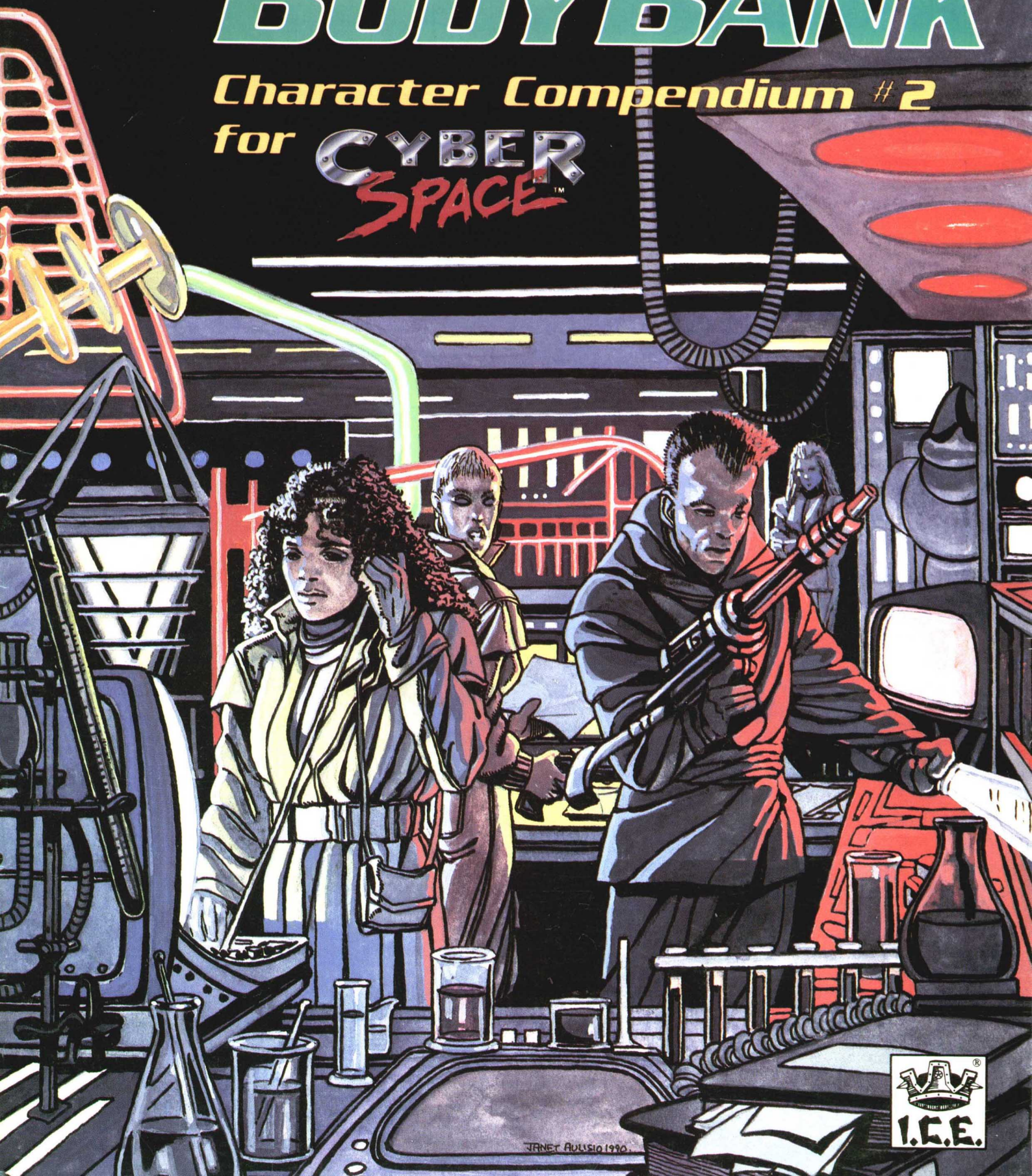


# THE BODY BANK™

*Character Compendium #2*  
for **CYBER SPACE™**



JANET ADLISIO 1990





# THE BODY BANK™

## CYBERSPACE™

### CHARACTER COMPENDIUM #2

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# INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the second NPC Compendium for *Cyberspace*™, ICE's gritty role playing game of earth's dark near future. Herein you will find 27 non-player characters ready to be inserted into any gamemaster's campaign. Because complete stats are provided along with comprehensive skill listings, players may use the personalities in this compendium as ready-to-run characters if they don't have the time to create their own.

## NPC INFORMATION

Each NPC in this book is presented in a consistent format. The Personal Data section gives a physical and mental overview of the subject. Stats & Specs provide the character's *Cyberspace* statistics, modifiers and bonuses. The Skills section displays a number of the character's salient skills and bonuses. Note that this is never a comprehensive listing, but indicates what areas the character is most competent in. Skills are listed in order of greatest to least aptitude. Background & Equipment is pretty self-explanatory. The Assets entry is a general indicator of the equivalent amount of World Dollar currency the character could theoretically scrounge up on a few days notice. On the other hand, the Cash entry is the average amount of pocket money the character carries around with him or herself.

## ASSUMPTIONS

In creating these NPCs, a number of conventions are used and assumptions made. Here is a listing of the more important ones:

- All Empathy (Em) stats reflect CIRS reductions.
- All appropriate Cyber Systems have Semantic Triggers unless otherwise specified.
- Characters are not assumed to be in possession of all listed items at all times.

## STATS

Each character in this book is given his or her *Cyberspace* stat scores. The abbreviations used for the stats are as follows:

|                            |                      |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> Constitution    | <b>St:</b> Strength  |
| <b>Ag:</b> Agility         | <b>Qu:</b> Quickness |
| <b>SD:</b> Self Discipline | <b>Pr:</b> Presence  |
| <b>Me:</b> Memory          | <b>In:</b> Intuition |
| <b>Re:</b> Reasoning       | <b>Em:</b> Empathy   |

## NOTES

Throughout this book, an asterisk (\*) denotes that the stat or skill bonus has been modified by a Cyber System. Refer to the Cyber System entries to determine which system is affecting the bonus.

## ORGANIZATIONS

*The Body Bank* differs from its predecessor, *CyberRogues*, in that this compilation includes two character groups: Philanthropic Epitaph (a "Hard Copy" rock band), and The Cat House (a small band of anti-corp mercenaries). Either of these organizations may be used by a GM as the centerpiece for his campaign, or as the focal point for a minor diversionary adventure in an ongoing *Cyberspace* saga. They may also be used by players needing ready-made player characters and a justification for having a group of adventurers.

# AUGUSTUS BRADLEY

## LAWYER

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                     |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 45        | <b>Sex:</b> Male                    |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Blue     | <b>Race:</b> Caucasian              |
| <b>Hair:</b> Blond    | <b>Origin:</b> Germany              |
| <b>Build:</b> Obese   | <b>Demeanor:</b> Callous            |
| <b>Height:</b> 175 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Functional            |
| <b>Weight:</b> 195 kg | <b>True Attitude:</b> Opportunistic |

### STATS & SPECS

|                   |                                       |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 41/0   | <b>Profession:</b> Sleaze             |
| <b>Ag:</b> 45/0   | <b>Level:</b> 5th                     |
| <b>SD:</b> 20/-5  | <b>Social Class:</b> Corp Upper Class |
| <b>Me:</b> 79/+5  | <b>Fire:</b> Beretta 95R MP 30        |
| <b>Re:</b> 95/+15 | <b>Melee:</b> —                       |
| <b>St:</b> 05/-10 | <b>Missile:</b> —                     |
| <b>Qu:</b> 07/-10 | <b>Hits:</b> 15                       |
| <b>Pr:</b> 98/+20 | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(-10)               |
| <b>In:</b> 52/0   | <b>Ap:</b> 63                         |
| <b>Em:</b> 82/+5  | <b>CIRS:</b> 1                        |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Exploit 91; Administration 70; Perception 65; Culture 55; Equipment 40; Drive 15.

**Secondary Skills:** Law 100; Media 60; Appraisal 45; History 30; Advanced Math 25.

**Languages:** German D5; English D5; French D4; Latin D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Audiorecorder Mk2. Sound Amplifier Mk3. **Items:** Beretta 95R Machine Pistol with 2 magazines of 10mm GP ammo. Nightflier sports car. Assorted capital wealth. **Assets:** \$500,000. **Cash:** \$200.



### BACKGROUND

Born to a wealthy German family, Augustus has never really had to worry. While growing up, he was continually told by his parents that only the strongest survive in this world and that the weak were meant to be exploited. Well, the young Bradley took that motto to heart and has carried it throughout his life.

He was sent to the finest schools and acquired the best education money could buy. Augustus was a brilliant young man, and it showed early. He probably could have been anything he wanted; scientist, astronaut, or corporate officer. However, this bright young mind looked ahead and saw that big business went hand-in-hand with big law suits. A valuable deduction which propelled him into a career as a corporate lawyer.

It didn't take him long to build up a reputation and a number of clients. If there was a loophole to be found in the law, Augustus could find it. There were few cases that he could not win, be it through bribery, blackmail, or the law.

He is owed favors from many influential people and he continues to build his empire. Though far from the most pleasant person to work with, he is one of the best lawyers credit can buy.

Augustus is a very arrogant individual. He has learned to exploit other's weaknesses quite well and feels that associating with purely ethical people is a waste of time (there's nothing to manipulate them with). Utterly ruthless and without mercy, Mr Bradley will do anything to win, whether for money or to slake his insatiable ego.



# KEVIN BALLARD CHU

## SMUGGLER

The Body Bank

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 31      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Black      **Race:** East Asian  
**Hair:** Greying      **Origin:** Los Angeles  
**Build:** Average      **Demeanor:** Calm  
**Height:** 171 cm      **Dress:** Conservative and outdated  
**Weight:** 85 kg      **True Attitude:** Inscrutable

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 47/0      **Profession:** Jockey  
**Ag:** 96/+15      **Level:** 3rd  
**SD:** 67/0      **Social Class:** Space Colony  
**Me:** 56/0      **Fire:** *Mirage 5X* Pistol 43  
**Re:** 49/0      **Melee:** Brawl 38  
**St:** 52/0      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 98/+45\*      **Hits:** 37  
**Pr:** 62/0      **AT(DB):** LBA(45)  
**In:** 40/0      **Ap:** 83  
**Em:** 49/0      **CIRS:** 2

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Pilot 95\*; Drive 49; Perception 35\*;  
 Mech Tech 28; Elec Tech 18; Streetwise 10.  
**Secondary Skills:** Quick-Draw 54\*; History 25;  
 Advanced Math 25; Appraisal 10; Physics 10.  
**Languages:** English D5; Spanish D5; Japanese D3.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Lowlight Vision Mk5. Antiglare Mk10. Nerve Booster Mk5. **Items:** Supersonic Transport. *Mirage 5X* Pistol with 1 magazine of GP ammo. **Assets:** \$50,000. **Cash:** \$200.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

The 21st century is one of techno-pop culture where books and language lore have become overshadowed by more accessible computers, holovision sets and ASP units. No one is reading anymore, and Kevin Chu, who aspired to be a renowned English professor, has found a new line of work: smuggling. As a trained pilot, Mr. Chu has built up a covert transport business which is growing and prospering.

Today, Kevin has earned a good reputation among the denizens of the San Francisco underworld. He has expanded from his initial trade in drugs, and now will smuggle absolutely anything for the right amount of cash. If something needs to be moved, Chu is the man to get it done.

Kevin, however, is frustrated. He really dislikes his current profession, but can't argue with the fact that it makes money. It has been particularly successful due to some contacts Kevin formed while he was still on the university circuit. He talks rarely, but when he does it's usually in long drawn out speeches. His condescending tone can sometimes become very annoying. Kevin spends most of his free time reading, since he views modern entertainment systems as the major factors which cost him his chosen vocation. He will have nothing to do with any of it.

As a flier Mr. Chu remains quite accomplished. He now has a modest network of operatives who make more mundane deliveries for him. Being service oriented, he likes to maintain the quality of his work, even if he is not the one carrying it out.

# JAMES FERGUSON

## HUNTER OF THE CURSED

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 30      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Metallic      **Race:** African American  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** West coast  
**Build:** Enhanced      **Demeanor:** Brusque  
**Height:** 189 cm      **Dress:** Utilitarian  
**Weight:** 109 kg      **True Attitude:** Driven and uncaring

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 71/0      **Profession:** Killer  
**Ag:** 88/+5      **Level:** 3rd  
**SD:** 54/0      **Social Class:** Lower Sprawl  
**Me:** 38/0      **Fire:** GRU T10 AR 99\*  
**Re:** 39/0      **Melee:** Brawl 94\*  
**St:** 96/+15      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 77/+30\*      **Hits:** 56  
**Pr:** 46/0      **AT(DB):** ABS(30)  
**In:** 64/0      **Ap:** 37  
**Em:** 18/-5      **CIRS:** 5

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Drive 20; Stalk & Hide 15; Bio Tech 15; Environs 10; Cyber Attunement 10; Perception 10.  
**Secondary Skills:** Quick-Draw 45; Drug Tolerance 25; Biology 5; Sport 5; Subduing 5.  
**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D3.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Eyes: Lowlight Vision Mk2, Antiglare Mk4, and Targeting Mk3 Nerverlinked to Eye/Hand Coordinator Mk3. Right Fasthand Mk5. Left Stronghand Mk5. Nerve Booster Mk5. Megaknuckles. Densiplast Body Plating. 2 DNIs to the Brain.  
**Items:** GRU T10 Medium Assault Rifle with 2 magazines 10mm GP ammo. Revenant motorcycle. **Assets:** \$5000. **Cash:** \$50.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

James is more of a machine than a man these days, which is ironic, considering his job is to hunt down the "Cursed" (those who have contracted the Cybernetic Implant Rejection Syndrome). As an Enforcer, he joined the police about ten years ago and has since become a specialist in dealing with psychotic cyberpunks. His unit, the Maniac Squad, was put together specifically to go out and hunt down all those poor slobs who had overdosed on cybernetics, thereby turning themselves into crazed engines of destruction. Doing this job made sense to James when he first made the squad, but that was before more and more people misjudged their limits and took on one wetware implant too many. Cases were a lot less common back then. Now Ferguson is lucky to get a night's sleep without having to hunt down yet another rampaging cyborg.

These days James doesn't remember much of his past life, not that he cares. All he knows now is that some reject from Aizu-Shoto might start killing people at random and he'll have to deal with it. And he'll have to continue dealing with it until it's his turn to start the rampage — his turn to start the terror — his turn to get the Curse.

James is a man on the edge. He has been doing a thankless task for thankless people with a bunch of thankless co-workers. He relies on pure instinct to keep him alive. The stress is telling: James drinks too much, he has reoccurring bouts of the shakes, and his pale, bloodshot eyes have a tendency to stare off into the distance, glazed and lonesome.



