotics, for the same reasons as the Regulator units.

Deadlock Weapon Systems:

1. **Multi-Frequency Laser (1; Right Arm):** The exact frequency of light energy fired can be regulated to adapt to different environments and counter laser resistant armor (albeit the latter is a rarity).

Damage: 1D6 to 6D6 (can vary intensity and damage in increments of 1D6. It can also be used as a laser torch to cut through locks, bars and metal with surprising precision).

Range: 4,000 feet (1,219 m).

Rate of Fire: Equal to the combined number of hand to hand attacks of its operator, typically 4-6. Each blast counts as one melee attack.

Payload: 80 blasts, fueled by a concealed power pack and generator built into the robot suit. Regenerates at a rate of four an hour.

2. **50 mm Grenade Launcher:** The underside of the left arm holds the grenade launcher.

Damage: Explosive: 2D4x10. Flechette: 2D4x10. Tear gas: -6 to strike, parry or dodge. Knockout gas: Roll to save vs poison or fall asleep for 1D4 minutes. Smoke, flash and fire retardant foam grenades may also be used.

Range: 3,000 feet (914 m).

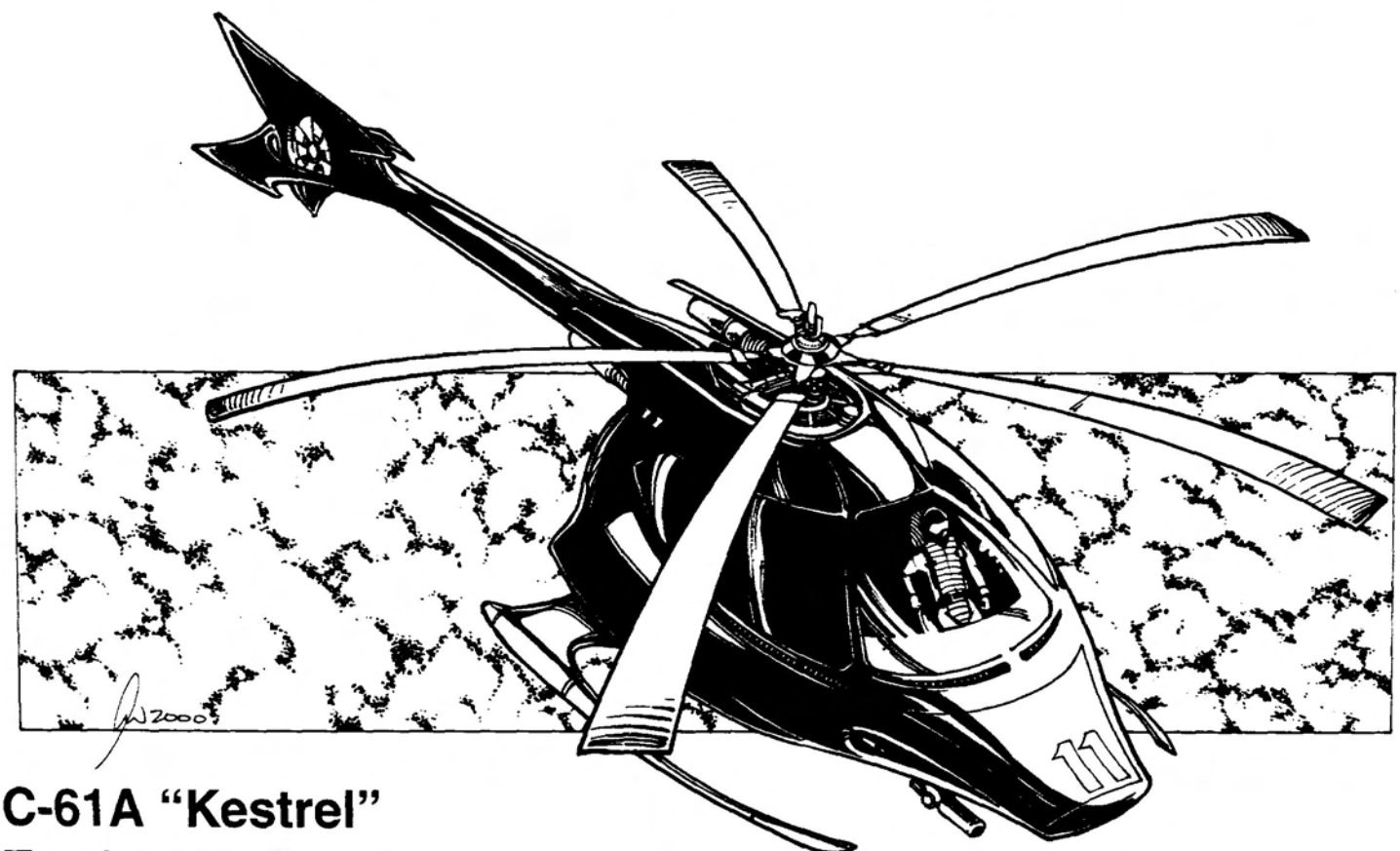
Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m) for explosive rounds, tear gas and knockout gas. 40 feet (12 m) for smoke, and 6 feet (1.8 m) for flash and fire retardant grenades.

Rate of Fire: Twice per melee round.
Payload: 40 shot ammo drum. Can also be hand loaded with up to four grenades to handle rapidly changing needs (i.e. go from the attack with explosive grenades to fire retardant).
Note: May be switched for a flamethrower unit (12 blasts, 6D6 damage, 100 foot/30.5 m range).

3. Stun Bolts. Fired from the eyes!
Damage: 3D6 plus the character must make an unmodified roll of 18 or higher to save vs stun penalties. The shocking blast of electricity short-circuits the nervous system of its victim, rendering them unconscious for 2D6 minutes. Even upon awakening the victim is -8 to strike, parry and dodge, has no initiative, skill performance is at -50%, and reduce the number of attacks to one, P.S. and P.P. by half and Spd by 80% for another 5D6 minutes.

Those who manage to save, remain conscious but staggered, weak and hurting: -4 to strike, parry and dodge, has no initiative, and reduce the number of attacks, other combat bonuses, skill performance, P.S., P.P. and Spd. by half for 1D6 minutes.
Range: 20 feet (6 m).
Payload: 10 blasts. Can be dodged if the intended victim knows about the Deadlock's capabilities and sees the small flash that occurs an instant before firing.
Bonus: +2 to strike with eye blasts.

4. Riot Control Fumigation System: Six circular cavities located around the waist can be used to release smoke, tear gas or knockout gas around the Deadlock.
Damage: Smoke cause coughing and minor eye irritation, and obscures the vision of those around it. Tear gas and knockout gas the same effects as noted under grenades.
Range/Area of Effect: 10 foot/3 m diameter around the Deadlock.
Payload: Six applications/sprays or six continuous minute streams.



C-61A "Kestrel" Tactical Helicopter

The Gramercy Island Kestrel is a knock off of both the C-61 Peregrine tactical and surveillance helicopter and the C-80 Snowball tactical assault aircraft used by the CSPD. The aim with this vehicle was to make something that could pack the punch of a Snowball but not cost quite so much. So, the basic design for the Peregrine was used to accommodate as many of the Snowball's features as possible. The result is an interesting hybrid vehicle that serves as a superb ground attack aircraft. *AVTRAN*, the company that designed the Kestrel already has military buyers lined up for this bird, which is poised to supersede craft like the Hind and Apache gunships over the next decade. Assuming all of the bugs get worked out, that is. Although the Kestrel has performed well, there is a 7% chance that every time the chopper takes off, there will be some kind of serious rotor malfunction in flight that makes the craft at -33% to steer until it is repaired. When hobbled like this, all weapons fire from the Kestrel is at -6 to hit.

Crew: One pilot/gunner, up to seven passengers or up to four passengers wearing Regulator Armor.

A.R.: 14

S.D.C. by Location:

Rotor — 200

Maneuvering Fans (2) — 200

Tail — 200

Cockpit Windows — 200

Main Body — 500 S.D.C. If the main body is depleted, the craft is destroyed. There is also a 15% chance the mini-fusion reactor will detonate, inflicting 1D4x100 damage to everything within a 100 foot (30.5 m) radius.

Speed: 350 mph (560 km).

Range: Unlimited, thanks to a special mini-fusion reactor as the fuel source.

Length: 48 feet (14.6 m).

Weight: 8,000 lbs (4 tons).

Total Vehicular Bonuses: Pilot: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, and +3 to dodge. Gunner: +1 to initiative and +3 to strike.

Weapons: The Kestrel maintains three heavy weapons: two miniguns and a heavy automatic grenade launcher. It also can support a single door gunner who can fire his personal weaponry or mount a heavier support weapon, such as a third minigun.

XM-134 Miniguns (2): Standard stats as presented a few times earlier in this section. Note: These weapons hang off the ends of side-mounted heavy weapons pylons. They are operated by the gunner, who sits in the cockpit with the pilot. Utilizing advanced HUD targeting software, a single gunner can fire simultaneously at two different targets (one gun apiece) or he can link the guns to both fire upon the same target. Linked fire needs only one roll to hit and causes normal damage x2. Additional Note: AVTRAN is currently working on a heavy energy cannon to supplement the miniguns of this craft, but is about six months from deployment yet. The cannons will hit harder than the miniguns but will lose the burst and spray capability that the gunners love so much.

50 mm Automatic Grenade Launcher: Range: 3,000 feet (914 m). Damage: Explosive: 2D4x10. Flechette: 2D4x10. Tear gas: -6 to strike, parry or dodge. Knockout gas: Roll to save vs poison or fall asleep for 1D4 minutes. Smoke or tear gas rounds are also available. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m); explosive only. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: Two 50-shot ammo drums. One carries non-lethal ordnance, such as smoke and tear gas shells. The other carries high explosive or flechette shells. The gunner can switch between the two with the flick of a thumb switch and need not expend an extra attack/action to do so. Bursts can only fire off of one drum, however. Drums can not be switched in mid-fire.

Special Equipment:

Radio: Range: 200 miles (320 km).

Encrypted Burst Transmitter/Radio Scrambler: Range: 200 miles (320 km).

Maxi-Radar: Range: 50 miles (80 km).

Combat Computer w/ Heads-Up Display (HUD)

Multi-Optics Periscope and HUD

Radiation Shielding

Pressurized Cabin

Mini-Fusion Reactor: This gives the craft an effectively unlimited flight endurance.

G-10 "Piranha" Armored Semi-Sub

These small, tenacious attack craft are the newest addition to the Gramercy Island motor pool. They are semi-submersible jet skis specially outfitted to deal with the rough surf surrounding the island, and to do combat with any maritime opponents. With so many high-tech and super-powered menaces in nearby Century Station, an underwater assault upon the island is not out of the question, and so these little fighter craft were designed to thwart any such incursions. These craft can skim along the surface, or they can submerge and move like a submarine, making them a versatile and deadly addition to Gramercy Island defenses.

Crew: One pilot.

A.R.: 10

S.D.C. by Location:

* Air jets (2; rear) — 50 each

* Headlights (2) — 15 each

Main Body — 180, if the main body is depleted, the craft is destroyed. There is also a 15% chance the mini-fusion reactor will detonate, inflicting 1D4x100 damage to everything within a 200 foot (61 m) radius.

Passenger Compartment — 100; if the main body is destroyed, the sealed passenger compartment will slowly float to the surface and activate a distress beacon. It serves as a combination cockpit and escape pod.

Note: Items marked with a single asterisk are small and/or difficult targets to strike. Attackers must make a called shot and even then are at -3 to strike. This penalty applies to hitting the pilot of the craft, but not the passenger. Depleting the S.D.C. of the main body destroys the craft. Destroying one of the air jets reduces the craft's speed by half and imposes a -2 penalty to dodge. Destroying both jets renders the craft immobile, but it could be salvaged and repaired.

Speed: 150 mph (240 km) on the surface, 30 mph (48 km) submerged.

Range: Unlimited, thanks to the mini-fusion reactor fuel source.

Depth: The Piranha can tolerate depths of up to 900 feet (274.5 m).

Length: 6 feet (1.8 m)

Weight: 800 lbs (360 kg)

Total Vehicular Bonuses: +4 to initiative and +1 to dodge.

Weapons:

Mini Torpedo Launchers (2): Range: 2,000 feet (610 m). Damage: 1D6x10. Rate of Fire: Single shot or volleys of

two or four. Payload: Four mini-torpedoes. Bonuses: +4 to strike; the torpedoes are self-guided.

Nose Laser: Range: 4,000 feet (1,220 m). Damage: 1D4x10. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Payload: Unlimited.

Special Equipment:

Radio: Range: 200 miles/320 km

Encrypted Burst Transmitter/Radio Scrambler: Range: 200 miles (320 km).

Maxi-Radar: Range: 50 miles (80 km).

Combat Computer w/Heads-Up Display (HUD)

Multi-Optics Periscope and HUD

Radiation Shielding

Pressurized Cabin

Mini-Fusion Reactor: This gives the craft an effectively unlimited endurance.

G-22 "Moray" Patrol Boat

This is a military upgrade of the standard CSPD patrol boat, which is a basic unarmed surveillance and pursuit vessel. The Moray has been armored, equipped with a faster engine, and has the arms to deal with most surface threats that would approach the island. The Moray typically is deployed to intercept unauthorized vessels approaching the island. It also can serve as an emergency rescue vessel, a search and retrieval vessel for snatching inmates who swim off the island, and as a secondary means of moving from the island to the mainland.

Crew: One captain, one mate/sensors operator, one gunner and up to three patrol officers. (**Note:** In emergency situations, this vessel can accommodate up to another ten people.)

A.R.: 10

S.D.C. by Location:

Bridge — 150

Deck Weapons Mount — 100

* Radar/Communications Array — 70

** Main Body — 450, if the main body is depleted, the craft is destroyed. There is also a 15% chance the mini-fusion reactor will detonate, inflicting 1D4x100 damage to everything within a 200 foot (61 m) radius.

Note: Hitting the radar/communications array requires a called shot at -2. Depleting the S.D.C. of the main body will cause the boat to sink in 1D4 minutes. There is a single inflatable raft (50 S.D.C.) stored in the deck compartment that is capable of holding six people and can be deployed in less than a minute.

Speed: 70 mph (112 km).

Range: Unlimited, thanks to the mini-fusion reactor fuel source.

Length: 21 feet (6.4 m).

Weight: 32 tons

Total Vehicular Bonuses: +4 to initiative and +1 to dodge.

Weapons:

50 Caliber Machinegun: Range: 6,000 feet (1,830 m). Damage: 7D6. Rate of Fire: Standard machinegun. Payload: 800 round ammo drum (enough for 10 full melee bursts, 20 long bursts, or 40 short bursts) plus 2 extra ammo drums.

50 mm Automatic Grenade Launcher: Range: 3,000 feet (914 m). Damage: Explosive: 2D4x10 or Flechette: 2D4x10. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m). Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: Two 50-shot ammo drums. One carries non-lethal ordnance, such as smoke and tear gas shells. The other carries high explosive or flechette shells. The gunner can switch between the two with the flick of a thumb switch and need not expend an extra attack/action to do so. Bursts can only fire off of one drum, however. Drums can not be switched in mid-fire.

Radio: Range: 200 miles (320 km)

Encrypted Burst Transmitter/Radio Scrambler: Range: 200 miles (320 km).

Maxi-Radar: Range: 50 miles (80 km).

Combat Computer w/ Heads-Up Display (HUD)

Multi-Optics Periscope and HUD

Radiation Shielding

Pressurized Cabin

Mini-Fusion Reactor: This gives the craft an effectively unlimited endurance.

Operation Argonaut

Operation Argonaut is the brainchild of an under-the-table deal between Warden Harker and the top-level executives of the advanced technology firm **Orion Robotics**. With the tacit approval of the Century Station Prison Authority (Harker had to pull a few strings to get them to see things his way), Harker commissioned Orion to design and build a series of humanoid combat robots that could substitute for human guards at Gramercy Island. These robots needed the firepower to keep the facility secure, but they also would need the artificial intelligence required to interact with the human staff and prisoners. The aim of including robots is to gradually phase out half (if not more) of the humans security officers and guards. Theoretically, this would dramatically reduce the problems with corruption, reduce the risk of human life and increase the overall power level (robots are stronger and more durable than humans) at the prison. It would also make enforcement of prison rules and routine more efficient and uniform. Psychologically, it would remind the prisoners that they truly are at the mercy of cold machines of justice who could not be bribed or tricked. Moreover, during times of crisis, armored robots would be ready and able to take swift action against insurgent prisoners or raiders attempting to breach the facility.

The biggest opposition to this project are the prison's human guards, who see the robots as a threat to their jobs. They have a legitimate gripe, too. Warden Harker clearly wishes to remove as many humans from the island as possible. Unless the staff stands up for itself now, the prison might very well become an 80% to 100% robot operation within a decade. Aside from mere job security, the protests against Operation Argonaut are born out of the fear of having *machines* play such a prominent role in the penal system. Warden Harker himself clearly has aspirations for the senate (he has announced that he will run at some point in the future). What if as Senator he gets robot guards running every prison? Numerous States and countries are already looking at Gramercy Island as a model for the future. Fears such as this touch a chord among many people who have never gotten over their primal fear of robots and artificial intelligences. To folks such as these, the thought of being at the mercy of heartless, thinking machines is too unnerving to bear. Then there are the advantages human beings bring to a situation. Currently, even the best artificial intelligence is limited. The human mind offers subjective thought, imagination, innovation and a level of thought and resourcefulness unavailable to robots. Such capabilities are ideal for volatile situations where human ingenuity may be required to quell a problem with minimal loss of life and property.

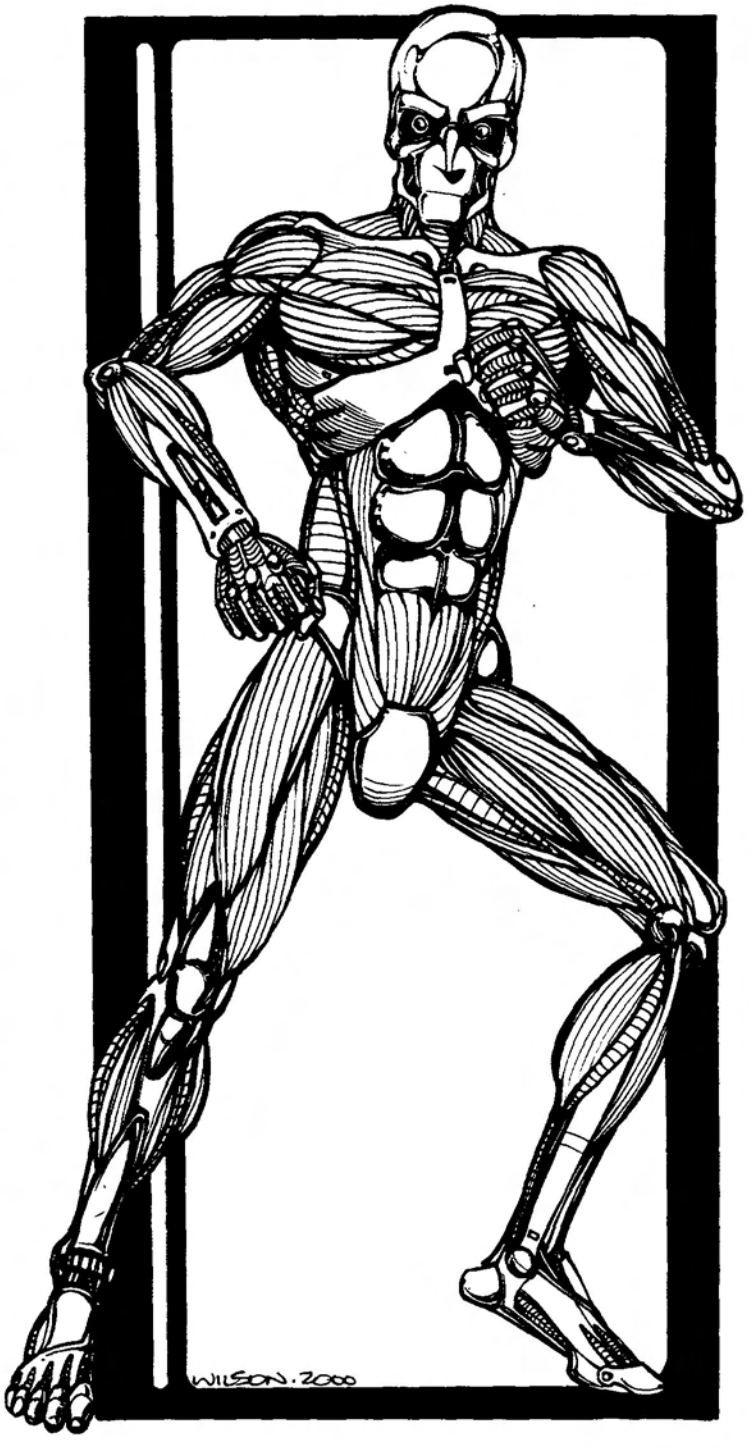
Warden Harker knows Operation Argonaut might not resound with voters once he is in office, and as much as he wants to see Argonaut-style robots running every prison in the land, he would never jeopardize his political career to do so. Especially not when he has so many other plans for the Argonauts, plans which only *he* can put into motion.

AN-105 Series Argonaut

The Argonaut 100 Series is dedicated to light infantry operations. The AN-105 is a humanoid-sized combat robot that resembles a sleek full conversion borg with no attempts to conceal its appearance. It is designed to handle regular infantry weaponry as well as its own on-board capabilities in performing the duties of the combat infantryman as well as operate weapons, armor and light vehicles. The human-sized AN-105 is also excellently suited for stealth and covert operations, able to operate secretly and silently deep within enemy territory with no human supervision or assistance.

In terms of prison applications, the AN-105 works nicely as a basic security guard, standing watch over entire cell blocks with its on-board surveillance equipment and moving swiftly into action to discipline unruly inmates. The biggest problem with the AN-105 is that it handles most problems violently, leaving numerous inmates wounded whenever it does spring into action. Secondly, the robot is considered to be a threat and menace by the prison population, which only further agitates them and prompts subsequent prisoner misbehavior. This has prompted the Warden to "dress" his robots in guard uniforms to minimize their robot appearance. The addition of synthetic flesh and hair could easily make the AN-105 pass for a human, but the Century Station Prison Authority *has not* green-lighted this humanizing process. Besides, such cosmetic additions do not address the real heart of the matter, which is that these robot soldiers are cold machines that may look like men, but don't think or act like them.

Gramercy Island currently maintains a force of 50 AN-105s, all of which are stored in individual stasis chambers (600 S.D.C. each) which are themselves stored in an adjacent hangar to the island's main motor pool. The robots "sleep" on standby mode and activate only when given the command or the prison goes on red alert. In the event of a facility-wide crisis, the central monitoring station broadcasts an emergency start-up signal to every Argonaut in storage. Once activated, the Argonauts fan out and secure the island, responding first to areas identi-



fied by the central monitoring station or by intercepted radio communications from places where resistance is

unit can carry. Power System: Nuclear. The average Argonaut's energy life span is 5 years.

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ass for a
55

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Radar and Combat Computer: The Argonaut can iden[redacted] Tracking (75%) - Climb (95%/90%[redacted]

Consequently, the AN-202 may be deployed with a squad of five to eight AN-105s under its control.

The chassis and armament of the AN-202 was modeled after the AN-105 and has a basic humanoid shape, but is much more skeletal and robotic in appearance. As a result, the AN-202s are sometimes called "big brothers" by Gramercy Island robot mechanics and guards (and "Stilts" by the inmates because of the robots' long, narrow, legs).

Gramercy Island maintains a force of a dozen AN-202s, locked in individual stasis chambers on standby mode like their brother AN-105 units. If activated and sent into action, they will definitely activate whatever AN-105s that they can and coordinate their efforts to complete the mission at hand. At Gramercy Island, they are programmed to protect the guards and workers, disperse riots, stop agitators and eliminate threats. Thus, they target the most immediate and dangerous quarry to attack.

Model Type: AN-202; also known as "Big Brother" and "Stilts."

Class: Argonaut 200 Series Heavy Infantry Combat Robot

S.D.C. by Location:

Hands (2) — 100

Arms (2) — 150

Legs (2) — 200

* Head — 180

** Main Body — 500 (plus Reactive Armor, see AN-105)

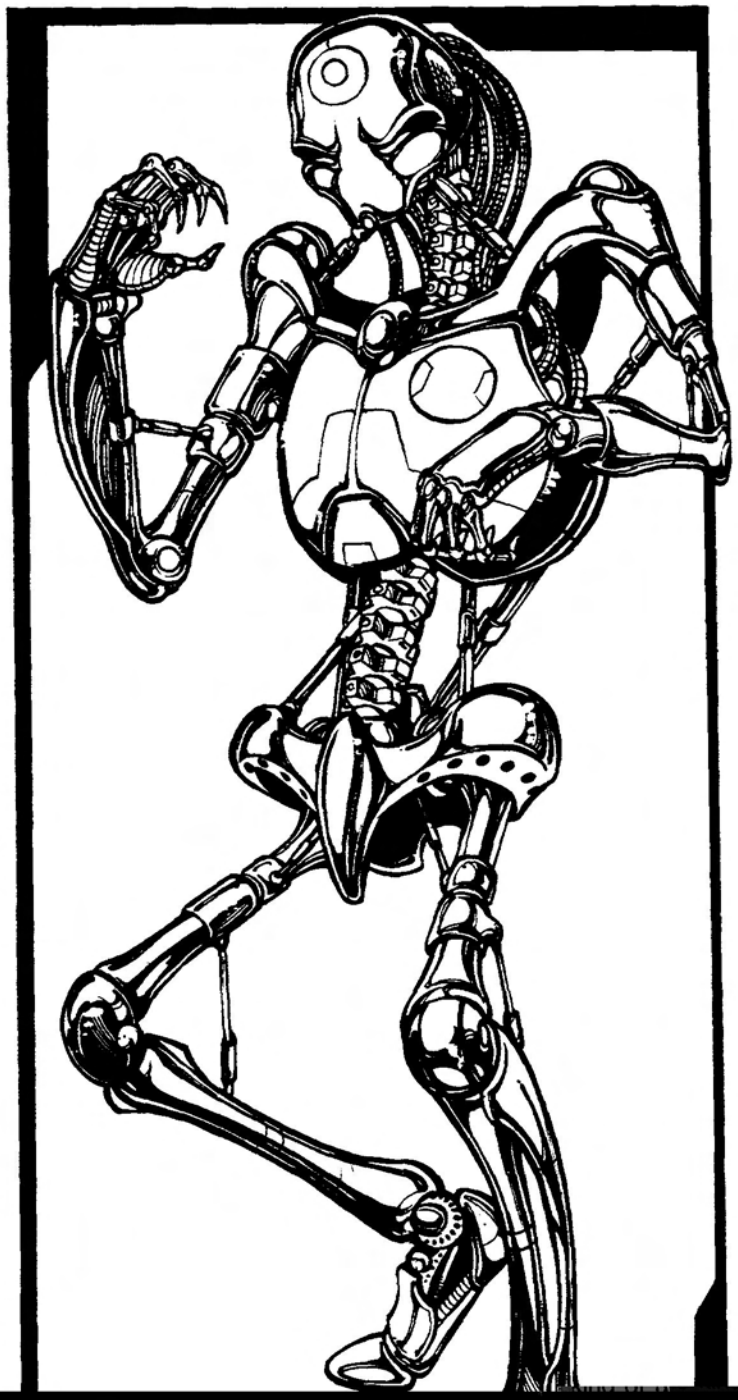
External Jet Pack — 200

* Destroying the head of the robot will eliminate all optics and sensory systems. In most cases the robot shuts down as a safety feature. However, in some cases, about one in ten, the robot continues to fight, blasting away wildly until its ammunition is expended. Even then, it will continue to grope around, lashing out and hitting anything it touches. Under these conditions, the robot enjoys no combat bonuses to strike, parry or dodge.

The head is a small and difficult target to hit, especially when the unit is moving. Thus, it can only be hit when a character makes a "called shot," and even then the attacker is -2 to strike.

** Depleting the S.D.C. of the main body shuts the robot down completely, rendering it useless. **Note:** The AN-202 Argonaut can not wear additional body armor, power armor, or clothing. It simply is not built to fit into such gear and only giant-sized robes, cloaks or clothing can conceal its robot nature, but not its inhuman size. The only thing it could possibly pass itself off as is some kind of unusual being, such as a Mutant, Experitivity, but it does perform reasonably well. Top swimming speed when submerged is 30 mph (48 km/25.5 knots); maximum depth tolerance is 1000 feet (305 m).

Statistical Data: Height: 8 feet (2.4 m). Width: 4.5 feet (1.4 m). Length: 4.5 feet (1.37 m). Weight: 2,000 lbs (1 ton/900 kg). Physical Strength: Equivalent to a P.S. of 30 (robotic). Cargo: None, only what the unit can carry.



Power System: Nuclear. The average Argonaut's energy life span is 5 years.

Weapon Systems:

1. High-Powered Lasers: Each eye is fitted with a high-powered laser. They can fire singularly or simultaneously. Damage: 2D6 for a single blast or 4D6 for a simultaneous blast from both eyes. Range: 1000 feet (305 m). Rate of Fire: Six single or double shots per melee round; each single or double blast counts as one melee action. Payload: Unlimited.

2. Finger Blasters (two, one on each hand): Damage: 3D6 S.D.C. per single blast. Range: 200 feet (61 m). Rate of Fire: Six shots per melee round; each blast counts as one melee action. Payload: Effectively unlimited.

3. Chest Mini-Thermo Cannon (1): This is the AN-202's close combat backup weapon. The chest plate slides down and the barrel fires a bolt of flaming plasma. Damage: 1D4x10 per blast. Range: 200 feet (61 m). Rate of Fire: Twice per melee round; each blast counts as one melee attack. Payload: Six. Regenerates at a rate of six per hour.

4. Finger-Claws: Each fingertip is like a spike or small talon. Damage: Claw-strike does 3D6 damage +20 from P.S.

5. Mini-Missile Pods (Optional; standard for all Gramercy Island units): The AN-202 can carry an eight-pack of mini-missile in a launch pod attached to its back, or a pair of six-packs on each shoulder. Damage: Depends on payload; typically the robot loads armor piercing (1D4x10 S.D.C.) or plasma (1D6x10 S.D.C.) warheads. Range: One mile (1.6 km). Rate of Fire: Single shot or volleys of two, three or four. Payload: Eight (backpack), six (one shoulder launcher), twelve (six mini-missiles per each shoulder pod, 12 mini-missiles total) or twenty (2 shoulder pods and backpack).

6. Hand-Held Weapons (Optional): The AN-202 is still small enough to be able to use conventional weapons designed for humans, from nightstick or metal pipe to assault rifle, grenade or energy weapons. In the future, each robot at Gramercy Island will be assigned standard "guard" weapons and gear. In a similar vein, AN-202s used in military scenarios will use whatever weaponry their owners supply to them.

7. Self-Destruct System: Damage: 3D4x10 to everything within 20 feet (6 m) of the robot and 1D6x10 to everything within 50 feet (15.2 m). Triggering this one-shot device destroys the Argonaut completely. The robot will only use this device if it believes capture is imminent and when the Warden issues a direct command to do so. On solo missions, this feature is much more likely to be used as a spoilsport weapon. In many instances, the Argonaut is told not to use the self-destruct protocol unless commanded to do so by a specific human (at Gramercy Island, that's the Warden). Typically this device is not used except under the most dire of circumstances.

8. Hand to Hand Combat: Attacks Per Melee Round: 7; equivalent to Hand to Hand: Martial Arts. Damage: Includes robot strength, weight and metal considerations. Restrained Punch: 3D6 S.D.C. Full Strength Punch, Elbow, Knee or Kick: 4D6+20 S.D.C. Power Punch: 8D6+40 S.D.C. but counts as two attacks. Body Block: 2D6+20 S.D.C. plus 01-65% chance victim its size or smaller is knocked off his feet and loses initiative and one melee attack. Head Butt: 2D6+10 S.D.C.; also see #4 claw strike.

Bonuses: (includes all from programming, sensors and robotics): +4 on initiative, +3 to strike with an automatic rifle, pistol, energy pistol, or energy rifle, +5 to strike on an aimed shot, +8 to strike with hands or feet, +7 to parry, +3 to parry and dodge attacks from behind (motion detectors), +8 to dodge, and +4 to roll with punch, fall or impact. Critical strike on a natural 17-20. Impervious to poison, gas, biological agents, as well as psionic or magic mind control, charms, illusions, bio-manipulation, and Horror Factor.

Special Sensory Systems:

Optics: Standard; see AN-105 Argonaut.

Radar and Combat Computer: Standard; see AN-105 Argonaut.

Motion Detector: 100 feet (30.5 m); adds to parry and dodge bonuses as described above.

Radio Communication: Standard; see AN-105 Argonaut.

Speech: Standard; see AN-105 Argonaut.

Image Transmission: Standard; see AN-105 Argonaut.

Skill Programs of Note: Standard; see AN-105 Argonaut.

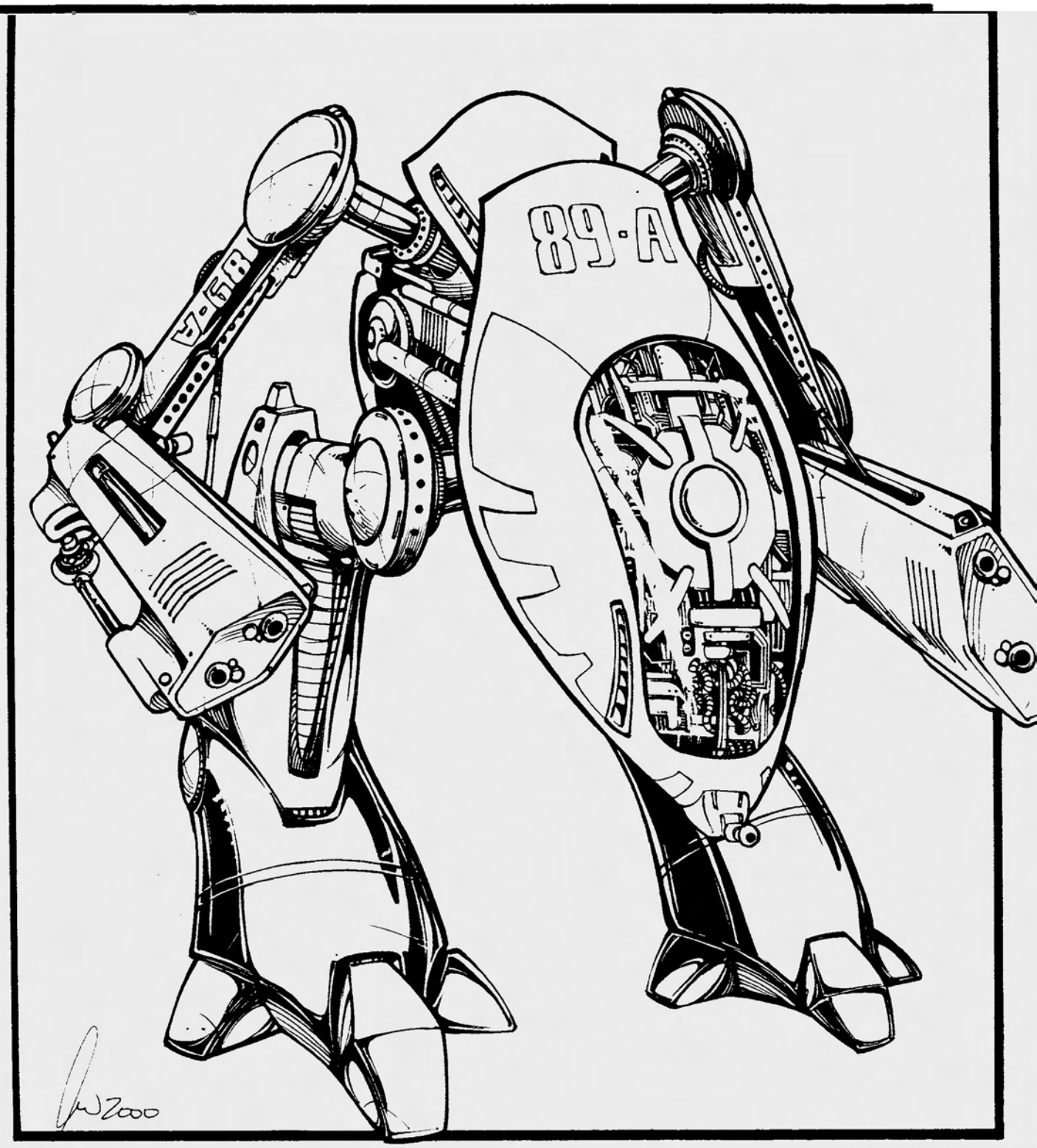
Programming and Memory: Thanks to the radically advanced multi-directional logic processors in the Argonaut's brain, the AN-202 effectively has an I.Q. of 14, otherwise the same as the AN-105.

Argonaut Interface: Any 300 series Argonaut can override a Series 200 Argonaut and control it remotely (within a range of 10 miles/16 km), just as if it were an extension of itself. Upper-level Argonauts only do this to carry out complicated and coordinated attacks; this measure is not meant as a contingency in case the 200 series Argonauts malfunction, although it could be used as one if the situation called for it. Likewise, the AN-202 can override and control up to eight AN-105 Argonauts so long as the AN-105s are kept within the 10 mile (16 km) radio transmission range.

AN-307 Master

The Argonaut 300 series is a walking, intelligent tank capable of decimating infantry, suppressing power armor, and destroying armored military vehicles (tanks and APCs), robots, low flying aircraft and superbeings! The AN-307 is designated as the "master unit" for the entire Argonaut line, providing multiple interface and strategic interpolation through an entire networked Argonaut assault group.

The AN-307 operates as both heavy support and mobile command unit — the centerpiece, if you will, to a legion of smaller robot combat units (i.e. the AN-105 and AN-202 Argonauts). It can be deployed as a line-busting force part of a 307 hunter group of two to four units, or as



the lead part of a mixed assault group. As such, it serves as the squad leader to four AN-202s and 6-8 AN-105s. When deployed as a larger group (platoon or company), there will be one AN-307 Master for every 10-20 of the smaller robots. All of the units under its command are linked via a multi-communications system to perform as a coordinated team with the Master calling the shots. More than that, everything the humanoid robots see, ear, and experience is transmitted to the Master, effectively functioning as an extension of its eyes, ears and hands. Additionally, as many as a dozen "Masters" can link with one another to *share* their information and coordinate their i dividual teams. Commanding an entire mixed Argona platoon, a single AN-307 can establish a significant pre ence over a twenty mile (32 km) radius, as its AN-202s e tend to about 10 miles (16 km) from the AN-307, and t AN-105s extend to nearly 10 miles (16 km) from t AN-202s. The Argonaut design team calls t "piggybacking," a tactic to maximize the amount of grou they can cover. Larger units can spread themselves c even farther or, in the alternative, act as a more conce trated strike force.

The Argonaut AN-307 Master is the ultimate evolution in Orion Robotics' line of combat robots. The manufacturer claims the giant war machine is designed for urban law enforcement and riot control as well as the military. However, their huge size, heavy armor and bristling weapons are undeniable best suited to military applications as tank-killers, mobile artillery, infantry support, front-line combat, and wholesale slaughter. Any mission one might need a tank or APC to handle, the AN-307 Master can handle better. It is faster, more mobile, better suited for a variety of terrains, and no human lives are placed in jeopardy. It's a "robot," no humans necessary. Even the accompanying ground troops should be Argonaut robots!

The AN-307 currently remains untested with only four prototypes in service. Consequently, all testing has consisted entirely of computer simulations. Two Masters have been recently shipped to Gramercy Island for "careful and limited" field testing. In the future, Warden Harker sees the AN-307 as an integral part of the Argonaut Security Force which he sees eventually handling *all* Gramercy Security. The big robot will be especially effective against superhumans and as a deterrent against raiders daring enough to attempt breaking comrades out of prison.

So long as Warden Harker remains in a position of power, he will try to find ways to justify the assignment of at least 6-10 AN-307 to Gramercy Island. If he can not have them built while he is warden, then he will bide his time until he becomes a Senator and try to get a few built and added later or assigned to C-SWAT and other military projects. For Harker, the AN-307 is the next best thing to godliness, a beautiful and flawless engine of destruction, something Harker himself aspires to be in one way, shape or form.(**Game Master's Note:** To the Warden's thinking, a single AN-307 linked to scores of Argonauts would reign supreme over the island. A mechanized kingpin could — if he so chose — use the digitized memory of, say, a certain alien android. An android who might use the AN-307 to lead a private army of robots to take over the island and establish a kingdom of pure machinery. Or could he have some other mad scheme in mind? Once the Island was his, couldn't he offer its prisoners freedom as his minions? A malignant army composed of the most dangerous criminals, masterminds and supervillains in the world! An army filled with hate and vengeance against a world the alien android may seek to enslave or destroy. Could this have been android Harker's plan from the beginning? Or is there something more?)

Model Type: AN-307, also known as the "Master," and "Argonaut Master." The inmates prefer to call it the "Tin Can."

Class: Argonaut 300 Series Heavy Assault and Command Robot.

S.D.C. by Location:

Forearm Weapon Pods (2) — 340

Arms (2; upper) — 300

Legs (2) — 450

* Sensor Pod (head/giant eye-like area) — 300

** Main Body — 750

* Destroying the robot's sensor pod will eliminate all optics and sensory systems. In such cases, the AN-307 will attempt to back out of the area relying on sensory input from whatever other Argonauts it is networked with. Once it extricates itself out of harm's way, it will regroup the forces under its control and continue the assault. It will only return to combat if it can use a fellow robot to visually spot the enemy, and if it appears that the rest of its force is on the verge of defeat. Even then, the AN-307 is at -4 to strike, and if the robot "spotting" for it is disabled or destroyed, then the AN-307 is blind again, and is at -8 to strike, parry and dodge.

The sensor pod is a relatively small and difficult target to hit, especially when the unit is moving. Thus, it can only be hit when a character makes a "called shot," and even then the attacker is -3 to strike.

** Depleting the S.D.C. of the main body shuts the robot down completely, rendering it useless.

Reactive Armor (Special!): Same as the AN-105, except it offers 200 points of S.D.C. protection to this giant.

Speed: Running: 120 mph (192 km). Leaping: 30 feet (9.1 m) high or 60 feet (18.3 m) across; double if running at 60 mph (96 km) or faster. Note: The AN-307 is surprisingly agile for its size. Its large, ostrich-like legs giving it excellent running speed and startling leaping capabilities. In fact, the Argonaut Master will often leap out of harm's way (up or away) and into the thick of combat, leaping to and fro in a frenzy of action, shooting, kicking and striking with its big arms.

Underwater: The AN-307's top swimming speed when submerged is only 10 mph (16 km/8.5 knots), but it can walk on the bottom of shallow seas at a speed of 15 mph (24 km/13 knots).

Statistical Data: Height: 16 feet (4.9 m). Width: 10 feet (3 m). Length: 8 feet (2.4 m). Weight: 25 tons, fully loaded. Physical Strength: Equivalent to a P.S. of 40 (robotic). Cargo: None. Power System: Nuclear. The average Argonaut's energy life span is 5 years.

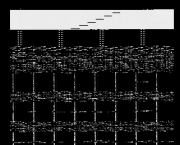
Weapon Systems: The AN-307 is a fire suppression and anti-armor platform. Most of its firepower comes from it's array of guns and mini-missiles, but it also sports high-end energy weaponry to make sure that once its primary ammunition runs out, the unit can remain on the battlefield as a viable combatant.

1. Articulated Weapons Pods (2): The AN-307 has two robot arms that end in oversized weapon housings where the robot's hands should be. These provide the robot with more heavy firepower and the ability to shoot around corners (especially useful when a networked Argonaut can provide the spotting). Each gun pod consists of a multi-barrel roto-cannon and a laser.

1a. Multi-Barrel Roto-cannons (2): Damage: One 60-round burst inflicts 1D6x10; both guns may fire simultaneously on the same target for 2D6x10 (counts as one attack). Range: 6,000 feet (1,829 m). Rate of Fire: The AN-307 can fire up to six 60-round bursts per melee round. Payload: 9,960 rounds (166 60-round bursts) per gun.

1b. High-Powered Laser (2): The lower barrel on the forearm weapon pod is a long-range laser. As with the roto-cannon, the Master need only point and fire. Damage:

Body Block/Ram: 3D6+25 S.D.C. plus victims are staggered if giant (14 feet/4.3 m or bigger) and lose initiative and one melee attack; or knocked off their feet if smaller



and fellow units. Skills that require "hands" are temporarily transmitted to an AN-105 or 202.

Programming and Memory: Effectively has an I.Q. of 16, which means that anything it is not specifically programmed to recognize, it can learn very quickly. Otherwise same as the AN-105.

Argonaut Interface: A Series 300 Argonaut can override any Series 200 or Series 100 Argonauts within 15 miles (24 km) and control them remotely as if they were extensions of itself. Upper-level Argonauts only do this to carry out complicated and coordinated attacks; this measure is not meant as a contingency in case the 200 series Argonauts malfunction — to date.

Part Three: The Inmates

Note: The reader may be surprised at the level of power some of these superhuman prisoners wield. Remember, Gramercy Island is designed to incarcerate some of the most powerful and dangerous superbeings in the world.

Notorious Super-Groups

Slaughterhouse Seven

The Slaughterhouse Seven: *Col. Chaos*, *Crazyface*, *Headstrong*, *Psychotrope*, *Serpentina*, *Doublespeak*, and *Iron Warmonger*, were some of the most powerful and dangerous predators of the super-crime scene for years. Based in **Victory City**, they practically ruled the underworld of that besieged super-metropolis until the group was defeated three years ago by a the combined superpowered forces of the *Peacekeeper League*, *Victory City Sentinels*, and the *All-Crusader Squad*.

Once apprehended, the villains were processed and sentenced to multiple consecutive life terms, ensuring that aside from a jailbreak, the Slaughterhouse Seven would never again live free. This was not the first time these villains had been brought to justice and incarcerated — in the past, no prison could hold them. Thus, the Slaughterhouse Seven were the first inmates admitted to the Super-Being Containment Wing at Gramercy Island. With any luck, they will never leave unless it is through the morgue.

Although society at large breathes a little easier knowing these dangerous public enemies are safely behind bars, the Slaughterhouse veterans have not given up. Although their powers have all been temporarily deactivated, and they can not communicate with each other, they all focus their thoughts on escape. If one of these superbeings should manage to break free, he or she will attempt to free the other members of the Slaughterhouse Seven. After that, the group will make a singular run to blast their way off the Island.

Colonel Chaos

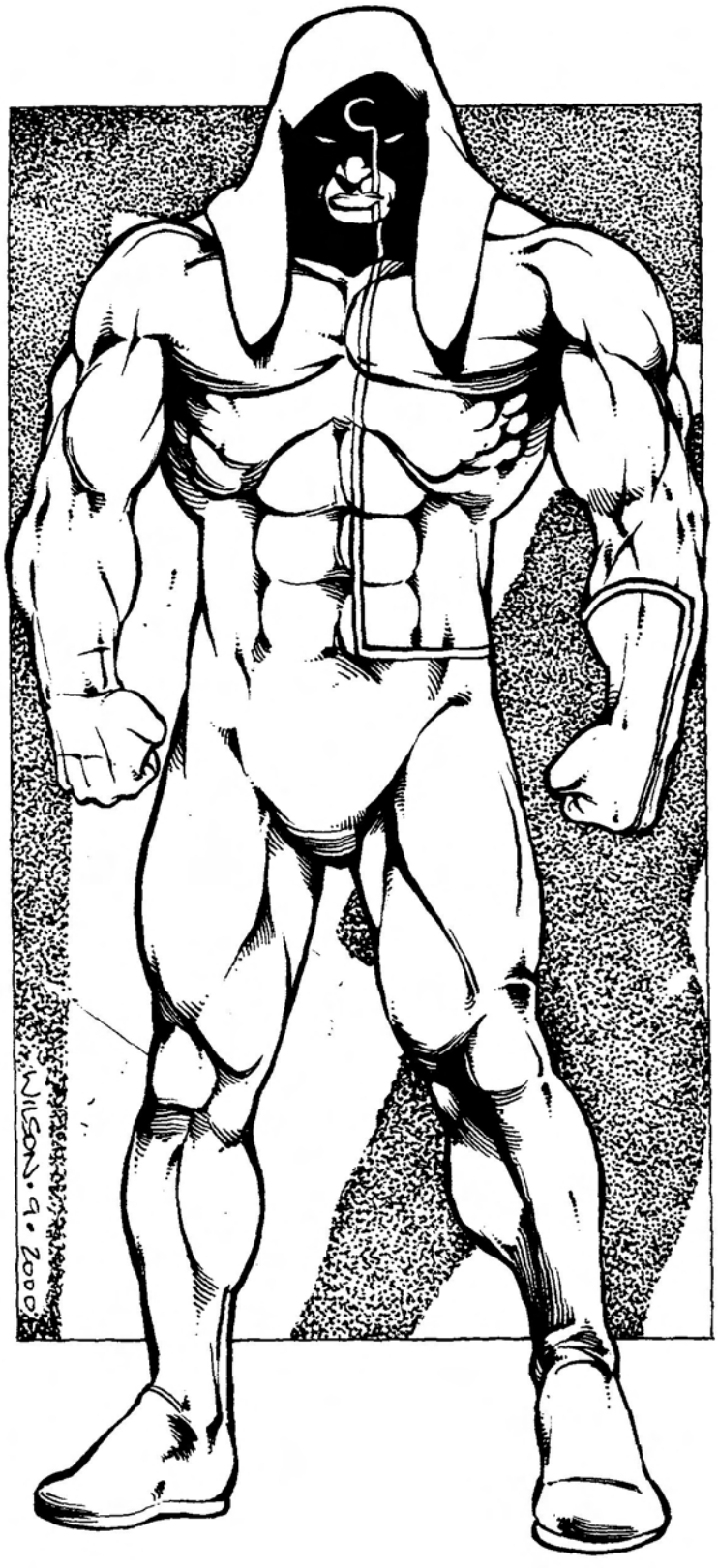
The ultimate supersoldier, Colonel Chaos is the product of the very same processes that created the mega-hero Apex, only it was a more developed and refined procedure, so the Colonel does not have the nasty super-cancer side effect that plagues Apex. Previously named *Paragon* by those who created him, Colonel Chaos has turned against his creators with a vengeance, forming the Slaughterhouse Seven and embarking on a career of supervillainy unmatched by most other bad guys. He and his cronies have devastated entire cities, terrorized entire countries, and have tried more than once to rule the world or destroy it trying. In terms of pure malicious intent, Col. Chaos is the worst of the worst among the Slaughterhouse Seven. Clearly his particular brand of evil motivates "his soldiers" to greater acts of villainy.

Colonel Chaos has the death sentence on him in over thirty nations, many of which are pressuring the U.S. to give him and his gang up for extradition. The U.S. has refused, not out of any sense of concern for these vicious terrorists, but because to move them to anything less secure than Gramercy Island constitutes an excessive security risk. The Slaughterhouse Seven has proven to be so resourceful and elusive in the past, that the government doesn't trust their own people to be able to successfully transport them, nor any foreign nation to be able to contain them once they had them. Perhaps, after other Gramercy Island superprisons are constructed in one of these other countries, the Feds will reconsider (they'd love to make the Colonel and his gang someone else's problem), but until then, the Slaughterhouse Seven remain where they are.

There's another wrinkle to the United States' keeping Colonel Chaos in lockup at Gramercy Island. His blood *might* hold the secret cure for the ailing and slowly deteriorating *Apex*, so if he is extradited, the chance to cure one of the nation's greatest heroes goes with him. Of course, managing the Col. Chaos so he may contribute to the research team handling the Apex-Chaos study presents an entirely new set of problems. Meanwhile, this mega-villain and his team live out life sentences while U.S. diplomats haggle with their foreign allies and scientists seek a cure for Apex — and Colonel Chaos enjoys the show.

Real Nam
Other Ali
Alignmer
Attribute
25, **P.E.:**

ne: Jordan Straight
ases: Paragon
nt: Diabolic
s: I.Q.: 24, **M.E.:** 25, **M.A.:** 25, **P.S.:** 25, **P.P.:** 25, **P.B.:** 25, **Spd:** 50



Age: 30, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, four inches (1.9 m), **Weight:** 700 lbs (315 kg).

Experience Level: 10

Hit Points: 77

S.D.C.: 500

Power Category: Mega-Experiment (Super-Soldier).

Side Effects: Increased Mass.

Sponsoring Organization: Sector 10.

Status With Organization: Was once employed by Sector 10 as part of the Century Station Sector Squad, as well as having been a charter member of the Centurions (he despises Apex, whom he sees as a sentimental weakling, puppet of the law, and, now with his illness, a cripple). He also once bore the honorary rank of Captain within the CSPD. Of course, all these organizations have condemned him as a monster, traitor and insane renegade.

Mega Super Abilities: All normal mega-abilities plus Awe Factor 15.

Minor Super Abilities: Partial Invulnerability (A.R. 13), Mind/Body Attunement, Physical Transformation, and Healing Factor.

Achilles' Heel: Vulnerable to Psionics (in this case only -1 to save vs psionics) and Deadly Metal. Paragon is vulnerable to the metal *uranium*, which can be found in certain kinds of armor-piercing ammunition, nuclear weapons and certain science labs around the world.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +7 to strike, +10 to parry, +10 to dodge, +34 to damage, +4 to disarm, +3 to pull punch, +7 to roll with punch/fall/impact.

Saving Throws: +5% to save vs magic, +8 to save vs insanity, +20% to save vs coma/death, 75% to charm and impress, 84% to evoke trust or intimidation, +10 to save vs Horror Factor.

Other Combat Info: Restrained Punch: 4D6+34, Full Strength Punch: 1D4x10+34 Power Punch: 2D6x10+34, Snap Kick: 1D6x10+34, Karate Kick: 2D4x10+34, Axe Kick: 2D6x10+34, Roundhouse Kick: 3D6x10+34, Leap Attack, Body throw/flip, Knockout on a natural 20 and Paired Weapons.

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist

Military Program (Basic): Military Etiquette (90%), Running, Climbing (95%/85%), and Radio: Basic (98%).

Military Demolitions: Basic Electronics (98%), Basic Mechanics (98%), Demolitions (98%), Demolitions Disposal (98%), Underwater Demolitions (98%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (98%), Intelligence (93%), Wilderness Survival (98%), Interrogation (98%), and Tracking (98%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, and W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns.

Physical Program: Acrobatics, Gymnastics, Wrestling, Boxing.

Secondary Skills: Swimming (98%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (98%), Body Building, Prowl (80%), Pilot: Jet Pack (88%), Pilot: Motorcycle (98%), First Aid (98%), Basic Mechanics (85%), and Auto Mechanics (80%).

Money: Colonel Chaos has over $18 million tucked away in Swiss, Cayman and Bahamian accounts. While he is

doing time, his savings portfolio is earning 20% a year. This is his retirement package, but he will probably use it to fund one last adventure before getting out of the game.

Weapons:

Particle Beam Rifle: Damage: 1D6x10 on a hit roll of 11-17. 1D6x10+40 on a hit roll of 18-20. Anything destroyed or killed by this weapon is disintegrated entirely! Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Range: 1,200 feet (365.7 m). Payload: 10 blasts per E-clip, but Col. Chaos typically keeps this weapon hooked up to a backpack power generator that provides the gun with effectively limitless ammo. The generator has 125 S.D.C., and will explode for 4D6x10 damage out to 100 feet (30.5 m) if destroyed while the gun is in operation.

Laser Pistols (2): Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Standard. Range: 500 feet (152 m). Payload: 10 shots per E-clip.

Extra Ammo: 10 E-clips.

Note: Likes all kinds of heavy weapons, explosives and advanced energy weapons.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Hard Armor Suit: A.R.: 17, S.D.C.: 250.

Crazyface

Of all the malevolent and unpredictable members of the Slaughterhouse Seven, certainly the most insane is *Crazyface.* A man so far off the deep end that he can hardly be controlled even by Col. Chaos. Were he left to his own devices, Crazyface would embark on an endless spree of thrill-killing until he was destroyed. The forceful influence of Col. Chaos, however, gives Crazyface the focus and direction he needs to be a productive and helpful member of the team. Crazyface must remain within ear-

the combat front-liner able to take and deal out major damage. Most of all, he is a complete lunatic unafraid of anything and willing to take any risk. It is this characteristic, more than anything, that makes the mutant a danger to just about everybody on the planet.

Real Name: Unknown

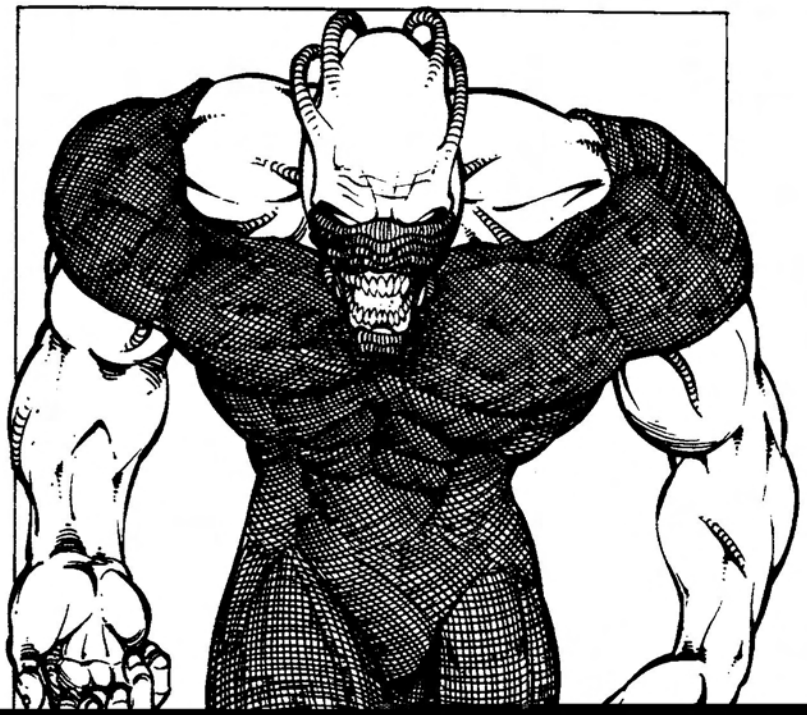
Other Aliases: Whackjob and Screwloose.

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q.: 7, **M.E.:** 3, **M.A.:** 20, **P.S.:** 28 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 26, **P.E.:** 27, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** 26

Age: 31, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m), **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg).



Experience Level: 10

Hit Points: 95

S.D.C.: 819! As a result, Crazyface is fond of striking simultaneously and not dodging or parrying at all until he is at 200 S.D.C. or less.

Power Category: Mega-Mutant (Crazyman!)

Mega-Abilities: Tremendous S.D.C.

Major Super Abilities: Spin at High Velocity.

Minor Super Abilities: Horror Factor (15) and Healing Factor.

Achilles' Heel: Vulnerable to Psionics; -4 to save and all psychic attacks do *double* damage.

Insanities: Phobias: Magicians and Cats. Obsession: Colonel Chaos; Crazyface is strangely fascinated by his leader and hangs on his every word as if his life depended on it. The mutant also trusts him completely and is loyal to him. So far, the Colonel has shrewdly picked up on this and uses it to his advantage. He also has not made the mistake of treating Crazyface too harshly when the mutant madman gets carried away or makes mistakes (which would turn the obsession turn into a mindless rage, fueled by rejection).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +6 on initiative, +7 to strike, +8 to parry, +10 to dodge, +17 to damage (increases to +23 to damage physical strikes while spinning), +4 to roll with impact, +3 to pull punch, +4 to disarm, +9 to save vs magic and poison, +9 to save vs Horror Factor, +44% to save vs coma/death, and 60% to intimidate.

Other Combat Info: Restrained punch: 2D6+17 or +23, full-strength punch: 4D6+17 or +23, power punch: 1D4x10+17 or +23, Karate kick: 2D6+17 or +23, snap kick: 1D6+17 or +23, roundhouse kick: 3D6+17 or +23, crescent kick: 2D6+17 or +23, jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), leap attack (critical strike), and body throw/flip. The second damage bonus is for when he is striking at high speed

Education Level and Skills: Street Schooled.

Street Skills: Streetwise (60%) and Prowl (85%).

Rogue Skills: Pick Locks (65%), Pick Pockets (60%), and Ventriloquism (42%).

Domestic Skills: Dance (65%) and Sing (70%).

Technical Skills: General Repair/Maintenance (70%) and Law (General; 70%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife and W.P. Pistol.

Secondary Skills: Swim (95%), Climb (85%/75%), Running, Automotive Mechanics (60%), and Basic Mechanics (65%).

Money: None. Crazyface has never tried to amass a fortune and would not know what to do with it anyway.

Weapons: None. Crazyface relies solely on his powers during combat.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Headstrong

Frank Newsome paid good money to become a supervillain, and it has proven to be a most profitable investment for him. Newsome grew up on the mean streets of Century Station and spent much of his youth as a mere thug in a gang. He always wanted more respect and power than his life on the streets would bring him, so he organized a few good-paying robbery scores, bankrolled his money, and hired a black market scientist to bombard his body with omega beams in the hope it would endow him with super abilities. The treatment worked, although with some freakish side effects, and so the mega-villain *Headstrong* was born. (**Note:** He chose his name because

in combat, he prefers to grab his opponents and head butt them, which for him is the equivalent of a power punch.)

Headstrong is the Slaughterhouse Seven's "brick," the guy able to soak up the most damage, and who can hit the hardest. He is unusual in the regard that he does his work best when smashing into things with his head, but it hardly makes him any less dangerous a foe. Headstrong has been lethal in many of the group's exploits, including downing a news helicopter with a thrown manhole cover, and killing an armored policeman by beating him to death with another armored policeman. Though Headstrong is not particularly clever, he does get a kick out of applying his powers creatively. If he can kill or destroy something in a way that has not been seen before, then it is a good day for him.

Real Name: Frank Newsome

Other Aliases: Headbanger

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 7, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 10, **P.S.:** 108 (supernatural), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 19, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 25 (17 mph/27 km).

Age: 24, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Eight feet (2.44 m), **Weight:** 500 lbs (225 kg)

Experience Level: 11

Hit Points: 78

S.D.C.: 1,718; **Natural A.R.:** 16.

Power Category: Mega-Experiment.

Side Effect: Transformation! After gaining his powers, Headstrong grew in size, his skin turned light gray, and his S.D.C. and P.S. increased to unbelievable proportions. His powers are activated and always on whether he wants them to be or not. For most experiments, this transformation is something they must undergo each time their powers are used. For Headstrong, it was a one-way change that now makes him look inhuman at all times.

Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers, plus Tremendous S.D.C. and Tremendous Physical Strength.

Major Super Abilities: Supernatural Strength and Bio-Armor.

The Achilles' Heel: In addition to his sadistic behavior and obsession with head-butting and trying different ways to hurt people, Headstrong suffers from debilitating migraine headaches (-30% on all skills and reduce number of attacks by one) whenever he is exposed to extreme heat (over 95 degrees Fahrenheit).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +7 to roll with impact, +92 to damage, +2 to disarm, +6 to pull punch, +8% to save vs coma/death, and +2 to save vs magic and poison.

Other Combat Info: Restrained punch: 5D6+96, full-strength punch: 2D4x10+96, power punch/head butt: 3D6x10+96 (counts as two attacks). Body block/tackle: 3D6+96. Pin/incapacitate: 18-20. Crush/squeeze: 3D6+96. Paired weapons (all), body throw/flip, knockout/stun: 18-20, critical strike: 18-20, death blow: 16-20 (if desired).

Education Level and Skills: Trade School.

Criminal Program: Streetwise (75%), Pick Locks (95%), Concealment (75%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (79%), and Safecracking (75%).

Physical Program: Boxing, Wrestling, Body Building & Weightlifting, and Running.

Secondary Skills: Athletics (General), Basic Mechanics (80%), Pilot Truck (80%), Pilot Motorcycle (98%), Radio: Basic (98%), and First Aid (95%).

Money: Headstrong had managed to save up about $65,000 in a basic checking account, but when he was incarcerated, the District Attorney's office found this money, deemed it to be 100% the proceeds of criminal activity and seized the funds. Headstrong is now broke.

Weapons: None, prefers physical combat.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None per se.

Psychotrope

Perhaps one of the most powerful psychics in the world is Henson Jirida, a man who cultivated extraordinary abilities as a child and turned them into tools of destruction as a man. He has never aspired to put his tremendous gifts to any constructive end. Rather, a life of utter and base villainy is all that has consumed Henson's interest. This made him exactly the kind of guy Colonel Chaos was looking to recruit into his new villain group. He wanted a psychic for the unusual abilities they provide, and Henson fits the bill nicely. Taking the name *Psychotrope*, he joined the group and launched his lifelong career in crime.

Psychotrope possesses many physically destructive capabilities, but his talent for mucking around with people's minds is his real forte. Although he can not convince mind control victims to knowingly commit suicide or kill a loved one, he can get them to do the kinds of things that will result in death or turmoil — like taking potshots at SWAT team members, helping the Slaughterhouse Seven to commit crimes and sundry other things. Psychotrope has become a master of subterfuge and manipulation that helps him to trick and mislead his victims of mind control to accomplish whatever he needs done. In terms of a more direct hand, Psychotrope uses his abilities to incapacitate sentries, possess innocent people (particularly authorities) to use them like puppets, gather intelligence, interrogate enemies, and to beguile, confuse and shatter the will of whoever opposes him or his comrades. More blatant powers of electrokinesis and similar are used to stop attackers and make good their escape.

Psychotrope is a bit of a loner who likes to break off from the group to pursue his own criminal interests and dark pleasures. Some of these extracurricular activities have included telekinetically disabling aircraft during takeoff and landing, pyrokinetically setting fire to petrochemical facilities, telepathically probing into the minds of heads of state, as well as using astral projection to spy on various

Real Name: Henson Jirida
Other Aliases: Mr. Mind
Alignment: Miscreant
Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 30, **M.A.:** 25, **P.S.:** 17, **P.P.:** 11, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 21 (approx. 15 mph/24 km)
Age: 29, **Sex:** Male.
Height: Five feet, nine inches (1.75 m), **Weight:** 170 lbs (77 kg).
Experience Level: 12
Hit Points: 71
S.D.C.: 45
I.S.P.: 440
Power Category: Mega-Psionic.
Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers, plus Psychotrope does not need to eat or drink for nourishment.
Psionics: Healing: Bio-Regeneration (self) (6), Healing Touch (6), Lust for Life (15), Psychic Diagnosis (4), Psychic Purification (8), Psychic Surgery (14), Resist Fatigue (4), and Suppress Fear (8).

Physical: Death Trance (1), Impervious to Fire (4), Impervious to Poison/Toxins (4), Mind Block (4), Nightvision (4), Resist Fatigue (4), Resist Hunger (2), Resist Thirst (6), Summon Inner Strength (4), Spontaneous Combustion (6), Telekinetic Punch (6), Telekinetic Leap (8), and Teleport Object (10).

Sensitive: Astral Projection (8), Clairvoyance (4), Mind Block (4), Object Read (6), Presence Sense (4), See Aura (6), See the Invisible (4), Sense Time (2), Sixth Sense (2), Telepathy (4), and Total Recall (2).

Super Psionics: Electrokinesis (varies), Hydrokinesis (varies), Mentally Possess Others (30), Mind Bolt (varies), Mind Wipe (special!), Pyrokinesis (varies), Telekinesis (super) (10+), and Telekinetic Force Field (30).

Achilles' Heel: Vulnerable to cold.
Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.
Number of Attacks: 6
Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +2 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +6 to damage, +4 to disarm, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +8 to save vs psionic attack, +13 to save vs insanity, and 84% chance to trust intimidate. Needs only a 10 to save vs psionics.
Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+6, roundhouse kick: 3D6+6, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), leap attack (critical strike), and body throw/flip.
Education Level and Skills: Three Years of College.

Business: Basic Mathematics (98%), Business & Finance (98%), Computer Operation (98%), Law (General) (95%), and Research (98%).

Communications: Basic Electronics (98%), Radio: Basic (98%), Radio: Scramblers (98%), T.V./Video (84%), Surveillance Systems (98%).

Technical: Art (98%), Photography (98%), Computer Programming (98%), and Writing (98%).

Secondary: Prowl (80%), Running, Body Building,

industry chief executives and use that information to extort money and favors from them. He also enjoys mind games and likes to play cat and mouse with other superbeings (the end purpose rarely anything more than having fun or proving himself superior).

Athletics (General), Swim (98%), and SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (98%).

Money: Millions! Even before he joined the Slaughterhouse Seven, Psychotrope had amassed a fortune from the illicit use of his powers. He has since made that fortune grow by leaps and bounds. However, it is all locked up in offshore accounts that he can not access while in prison. Thus, the money gains interest, but is of little use to Psychotrope while imprisoned.

Weapons: None, prefers to rely on his psychic powers.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Loves sports cars, but other than that, nothing of note. Psychotrope is supremely confident in his abilities and therefore does not feel that he requires armor or personal weapons of any kind.

Bonuses: +4 to initiative, +9 to strike, +10 to parry and dodge, +3 to roll with impact, +6 to damage, +2 to disarm, +4 to pull punch, +4% to save vs coma/death, and +1 to save vs poison and magic. 35% chance to charm/impress.

Other Combat Info: Paired weapons, body throw, karate kick (2D4), and critical strike on a unmodified roll of 18-20.

Serpentina

She hails from somewhere down South. Maybe Mississippi, maybe Florida. She gets her powers from a bizarre Meso-American necklace she wears that seems like a totem for some long-forgotten serpentine deity. She uses her abilities expertly, proving more than a match for her opponents and showing them no mercy. She is swift, silent and relentless in combat. She seems less a formal warrior or soldier and more an animal predator, selecting targets carefully and striking at those she *believes* can not

ive, and calculatingly evil,
' chief lieutenant within the
nsible for stealth and infiltra-
s a born killer, a natural as-
es left in her wake are testa-
and ability. That she lies
only means one thing; when
et out — she will have plenty
for and an ample number of
vengeance.

defeat her. Sinister, seduct
Serpentina is Colonel Chaos
Slaughterhouse Seven, respo
tion, but above all else, she i
sassin. The hundreds of bodi
ment enough to her nature
locked up in Gramercy Island
she gets out — and she *will* g
of lost killing time to make up
targets on which to extract he

Real Name: Calliope Borden
Other Aliases: Vipress
Alignment: Diabolic
Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 8,
ral), **P.P.:** 28, **P.E.:** 17, **P.B.:**

M.A.: 8, **P.S.:** 18 (supernatu-
7, **Spd:** 60 (42 mph/67 km)

Education Level and Skills: High School Graduate.

Pilot (Basic): Pilot Airplane (86%), Pilot Motorcycle (96%), Pilot Truck (76%), and Pilot Race Car (81%).

Pilot (Advanced): Navigation (98%), Read Sensory Equipment (80%), Weapon Systems (90%), Pilot Water Scooters (98%), Pilot Motor Boats (98%), Pilot Helicopter (85%), Pilot Jet Packs (93%).

Secondary: Hunting, Land Navigation (72%), Preserve Food (70%), Skin & Prepare Animal Hides (75%), Track Animals (65%), Swim (95%), Climb (85%/75%), and Prowl (70%).

Money: Serpentina donates almost all of her criminal proceeds to a secret society known as *Totemica*, a group dedicated to finding magical artifacts and destroying them. She keeps this hidden from her teammates for fear that they would think she is more dedicated to Totemica than to the Slaughterhouse Seven.

Weapons:

Dart Throwers: On each wrist, Serpentina wears a set of modified bionic knuckle spike throwers that are loaded with a venomous cocktail of different snakes' venom.

Damage: 1D6 per spike, plus 6D6 and a 15% chance of temporary paralysis (1D6 minutes) if the victim fails to save vs poison. Rate of Fire: Single shot or volleys of two, three, four, six or twelve. Range: 300 feet (91.5 m). Payload: 24 darts per dart thrower.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Hard Armor: A.R.: 16, S.D.C.: 260. This armor has been stylized so the helmet resembles a snake's head and the rest of the armor plating has a snake skin finish to it.

Doublespeak

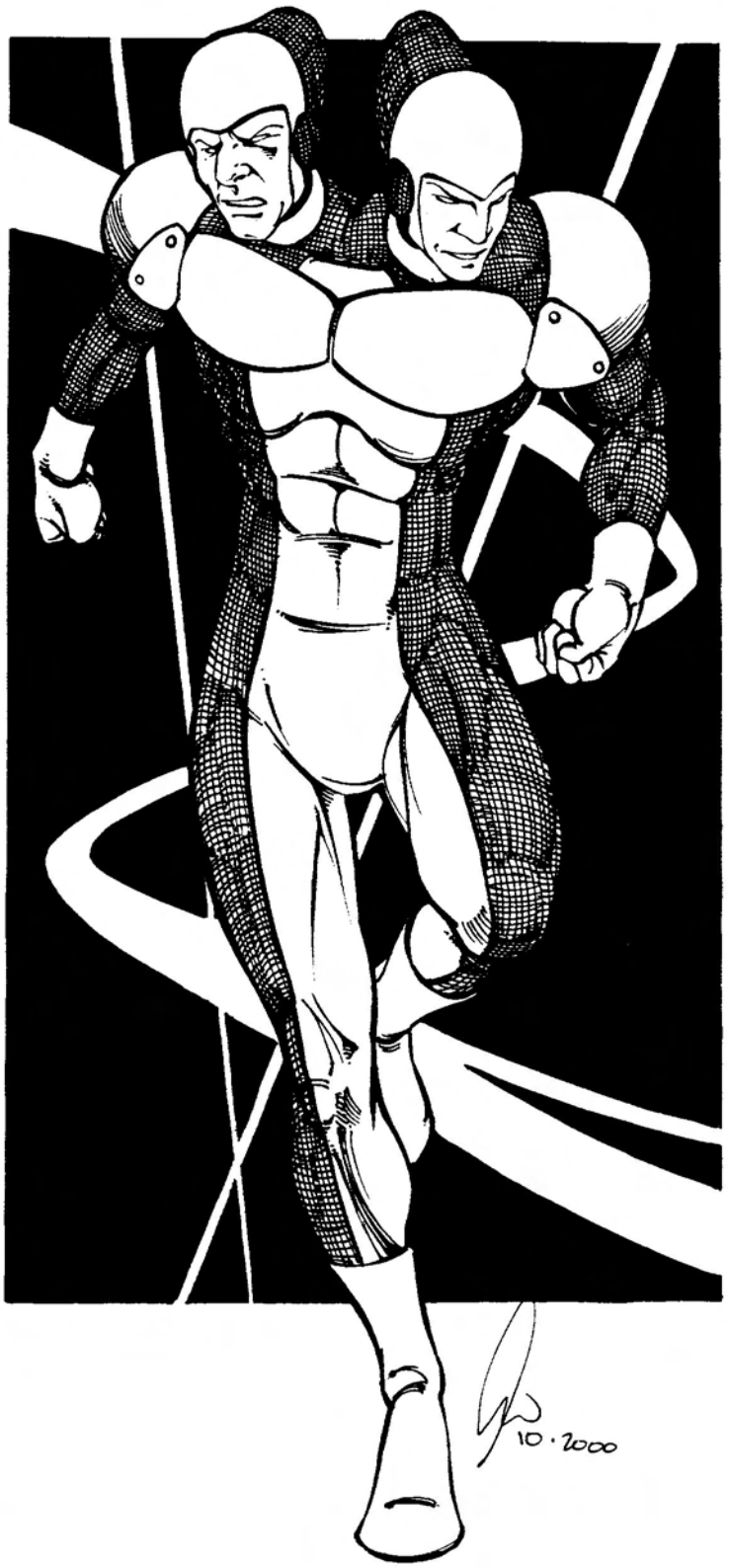
Definitely the weirdest member of the Slaughterhouse Seven crew, the creature known as *Doublespeak* has two heads. They both operate off the same central brain (located somewhere within his massive chest cavity) and give new meaning to the old adage, "two heads are better than one." This proves most disconcerting to people who believe Doublespeak to be some kind of Siamese twin, only to watch him begin sentences with one head and end them with another. Even better is when he simply speaks simultaneously for protracted periods of time, both mouths speaking in absolute unison; something no two people can fake this well. His mastery over sonic expulsion makes him a powerful energy projector. For the Slaughterhouse Seven, he fills the role of walking artillery, able to nail targets from a distance.

Doublespeak was effectively expelled from the so-called *Mutant Underground* years ago for his erratic and violent behavior. With his freakish appearance and no underground railroad to hide him or give him shelter, Doublespeak would have certainly perished had Colonel Chaos not recruited him. The two-headed mutant has been uncommonly grateful to his benefactor, and gladly follows the Colonel's orders to a tee. The mutant has developed an unhealthy crush on Serpentina, but knows that as soon as he makes a move on her, she will remove both of his heads. Better to just admire her from afar, then.

Real Name: He does not have one. Doublespeak is his only title.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 9, **M.E.:** 7, **M.A.:** 4, **P.S.:** 18 (Supernatural), **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 10, **P.B.:** 3, **Spd:** 21 (approx. 15 mph/24 km)



Age: 35, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m), **Weight:** 250 lbs (112.5 kg).

