

THE ARRIVAL

The day dawned bright over calm ocean waters. Birds chirped gleefully in the treetops as, below them, the fauna of a humid peninsula foraged for sustenance, unaware that, in an instant, the world would be changed forever.

It was the insects on an island to the south that noticed it first, a sudden stillness that quieted their chirping. The silence quickly spread, until all life in the area, millions of creatures across thousands of miles, stopped, and waited. Nature held her breath.

Existence paused.

A void fell upon the world, dissolving air, water, the creatures within it, converted to a surge of energy that blasted a sphere out of the world, leaving a crater in the sea, a vacuum in the sky. Then, a flash of light, without radiance, a blast of sound, beyond hearing, a timeless split-second wormhole heralding centuries of change to come.

Existence returned.

With it came a great cylinder, a ship, alien to this world, this time. Matter exchanged for matter, energy for energy. The craft plunged deep into the sea, nearly reaching bottom before slowly righting itself, rising again towards the surface even as the waters rushed in, drowning some, releasing others.

As it crested above the foaming, boiling waters, it bobbed for a moment, as if resting, and gave birth to the future. Pressure doors blew apart. Pods jettisoned. Like angry hornets from a hive, they fled—they who would be called Elohim and Chimeran, and after them, Angelos, stripping the craft of resources as it sank once again, finally, and rose no more. Over the days, weeks, centuries to come, they would pursue their own agendas, and one another, across the face of a world that did not know they existed.

But for now, for a moment, calm returned to what would one day be named the Atlantic Ocean, to what would become southern Florida and Cuba. Birds, deer, insects, fish, all resumed their lives, blissfully unaware.

Nature released her breath, and on it rode the winds of change.

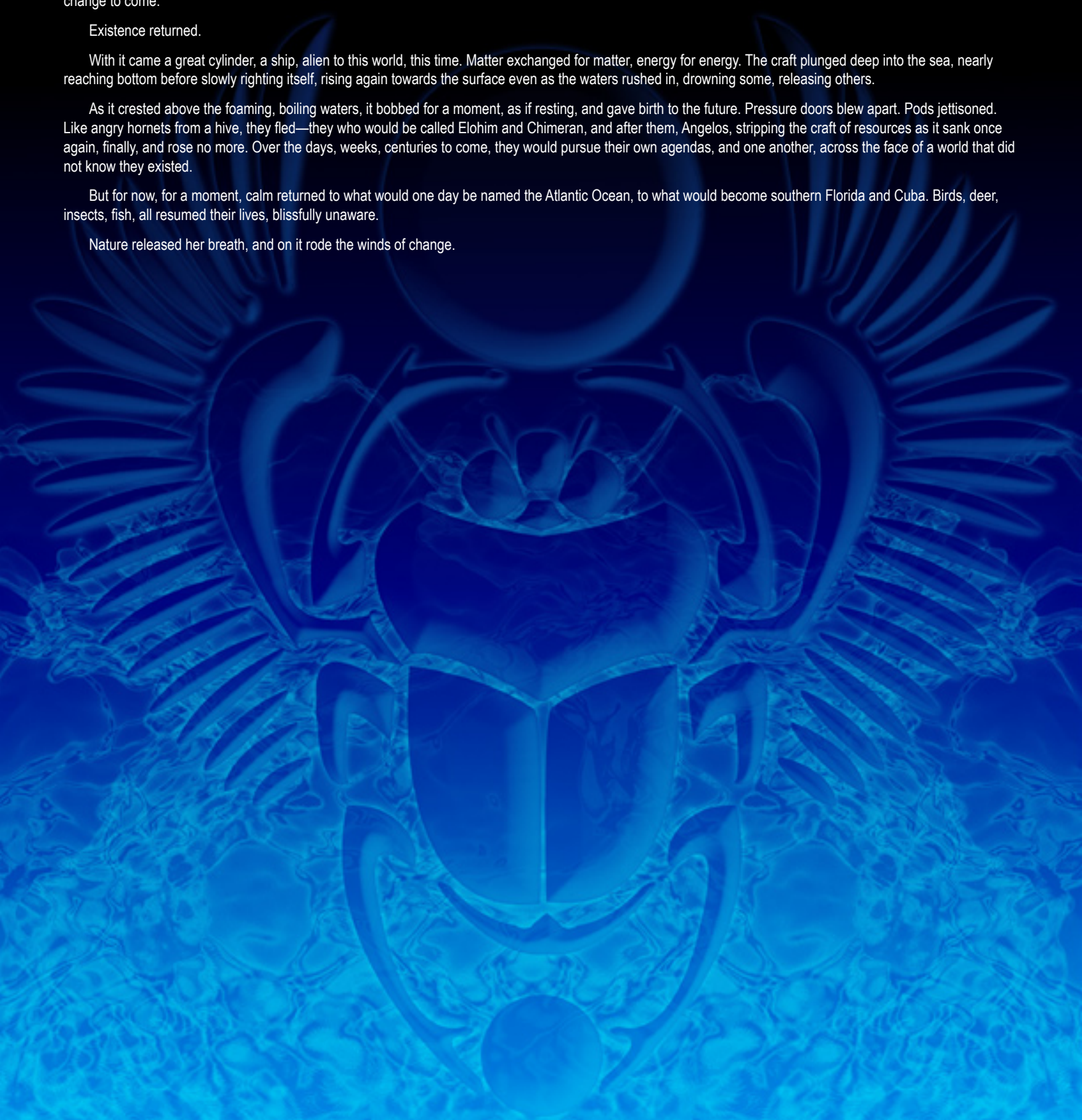


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GODSEND

AGENDA

Reporting Agent: 0786411

To: Overseer, Southwestern Command, United States Eugenics Research

Confidentiality Rating: 4

Subject: GODSEND Agenda

Overseer,

What follows is reported by Confidential Informant 27B4021. Due to the nature of the information, a direct relation of the conversation is related rather than interpreted.

Conducting Officer (CO): U.S.E.R. agent 0786411

Disclosing Party (DP): CI 27B4021

<Information removed. Complete text: Article 277NM2101>

CO: Please relate the information you gained from her.

DP: Okay. They are aliens, you see. They aren't gods like people used to think. They crashed here and pretended to be gods.

CO: This is the "GODSEND Agenda" you mentioned earlier?

DP: Yeah. These guys, from what I understand, were part of this huge empire. They were trying to take over the whole galaxy you see, but it was too big of a thing, you know? Billions of stars. Billions and billions and ...

CO: So I've been told. Please continue.

DP: Right, okay. So since galaxies are so big, there are lots of planets. Lots of planets, lots of people on the planets. Just too many to go in and fight. Right? So they—the aliens—decide not to fight at all. They decided to make 'em want to be taken over.

CO: By their gods.

DP: Yeah. Who wants to be taken over? No one, right? Not true. Every day people want to be taken over—just not by other people! They would give it all up if their god would just come down and tell 'em to, you see? So that's what they did, the Elohim.

CO: Elohim?

DP: Yeah, that's the aliens. The Elohim. I think it was the name of their empire or home planet, or something.

CO: <Note: For clarification, the Elohim is the empire. Araboth was the home world. >

DP: So these Elohim just drop down to a planet, flex their powers for a while, and make their way in. Pretty soon, they're seen as the gods.

CO: What about the religious clergy? Do they not dispute it?

DP: See, that's where they are really tricky. Going in as a god is really the only way to do it. Not a great king reborn, or some hero from legend, but as a god. See, when you get a bunch of people together and you want to control 'em, you impose rules. Rules become morals. Then the clergy takes over the morals, proclaiming them as being from the gods. You break the rules, you pay for it, and the gods are the ones who enforce that.

CO: So, how does this apply to the alien Agenda?

DP: Not "alien Agenda." GODSEND Agenda. See, once you got the people believing in gods, then you got power over 'em. And no one wants to give up this power. So you go in saying you're a god. If you can whip the clergy into shape, you got it made. And the clergy want to be whipped into shape, see? Because they want power too. So they go along with it. If they said, 'these guys aren't gods and they got all these powers,' then a lot of people will question why the gods let them say they are. People stop believing, or start questioning, and stuff just falls apart. So, you go in, say you're a god, recruit the clergy, give 'em a bit of what you're getting and boom! You got the resources of the planet at your disposal. Industry and people. Can you think of someone who fights harder than someone fighting for their god? I can't.

CO: And you're saying this happened on Earth?

DP: Exactly! These guys crashed here a long time ago, set themselves up as gods and just took over! Why do you think all the old gods seem so similar? Cause they're the same people! Well, most of 'em anyway.

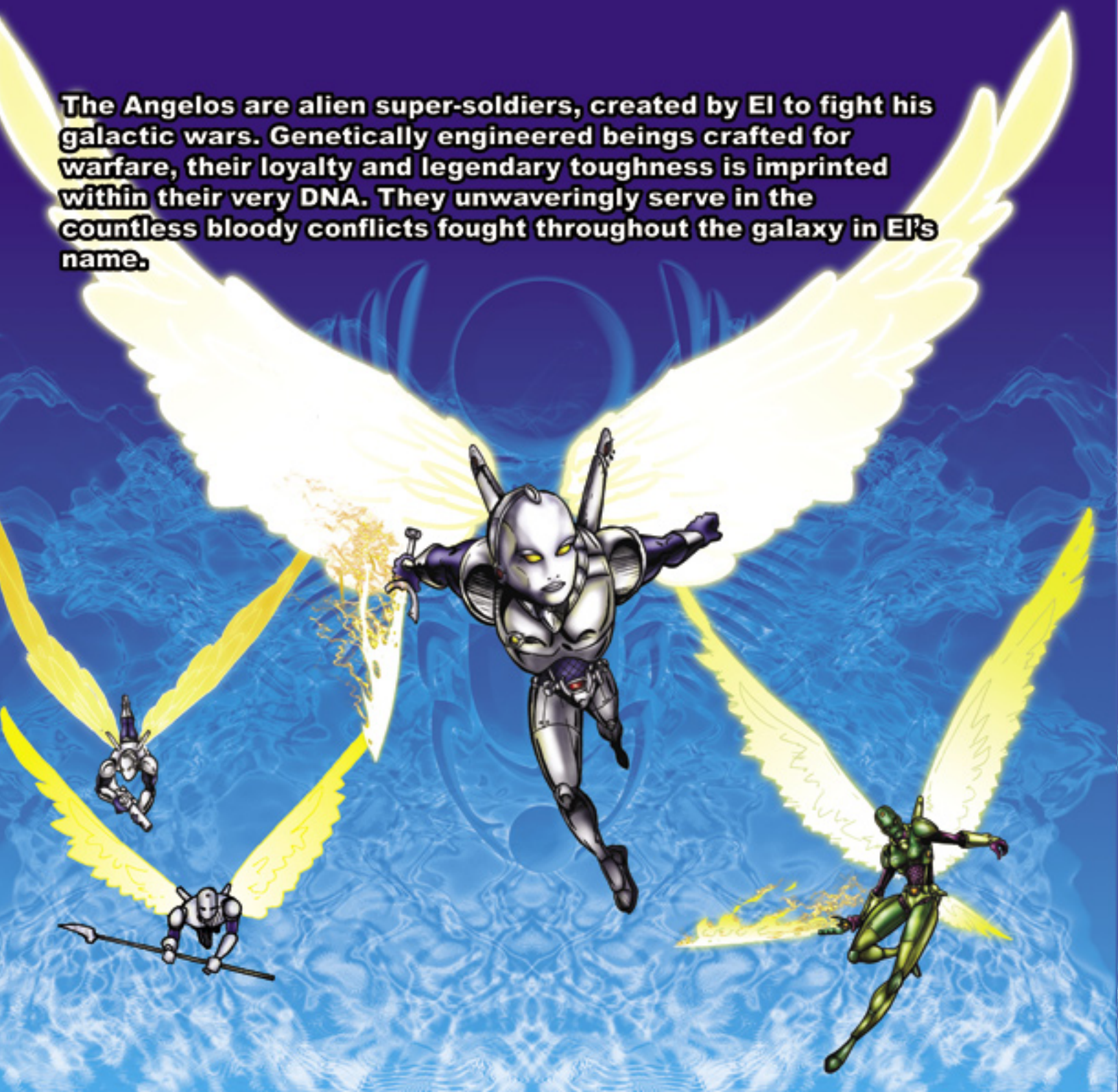
CO: Please explain.

DP: OK, first you've got ...

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ANGELOS

The Angelos are alien super-soldiers, created by EI to fight his galactic wars. Genetically engineered beings crafted for warfare, their loyalty and legendary toughness is imprinted within their very DNA. They unwaveringly serve in the countless bloody conflicts fought throughout the galaxy in EI's name.



ATLANTEANS

Once the islands of Thera and Santorini were one island, called Atlantis. The branch of humanity that evolved there mastered the primal powers of Ka and manipulated their environment with it to better serve their needs. These Atlanteans became highly advanced compared to the other humans of Earth, and were ruled by a council of beings called the Thirteen Magi. Each Magi was immortal, and had dominion over their own group of islands. In the present day, they still exist as masters of technology, genetics, and Ka-power.

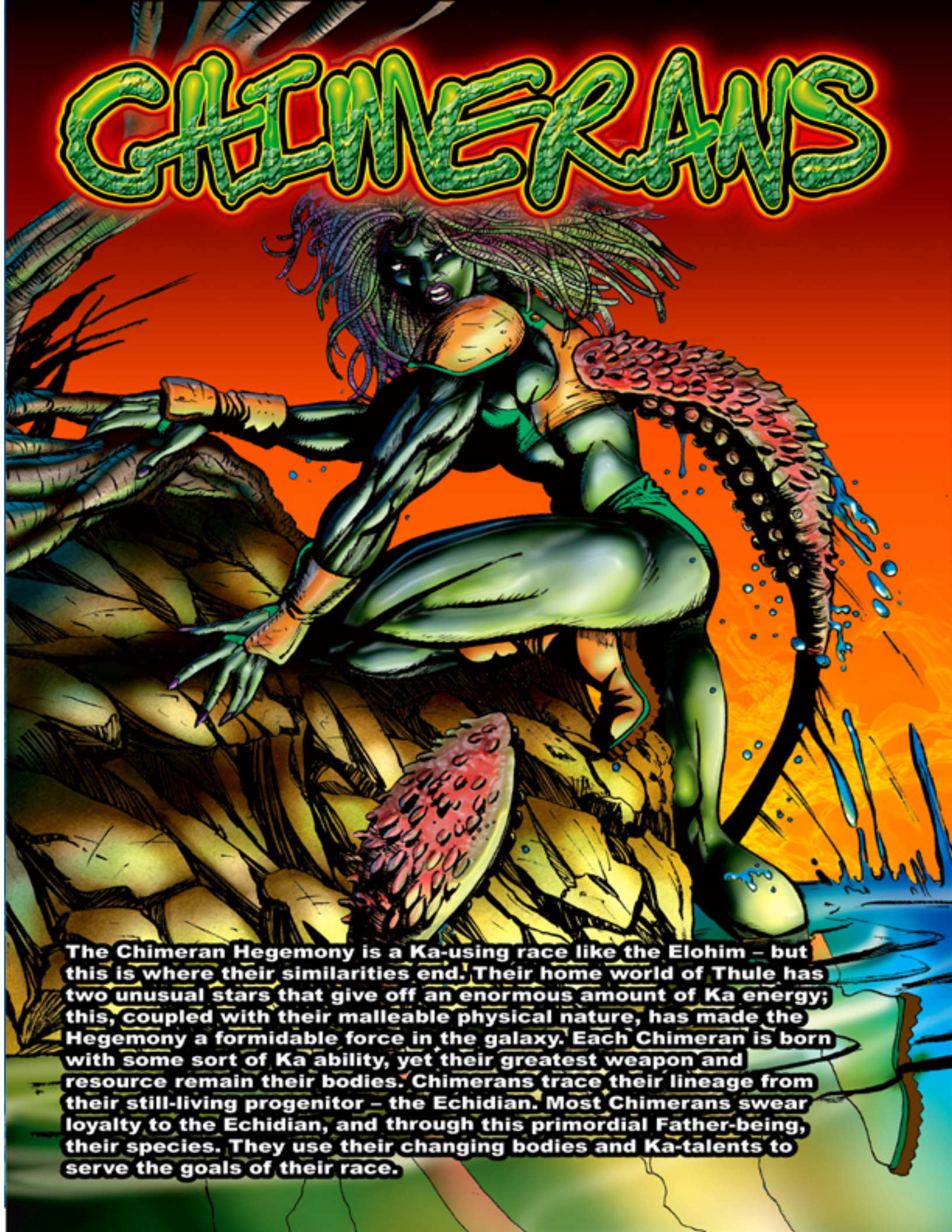


BLACK OCTOBER

October 13th, 1918: a genetic sequence implanted in the human race by the super-science of the Atlantean Immortals triggers. Five million people around the world die during the initial activation. Most are adults over the age of thirty, consumed by new powers their bodies could not contain. A person with the "Black Gene" will never live far into adulthood, as their powers increase and their lifespan shortens due to strain. Those who survived would be the first legion of the Immortals' planetary defense plan: a superhuman army created to fight the Chimerans.



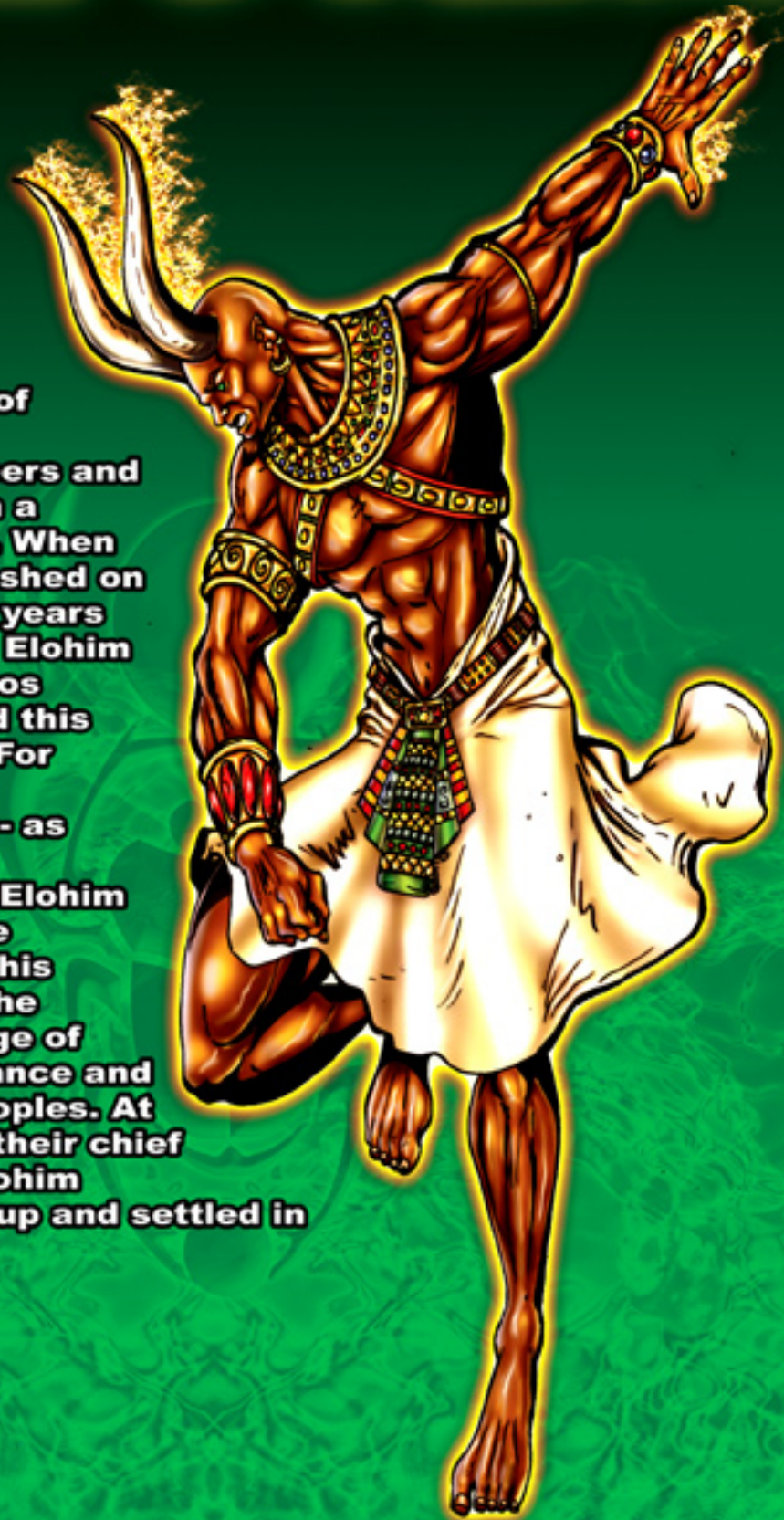
CHIMERANS



The Chimeran Hegemony is a Ka-using race like the Elohim – but this is where their similarities end. Their home world of Thule has two unusual stars that give off an enormous amount of Ka energy; this, coupled with their malleable physical nature, has made the Hegemony a formidable force in the galaxy. Each Chimeran is born with some sort of Ka ability, yet their greatest weapon and resource remain their bodies. Chimerans trace their lineage from their still-living progenitor – the Echidian. Most Chimerans swear loyalty to the Echidian, and through this primordial Father-being, their species. They use their changing bodies and Ka-talents to serve the goals of their race.

ELOHIM

Once, the Elohim were a small group of rebels who were captured by their peers and sentence to exile on a barren prison world. When their prison ship crashed on Earth, thousands of years ago, the imprisoned Elohim escaped their Angelos captors and adopted this world as their own. For protection from the aggressive Angelos - as well as to fuel their immense egos - the Elohim all agreed to use the Godsend Agenda. This doctrine called for the adoption of the image of Earth's gods to advance and control primitive peoples. At the advice of Attis, their chief and leader of the Elohim rebellion, they split up and settled in foreign lands.



USER

UNITED STATES EUGENICS RESEARCH

United States Eugenics Research is an offshoot of the Department of Health, formed in 1920. USER was the first to pinpoint the Black Gene in humanity and was tasked with either stopping or controlling the growing super-human problem spreading around the world.

Over the years USER has created its own - often-flawed - super humans, as well as pursuing other projects. They have advanced cybernetic and genetic research, all while looking for a key to further unlock humanity's latent super-human potential.





CHAPTER ONE

WHAT'S IN THIS CHAPTER?

This chapter covers changes to character creation beyond that which is standard to **M&M Superlink** and provides an overview of new traits (skill, feats, powers, etc.). Of great importance are the rules concerning and governing Ka, the basis for all super abilities in the **GODSEND Agenda** universe.

Ka Versus Hero Points

Starting Ka pool = The character's Charisma ability.

Instead of using the hero point system presented in the standard **M&M Superlink** rules, the system below is flexible and suited for the super-human scope of **GODSEND Agenda**. Whenever hero points are mentioned in any product aside from this work, replace with Ka (typically at a rate of 2 Ka per 1 hero point).

Ka is the term for the very essence of the universe. This energy manifests in all things in the cosmos and can be focused by those few aware of it. Some beings are more attuned to the Ka than others, using it for extraordinary effects—and that includes your super-heroic character, whether she is aware of it or not. All things in the universe are truly energy and, if a person is adept at manipulating that energy, nothing is impossible.

Your character starts the game with a pool of Ka points that can be used to affect the outcome of dice rolls or damage taken, among other things. The maximum amount of Ka your character may have in her Pool is equal to her Charisma, and it naturally regenerates at a rate of 3 points per day. In addition, your character's Arc allows her to regenerate Ka when she fulfills her chosen role in the universe.

Your character may take powers that require the use of Ka to activate them (see the Ka Cost flaw, page 21), or she may have powers that strengthen or manipulate Ka outright. (More is discussed on this later.) Regardless, your **GODSEND** character can use Ka for a variety of special abilities and does so every time a power is used.

Ka Special Abilities

Characters with the Ka Awakened feat may use the following Ka abilities at their normal cost. Anyone not possessing this feat rolls 1d20 with a result of 1 to 4 indicating a multiplier of 1, 5 to 8 a multiplier of 2, 9 to 12 a multiplier of 3, 13 to 16 a multiplier of 4, and 17 to 20 a multiplier of 5. Once the multiplier is determined, apply it to the ability's listed Ka cost. For example, if someone without Ka Awakened wanted to use Ka's Dodge special ability, they would roll 1d20. A result of 7 would indicate a multiplier of 2, meaning the Ka ability's normal cost of two Ka would increase to four Ka. If the character does not have sufficient Ka to pay for the special ability, nothing happens and the Ka is not spent.

Cancel Fatigue

Any time you would suffer fatigue, you can spend two Ka and reduce the amount of fatigue by one level (so you suffer no fatigue from a fatigued result, are fatigued by an exhausted result, etc.).

Dodge

You can spend **two Ka** to double your dodge bonus for one round. This includes any modifiers to your dodge bonus from feats, powers, or combat actions (such as the total defense action). The improved dodge bonus lasts until the beginning of your next round. You can also spend Ka whenever you are denied your dodge bonus, but are still capable of action (surprised, flat-footed, etc.). In this case, you retain your dodge bonus until your next action (this is the same as spending Ka to perform the Uncanny Dodge feat).

Escape Death

Spending **three Ka** automatically stabilizes a dying character (you or someone you are assisting), although this doesn't protect the character from further damage.

Heroic Feat

You can spend **two Ka** to gain the benefits of a feat (either a regular or power feat) you don't already have for one round. You must be capable of using the feat and cannot gain the benefits of fortune feats, only other feat types. If the feat has another feat as a prerequisite, you must have the prerequisite to gain the benefit of the more advanced feat. For feats acquired in ranks, you gain the benefit of one rank of the feat per two Ka spent. The Game Master can veto any performance of a feat acquired with Ka if considered inappropriate for the game.

Improve Roll

Two Ka allows you to re-roll any die roll you make and take the better of the two rolls. On a result of 1 through 10 on the second roll, add 10 to the result, an 11 or higher remains as is (so the second roll is always a result of 11–20). You must spend the Ka to improve a roll *before* the Game Master announces the result of the roll. You cannot spend Ka on die rolls in this fashion made by the Game Master or other players without the Luck Control power.

Inspiration

Once per game session, you can spend **five Ka** to get a sudden inspiration in the form of a hint, clue, or bit of help from the Game Master. It might be a way out of the villain's fiendish deathtrap, a vital clue for solving a mystery, or an idea about the villain's weakness. It's up to the Game Master exactly how much help the players get from this inspiration.

Game Masters may even wish to expand the "inspiration" special ability to allow players greater control over the game's environment, effectively allowing them to "edit" a scene to grant their heroes an advantage. How much players are allowed to "edit" circumstances is up to the individual Game Master, but generally Ka should not be allowed to change any event that has already occurred or any detail already explained in-game.

Instant Counter

You can spend **two Ka** to attempt to counter a power used against you as a reaction.

Recover

You can spend **two Ka** to recover faster. The Ka allows you to immediately shake off a stunned or fatigued condition.

If you are exhausted, spending two Ka causes you to become fatigued. If you have suffered damage, two Ka allows you an immediate recovery check as a full-round action. It takes two rounds for a staggered character to make a recovery check, since you can only take a standard or move action each round while staggered. This check is made normally; the Ka just allows you to make it in addition to your normal recovery checks. If the recovery check is successful, it turns out the damage wasn't as serious as it first appeared, or your character is able to shake it off.

While disabled, you can spend two Ka to take a strenuous action for one round without your condition worsening or your character dying. If you spend two Ka on a normal recovery check for bruised or injured conditions, a successful check eliminates all of those conditions, rather than just one. The Ka does not improve the recovery check, just its result.

Ka Gestalt

Characters may combine their Ka pools by linking together through physical contact. One character per combat round has access to the combined Ka reservoir. Others combined in the gestalt do not have access to their Ka energy while involved. When they separate, the remaining Ka is distributed evenly among them.

Ka and Extra Effort

Instead of spending a single hero point in the round following extra effort, you must spend two Ka to suffer no adverse effects.

Villains and Ka

Villains acquire and spend Ka in the same manner as any other character.

Character Arcs

Every character in **GODSEND Agenda** has an Arc, which defines the basic qualities of his personality and gives bonus skills, powers, and/or feats (always totaling 1 point in value) that compliment that type of character. An Arc also defines how your character recovers his inner strength, or Ka—to regain your mental and spiritual strength in stressful or dangerous situations, you must act according to your Arc!

The list below gives a limited number of Arcs—don't let it confine you; it's only meant to help you enhance your character. You could easily have a less-brooding Dark Avenger or a tarnished Icon. Or, if nothing fits, feel free to invent more Arcs with the help of your Game Master.

You do not have to select an Arc at character creation, but keep in mind that you then forfeit the bonus points and until you choose or make up an Arc, you will only recover Ka slowly over time (described elsewhere in this chapter).

Changing Character Arcs

It's possible that at some point during game play your character will want to change Arcs. An Icon might become the victim of personal tragedy, transforming into a Dark Avenger. Or a Scientist might become an Outcast during a mishap, determined that his projects were a failure. If something like this happens, you may switch your character's Arc (it's possible to invent a new one at this stage, too) and redefine how your character regains his Ka. However, you don't receive the concept bonus; these are only received at character creation.

Arc bonuses may cause any character trait to exceed any PL limits.

Example Arcs

The Adventurer

The Adventurer is an everyday kind of guy who happens to have special abilities and the will to use them. An Adventurer's goals are not lofty or dark; if you are an Adventurer, you just know right from wrong and feel a responsibility to use your abilities for the common good. Adventurers are known for flexibility and thoughtfulness. This is one of the most open and heroic of the Arcs, and suitable for a character that's certain he wants to be heroic, but not sure how to be.

Concept Bonus: The character receives a +4 to add to any skill or selects any feat. Your character regains 2 Ka when she sets an example by doing what's right, especially when others might hesitate.

The Bravo

The Bravo has not a care in the world and lives for the moment. She's the life of the party, the Ayatollah of Rock-n-Rolla, constantly joking, and taking everything not with a single grain of salt, but a whole bag of salt. She's a high-octane joy girl (or boy) who always takes the big chances and somehow gains the big rewards—a thrill seeker who lives life to the fullest. But she must also beware the consequences of her actions!

Concept Bonus: The character receives either the Attractive feat or a +4 bonus in either the Acrobatics, Bluff, or Diplomacy skills. The Bravo regains 2 Ka when she overcomes her enemies with reckless abandon!

The Comedian

The Comedian is the crime fighter who fights not only with a sharp wit, but also with a contagious mirth. Always joking, he's the bright side of every tragedy. With this Arc, a character could also be the tragic clown, laughing on the outside but crying on the inside, and possibly very unhappy in their his personal life.

Concept Bonus: The character receives either the Second Chance feat or a +4 bonus in the Bluff or Diplomacy skill. The character regains 2 Ka when he defeats a villain with mirth and wit.

The Dark Avenger

The Dark Avenger is the character that fights the forces of evil with her rules, driven by some need to see justice being done, possibly on any terms. The character is consumed by the desire to wreak retribution on all villains, generally for some slight or tragedy that was committed against her in her past. To the Dark Avenger's view, the streets are full of crime and the local law enforcement is either on the take or completely ineffectual. In order to take back the streets, the Dark Avenger and every right-thinking citizen should get their hands dirty, making the predators the prey. However, she may destroy a lot in the process of vengeance, and certainly aren't likely to make more friends; in fact, she may drive some away.

Concept Bonus: The character receives either a +1 bonus to her Toughness save or a +4 bonus in the Intimidation or Stealth skills. The Dark Avenger regains 2 Ka when she brings the guilty to justice.

The Icon

The Icon is the essence of the loftier ideals of humanity. People look up to her for what she represents. She's the person who tries to lead by example, putting her best foot forward in the hopes that it will inspire humanity to do the same. Sometimes the people around her think she's corny and stuffy, but it's a small price to pay to achieve her goals!

Concept Bonus: The character receives either the Benefit (Famous Status), Leadership, or Ultimate Effort feat. The hero regains 2 Ka when she lives up to her ideals and triumph over the forces of evil.

The Outsider

The Outsider is different from normal society or people... or so he thinks, anyway. Whether hunted for real, or by some imaginary foes, the world is a much colder place to live than normal society, because The Outsider realizes what's really going on. He's the ultimate survivor, living by his own cunning and sharp wits. His friends probably consider him a pessimist, if they're not likeminded.

Concept Bonus: The character receives either a +4 bonus in the Stealth skill or has the Contacts feat. She regains 2 Ka when she thwarts her opponents with her cunning.

The Protector

The Protector is the champion of an idea or place. She might be the defender of the environment on an island, or a small community anywhere, or might be devoted to ideas like “justice,” “purity,” etc. She fights with almost a religious fervor when protecting her charges, and takes her duties very seriously. She feels personal pain if, by her own inaction, she allows harm to come to that which she protects.

Concept Bonus: The character receives either the Endurance feat or a +1 Toughness bonus. She regains 2 Ka when she protects her charge(s).

The Rogue

No one has more secrets than the Rogue. The Rogue runs the borderline of a criminal, barely heroic character, and may have a shady past that he's trying to run away from or forget. The straight and narrow path is one littered with temptation, and he must stay strong and not falter... because sometimes the unsavory deeds of the past come back to haunt you. More often than not, he'll falter on that path, looking for an angle that leads to personal gain. He's not above using his status as a hero to benefit himself. He has an absolute disdain for authority, and will always want to do things his way. Yet with all these personal drawbacks, he still has a sense of honor, and will stick with a friend to the end.

Concept Bonus: The character receives either a +4 bonus in Notice, Stealth, Slight of Hand, or Disable Device. The character regains 2 Ka when he uses his skills to help atone for past deeds.

The Scientist

The Scientist seeks knowledge for the sake of knowing. She could be any type of educated figure, from a mathematician to an exotic sorcerer. She is brilliant and oft a little quirky, always looking for the cutting edge—and she won't stop looking until she's impaled herself on it, too! This is not to say that every Scientist is a goofy, wild-haired guy in the basement of the science building; she could also be that ultra-sexy astrophysicist rock star who gets all the guys because she has all the brains. However, most Scientists share the common trait that they must know the unknowable, and that can get them into a lot of trouble!

Concept Bonus: The character receives either a +4 bonus in Knowledge (behavioral sciences), Knowledge (earth sciences), Knowledge (physical sciences), or Knowledge (technology), or the Inventor feat. The character regains 2 Ka whenever she uses science (or knowledge) to solve a problem or make a great discovery.

The Warrior

Your character lives for the fight and little else. He lives the Spartan life, always honing his abilities. He may have a social life, but this is probably by pure accident. The Warrior is always completely obsessed with the fight—his goal is to be the best, and the only way to be the best is through battle.

Concept Bonus: The character receives the Attack Focus feat for either ranged or melee attacks. He regains 2 Ka when he defeats a worthy and equally matched (or better) opponent in single combat.

Villainous Arcs

When creating villains for your game, some of the previous Arcs may not fit your villainous character concept. Some of the established Arcs work just fine, as there are quite a few villainous Bravoes or Icons running around blowing stuff up, but some need a little more room and definition. After all, most villains aren't protectors or comedians—well, some are, but not many. Thus, this section includes a list of Arcs just for villains.

Note: Villains gain 4 points of Ka instead of 2 for following their Arc, reflecting that being a villain is easier—a more seductive path to power. All villains, no matter what their Arc, should receive this Ka bonus. Villains also get this extra bonus because they are usually played by the Game Master, and he needs all the help he can get when faced with two to six players trying their hardest to take him out.

Anarchist

This Arc is not necessarily evil in the strictest sense, but many villains use a belief or theory focused around anarchy to explain selfish and miscreant behavior. The Anarchist believes (or at least claims) that all law is bad and individual freedom and needs should be absolute. If an Anarchist wants something, he takes it—if a law impedes his progress, he breaks it. The Anarchist's code of conduct is dictated by his needs at the moment, and those needs can be very dangerous.

Concept Bonus: The Anarchist receives a +4 bonus on any skill she wants or may select any feat. The Anarchist regains 2 points of Ka when she states a need and does not let anyone or anything stand in her way when trying to achieve that goal.

Crony

The Crony is the henchman, the rent-a-goat, the minion, or thug. The crony's sole purpose is to help facilitate the plans of his employer or master. You usually see lots of cronies with a Megalomaniac. This is a special Arc reserved for the right-hand man, not the rank-and-file soldiers belonging to the main villain's organization.

Concept Bonus: Cronies receives either the Attack Focus (melee) or Stunning Attack feats. The Crony regains 2 points of Ka when she carries out her master's wishes.

Megalomaniac

The Megalomaniac is a mad egotistical psychopath, wanting nothing more than to do things on a large scale—with him at the center. Megalomaniacs may be insane leaders bent on world domination, or just people with delusions of grandeur. Small-time crooks want to rob a bank, but the Megalomaniac want to rob all the banks in the city at the very stroke of noon!

Concept Bonus: The Megalomaniac receives the Leadership or Minions feat. The Megalomaniac regains 2 points of Ka when she carefully lays out and executes a grandiose plan.

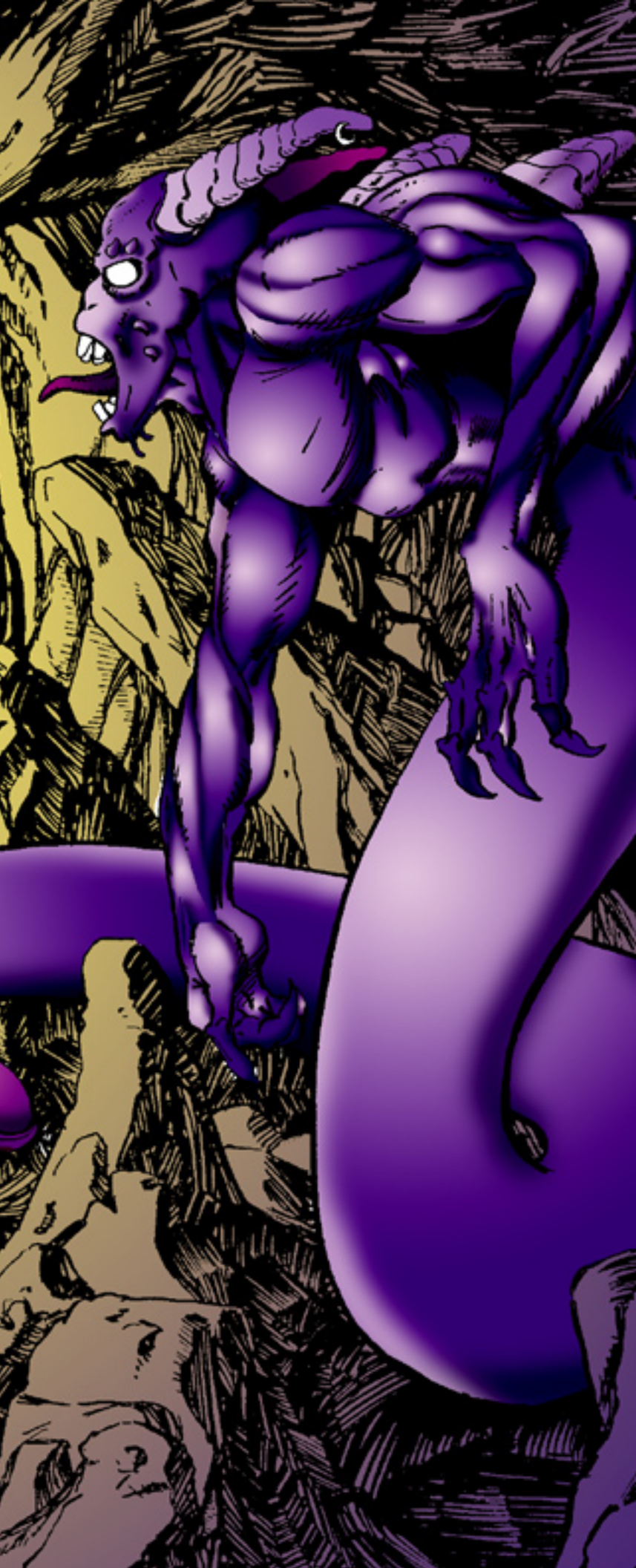
Nihilist

The Nihilist rejects all moral, ethical, and social principles, living only to hurt, annihilate, and devastate property and people. In most cases the Nihilist cares nothing for his own well-being and sees his eventual demise as a fate he cannot avoid. Nihilists are generally crazed and bloodthirsty monsters, serial killers, and robots programmed only to wipe out the designated enemy. They can be very cold and calculating, however.

Concept Bonus: The Nihilist receives a +1 Toughness bonus or the Attack Focus (melee) feat. The Nihilist regains 2 points of Ka when she destroys her designated target with reckless abandon.



CHAPTER TWO



CHAPTER 2

Open Game Content in this chapter includes game rules, statistics, abilities, mechanics, and material derived from the **M&M Superlink** system. The descriptions and setting information are considered closed content.

FEAT ALTERATIONS

To fit some of the changes to the basic **M&M Superlink** system that are utilized in **GODSEND Agenda**, some feats now work differently or have been dropped altogether.

Beginner's Luck

Instead of spending a hero point to gain the temporary skill ranks, the character must spend 2 Ka.

Blind-Fight

Ignoring the miss chance from concealment requires spending 2 Ka before the roll is made rather than spending a hero point.

Connected

You must spend 2 Ka rather than a hero point to automatically secure a favor.

Inspire

You must spend 2 Ka rather than a hero point to give your allies an attack bonus.

Leadership

Removing a condition from an ally with this feat requires spending 2 Ka rather than a hero point.

Luck

This feat is not used in **GODSEND Agenda** because the nature of hero points has changed. Any characters from other products used with **GODSEND Agenda** that possess Luck should have the feat changed to ranks of Efficient Ka on a 1:1 basis.

Seize Initiative

You spend 2 Ka rather than a hero point to go first in the initiative order.

Sidekick

Sidekicks have Ka but do not gain Arcs.

Ultimate Effort

Treating the roll as a 20 requires spending 2 Ka rather than a hero point.

NEW FEATS

Feat Name	Benefit
Cultural Awareness (+)	+2 bonus on interaction and Knowledge skills per rank.
Efficient Ka (+)	+1 to Ka pool and daily Ka regeneration per rank.
Great Insight (+)	Gain a clue from the Game Master.
Ka Awakened (+)	May spend Ka to attain benefits not normally available.
Skill Adept (+)	The minimum you can roll with the selected skill, before modifiers, is equal to the feat's ranks.
Specialization (+)	+2 bonus on a particular aspect or area of a skill.
Trademark (+)	+1 bonus per rank to succeed at trademark maneuver.

Feats marked with a (+) sign can be acquired in ranks

Cultural Awareness (Skill, Ranked)

This feat grants certain advantages when the character is interacting with people of the culture to which the feat is applied. You get a +2 bonus per rank to interaction and Knowledge skills specifically related to the culture itself or people of that culture. This bonus cannot increase your total effective skill rank higher than the campaign's power level limit.

Efficient Ka (Fortune, Ranked)

The character absorbs ambient Ka energy and uses it more efficiently. This is a feat and not a power because some people use Ka without realizing it, and without having any further abilities in such respects beyond the basic Ka Pool abilities. Each rank increases the character's Ka pool by one and the amount of Ka regenerated per day by one, to her maximum value.

Great Insight (General, Ranked)

Once per adventure per rank you may attempt an ability or skill check against a DC determined by the Game Master to gain some manner of special insight, revealing something about the course of events around you. This comes in the form of a clue from the Game Master. The question should be asked before the check is made, with the Game Master then assigning a DC appropriate to the insight's value to the character (and its value to the Game Master to be kept from the players.) Something of little value would be DC 10, for instance, whereas something that would blow open a troublesome mystery that is key to the plot would be DC 30 or higher. Determining which skill or ability is most appropriate to the check is something that should be decided between the Game Master and player.

Ka Awakened (Fortune, Ranked)

You may take Powers that require the usage of Ka to activate them, or you may have powers that strengthen or manipulate Ka. Furthermore, for each rank of this feat you may select one of the following ways to spend Ka, other than what is normal (as per hero points in a normal Superlink game.) The character must announce spending the Ka before rolling any dice that will be impacted by the Ka expenditure except when using damage buffer.

- **Combat Bonus:** Spending 1 Ka will enhance an attack roll, or damage or defense bonus by 1 for one round.
- **Damage Buffer:** Spending 1 Ka will reduce the damage bonus of an

attack against you by 1 for one round.

- **Ka Transfer:** As a standard action, you can transfer 1 Ka to another character you're in physical contact with. You cannot receive more Ka in this manner than your normal maximum, nor can you increase someone else's Ka beyond their normal maximum.
- **Ka Reflexes:** You can spend your Ka after the dice have been rolled, but at the cost of twice the normal Ka. This aspect of the Ka Awakened feat costs three ranks.

You may purchase multiple ranks of the same aspect of this feat, allowing you to simultaneously spend as much Ka on that method as you have ranks multiplied by one rank's Ka cost. For instance, two ranks of Combat Bonus allows you to spend up to 2 Ka to gain a +2 bonus.

Ka Awakened characters are also the only ones who spend Ka on this feat's various aspects. What's more, characters without this feat also possess less control over how they spend their Ka normally, usually requiring they spend more Ka to use normal Ka special abilities (see page 13).

Skill Adept (Type) (Skill, Ranked)

Select a skill to which this feat applies. Using this feat, you create a minimum level you can be considered to roll naturally with the chosen skill, starting at 5 and increasing this threshold by 1 point with each rank. Any roll below this minimum is instead treated as a roll equal to the feat's ranks, and then all the usual modifiers are applied. The ranks of this feat applied to any one skill cannot exceed half (rounded down) the actual number of levels you have with the skill. For example, six levels of Skill Adept (Bluff) results in a minimum natural roll of 11 for Bluff checks, but would only be allowed to a character with 12 or more levels of Bluff. This means any roll on the d20 during a Bluff check that is lower than 11 would count as an 11, to which all the usual modifiers would then be added.

This feat must be purchased separately for every skill it is to be applied to.

Specialization (Type) (Skill, Ranked)

By applying this to a skill, you gain a +2 bonus to a particular area or aspect of that skill. For example, taking Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping) would grant a +2 bonus to the Acrobatics skill when using its Jumping aspect, whereas Specialization (Diplomacy: haggling) grants the bonus while negotiating prices. It is up to the Game Master to decide what counts as a specialization, but it must be very focused. What's truly special about this feat is that a bonus gained from Specialization allows a skill to exceed the campaign's normal power level limit, but only with regards to what the feat is specializing in. Each new rank must be devoted to a new specialization.

Trademark (General, Ranked)

The character is very good at one very specific thing, and he is known for it. Choose any attack type, defense maneuver, etc. that the character has (or would like to have in the future), and the character gains +1 to the check to determine success per rank when it is used. Ultimately, it's up to the Game Master to decide what qualifies as a Trademark, but it must be very specific. A Blast power cannot be a Trademark, for example, but ricocheting shots around corners with a Blast power would qualify. This bonus allows the character to exceed normal power level restrictions, although he may not have more ranks in this feat than half his PL (rounded down.)

In addition, when the character uses it, the Game Master may decide that people will recognize how "naturally good" the character is at his Trademark, and this might produce interesting situations. Also, the character might be contacted by someone or recognized by certain people because of how good he is at that one Trademark.

Restrictions/Notes: No character may have more than two Trademarks.

POWERS IN GODSEND AGENDA

Your character's powers could have any number of strange origins; there's a myriad of examples from the many comic books and novels out there (a classic example is "was bitten by a [insert whatever radioactive critter here]"). In turn, your character will tend to define his powers by what he got first or "how" he got them. The truth of the matter? As discussed and hinted at when determining "Ka Pool," there is an ultimate source for your character's powers: Ka, the underlying current of the GODSEND universe. But it's doubtful that—unless you're playing someone associated with one of the few groups that knows this (or your character is unusually powerful and knowledgeable)—your character will have ANY clue that this is the truth.

Keeping this in mind, remember to think about how your character believes he got his powers. For example, a character who was struck by lightning, survived, and gained the power to throw lightning, might in turn manifest resistance to electrical-based attacks or even be able to turn part or all of himself into electricity. However, such a character would probably not manifest the power to cause ice to suddenly appear; it's a little out of his realm. Likewise, a character that views his powers as magic is unlikely to have a power where he doesn't have a requirement of flailing his arms around or chanting (as comes with flaws).

Even possessing powers that have a more direct connection to Ka, such as those that have a Ka Cost flaw or the Ka descriptor, doesn't mean your character instantly understands the fundamentals of his universe. Such people don't realize they're outright changing the way they interact with the stuff of the universe, even if they are using Ka to accomplish incredible feats. Such a person, if asked what "Ka" was, might reply with "A new form of coffee?" Eventually, your character could be taught about the ultimate origin of his abilities. In such a case, it would take time for the entire concept to sink in—understanding the principles of the universe takes not just raw intelligence, but a bit of spiritualism and wisdom—but given such time, a character could teach himself ANY power. Well, that is, if he really believes the crazy explanation he's been fed, he could figure out a way to teach himself. Again, however, this is all ultimately up to your Game Master. It simply boils down to this: can you justify your character and powers to yourself and your Game Master?

New Descriptor—Ka

Although all superpowers and the like are really a manifestation of Ka, a power with this descriptor taps into or directly manipulates Ka rather than acting through an otherwise defined conceptual filter, such as "magic" or "psionics." The Game Master may require the character take the Ka Awakened feat for powers with the Ka descriptor that are conceived around the character knowing that it is Ka he is using to operate his powers and not some false conception.

Drain—Addendum

Ka may be drained in the same manner as any other trait.

Ka Manipulation (New Power)

Effect: Alteration

Action: Standard

Range: Personal

Duration: Sustained

Prerequisite: Ka Awakened feat

Cost: 2 to 6 points per rank

This power allows you to tap into the definitive energy source influencing

the cosmos, the elemental Ka. You can now manipulate this energy to create any trait you desire by spending the trait's base PP cost per rank in Ka to gain it temporarily, acquiring up to as many levels/steps/ranks in that trait as the character has ranks of Ka Manipulation. You cannot simultaneously spend more Ka on traits than you have ranks of Ka Manipulation. PL limitations still apply to the trait affected by this power and there may be a limit as to how much Ka you may spend at a time on acquiring powers in this fashion.

The cost per rank of Ka Manipulation depends on the limitations placed on how the Ka may be spent.

- **2 PP:** One trait of a particular type (ability scores, skills, feats, or powers of a particular type or descriptor) at a time. So you could acquire any one power or feat at a time, for example.
- **3 PP:** Any one trait at a time.
- **4 PP:** Multiple traits of a particular type (ability scores, skills, feats, or powers of a particular type or descriptor).
- **5 PP:** Multiple powers of any type or descriptor at once.
- **6 PP:** Any combination of traits.

Traits gained through Ka Manipulation remain for the character to use until voluntarily released or through any situation that normally discontinues a sustained power. However, any Ka spent on Ka Manipulation cannot be recovered so long as it remains in use by this power.

Example: Attis, with a Ka Manipulation Power of 8 (6 PP/rank for a total cost of 48 PP), wants to be able to fly and fire an energy blast. He pays 3 Ka for the Blast power with the Poison extra (3 points per rank base cost) and 2 Ka for Flight (2 point per rank base cost), for a total cost of 5 Ka (well below his maximum of 8 possible Ka). He now divides his Ka Manipulation ranks between the traits. He decided that he would rather be able to pack some punch than have flight speed, so he put 6 of his 8 ranks into the Blast and the remaining 2 into Flight. If Attis had decided to put all 8 ranks into flight instead of also taking a Blast with the poison extra, doing so would have only cost 2 Ka and would have given him up to Flight 8.

The character must have the Ka Awakened feat to select this power.

Ka Tracking—Super-Senses Addendum (4 ranks)

Prerequisite: Ka Awakened feat

Everything in the universe leaves a unique signature, allowing you to find anyone or anything virtually anywhere in the universe by their Ka signature. All you need is an item that once belonged to the target so you can get the "scent." You will then be able to feel the Ka signature of that target if he is in your range—you know where he is with only a 20-foot margin of error if you succeed at your tracking Survival check by 5 or more.

If the target's Ka Pool is reduced, he becomes significantly harder to track, imposing a -1 penalty to any checks to track the being per point of Ka the pool is reduced by. Such conditions and other problems—such as someone working VERY hard to hide by some esoteric means—are dictated by your Game Master, who may rule that this power will not always work, or apply to the power check a modifier he feels is appropriate to the circumstances.

The character must have the Ka Awakened feat to select this power.

Omnivorous (New Power)

Effect: General

Action: Standard

Range: Personal

Duration: Instant

Cost: 2 point per rank

The character can gain nourishment from any organic substance (although he is not immune to poisons), replacing one daily meal of required normal food per rank. Each rank also gains you one Alternate Power feat. He can chew through just about any organic substance with no adverse effects to his teeth or jaws.

Power Feats

Alternate Powers: Suitable Alternate Power feats for this power include: Burrowing, Corrosion, Healing, Immunity (poison), Regeneration, Strike (bite), Super-Senses (any to do with taste)

Super-Senses Addition—Psychometry (4 ranks)

You can sense and read the psychic “fingerprints” left on objects by the emotions of those who owned, held, or were around them. The stronger the emotions of the person or events, the easier it is to read what has been imprinted. The time since the event occurred will also be a factor, being easier the more recent the occurrence. To understand what the imprint is telling you, make an Investigate or Wisdom check (whichever you prefer or if the Game Master restricts you to one or the other, depending on the circumstances.) The base DC for this check is 15, as modified by the following conditions. (The DC cannot be reduced below 5.)

Psychometry DC Modifiers

Conditions	DC Modifier
Time since event being read	Special *
Emotional strength of event ...	
... insignificant (typical, everyday happenstance)	+10
... noteworthy (someone devoted emotional energy, but not much—perhaps only peripherally or as an afterthought)	+5
... minor (emotional release, but nothing out of the ordinary)	+0
... moderate (definite emotional investment, such as a symbol of true love)	-5
... major (something of great emotional significance, such as a vengeful murder)	-10
... extreme (something incredibly emotionally turbulence, such as genocide)	-15

* There is no time modifier if the event being read occurred within a time value on the **Time and Value Progression Table** equal to or less than your Wisdom bonus, with a minimum value of 1 (1 action.) For each step down on the **Time and Progression Table** beyond your Wisdom bonus since the event occurred, the DC is increased by a +1 modifier. For example, if your Wisdom is 18 you have a +4 bonus. This means you suffer no DC modifier for reading events that occurred within 5 minutes. If the event you’re trying to read

happened a year ago, that would be 8 steps down the table, increasing the DC by +8.

Game Masters are encouraged to add their own modifiers if they feel the circumstances warrant it.

What is Learned?

How much is learned of what happened is determined on the following random table (hey, reading emotions isn’t exactly a science, no matter how powerful one’s will to do so is!) Roll twice, once to indicate the subject of what has been read and again to indicate the degree of information. Two columns are presented for the subject: one is used if you are purposely seeking specific information (e.g., “who killed the woman who owned this comb?”) and another for probing the object blind in the search for any information at all without specifics in mind (e.g., “who has owned this comb I just found on the ground?”) Add the amount your Investigate or Wisdom check to use this power defeated the DC by to both rolls as a modifier. So, if your Investigate check to use Psychometry was against a DC of 20 and you rolled a 23 you gain a +3 bonus on these two rolls.

Psychometry Outcome Table.

Roll	Subject (Purposeful)	Subject (Random)	Information Learned
01–05	Learn of something entirely unrelated to desired subject	Learn about event in most distant past	Brief, unclear flash of insight (i.e., it’s barely helpful and very cryptic)
06–10	As 01–05	As 01–05	brief moment caught in time (i.e., minor clue)
11–14	Learn of something peripherally related to desired subject	Learn about event in recent past	A small clip or scene of an “emotional movie” (i.e., helpful clue)
15–18	As 11-14	Learn about event in immediate past	Entire scene plays out in jumpy, choppy flashes that may leave out important details (i.e., incredibly helpful clue)
19+	Learn of intended subject	Learn of most recent, most powerful possible subject	Entire scene plays out clearly, emotions and all (i.e., as good as being there)

Telepathy (Addendum)

Power Feats

- **Relay:** When connected to more than one mind through telepathy, your mind can act as a relay point through which those other minds may communicate if they are out of range of each other. This is useful for building communal telepathy links, hive minds, and the like.

NEW EXTRAS

CONCUSSIVE +1 Modifier/Step

The attack causes greater than usual knockback by applying a +2 modifier per step when determining knockback.

NEW FLAWS

KA COST -1 Modifier/Step

The chosen power has an activation cost of one Ka per step of this flaw. The character receives no other bonus from the Ka expenditure. If the character doesn't have enough Ka to pay the cost, the power cannot be used. Once the power is activated it will work for the full extent of its duration.

Permanent and Continuous powers that may last longer than a day require this cost be paid daily or they turn off. In such cases, steps of this flaw may be devoted to worsening this time period on the **Time and Value Progression** table instead of increasing the Ka cost. For example, applying four steps of this flaw can be employed to require a cost of 1 Ka (one step) be spent every 20 minutes (three steps) to maintain the character's Protection power.

REQUIRES (SKILL) CHECK (-1 Modifier/Step)

Select a skill when this flaw is applied to the power. Use of the power requires a check for this chosen skill against the same DC as is used for the power check in order to determine how well the power works. If a power check is also required, it too is rolled; a skill check is always rolled, regardless of whether or not a power check is called for. The -1 penalty is based on a skill that requires a standard action to use; increase this flaw's value by an additional -1 per step longer on the **Time and Value Progression** table that the skill requires for a check. Skill checks that take the same time or less than is needed to activate the power remain a -1 modifier. Alternatively, an ability check can be required instead of a skill.

Although choosing to take 20 for the skill check does indeed take more time, the flaw's value does not increase for doing so because this is not the default time required to use the skill but rather is a voluntary choice on the part of the character to use more time for an increased chance of success. This trade off negates any increased detriment for taking more time.

Alternatively, a Game Master may allow this flaw to be applied with a +0 modifier if it entirely replaces the normal power check. In such cases, use the skill's regulations regarding taking 10 and 20 and the like when used for power checks instead of the latter's normal rules. The DC for this application of the flaw is also changed from the normal power check DC. The more ranks in the power, the more skilled the character needs to be to properly carry out the power's use, but this is balanced against the fact that the character has more control over how good they can become at the requisite skill when compared to a normal power check.

Skill Check for Using Powers = $d20 + \text{skill rank} + \text{ability modifier} + \text{miscellaneous modifiers vs. Difficulty class} + \text{power rank}$

SHORT CIRCUIT -1 Modifier/Step

The power is faulty and unreliable. Whenever a power check is made, a result of 10 or lower on the roll means the power fizzles out and cannot be used for the power's rank in rounds. Increase the number that causes the short circuit on a power check by 2 per additional step.

The time the power requires to return to proper operation can be worsened by applying steps in the flaw to the **Time and Value Progression** table instead by finding the rank on the table that most closely resembles the normal short circuit period (round up) and then increase the time per step applied. For

example, a power with 12 ranks would have a rank of 3 (1 minute) on the **Time and Value Progression** table (12 ranks x 1 round = 72 seconds). Applying two steps to the power check threshold means a roll of 14 or less causes the power to short circuit while applying two more steps to the duration means a short circuit causes the power to turn off for 20 minutes.

Spending 1 Ka will cancel out the short circuit for that particular instance.

NEW COMPLICATIONS

Amnesia

The character has lost some or all of her memory. Maybe it's just recent memories that are gone, or the character's entire identity. The degree of amnesia determines how often the complication is rewarded for getting in the way.

Anti-Social

The character possesses some form of anti- or counter-social behavior or attitude, such as feeling alienated from people who would otherwise be their peers or by being an active participant in a counter-culture movement.

Debt

You owe money, or something else valuable (such as an important favor), to someone. In most cases, some sort of lending institution or credit house exists, and the payments aren't too arduous but will still cause problems. The character just has a harder time getting credit and has to turn over a substantial amount of any profits he makes on an adventure to the lender.

Flashbacks

You suffer flashbacks at inopportune moment, often distracting you. Work with the Game Master to determine what the flashbacks are of (past traumas or perhaps lost memories?), decide when they come into effect, and what their implications are on game play and the story. The Game Master may require a Will save to resist the flashback's effects.

Strange Appearance

Your character has a weird or unsettling appearance. Maybe her eyes are bulging or she has scaly skin. She is generally shunned by society and may even suffer interaction skill check penalties until people can get used to her. (At the Game Master's discretion, they may NEVER get used to her). Unless she designates that her voice is strange as well, she wouldn't suffer any problems while in vocal contact (i.e. on the phone, over a radio, et cetera). On the upside, she should gain benefits while using Intimidate against anyone who is put off by her appearance.

NEW DRAWBACKS

Age

The character is a teenager or just past middle age and the implications of that age have an influence on game play. In general, characters that are "too young" often have to role-play through episodes where they are not taken seriously, where they are ignored, and where they have less rights and control than older characters. Those who are "too old" get treated in much the same way—characters in their prime often defer to the character, but they also treat the character as if he were infirm or possibly senile.

Characters may be "young" or "old" and not take this drawback. Older characters in good shape have no problems jogging, lifting, fighting, or whatever, and young, intelligent people can often interact and think just as well—if not better—than adults. This drawback addresses those characters, young and old, who can't keep up as easily.

In general, the Game Master should try to treat the character as if he were "too old" or "too young" and have fun with it. Game mechanics are seldom required, as good role-playing can make things work here, but they can be applied in appropriate situations. Increasing the DC for Intimidation rolls from kids against adults would be a good example of an applied game mechanic.

For extreme old age, the Game Master should begin penalizing traits, especially Strength, Dexterity and Constitution—points lost to old age should not be given back as a bonus, as the overall effect is accounted for in this drawback's value. Similarly, a character's PL maximums should be reduced for younger kids, and approval required for some of the skills and feats to best suit a child of that age.

This drawback cannot be taken by a character with Immunity to Aging.

Age as a Complication

Some Game Masters will not be comfortable using an extreme age, be it of youth or advanced years, as a drawback. In such cases where age is still considered to be important enough to note and have a hand in how the game unfolds, it can instead be used as a complication.

Bad Luck

This drawback is under the Game Master's control most of the time. The Game Master can rule an arbitrary event happens during an eventful moment where it would be an interesting time to introduce such a thing to the game, or he can rule it happens after a particularly bad roll or situation. A simple mechanic is to say something bad happens if a natural 1 is rolled while making an attack, skill or ability check, saving throw, power check, and so on.

The Game Master should decide how to manifest the drawback based on the drawbacks' intensity and frequency. Results range from introducing a non-mechanical result, such as a car crashing in the character's way and blocking his pursuit of the villain, or something to do with game mechanics. Examples for the latter option include disallowing all critical hits for the rest of the session or until some Ka is spent (1 Ka for minor, 3 for moderate and 5 for major), not allowing the character to take 10 or 20 on their next important skill check, or losing an action in the next round, all depending on whether the character has a minor, moderate, or major case of bad luck.

Burn-Out

Upon the occurrence of a pre-defined condition, the trait (almost certainly a power) this drawback is linked to will disappear—permanently. The player and the Game Master should work out the condition using the following criteria:

1. The Burn-Out condition has a chance of showing up equal to the drawback's frequency.

2. The Burn-Out should be something the character can avoid, even if she may not want to avoid it.

3. A logical or thematic reason for the Burn-Out to occur should exist. Don't define a condition that makes no sense to the game or the character's concept.

4. Both the player and the Game Master operate under the knowledge that the Burn-Out will almost certainly occur at some point (otherwise it isn't really much of a drawback).

The previous points, 2 and 3, combine to define whether the Burn-Out condition is considered minor, moderate, or major in its intensity. Increase the value of the drawback by +1 per 10 PP (rounded down) spent on the trait. For example, a power worth 33 points would increase a common, moderate Burn-Out conditions value from +3 to +6.

Some examples of Burn-Out conditions include:

- An opponent soundly defeats the character in an adventure.
- The character completes a particular mission of great importance (this would probably only happen after several adventures, but completing the adventure is important to the character for some reason despite knowing the trait will Burn-Out afterward).
- The character suffers a particular effect (she suffers damage to the point of being Disabled, she is the victim of a particular type of uncommon attack, etc).
- A character's trait is somehow negated or removed from play (a Contact who has a good chance of being killed, a Device someone is trying to steal or destroy, etc.)

Cultural Awkwardness

The character is not from the "mainstream" culture of the society he spends the most time in. The player should decide on the character's native country, which is somewhere with a different culture than the one he is normally in. For instance, a character in a real world setting might hail from India but operate out of the United Kingdom. While the U.K. does not have any particular dislike of Indians, a few "cultural clashes" might happen occasionally. Bigots might get in the way of the character, and the character might not always "know" things about the setting that natives would automatically understand. The character is an outsider.

A minor drawback applies a -1 penalty to interaction skills when interacting with members of the society the character is outcast from, whereas a moderate drawback is -3 and a major drawback is -5. The drawback's frequency indicates how often the cultural differences (and thus the penalty) should be applied. Game Masters should also feel free to apply non-mechanical difficulties brought on by this drawback, such as encounters with NPCs or misunderstandings.

Flawed Trait

This drawback is linked to a particular feat or skill. There is a chance for a negative effect in either the result of the game mechanics or role-playing whenever the character uses the feat or skill. For example, if applied to the Contacts feat, a contact may only aid the character in exchange for something, the degree of which depends on the Drawback's value. Some reason would have to exist why the character would need to keep the contact happy and the assistance coming. Another example would be Knowledge (history). The character would normally be considered to have sweeping knowledge of history in general, but this drawback could be applied to indicate a total lack of knowledge in a particular region or era. The value of such a drawback would depend on just how much information is not known and how important it is. It can also be applied to skills to disallow re-rolls or prevent the character from taking 10 or 20 altogether or perhaps just in certain situations.

Game Masters must be careful when allowing this drawback so that it is not applied as just another means to gain additional PP—the Flawed Trait must

have an apparent effect on game play. For instance, applying this drawback to Knowledge (history) with the result of not knowing anything of colonial Australia likely won't impact a game that takes place entirely amongst the back alleys of New York City.

Ka Bleeder

You "bleed off" Ka and cannot accurately control its flow. You must pay extra Ka every time you attempt spending it, regardless of how the Ka is used. This additional cost depends on the drawback's intensity: 1 Ka point is bled for a minor drawback, 3 Ka for moderate, and 5 Ka for major.

Ka Reduced

You have a reduced Ka pool. Frequency is very common because the character is always affected by this hindrance, while severity depends on how much the Ka pool is reduced by: minor means the Ka pool is reduced by 1/4, moderate by half, and major by 3/4. Always round up.

Poor Healer

You find recovering from damage more difficult than normal. As a minor drawback, all minor recovery DCs are +2, and at +5 as a moderate drawback, and +10 as a major drawback. Furthermore, when subjected to the Healing power (or any similar effect), any beneficial bonus or power rank is halved. Determining frequency requires considering the character's resistance to damage (how big his Toughness save and/or Protection is, primarily) in order to decide how likely the character is to suffer damage per game session.

Price

There is a "price" to be paid for using the trait this drawback is applied to. This Price can be an actual cash requirement, in which case the trait's purchase DC should be determined as though it were a piece of equipment with the same capabilities. Typically, the purchase DC must be rolled against every time the power is used.

Most likely, the Price will be a role-playing effect. Maybe every time a Contact does a favor for a character, he not only demands the normal, negotiated recompense (if any), but the character must do a favor of equal importance in return. Or, whenever a piece of Equipment is used, parts of it need replacing or servicing by a specialist (who may charge a high fee or ask a favor), most likely after the adventure.

To determine the Price's value as a drawback, use the frequency to outline how often the Price must be paid (+4 if it must be paid with every use or the like), while the intensity judges how much of an impediment this Price is, based on the character's convenience and capability to pay.

Quirk

The character suffers from a personality quirk that makes certain types of role-playing and interaction more difficult. This Quirk could simply be a habit or an affectation that has gone too far, or it could be a minor psychological problem. This is no mere personality trait that can easily be suppressed, though. The Quirk must be something that will interfere with normal socialization in ways that affect the game obviously.

Typically, determine the drawback's value by using frequency to represent how often the particular Quirk tends to get in the way of socialization, while the intensity determines the penalty assigned to interaction skill checks when the Quirk comes into play: minor (-1), moderate (-3), and major (-5). The Game Master can also easily introduce other detriments that similarly affect other game mechanics to comparable degrees or otherwise cause problems.

Overcoming a Quirk requires a Will save against a DC related to its intensity: minor (DC 10), moderate (DC 15), and major (DC 20). A standard

action is needed to gather oneself and make the saving throw attempt. The Game Master may adjust the DC to reflect special circumstances.

Some examples include:

Angry: The character has a short fuse and is easily angered. In stressful circumstances or situations that aren't going the character's way, she becomes angry and in extreme cases violent.

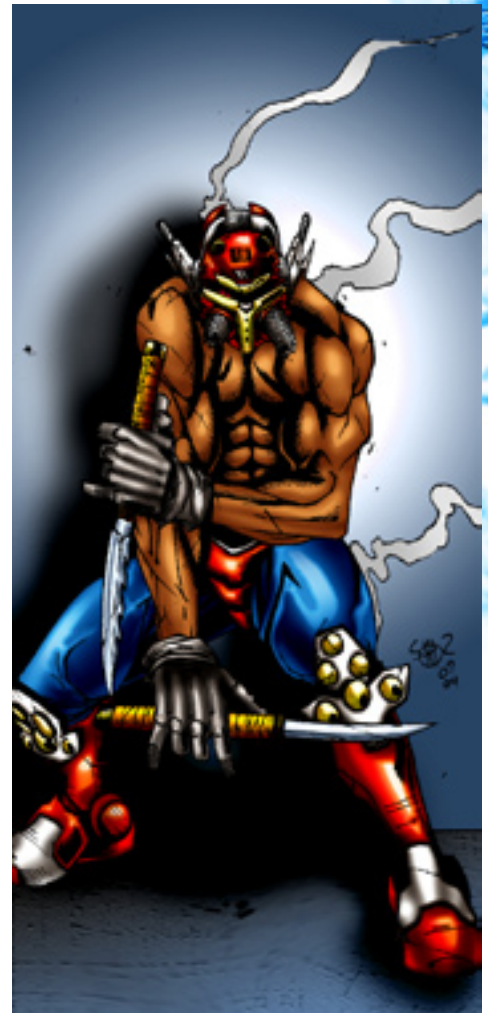
Kleptomania: When in a store or surrounded by small, portable items, the character will occasionally try to "lift" something. When possessed by his Quirk, the character suffers the appropriate penalty to Disable Device, Sleight of Hand, and other checks related to attempts at theft because he really doesn't know he's doing it.

Indecision: The character does not like making decisions and will delay making them. When role-playing, the player should actively participate in group discussions, but he should be wishy-washy and indecisive at critical moments.

Stutter: When under pressure, relaxed, nervous (such as failing a skill roll), or when some other fairly common "mood" hits the character, he stutters. The player should role-play having a hard time getting his ideas across to the other players. This lasts until the player makes a Will save.

Slow Healer

You take longer to recover from damage. Instead of using the normal drawback intensity, a +0 intensity moves the recovery time one step down the **Time and Value Progression** table, taking longer with each step. Each additional +1 value of the intensity lengthens the recovery time by yet another step. Determining frequency requires considering the character's resistance to damage (how big his Toughness save and/or Protection is, primarily) in order to decide how likely the character is to suffer damage per game session.



A CARING HAND

Nervously, Doctor Vanessa Reynolds rose from her seat and stepped towards the front of the council room. She could almost feel the weight of New York City and the United Nations building pressing down on her from above. No one up there knew she was down here, but that didn't make it any easier. She felt every pair of eyes on the council burn into her back as she turned to address them all.

"Ladies, gentlemen, thank you for attending. As we are all aware, the Council on Advanced Research and Experimentation is attended on an entirely voluntary basis, and today nearly every country has elected to send a representative, chartered or not."

She paused to look around the massive round table, the expensive, dark wood reflecting nothing. Everyone in the room sat around the same table, save one. In the corner, at her own desk, was the lone holdout, playing Merlin to the room's Arthurian climate. Officially listed as an aide on meeting minutes, she rarely spoke, and by an unspoken rule was never spoken to. Certainly, no one asked her to fetch refreshments. She was simply an accepted anomaly in a room filled with anomalies.

CARE dealt almost exclusively with anomalies.

"I welcome our new members, but in keeping with tradition here we will skip the formalities so commonplace... upstairs... and get down to business." Fingers on the recessed keyboard before her, she triggered the video screen behind her, which began to unfold, covering up a map of the world. As it descended, she continued.

"As most of you know, we are not a policy-making council. Each nation is tasked individually with an action plan to deal with the situations we will be discussing. However, your feedback and input is, of course, welcome."

Without another word, she snapped off the lights and turned on the projector across the room, filling the screen with a montage of images, many familiar to most of the gathered personnel:

A man in a blue skin-tight suit and red lightning bolts flew through the air...

A woman was fully engulfed in flame, but rather than run in terror or roll on the ground to put it out, she was directing the flame with an outstretched hand...

A mere child stood, hands held to head in obvious concentration, while a car was being flung through the air...

Doctor Reynolds stood to the side of the screen, letting the images—each of various, brightly colored costumed "heroes," performing amazing, impossible acts—register with the gathered representatives.

"I think we have all witnessed events similar to those displayed behind me. Things which science has long held as impossible for humans to do. Nevertheless, we cannot deny that they do exist." She froze the projector on an image of a blonde-haired, blue-eyed man dressed in gold and black. Everyone in the room recognized him, but she named him all the same.

"Hyperion, the first known super human in the United States. Since his emergence, other super beings have appeared, the number growing exponentially in recent years. A complete history of Hyperion and early super humans in the U.S. is available for those of you who are not up to speed, but it is out of scope for today's briefing. Rather, our agenda is concerned with a newer phenomenon."

With the flick of a switch, she turned off the projector and raised the screen, revealing the world map once again. Over the dull hum of the screen's motor, she continued to speak to the members of the council, their attention rapt.

"We all know that super humans seem to be gathering in high population density areas: New York, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Paris, London. But opposing theories for why this is the case exist. One theory suggests that it is merely due to higher population density, and basic odds. Another suggests the super-human ego demands high visibility and high reaction from the populace. A third theory, and our present concern, involves the focusing of their energies towards a united cause. Commander Philmont from the UK will speak of this matter further."

Commander Philmont rose, walking briskly to the front of the room, smiling all the while. Reynolds sank into her chair, wishing she felt as easy in front of crowds.

"Thank you Dr. Reynolds," he said, stopping below the map just as the projector screen snapped back into the ceiling. "Initially, super humans seemed to work individually, even in high population areas. Doctor Reynolds mentioned Hyperion. And I think we all remember stories of Aryan Superior."

Briefly, challengingly, his eyes cut to the German representative, then resumed scanning the room as he spoke.

"But what we have noticed, especially since the early 1970s, is that super 'groups' have been formed. And while we are not a decision-making body, for those countries who have determined super humans are a threat to national security, I personally feel that these groups are the most immediate danger."

Reynolds, taken aback by this statement, looked up at Philmont. He avoided her glance, turning to the map before him, gesturing with a laser pointer as dots of various colors appeared on the map, highlighting areas of dense population.

"Here we see the coverage of known groups. Green indicates the known existence of at least one group. Yellow indicates the existence of at least ten groups. Red indicates the existence of more than ten groups. As you will notice, there seems to be at least a green dot on virtually every area with a population in excess of one hundred thousand people. It is apparent that like super humans themselves, these groups have gathered most densely in high population density areas."

He turned from the map and stared back at the delegates.

"You can each see where the nearest conglomeration of these groups are to you. As you can see by conglomerations in Romania and Zaire, technology levels seem to have nothing to do with the density of these groups. In the UK, London and Dublin seem to have the highest rates. In France, of course Paris has high incidence, but so does Nice, the smallest city to have more than twenty groups. Berlin, Moscow, Baghdad, Cairo...."

As he spoke, he moved his eyes around the table to look at each in turn, driving home the point that this was an issue for all to be concerned about. He finished with the United States, mentioning New York, Los Angeles, Dallas and Chicago, and looked straight at Reynolds. She shifted uncomfortably and glanced towards the corner.

"Interestingly," said Philmont, breaking off his glance, "the Southern Hemisphere, with the exception of Sydney and Bogota, seems to have a much lower occurrence of super humans groups per capita than the Northern Hemisphere."

Currently we are trying to determine why this is the case."

Philmont took several more minutes to wrap up his presentation before ceding the floor once again to Reynolds, unable to look her in the eye as he took his seat. She regained her composure and turned to face the room.

"Thank you, Commander, for your opinions. I think we all agree that this phenomenon should not be overlooked. And as Commander Philmont stated, some countries have determined that these beings are a

threat to national security and have taken action against them. However, here in the United States, we feel that the rights of all individuals should be upheld, regardless of powers. If a person is a citizen in civilian clothes, then they are a citizen in their costumes. The appropriate vigilante laws still apply, as do weapons laws. And we are currently considering legislation that will treat the use of powers as equivalent to the use of any deadly weapon.

"With that being stated, I would like to turn to specific instances of powers usage in the United States. Following, Mrs. Sokorev from Russia and Mr. Takamoto from Japan will be briefing us on instances of powers usage in their respective countries. I hope to have these briefings concluded in time for lunch. After the break we will be discussing theories of genetic science that may help explain the very existence of these beings...."

* * *

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Reynolds began as the last delegate left the room for lunch, the door sealing shut. "I didn't know Philmont was going to try to make a stand in here."

"Do not worry child." The aide's smooth voice washed over the doctor, and she felt the tension release from her body. "We have foreseen his actions, and the result. If we had felt it necessary, you would have been alerted. As it is, the good Commander does nothing but stir a nest of toothless vipers. You have done what is necessary, as your predecessors have done what was necessary. This assembly and the UN in general are important to us, but we do not need all nations to be united under one cause."

"Still, I feel—"

"No, dear. Don't feel. Listen." The aide stood and crossed the room. Though she appeared only in her early twenties, she carried herself with the grace and confidence of much greater years. Reynolds felt dizzy as the woman spoke, and sat heavily in her chair, listening intently.

"You are helping to shape the world. Yours is the hand against the clay. Let the hand work, but let the head determine the shape. The hand can only feel what it touches, where it touches. The head combines all the senses for true aesthetics. Be the hand...."

* * *

Reynolds awoke with a start as the council members begin filing back into the chamber. She checked her watch as her stomach growled. Two hours had passed, and she'd missed lunch again. With a mental note to see her doctor again about her narcolepsy, she stood and prepared to address the council once again. In the corner, the aide grinned and settled back into the shadows.





CHAPTER THREE

The contents of this chapter are designated as closed content

THE WORLD OF GODSEND AGENDA

"The Elohim Empire, The Empire of Light, The Eternal Empire, this is our origin. We are the Elohim. It is a part of us; we are a part of it. As surely as our home planet of Araboth provided us with nourishment of body, the Empire, stretching over multiple arms of the Milky Way, fed our minds and souls. It gave us our values, our sense of self. It tried to convince us we were gods. And in some strange way, we were gods. The emperor, El, a self-made, self-decreed deity bestowed his favor on us, and we in turn became divine. This is the story they would have us believe. According to the historians, this is the truth of the Elohim.

"The truth of the universe, however, is that we are merely mortal. We age differently than others, our bodies are more resistant to stimuli and trauma than others, but essentially, we are mortal. We love, hate, live, and yes, we die. What made us different was that we learned to use Ka, the omnipresent energy of the universe. El and the Elohim thought this made us divine. A few of us realized it only made us different. A small group of us accepted the responsibilities of our good fortune. We wanted to use our abilities to help, rather than to exert our superiority. Led by a visionary, Attis, we challenged the ideology of the Empire."

AE -5

A group of scientists on the planet Araboth is researching the ability to manipulate the energy called Ka. El stumbles upon the secret, masters its use, takes over his world, and declares himself emperor.

The Elohim Empire is formed, and the Elohim Empire's calendar officially begins. The term After El (abbreviated AE) is used to track the passage of years.

AE 1250

The Elohim take over a quarter of the galaxy and expands coreward, thousands of worlds falling under their heel. El creates a royalty caste, calling them the Seraphim, and teaches them the basics of Ka manipulation; Ka use by the lower caste of commoners is an offense punishable by imprisonment or execution.

AE 3000

Due to the enormous cost of expansion the Elohim adopt a new way of conquering planets: the GODSEND Agenda. Ninety percent of the Empire's resources are freed up. El pronounces himself a god, and creates a warrior caste called the Angelos.

AE 3025

Attis is born, a Seraph that quickly learns the secrets of Ka manipulation. His innate understanding leads him to become the foremost authority on the subject, second only to El himself.

AE 3075

While expanding their borders the Elohim encounter a race of Ka-using beings called the Chimerans. This new race is bent on galactic domination like the Elohim, and soon the two empires clash. The Chimeran force is more than a match for the pampered Elohim army who, unaccustomed to actual opposition, are caught off-guard. The borders of the Empire are pushed back.

AE 3085

Attis's understanding of Ka allows him to formulate a way of neutralizing its natural flow. With a small force of ships and Seraphim, Attis travels to the Chimeran Hegemony home world and activates a device that cripples their

centralized hive mind. The Chimerans sue for peace and halt any further aggressions towards the Elohim and their colony worlds. Attis is hailed as a hero and given the title of Light-Bringer by El himself.

AE 3097

Attis tours the Empire and speaks publicly on the virtues of a common citizen's right to use Ka. El, hearing of the Light-Bringer's public speeches, quickly censures him. Fearing for his life, Attis and his followers go into hiding. El, intimidated by the young upstart's charisma, sends an assassin to kill Attis. The attempt fails, and Attis uses the assault as a rallying cry to openly oppose El.

AE 3099

Civil unrest quickly spreads through out the Empire as citizens take sides. Angelos are sent to savagely quell any disturbances. Attis and his small group of rebels clash with the Angelos, starting a full-scale civil war.

AE 3102

Taking advantage of the social upheaval spreading through the Elohim Empire, the Chimeran Hegemony attacks outlying civilian outposts. El finds himself in a terrible predicament, fighting wars on two fronts.

AE 3107

The Chimerans take deep cuts out of the Elohim Empire. El's resources are stretched beyond his considerable power, and he is forced to call a truce with the rebels, promising amnesty in return for help fighting the Chimeran menace. The tide once again turns on the Hegemony as the Ka-using rebels join Imperial forces.

AE 3115

The Chimerans are pushed back beyond their original borders before the first war. El decides not to press on any further. In an act of treachery, he reneges on his pact with the rebels and imprisons them all aboard a prison ship with Chimeran POWs, to be sent to a penal planet called Sheol in the vast Ka-inert void between galactic arms. En route, the ship is attacked by a renegade Chimeran frigate and boarded. During man-to-man combat inside the ship, the Angelos captain becomes desperate and fires the singularity drive in hope of escaping. The ensuing tear in space draws both ships inside to parts unknown....

Both ships were thrown through time/space, and have no way of knowing when they arrived on Earth relative to the events described above—it is possible they were thrown back in time as well as through space.

4000 BC

The Elohim prison ship crashes off the coast of what will be known as Florida, the singularity drive making the area unstable. The Chimeran frigate is nowhere to be seen. The Elohim and Chimeran prisoners escape their captors and spread across the globe. The Angelos scavenge what they can and leave the area in search of their rebel prisoners.

The Chimerans who escape go into hiding and acclimate themselves to an Earthbound existence—the Celtic people of Europe call them the Fomor, on the Indian subcontinent they are called the Asura, and in Japan they are known as the Oni.

The Elohim prisoners flee to the Nile Valley and gather around Attis and his lieutenants for guidance. Attis suggests they use the GODSEND Agenda to teach and nurture the world's inhabitants and, once they mature, teach them to use Ka.

They spread out over the Earth and live as benevolent Gods.

3550 BC

Spread around the world, the highly evolved Atlanteans observe Attis and his people, believing them to be the demons of their prophecies. The Atlanteans marshal their forces and set out to eradicate the Elohim. The war rages for a year before Thoth is sent to broker peace. Attis and the Atlanteans ally themselves together.

The Atlanteans, believing the threat is still out there, decide to build their own race of Ka-users to fight the coming menace. They seed humanity with a gene that will activate when this "Horde" arrives.

2980 BC

Thoth takes a young apprentice named Imhotep as a student, teaching him advanced engineering and mathematics.

2247 BC

The Angelos build a vast communication array in the land of Shinar (modern Iraq). The tower sends out a distress call in the hope that reinforcements will soon arrive. Attis and Typhon dispatch a few "gods" (Anu, Baphomet, and Shiva) to destroy it. A five-day siege of the tower ends with its destruction, and the Angelos retreat into hiding.

1628 BC

The new "gods" of Earth become decadent and war against one another. Typhon, one of Attis' trusted followers, conspires with some less enlightened "gods" to seek retribution against the Atlanteans for the war they waged over two millennia ago. He, with the help of ten other Gods, sink the Empire's thirteen islands. Only a handful of survivors escape, fleeing to the four corners of the Earth to start small communities, helping the primitive cultures that surround them. In Europe, many became known as the Sidhe; in the Hellenes, they were Titans, and in China some of the Ten Great Rulers were Atlanteans.

1950 BC

The Angelos use the GODSEND Agenda to create a monotheistic religion. Working through a human agent named Abram, the belief spreads throughout the Middle East.

1219-1209 BC

The Elohim of Greece bicker amongst themselves and soon drag the local humans into the dispute. The Trojan War starts.

1150 BC

Attis sees that the Elohim are not helping this planet, but hurting it. He discusses his options with his trusted companions Thoth and Typhon. All agree the flow of Ka to this world should be cut. Slowly around the world the "gods" lose the use of most of their Ka-given abilities, a few dying at the sudden loss of their powers. But Typhon has an ulterior motive; he wishes to become the most powerful being on the planet. In the Libyan Desert he turns against the unsuspecting Attis, and the seven-day battle ends with both exhausting all their essence, to lie helpless in the desert sands. Thinking their god-kings are dead, a cult (later known as the Rosicrucians) builds a large secret tomb and enshrines the two.

The Angelos take full advantage of the world's Ka loss and wage a religious war against all the "false gods." Some stand their ground, but most are killed or go into hiding, taking different names to quietly shape the course of human history. Others fight for their own causes or continue to play God in remote parts of the world. For a time it seems the Angelos have won, as no one has the power to stop them.

420 BC

A plague strikes Athens, killing tens of thousands, the product of cross-species viral infection caused by a human and Chimeran breeding program started by a renegade Atlantean sorcerer.

3 BC-29 AD

Jesus of Bethlehem is born. During his lifetime he manifests many Ka-like abilities, but reads as a normal human. Thoth and other Elohim cannot discern his true nature and he dies an enigma. Throughout his life the Angelos support his teachings and provide support and protection during his journeys.

361

The Library of Alexandria is destroyed.

542-594

The Chimeran plague flares up again at Constantinople and spreads across Europe, killing millions. It appears again in Europe killing tens of millions from 1347-1350.

1452

Elohim and Chimerans begin to reinsert themselves into positions of power. Thoth moves to Italy and takes the name Leonardo Da Vinci, greatly influencing modern thinking. Shortly thereafter, a Chimeran kills and assumes the role of a Wallachian ruler. As Vlad Tepes his rule is terrible and bloody.

1590

A Chimeran named Croatoan terrorizes a small American colony until the few survivors are rescued by a group of Atlantean wanderers.

1905

The man who will be known as Prime is born in northern Greece.

1908

The command section of the Chimeran frigate is finally spat from a wormhole over Tunguska, Siberia. Inside, the Russians discover three beings in stasis pods. They open one and a confused Chimeran walks out and takes human form. "Adam" soon manifests many different super-human abilities and powers, and becomes a symbol used by Lenin and Stalin. Given the name the Red Hammer, he plays a large role in the Russian purge. During the Second World War he is a symbol of hope and a tool of defense for Russia.

1918

The Immortal-implanted gene, sensing the Chimeran arrival, activates. Many humans manifest powers, while others who cannot take the strain die. The public believes the symptoms to be a virulent strain of influenza. The plague sweeps around the world.

October 1918 turns out to be the deadliest month in America's history as 195,000 fall victim to the "influenza." The group known as Black October takes their name from this terrible month. Before the activation is over, five million people die worldwide, many from "spontaneous human combustion."

1919

Congress approves a special \$1 million fund to enable the U.S. Public health service to recruit physicians and nurses to deal with the growing epidemic. The government quickly realizes what is going on, isolating the cause of the plague to a "Black Gene." As super beings begin popping up at an

alarming rate, a special branch of the government is created to find out why. United States Eugenics Research or U.S.E.R. is founded in 1920 to look into the growing super-human phenomena.

1939

Germany invades Poland.

1941

The German army captures a Russian installation in Kiev. Finding two stasis pods, the Nazis take them back to a German research facility in the town of Colditz. Breaching another pod, they discover another Chimeran, who emerges and morphs into the form of the German idolized dream: tall, blonde haired, and blue-eyed. The Germans soon realize this being has powers beyond the scope of mortal men and train him to use his powers for the German War Machine, giving him the code-name Aryan Superior. The Germans set out to graft Aryan Superior's DNA onto a human host after efforts to mate the Chimeran with women of good breeding stock fail, usually with the woman's death. The American U.S.E.R. program kicks into high gear after U.S. spies catch wind of the German Superman and their program to breed more. All the Black Gene manifestations are being whisked away by some unknown group, and the few super beings they do have control over are no match for Aryan Superior.

1944

During fighting in North Africa, a U.S. tank division happens upon a secret network of underground tombs. Thinking the Germans might be using them as a secret refueling station; the U.S. troops quickly secure the catacombs. Inside they find two bodies in perfect condition, both apparently alive. U.S.E.R. has both men shipped back to the States for testing, but the boat never makes it to America. Attis and Typhon awake and began their battle anew. During the battle, collateral damage sinks the ship and Typhon escapes. Attis rescues the survivors and flies off for parts unknown.

1945

The Allied army approaches Berlin from all sides. During the fighting, Aryan Superior and the Red Hammer meet for the first time. Aryan Superior is victorious, but barely—five square miles of Berlin are destroyed as the body of the Red Hammer is broken. Aryan Superior escapes with several high-ranking officers to Argentina. The Americans capture the facility at Colditz and the last of the Chimeran stasis pods is shipped off to America. A few months later, American Eagle emerges.

1947

The troop-carrier pods of the Chimeran frigate emerge from the wormhole and crash-land in Roswell, New Mexico. A wealthy industrialist named Malcolm Rhand finds the alien craft and strips the ship of all 100 stasis pods and much of the technology. The U.S. Government arrives much latter to find the alien craft gutted. What remains of the alien technology is taken to be researched.

1950

American Eagle disappears.

1951

The super team known as The Sentinels is formed. The terrorist group Black October is blamed for the destruction of an oil tanker in the Suez Canal.

1961

A giant Chimeran attacks the city of Tokyo. Two thousand die and another five thousand are injured before a combined Japanese and American defense force drives the creature back into the sea.

1971

Black October steals a mothballed aircraft carrier, later to become their mobile strike base, called *The Dark Horse*.

1975

Hyperion makes his first appearance when he stops an avalanche in the Swiss Alps, saving thousands of tourists in the process.

1979

Typhon discovers a dimension that has enormous amounts of "wild" Ka. He and his followers travel there using the nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island as the power catalyst. A group of Elohim led by Attis attempts to stop him, and all involved are sucked in and trapped, beginning the "Mystic 'Nam." The accident is covered up by U.S.E.R.

1980

A three-man Sentinel team rescues American hostages in Iran. During the escape, the Sentinels destroy an entire Iranian fighter squadron attempting to cut off their retreat.

1983

Sentinels clash with Black October in downtown New York. Of the 10 Sentinels involved 4 manage to walk away with minor injuries, 2 are crippled, and 4 are killed. The four-man Black October team escapes with one casualty.

1986

Survivors of the Mystic 'Nam return home through a portal inside a reactor at Chernobyl.

1989

Sentinels: The Motion Picture breaks box office records.

1990

Attis and Typhon clash again in Houston, Texas. Typhon destroys Attis, and the collateral damage kills over 100 people.

1992

USA1 (U.S. Android #1), the first in a series, goes online, becoming the first sentient android created by Karlas Johnson for The Sentinels.

1996

Hyperion forms a super team called The Guardians to combat the villainous Djinn X.

1998

The Sentinels locate and sink *The Dark Horse* in the South China Sea. One hundred Black October members die during the assault. Prime suspects Elohim involvement.

2000

Djinn X attacks Los Angeles in what they call Y2Kill. The super team "The Brothers" stops them.

2005

Luna 1 and Hecate space station go online on the moon.

2007

Habitat modules and orbital refueling stations are launched to Mars for man's eventual visit scheduled for 2010.

2008

The Sentinels and Black October clash over an ancient cache of Orichalcum in the Yucatan. The battle lasts for 2 days, with both sides retrieving small amounts of the ore.

2010

Humanity manages to colonize space on a small scale. The United Nation has two space stations in long-range orbit above the Earth—the *Elysia* and *Nirvana*. The stations are used as research labs and manufacturing plants, housing over 500 technicians and other personnel, but are not self-sufficient, with relief shuttles arriving every week. They are highly productive, creating everything from microchips to vaccines. The assumption of most of the U.N. members is that these stations will create product to help mankind.

Traffic in Earth orbit is very heavy, with shuttles and space planes taking passengers from one destination on Earth to another. America and Russia have jointly set foot on Mars, leaving behind robots to explore and send telemetry back to Earth.

Orbital telescopes detect a large object in deep space on an intercept trajectory with Earth. Preparing for its arrival in two years, U.S.E.R. assumes it is the Chimerans and increases their production of the A.E.G.I.S. serum.

The GODSEND Agenda setting assumes that players will begin play in or around the year 2010. The following timeline is given as a guide to events that may unfold during the first six months of 2011, allowing you to use these events as background or adventure threads for your own campaign.

January

Jan 1st, 2011

An electromagnetic pulse blacks out the city of San Diego for six hours. Local scientific authorities blame the disaster on a time and spatial distortion in the downtown area.

Jan. 2nd, 2011

The U.N. forms a super-human security force called The Titans, composed of super humans from around the world. Teams are used for many purposes, though usually for peacekeeping in war-torn countries and relief efforts in disaster-ridden nations.

Jan. 3rd, 2011

U.S.E.R. begins work on Living Metal, a battle suit composed of nanite robots that react to the operator's mental commands. The suit is designed by Karlas Johnson and the USER A.I. called Homer, a personality construct created as an amalgam of the intellects of Karlas Johnson and William Stovall.

Jan. 5th, 2011

Muslim terrorists hijack an Indonesian plane bound for India. The plane makes it to Pakistani air space before an Indian super group known as the Vedic intercepts it. Pakistan is outraged at the Indian super-human incursion into their

airspace and demands that the prisoners be handed over to Pakistani courts for trial. The ten terrorists are held in India awaiting trial while the government refuses to allow any extradition to Pakistan.

Jan. 6th, 2011

Covert Chinese super humans clash with an Angelos scout team in Taiwan over Elohim technology found there. The technology in question is a cache of Angelos' weaponry hidden in a large cave.

Jan. 15th, 2011

Large groups of misanthropic super humans (mostly Chimerans) migrate to an island off the western coast of Mexico when the President of the small island republic announces that it will be a haven for super beings. An ancient Chimeran elite named Dagon runs the island in the guise of the island's president. Tourism on the island skyrockets as people from all over comes to see the island's natural beauty and the gods made flesh that walk the island paths healing and providing wisdom.

Jan. 29th, 2011

Muslim extremists in India botch an attempt to free their jailed cohorts. Most are captured and jailed. Two of the Muslim prisoners die mysteriously from minor accidents while awaiting trial.

February

Feb. 4th, 2011

A United States super-human prison in Antarctica is made public when several inmates escape and take amnesty in Palau.

Feb. 6th, 2011

The Kashmir peace talks break down after five years of constructive dialogue because of the Muslim prison deaths. Pakistani and Indian military start a build-up in the Kashmir area and along the borders.

Feb. 16th, 2011

Senator David Thrush of Idaho proposes a bill calling for mandatory registration of all masked vigilantes operating on U.S. soil. This type of law has already passed in countries such as Germany, Egypt, China, and many Arab nations.

Feb. 17th, 2011

Augustus Nemo, claiming to be the descendant of the mysterious 19th-century criminal Captain Nemo, makes his presence known when he buys a small computer company. By the middle of the year the company will have a huge share of the microprocessor market. Atlantis Microsystems will move its headquarters to a small sovereign island 50 miles south of India where Nemo rules as king. His company quickly becomes a world leader rivaling Rhand Technologies in the fields of micronised mechanics, computer, and nanite technology.

Feb. 23rd, 2011

India's prime minister is assassinated by a Muslim super human calling herself the Hand of Fatima. The Muslim nations have never heard of this being and none condone her actions. Pakistan in particular distances themselves from her acts. Fatima escapes capture and flees towards the Pakistani border. The Indian national super team known as the Vedic pursues. The Pakistani open fire on the Vedic as they cross the border after Fatima. Forty Pakistani soldiers are injured, three jet planes, and two tanks are destroyed defending their border. The Vedic return to India with two members dead and no Fatima.

Feb 28th, 2011

The U.S. ambassador Arty Santos tours Pakistan and India trying to smooth the strained relations between the two countries.

March

March 1st, 2011

A super human team known as the Shadow Cabinet are all found dead in the courtyard of Saint Anthony's garden, behind the Saint Louis Cathedral in the French quarter. Their bodies are arranged in an occult fashion.

March 4th, 2011

Aryan Superior takes over the nation of Argentina in a coup.

March 5th, 2011

Drilling in the North Sea awakens a huge serpent laying on the sea floor. The creature rears up and towers over 200 meters over the oil platform, spitting caustic poison venom and killing 43 crewmembers on the deck. The creature quickly submerges and vanishes into the sea. Hours later, Sentinels arrive to investigate but find nothing.

March 6th, 2011

A small nuclear explosion rocks the troubled Kashmir region, neither India nor Pakistan claiming any responsibility. A being calling himself The Avatar appears, claiming to be the reincarnated aspect of Shiva the Creator. Announcing on Indian television that he is the sworn protector of India and its people, he proclaims that any more attacks on India or his people will be dealt with in the harshest manner.

March 8th, 2011

Limited skirmishes pepper the India/Pakistan border. Arty Santos, the U.S. Ambassador, disappears in India.

March 14th, 2011

The U.N. pressures India and Pakistan to end the conflict. The Sentinels send a team to search for the U.S. ambassador.

March 16th, 2011

Nuclear delivery systems are stationed on the borders between India and Pakistan. Afghanistan gives support to Pakistan and builds up a military presence on the northern border, ready to help invade the Kashmir region.

March 17th, 2011

The Pakistani and Indian prime ministers plan a meeting. Augustus Nemo provides the use of his small island nation as a neutral location. The Titans provide security along with the Chinese super team called The Krinn.

March 18th, 2011

The Hand of Fatima and a small band of super-powered and high-tech extremists attack Nemo's island. Both prime ministers are marked for death, according to one extremist called the Hammer of Allah, but both are protected and delivered to their countries by the Titans and the Krinn.

April

April 4th, 2011

The battle of Seattle. The Brothers take on a being known as Epoch (a time-traveling villain who claims to be from the future). Epoch unleashes a wave of mutants onto the city. With the help of other super humans, the crisis is stopped.

April 19th, 2011

The Titans clash with Black October in Barcelona, Spain. The battle soon becomes a three-way skirmish when the creatures Black October were following turn and attack both groups. The Titans and Black October dispatch the menace and the entire Black October team is taken into custody.

April 22nd, 2011

China moves warships into the China Sea near Taiwan. Pressure from the Chinese government to reunite Taiwan with the mainland disrupts trade in the region. Taiwan responds by buying military technology from the United States.

May

May 10th, 2011

Covert Chinese super-human activity is made public in Northern Korea when they clash with mysterious super humans over control of a cave complex.

May 13th, 2011

The space station *Nirvana* starts on plans to expand the habitat facilities by 2012. With the help of Atlantis Microsystems' nanite technology, the station should be done by the end of the year.

June

June 4th, 2011

The United Nations begins work on a mass driver for the mining colonies on the moon.

June 19th, 2011

Bolivian drug lords shoot it out in schoolyard of a church. Two angels appear and incinerate all ten members of the gang.

Welcome to the World of the GODSEND Agenda

Welcome to Earth, 2010. Many things are familiar: there's a McDonald's in virtually every American town, the Middle East is fighting, the familiar wars of the past that we all know have been fought.

But this isn't the Earth you know.

World War II was fought in part by costumed super heroes (and villains). There was an influenza plague in 1918 that was not a case of the flu. And even before then, there were people walking the earth with super powers. Instead of being relegated to comic books and tall tales, these people were real. Some were not human. Many proclaimed themselves to be gods.

Were they? The hint, of course, lies in the title—What is the GODSEND Agenda? The answer is complicated, and involves alien invasions, secret conspiracies, and power almost beyond human imagining. There's something very sinister going on—beyond the "gods" of tales, there are aliens that are distinctly not human, some here and some on their way to Earth. Only a handful of people know the truth about what's coming, and the rest of the world may not believe them until it's too late. Maybe that can be changed.

The power of the gods is mankind's for the taking, if they survive. As mankind matures, their past will come back to haunt them, and they in turn will have to confront a very dangerous future. Your character will be pivotal in this: you are a hero, one of those gifted with the power to feel the heartbeat of the universe, the eternal Ka, and able to learn the secrets of the ancients.

Hopefully, you'll survive the ordeal.

The World of the GODSEND Agenda

The standard year setting for **GODSEND Agenda** is 2010, two years before a Chimeran invasion and the apocalyptic battle between the warring Elohim. Five different factions connected by the use of the energy called Ka race to save the Earth from one another. Each sees the world colored by their past, and each is motivated by what they consider an ideal future.

