



# WEIRD WAR I

## ARCHETYPES:

### THE AMERICANS





# WEIRD WAR ONE

## Archetypes: The Americans

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# Airman

You've always been fascinated with flying since seeing the Wright Brothers' invention float through the air near your parents' home in Kill Devil Hills in 1903. Years later, you traveled to Europe where powered flight really took off and learned to fly yourself.

Your fearlessness in the air made you well-known among aircraft enthusiasts, with inventors often calling you to test their latest inventions. While some men lust after riches, women, or power, you crave the feeling of soaring like a bird. Not content to merely fly, you also enjoy tinkering with the aircraft you pilot. You were in England when the war broke out in 1914 and quickly joined the Royal Flying Corps, where you served honorably until the U.S. entered the war. Now you're back flying with your own countrymen, teaching them the tricks you've learned in your many years of flying.

## Novice

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Notice d6, Piloting d10, Repair d6, Shooting d8

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

**Hindrances:** Arrogant, Big Mouth, Quirk (constantly telling people how things were done in the RFC)

**Edges:** Ace

**Gear:** Uniform, flying helmet, goggles, silk scarf, M1911 Pistol with 21 rounds (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1).





# Country Boy

You grew up in the mountains of Southwest Virginia, and had never been further from home than the next town over. Heck, to hear your granpa tell it, the biggest thing that ever happened in your part of the world was a Union raid on Wytheville during the War of Northern Aggression.

You've spent your whole childhood in the woods with a squirrel gun, putting food on the table to supplement what came out of the hardscrabble ground, or doctoring the family's cows. When you heard tell there was a war on the other side of the world, you jumped at the chance to prove your worth, even though it meant sharing a barracks with a bunch of damn yankees.

## Novice

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Healing d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

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

**Hindrances:** Clueless, Habit (constantly chews and spits tobacco), Quirk (doesn't like Yankees)

**Edges:** Fleet-footed

**Gear:** Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Springfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 100 rounds, 2× Mk1 grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask.



# The Lowboy

You've spent more of your life in the saddle than on your feet. Whether on a cattle drive up from Texas or tracking down outlaws through the deserts of Arizona, you've done things most folks have just read about in dime novels. The High Plains and desert Southwest are home to some pretty strange things, and you've dealt with your fair share of weirdness. The tomahawk you carry is a memento of an encounter you had in an ancient Anasazi ruin, and the white streak in your hair appeared after seeing something deep in those cursed ruins.

## Novice

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

**Skills:** Fighting d10, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6, Throwing d4, Tracking d4

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

**Hindrances:** Heroic, Loyal, Mark of Fear

**Edges:** Alertness, Trademark Weapon (Ancient Tomahawk)

**Gear:** Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Springfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 100 rounds, Colt Peacemaker pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1) with 24 rounds, Tomahawk (Str+d6), 2× Mk1 grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask.





# The Irishman

Back in the Windy City you went where life took you, never really worrying about the future. You dropped out of school when you were old enough, worked in a meat packing plant for a while, and even sailed on some ore ships plying the Great Lakes before coming home to the Chicago Irish neighborhood you grew up in.

Your ma always said the saints smiled on her when you were born, and it does seem like you have the luck o' the Irish about you when it comes to life and love. Even getting drafted wasn't such a big deal. Now you can see Europe for free, and your easy-going personality and ability to find what others need makes you a favorite with your squadmates and NCOs.

## Novice

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

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d4

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

**Hindrances:** Big Mouth, Curious, Loyal

**Edges:** Attractive, Luck

**Gear:** Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Springfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 100 rounds, 2× Mk1 grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask.



# Mobster

Back in the Big Apple you worked for Fat Tony Carlucci, making sure those who owed the Don paid their debts. It was a good life, since the job kept you in the things you like—dames, booze, pasta, and dealing out pain.

Then along comes this damned war and the draft. Unfortunately, Fat Tony wasn't happy with your latest job for him, but what's a palooka to do when the snitch makes tough? A few well-greased palms at the draft board ensured your number came up with a direct ticket to the front line. The jokes on them, though. Here in the trenches, you've found your life's dream—dealing out pain and misery and getting paid by the government to do it.

## Novice

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

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Throwing d4

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

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty, Mean, Ugly

**Edges:** Brawler, Danger Sense

**Gear:** Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Springfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 100 rounds, brass knuckles (Str+d4), 4× Mk1 grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), sharpened spade (Str+d6), gas mask.





# Officer

You've always wanted to serve your country and follow in your ancestors' footsteps. From the American Revolution to the modern day, your family proudly served their country in all its armed conflicts. Although you just graduated from college and received your commission from the ROTC program, you're confident you can lead your men through the crucible of combat.

The stories of soldiering you heard at your father's and grandfather's knees have prepared you for any eventuality you might encounter. All these bumpkins need is a firm hand and a confident manner, and you're just the man to provide such leadership. Any promotions and medals it earns you are just icing on the cake.

## Novice

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

**Skills:** Knowledge (Battle) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Riding d6, Shooting d6

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

**Hindrances:** Arrogant, Stubborn, Vengeful

**Edges:** Rank (Officer)

**Gear:** Tailored uniform, canteen, overseas cap, M1911 Pistol with 21 rounds (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1), binoculars, map case with maps, gas mask.





# Sailor

Growing up in New England, you spent much of your life on the ocean, hauling in fish for the canneries in your home town. Although you've ranged hundreds of miles by boat, on land you've never even set foot outside of your decaying, insular Massachusetts village.

You've seen it all during your time at sea--winter storms on the Atlantic that can smash a ship to flinders, St. Elmo's fire playing across rigging, and things beyond description hauled up in fishing nets that the crew quickly returned to the briny depths.

When the Kaiser's U-Boats sank a merchant ship your cousin served on, his spirit began visiting you at night, demanding you get revenge for his death. You decided the best way to do that was to join the navy.

## Novice

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

**Skills:** Boating d8, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Gunnery) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Swimming d8

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

**Hindrances:** Bad Luck, Outsider, Ugly

**Edges:** Haunted

**Gear:** Uniform, knife (Str+d4).



# Sarge

Most of the squad jokes that you've been in the Army since God was a corporal. In fact, you have a hard time remembering life without a uniform.

You caught the Yellow Jack in Cuba, were stabbed by a spear-wielding Chinaman scaling the walls of Peking, and got shot chasing Pancho Villa through the deserts of northern Mexico. Some say you're plain unlucky. The way you look at it you're the lucky one. It's your poor buddies next to you who've caught the bullets and died whose luck ran out.

The enemy hasn't been made who can kill you — as long as you're in uniform backed up by a solid squad of men. Of course, it's your job to make *sure* the men are solid.

## Novice

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

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Healing d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6

**Charisma:** 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 8



















**Hindrances:** Cautious, Loyal, Overconfident

**Edges:** Command, Danger Sense, Dig In!, Grizzled, Luck, Rank (NCO)

**Gear:** Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Springfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 100 rounds, 2× Mk1 grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask, medical kit.








			Sailor
			Airman
			Country Boy
			The Irishman
			Officer
			Mobster

Sarge




The Cowboy




# Trifold Figure Flats for Weird War I

Art: Bien Flores. Coloring: Alida Saxon  
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