Experience Level: 11

Hit Points: 66

S.D.C.: 120

Power Category: Mega-Mutant.

Mega-powers: All common mega-powers, plus Awe (Horror) Factor: 15.

Major Super Abilities: Sonic Power.

Minor Super Abilities: Energy Resistance and Multiple Limbs. SPECIAL! Instead of having extra arms or legs, Doublespeak has two *heads*! This enables him to use his Sonic Power like a set of paired weapons; for every action he spends using his Sonic Power, he can attack two different targets, or can simultaneously fire from both heads at one target.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +7 on initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +7 to damage, +2 to disarm.

Other Combat Info: Sonic Blast: 1D4x10 (+10 underwater). Restrained punch: 1D6+4, full-strength punch: 2D6+4, power punch: 4D6+4 (counts as two attacks), karate kick: 2D4+4, backward sweep. Critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), body throw/flip, knockout stun: 18-20. Sonic blasts do no damage to Doublespeak.

Education Level and Skills: Street Schooled.

Scholastic Skills: Streetwise (74%), Prowl (80%), Pick Locks (80%), Pick Pockets (75%), Concealment (60%), Cook (85%), Fishing (90%), General Repair/Maintenance (85%), and Law (General) (80%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife and W.P. Blunt.

Secondary Skills: Swim (98%), Climb (90%/80%), Running, Body Building, and Track Animals (70%).

Money: Zip. Just before his incarceration, Doublespeak blew his entire life's savings on the Megaball Power Lottery. What makes it even more stupid is that Doublespeak spent nearly $5 million buying tickets trying to win a $6 million jackpot.

Weapons: None, prefers to rely on his mutant abilities.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Iron Warmonger

A giant alien warbot from another dimension is what best describes the mechanized brute known as *Iron Warmonger*. He is a combination magical golem, walking

earlier. Exactly how Colonel Chaos contacted or recruited him remains a mystery since the creature is clearly a stranger to this world. Aside from some initial misgivings from the other Slaughterhouse veterans, Iron Warmonger fit in quite well.

Just prior to his introduction to the Slaughterhouse Seven, Iron Warmonger was defeated in single combat by the heroic *Speedmetal*. It was the first super-brawl Iron Warmonger had participated in after arriving on this world, and it found the defeat to be truly humiliating. Since then it has vowed to never again fall to any kind of superpowered hero, regardless of the circumstances. It would rather destroy itself than surrender. Only a stand-down order from Colonel Chaos will get Iron Warmonger to lay down its arms peaceably before combat has ended. The warbot remains in a constant state of alert, scanning for any sign of hostile action, and reacting with swift and deadly force.

The truth behind Iron Warmonger is that it is a member of a race of intelligent alien machinery that invades other worlds, strips them clean and then moves on to a new target. Warmonger was sent to this world as a scouting unit, with no special agenda. The idea was to drop the unit on Earth without any special preparation in order to gauge what kind of stresses this would put on it. Iron Warmonger's initial readings on Earth culture and conditions, as well as its fight with Speedmetal and induction into the Slaughterhouse Seven, indicate that for his race, Earth is too hostile to merit invasion. Better that his people find a less advanced world to conquer. Meanwhile, Iron Warmonger himself has chosen to stay behind on Earth to fight alongside the Slaughterhouse Seven and learn about this world and its superheroes.

In the Super-Being Containment Wing of Gramercy Island, Iron Warmonger is constrained by immersion into a negative power matrix that scrambles the flow of energy within his unique robot body. So long as this matrix remains active, Warmonger is helpless.

Real Name: None

Other Aliases: None

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** not applicable, **M.A.:** not applicable, **P.S.:** 90 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 21, **P.E.:** 22, **P.B.:** 8, **Spd:** 66 (45 mph/72 km)

Experience Level: 10

Power Category: Alien Robot.

Basic Programming and Skills:

Universal Robot Skills: Basic and Advanced Mathematics (98%), Literacy: English (96%), Literacy: Spanish (96%), Biology (50%), Military Etiquette (90%), and Climb (95%/85%).

Investigative Program: Criminal Science/Forensics

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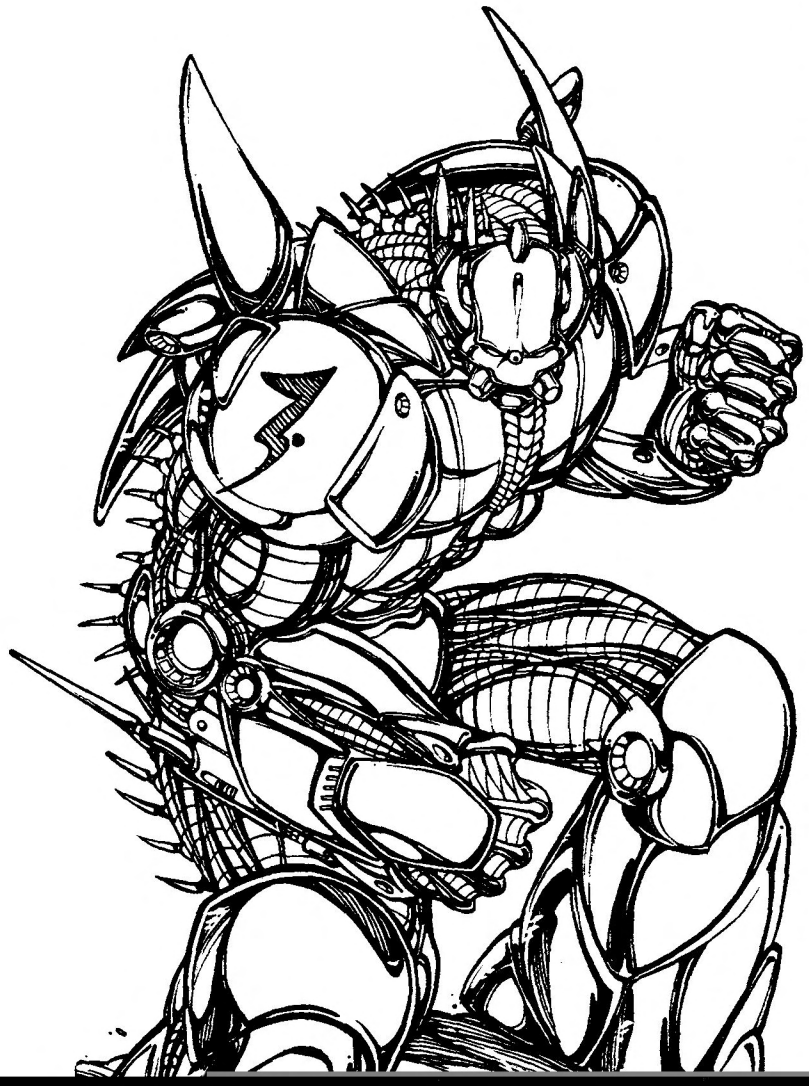


Warmonger's Battle Chassis

Type: True Robot with an advanced artificial intelligence.

Body Frame: Large Humanoid (Reinforced Frame).

Dimensions: 12 feet (3.66 m) tall, and 5000 lbs (2250 kg).

Power Supply: Unknown, but equivalent to a Micro-Fusion Power System.

Legs: Giant-Sized Humanoid Legs: 45 mph (72 km) running and can leap 30 feet (9 m) high or 50 feet (15.2 m) lengthwise; increase by 50% with a running start.

Flight Propulsion System: Concealed back and feet jets that enable the robot to hover or fly at speeds up to 500 mph (or 800 km).

Underwater: Can swim at a speed of 60 mph (96 km or 52 knots), and survive depths of up to two miles (3.2 km).

Arms & Hands: Humanoid arms (P.S.: 90).

Audio Systems: Advanced audio system, radar signal detector, audio recorder, loudspeaker, modulating voice synthesizer, sound analysis computer, inaudible frequency transmission.

Optics: Advanced robot optic system, laser targeting system, telescopic vision, thermo-imager, video receiver and transmitter, and spotlight eye beams.

Sensors: Combat computer, chemical analysis system, motion detector and warning system, maxi-radar, radar detector, radiation detector.

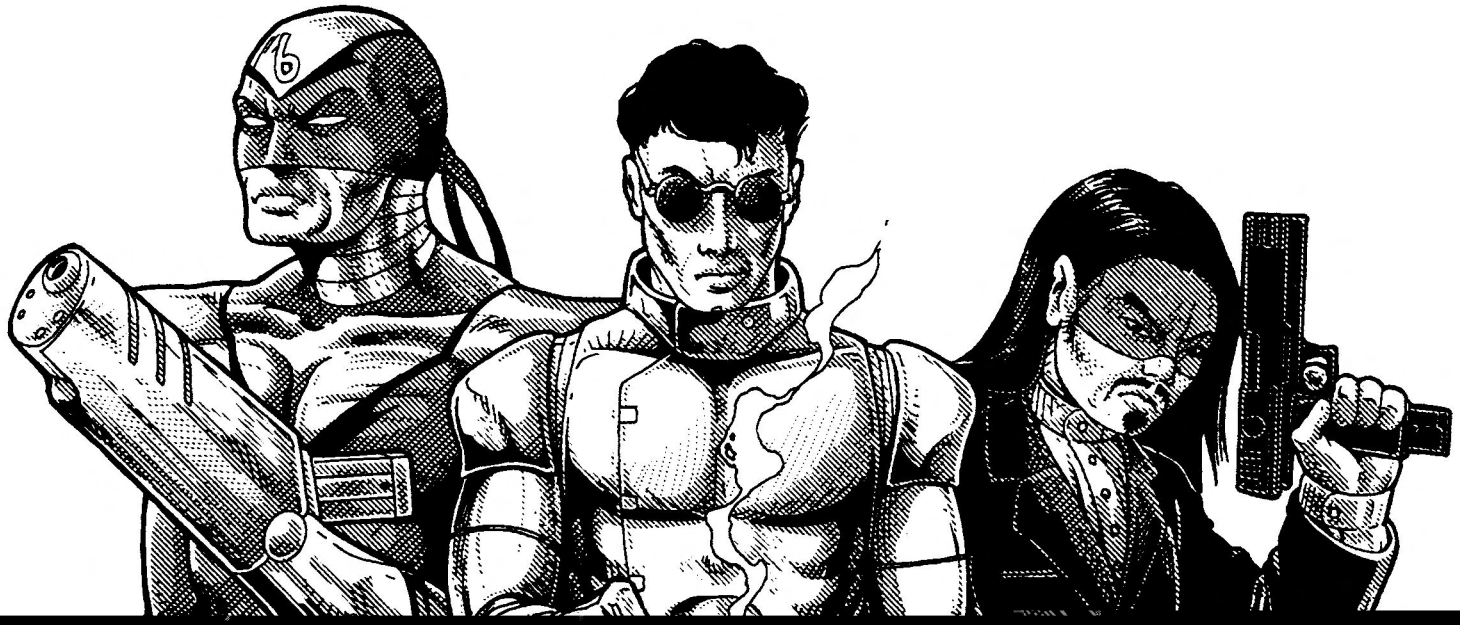
Combat Training: Equal to Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses (ALL): +7 to initiative, +9 to strike, +10 to parry and dodge, +4 to disarm, +74 to damage (included in most stats), +6 to roll with impact, +6 to pull punch, +6 to roll with impact, and +4 to strike with ranged weapons.

Eye Beams: Damage: 5D6 points per single blast or 1D6x10 per double beam blast (both must fire at the same

Deathsquad



fight that landed the lot of them in prison. Since then, Doubletap has reflected a great deal on his situation and is resolved never to return to prison. As the leader of Deathsquad, he will be a much better and mature leader, level-headed and efficient. All he really has to worry about now is if and when his old comrades in The Realm will come looking for him. He knows it is only a matter of time.

Real Name: Derek Vonnegut

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 13, **P.S.:** 27, **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 23, **P.B.:** 15, **Spd:** 30

Age: 30, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m), **Weight:** 220 lbs (100 kg).

Experience Level: 9

Hit Points: 83

S.D.C.: 115

Power Category: Special Training (Secret Operative).

Super Abilities: See Skills and Special Equipment.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +5 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +12 to damage, +3 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +4 to disarm, +16% to save vs coma/death, and +4 to save vs poison/magic.

Other Combat Info: Body block/tackle: 1D4+12, pin/incapacitate: 18-20, crush/squeeze: 1D4+12. Knockout on a natural 20. Snap kick: 1D6+12, karate kick: 2D4+12, axe kick: 2D6+12, roundhouse kick: 3D6+12, punch: 1D4+12. Jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), leap attack (critical strike), body throw.

Education Level and Skills: Secret Operative.

Common & General Skills: Pilot Automobile (98%), Pilot Motorcycle (98%), Pilot Jet Pack (84%), Basic Mathematics (98%), Speak Chinese (98%), Speak Russian (98%).

Military Program: Boxing, Running, Climbing (98%/90%), Military Etiquette (85%), Radio: Basic (98%).

Espionage: Intelligence (84%), Wilderness Survival (90%), Detect Ambush (85%), Detect Concealment (80%), Escape Artist (85%).

Rogue: Find Contraband (74%), Pick Pockets (85%), Seduction (64%), Streetwise (66%), Computer Hacking (70%), Palming (60%), Pick Locks (70%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Pistol, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistols, W.P. Energy Rifles, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns.

Secondary Skills: Body Building, Wrestling, Swimming (90%), Computer Operation (80%), Computer Programming (70%), Research (90%), Law (General) (65%), Basic Mechanics (70%), Automotive Mechanics (65%), Basic Electronics (70%).

Money: $230,000 in cash plus equipment, safely stashed on the outside.

Weapons:

Heavy Ion Blaster: Damage: 5D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Range: 400 feet (122 m). Payload: 10 shots per E-clip.

Ion Pistol: Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Range: 200 feet (61 m). Payload: 14 shots per E-clip.

Pancor Jackhammer Mark 3A2 Assault Shotgun: Damage: 4D6 (buckshot), 5D6 (slugs), 6D6 (rocket assisted slugs, Doubletap's favorite). Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Range: 150 feet (45.7 m). Payload: 10 shot rotating cylinder.

M82A1 .50 Caliber Sniping Rifle: Damage: 1D4x10. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Range: 6600 feet (2012 m). Payload: 11 round magazine.

Heckler & Koch MP-5 SMG: Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot, burst firing or fully automatic. Range: 660 feet (201 m). Payload: 30 round magazine.

M950 Calico: Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot, burst firing or fully automatic. Range: 135 feet (41 m). Payload: 100 round helical box magazine.

Fragmentation Grenades (6): Damage: 4D6. Blast Radius: 40 feet (12.2 m).

High Explosive Grenades (6): Damage: 1D4x10. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6.1 m).

Vehicles and Special Equipment:

Souped-up Motorcycle: Doubletap drives a standard racing motorcycle with the following eight features, as described on p. 217 of **HU2**: Lightly armored, bulletproof windshields, souped-up turbo engine, concealed front- and rear-mounted 5.56 mm machineguns, front-mounted laser, front-mounted mini-missile launcher, and flotation devices.

Jet Pack: Speed: 150 mph (240 km). Altitude: 2000 feet (610 m). Range: 300 miles (480 km).

Class 4 Hard Armor: A.R.: 17, S.D.C.: 280. This armor has been specially modified so that it does not impede Doubletap's movements at all.

Sixgun

Wyatt Holliday, also known as *Sixgun*, has lived a life of crime ever since he was born. Born to poverty in a broken home and a violent neighborhood, Holliday's ability to transform himself into a walking arsenal was his ticket to the big time. He became an enforcer, assassin and hardcore hijacker, earning more money than he knew what to do with. Though he lived the high life with his earnings, he also sent a bunch of cash home to his family, relocating them to a much better part of town.

When Sixgun was captured, it broke his family's hearts, especially his little sister, Amanda. His family had lived in denial over how Sixgun earned his living, but now there was no doubt. The golden boy who made good was really a cold-blooded contract killer. To save the family from further heartache, they have disowned Wyatt until he abandons his wicked ways.

Now it is Sixgun's turn for some soul searching. Killing is the only thing he's good at, and he sure likes the money it brings in, but is it worth losing his whole family? After all, his parents, brothers, and sisters are the only people in the world who mean anything to him. Without them, he's alone, and all the money or reputation in the world can not make up for that. So while Sixgun has joined the Deathsquad, it might not be for very long. The question is, can he really leave his life of crime behind him? And more importantly, will the other members of Deathsquad let him?

Real Name: Wyatt Holliday

Alignment: Miscreant, but struggling to become Anarchist or Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 30, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 7, **Spd:** 14.

Age: 24; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six foot (1.83 m), **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg).

Experience Level: 9

Hit Points: 92

S.D.C.: 70

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: Ambidextrous.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Limbs.

Minor Super Abilities: Multiple Limbs (Four extra arms!).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 11

Bonuses: +4 on initiative, +4 to strike, +6 to parry, (+7 to strike and parry with a Body Weapon), +3 to dodge, +19 to damage, +3 to disarm, +5 to pull punch, +3 to roll with impact and +8 to save vs poison and magic.

Other Combat Info: Body Weapon Sword: 3D6+19. Alter Limb Firearm: 3D6 per bullet; can fire in bursts and fully automatic. Body Weapon Grenade Launcher: 1D6x10 to a four foot (1.2 m) radius. Knockout on a Natural 20. Body block/tackle: 1D4+19, crush/squeeze: 1D4+19, pin/incapacitate: 18-20. Body flip/throw, death blow (if desired; must announce his intention). Karate kick: 2D4+19, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep.

Education Level and Skills: Trade School.

Criminal Program: Streetwise (67%), Pick Locks (85%), Concealment (67%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (73%), and Safecracking (67%).

Physical Program: Boxing, Wrestling, Body Building & Weightlifting, and Running.

Secondary Skills: Athletics (General), Basic Mechanics (70%), Pilot Truck (72%), Pilot Motorcycle (92%), Radio: Basic (85%), First Aid (85%), and Climbing (35%/25%).

Money: About $30,000 in savings. He has frittered away the rest of his money on his family, poor investments and fast living.

Weapons: None. His arms are his weapons.

Vehicles and Other Equipment:

Extra Bullets: 30 12-shot clips specially modified for Sixgun to slot directly into his arms.

Extra Grenades: Sixgun wears a bandoleer with 48 extra grenades to manually load into any one of his weapon arms.

The Hong Kong Kid

Born Tommy Wu, but having changed his name to Winchester Glok, the pistol packing *Hong Kong Kid* is carrying on a criminal tradition started by his grandfather, continued by his father, and passed on to him. For three generations the Wu family has mastered the art of gunfire and put it to nefarious purposes. The Hong Kong Kid's grandfather was a pirate, spy, and enforcer in the chaotic days following the Opium War. Wu's father was a renowned gunfighter and assassin best known for popularizing the use of two pistols at once (a technique later imitated by both Triad assassins and Hong Kong action film makers). When Wu's father retired he was a living legend in Kowloon City, leaving Tommy with very large shoes to fill. He finally came into his own as an ace weapons designer and shootist right as the British surrendered Hong Kong to the People's Republic of China in 1997. Wu then chose to ply his trade in the super-cities of the U.S., where he quickly became a criminal superstar.

Although the Hong Kong Kid's capture by Century Station's mercenary hero, the *Gauntlet*, is a career setback, he will not let it hurt him too much. He quickly hooked up with his current cohorts and looks forward to bursting out of Gramercy Island so he can renew his criminal career and make up for lost time.

The Hong Kong Kid is perhaps Deathsquad's most enthusiastic member. He truly loves his work — the thrill of combat and the illicit riches it offers. The Kid thinks he is invincible and though he will not take stupid chances, he does not fear much and will gladly wade into open gunfire, twin pistols blazing, supremely confident that his skills will carry him through.

Real Name: Tommy Wu

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 11, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 25, **P.E.:** 25, **P.B.:** 16, **Spd:** 18

Age: 20, **Sex:** Male

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 170 lbs (77 kg).

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 65

S.D.C.: 80

Power Category: Hardware: Weapons Expert.

Special Skills: Make & Modify Weapons (100%), Recognize Weapon Quality (65%/90%), Gunfighter Paired Weapons: Revolver & Pistol, Quick-Draw Initiative: Handguns & Rifles, and W.P. Sharpshooting.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +3 on initiative (+7 when gunfighting), +7 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +5 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact, +20% to

save vs coma/death, and +5 to save vs magic and poison.

Other Combat Info: Body flip/throw and death blow (if desired, must announce intentions).

Education Level and Skills: On the Job Training.

Hardware: Weapons Expert: Sniper, W.P. Revolver, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns, W.P. Heavy, W.P. Automatic and Semi-Automatic Rifles, Demolitions (98%), Demolitions Disposal (89%), Find Contraband (74%), Basic Electronics (75%), and Basic Mechanics (85%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (75%), Intelligence (70%), Wilderness Survival (80%), and Tracking (70%)and Forgery (65%).

Criminal Program: Streetwise (63%), Pick Locks (80%), Concealment (63%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (69%), and Safecracking (63%).

Secondary: Running, Climbing, Body Building, Boxing, Wrestling, Prowl (60%), Athletics (General), and Swimming (85%).

Money: Wu's family collectively has a great deal of cash socked away, but refuses to disclose exactly how much. For his part, Wu is expected to surrender 80% of his earnings to the family coffers, money he is entitled to when he retires. Has at least $50,000 at his fingertips at any given moment.

Weapons:

Sliverguns (4): These handguns look like a slightly oversized automatic pistol. However, they fire a special electromagnetically propelled dart that hits with the force of a bullet. Because the ammo is so small, this weapon can carry a huge number of rounds per clip, which facilitates constant firing on the Hong Kong Kid's part. This weapon is also virtually silent, except for a slight "poonck" sound each time a dart is fired. The Hong Kong Kid typically fights with one slivergun in each hand. When he runs out of ammo, he will holster his empty guns, and draw his next two to keep firing without having to reload. Damage: 3D6 per round. Rate of Fire: Single shot, burst firing, or full auto. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 100 round clip per each gun.

Extra Ammo: 10 slivergun magazines on a pouch belt.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Concealed Armor: A.R. 10, S.D.C.: 50.

Sabot

Varke Gromitz, a.k.a. *Sabot*, is the long-time partner of *Flechette*, both of whom are infamous international mercenaries with a record for operational excellence and viciousness. Both also sustained serious injuries a few years ago when fighting in the Balkans, and only through high technology have they managed to keep their careers alive. Sabot took a sniper's bullet through his upper spine, rendering him quadriplegic. With a fat Swiss bank account, he commissioned a one of a kind warsuit that restored his full mobility and gave him the firepower of a small tank. His signature weapon was his armor-piercing sabot canon, which he used to great effect on larger, heavier targets such as tanks, helicopters, bunkers and superbeings.

Sabot is a vicious animal who has participated in numerous war crimes over the years. This proved to be his undoing, as Euroforce tracked him down over it and arrested both him and his partner Flechette. In the battle that followed, Sabot's unique armor was destroyed, although a copy of the blueprints for it resides in the Gramercy Island evidence depot.

For his crimes against humanity (including taking part in several "ethnic cleansings"), Sabot had been sentenced to death at his trial in the Hague, but he and Flechette escaped before the sentence could be carried out. They were recaptured in Century Station, which has no death penalty, so their sentence was changed to life in Gramercy Island. Extradition is under serious consideration and likely to be approved within a year.

Real Name: Varke Gromitz

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 30 (robotic), **P.P.:** 10 (robotic), **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 100 (robotic; 72 mph/115 km)

Age: 31, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg).

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 40

Power Category: Robotics (Exoskeleton).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch and +3 to save vs poison or magic.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4, backward sweep, tripping/leg hook, critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all).

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

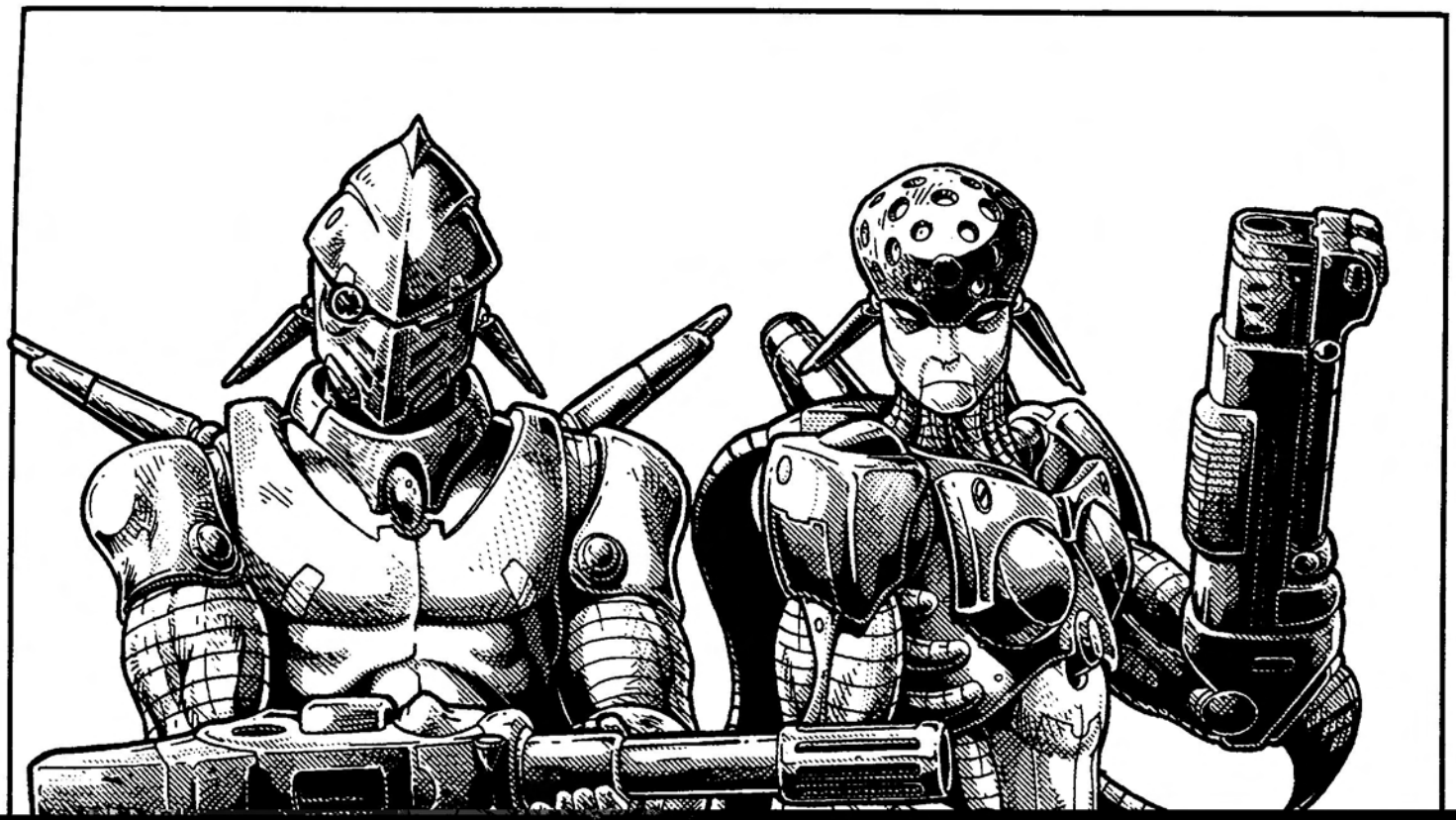
Military (Basic): Running, Climbing (90%/80%), Military Etiquette (85%), and Radio: Basic (95%).

Military Demolitions: Basic Electronics (80%), Basic Mechanics (80%), Demolitions (98%), Demolitions Disposal (98%), and Underwater Demolitions (98%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (75%), Intelligence (71%), Wilderness Survival (80%), Track (70%), and Sniper.

Modern Weapons: W.P. Revolver, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Shotgun, W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle.

Secondary Skills: Swimming (80%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (80%), Body Building, and Prowl (55%).



Money: None, really. Building his warsuit and then getting thrown into prison have pretty much cleaned him out. He's got some serious debts to pay, too, so when he gets out, making money will occupy him predominantly.

Weapons: See below.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: See below.

Sabot's Warsuit

Type: Exoskeleton

Body Frame: Basic Humanoid (Reinforced)

Dimensions: Six feet, seven inches (2 m) tall, 170 lbs (76.5 kg).

Power Supply: Micro-Fusion.

Legs: Human-sized legs; Speed: 110 (75 mph/120 km).

Propulsion Systems: Jump jets provide enhanced leaps of up to 500 feet (152 m) up and 600 feet (183 m) across.

Arms & Hands: Human-sized Arms; Extraordinary P.S.: 30.

Audio Systems: Advanced audio system.

Optics: Advanced robot optic system, laser targeting system, telescopic vision, thermo-imager.

Sensors: Bio-scan, medical survey unit, combat computer, motion detector warning system, micro-radar.

Weapons:

Autocannon: This is Sabot's signature weapon, a formidable autocannon mounted on top of his right arm, making the arm look more like one big articulated weapon than anything else. Damage: 1D6x10 (miniaturized discarding sabot rounds). Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Range: One mile (1.6 km). Payload: 30 rounds internally, but the weapon can accommodate externally fed magazines and ammo belts (200 rounds).

Spare Ammo: Sabot keeps six spare 30-round magazines of autocannon ammo on hand. Sometimes when entering heavy combat, he will simply load up a 200-round disintegrating link belt into his autocannon arm. **Armor Rating (A.R.):** 15

S.D.C.: 900

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Tele-mental helmet, underwater capabilities.

Having always been a heavy machinegunner and grenadier, Flechette designed for herself a pair of cyberweapons that combined those two disciplines — a heavy, automatic shotgun! Sacrificing utility for firepower, Flechette's entire forearms are just big autocannons and a series of gyroscopic compensators, fed by belts from a big ammo pack on her back. Those, combined with her protective suit of cyber-armor, make for a rather inhuman killing machine that is truly to be feared. Flechette does not care how freakish her prostheses make her look. She considers herself a pure warrior, and beauty is just a form of weakness. Ugliness in all its forms represents the pure warrior spirit. (Um, yeah. Okay.)

Real Name: Unknown

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 11, **P.S.:** 28, **P.P.:** 24, **P.E.:** 18, **P.B.:** 4, **Spd:** 30 (20 mph/32 km)

Age: 21, **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 500 lbs (225 kg).

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 90

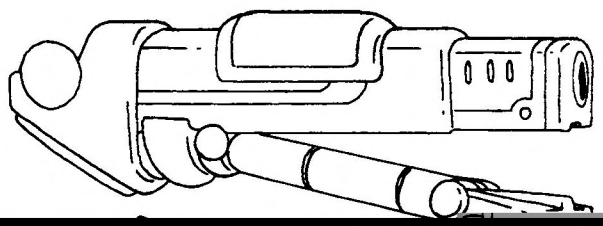
Power Category: Bionics.

Bionic Systems:

Arms (2): Extraordinary P.S.: 28.

Reinforcing Exoskeleton: Spine, shoulders, arms, hands and wrists.

Hard Plastic Skin: The mine blast that took Flechette's arms also hideously burned her. She has chosen to have armored skin replace and cover her body. It provides her with extra S.D.C. protection, but is also the reason why her P.B. is a mere 4. She looks like something that not even a mother could love.



hit on the container hits Flechette's ammo, setting it off and really ruining Flechette's day to the tune of about 4D6x100 damage to her directly. Anybody within 50 feet (15.2 m) will suffer 1D6x10 damage from flying shrapnel.

Full Bionic Armor: A.R.: 18, S.D.C.: 750.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to disarm, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, and +13 to damage.

Other Combat Info: Restrained punch: 2D6+13, full-strength punch: 4D6+13, power punch: 1D4x10+13 (counts as two attacks). Karate kick: 2D4+13, roundhouse kick: 3D6+13, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep. Jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all).

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

Military (Basic): Running, Climbing (90%/80%), Military Etiquette (85%), Radio: Basic (95%), and W.P. Rifle.

Military Demolitions: Basic Electronics (80%), Basic Mechanics (80%), Demolitions (98%), Demolitions Disposal (98%), and Underwater Demolitions (98%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (75%), Intelligence (71%), Wilderness Survival (80%), Track (70%), and Sniper.

Modern Weapons: W.P. Revolver, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Shotgun, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Secondary Skills: Swimming (80%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (80%), Body Building, and Prowl (55%).

Money: Like Sabot, Flechette is fairly broke. She has a few thousand bucks in cash stowed away in one of her old hideouts, reserved for emergencies. But that is it; certainly not enough to hire somebody to help break her out of Gramercy Island.

Weapons: None aside from her bionics package.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None aside from her bionics package.

Pointman

Cesar Almarado is a sniper's sniper, and as his mercenary alter ego, *Pointman*, he has become a feared addition to many of the world's battlefields. He holds the world's record (although it is not officially recorded) for the longest distance sniper kill at exactly one mile (1.6 km) from a prototype sniping cannon. He has become a top-level assassin, charging upwards of $1 million for a single hit. For a period of time, he had more work than he could handle, though where all the money went was anybody's guess. What nobody knew was that he was bankrolling it all for a personal project: to assassinate at least three heads of state during the 1999 World Summit at the United Nations.

Pointman had everything set up, having both an entire building about a mile away from which to shoot, and having built a copy of the heavy canon with which he made his "mile shot" a few years earlier. All he needed was a target to present itself. With national leaders from virtually every country making an appearance, Pointman had a rich selection to pick from.

On the fateful day, Pointman sighted what he thought was the President of Russia and opened fire. While he topped his old distance record, hitting the target from 1.02 miles (1.63 km) away, the guy was a heroic body double. The real premier had entered through a side entrance. As all hell broke loose, Pointman opened up, nailing whoever he could trap in his crosshairs, so eager was he to bag at least one head of state. He killed nine bodyguards and assistants, but hit no world leaders. He bugged out, his little side project a complete failure, and was nabbed while waiting for a charter plane out of the country. Sentenced to 150 years in Gramercy Island, the thoroughly unrepentant Pointman has offered no real explanation for his attack. Unconfirmed reports suggest his goal was to kill one government official from every nation on the planet. Whether this is true remains to be seen. Meanwhile, Pointman has joined Deathsquad because it presents him with both a good chance of escape and a means of funding so he can pay his respects at the Cairo World League meeting in 2004.

Real Name: Cesar Almarado

Other Aliases: Dead Center and Centerfire.

Alignment: Miscreant (and a little crazy).

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 7, **M.A.:** 6, **P.S.:** 18, **P.P.:** 30, **P.E.:** 18, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 40 (28 mph/45 km)

Age: 29, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, two inches (1.88 m), **Weight:** 220 lbs (100 kg).

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 50

Power Category: Experiment (Super-Soldier).

Super-Soldier Abilities: Mind/body attunement and uncanny targeting and throwing.

Minor Super Abilities: Extraordinary Physical Prowess and Supervision: Advanced Sight.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 9

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +10 to strike, +11 to parry and dodge, +5 to an aimed shot with a gun, +3 to automatic dodge, +5 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact, +4 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to save vs poison and magic, and +2 to save vs possession.

Other Combat Info: Body flip/throw, death blow (if desired; must announce intentions).

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

Military (Basic): Running, Climbing (98%/95%), Military Etiquette (90%), Radio: Basic (98%), and W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle.

Military Demolitions: Basic Electronics (85%), Basic Mechanics (85%), Demolitions (98%), Demolitions Disposal (98%), and Underwater Demolitions (98%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (80%), Intelligence (75%), Wilderness Survival (85%), Tracking (75%), and Sniper.

Modern Weapons: W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Rogue: Palming (65%), Pick Locks (75%), Concealment (48%), and Streetwise (48%).

Secondary Skills: Swimming (85%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (85%), Body Building, and Prowl (67%).

Money: Flat broke. He has a few hundred bucks hidden at his old flat, but that's all. This is why he looks forward to getting out of prison and finding paying work with Deathsquad. If Deathsquad does not land some major gigs after its members get sprung from the joint, Pointman will be forced to look elsewhere for employment. He would even consider working for some government black bag operation, like *The Sector*, which he hears is always in the market for hiring superpowered freelancers, especially bad guys with debts to clear.

Weapons:

Sniping Laser: This heavy energy weapon is Pointman's favorite because it has tremendous range, hits hard, and the shots don't drift in the wind. It is also silent and has very little muzzle flare, also good things for a sniper. Damage: 1D6x10. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Range: Two miles (3.2 km)! Payload: Ten shots per E-clip, or 40 shots when hooked up to a belt generator. The generator recharges one shot an hour. Pointman often will wear two generators slaved to each other, giving the weapon 80 shots before having to switch to E-clips. Pointman also keeps four E-clips on him at all times as a backup ammo supply.

.50 Caliber Handgun: Pointman had this baby specially made for him as a kind of long-range sidearm. It is equipped with special recoil dampeners and gyros that enable anybody with a P.S. of 18 or higher to fire it one-handed without any penalty to strike. (Otherwise, it is -4 to strike.). Damage: 7D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Range: 1000 feet (305 m). Payload: Three round internal magazine. Rounds are reloaded one at a time.

Remote Firing Station: This is Pointman's pride and joy, a monstrous weapon that can be used to wreak utter havoc. Basically, the weapon is a 20 mm autocannon that Pointman controls remotely through the controls in his HUD helmet, up to 2000 feet (610 m) away. When he brings this thing into action, its range, hitting power and rate of fire provide the firepower of an army squad. The big drawback is that the gun itself is large (200 S.D.C.) and immobile (600 lbs/270 kg), so if Pointman must exfiltrate quickly or does not destroy his target on the first salvo, the gun stands a good chance of being left behind or being destroyed. Should he find the money, the villain is considering building an energy weapon version of this. Damage: 1D6x10 per round. Rate of Fire: Burst firing or full auto only. Range: One mile (1.6 km). Payload: 600 round ammo drum. A full melee burst consumes 30 rounds. A long burst consumes 50 rounds. A short burst consumes 20 rounds.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Body Armor: A.R.: 11, S.D.C.: 75.

The Fun Bunch

This supervillain team has been around in one form or another for close to 40 years. During that time, the Fun Bunch has had four constants: all of its members exhibit some kind of "evil clown" persona, none of their "real world" alter egos are known to anybody, none of their origins (how or where they obtained their powers) are known to anybody, and they are all homicidal maniacs with an endless taste for mayhem. It is thought perhaps that sinister super-genius, *Cogito*, created the Fun Bunch as his final gesture to society before committing suicide in 1962. Even if this is the case, how the group has perpetuated itself since then is unknown. Interestingly enough, there have always been ten active members of the Fun Bunch at all times; as soon as one dies, another appears to replace him. This is one reason why the Fun Bunch is in prison and not on death row somewhere — the fear is once these nastiest die, their replacements will simply come out of whatever place is generating them and renew their bloody work.

The current group resembles a nightmarish circus crew who use their powers and talents to terrify and destroy. They appear to have funding from some unknown source (perhaps a trust fund set up by the group's earlier members), since their crimes are almost never are for profit. The Fun Bunch specializes in murder, torture, abduction, terrorization, destruction of public property and elaborate "games" involving these elements. They are best known for slaying the mayoral candidates for Gulf Coast City last year and declaring *themselves* the rulers of the city! They enforced this declaration by bombing the local police department, burning down the fire stations (ironically enough), and recruiting the city's legions of bored destructive youth as their minions. By the time the superhero team *Skyfire* chased the Fun Bunch out of town, much of Gulf Coast City was in ruins (over two billion dollars worth of damage).

The Fun Bunch have all been sentenced to multiple life terms and have been sent to Gramercy Island to serve their time. With so much insanity among them, their section of the Super-Being Containment Wing more resembles a high-security psychiatric ward than a prison. All members of the Fun Bunch are in physical restraints of some kind 24/7, in addition to whatever measures have been taken to neutralize their powers.

There are ten members to the Fun Bunch, total. They are the *Heckler* and his nine cronies: *Sigmund 'Roid*, *Doctor Bones*, *Twinkletoes*, *Cane and Able*, *Punch and Judy*, *Jojo Fahrenheit*, and *Sticky Pete*.

The Heckler

This villain is the leader of the Fun Bunch and the seventh person to carry the name *Heckler*. It seems this name is something of a tradition within the group. The current Heckler is an ace knife-thrower with a penchant for uttering an endless stream of jokes during combat. Most of them are unfit for retelling in civilized company, but they have definitely become this monster's calling card.

Power-wise, the Heckler is perhaps the weakest of the Fun Bunch, which is why he relies on his natural charisma and presence to get his cronies to do most of the heavy supervillainy for him. The Heckler is supremely talented, however, in the arts of torture, interrogation, and psychological warfare. He puts these to use on whoever is unfortunate enough to be captured by his crew. Those who endure a questioning by the Heckler almost never emerge physically or emotionally intact.

During any given torture session by the Heckler, the villain will use his knives to intimidate his victims and convince them to share their secrets with him. It is noteworthy to point out that it is this madman's soft-spoken demeanor, gentle touch, voice and words that contribute considerably to the horrifying experience. This often includes in-depth descriptions of what he "could" do to them, or more often, what he plans on doing to a loved one or innocent captive (forcing the target of his real torture to watch and wonder what's in store for him). Aside from the damage this always does to one's P.B. stat as well as possible crippling injury, this combination of physical and psychological torture may have a debilitating impact on one's psyche, leaving its victims emotionally and/or mentally scarred for life. For each hour of torture, the Heckler's victims must roll under their M.E. on a D20 or suffer one insanity at random. Those with the superpower (+2 to save) of Extraordinary M.E. stand a better chance of enduring the Heckler's torture and remaining mentally sound. Should one resist the Heckler for ten hours or more, the effects of the torture will suddenly reverse on the Heckler himself, who will collapse before his indomitable opponent and whimper like a dog. The Heckler will remain in this state for 1D4 days, during which time, he is utterly defenseless. When he regains his composure, that individual will have become a hated enemy for life.

Alignment: Diabolic and deranged.

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 22, **P.S.:** 18, **P.P.:** 21, **P.E.:** 17, **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 14

Insanities: Psychotic and sadistic: likes to hurt, maim, torture and kill. Obsession: power/leadership; loves to torment and hurt people in positions of power. Affective disorder: hates musicians and music, except for those playing circus or carnival themes. Multiple personalities: Blood Thirsty, Megalomaniac, the Psychopath (roll randomly to determine which one is governing the Heckler at any given time.)

Age: 40, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m), **Weight:** 250 lbs (112.5 kg).

Experience Level: 6

Hit Points: 45

S.D.C.: 30

Power Category: Special Training (Stage Magician).

Special Skills: Sleight of Hand, Contortionist, Juggling (up to 10 items at once; 80% chance).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 6 hand to hand or throwing attacks.

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +5 to strike (+9 with any thrown weapon), +6 to parry and dodge, +5 to pull punch, +6 to damage, +3 to disarm, and +5 to roll with impact.

Saving Throws: +4% to save vs coma/death, +1 to save vs magic and poison, and impervious to Horror Factor (due to his own mindset).

Other Combat Info: 70% chance to evoke trust or intimidation.

Education Level and Skills: Stage Magician.

Common & General: Pilot Automobile (98%), Pilot Truck (75%), Basic Mathematics (98%), and Speak Ukrainian (90%).

Sleight of Hand: Card Sharp (74%), Concealment (70%), Palming (75%), Pick Locks (75%), Pick Pockets (70%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (66%), and Safecracking (60%).

Illusion & Magic: Dance (65%), Disguise (70%), Escape Artist (80%), Imitate Voices/Impersonation (71%/51%), T.V./Video (60%), Surveillance Systems (65%), and Chemistry (65%).

Ancient W.P.s: W.P. Archery & Targeting, W.P. Knife, W.P. Blunt, and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Secondary: First Aid (70%), Recognize Weapon Quality (50%), Art (60%), Business & Finance (60%), Boat Building (50%), Land Navigation (56%), and Astronomy (50%).

Money: $70,000 in ready cash hidden away in 10,000 dollar increments across the city.

Weapons:

Throwing Ghurkas & Electromagnetic Gloves: The Heckler's prime weapons are a set of ten heavy, curved throwing knives that he had made long ago from the same weaponsmith who crafted the arsenal for the infamous villain *Zoomerang*. The Heckler's knives are like standard "ghurka" combat knives, except they are specially weighted to return if they miss their target. They also are magnetized, so if the Heckler desires, he can simply pull them back into the palms of his electromagnetic gloves, just as if he were using telekinesis on them. The range of his electromagnetic retrieval system is 250 feet (76.3 m). Of course, Heckler often does not need to retrieve his knives; once he has sunk all ten into a target, the fight is pretty much over, and Heckler can retrieve the weapons at his leisure. Damage: 3D6 each. Should the Heckler ever desire to poison these blades, the damage would probably go up by another 5D6 should the target fail to save vs poison. Rate of Fire: The Heckler can fire off six of these wicked knives per melee round. Range: 160 feet (48.8 m). Note: The electromagnetic gloves are also used to hang onto moving vehicles and robots, climb iron or steel constructs, and hold onto iron items with an unbreakable grip.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Concealed Armor: A.R. 10, S.D.C.: 50. The Heckler would wear heavier armor, but it would interfere with his crazy clown costume and throwing too much.

Sigmund 'Roid

Sigmund 'Roid is a grotesque caricature of a hardcore weight lifter. Although he possesses incredible strength, it is clear his body has been cruelly abused and mishapened to get it. Sigmund's musculature is hideously over-proportioned to the point that his every muscle bulges out ridiculously, as if he were rendered by a cut-rate comic book artist. Sigmund's muscles have grown to the point where it is affecting his agility; he can hardly bend his arms or legs anymore! He also lives in a state of constant pain, which further dulls his edge in combat. Still, he can lift, swing and throw super-heavy objects, which makes him a potentially deadly opponent.

Of course, what makes him deadlier than his muscles is his mentality. Sigmund 'Roid has the mind of a scared and angry child. He does not appear to understand why he hurts all the time, or why so many people are afraid of him. Maybe it has something to do with his freakish appearance. Or maybe it has something to do with his tendency to smash or crush anything that frustrates him in the least ... which means pretty much any person he encounters who is not part of the Fun Bunch.

The most sinister aspect of Sigmund's behavior, though, is his love of targeting small children. He probably does this because he sees himself as a child, and simply wants to bully his so-called "peers." To the public, Sigmund 'Roid is simply the most terrible of monsters who delights in pushing school buses off bridges, threatening schools and bombarding playgrounds with enormous pieces of rock, concrete, and automobiles. With the possible exception of the Heckler, Dr. 'Roid is the most reviled by the public, something not lost on Sigmund himself, and something which only makes him an angrier villain than he already is.

Alignment: Diabolic and crazy.

Attributes: I.Q.: 4, **M.E.:** 6, **M.A.:** 4, **P.S.:** 60 (Supernatural), **P.P.:** 10, **P.E.:** 40, **P.B.:** 6, **Spd:** 10

Insanities: Compulsion: Must bully and terrorize small children whenever he gets the chance.

Age: 34, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, six inches (1.98 m). **Weight:** 300 lbs (135 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 74

S.D.C.: 250

Power Category: Experiment.

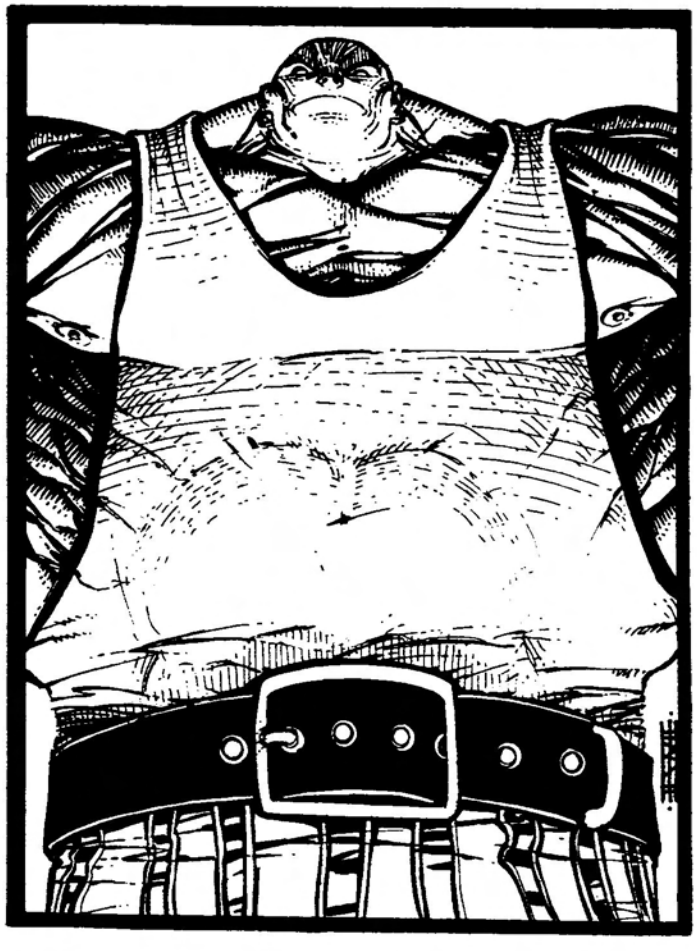
Side Effects: Chronic pain (can fight to -32 Hit Points!), all hair has fallen out.

Major Super Abilities: Supernatural Strength.

Minor Super Abilities: Extraordinary Endurance and Healing Factor.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 6



Bonuses: +2 to parry, +3 to dodge, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +50% to save vs coma/death, +11 to save vs magic and poison, and +3 to save vs psionic attack.

Other Combat Info: Restrained punch: 5D6+15, full strength punch: 2D4x10+45, power punch: 3D6x10+45 (counts as two attacks). Knockout on a natural 20. Body block/tackle: 1D4+45, pin/incapacitate: 18-20, crush/squeeze: 1D4+45.

Education Level and Skills: High School Graduate.

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Body Building, and Athletics (General).

Mechanical/Program (General): Mechanical Engineer (55%), Basic Electronics (60%), and Locksmith (55%).

Secondary: Recognize Weapon Quality (40%), Concealment (30%), Basic Mechanics (45%), First Aid (50%), Holistic Medicine (35%), Pilot Truck (50%), and Pilot Airplane (62%).

Money: Zip. This guy wouldn't know what to do with a $100 dollar bill if a whole truckload landed on him. In fact, one *did* one time, and good old Sigmund just kind of looked at it funny and walked away.

Weapons:

Bludgeons and Thrown Objects (very large ones): None, aside from loose objects used as cudgels, including lamp posts, car fenders, small trees, iron girders, people and other things he finds on the battlefield. He will also pick up and throw similar items to doors, boulders, fenders, and people to small cars.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Doctor Bones

A freakishly gaunt individual, Doctor Bones is the resident human skeleton of the Fun Bunch, using his powers to contort his body almost beyond belief. This makes him an exceptional *escape artist*, spy and infiltration specialist, as evidenced by the countless break-ins the good Doctor has performed for the Fun Bunch. It also makes him the group's stealth killer, since he is fond of sneaking up on opponents, wrapping them up with his body, and squeezing or strangling them to death. Doctor Bones loves to do this more than anything, and will often break off from the rest of the group so he can hunt for victims on his own.

Curiously, Doctor Bones also seems to have been one of the *original* members of the Fun Bunch! Although his age does not impede his combat ability, authorities wonder if he could offer any kind of information as to the Fun Bunch's genesis, where their home base might be, and how their ranks always replenish themselves. Unfortunately, Doctor Bones is mute, having never spoken a single word his entire life. He has a fully functioning set of vocal cords and a tongue, but has simply never chosen or been made to speak. In fact, although he will take the Heckler's commands and listen to others talk, Doctor Bones makes no attempt to communicate with others. Psychiatric experts believe him to be locked in a freeform

delusional landscape where the world he sees is radically different from the world he actually lives in. The psychic Mega-Hero *Psyscape* performed a deep telepathic probe on Doctor Bones one time and verified that he does live in his own, twisted reality. To Doctor Bones, the world is a nightmarish candy land, a never-ending carnival atmosphere designed and built by a deranged and evil mind. "Like if hell were an amusement park," Psyscape said. No wonder Doctor Bones is so creepy.

Alignment: Diabolic and a homicidal maniac.

Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 9, **M.A.:** 11, **P.S.:** 40 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 14, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 8

Insanities: Psychosis; Fascinati[illegible]

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Twinkletoes

Certainly the Fun Bunch's heaviest member, Twinkletoes has taken the role of Fat Lady in the group's circus motif. To that end, she wears a pink ballerina outfit and walks around on her tippy-toes (seemingly in defiance of the laws of physics, considering how big she is).

Twinkletoes actually *appears* to be a friendly member of the Fun Bunch. She never swears or overtly threatens her opponents, and at times even seems shy and hesitant to jump into combat. When she does, her attacks usually consist of running at an opponent as if they were a long-lost friend or relative and enveloping them in a smothering embrace. (**Note:** In game terms, this is like the Crush/Squeeze hold bestowed by the Wrestling skill.) Even if her victim is beating and thrashing to get away, Twinkletoes will continue to hold them there, oblivious of whatever damage she might take. These "love hugs" last from two to five (1D4+1) melee rounds, after which if her opponent is still conscious, she will suddenly reverse in her emotions, become enraged, and start fighting with her fists and other powers.

Another favorite attack is to run at an opponent and either leap on top of him (equal to a Body Block/Ram attack that does 5D6 damage) or stop short only to batter the character with ballerina-like spins and movements while kicking the living daylights out of him.

Since her incarceration, Twinkletoes has started a long-distance romance with another super-fat villain named *Heavyset*, who is currently at large in the super-city of Ultropolis. Twinkletoes routinely receives letters from him, and when she writes back, she can only post her missives on the Internet in the hopes that her love will find and read them. While authorities are trying to use this paper trail to find and arrest Heavyset himself, a few disreputable newspapers have begun publishing these strange love letters in their columns, much to the public's joyful revulsion. This has made Twinkletoes something of a bizarre celebrity, and she has appeared (via remote transmission) on a number of trashy daytime talk shows, so the crowds may hoot at her appearance and her disturbing love for the equally grotesque Heavyset.

Alignment: Aberrant and a nut case.

Attributes: I.Q.: 11, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 13, **P.S.:** 55 (superhuman), **P.P.:** 11, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** 5

Insanities: Obsessed with being polite and sweet, as well as obsessed with Heavyset (her true love). She will never, personally, harm a child, although she rarely tries to stop other members of her group from doing so, turning a blind eye to their villainy.

Age: 30, **Sex:** Female.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m), **Weight:** 700 lbs (315 kg).

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 40

forms. Delusional, lives in his own fantasy wo
happens to collide with our reality.

Age: 58, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m), **Weight:**
(63.6 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 38

S.D.C.: 100 (150 at night).

Power Category: Mutant.

Unusual Characteristics: Large Hands with hidec
tractable claws (3D6).

Major Super Abilities: Stretching (Horror Factor
while stretching; 13 when stretching at night).

Minor Super Abilities: Nightstalking and Super
Strength.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +6
with impact, +29 to damage, +3 to save vs pois
magic, +8 to save vs Horror Factor (due to his p
sis).

Other Combat Info: Claw swipe: 3D6+25. Kinetic
tiles (e.g., bullets, arrows, knives, etc.), explosi
pact and falls all do half damage. Energy attacks
damage. +1D6 damage at night.

Education Level and Skills: Doctorate.

Medical Assistant: Basic Mathematics (90%)
ness & Finance (80%), Computer Operation (85
ology (75%), and Paramedic (85%).

Medical Doctor: Chemistry (75%), Pathology
and Medical Doctor (98%/95%).

Medical Investigation: Criminal Science/For
(85%) and Advanced Mathematics (90%).

Science: Archeology (75%), Anthropology
and Chemistry: Analytical (75%).

Secondary: Body Building, Running, Cl
(55%/45%), Swimming (65%), Athletics (General)
ognize Weapon Quality (40%), and First Aid (60%

Money: Doctor Bones periodically receives royalty c
from a mysterious company called *GoreShock
tems, LLC*. The checks are always in the six
range, and while other teammates might want to
where this money is coming from, the Fun Bunc
ply spends it like crazy, not asking questions.

S.D.C.: 55

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: Stocky & exceptionally broad, continuous mutation.

Major Super Abilities: Weight Manipulation and Gravity Manipulation.

Minor Super Abilities: Superhuman Strength.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +40 to damage, +2 to roll with impact, and +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D6+40, crush/squeeze: 1D6+40, pin/incapacitate on a roll of 18-20, body block/tackle: 4D6+40, kick attack 2D6+40, spinning kick 3D6+40.

Education & Skills: Technical School Equivalent.

Domestic: Sing (professional quality; 60%) and Dance (professional quality; 65%).

Technical: Research (75%), Writing (50%), Speak/Literacy: Spanish (75%/55%), and Law (General) (50%).

Secondary Skills: Pilot: Automobile (80%), Pilot: Airplane (70%), Pilot: Motorcycle (70%), Advanced Mathematics (65%), Auto Mechanics (45%), Basic Mechanics (50%), Cook (55%), and Wrestling.

Money: Very little. Twinkletoes has frittered away most of her cash buying gifts for her paramour, Heavyset. Disturbing things, like latex ballerina outfits (complete with tutu), cattle prods, and hundreds of dollars worth of pudding mix.

Weapons: Her body, man. That's all she needs.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Cane and Able

These twin fellows are the Fun Bunch's resident animal handlers. Actually, they possess the power to transform into various kinds of animals and mentally control others. In some strange spectacle even they probably don't understand, only one of the twins will take animal form, while the other remains human. The human brother commands his animal-transformed twin like the master of a trained animal, while the animalized brother submits to his every order. The thing is, the Control Others power these two possess does not work on one another so their animal and master games are some byproduct of their psychotic mind set.

In animal form, they are excellent at tracking and stalking humanoid prey. The pair is fond of abducting people and imprisoning them for as weeks, even months, turning them into slaves and pets to be brutalized and tortured. Inevitably their victims die of abuse and new playthings must be sought out. It is this diabolic behavior that led to the Fun Bunch's collective capture, since wherever the group goes, Cane and Able always snatch a few unsuspecting people and submit them to their games of terror and death. This leaves a trail of missing persons wherever the two travel. In fact, it was the authorities following the trail of missing and slain persons that ultimately led to the group's capture and incarceration. Strangely, the rest of the Fun Bunch do not resent Cane and Able for getting them all busted. In fact, the group really looks up to these two monsters since theirs is some of the most savage and bloodcurdling behavior of the entire group.

Alignment: Both are Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 26, **P.S.:** 19, **P.P.:** 19, **P.E.:** 19, **P.B.:** 18, **Spd:** 32

Insanities: Psychosis: Superman syndrome (only the two take turns as to who is the superman and who is his weak sidekick). Obsession: dominance/submission. Roughly one third of the time, Cane completely dominates Able, treating him like an animal. (Able usually will remain in some animal form all the time, wearing a collar of some sort, and will not attack unless specifically ordered to.) Another third of the time, the situation is reversed; Able treats Cane like an animal. The final

third of the time, the two are roughly equal to each other.

Age: 26, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, one inch (1.85 m), **Weight:** 210 lbs (94.5 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 40

S.D.C.: 40

Power Category: Experiment.

Major Super Abilities: Animal Metamorphosis (any and

ness & Finance (50%), Speak/Literacy: German (98%), Speak/Literacy: English (65%), Recognize Weapon Quality (40%), Computer Operation (55%).

Money: Cane and Able have squirrelled away over half a million dollars in cash to a Swiss bank account. Secretly, they plan on using this money to finance their own criminal enterprises one day. They are presently considering raiding those funds to hire a team of European super-mercenaries known as the *Continental Marines* to break them and the other Fun Bunchers out of Gramercy Island.

Unlike most of the Fun Bunch, Punch and Judy possess no bona fide superpowers, but their intensive combat training makes them just as lethal, if not more so. Possessing hairtrigger tempers and a barely contained lust for combat, it is all these two can do to not simply launch into violent episodes every hour of the day. When not harassing others, they spend much of the time rolling around, wrestling and fighting each other. During these tussles, they pull their punches a lot and don't seriously hurt each other. Meanwhile, in real combat situations, these two work frighteningly well together, always opting to team up on a single opponent like a demented pair of cheating, tag-team wrestlers. However, should one of these two accidentally hit the other, or should one of them miss hitting a target three times in a row (i.e., a missed blow or the opponent parries or dodges successfully), then the other will often turn on his or her partner out of frustration. This strange and almost humorous Achilles' heel is what defeats the pair more than other combatants. No matter how well combat may be going for these two, they almost always end up fighting each other (pulling no punches, this time) to punish themselves for a poor performance on the battlefield. One of these days, they will probably end up killing each other while the rest of the Fun Bunch looks on, giggling maniacally and pointing their fingers at the spectacle.

Alignment: Punch is Diabolic, Judy is Miscreant, both are insanely aggressive.

Attributes (Punch): I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 30 (superhuman), **P.P.:** 25, **P.E.:** 27, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 40; both Punch and Judy have nearly identical powers, although Judy has an I.Q. of 13 and M.E. 14.

Insanities: Semi-Functional Mindless Aggression, extreme hostility and unbound homicidal tendencies.

Age: 22, **Sex:** Punch is male, Judy is female, but wears her hair short cropped and paints on a black mustache and goatee to look more masculine (and in her mind, more dangerous).

Height: Both are six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg) for Punch, 170 lbs (76.5 kg) for Judy.

Experience Level: 6th each.

Hit Points: 80 for Punch, 71 for Judy.

S.D.C.: 120 for Punch, 92 for Judy.

Power Category: Physical Training (Focus on Endurance and Strength)

Special Combat Abilities: Power Punch, Power Kick, Force of Will.

Combat Training: SPECIAL: Aggressive and Deadly Combat.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +8 to strike, +9 to parry, +5 to dodge, +4 to pull punch, +3 to roll with impact, +2 to disarm, +50% to save vs coma/death, +8 to save vs disease, toxins and poisons, +6 to save vs magic.

Other Combat Info: Paired weapons (all), entangle, body block/tackle, karate punch: 2D4+15, snap kick: 1D6+15, karate kick: 2D6+15, roundhouse kick: 3D6+15, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, arm hold, body hold, back flip, critical strike: 18-20, automatic knockout on a natural 20, critical body flip/throw, body flip/throw: +2.

Education Level and Skills: One Year of College.

Physical: Acrobatics, Gymnastics, Body Building, Boxing, Climbing, Running, and Swimming.

Espionage: Detect Ambush (70%), Interrogation (80%), Tracking (65%), and Wilderness Survival (75%).

Rogue: *Palming (70%), Pick Locks (75%), Pick* Pockets (80%), and Prowl (75%).

Secondary: Automotive Mechanics (50%), Basic Mechanics (55%), Basic Electronics (55%), Radio: Basic (70%), First Aid (70%), T.V./Video (45%), Carpentry (50%), Recognize Weapon Quality (50%) and W.P. *Blunt.*

Money: None. They spend their money like drunken sailors, and they also both have serious gambling problems. Thus, they are perpetually out of cash and *looking* for some way to scrape by.

Weapons:

Slapstick: These villains both carry spiked cudgels they call their "slapsticks." Basically, baseball bats with large nails protruding from them. They inflict 2D6+4 per strike, and can be used as paired weapons. However, Punch and Judy each carry only one slapstick each in favor of picking up some loose object from the battlefield and using it to complement the slapsticks. Note: Can use any type of blunt object as a weapon.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Padded and Ceramic Body Armor: A.R.: 12, S.D.C.: 80; concealed under their costumes.

Jojo Fahrenheit

Jojo is a mean drunk who lives at the bottom of a bottle and has a gift for using his constant inebriation as a means of exhibiting all sorts of savagery upon others. *Even though he is clean and sober within Gramercy Island* (the guards have made sure he can neither receive alcohol or make it himself), his mean streak has not been diluted one bit. Jojo Fahrenheit remains as surly as ever, and a constant agitant in a wing of the prison that hardly needs any rabble-rousers.

Jojo's abilities include an immunity to fire and the expulsion of flames. While drinking has nothing to do with his abilities exhibiting themselves, Jojo is convinced he must drink alcohol, lighter fluid or other flammable liquid in order for his powers to work. Thus, he typically spends the first action of every melee round taking a long pull off his bottle of hooch (usually in a brown paper bag, or with a label that simply says "XXX" on it). After that, the re-energized misanthrope cuts loose with streams of fire from his mouth like a living flamethrower.

Jojo is the only member of the Fun Bunch who appears to have a family. Melissa Sochran and her two sons Emil and Jase routinely send letters to Gramercy Island, telling Jojo that they love him, that they hope he gets better soon, so he might one day return home. Authorities have no clue exactly who the Sochrans are (could they be part of *the* Sochran family worth around $2.2 billion?). If Jojo is

truly a part of this family, and every attempt to trace where these letters are coming from has failed, he could be a tycoon gone mad. Guards believe the letters might actually be a kind of coded message being sent to Jojo, or that some deluded individual is pretending to be Jojo's family as a form of fan worship for the villain. Despite such theories, however, an investigative reporter has heard of this and is trying to get the Sochran family to grant him an interview. According to some of the letters the Sochrans have sent, the Fun Bunch apparently abducts its new recruits and subjects them to some kind of empowering ceremony and brainwashing. Once part of the group, the recruits fail to recognize their old family and go about their business of death and destruction. This explanation is most interesting, for if the Fun Bunch are essentially a fabricated super-group, then there might be a way to neutralize their methods and disrupt their recruiting process, shattering the Fun Bunch for good. Now. if only somebody knew where their headquarters was.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 9, **M.E.:** 9, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 25, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 20

Insanities: Power by Association: Any bottle of "hooch." It can be cheap alcohol or high-octane gasoline (see Side Effects, below).

Age: 30, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m), **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg).

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 75

S.D.C.: 150

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: Requires energy for nourishment; Jojo has learned that if he drinks high octane gasoline (102 octane or higher) it will suffice for food. He needs about a gallon a day or else he will begin to suffer the effects of malnutrition.

Minor Super Abilities: Energy Expulsion: Fire (7D6), Energy Resistance (remember Jojo takes only half damage from energy attacks, so scale down energy attacks by 50% before applying them to his 20 point energy resistance), Impervious to Fire and Heat, Healing Factor, Heightened Sense of Smell, and Extraordinary Physical Endurance.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +4 to initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry, +6 to dodge, +5 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact.

Other Combat Info: Body flip/throw, punch: 1D4+4, fire breath (7D6, 300 feet (91.5 m).

Education Level and Skills: Trade School.

Secondary Skills: Swimming (70%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (70%), Hunting, Card Sharp (35%), Pilot Airplane (60%), Pilot Water Scooter (70%), Pilot Motorcycle (70%), and Pilot Truck (50%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Automatic and Semiautomatic Rifle

Money: According to letters he has received, Jojo might be an heir to the legendary Sochran publishing fortune, currently worth over $2 billion! The thought of what the Fun Bunch would do with that kind of cash is truly frightening. They'd probably buy a couple hundred thousand packets of Pop Rocks and dump them into the Century Station reservoir, for starters.

Weapons: Just his fire breath. If he were to have a bottle of gasoline on hand, he could throw it as a Molotov cocktail, inflicting 4D6 to the point of impact, and another 2D6 per melee for another 1D4 minutes.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Sticky Pete

Of the entire Fun Bunch, the only one with any hope of reforming is the nefarious Sticky Pete. At first, one will notice how he speaks English, but in a variety of different stereotypical accents (roll 1D10 to determine randomly from among American Southern, Russian, English Cockney, German, Indian, Cantonese, New England American, Canadian, French, Mexican). But after that little curiosity, one will notice what is really important about this villain: he

Military Program: Running, Prowling, Climbing, Basic), Military Etiquette (70%), and Radio: Basic

Demolitions Program: Basic Electronics sic Mechanics (50%), Demolitions (60%), Disposal (60%), and Underwater Demolitions

Basic (75%/65% (70%).

Military (50%), Ba molitions (66%).

is perhaps the only member of the Fun Bunch who shows remorse for killing.

In the past, Sticky Pete used his powers to immobilize his victims and then slaughter them slowly, rejoicing in the pain and fear he crafted. However, over the years, it seems as if the weight of Sticky Pete's crimes has caught up with him, and now, whenever he immobilizes somebody, he is content to merely give them a good scare and let them live. So far, he managed to conceal his change of heart from his teammates, but if ever they discovered Sticky Pete is losing his killer instinct, the group would descend upon him like a pack of rabid dogs.

The truth behind Sticky Pete's transformation is simple: Somehow, his mind is recovering from the cocktail of insanity that it once had been. With another 2D6+6 months of successful psychotherapy, Sticky Pete might finally become 100% sane. It is the hope of the prison administration that once cured, Sticky Pete will be able to remember who he really is, and how he became a member of the Fun Bunch. At present, this seems to be the best lead for shattering the dome of secrecy that has surrounded the Fun Bunch for so long.

Alignment: Aberrant; with extensive therapy he could become Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 18, **P.P.:** 26, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** 44

Insanity: Obsessed with having exactly $1,234.56, nothing more, nothing less.

Age: 40, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m), **Weight:** 180 lbs (81.7 kg).

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 34

S.D.C.: 30

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: All of Sticky Pete's hair has fallen out, except for the hair on the top of his head; his body is entirely bald.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Metabolism.

Minor Super Abilities: Extraordinary Physical Prowess, Adhesion, Energy Expulsion: Sticky Globs. (SPECIAL! This attack does no damage, but instead fires a glob of goo that behaves identically to a Carpet of Adhesion spell cast at 5th level proficiency, except that it is not magic.)

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +3 to automatic dodge, +8 to strike, +2 to disarm, +9 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+3, axe kick: 2D6+3, roundhouse kick: 3D6+3, tripping/leg hook, and jump kicks (all).

Education Level and Skills: Masters' Degree.

Technical Program: Research (90%), Writing (75%), Art (85%), and Business & Finance (85%).

Wilderness Survival Program: Wilderness Survival (70%), Hunting, Identify Plants & Fruits (70%), Land Navigation (75%), Track Animals (60%), and Skin & Prepare Animal Hides (75%).

Science Program: Computer Operation (85%), Advanced Mathematics (90%), Chemistry (75%), Astronomy (60%), Anthropology (65%), and Archaeology (65%).

Domestic: Basic Mathematics (90%), Cook (80%), Fishing (85%), and Sewing (85%).

Secondary Skills: Running, Body Building, Prowl (80%), Athletics (General), Repair/Maintenance (55%), Photography (55%), and Holistic Medicine (40%).

Money: Sticky Pete has exactly $1,234.56 on him at all times. If he has more than this, he immediately spends or gives it away. If he has less, he will do *anything* to get his pocket change up to the "proper" level.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

The Dynosaurs

These guys were bred by the Genesys Corp. As part of a military program for the next century. This group is the first generation of fully functioning individuals, and had been put together as an independent crimefighting team to demonstrate the program's potential to buyers. Right off the bat, the Dynosaurs became very popular within Century Station, due to their heroic exploits, their personable demeanor, and their marketable appearance. (Hey, kids simply love dinosaurs.) The original team included an uplifted Pterosauroid, Hadrosauroid, Stegosauroid and Allosauroid, but those four either died during uplift training or regressed and were put down. The team currently includes *Balthazar* the Triceratops, *Desdemona* the Velociraptor, *Orlando* the Sauropod, *Iago* the Tyrannosaur, and *Portia* the Anklyosaur.

For close to a year, the Dynosaur Team was part of a joint effort between Genesys and the Century Station Police Department for private industry to play a hand in local law enforcement. The Dynosaurs were a rapid response team to situations that C-SWAT either could not handle or required super-powered backup. C-SWAT had been generally disdainful of the Dynosaurs, who they viewed as freaks and monsters foisted upon them by some greedy corporation looking only to make a buck at the expense of honest, *human* police officers. Even though the Dynosaurs were not showboaters, and had a nearly perfect action record (which included saving the lives of numerous C-SWAT team members), they served as pariahs by the very men who they would count as their closest allies.

All this came to a head several months ago, when a team of high-tech bank robbers smashed through a bank vault and robbed the place during daytime hours. The robbers then made a break for it through a crowded shopping

district, where they were intercepted by a C-SWAT squad who, against orders, opened fire upon the robbers. In the resulting fire-fight, over a dozen civilians were caught in the crossfire. Three C-SWAT troopers went down, and the robbers got away. The media blitz that followed would have been terrible for C-SWAT, so the commanding officer in the group that began the fight took matters into his own hands. Since media crews had failed to capture the fight on film, and since the on-scene witnesses either died or were too busy running to see anything, C-SWAT had a chance to do some spin control. It just required somebody else to take the fall for it. Enter the Dynosaurs.

Calling in favors from corrupt computer operators within the Century Station Police Department, C-SWAT doctored the combat footage from its own troopers helmet cameras. Using sophisticated image manipulation software, images of the Dynosaurs were superimposed on the bodies of the bank robbers. C-SWAT leaked the footage to the press, who had a field day with it. The public backlash against the Dynosaurs (and mutants in general) was intense to say the least. And though they protested their innocence, the Dynosaurs were all found guilty of murder, armed robbery and other charges in a two-day show trial. When the dust settled, the innocent Dynosaurs were sent to Gramercy Island, and C-SWAT had done the housecleaning it had always hoped for.

Today, the only evidence of any wrongdoing lies in the memory of the C-SWAT officers involved in the frame-up. Should any one of them discover a conscience and confess, then the Dynosaurs might be sprung from prison. (Genesys is certainly no help, washing their hands of the mutants in order to preserve good public relations.) Otherwise, the mutants will spend the rest of their lives behind bars unless they escape. To that end, both Desdemona and Iago want to break free from the island, track down their framers (they have a pretty good idea of who did it) and bring them to justice. Balthazar wants to stay in prison out of respect for the laws that imprisoned him (he simply will not break the law, even if it is to undo his own wrongful imprisonment) and to protect the team. He knows if they escape, they'll be hunted down and destroyed like mad dogs. Portia agrees with Balthazar. Orlando is on the fence, and could go either way.

Balthazar

He is the designated leader of the team, and is a slightly more "advanced model" than his teammates. While Balthazar is stalwart and strong, his blind dedication to the law and loyalty to his creators at Genesys undermine him as a leader. The truth is, Balthazar fears Genesys, and has always believed that if he does not carry out their orders perfectly, they will simply kill him or replace him with an even more "advanced" (read: more compliant) model. Now that he is in prison, he advocates serving his time "like a good soldier" and forgetting any notions of pursing justice on his own terms.

Real Name: TRI v. 3.0

Occupation: CHIMERA Special Forces Trooper and Professional Crimefighter.

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 30, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 25

Age: 3, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Four feet, six inches (1.37 m). **Weight:** 305 lbs (137 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 45

S.D.C.: 98

Power Category: Mutant Animal (Triceratops).
Size Level: 10
Build: Short
Hands: Full
Biped: Full
Speech: Full
Looks: None

Weapons: Horn Projections (+2D6 to head butt) & Neck Shield (Natural A.R.: 17 to head and neck).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry, +7 to parry with head, +5 to dodge, +15 to damage, +3 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch, and +2 to disarm.

Saving Throws: +8 vs magic and poison, +30% vs coma/death

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D6+15, Karate Kick: 2D4+15, Axe Kick: 2D6+15, Roundhouse Kick: 3D6+15, Tripping/Leg Hook, Backward Sweep

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

Espionage Program: Detect Ambush (60%), Intelligence (60%), Wilderness Survival (55%), Sniper, and Tracking (55%).

Military Demolitions: Basic Electronics (60%), Basic Mechanics (60%), Demolitions (86%), Demolitions Disposal (86%), and Underwater Demolitions (84%).

Secondary Skills: Prowl (35%), Running, Swimming (60%), Climbing (50%/40%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (60%), and Radio: Basic (55%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Shotgun, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Automatic and Semiautomatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns.

Money: Like the rest of the Dynosaurs, Balthazar once earned $100,000 a year and has approximately $50,000 saved up, largely because he has little to spend it on.

Weapons:

Prototype Ion Blaster: Range: 1,000 feet (305 m). Damage: 1D4x10. Rate of Fire: Single shot only; each shot counts as one melee action. Payload: 10 shots per E-Clip or can be hooked up to a backpack generator (S.D.C.: 50) for an effectively unlimited payload.

Simple Ion Blaster Pistol: Range: 200 feet (61 m). Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot only; each shot counts as one melee action. Payload: 14 shots per E-Clip.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Aside from the standard field equipment and vehicles available to other special agents of CHIMERA, Balthazar makes routine use of the following:

Modified Class 4 Hard Armor: A.R.: 17. S.D.C.: 280.

Multi-Optic Goggles: This advanced bit of eyewear offers all of the features of a Multi-Optics Helmet but in a much more compact package.

Personal Comlink: Balthazar wears a combination subvocal throat mike and an inner ear mike that allow him to remain in constant burst transmitter contact with his teammates. These comlinks are cutting edge military technology and communicate by using scrambled burst transmissions that are very difficult to intercept and descramble (-20% on all jamming, interception and descrambling efforts). Range: 5 miles (8 km).

