

BIG GAME HUNTER

Archetype: Hunter

Motivation: Fame

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2	Charisma: 2
Dexterity: 4	Intelligence: 2
Strength: 2	Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0	Initiative: 6
Move: 6	Defense: 6
Perception: 5	Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Athletics	2	2	4	(2)
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Firearms	4	3	9	(4+)
<i>Rifles</i>			10	(5)
Melee	2	2	4	(2)
Stealth	4	2	6	(3)
Survival	2	3	5	(2+)
<i>Tracking</i>			6	(3)

Talents

Accuracy 1 (Reduced called shot penalties)
Skill Aptitude (+2 Firearms rating)

Resources

None

Flaw

Overconfident (+1 Style point whenever your character gets in over his head)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
.405 Winchester rifle	4 L	0	14 L	(7) L
.455 Webley revolver	3 L	0	12 L	(6) L
Hunting knife	1 L	0	5 L	(2+) L
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N



“When I go forward, I go alone. If your name’s not Winchester, you wait here.”

Character Background

By the time I was of age, the War had been going on for some time. My father and I discussed it at length and I understood what I had to do. I would have preferred to join the fray earlier to get in a few licks at the Hun, but instead I had to wait it out in the rear. I don’t mean to say I hoped the war would go on; it was a beastly affair and we’re all glad the bloody Kaiser got what was coming to him. Still and all, I would have jumped at the chance to fight it out with the Germans.

As it was, I never got near the front. The British Army decided I’d be a cracking fit for a battalion in India so I went off to join a brigade dealing with the natives. No fuss to be made about it really. The Indians were a nice lot, and the food was jolly good.

I hadn’t signed on just for a full belly, though. I could have stayed home for crumpets and tea if that was all I wanted. So I called in a few favors for a transfer to the 6th Battalion of the King’s African Rifles, and that made all the difference. Not that I saw much action there, but part of the division’s work was keeping a lookout for poachers. The hunting trade was something I’d never run across before.

I’m not talking about foxes and that codswallop. This was real hunting. I got some action in on the side but I soon found myself posted back at an administrative position, having risen in rank too quickly. Well, I don’t have to tell you that peacetime soldiering is a tedious business, so that was that. With good wishes to my mates, I packed up my bag and left the service for the savannah.

Kenya, Tanzania, Zimbabwe, Burma, Malaysia, and New Guinea—I’ve seen them all. This Winchester and I have taken down lions, boars, hyenas, and charging rhinos; you can be certain we came through it better than they did. I’ve hunted for ivory, trophies, pelts, and for my continued survival. Out on the savannah, you have to make friends with the natives if you fancy keeping your head through the night. My hunting prowess, and willingness to give away the lion’s share of the meat, has saved my neck on more than one occasion.

I now have quite the reputation. It’s well deserved, if I do say so myself. My trophy room back in England is near to bursting, even after I donated those specimens to the club. I’ve hunted with everyone from Kings to mercenaries, and I’ve discovered that titles don’t mean a thing out here. That Burmese tiger isn’t going to stop to ask your rank or what prep school you went to. Your coat of arms won’t give him indigestion going down. Here in the bush you survive by your wits, your skill, and your nerve. Stand tall, face the enemy, and do what you have to. You’re going to take his head or he’s going to take yours. It’s time to find out what you’re made of, chap.

Roleplaying

You’ve known hunting is the only life for you since the moment you faced down your first predator. Years in the bush and the jungle have honed your skills and instincts to a razor’s edge, making you one of the finest hunters in the world. You’ve partnered with native tribesmen on four continents to learn their tricks, even living alongside them for a time. There’s almost nothing you won’t do to refine yourself as a hunter.

Being the best has its downside. The usual beasts succumb too easily now. You’ve become so adept that even lions don’t offer the thrill they once did. You started hunting big game and have become a master at killing rhinos and elephants.

When you heard the story of the Hollow Earth, it reminded you of legends told by native tribes in different parts of the world: stories about a cave or opening into the earth that leads to another world where fantastic creatures still live. You always thought it was just a myth—another bit of folklore that superstitious primitives still believe—but maybe there’s something to it.

If it’s true, you might find the challenge you’re looking for, and prove to the world that you’re the greatest hunter alive.

Dying Moneyman

Archetype: Moneyman Motivation: Survival

Style: 3 Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2 Charisma: 3
 Dexterity: 2 Intelligence: 3
 Strength: 2 Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 5
 Move: 4 Defense: 4
 Perception: 6 Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Bureaucracy	3	4	7	(3+)
Business			8	(4)
Diplomacy	3	2	5	(2+)
Negotiation			6	(3)
Firearms	2	3	5	(2+)
Pistols			6	(3)
Gambling	3	2	5	(2+)
Poker			6	(3)

Talents

None

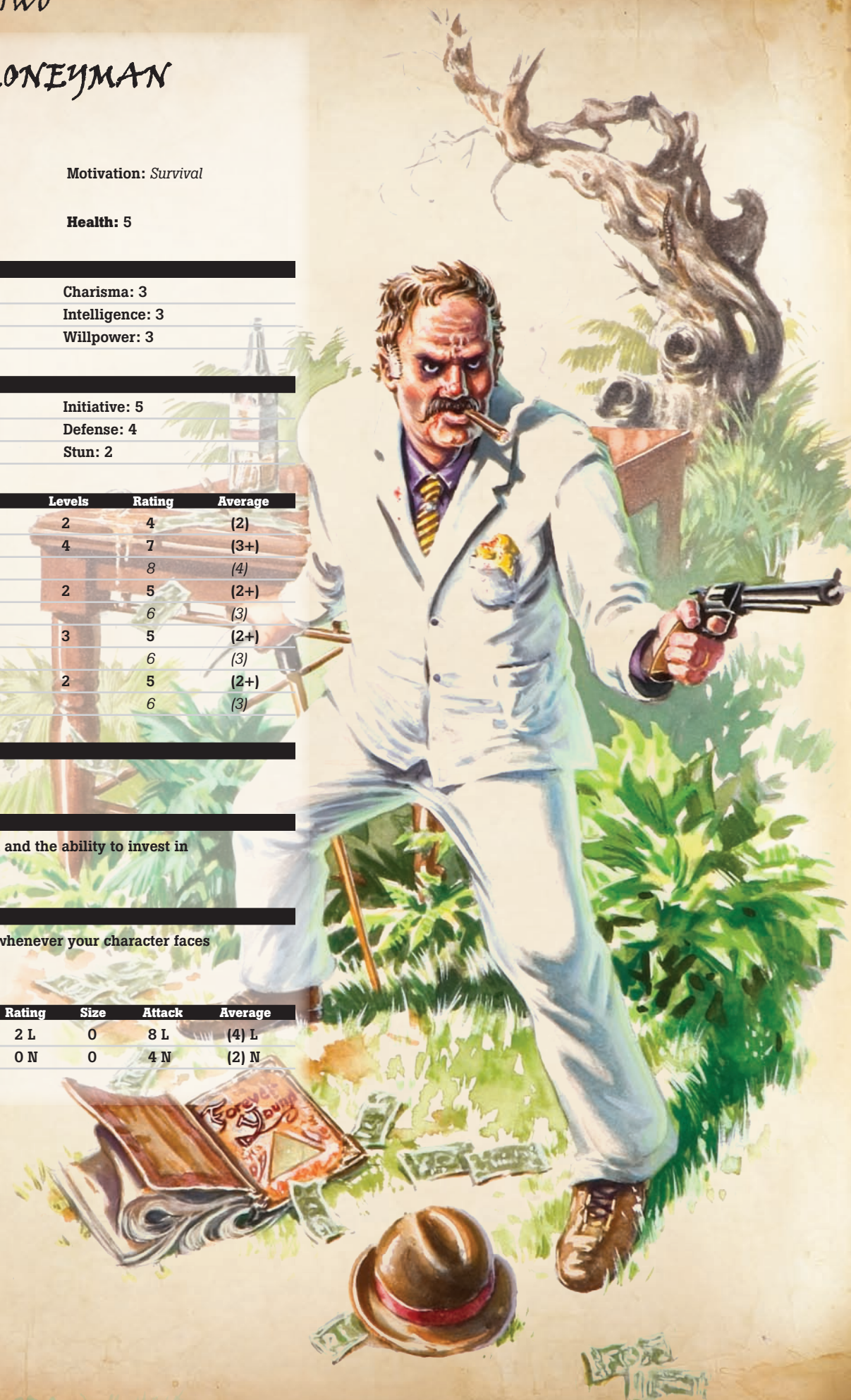
Resources

Wealth 2 (\$500/month and the ability to invest in another Resource)

Flaw

Dying (+1 Style point whenever your character faces his mortality)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
.38 special	2 L	0	8 L	(4) L
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N



“What do you mean the natives aren’t interested in cash? Would they prefer a check?”

