



WEIRD WAR I

ARCHETYPES:

THE FRENCH



PINNACLE
ENTERTAINMENT GROUP



WEIRD WAR ONE

Archetypes: The French

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Airman

Like two armies of ants battling mindlessly over a twig, the infantry die in their droves in the mud of Flanders while you soar above them like a god. You are a true knight of the air. The aeroplane is the future of war, if only those fools in the government could see that. A massive fleet of aircraft, employed by those with knowledge and foresight, could bring a nation to its knees without all the needless slaughter of the foot-sloggers.

You are outspoken in your views of the superiority of aviation and press your opinion on anyone, no matter their rank or service. This has led to many a fistfight among those of lesser intellect.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Piloting d8, Repair d6, Shooting d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Fanatic, Quirk (constantly preaching the virtue of airpower)

Edges: Rank (Officer)

Gear: Uniform, flying helmet, goggles, silk scarf, binoculars, Ruby pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6-1) with 36 rounds.



The Drunk

As a farmhand in Normandy, you always enjoyed a bottle or two of Calvados in the evenings after work. You have a morose turn of mind, and the alcohol helps chase the melancholy away. Now you're stuck on the front lines, with the Boche doing their best to kill you every day.

The alcohol rations allotted to each poilu aren't enough to keep one of those terrible trench rats happy, much less a man like you. Within the first month you bartered away everything of value to the soldiers in your company in return for their wine. You've also taken all kinds of onerous details in exchange for the precious vino. You know that without the soothing effects of alcohol you'll go mad, and will do just about anything for another drink.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

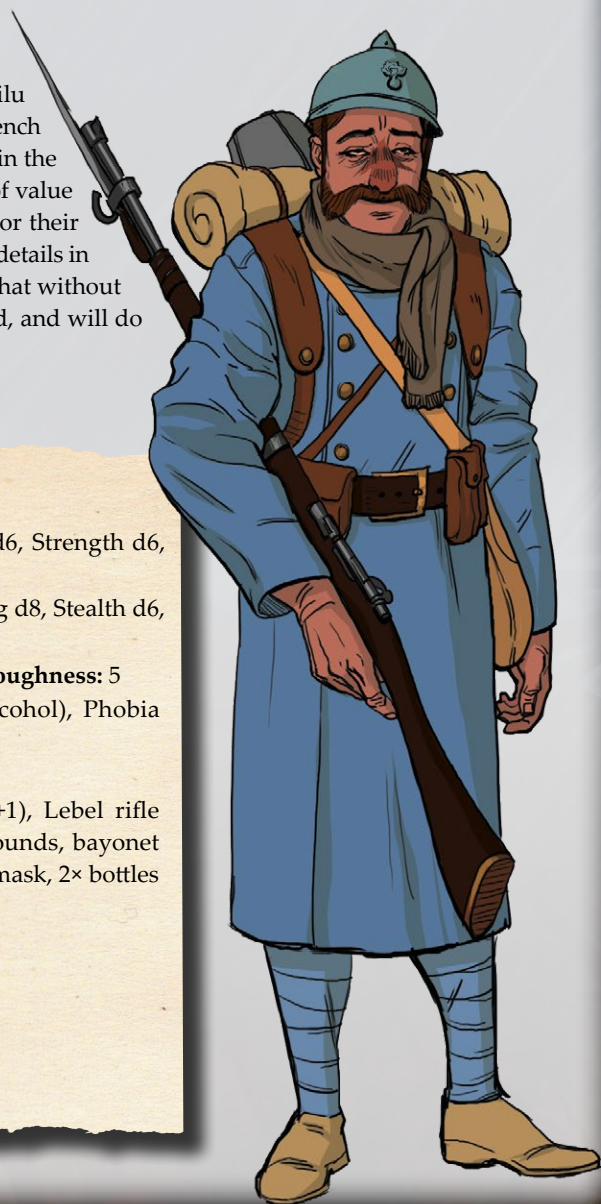
Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Anemic, Habit (Major—Alcohol), Phobia (Claustrophobia)

Edges: Fast Healer, Liquid Courage

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lebel rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 120 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2× grenades, spade, gas mask, 2× bottles of wine, flask with Calvados.