Desdemona

Designed for quick and discreet security interventions, Desdemona is the group's stealthy SWAT-style intervention agent (reconnaissance, intelligence, rescue and anti-terrorism). She prefers one on one melee combat to gunfighting, and truly enjoys the thrill and danger of her job. Despite this, she knew from the beginning that she was both a slave to Genesys and a threat to C-SWAT. Even before being framed she was no longer content to carry out the company's hatchet work or perform public relations stunts for them. Nor work alongside C-SWAT. Now more than anything, she wants to live a simple life in the wilderness, running, and hunting as a predator, killing only for food. Now that C-SWAT has dropped the hammer on her, she fantasizes about escaping prison and waging war on the corrupt officers who tried so hard to destroy her. Revenge shall be hers. Oh yes, revenge will be hers.

Her teammates fear Desdemona has a form of atavism that encourages her to revert to a more animalistic state. Perhaps that is so, but even if it is, Desdemona does not care. Until she breaks free of Gramercy Island, she will grow increasingly hotheaded and free-spirited, like a tiger trapped in a cage. Which is what she is, really.

Real Name: VEL v. 2.4

Occupation: CHIMERA Special Forces Trooper and Professional Crimefighter.

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q.: 17, **M.E.:** 9, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 24, **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 24, **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 58 (40 mph/64 km)

Age: 3, **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet (1.5 m). **Weight:** 130 lbs (58.5 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 39

S.D.C.: 45

Power Category: Mutant Velociraptor.
Size Level: 6
Build: Medium
Hands: Full
Biped: Full
Speech: Partial
Looks: None
Weapons: Hand Claws, Teeth, Scythe Claw.
Powers: Leaping Ability.

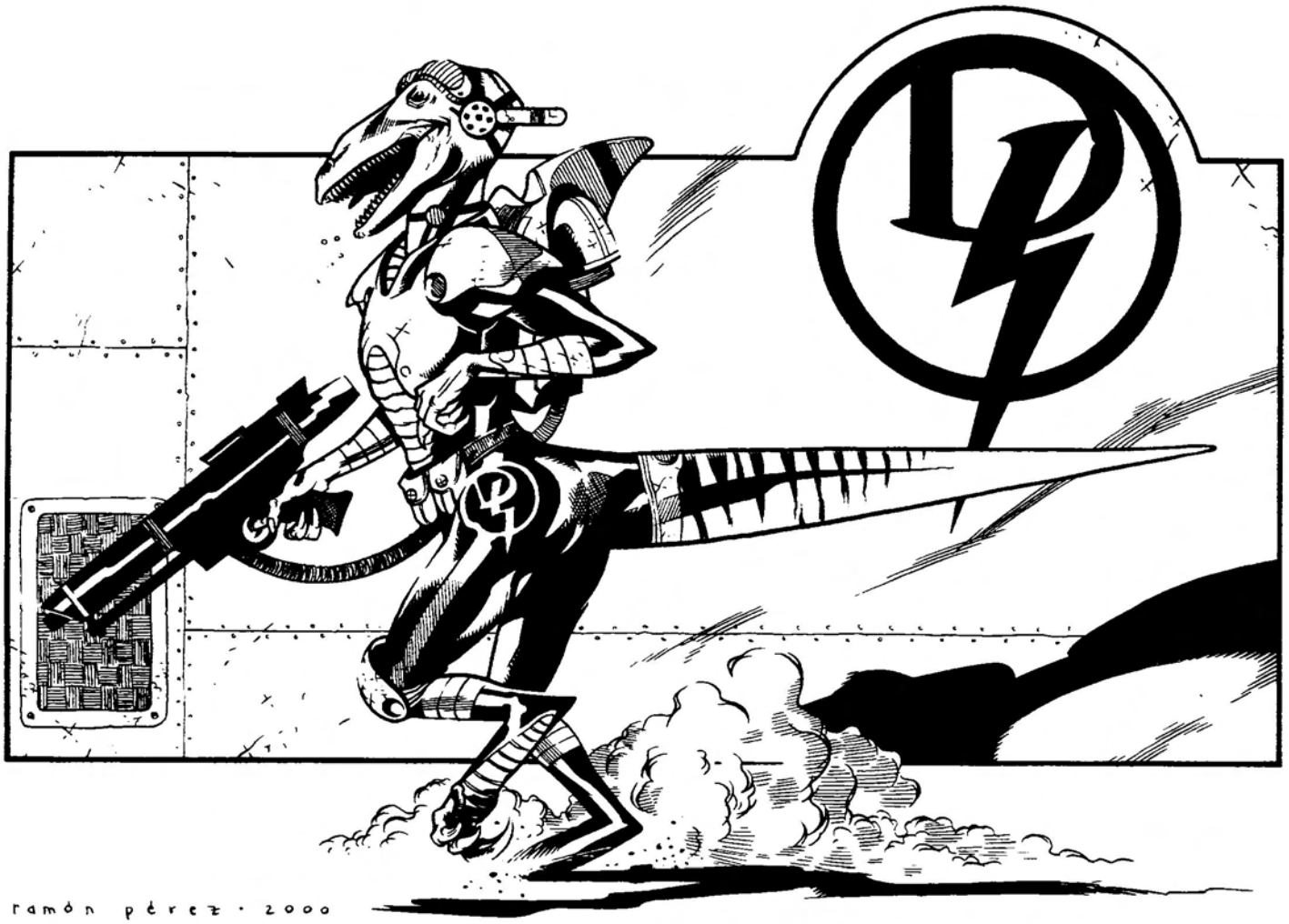
Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +5 to strike, +7 to parry, +7 to dodge, +9 to damage, +3 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch, +2 to disarm.

Saving Throws: +5 vs magic and poison, +18% vs coma/death.

Other Combat Info: Hand Claw: 2D6+9, Bite: 1D10+9, Scythe Claw: 2D10+9, Karate Kick: 2D4+1D10+9, Axe Kick: 2D6+1D10+9, Roundhouse Kick: 3D6+1D10+9, Tripping/Leg Hook, Backward Sweep. Can leap 12 feet (3.6 m) high and 25 feet (7.6 m) lengthwise, increase by 50% with a running start.



Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

Espionage Program: Detect Ambush (55%), Intelligence (55%), Wilderness Survival (50%), Tracking (50%, +15% to track a blood scent), and Detect Concealment (50%).

Military Program (Basic): Running, Climbing (50%/40%), Military Etiquette (60%), and Radio: Basic (70%).

Secondary Skills: Body Building, Prowl (35%), Running, Athletics (General), Hunting, Swimming (60%), and SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (60%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Sub-machinegun, W.P. Heavy Weapons.

Weapons: Desdemona prefers fighting tooth and claw, so whenever possible, she will not use her energy weapons.

Prototype Ion Blaster: Same as Balthazar.

Simple Ion Blaster Pistol: Range: 200 feet (61 m). Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Payload: 14 shots per E-Clip; unlimited if hooked to a generator pack.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Modified Hard Armor Vest: A.R. 12, S.D.C. 120.

Mini-Jet Pack: Speed: 120 mph (192 km), with a maximum altitude of 2000 feet (610 m).

Multi-Optic Goggles: This advanced bit of eyewear offers all of the features of a Multi-Optics Helmet but in a much more compact package.

Personal Comlink: A combination subvocal throat mike and an inner ear mike that allow her to remain in constant burst transmitter contact with her teammates, same as Balthazar.

Orlando

Orlando is the real heart and soul of the team, cool under fire and flexible enough to adapt to any situation. He also has the easiest time dealing with humans, especially his Genesys creators and C-SWAT members, even though he does not like them very much. Of all the Dynosaurs, Orlando is the best equipped mentally and emotionally to live on his own, as a superhero, an adventurer, or just a very unusual free citizen.

During his trial and incarceration, Orlando found his commitment to upholding the law under serious question. How or why should he protect a society that's willing to betray him? Shouldn't he break free from his cell and pursue justice against those who did him wrong? But at the same time, he wonders if that's really the best course of action. After all, Genesys has more than twenty other mutant di-

nosaur humanoids "in development" in their labs. If he were to escape, the resulting security risk might encourage Genesys to destroy all of their test subjects, sending many of Orlando's saurian brethren to unjustified deaths. Or once finished, send them to track him and his teammates down.

Thus, this lonely warrior rides the fence between what he feels is right and what he knows is smart. Revenge, or sacrifice? Nobody, not even Orlando can say what the final call will be.

Real Name: APA v. 2.8

Occupation: CHIMERA Special Forces Trooper, Professional Crimefighter.

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 14, **P.S.:** 40 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 35, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 33 (approx. 22 mph/35 km).

Age: 3; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Seven feet, two inches (2.2 m). **Weight:** 400 lbs (180 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 49

S.D.C.: 155

Power Category: Mutant Sauropod (Apatosaur).
Size Level: 10
Build: Medium
Hands: Full
Biped: Full
Speech: Partial
Looks: None
Weapons: 2D6 Whip Tail.
Powers: Medium Natural Body Armor (A.R.: 9, +60 S.D.C.)

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +6 to parry, +6 to dodge, +25 to damage, +5 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 to pull punch, and +2 to disarm.

Saving Throws: +8 vs magic and poison, +35% vs coma/death.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4+25, Snap Kick: 1D6+25, Karate Kick: 2D4+25, Crescent Kick: 2D4+27, Axe Kick: 2D6+25, and Roundhouse Kick: 3D6+25.

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

Military Program (Basic): Running, Climbing (70%/60%), Military Etiquette (65%), and Radio: Basic (75%).

Physical Program: Boxing and Wrestling.

Secondary Skills: Body Building, Prowl (35%), Athletics (General), Hunting, Swimming (60%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (60%)

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, and W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons.

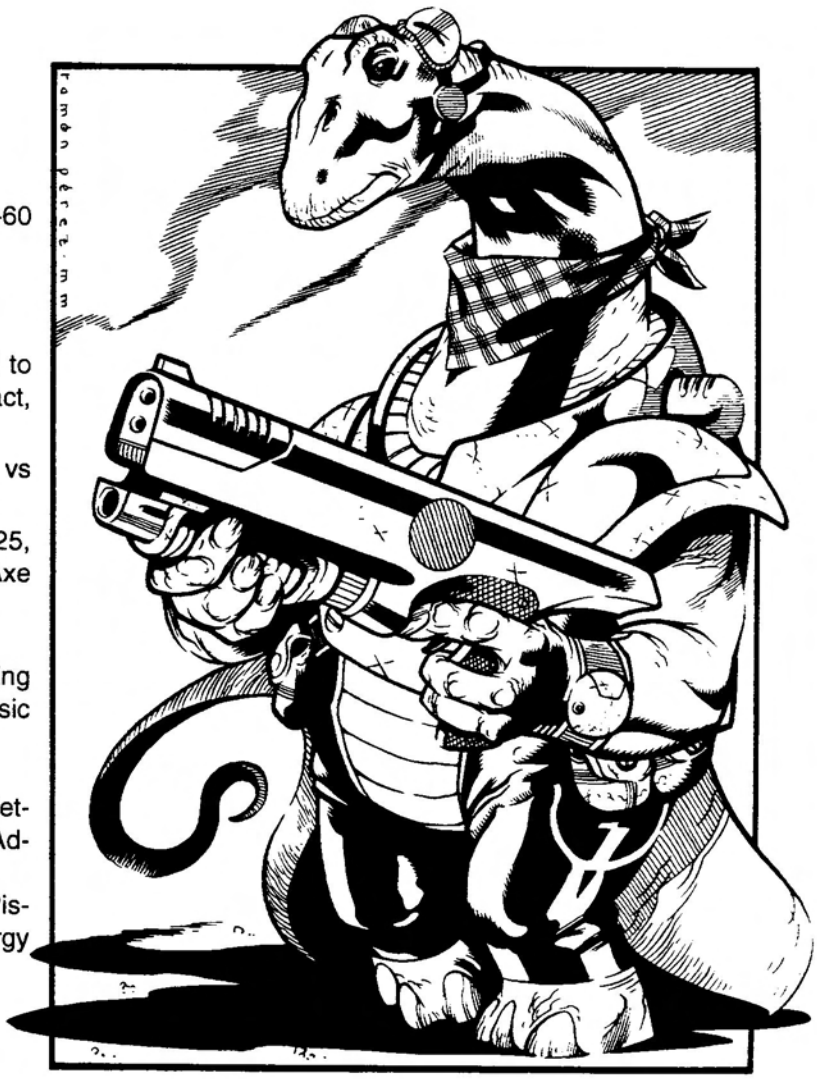
Weapons:

10mm Light Rail Gun: Range: 3,000 feet (915 m). Damage: 7D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: 50- or 100-shot ammo drum.

Underbarrel 20mm Microgrenade Launcher: Range: 1,250 feet (381 m). Damage: Varies. High Explosive rounds do 1D6x10 and have a 5 foot (1.5 m) blast radius. Fragmentation rounds do 1D4x10 and have a 20 foot. (6.1 m) blast radius. Plasma/Napalm rounds do 1D4x10 and have a blast radius of 10 feet (3 m); anyone hit by one of these rounds will take an additional 5D6 worth of burn damage the next melee round, another 4D6 the following melee round, and another 3D6 the following melee round unless the fire is extinguished. Rate of Fire: Single shot or 3-shot bursts. Payload: 6-shot rotary ammo drum. Note: This weapon is attached to the underside of Orlando's 10 mm Light Rail Gun, and can be fired without having to use an attack for switching weapons.

Ion Blaster SMG: Range: 1,000 feet (305 m). Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Payload: 20 shot E-Clip.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Modified Class 4 Hard Armor: A.R.: 17, S.D.C.: 280.



Multi-Optic Goggles: This advanced bit of eyewear offers all of the features of a Multi-Optics Helmet but in a much more compact package.

Personal Comlink: Standard as per the rest of the team.

him. Despite his bestial nature, however, Iago has a good heart, wants to do the right thing and must forever wrestle with his youthful selfishness and impulsiveness.

At present, Iago is enraged at his imprisonment and can not understand why or how it happened. Desdemona has informed him of a suspected C-SWAT set-up, and also of her plans to break out of the prison and get the rats who sent them up the river. Iago has agreed to this, and is more than ready to sink his teeth into those who wronged him.

Real Name: TYR v. 1.7

Occupation: CHIMERA Special Forces Trooper, Professional Crimefighter.

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q.: 7, **M.E.:** 7, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 40, **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 8, **Spd:** 30

Age: 3; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, six inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 260 lbs (117 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 45

S.D.C.: 150

Power Category: Mutant Tyrannosauroid.
Size Level: 11
Build: Medium
Hands: None/Partial when wearing robotic waldoes.
Biped: Full
Speech: None/Partial while wearing vocorder.
Looks: None
Weapons: 2D10 Teeth

Powers: Advanced Smell, Heavy Natural Body Armor (A.R.: 10, +90 S.D.C.).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +4 to parry, +4 to

95

Vehicles and Other Equipment:

Robotic Waldoes: These are a pair of robotic limbs Iago wears over his normal, stunted Tyrannosauroid arms. While wearing these waldoes, Iago enjoys the equivalent of Partial hands with a P.S. of 10. He has finally gotten used to them enough that he can perform complicated manual skills with no penalty. The waldoes themselves have an A.R. of 10 and 50 S.D.C. each. Iago could fire small firearms with his waldoes (nothing larger than a sub-machinegun), but he much prefers his specially designed helmet-blaster.

Multi-Optic Helmet: Like an ordinary MOH, only this one also provides a heads-up display for his helmet blaster.

Telemental Helmet: This is the third component of Iago's helmet array, somewhat similar to the same kind of devices used by robot pilots to better control their fighting machines. This particular device acts as an advanced form of fire control for Iago's helmet blaster, offering the Tyrannosauroid an additional +3 to strike.

Vocorder: Iago was not uplifted enough to have developed vocal cords, but he has enough vocal development that when he wears a special voice synthesizer unit strapped to his throat, he gets the equivalent of Partial Speech.

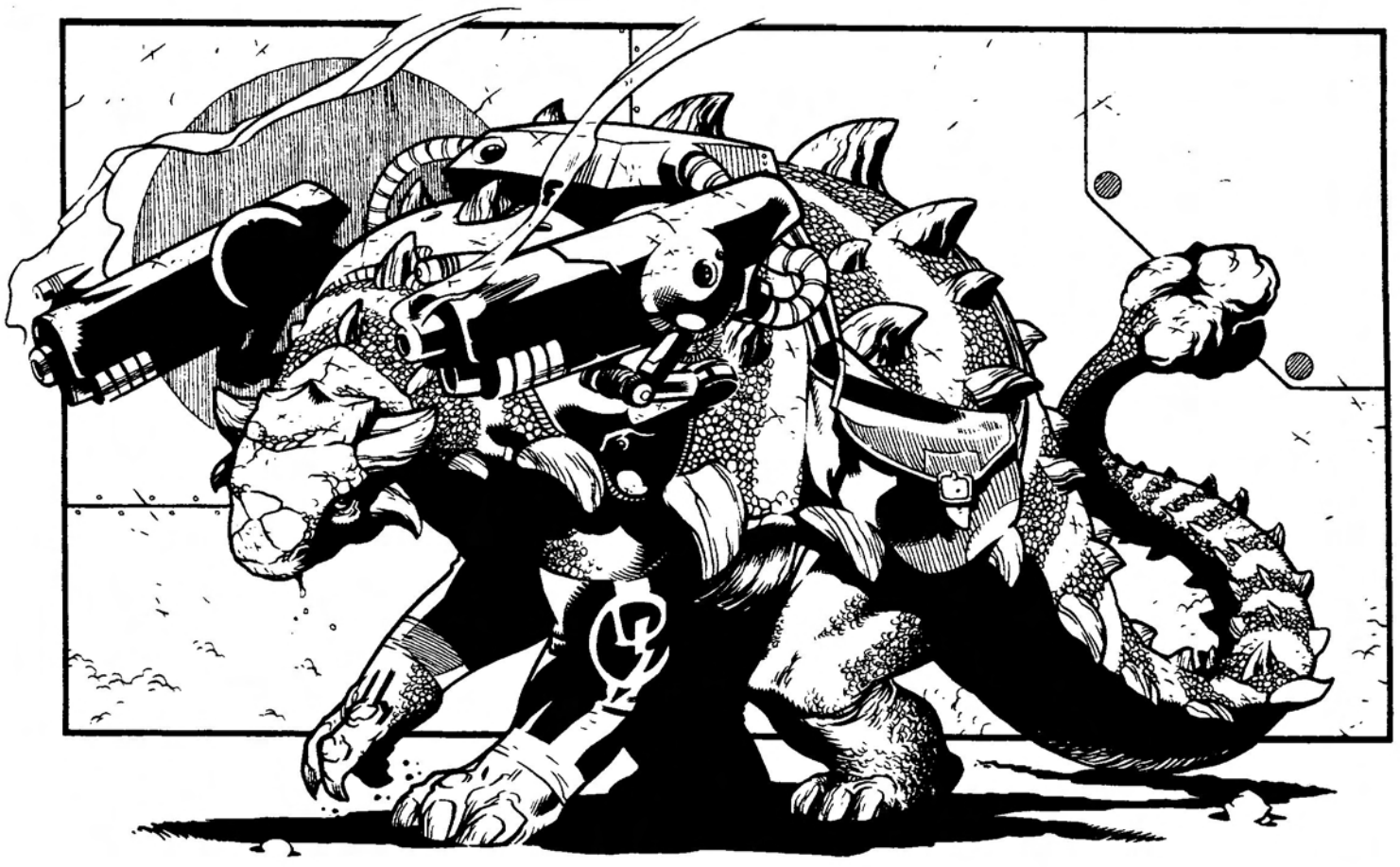
Modified Class 4 Hard Armor: A.R.: 16; S.D.C: 240.

Portia

Portia is the "den mother" of the group, quiet, reserved, knowledgeable, patient, and even-tempered. When things get bad, she is like the eye of the storm, a spot of calm amid turmoil. Her teammates often rally around her during times of trouble because she makes them feel safe and in control, almost like how a mother might tend to her young in a crisis. Portia is also very cautious, if unwilling to subject herself to reckless danger even though she is immune to most attacks, thanks to her thick natural armor. Still, her conservative view of things, especially dangerous situations, has saved the team more than once. In fact, it is her concern for the team as potential fugitives on the run that prevents her from supporting a jailbreak. She does not think the team will make it on the outside as monstrous refugees, and knows they will almost certainly be destroyed. Still, she longs for freedom herself, and if ever she found herself on the run because of circumstances beyond her control, Portia would make the best of things while looking out for her teammates. Whether or not she would go after the C-SWAT troopers who framed her is another matter. If given the opportunity to simply run away and forget the whole thing she has about a 60% chance of doing just that. Revenge doesn't run strongly in her blood.

Real Name: AK v. 0.9

Occupation: CHIMERA Special Forces Trooper, and Professional Crimefighter.



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Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 14, **P.S.:** 34 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 10, **P.E.:** 34, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 15

Age: 3, **Sex:** Female.

Height: 6 feet (1.8 m) long, 5 feet (1.5 m) tall at the shoulder. **Weight:** 205 lbs (93 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 211; Natural A.R. 15.

Power Category: Mutant Anklyosauroid.
Size Level: 10
Build: Medium
Hands: None
Biped: None
Speech: None/Partial while wearing vocorder.
Looks: None
Weapons: Mace Tail.
Powers: Heavy Natural Body Armor.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +4 to strike, +3 to parry, +2 to dodge, +19 to damage, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, and +4 to pull punch.

Saving Throws: +8 vs magic and poison and +34% vs coma/death.

Other Combat Info: Mace-like Prehensile Tail: 2D10+19 (or 3D6+19) damage.

Education Level and Skills: Trade School.

Military Program (Basic): Running, Body Building, Military Etiquette (55%), and Radio: Basic (75%).

Communications: Basic Electronics (50%), Radio: Scramblers (55%), T.V./Video (43%), and Radio: Satellite (45%).

Secondary Skills: Literacy (40%), Business & Finance (45%), Computer Operation (50%), Sing (45%), Wilderness Survival (35%), Law (General) (35%), Research (60%), and Writing (Journalism Style) (35%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons, and W.P. Heavy Weapons.

Weapons: Fire-linked energy rifles like Balthazar's, and a grenade launcher like Orlando's.

Twin Shoulder-Mounted Ion Blasters (Fire Linked): Range: 1,000 feet (305 m). Damage: 2D4x10 per simultaneous dual blast; 1D4x10 for a single blast. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Payload: This weapon is connected to a backpack generator (S.D.C.: 65) for an effectively unlimited payload. .

Back-Mounted 20mm Microgrenade Launcher: Range: 1,250 feet (381 m). Damage: Varies. High Explosive rounds do 1D6x10 and have a 5 foot (1.5 m) blast radius. Fragmentation rounds do 1D4x10 and have a 20 foot (6.1 m) blast radius. Plasma/Napalm rounds do 1D4x10 and have a blast radius of 10 feet (3 m); anyone hit by one of these rounds will take an additional 5D6 worth of burn damage the next melee round, another 4D6 the following melee round, and another 3D6 the following melee round unless the fire is extinguished. Rate of Fire: Single shot or 3-shot bursts; Payload: 24-shot ammo hopper.

Vehicles and Other Equipment:

Back-Mounted Miniaturized Supercomputer: This incredibly sophisticated piece of hardware enables Portia to access numerous criminal, superhero, civilian and military databases as well as negotiate a number of different wireless communications lines (which she sometimes does to log on to the Internet for work and play). Her supercomputer also acts as a combat computer, offering an advanced fire control system for her back-mounted weapons. This fire control software gives her +3 to strike and +2 to initiative (already factored in above).

Telemental Helmet: Standard as per the team.

Vocorder: Standard.

The Body Shots

This team of martial artists, brawlers and warriors are some of the nastiest fist-fighters to plague Century Station. How this group came together is a bit unclear, but according to the *Centurions* (Century Station's greatest team of heroes), the members of the Body Shots were all victors in an underground circuit of gladiator contests organized and run by the shadowy criminal mastermind, *The Minotaur.* According to the Centurions, The Minotaur runs a series of underworld bloodsports both for gambling purposes, and to recruit the best of the best as his enforcers. The Body Shots is the culmination of over three years of recruiting and gladiatorial contests. With his greatest champions pooled together as a group, The Minotaur used the fighters as an elite enforcement team to carry out his dirty work.

For five years the Body Shots did their job well, performing countless acts of intimidation, protection racketeering, extortion, assault and murder on behalf of the criminal mastermind they served. The group's luck finally ran out when a teams of as-yet unnamed vigilante heroes tracked them down and ambushed them. In the pitched battle, the Body Shots were ultimately defeated and CHIMERA (Century Station's law enforcement aegis) picked up the villains, and processed them. A quick trial sent the gang to Gramercy Island for 20 years. Sadly, the price for the gang's capture was a high one. Most of the vigilantes who brought them to justice either perished in the melee or were crippled. Only two have gone on to continue to fight crime.

Back in prison, none of the Body Shots will bear witness against their employer. In fact, all of them deny any association with The Minotaur and remain silent on all other matters. To them, silence is the policy of a loyal underling. They all expect to either escape the island themselves, or for The Minotaur to break them out. Little do they know that their crime master employer is currently recruiting a fresh, new team of super-brawlers to replace the ones he has lost. The Minotaur has no intention of breaking his old lackeys out of prison, for such a raid would tip his hand and warn the authorities of just how powerful he really is — and that would never do. Furthermore, The Mi-

notaur is considering a scheme to have them all killed in prison to prevent the gang from betraying him by accident if not to save their own skins. He hasn't quite decided yet. They were one of the very best teams of enforcers he had ever gathered, and even as middle-aged men twenty years from now, they may be worth utilizing.

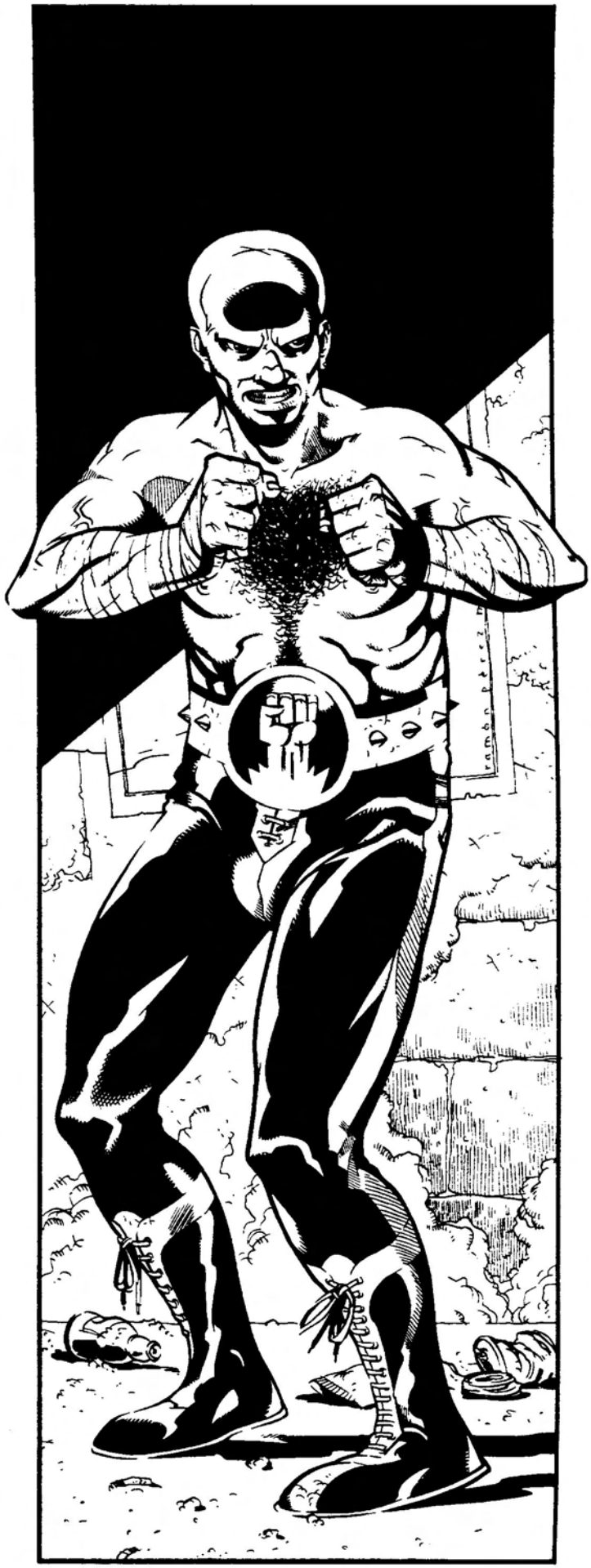
Note: Should the Body Shots learn their old employer plans to leave them to rot in prison, they will endeavor to break free themselves and seek vengeance on him. From this, only chaos and bloodshed can result, and plenty of it. There are six members in the Body Shots: *Uppercut*, *Roundhouse*, *Stranglehold*, *Knuckleduster*, *Bolchock*, and *Haymaker*.

Uppercut

Wallace Mangold was an aging prize fighter with no major victories under his belt and retirement looming over him like the shadow of doom. As his trainer liked to tell him, "There ain't no place fer an old man in the ring, Wally. Either ya got a chance at a big payday or ta be the champion, or ya git out of this business 'fore it kills ya. Or worse, ya embarrass yerself on pay-to-view in front of a 10 million viewers." But Wallace had fighting in his blood. It was his father's trade, and it was something Wallace himself had wanted to do his entire life. Sure, he could have retired, thirty-four was old for a heavyweight. Sure he could become a trainer himself or open his own gym, but it would never be the same and never enough. Wallace wanted that one shot at the greatness he felt he deserved. Unfortunately, time in the ring had been cruel to the aging pugilist, and he simply was not as strong, quick or physically tough as he used to be. He needed an edge. But what, and from where?

Enter The Minotaur. Wallace had made it known that he was in the market for steroids or any other kind of drug that might improve his performance. Agents for The Minotaur heard about the boxer's plight and passed it on to their master. The Minotaur arranged a meeting between Wallace and one of his top street chemists. The deal was that the underworld kingpin would provide the boxer with a super-serum that would put him back in his prime and then some! The Minotaur would also arrange for a title fight for Wallace within one year. After that fight, the fighter would compete in a prize fighting circuit arranged by The Minotaur and "the Champ" would do whatever he was told. Wallace agreed.

The serum worked a little bit better than anticipated and not only restored Wallace's youthful energy and stamina, but also gave him super abilities which made him more than a match for any ordinary boxer. The night of Wallace's title fight with heavyweight champion Leroy Holmes, Wallace tore Holmes' head off ... literally! It seems in the heat of the moment, Wallace just didn't know his own strength and hit Holmes with a haymaker that splattered him. The crowd was horrified. Wallace fled for the locker-room, and people began to shout that "the fix was in" and Wallace was a "super-freak" who killed Leroy in the ring.



The police immediately wanted a talk with Wallace, but by that time he had gone underground and was safely within The Minotaur's organization. Left with no other recourse, Wallace began fighting in the secret gladiator arenas of The Minotaur's underground fight scene. He got to fight twice a week and loved every second of it. Sure, he had to perform enforcer work in between, but he kind of liked that too. He liked being the strongest. He liked people fearing him. And he liked the respect (at least in his mind) it all brought him. For Wallace Mangold, now calling himself *Uppercut*, he was living the good life, and there would be no looking back. Even now, stuck at Gramercy Island, he has no regrets, nor animosity for The Minotaur. He had his day in the limelight and his big "payday." He was tough, so he knew he could sit on twenty years and come out okay. He lives by the adage, "if you can't do the time, don't do the crime."

Real Name: Wallace Mangold

Other Aliases: Knockout and Headman.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 19, **P.S.:** 50 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 28, **P.E.:** 35, **P.B.:** 8, **Spd:** 40

Age: 40, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, one inch (1.85 m). **Weight:** 250 lbs (112.5 kg); all muscle.

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 101

S.D.C.: 190

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: Breathe Without Air, stronger and more agile than a man half his age.

Major Super Abilities: Natural Combat Ability.

Minor Super Abilities: Superhuman Strength, Extraordinary Physical Prowess, and Extraordinary Physical Endurance.

Combat Training: SPECIAL: Natural Combat Ability.

Number of Attacks: 10

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +7 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +3 to automatic dodge, +4 to disarm, +6 to pull punch, +5 to roll with impact, +35 to damage, +30% to save vs coma/death, +8 to save vs magic and poison, +5 to save vs Horror Factor, and +2 to save vs possession.

Other Combat Info: Back flip (88%), paired weapons (all), exceptional balance (86%), punch: 1D6+37, power punch: 1D6x10+50 (this is his trademark uppercut which he will use often even though it counts as two attacks), kick attack: 2D4+35, karate kick: 2D6+37, jump kick, leap attack, head butt: 1D6+35, knockout/stun: 19-20, body throw/flip and can use any melee weapon (sword, axe, club, etc.) instinctively.

Education Level and Skills: Trade School

Physical: Boxing, Gymnastics, Body Building, and Running.

Electrical: Electrical Engineer (75%), Basic Mechanics (75%), Computer Operation (85%), and Locksmith (70%).

Secondary: Basic Mathematics (65%), First Aid (80%), Law (General; 60%), Automotive Mechanics (60%), Radio: Basic (80%), T.V./Video (53%), Concealment (48%), and Palming (55%).

Money: Uppercut made $600,000 in an illegal fighting competition. He shrewdly invested that money which has since grown to over $1.3 million. A nice nest egg for when he gets out. (In twenty years that investment should easily quadruple. Who says boxers are dumb?)

Weapons: Typically none. Uppercut generally feels that his hands are weapons enough. However, he can, and sometimes does, use weapons that are easily available to him when the situation calls for one.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None right now. Uppercut used to enjoy the good life, and that meant fine quality cigars, expensive liquor, a ritzy apartment and expensive cars.

Roundhouse

In the world of martial arts, few names garnered more revulsion than that of Archie Voss. Arrogant, belligerent and supremely skillful, Voss was a self-taught martial artist who led a personal crusade against all current forms of martial combat. To Voss, martial arts in general had become corrupt, impure, and impotent. Especially in countries where martial arts classes are taught for a fee. Voss considered the martial tradition dead in spirit, kept alive only by fools, hypocrites and vultures. Voss took it upon himself to excise the world of this element, and traveled to dojos, gymnasiums and schools worldwide, seeking out the leading masters of any given style of martial combat and challenging them to single combat before an audience. The terms of the bout were simple. If Voss lost he would retire from fighting forever. If he won, the master would cease teaching forever and dissolve his school. In five years, Voss fought 33 matches, winning every one, and creating a swath of silence across the martial arts world.

In response to Voss's crusade, new masters were stepping forward to challenge the upstart and new styles of martial arts were being developed to counter Voss's eclectic brand of fighting, but by then, he had disappeared. The unofficial master of the martial arts had come to Century Station to defeat a *capoeira maistre* there when he was contacted by The Minotaur to take on some of *his* top fighters. Voss could not resist. He met the crime lord's top brawlers in a secret gladiator game and soundly defeated them. The only man to give Voss a serious challenge was Uppercut. Impressed, The Minotaur offered him a job as an enforcer and gladiator. Voss agreed, and had since lived a happy life as a professional underworld warrior taking on vigilantes and superhuman opponents in no-holds-barred combat. His recent defeat and incarceration eats at him like a cancer, making him a violent and unruly prisoner. He is positive that The Minotaur will do everything in his power to overturn the verdict or break him (if not the entire gang) out of prison. When he realizes that The Minotaur has abandoned him (this should take a

few years), he will turn his frustration and anger toward the crime lord. If Roundhouse ever gets out he will launch a vendetta against one Mr. Miyagi, the likes of which will shake even this kingpin of crime.

Real Name: Archie Voss

Other Aliases: The Challenger.

Alignment: Anarchist with strong leanings toward Miscreant evil.

Attributes: I.Q.: 8, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 8, **P.S.:** 25, **P.P.:** 21, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 24

Age: 25, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 225 lbs (101.2 kg).

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 97

S.D.C.: 144

Power Category: Physical Training.

Special Combat Abilities: Power Punch, Power Kick, Force of Will.

Combat Training: SPECIAL: Aggressive & Deadly Combat.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +6 to strike, +7 to parry, +3 to dodge, +6 to pull punch, +3 to roll with impact, +4 to disarm, +10 to damage.

Other Combat Info: Paired weapons (all), entangle, +2 to body flip/throw, body block/tackle, karate punch: 2D4+10, snap kick: 1D6+10, axe kick: 2D6+10, karate kick: 2D6+10, roundhouse kick: 3D6+10 (Roundhouse's signature move), tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, back flip, critical strike: 18-20, automatic knockout on a natural 20, critical body flip/throw, all holds. +50% to save vs coma/death, +10 to save vs disease and poisons, +8 to save vs magic.

Education Level and Skills: One Year of College.

Physical: Acrobatics, Gymnastics, Body Building, Climbing (80%/70%), Running, Swimming (90%), Wrestling, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Chain.

Espionage: Detect Ambush (75%), Interrogation (85%), Tracking (70%), and Wilderness Survival (80%).

Rogue: Palming (65%), Pick Locks (75%), Pick Pockets (70%), and Prowl (70%).

Secondary: Automotive Mechanics (55%), Basic Mechanics (60%), Basic Electronics (60%), Radio: Basic (75%), First Aid (75%), T.V./Video (49%), Carpentry (55%), and Recognize Weapon Quality (55%).

Money: $220,000 hidden way in a secret bank account, however, money means very little to Voss — reputation and winning mean everything.

Weapons: None, per se. Roundhouse might pick up loose weapons on the battlefield, such as a knife or fighting sticks, and when he does, he usually fights with paired

weapons, but in most cases, he simply relies on his hands and feet.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Modified Sparring Armor: A.R.: 10, S.D.C.: 75.

Stranglehold

Chuck Fink knew something weird was going on when that vat of unmarked chemicals fell over on him at the plant. He had been working there for ten years, and not once did the foremen ever secure those barrels properly! When a stack of them finally toppled and caught him in a deluge of chemical solution, Chuck figured he was in for a sweet lawsuit and a truckload of money. He only hoped the chemicals wouldn't cripple him too bad.

Chuck abandoned his dreams of a money-making lawsuit when he discovered the odd mixture of chemicals had granted him superpowers. Why wait for somebody to cut him a check when he could just go and "take" what he wanted? Banks, jewelry stores, industrial payroll and posh commercial establishments all became the favorite targets of *Stranglehold*, Chuck's "supervillain" identity. With his strength and stretching ability, not to mention a fair knowledge of wrestling, Chuck could squeeze the fight out of just about anyone. And with a body made of living rubber, he could take a hit and keep on coming, too.

His criminal exploits in Victory City earned him the attention of The Minotaur, who hired Stranglehold as one of his full-time agents. Sure, it was working for a paycheck again, but the hours were great, a truckload of respect came with it, and, wow, what a paycheck! With the number of zeros coming Chuck's way, he did not mind having a boss again. Since he always loved a good rumble, working for The Minotaur's underground organization as a gladiatorial fighter, enforcer and special operative was icing on the cake.

Since his incarceration he's been angry and frustrated. He too assumes The Minotaur will do something to get him out, so he waits impatiently. What Chuck does not know is that his powers are gradually fading. Every time he is severely battered about (reduced to 10 S.D.C. or less), his powers diminish by 5% (reduce, range/length he can stretch, S.D.C. and special skills and bonuses from the stretching power). With time, his Stretching power may be gone forever. Without it, he will become a shadow of his former villainous self and will become desperate to get his abilities back. Currently, he tries to convince himself it is the superpower inhibitors that are responsible, but he knows better. Even before getting locked up, he noticed

his abilities were 25% less than what they were originally. Abandoned by The Minotaur, he might even work out a deal with CHIMERA or some other superhero group to bring down the crime lord, in return for his freedom and help in restoring his powers.

Real Name: Chuck Fink
Other Aliases: Thrasher
Alignment: Miscreant
Attributes: I.Q.: 8, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 10, **P.S.:** 50 (Superhuman; 60 when transformed), **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 36, **P.B.:** 8, **Spd:** 14

Age: 35, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, eleven inches (1.8 m), Eight feet (2.44 m) when transformed. **Weight:** 165 lbs (74.25 kg), 300 lbs (135 kg) when transformed.

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 86

S.D.C.: 101 normally and 139 when transformed — used to be 135 and 185 when transformed).

Power Category: Experiment

Side Effects: Must physically transform into an elastic man to use his powers. When transformed, he gains about 140 lbs (63.6 kg), two feet (.6 m) in height, and his skin turns pale white, almost the color of certain art erasers.

Major Super Abilities: Stretching (but at -25% of normal).

Minor Super Abilities: Superhuman Strength and Healing Factor (only his power to stretch is fading, these remain unaffected).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +4 to strike (was +5), +5 to parry and dodge (was +7), +35 to damage (+45 when transformed), +6 to roll with impact (was +8), and +2 to pull punch. +50% to save vs coma/death, +8 to save vs magic, +11 to save vs poison, and +3 to save vs psionic attacks.

Other Combat Info: All kinetic missile attacks (bullets, arrows, etc.) do one third damage (was half damage). Punch: 1D6+25 (+35), karate kick: 2D4+25 (+35), tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, critical strike: 18-20.

Education Level and Skills: Trade School.

Criminal: Streetwise (54%), Pick Locks (70%), Pick Pockets (65%), Concealment (54%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (60%).

Professional Thief: Locksmith (65%), Prowl (65%), Climbing (75%/65%), and Surveillance Systems (70%).

Secondary: Art (65%), Business & Finance (65%), Cook (65%), Recognize Weapon Quality (55%), Pilot Truck (64%), Pilot Motorcycle (84%), and Pilot Airplane (74%).

Money: Believe it or not, Stranglehold has socked away $4.1 million dollars!

Weapons: Typically, none, relying on his natural abilities. However, he does occasionally use guns and knives if the situation warrants it.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None right now in prison; the authorities seized and auctioned away all of his possessions "gained from criminal activities." The Minotaur used to provide for other special needs per assignment.

Knuckleduster

The KN-23 is a sophisticated sparring robot designed by *Robodyne Mechworks*, a robotics company that primarily sells to military clients. Better known as the *Knuckleduster*, the KN-23 is meant to train superhuman operatives in hand to hand combat. Robodyne built just one with the intent of presenting it to Sector 10 in the hopes that The Sector would order dozens. However, in a gross stroke of bad luck, the transport plane carrying the robot went down somewhere over the mountains of North Carolina. The wreckage was found, but the KN-23 was gone.

As it turns out, the impact both activated the robot and slightly damaged its CPU. This wiped out its programming directives, giving it something akin to a free will, and enabled it to pursue whatever goals it chose. Possessing a basic artificial intelligence capable of learning vast amounts of data, the KN-23 began wandering west, where it would eventually come into Gulf Coast City. By that time, the robot had learned so much that its CPU began creating more and more associated thinking pathways. As the end result, on the day the KN-23 reached Gulf Coast, it became self-aware. It was no longer a piece of missing hardware. It was *Knuckleduster*, the sentient machine.

However, Knuckleduster also needed new parts and extensive maintenance, things it knew it could not simply ask for from just anyone. It was wanted by Robodyne and the military, so it had no intention of delivering itself to them or the authorities. So Knuckleduster went underground and stumbled upon a substantial superpowered villain community within Gulf Coast, with whom it launched a new life of crime. Using its melee fighting skills, Knuckleduster participated in a number of heists and earned enough money to keep itself in top condition. The robot had also discovered it had a taste for violence, excitement and the thrill of breaking the law. It moved to Century Station to find better opportunities to move up the ladder and greater challenges. It hit the big time when the sentient robot met The Minotaur and was recruited into his ranks. Knuckleduster reveled in its position and took special pleasure out of beating people to a pulp on a routine basis. It too is certain The Minotaur will arrange for its escape from prison, but is beginning to wonder why it is taking to so long. Of all the members of the Body Shots, it can survive the test of time, but government officials on behalf of Robodyne are lobbying to "shut it down" — it is a privately owned *machine* after all, intended for military use — tear it apart and retool the valuable prototype so it can be "fixed" and field tested as originally planned. Knuckleduster fears its days of consciousness may be numbered unless The Minotaur does something soon.

Real Name: KN-23

Other Aliases: Battlebot.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 100 (superhuman), **P.P.:** 10, **P.E.:** 10, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 110 (75 mph/120 km).

Age: 10, **Sex:** N/A; although it has taken a distinctly male image of itself.

Height: Six feet, eight inches (2.07 m), **Weight:** 600 lbs (270 kg).

Experience Level: 6

Power Category: Robotics (True Robot).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +8 to initiative, +2 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +2 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact, and +6 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D6+85, snap kick: 1D6+85, karate kick: 2D6+85, crescent kick: 2D4+87, roundhouse kick: 3D6+85, jump kicks (all), and critical strike: 18-20.

Education & Skills: Combat Robot.

Universal Robot Skills: Basic and Advanced Mathematics (98%), Literacy: English (96%), Literacy: Spanish (96%), Military Etiquette (90%), and Climb (85%/95%).

Physical Science: Biology (84%), Boxing, Climbing, Gymnastics, Wrestling, W.P. Knife, W.P. Blunt, and W.P. Chain.

Money: Obtaining monetary wealth for reasons other than to perpetuate its longevity does not compute.

Weapons: Weapons outside of internal fighting systems are extraneous.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: SYNTAX ERROR: Robot is unit's own equipment. Additional unitage to supplement unit, entails paradoxical effects. Does not compute.

Knuckleduster's Robotic Features:

Type: Android

Body Frame: Basic humanoid (reinforced).

Power Supply: Micro-Fusion Power System.

Legs: Human-sized legs and feet.

Propulsion Systems: Jump jets in feet: 500 feet (152 m) up and 600 feet (183 m) across.

Arms & Hands: Human-sized arms and hands.

Audio Systems: Advanced audio system, loudspeaker, modulating voice synthesizer, sound analysis computer, and inaudible frequency transmission.

Optics: Advanced robot optic system, motion detector and warning system, and thermo-imager.

Sensors: Combat computer and micro-radar.

Armor Rating (A.R.): 17

S.D.C.: 900

Pilot-Oriented Systems: None.

Miscellaneous: Realistic skin overlay, real body hair, realistic eyes, sculpted facial features.

Cumulative Robot Bonuses: +4 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge. (Note: These have been combined with Knuckleduster's bonuses, above.)

Built-In Weapons: Electrical Discharge: Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Once per melee round. Range: 12 feet (3.6 m). Payload: Effectively unlimited. Note: Knuckleduster likes to combine this discharge with a punching attack, effectively adding another 4D6 to the strike if it lands. The electrical discharge can be fired from the hands and eyes.

Total Cost: $16.693 million.

Bolchock

Once known as Konstantin Veledin, the super-brawler *Bolchock* had done his fair share of traveling before joining The Minotaur's ranks. He grew up on the mean streets of London's East End, where street gangs often battled each other for turf. Many of these gangs exhibited their own style of dress, speech and conduct, not unlike the "colorgangs" of Century Station. Konstantin's gang members all dressed like they had watched *A Clockwork Orange* one too many times, complete with white jumpsuits, bowler derby hats, fake eyelashes on one eye, combat boots and fighting canes. It was during these days that Konstantin become Bolchock. And even though the gang has long since disbanded, Bolchock still keeps the name.

In the years since, Bolchock has gotten cozy with elements of the Russian mafia in several different countries, acting as an enforcer, bodyguard and assassin. His specialty was working over people who owed his bosses money, a task he enjoyed with an unhealthy glee. When his organization got busted by Euroforce, Bolchock fled to the States, where he hooked up with a new Russian family who themselves had ties with The Minotaur. Little did Bolchock know that his new benefactors had betrayed The Minotaur, who retaliated by having the entire family wiped out! Bolchock was spared because he was new to the organization and because The Minotaur could use him as an enforcer as well as a fighter in his underworld gladiatorial games. Not having much choice in the matter, Bolchock went to work for The Minotaur.

At first he resented the arrangement, but with time, Bolchock learned to enjoy his work and even developed a genuine loyalty for his boss. So much so, that should The Minotaur fail to spring the group from prison, Bolchock will be reluctant to believe it is treachery and will need extra convincing before he takes part in any retaliatory action against The Minotaur.

Real Name: Konstantin Veledin

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 10, **M.A.:** 10, **P.S.:** 30 (Extraordinary Strength), **P.P.:** 30, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 16, **Spd:** 58

Age: 24, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, six inches (2 m), **Weight:** 240 lbs (108 kg).

Experience Level: 6

Hit Points: 59

S.D.C.: 95

Power Category: Physical Training.

Special Combat Abilities: Power Punch, Power Kick, and Force of Will.

Combat Training: SPECIAL: Defensive and Fast Combat.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +4 to roll with impact, +5 to pull punch, +4 to initiative, +10 to strike, +11 to parry, +12 to dodge, +3 to disarm, +15 to damage, +20% to save vs coma/death, and +3 to save vs magic and poison.

Other Combat Info: Paired weapons (all), back flip, +2 to body flip/throw, critical body flip/throw, karate punch: 2D4+15, karate kick; 2D6+15, backward sweep, arm hold, leg hold, automatic dodge, automatic back flip.

Education Level and Skills: High School Graduate.

Physical: Acrobatics, Gymnastics, Body Building, Climbing (70%/60%), Running, and Swimming (75%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (65%), Interrogation (75%), Tracking (60%), and Wilderness Survival (70%).

Rogue: Palming (55%), Pick Locks (65%), Pick Pockets (60%), and Prowl (60%).

Secondary: Automotive Mechanics (50%), Basic Mechanics (55%), Basic Electronics (55%), Radio: Basic (70%), First Aid (70%), T.V./Video (45%), Law (General) (50%), and Recognize Weapon Quality (50%).

Money: Bolchock once had hundreds of thousands in Russian rubles, but that has all evaporated as that country's currency has devalued so badly it makes the Mexican peso look solid. The authorities seized all his "criminally acquired" assets so most of the money he once had is gone. However, he still has $60,000 hidden away.

Weapons: Fighting Batons: These are basic fighting sticks that Bolchock has always used. They are roughly the equivalent to billy clubs, and inflict 2D4+15 per strike. He fights with them as a pair, and is fond of using them to engage multiple opponents at once. His favorite tactic is to wade into combat, parry and dodge all incoming attacks for the melee round, and then just open up with his remaining attacks on his otherwise helpless opponents.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Concealed Armor: A.R. 10, S.D.C.: 50.

Haymaker

Before she became one of The Minotaur's gladiators and enforcers, Stacy Frazier was a world-class female bodybuilder on her way to serious fame and fortune. Not only did she have a killer physique, but she still looked feminine and could handle herself well in public and on screen. Once she won the Ironwoman World Female Bodybuilding Championship, she reckoned, she could parlay her fame into a movie or television career and live on Easy Street the rest of her life.

It would have happened, too, if her mutant nature had not been revealed by investigative reporters. The reason why Stacy kept blowing her rivals away in competition was from an unfair genetic advantage, one that manifested in childhood and something she kept hidden as an adult. How these muckrakers uncovered her secret is something that has eluded Stacy to this day, but one thing was for certain: her days as a bodybuilder were over. And her dreams of true stardom died before they could ever blossom.

To make matters worse, her semi-celebrity made getting any kind of good paying job difficult (she was recognized as both a cheater and an untrustworthy mutant), and Stacy had racked up an impressive debt to loan sharks to pay for her fast and expensive lifestyle. Then fate intervened. The loan sharks worked for The Minotaur, and the crime lord had an offer: Come work for him, fight in the arena, win a lot and do extra muscle work whenever he needed it, and he would forgive the debt and pay her enough to continue to live in the style to which she had grown accustomed. It was an offer Stacy couldn't refuse.

A life of crime was never something Stacy had contemplated, so she has surprised herself with just how quickly she adapted to it. Moreover, Haymaker, as she is now called, learned she had a real taste for blood. "A killer's instinct," they call it. And she likes being an underworld "tough." Haymaker likes the respect, the power and the money. She also enjoys the live hard, kick butt, criminal subculture of The Minotaur's organization.

In the arena and on the streets, Haymaker is infamous as a merciless fighter who takes no guff and throws nothing but power punches (even at stunned and otherwise helpless opponents). She has forgotten her old friends and family entirely, even though they wonder what became of her. Her younger brother, in particular, has hired a legion of private detectives to find Stacy and bring her home. If he learns that she is the hired killer known as Haymaker, currently in the pen at Gramercy Island, he will work tirelessly to get her sentence appealed. Failing that, he will try to hire freelance superbeings to break Stacy out and bring her home. From there he will figure out how to get his old sister back. The poor man will have deluded himself that his sister was somehow brainwashed and corrupted and that he can reach the old Stacy and bring her back. He will be sadly mistaken.

Real Name: Stacy Frazier

Other Aliases: Powerhouse

Alignment: Miscreant and likes it that way (was unprincipled when her brother knew her).

Attributes: I.Q.: 17, **M.E.:** 17, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 45, **P.P.:** 30, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 40 (roughly 28 mph/45 km).

Age: 21, **Sex:** Female.

Height: Six foot (1.8 m), **Weight:** 150 lbs (67.5 kg), all muscle.

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 75

S.D.C.: 200

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: Haymaker's eyes are an unusual violet that radiates a violet hue of light, making her easily identifiable as something other than an ordinary human (the light is especially noticeable at night).

Minor Super Abilities: Superhuman Strength, Power Channeling, Extraordinary Physical Prowess, Extraordinary Physical Endurance, and Radar.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +12 to strike, +13 to parry and dodge, +6 to automatic dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to disarm, +2 to pull punch, +1 to save vs insanity and psionic attack, +8 to save vs poison and disease, +8 to save vs magic, and 50% to charm/impress.

Other Combat Info: Body tackle: 1D6+5D4+30, head butt: 3D6+30, punch: 6D6+30, power punch: 6D6x2+30 (this is her famous "haymaker" attack, which she will almost always start off each melee round with. It counts as four attacks.), kick: 7D6+30, jump kick: 7D6x2+30 (uses all attacks).

Education Level and Skills: Four Years of College

Physical: Body Building, Athletics (General), and Climbing (85%/75%).

Medical Assistant: Basic Mathematics (75%), Business & Finance (65%), Computer Operation (70%), Biology (60%), and Paramedic (70%).

Computers: Basic Electronics (60%), Computer Programming (60%), and Computer Repair (55%).

Secondary: Art (55%), Sing (55%), Dance (50%), Photography (55%), Business & Finance (55%), Pilot Truck (56%), Pilot Airplane (66%), Pilot Water Scooter (70%), and Holistic Medicine (40%).

Money: After her trouble with loan sharks, Haymaker had become unusually prudent for a supervillain who likes the high-life. She kept only half of her "take home" (which is considerable) and invested the rest in a broadly diversified portfolio that is currently worth $1.3 million. The investment portfolio is under a dummy corporation that the authorities haven't found, so it (and then some) should all be there when she gets out. The operative word here is "should," because since she has been in Gramercy Island, the super-hacker *Motherboard* has broken into her account and draws on it regularly. It is already down under half and should be completely drained within another year. This will leave Haymaker broke again, and infuriate her (she vowed to herself to never be poor again). When she finds out it is gone, Haymaker will go ballistic. If she finds out that it was Motherboard who stole it, she will go on the warpath until Motherboard is made to pay for her crime.

Weapons: Haymaker generally refuses to use weapons of any kind, but will if the situation demands it.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

The Workshop

This team of freelance Hardware Experts run one of the most capable black market R&D firms in the city. The three members of the crew — *Archimedes*, *Hairtrigger*, and *Overdrive* — were accomplished adventurers who decided to start a business making and selling high-tech weapons, equipment and gizmos. The problem was that they did so illegally, selling to whoever was willing to front the cash. Black marketeers, mercenaries, vigilantes, heroes, villains, hit men, and anybody who had the cash, it didn't really matter to them. Since would-be heroes (particularly vigilantes and fugitives unjustly hunted by the law) were among their patrons, the so-called "good guys" tend to ignore the Workshop's involvement with the criminal underground, opting to seize weapon shipments and bust the "buyer" rather than the manufacturer (sort of like the U.S. War on Drugs). While the good guys tried to use the Workshop's creations to help people and fight crime, the vast majority of the organization's clients were criminals: colorgangs, syndicates and low-rent supervillains looking to upgrade their firepower before taking down their next big score. More than a few police officers, vigilantes, superheroes and innocent victims have been injured and killed thanks to items created and supplied by the Workshop. They too must be held accountable for the spilt blood of the innocent.

The physical Workshop was a real piece of work. Its main operations was hidden below a respectable industrial machine facility in downtown Century Station. A cavernous testing, design and storage area was hidden below the shop itself. All communications were handled through burst transmissions to and from the client. The actual transactions were conducted at a neutral location, and at a different place each time. The Workshop only worked on a "cash and carry basis," so there were no outstanding debts or loans. The only possible double-cross would be somebody raiding the drop site and trying to steal the merchandise, and the Workshop was usually ready for such surprises. Furthermore, anybody who successfully stole or cheated them would be sniffed out, tracked down and made to pay — one way or the other.

Getting pay back is very much on their minds these days, since it was one of the Workshop's own clients that led them to prison. A low-rent street crook who wished to be come a bona fide super-criminal contacted the Workshop and bought a slew of high-tech armaments, including a suit of power armor, some super-weapons, and a get-away vehicle. This new off-the-shelf villain named himself *Blasterman* and was promptly caught by C-SWAT on his first job. Blasterman quickly turned State's evidence and squealed on the Workshop to reduce his own sentence. The Workshop fell soon after that and have been cooling their heels in Gramercy Island ever since. Each faces a 25-30 year sentence for aiding and abetting criminal activity and trafficking in illegal weapons.

Perhaps needless to say, all of the Workshop's members have plans of their own to get out of prison, both legal and not so legal. When they do get out, they plan to track down Blasterman (who is believed to have already earned his freedom and be living in protective custody somewhere in another time zone) and extract a just payment. As Hairtrigger is fond of saying, "sometimes blood is as good as money."

Hairtrigger

Mike "Mad Dog" McCafferty from Americus, Georgia is as tough as they come. A hardcore gun freak, he chose not to take another tour with the Marine Corps because he felt it wasn't exciting enough (never mind his fairly intense combat experience). He came to Century Station to design his own weapons and hire himself out as a mercenary, hoping that in all of the chaos there was still a market for a gunslinger like himself. Before long, he hooked up with Overdrive and Archimedes and helped found the Workshop, where he made a pretty good living tinkering with weapons and making shipment drops. Periodically, he still ventured out into the city to scare up new technology and clients, as well as to keep his combat skills from getting rusty.

Hairtrigger is brash, loud and intense. Always on the razor's edge, always ready to throw down at a moment's notice, this incredibly high-strung adrenaline junkie was the group's resident pit bull. He often volunteered to make merchandise deliveries, pick-ups and drops as well as undermine rivals and deal out vengeance upon anybody who tried to cheat or steal from the group.

Also Known As: Mad Dog Mike and Autofire.

Real Name: Mike "Mad Dog" McCafferty.

Occupation: Gunslinger, freelance inventor, and adrenaline junkie.

Alignment: Miscreant (started off Anarchist).

Attributes: I.Q.: 17, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 19, **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 17, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 25

Age: 26, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m), **Weight:** 175 lbs (78.7 kg).

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 55

Power Category: Hardware (Weapons Expert).

Special Skills: Make and Modify Weapons (100%), Recognize Weapon Quality (65%/90%), Gunfighter Paired Weapons: Revolver & Automatic Pistol, W.P. Sharpshooting.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 5 (+1 attack when using any type of gun, and another +1 when sharpshooting).

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +5 to strike, +6 to parry, +6 to dodge, +4 to damage, +3 to disarm on a called shot, +4 to disarm in hand to hand, +3 to roll, and +3 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4+3, Snap Kick: 1D6+3, Karate Kick: 2D4+3, Axe Kick: 2D6+3, Roundhouse Kick: 3D6+3, All Jump Kicks, Leap Attack, Critical Strike: 18-20, Horror Factor: 12.

Education Level and Skills: Military Specialist.

Scholastic Skills: Demolitions (98%), Demolitions Disposal (98%), Find Contraband (77%), Basic Mechanics (88%), and Basic Electronics (88%).

Basic Military Program: Running, Climbing (88%/78%), Military Etiquette (93%), and Radio: Basic (98%).

Espionage Program: Detect Ambush (83%), Intelligence (78%), Wilderness Survival (88%), Escape Artist (83%), and Tracking (83%).

Military Demolitions: Basic Electronics (98%), Basic Mechanics (98%), and Underwater Demolitions (98%).

Robotic Program: Computer Operation (98%), Computer Programming (88%), Robot Electronics (88%), Robot Mechanics (88%).

Secondary Skills: Swimming (88%), SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (88%), Body Building, Pilot Motorcycle (91%), & Pilot Truck (71%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Pistol, W.P. Revolver, W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle, W.P. Automatic and Semiautomatic Rifle, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Shotgun, W.P. Heavy, W.P. Sniper, W.P. Knife (+2 to strike, +4 to parry, +1 to throw), W.P. Sword (+3 to strike and parry), and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Money: Plenty of it! And with the way sales had been going, Mad Dog could have stopped taking contract work in another few years, cash out, and live easy until his taste for action overwhelmed him and forced him back to the streets. That all changed when he and the other members of the Workshop were busted. Their attorney is appealing, but things do not look promising. Being

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members of the Workshop were busted. Their attorney is appealing, but things do not look promising. Being

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Rotocannon: Range: 1,000 feet (305 m). Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Same as rotopistol. Payload: 104 round ammo drum (enough for eight long bursts or four full melee bursts). Cost: $10,000.

Gyropistol: This weapon fires tiny self-propelled rockets, or "gyrojets" which combine the best of a bullet and grenade, with a super-localized blast effect that hurts only what it hits. But what it hits, it hits *hard*. Range: 1,500 feet (457.5 m). Damage: 1D4x10 plus the target loses initiative and one attack and must roll to Maintain Balance from the impact. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Payload: 10 round magazine. Cost: $16,000. The amazing range and firepower make this weapon extremely desirable.

Gyrocannon: A heavier version of the Gyropistol, this weapon is the size of a carbine, and fires slightly heavier ammunition. Range: 1,500 feet (457.5 km). Damage: 1D6x10 plus the target loses initiative and two attacks and must roll to Maintain Balance from the impact. Rate of Fire: Single shot only. Payload: 20 round magazine. Cost: $21,000.

The "Mad Dog Special": This multi-caliber assault weapon is a pure knockoff of the *Triton Industries MCR2*, which was originally designed for use by the Century Station C-SWAT. The gun itself is roughly the size of a sub-machinegun such as the H&K MP-5. The weapon's non-retractable stock comes off the bottom of the handgrip, and a mechanism within the stock feeds the weapon's specially designed helical magazine, like those used on weapons like the M950 Calico machine pistol. The 12-gauge shotgun is a clip-fed weapon attached to the underside of the M-D Special. Range: 1,000 feet (305 m) for the SMG or 100 feet (30.5 m) for the shotgun. Damage: 3D6 (SMG), 4D6 (buckshot), 5D6 (slug), 6D6 te). Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing for both ents. Payload: 50 round helical magazine (SMG), box magazine (shotgun). Cost: $5,000.

ohowitzer: This death-dealer is essentially an as-le version of a Mark-19 grenade launcher, only it bit more punch. Hairtrigger hopes this weapon will e a common sight on the streets of Century Station. 3,000 feet (914 m). Damage: 2D4x10. Blast Ra-2 feet (3.6 m). Rate of Fire: Single shot only; three er melee, maximum. Payload: 6 round revolving Cost: $35,000.

ger: This hand-held light energy weapon is like a ross between a laser and a taser, designed for in-ating victims instead of killing them. Range: 150 .7 m). Damage: 3D6 S.D.C. plus stun for 1D6 me-ctims must roll a saving throw of 16 or better to re-e weapon's stunning effects. Stunned targets will 9 to strike, parry and dodge, and lose half their me-cks for 1D6 melees). Rate of Fire: Single shot only. d: 10 shot E-Clip Cost: $7,500 for the gun, $1,000 E-Clip.

: While Hairtrigger does not make special armor, business partner Archimedes does. He has been enough to test drive most of her inventions too, as a result, has an M-Flex bodysuit (A.R. 15, .C.: 250) stashed away along with $20,000 cash.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: While incarcerated, Hairtrigger continues to mentally work out designs for some new equipment which he does not feel ready to market yet. The Feds and local authorities have seized everything they could find.

Overdrive

Boris Geckle earned his keep for years by modifying special vehicles for himself and hiring out his services as an expert getaway driver and ace mechanic. He made a great deal of money at this until one particular chase ended in a crash that nearly cost him his life. He got away unscathed, but his mangled vehicle exploded just seconds after he got free of it. After that, he turned his interest toward the supply side of the black market, running an underworld garage for all those with souped-up vehicles, and those looking to acquire one.

He put those skills to work at the Workshop, building, modifying, souping-up and turning ordinary vehicles into super-vehicles. He misses his time in the shop and longs to get back at it. His attorney has petitioned the prison board to take him out of the Super-Being Containment Wing and put him in Cell Block B (where he hopes he can find an easier way to escape). Overdrive is not a thug,

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killer or superhuman and his petition to be moved into the general population is likely to be granted. He has been a model prisoner and hopes to eventually get transferred to "Alphaville" (Cell Block A), where he'll gain access to machines, tools and parts.

Also Known As: Poppa Wheelie and Slim Jim.

Real Name: Boris Geckle

Occupation: Hot rodder, freelance inventor, mechanic, ex-crimefighter, and getaway car driver.

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q.: 24, **M.E.:** 19, **M.A.:** 13, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 14, **P.E.:** 11, **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 6

Age: 42, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, 11 inches (1.8 m). **Weight:** 270 lbs (121.5 kg).

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 38

S.D.C.: 35 (typically wears an M-Flex suit).

Power Category: Hardware (Mechanical Genius).

Special Skills: Hot-Wiring Automobiles (91%), Building Supervehicles (98%), and Recognize Weapon Quality (85%).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry, +2 to dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +2 to pull punch.

Saving Throws: +2 to save vs psionics and +2 to save vs insanity.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4+2, Kick: 1D6+2, and Critical Strike: 19-20.

Education Level and Skills: Special.

Mechanical Genius Scholastic Skills: Mechanical Engineer (95%), Weapons Engineer (95%), Robot Mechanics (98%), Basic Mechanics (98%), Automotive Mechanics (90%), Locksmith (85%), Aircraft Mechanics (85%), Read Sensory Instruments (95%), Basic Electronics (80%), Advanced Mathematics (98%), Pilot Race Cars (92%), Pilot Airplanes (98%).

Advanced Pilot Program: Navigation (Air, Land, Sea) (98%), Navigation: Space (98%), Weapon Systems (98%), Pilot Motorcycle (98%), Pilot Truck (94%), Pilot Helicopter (95%), Pilot Hovercraft (98%), Pilot Jet Aircraft (94%), Pilot Jet Fighter (94%), Pilot Jet Packs (96%), Pilot Submersible (94%), Pilot Tanks & APCs (90%), Pilot Warships and Patrol Boats (94%).

Secondary Skills: Pilot Boats (Sail-Types) (90%), Pilot Boats (Motor-Types) (85%), Pilot Ships (75%/69%), Pilot Water Scooters (80%), Astronomy (55%), Swimming (80%), and SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (80%).

Money: Beaux coup dollars, baby! Back in his more criminal years, Overdrive charged one million dollars per getaway drive (he'd also supply the souped-up car) for some of the more brazen and daring villains in town. He pulled off a dozen jobs like this and bankrolled all of that cash into a mutual fund he set up for himself under a dummy corporation. He can live off the interest of the fund, never touching the principal for decades.

Weapons: No personal weapons, aside from a few conventional automatic pistols and a shotgun. Overdrive isn't really into guns unless they're mounted on a vehicle, in which case the bigger, the better.

Other Equipment: Overdrive has connections with a score of underworld garages and operations where he can get credit to acquire anything he might need. Mainly, he's into tools and fast vehicles of all kinds. In fact, one of each of the following vehicles is stored for him someplace throughout the District.

Vehicles: Oh, yeah. You want vehicles, Overdrive's got vehicles. While he can custom build anything described in the Super-Vehicle section of the **HU2** rule book, he also has a number of standard modification kits for those who aren't very picky over how they want their vehicle customized. Over the years, he's finalized several really popular designs, and maintains a prime-condition model of each for his own use and to show to prospective clients. They are the **Uberhog**, the **Spyhunter**, the **Roadblock**, and the **Dragonfly**.

Uberhog

Type: Heavy Motorcycle.

Crew: One driver and one passenger.

A.R.: 14 (main body); 12 (passenger compartment).

S.D.C. by Location:

Main Body — 500

Passenger Compartment — 250

Tires — 40 each

Maximum Speed: 300 mph (480 km).

Cruising Speed: 120 mph (192 km).

Range: 350 miles (560 km).

Weapons:

Twin Light Machineguns (2): Range 3,000 feet (914 m). Damage: 6D6 from one gun, x2 if both are fired simultaneously. Rate of Fire: Burst only. Payload: 200 rounds each. Note: These weapons can only be fired simultaneously and at the same target. They can only fire directly in front of the vehicle.

Two (2) Rocket Tubes: Range: 1 mile (1.6 km). Damage: 1D6x10 Blast Radius: 3 feet (0.9 m). Rate of Fire: Each tube can be fired individually. Speed: 1,400 mph (2,240 km).

Special Equipment: Smokescreen, Self-Sealing/Self-Inflating Tires, Radar Display, Super Fuel Efficiency, Oil Slick, Vehicular Caltrops, Siren, and Portable Tool Kit.

Cost: $175,000

Outrunner

Type: Sports Car.

Crew: One driver and one passenger.

A.R.: 16 (main body), 13 (passenger compartment).

S.D.C. by Location:

Main Body — 1,050

Each tube can be fired singly or in groups of two, three or four. Speed: 1,400 mph (2,240 km). Note: These weapons can only fire directly in front of the vehicle.

Four (4) Anti-Aircraft Missiles: Range: 8,000 feet (2,438 m). Damage: 2D4x10. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m). Rate of Fire: Single shot or in groups of two, three or four simultaneously.

Special Equipment: Searchlight, Smoke Screen, Theft Alarm System, Winch and Cable, Armored, Self-Sealing/Self-Inflating Tires, Radar Display, Super Fuel Efficiency, Oil Slick, Vehicular Caltrops, Ram-Prow, and Trunk Tool Kit.

Cost: $315,000

Dragonfly

Type: Light Combat Jet.

Crew: One Pilot.

A.R.: 10 (Main Body), 12 (Crew Compartment), 10 (Fuel Compartment)

S.D.C. by Location:

Main Body — 900 S.D.C.

Crew Compartment — 250 S.D.C.

Fuel Compartment — 200 S.D.C.

Maximum Speed: Mach 1 (660 mph/1,056 km).

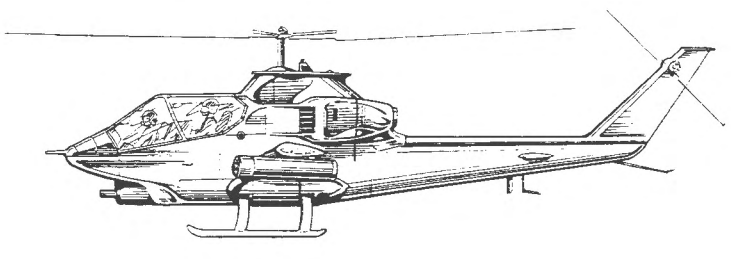
Range: Unlimited.

Weapons:

Six (6) Heavy Machineguns: Range: 4,000 feet (1,219 m). Damage: 7D6. Rate of Fire: Burst or spray firing. Payload: 200 rounds each. Note: These weapons are linked to all fire simultaneously at the same target, directly in front of the vehicle. Additional Note: Overdrive was considering adding an energy weapons variant that would sport two heavy laser cannons that would work off the vehicle's fusion generator instead of the "six pack" of machineguns. The trouble is, he couldn't find the right weapons for the job, since laser cannons are very hard to come by.

Special Equipment: Anti-Missile Chaff (6), Ejection Seat, Fusion Generator, Pressurized Cabin, Smoke Screen, VTOL Capability, and Advanced Radar Targeting Computer.

Cost: $11.02 million



Eight (8) Rocket Tubes: Range: 1 mile (1.6 km). Damage: 1D6x10. Blast Radius: 3 feet (0.9 m). Rate of Fire:

Passenger Compartment — 35

Maximum Speed: 440 mph (704

Cruising Speed: 155 mph (248 k

Range: 1,550 mph (2,480 km).

Weapons: Note that all weapon fully retractable.

Automatic Cannon: Range: 3 age: 1D6x10+20. Rate of Fire: Si lee maximum. Payload: 20 shots.

Twin Light Machineguns (2; f (914 m). Damage: 6D6 from one simultaneously. Rate of Fire: Bu rounds each. Note: These weapo multaneously and at the same ta directly in front of the vehicle.

Twin Light Machineguns (Ba identical to the ones mentioned rear-mounted and can shoot only the vehicle.

Four (4) Rocket Tubes: Range age: 1D6x10. Blast Radius: 3 fe Each tube can be fired singly or i four. Speed: 1,400 mph (2,240 km

Two (2) Souped-Up Anti-A Range: 8,000 feet (2,438 m). Dam dius: 20 feet (6 m). Rate of Fire: S taneously.

Special Equipment: Ejection Sea Alarm System, Armored, S Tires, Radar Display, Super Fu Vehicular Caltrops, and Trunk T

Cost: $225,000

Roadblock

Type: Tractor-Trailer Cab.

Crew: One driver, three passenge

A.R.: 18 (main body), 14 (passeng

S.D.C. by Location:

Main Body — 2,000 S.D.C.

Passenger Compartment — 45

Maximum Speed: 250 mph (400 k

Cruising Speed: 120 mph (192 k

Range: 1,500 miles (2,400 km).

Weapons:

Twin Automatic Cannons: Ra Damage: 1D6x10+20. Rate of Fire melee maximum. Payload: 20 sh ons can only fire simultaneously a

Two (2) Heavy Machinegun (1,219 m). Damage: 7D6. Rate of ing. Payload: 200 rounds each. N mounted on roof turrets and have a

refuses to answer to anything else. The grief has driven her to become cold, antisocial and deluded. Thus, she uses her talents to create weapons of destruction in an effort to lash out at the world for the loss of her father. She actually likes the idea that both heroes and villains are hurt by her creations (for she's not sure which side to blame for her dad's death). Another reason is she has become a true anarchist who sees destruction and change as the only real constants in life and her work adds to that ever changing world. Meanwhile, she closes her eyes and mind to the fact that her weapons take away the fathers and loved ones of other little girls (a fact she would otherwise have trouble living with).

If somebody could ever reach her, Archimedes might be turned into a force for good, but she has spent years and years locked in a horrible prison of her own making, and the view from her emotional jail cell is terribly narrow and her defense built up like the Great Wall of China.

Attributes: I.Q.: 25, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 17, **P.S.:** 17, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 15, **Spd:** 16

Age: 25, **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, seven inches (1.7 m) **Weight:** 140 lbs (63.6 kg)

Experience Level: 9

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 85. Note: Typically wears a suit of M-Flex co bined with her Cyberwire exoskeleton. Only hers i personal version that provides an additional +1 to ini tive and bonuses to strike and parry, and provides a autododge that is NOT available in the suits she s on the open market.

Power Category: Hardware (Analytical Genius).

Special Skills: Analyze and Operate Devices (108 Build/Modify Armor (108%), Communications: E tronic Countermeasures (98%).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +4 to strike, +7 to parry dodge, +5 to damage, +2 to disarm, +2 to pull pun +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, and 45% chance evoke trust or intimidation. Note: Does not include nuses Archimedes gets from her exoskeleton.

Other Combat Info: Punch; 1D4+2, Karate Kick: 2D4 Roundhouse Kick: 3D6+2, Tripping/Leg Hook, B Throw/Flip, Pin/Incapacitate: 18-20, Crush/Squee Knockout/Stun: Natural 20, and Critical Strike: 18-20

Education Level and Skills: Special.

Analytical Genius Scholastic Skills: Electrical E neer (95%), Mechanical Engineer (95%), Weapons gineer (85%), Robot Mechanics (95%), Ro Electronics (90%), Radio: Basic (85%), Read Sens Equipment (98%), Chemistry (98%), Analytical Chem try (95%), Computer Operation (98%), Computer P gramming (90%), Computer Repair (85 Astrophysics (95%), Art (95%), Anthropology (80%),

Archimedes

Yvette is the daughter of Joachim Cayman, the original Archimedes, of Century Station's first group of super "heroes," and an old partner of the now-legendary Mr. Fixit. However, Joachim died tragically in a gangster ambush when Yvette was just a little girl. Instead of the event fueling her desire to fight crime, it left her bitter and searching. She discovered the wonders of machines and threw herself into weapon designs. Shortly thereafter, Yvette, who prefers the code name Archimedes, chose to sell her creations for profit. She believes there is no justice nor law, and decided to sell her weapons to whoever could afford them without regard as to how they might be used. Initially, Mr. Fixit used to chastise her for this, but his words bounced off her like spitballs against a tank. "Fight crime?" Archimedes asked. "Yeah, right! Look where that got my dad. No thanks. I'm in this for me and me only."