# DOCTOR "SHEARS" GARDENER

## CYBER DOC

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                 |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 32        | <b>Sex:</b> Male                |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Grey     | <b>Race:</b> Euroslav           |
| <b>Hair:</b> Grey     | <b>Origin:</b> Eastern Europe   |
| <b>Build:</b> Crooked | <b>Demeanor:</b> Disturbing     |
| <b>Height:</b> 180 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Lab smock         |
| <b>Weight:</b> 99 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Psychotic |

### STATS & SPECS

|                   |                                   |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 19/-5  | <b>Profession:</b> Tech Rat       |
| <b>Ag:</b> 51/0   | <b>Level:</b> 4th                 |
| <b>SD:</b> 39/0   | <b>Social Class:</b> Upper Sprawl |
| <b>Me:</b> 56/0   | <b>Fire:</b> —                    |
| <b>Re:</b> 99/+20 | <b>Melee:</b> Scalpel 35          |
| <b>St:</b> 51/0   | <b>Missile:</b> —                 |
| <b>Qu:</b> 62/0   | <b>Hits:</b> 13                   |
| <b>Pr:</b> 49/0   | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(0)             |
| <b>In:</b> 61/0   | <b>Ap:</b> 43                     |
| <b>Em:</b> 82/+5  | <b>CIRS:</b> 3                    |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Cyber Tech 72; Bio Tech 67; Elec Tech 57; Soft Tech 57; Equipment 54; Elec Bypass 30.  
**Secondary Skills:** Biology 60; Cybernetics 60; Medical Practice 40; Advanced Math 40; Chemistry 40.  
**Languages:** English D5; German D4; Japanese D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Microvision Mk5. Eye Hand Coordinator. DNI Linked to the Brain. 2 Subdermal Pouches. **Items:** Medical Kit. Scalpel. Cyber Doc Shop. **Assets:** \$8000. **Cash:** \$100.



### BACKGROUND

Doctor Gardener has a rather "unhealthy" fixation — knives and scalpels. As a matter of fact, if it's sharp or pointy, the good doctor would like nothing more than to see how well its cuts, slits, gouges or penetrates.

His fetish led him quite naturally to the medical profession, and he practiced for some time as a rogue vivisectionist. He said his work was advancing medical knowledge by way of selfless research, but his more cynical peers knew he was just getting off on the surgery. In any event, the pay didn't cut it. Broadening his horizons meant getting more money, so he went to work deep in the Sprawl as a Cyber Doc, implanting black market wetware in jacked-up punks and street scum.

Now he's got plenty of business. His customers could care less about his psychotic aberrations, as long as they get their hardware and it works as the manufacturers intended.

Because he enjoys his work more than any other pursuit, "Shears" is often careless about screening his patients. He has inadvertently worked on numerous mass murderers, episodic homicidals, and various mentally unstable Sprawl-gangers over the years. But nothing bad has happened to him yet, and he's got an odd respect from the neighborhood riff-raff. It seems that Dr. Gardener is fated to stay by his gruesome and generally unsanitary operating table for some time to come.

# VONDRIA KENDARMA

## CORPORATE ADMINISTRATOR

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 28      **Sex:** Female  
**Eyes:** Brown      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** Southern California  
**Build:** Shapely      **Demeanor:** Warm and kind  
**Height:** 177 cm      **Dress:** Alluring  
**Weight:** 71 kg      **True Attitude:** Cold and calculating

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 32/0      **Profession:** Sleaze  
**Ag:** 59/0      **Level:** 5th  
**SD:** 43/0      **Social Class:** Upper Corporation  
**Me:** 72/0      **Fire:** GRU 05K Pistol 15  
**Re:** 76/+5      **Melee:** —  
**St:** 37/0      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 62/0      **Hits:** 10  
**Pr:** 98/+20      **AT(DB):** NoA(0)  
**In:** 66/0      **Ap:** 94  
**Em:** 92/+10      **CIRS:** 2

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Seduction 90; Administration 84; Exploit 64; Culture 54; Equipment 33; Perception 24; Soft Tech 20.  
**Secondary Skills:** Media 30; History 30; Advanced Math 15; Appraisal 10; Music 10.  
**Languages:** English D5; Japanese D4; Chinese D4; Russian D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Microvideo Mk 30. Audiorecord Mk 30. Vocal Emulator Mk5. Contraceptive. **Items:** Benz Magnificence sports coupe. GRU 05K Pistol with 1 magazine of GP ammo. Audio and Video tape. Various capital assets. **Assets:** \$300,000. **Cash:** \$200.



### BACKGROUND

Vondria was born into the corporate structure. She spent her early years surrounded by greed, exploitation, black mail, and manipulation. By listening to her parents and their friends she had learned one important lesson: everyone had a secret, and that information brought incredible power to those who were not afraid to use it.

At school, she built up an image of trustworthiness and was considered a confidant by many of the up-and-coming power brokers. What she learned from them would serve her well in later life.

Vondria learned her trade well and started a career early.

She was hired on by the Serendipity Megacorp and was placed in a mediocre sales position. It did not take long, however, for her

to reach a much higher posting; one in upper management. She had learned other peoples secrets, and they were willing to promote her to keep her information from coming to light.

Today, Vondria is a senior administrator. She is said to know interesting facts not only about her co-workers, but about executives in other corporations as well. She is like a spider, building a vast web of contacts, favors and friends. People fear her, some owe her, and most resent how far she's gotten and how she did it.

Vondria is a leech, living off of the work of others. On the surface, she is very kind, friendly and cheerful. This is, however, nothing but a front, as she is very manipulative and will do anything that she deems necessary to get what she wants.



# FELIX LATHEM

## ADVERTISER

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 24      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Black      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Bald      **Origin:** New York  
**Build:** Average      **Demeanor:** Aggressive  
**Height:** 190 cm      **Dress:** Sharp and chic  
**Weight:** 97 kg      **True Attitude:** Fixated

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 42/0      **Profession:** Sleaze  
**Ag:** 61/0      **Level:** 1st  
**SD:** 4/-15      **Social Class:** Corporate Middle Class  
**Me:** 64/0      **Fire:** Walther PPK Pistol 10  
**Re:** 71/0      **Melee:** —  
**St:** 39/0      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 48/0      **Hits:** 12  
**Pr:** 78/+5      **AT(DB):** NoA(0)  
**In:** 72/0      **Ap:** 74  
**Em:** 87/+5      **CIRS:** 1

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Administration 40; Bio Tech 25; Culture 10; Streetwise 10; Equipment 10; Soft Tech 10.  
**Secondary Skills:** Media 45; Gambling 15; Perception 15; Advanced Math 10; Appraisal 10.  
**Languages:** English D5; Spanish D4; German D4; Japanese D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** DNI to Brain. Audio Data Reception Mk5. Visual Data Reception Mk5. **Items:** Walther PPK Pistol with 1 magazine of GP ammo. Ford Interceptor. **Assets:** \$5000. **Cash:** \$50.



### BACKGROUND

There once was a kid who would sit in front of the video screens for hours, fascinated by the information they would spew out.

*"Buy Hydroclor now! It will leave you clothes spotless!"*

While other children were interested in Zappem computers and Trash Pail dolls, he liked to watch commercials. He would memorize the slogans and repeat them to his family and friends until they were at wit's end. At times this child's speech would be nothing but a flow of commercial messages. Odd behavior, but no one stopped him.

Eventually that young boy grew up, but he never lost his love of commercialism, he simply became more professional about it. He went to school and studied the media. There he learned everything

he could about his beloved commercials. After graduation he was picked up by his father's employer, Universal Products, and put in the sales department. Today Felix is one of the hot up-and-coming commercial artists and copy writers. While he is new at the job, he makes up for his lack of experience with enthusiasm and dedication.

Felix also undertakes consultation work with public figures who are interested in bettering their images.

Dealing with Felix can be an annoying trial. His speech is constantly interspersed with cliched expressions and time-worn advertising slogans.

# KYLE LITNER

## SENSTAR

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 23      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Brown      **Race:** African American  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** Moon colony  
**Build:** Lanky      **Demeanor:** Aloof  
**Height:** 196 cm      **Dress:** Fashionable  
**Weight:** 87 kg      **True Attitude:** Confused

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 46/0      **Profession:** Sleaze  
**Ag:** 63/0      **Level:** 3rd  
**SD:** 03/-15      **Social Class:** Space Colony  
**Me:** 32/0      **Fire:** Pistol 15  
**Re:** 41/0      **Melee:** Brawl 10  
**St:** 71/0      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 68/0      **Hits:** 19  
**Pr:** 92/+10      **AT(DB):** NoA(0)  
**In:** 57/0      **Ap:** 94  
**Em:** 97/+15      **CIRS:** 1

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Culture 25; Perception 20\*; Exploit 20; Pilot 20; Equipment 20; Drive 10.

**Secondary Skill:** Acrobatics 15; Media 15; Advanced Math 10; Astrogation 10; Astronomy 5.

**Languages:** English D5; Russian D4; Japanese D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Visual Clarity Mk 2. Sensitouch. Vocal Modulator. DNI to Brain. Sensory Data Transmitter Mk3.  
**Items:** Pleasure center stimulator ("Buzzer"). **Assets:** \$190,000.  
**Cash:** \$300.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Kyle had always been a talented young man. He had grown up on one of the moon colonies and had been trained to follow in the foot steps of his father, a talented shuttle pilot.

While Kyle had shown promise as a pilot, it wasn't what he really wanted to do. Kyle had always been interested in two things: fame and comfort. The way he saw it, you couldn't achieve either as a shuttle pilot. That job was tiresome and thankless. Senstars, on the other hand, had all of the credit, power and fame they wanted. They were loved by millions, just like he wanted to be.

Kyle left home at the age of sixteen and went to Toronto, which had replaced Los Angeles as the entertainment capital of the world in the early twenty first century. Earning his success the hard way, Kyle started out with underground pornography, moved up to

homevid commercials, then finally made the break into the ASP industry.

Today, Kyle is a famous ASP star. He wants for nothing and travels the world over doing a number of location "shoots". He has made connections throughout the media, and constantly uses them for his (and his friends') benefit.

While Kyle is basically a nice guy, he sometimes comes off as being arrogant. Kyle has been overcome by the lifestyle typical of so many media sensations; there is too much graft, exploitation and far too many women in his life. His favorite vice, however, is the Buzzer. Kyle has become addicted to having the pleasure centers of his brain stimulated, and most assume that he will soon be consumed by this twenty-first century "techno-drug".



# ANASTASIA LOCKHART

## AVENGER

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                     |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 23        | <b>Sex:</b> Female                  |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Brown    | <b>Race:</b> Oriental               |
| <b>Hair:</b> Black    | <b>Origin:</b> San Francisco Sprawl |
| <b>Build:</b> Slight  | <b>Demeanor:</b> Cold and hateful   |
| <b>Height:</b> 165 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Paramilitary          |
| <b>Weight:</b> 49 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Driven        |

### STATS & SPECS

|                  |                                   |
|------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 56/0  | <b>Profession:</b> Sneak          |
| <b>Ag:</b> 78/+5 | <b>Level:</b> 2nd                 |
| <b>SD:</b> 41/0  | <b>Social Class:</b> Upper Sprawl |
| <b>Me:</b> 76/+5 | <b>Fire:</b> H&K 200K Pistol 40   |
| <b>Re:</b> 51/0  | <b>Melee:</b> Brawl 40*           |
| <b>St:</b> 19/-5 | <b>Missile:</b> —                 |
| <b>Qu:</b> 62/0  | <b>Hits:</b> 16                   |
| <b>Pr:</b> 81/+5 | <b>AT(DB):</b> LBA(0)             |
| <b>In:</b> 78/+5 | <b>Ap:</b> 72                     |
| <b>Em:</b> 52/0  | <b>CIRS:</b> 2                    |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Mechanical Bypass 28; Electronic Bypass 28; Perception 21; Stalk & Hide 13; Streetwise 10; Drive 5.

**Secondary Skills:** Falsification 35; Appraisal 20; Acrobatics 15; Drug Tolerance 10; Trickery 10.

**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D4; Japanese D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Microphoto Mk5 Nerverlinked to External Readout. Sound Amplifier Mk5. Megaknuckles. Lastex Body Armor. **Items:** H&K 200 with 2 magazines 5mm GP ammo. Pocket Communicator. **Assets:** \$3000. **Cash:** \$100.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Up to this point, Anastasia Lockhart has led an emotionally distressing life. With her mother murdered young and her sisters gone missing while she was still at an early age, Ms Lockhart dedicated her life to eradicating the Sprawl of its loathsome scum. Unfortunately, to her detriment, she has never become very skilled.

She joined the local Enforcer organization in the hopes of bringing law and order to the streets, but this was an unachievable dream. Her fellow officers could do little more than maintain the security of their own precinct building. Meanwhile, other girl's mothers were still being killed every day.

She left the Enforcers, taking what equipment she could with her and then began a one woman crusade against the gangs who ruled the Sprawl. This has made her very unpopular and she is unlikely to survive for very much longer.

During the latest attempt on her life, someone threw a grenade through her apartment window. She barely survived and has since acquired her cyber implants. Once more on the streets, she's more upset than ever.

Annie is driven by the memory of her slain mother and devastated neighborhood. Most recently, her tactics involve using information and rumor to turn gangs on themselves. She is unlikely to end her personal war against the streetgangs until they ultimately bring her down.

# TYPHOID LOYD

## WASTELAND HERMIT

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 51      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Bloodshot      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Grey      **Origin:** Southern California  
**Build:** Wizenad      **Demeanor:** Disturbing  
**Height:** 152 cm      **Dress:** Ragged robe  
**Weight:** 45 kg      **True Attitude:** Insane

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 100/+25      **Profession:** Tech Rat  
**Ag:** 42/0      **Level:** 3rd  
**SD:** 36/0      **Social Class:** Wilds  
**Me:** 74/0      **Fire:** —  
**Re:** 6/-10      **Melee:** Brawling 32  
**St:** 29/0      **Missile:** Thrown Rock 22  
**Qu:** 36/0      **Hits:** 64  
**Pr:** 98/+20      **AT(DB):** NoA(0)  
**In:** 66/0      **Ap:** 01  
**Em:** 41/0      **CIRS:** 0

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Equipment 40; Stalk & Hide 39; Environs 30; Mechanical Bypass 22; Perception 12; Exploit 5.  
**Secondary Skill:** Rural Foraging 25; Urban Foraging 25; History 15; Medical Practice 10; Frenzy 5.  
**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D5.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Ultrametabolism. **Items:** Tent. Sleeping bag. Back pack. **Assets:** None. **Cash:** ~\$3000.



### BACKGROUND

Though the last hundred years have seen a proliferation in medical breakthroughs, the military establishment has been far more efficient in creating new ailments for mankind. Of the new generations of weapons, most deal with the spread of viruses and other virulent contagion. This has been the legacy left to Loyd Drake, and it has hit home on a very personal level.

In 2079, Dr. Drake was a medical technician at a bio-weapons plant in the American south-west. Without warning, a particularly deadly viral infection contaminated the entire desert research station and factory complex. One by one, Drake watched as his companions and co-workers fell prey to the disease. Loyd fully expected his own demise, but he remained after all the others had expired. He was an immune carrier.

Defeating the plant's security systems, Drake escaped just before corporate forces arrived to seal the complex for good. At first Loyd thought that he was safe. He figured that maybe the virus had burned itself out. He left his small scientific community behind and headed for a small outpost on the borders of the wasteland. It didn't take him long to see the effect of his visit: the residents were dead within an hour. Once more, Loyd could do nothing but watch as people died.