This section includes the running story of the campaign world, and the five groups that have shaped the modern world. Your job as the Game Master is to pull all the factions together and tell a story that is rich in background, dynamic in approach, and expansive in scope.

NO! A METAPLOT! Why didn't you tell me about this???

Heads up! There's a plot to this world. That doesn't mean you have to stick with it. Plans exist for more books detailing the changes that will come over the GODSEND universe over the next two years, but that doesn't mean that this written history is the gospel of your game.

Especially if you're running a pre-modern campaign, you're not expected to follow the metaplot perfectly... or even at all, for that matter. It's very likely that your players will read this Game Master section that players are not supposed to read (hint) and know what's supposed to happen. So throw them that "curve ball" and do something else instead. Maybe the Chimerans will invade in 2020, instead. Maybe they'll never show up, and it will be a war between the Angelos and the Elohim instead. That's up to you, the Game Master. It's your game.

A "Mini-History" of the Universe

The GODSEND Universe, while on the surface appearing much like the Earth of the real world, has a history rich in differences. It is greatly affected by an alien race, very similar to humans, who learned to tap into the powerful ultimate force of the universe. This race is known as the Elohim, and their power—a birthright of humanity as well as Elohim—is known as Ka.

The following is a "high-speed history" of this universe, mainly highlighting the differences between GODSEND Agenda and the real world. Happenings in the Elohim calendar are recorded as "AE," or After EI, which is used for earlier dates referred to in this "mini-history." Occurrences on Earth are recorded as BC or AD, according to the standard archaic method of recording human history.

The Elohim History

Approximately -5 AE, a group of scientists on the distant world of Araboth discovered a method for manipulating Ka. One of the scientists, named EI, managed to acquire this power for himself. He then spent the next five years taking over Araboth, declaring himself Emperor, and resetting the calendar to his name.

With the powers of Ka at his disposal, EI easily expanded his Elohim Empire across the galaxy. Though he was nearly omnipotent, he was not omnipresent, and EI needed assistance. He soon organized an elite class of nobles, the Seraphim, who were taught the basics of Ka. The lower castes were forbidden from obtaining this training; it was an offense punishable by imprisonment or death. With their help, thousands of worlds, both inhabited and not, fell to them. It took the Elohim Empire more than a thousand years to conquer a quarter of the galaxy, but by AE 1250 EI was utterly immortal and had power absolute in his territory.

However, within a few thousand years the Elohim Empire's conquests had stretched their resources thin. Even with such awesome power as Ka, the Seraphim needed a new method of conquest, or they wouldn't be able to hold what they had. Having observed thousands of primitive worlds, they seized upon a new idea—the GODSEND Agenda. The Agenda dictated that a handful of Seraphim were sent to a primitive world; there, they used their Ka powers to set themselves up as "gods," dictating their will to the people, manipulating them into perfect servitors for the Elohim Empire. The Agenda was successful beyond anyone's dreams; it freed nearly ninety percent of the Empire's resources, allowing an age of prosperity and power. EI pronounced himself a god to his many worlds, and engineered a new warrior caste known as the Angelos to help him enforce his rule.

Around this time, a Seraph named Attis was born. A prodigy of the manipulation of Ka, a man powerful enough to nearly rival EI, he quickly rose up in the ranks of the Seraphim. No less than fifty years after his birth, the Elohim encountered another race capable of manipulating Ka—the Chimerans. This powerful, alien race of shapeshifting beings was bent upon control of the galaxy. The two empires clashed immediately, but the Elohim quickly lost ground—

whereas only the most powerful Elohim could use Ka, most Chimerans could wield it with ease. The Elohim rapidly lost territory.

However, in AE 3085, Attis discovered a way to neutralize the natural flow of the Ka energy. Leading a small force of ships, Attis found the Chimeran homeworld and activated his device. The Chimerans, connected by a hive mind, depended on Ka for communication, and without it, they were helpless. They quickly sued for peace and turned back from the Elohim Empire. Attis was brought home a hero, and given the title of "Light-Bringer" by the great EI himself.

Attis, however, was not content to just be a hero. In 3097, he turned toward his fellow citizens and began speaking in favor of all citizens learning to use Ka. EI quickly censured him, and the younger Elohim took his followers into hiding. The "god" of the Empire, however, was intimidated by the amount of charisma and sway Attis had over the citizens, and rather than openly attacking Attis, sent an assassin after him. The assassination failed, and Attis used the assault as a rallying cry to openly oppose EI. Within two years, the Empire had broken down, as colony worlds fought against their servitor status. The Angelos were sent to savagely quell any disturbances, but Attis and his rebels did their best to stop them, causing a full-scale, empire-wide civil war.

The entire situation took a turn for the dire when in 3102, taking advantage of the social upheaval spreading through the Elohim Empire, the Chimeran Hegemony attacked outlying civilian outposts. EI found himself in a terrible predicament fighting wars on two fronts, one of the fronts being his own territory. By AE 3107, the Chimerans had cut deep into the Elohim Empire. EI's resources were stretched beyond even his considerable power, and he was forced to call a truce with the rebels. He promised amnesty in exchange for help fighting the Chimeran menace. The tide once again turned on the Hegemony as the Ka-using rebels joined Imperial forces. Eight years later, the Chimerans were pushed back beyond their original borders, and EI decided not to press on any further. He instead turned to his native problems.

In a cunning act of treachery, he reneged on his pact to give the rebels amnesty, and imprisoned them all aboard a ship with Chimeran prisoners, to be sent to a penal colony, called Sheol, in a vast, Ka-inert void between the galactic arms. While en route, the prison ship was attacked by a renegade Chimeran frigate and boarded. During a bloody melee combat inside the ship, the Angelos captain became desperate and fired the ship's singularity drive in hopes of escaping. The ensuing tear in space drew both ships inside to parts unknown. (At this point, the "time line" breaks down—the ships were thrown through space, and possibly time, ending up on Earth.)

Welcome to Earth

By the modern Earth calendar, it was in approximately 4,000 BC that the Elohim prison ship crashed off the coast of what would become Florida. The Chimeran frigate, which was also drawn through the warp, was nowhere to be seen. The entire area was badly disrupted by the broken, unstable singularity drive of the ship (the disruption remains to the current day—it is known as the Bermuda Triangle). The Angelos scavenged what they could from the ship, and began searching for their Elohim and Chimeran prisoners, who had escaped their captors and spread across the globe.

Although cut off from their full hive mind, these Chimerans were cunning and ruthless, clever enough to go into hiding while acclimating themselves to their new existence. They would continue to war with the Elohim throughout human history, never quite forgetting their past. Legends of demons and the like grew up around them—the Celtic called them the Fomor, in India they were the Asura, and in Japan they were Oni.

The Elohim ex-prisoners fled to the Nile Valley, and gathered around Attis and his lieutenants for guidance. Attis suggested that they could start fresh on this world—he wanted to nurture the world's inhabitants, and once they were evolved enough, he wanted to teach them to use Ka. The Elohim would use EI's GODSEND Agenda as a tool for teaching the primitives and guiding them along the way. Attis told them to spread out over the Earth and live as benevolent gods. It did not work out as he had planned.

The Elohim and Chimerans were not alone with humans on their newfound world. By 3550 BC they discovered a group of humans far surpassing the normal primitives of the world. Spread across the globe amongst a dozen or so scattered islands lived a very highly evolved race of humans ruled by 13 immortal sorcerers. These Atlanteans had a prophecy that some day a race of demons—the Horde—would arrive to enslave the races of Earth and destroy all the Atlanteans held dear. Having observed Attis and his people, the Atlanteans decided that these aliens were those of legend, and marshaled their forces to eradicate the Elohim. The war raged for a year before one of Attis' followers, Thoth, was sent to speak to the immortals. He told them that the Elohim were not here to destroy Earth, but to protect it and see it grow.

Fortunately, the Atlanteans believed him, and the war was settled. The two groups allied to protect and guide the Earth. But the Atlanteans believed, very certainly, that a threat was still out there on its way to Earth. They took it upon themselves to build their own race of Ka-using beings, soldiers who would fight the coming menace, by seeding humanity with a gene, (later to be known as the Black October Gene), that would activate when what they called the "Horde" arrived. It would take thousands of years to confirm that the Chimerans were this great threat, and that some were already on Earth, plotting.

The Elohim moved on with their plans for advancing all humanity, not just their Atlantean allies. Across the world, steps were being made (particularly in China and Egypt) to advance human knowledge. The brilliant Thoth took in the Egyptian young as students—one of his most famous students was Imhotep, who advanced the Egyptian understanding of engineering and mathematics, and built the first Egyptian pyramid.

The Angelos, however, were still around and working to recapture their prisoners. By 2247 BC, they had built a vast communications array in the land of Shinar (modern Iraq), designed to send out a distress call to the Elohim Empire, in the hopes that reinforcements would be sent. Attis and one of his followers, Typhon, learned what was occurring and dispatched a few fellow "gods"—Anu, Baphomet, and Shiva—to destroy the tower. A five-day siege ended with the tower's destruction, later to be recorded in history as the fall of the Tower of Babel. The Angelos retreated and went into hiding, and the escaped Elohim believed there was no one left to threaten them.

Making the Ancient World

By 1628 BC, the new "gods" of Earth had been about their business managing the people of their respective lands for some time, and things had been going well. Too well. The Elohim became decadent, and began to fight each other. Typhon, one of Attis' trusted followers, conspired with some of the less enlightened "gods" to seek retribution against the Atlanteans for the war they waged over two millennia ago. He, with the help of ten other "gods," sank the Empire's islands. Within a few hours, nothing was left. Along with some of the 13 Immortals, a good many members of the Atlanteans' lower castes escaped the cataclysm. Some of these survivors set out alone, but many followed the Immortals to distant lands to hide, starting small communities, helping the primitive cultures that surrounded them. The Atlanteans had many names among the primitives they encountered: those in Europe were called Sidhe, while in Greece they were Titans. In China in particular, the Atlanteans had heavy influence—at least some of the ten great legendary rulers were Atlanteans.

The height of arrogance amid the Elohim "gods" came when two factions began a brutal war, wiping out a city and a culture—the legendary Trojan War. This war, from approximately 1219 to 1209 BC, brought to the fore the situation of vanity and greed amid the "gods" that had so beneficently begun. Attis realized that it was time to stop this situation; humans were progressing well enough that "gods" were no longer strictly necessary. He saw clearly what was happening to his people, and it pained him when he realized that they were not helping this planet, but hurting it. Attis discussed his options with his trusted companions, Thoth and Typhon. All agreed the flow of Ka to this world would be cut, just as they had cut the flow to the Chimeran home world, years before.

Attis cut the power, and slowly around the world the "gods" lost the use of most of their Ka-given abilities—a few even died at the sudden loss of their

powers. But Typhon had an ulterior motive; he planned to help Attis turn the power off for everyone but himself, therefore making him the most powerful being on the planet. And so, in the Libyan Desert, Typhon turned against an unsuspecting Attis. For seven days the two fought, neither giving any ground, and the battle ended with both men exhausting all their remaining essence, to lay helpless in the desert sands. Their followers, a cult that would one day be called the Rosicrucians, thought their "God-Kings" were dead, and built a secret tomb where they enshrined them until they could someday rise again.

Earlier, around 1950 BC, the Angelos came up with a new twist on the GODSEND Agenda and decided to create a monotheistic religion based on their devotion to El. Working through a human agent named Abram, this belief spread throughout the Middle East—with some strange repercussions later. Now, the Angelos took full advantage of the world's Ka loss and waged a religious war against all the "false gods." Some Elohim stood their ground and fought back, but most were killed or went into hiding. Some fought for their own causes or continued to play god in their remote parts of the world, while other "gods" and Atlantean Immortals, mere shadows of their former selves, took different names, choosing to more quietly shape the course of human history. For a time it seemed the Angelos had won, for no one had the power to stop their use of the GODSEND Agenda—the Angelos were dependent on technology, not Ka.

From Ancient Times to the Medieval World

The Angelos' manipulations subtly turned against them, however. From approximately 3 BC to 29 AD, Jesus of Bethlehem—a man who seemed to be divinely born—lived, died, and was apparently resurrected. During his lifetime he manifested many Ka-like abilities, but all Powers read him as a normal human. Thoth and other Elohim could never discern his true nature, and he died an enigma to all of the aliens. Throughout his life and afterwards, the Angelos supported his teachings and provided protection during his journeys with little explanation as to why.

Plague also rocked the ancient world. In 420 BC, one such plague struck the city of Athens, killing tens of thousands, the cause thought to be a cross-species viral infection stemming from a human-Chimeran breeding program, possibly started by a renegade Atlantean sorcerer. From 542 to 592 AD, the Chimeran "plague" again flared up, killing thousands across the Middle East, many in Constantinople. This plague would appear again in another eight hundred years as the infamous "Black Plague" that wiped out a third of Europe.

However, for the most part the Dark Ages and Middle Ages were remarkably quiet—here and there, a number of the various aliens cropped up to interfere, but it was a rare occurrence. For example, in 1452, the Elohim once known as Thoth took the name of Leonardo Da Vinci, attempting (and succeeding) at furthering human thinking. Just a few years later, a Chimeran killed a Wallachian lord and assumed his position—the infamous Vlad Tepes was terrible and bloody, even as he was successful at saving "his" country from the Turks. And in 1590, a Chimeran named Croatoan terrorized a small American colony, just a few survivors being rescued by a group of Atlantean wanderers before disappearing, never to be seen again.

Revolution and the World Wars

The relative peace ended in 1908, when the command section of the Chimeran frigate was spat from a wormhole somewhere over Tunguska, Siberia. The Russians, who were loosely controlling Siberia at the time, didn't know what to make of it. Inside the ship, they found three beings in stasis pods—Chimeran Elites who had not yet been released to adapt. (See the section on the Chimerans for more details about their unusual natures.) Taking the pods back to their base, they manage to open one and a confused Chimeran walked out and took human form. "Adam," as they would call him, soon manifested many different super-human abilities and powers and, during the Russian Revolution, the Soviets acquired him. The "Red Hammer" soon became a symbol used by Lenin and Stalin, playing a large role in the Russian purge, and later, during the Second World War, when he became a tool of defense for Mother Russia.

Although up until this point super powers were rare, the world utterly changed in 1918. The Atlantean-created implanted gene sensed the Chimeran "Horde" arrival on Earth (triggered by elements from the frigate dissipating through the atmosphere), and activated. Many humans manifested Powers, while others who could not take the strain died. The "plague" swept around the world, the public at large believing the symptoms to be a virulent strain of influenza. October 1918 turned out to be the deadliest month in America's history, as 195,000 fell victim to the "influenza." Black October would later take their name from this terrible month, their origin in history. Before the initial activation was over, five million people died worldwide, with more thousands of "flu survivors" dying in mysterious cases of spontaneous human combustion as they went straight into the phase of "Shining"—their bodies releasing long-stored Ka destructively.

The next year, Congress approved a special \$1 million fund to enable the U.S. Public health service to recruit physicians and nurses to deal with the growing epidemic. The United States government, already quietly aided by some super humans, quickly realized what was going on. They isolated the cause to a hereditary "disorder" that became known as the "Black October Gene" many years later. Shortly thereafter, in 1920, a special branch of the government United States Eugenics Research, or U.S.E.R. was founded to look into the growing super-human phenomena.

In 1942, three years into the Second World War, the German army captured a Russian scientific installation in the occupied city of Kiev—and found the remaining stasis pods from the Chimeran ship. The Nazis took the pods back to a German research facility in the small town of Colditz and studied them for many months. When the scientists finally opened a pod, a Chimeran Elite emerged and adapted to fit the Nazi ideal, as taken from the impressions of those around it—tall, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, "perfect." The Germans soon realized that this being had powers beyond the scope of mortal men, and trained the Chimeran to use his powers for the German war machine. He was given the code-name "Aryan Superior." Instead of opening the last stasis pod (why mess with perfection?), the Germans set out to graft Aryan Superior's DNA onto a human host, after efforts to mate Aryan Superior with women of good breeding stock failed, usually with the woman's death during the gestation period.

The American U.S.E.R. program kicked into high gear after U.S. spies caught wind of Aryan Superior's existence and the Nazi program to breed more. However, in a devastating blow to their efforts, all the Black Gene manifestations were whisked away by an unknown group, and the few super beings the government did have control over were no match for Aryan Superior.

Soon thereafter, during fighting in North Africa, a U.S. tank division happened upon a secret network of underground tombs. Thinking the Germans might be using them as a secret refueling station, the U.S. troops quickly secured the catacombs. Inside the tombs, they found two bodies in perfect condition, both apparently alive. U.S.E.R., thinking this could be the answer to their prayers, had both men shipped back to the States for testing, but the boat carrying the two Elohim never made it to America—Attis and Typhon awoke and began their battle anew. During the battle, collateral damage sank the ship and Typhon escaped, leaving Attis to rescue the survivors before flying off for parts unknown.

By 1945, the war in Europe was essentially over—the Allied army approached Berlin from all sides, and Hitler knew he had lost. During the fighting, Aryan Superior and the Red Hammer met for the first time. Aryan Superior was victorious, but just barely. Five square miles of Berlin was destroyed during the battle and the body of the Red Hammer was never found. Seeing what was happening to his country, Aryan Superior escaped with several high-ranking officers to Argentina as Americans captured the facility at Colditz, shipping the last of the stasis pods off to America. A few months later, the last Chimeran Elite would emerge—the super hero known as American Eagle.

Other Nations

Outside of the U.S. Government, most other nations are seemingly unaware of what is going on (if they have any involvement, it has not yet been made clear). The two major nations that would have the most interest, China and Russia, have other problems at the moment. China undoubtedly has many people with some ability, and a great deal of people with the Black Gene (activated or otherwise). However, this latter group of people is regularly rounded up by Black October. Russia has too many economic problems, still recovering from various economic and social problems, to really care. In many cases, Russian super heroes move to America or Europe to make money off of their power and fame.

Modern Disasters

The famous Roswell, New Mexico incident is significantly different in the world of the **GODSEND Agenda**. Chimeran troop carrier pods from the missing frigate emerged from the long-thought-lost wormhole and crash land. A wealthy industrialist named Malcolm Rhand (see the sidebar) found the alien craft and stripped the ship of all one hundred stasis pods and much of the technology. The U.S. Government arrived much later to find the alien craft gutted, taking what little remained to be researched.

Only a few short years after this strange disaster, the American Eagle disappeared without a trace. In response, U.S.E.R. quietly founded a team called "The Sentinels," keeping their connection hidden. Their timing was good—within a few months of the formation of the new team, the Black October group struck, sinking an oil tanker in the Suez Canal for unknown reasons. Soon thereafter, a mothballed aircraft carrier project, sitting in a New Jersey naval yard, was stolen. The U.S.E.R. later traced the theft to Black October. The carrier would later reappear as the organization's mobile strike base, *The Dark Horse*.

One of the ironically hushed and often-parodied incidents of super-human power occurred in 1961 when a gigantic Chimeran, which adapted under bizarre circumstances, attacked the city of Tokyo. The apparent "giant lizard" killed two thousand people and injured another five thousand, before combined Japanese and American defense forces drove the creature back into the sea. The bizarre creature appeared a few more times, to the delight of moviemakers and the chagrin of Tokyo city planners.

Such a trend of the super-powered turning rich and famous in the public eye became increasingly common. As more strange events continued to happen, and research was done into the past, more and more heroes came out and at least took on a public façade to make money and help humanity. Super heroes were practically commonplace by 1975, when Hyperion made his first appearance, stopping an avalanche in the Swiss Alps and saving thousands of tourists in the process. In 1996, Hyperion would follow the trend and turn his strength towards a group, founding the super team called the Guardians to combat his foes, known only as Djinn X. The Guardians and groups like theirs spread across the world to help mankind stave off disasters, both natural and unnatural.

One of the largest man-made disasters of the 20th century was more than man-made—it was Elohim-made. In 1979, Typhon discovered an alternate dimension that had enormous amounts of "wild" Ka, and used the nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island as the power catalyst to teleport his followers and himself to it. A group led by Attis attempted to stop him. In the ensuing battle, all involved were sucked into and trapped in the "Wild" space dimension, the true nature of the reactor accident quickly covered up by U.S.E.R. This was the beginning of the "Mystic 'Nam," named after the more mundane, but equally disastrous, Vietnam War. It took seven years for those involved to return to Earth—through the critical nuclear accident at Chernobyl. Realizing the repercussions of nuclear power, many scrambled to decrease its usage across the world, but for many Elohim, the use of nuclear havoc to obtain Ka was seen

as the answer to increasing their long-weakened powers. Many realized that this would also strengthen any Chimerans, so most remained hesitant to act. But after four years of recovery, Attis and Typhon again clashed in Houston. Ultimately, Typhon "destroyed" Attis, and the collateral damage killed over a hundred people. Attis' followers desperately scattered. It would take years for them to recover.

In the midst of these tragedies, the Sentinels made great strides for powered humans, further encouraging others out there. In one incident, a three-man team rescued Americans held hostage in Iran. During the escape, the Sentinels destroyed an entire Iranian fighter squadron attempting to cut off their retreat. Things came to a head for the Sentinels in 1983 when they clashed with Black October in downtown New York. Of the 10 Sentinels involved, only 4 managed to walk away with minor injuries: two were crippled, and another four were killed, while the four-man Black October team escaped with only one casualty. Though the incident didn't ruin the Sentinels' reputations, U.S.E.R. began rethinking their training and tactics, but not before the Sentinels' movie, released in '89, broke box office records.

The Sentinels were also bolstered by the addition of Karlas Johnson's creation, USA1 (United States Android #1), the first in a series of sentient A.I. androids. Following upon their technological success, and assisted from outside (mainly from the Angelos), U.S.E.R. actively hunted Black October. Finally, in 1998, the Sentinels located and sank *The Dark Horse* carrier in the South China Sea. A hundred Black October members died during the assault; Black October's current leader, Prime, suspected Elohim involvement.

Sickening puns were cut loose with the new millennium, as Djinn X attacked Los Angeles in what they called the Y2Kill. However, rather than Hyperion's Guardians, a new super team nicknamed "The Brothers" stopped the villains, closing out a millennium of massive disasters on a positive light.

As the new millennium dawned, Earth finally reached and held onto space, with the help of some superior-to-real-world technology and super powers. The stations *Luna 1* and *Hecate* went online on the moon in 2005, and within two years habitat modules and orbital refueling stations were launched to Mars for man's eventual visit. Grand plans were made for orbital stations to help the moon colonies. With the U.S.E.R.'s greatly increased knowledge, they latched onto the space program, and were able to observe closely the machinations going on below, firmly entrenched in the system by 2008. They managed to send the Sentinels to intercept Black October, the groups clashing over an ancient Atlantean cache of ore (Orichalcum) in the Yucatan jungle. The battle lasted for two days, ending with both sides retrieving small amounts of the ore.

Thankfully, none of the major secret groups of GODSEND chose that moment to strike; they were quietly waiting for the real enemies to appear on the scene.

The Coming of the Horde...

By 2010, humanity has managed to colonize space on a small scale. Traffic in Earth orbit is very heavy, with shuttles taking passengers from one destination on Earth to another. The Mars program succeeds early. America and Russia jointly setting foot on Mars and leaving behind robots to explore and send telemetry information back to Earth-bound scientists, who are eagerly planning trips further into space. The United Nations has two space stations orbiting in long-range orbit above the Earth: Elysia and Nirvana. Though not completely self-sufficient, with relief shuttles arriving every week or so, it's a grand leap. The stations are used as research labs and manufacturing plants, housing over 500 technicians and other support personnel. They're also highly productive, creating everything from microchips to vaccines.

All of this is interrupted when orbital telescopes detect a large object in deep space, on an unmistakable direct course for Earth. It is estimated to arrive in two years. U.S.E.R. (along with others) assumes it is the Chimerans, and increases their production of the A.E.G.I.S. serum, which can give some people Powers. And Black October begins a frantic scramble for the end, hoping that others do not sabotage their efforts.

Malcolm Rhand

Malcolm Rhand is a millionaire industrialist, at least according to the false records and birth certificates that leave a paper trail as far back as 1900. In reality he is the thirteenth immortal Magus of Atlantis. He knew the Horde would eventually come, so he set out to find exactly where they would land on Earth. Through intricate, arcane magics, he discerned the invasion force would arrive after a smaller force had crashed on the planet years before. He located the crash site Roswell, New Mexico and waited. After the crash, Rhand took the stasis pods back to a secret facility in Nevada, where he studied the technology and the Chimerans in stasis, patenting some of the technology and earning billions of dollars. Rhand Technologies became the world leader in the computer and aerospace industries.

After almost twenty years of study, Rhand finally opened one of the stasis pods. By now he fully understood the malleability of the Chimerans and knew he could adapt them to anything he wished. With the first of the Chimeran troops, he created an assassin that he named Hydra. Rhand used Hydra for several assignments to track down the other immortals sorcerers and kill them. Rhand planned to be the only immortal magus left and he would control both a Chimeran army and the Immortals army of Black October. What Rhand didn't count on was that Hydra would evolve a conscience. She rebelled against Rhand and escaped from his organization. With Hydra gone rogue, Rhand created a better assassin with the next Chimeran pod, named Violet. Today he slowly works toward his terrible goal, knowing that the full Chimeran invasion is very soon.

The Major Players: GODSEND's Secret Factions

The following is information on the major groups that have affected the GODSEND world and made it significantly different from the real, mundane Earth. Some are ancient, hidden, and subdued in the modern age, but still powerful, such as the Angelos and Elohim, who have been warring for ages. The Black October group, on the other hand, is a recent phenomenon—though it is descended from the meddling of the ancient Atlanteans. Finally, there's the U.S.E.R., a branch of the United States government that's getting directly involved in super-powered affairs. They're young, new, and powerful, and only just learning what's going on. Along with each of these major groups, there are notes in the sidebars, discussing minor groups and story ideas.

Law Enforcement.

The world's police forces have had to gear up to deal with super-powered menaces that threaten the safety of the planet. Almost every modern police force in the world has a special unit that deals exclusively with super-human threats.

Most active members are culled from elite police forces such as antiterrorism squads or SWAT teams and are trained to be the very best. The most successful law enforcement agencies are trained in the United States by local law enforcement and private businesses that have sprung up in the last thirty years to handle such problems. Highly rigorous physical and technical training puts these elite forces on parity with U.S.E.R. field agents.

Most law enforcement organizations use some sort of motorized power armor, and gyro-jet or laser pistols, usually manufactured by either Rhand Technologies or Lemurian Microsystems. To detain these threats, law enforcement agencies use several types of power inhibitors and cerebral-anesthetizing devices.

A list of the weapons used in the apprehension of super humans can be found in the U.S.E.R. section on page 180. Most of these devices are meant to be non-lethal and are primarily used to subdue criminals. The weapons are high-powered and very rare. Most team members will only be equipped with gyro-jet rifles or some sort of low-yield energy weapon.

Are All Humans with Super Powers Black October, Children of the Gods, Etc.?

No. In fact, a good number of characters might not have any of these groups as the origin of their powers. At many times throughout history, humans have manifested powers. Some called them witches, others were known as heroes of legend. Those in the know theorize the reason there are so many super beings now is because they all have some aspect of the Black Gene, and with the coming of the Chimerans, a "recessive" Black Gene is the catalyst. There is no exact answer.

However, there are clues. Attis found latent Ka abilities in many humans, not just the Atlanteans (who are, in reality, merely a branch of humans who were already an advanced, Ka-using civilization when the Elohim and Chimerans crashed on Earth). Some humans might just be naturally blessed by evolution, and thus able to use Ka energy without the Immortals Black Gene. These people suffer no ill effects of long-term Ka usage, like members of Black October (they don't die at 30, for instance). The remaining Atlantean Sorcerers theorize that humanity, like the Atlanteans, has evolved to a point where they can manipulate Ka energy on their own. It just took longer.

As far as super-powered humans being members of organizations, a number of smaller ones also exist outside of those covered in this book. These smaller groups are becoming more common and more powerful as the world progresses. Some of them—that is, potential player characters teams—have great aptitude to change the world.

The Media

Super humans have taken full advantage of the media's attention, with many having incredibly lucrative movie, TV, music, and book deals.

The Silver Screen

Hollywood, on the other hand, has taken full advantage of having super-human stars in their action movies. Celebrities like Richard "The Rush" Inferno and Angela "Widow Maker" Dominguez have earned huge fortunes making blockbuster movies and fighting crime part time (but only when the paparazzi are around). TV shows like *Inside Hero* and *Titans* exist solely to exploit the celebrity of public super men, much like their counterparts *Entertainment Tonight* and *Extra*. Some others with minor Ka abilities become daredevils and stunt men, making full use of their super-human strength or invulnerability, or get involved in televised fighting. Ultimate Brawling Championships are fought regularly in Thailand, but these blood matches are outlawed in the United States and Europe. Most other organized sports have made it illegal for owners to use super humans in sporting competition where "normals" are involved, but some sneak through the cracks....

Print Media

The most popular newspaper, *The Weekly World Oracle*, details the adventures of super teams around the globe. Published in Florida and printed in over 100 different languages, it has a circulation of millions worldwide, but it carries a secret—the Oracle is actually run by an Atlantean named Claus, and is used to clandestinely provide information to other Atlanteans around the world. Hidden within each edition is a coded message that only Atlanteans know to look for.

Sadly the comic industry has not been able to take full advantage of their popularity. Most children would much rather read about their favorite hero's exploits in the pages of *People* or *Time* magazine. Comics mostly fall into the genres of pulp fiction and sword and sorcery, and the occasional pirate book (ala Alan Moore's *Watchmen*, published by DC comics).

Music

Music exploded in the 1990s with super-powered rockers like DjinnX, D.O.G. (Daughters of God), and Molly Millions taking center stage over less-glam heavy (but more artistically inclined) groups such as Sonic Youth, Nirvana, and Skunk Anasie. The craze died about a decade later when audiences wanted more than just flashy glam-rock shows laden with over-the-top theatrics and poor musicianship. The music industry (although still in love with super humans) let most of the "power groups" as they were called fall by the way side. Only a few group survived the "great purge" of the 90s and still rock into the new millennium; these bands include Fallout (a German industrial group), Monkey Kill Man (a neo-reggae punk group), Molly Millions (a cross between Tori Amos and Sid Vicious), and The Grip (hip hop rapper/movie star).

OTHER DIMENSIONS

Although the Game Master is welcome to create dimensions as desired, **GODSEND Agenda** operates with the understanding that several exist as a matter of course. Dimensional travel in **GODSEND Agenda** is no simple feat, requiring a traveler spend Ka to traverse the thresholds of space and time. Also, the destination dimension determines the power check DC of the ability being used to travel. *Note:* The DC of traveling to one's one dimension benefits from a -5 modifier. Furthermore, the Ka cost of such a journey is halved.

Near Earth Dimensions—The Inner Worlds

Base Ka Expenditure: 5

Power Check DC: 10

These realms are filled with an infinite number of alternate or mirror universes. In some Hitler won World War II or the Roman Empire never fell. Earth also falls into this category.

Near Earth Dimensions—The Outer Worlds

Base Ka Expenditure: 6

Power Check DC: 13

These realms are peopled by strange or wonderful beings normally associated with science fiction or fantasy—what we would call fairies or elves, or even demons. Some realms are populated by highly advanced races with impressive stellar empires that span multiple galaxies. These realms usually have either a very high or very low technological level. The Atlantean enemies called the Nibiru are from one of these dimensions.

Warp Space

Base Ka Expenditure: 5

Power Check DC: 10

This is a realm where time and space stretch and contract, flowing like rivers. If one knows how to properly navigate a "river" they can go anywhere, at anytime. Elohim starships use this dimension to travel.

Mental Domains—The Astral Plane

Base Ka Expenditure: 10

Power Check DC: 15

This plane is a realm of non-corporeal will. Characters traveling here have no physical body, but may travel close to the Earth realm and may behave as if they have the astral travel power. The deep astral plane is populated by beings of pure intellect that have no need for a physical body. These beings very rarely interact with beings from the corporeal realms, feeling they are coarse and not as refined.

Mental Domains—The Realm of the Dead

Base Ka Expenditure: 15

Power Check DC: 25

It is not known why but beings that recently die spend time in this realm of intellect and consciousness before passing beyond the veil. Some of the inhabitants of this realm refuse to believe that they are dead, and travel close to the Earth dimension to try and complete unfinished tasks. Some beings with incredibly strong wills have even returned from this realm back to the land of the living.

Mental Domains—Dream realm

Base Ka Expenditure: 10 (none if asleep)

Power Check DC: 25 (none if asleep)

This is the only realm that every living being in our dimension has access to. This dominion is the realm of probability and fantasy accessed through the subconscious mind. Through our imagination and the wild use of Ka many beings are brought to life here only to die when we awake.

The Final Frontier

The United States government in the GODSEND Agenda has several small stations orbiting the planet, all named after U.S. presidents. The purposes of these stations are two-fold: to protect U.S. interests with an array of orbital weaponry and detection devices, and to watch for extraterrestrial menaces. U.S.E.R. has made a point of stationing at least one of their super humans on each station. They know that an alien menace exists and that it is only a matter of time before it arrives. In fact, they have already lost one of their stations to some unknown threat.

The station *Andrew Jackson* was online for only several hours before it suddenly suffered a full-scale decompression. All hands abandoned ship and as the last crewmember left, the station disappeared. The United States told the public that the station was lost because of a collision with space debris. The Angelos' base of operation was moved to an Earth orbit after stealing this space station, orchestrated with the help of deep-cover agents working on the station. After the station was secured, a cloaking device was installed, making the space station seemingly disappear.

Spiritual Realms—Wild Space

Base Ka Expenditure: 15

Power Check DC: 30

This is a realm of pure Ka where anything can happen. All Ka and Ka-related powers are enhanced tenfold! The longer one stays here the longer they wish to stay—soon the character begins to believe that the realm is their home realm. To leave the realm the character must make an Easy willpower roll. For each day that the character stays she adds +5 to the roll. If the roll is failed, she may make another roll in days equal to her willpower die code.

Spiritual Realms—The Realm of Blight

Base Ka Expenditure: 15

Power Check DC: 35

This realm is a desolate and black place filled with nothing but a feeling of utter contempt and loathing. This realm completely lacks any sort of Ka energy, and characters can regenerate no Ka energy. Only nine extremely dangerous and ruthless beings inhabit this realm and each is a prisoner trapped there by some ancient being for some forgotten transgression. From time to time these beings have made pacts with beings from the Earth dimension to travel abroad in return for performing some task.

Spiritual Realms—The Realm of Pure Being

Base Ka Expenditure: 20

Power Check DC: 40

This realm consists of every aspect that makes up a spiritual soul. Nothing exists here as a true individual, but rather as an amalgam of one supreme whole. In this dimension the soul and the universal Ka are one. Every living thing in every dimension is connected. Since all things living now or in anytime can trace some sort of connection—direct or otherwise—it is speculated that anyone can learn anything if they travel here and spend time enveloped by the universal psyche of existence.

The Realms Beyond—The Maelstrom

Base Ka Expenditure: Random roll of 1d20

Power Check DC: Random roll of 4d20

This dimension personifies pure entropy. Always in flux, this realm is constantly moving in every direction, folding in and collapsing and always consuming. Nothing exists here for very long in its original form. Time and space mean nothing here and anything is possible in this realm....

The Realms Beyond—The Veil

Base Ka Expenditure: Unknown

Power Check DC: Unknown

No one has ever traveled to this realm and come back to tell of it.

A Note On Characters Listed In This Book

listed NPC PLs represent point costs rather than calculated NPC PLs so as not to artificially skew certain types of characters with the impression of being less challenging because their strengths and weaknesses are not accurately represented by the NPC PL formula. We feel it is best for the Game Masters to look at the point cost and distributions of the characters herein and decide for themselves what the player characters are capable of combating.”

ANGELUS



One of the view screens lit up in Mih Kal's monitoring room. The man on the other side of the screen glanced into the camera. He was wearing the amusing garb of the humans, a coat and tie over a dingy, once-white shirt. The ridiculous hat capped his head and reminded Mih Kal of an indigenous fungus called the mushroom. Mih Kal found it much to his amusement on this planet, but he thought that perhaps he would have to introduce some sense of fashion to these cretins one day. After all, His Divine Radiance's image should not be tarnished by having such barbaric-appearing subjects as these!

Sound quality from the concealed microphone suffered due to the planet's atmosphere, but Mih Kal could easily understand his operative through the static. "Sir, may His Divine Radiance illuminate you.

"The operative known locally as John Henry has succeeded in infiltrating the human settlement, and his skills have proven a great boon for our cause. As you will remember from my previous reports, John Henry has become one of the forerunners in the manipulation of Ka and its resultant affects upon our physiology. He was much gratified to learn that his work has been introduced to further empower our efforts."

A crowd of humans was gathered around a large, dark-skinned man. Just looking at him Mih Kal could not believe the humans were so easily deceived. John Henry stood at least four inches taller than any other person in the assemblage, and the width of his hips easily rivaled that of any other man's shoulders. Just three centuries ago such a man would have been hunted as an aberration—such a man, Goliath, came to Mih Kal's mind.

Now humans looked to him as a prime example of what they could be. Try as they might, humans could not seem to escape being foolish.

"Today, Henry is striking another blow for the greatness of The Emperor of Light. As per our standing orders, we have all been diligent in retarding human technological expansion. John Henry today, is attempting the boldest public stroke taken to date."

Panning across the landscape, the camera traced a trail of formed iron sitting upon a bed of rock and timber. "The humans are developing a transportation system called a railroad. Our engineers have already devised a way to direct humans away from certain power sources, but they were able to develop a steam-driven engine. We think the heretic Attis or one of his followers introduced this technology centuries ago. Now humans are using steam to power large engines designed to pull heavy loads across the land. The engines run upon rails, and are not efficient at climbing steep slopes." The camera ceased motion and focused on a line of tracks that stopped at a sheer cliff face. "As such, tunnels are being bored through mountains to allow the train's passage. John Henry has already helped in dissuading the humans against mechanizing the construction of the track. He has been able to display that he is more efficient than machinery, and therefore, human labor is almost exclusively used in laying track."

The view slid across the face of the cliff for several feet until it revealed another set of tracks, this one with a large machine set upon it. The machine had an intricate series of gears attached to a conical device mounted on the front. A man was shoveling load after load of coal into a furnace within the machine. Smoke poured from the top as steam leaked slowly from a port alongside the drive wheels. Mih Kal was struck by the size and complexity of the creation; he would definitely need to insert personnel into this new government. Perhaps, he thought, he could slow down technological and social advancement, not by force and cunning, but through bureaucracy. It would be something to think upon.

Mih Kal was snapped from his reverie as the voice returned. "Today Henry intends to do the same with the tunnel-boring machines. He has boasted that he will be able to bore deeper into the rock face than machinery will. Of course he will be using Ka to assist in this action, something the humans will not be able to accomplish if his ploy succeeds."

Again the camera's perspective changed, focusing again on John Henry. He kissed a human female, then removed his shirt. As he walked to the cliff, he stooped to retrieve a large miner's pick. Panning back, the camera displayed a man taking position between Henry's track and the track with the boring machine.

Henry and the driver of the boring machine looked to the new man. He checked to make sure each was in place, then pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and raised it above his head. When the cloth dropped, a deafening noise blasts from the speakers. The machine lurched forward, chipping a large gouge in the wall. Henry swung his mighty pick, scoring the wall himself.

Moments passed as the machine churned forward and John's pick stripped the rock. Mih Kal toggled a switch and the image on the screen changed. A light haze cloaked the picture. Slowly, the area around John Henry began to transform. Through his filter Mih Kal watched as Henry began to draw in Ka from his surroundings. The haze became denser, the strikes hit harder.

Within minutes, the machine had moved noticeably forward, but Henry was close behind. The image of Henry was completely obscured through the monitor as Ka flowed to him and was shaped to his will. Rock chipped, broke, and pulverized under the blow of the pick and Ka. Henry swung hard, then harder until each swing gained him a step. The machine roared within its wall. Soon each was fully within their respective tunnels. The noise from one became indistinguishable from the other.

Minutes passed as the engine groaned and Ka raged. A climatic explosion rocked the ground and steam poured from the machine's tunnel. Men ran from the tunnel as flame erupted close on their heels. And still Ka surged.

The humans cheered as John Henry was declared the victor. And still Ka surged.

Henry stumbled out of his tunnel.

And still Ka surged.

Henry fell to the ground.

Ka surged.

Henry's girlfriend held him and kissed him.

Ka surged and winked out, taking with it Henry's life.

Mih Kal turned his monitor off and stroked his chin. Impressive, that. That should help arrest this human need for technology. When I am reunited with the Emperor, I will list Henry as a martyr; but in the meantime we should investigate limiting Ka for the less talented.

HEAVENLY ORIGINS

As El began to consider expanding his empire, he became aware of a minor, but growing flaw in his plans—dissent from within, even as he looked outward. While he could foresee most threats from outside the Empire and move to quell them, he was not always able to pierce the veil of a Ka-using mind such as his own. This was particularly true among those skilled in Ka usage, such as the Seraphim, and they were a growing danger as his empire spread, as those skilled in the use of Ka moved further beyond his immediate influence.

To feel secure from within and without, El determined that what was needed were soldiers, police, and bodyguards that he could count on, absolutely, without the need to monitor their behavior on a moment-to-moment basis. He first searched among his own people, but found them wanting. He then turned to the other planets in his small, but growing empire, but discovered that he did not truly know them well enough to trust them, or they him. Thus, not able to find the right individuals within his empire, he decided to make them from scratch.

Starting with raw genetic material from among the lower, non-Ka using members of his society, El created a race of warrior-beings he dubbed the Angelos, quickly cloning them until he had tens of millions of soldiers. Unable to master the use of Ka, nearly invulnerable when working together, and nigh on immortal within their battle armor, they proved to be the perfect loyal military force, whether policing within the Empire or defending its borders.

As Elohim were dispatched among nearby systems to convert other cultures with the GODSEND Agenda, it was the more numerous Angelos (at least one Host of 5,000 Angelos per system) who provided the transportation, protection, and other support functions for their “superiors.” At the same time, they also acted under a far less widely known agenda, secretly moving to quash any budding technology on these new planets to keep them more primitive and thus easily controlled.

Among these new planets, the Angelos were seen as magical, unstoppable beings, assistants to the Elohim “gods” and proof of their divinity. System by system, El’s empire grew, with each seeing he as their one true god. However, within the Arabothi system, home of the El Empire, the Angelos were increasingly seen as unwelcome brutes, unfeeling and absolute enforcers of El’s law. Their protection was seen by those on other planets as oppression, millions forced to leave their homes, being relocated to other systems or “protection camps” during the process of assimilation. With the help of his Angelos, El had indeed become nearly omniscient and omnipresent, able to see all that transpired, and affect control and change almost instantly.

Certainly, the Elohim felt a sense of safety and security, wreathed within a protective aura of Angelos. But as the years passed and no tangible threat emerged, dissent grew and the general opinion was that El’s Angelos were little more than a means to spy on and control his own people. The Angelos perceived this rise in dissent, and reported it to El as it was observed, but they were unable to understand it. For them, El was truly their god and creator. Without him, they would not exist. They owed their lives to him, and thus there was nothing to give back but their own lives, through total allegiance and obedience. The thought of rebellion was a foreign concept.

It would not be for long.

A Star Is Born

In the years during the Empire’s greatest expansion, a Seraph named Attis was born. Even at a young age, he quickly surpassed his classmates in the use of Ka, and by the time he had reached adulthood, whispered rumors had begun to circulate among the masses that only El himself was greater. El was well aware of these rumors, but he was distracted by an unforeseen assault on the Empire’s distant borders—the Angelos had encountered the Ka-using Chimerans and war had erupted. Well-prepared for battle, but unable to counter the use of Ka themselves, the Angelos were gradually forced to retreat. Worlds fell daily to the Chimeran menace.

Choosing to kill two birds with one stone, El chose to put his most powerful

Ka-using citizens to the task of countering the Chimeran threat. Not only did he hope that they would find a solution, but it kept his most dangerous citizens occupied, far from home and surrounded by the “protection” of several Hosts of Angelos. Years of research ensued, and many millions died as the Chimeran threat crept closer to the Elohim home world, but ultimately Attis was able to discover a way to neutralize the flow of Ka energy within the Chimeran home system.

A daring strike deep into enemy territory ensued, with Attis commandeering a small force of Angelos battle ships to accomplish the task. The mission was successful, and as the defeated Chimerans sued for peace Attis welcomed the praise of the Elohim people, hailed as a hero and dubbed “Light-Bringer” by El himself. Several Hosts of Angelos were nominally assigned to his command, but Attis himself knew that this was just a means to keep him under control and constant observation. After all, if Attis could dampen the Chimeran’s Ka, he could do the same to El and the Elohim.

As the years passed, Attis grew more dissatisfied with his situation, and began to openly defy El in public speeches, preaching the right of all Elohim to learn the use of Ka. As suspected, his Angelos “protectors” quickly worked to quell his opinions, at first surreptitiously, and then openly and obviously. Attis had had enough. He gathered his most loyal followers and absconded with an Angelos ship, sabotaging the other ships to avoid being followed. Infuriated, El deemed this an act of open rebellion and sent one of his Angelos to assassinate Attis. The assassination failed, and, dodging Angelos pursuit, Attis began to incite open rebellion across the Empire.

As full-scale civil war erupted, El assigned more of his Angelos to defeating Attis and his rebels, pulling them from distant outposts. None dared question him, even though their leaders understood that this would give the Chimerans an obvious opening to renew their attack. They took it; soon El and his Angelos were fighting a war on two fronts—from within and without. Having only one choice, El called a truce with Attis and the rebels, and promised amnesty and equanimity in return for their service in fighting off the Chimeran menace. Choosing to hope, rather than to accept a lifetime of dodging Angelos assassins, Attis agreed, and soon he and his rebels had helped the Angelos defeat the Chimeran army once more.

But El had no intention of living up to his promise, and rather than welcome the Elohim as victors once again, they were surrounded and overwhelmed by Angelos troops. Herded onto a prison ship, two entire Hosts of Angelos were assigned to guard them as they headed for Sheol, a Ka-less void where they would be helplessly imprisoned for the rest of their existence.

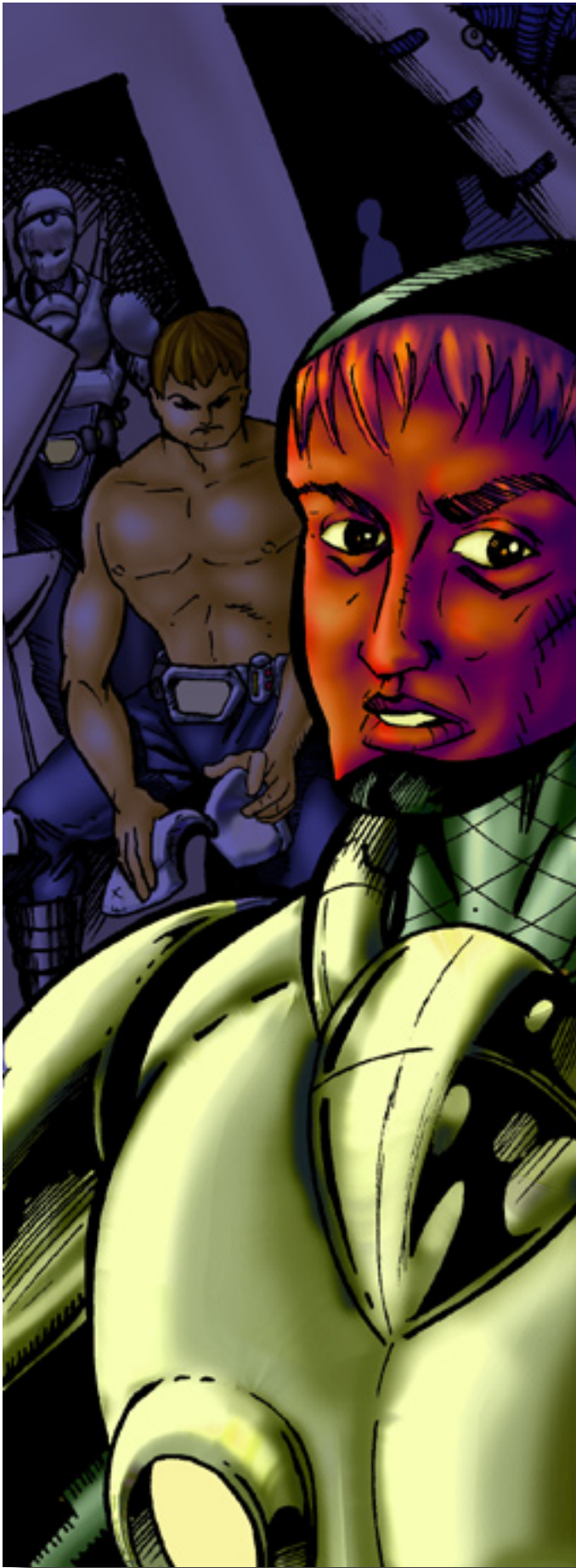
En route, a Chimeran frigate attacked the ship. Though the Angelos fought valiantly, they were soon boarded, and without the assistance of their Ka-using Elohim prisoners, they could not survive the battle. Their chief pilot knew that his prisoners must not escape, and the Chimerans must not capture Angelos technology. He thus determined that there was only one course of action, and fired the ship’s singularity drive even though the ship was currently docked to the Chimeran frigate.

In the chaos that ensued, nearly a third of the Angelos assigned to the ship perished, burned, and vaporized instantly as the ship; Attis and all aboard fell through space and time, to crash on Earth.

The Fallen Host

The Angelos never questioned what they should do while trapped on Earth. From the very moment they regained consciousness, they began an immediate pursuit of their escaped prisoners. For many centuries, they found the task nearly overwhelming, but they continued to do what they could. And then they had a breakthrough.

Approximately 4000 years ago, the Angelos decided to use the GODSEND Agenda to help accomplish their mission, injecting a thread of monotheistic belief into Middle Eastern culture to help counter the growing Elohim menace. Somewhat to their surprise, and with the assistance of several unexpected events (such as the dampening of Ka energy by the rogue Elohim Attis), this



belief system spread and gradually overwhelmed the polytheistic threads that had previously dominated the globe. In so doing, the Angelos themselves became the Angels of legend and were particularly fond, in Biblical times, of making appearances to believers, pronouncing miraculous births and, on occasion, destroying entire armies in broad daylight. In recent years they have made efforts to cloak themselves from view more thoroughly, lest they themselves become objects of worship.

That all changed in 1975, when their leader Mih Kal chose to contact the U.S.E.R. through his envoy Gab Riel. The reason for this contact was twofold: first, to notify the humans of the coming Chimeran threat to give them adequate time to prepare for it, and secondly to engage in the trade of technology, which the Angelos desperately needed to bolster their own diminishing resources. Better access to increasingly complex technology has also allowed the Angelos to move out of their ancient base beneath Mount Ararat in Iran, and onto the stolen U.S. space station *Andrew Jackson*, giving them an increasing edge on their "competition." Knowledge of their existence, and of the truth surrounding the GODSEND Agenda, has primarily been limited to those working in a military capacity. Even among the higher levels of the government it is hardly common knowledge; the President himself has never been made privy to the total truth, in part because his job is for, at most, eight years (whereas those in the upper echelons of the military are often in for life).

Mih Kal has also used the alliance as an opportunity to plant agents within the U.S. Government, as a means of better keeping tabs on all those the Angelos have to deal with, friend and foe alike. These agents, at Mih Kal's urging, have been able to subtly shift American policy over the years as befits their own cause, manipulating legislation involving the Middle East (birthplace of monotheism), helping to direct strikes against rogue Elohim targets, and gradually moving the government as a whole towards a more pro-monotheistic stance. This is an important task for the Angelos in the modern era, where, surrounded by a vast array of religions and beliefs, they have come to realize that the monotheistic system they set up thousands of years ago to advance the cause of El has eroded and fragmented. They have done everything in their power to attempt to hold together some semblance of a unified religion, as a centralized power base gives them much more ability to guide and shape policy to their own advantage. This is to say nothing of the fact that to the Angelos, El is, indeed, their Lord and Creator, and they much prefer to see the humans believing in their version of events as opposed to the Elohim version.

The Angelos have also revealed themselves to some degree to members of the Roman Catholic Church, portraying themselves as what they are—Angels in service of the one true Creator. Exactly whether or not the Church itself is aware of the truth behind the GODSEND Agenda, and if so, how they perceive that truth, is unknown. Also unknown is whether or not rumors are true that among the upper ranks of the organization (including several Cardinals) are either Angelos or Nephilim, inserted to help shape policy and gain Church support for actions against Elohim and Chimerans, seen by the religious as demonic entities and other minions of Satan worthy of destruction.

The resources and manpower available to the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the vast amount of real estate they own around the world, means that the Angelos thus have access to money, land, and people beyond that which is available through the relatively slow process of slogging through U.S.E.R. red tape.

The Angelos also maintain contacts with religious leaders in the Jewish and Islamic communities around the world, although they are somewhat dismayed at the degree of infighting amongst factions, particularly in the Middle East. They have worked through other governments to attempt to broker peace but have avoided getting directly involved in the conflict, particularly since the area is also a hotbed of Elohim activity, which is higher on their agenda. Though militant themselves, the Angelos as a whole tend to frown on the more radical wings of Jewish, Christian, and Muslim peoples, much preferring that the humans leave the fighting to them.

Today, the Angelos still hold out hope for a rescue, despite no answer to their repeated calls for assistance. Their unshakable faith in El has given them no reason to fear. They are confident that one day El will send reinforcements, and give them a directive on what exactly to do with humanity as a whole.

Those Who Would Be Angels

Philosophy:

The Angelos are unwavering servants of El, their Lord and Creator, loyal to a fault and willing to die, if necessary, to complete their mission. Raised in tanks and trained from birth to be loyal warriors, they have known nothing except performing military duties in service to El. Generally, this has meant spreading his word and destroying his enemies; more recently, it has meant capturing rogue Elohim and hunting down Chimerans. Though free-thinking and capable of cunning, independent action when necessary, Angelos have no real concept of betrayal or deceit. They feel that the actions of the rogue Elohim were traitorous and worthy of divine justice, which they are still prepared to mete out. To this end, they ceaselessly hunt down their escaped prisoners. Furthermore, the Angelos still see the Chimeran horde as an enemy to be wiped out utterly, and they will set aside all other missions to accomplish this task whenever possible. In the absence of any further directive from El himself over the past six thousand years, the Angelos have simply continued to perform the same tasks, without question.

Appearance:

True clones would appear completely identical to one another, but Angelos are not. While they come from the same genetic stock, they each contain minor variances, which means that, while nearly identical in physical capacity, they differ in physical appearance. They are on average taller than humans, with skin color ranging from solid black to pure white and eyes varying in shade from coppery to purplish. Angelos generally wear suits of powered armor when on missions (which is most of the time), and are fond of wielding swords and other archaic weapons. Behind their heads, a halo of excess Ka is bled off and vented, a fiery nimbus which grows or diminishes based on the activity level of the Angelos, ranging from a gentle wavering "heat mirage" to a veritable ring of fire. When enraged, such venting can spread out and waft behind the Angelos as they fly or charge into battle, drifting out behind them in nearly invisible fire-tinged wings. Angelos technology is constructed to make use of this vented Ka, so when an Angelos appears in full gear most of this fiery discharge may be invisible to the naked eye.

Personality:

The Angelos have never truly experienced the concept of free will, although they understand that most humans they exist among believe in it. They have always been loyal followers of El, their creator, knowing nothing but police action, military campaign, and the occasional "grey ops" mission, all performed with unswerving and unquestioning allegiance. Angelos are almost always "on the job," striving to accomplish the threefold task that was set before them thousands of years ago: to recapture their escaped Elohim prisoners and deliver them to justice, to destroy any Chimerans they encounter, and to spread the word of El's glory among the lesser races through awe, manipulation, and any other means necessary. However, when they have the time, they enter into recreation with the same fiery devotion that they approach all tasks with, whether they are painting a picture, writing an epic poem, or playing a sport of choice.

Although Angelos are dedicated to the service of El, they do occasionally take "time off." Indeed, spending one day in seven on hiatus is one of the commandments handed down to them by El, who realized that even loyal, cloned servants needed to take a break to rest and recuperate. Some Angelos choose to follow the "one day in seven" stricture literally, spending one day every week on their own. Others take stretches of time to themselves, spending weeks or months on vacation from their duties.

Names:

Almost all Angelos derive their names by choosing an Arabothi phrase and tacking on 'El', in honor of their creator, although many also adopt more "human" names for use in interacting with their lessers. Their names are always unique, and so no Angelos would dare use the name of an archon (see below). Example Names: *Adoan'el, Adri'el, Ara'el, Araqa'el, Barachi'el, Cama'el, Jophi'el, Raqua'el, Razi'el, Salathe'el*.

Arcs:

Most Angelos are Dark Avengers or Warrior Arcs.

Racial Traits

Angelos are low-powered compared to Elohim, but still stand out among the humans. They are physically built much better than any human, and could easily pass for an Olympian. Coupled with the amazing technologically advanced gear at their disposal, the Angelos are unbelievable foes.

Adjusted Average Abilities: 12 Constitution, 12 Dexterity. Angelos are engineered to be powerful and agile.

Skills: Each will tend to improve certain skills over others depending upon which Wing they belong to. The character should have at least 8 ranks in the skills of his Wing, although it is not absolutely necessary.

First Wing, Communications and Human Interaction—Bluff, Diplomacy

Second Wing, Technician and Medical Specialist—Craft (any except artistic), Knowledge (technology), Medicine

Third Wing, Tracking and Threat Removal Specialist—Stealth, Survival

Fourth Wing, Pilot and Tactical Specialist—Craft (mechanical), Knowledge (technology), Pilot

Fifth Wing, Infantry Specialist—Concentration, Intimidate

Sixth Wing, Three-Dimensional Combat Specialist—Acrobatics

Seventh Wing, Law Enforcement Specialist—Intimidate, Investigate

Feats: *Connected:* the Diplomacy check made for this feat is 5 lower than normal when dealing with other Angelos *.

Ambidexterity *

Endurance *

Equipment 8 (see Angelos Standard Gear and Technology) *

Powers: *Super-Senses* 1 (Danger Sense; *Power Feats:* Innate) *

Speed 1 (*Power Feats:* Innate) *

Angelos cannot have any powers above 5 ranks, except for Device and those constructed as part of a Device, or any power with the technology descriptor (or the like). Angelos are known for their state of the art technology. They do, however, gain 6 PP to spend on the device's traits per rank instead of the usual 5.

Complications: *Enemy* *: Angelos usually take Chimerans as their enemy and try and kill them on sight.

Honor *: Angelic Commandments (see page 49).

Responsibility *: Angelos have a deep dedication to their God King El and the work he has them do. No Angelos has ever forgotten his duty.

Drawbacks: *Ka Bleeder* (moderate) *.

Ka Reduced (major) *: Angelos are genetically engineered to have no Ka ability.

* This trait is not optional and **must** be purchased as a part of this race. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

Angelos Standard Gear and Technology

The Angelos have some of the most advanced technology in the galaxy, far better than even the remaining Elohim on Earth. This is primarily because they salvaged what remained of their craft, while their former prisoners were busy running away. Accordingly, they will have far better weapons and equipment than what is normally available.

All Angelos begin play with a standard combat kit. This equipment has been kept in tip-top condition since the Angelos landed on Earth thousands of years ago.

- Angelos Body Armor
- Angelos Combat Rifle or Torch Saber

Angelos Soldier (PL 8)

This rank-and-file Angelos is a hardened (and somewhat psychotic) follower of EI, his Lord and Creator. His mission is to hunt down escaped Elohim, kill any Chimerans encountered, and to continue to monitor human activity and prepare for rescue. All other concerns are but an afterthought.

Arc: Warrior or Dark Avenger (don't forget to add Arc bonuses once selected)

Angelos

Str 20, **Dex** 15, **Con** 20, **Int** 14, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14 (4 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics, 4 (+6), Computers 8 (+10), Concentration 4 (+5), Craft (chemical) 8 (+10), Craft (electronic) 8 (+10), Diplomacy 8 (+10), Drive 8 (+10), Intimidate 8 (+10), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+10), Knowledge (theology and philosophy) 8 (+10), Notice 8 (+9), Pilot 8 (+11), Stealth 8 (+10), Survival 8 (+9), plus 8 ranks in each Wing skill

Feats: All-out Attack, Ambidexterity, Attack Focus (melee), Connected, Endurance, Equipment 11, Improved Disarm, Inspire, Quick Draw, Throwing Mastery, Track

Powers: Speed 1, Super-Senses 1 (Danger Sense)

Equipment: Angelos Body Armor, Angelos Combat Rifle, and Torch Saber

Complications: Enemy (Chimerans), Honor (Angelic Commandments), Responsibility (devotion to EI)

Drawbacks: Ka Bleeder (moderate), Ka Reduced (major)

Combat: Attack +6 (+7 melee), Damage +5 (+6 combat rifle, +6 thrown weapon, +4 torch saber), Defense +4 *, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +5 * (+12 in armor; +15 max depending on PL), Fortitude +8, Reflex +8, Will +8

Abilities 36 + Skills 26 (104 ranks) + Feats 21 + Powers 2 + Combat 20 + Saves 16 – Drawbacks 10 = 111

* 4 points of maximum defense bonus have been traded-off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum.



Angelos Command Officer (PL 9)

Chosen for his skill, leadership qualities, and creative thinking, this officer is a little less straightforward in his thinking than most Angelos, although he still works to accomplish the same primary goals.

Arc: Protector

Angelos

Str 20, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 16 (4 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics, 4 (+7), Computers 8 (+10), Concentration 4 (+5), Craft (chemical) 8 (+10), Craft (electronic) 8 (+10), Diplomacy 8 (+11), Drive 8 (+11), Intimidate 8 (+11), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+10), Knowledge (theology and philosophy) 8 (+10), Notice 8 (+9), Pilot 8 (+11), Stealth 8 (+11), Survival 8 (+9), plus 8 ranks in each Wing skill

Feats: All-out Attack, Ambidexterity, Attack Focus (melee), Benefit (Rank), Connected, Endurance, Equipment 13, Improved Disarm, Inspire 2, Quick Draw, Throwing Mastery 2, Track

Powers: Speed 1, Super-Senses 1 (Danger Sense)

Equipment: Angelos Command Body Armor, Angelos Combat Rifle, and Torch Saber

Complications: Enemy (Chimerans), Honor (Angelic Commandments), Responsibility (devotion to EI)

Drawbacks: Ka Bleeder (moderate), Ka Reduced (major)

Combat: Attack +7 (+8 melee), Damage +5 (+6 combat rifle, +7 thrown weapon, +4 torch saber), Defense +4 *, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +6 * (+14 in armor; +16 max depending on PL), Fortitude +8, Reflex +9, Will +10

Abilities 40 + Skills 26 (104 ranks) + Feats 26 + Powers 2 + Combat 22 + Saves 18 - Drawbacks 10 = 124

* 5 points of maximum defense bonus have been traded-off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum.



Sarai'el (PL 12)

Arc: Icon

Angelos Archon

Str 20, **Dex** 19, **Con** 20, **Int** 14,
Wis 17, **Cha** 20 (5 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics, 4 (+8), Computers 8 (+10), Concentration 6 (+9), Craft (chemical) 12 (+14), Craft (electronic) 12 (+14), Diplomacy 8 (+12), Drive 8 (+12), Intimidate 12 (+16), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+10), Knowledge (theology and philosophy) 8 (+10), Notice 14 (+17), Pilot 12 (+15), Stealth 14 (+18), Survival 14 (+17), plus 12 ranks in each Wing skill

Feats: All-out Attack, Ambidexterity, Attack Focus (melee) 4, Benefit (Famous Status), Benefit (Rank) 3, Connected 3, Endurance, Equipment 30, Improved Disarm, Inspire 4, Quick Draw, Throwing Mastery 2, Track

Powers: *Speed 1, Super-Senses 1* (Danger Sense)

Equipment: Angelos Command Body Armor, Angelos Combat Rifle, Torch Saber, Angelos Gauntlet, Distortion Belt, assorted Arcanum Rings

Complications: Enemy (Chimerans), Honor (Angelic Commandments), Responsibility (devotion to EI)

Drawbacks: Ka Bleeder (moderate), Ka Reduced (major), Quirk (Anger Loner; moderate)

Combat: Attack +8 (+12 melee), Damage +5 (+6 combat rifle, +7 thrown weapon, +4 torch saber, gauntlet blast +4/+5), Defense +7 *, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +5 * (+13 in armor; +15 max depending on PL), Fortitude +8, Reflex +10, Will +12

Abilities 48 + Skills 35 (140 ranks) + Feats 51 + Powers 2 + Combat 30 + Saves 18 – Drawbacks 13 = 171

* 4 points of maximum defense bonus have been traded-off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum.



Organization

As Angelos are clones, they are equal in all things when they are created and enter the ranks of the Angelos army. No one Angelos is physically or mentally superior to any other. The difference comes in training, when Angelos are exposed to different tasks and challenges that others do not encounter. Thus, while all Angelos are equal in potential, not all are equal in skill, and it is along these lines that they align themselves.

The Angelos as a whole are organized into hundreds of Hosts, each numbering some 5,000 individuals, for a total army numbering in the tens of millions. Only two Hosts fell to Earth, however, and only 7700 of those who fell survived to reorganize themselves into seven "Wings," roughly aligned according to traditional seven-tiered Angelos military structure, each "Wing" overseen by a single archon, all below him (or her) reporting either to an assigned command leader (chosen by an archon for their skills) or directly to the top. Their body armor is often painted, and their bodies tattooed, with insignia and symbols that personally identify the Angelos, as well as his Wing.

First Wing—The Shamayim, or "Herald Angels"

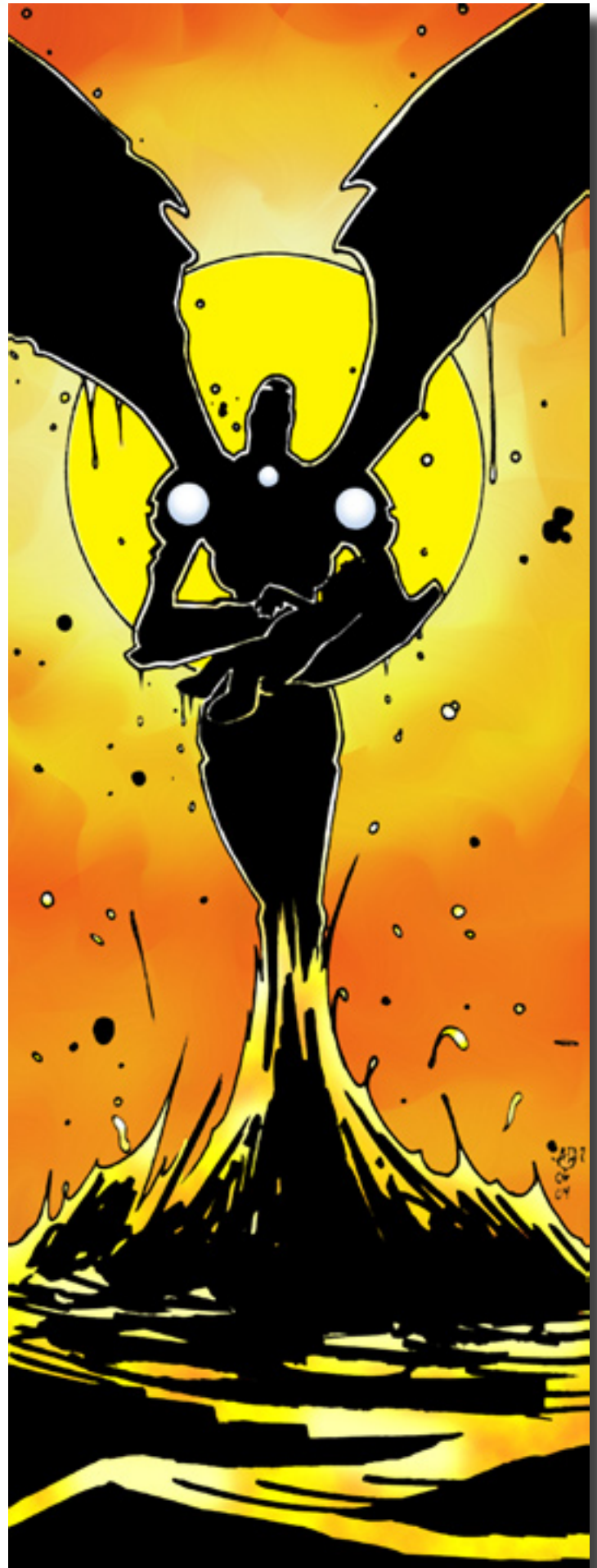
This Wing of Angelos has traditionally been responsible for most closely interacting with the peoples and planets they come across in expanding El's empire. As such they are the most prominent implementers of the GODSEND Agenda, and the least likely to be encountered in a strictly military scenario. On Earth, they are also tasked with keeping up communications between the Angelos and those humans they have chosen to reveal themselves to, and with making sure that the truth is never revealed to the media at large. As not many of the Angelos who crashed to Earth were among this Wing, this group is a conglomeration of Angelos from other Wings. Under the heading of a young female archon named Gabri'el, they have slowly become an effective force. They are the smallest group, numbering only about 200. They bear an insignia consisting of a single line, although this line may appear in many forms—a simple bar, a Moebius strip, or even a spiral. The personal insignia of Gabri'el includes a single line which spirals in and out as a three-dimensional pattern to form an approximation of a horn.

Second Wing—The Raqiyim, or "Healing Angels"

These Angelos are the backbone of the army, acting as technicians, engineers, navigators, doctors, and support staff for the more militant members of the organization. It is they who maintain and, when necessary, develop the Angelos further, a mission which has become critical since they've been marooned on Earth with rather limited resources to work from. Some 400 Angelos work under the tutelage of Rapha'el, their archon, originally a navigator responsible for steering the Angelos prisoners towards Sheol, now (since that task is no longer a priority) tasked with repairing Angelos technology, and healing Angelos damaged in battles with Elohim and Chimerans on Earth. Their insignia consists of two lines in various patterns and shapes, such as two parallel bars (an = sign), a plus (+) or a chevron (^). Their leader Rapha'el's armor bears a simple red cross.

Third Wing—The Shehaqim, or "Dark Angels"

The smallest of the Angelos' Wings devoted to military pursuit, these Angelos operate in the shadows of even the strictly structured environment of El's army. They are trackers, scouts, and, when necessary, assassins, assigned to penetrate enemy territory, lead others to that territory, and take out prime targets quickly and quietly. On Earth, they are also assigned with the surprising, but thankfully rare, task of having to enforce this "final law" on other Angelos. The 1000 or so are overseen by Sarai'el, a once-subordinate female angel with mottled skin and a more mottled personality. Dark Angel insignias are constructed of three lines, most commonly represented by a triangle or pyramid shape. Their leader Sarai'el bears a three-pointed starburst.



Fourth Wing—The Machanim, or “Heavenly Angels”

These are the elite space force of the Angelos, pilots of the Wyvern battle craft as well as the larger frigates of the fleet, including the prison ship that crashed to Earth. Also trained to defend their craft against boarding attempts, these are well-trained naval warriors, well suited for both hand-to-hand combat in close quarters as well as the manning of mounted weaponry. Not given much opportunity to fly craft any more within Earth's atmosphere, these 1500 Angelos have gradually assumed more command responsibilities. They have worked from various locations over the years since abandoning the prison ship, most recently calling the cloaked and retrofitted space station *Andrew Jackson* their home base. Their leader, Mih Kal (a.k.a. Micha'el), was nominated leader of the Angelos on Earth by the other six archons, partly because his skills as a pilot were not needed, whereas his skills as a tactician and soldier were highly prized. He and his Angelos are strong, sturdy warriors, constantly performing police actions to try and track down the Elohim prisoners that escaped from their ship. Machanim insignias are four-lined or four-sided, generally consisting of a square or an eight-pointed star (four lines crossing in the center), as with Mih Kal's armor.

Fifth Wing—The Matheyim, or “Avenging Angels”

Comprising the bulk of the Angelos army, these were the core shock troops, the “marines” sent in to take on the brunt of the battle. They were well known for their often brutal tactics, for, given no limits on their actions by EI, and lacking any true sense of cruelty or compassion, they would unleash hellish vengeance upon any who crossed them. Their leashes are somewhat shorter on Earth, and their archon Uri'el, a sniper who rose through the ranks from the bottom up, has tried to impose a sense that a clean, quick kill is better than a much noisier and flashier demise. Most of the 2500 or so Angelos in this Wing agree with him. These Angelos mark themselves and their armor with five-sided figures, most often represented by the pentagon, pentagram, or pentacle. Uri'el bears a black pentacle on his armor.

Sixth Wing—The Zebulim, or “Void Angels”

Trained for combat in a vacuum, these 500 or so Angelos see little action on Earth and are usually encountered around the space station that the Angelos now call home, escorting shuttles to and from Earth as needed. They are deadly warriors both in and out of the atmosphere however, well trained in the use of their powered armor and fond of combating land-locked foes by hurtling down upon them from the air. Their leader, Remi'el, is one of the biggest proponents of such tactics, boasting the destruction of several entire armies by plummeting down upon them from great heights and wreaking terrible vengeance with Angelos technology. Zebulim wear insignia marked by six sides or points, typically seen in the six-pointed star, also known as the Seal of Solomon. Remi'el himself wears a hexagon.

Seventh Wing—The Arabothim, or “Home Angels”

Named for their home planet, these are the Angelos once tasked with protecting EI, monitoring the people of Araboth, and, ultimately, with following and restricting the behavior of Attis and the rebel Elohim. On Earth, they have been relegated to a no-less important role: protecting Micha'el and the other Angelos from attack, enforcing behavior among the Angelos themselves, monitoring prisoners, and, when necessary, acting to put down attempts at infiltrating Angelos bases, or stealing Angelos technology. The 1500 or so are archoned by Ragu'el, a somewhat militant angel who enforces the law of EI with an iron fist. Arabothi typically bear the seven-sided star (also called a Morning Star) as their insignia. The archon Ragu'el is no exception, though his insignia calls to mind the weapon of the same name, more than the heavenly symbol.

Anakim and Nephilim

Although forbidden by EI to reproduce amongst themselves, thousands of years out of the sight of their Lord led some of the Angelos to bend the rules a bit. As a result, many hundreds have chosen, over the years, to take human mates. Most choose to keep these dalliances secret, since those who do so are generally looked down upon by their fellow Angelos, and are dubbed Anakim, from an old Arabothi word meaning “One Who Does Not Sleep” (a thinly veiled reference to what other activities one might perform at night when not sleeping).

Anakim are always members of another Wing, and are treated as such for all intents and purposes, but they differ from most of their brethren in that they are much more likely to be encountered among non-Angelos from time to time, and are possibly more playable by players as regular characters. They should be created using the standard Angelos package as a starting point, with any additional points spent on equipment and/or Devices (as Angelos cannot have powers).

Human legends have garbled the truth about their offspring, confusing the Angelos interbreeding with that of the Elohim (who create Atenmest through their couplings). In the case of Angelos, their half-angel offspring are referred to as Nephilim. In ancient times they were marked among the many great heroes and villains who walked the Earth (and who were allegedly destroyed in one of the great flood myths). Nephilim are often ignorant of their parentage, but are generally quite aware of their own superiority to normal humans, generally flaunting their abilities quite publicly, for good or ill, as super hero or super villain.

Players interested in playing Nephilim should simply create them as normal characters, explaining their powers via their background. Common abilities shared among most Nephilim include enhanced strength and stamina, regenerative capabilities, and the ability to use Angelos technology in its powered form. Nephilim also bleed Ka like their Angelos parent, albeit to a lesser degree (a minor drawback).

Saints and Sinners

Among the monotheistic faiths spawned by the Angelos version of the GODSEND Agenda, there appear from time to time great individuals seemingly possessed of some supernatural insight, power, or capability. Many of these, dubbed Avatars, Saints, Gurus, or Prophets, are apparently able to bend Ka to their will with greater skill than normal humans, even though they themselves are not touched by any extraterrestrial blood. Some are said to have power over animals, others the ability to prophecy the future, and still others the apparent ability to summon locusts, part bodies of water, or call down angels of death. While much of this is the fanciful invention of believers, some of these people did exist, and should a player desire to craft a super-heroic character in this light, they may simply create one with the appropriate powers.

Within the context of a world where Angelos and Elohim are aliens, their offspring can possess seemingly supernatural powers, and the supposed “one true god” is their self-proclaimed leader named EI, it can be interesting to speculate about the particular characters centric to each of the three major monotheistic branches. However, even as truths come to light about Elohim, Angelos and their intergalactic struggle, little is known about these individuals. As the three monotheistic threads they started are important to the Angelos version of the GODSEND Agenda, key events in their lives are summarized here, but no conclusions about their nature or the origin of their powers is implied, left to players to (perhaps) discover over time. These summaries can also serve as an example of the sorts of “super-human” characters in alliance with the Angelos worldview that an individual might play.

Moses (Judaism)

The infant Moses was set upon the Nile and discovered by the Egyptian Pharaoh's daughter. He grew up under the noses of the Egyptians for decades, and one day got into a conflict with an overlord, killing the man and fleeing for his life. In self-imposed exile, at the age of 80 he was contacted while tending sheep by a disembodied voice, speaking from a fiery bush upon a mountainside,

and convinced (along with his brother Aaron), to return to Egypt to free the Hebrew slaves there. The story has various angels protecting him on his journey, bringing plagues upon the Egyptians, and at one point striking dead the first born of every Egyptian family. During their flight from Egypt, Moses parted the Red Sea to enable escape, and had food rain down upon his people as they wandered in the desert. When it became clear that the people were falling back into polytheistic tendencies, at one point reverting to worship of Baal, Moses was given Ten Commandments, which he in turn gave to his people to live by. Leading his 600 thousand followers to their final homeland, Moses died before entering Canaan at the age of 120.

Jesus (Christianity)

Born of a virgin named Mary after her encounter with the angel Gabriel, the child Jesus displayed extraordinary intelligence, even teaching his elders at one point. Having entered the desert at one point to find himself, he was tempted by Satan and asked to prove himself by calling upon angels for protection. Refusing, he proclaimed himself a shepherd of men and the Son of God and began to wander the area preaching a message of love and compassion. Charismatic, he attracted a devoted band of followers, and proved himself in the eyes of many by performing miracles such as curing blindness, healing disease and walking upon water. He was ultimately seen as too much of a threat to both the polytheistic Romans and many monotheistic Jews, and at the age of approximately 34 he was tortured and crucified, then buried after his apparent death. Within three days, however, his body had disappeared from his tomb, and his followers proclaimed that he had risen from the dead, and appeared to many of them in the days that followed before finally ascending into Heaven.

Muhammed (Islam)

Born in the year 569, Muhammed suffered the loss of many of his relatives as a child, at the age of eight being given to the care of an uncle where he took to tending sheep. He soon became known as an upright, honorable individual among his people. At the age of 40, an angel contacted him, and after a three-year gap he was contacted again and given a series of revelations intended to help revitalize his people's monotheistic faith. Those who still followed paganistic, polytheistic practices tortured his followers, and so he and others fled the country. After several years in exile, he was given a vision of Heaven, after which he returned with renewed vigor to spreading his message. After years of struggling to convert the city of Mecca, he eventually took the city in a bloodless coup at the head of an army of 10,000. After several years of spreading the faith, he died at the age of 62.

Music of the Spheres

In order to facilitate communication amongst the millions of Angelos moving about the cosmos, El endowed one of his cloned archons with the ability to focus Ka, rather than bleed it off. Stripped of physical substance, this Angelos, dubbed "Metarchon" (from meta archon) or "Metatron," became instead the sole means of communication between El and his Angelos, and even among the many Angelos themselves, a single system capable of coordinating the entire grand Host at once. Utilizing the radio noises created by planets and stars, (the literal "music of the spheres") as a means of relaying messages across vast distances at light speed, the Angelos were capable of acting as a single unit.

Now trapped on Earth, presumably in the past, the Angelos have been cut off from this central communication system, having been forced to rely on their Squad Leaders to coordinate their communication via Angelos technology. Unable to communicate as a whole, they are now limited to direct linkups between only 5 to 10 Angelos at a time, or, when necessary, actual spoken commands.

The Angelos have adapted to speak whatever Earthly tongues are necessary to accomplish their goals. In addition, they speak the language of the Elohim (Arabothi) as well as their own particular dialect. In general, Angelos do not vocally communicate with one another when performing a mission (especially within combat), trusting on thousands of years of experience and direct mental communication (via their Squad Leader) to see them through as a well-oiled machine of destruction and vengeance; this utter silence while going about their business can make an encounter with them even more disturbing. Some Angelos have not spoken in hundreds or thousands of years, simply having not had any reason to do so. However, when they do deign to speak to humans, they are often able to charm listeners with their beautiful voices.

Angelic Commandments

Angelos operate under a strict code of conduct, handed down to them by EI and enforced, when necessary, by the Arabothim. These laws are most familiar to those of monotheistic belief systems as the Ten Commandments, handed down by Moses, although they have since suffered repeated translation, retranslation, and mistranslation into other languages. The following rules of conduct for Angelos are fairly close to the original intent of their native language:

1. I am EI, your Lord and Creator. All Angelos are bound to me, and shall bear allegiance to no others before me.
2. Do not make any graven image or likeness of EI. Though you may come into his presence, none other shall be so honored as to witness the glory of EI in all his majesty.
3. Do not use the name of EI as thy own. You shall share the name of EI in your own name, and that shall mark you as mine before all others, but you shall not proclaim yourself to be he who created you, nor put yourself above him.
4. Six days in seven shall you devote to EI, and labor for his name, but the seventh shall be kept for rest.
5. Honor your brother and sister Angelos, for they like you are of EI, one and the same, and in honoring them you honor your father and creator, EI.
6. Do not commit murder, nor kill any without cause, and only in the name of EI, to serve his cause and command.
7. Do not reproduce among your own kind. You were created by EI, and EI alone shall create.
8. Do not bear another into servitude or slavery, for yourself or for EI. You serve EI, and all shall serve EI, but none shall serve you but yourself except your brothers and sisters, through assistance freely given.
9. Do not desire, nor take of, the possessions of others. EI provides all you have need of, and he alone shall sustain you through all.
10. Be vigilant, and assist your brethren in keeping these commandments before EI, and if they should stray then they shall be brought before EI's justice and cast out. But he who bears false witness against another in this shall himself be cast out from the heavens.

For those who violate these commandments, there is but one punishment: being cast out of the Host. Angelos who are proven guilty of even a single violation are stripped of their Angelos equipment and sent away in what amounts to a death sentence. Thus bereft of protection and any ability to communicate with the rest of the Host, the Angelos becomes known as a "Grigori," meaning "those who watch" (the implication being that they can only look on from without, and never more be part of Angelos activities.) Without Angelos armor or weapons they can do nothing but bleed off their remaining Ka and, eventually, die, either of Ka loss or other natural causes.

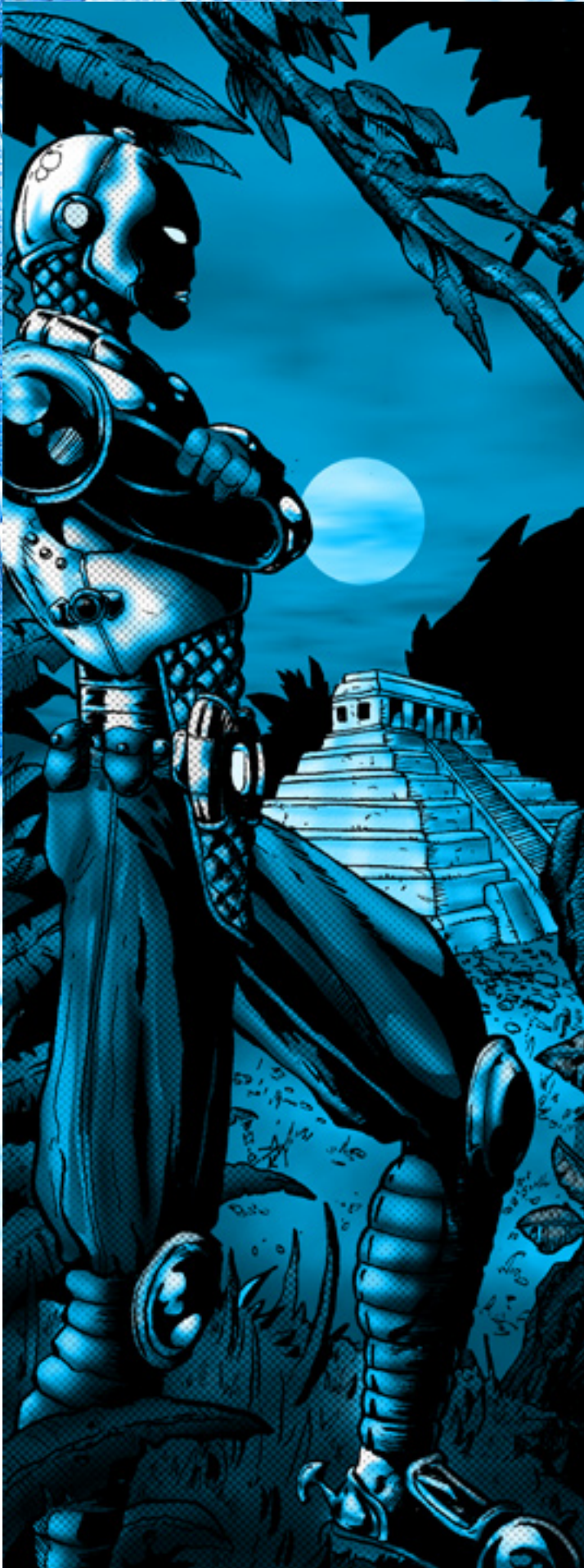


An Average Angelos Encounter

Angelos command structure is fairly flat, with seven Archons at the top overseeing Wings of from 200 to 2000 Angelos. Among each wing are Command Officers, chosen for skill and creativity (sometimes permanently, sometimes for particular missions), each of whom oversees a Squad of between 5 and 10 other Angelos. It is one of these Squads which will most likely be encountered by player characters, while the Angelos are out on a mission. Mission parameters are always the same: First, accomplish the specific task at hand; second, attack to kill any Chimerans in the area; third, capture or kill any Elohim.

An Angelos squad leader is generally equipped with a special set of Angelos command armor which allows silent, instant communication among the squad. Thus, Angelos generally do not speak during such encounters, making them somewhat eerie and uncomfortable to be around. The armor also boosts the recycling of the Angelos' bled Ka in a gestalt fashion, giving all Angelos technology used by the squad-enhanced capabilities. Truly, Angelos are evidence that there is "power in numbers." Individually they may easily fall prey to an Elohim enemy, but as a unit they can collectively use their power and tactics to easily take on any threat.

Angelos will strike quickly, moving into an area seemingly without warning, although in reality they may have been planning the movement for hours, or even days, mentally mapping the area out in their head and preparing beforehand for ever possible outcome. They are also intelligent and capable enough to strike simultaneously, numerous Angelos focusing on a target while others keep watch or neutralize unexpected problems. When their task is accomplished, or the mission deemed a failure for one reason or another, the Angelos will also flee in unison, scattering to the four winds to help break off concentrated pursuit. Angelos will fight to the near end, but are not suicidal—if flight will allow them to better prepare for the next time, they will choose that option over certain death and defeat.



Angelos Gear and Technology

Although their technology is truly ancient, the Angelos still possess some of the most advanced technology in the galaxy. Primarily consisting of equipment salvaged from their crashed prison ship (now inaccessible, buried beneath the mud, water, and churning chaos of the Bermuda Triangle), these bits of technology have been carefully cared for, repaired and in some cases enhanced over the centuries. Combined with an attempt to slow down human technological progress, this has kept the Angelos at the cutting edge of technology for six thousand years, and although others are now catching up, the Angelos remain on top for the moment.

Angelos technology, like any technology, suffers not only from being damaged from use, but normal degradation over time. Few things are built to last for ten thousand years, and some of the Angelos technology on Earth is rapidly approaching this milestone. Angelos technicians have thus far been able to mostly stave off the effects of time, gravity, and decay, but some of the Angelos artifacts are beginning to show signs of wear and tear around the edges. Much of these flaws are easily covered or supplemented with materials gathered from around the planet, but it is nevertheless a growing concern for the Angelos as a whole.

Most Angelos gear (in particular, their armor and weapons) has been constructed to be powered specifically by the Ka that Angelos bleed off, in essence being powered by the Angelos' own "flaw." This means that while non-Angelos could potentially gain some benefit from using captured Angelos technology, they would never be able to use it to its full-powered potential as an Angelos could. By recycling their own bled Ka into their armor and weapons, Angelos also prevent enemies such as the Elohim from drawing on such Ka in vampiric fashion; the Angelos armor, in using the Ka for power, distorts it in such a fashion that others cannot use it. Without their equipment, Angelos simply bleed off their Ka into the atmosphere without any ability to shape it. It is their own technology that keeps them alive and gives shape to their rage.

Note: Since the Angelos have shared technology with U.S.E.R., their technology is often fairly interchangeable. More gadgets may be found in the U.S.E.R. section of the book (page180).

Weapons

Angelos Chain Whip

A seven-section whip chain fastened to a small black handle that, in addition to damaging enemies normally, can also be used to grapple and electrocute an opponent. When the button on the handle is pushed the entire chain is energized with electricity.

Toughness: 10

Powers: Strike 3 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Power—Strike 4 * [*Electricity; Power Feats:* Extended Reach, Mighty; *Extras:* Sustained; *Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat], Snare 12 [*Power Feats:* Extended Reach, Tether; *Flaws:* Entangle, Touch], Extended Reach, Mighty; *Extras:* Penetrating). Dynamic *

EP Cost: 12

Angelos Combat Rifle

Among the finest weapons in the galaxy, this combat rifle is actually a miniaturized railgun, firing bolts of superheated magnetic material that can shred flesh and armor at great distances. The weapon only fires in single-shot mode, but that's generally enough considering the devastation it can wreak. The weapon can fire 50 times before needing to be repaired and reloaded, neither of which can be done in the field.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Blast 6 (Ballistic; *Power Feats:* Critical 19-20; *Extras:* Penetrating; *Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat)

Range Inc.: 60 ft.

EP Cost: 13

Story Idea: New Toys

While the Angelos have shared technology to a limited extent with U.S.E.R. since 1975, they tend to keep most of their gear and information to themselves. However, Angelos are not hermits, and as such they do interact with the rest of the world from time to time, opening up many possibilities for their technology to fall into the hands of non-Angelos individuals—including the player characters.

An Angelos squadron could be sent to observe the characters in action to determine whether or not they are working for Elohim or Chimerans, or an Anakim (see above) could be masquerading as a normal "hero" while using Angelos gear. In either case, if a non-Angelos character should happen to wind up with a piece of Angelos gear, they're going to become one of the most wanted people on Earth very quickly. This can be particularly fun if the characters have no idea what they've stumbled across, and are suddenly being assaulted by strange winged figures wielding swords.

Another possibility is that a player character is given a piece of Angelos technology (possibly knowingly, possibly not), perhaps as part of a government arrangement, or perhaps because the character (or one of their ancestors) is actually a Nephilim and doesn't know it. In either case, you can be sure that there's going to be a price to pay. Note that since Angelos technology uses "Ka bleeding" as a power source, most non-Angelos will not be able to use the equipment to its full potential. The Nephilim are one notable exception, since they bleed Ka like their Angelos parents.

Angelos Dart Pistol

A small handheld energy weapon generally worn as a sidearm but also used as a primary weapon for teams requiring mobility and stealth. The gun launches a small neuron-disruptive needle at its opponents, unsettling their nervous systems.

Toughness: 10

Powers: Blast 4 (*Extras:* Autofire)

Range Inc.: 40 ft.

EP Cost: 12

Angelos Gauntlet

The battle bracer, worn on the user's left arm, houses a plasma thrower and personal shield generator. As the Angelos prefer melee to ranged battle in many cases, these versatile gauntlets offer both options—not only can they launch streams of fire, but they are strong melee weapons as well.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Blast 3 (Plasma energy; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Strike 5 [*Power Feats:* Mighty]; *Extras:* Penetrating; *Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat), Shield 6 (Plasma energy; *Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat)

Range Inc.: 30 ft. (Blast)

EP Cost: 9

Angelos Inferno Brick

These compact devices resemble small black bricks, roughly one foot long and six inches wide. However, they are actually incredibly powerful explosives, each containing a small magnetically sealed piece of antimatter. The brick can either be set to explode at a designated time, or physically thrown at its intended target (or dropped, as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah).

Toughness: 3

Powers: Blast 20 (*Power Feats:* Triggered; *Extras:* Explosion [200 ft.])

EP Cost: 61

Angelos Sundering Lance

The Angelos use this heavy weapon when opposition seems incredibly stiff. The large (over four meters long) cylinder is attached to a small black Ka capacitor, then mounted and braced on a tripod and targeted using a small computer system.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Blast 9 (Ka energy; *Power Feats:* Accurate +4 [+2 when not using tripod]; *Extras:* Burst [45 ft.] *Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat)

Range Inc.: 90 ft.

EP Cost: 20

Angelos Throwing Chakram

A discus-sized golden ring with edges several molecules wide, able to cut through almost any material on Earth. The onboard computer navigates the ring back to the thrower.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Strike 3 (*Power Feats:* Critical 17-20; *Extras:* Penetrating)

Range Inc.: Thrown

EP Cost: 10

Angelos Torch Saber

Merely an empty handle until it is plugged into a suit of Angelos armor, this sword is capable of forming a blade of pure focused Ka, as bled off from an Angelos and then filtered through the armor into a useful form. Being pure, fiery energy, it is capable of cutting through any physical material. The blade itself can take many different forms, depending on the particular Angelos, how focused he is on his particular task, and how many other Angelos are working together in concert.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Strike 4 (Ka energy; *Power Feats:* Accurate; *Extras:* Penetrating, Sustained; *Flaws:* Ka Cost, User must have Ka Bleeder feat)

EP Cost: 9

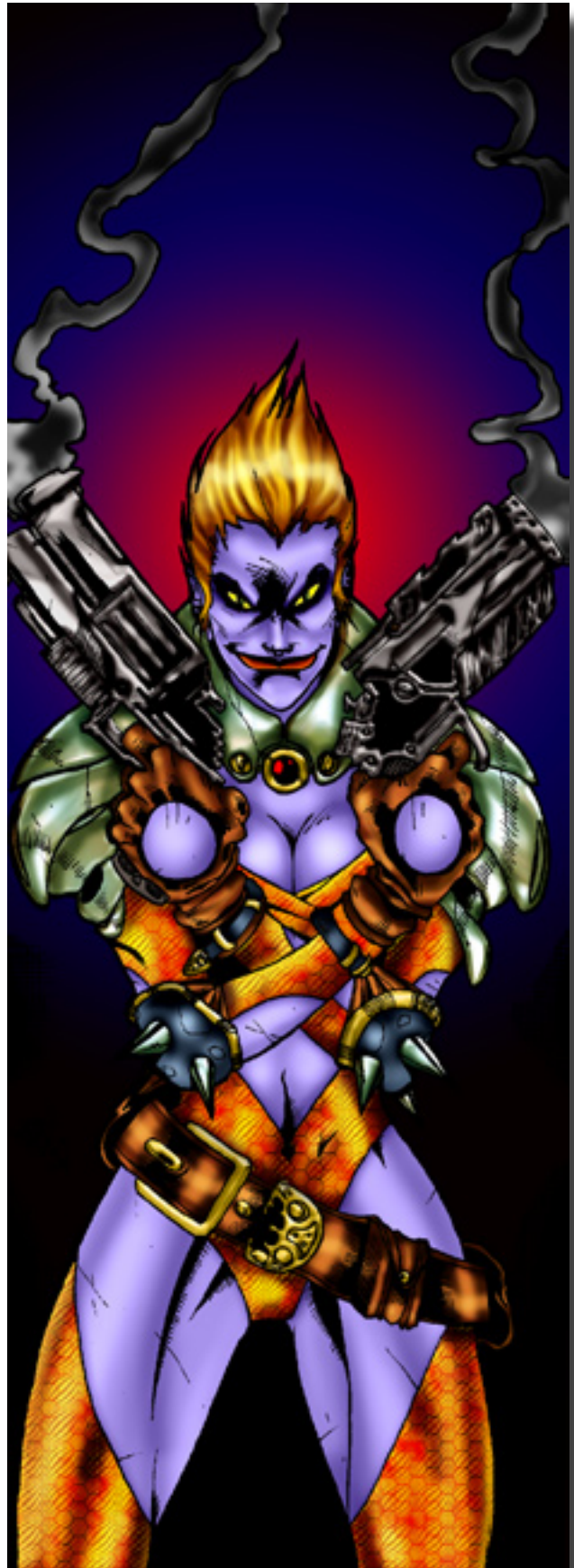
Angelos Vibro Pike

A large pike mounted with a vibrating blade, several molecules wide. The blade seems to "sing" when activated, a warning to keep even the most heated enemy at bay.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Strike 8 (Vibration; *Power Feats:* Critical 18-20, Extended Reach)

EP Cost: 11



Armor

Angelos Body Armor

Though somewhat bulky, the genetically engineered Angelos are quite capable of moving and flying with ease within this armor. Generally bright white underneath, these identical suits of armor (Angelos are clones, after all) are typically personalized with paint, etchings and engraved insignia by the Angelos. However, aside from such minor cosmetic alterations, the armor is not invulnerable or self-healing, and must be regularly repaired at the Angelos base (on the *Andrew Jackson*). When worn by an Angelos on a regular basis (at least once a week), the armor has a side-effect of vastly prolonging the Angelos' life by recycling some of their bled Ka back into the Angelos at a steady trickle; while it does not make them immortal, it has kept the Angelos alive for six thousand years already with no signs of fading. The most noteworthy side effect of the armor is that when the Angelos is in flight, the armor vents their Ka behind them as nearly invisible, fiery wings.

Armor Powers: Flight 2, Immunity 3 (Aging [Ka dependent], Suffocation), Protection 10, Super-Senses 6 (Detect Physical Objects [ranged, extended], Distance Sense, Infravision, Radio)

Drawbacks: Noticeable (Ka Emissions; -1 PP)

EP/PP Cost: 22/5

Angelos Command Armor

Worn by officers only, this is identical in appearance to normal Angelos Body Armor. Internal enhancements within the headpiece, however, allow direct mental communication with all other Angelos in their squad. Further enhancements in the helmet's visor offer enhanced vision into the infrared spectrum, and automatic light-dampening capabilities to counteract the effects of sudden flares of light. Command armor also has the effect of acting in a sort of gestalt fashion, effectively boosting the capabilities of all Angelos technology used by a single squad within line of sight.

Armor Powers: Communications 5 (Mental; *Power Feats:* Selective; *Extras:* Area; *Flaws:* Angelos only), Flight 3, Immunity 3 (Aging [Ka dependent], Suffocation), Protection 10, Super-Senses 6 (Detect Physical Objects [ranged, extended], Distance Sense, Infravision, Radio)

Drawbacks: Noticeable (Ka Emissions; -1 PP)

EP/PP Cost: 30/6

Angelos Scout Armor

This is a more agile version of standard combat armor, sacrificing protection for speed.

Armor Powers: Flight 4, Immunity 3 (Aging [Ka dependent], Suffocation), Protection 5, Super-Senses 9 (Darkvision, Detect Physical Objects [ranged, extended x100], Distance Sense, Normal Hearing [Acute, Extended], Infravision, Radio)

Drawbacks: Noticeable (Ka Emissions; -1 PP)

EP/PP Cost: 25/5

Angelos Shield

Not worn except by Angelos expecting certain combat, this shield generally bears the Angelos' personal insignia to help differentiate him within battle. Such shields are typically large enough to cover about 75% of the Angelos' body when necessary, are impervious to most archaic missile weapons, and will stop most bullets and other weapons in their tracks. This is one of the few pieces of Angelos technology that is not directly powered by Ka bleed-off, and as such it is much more vulnerable to damage and gradual degradation over time.

Armor Powers: Shield 10

EP Cost: 10

Angelos Void Armor

This is slightly more bulky than standard combat armor, with additional space provided for space habitation and heat shielding.

Armor Powers: Flight 3, Immunity 4 (Aging [Ka dependent], Heat, Suffocation), Protection 10, Super-Senses 6 (Detect Physical Objects [ranged, extended], Distance Sense, Infravision, Radio)

Drawbacks: Dexterity -2 (-2 PP), Noticeable (Ka Emissions; -1 PP)

EP/PP Cost: 23/5



Equipment

Angelos Arcanum Ring

This device is a small golden ring the size of a bracelet. When spun on its side the ring activates an information storage matrix that can be accessed by asking questions out loud. The interior artificial intelligence will answer questions to the best of its ability. Over the span of years a ring may develop a personality.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Intelligence 10, Jack-of-all-Trades, Knowledge (choose one) +12

EP Cost: 14

Angelos Distortion Belt

Used to bend light around the wearer, these belts do not make the user invisible, but instead make them appear to be several feet away from where they actually are. In flight, this makes the Angelos nearly impossible to hit with ranged effects (as one would have to guess where he really was), and in melee combat gives the Angelos a decided advantage for at least a few critical moments. When the Angelos is not moving rapidly, the belt's effect shifts to merely help mask the Angelos' appearance, making them able to blend in with normal humans (though they may still be perceived as unusual by a trained eye).

Toughness: 10

Powers: Defense +6 (*Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat), Illusion 4 (*Visual; Flaws:* Only to appear human)

EP Cost: 8

Angelos Jump Ring

This device is a small platinum ring the size of a bracelet. When spun on its side it creates a small spatial fold linking two points in real space, capable of moving large number of troops quickly between two points. Note: the rings are not always accurate or easily operated.