Character Background

It seems like a waste of time, me telling you all of this. You could go read the financial pages and get most of it, or just wait for my obituary. If things don’t work out, it won’t be long in coming.

My story would be more compelling if I had been born to impoverished farmers or factory workers, but that’s not how it happened. Although my grandfather was a poor man (he stepped off the boat from the Old Country with barely a cent) and never achieved success, his tireless determination taught my father everything he needed to know.

My father—God rest his soul—founded our company and made it great. By the time I took the reins, our dominance of the industry was almost assured. Our products were better made, less expensive, and easier to find than the competitors’. It didn’t hurt that I managed to buy most of our suppliers: I was trying to insure a steady supply of raw goods. Our customers want us to meet their needs, and I intend for my company to rise to the challenge!

After all, where would America be today if companies didn’t have the freedom and determination to go out and secure materials to meet the demands of the market? Fortunately, I’m good friends with most of the Senators on the Commerce Committee; I was able to help them understand how a secure pipeline for goods helps keep the American economy healthy, and their constituents happy.

Just when my company was on top, just when things should have been at their best—God pulled the rug out from under me, the wily old bastard. I still felt like a million bucks when the doctors told me. I didn’t believe their prognosis, but the third, fourth, and fifth opinions made it tough to deny.

My wealth has gotten me out of more than one tight spot, so I tried to buy my way out of this mess. I founded a charitable research center and hired a bunch of scientists and doctors to put their heads together, but they’ve failed me. Not one of those world-renowned scientists has come up with a single thing to help.

Not too long ago, I started feeling it. I get tired easily. I picked up a cough that just won’t go away. And the pain: I’m taking all kinds of pills for it, but I still hurt. I’m at the end of my rope. Maybe that’s why I’m willing to take a chance on this. Or maybe I’m just going crazy. It could be that my brain is rotting too. But if this map is correct, then what’s at the other end may be the only thing in this world that can save me. If money will buy me a cure, I have my wallet in hand.

Roleplaying

You’ve been at the helm of one of the biggest companies in America for years. Your father taught you to work hard, play hard, and never give a competitor a break. You’ve used your skill and determination to stay on top and crush anyone who got in your way, but your own body has turned out to be the one enemy that can take you down.

The disease has a name but it’s long and complicated, and it doesn’t matter anyway. The important part is that you die at the end, and that’s not far off. So you did what any dying wealthy industrialist would do: you started grasping at straws. You know this “Fountain of Youth” map is probably a fake, but you literally have nothing to lose. If you have to fund the expedition yourself, you will. If the rest of the crew thinks you’re a crackpot, they’re being well-paid to keep it to themselves.

FIELD BIOLOGIST

Archetype: *Scientist*

Motivation: *Truth*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 3
 Dexterity: 2
 Strength: 3
 Charisma: 2 (3)*
 Intelligence: 3
 Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0
 Move: 5
 Perception: 5
 Initiative: 5
 Defense: 5
 Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Animal Handling	3*	3	6	(3)
Athletics	3	3	6	(3)
Empathy	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Body Language</i>			6	(3)
Medicine	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Veterinary</i>			6	(3)
Biology	3	5	8	(4)
Survival	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Tracking</i>			6	(3)

Talents

*Animal Affinity 1 (+1 Charisma rating when dealing with animals)

Resources

None

Flaw

Shy (+1 Style point whenever your character refuses to assert himself)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Winchester rifle	3 L	0	3 L	(1+) L
Knife	1 L	0	2 L	(1) L
Punch	0 N	0	1 N	(0+) N



“Well, sure, the Archelon is a turtle, but it’s a fifteen-foot carnivorous turtle, so I wouldn’t put my hand in there if I were you.”

Character Background

Taking care of me as a kid had to be hard on MaDear. You’d probably have to go a ways to find a woman better at treating stings, snakebites, animal scratches, and things like that. I really put her through it, I’ll tell you. I don’t remember a time when I didn’t chase critters out in the woods behind our old house.

My dad was a foreman on a farm, so we had a little place out in the back of one of the fields, and past that was just wilds and marsh. That land was no good for farming, but it was heaven on earth for a little boy who loves critters.

I used to keep specimens in jars or make collections of insects and figure out how to classify them. I had my own crazy taxonomy system. Some things I couldn’t catch, but I’d wait for hours, real still, just to get a good look at ‘em. Then I’d draw them in my journal. It was a sort of scorecard for me, and I did my best to hunt up names and information about all of the animals I collected there.

Of course, a lot of animals don’t take kindly to being snuck up on, and that’s why MaDear got so good at taking care of my scrapes. I got stung by insects, sprayed by skunks, stuck by porcupines, clawed by rodents, and pecked by birds. I even got into a tussle with a coyote once, which was no picnic, let me tell you. My father had given me a knife for my twelfth birthday just the week before, and it made that coyote think twice about whether I’d make good eats. I still have a scar from that one; it reminds me that nature asks us to respect her, and if we don’t—she’ll give us a reminder.

Reading books about animals and insects and fish was the next best thing to chasing after them; when I couldn’t be out getting my shoes muddy, reading’s what I did. By the time I got to high school, I knew more about animals than the teachers did!

There was never any doubt in my mind that I wanted to be a biologist, so I headed off to Howard University with that goal. I just kept plugging away at what I was good at and picked up a degree, then a masters, then a doctorate—all for chasing animals around the wilderness and trying to figure out what makes them tick. I would have done that anyway, so all in all it was a darn good deal for me.

I was extremely excited when I heard about the specimens that came back from the first expedition. Every biologist dreams about the chance to study something new, to find species nobody’s ever had the chance to observe before. You can imagine my disappointment when it came out that all the original samples had been destroyed and no evidence remained to prove the claims about the “Hollow Earth.”

Some people say that it’s a hoax but for what it’s worth, I think there’s a grain of truth in it. We may not find exactly what we’re looking for, but any trip into the sort of unexplored areas we’re heading for is bound to net some close-up encounters with the critters that live there. In my book, that’s enough to make the trip worthwhile. And if we find something more exotic or incredible, that’ll be icing on the cake.

Roleplaying

You’ve never met an animal you didn’t want to study. Any sort of living creature is fascinating to you, and if you can really lay your eyes on creatures that have been extinct for millions of years, it will be the greatest thrill yet. You have a tremendous respect for nature and her critters.

You’ve made some groundbreaking discoveries about several species, and are respected for your knowledge, but you’re not interested in most of the jobs you get offered. Fieldwork has always been your passion, and although you have the books memorized, you’d never be happy working in a laboratory or classroom. Fortunately, you have been able to make your way on research grants from the Smithsonian, major zoos, and other respected institutions.