Today he wanders the wastelands, a hermit known vaguely as Typhoid Loyd. His immune system finally destroyed the virus within him two years ago. He is no longer a carrier, but his experiences have driven him insane. Loyd has a hideout in the desert stuffed with valuables taken from his virus' victims.



# JOHNNY "FIST" LUPELL

## CYBERPUNK

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                       |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 20        | <b>Sex:</b> Male                      |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Blue     | <b>Race:</b> Caucasian                |
| <b>Hair:</b> Black    | <b>Origin:</b> San Francisco Sprawl   |
| <b>Build:</b> Hulking | <b>Demeanor:</b> Overbearing          |
| <b>Height:</b> 219 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Very casual             |
| <b>Weight:</b> 110 kg | <b>True Attitude:</b> Craves violence |

### STATS & SPECS

|                    |                                           |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 92/+10  | <b>Profession:</b> Killer                 |
| <b>Ag:</b> 76/+5   | <b>Level:</b> 3rd                         |
| <b>SD:</b> 37/0    | <b>Social Class:</b> Refining Zone        |
| <b>Me:</b> 31/0    | <b>Fire:</b> <i>Mirage R5 Spear</i> AR 54 |
| <b>Re:</b> 41/0    | <b>Melee:</b> Chain Saw 79                |
| <b>St:</b> 93/+10  | <b>Missile:</b> —                         |
| <b>Qu:</b> 83/+25* | <b>Hits:</b> 54                           |
| <b>Pr:</b> 56/0    | <b>AT(DB):</b> ABS(25)                    |
| <b>In:</b> 61/0    | <b>Ap:</b> 31                             |
| <b>Em:</b> 21/-5   | <b>CIRS:</b> 8                            |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Driving 28; Environment 23; Stalk and Hide 20; Perception 15; Mechanical Technics 15; Ambush 3.

**Secondary Skills:** Drug Tolerance 25; Quick-Draw 25; Acrobatics 20 (30); Frenzy 15; Sport 10.

**Languages:** English D5; GutterSpeak D4; Spanish D2.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Eye/Hand Coordinator Mk2. Nerve Booster Mk4. Right StrongArm Mk4. Balance Rig Mk2. Subdermal Densioplast Armor. Left WeaponHand is a Chain Saw. **Items:** *Mirage Spear R5* Assault Rifle with 4 magazines of AP ammo. **Assets:** None. **Cash:** \$230.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Arising out of the ashes of yet another burnt-out Sprawlzone was a young street punk named Johnny Lupell. Respected for his strength and toughness, even as a kid, Johnny had a mean streak a mile wide. He made enemy upon enemy and eventually joined the Brotherhood Sprawl-gang to bolster his own reputation and security. His work for the Brotherhood reached new heights of cruelty, and he began gathering a minor personality cult.

Then came the accident.

A wired executive cruising the Sprawl lost control and hit several pedestrians before plowing into another vehicle. The driver of that car, Johnny Lupell, suffered critical injuries. The Brotherhood's leader saw to it that Johnny got Valkyrie service, but it was the Cyberpunk Sprawl-gang who got ahold of him in the hospital, and

sponsored his stay. Having heard of his reputation, the 'punks' financed Johnny's cybernetic replacements. And more than a few of those were necessary to put Lupell back together again.

Johnny's previously powerful arm had been replaced by hardware which was much stronger. His left hand may have been amputated, but what took its place was much worse. Where his hand had once been there grew a wicked chain saw. Then Lupell went back to his old haunts with a vengeance. His killing spree ended with a slow and merciless drawing and quartering of the suit who had wrecked his car.

These days Johnny is a cold and efficient, if somewhat sloppy, hitman for the Cyberpunks.

# THE MANIAC

## CIRS VICTIM

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 25      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Luminous      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** San Francisco Sprawl  
**Build:** Enhanced      **Demeanor:** Maniacal  
**Height:** 202 cm      **Dress:** Scraps of clothing  
**Weight:** 105 kg      **True Attitude:** Overcome by CIRS

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 95/+15      **Profession:** Killer  
**Ag:** 83/+5      **Level:** 5th  
**SD:** 43/0      **Social Class:** Lower Sprawls  
**Me:** 51/0      **Fire:** GRU T10 AR 90  
**Re:** 21/0      **Melee:** Brawl 121  
**St:** 100/+25      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 79/+30\*      **Hits:** 97  
**Pr:** 76/+5      **AT(DB):** ABS(30)  
**In:** 42/0      **Ap:** 21  
**Em:** 06/-10      **CIRS:** 13

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Environs 50; Electronics Technics 25; Perception 20; Ambush 10; Drive 10; Perception 5.  
**Secondary Skills:** Quick-Draw 35; Drug Tolerance 35; Acrobatics 15; Appraisal 5; Physics 5.  
**Languages:** English D5.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Thermal Vision. Antiglare Mk10. Bioradar. Left StrongArm Mk5. Right FastArm Mk5. Eye/Hand Coordinator Mk5. 2 FastLegs Mk2. Adrenal Booster Mk5. Ultrametabolism. Blood Loss Healer Mk5. Kinetic Painblocker. Balance Rig. Megaknuckles. Densiplast Body plating. **Items:** GRU T10 Assault Rifle with 8 magazines of HEAP ammo. **Assets:** None. **Cash:** None.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Death is a pretty common event in the year 2090. Normally people don't pay much attention when another body turns up. There are some things, however, which will make even the most hardened of people stand up and take notice.

A large number of reports had been coming into the local Enforcer station for weeks. There were sixteen unattributed killings last week alone, and still no sign of the killer. Granted, these took place in the lower Sprawl; a pretty violent area, all things considered. The killings were all very brutal, but besides that there was no pattern to link them and lead to the killer. All the Enforcers could do was wait until the killer struck again.

The hulking metallic figure stands in the shadows. Waiting... Waiting for something, anything, to move. Whatever moves is the enemy. If you moved, you were alive... and if you lived, you were marked for death. Driven insane by his lack of flesh and bone, the cyborg stalks his prey: waiting to kill, or be killed.

Who the Maniac once was makes little difference now. He was just some poor sap who took in one too many cybernetic replacements and couldn't take the strain. His mind went and the sadistic mutilations began. All that's left of the man is an instinct: an instinct to kill.

# LENNIE McCAFFERY

## TAXI DRIVER

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 34      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Brown      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Brown/Grey      **Origin:** San Francisco Sprawl  
**Build:** Average      **Demeanor:** Loud and talkative  
**Height:** 195 cm      **Dress:** Dishevelled  
**Weight:** 81 kg      **True Attitude:** Free Spirited

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 35/0      **Profession:** Jockey  
**Ag:** 97/+15      **Level:** 3rd  
**SD:** 59/0      **Social Class:** Upper Sprawl  
**Me:** 86/+5      **Fire:** Walther PPK Pistol 43  
**Re:** 68/0      **Melee:** Knife 20  
**St:** 43/0      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 93/+10      **Hits:** 20  
**Pr:** 76/+5      **AT(DB):** NoA(10)  
**In:** 48/0      **Ap:** 51  
**Em:** 77/+5      **CIRS:** 0

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Drive 64; Pilot 64; Equipment 39;  
 Mech Tech 33; Streetwise 30; Elec Tech 5.  
**Secondary Skills:** Appraisal 25; Drug Tolerance 20;  
 Urban Foraging 40; Gambling 25; Music 5.  
**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Chronometer and Calendar Nerverlinked to Internal Display. **Items:** Walther PPK with 2 magazines 5mm GP ammo. Magellan cab. **Assets:** \$1000. **Cash:** \$300.



### BACKGROUND

Lennie grew up in the Sprawl's inner city. With his family killed before he turned six, he learned young that life was a pretty harsh affair. With no one to take care of him, Lennie was forced to bring himself up.

When he was older, Lennie used his meager savings to buy a Magellan and convert it into a taxi. Over the years, Lennie has managed to expand his route to encompass a vast stretch of the San Francisco Sprawl. He has met a number of street-powerful people and learned where many underground services might be obtained.

Business has boomed, and if he can't make a few World Dollars by shuffling people around, he can usually offer some useful information for a fair price. He's not getting rich, but then again, he's not poor either, and that's fine with him.

Lennie has two passions in life, driving and talking. He always has to be babbling on about something: the Death Loto results from the previous day, the incessant rain, or the latest travails of the Oakland Rollerball team. While his chatter can sometimes annoy the most tolerant personality, Lennie is basically a good sort and has earned himself the nickname "Motormouth". He's easy to get along with and is quick to come to the aid of those in need, and he's rarely loath to enter a fray if friends are in danger.



# KATIE O'CULLINAN

## SKATEGIRL

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                          |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 17        | <b>Sex:</b> Female                       |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Green    | <b>Race:</b> Caucasian                   |
| <b>Hair:</b> Red      | <b>Origin:</b> San Francisco Sprawl      |
| <b>Build:</b> Slight  | <b>Demeanor:</b> Playful                 |
| <b>Height:</b> 169 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Trendy                     |
| <b>Weight:</b> 62 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Carefree and happy |

### STATS & SPECS

|                    |                                    |
|--------------------|------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 54/0    | <b>Profession:</b> Sneak           |
| <b>Ag:</b> 100/+25 | <b>Level:</b> 1st                  |
| <b>SD:</b> 9/-10   | <b>Social Class:</b> Upper Sprawls |
| <b>Me:</b> 63/0    | <b>Fire:</b> Beretta 95R MP 51*    |
| <b>Re:</b> 37/0    | <b>Melee:</b> Brawl 35*            |
| <b>St:</b> 57/0    | <b>Missile:</b> —                  |
| <b>Qu:</b> 96/+25* | <b>Hits:</b> 14                    |
| <b>Pr:</b> 81/+5   | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(25)             |
| <b>In:</b> 40/0    | <b>Ap:</b> 87                      |
| <b>Em:</b> 63/0    | <b>CIRS:</b> 1                     |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Drive 30; Elec Bypass 20; Mech Bypass 20; Exploit 10; Streetwise 10; Mech Tech 5.

**Secondary Skills:** Acrobatics 50; Sport 30; Appraisal 20; Perception 11; Drug Tolerance 10.

**Languages:** English D5; Spanish D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Audio Recorder Mk5. Nerve Booster Mk2. Eye/Hand Coordinator Mk2. Megaknuckles. **Items:** Beretta 95R Machine Pistol with 1 magazine of GP ammo. Motorized skateboard. Audiotape. **Assets:** \$200. **Cash:** \$30.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

If there was one thing Katie O'Cullinan could never abide, it was kissing up to other people; for jobs, better projects, perks... anything. Corporate duty was out of the question, not that they'd take her anyway considering her early criminal record.

Katie hit the streets and found life pretty difficult until she fell in with the Sprawl gangs. Looking for the acceptance of her peers, she sought admission to a number of street organizations. Turned down by all of them, she finally happened across a gathering of Skateboys. Her first attempt to get into their gang was a complete disaster — she'd never been on a motorized skateboard, never mind maneuvering one through a cruel obstacle course.

Perseverance paid off, however. She managed to get ahold of one of the boards and practiced until she was black and blue with bruises. Soon enough she mastered the machine and went back to show the Skateboys she was good enough for their clique. After her demonstration, they were impressed enough to indoctrinate her.

Today she is just one of the gang, and when not delivering packages, or involved with other forms of Skateboy business, she likes to hang out and learn new 'board maneuvers. She does what she wants, when she wants, and she likes it that way.

Katie is a very energetic and passionate person. If you are her friend, you can bet there's nothing she wouldn't do for you. If you're her enemy, there's nothing she won't do for revenge.

# RAG

## STREET DENIZEN

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 50+      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Black      **Race:** Polynesian  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** San Francisco Sprawl  
**Build:** Average      **Demeanor:** Psychotic  
**Height:** 152 cm      **Dress:** Moldering rags  
**Weight:** 60 kg      **True Attitude:** Erratic

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 76/+5      **Profession:** Sneak  
**Ag:** 34/0      **Level:** 2nd  
**SD:** 53/0      **Social Class:** Urban Homeless  
**Me:** 37/0      **Fire:** —  
**Re:** 42/0      **Melee:** Brawl 37  
**St:** 90/+10      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 27/0      **Hits:** 35  
**Pr:** 60/0      **AT(DB):** NoA(0)  
**In:** 59/0      **Ap:** 17  
**Em:** 96/+15      **CIRS:** 0

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Streetwise 77; Stalk & Hide 36; Ambush 36; Perception 22; Environs 10; Exploit 10.  
**Secondary Skills:** History 60; Drug Tolerance 10; Appraisal 5; Gambling 5; Trickery 5.  
**Languages:** Gutterspeak D5; English D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** None. **Items:** Survival Knife. Shopping cart. Assorted garbage. **Assets:** None. **Cash:** \$5.



### BACKGROUND

The rich get richer while the poor get poorer. And of the poor, the standard is set by "The Rag".

No one is quite sure about who he really is. The Rag has lived in the San Francisco Sprawl for years out of mind. Some people think that his parents abandoned him, forcing him to beg for food. Others believe that he is an eccentric, rich gentleman who has chosen to live like a street bum. Still others believe that he once worked for a Megacorp but had his memory blanked by a business rival.

In the end, it doesn't really matter a great deal. Rag pushes around his shopping cart full of odds and ends, travelling the streets of San Francisco, picking through garbage, and building up his collection of useless items.

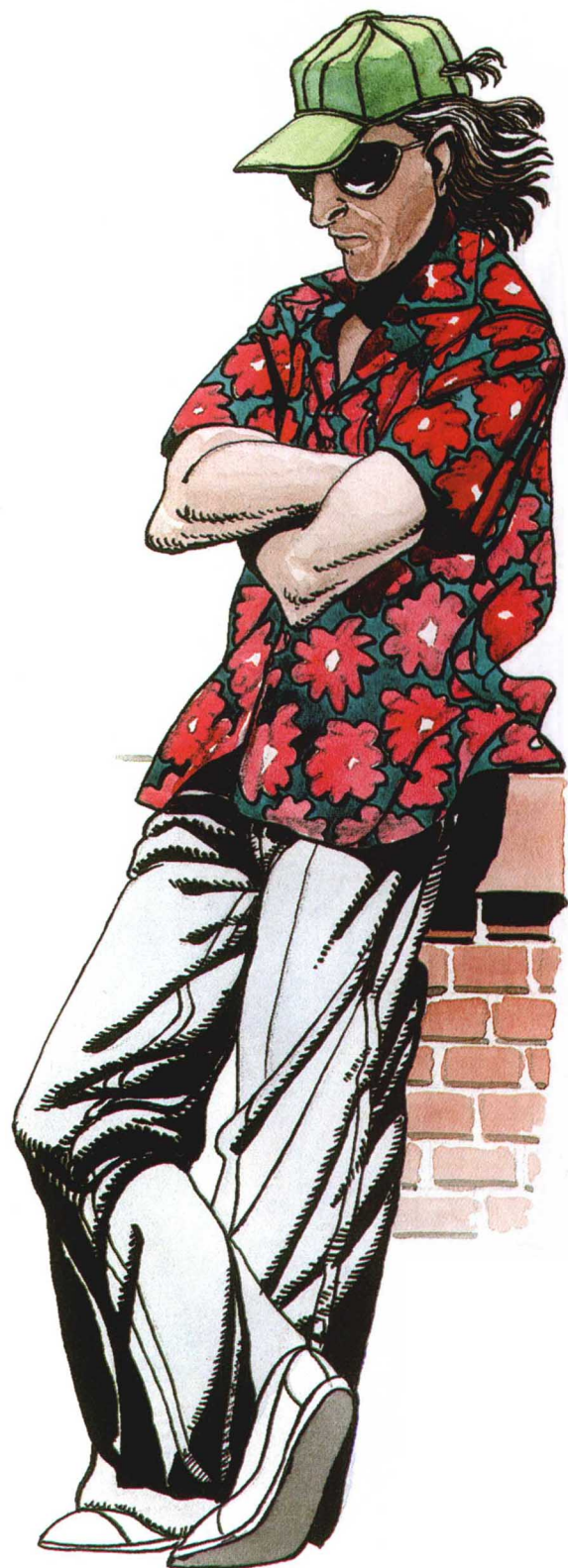
None of this is atypical of San Francisco's homeless, but what is different about The Rag is that he seems to be an information magnate. If there's something going down, the Rag-man is almost certain to know about it. In many ways, he is the eyes and ears of the urban homeless.