Toughness: 15

Powers: Spatial Control 2 (*Power Feats:* Easy, Extended Range 7 [20,000 miles/rank], Progression [portal size], Progression 4 [mass; 2500 lbs.]; *Extras:* Portal [10 ft.]; *Flaws:* User must have Ka Bleeder feat)

EP Cost: 17

Angelos Visage Ring

This device is a small silver ring the size of a bracelet. When worn on the arm, it will change the wearer's normal Angelos features to a preset (usually no more than 2) appearance. The ring will also hide the fiery nimbus of flame that is emitted from the base of the Angelos skull. The ring is activated and deactivated by waving a hand over it.

Toughness: 5

Powers: Illusion 4 (*Visual; Flaws:* Only to appear human)

EP Cost: 2

Vehicles

Wyvern Battle Craft

The spacecraft used by the Angelos are less like a vehicle, and more of a large weapon system that attaches to the back of an Angelos. The weapon systems onboard the Wyvern are extraordinarily formidable with the capacity to destroy capital ships alone.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 0

Strength: 10

Speed (Flight): 8

Defense: 9

Toughness: 20

Size: Large

Powers: Blast 20 (Energy; *Extras:* Autofire), Immunity 3 (Heat, Suffocation), Super-Senses 7 (Auditory [Acute, Extended], Visual [Acute, Extended], Infravision)

EP/PP Cost: 90/18

From Ararat to Andrew Jackson

As their sunken prison ship was inaccessible, it was only a short time after the Angelos crashed to Earth that they decided to establish a base from which to operate. After setting up several smaller, temporary bases around the planet, they eventually focused on Mount Ararat, in Iran, gradually excavating a base deep within the stony foundation, masked from enemy eyes and giving them a good central location from which to launch forays. Though excavation and modification has been ongoing throughout the entire period, the basic layout of the base, dubbed "Heaven," has remained fairly stable.

Heaven's construction is split into seven levels, matching the basic structure of the Angelos army on Earth. At the highest level, near Mount Ararat's peak, are the Angelos' communication devices, as well as the basic means of entrance to the base itself, well hidden among the mountain's natural features. Fiery ventings concealed beneath stones have occasionally ignited bushes and foliage, but for the most part have gone unnoticed by those who've traversed the mount. Lower down within the base are wings devoted to technological development and the infirmaries (level 2), weapons storage and training areas (level 3), basic command and coordination areas (level 4), dormitories (levels 5 and 6), storage facilities (levels 6 and 7), and prison facilities (level 7). Though the base has been mostly evacuated in recent years, a contingent of Angelos still uses it.

In 2006 the Angelos moved their main base onto the former U.S. space station *Andrew Jackson*, which was due for decommission. Using some trickery and stealth, they effectively made the station cease to exist to human eyes, giving them a perfect spot to invisibly watch events on Earth unfold right beneath their eyes. Working within the station has also proved to help in the repair and maintenance of the Angelos technology—free of gravity and surrounded by the cold vacuum of space, Angelos technicians are able to store equipment in conditions more ideal for the long-term.

Much smaller than their previous command center, the *Andrew Jackson* (aka "A.J.") is only large enough to maintain a staff of several hundred Angelos at any one time, and is usually only manned by half that number. The station consists of a large central command center, with wings for navigation, communications, and weapons systems, surrounded by a single large ring containing dormitories and storage facilities. A docking area at the station's northern pole can handle linkups with two shuttlecraft at any one time. In general, the station's contingent of Angelos is split half and half between "command personnel" and guards, most of them equipped for vacuum combat or prepared for the unlikely even that the station is boarded.

Though it is unlikely that any non-Angelos would have the opportunity to enter either of these bases, except as a prisoner, it is possible. In either case, both bases will be defended to the death by any Angelos guards present, troops supplemented by automated defense systems varying from non-lethal (stun guns, sonic blasts, immobilization foams, etc.) to utterly lethal (toxic gasses that the Angelos are immune to, energy weapons, etc.). Both bases are completely wired with silent proximity and intrusion alarms, alerting all Angelos instantly should anyone come near the base, but giving no obvious warning to intruders that they have been detected.

Summoning Angels, and the Power of Prayer

It is known that Ka energy exists in all things, that it can be dampened by manipulating the energy from nearby stars and that it can be shaped by those trained in its use. What is generally unknown is that even those who are not able to actively use it can help shape it on a mass scale through the power of directed prayer. While individual prayer may not be capable of generating a tangible amount of Ka, mass gatherings on organized days of worship at specific times can create a larger combined effect, massing many small bits of unfocused Ka into a much larger amount that can be tapped and used by those capable of doing so.

In ancient times, such effects were much more limited, since the Elohim were mostly concerned with their polytheistic religions, which had worshippers directing energy in many different directions. Thus, the Elohim were never able to fully tap into this vast reservoir of power. In the modern era, with an increase in global population and a general increase in the number of followers of monotheistic religions, however, the potential is greatly increased. Every Sabbath, be it Saturday or Sunday, millions of Judeo-Christian worshippers gather in prayer, generating as a whole large amounts of Ka that could be tapped by those aware of it and capable of doing so. Among Muslims, the effect is even greater, with larger numbers of worshippers consciously directing their prayers towards Mecca five times a day.

Some within the Angelos Host are aware of this potential, but as they as a species are Ka Bleeders, they have thus far been unable to realize a means to consciously focus such energy to their advantage. However, they can all perceive it to some degree, and strong, focused prayer can be seen as a means to call upon Angelos in some cases. While they are hardly at the beck and call of humanity, they do occasionally respond to great outpourings of Ka, which often signal a great need, and thus potential suffering caused by the enemies of the Angelos.

There are also those who hold that one can summon Angelos through the use of mystical incantations and inscriptions. In biblical and medieval times, various prophets, kabbalists and alchemists gradually constructed a vast library of arcane writings, listing names of Angelos, their spheres of influence, the symbols they used to identify themselves and even the colors, stones and scents associated with them. While there are certainly grains of truth to be found amongst these many writings, in no case were the Angelos ever able to be "forced" into appearing. Certainly, an Atlantean, Nephilim, Atenmest, or even a Ka-empowered human could learn to focus their Ka enough to attract the attention of an Angelos, as above, but in no case is it possible to bind an Angelos to one's will.



Angelos Plot Hooks

- The characters are stationed at an Angelos' stronghold called Masada. Troops and Ka-using humans loyal to the Elohim of Rome have surrounded the fortress and have laid siege to the area. The characters spend several nights helping their human troops secretly move out of the citadel, using their super-human abilities. Soon, the characters have to make a stand when the Elohim Mars shows up to finally take the stronghold. This is best suited for an ancient campaign.
- The characters are an Angelos special espionage unit sent to find a renegade U.S.E.R. scientist with a batch of experimental A.E.G.I.S. serum—a serum derived from Elohim and Chimeran DNA. The scientist, Doctor Ezekiel Segovia, and a group of chemically augmented mercenaries have flown to a small island off the coast of India ruled by a fanatically religious warlord. Having a safe haven to continue his work, Segovia plans on creating an army of mindless super soldiers using his powerful new, but flawed and dangerous, serum.
- The characters are Angelos scouts traveling in Eastern Europe. They discover in their travels a band of half-breed Chimerans (Empusa), who are enslaving the local inhabitants and making them build a large temple to their "god." The temple is actually a fortress for a Chimeran Brood Mother needing a place to nest. Slaves are being fed to the Brood Mother for their genetic material after they have outlived their usefulness. She hides in the maze-like catacombs underneath the temple preparing for her first birthing cycle. This is best suited for ancient times.

A Week In The Life Of An Angel

Day 1. Awoken at 0300 for patrol duty, a twelve-hour shift. Pretty standard, really. Not much action around here lately. But then, no one really expects an Angelos enclave to be located in the middle of San Francisco's Chinatown, so it's not like we're swarming with Elohim rebels. Rumor has it, however, that several Elohim—Prime, and possibly Attis himself—have been spotted in the Central Valley, and could be headed this way. Certainly they're not aware of our activities here, but they could be trouble nevertheless. Best to be vigilant, walk my rounds and then spend the rest of the night maintaining my equipment. And catching up on Tivo, of course. My life is devoted to El, but I can't help wonder why he never saw fit to give Araboth television. There's no need to stray from his commandments when one can experience sin vicariously through these imaginary characters. Not that I enjoy it. Not at all. But these shows do give me insight into the humans, which helps in my dealings with them. Besides, I need to see who gets voted off the island this week.

Day 2. Last night, the power to the base was cut off around 2200 hours, which sent the alarm systems into a frenzy. Dari'el and Jorai'el were on duty with me at the time and we immediately began to trace our standard route, ever-widening criss-crossing circles to determine any point of enemy entry into the base. I'd guessed it would be gang members, possibly a rogue Chimeran hunting in the alleys for food, and was a bit disappointed when it turned out to be rats gnawing through the wiring at the end of the block. Raza'el, our resident Raqiym, was woken up to fix the problem, which took him the rest of the night. Which meant, of course, that I missed my programs, since the power was out. Couldn't even surf the web. So the three of us settled in for a few hands of Hearts to pass the time, which turned out to be difficult seeing as the emergency lights were red, which turned the Hearts and Diamonds into invisible blurs. We played anyway, just because. We finished just about the same time as the power came back up, and almost immediately spotted something on the internal monitoring system, near the weapons locker. It only took us about twenty seconds to scramble a squad and get there, but it was already too late. Ragu'el, our archon, was standing in the locker, glaring at us. While he's correct that our failure tonight will make us stronger and more aware tomorrow, I can't help but feel we'd have been better off if it had been a real intruder. Then we could have been the ones dishing out the punishment, instead of receiving it. We'll find out what our penance is tomorrow. I pray they don't take away my television privileges. Again.

Days 3-5. Horror. Our entire squad was "chosen" for the "honor" of escorting Ragu'el offworld to the Andrew Jackson space station. 22,500 miles, sixty of it bumpy atmosphere. The actual trip up and down only took a few hours each way, but between preparations, the flight to the launchpad, the shuttle ride itself, and then the return trip (which encompassed all that in reverse), we spent the greater part of two whole days essentially sitting around staring at the walls. I'd have killed for a workout room, or a firing range, or even a stack of my old Archie comics to leaf through, but we had nothing to do but meditate on our failings the night before. Which was probably the point, come to think of it. The day spent aboard the station itself was fairly interesting, though I'm not too eager to go back. It's far too cramped, smells of stale air, and the quarter-gravity gyroscope they have aboard makes me wish they'd just turn it off and let us roam like we used to, back in the old days. Almost wished I could have spent my time outside the station with the Zebulim, but instead I got to guard a door for ten hours. The only bright spot of the whole trip was the fact that Ragu'el stayed behind, so we got to mock him mercilessly on the way back.

Day 6. We returned to our base around 0230 to find it was no longer there. We'd apparently missed the explosion by just a few hours, but it was massive enough to still be burning when we arrived. Luckily, most of our gear was still stashed in the van, so Jorai'el and I hopped out to mingle with the crowd, and find out what happened, while the others turned around and headed for our fallback position, down in Excelsior. Standard Operating Procedure. It felt good to fall back into old habits after a long down time, although without any weaponry we were careful not to fall too deeply. When I get amped up with adrenaline and Ka, I have a tendency to want to punch through walls, but in this case there wasn't any call for that. So we played it cool and just sort of surfed, looking for loose ideas and checking out scenery of the female persuasion. Unfortunately, the police weren't giving anything up for free (and neither were the women, truth be told), but Jorai'el noticed a few caped and cloaked silhouettes lurking suspiciously on a nearby rooftop. I could smell the Ka even over the smoke billowing from our wrecked base. They spotted us about the same time as we spotted them, and by the time we managed to haul ass over to the building and up ten flights of stairs, they were long gone. Which was probably for the best—without our armor, we're no match for a full-blown Ka-user.

Day 7. I'd just come on duty when I heard Dari'el shout from the other side of the block—surprise, mixed with pain. The Ka channeled through my armor and gave me flight, and so it was that I took the Empusa by surprise as I came over their heads and brought the fury of El down upon them. They'd apparently tracked us from Chinatown last night, intent on burning this base as well. These half-Chimeran she-bitches would be the ones to burn. Dari'el had gotten one before the other two had nailed him, but I was feeling the burn and had no problem shredding the other two with blasts from my gauntlet, finishing the job with my blade while uttering a prayer to El. It felt good to bathe once again in the contemptible blood of my enemies. Speaking of which, the three dead Empusa were taken to the lab for study, after which they'd be burned—a fitting end. Dari'el was taken to the infirmary, where I'm told he's recovering nicely. And I earned the rest of the night off, which I spent, at long last, sorting my Betty and Veronica comics and catching up on television. All in all, not a bad week's work.

ATLANTEANS



The Dance Of Time

The sinewy creature below staggered in a futile mockery of a death-charge, dripping tears of agony, an inky blot of muscle and blood silhouetted against the sand. It could not focus on its would-be executioner, despite the man's ludicrous glittering apparel and his concerted efforts to goad the beast; it was color-blind anyway, even were it not for the poison that they had rubbed into its eyes beforehand. The crowd screamed in a perfect circle around it, not for blood but for entertainment, and the killer preened and posed because he knew it was no fight.

Raoul sat alone and motionless at the back of the crowd. Few would think to look at this dark-eyed young man, draped in amulets, clothed like one of the Romany in beautiful rags and cracked leather. Even fewer would sit next to him. Like the bull to the fighter, they were blind to his bright colors. Raoul's mood radiated from his shoulders like the heat-haze from the coliseum sand. When he arrived here he was sullen; now he was angry.

He knew where the Gods were, in the secret places beneath the city. He knew how to find myriad creatures of myth, secreted as they were around the world. He had, on his cell phone, the pager number of a thing that had once plagued the heroes of ancient Greece and was currently calling itself "Katie." The shadows of the sun-drenched balustrades, the wriggling reflections of clear water on cool rock, the view across the sea that men once thought was endless—all of these things, and more, would show him real echoes of the dead homeland that lived on in his blood. Yet still he chose to come here to remember the past, to this circus of the bully-executioner where a proud sport had descended into savagery. Every single time made him angrier than the last.

Someday he would leap naked from the stalls into the blood-stained sand and show these people how it should be done, revealing his true self—Meniotor, leaper of beasts. His magic would ensure that they could not stop him from dancing around the prancing peacock that called itself a "bullfighter." Someday he would relive the sport of his youth, when the bull stared back with life and anger. No salt in its eyes then, oh, no. No bleeding it first to make sure that it was already dying by the time it saw the light of the sun. In those days it was not a pathetic swan song but a glorious dance of living celebration. The bull would not even die. But the fighter who dared to challenge the beast, oh yes, he could die. It was one of the only ways the people of Thera could meet death. It was holy to sacrifice one's immortality to the dance.

That was a time of enlightenment indeed. A time that would inevitably live again when the circle of time turned in full. The cycle would be complete, soon, for those who would survive the coming of the Fifth Sun.

For now was the history, as well as the legacy, of the people of Atlantis. The glorious nation would be founded again some day on the values that survived the coming cataclysm. His descendants would also be the founders of Atlantis—assuming, of course, that they survived. The thought always put Raoul in mind of the Ourobouros, the snake that eats its own tail. The thought that the snake must be getting smaller never failed to send a chill down his spine. He stood to leave, barging through crowds too enraptured by the confectionery colors of the "fighter" to notice his passing.

Madrid had changed. The whitewashed walls and red tiles still remained in many places, as did the shadowy gardens, cobblestones and steep hills. But the skies were darker, cluttered by high-rise buildings that loomed overhead. The old city had become a pretty growth between the toes of giants. What had once been sun-kissed was now lit mostly by neon bullfighters, signs for beer, fluorescent billboards and scrolling electric signs. The sleek, so-21st-century logo of Rhand technologies dominated one particular plaza that Raoul avoided out of spite. It was as though somebody had taken the city and colored it in with glowing crayons.

Raoul had watched cities change before, in every country on the globe. Two World Wars, the Industrial Age, the Renaissance . . . he remembered all the ages of man, in a way that scholars could never know, remembered even a time before human cities were even conceivable, before the Elohim arrived and called themselves gods, crushing the past underfoot to make way for the future. But dwelling on the past was a wasted effort—the wheel was turning towards the future. Longevity brought with it a unique perspective for the larger picture. So unique, in fact, that it was sometimes hard to keep an eye on the finer details.

Raoul found himself taking a slow route through one of the long, curving alleyways that wound around the side of a slope. On each side were high white walls, broken along their length by several years' worth of posters. There were no exits from this path until its end, where it opened out into the plaza in front of a multiplex. Only the sounds of weekend traffic echoed down into this roofless wormhole. It was the perfect place for an ambush. As if reading his mind, a wind that Raoul did not feel roused the litter that had gathered in the edges of the street. He felt the Chimeran's presence before he turned the corner.

He turned the corner anyway.



She was like a snake in a suit of skin, wearing dark glasses and an expensive white trouser suit, and stood well over six feet tall with a respectable build for it. Without a word, Raoul fingered the charm that he kept in his pocket. After a tense standoff, the monster flexed her fingers as though they were stiff, and spoke:

"Don't try to run, Meniator."

"Call me Raoul."

"My employer wishes to know what you were doing in Malta. Raoul."

"The same thing I'm doing in Spain, senorita." He grinned. "Seeing the sights, maybe a little dancing. Shall I show you how we used to dance in Atlantis?"

Before she could answer, Raoul leapt, taking off like a bird, his bangles jangling like wind chimes as he stepped on her shoulder and somersaulted past her head. Too late, the assassin flinched and lashed out at where he had been, spinning around to try again as he touched the ground. But again Raoul ducked and tumbled, his right fist glowing softly from within, and the monster only managed to eviscerate a paper matador, taking part of the wall with him. Brick dust fell away from the Chimeran's hand to reveal a set of bear-like claws, crackling with neon-blue light. Then he was behind her again as she turned, her talons cutting the air so close to his nose this time that he felt a breeze. Raoul continued hopping backwards, again and again, just outside of the monster's deadly reach.

"Tell your employer," he said between steps, "that my business is my own. As is that of my people. And also tell him—"

His words were cut short by her hands on his throat. It had been a long time since he had danced with the bulls on Thera, and he had lost his rhythm. Wordlessly, with brutal force, she threw him backwards into the wall, and he felt a rib crack, noting through the pain that the light around her hands seemed to intensify, growing warmer. Frantically he began to chant, a flimsy mutter from a starved windpipe.

The she-beast leaned into his face. There was meat on her breath.

"He told me that I should kill you if you refused to cooperate. I was going to try to squeeze some more out of you, but seeing as you've already started praying, I think it would be a shame to deny you your God."

The glow from her fists flared, and Ka poured into Raoul's body like boiling water. He squeezed his eyes closed so tightly that it hurt, chanting faster as his consciousness ebbed, and with one final burst of willpower finished his incantation.

His eyes sprang open.

"Tell him that I am not yet ready to sacrifice my immortality to the dance."

With a flash of light, the Chimeran's energy discharged uselessly into empty air as Raoul's body disintegrated and wound itself into a swirl of arcane forces before twisting away silently into the sky. Where Raoul had stood there was now only a shimmer, like the heat-haze that rises from the bullfighter's ring, an after-image of the Atlantean's silhouette burned into the wall.

The assassin frowned. She had gained nothing but dust on her suit and an unpleasant debriefing. Never mind. She would live, and they would meet again. Next time she would crush him underfoot like the relic that he was. The Chimeran turned and waked away, through the old city to the new, and then home.



THE ELDER RACE

"Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic."

- Arthur C. Clarke, "Technology And The Future"

The original Atlanteans were an island-dwelling people, spread out across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean amongst thirteen islands. Most lived on the island peninsula of Atlantis, which would later be called Thera by historians, and the broken isle of Santorini. Spread out as it was, their Empire was isolated and remote, putting the advanced Atlanteans far away ideologically, and in many cases geographically, from their primitive human cousins. Their civilization reached a refined state before other humans were even using tools, and they lived for the most part in peace—ironic, for the oldest records of Atlantis date back to the time when they started to rebuild the Empire following a bloody civil war.

Each of Atlantis' thirteen islands was ruled by its own noble House, each headed by (and descended from) an immortal Magus, one of the original Atlanteans who arrived with the great god Poseidon, ruler of the sea and provider of bounty. Initially most members of a given House were related distantly to most of the others. This was not as inbred as it sounds; most marriages occurred between couples who were from different families within a large House, and would often be between members of different Houses. One half of the couple would then be officially accepted into the other's House. Over time this kind of coupling widened the gene pool, yet each House still maintained many bloodline characteristics, developing its own physical and mental attributes alongside socio-cultural distinctions.

The people of Atlantis were incredibly long lived in general, thanks to their mastery of Ka energy through what they call *sekhem*. The Atlanteans used Ka energy to manipulate their surrounding environment to better serve their needs, treating this technology as a part of the world, inseparable from religion and magic. To them, all forms of knowledge are part of a whole—a universal truth composed of all other truths. Likewise, all arts are part of one great art. Knowledge and art are wheels, circular spectrums that correspond to each other and to the stars. The advanced Atlanteans realized that astrology and geomancy, the art of Ka manipulation, were closely linked. Each house has a sign, each sign a position on the great wheels of knowledge and art. This theory applies equally to everything in the universe, including time. Central to the Atlanteans' belief system is that time is a cycle that repeats over and over. Past and future are inseparable in the pattern of time. This belief, through the Atlanteans' influence, entered Mayan culture and defined their calendar. Archaeology has preserved this belief, which has again become fashionable in the New Age world.

The structure of the Empire was essentially feudal. Each House was governed by its senior family member, the Magus, with one's rank and title decided by birth or marriage. Low-ranking families performed mostly physical labour, while the privileged settled into academia (though this is a sweeping generalisation—House Mnesues, for example, had little use for academics, while Cleito had no significant use for carpentry). As the standard of living increased with the size and accomplishment of the Empire, manual tasks became easier and education became more common and accessible. Titles were given to those who had made great achievements or contributions, and marriage between different social castes became acceptable. It was some time after the successful repulsion of the Nibiru (see the section on the Nibiru, elsewhere in this chapter) that Atlantis became truly great, as only the strongest survived to make use of the newly discovered *sekhem*, the magical arts that Atlanteans would go on to master.

As Atlanteans wandered, seeing the world with the ancient eyes of trees and mountains, they found themselves using their advanced knowledge and technology to aid primitive human cultures in Asia, Africa, Europe, and the Americas. Soon legends grew among humans about the creatures who were like them, but had great power and wisdom, who brought magic from far away and changed their lives. Little did the Atlanteans realize, but their own lives were about to change in a similar way.

The Words of the Prophets

The most important aspect of Atlantean life is prophecy. Their belief in the cyclical nature of time means that to them the past will eventually become the future. They devoutly watch the heavens and the cycles of the stars, seeing these movements as the language of the universe. This obsession with astrology pays off in that the Atlanteans have a great skill for fortune-telling. As well as using astrological prediction, they often have visions and waking dreams that show them glimpses (or sometimes protracted episodes, even lasting for several days) of the future. The Atlanteans believe that they see these things in their unconscious because they are so attuned to the patterns of the heavens.

One particular prophecy stands head and shoulders above all others in its importance to Atlantean civilization. It appeared in a waking dream suffered by all Atlanteans, a dream that lasted for seven days. Such was its intensity that thousands were killed through shock, exhaustion, dehydration, and other pitfalls. The dream was the same for all: a great race of beings would come to Earth and ravage it like a swarm of locusts. These creatures would be as powerful as the Atlanteans, armed with the power of Ka, and they would come in their thousands to destroy everything in sight and enslave not only the Atlanteans, but the entire human race.

After recovering from the dream, the Atlanteans continued with their daily lives and quietly prepared for the coming of what they called "The Horde." They continued to watch the heavens for hundreds of years, this time with even more fervour and dedication, as they knew that sentient life on Earth depended on it. They spread out, taking their civilization and their protection to civilizations across all continents. When the Elohim prison ship crashed on Earth some six thousand years later, around 3550 B.C., the Immortal Magi considered it the sign for which they had been preparing. Atlantis prepared its war machines and waited.

The Beginning of the End

For several years the Atlanteans watched the intruders as they settled on the planet. They tracked every move and noted that some fought against one another. Soon they had distinguished three separate factions among the invaders: the Elohim, the Chimerans, and the Angelos. The Atlanteans felt that the perfect opportunity to exercise a surprise attack was while the fighting between the otherworldly factions was at its hottest. A great war ensued that spread across the globe, entering the collective unconscious of human culture through their mythology, retold as legends of the gods fighting Titans or Giants in battles of such scale that mountains and seas were created where they fell. On and on it raged, on a world-shattering scale.

It was Attis, the leader of the Elohim, who chose to make peace with the Atlanteans. He came waving a white flag of truce and, with his followers, Thoth and Typhon, met with the Thirteen Immortals in a quiet place that history has forgotten. Attis stated that they were not here to ruin the land but to improve it. They did not wish to conquer mankind, but to better them. This was a difficult case to make. The Atlanteans already occupied such a position in the world—why should they allow a group of warlike extraterrestrials to usurp their role and risk changing everything? More to the point, why should they trust these violent strangers who had brought with them such destruction? It took a lot of work to convince both sides of peace, but after a month of talks wisdom prevailed. The Atlanteans realized they were working for the same goal and, with the help of the Elohim, they discovered the true nature of the Chimerans who had escaped from the wrecked Elohim prison ship. These elusive creatures, which had by now spread across the globe and brought wrath and terror to human civilization everywhere, were the first true harbingers of the Horde.

The Atlanteans now knew that their prophets were correct in foretelling the arrival of a great race of invaders, but they did not know when the actual invasion would occur. They gathered together in the Haven, their secret conclave in Antarctica, to discuss what should be done. This turned out to be the most drastic, world-altering decision in their history. They realized that the humans would be the ones to do the majority of the fighting, being many times more populous than themselves. The Atlanteans could help, and they could lead, but

they could not fight in place of the humans, who were genetically too weak to be able to effectively battle these monsters. But the Atlanteans could change this. . .

Over the course of the next several decades the Magi used their great knowledge to map the human genome. It was not long before they had found the genes that enabled the use of Ka, and they set about adjusting them. They created hundreds of different mutant variables, all of which affected the Ka gene. They did not wish to mutate the humans now, though, as it would create chaos among the people in a time when superstitions were high and monsters were so very feared. Instead, they used their magic to set a conditional effect on the mutation. Since they had no known date for the arrival of the Horde, they chose to make its physical proximity the catalyst to activate the gene. Whenever a human who carried a mutated Ka gene in its dormant state came close enough to a Chimeran, the gene would activate and he would manifest certain powers to combat the monster, and should the Horde arrive in great number, the manifestation would occur across the world. Satisfied that their plan would help humanity, the Atlanteans set about seeding the humans' genetic stock all over the planet with their alchemical formulae.

The End of the Beginning

Devoted to their preparations for the coming cataclysm, and trusting their Elohim allies, the Atlanteans were unprepared for the tragedy that awaited them. Some Elohim had not forgotten the savage greeting that they had initially received upon arrival on Earth. Foremost among them was Typhon, Attis' trusted lieutenant. With the help of a few very powerful but rogue Elohim, he approached Thera one calm summer night with murder in his eye. The island was annihilated. Typhon and his fellows then moved on across Atlantis' other settlements, causing each of the islands on which the Atlanteans had built their ancient homes to volcanically erupt, destroying them in one nightlong conflagration.

For the first time they could remember the Atlanteans knew how it felt to be the helpless species. The Magi, though powerful, were not as powerful as the Elohim who attacked them. They only managed to get a fraction of their people

to safety amid the bloody holocaust. Those that escaped scattered to the far corners of the Earth to hide among the people they had sworn to protect, now for the most part just as frightened and vulnerable as their cousins. Typhon and his renegade Elohim, ever heartless in their revenge, even managed to track down many of these small pockets of Atlantean refugees and slaughter them on sight. Roughly five thousand survivors were left after the wrath of Typhon eventually cooled—less than five percent of the once great Atlantean civilization. They huddled down into the secret places in human civilization, using their powers to help themselves now as much as anybody else, and slowly began to assist mankind as leaders and guides. They constructed pyramids, great batteries of Ka energy, in places where ley lines crossed. Their mythical reputations returned. They had become sidhe, oni, Titans, and Immortal Emperors. They were scattered, disoriented, and disorganized. But time was on their side.

The Atlanteans have never forgotten who ruined their homeland, and to this day they still look for the culprits. Many realize that only a handful of renegade Elohim, not the race as a whole, caused the disaster; many are also simply angry with the Elohim as a whole and seek revenge—any revenge—for the death of their people.

Black Legacy

With their legacy left in humanity's genetic makeup, the Atlanteans continue to wait for the arrival of the Horde. In 1918, towards the close of mankind's greatest conflict to date, the Ka gene triggered en masse. The first "Black Gene carriers," as human authorities called them, were successfully spawned . . . but the price was monstrous. The majority of carriers could not take the sudden mutation at their stage of life and were killed painfully as their bodies tried to cope. Human medical science was nowhere near advanced enough to be able to handle what they thought was an influenza pandemic, and so the activation of the Black Gene eventually caused a greater loss of life than even the war itself. Since that time the Atlanteans have carried a great weight on their shoulders. (See Black October, in this chapter, for information about the genetic legacy of the Atlantean magi.)

Where Was Atlantis?

Part of the reason scholars cannot agree on where Atlantis actually was, is that it wasn't in any one place. The Empire of Atlantis consisted of thirteen islands, and more than a hundred other settlements. Sea journeys took weeks back then, sometimes months, and it was difficult to keep track of all the settlers. Even those who survived their excursions would sometimes lose contact with their motherland. Many of the details of these settlements were lost in the civil war that later destroyed many of Atlantis records, but those who study such matters are certain of the existence of the four islands that survived until the physical destruction of the Empire.

The largest, named Thera, was filled with a lush and hilly jungle full of color and life, rising at the center into a cluster of mountains rich in orichalcum. Thera was also the name of the capital city, whose white marble towers dotted the island like trees and could be seen for miles around. The capital was dominated by the Imperial Palace, perched like an eagle on great Mount Tengu, the highest peak on the island, overlooking the great arena at the center of Thera's culture. Industry was based on mining and processing orichalcum, as well as its distribution to the rest of the Empire.

Kefitiu, the second largest island, was conversely very flat, and thick with the evergreen trees that Atlanteans used as a building material, in particular for the manufacture of boats. It was a major fishing port and eventually became the nexus of trade between the islands. In the latter days of Atlantis, Kefitiu housed the mighty fleets of House Mnesues. Habitation was mostly limited to the bustling towns built along the shore, but a number of small towns dotted the forests inland. The capital of Kefitiu was Aigaion, a sprawling coastal city dedicated in name to the seagoing god of Atlantis. Metai and Malune, the other two islands to survive until the empire's fall, were located far from the others, situated much closer to the nearest foreign continent than either of the larger islands were. As such, Atlanteans used them as a stopping point on their way to and from the mainland. As a result, the culture on Metai and Malune became slowly influenced by human civilization, and by the attitudes of the sailors who passed back and forth. All travelers would report directly to the Imperial House on Malune upon their return to Atlantis, and the people of the Twins (as the islands were known, due to their proximity to each other, their matching oval shapes, and their similar temperate climates) would often receive news before the capital. Thelini and Arolas, the respective capitals of Metai and Malune, were twin metropolises of forward thinking and primitive multiculturalism.

Orichalcum

Orichalcum is a fabled ore found only on the islands of Atlantis. It was abundant on Thera before the peninsula sank into the ocean, and to Atlanteans it is more precious than any other metal on Earth. Not only is it closely tied to their lost homeland, it is also a source of magical power, for orichalcum is capable of storing and manipulating Ka energy. For all their known history the Atlanteans have incorporated orichalcum into their magical practices, developing over time the ability to power items constructed from the ore with spells.

The metal features prominently in Atlantean religion as a gift from their God, Poseidon, bringer of all life. As the element that represents the sun to Atlanteans it is also spiritually connected to the notion of the Fifth Sun and the cycle of time. This and its mnemonic value make orichalcum very precious to any Atlantean with the slightest spiritual bent. More obviously, orichalcum is also valuable for its magical applications. Wealthy Atlanteans often do business using orichalcum instead of cash, while the dishonest variety often find the metal at the centre of their crimes; though it has mostly been worked already, orichalcum ore in its raw form is so rare that many unscrupulous or driven Atlanteans feel it is worth killing over. Such is the power of Atlantis' memory.

Physically orichalcum is a deep, coppery red and glows a rosy hue when struck by strong light. It is very distinctive, impossible to forge even without taking into account its Ka-conductive properties. The metal can be worked with other stronger metals to make fine jewelry or weapons. Some enterprising individuals have even tried using it in machinery, with varying degrees of success.

Game Mechanics: Orichalcum has a Toughness of 8 and possesses *Absorption 1* (Energy; *Power Feats*: Slow Fade; *Extras*: Energy Storage; *Flaws*: Ka only) for one pound (or less) of the material. The materials Absorption rank increases by one per each step in weight up the **Time and Value Progression** table (rank 2 for 2 lbs., rank 3 for 5 lbs., rank 4 for 10 lbs., and so on).

Orichalcum is extremely rare, so Game Masters should be careful as to how a character's concept allows for its use.

In the eyes of early humans the Atlanteans were gods, prophets, elves, and sorcerers. They felt that they were responsible for their primal human neighbours. This school of thought has survived among most remaining Atlanteans. Today their philanthropic efforts are far more subtle: they have too many enemies in the world, and the human mindset has changed too much, for them to risk being brazen. Instead they work behind the scenes. They fight secret wars with Chimerans and Elohim, and they set Black Gene carriers against one another for the sake of humanity's—and their own—continued survival. Many of the Magi have begun to disappear within the last few years. Much debate is occurring between the rest of the Atlanteans as to what this means: some suggest that they have gone into hiding during the final days; others believe that they have returned to the Haven and are preparing a surprise, another secret weapon to use against the Horde when they finally arrive on Earth. (The sidebar on Malcolm Rhand explains some of the sinister recent events.)

Whatever the truth is, this is a clear sign that things are changing. Only two years remain until the predicted arrival of the Chimerans. That is when the future—and the past—will be decided.

The Fifth Sun

The Atlanteans' belief in the cycles of the universe is woven inseparably into their lifestyles and their perception of the universe. They determined through astronomy that the Sun's position in the stars at the vernal equinox (the date at the end of Spring when the Sun passes south across the celestial equator) changes over a cyclical period of 26,000 years due to the slow axial wobble of the Earth. This cycle, known as the Great Precession Cycle, began in 23,524 B.C. when the equator was parallel to the Milky Way, the "Great River of Poseidon." Atlanteans believe that this date marks the beginning of time, insofar as time has a beginning for them, and thus they associate it with their arrival on Earth. This cycle also represents five Sun Cycles, which are 5,125 years in length.

The beginning of each Sun Cycle means both destruction and renewal, the beginning of a new age on Earth, and is always heralded by significant events. The earliest known history of Atlantis begins in 13,264 B.C., the start of the Third Sun, when their race was almost destroyed in the civil war. This date also

marks the approximate end of the Ice Age and the start of humanity's rise to dominance. The Fourth Sun began in 8,139 B.C. with the prophecy of the Horde. The current cycle, the Fifth Sun, began in 3,114. This was the year that the Elohim-Atlantis war began, changing Atlanteans' lives forever. A few years later the first human city was built in Uruk, Mesopotamia (now Iraq) by seven wise men. Nobody is sure whether or not these wise men were human.

This calendar system has bled into several human cultures through Atlantean influence. It has survived completely intact in the Mayan civilization, while Hindus have been in the Kali Yuga—the "Age of Iron"—since 3,102 B.C. The Kali Yuga is said to be the final age and the darkest of all. The Atlanteans are undecided as to the truth behind this statement: many believe that there are more cycles to come, while just as many believe that this will be the last. Whatever the answer, we will all find out soon enough. The Fifth Sun and the Great Precession Cycle both end on December 21st 2012, a mere two years into the future. The consensus among most Atlanteans is that this date will mark the coming of the Horde and a war like no other. They have spent the whole of the Fifth Sun preparing for this day, but soon they will be out of time. Soon the Earth will have to face the end of an age, ready or not.

Secret History—The End of An Age

The majority of Atlanteans know nothing of their history prior to the civil war that almost destroyed them, save for what they have retained in their myths and religious practices. The truth, were it to become known, would shatter the Atlanteans' perception of themselves and bring home the unthinkable truth of their belief in the cycles of time. The truth is that the Atlanteans are not the ancestors of humans after all, but the children of the last survivors of mankind.

If history repeats itself, as it has before, then sometime in the distant future there will be only a handful of humans alive on the planet Earth. The prophecies say that this is inevitable. The Horde will come, and they will render the Earth a war zone, and only the mighty will survive. Elohim, Black October, Angelos, Chimeran, USER, and every other Ka-user on the planet will fight tooth and claw to be the last faction standing, but whoever wins, humanity is lost. The Chimeran army will do to homo sapiens what boiling water does to ants. The humans are not their real targets, though, and somehow the last remnants of humanity survive into the far future while the aliens war among themselves. Long after the

fallout of the apocalypse has settled and the world has started anew, mankind begins again. Eventually their near-destruction is forgotten as they claw their way back up the food chain and prove their inimitable resilience in the face of annihilation.

But fate seems always to have war in mind for the human race, and war it finds once more. Unknown centuries pass before the arrival of the Nibiru, a dimension-hopping race of extra-terrestrials whose society requires a rare ore to survive. Earth is abundant in this metal, called orichalcum (see sidebar). The Nibiru's arrival sparks off a war that decimates both sides, their desire for orichalcum so great that it cannot be soured by the deaths of thousands. The humans, perhaps remembering in their blood the days when creatures alien to the Earth almost caused their extinction, fight back with equal determination. But the Nibiru's technology and sophistication is far ahead of their own, and the conclusion is foregone.

So it seems that, after surviving the global cataclysm of the Horde and rebuilding, humanity is once again doomed. But before the last fifty human beings are annihilated and their species eliminated from the gene pool, Poseidon arrives on the scene. Poseidon is an Elohim warrior of known heroism with the power to manipulate time, but at considerable expense of Ka. In a last-minute effort to redeem his race for the war they brought to the Earth, he offers to take as many people as he can through a "gateway," as he calls it, into the space-time continuum. It's risky, because he's unsure where the passengers will end up and it's a one-way trip. He can also only take a certain amount of mass, and it's nowhere near enough for all of them.

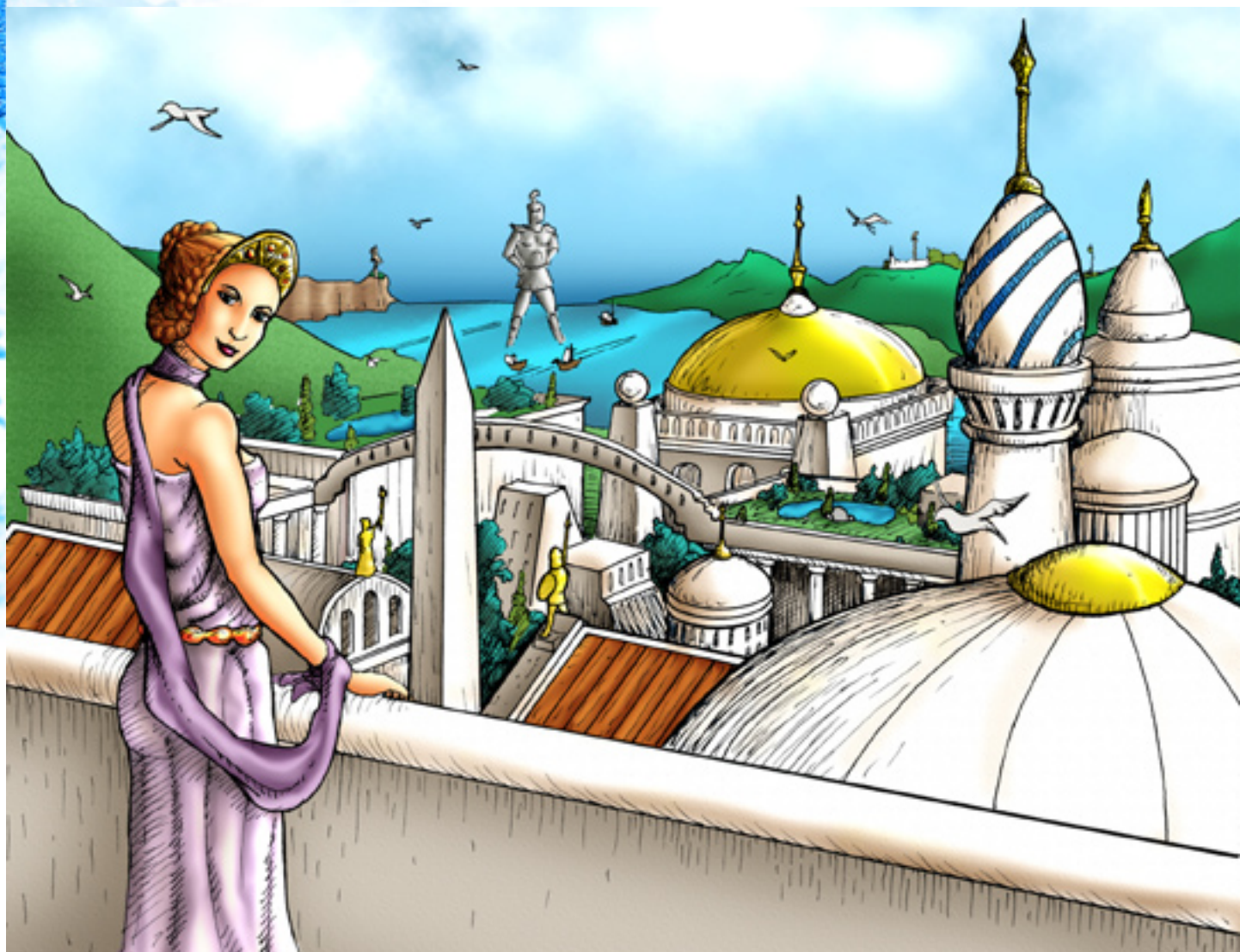
The people agree unanimously: take the children.

So Poseidon prepares the gateway, and the thirteen children say hurried goodbyes to their doomed families, and in a rush of coloured light and tearful cries they are gone. The last survivors of the human race flee back in time, refugees in the temporal continuum. They land in Earth's distant past, more than twenty thousand years B.C., in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and they swim to shore.

Back In The Past

The Atlantean children were alive but shaken, though they were hardened by a life of constant war. But they grew strong quickly in this relatively peaceful time, and learned to survive, and took Poseidon on as their teacher and pastor. As their leader he shaped their young lives in his own image. By teaching them of the stars and the cycles in the sky he attempted to ensure that they would remember how they had got here; by teaching them of the laws of nature and of the forces of the universe he hoped to make them strong. Poseidon and his form became central to the Atlanteans' culture and belief system, even as they became strong and built a civilization from the ground up. They were happy. Poseidon was happy. Peace reigned. And then one day, several generations into the birth of Atlantis, their god walked into the sea and did not return.

Eventually the Atlanteans realized they had been abandoned. Soon some began to panic. Civil disorder loomed, the thirteen houses bickered and ranted and argued around the clock, and the best astrologers struggled to come up with an answer. Had they been left alone like baby birds, old enough to cope on their own without help from their mother? Or had they been jettisoned by their great leader because he knew they would soon face a threat that even he could not



defeat? A cultural renaissance grew in Atlantis as the people decided that they were masters of their own fate. Their civilization quickly grew all around the lip of the Mediterranean bowl. They became advanced, and created great works of art. They began to take control, to explore the world, to apply Poseidon's teachings and develop their own.

Then, as they had before (and would again), came the Nibiru. The Atlanteans had no memory of these saurian creatures from another dimension. To them the Nibiru were just as alien the second time around. They arrived in the ocean in a huge city-fortress that floated on the water, and they attacked before the Atlanteans could recover from the surprise. Though they were badly outnumbered, the Nibiru managed to decimate a huge portion of the Atlantean population before any kind of a serious defense could be mustered. They were shockingly advanced compared to the Atlanteans, fighting with the same kind of magic that Poseidon used. Wherever they raided they took captives, enslaving vast numbers of people and sending them to work in the strange mines they built all over the continent. But the Atlanteans were determined, resourceful, and remembered in their history the events that had led to their ancestors' exodus. They would not lose this war so soon after their god had set them free. They started mounting guerrilla attacks, wearing the Nibiru down in strategic locations, fighting strange magic with swords and spears and superior tactics. They turned their numerical advantage into victories by striking at the right targets. And, most importantly, they studied their Nibiru captives to try and unravel the secret of the sekhem—the magic power.

It took a long time for the humans to learn even a few of the secrets of sekhem. The Nibiru captives were not co-operative, nor did they speak a common language. But slowly, over decades of warfare that scorched and stained the prehistoric landscape, the young Atlanteans began to unravel the truth. They learned that the Nibiru had begun to master the subtle energies of the planets, and that this was what powered their floating fortress. They had stopped here in order to mine a precious metal known as orichalcum that they used for a power source. They had traveled to Earth after a war with a race they called the Annunaki, whom they inexplicably associated with the Atlanteans. They never found out the truth: that these were the Atlanteans' own ancestors, the remnants of humanity who had rebuilt civilization in the far future only to be once again decimated, this time by the Nibiru.

At first the Atlanteans tried to make peace with the intruders, but communication was nigh-impossible even after a few had learned to speak their language. The war had spread out all over the Mediterranean bowl and the Atlanteans had no way of acting as a whole. Scattered pockets who had not heard about the peace talks continued fighting even after such talks were attempted. The Nibiru meanwhile had been so decimated by the "Annunaki" that they could not see past their fear and hatred for long enough to establish a dialogue. There was no possibility of either culture surviving on the Earth at the same time as the other. There could be no compromise in this war.

So it was that the Atlanteans began to strike back. They raided orichalcum mines and stole the Nibiru's vital power source. They freed the human slaves and supplied them with stolen Nibiru technology. They sent legions of their own, armed with the power of sekhem, to destroy the Nibiru wherever they could and to eventually drive them from their great fortress-city. Slowly they closed the technological gap and used it to carefully regain their numerical advantage. The Nibiru were decimated. The final battle took place on the other side of the gateway that the aliens opened in order to flee at the last. Unlike the thirteen children of Atlantis' birth, the Nibiru did not land safely on the other side. A team of Atlanteans followed the survivors through the dimensional gate and were never seen again.

Civil War

Following the evacuation of the last of the Nibiru, Atlantis was a changed Empire. Sekhem, the ways of magic, became closely incorporated into their lifestyle as a divine art. This magic represented total mastery over the environment and was a key factor in the expansion of the Empire. They had stolen the secret of longevity as well as the art of sekhem, and they used it to ensure long and peaceful lives for their people. With their newfound knowledge

the Atlanteans settled in the island chain of Thera, a spot that had been hotly contested for years as the Earth's major source of orichalcum. The nation had newfound confidence that allowed it to quickly and assuredly grow and assume the position of humanity's guardians.

But this tranquil state could not last. The longevity of the Atlantean people and their ability to use sekhem to protect themselves caused them to become crowded and overpopulated. Soon the population outweighed their ability to





supply the whole Empire with orichalcum. Dissent began to grow among citizens of the provinces. The tension built until finally a united group of provincial governors marched on the capital with the intention of redistributing orichalcum supplies for the masses. The invasion was a failure. The two sides were too evenly matched, fighting each other to a standstill until the capital was razed and the population decimated. Libraries burned and teachers died. The Empire lost control of the provinces and in the absence of their leaders they became wild and lawless. The lore of Atlantis was reduced to ashes before their eyes of its people, but still they fought. Peace did not prevail until almost a whole generation had died.

And so the history of Atlantis was reduced to stories. The people knew about a saviour named Poseidon who had brought them from the sea and left them to fend for themselves. They had a legend about the monsters who had come from the heavens and tried to steal the life-giving orichalcum, and how the magi had defeated them and stolen their magic. Their origins were lost to this cycle.

Today, the scattered Atlanteans have no idea what happened before the civil war that almost destroyed them, or what has become of their god Poseidon. They do not remember the war with the Nibiru (although the Lumerians, a group of refugees, settled in their floating fortress after the destruction of Atlantis). They know nothing of their origins, though their belief in cyclical time tells the whole truth should they ever have reason to take it literally. Chances are they never will, though, and their history will remain forgotten. And, eventually, only the last few humans will remain.

Playing an Atlantean

Atlanteans are a varied bunch. After all, they have enough imagination to portray fairies, demons, sorcerers, prophets, gods, titans, and more, and they can be found all over the world, in all kinds of positions and relationships. They are not necessarily all part of the same group, or always on the same side of a conflict. In fact, some find themselves diametrically opposed. They battle each other subtly, with the patience of the Earth itself, over all kinds of things. Some conflicts are deadly, while others are like the sparring of sorcerous kittens.

There is, of course, such a thing as an evil Atlantean (such as Malcolm Rhand); in context, though, most Atlanteans have more to fight for than their own selfish gain: the survival of their species and that of humanity, for one. They know that the Chimerans will not likely differentiate between humans, Atlanteans, Elohim, and Angelos, when they arrive at the end of this cycle. Pretty much everybody will be on the same side when that happens. And as a homeless people, Atlanteans mostly band together instinctively when they can anyway.

Traits that all Atlanteans tend to share include a powerful sense of honour, a perception that the universe moves in patterns, and a deep-set belief in philanthropy. Most are patient folks, having lived for hundreds—if not thousands—of years. Another common trait is a feeling of deep racial guilt over the events of October 1918. It was their ancestors who tampered with the genetic structure of human beings in order to create an army under their command. It was they who caused the deaths of hundreds of thousands when the so-called Black Gene activated. In Atlantean eyes, the reward had better be worth it. Most Atlanteans feel that it is their responsibility as a race to care for the Black Gene carriers, just like they once did for humans, acting as leaders and guides and sharing their experience with these fellow refugees. Others seek to manipulate them from behind the scenes, crossing wires and fighting a war that its soldiers cannot see. Still others seek to abuse the carriers' inability to refuse their commands, forcing these human weapons to obey them for their own ends. Fortunately, such unscrupulous individuals are rarely born to Atlantean parents.

From a Gameplay perspective, the immortal Sorcerer Atlanteans frankly likely aren't playable to begin with as their PL is too high for most starting campaigns. Only in a truly over-the-top or ancient game or the like would one of the older Atlantean sorcerers be an appropriate character; otherwise it's best if they're left in the hands of a Game Master. Thus, most player character Atlanteans will be younger and less experienced—a younger Atlantean, of pure Atlantean heritage, would be playable at PL 10.

Atlantean Plot Hook

A band of traveling Atlanteans in pre-American Revolutionary times arrives in Virginia. Noticing a mob of Chimerans harassing the local Native Americans and the English settlers in the area, they spring into action. The settlers and natives have barricaded themselves within the confines of the colony and ward off the attacks of the Chimerans at night. The Oracle with the group of Atlanteans has foreseen that one of the Indians will have a descendant that will be instrumental in the coming Horde invasion—therefore, the characters are sent in to help, if they haven't already tried something.

If raised in an isolated part of the world, like many are, an Atlantean character will probably have a weird bent on society and be prone to misinterpreting things around him. Atlanteans are like fish out of water in the modern world; lack of exposure to its wonders will give a character a lot to think about. This culture shock is a minor but interesting element of Atlantean characters. Their mindset is removed from that of human beings and, in fact, from all other creatures in the world.

Atlanteans generally interpret their powers as a form of magic, and will probably have flaws and power drawbacks one would normally find associated with mystic characters and archetypes. Likewise, Atlanteans who are new to modern civilization may interpret certain technology (lighting, elevators, robotics, etc.) as being based on Ka energy. What with the expansion of Rhand Technology and Industries, this occasionally turns out to be the case.

Atlanteans have a history of attracting danger and a nasty habit of interfering in other people's business. Thus, an Atlantean will often have an Enemy. This is usually one of the renegade Elohim (and worth a lot of points), but Chimerans, Angelos, agents of U.S.E.R., Black October cells, and other Atlanteans are possible candidates. Most Atlanteans also possess hatred towards either Chimerans or Elohim. A public identity is a very dangerous complication for an Atlantean—it makes it possible that his heritage will be revealed.

Many Atlantean characters also have connections with Black October (read their section for more information) as either contacts or allies (they're not often appropriate as sidekicks or minions). Unlike the Atlanteans, Black October are a close-knit, highly organized, specialized outfit that is heavily experienced in military operations. Genetically engineered to serve the Atlanteans by defending humanity during the coming Chimeran invasion, Black October can be relied upon more than almost any other Allies. In fact, it is physically difficult for them to refuse. The relationship between Atlanteans and Black Gene carriers is an excellent storytelling device, but it should be considered carefully. It is a classic double-edged sword, as Black October is famously thought to be the enemies of mankind. The more one associates with them, the more trouble they bring to one's doorstep. Being recognized as a friend of the organisation will drag a character quickly—and often fatally—into the world of international warfare and politics. Of course, Atlanteans tend to end up in these predicaments anyway.

Other Atlanteans also make great allies or contacts. Members of the ancient race often band together for the sake of safety and to share memories and thoughts that only other Atlanteans can understand. They will often share company even when they do not like each other or are politically opposed. This is because their sense of honour influences them to behave as gentlemen despite their conflict, as well as for the simple fact that they are reminded of home when in each other's company.

Finally, an Atlantean character can purchase, or later acquire, items made from the mythical ore orichalcum.

The Atlantean Character Package

Appearance:

The Atlanteans are simply a breed of human being that has advanced into the next stage of evolution (some jokingly refer to themselves as homo Atlantiens). They have a naturally longer lifespan, ranging in thousands of years—unfortunately, in turn, they have a low birth rate. The average Atlantean stands about 5'5" to 6' tall with a dark-brown complexion and wavy black hair.

Personality:

Owing a great responsibility by having the gift of Ka, Atlanteans are calm, rational, even-tempered, and never turn away from someone in need. Atlanteans are kind to humanity, but cautious to other races. The Chimerans—to them the dreaded Horde—are sworn enemies. The Elohim and Angelos are a more complex issue. On one hand, they see the Elohim as powerful and benevolent, but on the other hand, they also remember the day Typhon and his rogues destroyed their great homeland. Likewise, they associate the Angelos with the Elohim.

Names:

Example names include Aayrt, Aeson, Aerope, Agathon, Akhu, Arihems, Baq, Baseka, Cleothera, Clytia, Djaou, Nayaari, Paralos, Shedou, Tak, Urarath, Xenophon, Zeno.

Arcs:

Atlanteans think of themselves as Protectors of humanity, but many other Arcs fit the persona of the Atlantean. Many have been Rogues, Adventurers, or even revenge-driven Dark Avengers.

Racial Traits:

Adjusted Average Abilities: 12 Constitution, 12 Wisdom. Atlanteans are intuitive and charismatic.

Feats: *Contacts**; most Atlanteans live lives that take them to parts of the world where they associate with many different types of people. They are also long lived, meeting many people and cultivating many friendships. This advantage reflects the Atlanteans' ability to have their fingers in many social pies.

Efficient Ka *. Atlanteans are masters at storing and manipulating Ka energy.

Ka Awakened *.

Ritualist. Many Atlanteans have learned to facilitate their experimentation with "magic" through prolonged rituals rather than merely by rote.

Skill Mastery *.

Many also take the Artificer and/or Inventor feats. Atlanteans are great tinkers and artificers. Many keep large archaic alchemical labs that function better than anything at MIT.

Powers: The Atlanteans manipulate Ka energy by rote. They have all been taught certain ways to manifest abilities, calling them disciplines, and they do so from an early age in the same way that human children are taught mathematics and geography. Atlanteans see no difference between science and magic (a.k.a. sekhim), both being different words with essentially the same meaning; this viewpoint manifests itself in their Ka-manipulation methods, which almost universally involve mystic rituals and seemingly supernatural techniques. Atlantean characters are capable of using any power available to normal characters, but have an affinity for seer-style influences (most likely represented by Postcognition and Precognition). Their most famous and most common abilities involve prophecy and seemingly magical manipulations.

Immunity 1 (Aging; *Power Feats: Innate*) *. This is mandatory for all pureblooded Atlanteans. Millennia ago the Atlanteans found a way to stave off the effects of aging so that their life spans were greatly increased. This power is not required to have any type of power disadvantaged such as incantations or physical gestures. It is not true immortality, however.

Complications: *Honor*. Most Atlanteans have some sort of code of honor pertaining to helping humankind. For countless centuries they have been the seneschals of humanity and take this oath seriously, going out of their way to help where they can. Atlanteans feel very strongly about things and will often swear oaths to correct a quandary when something strikes them as immoral or unreasonable.

Enemy. Most Atlanteans have been taught from an early age to despise the Horde invaders. This hatred for Chimerans is almost hardwired into their collective psyche after years of anti-Chimeran rhetoric. The Elohim are also sometimes subjected to the Atlanteans' vitriol, after Typhon's rogues caused the destruction of their beloved island home. It's suggested that if an Elohim is taken as the enemy that they decide which one Elohim it will be, usually one person at power level 4 or higher. In the case of the Chimerans, the character can take the entire race as an enemy with a power level of 3 of higher.

Drawbacks: *Spellcasting* *. Regardless of the powers a character chooses at creation, all powers must have one or more Drawbacks or flaws synonymous with spellcasting. It is up to the player to decide just how this is done, although the Game Master can certainly offer suggestions or impose restrictions and requirements in order to properly represent the type of "sorcery" in question. Atlanteans have become very powerful and adept Ka users but have the misconception that the powers must be coaxed or invoked using arcane and eldritch knowledge.

* This trait is not optional and **must** be purchased as a part of this race. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

Colossus

"... if a man were gifted by nature with the frame of ... a Briareus, with his hundred hands he ought to be able to throw a hundred darts."

[Plato, Laws 795c]

The Atlanteans knew better than to attack the Elohim head on in an all-out confrontation, and to this end they created the enormous battle suits called the Colossi. Ranging from 25 to 150 feet tall and fueled with a heart of pure Orichalcum, each Colossus was created to match blows with the mightiest of the Elohim or Chimeran enemies they encountered. These war machines were not only lethal killing machines but unique works of art created by craftsman during the height of Atlantean civilization. Each war suit was crafted specifically for its pilot, most coming from house Atlas and Gadeirus. These warriors were proud and haughty with egos to match their incredible fighting abilities.

Only one hundred were created, and most were part of an elite group called the Hecatoncheires. These were spread out among the Atlantean troops and used as heavy support weapons when the enemy resistance seemed great. The greatest known battles using the Hecatoncheires occurred in the lands of Norway and Scandinavia when a small group assaulted the mountain stronghold of the Elohim in that area (though eventually the Atlanteans were beaten back in this area and retreated south). During the fall of Atlantis, the Hecatoncheires defended the island as the survivors escaped, and most died during that battle. However, some survived and during this dark period the Hecatoncheires scattered to protect the great houses as they fled the brutal Elohim that hunted them. Some banded together and became mercenaries that sold their services to the highest bidder—even helping the Elohim of Greece during an internal squabble over power in the early days of that pantheon's rule.

Most of the other colossi were hidden in secret weapon caches because of their high profile. Some were left abandoned when their power source ran out, most notably the Colossus of Rhodes and Bamiyan statue in the heart of the Hindu Kush mountains. Surviving colossi come in a variety of different shapes and

sizes, with styles ranging from classical Greek to Olmec primitivism.

Sample Colossi

Talos (Piloted Construct)

The giant bronze war suit was famous through out the Mediterranean.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 3

Str 32, **Dex** 10, **Con** -, **Int** 0, **Wis** 0, **Cha** 0

Speed: 3

Attack +0, **Defense** +0

Toughness +9, **Fort** +0, **Reflex** +2, **Will** +0

Size: Huge

Powers: *Immunity* 2 (Suffocation), *Growth* 8 (*Flaws*: Permanent), *Super-Senses* 6 (Infravision, Detect Physical Objects [ranged, radius, extended x100])

EP/PP Cost: 48/10

<H4>Creusa (Piloted Construct)

A large emerald-scaled construct in the form of a woman.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 2

Str 30, **Dex** 10, **Con** -, **Int** 0, **Wis** 0, **Cha** 0

Speed: 3

Attack +0, **Defense** +0

Toughness +8, **Fort** +0, **Reflex** +4, **Will** +0

Size: Huge

Feats: Attack Focus 2 (Ranged; *Flaws*: Throwing only) Throwing Mastery 2

Powers: *Immunity* 4 (High Pressure, Cold, Suffocation), *Growth* 8 (*Flaws*: Permanent), *Super-Senses* 5 (Detect Physical Objects [ranged, radius, extended x100]), *Swimming* 5, *Water Control* 3 (*Power Feats*: Alternate Powers—Blast 3, Obscure 3, Stun 3, Suffocate 3)

EP/PP Cost: 62/13

Gorgons (Armored Suit)

The Gorgons were an elite group of three suits, smaller than the average colossus (only standing 3 meters tall) but unique in appearance. They were snake-haired, had great tusks like swine's, bronzed hands, golden wings, and the comely and shapely form of women. The Gorgons were used in fast attack and scout missions, and possessed the ability to turn to stone those who beheld them.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 0

Str 20, **Dex** 10, **Con** -, **Int** 0, **Wis** 0, **Cha** 0

Speed: 3

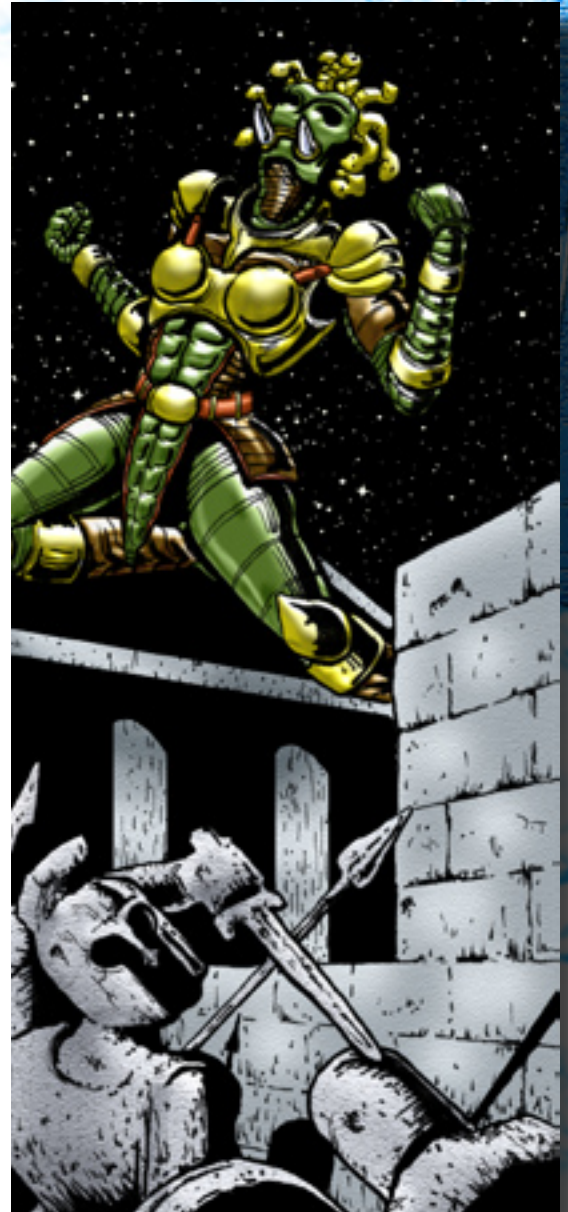
Attack +0, **Defense** +0

Toughness +8, **Fort** +0, **Reflex** +4, **Will** +0

Size: Large

Powers: *Immunity* 2 (Suffocation), *Flight* 2, *Growth* 4 (*Flaws*: Permanent), *Paralyze* 5 (*Extras*: Alternate Save [Fort]), *Super-Senses* 1 (Infravision)

EP/PP Cost: 49/10



The Thirteen Houses

The Thirteen Immortals and their houses are each represented by an astrological sign except for the thirteenth—the House of the Moon. Following are brief outlines all of the Houses, including their familial characteristics, current activities, the names of their leaders, and the locations of their greatest concentrations.

Note that in the 21st century, the concept of the House has changed somewhat. With the scattering of Atlanteans all over the globe, and their desire to conceal their existence, Atlanteans rarely indulge in political marriages. They do not, by and large, think of each other in terms of Houses anymore, except for some of the more insular families like House Autochthon. This has caused an increase in the number of inter-House marriages and births, which in turn has caused the lines between the Houses to blur further. There are also many Atlanteans whose blood has mixed with ordinary humans, so that the characteristics of their House have been diluted. The end result of this and many other changes in Atlanteans' lifestyles is that in 2010 there are roughly as many Atlanteans as not who still have a particular House allegiance.

Each house lists traits common to their members. Necessary traits are marked with an asterisk and must be purchased. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

Atlas, the Warriors

In the old days of Atlantis the warriors danced with beasts under the sun, and the dancers of House Atlas were the greatest in the land. Atlas was a province off the coast of what is now North Africa, a land that has always been full of deadly creatures. The Atlanteans there developed a martial art based on the behaviour of the beasts around them, trying to remain a natural part of the ecosystem and live the way Poseidon willed. They honed their instincts and harmonized their technology with their environment so as to disturb as little as possible, calming themselves to a state of spiritual simplicity. They embraced death, renouncing magic that would protect them at the expense of the world around them. As a result House Atlas became mighty, but peaceful, warriors. With centuries in which to practice, their simple but deadly art became many, each teacher having his own highly nuanced style. Their environment remained just as dangerous, if not more so in recent times. The many wars and conflicts in which the Atlanteans have been caught have taken their toll on House Atlas too, so that they are now the least numerous of the families still known to exist.

Members of this House are known for their patience, politeness, and grace, and their ability to accomplish a task with precision and ruthlessness. They have a very strong ability to focus their Ka, but they tend to eschew its more powerful applications in favour of subtlety. They are still mostly based around Africa, though America and South-East Asia have recently become popular destinations for migrant members of House Atlas. House Atlas is currently led by Watu the Lion, an elusive mystic with no human pseudonym and no fixed abode.

Traits: Attack +5, Defense +5, Efficient Ka 3 *, Ka Awakened 4 *, Any 6 combat feats

Autochthon, The Craftsmen

The Atlanteans of House Autochthon are more skilled than most in the ability to craft magical artifacts. Before the civil war they were the trusted guardians of Thera's orichalcum supply (see the section on this metal, elsewhere in this chapter) and the arbiters of its magical use. This forgotten task seems to have survived in their racial memory, as they are now known as the craftsmen of Atlantis. They exhibit strong leadership and organizational abilities alongside their ability to manipulate orichalcum, and in the modern world they gravitate towards tasks of great responsibility. Less socially oriented Autochthons wind up in the military or in big business, whereas those with "people skills" tend to become teachers or craftsmen.

A vital element of the Autochthons' organizational ability is in the trafficking of orichalcum. Many offer their services as magical craftsmen to other Atlanteans

in exchange for goods, favours, and sometimes more orichalcum. They are among the most tightly knit Houses, and this formidable group organization means that they dominate the global supply and control of orichalcum. Most of the orichalcum on the planet passes through the hands of House Autochthon at some point, and some of it usually stays there. It would be dangerous to try to cross them or attempt to break their monopoly on the orichalcum trade, though. They close ranks very easily, and they let this be known to all those with whom they do business. House Autochthon is currently under the command of Lucas Pirelli, real name "Menifa," an Italian stockbroker with a nasty reputation.

Traits: Artificer, Any three Craft skills 4, Knowledge (arcane lore) 10, Skill Mastery (three Craft skills and Knowledge [arcane lore]), Ultimate Skill (select one of your Craft skills)

Azaes, the Consanguine

Atlanteans of House Azaes are in possession of a unique gene that passes only through the pureblooded of their families, and then only in rare cases, giving them the ability to receive Ka energy directly from the blood of others. This mutation had only just appeared in one of the thirteen Immortals who walked from the sea, a final defiant act of evolution before the human race disappeared, and it has managed to survive in his family for countless generations. The use to which this mutation was originally put has been lost. It would have allowed the carriers to survive more easily in a ravaged Earth with thin numbers and little resources, and would have been of no small advantage in the first days of the Immortals' arrival in the past. The truth is not known. What is known is that since Atlantis recovered from the civil war so long ago, House Azaes have developed this unique trait into an art. Their rituals revolve entirely around blood magic, and they have learned to use their own blood as part of their mystical rites. The drinking of blood worked its way into their marriage ceremonies and their religious practices, and is seen as a sign of kinship. In some quarters, though rarely in the days of Atlantis, members of House Azaes have even been known to indulge in cannibalism and blood sacrifice. These practices are thankfully rare, and frowned upon by most Atlanteans (even the more orthodox members of their own House). As for the vampire stories... yes, it is probable that they owe at least some part of their origins to House Azaes.

House Azaes have mostly settled in Russia and Eastern Europe since the sundering of Atlantis. Though generally as benevolent as their brethren, they have always had difficulty relating to humans and to other Houses. They enjoy isolation and the company of their own. House Azaes is led by Doctor Natasha Bczynski, a Haematologist from the Urals whose real name is "Akara." Her influence allows the trafficking of blood to and from her people all over Eastern Europe.

Traits: Drain 2 (Drain Ka; *Power Feats:* Innate Slow Fade; *Flaws:* Must drink the victim's blood; 3 PP) *, Magic 4 (Blood magic; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Select 4 spells; *Flaws:* Ka Cost)

Cleito, The Alchemists

House Cleito today owns three of the most accomplished medical research and pharmaceutical companies on the planet, though few people are in a position to realize this. They are based in South-East Asia, where they have thrived since their arrival. In feudal times they posed as priests and alchemists, peddling potions, spells, and wisdom to the needy. Since the modernization of Japan they have instead focused on making their magic appear as ordinary science, guiding human technology to the level of their own. This has not been easy, owing to the Atlanteans' natural tendency to think of their art as supernatural, but they are making significant progress. They communicate secretly using ancient codes that date back to the days of Thera, when Cleito were the alchemists of Atlantis, comparing notes in secret while publicly maintaining a veneer of rivalry and business acumen.

House Cleito is perhaps the most modern of all the houses, having shown a remarkable ability to adapt to changing culture. Some Atlanteans find this distasteful, while others admire it. Cleito's somewhat insular nature ensures that they care little for what the other Houses think. The leaders and spokespersons

of House Cleito often talk of “bringing the world into the future.” They are very mindful of their people’s influential nature in history—it was the ruling family of House Cleito who oversaw the project that created the Black Gene carriers—and wish to continue to play a leading role in the progress of civilization. They are not afraid to interfere with any aspect of human life for the sake of the whole, as their history suggests. As they are, after all, the ones who understand the carriers’ nature best, more of House Cleito is in contact with Black October than any other House. More disturbingly, Cleito are also rumoured to have dealings with U.S.E.R., though the nature of this possible relationship is not known.

The Alchemists are led by Daniel Chan, a Hong Kong industrialist with close ties to several unpleasant groups of pirates and Triads. The police of several countries have been watching him for years but have managed to collect no evidence. They suspect that he is behind something big and nasty, but they have no idea what it is.

Traits: Craft (chemical) 8, Knowledge (technology) 8, Ultimate Effort (Knowledge [arcane lore]), Device 2 (3 PP/rank; alchemical item) *

Diaprepes, the Pyromancers

All of the Houses of Atlantis have an affinity for Ka manipulation. Some have a particular use or philosophy to which they apply the magical arts, while others have no predilection towards any one method over the others. The Atlanteans of House Azaes have had the choice imposed upon them by nature. A quirk in their DNA means that descendents of this House began to manifest a particular skill with pyromancy—that is to say, fire magic—within a generation of their arrival in the past. The strange thing about the Diaprepes gene is that it is dominant; carriers are more likely than not to pass this mutation on to their offspring. The number of pyromancers within House Diaprepes has thus been steadily growing since ancient times, and the gene has even been known to manifest in Atlanteans from other Houses. Although there have been no recorded examples of humans bearing the Diaprepes gene, by no means does this mean that there have been none. Members of the House often argue that this must be the next stage in Atlantean evolution. The obvious counterargument is that the Atlanteans could easily use their abilities to choose their own evolutionary path.

Many members of the House are skilled in other forms of Ka manipulation as well as pyromancy, but the majority choose to focus on their fiery arts and let the other Houses handle the rest. As a result, their magical ability has become very narrow: there are few masters of any other arts within House Diaprepes. Members often gravitate towards warm, dry environments. Their greatest concentration is in Australia, where the deserts are endless and the bush fires magnificent. Some also occupy the Middle East, Africa, and parts of North America. The Pyromancers are usually soft-spoken and controlled individuals; those who break this stereotype tend to attract too much attention to themselves and their dramatic art.

The ruler of the Pyromancers is Doctor Dragon, an Australian performance artist with a brazen approach to his magical skills. His real name is a closely guarded secret among the House.

Traits: Efficient Ka 3 *, Ka Awakened 2 *, Ka Manipulation 4 (Area of speciality such as pyromancy; one trait of a particular type, 2 PP/rank; *Power Feats:* Innate) *

Elasippus, the Geomancers

House Elasippus is famed among the other Houses for the architectural accomplishment of its members. Once, before its fall, they were the great architects of Atlantis. They were the artisans who combined the grace and majesty of their Atlantean souls with the power of the sekhem to create works of magic and beauty that humans have only imitated. House Elasippus oversaw the construction of the pyramids of Egypt, Asia, and South America, and even today they are at the forefront of the effort to prepare the Earth’s geomantic energies for the coming of the Horde.

This plan to harness the Ka of the entire globe was implemented around 2,000 B.C. With the help of humankind, the Elasippi would build a network of pyramids to divert, manage, and store the geomantic energy. They would turn the Earth itself into a fortress and an enormous source of power that was theirs to control. By 1500 A.D. they had built pyramids all over the globe: Egypt, the Americas, Turkey, Greece, Mesopotamia, Australia, Indonesia, Angkor Wat, and countless others. Stonehenge was constructed as a giant astrological timepiece that controlled the entire network in preparation for the end of the Fifth Sun. The project was set back centuries when Typhon and his rogue Elohim chose to destroy the Atlanteans. Most of the energy conduits were broken and the pyramids left without power.

The task of House Elasippus has become much harder in the modern world. The Atlanteans are pariahs, fighting battles on several sides, and the Elasippi geomancers have too many enemies to create great magical works in the open, particularly without the permission of the humans who own the land. With few resources and the network in disarray, these days they concentrate on protecting the pyramids that are operable or at least repairable, using both physical and magical means, preparing them for use as batteries when the day comes.

The Elasippi have members or agents all across the globe. Their networking ability is necessarily highly advanced, and they communicate via every method from evocation to e-mail. They see the Internet as a sign that their goal of a global energy network is achievable, and many even meditate upon the subtleties of this infantile piece of technology in order to gain insight into their great task. They are highly skilled at manipulating the flow of Ka around buildings and earthworks, the study of “dragon lines,” and the storage of energy. House Elasippus is currently led by Professor Arlon Manchester, an Alaskan shipping magnate and playboy explorer who has also published several adventure novels.

Traits: Craft (structural) 8, Drain 2 (Drain Ka; *Power Feats:* Slow Fade; *Flaws:* Must be at a location of geomantic importance) *, Magic 4 (Geomancy; *Power Feats:* Innate, Alternate Powers—Select 4 spells; *Flaws:* Must be at a location of geomantic importance)



Evaemon, the Artists

In the old days of Atlantis the Evaemon were entertainers. Their job was to remind the people of the ways of the Earth through song, dance, theatre, and all other forms of entertainment. Over time their art incorporated all the knowledge that the Atlanteans gained as they grew. Every part of Atlantean culture was represented somewhere in the sacred dance of the Evaemon. The civil war changed everything. House Evaemon took the side of the provinces and marched with the others on the capital of Thera. Nine out of ten who fought were killed, and only a few remained who knew the dance. Those few were the young and the infirm, those who either did not yet know all the arts of House Evaemon or had little time or energy to teach them. Besides, no one had ever known all of the dances, all of the plays, and all of the songs of Atlantis. With their written records gone, the history of their civilization was reduced to scattered collections of performances and parables. And still the Evaemon danced, though the symbolism was lost . . . perhaps forever.

House Evaemon have kept every piece of art they know alive in exact detail since the civil war, out of grim determination that no more should ever be lost. They have been constantly adding to their repertoire, preserving the history and culture of Atlantis through subtle means. They create plays, songs, books, and all other kinds of media, all of which contain information meaningful to Atlanteans everywhere. A handful has even become famous, though nobody has ever associated them with Atlantis—they never contain any direct references. But the Atlanteans all know what they mean. Read *The Fall Of The House Of Usher* through Atlantean eyes. Was it written by House Evaemon? No. But now you understand.

Atlanteans of House Evaemon are nearly all accomplished artists of some kind. The arts of Atlantis are mostly performance-based—dance, acrobatics, theatre, song, etc.—though plays and songs need to be written, and there are no shortages of artists, sculptors, and other kinds of writers among the House. They generally have good memories, inquisitive natures, and strong senses of detail and precision. They live mostly around the Mediterranean bowl, but they are travellers at heart and find themselves reaching all corners of the globe in their efforts to teach and learn the lore of their people.

House Evaemon is currently under the command of the Lady of the Bells, a master performer without whose blessing none of the other members of the House may practice their arts. The name “Lady of the Bells” is actually a ceremonial title, passed down through the females of the Imperial line. The Lady’s real name and identity are abandoned upon adopting the position of leader of the House, which is done in secret. Nobody knows how old the current Lady of the Bells is, or how long she has held the title. Her traditional place of dwelling is in Venice.

Traits: Craft (artistic) 12 * or Perform (select one) 12 *, Knowledge (history) 12

Emelus, the Pastors

Legend tells of Emelus, the progenitor of the House that bears his name, learning the language of the animals when he lived in the jungle as a child. The poets of House Evaemon insist that this is a metaphor, meant to illustrate the way humans move apart from the other animals as they grow and forget how to speak to nature. House Emelus do not care if it a metaphor, a parable, or a literal recollection. As far as they are concerned, they can talk to the animals. They acquired the art of magical (psychic) communication centuries ago, along with all the other rites of sekhem that the Atlanteans possess. It is not known when they also began to master the application of this ability to animals, as it was before the civil war that destroyed most of Atlantis’ records, but master it they have. Other Atlanteans have tried many times to achieve more than rudimentary magical communication with animals, but none can come close to the affinity that House Emelus have for the animal kingdom. It is truly as though they are speaking the language of the beasts.

Members of this House understandably tend to live close to the wilderness, if not right in the middle of it. They are scattered all around the globe but still maintain close contact with other Atlanteans, language and communication

being such a passion of theirs. House Emelus is under the leadership of Linda King (real name “Karmet,”), an environmentalist, animal rights campaigner, and constant thorn in the side of those who abuse the planet or its creatures. She has tremendous sway over several groups of more extreme anti-capitalists and environmental campaigners.

Traits: Handle Animal 4 *, Animal Empathy *, Comprehend 1 (Animals; Power Feats: Innate) *, Telepathy 2 (Power Feats: Innate)*

Gadeirus, the Guardians

It is perhaps the greatest honour of House Gadeirus that it was they who masterminded the ceasefire that ended the civil war in Atlantis. The earliest records show members of this House, which was far more numerous at the time than most of the others, taking charge of the negotiations and organising the rebuilding. For a long time they dominated the Empire simply by virtue of their will to do so, leading the way forward until Atlantis had returned to its former health. It is not known whether they already had the taste for authority before the war, but it became their defining characteristic. When they realized they could not remain the dominant House in Atlantis, they soon turned their sights to the rest of the world. Humans have always proven to be easily led by the more powerful races, and so House Gadeirus became the most active House in the protection and advancement of the human race. Almost all Atlanteans believe they have a responsibility to guide and protect the human race, but House Gadeirus simply cannot stand to be uninvolved in the process. They must take charge, or at least have some responsibility, wherever possible.

This passion for leadership is a double-edged sword. There is intense rivalry and politicking between members of this House, and their relationship with other Atlanteans is strained by their need to control everything. Gadeirus is the most heavily dispersed House of all because of this territorial social outlook. They have also been known to stretch to outright tyranny when their obsession gets out of hand, staining history with acts no Atlantean wishes to repeat. Due to a handful of isolated renegades, House Gadeirus are among the least popular and least trusted Houses.

House Gadeirus has not been led by any one person for several years now. Leadership of the House is always contested at every opportunity, and it is next to impossible to get them all to agree in the end. There are always rogues, dissenters, and outright rebels among their ranks. There are currently at least five serious contenders vying for control over the House, and they are warring with all the subtlety and patience of their race.

Traits: Charisma 14, Diplomacy 8, Leadership

Mestor, the Visionaries

Throughout their history, House Mestor has been at the forefront of technological discovery in Atlantis. They are uniquely competent at science and engineering, both mundane and magical, and they constantly strive among themselves to provide the greatest contributions to the betterment of mankind. They are also accomplished politicians and civil engineers, since they see both roles as an integral part of the application of science. The College of Universal Arts on Thera was their greatest achievement in Atlantis, taking on students from all around the Empire before its eventual destruction in the civil war.

Mestor are characteristically scholarly and verbose, analytically minded, and prone to long and complicated arguments about what might be the noblest course of action. In some rare cases this can turn into arrogance, narrow-mindedness, and extreme interventionism. Either way, there are very few members of this House whose politics can be considered moderate. Atlanteans of House Mestor occasionally clash with those of House Cleito, whose usual approach to science involves more action than words, and frequently find themselves indulging in espionage and cold war tactics with them. Very rarely does this rivalry become truly dangerous—except, of course, for those humans whose lives become pawns in their battles.

House Mestor’s current leader is Chief Inspector Lenny Chan, an officer with the Hong Kong police. His record is exemplary and his methods textbook, and

he always gets his man. But he won't rest until he's uncovered something on Daniel Chan. There must be something out there that they can pin on him.

Traits: Intelligence 14, Any three Craft skills 8, Knowledge (arcane lore) 8, Knowledge (technology) 10, Artificer

The Lost Houses

Ampheres, the Seers

Ampheres was the House of the Moon, the mystical thirteenth family of Atlantis. Their greatest skill was in prophecy and they produced and trained the greatest seers the world has ever known. Since House Ampheres' destruction at the hands of Typhon, the Atlanteans' ability to foresee the future has suffered greatly. House Ampheres is not, however, as extinct as most Atlanteans believe. Metnu Resah, their immortal leader in ancient times, lives on in the guise of the industrialist Malcolm Rhand. His relationship with the other Houses has changed somewhat in recent centuries as a result of his sinister plans and motivations. Very few Atlanteans are aware that he is still alive, and Rhand sees to it that this remains the case.

Traits: Super-Senses 8 (Postcognition, Precognition; *Power Feats:* Innate)

Mnesues, the Fishers

House Mnesues has changed more than any other family in Atlantean history. Once they were the merchant princes who commanded the fishing fleets of the ancient islands, sailors and explorers, heralds and ambassadors, messengers and, sometimes, warriors. Honest and pious like no others, those of House Mnesues together were the essential backbone of Atlantean economy and the heralds of their civilization. They were a force to be reckoned with in times of war, too, though they hated fighting and took joy in the honesty and simplicity of the ocean.

The civil war divided their loyalty down the middle, literally setting brother against brother, and they more than any others strove to maintain peace ever after. So it was that, when Typhon exacted his spiteful revenge upon Atlantis, House Mnesues refused to fight back and simply chose to aid the evacuation of the islands. Their fleets were as swift as ever, but they were hardly swift enough to escape the Elohim. A dozen ships escaped from Atlantis before it sank. Nearly all of the refugees who made it out of Atlantis alive did so aboard House Mnesues' vessels. They carried their passengers to whatever safe piece of land they could find, and then they sailed off together into the night.

What happened to House Mnesues next is a mystery to all but the unlucky few who have since encountered them. They sailed aimlessly across the seven seas for years, only touching shore long enough to gather supplies before setting out again. They drew solace from the same ocean into which their home had sunk, wallowing in the irony of the ocean-going life they had chosen. They could never return home to dry land, because the land from which they had spent so much time apart from was gone. They lived like ghosts on the seas for nearly three decades before they eventually discovered their new home: Mu, the abandoned fortress-city of the Nibiru. Mu was the perfect safe haven for the House of boatmen. It was a giant floating fortress large enough to house a small civilization, equipped with all of the arcane technology that the Atlanteans had reverse-engineered from the Nibiru so long ago. The Mnesues had no idea of its significance to their people's history—they saw it simply as a gift from Poseidon to the children of the sea. They quickly settled in, adapting and repairing the fortress and reactivating the technology. They named it Lumeria, and called themselves Lumerians. Houses were irrelevant to them now that Atlantis was gone.

It was not long before the Lumerians decided to take the next step to bring themselves closer to their beloved ocean and their god Poseidon. Among the trophies left to them by the Nibiru was the alchemical equipment necessary to alter the structure of any creature as they saw fit. They began to use this technology to adapt their children to the ocean, growing gills and thick, rubbery

skin. Successive generations saw more mutations—chitinous shells, tentacles, luminescent eyes, tentacles—until the Lumerians were totally unrecognizable as Atlantean.

Not only had the Lumerians changed physically, but their mentality had undergone a dramatic upheaval. Long years alone on the seas had given them plenty of time to contemplate their stance of non-aggression and its consequences. Their unwillingness to fight had played a part in the destruction of their original home. More Atlanteans might have been saved had they chosen to fight instead of fleeing. But they could not be sure. What they could be sure about, however, was that they would never again flee from their enemies. Lumeria was a gift from Poseidon, and it was sacred. They had found peace and security in their new home, and no one would take it away from them. The final step in their marriage to the ocean was thus the adaptation of Lumeria itself. They sealed the entrances, rebuilt the engines, and sank the city to the bottom of the Indian Ocean, where they defend it with a fanatical xenophobia. Intruders are met with zero tolerance, whatever their intentions.

Traits: Immunity 3 (Breathe underwater, cold, high pressure; *Power Feats:* Innate) *, Swimming 1 (*Power Feats:* Innate)*, most also have the Strange Appearance complication with powers to match

Pacal, the Stargazers

House Pacal were the greatest astronomers and mathematicians in Atlantis. They created the Atlantean calendar, and recorded the way the patterns of the cosmos affected the Earth and its energies. It was House Pacal who first applied the stars to the Atlanteans' gift of prophecy and began to associate precognition with the natural cycles of the universe. Over time this science became an obsession of the Pacal families, so powerful it was often described as a curse. Seers and astrologers of the House would often be driven mad by their studies into the cycles of time, or become so obsessed that they were effectively cut off from the outside world. Rumour has it that a few ancient members of House Pacal even managed to achieve total oneness with the fifth dimension and transcended time itself. Whether or not these are mere legends will never be known. House Pacal was utterly annihilated in 750 A.D. when Typhon discovered them in South America.

Before they were wiped out, House Pacal had time to leave a great influence on the human cultures around them. To the Mayan people they were gods, bringing wisdom and power to them in the darkness of the jungle. House Pacal gave them calendars, astrology, and partial knowledge of the future. They built pyramids with the help of House Elasippus, and taught the humans how to use them for harnessing the energy of the Earth. Much of this influence remains architecturally preserved for today's world, and is enjoying resurgence in New Age culture. The rest is forgotten today, or looked upon as superstition, and has become merely a curiosity in the eyes of historians and fodder for the New Age. Even the legacy of House Pacal is close to dying, and the other Houses mourn them all the more for it.

If House Pacal were around to have a leader, that leader would be Melissa Huntington, real name "Medea."

Traits: Knowledge (physical sciences) 12, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) 8

Sample Atlantean

Medea, an Immortal Oracle (PL 14)

Medea is one of the thirteen Immortal Magi of Atlantis, though her House, Pacal, is no more. She resides in a large but lonely apartment in Manhattan overlooking Central Park, surrounded by things that appear to portray wealth. Medea could not care less about her wealth, or about how her lifestyle appears to others. These things are memories. They remind her of both happy times and times so tragic that she cannot allow them to be forgotten. As she watches her people become less numerous, and as the past disappears under the constant onslaught of entropy, these things become more important to her by the day. The past must be remembered, for soon it shall come around again.

Medea is called upon by other, lesser Atlanteans from time to time to use her prophetic abilities. As one of the Thirteen these abilities are pronounced to a degree that others of her kind can only imagine. They also come to her for information, for her skill at associating the future with the past is legendary. But mostly she just waits for the moment the Chimerans will arrive and bring with

them the destruction that was once rained down upon Atlantis. She tends to wear only combat-ready clothing wherever she is, remaining within the confines of modern fashion for the sake of avoiding negative attention (a mean feat for an albino).

While exploring in the Middle East with her off-and-on companion, a British fellow named Roland, Medea encountered an ancient Chimeran named Tiamat who was terrorizing a small Kurdish village. In a battle that was worthy of Arthurian legend, Medea and Roland succeeded in driving off the monster. In the aftermath they discovered young orphaned girl and took her under her wing. They did not speak a word of each other's language, but the name that Roland calls all women—"Bird"—has stuck. That was in 1995. Since then, Bird has remained Medea's ward. Together they prepare for the end of the cycle and the coming of death.

Alias: Melissa Huntington

Age: 3752

Arc: Icon

Atlantean

Str 14, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 24, Cha 16 (22 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 18 (+21), Concentration 15 (+22), Craft (chemical) 18 (+21), Diplomacy 18 (+21), Investigate 10 (+13), Knowledge (history) 10 (+13), Knowledge (physical sciences) 11 (+14), Knowledge (streetwise) 10 (+13), Knowledge (theology and philosophy) 11 (+14), Language 16 (English, select 15 languages), Medicine 18 (+25), Notice 9 (+16), Search 8 (+11), Swim 8 (+10)

Feats: Benefit (Wealth) 5, Contacts, Cultural Awareness (Atlantean) 4, Efficient Ka 5, Equipment 17, Ka Awakened (Ka Transfer, Ka Reflexes) 4, Leadership, Skill Mastery (Bluff, Diplomacy, Notice, Search)

Powers: *Device 1* (Orichalcum necklace; see equipment), *Healing 10*, *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Super-Senses 6* (Ka Awareness, mental, ranged, extended [x10,000]), *Super-Senses 8* (Ka Tracking, Precognition), *Super-Senses 8* (Ranged [Touch, Extended 2], Radius [All senses]; *Flaws:* Distracting)

Equipment: Orichalcum necklace [Device: Absorption 1 (Energy; *Power Feats:* Slow Fade; *Extras:* Energy Storage; *Flaws:* Ka only)], Potion of Cockatrice Breath [Strike 8 (*Extras:* Alternate Save [Fortitude], Cloud, Poison); 32 EP], Potion of Love [Emotion Control 10 (*Extras:* Continuous [Lasting]; *Flaws:* Love only, Taste Dependent) 10 EP], Potion of the Seven-League Stride [Super-Speed 3 (*Power Feats:* Water Run; *Flaws:* Effects only last 4 hours) 12 EP]

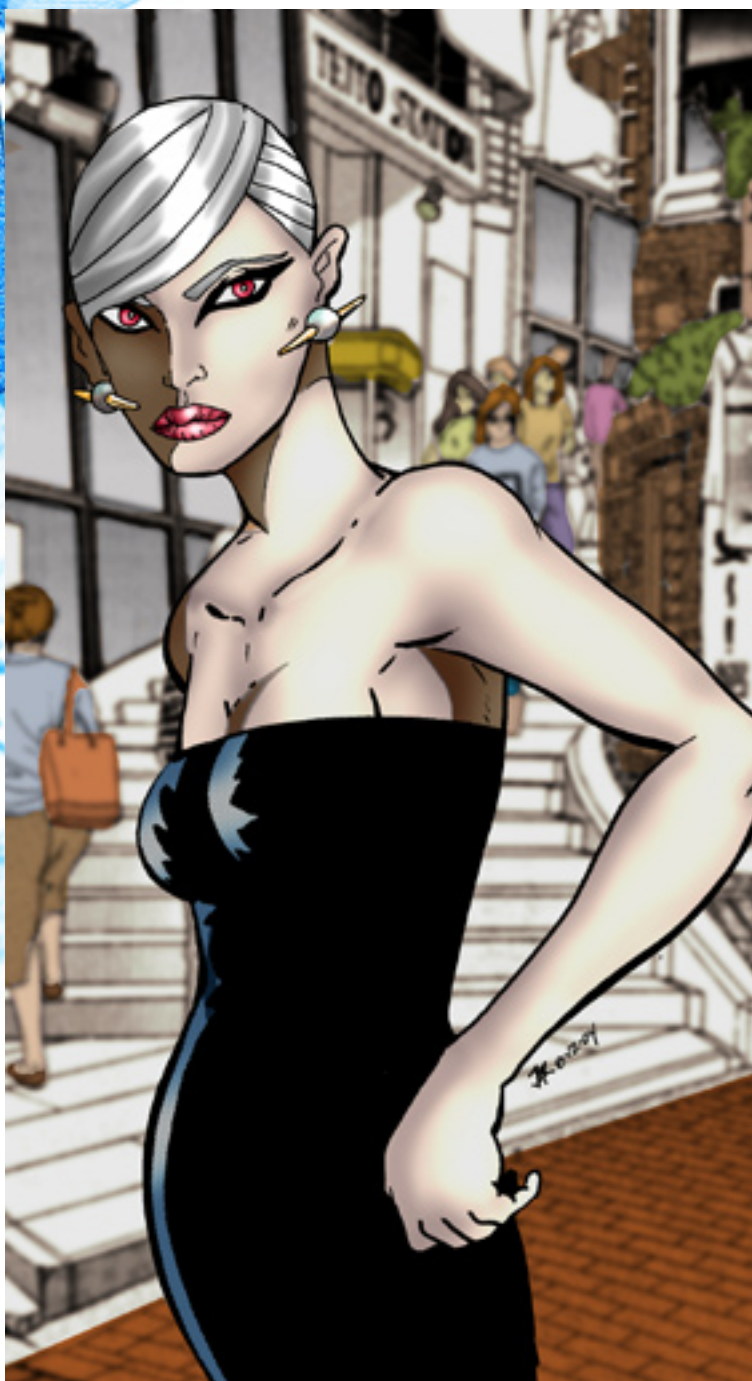
Complications: Enemy (Typhon), Responsibility (Help those in need), Responsibility (To Bird), Secret (True identity), Strange Appearance (Albino)

Drawbacks: Power Loss (Healing, All Super-Senses; When unable to speak and gesture to cast spells; -2 points)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +12, Reflex +8, Will +15

Abilities 40 + Skills 45 (180 ranks) + Feats 37 + Powers 43 + Combat 10 + Saves 24 - Drawbacks 2 = 197



Sample Atlantean group: the Soho Three

The Soho Three is not by any means an "organization." The group met by accident in London on half a dozen occasions in the last hundred years and, against all the odds, built a strange kind of friendship. They meet once a year on Christmas Eve in a tiny pub in the East End to share a drink, swap stories, and talk about life. On this one night they have a rule that nobody is allowed to "talk shop": no politics, no business, no sorcery, no Chimerans. Just normal things.

Trust grew between them until they started calling on each other for help, advice, and the kind of company that only a fellow Atlantean could give. They trust each other on a fundamental level for reasons that only they can understand. When there is a crisis that calls for people in the know to do the right thing, they know that they can rely on the others to pick the right side. Because that is how to keep Atlantis alive, and Atlantis is the memory they share.

Kenny Scarab (PL 9)

Kenny Scarab, real name unknown, is a traveler. He has not had an official address for as long as anyone remembers, and there are people who remember him from three hundred years ago. Instead he spends his life on other people's sofas and floors, in squats, at all-night parties, at raves, and in illegal campsites. He has a caravan somewhere in which he keeps his personal effects, heavily protected by magic spells. The caravan's location is a closely guarded secret, for that is where Kenny keeps his supplies. Kenny is an orichalcum dealer.

Blessed with an uncanny magical ability to "find things" (he is probably a member of House Autochthon, but he never tells anybody that much about himself), Kenny uses a combination of traditional Atlantean mysticism and highly developed detective skills to find sources of orichalcum for other Atlanteans. Of course, most of his supplies come from other Atlanteans already. That just makes Kenny's job more interesting—or so he claims. As a result of his employment, Kenny's social life can be very complicated. Lots of people are willing to employ him. Many are also willing to put him up for a night or two and feed him, just in case they need to be friendly with him later. But not a soul is prepared to trust Kenny Scarab. Kenny's existence relies on his being able to lie, negotiate, manipulate, buy, and sell his way into one piece of danger in order to shake off the last. Thus, Kenny has no friends.

Strange, then, is his relationship with the rest of the Soho Three. Kenny himself cannot explain the particular kinship he feels with these two. Annabelle is all right by him, but it is pretty certain that he and Summers will never see eye to eye. Still they keep returning to the same places and confiding in each other, finding in each other this memory of home that they do not see in other Atlanteans. Kenny just shrugs and blames the stars.

There are a lot of rumours surrounding Kenny's origins, such as one in particular that suggests he was involved in the Russian revolution. Kenny has been around for a lot longer than that, though; he is almost nine hundred years old, and unlike most Atlanteans his age shows on his face. He wears long graying dreadlocks and has the craggy face of someone who has no need for comfort. He appears to only have the one outfit, and its colour is starting to match that of his consistently filthy skin. He also covers himself in cheap homemade jewelry. None of it is orichalcum, though. He always sells that.



Real Name: Unknown.

Age: ?

Arc: Rogue

Atlantean

Str 12, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 15 (17 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 14 (+16), Craft (artistic) 10 (+12), Craft (electronic) 8 (+10), Craft (mechanical) 8 (+10), Diplomacy 8 (+10), Disable Device 12 (+14), Gather Information 10 (+12), Investigate 6 (+8), Knowledge (arcane lore) 10 (+12), Knowledge (history) 8 (+10), (popular culture) 6 (+8), Knowledge (streetwise) 14 (+16), Notice 14 (+17), Perform (acting) 8 (+), Perform (singing) 8 (+), Profession (gambler) 12 (+15), Search 12 (+14), Sense Motive 12 (+15), Sleight of Hand 14 (+16), Stealth 12 (+14)

Feats: Artificer, Assessment, Attack Focus (Ranged) 2, Connected, Contacts 2, Distract 3, Efficient Ka 2, Improved Trip, Improvised Tools, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Ka Awakened (Ka Reflexes) 3, Ritualist, Skill Mastery (Craft [artistic, electronic, mechanical], Knowledge [arcane lore]), Second Chance (failing any check involving a con, failing any check involving gambling, Knowledge [arcane lore] check with Ritualist) 3, Taunt, Ultimate Skill (Craft [artistic]), Well-Informed

Powers: Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate)

Equipment: None

Complications: Fame (Infamous), Secret (True identity)

Drawbacks: None

Combat: Attack +4 (+6 ranged), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +1, Fortitude +6, Reflex +7, Will +5

Abilities 24 + Skills 48 (192 ranks) + Feats 26 + Powers 2 + Combat 16 + Saves 12 – Drawbacks 0 = 128

Annabelle Armand (PL 10)

The small, dark theatres of Soho are plastered with, among other things, posters, some for shows that have been, and some for shows that are still to come. Many are posters for Annabelle Armand, a stage magician, and an extremely competent one at that. Though she only plays to small crowds and has not yet broken television or even the national circuit, she is happy. This is what she has done for three centuries. Original, witty, stylish, and self-deprecating, Annabelle is truly a master entertainer. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about this Atlantean performer is that her stage magic is just that: stage magic. Although she is a talented sorcerer and knows many things about Ka, Annabelle would be a fool to use such talents in public. Besides, she doesn't need them. Her sleight of hand is as extraordinary as her confidence and her imagination.

Annabelle is the binding force behind the Soho Three when they are together. Morton is decisive, honest, forthright, and bold, while Kenny is underhanded, deceptive, slippery, and indirect. Annabelle is the pragmatist who brings balance to their two opposing forces, managing their natures and taking charge of their operations. Annabelle is a small and unremarkable woman with dark hair and eyes and olive skin. She appears strangely ageless, anywhere between about eighteen and thirty-eight, and dresses smartly both onstage and off. She is quiet, bright, and elegant in nature, but a powerful and subtle enemy when crossed.



Real Name: Amidyra of House Evaemon.

Age: 371

Arc: Adventurer

Atlantean

Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 16 (20 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 6 (+9), Bluff 13 (+17), Craft (electronics) 12 (+13), Diplomacy 13 (+16), Disable Device 12 (+13), Escape Artist 11 (+14), Investigate 9 (+10), Knowledge (history) 10 (+11), Knowledge (streetwise) 12 (+13), Notice 8 (+10), Perform (stage magic) 15 (+18), Search 8 (+9), Sleight of Hand 15 (+18)

Feats: Acrobatic Bluff, Benefit (Alternate Identity) 2, Benefit (Wealth) 4, Contacts, Distract, Efficient Ka 4, Fascinate (Bluff) 2, Fascinate (Diplomacy) 2, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus, Damage Buffer 2) 3, Skill Mastery (Bluff, Disable Device, Notice, Perform [stage magic]), Taunt, Teamwork 3, Ultimate Effort (Perform [stage magic]), Uncanny Dodge (Visual, auditory, mental) 3

Powers: Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate), Ka Manipulation 6 (Any Traits, 6 PP/rank; Flaws: Ka Cost)

Equipment: None

Complications: Secret (True identity)

Drawbacks: Power Loss (Ka Manipulation; When unable to speak and gesture to cast spells; -1 points)

Combat: Attack +3, Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +6, Reflex +10, Will +8

Abilities 22 + Skills 36 (144 ranks) + Feats 28 + Powers 32 + Combat 16 + Saves 17 - Drawbacks 1 = 150

Morton Summers (PL 10)

Morton Summers is a very rich man, a London property developer of high standing, a masterful negotiator and shrewd businessman who conceals the vitality of youth behind the wits of an old man. He is also disappointingly honest and charitable; a well-known but reclusive philanthropist. Morton Summers is in fact so happy in his philanthropy and his honest, hard-working success that some people hate him for it. He has more enemies than most crooked businessmen.