Also Known As: Lady Daedalus

Real Name: Yvette Cayman

Occupation: Freelance Inventor and Mercenary.

Alignment: Anarchist

Insanity: Archimedes has never truly recovered from the grief over the loss of her father, which is why she has taken her father's superhero name, Archimedes, and

ology (90%), Paramedic (98%), Intelligence (84%), Research (98%), and Advanced Mathematics (98%).

Physical Program: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, Gymnastics.

Secondary Skills: Swimming (98%), Pilot Airplane (92%), Pilot Motorcycle (98%), and Pilot Water Scooter (98%).

Money: Like her partners, Archimedes is very well off. Her father, the original Archimedes, left Yvette a substantial fortune and workshop with which to begin her career, so she had an easy time funding her venture. Her fee work had been lucrative to say the least. A minimum of $100 million dollars hidden away in off-shore bank accounts and a cool million in cash buried under the headstone of her father's grave.

Weapons: Archimedes can make anything any of her partners in the Workshop ever made.

Vehicles: For these, Archimedes turns to good old Overdrive, who always sets her up with something nice and speedy. Archimedes favors flying aircraft, especially Overdrive's Dragonflys.

Other Equipment:

M-Flex Bodysuits: Better than Flexi-Steel, this unpowered metallic cloth is designed to bend one way, and stay rigid going the other way. To the wearer, it is as light and flexible as ordinary cloth. To an attacker, it is like solid steel. Typically, it is worn skin-tight, so it can fit perfectly under ordinary clothes or a costume. A.R.: 15. S.D.C.: 250. Cost: $750,000 and up. Note: Archimedes is considering designing a suit of power armor based around her M-Flex bodysuits, but has not yet devoted the time or resources to the project. Such a suit would contain multiple layers of M-Flex cloth and would be virtually impregnable. Curiously, the principle behind M-Flex technology is strikingly similar to that present in the cybersuit worn by the *Gauntlet*, a hero in Century Station. Could this be a mere coincidence, or is there some connection? So far, nobody has been able to duplicate her M-Flex technology and M-Flex suits are very rare.

Cyberwire: This wire-thin exoskeleton enhances one's speed and reflexes. Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +1 to strike, parry and dodge, +1 melee attack, and adds 12 points to one's speed attribute (Archimedes' personal suit has additional bonuses). Cost: $1 million.

Thinking Cap: This combination of a modified Telemental Helmet, Multi-Optics Helmet and Combat Computer gives the wearer a +3 to initiative, +2 to strike, and +1 to parry and dodge. It also contains enough memory storage to hold 100 gigabytes worth of information (future versions will doubtlessly have much greater storage potential), and works as a universal language translator as well as a wireless digital modem, ideal for mobile hacking. Cost: $2.2 million.

Knuckle Dusters: These high-powered brass knuckles can either deliver a 1D6x10 energy punch similar to the Power Channeling super power or a 6D6 energy blast (600 feet/183 m) as per the Energy Expulsion power. Each knuckle duster has a total of 10 charges, so a pair will have 20 charges between them. Cost: $150,000.

Rocket Boots: These boots give the wearer basic jump jet capability (100 feet/30.5 m up and 200 feet/61 m lengthwise). Cost: $250,000.

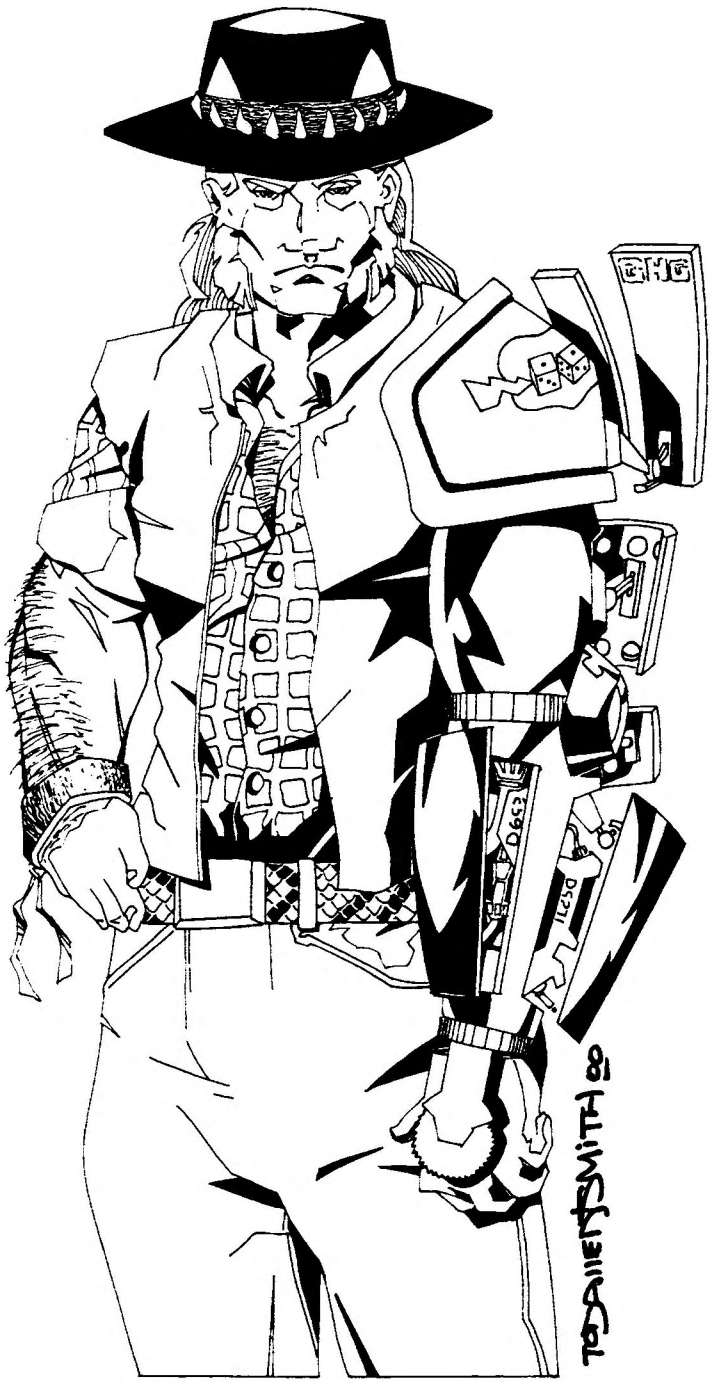
Autovox: Wearing this throat module gives one a 98% to successfully imitate voices, as well as scramble one's own voice so that only somebody wearing another autovox will be able to discern what is being said. The autovox can also be used to disguise one's voice as well as broadcast one's voice on a radio frequency (up to 200 miles/320 km) or as a satellite telephone transmission capable of reaching anywhere in the world. Cost: $140,000.

The Regulators

Take three superbeings without any intentions of becoming heroes — a low-end cyborg from Down Under, another cyborg from a distant alien planet, and a psychic investigative reporter who is just looking for a little respect. Put them all in the wrong place at the wrong time and you get the sad story of the *Regulators*, the meanest group of super-vigilantes that "never" was.

The group was all living in an industrial district of Century Station, occupying an old manufacturing facility that had shut down years before. Two of the group members, the Australian cyborg *Gearz* and the alien cyborg *Roger Blaster,* were foolishly playing catch with a cybernetic power pack cover, which also doubles nicely as a frisbee. Things were going fine until an errant toss landed the cover on the rooftop of another industrial building several blocks away. (Hey, with arms like these guys have, a frisbee goes awfully far.) Since power pack covers do not come cheap, the pair rounded up their psychic friend *Integrity* and headed off to retrieve the missing bit of hardware.

By chance, the building was the hideout of a newly formed group of evil robots, cyborgs and exoskeleton pilots calling themselves the **Industrial Revolution**. The I.R. had just robbed a bank and returned to their hideout to divvy up the loot when they spied the intrepid trio making their approach. Assuming they were heroes hot on their trail, the super-crooks laid in wait to ambush them. When the three friends got to the building, all they wanted to do was climb to the roof, get their makeshift frisbee and go home. Instead, all hell broke loose as the Industrial Revolution opened fire. A fierce superbrawl ensued in which the Regulators took a beating, but they knocked out three I.R. members as well. During the battle, a fourth I.R. member was killed by friendly fire and lay in a pool of blood by the time C-SWAT arrived to assess the situation. From their standpoint, the Regulators looked like just the kind of super-vigilantes the city did not want around. They had engaged public enemies without authorization, and apparently had even killed one. Despite their protestations of innocence, the Regulators were arrested and sentenced to 10 years each on Gramercy Island.



Gearz

Roddy Duncan has the dubious distinction of being s first combat cyborg. Roddy always had a talent nery, so when he volunteered for military service, himself in combat engineering. Basically, he and found land mines. With few minefields in Roddy figured he would not see much action s tour, but when his unit was sent to the Indone- ipelago to oversee the peacekeeping efforts in or, all that changed. His first day off the boat th him blowing his arm off while defusing a vehic- mine. He was lucky he did not die, but he now arred stump where his left arm used to be.

At the time, the Australian military had a small and woefully underfunded cybernetics division that was trying to catch up to the rest of the world in both technology and technique. Ordinarily, Australia is right on top of the latest technical achievements, and indeed, the private sector of that country had tons of sleek, high-tech cybernetics and robotics available, but the military was totally behind the times. They needed to experiment and improve their abilities, so when Roddy came before them as a potential test subject, the doctors did everything they could to convince him to let them replace his missing limb with a shiny new one. Private Duncan agreed, and the doctors went to work.

It was a disaster. Roddy expected a smooth, powerful anthropomorphic arm, but what he got was a freakish combination of Swiss army knife and one of those big materials-handling robot arms one might find in a factory. It was clearly designed more as a super-tool than as a prosthetic. Disgusted, Private Duncan waged a protest that fell on silent ears. Eventually, after doing his tour of duty, he quit the army and went to Century Station, the world's leading source for private cybernetics. There, he hoped to raise enough money to retool his arm and make it something human-looking.

He met Integrity and Roger Blaster when he put up an advertisement for people to share his warehouse-turned apartment. (Rent's not cheap, you know.) Coincidentally, the two answered the ad, and a pretty good friendship developed. Gearz gets along better with Roger Blaster than with Integrity, largely because he and Roger have plenty in common, and because Integrity is a bit standoffish to begin with. (Maybe it has something to do with her getting sued all the time over those sleazy articles she writes for the tabloids.)

Ironically, Gearz had grown to rather appreciate his bulky, ungainly, bionic arm and enjoyed his life as a freelance mechanic. When he was admitted to Gramercy Island, the Super-being Containment Wing simply detached the arm entirely and stored it in the Evidence Depot. Should Gearz break free from his cell, he will not leave the island without his one-of-a-kind arm.

Real Name: Roddy Duncan
Other Aliases: Roboarm
Alignment: Unprincipled
Attributes: I.Q.: 23, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 17, **P.S.:** 16/28 (bionic), **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 19, **P.B.:** 16, **Spd:** 19
Age: 24, **Sex:** Male.
Height: Six feet, two inches (1.88 m), **Weight:** 240 lbs (108 kg).
Experience Level: 2
Hit Points: 27
S.D.C.: 80
Power Category: Bionics.
Bionic Systems:

Bionic Arm (1): P.S.: 28, P.P.: 20

Reinforced Exoskeleton: Spine and Shoulders

Extendable Hand: Gearz's hand can extend out to six feet (1.8 m).

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Fire Extinguishing Chemical Spray: Damage: 1D4 plus victim loses one attack and is blinded (-4 to strike, parry and dodge) for 1D4 melees. Rate of Fire: Once per melee. Range: 10 feet (3 m). Bonuses: +1 to strike. Payload: Four shots.

Electrical Arc Welder: Damage: 1D6, 2D6, or 3D6. Rate of Fire: Each electrical attack counts as one attack. Range: 20 feet (6.1 m) or by touch. Bonuses: +1 to strike. Payload: 20 blasts per hour, maximum; self-regenerating.

Super-Acetylene Torch: Damage: 3D6 plus a 01%-60% chance of setting combustibles ablaze, including clothing, carpet, drapes, wood, dry grass, etc. Rate of Fire: Up to five short bursts per melee, each equal to one attack. Range: 25 feet (7.6 m). Payload: 20 blasts.

Grapnel & Towline: Damage: 2D4 for the grapnel. Rate of Fire: Once per melee. Range: 200 feet (61 m). Once the grapnel connects with something, Gearz can reel in the entire length of the cord in a single melee round, either bringing a small object to him, or hoisting his body to the grapnel point. Payload: One grapnel and 200 feet (61 m) of retractable high-tensile cord capable of supporting 2000 lbs (900 kg).

Retractable Blades: Damage: 3D6+16. Note: These are industrial strength cutters and not necessarily meant for melee combat, but they do well in a pinch.

Wrist-Mounted Circular Saw: Damage: 5D6. Note: This also is not meant for combat, but for sheer terror and cutting power, it can't be beat. Plus, Gearz thinks it just looks cool.

Weapons: None. Gearz isn't really a crimefighter and even his bionic arm is designed to be more of a tool than a weapon.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Roddy maintains (when not in prison, that is) a warehouse and workshop in an old, largely abandoned industrial district of Century Station. Now that he has been incarcerated, the place has almost certainly been ransacked by thieves. Roddy sunk his entire life's savings into that place, and will have to rebuild from scratch when he gets out.

Integrity

Investigative reporter Miranda Dallas rues the day she ever met Gearz and Roger Blaster. If only being a freelance writer paid better, she would not have to have shared a place with them and gotten roped into their stupid little adventure. Argh!

Miranda sporadically writes for tabloids such as the *National Tattler* and *The Snoop*. She has broken a few decent stories, but they almost always seem to have negative side effects. Like the time she revealed that the superhero *Flashman* had a prior drug conviction. Sure, it sold papers, but it also got him expelled from his hero group, and now the man is broke and destitute. Or the time she wrote that story about *Lady Lightning* having an affair with *Jitterbug*. That was another top-selling tale until Lady Lightning's husband *Black Dog* killed both his cheating wife and her paramour in a fit of jealous rage.

Things like this have forced Miranda to reevaluate her journalistic priorities, and now she has sworn to only write stories that don't destroy people's lives. She still wants to cover the heroes and villains beat, and with her considerable psychic powers, finding trouble to write about is never difficult.

Miranda has managed to conceal the true extent of her abilities from her jailers (after all, she is not a known supervillain or vigilante), so the pharmaceutical cocktail they have given her to dampen her psionics is not nearly 100% effective. Every few days or so, her powers randomly return to her for an hour or two before she gets re-medicated. She is now waiting for a power to come back that will let her escape and get the heck off Gramercy Island. She is unsure if she would break out Gearz and Roger Blaster on the way, because she is still furious at them for getting her put in prison in the first place. It's not all bad, however, as it is providing excellent fodder for her inevitable book deal. Meanwhile, her attorneys (hired by one of the scandal sheets she freelances for) continue to petition the courts for a retrial or suspended sentence. They claim that she and her cohorts were unjustly "framed" by corrupt law officers and a paranoid and overzealous legal system at Century Station. Of course, every step of the legal battle is splashed across the tabloid's front page, along with accusations of superbeing bigotry, conspiracy theories and innuendo. Miranda doesn't care one bit if it means her freedom.

Real Name: Miranda Dallas

Total Cost: $3.091 million.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +3 to strike, +3 to parry and d
age (+13 for his bionic arm), +2 to rol
+2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: +8% to save vs c
save vs magic and poison.

Education Level and Skills: Basic Milita
Military (Basic): Running, Climbing
tary Etiquette (59%), and Radio: Basic
Communications: Basic Electronic
Scramblers (59%), T.V./Video (49%),
(49%).
Mechanical (General): Mechanical
Locksmith (49%), and Robot Mechanic
Secondary: Athletics (General), Bo
Aid (59%), Automotive Mechanics (
(54%), Pilot Airplane (59%), and Pil
(59%).

Money: Roddy used to make about $2
forming under-the-table cybernetic ar
for clients who would rather not go
channels for such work. He does no
criminals or villains. Rather, he cater
element in Century Station who have
botic systems and simply do not wan
about it.

Height: Five feet, eight inches (1.73 m). **Weight:** 140 lbs (63 kg)

Experience Level: 1st

Hit Points: 16

S.D.C.: 30

I.S.P.: 160

Power Category: Psionics

Psionics:

Healing: Bio-Regeneration (self) (6) and Lust for Life (15).

Physical: Levitation (varies) and Nightvision (4).

Sensitive: Astral Projection (10), Clairvoyance (4), Object Read (6), Speed Reading (2), Telepathy (4), and Total Recall (2).

Super Psionics: Invisible Haze (30), Mental Illusion (20), Telekinetic Force Field (30).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to roll with impact and +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: None. Integrity generally is not into physical combat, and if she must fight, she will defend herself using her psionic powers alone. She's a writer, not a fighter.

Education Level and Skills: Bachelo
lege).

Journalist/Investigation: Computer
Research (70%), Photography (55%),
istic Style) (45%), Interrogation (50%
(30%/26%/24%), Escape Artist (40%),
(42%).

Communications: Basic Electronic
Basic (65%), Radio: Scramblers (5
(45%), and Laser (Communications) (5

Language: Spanish (70%), Germa
(70%), and Italian (70%).

Secondary: Concealment (20%),
Pick Locks (30%), Pick Pockets (25%
Safecracking (20%), Seduction (2
(20%), and Ventriloquism (16%).

Money: Miranda was scratching out abo
on her various freelance writing gigs
casional low, four figure bonuses for
exposes). Now that she's doing hard t
pect that to drop to zero. The only pap
to work for them is the sleazy tabloid fi
lease. She is currently pinning her fir
the book she is writing while in jail. Wh
it will be a best seller, in which case,
find herself pressured by her publisher
adventures she can write about. And
venturing is definitely not her thing, sh
it if the paycheck is big enough.

Weapons: Are you kidding? Those things

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Nothin
camcorder and pocket tape recorder s
around with her everywhere.

Other Aliases: Tattletale
Alignment: Anarchist
Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 30, **M.A.:** 10, **P.S.:** 9, **P.P.:** 12, **P.E.:** 10, **P.B.:** 22, **Spd:** 16
Age: 22, **Sex:** Female.

Roger Blaster

Deep in the center of the galaxy, where hundreds of spacefaring civilizations come into close contact with each other, there are entire societies where cybernetics are so common that they are more akin to a fashion statement than a medical or military device. The world of *Suhenka* is one such place, where all citizens are required by law to undergo at least partial cyborg conversion, if not full. After conversion, citizens are then expected to roam the galaxy for a period of eight galactic years and then return to a job in the industrial, commercial or military sector.

The alien Gylar, a full conversion cyborg, decided to see the "galactic backwater" during his post-conversion sojourn, and during his travels, he opted for a side trip to Earth. The vessel that brought him to Earth dropped him off in a one-way travel pod that mostly burned up in the atmosphere. Gylar landed with a bang in the Appalachian Mountains, and after a few interesting encounters with some of the regional folk, made his way to Century Station, where he could see the sights.

Since he is used to keeping a low profile, Gylar managed to make some friends in a seedy section of town without alerting the police, especially the alien supercop *Alpha Prime*, to his presence (if Alpha Prime got him, she would have certainly deported Gylar back to his homeworld). As he learned about Earth culture, Gylar changed his name to *Roger Blaster* in a partially successful attempt to blend in better. This is not as difficult as it may sound, since "Roger's" cyborg body is a slight build, with human-like features. Okay, he has a prehensile tail and his artificial skin has spots, but the mechanical tail can be curled up and concealed, and the skin can be disguised with cosmetics. Unfortunately, blending in is not one of Roger's fortes.

Roger Blaster finds this whole incarceration business a little disheartening. How is he supposed to get home in time to start his job if he's locked up on Gramercy Island? To this traveler, the gravity of his situation never seems to hit him. He sees being in prison as a major inconvenience, like if an American coming home from Europe just missed his connecting flight in Paris.

Thanks to the extremely complicated nature of Roger Blaster's bionics, he has plenty of hidden compartments and devices that still work and can be used to break himself out of his cell. He is just waiting for what seems like a good time to do it. Then he can break out Integrity and Gearz too and they can all make a dash for the mainland together.

Real Name: Gylar

Other Aliases: Roger Blaster and Space Cadet.

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q.: 10, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 40 (superhuman), **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 77 (53 mph/85 km)

Age: 36, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, six inches (1.98 m). **Weight:** 400 lbs (180 kg)

Experience Level: 1

Hit Points: 26

S.D.C.: 290

Power Category: Alien (Bionics).

Alien Appearance: Humanoid (Tough and lumpy, blue-green skin with dark blue spots, prehensile tail).

Full Conversion Cyborg:

Bionic Arms & Hands: P.S.: 40, P.P.: 18.

Bionic Feet & Legs: P.S.: 40, Spd: 77.

Bionic Lungs & Gas Filter.

Full Body Exoskeleton: +230 S.D.C.

Full Body Bionic Armor: A.R.: 18, S.D.C.: 900, Penalties: -30% to prowl, climb, acrobatics, and similar skills.

Machine Pistol Implants (2): Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot, burst firing or full auto. A short burst uses 6 rounds, a long burst uses 15 rounds, and a full melee burst uses 30 rounds. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 100 rounds per implant. Note: These weapons are built into the forearms and fire out through a port in the palm. It takes one melee action to reload each weapon.

Retractable Blades: Damage: 3D6+28. Note: Roger Blaster has a set of blades on each arm, and can fight with them as paired weapons.

Cost: $8 million.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +25 to damage, +2 to initiative, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4+25. Kick: 1D6+25.

Education Level and Skills: Alien Combat Specialist

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, Gymnastics

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife, W.P. Sword, W.P. Paired Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns.

Secondary: Pilot: Hovercraft (50%), First Aid (45%), Prowl (-5% Maybe he'll get better with age, but for now his bionic armor makes prowling impossible.), Wilderness Survival (35%), Track Animals (20%), and Recognize Weapon Quality (25%).

Money: When Roger Blaster came to Earth, he brought with him nearly $250,000 in precious alien metals. He hid this stash in a ventilation shaft of Gearz's workshop. Since the Regulators have been imprisoned, Gearz's workshop has certainly been ransacked by street thugs, but Roger Blaster's hidden cache has most likely (01%-85%) been overlooked.

Weapons: None, aside from his cybernetic weaponry.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

The Fearless

The Fearless are a team of alien freedom fighters — *Liberator*, *Relentless*, and *Bravo* have been battling the evil Toogarth aliens for their entire lives. The Toogarth Empire has recently begun an aggressive expansion in its corner of the galaxy, swallowing up little worlds like *Sorini Prime*, home to a race of human-like people all naturally gifted with super abilities. The Sorini people were overwhelmed by the Toogarth and enslaved. A handful of Sorini escaped, however, and have fought a running battle with their Toogarth oppressors in the unlikely hope that they can somehow persuade the invaders to let Sorini Prime go.

The Fearless were three such escaped Sorini. Flying a commandeered Toogarth interceptor, the group routinely hit Toogarth ships, facilities and personnel. Unfortunately, their luck ran out some months ago, resulting in a botched attack. In the chaotic aftermath, the Fearless found themselves drifting in a ruined starship at translight speed. If they did not hit the gravity well of a solar system soon, they would fly right out of the galaxy and into the void of intergalactic space.

Luck was with the young rebels when they crash landed on Earth. They had survived, but their craft was a wreck. It would need extensive repairs for it to ever fly again. So, the three aliens activated the vessel's cloaking device, parked it beneath the waves near Century Station and swam ashore. Unfortunately, the culturally ignorant fugitives did not think that wearing advanced weaponry out in public would raise any eyebrows, so when C-SWAT descended on them in record time, they merely thought they had landed on a world as savage and oppressive as the Toogarth's.

The aliens eluded capture and went into hiding. They had remained free, but they were still in a hostile environment and in need of numerous advanced components, equipment and material. Seeing themselves as soldiers in enemy territory, they began committing crimes to steal what they needed to repair their ship. For parts they needed to manufacture themselves, the group either stole the necessary material and construction equipment, or they heisted something else to raise money to flat out buy what they needed. It was during one of these heists that the three were caught by local heroes and sentenced to 25 years each on Gramercy Island for armed robbery. Their human appearance masks their alien nature, which is why the alien superhero *Alpha Prime* has not yet deported these characters to off-world authorities.

Meanwhile, the three are still wanted criminals in the Toogarth Empire. Toogarth hunters have been on their trail since day one, and it is only a matter of time before they trace their trajectory to Earth. What may happen once the Toogarth learn about our planet is anybody's guess, but it sure won't be good.

Liberator

From a far-distant planet of an even further distant dimension, Skorin Enserel was an otherwise unremarkable member of a slave race modified from ancient human stock (from another dimension? Interesting). He and nearly one million of his fellow slaves were sent to the lifeless planetoid *Buria Kalsu* as part of a mining effort engineered by the Toogarth, who had bought genetic templates of Skorin's race and were mass producing them in incubator vats on the Toogarthian homeworld. Skorin's kind were considered cheap and disposable labor, easily killed and discarded, destined to a nasty, brutish and short life of extreme labor and casual torment by their masters.

Not for Skorin. Slowly, he gathered enough kisentite to forge his own weapons, and he encouraged a small group to do the same. In secret, they practiced their martial prowess and ultimately led a slave revolt. In the fighting, Skorin and his two friends made it to a Toogarthian spacecraft and left the moon. After that came the crash-landing on Earth and incarceration on Gramercy Island.

While it might appear as if Liberator and his comrades will remain in prison for many years, the truth is Liberator has broken out of prisons more advanced than this one. All he needs is another 2D6 weeks of observation before he figures out the prison's patterns and devises a way to exploit them. That way, he will be able to break out, free his comrades and get off the Island. As "the" Liberator, the alien is likely to free a handful of others whom "he" considers to be also unjustly imprisoned (like the Regulators and select others. Whether he asks them to join his team or not is another story). The alien may also free a few villains to create greater chaos in order to cover his own escape, or his team's exploits while escaping may damage one or more containment systems of other (more dangerous and evil) prisoners, enabling them to break free. This could

cause something of a chain reaction allowing 2D6+6 other superbeings to escape their cells. Whether these others escape from the island depends on luck, fate and the Game Master. **Note:** The Liberator, his teammates and those he deliberately helps to escape should all get off the island. As for other escapees, the alien freedom fighters will feel terrible if those who escaped Gramercy Island because of them cause death and destruction. If this happens, the Fearless are likely to try to recapture them to make amends. Whether the Toogarth ever track the Fearless down is left to the G.M. (Does a Toogarth raiding party attack the prison, freeing dozens, perhaps hundreds of prisoners, supervillains among them, to seize their runaway slaves? Certainly the Toogarth will have no regard for Earth law, and won't even consider using diplomatic challenges to get the fugitives. They take what they want.) For a detailed description of the Toogarth aliens, please refer to the **Villains Unlimited™** sourcebook.

Real Name: Skorin Enserel

Occupation: Fugitive, Freedom Fighter, Adventurer

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 11, **P.S.:** 31, **P.P.:** 19, **P.E.:** 28, **P.B.:** 18, **Spd:** 108

Age: 20, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, six inches (1.68 m). **Weight:** 220 lbs (99 kg).

Appearance: Human-like.

Environment: High Gravity World.

Familiarity with Earth: None.

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 51

S.D.C.: 256

Power Category: Alien (Physical Training; Focus on Endurance and Strength).

Special Abilities: Superhuman P.S., Power Punch, Power Kick, Force of Will.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Aggressive & Deadly Combat.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry, +3 to dodge, +16 to damage, +4 to pull punch, +8 to roll with punch/fall/impact

Saving Throws: +9 vs diseases and poison, +7 vs magic, +46% vs coma/death.

Other Combat Info: Karate Punch: 2D4+16, Karate Kick: 2D6+16, Entangle, Body Throw/Flip, Body Block/Tackle, Arm Hold, Body Hold

Education Level and Skills: Special.

Rogue Skills: Prowl (50%), Pick Locks (35%), Pick Pockets (35%), Streetwise (28%), Card Sharp (32%), Seduction (26%), and Palming (30%).

Communications Skills: Laser (Communications) (40%), Read Sensory Equipment (40%), Basic Mechanics (40%), and Mechanical Engineer (35%).

Espionage Skills: Detect Ambush (40%), Interrogation (50%), Tracking (35%), and Wilderness Survival (45%).

Physical Skills: Acrobatics, Athletics (General), Body Building & Weightlifting, Climbing (50%/40%), Gymnastics, Running, Swimming (60%), and SCUBA/Advanced Swimming (60%).

Secondary Skills: Computer Operation (50%), Basic Mathematics (55%), and Recognize Weapon Quality (35%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Sword (+2 to strike and parry), W.P. Knife (+1 to strike, parry and dodge), W.P. Staff (+2 to strike, +1 to parry), W.P. Chain (+1 to strike), W.P. Targeting (+2 to throw, Rate of Fire: 5), and W.P. Paired Weapons (All).

Money: $14,000 in precious metals, worth $200 each in cash.

Weapons:

Kisentite Sword: 3D6+16.

Kisentite Chakrams (2): 2D4+16. (Note: These return to the thrower when thrown.)

Kisentite Daggers (3): 2D6+16.

Kisentite Whipping Chains (2): 2D4+16.

Vehicles and Other Equipment:

Leather Armor: A.R.: 12. S.D.C.: 75. Note: This suit of armor resembles stylized motorcycle leathers. Liberator wears this armor whenever he can, choosing to cover it up with shabby, loose-fitting Earth clothing, like sweat pants, athletic shirts and overcoats.

Antigravity Ring: Top Speed: 100 mph (160 km). S.D.C.: 8. Carrying Capacity: 500 lbs (225 kg) Note: This device has no altitude limit; with sufficient life support, Liberator could use this ring to fly into and through outer space.

Relentless

dary: Pilot: Hovercraft (50%), First Aid (45%), %), Wilderness Survival (35%), Track Animals d Recognize Weapon Quality (25%).

entless has forsaken all worldly goods except hich can be directly used in the fight against arth Empire. Any booty he has ever gained in le has been donated to other freedom fighters eapons and equipment. While on Earth, any e has gathered is all directed at getting the paceship repaired so they can leave to con- fight against the evil empire.

escaping the prison or repairing the group's damaged spaceship. Should he get out on his own, he will mostly likely seek help from heroes or freelancers sympathetic to his cause.

Now that Relentless has had some time to familiarize himself with Earth culture, he genuinely regrets the crimes he and his comrades committed earlier. He honestly felt he was acting within a 100% hostile territory, and had he known better, he would have suggested to Liberator that they find more honest means of repairing their vessel.

Relentless admires the exploits of this world's superpowered heroes, and should escape to another world become impossible, he would not mind earning his freedom and becoming a hero himself. Fighting crime and injustice are right up his alley.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 27, **P.P.:** 22, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 16

Age: 19, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, eleven inches (1.8 m). **Weight:** 180 lbs (81 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 115

Power Category: Alien (Super Powers).

Appearance: Human-like.

Major Super Abilities: Multiple Lives.

Minor Super Abilities: Healing Factor.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +6 to strike, +9 to parry and dodge, +2 to disarm, +6 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +12 to damage, +50% to save vs coma/death, +11 to save vs magic and poison, and +3 to save vs psionic attacks.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+12, snap kick: 1D6+12, crescent kick: 2D4+14, axe kick: 2D6+12, jump kicks (all). Knockout on a natural 20, pin/incapacitate: 18-20, body block/tackle: 1D4+12, and crush/squeeze: 1D4+12.

Education Level and Skills: Alien Combat Specialist.

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, and Gymnastics.

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife, W.P. Sword, W.P. Paired Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy and Weapons & Rail Guns

Relentless specializes in close combat, preferring to rely on simultaneous attacks when duking it out with his opponents. His ability to soak up tremendous amounts of damage and still keep fighting is what has led the Toogarth to call him *Kin Zubda*, meaning "the Forever Warrior."

Relentless trusts Liberator's instincts completely and will follow orders from him to the letter. On his own, the warrior does not possess much initiative or creativity, so he would be hard pressed to devise any plan that entailed

Second
Prowl (25
(20%), an

Money: Rel
for that w
the Tooga
his strugg
to buy w
plunder h
group's s
tinue thei

Weapons:

Energy Swords (2): Damage: 5D6+12. A long (12 inches/30 cm) hilt, without crossguard, holds the powerful energy generator for these weapons, which Relentless uses as a pair. The balance and length of the swords (3.5 feet/1.1 m) give them an additional +1 to strike. The Swords are locked away at Gramercy Island, but the Relentless and his teammates will retrieve all their weapons before leaving the island.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Bravo

With formidable psychic powers as his armor and shield, Bravo is a cocksure front-line warrior and the resident wild man. He has been battling the Toogarth since his psychic powers first manifested themselves, and when he escapes Gramercy Island and returns to space, he shall resume his fight against them. His entire family (all *77* of them!) remain enslaved by the Toogarth and until every one has been freed, the rebel known as Bravo shall never rest easy.

Aside from his life-long dedication to rescuing his family and other slaves from Toogarth domination, Bravo has few long-term motivations. Ironically, while he possesses great mind powers, he still has a short attention span and tends to act rashly. His ultra-gung-ho attitude has led the Fearless into trouble more than once, and in fact, it is the reason why the group is in prison today. According to the CSPD, it was Bravo's idea to burglarize a museum featuring radically advanced aerospace designs. Bravo knew the exhibit was heavily guarded but he insisted the group hit it anyway, since they certainly could break in, take what they needed and break out without anybody stopping them. The plan went off as Bravo said, and it would have worked had he not stayed behind to continue fighting security guards just for the fun of it. That critical delay is what prevented the group from escaping the scene before the authorities showed up with Apex, Haven and Spartacus along for good measure (Alpha Prime was dealing with matters off-world). They captured the trio and put them in the lock-up at Gramercy Island. Bravo hopes his comrades never realize it was his folly that landed them in captivity, and has sworn to himself to try to curb his impulses and rage.

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 21, **M.A.:** 19, **P.S.:** 19, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 18, **P.B.:** 17, **Spd:** 20

Age: 20, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.8 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90.8 kg).

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 38

S.D.C.: 70

I.S.P.: 171

Power Category: Alien (Psionics).

Psionics:

Healing: Bio-Regeneration (self) (10), Deaden Pain (4), Healing Touch (6), Psychic Diagnosis (4), Psychic Purification (8), and Psychic Surgery (14).

Physical: Death Trance (1), Impervious to Cold (2), Impervious to Fire (4), Resist Fatigue (4), Summon Inner Strength (4), Telekinetic Punch (6), and Telekinetic Leap (8).

Sensitive: Clairvoyance (4), Empathy (4), Sense Evil (2), Sixth Sense (2), and Telepathy (4).

Super Psionics: Mind Bolt (varies), Psi-Shield (30), Psi-Sword (30), Telekinesis (Super) (10+), and Telekinetic Force Field (30).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +4 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +2 to damage, +6% to save vs coma/death and +2 to save vs magic.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+3, hook, backward sweep.

Education Level and Skills: Alien Science Spe

Science: Biology (50%), Botany (45%), (50%), Astronomy (45%), and Astrophysics (

Physical: Boxing and Wrestling.

Communications: Radio: Basic (55%), Radio: Scramblers (45%)

Other Skills: Computer Operation (50%), Basic Mathematics (55%), Read Sensory Instruments (40%), Weapon Systems (50%), Navigation (60%), Pilot Hovercraft (60%), Pilot Airplane (60%), and Pilot Jet Pack (52%).

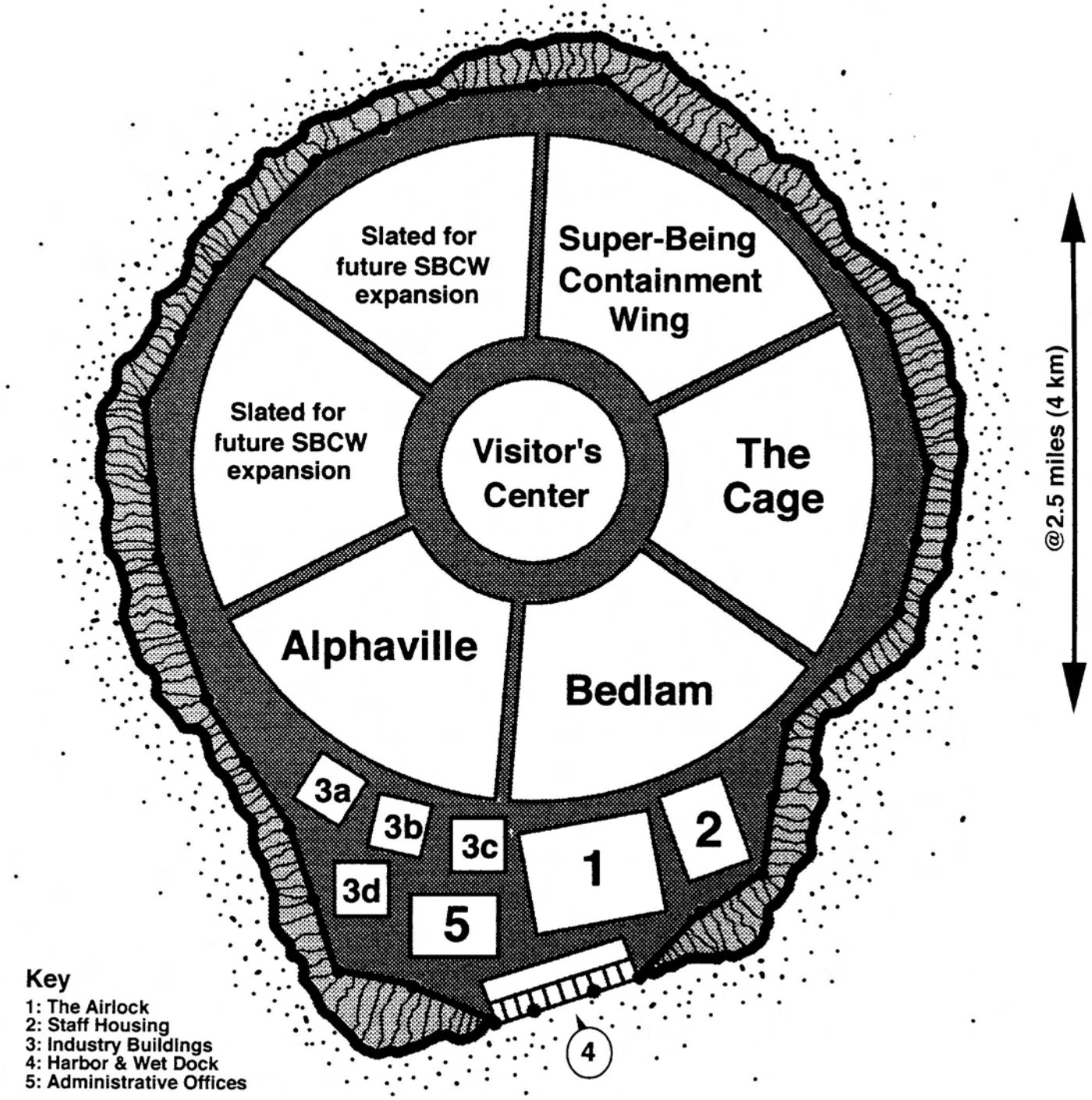
Money: Bravo has lived a life of endless slavery and the very concept of private property is somewhat foreign to him. He tends to see all wealth as that which belongs to the Toogarth, that which should belong to those who oppose the Toogarth, and that which belongs to everyone else.

Weapons: None. Tends to rely on his natural abilities, but will use weapons, armor and vehicles as the situation calls for.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Gramercy Island

Supermax Correctional Facility



Individuals

Abatwa

In war-torn Western Africa, there exists a legend concerning mythical creatures known as the *abatwa*, tiny folk no larger than an ant. To see an abatwa was an omen of good luck, as these diminutive warriors are known to be crusaders of truth and justice. Every hundred generations, it was said, a humble villager would be endowed with the power of the abatwa so he could act as a liaison between the human world and the abatwa. The last time this happened was some thirty years ago, in the village of Likunde, to a young lad named Samuel Sgoro.

Blessed with the power of the abatwa, Sgoro was expected to become a champion for his village and his people in general. However, a cruel and bloody civil war had gripped the land, recruiting every boy over the age of 12 into the carnage. Any pretense of organized rebellion disintegrated into an ongoing orgy of rape, pillage, and genocide with no clear direction or objective. Like all boys his age, Sgoro was swept into this maelstrom of violence. Using his extraordinary magic abilities, he became a notorious warlord and even controlled a small swath of villages with an iron fist. So great was Sgoro's local activity that when General Marcus Dengi emerged to organize the fighting into a clear rebellion against the government, he personally recruited Sgoro into his fold. For the rebellion to work, it needed weapons, and to get weapons, the rebellion needed money. And to get that, General Dengi was willing to pursue any avenue. Sgoro suggested he take to supervillainy in the U.S. where his unique talents could bring in some serious cash. The General agreed, and charged him to "acquire" as much money as he could over the next two years, and then to return to the war.

Sgoro arrived in Century Station, and as *Abatwa*, he used his shrinking powers to become an extraordinarily successful cat burglar and industrial spy. Within a year, he had raised over $4.2 million and sent it back to General Dengi, who used the cash to arm his ragtag army with military hardware. So armed, General Dengi's forces overran their opposition, and very soon, he had sworn himself in as president for life.

Back in the states, Abatwa's fortunes had reversed. Looking to make one last, big score and return home early, Abatwa got too greedy and tried to raid the offices of a software programming company working on a new breed of military VR software. What he did not anticipate was the extreme security at the facility, which detected his entry (despite his tiny size) and captured him swiftly. He was arrested and tried for burglary, and was sent to Gramercy Island for 7 years.

batwa has done a bit of reflecting his gifts, and is on the verge of eeds to do is fall in with the right ero he was always meant to be.

Since his capture, Ab on how he has abused truly repenting. All he n people to become the he

Real Name: Samuel Sgoro

Alignment: Anarchist (was Miscreant).

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 10 (20 transformed), **P.S.:** 15 (35 transformed), **P.P.:** 15 (20 transformed), **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 20 (100 transformed).

Age: 23, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, eight inches (1.73 m). **Weight:** 160 lbs (72.6 kg).

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 40 (220 when transformed).

P.P.E.: 50

Power Category: Magic (Bestowed Abilities).

Major Super Abilities: Shrink (**Note:** This ability automatically turns on whenever Abatwa assumes his superpowered identity. This power can not be turned off except by Abatwa resuming his ordinary, mortal form. When shrunken, Abatwa is only one inch/2.5 cm tall, and has a natural prowl ability of 75%. His mass remains unchanged, however, which means that all attacks against Abatwa do only half damage. Attacks with guns and other "ranged" weapons and powers are -6 to strike; hand to hand melee attacks are -4 to hit, because Abatwa is such a small and difficult target.)

Spell Knowledge:

Level One: See the Invisible (4).

Level Three: Armor of Ithan (10) and Energy Bolt (5).

Level Four: Blind (8), Carpet of Adhesion (10), Magic Net (7), and Shadow Meld (10).

Level Five: Circle of Flame (10).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +2 to strike (+5 transformed), +6 to dodge (+9 transformed), +3 to parry (+6 transformed), +5 to damage (+8 transformed), +4 to pull punch, and +2 to roll with impact.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+5, crescent kick: 2D4+7, roundhouse kick: 3D6+5, +1 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs possession, +8 to save vs Horror Factor and 60% trust/intimidate (transformed).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Military.

Basic Military: Running, Climbing (80%/70%), Military Etiquette (75%), Radio: Basic (85%), and W.P. Rifle.

Communications: Basic Electronics (70%), Radio: Scrambler (75%), T.V./Video (59%), and Surveillance Systems (70%).

Technical: Literacy (60%), Speak English (85%), Speak French (85%), and Speak German (85%).

Secondary: Recognize Weapon Quality (55%), Basic Mechanics (60%), Automotive Mechanics (55%), Land Navigation (60%), Pilot Truck (64%), and Body Building.

Money: Abatwa had been promised a cushy retirement fund when he returned home and brought the rebellion in his homeland to final victory. However, Abatwa is no fool. He knew there was a good chance he would be out in the cold when his leader took over, so to hedge his bets, he had been skimming a little off each job for himself. He now has over $300,000 saved up for personal use.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Afterburner

A living firebolt, streaking overhead at the speed of sound is the image the mega-villain *Afterburner* leaves when he flies into town — invariably bent on some kind of sinister scheme to grab as much money and power for himself as he can before he escapes in a swirl of flame. Afterburner has been a heavy hitter on the super-villain scene for close to a decade. Born Shelby Vinson, a farmer's son from Remote, Kansas, Afterburner's mutant powers manifested themselves with a vengeance, causing a prairie fire the likes of which had never been seen before. Frightened of how his powers had initially surged out of control, Vinson fled his home and lived in seclusion for some time. Once he got over his fear and mastered his incredible abilities, however, his mind quickly turned to nefarious plots. Why work hard like his folks, when he could just use his powers to get the life of luxury and ease he knew he always deserved? So it was that Afterburner was born.

For the next ten years, Afterburner scored big, time and again, executing a number of major heists as well as conducting raids against rival villains and heroes who had crossed him. Periodically, he has worked with other mega-villains, or has hired less powerful superbeings as underlings and lackeys, but for the most part, he is a solo operator who enjoys the heat of combat and the thrill of fast living. He is dangerous in the extreme, supremely confident, petty, vindictive and willing to go to any length to "win" or get what he wants.

Afterburner is the latest addition to the Super-Being ... Containment Wing, thanks to the efforts of the *Ce*... The irony of it all is that Afterburner was only in ... Station on personal business, but was spotted as ... ego and captured for past crimes. Although fou... Centurions confronted the fiery speedster, Afterbu... up an excellent fight and incapacitated two of his a... before finally going down for the count. Unrepen... his crimes, the villain smiled through his trial and i... reporters that he would not be imprisoned for m... 30 days, tops. Today is Day 28 of Afterburner's lif... bars. Will his prediction come true? Will he blast ... to freedom? Does he have friends waiting outside ... him out? Or are his words mere bravado?

Real Name: Shelby Vinson

Alignment: Anarchist with leanings toward Miscre...

Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 21, **P.S.:** 20 ... natural), **P.P.:** 13, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 14 (... mach one (flying).

Age: 27; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, two inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90.8 kg).

Experience Level: 6

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 225 (300 when ablaze).

Flame A.R.: 14

Power Category: Mega-Mutant.

Unusual Physical Characteristics: None.

Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers, plus Afterburner does not need to eat or drink for nourishment. He also does not need to breathe air. This combination allows him to fly into outer space (for some reason, the vacuum of space does *not* snuff his flames, nor is there any ceiling to his Sonic Flight power). Actually he does this quite often, and for the fun of it, has flown to the moon (where he has considered building a hideout) and back under his own power. Once he gets out of Gramercy Island, he might take a prolonged leave of absence on the moon or elsewhere.

Major Super Abilities: Sonic Flight, Alter Physical Structure: Fire

Achilles' Heel: Vulnerable to Magic. All magic does double damage, and Afterburner is -4 to save vs magical attacks.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +2 to strike (+3 in flight), +3 to parry (+5 in flight), +3 to dodge (+9 in flight), +5 to pull punch, +9 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact.

Other Combat Info: Bolt of fire: 8D6 (+3 to strike), fire ball: 9D6 (+4 to strike), restrained punch: 1D6+9, full-strength punch: 2D6+9, power punch: 4D6+9 (counts as two attacks), sonic two-fisted flying punch: 1D4x10+9 (3D6 to Afterburner and counts as two attacks), sonic flying body ram: 2D4x10+9 (5D6 to Afterburner and counts as three attacks). Body flip/throw. Trust/intimidate: 65%. +10% to save vs coma/death. +3 to save vs poison.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Master's Degree.

Business: Basic Mathematics (95%), Business & Finance (85%), Law (General) (75%), and Research (90%).

Communications: Basic Electronics (70%), Radio: Basic (95%), Radio: Scrambler (85%), T.V./Video (70%), Laser (Communications) (80%).

Computer: Computer Operation (90%), Computer Programming (80%), and Computer Repair (75%).

Electrical: Electrical Engineer (80%), Basic Mechanics (80%), and Robot Electronics (80%).

Secondary: First Aid (70%), Wilderness Survival (60%), Automotive Mechanics (50%), Astronomy (50%), Prowl (50%), Swimming (75%), and Advanced Mathematics (70%).

Money: Afterburner has amassed a vast fortune worth billions. With this much money and the power it brings, he

is rapidly losing interest in petty criminal ventures and is putting his energies towards a larger goal, such as building a criminal empire or perhaps taking over a small country on the Earth.

Weapons: None, doesn't need any.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None of note. He does like to live in the lap of luxury and buys all the finest items for his human alter ego.

Antarctica

A native to the British-held Falkland Islands, Janet Church is no stranger to the cold. Church considers the more temperate clime of the United States to be positively tropical! Given how she spends much of her time transformed into living ice, it is not hard to see why.

Janet's powers first manifested themselves when she was a teenager during the Falkland Island War in the early 1980s. Although the rest of the world figured from the outset that Great Britain would win the conflict, Janet was hardly so sure. She was terrified by the fighting all around her, and the stress of it all is what triggered the super abilities locked within her cell structure to reveal themselves. Able to command the power of ice as well as kinetic energy (negating an object's movement is something she likes to refer to as "the big freeze"), Janet engaged and defeated an Argentinean squad all on her own. But once the soldiers lay helpless at her feet, a viciousness within her sprung forth and took over. She began using her powers to encase the men in ice, and then to torture them mercilessly. By the time British soldiers got to her, Janet had slain all eight Argentine troops. She considered herself a hero, but the British troops saw her actions as war crimes. They apprehended the young mutant (she was too weakened from her previous battle to put up much resistance) and took her back to England, where she was sentenced to thirteen years in prison.

Church broke free near the end of her sentence and became a terrorist, targeting British police and military as a means of revenge. After a while, she gravitated from political violence to straight out crime, both in the U.K. and in the States. Despite her powers, she simply lacks the skills and disposition to be a hardcore supervillain, as her track record shows. Of seven attempted robberies, five "tripped for biscuits" — they were botch jobs with no reward. On her seventh, Antarctica had the misfortune of hitting a casino the same night it got hit by another team of robbers. The facility lockdown that resulted ended with a massive superbrawl between Antarctica, the rival robbers, casino security and local law enforcement. In the end, Antarctica was knocked out and taken into custody. She is now serving seven years in Gramercy Island, during which time she has been given the advice to *seriously* consider putting her powers to some kind of constructive use. Antarctic exploration, maybe, because being a superhuman warrior or criminal mastermind just is not in her blood.

Real Name: Janet Church

Other Aliases: Ice Queen.

Alignment: Miscreant.

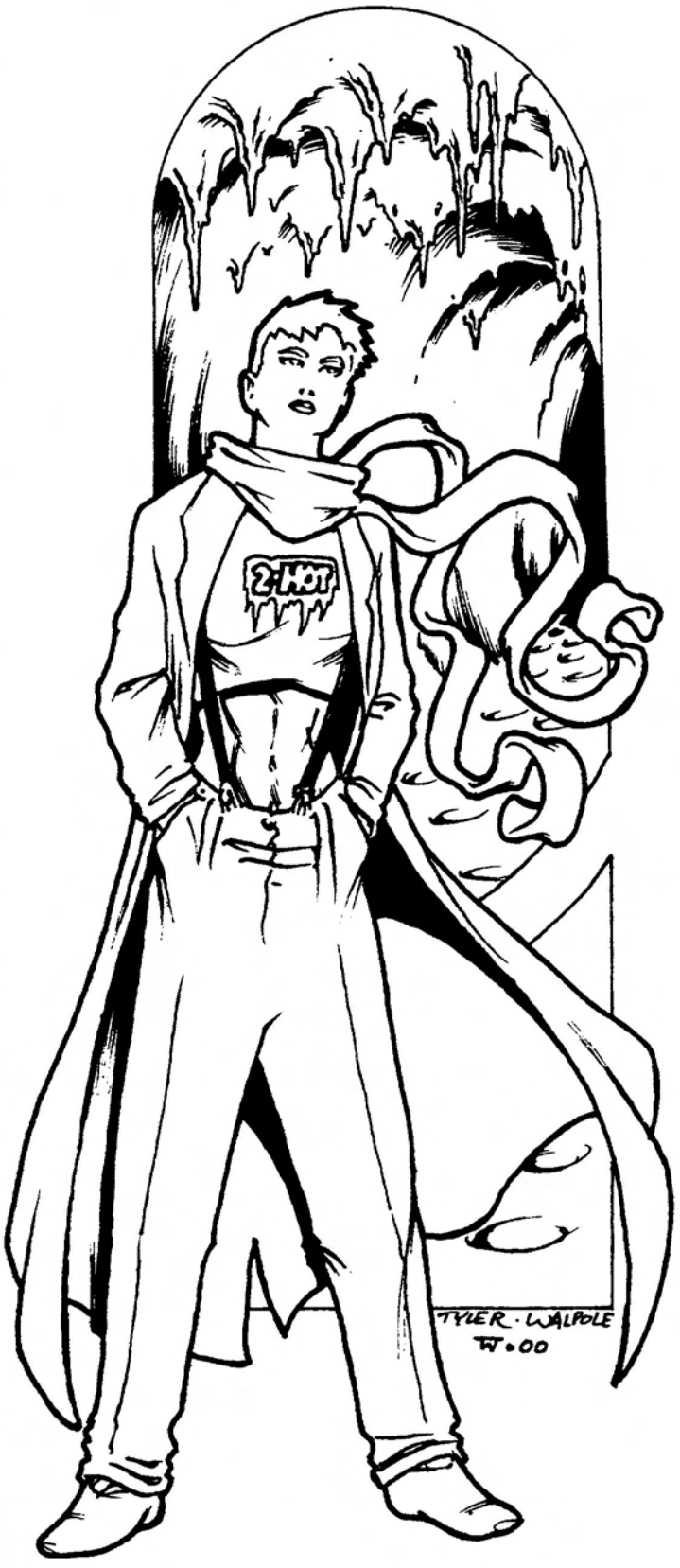
Attributes: I.Q.: 9, **M.E.:** 7, **M.A.:** 6, **P.S.:** 12, **P.P.:** 12, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 15

Age: 35; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, seven inches (1.7 m). **Weight:** 145 lbs (65.8 kg).

Experience Level: 2nd

Hit Points: 24



S.D.C.: 40 (90 when in ice form).

APS: Ice A.R.: 14 against all kinetic attacks. Teflon coated or other armor piercing bullets pass right through. Lasers do no damage, bouncing off and perhaps hitting somebody else nearby. Explosions do half damage. Fire, extreme heat, psionics, electricity and other energy attacks do full damage. While in ice form, ordinary punches and kicks do no damage, those from Extraordinary and Superhuman P.S. do half damage, and those from Supernatural P.S. do full damage.

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: Pale blue skin; tends to be lazy and likes a life of leisure and luxury (not that she's ever gotten it).

Major Super Abilities: Alter Physical Structure: Ice and Manipulate Kinetic Energy.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Ice shards: 2D6 each or 6D6 for a three-shard volley. Ice balls: 1D6 each.

Education Level and Skills of Note: High School Graduate.

Domestic: Basic Mathematics (55%), Cook (45%), Sewing (50%), and Sing (45%).

Technical: Art (45%), Photography (45%), Research (60%), and Writing (35%).

Secondary Skills: Pilot Sailboats (70%), Pilot Motorboats (64%), Pilot Ships (50%/49%), Wilderness Survival (40%), Boat Building (30%), Carpentry (30%), Land Navigation (40%), and Preserve Food (30%).

Money: None. She never really had any before her prison stint. Doing time has not exactly been her chance to increase her fortunes.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

The Bag Lady

Camilla Hillabeans is one of Century Station's fairly nutty street people, only she is different. A lot different. Somewhere along the line, she studied the mystic arts and became a powerful wizard, on par with many of the city's toughest heroes. Somewhere else along the way, her personal life crashed and burned, leaving her emotionally shattered and mentally unstable. Today she's an old woman who once roamed the streets with all of her worldly possessions in an old shopping cart.

Living in a world of her own, Camilla is fixated on a ratty old satchel she wore around her neck at all times. She is convinced that the satchel, not her, is the source of her magical powers. Each time she cast a spell, she would dig out some tiny object from it that she believed to be the final component for whatever spell she was casting. If Camilla lost her bag, she would be unable to cast spells. She would still have the knowledge and energy to do so inside her, but a mental barrier would prevent her from weaving the magic without the bag (only something traumatic might compel her to cast magic without the bag — at which point she'd concoct some irrational explanation or perhaps chose some new power-source).

Camilla is a scabrous and cranky old gal, but underneath her raggedy clothes and scruffy exterior, she has a heart of gold. She is always willing to help a friend and watches out for children and lost house pets, keeping them safe and helping to get them home. These acts of kindness go largely unnoticed as she likes to help from a distance, away from the limelight.

Unfortunately, her heroic qualities were unable to keep her out of trouble with the law. One cold winter night, she ran afoul of a gang of punks who took delight in tormenting the homeless. This particular crew had already killed a few of Camilla's elderly friends, and they intended to add her to their score. When the smoke cleared from the confrontation, six of the eight punks lie dead, and the other two would never walk again. By the time the police arrived on the scene, Camilla looked like the bad guy, preying on a bunch of poor, defenseless teenagers. An unsympathetic prosecutor, judge, and jury all did their part to see that Camilla ("Super Hag" the newspapers called her, and worse) was sentenced to 30 years on Gramercy Island without parole. The SBCW had no difficulty keeping her under control, since she really wants no trouble with any-

body and has shown no intent to escape. (Where would she go even if she *did* get out? Although she does miss the parks and alleys that were her home, and she frequently asks if the children and little animals, pigeons included, are okay.)

The SBCW took away Camilla's "magic bag," so she appears to be completely powerless. In fact, the prison board of review is considering placing her in Cell Block-A where she can enjoy greater freedom, and they can more importantly, free up a cell in the Super-Being Containment Wing. It seems foolish to waste an SBCW cell on a harmless old lady.

Also Known As: The Vagrant and Crazy Lady, although she thinks of herself only as Camilla.

Real Name: Camilla Hillabeans

Occupation: Vagrant

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 7, **P.S.:** 7, **P.P.:** 8, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 7, **Spd:** 6

Age: 63; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, seven inches (1.7 m). **Weight:** 180 lbs (81.7 kg)

Insanity: As noted before, Camilla is delusional, lives in her own world and seems to have completely forgotten her life as a superhero. She is also paranoid, worrying about imaginary dangers, troublemakers and problems, as well as for the safety of children and animals such as stray dogs and cats, pigeons and squirrels. Although a homeless vagabond living on the street, she was not a drug addict or alcoholic, and trusts street cops.

Experience Level: 12

Hit Points: 56; she's still a tough old bird.

S.D.C.: 30

Power Category: Magic (Enchanted Object).

Magic Spells:

Level One: Globe of Daylight (2), Sense Evil (2), Mystic Alarm (5).

Level Two: Extinguish Fire (4).

Level Three: Armor of Ithan (10) and Ignite Fire (6).

Level Four: Fire Bolt (10)

Level Five: Horrific Illusion (10)

Level Six: Control the Beasts (18), Teleport: Lesser (15).

Level Seven: Constrain (Supernatural) Being (20), Heal Self (20), Invisibility: Superior (20), and Wink-Out (20).

Level Eight: Eyes of the Wolf (25), Wisps of Confusion (40).

Level Ten: Dimensional Pocket (30/140)

Level Eleven: Remove Curse (140)

P.P.E.: 210; on the street she used her magic to protect her self as well as help people and animals.

Combat Training: None (at least not any she remembers).

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +3 to save vs poison and disease, +8 to save vs coma/death, and is impervious to *all* magic!

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4, Kick: 1D6, and hit somebody with her handbag (filled with stuff): 2D4.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Street Schooled.

Scholastic Skills: Streetwise (68%), Pick Pockets (80%), Palming (75%), Concealment (64%), Cook (90%), Sewing (95%), Speak Basque (98%), Speak Zoastrian (98%).

Secondary Skills: First Aid (98%), Holistic Medicine (75%), Radio: Basic (98%), Sing (90%), Wilderness Survival (98%), Card Sharp (68%), Astronomy (80%), and Hunting.

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife (+4 to strike, +5 to parry, +1 to throw).

Money: Has $23.37 in her handbag.

Weapons: None, really.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Baron Zanzibar

Baron Vladimir Borodin Zorokov was born to an exiled family of Russian nobles who lost their lands during the Russian Revolution of 1917. Having anticipated the revolt the Zorokov's family had converted the majority of their wealth into diamonds, artwork, and other easily portable items. On the eve of the Czar's fall, the Zorokovs fled the country, taking residence on the east African island of *Zanzibar*, a lush tropical paradise with plenty of land and opportunity to build a little empire of their own.

The Zorokovs bought a huge tract of land and built a lavish estate where they lived off their incredible wealth. Many years later, when Vladimir was born, the family estate was still in its splendor, and the family's fortunes remained strong thanks to many shrewd investments they'd made over the years. Without any need to pursue real work, Vladimir lived the carefree life of a jaded nobleman, just as his father and grandfather had. He spent most of his time on safari, either on the island, or on the nearby African mainland. Hunting soon b
boy, who spent months at a time i

During his adolescence, howev
taste for hunting only dangerous
cape buffalo, and so on. With ti
stopped amusing him. That's whe
dangerous of game animals, ot
dread Baron Zanzibar, as he ca
work as a mercenary, but a milita
with this demanding and selfish a
on to becoming a *bounty hunter.*
vided the Baron both the prey anc
Best of all, there seemed to be co
on the African continent where a
could ply his trade for one side or
eign interests like the U.S. and R
fore Baron Zanzibar became som
infamous as a bloodthirsty ghoul v
fle was matched only by his mer
anybody unfortunate enough to
hairs. Unfortunately, the Baron w

ecame a passion for the
n the bush.

er, Vladimir developed a
animals, such as lions,
me, however, even this
en he turned to the most
ner people. At first, the
led himself, took some
ry regime did not sit well
ristocrat. This turned him
Being a man-hunter pro-
l the freedom he desired.
nstant unrest someplace
man-hunter such as he
the other, as well as for-
ussia. It was not long be-
ething of a living legend,
whose accuracy with a ri-
rciless savagery towards
be caught in his cross-
ould take contracts from

anybody who had a target or job that intrigued him. The law, governments, private industry, terrorists, criminal masterminds, secret agencies, supervillains, and others were all counted among his clientele. He didn't care about any causes or rationalizations for the hunt, only who was wanted dead and how much of a challenge the target represented. Money was always secondary.

Looking to challenge himself, the Baron began hunting superbeings, "bagging" over twenty, including such legendary figures as *Old Glory*, *Lady Justice*, and *The Victor*. He was apprehended after more than a dozen retired superheroes returned to active duty to bring him to justice before he slew any more of their comrades. Baron Zanzibar was finally caught after losing a battle with local SWAT and aging superheroes on top of the World Trade Center in New York city. He has been sentenced to death by lethal injection and has been sent to Gramercy Island to await his execution. However, with such vast financial resources at his disposal, Baron Zanzibar has appealed his sentence, so it will be many years before his punishment is carried out. In the meantime, he is hard at work on figuring out how to escape this prison and return to the hunt he misses so much. If ever he gets out, no superhero shall be safe from the ravenous appetite of Baron Zanzibar, who has made it his personal crusade to hang the cape and cowl of every public hero in his personal trophy case.

Should Baron Zanzibar escape to his home (where he will enjoy full legal immunity from American authorities, thanks to some diplomatic string-pulling), he will content himself with kidnapping the friends and loved ones of various superheroes and holding them hostage at his island home in the hopes of luring heroes to him. Then the Baron and his "guest" can hunt each other on a battleground that heavily favors the home team. Despite his "noble" demeanor and his insistence upon personal honor and fair play, Baron Zanzibar is a vicious lout who will use any dirty trick to win.

Real Name: Baron Vladimir Borodin Zorokov

Alignment: Diabolic. He often appears to have a twisted code of honor like the Aberrant alignment, but it is all a lie.

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 14, **P.S.:** 18, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 22, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 20

Age: 50; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, two inches (17.8 m). **Weight:** 210 lbs (94.5 kg).

Experience Level: 12

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 65

Power Category: Special Training (Hunter/Vigilante).

Special Abilities: Disguise Scent (94%), Trap/Snare Animals (94%), Modify Weapon Cartridges (94%), Quick-Draw Initiative: Rifles, and W.P. Sharpshooter — he is deadly with firearms.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 6

damage, +2 to disarm, +14 to save vs coma/death, and +4 to save vs magic and poison.

Other Combat Info: Karate Kick: 2D4+6; tripping/leg-hook, backward sweep, critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), body throw/flip, and knockout/stun 18-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Hunter/Vigilante.

Common & General Skills: Pilot Automobile (98%), Pilot Sailboat (98%), Pilot Airplane (98%), Basic Math (98%), Speak Russian (98%), Speak English (98%), and Speak French (98%).

Wilderness & Hunting: Camouflage (85%), Detect Ambush (95%), Detect Concealment (80%), Fishing (98%), Land Navigation (92%), Wilderness Survival (98%), Identify Plants & Fruits (98%), Preserve Food (98%), Skin & Prepare Animal Hides (98%), Track Animals (95%).

Man-hunter Program: Tracking (98%), Disguise (90%), Find Contraband (92%), Intelligence (98%), Streetwise (86%), Escape Artist (85%), Sniper, Radio: Basic (98%), Radio: Scramblers (90%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle, and W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles.

Secondary Skills: Sewing (95%), Cook (90%), Automotive Mechanics (80%), First Aid (98%), Holistic Medicine (75%), Recognize Weapon Quality (80%), Pilot: Horse (96%), Pilot: Truck (86%)

Money: Millions upon millions! The Baron's family is just filthy rich. His slice of the Zorokov fortune is probably worth some $500 million. His family's total wealth is up over $4 billion, but it remains a hidden fortune, which is why it never appears on any financial magazines' reviews of the richest people in the world. The Zorokovs enjoy remaining hidden to all but a select few.

Weapons:

Zorokov .50 Short: This is the Baron's prime weapon, a compact hunting rifle (almost a carbine, really) invented by his father and perfected by Baron Zanzibar himself. He uses it as a sniper's device, and will gladly wait for hours or days for the perfect shot on his opponent. He is not about to use this weapon to get into a point blank shoot-out with anybody. Damage: 7D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or a three-round short burst. Range: 4,000 feet (1220 m). Payload: Six shot internal magazine. Bonuses: +3 to strike.

Zorokov Hi-Gauge (2): These unusual sidearms are another Zorokov family design. They are essentially a .45 caliber revolver with a single shot 12 gauge shotgun barrel underneath the main pistol barrel. Damage: Pistol: 4D6, buckshot: 4D6, slug: 5D6, armor piercing slug: 6D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing. Range: 500 feet (152.5 m) for the pistol, 150 feet (47.8 m) for the shotgun. Payload: Six shots for the revolver, one shot for the shotgun.

Boonswang Knife: This is a self-envenoming knife that Baron Zanzibar is especially fond of for up-close killing. Damage: 1D6 plus another 1D4x10 if the victim fails to safe vs poison. Payload: The knife contains eight doses of poison in its handle. Each time the blade strikes, the knife releases a charge of venom, infecting the cut immediately.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Battle Vest: A.R. 13, S.D.C.: 120. The vest contains numerous pouches and ammo straps to hold all of the Baron's various equipment.

The Billionaire

William Randle was always interested in money. So much so, that he was known as "Dollar Bill" for most of his life. Not that he minded, Bill relished it. By the time he was nine, he had made his first million dollars playing the stock market. Upon his graduation from high school he formed his own trading firm and held a place on the Tycoon 500 list. After that, Randle's exploits simply exploded as he shrewdly invested in diverse interests, expanding his fortunes to unbelievable levels.

All along, Randle augmented his gains with hyper-advanced computerized market-tracking systems. For while Dollar Bill's most public talent laid in making money, his true genius was in electrical engineering. He simply combined the two disciplines and made them work for each other. Using his supertech CPU's to track market trends and forecast stock performance, Randle found that making money hand over fist had grown painfully simple. Rich beyond compare, he grew bored and sought new challenges. He found it in crime.

Using his massive resources and naming himself the *Billionaire*, Randle became a chief financier of projects for supercriminals. Offering loans with reasonable interest as well as other financial services (money laundering, portfolio management, etc.), the Billionaire became a one-man Swiss bank for the underworld. None too careful, he was noticed by the IRS who busted him for tax evasion. His close association with so many supercriminals caused him to be incarcerated in Gramercy Island rather than a normal prison. His sentence is 20 years, but with his high-priced lawyers and fortune available for bribery, he is certain to get out in under five. Meanwhile, he will simply let his billions manage themselves and secretly continues financing select underworld operations. **Note:** The Billionaire is jailed in Cell Block-A, where he has hired himself enough protection to keep away from the "unsavoriness" of prison life.

Real Name: William Randle

Alignment: Miscreant (started off Anarchist).

Attributes: I.Q.: 24, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 22, **P.S.:** 10, **P.P.:** 10, **P.E.:** 10, **P.B.:** 18, **Spd:** 6

Age: 44, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, eight inches (1.73 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg)

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 33

S.D.C.: 20

Power Category: Hardware (Electrical Genius).

Special Abilities: Hot Wiring (94%), Computer Hacking (86%), and Electronics Construction (92%).

Combat Training: None.

Number of Attacks: 2

Bonuses: None.

Other Combat Info: +3 to save vs psionic attack and trust/intimidate: 60%.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Master's Degree.

Electrical Genius Skills: Electrical Engineer (85%), Surveillance Systems (75%), Optic Systems (75%), Computer Operation (95%), Computer Programming (75%), Radio: Basic (90%), and Advanced Mathematics (90%).

Business: Basic Mathematics (95%), Business & Finance (85%), Law (General) (75%), and Research (80%).

Language: Spanish (98%), Russian (98%), French (98%), German (98%), Japanese (98%), Chinese (98%), Italian (98%), Dutch (98%).

Pilot: Advanced: Navigation (98%), Read Sensory Equipment (80%), Weapon Systems (90%), Pilot Airplane (97%), Pilot Helicopter (85%), Pilot Hovercraft (98%), Pilot Jet Planes (87%).

Secondary: Art (60%), General Repair/Maintenance (60%), Photography (60%), Writing (50%), Astronomy (50%), Card Sharp (46%), Palming (45%), and Pick Pockets (50%).

Money: Billions upon billions upon billions. His has one of the world's great fortunes. He could buy software magnates like they were two-bit street hustlers. He could bail out the national debt of entire countries.

Weapons: None. Money and influence are his weapons.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None available in jail, but he has anything anybody could want on the outside. He plans to build himself a new, advanced super-computer when he's free.

Bluehair

Miss Marjorie Bonaparte is a 90 year old woman who married into a vast industrial fortune some years ago as a trophy wife. When she burned through her dead husband's money on bogus ways of maintaining her youthful appearance (back in the day, she was a real dish), she became desperate for new sources of cash. One day, while driving her Linkin Gormanzo luxury sedan home from the local bingo parlor, she lost control of it (not difficult for her, since she can't see over the steering wheel) and plowed right into the lobby of a major bank. Her car didn't stop until it smashed right into the vault door! Thankfully, the Gormanzo is one of those old solid-steel frame cars that had been souped-up to a "super-vehicle" level by her late husband, so the vault door fared far worse than the car did. In the confusion, three masked men jumped into the back seat of Marjorie's massive automobile and told her to drive them out of the bank. Marjorie was only too happy to oblige, and shuttled the felons to safety.

During the getaway, she lost control of her Gormanzo twice more, crashing it once into a jewelry store, and once into a check-cashing joint. Both times, the quick-thinking robbers bailed out, robbed the establishments and got back in before Marjorie took off again. By the time the day was done, Marjorie had been involved in three major armed robberies, trashed the six police cars that chased her, and even ran over the superheroine *Turnabout* en route to the robbers' safe-house. (Turnabout required sev-

eral weeks of hospitalization to heal her broken hip, but lived.)

The grateful robbers gave Marjorie a generous cut of their earnings, which thrilled the old biddy. After promptly blowing the money on new cosmetics and a massive bouffant hairdo, she was ready to take on some more work as the city's most dangerous getaway driver. Her name was already being circulated through the underworld, which made work easy to find. After a few more jobs, she had her Gormanzo modified to be an even more formidable vehicle, something resembling the unholy offspring between a monster truck, an armored personnel carrier and the biggest freaking boat of a car on the streets.

Marjorie continued pulling getaway jobs for over a year until she fell asleep during one job while waiting for her clients to meet her. The CSPD apprehended her without a struggle (she was really out) and she was sentenced to 20 years in prison. Given her advanced age and a legal team adept at making her look like just a poor, old confused person in the wrong place at the wrong time, she will probably be paroled in a year or two. Until then, she passes her time knitting sweaters and baking cookies for all of the crook and supervillain friends she has made during her larcenous career. The truth is, she has become sort of a weird grandmother figure for many underworld figures, some of whom would be eager to spring her from incarceration if given the chance. Relatively harmless without her super-car, the old bat is held in Alphaville.

Real Name: Marjorie Bonaparte

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q.: 9, **M.E.:** 7, **M.A.:** 8, **P.S.:** 4, **P.P.:** 4, **P.E.:** 5, **P.B.:** 6, **Spd:** 3

Age: 90; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, one inch (1.55 m). **Weight:** 75 lbs (33.75 kg) soaking wet.

Experience Level: 2

Hit Points: 17

S.D.C.: 10

Power Category: Robotics (Super-Vehicle).

Combat Training: None

Number of Attacks: 2

Bonus Modifiers: -4 to strike, parry and dodge and -5 to damage.

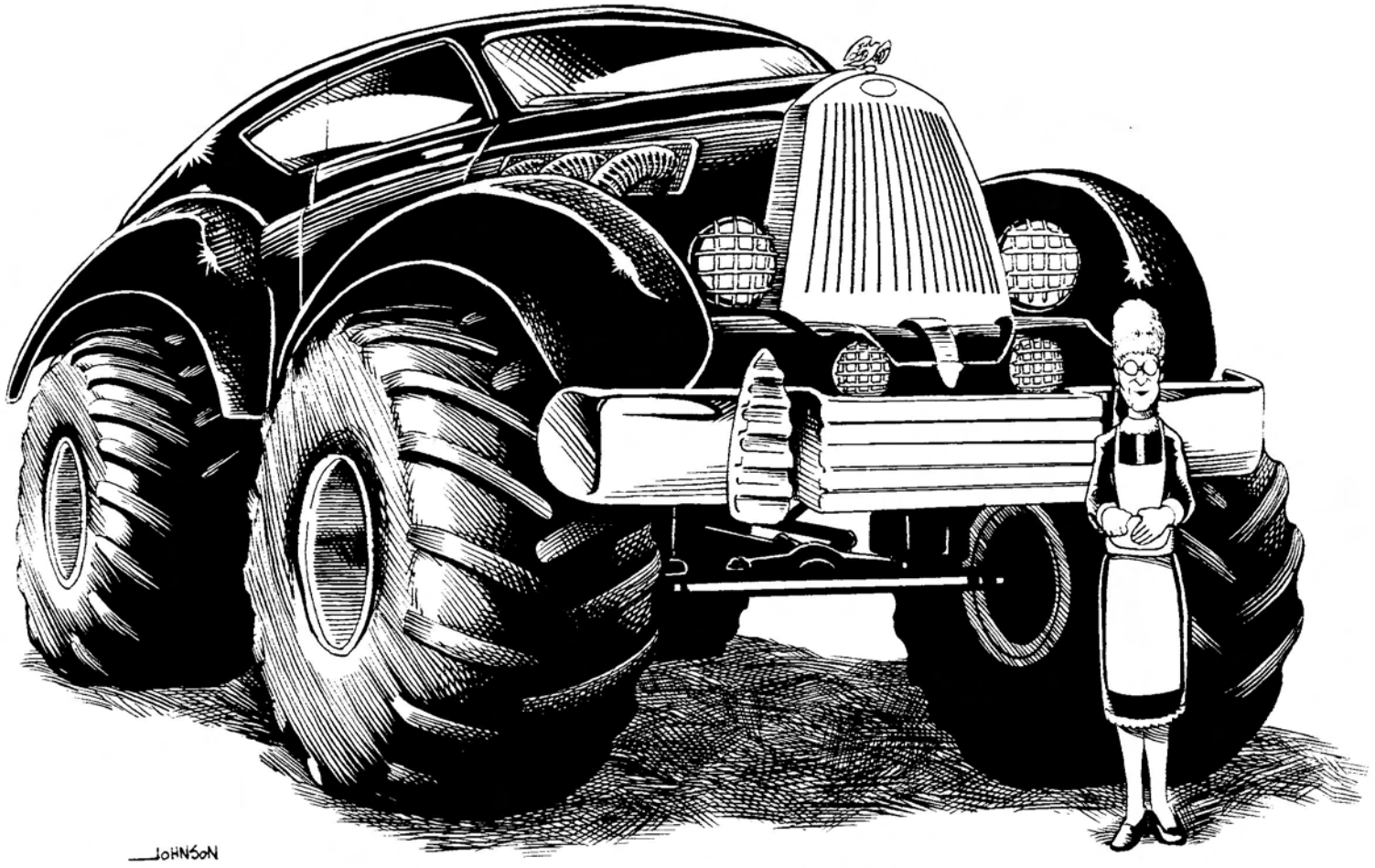
Other Combat Info: None.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Aged Trophy Wife.

