

PATH: FALLEN

You're back on the horse now. The thing you did to make your friends and colleagues turn away still haunts you, but the Supers Reclamation Act kept you out of a White Room prison, and put you back on a path to redemption. You are not going to waste this chance – you're going to be a hero again.

TRAITS

Bold (♠S). *You make a decision and hold fast.*

Brave (♥H). *You are a hero, with a hero's heart.*

Intuitive (♦D). *You don't know, you just trust.*

Determined (♣C). *You won't let this chance go to waste, and you'll die fighting.*

Base Resources: *Your suit; something that gives you hope (draw 2; uses: □□).*

POWERS + ABILITIES

STEEL. You are both strong *and* tough. Not invincible, but well beyond conventional arms.

[] **Strong**++. *Strong enough to win a tug of war with a commercial truck.*

[] **Tough**+. *Literally, as tough as steel.*

[] **Bold**. *Sometimes, what is needed is an ox to barreling through a problem.*

Extra Resources: *Your Sword (+1/+3♠S).*

SHIELD. You are actually invincible (mostly), and you take the hits that will kill everyone else.

[] **Invulnerable**++. *Nothing short of a rocket will scratch you, and you've been hit by worse.*

[] **Immunity**+. *Magic, disease, and poisons can still affect you, but only the most potent forms can overcome your incredible immunities.*

[] **Stubborn**. *You always get back up, no matter how hard you are hit.*

Extra Resources: *Your Shield (+1/+3♥H)*

SOAR. Born with the ability to *fly at will*, you have the privilege of being able to experience the world from a *unique* perspective.

[] **Flight**++. *As far as anyone can tell, it is a form of innate telekinesis. If you push, you can creep up to 200 mph in open air, but only for a moment, but your cruising speed is still fast (30 mph).*

[] **Bubble**+. *To stay comfortable during flight, you can create an impermeable barrier similar to a motorcycle helmet. You have used it to stop damage to your head and torso, and as a sealed gas barrier.*

[] **Awe**. *When you take to the air, even just a hover, you always seem to inspire awe.*

Extra Resources: *Something that inspires (2★; uses: □□□□)*

SPRINT. You are a *blur* in *bursts*, but you have done a *lot* of mighty things in those fleeting *seconds*.

[] **Dash**++. *1 mile in 5 seconds, or roughly 700mph. A mile is about as far as you can go in one go without a break, and you have hit Mach 1, but that requires ear protection. No one is sure how this works, but so far, you can only move fast - doing things fast just breaks things.*

[] **Slow Time**+. *Move fast, think fast. You can slow down the world as a survival mechanism, so you can stay alert and avoid stubbing your toe at Mach 1.*

[] **Alert**. *You pay attention to obstacles, because if you are careless, the road rash is terrible.*

Extra Resources: *Speed armor (+2♥H/+2♣C).*

HUMAN

Common everywhere. You never feel out of place anywhere on the planet. Except, of course, the Silohain. You see humans and orcs everywhere you go and (almost) everyone knows Northword, so asking for directions is never a problem.

Social Dominance. **Every major market in the world bases their services and products around human needs and human tastes,** and the *human*-origin language of *Northword* is spoken, though not always perfectly, in nearly every corner of the world.

ORC

Common everywhere. You never feel out of place anywhere on the planet. Except, of course, the Silohain. You see orcs and humans everywhere you go and (almost) everyone speaks the Northern tongue, so asking for directions is never a problem.

Ordhauuden Grit. Your ancestors thrived in the harsh extremes of the Eastern Expanse which means you have **higher environmental tolerances** than most (besides *goblins* and *golems*).

Common Services. **Humans have nearly the same anatomy as orcs,** so there is never any problem with using all of the human-oriented services everywhere in the world, including *medical* services.

DWARF

Common in many places. Though there are plenty of other dwarves and saurians to drink with in the metropolises outside of the Essian Union, it gets harder to find another dwarf or saurian at the karaoke joints and dives in the small towns scattered throughout the world.

Short. You are a **little over four feet tall.**

Muscular. You are *all* muscle, so you are **as strong,** and **as heavy, as an average human,** but with a much *lower* center of gravity.

SAURIAN

Common in many places. Though there are plenty of other saurians and dwarves to share stories with in the metropolises outside of the Essian Union, it gets harder to find another saurian or dwarf at the bars or cafes in the small towns that dot the world.

Cold Blooded. You require **less food to survive** (preferring one *large* daily meal), but it is **difficult to naturally regulate your body temperature,** so sudden temperature changes can be *harmful*.

Brumation. You are able to enter into a *deep slumber* where you require **no food or water,** but you **cannot recover cards,** and after **five days** you have to **make a Check every day** to stay **healthy.**

ELF

Rare, but unremarkable. Elves are in every book, movie, and every high-end ad. Elves are everywhere you look, but you hardly ever meet one of your kin face-to-face. There is the occasional meet-up at a community center, but elves, like everyone else, are a *mixed* bag.

Magical Senses. You are naturally attuned to magic and are able to **naturally sense magical energies,** perceiving magic in a way similar to a sense of *smell*.

Slow Aging. You are going to live a **long time** (300-500 years or more). You **age about three times slower than a human,** so it took *decades* to mature, and your experience with time is *skewed*.