But Morton still has secrets. For starters, he is an Atlantean. He exists too much in the public eye to be safe in this age, and he knows it. That is the price of power. Morton firmly believes that it is still the duty of the Atlanteans to protect humanity, whether humanity understands this or not. So he plays at being the millionaire philanthropist, building his resources and his influence, doing what he can until the day of reckoning comes. He is simply doing what he can with what he has; what he has are the heart, mind, and body of an Atlantean and everything that comes with them. His only sacrifice is the freedom to enjoy his wealth and his longevity in the face of an overwhelming sea of guilt. Morton's ancestors helped to design the mutagen that created Black Gene carriers. Morton has not been the same person since 1918 and the "influenza" outbreak: the weight of what he saw weighs more heavily on him than on most Atlanteans, and he does not know how to make amends. He secretly aids Black October with millions of pounds' worth of funds, and he spends his life helping the poor and the needy, but nothing alleviates the guilt.

Summers' public persona is extremely slim. Nobody knows how old he is, or much more about him at all, save for a few Atlanteans. At only four hundred years old, Summers is young for an Atlantean, but already he is one of the most powerful in London. It is fair to predict that when he reaches middle age—if he reaches middle age—he will be a force to be reckoned with. Summers' game is one in which you must grow powerful or die. His friends in the Soho Three, Kenny and Annabelle, are the only people in the world whom he trusts in the slightest. Despite this, he and Kenny bicker all the time about business ethics and moral pragmatism. He is so relentlessly gentlemanly with Annabelle that she finds it tedious, though she loves him like a baby brother and would never tell him.

Morton is tall, dark, handsome, and physically fit. He dresses in designer suits while working and wears extremely casual, scruffy clothes outside of the workplace. He says he only wears expensive clothes at work because he does not need to impress people outside of the office. He lives alone in a large but very empty apartment on Canary Wharf.



Real Name: Tygon of House Cleito

Age: 476

Arc: Protector

Atlantean

Str 12, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 14 (19 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 10 (+12), Climb 4 (+5), Concentration 15 (+18), Craft (chemical) 12 (+15), Diplomacy 15 (+17), Disable Device 12 (+15), Investigate 6 (+9), Knowledge (arcane lore) 8 (+11), Knowledge (behavioral sciences) 7 (+10), Knowledge (business) 10 (+13), Knowledge (streetwise) 15 (+18), Knowledge (technology) 15 (+18), Languages (English, select 11 languages), Notice 6 (+9), Pilot 7 (+8), Ride 6 (+7), Search 8 (+11), Stealth 10 (+11), Survival 6 (+9)

Feats: Artificer, Attack Focus (Ranged) 3, Benefit (Alternate Identity) 4, Benefit (Wealth) 6, Contacts, Dodge Focus 4, Efficient Ka 5, Ka Awakened (Ka Reflexes) 3, Improved Initiative, Ritualist, Ultimate Effort (Knowledge [arcane lore]), Uncanny Dodge (Visual, auditory) 2, Well-Informed

Powers: Device 2 (3 PP/rank; alchemical item), Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate)

Equipment: Alchemical Items

Complications: Responsibility (Black Gene victims), Secret (True identity)

Drawbacks: None

Combat: Attack +3 (+6 ranged), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +3 (+7 dodge), Initiative +5

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +5, Reflex +6, Will +9

Abilities 26 + Skills 46 (184 ranks) + Feats 30 + Powers 8 + Combat 12 + Saves 14 – Drawbacks 0 = 136

BLACK OCTOBER



BLACK OCTOBER

"When we were children, we used to think that when we were grown-up we would no longer be vulnerable. But to grow up is to accept vulnerability... To be alive is to be vulnerable."

Madeleine L'Engle (1918—), "Walking on Water: Reflections on Faith and Art", 1980

The Shining Wall

There was no shade here from the Serengeti sun, a rabid cell of near-white fire that spread across the sky like—Prime stopped himself from thinking "like influenza." He just stared, wishing he could feel it burning his skin, wishing even for cancer if it meant he could feel something.

The construct before him was the most amazing facsimile: a three-dimensional live-feed video, complete with touch, smell, sound, and even taste, (should he want to know what the grass tasted like in Africa). It wasn't as if it wasn't real in a very technical sense of the word—it was real, even if only as data, fed directly into what he refused to call his brain any longer. But the curse of being reproduced flawlessly in a computer, as an electronic copy of his own brain, was that Prime could still remember exactly what it was like to stare unprotected at the sun. He had done so once as a child. His mother, whom he had thankfully forgotten long before his brain had been preserved as electrons, had told him not to. Naturally, he had disobeyed almost immediately. The reddish-black spots on his corneas had lasted for several fascinating minutes. This simulation, however wonderful, did not do the same.

"Hey Prime, you there, man?" The voice, young, further broke the illusion.

"Yes, Joshua, I'm here. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, no. No you don't. None of that 'Joshua' shit, man. My name's Urban Myth. Joshua died fifteen years ago when his balls dropped. You told me that."

Prime smiled humorlessly within his mental prison.

"So I did. Well then, Myth, how are you feeling?"

"Like a star, man. Like a star."

Even through the static on the uplink feed, the young man looked unwell to Prime. Not in a strictly physical sense, of course: he stood nude in the middle of a field, his clothes in a heap behind him, and—like all members of Black October—he was in the condition of an Olympic athlete. Physically speaking, he was a magnificent example. No, the sensation of wrongness was based on the fact that Myth was glowing with the unstable color of plutonium that told Prime of imminent destruction.

"You are a star, Myth. You're one of a generation of legends—"

"That's not what I meant, man." Myth pointed to the sky, to the sun, where Prime had been looking a moment ago. "That kind of star. Only older. I'm going supernova, man."

Prime grunted. It wasn't the first time he'd heard that metaphor.

"The resemblance doesn't end there," he added. "You've given life to a lot of people. You and all the carriers before you."

"Yeah, man. And I'll leave nothing but a black hole behind me."

"That's not true, Myth. You'll be remembered. I promise."

The glow was getting stronger. It couldn't have been Prime's imagination; he didn't have one anymore. The man who had become Urban Myth was expelling the last of his Ka in order to reach the critical point when it would overload and destroy him. He was choosing the moment of his own death. But he had more to say, first.

"Remembered? By who? The world thinks we're the bad guys. They'll never know our names."

The Ka discharge was beginning to interfere with the signal from Urban Myth's communicator. The signal—sight, sound, and all—was breaking up quickly as his spectacular power sheathed his body in eldritch shapes. Normally they were feathers, rainbow-colored like a peacock's, only sharper and dangerous-looking. In his death throes they looked more like the flames of a phoenix.

"I will, Myth. I'll remember!" Prime shouted, trying to make his last words to the young man audible, but he would never know whether or not he succeeded. The uplink died suddenly in the lethal flare of Urban Myth's final fire. Prime's world returned sharply to the mentally projected image of his office. He was back inside his own mind. Quickly, before he sank into the dark mood that seeing the Shine always brought, he commanded his environment to change.

The thing that had replaced Prime's body almost a century ago—the Monolith—was really just a supercomputer that housed a copy of his mind. He knew his surroundings were not real, just as he knew he was not really himself, but rather a perfect copy. This was both utterly maddening and strangely liberating, for it allowed him to create whatever artificial living space he desired for his mind to occupy, the only limitation his considerable mental power. He "moved" now, instantaneously, commanding himself with a single thought to access a place that was really just a complex memory.

The Shining Wall loomed before him, taller than a man and longer than a football field. It was simple black marble. Etched upon it in fiery yellow gold were more names than he wished to count.

Prime walked slowly, reverently, along its length until he came to the last entry. Barely a day had passed since its addition. He moved in closer and, with total concentration, began to write meticulously in the spot underneath it:

"Joshua Michael Emmett, 'Urban Myth'.

Born January 16th, 1982. Died October 21st, 2010."

After what seemed like a very long time, the entry was complete. Prime stood back and fell into a stony silence. He recalled the words of his mentor, Enosh—Prime was just a child at the time, but he was turning so quickly into something else.

"The others will die," Enosh had said. "They will die young, and they will die brightly in the dark. But in order for them to be remembered, you must live. You must keep their names until after the cataclysm. When humanity does not fear its guardians any longer, then you may tell their names to the world. Then they may be remembered. Until then, you must be the keeper of the names."

Not a single day had passed in a hundred years that Prime had not heard those words repeated in his mind. He must be the last, no matter what. But in recent years he had begun to see changes in his surroundings—things moving in his imaginary office, colors changing, and, chillingly, the letters on some of the older names on the Shining Wall beginning to fade. At first he had thought it was the Monolith aging, its components suffering after a century of use. But he knew better than that. This was Atlantean technology; there were centuries left in it yet. No, it was not the hardware, but the software that was at fault.

Prime himself was deteriorating.

No. In truth it was not even that. This consciousness, this creature that inhabited the Monolith and pretended to be a human with a soul, was nothing but an artifice. The real Prime had died and left behind an electronic ghost in a box. He felt like the real thing, but he was not. He was a first-generation copy that was inevitably decaying. But Prime, or whatever he really was, had to carry on. He had to be the keeper of the names. He had to kick and fight and struggle for however long it took to see the children of the Black Gene through the coming apocalypse. Only after that day had come could he give up. Only then could he step down as the leader of Black October. And his would be the final name—if only he hadn't left it behind in another life.

Survivor's Guilt: the Black October Story

Bane of the Black Gene

"I had a little bird,

Its name was Enza.

I opened the window,

And in-flu-Enza."

— Children's skipping rhyme, 1918.

In 1918 the world said a bitter farewell to the most terrible conflict in recorded history. More than eight and a half million were confirmed dead, millions more wounded in combat, and a vast number of those who survived would never be the same again. But at last the conflict was over. Peace could return to the free world—if not for the pestilence that quickly moved in to replace the war.

Towards the end of the very same year in which World War One ended, this second blight struck out across the world to destroy more than twice as many lives. The mutant influenza epidemic that later became known as La Grippe or Spanish Flu (after its early prevalence in that country) struck out at the world suddenly and mercilessly. The final days of the Great War acted as a catalyst, the movement of vast numbers of men around the globe helping the virus to spread, until the whole world was affected. The total number of fatalities is thought to have been somewhere between twenty and forty million. America was hit especially hard; some estimated 657,000 Americans died from the virus shortly after the war, and some half of all American casualties in Europe died from influenza.

Scientists worldwide struggled to cure this disease of unknown origins and biblical proportions. Its onset was unnaturally sudden, the young adult mortality rate twenty times higher than for previous incarnations of the disease, and virology was far too young a science to stand a fighting chance. The experts were in over their heads, and they could do little other than watch the world dying around them. So it remained a mystery: where had this affliction come from, why was it so powerful, and when would it end? Many speculated that it was the result of clandestine germ warfare, others that it had arisen as a result of vile living conditions in the trenches of Europe. None came close to the truth: that the virus, which had proved more deadly than the Great War, was the result of an effort by the Atlanteans to save the future of mankind.

Thousands of years ago, the Atlanteans shared a waking vision that one day the Chimerans would arrive on Earth, bringing with them a war that could spell destruction for themselves and the human race. They knew they were the only beings capable of preparing for this invasion, and so their leaders—the thirteen Magi—took it upon themselves to undertake drastic measures. Using their prodigious ability to manipulate Ka, they began to engineer humanity's gene pool. Their ultimate goal was to produce a generation of warriors whose power could stand a chance against the Chimerans; a subspecies of living weapons, theirs to command and sacrifice for the good of the planet and its occupants. They bred a plethora of Powers into the carriers of this gene, designed to activate during puberty, in order that future generations would have an increasingly superior pool from which to draw. Roughly one in ten million people would carry this "Black Gene."

The Magi, fearing that their creations would grow too powerful and become a danger to the world they were created to protect, also implanted a failsafe device into the carriers. They designed them to be unstable in the long term, incapable of controlling the flow of Ka long into their adult lives. Ultimately each carrier would reach the critical point and be destroyed by his or her own Powers, the onset of this lethal flaw usually beginning at around age twenty-five, giving the average carrier a life expectation of little more than thirty years.

In October of 1918 the gene activated for the first time, triggered by the arrival of Chimerans on the planet. The sudden change in their physiology was too much for most of those who had already entered puberty, and so they began to die from symptoms that resembled influenza but were far more lethal. The Magi could do nothing to prevent the millions upon millions of deaths that followed. The events of Black October, as it became known, are still a bone of

contention between many Atlanteans today. Some believe these deaths were an unavoidable sacrifice in the face of the coming onslaught, while others—mostly younger members of the race—feel that slaughter on such a scale is unforgivable.

Today, many with the Black Gene are organized under a group named for the period in which it activated, a highly organized and ambitious force known as Black October. The group is led by the powerful being known only as Prime, an unusual survivor of the initial Black Gene pandemic who started life as an ordinary child in a remote rural village somewhere in Eastern Europe. After discovering his new abilities in the early days of the influenza epidemic, the child who would be known as Prime was ostracized by his village and left alone in the world with no home, and no refuge from the death that surrounded him or the bizarre physical changes that he was undergoing. He wandered the fringes of civilization, living on scraps of food that humans were afraid to touch, until destiny introduced him to the man called Enosh.

Enosh was one of the thirteen Atlantean Magi sworn to protect the Earth from the coming Chimeran invasion. He and his Atlantean kin had already chosen this child to be their lieutenant, their champion of mortals. According to their prophecies he would be the one to bring this and future generations of warriors together, for better or for worse. Thus, their only option was to act as guides and attempt to tutor him in their ways, so that he might use their ancient wisdom to unite their mutant army for the power of good. Out of the thirteen, Enosh was the one chosen to find the child and recruit him. He explained to the young mutant that he was among the first of a new race of secret warriors, and that it was his responsibility to seek out others like him and bring them all together. The Atlanteans had prepared for them a secret underground facility on the island of Malta, where they would be trained as an army in preparation for the coming war. It was Enosh who named the child Prime, as he was the first of many. The abandonment of his old name was a symbolic gesture as much as a device to help him forget the loss of his loved ones.

Over the course of the next few years Enosh began to educate Prime in the subject of the Immortals and their long history, their confrontation with the Elohim, and the coming of the Horde. Under his tutelage Prime worked hard to find and recruit those with the Black Gene, fighting enemies on all sides and growing up many times faster than a boy should. The progress they made together was heroic, but compared to that which lay ahead it was a grain of sand in the desert.

As if their task was not already Herculean, the reaction of the world when

Tick Tock...

As has been mentioned, The Black Gene was first activated in October of 1918, triggered by a Chimeran ship crashing on Earth. But when the Atlanteans first introduced the gene into humanity, Chimerans were already on the planet, and had been for many years. Why didn't the genetic time bomb go off immediately? Because the Atlanteans were quite aware of the existence of a certain Chimeran element on the planet, and took that factor into account when creating the gene. It would lie dormant until Chimeran technology was detected in the atmosphere, in the form of some sort of spacecraft. While true that Chimeran technology is actually composed of individual Chimerans, modified for just such purposes, the Black Gene was sensitive enough to distinguish, and thus able to wait patiently until the right moment.

they discovered the truth behind the pandemic would forever work to hinder and endanger Black October. People were afraid of the deadly power of this new race that had emerged from nowhere, slaughtering millions with its inception and seemingly bringing death and pestilence in its wake. Many people formed groups to hunt anyone unlucky enough to have the Black Gene abilities, on the basis that their very existence was a threat to humanity. World governments treated carriers of the Black Gene as a biological threat, placing them into quarantine camps or slaughtering them in secret. Prime, Enosh, and their growing number of recruits raced against the tide of hatred to bring their kind together before humanity's superior weight wiped them out. For every member that Black October managed to enlist, another fifty were killed by angry mobs or panicked government bodies. Even today, many nations treat carriers as inhuman creatures to be destroyed or incarcerated. The vocal minority of the general public has a tendency to spew hatred and ignorance in their direction. This is not helped by the fact that there are many super-powered individuals who are a threat to their safety, such as the Chimerans and Angelos. The average person has no way of differentiating between any of the many creatures who use Earth as a battleground; even those with insight often fail to see why they should be caught in the middle.

Tragedy struck Black October's efforts one day when Enosh disappeared without a trace, leaving the teenage Prime in charge of the entire operation after only five years. He carried on the work with which the Immortals entrusted him, knowing that one day soon he would Shine and another must take his place. By 1928 he had built a formidable legion, but he knew his days on Earth were coming to an end. He began to delegate his major responsibilities, putting the tasks of recruiting and training into the hands of his younger members, and applied all of his time and his super-human abilities to the task of extending his life.

To fund Black October's operations, Prime takes what funding and equipment he needs from Earth's many nations. Squads of specialists within the organization are devoted to acquisition in this manner, and after three or four generations they have become rather good at it. Prime justifies this theft as being a kind of tax, as this relatively small tithe will pay for the protection of the entire planet when the Horde finally arrives. Unfortunately this has done nothing for Black October's sinister reputation: as well as being thought of as mutants and freaks, they are now considered to be international terrorists. They have few real allies in the world.

Ironically, their neutrality regarding whom they choose to steal from has helped Black October to survive, as the enemy of one's enemy can often be considered to be one's friend, however temporarily. At any given moment, Black October is stealing regularly from any number of countries and receiving shelter and aid from their enemies. Poorer countries in particular are wont to occasionally support the organization in private. Even some governments are unaware of factions within their own parties that consistently aid Black October, trading resources for information or help with special operations.

There are even rumors within Black October of an international coalition of major politicians and businessmen whose combined influence protects Black October from the armed forces of the world. This hypothetical cabal, known as "Century" by those who support the rumors, consists of extremely powerful men and women whose primary interests lie with the continued well-being of the planet. They have members in lofty positions within many of the world's superpowers, both corporate and governmental, and they supposedly act at great personal risk to sabotage any efforts by their respective countries to hinder or apprehend members of Black October. Speculation suggests that Century is closely associated with the Atlanteans. No evidence actually exists, however, to prove or disprove the existence of this organization. Century continues to be a legend.

The Crumbling Monolith

Prime was already starting to Shine when he and his associates finished work on the extraordinary device he called the Monolith, a huge technoorganic computer created by Prime and several other Black Gene carriers, and calibrated to Prime's DNA using techniques that were decades ahead of their time. Shortly before his body died, Prime used the cognitive Powers of one of his most trusted friends (Jason Jackson, codename Encephalon) to create a copy of his brain's electrical signature and transfer it to the machine. Though Prime may be dead, his mind lives on in perfect facsimile and continues to lead Black October well into the twenty-first century. All of the people who originally worked on the Monolith are long dead, preventing the technology from being reused, and the machine is far too complex to be reverse-engineered by anybody without the Powers of its original designers.

Recently, after a century living inside a machine, Prime has begun to act strangely. His commands have started to become slightly erratic and his demeanor is changing slowly from that of the calm, determined leader to something altogether more frightening. Even those who are closest to him do not know him well, so it is hard for anybody to speculate as to the cause of this apparent change. There is no scientific precedent for the psychological trauma that such living conditions must cause, and Prime himself tells no one his innermost thoughts.

Rumors of his growing madness have spread throughout Black October's upper echelons and are beginning to reach the new recruits. These youngest members of the organization are teenagers, angry and rebellious, and keeping them in line was hard enough before the "old guard" themselves started losing faith in their mysterious leader. As it is, dissent is becoming more of a problem than ever before. Even worse, a kind of resentment is emerging among certain operatives who have lost friends and allies to the Shine. Prime is the only Black Gene carrier ever to have cheated death and survived adulthood, to a degree that surpasses any mortal. Many believe that he has exceeded his right to live. The combined elements of Prime's longevity and his increasingly erratic persona are creating friction between himself and those who seek a successor to his "throne."

The timing of this growing schism could hardly be worse. As the prophesied invasion of Earth draws ever closer, its last line of defense is becoming more and more fragile. Though Black October is at its strongest in terms of resources and physical power, as an organization it is close to the breaking point under the pressure of the opposed loyalties that are growing within. As if their relationship with the rest of the world weren't Machiavellian enough, Prime's own star pupils—the master spies who manipulate their enemies and maintain the organization's secrecy—are starting to turn their skills upon their own kind. Black October has become a maze of intrigue. Nobody yet knows the sincerity or determination of those who would see a regime change, nor does anyone profess to know the lengths to which the various rebellious parties will go. Most importantly, nobody admits to knowing how much Prime himself thinks. All that is certain is that the real damage has not yet begun.

Unknown even to the highest authorities within Black October, one cell has already chosen to leave the organization and pursue the Atlanteans' agenda without Prime's guidance. Prime himself is fully aware of the rogue cell's departure, but as far as the rest of Black October is concerned they have simply not been in contact. Many of the "London Underground" cell's old allies are beginning to worry about their welfare, and some are starting to suspect the truth about their treachery. They have even tried to make contact with a few individuals whom they believe could be convinced to join them. Such activities are slow and difficult, though, and full of paranoid danger. The Underground have no real idea who, if anyone, they can trust within Black October. They are resolved to the possibility that they may be the only ones who are prepared to face the coming onslaught without the madness of Prime to taint them. Their patron, the Atlantean known as Orestes, is everything that Prime is not: charismatic, pragmatic, and uniquely wise, but he is just as mysterious as Black October's mutant leader, and his true motivation is yet to be revealed.

Black October Plot Hook

The characters are members of an elite Black October team that looks for children with the active Black Gene. Their primary enemy is a division of U.S.E.R. that sweeps up the children before they manifest and uses them for the organization's dark purposes. The characters are a group of renegade Black October members who have broken away from the organization because of Prime's increasingly erratic behavior. Both U.S.E.R. and their former affiliation now hunt them. They strive to make the world a better place on their own terms. This is excellent for a long-term campaign (but dangerous!)

The Womb

When Enosh first showed the specially prepared underground base to the child who would become Prime, it was little more than a secret cove beneath the Mediterranean island of Malta. Atlantean technology had turned it into a defensible living space, far in advance of anything the human race was capable of producing, but their resources and manpower were limited. For the first few years it was akin to a smuggler's lair, all jury-rigged electronics and makeshift living arrangements. Over time, though, Black October's resources overtook their expenses and the obstacles they encountered to acquire them. With the help of the growing legion of disciples, Prime slowly turned the secret base, which he christened "the Womb," into a state-of-the-art headquarters.

Enosh shrewdly kept the location of the Womb a secret from the other Atlanteans, and Prime has done the same. Not even Black October's closest allies know where their headquarters is hidden. Most do not even know its name. Prime's master spies spread so much misinformation on the subject that it is impossible to separate the rumours from the facts: among other, more plausible theories, several important world leaders currently believe that Black October operates from within an orbital space station.

Physically speaking, the Womb is a strange juxtaposition of classical and modern styles. The architecture of the complex is somewhat Greco-Romanesque, reminiscent of the lost Atlantean island of Thera, and makes heavy use of white marble and water features. Frescoes and mosaics decorate walls and floors, offset by top-of-the-line modern electronics throughout. The entire structure is powered by Atlantean technology, converting the natural geomantic energy of the Earth and the surrounding ocean into super-efficient electrical power (this was one of the first arts that Enosh taught the young Prime, and he has applied it well). The highest point of the structure, besides the elevator shafts that lead down from the surface of the peninsula, is a mile beneath sea level. The rooms of the Womb are pyramid-shaped, connected by corridors at precisely calculated angles and aligned according to the Earth's electromagnetic field. Practicality and comfort have been sacrificed in places in favour of this concept, but the complex on the whole is more than comfortable and amazingly efficient.

The majority of the complex is taken up by training facilities. The enormous central sports gymnasium is capable of catering to more than fifty athletes simultaneously, the live firing range contains both still targets and automatons that simulate real foes on a replicated city street, and two dozen virtual reality simulators are capable of training and testing members without them ever having to move or be endangered. Black October scientists and engineers are constantly coming up with new methods and devices for training recruits, many designed with only one individual in mind. Ingenuity is necessary when dealing with as many unique creatures as are members of Black October.

As well as the physical training facilities, there is also a network of up-to-the-minute computer equipment that is used for normal educational purposes as well as for intelligence-gathering. Though the average agent is educated only to high-school standard, in this day and age an increasing number of graduates

are showing a prodigious level of skill with information technology and computer science. Black October's considerable resources and skills, combined with the ancient Atlantean technology that they have utilized and reverse-engineered since the founding of the organization, have therefore allowed the Womb's engineers to develop one of the most sophisticated computer arrays in the world. Their ability to retrieve, process, and analyze data rivals that of NASA or the semi-mythical Majestic-12. Pieces of technology exist within Black October's headquarters that the rest of the world considers to be theoretical. There are others that, if human scientists conceived of such things, would be thought of as impossible. Examples include the geomantic power conduits that are one hundred per cent efficient, the quantum storage devices, and the short-range DNA analyzers attached to the doors.

Also worth mentioning are the advanced security features of the complex. When Prime first arrived, the Womb had Atlantean security devices installed that prevented those without either the Black Gene or Atlantean DNA from entering the complex. This technology is still in place, but these days it represents only the first in a series of defensive measures. Firstly, the Womb can only be accessed via one of three hidden entrances: a secret door in the catacombs of St. Agatha in the city of Rabat, an underwater passage off the coast of Gozo (the westernmost of the three Maltese islands), and the dungeon of the Inquisitor's Palace Museum in Vittoriosa (the palace conveniently entered the hands of the Museums Department in 1928, which by that time had been infiltrated by Black October for precisely this kind of purpose). To one who does not carry the Black Gene, these portals are all invisible and will remain so. Whenever a carrier or an Atlantean approaches one of the entrances, a concealed device reads his DNA and verifies it with the Womb's central computer. If the signature is marked as approved then the door will open when the visitor states the current password. A non-approved signature or an incorrect password sets off an alarm that alerts both Prime himself and the duty security officer so that appropriate measures can be taken. All three entrances are watched by cameras that provide a 3-dimensional image relay. These same cameras are concealed within the landscape and architecture all over the three Maltese islands, as well as under the water around the perimeter. Black October engineers are particularly proud of the innocuous robot fish that patrol the ocean and relay images and DNA readings to the central computer.

Maltese History

Malta is an island with an incredible amount of historical and cultural significance. The island has been populated since roughly 5000 B.C. and controlled at various times by Normans, Arabs, knightly orders, the British, and the French, before being returned to self-government in the last century. Its position in the middle of the Mediterranean sea makes it not only one of the most picturesque locations in that part of the world but also a strategic point for control of the surrounding areas.

The Maltese islands—there are three, including Gozo and Comino—are dotted with the ruins of religious structures and military fortifications, symbolizing both the nature of humanity and the history of the peninsula in their respective extremes. The Ggantija Temples, thought to be the oldest freestanding artificial structures in the world, are located on Gozo, the island which is thought by many to be the Isle of Calypso mentioned in Homer's *Odyssey*. In stark contrast is the Palace of the Inquisition, a beautiful reminder of one of Europe's darkest periods, now a museum on tranquil Malta. The Maltese islands have always been linked with human mythology; since the plague of 1918 they have secretly become a living part of it.



Playing a Member of Black October

Members of Black October exist forever in the realm of epic tragedy. They are on a race against time, not only against a foe that they hardly understand, but also against themselves. Every one of these cursed heroes spends his nights wondering whether his own power will destroy him before he has a chance to participate in the apocalyptic battle for which he was intended.

Not only are they fated to die a spectacular death, they are doomed to live in hatred. In the political climate of the modern world they are seen by the public as faceless enemies, most of civilization blinded by their official status as terrorists. A combination of genuine facts, post-modern paranoia, and official propaganda have convinced the world at large that Black October are nothing more than anarchists and thieves, and they do nothing to fight this image. In a world where such labels carry enough weight to demonize entire countries, there seems little point in engaging in public relations. Black October will never be accepted by the public and they know it.

They make great player characters though, especially if the entire group is a Black October squad. No member of Black October is going to be over thirty, so it's a great way to play a bunch of anime-style kid heroes, or an adolescent super-hero team along the lines of the early X-Men or the New Mutants. Black October may be an international team of super-human warriors, but most of them are barely adults. Even the eldest among them are still in their prime, with thoughts and feelings to match. Soap-opera style misadventures and romance work well for Black October characters, particularly with the air of impending tragedy that lingers over them all.

If you'd rather not play up the youthful nature of the characters, you can alternatively emphasize the notion that these are children who are robbed of both their childhood and their future. Black October operatives grow up fast, and never have time for games; their adulthood starts at adolescence and finishes with an early death. There is plenty of scope to play a character filled with angst, bitterness, and self-destructive revenge. After all, the organization is even named after the period of catastrophic that spawned its heroes.

Another important element of the complex palette that colors the spirits of Black October is the feeling of resentment that some harbor towards the Atlanteans. After all, these immortal mystics designed the genetic flaw that will destroy each and every one of them. They are directly responsible for the deaths of millions, and they have intentionally programmed violent destruction into the bodies of the warriors whom they are using as a shield in the coming apocalypse. While many of Black October's operatives understand—or at least accept—the need for such drastic measures, many feel cheated of their lives, and act out of a combination of nihilistic desperation and their genetically programmed obedience towards their ancient masters. Ironically, this compulsion that robs them of their will to disobey fuels all the more resentment among those who would rebel.

There are also many carriers of the Black Gene who are not members of the organization. Some are lost, unknown to Black October, dealing with their abilities as best they can without knowing where they came from or what kind of destruction they will ultimately bring. Others are free agents who have found out about the coming war and are preparing for it on their own terms. Some are powerful, some are famous, but all are doomed biological time bombs, subjected to the same genetic manipulation as members of Black October. Though for the time being they have tremendous powers that make them far mightier than ordinary humans, sooner or later the Shine will touch them, and when it does they will likely not be prepared. This is why Prime and his Black October agents concern themselves greatly with the acquisition of new blood. Every Black Gene that slips through their grasp is a tragic waste of life, whether its host dies alone or takes others along in the conflagration.

Black October's Agenda

According to the general public, and according to most of the world's governments, they are a violent and powerful terrorist organization. This image arises mostly from their willingness, under the guidance of the mysterious Prime, to steal from the world's governments in order to fund their operations. The tendency of Black October to clash violently with armed forces, as well as with the enemies from whom they profess to protect the world, exacerbates the public's perception of the organization as dangerous.

Primarily, then, Black October's operations have four main goals:

Acquisition of Resources.

This area is where the majority of stealth and espionage elements come into play, as the priority behind any acquisition exercise is to be clean, subtle, and safe. Although agents will likely meet armed resistance, it is imperative that they cause as little injury or collateral damage as possible during the course of the mission. They may have a reputation as terrorists, but they are not. Killing the representatives of the people they are trying to protect, even in self-defense, is strongly discouraged. Operatives involved in acquisition will therefore make use of stealth, infiltration, misdirection, and advanced information technology in order

to achieve their goals. This is by far the most difficult field in which Black October agents can operate, and those who do so are usually highly specialized and highly experienced. Exceptions occur within the realm of computer crime, which requires little physical ability and by its nature attracts youthful operatives.

Apprehending Other Carriers of the Black Gene.

As well as the organization's desire to recruit new members as early as possible before they die from the Shine, agents of Black October see it as their responsibility to protect humanity from other carriers. Many who were born with the gene discover their powers without any sense of context or restraint, knowing nothing about why they are different or what they should do about it. Some are entirely benevolent, some are dangerously self-destructive, and a worryingly large proportion is nihilistic or even psychotic. Many of those who refuse to join Black October are harmless. If so, then the organization will grudgingly leave them alone. Some of those who remain free agents even work with Black October occasionally out of a genuine sense of altruism, despite their unwillingness to join the organization. The majority, however, are the enemies of society that the public perceives Black October to be. If they cannot be recruited then they must be pacified, and if they cannot be pacified then they must be neutralized. In the end even those whose intentions are pure will someday Shine, and this fact poses a lethal threat to all around them. Black October may be tragic heroes, but the carriers who are not discovered early enough can redefine the term altogether.

Evading the Authorities.

Unfortunately for them, and for those they intend to protect, Black October members are treated as international criminals by the governments of the world. Some leaders, and some organizations, and some factions within those organizations, are actually aware of the true nature of these "terrorists." Where they can, several of these parties provide aid to Black October or turn a blind eye to their activities. International politics being what they are, however, especially in the early twenty-first century, such co-operation is inconsistent at best. Black October has few allies who can be trusted for long. Even some Atlanteans, many of whom occupy positions of great power and influence, have been known to betray their organization. Agents of Black October have therefore learned to be highly resourceful and independent, staying one step ahead of the world's authorities at all times. They achieve this through the use of a network of spies and informants, sometimes managing to plant their own agents inside government organizations, and by taking advantage of the inherent treachery of international politics to play countries off against one another. While one country is actively hunting them, another is always harboring their agents and hampering the first country's efforts. Prime, who is old enough and mysterious enough to have gained a reputation among world leaders, trains promising young apprentices in these Machiavellian arts and sits at the centre of their complex spy network. But even these measures are not enough to prevent Black October from being demonized, discovered, and attacked. Every once in a while the balancing act fails and they find themselves fighting for their lives once more.

Fighting the Chimeran Threat.

This is the hardest and most important task set before the children of the Black Gene. Indeed, it is the task for which they were created. The threat posed by the impending Chimeran invasion is so mighty in the eyes of the Atlanteans that they saw fit to sacrifice the youths, the futures, and the entire lives of millions of humans in order to fight it. The weight of this responsibility cannot be underestimated. When they are not actively combating known Chimerans, or indeed other super-human factions, they spend as much time as possible training and recruiting. All other activities count towards this one goal. Black October also clash with the Elohim on occasion, in particular Typhon and his cronies. Typhon has some kind of sinister agenda involving the Black Gene carriers, and in recent times his activities have led him more and more into conflict with Black October.

With all that in mind, the first thing to decide when creating a Black October character is what, if anything, will be his or her specialty. Your character could be a stealth specialist, an intelligence analyst, a master of infiltration, a recruitment officer, a close-assault operative, a master thief, a vehicle and transportation specialist, a linguist, a jack-of-all-trades, a weapons expert, or one of any number of far more esoteric vocations based around his or her powers. Operatives are trained to an Olympic standard and educated to high-school level while working for Black October, so they can conceivably learn any skill or ability that might be useful to the group. Many also possess unique or interesting skills that they picked up before they became members of Black October, depending on where and how they lived before their Powers manifested. Most agents are suited to one particular combat application and never specialize beyond that; after all, that is what they were genetically modified to be able to do.

The agent's theatre—i.e., his base of operations—is also an important consideration. Agents are allocated to individual cells according to the degree of usefulness they can provide in a particular location; often they remain in their country of origin so as to blend in more easily, particularly in the xenophobic and paranoid world of the twenty-first century. If the PCs are all playing Black October agents then it is probably wise to have them all be members of the same cell. Choosing a location therefore becomes either a group activity or the referee's decision. Take care when choosing an operational theatre: the role of a cell in upstate New York is likely to differ severely from that of a team in Zimbabwe, as is that team's ethnic makeup and choice of Powers.

The Black October Package

As the cliché goes: "feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect." That is the mantra that goes through every Black October member's head when they help the helpless and get nothing but fear and derision for their gain. They are truly thankless champions of the world forever fighting the good fight from the shadows.

Arcs

Being hunted by most of the world's law enforcement organizations, Black October members are the epitome of the Outsider Arc. Protector and Warrior are also valid Arcs for children trained since adolescence to fight for humanity.

Black October Traits:

Black October members have the ability to channel Ka in some way or another. These abilities are unique to the individual, but they all share some common abilities.

Adjusted Average Abilities: 12 Dexterity. The Black Gene-active humans have a higher reaction time than the normal humans.

Feats: Diehard

Powers: *Boost 10* (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team; 5 PP) *. All Black October members are trained from their inception into the organization to work as a team. This is important since their ranks are relatively small and the opposition almost always outnumbers them. Prime knows that when the Horde arrives on Earth they will number in the millions. Black October members receive a special Boost when working together. For each member beyond the 1st the group receives a 1 PP to spend on their traits, one trait at a time, with a maximum of +10 PP. This bonus *only* applies to Black October members and cannot be gained by those not trained by this "terrorist" group.

Protection 2 (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Requires Will Save Check). As most Black October members grow in power, their mental resolve becomes so grim and determined that the character will continue to fight on and ignore damage.

Super-Senses 3 (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged)

*

Complications: *Secret (True Identity)* *. Black October members are hunted by world governments as criminals and terrorists. They do everything within their power to keep their identities secret.

Drawbacks: *Obeisance (Special; 4 PP value)* *. The character must follow the commands of the Immortal rulers of Atlantis. When confronted with a true Atlantean the character must try to obey the commands given to her. This compulsion was hardwired into the genetics of all Black Gene active humans. Treat such commands as a Mind Control 20 attempt with regards to the character attempting to resist its effects.

Note: This drawback can be really abused if one person in the playing group is Atlantean and another is a Black October member. The Game Master and all involved parties should discuss this drawback and its possible exploits!

The Shine (Special; 5 PP value) *. All carriers of the active Black Gene have a very limited lifespan, usually twenty-five to thirty years. Most members are approached in their early teens in order to maximize their training and effectiveness.

When a character nears the end of his brief life, she begins to Shine. The equilibrium that has sustained the character's Power for her whole life starts to fail, causing his personal Ka reservoir to overflow as she fails to contain the powerful cosmic energy. This becomes increasingly obvious as the condition progresses and her stability deteriorates: she begins to glow, leaking excess Ka power and causing her to be easily noticeable at night. Her powers also start to

behave erratically, some growing more powerful while others decrease. In game terms, this means a randomly determined amount of the character's powers are affected, increasing in ranks as though infused by 1d20 PP each (round down to nearest usable total for the respective power, with a minimum increase of 1 rank), while others decrease by a like amount. A Game Master can choose the powers affected or simply leave it up to chance.

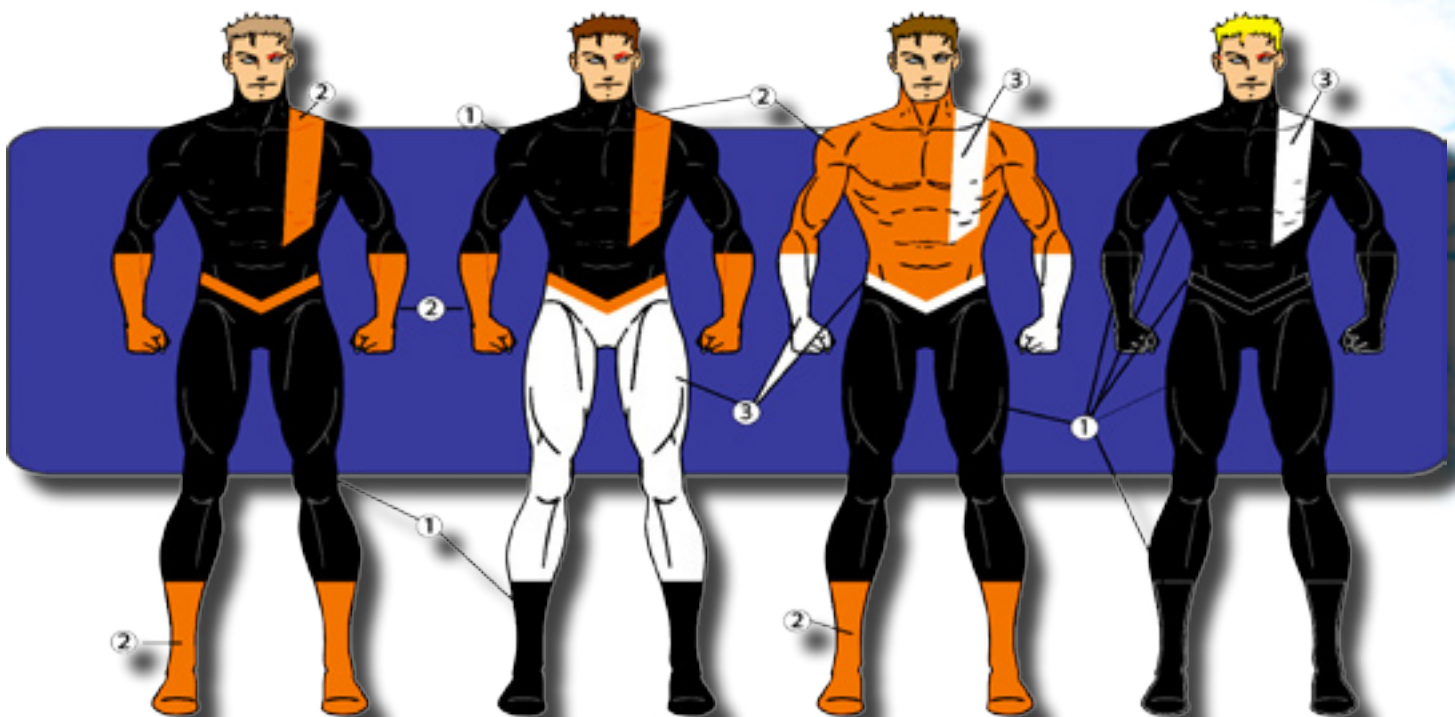
Sooner or later, the excess Ka will become too much for the character's body. The exact time that the energy reaches a critical level cannot be predicted, but it will happen suddenly when the character attempts to release her Ka. The first time she uses the newly augmented power and rolls a 1 on a power check or Required (Skill) Check flaw use, the energy will surge uncontrollably in a lethal explosion if she does not resist the sudden gush of wild Ka energy. The character must succeed in a Fortitude save against a DC of 10 + the surging power's ranks; if she is successful she may continue on with no ill effect. The next time she rolls a 1 on a power check or Required (Skill) Check flaw use she must make another roll, this time adding one to the surging power's ranks for the sake of the Fortitude saving throw, and so on with each roll of 1 to follow for that power continuing to add 1 to the Fortitude saving throw DC. If this saving throw fails, the character explodes and dies. The radius of the blast is equal to the character's Constitution ability in feet, the damage value equal to the character's maximum Ka Points.

It is possible by chance alone for the character to survive for some time after she starts to Shine. It is a lottery at that point, though, so the tension will increase dramatically every time the character uses her Powers. Agents of Black October who have begun to Shine will usually find themselves taking suicide missions and going on highly dangerous solo expeditions into hostile territory. Some even leave the organization to die alone without endangering those around them.

* This trait is not optional and **must** be purchased as a part of this package. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

COLOR KEY

- ① Black
- ② Orange
- ③ White



ECHELON
ALPHA
Standard issue

ECHELON
BETA
Team leader

ECHELON
GAMMA
Group Leader

ECHELON
OMEGA
Shining member

Electra (PL 10)

The girl who would become Electra was taken from her parents at a very early age. Some say they were members of Black October; this is just as well, for Black October is the only family she has ever known. She excelled at her training, born into the role as it were, and at the age of sixteen, she was elevated from a team leader position to that of liaison between Prime and the rest of her team. She has held this position for the last seven years.

Electra truly believes in the cause for which she fights. She would gladly give her life if she thought it would make a difference, but is smart enough not to waste it. All that she has ever known has led her to believe that her evolutionary purpose is to die in the most utilitarian possible fashion, her life force unimportant compared to the needs of the race she was created to protect. Everything she does has a practical purpose. She has no real hobbies, and her allies within Black October find it difficult to get close to her. An unkind observer might even speculate that she sees herself not as a person, but as a Chimeran-like resource to be used by the organization.

Recently Electra has begun to notice the increasing irrationality of Prime's command. She has always looked upon Prime as a kind of father figure, but as she nears her own final days she is harboring second thoughts about his fitness to lead. Prime is becoming paranoid—he has called for a few vicious attacks on civilian targets, which has left Electra shaken—and her own psychology leads her to believe that if he is no longer fit to lead, he must sacrifice himself or step down. She is unsure what she should, or will, do if he turns out to be incapable or unwilling.

In addition, Electra knows she will start to Shine soon. The fear is growing in her mind that she will leave this world before she has done enough for the cause, and she is starting to exhibit signs of irrationality herself. She cannot see this, but her team-mates can: they fear for her safety and theirs, especially among rumors that Prime is starting to show similar signs of instability.



Real name: Kate Johnson

Age 23

Arc: Outsider

Str 12, **Dex** 12, **Con** 13, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13 (13 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 6 (+7), Computers 6 (+8), Concentration 8 (+10), Craft (chemical) 6 (+8), Craft (electronic) 8 (+10), Diplomacy 6 (+7), Disable Device 6 (+8), Intimidate 6 (+7), Investigate 6 (+8), Knowledge (streetwise) 6 (+8), Language (Select 4 languages), Medicine 4 (+8), Notice 10 (+12), Search 10 (+12), Sense Motive 8 (+10), Stealth 8 (+9)

Feats: Assessment, Attack Focus (Ranged), Attractive 2, Defensive Attack, Diehard, Dodge Focus 2, Evasion, Favored Opponent (Chimeran) 3, Leadership, Move-By Action

Powers: *Absorption* 4 (Energy; *Extras:* Linked [Electrical Sheath], Touch; *Flaws:* Electricity only), *Boost* 10 (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), *Flight* 4, *Force Field* 5 (*Power Feats:* Selective), *Protection* 4 (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Requires Will Save Check), *Strike* 5 * (Electrical sheath; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 7 * [Electricity; *Power Feats:* Split Attack; *Extras:* Contagious), Paralyze 5 [Bio-Energy Blast; *Extras:* Ranged]; *Extras:* Aura, Contagious), *Super-Senses* 1 (Danger Sense [mental]), *Super-Senses* 3 (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: Secret (True Identity)

Drawbacks: Obeisance, The Shine

Combat: Attack +5 (+6 ranged), Damage +1 (+5 electrical sheath, +7 electrical blast), Defense +7 (+9 dodge), Initiative +1

Saving Throws: Toughness +1 (+5 grim resolve, +6 force field), Fortitude +7, Reflex +10, Will +6

Abilities 18 + **Skills** 26 (104 ranks) + **Feats** 14 + **Powers** 53 + **Combat** 22 + **Saves** 19 – **Drawbacks** 9 = 146

The London Underground

The London Underground is a cell of rogue Black October agents that operates out of the city of London, England. The members of the Underground have chosen to split from the organization at the behest of Orestes, a mysterious young Atlantean. Orestes has successfully portrayed himself as a superior leader to the detached Prime, and has motivated the team in ways that Prime never could. Prime himself has only recently realized that they have gone rogue. It can only be a matter of time before he investigates.

The cell has not long been active in its current incarnation. Big Smoke, their last field commander, recently died in combat. It was only Orestes' considerable charm and leadership skills that pulled them from the splintered mess that they had become after his death. He successfully turned the team from a collection of lost teenagers into an elite fighting force through a combination of Zen-like Atlantean wisdom and old-fashioned dirty tricks. They were once a typical team, doomed to protect the world. Now they have the teeth to be something more.

Firefly (PL 8)

The young lady known as Firefly is living proof that softly spoken individuals often hide the strongest hearts and the most dangerous minds. Firefly has been the field commander of the Underground since the previous commander, Big Smoke, was killed in action two years ago. At fifteen years old she is a young leader even for the heroes of Black October, but her quiet demeanor and her diminutive physique hide a level of pragmatic ruthlessness that has been known to shock even certain foes among the Angelos. This capacity for violence beyond her years is almost considered a secret weapon by her companions. It has also helped Firefly to gain the respect of the rest of the team, who are mostly older than her. Already a tiny and delicate-looking girl, when she uses her powers of flight and energy projection she glows and shrinks to the size of an insect.

Firefly's post-skater-era look allows her to blend into any crowd of youths in central London; here, even her artificially flame-colored hair does not stand out. She is quite a social animal and has more contact with ordinary humans of her age than the rest of the cell. She therefore tends to act as the cell's "face" whenever a façade of innocence (something at which Orestes is unskilled) is called for.



Real name: Renee Jawoski

Age 15

Arc: Protector

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 2 (+4), Concentration 7 (+9), Diplomacy 5 (+6), Disable Device 6 (+8), Gather Information 7 (+8), Intimidate 9 (+10), Knowledge (streetwise) 7 (+9), Investigate 7 (+9), Notice 6 (+8), Search 6 (+8), Stealth 6 (+8)

Feats: Accurate Attack, Attack Focus (Ranged) 2, Attack Specialization (Bio-Energy Blast) 2, Diehard, Distract, Elusive Target, Evasion, Leadership, Precise Shot 2, Rage 2

Powers: Boost 10 (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; Extras: Reaction; Flaws: Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), Dazzle 6 (Visual; Flaws: Only when shrunk), Flight 4 (Flaws: Only when shrunk), Paralyze 5 (Bio-Energy Blast; Extras: Ranged; Flaws: Only when shrunk), Protection 2 (Grim resolve; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Requires Will Save Check), Shrinking 12 (Diminutive; Extras: Normal Strength), Super-Senses 3 (Detect Chimerans; Power Feats: Innate; As sense, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: Secret (True Identity)

Drawbacks: Age (Too Young), Full Power (Shrinking), Obeisance, The Shine

Combat: Attack +4 (+6 ranged, +10 bio-energy blast), Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +1 (+3 grim resolve), Fortitude +8, Reflex +8, Will +6

Abilities 14 + **Skills** 17 (68 ranks) + **Feats** 14 + **Powers** 51 + **Combat** 16 + **Saves** 18 - **Drawbacks** 11 = 119

Count Zero (PL 8)

Count Zero—although everybody just calls him “Zero”—is a young boy with the power to manipulate time. This unusual Power is more of a curse than the rest of the team knows, and the struggle for Count Zero to keep his sanity becomes harder every day. The nature of his power makes him feel locked out of the universe, detached from reality and his teammates for extended periods. He knows things about them that they do not even know about themselves due to the possible futures that he has witnessed first-hand and then averted; on more than one occasion he has reversed time shortly after watching Redcap descend into an unstoppable rage and commit horrific acts of violence. The rest of the team know that Zero gains his insight into their minds from the dark futures that he has circumvented, and they know that he has saved their lives by doing so on dozens of occasions. Wisely, he chooses never to talk about his experiences with alternate timelines. One experience weighs heavily on his mind, though: the time when he believes Orestes, their Atlantean patron, betrayed them to MI5. Zero successfully reversed this future and removed the threat by warning the team of the imminent sting. Orestes has made no moves out of the ordinary since, nor has any evidence appeared to confirm Zero’s suspicions. To this day Count Zero wonders whether or not he betrayed them and, if so, whether or not he knows how Zero found out.

Zero spends all of his spare time studying the potential uses and dangers of his Power. He is extremely learned through self-education in the subjects of physics, philosophy, and religion. Zero wishes someday to go back in time and prevent the deaths of his parents, who were killed in a train wreck long before his Power manifested. He does not know what would happen to this timeline if he did; the slow decision, and his continued studies into the cause and effect of time travel, represent the struggle in his mind as he tries to imagine what life would be like if his parents had never died. Zero is seventeen now, and he knows that the life of a Black Gene carrier is short. Every day brings more pressure to make a decision one way or another, whatever the risk.

Real name: Eric Coleman

Age 17

Arc: Protector

Str 12, **Dex** 13, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Computers 6 (+7), Concentration 10 (+12), Disable Device 6 (+7), Investigate 12 (+13), Knowledge (life sciences) 6 (+7), Knowledge (physical sciences) 8 (+9), Knowledge (theology & philosophy) 8 (+9), Notice 8 (+10), Search 8 (+9)

Feats: Diehard, Great Insight 4, Throwing Mastery 2, Ultimate Effort (Time Control Power Checks)

Powers: *Boost 10* (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), *Protection 2* (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Requires Will Save Check), *Super-Senses 3* (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged), *Super-Senses 4* (Precognition; *Flaws:* Uncontrolled), *Speed 3*, *Time Control 4 ** (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Paralyze 9 * [*Power Feats:* ; *Extras:* Burst (45 ft.), Ranged; *Flaws:* Slow])

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Difficult Time Relating to Others*, *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Obeisance*, *The Shine*

Combat: Attack +3, Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +1

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (+4 grim resolve), Fortitude +6, Reflex +6, Will +8

Abilities 17 + Skills 18 (72 ranks) + Feats 8 + Powers 46 + Combat 16 + Saves 16 – Drawbacks 9 = 112



Hark (PL 9)

Thirteen-year-old Hark possesses the power of flight. He is incredibly fast, agile, and precise, as well as a crack shot with thrown weapons (though this owes as much to his misspent childhood as to his Black Gene). Hark's almost limitless energy is a fiery combination of his Power and his teenage hormones. Even when relaxing, he is incredibly hyperactive and talks far too much. He is mischievous besides, and his somewhat physical sense of humor leads to a lot of arguments. The flip side of the coin is that young Hark is the centre of the team's social activity and adds vital levity to their daily life.

Before he joined the team Hark was a delinquent, a troubled orphan who spent his childhood moving around between various foster homes. By the time his Power manifested he was already a known juvenile offender. When his Black Gene activated early, the then eleven-year-old almost went off the rails entirely. Luckily for him, and for those around him, he was discovered by Prime's agents and taken in by Black October. It was not until long after he was later returned to his home country as a field operative, however, that Hark realized he now had a family he could trust. This was the first time he had ever felt at home. Since Orestes' arrival on the scene, Hark has treated him as a kind of "cool older brother" figure. This currently borders on embarrassing for the other members of the team.



Real name: Harkin Smythe

Age: 13

Arc: Comedian

Str 12, Dex 30, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+14), Bluff 6 (+8), Concentration 4 (+5), Disable Device 6 (+6), Knowledge (popular culture) 8 (+8), Knowledge (streetwise) 8 (+8), Notice 8 (+9), Search 6 (+6), Stealth 8 (+18), Swim 2 (+3)

Feats: Acrobatic Bluff, Ambidexterity, Attack Focus (Ranged) 5, Diehard, Dodge Focus, Elusive Target, Equipment 10, Evasion 2, Fast Overrun, Improved Overrun, Second Chance (being tripped), Throwing Mastery 2

Powers: *Boost 10* (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), *Flight 3*, *Protection 2* (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Requires Will Save Check), *Quickness 2* (*Flaws:* Physical tasks only), *Super-Senses 3* (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged), *Super-Speed 3* (*Power Feats:* Rapid Attack, Rapid Fire, Water Run)

Equipment: Steel Marbles (Strike 1 [*Power Feats:* Mighty]; 2 EP each)

Complications: *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Age* (Too Young), *Obeisance*, *The Shine*

Combat: Attack +4 (+9 ranged), Damage +1 (unarmed; +4 [or +6 autofire] thrown steel marbles), Defense +8 (+9 dodge), Initiative +10/+22

Saving Throws: Toughness +1 (+3 grim resolve), Fortitude +5, Reflex +12, Will +5

Abilities 30 + Skills 15 (60 ranks) + Feats 26 + Powers 34 + Combat 24 + Saves 10 – Drawbacks 10 = 129

Trish (PL 9)

The agent known simply as “Trish” is the most all-round physically adept of the group, with the ability to metamorphose any part of her body into a melee weapon. An eighteen-year-old punk rock chick of epic proportions, her love of body modification secures her work as a successful, if unorthodox, model. She has only recently joined the Underground, having been discovered after the group’s rebellion, and therefore knows little about Black October or their foes. Before she met Orestes she was in danger of attracting too much attention with public usage of her Power—she was just about to be ambushed by U.S.E.R., but the Atlantean rescued her. The rest of the team is slowly educating Trish in the secrets of the world and the coming cataclysm.

Trish comes across as a brash, loud-mouthed, stubborn rebel. The truth is that Trish’s sense of identity is vital to her, particularly in this stage of her life. She has always believed that her passion for body modification and the evolution of the flesh was an inherent part of her, and her Power corroborated this when it manifested. Now that she knows she is a part of something more significant, and that she has been this way since birth, Trish thinks it is more important than ever that she maintain her sense of self. This is why she has kept her real name instead of adopting a pseudonym. Her story, of course, is that she thinks codenames are stupid (which is actually also true). The fallacy of her tough exterior also shows up in her affection for Redcap, her super-strong berserker teammate. Publicly the pair is constantly bickering; privately they have been lovers for almost six months now. Each of them has an unorthodox and liberal interpretation of beauty; one that they see manifested in the other.

Real name: Patricia Hanson

Age: 19

Arc: Bravo

Str 15, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 4 (+), Craft (artistic) 4 (+5), Concentration 4 (+), Gather Information 6 (+), Intimidate 8 (+), Investigate 6 (+), Knowledge (popular culture) 8 (+), Knowledge (streetwise) 6 (+), Notice 6 (+), Profession (model) 6 (+1), Search 4 (+), Stealth 6 (+9)

Feats: Ambidextrous, Attractive, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Diehard, Dodge Focus 4, Endurance, Grappling Finesse, Improved Block (only with Strike) 4, Improved Critical (Strike) 2, Improved Disarm 2, Improved Sunder, Move-By Action, Seize Initiative, Weapon Break

Powers: *Boost 3* (Body Manipulation, all of a narrow group [physical traits] at once; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Growth 3, Morph 6, Protection 6 [*Extras:* Impervious], Shrinking 6 [*Extras:* Normal Strength]; *Extras:* Free Action; *Flaws:* Personal), *Boost 10* (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), *Protection 4* (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Requires Will Save Check), *Strike 4* (*Power Feats:* Mighty), *Super-Senses 3* (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged), *Super-Senses 1* (Danger Sense [mental])

Equipment: None

Complications: *Anti-Social Attitude*, *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Obeisance*, *The Shine*

Combat: Attack +5 (+8 melee), Damage +2 (unarmed, +6 Strike [18-20, mighty]), Defense +4 (+8 dodge), Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +3 (+7 grim resolve), Fortitude +8, Reflex +10, Will +6

Abilities 24 + Skills 17 (68 ranks) + Feats 26 + Powers 32 + Combat 18 + Saves 17 – Drawbacks 9 = 125



Real name: Brett Thomas

Age 18

Arc: Bravo

Str 30, **Dex** 14, **Con** 30, **Int** 15, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 6 (+12), Computers 4 (+6), Intimidate 6 (+7), Knowledge (earth sciences) 10 (+12), Knowledge (history) 10 (+12), Knowledge (physical sciences) 10 (+12), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+10), Notice 8 (+9), Search 6 (+8), Swim 4 (+14)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Chokehold, Diehard, Endurance 2, Improved Grab, Improved Pin, Rage 3 (+5 rounds), Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping), Takedown Attack

Powers: Boost 10 (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; Extras: Reaction; Flaws: Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), *Leaping* 3, *Omnivorous* 3* (Power Feats: Alternate Powers—Immunity * [Poison], Strike 6* [Bite], Super-Senses * [Taste, accurate, acute]); *Protection* 2 (Grim resolve; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Requires Will Save Check), *Super-Senses* 3 (Detect Chimerans; Power Feats: Innate; As sense, Ranged), *Super-Strength* 4 (Power Feats: Groundstrike, Thunderclap)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: Secret (True Identity)

Drawbacks: Obeisance, Quirk (Angry), The Shine

Combat: Attack +6 (+9 melee), Damage +10 (unarmed, +6 bite), Defense +5 †, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +10 (+12 †), Fortitude +14, Reflex +4, Will +5

Abilities 54 + Skills 18 (72 ranks) + Feats 15 + Powers 36 + Combat 22 + Saves 9 – Drawbacks 11 = 143

† Toughness maximum increased by 2 points to +12 by trading against maximum Defense bonus (now +8)

Redcap (PL 10)

Redcap is a super strong guy and very angry berserker—the team's "tank," if you will. His name originates in folklore, a subject that has always interested him, particularly since he discovered in recent years that much of it is real. As a matter of fact, Redcap is the most well-read of the whole group. He had an uncomfortable childhood as the class nerd because of a glandular condition—or so he thought—that made him extremely tall and fat, and therefore unpopular in his inner-city school. He turned to the less social pursuit of learning for fulfillment, reading hundreds of books and taking a special interest in the mythological creatures with which he identified.

When Redcap's powers manifested, shortly after his sixteenth birthday, he was both shocked and somehow vindicated. The reason he was a freak was that he was inhuman to start with. He briefly considered indulging in a killing spree of the school soccer team, then decided very quickly that he must try to keep this thing under control. He knew all too well what happened to the monsters when they started killing people. He'd read *Beowulf*. Of course, this berserk temper that had apparently come with his newfound strength needed some work, or he'd soon find himself on the wrong end of that sort of thing. Black October turned out to be the solution to his problem. Big Smoke, the then-leader of the London Underground, discovered Redcap in a fight outside college. He used his mind-control Power to settle the confrontation peacefully and to disguise Redcap's use of his super strength, and then recruited him into Black October. The members of London Underground are the only friends that Redcap has ever had, and Big Smoke was like a brother to him.



Real name: Timothy Bain

Age: 19

Arc: Protector

Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 14 (14)

Skills: Concentration 6 (+7), Disable Device 10 (+7), Investigate 12 (+13), Notice 10 (+11), Search 8 (+9), Stealth 10 (+12)

Feats: Attack Specialization (throw weapons) 2, Blind Fighting 2, Diehard, Evasion, Fearsome Presence 2, Hide In Plain Sight 2, Second Chance (failed Stealth check), Startle

Powers: *Boost Dexterity 6* (Shadow reflexes, only in shadows/darkness), *Boost 10* (Team Coordination), Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Person who works in team with Black October members, Maximum Power Points per additional member working in team), *Concealment* (Power Feats: Close Range; *Flaws:* Only in shadows/darkness), *Darkness Control 6*, *Elongation 4* (*Flaws:* Only through shadows/darkness), *Protection 2* (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate), Requires Will Save Check), *Snare 8* (Shadow tentacles; *Feats:* Reversible, Tether; *Flaws:* Only in shadows/darkness), *Speed 3*, *Strike 4* (Shadow tentacles; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach [15 ft.]; *Flaws:* only in shadows/darkness), *Super Senses 3* (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As Senses Ranged), *Teleport 10* (*Power Feats:* Easy; *Extras:* Accurate); *Flaws:* Only through shadows/darkness large enough to accommodate his size)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Anti-Social* (Difficult time relating to others), *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (No facial features, featureless black skin)

Drawbacks: *Obeisance*, *The Shine*, *Weakness* (Bright Light)

Combat: Attack +4 (+8 thrown), Damage +1 (unnatural shadow tentacles), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +1 (+3 grim resolve), Reflex +8, Will +5

Abilities 16 + Skills 14 (56 ranks) + Feats 10 + Powers 10 + Combat 16 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 14 = 128

Void (PL 9)

Void, the eldest of the team at nineteen years old, is a controller of darkness. His whips made of pure darkness are lethal in close combat, and he can teleport from one shadow to another. In fact, because of his inability to pass as human, shadows are his habitual dwelling place—Void's skin is totally without color and absorbs light like a black hole. This makes him a perfect stealth operative, capable of invisibly infiltrating almost any compound. The price he must pay is his humanity, detached as he is from the rest of the world by this mutation. Void has no friends outside of the Underground, and if he had any before "the change" then he isn't telling. He is fanatically loyal to the team as a result, even though he has no skill at expressing his emotions.

Void comes across as cold and quiet, though he is not as depressed or as morbid as his reputation suggests. He is simply very used to living in darkness. He also sees the mastery of his infiltration skills as his responsibility towards his friends, and so he studies them obsessively at the expense of talking to them. His teammates tend to think of him as aloof, although Firefly at least realizes to some degree that Void cares far more about them than he does about himself. Secretly he is looking forward to the Shine: he has been made of darkness for years, and would quite like to emit light in his final days.

Orestes (PL 11)

At a mere five-and-three-quarter centuries old, Orestes is what most Atlanteans consider to be a young and arrogant fool. To most humans he is a charming antihero who enjoys mood-altering drugs—such as the classically decadent absinthe—and fancies himself as somewhat of a scoundrel, and Orestes spends a lot of effort cultivating this image. But he also has a serious reputation in the London counterculture, as well as in several other cities around the world (in many of which he is no longer welcome) as a magnet for chaos. Orestes enjoys the finer things in life and isn't above cutting a purse—or, according to some rumors, a throat—to get at them. He has no qualms about using his various charms, and his considerable skills as a confidence artist, to get what he wants. Like most Atlanteans he dabbles in a few minor forms of ritual magic, but would rather use his brains and his lack of ethics to achieve his ends.

Despite all this, Orestes is the glue that holds the Underground together. His particular brand of anarchic wisdom occasionally saves their hides and provides each with the insight to learn about him or herself. Orestes' position as the team's unorthodox mentor, combined with his seemingly endless supply of charisma, barely makes up for the number of times that he has put them in dangerous situations just to serve his own mysterious agenda. He always remains infuriatingly silent about his motivations for leading the team into such danger, but in the end they always feel that they have achieved something worthwhile (or, at least, something more worthwhile than they would have done under Prime and his organization).

The truth is that Orestes is a genuinely dangerous character, as much to his allies as to his enemies. His crafty demeanor hides a dark past that he is not sharing with anybody. Sooner or later it will catch up to him, and chances are he will do anything—or sacrifice anyone—to save his own skin. It is becoming clearer as time passes that Orestes has few qualms (or perhaps none at all) about hurting others to achieve his goals: whether or not these goals serve mankind, the Atlanteans, or just himself, will be answered in due course.



Real name: Orestes

Age: 575

Arc: Rogue

Atlantean

Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 18, Wis 13, Cha 16 (20 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 7 (+9), Bluff 16 (+19), Craft (artistic) 12 (+16), Diplomacy 16 (+19), Disable Device 9 (+12), Gather Information 6 (+9), Handle Animal 4 (+7), Investigate 6 (+10), Knowledge (arcane lore) 12 (+16), Knowledge (physical sciences) 9 (+12), Knowledge (streetwise) 11 (+14), Knowledge (theology & philosophy) 9 (+12), Language (English, select 23 languages), Notice 10 (+15), Search 10 (+14), Sleight of Hand 10 (+12), Stealth 9 (+11)

Feats: Animal Empathy, Contacts, Cultural Awareness (Atlantean), Efficient Ka 4, Equipment 6, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer, Ka Reflexes) 4, Leadership, Ritualist, Skill Mastery (Acrobatics, Diplomacy, Gather Information, Sleight of Hand), Well-Informed

Powers: *Comprehend* 1 (Animals; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Device* (Orichalcum bracelet; see equipment), *Immunity* 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Super-Senses* 5 (Ka Awareness, mental, ranged, extended [x1,000]), *Super-Senses* 4 (Precognition; *Flaws:* Ka Cost), *Telepathy* 8 (*Power Feats:* Innate)

Equipment: Orichalcum bracelet [Device: Absorption 1 (Energy; *Power Feats:* Slow Fade; *Extras:* Energy Storage; *Flaws:* Ka only)]

Drawbacks: *Power Loss* (All Super-Senses, Comprehend, Telepathy; When unable to speak and gesture to cast spells)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +1, Fortitude +10, Reflex +8, Will +8

Abilities 26 + Skills 44 (176 ranks) + Feats 21 + Powers 33 + Combat 20 + Saves 22 – Drawbacks 4 = 162

The Black Monolith (PL 19)

Eight feet tall, ten feet long, five feet wide, the black bulk of the machine dominated the room. Various monitors flashed quick messages too fast for the human mind to comprehend. With the lights turned off, the monitors gave the room the appearance of a bizarre disco with an impossibly huge stage. Except for a low ambient hum, the room was silent.

As with so many things, human senses impaired understanding of everything happening in the room. Within the metal shell of the Monolith a much smaller machine performed more functions per second than all the computational power of the top five major software companies in the world. Secondary systems shunted the energy known as Ka, releasing it back into the universe. Yet other systems serve as life support, because rather than merely being a high-powered machine, the Monolith was the largest man-made life form on the planet. This sleek black box was the last remnant of a man known as Prime, the leader of Black October.

When the telepath known as Prime began to Shine, as all members of Black October do—due to Ka usage and bleedout—he decided to do something about it. He gathered the best minds, mentally enhanced them, and subtly bound them together, using a true version of what modern business people term “synergy.” He had them create the Monolith. This self-contained system has now been his home for too many years to count. What he envisioned as a great liberating feat that would allow him to lead his teams indefinitely has become more akin to a prison. More unfettered than in a coffin, yet more restricted than solitary confinement, the Monolith performed its functions even more efficiently than he could have imagined. Now he just wished that he had had a better imagination when he designed it. In hindsight he would have made many changes.

Within his cell, Prime slowly pounded his “head” against his “desk”. Sometimes it still amazed him that he “felt” the impact. Every sense, thought and experience he has had for so many years was nothing more than the controlled manipulation of electrical current. Maybe it isn’t so strange, he thought to himself, after all, isn’t that all that happens in a body?

Perhaps, but he didn’t have time to dwell on it now. He had members in the field. And they were late returning. For perhaps the millionth time he thought about mentally probing his agents, but again discarded it. He didn’t know who might be listening for telepathic chatter. So he returned to bouncing his head on his desk. News channels had no information—which could be good or bad. Either they have kept a low profile as the mission briefing suggested, or they were killed before they arrived.

Just as his head began protesting being pounded against the desk, his sensors indicated a Ka flux within the compound. He activated the room’s monitor and watched as a shimmering ball formed, then expanded and hollowed. The hollow inner circle showed a scene from halfway across the world. Five people, dressed in skin-tight, multicolored suits jumped through the portal. The sixth came through a moment later, carrying the seventh. Prime activated more monitors—all seven were alive. Talon, the one being carried, was merely unconscious. That wasn’t too uncommon lately, as the Shine had become greater and the Purge instinct caused him to push more Ka than he could handle. The readings indicated that he would recover—this time. He really needed to start therapy, though. They needed a good trainer, and Talon needed downtime.

In the monitor he saw the portal close. The team checked each other quickly, looking for injuries. It was easy to lose touch with your body during the heat of combat, so they made a habit of checking each other as a precaution. Everyone looked fine. Prime smiled to himself as the others patted one another on the back and gave each other “high five’s”. He watched as Blake hugged Teresa—they had recently become engaged.

Prime froze the frame, then let it fade. How many years? With everything I have, the only thing I want is to touch another person. Solitude can drive a person crazy. This was not the first time he had had this thought. Somewhere in the mechanical structure that was now Prime, the computer noted that this thought was becoming more frequent.

Prime

Age: 112

Arc: Protector

Construct

Str 0, **Dex** 0, **Con** $\bar{}$, **Int** 30, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 20 (26 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+17), Computers 18 (+), Concentration 20 (+25), Diplomacy 16 (+21), Disable Device 12 (+), Gather Information 14 (+), Investigate 14 (+), Knowledge (behavioral sciences) 14 (+), Knowledge (business) 14 (+), Knowledge (civics) 14 (+), Knowledge (earth sciences) 13 (+), Knowledge (history) 13 (+), Knowledge (physical sciences) 14 (+), Knowledge (tactics) 14 (+), Knowledge (technology) 14 (+), Notice 12 (+), Search (+12)

Feats: Attack Focus (Ranged) 7, Connected, Contacts, Efficient Ka 6, Great Insight 4, Improved Initiative 2, Ka Awakened (Ka Reflexes, Ka Transfer 3) 6, Equipment (Headquarters: built with 40 EP) 8, Leadership, Minions (250 90-point minions) 13, Uncanny Dodge (Visual, mental) 2

Powers: *Boost* 10 (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), *Comprehend* 1 (Languages), *Confuse* 4, *ESP* 6 (Visual, auditory, mental; 20 miles), *Growth* 4 (*Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Permanent, No Strength Increase), *Immunity* 1 (Aging, Affects requiring Fortitude saves; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Mental Blast* 5 (*Extras:* Autofire; *Flaws:* Ka Cost), *Mind Shield* 5, *Super-Senses* 3 (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged), *Super-Senses* 7 (Empathy; Detect Emotion, free action, ranged, extended [10,000 ft.], *Super-Senses* 6 (Ka Awareness, mental, ranged, extended [x10,000]), *Telepathy* 10 (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Mind Control 10)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Quick* (Paranoid Schizophrenic), *Strange Appearance* (Black monolith living machine)

Drawbacks: *Immobile*

Combat: Attack +0 (+7 ranged), Damage +5 (mental blast), Defense +0, Initiative +3

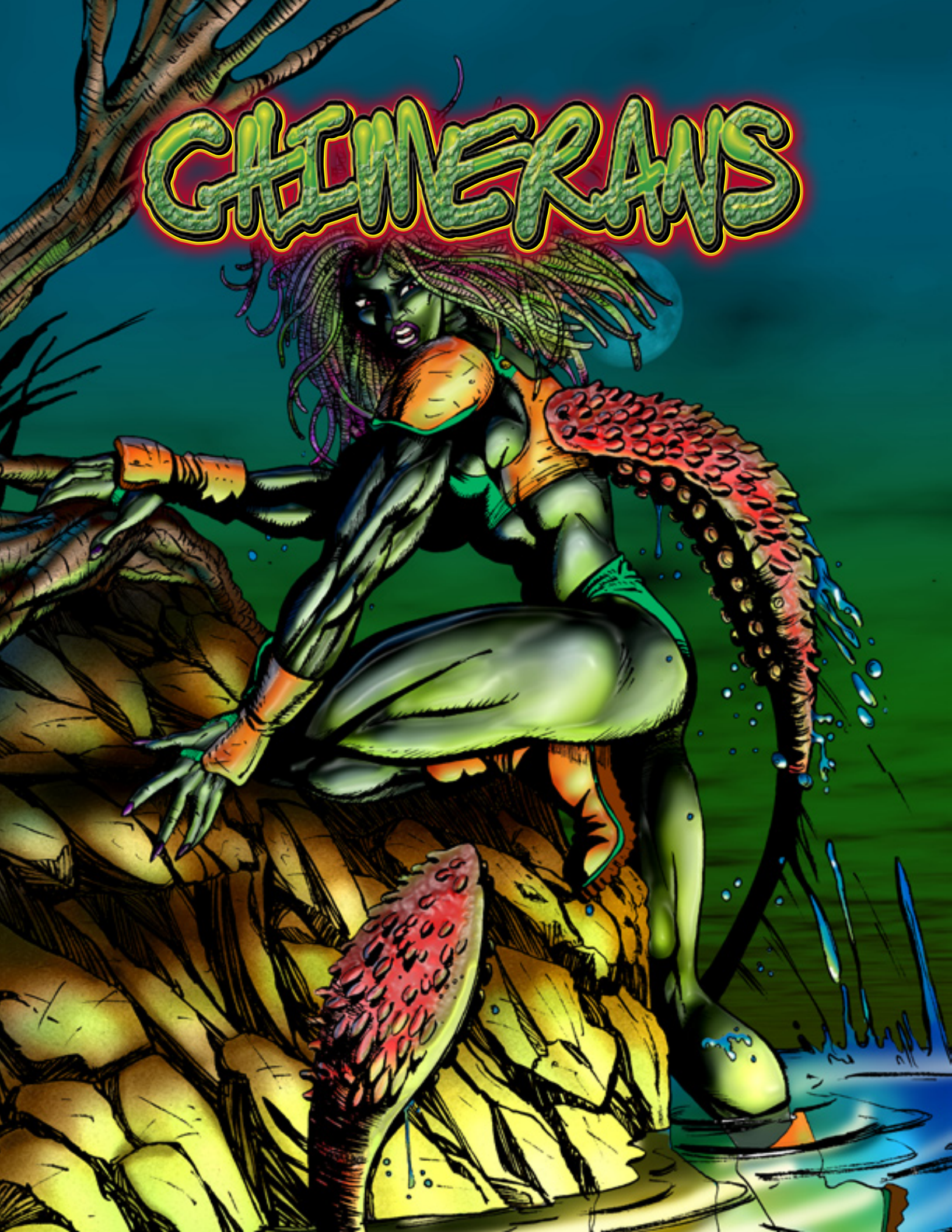
Saving Throws: Toughness +15 *, Fortitude $\bar{}$, Reflex $\bar{}$, Will +15

Abilities 10 + Skills 60 (240 ranks) + Feats 51 + Powers 158 + Combat 0 + Saves 5 – Drawbacks 5 = 279

* Prime has lost the Toughness bonus he gained from his Arc



CHIMERANS



THE CHIMERANS

The two men in lab coats muttered as they huddled around the strange device, fresh in from the field. Kantz risked a glance back over his shoulder at the men watching through the room's plate glass window—beside the final member of the research team, there were two strangers. One, in a black coat marked with lightning bolt insignia, was an SS officer for sure. The young blonde woman beside him was presumably one of his assistants.

The lab microphone popped into life, startling him back to his senses, as Sieffers flipped a small metal toggle switch on the table and spoke aloud in German: "Doctor Sieffers, twelve November, nineteen forty-one. Colditz Detention Area, Research Facility Three. Assisted by Doctor Richmond and Lieutenant Kantz. Appropriate observation personnel are present." He broke off for a moment, running his fingers over the object, then continued.

"Object is approximately two point five meters tall, point seven five meters in depth. The front face has two doors approximately one point three seven meters in width. Although the object is at room temperature, glass panels on the door are frosted with what appears to be ice. Lieutenant Kantz has found a mechanism which he believes will open the doors." He switched the microphone off and nodded to Kantz, who stepped forward.

Even with all the technical training he had received in his service to the Third Reich, Kantz could not begin to formulate a guess at the composition of the box, much less its purpose. The SS was convinced the box contained a new toxin, possibly similar to mustard gas, which the British were trying to deliver to their troops. Kantz was not so sure. Field photographs showed this box, and another like it, sitting in a crater at least three meters deep with a diameter of almost thirty meters. Both boxes appeared to have been undamaged by the impact. No aircraft dropped these, he was certain.

He stepped to the box, slowly sliding back the small covering mounted just above the doors to reveal the button below, encircled by letters no one could decipher; perhaps (if the SS theory was correct) some new British code. Kantz nodded to Sieffers, who toggled the microphone on again and spoke: "Lieutenant Kantz has accessed the switch, labeled SW-1 on the technical documents. I will leave the microphone on for the remainder of the procedure."

Kantz stole another glance at the SS officer, wiping sweat from his forehead. He had been specifically ordered not to wear contaminant protection as he opened the device. The SS wanted to see what it would do. Kantz secretly hoped the button wouldn't work, or that it neutralized whatever was within. Or at least that whatever leaked out would get the SS officer as well.

Kantz held his breath as he pressed the button, jumping away from the box as the doors opened a centimeter or so, sliding straight out, not on hinges as he had guessed. A thick mist poured from within, spilling onto the floor. His heart raced as he unconsciously backed away, but a pounding on the window shook him out of his panic. The SS officer glared, pointing at the device, insisting he approach, his hand lingering on his sidearm. Kantz snuck a glance at the blonde assistant, as frightened as he, yet determined to retain her composure. He gathered strength from her resolve, gave her a smile, and turned back to the device, intentionally blocking the view of the SS officer as he did so. The mist, now roiling along the floor like a fog, still poured out of the device's door. Within, a thin layer of what appeared to be dirt or saw dust covered the floor of the box. Kantz reached towards it and touched the door, which slid open another 40 centimeters or so. Instantly, the mist thickened around his hand, and a denser fog began to pour out, Sieffers relaying everything he saw directly to the microphone.

"...is gathering somewhat around Lieutenant Kantz's hand, but is also forming a thin layer on the floor. Movement, such as shuffling my feet, does not appear to disturb the fog. Lieutenant Kantz is now going to probe the dust-like material in the box."

Kantz looked up as if to say "I am?" Sieffers only gave an apologetic shrug, and nodded his head slightly toward the window to indicate the officer's presence.

Reluctantly, Kantz pulled his sleeve up and reached towards the dust. Instantly, the mist began to coalesce within the box, and through the dim lighting Kantz watched in horror as his hand began to dissolve. His scream died with a strangled choke, however, as he realized with a start that he felt no pain. It seemed that this should hurt. He turned to relate this to Sieffers, but found he could not speak. The fog had swept down his throat. He backed away in horror, but stumbled and fell to the ground as his legs vanished from beneath him, watching helplessly as the fog rose to fill the room, watching until his vision dimmed, his eyes dissolving.

Somehow, through all the confusion, he could still hear, as Sieffers tried desperately to relay what was happening, until his voice broke off and he slumped to the floor. With a whistle, the speakers in the chamber came on, and he heard the confusion in the observation booth, the SS Officer demanding to know what was happening, his assistant screaming, stumbling in her attempt to escape the sealed booth. And then even that was gone, and Kantz felt the last of himself dissolve. Kantz ended... and something began.

Four Months Later

"...the fog receded, and there were two piles of clothing, where Kantz and Sieffers had been. And inside the box was a pile of dust, and beneath the dust, a human form," Geistmann concluded. He gestured beside him. "The rest, of course, you know."

"The Fuehrer sends his personal congratulations and commendation," said General Cloust, offering his hand to the new Colonel. "You have given us our most successful test subject, surpassing his nearest competitors in all physical and intellectual criteria by a minimum of twenty-five percent." Geistmann smiled at the praise. His prodigy, dug from beneath the dust in that strange box in Colditz, was truly superior. He laughed aloud, considering the time and resources the British must have used to create such a perfect specimen of humanity, only to have it turned against them.

Beside him, Aryan Superior smiled as well, though for different reasons. The billions of microscopic Chimeran spores had found human DNA remarkably simple to emulate and replicate. From that point, using telepathy to determine what was expected, and then manifesting physical abilities just in excess of the expectations, was a simple matter. Yes, so long as these men did not discover that Aryan Superior was holding back, this could be a very prosperous form for a long while to come.

The Chimeran Hegemony

The Chimeran Hegemony is a Ka-using race, somewhat like the Elohim—but this is where most similarities end. Their home world of Thule has two stars that give off an enormous amount of Ka energy, and the large amounts of Ka energy coupled with their malleable genetic nature—they are something like a mold or fungus in their unaltered form—has made the Hegemony a formidable force in the galaxy. All Chimerans have some sort of Ka ability, which they use to advance their species. They couple this with what they regard as the one reliable resource they possess: their bodies.

The Chimerans use very few mechanical or electronic devices, reflecting their biological preferences, instead engineering a member of their race to perform the task. For example, the Chimerans live in a constant telepathic link with one another—a link forged by millions of Drones, whose sole purpose is to act as telepathic relays. Other Chimeran drones are bred to fill the roles of star cruiser components, weapons, and even power storage devices. When emerging from a Chimeran hatchery, all Chimerans are immediately assigned a purpose.

There are no aimless citizens in the Chimeran Hegemony, all being driven members of one powerful being—the Echidian, their master and progenitor. All Chimerans can trace their ancestry back to this immense primordial being. The Chimeran manifesto is very simple, as far as the Echidian is concerned. The goal of the Echidian is to constantly expand the Hegemony by conquering worlds and stripping them bare of any and all resources. The inhabitants of these worlds are taken to “processing” planets where their genetic material is distilled down to base materials to be used by the Echidian to create more Chimerans, who fall into three different sub-species:

The Brood Mothers

A Chimeran whose task it is to propagate the species, the Brood Mothers are simply large, telepathic birthing machines. Brood Mothers' bodies are bloated sacks, immobile and sprawling over an area equivalent to several square blocks. The Echidian inseminates them with a huge amount of genetic material, with which they create hundreds of eggs a day. As far as anyone is aware, none of these made it to Earth.

Elites

These Chimerans are the taskmasters of the Hegemony. The Brood mothers' guardians and capable Ka users, they are bred to be the Hegemony's army generals. Unlike most Chimerans, they are very self-aware and can act independently of the hive mind. Only the Elites are given the privilege of true independent thought.

Soldiers/Drones

The workhorses of the Hegemony. These Chimerans assume roles to fill any need that the Echidian may have need for—many are not even recognizable as “sentient” beings, instead acting as a sort of living machine. The Drones are somewhat self-aware, and can act independently of the hive mind if needed, but will generally die if not given at least some supervision at all times.

Chimerans have arrived at least twice in Earth history: when the Chimeran Elite prisoners crashed with the Elohim, and when a Chimeran advanced command pod crashed on Earth in 1918 with its cargo of Drones.

Role-playing Chimerans

The Chimerans' malleable genetic nature allows them to react and adapt to their environment. No two Chimerans will ever look alike, and may have any physical appearance or Ka abilities. Chimerans leaving birthing pods immersed in an aquatic environment might adapt by becoming amphibious, while in a volcanic environment they might adapt by having heat resistance and fire manipulation Powers. Once the adaptation has taken effect, a Chimeran is essentially set in that form for life. Elites can modify their appearance and function by creating a self-made cocoon pod in the environment they want to adapt to, but this is time consuming and does not allow as great a change as their initial birthing does.

The Chimeran Elites marooned with the Elohim have made the best of their situation on Earth, some choosing to live solitary lives, using humans and other life forms as food. Knowing of the Elohim GODSEND Agenda, the Chimerans have used it to their own benefit, going on to become known as the monsters of myth and legend, such as Dragons, Rakshasas, and Fomor.



Chimerans that arrived on Earth during the 20th Century were still in their birthing pods when they crashed, and thus have a clean slate. These beings have no memory of the Hegemony and know nothing of the Echidian or its purpose. The three known Elites among them were raised by three different government organizations that colored their views of the world. These Elites also have no idea that other Chimerans exist on the planet—or, for that matter, what a Chimeran is. They initially reacted on instinct, to adapt to the desires of those around them.

In addition to the three Elites, a man named Malcolm Rhand found a troop Drone pod in the New Mexico desert. These Chimerans think they are the creation of Malcolm Rhand and serve him out of loyalty. They follow the commands of Rhand without question and serve as his secret army, waiting for him to reveal their purpose. Some of these have escaped the thrall of Rhand and made their own way in the world. Some have become heroes, while others have used their abilities to further their own agendas, a reflection on the humans that they are around and from which they took their forms—although the Chimerans Rhand obtained were Drones, they are exhibiting the distinct ability to think freely.

Monsters We Are...—Chimeran Free Will

Chimerans are creatures with destruction hardwired into their soul. Derived from their master, the Echidian, the Chimerans are a race built to serve, all tied into one great hive mind. They don't hate, love, feel remorse, or anything else for that matter. They do what is necessary to fulfill the needs of their master and progenitor. However, the Chimerans who fell to Earth are slightly different from their space-bound brothers. Without the telepathic enthrallment of the Echidian crushing any independent thought, the Chimerans have become free-willed. Chimerans on Earth have to think on their own. Making their way on a hostile world, outnumbered by the enemy, has made the Chimeran survivors very capable and very independent survivors.

The original Chimerans initially had a huge problem with the concept of independent thought, but most of the survivors were fully sentient and free-willed Elites who adapted quickly, even using their enemies' colonization doctrines to assimilate into their new home. Being capable of many wondrous feats, the Chimerans terrorized or ruled over ancient humans in remote parts of the world, crude and brutish when dealing with humanity, often demanding human sacrifice. Some found this new life intoxicating and forgot about the Echidian and his single-minded need to consume. Others longed for his psychic enslavement and schemed and prepared for his eventual coming. Those that survived these early debacles are very cunning, or at least very dangerous.

The Chimerans stored in stasis that crashed in Siberia thousands of years later never knew the embrace of the Echidian's yoke around their necks. The only masters they knew were the humans that poked and prodded them during experiments, their view of the world colored by the governmental ideologies they were raised in. These Chimerans have no idea what they are or what they are fully capable of—they have completely embraced the human race as their own, and they act and react as humans.

The third group of Chimerans on Earth—the Drones that fell to Earth in New Mexico—have a mode of thinking that is similar in a lot of ways to the Siberian Elites, except they have their own "Echidian," in the form of Malcolm Rhand. This group has one single driving purpose—they believe that Rhand is their creator, and they exist only to serve him, having no reason to believe otherwise. The Chimerans under Rhand's sway love him like a father and are loyal to a fault. However, while they may have a deeper agenda and bond, they are not mindless slaves and are generally free to act as they will on a day-to-day basis.

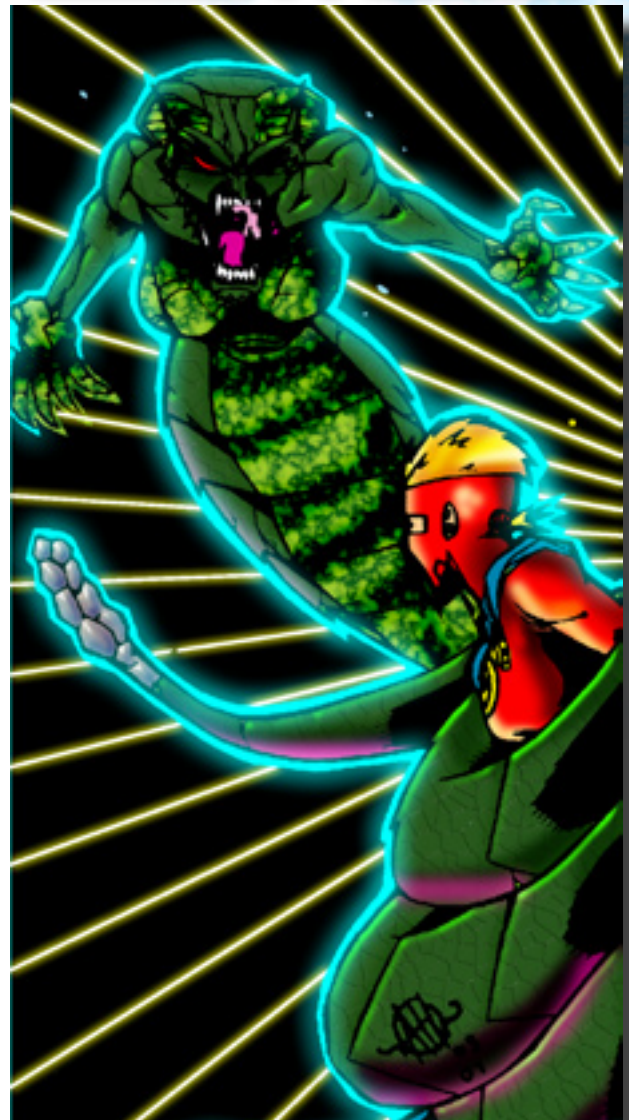
It is also possible to play some other Chimeran who has somehow gotten cut off from the hive mind, possibly by some quirk of genetics when "hatched" from their pod—like those on the Ka-weakened Earth. Their mind would develop independently of the Chimeran control factor. Such a character should only be played with careful thought—if they are ever linked back to the hive mind, they are likely to be loyal to the Chimerans and dangerous to other characters.

Why haven't the Chimerans grown a ship and gotten off the planet?

They have. Both the Chimerans and Elohim have tried to get off Earth and find their way home, but where do you start looking for home in an infinite galaxy when you have no reference points from which to navigate?

Around 600 B.C. a small colony of South African Chimerans left for the stars after being ousted from their rule of the indigenous population by Atlanteans. Three hundred Chimerans gathered aboard a metamorphosed Elite and headed into deep space. The Chimerans made it as far as Mars before a terrible accident aboard the ship marooned them on the red planet. The Chimerans lost their only Elite in the crash (the ship itself) and soon died out. Remnants of their colonies, mostly large stone buildings, are all that's left of them.

In 1541, a powerful Chimeran Elite opened a warp gate to the moon of Ganymede and left with 100 Chimerans and several hundred Empusa. The colony has not been heard from since. Many speculate the great Stardust war of 1892, when space-faring aliens invaded Earth, was really an attack by this lost Chimeran colony.



Chimeran Character Package

Chimerans come in many forms, with a myriad array of powers and abilities that help benefit and define their characters. But Chimeran characters have a tough time in spite of their abilities—the race has the stigma of being unholy monsters bent on mankind's, or any other races', destruction. The list below is not entirely mandatory, but will help in the character creation process.

Personality

Chimerans are a hive mind race controlled by the primordial being, Echidian. When the exiles crashed on Earth, they were forced to think on their own. Finding this difficult and frustrating, the Chimerans share the same personality quirks of the race they mimic, the humans.

Physical Description

The Chimerans are unique to the GODSEND Agenda universe. Once hatched from the birthing pods Chimerans take on a range of appearances.

Names

Examples of traditional Chimeran names: *Gog, Magog, Azbuga, Abeko, Kazdeja, Ouzza, Zevebe*

Arcs

Depending on their function within the group Chimerans have a wide variety of Arcs. Most that crashed to earth were either the Warrior or Protector Arc.

Adjusted Average Abilities: 11 Strength, 14 Constitution, 6 Charisma. Chimerans are in hardy and strong, but often less equipped to deal with social situations.

Feats: Diehard *, Ka Awakened *

Powers: Immunity 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality)

Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform; 1 PP) *. Chimeran physiology allows them to adapt and change to better suit their environment, making them a dangerous and extremely versatile foe. The Chimeran cocoons herself in a substance made from a thick layer of molted skin cells and gelatinous fat deposits, and then goes into a coma-like sleep. In this state, the Chimeran is completely vulnerable to attack. While in the cocoon, the character can alter the make-up of her powers and physical abilities (Strength, Constitution, Dexterity) by shuffling any of her character's points around that are already "locked" into these abilities, or may discard Powers and purchase new ones.

The change takes place over a period of months equal to the character's Ka (the more powerful the character, the longer it takes). When the change is complete, the Chimeran rips free of the cocoon, her body altered and able to channel Ka in a different form. The character may now also have a different appearance, if the player chooses. The Game Master may also decide that the change alters some existing complications and drawbacks, at his discretion.

Morph 2 (3 PP/rank.) The Chimeran cellular makeup allows them to alter their physical appearance with relative ease.

Protection 1 *. Just like the classic creatures of monster movies, Chimerans can take a licking and keep on ticking.

Telepathy * (See individual types of Chimerans for specifics.) All Chimerans share a minor telepathic link with one another, always hearing a constant buzz in their heads. Elites generally have stronger Telepathy, used to guide Drones in their duties. The power is limited in that it is only usable with other Chimerans. If the player wishes to have a normal version of this power as well, they must purchase it at the normal price.

Complications: *Strange Appearance* *. Chimerans can never fully control or hide their alien ancestry. However, Strange Appearance doesn't always mean the character is horrific—many beings with Strange Appearance simply look different from the human norm. (In an ancient campaign, they may even look like some slightly abnormal member of another species.)

Brood Mothers Only

Feats: *Minions*. Chimerans tasked to guard and serve the Brood Mother.

Powers: *Growth 16* (*Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Permanent) *

Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform; 1 PP) *. As per the full-blooded Chimeran.

Telepathy 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 8 [5,000 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged) *

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by the Echidian; -4 PP value) *. Soldiers or drones not under the telepathic thrall of an Elite must think for themselves, and many suffer from stress because they are not used to being a free-willed race—this Flaw reflects that problem. Sometimes not having the yoke of the Echidian around her neck is a blessing; other times it's a curse.

Immobile (-5 PP) *

Elites Only

Feats: *Minions*. Soldiers/drones tasked to guard and serve the Elite.

Powers: *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 8 [5,000 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged) *

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother or the Echidian; -4 PP value) *. Soldiers or drones not under the telepathic thrall of an Elite must think for themselves, and many suffer from stress because they are not used to being a free-willed race—this Flaw reflects that problem. Sometimes not having the yoke of the Echidian around her neck is a blessing; other times it's a curse.

Soldiers/Drones Only

Adjusted Average Abilities: Intelligence 4, Wisdom 4

Powers: *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged) *

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian; -4 PP value) *. Soldiers or drones not under the telepathic thrall of an Elite must think for themselves, and many suffer from stress because they are not used to being a free-willed race—this Flaw reflects that problem. Sometimes not having the yoke of the Echidian around her neck is a blessing; other times it's a curse.

* This trait is not optional and **must** be purchased as a part of this race. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

Empusa

Chimerans can literally breed with anything that can reproduce, animal or plant. When they do, the Chimeran DNA grafts onto and mutates the other DNA, creating a cancer-like growth on the "mate" subject, effectively mimicking gestation. The organism usually gestates in a period normal to the host's reproductive cycle. In humans, the growth usually attaches itself to the stomach lining or uterus and grows for 9 months, at which time it rips itself from its protective pouch. It may kill its host, using it as a food source by eating it from but living birth doesn't always kill the host, and with a cursory amount of medical attention the host will survive.

Whatever the origin, an Empusa is the result. Half-Chimeran, half-whatever. Empusa embryos are very malleable. They can be easily manipulated to create virtually any desired effect, if a being with the basic knowledge of their makeup is present. The fetus can be altered to be taller, aquatic, or any thousands of variations. All Empusa have at least one rank of Strange Appearance and at least one rank of Short Life Span. Most Empusa are sterile, but some Empusa can breed. Their traits breed very weakly, however, and second- and third-generation have almost none of its Chimeran ancestors' physical or Ka-related traits. Past this stage, the creature is pretty much a normal member of its non-Chimeran ancestor species, with only a few genetic quirks.

Powers—Blood Mimicry: *Drain 3* (Blood Mimicry, all traits at once [5 PP/rank]; *Extras:* Linked [Mimic]; *Flaws:* Must drink subject's blood, Cannot drain skills), *Mimic 3* (Blood Mimicry, all traits at once [5 PP/rank]; *Extras:* Linked [Drain]; *Flaws:* Only traits drained, Cannot mimic skills)

Drawbacks: *Genetically Unstable **

Quirk (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian; -4 PP value) *. Empusa not under the telepathic thrall of an Elite must think for themselves, and many suffer from stress because they are not used to being a free-willed race—this Flaw reflects that problem. Sometimes not having the yoke of the Echidian around her neck is a blessing; other times it's a curse.

Genetically Unstable— Empusa-Only Drawback

Empusa, regardless of their non-Chimeran heritage, are genetically unstable. They cannot produce certain materials naturally, and have a constant need for genetic material, usually in the form of blood. To subsidize their diets, Empusa usually evolve the vampiric quality of blood sucking to replenish their body's dwindling stores of genetic material and other nutrients. Value depends on the frequency blood must be consumed and the degree of detrimental effects (as per the Weakness drawback.)

All Empusa have this drawback.

Be Fruitful and Multiply!

Can two Chimerans reproduce? Yes... and no. Brood Mothers (which are not found on Earth) are inseminated by the Echidian with enough genetic material to fertilize her for the rest of her life, which is usually only two to three years. During that time the Brood Mother is a living manufacturing plant; Drones constantly feed her, shoveling organic matter into one side and tending to the eggs, numbering 80 to 100 per clutch, being spat out the other side every two days. These eggs may hatch into either Elites, Brood Mothers, or Drones.

Without a Brood Mother around, Chimeran Elites (or one Elite and one Drone) have the ability to breed with one another create a Drone, with an even chance that either one will carry the pregnancy. Drone offspring created in this manner, however, are unable to breed. In either case, the gestation period is approximately six months, and the Chimeran becomes a fully functional member of the Hegemony a month after birth, provided it is not defective (lacking the mind link) or in some other way cut off.

Chimeran Drones cannot breed with other Drones; they can, however, breed with another creature to create an Empusa.

Gender Benders

The Empusa of Greek mythology were cannibalistic female monsters, half-donkey and half-human, able to change themselves into dogs, cows, or even beautiful maidens. In these shapes they lured travelers to them and then devour them. Sometimes they were depicted as blood-sucking vampire-like creatures, and in other cases they were confused with the Lamia, but in any event they were always female.

Much like human fetuses, all Empusa start out as biological females. In humans, sex is determined during the period of gestation, before birth, but in Empusa, almost all are naturally born female. However, due to their genetic instability, some Empusa may be born male. Generally this involves some sort of genetic manipulation, as is the case with Aryan Superior's Empusa offspring, or may involve the Empusa itself undergoing a partial metamorphosis later in life. Players desiring to role-play male Empusa can explain their anomalous existence in any of these ways, or whatever the Game Master allows.



Sample Chimeran: Tiamat (PL 18)

Tiamat was one of the original groups of Chimeran Elite marooned on Earth with the Elohim. During the time when the Elohim were assuming the roles of gods, Tiamat used the Agenda for her own ends, carving out an empire in the Middle East. Although ancient Babylonian legends state that she died, Tiamat quietly lives on, wreaking havoc on humans that annoy her. She is cunning, ruthless, and vicious.

Age: ?

Arc: Outsider

Chimeran Elite

Str 24/40, **Dex** 15, **Con** 18/26, **Int** 17, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 16 (16 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 8 (+10), Bluff 4 (+7), Concentration 8 (+12), Intimidate 10 (+13), Investigate 10 (+13), Knowledge (arcane lore) 10 (+13), Knowledge (history) 12 (+15), Knowledge (physical sciences) 10 (+13), Knowledge (tactics) 12 (+15), Knowledge (theology and philosophy) 12 (+15), Language (English, select 9 languages), Notice 8 (+12), Search 10 (+13), Stealth 8 (+15)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Assessment, Diehard, Endurance, Favored Environment (air) 2, Fearless, Fearsome Presence 2, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping), Specialization (Bluff: gambling)

Powers: *Additional Limbs* 1 (Tail), *Blast* 5 (Acid Spit; *Extras:* Burst, Contagious), *Darkness Control* 8, *Flight* 4, *Growth* 8 (*Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Permanent), *Immunity* 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection* 1, *Morph* 2 (3 PP/rank), *Strike* 4 (Claws; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Super Strength* 2 (*Power Feats:* Thunderclap), *Telepathy* 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 8 [5,000 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (large, black dragon)

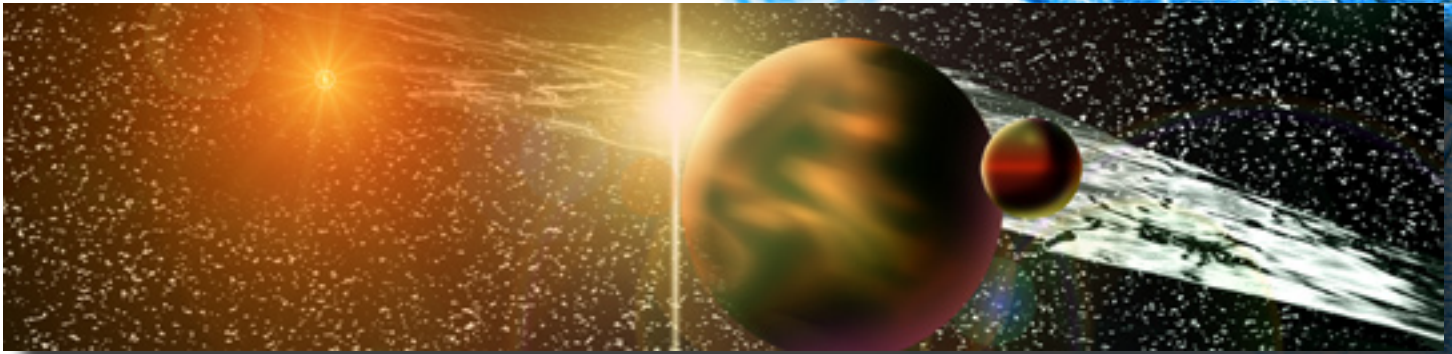
Drawbacks: *Power Loss* (Flight; when wings restrained, entangled, restricted, etc.), *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +8/+6, Damage +7/+15 (natural, +11/19 claws [mighty], +5 acid spit), Defense +5/+3, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +5/+9 (additional +1 protection), Fortitude +14/+18, Reflex +13, Will +14

Abilities 48 + **Skills** 33 (132 ranks) + **Feats** 12 + **Powers** 114 + **Combat** 26 + **Saves** 30 – **Drawbacks** 5 = 258





Timeline and history for the Chimeran Hegemony

As compiled by Aether, Chimeran historian

Primordium Prodigium 0

The Thule system, birthplace of the Chimerans, catches a nearby rogue star. Both stars orbit one another, creating a binary system. Over a period of several years, primitive life evolves on Cocytus, the 5th planet in the system, after being washed in excessive Ka radiation. The simple lifeforms of the planet interweave into a multi-celled organism with a single conscience, calling itself the Echidian. The Echidian, having consumed all life on its planet, goes dormant awaiting more food.