The Hulk

You are easily the biggest man in your squad, and your size means you're often stuck with details that require heavy lifting or carrying. Before the war you worked for a travelling circus where you starred as the strongman in the sideshow. It was a pretty glamorous job, and allowed you to meet women across the country who were fascinated by your muscles.

Despite being put to work erecting the circus tents, it was a pretty easy life. The war has ruined all that now. You hate the army and you hate the Germans even more for wrecking the good life you had. Some men in your company have tried to prove themselves by picking fights with you, but usually that only happens once.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d4, Throwing d6

Charisma: -1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Clueless, Habit (smokes foul smelling cigars)

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lebel rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 120 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 6× grenades, spade, gas mask.



The Medic

You had a nice quiet life in Paris as a bookkeeper before the war. Your wife always called you mousey, at least until she left you for that Italian waiter at the café down the block. That didn't really bother you, though. The quiet allowed you to spend more time reading your precious books.

Since arriving at the front, however, your world has turned upside down. The men in your unit are a rough and uncouth lot. Life in the trenches exacerbates the various allergies and illnesses you're prone to, and military life isn't very conducive to spending time reading. You can only hope that the war will be over soon, but as a student of history, you know the chance of that happening is slim.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Healing d8, Knowledge (History) d6, Knowledge (Latin) d6, Knowledge (Medicine) d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Anemic, Bad Eyes, Slow

Edges: Linguist, Luck

Gear: Uniform, 2 canteens, steel helmet (+1), medical kit, spade, gas mask, Bible.



The Noble

Your family traces its roots back to the days of Vercingetorix, and the sword your ancestor used to reclaim the Holy Land from the Saracens still hangs in your family's great hall. Unfortunately, your father's bad business sense and worse investments drove the family to the brink of bankruptcy, and the papers were merciless in their coverage. He hanged himself in front of the paintings of your forefathers shortly thereafter.

With the country hanging in the balance, the only thing you could do to regain the family's honor was enlist as a private soldier. You will either redeem the family name or die in the attempt.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Taunt d4, Throwing d6

Charisma: -1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Habit (doesn't associate with lower class), Vow (redeem family honor)

Edges: Alertness, Brave, National Identity (French Elan)

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lebel rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 120 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2× grenades, spade, gas mask.



Officer

A graduate of the elite École Spéciale Militaire de Saint-Cyr, you are the flower of the French officer corps. You have had the privilege of spreading French enlightenment to those needing civilization around the world, usually at the point of a bayonet.

Now you find yourself leading your men in a war for the very survival of France. La Patrie will not fall to the hated Boche under your watch. Each man must do his duty and be imbued with the spirit of the offensive and the bayonet.

You do not tolerate slackers or defeatists. There is no greater glory than to die for one's country, especially in a struggle for survival such as the one France finds itself in today.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Battle) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d4, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Sanity:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Deathwish (Die for la Patrie), Doubting Thomas, Quirk (always talks down to British and American troops)

Edges: Academy Graduate, National Identity (French Elan), Rank (Officer)

Gear: Uniform, canteen, kepi, Modèle 1892 pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6) with 24 rounds, gas mask, officer's sword (Str+d6).



Sailor

Before you joined the navy you spent your days in the French Riviera, bilking the rich and powerful of their money in the casinos. Unfortunately, your luck eventually ran out and powerful men with huge grudges sent gangs of enforcers to extract revenge in most painful ways. You thought about escaping to the Foreign Legion, but then chanced upon a navy recruiting station.

The best thing about being a sailor is the many ports of call around the world you put in to. While your crewmates soon learned not to gamble with you, the rubes around the world have no idea who you are, leaving you free to practice your talents at will. By the time anyone realizes you've duped them, you're underway to the next port.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d4, Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Knowledge (Gunnery) d4, Lockpicking d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Swimming d4.

Charisma: +1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Greedy, Habit (Gambling), Overconfident

Edges: Attractive

Gear: Uniform, knife (Str+d4), dice, cards.



The Weasel

You grew up an orphan along the docks of Marseilles, learning early on to beg and steal to keep your belly full. As you grew up your crimes grew in scale. Finally you were forced to head north to greener pastures ahead of the gendarmes. In Paris you fell in with a gang of rogues making a living through burglaries. Your small size allowed you get in where others could not.