GOBLIN

Rare, and notable. Your kin is as ancient as the elves, but your ancestors were driven into *hiding* and nearly went *extinct* as the world bent and burned. Until the *last era* scholars still thought your kind were *half elves*, due to the similarities, but your descendants *always* knew that was *wrong*. The very few goblin communities that exist today are beginning to flourish, and you are *no longer hiding*.

Small. You are a **little over four feet tall**, and much *lighter and weaker than the average human*.

Stubborn Survivors. You can survive on *miniscule amounts of food and water* in **very extreme temperature ranges**.

Extreme Immunities. You *can get sick from disease, poison, and radiation*, but it takes *prolonged exposure*, and only *very old* Goblins (200 years or more) **actually die from these causes**. You also **recover extremely quickly** from the effects of these hazards.

FAEKIND

Extremely rare, and significant. It's a brutally glorious and paralyzingly lovely world, and you have an unyielding affection for this terrifying existence, even if it's always *exhausting*. It's hard for you to find anyone else that relates to you, since faekin are rarer than *elves* or *goblins*, but lucky for you, you always seem to find *friends*.

Fae Touched. You have a unique and *beautiful physical* mutation from your Fae ancestry that makes you *clearly* stand apart from others, but it is sometimes *inconvenient*. **What is your unique mutation?**

Presence. 5,000 years ago the Fae nearly *destroyed* the world, but the original ancestral faekind *saved* it, so reactions to you are mixed: *fear, reverence, awe, curiosity*.

GOLEM

Extremely rare, and memorable. You were born from run-away magic and rich clay. Your ancestors were created as *tools*, but that magic seeped deep into the earth and you rose from the soil, fully formed and *independant*. Like all other Gods-Touched beings you make the most of *this* life, because even *clay* eventually turns to *dust*.

Of the Earth. You *do not have to eat, sleep, or breath, and extreme heat, cold and radiation has no effect on you*. You also **do not feel pain**, so while **you can suffer harm**, you experience it as *structural failure* or *emotional numbness*. **You can never be knocked unconscious**.

Made of Clay. You are *very durable* and can **stop one (1) Harm**. However **clay does not heal naturally**, and you *need to have magically attuned clay and healing rites to recover any Marked Traits or Scars*. Fortunately most *major* hospitals have the capability to treat golems.

PATH: ANTI

Fuck you and your horse. No one did anything *right* without doing something *bad*, and while you carry plenty of *regrets* you've done a lot of *good* in its wake. You're in a White Room prison now, and probably deserve to be, but it was worth the trouble, and you get a chance to relax now.

TRAITS

Sharp (♠S). *Not the fastest, but you are* precise.

Daring (♥H). *You didn't end up in this position by being* safe.

Cunning (♦D). *You aren't invulnerable, so you have to be* smart.

Unflinching (♣C). *Once you are set, you are* set.

Base Resources: Government-issued uniform and tactical vest; a shitty Ryder P223 Pistol (+1♠S; uses:□□; reload); a Vice you had to *steal* (draw 2; uses:□□).

POWERS + ABILITIES

KILL. No one wants to admit it, but you have probably done more to shape modern society than any other Super.

[] **Kill++.** *There's no half measure here*.

[] **Fancy+.** *Trick shots, impossible knife work, one-inch punches; you make killing* look good.

[] **Instinct.** *Like any good predator, you know when to strike, and where*.

Extra Resources: A standard issue Ryder M17 Rifle (+1/+1♠S; uses:□□□□; reload).

CLOAK. You are hard to notice, which fucked you up as a kid, but it made you *rich* as an adult.

[] **Background++.** *You can pass in between attention, until you cause it. People don't even acknowledge you, and even with magic or technology, it takes a couple of watches before they think they see something*.

[] **Noise+.** *You can cause people near you to become overwhelmed by the hundreds of mundane distractions that they can normally tune out*.

[] **Details.** *The irony is that you pay attention, because you know that it's the small things people miss that lead to disaster*.

Extra Resources: Combat Knife (+1) - you *do not* know why they gave this to you.

CONTROL. You were in the White Room because of the secrets you gathered, carefully plucked and pulled from willing and eager lips, desperate to woo and impress you.

[] **Allure++.** *People like you, and they'll go to extremes to impress you and keep you happy*.

[] **Spite+.** *Emotional devastation with a single word. This is a dangerous weapon, since those that survive tend to become your worst enemies*.

[] **Secrets.** *These would have gotten anyone else killed, but now you have a list of names that you can drop, and favors that could be asked*.

Extra Resources: A list of names (3★; uses:□□).

MASTERMIND. You are in the White Room because you needed a *break*, not because you were "caught". Luckily, this apocalypse might help break your boredom.

[] **Prepared++.** *You are always one step ahead of disaster, one move beyond your enemies. Some call it prescience, but you are just smart*.

[] **Inventive+.** *You won't always be able to bring what you need, and sometimes fate intervenes, but you are great at improvising tools to help you out*.

[] **Doctorates.** *A couple of boring, but practical, doctorates that you have picked up during your spare time*.

Extra Resources: Pockets full of junk (+1; uses:□□□□).