FORTUNE HUNTER

Archetype: *Adventurer*

Motivation: *Greed*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 3 Charisma: 2
 Dexterity: 3 Intelligence: 3
 Strength: 2 Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 6
 Move: 5 Defense: 6
 Perception: 5 Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Athletics	2	4	6	(3)
Brawl	2	2	4	(2)
Firearms	3	4	7	(3+)
<i>Shotguns</i>			8	(4)
Larceny	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Security</i>			6	(3)
Linguistics	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Deciphering</i>			6	(3)
Melee	2	2	4	(2)
Streetwise	2	2	4	(2)

Talents

Lucky 1 (+2 bonus to any one dice roll per game session)

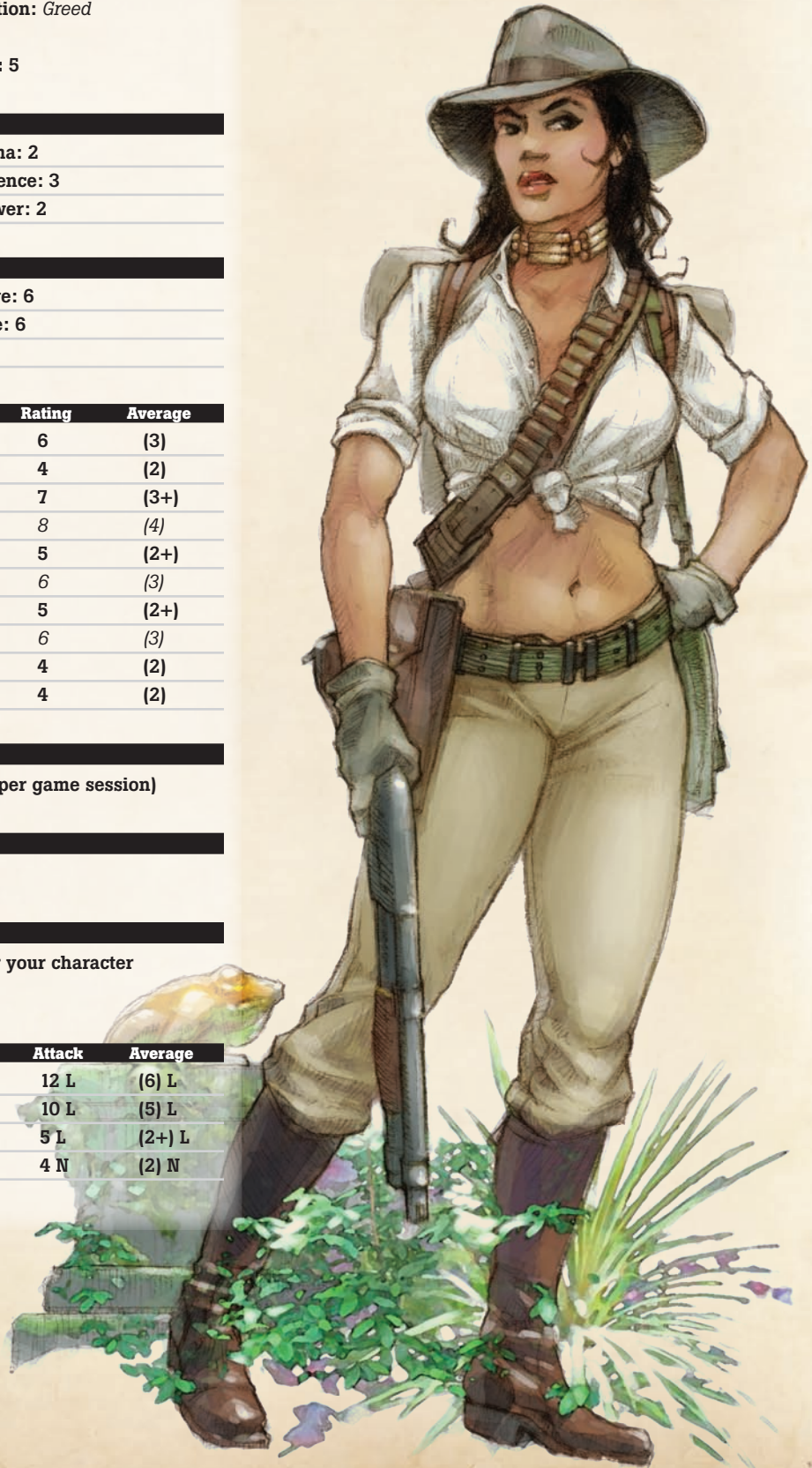
Resources

None

Flaw

Thrill-Seeker (+1 Style point whenever your character needlessly puts herself in danger)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Winchester shotgun	4 L	0	12 L	(6) L
Colt M1911 pistol	3 L	0	10 L	(5) L
Knife	1 L	0	5 L	(2+) L
Punch	0 N	0	4 N	(2) N



“This looks like a Toltec dialect. Rich bastards, the Toltecs.”

Character Background

I was raised on the Kiowa reservation in Oklahoma. They say it’s our land, but the school was run by the government—pretty much just to make sure we learned English and not some “savage” tongue nobody else would understand. I guess it didn’t bother me much since I had a real thing for languages from early on. English was just the beginning for me. I’d borrow books in whatever language I could get a hold of, and try to figure out how to read them.

I worked on the reservation ‘til I was old enough to stick out my thumb on the highway and lie to the driver about meeting my mom in the next town up the road. From there I hit the rails, piggybacked on trucks, and stowed away on ships and planes: just about any way you can think of to get from place to place. People would ask me why I kept moving, kept pushing. What did I want? It’s simple, really. All I want is... more.

More money. More fun. More adventure. More knowledge. It’s kind of a curse I guess. I mean, when would I be satisfied? I didn’t know. I still don’t know. But I do know one thing: I ain’t got enough more yet.

In Mexico I hooked up with a fellow who liked to “collect things.” He said he was a Doctor of something, but he was always kind of slippery about what. Didn’t matter to me. I just liked the tricks he could teach me. I learned about the Inca, the Maya, and the Aztecs, first hand. You’d be surprised how much you can learn about someone from going through their stuff, even if it’s been laying around for a thousand years.

I found new challenges in Europe, and my first jobs as well. I learned pretty fast that the world of relics isn’t driven by scholarship. The first coins were minted almost 3,000 years ago and they’re worth a bundle today. Museums want the best stuff to draw crowds and donations, and private collectors will pay top dollar to stroke their egos with unique artifacts that none of their friends have.

I didn’t have to work at staying in shape or keeping sharp. Life was never easy enough to get soft. But I did find a way to make a living, and I’ve never looked back. Some people look down on what I do, but without me, most of those relics would be sitting in the ground or bricked up in some tomb where nobody would ever get to appreciate or study them. I provide a valuable service, under dangerous circumstances, and I get paid well for it. I call that a fair deal.

Roleplaying

You’re a daredevil and a thrill seeker, always ready for action. You’ve got guts and a driving need to grab the biggest score, whether it’s the Book of the Dead, Aztec Gold, or the Ark of the Covenant. You’re no thief, but sometimes the laws about transporting artifacts can be downright difficult to deal with, and you didn’t spend fifteen months in some stinking jungle just to fork over your spoils to a customs clerk.

Uptight archaeologists give you a hard time about your mercenary methods, but some of your steady customers are the world’s biggest museums. Institutions that want the best artifacts can’t be too choosy about how they get them, and you have a reputation for delivering the goods. But whether you’re working for a reputable museum or a wealthy private collector, you always get paid a premium.

When you heard about this Hollow Earth business you thought it was crazy at first, but one look at the drawings changed your mind. If those sketches are what you think they are, there could be more treasure down there than the richest ruins you’ve ever seen. This time you won’t be handing the millions to a client. This time you won’t be dealing with export laws or accusations of stealing national treasures. All that loot is up for grabs, and you aim to grab plenty.

IMPERILED ACTRESS

Archetype: *Celebrity*

Motivation: *Escape*

Style: 3

Health: 4

Primary Attributes

Body: 2 Charisma: 4 (5)*
 Dexterity: 3 Intelligence: 2
 Strength: 2 Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 5
 Move: 5 Defense: 5
 Perception: 4 Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Acrobatics	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Tumbling</i>			6	(3)
Con	5*	1	6	(3)
Diplomacy	5*	1	6	(3)
Empathy	2	4	6	(3)
Performance	5*	2	7	(3+)
<i>Acting</i>			8	(4)
Stealth	3	3	6	(3)
Streetwise	5*	1	6	(3)

Talents

*Attractive 1 (+1 Charisma rating when dealing with people)

Resources

Fame 1 (+2 social bonus when recognized)

Flaw

Danger Magnet (+1 Style point whenever your character attracts trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



“They don’t look that dangerous. I think they just want my autograph.”

Character Background

I’ve got nine brothers and sisters, so when I wanted to stand out, it wasn’t exactly easy. I got pretty good at finding ways to get noticed. By the time I was old enough to start acting, I knew it was for me, but I never got the good parts in school. I was almost ready to quit acting, when one summer everything changed.

When I went back to school, I had a figure. Suddenly it wasn’t so tough to get boys to notice me. Suddenly the good parts came a lot easier. It was like magic.

I got my confidence back and decided to go to New York after graduation. After moving in with a friend who had been there for a year, I started with small productions before getting my first big break. And I really mean it when I say break. I was the understudy for Lilly Desario in *The Big Fish*, and on the way into the theater for the first show, I got run over by a concession cart and broke my leg.

