

GURPS

CHARACTER SHEET

Name: Doc Mudra (Jerome Chatford)

Race: Human

Appearance: A burly blond American in domino mask, "military" tunic, breeches, and leather gauntlet and boots.

Player:

Ht: 6'3"

Wt: 200 lbs.

Age: 32

Spent: 400

Unspent: 0

ST 20	[20]	HP 20	[0]	Basic Speed 7	[0]
DX 14	[80]	Will 14	[5]	Basic Move 7	[0]
IQ 13	[60]	Per 13	[0]	BL 80 lb	(ST×ST)/5
HT 14	[10]	FP 14	[0]	Thr 2d-1	Sw 3d+2
TL 6	[0]	SM +0			

Vision 13	Taste/Smell 13	High Jump 2.67 ft
Hearing 13	Fright Check 18	
Touch 13	Broad Jump 3.67 yd	

HP 6, 0, -20, -40, -60, -80, -100 FP 4, 0, -14

Name	« None »	Light	Med	Hvy	X-Hvy
Basic	80 lb	160 lb	240 lb	480 lb	800 lb
Ground	7 yd	5 yd	4 yd	2 yd	1 yd
Water	1 yd	1 yd	1 yd	1 yd	1 yd
Air	7 yd	5 yd	4 yd	2 yd	1 yd
Dodge	11	10	9	8	7

PARRY		PARRY		BLOCK		DODGE		OTHER	
12		11		9		11			
Brawling		DX		DX		None			
Loc.	DR	DB	HP	#	Loc.	DR	DB	HP	#
Eyes	0+15	0	3	_____	Groin	0+15	0	—	_____
Neck	0+15	0	—	_____	Arms	0+15	0	11	_____
Skull	2+15	0	—	_____	Hands	2*+15	0	7	_____
Face	0+15	0	—	_____	Legs	0+15	0	11	_____
Torso	0+15	0	—	_____	Feet	2*+15	0	7	_____

REACTION MODIFIERS
Appearance: +2 / +4
Status: +1
Other: +0

CULTURAL FAMILIARITIES	Pts
Indic	[1]
Western (Native)	[0]

LANGUAGES	Spoken	Written	Pts
English (Native)	Native	Native	[0]
French	Broken	Semi-Lit.	[2]
Sanskrit	Accented	—	[2]

ADVANTAGES	Pts
Appearance (Handsome)	[12]
Combat Reflexes	[15]
Damage Resistance 15 (Costs Fatigue (+2); Magical)	[60]
Extra HT 3 (Affects displayed HT score; Magical)	[27]
Extra ST 8 (Affects displayed ST score; Magical)	[72]
Fearlessness 2	[4]
Fit	[5]
Independent Income 1	[1]
Magery 0	[5]
Status 1*	[0]
Walk on Air (Costs Fatigue (+2); Magical)	[16]
Wealth (Very Wealthy)	[30]

* Includes: +1 from 'Wealth'

PERKS	Pts
Masked (A small domino mask always conceals your identity okay)	[1]

DISADVANTAGES	Pts
Code of Honor (Gentleman's)	[-10]
Dependent (Dr Miranda Chatford, very rationalist scientist sister) (No more than 25%) (6 or less; Loved one)	[-10]
Magic Susceptibility -3	[-9]
Pacifism (Cannot Harm Innocents)	[-10]
Secret (Former Bootlegger) (Utter Rejection)	[-10]
Secret Identity (Serious Embarrassment)	[-5]
Sense of Duty (Friends and Companions) (Small Group)	[-5]

QUIRKS	Pts
Broad-Minded	[-1]
Habitual Expression ("Stand down, or learn the true power of magic!")	[-1]
Very curious about the true nature of magic	[-1]

