BRAVE NEW WORLD

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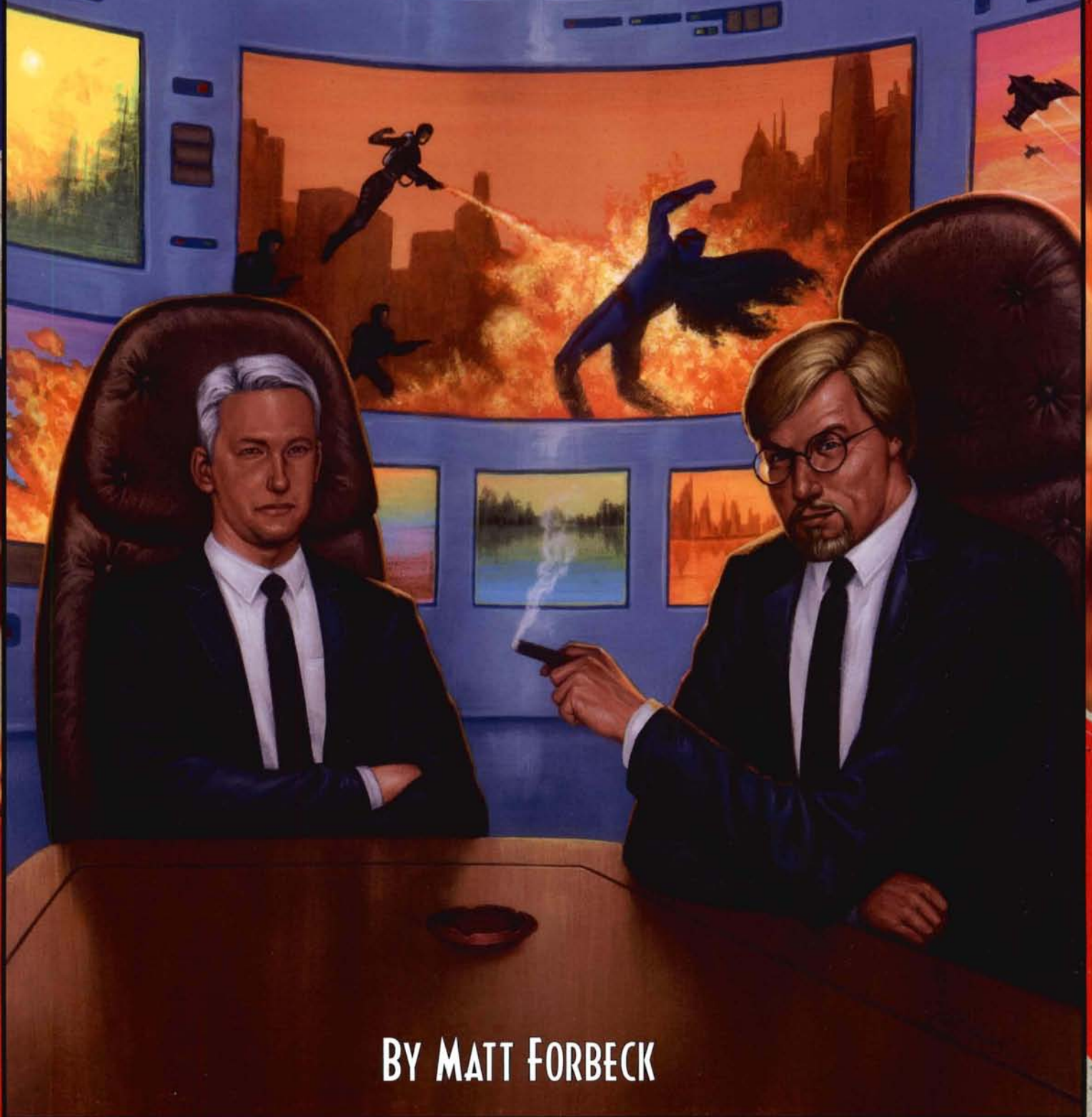
EVIL UNLIMITED

A BRAVE NEW WORLD SOURCEBOOK



BY MATT FORBECK

BRAVE NEW WORLD

EVIL UNLIMITED

BY MATT FORBECK

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Dedicated to: All my friends in low places.

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Brave New World
created by Matt Forbeck.

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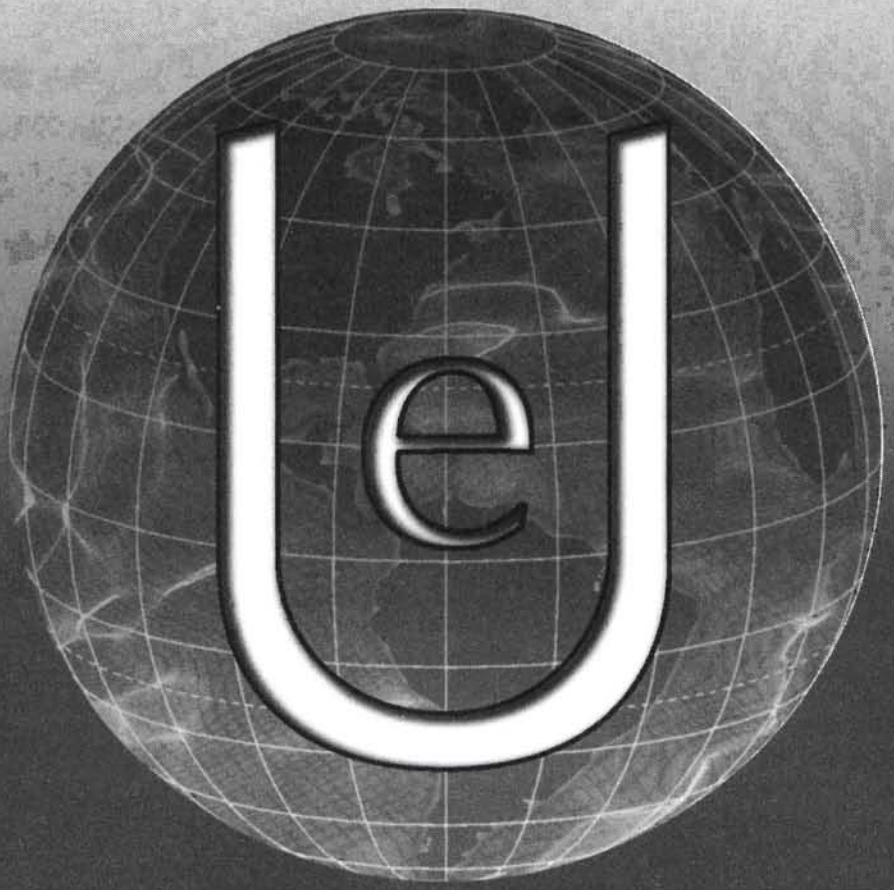
Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

AN INTRODUCTION TO EVIL



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CONGRATULATIONS

Let me be the first to congratulate you. You've managed to get through all the interviews and background checks. You've displayed the right skill sets and talents. Most importantly, you've shown that you're the kind of person that doesn't let a little thing like conscience get in the way.

In short, welcome to Evil Unlimited. We're glad to have you aboard.

INTRODUCTIONS ARE IN ORDER

For those of you who don't know me, I'm Nicollette Marks, the executive vice-president of Evil Unlimited. As far as you're concerned, I'm the boss. The buck stops here.

Actually, I can pass the buck back up one more stage to Mr. C, the president of Evil Unlimited – or EU, as we like to call it around here – but that rarely happens. Matters only go over my head in the case of a true emergency, and take it from me, you don't want to be pegged as the person who caused such an emergency. Mr. C doesn't have a whole lot to do with the company on a day-to-day basis, and that's just the way he likes it.

So when it comes to who's in charge around here, make no mistake about it. I'm the one who's signing your checks, and that should be all you need to know.

Like most of you – the latest recruits into our Special Operations Department – I'm a delta. (And no, you don't get to know what my powers are.) Keep you eyes open and your mouth shut, and you might figure it out yourself. Hopefully you'll learn some other things in the meantime.

WHO SHOULD BE READING THIS

We set up this private website as a means of getting our training materials out to remote operatives around the nation and even the globe. It features the latest in hacker-proof security – that goes for delta hackers too; we've got them in our employ as well, you know. You need to be assigned your own private ID and password in order to be able to access the site.

I handle all those details myself. Personally. There aren't enough new recruits for it to be a hassle, and this way I know that the right people are reading what they're supposed to.

After all, the last thing we need is for this information to fall into Delta Prime's hands.

PROTECT YOUR ASSETS

If that statement gets you thinking about double-crossing us, then I've obviously made a mistake in judgment. I don't generally give out IDs and passwords to people that I think are dumb. I take the security of Evil Unlimited very seriously, and I like to think I recruit the cream of the crop to work for me – delta or otherwise. It would sadden me greatly to make that *grave* an error.

In a nutshell, if you give your ID and password to someone else, you're making a dumb mistake. If I find out that someone else has stolen or otherwise made off with your particulars – or, worse yet, if you gave them away for love, spite, or money – then you'd better hope that they hurt you awfully bad. Your only chance is that, when I find you, you're in worse shape than I want you to be already. I might actually take pity on you.

It's been known to happen. Twice in 15 years, but who's counting? Hey, you might get lucky – if you call being beaten to within an inch of your life *lucky*...

If You Don't Belong Here

If, by some sort of miracle, you don't belong here – I don't really care how you got in; you should know if you're wanted or not – then let me spell this out for you.

We're not called Evil Unlimited for nothing.

Let me put it to you this way. You'd be a lot better off if you hit the "back" button on your browser *right now*. In fact, you'd be even better off if you tore your modem line out of the wall, then picked up your computer and threw it into the nearest incinerator to eliminate the evidence.

Of course, since we're not the cops, we don't need evidence – not that even the cops care much about that these days. Either way, we'll be happy to stick it to you on just the off possibility that you're causing us trouble.

In fact, if I were you, I'd probably pack everything I could fit into a carry-on bag and then skip town on the next plane out of there. Hey, it's your life, right? You can't be too careful about these things.

And no, that's not a threat. Evil Unlimited doesn't make threats. We carry out policy, and if I have to spell out our policy about intruders around here any further, I'm afraid that you're pretty much a lost cause in any case. Just do us all a favor and get lost as quickly as you possibly can. People as dumb as you shouldn't be sucking up all that perfectly good air. Save it for those of us who matter.

What's in a Name?

Well, hopefully that scared off all the posers. It never ceases to amaze me how many people would like to hack our web server just to say that they somehow put one over on Evil Unlimited. As if we'd ever put anything truly valuable out where any idiot with a computer could just stumble across it.

Sometimes it makes me laugh.

Either way, we don't like people poking around in our stuff, but as an only quasi-legal entity in the first place, we really don't have much recourse against them if they do. After all, it's not like we can just call up the police and ask them to investigate the matter.

Well, in fact, we can, using any of a number of corporate shells and false identities. But that kind of action means bringing attention to ourselves, and that's not something we really want. The risks far outweigh the benefits.

Things Are Not As They Seem

The fact is that Evil Unlimited cultivates a complicated image. In the first place, we try to make sure that no one even knows that we exist – or at the very least that they'll have a bear of a time trying to prove it.

When investigators or reporters do get close to us, we're ready for them. We've set up a massive campaign of disinformation designed to utterly befuddle them. If you listen to the rumors about us, you'd think we're a bunch of murderous cutthroats willing to pay just about any price to get what we want – as long as the fee is paid in other people's blood.

But that's just not true. Sure, Evil

Unlimited operates outside of the law, but given the state of the union these days, you can paint pretty much 90% of the nation with that same, broad brush.

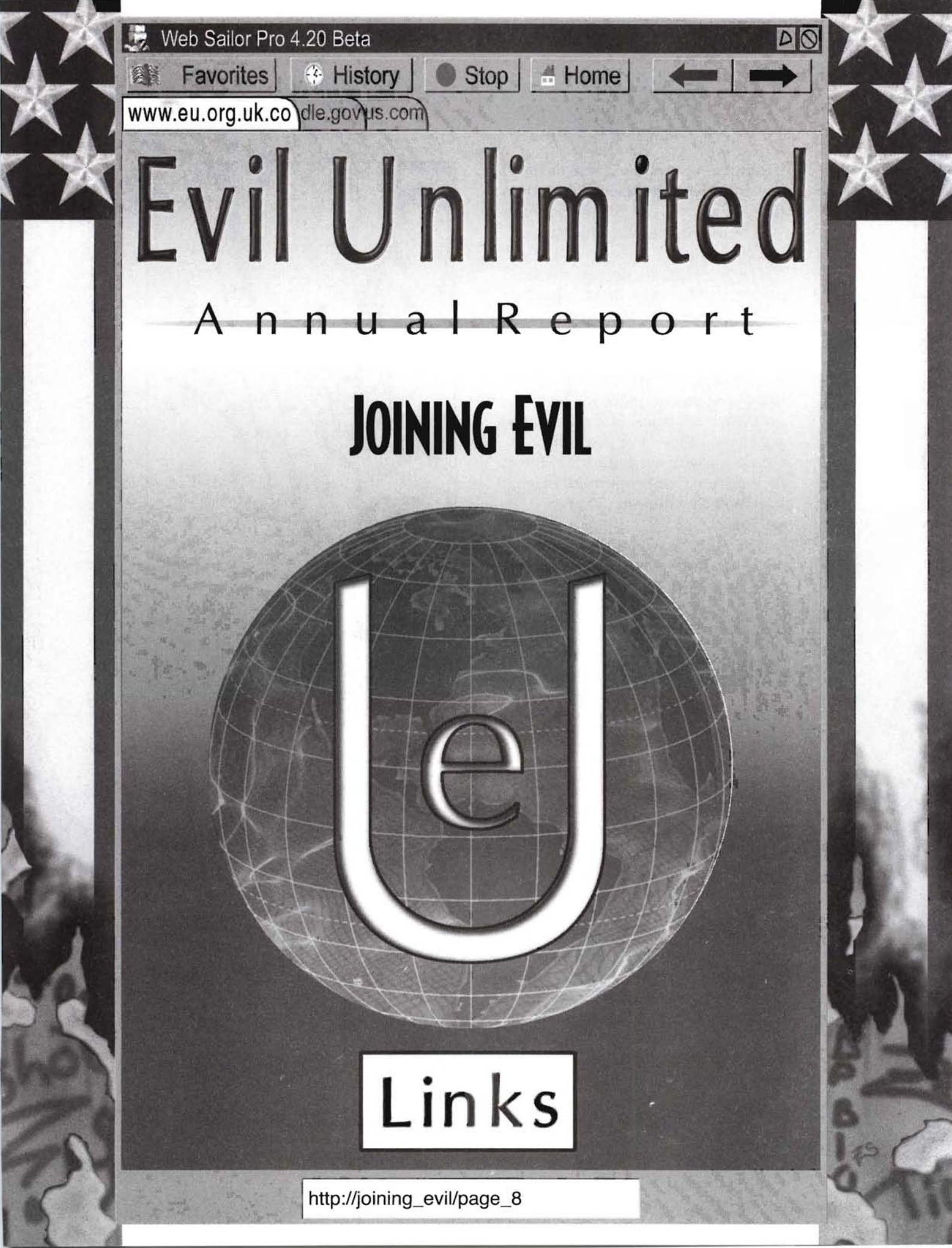
The fact is that – despite the fact that our stated mission is to perform extralegal services at a premium price – we do have a strictly defined set of ethical guidelines by which we operate. We refuse to take assassination contracts, for instance, no matter the price. Our operatives are trained to resolve problem situations with a minimum of force, be it personal or property damage. We don't eat children.

Honest.

You might have heard differently about us, but you shouldn't believe something just because someone you know heard it from her hairdresser's doctor's pool boy's sister's cat's groomer. All I can say is this, "Consider the source."

WHAT'S NEXT?

I've got a lot of territory to cover here, and not a lot of room to do it in, so hang on to your masks. I'm going to start off by telling you how people become a part of Evil Unlimited, and then I'll describe how we came to be. Then I'll move on to the company's philosophy. From there, I'll get down to brass tacks about the services we offer. After that, it's on to discussing the different locations we operate out of, and the people who make our organization tick. I'll wrap it all up with a look at some of our current and most recent jobs, just to give you an idea about the kinds of things we're being asked to handle these days.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We All Start Somewhere

One thing that people tend to forget when dealing with other people is that everyone has a history: you, me, Mr. C – everybody. Some of these pasts are about as squeaky clean as you can get, while most only bear a slight patina of grime and maybe a few bleached-out stains here and there.

Then there are the people like you. These are the ones for whom their yesterdays are bloody rags soaked in kerosene. These people often figure that they have no way to escape from what they've done or what's been done to them.

In some cases that's true. Even Mr. C can't just reach down like the hand of God and erase someone's past. No matter how far away from yourself you think you've gotten, well, there you are. And there's always going to be someone out there who knows you for who you really are.

While Evil Unlimited can't actually rid you of your past deeds, we can give you as clean a break as you'll find anywhere. When you sign up with us, we set you up with a new identity. This comes complete with a new driver's license, a new Social Security number, a new name, and all the details that will ensure no one discovers the truth.

Of course, it's up to you to leave your old life behind. Some people find this impossible to do and spend a lot of time shuttling back and forth from one identity to another. In the end, this always comes back to bite them in their assets. You can only live in two worlds for so long. Just ask any Defiant – say, Patriot, for example. I understand that even the legendary Truth's luck has recently run out. Eventually it happens to the best of us.

Scum and Villainy

Let's face it, we're not the nicest people in the world, and neither are you. That's why we'll get along. There is nothing personal about any of this. It's all business.

In fact, Evil Unlimited is all about unbridled capitalism in its rawest form, which is of course the basis of our business in general. There are people who require our services. They want things done that aren't considered legal (strictly speaking) in their countries. These are our clients.