Well, as it happened, there was a Director in the lobby. He was about to start production on a film about patients at a hospital, and he needed a girl in a cast for the cast. So I was cast, for my cast! Right after that, Megaversal Studios put me under contract and I moved to Hollywood. At first I had a little hole of an apartment and I survived by charming gents into buying me meals at the commissary between shoots. It was awful, but I had a contract, and that was better than most girls.

I did two films right away: *A Lady Called Monday* with Hugh Castle, and *The Lightning of Kings* with Grant Losson. Grant was wonderful, but he hated that Pharaoh headpiece. It was heavy and it made his neck hurt terribly. He complained all the time. Monday I don’t think anyone remembers, but Kings of course was huge, and really did well. Julie Mann got the Oscar for playing the queen, but everyone remembered me as the slave girl. My character didn’t even have a name—and barely had any clothes—but it made Megaversal sit up and take notice.

Because I’d been memorable in Kings, the first few films I did were these history pieces, where I’d play a concubine, or a damsel in distress, or a slave girl. Finally I got my big chance when Howard Crane gave me a role in *The Savage Jungle*. It was going to be this great film about discovering a strange new land filled with monsters or something. We were going to shoot on location and I was going to get to wear this fetching outfit, with these wonderful boots and helmet! But we never got to Singapore. Our ship got blown of course or something and we ended up here. I’m all for getting into a part, but this is a little too real for me. I can’t wait until we get rescued.

Roleplaying

You’re a rising star in Hollywood now, a blonde bombshell with a few popular movies to your credit, and you desperately want to make the jump to *Leading Lady*. The Studio keeps throwing slave girl parts at you, though, and it’s getting frustrating. If your career is ever going to take off, you’ve got to take some chances and do something really different. That’s why you took that crazy director’s offer to head out to a remote jungle for a location shoot.

The one thing about your life that baffles you is the way bad things frequently happen when you’re around. In films you may be charmed, but in other places disaster seems to follow you. Criminals seem much more likely to rob banks while you are making a deposit. Elephants escape when you visit the zoo.

INTREPID REPORTER

Archetype: Reporter

Motivation: Truth

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2
 Charisma: 2
 Dexterity: 3
 Intelligence: 3
 Strength: 2
 Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0
 Initiative: 6
 Move: 5
 Defense: 5
 Perception: 6
 Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Con	2	3	5	(2+)
Fast Talk			6	(3)
Firearms	3	1	4	(2)
Investigation	3	2	5	(3+)
Interview			6	(4)
Larceny	3	3	6	(3)
Streetwise	2	3	5	(2+)
Rumors			6	(3)
Writing	3	5	8	(4)

Talents

None

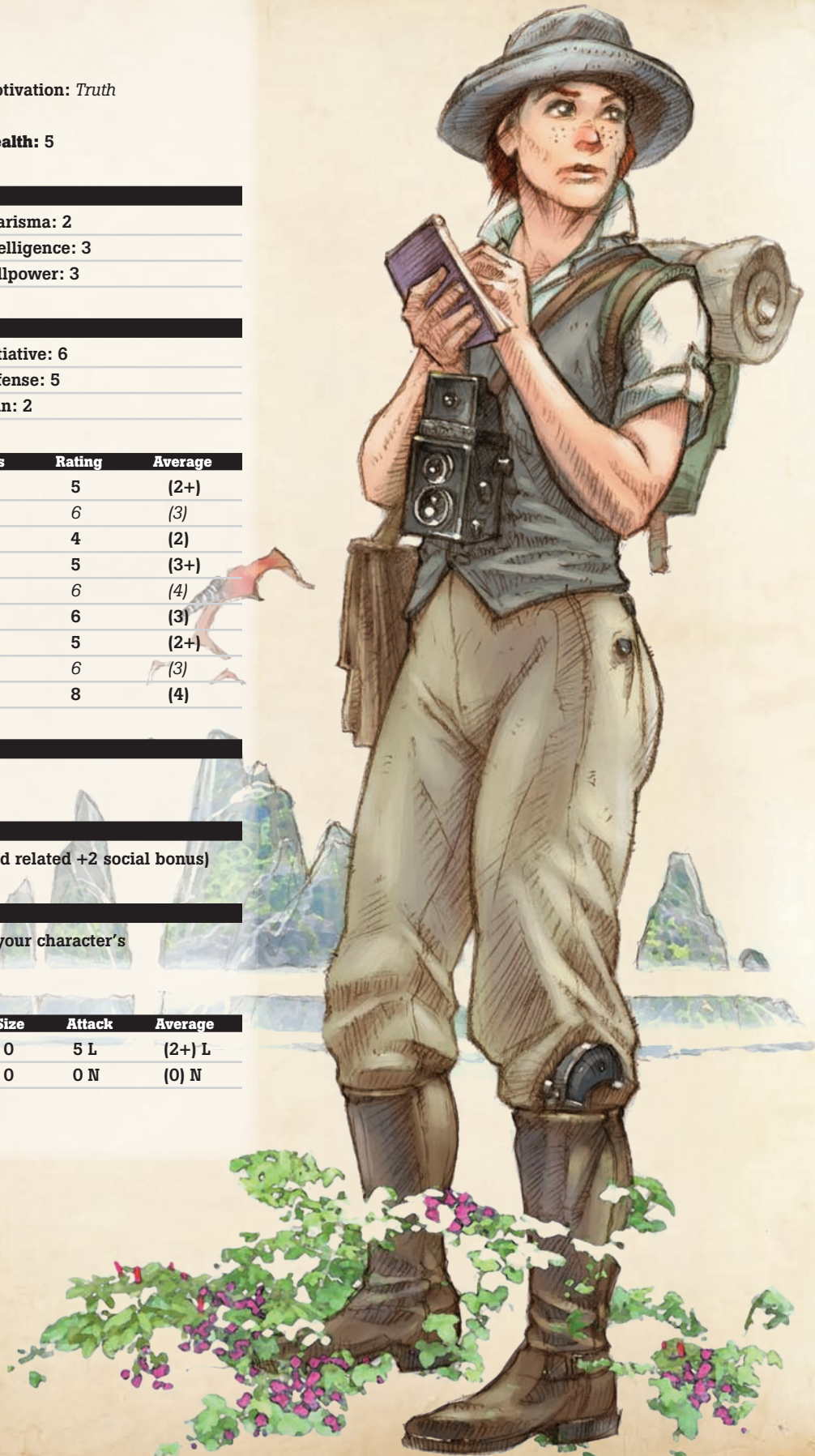
Resources

Status 1 (Reporter: \$150/month and related +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Curious (+1 Style point whenever your character's curiosity gets her into trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Double derringer	1 L	0	5 L	(2+) L
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



“If this keeps up, I’m going to run out of synonyms for giant.”

Character Background

I’ve always had a lot to say, but I discovered at an early age that people just don’t pay attention when girls speak. So I started writing in school and won several awards for my work. I knew then that I wanted to devote myself to writing; I could say important things and be taken seriously. I was determined to become a journalist and publish everything that people should know about.

The University of Illinois accepted me and even gave me a journalism scholarship. My living expenses were covered by a trust fund from my father. It wasn’t a lot, but it let me concentrate on my studies instead of finding a husband. Even so, I did meet someone. We were engaged until he told me he expected me to be a housewife. I really did love him, but I couldn’t face myself in the mirror if I didn’t follow my dream. I don’t think either of us ever really got over it, but I know it was the right decision.

After graduation, I got a job working for the Tribune. I wasn’t a reporter, of course. I mainly typed copy for the men, but sometimes I’d correct errors or even punch up the style. Those boobs could knock back whiskey in the bar across the street from the Trib, but they couldn’t spell to save their lives. And style—they just didn’t have any. It got to the point where they’d come ask me to fix things up before submitting them. “Just make sure it reads right, toots,” they’d say.

I guess word got back to the Chief because he came around one day and told me to knock it off. A week later he came back and told me he never knew he had such lousy writers until I stopped doing their jobs for them; he promoted me on the spot. It’s a lucky break that I don’t aim to blow.

The juicy stories still go to the men, of course. But I’ve been on the lookout for something big and I think this crazy professor could be just the thing. He claims to know the way to the Hollow Earth and that there are wonders to behold there. If anything this guy says is the truth, then the public has the right to know what’s in there.