Domestic: Cook (35%), Sewing (40%), Play Canasta (76%), Nag (98%)

NOTE: Pilot: Automobile and Pilot Truck were not accidentally omitted from Bluehair's skill list. She simply does not have those skills. Not that it keep her from driving anyway.

Money: Just a few thousand in savings. She has frittered away her inheritance, as well as the proceeds from her bizarre career.



Weapons: None, guns scare her.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Just her Linkin Gormanzo, described below, and a nice condo bought and paid for by her late husband.

The Linkin Gormanzo

They just don't build them like *these* anymore — um, actually they never built them like this. Made almost entirely of cast iron and superalloys, this car is obscenely heavy and tough. It guzzles gas like crazy, which is what ultimately doomed the line during the fuel shortages of the 1970s. Of the 32 Gormanzos still on the road, 30 are driven by people over the age of 80. All of them have been involved in multiple accidents. Rumor has it the U.S. Army is looking into using the Gormanzo's basic design for a next-generation armored personnel carrier or riot control vehicle.

Type: Luxury Sedan

Crew: One driver, six passengers.

Dimensions: The car is 22 feet (6.7 m) long, and 8 feet (2.44 m) wide. It rests on a suspension that places the car some 14 feet (4.27 m) off the ground. The tires themselves are 11 feet (3.35 m) in diameter and are six feet (1.83 m) thick.

A.R.: 18 (main body), 14 (passenger compartment), 10 (tires)

S.D.C. by Location:

Main Body — 1850

Passenger Compartment (heavy armor; plexiglass windows) — 450

Tires — 200 each

Maximum Speed: 300 mph (480 km).

Cruising Speed: 120 mph (192 km).

Range: A fusion generator under the hood gives this behemoth an effectively unlimited range. Which is just as well, since Marjorie often took her car out on meandering drives, got lost, and went off in a random direction for a few hundred miles before she realized she had no clue where she was or where she went.

Weapons: None at present, but the Gormanzo could easily be fitted to accommodate a few turrets here and there.

Special Equipment: Luxury accommodations, armored, self-inflating tires, ram-prow.

Cost: $6.2 million.

Britannia

The super-powered heroine known across the world as *Britannia* got her start during the London Blitz, in the dark days of World War II. At the time, young Portia Kellington was just one of many Londoners forced into air raid shelters each night as Nazi bombers rained death and destruction on her home. Every night, the bombs would fall and every morning, Portia and her courageous countrymen would clear the rubble and continue on with their lives. Theirs was the simplest and most sublime form of heroism, simply refusing to crumble under the overwhelming firepower of tyranny. It would be this steadfastness that would carry the Allies to victory, but only after years of unthinkable carnage.

For Portia, the war took an unusual turn the night her shelter was hit by an experimental super-munition designed by Nazi scientists as a means of eliminating large numbers of Londoners without necessarily destroying the city. The bomb contained a bizarre cocktail of radioactive material and various industrial chemicals. When the bomb detonated, the mix was supposed to become volatile, causing anybody exposed to wither and die within hours. The weapon was a failure. All it did was make people very sick for a day or two, but nothing else. The only person who died was fair young Portia, who experienced an unforeseen allergic reaction to the bomb's effects. Clinically speaking, she died within minutes of the explosion, but before her body was buried, Portia's heart began beating again, and she revived as if she'd suffered nothing more than a bump on the head.

Her recovery made news all throughout London, and for a little while the girl was a heroine who had suffered the worst the Nazis could throw at her and come out of it okay. Several months later, however, Portia's body began to mature at an incredible pace, and within weeks, the lanky 18 year old girl had become a full-figured goddess. Practically radiating strength and power, Portia was examined by government medics, who realized that in her transformation, the young woman had also developed amazing super abilities. She had become a virtually unstoppable machine, capable of enduring the worst rigors of combat and emerging unscathed.

Needless to say, this made her of extreme interest to the military, who drafted her into service and entered her into commando training. Code-named *Britannia*, Portia would become Britain's greatest hero of the war, leading raid after devastating raid against the Nazis all over Europe. By war's end, she was the leader of *Euroforce*, an Allied super-group that is still in existence today. Britannia served with Euroforce's original lineup: *Johnny Rocket* (Canada), *Rosie the Riveter* (U.S.), *Kid Silver* (U.S.), *Watchdog* (U.K.), *Airborne* (U.K.), *Marionette* (France), *Fighting Irish* (Ireland; he volunteered, since his country was neutral and did not fight in WW II), and the duo *Omaha* and *Dog Green* (U.S.). Together they fought Nazi troops as well as the Axis' various super-operatives: *Die Panzer*, *Jaeger*, *V2*, *Ubermensch*, *Rising Sun*, *Zero*, *Condottiere*, and a host of others.

In time, Euroforce's original members either died in action or retired within a few years after the war's end, but not Britannia. Her powers had made her ageless, and as long as she remained in top form, she would continue to fight for the honor of her country and in defense of the free world.

To Britannia, the new political order of the Cold War lacked the purity of the "Great Crusade" to save Europe from the Nazis. Even as she battled communist agents such as *Mother Russia*, *Redstar*, the *Partisan*, and *Proletariat*, she gradually fell into a deep and wistful depres-

sion. As the years dragged on and her own family members passed away, all Britannia had left was her work, but even that had lost its meaning. There was no Great Crusade any longer. The Cold War seemed hollow and gray, with no one side clearly good or clearly evil. When the Cold War ended and her work turned toward fighting global terrorists and criminal cartels, Britannia's mood improved a little, but by now she had become resigned to an eternity of serving causes which where but shadows of her first one.

That all changed two years ago when Britannia received an alarming (and yet invigorating) challenge. It seemed that four of her old Nazi enemies — *Die Panzer*, *Jaeger*, *V2* and *Ubermensch* — had somehow been in stasis since the end of WWII and were looking to settle their scores with Britain's greatest champion. The place: Century Station. The time: Whenever Britannia felt up to the challenge. The catch: She was not to inform *anyone* of the impending battle, or it was off and the Nazis would never be seen again. Britannia was too desperate for this fight to say no, so she accepted the terms and headed for her date with destiny in Century Station.

When Britannia met her nemeses in the sky over the city, what was supposed to be a private vendetta became a highly televised super-brawl that every media organ in town covered. During the fight, 29 citizens were injured and property damage ranged over a million dollars. Worse, Britannia killed both *V2* and *Ubermensch*. *Die Panzer* and *Jaeger* were critically wounded and pressed charges against their attacker. And that was Britannia's undoing.

None of the super-Nazis were under any kind of criminal charges. They were never formally identified as war criminals since they disappeared during the course of WWII and were presumed dead. They also had committed no crime on U.S. soil (at least none that could be proven). Their story, as improbable as it seemed, was that they had merely come to Century Station on vacation and were set upon by the rabid Britannia. With no other evidence for Britannia to prove her innocence, she was convicted of two counts of murder and two counts of attempted murder, totaling two life sentences and two 20 year sentences on top of that.

It was a hideous miscarriage of justice, from a media circus trial with star struck judges and self-serving attorneys to a clueless jury. After all, Britannia should not have been tried at all, since she technically was an official of the British government and therefore subject to diplomatic immunity. But her illegal entry into the U.S. voided that, and the judiciary in Century Station merely shrugged and said they were just doing their job.

Over in Britain, the public (and the government) was outraged at their allies across the pond. How could they imprison a hero who had fought so hard on their behalf in the mother of all wars? For the moment, the U.S. State Department is considering getting involved, but for some under-the-table reason, the Federal government is afraid to touch this issue. Why? There is only one feasible reason: the Nazis have connections in all the right places to keep Britannia from ever leaving Gramercy Island.

All of this has crushed Britannia's spirit. How could she be stupid enough to let herself be baited into an obvious trap? As absorbed as she is in self-blame, she is not even considering an escape. However, a national coalition of superheroes on the outside are lobbying for her release. This tight-knit confederacy draws its members from all sorts of teams (even bitter rivals), all united to free Britannia. A small cadre within the group have decided to give the powers that be six more months to act, after which they will spring the wrongly imprisoned heroine themselves, regardless of the consequences.

Real Name: Portia Kellington

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 20, **P.S.:** 70 (supernatural), **P.P.:** 17, **P.E.:** 22, **P.B.:** 30, **Spd:** 30

Age: 70, but her body is that of a 25 year old. **Sex:** Female.

Height: Seven feet (2.13 m). **Weight:** 250 lbs (112.5 kg).

Insanity: Has been suffering from bouts of depression for the last 20 years, as well as a sense of loss and feeling a step out of time (future shock). All in all, she manages reasonably well, and continues to fight for what she believes is right.

Experience Level: 12

Hit Points: 71

S.D.C.: 375

Power Category: Mega-Experiment.

Side Effects: Physical Transformation: The process that gave Portia her super powers also transformed her into a physical powerhouse! Her skin was turned into an odd bluish-white, which she playfully says reminds her of two of the colors in Britain's Union Jack. She can not change back to her former body structure, but she does not particularly want to, either.

Mega-Powers: Immortal

Major Super Abilities: Supernatural Strength, Super Energy Expulsion, and Sonic Flight.

Achilles' Heel: Inhuman Form: Transformed, Britannia resembles a heroic demigoddess. While this makes her incredible to look at, it also lends her an unearthly appearance which has alienated her from society at large and condemned her to a life of loneliness, despite an adoring public and a number of grateful world governments.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +8 to parry (+10 in flight), +8 to dodge (+14 in flight), +59 to damage, +4 to pull punch, +5 to roll with impact, +4 to disarm, +3 to strike (+4 in flight), +14% to save vs coma/death, +4 to save vs magic and poison, charm/impress: 92% and trust/intimidate: 50%.

Other Combat Info: Energy blast: 2D4x10+10 (or 15D6)! Super energy blast: 2D6x10+30 (must be the first attack of the melee and uses all but one of Britannia's attacks for the round).

Sonic two-fisted punch: 1D4x10+59 (Britannia takes 3D6). Flying body block/ram: 2D4x10+59 (Britannia takes 5D6 and the attack counts as three attacks). Body block/tackle: 1D4+59, crush/squeeze: 1D4+59, pin/incapacitate: 18-20. Restrained punch: 5D6+59. Full-strength punch or kick: 2D4x10+59. Power punch: 3D6x10+59 (counts as two attacks). Tripping/leg hook, backward sweep. Jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), leap attack (critical strike), body throw/flip.

Takes only half damage from energy-based attacks.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Military Specialist.

Basic Military: Running, Climbing (98%/98%), Military Etiquette (98%), and Radio: Basic (98%).

Espionage: Detect Ambush (98%), Intelligence (96%), Wilderness Survival (98%), Detect Concealment (98%), Disguise (98%), Escape Artist (98%), Impersonation (84%/80%/78%), Interrogation (98%), and Tracking (98%).

Modern Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Revolver, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Sub-Machinegun, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, and W.P. Heavy Weapons.

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, Gymnastics

Secondary: Astronomy (80%), Sing (90%), Art (90%), and First Aid (98%).

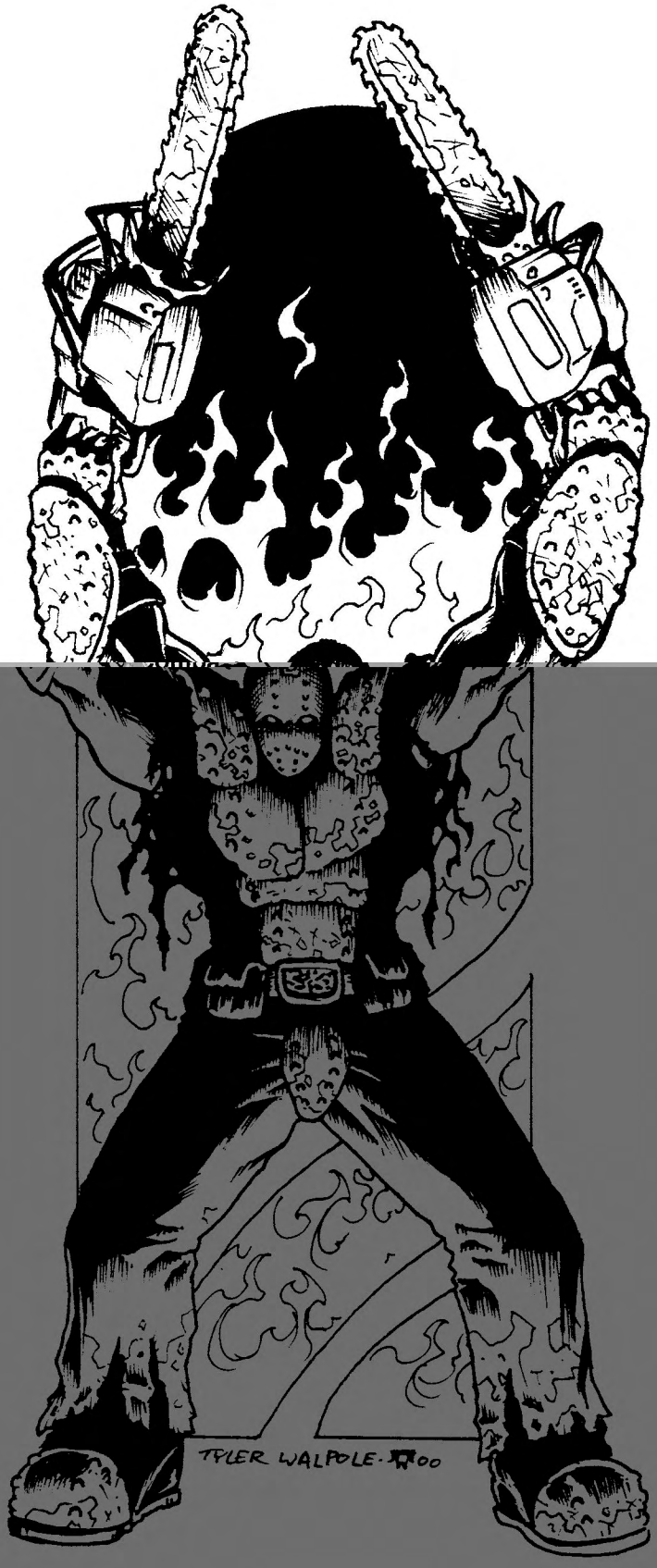
Money: Britannia lives on a six-figure annual stipend, which she ordinarily would spend modestly. The truth is, Britannia hardly leads a normal life, since her talents are always in demand, and she does not fit into normal society. Thus, most of her money goes to international charities or to her few surviving, distant family relations.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Bughouse

By day, psychologist Edsel Reese was a ward administrator at the Highland Asylum for the Criminally Insane. He spent his days analyzing his patients, trying to figure out the exact nature of their psychoses and how they might be cured. By night, Reese underwent a Jekyll and Hyde transformation as he became *Bughouse*, a Crazy Villain best known for wearing a hockey mask, fighting with paired chainsaws, and using his powers to bend the will of others. Usually cackling maniacally all the time, Bughouse was fond of using his powers upon large crowds and inciting them to riot. He found crowds leaving sports stadiums or large celebratory crowds were the best to control, since their mass inebriation and/or aggression made their resistance to mind control much lower. Once his victims were under his sway, Bughouse drove them into destructive frenzies, smashing storefronts, committing mass robberies, and other acts of wanton criminality. But for Bughouse, the real thrill was when the authorities would show up and try to control things. That was when Bughouse could mentally nudge his thralls into a rioting mob and instigate lethal gunfights and other confrontations. The result? Dozens dead, dozens more injured, and



a crowd full of victims not knowing why they were in jail or how they came to be grievously injured. His work done, Bughouse then would depart from the scene, giddy from the bloodshed and chaos he had just orchestrated.

Luckily, Bughouse was captured by Century Station's famous Crazy Hero, the *Schwa*. Being a bit nutso himself, Bughouse's mental control had little effect on the Schwa, who closed in and thrashed Bughouse handily. Now ensconced safely in a cell on Gramercy Island's Super-Being Containment Wing, Reese/Bughouse can look forward to a solid 30 years of isolation and psychotherapy.

Real Name: Edsel Reese

Alignment: Diabolic

Other Aliases: Riotman

Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 27, **P.S.:** 16, **P.P.:** 16, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 15, **Spd:** 22

Insanities: Psychoses: God Syndrome, plus Manic Depressive, Paranoid Schizophrenic, Jekyll & Hyde. This guy is just a cocktail of mental illnesses.

Age: 42; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 180 lbs (81.7 kg).

Experience Level: 2

Hit Points: 21

S.D.C.: 80

Power Category: Crazy Experiment.

Major Super Abilities: Control (Others) and Divine Aura.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +3 to roll with impact, +3 to pull punch, +1 to strike, +1 to parry and dodge, and +1 to damage.

Other Combat Info: +6 to save vs possession, +3 to save vs psionic attack and insanity. Trust/intimidate: 92%.

Education Level and Skills of Note of Note: Ph.D

Medical Assistant: Basic Mathematics (85%), Business & Finance (85%), Computer Operation (80%), Biology (70%), and Paramedic (80%).

Medical Doctor: Chemistry (70%), Pathology (80%), and Medical Doctor (95%/85%).

Medical Investigation: Criminal Science/Forensics (80%) and Advanced Mathematics (85%).

Science: Archeology (60%), Anthropology (60%), and Chemistry: Analytical (65%).

Secondary: Body Building, Running, Climbing, Swimming (60%), Athletics (General), Recognize Weapon Quality (35%), First Aid (55%), and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Money: As Edsel Reese, Bughouse pulled down a six figure salary each year. Most of that has been saved in numerous accounts, but Bughouse has hardly got the inclination or the patience to access them. He would rather just kill somebody and take what they have.

Weapons:

Chainsaws (2): Damage: 5D6+1. Bonuses: -3 to strike and parry. Notes: These one-handed chainsaws are Bughouse's preferred weapons, even though they are a bit unwieldy and he does not really have the skill to use them effectively. He carries them more for their shock value than to use against people.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Body Armor: A.R.: 10, S.D.C.: 50. Note: This suit of light body armor comes complete with Bughouse's signature plain white hockey mask. Bughouse knows that people see his mask as a generic symbol for lunacy and serial killings, which is why he wears it.

Caligula

Lester Fegmen was an unassuming nobody for most of his life. Aside from his gifts as a private investigator, the man was one of those forgettable losers who never made much of a lasting impact on anybody. At the end of his rope and drowning under a sea of debts (many of them to various crime syndicates), Lester decided to end it all with a single gunshot to the head. Even in suicide, Lester could not do the job right, however, and he only gave himself a grave head wound. The incident had removed a small portion of his brain and doctors were pessimistic about Lester's recovery. However, Fegmen stunned the medical community by regaining his strength and wits in just a few short weeks. He further amazed his doctors when he exhibited a remarkable change in intellectual capacity and persona. Gone was the old, schlumpy personality of Lester Fegman, loser at large. He had been reborn as the Roman Emperor Caligula, and the world would bow at his feet!

Upon further analysis, doctors learned that Fegman's brain injury makes him believe that he is living in ancient Rome, and that everything he sees conforms to that delusion. Large buildings are magnificent ancient Roman coliseums. Policemen are Roman legionnaires. Automobiles are chariots. Superhumans are demons, demigods, gods from on high, and so on. There would be no recovery from this state of mind. Mr. Fegman was, for all intents and purposes, a modern reincarnation of the debauched Roman Emperor whose brief rule was marked with insanity, depravity and eventually, assassination.

Unfortunately, before proper measures could be taken, Caligula broke free of his restraints, killed his nurses (after savagely brutalizing them) and escaped to the streets. After an extensive spree of street crime, Caligula took control of several gangs, merged them into a single supergang and renamed them the *Imperial Legion.* Funding themselves with various high-risk criminal enterprises, the Imperial Legion prospered and before long, Caligula was living in a posh underground hideout surrounded by machinegun-toting bodyguards all dressed in ancient Roman armor. For Caligula, his delusion had become reality. His days became filled with never ending orgies of wine, women and song punctuated only by ordering his flunkies to perform robberies, assaults and other criminal acts.

Caligula was finally taken in by the superhero *Forcepoint*, who destroyed the "Emperor's" lair and killed a number of his guards. The unrepentant Caligula was sentenced to life in Gramercy Island. Unfazed, Caligula simply convinced himself that he had retired to his winter palace after a slight coup had deposed him of the throne. To that end, he has set about writing his memoirs while waiting for his loyal bodyguards to rescue him from exile and return him to the throne, where he rightfully belongs. His gang does not have the capabilities of breaking him out of prison even if they wanted to. Without the brutal guidance of their insane leader, the gang has fallen into utter disar-

ray. Not that Caligula knows this, of course. In his mind, freedom is coming to him any day now.

Real Name: Lester Fegmen

Other Aliases: The Emperor and the Imperial.

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q.: 17, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 27, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 10

Age: 33; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, eleven inches (1.8 m). **Weight:** 175 lbs (78.7 kg).

Experience Level: 9

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 34

Power Category: Special Training (Super-Sleuth).

Special Abilities: Computer Hacking (98%), See Through Disguise (76%), and Recognize Forgery (84%). Despite his insanity, or rather because of it, Caligula is exceedingly cunning, resourceful and ruthless. He also carries himself with the stature of an Emperor and is frighteningly charismatic in a diabolic sort of way.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 9

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, and +1 to disarm, 92% likelihood to evoke trust or intimidation.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4, critical strike: 19-20, body throw/flip.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Super-Sleuth.

Common & General: Pilot Automobile (87%), Pilot Truck (93%), Basic Mathematics (98%), and Speak Italian (98%).

Detective: W.P. Revolver, Radio: Basic (98%), Computer Operation (98%), Criminal Science (98%), Law (General) (85%), Intelligence (85%), Interrogation (96%), Research (98%), Surveillance Systems (91%), and Photography (96%).

Rogue: Find Contraband (79%), Streetwise (73%), Concealment (73%), and Escape Artist (81%).

Technical: Art (86%), Business and Finance (98%), Writing (76%), and General Repair/Maintenance (86%).

Secondary: Basic Electronics (71%), Automotive Mechanics (66%), Basic Mechanics (85%), First Aid (86%), Recognize Weapon Quality (66%), Pick Locks (71%), Pick Pockets (66%), and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Money: Holy cow, is this guy loaded! Caligula has gathered a considerable fortune with which to build and run his delusional Roman Empire.

Weapons:

Gladius: Damage: 3D6. This was the standard sword of the Roman legionnaires.

Pugio: Damage: 2D6. This was the standard dagger of the Roman legionnaires.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Imperial Armor: This ornate suit of armor was commissioned by Caligula, and it remains the centerpiece of his costume. A.R.: 13, S.D.C.: 100.

Chambara

Jimmy Tavor developed a love for Japanese *anime* at an early age, reveling in the exploits of brave mecha pilots, smart-alecky demon hunters, and most of all, fast-fighting samurai and ninja. An intensely lonely and intellectual lad, Tavor's life really turned upside down when his parents were murdered by the *Hundred Oni*, a real-life ninja clan. It turned out that Tavor's father owed the Hundred Oni quite a large sum of money, and they killed him and his wife when he couldn't make good on the debt. The only reason Jimmy is still alive is because he was out of town visiting relatives.

When he came home, Jimmy underwent a grim reality check. These shadow warriors who slaughtered his family were not glamorous sword fighters pursuing noble causes. They were just cold-blooded killers. The lad swore to avenge his family and, living off the generous life insurance he received, began a life of intense martial arts training. He mastered samurai swordsmanship at the age of 21 and embarked on his driving goal: to destroy the ninja who slew his folks.

Jimmy Tavor has become known to the ninja underworld as *Chambara*, the demon who all but eliminated the Hundred Oni in an ongoing secret war across the Americas, Europe and Asia. In the process, Chambara has formed his own school of hyper-intense swordsmanship and recruited some 30 students. (All of them are roughly identical to Chambara in statistics, except they are all first or second level, so adjust them accordingly.) As his mission of vengeance neared completion, Chambara began seeking other challenges. He had become absorbed into a life of dueling and bloodshed, willing to challenge anyone to a death match just to prove his skills, particularly if they had ties to the criminal underworld. In the process, he slew a number of enforcers as well as renowned martial artists, vigilantes and even heroes, including the notable public figure *Shugeyosha*. This proved to be Chambara's undoing, as the fight occurred in broad daylight and was captured on video by an agent of the Hundred Oni (or what was left of them, anyway). The Hundred Oni sent the tape and Chambara's last known address to the police, who promptly captured the self-styled *kenshin* and sent him to Gramercy Island for 50 years without parole.

Meanwhile, the Hundred Oni have begun a campaign to assassinate Chambara's students (half are already gone) and intend to kill him in prison. Somehow, Chambara knows this and looks forward to the attack. While he waits, he plans to assemble a new body of students so he can rebuild his school once he inevitably escapes. After that, he will track down the remaining Hundred Oni and destroy them as well as any other ninja clans and criminal organizations they associate with.

Without having studied real Japanese history or samurai philosophy, Chambara has modeled himself after the stylized samurai imagery he has seen in countless anime flicks. This might explain his crazy hairstyle, exaggerated costume, and tendency to shout out the name of the maneuver he is executing as he is doing it.

Real Name: Jimmy Tavor
Other Aliases: The Kenshin
Alignment: Anarchist
Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 18, **M.A.:** 13, **P.S.:** 20 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 14, **Spd:** 26
Age: 24; **Sex:** Male.
Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg).
Experience Level: 5
Hit Points: 70
S.D.C.: 160

Power Category: SPECIAL! Chambara is a Physical Training character with a focus on endurance and strength, but he has forfeited his Special Combat Abilities and his Aggressive and Deadly Combat bonuses in favor of taking the martial art of *Zanji Shinjinken-Ryu* from **Ninjas & Superspies™**. With G.M. approval, this can be a standard modification of the Physical Training power classification: For the use of a **Ninjas & Superspies™** martial art, the PT character forfeits all three Special Combat Abilities and is ineligible to take either Aggressive and Deadly Combat or Defensive and Fast Combat. Otherwise, the PT character is rolled up as usual.

Special Martial Art Powers:

Body Hardening: Chi Gung (A.R.: 14, costs 2 Chi for each melee round of use).

Martial Art Techniques: Iai-Jutsu: +2 to initiative (included in bonuses below).

Special Katas: "Warrior Spirit" Kata of Debana-O-Kujiki Katas. When using this, Chambara can not attack, only parry or dodge,. but his M.A. is boosted to 19. Anybody attacking him must roll over Chambara's M.A. (i.e., roll a Natural 20) or they will back down, run away, or fight with a penalty of -4 to strike.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Zanji Shinjinken-Ryu (Samurai Swordsmanship).

Escape Moves: Roll with Punch/Fall/Impact, Maintain Balance.

Basic Defensive Moves: Dodge, Parry, Automatic Parry

Advanced Defenses: Multiple Dodge, Circular Parry, Combination Parry/Attack, Power Block/Parry (does damage!), Automatic Roll, Breakfall.

Hand Attacks: Strike (Punch): 1D6+5

Basic Foot Attacks: Kick Attack: 2D4+5, Backward Sweep

Jumping Foot Attacks: Jump Kick

Special Attacks: Death Blow, Leap Attack, Combination Strike/Parry, Combination Grab/Slash (SPECIAL!), Forearm.

Weapon Katas: W.P. Daisho (Katana and Wakizashi as paired weapons), W.P.: Sword — Katana, W.P. Sword — Wakizashi, W.P. Daisho — Paired, W.P.

Bokken, W.P. Bo Staff, W.P. Spear, W.P. Naginata

Modifiers to Attacks: Pull Punch, Knockout/Stun, Critical Strike, Critical Strike From Rear.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +6 to strike, +5 to parry, +4 to dodge, +1 to pull punch, +1 to roll with impact, +1 to maintain balance, +5 to damage, +30% to save vs coma/death, +5 to save vs disease and poisons, +3 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs insanity and psionic attack.

Other Combat Info: Critical strike: 18-20 and critical strike from behind.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Vehicular Mechanics: Automotive Mechanics (55%), Aircraft Mechanics (55%), Basic Electronics (60%), Robot Mechanics (60%)

Physical: Acrobatics, Athletics (General), Body Building, Climbing (70%/60%), Gymnastics, Prowl (55%), Wrestling

Espionage: Escape Artist (55%), Detect Ambush (55%), Intelligence (53%), Interrogation (65%)

Secondary: W.P. Sword, W.P. Knife, W.P. Paired Weapons, W.P. Spear, W.P. Archery and Targeting, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Staff, W.P. Pole Arm.

Money: Minimal. Chambara's bank accounts were raided by hackers in the employ of the Hundred Oni. He is now flat broke, but that will not bother him too badly, for he truly sees himself as a wandering *shugeyosha* — an eternal student of the sword. To him, money is a means to an end, but more often than not it is just a diversion from the Martial Way.

Weapons:

Katana Damage: 3D6+5.

Wakizashi: Damage: 2D6+5.

Long Bow: Damage: 2D6, Range: 740 feet (225.7 m), Payload: 20 arrows, and can fire seven per melee round.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Samurai-style Armor: A.R.: 16, S.D.C.: 150

Conspirator

Who this nefarious guerrilla overlord is or where he comes from is a secret as yet unsolved by the world's top intelligence agencies, even the ultra-powerful *Sector*. He is suspected to be a clone of a secret agent operating elsewhere in the world, but who this individual might be has not yet been determined. What is known is that Conspirator went active about ten years ago, jet setting about third world war zones like some kind of backwoods superstar. He would arrive secretly in some desolate, war-torn part of the world, lend his extraordinary talents to the local opposition, and then leave after a few weeks of causing considerable death and destruction.

His motive seems to be a one-man war against all governments, regardless of their size, history or ideology. Conspirator is a super-anarchist friendly to *any* anti-government rebellion, regardless of place or cause. He is thought to have single-handedly overthrown the governments of the Legoros Islands twice, as well as the African nations of Mubasa and Wkende. In all four instances, he never stayed to actually govern the places he overthrew; that he left to the stunned populace. His work was only to disrupt the entire country and then move on.

In recent years, Conspirator has worked extensively in the more turbulent regions of South and Central America, slowly moving his way to the U.S., which he considers his ultimate target. U.S. intelligence agencies openly fear this guy, who has a gift for swaying the hearts and minds of disenfranchised people everywhere, and it is thought that in depressed urban areas such as Century Station, he could very well incite a full-blown rebellion.

Last summer, under orders from the president, the U.S. fired a single cruise missile at a terror camp Conspirator was thought to be running deep in the jungles of Guatemala. The blast wounded Conspirator, who decided to retaliate at once by entering Texas and attacking the first government building he could find. Alert border guards expecting him had a large contingent of extra security waiting for their opponent. Units of SCRET, the Federal super-being containment organization, were also called in, and it was they who actually collared Conspirator at the border. In a prolonged gun battle that cost the lives of six police and guardsmen (and injuring 32 others), Conspirator was gravely wounded and put into custody, capping off one of the most intensive international manhunts in history.

Today, Conspirator has recovered and is serving out his first of 99 consecutive life sentences without parole. The Federal government would transfer him to a jurisdiction that enforces the death penalty, but the risk is considered too great. So, he remains in Gramercy Island where he writes political manifestos and somehow manages to get them uploaded to the Internet. His clandestine web page gets over 100,000 hits a month, and should Conspirator ever break out, he will already have a vast international network of supporters from which he can draw weapons, armor, money, government intelligence, and other forms of support.

Real Name: Conspirator's real name is thought to be Emil Groba, but it could also be Otto Gaussman, Leg Viga, or a host of others.

Other Aliases: The Partisan and The Extremist.

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 16, **M.E.:** 16, **M.A.:** 19, **P.S.:** 24, **P.P.:** 24, **P.E.:** 24, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 25

Insanity: Obsessed with toppling governments and creating anarchy.

Age: 32, **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, one inch (1.85 m). **Weight:** 230 lbs (103.5 kg) (all muscle!)

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 60

S.D.C.: 100

Power Category: Special Training (Secret Operative).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

...dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +4 to disarm, +9 to damage, +18% to save vs coma/death, +5 to save vs magic and poison, +1 to save vs psionic attack and insanity, and trust/intimidate: 55%. Charm/impress: 60%.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+9, crescent kick: 2D4+11, roundhouse kick: 3D6+9, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Secret Operative.

Common & General Skills: Pilot Automobile (98%), Pilot Motorcycle (96%), Pilot Jet Pack (78%), Basic Mathematics (92%), Speak Chinese (98%), and Speak Russian (98%).

Military Program: Boxing, Running, Climbing (92%/82%), Military Etiquette (77%), Radio: Basic (98%), W.P. Pistol, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy Weapons, W.P. Energy Pistols, W.P. Energy Rifles, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons & Rail Guns.

Espionage: Intelligence (78%), Wilderness Survival (82%), Detect Ambush (77%), Detect Concealment (72%), Escape Artist (77%).

Rogue: Find Contraband (72%), Pick Pockets (77%), Seduction (60%), Streetwise (60%), Computer Hacking (62%), Palming (72%), and Pick Locks (62%).

Secondary Skills: Body Building, Wrestling, Swimming (82%), Computer Operation (72%), Computer Programming (62%), Research (82%), Law (General) (57%), Basic Mechanics (62%), Automotive Mechanics (57%), and Basic Electronics (62%).

Money: He could tell you how much he is worth, but then he would have to kill you. Suffice it to say that he has enough funds to finance any criminal exploits he has in mind (including hiring outsiders to spring him from Gramercy Island). Of course, he could take all that cash and retire in style, but he has a mission.

Weapons: Conspirator's main weapon is a laser assault rifle with an underbarrel flame unit.

Laser Assault Rifle: Damage: 5D6 per single shot, 1D4x10 for a two-shot burst, or 1D6x10 for a three-shot burst. Rate of Fire: Single shot, two- or three-round burst firing. Each counts as a single attack. Range: 3000 feet (914 m). Payload: 30 shots per E-clip.

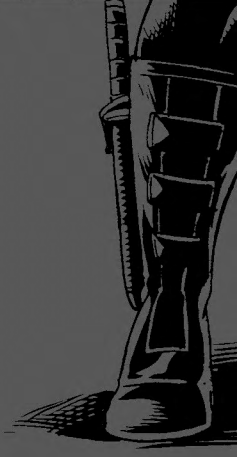
Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +7 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +4 to...

Flame Unit: Damage: 1D4x10 upon initial contact, plus an 01%-85% chance of setting anything combustible (clothes, wood, etc.) on fire. The target will also take 3D6 per melee for the next 1D6 minutes or until the flames are extinguished. Rate of Fire: Single shot only; each shot counts as two attacks. Range: 300 feet (91.5 m). Payload: The unit uses a solid and non-volatile fuel rod good for 10 blasts.

Laser SMG: Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire: Single shot, burst firing or full auto. Range: 3000 feet (914 m). Payload: 30 shots per E-clip.

Plasma Grenades (4): Damage: 1D6x10. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6.1 m).



Vehicles and Other Equipment: None. Conspirator used to have a garage of souped-up vehicles, but shortly before his incarceration, they were destroyed under mysterious circumstances. An initial evidence sweep indicates that the super-powered mercenaries *Frogman* and *Willy Pete* were involved.

Coppertop

Bio-energy scientist Chris Fear was obsessed with a single driving goal: to unlock the secrets of the human body's energy-making processes so they could be duplicated technologically on an industrial scale. To this end,

Fear spent over eight years conducting hardcore research, making numerous breakthroughs but never really getting any closer to his goal. Finally, after teaming up with an unscrupulous bio-pharmacologist, Fear designed a super-serum that would alter his own genetic structure in a way that would increase his body's energy-making processes exponentially. The only catch was that it would radically alter his body in such a way that it would make him something of a monster. But to Fear, if it could bring him closer to finding a way to provide the world with a new energy technology, then it was worth anything.

The serum worked to a point. It did transform Fear into a super-powered juggernaut, a living example of the tremendous bio-energies the human body is capable of producing. However, Fear also underwent a severe

grants him (see Achilles' Heel, below), it also provides him with extra size and power.

Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers plus Coppertop does not need to eat or drink when his powers are activated. If he goes without nourishment for a long time, he will need to replenish himself as soon as he deactivates his powers.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Physical Structure: Metal, and Alter Physical Structure: Electricity.

Achilles' Heel: Transforms into a hulking humanoid monster whenever he uses his powers. In this super-form, Coppertop has rippling muscles, popping veins and strange eyes. His weight increases dramatically, and of course, his powers activate, so he takes on a con-

Cormorant

Paolo Murgheis, an unemployed fisherman, was looking at financial ruin when, for the third season in a row, his fishing trawler failed to bring in enough fish to cover his costs. Still hopeful, Paolo took his boat out for one last trip and brought home a most unusual catch! It was a hermetically sealed containment crate that held a fully operational robot exoskeleton! A winged warsuit — power armor that not only flew but also packed the firepower of a SWAT team. Paolo, who was never a stranger to crime (he had helped smuggle drugs into the country a few times in the past), immediately decided to put the unusual suit to larcenous purposes.

He swept above the rooftops of major cities, first as a

exoskeleton had suffered more in the battle than he had realized. It was all he could do to make it to a nearby rooftop where three superheroes and the police were waiting with open arms.

The Cormorant's armored suit is safely tucked away at Gramercy Island where Paolo is sitting out a 10 year stretch for eleven counts of armed robbery, aggravated assault and resisting arrest. Powerless without his armor, he and his old rival, the Chickenhawk (doing 25-30 years), are locked away in Cell Block-C. **Note:** Nobody knows who made the Cormorant's warsuit, or how or why it got dumped in the ocean. Of course now, thanks to the Cormorant's highly publicized aerial battle and subsequent

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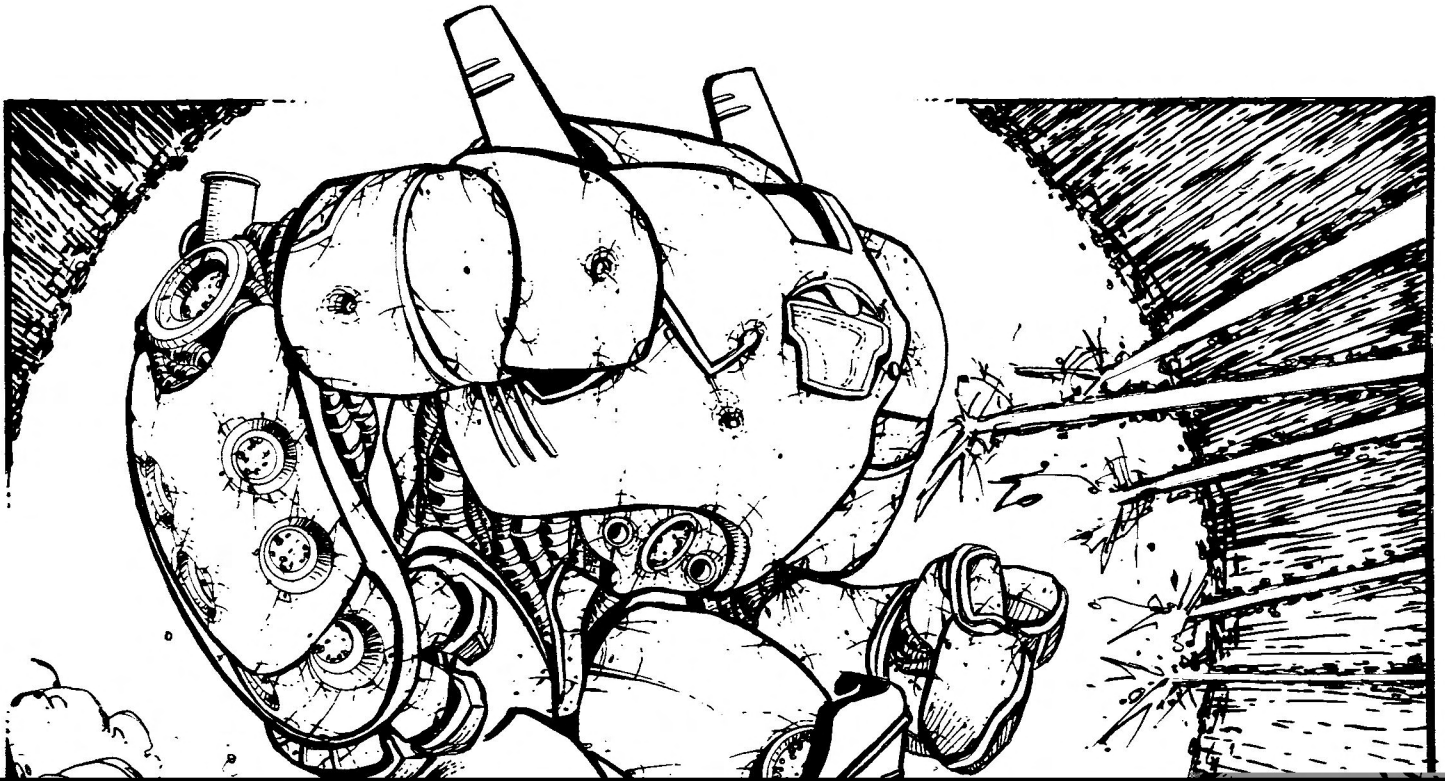
C. **Note:** Nob ... country a few ti ... nes in the ... n Cell Block-Body
uit, or how or mmediately decided to put the unusual su ... it to larce- ... knows who morant's warswhy
n Cell Block-

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 175 lbs. **Optics:** Advanced robot optic system, laser targeting



pull punch. This does not include the bonuses from the Crashpad suit (described below).

Other Combat Info: Critical strike: 18-20 and paired weapons (all). Also see *Damage* from the suit.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Bachelor's Degree.

Mechanical (General): Mechanical Engineer (90%), Basic Electronics (95%), and Locksmith (90%).

Vehicular Mechanics: Automotive Mechanics (90%), Aircraft Mechanics (90%), Robot Mechanics (95%).

Electrical: Electrical Engineer (95%), Basic Mechanics (95%), Computer Operation (98%), and Robot Electronics (95%).

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, Gymnastics

Secondary: Business & Finance (80%), Computer Programming (75%), General Repair/Maintenance (80%), Law (General) (70%), Research (95%), Writing (70%), Recognize Weapon Quality (70%)

Money: None.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None, at least while in prison.

Crashpad Suit

Type: Exoskeleton

Body Frame: Basic humanoid, reinforced.

Dimensions: Six feet, six inches (1.9 m), 170 lbs (76.5 kg).

Power Supply: Micro-fusion power supply.

Legs: Basic humanoid (Spd: 16).

Propulsion Systems: None.

Arms & Hands: Basic humanoid (Superhuman P.S. 100).

Audio Systems: Basic.

Special Optics, Sensors, & Weapons: None.

Armor Rating (A.R.): 15

S.D.C.: 1500

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Telemental helmet, underwater capabilities (15 mph/24 km; 1000 feet/305 m maximum depth).

Miscellaneous: None.

Robot Bonuses (add to those of the pilot): +3 attacks per melee, +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +3 to pull punch, and doubles normal running speed.

Damage Capabilities: The Superhuman P.S. of the suit provides a +85 damage bonus. Due to the bulkiness of the his suit, Crashpad can not perform any kicks or leaps in combat, but has a number of other options available to him. Punch: 1D6+85, body block/tackle: 1D6+85, running ram: 4D6+85 (plus 01-75% likelihood of knocking small cars and opponents over, off their feet; lose initiative and one melee action; counts as two attacks for Crashpad), body throw/flip: 4D6+40, crush/squeeze: 1D6+85, and pin/incapacitate: 18-20.

Force Field Defensive Systems: Effector Field: This is an automatic force field, that dampens the impact of any incoming kinetic force including punch, kick, bullet, falling object, explosive concussion, getting struck by a moving vehicle, etc.). Such impacts do only 20% their normal damage; i.e. an explosion that inflicts 50 points of damage (2D4x10) only does 10 points of damage to the Crashpad armor! The rest is dispelled by the *Effector Field*. Round down for fractions.

Crashpad Arm Shields: On each forearm of this suit is a large forearm plate that is used like a shield to block incoming attacks entirely. They provide a +6 bonus to parry, have 700 S.D.C. each, and are energy resistant, negating the first 20 points of any energy based attack.

Total Cost: $17.775 million.

Cryptolo

Henson Hicks is one of the new wave of computer geniuses generated by Century Station's recent initiative to provide everyone in the city under 18 with a free notebook computer and unlimited access to the Century Station Citynet. Before he received his free computer, Hicks had never even turned on a computer, much less learned to use one. He was too busy gang banging and schooling himself in all sorts of street-level crime and violence. When his computer arrived, he planned on pawning it, but on a lark he activated it. After just a few mouse clicks, Hicks was unlocking his natural super-talent for computers, as well as learning how to put them to criminal use. By the week's end, he had hacked his way across most of the Federal government, and had raided a couple of corporate databases for valuable intellectual property. Hicks' days of street crime were over. His days as a digital raider had begun.

Calling himself *Cryptolo*, Hicks made the mistake of partnering with the Century Station super-hacker *Motherboard*, and together they pulled off one of the greatest computer thefts in history. Manipulating numerous world bank databases simultaneously, they pulled just one dollar from nearly a billion and a half personal accounts from around the globe. The money was all pooled and sent to a central account in the Caymans. All Motherboard and Cryptolo needed to do was recover their money and split it. That's where the trouble began.

While Cryptolo was double-crossing Motherboard by transferring their $1.5 billion to a different account, Motherboard was doing the same by calling the cops in on Cryptolo. Hicks was arrested without a struggle (he knew if he gave the cops a gunfight, he'd definitely end up the loser — he is tough, but not stupid). By the time he was taken into custody, all the money he stole with Motherboard was safely ensconced far out of his ex-partner's reach. To enjoy it, all he has to do is get out of his ten year stretch on Gramercy Island and avoid the assassins Motherboard has put on his tail. If he can do that, he will be rich as sin, and in a position to begin to execute his next big plan: to buy an island somewhere and set up a digital storage haven, where hackers from around the world can safely store their stolen information, for a percentage, of course.

Real Name: Henson Hicks
Other Aliases: Dotcom Kid and Modem Man.
Alignment: Miscreant
Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 11, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 13, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 15, **Spd:** 15
Age: 17; **Sex:** Male.
Height: Five feet, eight inches (1.72 m), but is still a growing boy. **Weight:** 150 lbs (67.5 kg).

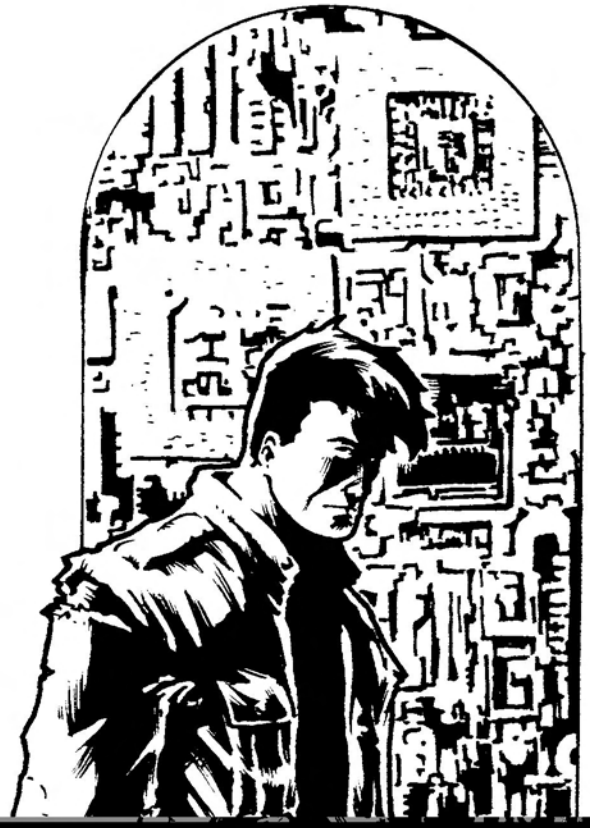
Experience Level: 9
Hit Points: 50
S.D.C.: 30
Power Category: Hardware: Electrical Genius.
Special Electrical Skills of Note: Hot Wiring (99%), Computer Hacking (91%), and Electronics Construction (97%).
Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.
Number of Attacks: 6
Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +1 to disarm, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch.
Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4, karate punch: 1D6, critical strike: 18-20, body throw/flip.
Education Level and Skills of Note: Master's Degree.

Electrical Genius Skills: Electrical Engineer (98%), Surveillance Systems (98%), Optic Systems (98%), Computer Operation (98%), Computer Programming (98%), Radio: Basic (98%), and Advanced Mathematics (98%).

Business: Basic Mathematics (98%), Business & Finance (98%), Law (General) (95%), and Research (98%).

Criminal: Streetwise (87%), Pick Locks (98%), Surveillance Systems (98%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (88%), and Safecracking (82%).

Pilot: Advanced: Navigation (98%), Read Sensory Equipment (98%), Weapon Systems (98%), Pilot Air-



city of their choice. Very few homeless folks objected, especially since the VCPD made it clear that failure to take a free ride would lead to an unpleasant few months in the slammer.

During this sweep, the Curmudgeon refused to be brought in, resisting the officers who tried to corral him. When the officers responded with restraining force, the Curmudgeon went wild, tearing the two officers limb from limb with his bare hands. By the time backup units arrived, the Curmudgeon had *melted* the first squad car somehow, and was taking round after round of gunfire, seemingly without effect. The Curmudgeon finally went down when the Victory City SWAT team came in with heavy laser fire and just peppered the guy with it.

Despite the amount of damage the Curmudgeon took, no blood ever spilled, and he somehow came back from it all. With the Curmudgeon refusing to speak to *anyone*, VCPD could not figure out who or what he was. So, Victory City tried him on two counts of murdering a peace officer and four counts of assaulting a police officer, adding up to 60 years of jail time, and shuffled the Curmudgeon off to Century Station, where he could be housed in Gramercy Island and conveniently forgotten.

Upon arriving at the Island, it was discovered that the Curmudgeon was not a human (surprise, surprise) but

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+40, punch: 1D6+40, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep. Critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), body throw/flip, and knockout/stun: 18-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Android Programming

Basic Combat Program: Military Etiquette (90%) and Climb (85%/95%).

Espionage Program: Computer Operation (92%), Intelligence (88%), Prowl (75%), Escape Artist (80%), Interrogation (80%), Detect Ambush (80%), Demolitions (86%), Demolitions Disposal (86%).

Pilot Program: Automotive Mechanics (88%), Aircraft Mechanics (82%), Basic Mechanics (96%), Pilot Helicopter (80%), Pilot Hover Craft (80%), Pilot Jet Aircraft (80%), Pilot jet Fighter (80%), Pilot Jet Packs (80%), and Pilot Submersible (80%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Revolver, W.P. Pistol, W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Heavy, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons and Rail Guns, W.P. Knife.

Money: None.

Weapons: None other than on board weapons systems. However, the Curmudgeon will gladly pick up weapons off the battlefield and use them, especially energy weapons. The Curmudgeon can even plug energy weapons into any one of the numerous outlet ports hidden beneath his skin for an effectively unlimited payload.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

The Curmudgeon's Android Body

Type: Android

Body: [illegible] human, reinforced

[illegible], underwater [illegible]

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Retractable Blades: Damage: 3D6+85.

Armor Rating (A.R.): 15

S.D.C.: 900

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Underwater capabilities.

Miscellaneous: Self-destruct system, artificial blood system, realistic skin overlay, real body hair, realistic eyes, sculpted facial features.

Cumulative Robot Bonuses (already included above): +4 to initiative, +1 to strike (+4 with ranged weapons), and +2 to parry and dodge.

Total Cost: $15.223 million.

The Cuttlefish

What do you get when you cross a chameleon, a tuna and a living rubber band? You get a *cuttlefish*, a bizarre marine animal that few people know about. It is not a particularly admirable or attractive animal, it's just one of those odd creatures of the sea. So why someone would want to develop superpowers to emulate one of these creatures is beyond anybody's guess. But that is exactly what disgruntled ichthyologist, Harvey Huckleby, did when he contacted the criminal super-scientist, *Dr. Atomic*. According to rumor, Huckleby paid Dr. Atomic $12 million in cash so he could be infused with the powers of the cuttlefish. As a result, Huckleby would be an undefeatable lord of the waves, a leviathan, a juggernaut, a titan! Of course, none of that happened.

Dr. Atomic took Huckleby's money and experimented with him. The end result turned Huckleby into a mutated freak with large webbed hands and feet, underwater powers and the ugly head of a cuttlefish. The sad truth, this pathetic bad guy is not particularly frightening looking, and wearing a costume with a picture of the cuttlefish on his chest does not exactly inspire fear in others. Add to this

begin with and pretending to be meek and docile, everybody on the transport helicopter was caught off guard when the Cuttlefish suddenly escaped his bonds, opened the hatch and dived into the ocean below from 6,000 feet (1,828 m) in the air. His parting words were something like, "You've not heard the last of the Magnificent Cuttlefish! Mark my words."

Nobody has seen him in the two months since his suicidal escape and the authorities have written him off for dead. However, at least a dozen people (mostly drunken boaters) claim to have seen him around the Island. This has led one of the local newspapers to offer a reward for a clear photograph of this desperado — who is quickly becoming Century Station's own Loch Ness Monster. Some speculate that the late, Magnificent Cuttlefish will become something of a local legend or urban bogeyman. But those who have seen him insist he is very much alive and up to something.

Real Name: Harvey Huckleby

Other Aliases: The Amazing Cuttlefish, the Magnificent Cuttlefish.

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 10, **M.A.:** 5, **P.S.:** 14 (24 underwater), **P.P.:** 17, **P.E.:** 17, **P.B.:** 3, **Spd:** 18 (90 underwater)

Insanity: Obviously a bubble off the plum, Huckleby suffers from a life-long obsession (love) with the Cuttlefish and a weird inferiority complex that compels him to do strange things to prove he is important, dangerous and a force to be respected and feared. He also suffers from a fear of success and subconsciously sabotages most everything he tries to do. He actually appreciates being made to look more like his beloved cuttlefish and sees himself as a thing of beauty and power (when to he looks in the mirror he sees himself with a P.B. 23).

Age: 34; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, six inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 180 lbs (81.7 kg).

Experience Level: 10

Hit Points: 66

S.D.C.: 140 (200 underwater).

Power Category: Experiment (turning himself into an inhuman creature).

Major Super Abilities: Stretching and Chameleon.

Minor Super Abilities: Underwater Abilities.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 6 (7 underwater).

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +5 to strike (+7 underwater), +6 to parry (+8 underwater), +6 to dodge (+10 underwater), +8 to roll with impact, +4 to disarm, and +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4, crescent kick: 2D4+2, axe kick: 2D6, roundhouse kick: 3D6, jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), leap attack (critical strike), body throw/flip. Projectiles such as bullets, arrows and thrown objects do only half damage.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Bachelor's Degree.

Science: Computer Operation (98%), Advanced Math (98%), Chemistry (95%), Chemistry: Analytical (90%), Biology (95%), Botany (90%).

Technical: Computer Programming (95%), Photography (98%), Law (General) (90%), and Research (98%).

Pilot: Advanced: Navigation (98%), Read Sensory Equipment (95%), Weapon Systems (98%), Pilot Sailboat (98%), Pilot Motorboat (98%), Pilot Submersible (96%), and Pilot Helicopter (98%).

Wilderness: Wilderness Survival (98%), Boat Building (90%), Identify Plants & Fruits (90%), Preserve Food (90%), and Skin & Prepare Animal Hides (95%).

Secondary: Radio: Basic (90%), Basic Electronics (75%), Automotive Mechanics (70%), Basic Mechanics (75%), First Aid (90%), and Holistic Medicine (65%).

Money: The Cuttlefish has only made one or two decent scores.

Weapons:

Harpoon Gun: Damage: 3D6 for a standard spear.

overestimated their abilities, and they were soundly defeated by the Centurions after an epic battle over the skies of Century Station. The rest of the Solarians fled the planet and are currently being pursued by other galactic lawmen. Cygnus was captured, however, contained in a small energy matrix and shipped to Gramercy Island for safekeeping, where he resides still. He will stay in the prison until he is transferred to a penal facility on another world (or until a malfunction of his energy matrix allows him to escape).

Cygnus seethes with rage at being defeated by Alpha Prime. Being trapped within some puny technological gadget is the worst humiliation he can imagine, and only fuels his hatred for the Centurion specifically and humans in general. If he should escape, the first thing he will do is make the staff of the Super-Being Containment Wing pay for daring to imprison him. Then he will blast the place to pieces (freeing 6D6+6 prisoners) and leave to take revenge upon Alpha Prime and The Centurions. After that, he will probably gather a new group of superhumans and relaunch his conquest of the planet.

by manipulating energy and radio waves. Cygnus understands *all* spoken languages.

In *energy form* (temporarily leaving his physical body), Cygnus can hover, fly, discharge energy bolts at 50% greater range, gets an additional +1 attack per melee round, and +2 to initiative. As energy, he can travel through small openings, holes and cracks as easily as a beam of light. He can also accurately sense the direction of light and trace it back to its source at a base success ratio of 40%.

Weaknesses:

a) Cygnus is vulnerable to *magic* and *psionics.* Magic spells, weapons, creatures of magic, supernatural beings, and psionic creatures all inflict *full* damage to him.

b) Explosions, punches and attacks from beings with Extraordinary, Superhuman or Supernatural P.S., sonic speed attacks, and tremendous impacts of falls from great heights all do *full*, normal damage.

c) Cygnus may be able to take a humanoid form, but he can never truly be human. He cannot have a physical or sexual relationship with humans or most other mortal humanoids.

d) As an energy being, Cygnus can assume a humanoid shape, but his touch still inflicts 1D6 points of damage to all who come into contact with him.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Special.

Number of Attacks: 6 Physical or 7 Energy.

Bonuses: +7 to strike, +7 to parry, +8 to dodge, +43 to damage, +2 to disarm, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact

Saving Throws: +3 vs Horror Factor, +1 vs psionic attack and insanity, +5 vs magic and poison, and +20% vs coma/death.

Other Combat Info: Restrained Punch: 4D6, Full Strength Punch: 1D6x10, Power Punch: 2D4x10, Super Energy Pulse Attacks (1,200 feet/366 m): 6D6+6 (counts as one melee attack), 1D6x10 (counts as two melee attacks), 2D4x10 (counts as three melee attacks), 2D6x10 (counts as four melee attacks).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Special

Scholastic Skills: Basic and Advanced Mathematics (98%), Intelligence (52%), Navigation (85%), Navigation: Space (75%), Land Navigation (76%), Anthropol-

ogy (45%), Archaeology (45%), Astronomy (50%), Astrophysics (55%), W.P. Sword (+2 to strike, +2 to parry).

Money, Weapons, Vehicles and Other Equipment: None. Has no particular need for any.

Demolitia

This criminal super-genius's talent lies in the design and construction of super-powerful construction vehicles, as unlikely as that may seem. Lulu Shoney had grown up in the remote woodlands of Maine, where logging is the only way of life and the gigantic logging trucks known as *skidders* are almost as common as pickup trucks. Possessing a beefy frame, Lulu had the physical strength required to drive a skidder, as these monstrous trucks are so large that even their power transmissions need a little manual help from the driver. Ordinarily, lumberjack-sized men are tagged to drive skidders, but every once in a while a woman like Lulu would land the job. These women would often be made fun of for their size and gruffness, and referred to as *skidder queens.*

Now, up in Lulu's neck of the woods, people have pretty thick skins and either ignore such jibes or sock the joker who said it across the jaw. Lulu, however, possessed an unusually sensitive nature and was wounded deeply every time she took flak for her skidder driving and her most un-dainty frame. She also never liked the fact that people always made fun of her for her braininess and her love for designing and building experimental machinery. Bitter and resentful, she moved away from her hometown and relocated to Boston, where she landed a gig with a top industrial design firm. There, she really came into her own, designing a revolutionary line of high-tech construction and excavation vehicles, power suits and other equipment.

Pretty soon, the bonus checks were rolling into Lulu's account like there was no tomorrow. But instead of living the high life, she funneled her cash into a secret project of her own: Constructing a private fleet of her super-vehicles so she could ride back to Maine and flatten everybody there who had ever done her wrong.

It was five years to the day after Lulu left home that she returned, driving a combination power crane and dump truck so big that it practically blotted out the sun as it passed by. Dubbing herself *Demolitia*, she laid waste to her hometown, building by building. With her in smaller vehicles was Lulu's crew of mercenary drivers, who encircled the town and kept away local law enforcement while Demolitia did her thing.

Finally, super-powered heroes were called in when the National Guard failed to disable the vehicles. (The squad of tanks and APCs sent to the scene lasted all of five minutes before they were flipped over and demolished by Demolitia herself.) Leading the law enforcement effort was that dashing super-pilot, *Flying Fox* and his sidekick *Wingman.* Together, they strafed the hell out of Demolitia's fleet of vehicles, none of which had any kind of capable anti-aircraft defenses. With her vehicle smoking and threatening to explode, Lulu bailed out and was taken into custody along with all of her merc drivers. (**Note:** Both Flying Fox and Wingman disappeared shortly after this incident and have not been seen since. They reportedly were investigating a strange radar signature in the Bermuda Triangle when they just ... vanished!)

Sent to Gramercy Island for 25 years, Lulu resides in the Super-Being Containment Wing, reflecting on her massive destruction spree. After her first few years, she has come to the conclusion that rather than run over her hometown with wild mega-vehicles, she should have just

dropped a nuke on it or something. Would have probably been cheaper and easier. Sheesh.

While Demolitia's various vehicles were destroyed in her disastrous battle, the plans for them were raided from her computer and uploaded to the Gramercy Island evidence depot, where they are contained on ultra-encrypted optical disks. The disks have been specially formatted so they can only be read by a single computer which currently is stationed in CHIMERA headquarters. Hacking into Gramercy Island and stealing the plans is simply not possible. That said, Warden Harker does not know that *two* copies of the disk were made initially, and that the second disk somehow made it behind a soda machine in one of the guards' rest lounges. It has been there for over three years, undisturbed. Is it simply a piece of misplaced evidence or did somebody copy the files and ditch the disk? Those who manage to access this data will find detailed schematics for Demolitia's flag vessel, the *Mother Load*. The schematics for the smaller vehicles Demolitia designed were corrupted when CHIMERA agents took them initially, but they included readouts for a *super-bulldozer*, *steam shovel*, a *drill*, a *steamroller*, a *crane*, and a *dump truck*.

Real Name: Lulu Shoney

Other Aliases: The Skidder Queen

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 20, **M.E.:** 14, **M.A.:** 8, **P.S.:** 20, **P.P.:** 14, **P.E.:** 21, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 9

Insanity: Obsessed with revenge.

Age: 40; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 260 lbs (117 kg).

Experience Level: 13

Hit Points: 65

S.D.C.: 40

Power Category: Robotics (Super-Vehicle).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +1 to disarm.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4, critical strike: 19-20, body throw/flip, and critical strike or knockout from behind.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Vehicular Mechanics: Automotive Mechanics (98%), Mechanical Engineer (95%), Basic Electronics (98%), and Robot Mechanics (98%).

Electrical: Electrical Engineer (98%), Computer Operation (98%), and Robot Electronics (98%).

Secondary: Computer Programming (98%), Pilot Truck (98%), Pilot Tanks & APCs (84%), Wilderness Survival (95%), Basic Math (98%), Advanced Math (98%), and Astronomy (85%).

Money: Lulu has actually sold the blueprints of the *Mother Load*, her primary destruction vehicle, to an industrial vehicles manufacturer (who also happens to do a little subcontracting for various military agencies). Lulu made a cool five million off that deal as well as a 7% royalty on *all* gross sales of it. Now if she could just get out of prison, she might be able to enjoy all that cash.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None. The *Mother Load* was destroyed in the battle that brought Demolitia to Gramercy Island, but the blueprints for it are out there, and anybody with the right connections and resources could build an exact duplicate of it.

The Mother Load

This is Demolitia's somewhat souped up version of Mother Load; the design she sold has 33% less S.D.C. and is 20% slower.

Type: Mega-construction and excavation behemoth.

Crew: One driver, up to three passengers in the control cabin. The vehicle is so big, however, that two or three dozen people could hitch a ride on this thing, easy.

A.R.: 18 (main body), 14 (passenger compartment).

S.D.C. by Location:

Main Body — 3,000

Passenger Compartment — 5000

Caterpillar Treads — 250 each

Power Crane Arms (2) — 1,000 each

Front Bulldozer Scoop — 1,500

Maximum Speed: 60 mph (96 km). Note that when traveling at speeds greater than 30 mph (48 km), reduce all driving skill rolls by 20%. It will take the Mother Load three full minutes to accelerate to top speed. It takes it only one minute to decelerate, however, thanks to the unique gripping anchors on the vehicle's treads.

Range: 1,000 miles (1,600 km). Of course, traveling that far in this monster would take just short of forever.

Weapons: The Mother Load originally did not have any conventional weapons mounted on it. It merely used its oversized construction abilities to crush and smash its targets. Up to eight different weapon systems could be installed on the vehicle if Demolitia so desired. Should she break out and rebuild her signature vehicle, she will definitely make sure it is armed with heavy machine guns, rocket pods, and energy cannons to prevent aerial opponents from defeating her again.

Power Crane Arms (2): Range: They can reach out and strike/claw/scoop things as far as 250 feet (76.25 m) from the chassis. Damage: The claws hit with a robot strength of 100, resulting in a clobbering blow of 2D6x10+85, and any person who gets hit by one of these arms will get clobbered and knocked 2D6x10 yards/meters (victim loses two melee attacks and initiative), while most automobiles, SUVs, and small trucks will be knocked over. However, the arms are at -5 to hit anything smaller than a house, and an additional -4 to hit a small moving target. Thus, hitting individual people with one of these arms has a -9 penalty to strike. As mentioned before, these are anti-structure devices, not

anti-personnel. Rate of Fire: Equal to the pilot's number of hand to hand attacks. Note: These arms can only hit whatever is directly in front of the main chassis. The upper part of the chassis can rotate 360 degrees, but it takes one melee action per 90 degrees. For small targets like people, staying ahead of the rotating upper chassis is fairly easy. For a larger target, like a tanker truck or tank, well, it's pretty much going to get clobbered.

Power Scoop: The power scoop is like a big bulldozer scoop mounted directly in front of the vehicle. The damage it causes depends on the speed of the vehicle at the time of impact. 1 to 15 mph (1.6 to 24 km): 3D6x10 S.D.C.; 16 to 30 mph (25.6 to 48 km): 6D6x10 S.D.C.; 31-45 mph (49.6 to 72 km): 1D6x100 S.D.C.; and 46-60 mph (73.6 to 96 km): 2D4x100 S.D.C. This attack counts as three melee actions.

Special Equipment: Pressurized cabin, refrigerator, microwave oven, 6-disc CD changer.

Cost: $50 million (half that for Lulu since she did all the design work and a lot of the construction herself).

The Denizen

This mega-powerful alien misanthrope traveled to Earth in the heart of a meteorite that crash-landed in the waters off Century Station exactly one year ago. Upon landing (it was really some kind of elemental spacecraft), it split open and let out its monstrous passenger. A hulking brute of low intelligence, a bad temper and the inability to control its rage, it was only a matter of time before disaster struck.

The Denizen lived on the bottom of Century Bay until it was disturbed by a fleet of high-tech pirate mini-submarines on their way to attack Gramercy Island. The subs torpedoed the Denizen without warning, causing the creature to hit back. It destroyed the subs in short order, but by this time, the Denizen was so enraged it headed for the shore, hellbent to destroy everything in its path. It started in the posh, high-tech district of *Society Hill*, destroying entire buildings and killing dozens in the rampage.

It took the combined might of C-SWAT and half of Century Station's heroes to stop the giant beast long enough to apply an experimental molecular decelerator to the monster's hide. The device placed the Denizen into stasis, saving the city from further ruin. The Denizen now resides in Gramercy Island where it will remain in stasis until the super-alien *Alpha Prime* can transport it to an uninhabited world where it can do no harm.

According to Alpha Prime, the Denizen is a biological weapon designed by an ancient interstellar empire that has long since collapsed. As a spoilsport plan, the evil Imperials meant to fire hundreds of these beasts at the throneworld of their enemy. The attack went awry and the Denizen salvo sprayed in a wide arc, sending the monsters all over the galaxy. This one crash-landed on Earth purely by chance. Where other Denizens are headed or

may have already landed, nobody knows. Wherever they are, however, massive destruction and death are sure to follow, especially on worlds without super beings or the technology to protect themselves from such a savage threat.

Should the Denizen ever awake, it will be like a frightened animal, unsure of its surroundings and wanting to be left alone more than anything else. However, the slightest provocation will send the monster into another rampage like the last one.

Other Aliases: The Space Creature.

Alignment: Considered a predatory animal; the equivalent of Anarchist. The Denizen does not particularly enjoy destroying things, it just lashes out by nature, without understanding why.

Attributes: I.Q.: 4, **M.E.:** 5, **M.A.:** 30, **P.S.:** 132 (supernatural), **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 34, **P.B.:** 4, **Spd:** 63

Age: Unknown; **Sex:** Unknown.

Height: 12 feet (3.66 m). **Weight:** 2000 lbs (900 kg).

Experience Level: 1

Hit Points: 180

S.D.C.: 490; and heals super-quick (2D4x10 S.D.C./H.P. per 24 hours).

A.R.: 15

Power Category: Mega-Alien (Experiment).

Alien Appearance: Humanoid Rhinoceros, only no horns, just a large, powerful body with thick skin, no hair, wide hands and feet, a long, wide face with high ears, and a small mouth low on the face.

Alien Physiological Modifications: High Gravity.

Side Effects: Increased Mass.

Mega-Abilities: Tremendous Physical Strength.

Major Super Abilities: Invulnerability, Supernatural Strength.

Achilles' Heel: Slow and ponderous, however, given the Denizen's high gravity background, this weakness does not slow him down while on Earth.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +2 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +4 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, and +117 to damage! Also +9 to save vs magic, +8 to save vs poison, +2 to save vs possession, +44% to save vs coma/death. Intimidate: 97%.

Other Combat Info: Death blow (if desired): 16-20. Restrained punch: 5D6+117, full strength punch: 2D4x10+117, power punch: 3D6x10+117, bite attack: 1D6x10+30, thrown objects (usually hundreds to thousands of pounds, like lamp posts and cars torn in half): 1D4x10+117 for those under 500 lbs, 2D4x10+117 for those weighing closer to 1000 lbs (450 kg) and 2D6x10+117 if a ton or more.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Animal Instincts

Skill Equivalents: Prowl (80%), Wilderness Survival (80%), Track (80%), Swim (80%), and Climb (80%/90%).

Money: None. The Denizen does not know what it is.

Weapons: This guy *is* a weapon.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Zip. Zilch. Nada. Nothing.

Diva

Cassandra McKay has always had a way with men. Born with mind-bending beauty and charisma, this femme fatale is never seen without a cadre of male bodyguards all jockeying for her attention. Drunk on the influence she could exert over others, the *Diva* has held her own narcissistic court for close to a decade. As long as her looks and influence hold out, there will always be a virtual legion of goons willing to carry out her bidding.

Where Diva's real power comes from, however, is the half-dozen heads of state with whom she has ongoing romances. Like a modern day Mata Hari, Diva has enough high government officials wrapped around her pinky finger to cause a major diplomatic crisis ... or prevent one. However, she has landed herself in a great spot of trouble that not even her contacts can help her with.

Seven months ago, one of the Diva's entourage spurned her for another woman, and *nobody* does that to *her*! So, she had her ex-goon and his new girlfriend murdered in cold blood. Too bad for her, the girlfriend was a high-ranking State Department secretary who had her own share of friends in high places. Long story short: the Diva took the fall for the hit and for reasons unexplained, she refuses to call in a favor from any of her high-ranking paramours. For her, this is a test to see which one of them will come to her rescue first. She is confident that at least one or two of her lovers will bail her out. The question is, which one and how? Meanwhile, Diva is taking her 15 years in Gramercy Island in stride, confident that she will be sprung one way or another. Meanwhile, those who know about Diva's international meddlings must wonder: who exactly are the officials she has entranced, and how does she intend to use them in the future?

Real Name: Cassandra McKay

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 27, **M.A.:** 28, **P.S.:** 10, **P.P.:** 9, **P.E.:** 9, **P.B.:** 24, **Spd:** 9

Age: 29; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 140 lbs (63.6 kg).

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 29

S.D.C.: 26

I.S.P.: 230

Power Category: Psionics (Master).

Psionics:

Healing: Deaden Pain (4), Lust for Life (15), Mask I.S.P. and Psionics (7).

Physical: Alter Aura (2), Deaden Senses (1), Ectoplasmic Disguise (12), Resist Fatigue (4), Resist Hunger (2), Resist Thirst (6), and Teleport Object (10)

Sensitive: Astral Projection (6), Clairvoyance (4), Empathy (4), Object Read (6), Presence Sense (4), See Aura (6), and Telepathy (4).

Super Psionics: Group Mind Block (22), Insert Memory (25), Mentally Possess Others (30), Mind Bond (10), Hypnotic Suggestion (6) and Mind Wipe (special).

Combat Training: None. Diva does not stoop to something as demeaning as physical combat. If she feels threatened, she makes sure she has a legion of thralls around her willing to give their lives in her defense. That is how she wins most of her battles, by getting other people to fight for her, by one way or another.

Number of Attacks: Three (has been shown some basic self-defense by one of her special friends; but nothing much, really).

Bonuses: +6 to save vs psionic attack (needs a 10 or higher to save), +9 to save vs insanity, 94% to evoke feelings of trust or intimidation, and 70% to charm and impress.

Other Combat Info: None.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Master's Degree.

Business: Basic Mathematics (80%), Business & Finance (70%), Computer Operation (85%), Law (General) (60%), Research (95%).

Language: Spanish (95%), Russian (95%), French (95%), German (95%), Japanese (95%), Chinese (95%), Farsi (95%), Hindi (95%).

Pilot: Advanced: Navigation (95%), Read Sensory Equipment (75%), Weapon Systems (85%), Pilot Airplane (91%), Pilot Helicopter (80%), Pilot Hovercraft (95%), Pilot Jet Planes (81%).

Secondary: Art (55%), Computer Programming (50%), General Repair/Maintenance (55%), Photography (55%), Writing (45%), Astronomy (45%), Advanced Mathematics (65%), Seduction (32%), Palming (40%), Pick Pockets (45%).

Money: Diva currently has only a few hundred thousand dollars stashed in banks in the Cayman Islands, Switzerland and Century Station. However, to her luxurious lifestyle this is mere pocket change. To really live in style, she needs to find a multi-billionaire sugar daddy to take care of her. All she needs is one week outside of prison and she could find one, too. No man yet has ever resisted the Diva's charms, whether she use her formidable psionic powers, her natural charisma, incredible looks or her ... um ... "easy virtue."

Weapons: None. The mere thought of arming herself is repulsive and base to one as refined as the Diva.

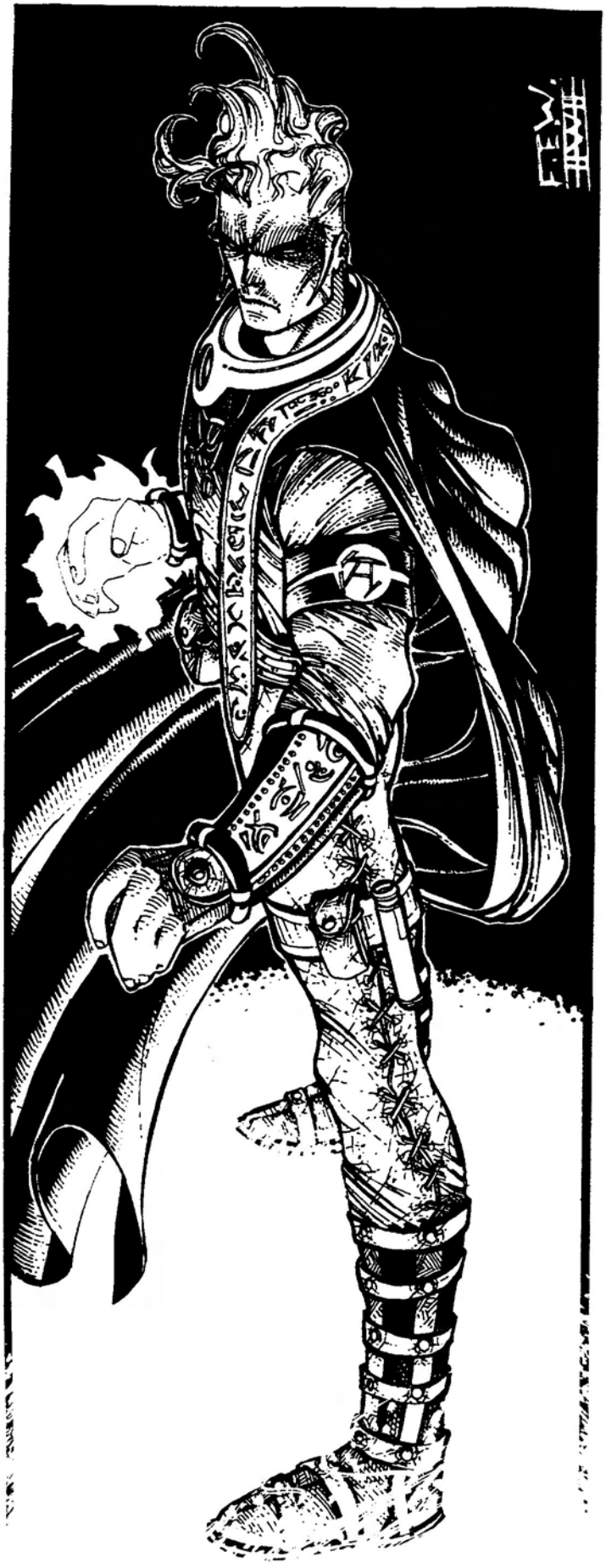
Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Epoch

His name has been forgotten to history, in large part because he does not wish it known. His origin remains equally enshrouded, something that could only be described through guesswork and pure rumor. He has walked the earth for generations, seemingly impervious to the forces of time as he gradually increases his arcane knowledge and mastery of the art of war.