SKILLS	Level	Relative	Pts
Area Knowledge (India)	13	IQ+0	[1]
Area Knowledge (New England)	13	IQ+0	[1]
Boating/TL6 (Large Powerboat)	14	DX+0	[2]
Brawling	16	DX+2	[4]
Carousing	14	HT+0	[1]
Climbing	13	DX-1	[1]
Disguise/TL6 (Human)	12	IQ-1	[1]
Finance	12	IQ-1	[2]
Guns/TL6 (Pistol)	12	DX-2	[0]
Guns/TL6 (Rifle)	14	DX+0	[1]
Meditation	12	Will-2	[1]
Savoir-Faire (High Society)	13	IQ+0	[1]
Smuggling	14	IQ+1	[4]
Streetwise	14	IQ+1	[4]
Two-Handed Axe/Mace	14	DX+0	[2]
Wrestling	16	DX+2	[8]

POINTS SUMMARY	Pts
Basic Attributes, Secondary Characteristics	[175]
Advantages, Perks	[253]
Disadvantages, Quirks	[-62]
Skills, Techniques	[34]
Total Points Spent:	400
Unspent Points:	0

SIZE AND SPEED/RANGE TABLE					
Spd/Rng	Size	Measure	Spd/Rng	Size	Measure
0	0	2 yd	-8	+8	50 yd
-1	+1	3 yd	-9	+9	70 yd
-2	+2	5 yd	-10	+10	100 yd
-3	+3	7 yd	-11	+11	150 yd
-4	+4	10 yd	-12	+12	200 yd
-5	+5	15 yd	-13	+13	300 yd
-6	+6	20 yd	-14	+14	500 yd
-7	+7	30 yd	-15	+15	700 yd
For the complete table, see: <i>Size and Speed/Range Table</i> (p. B550)					

For the complete table, see: *Size and Speed/Range Table* [p. B550]

HUMANOID HIT LOCATION TABLE					
Roll	Location	Penalty	Roll	Location	Penalty
3–4	Skull	-7	13–14	Left Leg	-2
5	Face	-5	15	Hand	-4
6–7	Right Leg	-2	16	Foot	-4
8	Right Arm	-2	17–18	Neck	-5
9–10	Torso	—	—	Vitals	-3
11	Groin	-3	—	Eye	-9
12	Left Arm	-2			
For complete information, see: <i>Hit Location</i> (p. B398) and <i>Human and Humanoid Hit Location Table</i> (p. B552)					

MELEE ATTACKS							
Name	Level	Parry	Damage	Reach	ST	LC	Notes
Brawling: Punch	16	12	2d cr	C	—	—	
Brawling: Bite	16	—	2d cr	C	—	—	
Brawling: Kick	14	—	2d+1 cr	C,1	—	—	
Maul (actually a big Indian mace)	14	11U	3d+6 cr	1,2*	13‡	4	

RANGED ATTACKS											
Name	Level	Damage	Acc	Range	RoF	Shots	ST	Bulk	Rcl	LC	Notes
Colt Government, .45 ACP	12	2d pi+	2	150 yd / 1600 yd	3	7+1(3)	10	-2	3	3	

EQUIPMENT			
Qty	Item	Cost	Weight
1	Boots Description: TL:5 LC:4 DR:2* Location:feet Notes:[1] Concealable as or under clothing. [2] Give +1 to kicking damage (p. B271). Location: feet	80	3 lb
1	Colt Government, .45 ACP Description: TL:6 LC:3 Ammo:0.5 lb. Damage:2d pi+ Acc:2 Range:150/1600 RoF:3 Shots:7+1(3) ST:10 Bulk:-2 Rcl:3 Skill:Guns (Pistol)	850	2.8 lb
1	Leather Gloves Description: TL:1 LC:-- DR:2* Locations: hands Location: hands	30	—
1	Maul (actually a big Indian mace) Description: TL:0 LC:4, Dam:sw+4 cr Reach:1.2* Parry:0U ST:13‡ Skill:Two-Handed Axe/Mace Notes: Requires two hands; becomes unready after attack.	80	12 lb
1	Ordinary Clothes (special superhero styling) (Expensive) Description: One complete outfit, ranging in quality from castoff rags to designer fashions, depending on Status. At minimum: undergarments, plus a tunic, blouse, or shirt with hose, skirt, or trousers - or a long tunic, robe or dress - and suitable footwear. 20% of cost of living; 2lbs.	360	1.33 lb

NOTES

You were born into a well-off New York banking family, and you received a decent education, but you spent the first few years of your young adulthood not doing very much with your advantages. You just missed the Great War, which was probably just as well, but you did dream about finding a little more excitement.