You were conscripted when the war broke out and an attempt to desert ended badly for you. Once you accepted the fact that you were no longer your own man life began looking up. After all, dead men in the trenches no longer need their worldly possessions, and you have been building a nice nest egg mailing looted goods to friends in Paris.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

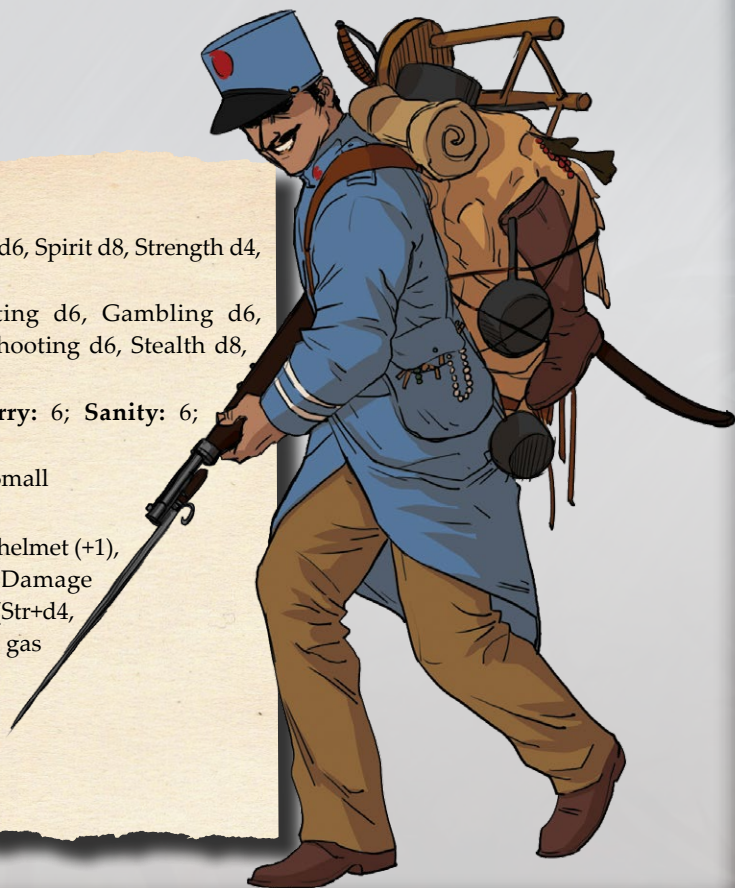
Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Throwing d4



















Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 6; **Toughness:** 4


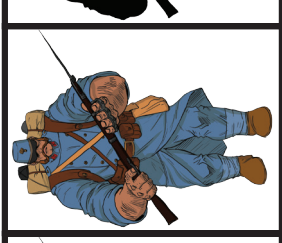
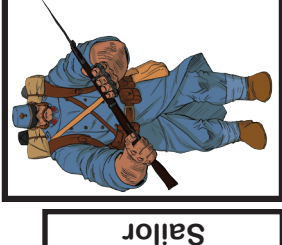
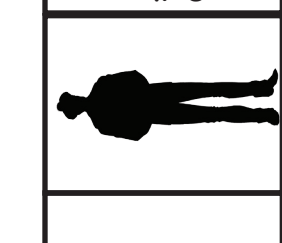
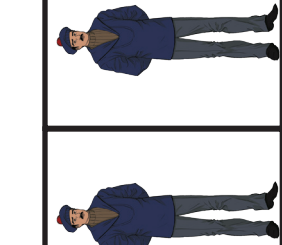
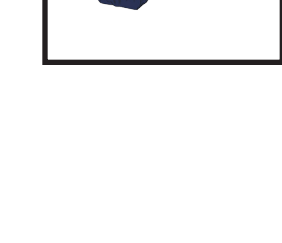
Hindrances: Greedy, Mean, Small

Edges: Thief

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lebel rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 120 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2× grenades, spade, gas mask, bag of looted goods.



			Airman
			Drunk
			Medic
			Noble
			Officer
			Weasel

Hulk	
	
Sailor	
	

Trifold Figure Flats for Weird War I

Art: Bien Flores. Coloring: Alida Saxon
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