The sorcerer known only as *Epoch* is one of Gramercy Island's most interesting and enigmatic villains. According to his official statement, Epoch came to Century Station to meet with *Madame Alexia Sensikov*, the world's greatest fortune-teller to verify a prophecy that he has known for a

Mind Block (2 22), Insert Mem- to his official statement, Epoch came to Century



hundred years. That in the very near future, somewhere on the Northern American continent, there will be an event so world shaking that it will alter the course of human history forever. It shall bring to an end the modern age and give birth to a new stage of human evolution. It is something that Epoch intends to be at the forefront of, so he might rule and lead this new age before anybody else can gain their footing in it. By doing this, Epoch not only can take over the entire world, but he will have to lift nary a finger to do it. All he must do is be in the right place at the right time, and his natural skills and abilities will do the rest for him. This much he knows to be true.

When he visited Madame Sensikov, she indeed repeated Epoch's vision back to him, but she added a critical detail that had been missing before. Epoch would rule in this grand new age, yes. But he would be murdered by his greatest rival a short time later and would never truly govern humanity as he would like.

This has sent the sorcerer into a frenzy. With perhaps as little time left as a single year before the Next Age begins, he has become hellbent to seek out any sorcerer, hero or villain who might oppose him, and to destroy them without warning. So far, Epoch has slain over thirty superbeings: heroes, villains and non-combatants living their extraordinary lives on the sidelines (so to speak). He has murdered children to protect his future destiny, and has even slain expectant mothers who would eventually give birth to powerful individuals that might oppose him. To Epoch, no act is too paranoid or depraved to cast aside. He must do absolutely *anything* in his power to make sure that when the world turns upside down, he will be there to inherit it.

All of this bloodletting has led him into some serious trouble in Century Station. As Epoch feels he has less and less time to secure his destiny, his actions against real and perceived rivals have become increasingly brazen. Where he once used to plot the elimination of a rival with great care and forethought, now he simply tracks down his targets and overpowers them with brute force, whether there are witnesses in view or not.

Eventually, Epoch attacked and slew an up-and-coming spell caster named *Rebekah Solstice* in broad daylight in a crowded downtown pedestrian plaza. The magical battle lasted only three minutes, but at its end, Solstice lay dying, and Epoch was surrounded by Century Station's femme fatales, the *Valkyries*. Using the trademark teamwork that has made these maverick heroes so successful, the Valkyries descended upon Epoch before he could effect an escape. They defeated him soundly and guarded him until the CSPD showed up to take the sorcerer into custody. He is now serving a 125 year to life sentence on Gramercy Island. Whether or not he shall be behind bars when the Next Age happens (if indeed it happens at all) remains to be seen. **Note:** Nobody knows what the heck his talk about the "Next Age" means, and the fortune-teller has vanished. Most assume Epoch's trek through the centuries has unhinged his mind and that he lives in a delusion.

Real Name: Unknown

Other Aliases: Timeline

Alignment: Diabolic and ruthless in the extreme.

Attributes: I.Q.: 24, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 22, **P.S.:** 17, **P.P.:** 17, **P.E.:** 17, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 17

Insanity: Doctors believe Epoch suffers from paranoid delusions and megalomania. He may even be schizophrenic.

Age: Unknown; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 175 lbs (78.7 kg).

Experience Level: 12

Hit Points: 66

S.D.C.: 30

P.P.E.: 220

Power Category: Magic (Mystic Study).

Magic Abilities: Astral Projection (6), Familiar Link (20), Sense Enchantment (0), Sense Supernatural Evil (0), Sense Magic (4).

Spell Knowledge: Feel free to substitute any of Epoch's spells for the time-manipulating spells found in **Rifts® World Book 3: England™**. Spells in *italics* below are to be found in the **Heroes Unlimited G.M.'s Guide™**.

Level One through Four: All spells.

Level Five: Calling (8), Charm (12), Circle of Flame (10), Eyes of Thoth (8), and Horrific Illusion (10).

Level Six: Call Lightning (15), Fire Ball (10), Impervious to Energy (20), Magic Pigeon (20), *Memory Bank (12)*, *Time Slip (20)*

Level Seven: Dispel Magic Barriers (20), *Second Sight (25)*, Wink-Out (20+).

Level Eight: *Oracle (30)*, *Time Capsule (30)*

Level Nine: Age (50)

Level Ten: Dimensional Pocket (30 or 140), Mystic Portal (60), and *Teleport (120)*.

Level Twelve: Time Hole (210)

Level Fourteen: *Close Rift (200+)*

Level Fifteen: Dimensional Portal (1000), *Dimensional Teleport (800)*, and Teleport: Superior (600).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +3 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +2 to disarm.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+4, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), body throw/flip, knockout/stun: 18-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: On the Job Training.

Magic Skills: Spell Translation (57%), Demons & Monsters (98%), Geomancy (98%), Religion (98%), Archaeology (98%), Chemistry (98%), and Holistic Medicine (98%).

Wilderness: Wilderness Survival (98%), Identify Plants & Fruits (98%), Land Navigation (98%), and Preserve Food (98%).

Science: Computer Operation (98%), Advanced Math (98%), Chemistry (98%), Astronomy (98%), Anthropology (95%), Archeology (95%), and Biology (98%).

Secondary: W.P. Staff, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Sword, W.P. Knife, Research (98%), and Writing (90%).

Money: None. Epoch lost whatever he had when he was incarcerated. That said, he generally does not carry much anyway, since he is always hopping from time to time, making most currencies irrelevant. His favorite currency is precious metal, preferably gold.

Weapons: Sword: Damage: 3D6+4.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Eyespy

As a dockside enforcer controlling a small crew of syndicate thugs, Robert "Rocko" Upjohn planned to ply his criminal trade for about three or four years before he would face "early retirement." That is, he would either die at the hands of his boss's enemies, or he would screw up and receive a death sentence from his boss directly. As it turned out, Rocko got a bit of both. During a particularly nasty gang war, his turf was overrun by rival gang members toting state of the art firepower, such as lasers, automatic grenade launchers, and even a mini-gun or two. Rocko's crew never stood a chance and got cut apart like ducks in a barrel. Upjohn himself barely escaped the attack, but was blinded in both eyes. Rocko's boss added insult to injury by ordering him to be killed as punishment for his battleground defeat. Finally, Rocko caught a spot of good luck when one of his former crew members took pity on him and transported him to another city before the death sentence could be carried out.

Rocko's buddy hooked him up with a black market cyber-surgeon who promised to restore Rocko's sight as well as make him powerful enough that mere syndicate goons could never threaten him again. Rocko agreed to the surgery and was soon sporting a brand new set of ultra-tech cyber-eyes, as well as numerous cybernetic support systems throughout his body.

This hardware did not come cheap, and for the next five years, Rocko would engage in industrial espionage, and rob banks and industry centers to pay off his substantial cybernetics bill. He took on the super-villain persona of *Eyespy* and loved every minute of his new career. He also proved to be pretty good at it, too. Once his debts were cleared, Eyespy continued with his line of work, adding "takeover robberies" to his resume (he and some additional freelance firepower would simply storm a place such as a bank, hold everybody there hostage for a few minutes, and leave with as much money as they could carry). It was this kind of stuff that swelled Eyespy's personal coffers enough that he could retire from full-time work and only pull down scores when he wanted some excitement.

There was one last score to settle. His old syndicate boss, Seamus Cork, had yet to pay for his treachery, and Rocko felt it was time. He cornered Cork in his favorite

restaurant and, using his powerful cyber-weaponry, murdered him and his bodyguards. However, a second wave of Cork's men arrived on the scene and soon Eyespy found himself slugging it out with twelve or more gunmen in broad daylight. By the time local heroes showed up, another ten of Cork's men were incapacitated (half dead), and Eyespy himself was critically injured from multiple gunshot wounds. The sinister cyborg already wanted for bank heists and armed robberies all over town, was sent to Gramercy Island to recover. He was tried and sentenced to 90 years and will not be eligible for parole for at least another 40 years.

Meanwhile, Eyespy lives as a blind man in Cell Block-C, since his cybernetics have all been deactivated. He now longs just to see again, and has proven to be a most cooperative inmate because he hopes it will win him back the privilege of sight. Of course, once his cybernetics are back on-line, an escape attempt will follow.

Real Name: Robert "Rocko" Upjohn

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 9, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 8, **P.S.:** 20, **P.P.:** 19, **P.E.:** 19, **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 15

Age: 24; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, one inch (1.85 m). **Weight:** 185 lbs (83.2 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 30

S.D.C.: 75

Power Category: Bionics

Bionic Features:

Bionic Eyes (2): Macro-eye, macro-eye laser, micro-video camera eye, night sight, targeting sight, telescopic vision, thermo-imager, ultraviolet and polarized sight.

Eye Blasters: Damage: 1D6x10. This entails both eyes blasting away simultaneously at the same target. This system can only fire with both eyes at once. Rate of Fire: Up to four times per melee. Range: 1000 feet (305 m). Payload: 20 blasts per hour, maximum. Each blast takes 3 minutes to recharge.

Full Bionic Armor: A.R.: 18, S.D.C.: 750

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +5 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, and +3 to damage.

Other Combat Info: Body block/tackle: 1D4+3, pin/incapacitate: 18-20, crush/squeeze: 1D4+3.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Criminal Program: Streetwise (43%), Pick Locks (55%), Concealment (43%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (50%), and Safecracking (45%).

Physical Program: Boxing, Wrestling, Body Building & Weightlifting, and Running.

Secondary Skills: Athletics (General), Basic Mechanics (35%), Pilot Truck (44%), Pilot Motorcycle (64%), Radio: Basic (50%), and First Aid (50%).

Money: Eyespy has around $10,000 left over from his criminal exploits. He will need this money to buy his way into a major crime syndicate operating out of Ultropolis when and if he gets out of prison.

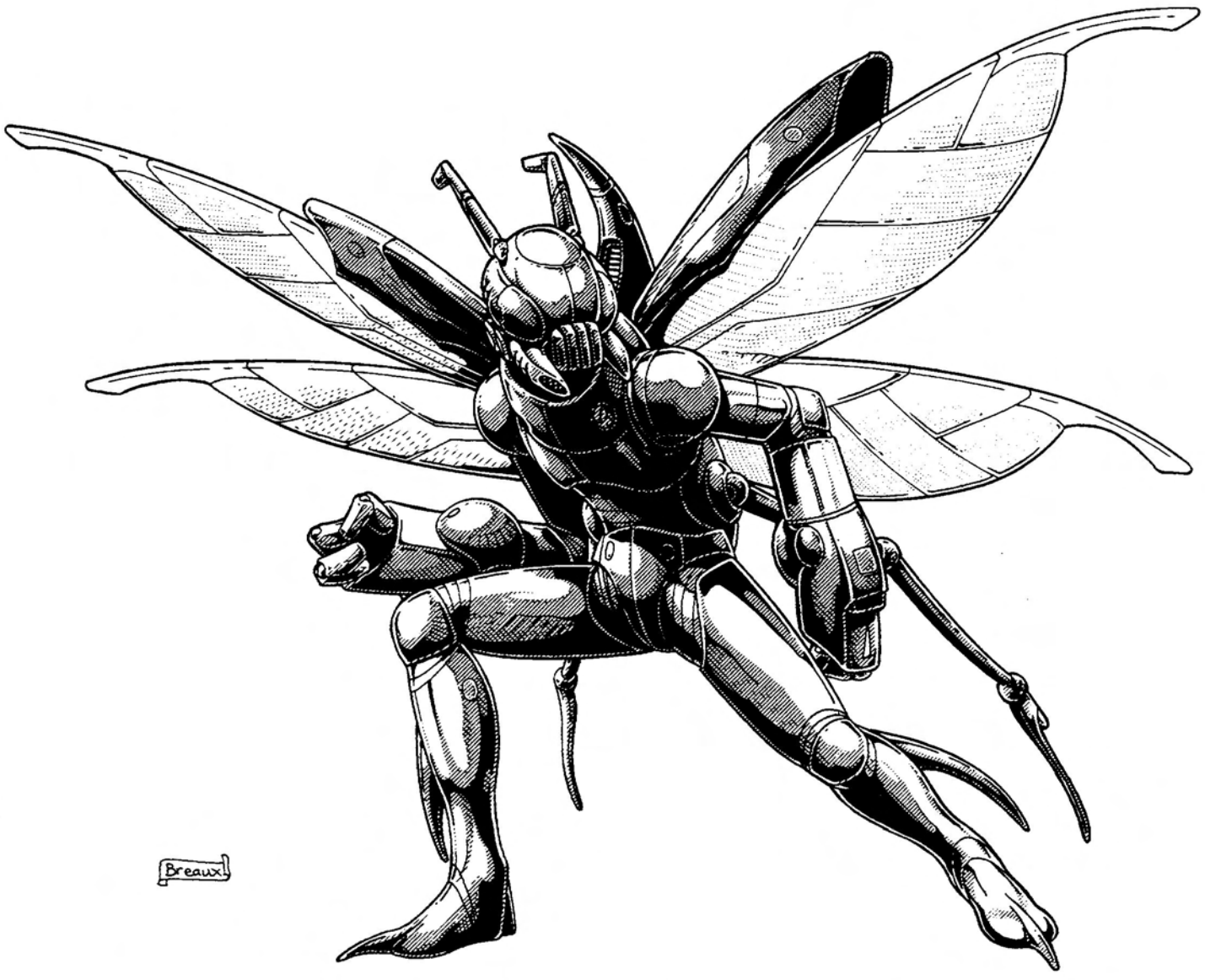
Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Fat Cat

As far as anybody can tell, Smudge the Cat was born a mutant who evolved into a humanoid form shortly after adolescence. Smudge also began to gain an ENORMOUS amount of weight as his human features came into being, taking away his ability to effectively hunt and feed himself. Abandoning his wild side and trying to find a way to fit into the human world, Smudge began interacting with elements of *Motor City*, arguably the most crime-ridden metropolis in North America. There, it hardly mattered how freakish one was. As long as one could bring in (illegal) cash, he was worth keeping around. Smudge quickly learned how to manipulate people into doing his bidding. And, having never really lost his predatory instincts, the mutant feline also learned how to prey upon people's weaknesses and fears. He pooled all of these things together and went into business for himself as an evil financier of criminal projects of every kind. Under the title of *Fat Cat*, Smudge's reach extended well beyond his home turf. He made himself richer than sin by financing hundreds of crooked jobs and taking his standard 15% organizer's fee. Capers he actually planned, earned him half the take, and "friendly" loans had a mere 33% annual interest rate.

Smudge's downfall came about when he double-crossed some underworld associates out of a few very



got the addresses of the rest of Orion's financial decision makers. In one spree-filled night, he visited over nine high-level Orion executives, terrorizing them and destroying their property. By the dawn, Thompson had pretty well vented his rage and was ready to "retire" his suit and get used to life without a job. That's when C-SWAT descended upon him like a hurricane. For a while, he tried to evade capture but the C-SWAT troopers had him cornered. Thompson was not about to go to jail so he struck back, and he struck back *hard*. When it was all over, ten C-SWAT troopers were injured, and several vehicles laid in pieces. Thompson escaped to the night, and would forever be known as the supervillain *Firefly*.

Thrilled and invigorated by his brush with death, Thompson continued his vendetta against Orion's top brass. Only Orion's people had gone to high alert after Firefly's first night of terror, so the wily old codger decided to ease back. Instead of blitzkrieging the rest of his targets, he decided to let them live in fear as he picked them off, one or two over the course of a year. Meanwhile, Thompson became a sort of iron-clad Robin Hood, hitting establishments and places owned by Orion or its officers, stealing money to live on, but also giving half of every take to homeless street people, the church (anonymously) and those he happened upon who looked down on their luck. Among his exploits as Firefly, he rescued six seniors from a burning retirees' apartment building, and a cat out of a tree, and threatened to kill the corrupt owners of an old folks' nursing home unless they stopped skimming money and started to "do right by the folks who needed them." The press and the public ate it up, "Villain or modern day Robin Hood?"

After a while, Firefly became sloppy and a little too convinced of his own cunning and invincibility. He had forgotten that C-SWAT was still after him, as well as a horde of super-powered bounty hunters under Orion's employ. It was one of these freelancers, the *Titanium Ranger*, who bushwhacked Firefly when his suit was in dire need of repairs. The old exo-pilot never stood a chance, and he had to surrender or face fiery doom.The *Ranger* ran Firefly in and collected a half million dollar bounty from Orion. Thompson caught a 30 year stretch on Gramercy Island as a warning to all vigilantes that their kind will not be tolerated. He will be 91 by the time of his release, if he is still alive by then.

Real Name: J.D. Thompson

Alignment: Anarchist

Attributes: **I.Q.:** 12, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 10, **P.P.:** 9, **P.E.:** 11, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** 9

Age: 61; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 160 lbs (72 kg).

Experience Level: 7

Hit Points: 39

S.D.C.: 30

Power Category: Robotics (Exoskeleton).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with impact, and +2 to pull punch. Does not include the bonuses provided by the Firefly suit.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+2, critical strike: 19-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: High School Graduate.

Computer Program: Basic Electronics (65%), Computer Operation (75%), Computer Programming (65%), Computer Repair (60%).

Criminal Program: Streetwise (51%), Pick Locks (65%), Prowl (60%), Computer Hacking (65%), and Concealment (51%).

Secondary Skills: Basic Mechanics (60%), Auto Mechanics (55%), Radio: Basic (75%), T.V. & Video (51%), General Repair & Maintenance (65%), Pilot Motorcycle (86%), Pilot Airplane (76%), and Pilot Water Scooters (80%).

Money: None. What money Firefly had he spent or gave away to the needy. Now that he's in the klink, his cash has dried up. The way he sees it, there is no point in him ever leaving Gramercy Island without his Firefly suit, currently being held in the Containment Wing's evidence depot. If he ever got the chance, he'd grab the suit and go back to adventuring, although this time he'd leave Orion alone (well, mostly) and stick to helping people. He liked helping people, even if he was breaking the law in the process.

Weapons: Just his exoskeleton.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Just his exoskeleton.

FIREFLY Combat Armor

Type: Exoskeleton.

Body Frame: Basic human shape, reinforced.

Dimensions: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m), 200 lbs (90 kg).

Power Supply: Micro-fusion power supply.

Legs: Basic human (Spd: 27).

Arms & Hands: Basic human (P.S.: 18).

Armor Rating (A.R.): 15

S.D.C.: Main Body — 550; Wings — 150 each.

In-Flight Bonuses: +1 attack, +2 to strike, +2 to parry, +4 to dodge when flying at or below 80 mph (128 km), +6 to dodge when flying at or above 81 mph (129.6 km), +4 to damage for every 20 mph (32 km) of flying speed.

Power Systems: The FIREFLY armor is a truly revolutionary piece of hardware. Instead of offering optic, audio, sensor or weapon systems, it uses a bizarre kind of power matrix technology called *Prometheus Circuits* that enable the suit to emulate actual super powers! These powers include:

Flight: Winged: As per the minor super ability on page 232 of **HU2**. The wings appear insect-like, and are actually a set of fully retractable wire frames that generate a unique kind of force field among them to create the wing areas. Top speed: 220 mph (352 km).

Adhesion: Electrostatic pads on the palms and bottom of the suit's feet enable it to climb walls as per the Adhesion minor super power on page 228 of **HU2**.

Energy Resistance: Unique diffusing laminates on the armor's outermost layer enable the suit to shake off the first 20 points of any incoming energy attack (fire, laser, electricity, etc.), as per the Energy Resistance power on page 231 of **HU2**.

Energy Expulsion: Electricity: As per the minor power of the same name on page 230 of **HU2**. Range is 400 feet (122 m), and damage is fixed at 8D6. Each blast [illegible] counts as one attack; +3 to strike on an aimed shot, +1 to strike on a wild shot.

Energy Expulsion: Light: As per the minor power of the same name on page 231 of HU2. Range is 600 feet (183 m), and damage is fixed at 7D6. Each blast counts as one attack; +3 to strike on an aimed shot, +1 to strike on a wild shot.

Energy Expulsion: Electrical Field: As per the power on page 231 of HU2. Range is 20 feet (6.1 m).

Pilot-Oriented Systems: None had been installed yet at the time of the suit's theft.

Miscellaneous: None had been installed yet.

Total Cost: Priceless. This suit represents years of [illegible] sive research on the part of Orion, and represents a quantum leap forward for science in general. Orion's agents want this suit back very badly, but Gramercy Island simply will not give it up. **Note:** This entire suit of armor has a very pronounced insectoid look to it, from top to bottom. Like the user was some giant cyberneticized armored insect from another world.

Flamebait

Simon Strane was a network technician who spent [illegible] of his free time online. In fact, he liked to spend *all* of his time online. Under a cluster of different handles, Strane would frequent over a dozen high-traffic message boards, engaging in an endless variety of highly opinionated discussions on almost any topic imaginable. Over the course of three years, Strane became something of an online celebrity, as a man who had an opinion on everything, an opinion that was sure to offend 98% of the viewing public.

Strane had a gift for seeing what would get under people's skin, and he enjoyed saying whatever it took to outrage as many people as possible. For a long time, Strane thought nothing of his highly obnoxious form of entertainment. After all, everybody's entitled to an opinion, right? Who cares if people couldn't handle his?

A lot of people, actually. During his time online, Strane made a huge number of enemies. Most of them were folks like Strane himself — mouthy individuals for whom the Net was merely an outlet for vitriolic and anonymous outbursts. There were also a few unbalanced folks who wished serious harm to him, and plotted his death. One of them, a convicted felon who had served time for illegal use of explosives, built an experimental kind of homemade napalm bomb. After an extensive background search, this person discovered Strane's real name and address and mailed him the device. The unwitting Strane opened the package, which detonated in his face.

For any other person, this is where the story might end in tragic death, but not for Simon Strane. Unbeknownst to him, his genetic structure contained a latent "x-factor" that awaited the right kind of catalyst to set it into motion. When Strane was immolated by the napalm bomb, this x-factor kicked in and modified his cells accordingly. Strane recovered from what should have been his fatal burns in just a few days, and shortly thereafter, incredible powers kicked in. He developed the ability to transform into a being of living fire, and to control fire itself.

But Strane's transformation was hardly complete. Until his attack, Strane lived a relatively quiet, lonely life. His virulent online behavior was merely a symptom of his fear of other people and persistent feelings of powerlessness. When online, people at least listened to what he had to say, even if they hated him for it. And, in a weird way, he felt he got a kind of respect from people, especially from the people he regularly argued with online. In the real world, Strane was just another faceless information technology consultant. A "hired gun" brought in by big companies to fix their networks, get a paycheck, and to be shown the door when his job was done. He felt no satisfaction for his work, no appreciation, no respect. His life online was a cheap substitute for all that. His constant outbursts were a venting of his rage, and kept it under control.

All that changed after the bombing. Strane became uncontrollably angry at everyone and everything, raging against a world where he felt he could never fit in. A world that would never accept him for who he was or what he could become. Well, he would show them. He would show them *all*! First, he would find the ones who hurt him, and make them pay. Then he'd find anyone who ever agreed with those who hurt him, and he would make *them* pay. Then, he'd find anyone who'd ever agreed with *them*, and ... well, you get the idea.

It didn't take long for Strane to find the guy who torched him. By the time he was through with him, the fellow could only be identified by his dental records. Strane's subsequent killing spree spiraled more and more out of control until he assaulted a group of his perceived enemies at a mall. By the time that terrible afternoon was over, his targets were all dead, as were over thirty other innocent folks. Dozens more were wounded, and property damage ranged into the millions. In the end, it was the combined efforts of the heroes *Suppressor, Particle Man* and an unexpected appearance from (the then still free) *Firefly*, that brought this new supervillain to his knees. When the media learned of the backstory behind the rampage, they dubbed him *Flamebait.*

While his appeal was pending, Flamebait escaped from prison and continued his killing spree, only to be apprehended by superheroes again. Flamebait escaped confinement to wreak mayhem a second time, which is why he has been transferred to Gramercy Island. He is kept under control by being suspended in a tank of oxygenated liquid that prevents his powers from activating. Technically, he is supposed to spend the rest of his life in prison, but it is only a matter of time before he figures out a way to break out and return to a life of senseless violence. Until then, his anger seethes and intensifies, consuming his every thought and waking moment.

Despite the long list of people he has killed and wounded, Flamebait still has a HUGE list of people who he feels have slighted him and must pay for their indignities with their lives. Heck, look at this lunatic the wrong way and you're on his list. Eventually, he intends to get back at all of these people, no matter what it takes. His powers and abilities make him a monster. Flamebait is hopelessly arrogant and aggressive, easily goaded into fights he can not win or should back away from.

Real Name: Simon Strane
Alignment: Diabolic
Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 10, **M.A.:** 6, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 15

Insanity: Hate-filled antisocial, psychotic killer obsessed with delusions of persecution and retribution.

Age: 21; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 175 lbs (78.7 kg).

Experience Level: 9

Hit Points: 55

S.D.C.: 30 (80 in fiery form).

Natural A.R.: 14; incoming objects must roll over a 14 to strike or they will melt before impact.

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: Whole body glows, making Flamebait easy to see, especially in darkness. This seriously hampers his Prowl abilities, as well as his hopes for interacting with normal society without being noticed as a superbeing.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Physical Structure: Fire, Multiple Lives (9 lives left).

Minor Super Abilities: Energy Resistance.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +2 to strike (+5 with fire ball and +6 with continuous bolt of flame), +3 to parry, +3 to dodge (+5 in flight), +5 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +3 to disarm, and +3 to roll with impact.

Other Combat Info: Body flip/throw, death blow (if desired; must announce intentions), karate kick: 2D4, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep. Continuous bolt of flame: 9D6, fire ball: 10D6. Flamebait can also fly at 60 mph (96 km) to an altitude of 20,000 feet (6096 m).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Two Years of College.

Computer: Basic Electronics (95%), Computer Operation (95%), Computer Programming (85%), and Computer Repair (80%).

Electrical: Electrical Engineer (90%), Basic Mechanics (90%), and Robot Electronics (90%).

Secondary: Writing (70%), Research (95%), Law (General) (70%), Streetwise (56%), First Aid (90%), Swim (95%), and Prowl (30%).

Money: Flamebait is convinced he can sell his life's story to some publisher for a few mill, but nobody is buying so far.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Galahad

The mega-hero Galahad has had an extraordinarily long and glorious career as a crusader for truth and justice throughout the ages. Possessing tremendous power, just the mention of his name is enough to strike fear into the hearts of supervillains everywhere. He was first thought to have appeared on the scene in 12th century England, although those who have known him say Galahad has been around for much longer than that. Clad in the arms and armor of a medieval knight, Galahad appears wherever the forces of truth and justice are in dire peril. There, he fights evil and tyranny for as long as it takes to right injustice and restore law and order. When all seems in place, this mysterious crusader disappears, returning as if reborn many years later when his special talents are required once more. Even when this warrior seems to be mortally wounded, he simply vanishes from sight, only to miraculously reappear one day, fully healed and ready to resume his fight against the forces of darkness.

Galahad's most recent appearance began some seven years ago at *Century Station* where he came to fight the rising tide of lawlessness and anarchy. Before long, he had established a name as a major hero, and became one of the most beloved heroes of the city. Sadly, this encouraged the evil genius *Headcase* to construct a kind of mind control device that would enslave Galahad to his every

whim. With Galahad under his control, Headcase reinvented the knight as an evil villain calling himself *Blackguard*. The mind-controlled warrior conducted innumerable acts of wanton violence and destruction upon the terrified citizens of the city, although he never actually killed anybody (Headcase's mind control only goes so far). Eventually, *Sector 10's* top superhumans descended upon Blackguard in force, and after a spectacular battle, defeated him. The world was shocked to discover that their beloved Galahad was also the dread villain Blackguard. Galahad's remarkable crimefighting career spoke to his innocence, as well as the subsequent capture of the mind-control equipment Headcase used to brainwash Galahad. (Headcase himself has remained at large ever since Galahad's capture.) Although not a legal requirement, what Galahad needed to do to secure his freedom was to testify on his own behalf. Had he done that, he would have certainly been able to prove his innocence and remain a free hero. However, the noble knight felt that the only reason Headcase was able to control him in the first place was because his heart was not pure enough, his crusading drive not strong enough. Thus, Galahad remained silent during his trial and was sentenced by a reluctant jury to ten years in prison.

At this point, numerous law enforcement officials in high places intervened and figured, if they could not prevent Galahad from going to jail, they could at least send him someplace where his presence might do some good. So, they had him sent to Gramercy Island, officially because his powers technically made him an escape risk, but really because they hoped his presence would help to get his fellow inmates to tow the line. To that end, Galahad was placed in the general population of "Bedlam," Cell Block-B. The fallen heroes tends to keep to himself for much of the day, seemingly locked in meditation or deep thought. When he does mingle with the rest of the prison population, his mere presence brings any anarchy or lawlessness among the other inmates to a standstill. Even without his weapons and armor, Galahad is more than a match for any of the other inmates in Bedlam, especially since the prison authorities have deliberately chosen *not* to employ any kind of power-hobbling technology on the hero. They know Galahad's respect for the law will prevent him from attempting an escape. Only the hatemonger Warden Harker protested this "disturbing situation," but he has capitulated and kept quiet to avoid any political or public fall-out that might hurt his plans for future political office. However, it infuriates him to have a superbeing "loose" almost as much as it angers him to have "his" power usurped from him as it has been.

Meanwhile, Galahad remains ever-repentant about his involvement with the kind of crimes he has dedicated his life to preventing. He truly believes that were he a *true* hero, Headcase could never have gained control over his mind. To Galahad's way of thinking, some part of him must have secretly wanted to commit acts of vicious abandon, and for such conduct, he must pay whatever debt society has seen fit to level against him. On the outside, numerous other superheroes find this whole situation absurd, and are trying to get Galahad's conviction overturned. Until that time, Galahad quietly does his time on Gramercy Island. With good behavior, he should be out in four years.

Real Name: Unknown.

Other Aliases: Blackguard and Lionheart.

Alignment: Principled

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 30 (supernatural), **P.P.:** 22, **P.E.:** 30, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 20

Age: Unknown. **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 70

S.D.C.: 1073

Power Category: Mega-Special Training (Ancient Master).

Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers plus Tremendous S.D.C. and Longevity.

Special Abilities: Feign Death (82%), Cleansing Spirit (78%), Positive Energy, Channel and Unleash Physical Energy: 3D6+8 damage.

Minor Super Abilities: Healing Factor.

Achilles' Heel: Vulnerable to magic. All magic attacks inflict double damage and he is -4 to save vs all types of magical attacks.

Combat Training: SPECIAL: Ancient Master.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +6 to initiative, +8 strike, +8 to parry, +9 to dodge, +4 to automatic dodge, +4 to automatic body flip, +3 to disarm, +6 to pull punch, +5 to roll with punch, +15 to damage, +60% to save vs coma/death, +6 to save vs Horror Factor, +6 to save vs possession, +2 to save vs mind control, +11 to save vs poison, +7 to save vs magic, +3 to save vs psionic attacks. Trust/intimidate: 60%, charm/impress: 50%.

Other Combat Info: Automatic back flip, automatic dodge, critical strike from behind or by surprise, death blow: natural 17-20, disarm, entangle, body throw: 2D4+15 plus victim loses initiative and two melee attacks, knockout/stun: natural 18-20, all holds (arm, leg, neck, body), restrained punch: 2D6+15, full strength punch: 4D6+15, power punch: 1D4x10+15 (counts as two attacks), paired weapons (all), can leap 12 feet (3.6 m high) and 20 feet (6.1 m) across.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Ancient Master.

Scholastic Skills: Basic Math (98%), French (85%), Biology (65%), Art (65%), First Aid (75%), Boxing, Wrestling, Climbing (75%/65%), Acrobatics, Gymnastics, Sewing (55%), and Cook (50%).

Secondary Skills: Law (General) (40%), Basic Mechanics (45%), Basic Electronics (45%), First Aid (60%), and Swim (65%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Blunt, W.P. Chain, W.P. Sword, W.P. Staff, and W.P. Shield.

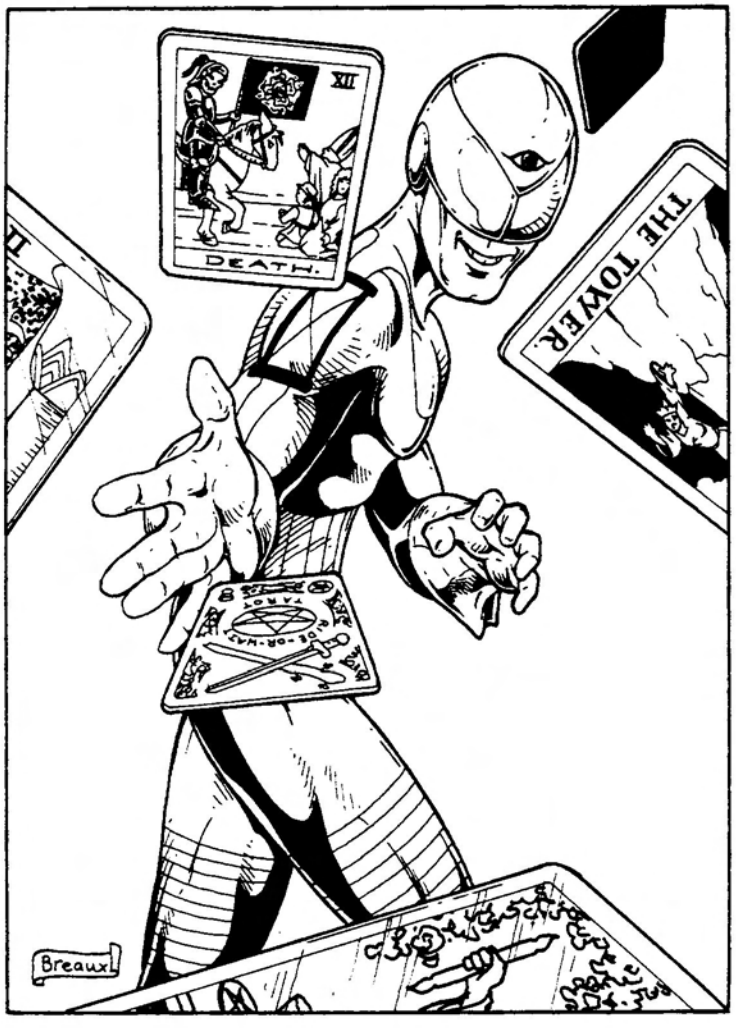
Money: None, Galahad generally has no need for it.

Weapons:

Long Sword: Damage: 7D6+15. (This takes Galahad's supernatural strength into account.)

Large Shield: Damage: 6D6+15 when used for bashing. (This takes Galahad's supernatural strength into account.) Bonuses: +3 to parry. S.D.C.: 100

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Plate Mail: A.R.: 16, S.D.C: 150.



Grim Harbinger

Kelley Etienne has a variety of psionic gifts, but chief among them is the ability to peer into the future with uncommon accuracy. Given enough time to prepare, Etienne can see just about anybody's future ... except his own.

For a time, Etienne carried on his own career in super villainy as the psionic nemesis *Mindbender*. After a stint in a Federal prison for a botched bank robbery, Etienne reinvented himself as the *Grim Harbinger*, a psychic willing to provide psionic services to other criminals, but unwilling to pull down scores of his own. This third-party approach made the Grim Harbinger highly connected to the exploits of dozens of villains, as they all came to him for his precognitive abilities, as well as psychic healing, object reading, interrogation using psychic probes, and other psionic services. Heroes and conventional law enforcement officers had a difficult time nailing the Grim Harbinger on aiding and abetting, because he successfully distanced himself from his criminal clients, and because he performed such a valuable service to the underworld that nobody was willing to rat him out (in fact, many wrongly assumed he would "know" if they did, even before they did it, escape capture and seek retribution upon them).

He finally made a mistake when long-time psychic rival, the hero *Psynapse*, with whom the Grim Harbinger had tangled back during his Mindbender days, lured him out into the open. Psynapse reached the villain via astral projection and issued an open challenge: single combat with him anytime, anywhere in Century Station. As unsafe as it was, the Grim Harbinger's pride and an unsettled grudge against Psynapse were enough to make him take the bait. He traveled to Century Station and foolishly thought that Psynapse would really meet him in single combat. When he arrived at the prearranged battle site he found was an entire C-SWAT platoon backed up by elements of Sector 10 waiting for him. Nobody's fool, the Grim Harbinger surrendered without a fight, and doubted they could make any charges stick. He was wrong.

Unknown to the Grim Harbinger, a cadre of criminals had turned States evidence against him to save their own necks. In exchange for dramatically reduced sentences through plea bargaining, they testified to the villain's many criminal acts. Worse, they made it sound as if he was some kind of criminal mastermind instigating crime. As a result, The Grim Harbinger is currently serving 99 years in Gramercy Island and kicking himself every day for his stupidity. If given the chance to remove his psionic dampeners, he is confident he can escape, and perhaps free a few others for good measure.

Real Name: Kelley Etienne
Other Aliases: Mindbender
Alignment: Anarchist
Attributes: I.Q.: 20, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 10, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 14, **Spd:** 13

Age: 27; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, nine inches (1.75 m). **Weight:** 160 lbs (72 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 28

S.D.C.: 30

I.S.P.: 180

Power Category: Psionics (Master Psychic).

Psionics:

Healing: Psychic Diagnosis (8), Psychic Purification (8), and Psychic Surgery (14).

Physical: Death Trance (1), Summon Inner Strength (4).

Sensitive: Astral Projection (8), Clairvoyance (4), Empathy (4), Object Read (6), Presence Sense (4), See Aura (6), See the Invisible (4), Sense Evil (2), Sense Magic (3), Sense Time (2), Sixth Sense (2), Telepathy (4), and Total Recall (2).

Super Psionics: Bio-Manipulation (10), Bio-Regeneration (super) (20), Psi-Shield (30), and Psi-Sword (30).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, and +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Needs only a 10 to save vs psionics.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Military Program (Basic): Running, Body Building, Military Etiquette (55%), and Radio: Basic (75%).

Communications: Basic Electronics (50%), Radio: Scramblers (55%), T.V./Video (43%), and Radio: Satellite (45%).

Secondary Skills: Literacy (40%), Business & Finance (45%), Computer Operation (50%), Sing (45%), Wilderness Survival (35%), Law (General) (35%), Research (60%), and Writing (Journalism Style; 35%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Rifle, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Shotgun.

Money: It is widely believed that the Grim Harbinger has a great deal of wealth secreted away, but anybody who learns of it mysteriously loses all recollection of it soon thereafter. Although one would suspect the Grim Harbinger of blanking people's memories, he does not have that power. Moreover, he does not know this mass memory loss is even going on, much less who might be perpetrating it. What does this person stand to gain by keeping the Grim Harbinger's fortune a secret?

Weapons: None. Never uses a weapon to avoid any charges of assault with a deadly weapon and murder.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None. He used to have a sweet little sports car.

Harrier

Meet Century Station's only super-powered courier, the one, the only, *Harrier*! Using Sonic Flight, he prefers to fly only a few feet off the ground (largely because of an ironic fear of heights), dodging obstacles in a reckless, daredevil, stunt-flyer fashion. He promises to get anything anywhere in town within the hour. Some think he's a showboater abusing his powers for a quick buck. Others think he's a harmless sideshow, and some find him a likely recruit who could use his considerable talents either for good or evil.

Harrier, a.k.a. Stuart Suycott, high school junior, is a mutant who went skyflying when his powers first manifested themselves but were still unstable. On one flight, his powers geeked out on him and he fell several thousand feet before they kicked in again. The experience never repeated itself, but it gave the Harrier a lasting fear of heights. Unwilling to fly higher than 500 feet (152 m), he developed the acrobatic, ground-hugging flight style that has become his trademark.

For over a year, Harrier had been one of the few superhuman individuals on the scene who had never tangled with either a hero or a villain. He had been skating the edge between the various factions, and skirting the law, freelancing as a courier and runner for vigilantes and criminals — not fully aware of exactly what he was delivering or who he was working for.

Harrier's luck ran out when he did the wrong job for the wrong kind of people and was taken in on an aiding and abetting charge as well as resisting arrest. To his credit, it took the Century Station Police Department and several superheroes four hours to catch him. His expert knowledge of the city's streets and back alleys gave him an edge, but in the end, it was hardly enough to keep him ahead of the concerted efforts of the city's finest. Once taken into custody, Harrier was tried and sentenced to a three-year stint on Gramercy Island. Considering his lack of any previous criminal convictions, and the insistence of various superheroes in the area that the lad has a decent chance of reform, Harrier will probably be paroled in half that time. If he keeps cool in prison, that is.

To keep his powers in check, Harrier must wear a set of bracers, anklets, belt and collar that impose a kind of hypergravitic field on him that makes him unable to leave the ground and reduces his speed by half. These items are lowjacked and monitored by the central office of the prison's Super-Being Containment Wing, so if they were to be discarded or disabled, the authorities would instantly know about it.

Harrier is one of a number of young men and women with super abilities but without any real direction in how to

use them or dedicate their lives to good. Super groups like the *Centurions* have launched junior superhero teams in part to raise a new generation of superheroes, but also to give guys like Harrier a shot at turning their lives around before they go seriously astray. So far, Harrier has shown some interest in this program, but is unsure if he can really commit to it. Time will tell if he becomes a hero, or whether his stint on the Island is just the first of many more to come.

Also Known As: Fly Boy.
Real Name: Stuart Suycott
Occupation: High School Junior.
Alignment: Unprincipled
Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 14, **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 20

Age: 17; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, six inches (1.68 m). **Weight:** 140 lbs (63 kg).

Insanity: Fear of heights. The kid prefers to fly no higher off the ground than ten feet (3 m), but will go up to 500 (152 m) when absolutely necessary. Technically, he can fly as high as an airplane.

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 26

S.D.C.: 130

Power Category: Mutant.

Major Super Abilities: Sonic Flight.

Minor Super Abilities: Radar and Extraordinary Physical Prowess.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +7 to initiative, +6 to strike, +7 to parry, +7 to dodge, +3 to automatic dodge, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, and +2 to pull punch.

In-Flight Bonuses: +1 attack per melee, +1 to strike, +2 to parry, and +6 to dodge.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4, Sonic Two-Fisted Punch: 1D4x10 (3D6 to self), Sonic Body Block/Ram: 2D4x10 (5D6 to self), and Critical Strike: 19-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: High School.

Technical Program: Writing (38%), Computer Operation (55%), Speak/Literacy: French (65%), Speak/Literacy: German (65%), Research (65%), Art (50%), Business & Finance (50%), Photography (50%).

Secondary Skills: Astronomy (35%), Pilot Motorcycle (68%), Advanced Mathematics (55%), Land Navigation (44%), Sewing (50%), Cook (45%), Play Musical Instrument (Keyboard) (45%), Computer Programming (50%), and Radio: Basic (55%).

Money: He made about $100 a week working in a local used bookstore as his legitimate pay. However, he has worked as a superhuman courier for shady elements on more than a few occasions, earning a few thousand bucks each time. However, he has kept most of this cash hidden because he does not know how to spend it without his family finding out (he has $13,000 stashed away).

Weapons: None — it's not like he's a criminal or anything.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Point Blank Vest: A.R.: 10, S.D.C.: 70. Note: Harrier wears this along with a pair of goggles and a paintball face mask he's owned for a couple of years. Together, his armor is meant to protect him mostly from airborne debris while he is flying. (A piece of gravel or a bug hurts a lot when you smack into it at just under Mach 1.) He purchased the armor from one of his underworld clients.

Hazmat

Meet the Hazardous Materials Man! Arliss Core was a hazardous materials cleanup worker from Texas who worked for the world-class *Golden Crescent, Inc.* (GCI) petrochemical corporation. The company took its name from the so-called "golden crescent" territory in which it is based. A territory stretching from New Orleans through Texas that contains the highest concentration of petroleum refineries and petrochemical facilities in the world. As one can imagine, these facilities have their fair share of fires and hazmat spills, so hazmat professionals like Arliss Core are in great demand. In fact, GCI maintained their own fire-fighting and hazmat crews headed by Core, a top-notch expert in the field.

All that changed the day GCI suffered a hazardous materials spill in its experimental compounds facility. The work being done there was all considered a big industrial secret. Fearful its new secret project might being compromised and fall into the hands of a rival, GCI sent its cleanup crew to the site without telling them exactly what they were cleaning up. All they would say was that it was "Hypertane," a flammable, corrosive, and deadly chemical mixture. (Basically, the stuff amounted to a kind of rocket fuel that could be used by ordinary automobiles.)

Although concerned for his men's safety, Core led his crew through the cleanup, which went off without a hitch until a tank unexpectedly burst, covering Core in the volatile Hypertane. By the time his crewmen got to him and cleaned him off, the Hypertane had burned through his suit. Hideous burns covered 85% of his body and Core spent the next several months undergoing intensive medical care. He made an unlikely recovery as his body slowly covered itself in scar tissue. He also began to display an array of amazing powers which transformed him into a living battery of hazardous energy. He could transform himself into a toxic form of plasma and could even control radioactive energies, but at the same time, he remained terribly scarred and in constant pain.

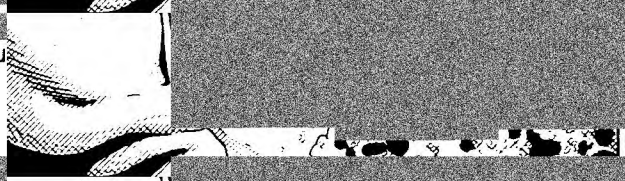
Core was slated to undergo nerve deadening surgery to stop the pain, but he went berserk before that could happen. Using his new powers, Core broke free from the hospital and burnt most of it down as he battled his way to the outside. Without skipping a beat, he headed to the GCI facility where he had been injured. Thankfully, authorities tracking the crazed man's progress alerted the facility, which fully evacuated before Core arrived. He opened up with streams of plasma and radiation, touching off a series of explosions that destroyed the entire facility. For three

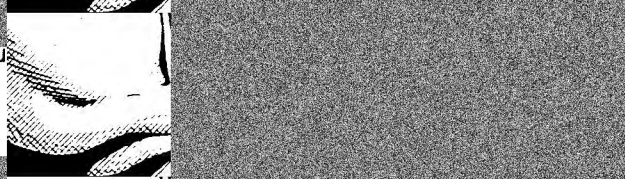
days, the three-mile (4.8 km) facility was engulfed in toxic flames as millions of gallons of equally toxic runoff drained into the Gulf of Mexico, the worst ecological disaster for the U.S. petroleum industry since Alaska's Prince Edward Sound spill. The total price tag for the facility damage and environmental cleanup: $4.4 billion.

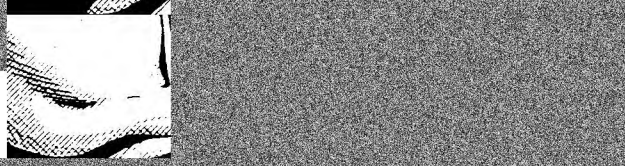
As the media covered the incident, Core was dubbed *Hazmat, the Hazardous Materials Man*. After the initial destruction subsided, Hazmat barricaded himself within the wreckage and was captured only after a lengthy siege by Federal law enforcement and SCRET squads. He was tried for capital destruction, environmental endangerment, and a half-dozen other charges, amounting to over one thousand years in prison. Although Hazmat got about half that time thrown out in appeals, that would still leave him at the ripe old age of 533 when he finally gets out of jail. Until then, he spends all of his time locked in an armored containment suit that prevents his powers from activating, but also has the pleasant side effect of deadening his otherwise constant agony.

Note: Hazmat is not the first superbeing to be created by Hypertane. The villain *Scorcher* gained his powers when he drank a beaker of Hypertane on a bet, and the mutant lab rat *Samuel Strong* also gained his human features and super abilities when injected with the stuff during its early development.

Real Name: Arliss Core
Other Aliases: Atomic Monster







to everybody within 50 feet (15.2 m), along with a 01%-30% chance of giving them radiation sickness. The only way for Hazmat to avoid affecting other people by either of these effects is to wear a specially shielded suit that contains his powers entirely. The suit is more like a suit of armor (A.R. 15, S.D.C.: 160) that can only be opened/removed from the back, and after one has entered a 30 digit pass code onto the keypad on the armor's back.

Cold and water based attacks do double damage. Being placed in a vacuum inflicts 3D6 damage per minute.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +5 to save against all chemicals, poisons and toxins, +2 to save vs magic potions. Impervious to all types of radiation, heat, fire, molten slag and even magic fire.

Other Combat Info: Plasma bolt: 1D6x10+2, plasma touch: 1D6x10, discharge nuclear fire: 4D6.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School equivalent. Most of these were at or near the 90 percent range, but the pain and trauma have so tortured his mind that all skills have been severely diminished and most of his old hazmat skills lost.

Domestic Program: Basic Mathematics (40%), Cook (45%), Sewing (50%), Sing (45%)

Wilderness Program: Wilderness Survival (45%), Identify Plants & Fruits (35%), Land Navigation (46%), Preserve Food (35%), Skin & Prepare Animal Hides (40%)

Secondary: Swim (50%), Running, Prowl (25%), Climbing (40%/30%), Body Building, Fishing (40%), Cook (35%)

Money: None. After his criminal rampage, Hazmat's entire family has abandoned him, so now he has nothing.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None at present, but should he ever escape, he will definitely bring along his containment suit. He likes the armor protection it provides, and he would like to hire a Hardware expert to install ports on the gauntlets that would allow Hazmat to expel his energy blasts while keeping the armor on.

The Headsman

The magical axe *Bonereaver* has been the implement of destruction for many a villain and overlord throughout the ages. The item first appeared in Scandinavia in the ninth century and has shown up about once every century since. Each time the axe is wielded by a different owner; ostensibly whoever owns Bonereaver comes to an untimely end because of it.

The axe's current owner is a burly medieval recreationist named Andy Burrod. He picked up Bonereaver at a weapon dealer's table during a local medieval-renaissance fair. Neither the dealer nor Andy knew of the weapon's true nature, because Bonereaver chose to conceal itself until coming into contact with somebody it thought would make a nice host. Andy fit the bill, and the moment he touched the axe, the spirit of the weapon took him over. Andy and Bonereaver were made one and became the joint entity known as the *Headsman*. During a staged, mock medieval battle, Andy brought his magic axe onto the field, and before anybody could ask him to put the "live" weapon away, the Headsman went into action. Within minutes, ten players were down and the crowd screamed and fled, having realized this was no act. Another six folks died in the stampede away from the fairgrounds.

For the weapon, the feeling of blood on its blade was like a drink of water after too long a thirst. For Andy, he was both horrified and exhilarated by what had transpired, but by this time, he was little more than a passenger in his own body. Watching himself say and do things that felt like they were drawn from his subconscious — vaguely recognizable, but utterly beyond his ability to change or control.

The Headsman escaped the fair massacre and continued bloody spree killings throughout a four-city circuit. Even though several prominent super-sleuths got involved on the case, the Headsman was not caught until the sword-wielding mega-hero *Durandal* was brought in. During the fight, Bonereaver relished every time it clashed with Durandal and wants a rematch with the sword. Although the Headsman went to a life stretch in prison (he is now just the Andy Burrod persona) and his sword into the Gramercy Island evidence depot, the two of them remain in telepathic contact and will figure out some kind of break from this prison.

In combat, the Headsman wears a stylized executioner's outfit. A simple tunic and leggings, a leather vest, leather wrist bands, and a hood. His axe is always with him and unless defeated and separated from his weapon. The *Headsman* does not assume a secret identity because he enjoys being the murderous Headsman.

It is also worth mentioning that occult experts believe the Headsman is just one of a circle of villains, each of whom is beholden to a different magic weapon. Although the names and powers of these weapons are unknown, a photograph of the group taken 40 years ago shows individuals wielding a magic sword, a magic spear, a magic war hammer, and a magic flail, in addition to Bonereaver. For the Headsman's part, he is either unwilling or unable to speak about this, even when under chemical encouragement or hypnosis.

Real Name: Andy Burrod

Alignment: Was Unprincipled, but has become Diabolic since obtaining the magical axe Bonereaver.

Attributes: I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 11, **M.A.:** 10, **P.S.:** 10 (30; supernatural), **P.P.:** 10 (18 transformed), **P.E.:** 10 (21 transformed), **P.B.:** 9, **Spd:** 21 (33 transformed).

Age: 26; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 175 lbs (78.7 kg).

Experience Level: Two as Andy, but six as the Headsman.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Chain and Plate Armor: A.R.: 15, S.D.C.: 100.

Hit Points: 45

S.D.C.: 200

A.R.: 14

Power Category: Alien (Super Abilities).

Alien Appearance: Humanoid mineral.

Alien Environment: Normal Earth Environment.

Reason for Coming to Earth: Criminal pursuit; ex-lawman.

Familiarity with Earth: Extensive. Kisentite is fluent (98%) in English, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, and Japanese.

Minor Super Abilities: Manipulate Kinetic Energy, Power Channeling, Energy Resistance, Supervision: X-ray, Impervious to Fire and Heat.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +3 to strike, +1 to parry and dodge, +5 to pull punch, +34 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact, +10% to save vs coma/death, and +3 to save vs magic.

Other Combat Info: Body tackle: 1D6+5D4+34, head butt: 3D6+34, punch: 6D6+34, power punch: 1D6x10+40 (counts as two actions), kick: 7D6+34, jump kick: 2D4x10+34.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Alien General Studies,

Scholastic Skills: Astronomy (45%), Astrophysics (50%), and Biology (50%).

Secondary: Basic Math (65%), Advanced Math (65%), Wilderness Survival (55%), Basic Mechanics (50%), Basic Electronics (50%), and Radio: Basic (65%).

Money: Kisentite came to Earth with $30,000 in precious gems. He has hidden this, along with the rest of his equipment at his landing site. He will retrieve it all once

Megasaur

Like a T. Rex stomping though the world of heroes and villains, the *Megasaur* is a living legend of larceny and terror. He is a human with reptilian characteristics, but has always felt more akin to mutant reptiles than Homo Sapiens. After a long stint as a major supervillain, the Megasaur disappeared for a few years. When he resurfaced, it was in the jungles of Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras, where the Megasaur was proclaiming himself King of a reptilian republic and began to raid villages and towns insisting they worship him or be destroyed! They didn't take this madman too seriously, until he sent two military companies in retreat.

That's when the joint governments scrambled the heroes *Quetzlcoatl* and *Vaquero* to defeat Megasaur and crush his mad dreams of kingship. The two heroes defeated the villain and brought him to Gramercy Island, where he is now serving a life sentence for slaying Vaquero and dozens of soldiers and innocent people.

Megasaur is a loner at heart and will not team up with other villains unless they are at least as powerful and experienced as he. Even then, such an alliance would be temporary at best.

Real Name: Unknown.

Alignment: Diabolic

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 53 (supernatural) normal; 99 (supernatural) giant, **P.P.:** 29, **P.E.:** 23, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** 46 (92, giant)

Insanity: A power-crazed madman, with delusions of godhood, bent on conquering some part of the world as his private kingdom. The first step to his conquest of the planet.

Age: Unknown. **Sex:** Male.

Height: Seven feet (2.14 m) normal, 53 feet (16.2 m) giant. **Weight:** 300 lbs (135 kg) normal; 2600 lbs (1170 kg) giant.

minions and chosen ones. If there were enough reptilian people, they could march forth under his leadership and rid the world of the dreaded *homo sapiens*.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +4 to initiative, +2 to strike (+1 for wild energy blasts and +3 for aimed energy blasts), +5 to parry, +6 to dodge (+2 giant), +4 to disarm, +6 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +38 damage (+84 giant).

Other Combat Info: Energy blast: 14D6. Super energy blast: 1D6x10+11D6+30 (uses all but one attack for the melee round). Restrained punch: 5D6+38 (5D6+84 giant), full strength punch: 2D4x10+38 (2D4x10+84, giant), power punch: 3D6x10+38 (3D6x10+84, giant), body block/tackle: 1D4+38 (1D4+84, giant), crush/squeeze: 1D4+38 (1D4+84, giant), pin/incapacitate: 18-20. Death blow: 16-20 (if desired; must announce intentions).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, and Gymnastics.

Secondary Skills: Prowl (70%), Climbing (75%/65%), Swimming (85%), Body Building, and Speak English (55%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Paired (All), W.P. Axe (+2 to strike and parry, +1 to throw), W.P. Sword (+2 to strike and parry).

Money: None. Megasaur largely exists in the wilderness, away from civilization. He considers money to be a human weakness and takes whatever he wants.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: As god, everything in the world belongs to him.

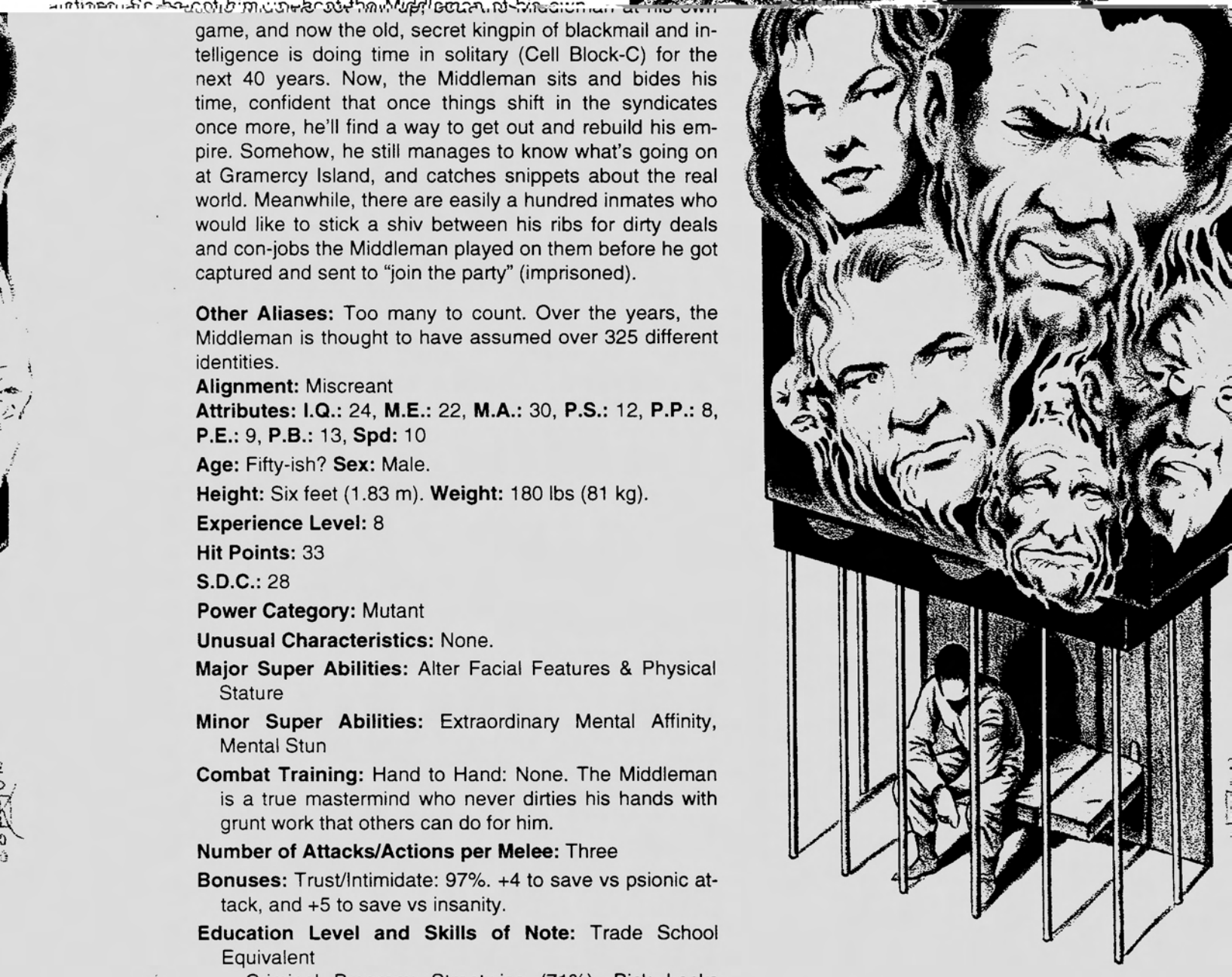
The Middleman

The underworld of any city or country is just like an ordinary economy in that there are basic laborers (street grunts) and top executives (masterminds and syndicate bosses). In between there are enforcers, runners, hoods and others. Among them are *fixers*, an unsavory combination of criminal talent agent, fence, information broker, and deal maker. In Century Station, one of the most infamous of these "fixers" is an individual known only as the *Middleman*, a mutant with the ability to impersonate anybody as well as to boggle their minds. Together, this enables him to fast-talk and bluff his way out of almost any situation, making him a con-artist and manipulator of the first order.

To most heroes, this does not make the Middleman overtly dangerous. He's not the type to rob banks or try to destroy the entire city. The danger the Middleman represents is far more subtle. A supreme manipulator of people, the Middleman can get almost anybody to do his bidding, whether they realize it or not. In general, he works by acting as a mere fixer — a networker who helps to put people together and pool resources. But what the Middleman is really doing is gathering intelligence on *everybody* he co-

mes in contact with, then he figures out what makes people tick, what their weaknesses and desires are, and uses them to his advantage. This may involve blackmail, to coercion, to simply more information gathering. ("Come on, who's this information going to hurt? Do you really want the press to learn your secret?") With this kind of power and data at his disposal, the Middleman can try to leverage almost anybody, or stir the pot, instigating trouble among rivals, as well as help push through almost anything within the underworld. And if he doesn't have his hand in something (and getting a piece of the action), he certainly knows about it.

The Middleman conducted business like this for 25 years, controlling the Century Station underworld to his liking with nobody any the wiser. However, that changed when The Minotaur entered the crime scene. This mysterious crime lord saw the Middleman as a real pain in the neck as well as a potential threat to the future of his operations. So he got him under the Middleman at his own game, and now the old, secret kingpin of blackmail and intelligence is doing time in solitary (Cell Block-C) for the next 40 years. Now, the Middleman sits and bides his time, confident that once things shift in the syndicates once more, he'll find a way to get out and rebuild his empire. Somehow, he still manages to know what's going on at Gramercy Island, and catches snippets about the real world. Meanwhile, there are easily a hundred inmates who would like to stick a shiv between his ribs for dirty deals and con-jobs the Middleman played on them before he got captured and sent to "join the party" (imprisoned).



Other Aliases: Too many to count. Over the years, the Middleman is thought to have assumed over 325 different identities.

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: I.Q.: 24, **M.E.:** 22, **M.A.:** 30, **P.S.:** 12, **P.P.:** 8, **P.E.:** 9, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 10

Age: Fifty-ish? **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 180 lbs (81 kg).

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 33

S.D.C.: 28

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: None.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Facial Features & Physical Stature

Minor Super Abilities: Extraordinary Mental Affinity, Mental Stun

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: None. The Middleman is a true mastermind who never dirties his hands with grunt work that others can do for him.

Number of Attacks/Actions per Melee: Three

Bonuses: Trust/Intimidate: 97%. +4 to save vs psionic attack, and +5 to save vs insanity.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School Equivalent

Criminal Program: Streetwise (71%), Pick Locks

(90%), Palming (95%), Concealment (86%), Pick Pockets (98%), and Seduction (51%).

Professional Thief Program: Locksmith (85%), Prowl (85%), Surveillance Systems (90%), and Climbing (90%/98%).

Secondary Skills: Art (80%), Business & Finance (80%), Law (General) (70%), Photography (80%), Basic Electronics (75%), Basic Mechanics (75%), and T.V. & Video (61%).

Money: Presumably, tons of it, but the Middleman keeps quiet about these things. It is safe to say that he has stashed money under a dozen different aliases, however, and should he ever escape, it will be difficult to find him again.

Weapons: None. The Middleman abhors personal violence.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None on the inside, who knows what on the outside.

his folks die one by one. Mire was not about to test their resolve, or wait for intervention from the law, and turned himself in. Though the Federal government appreciated the lengths that these man-hunters went to capture Mire, and they believed them that it was all a "bluff," they disagreed with their methods. Consequently, no bounty was paid and Heavy Gauge was arrested and sentenced to three years on assault charges. Meanwhile, Mire is doing 25 years at Gramercy Island. When he gets out (even if

it's 25 years later), he will go after those who dared endanger his family and hurt them back. He's also anxious to escape, so he can get back to supporting his family.

Real Name: George Kilgore

Other Aliases: Qaugmire — his mother calls him "puddin' head."

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 8, **M.E.:** 7, **M.A.:** 7, **P.S.:** 18 (40 transformed; superhuman), **P.P.:** 13, **P.E.:** 16, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 14

Age: 30; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, two inches (1.88 m). **Weight:** 205 lbs (92.2 kg) normal; 615 lbs (276.7 kg) when in mud form.

Experience Level: 10

Hit Points: 66

S.D.C.: 600

Power Category: Mutant.

Unusual Characteristics: None.

Major Super Abilities: Alter Physical Structure: Stone and Alter Physical Structure: Liquid.

Special Power Note: Mire can not activate one of these powers without activating the other. When combined, these powers effectively become Alter Physical Structure: Mud. The APS: Stone power remains fully intact except the A.R. 16 is negated in favor of the limited invulnerability offered by APS: Liquid. The APS: Liquid power remains intact, except Mire can not draw upon or merge with water. Instead, he can do so with open *soil*. Otherwise, the power works the same way, except as mud instead of water.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +5 to damage (+20 transformed), +4 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, and +1 to disarm.

Other Combat Info: Mud (water) bolt: 2D4+10, punch: 1D4+5 (+20 transformed), karate kick: 2D4+5 (+20 transformed), critical strike: 19-20, and body throw/flip.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Two Years of College

Business Program: Basic Mathematics (25%), Business & Finance (95%), Computer Operation (95%), Law (General) (85%), and Research (98%).

Science Program: Advanced Mathematics (98%), Chemistry (90%), Biology (90%), Botany (85%), and Anthropology (80%).

Secondary Skills: Sing (80%), Play Guitar (80%), Athletics (General), Dance (75%), Streetwise (61%), Concealment (61%), Law (General) (70%), and General Repair/Maintenance (80%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife, W.P. Chain

Money: Not much. As usual, Mire has given most of his earnings to his family.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Obzelon

Death has always been a fascination for the villain *Obzelon*. Born Victor Schanz, he became obsessed with death at a very early age. Since he was something of a child prodigy, he rocketed through schooling and had his bachelor's degree by the time he was sixteen. He continued on to become a medical doctor and went into forensic pathology largely as an excuse to get closer to as many dead people as possible. This alone was creepy enough, but the truth behind Victor's dark fixations was far more sinister.

During his studies, Schanz had uncovered the secrets of necromancy, a type of sorcery specializing in spells that have power over the dead. His work with cadavers was all just research efforts for furthering his macabre magical knowledge. When Schanz felt he had nothing left to learn from this line of work, he left it and adopted the villainous personality of *Obzelon, Master of Death*!

Obzelon's prime goals were ambitious to procure immortality for himself and to raise an army of dead persons in order to control the living. To take over the world and rule it with a skeletal fist.

Obzelon's mystic knowledge is formidable, but he hardly can immortalize himself or raise enough dead to conquer the world. Indeed, such goals might very well be impossible to attain, since Obzelon doesn't know if spells of such magnitude ever existed, much less that he can find them or figure them out for himself. Consequently, he studies and gathers (buys or steals) ancient books and artifacts of magic from every corner of the world in pursuit of his goals. He also plunders knowledge from the minds of other spell casters. This may involve a free-willed sharing of knowledge or the mad Necromancer may slay them, and plumbs their dead memories for whatever knowledge he can use for his dark magic.

Over the years, he has taken the heads of some 20 sorcerers, most of whom were notable players in the global spell caster community. This made Obzelon a dangerous rogue wanted worldwide by virtually every organized wizards' society there is. With this kind of heat, it was only a matter of time before Obzelon was captured and punished.

On Christmas Eve two years ago, the fateful showdown happened in a titanic magic battle on Scotland's Orkney Islands. Nobody really knows what happened except that the *Order of Three* defeated Obzelon, he was tried, found guilty of multiple international murders and later deposited at Gramercy Island to serve out a life sentence without parole. He resides in a cell which has been marked with a magic circle that prevents him from casting any spells whatsoever. The circle was drawn and is routinely maintained by one of the world's greatest hero-sorcerers, *Lord Arcane*.

Real Name: Victor Schanz

Other Aliases: None.

Alignment: Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 9, **M.A.:** 5, **P.S.:** 10, **P.P.:** 9, **P.E.:** 8, **P.B.:** 7, **Spd:** 8

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 30

P.P.E.: 200

Power Category: Magic (Mystic Study).

Magic Abilities: Astral Projection (6), Familiar Link (20), Sense Enchantment (0), Sense Supernatural Evil (0), Sense Magic (4).

Spell Knowledge: For added spice, feel free to substitute any of Obzelon's spells for any of the Necro-Magic spells found in either the **Palladium Fantasy RPG®**, **Rifts® World Book 4: Africa™**, or **Rifts® World Book 18: Mystic Russia™**. Spells in *italics* below are to be found in the **HU G.M.'s Guide™**.

Levels One through Four: All spells!

Level Five: Calling (8)

Level Six: *Animate Object (15)*

Level Seven: Animate & Control Dead (20), Constrain Being (20), Life Drain (25).

Level Eight: *Commune with Spirits (25)*, *Sickness (50)*, *Spoil (30)*

Level Nine: Monster Insect (50 or 100), *Summon & Control Canines (50)*

Level Ten: *Phantom Horse (60)*, Summon Shadow Beast (140), *Summon & Control Rodents (70)*

Level Eleven: *Create Mummy (160)*, *Summon & Control Animals (125)*

Level Twelve: *Create Zombie (250)*

Combat Training: None. Obzelon prefers to let his Zombies and other undead machinations fight for him.

Number of Attacks: Two hand to hand or two by spell magic.

Bonuses: None.

Other Combat Info: +5 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs poison, +4 to save vs possession and Horror Factor, +4 to Spell Strength (victims need to roll a 16 or higher to save vs his magic).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Doctorate

Magic Skills: Spell Translation (47%), Demons & Monsters (98%), Geomancy (98%), Religion (98%), Archaeology (98%), Chemistry (98%), and Holistic Medicine (98%).

Medical Assistant: Basic Mathematics (98%), Business & Finance (98%), Computer Operation (98%), Biology (98%), Paramedic (98%)

Medical Doctor: Chemistry (98%), Pathology (98%), and Medical Doctor (98%/98%).

Medical Investigation: Criminal Science/Forensics (98%) and Advanced Mathematics (98%).

Science: Arstronomy (98%), Anthropology (95%) and Chemistry: Analytical (98%).

Secondary: Body Building, Running, Climbing (85%/75%), Swimming (95%), Athletics (General), Recognize Weapon Quality (70%) and First Aid (90%).

Money: Oh, he's got plenty, all right.

Weapons: None; relies on magic.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Still owns an estate in Germany that is being maintained by a cousin. A secret

Insanities: Obsession: Immortality (wants it for himself), death (wants to master and control it), and power (wants it for himself), combined with megalomania and a dissociative disorder that makes people little more important than cattle.

Age: 52; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, two inches (1.88 m). **Weight:** 150 lbs (67.5 kg).

Experience Level: 10

sub-basement at that property is a mortuary bunker that the authorities never discovered. It contains 40 skeletons, two mummies and a dozen zombies, along with Obzelon's most precious artifacts and books on magic (worth billions, many stolen from museums and private collections from around the world), along with a million dollars worth of gems.

The Octagon

Otto Corben is the result of a long and unusual experiment in genetics and human breeding. He is of a stock of humans selected by a secret eugenics organization to breed with one another in order to produce superhuman offspring. For seven generations, this secret breeding program produced an increasingly sophisticated blood line until only one "viable" descendant remained. This descendant, Gunther Corben, had eight sons, with Otto being the youngest. The eighth son of an eighth son, Otto developed amazing mutant powers, just as the ancient eugenics masters who bred him had predicted. Now, their work turned to what to do with this superhuman. They seemed to want Otto to become a leader of men, perhaps to control a nation of his own or alter human civilization in some way. These idealistic dreams were never to be realized.

Otto may have incredible powers, but he also has the heart of villain. A brutal thug who only wanted to abuse his powers for personal gain. To the disgust and dismay of those who bred him, Otto forsook his heritage and became the superpowered villain *Octagon*. Arrogant and overconfident, he was his own undoing and is currently doing 10 years in Gramercy Island for armed robbery. It has been 4 years already, and Otto is definitely a changed man, but not for the better. As soon as he gets out, he plans on putting together a league of superbeings to follow him, track down his makers, and force them to help him take over the world.

Real Name: Otto Corben

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 8, **M.A.:** 7, **P.S.:** 24, **P.P.:** 24, **P.E.:** 24, **P.B.:** 21, **Spd:** 24

Insanities: Megalomania, antisocial and anger management problems and obsession: himself (he loves himself to pieces, why don't you?).

Age: 24. **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, six inches (1.95 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg)

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 64

S.D.C.: 140

Power Category: Mutant

Major Super Abilities: Multiple Lives (SPECIAL! The Octagon has 7 lives left. Each time he is reborn, however, his remaining two super powers are to be randomly re-rolled. They will remain Major Super Powers, but exactly which ones is up in the air.), Super Energy Expulsion and Energy Absorption.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +8 to strike, +9 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +2 to disarm, +11 to damage, +5 to save vs poison and magic, +18% to save vs coma/death, 55% chance to charm and impress.

Other Combat Info: Energy blast: 1D6x10+6, super energy blast: 2D6x10+20 (uses all but one melee attack). Snap kick: 1D6+11, karate kick: 2D4+11, roundhouse kick: 3D6+11, critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), body throw/flip, knockout on a natural 20, body block/tackle: 1D4+11, crush/squeeze: 1D4+11, pin/incapacitate: 18-20. Impervious to energy attacks, heat and fire.

Education Level and Skills of Note: High School Graduate.

Physical Program: Boxing and Wrestling.

Criminal Program: Streetwise (49%), Interrogation (75%), Pick Locks (65%), Find Contraband & Illegal Weapons (55%), Concealment (49%).

Secondary: Basic Mechanics (65%), Automobile Mechanics (60%), First Aid (80%), Recognize Weapon Quality (65%), Law (General; 60%)

Money: Minimal.

Weapons: None; relies on his superior powers and intellect.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Pantagruel

In 1532, an ex-monk by the name of Francois Rabelais wrote *Pantagruel*, a medieval masterpiece of satire, propaganda and comedy. Named after its central character, *Pantagruel* chronicles the exploits of a monstrous giant who is also a supreme gentleman, a true "renaissance man" at a time when the very concept was brand new. Rabelais used his character to lampoon many aspects of medieval society, and it, as well as its sequel *Gargantua,* cemented his status of one of Europe's great literary minds. For centuries, the world figured Pantagruel was just a figment of Rabelais' imagination, at least until the cultured giant who currently resides at Gramercy Island's Super-Being Containment Wing appeared.

The creature who calls himself *Pantagruel* arrived in Century Station by means unknown about four years ago. Despite his bulk and monstrous appearance, Pantagruel managed to keep himself hidden in the city sewers, surfacing periodically to raid fine clothing shops for new sets of clothes, hitting antique bookstores so he could procure something to read, and raiding top tobacconists and liquor stores for something to enjoy in the evening. Oh, yes, he also was in the habit of kidnapping people and pets, and eating them. But that, he explains, is an unfortunate cross-cultural misunderstanding. "You see, where I come from, eating the folk is a bit of an honor, don't you know. A statement that one's progeny is of such uncommon caliber

and, er, good taste, that it should be consumed at once in a show of appreciation."