Then some idiot politicians brought in Prohibition, which struck you as two things: a dam' fool idea, and a business opportunity. So you made a few shady contacts, bought a fast speedboat, and moved up to New England and went into the import business. You maintained certain standards, only shipping good stuff and only selling to what you reckoned as basically decent customers; anyway, you were never caught, and you turned a fair profit, some of which went to help the business grow, and some of which you invested carefully.

But in time, you grew bored of the business, and some unpleasant people were starting to come around, probably looking to muscle in on your operation. Anyway, you could see that Prohibition wouldn't last forever, and your legitimate investments were starting to pay off very nicely. So you wrapped things up, paid off the crews, and spent a little of your money on a round-the-world trip, aiming to come back and maybe even settle down in a year or two, when a few people would have forgotten your face.

You made it as far as India, which was an interesting country, and there you decided to take a trip pout into the jungle and try your hand at tiger-shooting. But something went wrong - somebody panicked, maybe some servant pulled a double-cross hoping to run off with the baggage - and you found yourself lost deep in the jungle, injured and sickened with something.

The priests at the old temple you blundered into didn't seem to know whether they should be surprised or not to see you, and they evaded the issue whenever you asked them to send word to the nearest town. But they nursed you back to health, and then offered to teach you something of their meditation and suchlike. Whatever they were, they weren't pacifists; actually, they seemed quite big on Indian wrestling; what they were offering was that as much as it was religion. Anyhow, something made it seem interesting to you, so you said yes. And then, after a few lessons, you realised that they'd *unlocked* something in you. And after a few more, they must have made some kind of decision - because you went to sleep one night, and woke up the next morning thirty yards from one of the British hill stations. Which was full of folks who didn't know anything about any temple in the jungle.

You're still not clear whether those priests counted you as a failure or a success or just an interesting experiment - but they certainly knew something about magic. You just know a little, but it's enough to turn knives or handgun bullets from your skin when you've exerted yourself to bring out your power, grants you the strength of four ordinary men, and lets you walk on air. But you don't think that your training is complete; you're sure that there's much more to know, and they seem to have left you too open to magic, and thus downright vulnerable at times.

Still, you couldn't find any answers in India, and your family were

writing you every week as it seemed, so you came home. You want to know more about what you can do, and maybe decide some way to use it for good - but you don't want to embarrass your people, and especially not your bluestocking kid sister Miranda. She's put a lot of work into getting a scientific education, and even a doctorate, but one thing she's staked her reputation on these last few years is denouncing all the talk of "magic" that everyone's heard since 1920 or so. She admits that there's something going on, but she says that there must be a scientific explanation, so "magic" must be the wrong word. If you went public about what's happened to you, she'd not only be annoyed - she'd be laughed out of all the places she's fought to get into.

So you put on a mask and became a "mystery man"; you call yourself *Doc Mudra*. People call you a crimefighter, but you're more interested in investigating magic. Sometimes, though, you find that it's being used for something evil - and then, sure, you'll fight it. But you don't understand it at all well, which isn't a help, so you've spent a little more of your money gathering a few people around you who can advise you a bit, and perhaps help a little when you might need helping. The papers call them your "Uncanny Four"; you call them colleagues and friends, and you and they travel the world, chasing mysteries.

And just to make it harder, sometimes you find yourself chasing the same mysteries as Miranda, who's decided that all this magic nonsense has to be dealt with on a case-by-case basis. You've saved her hide a couple of times already, but she isn't too grateful - she calls Doc Mudra an "obscurantist buffoon" and some worse name. Oh well, one day, maybe you and her between you can come up with a good answer to what's happening in the world these days, and then you might give up your mask. Then you'd only have to worry about people finding out that you're an ex-bootlegger.