

# 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

- Decisive (S♠).** *You make a decision and hold fast.*
- Brave (H♥).** *You are a hero, with a hero's heart.*
- Hunch (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* (2 cards; 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/+3S♠).

**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/+3H♥)

**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. A mile is about as far as you can go in one go without a break, and you have gotten that down to 4.69 seconds, 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 (+2H♥/+2C♣).

# 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

- Steady (S♠).** *Not the fastest, but you don't flinch either.*
- Presence (H♥).** *You are kind of scary, in a calming sort of way.*
- Insight (D♦).** *Grounded knowledge from hard-fought experience.*
- Driven (C♣).** *Once you are set, you are set.*

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

**Extra Resources:** A standard issue Ryder M17 Rifle (+1/+1S♠; 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.*

[ ] **Attentive.** *The irony is that you pay attention to details, because you know what everyone misses.*

**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 should have gotten you killed, but you keep a careful web of blackmail to survive.*

**Extra Resources:** A list of names (+5★; 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 doctorates that you have picked up during your spare time.*

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