Needless to say, this show of alien civility has not gone over well with the people of Century Station, who formed a mob, tracked down Pantagruel in his lair, and beat him within an inch of his life. Even with his formidable super abilities, Pantagruel never stood a chance. They dragged his limp body to the surface and were ready to burn him at a makeshift stake when CSPD riot units showed up and broke up the disturbance. Pantagruel was taken into custody and sentenced to eight consecutive life sentences at Gramercy Island, one for each individual he had abducted, slain and eaten. The heinousness of Pantagruel's crimes was such that there is a debate about renewing the death penalty at Century Station.

Real Name: Pantagruel *is* his real name.

Other Aliases: Son of Gargantua.

Alignment: Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 18, **P.S.:** 30 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 10, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 5, **Spd:** 21 (46 flying).

Age: Who knows? **Sex:** Male, presumably.

Height: Seven feet (2.1 m). **Weight:** 400 lbs (180 kg).

Experience Level: 11

Hit Points: 69

S.D.C.: 275

Natural A.R.: 12

Power Category: Alien.

Alien Appearance: Demonic appearance. Pantagruel has a lumpy, armored hide, large horns on his head, clawed fingers, a thick and reptilian (but prehensile) tail, and almost ridiculously small bat wings sprouting off his back (they work though).

Alien Environment: Abrasive Atmosphere.

Major Super Abilities: Invisibility.

Minor Super Abilities: Supervision: Nightvision.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +8 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +17 to damage, +1 to disarm, +10% to save vs coma/death, +3 to save vs magic and poison, and +50% to evoke trust or intimidation.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+17, punch: 1D6+17, critical strike: 19-20, body throw/flip, critical strike or knockout from behind, knockout on a Natural 20, body block/tackle: 1D4+17, crush/squeeze: 1D4+17, pin/incapacitate: 18-20, +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Education Level and Skills: Alien Combat Specialist.

Physical Skills: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, Gymnastics

Secondary Skills: First Aid (98%), Speak English (98%), Recognize Weapon Quality (75%), Land Navigation (81%), Prowl (75%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Sword, W.P. Knife, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Chain, W.P. Axe, and W.P. Polearm.

Money: Pantagruel had gathered maybe $30,000 or $40,000 before he was captured. This money was looted by the mob.

Weapons: Meat Cleaver: Pantagruel's favorite weapon is a terrifying two-handed meat cleaver he named *Little Delicious*. Each strike with it does 3D6+17 (bonuses included). Any psychic who Object Reads this heinous device had better be prepared for months of psychotherapy afterward, considering how many evil deeds its blade has taken part in.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None, but he enjoys the finest clothing, books, alcohol and other things in life.

The Prince of Century Station

A true enigma, nobody knows who he is, or what he is all about. He is said to be the mysterious benefactor of numerous heroes (and villains?) in town, all of whom are unwitting pawns in some bizarre plan or game of his that everybody in the superhero community seems to know *of*, but nobody really knows anything *about*. Rumors abound as to who this person really is. A vampire who buys willing victims? A reformed demon from the Oriental under-realms trying to stay on the straight and narrow? An ex-superhero funding a new breed of super-conflict in the District? A sick industrialist playing chess with the city?

The world will never know the truth, that the Prince is:

Carter Downright, Wealthy Man About Town

A multi-billionaire philanthropist with mysterious intentions, Carter is one of the city's movers and shakers who always keeps the gossip mill humming with activity. Could he really be a costumed vigilante sometimes spotted about the darker ends of town? Or is he merely in league with one of those characters, lending him his identity when he needs it?

He is all of these things and more, a self-styled "vigilante philanthropist," who funds numerous superhero causes throughout town, from superspies and experimental super ability creation programs to super-sleuth agencies that need some start-up capital. He is currently spending a three year sentence for a fraud and embezzlement scheme that he insists is a frame job (revenge secretly orchestrated by The Middleman even while he's in solitary and put into action by one of his few remaining henchmen). He's incarcerated at Gramercy Island but on a special work program at the drug rehab center connected to Cell Block-A. He is in good health and enjoys safety and privileges most prisoners don't even dream about. With good behavior he shouldn't spend more than six months in stir.

Alignment: Scrupulous

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 15, M.A. 17, P.S. 14, P.P. 14, P.E. 14, P.B. 18, Spd 14

Age: 38; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg).

Hit Points: 21; **S.D.C.:** 22.

Equivalent Level of Experience: 7th level Vigilante Philanthropist

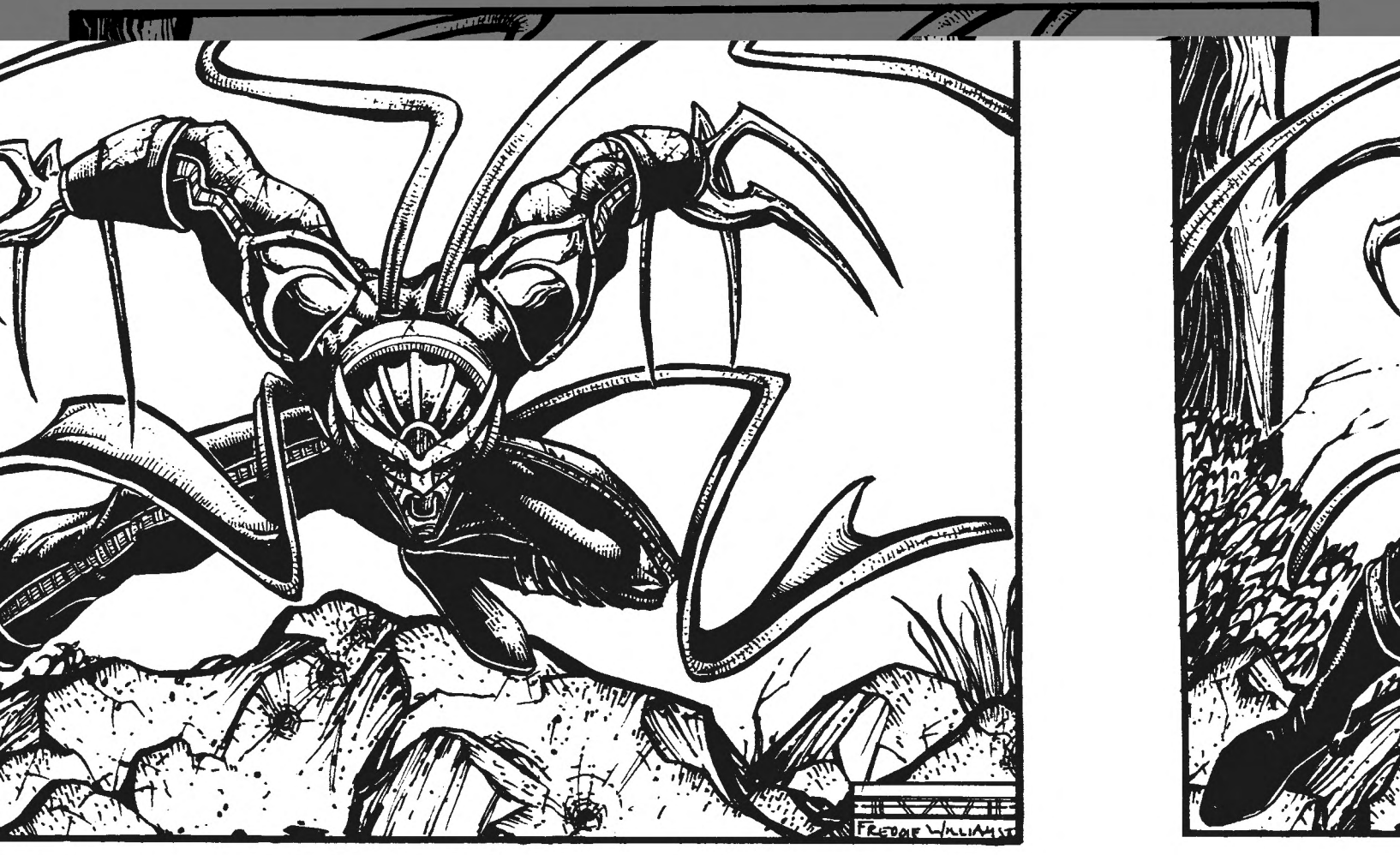
Skills of Note: Business & Finance (80%), Computer Operation (85%), Law (General) (70%), Horsemanship (89%), Pilot Airplane (89%), Pilot Boats: Motor-Types (98%). Pilot Boats: Sail Type (98%), Read Sensory Equipment (60%), Art (65%), Research (80%), Writing (55%), Speak Japanese (80%), Speak French (80%), and Speak Latin (80%).

Raptor Red

Bruno Wayamon is one of the few super-beings to have joined the legendary superhero group, *The Centurions*, and subsequently be expelled from their ranks. Bruno was recruited as a junior member of the Centurions just three years ago as an ongoing effort to reach out to young superbeings and get them to use their gifts to fight, rather than commit, crime. For the most part, this program has been highly successful, and will yield a new crop of superheroes to carry on once the original Centurions must step out of the crimefighting arena. Alas, Bruno Wayamon, a.k.a. Raptor Red, was not one of those successes.

Bruno was always a hothead and from an early age, tended to get into fights far more easily than he could get out of them. Determined never to end up on the losing side of an altercation again, he dedicated his life to a strict physical regimen of intense exercise and combat training. By the time he was 18, Bruno was a deadly self-trained martial artist, able to handle most street opponents with ease. Lacking the mental discipline that truly great martial artists also develop, Bruno quickly began abusing his abilities and ran into trouble with the law after hospitalizing an entire gang of street toughs. True, the toughs were a neighborhood menace, but Bruno had attacked them unprovoked, and two of them he permanently disfigured. While in juvie hall, the Centurions contacted Bruno and arranged for his early release so long as he became a junior member of the Centurions. Bruno agreed, and the superhero-in-training *Raptor Red* was born.

Alas, Bruno quickly proved to be a bad investment for the Centurions. He resisted any kind of formal training, he resented authority, and he grated so badly on his teammates that he began to adversely affect *their* progress, too. The straw that broke the camel's back, though, was when Raptor Red disobeyed a direct order in combat and pursued some fleeing supervillains from the scene of a crime. Although Raptor Red apprehended the villains (heck, he broke the back of one and removed three fingers from another's hand), he was unnecessarily brutal and also failed to help his teammates free innocent civil-



ians trapped in a burning bus. While it was important to catch the bad guys, serving the public was a greater responsibility, and Bruno knew it. With the group disgusted by this final act of cruelty and grandstanding, Raptor Red was expelled from the Centurions and remanded back to prison to serve the rest of his term.

Enraged by this rejection, Raptor Red vowed to destroy the Centurions. He broke out of jail and hooked up with a mad scientist named *Dr. Lovejoy* who possessed the means of bestowing super abilities upon test subjects. Raptor Red made the doctor run his machinery on him, regardless of the possible side effects. Raptor Red emerged from the machinery a changed man. He was a hulking brute of muscle, rippling with power and with the ability to create a shimmering bladed energy weapon from his hand. He also was slightly insane, enraged to the point of homicidal fury given the least provocation.

Raptor Red ended up at Gramercy Island after ambushing his former teammates and then breaking out of conventional prisons, twice. To keep him under control, the SBCW has placed Raptor Red in a cell with alpha-wave emitters that keep him in a perpetual state of drowsy relaxation. That, combined with some serious medication, keeps this monster in a state of mind where he can not activate his powers, much less bash his way out of prison. This method of restraint is fragile, though, and should he go unmedicated or under-stimulated for more than 20 minutes, he will come to a fury and respond accordingly.

Note: Raptor Red appears on the cover of the **Century Station** sourcebook, as the red-garbed figure in the lower left hand corner. **Real Name:** Bruno Wayamon

Other Aliases: Killjoy
Alignment: Miscreant.
Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 15, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 20 (supernatural). **P.P.:** 20. **P.E.:** 20. **P.B.:** 15. **Spd:** 20 [illegible]

them vanish at will. Size/Length: Six inches (0.15 m) per level of experience. Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +1 to strike and parry with the Energy Weapon Extension.

Special Combat Abilities: Power Punch, Power Kick, Force of Will.

Achilles' Heel: Extremely Nearsighted. Without his specially made contacts, Raptor Red's combat efficiency goes way down. That is why he is considering having bionic eyes put in once he gets out of prison, even as abhorrent as that might seem to most Physical Training characters. Raptor Red also suffers from an *additional* Achilles' Heel of Vulnerable to Psionics. (Let this be a lesson to those villains who reach for more powers than they should have: it all comes with a price.) Not to mention his aggressive behavior gets him into all kinds of trouble.

Combat Training: SPECIAL: Aggressive and Deadly Combat.

Number of Attacks: 8

Bonuses: +5 to initiative, +6 to strike (+7 with energy extension), +8 to parry (+9 with energy extension), +3 to roll with impact, +6 to pull punch, +4 to disarm, +2 to body flip/throw, +2 to automatic back flip, +15 to damage, +2 to automatic dodge, and +4 to dodge.

Other Combat Info: Paired weapons (all), entangle, body flip/throw, body block/tackle, karate punch: 2D6+17, power punch: 4D6+15 (counts as two attacks), snap kick: 1D6+15, crescent kick: 2D4+15, axe kick: 2D6+15, karate kick: 2D6+15, roundhouse kick: 3D6+15, tripping/leg hook, backward sweep, energy weapon extension: 6D6+41, death blow: natural 18-20 (if desired), knockout/stun: 17-20, all holds (arm, leg, neck, body), back flip, critical strike: natural 18-20, automatic knockout on natural 20, +30% to save vs coma/death, +3 to save vs magic, +5 to save vs poison.

Military Specialist.
ng (98%/98%). Mili-
sic (98%).
(95%), Parachuting
ical Warfare (98%).
eld; 98%).
(98%), Intelligence
Escape Artist (98%).

Prowl (80%). Body
nd Basic Electronics

s been a high roller
ash. Being in prison
e outstanding debts
rest so great that he
lling those to whom

self to be a "living

ylized Body Armor:

Age: 26; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 225 lbs (101.2 kg).

Experience Level: 12

Hit Points: 100

S.D.C.: 750

Power Category: Mega-Physical Training.

Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers plus tremendous S.D.C.

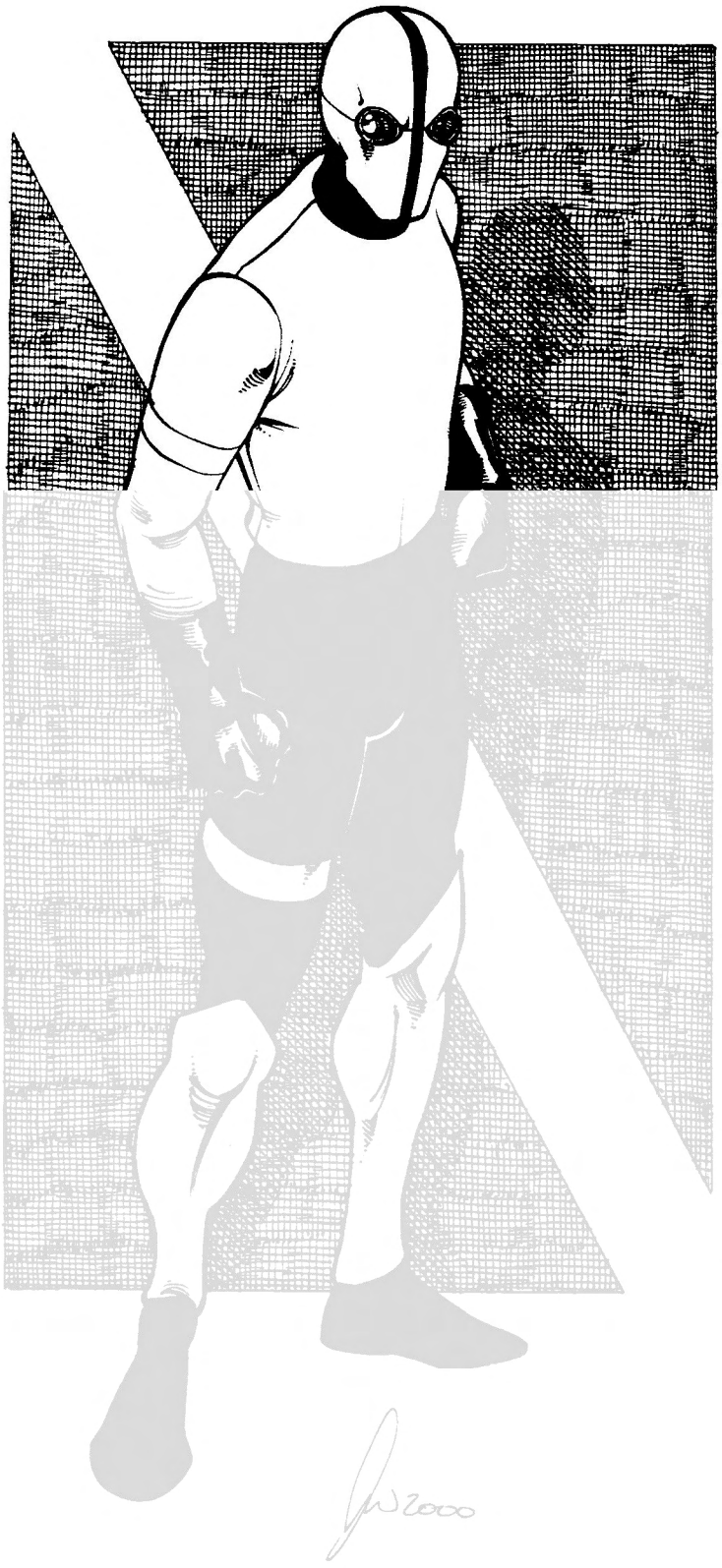
Major Super Abilities: Energy Weapon Extensions. (Note: This power appears in the **Skraypers** sourcebook, but it is so cool it merits reprinting here.) The ability to form deadly energy from one's hands in the form shape of a simple weapon (sword, sickle, axe, trident, etc.). Similar to a Psi-Sword, only it is a different manifestation of energy and very powerful. Each creation of the energy weapon appendage counts as one melee action. As many as one per hand. Range: Self. Damage: 6D6+2 per level. (In Raptor Red's case it comes out to 6D6+41 with all bonuses counted in.) Duration: Five minutes per level of experience, can make

Education Level and Skills of Note:
Basic Military: Running, Climbin
tary Etiquette (98%), and Radio: Ba
Military: Trap/Mine Detection
(98%), Nuclear, Biological & Chem
Camouflage (95%), and Armorer (Fi
Espionage: Detect Ambush
(98%), Wilderness Survival (98%),
and Interrogation (98%).
Secondary: Swimming (98%),
Building, Basic Mechanics (85%), a
(85%).

Money: None. Raptor Red has alway
and a spendthrift, so he is out of c
does not help, since he has large
that are racking up amounts of inter
would probably just be better off ki
he owes money.

Weapons: None. He considers hims
weapon." Modest, huh?

Vehicles and Other Equipment: St
A.R.: 12, S.D.C.: 120.



Redline

R-LINE v3.4 is the latest prototype in a series of humanoid robots designed to perform like humans but under trying conditions, such as off-world colonization. The R-LINE robots are being designed by Solar Systems, LLC, a start-up technology firm on the West Cost that hopes to send some of its robots up on the first manned expedition to Mars.

Tragedy struck the tenacious company when a team of heavily armed bandits stormed the facility and stole a great deal of plans, prototypes and experimental parts. The R-LINE v3.4 prototype, which had never even been turned on, was part of the booty stolen.

What happened next to the robot is unknown, but exactly one month to the day after the robbery, R-LINE made a public appearance as *Redline*, the newest supervillain on the scene. Using its incredibly powerful leg motors (the dominant feature of the R-LINE v3 series), Redline was able to perform smash-and-grab robberies in the blink of an eye. Using its armored form to crash right into storefronts, its strength to smash display cases and its phenomenal speed to escape the scene, Redline was a difficult foe to defeat. Several high-speed heroes tried, including the up-and-coming *Speedmetal*, but the robot proved too much for all of them. Finally, it was the brilliance of *Straight A*, a child prodigy and analytical genius, who figured out the precise electrical frequencies the robot's power supply generated, and designed an EMP bomb that would target *that* frequency only. The bomb deactivated Redline instantly. The robot was transported to Gramercy Island and has remained inert ever since. Debate continues over whether to keep the robot deactivated and locked away as a public hazard or return it to its rightful owners, Solar Systems, LLC.

Real Name: R-LINE v3.4

Alignment: Unknown! The robot has exhibited antisocial tendencies, indicating that it is at least Anarchist, but it could be Miscreant or Aberrant. To find out, The Super-Being Containment Wing technicians would have to reactivate the robot and perform a detailed psych analysis on it. Solar Systems, LLC insist any "negative personality" is all a matter of programming and the current one can be purged and replaced with a law abiding one.

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 13, **P.S.:** 50 (robotic), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** N/A, **P.B.:** 6, **Spd:** SPECIAL (see below).

Age: N/A; **Sex:** N/A; has a bit of a masculine appearance.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg).

Experience Level: 6

S.D.C.: 900

A.R.: 17

Power Category: Robotics (True Robot).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, and +35 to damage.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D6+35, karate kick: 2D4+35, axe kick: 2D6+35, roundhouse kick: 3D6+35.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Military/exploration/high-speed transport protocol.

Basic Combat Program: Military Etiquette (90%) and Climb (85%/95%).

Espionage Program: Computer Operation (92%), Intelligence (88%), Prowl (75%), Escape Artist (80%), Interrogation (80%), Detect Ambush (80%), Demolitions (86%), Demolitions Disposal (86%).

Advanced Piloting Program: Pilot Jet Pack (85%), Navigation (85%), and Navigation: Space (85%).

Money: None.

Weapons: None aside from onboard systems and abilities.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Redline Robotic Chassis

Type: True Robot (Advanced Artificial Intelligence).

Body Frame: Basic humanoid (reinforced).

Armor Rating (A.R.): 17

S.D.C.: 900

Power Supply: Three (3) Micro-Fusion generators. One for the robot, one for the super-jet pack, and one for the scramjet.

Legs: Basic humanoid legs; super-powerful. Running speed: 1100, or 750 mph (1200 km).

Propulsion Systems:

Jump Jets: 500 feet (152 m) up and 600 feet (183 m) out. Redline can quadruple this distance if he activates the jump jets when running at full speed (Mach 1).

Super-Jet Pack: This high-powered propulsion system can accelerate Redline up to speeds of Mach 2, or 1320 mph (2112 km)! To activate this system, Redline must first accelerate to Mach 1 on the ground, fire his jump jets and then activate his super-jet pack. In the air, Redline has no bonuses to dodge, and he can not perform combat maneuvers. This is a straight out propulsion system meant for getting from Point A to Point B as fast as possible. For *really* intense trips, once Redline reaches Mach 2, he can activate his scramjet.

Scramjet: This overthruster transforms most of Redline's back into one big propulsion assembly. This jet is so powerful it can not be fired unless Redline has already maxed out his super-jet pack, or the robot will simply lose control and fly off into something, and smash into itsy-bitsy pieces. When the scramjet goes off, Redline can reach Mach 5, or 3,300 mph (5280 km), enough to break Earth's gravitation and rocket into space.

Arms & Hands: Basic Humanoid (P.S.: 50).

Audio Systems: Advanced audio system, inaudible frequency transmission.

Optics: Advanced robot optic system.

Sensors: Micro-radar.

Weapons: None. But Redline could pick up ordinary weapons and use them if it so desired. Usually, it just prefers to smash into a place, take what it wants, and then accelerate away before anything can catch it. For Redline, flight most definitely outranks fight.

Cumulative Robot Bonuses: +35 to damage, +1 to initiative. **Total Cost:** $43.56 million.

Pilot-Oriented Systems: Underwater capabilities.

Faultline

Twenty years ago, the Centers for Disease Control participated in an experiment with the biotech company *Zentex* to work up an experimental serum that would destabilize the user's genetic makeup in such a way that it would enable him to "dodge" the effects of any virus. If successful, the serum would virtually eliminate all types of viral infection. Unfortunately, the serum did not work, and it killed 99% of its test subject animals. The remaining 1% were terribly deformed. In a tragic accident (or was it?), six test volunteers for a different project were given the serum. All but Cutter Halton died. The serum did not make him virus-proof, but it did alter his genetic code enough to trigger certain super-powerful changes within him. After a lengthy illness and recovery, Halton's powers manifested with a vengeance. At first they were uncontrollable, and they were the *real* cause behind the San Altimo quake of '96, which destroyed more than $400 million in residential and commercial property. The rush of all that destruction was like a drug to Halton, who soon mastered his abilities only so he could engineer such destruction again.

No longer powerful enough to generate city-shaking quakes on his own, and unwilling to wait for the right seismic conditions to trip off another temblor, Halton moved to attack specific targets in specific cities. The Twin Hills bridge. The Solar Towers. The Ultradome. The Gulf Coast Arch. By ripping apart such national landmarks, Halton

elf the supervillain moniker *Faultline*. He also
nemies in virtually every city in the country, so
minal celebrity Faultline enjoyed was soon
a life on the run. Forever pursued by agents
oth official and otherwise), Faultline had to put
of public destruction on hold to avoid his na-
nhunt.

e was finally captured he was tried and re-
00 year stretch on the Island without any
arole (thousands of people had been injured,
and property damage ranged into the billions
With his powers under negation, he can do
seethe at being trapped in a mighty facility that
can shake to its foundation.

Cutter Halton
es: Riptor
Miscreant
I.Q.: 14, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 10, **P.P.:**
P.B.: 10, **Spd:** 40
x: Male.
feet, eleven inches (1.8 m). **Weight:** 170 lbs

Level: 5
36

gory: Experiment.
s: Vulnerable to Radioactivity.
r Abilities: Control Elemental Force: Earth
tion
ining: Hand to Hand: Basic.

earned hims
developed e
whatever cri
dissolved by
of the law (b
his agenda
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When he
ceived a 1
chance of pa
scores killed
of dollars).
nothing but s
not even he

Real Name:
Other Aliase
Alignment:
Attributes:
12, **P.E.:** 11,
Age: 32. **Sex**
Height: Five
(76.5 kg)
Experience
Hit Points: 3
S.D.C.: 90
Power Cate
Side Effects
Major Supe
and Vibra
Combat Tra

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +5 on initiative, +1 to strike, +4 to parry, +4 to dodge, +6 to roll with impact, +2 to damage, +5 to pull punch, +1 to disarm.

Other Combat Info: Karate kick: 2D4+2, critical strike: 19-20, body throw/flip. Shock blast: 4D6 (6D6 underwater), hurl small rock (golf ball size): 1D6, hurl medium-sized rock (baseball): 2D6, hurl large rock (soccer ball): 5D6, hurl really large rock (basketball): 1D6x10, hurl gigantic rock (beach ball): 2D4x10; among other earth control powers.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Three Years of College.

Science Program: Computer Operation (95%), Advanced Mathematics (90%), Chemistry (85%), Chemistry: Analytical (80%), Biology (85%), and Botany (75%).

Wilderness Program: Wilderness Survival (85%), ID Plants and Fruits (80%), Land Navigation (85%), Track Animals (67%), Hunting.

Technical Program: Art (90%), Speak/Literacy: German (95%), and Research (95%).

Secondary Skills: Swimming (90%), Climbing (80%/70%), Prowl (65%), Pilot Sailboats (98%), Pilot Motorboats (95%), Pilot Horsemanship (84%), Astronomy (65%), and Writing (65%).

Money: At one point, Faultline secured a $3 million ransom from the city of Ultropolis in return for not destroying its Victory Arch. Once he got that money, Faultline knocked it down anyway.

Weapons: None, but can use any without benefit of a W.P.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None. Has an SUV,

Runaway (a.k.a. Mach 2)

The being known as *Runaway* was born to the *Mutant Underground*, a loosely organized society of super-beings who have banded together to hide and protect themselves from humanity at large. The many different "cells" of the Mutant Underground vary considerably. Some are like tiny nations with organized leaders and laws. Others are scarcely more than savage, quasi-civilized tribes. Runaway comes from the latter.

She hails from a tribe living in the swamps of Alabama, where she lived most of her life like an animal. She had little knowledge of the English language (yes, no, go, stop, good, bad, kill, run, was about her entire range) speaking in a guttural tongue of her own creation. Her folks were mutants, like her, but they were killed by an angry mob several years ago. The local townsfolk had learned of the mutants living nearby and sought to destroy them in a wave of hysteria. Runaway's group scattered, but a few mutants stood their ground and fought. When a few posse members were killed, the surviving cell members — like Runaway — were blamed. Runaway herself put her speed powers to good use, but with no education, few skills and low I.Q., she was soon found on the outskirts of Gulf Coast City, starved and dehydrated.

Unable to testify in her defense, Runaway was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to 13 years on Gramercy Island. Since her incarceration, she has learned to understand English, speak better, and read. She has also learned enough about the world and modern society to understand why her family was feared and destroyed, and why she has been wrongly imprisoned. This has embittered her terribly, and she is growing to hate all humans for it. Should she get out of Gramercy Island, she may become the predatory animal she was accused of being.

Real Name: No other name known.

Other Aliases: None

Alignment: Anarchist, but gravitating towards Miscreant. She is not yet a lost cause, but the murder of her family and unfair imprisonment have made her angry and vengeful. Unless somebody can reach her good side, quell the anger and give her guidance, Runaway will become a menace.

Attributes: I.Q.: 7, **M.E.:** 9, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 11, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 18, **P.B.:** 12, **Spd:** Mach 2!

Age: 18; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, nine inches (1.75 m). **Weight:** 145 lbs (65.8 kg).

Experience Level: 1

Hit Points: 20

S.D.C.: 340

Power Category: Mutant.

Unusual Characteristics: Odd Hair Color: Bright Yellow.

Major Super Abilities: Sonic Speed, taken twice! That's right. Runaway has doubled up on this power, can run at a staggering Mach 2 (1320 mph/2112 km), and enjoys double bonuses and benefits.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +12 to initiative, +4 to strike, +8 to parry, +8 to automatic dodge, +2 to dodge, +14 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +6% to save vs coma/death, +2 to save vs magic and poison.

Other Combat Info: Normal punch: 1D6, fast punch or kick: 2D6, super-fast punch: 4D6, super-fast kick: 5D6, super-fast power punch: 1D4x10 (counts as two attacks), super-fast power kick: 1D6x10 (counts as two attacks), body block/ram at 400 mph (640 km) or

Scalibrus

The mighty Scalibrus is a mature demon who has served the Yama Kings of Hell for the last ten thousand years. Rising within the ranks of their foot soldiers, Scalibrus is best known for his battlefield tactics and torture methodology. After ten millennia, however, Scalibrus has grown tired of his wicked life and for some strange reason, wishes to rescind his status as a Yama soldier, and try his hand at becoming a mortal *hero*!

Among Yama demons, this is incredibly rare, but it does happen. Those like Scalibrus who leave the fold are considered traitors and weaklings who must be destroyed at the first opportunity. However, the Yama Kings are an honorable, if evil lot, and their soldiers are always free to leave if they so choose. So long as the reformed demon stays on the straight and narrow, then his brethren are not allowed to go after him, much as they would like to. But, if a reformed demon strays away from the strict code of laws they must follow, then his safety is gone, and it is open season. The reformed demon can look forward to an eternity of constant warfare.

The *Rules of Hell* are the eight commandments all reformed demons must follow or face retribution from the Yama Kings' minions. These eight commandments to a reformed demon are: 1) It must always keep its word of honor, 2) It must never be caught in a lie, 3) It must never attack another creature first (self-defense is okay), 4) It must never maim or kill a helpless foe, 5) It must never harm an innocent, 6) It must never harm, torture or kill for pleasure, 7) It must obey local laws, and 8) It must respect local authority.

So it was that *Scalibrus the Repentant* (as his brethren mockingly named him as he left the fold) entered mortal society filled with good intentions but facing a very steep uphill battle. After all, Scalibrus was a demon for ten thousand years! Evil was his stock and trade. It was not like he could simply throw all of that away. For him, his old, evil habits will die hard, and not violating the Rules of Hell will challenge him far more than any battlefield enemy ever could.

How he landed in prison is something of a dark comedy of errors. Although Scalibrus could maintain a human form, he knew nothing of mortal culture. So when he moved to Century Station, it was not surprising that before long, Scalibrus ran afoul of the CSPD. He had been called in on shoplifting charges at a local grocery, but in Scalibrus' defense he really did not know he was supposed to *pay* for things from a store. Thus, his adherence to the laws of Hell remained safe.

However, during his police questioning, the detectives asked Scalibrus if he had ever committed any crimes before. Not wanting to lie and not being clever enough to sidestep the question, the demon admitted that yes, he was directly responsible for the deaths of over three thousand people, many of whom he had killed with his bare claws ... er, hands. "In fact, sixty of them were in Century Station alone. Why do you ask, officer?"

Well, one can see where this was headed. Scalibrus was immediately arrested, but the demon wished to defend himself, and assumed his true demonic form right there in the questioning room! After the frightened cops dropped thirty bullets into him without much effect, Scalibrus realized he was spooking them, apologized, and resumed human form.

The demon was sentenced to one thousand years in prison, a sentence set to be commensurate with the demon's extraordinary life span. Scalibrus was disappointed by this, but he did not mind. In fact, it would give him plenty of time to reflect and meditate so the next time he entered society, he might be less tempted to do wrong. He resides in the Super-Being Containment Wing and is constrained by a Circle of Protection against demons that has been written on the edges of his cell. This magic circle makes it impossible for Scalibrus to pass outside the circle, but since he is not especially escape-minded, it hardly is necessary. In fact, Scalibrus is one of the few prisoners in the Containment Wing who intends to sit out his entire sentence. After all, he must respect local laws, right?

"A thousand years is a long time, though," he thinks. "And I could just splatter those guards and scoot on out of here. Man, this do-gooder thing is going to be tougher than I thought." Little does Scalibrus know that his departure from the Yama Hell has inspired several other demons to do the same, and they have all learned of their ex-commander's incarceration in Gramercy Island. These new fugitives are currently exploring ways to get him out of prison without breaking the laws of Hell or man to do it.

Real Name: Scalibrus

Other Aliases: Too many to list.

Alignment: Principled, now. He was Aberrant.

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 17, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 25, **P.P.:** 21, **P.E.:** 23, **P.B.:** 16 (5 demonic form), **Spd:** 21

Age: 13,500; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg) human form, 400 lbs (180 kg) demonic form.

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: None. Scalibrus is made of pure negative Chi.

S.D.C.: 30 (human form), 100 (demonic form).

A.R.: 16 (demonic form only).

Horror Factor: 12 (demonic form).

Negative Chi (to be accessed when in Negative Chi Form): 125.

Chi (to be accessed when in human or demonic form): 35.

Power Category: Reformed Demon! This is a special Racial Character Class from **Mystic China™**, a sourcebook for the **Ninjas & Superspies™ RPG**.

Negative Chi Mastery Abilities: Control Negative Chi, Negative Chi Polarity, Inflict Negative Chi Illness.

Positive Chi Mastery Abilities: Chi Overcharge, Fill Object with Chi, and Divert Incoming Chi.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Liang Hsiung Kung Fu (Demon Wrestling).

Escape Moves: Roll with Punch/Fall/Impact, Back Flip, and Maintain Balance.

Basic Defensive Moves: Dodge, Parry, and Automatic Parry.

Hand Attacks: Strike (Punch): 2D6+12, Palm Strike: 2D6+12.

Basic Foot Attacks: Kick Attack: 2D6+12, Tripping/Leg Hook.

Jumping Foot Attacks: Jump Kick.

Special Attacks: Gore: 2D6+12, Double Gore: 4D6+12, Shoulder Ram: 2D6+12 plus Knocks Opponent Down, and Elbow Strike: 2D4+12.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +6 to strike (+8 to kick, palm strike and gore/double gore, +11 to shoulder ram), +2 to parry and dodge, +1 to roll with impact, +12 to damage, immune to Horror Factor, +6 to save vs possession, +6 to save vs magic, +4 to save vs poison, +16% to save vs coma/death.

Other Combat Info: Critical strike: natural 19-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Demonic Instincts.

Scholastic Equivalents: Prowl (80%), Climb (80%/90%), Swim (85%), and Torment (SPECIAL).

Money: None.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Seamount

The Hawaiian Islands have produced their fair share of super beings. The most recent of them is *Seamount*, a villainess whose underwater abilities have enabled her to attack and sink surface vessels at will. As environmental terrorist Kona Serano, Seamount has waged a long-standing war against the international community, which she holds responsible for the degradation of her home. To her, any development of the land whatsoever is a crime against not only the Hawaiian people but the world ecology as well.

For most of her life, Kona could only protest and publish leaflets. But one night, when she and a few cohorts were breaking into an industrial waste site to paper it with fliers, Kona accidentally came into contact with a drum of volatile refuse materials. Fearing for her life, she dove into the ocean to wash herself off, but the chemicals were only accelerating their effects. They leached into her body and transformed her such that she developed amazing abilities when submerged in water. With the ability to turn mere words into action, the reborn Kona first struck an oil tanker as it came into dock, sinking it and dumping its payload. Apparently, Seamount had forgotten that when a ship sinks, whatever is inside of it leaks out. In her myopic battle to protect her home from environmental damage, she worsened the situation by a factor of about a million. Oblivious to the consequences of her actions, she hit about a dozen other ships before her apprehension by the marine superhero *Leviathan*. By then she had caused possibly irreparable damage to the Hawaiian marine ecosystem, the effects of which would certainly be felt around the world.

For this, Seamount was sent to Gramercy Island for life without parole while the Hawaiian people figured out a way to repair the damage that their unwanted "savior" had done to them. Meanwhile, Seamount feels no remorse for her crimes and silently rails against the confines of the unique dry tank that both deprives her of her powers and confines her to the Super-Being Containment Wing.

Real Name: Kona Serano

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 14, **P.S.:** 20 (Extraordinary underwater), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 15, **Spd:** 12 (60 underwater)

Insanities: Obsessed with revenge and suffers from paranoia and aggression; often blinded by rage and righteous indignation.

Age: 25; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, eight inches (1.72 m). **Weight:** 140 lbs (63 kg).

Experience Level: 8

Hit Points: 46

S.D.C.: 100 (160 underwater plus an additional 280 when Force Aura is in place).

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: Unusual Skin Color: Blue-green; it makes her look like she would be more at home underwater than on land. She also has webbed hands and feet.

Major Super Abilities: Control Elemental Force: Water and Force Aura.

Minor Super Abilities: Underwater Abilities.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5 (6 underwater).

Bonuses: +6 to initiative, +4 to parry (+6 underwater), +4 to dodge (+8 underwater), +2 to strike (+4 underwater), +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, and +2 to disarm.

Other Combat Info: Create water spout, whirlpool, wall of water and create waves, small: 1D6, large wave: 5D6+16, huge wave: 2D4x10; water slam: 2D6+8; critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), and body throw/flip.

Force Aura (HU2, page 273) provides the following when in place (underwater or on dry land): A.R. 14, 280 S.D.C., Horror Factor 10, +10 to P.S., +4 to roll with impact.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Master's Degree.

Journalist/Investigation Program: Computer Operation (98%), Research (98%), Photography (98%), Writing (Journalist-style) (95%), Impersonation (97%/77%), Forgery (80%), Pick Pockets (95%), and Escape Artist (90%).

Criminal Program: Streetwise (81%), Pick Locks (98%), Palming (90%), Prowl (95%), and Ventriloquism (77%).

Technical Program: Law (General) (95%), Speak/Literacy: English (98%), and Business & Finance (98%).

Secondary Skills: Athletics (General), Body Building,

Running, Swimming (98%), Climbing (85%/75%), Pilot Airplane (86%), and Horsemanship (86%).

Money: Seamount never had much money to begin with, and once she essentially became an ecoterrorist, she spent most of her time in the water, so her finances simply slipped away. She has since become disinterested in money and material possessions in general.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Shatterhands

Shatterhands is a big name in the *Mutant Underground*, even though he is a villain of the first order who enjoys using his abilities to slaughter anyone who crosses him, and to steal whatever he feels like, whenever he feels like it. Being a mutant himself and no stranger to the kind of per-

Hit Points: 46

S.D.C.: 90

Power Category: Mutant.

Unusual Characteristics: Unusual eyes; completely white.

Major Super Abilities: Disruptive Touch, Energy Extensions, and Natural Combat Ability.

Combat Training: SPECIAL! Natural Combat Ability.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +4 to initiative, +16 to damage, +3 to disarm, +4 to pull punch, +2 to save vs poison and magic, +8% to save vs coma/death, +3 to save vs Horror Factor and +1 to save vs possession.

Other Combat Info: Energy extensions: 6D6+16. Disrupt optic nerve touch: victims -8 on initiative and to strike, parry and dodge. Disrupt nervous system touch: paralyzes victims for 3D4 minutes. Touch of pain: 3D6. Death touch: 6D6 and coma if victim fails his saving throw of 15 or higher.

Regular punch: 1D6+8, power punch: 2D6+16 (counts as two attacks), karate kick: 2D6+8, leap attack, head butt: 1D6+6, knockout/stun: 19-20, body throw/flip: 2D4+6 plus victim loses initiative and one melee attack.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Physical Program: Boxing, Wrestling, Acrobatics, Gymnastics.

Espionage Program: Detect Ambush (65%), Intelligence (55%), Wilderness Survival (60%), Interrogation (70%), and Tracking (55%).

Secondary Skills: Prowl (55%), Streetwise (35%), Seduction (30%), Computer Operation (60%), Computer Programming (50%), Swimming (70%), First Aid (65%), Pilot Automobile (95%), and Pick Locks (50%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Paired Weapons (All).

Money: None. He spent the last of it on legal appeals.

Weapons: None. The way he fights, carrying weapons would be an exercise in redundancy.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Solar Scarab

Amateur archeologist Anthony Clearview made the find of a lifetime when, on a university dig in southern Egypt, he found a curious bauble in the shape of a scarab beetle — a holy object according to ancient Egyptian mythology. It was made of solid gold and when he fiddled with it, the scarab seemed to come to life, burrowing under his skin and nestling right on top of his breastbone. Once there, all Clearview had to do is touch the lump on his chest covering the scarab, utter a mysterious Egyptian power phrase (taught to Clearview telepathically by the scarab itself) and his body would transform into a golden-clad powerhouse! Having always wanted to be a superhero, Clearview embarked on a vigilante career as the *Solar Scarab*, champion of justice and scourge of the supernatural.

Being able to control sunlight and having fists made of silver, Clearview could harm vampires, werewolves and other such monsters with his punches alone. He soon specialized in battling such foes, and quickly made a name for himself doing it. Somewhere along the line, the Scarab began accepting financial rewards for his efforts,

and even freelanced for private clients. (Two of his more notable jobs include serving a Carpathian nobleman troubled by local bloodsuckers, and a family in the Louisiana bayou that wanted to be rid of the area's "loup garou" forever.) After that, it did not take long for the Solar Scarab to give up his "pro bono" work entirely in favor of fee-based adventures. He also became addicted to fame and glory, seeking out any job that might earn him some more public accolades. He hired a crack team of PR aces, advertising and marketing moguls, and even some spin doctors to make his less-than-successful adventures seem like world-saving epics.

For a while, it all worked. The public loved the Solar Scarab, and he had the coveted position of the nation's most beloved superhero. But fame can be fleeting, and soon the fickle crowds tired of their "golden boy." As fast as he had risen to prominence, the hero had become yesterday's news and many considered him a "money grubbing sell-out." His fifteen minutes had flashed by. No more positive news magazine cover stories, television interviews or movie deals. Even DolaGrossa Toys discontinued his action figure line! And, having decimated most of his enemies (and his money), the Solar Scarab soon found his paying work drying up as well.

Enraged and desperate, the Solar Scarab seethed as the next superhero flavor of the month, a martial artist named *Shotokan*, took his place in the public eye. The Solar Scarab could take no more, and vowed to destroy this upstart. At Shotokan's next public appearance (a guest spot on a popular late night television talk show), the Solar Scarab attacked. For the next few minutes, a stunned nation watched as their newest hero was blasted to death, a total disgrace to the Scarab's former heroic legacy.

After the fight, Clearview came to his senses, deactivated his powers, and gave himself up to the authorities. His trial was short and he was sentenced to 25 years on Gramercy Island. It was only his adept use of the temporary insanity defense that saved him from life without parole. Gramercy Island's Super-Being Containment Wing surgically removed the magic scarab from Clearview's chest and stored it in the facility evidence depot. Today, Clearview spends his days in Cell Block-C (since he has no powers without his scarab) and routinely undergoes scheduled psychotherapy. His doctors seriously doubt Clearview will ever get over his "glory hound persona," but they believe he is sincerely sorry for his murderous deed and did suffer from a sort of mental lapse resulting in the killing. Unknown to anybody, Clearview can escape at any time by simply summoning the magical scarab to him, reconnecting and using his powers to blast free. For now, the ex-hero is considering his options and considering trying to return to the superhero business. However, it will be as an anti-hero and fugitive from the law, because he has no intention of living out his entire sentence (even with good behavior he'll be imprisoned for at least 14 years — no way). More likely than not, he will slip into the role of a supervillain or maverick vigilante who regularly defies and breaks the law to do as he pleases.

Real Name: Anthony Clearview

Aliases: The Golden Scarab and The Scarab.

Alignment: Anarchist with strong leanings toward Miscreant.

Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 9, **M.A.:** 6, **P.S.:** 12 (40, transformed; superhuman), **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 18, **P.B.:** 15, **Spd:** 20

Insanities: An extreme sense of self-importance and arrogance that makes him an antisocial anarchist and dangerous. Obsessed with fame even if it's infamy rather than true glory. He doesn't quite suffer from a god syndrome, but his ego is up there.

Age: 24; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 180 lbs (81 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 29

S.D.C.: 30 (870 transformed).

A.R.: 17 (transformed).

Power Category: Magic (Enchanted Object).

Major Super Abilities: Super-Energy Expulsion: Light...

Other Magic Abilities: Flight (as per the spell Fly as the Eagle; maximum duration: 30 minutes), his armor magically appears and his hands are magically coated in pure silver (ideal for fighting the Supernatural).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 4

Bonuses: +1 on initiative (+2 when fighting the supernatural; part of his magic abilities), +4 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +25 to damage, +2 to save vs magic.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D6+25, can generate sunlight, fire a variety of light and laser-like blasts (see HU2 pages 231 for light powers and 293 for Super-Energy Expulsion), inflicting 6D6 damage with a normal blast, 2D6x10 with a super-blast (but uses up all but one melee action and must be used at the beginning of a round), absorb and channel light and heat energy, perform ricochet blasts and more.

Education Level and Skills of Note: ...lege.

Business Program: Basic Mathem... ness & Finance (65%), Computer ... Law (General; 60%), and Research (...

Science Program: Advanced Ma... Chemistry (45%), Biology (55%), A... and Anthropology (50%).

Secondary Skills: Sing (45%), P... Athletics (General), Dance (40%), ... Concealment (24%), General R... (45%) and Pilot Automobile (56%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Knife

Money: Clearview still has around a c... dollars bankrolled from his various fr... mercials, and such work.

Weapons: None; pair of silver dag... each), and a length of silver-pla... weighted dagger/spike at one end (2...

Two Years of Col-

natics (65%), Busi-
Operation (75%),
75%).
athematics (70%),
Archeology (55%),

Play Guitar (45%),
Streetwise (24%),
epair/Maintenance

and W.P. Chain.

quarter of a million
eelance gigs, com-

gers (1D6 S.D.C.
ted chain with a
D6 damage).

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Has a couple different cars.

The Terrible Siphon

Horatio Grimley, a.k.a. *The Terrible Siphon*, has had something of a cyclical relationship with the scientists behind Gramercy Island's Super-Being Containment Wing. Prior to the formation of the Containment Wing, the Century Station Prison Authority had funneled a great deal of cash into researching various kinds of super ability dampening technologies. The goal, of course, was to perfect a cheap and simple series of devices that could constrain super-powered beings, regardless of their abilities. It was to this end that Horatio first volunteered his services.

He had been an intern working on the project in its early days, and volunteered himself to test the first prototypes of the power dampening collars used in the Containment Wing today. Horatio had been identified as having the *Polymorph Syndrome*, a kind of genetic instability that made him especially vulnerable to the cell-altering effects of certain chemicals and energy radiations. This made him a perfect test subject for the project, since any power-dampening equipment run on him would have a minuscule effect on Horatio's body's electrical energy. The dip in Horatio's bio-energy would be a small-scale but accurate gauge of the effectiveness of the power-dampener collars.

The test went off a little too well, however. Horatio's unusual cell structure acted in a hyper-sensitive way to the dampeners, and caused his entire body's electrical flow to short out. Clinically dead for three minutes, Horatio was resuscitated, but his cells had been permanently altered by the experiment, and now *he* had the ability to siphon the super powers of others!

With delusions of becoming a mastermind of supervillains, Horatio dubbed himself the *Terrible Siphon* and set about to rule the Century Station underworld by ordering would-be supervillain lackeys to do his bidding or lose their powers altogether. It was a good plan. Well, on paper, anyway. It took the Siphon a while to find the right kind of low-rent bad guys who would be intimidated by his threats. Most villains simply laughed him off or tried to kill him, so it took a few months for him to build up a decent criminal crew. Acting as their boss, he sent his underlings out to conduct armed robberies, shake down other criminals, and even muscled in on well-defined syndicate territory. Eventually the Terrible Siphon touched off a gang war that started with the intent of simply destroying him and his scrappy crew. Things got out of hand and pretty soon nearly every organized crime group in the city was duking it out. It was the worst case of gang violence in the city's history, all thanks to the would-be supervillain.

In the chaos, the (not so) Terrible Siphon was captured by the CSPD, tried and sentenced to 50 years without parole in Gramercy Island for inciting a riot, conspiracy, racketeering, extortion and a host of other crimes. However, the very scientists who run the Wing are those who inadvertently gave Horatio his powers. Together they have worked out an early release program for Horatio provided he allows the Containment Wing staff unlimited access to his genetic information (for testing and development purposes only). Under this deal, Horatio will be eligible for parole after only serving five years. It is a good deal for everybody involved except the general public, which stands to be threatened by the early release of this obviously unrepentant criminal.

Real Name: Horatio Grimley

Alignment: Miscreant

Attributes: **I.Q.:** 10, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 8, **P.S.:** 14, **P.P.:** 13, **P.E.:** 12, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 10

Age: 30; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 160 lbs (72 kg).

Experience Level: 4

Hit Points: 25

S.D.C.: 30

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: None.

Major Super Abilities: Mimic and Negate Super Abilities/Powers.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, and +2 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Suffers from overconfidence and pettiness.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Three Years of College.

Science Program: Computer Operation (70%), Advanced Mathematics (75%), Chemistry (60%), Chemistry: Analytical (60%), Biology (60%), and Botany (55%).

Wilderness Program: Wilderness Survival (55%), ID Plants and Fruits (55%), Land Navigation (60%), Track Animals (60%), Hunting.

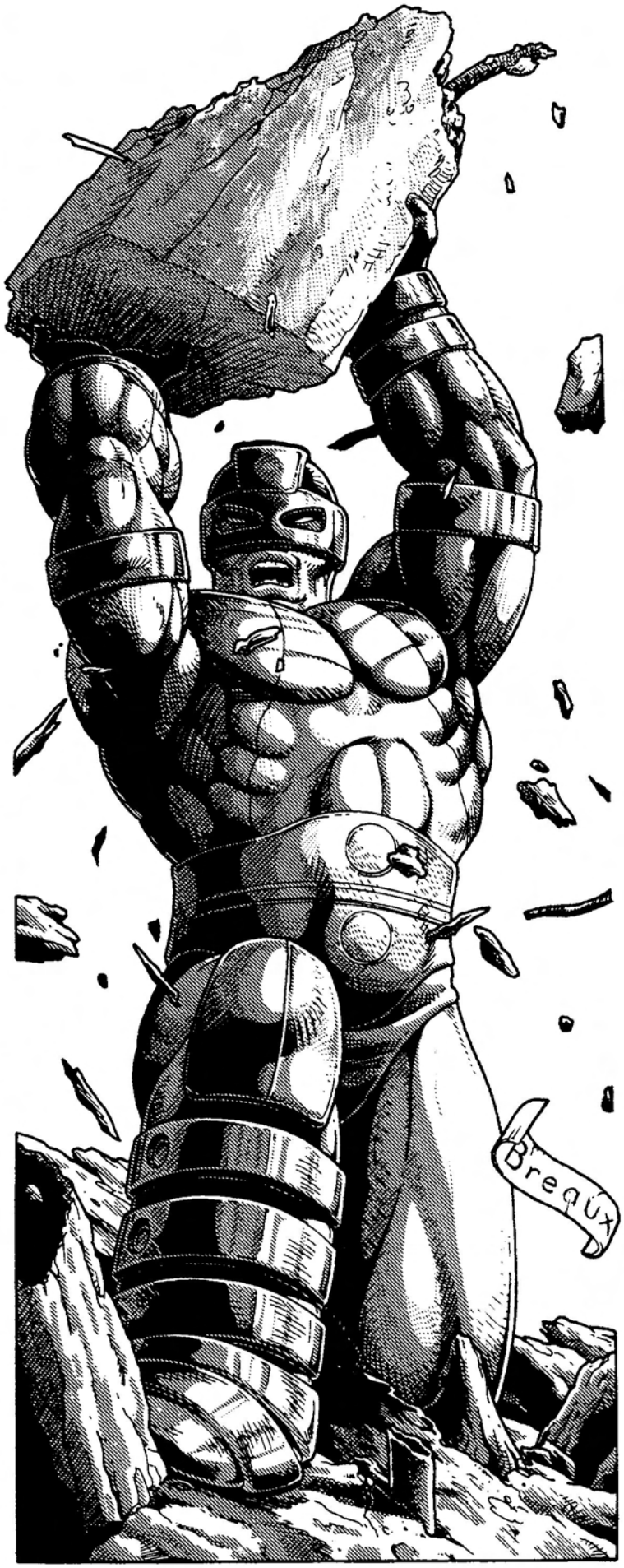
Technical Program: Art (65%), Speak/Literacy: Russian (80%), and Research (80%).

Secondary Skills: Swimming (65%), Climbing (55%/45%), Prowl (40%), Pilot Sailboats (75%), Pilot Motorboats (70%), Horsemanship (68%), Astronomy (40%), and Art (40%).

Money: The Siphon has only $3,562 in his savings account, the sum total of the cash he has been able to scratch together as a supervillain. When trying to recruit others to serve him, however, Siphon overlooks his financial realities and acts as if he has millions upon millions to fall back on.

Weapons: None. Siphon believes he can survive any superbrawl with his powers alone (good luck).

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.



Savage Fury

The theory of "quantum wrinkles" is a new one to the world of physics. Essentially, it states that periodically, the fabric of universal space-time bunches up due to gravitic or other anomalous distortions. As a result, space-time crunches up, holds momentarily and then snaps back to its original configuration, sending a ripple distortion outward from the original point of disturbance. Everything within range of the subsidiary ripple experiences a diminished reproduction of the original space-time distortion, and will experience a corresponding slip from the standard quantum velocity of the universe. Isn't very easy to follow, is it? That's what Sergio Molinari thought too when he first read about quantum wrinkles in his college physics textbook. Then again, for this hard drinking frat boy, thinking hard about anything was a little too much effort to be worthwhile, which is probably why he was in his seventh year of college and still no closer to graduating than he had been the previous six.

Sergio's roommate, a physics genius, had built what he believed to be a prototype quantum wrinkling device and set it up for a test run the first thing the next morning. After that, he went out for the evening to catch a movie and pizza to celebrate.

Unfortunately, he left it out in the open where a soused Sergio stumbled back in from an evening of excessive drinking and pledge hazing. While heading through the darkened apartment searching for the toilet, Sergio crashed into Seebohm's quantum device and set it off, directing a powerful, localized quantum disturbance right into his body! At first, Sergio just wrote off the strange sen-

sation to "spinning room syndrome," something to which he was no stranger. The next day, he realized that he was seriously hurt by his roommate's freaky machine.

Not long afterwards, Sergio dropped out of school altogether and began living off the allowance his rich parents kept sending him. Sergio lived at the bottom of a bottle for a while as he worked on better control of the powers he had gained that fateful night. Although the powers he kept secret could have made him a full-fledged hero (or villain) if he desired, Sergio wasted his days away on a bar stool, periodically getting into fights with local rowdies and thrashing the living daylights out of them.

Sergio's trip to Gramercy Island came as a result of a barroom brawl with a particularly big bruiser who turned out to be the supervillain *Maximum-Man*. In the ensuing melee, the entire bar was destroyed and over thirty people were injured as the building collapsed. Maximum-Man escaped, but Sergio was too battered and drunk to get away, so he took the fall for everything. Dubbed the *Savage Fury* by reporters who caught the fight on a live camera, Sergio has been in Gramercy Island since it opened and is scheduled for release in another two years.

While in the joint, Sergio has sobered up, but has become even meaner. His innate tendencies for casual violence and bullying have only intensified, and the moment he gets out, the chances of him finding some seedy bar or tavern or fight club and starting a ruckus are practically a certainty. He has vowed never to return to prison, however, and if cornered by law enforcement officials, he will fight to the death rather than submit peacefully. Not everyone is cut out to be a superhuman, and more people than the public imagine suffer a fate like Sergio.

Real Name: Sergio Molinari

Alignment: Anarchist and suffers from depression and aggression.

Attributes: I.Q.: 11, **M.E.:** 12, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 50 (Superhuman), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 11, **Spd:** 14

Age: 29; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six foot, five inches (1.98 m). **Weight:** 300 lbs (135 kg).

Experience Level: 2

Hit Points: 40

S.D.C.: 80

Power Category: Experiment.

Side Effects: Increased Mass.

Major Super Abilities: Control Kinetic Energy.

Minor Super Abilities: Power Channeling and Superhuman Strength.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +38 to damage, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to disarm, +4 to roll with impact, and +4 to pull punch.

Other Combat Info: Body tackle: 1D4x10+38, head butt: 3D6+38, punch: 1D6x10+38, power punch: 1D6x10+38 (counts as four attacks), and kick: 1D6x10+38.

Education Level and Skills: One Year of College.

Physical: Boxing, Wrestling, Body Building, Running, Climbing (98%/90%), Swimming (60%), and Athletics (General).

Secondary: Writing (75%), Research (98%), Literacy (80%), Automotive Mechanics (35%), Basic Mechanics (40%), Pilot Automobile (64%), and Pilot Motorcycle (68%).

Money: None, really. He is a brawler and a thug. Holding on to money or spending it responsibly is simply outside of his frame of reference.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None. He probably should wear some kind of body armor, but he refuses to, insisting that to wear armor is to invite bad luck.

Spinnerette

Ever since she was a kid, Margaret Petropolous has been deathly afraid of spiders. No matter what they looked like or even if they were enclosed in a jar and could not touch her, the mere sight of arachnids was enough to cause the girl to faint dead away. For most people, this would just be an annoying phobia to deal with and move on, but not for poor Margaret. At the age of 14, she began to develop mutant powers that resembled the abilities of most spiders — adhesion, extreme agility, superhuman strength, a venomous touch, and so on. The association between herself and the spiders she feared so much was too much for Margaret's mind to bear, and she went into a catatonic state for close to seven years.

When she broke out of it, she was a completely different person. It was if, while comatose, Margaret's old personality had dissolved and was replaced by a new one. One marked by a lust for predation and laying cunning traps for her adversaries. Psychologists were amazed — apparently Margaret had constructed a new personality for herself that reflected her perceptions of what spiders were like. Now she was no longer meek little Margaret Petropolous, she was *Spinnerette*, the human spider, predator supreme.

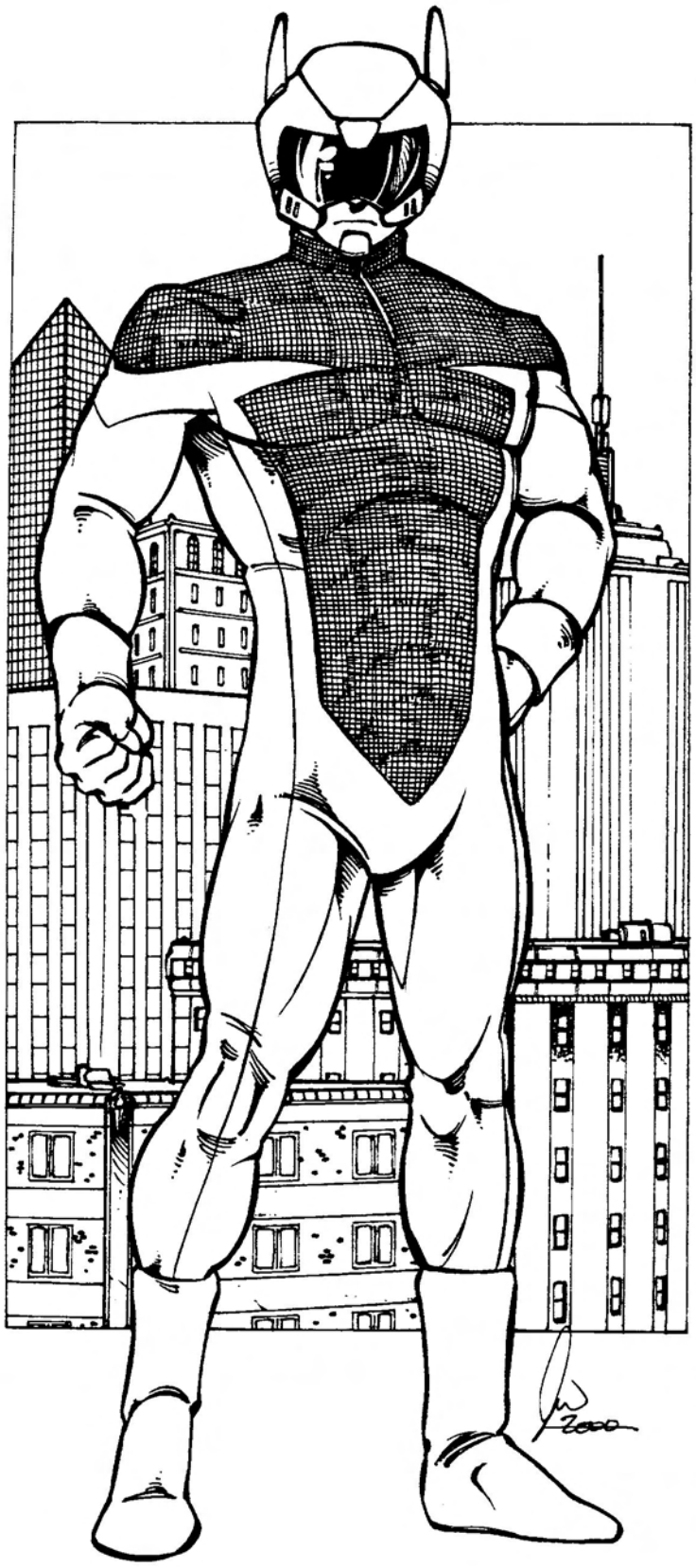
Arming herself with a stolen police-issue grenade launcher and a few thousand rounds of stickum gel, Spinnerette had all she needed to conduct a reign of terror upon the people of her home town of Metro Basin. Using her abilities and weaponry to immobilize passersby and then rob them (killing those who gave her trouble), Spinnerette struck without warning, provocation or pattern. "Spiders kill indiscriminately," she once remarked in a phone interview to the media. "And so shall I."

After an eight year criminal career, Spinnerette was finally captured and she ended up at Gramercy Island, where she is serving life as a serial killer.

Spinnerette has been a particularly troublesome prisoner and stands no chance of parole. For reasons yet to be determined, the villain seems resistant to all power dampening devices — nothing seems to work on her! Even stasis only works to a point, so unless the Contain-

Real Name: Margaret Petropolous
Alignment: Diabolic
Attributes: I.Q.: 19, **M.E.:** 19, **M.A.:** 19, **P.S.:** 19, **P.P.:** 29, **P.E.:** 19, **P.B.:** 19, **Spd:** 39
Age: 29; **Sex:** Female.
Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.78 m). **Weight:** 160 lbs (72 kg).
Experience Level: 9
Hit Points: 64
S.D.C.: 50
Power Category: Mutant.
Unusual Characteristics: Ambidextrous.
Major Super Abilities: Disruptive Touch.
Minor Super Abilities: Adhesion, Extraordinary P.P. ar Power Channeling.
Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.
Number of Attacks: 9
Bonuses: +3 to initiative, +6 to parry and dodge, +5 strike, +3 to automatic dodge, +5 to pull punch, +7 damage, +3 to disarm, and +3 to roll with impact.
Other Combat Info: Body flip/throw, death blow (if sired, must announce intention), body tack 1D6+9D4+7, head butt: 5D6+7, punch: 1D6+7, pow punch: 1D6x10+14 (counts as four attacks), ki 1D6x10+10. Disrupt optic nerve touch: victims -8 on tiative and to strike, parry and dodge. Disrupt nervo system touch: paralyzes victims for 3D4 minut Touch of pain: 3D6. Death touch: 6D6 and coma if v tim fails the saving throw of 15 or higher.
Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.
Mechanical Engineer: Mechanical Engineer (75 Basic Electronics (80%), and Locksmith (75%).
Electrical Program: Electrical Engineer (85%), Ba Mechanics (80%), Computer Operation (90%), and R bot Mechanics (90%).
Secondary Skills: Body Building, Athletics (Gener Pilot Truck (68%), Pilot Airplane (78%), General R pair/Maintenance (70%), T.V & Video (53%).
Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Paired Weapons (All)
Money: Only a few thousand, Spinnerette has alwa been more interested in hunting, hurting, scaring a killing people more than making money from her po ers.
Weapons: Spinnerette originally used a standard 40m grenade launcher that fired specialty rounds that ploded into a blast of sticky super-glue, not unlike effects of a Carpet of Adhesion spell. Of course, she longer owns such a gun, but were she to get out a resume her activities as a villainess, she might try fi ing a gun like this once more, as it has become son thing of a trademark for her. In the meanwhile, sh use a variety of handguns or maybe hire some gad teer to build her wrist-mounted gizmos that fire a che cal adhesive webbing. Nah, too contrived. Who'd e take *those* seriously?
Vehicles and Other Equipment: None at present.

ment Wing figures out how to keep Spinnerette under control soon, she will definitely figure out a way to break her bonds and escape the prison.



Stalwart

For a brief time, James Simic, a.k.a. *Stalwart*, was one of the greatest heroes in the country. Commanding incredible powers and endless courage, he led a short-lived team of heroes known as the *Ultranauts* against countless enemies. Criminal empires, corrupt governments, alien menaces, supernatural dangers, the Ultranauts fought them all, with Stalwart leading the way.

Stalwart's story is well known to most people, since Simic never made any attempt to hide his true identity. He was growing up in a simple Midwestern town when he discovered a strange lump of rock in his father's field. Digging the rock up, the lad realized too late that it was really an alien meteor that had landed on the planet thousands, maybe even millions of years before. The rock contained a trace amount of strange radiation that affected Simic, altering his cellular structure and endowing him with incredible powers. After the that, the radioactivity of the rock itself faded out entirely, ensuring that no others would gain powers like Simic. Subsequent scientific examinations of the rock have turned up nothing, since the material is completely foreign compared to Earth elements.

Encouraged by his family to use his powers to better humanity, Simic became a high-profile public superhero, operating solo for a while but then founding and leading the Ultranauts. The group fought crime for only a year and a half when Stalwart unwittingly led the team into a terrible ambush that ended with the death of four Ultranauts — *El Dorado*, *Black Dog*, the *Crimson Commando* and *Miss Mystery*. The remaining team members, *Jabberwocky*, *Hovergirl* and *Thunderfist*, all retired from the superhero business. It seems there had been a growing rift between the team members and their increasingly megalomaniacal leader. After Stalwart arrogantly led the group to their near-destruction, the survivors had had enough and left Stalwart on his own.

That incident — the ambush and the subsequent dissolution of the Ultranauts — drove Stalwart off the deep end, and he embarked on a savage quest to destroy super-criminals whenever and wherever they could be found. Instead of running bad guys in, Stalwart was beating them to death, and on more than one occasion there were scores of eyewitness and his deeds captured on amateur video. Finally, the authorities closed in on him and asked him to surrender. In a moment of lucidity, Stalwart realized the craziness of his behavior and surrendered peacefully. He pled not guilty to five counts of murder, but was found guilty and is currently doing life on Gramercy Island.

Now that the smoke has cleared and his madness subsided, Stalwart realizes the scope of his crimes and that he is a disgrace to the superhero community. Where once he was a champion of law and order, now his legacy shall be one of mindless rage and vigilantism. He contemplates the foolishness of his actions every day, and stands a decent chance of parole in nine or ten years. Should he get out, he will probably try to mentor up and coming superheroes in the Old School way of doing things so they can avoid making the same mistakes he made.

Real Name: James Simic
Other Aliases: Triumph, Captain Courage

Alignment: Unprincipled but was Aberrant evil and still leans in that direction. While he seems to be genuinely reforming, he could always slip back to his Aberrant ways for some reason.

Attributes: I.Q.: 13, **M.E.:** 13, **M.A.:** 20, **P.S.:** 90 (supernatural), **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 25, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 20

Age: 26; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet, three inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 240 lbs (108 kg).

Experience Level: 3

Hit Points: 35

S.D.C.: 700

Natural Bio-Armor A.R.: 16 (240 S.D.C.).

Power Category: Mega-Experiment.

Side Effects: Whole body glows. This makes him a great target at night and reduces prowl attempts by -40%. That might be a reason why Stalwart never tries sneaking anywhere; he knows he will get caught anyway, so better to simply walk straight in and let one's powers do all the talking.

Mega-Powers: All common mega-powers plus Tremendous Strength and Tremendous S.D.C.

Major Super Abilities: Supernatural Strength, Sonic Flight, and Bio-Armor.

Achilles' Heel: Vulnerable to Light. (When Stalwart uses his Bio-Armor ability, it automatically creates polarizing eye shades for him).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +4 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +4 to initiative, +2 to strike (+3 in flight), +3 to parry (+5 in flight), +3 to dodge (+9 in flight), +75 to damage, +2 to disarm, trust/intimidate: 60% and charm/impress: 50%.

Other Combat Info: Restrained punch: 5D6+75, full-strength punch: 2D4x10+75, power punch: 3D6x10+75 (counts as two attacks).

Education Level and Skills of Note: Ph.D.

Science Program: Computer Operation (75%), Advanced Mathematics (80%), Chemistry (75%), Chemistry: Analytical (70%), Astrophysics (65%), Anthropology (60%), Archaeology (65%), and Botany (65%).

Mechanical Program: Mechanical Engineer (65%), Basic Electronics (70%), and Locksmith (65%).

Electrical Program: Electrical Engineer (98%), Basic Mechanics (98%), and Computer Repair (95%).

Secondary Skills: Research (60%), Writing (35%), Pilot Motorcycle (68%), Computer Programming (40%), General Repair/Maintenance (45%), Speak/Literacy: Russian (60%/40%), Speak/Literacy: English (60%/40%), Speak/Literacy: German (60%/40%).

Money: None.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Stratosfear

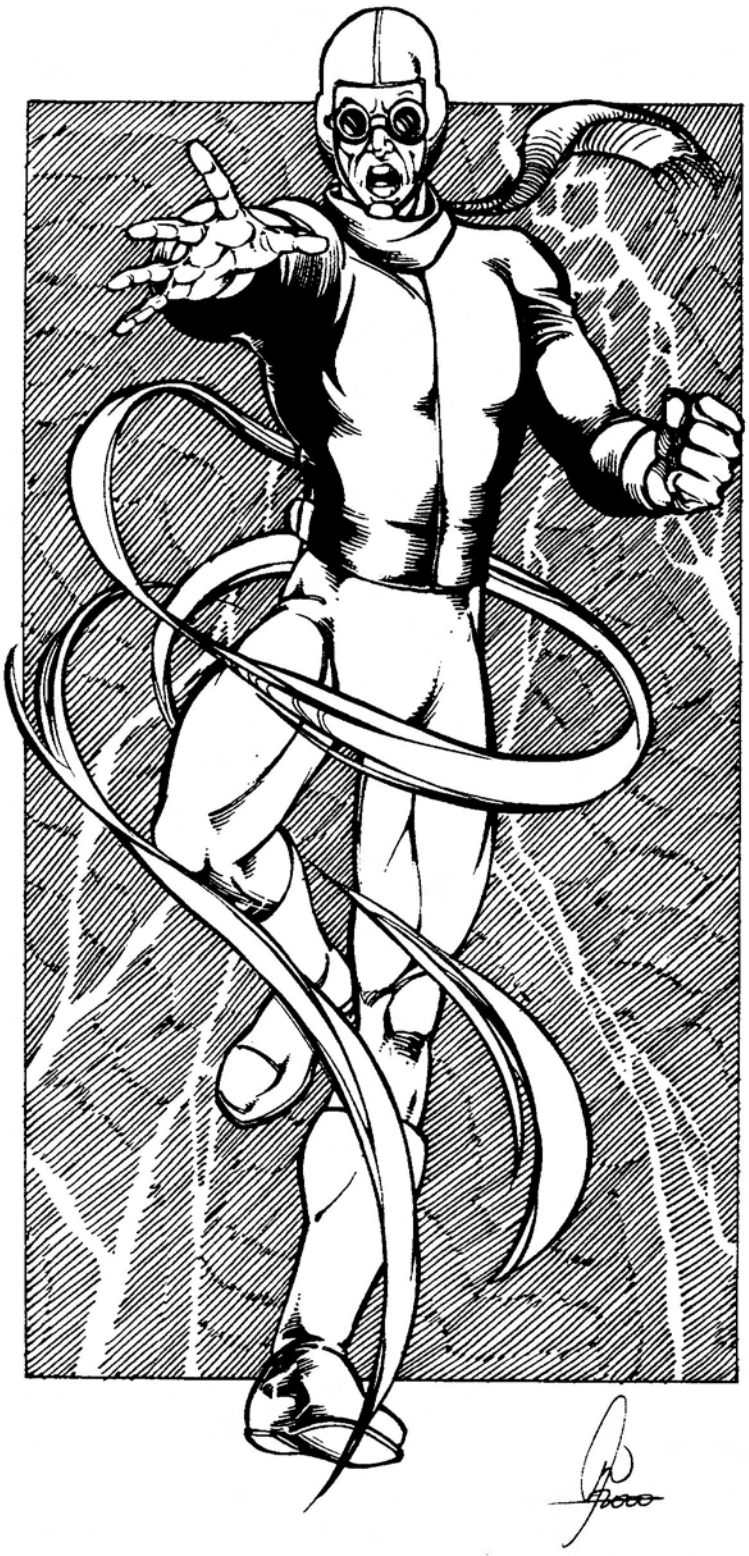
Jared Stradler grew up in Cory, Oklahoma, right in the heart of America's "tornado alley," the most twister-stricken part of the world. When an F5, the most powerful category of tornado hit Jared's hometown while he was in college, he was devastated. His family, friends, and home were all swept away by the furious storm, never to be seen again. Unwilling to accept what had happened, Jared dropped out of school and became a tornado chaser, one of a growing number of scientists and enthusiasts who drive around in storms looking to sight tornadoes on the ground. Most people do this so weather monitors and scientists can confirm the touchdown of an actual tornado, and study them. However, a small number of these "chasers" simply do it for the thrill. Jared fell into neither category. He was doing it so he could be there when another F5 struck. His plan: a death wish, to enter the F5 and join his lost family and friends once and for all.

F5s are reasonably rare, so Jared's plan could very well have taken him years to realize. Luckily for him, another F5 hit Oklahoma just two years after the monster that ripped through Cory. Jared was ready, and when the twister hit, he positioned himself right in its path. Jared just closed his eyes and waited for the spinning fury to take him up into the sky. It did just that, but instead of battering Jared to pieces, the experience so supercharged him, so adrenalized him, that it triggered his dormant mutant cell structure, energizing him with power beyond that of mortal men. Somehow, his fixation on tornadoes and the experience of whirling around the heart of the most powerful windstorm known to man guided what kind of powers he would develop. Before he knew it, Jared was exerting his own control over the tornado. It was obeying his commands, his every wish! And even more, at the merest thought, Jared became like the wind himself, merging with the F5 and feeling its awesome power firsthand.

Eventually, the tornado died out, in small part because of Jared's attempts to calm it down. He came out of the storm a changed man. Drunk with his newfound power, he likened himself to the windstorm. Tornadoes kill and destroy indiscriminately, Jared reckoned, and so would he. After resting for a few weeks to gain his strength, his rampage began with a series of farms outside Cory. Next, he used his wind abilities to terrorize the people inside a large regional shopping mall. By that time, he figured it was time to move out of the little league and into some serious criminal work. He moved to Victory City and began knocking over banks and jewelry stores until he ran afoul of a cunning team of Hardware geniuses whose group tactics and innovative crimefighting gadgets proved to be more than a match for the self-styled wind master known to the world as *Stratosfear*.

He currently resides in the Super-Being Containment Wing, where he plots his escape and revenge upon the facility itself. Perhaps a few twisters would do nicely.

Real Name: Jared Stradler
Other Aliases: Cumulus
Alignment: Miscreant.



Attributes: I.Q.: 15, **M.E.:** 10, **M.A.:** 15, **P.S.:** 14, **P.P.:** 14, **P.E.:** 14, **P.B.:** 13, **Spd:** 12

Insanity: The traumatic loss of his family and the near death experience that transformed him have permanently ruined his mind. Sadly, the psychotic young man is driven to terrorize and destroy.