Rag is pretty antisocial and definitely psychotic, often bursting into violent episodes without warning. Rag often charges for his information (when he will give it), but not always in the same currency. He rarely accepts money. He sometimes takes food, or at other times, obscure trinkets.





**Cyborg Hunter**

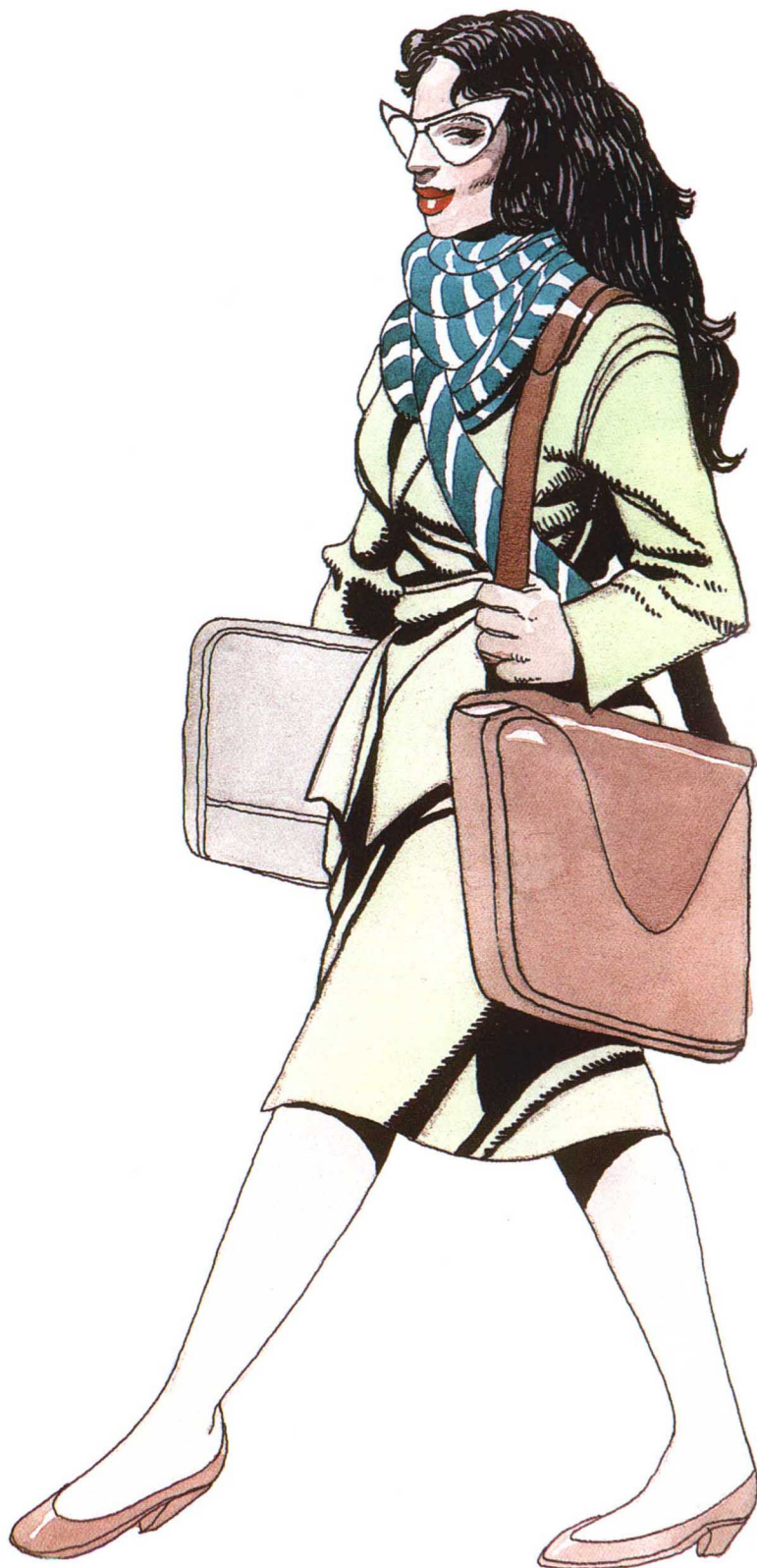


**Taxi Driver**





**Cyber Doc**

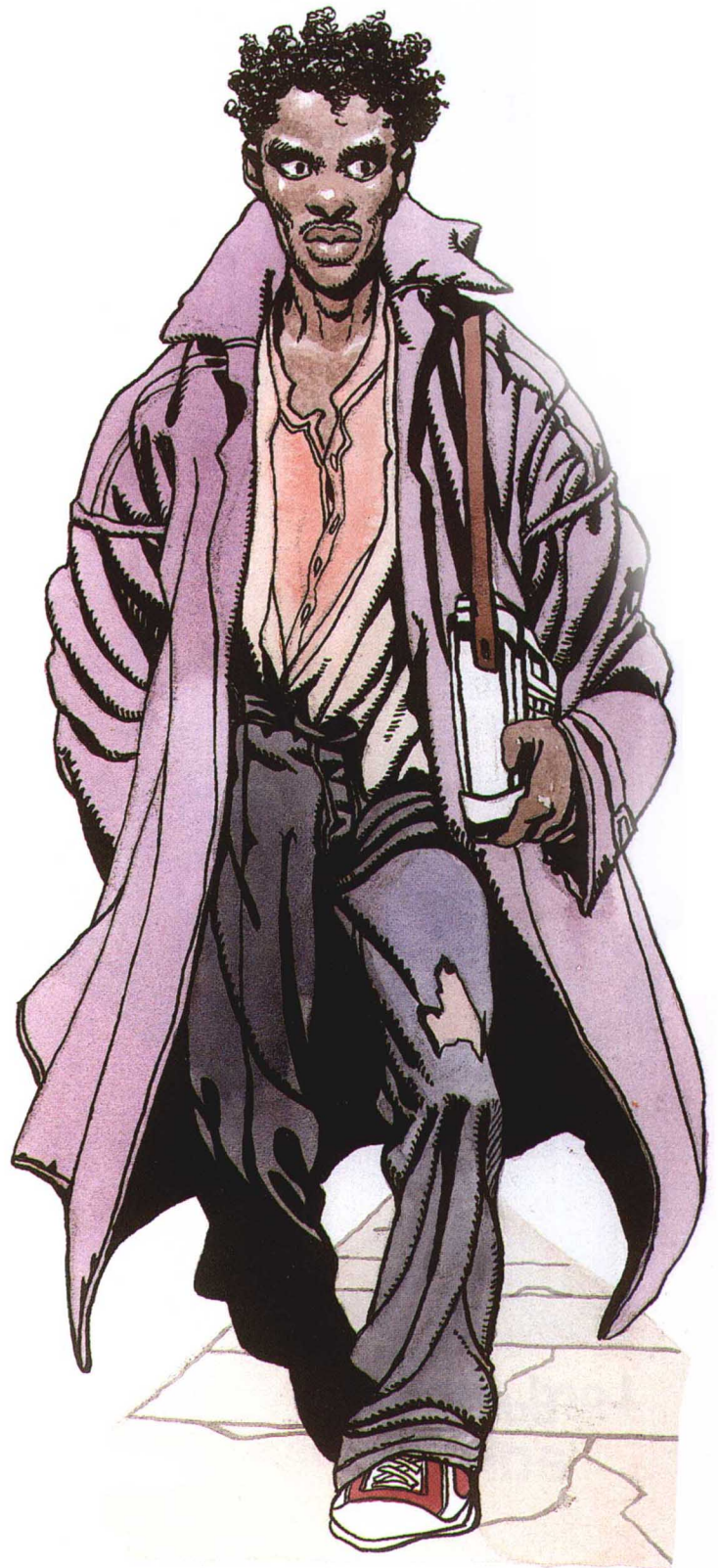


**Corporate Administrator**





**Rag:**  
**Street Denizen**



**William Leonard Ryder:**  
**Net Hacker**





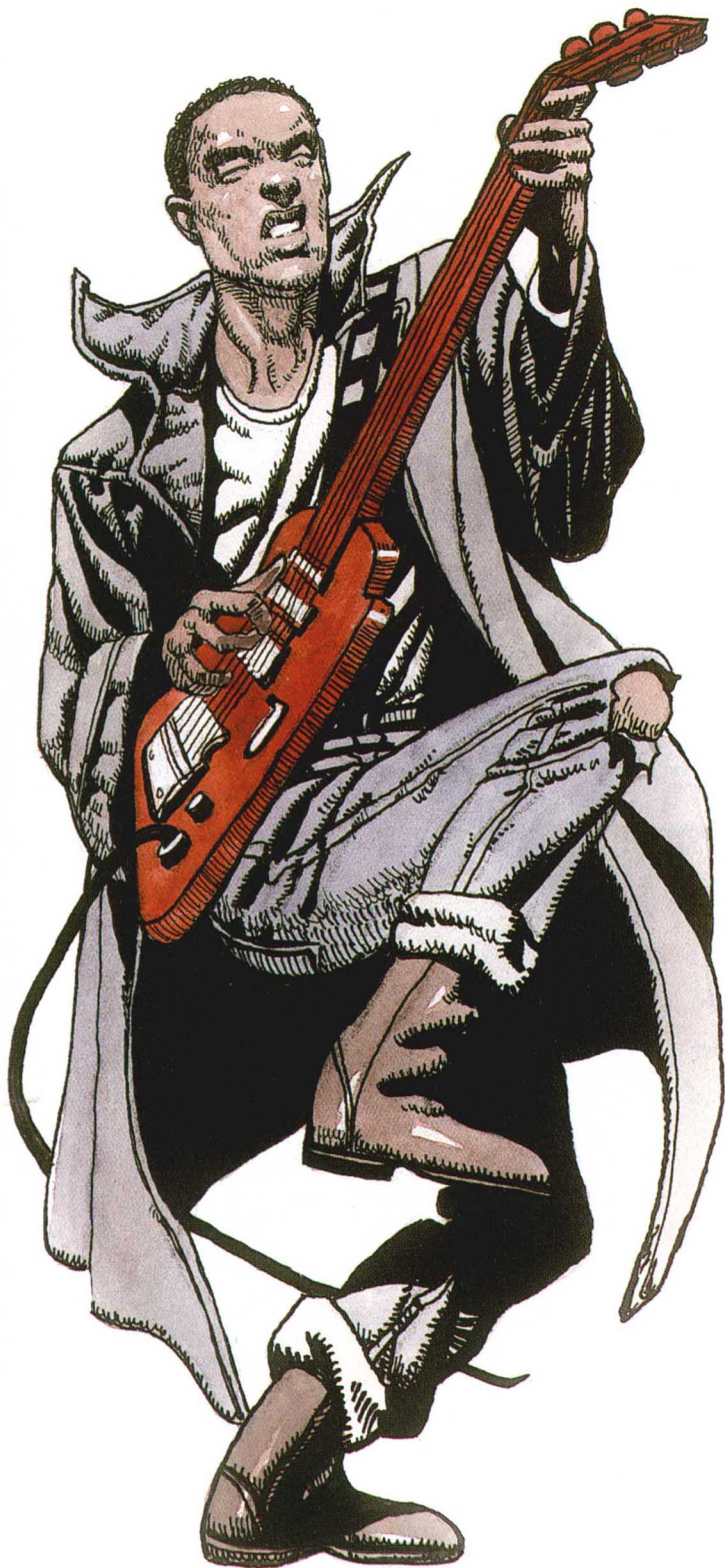
**Lord Jonathan Falsworth  
LEAD SINGER**