Roleplaying

You’re a woman working in a man’s world. You know you’re good, but you also know that you’ve got to work ten times harder than anyone else if you’re ever going to get a story you can sink your teeth into. You’ve got a fire in your belly to find out what’s really going on so you can report it to the whole world. You’re willing to use charm or bluster or subterfuge to get at the heart of a story, and you won’t take no for an answer. When you’re not grilling someone intently, you’re doing research or trying to piece together some puzzle in your head. You’ve never heard that curiosity killed the cat; you’ll investigate every lead and never give up.

When you heard about the expedition, you would have done just about anything to go. Luckily, all those old fogeys at the Tribune were too jaded and skeptical to take the risk. You don’t understand everything the professor says, but you’re reading all the books he brought so you can get the facts straight and spell “Jurassic” correctly when you uncover the story of the year—or the decade!

JUNGLE MISSIONARY

Archetype: *Missionary*

Motivation: *Faith*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 3 Charisma: 3
 Dexterity: 2 Intelligence: 3
 Strength: 2 Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 5
 Move: 4 Defense: 5
 Perception: 5 Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Diplomacy	3	3	6	(3)
Empathy	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Emotions</i>			6	(3)
Linguistics	3	3	6	(3)
Medicine	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>First Aid</i>			6	(3)
Religion	3	5	8	(4)
Survival	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Foraging</i>			6	(3)

Talents

None

Resources

Rank 1 (Jesuit Priest)

Flaw

Pacifist (+1 Style point whenever your character prevents bloodshed)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



“If God had brought us here to cast those reptiles out of his Garden, he would have given us more bullets.”

Character Background

I was seventeen when I first heard God call me. Prior to that, my father didn't understand why I was so much trouble. I had been educated, given nice clothes, and a roof over my head, but still I spent my time on the street in the company of boys he did not approve of. I was always in trouble with the police.

I was unhappy with my life, missing something I could not name. I sought meaning in violence, drink, and crime. I had no regard for others; I had no respect for myself. I lied to those who tried to help me. I stole from those who would have given to me if I had asked. I was a sinner, my friends.

One day some other boys and I decided to rob an old man's shop. We thought we'd steal a few things, and that it would be exciting and we'd get away. The old man didn't think it was as fun. He shot me, in my chest.

They called for my father when I got to the hospital, but I could tell from the doctors' faces that they were writing me off. I was a criminal, and not worth saving. I wept, and there I was, crying, when my father arrived. My father was a huge man. He was strong, and not someone you wanted angry with you. I had never seen him afraid, but when he saw me on that table, he was terrified.

The doctors told him I was not going to live, but he refused to accept it. He simply blazed with anger. He was wrath itself, brought down to Earth with the fury of God's own thunder, and he could not be denied. Those doctors got back to work on me.

My father's love for me, in spite of everything I had done, in spite of the pain I had caused him and the lies I had told him...it made me understand love. As I lay on the table, I felt infused with love, and I understood what it was for the first time: the love of God. My father had allowed me to open my heart to the love of our Heavenly Father, and through it I was redeemed.

It was truly a miracle that I survived, and I did not intend to take my life for granted. I enrolled in Seminary, learned about our Lord, and dedicated myself to spreading His Word. I have traveled to remote regions to build schools and churches, to help native people understand the salvation that God offers to them if they wish to learn about it. No matter how remote they may be, there is no person who is more closed to the word of God than I was before my eyes were opened.

Now it seems God may have a new task for me. These maps are more than they seem. If my hunch is correct, they are copies of even more ancient scrolls that were lost thousands of years ago. They may not point the way to the treasure trove you're seeking, but the reward at the end is far greater than you can imagine. This path may lead us back to the very Garden of Eden.

Roleplaying

Your faith in God is strong, as is your faith in His people. You are always hoping to bring His word to someone who needs to hear it, even if they don't want to listen at first. You've helped native tribesmen come to understand His love for them, and converted Chieftains so savage that nobody expected you to come back alive.

Your misspent youth has given you the tools to understand sinners and to speak to them in a way they can understand. Your experience with God is something you want to share, and nothing gives you more pleasure than helping the lost find their way to the Lord.

While you joined the expedition hoping to convert the natives of an exotic land, your insight may also be needed to guide your companions toward the right decisions. The people in most dire need of salvation may not be as far away as you first thought.

With faith, you can go any distance.

LOST TRAVELER

Archetype: *Survivor*

Motivation: *Survival*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 3 Charisma: 2
 Dexterity: 3 Intelligence: 2
 Strength: 3 Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 5
 Move: 6 Defense: 6
 Perception: 6 Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Athletics	3	3	6	(3)
<i>Throwing</i>			7	(3+)
Brawl	3	3	6	(6)
Bureaucracy	2	2	4	(2)
Melee	3	3	6	(3)
<i>Spears</i>			7	(3+)
Stealth	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Sneaking</i>			6	(3)
Survival	2	4	6	(3)

Talents

Alertness (+2 Perception rating)

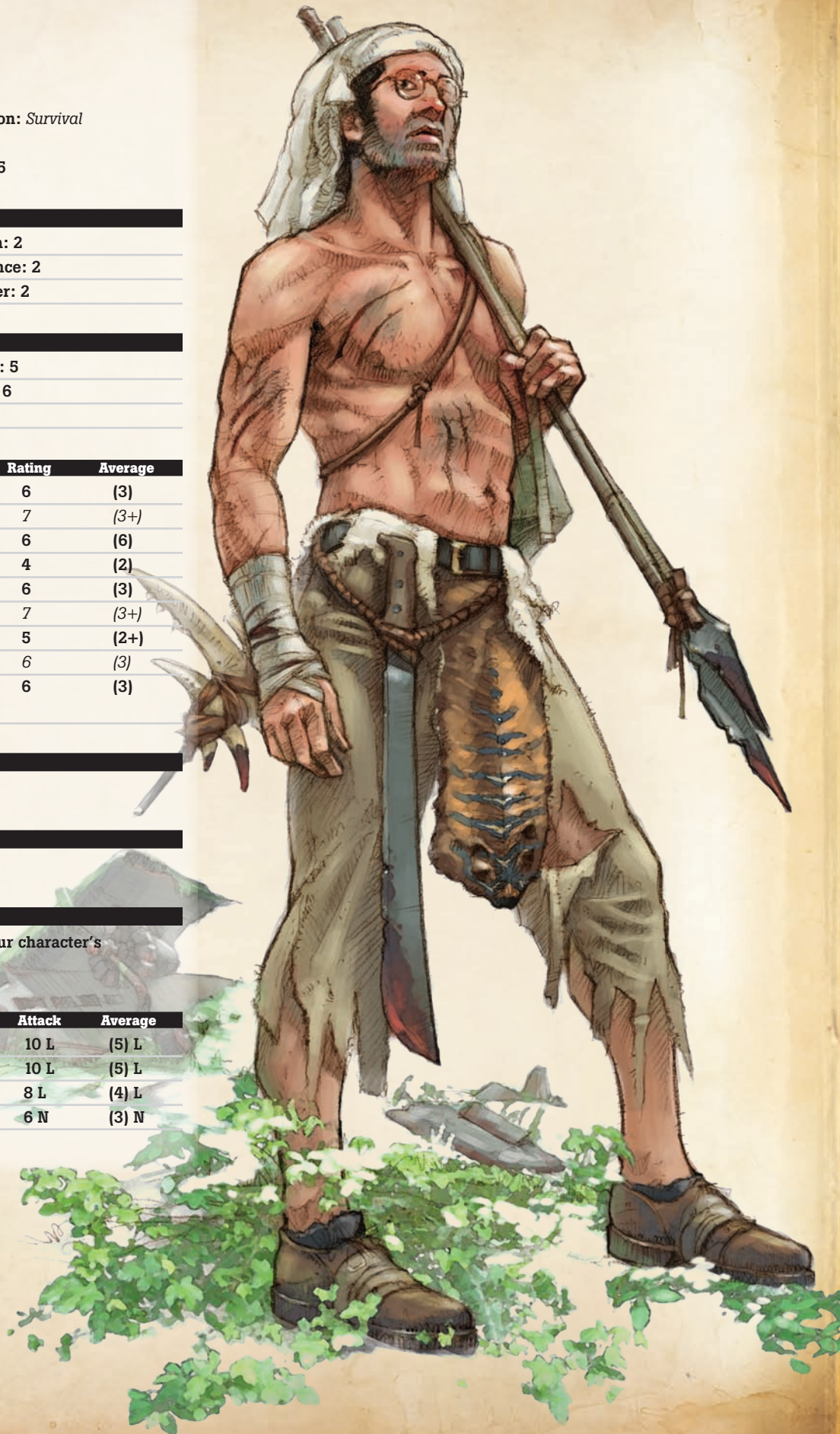
Resources

None

Flaw

Poor Vision (+1 Style point whenever your character's poor vision causes him trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Spear	3 L	0	10 L	(5) L
Spear (thrown)	3 L	0	10 L	(5) L
Machete	2 L	0	8 L	(4) L
Punch	0 N	0	6 N	(3) N



"The natives are not your friends. They ate the copilot."