Then there are the people that we arrange to put in place to do the job the client has commissioned. We set them up with everything they need to successfully complete the assignment. We provide weapons, floor plans, building floorplans, or an area's security measures, even delta-level gadgets. We also assemble a team, checking out each member thoroughly to make sure that they can deliver as advertised. These our are agents.

You fall squarely into that second group. You're one of the people that we call upon when we have a client in need of your special talents, whatever they may be. The more unique your talents, the more in demand you're going to be.

This is simple economics – the kind they teach you in your first term in college (for those of you who might have gone). For the rest of you, it's all about supply and demand. The higher the demand and the shorter the supply, the more the prices skyrocket. On the other end of the spectrum, there are your typical legbreakers, a job that anyone can do with the right baseball bat. Plenty of supply and not nearly as much demand, so they come cheap.

Dirty Deltas

The most uniquely talented agents are, of course, deltas. There's always work for someone who can bounce bullets off of his chest or walk through walls, after all. These people get the most assignments and command the highest rates of pay.

Think about it. There are only so many deltas in the world, and a good percentage of those – well over half, by some estimates – have been drafted into the service of their homeland's government. Of those remaining, most avoid the Feds by keeping their heads down. Just by nature of their temperament, they're not cut out to be an Evil Unlimited agent.

The rest of those free agents (so to speak) are by default part of the Defiance, at least here in America. Delta Prime had a pretty strict "with us or against us" attitude. To them, if you're a known delta who's not already a Primer, then you're a Defiant, almost by definition.

Innocent Crooks

Many Defiants, of course, aren't guilty of anything more than violating the Delta Registration Act. Before they became deltas, they were your average, law-abiding citizens. But by simply ignoring their legal obligation to sign up with the Primers, they instantly make themselves into criminals.

What was that the original Patriot told the House Un-American Activities Commission? Oh, yeah: "If you outlaw delta powers, then only outlaws will have delta powers." Truer words have rarely been spoken.

Actually, I'm all in favor of the Delta Registration Act, despite being a delta myself. That one law has done more to help Evil Unlimited's recruitment of new delta agents than just about anything else in American history.

Mainly, the Delta Registration Act forced a lot of people out of their lives and underground. They became poor and desperate, always on the run, forever looking over their shoulders for the slightest hint of the Primer they knew would eventually come knocking on their door.

Basically, the law ensures that these people have nowhere to turn. That's where we come in.

Living on the Run

When people are about as low as they can go, and there doesn't seem to be anywhere else to turn, that's when they tend to do something stupid. Maybe they decide to shoplift a loaf of bread, or hideout in an empty hotel room, or even rob a bank.

In most cases, these unfortunates are rank amateurs leading a life of petty crime and simple larceny. Inevitably, though, they blow it.

If they're lucky, they manage to get away – at least for a while. Most sightings of an unregistered delta are followed up by a massive manhunt led by a squad of red-shirted Primers. Even if that fails, you can be sure to get at least a pair of the boys in blue from Investigations to follow up on the case until the missing delta is finally brought in.

If the rookie crook isn't all that fortunate, he gets caught right away and thrown in jail. It's funny, but not all delta powers are any kind of good for keeping yourself out of prison. A healer, for instance, is pretty much just an average Joe when behind bars.

Enter Evil

That's when we step in, right when we're needed the most. If the delta in question is on the run, then we do our best to track her down before the Primers do so first. That's the best situation possible, the one that involves the least conflict or potential losses.

If we're too late and the delta has been captured by Delta Prime, then we have a decision to make: is the potential use of that person's services worth risking our resources for? And by resources, I mean the freedom and well-being of those already in our employ. We're only willing to go so far in hunting down a new agent, after all, and you can bet that anyone we go to that much trouble to rescue isn't going to get a signing bonus.

For them, the bonus is just being able to walk around free.

The decision to mount an attempt to free the delta in question from the clutches of the law (or not) is affected by a number of factors. First, where is the delta being held? If they're in New Alcatraz already, then they're effectively dead to us.

That's not to say that we can't break in and out of the world's highest-security prison if we choose to. It's just that the probable cost to us – in personnel and resources – certainly isn't going to be recovered by the potential acquisition of a new agent.

If the captive hasn't actually been taken to New Alcatraz or the Fortress, then there's still a chance. We evaluate the situation with a close eye on a number of factors – like how many

Primers are guarding the prisoner, what kind of delta powers the prisoner has (if they're not that useful to us, we don't bother with them), and the likelihood of the individual signing with us after we save him.

That's Gratitude for You

We sometimes save people who turn around and thumb their noses at us. We have something of a poor reputation – at least among those few who have heard of us. Most renegade deltas have caught at least a few whispers about who we are and what we do – most often inaccurate rumors filtered through the government's notorious propaganda machine.

Sure, some things the Feds say about us are true. We *can* be ruthless, and we *have* been involved in some badly botched operations. Fortunately, such cases are few and far between. However, once you get a reputation for something, it tends to cling to you the way smoke clings to the hair, skin, and clothes of a tobacco addict.

Among conspiracy theorists, we're a favorite culprit – for everything from the Bay of Pigs to the assassination of the First Lady and even the Bicentennial Battle. If you think about it, you can see why we're such an easy target for such malicious dross. We're known to be involved in all sorts of shady deals, and many of our agents are either criminals or deltas on the run – who are basically the same as far as the law is concerned. And we have no public figure to dispute the "facts."

So, many of the people we rescue have a lot to wrap their heads around before they decide they can trust us.

"Trust." That's an evil word in and of itself, but I'll get to that later.

Evil Defiant

Perhaps surprisingly, the most likely recruits for Evil Unlimited are card-carrying members of the Defiance. Think about it. These are people that are already knowingly and willingly living and operating outside the law. They have first-hand experience with the injustices of our current government, and they've chosen to stand up and do something about it.

In short, they are intentional – as opposed to incidental or accidental – criminals. In the end, it's only a short ride from taking a high and mighty stance against an unjust government to committing crimes that could harm that government, however indirectly it might seem at the time.

In fact, Evil Unlimited recruiters have actually gone so far at times as to actually pose as members of the Defiance themselves, solely to win the trust of their fellow rebel, and plant the seeds of discontent in their heads. That way, when it comes time to actively recruit them (or when they "fall" into our hands after running afoul of the law), they're ready for us.

There's even been a least one case in which one of our agents posed as Patriot for months, winning the trust of an entire cadre of Defiants, before revealing himself and recruiting the deltas to become our agents. These kinds of relationships are integral in our approach to the Defiant community.

In fact, there isn't always even a deception. Many, if not most, delta agents of Evil Unlimited are also members of the Defiance. After all, we have no code that prevents a person from joining and working for both organizations at once.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

The best part of all of this is that some members of the Defiance know all about Evil Unlimited and have even put our organization to use from time to time. Need some help breaking your best delta buddy out of prison, and deltatimes.com is down for the evening – again? Who you gonna call?

Evil Unlimited – somebody who can do something about it – that's who.

We can do anything for anybody – for the right price.

Of course, people sometimes feel the need to do things on their own, whether they're qualified for the task at hand or not. Take, for instance, the bungled last-minute attempt to rescue Patriot that the Defiance mounted. Now, I'm not saying that we could have saved the man for sure – especially being called in mere days before his execution – but given the right amount of time and proper resources, we'd have found a way.

Sometimes it makes me wonder if Truth might have wanted Patriot to die for her beloved "cause." After all, the man's been much more effective as a Defiant martyr than he ever was as a hero.

Truth seems to have something against us, which might explain why she's never called us in herself. The Yellow Journalist wasn't quite so picky when he was in charge of the Defiance, but then the old man was always a lot more practical about things than his protegé.

The fact is that when the chips are down and you need something done right, you go with the people with the know-how: Evil Unlimited.

TRUST NO ONE

The phrase above is perfect when describing Evil Unlimited – or anyone else, for that matter. The relationships we maintain with our agents and clients aren't about trust. To me, "trust" is a five-letter *four-letter* word.

Evil Unlimited is a business, and business has nothing to do with trust. You're not going to work for us just because you like us, and we're not going to pay you just to keep you smiling at us.

All business is about establishing a mutually beneficial relationship. You have talents that we need, and we have things that you want. Often that comes in the form of cold, hard cash – in small, non-sequential bills even, if you like. But just because that's the norm doesn't mean it's the only option.

We can provide you with security, a new identity (or more than one if you need them), equipment, and so on. In fact, at times, you may be both a client and an agent of ours.

For instance, let's say that you have a service that you'd like taken care of by agents of Evil Unlimited, but you don't have the ability or wherewithal to either pay for it or pull it off yourself. You come to us and explain the situation. Even though you can't arrange to pay us cash, there might be something you can do for us that we would accept in lieu of payment.

Hey, you never know until you ask.

This *is* a barter system, after all. There are no rules here. We're all outlaws, remember? The IRS isn't going to get it's cut either way. We don't care about getting things done by the numbers as much as we care about getting them done. Period.

SHOWING INITIATIVE

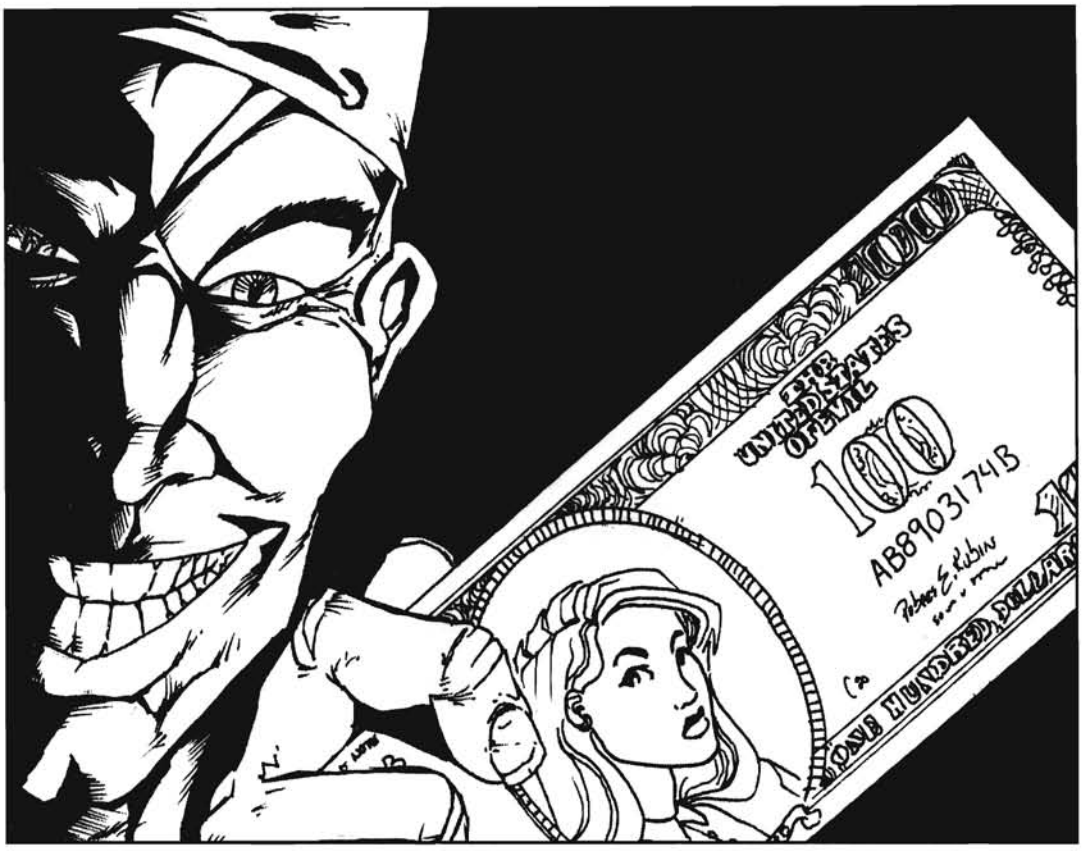
In fact, that's one of the things we like to see most in our agents: a little ambition. A lot of times, our clients come to us with information that they would otherwise have no means of exploiting.

Let's say that a man knows when the latest shipment of battered, old dollar bills is due to arrive at the Philadelphia Mint for incineration. He might have a plan for robbing the armored truck the bills are going to be in, but he has no way to implement it. He contacts us, and we set up a deal.

At this point, the man with the plan has two options. He can lead the operation himself and claim a larger take of the operation's earnings, or he might simply sell the information to us and then go away. Then it's up to us to find someone interested in the job.

In these cases, we often reach out to our own agents first. If you're in a position to lead or co-sponsor such a venture, you can make yourself a much prettier penny than you would get for a regular job that you were sent out on. Some of our best agents have become wealthy beyond their wildest dreams this way.

The only stipulation we ask is that the people we help to make rich do not to forget about us. When we have need of someone with their talents, they're *obliged* to lend us a hand if possible. In exchange, we make sure that they receive a certain amount of protection from our potential clients, people who might feel that a wealthy man makes an excellent target – especially if he's forgotten all about the people who helped get him to where he is.



It Takes All Kinds

Our agents come from all walks of life. The only thing that they all have in common is that we value their talents, which they've agreed to rent to us on occasion. We do actually hire people as full-time staff, but this only happens after they've proven themselves several times. Positions inside the company are only for those who have shown that they can handle sensitive information and issues in the manner that our customers demand.

Don't worry about getting promoted within Evil Unlimited. If you ever get to the point where we feel you'd be more of an asset to us as a full-time employee, we'll let you know. There are no semiannual reviews to worry about here.

The best thing you can do for yourself as a freelance Evil Unlimited agent is remember to be as tolerant of your fellow employees as you can. You could easily find yourself in a situation where your very life depends upon the people around you, and if you've given them too much of a hard time, they might tend to be forgetful of the mutually beneficial relationship they're supposed to have with you.

No one likes watching the back of someone they'd rather see dead. It does something bad to their professional motivation.

If that's not good enough for you, think about this. If we discover that you're the problem child in the class, then you can bet you'll never get any more work from us ever again – and that will be the least of your many horrible problems.

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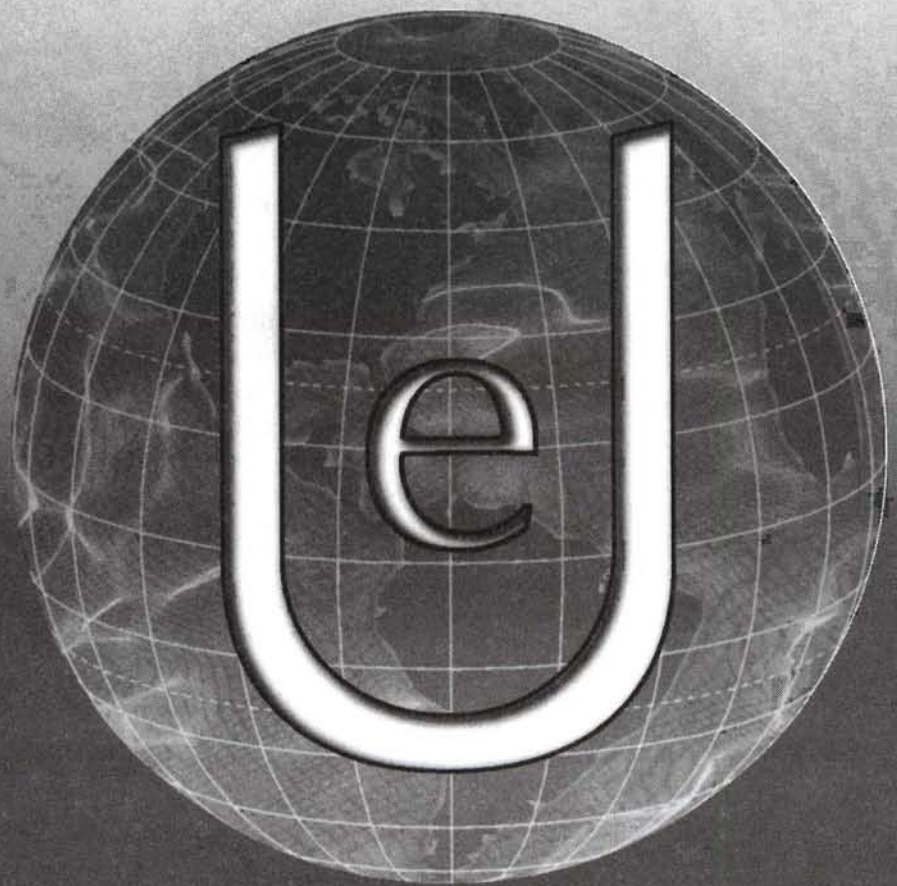
Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

EVIL, IN THE BEGINNING



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It All Started With an Apple

At least that's what the Bible tells us, if you take those kinds of things literally. The serpent – actually the fallen angel Lucifer in disguise – tempted Eve with an apple – in reality the fruit of forbidden knowledge. (There's a metaphor for you.) She was taken in and then turned around and corrupted Adam as well.

The next thing they knew, God was acting like some kind of cosmic soccer mom, stopping the car and telling everyone to get out, that she's had it. Humanity's parents were kicked out of paradise, and we've spent the rest of eternity trying to make up for the one-and-only Original Sin.

But if you read the story closely, you'll see that what the serpent really did wasn't all that bad. Eating the apple might have disobeyed a direct order from God, but it actually granted Adam and Eve self-awareness. Notice the shame they felt when they realized they were naked.

The serpent didn't actually do anything wrong. He just showed humanity the path toward self-knowledge (which is what the latin for our species – homo sapiens – translates as, by no small coincidence). Lucifer (whose name means light-bringer) brought us not darkness, but enlightenment. He helped to lift the veil from our eyes and show us the way the world really is when you look at it with true intelligence.

If that's what you call evil, then hey, I'm all for it. That's why we call our company what we do. As I mentioned in the last section, we're all about enlightened self-interest – which, if you read Genesis, is apparently a great way to describe evil.

See, No Horns

Before you go flying off the handle at what I just said, hold it right there. Evil Unlimited isn't a cult of devil worshippers, and I'm no high priestess. There are no numbers emblazoned across my forehead, nor on that of Mr. C. All I'm doing is explaining how the name "Evil Unlimited" came about.