P.P. 100

An Elohim expeditionary ship experiences multiple system malfunctions and crashes on Cocytus. Every crewmember except the Seraphim commander dies in the crash. While searching the planet, the Elohim encounters the Echidian and is quickly eaten, his genetic material and consciousness consumed by Echidian and made its own. Quickly learning the fundamentals of Ka use, the Echidian uses some of its own genetic material to give birth to a small telepathically linked brood of what it calls Chimerans. Drawing upon the Elohim tactics it now knows of, the Echidian builds an expeditionary force of its own to conquer the two other worlds in the Thule system which possess life. Meeting stiff opposition over a period of years from the more advanced civilizations, the Echidian creates a new class of Chimeran called the Elites (or Magog). It quickly consumes and distills this new genetic material, creating even more need for planets to be taken.

P.P. 150

The Echidian creates an order and hierarchy within his domination, to allow more systematic consumption. He calls his empire the Chimeran Hegemony and expands his reign to other systems.

P.P. 531-541

The Hegemony encounters the Elohim Empire, and war erupts between the two. The war ends with a devastating attack against the Chimeran home world of Cocytus, the Echidian injured as it loses much of its Ka ability. As the Chimeran Hegemony quietly moves its empire head to a new system deeper coreward, a Chimeran Elite from an outer colony (cut off from the Echidian's telepathic control) begins to evolve independent thought. Infecting his cadre of Chimeran

fighter Drones with his theories on independent thought, they fight their way off-world, defending themselves against those who oppose them. The Elite patterns himself after the "Scourge of Cocytus," Attis the Light-Bringer. Convincing a Chimeran frigate to flee with him, the Elite, calling himself Aether, makes it his mission to liberate other Chimerans from the thrall of the Echidian.

P.P. 545

The Echidian sends a spy named Phorcys into the Elohim Empire's sphere of influence, who learns of the "Light-Bringer" and his growing popularity. Phorcys relates to the Hegemony that this Light-Bringer will try and overthrow El and his powerful empire. The Echidian responds by birthing Brood Mothers to gear up for another Chimeran invasion into Elohim space. Most of the Drones are kept dormant and hidden on worlds bordering Elohim space.

P.P. 550

The Echidian decides that Cocytus and the Thule system are not viable seats of government, being Ka inert. The Hegemony begins an unheard of birthing plan; Brood Mothers create millions of Chimeran Drones to act as pieces of an enormous world-ship.

P.P. 557

With civil war raging in Elohim space, the Echidian activates his dormant Chimeran Drones and begins his attack. Worlds are set upon by the Hegemony and stripped of every living thing. Entire systems are left barren heaps of inert rock, while the Echidian devotes worlds to housing legions of Brood Mothers pumping out soldier Drones. Aether and his now massive crew of free-thinking Chimerans encounter the Echidian's powerful telepathic presence, and mutiny occurs as Chimeran Drones fall under the sway of their former master. Aether and a few of his still-loyal Elites fight off the lesser-willed Drones, but during this battle, they are intercepted by an Elohim War frigate and taken prisoner.



P.P. 570

The Elohim Empire, bolstered by the Light-Bringer's rebel forces, change the tide of the war, pushing toward the planet Araboth. The combined Elohim counter-assault and a lack of genetic resources to fuel its nihilistic campaign halt the Echidian's aggression. The Chimeran Hegemony tries to hold its position, but is pushed back beyond pre-Elohim borders. The war ends in stalemate as an Elohim prison ship, containing Aether and his loyal band of followers, heads into deep space. It is intercepted by a large, fully manned Chimeran frigate and boarded. Both ships are thrown through time/space to Earth.

4,000 B.C.

Crashing on a Ka-rich planet, the Chimeran at first band together, but a lack of direction splinters them into many different groups. It takes centuries for them to regain order.

3,000 B.C.

Chimerans found Bab edh-Dhra and Numeira (better known as Sodom and Gomorrah), which soon become a crossroads of culture. The human populace is treated well... by Chimeran standards. As long as the Chimerans are placated with offerings (mostly animal, sometimes human) the humans are left alone. Two factions exist: the free-willed Chimerans (led by Aether), and those who wish to pave the way for an invasion.

1,898 B.C.

Angelos and Chimeran forces fight the Battle of Gomorrah. The battle ends when Gab'Riel uses low-yield atomic weapons to decimate the city. The survivors scatter.

10 B.C.

Aether, running for his life, hides near the Sea of Galilee and begins a metamorphosis.

434 A.D.

Saint George battles and slays Tiamat's legendary Chimeran consort, Kingu, an Elite with the body of a large winged serpent.

600 A.D.

In South America, Chimeran efforts to escape the planet Earth lead their Nazcan subjects to carve immense navigational lines on the Earth.

1200 A.D.

Chimerans usurp power and massacre the ruling Atlanteans of South America. The Chimerans rule from then on until the arrival of the Europeans, led by Angelos, who will assure an end to the Chimerans' brutal and bloody rule... replacing it with their own.

1455 A.D.

An Elite takes the form of a dead Wallachian prince, Vlad, son of Dracul. He rules the small country well, but an Angelos-led army soon topples his regime, and he flees. Vlad appears again 400 years later, finally to be killed by an Orichalcum-wielding Atlantean going by the name of Quincy Morris.

1590

English settlers stumble across a group of Native Americans under the thrall of a Chimeran Elite named Croatoan. Most of the settlers are killed by the Chimeran and his minions, before wandering Atlanteans save them.



1908

The command section of the Chimeran frigate is spat from a wormhole over Tunguska, Siberia. Inside, Russians find three beings in stasis pods. They open one and a confused Chimeran walks out and takes human form. The Russians name their find Adam and promptly go to work studying him. Adam soon manifests many different super-human abilities and powers, and becomes a symbol used by Lenin and Stalin. Given the name the Red Hammer, he plays a large role in the Russian purge. During the Second World War, he is a symbol of hope and a tool of defense for Russia.

1941

The German army captures a Russian scientific installation in the occupied city of Kiev. Finding the remaining Siberian stasis pods, the Nazis take them back to a German research facility in the small town of Colditz. Their research leads to the release of a German "superman"—tall, blonde-haired, blue-eyes, and in perfect physical shape. The Germans train the Chimeran to use his powers for the German war Machine, giving him the codename Aryan Superior. Failure in breeding experiments with the Chimeran lead to an attempt to graft Aryan Superior's DNA onto human hosts. The American U.S.E.R. program, frustrated by the fact that all "Black Gene" manifestations are being whisked away by an unknown group, kicks into high gear after U.S. spies catch wind of the German "superman."

1945

The Allied army approaches Berlin from all sides. During the fighting, Aryan Superior and the Red Hammer meet for the first time. Aryan Superior is barely victorious, leaving five square miles of Berlin destroyed and the body of the Red Hammer broken. Aryan Superior escapes with several high-ranking officers to Argentina. The Americans capture the facility at Colditz and the last of the Chimerans stasis pods is shipped off to America. A few months later, American Eagle emerges.

1947

In Roswell, New Mexico, the troop-carrier pods of the Chimeran frigate emerge from the wormhole and crash-land. A wealthy industrialist named Malcolm Rhand finds the alien craft. He and his followers strip the ship of all one hundred stasis pods and much of the (formerly living) technology. The U.S. Government arrives much later to find the alien craft gutted, and what remains of the alien technology is taken to research.

1961

A giant Chimeran attacks the city of Tokyo. Two thousand die and another five thousand are injured before a combined Japanese and American defense force drives the creature back into the sea.

Chimerans Throughout the Ages

There are many eras of particular use for Chimerans when running a **GODSEND Agenda** game. An adventurous Game Master may decide that he wants something a little different from the **GODSEND Agenda** default setting. Here are a few examples.

The Distant Past

This age of play features the Chimerans before their arrival on Earth, a difficult time to portray without a little work. Most likely those involved are free-willed groups of Chimerans who were cut off from the Echidian when the Elohim stifled the flow of Ka in the Thule System. Many died because they had no one to tell them what to do, but others picked up quickly the concept of being free, and left for parts unknown or traveled the known galaxy to find other free-minded Chimerans.

The player-characters can be part of such a crew (such as Aether's crew, described later), wandering space and helping aliens in need. Just imagine a game of space-opera proportions, where the characters have the ability to use Ka! However, Angelos are on the look out, as are Chimerans still loyal to the Hegemony. Luckily, since Chimerans can look like anything, it's very hard for their true nature to be known. Coupled with the fact that the Elohim Empire is huge and is composed of over a hundred types of aliens, a Chimeran can hide anywhere.

PreHistory (circa 4000 B.C.—3000 B.C.)

The first Chimerans to be stranded on ancient Earth (100 Elites and well over 1000 Drones, though most of these did not survive the crash) were castaways in more than one sense. Not only were they stranded light years from home, but the Chimerans also found themselves suddenly cut off from their hivemind. Unlike the Angelos and Elohim, who were accustomed to thinking independently, most Chimerans were not acquainted with this much freedom.

Some few adjusted quickly and scattered around the globe, hiding from their former captors and attempting to establish themselves. For many, though, it took several thousand years to learn how to think again. As a result of this rather bestial, primitive existence, many primal monster/god religions sprang up all over the globe, the Chimerans' changeable nature allowing them to take on many forms, often drawing inspiration from other planets the Echidian had conquered in the past. Some of the ancient Chimerans became completely animalistic, losing any higher reasoning power. Even in this early period, however, they were not necessarily all evil monsters. Chimerans really aren't inherently evil, and cut off from the hive mind and making decisions on their own, many actively chose to serve mankind in useful ways. For example, some served as beast-men totems (Bigfoot, anyone?) helping primitive man in North America. Others gathered strength, and waited....

Early Biblical Times (circa 3000 B.C.—1500 B.C.)

The turning point for the Chimerans came some time in the Bronze Age, when the wise Chimeran Elite known as Aether finally gathered enough of a contingent together to found a society of Chimerans in the Middle East near the Dead Sea, in cities that would come to be known as Bab edh-Dhra (Sodom) and Numeira (Gomorrah). The cities became a center where Earthbound Chimerans could go as a safe haven from all the hostile threats surrounding them. Chimerans who found it difficult to assimilate were excommunicated from the city and the most difficult were put down like animals.

Aether, originally the captain of the renegade Chimeran frigate, was an incredibly enlightened member of his race who sought peaceable coexistence with humanity. He taught his philosophies of peace and non-aggression, and for a few centuries the city prospered, with a population of approximately 20 percent Chimerans, 60 percent humans, and the rest their Chimeran-human offspring, the Empusa. The Empusa ruled as priestesses over the humans, with a stern but guiding hand.

Aether occasionally left the comforts of the city to learn about humanity and their beliefs. During one of these excursions, a Chimeran Elite named Dagon took Aether's place as leader. Dagon's flawed interpretation of Aether's law brought him to the conclusion that the prosperity of Sodom and Gomorrah could only increase if others from other lands were brought into the fold. He set out on a campaign to assimilate the other surrounding cultures into his hegemony. Thousands of slaves were brought back and, like the Echidian itself, consumed by Dagon. When the Empusa priestesses, horrified by the atrocities, escaped to Africa, Dagon simply bred new Empusa from the slave population. Those Chimerans who followed the teachings of Aether either left the city or were killed in the night by Dagon's new priesthood. Soon the two cities degenerated into lawless strongholds held together by Dagon and the few Chimerans loyal to him.

The Angelos captured and interrogated a few of the fleeing Empusa. Learning what had occurred gave the Angelos the impetus to mount a full-scale campaign against the city-states. Many battles took place, but the cities could never be taken, as the Chimerans were too entrenched. After evacuating the few spies they had in the city, the Angelos used low-yield nuclear weapons on the cities and burned them to ash. Those Chimerans remaining alive scattered about the globe, degenerating into near-chaos.

Late Biblical Times (circa 1500 B.C.—1 B.C.)

Pursued by Angelos, Elohim and, in some cases, one another, the Chimerans took some time to reorganize. Seeing that the Angelos were busily establishing a monotheistic religion using a version of the **GODSEND Agenda**, the Chimerans decided to emulate this to some degree, infusing themselves into various mythologies, and once again acting as demons, beasts, and creatures of legendary power. As before, the Chimerans were not always in direct opposition to humanity. Quite the contrary—in some cases, they served humanity better than it could serve itself. In the Middle East, Arabian legends of Djinni stemmed from the Chimeran need to be of service, but just as in those tales, terrible things happened when the master became careless. In Northern Europe among barbarian tribes, some became great heroes of their adopted "people," defending humanity against attacks by other Chimeran "monsters." For some of these, the winged lizards of the long-forgotten world of Drakon were a favorite in Europe (a few to this day inhabiting deep-sea lairs or expansive underground cave networks), as were far stranger creatures lurking in the dark forests of Eastern Europe, and the jungles of Africa.

Amidst all this expansion, the once-powerful Aether, running for his life, hid near the Sea of Galilee and began a metamorphosis....

The Dark Ages (1 A.D.—1000 A.D.)

After the dawn of the Christian era, the Chimerans, moreso than ever before, found themselves treated as outcasts and monsters. Various flavors of monotheism spread, and the Chimerans were gradually forced deeper into the shadows. But with the fall of Rome in 455 A.D., and the spread of barbarism across Europe, the Chimerans were able to regain some semblance of power in the Old World. Many Chimerans made Europe their home during this time period—the most famous being Baba Yaga and Grindahl—calling themselves ghouls and vampires, boggarts, and sidhe. Some, such as the Chimeran calling himself Cuchulainn, would even battle other Chimerans such as the Fomor, embracing humanity as worthy of protection. They and other human warriors beat back the darkness further and further, and many Chimerans lost ground and standing. Even amongst the Arab people, their legends quickly vanished after 622 A.D. with the spread of Islam. Many of the remaining Chimerans were hunted down and slaughtered as plagues ravished the land.

Some persecuted few began to head West, some early on establishing



Chimerans Plot Hooks

- The characters are all on the run from Malcolm Rhand—renegades hunted by their Chimeran “brothers.” The characters arrive in a small Midwestern town at the behest of one of their contacts. Strange things are occurring in the small town as the dead rise from their graves and roam the night. Actually, a U.S.E.R. scientist is working on a way to reanimate the dead to use as soldiers, creating the zombies. Running out of cadavers, the scientist, obviously insane, has started using the people of the small town as his test subjects. The small lab overlooks the town’s cemetery, cloaked from view.
- The characters are all members of Malcolm Rhand’s small Chimeran organization. A group of super-human villains calling themselves DjinnX have attacked and taken over a secret United Nations prison located in the glacial waste of Antarctica. The prison holds super villains and research facilities working on unlocking the secret to Power manifestation. The prison is built a mile below the earth and consists of a series of interconnecting tunnels (use an old dungeon map). Rhand wants the team to sneak in during all of the confusion and acquire whatever data the UN may have on super-human research. What the characters don’t know is that the Elohim known as Ran (see the Elohim section) is on the scene, taking advantage of the situation and “punishing the guilty.”
- The characters are captured by a big game hunter named “Orion” and taken to a remote island off the coast of Alaska. They are then all shackled with Power inhibitors and deposited alone in the wild. Orion, who works for U.S.E.R., sets out to track down and neutralize each player character. He doesn’t actually kill them, but they shouldn’t know that—instead he tests each one to the maximum of their capabilities. Either U.S.E.R. wants all the members to join their Sentinel team (possibly by “rescuing” them from Orion) or they could want a group of Chimerans to study in a controlled environment... and having their very own team is the perfect way to do it.

themselves as bestial rulers of the primitive peoples of South America (such as the Nazca people). But with the crumbling of Atlantis around 1500 B.C., many Atlanteans had fled to Central and Southern America and established peaceful colonies there. These few, early Chimeran colonists found themselves trumped and driven out by the more organized Atlanteans early on. Others chose to bide their time and gather their strength....

The New World (1000 A.D.—1750 A.D.)

The Atlantean efforts would come crashing down when more organized Chimerans, in search of a land to finally call their own, swept into the area after the dawn of the millennium and ravished the land. These Chimerans had learned their lessons and, like the Elohim, they would use the GODSEND Agenda to stay alive. Their version of the Agenda used an amalgam of Chimeran thinking and Elohim colonization doctrines to set themselves up as gods among the Mayans and the Incas, which allowed them to use their human subjects as their Drones. The natives gathered human or animal sacrifices to appease or bribe their god with food and comforts, and in return the “gods” performed favors for them and provided protection, often driven by their genetic need to serve. Both Mayans and Incas gave up bloody offerings to their gods and both were ruled harshly.

This period of bloody rule came to an end when Angelos-assisted contingents from Europe crossed the seas to colonize this new land. Cortes and Pizarro wiped out what remained of these civilizations in the early 1500s, and the Chimerans were again pushed back into the jungles and forests, becoming once more monsters and vampires, both in the Old World and the New.

The Modern Era

The standard setting for **GODSEND Agenda** has the world populated with perhaps a hundred surviving Chimeran Elites, a few thousand Empusa, and a few hundred Chimeran soldier Drones, most of these in the service of Malcolm Rhand. Many of these Chimerans have no idea of their origins, or the history of their predecessors on Earth. A group of such individuals can be very dedicated to each other, very much serving under the delusion that they were created by Malcolm Rhand, or serving a national cause as a super hero, or acting the part of a legendary creature. Three different possibilities for such game settings follow, but a countless number of options exist.



Aether

Aether smiled as his team leader stoically walked into the room. He thought the young blue-skinned man was working out well. When Brynhild had been killed, he had wondered if Blue was up to the task of leading the team. Aether was glad he trusted his instincts. He still had learning to do, but Aether was concerned with results, and the young Chimeran had certainly produced more results than most had thought possible.

Wordlessly, Blue handed Aether a holo-disc. Each team member wore a miniature holo-scanner which was used to record input, downloaded upon return to the base and combined for a total 360 degree, true-to-life recording of the mission. Aether told them he wanted to archive every mission for training purposes and historic preservation. But Aether also needed the data to help understand the world at large. He had ventured away from Haven rarely since its founding, and the scans helped him see just how much the world had changed over the decades.

Aether slipped the disc into its slot and watched as the room around him faded...

... to the warehouse district from which his team had just returned. Night had already fallen. The team consisted of Blue, Talon (another young Chimeran with a personality fiery enough to match her red skin and fire-breathing abilities), and the husband-and-wife team of Coult and Nadeera. The two made an interesting team; an ancient Chimeran once worshiped as a god, and the beautiful Atlantean who had made it her mission to disrupt the GODSEND Agenda.

Blue crouched several blocks from a warehouse, his multipurpose goggles zoomed in on the target doorway. The team had received reports that a Chimeran calling himself Major Carnage was recruiting others to assist in a plot to sell nuclear weapons. They'd been here for five days, seeing nothing. But just fifteen minutes earlier Talon, scouting from above, had reported seeing two Elite Chimerans, dressed in paramilitary uniforms, slip into this building. Now they had no way out—Blue covered this entrance, with Coult positioned to the northwest, Nadeera and her Sunbow to the northeast.

Talon circled impatiently. She was tired of waiting, and wanted to go in right away, to take out anyone they might find and see firsthand what was going on in the building. It was only through Coult's calm counsel that they were able to keep her out of the building. Blue had been ready to send her back to Haven immediately, but Coult seemed to have no end of patience.

Just then, Talon called from above. Blue saw the uniformed Chimeran emerge from the old-style phone booth beside the warehouse just as Talon radioed. Even if he'd had his eyes closed, the guy would have been hard to miss—he had to turn sideways to get out of the booth due to his girth, but in this light, Blue could tell it was muscle, not fat. Once he was out of the booth and standing up, he must have been over nine feet tall.

Realizing that this much activity probably indicated something happening soon, Blue launched into action. He radioed a quick, "I got him, cover me" to his team and sprinted toward the behemoth. Blue could run faster than a military jet could fly, but he didn't want to alert anyone inside the warehouse, so he was careful though to keep his speed below the sound barrier as he rushed the giant at super speed. It took only an instant to reach him. Quicker than most people could think, he unleashed a carefully designed attack, striking at pressure points with blinding speed. A blow to the giant's solar plexus to knock the wind out of him, a strike to the eyes to blind him, then, moving behind, a blow to the base of the skull, a punch to the kidneys, and finally a strike on both sides of the head, boxing the giant's ears with enough force to rupture his eardrums. Disoriented and in pain, the giant collapsed. Elapsed time—1.3 seconds.

Before the big guy had even hit the ground, Talon radioed once again: "Behind you, boss." Blue turned to see a dozen Chimerans flooding out the door of the warehouse. Most were unknowns, but he recognized Cutter immediately. They had been friends when they were younger, before Blue came to believe in Aether's message. Cutter had always seen Aether as a fool, and now saw Blue as a fool following a fool.

Even for Blue's quickened senses, the next few seconds were a blur. Talon dove, spouting a stream of flame to divide Cutter's forces. Darkness fled as Nadeera sent volleys of sunlit arrows into the fray, those striking their targets causing involuntary muscle relaxation and collapse. Coult followed her, wrapping himself in a sheath of rocks and charging into the battle, riding a tidal wave of churning earth.

But Blue had Cutter to deal with. The Chimeran snarled and charged, sprouting blades and spikes over his entire body. Blue knew from experience that the real danger, however, was what he couldn't see. Cutter projected thin, razor-sharp filaments from his forearms and, using a series of choreographed maneuvers, spun them wildly in the air around his body as Blue twisted, back-flipped, and cartwheeled out of harm's way. Mere super speed wouldn't have been enough—it was with Blue's assistance as youths that had helped Cutter develop his technique.

Between dodges of Cutter's razor wire Blue watched Nadeera down another trooper as Coult, facing two opponents, wrapped one in a net of stone and caused the ground to fracture beneath the other. Above, he caught a glimpse of Talon engaging in aerial combat with another flier. One of the ground troops seemed to be causing turbulence, but as it was interfering with the enemy flier as much as it was with Talon, he ignored that target and focused on his more immediate problem. An earlier fight had taught Blue the folly of trying to attack his blade- and spike-covered foe. The best he could hope for was to keep Cutter occupied, and allow reckless attacks to thin the opposition. Luckily for him, teamwork stepped in—distracted by his rage for Blue, Cutter failed to notice as Coult moved in behind, and Cutter was quickly wrapped in stone and unable to move. The rest of the troops fell quickly....

Aether stopped the playback. He knew the rest from an earlier briefing. The team infiltrated the underground plant, thoroughly searching for more of Major Carnage's men and assessing the facility's function. No one else was found. The area, however, was far from empty. Rows of laboratories surrounded precision machining equipment, but a sweep with Geiger counters revealed nothing, and the key materials, enriched uranium and high-grade aluminum, were nowhere to be found. Based on these findings, Aether suspected the Chimerans in the base were probably preparing the facility for initiation of operations.

Luckily, now that could not happen.

"How do you assess the mission?" Aether slipped into a chair while indicating Blue should do the same. Blue took his seat, rubbing his sore muscles before answering.

"We disrupted the facility. So, mission complete. But..."

Blue stood again and began pacing while offering his assessment. "I chastised Talon for being too eager to engage in combat. Then I turned around and did it myself. I know better, but we had waited so long, I was ready to do something."

Aether leaned back in his chair. "You had your entire team with eyes on for too long. Its difficult to stay alert for more than four to six hours of inactivity."

"I thought—well, I guess I didn't think. When we got on site I was hoping for a quick resolution. I should have set shifts. Keeps the fatigue down and allows the team members to check their mental state."

"Good. What else?"

"As I said, I engaged early." Blue shook his head. "The guy just seemed so big. I didn't want to have to take him on in unknown territory."

"Did you realize his uniform was different than the others?"

Blue knitted his eyebrows. "What do you mean? His uniform was identical."

Aether turned, pulling up images of each of Carnage's men from the holo-disc.

"Cutter's men had Ka-receptive fabric that allowed the uniform to conform to different shapes," he said. "The giant's uniform seems to have been made

too small. Also, see how the buttons on these uniforms were rounded on the corners, but the giant's buttons were perfectly square." In this context, Blue spotted the differences. He shook his head, amazed at Aether's ability to spot the details at full speed from the scans.

"Likely from different forces," said Aether, turning off the display. "The giant wasn't with them. But don't fret. The mission was a success. Though there were some areas where I think you can benefit from additional training."

"Such as?" asked Blue.

Aether smiled. "Run this data through our computers and see if you can come up with an affiliation. We may have an unknown enemy out there, or perhaps another ally."

"And what will this teach me, personally?" asked Blue, sitting at the console.

"Patience, my boy," said Aether. "Patience."

Aether's Haven

Across the trackless miles of sea between the Shetland Isles and Norway lies the island of Haven, where a small community of several thousand souls make their lives between the stormy waves and the cloud-strewn skies. Bleak and barren, Haven seems an inappropriate name for this desolate isle, yet despite the hardships faced by its inhabitants, the promise of sanctuary really does exist there.

Haven's recorded history is long, dating back to times when it belonged to the Kingdom of Norway in the early fifteenth century (then known as Bifrost Island). In those days, the isle was home to only a handful of people, mostly fishermen and half a dozen monks. The ruins of the tiny chapel that they built still stand today, perched on the cliff top overlooking the harbor.

The harbor itself forms the focal point of the community, surrounded by narrow streets and whitewashed houses, and it is always busy with the comings and goings of boats and the cries of gulls and fishermen. Haven is also popular with workers from the nearby oil platforms in the North Sea, and most weekends the island is home to many groups of employees, who come ashore for a well-earned rest. To the outside world, Haven is quite ordinary, unremarkable—but beneath this mundane exterior it is something quite different.

Haven is a shelter for Chimerans, and nearly a hundred co-exist peacefully with the human inhabitants of the island, hidden from casual observers and visitors. They live in McBride's Folly, one of the largest and grandest buildings on the island, named after the eccentric seventeenth century nobleman who sought to build himself a home on Haven. After his money ran out, and he left in shame and bankruptcy, until with the townsfolk's blessing it became home to the Chimerans who had taken refuge there.

This state of affairs has a history almost as long as the island itself, and has so far benefited both groups well, but the origin of this alliance is shrouded in mystery. Common belief tells of how, some 500 years ago, the island community was suffering the effects of some unknown malady, probably brought by a passing trading ship, and the outlook for Haven seemed bleak. There had been many deaths, and it seemed as if the island would soon become a tomb until one freezing winter day, a stranger named Aether arrived. Aether tended to the sick and dying, and it seemed as if an angel had walked amongst the people of Haven, for almost immediately, the disease lost its deadly grip. He proved himself further later that year, when a mighty storm raged across the island, wrecking houses and sinking boats. In the face of the wind's fury, Aether calmed the gale, risking himself to protect the people he had adopted as his own.

When asked by the grateful survivors how they could honor and thank him, Aether only asked that he, and others of his kind, be allowed to live amongst them in peace. The people of Haven were not fools. They had seen something of Aether's true nature; his power, his strangeness—but they felt no fear. Where intolerance could have so easily ruled their hearts, the townsfolk embraced Aether, and his brethren who came later. To this day, the Chimerans and the inhabitants of Haven live in peace.

Aether, Chimeran Visionary and Historian (PL 14)

Aether is an exceedingly old Elite—indeed, he was one of the first Chimerans to walk upon Earth. He is extremely powerful—able to summon winds, storms, snows, and a Ka-enhanced healing rain. But Aether's greatest power is his ability to comprehend the potential in all things. When he first set foot on Earth with his fellow prisoners, he saw what it could become, and the place that his Chimeran comrades might take upon this virgin planet. In those early days, he saw the vision of the future that he works towards to this very day: a world where Chimerans and humans might live together, bolstered by each other's strengths. Aether wants this future to be won not by a war of force, but by a victory of philosophy; he has thus far been very patient with both his Chimerans and their human brethren. Aether judges no one, for he prefers to see the potential they possess and gently nudges them to live up to it. Aether records history obsessively, believing that finding patterns in the past can unlock the shape of the future.



Aether

Age: ?

Arc: Protector

Chimeran Elite

Str 14, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 28, Wis 18, Cha 21 (24 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 10 (+15), Concentration 14 (+18), Diplomacy 12 (+17), Intimidate 8 (+13), Investigate 8 (+17), Knowledge (history) 18 (+27), Knowledge (theology & philosophy) 10 (+17), Language (English, select 17 more), Medicine 16 (+20), Notice 8 (+12), Profession (scholar) 10 (+14), Search 8 (+17)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Connected, Diehard, Efficient Ka 3, Endurance, Great Insight 3, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership

Powers: Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), Healing 7, Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; Extras: Continuous; Flaws: No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform; 1 PP), Luck Control 2 (Negate Game Master fiat, force a re-roll), Protection 1, Telepathy 2 (Power Feats: Improved Range 8 [5,000 ft.]; Flaws: Chimerans only, Ranged), Weather Control 8 * (Distraction [precipitation]; Power Feats: Alternate Powers—Air Control 8 *, Blast 5 * [lightning; Power Feats: Indirect; Extras: Contagious], Dazzle 4 * [auditory and visual, thunder/lightning; Extras: Bust], Environmental Control 8 * [cold], Environmental Control 8 * [heat], Environmental Control 8 * [light], Obscure 8 *)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (pale skin and a third eye in the center of his head)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +6 (+7 ranged), Damage +2 (unarmed, +5 lightning), Defense +6, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +4/+5, Fortitude +6, Reflex +8, Will +16

Abilities 52 + Skills 35 (140 ranks) + Feats 12 + Powers 63 + Combat 24 + Saves 21 – Drawbacks 4 = 203

Blue, Team Leader and Optimist (PL 10)

Blue is a young Chimeran who was born on Earth. He loves the planet dearly, fascinated by the diversity of Earth life and the richness of human culture. Blue possesses incredible speed, agility, and reflexes, and would dearly love to race across the Earth, staying in whatever human communities he might find on his travels. Despite Blue's impatience, Aether's dream for the Chimeran people demands that Blue stay on Haven and serve as the leader of his Chimeran taskforce. Though Blue does not know it, he is Aether's son; like Aether he prefers to see the good in people, and keeps hope in his heart even when things seem dire. His skin is a rich blue, and his Chimeran metabolism causes him to sweat excess water constantly.

Blue

Age: 22

Arc: Adventurer

Chimeran Warrior Drone

Str 12, **Dex** 24, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14 (15 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 6 (+13), Concentration 6 (+7), Diplomacy 7 (+9), Intimidate 8 (+10), Investigate 6 (+7), Knowledge (history) 6 (+7), Language (English, select 3 more), Medicine 4 (+5), Notice 7 (+8), Search 6 (+7)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Diehard, Dodge Focus 6, Elusive Target, Evasion, Fast Overrun, Ka Awakened (Ka Transfer), Leadership, Move-By Action, Second Chance (avoid trip), Seize Initiative, Uncanny Dodge (Visual, auditory, tactile) 3, Ultimate Save (Reflex)

Powers: Immunity 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), Protection 1, Super-Speed 8 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Deflect 10 *[All ranged; *Extras:* Free action]), Telepathy 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

*Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: Responsibility (Devoted to Aether's ideas), Strange Appearance (Blue skin)

Drawbacks: Quirk (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+6 ranged), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +4 (+10 dodge), Initiative +7

Saving Throws: Toughness +2/+3, Fortitude +7, Reflex +12, Will +5

Abilities 29 + **Skills** 15 (60 ranks) + **Feats** 19 + **Powers** 51 + **Combat** 18 + **Saves** 9 – **Drawbacks** 4 = 142



Talon, Warrior and Hothead (PL 10)

Talon was young when the Chimerans came to Earth, but she still remembers her people's fall from the stars and resents the current situation that Earth's Chimerans find themselves in. She resents Earth and humanity and sees no future living amongst humans as anything other than a conqueror, her scaled red skin and wings forever marking her as different. Yet Talon does not possess the ambition or tactical skill to see such a plan through, and so she stays on Haven, living amidst her own kind while chafing at such confinement. It was on Haven that she met Blue. At first his exuberance and hopefulness annoyed her, and during hard times they still do. But since their first meeting, she has come to find herself envious of his lust for life and his ability to accept others. Blue finds joy in all things, while Talon can only find joy vicariously through Blue. Too proud to say this, Talon watches him from afar, and in her heart, affection for him grows. When Talon's impulses get the better of her (which is quite often), she becomes surly or even angry when she is chided; only Blue can seem to admonish her without risking her wrath. Were anything to happen to Blue, Talon would surely re-embrace her warrior nature and turn her back on Aether's dream forever.



Talon

Age: 45

Arc: Warrior

Chimeran Warrior Drone

Str 14/22, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16/20, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12 (13 Ka)

Skills: Concentration 6 (+7), Investigate 6 (+7), Intimidate 9 (+10), Language (Mandarin, select 3 more), Medicine 6 (+7), Notice 8 (+9), Search 6 (+7), Stealth 3 (+4)

Feats: Accurate Attack, Attack Focus (ranged), Attack Specialization (fiery breath), Diehard, Favored Environment (air) 4, Fearsome Presence 2, Interpose, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Set-up, Startle

Powers: Blast 5 (Fiery breath; Extras: Cone), Flight 4, Growth 4 (Power Feats: Innate; Extras: Continuous; Flaws: Permanent), Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; Extras: Continuous; Flaws: No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), Protection 3, Strike 3 (Claws; Power Feats: Mighty), Telepathy 2 (Power Feats: Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; Flaws: Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: Responsibility (Devoted to Aether's ideas), Responsibility (To Blue), Strange Appearance (Red scales, horns, and batwings)

Drawbacks: Power Loss (Flight; when wings restrained, entangled, restricted, etc.), Quirk (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

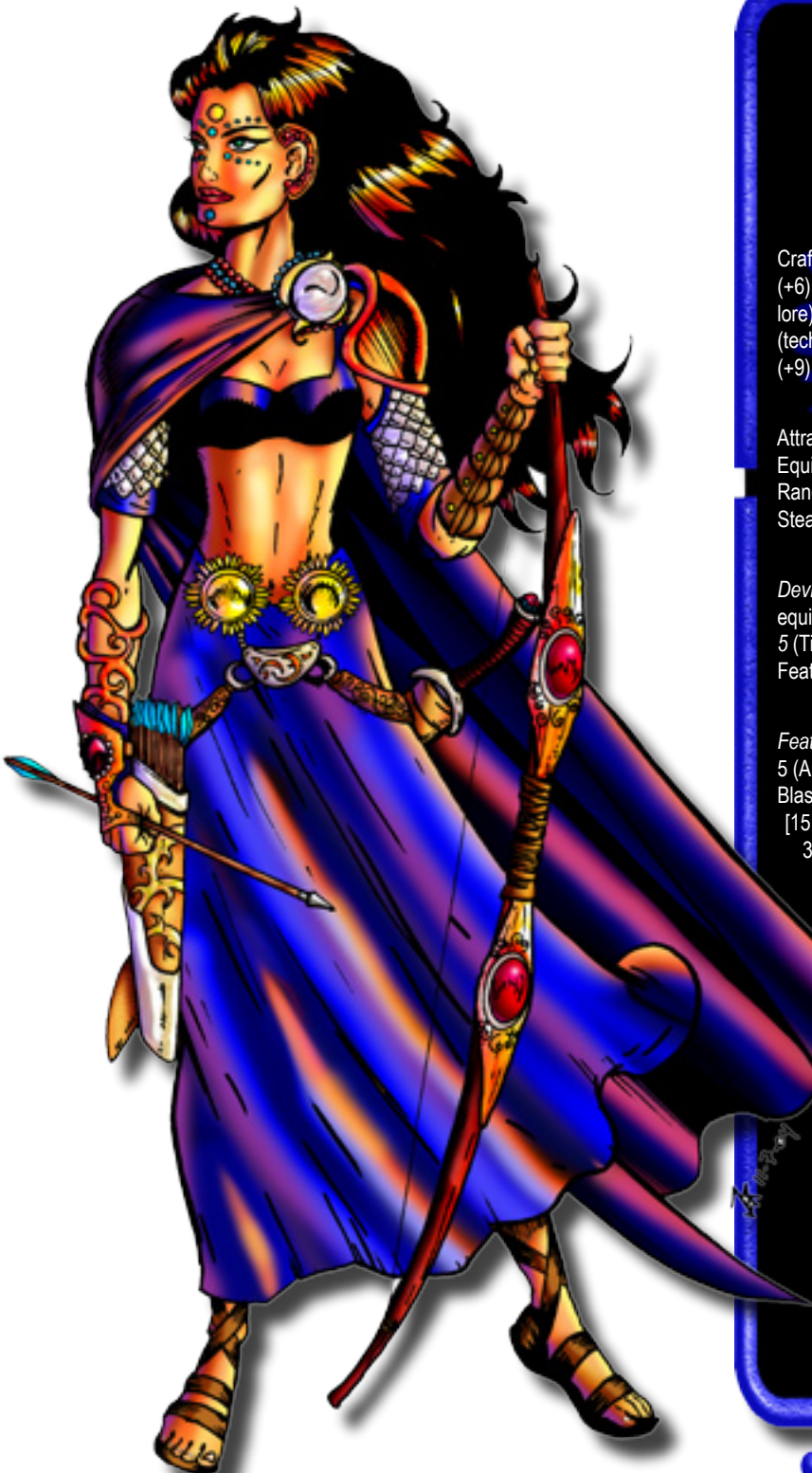
Combat: Attack +7/+8 (ranged; +6/+7 due to Large size, +10 fiery breath), Damage +2/+6 (unarmed; +5/+9 claws [mighty], +5 fiery breath), Defense +7/+6 (Large size), Initiative +

Saving Throws: Toughness +5/+8, Fortitude +8/+10, Reflex +6, Will +10

Abilities 20 + **Skills** 12 (48 ranks) + **Feats** 13 + **Powers** 54 + **Combat** 28 + **Saves** 19 - **Drawbacks** 5 = 141

Nadeera Sunbow, Atlantean Warrior-Mystic (PL 12)

Nadeera grew up an Atlantean noble. Desiring glory and mystic might, she became a scout and traveled the world looking for arcane mysteries and fighting the foes of Atlantis. The ancestral weapon of her family, the sunbow, was entrusted to her, and a promising marriage was arranged between her and a prince of her people, the great Sorcerer-Prince Coutl; fortuitous, as Nadeera had already taken Coutl as a lover. For a time, Nadeera was forced into the field to deal with a new threat to Atlantis and Earth: the menace of the Chimerans. When these skirmishes were over, she went in search of her fiancée. She found instead a Chimeran using his name. This new Coutl seemed to be sworn to peace, and would not rise against her. He would only say that her lover had gone away, and that he had made a promise to protect those things that the first Coutl had held dear. At first she withdrew; for months she observed him from afar with her eyes and her sorcery, watching him aid the sick, at peace with the animals of the rain forest. She recognized in him the noble attributes of her first love, as well as an inner peace that was new and intriguing. Their courtship was long and strange, but in the end Nadeera married this new being who took her old love's honored name. She knows that the final fate of her Sorcerer-Prince is known by Coutl, but the memory pains him, and so she does not pry. Should the truth of Leviathan's past surface, Nadeera's reaction might shatter their union.



Nadeera

Age: 1,283

Arc: Protector

Atlantean Noble

Str 13, Dex 22, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 16 (17 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+10), Bluff 4 (+7), Concentration 4 (+7), Craft (artistic) 4 (+6), Craft (chemical) 4 (+6), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+6), Diplomacy 6 (+9), Disable Device 6 (+8), Knowledge (arcane lore) 10 (+12), Intimidate 6 (+9), Investigate 6 (+8), Knowledge (technology) 6 (+8), Languages (Select 4), Medicine 4 (+7), Notice 6 (+9), Search 6 (+8), Stealth 8 (+14)

Feats: Acrobatic Bluff, Artificer, Attack Focus (ranged) 4, Attractive 2, Contacts, Efficient Ka, Elusive Target, Endurance 2, Equipment 6, Inventor, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership, Ranged Pin, Skill Mastery (Craft [artistic, chemical, mechanical], Stealth) Ultimate Skill (Craft [mechanical])

Powers: Device 6 (Orichalcum Sun Bow; see equipment), Device 4 (Fire arrows; see equipment), Device 2 (Flash arrows; see equipment), Device 2 (Tangle vine arrows; see equipment), Device 5 (Titan slayer arrows; see equipment), Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality)

Equipment: Sun Bow [Device: Absorption 3 (Energy; Power Feats: Slow Fade; Extras: Energy Storage; Flaws: Ka only), Blast 5 (Arrows; Power Feats: Accurate 2, Mighty)], Fire Arrows [Device: Blast 2 (Arrow; Extras: Linked to Fire), Blast 4 (Fire; Extras: Burst [15 ft.], Contagious, Linked to Arrow], Flash Arrows [Device: Dazzle 3 (Visual flash; Extras: Linked to Blast), Blast 2 (Arrow; Extras: Linked to Dazzle)], Tangle Vine Arrows [Device: Snare 4 (Extras: Linked to Blast; Flaws: Entangled), Blast 2 (Arrow; Extras: Linked to Snare)], Titan Slayer Arrows [Device: Blast 8 (Extras: Penetrating)]

Complications: Enemy (Typhon), Responsibility (Devoted to Aether's ideas), Responsibility (To Coutl)

Combat: Attack +5 (+9 ranged, +12 Sun Bow [+13 with extra effort]), Damage +1 (unarmed; +6 arrow, +2 flash or tangle arrow, +2 fire arrow [+4 fire], +8 Titan slayer arrow), Defense +5, Initiative +6

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +8, Reflex +14, Will +7

Abilities 36 + Skills 23 (92 ranks) + Feats 24 + Powers 59 + Combat 20 + Saves 18 = 180

Coutl, Veteran Soldier and Voice of Wisdom (PL 12)

Coutl is one of the Chimeran Elite who came to Earth with Aether. In those days he was known as Leviathan, and he found himself at odds with Aether's plans for the Chimeran people. Initially he struck out on his own, and crushed humanity underfoot with an incredible array of Ka-fueled powers, ultimately metamorphosing into a new form to assimilate the genetic material of Earth's fauna, pillaging Earth's genetic stock for any advantage he could find. Eventually, he traveled across the sea using the assimilated form of a whale, and found himself in South America, where he absorbed the jaguar, the piranha, the arrow poison frog, the anaconda—all life in the rain forests became one with him. He found the humans native to the region and set about conquering them—until the coming of their great protector. Coutl—the true Coutl, was an Atlantean sorcerer-king and scientist whose projects dealt with the advancement of the human species, and he had focused on this for many years, becoming to them a holy figure. In order to protect his people, he joined Leviathan in battle. Thunder shook the earth, and the rain forest was seared by Ka-power and magic. The two fought for days, but in the end, Leviathan wrestled Coutl to the ground and absorbed him. His Ka-warped body collapsed from his exertions, and he entered a coma.

When he awoke, it was as if he had been born again. The Chimeran parts of his soul were tempered by Atlantean wisdom. He suddenly knew love, mercy, and sacrifice. All his prior actions reflected only his ego and appetites, and he saw himself as little more than a bloodthirsty animal driven by a desire for territory and strength. Ashamed by the being he was, he took upon him the name of the better man that he had consumed. The new Coutl ruled from the shadows of the great Aztec pyramids before finally retreating to the Andes to meditate. His reflection was disturbed by the arrival of Nadeera Sunbow, an Atlantean who was the lover of the original Coutl. Though suspicious and hesitant at first, Nadeera eventually felt at ease around her lover's 'heir'. The Chimeran never told her the whole truth, saying that her Atlantean love had gone away, leaving behind his wisdom and his people for him to watch. It was here that Aether found them, and brought them to Haven to work towards a future that might allow Coutl to die with a clear conscience.



Coutl

Age: 6,500

Arc: Icon

Chimeran Elite

Str 14, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 4 (+5), Concentration 4 (+5), Diplomacy 6 (+7), Disable Device 6 (+8), Intimidate 6 (+7), Investigate 4 (+6), Knowledge (history) 4 (+6), Languages (Select 4), Medicine 4 (+5), Notice 6 (+7), Search 4 (+6)

Feats: Attack Focus (melee), Diehard, Endurance, Fearless, Fearsome Presence, Improved Initiative, Ka Awakened (Ka Transfer), Leadership, Master Plan, Set-Up, Teamwork, Throwing Mastery

Powers: *Earth Control 10 ** (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Burrowing 6 * [*Power Feats:* Precise, Subtle; *Extras:* Continuous, Free action], Create Object 8 * [Earth shape; *Power Feats:* Innate, Progressive 3 (object size); *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Limited to amount of available earth], Dazzle 5 * [Dust storm, visual (2 PP/rank); *Extras:* Cloud, Concentration], Snare 4 * [Quicksand; *Power Feats:* Indirect 2, Progression (Shapeable extra), Reversible; *Extras:* Engulf, Regenerating, Shapeable, Transparent; *Flaws:* Target must be in contact with ground], Strike 14 * [Earth slap; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 3, Indirect 3]), Immunity 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), Ka Manipulation 4 (Any combination of traits), Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform; 1 PP), Protection 1, Telepathy 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 8 (5,000 ft.); *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged), Weather Control 3 * (Distraction [precipitation]; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Air Control 3 *, Blast 2 * [lightning; *Power Feats:* Indirect; *Extras:* Contagious], Environmental Control 3 * [cold], Environmental Control 3 * [heat], Environmental Control 3 * [light], Obscure 3 *)

* Dynamic

Equipment:

Complications: *Responsibility* (Devoted to Aether's ideas), *Responsibility* (To Nadeera), *Secret* (Killed the original Coutl), *Strange Appearance* (Scaled, reptilian man)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +6 (+7 melee), Damage +2 (unarmed; +14 earth slap, +2 lightning), Defense +6, Initiative +6

Saving Throws: Toughness +3/+4, Fortitude +13, Reflex +9, Will +8

Abilities 19 + Skills 13 (52 ranks) + Feats 12 + Powers 84 + Combat 24 + Saves 24 – Drawbacks 4 = 172

Caspian

Age: 18

Arc: Outsider

Chimeran Warrior Drone

Str 14, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+7), Concentration 6 (+7), Disable Device 6 (+6), Knowledge (streetwise) 6 (+6), Intimidate 4 (+5), Investigate 4 (+4), Notice 4 (+5), Search 8 (+8), Stealth 8 (+11), Swim 6 (+8)

Feats: Accurate Attack, Attack Focus (ranged), Defensive Attack, Diehard, Favored Environment (water) 3, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Second Chance (Concentration), Seize Initiative, Sneak Attack

Powers: Immunity 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), Immunity 3 (Suffocation, High Pressure), Force Field 6 (*Power Feats:* Selective; *Extras:* Affects Others, Impervious), Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), Protection 1, Telepathy 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged), Water Control 6 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 6 * [Water jet; *Extras:* Line; *Flaws:* Must be near source of sufficient water], Create Object 5 * [Water shape; *Power Feats:* Progressive 2 (object size); *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Limited to amount of available water], Flight 12 * [*Flaws:* Must stay in contact with at least as much water as own mass]; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Unreliable), Swimming 6

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: Anti-Social (Has a difficult time relating to people), Responsibility (Devoted to Aether's ideas), Responsibility (To Blue), Strange Appearance (Skin is translucent and bluish green)

Drawbacks: Quirk (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +7 (+8 ranged), Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2/+3 (+8/+9 force field), Fortitude +6, Reflex +8, Will +6

Abilities 20 + Skills 13 (52 ranks) + Feats 11 + Powers 57 + Combat 24 + Saves 14 - Drawbacks 4 = 135

Caspian, Repentant Powerhouse and Loner (PL 9)

Caspian is another Earth-born Chimeran whose heritage came upon him violently while he was a youth living in Ohio. His new powers randomly drained water from the bodies of people around him, and he left a trail of desiccated husks behind him as he fled across America. Frustrated by his predicament, Caspian began to steal from those his power affected. U.S.E.R. began to hound him, and so Caspian fled until he found himself at the sea for the first time. Here he found his true nature and the heart of his power—the power and fury of the sea. Through the oceans and seas that his soul was tied to, Caspian sensed others like him. At his command, the seas took him there in a mile-high waterspout. Arriving upon Haven, Aether took him in and taught him to focus his soul and master his Chimeran powers. Aether's teachings and meditation techniques make Caspian seem slow to anger, calm, and levelheaded; in truth, Caspian's troubled past lurks just beneath the surface. Worried that if he loses his focus he will again endanger his teammates, he stays away from the group, rather than allow himself to become emotional and lose control. Next to Aether and Coult, Caspian is the most powerful Chimeran among Haven's populace. Blue is the one member of the team that reaches out to Caspian, and understands his pain. For this, Caspian would do anything for the young leader of Aether's Chimeran forces.



Aryan Superior (PL 13)

Let them hate, so long as they fear.

— Lucius Accius

"...Your leaders have failed you. Corrupt and foolish, they were not worthy of your trust. In response for their criminal lack of leadership and vision, my associates, my Power Elite, and I have dissolved the former government to build something new, something brighter. Even as we speak, my fellow supporters are taking their places in your towns and cities to usher in this new age. We shoulder this great responsibility with the respect it deserves and gladdened our hearts—for the future beckons, and we greet it eagerly. With my guidance, this great and noble country can again become a power in the world.

I promise peace. I promise prosperity. I promise to make the trains run on time.

A magnificent renaissance is coming, but I cannot walk the path alone. Will you help me? I need you—all of you, to help me bring it into being.

"Do not be afraid, people of Argentina,—the future begins here!"

—Excerpt from 'The First Address'—
Aryan Superior, March 4th, 2010

The people of Argentina, on a bright and sunny morning in the spring, woke up to find that their world had changed forever. Television stations had stopped transmitting, their output jammed and replaced by a single, fifteen minute broadcast, repeated every hour. Confused and fearful, they watched in the millions as a tall pale man with crystal-blue eyes that emanated intelligence and charisma emerged from the static.

Aryan Superior seemed to have passed through the last sixty-five years without aging a day. Dressed in a simple but modern suit, he was the very image of health, with the build of an athlete at the peak of perfection. This unassuming spectacle of a man didn't seem to resemble the picture of the bloodthirsty, genocidal monster that historians had painted half a century before. To the strains of Klaus Glorstein's Wagner-inspired 2006 work *New Ride of the Valkyries*, a face from a forgotten past delivered his message to an unprepared world, and to the people of Argentina, in fluent Spanish.

He told of his self-imposed exile in South America, and his wish for anonymity after the horrors of World War II. He made no excuses for his acts in that conflict, citing the "tremendous pressures" placed upon him by the German High Command. He thanked his countrymen, his "hidden heroes" of Argentina, who had assisted him in the long years since he had arrived. He spoke of his passion for his lost home country, and his sorrow for what he called "the proud heritage denied to the true children of the Fatherland." He casually dismissed reports of his death, and called recent evidence of his involvement in conflict with Hyperion's Guardian group "a paper-thin web of propaganda and lies." Finally, he asked that the Argentinean populace go about their daily business, stressing the importance of economic stability and patience.

As the cameras faded to black, the ghost-like face of the man known

to many as the symbol of all that had been evil in wartime Germany smiled a small, secret smile.

Almost immediately, a number of global powers with significant financial and political interests in South America activated deep-cover sleeper agents within Argentinean borders. The re-emergence of the Nazi superman could destabilize the region, bringing war or financial collapse. They immediately sought out a number of rebel generals, disaffected military commanders, and political outcasts, offering weapons and support. It was a simple matter for these experts of intrigue to convince the already-angry generals that a swift and decisive strike was needed to eliminate this Nazi villain and his so-called Power Elite. And so a week later, a hastily composed force of infantry and armored divisions advanced towards Buenos Aires, the seat of government, intent on removing this upstart newcomer and installing themselves in power—a welcome return, for them, to the old ways.

A small contingent of the Argentinean army, based near the capital city, attempted to stop the incoming attack. Caught up in a wave of nationalist euphoria, they believed that what Aryan Superior offered was worth investigating. They feared a return to the kind of military rule of three decades earlier that the rebels offered. To stop the resistance army, they met under a flag of truce, hoping that diplomacy could assuage the fears of their insurgent comrades. But with only a moment's hesitation, the rebel Generals ordered their men to fire on their countrymen, killing the soldiers to a man.

Four hours later, Aryan Superior responded.

A terrified foreign news team recorded scenes of utter horror, as the former Nazi "Hero of Berlin" and his men took the field. The world watched as Aryan Superior's promised "future glory" arrived in Argentina to the sound of gunfire. Sixty-five years of near-inactivity and hiding had not lessened the prowess of Aryan Superior in combat, and his new masked associates seemed as eager as he to prove themselves in battle. Possessed of unearthly power, they smashed the insurrectionists down in less than two hours. Hundreds of the dead lined the countryside. Ruined tanks were smoking heaps of twisted scrap metal amongst the charnel fields. The final scene broadcast from the unfortunate journalists, before transmission ceased, showed Aryan Superior soaked to his elbows in the blood of his enemies, grimly surveying the carnage.

As protests from governments around the world began to flood in, scattered reports began to filter through—tales of old government headquarters being set alight, stories of strange, black uniformed men taking up positions in local government and the police force. During the next week, a curfew was announced, and people who openly opposed the will of Aryan Superior vanished from their homes overnight. Public demonstrations were made illegal, and those foolhardy enough to break these laws were punished with lethal force. And amidst the confusion, word came that the fearful Red Hammer had escaped his bonds and fled the area. Fear now hangs like storm clouds over a country in the grip of nightmare.



Aryan Superior

a.k.a. Herr Ubermensch

Age: 70 (apparent 40)

Arc: Protector

Chimeran Elite

Str 40, Dex 30, Con 30, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 15 (15 Ka)

Skills: Concentration 10 (+12), Disable Device 4 (+5), Intimidate 10 (+12), Investigate 6 (+7), Knowledge (streetwise) 4 (+5), Notice 6 (+8), Search 4 (+5)

Feats: Attractive, Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Diehard, Favored Opponent (Against anyone he is prejudiced against) 3, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Rage 2

Powers: Flight 6, Immunity 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), Immunity 5 (Cold, High Pressure, Low Pressure, Suffocation), Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; Extras: Continuous; Flaws: No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), Protection 1, Super-Senses 3 (Danger Sense [auditory, mental, visual]), Super-Movement 1 (Sure-Footed), Super-Senses 4 (X-Ray Vision, acute, extended 3 [x1,000]; Flaws: Cannot see through organic matter), Super-Speed 3, Super-Strength 5 (Power Feats: Thunderclap), Telepathy 4 (Power Feats: Improved Range 10 [25,000 ft]; Flaws: Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: Hatred (Against anyone he is prejudiced against), Prejudice (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal), Strange Appearance ("Aryan" poster child)

Drawbacks: Quirk (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +10, Damage +15 (unarmed), Defense +10, Initiative +22

Saving Throws: Toughness +10/+11, Fortitude +13, Reflex +13, Will +10

**Abilities 52 + Skills 11 (44 ranks)
+ Feats 9 + Powers 67 + Combat 40
+ Saves 14 - Drawbacks 4 = 189**



THE POWER ELITE

After what the newspapers were calling the "Battle of Berlin," a wounded Aryan Superior fled the country, along with a select group of the Third Reich's top-level scientists. The party consisted of a number of hand-picked specialists and scientists, among them Doctor Jurgen Kohn, a noted surgeon and psychiatrist who had assisted in the original failed attempt to breed Aryan Superior during the later years of the war. A solid bear of a man, he was renowned for his skill and insight, as well as his capacity for cruelty. Kohn had no qualms about performing the most experimental surgical procedures required of him, which led to his being called "Dr. Frankenstein" by the Allies.

The group headed to South America, settling at last in the remote and inhospitable Grand Chaco region of northern Argentina, just south of the Pilcomayo River. To the west lay vast stretches of parched scrubland, hostile and desolate. Swamps and stretches of trees sprang to new life during the rainy months, when the land became prone to flooding and could quickly become boggy and dangerous to travelers. Not far from this land of wind and thorny scrub, the jungle began. This is where the new base stood, perched in a small range of hills between the vast, unexplored jungle, and the barren plains of the west. The nightmarish location of the Outpost helped to dissuade the curious, and ensured their privacy.

When the refugees from Europe arrived, they were greeted with equal measures of joy and despair. The war had been lost, the Fatherland lay in ruins—but this outpost promised a ray of light for the future. As long as Aryan Superior was alive, so was the dream. Aryan Superior and his group prepared to comb the world for information that might lead to a method of breeding a "perfect" Aryan race. Helping the cause would be the unconscious Red Hammer, whom Aryan Superior had defeated during the Battle of Berlin and dragged across the world. Aryan Superior had plans for the Hammer....

It was some time in the early fifties, when one of the nazi scientists in hiding, Doctor Jurgen Kohn, approached Aryan Superior with an idea. Earlier attempts to breed had failed because the subjects were not up to the task. Kohn postulated that before Aryan Superior could breed his own children, stronger, fitter mothers must be bred first! A new selective breeding program, codenamed "Phoenix," began. For years, the team of scientists and doctors labored under the scheme. Using knowledge gained from the thorough and painful examination of the captive Red Hammer, the experiment progressed quickly. Combined with newly discovered techniques, the scheme resulted in seven baby girls, all arriving in the winter of 1968. The girls were collectively known as the "Eves."

By this time, there were very few of the original medical team left alive. Old age and a lifetime in hiding had taken its toll of Germany's expatriates. But the Outpost continued to grow. Almost all the day-to-day work of the base was now done underground. Hidden beneath the rocky surface of the hill, it now extended nearly two miles into the earth. Drilling and tunneling work continued, the excavations expanding. Vast, revolutionary illumination strips developed by the technicians gave light to the sunless world. The caverns now housed laboratories, workshops, and even a training ground... everything the Program needed to continue its work.

Slowly but surely, after a thorough screening process, new arrivals began to take their places at the Outpost. This influx of new knowledge, personnel, and expertise changed the whole outlook of the Phoenix Program. After taking biological samples from Aryan Superior, the last steps were taken. The "Eves," now all 18 years old, stepped up ready to do their duty. Their education and conditioning had taught them all about their special place in Aryan Superior's plans for the future. They were proud and ready to be the mothers to a new Aryan race. Artificially inseminated, all seven "Eves" became pregnant at the first attempt. The following nine months were a time of tension and preparation, but the "Eves" showed no signs of rejecting the fetuses, and the first child of Aryan Superior was born on the 11th November 1987. With almost clockwork precision, the other "Eves" all gave birth in the following week.

But what should have been a time of joy and celebration for the Outpost swiftly turned into a disaster. Every single one of the children born by the "Eves" exhibited some form of physical defect or weakness. Albinism, withered limbs,

and grotesque disfigurement—none were spared from any of these afflictions, and more besides. They were hardly the perfect Aryan children that the Phoenix Program had worked so hard towards for the last half century. Aryan Superior's instinct was to immediately dispose of these monsters. Only the intervention of the aging Heinrich Alteberg, the last of the original German expatriates, caused him to halt.

Alteberg counseled that the children of the "Eves" should be allowed to live. After all, if more suitable children were to be bred later, surely the scientists could learn more fully from their errors if the evidence still existed. Aryan Superior could not fault the doctor's logic. Indeed, one curiosity of their births needed to be explored more thoroughly. Everyone had expected that all of Aryan Superior's offspring would be female. There had never been any doubt.

Yet here they were, six boys and a single girl.

Aryan Superior looked again at the children through the glass that separated them, feeling tiny, tentative infant whispers in his mind. They were not what he would have hoped for—but they could be useful....

Alteberg, an amateur scholar of Germanic myth and folklore, offered to name them himself, and soon, six of the children had names on the bottom of their cots. Tannhauser and Parsifal. Gurnemanz and Amfortas. Titurel and Lorelei. Characters from Wagner. Figures from legend and myth. Somehow, appropriate. The final child was the greatest disappointment. Before it could be given a name, it passed away silently in the night. Looking down at the still body, Alteberg wondered if this child was the most fortunate of all...

Eighteen years later, the scientists and technicians of the Phoenix Program still search for new methods to successfully breed more Aryan supermen. The children came to know themselves as disappointments—never able to reach the expectations of their father, but desperate to gain his respect. He trained them hard, punished them often, and rebuked them for their failures. Overcoming their physical disabilities became their goal.

Ultimately, Aryan Superior gifted his only living offspring with masks and uniforms. Their physical anomalies were a great shame to him, but their loyalty and fervor were unmatched. He watched with something approaching pride as they dressed in the black outfits—unadorned except for the single black-on-white swastika on the left breast. Handing each of them a black, face-covering mask, Aryan Superior proclaimed the group his "Power Elite." His children—his soldiers—were almost ready. They exhibited a variety of powers, powerful and subtle, and with training would be excellent allies.

Parsifal (PL 10)

Born blind and disfigured, Parsifal's gifts lie in the realm of the mind. Always accompanied by an assistant who embodies the physical Aryan ideals, Parsifal uses a telepathic link to "see" through their eyes. This symbiotic relationship rarely lasts; the linking has a degrading effect on the mind of his assistants, inevitably leading to death.

Parsifal

Age: 23

Arc: Crony

Empusa

Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 18 (18 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 4 (+8), Computers 6 (+10), Concentration 12 (+12), Intimidate 11 (+15), Investigate 4 (+8), Knowledge (streetwise) 6 (+10), Knowledge (technology) 4 (+8), Notice 5 (+5)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Second Chance (being mind-controlled), Stunning Attack, Ultimate Effort (Will save)

Powers: *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Mental Blast 6*, *Mind Control 4*, *Mind Reading 6*, *Mind Shield 5*, *Telepathy 10** (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—*Mental Blast 10** [*Flaws:* Only against subjects of telepathy, Uncontrolled])

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Hatred* (Against anyone he is prejudiced against), *Prejudice* (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal)

Drawbacks: *Disability* (Blind), *Genetically Unstable*, *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother, Elite, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+6 ranged), Damage +0 (unarmed; +6 mental blast, +10 telepathic blast), Defense +6, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +0, Fortitude +5, Reflex +6, Will +12

Abilities 21 + Skills 13 (52 ranks) + Feats 5 + Powers 67 + Combat 22 + Saves 21 – Drawbacks 12 = 137



Tannhauser (PL 10)

Cursed with albinism, Tannhauser is pale and thin. Born weak and helpless, his power compensates for his deficiencies—he is a vampire, and lives on the life-force of his victims, feeding on their strength. He does not need to bite the necks of his victims, but he does anyway—Tannhauser knows the value of fear as a potent ally.

Tannhauser

Age: 23

Arc: Crony

Empusa

Str 14, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 17 (17 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 6 (+10), Bluff 4 (+7), Concentration 8 (+12), Disable Device 4 (+5), Intimidate 10 (+13), Investigate 4 (+5), Knowledge (streetwise) 4 (+5), Notice 4 (+6), Search 6 (+7), Stealth 6 (+10)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Blind-Fight, Critical Strike, Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Elusive Target, Evasion, Fascinate (Bluff) 4, Fascinate (Intimidate) 4, Fearsome Presence 3, Improved Critical (bite) 2, Improved Initiative 2, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer)

Powers: Drain 5 (Blood Mimicry, all traits at once [5 PP/rank]; Extras: Linked [Mimic]; Flaws: Must drink subject's blood, Cannot drain skills), Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits; Extras: Continuous; Flaws: No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), Mimic 5 (Blood Mimicry, all traits at once [5 PP/rank]; Extras: Linked [Drain]; Flaws: Only traits drained, Cannot mimic skills), Protection 3, Strike 6 (Bite; Extras: Vampiric)

Equipment: None

Complications: Hatred (Against anyone he is prejudiced against), Prejudice (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal), Strange Appearance (Albino)

Drawbacks: Genetically Unstable, Quirk (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother, Elite, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +7 (+10 melee), Damage +2 (unarmed; +5 bite), Defense +6, Initiative +12

Saving Throws: Toughness +2/+5, Fortitude +6, Reflex +10, Will +7

Abilities 30 + Skills 14 (56 ranks) + Feats 25 + Powers 46 + Combat 26 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 7 = 149





Amfortas (PL 10)

Physically, he is the least disfigured of all his siblings—his disability lies within. Amfortas' immune system is weak, with a constant flow of drugs needed to stop him from succumbing to disease. Still, he is an athletic young man, physically the closest to his father's Aryan ideal. His power lies in his ability to separate body from spirit—the skill of astral projection. Amfortas enjoys the times that he leaves his body, as it allows him to forget his sickened state. If he could find a way to permanently leave, he would.

Amfortas

Age: 23

Arc: Crony

Empusa

Str 14, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 17 (17 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 8 (+11), Concentration 8 (+9), Diplomacy 10 (+13), Gather Information 4 (+7), Intimidate 10 (+13), Investigate 4 (+4), Knowledge (physical sciences) 4 (+4), Knowledge (streetwise) 4 (+4), Notice 4 (+5), Search 4 (+4), Sense Motive 4 (+5), Stealth 4 (+6)

Feats: Attack Specialization (knives), Attractive 2, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Dodge Focus 2, Evasion 2, Improved Aim, Improved Initiative, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership, Stunning Attack, Skill Mastery (Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, Sense Motive), Sneak Attack, Startle, Trademark (solidify hand in target) 3, Trance, Ultimate Effort (Constitution check), Ultimate Effort (Fortitude save)

Powers: *Astral Form* 5, *Immunity* 4 (Disease, Infection descriptor; *Flaws:* Requires regular injections, Requires Constitution Check), *Insubstantial* 4 * (Still affected by magnetism; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Strike 10 * [Solidify hand in target; *Extras:* Affects Corporeal, Alternate Save (Fortitude); *Flaws:* Requires Dexterity Check]), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Hatred* (Against anyone he is prejudiced against), *Prejudice* (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal),

Drawbacks: *Genetically Unstable*, *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother, Elite, or the Echidian), *Vulnerable* (germs; very common, moderate, affects Con)

Combat: Attack +5 (+8 melee; +10 knives), Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +4 (+6 dodge), Initiative +6

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +2, Reflex +10, Will +9

Abilities 24 + **Skills** 17 (68 ranks) + **Feats** 24 + **Powers** 50 + **Combat** 18 + **Saves** 16 – **Drawbacks** 12 = 137

7.15.03

Gurnemanz (PL 9)

A year after Gurnemanz's birth, the doctors of the Phoenix Program decided to remove his right arm—withered and useless, it was a shameful burden for him to carry. Never a quitter, the youngster put all his time and energy into perfecting the rest of his body. Now Gurnemanz is physically powerful and fast. His squat body is that of a weightlifter, and his powers manifested reflecting his earthy nature. As Aryan Superior explained—"the earth itself recognizes your purity and awaits your orders...."

Gurnemanz

Age: 23

Arc: Crony

Empusa

Str 19, **Dex** 12, **Con** 16, **Int** 11, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13 (13 Ka)

Skills: Climb 6 (+10), Concentration 6 (+6), Intimidate 5 (+6), Investigate 5 (+5), Knowledge (earth sciences) 4 (+4), Knowledge (streetwise) 4 (+4), Notice 5 (+5), Search 5 (+5)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (melee) 2, Critical Strike, Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Diehard, Endurance 2, Environmental Adaptation (rugged terrain), Fearsome Presence 2, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Power Attack, Prone Fighting, Takedown Attack 2

Powers: *Earth Control* 14 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Burrowing 9 * [*Power Feats:* Precise; *Extras:* Continuous, Free action], Create Object 10 * [Earth shape; *Power Feats:* Innate, Progressive 7 (object size); *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Limited to amount of available earth], Dazzle 5 * [Dust storm, visual, olfactory (3 PP/rank); *Power Feats:* Affects Insubstantial, Indirect, Selective; *Extras:* Cloud, Concentration], Snare 7 * [Quicksand; *Power Feats:* Indirect 2, Progression (Shapeable extra), Reversible; *Extras:* Engulf, Regenerating, Shapeable, Transparent; *Flaws:* Target must be in contact with ground], Strike 20 * [Earth slap; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 7, Indirect 3], *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection* 5 (*Extras:* Impervious), *Super-Strength* 2

Equipment: None

Complications: *Hatred* (Against anyone he is prejudiced against), *Prejudice* (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal),

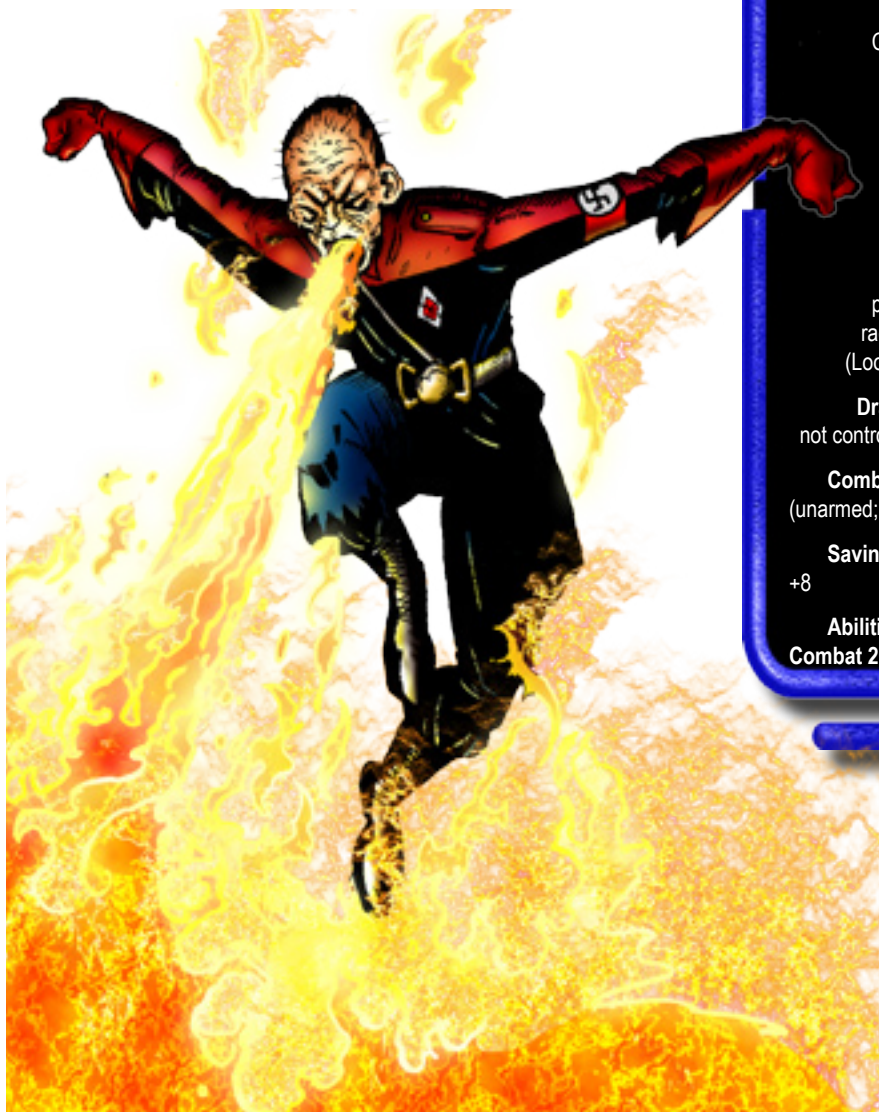
Drawbacks: *Disability* (One arm), *Genetically Unstable*, *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother, Elite, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+7 melee), Damage +4 (unarmed; +20 earth slap), Defense +5, Initiative +1

Saving Throws: Toughness +3/+8 (5 is impervious), Fortitude +11, Reflex +5, Will +5

Abilities 21 + **Skills** 8 (40 ranks) + **Feats** 15 + **Powers** 52 + **Combat** 20 + **Saves** 17 – **Drawbacks** 11 = 122





Titurel (PL 8)

Though only 23, Titurel looks like a man in his fifties. Some deficiency in his genes has encouraged rapid aging. This condition is accelerated by the use of his powers, a drawback that makes Titurel the most bitter of the group. Building up this bitterness and disgust, he can spew powerful gouts of flaming plasma at his enemies. His father seemed pleased with this ability—he said it “reflects the fiery rage of your purity and belief.”

Titurel

Age: 23

Arc: Crony

Empusa

Str 13, **Dex** 18, **Con** 12, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Concentration 6 (+8), Intimidate 6 (+7), Investigate 4 (+5), Knowledge (streetwise) 4 (+5), Notice 6 (+8), Search 6 (+7)

Feats: Ambidexterity, Attack Focus (ranged) 2, Attack Specialization (Plasma jet), Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Diehard, Endurance 2, Improved Initiative, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Move-By Action, Rage, Stunning Attack

Powers: *Blast* 7 (Fiery plasma jet; *Extras:* Concentration, Cone, Contagious; *Flaws:* Touch), *Flight* 3, *Immunity* 5 (Fire), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection* 3, *Super-Senses* 1 (Danger Sense [olfactory])

Equipment: None

Complications: *Hatred* (Against anyone he is prejudiced against), *Prejudice* (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal), *Strange Appearance* (Looks very old)

Drawbacks: *Genetically Unstable*, *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother, Elite, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+7 ranged, +7 plasma jet), Damage +1 (unarmed; +7 plasma jet), Defense +5, Initiative +8

Saving Throws: Toughness +1/+4, Fortitude +6, Reflex +6, Will +8

Abilities 21 + **Skills** 8 (32 ranks) + **Feats** 11 + **Powers** 41 + **Combat** 20 + **Saves** 13 – **Drawbacks** 7 = 107

Lorelei (PL 9)

Facially scarred and disfigured, Heinrich Alteberg's name for her feels like a cruel joke. The Lorelei of legend was seductive and desired—men could not resist her. Cursed with her monstrous face, she too wears a mask as part of her normal attire. Weather control is Lorelei's area of expertise. She can bring rain and thunder from the air, riding the gale winds like an elemental brought into life in the storm's heart.

Lorelei

Age: 23

Arc: Crony

Empusa

Str 13, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 15 (15 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 6 (+8), Concentration 10 (+12), Diplomacy 4 (+6), Gather Information 4 (+6), Intimidate 6 (+8), Investigate 4 (+4), Knowledge (streetwise) 5 (+5), Notice 6 (+8), Perform (singing) 6 (+8), Search 5 (+5)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Attack Specialization (sonic scream), Cultural Awareness (Nazi ideology), Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership, Stunning Attack

Powers: *Air Control* 6* (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Create Object 6*, Flying 6*), *Blast* 4 (Sonic scream; *Extras:* Burst), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Weather Control* 6* (Distraction [precipitation]; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 4* [lightning; *Extras:* Contagious], Dazzle 3* [auditory and visual, thunder/lightning; *Extras:* Bust], Environmental Control 6* [cold], Environmental Control 6* [heat], Environmental Control 6* [light], Obscure 6*)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Hatred* (Against anyone she is prejudiced against), *Prejudice* (Jews, blacks, and any other race that doesn't fit into the Aryan ideal), *Strange Appearance* (Horribly disfigured face)

Drawbacks: *Genetically Unstable*, *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother, Elite, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+6 ranged, +8 sonic scream), Damage +1 (unarmed; +4 sonic scream, +4 lightning), Defense +6, Initiative +4

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +7, Reflex +9, Will +9

Abilities 26 + Skills 14 (56 ranks) + Feats 5 + Powers 38 + Combat 39 + Saves 17 – Drawbacks 7 = 132



Malcolm Rhand

The air is filled with the smell of the ocean, the cries of sea birds nesting in the cliffs. A cool light wind has risen, whispering through his hair in the early morning sun. The air is fresh and clean in his lungs, and each breath fills him with a sense of relaxation and peace. He feels himself exhale, and soaks up the glorious sensation of relief that floods his body. Ahead, the island that he calls home emerges, and even from this distance, he can see the towers of his abode shining in the new morning. Somewhere on that rocky outcropping, his extended family would be preparing for his return from the outer world. There would be food and wine and celebration. He smiles.

It is good to be home.

Suddenly, the sky darkens, the warmth of the sun vanishing to be replaced with chilly darkness. He looks up, shielding his eyes with his hand. A shadow is falling across the blue-green plain of the ocean. An eclipse? It couldn't be—the astronomers would have reported it. Dark clouds hurry across the sky, covering the island chain in shade.

Everything seems to happen so slowly, as if time itself has slowed its passage to watch this terrible event unfold.

The sea around him begins to toss and steam, the waves growing in violence. The air itself seems to taste of hot metal, and his breath shrivels in his chest. The shrill calling of the birds is now replaced by shrieking, as they start to cook in the rapidly super-heating air. There is a terrible fear in his heart... that he has seen this before. His skills in the matters of prediction and augury are almost legendary; how was it possible for him to fail to foresee these events? Had he made a mistake? Had his powers failed him? Had he lost control? No. Never. He can't allow himself to believe that.

The seabed performs a tremendous lurch, an act of giving birth to the disaster to come. In a conflagration of majesty and horror, the air itself catches fire. A wall of brilliant flame leaps into existence, its beauty only marred by its destructive nature. Smoking, tiny winged bodies drop into the steaming ocean. Fish thrash and boil in the water. Plants wither, blacken, and die.

Who could have done this? Who was capable of this? They'd been betrayed! The Elohim must be behind this. Damn them. DAMN THEM. They would pay. He weeps hot tears of grief, choking on his sobs. They would pay dearly. Rage and frustration blaze in him like the heart of the sun, swiftly forgotten as sorrow rises through him.

As the sky burns, he watches in fear and terror as the islands are scorched black and sent plunging to the bottom of the ocean. Huge waves rise, as the jewel of Atlantean civilization vanishes beneath the waves. The raging firestorm lasts for almost an hour, as the whole archipelago is consumed, first by flame, and then by water. Great waves are thrown up hundreds of feet into the air—the final curtain of this terrible day—and in horror, he covers his face with his hands as they rush forward to engulf him...

Malcolm Rhand woke screaming, heart pounding, his sweating palms held before his face, still fending off the tidal waves of millennia ago. These were not dreams. They were memories. But he could not let them get the best of him. He must retain control of himself. Control of his situation. After all, no matter how much his nightmares might call into question his ability as seer and oracle at the Fall of Atlantis, his prediction of the Chimeran trooper ship crash had been exact... That was his trump card, which he would play at a time of his choosing. The Elohim would pay. Dearly.

The visions of Pliny the Younger saw the weird traveling device fall from the skies, spilling the survivors of its crash into the sea. Was this the arrival of the Horde? It was with a mixture of shock and relief that

the watchers saw the newcomers turn upon each other. The prophecies told that the Horde would sweep like a plague over the planet, not fight amongst themselves. Atlantis breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

But Metnu did not trust them. As the aliens waged war among each other, he raised a rallying cry and encouraged Atlantis to fight, claiming they were indeed the terrible Horde predicted in prophecy. He knew full well they were not. His prophetic skills had shown him the Horde would come, but not until long after a first, much smaller force had crashed to the earth many years before. But these alien beings were a complication. Whoever these newcomers were, he wanted them out of his way.

The war lasted many months, finally ending when one of the warring alien factions sent emissaries under a flag of truce to Atlantis, promising peace. A cessation of hostilities was declared. The newcomers, who called themselves Elohim, entered into an informal alliance with the Atlanteans, exchanging information. When the Immortals discovered that these Elohim were not anything to do with the coming of the Horde, Metnu Resah (and his prophecies) came under an amount of uncomfortable scrutiny.

Luckily for Metnu, other Atlantean scholars proclaimed that the Elohim's enemies, the Chimerans, were the forerunners of the Horde. Metnu swiftly covered up his "mistake," declaring that his skills had been "confused" by the presence of two races of aliens. It was forgotten. With their new allies, and their so-called "GODSEND Agenda," all eyes were looking toward the humans. The Chimerans had gone into hiding, and were scattered across the planet, no longer a single threat to be reckoned with.

Metnu now understood that the Chimerans were the enemy, the plague to come. Intrigued by their malleable and uncertain nature, he chose to study them in detail, to learn their secrets. From a strictly practical point of view, he also understood that the better you knew your enemy, the more chance you have of defeating it. In secret, he organized and trained squads of loyal Atlanteans. These groups of hunters, comprised of Metnu's finest soldiers, would scour the globe, searching for the Chimerans wherever they appeared. The Chimerans would be slain out of hand, and their bodies carefully shipped in secret back to Ampheres, where the prince himself could conduct experiments. Somehow, some day, Metnu would control these demons, and make them his own...

Metnu didn't trust the Elohim. He could not bring himself to declare this openly—their new alien allies were firmly part of Atlantean life now, and standing publicly against them would only bring himself to prominence, a place he preferred not to be. Something about them, about one of them in particular, one called Typhon, concerned him. It was like a tiny splinter in his palm—almost insignificant, yet annoying. Nothing he could put a finger on, nothing tangible, but still it troubled him. It was even more galling for Metnu when he realized he feared this Typhon.

The alliance with the Elohim grew strong, and Metnu began to wonder if he had misjudged the aliens. Most of them seemed to have the human's best interests at heart, and their GODSEND Agenda had almost gained the formal approval of the Council.

On the fateful day that the renegade Elohim, Typhon, and his ten followers came to destroy the Atlantean islands, Metnu was returning from one of his trips into the lands of the humans. It had been a successful outing—one of his hunter groups had slain a Chimeran that had been hiding out in a cavern complex on the mainland. The Elohim instigated cataclysm that burned and drowned Atlantis almost claimed Metnu, and he barely escaped with his life. The Atlanteans believed he was dead. After all, no one knew of his secret journeys to the mainland in search of the Chimerans. Still feeling shock and horror at the destruction of Atlantis, Metnu came to a sudden, startling insight—with everyone presuming him dead, he could disappear, change his name, and work silently out of the view of either the Atlanteans or the Elohim. Out of disaster, opportunity.

It was only years later that he found out the truth about the sinking of Atlantis. Hearing scattered fragments from a dying survivor, Metnu finally knew now why he had secretly feared Typhon. He swore an oath. Typhon and the Elohim would pay for their terrible crime against him and his people. He would see to it personally, even if it took him a hundred lifetimes. Atlantean survivors like him fled across the earth. Rumors of Elohim hunting down those who had escaped the destruction of the islands began to spread, and Metnu vanished for over a century until their purge sated itself in blood.

Doppelganger

Over the course of the centuries to come, Metnu appeared in many guises across the world. Always keeping his distance from wherever the survivors of Atlantis dwelled, he became a traveler, moving from place to place, observing the humans.

In ancient Greece, Metnu (now called Myron by the Greeks) found himself with a Chimeran and its three Empusa children just outside Athens. His experimentation led to some amazing insights and terrible repercussions. Through some unexpected side effect of his work, a deadly virus was released into the air, and carried on the winds towards Athens itself. This terrible, lethal plague swept through the nearby city like wildfire. The streets became littered with the dead, and mighty Athens was rapidly in danger of becoming a vast tomb. Filled with horror at what he had unleashed, Metnu fled the city, and resolved to halt experiments with Chimerans until he was better prepared.

Metnu Resah became a solitary creature, wandering alone from decade to decade. Through hundreds of years and changes of identity, the former Prince of Ampheres saw much of history unfold around him. He witnessed the Roman invasion of Britain, and then the sacking of Rome itself. Later, he narrowly escaped the terror of the Inquisition. Making his way to America late in the 19th century, he arrived not long after the Civil War ended, finally settling in a small farm in Virginia as Malcolm Rhand.

But he could not bury his past.

It was on a chilly morning, moments after he had woke, that the vision came. After a whole night of preparation and concentration under the weight of the full moon, the flickering touch of the lunar magic blazed through him again for the first time in years. In a flash of ice-cold insight, Malcolm Rhand saw in his mind's eye the image of the Chimeran troop compartment crashing into the desert. His prophecy from so many thousands of years before was now confirmed. The Horde were coming, and this was his chance to be the single being upon the Earth properly prepared for their arrival.

He saw a vision of smoke and fire, and he was filled with a sense of something greater. He saw an opportunity. Possessing the technology of the enemy would give him valuable information regarding their abilities and power. Possessing a hundred of the enemy themselves was a prize beyond his wildest dreams. The vision passed, leaving Malcolm reeling, but smiling. It would be nearly seventy-five years before the events in his vision came to pass. Malcolm Rhand would build an organization—a business—and gather skilled humans and scientists to his cause. His true identity would remain his most closely guarded secret. By the time the Chimeran vessel arrived, halfway through the 20th century, he would be ready to take advantage of it.

He couldn't rest anymore. It was time to stop wandering the world, and become a part of it again. He had so many things to do...

Malcolm Rhand: Once an immortal prince, now one of the wealthiest men alive, Malcolm Rhand possesses a villa in the Alps, an estate in Scotland, and a secret chamber in the desert known as The Crypt, which contains his private army of horrifying Chimeran drones. But Malcolm Rhand's public face is the epitome of calm control. Control over his hugely successful business gives him control over his life. One of Rhand Technologies most-known trademarks is Malcolm's own personal maxim—"Take Control." Of course, in private Rhand suffers from the horrible nightmare of watching his entire civilization crumble before his eyes. When not doing his best to strike back at the Elohim who destroyed Atlantis, he quietly prepares for the arrival of the Horde in his own way. When it finally arrives, he may be the only person left on the Earth with the power to face it....



Malcolm Rhand A.K.A. Metnu Resah (PL 19)

Age: 4128

Arc: Megalomaniac

Atlantean

Str 15, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 30, **Wis** 26, **Cha** 19 (22 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 8 (+12), Computers 2 (+12), Concentration 14 (+22), Diplomacy 12 (+16), Gather Information 10 (+14), Investigate 12 (+22), Knowledge (arcane lore) 12 (+22), Knowledge (business) 18 (+28), Knowledge (earth sciences) 12 (22+), Knowledge (life sciences) 16 (+26), Knowledge (streetwise) 10 (+20), Knowledge (technology) 16 (+26), Language (English, select 11 more), Notice 14 (+22), Search 14 (+24), Survival 8 (+16), Swim 6 (+8)

Feats: Attractive 2, Artificer, Benefit (wealth) 8, Contacts, Efficient Ka 3, Eidetic Memory, Equipment 40 (spent on a secret headquarters and similar resources; headquarters is a multi-story, high-tech building), Great Insight 3, Inventor, Ka Awakened 4 (damage buffer 4), Leadership, Minions 40 (Various types and amounts), Ritualist, Skill Mastery (Bluff, Diplomacy, Gather Information, Investigate), Specialist (knowledge [life sciences]: Chimeran genetics), Well-Informed

Powers: *Device 1* (Orichalcum ring; see equipment), *Immunity 1* (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), *Impervious Toughness 2*, *Super-Senses 12* (Postcognition, Precognition, Psychometry; Power Feats: Innate)

Equipment: Orichalcum ring [Device: Absorption 1 (Energy; Power Feats: Slow Fade; Extras: Energy Storage; Flaws: Ka only)]. The small trinket looks like a slightly off-color gold ring with an onyx set in it. The onyx jewel is cut with his family's seal and belonged to his father. The ring is kept full of Ka energy all the time and is worn on his left hand.

Complications: *Enemy* (Hydra), *Enemy* (Typhon), *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Power Loss* (Postcognition, Precognition, Psychometry; When unable to speak or gesture to cast spells), *Quirk* (Flashbacks of the day Atlantis was destroyed)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +6, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (Impervious), Fortitude +12, Reflex +13, Will +14

Abilities 60 + Skills 49 (96 ranks) + Feats 108 + Powers 16 + Combat 26 + Saves 30 - Drawbacks 6 = 283



The Legitimate Face of RTI

Rhand Technologies and Industries (NYSE: RTI) has experienced tremendous growth since it began in 1947. Through new product introductions, strategic acquisitions, technological innovations, and a commitment to providing high-quality products and superior customer service, RTI has emerged into a major performance technology company with a global presence.

Today the world's largest technologies manufacturer, RTI employs 342,000 people globally in its core technology business and subsidiaries. RTI has manufacturing operations in 32 countries and its technologies are sold in more than 190 countries. In 2002, RTI sold more than 8.6 million computers and other household technologies, nearly 15 percent of the global technology market. RTI's global headquarters is at the RTI Renaissance Center in San Diego.

Knowledge and technology gained from the Chimeran stasis pods and their crashed spacecraft had fuelled RTI's leap into industry and business. RTI sits pretty at the top of the technological food chain, patenting new products and software every year. Industry experts continue to predict burnout but every year Rhand proves them wrong. Malcolm already had plans to expand into new markets, particularly the lucrative personal communications industry. RTI also has several important US government contracts and has produced many weapons systems, the most popular being the Rhand-tech gyro-jet pistols and rifles. The aerospace division (known as Rhand Space Technologies) is at the forefront (just behind Atlantis Microsystems) of the space colonization program started by NASA.

The few loyal Atlanteans following Rhand have slowly dwindled over the years as Rhand's agenda has become more and more transparent. Of the 14 Immortals with him the day of the Atlantean cataclysm, two remain. The other Atlanteans have either died in Rhand's service, secretly escaped, or were assassinated when Rhand found their opinions to be subversive. The two that are left, Jorba Skycleaver and Wailing Sorrow, are Rhand's trusted connections to a life left far behind. Both Atlanteans are useful to Rhand when a situation is deemed too delicate or problematical for his Chimeran thralls.

Rhand's Cohorts

The air had been cool after a day hotter than Hell in New Mexico. Rhand and his followers—a group consisting of employees, family members, and trusted allies waited in the rough scrubland three miles north of the predicted landing spot. Hours passed, the group becoming more nervous. They were all well trained and armed, ready for the event. Malcolm might have been able to calculate the time and place of the Chimerans' arrival, but he couldn't foresee how prepared the Chimerans might be... not that this swell of anxiety affected

Rhand. Whilst others sweated and listened to the racing of their hearts, he remained cool and in control.

A hush came over the assembled group as the moment finally arrived. The only sound was that of the wind brushing through the dry grass. In utter silence, space-time flexed and buckled under the unthinkable stress placed upon it. Tearing open the very fabric of reality, the wormhole opened in the night sky some distance to the south, spitting out part of the Chimeran starship.

After half a second of blazing light, it was gone, as space-time righted itself and forced the artificial hole closed. He couldn't see it from this far away, but Rhand could almost feel the Chimeran's damaged troop section falling through the air. Unpowered and out of control, the huge mass of metal hit the desert floor with punishing force, throwing up tons of sand and dirt, and sending rippling tremors through the earth.

Around him, Rhand heard the engines of trucks and cars start up. He turned, to see the hundreds of eyes peering at him, waiting for his instructions. He nodded, and his followers ran to their vehicles, ready to start the salvage operation. Time was of the essence. Malcolm's contacts in the government had

Jorba Skycleaver (PL 13)

Jorba Skycleaver is an Atlantean warrior and was a military general in Rhand's courts. A genius tactician and hero of the Atlantean/Elohim war, he was renowned for his victory against the Elohim in Greece. Jorba is used in a teaching capacity now and hates it, but does his duty with faith in Rhand's plan, teaching his Chimeran students all that he knows about tactics and the art of murder. A large, gruff man, Jorba is known to be a hard taskmaster with a course exterior. In secret moments when away from his Chimeran students, who absolutely fear him, Jorba's grim persona gives way to thundering laughter, especially when playing a prank on the always remorseful Wailing Sorrow. Jorba was honored with a great orichalcum ax called the Soul Razor; it is said to hold the angry essence of all the Atlanteans who died at the hands of the Elohim invaders.

Real Name: Jorba

Age: 4578

Arc: Warrior

Atlantean

Str 23, **Dex** 20, **Con** 19, **Int** 16, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 18 (21 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 8 (+13), Bluff 10 (+14), Concentration 9 (+11), Diplomacy 12 (+16), Intimidate 13 (+17), Investigate 6 (+9), Knowledge (business) 8 (+11), knowledge (civics) 9 (+12), Knowledge (streetwise) 8 (+11), Knowledge (tactics) 14 (+17), Language (English, select 7 more), Medicine 6 (+8), Notice 8 (+10), Search 7 (+11), Survival 6 (+8)

Feats: Accurate Attack, Assessment, Attack Focus (melee), Attack Specialization (axe), Benefit (wealth) 4, Contacts, Diehard, Efficient Ka 3, Equipment 8, Favored Opponent (Elohim) 2, Fearless, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus 2, Damage Buffer 2) 4, Leadership, Move-by Action, Power Attack, Ritualist, Set-Up, Skill Mastery (Acrobatics, Diplomacy, Investigate, Survival), Teamwork

Powers: *Device* 7 (Orichalcum axe; see equipment), *Device* 2 (Atlantean breastplate; see equipment), *Immunity* 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), *Immunity* 2 (Disease, Poison), *Leaping* 4

Equipment: Orichalcum axe, Soul Razor [Device: Absorption 3 (Energy; *Power Feats*: Slow Fade; *Extras*: Energy Storage; *Flaws*: Ka only), Strike 7 (*Power Feats*: Accurate, Mighty; *Extras*: Linked [Improved Critical], Penetrating), Improved Critical 6 (*Extras*: Linked [Strike]; *Flaws*: Only against Chimerans)]. A large Orichalcum battle-ax. Soul Razor is a very heavy and ornate blade. Atlantean breastplate [Device: Protection 5 (*Extras*: Impervious)]

Complications: *Enemy* (Typhon), *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Power Loss* (Immunity, Leaping; When unable to speak or gesture to cast spells)

Combat: Attack +6 (+7 melee, +9 axe, +11 Soul Razor), Damage +6 (unarmed; +13 Soul Razor), Defense +7, Initiative +5

Saving Throws: Toughness +4 (+9 breastplate), Fortitude +9, Reflex +10, Will +7

Abilities 49 + **Skills** 33 (132 ranks) + **Feats** 34 + **Powers** 28 + **Combat** 34 + **Saves** 15 – **Drawbacks** 3 = 190

Wailing Sorrow (PL 11)

Wailing Sorrow served as the chamberlain in Rhand's courts on the island of Ampheres. He is a tall, lithe man with skin the color of creamy milk and a disposition to match. Wailing Sorrow is not his real name, but the name given him after the sinking of Atlantis. Sorrow, as he is known now, vowed never to see or feel joy until the splendor that was Atlantis is reborn, a vow that he has kept to this day. Today, Sorrow is the strong and meticulous administrative arm of Rhand's corporate holdings, handling the day-to-day workings of the company as Wylan Star so that Rhand can focus on other more important things: the eventual conquest and reeducation of the entire planet. He only has a passing toleration for Chimerans, and never spares them this opinion when the opportunity arises. He believes in Malcolm's plan, but is uneasy, as they are hinging so much of their plans on brutish aliens prophesied to destroy the planet.

Real Name: Unknown, lost to time

Age: 4043

Arc: Protector

Atlantean

Str 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 19 (22 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+5), Bluff 6 (+10), Concentration 10 (+13), Diplomacy 9 (+13), Disguise 2 (+6), Gather Information 9 (+13), Investigate 9 (+10), Knowledge (arcane lore) 8 (+9), Knowledge (business) 7 (+8), Knowledge (history) 12 (+13), Language (English, select 7 more), Medicine 9 (+12), Notice 7 (+10), Search 8 (+9), Sleight of Hand 6 (+8), Stealth 4 (+6), Survival 4 (+7), Swim 6 (+7)

Feats: Attack Specialization (Atlantean sword), Attractive 3, Benefit (wealth) 4, Contacts, Cultural Awareness (Atlantean), Efficient Ka 3, Ka Awakened (Damage Transfer), Ritualist, Skill Mastery (Bluff, Diplomacy, Gather Information, Stealth), Well-Informed

Powers: *Astral Form* 3, *Device* 1 (Orichalcum necklace; see equipment), *ESP* 4 (Visual [2 PP/rank]), *Healing* 3, *Immunity* 1 (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), *Super-Senses* 4 (Ka Awareness, mental, ranged, extended [x100]), *Telekinesis* 4

Equipment: Orichalcum necklace [Device: Absorption 1 (Energy; Power Feats: Slow Fade; Extras: Energy Storage; Flaws: Ka only)]. A small golden necklace with the royal crest of Ampheres (a snake encircling the moon.)

Complications: *Enemy* (Typhon), *Honor* (Will never allow himself to know happiness until Atlantis is restored), *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Power Loss* (Astral Form, ESP, Healing, Telekinesis; When unable to speak or gesture to cast spells)

Combat: Attack +6 (+8 Atlantean sword), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +8, Reflex +6, Will +12

Abilities 29+ **Skills** 30 (120 ranks) + **Feats** 17 + **Powers** 46 + **Combat** 22 + **Saves** 19 - **Drawbacks** 4 = 159

warned him of some mysterious new group prowling in the corridors of power—a group whose interests and goals might come into conflict with his own. He must take possession of the wreckage of the Horde's vessel, or else his plans might come to naught.

Looking back to the south, where the first steps on the path to his destiny lay in the smoking wreckage of an alien spacecraft, Rhand smiled grimly. After so long—so many centuries of waiting, it had begun....

The final resting place of the Chimeran stasis pods is known as The Crypt, an underground storage facility in New Mexico that is heavily obscured and guarded. The pods are laid in vast racks, row after row of shining silver capsules. Rhand's most trusted specialists move among them, monitoring and caring for them—the watchful fathers of dangerous children yet to be "born." Not that any of these pods would be opened without Rhand's order—as with everything else in Malcolm's life, all events occurred within his sphere of control. He alone sets the pace at which the pods were opened.

Rhand refers to his Chimeran troops as cohorts and divides the awakened aliens into small groups scattered across the world. Most Chimerans groups are set up and funded by Rhand and lead relatively normal lives until they are called to action. The more monstrous-looking Chimerans are kept out of the public's eye and are hidden in rural areas. The squads are rotated regularly to avoid the Chimerans becoming too accustomed to independent living. The average rotation period has them in the Arizona compound for six months out of a given year.

There is a definite order within the organization, with Violet being considered the "Alpha," a place given to her after Hydra left. Under the Alpha are what Rhand's scientists refer to as Betas. The four Betas under Violet's control in turn have 10 Chimerans that answer to them. The remaining Chimerans are still in stasis and only awakened when either a Chimeran dies or circumstances warrant. Rhand himself uses six Chimerans as guards at his personal estate.

Chimerans treat this hierarchy as religion and adhere to the rules set forth like an acolyte following the doctrines of a high priest.



Sample Chimerans

Drones

Chimerans are all bred for a purpose. Before they are “born,” their destinies and lives are planned for them—normally by the Echidian, but in this case by Malcolm Rhand, their collective master. The list below is a sample of the type of Chimeran Drones found in the Hegemony, and possibly among Rhand’s troops. They are typically purchased as zealous minions.