Character Background

I don't know what caused the crash. The pilot said something about his compass acting strangely, and there were these odd lights outside the window. I was amazed to see the Aurora Borealis. I had read about them before, but whoever heard of a sighting this far south?

I don't remember the landing, but I do remember waking up. Something about a herd of stampeding dinosaurs really gives you a pick-me-up, if you know what I mean. I don't know how I got out of that. I just ran. Pretty soon I found some other survivors and we tried to figure out what happened, where we were, and how to get out. But it was no use.

We were able to salvage a few things from the plane, but the necessities of life soon became a major concern. I'd never killed an animal before, and I honestly think I was still in denial, figuring we'd just walk a while and find a highway where we could hitch a ride. Fat chance.

One of the men, a Brit, said he'd been hunting plenty of times, so he gave it a go, but I guess he didn't count on momma dino coming home quite so early. He was the first one we lost. We did manage to find some fruits and vegetables—damn huge ones around here, if you didn't notice—and we figured out a way to steal eggs from those big bird things.

The food didn't really matter, though. This place is one huge death trap. People in the group started dropping like flies. One of them stepped on a man-eating vine, another fell down one of those lava tubes, and Big Charlie ate one guy. That's what we took to calling the T-Rex. I don't remember why now. Others fell off a cliff, some got stung by one of those giant flying beetles, and a few tried to eat the blue things that look like pears... oh, don't eat those, by the way. They'll try to eat you back. And if the giant beetles sting you, find the plants with the triangular yellow flowers and rub the leaves all over the sting. It'll leave a scar like this one, but at least you won't die.

I made this spear from a piece of the fuselage and one of the struts, with wiring to wrap the tip in place. The plant-eaters have tough skin so they can ward off the clawed predators, but they're not as dangerous as hunting the carnivorous stuff, as long as you can punch a hole in their hide. With my spear, I've been lucky enough to take down a few of them.

I don't know what to say, really. It's been so long since I had anyone to talk to. I'm really glad to see you but it's sad because...I know you're all going to die.

Roleplaying

If you had bet who would be the last to survive, you wouldn't have picked yourself. Whether through fate or guts, you're the last one left. Everyone else is dead, killed by this Godforsaken place. Watching them all perish has made you a little bit crazy, half with loneliness and half with guilt.

But by being clever and staying one step ahead, you've managed to make it. Watching the animals has taught you a great deal, and you've become very good at staying out of the way of the things that can eat you. Blood doesn't bother you any more. Plunging your hands into a steaming carcass to get the good cuts would have made you sick once upon a time, but this is no fairy tale.

You've forgotten the comforts of civilization, and the arrival of these people with flasks of brandy and aromatic cigars is a tremendous shock. You might be imagining the whole thing, actually. Especially the blonde.

MAD SCIENTIST

Archetype: *Scientist*

Motivation: *Power*

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2 Charisma: 2
 Dexterity: 2 Intelligence: 4
 Strength: 2 Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 6
 Move: 4 Defense: 4
 Perception: 5 Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Demolitions	4	1	5	(2+)
<i>Improvised</i>			6	(3)
Drilling Machine	2	2	4	(2)
Engineering	4	4	8	(4)
Firearms	2	2	4	(2)
Gunnery	4	1	5	(2+)
<i>Rockets</i>			6	(3)
Mechanics	4	4	8	(4)

Talents

None

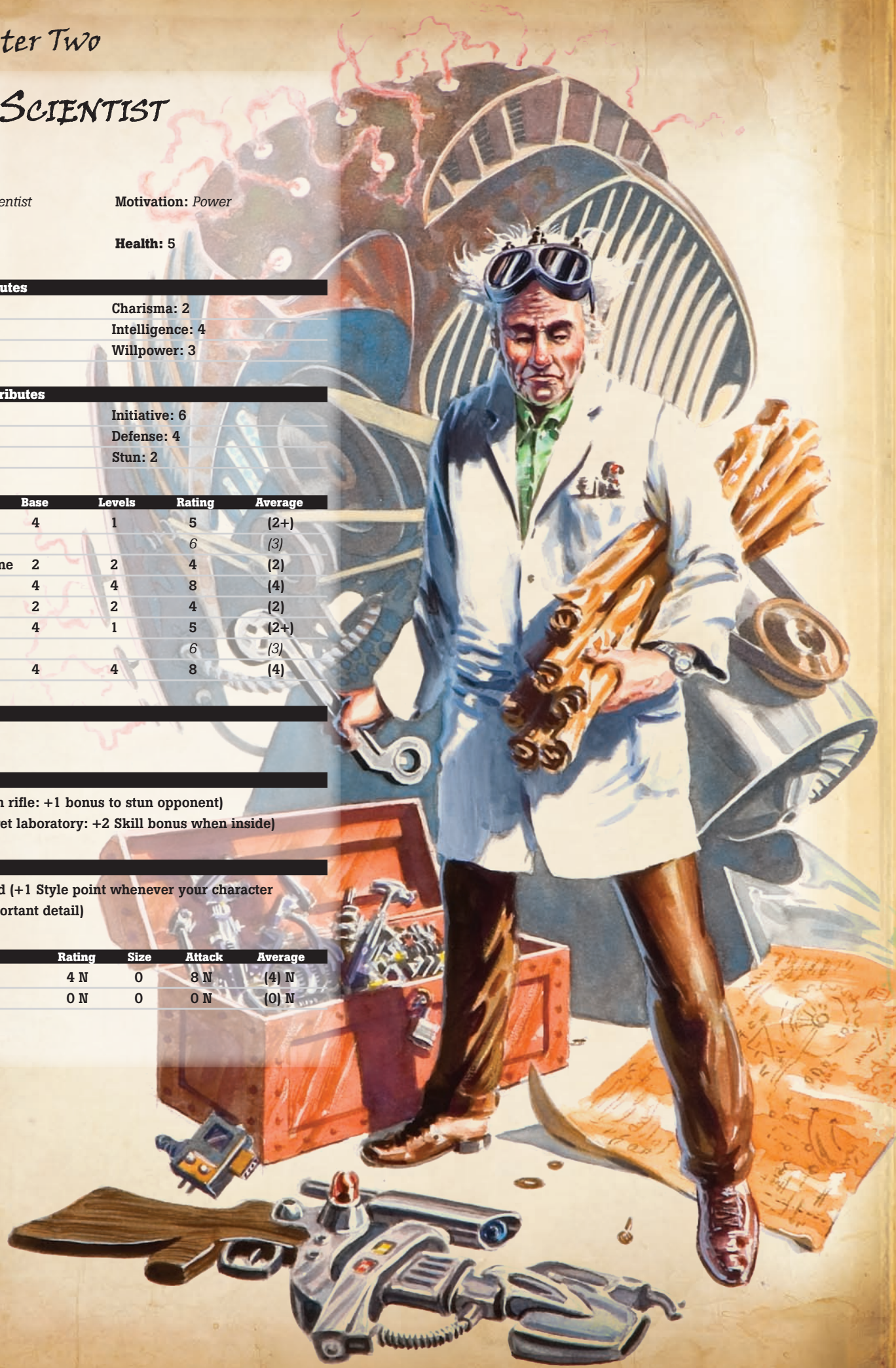
Resources

Artifact 1 (Stun rifle: +1 bonus to stun opponent)
 Refuge 1 (Secret laboratory: +2 Skill bonus when inside)

Flaw

Absent-minded (+1 Style point whenever your character forgets an important detail)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Stun rifle	4 N	0	8 N	(4) N
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



"I almost forgot—never cross the streams."