Since the people who work for us tend to be the more, um, open-minded types anyhow, I didn't think that would throw you. But you never know if you're going to bend someone out of shape when you start talking about the Bible like it's literature instead of literal truth. We get all kinds in Evil Unlimited. Honest.

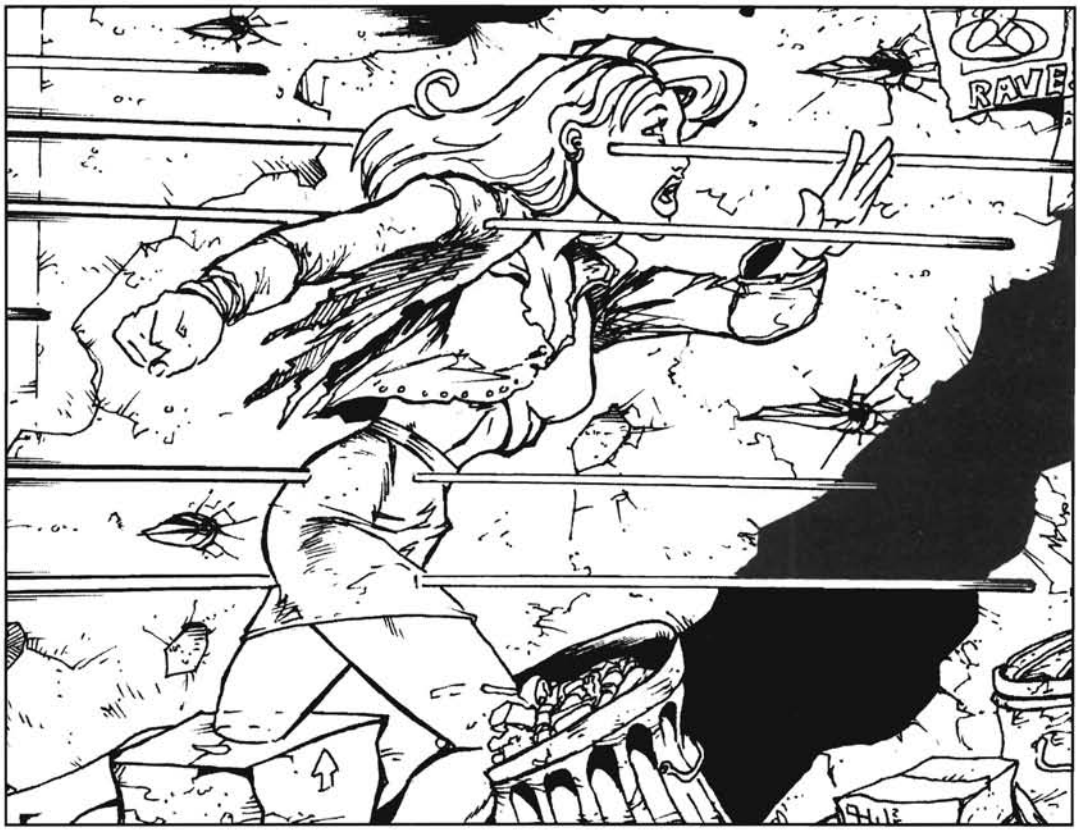
If you want to hunt some people that play around with demons all day, go find yourself a Bargainer. We have a few of them here in our employ – at least on a contract basis. If you think Evil Unlimited is bad news, forget it. We've got nothing on that whole totem-toting crew.

I mean, we cut lots of deals, much the same as they do. But at least our deals are cut with *people*.

It's a Long, Sordid Story

Now, I know that many people don't care for history these days, but I'm a big believer in the old saying: "You can't know where you're going until you know where you've been." In this case, you can't possibly know what Evil Unlimited is about unless you know a bit more about where we're from, what we've done, and what we've become.

So, like most good stories, I'm going to start at the beginning.



SWEET HOME, CHICAGO

Evil Unlimited got its start not too far from where I sit as I write this: southside Chicago, an area now completely covered by the chilly waters of Chicago Bay.

If you're not from around here, you probably don't know this, but the water on this side of Lake Michigan never gets all that warm. I remember being here in Crescent City in the summer of '88, when we had that record-breaking heat wave (which some people blame on the fallout from all the nuclear bombs that went off around the globe, earlier in the year.)

I was on a break in Milwaukee, swimming on Bradford Beach with some friends. The sand was so hot that you could literally burn your feet on it by walking barefoot. If you wanted to head to the water, you kicked your shoes off near your towel and hot-footed it straight for the lake as quickly as you could.

Of course, after a few minutes in the 55° F water, your feet – and all the other submerged parts – were entirely numb. This meant that on your way back to your towel, you could stroll along at a leisurely pace, unable to feel the scorching sand.

Anyhow, Evil Unlimited began right here in what was formerly known as the Chicagoland area. It started in 1927 – at a time when the city was a hotbed of illegal activity during the nationwide dry season known as the Prohibition – under the guidance of one of the most famous gangsters of all time, a notorious Italian mobster by the name of Al "Scarface" Capone.

Capone Unlimited

After World War I, deltas started popping up all over the place. There weren't nearly as many of them around as there are now, but for some reason Chicago seemed to attract them like flappers to smuggled Canadian whiskey. Maybe it was all the crime running through the place that drew the mystery men to Chicago, or maybe it was entirely the other way around. Either way, if you were a delta, Chicago was the place to be.

Of course, not all deltas were like the most renowned masked man of the time, a bouncer known as the Yankee: young, idealistic, and ready to take on the injustices of the world with little more than two good fists. Most deltas... well, they had better fashion sense. I mean, the Yankee's costume looked like he wrapped himself in a flag – literally. Who walks around dressed like that? I swear, only deltas get away with things like that.

The fact is that deltas are just like regular people. Only their powers separate them from the crowd. Strip their special abilities away, and you're left with John and Jane Average.

Of course, there seems to be something about having delta powers that amplifies the most notable aspects of a delta's personality. After all, a nasty man with a knife isn't nearly so dangerous as a nasty man who can blast you away with plasma launched from his fists, right?

Anyhow, Capone was a sharp cookie, always on the lookout for anything that would give him an edge over his opponents or – worse yet – put them at a disadvantage. When he found out about deltas, he knew he'd struck gold.

Secret Origins

Capone was too crafty to run out and hire every delta he could find, whip them into his own private army, and send them after his enemies. No, he was a lot more subtle about it. He quietly put out the word that any delta who wanted a job should come directly to him; and by "job," he meant "to become a made man."

Quietly, so as not to alert either the Feds or his competition, Capone assembled a small army of deltas who had proclaimed loyalty to him over anyone else. This solidified his power and guaranteed him a long career as the most powerful crime boss in the entire country.

The only problem is that Capone was never a man to wear his power quietly. To him, it was unnatural to have a resource like the team of deltas and not actually use them. Toward that end, he put the word out that he would hire their services out to those who were willing to pay through the nose.

To Capone, this was the perfect deal. The deltas got to feel useful and keep their edge. His clients got exactly what they wanted. And Capone himself got even richer than ever without having to do so much as lift a diamond-studded pinky.

And so Evil Unlimited was born.

The fact that Capone was behind the company was one of the most tightly held secrets in the country at the time. After all, the last thing he needed was for one of his opponents to mass up a delta force of his own. In no time at all, the competition would have escalated into a delta race that could have destroyed them all.

Capone was just too smart for that.

The Evils of War

Capone retired as king of the Chicago underworld in 1933, with the demise of prohibition. From that point on, he concentrated his resources on weening Evil Unlimited into the incredible success that it is today.

The '30s were a boom era for Capone and his agents, despite the effects of the Great Depression. It seems that no matter how bad things are, someone is always willing to make them worse – if it will get them what they want.

The tide started to change in 1939 with World War II. Capone may have been a lot of things, but he was an American through and through. He spat at the mention of Mussolini's name, calling him an Italian traitor.

The Call to Battle

Soon after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt made a plea for all American deltas to step forward and join a new division of the United States Army known as Delta Squadron. This put Capone in a bind. He felt it was his duty to send the deltas out to fight for their country, but he couldn't afford to leave himself and his clients entirely exposed to their enemies while the Evil Unlimited agents were overseas.

Like most Americans in those days, Capone tightened his belt and sacrificed as much as he could. He sent a number of his people off to fight in the war, including the notorious Gangster. Still, he kept a skeleton crew behind to deal with the inevitable problems that cropped up back home.

I understand that when FDR got wind of this, he privately praised Capone for his great dedication to his country. In fact, the story goes that FDR was actually considering offering Capone a pardon for all past crimes in return for helping the American war effort so much.

Unfortunately, FDR died before he could ever grant Capone this amnesty. His successor, Harry S. Truman, seemed to have it in for Capone, and within a year of President Roosevelt's death, Capone was arrested for – get this – tax evasion.

After all the things that Al Capone had done in his career, it was the IRS that brought him down. I guess it's true what they say about death and taxes.

Evil with a Capital C

With Capone in federal custody, it looked like the entire structure of Evil Unlimited might collapse. Fortunately, someone was able to step forward and grab the company's wheel before we went sailing entirely off the road.

That someone was none other than Mr. C.

The identity of Mr. C is one of the most tightly guarded secrets in the world. More people know about the Colonel's secret recipe than have been let in on this juicy tidbit.

And before you ask, yes, I know who he is. And, no, I'm not telling you or anyone else.

I'll tell you some of the theories people have, however. You're going to hear them around anyhow – if you haven't already – so you might as well get them from me. That way, you'll know that, at least, you're getting the *right* wrong story.

The most likely suspect in most people's minds is none other than Ralph Capone, Al's little brother. When Al was first arrested and sent to jail back in the late '20s, he'd given control over his entire operation to Ralph, and many people figure that Al did the same thing when he was charged in 1946.

People seem to think that this makes some sense because of Ralph's last name: Capone. That translates easily to Mr. C. Others point out that even someone who was reputedly as slow-witted as Ralph (compared to his brother Al, at least) wouldn't take up an alias that was so obvious. They claim that this is a red herring designed to divert people's attention.

The other popular theory is that Al drafted one of the former Nazi scientists that were running all over South America in those days. There were plenty of candidates, to be sure. Most people correctly point out, though, that Evil Unlimited isn't a research project. It's a business.

There are even some who claim that J. Edgar Hoover himself – the old director of the FBI from 1924 until 1972 – took control of Evil Unlimited after sending Capone up the river for life. These conspiracy nuts say that Hoover then faked his own death so that he could run Evil Unlimited full time.

Others believe there have been a succession of people who have called themselves Mr. C, passing the title and power along whenever it suited them. This is what I like to call the "Dread Pirate Roberts" theory because, while it sounds plausible, it's almost definitely the stuff of fairy tales.

There are other, even less plausible theories as well, but I'm not going to waste any more of our time with them.

PATRIOTIC EVILS

In any case, Mr. C was the man in charge when the Bicentennial Battle went down back in 1976. I joined the company back in 1985, so I wasn't around at the time, but I've talked with Mr. C about it from time to time.

That's far and away the most shameful time in the company's entire history.

First of all, we had people on both sides of that shindig. The Devastator hired us on to help him out with the "final challenge" he was planning to throw down in front of Delta Prime. The Supplier himself – the VP of Gadgeteering at the time – set that madman up with the bomb that he threatened all of Chicago with. We even had some of our people hired on as part of his Dreadnaught teams that time around.

And then it all went to hell.

First of all, our agents don't always listen to what we tell them to do. They're individuals, after all, and being individuals, they're going to have problems with some of the things we're involved in. So sometimes we don't tell them everything.

As the old saying goes, we dispense sensitive information on a need-to-know basis only. Well, even before the Devastator threw down his challenge, we issued an advisory to our agents to get themselves and their families out of Chicago. Of course, like I said, not all of them listened to us.

We weren't really sure what was going to happen on that fateful day. The Supplier claimed that he had turned over a device that would simply freeze everyone in the city in a kind of stasis field. (We found that information in his suicide note.)

When the Devastator threw down that ultimate gauntlet, some of our own agents even answered the call, risking capture at the hands of the law just to help Delta Prime put an end to the Devastator's threat. They were among the people who disappeared that day, along with the rest of Chicago.

In our post-event investigation, we discovered that the Supplier hadn't actually been the inventor of the doomsday device he'd sold to the Devastator. Instead, the technology had been handed to him by a Winston Dawson.

We've never been able to find this Dawson or any details on him at all, despite our best efforts. It's almost like the man never existed before he came up with the invention and then faded away into nothing soon after it was used.

Dawson was probably caught up in the Vanishing, just like every other alpha, which explains why he's never been found. But the lack of any past for the man has always made me suspicious. Sometimes I wonder if the Devastator even knew what he was getting himself into on that fateful holiday. We'll probably never know.

THE AFTERMATH FOR EVIL

Unfortunately, someone with a guilty conscience leaked out the information that Evil Unlimited had played a key role in the devastation following the Bicentennial Battle. That, coupled with the loss of all of our alpha agents in the Vanishing, left the company nearly in ruins. It took us the better part of a decade to recover, and we were really only back up to speed in the '90s.

Evil Today

These days, Evil Unlimited is once again a force to be reckoned with. While other organizations have tried to duplicate our business model in the past, few have had any level of success, and most have crashed and burned quite spectacularly.

The main problem is that, eventually, the people behind these upstarts get greedy. When faced with a proposal that could land them a truly big score, they decide to take on the work themselves instead of hiring an agent to do the work for them. Even if they succeed once, they soon enough find themselves in similar situations over and over again.

Eventually, even the luckiest of us get caught. The trick is to not stick your neck out far enough for that to happen. But people being who they are, they eventually get greedy. The proper thing to do, of course, is sit back and let the money come to you. It might take you a bit longer to gain the level of wealth you dream of, but then again, no amount of cash is going to help you if you're sitting in New Alcatraz instead of a penthouse, lakeview apartment on the Near Northside.

Most people see Evil Unlimited as a legend that vanished over 20 years ago. They believe that we've simply faded off the face of the planet, and that's fine. In fact, that's just what we want. Publicity is for glory hounds, not serious professionals. We're not in this to make a name for ourselves. The money is what's important.

And if you feel the same way about things, well, then you're going to go a long way with our organization.

Good luck!

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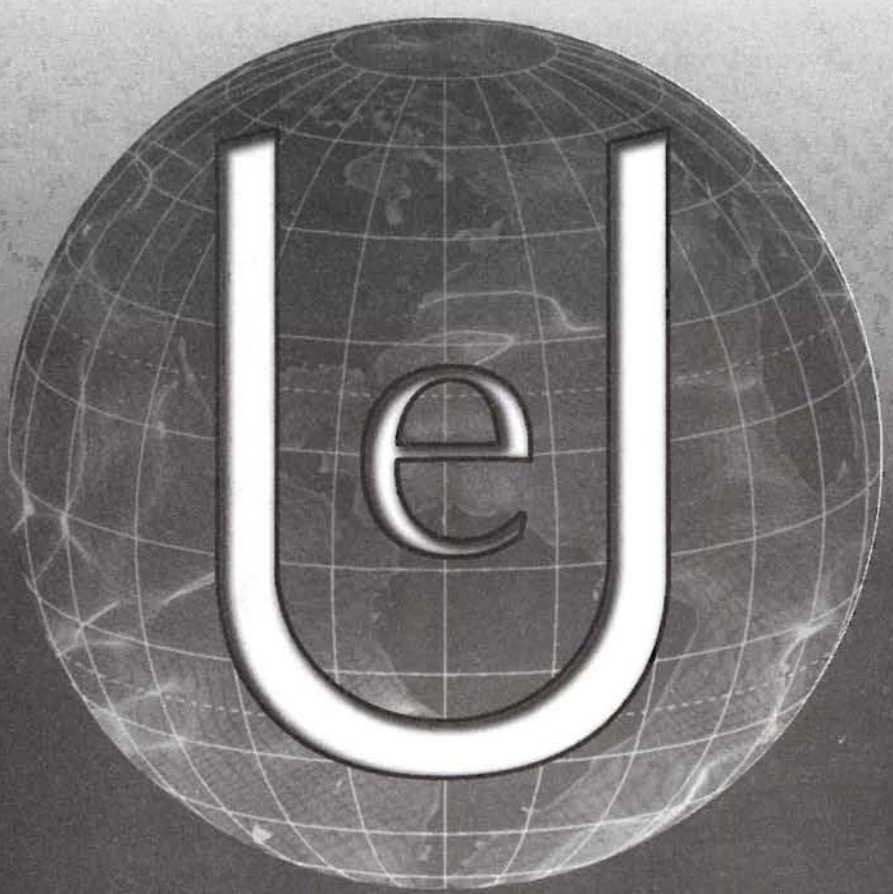
Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

MACHIAVELLI OR BUST



Links

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It's All About Your Point of View

Mr. C isn't much of a philosopher. He doesn't come up with catchy little slogans or meandering mission statements that tell you what he – and, by extension, Evil Unlimited – is all about. But an examination of what we do and how we do it can be fairly illuminating.

A Gentle Warning

Now, I know that many people in your line of work don't think much of the written word. You tend to be people of action, more comfortable with a gun in your hand than a newspaper. You like to let your fists do all their talking.

Well, for once in your life, sit down, unclench your fists and pay attention. There's a lot of information for you digest – maybe too much for you to swallow all in one sitting.

Don't worry too much, though. This isn't high school, and there isn't going to be a quiz afterward. Of course, you are going to be expected to know a few things about the company and how we work, though.

So head's up! I'm about to tell you all about this right now. If you ignore everything else in this little guide of mine – all the details and history of the company – you'll probably get by. You might not rocket to the top of the organization, but you'll manage just fine out in the field.

If you zone out on the information in this chapter, well, God help you, because I sure won't.

Good vs. Evil

Most people like to see things in terms of black and white. It begins when we're kids, and some of us just have a hard time leaving that way of thinking behind.