Chimeran Worker Drone (PL 4)

Arc: Crony

Str 17, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 11 (11 Ka)

Skills: 20 skill ranks spread amongst skills appropriate to their station. Acrobatics, Climb, and Intimidate are common

Feats: Diehard, Endurance 2, Interpose, Ka Awakened (Damage Transfer), Rage, Stunning Attack

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection 1*, *Super-Movement 1* (Wall-Crawling), *Strike 3* (Various natural weapons; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (Varies)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +3, Damage +3 (unarmed; +6 strike), Defense +3, Initiative +4

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +7, Reflex +4, Will +2

Abilities 10 + Skills 5 (20 ranks) + Feats 6 + Powers 14 + Combat 12 + Saves 12 – Drawbacks 4 = 55

Chimeran Grunt Drone (PL 5)

Arc: Crony

Str 18, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 10 (10 Ka)

Skills: 20 skill ranks spread amongst skills appropriate to their station. Acrobatics, Climb and Intimidate are common

Feats: Critical Strike, Diehard, Endurance 2, Improved Critical (strike), Ka Awakened (Damage Transfer), Power Attack, Rage, Stunning Attack, Teamwork

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection 1*, *Super-Movement 1* (Wall-Crawling), *Strike 5* (Various natural weapons; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (Varies)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +4, Damage +4 (unarmed; +9 strike), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +4, Fortitude +7, Reflex +5, Will +3

Abilities 15 + Skills 5 (20 ranks) + Feats 9 + Powers 16 + Combat 16 + Saves 12 – Drawbacks 4 = 70



Chimeran Hunter/Killer Drone (PL 6)

Arc: Crony

Str 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 16, **Int** 8, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 10 (10 Ka)

Skills: 20 skill ranks spread amongst skills appropriate to their station. Acrobatics, Climb, and Intimidate are common

Feats: Critical Strike, Diehard, Endurance 2, Improved Critical (strike), Ka Awakened (Damage Transfer), Power Attack, Rage, Stunning Attack, Teamwork

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection 3*, *Super-Movement 1* (Wall-Crawling), *Super-Senses 5* (Blindsight [sonar], Infravision), *Strike 5* (Various natural weapons; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (Varies)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +4 *, Damage +4 (unarmed; +8 strike *), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +6, Fortitude +7, Reflex +5, Will +3

Abilities 15 + Skills 5 (20 ranks) + Feats 9 + Powers 21 + Combat 16 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 4 = 77

* 2 points of maximum attack bonus has been traded-off for an increased save DC maximum

Chimeran Heavy Assault Trooper (PL 7)

Arc: Crony

Str 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 16, **Int** 8, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 10 (10 Ka)

Skills: 20 skill ranks spread amongst skills appropriate to their station. Acrobatics, Climb, and Intimidate are common

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Critical Strike, Diehard, Endurance 2, Improved Critical (strike), Ka Awakened (Damage Transfer), Power Attack, Rage 2, Stunning Attack, Teamwork

Powers: *Blast 5* (Flame blast; *Extras:* Cone; *Flaws:* Touch), *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection 3*, *Super-Movement 1* (Wall-Crawling), *Strike 3* (Various natural weapons; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (Varies)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged), Damage +4 (unarmed; +7 strike, +5 flame blast), Defense +4 *, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +7 *, Fortitude +7, Reflex +5, Will +3

Abilities 15 + Skills 5 (20 ranks) + Feats 11 + Powers 24 + Combat 16 + Saves 12 – Drawbacks 4 = 80

* 1 point of maximum defense bonus has been traded-off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum

Chimeran Heavy Assault (Antivehicle) Drone (PL 7)

Arc: Crony

Str 24, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 8, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 10 (10 Ka)

Skills: 20 skill ranks spread amongst skills appropriate to their station. Acrobatics, Climb, and Intimidate are common

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged) 1, Critical Strike, Diehard, Endurance 3, Improved Critical (strike) 2, Ka Awakened (Damage Transfer), Power Attack, Rage, Stunning Attack, Teamwork

Powers: *Blast 7* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range; *Extras:* Penetrating, Contagious), *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection 3*, *Super-Movement 1* (Wall-Crawling), *Strike 3* (Various natural weapons; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (Varies)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged) *, Damage +7 (unarmed; +9 strike *, +8 blast), Defense +4, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +7, Fortitude +7, Reflex +6, Will +3

Abilities 23 + Skills 5 (20 ranks) + Feats 12 + Powers 37 + Combat 16 + Saves 12 – Drawbacks 4 = 101

* 2 points of maximum attack bonus has been traded-off for an increased save DC maximum



Walking across the Crypt floor, he approached a pod set aside from the rest. Absently, he ran his fingers down the empty carcass of the alien container. The metal was chill to the touch, and left a faint, greasy sheen on his fingertips. Stepping back, he couldn't get rid of the way his mind saw the pods. To him, they looked like coffins—a strange reversal of their true purpose. While coffins contain the dead, these weird vessels held beings yet to live!

With a swell of pride, he remembered the first of his “children” to emerge from the strange devices. He had named her Hydra. A creature of strange, deadly beauty, she was destined to be his instrument in the world beyond. For years she was thoroughly trained by the most highly recommended (and expensive) experts on the planet in the arts of espionage and assassination. At the end of her extensive instruction, she was probably one of the deadliest mortal beings on Earth—and she belonged, body and soul, to Rhand.

Effortless and professional, she was Malcolm's finest—until she discovered the Crypt.

Her anger had surprised and disappointed him—surprised, because he thought he'd taught her to control her emotions, and disappointed, because he saw he'd failed. She'd demanded the truth about the pods. She'd asked why they whispered to her inside her mind. Full of questions and resentment, Rhand saw suspicion grow in her eyes. In that moment, he knew he had lost her. Hydra left, vanishing into the desert night, leaving Rhand with questions of his own. Should he have told her the truth? No. He'd made the mistake of telling too many lies to Hydra, and that had finally poisoned her against him. It was a regrettable mistake, but one he wouldn't make again.

Many months later, on a cold night in winter, the next pod was opened. Rhand watched from a distance, waiting. If his calculations were correct (and they always were), his new child would stand before him, ready to do his work, in less than a year....

He named her Violet, for the color of her eyes. Darkly beautiful, she emerged from the pod fully grown, her hair short, giving her an elfin look. Her body was firm and muscular—but not to excess. Lithe and acrobatic, her skills were appropriately inhuman. Like a tiger, she combined beauty and ferocity in equal measure. Her test results rivaled, and in some instances even exceeded, those of Hydra. Her alien nature seemed to be hidden deep within her human form, until she engaged in combat—for when aroused, the façade of humanity slipped away, and she became a machine, dead and cruel.

When they were finally introduced, just under a year after her emergence, Violet peered at the handsome Atlantean Immortal closely. Cocking her head to one side, she frowned, with a question on her lips. Rhand smiled. He knew what the young woman was about to ask. He'd observed her psychological evaluations, and her interaction with her Instructors. She needed a reason—a reason for her existence. He knew, for it was a question he had asked himself many times over the centuries. It was possibly the oldest question in the world. She was going to ask “Why am I here?”

Today was the day he started anew. It was time to put Hydra's failings behind him—his new assassin awaited his instructions. Remembering his nightmare, and the death of his homeland, Malcolm Rhand felt the whispers of the Atlantean dead in his mind. An oath made over a millennia ago rose to the surface. He leaned forward, eyes bright.

“You are here to learn, Violet,” he said quietly, “to learn how to kill those who would be gods....”

Everything after that was simple. If Violet believed in God, she'd see his earthly personification in the face of Malcolm Rhand. Handsome and charming, Rhand slowly became more to Violet than just her employer. As she worked by his side over the years, she suddenly realized that she felt closer to Rhand than anyone before. With the naïve and joyful heart of a schoolgirl, she finally came to realize that she loved him.

Watching and protecting Rhand became Violet's life's work, and she took it terribly, almost fanatically, seriously. The pair was almost inseparable, and gossip began to circulate about the nature of their “working relationship.” It was hardly surprising that these rumors had surfaced—Violet had taken to sleeping at the foot of Rhand's bed, so she could protect him even while he slept. It was easy for people to believe that there was something between them, maybe something sordid. At first, Violet found these false rumors to be hurtful, sending her into fits of rage. She feared that Rhand would hear them and be embarrassed, forcing him to work less closely with her. If Malcolm ever heard any of this gossip, he never mentioned it, and Violet was secretly thankful.

Ultimately, however, she found herself secretly testing his feelings for her. She decided to see if he could be honest about anything, and one day chose to ask the question she'd buried deep inside for so many years—Why did Hydra leave? It was a dangerous course of action. When she finally asked, she was left utterly stunned by the answer that Malcolm coolly gave her. Hydra had betrayed him. He didn't elaborate, in fact refused to discuss it further, leaving Violet to reconcile her thoughts. Hydra, whom Rhand had trusted, had betrayed him. But why? Violet tried desperately to comprehend. Ultimately she found no answers, leading her confusion to be replaced by something hotter and more dangerous. Something fueled by her love for Rhand.

Rage.

Violet (PL 9)

Violet is more than human, but she can pass for one with ease. She publicly accompanies Rhand to social occasions as the beauty on his arm. Little do the guests and socialites know that this charming woman is not only Rhand's escort, but also his bodyguard and assassin. Her slight form belies her strength. She is swift as a cheetah, graceful as a ballet dancer. Her specialty is "Assassination, surveillance, and stealth," or as she labels it, "ASS." Violet's unrequited love for Rhand remains, and her devotion to his protection has left a trail of would-be assassins dead in her wake. Always aloof, Rhand has never indicated that he returned Violet's feelings in any way. She sometimes wonders if he is incapable of feeling love. This is of little consequence to her, though. Malcolm Rhand is not a being to be possessed, but more a goal to aspire to....

Violet

Age: 32 (apparent 20)

Arc: Crony

Chimeran Warrior Drone

Str 14, **Dex** 20, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 15 (15 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 10 (+5), Bluff 4 (+6), Climbing 12 (+14), Diplomacy 6 (+8), Disable Device 4 (+4), Drive 6 (+11), Intimidate 10 (+12), Investigate 4 (+4), Sense Motive 6 (+6), Stealth 12 (+17), Survival 8 (+), Swim 6 (+8)

Feats: Ambidexterity, Attack Focus (melee) 5, Diehard, Evasion, Grappling Finesse, Improved Block, Improved Disarm, Improved Grab, Improved Grapple, Improved Pin, Improved Trip, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Prone Fighting, Rage 2, Track

Powers: *Additional Limbs* 2 (Wrist tentacles; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 3), *Immunity* 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection* 4, *Snare* 6 (*Power Feats:* Extended Range 3, Reversible, Tether, Alternate Powers—Leaping 4 [*Extras:* Free Action], Strike 3 [Tentacle lash; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 3, Mighty, Precise]; *Flaws:* Backlash, Touch), *Super-Senses* 2 (Danger Sense [auditory, mental]), *Telepathy* 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged), *Super-Strength* 2 (*Flaws:* Tentacles only)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Responsibility* (Rhand), *Strange Appearance* (Violet has a weeping wound on each wrist; she keeps them wrapped in red-dyed lace.)

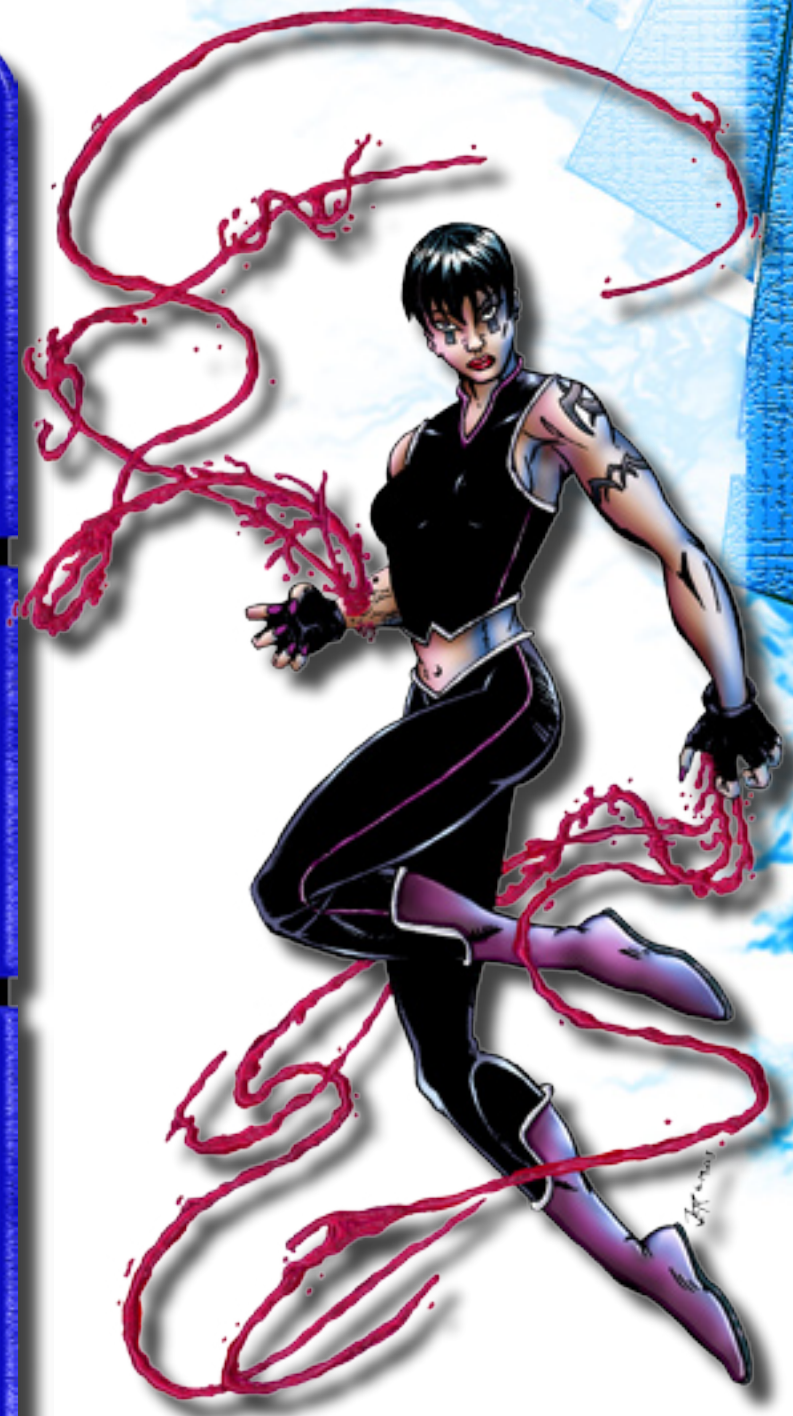
Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+10 melee), Damage +2 (unarmed; +5 tentacle lash), Defense +8, Initiative +5

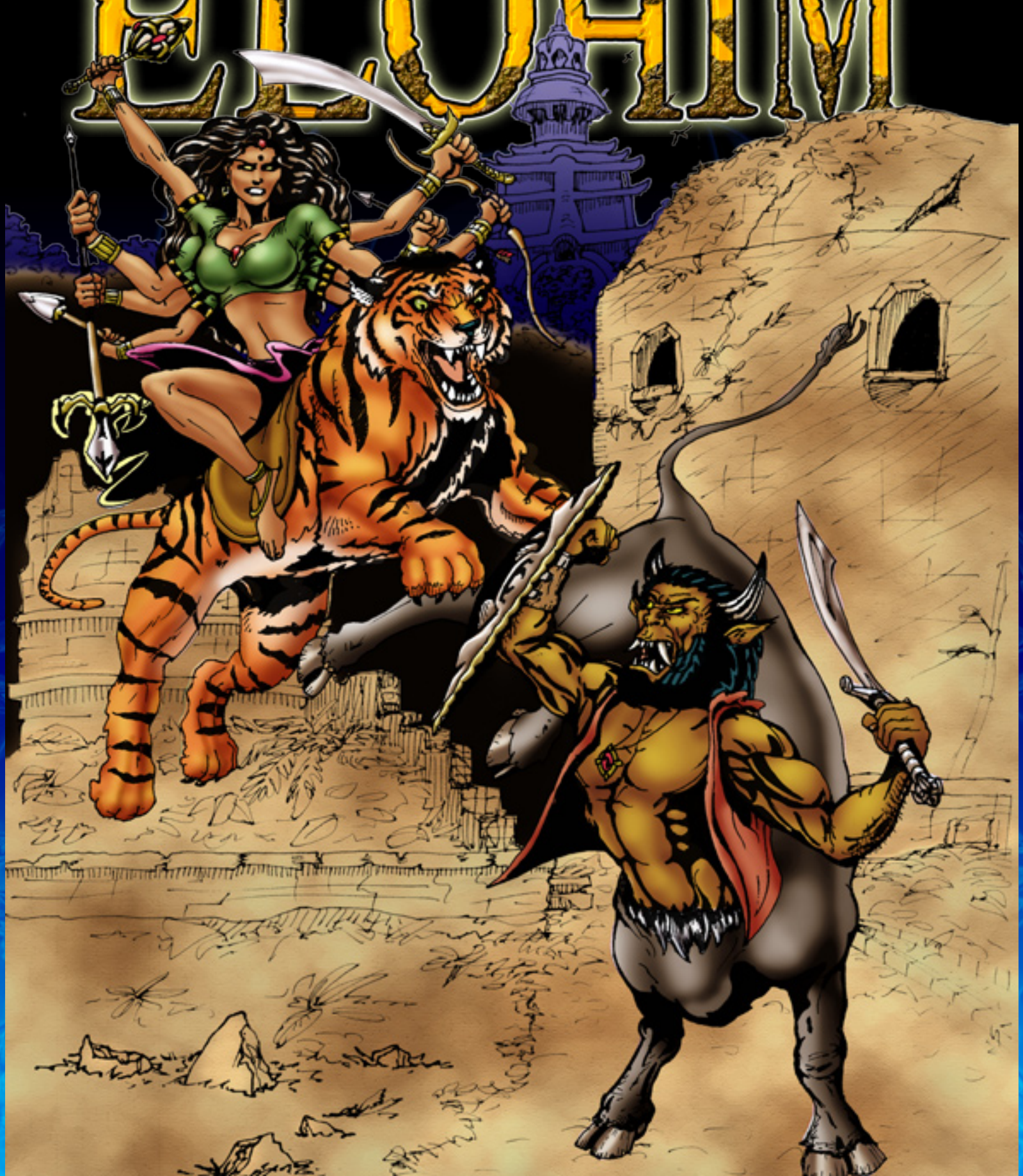
Saving Throws: Toughness +6, Fortitude +7, Reflex +10, Will +5

Abilities 24 + Skills 22 (88 ranks) + Feats 18 + Powers 25 + Combat 26 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 4 = 126

* 1 point of maximum attack bonus has been traded-off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum



ELOHIM



THE ELOHIM

The Elohim Empire, The Empire of Light, The Eternal Empire: this is our origins. We are the Elohim. It is a part of us, we are a part of it. As surely as our home planet of Araboth provided us with nourishment of body, the Empire fed our minds and souls. It gave us our values, our sense of self. It tried to convince us we were gods. The Empire stretches over multiple arms of the known galaxy and in some strange way, we were gods. The Emperor, El, a self-made, self-decreed deity bestowed his favor upon us, and we in turn became divine. This is the story they would have us believe. According to the scholars and historians, this is the truth of the Elohim.

The truth of the universe, however, is that we are merely mortal. We age differently from others in the universe. Our bodies are more resistant to stimuli and trauma than others, but essentially, we are mortal. We love, hate, live, and yes, we die. What made us different was that we found, and learned to use Ka, the omnipresent energy of the universe. El and the Elohim thought this made us divine. A few of us realized it only made us different. A small group of us accepted the responsibilities of our good fortune. We wanted to use our abilities to help, rather than to exert our superiority. Led by a visionary, Attis, we challenged the ideology of the Empire.

Attis, was a minor noble from an outlying planet. He is, perhaps, the leading expert in the universe on the power of Ka. In the Elohim-Chimeran wars, Attis emerged as a hero when he found a process to disable the Ka power near the Chimeran home world. His hero status lent more credence to his philosophies. Being an established expert in Ka, his opinion as to the natural aspect of the energy quickly challenged the belief that the power was a divine right. Based on his leadership and the abilities of those of us who followed we gained a following within the Empire.

Our uprising was remarkably successful, considering our limited numbers. The details of our battles are irrelevant now, but suffice it to say that we were pleased with our progress. Unfortunately, our rebellion provided enough instability for the Empire that our ancient enemy, the Chimerans, decided to renew their fight against us. Attis, a patriot of the Elohim, did not want our rebellion to cause damage to the Empire. We were trying to help the Empire evolve, not destroy it. We therefore struck a temporary alliance with El. Our insurrection was placed on hold until the Chimeran threat was repelled.

History is a great instructor. You are judged by perceptions, not your intentions. I hope you can learn that here and not need to experience it yourself. Once the Chimerans were repelled, El and his forces captured Attis, our allies, and myself. A mock trial was held and we were sentenced to exile on the prison planet of Sheol. Having a planet as a prison may not seem a harsh sentence to most, but Sheol is located in a remote portion of the galaxy so far from any sun that there is a virtual absence of light, heat, and Ka. For an Elohim, the absence of Ka can be the rough equivalent of life without mortal companionship, love, or even oxygen. To imagine life without Ka for us, think of everything that brings meaning to your life and imagine it gone, and once you find something else to take its place, it is removed as well. I cannot imagine a more ruthless form of punishment.

As luck would have it, we never reached Sheol. We were held by the Imperial guards, the Angelos, and en route to Sheol when a Chimeran ship exited warp. An incredibly short battle ensued and our ship was disabled. The Chimerans were drawing us into their vessel when the Angelo captain attempted a final defiant ploy. As the docking clamps inched toward our vessel, Mih Kal engaged the singularity engines, ripping a hole in the time-space continuum. No one had ever attempted such a maneuver—at least no one who had survived to relate the tale. The resulting warp that was created sent us into uncharted portions of the galaxy. We crashed on a small planet near a small sun in a distant solar system.

So is the sworn testimony of Thoth, First Assistant of Attis.

Thoth closed the data encoder, and slipped the holo-file film into a clay jar. He then slipped a Ka-powered beacon into it, capped the jar, and carried the jar through the stone passages of the palace. He then placed it with other jars still to be sealed. He watched as the workers carefully waxed the jar closed, and set about the process of adorning it with the primitive drawings for which the Egyptians would be known. It was placed carefully next to other jars for continued work, but Thoth walked on, sure that it would be saved for



posterity within the pyramid tomb of the king.

"The gods, likening themselves to all kinds of strangers, go in various disguises from city to city, observing the wrongdoing and the righteousness of men."

-Homer, *The Odyssey*

Greek epic poet (800 BC–700 BC)

Descended From Heaven

To understand the Elohim is to realize that, within their millennia-long lifespans, they have been far more, and far less, than they are now. Theirs is a story of vast change, of great power, greater defeat, and humble origins.

Before they were Ka-using Elohim, they were merely Arabothi, people of the planet Araboth. An advanced people, they were limited not by technology so much as their own failings. Seventy-billion strong, and faced with overpopulation and dwindling resources, they strove outward and colonized several of the other planets of their twelve-planet system, absorbing into their own cultures, or wiping out completely, the societies they encountered. Tens of thousands lived in moon colonies and space stations, yet thousands more suffered and died on Araboth as those in power focused on stripping resources from these other moons and planets for their own gain, rather than trying to find a solution to the problem at hand.

Instead, a solution found the Arabothi.

It began with a tragedy: the distant station, Nemesis, in orbit around the planet's third moon, suddenly stopped transmitting data. All attempts at communication failed and several months passed before a ship, already en route, was finally able to discern what had happened: all nine-thousand aboard the station were dead—some by violence, some by apparent suicide, most by suffocation or depressurization from opened airlocks.

But there was no time to mourn the dead. Those aboard the rescue ship, as if caught up in some dark, invisible plague, suffered the same fate, those monitoring their progress on Araboth stunned to watch them sink in despair, some rending their own flesh with tooth and nail, others attacking their brethren. For nearly an hour it went on, until the pilot finally plunged the craft into the nearby moon, killing all aboard. And on it swept, whatever it was. Other distant stations befell the same fate, then moon colonies, thousands, tens of thousands wracked with waves of despair, some strange mental plague which caused nearly all afflicted to lose their desire to live, to exist, as if the spark of light that made them who they were was dampened, then snuffed out.

Suddenly, it seemed as if what had been a slow but steady decline veered toward sudden, certain doom. As the news trickled back to Araboth, tangible panic set in. People rioted in the streets as scientists revealed that the "Thanatos Plague" was heading for Araboth, would arrive within a few years. Civil war broke out as governments tried to hoard resources and protect their own, and those already left with little fought to take it from them. Food stores were devastated and medicine stores were depleted. Even before the plague had descended upon them, the Arabothi had begun to kill their own in droves. Billions died. One desperate group seized control of a shuttle and fled the planet, heading for a station named Xaos on the planet's dark side.

The Birth of A God

Aboard that station was a group of scientists, desperately hoping to find the cause of the mysterious space-borne plague in hopes of defeating it before it arrived on Araboth. One, named Cronys, was certain it was related to the system's star, which, he insisted, had indeed grown darker over the past few years. A quasi-spiritual man, part philosopher and part scientist, half-astronomer and half-astrologer, his theories about the mental plague (which he dubbed *Lethe*), were laughed off by his

brethren, who saw him as a fool and a freak. It was in the midst of their final refusal to listen to his theories that the refugee rebels arrived.

At first refusing them entry, the scientists aboard gave in when at last the refugees settled up against the station and fired their engines, threatening to push the station into a fatal orbit that would plunge it into the atmosphere. Desperate rebels wielding pipes and wrenches flooded through the airlock the moment it was opened. Hundreds spilled out of the ship and onto the station, among them a pregnant, autistic woman by the name of Rhya, dragged aboard quite by accident in the confusion below. Now even more panicked and confused than she had been before, she stumbled and fell, and was moments from being trampled by the mob when Cronys noticed her and, in an act more of instinct than compassion, pulled her into a side corridor and rushed her to safety. Pursued all the way, the two rushed to the wide-spectrum radiation research laboratory at the top of the station, listening to the screams of dying scientists behind them.

And it was then that the secret of Ka was unlocked, as the mob pounded at the laboratory door, as Cronys and Rhya and her unborn child huddled beneath the room's radio telescope, as the refugee ship continued to fire its engines, pushing the station towards fate. Almost as it happened, Cronys realized his theories were true. Energies from the star were being dampened by some unseen force, and with the proper focus he could tap that power, and perhaps reverse its effects. And, now suddenly positioned directly opposite the sun, the station intersected that energy as it skirted the planet's atmosphere and skewed off into space.

Time paused.

The focus shifted.

And Cronys opened his eyes to a new world. Fully empowered by Ka for the first time, he saw the entire system at a glance. Looked past the refugees, smoldering at his feet, in the halls, perhaps from his own power, perhaps from the shining Ka itself. And he looked through the planet Araboth to its sun, and felt the cloak that had been drawn across it. Amused, he reached out, tickled millions of distant minds that recoiled in panic, and with a gesture swept away instantly the plague that had killed thirty billion people. He realized in that instant that with his power, no longer did he need to listen to others questioning his theories. No longer would anyone question him or threaten him. Later he would deal with those who had dampened the Ka. For now, he was a hero. A savior.

No, he was God.

**I am. * he thought.*

**I am. * came the echo.*

Startled, he for the first time noticed his immediate surroundings, having ignored his own circumstances as he surveyed the larger picture. And now he saw that he had not, as he assumed, absorbed the full brunt of the Ka. Three minds, not one, had been open and receptive enough to receive the blast of Ka that entered the station. Cronys himself, aware of the truth and open to it, had received but a third. Yet another third had taken the autistic Rhya, shredded her body and mind, turning her into pure Ka, pure spirit. He could feel her presence, around him like a cloud, too unfocused to bother with. He laughed, waving her off as she furiously roiled around him, intangible yet persistent.

But it was not she that had echoed his words. It was her newborn son, immaculately left lying on the decking below the telescope when Rhya's body had boiled away around him. El, he knew at once, though he was not sure if it were Rhya, he or the child itself who provided the name. He laughed. The child had taken a third of the Ka. A child. Unworthy of such power. Cronys would not share with a mewling babe. He would take it back. Take what was his. Take it all.

Corrupted by power, he bent to dispose of the child....

Dawn of a New Era

History does not record what happened then, but the results scar the Araboth system to this day. A third of the planet was scoured clean in a firestorm as moons were shattered, meteors fell, and the skies cloaked in darkness visible. Tens of billions died, many instantly, others suffering the wrath of Cronys and El's furious battle. Cronys, though far older, far stronger, and far more experienced was no match for the child El, whose mind was a blank slate that knew not of hunger, or death, or fear, or defeat. Cronys could only draw Ka to produce horrors he could imagine, but El was beyond imagination itself.

Aided by the invisible, shattered spirit of his mother Rhya, who taught him anger, and vengeance, El destroyed Cronys, stole his power and, in so doing, destroyed Araboth as well. And El looked down upon what he had done, and Rhya told him he must feel sadness and remorse. And she told him that in order to feel happiness again, he must undo what he had done. But she did not foresee what her advice would lead to. Innocent El turned to his mother, Rhya, now pure, unfettered Ka, and began to rebuild the planet, ignoring her silent screams as her essence was stripped away for the good of all Araboth. The strain too much, her mind split in two: half used by El to rebirth Araboth, the other half fleeing across space and time, gathering itself into a new entity that would one day be known to another race as P'Sidyn.

And thus it was El, alone, existing beyond good and evil, who gathered up the system's survivors, barely 144 thousand of what had once been 70 billion, and helped them put civilization back together. He gave them food, shelter, and, more importantly, hope. Born of Ka, raised of Ka, he knew nothing other than being god. Cruelty and kindness, good and evil, all combined, free of the constraints of morality or society.

El ruled over his people with fear and respect for a millennium before, at long last, he chose to bequeath a bit of his power to them as well. And so the Arabothi became the Elohim, the people of El. And so their story began, much of what came before forgotten or expunged from history at the command of El. Few know of what came before. Fewer still believe it to be true. Only one knows for sure.

Rise of the Seraphim

Before the scouring, Araboth was a planet in decline, a society that had risen to great heights and then fallen, collapsing under its own weight. Tens of billions had all but used up the planet's resources, most living in poverty, supplied barely enough food to stay alive by those overseeing them. To the elite few who could afford it, a new existence on other systems awaited, fresh terrain to be explored, native peoples to be used. For the rest, life held little enjoyment. Polluted skies, wildfire plagues, and dwindling resources—these harsh facts of life replaced hope.

Thus, it was not entirely a tragedy that the Lethe plague crept into the Arabothi system. Many saw it not as a great destroyer, but as a great equalizer. For most, of course, it would be exactly that, rendering most of the planet's population equal in death. For the select few to survive the scouring, it was a chance to begin anew in what amounted to paradise.

Araboth's rebirth at the time was miraculous—once besieged by war, plague

and famine, the planet was nearly scoured clean by fire and ash, destruction sowing the seeds of life to follow. Tended by El with a firm but loving hand, forests sprouted and life of all sorts returned to Araboth. Society was rapidly rebuilt, a hundred thousand people becoming millions, then billions in just a millennium or so. And for a while, it seemed as if this would, indeed, be the perfect society, all equal under their ruler, all sharing in prosperity.

But it was not to be so.

After a thousand years of bliss under his single-handed rule, society had evolved to the point where El could no longer easily keep control over his people. And so he chose to bestow upon some of them the secrets of Ka. The Elohim society was once again fractured into a rigid caste system.

At the top were those taught the use of Ka, known as Seraphim. Thus empowered, they ruled over society with privilege and power, using their abilities to not only shape government policy, but to shape the world around them as well. Many saw this as an opportunity to truly bring society to new heights: feeding the masses was a mere matter of making plants more productive, and healing the sick was as simple as wishing it so. But for a growing number, the use of Ka was an opportunity to hoard power, wealth, and position. Soon, days were spent not in service to others, but in service to oneself, in competition with other Seraphim. Those below them in the ranks were ultimately neglected, and many came to resent this treatment, yet found themselves unable to do anything about it.

Perhaps those most slighted by this behavior were the Ishim, the second caste of merchants, tradesmen, and other skilled workers. Not trained in the use of Ka, they were prevented from ever achieving the wealth and power of their Seraphim betters. Certainly, many benefited from the system—the Seraphim themselves, too busy with their own internal power struggles and machinations, typically turned to the Ishim for everything from clothing to artwork to fine cuisine. But restricted in the amount of wealth one could keep for oneself, the Ishim found themselves treading water, barely able to keep afloat.

Some few discovered that they could also master some Ka usage, but they did so in secret; to be found out was to sign one's own death warrant. At the bottom of the caste system were the Arelim, indentured servants that society had barely any use for. Generally forgotten by most, these untouchables fed off the plentiful scraps tossed to them from above, living their lives in service to others with no hope for advancing beyond their pitiful stations in life. In many ways, their lives were better than those above them, for free of the constraints of high society, they could live without posturing, without fear. As long as they did the work set before them, they were left alone. But to think this is to gild the truth. Life as an Arelim was truly miserable, utterly lacking hope. Never able to keep wealth, or escape from their caste, or to learn the use of Ka, they were born, lived, and died as least-class citizens.

The GODSEND Agenda

The GODSEND Agenda was a system set up by El to surreptitiously gain power across the galaxy by having select Ka-using Elohim pose as divine beings on new worlds. Accompanied by a Host of Angelos, a dozen or two chosen Seraphim would secretly insert themselves among a population, posing as divine beings and making the religions of those primitive societies seem real through the use of Ka. Once established as gods, they would form themselves



into pantheons and exert control over select spheres of influence, shaping that society's growth in directions that would make the planet ripe for eventual colonization by the Elohim. Almost without fail, the GODSEND Agenda was a total success.

El knew from his own experiences that wielding Ka among those who could not was seen as a supernatural, even divine thing. To a peasant farmer, a strange alien bringing rain and thunder was certainly a god, worthy of respect and worship. No other possible explanation was available. Even among more advanced societies, the use of Ka was generally a complete mystery, inexplicable even through advanced scientific theories. Evolution could certainly trump creationistic theory, but no formula could explain the chariot flying through the sky, towed by Angels and ridden by a toga-wearing giant throwing lightning bolts.

The largest threat to the GODSEND Agenda turned out to be its greatest friend as well—the clergy. Most societies the Elohim came across in their expansions had organized religions of their own, complete with priests who attempted to exert some sort of control over their laity. Rather than destroy these individuals, the Elohim wisely chose to use them to their advantage, “speaking through” these emissaries and thus making their own work easier. As religions exerted more control over their people, the Elohim could do less actual work. Faith became more important than regular miracles, and only the occasional “reminder” was necessary to keep people in line.

The Light-Bringer

Several thousand years passed before the Empire's foundations were finally challenged, first by the appearance of a powerful Seraph named Attis (whose Ka-manipulative abilities were second only to El himself), and soon thereafter by the appearance of a Ka-using race called the Chimerans. Attis soon came to realize (many speculate as to whether it was the Ka-infused spirit of Rhya, or some reincarnation of Cronys who informed him) that the Chimerans were those who had nearly wiped out Araboth thousands of years ago by dampening the system's star. Taking a small force with him, he struck deep into the heart of Chimeran territory and, using his Ka abilities and Elohim technology, detonated a device that neutralized the natural flow of Ka energy near the Chimeran home world.

Though hailed as a hero, El realized that Attis could easily dampen his own power. His concern increased as Attis began to preach about allowing all Elohim to use Ka equally. El had had enough; El first attempted to assassinate Attis, and then sent his force of clone warriors, the Angelos, to capture or kill him and his growing rebel force. Later, after enlisting the rebel help against a new Chimeran threat, El betrayed Attis and imprisoned he and nearly 200 other Elohim rebels. They were placed on a prison ship with many other Elohim prisoners (including thieves, murderers, and worse), and some Chimeran POWs, and sent off towards the planet Sheol, far from any source of Ka.

Before they reached the planet, Chimerans attacked the ship. In the ensuing battle, both ships plunged through space and time to land on Earth, and the Chimeran and Elohim prisoners scattered towards freedom. The newly freed Elohim fully understood the power of the GODSEND Agenda, having seen it work before as a force for both organizing and controlling the people of a planet. And so they decided to abolish the caste system and use the GODSEND Agenda for their own purposes, establishing a polytheistic belief system, setting themselves up as gods among the primitive peoples of Earth. Over time, the Angelos would use the Agenda to establish a monotheistic religion, primarily to counter the Elohim, but for thousands of years, the Elohim Agenda won the day. Gods walked the Earth.

Cutting the Ka

Ka. Ki. Chi. Call it what you will, it is the same intangible energy found everywhere in the universe, from the smallest subatomic particles to the largest stars, as well as within every living thing in the universe. Each individual generates a small amount of Ka energy, yet very few know how to effectively manipulate it effectively. Often, bursts of Ka are chalked up to “feats of strength,”

as a mother lifts a car off her trapped child, or a soldier charges into a firefight to save a wounded comrade. At other times, such seemingly supernatural feats are called “miracles” or “fate.” In all cases, it seems, such tremendous acts of courage, strength, and super-human power seem to appear more often in stories from the past. Which is exactly the truth.

Since stars are the largest bodies in the universe, they emit the most Ka energy, solar energy streaming Ka everywhere, scattering it throughout galaxies and thus readily available for those who know how to see it and use it. El himself learned to capture such power to turn himself into a veritable god. Attis, taught by El to manipulate Ka, learned how to reverse that process, to stifle the flow of Ka energy to take power away from those who relied on it.

Through personal study, Attis had learned that through the use of a special device, he could strengthen a star's magnetic field just enough to block the majority of the Ka energy from escaping—the same sort of dampening that creates black holes and other regions of null space. He used that very knowledge to stifle the flow of Ka to the Chimeran Hegemony home world of Thule during a War. And it was to one of those pockets of null space, called Sheol, that El shipped Attis and his followers off to, in order to prevent them taking his own power away in like fashion.

Now exiled on Earth, Attis eventually came to realize that the only way to prevent the Elohim “gods” from being a deadly menace to the planet's inhabitants was to repeat the process. Since most Ka users had only the vaguest notion of how their power worked, they were helpless to stop him as he cut the flow of Ka energy to Earth to a bare trickle, turning powerful gods into mere shadows of what they once were, overnight. Many went into hiding, leading more reclusive existences to hide their loss of power from their human worshippers. Most opposed Attis' decision, and hate him for it to this day.

In the modern era, the flow of Ka continues to be dampened, although some Elohim have found a way to boost their own abilities through the use of artifacts, or through journeys into other dimensions where the Ka flows more freely. Only Attis' sacrifice keeps them from truly achieving the godly powers that many of them seek to attain once again.

Elohim Plot Hooks

- The characters are all Elohim during Greece's “Age of Heroes.” The people of Athens ask for help to win a war against their Minoan enemies. What they don't know is that a small squad of Angelos has allied themselves with the Minoans and lie in wait to ambush their one-time prisoners.
- The characters are gods ruling over primitive man. To the east, a renegade Elohim has struck a bargain with a group of marauding Chimerans to attack the characters' city-state. The forces are gathering and will march on the city-state within a week, if they do nothing to stop them. The leader of the characters' pantheon then sends them to the rival Elohim's city-state to break up the alliance through subterfuge and espionage.
- For a modern twist, the Elohim meet every 10 years, coming together from all corners of the planet to discuss the goings on of their small world. This year they meet outside of Miami, Florida, in an old Plantation house. The Angelos have gotten wind of the whole thing and have leaked the whereabouts of this massive congregation of Elohim, so that Chimerans can mass and attack them. The Angelos thus plan on killing two birds with one stone during the gathering.

Who Are the Elohim?

The Elohim Character Package

Philosophy

The Elohim once acknowledged El as their ruler, but having tasted the power of Ka they stopped thinking of him as a god long before they crashed on Earth. More powerful than they were, they served him dutifully, spreading the GODSEND Agenda, fighting the Chimeran threat, and doing as he willed, enjoying the benefits of power given to them as part of their service. But having experienced the “treachery” of El, they no longer acknowledge him as anything but an enemy who tried to take from them what was theirs.

Unlike the Angelos, the Elohim are not united behind a common cause. While they all seek power and freedom, they have different views on how to achieve their goals. Some choose to be mostly benevolent towards “lesser” humans, believing that all beings deserve an opportunity to learn the use of Ka, to achieve power and to enjoy freedom on their own. Others believe that most beings are unworthy of power, and that personal advancement at the expense of others is the only realistic course to take. Still others see their “lessers” as inconsequential, occasionally helpful but also occasionally a tiresome obstacle that is best avoided most of the time. As the Elohim have lifespans stretching over many millennia, they often change their viewpoints from time to time, gaining new perspective and understanding of their situation over the years. An Elohim who once saw humanity as tiresome babies suitable only for sacrifice might gradually come to understand that they are useful and worthy of assistance, or vice versa. This unpredictability makes Elohim all the more dangerous.

Appearance

Being true masters of Ka manipulation, Elohim can appear as anything they wish: animal, mineral, or vegetable, or anything in between. Most choose to appear “human-like” in appearance, though in their natural forms this can mean anything from “normal” to the addition of bird-like or animal-like features, additional limbs, abnormal height, etc. In all cases, their appearances are quite striking, and although some features may seem shocking to those not of their kind, all will recognize this. In humanoid form, they are on average taller than humans, their skin color ranging from deep black to pure white (or any shade in between), eyes varying from normal to unnatural gold or violet. (In game terms, multiple ranks of Otherworldly Appearance and other Charisma-related Advantages.)

Personality

The Elohim are not what they once were, but they are still a proud and powerful people. Stripped of power by their once leader Attis (to prevent the destruction of humanity through their own foolish pride), wracked by infighting, and incessantly hunted by Angelos, they seek only to regain what was once theirs: power, and the freedom to use it as they see fit. They maintain a sense of superiority, not entirely unjustified, treating others (Angelos included) as inferiors and children not (yet) worthy of power.

Names

In keeping with the traditions of the GODSEND Agenda, Elohim take names from the society they are insinuating themselves into, adopting the faces and personalities of the gods the people worship. Their original names are unimportant, as they are merely one of dozens or hundreds that each Elohim

has used over the course of his life; to say that an Elohim has a “real name” is to miss the point entirely. Their “real name” is the one they are using at the present time. That said, on Earth Elohim go by the names of Earth gods, past and present. Examples include: *Anu, Attis, Baphomet, Bast, Circe, Dagda, Danh, Gaea, Indra, Legba, Lohki, Mantus, Moloch, Phoebe, Rati, Shiva, Surya, Thoth, Typhon.*

Arcs

Many Elohim are Icons, Protectors, or even Bravos, but many other Arcs fit the persona of the Elohim. Many have been Rogues, Adventurers, or even revenge-driven Dark Avengers.

Racial Traits

Elohim have a unique set of drawbacks, flaws, and powers that help benefit and define their characters. The list below is not mandatory for making characters, but will help in the character creation process. Points per rank will in some cases be altered, to reflect that Elohim have a higher proclivity for certain advantages, flaws, and powers.

Adjusted Average Abilities: 14 Charisma, 12 Wisdom. Elohim are attractive and have ungodly magnetism, on the other hand they give very little forethought to situations and act on emotion.

Feats: *Efficient Ka 3**, *Ka Awakened**,

Fascinate, *Fearsome Presence*.

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging, starvation, and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate) * This is a mandatory must have for all pureblooded Elohim. Millennia ago the Elohim found a way to stave off the affects of aging so that their life spans were greatly increased.

Ka Manipulation 1 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank])* Elohim are the premier manipulators of the energy force called Ka. They have spent centuries perfecting the use of Ka and all its infinite applications.

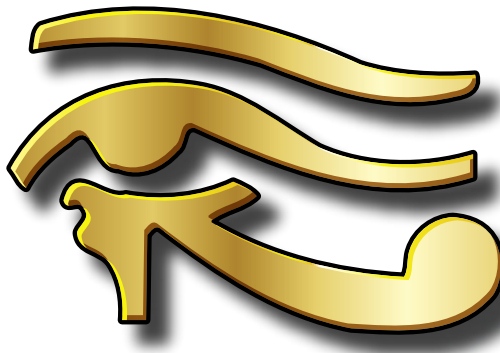
Super-Senses 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]) *, *Super-Senses 9* (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness])* Elohim can see, hear, feel, and even taste when Ka energy is near.

Complications: *Overconfident** Most Elohim have huge egos that stem from their extreme amount of personal power. After all, being one of the most powerful beings in the universe can make one a bit cocky

Strange Appearance (Otherworldly) *. Elohim are known for their striking presence and stature, and most stand out from the crowd in some way, shape, or form. Being an egotistical race, their chosen appearance will never be horrific—Elohim admire extremes in appearance, but loathe the unsightly.

* This trait is not optional and **must** be purchased as a part of this race. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Very common, major to start; All Elohim start with this drawback, but may buy it down or completely remove it by giving up the bonus PP, although the Game Master should be certain the lacking fits with the character concept; 5 PP value to start.) * An Elohim suffering from Lethe forgets her past life and falls into the persona of the god she once pretended to be. Nothing short of incredibly deep scans using Mind Reading or the like is known to pull a psyche free of her own mind’s thrall. The Elohim believes so intensely she is another being, free of the problems and woes she suffered in his previous life, that her Ka abilities and physical form change to better suite the personality



her mind has chosen. Months, years, decades, or centuries may pass before the Elohim can shake off the mental shackles and resume his former life.

The Elohim must first have a trigger for the Lethe, such as a person, place, or thing that had some sort of powerful meaning to her. Usually the catalyst is some terrible memory or trauma. When the Elohim encounters her Lethe trigger the Game Master has the character make a Will save (DC 15 for minor, DC 20 for moderate and DC 25 for major.) The greater the drawback's intensity, the greater the chance the Elohim will fall into Lethe. If the save succeeds, the Elohim staves of the effects of the Lethe, but if she fails she succumbs and her mind crumbles.

The Lethe lasts for as many weeks as the amount the save failed by. If the roll was unsuccessful by more than ten, the duration is in months. If unsuccessful by more than 15, the Lethe lasts for 6 months per point of failure. The character may try and break free after spending at least half the allotted amount in the terrible mental state, minus one-third her Wisdom ability (rounded down.) The character must make the same roll as before, but with a -1 penalty, and may not spend any Ka points to augment the roll. If the character fails this roll, she does not incur extra time.

Lethe—The Forgotten

Araboth was once threatened by an intangible, invisible mental plague that plunged its people into darkness, making them forget who they were and what they had to live for. Unable to stave off the sickness inside of them, many went mad and killed themselves and those around them. From this great tragedy, however, hope was born, El rising to rebuild civilization after its near-total destruction. And so the Lethe plague was forgotten by the Arabothi, now called Elohim. But it was not gone forever, as the Elohim on Earth would find out.

Cut off from their home world, masquerading as Gods, and gradually warped by the use of Ka energy, many Elohim fall prey to a similar malady, forgetting who they are and where they come from. When at last asked to endure great mental hardships of stress beyond the scope of human understanding, the Elohim's intellect snaps and retreats. In their own minds, they become the deity they are pretending to be, completely forgetting their creation, history, and exile on planet Earth.

In many cases, the Elohim are gradually able to shake this effect off, sometimes on their own over a span of centuries, occasionally with the assistance of other Elohim over a shorter period of time. While suffering from this malady, however, these Elohim are among the most dangerous around, as they cannot fully understand the impact of their Ka-derived powers and see all around them as lesser beings worthy of little more than worship, on a good day, and destruction, on bad days (some even say the Chimeran Echidna is a powerful Elohim who was lost in Lethe thousands of years ago). Fortunately, these Elohim often choose reclusive lifestyles away from the trappings of modern life, and are rarely encountered.



Organization

Due in part to their wildly differing ideas of what to do with their situation, and in part in an attempt to further escape the attentions of their Angelos pursuers, the 200 Elohim who crashed on Earth agreed to spread themselves out across the planet when they began to institute their own version of the GODSEND Agenda, splitting off into groups of tens and dozens. In so doing, they created the pantheons that many of the ancient world's polytheistic religions worshipped.

Many organized themselves into an approximation of their old caste system, with chief gods and demigods, some exerting influence over the sky while others focused on Earth. This was as much to maintain the Agenda as it was to avoid conflicts among themselves (eventually failing on both counts). Some of the more prominent and powerful of the Elohim often wandered between lands, crossing pantheonic lines and muddling mythological history. But most settled in one area and grouped themselves around a common ideology or culture, arranging themselves as a "team" that could react to the needs of their area as necessary.

Pantheonic lines further fractured as the Elohim ability to use Ka dwindled. No longer able to wield truly godlike powers, and facing the monotheistic version of the GODSEND Agenda implemented by the Angelos, the Elohim went deeper underground, some choosing to operate singly as heroic or villainous figures, others organizing themselves in pantheon-like groups. In some cases, the Elohim still operate as gods, though much less openly: this is particularly true in Haiti, parts of Africa, India and parts of the Far East, where polytheism of a sort still survives today. They have also gained strength in areas where New Age paganism has grown more prominent, particularly in Western societies such as the United States of America.

In general, the Elohim of today are loosely aligned into three camps: Attis and his Lightbringers, the Divinities (represented, but not led, by Thoth), and Typhon and the Destroyers. The ongoing battle involving these groups is not one of "good" versus "evil" per se, but more akin to the heads of two opposing corporations striving to block each other's takeover attempts. To use an analogy, think of Attis as the head of a free software movement, wanting to give open source to all the people to use freely, and Typhon/Set as the head of a major software corporation, rejecting open source as an abomination since it takes control and profit away from his own domain. Thoth, then, would be somewhere in between, using apple-sized bites of Attis' free code to help produce his own separate operating system, in order to give users an alternative to Typhon's global domination of the industry.

Attis and the Lightbringers

This group includes Attis and several dozen other Elohim who see humanity as worth saving, and worth teaching the use of Ka to over time. Actively concerned with the growing Chimeran threat, they are willing to work with those who will listen to try and save the planet. Earth is their home, and they see every reason to save it if they can. Most in this group work singly, outside of any pantheon and without putting on airs as a "god," seeing their current agenda as more important than the GODSEND Agenda. To them, the Angelos are an annoyance who could easily become an ally if they could only get past their blind allegiance to a distant "god" who no longer matters. Lightbringers are best described as good in their intentions, meaning that they are concerned with the survival and progress of humanity as a whole, even above and beyond their own needs and concerns at times.

Attis was the son of a noble back on Araboth, and this privileged background made him quite the ultimate idealist, always believing in the best of "human" nature, and willing to help those around him. On Earth, he was originally a god of growth, fertility, and vegetation in Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy (where he was also known as Adonis), Attis much preferred to work behind the scenes rather than play a role as a chief god. His most prominent role was undoubtedly as Osiris in the Egyptian pantheon, where he was at first merely a god of corn, and later a god of the dead when he fought and was "slain" by his enemy Set (Typhon in disguise) and brought back to life through Isis' quick use

of Ka. Among the Egyptians, he taught the people sculpture, religion, music, and law. He was later killed by Typhon yet again, but was again resurrected and continues the fight to this day.

Attis' continued battles to counteract Typhon/Set's plans are the primary example of his driving motivation to benefit humanity. Attis currently sees Typhon as a threat to humanity's chances for survival, as he feels that only through unity and cooperation does the planet stand a chance of surviving the coming onslaught. He has seen how power corrupts those who seek to keep it all for themselves and feels that everyone would be better served sharing such power amongst themselves in smaller portions, as opposed to piling it all on the hopes of one single "godlike" individual.

Thoth and the Divinities

The largest group of Elohim includes all those Elohim who still see the GODSEND Agenda as their primary means of interaction with humanity. Beyond good and evil, they are primarily concerned with exerting influence over their own particular spheres, overseeing the manipulation of the world in accordance with the beliefs of their followers. Many of them are stricken with "Lethe" and truly believe themselves to be gods, and as such have no interest in the other conflicts that surround them. Others are merely content to rule in their little spheres, avoiding larger matters by simply pretending they don't exist. The Angelos are of little concern to them; by staying underground and not rattling any cages, they avoid the attentions of their enemies for the most part. As such, they are generally quite neutral in their dealings with humans, balancing punishment with reward but generally just minding their own business.

Thoth was originally Attis' Ishim manservant on Araboth, bestowed with the knowledge of Ka after Attis saw his great potential. On Earth, he became an Egyptian god of knowledge and science, magic and medicine, and, above all else, cultural advancement. Not interested in leading from the front, he preferred to take a more advisory role, staying out of the limelight and helping the cause from the sidelines. He is best known to the modern world as Leonardo da Vinci, a role he adopted after deciding that something more low profile would be more appropriate than running around pretending to be a god.

While Thoth does not pretend to be a divinity in the modern era, his behavior is generally as neutral and aloof as those of the other Elohim in this loose division. His work as Leonardo da Vinci is best representative of his overall motivations. As da Vinci, he developed plans for many inventions that he believed would be of benefit to humanity as a whole. That these inventions included cannons, ballistas, missiles, battleships, tanks, submarines and scythed chariots that could be used to kill and destroy was never a concern for him. The offering of knowledge without the intent to intervene was his only motivation.

Typhon and the Destroyers

Led by Set and his followers, this group of Elohim is interested only in self-advancement and the gain of power at the expense of all others. They have no interest in advancing humanity or doting over followers. They are only concerned with regaining the full use of Ka that they once enjoyed, and if that means destroying humanity, the Angelos, other Elohim, and the entire planet to get that, so be it. They are sick of being trapped on a backwater little planet cut off from the power they know exists just beyond the atmosphere, and they will let nothing stand in their way. The Angelos to them are a reminder of the treachery of El that got them into this situation in the first place. If they have the opportunity, they will kill every Angelos on the planet, then escape and return to Araboth to kill El and wrest power from him. Whether or not this is an achievable goal is a moot point to them. They are "evil" in the sense that they are driven by self-motivated goals, even to the expense of others, but they are by no means mad scientist monsters bent on ruling the world. They have an agenda larger than anything humans could imagine.

Originally an Arelim thief who rose through the ranks of a criminal organization on his home planet of Raquia, the charismatic Typhon was captured and given a life sentence on Sheol, and placed on the same prison ship as Attis and the other Elohim. There, the schemer painted himself as a poor unfortunate,

and managed to place himself among Attis' best students and closest friends, not necessarily because he liked him but because he saw where the power was, and wanted to be a part of it. On Earth, he cooperated with Attis most of the time as Typhon, striking back in vindictive fashion for perceived wrongs as Set. In secret, he sowed the seed of deceit with other Elohim around the world, traveling in disguise to the courts of the other pantheons to tell lies about Attis. Many already resented Attis telling them how to live their life used their newfound authority and power, and to this day are still angry at the imagined slights, as well as Attis' cutting of the Ka. Over the course of years, Attis gradually became aware of Typhon's alternate personality, and the two battled more openly after that, nearly destroying each other at one point.

Typhon's destruction of Atlantis is a good example of his motivations. He saw the Atlanteans as an eventual threat to his gradual ascension towards becoming ruler of the planet, especially since they almost killed him during their war. Vindictive in nature, he never forgot their offense, and so too several Elohim associates and destroyed the island in a single night. He acted not out of blind evil malice, but out of a sense of personal revenge, and to prevent a perceived future problem. His own needs were more important than the lives of others.

Ancient Pantheons

After escaping the Angelos prison ship, Attis and his fellow Elohim traveled for some time before settling in the Middle East, setting up in the Tigris valley to establish a foothold for themselves. It was at that time that they decided as a whole to institute the GODSEND Agenda as a means of protecting their own interests, and teaching the population of Earth the secrets of Ka in a more orderly fashion.

Realizing that this could not be efficiently done with all the Elohim working in such a small area, Attis instituted a "missionary program," dividing up the Elohim amongst his chief lieutenants and sending them across the Earth to establish pantheons where they settled. He, as well as Voltan, Xues, Lugh, Brahma, Olrum, and Yu-Huang, split up, each taking a dozen or so Elohim with them. Once each base had established a firm foundation, they would split up further, eventually covering the whole planet over a period of hundreds of years. Each group of Elohim began to implement their own version of the GODSEND Agenda, with some emphasizing a single dominant elder god figure with a number of lesser deities, some holding to a belief in a strong central pantheon, and others recognizing hundreds or thousands of deities, all equally valid and worthy of attention. The pantheons familiar to modern society generally followed a similar structure, however, with gods of similar purpose and influence appearing in different myths across Europe, Northern Africa, and the Middle East, stemming from the foundations originally laid down in the Tigris area among the Chaldean, Sumerian, and Babylonian peoples when the Elohim first decide to use the Agenda.

Who Was That Masked God?

Comparative mythology (the study of ancient religions, their deities and their respective beliefs) is a complicated matter in the GODSEND universe. A simple look at two numbers—200 and 330 million—reveals why. The first, 200, is the number of Elohim known to have crashed on Earth. The second, 330 million, is the number traditionally used to describe the number of "gods" in the Hindu religion. Even if we allow that 330 million is an exaggeration, it's easy to count "gods" and come up with a number in the thousands or tens of thousands. Obviously, not all of history's divinities have been Elohim.

So who where they, and where did they come from? Overall, it's impossible to definitively pinpoint who was who throughout history. The best sources of information on the matter are the beings that were actually there, and they can hardly be relied upon for accurate and unbiased opinions. Most who study such matter simply shrug their shoulders and go with their best guesses:

1. Sometimes one actor played multiple roles.

Attis himself was also known as Osiris, and while this was extremely rare, and generally frowned upon by other Elohim, he wasn't alone. Elohim being powerful Ka-users, and thus capable of masking their identities, it's also conceivable that in a few cases several Elohim may have contributed to the same godly legend over a span of years. One must also include in this "multiple personality" category the popular concept of the triune divinity. For example, in the Hindu pantheon, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva are individual deities but also aspects of the same Supreme Being, representing creation, preservation, and destruction (in much the same way as the Greek Fates: Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis). Are these three Elohim, one playing three roles, one role split into three by human worshippers, or something else? Perhaps it's a mystery for characters to look into.

2. Sometimes gods were not Elohim at all, but other powerful beings.

Likewise, not all the "demons" were Chimerans, and not all the "angels" were Angelos. Elohim, Angelos, Chimerans, and Atlanteans have all been recognized to varying degrees throughout history as one and the same, when in fact they are all quite different. In the Babylonian myth of Marduk and Tiamat, Marduk was an Elohim and Tiamat was a Chimeran, yet both were treated as gods. Likewise, the ancient Atlanteans were recognized by the Greeks as the Titans, the predecessors of the Olympian Gods. In the Judeo-Christian mythos, Michael (Mih Kal) is an archangel, but to the ancient Chaldeans he was just another deity, whereas John Henry, a legendary American human of epic proportions, was in fact an Angelos all along. And amongst the violent, blood-soaked religion of Central and South America, a dark secret is concealed—many of their "gods" were not Elohim, but Chimerans.

3. Sometimes gods were elevated to their positions by Elohim.

One of the goals of the Elohim "Lightbringers" was to illuminate capable humans in the use of Ka, and once these individuals mastered this power, many achieved powers that made them indistinguishable from their Elohim teachers. Many pantheons clearly distinguish between greater or elder gods, and the younger, lesser gods who came after them, including the Egyptian and Sumerian pantheons.

4. Sometimes human worshippers just made stuff up.

Humans have always been prone to fits of fantasy, elaborating on truths thousands of years old to the point where they are oft no longer recognizable for what they once were. One person writes about a valley flooding, and before you know it, two-thousand years later it's turned into the entire Earth being flooded, and a half dozen people rescuing every animal on Earth. Except for the unicorns. Ultimately, this is where most of mythology's "gods" come from—human beings ascribing symbolism to powerful, mysterious things they can't otherwise explain. Some Elohim may possess powers of light and heat control, but you can be certain that no Elohim was ever actually THE sun, despite the fact that millions and millions of people worshipped the actual sun as a god for quite a long time.

The Ennead

"How did it go?" Attis leaned back against a tree. It felt good to get away from the daily grind of governing the humans. The GODSEND Agenda helped to integrate the Elohim forces on Earth, but it had caused a lot more work than Attis had expected. These humans were not content with having a god to worship. When a living deity was in their presence, they wanted to be guided, praised, and ruled. Most other societies seemed to have been content with knowing that their "gods" exists. These Earth humans had demands of their gods. He shook his head again at the continuing arrogance of the humans.

Thoth leaned against a tree himself, and paused for dramatic effect as he positioned his robes about himself. While Attis wore the draping cloth of the Greeks, Thoth enjoyed the elegant robes of the Egyptian clergy. It had taken a while to become accustomed to the make-up and wigs, but now he was rarely seen out of his full costume. "It went well, sir. It was a wise idea to send an emissary. Most of what they were doing was caused from fear of a prophecy."

Attis quirked an eyebrow as he let his image shift from the façade he presented to the Greeks to his true form. The alabaster skin the Greeks expected darkened, taking its true rich brown coloration. The toga faded, becoming a loose-fitting environmental suit. Though the Elohim were able to survive in Earth's atmosphere, most of them still wore the environmental suits for convenience—they protected them from the harsh living conditions of the primitive societies they had infiltrated. His eyes remained virtually the same, still a deep brown. His hair became coarser, but maintained its length and was bound back in a qu. He stretched and smiled the first real smile for weeks. "So, the prophecy—does it deal with us? These beings are strange—some have a minor ability to channel Ka, but I didn't think they were knowingly doing it."

"No, I don't think they realize what they are doing either, and even with all the lip service they give to us as gods, they still have a fundamental disbelief in things they can't explain. Perhaps I'll take a new form once this one stops serving us—a form that can help to explain some of these mysteries they are so afraid of. And I think I may move to the Roman Empire, it seems a civilized enough area for this world."

Attis turned to face Thoth. He was accustomed to Thoth's thoughts drifting, but it never lasted long, and he could always come back with the needed ideas to carry forward. "When you do it, name yourself after my nephew, Leanir. I think he would like that."

Thoth grinned as his thoughts came back to the present, "He's a good kid. I think I'll do that. But that name will never fit the region. Maybe Leanirus or Leanirido. Doesn't really matter how we pronounce it though, they just can't seem to get the accent right. It'll probably come out as 'Leonardo' or something similar."

"It's the thought that counts." Now that Thoth was back in the present, Attis directed him back to the matter at hand. "So, the prophecies?"

"Yes. These people, the Atlanteans, have had prophecies about a Horde of demons coming to this planet and causing untold destruction. I spoke with their Great Council—they are the strongest Ka users we have found on this planet. I didn't think that anyone could channel as much Ka as they do without proper training. These people constantly astound me."

Thoth mentally shifted back to the topic and continued, "We discussed their prophecies, and even with my limited Foreseeing talents I could concur with them. A Horde is going to invade. However, they are not we, and they are not demons. They are Chimerans."

"How? We don't even know where we are, how can they find us?" Attis stood, clasped his hands behind his back, and began pacing. This would not do. There weren't enough Elohim on Earth to fend off a full invasion. Thoth had continued speaking.

"—So they did. They agreed that we were not the foretold Horde. They have noticed us—actually detecting our true selves, and have been monitoring us. Like I said, they constantly astound me. On your behalf I have established alliances with these people. They said that they will begin taking precautions against this Horde. I asked if they could detail their plans with me. They just said that they had time to implement something they had been working on. They wouldn't discuss it further with me."



The Agenda in Action

When the Elohim prison ship first crash-landed on Earth there were nine rebel refugees who fled their captors and settled in the sands of North Africa. Primitive human beings were the first sentient creatures they encountered, in the ancient proto-city they called Iunu (known in the time of the Roman Empire and since as Heliopolis, now a conurbation of Cairo). This was a thousand years before the time of the earliest remaining trace of the city, and a thousand years before the birth of Uruk, widely accepted by historians as the first city on Earth.

For the Elohim this was a chance to establish a civilization in their image, far from the war-torn galaxy they had left behind. They took up residence in Heliopolis and naturally fell into a position of dominance over the humans. They used their superior power and technology to lead the people into a new age, teaching them agriculture, mathematics, masonry, irrigation, and countless other advances that to them were child's play but were absolutely pivotal to mankind's development. This was the beginning of the GODSEND Agenda on Earth.

Early humans, though highly receptive to the teachings of the Elohim, were not for the most part fully equipped to comprehend their nature. They seem to have been incapable of perceiving them as mortals, instead persisting in their belief that their extraterrestrial pastors were higher beings and had brought with them the creation of the universe. This fundamental misconception caused subtle discrepancies in the lore of the ancient Egyptians, so that they interpreted the Elohim power structure as being familial rather than social, and the superior Ka energy of the senior Elohim often made them appear youthful in comparison to their subordinates. In the humans' eyes, Geb and Nut therefore became the parents of Osiris, Set, Nephthys, and Isis, when in fact they were junior in rank to all four of the other "gods". The idea that each level of influence begat the next also meant that the humans considered Elohim of similar standing to be siblings as well as lovers. The aloof nature of the "gods" prevented them from clarifying such details; the Elohim have never cared what humans might think about their mating habits, any more than a human cares what his dog thinks about his sex life. Both human and Elohim are happy to allow such things to remain the business of the gods.

The GODSEND Agenda was a huge success in Heliopolis. After a mere couple of centuries the Elohim, now calling themselves the Ennead, decided that they should go one step further than was previously accepted. Attis—or "Osiris" to the people of Heliopolis—began teaching human students the art of Ka manipulation in order to carry their wisdom and technology further afield. This scheme was mostly a great success; Anhur, Bast, Hathor, and Bes, the first four apprentices, became the proxy guardians of their land and people and were wise and loyal servants of the Ennead. The fifth apprentice, Sekhmet, was easily led astray by the dark promises of the traitorous Elohim known as Set. Under his tutelage she became the first of many great sorcerers to plague Egypt, passing on her own knowledge to create a horde of mystical villains. Many of these renegades in turn took on students of their own, so that soon the Ennead and their loyal servants were beset on all sides by a plague of twisted magicians.

These were not the only enemies of the Ennead. Though they treated Heliopolis and the Earth itself as a fresh beginning, certain elements of the war had followed them into this apparent safe haven. The Chimerans and Angelos who had arrived on Earth with them were making plans of their own. Chimerans wandered the land and spread violence and misery, or simply hid in the wilderness where they could be left alone. Many bred with the indigenous wildlife—though this was thankfully a rare occurrence—to produce such monstrosities as scorpion men, the manticore, the hydra, and many other creatures of myth. Some, such as Apophis the Destroyer, were more organized. Apophis used his powers to create an army of the walking dead, strange wraithlike soldiers called "Empusa", to march on the Nile and trample the Ennead's lifework. Atum was engulfed by this demonic army when they first reached Heliopolis. The Elohim Set (in his less sociopathic youth) and a young Atenmest named Mehen mounted a dramatic rescue and successfully retrieved Atum from Apophis' Nubian lair. Ironically, Set was himself later believed to have spawned with a Chimeran to produce an army of dog-men, or "Setbeasts".

Following is a brief summary of the identities of the Ennead, and of their relationships with each other and the rest of the world:



Attis/Osiris (PL 26)

Attis had never known peace. All his life he had been fighting wars; first on the front lines of an invading Empire, and then at the center of a violent rebellion. When he arrived on Earth he thought he had found a chance to turn his powers away from destruction, and instead bring life to the world around him. He chose to start a new life as Osiris, the god of fertility and agriculture, whose life force was the color of growth and plentiful harvest.

Fate soon twisted this newfound identity at the hands of Set, the treacherous alter-ego of the Elohim Typhon, who twice assassinated Osiris in public. Osiris returned to life each time and was soon dubbed master of death and of the underworld. This image has been a weight on Osiris ever since. Fearful reverence now precedes him among the humans and eclipses the joy they once showed in his presence, while all the time reminding him of his friend's treachery.

Age: 6100

Arc: Icon

Elohim

Str 17, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 22, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 40 (43 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 16 (+31), Concentration 16 (+20), Diplomacy 16 (+31), Disable Device 10 (+16), Investigate 10 (+16), Knowledge (history) 12 (+18), Knowledge (Ka energy) 14 (+20), Knowledge (physical sciences) 12 (+18), Knowledge (technology) 12 (+18), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 8 more), Notice 10 (+14), Search 10 (+16)

Feats: Diehard, Efficient Ka 3, Fascinate, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Leadership

Powers: *Astral Form* 5, *Flight* 4, *Immunity* 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 15 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Regeneration* 22 (Recovery Bonus +21, Resurrection; *Flaws:* Source [Ka energy]), *Shapeshift* 5* (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Create Object 20* [*Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Limited to quantity of existing matter]; *Extras:* Attack [Fortitude save], Continuous, Ranged; *Flaws:* Distracting, Permanent), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 15 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory x10,000, visual x10,000], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness]), *Transform* 3 (Anything into anything [6 PP/rank]; *Power Feats:* Reversible, *Extras:* Continuous)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Enemy* (Typhon), *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +3 (unarmed), Defense +6, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +14, Reflex +12, Will +25

Abilities 70 + **Skills** 37 (148 ranks) + **Feats** 7+ **Powers** 220 + **Combat** 22 + **Saves** 30 – **Drawbacks** 3 = 383



Typhon/Set (PL 22)

The Elohim known as Typhon is among the most powerful, dangerous, and inscrutable of all those whom mankind have called gods. He is gifted with a prodigious ability to find new and unpredictable uses for Ka manipulation. This gift not only benefits from irrationality but nourishes it also, trapping the Elohim in a tragic spiral of unpredictable lunacy. Typhon's mind is as unstable as his physical form, and he is a master shapechanger. Attis placed him in charge of Egypt's defense in the days before his madness became truly apparent. In the beginning he was a loyal and honorable follower of Osiris, but soon his affliction overtook him. He began to play the part of Set, a diabolical trickster god who made pacts with the Chimerans to antagonize the people and their deities, and this personality quickly became dominant.

By the time he and his allies destroyed the peninsula of Atlantis, Typhon had been lost to Set, the self-made god of spite. He has persisted in his chaotic goal ever since, ending the life of Attis on several occasions and causing epic-scale misery at every opportunity.



Age: 6045

Arc: Megalomaniac

Elohim

Str 16, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 23, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 30 (33 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 20 (+30), Concentration 18 (+23), Disable Device 10 (+16), Disguise 20 (+30), Investigate 8 (+14), Knowledge (technology) 10 (+16), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 8 more), Notice 8 (+13), Search 8 (+14), Slight of Hand (+8), Stealth 6 (+8)

Feats: Benefit (wealth) 4, Efficient Ka 3, Fearsome Presence 8, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership

Powers: *Growth* 4 * (Body Manipulation; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Additional Limbs 12 *, Elongation 12 *, Enhanced Strength 12 *, Enhanced Dexterity 12 *, Enhanced Constitution 12 *, Shrinking 6 * [*Extras:* Normal Strength], Strike 11 * [*Power Feats:* Mighty]; *Flaws:* Does not gain Strength bonus), *Illusion* 3 (All senses [4 PP/rank]; *Flaws:* One subject), *Immunity* 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 7 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Mimic* 5 (All traits at once [5 PP/rank]), *Mind Reading* 4 (*Flaws:* Emotions only), *Morph* 15 (Any form of same mass [3 PP/rank]; *Power Feats:* Metamorph; *Flaws:* Int, Wis and Cha remain unchanged), *Regeneration* 22 (Recovery Bonus +21, Resurrection; *Flaws:* Source [Ka energy]), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 11 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory x100, visual x100], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness])

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Infamous* (among the Elohim, Atlanteans, and Angelos), *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Enemy* (Atlantean nation), *Lethal* (Very common, major)

Combat: Attack +6, Damage +3 (unarmed, +14 body manipulation strike), Defense +6, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +16, Reflex +14, Will +20

Abilities 58 + **Skills** 31 (124 ranks) + **Feats** 17 + **Powers** 163 + **Combat** 24 + **Saves** 36 – **Drawbacks** 5 = 324

Shu (PL 16)

Shu and Tefnut are the twin son and daughter of Atum, and they are like two halves of the same person. Both can take the form of a lion, but Shu prefers that of a tall, lithe humanoid with blue skin and snow-white hair. These are the colors of his magic. For Shu, also known as "He Who Rises Up", was to the Egyptians the god of wind, air, and sky, and his gift is the manipulation of the atmosphere.

Shu is a powerful warrior as well as a weather mage, an ability he inherited from his boisterous father, and has defended the Elohim on many occasions from Chimeran assaults and the treachery of Set. He has become somewhat reclusive in recent centuries after Nut's disappearance. He and Nut were very close friends, and Shu has never quite forgiven himself for letting her go. He and Geb fell out shortly after her departure and have clashed violently several times since then. The memories of the Elohim can sometimes be much longer than they would like.

Age: 6054

Arc: Adventurer

Elohim

Str 17, Dex 20, Con 16, Int 21, Wis 18, Cha 22 (25 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+18), Concentration 14 (+18), Diplomacy 12 (+18), Disable Device 12 (+17), Investigate 10 (+15), Knowledge (technology) 12 (+17), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 6 more), Notice 10 (+14), Search 8 (+13), Stealth 14 (+19)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Assessment, Blind-Fight, Defensive Attack, Defensive Roll, Efficient Ka 3, Endurance, Improved Aim, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership, Power Attack, Throwing Mastery 2, Uncanny Dodge (Visual)

Powers: *Air Control 7 ** (Power Feats: Alternate Powers—Blast 7 * [Air Punch], Create Object 7 *, Protection 7 * [Air sheath; Extras: Affect Others, Impervious; Flaws: Only vs physical and gas attacks], Suffocate 4 * [Vacuum; Power Feats: Selective, Subtle; Extras: Burst]), *Flight 10*, *Immunity 4* (Aging, starvation and thirst, suffocation; Power Feats: Innate), *Impervious Toughness 3*, *Ka Manipulation 1* (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Super-Senses 1* (Ka Awareness; Power Feats: Innate; Extras: Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses 9* (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; Power Feats: Innate; Extras: Linked [Ka Awareness]), *Weather Control 6 ** (Distraction [precipitation]; Power Feats: Alternate Powers—Blast 4 * [lightning; Extras: Contagious], Dazzle 3 * [auditory and visual, thunder/lightning; Extras: Bust], Environmental Control 6 * [cold], Environmental Control 6 * [heat], Environmental Control 6 * [light], Obscure 6 *)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +7, Damage +3 (unarmed; +4 lightning, +7 air punch), Defense +8, Initiative +5

Saving Throws: Toughness +3 (Impervious; +10 impervious vs physical and gas with air sheath), Fortitude +12, Reflex +12, Will +10

Abilities 54 + Skills 28 (112 ranks) + Feats 16 + Powers 94 + Combat 30 + Saves 20 – Drawbacks 3 = 239



Atum (PL 16)

Atum the Obsidian is a powerful and passionate creature whose strength of character made him a valuable asset to the Elohim in the early days on Earth. He was revered by the Egyptians as a creator god and god of the sun, the origin of all matter in the universe. This was partly because of his ability to seize life by the throat, and partly because of the ball of pure Ka that burns permanently between his bull-like horns. Atum was a driving force behind the prosperity of ancient Heliopolis, and has since been a steadfast ally of the powers of good.

As well as being at the center of several ancient Egyptian cults, Atum has since appeared in many different guises. He was known in ancient Persia as Mithras, the god who would someday come to Earth and sacrifice himself to give his followers eternal life. The impetuous Atum has also had many wives, and at least as many children, under various identities. He is responsible for a large number of the half-Elohim aberrations (once called "demigods") found wandering the Earth.

Age: 6327

Arc: Icon

Elohim

Str 18, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 21, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 20 (23 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+17), Concentration 14 (+18), Diplomacy 14 (+19), Disable Device 12 (+17), Intimidate 14 (+19), Investigate 10 (+15), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 6 more), Notice 11 (+15), Search 10 (+15), Sleight of Hand 9 (+12), Stealth 10 (+13)

Feats: Diehard, Efficient Ka 3, Favored Environment (air) 2, Fearsome Presence 3, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Master Plan, Takedown Attack, Ultimate Effort (Will)

Powers: *Flight* 6, *Immunity* 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 5 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Light Control* 8 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Absorption 4 * [Energy; *Extras:* Energy Storage, Power Magnet; *Flaws:* Only electricity and heat], *Dazzle* 5 * [Visual; *Power Feats:* Slow Fade; *Extras:* Burst; 2 PP/rank]), *Strike* 4 * (Energy Sheath; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Protection 8 * [*Extras:* Impervious; *Flaws:* Only vs energy]; *Extras:* Aura), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 11 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory x100, visual x100], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness])

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +6, Damage +4 (unarmed; +4 energy sheath), Defense +6, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (+10 impervious vs energy with energy sheath), Fortitude +10, Reflex +9, Will +12

Abilities 48 + **Skills** 31 (124 ranks) + **Feats** 13 + **Powers** 91 + **Combat** 24 + **Saves** 22 – **Drawbacks** 3 = 226



Age: 6054

Arc: Icon

Elohim

Str 30, **Dex** 20, **Con** 30, **Int** 16, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 21 (24 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 10 (+), Concentration 14 (+), Diplomacy 14 (+), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 4 more), Notice 10 (+), Search 10 (+), Survival 12 (+)

Feats: Efficient Ka 3, Endurance 6, Favored Environment (subterranean) 4, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Track

Powers: *Earth Control* 6 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Burrowing 5 * [*Power Feats:* Precise, Subtle; *Extras:* Continuous], Create Object 5 * [Earth shape; *Power Feats:* Innate, Progressive 1 (object size); *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Limited to amount of available earth], Dazzle 3 * [Dust storm, visual (2 PP/rank); *Extras:* Cloud, Concentration], Snare 4 * [Quicksand; *Extras:* Engulf, Regenerating; *Flaws:* Target must be in contact with ground], Strike 8 * [Earth slap; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 3, Indirect], *Force Field* 4 (Earth sheath; *Extras:* Impervious), *Immunity* 3 (Aging, poison, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Impervious Toughness* 10, *Ka Manipulation* 1 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Plant Control* 8 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Create Objects 8 * [Shape Plants], Fatigue 8 *, Nauseate 8 *, Stun 4 * [*Extras:* Concentration, Ranged]), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 9 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness]), *Super-Strength* 3 (*Power Feats:* Groundstrike, Thunderclap)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Overconfident*, *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Very common, moderate), *Quirk* (Angry; moderate, common)

Combat: Attack +7, Damage +10 (unarmed; +8 earth slap), Defense +7, Initiative +5

Saving Throws: Toughness +10 (Impervious; +14 Impervious with earth sheath), Fortitude +16, Reflex +9, Will +14

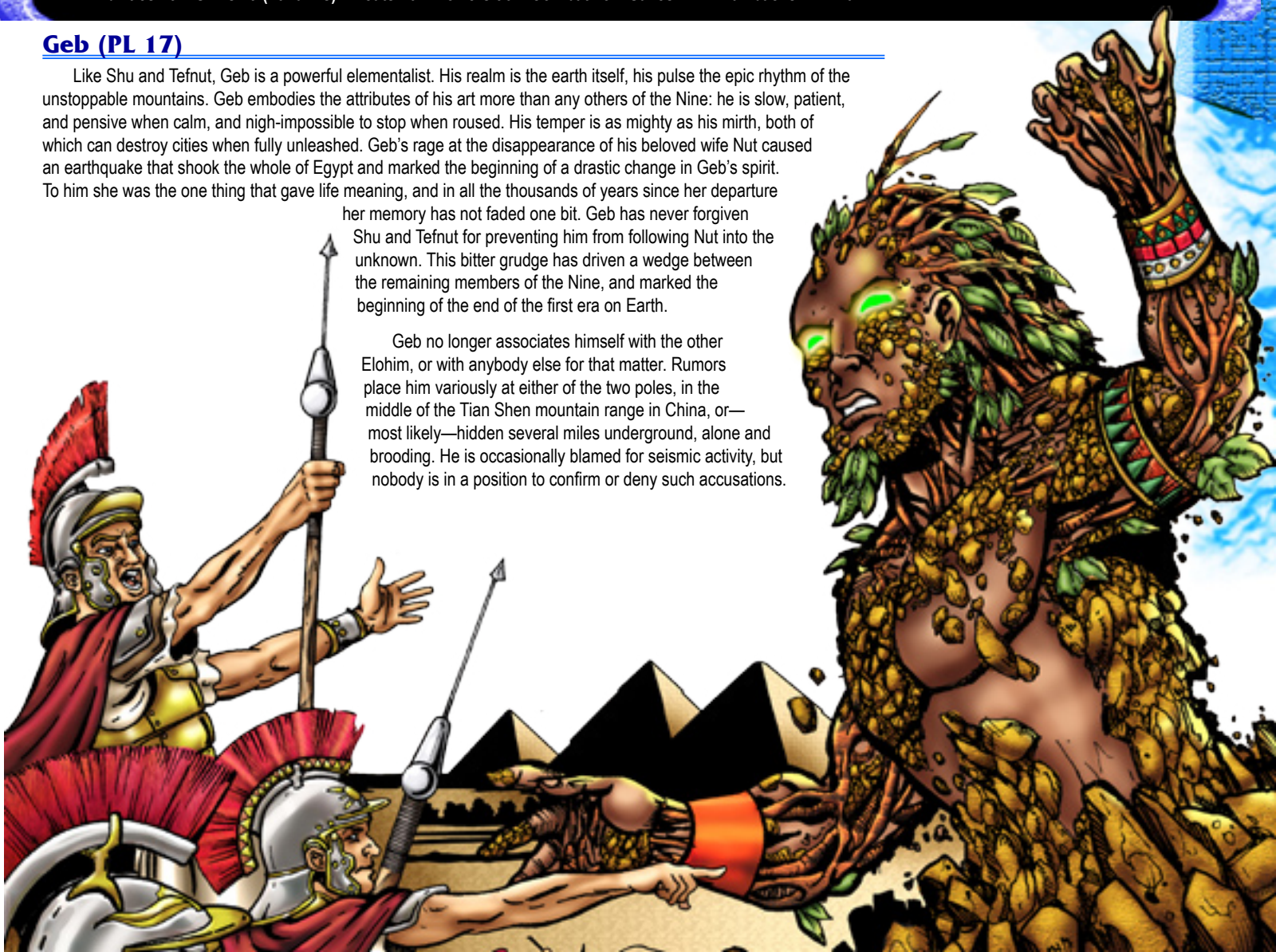
Abilities 73 + **Skills** 19 (76 ranks) + **Feats** 16 + **Powers** 96 + **Combat** 28 + **Saves** 21 – **Drawbacks** 7 = 246

Geb (PL 17)

Like Shu and Tefnut, Geb is a powerful elemental. His realm is the earth itself, his pulse the epic rhythm of the unstoppable mountains. Geb embodies the attributes of his art more than any others of the Nine: he is slow, patient, and pensive when calm, and nigh-impossible to stop when roused. His temper is as mighty as his mirth, both of which can destroy cities when fully unleashed. Geb's rage at the disappearance of his beloved wife Nut caused an earthquake that shook the whole of Egypt and marked the beginning of a drastic change in Geb's spirit. To him she was the one thing that gave life meaning, and in all the thousands of years since her departure

her memory has not faded one bit. Geb has never forgiven Shu and Tefnut for preventing him from following Nut into the unknown. This bitter grudge has driven a wedge between the remaining members of the Nine, and marked the beginning of the end of the first era on Earth.

Geb no longer associates himself with the other Elohim, or with anybody else for that matter. Rumors place him variously at either of the two poles, in the middle of the Tian Shen mountain range in China, or—most likely—hidden several miles underground, alone and brooding. He is occasionally blamed for seismic activity, but nobody is in a position to confirm or deny such accusations.



Tefnut (PL 18)

Shu's twin sister, Tefnut is also a weather mage. Her specialty lies in the realm of water, though, not air, and to the people of Heliopolis she became goddess of rain. In a desert civilization that relies on flood plains this is clearly a position of great responsibility; thankfully, Tefnut displays that virtue in plenty. With her father and brother at her side, Tefnut ensured that the harvests were bounteous throughout Heliopolis and the surrounding lands. She would wander the length of the Nile in the form of a lion to watch over the fields and ensure that the flood plains were nourished.

Today, Tefnut is a troubled goddess indeed. The loss of Nut and her feeling of guilt over Geb's sadness have caused her to doubt her own trustworthiness. Her brother, Shu, has fallen into a black depression, and her father is increasingly shunning responsibility in favor of hedonism. Tefnut is beginning to wonder if taking responsibility for others is worth the price one pays.

Age: 6054

Arc: Adventurer

Elohim

Str 16, Dex 19, Con 14, Int 20, Wis 18, Cha 22 (25 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+18), Concentration 15 (+19), Diplomacy 15 (+21), Disable Device 12 (+17), Investigate 10 (+15), Knowledge (earth sciences) 12 (+17), Knowledge (technology) 10 (+15), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 12 more), Notice 10 (+14), Search 10 (+15), Stealth 14 (+18), Swim 10 (+13)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged) 2, Dodge Focus 2, Efficient Ka 3, Endurance, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus)

Powers: *Air Control 3 ** (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 3 * [Air Punch], Create Object 3 *, Protection 3 * [Air Sheath; Extras: Affect Others, Impervious; Flaws: Only vs physical and gas attacks], Suffocate 2 * [Vacuum; Extras: Burst]), *Flight 5*, *Immunity 4* (Aging, starvation and thirst, suffocation; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation 1* (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Protection 4 ** (Water sheath; *Power Feats:* Suffocate 4 * [Flaws: Uncontrolled]; Extras: Impervious; Flaws: Only vs fire and sonics) *Super-Senses 1* (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; Extras: Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses 9* (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; Extras: Linked [Ka Awareness]), *Swimming 5*, *Water Control 8 ** (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 8 * [water slam], Obscure 8 *, Stun 8 *, Suffocate 8 *), *Weather Control 4 ** (Distraction [precipitation]; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Air Control 4 *, Blast 3 * [lightning; *Power Feats:* Indirect 2], Dazzle 2 * [auditory and visual, thunder/lightning; Extras: Bust], Environmental Control 4 * [cold], Environmental Control 4 * [heat], Environmental Control 4 * [light], Obscure 4 *)

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Common, minor)

Combat: Attack +7 (+9 ranged), Damage +3 (unarmed; +3 air punch, +3 lightning blast, +8 water slam), Defense +9 (+11 dodge), Initiative +4

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +10, Reflex +14, Will +14

Abilities 49 + Skills 36 (144 ranks) + Feats 9 + Powers 106 + Combat 32 + Saves 28 – Drawbacks 2 = 258



Isis (PL 21)

To the ancient humans, Isis was the embodiment of femininity in all its greatness. She is one of the most influential Elohim in history, her Arc and likeness passing in various forms through nearly all of mankind's religions and cultures. Isis was Attis' first—and most accomplished—student on Araboth, their home world, and her understanding of Ka was second only to his own. This mastery over her life force placed her in a position of great importance in Heliopolis. Such was her presence and power that she became revered as the goddess of love, magic, motherhood, and medicine. Eventually even Attis himself could not help but love her and she bore their only child together, whom they named Horus. When Set slew Attis for the first time it was Isis whose power rescued his soul from the brink of annihilation; a feat that she may not have been able to achieve for anyone else.

Age: 6054

Arc: Icon

Elohim

Str 12, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 32, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18 (21 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+16), Concentration 16 (+18), Craft (electrical) 16 (+27), Craft (mechanical) 16 (+27), Diplomacy 14 (+18), Knowledge (life sciences) 16 (+27), Knowledge (physical sciences) 18 (+29), Knowledge (technology) 18 (+29), Language (English, Middle Egyptian, select 14 more), Medicine 18 (+20), Notice 9 (+11), Search 11 (+22)

Feats: Attack Focus (melee), Attractive 3, Efficient Ka 3, Inventor, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership, Skill Mastery (Craft [electrical, mechanical], Diplomacy, Medicine), Ultimate Effort (Will Save)

Powers: ESP 6 (All senses [4 PP/rank]; *Power Feats:* Dimensional), Healing 6, Immunity 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), Ka Manipulation 8 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), Mind Reading 6 (*Power Feats:* Progression [Range, 5 miles] 5; *Flaws:* Emotions only, Ranged), Super-Senses 6 (Ka Awareness; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory 2 (x100), visual 3 (x1,000)], Ranged [visual, auditory, tactile, olfactory], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness]), Telepathy 9, Time Control 4* (*Power Feats:* Insubstantial, Wall Run, Water Run, Alternate Powers—Paralyze 9* [*Power Feats:* ; *Extras:* Burst (45 ft.), Ranged; *Flaws:* Slow])

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Enemy* (Typhon), *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Common, Minor)

Combat: Attack +6 (+7 melee), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +8, Reflex +9, Will +12

Abilities 47 + **Skills** 45 (178 ranks) + **Feats** 12 + **Powers** 163 + **Combat** 22 + **Saves** 22 – **Drawbacks** 2 = 309



Nut (PL 15)

As the goddess of the heavens, whose starry body stretched across the sky at night, Nut was the barrier between the world and the darkness outside. The people of Heliopolis believed that she was the only thing keeping the demons from escaping that darkness and destroying everything on Earth. Her affinity with the stars proved her undoing in the end, for Nut was forever obsessed with returning to her lost home planet. Her obsession became a full-blown madness, and one day she left Earth and headed into space, never to be seen again. Geb tried to follow, but Shu and Tefnut restrained him until she was so far gone that any such effort would be useless.

The Elohim, and their sometime-allies the Atlanteans, know that someday those demons will arrive just as the people feared. Though Nut could surely not have kept them from escaping the darkness, when that day comes the Elohim will likely miss her all the more.

Age: 73 (at time of her departure)

Arc: Adventurer

Elohim

Str 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 18, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 19 (22 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+16), Concentration 15 (+18), Craft (electrical) 12 (+16), Diplomacy 14 (+18), Disable Device 13 (+17), Investigate 10 (+14), Knowledge (technology) 13 (+17), Language (Middle Egyptian, select 7 more), Notice 11 (+14), Search 10 (+14), Stealth 14 (+17)

Feats: Efficient Ka 3, Endurance, Favored Environment (space) 2, Jack-of-all Trades, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Move-By Action

Powers: *Darkness Control* 4, *Energy Absorption* 6 (Energy; *Flaws:* Only heat and electricity), *Flight* 10, *Immunity* 9 (Aging, starvation and thirst, suffocation, low pressure, cold, heat, high pressure, radiation, vacuum; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 4 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Space Travel* 4, *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 9 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness])

Equipment: None

Complications: *Enemy* (Typhon), *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Very common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +8, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +8, Reflex +10, Will +13

Abilities 36 + **Skills** 33 (132 ranks) + **Feats** 7 + **Powers** 90 + **Combat** 26 + **Saves** 23 - **Drawbacks** 4 = 211



Thoth (PL 20)

Thoth, a genius inventor and one of Earth's greatest teachers, is not generally considered to be a part of the Ennead. From the beginning he eschewed the concept of godhood, concentrating instead on the enlightenment of mankind through education and the nurturing of the human imagination. He has never once sought a position of authority among either the Elohim or humanity. It was Thoth who took the lion's share of the responsibility for teaching humans the art of Ka manipulation (a role he had as Attis' manservant and guardian on Araboth), initiating the priesthood of ancient Heliopolis, and he who oversaw their efforts to enlighten the masses. Thoth's power comes from his belief that nothing is impossible, and through a combination of imagination and willpower he has helped to create many of the greatest wonders of civilization. He achieved these feats not only in Egypt, but also in many parts of the rest of the world: the Great Library of Alexandria, manned flight, and three different types of modern engine are all direct results of Thoth's influence. Often he gave these wonders to mankind in the guise of some influential human genius: Leonardo daVinci, the Italian Renaissance artist and inventor, was one of Thoth's alter-egos. So was the Serbian electrical genius Nikola Tesla, whose works can be seen all over the modern world.

Thoth's greatest student, Imhotep (meaning "The One Who Comes In Peace"), was an Atlantean who had traveled from his idyllic homeland to seek out the wisdom of the Elohim. Thoth allowed his student to keep his origin a secret from all except Osiris, and thus forged one of the most important relationships in Atlantean history. Imhotep, under Thoth's tutelage, built the first Ka battery at Saqqara on the banks of the Nile.

Age: 6243

Arc: Scientist

Elohim

Str 10, **Dex** 11, **Con** 12, **Int** 46, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 21 (24 Ka)

Skills: Concentration 16 (+20), Craft (electrical) 18 (+36), Craft (mechanical) 18 (+36), Craft (structural) 16 (+34), Diplomacy 14 (+19), Disable Device 8 (+26), Investigate 10 (+28), Knowledge (earth sciences) 20 (+38), Knowledge (life sciences) 16 (+34), Knowledge (Ka energy) 24 (+46), Knowledge (physical sciences) 20 (+38), Knowledge (technology) 22 (+40), Language (English, Italian, Middle Egyptian, select 9 more), Medicine 20 (+24), Notice 10 (+14), Search 8 (+26), Stealth 8 (+8)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Benefit (wealth) 4, Cultural Awareness (Chimeran), Cultural Awareness (Elohim), Efficient Ka 3, Equipment 40 (assorted gadgets), Great Insight 3, Inventor, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Skill Mastery (Craft [electrical, mechanical, structural], Medicine)

Powers: Immunity 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 10 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 9 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness])

Equipment: Assorted gadgets and devices

Complications: Overconfident, Secret (True Identity), Strange Appearance (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: Lethe (Common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +3 (+4 ranged), Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +5, Initiative +0

Saving Throws: Toughness +1, Fortitude +7, Reflex +6, Will +17

Abilities 59 + **Skills** 64 (260 ranks) + **Feats** 57 + **Powers** 75 + **Combat** 16 + **Saves** 25 - **Drawbacks** 3 = 294



Nephthys (PL 18)

Those who do not know Nephthys well might think of her as a dangerous woman. When she acts she does so without apology or compromise, while behind her eyes is a spark of aggression that a casual observer could easily mistake for malice. She is quiet and solitary, not meek but simply satisfied with her own company and her own thoughts, and has little use for small talk and idle occupations. The truth is, however, that Nephthys is renowned among the Elohim for her kindness and selfless nature. She worked harder for the people of Heliopolis than perhaps any other of the Nine, using her powers of matter manipulation for the humble task of building houses and civic amenities. She thus became the deity of houses and domestic security.

Perhaps more significantly, Nephthys was the lover of Typhon at the time of their arrival on Earth. Stoic and implacable, Nephthys was the perfect foil for her partner's erratic personality, until eventually his madness passed the point of no return and he became a threat to the people around him. Once it was established that her and her ex-lover were diametrically opposed, their battles became the most bitter ever fought in the cradle of civilization. In the pursuit of madness Typhon had betrayed his own soul, his own people, and his own lover's heart.

When Set killed Osiris for the first time, Nephthys took on a second, more dramatic role as the goddess of the recently deceased. Stretching her powers of subatomic manipulation to their very limit, Nephthys successfully reconstituted the fresh corpse of their leader while Isis retrieved his soul. Once this became public knowledge among the humans it was assumed that Nephthys had achieved some kind of power over the dead. This slightly misguided belief persisted until the end of the kingdom of Egypt.

Age: 6068

Arc: Protector

Elohim

Str 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 15, **Int** 20, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 28 (Ka)

Skills: Bluff 16 (+), Concentration 18 (+), Diplomacy 18 (+), Disable Device 12 (+), Investigate 10 (+), Knowledge (technology) 12 (+), Language (Middle Egyptian, select 7 more), Notice 10 (+), Search 10 (+), Slight of Hand 8 (+), Stealth 10 (+)

Feats: Efficient Ka 3, Fascinate 4, Jack-of-all-Trades, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership

Powers: *Comprehend* 2 (Animals, plants), *Healing* 12, *Immunity* 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 4 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Mind Reading* 4 (Flaws: Emotions only), *Plant Control* 4 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Create Objects 4 * [Shape Plants], Fatigue 4 *, Nauseate 4 *, Stun 2 * [Extras: Concentration, Ranged]), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 12 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory x10, visual x100] 3, Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness]), *Transform* 6 * (Anything into anything [6 PP/rank]; *Power Feats:* Reversible, Alternate Powers—Animate Objects 10 * [*Power Feats:* Progression (amount) 3; *Extras:* Horde], *Extras:* Continuous) 3 43

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Very common, minor)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +6, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +8, Reflex +10, Will +14

Abilities 50 + **Skills** 33 (132 ranks) + **Feats** 10 + **Powers** 132 + **Combat** 22 + **Saves** 24 – **Drawbacks** 3 = 268



Modern Pantheons

In the modern era, approximately 60% of the world's population professes to follow a monotheistic faith (Judaism, Christianity or Islam), and about 20% proclaim themselves to be either agnostic or atheistic. Thus, while monotheism has won the day numerically, those following a polytheistic belief system still number approximately one billion individuals—plenty of followers for modern Elohim.

The largest polytheistic belief system is undoubtedly Hinduism, with followers numbering well over half a billion. At the top of the Hindu pantheon, which consists of thousands of gods, is a triad of Brahmanic Gods—Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer. Other prominent gods in the pantheon include: the brave Lord Krishna, Hanuman the monkey god, Ganesha the remover of obstacles, Lakshmi the goddess of purity, Kali the goddess of destruction, and Saraswati, goddess of wisdom and intellect. Many of the other gods, though worshipped, are merely creations of humanity, and are not actively represented by any real Elohim.

Other polytheistic belief systems to be found around the world include Taoism, Shintoism, Wicca, and some sects of Satanism (who mostly worship the darker beings, such as Baalzebub and Set/Satan himself). Within the scope of these religions, the deities worshipped tend to hold great influence and sway, but outside of their relatively small realms, their power wanes greatly.

The Loa

In Vodun (Voodoo) belief, there is a single true god, known as Bondye (or Le Gran Maitre, "The Big Master," but he is believed to be far too remote to be worshipped. Instead, the deities of Vodun, called "Loa," are actively worshipped, greatly feared, and interacted with during ceremonies, when the loa descend upon a chosen worshipper to "ride them" like a horse, effectively possessing their bodies for periods of time. There are literally thousands of deities worshipped in Vodun, but most of these are relatively minor deities: Agwe, loa of ships and sailing; Azaca, loa of agriculture; Grans Bwa, loa of the forest; and Simbi, the water snake, just to name a few. At the top of the pantheon are only eight major loa, however. They come in two types: Rada, representing the lighter side of the spectrum, and Petro, the darker deities.

As the Loa, this modern pantheon uses its power more subtly, appearing among the people in secretive and hidden ways to help move things according to their plans. Unlike the flying, thunderbolt-throwing "league of justice" pantheons of the past, the Loa choose to operate in the shadows, dark knights punishing those who deserve to fall before divine might. Among themselves, they are aligned in two camps or "teams," one light and one dark, which cooperate with one another but operate separately, with different paths towards the same overall goal.

Rada Loa

The Rada are the more gentle, benevolent loa, representing positive aspects such as warmth and emotional stability. Devotees of the Rada loa wear white, and tend to sacrifice chickens or pigeons, and the occasional goat, at their ceremonies. Rada loa are known for performing tasks for those asking favors, but these services are not known for being particularly powerful.

Damballah

Also known as the Great Serpent, is the oldest loa, ruling over beautiful things such as flowers, perfume, and snakes, which are treated with reverence by worshippers. Offerings to Damballah include any pure, white foods, including cornmeal, flour, white wine, milk, eggs, sugar, and chickens. He is associated with the colors white and sky blue. When called to battle, he may appear as a flying serpent that strikes with great speed and viciousness.

Aida-Wedo

Damballah's wife, sharing his function as a protector and blessing and furthering the causes of agriculture and nature. Like her husband, she is

represented by a snake, although she is brightly colored in all the hues of the rainbow. She is known for living in the water and having a fondness for bananas, being a vegetarian. Whereas her husband flies, she prefers to swim, holding domain over the waters while he looks after the skies.

Ogou

The warrior loa, represented by the bull and known for having influence over strength, fire, lightning, swords, and metallurgy. His favorite colors are red and white, signifying his fiery and somewhat violent personality. He charges fearlessly into battle when called to action, slaying his enemies mercilessly.

Loco Atisou

The loa of knowledge, wisdom, protection, and medicine, associated by many with Thoth but actually a separate entity altogether. He serves generally to protect both people and places, and is in many ways a sort of police officer for the loa.

Petro Loa

The Petro are the darker, more dangerous loa, representing negative aspects such as fear, violence, and death. Devotees wear red ceremonial clothing, and always offer a blood sacrifice of a pig, goat, sheep, cow, or even a human. While they are known for performing greater tasks for their followers, they will always enact some sort of revenge if instructions are not followed to the exact letter of the law.

Papa Legba

The patron of sorcery and dark magic, he is the most worshipped of all the loa and is also known as Maitre Carrefour. Depicted as an old man walking with a stick, he represents the gate that must be opened before one can commune with other loa. Every ritual opens with an invocation to him, and no loa may act without Legba's permission. His chosen colors are yellow and reddish-brown, and he demands sacrifices of animal bones and marrow. He is actually an Atenmest named Eshu-Elegba who has since achieved power enough to stand beside his Elohim compatriots.

Baron Samedi

The loa of the dead, he is also called Cimitiere (Cemetery) and La Croix (The Crucifix). He is known for having power over the dead, raising them as zombies for worshippers, and is fond of appearing in dark clothing and glasses, smoking profusely and drinking copious amounts of alcohol. His favorite colors are black and white, and he is offered black goats and black chickens in rituals.

Erzulie

The loa of love, here a dark force worthy of fear and respect, as well as lust, jealousy, discord, and vengeance for love betrayed. She can be horribly cruel to her followers, and even moreso to anyone who has wronged one of them in love. Somewhat belying her dark nature, she prefers sweet and pretty things as offerings, and is fond of the colors pink and white.

Guede

The loa of the graveyard, ruling over both the world of the dead as well as the preservation of life. Oddly enough, he also has a fondness for children and the impoverished, seeking to protect them from those who would do them harm and reveal the truth about their wrongdoers. He generally appears wearing a top hat and smoking a cigar, and grants his devotees the ability to prophecy the future, generally with a dark edge to their visions. His colors are black or purple and white.

The Atenmest

Throughout history, there have been great heroes, men, and women who don't seem to fit the definition of either god or human, and whose origins are as muddled as their capabilities. Many of these "demigods" are what is known as Atenmest, the sons and daughters of Elohim who have taken human mates. All Atenmest typically share one flaw in common—they are born sterile, and unable to reproduce. Their abilities are wide and varied, but generally involve great strength and stamina, and a lifespan much longer than that of normal humans. Those who are no longer alive generally suffered death at the hands of a vengeful Elohim or Chimera, although as many of these classical "heroes" have taken on new identities like their Elohim parents, it can be difficult to tell who died, and who merely disappeared into the shadows.

Achilles (PL 12)

Achilles was the son of a human male and an Elohim female named Thetis, and was thus the recipient of greater power than many Atenmest, being nearly invulnerable except for a single spot at his heel. A pompous individual, he was Elohim-like in his attitude as well as his ability, having no regard for human life, willingly and angrily wading into battle. Undeclared in combat, he was killed from behind by his enemy Paris, an arrow shot into his heel, and died a tragic, pointless end.