Character Background

Goodness me! Where to start, where to start? I suppose the beginning would be the proper place, wouldn't it? I started building things when I was a young boy. My first invention was an automatic cat-scratcher for my tabby, Felinus. He was such a lovely kitty. And a fast healer too. Losing that leg barely slowed him down! I made him a mechanical limb but he was very finicky and never wore it. I think the smell of kerosene fuel bothered him.

I've always had ideas. I just want to help improve things—make life easier—but it doesn't always work out. My mother refused to use the laundering machine I invented for her, but she always did have an irrational fear of fire. That might have had something to do with the freckle-remover ointment, but if the measurements hadn't been off by that one decimal place it would have worked perfectly. A shame, really.

When I look around, I see things other people miss. I ask the questions that other people don't. Would cows make viable artillery? What are the costs of breeding cows versus manufacturing shells? These are the sorts of inquiries that lead to great discoveries!

Admittedly, my inventions have been hit or miss; but on the whole I've done very well for myself. My industrial solvent patent made me a bundle after I repackaged it, and it was never very tasty anyway, so that was a win. With investing and residuals I'm quite comfortable.

My theories won me acclaim and a place at the Institute, but I have never been truly understood by my peers. Half of my work they don't understand, and the other half they disdain. It's very frustrating—almost as frustrating as the construction delays on my aethership project. I admit the initial calculations of aether density between here and Mars were in error; but I compensated those people for the loss of their hair and hopefully that will be the end of it. While that situation was being resolved I turned my attention to Earth.

The automated mining machinery I created inspired me to consider other ways to excavate and find rare elements for my research. No sooner had I begun to think about it than I was struck with the idea of combining the aethership with a drilling device to create a vessel that can travel through the earth as easily as a giant mechanical drilling machine!

The modifications to my design calculations have been simple enough. Once I secure a financial backer, I'll be ready to start building her. She'll be ready for her maiden voyage in no time!

Roleplaying

There is no problem that cannot be handled by the application of science and technology. A new problem might be the result, but then that problem can be resolved by technology. You just have to be diligent and hope the problems run out before your funding does.

Your lab back home is a hodgepodge of half-completed inventions and blackboards covered with dense scientific calculations. Nobody can make heads or tails of them, and that's just the way you like it.

All of this occult poppycock has you a little concerned because a few people seem to believe in it. It's rubbish of course, but it might be interesting to study. What is that "magic" rock made of anyway? It might be a new element. It might be delicious. The possibilities are limitless.

OCCULT INVESTIGATOR

Archetype: Occultist

Motivation: Faith

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2 Charisma: 3
 Dexterity: 3 Intelligence: 3
 Strength: 2 Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 6
 Move: 5 Defense: 5
 Perception: 6 Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Empathy	3	4	7	(3+)
Intuition			8	(4)
Investigation	3	4	7	(3+)
Enigmas			8	(4)
Linguistics	3	3	6	(3)
Philosophy	3	3	6	(3)

Talents

Psychic Sensitivity (Your character can sense psychic phenomena)

Resources

None

Flaw

Superstitious (+1 Style point whenever your character's superstitions cause her hardship)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Nunchucks	2 N	0	2 N	(1) N
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



“What part of ‘Don’t open the magic box’ was unclear to you?”

Character Background

I was born and raised in Hong Kong. That is where I learned to speak English. My father is a wise man who fled to Hong Kong before the revolution and the end of the Manchu dynasty. From him, I have learned about the mysteries of the world.

My father is a purveyor of traditional Chinese goods popular with both the Westerners and our people. I have been translating English for my father since I was 11, and have learned that Westerners buy our products mainly for souvenirs. I always tell them that they are fortunate they need not believe in a talisman to be protected from evil spirits; that a pretty piece of jade will bring good health and wealth to any who wear it; and that wearing our red silk will bring happiness and good luck.

My father tried to teach me not to be concerned about those that don’t believe. But I can not help worrying about all the American and British men with their moustaches. I try to convince them being fashionable is not worth the bad luck, and they simply don’t listen.

I am still just a young woman, but I was born in the year of the Snake and have been blessed with many gifts. I can often see a light around a person that tells if they have good intentions or bad. I can detect lies from truth. I feel a tingle up my spine when I’m near an object of power.

I have been brought here because I possess abilities that will help you find what you seek. The work I have done for my father has included travel to many remote locales to search for rare and valuable relics. I have plunged through the jungles of Peru, crossed the snow of Siberia, and trekked over the deserts of Arabia—anywhere that lost knowledge can be found.

The map you have in your possession will not take you to Atlantis, or the Garden of Eden, or Shangri-La, or whatever you choose to call it. Marks on a paper will take you only to a point; after that you will require more. You will need someone whose sensitivity to the forces in play is strong; someone who knows how to seek and find places of power.

I can not get close enough on my own. You can not finish the journey without me. Together, we can find the most wonderful place in the world.

Roleplaying

You are a soft-spoken, intelligent woman who knows there is much in the world that we don’t understand. You have a passion for seeking out mysterious and powerful objects and places. You want to learn how to use them in a way that will benefit others, and you want to keep those that can be used for evil out of the hands of men would hurt others merely to obtain power.

The Westerners in the party do not have any idea what awaits them and they don’t believe what you tell them, but they do have the money, resources, and equipment to make this journey. You have always felt a force coming from deep under the earth, but you never dreamed you would get to go in search of it. You’ll travel with just about anyone if it will take you there.

Once in the Hollow Earth, you have a list of ancient secrets to search for, all of which you intend to bring back to your father. The others may search for their gold and their diamonds; you have other treasures to find.

RUGGED EXPLORER

Archetype: *Explorer*

Motivation: *Duty*

Style: 3

Health: 6

Primary Attributes

Body: 3 Charisma: 3
 Dexterity: 2 Intelligence: 2
 Strength: 3 Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 Initiative: 4
 Move: 5 Defense: 5
 Perception: 5 Stun: 3

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Athletics	3	3	6	(3)
Brawl	3	3	6	(3)
Firearms	2	4	6	(3)
Intimidation	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Orders</i>			6	(3)
Melee	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Machete</i>			6	(3)
Survival	2	3	5	(2+)
<i>Navigation</i>			6	(3)

Talents

Tough (+1 Body rating/maximum rating)