John Q. Public wants to be able to tell the good guys from the bad guys. That's why they wear white hats and black hats in those old westerns. It's kind of a visual shorthand so you can tell the players without a scorecard.

The fact is that the government, your teachers, the law – just about any authority figure you can name – likes it that way. It makes it very easy for them to tell you how you should act and what you should do. In effect, they use these symbols to control your mind – not in the way a delta charmer might, but in a manner much more subtle and insidious.

In the end, these authority figures always paint themselves as the good guys. Anyone who stands against their authority – or, sometimes, even questions it – is a bad guy. It's that simple.

Ask No Questions, Hear No Lies

The whole point behind this method of showing you the world is to keep you from asking too many questions. The good guys are always on your side, after all. Right? I mean, unless you're a bad guy, which no one in their right mind would even consider, you're on the side of good and just.

And if the people in authority tell you something, then it must be right and true. The good guys only have your best interests in mind. They only want you to be safe.

What a crock.

You might have bought into that stuff when you were a kid. Heck, as a career criminal, you might even buy into it now. You might even think of yourself as one of the bad guys. After all, that's what most people think of you – or at least people like you – right?

Let me let you in on a not-so-little secret. Authority isn't handed over to people simply because they're good, or right, or whatever. People have authority either because they took it or someone else granted it to them.

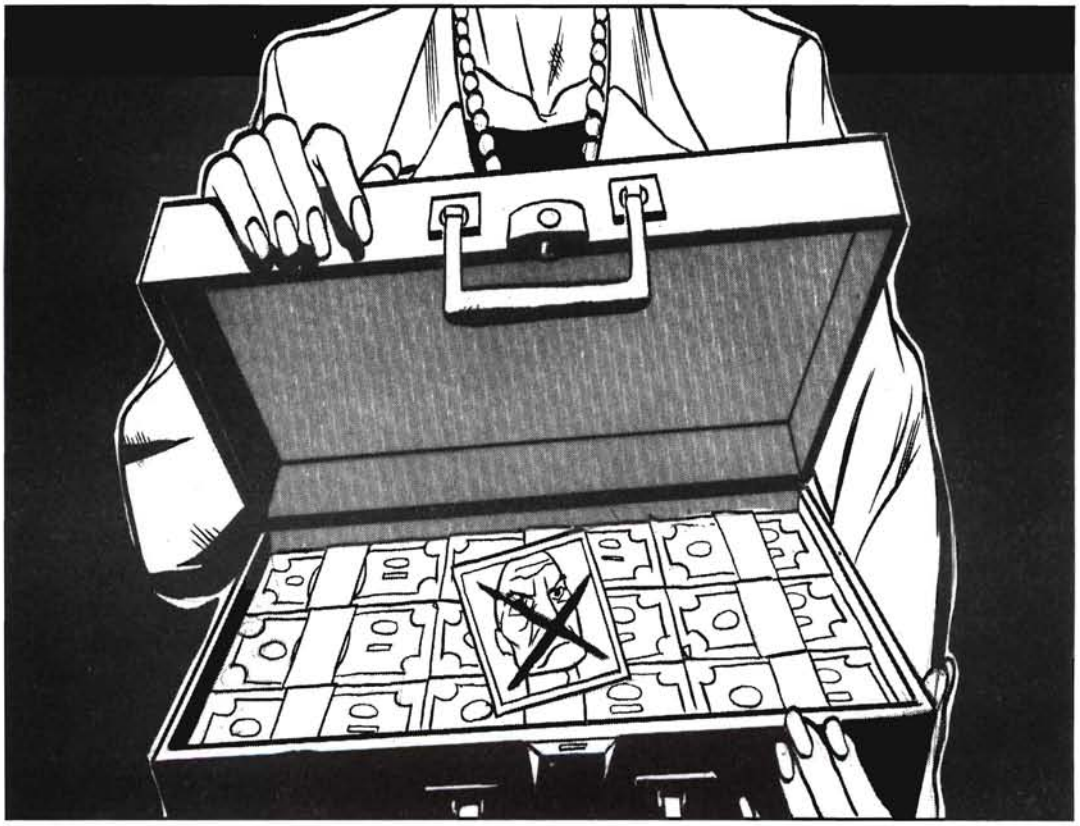
People in authority are just that: people. And just like anybody else, they're all about making themselves happy – often by any means necessary. If you're one of the "bad guys," it's only because you're standing in the way of what would make these people happiest: maintaining their hold on their power for as long as humanly possible.

So as I was saying at the top of all of this, being good or evil – or whatever you want to call these ideals – all depends on your point of view. Personally, I opt out of that whole black-and-white world view, but I'll get to that in a minute. Right now, just do your level best to digest the following point.

If you're considered one of the bad guys, it's only in the eyes of certain people; those people who have been taught to think that way about you were taught by authority figures whose best interest it is for the general public to agree.

Now, this is a headful of ideas to have swimming around in your head.

Let's try it again.



Delta Prime

Allow me to illustrate.

In the current way of thinking in this country – I'm talking about America here, of course – the biggest white hats are the men and women of Delta Prime. The delta badges on the shoulder pads of their uniforms have become the modern American symbol for the "good guys."

But you've probably already had a few run-ins of your own with the Primers. Or – if you're lucky enough to have escaped that particularly… well, unhappy experience – you've at least heard of others who have.

Take it from me: Delta Prime officers aren't the good guys any more than we are.

Under the state of martial law in which we live, anyone who questions the motives or correctness of a Primer can immediately be accused of sedition and then thrown in jail. That's the reason you don't see a whole lot of dissent in the regular papers. The publishers of those "bastions of journalistic integrity" don't like spending time in our jails any more than anyone else.

And heaven forbid you might actually resist arrest. More people have been killed or maimed while trying to run from Primers than I can count. And they almost never get away.

Most people have a better chance of safely cartwheeling directly across the interstate during rush hour traffic than they do of getting away from a determined squad of red-shirted Primers on the hunt. And if you somehow manage to get those Primers in blue after you, most people might just as well save themselves the beating and turn themselves in.

The Freedom of Information

Just about the only place to see anything like real criticism of the Primers is on the unrestricted portions of the internet, at sites like the one that the Defiance runs at deltatimes.com. And you can bet that Delta Prime is doing everything in its power to shut that site down.

In fact, if you point your browser in the direction of deltatimes.com on a regular basis, you'll notice that the site is down these days more often than it's up. Worse yet, on the rare days that it's actually up and running, the content is as stale as month-old bread.

These facts don't speak well for the future of deltatimes.com. This august publication has seen a lot of hard times over the decades that it's been in print – both on actual paper and in your favorite browser – and it's managed to get through them all so far. Still, it's only a matter of time before Delta Prime manages to bring Truth and her "traitorous" publication down.

The Problem of Popularity

With the death of Patriot, hits to deltatimes.com skyrocketed, catapulting the site into the spotlight once again. Even average people wanted to find out more about one of the most notorious leaders of the Defiance, so they went straight to the horse's mouth.

The renewed prominence of the publication has sealed its fate. While it was being quietly supported for years, the Primers were willing to let it ride, even going so far as to use it to gather information on the Defiance. Now, though, it's a real threat.

KEEPING A LOW PROFILE

The Defiance is a fairly good counter-example of how we like to run things here at Evil Unlimited. Where we prefer to keep our heads down and our work unnoticed, the Defiance seems determined to get the public involved in what they're doing, thereby bringing the wrath of Kennedy down on their collective heads.

Of course, we have two wildly divergent goals, which explains our differences quite nicely. At Evil Unlimited, we're not concerned about publicity. Our best advertising comes from word of mouth, from satisfied clients and agents. To be honest, we have more offers for work than we can handle, and we like it that way. It's good to be in demand rather than begging for our next gig.

The Defiance, on the other hand, sees itself as the seminal organization in a nationwide movement to restore democracy to the United States. They need the support of the people to achieve their goals. This means that their people have to be prepared to be held up in the spotlight of public scrutiny. And they shouldn't be too surprised when that spotlight abruptly transforms into an Armorgeddon unit's searchlight.

By working to stay out of the headlines, we're actually helping our business model. Notoriety works against us, since the more people who know about us, the more the authorities feel pressured to do something to put an end to our efforts. When they look at us, they see an anthill, not a vast colony of creatures working beneath the surface.

Question Authority

Getting back to my original point, there's really no such thing as good or evil, just different points of view. The real problem then is figuring out what your own point of view is.

Throughout your life, you've had people trying to influence your way of thinking. It started with your parents and continued with your teachers. As you got older, what your peers thought started to matter more and more. And then there's what the government tells you is true.

It's all hogwash.

Well, not entirely. Most people don't lie to you to your face, after all. They just bias the facts to suit their own point of view.

They do it. You do it. I'm doing it right now. I want you to believe in my point of view, and I'm filling your head with reasons why I'm right. But I'm going to ask you to do something most of those other people don't even dare think about.

Question authority.

By that, I mean don't believe everything that people tell you just because they say that it's true. They're telling you that for a reason. It's up to you to gather as much information about something as you can and then parse that information down yourself until you finally get to something of use to nobody other than yourself.

Make up your own mind. Think your own thoughts. Be your own dog.

That's what I look for in the agents that I hire on: the ability to think for yourself. If you can't do that, you're no good to me. Once you get into the field, you're liable to self-destruct just on your own doubts. And I can't have that happen.

Enlightened Self-Interest

The title of this chapter is "Machiavelli or Bust." For those of you who flunked out of European Philosophers 101, Machiavelli was an Italian writer who penned a book called *The Prince*. If you haven't read it yet, I highly recommend it. For the more illiterate audience, I'll boil the whole thing down to just five little words: "The end justifies the means."

Now, some people translate that into: "Do whatever you want to get what you want." That's the absolutely wrong way to think about it. (From my point of view, of course. As I just said, it's up to you to make up your own mind about these things.)

It actually means: "Do what you *must* to get what you *need*."

From the Evil Unlimited point of view, it's all about economy of effort.

It's the Economy, Stupid

Here's an example of a training exercise we use around here all the time. It's been used a bit to death by now, and we've moved on to other things, so I can talk about it here without fear of coloring your reactions.

The situation is this: You've been hired to extract a young woman from a bad spot. The night before, she awakens with delta powers in a fire that consumes her family's home. She's currently being held at Crescent City Mercy Hospital under police guard.

That's all you know about the situation. How do you handle it?

A smart agent will sit down and do a little research before leaping into the fray. Realizing that time is probably short before the young lady is hauled

off to either Prime HQ or New Alcatraz, the research has to be done quickly. The agent hits the web and picks up a few newspapers, hoping to get some details. Then she heads down to the hospital, where she poses as a friend of someone else on the burn ward so that she can do a bit of reconnaissance without being seen.

What the agent doesn't do is yell, "Lock and load, baby!" before launching several rounds of incendiary grenades through the front lobby of the hospital in an effort to create a "distraction" for the guards on the seventh floor. She doesn't set her delta tough friend on fire and send him off behind the wheel of an ambulance he drives through the hospital's front door, looking for a non-existent on-ramp leading him to the upper floors.

Sure, to a testosterone-impaired, teenage boy, this might sound like a lot of fun, but it's the quickest way to ensure that Delta Prime is going to scramble its top strike team to take out what looks like nothing less than a full-scale terrorist attack.

The smart agent locates the girl in question, then requisitions the help of a phaser to assist her in a midnight snatch-and-run operation in which the girl's absence might not even be noticed for the precious few minutes it would take a well-prepared team of agents to make a proper getaway.

This is starting to sound like a comic book, but it plays the same way, and the end results are just as clear. Smart agents that do their homework and make minimal impact upon those around them. They are also rehired over and over again.

The "comic-book heroes" in the crowd, well, don't let the door hit you in the fanny on your way out.

Keep the End in Mind

The key here is to remember that there are always many ends for your consideration. The most obvious one is the objective of your assignment. Then there's also the end of getting more work from Evil Unlimited, which is only going to happen if you *not only* do your job but do it well.

You likely have several personal ends to keep in mind as well. These likely include keeping yourself fed, putting a roof over your head, keeping out of prison, and staying alive. If you ignore these larger goals in favor of the short-term ones, you're not doing anyone any favors, including us.

We understand that people have lives, and we keep this in mind when working with you. We're not going to ask you to do something that could potentially put your long-term goals at risk – at least not without offering to compensate you for it appropriately.

That's what I mean by "enlightened self-interest." I want you to know what you're getting into from the get-go, and I want you to see it as a good deal for yourself, keeping in mind that we have to see it as a good deal for Evil Unlimited as well.

Of course, at the end of the day, it's your life and your decision to make. I just want you to know that it's in our interest to make sure you're well taken care of. If you end up in prison or dead through something we could have prevented, then we're missing out on the services of a potentially extremely useful agent. And believe it or not, people who fit that description are exceedingly hard to find.

You are a rare commodity. You can expect us to treat you as such for as long as you do well by us.

CODE OF SILENCE

With that in mind, let me talk briefly about the Evil Unlimited code of silence. Around here, we don't have you sign a non-disclosure agreement. In fact, few (if any) of our arrangements ever see paper. Most of them wouldn't be enforceable in a court of law, anyway.

In essence, we have to trust each other. We trust you to get the job done properly, and you trust us to give you what you need to get the job done. Afterward, you trust us to pay you.

Why should we trust each other? We've looked into your background, and we know something about who you are and how you operate. We only accept agents who we think we can work with. Otherwise, what's the point? Every time you go out on a job for us, we're putting our reputation on the line right alongside yours. We need to know you can come through.

As for trusting us, we can provide you with numerous references, often from people you already know, friends or acquaintances of yours who have already worked for us. Also, you can read this manual and figure it out for yourself. If you don't want to work for us after that, then walk away, and save us both the grief.

The one thing we expect from you either way is silence. Our arrangement with you is a tricky one, and loose lips about it could hurt us all. If you're captured, we will guarantee your legal fees and we will pay you $50,000 for every year that you end up doing time. However, if you mention our name once, you don't get a thing (except, maybe some pain). Just so we're clear.

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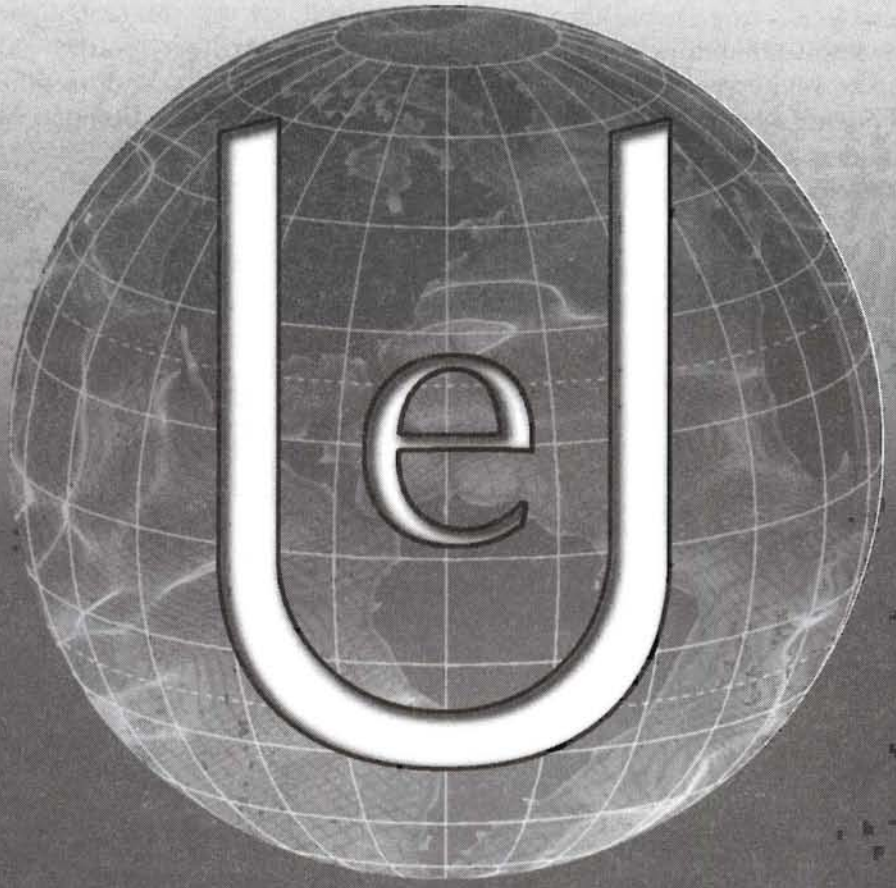
Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

THE EVIL THAT WE DO



Links

http://the_evil_that_we_do/page_32

Who Would You Like to Hurt Today?

That's pretty much the question I ask our clients when we get started with negotiations. I do tend to sugar-coat it a bit more than that, but when you boil it down, that's the kind of service we're offer.

We hurt people for a living.

Now, I'm not saying that we go out and break legs for people – although that's been known to happen, I suppose. Most of the time, no blood is spilled in the course of our missions.

The fact is that most laws are meant to protect people from each other. When we break those laws, we're usually hurting someone else, whether intentionally or not.

Most of the time, that's why we get the call in the first place. We know how to break these laws and break them correctly, with a minimum of unintentional collateral damage.

If You Want the Job Done Right

Lots of people will tell you that if you want something done right you should do it yourself. That's just crap.

Think about it. If you don't know how to do something right, you're more likely to do more harm than good by taking it on yourself. Ever try to give your engine an overhaul? Or set up your own website? Or perform surgery on yourself?

No. When you want something done right, you pay top dollar and hire the best, most talented, most experienced people for the job. To do anything else is just kidding yourself.

The worst part is that most crimes are committed in the heat of the moment, in the throes of passion. People in these kinds of situations just aren't likely to use their heads. This is why they get caught.

But if you know what you're doing and you take the proper precautions before getting involved, crime really does pay.

Handsomely.

