



## CHARACTER SHEET

Name: Major George Gregory

Race: Human

Appearance: A brisk, sun-tanned military man, upright and rather stiff, but with a slight limp

Player:

Ht: 6'2"

Wt: 180 lbs.

Age: 41

Spent: 200

Unspent: 0

ST 12	[ 20]	HP 12	[ 0]	Basic Speed 6	[ 0]
DX 12	[ 40]	Will 10	[ 0]	Basic Move 5	[ -5]
IQ 10	[ 0]	Per 14	[ 20]	BL 29 lb	(ST×ST)/5
HT 12*	[ 20]	FP 12	[ 0]	Thr 1d-1	Sw 1d+2
TL 6	[ 0]	SM +0			

\* Conditional: +1 from 'Fit'

Vision 14	Taste/Smell 14	High Jump 1.67 ft
Hearing 14	Fright Check 12*	
Touch 14	Broad Jump 2.33 yd	

\* Includes: +2 from 'Combat Reflexes'

HP 3, 0, -12, -24, -36, -48, -60 FP 3, 0, -12

ENCUMBRANCE TABLE					
Name	« None »	Light	Med	Hvy	X-Hvy
Basic	29 lb	58 lb	87 lb	174 lb	290 lb
Ground	5 yd	4 yd	3 yd	2 yd	1 yd
Water	1 yd	1 yd	1 yd	1 yd	1 yd
Dodge	10	9	8	7	6

PARRY	PARRY	BLOCK	DODGE	DR
10	10	8	10	0
Boxing	DX	DX	None	Torso

REACTION MODIFIERS	
Appearance: +0	
Status: +1*	
* Includes: +1 from 'Status'	
Other: +0†	
† Conditional: +2 from 'Reputation ("He who speaks with ghosts", among East African natives)', -2 from 'Reputation ("Colonial officer who let the heat get to him and listened to the natives too much", in the British army and colonial service)', +2 from 'Sense of Duty (Friends, Companions, and the British armed forces)' when in dangerous situations if Sense of Duty is known	

CULTURAL FAMILIARITIES	
Name	Pts
East African	[ 1]
Western (Native)	[ 0]

LANGUAGES			
Name	Spoken	Written	Pts
English (Native)	Native	Native	[ 0]
Latin	—	Semi-Lit.	[ 1]
Swahili	Accented	—	[ 2]

ADVANTAGES	
Name	Pts
Combat Reflexes	[ 15]
Courtesy Rank (Major) 4	[ 4]
Detect (Spiritual Phenomena) (Occasional) (Reduced Time (+1); Vague)	[ 7]
Roll to Perceive: 14 (Per+0), Roll to Analyze: 10 (IQ+0)	
Fit	[ 5]
Intuition (Reliable (+4))	[ 18]
Roll: 14 (IQ+4)	
Medium	[ 10]
Reputation ("He who speaks with ghosts", among East African natives) 2 (All the time; Small class)	[ 3]
See Invisible (Spirit Invisibility)	[ 15]
Signature Gear (H&H Rifle) 1	[ 1]
Spirit Empathy	[ 10]
Roll: 10 (IQ+0)	
Status 1	[ 5]
Wealth (Comfortable)	[ 10]

PERKS	
Name	Pts
Armorer's Gift (Rifle)	[ 1]

DISADVANTAGES	
Name	Pts
Code of Honor (Gentleman's)	[ -10]
Easy to Read	[ -10]
Gullibility (15 or less)	[ -5]
Phobia (Number 13 (Triskaidekaphobia)) (9 or less)	[ -7]
Post-Combat Shakes (12 or less)	[ -5]
Reputation ("Colonial officer who let the heat get to him and listened to the natives too much", in the British army and colonial service) -2 (10 or less; Large class)	[ -3]
Sense of Duty (Friends, Companions, and the British armed forces) (Large Group)	[ -10]

QUIRKS	
Name	Pts
Bad Leg (Occasional -1 penalties when having to rely on it)	[ -1]
Dull	[ -1]
Personality Change (Very Maudlin Drunk - acquires Chronic Depression (15) after a few drinks)	[ -1]

SKILLS			
Name	Level	Relative	Pts
Area Knowledge (East Africa)	11	IQ+1	[ 2]
Area Knowledge (India)	11	IQ+1	[ 2]
Boxing	12	DX+0	[ 2]
Parry: 10			
Camouflage	13	IQ+3	[ 0]
Guns/TL6 (Pistol)	13	DX+1	[ 0]
Guns/TL6 (Rifle)	15	DX+3	[ 8]
Leadership	10	IQ+0	[ 2]
Naturalist (Earth)	12	IQ+2	[ 12]
Occultism	10	IQ+0	[ 2]
Professional Skill (Taxidermist)	9	IQ-1	[ 1]
Savoir-Faire (Military)	12	IQ+2	[ 4]
Soldier/TL6	10	IQ+0	[ 2]
Stealth	12	DX+0	[ 2]
Strategy (Land)	8	IQ-2	[ 1]
Survival (Jungle)	15	Per+1	[ 4]
Survival (Plains)	13	Per-1	[ 1]
Tactics	10	IQ+0	[ 4]
Tracking	13	Per-1	[ 1]