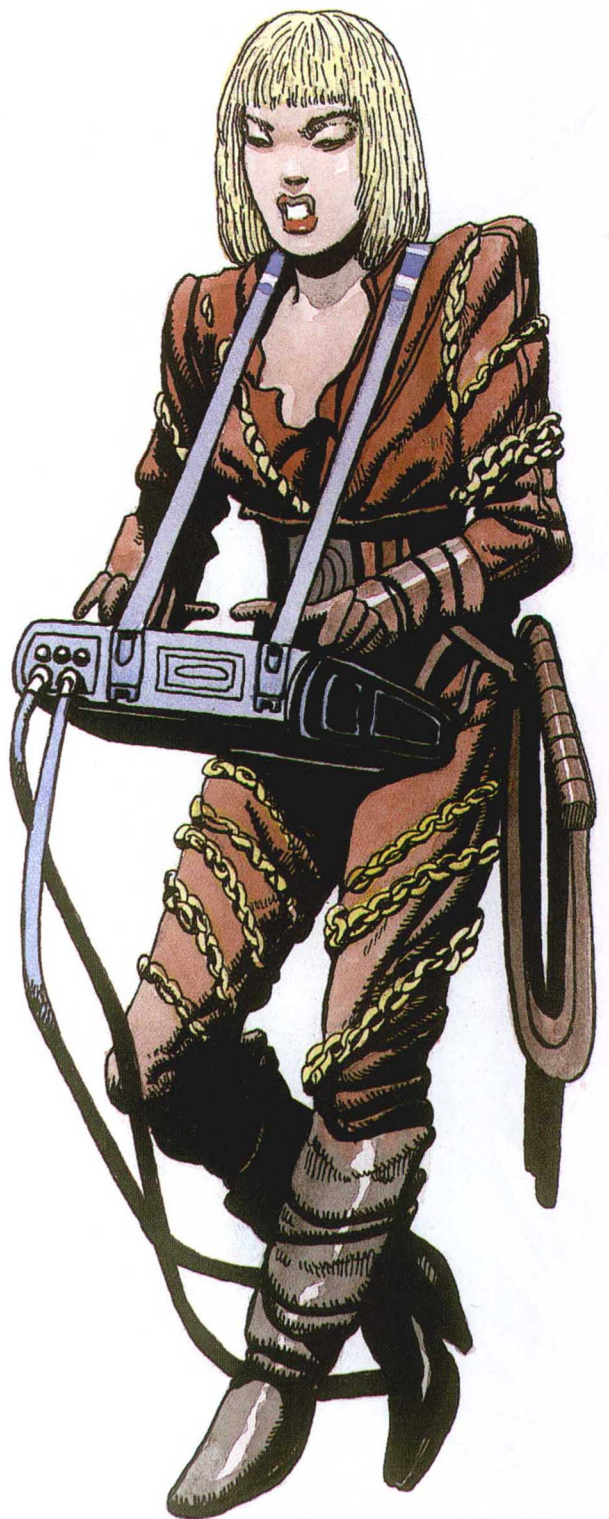
**Slamsin  
PERCUSSION**



# OPIC EPITAPH



**Riff  
GUITARS**

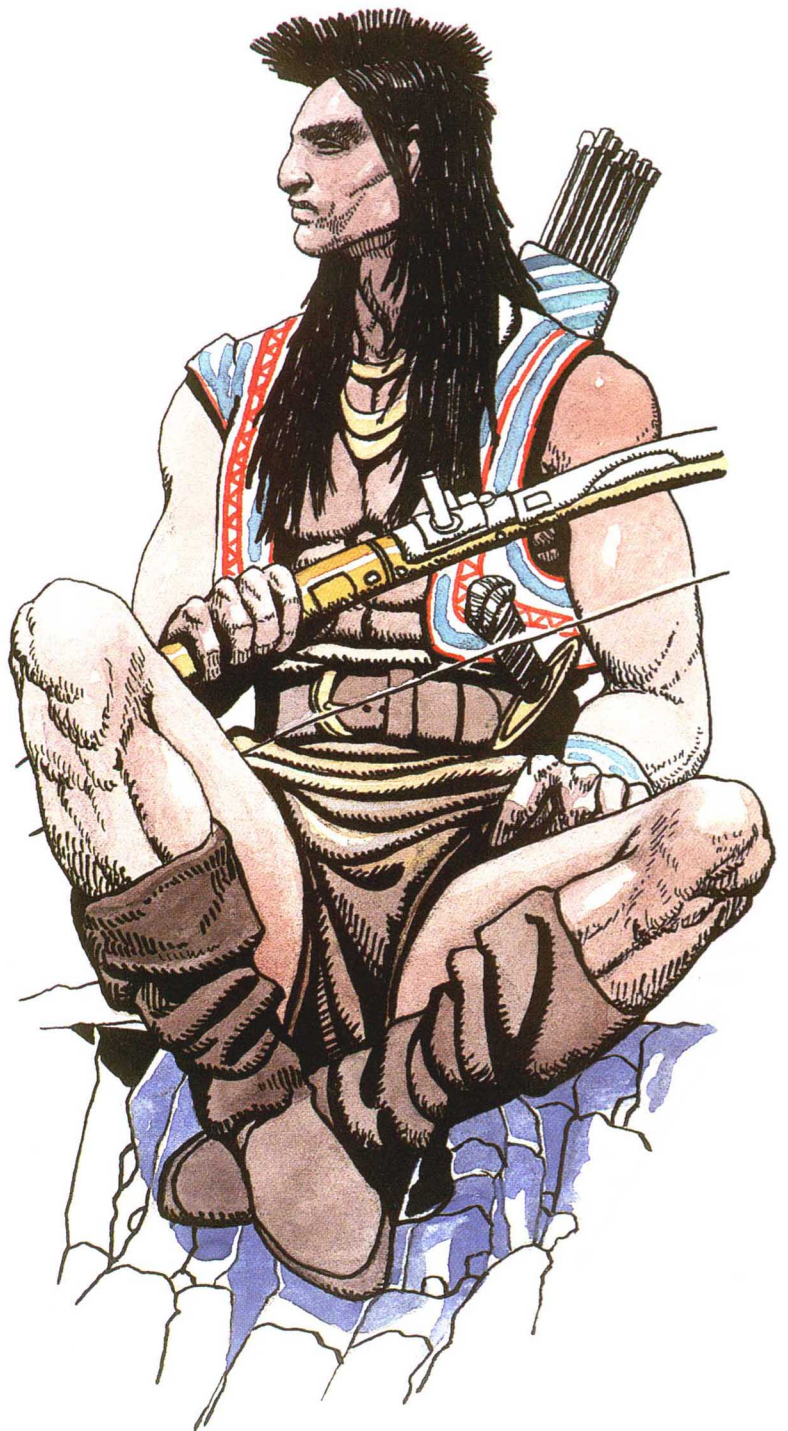


**Leena Wood  
KEYBOARDS**



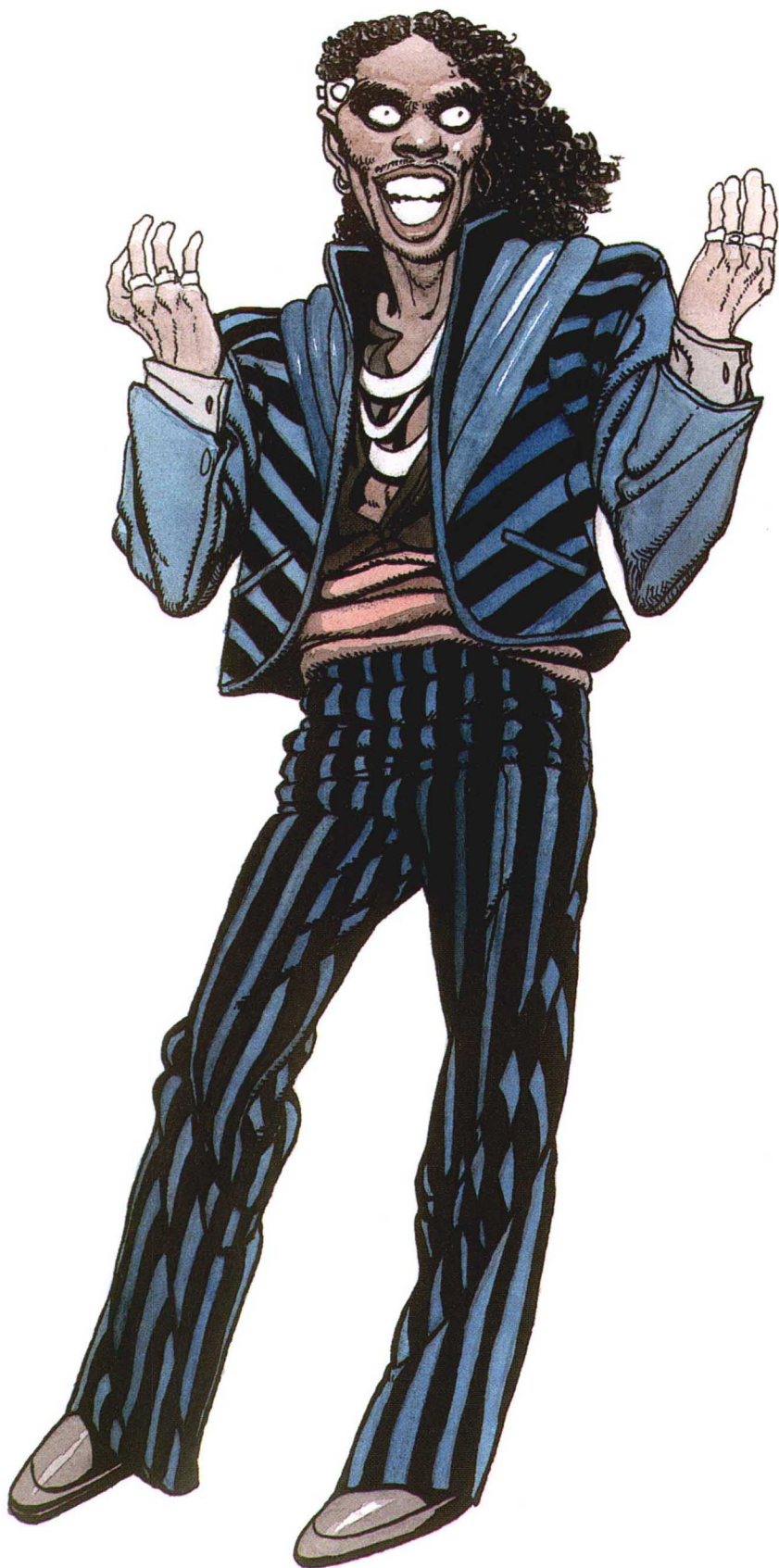


**Typhoid Loyd**

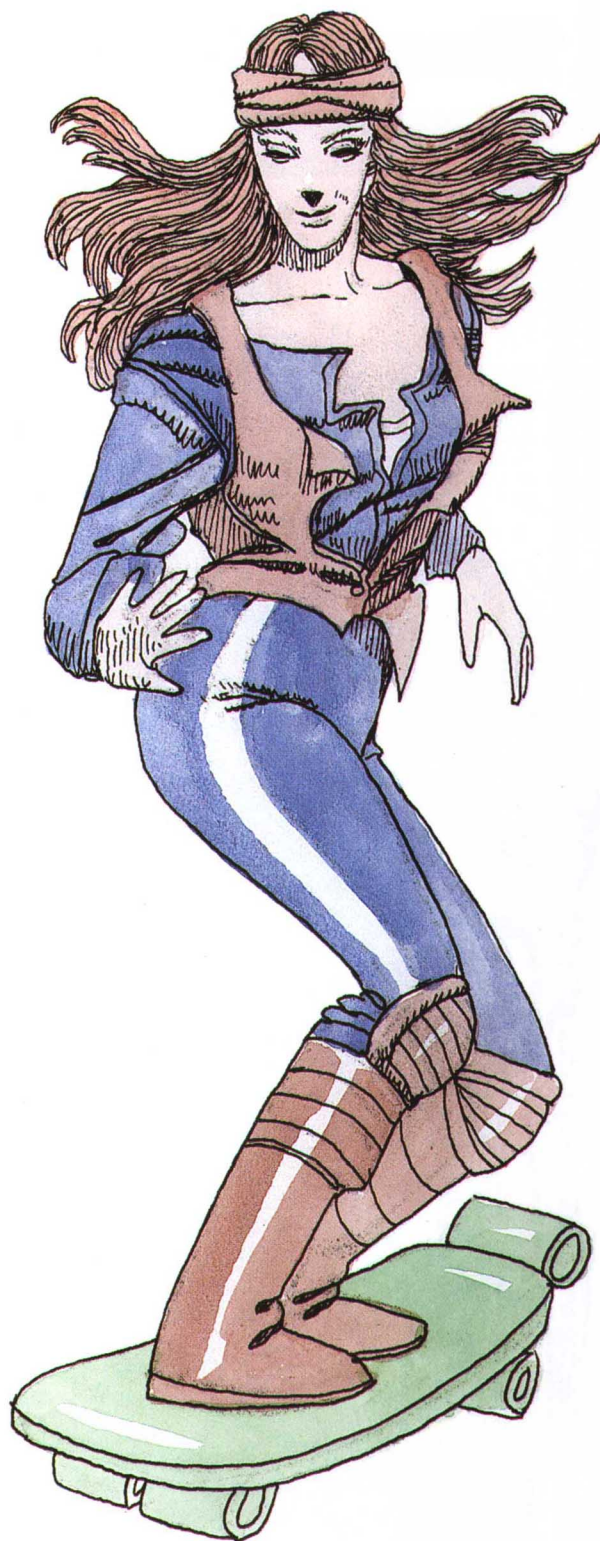


**Scott the Walker**



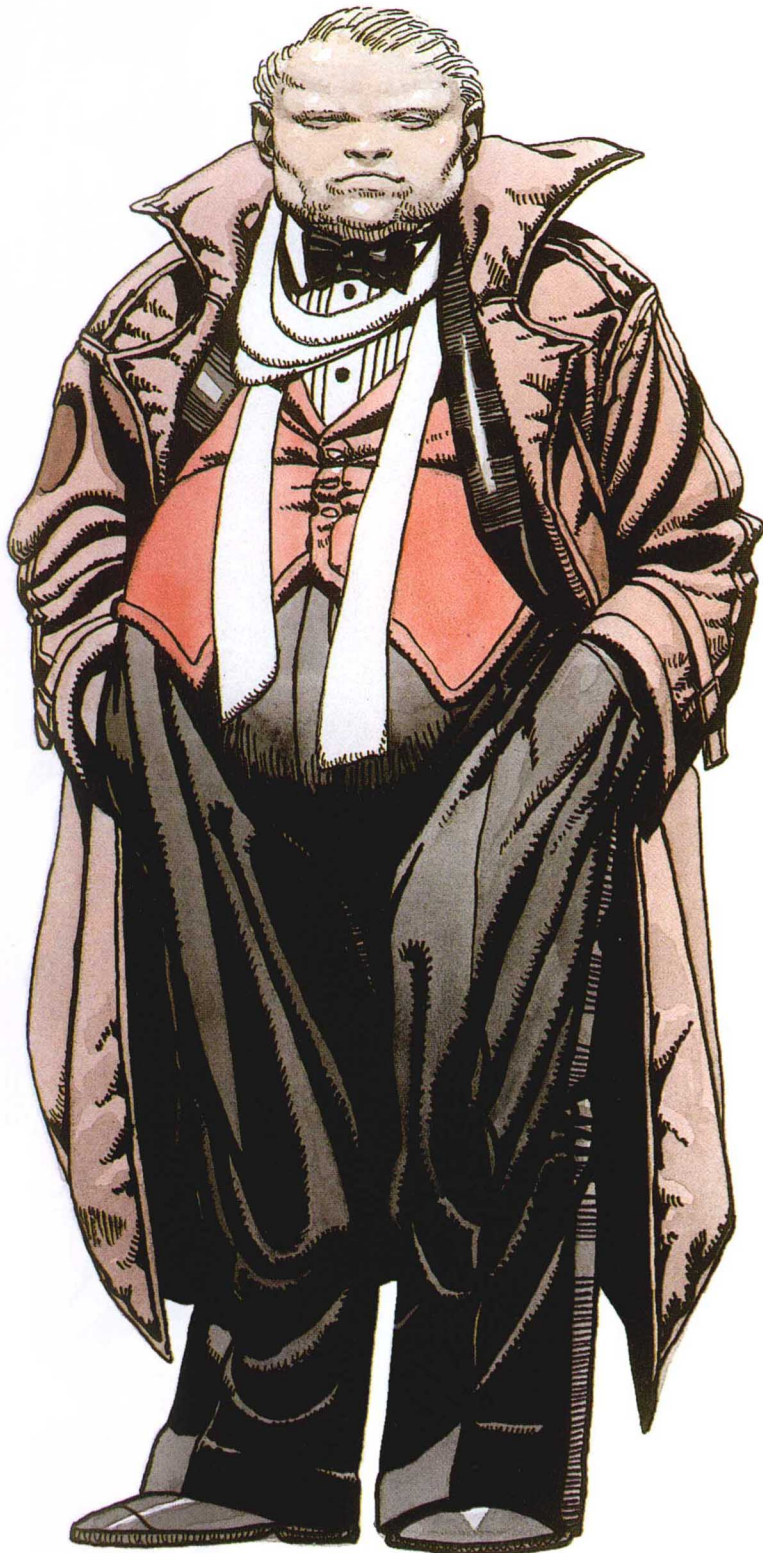


**Senstar**

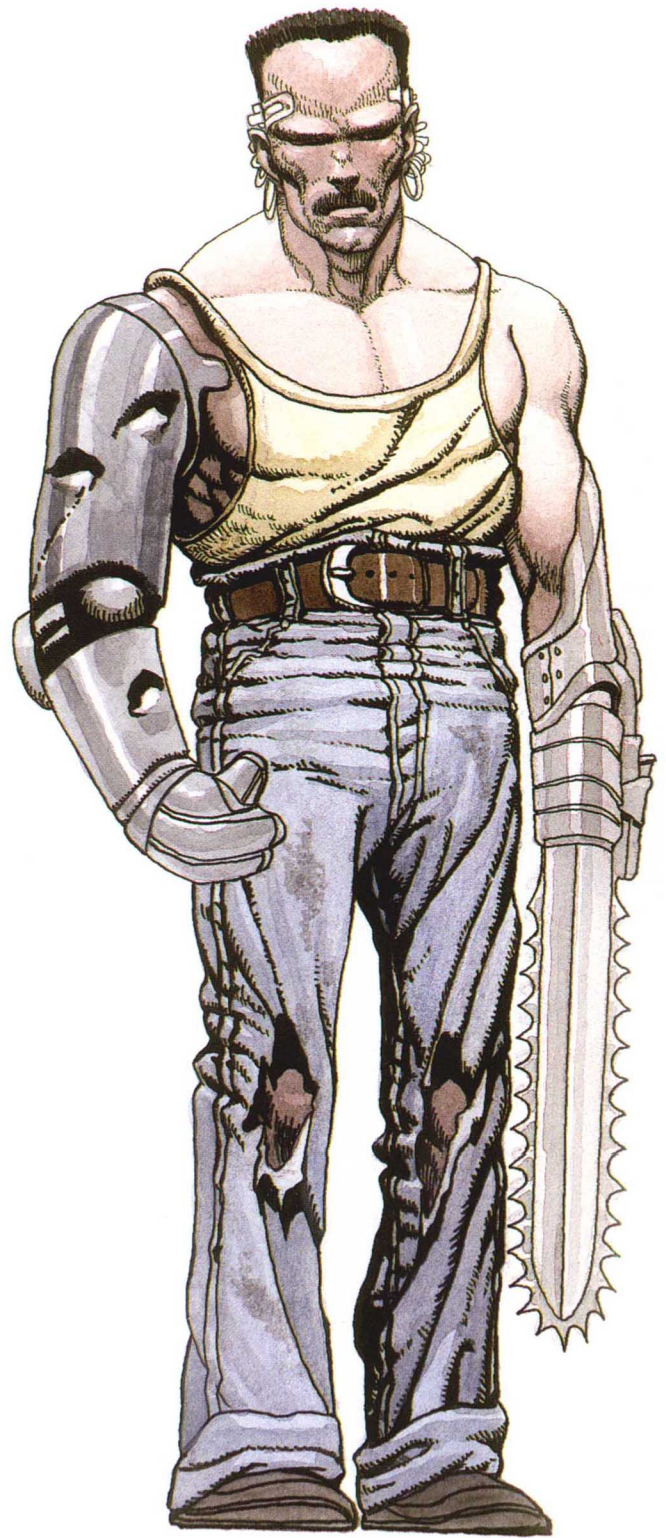


**Skategirl**





**Lawyer**



**Cyberpunk**

# WILLIAM LEONARD RYDER

## NET HACKER

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 16      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Brown      **Race:** African American  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** Western arcology  
**Build:** Undeveloped      **Demeanor:** Chaotic  
**Height:** 160 cm      **Dress:** Dishevelled  
**Weight:** 50 kg      **True Attitude:** Conceited

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 29/0      **Profession:** Net Junkie  
**Ag:** 31/0      **Level:** 4th  
**SD:** 92/+10      **Social Class:** Arcology  
**Me:** 91/+10      **Fire:** —  
**Re:** 78/+5      **Melee:** —  
**St:** 5/-10      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 3/-15      **Hits:** 7  
**Pr:** 45/0      **AT(DB):** NoA(-15)  
**In:** 76/+5      **Ap:** 46  
**Em:** 45/0      **CIRS:** 3

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** CDeck Ops 60; Elec Tech 57; Cyber Tech 42; Bio Tech 32; Elec Bypass 20; Equipment 20; Drive 5.  
**Secondary Skills:** Appraisal 25; Biology 20; Advanced Math 15; Cybernetics 15; Frenzy 5.  
**Languages:** English D5; Japanese D3.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** DNI to Brain. Internal Readout linked to DNI Jack.  
**Items:** Mk20 CDeck with Magnebubble Core. Mk 45 Storage Expander. Card Drive and 4 DNI Cables. CDeck Programs (Skill Adds): Matrix, Mimetic, Random Number Generator Rtg8 (Intrude +72), Invisibility, File Searcher Rtg10 (Utility +81), Data Copy, Data Cruncher, Data Acquisition, 2xMultitasking, Netmapper, Progs witch, Armor Rtg5 (Combat +69). **Assets:** \$400. **Cash:** \$20.



### BACKGROUND

What's there to do in an Arcology when you're a twelve year old kid? Well, if you were William Ryder, you'd say "not much". William's fascination lay with computers, not plants.

He got his first computer for his tenth birthday, and his cybernetic implants for his twelfth. From then on, it was impossible to drag him out of Cyberspace. As a fast learner, he soon became bored with all his legal avenues of entertainment, and thus began dabbling with intrusion routines and information rip-offs.

He broke into a minor company subsidiary when he was thirteen, and by his fourteenth year he was doing corporate CPUs. The kid became known throughout the Net as The Rider. Considered a child prodigy by many of the more experienced and older hackers, he garnered a lot of respect and was being taken very seriously.

Currently, William does what he wants. He takes payments for odd Net jobs to help maintain and update his equipment, but he is no professional. He's a wild card in the Net; at times a valuable asset, at others, a terrible pest. To Ryder, the Net's one big party, and he's the man of the hour.



# SCOTT THE WALKER

## OUTLANDER

### PERSONAL DATA

|                        |                                        |
|------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 22         | <b>Sex:</b> Male                       |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Brown     | <b>Race:</b> American Indian           |
| <b>Hair:</b> Black     | <b>Origin:</b> South Western Wasteland |
| <b>Build:</b> Muscular | <b>Demeanor:</b> Quiet and reserved    |
| <b>Height:</b> 190 cm  | <b>Dress:</b> Native American          |
| <b>Weight:</b> 100 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Carries vendetta |

### STATS & SPECS

|                   |                                  |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 73/0   | <b>Profession:</b> Sneak         |
| <b>Ag:</b> 90/+10 | <b>Level:</b> 5th                |
| <b>SD:</b> 98/+20 | <b>Social Class:</b> Gypsy       |
| <b>Me:</b> 61/+5  | <b>Fire:</b> —                   |
| <b>Re:</b> 36/0   | <b>Melee:</b> Knife 35           |
| <b>St:</b> 52/0   | <b>Missile:</b> Composite Bow 94 |
| <b>Qu:</b> 79/+5  | <b>Hits:</b> 38                  |
| <b>Pr:</b> 47/0   | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(5)            |
| <b>In:</b> 86/+5  | <b>Ap:</b> 53                    |
| <b>Em:</b> 77/+5  | <b>CIRS:</b> 0                   |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Stalk and Hide 91; Ambush 71; Environs 60; Perception 40; Culture 10; Biological Technics 10.

**Secondary Skills:** Rural Foraging 45; Sport 30; Trickery 25; Drug Tolerance 25; Music 10.

**Languages:** English D5; Sioux D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** None. **Items:** Composite Bow with 30 Arrows. Knife. Medicine Pouch. **Assets:** None. **Cash:** \$20.



### BACKGROUND

Scott the Walker was born into a family of Sioux Indians. Exploited for decades, few from his tribe remain — and those that do are little more than poor outcasts.

Taught by his father and uncle, Scott learned how to hunt and forage in the Wasteland. Having made no friends from the cities, he counts among his companions members of the various Gypsy clans and outcasts who roam his forefathers' lands.

Scott has garnered a great deal of respect from the outsider people. While he refuses to use modern weaponry, he is one of the deadliest snipers around. He can do with his bow what some only dream of doing with their smartguns. There are rumors among the outlanders that Scott uses Indian magic, but he insists that he relies on skill alone.

Scott is a very quiet person. He only speaks when he has something to say and thinks everyone else should do the same. In order to survive he has a healthy suspicion for strangers. As a traditional person in a world of technology, he prefers to stick to the basics. He sees most technology as a bastardization of nature and therefore loathes it with a passion. Scott's mysterious methods give him the extra edge he sometimes needs when dealing with intruders from the cities.



## PHILANTHROPIC EPITAPH

One of the more popular kinds of music in 2090 is Hard Copy. Hard Copy first originated when Cyber components became more commonplace and many were adapted to the entertainment field. The added flexibility given by the equipment allowed for faster play, more ranges and new sounds. Interpreters could actually allow for singing to be heard by a person in the Net! Hard Copy is a style which utilizes all of these new modifications, and it was an instant success, replacing most other styles as the mainstay of most radio stations.