A Service Industry

They say the New Economy is all about service instead of product. In that case, Evil Unlimited has been ahead of the curve since its inception. We don't produce anything. We simply provide services for whomever might need them and is able to pay for them.

Also, we're a bit picky about who we do business with. We believe that discretion on all sides is of the utmost importance. It doesn't do us any good to procure a desired result for a client if that client then tells everyone that we were the ones who did it.

We're happy to coordinate with our clients so that they can provide themselves with an alibi for the time during which the provided services are completed. But we don't take the fall for *anyone*.

A Double-Blind System

That's one of the reasons that our agents only rarely meet our clients. If we can keep the two sides apart, so much the better for everyone. That way, when the investigations begin, there aren't any worries about either side identifying the other or ratting the other out. It just can't be done.

Coordination of Effort

Evil Unlimited is really about coordinating the efforts of the clients and agents. Ideally, this is pretty simple.

The client contacts us and negotiates with us to perform a service. Once we come to an agreement about a price and a method of payment, we turn around and start looking for an agent or team to handle the dirty work.

Once we reach an accord with the agents, we're ready for the gig to get rolling. We alert all concerned parties, we set a time and a place for things to happen, and then we pull the trigger (so to speak).

To keep things even more secure, the clients never actually get to meet more than one or two of Evil Unlimited's management face to face. Normally, it's even less than that – limited to phone calls on untraceable lines and letters and materials overnighted to addresses which don't normally exist.

Remember, we've been at this a long time, and we're careful. We have no desire to spend any time in jail.

To that end, we do our best to help both our clients and agents keep their noses clean. There are two reasons for this. First, if you're in jail, you're of limited use to us, either as a client or an agent. Yes, it can happen, but it's not terribly likely, and the situation does cut way down on your options.

Second, people who are being prosecuted have a tendency to want to save their own hides first. As I've mentioned before, this is short-term thinking, which is why we like to ally ourselves with long-term thinkers – people who don't jump at the first offer of freedom a district attorney offers them.

A Word to the Wise

I'm sure I don't need to say this, but I'd be remiss in my duties if I didn't.

We put a lot of effort into establishing long-term relationships with both our agents and our clients. Even if it looks like it might be in our best short-term interests to cut you loose, we won't. We're in this for the long haul.

But if you put us in a situation where we're forced to reassess our priorities, then we will do so. And don't be surprised when you end up looking down the sharp end of the stick.

This "enlightened self-interest" stuff works both ways, after all.

What We Do

On the following pages, I'm going to buzz through the different kinds of services that we offer as a company. As one of our agents, you may be called upon to do a number of different things, although we generally allow you the opportunity to opt out on a case-by-case basis.

The prices for each of these services is negotiated, also on a case-by-case basis; there are often too many circumstances surrounding each individual situation for us to be able to nail down a specific price for each service. The real questions are often "How much is it worth to the client?" and "Can we find any qualified agents who are willing to perform this service for the quoted price, less our own commission?" If we're able to answer affirmatively to both of those questions, then we have a deal in the making.

We reserve the right to refuse any job for any reason, and we allow you to do the same. You should keep in mind, however, that the jobs that are the least popular among our agents – generally speaking, the most distasteful assignments – are often also the ones that pay the best.

This is the same reason why garbage collectors tend to be paid so well. It's not a job that requires a great deal of training, but most of us are more than happy to pay someone else to take care of it for us, mostly because of how personally revolting we find it.

Our Cut

Evil Unlimited is not a charity. We make our money by greasing the wheels of commerce between our clients and our agents. For our efforts, we take a cut of what the client is willing to pay. If there is to be a windfall from the service itself, then we take a cut of that as well.

The size of the cut depends on a lot of things, including how much risk we have to take, how much of the operation we might end up bankrolling ourselves (those flying cars don't come cheap, you know), and how much of the pie there is to go around.

The percentages vary from 10% at the low end to 50% (or, rarely, even more) at the high end. Again, we are in this to make money, but not to the detriment of our partners – our clients and agents. As I keep telling you, it's a case of enlightened self-interest on behalf of all involved parties. If we can come to an agreement on what's fair, that's fine. Otherwise, we're happy to stay out of it. Business is not slow.

THEFT

One of our most common requests is for our agents to liberate something from another person's ownership and deliver that to the client. We do a brisk business in theft of all kinds, ranging from hijacking truckloads of contraband all the way up to and including electronically siphoning funds out of corporate bank accounts. We've even arrange for the theft of one-of-a-kind items from museums and private homes.

We prefer theft for many reasons. It's relatively simple, and when done properly, no one has to get hurt. Most of the time, the victims of the theft are insured, and as long as no loss of life occurs, there aren't likely to be too many strong feelings against Evil Unlimited or its agents, either on the part of the victims or that of the law-enforcement officials under which the particulars of the crime might fall.

DISPOSAL

Sometimes it's harder to get rid of something than to get your hands on it in the first place. Most of the time, clients want to get rid of things that would implicate them in other crimes – things they've done which often relate to extenuating circumstances they didn't employ us to handle. Disposal of potential evidence is part and parcel of any of our other services.

Of course, the prices relate to the seriousness of the crime that we're being asked to help cover up, as well as the nature of the evidence. Incriminating e-mails are easy to dispose of permanently. Getting rid of a body… well, that's something else.

Some businesses have also contracted us to help them dispose of items that they find difficult to get rid of themselves: toxic waste, nuclear waste, and so on. We find places to bury the stuff where no one is likely to find it. In addition, we're happy to take the extra precautions necessary to guarantee that if the items in question are ever found, they're not traceable back to our clients.

No matter what it is we've agreed to help dispose of, you can rest assured that we insist on full disclosure to our main office if not always to our agents. We then insist that every safeguard is taken so that our agents aren't harmed by the very things they're supposed to be disposing of. Our people are extremely valuable to us, and we always treat them that way.

SPYING

This is a kind of catch-all category that covers acts ranging from simple surveillance to actually inserting a mole into an organization. Believe it or not, the Defiance have actually used our services to insert double-agents into Delta Prime. Better yet, the reverse is true as well.

Officially, of course, both groups deny cutting such deals. But that doesn't mean that they don't happen. As always, make up your own mind and believe whom you will.

Fees are dependent upon what kind of spying is undertaken. The more dangerous or involved the project, the more it's going to cost. A simple phone tap doesn't require all that much effort on the part of our experts, but working up an entire background for a potential mole and inserting him can be extremely time-consuming.

Let's not forget the fact that you're asking an agent to give up his entire life for the duration of the assignment.

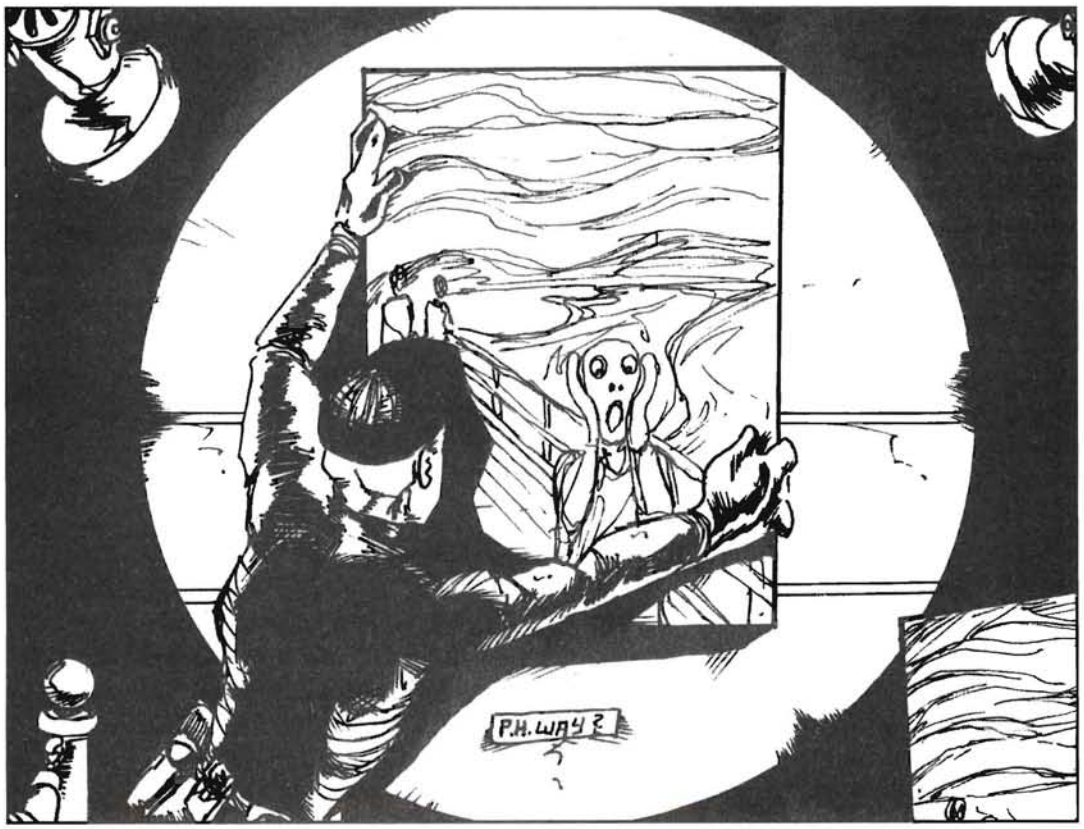
FORGERY

We also specialize in forging documents. We handle all kinds of documents, writing styles, and even official paperwork, from simple contract signatures to personal, business and even government checks. We can even hire someone to construct an entirely new identity for a client, from the ground up.

We also hire people who specialize in the duplication of original artwork. These are often used in conjunction with theft operations, since few people are likely to report the theft of something they can't even tell is missing. Alternatively, art forgeries can be sold or auctioned as the originals, on or off the legitimate market.

We have even proudly managed to help with the forgery of mass-produced items, including currency. Chances are that some of those greenbacks in your pocket were actually designed by one of the agents in our employ.

Last year, we were contracted to forge copies of an incredibly popular children's trading card game based upon Japanese battling monsters. I thought the project was a joke at first, but apparently there's a great deal of money to be made with such things. You probably saw in the news that a card shipment was intercepted by US Customs in San Francisco; the clients contracted us to handle the forgery of the cards, but they attempted to handle the delivery themselves, and failed.



Debt Collection

We also arrange to help people get what's coming to them – on both sides of the delinquent debt equation. We don't bother with things like breaking legs. Any thug can handle that. We encourage someone to make good on debts ranging into the millions of dollars.

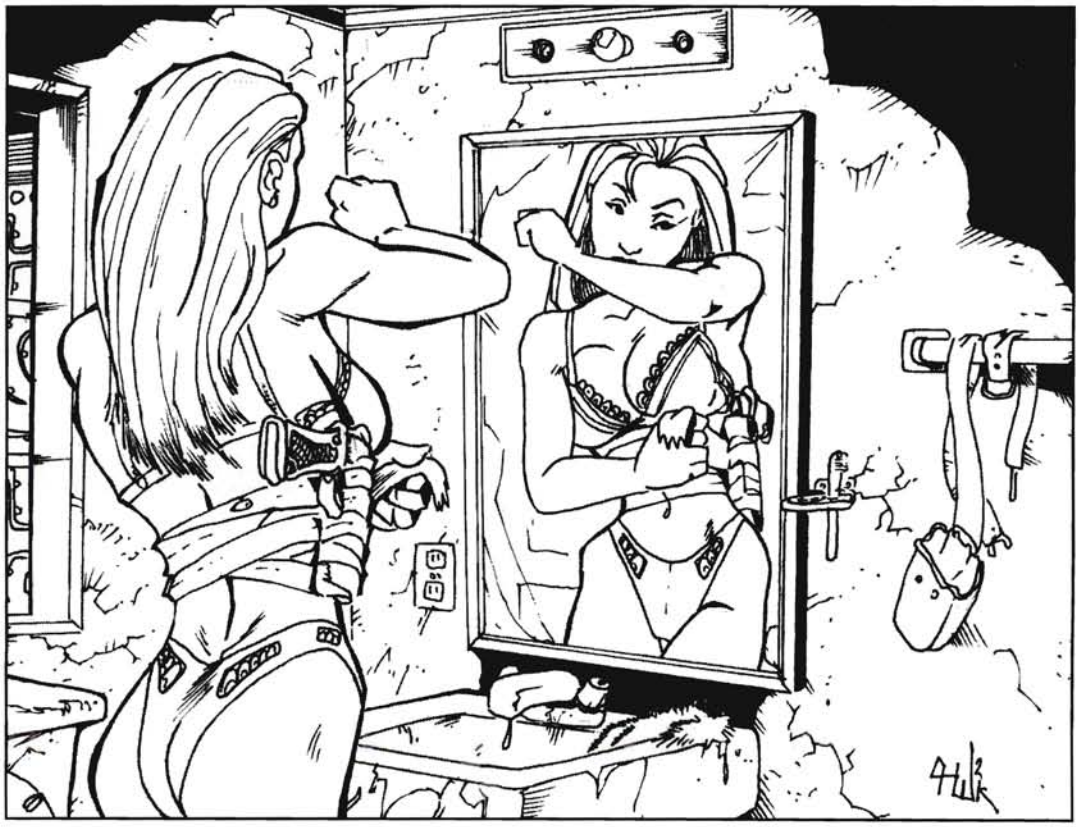
If we believe in the client's case and know that the delinquent party actually has the means to pay the debt in question, we often accept jobs like this in exchange for an up-front advance and a percentage of the money recovered. Depending on the risk involved, this percentage can range as high as 50%, but – as many of our satisfied clients have remarked – getting half of what they're owed is far better than nothing.

Kidnaping and Rescue

These efforts range from the typical snatch-job and ransom demand to grabbing "innocents" from the compounds of religious cults and subjecting them to intense deprogramming until they see things the way our clients want them to.

We take on few kidnapings because they can so easily turn bad. All you need is for someone – or, worse yet, the target – to get hurt or die, and you've got a real mess on your hands.

If the operation involves ransom demands, we insist on handling the whole operation ourselves. Too many people make mistakes during the negotiations and risk our reputation in the process. Plus, with our cut of the take, we like to see them succeed.



Smuggling

Some things just aren't supposed to cross borders. Whether it's illegal immigrants, drugs, technology, or nuclear warheads, we're the people to turn to when you want to get that special something (or someone) from Point A to Point B without anyone in the government noticing.

We often take a cut of the estimated street value of whatever's being smuggled. This can be paid once the contraband has actually been converted to cash, but our patience with such things is limited. We're a business, not a bank.

Heartbreaking

This is one of our trickier services, but you might be surprised by how many people find it useful. We agree to take a working, loving relationship between two people and turn it to dust. They can be lovers, family, friends, whatever. All we guarantee is that by the time our agents are done with them, they'll never want to speak with each other again.

This is often easier than it sounds. Many times, all it takes is a little research into the backgrounds of the two targets to dig up some dirt that that's bound to drive a wedge between them. Then it's just a matter of revealing the information in the most humiliating way possible and ensuring that it can't possibly be swept under the rug again.

Parents hire us to break up impending weddings. Sometimes a spouse hires us to help end an affair their loved one is having. Other times, clients will ask us to ruin a business rival's life, making it difficult for the target to concentrate on business.

We've even hired to "help" officials out of political office. Of course, this happened a lot more in the days before Kennedy came to power, but even appointed officials need to pay attention to their own lives sometimes.

Assault and Battery

Sometimes a client just wants someone roughed up. This kind of service is extremely dangerous and requires real money. First, it's often difficult to tell what security the target might have around him, and getting past it is rarely trivial. Second, causing someone bodily harm is meant to get their attention, and that's something that we generally like to avoid.

Worse yet, the target is inevitably left as a witness with a new motive for revenge. This is something our agents really don't need, and neither do we.

Murder

Everything I just said for assault (which is threatening someone, usually with imminent bodily harm) and battery (actually hurting someone) goes triple for murder. When someone dies under mysterious circumstances, the situation gathers lots of attention, and involves a lot of people. Suddenly everyone with a badge and all their forensic specialists are out in force.

We strongly recommend against taking such measures. There are usually easier, less intrusive (and less expensive, as far as our fees are concerned) means of getting the results you want from a situation. Killing someone is just crude. Still, it happens all the time.

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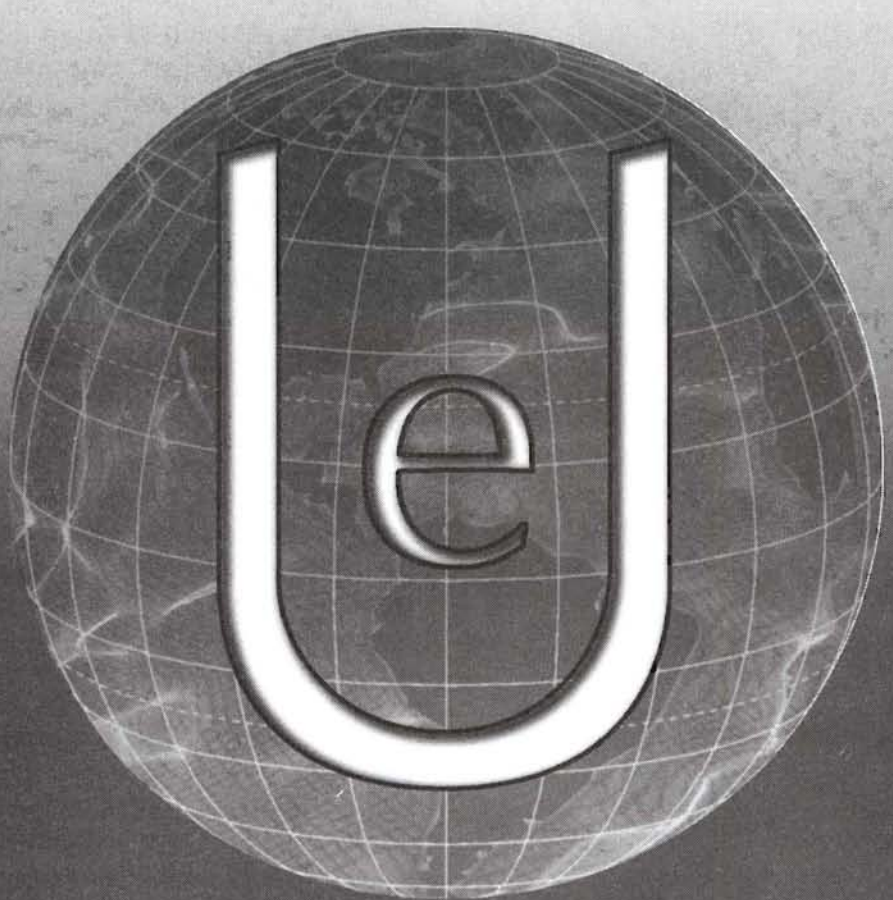
Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

EVIL PLACES



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Virtual Living

As a company that likes to keep a low profile, we don't have a corporate headquarters where people are running around filing papers and trying to kiss up to the bosses. In fact, you'd probably be surprised by exactly how many people are in our employ. We're mostly a group of administrators linking up prospective clients with freelancers who can offer them the services they require.