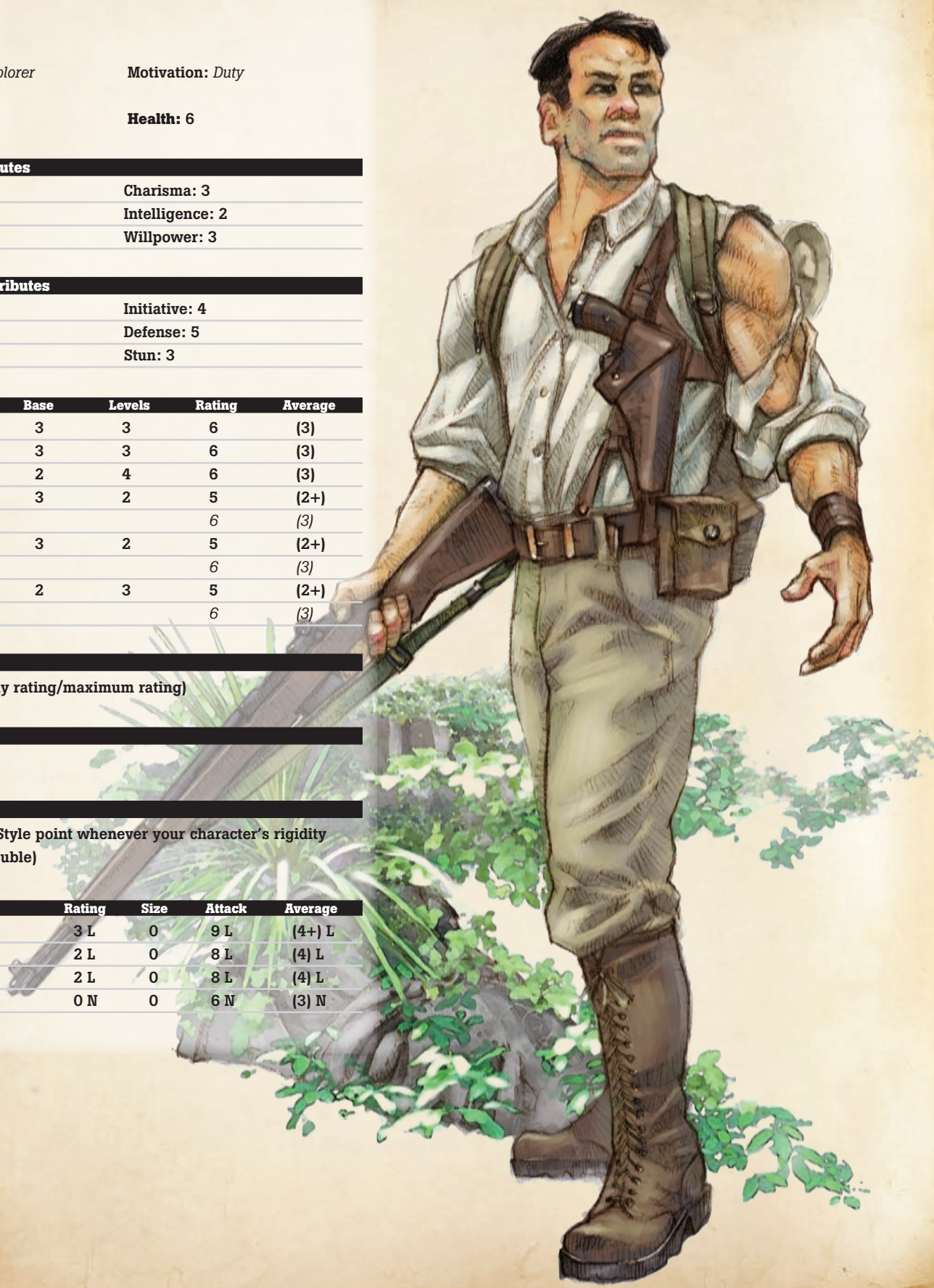
Resources

None

Flaw

Stubborn (+1 Style point whenever your character's rigidity causes him trouble)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
.30-06 rifle	3 L	0	9 L	(4+) L
S&W revolver	2 L	0	8 L	(4) L
Machete	2 L	0	8 L	(4) L
Punch	0 N	0	6 N	(3) N



“Looks like we have to defeat a squad of Germans, climb that sheer cliff, cross the chasm, get past the creature, free our companions, and put the gem back in the statue’s eye. I’ll be right back.”

Character Background

Nebraska might not be the most exciting place to grow up, but it gave me the grounding to know when I had it good. I joined up with the Army when I was sixteen. I wasn’t old enough, but I said I was and the Sergeant didn’t pry too hard. I’d been working on a farm my whole life and at sixteen I was a match for any eighteen-year-old city slicker.

I’ve never been a violent man but when I saw the newsreels, I just couldn’t sit back in America and let the Germans have their way. It’d be wrong. So I slung a rifle over my shoulder and marched onto the boat. I figured I was in for a tough time—the Great War was the most terrible time the world has ever known—but I hadn’t figured on experiencing more camaraderie, loyalty, and sacrifice than I’d ever dreamed of.

My unit saw more than our share of the action. When the war was over, I knew I’d changed. We all had. I couldn’t go home to the farm.

So, I signed on with a container ship headed for God knows where, and found myself halfway ‘round the world before I got bored. I jumped ship in South America. I didn’t know where I going, but I knew I wasn’t there yet.

One day at a café, I met a man from a British company who told me one of the biggest problems he had was a lack of good maps of the local area. Well, I’d studied cartography in the Army because if there was one thing you didn’t want to be in battle, it was lost. I asked if he’d be willing to pay for some maps and he said he certainly would—quite well, as it turned out.

That’s how I got my start in exploration. Once I took that first step into the jungle, I realized that I’d arrived where I was meant to be: the unknown frontier. Striking through uncharted wilderness, I began to understand the thrill that Lewis and Clark must have felt, and I realized that the true spirit of America is doing what nobody has done before.

Since then, I’ve explored on every continent; I even spent some time in Antarctica. I’ve made maps, helped find lost expeditions, tracked down shipwrecks, searched for treasure, and even helped scientists locate ancient cities. Finding new things is in my blood, and if I say I’ll bring you back, then by God you can count on that.

I suppose that’s why I’m here. I’ve never been one to buy into outlandish stories, but some of the men involved are ones I trust. I’m willing to take them at their word and go out there for a look.

Roleplaying

You’re a natural explorer and you’re not happy if you’re not moving forward. You love a challenge and you’ve found so many amazing things in your travels, it’s hard to say if something is true or not until you go check it out for yourself. Your time in the war taught you how to deal with life: always do what you say you’ll do, know your limits but don’t limit yourself, and never leave anyone behind.

With a strong jaw and fists to match, you’re not afraid of mixing it up if necessary, but you’re a natural leader and you usually don’t have to resort to such blunt measures to get folks to go along. Bullies are another story, but you know how to deal with them. Even if you’ve been disappointed in the past, you always try to see the good side of people and give them a chance. Some have called you naive, but you’ve been pleasantly surprised more than disappointed.

SNOOTY PROFESSOR

Archetype: *Academic*

Motivation: *Truth*

Style: 3

Health: 4

Primary Attributes

Body: 2

Charisma: 3

Dexterity: 2

Intelligence: 4

Strength: 2

Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Initiative: 6

Move: 4

Defense: 4

Perception: 6

Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Academics	4	4	8	(4)
Anthropology	4	4	8	(4)
Bureaucracy	4	1	5	(2+)
<i>Academia</i>			6	(3)
Diplomacy	3	2	5	(2+)
<i>Etiquette</i>			6	(3)
Investigation	4	1	5	(2+)
<i>Research</i>			6	(3)
Linguistics	4	1	5	(2+)
<i>Deciphering</i>			6	(3)

Talents

Skill Mastery (Academics)

Resources

Status 1 (College Professor: \$150/month and related +2 social bonus)

Flaw

Condescending (+1 Style point whenever your character proves his superiority)

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
Punch	0 N	0	0 N	(0) N



*“These plants may resemble fossils of *Psaronius brasiliensis*, but obviously they are not. That would be like stumbling upon a herd of dinosaurs. Preposterous.”*

Character Background

I generally try not to behave in a superior manner, but some people can't help but take my actions that way, simply because I am always correct. It is difficult to be a man of reason and science in an age that is so devoted to elevating sham artists and ludicrous claims of pseudoscience, but I consider it my duty to remain a shining beacon of insight in a dark and ignorant world.

When I first came to Harvard in 1906, the world was still buzzing with the wonders of the new century. There were so many things to invent, so many wonders still to discover, that it seemed as though each day brought a new principle or device. Of course, today we have nearly exhausted the depths of these mysteries, and I would be very surprised if there were very many important phenomena left unrevealed. Perhaps some refinements to our current theories, but all in all there is nothing of consequence left to discover.

Since coming into my deserved position as a respected member of the academic community, my primary interest has been the education of a new generation of scholars, whose sensibilities might be sharpened to some resemblance of my own. This is frustrating work given the caliber of students entering the system today, but with our society in the state of decline that it is, my burden takes on an even more critical role.

Common people are so easily taken in by the tomfoolery of dubious claims, such as this Hollow Earth nonsense. I could scarcely believe that such a preposterous notion was being reported in the press, but I suppose I should not be surprised. The aim of reporters is to sell newspapers to the uneducated masses, and if sensational tripe will accomplish their goal, far be it from me to confer any sense of moral or ethical responsibility upon them.

The academic press has said nothing of these claims, as is only proper, but if my involvement in this expedition will assist in debunking this absurd notion, then I shall eagerly step forward. I can only hope that I will be able to prevent any more energy from being wasted on these absurd theories, so that funding and attention can be directed to a more worthy cause.

Roleplaying

Though some may call you arrogant, you see nothing wrong with stating the truth and being right—a state you always enjoy. A graduate of a prestigious university with several advanced degrees and many influential publications to your credit, there are very few people with the credentials to argue with you.

You're a widely read and broadly educated academic with a command of many disciplines, from history, to biology, to chemistry. However, you've traditionally left the dirty work to your graduate students, and rarely step outside the confines of the University campus. Publishing papers, giving lectures, and refuting arguments in academic journals take up the majority of your time.

With texts in hand, you are determined to document the failure of this expedition to find anything resembling a “Hollow Earth.” You are very much looking forward to returning from this wild goose chase and proving to the world that you are, as usual, absolutely correct.