Age: 25; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 175 lbs (78.7 kg).

Experience Level: 6

Hit Points: 50

S.D.C.: 40

Power Category: Mutant

Unusual Characteristics: None.

Major Super Abilities: Control Elemental Force: Air and Alter Physical Structure: Mist.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Assassin.

Number of Attacks: 7

Bonuses: +5 to pull punch, +4 to damage, +3 to disarm, +3 to roll with impact, +3 to initiative, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to strike.

Other Combat Info: Call lightning: 6D6, whirlwind: 4D6, body flip/throw, and death blow (if desired, must announce intention).

Education Level and Skills of Note: High School Graduate.

Science: Advanced Math (84%), Computer Operation (75%), Biology (65%), Astronomy (50%), Astrophysics (65%), Chemistry (65%)

Pilot (Advanced): Navigation (85%), Read Sensory Equipment (65%), Weapon Systems (75%), Pilot Truck (70%), Pilot Motorcycle (88%), Pilot Helicopter (76%), and Pilot Airplane (78%).

Secondary: First Aid (70%), Recognize Weapon Quality (50%), Basic Mechanics (55%), and Basic Electronics (55%).

Money: Stratosfear received a HUGE life insurance payment when his family died, and he will live off that for the rest of his life. He will not touch this money to fund criminal ventures.

Weapons: None.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Triskelion

Triskelion began her professional adventuring career as an ex-Interpol agent who had a long history of tangling with the supernatural. A native of New Orleans, young Naomi Desjardins' nanny was a voodoo priestess of sorts who gave the girl her first taste of magic. Intrigued, Naomi agreed to partake in a strange ritual that the priestess said would grant Naomi great power once she was finally grown. Years later, with the ceremony all but forgotten, Naomi's powers sprung to life and the girl was marked with a mystical brand in the shape of a three-legged spiral, a Triskelion appeared on her back. From this day forth, her quest was clear: eradicate all evil on Earth, pure and simple.

Triskelion is the sworn champion of a good wizards' guild called *Thessalica*, whose name apparently refers to an ancient and powerful society of wizards fighting to maintain a loosely referred to "balance of the universe." To that end, Triskelion waged an independent war against supernatural evildoers everywhere. Her work brought her to Century Station which had become her new base of operations. Her headquarters was a large loft in the Waingroh district, where her reputation alone kept punks from mess-

ing with the place. Periodically, she would check in with Thessalica for missions, but more often, they called upon her when they required her services or an audience with her.

Unfortunately, she has been arrested, tried and sentenced to ten years at Gramercy for vigilantism and resisting arrest (she put six cops in the hospital). Her lawyers think she can get out in three years on good behavior. Until then, she remains under control thanks to a weird magical ink that the SBCW experts have used to draw a mystic sign of containment on her forehead. Where this ink comes from has not been disclosed by the SBCW, but Triskelion suspects it was volunteered by the *Black Order*, a rogue group of evil sorcerers with whom her arch-enemy villain *Vincent Bloodstone* is in league. As long as this magical ink and writing remain on her head, she can not use any of her magical powers. She also can not wipe the ink away herself — somebody must do it for her.

Real Name: Naomi Desjardins ("DAY-zhar-DAN"), Private Investigator.

Occupation: Monster Hunter and Mystic Troubleshooter.

Alignment: Unprincipled

Attributes: I.Q.: 17, **M.E.:** 17, **M.A.:** 25, **P.S.:** 18, **P.P.:** 18, **P.E.:** 18, **P.B.:** 19, **Spd:** 20

Age: 27; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Six feet (1.8 m). **Weight:** 150 lbs (67.5 kg).

Experience Level: 6

Hit Points: 45

S.D.C.: 260

P.P.E.: 198

Power Category: Magic (Bestowed).

Magic Spells: Armor of Ithan (10), Carpet of Adhesion (10), Magic Net (7), Multiple Image (7), Shadow Meld (10), Circle of Flame (10), Call Lightning (15), Fireball (10), Fire Fist (15), Teleport: Lesser (15), Constrain (Supernatural) Being (20), Fly as the Eagle (25), Heal Self (20), Invisibility; Superior (20), Speed of the Snail (50), and Mystic Portal (60).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +7 to parry, +7 to dodge, +10 to damage, +4 to pull punch, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +6 to save Horror Factor, +3 vs possession, +3 vs magic, +1 vs psionics, +1 vs insanity, +2 vs poison, and +6% vs coma/death

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4+10, Karate Kick: 2D4+10, Axe Kick: 2D6+10, Tripping/Leg Hook, Body Block/Tackle, Pin/Incapacitate: 18-20.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.

Law Enforcement Program: Radio: Basic (88%), Criminal Science (78%), Law (General) (68%), and Intelligence (70%).

Physical Program: Boxing, Wrestling and Body Building.

Secondary Skills: Astronomy (53%), Swimming (78%), Computer Operation (68%), First Aid (73%), Art

(63), Basic Mechanics (53%), Auto Mechanics (53%), and General Repair/Maintenance (63%).

Weapon Proficiencies: W.P. Revolver, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Shotgun, and W.P. Sub-Machinegun.

Money: Triskelion is taken care of by the Thessalica, the wizards' guild that acts as her collective patron. They supply her with whatever conventional weapons and equipment she requires, as well as any other operational costs within reason. They also give her a personal salary of $30,000 a year, which considering the hazard of her work, doesn't even *begin* to approach adequate compensation, but Naomi isn't going to complain. After all, she's in this line of work whether she likes it or not, and is just grateful that she has anybody at all willing to help. Besides, it's not like she has much of a personal life, so she has little to spend her money on.

Weapons:

Glock-17 Pistols (2): Range: 165 feet (50 m). Damage: 3D6 (silver bullets). Rate of Fire: Single shot or burst firing (for burst firing with both guns at once, simply roll once for a simultaneous burst and double the damage if it hits, but apply a -4 to strike penalty. For more detailed two-gun shooting rules, check out the stats for the Crime Lord *Gong Feng* or the Triad Assassin martial arts in the **Mystic China™** sourcebook). Payload: 17 rounds.

Model 37 M Ithaca Shotgun: Range: 150 feet (45.7 m). Damage: 4D6 (silver buckshot), 5D6 (silver slug), 6D6 (silver flechettes; her favorite). Rate of Fire: Single shot. Payload: 5 rounds.

Silver-Edged Katana: Damage: 3D6.

Mace/Pepper Spray: A stinging chemical spray that blinds one's opponent. Victims are -6 to strike, parry and dodge. Range: 6 feet (1.83 m). Duration: 4D4 melees. Payload: 20 shots.

Stun Gun: Range: Touch. Damage: Victims hit by this are jolted with a few thousand volts of electricity and are at -8 to strike, parry and dodge, and their number of attacks per melee are halved for the next 2D4 minutes. Payload: 10 charges.

Vehicles and Other Equipment:

BMW Z3 Convertible: She appropriated this from an evil sorcerer she took down a few months ago. Since then, she has done an excellent job of forging the right kinds of papers so if the vehicle is run through a police computer, it will appear to be lawfully registered and insured. She will use this vehicle until it is implicated in some kind of illegal or paranormal activity, after which she will try to appropriate some other means of transport. Deep down, she gets a thrill out of ripping off her enemies.

Holdout Gear: Triskelion always carries on her a Swiss army knife, a pocket lighter, a pair of handcuffs, a roll of quarters, a set of lock picks, three silver bullets, a silver cross, and some other goodies that come in handy from time to time.

Twilight

Dyson Regent had been a leading research assistant for a high-tech laser communications firm working on a project to craft black diamonds for a special lasing tube in development. While testing a diamond sample, it unexpectedly exploded, catching Dyson right in the blast. Several folks were killed, and the resulting litigation and claims drove the company into an early grave. Meanwhile, the millions of diamond shards embedded in Regent's flesh sparked some mutant factor or instilled him with strange powers. Since then, he has become a superhuman independent contractor who works by his own rules and agenda as the criminal known as *Twilight*.

For years, that destiny would bring Dyson great wealth as he plundered industrial sites, high-tech business operations, research labs and jewelry outlets (he's always had a thing for gem stones and jewelry). The greater the risk and higher the payoff, the more he likes it. In recent years, Twilight has developed a taste for fine art, too, and has hit a number of private residences, art galleries, and museums in an attempt to build up a vast personal collection of the world's greatest works.

He was eventually captured while breaking into a museum, and was sentenced to only five years on Gramercy Island. While he is incarcerated, however, authorities keep linking him to dozens of other unsolved art thefts and crimes, so his time to serve keeps lengthening as additional sentences pile up on him. He could probably get out instantly if he would divulge the location of his hidden art cache, but Twilight is unwilling to do so. Until then, he focuses on trying to break out and resume his career as the world's most unusual art collector.

The SBCW keeps Twilight's powers neutralized by holding him in a photonically variable cell. That means Twilight's body is constantly bombarded by special-intensity lightwaves that enter the diamond fragments in his skin and effectively short out his powers. Should the bombardment cease for even a single minute, his powers will return to full strength. After that, it will take a new variable-photonic bombardment of at least one hour to neutralize him again.

Real Name: Dyson Regent
Aliases: Shadowlord and Dirk Midnight.
Alignment: Anarchist
Attributes: I.Q.: 12, **M.E.:** 10, **M.A.:** 9, **P.S.:** 15, **P.P.:** 15, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 10, **Spd:** 20

Age: 27; **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg).

Experience Level: 10

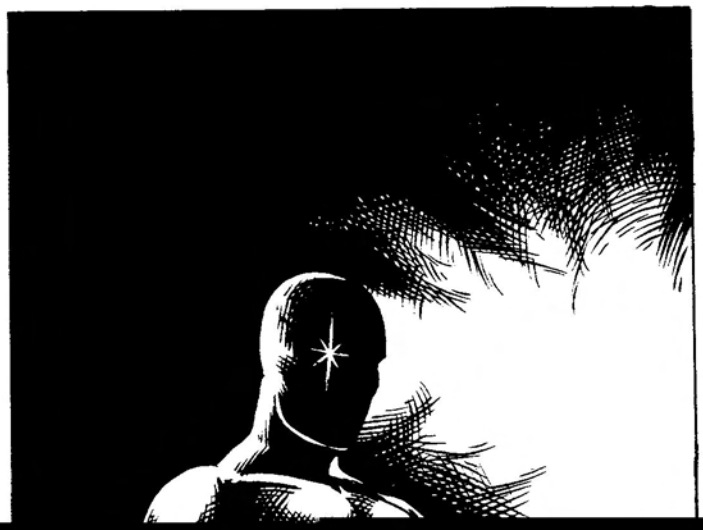
Hit Points: 55

S.D.C.: 55

Power Category: Experiment.

Major Super Abilities: Darkness Control.

Minor Super Abilities: Nightstalking, Energy Expulsion ("Black Lasers:" 600 feet/183 m, 1D6x10+10 damage at maximum).



Side Effects: Light gray, sparkling skin. Requires energy for nourishment.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

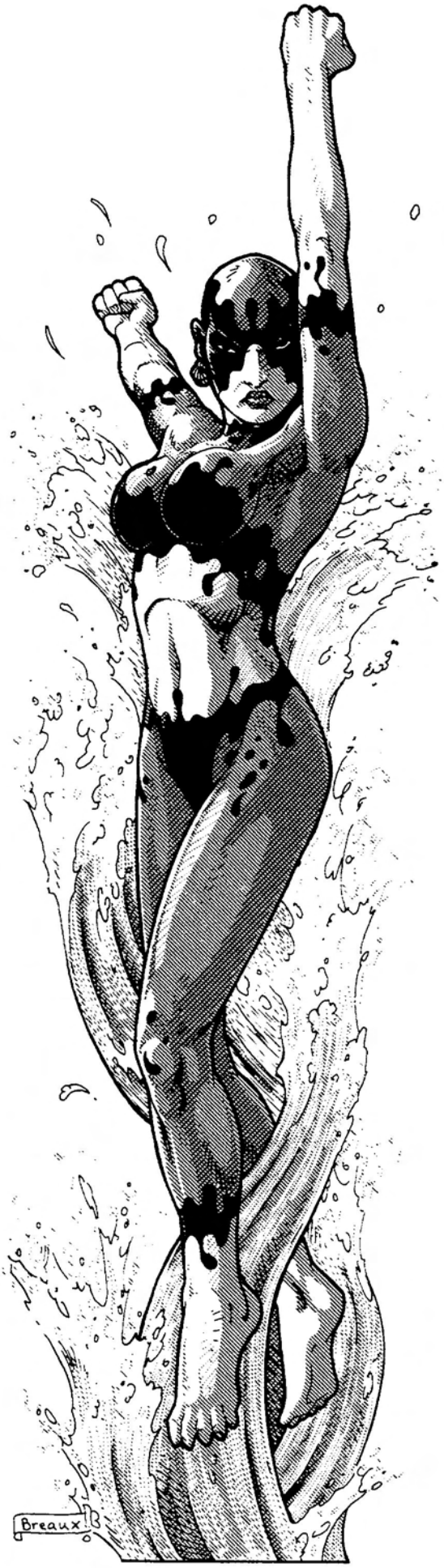
Number of Attacks: 6

Bonuses: +1 to initiative, +2 to strike, +4 to parry, +4 to dodge, +2 to damage, +4 to pull punch, +1 to disarm, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact.

Nightstalking Bonuses: +10% to Prowl, Tracking, Land Navigation; Nightvision (1,000 feet/305 m); Horror Factor: 13; +1 to initiative, +1D6 to damage and +50 S.D.C.

Other Combat Info: Punch 1D4+2, Kick 1D6+2, Black Laser Blast: 1D6x10+10 damage at max. (can also fire less damaging blasts in increments of 1D6 up to 12D6). Critical Strike: 19-20, Body Flip/Throw.

Education Level and Skills of Note: Trade School.



At first, the Hierophant merely wanted to punish this girl himself for stealing the magic elixir. He had obtained it as a gift from an alien emperor as a reward for a truly epic adventure, and the Hierophant was saving it as a possible bargaining device in case he ever needed to do a deal with a powerful supernatural entity. Now that this punk girl had wasted it, he figured he might as well try to make the best of it. Hierophant took Amy under his wing, training her in the use of her power *responsibly*.

For a while, Amy took her lessons to heart, and she even became Hierophant's superhero sidekick for a few months. But after a while, she grew tired of her mentor's rules and sermonizing. So, one day she simply left and embarked on a wild and woolly string of thrillseeker crimes and acts of reckless endangerment. When confronted by Hierophant himself, she tried to escape and in doing so, caused a massive boating accident that left over 100 people injured.

The wild thrillseeker, now calling herself *Undine*, was caught and sentenced to 25 years at Gramercy Island, where she has been forced to assume her liquid form and remain trapped inside a hypertanium metal cube too strong for her to break out of. This special device has no seams or weak joints, making it impossible for Undine to escape. It remains to be seen just how long she will live like this, however, so her life sentence could become an eternity if she is not released or if the laws governing her incarceration are changed. Should Undine escape, she will be in an extremely bad mood, and will seek to organize a party of fellow supervillains to kill Hierophant and go on a crime rampage that will not stop until she is dead or captured.

Real Name: Amy Gruvensky; no aliases.

Occupation: Supervillain and street punk.

Alignment: Miscreant. When she was working with the Hierophant, she had been Anarchist. If she escapes her confinement cube, she will be Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q.: 11, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 12, **P.S.:** 13, **P.P.:** 14, **P.E.:** 15, **P.B.:** 22, **Spd:** 20

Age: 18; **Sex:** Female.

Height: Five feet, seven inches (1.7 m). **Weight:** 130 lbs (59 kg).

Experience Level: 5

Hit Points: 30

S.D.C.: 70

Power Category: Experiment

Major Super Abilities: Alter Physical Structure: Liquid (Water) and Control Elemental Force: Water.

Side Effects: All hair has fallen out; porcelain white skin. Undine camouflages herself by passing off her looks as a kind of weird neo-Gothic thing. The funny thing is, many of her fellow classmates in school have begun imitating the look by shaving their heads and applying white makeup all over their head and hands, highlighting it as Amy does, with light blue lipstick and eye shadow.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Expert.

Number of Attacks: 5

Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +2 to strike, +3 to parry, +3 to dodge, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +3 vs psionic attack and insanity.

Other Combat Info: Punch: 1D4, Snap Kick: 1D6, Karate Kick: 2D4, and Axe Kick: 2D6.

Education Level and Skills of Note: High School Graduate.

Computer Program: Basic Electronics (55%), Computer Operation (65%), Computer Programming (55%), and Computer Repair (50%).

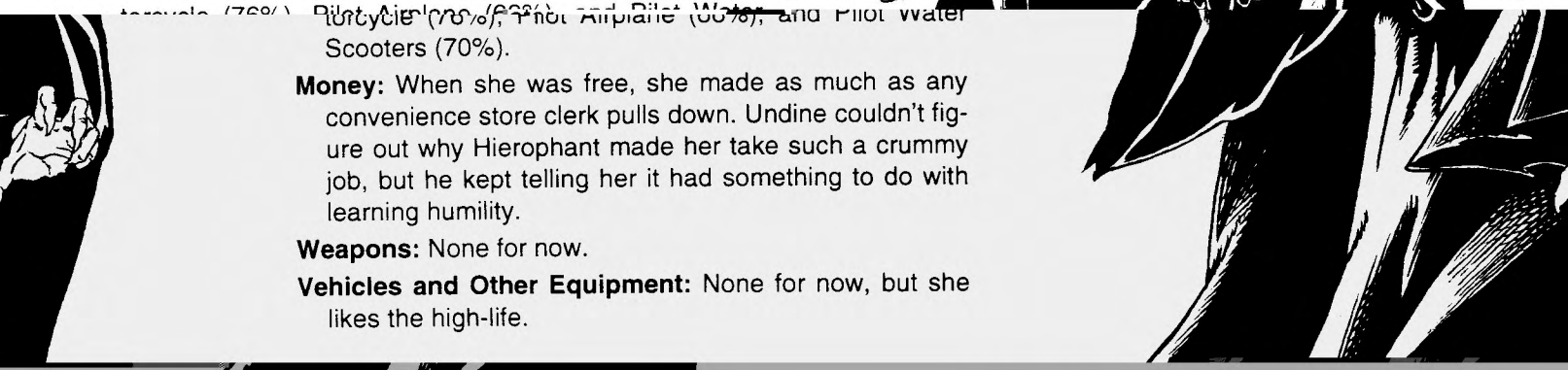
Criminal Program: Streetwise (41%), Pick Locks (55%), Prowl (50%), Computer Hacking (55%), and Concealment (41%).

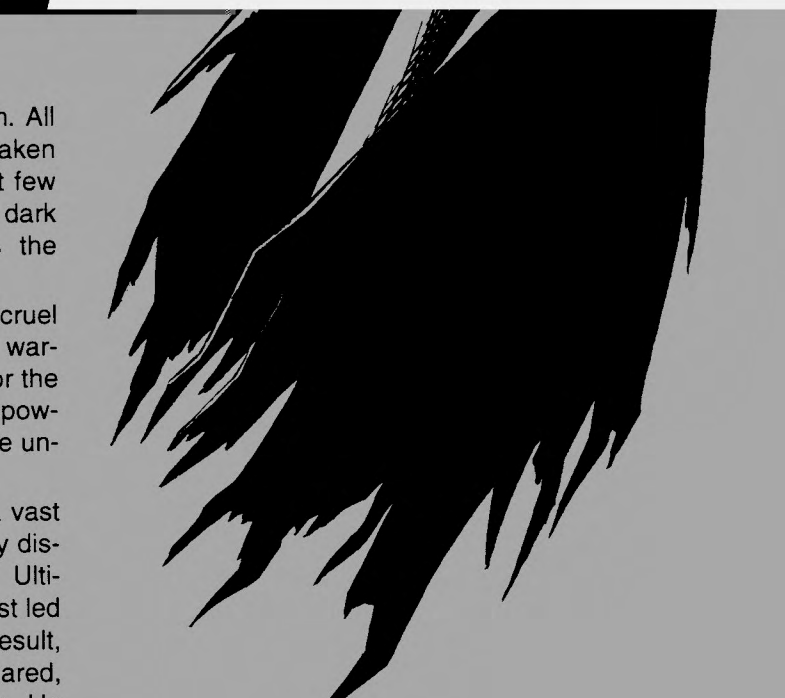
Secondary Skills: Basic Mechanics (50%), Auto Mechanics (45%), Radio: Basic (65%), T.V. & Video (41%), General Repair & Maintenance (55%), Pilot Motorcycle (76%), Pilot Airplane (60%), and Pilot Water Scooters (70%).

Money: When she was free, she made as much as any convenience store clerk pulls down. Undine couldn't figure out why Hierophant made her take such a crummy job, but he kept telling her it had something to do with learning humility.

Weapons: None for now.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: None for now, but she likes the high-life.





Xenomancer

No one knows who he is or where he comes from that is known about him are snippets of information t from those who have done battle with him, and what details he has himself divulged. He is a mystery, a stranger, an enigma wrapped in shadows. He is Xenomancer.

Hailing from an alien dimension where only the survive and the vicious prosper, the Xenomancer is a lord and tyrant who mastered the mystic arts solely fo purpose of smiting his enemies, enslaving those less erful than he, and bringing as many worlds as possibl der his dominion.

For more than a century, the Xenomancer ruled a interdimensional empire with an iron fist, crushing any sent and waging terrible wars upon his neighbors. mately, the Xenomancer's insatiable thirst for conques him to neglect more pressing matters at home. As a r his subjects revolted against him and, caught unprep the evil overlord was forced to abdicate his throne would be damned if he was going to let peasant ra take control of his empire, so before he left, he s some kind of mystic device that sparked a destru chain reaction in each of the dozen dimensions whe had held territory. Not even the Xenomancer know full extent of the damage, but one thing is certain: all lands the Xenomancer once held were utterly destr

act of mass murder does not trouble the Xenomancer one bit. As far as he is concerned, the people he killed were no more significant than so many insects scuttling about the earth. All he has done was, in his view, destroy a pest-ridden environment before evacuating it.

Those who survived this holocaust do not share his sentiments, and seek retribution. Chief among them is a small cadre of survivors, many of whom possess magic or super abilities themselves. They wander the universe in search of a new home, but more importantly, they search for the dreaded Xenomancer.

This development is unknown to the Xenomancer, who has chosen Earth as his new home, at least for now. He was defeated in battle and sent to Gramercy Island for containment while he underwent trial in an international

Level One: Blinding Flash (1), Cloud of Smoke (2), Death Trance (1), Decipher Magic (4), Globe of Daylight (2), and See the Invisible (4).

Level Two: Darkness (6), Extinguish Fire (4), Mystic Alarm (5), and Turn Dead (6).

Level Three: Armor of Ithan (10), Breathe Without Air (5), Energy Bolt (5), Fingers of the Wind (5), Float in Air (5), Ignite Fire (6), and Invisibility: Simple (6).

Level Four: Carpet of Adhesion (10), Charismatic Aura (10), Energy Field (10), Fire Bolt (10), Magic Net (7), Multiple Image (7), and Seal (7).

Level Five: Charm (12), Circle of Flame (10), Heal Wounds (10), Escape (8) and Sleep (10).

Level Six: Fire Ball (10), Fire Fist (15), Magic Pigeon (20), Mystic Shield (10), Tongues (12), and Teleport:

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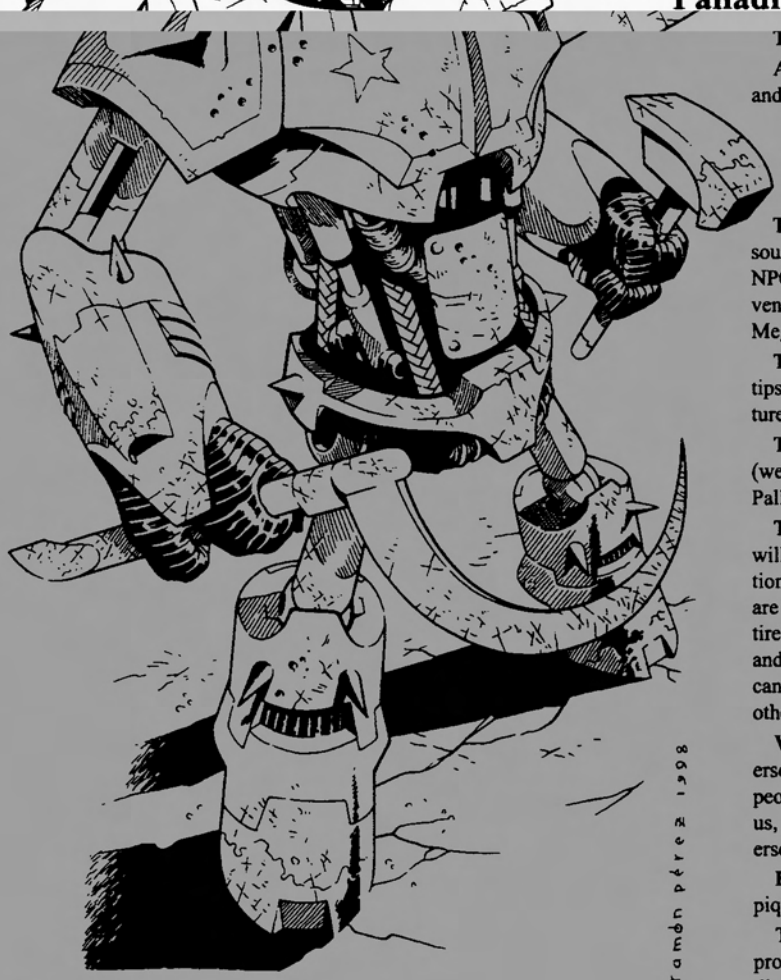
Palladium Guide & Sourcebook Series



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Xenomancer get free, he would very much like to reassemble this collection.

Vehicles and Other Equipment: Likewise, the Xenomancer once owned a set of rune armor that greatly boosted his spell casting power, but that too has been lost (in a game of chance against a dragon, of all things). Of all of the Xenomancer's possessions, this was his most treasured, and he is at the point where he will do *anything* to get it back.

Zeerod-Quad

William Williams is not the original Billy that his family knows and loves. He is a sixth-generation clone of his original self, the superpowered result of a bizarre experiment in human duplication. Williams is an award-winning geneticist who has been working to unlock the secrets of cloning for most of his professional life. While other scientists have successfully cloned sheep and other livestock, Williams had focused entirely on cloning human subjects. His aim is not just to duplicate human beings, but to use cloning as a tool to unlock the power potential within each person's genetic structure. Williams had theorized that if the human cell structure is duplicated enough times, it will, in essence, "shake loose" the unlocked potential of one's own body, triggering super abilities and psionics.

To prove this, Williams set up a series of secret cloning experiments where he cloned a fully grown duplicate of himself, and then duplicated that, and again and again. Finally, by the sixth generation clone, super abilities emerged — the ability to mimic the superpowers of others, and ironically, the ability to duplicate oneself. Williams had proven his theory (or did he just happen to have mutant genes waiting to be stimulated and unleashed?)

However, with each subsequent copy of himself, Williams' clones became more aggressive, animalistic and amoral. By the time "Version Six" was generated, he had powers, yes, but he also was a monstrous villain who wished only to use his gifts to hurt others. He started by murdering the other duplicates of himself as well as his

originator. From there, he simply liquidated his earthly belongings, alienated his family and friends, and began a life of villainy for the sheer pleasure. Calling himself *Zeerod-Quad*, he used his powers to spread hate, fear and misery as far as he could.

The only thing that stopped him, oddly enough, was the Century Station *villain* team known as *Overrun,* a set of identical triplets who all possessed duplication powers themselves. It seems Overrun felt that Zeerod-Quad gave duplicators a bad name, and so they jumped him. The battle looked like a small riot at a twins' convention, with so many identical looking people running about. But Zeerod-Quad was defeated and dropped off into the waiting hands of the CSPD. (For their vigilante efforts, Overrun had several ongoing criminal investigations against them dropped.) Zeerod-Quad was sentenced to 50 years in prison for his various crimes. Oddly, he was never held convicted for murdering the other versions of himself.

Real Name: William Williams VI
Other Aliases: Version Six
Alignment: Diabolic
Attributes: I.Q.: 20, **M.E.:** 20, **M.A.:** 20, **P.S.:** 20, **P.P.:** 20, **P.E.:** 20, **P.B.:** 20, **Spd:** 20
Age: 30, **Sex:** Male.
Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (85.5 kg).
Experience Level: 8
Hit Points: 60
S.D.C.: 30
Power Category: Experiment.
Side Effects: None.
Major Super Abilities: Multiple Beings/Selves (up to four copies can be made at once; each is 8th level), and Mimic.
Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts.
Number of Attacks: 5
Bonuses: +2 to initiative, +5 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to pull punch, +4 to disarm, +3 to save vs psionic attack and insanity, trust/intimidate 60%, charm/impress 50%, +10% to save vs coma/death, +3 to save vs magic and poison.
Other Combat Info: Snap kick: 1D6+5, karate kick: 2D4+5, roundhouse kick: 2D6+5, backward sweep, jump kicks (all), critical strike: 18-20, paired weapons (all), and leap attack.
Education Level and Skills of Note: Street Schooled.

Scholastic Skills: Streetwise (89%), Prowl (98%), Ventriloquism (71%), Pick Locks (96%), Pick Pockets (91%), Cook (98%), Fishing (98%), Literacy (96%), and Speak Spanish (98%).

Secondary Skills: First Aid (98%), Radio: Basic (98%), Swimming (98%), General Repair/Maintenance (98%), Hunting, and Track Animals (86%).

Money: Williams Prime had millions stashed in various accounts, mutual funds and other investments. However, Williams VI can not remember the pass codes to these accounts and can not access any of them!

Weapons: None.
Vehicles and Other Equipment: None.

Adventure Scenarios

101 Gramercy Island Adventures

By Bill Coffin with Kevin Siembieda

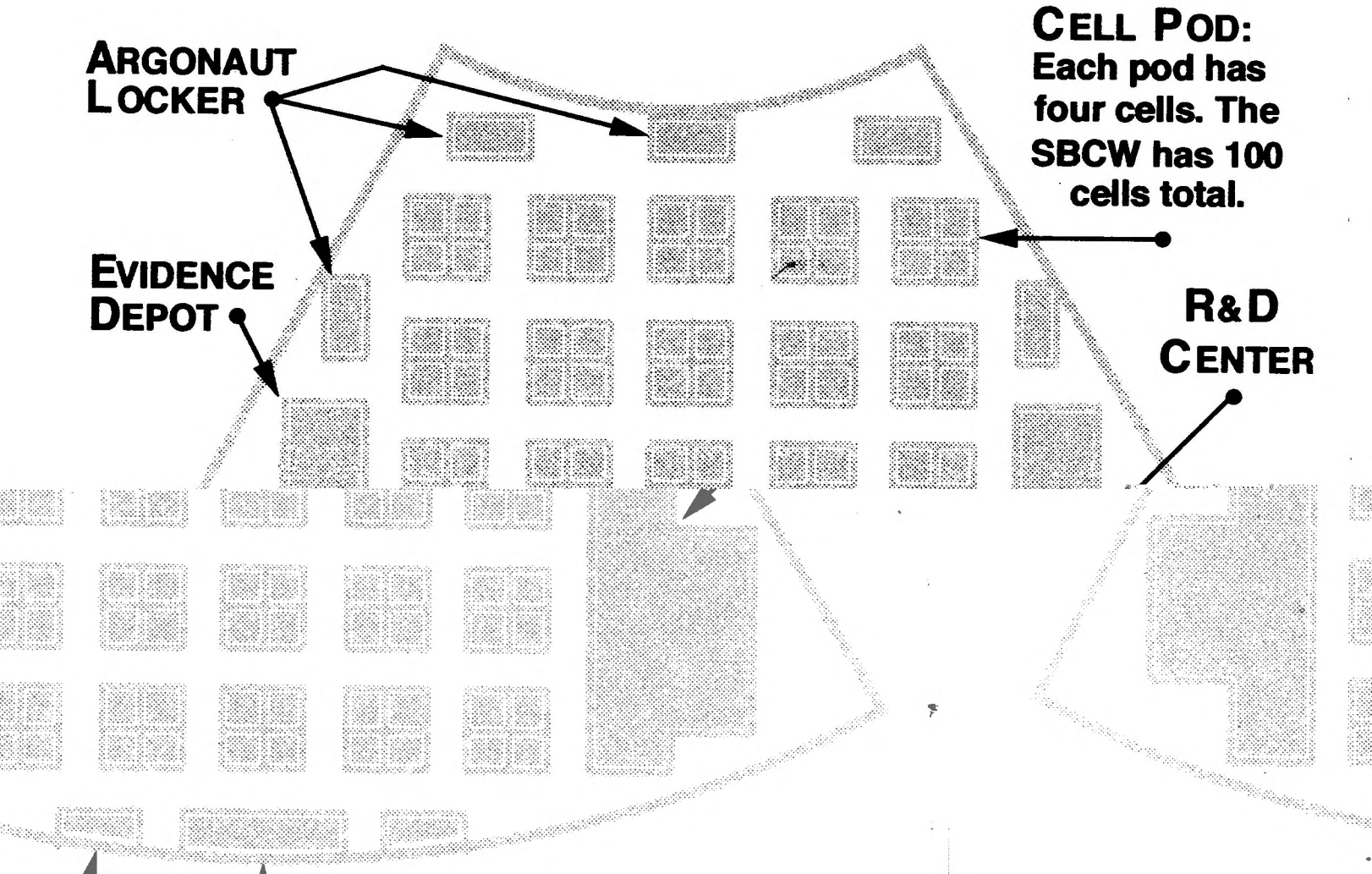
For G.M.s strapped for time or wanting to throw a red herring into their ongoing adventure or campaign, here are 101 adventure ideas you can incorporate into almost any **Heroes Unlimited™** game. Many of these can be expanded to become an entire adventure or even a series of adventures. Others are good for just a super-heroic vignette to have some fun with while taking a breather from your ongoing campaign. We used this format in **Century Station™** and it was a big hit, so we thought we'd try it again for **Gramercy Island™**. Enjoy!

The first hundred are given percentile numbers so the G.M. can roll percentile dice and use this section as a kind of random encounter table. The 101st entry is a bonus prize for all of you who toughed it out and read this until the end.

01%: An up and coming freelance investigative reporter has leaked to the Internet that he has discovered the *true* identity of Warden Harker! The thing is, nobody else has much reason to believe the Warden is anything other than what he appears to be, so this reporter is having a hard time selling the story. In desperation, he has tried to blackmail Harker, but it has backfired for two reasons. One, the reporter really does not have any dirt on Harker — it is all a bluff in the hopes to shake something loose and build his career. Second, Harker does not play to blackmail. He has decided to kill the reporter instead, and has secretly dispatched a few Argonauts (or some hoods) to handle the job. How the heroes get involved is up to the G.M. Maybe they come in after the reporter turns up dead and must bring his killer to justice. He'll claim the Argonauts were usurped from Orion Robotics and can prove those allocated to the Island are still in storage.

02%: After a particularly nasty hurricane season, the mean water level around Gramercy island and Century Station is much higher than usual. And now, Hurricane William has blown in. For the last three days and nights it has dumped over three feet (0.9 m) of water and Gramercy Island is starting to flood. From the island, it looks like the land is sinking into the sea. And guess what? William is not expected to move away or dissipate for another three days. Does the prison's electrical system hold-up (there are back-ups)? Does the storm provide an opportunity for one or more super-prisoners to escape? Is a bad

Super-Being Containment Wing



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SECURITY AIRLOCK: All staff, guards, and inmates going in or out of the SBCW must undergo a rigid security check here. Visitors undergo x-ray, z-ray & hyperscan analysis, as well as submit to retinal & voiceprint identification. An Intervention Squad team is on hand to detain any unauthorized visitors, as well as to foil escape attempts.

ARGONAUT LOCKE
These containment a
house an entire squa
Argonaut-series com
robots as a crisis res
force. The lockers ar
currently empty, as W
has not carried out h
of mechanizing the p
guard staff...yet.

guy or group of superhumans using the storm as a cover to attack the island and bust out some friends (especially if there are characters in the raiding group who can control elemental forces)?

03%: *Zeke Arlington* is a career killer serving ten consecutive life sentences in Bedlam. Only he's telling the Warden that unless he springs him at once, he is going to leak the secret identities of the heroes who captured him. Warden Harker has contacted the heroes as a courtesy and to see what their next move shall be. Zeke is not bluffing; he really does know the heroes' secret identities. How he learned them is quite the mystery.

04%: An entire supervillain team incarcerated in the SBCW (G.M.'s choice) has vanished from their cells! How they got out is unknown (magic?), as is their present whereabouts. All of the villains had been lowjacked, but their signals died out the moment they vanished. Rumor has it they have already gotten to the mainland and are looking to settle a score with the heroes or lawmen who originally put them behind bars.

05%: *Ricky Fingers*, capo of the *DeTeluzzi* crime syndicate, has decided to snitch on his bosses to buy his freedom. All he has to do is make it from Gramercy Island to the courthouse without getting clipped in the process. The player group has been asked to pull escort duty. A veritable army of gunmen, assassins and superhuman goons could be arrayed against them. All looking to cap off the one guy who can destroy one of the largest syndicates in this half of the country.

06%: From the upper reaches of the stratosphere, a *massive* bomb is dropped at Gramercy Island. One of the city's mightiest heroes was able to intercept it while still airborne and prevent the destruction, but the perpetrator got away. (He is believed to have flown a stealth vehicle, since it didn't show up on any radars). The following message is e-mailed to Warden Harker: "Release all inmates from the SBCW within 24 hours, or I shall drop another bomb on your precious facility for each day you violate my deadline. Do not tarry, dear Warden. Time is of the essence."

Who is this madman and can he be stopped before somebody gets hurt? Does he represent some group? Does he have superbeings as well as technology at his disposal? Is he bluffing?

07%: The heroes have been asked to shed their heroic identities and to go into Bedlam undercover to determine the ringleader of a new prison gang that is training inmates in terrorist techniques. The terrorist recruits new members in prison, then gathers them together once they are free. The group has no name that the authorities are aware of, but they are believed to have been responsible for both the Silver City arcology bombing and the Millions Pavilion spree killing.

08%: A computer glitch in The Cage has simultaneously unlocked every single cell on the Block. Like a tidal wave, the inmates have poured out and have 100% control of Cell Block C, including the heavily defended ops center. Their demands are for all of them (over 3,000!) to be flown or ferried to the city of their choice within the continental U.S. Naturally, Warden Harker is not playing to that and has tapped local heroes for the job of infiltrating the cell block and apprehending the ringleaders behind this prisoner uprising — that should bring things to an abrupt end. Harker has authorized the use of deadly force if necessary. Should details of any bloodbath make it to the mainstream press, Harker will gladly sick his own spin doctors on the situation to wash the heroes' hands of any culpability.

09%: The supervillain *Sideslide* has slipped his bonds en route to Gramercy Island, and when his transport craft landed at the Airlock, he was nowhere to be found. He has not been implanted with a low jack yet, nor has he been seen on Gramercy Island. However, given his publicly stated obsession with killing Warden Harker, it is a safe bet the villain is somewhere on the island, plotting an assassination attempt or worse.

10%: Ever since *Hector Guzman* (black sheep of the famous Guzman industrial fortune) gained control over the notorious colorgang, *Waingroh Underground*, Bedlam has been a killing zone. Members of this hyper-violent gang have been committing assaults and murders the moment they enter the cell block just to prove that the group's rep on the street is well deserved. Now that there are over 55 Underground members in Bedlam, a mass killing is bound to happen. This will prompt a serious gang war and might plunge Bedlam into a full-blown riot. Guzman has since renounced his life as a gang banger, however, and disappeared. If he can be found and brought to Gramercy Island to denounce the gang he helped forge, perhaps he can cool tensions and prevent a prison bloodbath. Can the player characters do a little detective work to find Guzman?

11%: A ring of corrupt cops within the Century Station Police Department are running a protection racket where they shake down criminals for "protection money" in return for not busting them. This ring has now extended to Gramercy Island, where certain unscrupulous guards shake down known drug dealers, contract killers and other inmates conducting profitable (and illegal) work. Both the prison and the CSPD want this ring shattered but cannot use their own people, since it will tip off the bad guys. The player group has been asked to help out, perhaps by interrogating the dirty prison guards first and working their way up the organization's ladder on the outside until its mastermind can be identified and brought to justice.

12%: Recently, a popular super-vigilante named *Mr. Do-Good* was arrested for the slaying of a known drug dealer, convicted of first-degree murder, and sent to Gramercy Island. This has so outraged the citizens of Century Station that they have organized a "helicopter protest," in which a fleet of some twenty-five commercial helicopters have loaded up with protesters, and are now en route to the Island. The guards there will not shoot the choppers down, but then the Island has a serious security situation on its hands once the protesters touch down at the *Visitor's Area* without going through proper channels. Anybody could slip on or off the island this way, as well as smuggle in weapons, drugs, and other contraband. Things

might get especially ugly if any of the inmates use the disturbance as cover for one of their own schemes or an escape.

13%: CHIMERA has reason to believe that an outside terrorist group (perhaps with superhumans) will try to contact inmates and organize a super-breakout. Warden Harker wants the heroes to go inside undercover, elicit the terror group's attention and trust, then bring them down.

14%: Somebody within Gramercy Island is on the take, accepting cash bribes smuggled in by visitors in order to arrange for the escape of an inmate. The corrupt staff member's sister has uncovered the plot and has tried to get her brother to stop, but he will not. So, in desperation, she has turned to the heroes of the player group for help. She has revealed all she knows about the extensive corruption underlying the Gramercy Island facility personnel and she begs the heroes to use this information to bring an end to corruption within the prison, but most of all, to somehow get her brother to give up his life of crime, or to be brought to justice for it.

15%: One of the Crime Lords of Century Station has lost a few too many members of his gang to Gramercy Island, and he has decided that the player characters will bring them back. The mastermind has captured a friend, family member, loved one, etc., of one (or more) of the heroes and threatens to kill him/her unless specific gang members are released within three days. The heroes can either go by the demand and spring the mastermind's minions (including a superhuman or two?) or they can try to track down the mastermind himself and rescue their loved one.

16%: A sting operation in Alphaville has revealed a vast conspiracy of murder, extortion and blackmail that all seems to point to Century Station's mayor *Dwayne Zardona* as the ringleader! Warden Harker, who has no love for the good mayor, has already tipped off CHIMERA, Century Station's law enforcement administration. The Mayor, on the other hand, is calling in a favor from the player group (or they may already have some reason to want to help him) to investigate the situation and prove his innocence. The Mayor insists it is all an elaborate frame-up orchestrated by a powerful enemy. The first place to gather clues is right where the action is — Gramercy Island.

17%: *Barker Barnes*, a killer and con man doing 20 years in the Cage, tells prison authorities that he's got the straight dope on that most nefarious of underworld figures: *The Minotaur.* He will squawk only if he is let go from prison entirely. That means he is sent to Century Station and let walk, and he will contact the authorities within 24 hours. It is a ridiculous deal, and Barnes is surely going to try to escape during the first 24 hours, but CHIMERA is convinced he honestly has information on The Minotaur and they want to cut a deal. The player heroes have been asked to shadow Barnes (or have caught wind of the operation and do so on their own) for that 24 hours and, 1) not let him get away, and 2) not let him know he is being tailed. If by the end of the 24 hours Barnes has not contacted CHIMERA regarding The Minotaur, the heroes are to bring Barnes in.

18%: Super-Being Containment Wing Escape! The Denizen woke up from his slumber, freaked out and went on a rampage! Ironically, this alien brute was brought under control and captured, but his rampage smashed through several of the other SBCW cells, freeing other superhumans who have made a break for it! Exactly how many supervillains escaped and who is left is up to the Game Master — maybe two or three to a dozen or more! They've been gone from the island for over three hours now and could be anywhere, but are most likely somewhere in nearby *Century Station.*

19%: Facility Chopper Assault! Somebody has somehow hacked into Gramercy Island from the outside and remote-commandeered three of its assault helicopters! The birds are circling the place, destroying whatever targets they can find. Facility security can handle the choppers (it is only a matter of time before they are shot down, if nothing else), but officials need some heroes to track down this hacker at the source and bring him or her in before it happens again!

20%: Over the last month, numerous members of a new colorgang, the *Ill Children*, have been captured and incarcerated at Gramercy Island. These unusually well organized and violent criminals have all been sent to Bedlam, where they have reunited and are slowly forging alliances with all the other colorgangs on the block, forming a coalition super-gang. This whole phenomenon is attributed to the brilliant leadership of *Aidan Sikorsky*, who is still at large. Somebody has to find this guy and get him to voluntarily disband the Ill Children (not likely), so humiliate him that his gang members no longer respect him, or bring him to justice so he is sent to prison (somewhere other than the Island). With Sikorsky out of the picture, the Ill Children's alliance will crumble.

21%: An unidentified caller has alerted the media that a nuclear weapon has been hidden on Gramercy Island. The bomb is not powerful enough to incinerate the island. In fact, it is a new generation "micro-nuke," designed more for its electromagnetic pulse than its blast damage (which is minimal). If the bomber is not given one billion dollars, he will detonate it, effectively killing all *security measures* on the island. That means the Containment Wing will black out and at least 50-80% will be able to escape. The authorities are quite positive this is a bluff, but they have less than 24 hours to find out one way or the other.

22%: The Defense Department finally got the right to take the android known as the *Curmudgeon* out of Gramercy Island for military research and study. On the way to a military base, the android escaped and is believed to be somewhere in or near Century Station.

23%: Catastrophe! A jumbo airliner filled with 230 passengers strayed into the airspace over Gramercy Island and has been shot down by an overeager guard. To make matters worse, the plane has plowed right into Gramercy Island, smashing through the southeast corner of the wall, and cracking the Bedlam cell blocks and a small area of the Super-Being Containment Wing! Any heroes who respond are faced with the triple threat of helping rescue the airline passengers, re-secure the compromised cell

blocks, and apprehend any and all escaped inmates (ordinary criminals and superbeings alike). A bunch of the ordinary human inmates will make a run for the dock area to secure a boat or aircraft to get off the island (a few superbeings may be among this group). The exact number of escaped supervillains and who is left to the Game Master — maybe two or three to a dozen or more!

Note that not all supervillains will necessarily try to escape. *Pantegruel* or *Spinnerette* for example, might hang in the shadows to prey on crash victims "rescued" from the water and put on the relative safety of the Island. A villain like the *Middleman* might try to escape by pretending to be one of the air-crash victims (taking the identity of a specific individual and pretending to be in shock to avoid answering questions — the real person tied up and stashed away, or killed, weighed down and tossed back into the water). Meanwhile, lunatics like *The Fun Bunch, Megasaur, Savage Fury, Hazmat,* and *the Denizen* will go berserk and try to smash more of the prison (releasing other villains?), attack guards and rescuers, and engage superheroes in combat — until these maniacs are contained, things will only get worse.

24%: Believe it or not, a group of some 1D4x10 *giant mutant crocodiles* have clambered onto the shores of Gramercy Island and are storming the facility! These creatures have a natural A.R. of 15, 75 S.D.C, 100 Hit Points, three attacks per melee round, and can bite for 1D4x10 or tail slap for 6D6+15 points of damage. They are +1 on initiative, +3 to strike and +1 to parry and dodge. I.Q.: 5, M.E.: 5, M.A.: 5, P.S.: 30 (considered Superhuman), P.P.: 20, P.E.: 20, P.B.: 5, Spd: 20 on land, 60 in water. Where the hell did these things come from, and why are they attacking Gramercy Island? The way they move, they seem to be controlled by some external force — something or someone smarter than a reptile. Could it be the Megasaur controlling them or some new menace? Those who believe the Cuttlefish is alive believe he is the one responsible (adding to his growing urban myth). **Note:** The crocs will fight to the death and nobody will claim responsibility to the attack, adding to the mystery (and providing an opening for a series of adventures and maybe a new villain).

25%: The Soribachi crime syndicate has had ill fortunes ever since its leaders were killed in a shootout with the police, and its lower echelon members sent to Gramercy Island. All of a sudden, the top dog of the group, *Senzo Watanabe*, professes to be alive!

Word on the street is he's rebuilding his crime empire, and that includes starting a new drug trade whose influence is spreading on the streets of Century Station like wildfire. And why? Because he is producing a new drug called *Zombie*, which puts its users into a fugue state for a couple of hours. Word is, Watanabe is planning on dropping a large amount of Zombie into the Century Station water supply to take over the city! Police on the outside have been unable to crack Watanabe's organization, but hope that shaking down some of his men locked up at Gramercy Island might give them some leads. Meanwhile, perhaps some streetwise vigilantes or heroes can locate and tail a couple of his men recently released from Gramercy Island to get more information or even tail them to the drug lab or their crime boss. These hoods are easy to find, just tail 'em after a meeting with their parole officer or follow the new birds about to be released from the Island in a few days.

26%: A rogue satellite has been discovered in a geosynchronous orbit over Century Station and Gramercy Island. The parties who built this device and put it in place remain a mystery, as do the large energy signatures emanating from the satellite itself. Could this be some kind of orbital laser set up to blast the facility to breakout some or all of its prisoners?

27%: Omar Entebbe is just a run of the mill thug, scumbag and killer doing life on the Island for killing a few cops. During his stay, he has built a radio that can monitor and decrypt the secret frequencies the prison uses to communicate! Entebbe has spent a great deal of time monitoring prison airwaves, and has learned not only the passcodes to enter the SBCW's Evidence Depot, but also has learned a bit about the various other security procedures used to protect the place. If he can use this info to get inside the evidence depot himself, he could steal and use any number of items to escape. Likewise, he can use them to free one or more superbeings (and himself) and escape from the island. Or so he believes. Entebbe has made it known to a few key, outside underworld kingpins that he has this information and is willing to launch a breakout attempt if the money is right and he gets out of prison too.

28%: Simmering gang tensions in Bedlam have erupted into all-out warfare! The guards in the cell block have barricaded themselves in a few cells and the ops center as inmates overrun the entire facility. They can not get out of the locked down building, but the building itself is hardly secure. The prison is having a difficult time getting its Argonauts on line, so they are no help. Even with the power suits at the prison's disposal, Bedlam has several thousand prisoners rioting. The current guard strength may not be enough to bring the facility back under control, so any and all heroes have been asked to help. Even vigilantes with criminal records are welcome, and will have their entire records expunged as a reward.

29%: A ring of corrupt guards has a arranged for the delivery of ten kilos of the super-drug *Eternity* into Gramercy Island. The shipment has a street value of $30 million, which begs the question: why bring it into Gramercy Island when the drug has not yet established a serious presence on the streets outside yet? Perhaps one of the dirty guards has the answers, as well as the name of the masterminds behind this operation. Could it be someone on the inside?

30%: The *Maggots*, a colorgang of uncertain origins, has collectively asked to enter Administrative Segregation in return for snitching out who its handlers on the outside were. Prison officials are curious as to the group's collective change of heart, but will take the offer anyway. Once these guys finger their underworld bosses, all hell will break loose as assassins infiltrate the prison looking to

whack the Maggot informers one by one. Meanwhile, any Maggots on the outside will find themselves under siege by numerous other colorgangs looking to erase the snitches. At the same time, gangs allied to the Maggots will come in from other cities and throw down on their friends' behalf. Large-scale gang warfare will be the likely result at the prison as well as the streets of Century Station, which is where the heroes come in. Somebody has to stop this mess before it gets out of control.

31%: Unknown to the authorities and other inmates, one of the young prisoners in Bedlam has developed superpowers. The now superhuman inmate is wondering if he should escape early (he only has five months left before he is paroled) or use his powers to breakout one of the Crime Lords or Supervillains in the belief that the

minds during his stay on the Island, and once word of *that* gets out, he is a dead man. Too bad, too, since he can put the finger on at least one other criminal mastermind.

36%: *The Grim Harbinger* claims to have had a vision of impending disaster at Gramercy Island and warns the prison authority. Unfortunately, he can not see exactly what that danger or disaster is, unless they remove the power dampening devices they have secured him with. Once his powers are restored, he is certain that he can see the future to help them avoid this dilemma. The Warden has refused on the grounds that it is nothing but an obvious ruse, and that once his powers are restored, the Grim Harbinger will use them to attempt an escape, seek retribution on a guard or help others escape.

37%: Over 40 prisoners are fleeing to the edges of the

several nights of heavy fog. One night it even fired a cannon volley at the prison and punched a good sized whole in one of the outer walls. It will take a month to completely repair the damage and requires a work-team to come in from the mainland.

Some people believe it is the handiwork of the old pirate ship said to haunt these waters. Others attribute it to the Terrible Cuttlefish. The Warden and a number of superheroes suspect a more down to earth culprit and a possible prison break plot. Heroes throughout the District of Century Station are on alert and prison security has been stepped up — especially with weathermen predicting another heavy fog in a couple of days.

42%: The arch-villain Megasaur's restraints fail, and now he has grown to full size and is rampaging across Gramercy Island! There are two crises to contain: one is to simply stop Megasaur before the island is reduced to a smoldering ruin. The other is to draw the beast away from the Super-Being Containment Wing and make sure no other superhuman inmates get out. A few may already have (left to the discretion of the Game Master).

43%: A publicity-seeking role-playing game designer has created *Graybar*, a prison RPG that contains, among other things, *exact* floor plans for Gramercy Island! Considering how this information is classified, the prison authority would like to know who this publisher is, where they got this top secret information, and whether there's more to this guy than meets the eye! In any case, security has been compromised and criminals who can get a copy of the book will have information damaging to the prison's security. The FBI has seized all inventory of the game book as well as computer files and related material, however, 8732 copies have already been sold. Tracking them all down (especially if the government is trying to keep the public from learning that this supposed work of "fiction" contains real-life floor plans) seems impossible. All the government and prison authorities can do is hope there aren't too many RPG players in the underworld and among those who do exist, that they never figure out they have something real!

44%: *Hadley Arms*, a big-league defense contractor is still smarting from losing its bid to provide Gramercy Island with its weapons technology. It comes as no surprise, then, that as key weapon and defense systems begin to malfunction or fail, Hadley Arms is suspected of industrial sabotage. If somebody can prove it, there is a two million dollar reward posted by the Century Station Prison Authority. In the meanwhile, what else might go wrong and who are the "inside" men (there must be somebody)?

45%: *Spike Sizewell*, one of the world's most able escape artists and jewel thieves, has finally double-crossed the wrong people. He was supposed to steal the *Crimson Star*, a magnificent ruby, for the *Gipetto crime family,* only he got caught shortly after stashing the rock. Now Gipetto soldiers want to know where their ruby is and how they can get it. Sizewell claims he lost it. That has sealed his death warrant, especially since the Gipettos are in league with a number of superpowered henchmen who just love to take their aggressions out on those who have crossed the family.

In a surprise turn of events, a high profile attorney (with mob connections) has managed to overturn Sizewell's conviction. He should be sprung from Gramercy Island within 24 hours. Once out, he will be targeted by Gipetto goons who will extract the whereabouts of the ruby one way or another. All of this will cause enough of a stir on the street that the player characters will definitely hear about it and can get in on the action if they choose. The insurance company is offering a 20% "finder's fee" to anybody who can recover the gem — and it's worth an estimated ten million bucks! Of course, this means bounty hunters and other superbeings may also be looking to collect on the reward by recovering it for themselves.

46%: The *Motley Fools* have done it again! Once more, the super-pranksters of Century Station have made their presence felt on Gramercy Island. The first time, they somehow reloaded all the miniguns with blank caps. The second time, they "toilet papered" the entire outside wall. Now they have introduced cola syrup and sufficient carbonation into Gramercy Island's water system to turn the entire place into a giant soda fountain. What will those nut balls think of next? Harker has put a one million bounty on the group, but frankly, the authorities and guards find their antics so amusing they are not particularly inclined to go after the Fools.

47%: Miss January of a widely published men's magazine, *Jenni Jasmine*, has arranged to give a live singing concert for the benefit of Gramercy Island's prisoners. The thing is, she has no approval to do this. She plans on having her private choppers fly her in covertly, and set up an impromptu stage on top of the visitors' center. The local media think this is the greatest thing ever, and are covering it extensively. Half the cameramen think Jasmine will get shot down the moment she nears the prison. The other half think the prison would never do such a thing, and are interested to see what they will do to stop the vivacious vixen from pulling off this little publicity stunt. Should the inmates even think Jasmine is on the island, they'll go wild. This is not the first time Jasmine has pulled such a stunt, either. Last year, she performed a live striptease on top of the Silver Hill arcology and had the footage fed live to the Internet.

48%: A massive fire in the Evidence Depot has caused a series of explosions to rip through the facility. Is anybody hurt? Have any prisoners escaped? Is anything missing? How did the fire get started? Could this be more sabotage by *Hadley Arms* or something else?

49%: Diva is sprung from jail. Apparently one of her paramours, tycoon Malcom Gaspers, pulled enough strings and dropped enough money to get her paroled.

50%: The Gramercy Island main ops center has begun to receive an alien transmission of some sort. Information is coming in as fast as the equipment will receive it, and a single, supermassive data archive is filling up the prison's mainframe. What is this all about, anyway? And why is Cygnus (or Iron Warmonger) smiling so much all of a sudden?

51%: *Thrilling Entertainment* is using Gramercy Island's inmates to test drive a new form of VR entertainment in

which the players upload their entire consciousness into the "gameframe" and role-play from there. The problem? Something has gone wrong with the game machine and now over thirty players are stuck inside the game, their consciousness unable to leave. For Warden Harker, this presents an interesting opportunity in prisoner storage. What if certain inmates were uploaded to the gameframe and their bodies stored in stasis or destroyed entirely?

52%: A prisoner named *Jax Archer* insists that he is the victim of a cruel mind transfer operation, and that he is really *Commander Brent Chisholm*, superspy for The Sector. During his last mission, agents of the extranational terrorist organization *OUTLAW* captured him, switched his mind with that of Archer's and had him thrown in prison to sit out Archer's ten consecutive life sentences. Won't *anybody* believe him? The psyche team says he's completely delusional and honestly believes his wild story. *The Grim Harbinger* has offered to conduct a mind scan, provided the power dampeners are removed and his abilities restored.

53%: SBCW Tech's are able to "redefine" the alignment of the android *Redline* to become a force for good. The android passes a series of tests and is released into the hands of *CHIMERA* to serve as a super-agent. The robot disappears after its second assignment and it is feared that it has gone underground (and perhaps, back to life as a villain). Or did Solar Systems LLC steal/kidnap it back? Until it resurfaces, no one will know whether it is good or evil (G.M.'s discretion).

54%: *Utopian Technologies, Inc.* has studied Gramercy Island extensively and believes there is a far better way to run a super-prison. Namely, build an ocean-going vessel large enough to house a super-maximum security prison, complete with a Super-Being Containment Wing at least half the size of Gramercy Island, and then keep it in international waters. Utopian missed out on the chance to bid on Gramercy Island, but if the record of its unscrupulous CEO, *Engle Rensiker*, is any indication, sabotaging Gramercy Island in order to have it rebuilt as a super-prison vessel is not out of the question. UTI currently has three nations on board with the project with a handful of others expressing serious interest. Thus, plans are underway to build the structure.

55%: The mastermind known as *The Shark* has offered a ten million bounty on Warden Harker's head, as well as bona fide superpowers to anybody (guard, prisoner or freelancer) who completes the job. In Bedlam alone there must be a thousand guys willing to take the job. Outside contractors are also looking hard at the offer, which makes Harker very, very uneasy.

56%: Bounty hunters are a major resource in the apprehension of fugitives in the District of Century Station and other super-cities. They often have crack training and are not bound by the same regulations as police officers. (Namely, they do not need search warrants and do not need to issue Miranda rights when apprehending fugitives.) Some bounty hunters are valued associates of the law enforcement community, but there are rogues who are more dangerous than the criminals they put away. After interviewing over a hundred felons placed within Gramercy Island, CHIMERA has decided to put bounty hunter firm *Justice to Go* out of business. The founder and chief organizer is wanted on a number of charges, including framing suspects, tracking down individuals on behalf of criminal benefactors, and racketeering, among others. Many key operatives are also wanted for questioning. The going will not be easy, though. Many of these members are equipped with state of the art firepower and even have super abilities! Perhaps superheroes would be best to handle this situation? All they have to do is tail the bounty hunters, catch them in the act of doing something illegal, and bring them in. Simple, huh?

57%: Hardcore rap star *Gat 50* has been sentenced to Gramercy Island for the murder of a few fellow rappers as well as the CEO of *Streetwise Records*. Gat 50 is a god to the street kids of nearly every major city in the country, and his prison stretch will be like martyrdom for the guy. His following is just as ardent within Gramercy Island, and the moment he walks into Bedlam, he will have a following the size of a small army. Harker plans on Ad Segging the guy immediately, but Gat 50's lawyers will eventually put an end to that. When Gat 50 enters general population, what *might* follow is the uprising of the entire cell block. In any case, he will have a great deal of clout and information.

58%: The ghost of *John Burkee*, the infamous pirate captain who once made Gramercy Island his home many, many years ago, now stalks the prison corridors. Those who pay him respect and offer "gifts" of money, drugs and other goods, get off with a mere haunting. Those who offend the vengeful pirate (i.e. have nothing to give, or refuse to pay) suffer a physical assault by the creature, who commands numerous psionic powers, including those of *telekinetic punch*, *telekinesis*, and *ectoplasm*. Although hundreds of inmates swear they've seen the ghost, Warden Harker dismisses it as nonsense. The Security Chief wonders if it isn't a superpowered inmate or, more likely, an outsider (mutant?) pretending to be a ghost to extort money, drugs and other items from the prisoners. He has no evidence of this, other than some strange blurs on video surveillance cameras said to be "the ghost."

59%: *Wallace Williams* scored a big 50 years in prison when he sabotaged the Thunder Hill bridge over in Victory City a few years ago. Williams has largely reformed, and has volunteered some information that has the authorities' heads spinning. It seems Wallace is quite the engineer, and he helped design the new *Hexagon* national military command center being built in Capitol City. When he was laid off from that project, he sold what he knew to a terrorist brigade known internationally as the *Jackal Pack*. What the Pack intends to do to the Hexagon is a mystery, but the heroes should be on their toes. The Hexagon will officially open tomorrow night, and all the heavy hitters from Capitol City's political scene will be there, including the President.

60%: How the *Madjacks* colorgang got into energy weapons dealing is anybody's guess. But now that they are smuggling laser and ion beam weapons into Gramercy Island one component at a time, their activities must be

stopped! The player group is commanded or recruited to find and destroy (or stumble upon) the Madjack's distribution setup on the outside and bring their higher-ups to justice.

61%: Prison break in the Super-Being Containment Wing! Near disaster is averted when *Galahad, Britannia, Solar Scarab* and *Scalibrus* all work to contain a dozen escaping prisoners. It would seem another act of sabotage from two or more "insiders" who turned off select containment systems to effect the escape. Unfortunately, the two suspects were killed in the commotion. *Solar Scarab* uses his heroism to get a lot of press and there is talk about commuting his sentence to time served.

Whether any supervillains escape during the fiasco (no more than four) is left to the Game Master.

62%: The Century Station Police Department wrongly believe the player group is involved in some kind of criminal racket or terrible crime (G.M.'s discretion as to exactly what) involving Gramercy Island — sabotage, smuggling, or a prison break, perhaps — or framing somebody imprisoned, or some such).

Thanks to a "guilty until proven innocent" attitude toward superbeings, the heroes must somehow prove themselves innocent of all charges. The authorities are giving them one week to do it, after that, they are outlaws and will be arrested. If any of them leave Century Station for any reason, they will be considered fugitives.

63%: Something weird has gotten into the food at Gramercy Island, and it is causing about 10% of the inmates to suffer from molecular gigantism. The end result? Dozens of inmates in Cell Blocks A-C are all growing to extraordinary sizes (have P.S. of 30, and extra 100 S.D.C. and exhibit heightened aggression and mild paranoia). Who is doing this and why remains a mystery, but until he or she is stopped, there can only be more trouble for the Island.

64%: A secretly implanted fiber optic cable has been discovered to have been laid on the sea bed between Gramercy Island and the open water. The cable seems to be abandoned, but what authorities want to know is who built it and why? Why secretly spy on a *prison*, of all things? Could this be the action of a terrorist group? Foreign government? Criminal organization? The Sector or who? Of course, some chose to believe it is the work of the Mysterious Cuttlefish.

65%: The *Ilyushin crime family* has held a deadlock on the narcotics and weapons trades in half a dozen cities, and they aim to keep it that way. Things have looked up for the group ever since its old leader got pinched on tax evasion and was sent to Gramercy Island. The old gangster proved too difficult to kill inside, but now that he is out on parole, he will be delivered straight into the arms of his former associates ... and death. He makes a public plea to superheroes (perhaps the player group directly) to help protect him — since the authorities have ignored his pleas. If they do, he will give up all the dirt he has on any one supervillain of the heroes' choice (within reason, and not if it will ruin an ongoing campaign). This guy is *connected*, and knows a little something about everyone, even The Minotaur, although not who this mysterious Crime Lord is or where exactly he's headquartered.

66%: A squad of Argonauts are sent to a nearby city as part of a public relations tour. Only at a large and crowded mall, the robots go haywire, killing a few spectators and taking more than 300 people hostage. The robots have no demands. They only are letting a self-imposed "hostage clock" run down before they begin killing everybody. Negotiations are impossible with these things, since they have no demands. A rescue operation is the only way these innocent prisoners will ever see another day alive. A "glitch" in their programming is not a factor. This is either another act of sabotage or some superbeing with powers over robots seized control and made them act against their built-in protocols.

67%: Dogfight! A small fleet of combat hovercraft have launched an aerial attack against the prison, drawing out the Island's entire air force. In the ensuing battle, the invaders have taken some heavy hits, and lost half their aircraft, but the Island forces are down to just two combat choppers, one of which is on the verge of going down, and the other is moderately damaged. With nothing else left to stand in their way, these invaders will begin blasting the facility with their laser cannons, which have a better range than the many miniguns defending the perimeter. Heroes are scrambling to take on these dogfighters. How about *your* heroes? They want a piece of this? Is there something else going on that the player group discovers (like, could this be a diversion for ...)?

68%: Somehow (by magic?) the Headsman has been reunited with his magical axe and is attacking guards and robots in the SBCW. Whether this is an isolated act of revenge or madness, and whether he plans to escape (and perhaps unleash a few other prisoners) is yet to be seen. Superhuman intervention in quelling this violence will reduce the number of deaths and injury.

69%: Somebody in the *Ultropolis* and *Motor City* mayoral departments is accepting large cash bribes from Warden Harker to have their inmates sent to Gramercy Island for internment. If this gets out, the resulting scandal could bring down all three administrations. That is why the Mayors of those cities as well as Warden Harker are willing to kill whoever learns about this and are likely to leak it to the press or authorities.

70%: The *Tigerstripes* colorgang has declared war on both the *Killer Queens* and the *Babyfaces*. While this is creating no small amount of havoc on the streets of the three super-cities in which these gangs operate, it is making life in Bedlam utter hell. As fast as they can, guards are Ad Segging the belligerents, but the fact is, the violence is outpacing the prison's ability to do anything about it. If this keeps up for much longer, things will turn into a riot. What makes things worse is that members of all three gangs have connections with known supervillains, and might try calling them in on favors for extra firepower.

71%: Lifer Segali Boutros just copped a Waingroh Sunset in the chow line at Bedlam over some gambling debts he never cleared. Now that the old coot is dead, nobody will ever know if that massive ancient art heist he engi-

for it, he'd be set.

79%: A team of Bhlaze aliens in league with Alpha Prime (of Century Station's supergroup, the *Centurions*) have touched down with the intention of removing all of

erate the island is to either fight one's way through all that defense and smash the mainframe, or hack into the mainframe and confront this consciousness, which calls itself *Model 60*, in virtual reality. Or is there some other way to reason with it and make it leave?

85%: The *Jamiro crime family* has been a long-time enemy of the imprisoned vigilantes, *The Regulators*. The Jamiros are looking for some payback and now have their chance. The Regulators are being transferred to Century Station for a rare clemency hearing. Jamiro assassins will line the streets looking for a clear shot at the Regulators. If none present themselves, they will simply resort to a mass assault on the prisoners' motorcade, using heavy machineguns, lasers, grenade launchers and other hardware. These Jamiro guys are not kidding around. They want the Regulators DEAD. They want their families DEAD. They want their houses burnt to the GROUND. Getting the picture?

86%: Attack of the Living Dead! Clambering up the shores of Gramercy Island are a veritable army of hundreds upon hundreds of animated skeletons and zombies, all intent on overrunning the island and hurting every living person in the prison! So far the prison is holding its own, and only a few creatures have gotten past the outer defenses, but despite constant resupply airdrops, ammo is running low. The prison needs help, and is calling for all heroes in the vicinity lend a hand. Fighting off the army of dead is one thing, but somebody has to figure out what is causing this attack and how to stop it at the source.

87%: A platoon of power armor-wearing commandos have stormed Gramercy Island and broke out the super group *Deathsquad*. The assault was coordinated by the criminal mastermind *The Minotaur*, who has secretly planned on springing Deathsquad and putting them to work as his own cadre of enforcers. Now Deathsquad is on the loose and Century Station's streets will run red with blood if they are not recaptured, pronto.

There is something even more sinister to all of this. The suits of armor used bear a striking resemblance to the exoskeletons used by Gramercy Island and the Century Station police! Could it be that the manufacturers of that hardware are illegally selling it to free buyers? Or maybe somebody out there is producing knockoffs of classified military equipment. Whoever the provider is, they should be found, stopped and arrested.

88%: One by one, Gramercy Island's inmates are succumbing to a weird disease that renders one comatose within 24 hours of exposure. The public did not care when the disease was confined to the island, but it could spread to Century Station. This has the makings of an epidemic unless the cause of the disease is found. Somehow, some way it must be stopped. Could one of the bio-labs be responsible? A villain (The Funbunch)? Does he have an antidotes? Let's hope so.

89%: Century Station's top cop, *Reggie Euker*, has been exposed to be dirty as a pig in sloppy. He brutalizes his suspects, he skims criminal profits from crooks, he routinely raids evidence depots, and is involved in a host of other illegal activities. He also has been extremely helpful to the player group (or other heroes) in the course of their career (feeding them information, getting them off the hook when in trouble with the law, etc.). Euker is wanted for his crimes, and will certainly be convicted and sent to Gramercy Island. Once there, the inmates will definitely kill him. The question is, will the player group let justice be served, or will they intervene for their own purposes and somehow save Euker from prison?

90%: The criminal mastermind *Sinderella* has conspired with arch-villainesses such as *Charisma*, *Mankiller*, *Dementia* and *Lady Razor* to form the new villain group *Fatale*. All they need is to add *Diva* to their ranks, which entails getting her out of prison. By the time their plan (whatever it is) is set into motion, the player heroes will know of it and might be the only chance of stopping this cadre of evil from forming.

91%: A team of super-burglars has penetrated the prison's defenses, slipped into the Evidence Depot, and stolen a bunch of the high-tech equipment stored there. It appears the group somehow snuck in using some kind of teleportation device. Gramercy Island wants these criminals caught to prevent the sale of an arsenal of high-tech criminal hardware to the underworld.

92%: Dead Men Walking. The player characters, or some band of heroes they respect or consider friends, have been framed by their worst enemies for several counts of murder. The heroes' supposed crimes are so extreme that Century Station has re-instituted the death penalty for this one case. The heroes have been sent to Gramercy Island where they will await a new experimental process that will permanently remove their powers — the only problem is that there's a 50/50 chance of turning them into drooling vegetables. They have only three weeks to break out, but they might need to ally themselves with some super-baddies to do it. If they get out, they will be hunted fugitives of the worst sort. Unless they can prove their innocence, every superhero they encounter will try to take them in. Their only alternative is that they have friends on the outside who can clear them (the player characters?)

93%: Serial Killer *James Whitby* has made a career out of slaying people who — depending on who one asks — really deserve their grisly deaths. Whitby's victims are all exclusively corrupt police, politicians, and others who abuse their power. Rumor has it he only allowed himself to get caught so he could go to Gramercy Island and slay the corrupt guards there, too. He was sent to the Cage, but has now escaped from there and is thought to still be on the island. So far, three known corrupt guards have turned up headless, and still no sign of Whitby anywhere. Word is, he is getting help from otherwise "clean" guards who are frustrated with the corruption at the prison and see his extreme means as the only solution.

94%: A hit is attempted on The Middleman while inside Gramercy Island! He survived, but a guard (known for being on the take) "accidentally" killed his assailant. This can only spell more trouble at the prison and encourage The Middleman to make a break for it.

95%: A group of inmates has done a great deal of legal research and learned that the super-vigilante group *Payback, Inc.* used all sorts of illegal means to capture them. The prisoners have filed a class action lawsuit against the vigilantes, and have subpoenaed nearly every hero in the surrounding area (including the player characters) to tes-

tify in the case. If everybody heeds the subpoenas, the trial will be the largest gathering of heroes in recent history. A perfect opportunity for some villain to strike and remove all of his enemies at once.

96%: A localized EMP hits the island, knocking out all of its electronics! Unless the prison can scramble some genius-types to get the prison back online, the security measures are facing total failure within 24 hours. Until then, localized security failures are allowing for mini-breakouts all over the prison. Heroes are needed to help keep the place locked down until the crisis is solved.

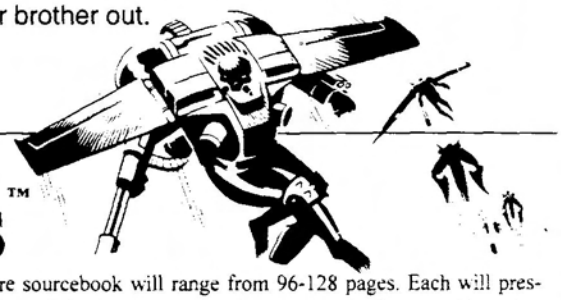
97%: Thanks to the efforts of a seriously crooked superior court judge, the *Slaughterhouse Seven* have amazingly won an appeal on their original convictions and are to be released at once! Somebody had better keep an eye on these guys. They have publicly announced their intentions to destroy the prison, free its populace, and to execute Warden Harker and his staff.

98%: Hard Time. The player heroes are themselves sentenced to the Island and must survive life on the inside, surrounded by bad guys they themselves have put away. Can the heroes survive long enough to have friends on the outside clear their names? Will they have to fight to protect themselves? Will they break out of jail?

99%: A criminal mastermind calling himself, *Ali Baba*, and his gang, *The Forty Thieves*, have completely reunited in Bedlam for the first time. Trouble can only follow.

100%: Lockdown! A prison riot has spread across Gramercy Island and resulted in a siege of the cell blocks. The villains won't talk to anybody unless the player group goes in and faces them personally.

101%: Ever since Gramercy Island has taken custody of the mega-alien *Denizen*, they have feared that it would one day break its bonds, destroy the prison, and go on another city-smashing rampage. Well, these fears are nothing compared to the reality of what has just happened! The U.S. Space Command has just detected three meteor-like objects hurtling through space, on a crash course for the waters surrounding Gramercy Island! With no time to react, the prison must watch helplessly as the meteors splash down, create a series of small tidal waves and cause some minor shock damage to the facility. Then the three meteors crack open, and three more *Denizens* come out! They sense their brother locked away on the Island and converge on the prison, apparently bent on breaking their brother out.



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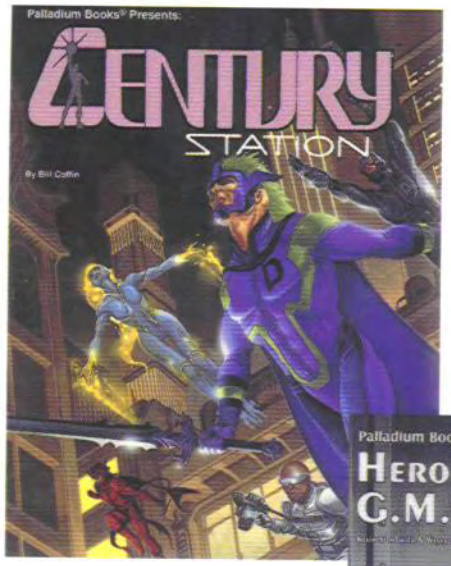

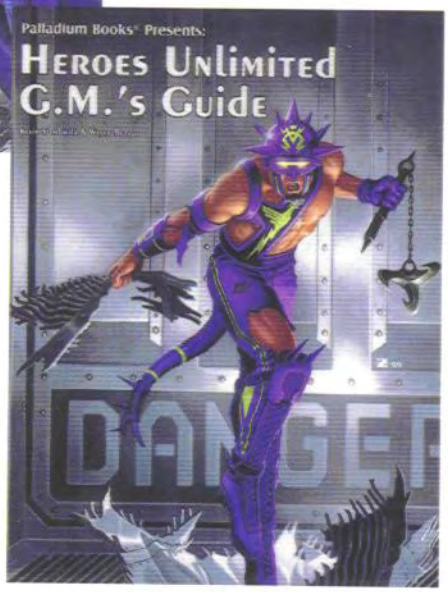

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