You don't need a whole lot of space for that.

That said, there are a few different cities around the country and even the world where we maintain offices from time to time. These are generally very mobile ventures.

By that, I don't mean that we only put our offices in mobile homes – although we have actually done that from time to time in the past. No, we grab short-term leases within otherwise abandoned office buildings, fix the place up quickly, and pay the rent in advance. Then we set up a quick-out program in place that we use at the drop of a hat.

Get Out Quick

By a quick-out program, I mean that the head person in the office can figuratively (or sometimes literally) push a button and watch everything vital in the building get packed up and moved out in less than an hour. Setting up something like this can be a lot of work, but we've found it to be more than worthwhile.

Lots of times, when the police or the Primers are investigating something, they stop by our offices to ask a few questions. If they're not particularly fond of the answers, they usually head out to get some backup and then return in force, often with a battering ram to knock in the door.

By the time they get back, though, they find the entire office empty. And when I say empty, I don't just mean deserted. I mean *empty*.

Everything in Good Time

The first thing to go are all the nonessential personnel. These people are immediately escorted out of the building along the least obtrusive avenue possible. They often end up leaving our soon-to-be-ex-offices by means of a freight elevator or even an underground steam tunnel.

Those remaining behind immediately grab every bit of vital data and haul it off the premises. This includes not only every computer disk on site, but every bit of paper as well.

Anything not deemed vital is either dumped down the chute into the incinerator (assuming the building has one – and we prefer buildings that do) or tossed into a waiting dump truck at the rear of the building, where it can be ferried away without notice.

Every bit of office furniture and equipment follows soon after. Most of this gets tossed directly into the dump truck, which then hauls its load straight to the nearest, hottest incineration facility in the area. The truck itself is then taken and sold to a nearby chop shop, which ensures that none of the pieces from the truck can ever be traced back to the original owners. Usually, only stolen trucks are used anyway, making the possibility that the vehicles can be linked to Evil Unlimited nearly nil.

Without a Trace

When every employee has finally left the office, they are pooled into a number of separate vehicles, each of which leaves town in a different direction. A few of these employees may be allowed to return to their homes to be reassigned to the next office set up or to an alternative office – assuming there is one. The remainder of the people are reassigned to offices in other parts of the country.

The idea here is to leave the authorities – and anyone else – with absolutely no means of tracking any member of our organization. In fact, when those who have set off the quick-out program return to the place where they worked, they are so confounded by the lack of evidence that they throw up their hands in disgust.

We even go so far as to have the company name under which we're operating – Evil Unlimited's a bit of a dead giveaway, we've found – removed from the building directories. If the investigators on our trail bother to check with the building's owners, they find that no one has actually signed a lease for the space we were occupying. In fact, the owners or their agents (if they have any) honestly never knew we were there.

We usually just walk into a place and set up shop like we belong there. Do you really think that getting keys and security codes and the like is out of our reach? We do some research ahead of time to make sure that we won't be interrupted by the proper owners, and when we are, we simply execute the quick-out program.

Our Recruiting Requirements

Obviously, it takes a special kind of person to work for us. They need to have few if any personal connections to the area in which they live. They have to be willing to pick up and move at a moment's notice. They must be completely loyal, over and above any other relationships they have.

You might be surprised how many people in corporate America meet those qualifications. Most people just never acknowledge it – whether to themselves or anyone else – that their jobs mean more to them than any other part of their life; that they don't really mind living without regular interaction with their neighbors or the city around them; that they can get by fine just about anywhere, because the only place they spend any real time is in their office.

Once a person faces up to those facts in their life – once they've accepted those details about themselves – then they're ready to hire on with us. Until then, they've just got too much baggage – emotionally and otherwise – to qualify for the job.

Tight and Lean

You never know when you're going to have to cut someone loose. It's not unheard of for one of our employees to develop a life outside of the office; people have the most unfortunate tendency to do so with the slightest provocation.

This is grounds for immediate termination, since it means that they're too likely to balk when it next comes time to push the quick-out panic button. And quite honestly, we just can't risk that.

So we keep our office staff pared down just about as lean as we can go. In fact, we often have a number of small offices in a city, some with no more than a handful of employees in them, or less. Many are only two- or three-person operations.

Others are much larger. The biggest is where I personally reside. Its location can actually change from week to week or even day to day. Most of the time, we end up in Crescent City, but we could just as easily be in New York or Los Angeles, or anywhere in-between.

My operation has somewhere over 40 office staff at any given time. And let me tell you, getting that many people moving at the drop of a hat is not an easy thing to pull off.

And we practice. I often set off the quick-out program whether we need it or not. When it seems like my staff is getting too comfortable or complacent in their jobs or the security measures we're taking, then I push that button, and away we go.

It's a great way to separate the wheat from the chaff, so to speak. And the best part is that the employees never know whether the threat is serious or they're just taking part in a drill.

Don't Treat Them Like Mushrooms

A lot of people in my position might be tempted to take their employees and treat them like mushrooms: keep them in the dark and feed them nothing but fertilizer as a steady diet. The fact is, due to the nature of what I do, that's just impossible. If my people don't know what they're really doing on a daily basis, they really don't know what they're doing.

Let me rephrase that.

I prefer to employ competent people whom I trust rather than having to constantly micromanage a bunch of drones who wouldn't know how to wind their watches without my say-so.

For one, although I've been in charge around here for over 10 years now, there's nothing to say that I might not someday be gone. Oh sure, I'm hard to get rid of for all sorts of reasons, but even I get to go on vacation once in a while. When I'm gone, I like to know that if something terrible happens, just about anyone in my office would be able to handle setting off at least the minimum response to any threat, perceived or otherwise.

I've actually gone away for weeks at a time before, only to discover that when I got back my office had been moved not once but twice.

I tell you, I've rarely been prouder than I was at that shining moment when I first learned that.

It's nice to know that if I actually were to disappear for some reason, what I've worked so hard to build and maintain would actually continue without me. Sure, part of me likes to think that I'm an invaluable part of the company, and to some extent that's true. But if the worst were to happen, Evil Unlimited would limp along without me well enough. And soon enough, even that slight limp would go away.

Even if Mr. C were to somehow vanish – and no matter what people might tell you, he really does exist – the company would roll on. It's just too powerful an idea for it not to continue. To paraphrase a great thinker from the last century, "Even if Evil Unlimited did not exist, we would have to invent it."

ATLANTA

Yes, we do have offices near – but not in – Atlanta. We have a lot of very special people on our payroll, but it's hard to get business done in an office in the heart of a nuclear wasteland. Sometimes people swear that they can still read at night by the glow of the nearby ruins.

The work we get near Atlanta usually involves theft. It's amazing how things are really brought into focus when you have one of the human race's largest mass graves squatting right over the horizon from you. People aren't so worried about relationships and power as they are about having things and keeping them. Fortunately, we can help on both counts.

GOING STRAIGHT

I suppose I didn't mention before that Evil Unlimited is also happy to take on legitimate assignments as well – things like personal security, for instance. We still charge outrageous prices of course, and most people opt to go with a more traditional option.

This is hardly a worry for us, since we make a lot more money working on the other side of the legal line. And despite charging prices that many people might simply find exorbitant, we almost never have a lull in the overwhelming demand for our services.

In any case, if someone really wants to pay us to do something that's not illegal, we'll happily take them up on it. The risks are often substantially less, and the rewards can actually still be fairly high.

CRESCENT CITY

Of course, the biggest hotbed of business for us is Crescent City. This is a city with a pulse. After the disasters that have riddle Manhattan over the years, Crescent City has taken over as the model for the rest of the country.

The city is also the most dangerous place for us (or any other criminals) to operate. It has the highest percentage of deltas per capita in the United States, and possibly the world – with the notable exception of Isla Delta, of course.

The corollary to this is that it's also the city where we can command the highest prices. These things skyrocket along with the risk, and there's no place riskier for us to operate in than Crescent City.

Along the Chicago Bay, we take on all sorts of jobs, but the real emphasis is on espionage. The Defiance wants to spy on Delta Prime. The Primers want to spy on the Defiants. And companies like Triumph, Inc. and Webhead – two of the area's largest employers – want to spy on everybody, just in case.

LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles is a cesspool. I spend as little time there as I possibly can.

For one, the city is overrun by gangs, which means there's a vibrant community of comparatively competent criminals there already. This cuts into our sales (though only slightly, since most gangs have their own agendas, and aren't interested in hiring out to third parties.)

The oddest part of working in LA, though, is the backstabbing – sometimes in the literal sense – that happens in the entertainment industry out there. We don't do a whole lot of capital crimes out in Southern California, but we do end up going a long way toward making people wish they were dead.

MIAMI

Miami is legendary for the volume of materials that are smuggled through the area, and you can bet that Evil Unlimited has a large piece of that ever-growing pie. You would think that a lot of this would have to do with the notorious drug trade, but that's not as common as you might think.

Our prices are often too expensive for the drug cartel overlords to pay on a regular basis. It's just not worth it to them.

When it comes to things like getting illegal immigrants into the country though, that's where we excel. Some of these drug lords like to come up to the States from time to time to see how their American operations are functioning. Getting in isn't always the problem, of course. It's getting them back home in one piece that's the real challenge.

NEW YORK

Did I say LA was a cesspool? I must have been thinking of New York.

Honestly, both cities have had some real problems with amateurish crime over the years, and they don't seem

like they've let up much recently. New York, however, has a long tradition of "organized" crime.

Honestly, I don't know who told these people they were organized. I've seen Boy Scout troops that are run better – and with stronger leaders. Being willing to blow the heads off of the people who disagree with you is no way to establish yourself as a leader. Eventually, someone's just going to try the same trick on you.

Most of our work in New York these days involves corporate sabotage. You'd be amazed how a few well-placed "news leaks" can cause a stock's value to yo-yo like crazy over the course of a single day.

SEATTLE

Seattle is the place to be these days. In addition to the high-tech, there's the supernatural evil of the Bargainers. As general policy, we avoid that kind of thing. We've found that dealing with demons gets you burned.

Still, there's plenty of work to go around for us in Seattle, mostly in the realm of forgery. With our current resources, we can work our way into a software giant's headquarters, make off with their next release just before it goes gold, and then arrange for bootlegs to be out on the market even before the real thing arrives in stores.

Technology is truly a wonderful thing. Of course, our army of hacker agents doesn't limit itself to the Seattle area. Sometimes they even wander down to Silicon Valley. For many, that's uncomfortably close to the necropolis of San Francisco. It still reeks with the stink of rotting bodies so many years after the Great Mistake. But that just means higher fees.

THE REST OF THE WORLD

I'm an American. Mr. C is an American. Our business is American.

We have, however, been willing to open branch offices in other major cities around the globe, if only so that we have friends in place there when we need them. We currently have active operations in London, Tokyo, Paris, Berlin, Capetown, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janiero, Mexico City, Cophenhagen, Stockholm, Beijing, Moscow, Rome, New Delhi, Cairo, Sydney, Kuala Lumpur, and many other cities around the globe.

The managers of these branch offices are often given free reign to handle matters as they see fit. If they happen to make too many mistakes, then we have the option of removing them from office – by force if necessary (though it rarely comes to that).

For the most part, things run pretty smoothly. Our business model is based on the idea that people are basically greedy and are willing to pay exorbitant amounts of money to have things that aren't normally theirs – or to have things done that they normally could not – or would not – do.

This seems to be a universal truth among the industrialized nations of the earth – where the only people who can actually afford our services live anyway. As such, our business has not only survived but truly thrived across a broad number of cultural and linguistic barriers.

In the end, it seems, it's an Evil Unlimited world, and I can't tell you how happy that makes me. Apparently you can always rely on human nature, so long as you're betting on the black hats.

We certainly do.

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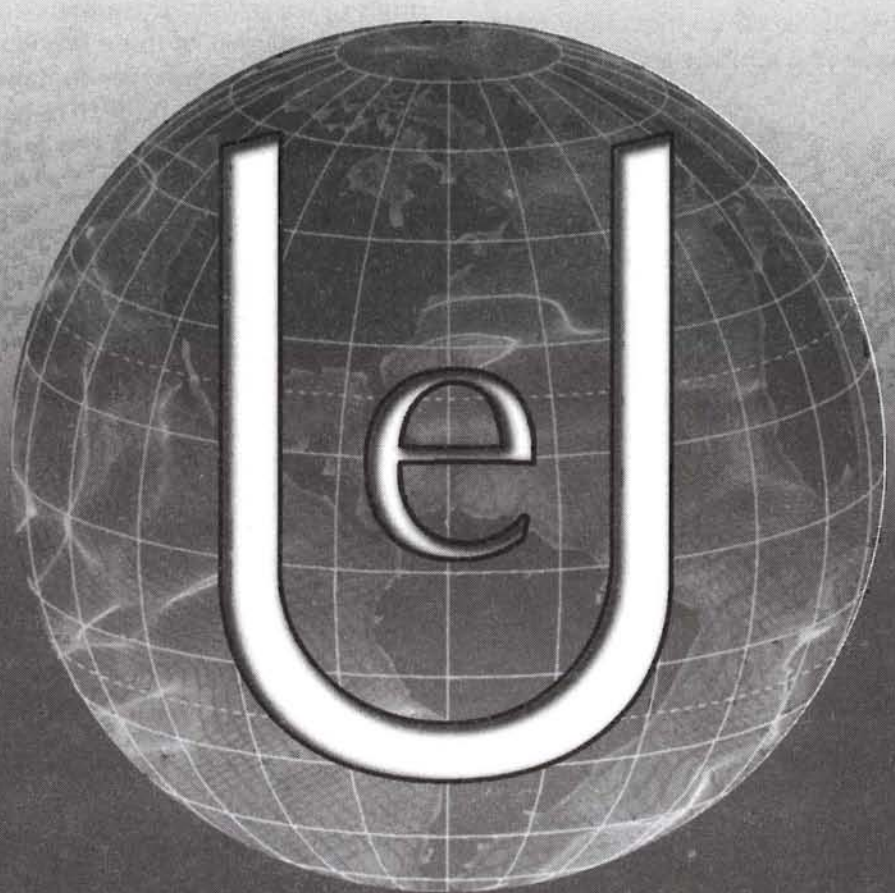
Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

EVIL PEOPLE



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The Face of Evil

While we don't like to emphasize it too much, Evil Unlimited is just like any other corporation: a collection of people who have come together to pursue a common goal – who make a profit in the process. Without those people, the corporation isn't much more than legal fiction.

Of course, being the rogues that we are, Evil Unlimited isn't even actually incorporated. We pay no taxes, nor do we withhold from our employees' paychecks.

That's right. Every dime you earn from us goes directly to *you*. It doesn't pass "Go," and it certainly doesn't stop by the tax collector on its way.

The Taxman Cometh

As an organization that was founded by Al Capone, we know all about the problems inherent in tax evasion. Despite all the crimes Capone committed in his career – or caused to be committed on his behalf – the only one the Feds could actually stick him with was income-tax evasion (For a man who theoretically had little or no income, he had a hard time explaining that lavish mansion of his down in Florida.)

Well, we've learned from our founder's mistakes, and we have a few pointers to help you realize the real American dream: a state of being in which the only thing that's truly certain is death; you can forget about taxes altogether.

First of all, we conduct nearly all of our transactions with cash or – when necessary – offshore bank accounts. The fact is that even in this day, when it seems you can find out just about anything about anyone on the internet, cash is extremely hard to trace. Dollars – especially in $20 denominations – are portable, widely accepted, and leave no trail.

Take it from me: It's the right way to go.

Bank on It

Of course, it's not always possible to avoid having a bank account. Some people insist on paying by such trusted methods as bank wire and the like. When this is the case, just make sure that you're not using a bank located in the country where you reside. With martial law in place, the Feds can get at any bank records in the country that they like, but it's a lot harder to cross international borders without a good, solid reason.

Swiss banks are notorious for their secrecy, but that's changing a bit over the years, especially as Kennedy leans heavily on them about their covert business practices. Still, there are lots of countries out there with people who are willing to look the other way in exchange for a modest monthly service fee.

Be sure to find a bank that you can trust though. If you find that your account has been cleaned out by people unknown, it's going to be just as hard for you to go after the money as it would be for the Feds. If you like, your supervisor should be able to give you a list of recommended safe harbors for your hard-earned cash. Some of these even grant international access to automated teller machine networks around the world, making it easy for you to make withdrawals and deposits whenever you might be.

Live Simply

The last bit of advice I'll give on this subject is this: Do as we (your employers) do; keep your head down.

The idea here is that you want to keep as low a profile as possible. The lower, the better. If you live in an expensive mansion on the right side of town and tool around town in your Hummer, jet all over the world, and follow your every whim, someone's going to notice.