Philanthropic Epitaph is a Hard Copy industry leader. Utilizing the technology to its outermost limits, the band has fans worldwide and they are constantly on tour or making new stimvids for an insatiable market. They have a reputation for being obnoxious and violent which is considered by all to be a good hook and selling feature. The self-styled leader of the 'Epitaph, Johnathon Falsworth was recently quoted as saying: *"We are not punk rockers. Punk rockers offend their listeners — we attack ours... That's our version of the Hard Copy."*

### CURRENT MEMBERSHIP

Philanthropic Epitaph currently consists of four stage members and a wide array of support staff. Their leader is Lord Johnathon Falsworth, an eccentric English lad. On guitars is Riff, a New York native. Leena Woods is the band's aggressive keyboardist, while an East Indian known as Slamsin works the group's percussion.

Of the 'Epitaph's crewmembers, three have persevered over the years. Marty Sengal is the band's manager and is at least partly responsible for the band's success, in as much as he has kept the diverse members of the band together. Oliver Germaine, who works as one of the band's roadies is a personal "friend" of Leena Wood. Adrian Nicholas is one of the top soundmen in the industry, and his familiarity with the Hard Copy technology has been invaluable.

### BACKGROUND

The group was gathered together in early 2087 by its lead singer, Lord Johnathon Falsworth. He had always been interested in the Hard Copy style, and wanted to put together the best band possible. Fortunately, he had been born to a rich industrialist in London and could afford to travel the world looking for just the right musicians.

Today his band has thirteen albums, sporting such titles as *Foot in your Face*, *Cursor*, and *Eat This*. Philanthropic Epitaph's concerts are most often sold out, and their fans are raving lunatics. The various members of the band want for nothing... They are on top of the Hard Copy world and they're riding it for all it's worth.

### GROUP RELATIONS

The band members are by no means the best of friends and a great deal of infighting occurs. They stay together more out of their love for music and fame than anything else. The various band members like to spend what little free time they have as far away from each other as possible.



# LORD JOHNATHON FALSWORTH

## LEAD SINGER

### PERSONAL DATA

|                         |                                       |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 23          | <b>Sex:</b> Male                      |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Grey-green | <b>Race:</b> Anglo                    |
| <b>Hair:</b> Brown      | <b>Origin:</b> London                 |
| <b>Build:</b> Wiry      | <b>Demeanor:</b> Arrogant and violent |
| <b>Height:</b> 180 cm   | <b>Dress:</b> Casual                  |
| <b>Weight:</b> 69 kg    | <b>True Attitude:</b> Selfish         |

### STATS & SKILLS

|                   |                                            |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 52/0   | <b>Profession:</b> Sleaze                  |
| <b>Ag:</b> 41/0   | <b>Level:</b> 3rd                          |
| <b>SD:</b> 42/0   | <b>Social Class:</b> Corporate Upper Class |
| <b>Me:</b> 64/0   | <b>Fire:</b> Pistol 5                      |
| <b>Re:</b> 36/0   | <b>Melee:</b> Brawl 15                     |
| <b>St:</b> 49/0   | <b>Missile:</b> —                          |
| <b>Qu:</b> 47/0   | <b>Hits:</b> 13                            |
| <b>Pr:</b> 90/+10 | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(0)                      |
| <b>In:</b> 80/+5  | <b>Ap:</b> 64                              |
| <b>Em:</b> 76/+5  | <b>CIRS:</b> 2                             |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Culture 38; Administration 38; Exploit 28; Equipment 15; Streetwise 13; Perception 13.  
**Secondary Skills:** Music 65; Acrobatics 35; Media 20; Drug Tolerance 10; Appraisal 10.  
**Languages:** English D5; Spanish D5; German D4; Gutterspeak D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Vocal Range (Up and Down) Mk4. Vocal Modulator Mk10. Vocal Amplifier Mk10. **Items:** Assorted capital assets  
**Assets:** \$400,000. **Cash:** \$200.



### BACKGROUND

As an industrial mogul, Johnathon Falsworth's father was able to provide his family with a great deal of wealth and influence. Johnathon enjoyed the luxuries of the upper corporate circle. There was only one slight drawback as far as this young English boy was concerned: his father wanted him to take over the business someday.

That was pretty much unacceptable to Johnathon. He had never really been interested in his father's business, or any business for that matter. The junior Falsworth was a rebel at heart.

There were many times when Johnathon's dad would come home from a business trip, only to find that his son's friends, gang members from the local sprawls, had literally destroyed his home during a night of wild partying. Finally, after years of conflict and

frustration, the two reached a form of agreement. If Johnathon could support himself doing some activity which he enjoyed, his father would find someone else to deal with the family business.

It didn't take long for Johnathon to choose a career. He really liked the up and coming Hard Copy music, and he was determined to put together the best band in the world. The result was Philanthropic Epitaph.

Johnathon is a very selfish and stubborn man prone to violent outbursts. He wants things his way, or not at all. He is very vain about his wealth and abilities, and this has constantly gotten him into trouble with many of the other group members.

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                                |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 19        | <b>Sex:</b> Male                               |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Brown    | <b>Race:</b> African American                  |
| <b>Hair:</b> Black    | <b>Origin:</b> New York Harlem                 |
| <b>Build:</b> Lean    | <b>Demeanor:</b> Moody                         |
| <b>Height:</b> 200 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Loose and dark                   |
| <b>Weight:</b> 80 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Brooding and unsatisfied |

### STATS & SPECS

|                    |                                     |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 61/0    | <b>Profession:</b> Sneak            |
| <b>Ag:</b> 52/0    | <b>Level:</b> 3rd                   |
| <b>SD:</b> 64/0    | <b>Social Class:</b> Urban Homeless |
| <b>Me:</b> 52/0    | <b>Fire:</b> —                      |
| <b>Re:</b> 63/0    | <b>Melee:</b> Brawl 73*             |
| <b>St:</b> 67/0    | <b>Missile:</b> Thrown Knife 18     |
| <b>Qu:</b> 100/+25 | <b>Hits:</b> 32                     |
| <b>Pr:</b> 71/0    | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(25)              |
| <b>In:</b> 41/0    | <b>Ap:</b> 39                       |
| <b>Em:</b> 97/+15  | <b>CIRS:</b> 1                      |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Stalk & Hide 44; Streetwise 44; Mechanical Bypass 39; Environs 15; Perception 13; Equipment 5.