POINTS SUMMARY	
	Pts
Basic Attributes, Secondary Characteristics	[ 95]
Advantages, Perks	[ 108]
Disadvantages, Quirks	[ -53]
Skills, Techniques	[ 50]
Total Points Spent:	200
Unspent Points:	0

MELEE ATTACKS							
Name	Level	Parry	Damage	Reach	ST	LC	Notes
Bite	12	—	1d-2 cr	C	—	—	
Boxing	12	10	1d-2 cr	C	—	—	
Kick	10	—	1d-1 cr	C,1	—	—	

RANGED ATTACKS											
Name	Level	Damage	Acc	Range	RoF	Shots	ST	Bulk	Rcl	LC	Notes
H&H Best Quality Magazine, .375 H&H Magnum (+2 reactions from gun connoisseurs)	15	8d pi	5	1100 yd / 2.61 mi	1	4+1(2i)	11†	-6	5	3	
Webley Mk VI, .455 Webley	13	2d-1 pi+	2	120 yd / 1300 yd	3	6(2i)	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	H&H Best Quality Magazine, .375 H&H Magnum (+2 reactions from gun connoisseurs) (Signature Gear) Description: TL:6 LC:3 Ammo:0.35 lb. Damage:8d pi Acc:5 Range:1100/4600 RoF:1 Shots:4+1(2i) ST:11† Bulk:-6 Rcl:5 Skill:Guns (Rifle)	4700	10.3 lb
1	Ordinary Clothes 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.	240	2 lb
1	Pith Helmet Location: skull	10	1 lb
1	Telescopic Sight (+2 Acc to rifle when fitted; rugged)	1000	1.2 lb
1	Webley Mk VI, .455 Webley Description: TL:6 LC:3 Ammo:0.3 lb. Damage:2d-1 pi+ Acc:2 Range:120/1300 RoF:3 Shots:6(2i) ST:10 Bulk:-2 Rcl:3 Skill:Guns (Pistol)	700	2.7 lb

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## NOTES

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You were born into a good English family with a strong military tradition, and when you came of age, you followed it and took the King's shilling. Your instructors were reasonably pleased with you - some of them said, politely enough, that you weren't the brightest young subaltern that they'd ever seen, but you had some basic sense and an eye for the ground, and you also turned out to be a pretty good shot. So you received your commission and a regimental posting, which took you out to India, and later to East Africa.

Which was where your regiment ended up spending most of the Great War. You aren't proud to have missed the main show in France, but from all you've heard about how things were there, well, it doesn't sound like something to wish on anyone. And you saw your share of action. The Germans had a canny commander out there, and you were just one of the British troops who wasted time and ammunition chasing him around the continent when you could have been doing more for the real war effort. But you did your best, and by 1918, you'd made Major. Then, one Friday the 13th, your luck ran out.

Your unit was attacked in the dark and scattered, and while you were trying to find and rally your men, a bullet took your leg out from under you, and you passed out from blood loss. Someone got you to a field hospital, though, and when you woke up there, everything had changed for you. You could see things which had previously been invisible to you, talk with beings who lacked speech, and even lend some of them your own voice. The doctors feared that your brain was damaged by fever at first, then they wondered if you'd gone mad - but you learned not to tell them things that they wouldn't believe, so they let you go when you'd recovered your health.

But the War was wrapping up by then, and you'd lost your taste for soldiering. So you left the service on honourable terms, spent most of your savings on the best *hunting* rifle you could find as a symbol of your intentions, and took up a new career, using your experience of the country and your shooting skill. You became a fairly successful hunter, sometimes working for the colonial government to escort parties up country, sometimes hiring out as a guide to rich visitors. When you became bored or the work dried up, or worse, the ghosts became too insistent, you even shipped over to India for a year or two at a time. You suffered from wanderlust in those days - and the ghosts still had you worried. They still do, actually, when you're in your cups, so that's a state you might do better to avoid - except that maybe it just lets you face the honest truth.

It was while you were in India a little while back that you met an American named Chatford, a brash fellow who'd lately been lost in the jungle thanks to some amateur of a guide, and who'd come back with a story at least as strange as your own. You fell to talking with him, and he eventually seemed to decide that he needed to explore all this business of the supernatural a trifle further. He may have a point - perhaps you've been evading the big questions these past few years - and perhaps he needs a guide for this expedition. So you've come back to his homeland with him, and signed up as he's set up in business as... Whatever

anyone might call his new occupation.

You sometimes don't know what to call anything these days. If there are ghosts, what else might there be? You've learned to be careful of the number 13 - your old nurse was right to warn you about that. You listen to people, and try to map this new territory.