If that someone happens to report you to the IRS, the tax collectors are sure to get suspicious, and that's something that you honestly don't want to deal with. If they come after you, they're likely to want to know where the money came from. That will lead them to us, which we don't want, either.

If You Need Help, Ask

If you end up in a real bind, please ask your supervisor for help. We are in the business of making problems go away, after all. In the case of avoiding tax evasion, we can help you disappear off the face of the earth, basically by setting you up with a whole new identity in a whole new part of the country – or even the world.

Of course, you'll get an employee discount for our services, but we do insist that you pay for taking advantage of them, by garnishing your future wages if need be. After all, we like to discourage this kind of thing from happening, so bailing you out of a bad situation shouldn't be entirely painless for you. Think of it as a small fine to pay to help erase your past mistakes.

MR. C

If things go well for you, you'll never have the opportunity to speak with the mysterious Mr. C, much less actually meet with him. He's fairly removed from the day-to-day operations of the business these days, and he likes it that way.

"Dammit, Nicki," he always says to me, "if I wanted to handle that stuff myself then what in God's name did I hire you for?"

He has a point.

Let me make one thing clear. While we encourage curiosity and independent thinking in our agents, there's one thing you can do that will get you fired quicker than anything short of actually attempting to murder your supervisor: poking around Mr. C's true identity.

And heaven forbid you should actually succeed and come by that particular nugget of knowledge. That's the mostly tightly held secret in America, and all of Evil Unlimited's vast resources are dedicated – at least in part – to making sure it stays that way.

I like to think of the company as one big family. If that's so, then Mr. C is our godfather. And when I say "God" there, I don't mean the New Testament, "I forgive all your sins, my child" type. No, I'm talking about the flood-the-world, kill-your-own-child, eye-for-an-eye, Old Testament kind of God. You know, the one that put the "fear" in "God-fearing."

Most likely this will never come up in your work with us, and I sincerely hope that's true. But I'd be remiss in my duties if I didn't give you fair warning about the potential consequences.

NICOLLETTE MARKS

If Mr. C is the godfather of the family, then I suppose that casts me in the role of mother hen. That's not an image I'm terribly comfortable with, personally. I've never been much of the mothering kind, but I suppose I'm willing to stretch the metaphor at least that far.

Again, you may not end up having many dealings with me personally. That's what the various office managers and regional supervisors are for. I'm not a big believer in micro-management. In my mind, I hire someone to do a job, and if I'm constantly hovering over her shoulder while she's at work, then I might as well be doing her job myself.

I started with the company back in 1985, and in the 15 years that I've been here, I've seen and done it all. I actually worked as an agent for five years before that and was brought on as an office manager in Crescent City to start with.

By 1990, I was the regional manager for the Midwest, and in '91, Mr. C asked me to become the company's vice president. I readily accepted.

LATEST IN A LONG LINE

There have been a number of vice presidents before me, all of whom ran the company for Mr. C. This has been going on ever since Al Capone handed the organizations reins over to his hand-picked heir: Mr. C. Evil Unlimited's new president wanted to make sure that he could never be associated with the company, so he's always had a proxy working in his place.

That's not to say that Mr. C doesn't have a lot of influence over how Evil Unlimited is run. All major arrangements have to be personally approved by him before they're made solid. All the vast majority of our employees have ever seen of him, in fact, is his signature on the bottom of each of the deal memos that come back – either approved or denied.

Mr. C does like his space, and he's gone to great lengths to ensure that he gets it. His series of vice presidents are his last line of defense between he and those who would demand his ear (not that anyone could demand anything of him, mind you). Believe me when I tell you that you'd much rather be talking with me.

My Predecessor

I can't speak much about the many men who went before me in this job. (I'm the first woman.) I know many of them by reputation, but I only had any real contact with Jared Congers, my immediate predecessor. Congers, of course, was my boss when I was the Midwestern regional manager.

In fact, Congers took his position only a few months before I first hired on as a full employee of Evil Unlimited. It was almost like we started out together, me in my new job and he to running the whole show.

Of course, Louis Knotter was the vice president while I was working for Evil Unlimited as an agent, but I never actually met him. He was a secretive sort, just shy of Mr. C himself in that regard.

Congers and I got along famously, though, which is likely the reason that I was his choice as successor when he decided to step down. Now, Mr. C has

never been known for his egalitarian attitudes about women, but it was the '90s, so he finally decided it was time to let a woman take the helm of the most powerful criminal organization on the face of the earth (if you believe the copy that we get from time to time in those "exposés" in the *Crescent City Times*).

Jacques McCloud

If you haven't met Jacques McCloud yet, you likely will soon. While I spend most of my time in the Crescent City area, the region on which I cut my teeth with Evil Unlimited, I'm not actually in charge of the Midwestern region. (I'm too busy with the big picture these days.) That responsibility falls to McCloud.

"Black" Jacques, as he's called (likely for the deep coffee color of his skin), has one of the sharpest criminal minds I've ever run across. That's why he's handling the Midwest, our largest and most vital operation.

McCloud is a thin, wisp of a man, with thinning hair that's graying at the temples. He wears large, wire-rim glasses that make him look something like an old owl. The lenses are tinted, and they polarize in bright light, instantly becoming almost opaque. This shields his eyes from the glare, but it also makes it almost impossible for anyone to ever get an unobstructed view into his eyes.

Despite his underwhelming physique, McCloud has an extremely powerful way about him. When he speaks, people listen. At the very least, those that run afoul of him can expect a verbal rundown of each of their personal faults in flawless French (McCloud is French Canadian).

When I'm not around, McCloud is the man who takes over for me. In all cases, you should interpret an order from him as if it came directly from me or even from Mr. C himself. Actually, you should give each and every one of the regional managers this kind of respect, but it goes double for McCloud.

And don't mess with him, thinking I'll bail you out later. First, I won't. Second, McCloud didn't get to where he is now by letting people make a fool of him. You can bet that you won't get away with it for long.

Kyra Resnick

Ms. Resnick – as she prefers to be addressed – is our regional manager for the Southwestern region. This extends from northern California all the way over to Texas. Originally a resident of Austin, Resnick currently resides in Beverly Hills, California, a teeming throng of people in dire need of our services, if ever there was one.

Resnick is a petite woman, with short, curly, brown hair that, at her age, she must be coloring. She has the distinct feel of being someone's mother, and in fact, she has three children and more grandchildren than I could ever manage to keep track of. (They keep adding more!)

I can only guess that Resnick must have had some pretty tough kids because she handles her people like a drill sergeant who's just flunked out of sensitivity training. At times, she seems calm and collected enough, but when she drops her guard, you can see that she's ready to kick every butt unfortunate enough to get in her way, until she gets exactly whatever it is that she wants.

The one thing that Resnick has going for her – beyond her winning personality – is that she's a crack shot with a gun. The woman could blast the left wing off a fruit fly at a 100 yards.

This ability tends to command respect among those that work for her. After all, as the manager of the Southwestern region, she has a lot of clients and agents who seem to think they're some sort of gunslinger from the last turn of the century. She can outdraw and outshoot just about any of them, and if that doesn't get a cowboy's attention, I don't likely know what will.

Pedro Maldavar

Pedro "El Mulo" Maldavar keeps things running smoothly for us in Miami. Maldavar was born and raised in Columbia, where he quickly fell in with the local drug lords.

A poor boy, he was willing to do just about anything to make enough money to haul his family out of the squalor they lived in. This included smuggling concentrated cocaine into the US through his digestive system. Thus he gained the name "El Mulo," which is Spanish for "the Mule."

Maldavar was picked up by customs in Miami after one such trip. They were pretty sure he was holding contraband in his gut, but he wasn't willing to provide them with the evidence, so to speak. The superhuman effort he had to make to keep the junk from leaving his system almost killed him. In the end, it was only the advent of his delta powers that saved his life.

After that incident, Maldavar decided to leave the cartel for which he was working and freelance his services. He worked as an agent with us all the way through the '80s, until he finally accepted a job with us in 1991.

I appointed Maldavar to his current position myself in 1997. Believe me, there is no one who understands the world of drug trafficking like El Mulo, and there are few smugglers whose careers have been as successful as his. We're lucky to have him on our team.

Large Cap

The head of our East Coast operations is a former savings-and-loan executive who managed to get out with a lot more than his shirt when the whole S&L industry started falling apart in the late '80s. He calls himself Large Cap, having given up his real name even before he hired on with us.

Now, some of you might think that Large Cap's name is a reference to the most valued stocks available on the New York Stock Exchange today.

You'd be half right.

The other reason Large Cap took his current name is that he's one heck of a big man. He stands 6'2", and weighs in at nearly 400 pounds.

Some people have been quick to confuse Large Cap's bulk with fat. If they're stupid enough to press the issue too far, however, they quickly discover the error of their ways.

Word is that Large Cap wasn't originally run out of town for his involvement in the S&L problems. Instead, when a distraught investor accosted Large Cap with a pistol, threatening to kill him, the big man lashed out and beat his assailant to death with his bare hands. Sure, he could have cried "self-defense," but if you're a cop who just lost his life savings with a failed savings-and-loan,

who are you going to believe? The grieving widow of the man who just lost his life's fortune, or the sleazy banker-type who drove him to that alleged act of violence?

WALLY KIM

It might seem strange that we have a regional manager in charge of the Northwest, but with the rise of Seattle as the center of all things computer-related – outside of companies like Webhead, which have set up in Crescent City's near northside, of course – it seemed prudent to set up an office there.

It used to be that this was part of the Southwest manager's territory, back when it was called the West Coast region. It was just too much for one manager to handle, though, and we split the area up, handing the new office over to a man named Wally Kim back in 1993.

Kim is a young, Korean computer genius. At the tender age of 32, he's the youngest of all of our regional managers. Despite this, no one questions his credentials. He's an absolute whiz with a computer, and if you annoy him too much, you'll suddenly find your bank accounts cleaned out. Or worse yet, you'll find that there's a million bucks in your account, along with a clear trail that shows how you stole it from some charitable organization like the Special Olympics.

Kim is short, with sharply styled dark hair. He dresses casually at all times, despite his position, and he always wears a winning smile.

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Evil Unlimited

Annual Report

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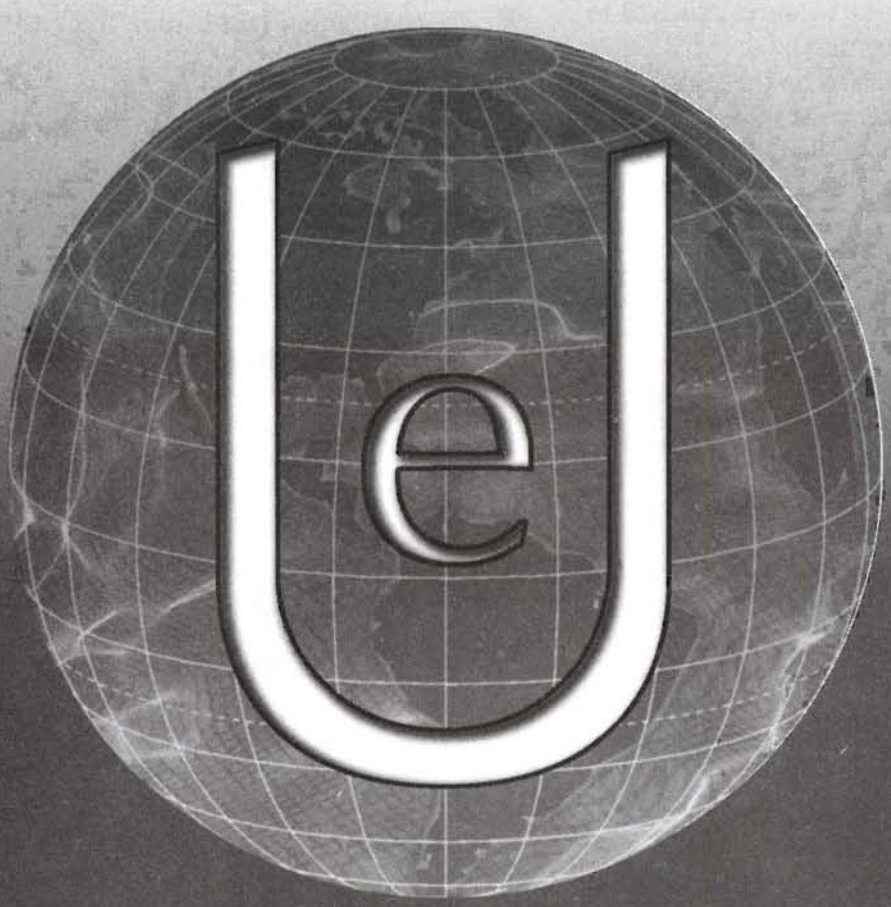

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Don't Take Off Yet

I know that most people in our line of work have the attention span of a spastic hamster, but bear with me a little longer, please. I already know that you're the cream of the criminal crop; otherwise you wouldn't be reading this. But prove it to me by sticking with me just a little bit longer.

I promise that this part of the manual will be a bit more entertaining than the rest. Now that we've gotten through all the details about who we are and where we're going, let me tell you a couple of stories about what we've done.

The Strangest Occupation

Criminals often find themselves in the funniest situations. Oh, sure, at the time it may not seem funny that your buddy bought you a mask that you can't even see out of for the gig, but later, once the heat has died down, I think you can see just about how knee-slappingly hilarious that can be.

Okay, maybe it's a sight gag.

At the same time, our agents can find themselves in the eye of the worst storms to assail humanity in the past century. It's the nature of the beast.

If you're going to be out there, taking care of business and getting things done, willing to bend, break, or stomp flat the law as suits your needs, then things are going to happen to you – or at least more often than they do to the average citizen who spends his days chained to a desk in some high-rise office building from hell.

So anyhow, let's get on with it. And just hope that nothing like this ever happens to you.

The Whole Thing Was Our Fault

It's bad enough that it turns out that we actually supplied the Devastator with the technology he used to destroy Chicago. It just so happens that we had a hand in the Kennedy assassination too.

No, Lee Harvey Oswald wasn't one of our agents. There are few people out there who have the kind of money to pay for an assassination attempt of a sitting head of state. The fact that the target was none other than the President of the United States of America, pretty much jacks the fee up to what most industrialized nations make in a decade. That's 10 years of gross national product I'm talking about.

Sure, everything has a price. We're big believers in that little cliché here at Evil Unlimited. You might even say that our entire business model is based upon it. But there are prices that just can't be paid.

Just Another Gig

When this Oswald character approached the Southern regional manager – this was back in the days when the territory covered all of the Confederate states – he was looking for a number of power armor suits for what he called "an assault on the Texas Book Depository."

Sure, he sounded like a lunatic, but he had plenty of money, and at the time our policy was to not ask too many questions. Even so, Billy Cobb – our man in the area – was a bit

suspicious. At first, he didn't want to sell Oswald the suits at all. But when Oswald promised to pay for it all up front, Cobb relented.

No Day in the Park

The fact is that selling someone something like a suit of power armor isn't like selling them a stick of gum – or even a car for that matter. These are complicated pieces of machinery, and they demand constant upkeep on the part of their creators. Most suits just stop working entirely after being out of their designers' hands for as little as a day.

This meant that Cobb couldn't just have the things shipped down to Dallas and unloaded into Oswald's garage. There was only a short window in which they'd be of any use to the man that way.

Furthermore, using a suit of power armor is a lot more complicated than, say, driving a car. Even that is something that teenagers in this country takes months to learn, and it's often only after a year or two of actual driving experience that they're no longer an active danger to themselves and anyone unfortunate around them.

So Cobb's price for the four power suits included regular upkeep by a quartet of qualified gadgeteers, plus an intensive week-long training course in how to use them.

It's safe to say that the fee for this was something just short of astronomical. But Oswald paid it all up front and in cash.

Right there, that should have set off all sorts of alarms in Cobb's head, but he was one of those guys who had long ago decided that there were things about what he did for a living that he was better off not knowing about. He thought this gave him at least a veneer of plausible deniability.

He was wrong.

That Fateful Day

On that horrible day in 1963, Oswald's self-titled Dreadnauts burst out of that wall in the Texas Book Depository as President Kennedy's motorcade sped by. Within seconds, there was blood everywhere, and the ground was littered with bodies, the First Lady's among them.

For one dark moment, it looked like four men – in suits of power armor which we had supplied them with and trained them to use – had toppled the government of the mightiest nation on earth.

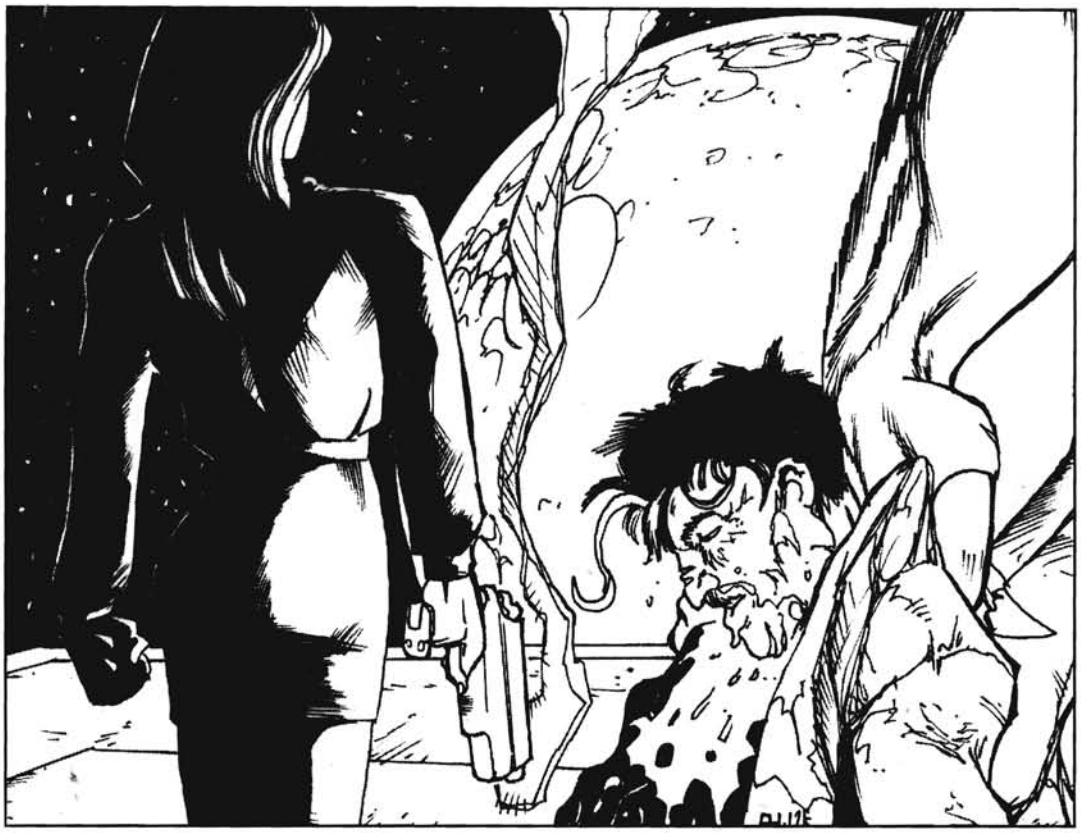
In fact, they nearly had.