**Secondary Skills:** Music 85\*; Urban Foraging 30; Drug Tolerance 10; Media 10; History 10.

**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** FastArm Mk10. Megaknuckles. **Items:** Synth-guitar. Knife. Various capital assets. **Assets:** \$4000. **Cash:** \$100.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Harlem, New York has been a cauldron of starvation, disease, unpotable water and cannibalism for the last 20 years.

It was in this environment that Riff grew up. He was left alone at the age of eight when his mother was killed by a stray bullet. During that time, Riff learned the only way to survive was to take what he could. One such item was a guitar. At night, over the sounds of the air cav sirens, he taught himself to play and became quite good. Being a sensitive and impressionable young man, he took to old Blues music and soon earned the nickname Riff.

By the age of 17, Riff had become very good with his guitar and shortly thereafter his reputation spread beyond the bounds of destitute neighborhood.

Johnathon Falsworth happened to hear Riff play one night on a trip to the Harlem Sprawl. While Riff's favorite style of music was the Blues, playing Hard Copy was not out of the question, and Riff took Johnathon up on his offer to play in his new band.

Riff is constantly depressed. He feels very bad about selling out and playing a style of music he doesn't like. He detests the other band members and spends most of his time alone playing the Blues. He is still uncomfortable with his FastArm (a gift from Johnathon to help improve his performance) and is constantly fidgeting with it.



# LEENA WOOD

## KEYBOARDS

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 22      **Sex:** Female  
**Eyes:** Brown      **Race:** Japanese  
**Hair:** Honey Blond      **Origin:** Osaka  
**Build:** Slight      **Demeanor:** Cruel  
**Height:** 159 cm      **Dress:** Revealing leathers  
**Weight:** 42 kg      **True Attitude:** Sadistic

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 81/+5      **Profession:** Sneak  
**Ag:** 76/+5      **Level:** 2nd  
**SD:** 04/-15      **Social Class:** Refining Zones  
**Me:** 51/0      **Fire:** H&K MP-9 Pistol 33  
**Re:** 32/0      **Melee:** Brawl 53  
**St:** 76/+5      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 57/0      **Hits:** 35  
**Pr:** 43/0      **AT(DB):** LBA(0)  
**In:** 57/0      **Ap:** 76  
**Em:** 75/+5      **CIRS:** 5

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Mech Bypass 51; Exploit 42; Elec Bypass 36; Drive 25; Pilot 15; Cyber Tech 15.  
**Secondary Skills:** Music 55; Medical Practice 20; Quick-Draw 15; Drug Tolerance 15; Biology 15.  
**Languages:** English D5; Japanese D5; Gutterspeak D3.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** StrongHand Mk2. Kinetic Painblocker. **Items:** H&K MP-9 Pistol with 2 magazines of GP ammo. Various keyboards. Light Body Armor. **Assets:** \$39,000. **Cash:** \$100.



### BACKGROUND

Leena had known since she was a young girl that she was not going to be stuck doing the same jobs as her parents. She had been an orphan adopted by two male homosexuals who worked in a refining zone. Moving "dirt" was not her style, so she set out young to find out what was.

On a whim, she bought a keyboard and began teaching herself how to play. She began listening to more and more music and tried to learn the parts simply by listening to them. This was the period where Leena got heavy into Hard Copy music.

She began auditioning for various bands in the local area. In addition to simply playing songs, Leena enlisted an old friend, Oliver Germaine, to help her out by allowing her to beat him senseless during the course of the auditions. While this frightened

some people away, it attracted the attention of Lord Falsworth. He decided that she was perfect for the band and hired her on.

Leena is a sadist through and through. She enjoys nothing more than making other people suffer, both physically and mentally. While most people would see this as a problem, Leena looks on it as a great strength. She feels that most people in life miss great opportunities because they're afraid they might hurt someone. Leena is the most manipulative person in the group and is constantly playing head games with many of the band members. She is only tolerated by most of her companions because she is popular with the audience. The only person who actually likes her (and in fact, the only person that she cares about other than herself) is Oliver.

# SLAMSIN

## PERCUSSION

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 24      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Black      **Race:** East Indian  
**Hair:** Bald      **Origin:** San Francisco Sprawl  
**Build:** Muscular      **Demeanor:** Immature  
**Height:** 202 cm      **Dress:** Very casual  
**Weight:** 105 kg      **True Attitude:** Simple minded

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 76/+5      **Profession:** Killer  
**Ag:** 90/+10      **Level:** 2nd  
**SD:** 52/0      **Social Class:** Lower Sprawl  
**Me:** 32/0      **Fire:** GRU Popper SMG 61  
**Re:** 41/0      **Melee:** Brawl 66  
**St:** 96/+15      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 32/0      **Hits:** 42  
**Pr:** 65/0      **AT(DB):** LBA(0)  
**In:** 50/0      **Ap:** 48  
**Em:** 78/+5      **CIRS:** 3

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Equipment 15; Environs 15; Stalk & Hide 15; Mech Tech 10; Perception 5; Ambush r2.

**Secondary Skills:** Music 55; Drug Tolerance 35; Sport 25; Frenzy 10; Gambling 10.

**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D5.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Thermal Vision. Antiglare Mk2. Right StrongArm Mk2. Left StrongHand Mk3. Fangs. **Items:** GRU Popper Submachine Gun with 4 magazines of GP ammo. Percussion Set. **Assets:** \$35,000. **Cash:** \$50.



### BACKGROUND

Slamsin was never what most people would call a good kid. He was one of those children who was never too bright and couldn't stand the people who were.

Had Slamsin been born in some place other than the Sprawls, those talents most likely would have taken him into a legitimate business, like sports. As it was however, they led him into a life of violence.

It was during his brief career as a criminal that Slamsin discovered his love of beating on things. As far as Slamsin was concerned, it didn't matter what he hit, as long as it was rhythmic. He discovered that he had a talent for music when he was eight and stole a toy drum from a neighborhood kid. It didn't take him long to steal a real set.

When he was eighteen, he was approached by the members of Cult O'Destruction, a Hard Copy band known for their displays of violence. He had a good career going with 'Destruction; the band became popular, and Slamsin got to beat on his drums and some overzealous audience members. Life was good. That was, until the lead singer and the synth player had a falling out and put a magazine of slugs into each other.

Slamsin, out of a job, decided to go back to San Francisco and its familiar streets. There he was contacted by Johnathon Falsworth who offered him a position in another band: the 'Epitaph.

This percussionist is happy with the new band, but isn't exactly crazy about its individual members. Philanthropic Epitaph's popularity has a lot to do with his current state of self-satisfaction.



# MARTY SENGAL

## MANAGER

### PERSONAL DATA

|                         |                                       |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 31          | <b>Sex:</b> Male                      |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Dark Grey  | <b>Race:</b> Iberian                  |
| <b>Hair:</b> Balding    | <b>Origin:</b> East Coast Sprawl      |
| <b>Build:</b> Corpulent | <b>Demeanor:</b> Pushy                |
| <b>Height:</b> 130 cm   | <b>Dress:</b> Outdated, rumpled suits |
| <b>Weight:</b> 59 kg    | <b>True Attitude:</b> Materialist     |

### STATS & SPECS

|                  |                                             |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 15/-5 | <b>Profession:</b> Sleaze                   |
| <b>Ag:</b> 32/0  | <b>Level:</b> 3rd                           |
| <b>SD:</b> 71/0  | <b>Social Class:</b> Corporate Middle Class |
| <b>Me:</b> 80/+5 | <b>Fire:</b> Beretta 95R MP 15              |
| <b>Re:</b> 72/0  | <b>Melee:</b> —                             |
| <b>St:</b> 42/0  | <b>Missile:</b> —                           |
| <b>Qu:</b> 37/0  | <b>Hits:</b> 13                             |
| <b>Pr:</b> 86/+5 | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(0)                       |
| <b>In:</b> 53/0  | <b>Ap:</b> 53                               |
| <b>Em:</b> 83/+5 | <b>CIRS:</b> 0                              |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Administration 59; Exploit 54; Culture 24; Equipment 20; Perception 14; Drive 5.

**Secondary Skills:** Music 30; Media 20; Advanced Math 10; Appraisal 10; Gambling 10.

**Languages:** English D5; French D4; Japanese D3.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** None. **Items:** Ford Interceptor. Beretta 95R Machine Pistol with 2 magazines of GP ammo. **Assets:** \$60,000. **Cash:** \$400.



### BACKGROUND

Marty had always been a second rate kind of guy. He was never a really talented child, and he had to work hard to make most of his friends. It was during these childhood years that Marty began to perfect the art of schmoozing. It was the only real talent he would ever develop.

As an adult, he looked long and hard for a good vocation, living off of far too few credits. Eventually he discovered the world of music. Marty always did like music, and had even thought of becoming involved in the industry as a teenager. He couldn't play or sing for the life of him, but his smooth-talking style was well suited to the management side of things. At a social engagement,

Sengal made a good impression on Lord Falsworth senior, who offered Marty a job overseeing the affairs of his son's newly formed band. Philanthropic Epitaph turned out to be one of the hottest new bands on the scene. As their agent, Marty enjoys a cut of the large profits and lives a comfortable life.

Marty is a total sleaze. He would sell his own mother if he thought that he needed the money. He is extremely greedy. Marty is continually trying to talk someone into something, usually something they don't want to do. He prides himself on his verbal talents and enjoys using them. He is very full of himself and likes to brag about previous accomplishments, of which there have been few.

# OLIVER GERMAINE

## ROADIE

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 19      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Blue      **Race:** African-Caucasian  
**Hair:** Brown      **Origin:** Miami  
**Build:** Sculpted      **Demeanor:** Submissive  
**Height:** 169 cm      **Dress:** Embarrassing  
**Weight:** 70 kg      **True Attitude:** Masochistic

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 97/+15      **Profession:** Jockey  
**Ag:** 79/+5      **Level:** 2nd  
**SD:** 62/0      **Social Class:** Refining Zones  
**Me:** 62/0      **Fire:** —  
**Re:** 41/0      **Melee:** Brawl 35\*  
**St:** 77/+5      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 80/+10      **Hits:** 21  
**Pr:** 41/0      **AT(DB):** NoA(10)  
**In:** 64/0      **Ap:** 94  
**Em:** 51/0      **CIRS:** 2

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Drive 46\*; Pilot 46\*; Environs 26;  
 Equipment 26; Elec Tech 22; Mech Tech 17.  
**Secondary Skills:** Music 25; Rural Foraging 20;  
 Drug Tolerance 20; Astrogation 10; Astronomy 5.  
**Languages:** English D5.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Two StrongArms Mk2. Eye/Hand Coordinator Mk2. **Items:** Personal belongings only. **Assets:** \$3,000. **Cash:** \$20.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Oliver's father could be a very loving and caring man. When he was drunk, however, he tended to lash out without thinking. Oliver became accustomed to these fits and the pain that went with them. Most people would have left home, or avoided their parents when they became drunk, but Oliver did no such thing. He stuck around. It wasn't until after the beatings stopped, after his father had passed away, that the truth became frightfully clear to him. He had enjoyed the pain.

It was about this time that he met Leena Wood and they became involved in a whirlwind romance. Strangely enough, it took the two almost three years to admit to each other just how well matched they were. During that time they grew to actually care for each other. When Leena asked him to help her with some auditions he

agreed almost instantly and when she was asked to join Philanthropic Epitaph, he went with her.

He has, since that time, become of great value to the group. He has learned a great deal about their equipment and has taken it upon himself to care of it. During concerts, he helps Leena with her act and accepts her torments willingly.

Oliver is, by far, the nicest member of the band. He is a very caring person and is often looking out for other people. He is often troubled by the amount of strife within the group and must often serve as the peacemaker for many of the band's arguments. He tries to be friends with all of them, but often fails, usually because of his close association with Leena. Oliver is, of course, a self-confessed Masochist.



# ADRIAN NICHOLAS

## SOUND TECHNICIAN

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                      |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 18        | <b>Sex:</b> Male                     |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Grey     | <b>Race:</b> Mixed                   |
| <b>Hair:</b> Blond    | <b>Origin:</b> San Francisco Sprawl  |
| <b>Build:</b> Average | <b>Demeanor:</b> Ornery and stubborn |
| <b>Height:</b> 190 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Erratic                |
| <b>Weight:</b> 73 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Childish       |

### STATS & SPECS

|                  |                                        |
|------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 38/0  | <b>Profession:</b> Tech Rat            |
| <b>Ag:</b> 41/0  | <b>Level:</b> 4th                      |
| <b>SD:</b> 54/0  | <b>Social Class:</b> Lower Corporation |
| <b>Me:</b> 67/0  | <b>Fire:</b> —                         |
| <b>Re:</b> 86/+5 | <b>Melee:</b> Brawl 40                 |
| <b>St:</b> 47/0  | <b>Missile:</b> —                      |
| <b>Qu:</b> 63/0  | <b>Hits:</b> 21                        |
| <b>Pr:</b> 39/0  | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(0)                  |
| <b>In:</b> 61/0  | <b>Ap:</b> 75                          |
| <b>Em:</b> 58/0  | <b>CIRS:</b> 2                         |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Elec Tech 57; Equipment 50; Mech Tech 35; Soft Tech 25; Cyber Tech 25; Perception 10(35\*).  
**Secondary Skills:** Advanced Math 20; Appraisal 20; Cybernetics 20; Music 20; Medical Practice 10.  
**Languages:** English D5.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Microvision Mk2. Sound Edit Out Mk5. **Items:** Various technical devices for sound mixing. **Assets:** \$6,000. **Cash:** \$20.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Today Adrian is known in the music business as a very competent sound man. However, he had a very humble start. Adrian had always been interested in mechanical and electronic devices. He spent most of his childhood playing with various devices and was quickly branded by most of the other children he knew as strange.

It became apparent that Adrian was a mechanical genius for his age. It was predicted by many adults that knew him that he would be hired by a large corporation and make the big time inventing new hardware. This prediction might actually have come true if it weren't for the fact that Adrian was so fickle.

Adrian discovered his love of music at age 14. He began working on musical equipment and constructed a complete set of instruments on his own.

If it hadn't been for the mechanical breakdown during Adrian's audition for Philanthropic Epitaph, Adrian probably would have faded into obscurity. As it turned out, there was an equipment breakdown and Adrian fixed it in no time flat. The group made a deal with him. He would be their technician and sound man if they would teach him how to play. So Adrian Nicholas became the newest member of Philanthropic Epitaph at the ripe old age of fifteen.

This technician likes working with the band members and finds that he picks up a lot of odd jobs that need doing while the group is out on tour or in the studio.