Arc: Warrior

Atenmest

Str 17, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 18 (18 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 13 (+17), Bluff 6 (+12), Climb 10 (+13), Concentration 10 (+14), Diplomacy 10 (+14), Disable Device 8 (+10), Intimidate 13 (+17), Investigate 10 (+12), Knowledge (tactics) 13 (+15), Language (Classic Greek, select 3 others), Notice 10 (+14), Search 12 (+14), Stealth 9 (+13), Survival 12 (+16)

Feats: Accurate Attack, All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Attractive 2, Blind-Fight, Critical Strike, Endurance 2, Evasion, Improved Block, Improved Initiative 3, Inspire 2, Jack-of-all-Trades, Leadership, Move-By Action, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Throwing Mastery 4, Weapon Bind

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Notice +4* (*Flaws:* Only for danger sense), *Protection 6* (*Extras:* Impervious), *Super-Senses 1* (Danger Sense [mental])

Equipment: Standard warrior gear and weapons

Complications: *Overconfident*

Drawbacks: *Weak Point* (heel)

Combat: Attack +6 (+9 melee), Damage +3 (unarmed), Defense +8, Initiative +16

Saving Throws: Toughness +9 (6 of which is impervious), Fortitude +12, Reflex +12, Will +9

Abilities 42 + Skills 35 (140 ranks) + Feats 27 + Powers 16 + Combat 28 + Saves 22 – Drawbacks 1 = 169

Alexander the Great (PL 12)

Alexander the Great was reputed to be the son of Zeus and a human princess. At the age of twenty he succeeded his father to the throne and went on to conquer the majority of the known world. A great leader, he was known for his hubris, and died of fever in Babylon at the age of 33. Opinions vary as to whether he was truly a noble builder of a great empire, or merely a despot who deserved an early death.

Arc: Icon

Atenmest

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 20 (20 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 8 (+11), Bluff 11 (+16), Climb 10 (+12), Concentration 14 (+18), Diplomacy 13 (+18), Disable Device 7 (+10), Handle Animal 11 (+16), Intimidate 14 (+19), Investigate 10 (+13), Knowledge (tactics) 14 (+17), Language (Hellenistic Greek, select 3 more), Notice 10 (+14), Ride 13 (+16), Search 10 (+13), Stealth 9 (+12), Survival 10 (+14)

Feats: Animal Empathy, Assessment, Attack Focus (melee) 2, Benefit (status) 6, Benefit (wealth) 4, Endurance, Inspire 4, Jack-of-all-Trades, Leadership, Master Plan, Skill Adept (Bluff) 7, Skill Adept (Diplomacy) 7, Skill Adept (Intimidate) 7, Skill Adept (Knowledge [tactics]) 7, Skill Mastery (Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, Ride), Skill Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping), Throwing Mastery 2, Track, Ultimate Effort (Diplomacy)

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Super-Senses 1* (Danger Sense [mental])

Equipment: None

Complications: *Overconfident*

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry; common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +5 (+7 melee), Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +7, Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +7, Reflex +8, Will +10

Abilities 39 + Skills 42 (168 ranks) + Feats 55 + Powers 2 + Combat 24 + Saves 16 – Drawbacks 3 = 175



Eshu-Elegba (PL 12)

Eshu-Elegba was known as an “Orisha,” an honored ancestor who earned his divinity through great deeds and not through divine birth. He was a wild individual, an African bard of sorts, being an artist, a musician and a traveler, fond of wandering great distances carrying messages between villages, and on occasion delivering messages to and from the gods themselves. Unlike many other Atenmest, he was not fond of raising his fists in anger, preferring to strike out at enemies (and those who did not appropriately honor him) through trickery and disruption. Through his efforts, he managed to elevate himself to a position equal to that of other Elohim, and now sits at the head of the Vodun Pantheon (see that section for more details).

Arc: Comedian

Atenmest

Str 15, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 17 (17 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 8 (+11), Climb 10 (+12), Concentration 8 (+12), Craft (artistic) 10 (+12), Disable Device 8 (+10), Handle Animal 10 (+13), Intimidate 14 (+17), Investigate 10 (+12), Language (Yoruba, select 3 more), Medicine 12 (+16), Perform (singing) 14 (+17), Stealth 11 (+14), Survival 10 (+14), Swim 11 (+13)

Feats: Animal Empathy, Dodge Focus 2, Evasion, Jack-of-all-Trades, Second Chance (Saves versus traps), Throwing Mastery 2, Track

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Super-Movement* (Dimensional Movement), *Super-Speed 6*, *Telepathy 5*, *Teleport 6* (Extras: Portal)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Uncommon, minor)

Combat: Attack +4, Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +6 (+8 dodge), Initiative +3

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +6, Reflex +10, Will +8

Abilities 34 + Skills 35 (140 ranks) + Feats 8 + Powers 67 + Combat 20 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 1 = 178

Gilgamesh (PL 13)

Gilgamesh is one of the most famous Atenmest, and the archetype for many of the classical heroes to rise up through the mythological ranks. Of Babylonian origin, Gilgamesh is a tall, strong, handsome warrior, fond of fighting monsters and brave enough to descend into the underworld in pursuit of his friend Enkidu. The son of the goddess Ninsun, he is often described as being nearly five meters tall, two parts divine and one part human—but is in reality only about two meters in height and fairly evenly split between Elohim and human parentage. Having survived to the modern era, he has changed his identity and now calls himself Bravo, serving beside Attis.

Arc: Bravo

Atenmest

Str 28, Dex 18, Con 26, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 17 (17 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 9 (+13), Bluff 11 (+14), Climb 10 (+18), Concentration 13 (+15), Disable Device 8 (+10), Intimidate 11 (+14), Investigate 8 (+10), Language (Sumerian, select 3 more), Notice 10 (+12), Pilot 12 (+16), Ride 12 (+16), Search 9 (+11), Sleight of Hand 11 (+15), Stealth 8 (+12)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Ambidextrous, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Attack Specialization (grapple), Attractive 2, Endurance 4, Fearless, Improved Disarm, Improved Grab, Improve Grapple, Improved Pin, Power Attack, Prone Fighting, Skill Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping), Takedown Attack, Throwing Mastery

Getting’ Jiggy With It—Nephilim, Empusa, and More

Not all half-humans are Atenmest. Some are the offspring of Angelos, called Nephilim. Much more resilient than normal humans, and much longer lived, these half-angels also bleed Ka like their parents, and so are not able to wield great powers like their half-Elohim cousins. Unlike Atenmest and Angelos, Nephilim are capable of reproducing amongst themselves, and their powers do not diminish with successive generations.

The offspring of Chimerans and humans are monstrous beings known as Empusa. Always female, they breed dimly, with each successive generation weaker than the previous in respect to their Ka usage. Empusa are generally unable to blend in with normal humans, typically marred by some strange defect such as a tail, wings, claws or snakes instead of hair. They are generally short-lived as well.

As Atlanteans are a branch of humanity, their offspring are simply known as Atlanteans. However, they are also few and far between, with a terrible Atlantean birthrate and only a 50/50 chance of a child being bestowed with Atlantean immortality and Ka-capability. Mundane or not, most Atlantean children are often bestowed with a gift at an early age, often an artifact akin to those used by Elohim, and often constructed of Orichalcum.

Any of these “half-humans” could easily be played as a character, with their super powers being explained by their heritage, even if the character himself, or his human parent, is not aware of it. This can lead to some interesting adventure hooks as the character is gradually exposed to the truth, perhaps one day even meeting the immortal parent that brought him into the world (and perhaps even being forced to face that parent in battle, and kill them!)

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Leaping 3*, *Protection 2*, *Super-Senses 1* (Danger Sense [mental]), *Super-Speed 4*, *Super-Strength 4*

Equipment: None

Complications: *Enemy* (Typhon), *Overconfident*, *Secret* (True Identity)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Uncommon, minor), *Quirk* (Angry; common, moderate)

Combat: Attack +6 (+9 melee), Damage +9 (unarmed), Defense +7, Initiative +4

Saving Throws: Toughness +10, Fortitude +12, Reflex +9, Will +8

Abilities 58 + Skills 34 (136 ranks) + Feats 28 + Powers 35 + Combat 26 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 4 = 192

Artifacts and Relics

Just as Angelos can use their bled Ka to power their armor and weaponry, Elohim can manipulate and store Ka, imbuing "artifacts" with powers that only other trained Ka users can call upon in the future. Being able to store Ka in these spiritual "batteries" has allowed many of the Elohim to maintain greater stature and power than others, even through the dampening of the Ka by Attis in days past. However, since other Elohim can also use such powerful items, or indeed any trained Ka user, they are often highly sought after by those who are aware of their existence.

Such items are generally constructed of extremely rare and strong materials, such as those either stolen from the Angelos or their crashed ship prior to the Elohim flight across the planet, or the rare metal Orichalcum, stolen from the Atlanteans. Function follows form when it comes to artifacts, and each one must have a means of releasing the Ka inside it, a sort of focal method, that has to do with the item itself. A ring is slid onto a finger, a spear is thrust into a body, a cloak is draped about one's shoulders, etc. But a twig could not make one invisible simply by being in one's pocket.

Each artifact is unique in construction and purpose, and most have made their way into human legend and myth. Some examples of Elohim artifacts include:

Aegis (Device)

Powerful shield, inscribed with the head of a medusa, wielded alternately by Zeus and Athena in Greek legend. Not only a protective item, but also a powerful weapon in the right hands, for it is able to paralyze and/or petrify those who look upon it.

Armor Powers: Paralyze 10 (*Extras:* Ranged; *Flaws:* Target must look at shield), Shield 3

Device/PP Cost: 15/23

Caduceus (Device)

The oaken staff of Hermes, wrapped with twin winged snakes of silver and gold. The staff is capable of providing healing to the injured.

Toughness: 10

Powers: Healing 10

Device/PP Cost: 12/20

Caliburn (Device)

Better known in the modern era as the sword Excalibur, this was the blade presented to Arthur by the mysterious Lady of the Lake. Incredibly sharp and supposedly incapable of being broken, its blade can burst into flame at the whim of its wielder (adding to the suspicion that it is actually a long lost Angelos weapon).

Toughness: 18

Powers: Dazzle 4 (Visual; *Extras:* Burst; *Flaws:* Touch), Stike 4 (Critical 17–20; *Extras:* Penetrating)

Device/PP Cost: 12/19

Dagda's Cup (Device)

Mystical cauldron of the god Dagda reputed to be able to cure wounds and return the dead to life. Associated with the Holy Grail of the Christian tradition and Arthurian Legend as well, it appears in all guises as simply an ordinary drinking cup.

Toughness: 18

Powers: Healing 15 (; *Flaws:* 5 uses per day maximum), Regeneration 10 (Resurrection 10; *Flaws:* 5 uses per day maximum)

Device/PP Cost: 12/20

Gungnir (Device)

The spear of Odin, allegedly crafted of Arabothi metal. Incapable of being bent or broken, it is a powerful Ka battery, and can be summoned back to the hand of its wielder after being thrown.

Toughness: 20

Powers: Absorption 6 (Energy; *Power Feats:* Slow Fade; *Extras:* Energy Storage; *Flaws:* Ka only), Strike 5 (Critical 17–20, may be thrown; *Extras:* Penetrating), Teleport 10 (*Power Feats:* Triggered [command]; *Flaws:* Only to return to wielder's hand, no additional weight)

Range Inc.: 50 ft. thrown

Device/PP Cost: 27/43

Lugh's Sling (Device)

The weapon used by Lugh to slay Balor with a single stone to his cyclopean eye, and also reputedly the same sling used by David to slay Goliath in similar fashion. The sling is capable of hurling a stone so fast it appears to be nothing but a streak of rainbow light, and is particularly devastating against Chimerans and Empusa.

Toughness: 4

Powers: Blast 10 (*Flaws:* Only 5 against anything other than Chimerans and Empusa)

Drawbacks: Noticeable (1 PP)

Range Inc.: 50 ft. (range does not improve against Chimerans and Empusa)

Device/PP Cost: 9/14

Mjolnir (Device)

The infamous hammer of Thor, this heavy metallic weapon can deal devastating damage, strike thunderously loud stunning blows and bestow upon the wielder the ability to fly in stormy skies. Like Gungnir, it can be summoned back to the hand of its wielder after being thrown.

Toughness: 17

Powers: Blast 6 (Sonic scream; *Extras:* Burst, Linked [hammer blow]; *Flaws:* Touch), Strike 4 (Hammer blow, Critical 18–20, may be thrown; *Extras:* Linked [sonic scream]), Teleport 10 (*Power Feats:* Triggered [command]; *Flaws:* Only to return to wielder's hand, no additional weight), Weather Control 6 * (Distraction [precipitation]; *Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Air Control 6 *, Blast 4 * [lightning; *Extras:* Contagious], Dazzle 6 * [auditory, thunder; *Extras:* Bust], Environmental Control 6 * [cold], Environmental Control 6 * [heat], Environmental Control 6 * [light], Obscure 6 *)

* Dynamic

Range Inc.: 40 ft. thrown

Device/PP Cost: 33/52

Ring of the Nibelungs (Device)

Not associated with any particular deity, this ring is a powerful Ka battery with few other powers associated with it. However, it is highly sought after and is reputed to cause those seeing it to be overcome with desire for it, to the point of attacking others who might try to take it away.

Toughness: 8

Powers: Absorption 1 (Energy; *Power Feats*: Slow Fade; *Extras*: Energy Storage; *Flaws*: Ka only), Boost 8 (All of a narrow group of traits at once [3 PP/rank]; *Flaws*: Personal)

Drawback: The ring's owner becomes paranoid and psychotic about keeping possession of the ring (3 PP)

Device/PP Cost: 12/17

The Spear of Longinus (Device)

Allegedly the weapon that was used to kill Jesus on the cross, this artifact has changed hands repeatedly throughout the centuries, allegedly borne by everyone from the god Lugh to Adolf Hitler. It is reputed to grant its bearer invulnerability; anyone holding the spear cannot be defeated. Also known as the Gae-Bolg.

Toughness: 16

Powers: Protection 10 (Impervious), Regeneration 20 (Recovery Bonus 5, Recovery Rate 5, Resurrection 10; *Extras*: Affects Others [wielder only]), Strike 4 (Critical 18–20, may be thrown)

Drawback: Price (User must draw an enemy's blood at least once a day; 4 PP)

Range Inc.: 40 ft. thrown

Device/PP Cost: 27/43

Thyrsus of Dionysus (Device)

A simple-appearing wand, consisting of a short stick topped with a pinecone, entwined with ivy. Recognized as a symbol of wisdom, logic, and inspiration, it has the ability to incite lustful chaos (in a sense, removing those very things it stands for).

Toughness: 5

Powers: *Super-Senses* 6 (Empathy; Detect Wild and Debauchurous Behavior, free action, ranged, extended [1,000 ft.])

Drawback: Makes the user an uncontrollable hedonist (3 PP)

Device/PP Cost: 3/3



U.S.E.R.

UNITED STATES EUGENICS RESEARCH

Excerpts from the U.S.E.R. Recruit Orientation Guide

Chapter Sixteen

Anomalies Explained

"Despite what the aliens would have us believe, most of the mysterious anomalies throughout human history have been directly attributable to the interference of these alien life forms. Only after decades of research and analysis have we been able to determine even a fraction of the disturbances they have visited upon Earth and humanity..."

"The earliest intrusion of the aliens predates recorded human history. For reasons currently unknown to us, the aliens landed a ship upon the planet's surface. We are unsure if they scouted the planet or if their ship crashed. What is known is that the ship came to rest off the coast of modern-day Florida. At some point, either prior to landing or after landing, the ship's engine began to malfunction. Our scientists have been able to determine that the ship used an advanced type of engine—a singularity engine—that could create a controlled wormhole. We also believe the malfunctioning of this engine are what causes the anomalies attributed to the 'Bermuda Triangle'..."

* * *

"In the year 1918, an epidemic of global proportions swept over the Earth. The governments of the world have constructed a cover story to pacify the citizenry, but again our operatives have been able pierce the veil of secrecy. According to our research, the Pandemic of 1918 was yet another case of the alien invasion having dire consequences on the indigenous species of our home.

"Again, prior to human history, the aliens conducted vile experiments on humans. They impregnated our genetic material with what has been termed the 'Black Gene'. This gene, in addition to other effects, has been known to cause a horrible, premature death. Scientists have been able to determine that the gene activates during puberty in some humans. Presumably, it was implanted in humans to coerce us to fight in a war between the Chimerans and their ancient enemy, the Elohim. Under specific, unfortunate circumstances this gene causes the victim to begin emitting energy in the form of light. This is called 'the shine', and the energy emissions increase until the victim dies. Several of these people have been recruited into the terrorist organization called Black October. This will be discussed in subsequent chapters.

"During the year of 1908, this Black Gene began to be activated. This coincides with the event of an alien spacecraft entering Earth airspace over Tunguska, Siberia. Reports at the time indicated that a meteor fell through the atmosphere. The friction of reentry superheated the meteor, then the compression of the Earth's atmosphere caused it to explode, creating one of the most damaging 'natural disasters' in human history. Officials quickly manufactured case histories of a few other similar events to provide credence to the story.

"In actuality, the item that entered the atmosphere over Tunguska was a spacecraft of Chimeran origin. We theorize that the craft in question uses a similar style engine as the one that malfunctioned off the coast of Florida. A craft capable of creating a contained wormhole is more than capable of the destruction evidenced over Tunguska. And this is precisely what happened.

"Once the Chimerans entered the atmosphere, the Black Gene was activated. In some humans, this activation causes symptoms similar to a fatal strain of the influenza virus. As the aliens, mostly Elohim, have infiltrated all levels of government worldwide, the convincing story of a global influenza epidemic was easy to coordinate."

* * *

"Perhaps the closest the aliens have come to being fully discovered was in Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. At least in this instance a portion of an alien ship came to earth. The technology discovered at the site would indicate that a complete ship did not land. Rather, life support systems, and other climate control systems were found. It is therefore believed that merely the crew compartment of a ship landed in the New Mexico desert..."

U.S.E.R. (United States Eugenics Research)

In 1920, a special Presidential executive order gave approval for a new branch of the Department of Health, tasked with assessing the emerging super-human "problem." Its first agents would be gathered from the brightest and best of the scientific community—mainly biologists and genetic researchers—and their studies were directed towards stopping the super-human phenomena, or at the very least, learning to control it. Additional agents were recruited for field operations from many of the national security and law enforcement agencies. The United States Eugenics Research group, or U.S.E.R., came into being.

The responsibilities of this new outfit would change over the years, but initially, their focus was the investigation and cataloguing of super humans and their abilities. Their successes and connections within changing governments have led U.S.E.R. to become one of the best-funded "black ops" departments to date. Due to the unique nature of its mandate, the existence of this team remains more or less a secret, giving the group the capacity to operate outside the set normal guidelines for government operations. Over the last century, U.S.E.R. has firmly established itself within nearly all the major governmental departments. It has many bases across the world, from its hidden labs in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, to the ultra-secret orbiting Halo space station.

U.S.E.R.'s agents must be the masters of many disciplines, and those special enough to be invited to join will work for one of the three main departments.

Department Red is the research and technical arm of the group, its primary goal the complete unlocking of the human genetic code, with an eye towards reliably creating super humans. To date, failure has dogged Department Red's progress, and its greatest moment so far was the creation of the A.E.G.I.S. serum, a crude method of awakening latent powers within humanity. Currently headed by geneticist Robert Yee, Department Red is attempting to find more suitable subjects for the serum, through a long-term nationwide testing program, disguised as drug trials. This will have the effect of screening millions of people for suitability, with anyone who tests positive invited to test the serum (after passing the appropriate security shakedown.)

Department White is responsible for a number of duties, most importantly the behind-the-scenes promotion of America's premier super group, the Sentinels. Secretly organizing press releases, public appearances, and propaganda, Department White counts the Sentinels as one of U.S.E.R.'s main success stories. Under the watchful eye of Jack Vinson, a former Director of Public Affairs for the CIA, the public profile of the Sentinels has grown enormously, promoting pro-super-human relations tenfold. They are the bright lights on the super-human world stage, and their popularity and flawless image can only be good for super humans across the globe. Also responsible for U.S.E.R.'s recruitment, Department White farms the NSA, FBI, and CIA for possible agents, and has recently begun to screen prospective members in colleges across the country.

Department Blue is the field operations arm of U.S.E.R., and its primary task is the protection of America and her citizens from super-human threats. Consisting of highly trained experts and officially sanctioned super humans, Department Blue is on the front line in the war against super-human terrorism, and its agents are the soldiers who stand ready to fight. Calista Black, the department's current head, has pushed Department Blue forward, her aggressive tactics and training programs increasing field effectiveness in all areas. Equipped with the best weapons that U.S.E.R. can provide, this department is more than well prepared to handle any number of threats. Tightly knit teams of agents are on constant standby, ready for deployment in any field of conflict around the planet. Recent advances in technology have added an extra dimension to Department Blue's arsenal, and it won't be too long before agents can call for robotic backup and cybernetic enhancements to aid them in their fight.

U.S.E.R. may have many individual goals, but its ultimate aim is a noble one—ensuring the safety of all humanity. Working in secret, out of the public eye, it pursues this lofty aim with dedication and diligence, receiving no public praise or tickertape parades when it succeeds. To some, it may seem a thankless vocation, but for most of U.S.E.R.'s agents, it is enough to do their part.

U.S.E.R. In Your Campaign

The United States Eugenics Research Program and its agents can be cast as heroes, villains, or impartial observers, depending on whose side you're on.

Heroes: The agents and the organization backing it can be Earth's true defenders. The players could be agents sent on missions to clean up after or deter super-human threats around the world. Ingenious U.S.E.R. agents in the vein of James Bond could thwart evil organizations or undercover operatives could track down mysteries as in the *X-Files*, or investigators could be trying to discover insanity-inducing evils, a la *Call of Cthulhu*. U.S.E.R.'s agenda might include:

Exploring the strange and unknown

Policing the world as super cops, secretly helping humanity

Finding ancient artifacts that lead to the truth about the aliens

Exploring the world of super beings as mundane humans making a difference

Infiltrating and breaking secret organizations aiming to conquer the world

Villains: The organization can be used as a foil to trouble the players and hunt them at every turn. U.S.E.R. operatives viewed in this way might be more like agents from *The Matrix* films, or the underground Initiative from the *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* TV series. U.S.E.R.'s agenda could include the following:

Capturing and studying the players characters' powers

Creating super soldiers to help form a "New World Order"

Working with unscrupulous aliens to further their own goals

Using authority to make the player characters out to be villains

Implementing and enforcing mutant registration acts

Performing experiments on an unsuspecting populace

U.S.E.R. like organizations can also exist in different eras of play.

The Wild West. Marshals can belong to a special branch of the US government looking for and apprehending Elohim and Chimeran desperados.

1478 Spain. C.I.A., Catholic Inquisitor Agents could be on the prowl for supernatural pagan monsters. These godless fiends are leading man to eternal damnation. Can the players stop them in time?

Medieval Rome. The players could be priests with the blessing of God acting much like the Watchers in *Highlander* or *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

Agents of Camelot. The players could be agents in King Arthur's court, using the "new" magic known as science to thwart the plans and agendas of the ancient pagan gods that still call England home.

The U.S.E.R. Package

Working for U.S.E.R. can be a fulfilling experience. As a scientist you gain access to the newest and most advanced equipment and techniques that are available. As a field operative, you take the battle to the streets and cities of the world, defending those unable to defend themselves. Not just anyone gets to work for this top-secret group, however. Being good simply isn't enough—you have to be the best. U.S.E.R. Agents are unique in that they police the super-human world with nothing more than their wits and the few high-tech gadgets at their disposal.

Below is a list of traits that help define the U.S.E.R. Agent and set him apart from any other run of the mill "secret agent" type. Most U.S.E.R. agents are built as normal humans and are given high-tech gadgets to help augment this drawback in the field. They can be built on higher PLs with the assumption that there are hired field operatives or A.E.G.I.S. subjects with extraordinarily power ranges.

Arcs:

Most standard U.S.E.R. Agents fall into two Character Arcs: Adventurer and Protector. U.S.E.R. Agents see themselves as a force of good in the world, which work to save the Earth from extraterrestrial invasions and mundane terrestrial threats.

U.S.E.R. Agent Traits:

Skills: Choose 3 skills from the following list and apply 8 ranks to each as part of the character's training *. Computers, Disable Device, Gather Information, Intimidate, Investigate, Knowledge (behavioral sciences, civics, current events, tactics, streetwise, technology), Notice.

Feats: *Benefit 3* (Agency ID) *. Most agents usually work "openly" as FBI or CIA operatives, taking full advantage of these organizations' ability to insinuate themselves into any type of law enforcement investigation with a fake name and role. This allows the character access to police crime scenes and operations.

Equipment 10 * (see below).

Complications: *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent) *, *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent) *. Being part of U.S.E.R. can put the life of the agent and his family in harm's way if anyone finds out. Most agents keep their affiliation a secret, even from their loved ones.

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid; 3 PP value) *. Working for a super secret organization takes its toll on the psyche. Some may start to think that they are only on the outer skin of a conspiracy that runs even deeper.)

* This trait is not optional and **must** be purchased as a part of this package. Others should be considered typical and common amongst members but are not required.

Equipment

All U.S.E.R. agents begin play with U.S.E.R. standard-issue equipment:

Gyrojet Pistol

Medkit

The suit

Handcuffs

Threat Levels

The exploits of super humans are catalogued by U.S.E.R. agents the world over. Large databases can be found on the U.S.E.R.net (the U.S.E.R. equivalent of the Internet, but far more secure). U.S.E.R. uses six different threat levels when gauging the danger of an enemy. The higher the threat level the more ominous the threat:

Level 1 Mundane threat or normal human being. The situation usually doesn't warrant U.S.E.R. intervention.

Level 2 Above average threat. This level usually calls for minor U.S.E.R. intervention of surveillance. Terrorists and minor super humans fall into this category. Some sort of human augmentation drug or device is often in use.

Level 3 Super human class 1. Level three warrants the involvement of at least two field agents and possibly armored or super-human assistance. Level 3 is reserved for super-human and extraterrestrial threats of super human power.

Level 4 Super human class 2. The super being has abilities beyond the average super-human threat. This level is call for paladin armor or equivalent power level to act upon the threat. The Sentinels are usually called upon to handle level 4 threats. These threats are considered extremely dangerous.

Level 5 Super human class 3. This level is reserved for threats to entire areas on the scale of natural disasters, as with Large Chimeran or Elohim threats. This being has abilities beyond the average A.E.G.I.S. agent's ability to deal with.

Level 6 Omega Class. There has never been a time in the history of U.S.E.R. the Level 6 threat code has been used, although a certain object moving towards Earth will probably warrant its use. This level is reserved for invasion-level threats.

U.S.E.R. agents describe the super beings in a standardized way for ease of use; they do not differentiate between "heroes and villains" when cataloging super humans:

Name: Hydra [Threat Level 3]

Base of Operations: Mobile, currently on the US west coast

Known Powers: Natural weaponry (claws), Heightened agility, and stamina

Notes: Hydra is believed to be a Chimeran mercenary assassin. Known to have killed at least two agents and is suspected of killing several others. Approach with extreme caution.

Name: Das Kosmos [Threat Level 4]

Base of Operations: Berlin Germany

Known Powers: Cosmic Powers, Flight, Cosmic Blast, Force Field, Cosmic Sense.

Notes: Hailing from Germany, Das Kosmos has helped U.S.E.R. on many occasions and has the rank of Captain while on missions for U.S.E.R.

U.S.E.R. Facilities

U.S.E.R. has bases all over the world to help facilitate their mission. Most bases are found in major cities around the U.S.A., but there are several dozen abroad. The facilities are a great asset for agents working in the field who need a resting point before continuing their assignment when away from headquarters in New York.

Most installations are equipped with medical and intelligence equipment and personnel. These bases are usually no larger than an office building and have maybe one user agent equipped with Paladin battle armor. The facilities in foreign countries are staffed like those in America, but have several other agents that do field work and some sort of dummy front to hide the secret nature of the installation.

Some of the more interesting facilities are described below.

The Vault

Since its inception, U.S.E.R. has fought many battles, combating alien and super-human terror wherever it reared its head. On those times when its agents emerged victorious, U.S.E.R. was able to claim the spoils. With its foes often possessing technology and weapons outside of U.S.E.R.'s experience, recovery teams regularly comb the remains of battle sites looking for salvageable items amidst the wreckage. Anything unusual or alien that defies conventional science is sent immediately to Department Red for analysis, where its specialists attempt to discern the item's true purpose.

There are occasions, however, where items that have been recovered defeat even the scientific might of Department Red. If something is too dangerous or too alien to be understood, it is sent to one of U.S.E.R.'s most secret facilities—the Vault.

In the U.S.E.R. Training Facility beneath Manhattan Island, on the lowest level, there is a large steel door. Always guarded by at least two sanctioned super humans, only the Director of Operations can grant access, with lethally serious repercussions for anyone trying to force their way in. Behind that door is an elevator, large enough to carry a small truck, which descends even further into the bowels of the earth before finally arriving at the Vault—some 250 feet below the surface, deep in the bedrock.

The Vault's internal walls are constructed of over twelve inches of thick concrete laced with steel. Long empty corridors form the backbone of the facility; every wall housing at least twenty reinforced doors bearing nothing but a simple identification number. Records that identify the contents of these cells lie in the Archive—a computer system tied into the defense network that lies at the central hub of the Vault. An automated defense system continuously scans the site for unauthorized intruders; its lethal lasers promising death for any who would dare breach the Vault's security.

Over 700 items now rest within the Vault—the proceeds of ninety years of U.S.E.R.'s efforts. There are: items of strange alien technology and weapons; ancient Atlantean texts that allegedly survived the fire of the Great Library of Alexandria; alleged starship wreckage recovered from Roswell; even the remains of a prototype time machine recovered from beneath dinosaur remains found on a mountain in Utah. So many mysteries have been consigned to the Vault that even U.S.E.R. may have forgotten what is stored there. Perhaps the salvation of the world lies gathering dust in one of those numbered cells, simply waiting to be used....

Halo Station

Halo Station is U.S.E.R.'s first orbital rapid response facility, hidden from the conventional detection systems of the Earth's nations by a highly experimental stealth device developed by Department Red. Incorporating a variant of the Distortion Belt technology used by the Angelos, Halo Station is virtually invisible to the Earth (though the Angelos are rumored to know exactly where it is, since they use the same technology to cloak their own space station).

Welcome to U.S.E.R. ! Know your Boss!

Calista Black. Director of Intelligence and Security (or DIS) AKA Department Blue. Calista is a former member of the Deputy Director of the CIA. A harsh and demanding woman, she has increased the field activity of agents in America and abroad.

Jack Vinson. Director of Recruitment and Public Affairs (DRPA) AKA Department White. Jack is a competent ex Director of Public Affairs for the CIA.

Robert Yee. Director of Science and Technology (DST) AKA Department Red. Robert is one of the world's foremost genetic researchers. His current projects include perfecting the AEGIS serum and developing a way to neutralize Ka abilities in super beings.

Dr. Steffen Sool. The leading geneticist and closet mad scientist. Sool, a quiet and courteous man, has been experimenting with an experimental batch of the AEGIS for the past ten years to perfect it.

William Stovall. Director of Eugenics research. Stovall has complete and total authority over all the U.S.E.R. branches, and oversees many of the covert operations occurring all over the world.

The Station itself resembles a many-spoked rotating wheel, with a long metallic spike piercing the central hub. The Station's primary purpose is surveillance, its sensory systems directed out into space as well as toward the planet below. Also acting as a staging area, U.S.E.R. maintains equipment, medical supplies, and weapon stocks on the station. But the Station is far from helpless. The central shaft is the housing for Halo Station's primary weapon system—a huge, high-powered rail gun, capable of delivering devastating orbital bombardment. Missile systems and other, more exotic weapons are housed around the outer ring, constantly alert for threats to the station.

As U.S.E.R. field teams are needed to respond to global threats on a moment's notice, five U.S.E.R. assault squads are placed on permanent standby aboard Halo Station. These ten-man teams are some of Department Blue's most capable agents, specially trained for life in low gravity. When the call to duty comes, half a dozen large shuttle transports are available to deploy agents and their equipment quickly to the surface. In emergencies, these same shuttles can airlift casualties from Earth to Halo Station's extensive medical facilities. Many critically injured agents have lost consciousness on Earth, only to recover hours later aboard Halo.

To repel threats to its own security (and to act as armed escort for the shuttles) Halo Station also houses five U.S.E.R. assault space planes, with pilots on 24-hour shift rotation. These highly armed vehicles patrol the space around the station, and are regularly assigned to cover U.S.E.R.'s other, even more secret base in the solar system.

With the success of Halo Station, U.S.E.R. is secretly building another three orbital deployment platforms at a secret base on the dark side of the moon. Built to act as a construction site and early warning post, the station is crewed by just over a hundred technicians and staff. Crews are rotated every six weeks, carried back and forth by Halo Station's shuttlecraft. Alongside the construction yards, a series of dome-like deep space sensors have been erected, watching and listening for any sign of the coming invasion. When that day finally comes, U.S.E.R. will be the first to know.

The Dungeon

With the growing super-human terrorist problem, many world leaders recognized the need for a new kind of containment facility. Thus, as part of a secret addition to the 1961 Antarctic Treaty, U.S.E.R. was officially granted permission to build a base hidden deep within the frozen climes of the Antarctic, far from the prying eyes of the public. Dubbed "The Dungeon," it is nothing less than the world's first super-human prison, housing the worst criminals that the world has ever known.

If you could look from the air, ignoring the blizzards and freezing winds, the installation would resemble a broad, pale-white, mushroom-shaped building nestled in the shadow of the mountains, its "stalk" only just piercing the ice. A pair of helicopter landing pads sits close by, and a large telecommunications dish points upwards towards the bleak sky. With the Transantarctic Mountains forming an impenetrable wall of rock and ice to the west, and the empty expanse of Greater Antarctica to the east, the facility is completely isolated, relying heavily on the supplies brought in by helicopter from passing ships.

But the facility's great strength is not its remote location, but what lies beneath the surface. For when U.S.E.R. sent its construction teams to establish foundations for their prison, they discovered the top of an ancient stone obelisk, its surface covered in symbols and unknown markings. Further down, in ice caves far below the surface, there lay evidence that someone had been there before. U.S.E.R.'s experts recovered the remains of ancient buildings, pottery, metalwork and other artifacts that were eventually identified as Atlantean in origin.

As the expedition progressed, a new mystery emerged. Something hidden in the ruins of the outpost effectively nullified the Ka energy present in super humans! On reporting this to U.S.E.R., a permanent research team was immediately assigned to discover the cause of this effect. Ultimately they discovered that the null field dampens the effects of Ka users by a factor of ten (reducing all super human powers by 10 Levels; beings who aren't sufficiently weakened by the effects are sedated using high tech U.S.E.R. technology).

The Dungeon (or "Antarctic Facility Alpha" by its official name) is a great success. Currently over 100 inmates call the prison home and twice that many personnel guard and operate the facility. A contingent of U.S.E.R. security staff maintains general order, watched closely by an elite group of American and British sanctioned super humans. The most dangerous prisoners are held on the lower levels of the facility, their cell walls deep within the ice. Whilst confined there, the anti-Ka field emanating from below effectively mutes their powers, rendering them almost harmless. Permanently on standby, all the Wardens of the facility are well aware of the consequences to the world should any of their inmates ever escape.

On site, archeology teams, comprised of two-dozen men and women from England and America, continue to search for Atlantean artifacts and technology. To this day, the two operations co-exist side by side.

In the Past...

The Dungeon was once known as Hedra, and was a great meeting place for the 13 princes of Atlantis during their early, less-than-civilized age. During this period of time (should your campaign end up there), Hedra is a small city encompassing one square mile and descending ten stories deep. The architects found that this region of the continent had a dulling effect on all Ka abilities and made it a safe place to meet away from anyone using the earth-shattering energy. At the height of Atlantean power, the city held over 10,000 inhabitants. When Atlantis fell to the Elohim attack, many fled to Hedra seeking refuge. The Elohim followed and created great tidal waves and earthquakes, toppling Hedra from a distance.



DEPARTMENT WHITE

Perry Jones came to a sudden standstill, struggling to draw breath as he sank to his knees. He leaned forward, feeling his frantic heart pounding an S.O.S. rhythm against his ribs. Sweat poured down his face. Bright spots danced before his eyes, and pain sliced through his muscles with all the subtlety of a mad butcher with a hot, sharp knife.

This was it, he thought. He was going to die, right here, right now.

"Come on Perry!" spoke a vibrant, lively voice, "pick yourself up from the floor and take some deep breaths. Yes, come on, man! That's the spirit!"

Perry looked up, shielding his eyes from the early morning sun, to see his boss, Jack Vinson, still looking cool and refreshed, jogging on the spot as he waited for Perry to recover. Vinson's t-shirt was unmarked by sweat or dirt, and his clean-shaven face had a ruddy, healthy look to it that Perry envied. He'd thought that accompanying his boss on his morning exercises would look good, get him noticed, and do wonders for his promotion prospects. He realized now that he'd made a mistake.

Jones staggered to his feet, and wobbled his way across the rooftop running track to where his jacket lay. Above the fence that lined the edge of the roof, he could see the city's other skyscrapers peering through the faint wisps of cloud. At this height, they were almost above smog level, and the air was relatively clear. Slumping down, he fumbled inside the pocket of his crumpled jacket, and finally retrieved a notepad, covered with details for Vinson that he'd compiled earlier.

Hearing the crunch-crunch of gravel behind him Perry turned to see Vinson performing an ultra-fast series of star jumps. He shook his head. Vinson must be a machine! It was common knowledge around the office that Jack Vinson didn't do anything in half measures—the guy had a strange intensity about him that disturbed some people, and sometimes made Perry himself feel uncomfortable. Almost as quickly as he started, Vinson came to a stop, and after a few moments of deep, cleansing breaths, he smiled and walked over to where Perry sat.

"What have you got for me, Perry?" asked Vinson, picking up a towel from the floor and wiping his face.

"Well, sir, I have this week's recruitment results, and I think you'll be very pleased—more sharp gains, especially in the college sector. It looks like your 'Sign 'em up in School' project is coming along nicely.

"I also have some press releases and disinformation for your approval, regarding our own agents' clash with Black October last week. I've already briefed the press with the standard cover story about our own security staff, and they now firmly believe that it was the super team known as the Paladins who were fighting the terrorists."

At this, Vinson stopped toweling himself, and reached out a hand towards Perry, taking the paperwork that the younger man offered. He skimmed over the page quickly, and handed it back.

"All good, Perry, as usual. Issue those through our normal channels. I won't have those Black October bastards getting free publicity through their terrorism. I want it stamped out—and quickly." Perry nodded his head emphatically. When the boss got this worked up about anything, the safest thing to do was simply agree.

"I've also got the schedule for Channel 565's 'Sentinel Week' Special. Would you like to see? There are interviews, features, and competitions—the usual sort of thing."

Vinson shook his head, and started to walk back across the rooftop towards the small door that lead to the elevator and staircase. Perry quickly picked up his jacket, and followed him, his aching legs still protesting. As they waited for the elevator to arrive, Vinson turned to Jones, and his hand swept up, a single finger wagging.

"This Channel 565 thing? Just make sure it goes smoothly. I want

the team to come through this looking like heroes, Okay? Oh, and make sure that they all get some air time—the Patriot will hog those cameras as long as he can if I know him."

Perry nodded, and the elevator car arrived at the top floor with a "ping." Vinson walked inside, but as Perry made to follow, he held up a hand, blocking him.

"I think you need a longer workout, Perry," he said, grinning. "Why don't you take the stairs?" Before Perry could utter a word in response, the elevator doors hissed together, and Jack Vinson was whisked from sight. With a sigh, Jones made his way towards the door to the building's staircase.

Only forty-five floors down to his offices....

Department White's business is information—more precisely, the control and dispersal of information. In the right hands, knowledge can be a weapon, and for the good of the nation, Department White trades in propaganda and promotion, half-truths and lies.

As the Recruitment and Public Affairs arm of U.S.E.R., its position is unique. How can a government group that doesn't officially exist have any relations with the public? Simple—it doesn't. Not officially, anyway. Department White works behind the scenes, always secret, never seen. Its staff members write copy for the ever-hungry news channels, and its spin-doctors work their magic, turning disasters into triumphs with a twist of phrase or a re-interpreted word. It is truly the department of U.S.E.R. with the most shadowy reputation and greatest potential for corruption. Thankfully, it is a reputation undeserved—Jack Vinson, an ex-director of Public Affairs for the CIA, is the man at the helm of Department White, and he keeps his ship well on course.

America's favorite super team, the Sentinels, is Department White's main area of concern. Making sure that the public's gaze is always trained on the best of the group's deeds and adventures is one of their primary goals. It is this department's work that had made the Sentinels the team they are today, and given them their high profile. Media manipulation has been simple, given that the public actively wants a national super team. If the Sentinels are going to be in action, it is Department White that lets the media know just beforehand—the 'anonymous' tip offs and hints that the press community thrive on are often fed to them by the hidden hand of the department. As always, the control of information is their strength, and they wield it with the practiced hand of a master.

On those rare occasions when things go wrong, or when casualties are "unacceptable," the agents of Department White come into their own, playing down the incident, suppressing the truth. As someone once said, it's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. This kind of work is thankfully rare. Department White's people have great confidence in the current Sentinel roster, and the team's history is a thing for celebration. Public confidence in the Sentinels is has skyrocketed.

Recruitment is the other task that Department White handles for U.S.E.R. They actively farm the NSA, CIA, and FBI for prospective agents, harvesting the best of the best to become agents for U.S.E.R. Shipped to the secret training facility beneath Manhattan Island, these men and women leave only after they have completed one of the most rigorous training schedules on the planet. When the time comes to re-enter active duty, they are ready to face whatever super-human threats the world can throw at them.

Another recruitment job that falls under Department White's jurisdiction is the Sentinel's roster. Whenever a member of the Sentinels is put out of action or killed, it is Department White's task to recruit a new, suitably "heroic" figure from their extensive records of active super humans. Alternatively, suitable candidates are drawn from any of the Armed Forces—the A.E.G.I.S. serum used to make these ordinary people into something greater. These lucky few get the chance to continue the job they signed up for—protecting the U.S.A.—with something other than bullets and bombs at their disposal—a host of brand new super-human abilities!

Jack Vinson (PL 9)

Jack Vinson is not what he seems. The man's intensity and drive have alienated him from some of his senior staff, and he is sometimes seen as being too hard on the people who work under him. His constant demands for perfection are sometimes unreasonable. Not that this is Vinson's fault however. Jack can't help being who he is—the offspring of a human female and an Angelos male. Exhibiting traits from both his parents, Vinson carries his mother's good looks and olive skin, but is also victim of some of his father's psychological quirks. This "alien" side is the root of Vinson's impressive physical stamina and strength, but also his habits that sometimes set him aside from his staff.

Jack Vinson is Nephilim—a half-breed, secretly working for his father's people. He is a sleeper agent, waiting for orders, and gathering information from U.S.E.R. and his contacts in the government. Whilst his human half is desperate to succeed in his work and protect the world from super-human terror, the voice of Mih Kal, the Angelos leader, speaks directly to something in his genes, commanding his service with a voice that cannot be ignored or defied. Jack Vinson is a man torn between his duty and the call of his heritage. Realizing that attempting to refuse Mih Kal's orders would be futile, Vinson has given himself over to desires of the Angelos, hoping that somehow in the future, he can serve each of his parent's races equally, and benefit both. If his loyalty is ever called into question, with whom Jack Vinson will side is unknown....

Arc: Protector

Angelos Nephilim

Str 14, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 20, Wis 15, Cha 16 (16 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 8 (+), Computers 6 (+), Concentration 10 (+), Craft (electrical) 8 (+), Craft (mechanical) 6 (+), Diplomacy 10 (+), Intimidate 8 (+), Investigate 8 (+), Language (Latin, Spanish, select 2 more), Knowledge (business) 4 (+), Knowledge (civics) 6 (+), Knowledge (technology) 10 (+), Notice 8 (+), Search 8 (+), Survival 8 (+)

Feats: Benefit (agency ID) 3, Contacts, Diehard, Endurance, Equipment 30, Leadership, Master Plan, Track, Well-Informed

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue, Angelos Body Armor, Angelos Combat Rifle, and other useful gear

Complications: *Overconfident*, *Responsibility* (Angelos), *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Ka Bleeder* (minor), *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +2 (unarmed; +6 Angelos combat rifle), Defense +5 *, Initiative +4

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 * (+12 Angelos body armor), Fortitude +7, Reflex +8, Will +8

Abilities 36 + Skills 28 (112 ranks) + Feats 40 + Powers 0 + Combat 20 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 4 = 135

* 3 points of maximum defense bonus have been traded-off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum

In a difficult position, Department White works wonders, its staff faced on a daily basis by a world that doesn't understand, and gives no thanks for their efforts. But not everything that occurs in Department White is for the good of the country....

The Sentinels

The Sentinels—the world's most famous super team. The name alone conjures a vision of courageous men and women laying their lives on the line to protect America and her allies for the last sixty years. Theirs is a legacy of bravery and sacrifice that cannot be ignored or denied, even by their enemies. They represent what is best about super humans in the world, and their constant vigilance has kept the inhabitants of the globe safe from harm on countless occasions.

The group's origins can be traced back to 1951 and Doctor William Stovall. With the recent success of the A.E.G.I.S. serum, the young Doctor had been thinking long and hard about the applications of his discoveries. At a secret meeting, the idea of a "sponsored" American super team was born. U.S.E.R. assigned its own Department White to maintain the public face of this new group, whilst staying officially uninvolved—the public must never know that the Sentinels were government funded. Using the newly enhanced A.E.G.I.S. serum volunteers from within U.S.E.R.'s ranks (and the military) would be boosted to super-human status, and take their place in a group that Stovall christened the "Sentinels."

The first-known adventure of the Sentinels arrived in 1952, when the super-human war hero known as the Patriot publicly enlisted the help of four other super-powered mystery men to combat an enemy called the Red Menace. Carefully handled by Department White, the "call to arms" issued by the Patriot and the subsequent defeat of the Red Menace were well documented, their details covering the front pages of newspapers around the world. Out of this victory, the Sentinels were officially born in the public consciousness, and their adventures over the next half-century would always be newsworthy material.

Over the years, the team roster of the group would change often, as members came and went. Whenever any member was killed in action or retired from duty, the seemingly immortal Patriot would make another public "call to arms," in the full knowledge that U.S.E.R. would have a replacement groomed and ready to take the fallen man's place. These staged "recruitments" have slowly lost popularity with the group, and today, the Sentinels generally handle their own membership.

In the current incarnation of the Sentinels, five heroes stand out, their faces more familiar to the people than any Hollywood film star.

The Patriot (PL 10)

To the public, the Patriot is the longest serving member of the team. According to the legend growing up around this striking figure, the Patriot "gains his strength from the spirit of America, and will never fail as long as there is a man or woman ready to die for their country." What the public does not know is that the man behind the mask is perhaps the fifth individual to carry the name of "Patriot." The original Patriot died in 1972, brutally slain by a member of The Syndicate whilst visiting a brothel in Las Vegas.

Moving swiftly to cover up the scandal that would surely erupt, U.S.E.R. realized that it was woefully unprepared. Without warning, the Patriot, Department White's carefully groomed spokesman, was dead. Unwilling to sacrifice their work, U.S.E.R. quickly recruited another volunteer to take his place, maintaining the illusion that the Patriot was still alive. Since then, at least two others have perished while wearing the stars and stripes. Each time, Department White was ready to move when tragedy struck.

In the early days, Department White kept the Patriot's identity hidden behind a mask—a necessary device to ensure his own personal safety. When the first Patriot died, and a replacement was sought, the mask became essential. The public must be made to believe that the Patriot was still alive. With recent improvements in cosmetic surgery, however, the mask of the Patriot has become almost irrelevant. Department White wanted to show the public the face—the human side—of the hero. The last two Patriots have received quite ingenious facial reconstruction, and so far, the public has allowed themselves to believe that it is the same hero that they see on the evening news.

It's a pity when all of Department White's screening and testing procedures make mistakes, but they do happen—the current Patriot is little more than a super-heroic buffoon. Jared Jones is tall and powerfully built, needing little cosmetic surgery to make him resemble the original super hero. His wavy blond hair, sparkling blue eyes, and perfect smile have made him especially popular with the cameras.

He has little opinion of his fellow team members—as far as he is concerned, they only exist to make him look better in the eyes of the media, and he steals as much time on camera as he can. His popularity-grabbing antics have made him unpopular with the rest of the group, and they now treat him with the disdain he deserves. And Jared's faults do not end there. On more than one occasion, it has taken Liberty's intervention to save his life. He believes himself to be far more competent than he really is and his overconfidence often gets him into trouble when on duty. Jones himself is completely oblivious to this—in his eyes (believing everything Department White tells him) he is the perfect leader, the only man to lead the Sentinels into battle. Unfortunately, his leadership skills are verging on zero, and the team often looks to Liberty for direction when the going gets tough.

Real Name: Jared Jones

Arc: Icon

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 26, Dex 19, Con 25, Int 11, Wis 15, Cha 12 (12 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 4 (+5), Concentration 4 (+6), Craft (electrical) 5 (+5), Craft (mechanical) 5 (+5), Diplomacy 4 (+5), Disable Device 4 (+4), Intimidate 8 (+9), Investigate 8 (+8), Knowledge (technology) 4 (+4), Notice 8 (+9), Search 6 (+6)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Benefit (agency ID) 3, Benefit (famous) 3, Critical Strike, Endurance 3, Equipment 10, Improved Block, Improved Grab, Improved Grapple, Improved Initiative 3, Leadership, Power Attack, Stunning Attack, Ultimate Effort (Fort save)

Powers: *Impervious Toughness 7, Leaping 4, Super-Strength 2*

Equipment: Costume (Protection 3)

Complications: *Overconfident, Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Bad Luck* (Uncommon, minor), *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +7, Damage +8 (unarmed), Defense +6, Initiative +16

Saving Throws: Toughness +7 (+10 costume, 7 is impervious), Fortitude +10, Reflex +7, Will +7

Abilities 48 + Skills 15 (60 ranks) + Feats 230 + Powers 15 + Combat 26 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 4 = 145



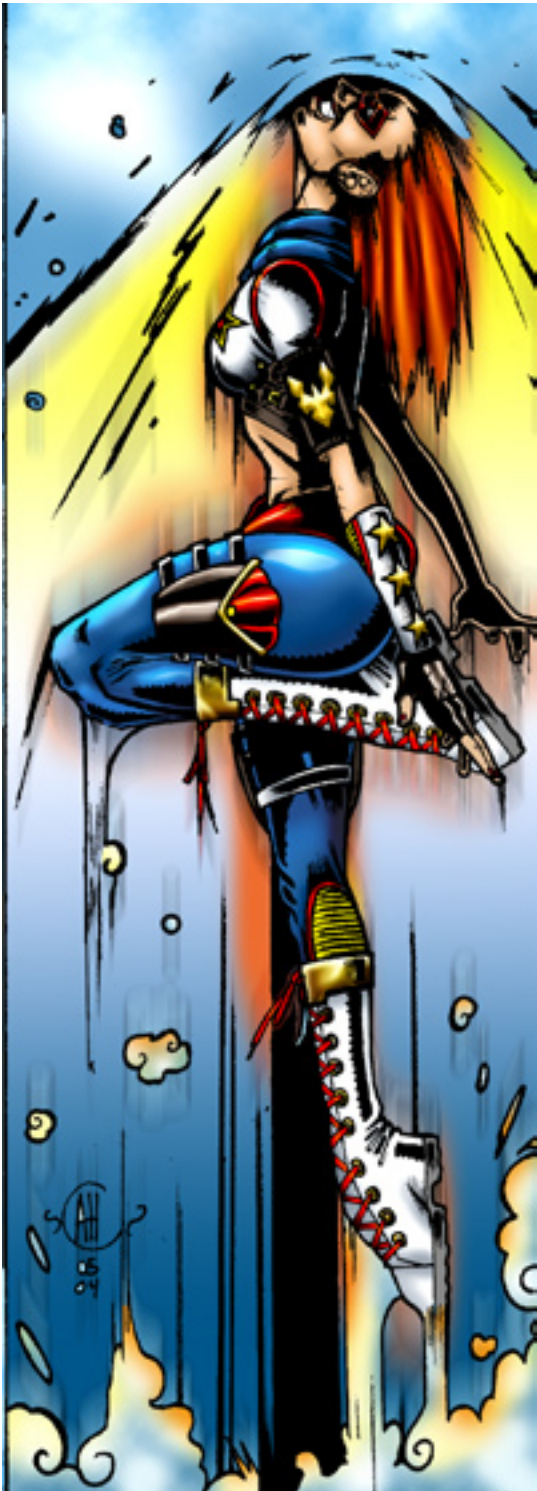
Liberty (PL 10)

With continuity so important to promoting a sense of permanence for the team, Department White deemed that along with the Patriot, another member of the Sentinels should carry the name of her predecessor. Liberty is the tenth woman to hold this particular title. In her case, however, Department White has made no effort to conceal her identity.

Cyan Kersey is the steel at the heart of the Sentinels, and it is her passion and skill that have held the group together. A former Navy SEAL, her abilities and command experience far outweigh that of the team's official leader, but she is forced to play second fiddle to the infuriating Jared Jones, whom she despises. On duty with the Sentinels, Cyan is the first into action, throwing herself into combat with a vengeance. Kersey fears only one thing—failure. Her military training and her time as a SEAL conditioned her to accept nothing less than total victory when in the field, and this psychological quirk has occasionally led to Liberty going too far, desperate to ensure success.

Advised by publicists in Department White (“a beautiful super hero is a memorable super hero”), Cyan grimly submitted to some minor surgery to enhance her already good looks. A year down the line, she curses herself for allowing them to talk her into it—she feels that she has lost her true face, and she is less of a person for it. Recently described as “the cutey with the booty” on the evening news, the current Liberty has tried in vain to cut down her own involvement with the world's media, preferring to stand hidden within the vast shadow cast by the Patriot.

Liberty and Lore, the team's super-scientist, are good friends. The older woman knows that the young Lore harbors a secret crush on her, but she sees him more like a younger brother than a prospective lover. In combat, Liberty always keeps one eye on Lore, leaping to protect him when danger threatens. Nova, the Sentinel's high-flying, high-profile energy projector or “blast man,” keeps Liberty on her toes, the two sharing a friendly competitive relationship, always attempting to out-do the other. While she trusts the other members of the team (even the Patriot has his rare uses) in some way or another, only Major Arcana inspires suspicion in Liberty. She can't help but feel that the strange individual who reveals so little of himself, even to his teammates, conceals some secret personal agenda.



Real Name: Cyan Kersey

Arc: Protector

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 20, Dex 17, Con 22, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 13 (13 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+7), Bluff 2 (+3), Climb 4 (+9), Concentration 4 (+6), Computers 8 (+8), Craft (electrical) 4 (+4), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+4), Diplomacy 4 (+5), Disable Device 8 (+8), Investigate 4 (+4), Knowledge (tactics) 8 (+8), Knowledge (technology) 2 (+2), Notice 4 (+6), Search 6 (+6), Stealth 10 (+13)

Feats: Assessment, Attack Focus (melee), Attack Specialization (jab, leap upon) 2, Attractive, Beginner's Luck, Benefit (agency ID) 3, Benefit (famous) 2, Defensive Attack, Endurance 2, Equipment 10, Improved Initiative 3, Inspire 2, Leadership, Master Plan, Seize Initiative, Set-Up, Takedown Attack 2, Teamwork 3, Throwing Mastery 2, Ultimate Effort (diplomacy)

Powers: Leaping 5, Super-Senses 1 (Danger Sense [mental])

Equipment: Costume (Protection 3)

Complications: Responsibility (Lore), Responsibility (U.S.E.R. agent), Secret (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: Quirk (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +7 (+8 melee), Damage +5 (unarmed), Defense +7, Initiative +15

Saving Throws: Toughness +7 (+10 costume), Fortitude +11, Reflex +11, Will +6

Abilities 37 + Skills 19 (76 ranks) + Feats 42 + Powers 6 + Combat 28 + Saves 17 – Drawbacks 3 =

Major Arcana (PL 11)

The mystery that is Major Arcana may never be fully revealed. Recruited by William Stovall back in the 1950's, Arcana is not a product of the A.E.G.I.S. serum like many of his teammates. Although quiet and reserved, and preferring a more peaceful method of dealing with emergencies, this hero has never shied from his duty to protect America. On the rare occasions that he does talk about his powers, the mystic refers to them as "tuning reality"—bending it to his will. Some believe that this enigmatic individual may actually be one of the Elohim, hiding in plain sight. The truth, however, is less astounding.

Nigel Rogers is the name of the man behind Major Arcana. Not one of the Elohim, he is simply a human with a great reserve of Ka ability, which he learned to control back in London during the 1930's, the sole pupil of a dying Atlantean. Since then, he has used his power to slow his aging and retain his youthful looks and strength. An unrestrained con man, petty thief, and trickster, Rogers sees his role in the Sentinels as the biggest con he's ever pulled. Creating the mysterious persona of Major Arcana when he first joined the team, it was simply as a way to make money and meet women. In fact, during his time with the Sentinels, Rogers has engaged in over half a dozen marriages, with wives in different countries around the world! Department White quickly moves in to cover this up, but Nigel's lecherous habits have gotten him into trouble on several occasions, putting illicit liaisons before his assignments. Recently, however, he has begun to feel some responsibility for his actions and he is finally beginning to take his duties seriously.

Real Name: Nigel Rogers

Arc: Rogue

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 18 (20 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 8 (+12), Computers 2 (+4), Concentration 12 (+14), Craft (artistic) 6 (+8), Diplomacy 10 (+14), Disable Device 8 (+10), Gather Information 4 (+8), Investigate 6 (+8), Knowledge (arcane lore) 12 (+14), Knowledge (behavioral sciences) 8 (+10), Knowledge (life sciences) 6 (+8), Knowledge (streetwise) 8 (+10), Medicine 6 (+8), Notice 8 (+10), Search 4 (+6), Stealth 4 (+10)

Feats: Artificer, Attack Focus (ranged), Benefit (agency ID) 3, Benefit (famous) 2, Efficient Ka 2, Equipment 10, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Second Chance (lie about personal history/identity), Specialization (Disable Device: open lock), Ultimate Effort (Knowledge [arcane lore])

Powers: *Flight* 5, *Ka Manipulation* 7 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank])

Equipment: Costume (Protection 3)

Complications: *Obsession* (Women), *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (True Identity), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: Power Loss (Ka Manipulation; when unable to speak and gesture to cast spells), *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged), Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +0 (+3 costume), Fortitude +5, Reflex +6, Will +11

Abilities 22 + Skills 28 (112 ranks) + Feats 23 + Powers 52 + Combat 16 + Saves 18 - Drawbacks 6 = 153



05 04

Lore (PL 10)

At only 19, Karlas Johnson, or Lore as he is better known, was the youngest person ever recruited into the Sentinels. An unprecedented child genius, he had led a sheltered life, living for comic books and role-playing games, escaping into imaginary worlds where he could be a hero, and make a difference. As he grew up and his talents emerged, he finally got a real chance to change the world for the better.

Lore won a Nobel Prize for Robotic Sciences at the age of 12, his love for the electronic miracle of robots propelling him to success. During the 1990's he created the first version of his U.S.A. (United States Android) series of robots and over the last decade the series has improved with every generation. Lore's creative joy has stubbornly refused to fade and he often spends time with the technical staff of Department Red, assisting with their work. As a member of the Sentinels, Lore was given the A.E.G.I.S. serum, but the wonder drug had no visible effect on the young man, his own amazing skills perhaps too advanced for even the powerful serum to augment.

Now in his late twenties, Lore feels that his position with U.S.E.R. is more a privilege than a duty, and he plays his part in the Sentinels with great enthusiasm. He enjoys fieldwork as much as time in the laboratories with his creations. William Stovall saw something of himself in Lore—passion, intelligence, and a deep love of all the mysteries of science. With so much in common, the two men quickly became good friends, Stovall filling a paternal role in Lore's life, treating the young man as the grandson he never had. The Head of U.S.E.R. has kept close tabs on Lore ever since, and has begged him on countless occasions to reduce the amount of dangerous fieldwork that he undertakes. Karlas will not change, though, insisting on doing his duty. In an effort to ease Stovall (and U.S.E.R.'s) fears about his safety, Karlas constructed a robotic bodyguard to accompany him in the field—USA9. The young man harbors a secret passion for Liberty, and although he knows all too well that the beautiful Kersey will never consider him anything more than a friend, he dreams of a day that might change.



Real Name: Karlas Johnson

Arc: Scientist

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 29, Wis 16, Cha 16 (16 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 6 (+9), Computers 13 (+22), Concentration 4 (+7), Craft (electrical) 13 (+22), Craft (mechanical) 13 (+22), Diplomacy 4 (+7), Disable Device 13 (+22), Investigate 4 (+13), Knowledge (physical sciences) 13 (+22), Knowledge (technology) 13 (+22), Notice 4 (+7), Pilot 6 (+7), Search 6 (+15)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Beginner's Luck, Benefit (agency ID) 3, Benefit (famous) 2, Dodge Focus 2, Equipment 30, Improved Tools, Inventor, Jack-of-all-Trades, Second Chance (invention design check), Skill Mastery (Bluff, Craft [electrical, mechanical], Pilot), Teamwork

Powers: Device 2 (Jetpack; see equipment)

Equipment: Costume (Protection 3), Jetpack (Device: *Flight 6* [Flaws: Requires Pilot Check]) Made famous by Flash Gordon, this device is about the size of a backpack and uses a combination of small propulsion jets and anti-gravity technology. Lore generally carries an assortment of equipment to fit the current mission.

Complications: *Phobia* (Driving), *Responsibility* (Liberty), *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +3 (+4 ranged), Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +4 (+6 dodge), Initiative +1

Saving Throws: Toughness +0 (+3 costume), Fortitude +5, Reflex +6, Will +5

Abilities 33 + Skills 28 (112 ranks) + Feats 45 + Powers 8 + Combat 14 + Saves 12 – Drawbacks 3 = 137

USA9 (Construct) (PL 20)

USA9 is a ninth-generation android, her existence a testimony to Lore's continuing brilliance and the excellence of modern engineering. Capable of astounding feats of strength and endurance, she is the Sentinel's physical powerhouse, designed and built to be virtually indestructible.

As an artificial being, USA9 was built with an organic neural matrix, an incredibly complex device allowing her to learn and grow beyond her original software. She is slowly discovering her true nature and personality, which is a painful and difficult task, making many mistakes along the way. She looks to Liberty as a role model, attempting to emulate her confidence and skill. Unfortunately, this means that sometimes USA9 occasionally attempts to copy Liberty's hotheaded attitude to combat, resulting in her needing regular repairs and causing costly collateral damage. She sees Karlas (who she knows as her creator) as an elder brother, and relies on him to answer all of her questions about the world. To his credit, Karlas always makes time for his creation, treating her as a real individual rather than a simple machine. How USA9's personality will develop over the coming years is still a mystery. Her operational life is limited only by her nuclear power supply, but with her creator close at hand, her evolution will surely proceed upon a magnificent path.

Unknown to Lore, any other members of the Sentinels, and even herself, USA9 serves a dual purpose. Whilst she was being constructed, and her software written, Calista Black intervened, ordering certain code inserted into her programs. The callously efficient Head of Department Blue has installed a secret failsafe in the core program of USA9. If ever Lore was in danger of being captured by enemy forces, USA9 has clear orders to make sure he is never taken alive. Hidden black software modules would become active, overriding her personality with their own command protocols, forcing her to terminate his life. Should she become incapable of stopping his capture, a final doomsday code would activate, and the nuclear core that powers her body would go immediately critical, with enough force to destroy a major city. If Lore ever discovers Black's tampering, there will be a showdown within U.S.E.R. like never before....

Real Name: United States Android version 9

Arc: Protector

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 20/28, **Dex** 34, **Con** –, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10 (10 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+16), Computers 4 (+4), Concentration 4 (+4), Craft (electrical) 7 (+7), Craft (mechanical) 7 (+7), Disable Device 8 (+8), Knowledge (physical sciences) 6 (+6), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+8), Notice 8 (+8), Search 4 (+4)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged) 4, Benefit (agency ID) 3, Benefit (famous) 2, Equipment 10, Specialization (Craft [electrical]: repair), Specialization (Craft [mechanical]: repair)

Powers: Absorption 4 (Energy), Adaptation 4, Blast 5, Blast 40 (Self-Destruct, nuclear; *Power Feats:* Progression (explosion) 3; *Extras:* Explosion; *Flaws:* Destroys Self, Personal), Concealment 2 (Normal sight; *Flaws:* Blending), Elongation 1, Flight 5, Growth 4 (*Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Permanent), Immunity 40 (Effects requiring Fort saves, Non-Mechanical Mental Effects), Impervious Toughness 9, Super-Senses 20 (Detect Movement [free action, ranged, extended], Blindsight [sonar], Hearing [extended x1,000], Infravision, Microscopic Vision [cellular], Radio, Time Sense, Ultra-Hearing, Vision [extended x1,000]), Super-Strength 4 (*Power Feats:* Thunderclap), Toughness 6

Equipment: None

Complications: Responsibility (Lore), Responsibility (U.S.E.R. agent), Secret (Has a bomb within her), Secret (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: Cultural Awkwardness (Common, minor), Quirk (Paranoid), Vulnerable (Magnetic attacks; uncommon, moderate)

Combat: Attack +5 (+9 ranged), Damage +9 (unarmed; +5 blast), Defense +9, Initiative +12

Saving Throws: Toughness +9 (Impervious), Fortitude –, Reflex +12, Will +8

Abilities 38 + **Skills** 15 (60 ranks) + **Feats** 21 + **Powers** 197 + **Combat** 28 + **Saves** 8 – **Drawbacks** 7 = 300



Nova (PL 8)

Nova, the team's high-powered energy projector, has only been a member of the Sentinels for a year. He loves the job, enjoying the public attention and the chance to look good kicking ass on television. He is likeable, but terribly cocky, always competing with Liberty to be the first to engage the enemy. The fact that the Sentinels pay incredibly well is a bonus, but beneath his overconfident and swaggering exterior, Nova truly does want to do the right thing. Unlike the other members of the team, Nova has no idea whatsoever that the Sentinels are secretly run by U.S.E.R. The heads of the organization feel that Nova is too unpredictable to be "brought in" and are content to leave him to his own devices.

Nova's true name is Jose Acala, and he revels in his role as National Super Hero. He's always loaded with cash, and his high-media profile has made sure he's never lonely in bed whilst on assignment. He loves the media spotlight almost as much as he loves pounding super villains or "servicing" the babes. He has made it his personal mission to seduce Liberty, the team's very own ice queen—a goal that may well prove to exceed his abilities! What Acala doesn't realize is that his life, and his powers are on a swift burning fuse. Nova has the Black Gene, and unless some miracle cure can be found, his future will end abruptly in a savage case of Shine....

Real Name: Jose Acala

Age: 22

Arc: Bravo

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 15 (15 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 2 (+8), Bluff 6 (+), Computers 2 (+), Concentration 8 (+), Craft (electrical) 4 (+), Craft (mechanical) 6 (+), Diplomacy 6 (+), Disable Device 8 (+), Gather Information 2 (+), Investigate 8 (+), Knowledge (technology) 4 (+), Notice 8 (+), Pilot 2 (+), Search 6 (+)

Feats: Benefit (agency ID) 3, Benefit (famous) 2, Diehard, Endurance, Equipment 10, Leadership

Powers: *Boost 10* (Team Coordination; Any trait one at a time; *Extras:* Reaction; *Flaws:* Personal, Only when working in team with Black October members, Maximum of +1 PP per additional member working in team), Fire Control 4 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 4 * [flame jet], Blast 12 * [flame burst; *Power Feats:* Progression (explosion) 4; *Extras:* Explosion; *Flaws:* Backlash, Ka Cost 2, Requires Concentration Check], Dazzle 4 * [visual (2 PP/rank)], Strike 4 * [flame sheath; *Extras:* Aura]), Flight 5, Immunity 5 (Fire), Protection 2 (Grim resolve; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Requires Will Save Check), Super-Senses 3 (Detect Chimerans; *Power Feats:* Innate; As sense, Ranged)

* Dynamic

Equipment: Costume (Protection 3)

Complications: *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (True Identity), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Obeisance*, *Quirk* (Paranoid), *The Shine*

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +2 (unarmed, +4 flame jet, +12 flame burst), Defense +5, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (+4 grim resolve, +5 costume, +7 costume & grim resolve), Fortitude +7, Reflex +7, Will +7

Abilities 23 + Skills 18 (72 ranks) + Feats 18 + Powers 43 + Combat 20 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 12 = 125



DEPARTMENT BLUE

Something about the large hall reminded her of school—chairs and desks set out in methodical rows, the quiet conversations going on all around. There was also that other faint classroom feeling of apprehension too, as if no one was quite sure what the mood of the teacher would be when she arrived. She shivered. She'd hated school....

Jenny Fern shuffled on her seat, trying to make herself comfortable. Around her, nearly fifty other new agents waited, fidgeting, talking, and looking bored. Bored? How could they be bored? Jenny could hardly contain her excitement. Today was special—the first day of their training schedule with the Department of Intelligence and Security—Department Blue. The briefing session was almost due to start any minute now, and Jenny couldn't wait.

A door at the front of the room opened quickly, and a tall, dark-haired woman, dressed in a dove-grey business suit, marched in without sparing a glance for the assembled people. Her head down, she walked across the room, her heels tip-tapping as she crossed the floor. Finally reaching a small table set out at the front, she looked up.

As the sounds of talking died, Jenny Fern got her first look at Calista Black, the head of Department Blue. She was surprised to be faced with such an ordinary-looking woman. Her make-up was bland and pale, as if she placed little importance on it, or her appearance. Mousy brown hair hung to her shoulders, the style out of date by at least a decade. In a crowd, Calista Black would disappear, vanishing into obscurity. She was simply unremarkable—that is, until you looked into her eyes.

In the soul that lurked behind that diamond-hard gaze, a volcano of barely restrained fury and anger smoldered not too far below the surface. Jenny sensed it for only the briefest of seconds, and then it was gone. She blinked and shook her head, hoping that her imagination was simply playing tricks on her.

She had to admit to being a little disappointed. How could such an ordinary individual reach the position of Head of Department Blue? Surely there was more to Black than this?

It was when she spoke that Jenny felt Calista Black's true power for the first time. Her voice was deep, and silky smooth, easily carrying across the hall. Like a master storyteller, there was a strange, magnetic quality to her words, grabbing her audience's attention and refusing to let go. Not a brash, brutal power, but subtle, and delicate, a kind of gentle urging, requiring you to listen. Almost automatically, Jenny felt herself straighten in her seat, inclining her head slightly to allow herself to hear more clearly.

"Welcome to the Manhattan Island Training Facility. My name is Calista Black, and I am Head of Operations here. You have been selected for assignment to this facility because you are the best in your respective fields." She paused, letting this sink in.

"Not that any of that counts here—none of it. The moment you stepped into this room, you all became equals. Department Blue now decides if you are the 'best' or not. Your instructors will gauge your worth to U.S.E.R. and the United States as you work through our training program." She smiled, just a hint of mockery on her face. "I think you'll find it challenging; weapons, combat, and tactics—and that's just the first three months. After basic training is successfully completed, you'll move onto technical operations and procedures. After this stage, roughly nine months from now, if you haven't dropped out, you will receive temporary field assignments, pending final approval. This might seem like a long time to wait. Don't be in any hurry to get through training—it will save your lives, and those of your colleagues."

Black walked towards the front row of chairs, and her eyes ran along the rows of men and women as if she read from the page of a book. Nodding to herself, she continued, as if finally satisfied. The temperature of her voice dropped a degree or two, becoming colder, as she became more serious than ever.

"In this facility, you will gain the skills and knowledge that will enable you to protect the lives of your fellow citizens and serve your country. There will be casualties amongst you when you move to actual work in the field—this is to be expected. Department Blue works tirelessly to minimize losses, but no operation of this nature can be 100% successful. Make no mistake—today's world is a dangerous one, and only those agents who are trained and utterly prepared to deal with the super-human threats to the nation will prevail. When you leave, you will be the best, and I will expect you to perform as such. Dismissed."

Jenny Fern watched Black leave the room. If Calista Black had gone into politics, she surely would have been President by now—the woman spoke with cool authority and an ocean of self-assurance. It took confidence to lead people, and Black was overflowing. Now Jenny knew how she had risen to become Head of Department Blue—behind her completely normal appearance was a remarkable woman, with a personality to match.

Talk sprang up around her as discussions bloomed amongst the new agents. Instructors entered the room from the rear, and began calling out names, assigning training groups. As she heard her own name called, she realized something. Training hadn't started yet, but she had learned something already.

She had learned that Calista Black was a woman not to be crossed....

Department Blue is the part of U.S.E.R. that deals with field operations and intelligence gathering. The duties of its agents range from covert investigation of super-human activity to all-out combat with the most lethal threats to the country. With over 2500 agents based throughout North and South America, it is also the largest branch of U.S.E.R., with agents posted to government offices and regional quick-response bases. Every FBI building in the United States has at least two of Department Blue's agents working undercover, acting as normal field agents. This "agent on site" program allows swift nationwide channels of communication with U.S.E.R. headquarters in times of emergency. When strange disturbances are reported, it is these agents who respond.

What constitutes a "strange disturbance" in a society populated by aliens and super beings? U.S.E.R. will not commit its resources to the field in order to stop an errant super-human robbing a bank or investigate low-level super-powered vigilantes—these types of encounters are classified as "mundane"—normal occurrences in today's world. Department Blue concentrates on only the more significant events involving super humans and weird phenomena, such as any large-scale gathering of aliens, atmospheric wormhole anomalies, and super-human activity. U.S.E.R. places special interest in Black October, and its agents are under standing orders to follow up any information that might lead to the discovery of the terrorist's agenda, or the group's leader—the mysterious figure known as Prime.

Calista Black (PL 7)

Calista Black is the current Head of Operations with Department Blue. A former Deputy director of the CIA, she is widely regarded as the most ruthlessly dedicated member of U.S.E.R.'s senior staff, capable of taking any action to fulfill her duties. Her zeal has recently caught the attention of William Stovall, head of U.S.E.R., and he is keeping close tabs on Black's activities. While he respects her achievements, he cannot ignore the growing human cost of her decisions.

Since taking the job as Director, performance has increased rapidly, but so too has agent mortality. Her aggressive policies regarding the suppression of super-human terrorist activity have garnered her a great deal of respect from her staff, but her methods are sometimes particularly brutal. She is utterly focused on her work and, even with all the freedom to operate that U.S.E.R. provides, sometimes feels that her hands are tied. If certain countries choose to shelter super-human terrorists and their supporters, then why not make examples of them? Why not eliminate the leaders of these countries? That would send a message to those who would stand in U.S.E.R.'s way, and certainly ensure that other countries thought twice before becoming havens for super-human undesirables. Although these courses of action sound chilling, she knows that certain factions within U.S.E.R. would support her decision, should she ever choose to take them.

Her need to rid the world of Black October is a powerful thing, guiding everything she does, and she is determined to succeed at any cost. Although she is truly dedicated to her work, Calista Black has a score to settle, and she will employ U.S.E.R. and its agents to carry out her revenge.

Some ten years previously, Black October attacked a U.S. military building in Seattle. The office was supposed to hold a tiny deposit of recently recovered Orichalcum, and retrieving this treasure was the terrorist's goal. Unknown to Black October, their information was outdated, the Orichalcum having been shipped to U.S.E.R. laboratories across the country over a month before. Finding themselves trapped, with nothing to show for their efforts and the military closing in, the terrorists panicked. Combining their powers, the Black October members tried to escape. Walls disintegrated in bursts of shocking power. Soldiers writhed and crumpled under devastating sonic assaults. Cutting a swathe of destruction through the streets, their attempt to escape left thirty dead, and nearly a hundred wounded. Amongst the dead were Ben Black and his daughter, Vicky, innocent bystanders in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Black underwent many months of counseling to help her deal with her family's death, and after her doctors certified her as ready to return to the work, she threw herself into her job, burying her sorrow beneath paperwork and duty. A few years later, she quit the CIA to join U.S.E.R., where she could better pursue the individuals responsible.

To Calista Black, her position as Head of Department Blue is a blessing, giving her command over a vast arsenal of weapons and expert staff devoted to protecting the United States and the larger world. Unless she learns to balance her desire for revenge with her duty to the country, chaos may yet ensue....

Department Blue Field Agents

Always on standby, ready to be called into action, Department Blue's people are thoroughly trained and equipped by U.S.E.R. Every agent undergoes initial orientation at the facility 100 feet below Manhattan Island, receiving extensive training in a variety of disciplines, including counter-terrorism, weapons training, and technical operations. Whilst retaining a pool of agents with similar skills and experience for general duties, the cream of the recruitment crop are given the option to specialize, and take on more responsibilities. Agents fall into three groups—Investigative, Security, and Black Ops.

Real Name: Calista Black

Age: 43

Arc: Dark Avenger

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 15 (15 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 8 (+10), Computers 4 (+4), Concentration 8 (+11), Craft (electrical) 4 (+4), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+4), Diplomacy 10 (+12), Gather Information 6 (+8), Intimidate 8 (+10), Investigate 8 (+8), Knowledge (business) 8 (+8), Knowledge (civics) 8 (+8), Knowledge (tech) 4 (+4), Language (Spanish, select 3 more), Notice 8 (+11), Search 8 (+8), Survival 8 (+11)

Feats: Assessment, Benefit (agency ID) 3, Connected, Contacts, Diehard, Equipment 15, Leadership, Set-Up, Teamwork, Track, Well-Informed

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue

Complications: *Flashbacks*, *Hatred* (Black October), *Obsession* (Bringing Black October to justice), *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +4, Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +3 (+5 the suit), Fortitude +7, Reflex +6, Will +8

Abilities 22 + Skills 27 (108 ranks) + Feats 27 + Powers 0 + Combat 16 + Saves 14 – Drawbacks 3 = 103

Investigative Agents

"Well, what did the old woman see?" asked Grant wearily, his voice barely concealing his obvious contempt. "Did she see little green men?"

Agent Grace Logan looked up from her notes, frowning at her partner's disapproval. The desert rolled by outside as the car traveled along the dusty road, the heat baking the already dry earth into something even harder. Thank God for air conditioning, she thought.

"She saw trucks—lots of them, too. Moving along this highway late last night, less than an hour after the 'atmospheric disturbance'. Damn, John, it could have been a micro-wormhole opening! Remember the Roswell reports? Someone got there first, before our agents, back in '47. All the important technology had been looted. Maybe that's what happened here. I think we should follow this up, do some research—there's a town called Cannon's Crossing only twenty miles ahead. We should take a look there..."

Investigative Agents, "Men in Black," or "Spooks" are Department Blue's general staff. These agents are assigned to low-level investigation, checking out reports of super-human activity, so-called alien abductions, and psychic phenomena. Falsely regarded as the "lowest rung" of Department Blue, they are actually the strong and steady foundation on which all of the department's work is built. Without these men and women, information would have to be gathered through other avenues—perhaps through the press or personal accounts. Not a very effective method, and not particularly accurate either. Always well equipped, Department Blue's investigative agents are ready to take on a variety of low-powered threats. When things get too tough or dangerous, backup is usually only a phone call away.

Investigative Agents (PL 6)

Arc: Adventurer or Protector (don't forget to add Arc bonuses once selected)

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 12, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 6 (+8), Computers 4 (+6), Concentration 4 (+6), Craft (electrical) 4 (+6), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+6), Diplomacy 2 (+4), Concentration 4 (+6), Gather Information 4 (+6), Investigate 8 (+10), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+10), Language (Select two), Notice 8 (+10), Search 8 (+10), Stealth 6 (+8)

Feats: Benefit (agency ID) 2, Connected, Endurance, Equipment 15, Leadership, Teamwork

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue

Complications: Responsibility (U.S.E.R. agent), Secret (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: Quirk (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +4, Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (+5 the suit), Fortitude +4, Reflex +6, Will +7

Abilities 22 + **Skills** 18 (72 ranks) + **Feats** 21 + **Powers** 0 + **Combat** 16 + **Saves** 11 – **Drawbacks** 3 = 85

Little Green Men

U.S.E.R. has investigated UFOs since the organization's inception. Beyond the existence of the aliens present on Earth, U.S.E.R. has documented two other aliens races that have taken an interest in the planet Earth.

The first is a race commonly known as the "Grays," or the Reticulans, as they call themselves. In 1953, these gray-skinned beings allegedly offered the US government alien technology in exchange for human breeding stock; they are a dying species that have cloned so much that now, with each successive cloning, the species grows weaker. They are thus trying to infuse new life into their species by creating a mixed breed. There were those in the US government who would have agreed to this arrangement but U.S.E.R. intervention stopped the deal. U.S.E.R. has attributed most cattle mutilation and abduction cases to the Reticulans. U.S.E.R. also believes that the Grays have made overtures of alliance with other Earth governments and closely monitor technological advances around the world.

The second race is the Nibiru from the planet of the same name, thought to have existed in our solar system eons ago. The Nibiru moved the entire planet through a dimensional rift on the edge of our solar system after a great war with another race they call the Anunnaki. The tall, violet-skinned Nibiru seldom make their presence known. It is believed that they travel through dimensional rifts to earth to gather information. Crop circles are attributed to their comings and goings.

Of course, with the presence on Earth of Angelos, Elohim, Chimerans and Atlanteans, each vying for power and spreading their own wall of disinformation, it's possible that this business about other aliens is just a façade meant to throw investigators off the real case. The truth is out there. Or is it?

Security Agents

"Control—he's moved from the building into the street. His hostages are U.S.E.R. friendlies—repeat—he has hostages. Request permission to engage."

A wave of static howled into Grimm's comm gear—something was blocking his signal. He knew that the armored suit he wore was only a prototype, and still had some kinks that needed ironing out, but this seemed more like outside interference than technical gremlins. Ahead, he saw the terrorist throw his hostages to the floor, their bodies bouncing across the concrete. A shudder rocked the street as the U.S.E.R. front company building suddenly exploded, spitting deadly clouds of glass and brick into the air. The road was immediately thick with running, screaming people, desperate to escape. The wounded wandered bloody and confused amongst the mob.

A snarl on his lips, Grimm checked the suit's weapons systems, briefly thanking God as indicator lights flashed their readiness. Looking up, he saw the terrorist begin to rise into the air, arms outstretched. He was getting away!

To Hell with waiting for orders.

Grimm started running, legs pounding the road like hammers. With a whispered prayer, he engaged the suit's flight systems. His stomach lurched as the street dropped away beneath him, and he took to the air. The terrorist was headed across the bay, afternoon sunlight bright on the water. Visual filters engaged, dimming the glare automatically. Grimm

gritted his teeth. Even after extensive training with the Paladin suit, he felt hardly prepared for aerial combat. Without thinking, he accelerated, splitting the air like a rocket, closing on the fleeing terrorist. He was ready. He had to be.

Security Agents working for Department Blue are recruited from the best of the general investigative agent staff, and given specialized weapons and training. Often seen as ruthlessly efficient by U.S.E.R.'s other agents, the security branch takes its duties very seriously. For them, the protection of U.S.E.R. easily equates to the defense of the planet.

Issued with pearly white armored combat suits based on technology gained from the Angelos aliens, these agents are trained to combat super beings. Department Red supplies the security section with experimental pieces of gear for field-testing, including combat robots and exotic energy detectors designed to locate super humans using their powers.

The Security staff prioritizes the safety of U.S.E.R. over anything else, including civilians. All normal efforts to minimize civilian casualties are taken, but for these hardliner agents, U.S.E.R. comes first. With the recent rise in Black October terrorist activity, Department Blue has increased its security staff recruitment program. Casualties amongst this section are amongst the highest in U.S.E.R., as its agents are the front line of defense for its facilities and front companies around the world.

Working for Security is a dangerous job, and sometimes their activities cannot be concealed from society or the press. Because these agents sometimes stray into the public eye whilst completing missions, Department White has created a cover story to give them a media-friendly face. The general populace regard the pristine-white armor-clad figures as a mysterious super-hero group known as the Paladins, dedicated to protecting the innocent from super-human threats. Unlike most super teams, the Paladins have no spokesman, which puzzles the media somewhat. Department White's disinformation covers this—the Paladins wish to remain anonymous, and as far as they are concerned, their deeds speak for themselves.

Black Ops Agents

A fiery burst of energy missed him by inches, searing his hair, and vaporizing the wall behind him. Gunfire echoed around the deserted streets, a hail of dust and bullets marching across the road towards him. Steve Redcliffe desperately dived aside, rolling as he came up. Who were these people? Why had they run his car off the road and chased him across five miles of desert?

Hands grabbed at him, yanking him upright. Without conscious thought, Redcliffe smashed his elbow backwards, feeling bone break under the impact. When the hands suddenly let go, he wasted no time; he ran. Dodging around two burnt-out cars, he dropped to a crouch, hiding. Heart kicking in his chest, he wiped his brow and looked around. Maybe they were foreign agents, come to capture him and torture information about U.S.E.R. out of him. That would be bad. He couldn't allow that to happen—he knew too much. He couldn't allow himself to be taken alive. Three masked men ran out from the building opposite to where Redcliffe hid. Without hesitation, they ran directly at him. How on Earth did they know where he was?

Tired of running, Redcliffe leapt forwards to engage them. He felt his unarmed combat training slip into his mind, taking control of his body. Like a machine following a preset program, Redcliffe let go, allowing instinct to duck and weave, strike and counter-strike for him. In moments, his assailants lay on the floor, bleeding and unconscious. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw more of them running towards him. Too many. He reached down to one of his fallen attackers, pulling an unused pistol from his belt. So—they were out to capture him, after all—a pity about that. He raised the gun to his head, pressed it firmly against his temple, and pulled the trigger.

Except that suddenly, weirdly, his fingers didn't work. Neither did

U.S.E.R. Paladin Field Operator (PL 7)

Arc: Adventurer or Protector (don't forget to add Arc bonuses once selected)

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 14, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 8 (+10), Computers 2 (+2), Concentration 8 (+10), Craft (electrical) 4 (+4), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+4), Diplomacy 8 (+10), Disable Device 8 (+8), Investigate 8 (+8), Knowledge (technology) 6 (+6), Notice 8 (+10), Search 8 (+8)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Benefit (agency ID) 3, Diehard, Endurance 2, Equipment 20, Improved Block, Leadership, Teamwork 3

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue, U.S.E.R. Exo-Assault suit, Jet Pack

Complications: *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged), Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +4 †, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +3 (+6 the suit, +7 exo-assault suit †), Fortitude +8, Reflex +8, Will +6

Abilities 22 + Skills 18 (72 ranks) + Feats 32 + Powers 0 + Combat 16 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 3 = 100

† 3 points of maximum defense have been traded off for an increased Toughness save maximum

any of his muscles. Paralyzed from head to toe, he stood utterly still, unable to move as the wave of black-clad men approached. As they drew level, the lead figure pulled off his mask, revealing the face beneath. Redcliffe was surprised to see the smile on his features.

"Well done, Redcliffe. You handled yourself extremely well, and were prepared to die to protect U.S.E.R.'s secrets. Luckily for all concerned, we've had a telepath monitoring you—he's the reason you can't move right now. The good news is, we think you're ready for promotion to the Special Operations unit. When the paralysis wears off in about an hour, we'll talk, but I'm pretty certain you'll be eager to join up...."

Silent. Unseen. Deadly. U.S.E.R.'s most elite agents are almost creatures of legend within Department Blue. When the most serious threats arise, it is these agents who are dispatched to neutralize them. Their assignments are ultra-secret, and new recruits undergo a thorough physical and psychological evaluation before even being asked to join up. Taken from the most promising agents of Department Blue's Security section, these men and women receive the most perilous jobs that U.S.E.R. undertakes. Facing danger every day of their working lives, the Black Ops groups work in closely knit squads, learning to rely on each other for backup and cover.

Active all over the world, Black Ops agents' duties range from information gathering, industrial espionage, and the acquisition of technologies from foreign powers. Their lethal skills also extend to the art of assassination, and it is in

this area that much of their recent work has been based. Under Calista Black's orders, Black Ops has become her "sweep and clean" squad, disposing of people and organizations in her way.

Advances in robotics have allowed for user-controlled combat robots to be constructed, and some of the more successful prototypes are active in the field today. Particularly of use to Black Ops is the Reconnaissance Bot, nicknamed "Snoopy" by agents. This tiny remote-controlled hovering robot is no larger than a golf ball, and it is often used to scout out targets before infiltration, relaying a video stream to its controller from its onboard camera. Rumors persist of a deadlier version of this robot—designed to carry out assassination at a distance, but it has never been officially confirmed.

Agent mortality is extremely high in Black Ops, and most of Department Red's candidates for their Cyborg program come from within this section. The critically wounded are airlifted to Department Red's labs, where their expert medics try first to save the lives of the injured. When there is little hope of recovery—if the patient has previously agreed—he is selected for the Cyborg program. Spare organs are harvested for use in U.S.E.R. hospitals, and only the brain goes on to be "implanted" in its new body.

The procedure is far from perfect, with fewer than a quarter of the candidates surviving the process. Of those that do live, most suffer from terrible psychological trauma, and are eventually shut down for their own sake. Currently, fewer than a half-dozen agents have been "re-installed" and returned to active duty in the field. Both Department Blue and Red watch these test subjects closely for signs of mental aberration. With state-of-the-art weapons as standard, if one of these reborn agents were to go insane, the devastation he or she could cause would be nothing less than catastrophic.

Combat Specialist (PL 7)

Arc: Adventurer or Protector (don't forget to add Arc bonuses once selected)

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+6), Climb 4 (+6), Concentration 6 (+8), Craft (electrical) 4 (+4), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+4), Diplomacy 4 (+6), Disable Device 8 (+8), Intimidate 8 (+10), Investigate 4 (+4), Knowledge (tactics) 8 (+8), Knowledge (technology) 4 (+4), Notice 8 (+10), Search 6 (+6), Stealth 8 (+10), Survival 8 (+10)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Attack Specialization (select one), Benefit (agency ID) 3, Diehard, Endurance, Equipment 15, Leadership, Teamwork 3

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue, U.S.E.R. commando field armor, camouflage suit, listening device, molecular adhesion gear, The Face

Complications: *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

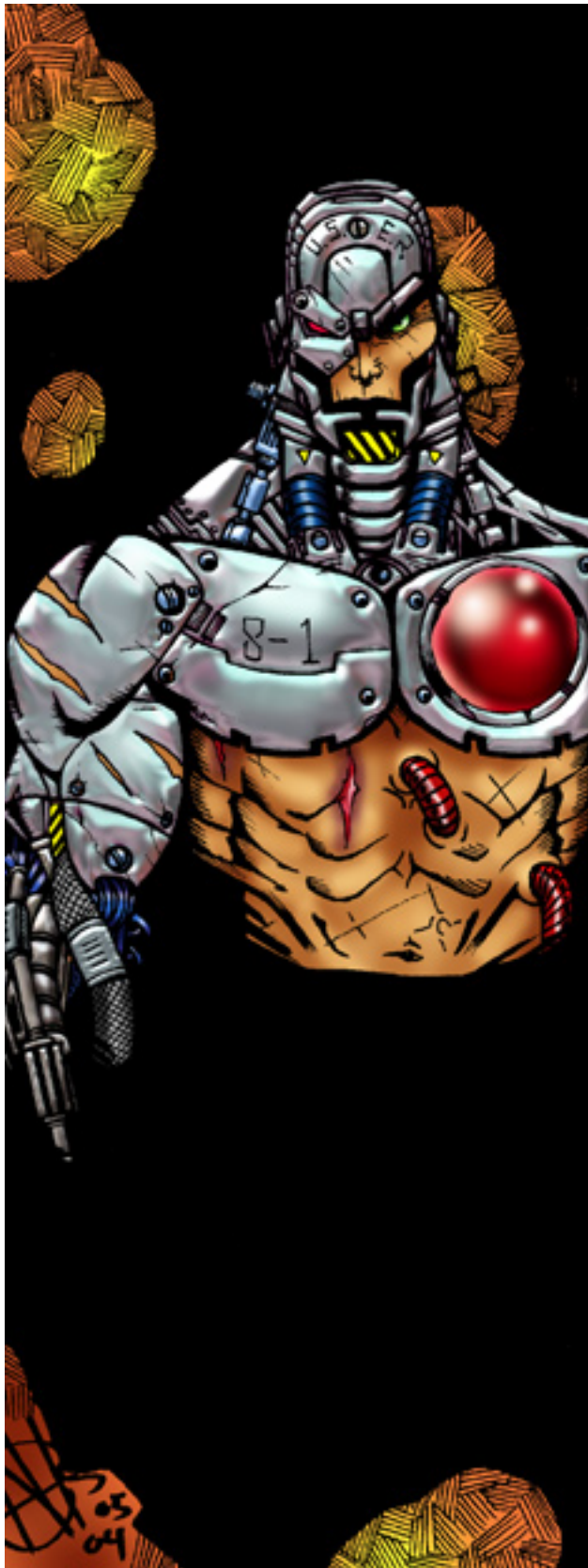
Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged), Damage +2 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (+5 the suit, +7 commando field armor), Fortitude +8, Reflex +8, Will +6

Abilities 20 + Skills 22 (88 ranks) + Feats 26 + Powers 0 + Combat 16 + Saves 16 – Drawbacks 3 = 97





U.S.E.R. Combat Cyborg (PL 8)

Arc: Warrior

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 14/26, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14/24, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 4 (+6), Concentration 8 (+10), Craft (electrical) 4 (+4), Craft (mechanical) 4 (+4), Diplomacy 4 (+6), Disable Device 8 (+8), Investigate 4 (+4), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+8), Notice 8 (+10), Search 8 (+8)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Benefit (agency ID) 3, Diehard, Endurance 2, Equipment 15, Leadership, Power Attack, Rage 2, Teamwork 3

Powers: *Enhanced Constitution* 10 (Cybernetics), *Enhanced Strength* 12 (Cybernetics), *Immunity* 2 (Cybernetics; Suffocation), *Super-Senses* 4 (Cybernetics; Infravision, Hearing [accurate, extended x 10], Vision [extended x10]), *Protection* 3 (Dermal armor)

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue, U.S.E.R. Exo-Assault suit

Complications: *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry), *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged), Damage +2/+8 (unarmed), Defense +4 *, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2/7 * (+10 dermal armor, +14 exo-assault suit), Fortitude +5/+10, Reflex +8, Will +8

Abilities 20 + Skills 15 (60 ranks) + Feats 28 + Powers 31 + Combat 16 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 6 = 119

* 4 points of maximum defense bonus have been traded off for an increased Toughness bonus maximum

DEPARTMENT RED

Director Yee walked casually through the Sierra Nevada laboratory complex, a thick file of paperwork nestled tightly beneath his folded arm. Above him, the excavated ceiling vanished into darkness, and for a few moments he could almost feel the weight of the mountains above pressing down on him. He smiled as he shook off the nagging instant of claustrophobia—every morning it was the same, until he slowly acclimatized, usually with the help of copious amounts of caffeine.

The laboratories were full of people going about their duties, and occasionally, brilliant lights or deafening sounds would grab Yee's attention—evidence of the frequent tests and experiments that took place here. He always took his time on this journey, enjoying the sight of his staff of scientists and specialists working on their multitude of projects—cybernetics, robotics, artificial intelligence, and many more. A large part of Department Red was still allocated to the constant improvement of the A.E.G.I.S. serum, but now they were just one part of a larger whole. Whatever their area of expertise, they all worked damn hard against sometimes insurmountable odds, and their continued efforts and dedication made Yee proud. To be assigned here was something to be proud of. In this very facility, William Stovall himself had made the breakthroughs that turned the A.E.G.I.S. project from a billion-dollar disaster into a viable, successful tool. Yes, if you were assigned here, you should be proud....

Finally reaching his office, he looked inside through the slatted blinds that hung across the walls of glass. His secretary, Kelly, was gesticulating wildly to a tall, emaciated, white-haired man in a lab coat whose voice was loud enough to penetrate even the thick office door. Yee sighed quietly before entering.

As soon as he stepped inside, Kelly's voice was quickly overpowered by that of the older man, and he approached Yee with a satisfied grin covering his face. Nodding a smile and a swift "good morning" to the obviously harried Kelly, Yee made for the door to his private office, followed closely by his bizarre-looking visitor. Dropping his file of paperwork onto his desk, he turned to speak.

"Well, Dr. Fallon, what do you have to tell me today that is so important?" he asked brightly.

Abraham Fallon was one of Yee's most brilliant but eccentric staff members, and he currently headed a small team dedicated to the U.S.E.R. Cyborg project. A recent increase in casualties in the field had led Department Red to increase funding to Fallon's team, and its work had advanced rapidly in the months since, recruiting new staff and acquiring new equipment. A grin on his face, the Doctor approached Yee's desk, and handed him a comprehensive-looking report sheet. Yee's eyes scanned left to right, slowly crawling down the page, assimilating the information that lay before him. Fallon twitched and shuffled, unable to contain his obvious excitement.

Yee put the report down, his eyes flicking to Fallon's face. The report was clear. New weapons and suppression technology. New armor. Improved communications. Somewhere out there in the lab complex, a new era had dawned.

He nodded, and spoke warmly to the Doctor:

"Well done, Doctor Fallon," he smiled. "Well done indeed!" Yee reached over to his telephone, picked up the receiver, and pressed the direct-connect button marked "Stovall."

"Professor Stovall?" said Yee calmly, as his call was quickly answered. "After a thorough testing process, and a month of observation and psychiatric evaluation, I'm pleased to announce that the prototype of our Advanced Combat Cyborg is ready for deployment on your orders." Yee smiled. Department Red was going places....



Department Red, sometimes called U.S.E.R.'s Department of Science and Technology, has suffered a checkered past. For many years, its sole focus was genetics and the unlocking of the super-human abilities that lie dormant in certain humans. Although work still continues on experimental medicines, William Stovall's giant leap with the A.E.G.I.S. serum in the 1950s has never truly been equaled, and some of Department Red's experts are saying that the serum has become as effective as it ever will be.

Always standing in the shadow of Stovall's success, many people over the last fifty years have tried to bring something unique to their tenure as Director of Department Red, but not until the recent appointment of Robert Yee have matters taken a turn for the better.

The acquisition of alien technology from the group known as the Angelos has given Yee and his people a fresh start, renewing their enthusiasm as they are eager to make up for the Department's shortcomings in the past. New avenues of research and development have opened up, and progress in the fields of artificial intelligence and cybernetics happens on an almost daily basis—from replacement prosthetic cyber-limbs to semi-sentient computer software, the vision of the Department's technical staff seems limitless. In particular, the recent instigation of the Cyborg program has attracted a wealth of attention from staff. Many view this project as one of the Department's more worthwhile ventures—offering critically wounded field agents a new lease of life after sustaining terrible injuries. This project has not been without its own unique problems, though—a worryingly large percentage of test subjects suffered severe psychological trauma after “reinstallation” in their new bodies. This obstacle is one of the major drawbacks facing the team, but they are certain that it can be overcome in the future.

Much of the testing process takes place within the laboratories of the Sierra Nevada Mountain complex, but with significant advances in weaponry and robotics requiring more rigorous and thorough investigation, field tests are becoming much more common. With one of the Department's main groups focusing on attempts to neutralize the effects of super-human powers, testing schedules cannot be carried out anywhere else but in the field, and even now, specialized agents in another Department are being issued experimental devices that, if successful, may render super humans temporarily powerless.

It is an exciting time to work for Department Red, and recruitment quotas have been met regularly for the first time in years as its profile in U.S.E.R. has risen. Technology advances at a relentless rate, and the members of this Department are pioneers, standing at the bleeding edge, always thirsty for more.

Angelos Technology

The U.S.E.R./Angelos technology trade has given U.S.E.R. the edge it needs to combat super-human adversaries. The Angelos didn't think much of giving humans small amounts of technology they felt would have been discovered soon anyway. Massive weapons of destruction such as Sun bombs and bioengineering technology were purposely omitted from the list of available technology.

U.S.E.R. agents have found one piece of technology that could be very useful if Research and Development ever discovered its use. A small Angelos memory ring was found in Canada in 1960 by a group of agents examining a battle between super-human aliens and the group Black October. The small golden ring, lost by an Angelos artificer, has imprinted on it a large amount of data of experimental Angelos technology. Not knowing what it did or was used for, the agents cataloged it and sealed it in the Vault under Manhattan Island. If U.S.E.R. ever realized what they had in their possession they could become the top player on the planet.

Robert Yee (PL 8)

Although the Department's current success rate is somewhat less than satisfactory, Dr. Yee never takes out his disappointment on his staff. After all, he had been a scientist too before he had reluctantly accepted his promotion to Director. He sometimes wishes that his current role was more “hands on” and less paperwork, but knows that it will never be. Yee has never forgotten his passion for his laboratory work, but he accepts the fact that his job as Director could benefit Department Red's projects on a larger scale. A man who values fairness, he has never forgotten his origins, and he hopes that has made him a more reasonable man to work for.

Arc: Scientist

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 20, Wis 14, Cha 13 (13 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 2 (+3), Computers 12 (+17), Concentration 10 (+12), Craft (electrical) 12 (+17), Craft (mechanical) 12 (+17), Diplomacy 10 (+11), Investigate 10 (+15), Knowledge (behavioral sciences) 8 (+13), Knowledge (business) 10 (+15), Knowledge (earth sciences) 8 (+13), Knowledge (life sciences) 12 (+17), Knowledge (physical sciences) 12 (+17), Knowledge (technology) 12 (+17), Language (Select 8), Medicine 12 (+14), Notice 2 (4+), Search 8 (+13)

Feats: Benefit (agency ID) 3, Connected, Contacts, Equipment 30, Inventor, Specialization (Knowledge [life sciences: super-human genetics]), Ultimate Effort (Knowledge [life sciences], Knowledge [technology]) 2

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue

Complications: *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +3, Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +2, Initiative +0

Saving Throws: Toughness +0 (+3 the suit), Fortitude +5, Reflex +5, Will +8

Abilities 17 + Skills 40 (160 ranks) + Feats 38 + Powers 0 + Combat 10 + Saves 16 – Drawbacks 3 = 118

The Tools of the Trade

Welcome to the U.S.E.R. warehouse! Below is a list of some of the standard gadgets that U.S.E.R. agents have at their disposal. The point cost listed is WITHOUT the special U.S.E.R. gadget bonus so that other character types may purchase them if the Game Master allows. The cost for U.S.E.R. agents is in parentheses.