## THE CAT HOUSE

The Cat House is the subject of many rumors, not only in the corporate world, but also throughout the San Francisco Sprawl. Some people say that they are a deadly group of killers. Other people consider them a useful mercenary group. Still others seem to think that they're nothing more than a necessary community service.

The truth, of course, is a mixture of these rumors. The Cat House is a front for a group of mercenaries specializing in information gathering, but also willing to do other jobs for the right price. There are four members in the group and each has his or her own specialties. They are known to be one of the most effective, affordable mercenary teams available.

Their base of operations is fronted as a "house of ill-repute." The Cat House is seen by most corporate officials as a dangerous organization and one to be feared, but they are protected by many powerful corporate men and women who see the 'House as a useful tool for eliminating competition.

### CURRENT MEMBERSHIP

The Cat House presently consists of four members: Chastity Van Meter, their leader; Bliss, the strong arm of the group; Celeste, the organizations cyberspace specialist; and Mark Curran who is an expert on infiltration.

### BACKGROUND

The idea for the Cat House was cooked-up by Chastity who had been in the corporate business long enough to know how things worked. She knew that if there was one thing which most big corporations had in common, it was corruption. Someone was always dipping into corporate funds, blackmailing the people doing better than they, or looking for ways to hurt the competition. Chastity figured if she could capitalize on that information, she could live well outside of the corporate structure.

Today the group enjoys a number of different benefits, including extensive lines of credit and a great reputation. The success of the team is well known, and their services are very much in demand. The success of Chastity's project has gone far beyond her original expectations.

### GROUP RELATIONS

The Cat House group gets along very well, almost like a family. Each of the members enjoys being a part of one of San Francisco's most feared and respected anti-corp merc teams. They realize that each individual is necessary for the team to work, and so they try and support one another. They occasionally have personal problems, but they are always able to work these out (If for no other reason than simply because they want the team to stay together. None of them want to lose a good thing.





# CHASTITY VAN METER

## ADMINISTRATOR

### PERSONAL DATA

|                       |                                  |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>Age:</b> 29        | <b>Sex:</b> Female               |
| <b>Eyes:</b> Blue     | <b>Race:</b> Scandinavian        |
| <b>Hair:</b> Blond    | <b>Origin:</b> Oslo              |
| <b>Build:</b> Shapely | <b>Demeanor:</b> Cool            |
| <b>Height:</b> 182 cm | <b>Dress:</b> Chic               |
| <b>Weight:</b> 68 kg  | <b>True Attitude:</b> Vindictive |

### STATS & SPECS

|                   |                                         |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| <b>Co:</b> 46/0   | <b>Profession:</b> Sleaze               |
| <b>Ag:</b> 89/+5  | <b>Level:</b> 7th                       |
| <b>SD:</b> 20/-5  | <b>Social Class:</b> Middle Corporation |
| <b>Me:</b> 51/0   | <b>Fire:</b> H&K MP-9 Pistol 10         |
| <b>Re:</b> 78/+5  | <b>Melee:</b> Razornails 40             |
| <b>St:</b> 80/+5  | <b>Missile:</b> —                       |
| <b>Qu:</b> 82/+5  | <b>Hits:</b> 27                         |
| <b>Pr:</b> 99/+20 | <b>AT(DB):</b> NoA(5)                   |
| <b>In:</b> 51/0   | <b>Ap:</b> 100                          |
| <b>Em:</b> 97/+15 | <b>CIRS:</b> 0                          |

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Administration 105; Exploit 103; Culture 86; Streetwise 71; Perception 56; Equipment 52.

**Secondary Skills:** Appraisal 35; Media 30; Music 20; Advanced Math 10; Sport 10.

**Languages:** English D5; German D5; Japanese D5; French D5.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Microvideo Mk30. Super Metabolism. Contraceptive. Retractable Razornails. **Items:** Phantom III Sports Car. H&K MP-9 Pistol with 1 magazine of GP ammo. Various capital assets. **Assets:** \$200,000. **Cash:** \$200.



### BACKGROUND

Chastity was born and raised within the corporate world. She was exposed to corruption from the start and was raised to believe that to get what you wanted, you had to be hard and heartless; willing to crush other people beneath your feet and not regret it. Chastity learned her lessons well.

Eventually disillusioned with the power offered to corporate executives like herself, she decided that she would gather a team of mercenaries specializing in blackmail and corporate raids and thereafter wield real power. Chastity decided that her looks were a weapon too and she would use them against the Megacorps. She spent a fair amount of time gathering together a suitable team, finding a location and preparing to open for her new found business.

The business has done well.... And so has Chastity.

Chastity is a bitter person. She really hates the corporate structure and wishes to pay them back for their unrepentant decadence. She will go out of her way to make a powerful corporate man suffer. She is very manipulative and is quite capable of destroying anyone to get what she wants. Having been brought up by her business-minded father, Chastity understands the importance of contracts. If there is one thing she will not do, it is break her word. She is, however, loathe to give it. Chastity always keeps in mind that business comes first. She does what it takes to get the job done, no more and no less.

# BLISS OPERATIVE

## PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 25      **Sex:** Female  
**Eyes:** Luminous      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Auburn      **Origin:** San Francisco Sprawl  
**Build:** Average      **Demeanor:** Cruel  
**Height:** 171 cm      **Dress:** Flamboyant  
**Weight:** 66 kg      **True Attitude:** Lackadaisical

## STATS & SPECS

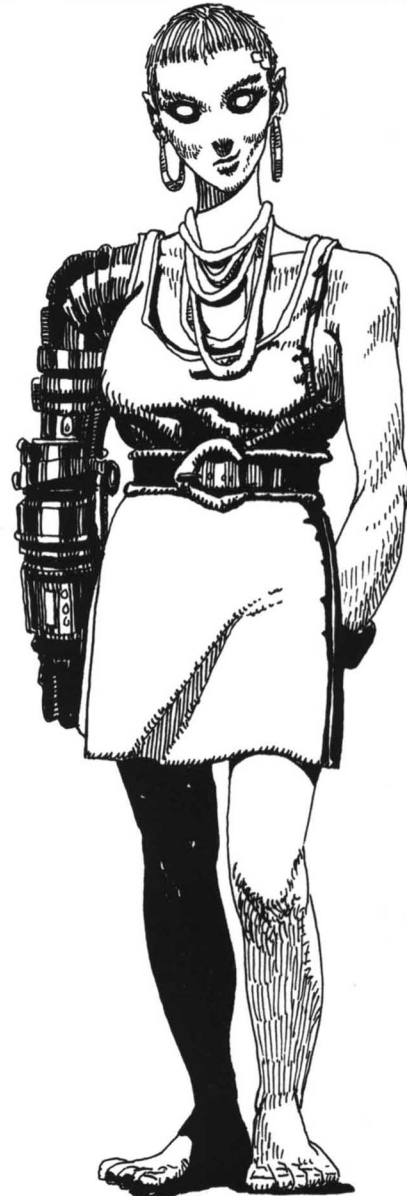
**Co:** 91/+10      **Profession:** Killer  
**Ag:** 98/+20      **Level:** 6th  
**SD:** 48/0      **Social Class:** Lower Sprawl  
**Me:** 44/0      **Fire:** H&K G21 SMG 108  
**Re:** 33/0      **Melee:** Razornails 89  
**St:** 95/+15      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 76/+5      **Hits:** 85  
**Pr:** 78/+5      **AT(DB):** LBA(5)  
**In:** 55/0      **Ap:** 74  
**Em:** 66/0      **CIRS:** 11

## SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Environs 36; Stalk & Hide 35; Drive 31; Perception 20; Exploit 10; Ambush r7.  
**Secondary Skills:** Drug Tolerance 75; Acrobatics 45; Subduing 40; Sport 30; Trickery 15.  
**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D3.

## EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Eyes: Lowlight Mk5 and Antiglare Mk10. DNI to Brain. Right CyberArm Mk5 (Strong and Fast). Contraceptive. Retractable Razornails. Lastex body plating. **Items:** H&K G21 Submachine Gun with 5 magazines of HEAP ammo. Assortment of various drugs. **Assets:** \$2000. **Cash:** \$300.



## BACKGROUND

Life is tough. For some people though, it goes beyond tough. Bliss has had a pretty harsh time. Happiness was something this girl has never really been familiar with. She was an abused child, and one of those beatings nearly killed her.

It didn't take long for several of the locals to take an unsuspecting young runaway and adapt her to their way of life. By the time they showed up, Bliss was so scared that she would do anything to obtain food, clothes and shelter. One of the local gangs, the Cyberpunks, promised to fix her up if she would work for them.

They paid a local Cyber Doc to fix her up with some wetware and put her to work as a prostitute. Bliss' world became a blur of drugs and violence. She no longer knew what was right and wrong and she no longer cared; as long as she had her fix.

Bliss was surprised to wake up one morning, not in some strange guy's apartment, nor the Cyberpunk hangout, but in Chastity Van Meter's house. It was here that Chastity proposed that Bliss become a Cat House member.

Today Bliss works for Chastity Van Meter. Her world is still a blur of drugs and violence, but it is a slightly more stable one.

Bliss is, in many ways, totally unconnected to the real world. She has learned to deal with one thing other than her drugs: her assignments. She is dimly aware that if she doesn't carry them out, she will no longer be able to get her fix; a situation she wishes to avoid at all costs. During the few times that Bliss is sober, she is a pleasant person though a bit simple minded.



# CELESTE

## NET RUNNER

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 27      **Sex:** Female  
**Eyes:** Brown      **Race:** Middle Eastern  
**Hair:** Dark Brown      **Origin:** Orbital Colony  
**Build:** Slight      **Demeanor:** Mischievous  
**Height:** 168 cm      **Dress:** Holographic  
**Weight:** 60 kg      **True Attitude:** Fixated on the Net

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 36/0      **Profession:** Net Junkie  
**Ag:** 57/0      **Level:** 7th  
**SD:** 97/+15      **Social Class:** Space Colony  
**Me:** 100/+25      **Fire:** —  
**Re:** 76/+5      **Melee:** —  
**St:** 19/-5      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 68/0      **Hits:** 24  
**Pr:** 60/0      **AT(DB):** NoA(0)  
**In:** 100/+25      **Ap:** 81  
**Em:** 35/0      **CIRS:** 3

### SKILLS

**Primary Skills:** Equipment 75; Cyber Tech 74; Mech Tech 72; Elec Bypass 60; Elec Tech 57; Soft Tech 52.  
**Secondary Skills:** Astrogation 35; Astronomy 15; Advanced Math 15; Physics 5; Acrobatics 5.  
**Languages:** English D5; Gama D5; NacComm D4.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** DNI to Brain. Internal Readout Nerverlinked to DNI. Implanted Mk 32 CyberDeck with Magnebubble Core: Matrix, Self Definition, Random Number Generator Rtg15, Invisibility Rtg15 (Intrude +121), File Searcher Rtg15 (Utility +112), Data Copy, Data Cruncher, Data Acquisition, 3 x Multitasking, Net Mapper, Armor Rtg15 (Combat +119), Evade Rtg8, Stun Rtg15 (Combat +119), and Slay Rtg5 (Combat +102). **Items:** A few worldly possessions. **Assets:** \$23,000. **Cash:** \$60.



### BACKGROUND

*"Computers are an essential part of the world today."*

That was what Celeste's teachers had always told her. Having grown up in the highly technical environment of a space station, Celeste was more aware than most about how important computers really were to the continued operation of society.

She decided early on that she would like a job dealing with computers. Her parents managed to convince some of the station's scientists to teach Celeste how to use some of their more advanced models. The young girl began to spend as much time as she possibly could learning how to use the computers, move within the matrix and interact with other data bases.

When she was sixteen, and her parents were sure that their daughter's interest were not just a passing fancy, they paid to have

a DNI jack linked to her brain. When she was eighteen, and stopped growing, she had saved up enough credits to purchase a CDeck and have it hardwired.

It didn't take a long time for her to develop a reputation. Celeste is known by many names within the Net, Sprite and Banshee among them. It wasn't until Celeste was approached by Chastity Van Meter that she decided to work for anyone. Normally it was against her better judgement to mix business with pleasure, and cyberspace was her personal playground.

Celeste is a very intellectual person and cares very little about most material concerns and would much rather spend her time studying a computer program than tallying her credit. She tends to let other people deal with her material concerns.

# MARK CURRAN

## STEALTH SPECIALIST

### PERSONAL DATA

**Age:** 29      **Sex:** Male  
**Eyes:** Blue      **Race:** Caucasian  
**Hair:** Black      **Origin:** San Francisco  
**Build:** Wiry      **Demeanor:** Opportunistic  
**Height:** 198 cm      **Dress:** Fashionable  
**Weight:** 75 kg      **True Attitude:** Stoic

### STATS & SPECS

**Co:** 67/0      **Profession:** Sneak  
**Ag:** 81/+5      **Level:** 7th  
**SD:** 70/0      **Social Class:** Lower Sprawl  
**Me:** 53/0      **Fire:** H&K MP-9 Pistol 62  
**Re:** 64/0      **Melee:** Martial Arts 57  
**St:** 50/0      **Missile:** —  
**Qu:** 76/+5      **Hits:** 41  
**Pr:** 41/0      **AT(DB):** LBA(5)  
**In:** 98/+20      **Ap:** 83  
**Em:** 58/0      **CIRS:** 1

### SKILLS

**Primary Skill:** Mech Bypass 95; Elec Bypass 76; Stalk & Hide 71; Perception 60\*; Exploit 52; Streetwise 52; Environs 35.  
**Secondary Skills:** Gambling 60; Trickery 35; Quick-Draw 15; Drug Tolerance 15; Acrobatics 5.  
**Languages:** English D5; Gutterspeak D5; French D3.

### EQUIPMENT

**Cyber Systems:** Eyes: Lowligh Mk3 and Thermal Vision. Micro-photo Mk5. Sensitouch Mk5. Contraceptive. **Items:** H&K MP-9 Pistol with 6 magazines of GP ammo. Revenant Motorcycle. Light Body Armor. **Assets:** \$39,000. **Cash:** \$200.

\* Bonus modified by Cyber System.



### BACKGROUND

Mark was born into a fairly well off family living in a corporate sector of town. Mark might have grown up to lead an ordinary life if it hadn't been for a stroke of bad luck. Having been paid off by a corporate official to kill off some competition, the GI Joes went out to bomb someone's house. It was unfortunate that they got the address wrong and firebombed Mark's house instead. Mark's parents were killed in the fire.

Mark hung out with the Skateboys for quite some time and it was from them that he learned his most marketable skill: information gathering. Mark spent many years working the streets, running messages and learning his way around. It didn't take him long to become self-sufficient. Once he could take care of himself, Mark set his sights on something higher.

His big break came when he heard that some wealthy woman, Chastity Van Meter, was putting together a team of mercenaries. Mark had acquired some lock picking skills and he figured that these, together with his street knowledge, would make him a pretty good addition to the team. He approached Chastity, made his pitch and was accepted.

Mark is what one might call opportunistic. He strongly believes that life is simply a bunch of random situations loosely strung together. Any breaks you get, you had better make good use of because you may never get those chances again. This is also his attitude about having fun. Mark is also a very loyal friend and would do literally anything for one who thought the same of him.





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