U.S.E.R. Standard issue

The list below is a catalog of what U.S.E.R. agents usually carry in the field.

- Gyrojet pistol
- Handcuffs
- Medical Kit
- The Suit

Total EP/PP Cost: 24/5

Weapons

Auto pistol

Toughness: 10

Powers: Blast 2 (Ballistic; *Extras:* Autofire)

Range Inc.: 20 ft.

EP Cost: 6

EMP hand grenade

This large, ungainly device (weighing about two pounds and shaped like a large egg) causes a localized electromagnetic pulse to render all electronic devices inert.

Toughness: 7

Powers: Drain 4 (Energy drain, all traits at once [5 PP/rank]; *Power Feats:* Slow Fade 2, Thrown; *Extras:* Burst [25 ft.]; *Flaws:* Electronics only)

EP Cost: 22

Rhand Tech Gyrojet pistol

Toughness: 9

Powers: Blast 3 (Ballistic; *Power Feats:* Critical 19–20)

Range Inc.: 30 ft.

EP Cost: 7

Laser Pistol

A lightweight streamlined silver pistol like something out of a sci-fi movie.

Toughness: 7

Powers: Blast 4 (Laser; *Extras:* Autofire)

Range Inc.: 40 ft.

EP Cost: 12

Mono Whip

Toughness: 5

Powers: Strike 3 (*Power Feats:* Extended Reach 2, Mighty)

EP Cost: 6

Net Gun

This large rifle shoots a sticky substance that hardens and congeals when it hits its target. The weapon is reloaded by inserting a large canister in the back of the weapon.

Toughness: 12

Powers: Snare 5 (*Extras:* Penetrating; *Extras:* Engulf)

Range Inc.: 50 ft.

EP Cost: 10

Power Neutralizer

This rifle has a small backpack energy unit that connects to the weapon by a long cord. The gun shoots a Ka-disrupting energy lattice that envelops the victim.

Toughness: 10

Powers: Nullify 5 (All powers at once [3 PP/rank]; *Extras:* Duration 3)

Range Inc.: 50 ft.

EP Cost: 30



Vibro Sword

The Vibro sword is disguised as a normal umbrella with the blade in the handle.

Toughness: 10

Powers: Strike 2 (*Power Feats:* Critical 18–20)

EP Cost: 4

Armor

The Suit

This outfit looks like the standard black business suit worn by FBI and CIA agents. Woven with a lightweight Kevlar fabric, the outfit is virtually indistinguishable from any normal suit and tie combo.

Armor Powers: Protection 3

EP Cost: 3

U.S.E.R. Commando Field Armor

Special units usually wear the armor when combat with a super human is expected. The armor complete seals the wearer from head to toe giving him full body protection.

Armor Powers: Concealment 4 (All visual; *Flaws:* Blending, Requires Stealth Check), Protection 5, Immunity 2 (Suffocation), Super-Senses 6 (Detect Physical Objects [ranged, extended], Distance Sense, Infravision, Radio)

EP Cost: 15

U.S.E.R. Exo-Assault suit

This is a suped-up version of the commando field armor. Special units usually wear the armor when combat with a super human is expected. The armor complete seals the wearer from head to toe giving him full body protection and enhanced strength.

Armor Powers (Device 9): Concealment 4 (All visual; *Flaws:* Blending, Requires Stealth Check), Strength 30, Protection 7, Immunity 2 (Suffocation), Super-Senses 6 (Detect Physical Objects [ranged, extended], Distance Sense, Infravision, Radio), Super-Strength 3

EP/PP Cost: 45/9

Special tools

The Briefcase

The Briefcase is a normal-looking business accessory until combat starts. Made of super-light titanium carbon fiber weaves covered in your choice of red, brown, or black leather, the case may be used to block incoming attacks like a shield. In order to use the brief case as a shield or to deflect ranged attacks (if able.)

Toughness: 12

Powers: Shield 3

EP Cost: 3

Camouflage Suit

This skintight silver outfit allows the wearer to blend in with his surroundings. The small rechargeable battery pack holds seven charges.

Toughness: 2

Powers: Concealment 4 (All visual; *Flaws:* Blending, Limited to 5 minutes per use and 7 charges, Requires Stealth Check)

EP Cost: 1

The Face

A mask that mimics any face the user desires.

Toughness: 3

Powers: Morpsh 2 (Any human [2 PP/rank]; *Flaws:* Face only)

EP Cost: 2

Infrared glasses

This gadget look like a pair of common sunglasses.

Toughness: 2

Powers: Super-Vision 1 (Infravision)

EP Cost: 1

Jet Pack

Made famous by Flash Gordon. This device is about the size of a backpack and uses a combination of small propulsion jets and anti-gravity technology.

Toughness: 8

Powers: Flight 3 (Jet propulsion; *Flaws:* Requires Piloting Check)

EP Cost: 3

Ka Energy Detector

This device looks like a large "Tricorder" with many buttons, dials, and a large display screen.

Toughness: 4

Powers: Super-Senses 4 (Ka Awareness, mental, ranged, extended [x100]; *Flaws:* Requires Intelligence Check)

EP Cost: 2

Laser Enhanced Targeting Scope

This small scope can be attached to any rifle or pistol for improved accuracy at increased range.

Toughness: 4

Powers: Improved Aim, Super-Senses 1 (Normal sight, extended [x10])

EP Cost: 2

Medical Kit

This is a small medical device (about the size and shape of a paper back novel). Two cords ending in thin needles are attached to the bottom of the device. The needles are used to inject nanites into the patient's body. The small nanite robots invade and repair the damaged tissue.

Toughness: 3

Powers: Healing 4 (*Extras:* Total)

EP Cost: 12

Molecular Adhesion Gear

Gloves and boots that molecularly adhere to any surface and allow the user to climb wall and stick to surfaces.

Toughness: 3

Powers: Super-Movement 1 (Wall-Crawling)

EP Cost: 2

Ninja Egg

This small device is the size and shape of an egg. When thrown to the ground it activates causing a blinding flash of light and a puff of smoke.

Toughness: 1

Powers: Dazzle 4 (Visual [2 PP/rank]; Extras: Explosion)

EP Cost: 12

Re-breather

This small device looks like a pack of cigarettes. When opened, the device has a set of nose plugs and a small mouthpiece attached to an air cartridge. The Re-breather only allows the user an independent air supply, and doesn't bestow any protection for deep-sea or outer-space protection.

Toughness:

Powers: Immunity 2 (Suffocation)

EP Cost: 2

Security kit

This gadget comes in a small leather briefcase. The user has at his disposal a large assortment of lock picks and electronic equipment used for breaking into secure areas.

Toughness: 3

Powers: Disable Device +8

EP Cost: 2

X-Ray Glasses

This gadget looks like a pair of common sunglasses.

Toughness: 2

Powers: Super-Senses 4 (X-Ray Vision)

EP Cost: 4

Vehicles

The Black helicopter

The "Black Helicopter" enigma has been with us for many years, and has been linked to UFO sightings, cattle mutilations, and other unexplained phenomena. Sometimes alone, sometimes in small groups, and occasionally being escorted by conventional military helicopters, these unidentified craft have become a common sight in the skies. The "Black Helicopters" share a number of characteristics: Completely flat black in color, they show no identification whatsoever. The windows are tinted, preventing observers from seeing inside. While sometimes seen in conventional traffic patterns, they commonly fly very low, just above treetop altitude, even over residential areas. This shows a disregard for (or immunity from) FAA regulations.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 4

Strength: 40

Speed (Flight): 5

Defense: 6

Toughness: 11

Size: Gargantuan

Powers: Super-Senses 12 (Normal Hearing [accurate, acute extended], Detect Physical Objects [range, extended x100], Direction Sense, Distance Sense, Infravision, Low-Light Vision, Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 29/6

The Car A.K.A the U.S.E.R.-mobile

The standard issue Black Lincoln Continental with tinted windows and chrome detailing. Inside, the car is upholstered with fine Corinthian leather and the dashboard and paneling are accented with richly stained mahogany wood.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 3

Strength: 35 3

Speed (Ground/Flight/Swimming): 5/3/3

Defense: 8

Toughness: 11

Size: Huge

Powers: Concealment 4 (All visual; Flaws: Blending, Immunity 6 (Cold, Heat, High Pressure, Low Pressure, Suffocation), Super-Senses 6 (Blindsight [sonar, extended], Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 35/7

The Cycle

For those not capable of affording "The Car," The Cycle is the next best thing.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 1

Strength: 15

Speed (Ground/Flight): 6/3

Defense: 10

Toughness: 9

Size: Medium

Powers: Super-Senses 2 (Infravision, Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 19/4

Space Assault Plane

Space planes are U.S.E.R.'s space defense craft. Equipped with dual rail guns and a high-tech ship-to-ship missile system.

Crew: 1

Passengers: 0

Strength: 30

Speed (Flight): 12

Defense: 6

Toughness: 11

Size: Gargantuan

Powers: Blast 5 (Missiles; *Extras:* Explosion, Concussive), Blast 6 (Rail Guns; *Extras:* Penetrating), Immunity 6 (Cold, Heat, High Pressure, Low Pressure, Suffocation), Super-Senses 14 (Blindsight [sonar, extended], Detect Physical Objects [range, extended x1,000], Infravision, Normal Vision [extended x100], Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 86/18



Space Shuttle

This type of space shuttle is common in the space above Earth.

Crew: 4

Passengers: 4

Strength: 70

Speed (Flight): 10

Defense: 2

Toughness: 13

Size: Colossal

Powers: Immunity 6 (Cold, Heat, High Pressure, Low Pressure, Suffocation), Super-Senses 14 (Blindsight [sonar, extended], Detect Physical Objects [range, extended x1,000], Infravision, Normal Vision [extended x100], Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 52/11

The Eagle (the Sentinels' Hypersonic jet)

The Eagle is the Sentinels' signature vehicle, used to transport the team. Every year the vehicle is changed cosmetically to keep in step with what is considered sporty and high-tech.

Crew: 2

Passengers: 8

Strength: 40

Speed (Flight): 10

Defense: 6

Toughness: 12 (6 is Impervious)

Size: Gargantuan

Powers: Piloting +4, Immunity 6 (Cold, Heat, High Pressure, Low Pressure, Suffocation), Super-Senses 14 (Blindsight [sonar, extended], Detect Physical Objects [range, extended x1,000], Infravision, Normal Hearing [extended x100], Normal Vision [extended x100], Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 54/11

The War Horse (The Paladin Assault Vehicle)

U.S.E.R. agents masquerading as the super team known as Paladin use The War Horse. The vehicle is a heavy tank altered slightly to look like a stylized "super-hero" vehicle and gutted to hold the high-tech weapons and defense systems.

Crew: 2

Passengers: 5

Strength: 50

Speed (Ground/Water): 4/2

Defense: 8

Toughness: 14 (7 is Impervious)

Size: Huge

Powers: Absorption 6 (Energy), Blast 10 (Sonic cannon; *Extras:* Line), Immunity 3 (Cold, High Pressure, Suffocation), Super-Senses 8 (Blindsight [sonar, extended], Normal Hearing [extended x100], Radio)

EP/PP Cost: 91/19

A.E.G.I.S.

(Artificially Enhanced Gene Induction Serum)

The thick black fluid known as the A.E.G.I.S. serum has been refined and tested over the years on many different test subjects, some human, some not. The serum did not work on everyone, and in some cases even killed the subject, but ultimately its use was "perfected." The serum is kept under lock and key in the labs located in the Vault, a secret and heavily guarded compound under Manhattan Island. The only other location is a test batch at Halo station. The space station is doing Zero-g testing to find if the serum can be further enhanced. To obtain more suitable test subjects for the serum, Department Red also plans to orchestrate a nationwide pharmaceutical testing program through one of its front companies, Pharmex Industries. The results of these tests will identify subjects who are "genetically suitable" for receiving the A.E.G.I.S. serum, and after the appropriate security measures have been satisfied, these few will be invited to "do their duty for their country."

The A.E.G.I.S. Serum opens parts of the brain that stimulate the Ka usage. When the serum is used on normal humans and the serum is successful, the subject's powers manifest in 1D weeks. After the initial use the subject's body is wracked with pain as the serum re-writes the way his body filters Ka energy. The powers become evident incrementally over the permutation period. Some subjects must use the serum repeatedly to keep their powers active (usually becoming addicted) because of some flaw in their physical makeup.

The chart below is given as a rough reference as to what powers should be given and at what level. As always, the Game Master has the final say as to what powers and level the player who takes the serum has. The roll on the chart below cannot be affected by the use of Character, Fate, or Ka points. Game Masters, note that the A.E.G.I.S. serum should not be given away like water, as it can seriously unbalance a game! Be careful how you dole it out.

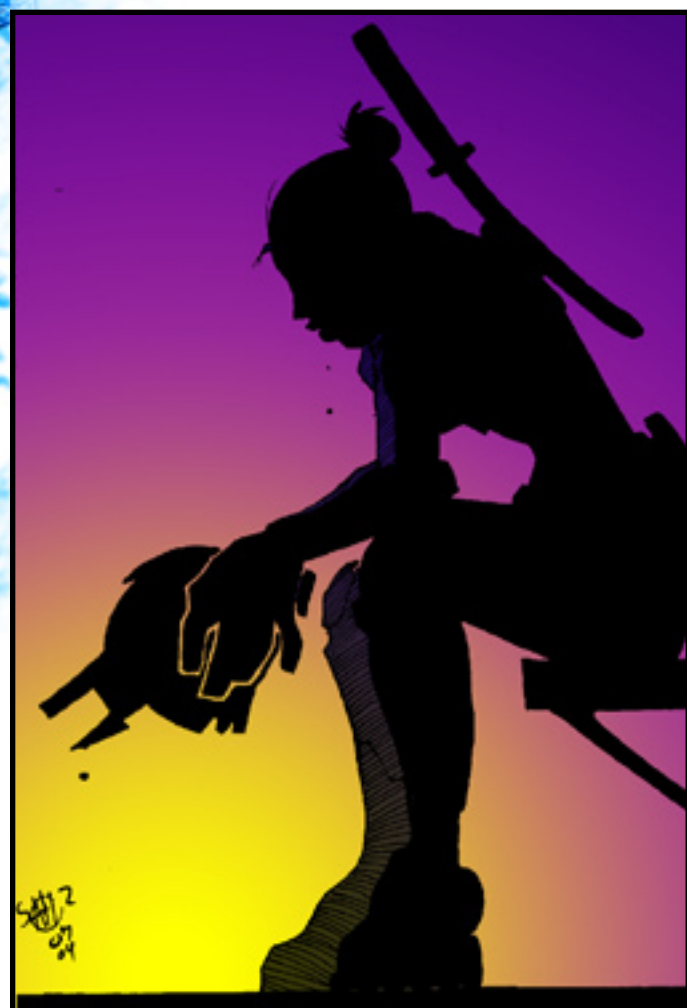


Chart 1a: A.E.G.I.S. Serum effects (Roll 1D20)

Roll	Result
1-2	The recipient receives 1d20 / 3 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks permanently chosen by the Game Master. The player does not receive bonus PP for these drawbacks. If taken again subtract 6 from the next roll.
3-4	The recipient temporarily receives 1d20 / 3 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks for 1D months. If taken again subtract 3 from the next roll.
5-8	The serum has no effect. If taken again subtract 1 from the next roll.
9-10	The serum has a minor effect. The recipient is granted 1d20 PP / 2 (minimum of 1 PP) to spend on new super powers. If taken again subtract 1 from the next roll.
11-12	The serum has a moderate effect. The recipient is granted 1D20 PP to spend on powers or abilities. If taken again subtract 2 from the next roll.
13-14	The serum has a great effect. The recipient is granted 1d20+10 PP to spend on powers or abilities. If taken again subtract 4 from the next roll.
15-16	The serum has an extraordinary effect. The recipient is granted 2d20 PP to spend on powers or abilities. If taken again subtract 6 from the roll.
17	The serum has an extraordinary effect. The recipient is granted 2d20+10 PP to spend on new powers or abilities. The character must also take 1d20 / 5 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks. If taken again subtract 4 from the next roll.
18	The serum has an extraordinary effect. The recipient is granted 3d20 PP to spend on new powers or abilities. The character must also take 1d20 / 5 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks. If taken again subtract 6 from the next roll.
19-20	The serum has an extraordinary effect. The recipient is granted 3d20+10 character points to spend on new powers or abilities and 1d20 / 5 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks, most of them mental-oriented. The Serum cannot be taken again—if it is the character will gain a drawback worth at least 5 points and lose 3 points from their attributes.

Addiction

Repeated uses of the A.E.G.I.S. serum will bestow the Addiction complication upon the subject. To become addicted the user must have used the serum more than once and fail a DC 15 Will save. The DC increases by +3 for every use after the first until the character is hooked.

Super-powered Subjects

The A.E.G.I.S. serum has wild effects on those with preexisting powers born to them naturally. The serum in some cases has amplified powers, and in more appalling instances renders powers completely inert, sometimes permanently. The Game Master determines the effects; the chart below should be used only as a reference.

The drug has particularly strange effects upon the aliens who call Earth home, such as the Angelos, Chimerans, and Elohim. Since their bodies are already attuned to the flow of Ka energy the serum plays havoc with their physiology. Any results of Flaws on the chart are doubled for them, and to compound matters they receive a -2 penalty to roll on the chart. Atlanteans and Black October members are exempt from these effects.

Roll	Result
1-2	The recipient receives 1d20 / 3 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks permanently chosen by the Game Master. The player does not receive any bonus PP for these drawbacks. If taken again subtract 10 from the next roll.
3-4	The recipient receives 1d20 / 3 points (minimum of 1 point) worth of drawbacks permanently chosen by the Game Master for 1d20 weeks. If taken again subtract 5 from the next roll.
5-16	The serum has no effect. If taken again subtract 1 from the next roll.
17-18	The serum has a minor effect. The recipient is granted 1d20 PP / 2 (minimum of 1 PP) to spend on new super powers. If taken again subtract 5 from the next roll.
19-20	The serum has a minor effect. The recipient is granted 1d20 PP / 2 (minimum of 1 PP) to spend on new super powers. If taken again subtract 8 from the next roll.

William Stovall (PL 10)

Professor William Stovall, the world's foremost authority on the super-human phenomenon, put down the phone, and slumped back into his chair, feeling exhausted. Only one man ever called him on that number, and today he'd wanted answers and reassurances from Stovall—answers he couldn't give, and reassurances he couldn't confirm. Still, like always, he'd told the individual on the other end of the line everything he'd wanted to hear. It didn't make the Professor feel very good about himself—Hell, it made him feel downright treacherous—feeding a mishmash of truth and BS to the President, but sometimes it had to be done. The Man in the White House had more pressing matters to deal with, like the security and welfare of the country, and if Stovall could lift the burden of worrying about the state of super-human affairs from him, then he would gladly.

Around him, his office was dark, only half-lit by the ambient light cast from banks of computer monitors and displays that lined the wall behind him. The screens showed video reports from agents in the field, feeds from a dozen world news networks, and pages of data that scrolled sluggishly upwards. What he wouldn't give for one decent window, and some real, honest-to-God sunlight. He smiled wryly. Not much chance of that here, he thought. The U.S.E.R. headquarters were a hundred feet

below Manhattan Island, buried deep in rock and concrete, away from prying eyes.

Today, he felt all of his eighty-one years pressing down on him like lead weights around his neck. His back ached, his eyes stung, and he felt so very worn out. He avoided himself in the mirror these days—the tall, dark-haired, and handsome man from the memory of his youth was gone, leaving only a tired, red-eyed shadow of its former self behind in its place. The responsibilities of running the United States Eugenics Research program were as heavy as they ever were, and sometimes he wondered if it was too much for one man to bear. The enormous workload felt like the sea, constantly battering at him, eroding him, wearing him down.

I'm getting too old for this, he thought grimly. Way too old.

Every time he thought about retiring, though, he didn't get too far. Who'd replace him? Sure, there were some bright, talented people on his personal staff who had the brains and the expertise, but he felt they were all lacking something. He couldn't quite put his finger on what it was that they were missing, but he wouldn't have been satisfied appointing any of them. Maybe they lacked his passion, or his patriotism? Maybe they were incapable of seeing the "big picture"? He sighed. All these protestations and problems were probably just symptoms of an old man's refusal to let go, he thought.

The intercom on his desk beeped annoyingly, crashing into Stovall's train of thought, followed swiftly by his personal assistant's voice.

"Sorry to disturb you, Professor, but Ms. Black is here to see you, and she says it's urgent. There's something going on in South America...."

Stovall frowned. Calista Black, head of the U.S.E.R. Department of Intelligence and Security here to see him? Something important must be going on for her to actually make the journey here. In an age of videophones and secure communications, a personal visit was unusual, to say the least. Depressing a key on the intercom, he replied.

"I'll be with her in just a moment, Celia."

He turned back to his desk, and drew a small key from deep inside his jacket pocket. Reaching down, he unlocked the third drawer, and retrieved a small, black case from inside. Placing it down on the desktop, he opened it carefully, revealing a hypodermic syringe, and three small vials of some cloudy liquid. He lifted the syringe, and punctured one of the vials, drawing the solution in. As he brought the instrument towards him, flickering light glinted on the bead of fluid that hung on the needlesharp end, and he hesitated, momentarily hypnotized.

Setting his jaw, strengthening his resolve, he pushed the needle into his arm.

Within moments, he felt himself relax as the serum got to work. In less than five minutes, his muscles seemed to slowly fill up with energy, and the aches and pains of old age slipped away in a warm rush. His senses sharpened slightly, eyes and ears returning to the alertness of his youth. He took a deep breath, his body feeling revitalized. Peering at the hazy reflection of himself in a monitor screen, he could almost swear that his hair had darkened a little, and his face had lost some of its lines.

Replacing the syringe in its case, Stovall locked it away, his secret hidden back in his drawer.

He turned on the air conditioning and the lights, bringing a bright, new ambience to the room. No longer the retreat of an old man, the office now looked modern and efficient—the workplace of a man with vision—which is exactly how Stovall felt. He had to show his staff that he was willing, capable, and enthusiastic. Enthusiasm was something he'd never had a problem with—he knew that his work was important for his country, and for humanity as a whole. Always a patriot, the needs of his people came first, even above his own well-being.

He set the computer to automatically search the news feeds for occurrences of certain keywords—"South America," "super human" and "disturbance." Within moments, the long vanished face of an old enemy, Aryan Superior, the Nazi superman, appeared before him. He nodded to himself grimly—yet another occurrence that had escaped his A.T.R. ability.

Seating himself comfortably in his chair, he pressed a small button on his phone. With the serum's help, he felt ready to deal with anything, even a Nazi lunatic.

"Celia," he said, "you can send Ms. Black in now, please."

The A.E.G.I.S. serum was not Stovall's own creation—the military had been working on it for some time before he had become involved—but he had been the one who turned it around, bringing success where there had been only failure. Until his participation, the serum had rarely been reliable. Designed with the aim of granting super-powered abilities to baseline humans for the purposes of study and the defense of the country, it has been only recently that Stovall has wondered if its strange properties might help him hold back the tide of his encroaching old age. He'd seen it used on much younger, healthier people without any ill effects. Maybe it would work for him?

Ignoring the reports and data that warned of "unpredictable side effects" and "possible physical degradation," Stovall has been secretly taking the serum for the last three years. The "unpredictable side effects" manifested themselves after about six months, when, one night, alone in his office, Stovall experienced the first episode of what he would come to call "Alternative Temporal Reconnaissance," or A.T.R.

When the dosage of the A.E.G.I.S. serum in his body is high enough from continued use, Stovall lapses into a temporary coma-like trance. Whilst submerged in this fugue-state, the Professor can see brief glimpses of the possible future, his mind traveling forward along the timelines. Sometimes these "visions" are correct, and events come to pass as he'd predicted, but for every "true" glimpse of things to come, there is a "false" one. Realizing that this ability is unpredictable, Stovall has come to treat the knowledge gained from its use with caution, and uses it only when it is absolutely necessary.

Despite the side effects of the A.T.R. episodes, the serum works for Stovall, temporarily returning him some of his youthful vitality, allowing him to continue doing his work. He knows that there will eventually be a final price to pay for this crude extension of his youth—sometime in the future, the serum will eventually burn out his body's vital organs—but he is unconcerned. It is a sacrifice he makes gladly.

Stovall knows that he needs to be at the very peak of his abilities for at least another five years. With his knowledge of certain future events, he will need to be active and alert, not consumed by senility and old age. His country will need him. The world will need him. Somewhere out there, hidden amongst the terrorist acts and conflict hotspots, there are answers waiting for him and his people to uncover. He firmly believes that he is capable of resolving the super human issue for the good of everyone, super humans included. All it will take is time—the one thing he really doesn't have...

Steffen Sool (PL 9)

To an outsider, the small Idaho town of Brecksfield looked no different than any other of the hundreds of communities that dotted the countryside. In typical fashion, it had churches, schools, a town square—everything you'd expect to find. There was carol singing at Christmas, fireworks on the 4th of July, and trick or treating at Halloween; all in all, a perfectly normal rural American town. Quiet. Tranquil.

These were Doctor Steffen Sool's thoughts as he drove slowly through the streets of Brecksfield on his monthly rounds. He always enjoyed getting out of the murky underground U.S.E.R. laboratories, and looked forward to taking his regular afternoon off in the fresh air. Arriving at 134 Pierce Avenue, a large old house at the end of the road, Sool brought the car to a gentle halt. He'd been the Winslow family

doctor for nearly twenty years, and his duties at U.S.E.R. didn't preclude him from continuing to attend to their medical needs. If anything, it actually helped.

Retrieving his medical bag from the passenger seat, the doctor stepped out onto the small white-stoned path that led through the immaculately kept garden. Before he could take half a step towards the house, the front door banged open, and the wife of his patient, Hailey Winslow, burst from the house, her tear streaked face contorted in fear. "Doctor! Thank God! You're just in time - John's having another of his attacks. Please hurry!" she wept.

Hobbling a little faster up the path, Sool passed the sobbing woman, and entered the house. The sound of frenzied choking came from the kitchen, and the doctor rushed in to find Hailey's husband, John, lying on the black and white chessboard tiled floor in the grip of some terrible spasm, his body twitching uncontrollably.

Sool opened his medical bag, and carefully retrieved the specially prepared syringe. With practiced ease, he gripped the shuddering man's arm with strength that belied his frail build and inserted the needle, carefully pumping its contents into John Winslow's surging bloodstream.

When Hailey Winslow returned, she found Sool sitting quietly at the kitchen table drinking a glass of water, a broad smile on his face. John Winslow sat next to him, looking pale and fevered, but himself again.

Real Name: William Stovall

Arc: Scientist

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 22, Wis 14, Cha 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 12 (+14), Computers 6 (+12), Concentration 12 (+14), Craft (electrical) 10 (+16), Craft (mechanical) 10 (+16), Craft (chemical) 13 (+19), Diplomacy 10 (+12), Investigate 10 (+16), Knowledge (business) 10 (+16), Knowledge (life sciences) 13 (+23), Knowledge (physical sciences) 13 (+19), Knowledge (technology) 12 (+18), Language (Select 10), Medicine 13 (+15), Notice 12 (+14), Search 6 (+12)

Feats: Benefit (agency ID) 4, Connected, Contacts, Equipment 20, Improvised Tools, Inventor, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Specialization (Knowledge [life sciences]: super-human genetics), Ultimate Effort (Craft [chemical], Knowledge [life sciences], Knowledge [technology]) 3, Well-Informed

Powers: ESP 5 (Visual, auditory [3 PP/rank]), Super-Senses 4 (Precognition)

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue

Complications: Addiction (AEGIS serum), Responsibility (U.S.E.R. agent), Secret (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: Age (Common, moderate), Quirk (Paranoid)

Combat: Attack +3, Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +2, Initiative +0

Saving Throws: Toughness +0 (+3 the suit), Fortitude +5, Reflex +4, Will +9

Abilities 20 + Skills 43 (172 ranks) + Feats 34 + Powers 19 + Combat 10 + Saves 16 - Drawbacks 6 = 136

After asking John a thorough series of questions, and recommending a course of certain vitamins, the doctor told the couple that everything was fine—John still needed the special treatment that Sool provided, but he wouldn't have to worry about further attacks as long as he kept the his dosage up. His business concluded, Sool finished his drink, gave John a fatherly pat on the shoulder, and said his goodbyes. Hailey followed him all the way to the edge of the garden, heaping her thanks upon him. Sool, polite and courteous as always, simply nodded and smiled. He was glad to be of help, he said, and his visit was simply well timed.

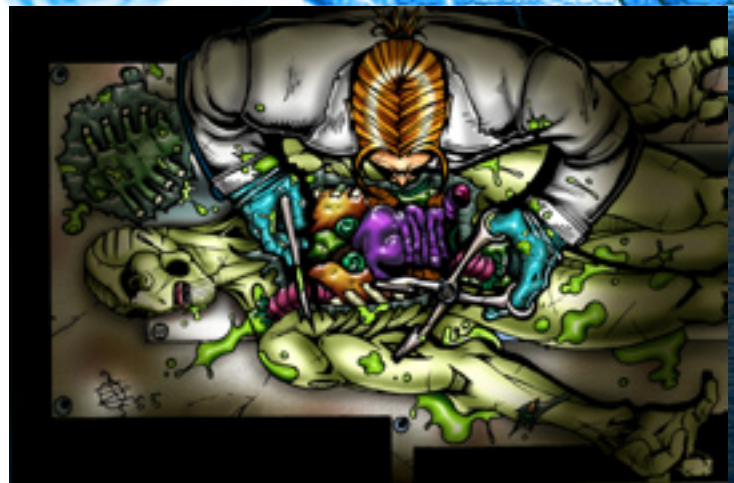
As Sool drove away, he looked into his rear view mirror to see Hailey Winslow waving goodbye. He smiled. Only four more house calls, and he could head home.

Doctor Steffen Sool is a quiet, friendly man who assists U.S.E.R. with its genetic research and experimentation with the A.E.G.I.S. serum. Over the last twenty years, it is Sool's work that has made the greatest advances with the serum since William Stovall's quantum leap earlier in the last century. Declining promotion and retirement, Sool continues his research, overseeing the day-to-day schedule of the A.E.G.I.S. laboratories. Well liked by his staff and respected by his superiors, Sool is seen as a shy, private individual who enjoys books and opera, preferring to live a simple life.

Behind Dr. Steffen Sool's calm and pleasant exterior, however, lies a mind brilliant to the point of genius. There is a fine line between genius and madness, and Sool is one of those rare individuals who dance on both sides of that line. Whilst working with the A.E.G.I.S. serum, Sool's intelligence and skill allowed him to perfect several variations of the drug, some suitable for application in general medicine. His superiors in U.S.E.R. recognized the worth of Sool's creations, but really gave it little thought, preferring the ability to produce more super humans than expensive new medicines. Annoyed at what he saw as "blind military stupidity," Sool decided to test his new drugs in private trials of his own. Without official support or permission from U.S.E.R., he began his own experiments.

Sool has been secretly testing the unsuspecting members of several families in the town of Brecksfield, Idaho for the last ten years. Originally, his intentions may have been pure, as all the families in question had suffered from a variety of hereditary genetic disorders, and Sool's first medical instinct was to try and find a way to help. Finding no cure in standard medicine, however, Sool was forced into attempting to find a less ethically sound way of curing these people. After a decade of ineffectual drugs tests, Sool finally made a decision. Stealing a small, undiluted supply of the A.E.G.I.S. serum from the U.S.E.R. labs, he secretly re-engineered the drug, and exposed four families in Brecksfield to a weird variation of U.S.E.R.'s serum. It was here that Doctor Sool took his first steps on a slow descent into a peculiar kind of schizophrenic madness.

Keeping close watch on his test subjects, Sool has kept meticulous notes, detailing dosages, alterations to the drug, and its consequent effects. Exposed to the serum during pregnancy, children have been born to the families since Sool's first experiments, and these babies have given the doctor an exciting chance he cannot ignore—a chance to examine a second generation of A.E.G.I.S. subjects. The Doctor's decaying mental state has almost eliminated his ability to determine right from wrong, and this makes him not only untrustworthy, but dangerous too. To Sool, these people have become nothing more than laboratory rats—his laboratory rats. Unless he is stopped, only God knows where his experiments might lead....



Real Name: Stephen Sool

Age: 65

Arc: Scientist (Mad)

U.S.E.R. Agent

Str 10, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 7 (+9), Computers 6 (+10), Concentration 7 (+9), Craft (chemical) 10 (+14), Craft (electrical) 8 (+12), Craft (mechanical) 6 (+10), Diplomacy 10 (+12), Gather Information 6 (+8), Investigate 10 (+14), Knowledge (business) 8 (+12), Knowledge (life sciences) 12 (+16), Knowledge (technology) 10 (+14), Language (Select 8), Medicine 12 (+14), Notice 8 (+10), Search 12 (+16)

Feats: Benefit (agency ID) 2, Connected, Contacts, Equipment 40 (3 of which is spent on a secret headquarters from which he launches his illegal experiments), Inventor, Leadership, Minions (10 75-point minions) 8, Specialization (Knowledge [life sciences]: super-human genetics, Craft [electrical]: repair) 2, Well-Informed

Powers: None

Equipment: U.S.E.R. Standard issue

Complications: *Obsession* (creating the perfect human), *Responsibility* (U.S.E.R. agent), *Secret* (U.S.E.R. agent)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Paranoid), *Quick* (Schizophrenic)

Combat: Attack +3, Damage +0 (unarmed), Defense +2, Initiative +0

Saving Throws: Toughness +0 (+3 the suit), Fortitude +4, Reflex +5, Will +6

Abilities 18 + Skills 35 (140 ranks) + Feats 56 + Powers 0 + Combat 10 + Saves 13 – Drawbacks 6 = 126

Secret Laboratory (Two-story building)

Size: Medium; *Toughness:* 10; *Features:* Communications, Computer,

Holding Cells, Infirmary, Laboratory, Library, Living Space, Power System, Security System (DC 25).

EP Cost: 12



CHAPTER FOUR

GAME MASTER SECTION

Game Mastering P.O.V.

There is no "right" way to run GODSEND Agenda; like any role-playing game, the action must be geared around the particular group that is playing it. Thus, this isn't so much a Game Master section on how to run the game as a series of essays on how various people would run the game. First are my own opinions and my influences while writing it, followed by a few other points of view from other authors.

GODSEND Agenda: My Way

By Jerry D. Grayson

The world of **GODSEND Agenda** was influenced by several different sources, which shaped how it was written and how I would Game Master the game:

First and foremost, *Lords of Light* by Roger Zelazny

Jack Kirby's *New Gods* (DC comics)

The Inhumans (Marvel comics)

MAGE: The Hero Discovered (Comico comics)

Strike Force Morituri (Marvel comics)

Solar: Man of the Atom (Valiant Comics)

Harbringer (Valiant Comics)

Eternal Champion (Valiant Comics)

Wild C.A.T.S. (Image comics)

The Last Dancer by Daniel Keys Moran

Fingerprints of the Gods by Graham Hancock

Roleplaying games: Nephilim (Chaosium)

In Nomine (Steve Jackson games)

DC Heroes (Mayfair Games)

Mage: The Ascension (White Wolf Games)

The movies *Nightbreed*, *Star Wars*, *The Legend of Zu*, *Storm Riders*, and John Carpenter's *The Thing*

The biggest problem for any Game Master will likely be a plausible explanation of how opposing factions assemble. The problem is easily solved by letting the players themselves handle the conundrum. The old question of "how do you know this person" works well. If this route doesn't work well in your group they could all be assembled by an NPC who has some sort of pressing assignment for the players. Once the mission is done the players will have to eventually pick up the slack as to why they still hang out together.

Once this problem is solved I usually pose a question to them individually.

You have a character with super-human power... what do you do with it? What are your goals?

GODSEND Agenda can be used to play out the standard fodder for super-hero stories such as the bank robbery or the poisoning of the water supply but to use it only for that would be a waste. The player characters have the ability to change the world; they are the stars of the game after all!!! Some of the players may have been gods at one time—why would they be content stopping the mobster Joey Bag-o-donuts from robbing the local jewelry store?

GODSEND Agenda is a game that can span the course of human history. Player character flashbacks can be the catalyst for epic adventures or even

cornerstones to ambitious campaigns. Using mythical or historical personalities can be an added bonus when creating NPCs or even player characters. Imagine the most outrageous adventure. Now turn that adventure up to eleven and break off the knob!! The stories of Beowulf, Odysseus, Eshu-Elegba, and Gilgamesh are all perfect stories to emulate. Remember, comics books are just modernized myths of gods or godlike beings.

Example Adventure Sketch

A local town or city is being terrorized by a person known as The Bean Sidhe (pronounced Bane-Shee). Every night an influential person is found dead in their homes after hearing a loud scream.

Bean Sidhe is an Elohim in Lethe. The people she is killing are all involved in a real-estate deal that threatens her remote home in a nearby forest. Not only is she insane, she is very powerful and old.

The players are either from the city in question or have been called in by an acquaintance to take care of this problem.

Campaign Ideas

This is a basic list of a few different types of games that you and your intrepid group of role-players may want to tackle. Each genre takes on a different aspect of the GODSEND universe, and their particular point of view. With each heading, a rough point value is listed for characters in this type of campaign.

The Gods and Their Secret War

The Elohim have been around for a long time and are quite powerful. Some are here to regain their past glory as a god, being worshipped by millions as a deity made flesh. The others fight to keep the world safe from their malevolent brothers, to create a utopia on Earth where they can live in peace. The Elohim have seen what absolute power can do when only a small group hold that power, so most try to keep the other less enlightened in check.

There are the tragic exceptions, though. The Angelos have been around just as long as the Elohim and are waging a secret war on their one-time prisoners. They still cling to the notion that they will someday be rescued from this tiny, backwater world and live in the glowing light of their creator, El. They also live in fear that the Chimerans will get to Earth before their forces arrive, taking over the entire planet. So far, their use of the GODSEND Agenda has worked well, so they wait and bide their time.

Players making characters in this genre are very powerful. They are usually at odds with Typhon and his scheme to become a supreme god and ruler of the planet. Angelos characters, on the other hand, are trying to retrieve the Elohim escapees and thwart any plan to take over this planet using the Agenda. Their secondary goal is to get home, rejoining their comrades and their god.

Adventures in Prehistory

Thousands of years ago, the Elohim arrived on Earth and used the GODSEND Agenda to manipulate the primitive humans. The Atlanteans were already an established civilization, eons before that. Adventures could take place during this era, characters taking on the roles of the Greek gods of the heroic age, or champions of the Mesopotamian or Egyptian civilizations. Newly marooned Elohim or Atlanteans with wanderlust are ideal for this time period. Many incredible civilizations existed all over the world during this bygone age, which makes it fantastic for a group of players to explore. The fact that these groups really existed in the ancient GODSEND universe will also make the world in some ways unfamiliar to those who've studied the history books, so it's not too hard to keep the players guessing.

Black October

The members of the group Black October are fighting against the Chimeran threat on Earth. This small army of super-powered adolescents is fighting a campaign against an enemy that few understand but they know exists. Humanity as a whole hates and fears them, and the only consolation they have is that one day soon they will grow to adulthood and die. They are doomed by a genetic manipulation, sacrificed to save the rest of humanity—a race that hates them. In addition, they have their leaders who have their own problems. The Atlantean Magi, masters of Black October, are working in the background to get the planet ready for the coming invasion. These primordial men walk among humanity helping and teaching where they can. For more information about the problems facing the Atlanteans, read the information about the sinister Malcolm Rhand (page 123).

U.S.E.R.

This secret organization, hidden in the ranks of the United States government, knows that things are happening on Earth beyond humanity's control. They know that super humans exist, but not why or how. They are also aware that some of these "super humans" are not human at all. From what they have managed to learn, an alien threat is headed towards Earth, and U.S.E.R. wants to be ready. In addition to these overarching problems, super-powered menaces are a part of everyday life in the GODSEND Universe. U.S.E.R. is helping humanity find a way to deal with some of these super-powered threats. U.S.E.R. secretly controls a super-heroic group, the Sentinels, and try to keep it quiet that they do—it's also possible for characters to be associated with the Sentinels or be watched by U.S.E.R. without ever having a clue.

Character types vary: they could be fairly mundane agents with Gadgets, agents with some Powers of their own, or simply normal heroes who are being watched and manipulated by U.S.E.R.

The Free Agents

There are super-powered beings on the planet that aren't aligned with any of the above factions. They fight for what ever their personal code dictates. People know that the "terrorist" organization Black October exists, but very few other super heroes know of the Elohim, the Angelos, or U.S.E.R. The day-to-day threats of the world are their concern. These are the people you see on cereal boxes, with action figures and movies based upon their exploits. Campaigns involving these "outsiders" could have them running into major groups or simply trying to protect their home city from terrorists. This is, by far, the most flexible campaign, allowing the greatest variety in player characters.

The GODSEND Agenda: My Way

By Matt Forbeck

First things first: Hide this book.

The **GODSEND Agenda** role-playing game has the kind of backstory that players should discover through the course of play, not from reading even a bit of the game's core rules. You're doing your friends a service if you keep that information from them as long as possible. Release such details only on a need-to-know basis.

To cover up the fact you're about to plunge your friends into the **GODSEND Agenda**, you might start toting around some other super-hero role-playing game book—or at least some printouts from the publisher's web site—to throw the players off the scent. (*Mutants & Masterminds* or *Champions* would work well for this.) Tell them you have something special planned with some new rules you found.

Then hand out copies of just the character creation section of this book. Have the players come up with their characters, but don't tell them what they're for. Once they get into it and see other super-hero stuff you're toting around,

they'll figure you're going for a straight-up supers campaign.

If your friends are too savvy for this, you might even try designing the characters on your own. Ask them for details on the kind of characters they like to play, and then give them to them. Once they get through the first adventure or two and understand a bit about what's going on, you can release the details of their character sheets to them. Until then, keep them in the dark.

Next, throw them a curveball. Someone in your group is sure to have heard of the **GODSEND Agenda**. They might even have read some of it. You got a hold of a copy, after all, you lucky dog.

Do something to the world to make it your own. You don't have to deviate too far from the backstory. In fact, you can follow it to the letter. Just add an event that changes the present.

For example, you could start off with an adventure in which the heroes have to try to stop rogue U.S.E.R. agents from dumping tons of the A.E.G.I.S. serum into a major city's water supply. If the agents succeed, the entire city would be devastated, but those few who survived the event would be blessed with superpowers.

If the heroes are among those fortunate souls, they then become embroiled in the conflict brewing beneath the surface of the world they thought they understood. They have to choose sides fast. If they don't, they're sure to become targets of either recruitment or assassination efforts from any—or all—of the story's factions.

If this idea works for you, you could even start the players out as normal people. Once they survive the catastrophe, allow them to develop their powers at whatever point level you deem appropriate. That's the kind of introduction to the **GODSEND Agenda** they'll never forget.

The GODSEND Agenda: My Way

By Darren Miguez

Two main things appeal to me about the **GODSEND Agenda** and differentiate it from more standard super-hero fare: the sense of mythic history that characters can wrap themselves in and the political potential of the setting.

The idea of mythic history is wrapped up in all sorts of deterministic musing. Are certain heroes and villains destined to clash across the ages? Rather than destiny, is it just a matter of ego and differences of opinion? Or is it all part of their DNA, their Elohim and Chimeran heritage that sets them against each other? Will Ra war against Apep for eternity—from Dynastic Egypt where they were gods to feuding banana republics where they are now super-human mercenary captains? Is there room to parlay with your mythic nemesis, or will the old blood and ancient grudges always tell, like a record skipping every few centuries? Are the Elohim and Chimerans destined to suffer a cycle of war, tenuous peace, and vile betrayal for all eternity?

The repetition of mythic themes also appeals to me. I like to envision the ancient myths being played out against a modern backdrop. Is Troy now a corporation? Are the 300 Spartans new U.S.E.R. Powered Armor troops who must face off against an immense Chimeran brood?

Jerry, the author, has mentioned his inspirations. Here are some others I see lurking within the structure of **GODSEND Agenda**, waiting to appear with a few strokes of the hammer and chisel. *Powers*, by Bendis (notably the "Forever" storyline), and *The Chronicles of Amber*, especially the first series where the protagonist struggles to make sense of the political minefield that is his family and the super-human inheritance of Amber.

As an introduction to the setting for new players, here's what I would do. No character sheets to start. The players are on the run from a terrible old man. They know the city, but they do not know who they themselves are. Their memories are blank, though their fellow players seem familiar. As they see their

pursuer more and more, they learn he can turn things to dust with a touch and dissolve anything—walls, machines, barriers... memories.

He is Cronus. As the mystery of Cronus is revealed or investigated, the players discover they are all related to Cronus in some way; they are his clones, children, or students. They are most likely part Elohim or Chimeran—stronger, faster, better than human. Cronus hunts them, hurts them, but never kills them. What does he want from them?

The players are the modern version of the Olympian Pantheon. The *Olympus* is the starship that Cronus came to Earth in. Cronus has gone quite mad, and believes one of the players has stolen the key to the *Olympus*. The Game Master can add mythic threads to the game as the players understand their ancient roots. Whether the Game Master decides what Olympian each player lived as in ancient times, or if the players decide is a question best left up to the group, but it could be a fun to decide based on what grouping of alien godlings make for the best drama. Hera and Zeus suggest stories about trust, romance, and betrayal. Artemis and Athena might do well to play up the friction between action and caution, or violence versus temperance. Once they've decided what mythic being they represent, you can begin to add in archetypal plots or themes relevant to the myth you're working with. Perhaps Zeus has a lot of super-human offspring who have survived down the ages—some of them not pleased with their absent father. What do the godlings do if they discover cults that still exist dedicated to worshipping and aiding them?

As the players decide what to do with their power and whether to act publicly as super humans, or as shadowy participants in the vast secret history of the world, they are approached by the various factions of the setting. Bit by bit the tapestry of the GODSEND Agenda is revealed to the pseudo-godlings. The players become chess pieces in a much bigger game, and must struggle to understand the board and who they are. The Game Master can feel free to indulge his love of spy thrillers, politics, and intrigue, and Cold War-style paranoia as the players seek to come to grips with this strange new world and whether to ally themselves with the shadowy groups within it. As for Cronus, the godlings will need to do something before his madness escalates and he becomes truly dangerous.

Mythic history, politics, and Ka-blasting. It's where it's at in the GODSEND Agenda universe.

The GODSEND Agenda: My Way

By Ross Winn

Writer's Note: The world of **GODSEND Agenda** is a huge and complex world. While I appreciate the richness of the setting, for a new group of players the level of depth and detail can be somewhat off-putting. If I am also interested in adding a level of mystery to the game that may not be present if all of the players have the setting as-written and in-hand, these adjustments must be made. With this in mind I respectfully present:

GODSEND: City of Angels

"I sit here in the walk-in cooler sweating like a fiend. The long hours of exertion taking their toll on my body, and I fear also my mind. My temperature was 119 when I came in tonight. I have my feet in a tub of ice water and three fans blowing on me. It is 5 degrees Celsius in here and I am sweating bullets.

At least the girl is okay.

Things have been getting weirder lately. Every time I push, every time I use the power I get warmer. When I am done it takes longer and longer to get cool. I am afraid now. I thought I would be fine. I knew I could make it. Now I am pretty sure I am wrong."

Have you ever felt that you didn't measure up; that you weren't as smart as the smart kids, not as beautiful as the beautiful people, and not as tough as the toughs, and so on. Well maybe you aren't. Maybe they really are better than you are. After all you are only human. They have something more. Those that are

either born to the Black Gene or exposed to it somehow are quite simply better than the rest of us. Something like super men. Small consolation; they say that the candle that burns twice as bright burns half as long.

Set from 1980–1990, the golden age of Hollywood action films, *City of Angels* explores different themes than games set at the turn of the millennium. In 1980 we lived under the shadow of mutually assured destruction, expecting holocaust and an eternal winter. America was the good guy, the Soviets the irredeemable bad guys, the Olympics a contest between good and evil. The punk music revolution died with Sid Vicious and the coming of the "new wave". The cyberpunks, still called "the neuromance group", were not yet a coherent movement. Japan, center of the technological universe, replaced the transistor radio with the "walkman." CDs, a developing technology, became nearly ubiquitous.

In *City of Angels*, all of the characters are movie stars. Supers, aware of their powers, aware of each other, and aware that normal humans might realize what they were and fear them, they hide in plain sight. John Prime, realizing that the extraordinary "in Peoria" was commonplace in the movies, coordinated Black October.

In *City of Angels*, the player picks a favorite movie hero or heroine, and makes it his or her own.

Arnold Schwarzschild, stronger than almost anyone on earth and capable of taking amazing levels of damage.

Luna Thurman, beautiful, fast, and flexible. Her skills with a sword are as amazing as the inhuman reach of her lightning-fast kicks.

In the beginning, characters and conspiracies will be of a quieter tone than **GODSEND Agenda**, but will have the possibility to offer, foment, and incite revolution on a greater scale as the game progresses. Players are the new breed, the young guns. Each drawn to Hollywood from across America, perhaps the world, for reasons that they cannot understand, they eventually come to audition for John Prime, and thus to Black October.

Head of Paraversal Studios, one of the foremost action movie studios of the time, John Prime is the man with the plan. Using the movie studio to build a team of heroes (a word that he would never use), and incidentally making a huge fortune. Angelos and Elohim, Chimerans, and Atlanteans all are unknown. The wheel of time is still hidden. Present in *City of Angels*, these forces are not foes or forces to encounter, but mysteries to solve. By the end of the first series the players will be well enmeshed in the world, the campaign wound tightly around them.

This is the basis of the campaign: as the struggles of the superiors became harder and harder to conceal, their exploits were filmed and recorded. To preserve secrecy, films were edited and eventually even staged.

Each Adventure as it is presented is delineated as a film. The titles and plots are taken from other films of the time, but mixed together. A group of Adventures comprises a series. Expect each Adventure to last three or four sessions of play, and for each series to be fairly short.

Inspirations:

Quentin Tarantino's *True Romance*

Daniel Keyes Moran's *The Last Dancer*

Gerry Andersen's *U.F.O.*

The Music of Prince & the Revolution

The Films of John Carpenter

City of Angels-Series One—"Not A Trilogy"

Episode One—Evil Deader

In *Evil Undead*, a group of college students on spring break at a secluded cabin, stalked by a crazed madman, can only escape by relying on each other.

During the filming, the player characters are introduced. Use comedy, physical and situational, and trust-building, the players become aware of each other's stories and powers as they become a team.

Episode Two—Predator

In *Predator*, a group of elite fighting men ("Delta Force") are tracking a strange creature in the Peruvian jungle.

The creature is actually an insane Angelos called Azra'el. By watching "dailies" and helping as production assistants after filming, the characters become aware of the alien Angelos, the government plan to create super soldiers using some kind of weird black "super serum," and that there are both naturally occurring and manufactured supers.

This "left turn" is somewhat earlier in the campaign than normal, but the introduction of elements that will play later roles in the story is necessary. At the conclusion, the player characters will be aware that there are other forces than the Angelos, but unaware of exactly what they are.

Episode Three—The Protector

Now, the team begins to coalesce in their first big film as a team. In the film, a group of kids from the "old neighborhood" come home for the holidays to find their friends and family living under the boot of a corrupt local crime family. Because of their discoveries in Episode Two, a mysterious "Rhand" hunts the team. The climax of the film features the player characters in a three-way chase and shootout with enemy supers and other supers under Rhand's command.

The player characters' existence as a team is pretty set at this time. The individuals should understand their roles in the dynamics of the team so that the Game Master can introduce subplot tweaks.

Episode Four—Terminator

A science fiction epic set in a ruined world. The team is hunted by a group of strange technomagical machines. The machines are Colossi. Players begin to understand the Atlanteans and their magic. They may also become aware that the Angelos and the Atlanteans have a common enemy, which may be their enemy as well.

Notes for the second series:

The Chimera will be the major antagonist for Season Two. The Angelos and Atlanteans will be allies, while being antagonistic to each other and to the greater good of humans. Black October will be a human-centered organization above all else. They may actively hunt those supers who feel they are "superior" to humans. Elohim and Nephilim may be introduced at the discretion of the Game Master.

The GODSEND Agenda: My Way

By Sandy Antunes

I might say I want to run **GODSEND Agenda** like *Astro City* respun by John Carpenter for players who think Warren Ellis didn't go far enough with *Stormwatch* and *Planetary*. There's a certain generation that gets all those references. For those who aren't super-hero reinvention fans, or who aren't familiar with the director of *The Thing*, *They Live*, and *Big Trouble in Little China*, I can boil this down to simple precepts.

The world is more than we know it, and it's a lot scarier. Peel back enough layers and you find out humans are insignificant, and also the last bulwark to save the universe. And if super heroes exist to save us, they are a paradox of godlike powers and human motivations. Oh, and the gods that used to be worshiped? They were just what we'd now call super heroes. It was useful to pretend an agenda of being a God, though.

So you get Lovecraftian super-heroics, immortal conspiracies, and alien invasions. But I find myself torn between two approaches. One is the pure beginning—the characters know nothing of the world and must discover it through the game.



The other, alas, is that the damn players read the sourcebook too, and probably know the underlying history even better than me. But then, what if there was a good reason for their characters to also be so superbly educated into the dark, secret pasts?

Run as a pure blank slate, as a player, you just get powers. You're now a super hero, one of many springing up. Powers don't necessarily make life easier, however—you still need to eat, sleep, have a home. Family life can take a dent. You can take a superstar route and be in the public eye, or just do good deeds under a secret identity.

Or, if you're cagey and curious, you could try and figure out what is really going on. I mean, everyone has an agenda. If you use your powers for the government, will they really tell you how you got them? If you find a guru or mystic teacher, won't they just give you a different mix of propaganda? Worse, if you decide to act like a God, what if another God-like being takes offense?

The hardest path is to balance the wish to have a normal life, with the necessity of finding out what is really going on. Keep the powers covert, but suss out everyone else's angle. Find the truth. Only with the truth will you know what path to take.

Fate is when mortals aren't in control of their future. Gods may control mortals. The mortal who can control their own fate, though, is not yet defined. So, first, learn who you are, not just what you can do. Then investigate who everyone else is. Finally, decide what you want to do—and, in fact, if you might be able to truly do anything you can conceive.

The purpose of characters in the **GODSEND Agenda** is to understand the GODSEND Agenda. Are you human? Do your powers define you, or did you create your powers? If everyone could tap these powers, would it help the world? What if no one could do it? And why do all these different people want to kill you as you start learning the different truths?

Take it slow, keep quiet, and follow clues. You're investigating the very secrets of the universe; you can take your time.

But, whoops, pesky player, you said you read the book? Well, far be it for me to make your character waste time unraveling everything you know. So here we go. The world as you know it is a lie, yeah yeah, heard that one before. But what if it was a cool lie? What if part of the lie meant that you secretly had super powers and were one of the big forces that could really change things? Hey, instead of the conspiracies being against you, what if they were what empowered you? You're already bought out, paid in advance. And now you have amazing abilities and free reign.

So what would you do, huh? Forget secret backplot, let's just hand you it all on a silver platter. It's 1918, you're a loyal US citizen in school. But despite your youth, the "Black Plague" sends you into a coma. Next thing you know, it's 1945, you're awake but haven't aged a day. A tall, perfect German soldier who calls himself Aryan Superior informs you of a great war against those false Ka-users who call themselves Angels, and that only the Chimerans can save the world. He tells you to fight the GODSEND Agenda. He says more, but you lapse back into a coma before he finishes talking. But your mind remembers the information he pours into you.

Then it's 1977. You're awake again, and still haven't aged. A strong, trustworthy man named Attis is standing over your hospital bed. He informs you that the Nazis (an unfamiliar term to you) were defeated, and that he welcomes you to master your Ka and join the forces of the Elohim to help defeat the evils of the Chimerans besides his Atlantean allies. He promises that you will have powers similar to super heroes of the comic books. Being from 1918, you suppose he must mean 'funny books' and the Yellow Kid. But that doesn't make sense... and again you fall back into the coma. Still, you learn secrets.

You awaken, you know not when. A woman who says simply that she is of the Atlantean house of Ampheres tells you to sleep more, that you are to wait until the Horde attacks, and that Atlantis itself shall be your ally. That you must defend the world against a starship that will someday hit Earth. That you can be anything you want to be, when the time to master your own Ka appears. You again drift into coma.

It's 2010. You awaken. There are a few other patients in the ward, also now awaking, but no staff. It's dark. You have no idea of where you are, or anything about the Now. But you know the true secrets of Ka, the GODSEND Agenda, the various forces at work, even the timeline of major world-shaping events.

You're a genius in an unknown world. You know the entire past, but might, might know what year it is right now—assuming the wall calendar is accurate. You're still the age you were when the coma began. And now, you find you have super powers. You're a person unstuck in time.

There you have it. Now let the players make their PCs, choose their powers, and meet one another in the near-empty hotel ward. Everything they've been told is true, and they may choose any path they wish.

Let them make their own agenda.

The GODSEND Agenda: My Way

By W. Van Meter, literary mad scientist

Don't let your players read this book. I'm not kidding, there's a rare opportunity contained within these pages. You'll only get one shot per group, so listen carefully: people have strong preconceptions about the super-hero genre, and you can use this to run a truly engaging game by letting your players deceive themselves. Just watch.

The **GODSEND Agenda** setting has a tremendous amount of stuff in it that comic book-based settings can't easily have, due to the organic limitations of continuity accruing over decades of monthly publication. Throwing any and all assumptions based on comic books out the window is wise. This isn't a comic book role-playing game; it's not even really a super-hero game. It's a transhuman conspiracy game more than anything else, but the players don't need to know that. Indeed, I think you should take steps to make them think it's just another super-hero game. The conditioned set of assumptions about the setting will then unpack itself in their eager brains, leading them to expect certain sorts of characters and plots and so forth. You, obligingly, give them everything they expect—at first. You'll have to do a little extra legwork to keep them in the dark: explaining the rules with no book, perhaps making your own rules summary sheets for use during the sessions. Nothing someone of your vast storytelling and acting experience can't handle, one should hope.

To what end, you ask? Conflict, the source of all drama, is your goal. Players will be intrigued by the slow unveiling of a world of occult conspiracy and interdimensional posthumanism that will seem to underlie a setting they were **certain** was just another comic book world. Imagine: they'll likely assume the Angelos to be a run-of-the-mill fascist powered-armored group, or the Atlanteans to be a Skull & Bones or Masonic-style power-broker outfit. They will expect a comics-style denouement that will never come, and the drama will just build and build and add more fuel to your game-masterly fire. "You mean they're not just like the Illuminati we fought in Washington DC?" they'll ask, puzzled and resolute to fit this into their super-heroic paradigm. You laugh and lure them further into the cognitive trap of their own making, the fools. The longer you can keep this up, the larger you'll loom in their eyes as a master gamer. They'll think all the unprecedented background twists and genre-bending synthesis comes from you, they'll swear you should be a professional comics author.

Eventually someone will figure you out, and that's ok. The goal isn't to encourage out of character espionage and megalomaniacal inner monologues, despite my tone. The goal is to enhance your gaming experience and that of your group. The unexpected delights people, and new ideas grab the imagination. Be new and unexpected by tweaking your players' tendencies to think ahead. **GODSEND Agenda** is a perfect game for this, since it's predicated on blending well-known genres already. I'm just advocating that you play it up.

The GODSEND Agenda: Your Way

by Steve Kenson

GODSEND Agenda is not your father's super heroes, more like your great-grandfather's, many times removed. It's a mix of ancient mythology and the modern myth of "gods" in brightly colored costumes with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortals. It takes the idea of "super heroes as modern gods" and runs with it as far and fast as it can go, but at some point, you have to take the ball and run with it yourself, making the setting and the game uniquely your own.

Drama comes from tension and conflict. One place you can find conflict for **GODSEND Agenda** is between ancient myth and modern super-heroes: in myth, gods and heroes are forever accomplishing things. Many myths, after all, are about why things are the way that they are and the answer is often the deeds of one or more mythic figures. The Sun rises because it is the sun god's chariot; the Moon follows because the moon-goddess flees the sun god's eternal pursuit for some reason, and so forth. The actions of the mythic figures shape the world.

In comic books, it's often just the opposite: costumed heroes are maintainers of the status quo. It's their job to keep other people with super-powers from changing the world, to keep things like they are. Sure, heroes clean up crime and help out when disaster strikes, but they don't really change things. They certainly don't institute the sorts of primal changes you see in myths: altering the course of history, setting the heavens in motion, founding city-states, or bringing them down. Not the deeds of mythic heroes. There's tension between those two concepts: great deeds to change the world and safeguarding the status quo, and in tension there's drama.

Comic book publishers generally don't want to change the world: they need a world that's stable and largely familiar to their readers, so they can easily join in on the stories of their heroes without wondering what's different about the background of this world as compared to our own. You are not similarly constrained in running **GODSEND Agenda**, since your only "audience" is your players. The world is yours—and theirs—to do with as you see fit.

The traditional RPG adventure format is reactive: the heroes are contacted by a patron of some sort, given a goal, and sent off to accomplish it. Then they wait around for the next patron and goal (and the next adventure) to appear. You see it in games from the fantasy adventuring party haunting taverns to the motley starship crew looking for work in a disreputable spaceport, the cyberpunk mercenaries setting up a late-night meeting, or the super-hero team sitting by the emergency hotline or out patrolling the streets, looking for crime. It's the format of most published adventures, because such adventures know only a limited amount about the player characters and their goals.

Power and Responsibility

GODSEND Agenda offers players something their characters rarely get: real power. Not just the super-powers described in the rules, but the power to be proactive, the power to decide what they're going to do with the power of gods, and then go out and do it. Do they want to make the world a better place? Better how? Where will they begin? What will they do and, most important, what happens if other people don't agree with them?

Again, drama comes from conflict, and conflict can arise when two or more goals clash. The player characters have the power to make things happen, but they're not the only ones. Some may agree with their agenda (whatever it is), others disagree. Some may be willing to simply agree to disagree and that's that, but there are going to be some who will go to any lengths to oppose the heroes. How do they deal with such opposition?

The comic books tend to abstract this conflict. They make it easy. The heroes are guardians of what is right and normal, of the status quo. They safeguard the world from outside threats. So it's easy to paint their foes as evil, since they usually are: world-conquerors, criminals, nihilists, terrorists, and so forth. Only rarely do the comics deal with the gray areas of noble villains or honest differences of opinion, with neither side truly "in the right." Heroes are

heroes, villains are villains, and that's that.

Now, there's nothing wrong with heroic figures fighting against the forces of evil, but it's easy and simple to supply foes that are "eeeeevil for evil's sake" or at least alien forces of destruction the heroes feel no remorse in wiping out: whether faceless robotic hordes or hideous Cthulhoid aliens bent on destroying human life as we know it. That sort of adventure can be a lot of fun: flexing godlike power without any concerns, overcoming hordes of lesser foes like the heroes of legend.

But **GODSEND Agenda** offers other options less often seen in super-hero comics. When a rogue state threatens the world with weapons of mass destruction or state-sponsored terrorism, what do those with power do about it? What if the ruler of the rogue state is someone as powerful as they are, or served by equally powerful allies? What if other states ask the characters not to interfere? Even choosing to do nothing is a choice, and the characters have to deal with the consequences of their choices, whatever they may be.

It's one thing to help make the world better by beating people up, but how do you tackle the less tangible problems? What about poverty, hunger, and disease? Can the heroes do things to alleviate prejudice, racial cleansing, political oppression, or international tensions? Once they've started to tackle these challenges, odds are it will be a long road, even with the power of gods at their command.

The View From On High

Speaking of the power of gods, don't overlook the conflict inherent in the theological questions raised by the existence of entities with the powers and identities of mythological deities. After all, **GODSEND Agenda** features pagan gods, angels, demons, and more as real beings, and that is something sure to shake the religions of the world down to their very foundations; bringing up all sorts of questions about faith, belief, and the meaning of life itself.

If it's difficult for the followers of different religions, imagine what it's like for the people who are gods for all intents and purposes. How do they deal with being set above ordinary humanity and becoming the focus for religious belief? Odds are, whatever they do, even if they try to avoid it, they'll end up attracting worship of one sort or another.

Giving **GODSEND Agenda** characters various followings, ranging from well-meaning fans to a fanatical religious hierarchy, is a tremendous story opportunity. When followers start proclaiming and doing things in a character's name, what happens? When there's an internal conflict, or a conflict between multiple groups of followers, how do the "gods" resolve these issues? How do the faithful deal when representatives of the same spiritual power take different sides on an issue, like two angelic Elohim splitting on a monotheistic religious debate?

Truth and Consequences

Conflicts in serial fiction tend to wrap themselves up neatly: by the end of the episode, things are back to normal. By the start of the next episode, the events of the last are largely forgotten. In a serialized adventure campaign like **GODSEND Agenda**, that doesn't have to be the case and you can get a lot of mileage just out of the consequences of the characters' choices in earlier episodes of the game.

The early choices players make for their characters can set the tone for the whole series as they deal with the outcomes of those choices, and the ones that follow. If a group decides to set themselves up as arbiters of right and wrong on an international scale, then that has all sorts of repercussions you can spin out for many, many adventures.

The good thing about a proactive series is that it practically writes itself once the players start making choices: consequences follow with more choices and more outcomes you can continue to turn into adventures for quite some time. The drawback to proactive games is they require a flexible and adaptable Game Master able to improvise based on whatever the players might choose to do at

any given time, especially given the tremendous power **GODSEND Agenda** characters have at their command.

With the mythic worlds of **GODSEND Agenda**, you have options. While you certainly can run a four-color style super-hero game with mythic-themed heroes fighting against the forces of evil, you can also use it as a setting for a game driven by the choices made by the players, where the power to change things is in their hands. In fact, there's no reason why you can't do both, combining fun smash-em-up slugfests with stories of the meaning of power and the uses of power in the world. The **GODSEND Agenda** that really matters is your agenda.



VILLAINOUS ORGANIZATIONS

DjinnX

Youth youth youth

Youth youth youth

Never wanna be an adult

Always wanna be in revolt

—Youth Youth Youth

GenerationX

The Goth-rock glam-band known as DjinnX first appeared on the scene as a lackluster rock band, but quickly evolved into something more extreme and sinister. The band's radical view and explicit lyrics caused riots wherever they went—during one such show in Kentucky, 20 people were killed and over 100 others were injured when the crowd started to frenzy. Their nihilistic/hedonistic views caused many legitimate venues to turn them away, and the band was constantly hounded by lawsuits. The band soon had a well-founded reputation for being trouble as city after city excluded them because of property and personal-injury lawsuits.

Despite this, the band managed to pick up many low-powered super humans on their tours, most with some minor talent musically. With the release of their fourth album *Children of a Forgotten God*, they set out on a world tour. Hugely popular and largely reviled, the tour progress was hampered across the world as lawsuits for wrongful death and mayhem either followed or preceded their appearances. It was during this time that the original guitarist, Harvey, left the group because of creative differences with Eddie.

The final straw occurred when Auntie Matter, the group's bassist, incited a riot in Singapore. The group would have been arrested if it weren't for their super-human abilities and fantastic teamwork escaping the country. However, every country having an extradition treaty with Singapore was then on the look out for the 20-member group. On top of all of this, arrest warrants were issued in America against the new lead guitarist, Dr. Necropolis, for rape charges brought by several men and women attending an underground rave.

The band survived and dodged all of this, but in the summer of 1995 Eddie finally snapped. His long-time girlfriend, Lady Juliet Bile (real name Juliet Billings, heir to a million-dollar publishing company), who usually opened for DjinnX with her all-girl group, Lady Bile and the Humors, was killed in Belgium during an Interpol raid of their home. Eddie immediately began work on another record, and released it later that year, entitled *Knights of the Living Dead*. Through the underground music scene the record attained the equivalent of multi-platinum success. He also set up a covert tour, with one particularly critical date and venue: Times Square, New York, June 29th, 1996—a year to the day that his beloved Bile had died.

The concert was leaked to the press a mere twelve hours before it was planned to begin—by Eddie himself. He wanted as many law-enforcement personnel there when the concert started. And when the concert started, Eddie sprang his trap. Using his incredible powers of empathic persuasion, he whipped the crowd of young fans into a killing frenzy that ended with an undercover Sentinel team and all the law-enforcement agents dead. The frenzied teens soon spilled into the surrounding area, harming and killing innocents in their way. When all was said and done, some fifty people lost their lives, including five of his own band members. But Eddie escaped.

This last "concert" cost Eddie what little underground popularity and credibility he had. The world was looking for DjinnX. Finally, in the winter of 1996, Hyperion and seven others tracked down the remains of DjinnX to a Philippine brothel. Battle ensued. Of the twelve members present, all but Eddie

and the five original members were captured, and a square block of a Philippines ghetto was destroyed.

A few different groups have used the named DjinnX since, but none are the real thing. Most are benign pretenders to the nihilistic throne created by Eddie Supernova. But every once in a while, Eddie and the band will show up and rock the house....

A Look at the Show

A DjinnX show is a cross between the Damned—one of the first punk groups—GWAR, and Marilyn Manson. Eddie swaggers around on stage singing with an extraordinary beautiful voice, while band members play and rock to throbbing beats and the hangers-on frolic and perform stage theatrics. The flashy Powers of Auntie Matter and Ashley wow the audience, and with the pyrotechnic and strobe stage lights, seizures are not unknown. Shows end with an hour-long rock opera depicting Dante's journey through Hell. The audience is always encouraged to perform on-stage, with the band taking part in a number of perverted or violent acts.

The Band

Eddie Supernova

DjinnX was founded by a disturbed young man named Eddie Smart, an orphan found abandoned on church steps during a harsh winter in 1979. His upbringing followed in suit with this inauspicious beginning: it was poor, harsh, and bitter, with one exception—the child had a talent for music. By the age of 18, Eddie had mastered—actually, relearned—twenty different instruments.

The frightening truth of Eddie Supernova is that he is a forgotten Elohim. Once the great Pan of Greek Myth, he lost himself and wandered the earth. He managed to alter his form to that of a small child and walked to a church in a depressed part of Minneapolis. After that, the "child" became a ward of the state and his new life began.

Edward, now known as Eddie Supernova, is completely insane. He believes he is a "Rock God" and uses his empathic powers to sway the large crowds that attend his shows. Violent mosh pits or hedonistic masses of writhing bodies form at his whim. Parent groups rail against him but the disenfranchised youth rallied to his freewill hard-rock cult of personality. Fueled by anger, hatred, and raw lust, Eddie lives a larger-than-life existence, befitting his rock-star status. He also makes it a point to have "private time" with every groupie that manages to make it back stage at his shows, (most of the time in the expected way) and then lets the rest of his band have their way with the leftovers. He is everything horrible and wrong that a rock star can be, the master of the manic mood swings, constantly keeping his bandmates on edge. They never know if Eddie will be loving or malevolent and always tread eggshells when in his presence.

Eddie's Powers are Mind Control, Telepathy, and Emotion Control—he probably had more, but doesn't know them now.

Auntie Matter

An escaped Chimeran Drone, Auntie Matter was left behind after a covert combat mission under Malcolm Rhand. Finding Eddie in a neo-opium den in Fargo, North Dakota, she was immediately attracted to his magnetic personality. Eddie taught her to play bass and gave her a place in his forming rock group. Auntie Matter is terrifying to look at; she looks like a person torched alive. Constantly wreathed in destructive energy, she destroys whatever organic matter she touches. Her frightening, burned appearance and crackling energy sheath keep all at bay, except Eddie, who "suffered for his art," as he put it.

Scribbles, The “Cute Dwarf”

Scribbles is a salacious whiskey-drinking woman trapped in the body of a ten-year-old. Eddie found Scribbles—a nickname she got from the perverted tattoos covering her arms—during a drug deal in Bangkok. Eddie offered to buy her and the 12 kilograms of endorphin-filled pituitary glands. At first, she resisted (violently) and then relented to his indomitable will. She now dotes upon Eddie's every whim and plays a tambourine made of platinum and bone (possibly human). In addition, Scribbles is super strong and has the ability to spit poison.

Red Bone, The Stapler

Red Bone is a circus freak from Tucson, Arizona who uses knives and spikes to pierce and disfigure himself and others. Eddie rescued him from a mob enraged over the death of a woman that Red had kidnapped, mutilated, and eaten. Normally he had found his victims at the circus he worked at, but this time he had been caught by straying outside his normal boundaries. In the end, the mob believed they caught and killed Red, but only because that's what Eddie told them to believe. In addition to his other “talents,” The Stapler also plays the drums.

Ashley, the Vessel of Wrath

Ashley claims to be a vessel for demonic habitation. In reality, Ashley (real name Esh'La) is the daughter of an Atlantean noble who took a human bride. The two raised Esh'La until the age of five, when Chimerans attacked and killed both parents. Esh'La was so traumatized by the incident that she blocked out all memory of the atrocity. Esh'La, now calling herself Ashley, spent the next 12 years in an orphanage until the arrival of Eddie, who was looking for a date at the time.

Always a dark and brooding girl, Ashley studied occult lore and witchcraft ravenously, and like many Atlanteans, has more than a minor skill at manipulating the forces of the universe. She has an enormous amount of raw power that she uses to feed her insatiable lust for chemical “needs,” primarily absinth and mescaline, and carnal pleasures. Constantly in a dreamlike state, Ashley acts aloof and speaks cryptically. Ashley also plays keyboards... poorly.

Dr. Necropolis

A burn victim and misanthrope, “Nec” was actually a forensic pathologist in Quebec, Canada, whose dark and perverse desires for the corpses he worked with led him to be arrested and jailed for several years. Once released, he wandered America doing back-alley medical operations to earn enough money for his (then) newly acquired drug habit. He fell in with Eddie when he met him at a concert in an abandoned Oregon mortuary.

Having a small talent with the guitar, Necropolis soon joined DjinnX. Through the use of dark magic bestowed upon him by Ashley, at the behest of Eddie, Nec may shapechange into horrific forms, and has the ability to raise the dead and control them.

Lady Bile

Eddie called this publishing heiress his “muse” and the “warm spot in his heart, and in his bed.” Having no superpowers didn't keep her out of the band—her multi-million dollar fortune helped produce the band's records and fund their world tours. She would open for her lover with a band that Eddie put together and called the Humors. Sadly, this band had more talent and merit than DjinnX, but was always lost under the crushing weight of Eddie's personality. She was killed during a police action in a small Belgium village. However, Ashley claims to have a vial of bone and blood containing her essence and waits for the proper time to resurrect her.

Eddie Supernova (PL 22)

Elohim

Real name: Edward Smart, A.K.A. Pan

Age: 32 (apparent) 2139

Arc: Megalomaniac

Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 19, Cha 38 (41 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 8 (+10), Bluff 17 (+31), Concentration 8 (+12), Craft (artistic) 10 (+12), Diplomacy 16 (+30), Disable Device 12 (+14), Handle Animal 16 (+30), Knowledge (business) 10 (+12), Knowledge (popular culture) 10 (+12), Knowledge (streetwise) 14 (+16), Language (English, select 4 more), Notice 12 (+16), Perform (singing) 12 (+26), Perform x20 (select instrument) 10 (+24), Profession (songwriter) 12 (+16), Search 10 (+12), Sleight of Hand 10 (+12), Stealth 10 (+12), Swim 8 (+9)

Feats: Animal Empathy, Attack Focus (melee), Benefit (famous) 1, Benefit (wealth) 2, Connected, Contacts, Efficient Ka 3, Fascinate 4, Inspire 3, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Ka Awakened (Damage Buffer), Leadership, Specialization (Bluff: gambling, Diplomacy: the underground music industry) 2, Throwing Mastery

Powers: *Emotion Control* 6 (*Power Feats:* Progression (subjects) 10), *Illusion* 4 (All senses; 4 PP/rank), *Immunity* 2 (Aging, starvation and thirst; *Power Feats:* Innate), *Ka Manipulation* 2 (Any combination of traits [6 PP/rank]), *Luck Control* 2, *Mind Control* 4, *Mind Shield* 5, *Morph* 4 (3 PP/rank), *Sonic Control* 6* (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Blast 6* [Sonic scream], *Concealment* 2* [Auditory; *Power Feats:* Precise, Progression (area) 3, Selective, Subtle; *Extras:* Shapeable], *Protection* 12* [*Extras:* Impervious; *Flaws:* Only versus sonics]), *Super-Senses* 1 (Ka Awareness; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Senses]), *Super-Senses* 9 (Ka Senses; Ranged [olfactory, tactile], Extended [auditory, visual], Radius [all senses]; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Linked [Ka Awareness]), *Telepathy* 5

* Dynamic

Equipment: None

Complications: *Addiction* (illegal narcotics), *Overconfident*, *Reputation* (troublemaker; wanted in many nations for mayhem and murder), *Strange Appearance* (Otherworldly)

Drawbacks: *Lethe* (Common, major; believes he is a "rock god")

Combat: Attack +3 (+4 melee), Damage +1 (unarmed; +2 thrown), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2 (+14 vs sonics), Fortitude +7, Reflex +8, Will +10

Abilities 52 + Skills 100 (400 ranks) + Feats 22 + Powers 125 + Combat 14 + Saves 17 – Drawbacks 4 = 326



Auntie Matter (PL 11)

Chimeran drone

Real name: Candy (name given her by Eddie)

Age: 23 (apparent), 10 actual

Arc: Warrior

Str 16, **Dex** 20, **Con** 18, **Int** 14, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18 (18 Ka)

Skills: Craft (artistic) 8 (+10), Diplomacy 10 (+14), Disable Device 10 (+12), Intimidate 12 (+16), Knowledge (streetwise) 10 (+12), Notice 8 (+10), Perform (guitar) 10 (+14), Search 10 (+12), Stealth 10 (+15)

Feats: Attack Focus (melee) 2, Attack Specialization (anti-matter blast, grab) 2, Diehard, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Leadership

Powers: *Blast* 6 (Anti-matter; *Extras:* Alternate Save [Fortitude], Poison), *Immunity* 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Protection* 1, *Protection* 4 (Energy sheath; *Extras:* Linked [Protection (energy sheath)]; *Flaws:* Only versus energy), *Strike* 6 (Anti-matter sheath; *Extras:* Aura, Continuous, Linked [Protection (energy sheath)]; *Flaws:* Permanent), *Super-Senses* 4 (Energy Awareness, mental; extended x1,000), *Telepathy* 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged) 3

Equipment: None

Complications: *Reputation* (troublemaker; wanted in many nations for mayhem and murder), *Strange Appearance* (looks like a burn victim with flaky burnt skin)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5 (+6 melee, +7 anti-matter blast, +8 grab), Damage +3 (unarmed; +6 anti-matter blast, +6 anti-matter sheath), Defense +5, Initiative +5

Saving Throws: Toughness +5 (+9 vs energy), Fortitude +8, Reflex +10, Will +6

Abilities 40 + **Skills** 22 (4 ranks) + **Feats** 6 + **Powers** 63 + **Combat** 20 + **Saves** 13 - **Drawbacks** 4 = 160



Scribbles (PL 12)

Human

Real Name: Angelica Patterson

Age: 41

Arc: Comedian

Str 30, Dex 18, Con 26, Int 14, Wis 14,
Cha 14 (18 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 10 (+14), Bluff 10 (+16), Concentration 10 (+12), Craft (artistic) 6 (+8), Disable Device 10 (+12), Intimidate 12 (+14), Knowledge (streetwise) 12 (+14), Medicine 6 (+8), Notice 8 (+10), Search 8 (+10), Stealth 12 (+16)

Feats: Attack Focus (melee) 2, Dodge Focus 2, Efficient Ka 4, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Specialization (Craft [artistic]: forgery), Second Chance (grapple, trip) 2

Powers: Blast 5 (Poison spit; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 6; *Extras:* Poison; *Flaws:* Touch), Leaping 6, Luck Control 4 (*Flaws:* Only to influence events involving self), Super-Strength 4 (*Power Feats:* Thunderclap), Shrinking 4 (Small; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Extras:* Continuous, Normal Strength; *Flaws:* Permanent)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Addiction* (alcohol), *Reputation* (troublemaker; wanted in many nations for mayhem and murder), *Strange Appearance* (youthful appearance, small)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (angry)

Combat: Attack +5 (+7 melee), Damage +10 (unarmed; +5 poison spit), Defense +6 (+8 dodge), Initiative +4

Saving Throws: Toughness +8, Fortitude +12, Reflex +10, Will +4

Abilities 56 + Skills 26 (104 ranks) + Feats 10 + Powers 48 + Combat 22 + Saves 12 - Drawbacks 3 = 171



Red Bone, the Stapler (PL 10)

Human

Real Name: Erik Durcan

Age: 23

Arc: Warrior

Str 14, **Dex** 19, **Con** 16, **Int** 15, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 16
(16 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 12 (+16), Bluff 11 (+14), Concentration 12 (+14), Craft (artistic) 8 (+10), Disable Device 8 (+10), Intimidate 12 (+15), Knowledge (streetwise) 12 (+14), Medicine 8 (+10), Notice 12 (+14), Perform (drummer) 13 (+16), Search 12 (+14), Sleight Of Hand 10 (+14), Stealth 12 (+16), Swim 10 (+12)

Feats: Ambidextrous, Attack Focus (ranged), Attack Specialization (throwing knives), Dodge Focus 3, Evasion 2, Improved Aim, Improved Initiative 3, Instant Up, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Precise Shot, Ranged Pin, Specialization (Craft [artistic]: forgery), Throwing Mastery 2

Powers: Quickness 4 (Flaws: Physical only), Super-Senses 1 (Danger Sense [mental])

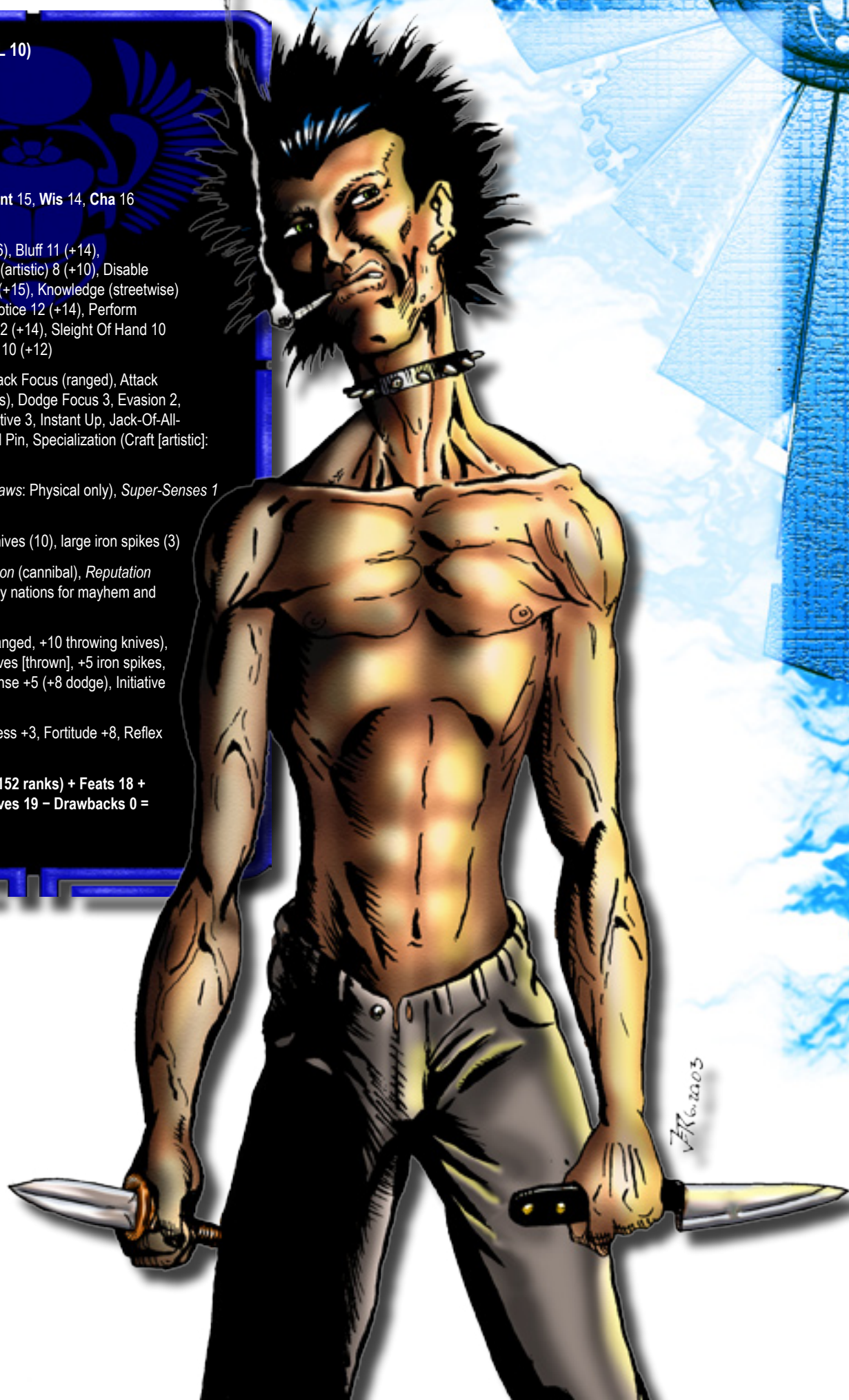
Equipment: Throwing Knives (10), large iron spikes (3)

Complications: *Reputation* (cannibal), *Reputation* (troublemaker; wanted in many nations for mayhem and murder)

Combat: Attack +7 (+8 ranged, +10 throwing knives), Damage +2 (unarmed; +5 knives [thrown], +5 iron spikes, +7 iron spikes [thrown]), Defense +5 (+8 dodge), Initiative +16

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +8, Reflex +11, Will +9

Abilities 34 + Skills 38 (152 ranks) + Feats 18 + Powers 5 + Combat 24 + Saves 19 - Drawbacks 0 = 138





Ashley, the Vessel of Wrath (PL 12)

Atlantean

Real Name: "Ashley Watts" (Esh'La)

Age: 19

Arc: Crony

Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 21 (22 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 4 (+6), Bluff 12 (+17), Concentration 12 (+14), Craft (artistic) 6 (+8), Disable Device 10 (+12), Knowledge (streetwise) 12 (+14), Medicine 6 (+8), Notice 13 (+15), Search 11 (+13), Stealth 8 (+10), Swim 10 (+11)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged) 2, Attractive 2, Contacts, Defensive Roll, Efficient Ka, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Ka Awakened (Ka Transfer), Skill Mastery (Acrobatics, Craft [artistic], Bluff, Stealth), Specialization (Bluff: innuendo, Craft [artistic]: forgery), Stunning Attack

Powers: *Immunity 1* (Aging; Power Feats: Innate; Flaws: Long lived rather than true immortality), *Ka Manipulation 6* (Entropic blast; any one trait at a time, 3 PP/rank; Extras: Free Action; Flaws: Must manifest as a ranged power, Uncontrolled), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits, 6 PP/rank), *Super-Senses 6* (Ka Awareness, mental, ranged, extended [x10,000]),

Equipment: None

Complications: *Addiction* (illicit drugs), *Obsession* (Eddie—will do anything for him), *Reputation* (troublemaker; wanted in many nations for mayhem and murder)

Drawbacks: *Power Loss* (Entropic Blast, Ka Manipulation, Super-Senses; When unable to speak and gesture to cast spells)

Combat: Attack +4 (+6 ranged), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +2, Fortitude +6, Reflex +8, Will +4

Abilities 31 + Skills 26 (104 ranks) + Feats 11 + Powers 73 + Combat 16 + Saves 12 - Drawbacks 3 = 166

Dr. Necropolis (PL 10)

Human

Real Name: James Findlay

Age: 32

Arc: Bravo

Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 20, Wis 14, Cha 21 (21 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 10 (+19), Concentration 12 (+14), Craft (artistic) 8 (+13), Diplomacy 12 (+17), Knowledge (business) 12 (+17), Knowledge (streetwise) 12 (+17), Language (Select 6), Medicine 12 (+14), Notice 10 (+12), Perform (guitar) 6 (+11), Search 12 (+14), Stealth 8 (+9)

Feats: Attack Focus (ranged), Chokehold, Fearsome Presence 2, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Specialization (Craft [artistic]: forgery), Skill Mastery (Bluff, Craft [artistic], Diplomacy, Stealth), Undead Empathy

Powers: *Animate Objects* 10 (Animate undead; *Power Feats:* Progression (amount) 5; *Extras:* Horde; *Flaws:* Corpses only), *Morph* 7 (Any form of same mass [3 PP/rank]; *Power Feats:* Metamorph; *Flaws:* Int, Wis and Cha remain unchanged, Backlash [+4, Fortitude])

Equipment: None

Complications: *Addiction* (illicit drugs), *Reputation* (troublemaker; wanted in many nations for mayhem and murder)

Drawbacks: Indecisive 2

Combat: Attack +4 (+5 ranged), Damage +1 (unarmed), Defense +4, Initiative -7

Saving Throws: Toughness +1, Fortitude +5, Reflex +7, Will +6

Abilities 32 +
Skills 30 (120 ranks)
+ **Feats** 8 + **Powers** 43
+ **Combat** 16 + **Saves** 14 -
Drawbacks 2 = 141



SAMPLE INDEPENDENT CHARACTERS

BANGER (PL 11)

Real Name: Harvey Wall

Age: 25

Arc: Warrior

Human

Str 30, Dex 14, Con 30, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 18 (18 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 8 (+10), Bluff 10 (+14), Craft (artistic) 8 (+11), Intimidate 12 (+16), Investigate 10 (+13), Knowledge (streetwise) 12 (+15), Knowledge (technology) 10 (+13), Notice 10 (+12), Perform (guitar) 12 (+16), Profession (gambler) 8 (+10), Search 8 (+11)

Feats: All-Out Attack, Attack Focus (melee), Attack Specialization (club), Critical Strike, Diehard, Endurance 2, Equipment (4), Fast Overrun, Fearless, Power Attack, Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping, Craft [artistic]: forgery) 2

Powers: *Leaping 6, Super-Strength 4 (Power Feats: Thunderclap)*

Equipment: Long wood club

Complications: *Enemy (Joule), Reputation (super-powered mercenary), Secret (true identity), Secret (was in the boy band "New Boys on the Street")*

Drawbacks:

Combat: Attack +5 (6 melee, +8 club), Damage +10 (unarmed; +13 club), Defense +5, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +10, Fortitude +15, Reflex +7, Will +7

Abilities 64 + Skills 27 (108 ranks) + Feats 15 + Powers 15 + Combat 20 + Saves 15 – Drawbacks 0 = 156

* Subject to PL maximums

Appearance: Harvey is a hulking man with brown eyes and thinning, blonde-dyed hair, fond of old heavy metal concert shirts and jeans. As the Banger he wears a skintight green-and-purple jump suit that shows off his "guns," with a pair of dark-blue sunglasses to help hide his appearance while in public.

Although his physical stature is impressive, he is not taken seriously by his peers or his enemies, and is usually thought of as the "strong dumb guy" in both his secret identity and as The Banger. He never lets on that he is intelligent, preferring to let his opponents underestimate him during combat.

History: All his life Harvey wanted to be a rock guitarist like his hero, Jimmy Page. He took jazz band and choir during high school and looked for any opportunity to showcase his musical talents. All his hard work paid off at the age of 15, when he was recruited to be in a new boy band called New Boys on the Street, or NBOTS for short. Although Harvey wasn't particularly impressed with the musical styling of NBOTS, he knew the money was good. Every night onstage he would fantasize about being in a hardcore rock band singing one of the many songs that he wrote.

Time went on and the prepubescent girls grew up, leaving their infatuation with NBOTS behind. Harvey and the rest of the group were reduced to playing animal hospital openings, Oktober fests, and consumer electronics shows with Leif Erickson and Gary Coleman. Harvey saw this as an opportunity to break from the group and move on to bigger and more "hardcore" musical endeavors. He struck out on his own and tried his hand at his life-long passion: hard rock. But the public still saw Harvey as a boy band oddity in the world of rock music, and he wasn't taken seriously. The rejection drove Harvey to the comforting arms of drugs and alcohol, and his downward spiral into child star debauchery started.

At the bottom of his decline, Harvey took a lethal dose of his favorite Redrum heroine and died. On the way to the afterlife for failed pop stars, Harvey was approached by a being calling itself Hela, who offered him great power and respect for a price that would be disclosed at a latter date. Harvey agreed and awoke in a hospital emergency room, newfound strength coursing through his now-swollen arms. He promptly got out of the bed and walked out of the hospital, leaving his old life behind. Bitter at the world and drunk on his newfound super strength and endurance, Harvey took up with an unsavory group of rock-inspired super villains called DjinnX. For a year the group "toured" America, causing havoc during their larcenous rampage until they disbanded because of "creative differences."

Harvey once again set out on his own this time as the Banger, hard-rocking mercenary muscle for hire. Now with a successful "career," the Banger is at last happy.



HYPERION (PL 16)

Real Name: Aloysius Reese

Age: 35

Arc: Icon

Chimeran Elite

Str 25, **Dex** 14, **Con** 20, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 28 (28 Ka)

Skills: Bluff 10 (+9), Computers 6 (+7), Concentration 15 (+18), Diplomacy 14 (+23), Disable Device 6 (+7), Intimidate 15 (+24), Investigate 10 (+11), Knowledge (physical sciences) 11 (+12), Knowledge (technology) 9 (+10), Language (Select 4), Notice 10 (+13), Search 10 (+11)

Feats: Attractive 2, Benefit (famous) 2, Diehard, Ka Awakened (Ka Transfer), Jack-Of-All-Trades, Leadership

Powers: *Earth Control* 10 * (*Power Feats:* Alternate Powers—Burrowing 6 * [*Power Feats:* Precise, Subtle; *Extras:* Continuous, Free action], Create Object 8 * [Earth shape; *Power Feats:* Innate, Progressive 3 (object size); *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* Limited to amount of available earth], Dazzle 5 * [Dust storm, visual (2 PP/rank); *Extras:* Cloud, Concentration], Snare 4 * [Quicksand; *Power Feats:* Indirect 2, Progression (Shapeable extra), Reversible; *Extras:* Engulf, Regenerating, Shapeable, Transparent; *Flaws:* Target must be in contact with ground], Strike 14 * [Earth slap; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 3, Indirect 3]), *Flight* 7, *Immunity* 1 (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Immunity* 14 (Disease, poison, cold, heat, radiation, high pressure, low pressure, vacuum, starvation & thirst, sleep, critical hits, suffocation), *Impervious Toughness* 5, *Ka Manipulation* 8 (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform; 1 PP), *Protection* 3 (*Extras:* Impervious), *Space Travel* 1, *Super-Senses* 4 (Vision [extended x10,000]), *Super-Senses* 8 (X-Ray Vision [extended x10,000]; *Flaws:* Cannot see through organic matter), *Super-Strength* 2, *Telepathy* 2 (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 8 (5,000 ft.); *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

* Dynamic

Equipment: Staff of Antenaes

Complications: *Responsibility* (girlfriend, Tamara Matychich), *Responsibility* (help the innocent and those in need), *Secret* (true identity), *Strange Appearance* (larger-than-life, "Olympian" looks)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by a Brood Mother or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +6, Damage +7 (unarmed; +14 earth slap), Defense +5, Initiative +2

Saving Throws: Toughness +8 (Impervious), Fortitude +12, Reflex +9, Will +12

Abilities 55 + Skills 30 (120 ranks) + Feats 8 + Powers 94 + Combat 22 + Saves 23 – Drawbacks 4 = 228

Appearance: Standing six-and-a-half feet tall. Aloysius Reese is a blonde-haired, blue-eyed man in his early thirties. Easily a model out of GQ or *Details* magazine, he wears his golden locks at shoulder length and dresses in modestly expensive casual clothes. Having an outgoing personality and good sense of humor has lead to Aloysius having many close friends. Al, as his friends call him, would help anyone in need going out of his way to help a stranger on the street.

As Hyperion, he wears a black-and-gold uniform and carries a metallic gold rod. Most opponents mistake the rod for much more than it actually is and think it is the origin of his great abilities. Hyperion propagates this myth when speaking to the press, always mentioning his "Staff of Antenaes" and its mystical abilities. More often than not, his enemies focus on trying to disable or take away the rod in lieu of attacking him.

History: Nothing is known of the super hero Hyperion before his first appearance in the Swiss Alps in 1975. He has since been a worldwide champion, considered by many to be one of the most powerful super beings on the planet. This has made those in the know question whether Hyperion's origins can be found here on Earth. Some have theorized that he is either Elohim or some other type of alien not seen before. U.S.E.R. has tried repeatedly to recruit or be allowed to study him, but Hyperion wants nothing to do with their organization and avoids them intensely.

Hyperion has teamed up with others in the past, notably the California based hero Maven, but nothing has ever exceeded the popularity of the group he formed in 1996, "The Guardians." The Guardians combat super-human villains on an even larger scale than Hyperion alone could have. In 2005, Hyperion suffered a terrible setback when the Guardians clashed with (the supposedly dead) Aryan Superior and his team, "The Power Elite." A close friend of Hyperion's, and core member of the Guardians, was killed by Aryan Superior while Hyperion lay helpless and injured. Since the terrible incident, it has played over and over in his mind, and he is sometimes overwhelmed with guilt. Hyperion has vowed to stop Aryan Superior if it is the last thing he ever does.

In his secret identity, Hyperion is Aloysius Reese, archeologist, a man looking for his own past. Reese awoke one day on a small beach in Maine with no memory of his past, but possessed of fantastic super powers. His only belongings were a duffel bag with a costume and a wallet with his ID—possibly his real identity, or possibly a false one he had been using. In either case, he assimilated himself into society and began teaching at New York City College in 1999. While teaching, Reese met the love of his life, Tamara Matychich, a geology professor.



HYDRA (PL 12)

Real Name: None

Age: 43 (25 apparent)

Arc: Outsider

Chimeran Warrior Drone

Str 15, Dex 23, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14 (14 Ka)

Skills: Acrobatics 15 (+), Computers 8 (+), Concentration 12 (+), Craft (chemical) 4 (+), Diplomacy 8 (+), Disable Device 10 (+), Intimidate 12 (+), Investigate 12 (+), Knowledge (technology) 8 (+), Language (Select 6), Notice 12 (+), Search 10 (+), Stealth 15 (+4), Survival 8 (+), Swim 12 (+)

Feats: Ambidextrous, Attack Focus (melee) 3, Diehard, Dodge Focus 3, Favored Environment (underwater) 4, Ka Awakened (Combat Bonus), Leadership, Specialization (Acrobatics: jumping, Craft [chemical]: demolitions, Survival: tracking) 3, Track

Powers: *Additional Limbs 1* (Tentacled hair; *Power Feats:* Extended Reach 2, Precise), *Concealment 4* (All visual senses; *Flaws:* Blending), *Immunity 1* (Aging; *Power Feats:* Innate; *Flaws:* Long lived rather than true immortality), *Immunity 3* (Cold, high pressure, suffocation [underwater]), *Ka Manipulation 8* (Any combination of traits; *Extras:* Continuous; *Flaws:* No mental abilities [Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma], No skills, Change requires Ka pool in months to perform), *Paralyze 5* (Tentacled hair; *Extras:* Alternate Save [Fortitude]), *Protection 1*, *Regeneration 6* (Recovery Bonus +3, Recovery Rate 1, Ability Damage 2), *Strike 5* (Claws; *Power Feats:* Mighty), *Super-Senses 1* (Danger Sense [mental]), *Swimming 3*, *Telepathy 2* (*Power Feats:* Improved Range 4 [250 ft.]; *Flaws:* Chimerans only, Ranged)

Equipment: None

Complications: *Enemy* (Malcolm Rhand), *Reputation* (wanted for crimes [she didn't commit]), *Strange Appearance* (green/black scales and gills)

Drawbacks: *Quirk* (Angry, but only when not controlled by an Elite, Brood Mother, or the Echidian)

Combat: Attack +5, Damage +2 (unarmed; +7 claws), Defense +8 (+11 dodge), Initiative +6

Saving Throws: Toughness +3, Fortitude +7, Reflex +10, Will +5

Abilities 34 + Skills 38 (152 ranks) + Feats 15 + Powers 48 + Combat 26 + Saves 11 – Drawbacks 4 = 168

Appearance: Some would say that Hydra has a harsh and cruel beauty: she is six feet tall with green/black scaly skin, and gills that betray her amphibious nature on the sides of her neck and abdomen. Her hair is an oily, writhing mess of fine tentacles that can move on their own, secreting a paralytic poison when touched, and her sinewy and powerful hands end in razor-sharp claws.

History: Hydra was the first Chimeran soldier released from the birthing pod found on the Chimeran Troop carrier that crashed in New Mexico. However, she believes herself to be the product of a radical genetic experiment implemented by Malcolm Rhand. In the first years of her existence, she was trained as a covert operative, used for corporate espionage, but soon became the active hand of enforcement for Rhand's organization, carrying out thefts and assassinations on a weekly basis.

Hydra was told that she was helping to further the goals of humanity and that the work she was doing was helping the weak. But she noticed some serious discrepancies between her missions and these lofty goals, and soon became uncomfortable about the missions she was given. She broke with Rhand when she stumbled upon his secret laboratory complex and found her "brothers and sisters." Row upon row of strange pods lined the wall of the complex, and inside each one was what she felt to be a kindred spirit. When she questioned Rhand, he smiled and simply told her they were others like her with a like mission, bred to follow his commands and no others, to remove certain obstacles in his way to saving the world from itself.

Hydra could not accept these answers—there was more than Rhand was admitting to, and she knew it. She now hunts and in turn is hunted by Malcolm Rhand. Her goal is to stop Rhand's plans for Earth, whatever they might be.



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