If it hadn't been for Superior swooping in at the last second to stop them, the President would have died for sure. As it is, it was still horribly close.

Personally, I'm not sure that it mattered much if Kennedy lived or died that day. Even if he'd met his end alongside his wife, Johnson would have been sworn in as President the next day, and the same things would have happened: martial law, the Delta Registration Act, maybe even the Bicentennial Battle, and the Great Mistake of '89.

Guilt by Association

While Evil Unlimited didn't actually pull the triggers of the guns that wreaked the mayhem that day, we were still guilty as sin. We supplied a bunch of well-heeled wackos with



enough armament to take on a platoon of soldiers, and we even trained them how to use them. If it came out that we had been responsible for this national tragedy in any way, you can bet that everyone in America, from Congress all the way down to our own mothers, would be calling for our heads.

Mr. C was furious. He'd had no prior knowledge of the situation. In fact, when he heard about the Dreadnaut's assault, he cursed them up and down – and the people who had helped them – just like every other red-blooded American. I mean, Evil Unlimited is a criminal organization, but we're not subversive revolutionaries or anything.

When Mr. C found out what had happened, he knew there was only one thing that he could do. He hung Cobb out to dry.

Taking One for the Team

Cobb instantly knew what was going to happen. He could see the writing on the wall. Someone had to take the fall for what happened, and it was likely going to be him.

So Cobb did what any Evil Unlimited employee would do when faced with the realization that the company's entire resources were about to be directed toward finding him and making his soon-to-be-cut-short life a living hell.

He ran.

He didn't get all that far, though. Back in the early '60s, Evil Unlimited was pretty darn powerful, almost as much so as we are now. Cobb tried to hop the first flight out of town to Mexico City, where he figured he'd hide out with some of his friends for a

while. Our boys caught him just as he was about to get on board the plane.

To his credit, once he knew the jig was up, Cobb came along quietly. I understand he even wrote out his suicide note himself – all the better to make it look like blowing his brains out was really his own idea.

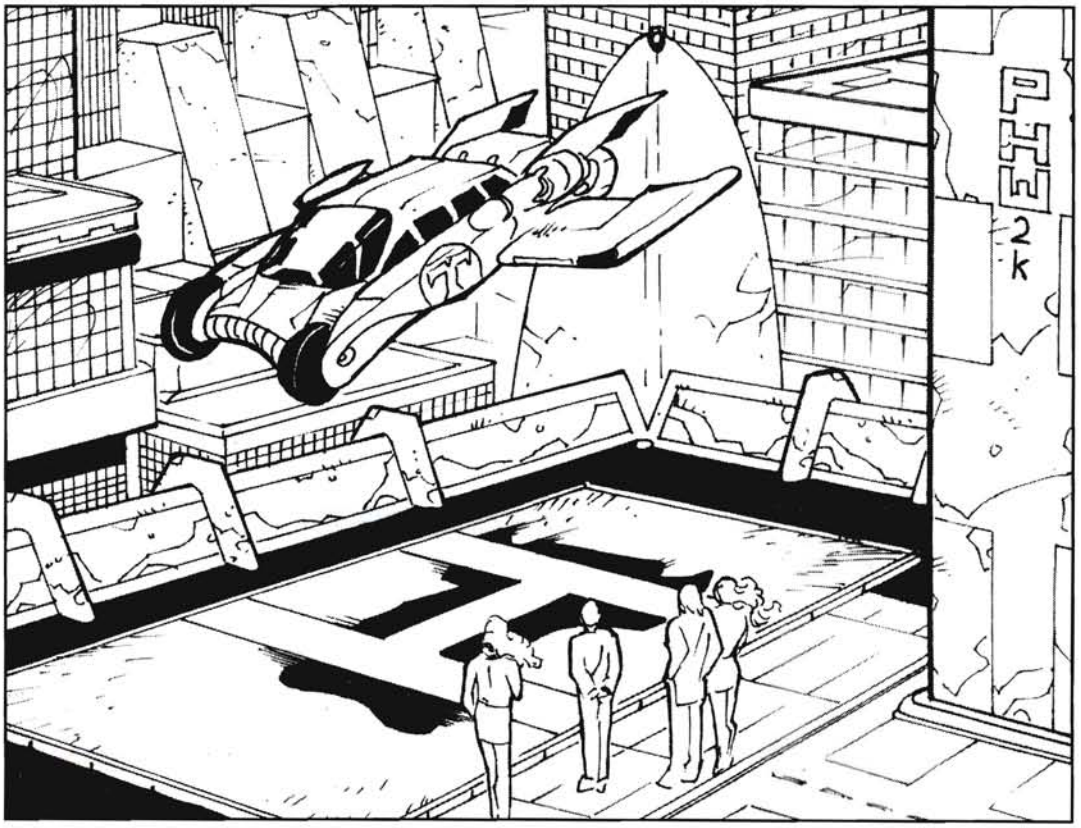
The FBI got a tip the following day about where the power armor suits came from. They ended up raiding Cobb's offices, where they found his body, his suicide note, and extensive records detailing exactly how he'd managed to contract four entirely unconnected and unsuspecting gadgeteers to help him in a get-rich-quick scheme (help these well-heeled thugs led by Oswald).

I'm told the journals painted a really pretty, but entirely fictional, picture of Cobb as a man on the edge of financial ruin, desperate to do anything to reverse his fortunes once again. And, of course, there was nothing left behind to connect him to Evil Unlimited or anyone outside his office who had ever worked for us.

Fortunately, Cobb had run a pretty tight ship. He'd only had two employees: Rudy Gallochek and Barb Tosini. Both of them were found dead in a hotel room, apparently victims of a suicide pact they'd made with each other once they realized that they'd been a part of the disaster in Dallas.

Mr. C refuses to say whether Gallochek and Tosini were killed or actually committed suicide on their own. I suppose these days it hardly matters. The only thing that's important is that it's all over and long done with.

Right?



What This Meant for Evil Unlimited

The upshot of the story – well, for Evil Unlimited, at least; there were far-reaching ramifications for the country and the rest of the world as well – is that we now go out of our way to learn as much as we can about the people we're going into business with.

From that point on, we realized that we couldn't hide behind the fiction that we weren't responsible for committing the crimes that we were facilitating. Oh, sure, we weren't actually pulling the trigger, but we were still as guilty as they come.

These days, we make sure that we consider the long-term ramifications of providing our services to people. It means that our prices tend to be higher than ever before, but it doesn't seem to have hurt our business a bit.

Why I'm Telling You This

So, if you've got a brain in your head, you're probably asking yourself one question: Why am I telling you this?

Well, for one, you can't prove a word of it. No one can. I could just be lying to you, trying to prove how important Evil Unlimited has been throughout the 20th century and beyond. In fact, if you ever tell this story to anyone and it gets back to me – and I don't care how it happens, honestly – I'll say that's exactly what I was doing.

And I'll know that I can't trust you. To me, that's worth the risk of someone actually taking this story seriously enough to try to do something about it. After all, if you're going to be working with us, I have to know how well I can rely upon you.

The Death of a Hero

With that in mind, I'm going to tell you another story. And no, it turns out that we had nothing to do with the Great Mistake of '89. That was honestly all due to Delta Prime and Mad Misha.

At least, that's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

No, that's one thing we honestly had nothing to do with.

However, there is one more recent event in which we played a vital role: the capture of Patriot.

Double and Triple Agents

By late '98, Patriot had really become a thorn in the government's side. The popularity of the Defiance had skyrocketed since he'd joined the organization; no matter how many people were put on the job, Delta Prime just couldn't track him down.

Of course, that's to be expected. Patriot was a Primer for many years. He knew their methods backwards and forwards – better than many of the current Primers, in fact. He'd even personally trained some of them. He knew where their blind spots were, and he exploited them ruthlessly.

Needless to say, Director Reagan was getting a bit bent out of shape about this. Word was he was getting heat from above – and there's only one person who sits above Reagan: Kennedy himself.

So when the President took it upon himself to lean on the Primer directors personally, Reagan made a decision. He was going to capture Patriot by any means necessary, even if that meant working with us.

The Enemy of My Enemy

Apparently Reagan figured that because Patriot fashioned himself as a crimefighter – in the sense of the original Patriot, from which he'd taken his mask and alias – that Evil Unlimited would certainly have butted heads with him before. In a sense, that's true. Patriot's influence on the Defiance was strong, and he was doing a lot to turn it from a simple means of underground communication into a real movement, something that could theoretically threaten the government's stranglehold on its people – someday, that is.

We certainly saw a rise in the number of card-carrying Defiant vigilantes throughout the '90s, starting at about the same time that Patriot joined the organization. Now, whether that's because of the man's leadership or because he was simply part of an overarching trend, it's impossible to tell – and possibly pointless to argue about in any case.

But when Reagan approached us he thought that we'd leap at the chance to work with him against Patriot. He couldn't have been more wrong.

Economics 101

I've said it before, but this obviously bears repeating. (Even Director Reagan got it wrong, after all.) Evil Unlimited is a business.

We are not in the business of holding grudges about any slights, whether real or imagined. And we're certainly not going to grant anyone any discounts over such a possibility.

In fact, with Reagan, we charged him about 10 times what we might normally bill anyone else. First of all, he was asking us to work with Primers, the top law-enforcement officials in the land. As I just said, we don't hold grudges, but on the other hand, we do keep track of who might want to do the organization harm, and the Primers are at the very top of that list.

Second, one of the basic tenants of any consulting business like ours is charging whatever the market will bear. Well, in the case of the federal government, we know they can handle quite a lot. We figured we'd ask them for an astronomical price, all up front, and they'd never go for it.

Well, surprise! They took it hook, line, and sinker. The only caveat they had was that we'd get half up front, with the remainder to be placed in a Swiss bank account to be released into our hands by a disinterested third party once we'd accomplished our goal: the capture of Patriot.

The real beauty of the deal was that we didn't even have to capture Patriot ourselves. In fact, the Primers preferred to do that for us. All we had to do was guide them toward him.

We quickly came up with a plan to do just that. From that moment on, it was simply a matter of waiting for the right moment to present itself. Soon enough, it did.

It's All in the Execution

In the spring of 1999, we set our plan into motion. We found a young delta woman who had newly awakened, and we set Patriot on her trail with a tip forwarded to him through deltatimes.com. (A number of our agents also belong to the Defiance, remember, so making this look legitimate was no problem.)

At about the same time, we set Delta Prime onto the same girl, alerting them to the fact that Patriot himself would be tracking down the girl. We had a team of agents in place in and around the area where she lived. Then we set a Primer squad to her apartment. With the rabbit on the run, it was only a matter of time before Patriot would take the bait.

He didn't disappoint us.

Our agents captured much of the resultant battle on videotape for our archives. I've watched it over and over, and let me tell you, Patriot was one amazing soldier. It took an entire platoon of Primers to bring him down, and even then he almost got away.

Thankfully, we'd arranged for the final encounter to happen in a part of the city where there was really no place for Patriot to run. The Primers had him cornered like a mad dog. They should have been expecting him to bite back. He landed over a half dozen of them in the hospital before they managed to put an end to his run and cross his name off of the top of the Most Wanted Deltas list.

The Moral of the Story

Like all good stories, this one has a point – a couple of them, actually. First, when people want something done right, they come to us. Even the Feds know that, as much as they might hate to admit it.

Second, we'd worked with Patriot in the past. You might have even said we'd developed a bond with him. It only lasted until someone offered us a better price – a *much* better price. It's nothing personal, of course. It's a business decision. And that's what we're all about.

UP

Chapter One: New Power Packages

Getting Evil

Before you get started building an Evil Unlimited hero, you must consider a few things. Being a part of the company involves making a commitment. It also has its benefits.

To reflect this, all heroes that accept a job with Evil Unlimited must take the *duty* quirk for –3 points. This reflects the fact that – as an Evil Unlimited agent – the hero is on call pretty much all of the time. Though he's not always required to be on the job, he must answer when EU calls upon him.

The hero can offset this with the *patron* quirk for +3 points. This represents the fact that Evil Unlimited is willing to set him up with the tools he needs for a particular job. This quirk only applies to assignments EU sends him on, of course, but he could always silently use such items while working on side jobs. No one's likely to be the wiser – unless he damages company property, that is.

The Power Packages

Every power package has at least one entry: powers. Under this, we list what powers your hero receives if you choose this package for her. Remember, a hero only ever gets one power package, so choose wisely.

Many packages also come with another entry: quirks. When you pick this package, your hero automatically gets these quirks along with the powers.

Last, every package comes with two or three tricks exclusive to it. Heroes don't get these automatically. They can pick them as part of the three free tricks they get during character creation, or they can choose them later by spending experience points.

Heroes with one power package can't use tricks from another, except under some fairly special circumstances. It doesn't matter how many successes you get on a roll if you don't have the power package for the trick you're interested in.

DOUBLER

Have you ever wanted to be in two places at once? Have you ever really needed an extra hand or two? Have you ever felt outnumbered?

Well, now your hero can change all that – if she's a doubler. A doubler has the amazing ability to produce an exact duplicate of herself, right down to the clothes that she's wearing and the color of her eyes.

Identical twins aren't this close. Sure, they might look like it, but at the end of the day, there's one large difference. The doubler may have two bodies – two brains even – but there's only one mind controlling them both. Even the closest of siblings can't say that.

POWERS

Create Double: The hero can actually create a double of herself. This double is, in effect, her. The same player controls both individual forms as if they were simply extensions of one personality.

The doubles can be apart from each other for as long as the hero likes, and the maximum range that can come between them is apparently infinite. They move and act entirely independently of each other. This extends all the way to each form making its own *Speed* roll for each combat round.

It takes one full round and a successful Easy (5) *Spirit* roll for the hero to split into two bodies. This takes up all of the hero's actions for that round. If the hero is interrupted during this round, the roll automatically fails, although she can try again on the next round without penalty.

The hero can interrupt her own attempt to split at any time. For someone else to interrupt her, she must be actually stunned. Otherwise, she can proceed as she likes.

While a hero's bodies are split, her mind controls them both. The two can communicate back and forth telepathically, regardless of the distance, and each knows and understands everything the other senses. In this way, one body could enter an area, leaving the other behind, and act as a scout, instantly sending reports back to her other self.

For the bodies to merge back together into one, they need only to touch one another. It then requires one action for the bodies to meld back into one. This can be interrupted, but both bodies would remain independent and both would be stunned.

If one of the bodies is injured, nothing happens to the other. They are considered entirely separate.

Each body can sustain the same level and kind of injuries as the original. If either or both of the bodies is injured when they meld into one, the single body ends up with the lowest level of injury in each body location.

> ***Example:*** *Janus is a doubler who has split into two bodies: Janus A and Janus B. They get into a fracas, and at the end of it they meld back together into one person. Janus A has taken two wounds to her chest and one to her right leg. Janus B has taken one wound to the chest and one to the head.*
>
> *The united Janus then has one wound to her chest and no wounds anywhere else.*

If one of the bodies is killed at any point, the surviving body must make a stun check, applying the wound penalty from the other body. Either way, the hero immediately and permanently loses 1d6 points of *Spirit*. If her *Spirit* becomes 0d6, she dies.

If the hero can recover the deceased body, she can meld it back into herself. If she manages this, she must again make a stun check, applying the wound penalty from the deceased body. In any case, while the two bodies are apart, they cannot otherwise be melded back into one, and neither body can create another duplicate. Only whole, unsplit minds can handle using this power.

TRICKS

Double Speed: With an extra success on an initiative *Speed* roll, the hero can use the highest of her two bodies' *Speed* rolls for both of her bodies. The lower roll is ignored.

If either one of the bodies gets a disastrous roll, however, this trick cannot be used.

Double Team: When both of the hero's bodies are working on the exact same *Spirit*- or *Smarts*-based thing at the exact same time, they can each make a skill roll. With an extra success on either skill roll, the hero can apply the higher roll as if bodies made that same roll. This can be important when checking for things like surprise, for instance. One body could see an ambusher, while the other might not.

If either one of the bodies gets a disastrous roll, however, this trick cannot be used.

Example: *Janus A and Janus B need to make an Easy (5)* perception *roll. Janus A gets a 12, while Janus B gets a 4. Even though Janus B failed the roll, both bodies can now react as if they each rolled a 12 for the* perception *roll.*

FORGER

One of the oldest crimes in civilization is fraud. As soon as something is given any kind of value, people will do their best to figure out how to duplicate it at little or no cost to themselves and then pass it off as the original. Call it laziness, craftiness, or whatever you want; it's still a crime, and a serious one.

Preventing this kind of crime is one of the cornerstones of law enforcement, and of most societies in general. Think about what would happen if anyone could suddenly simply print their own money, for instance? The supply of cash would skyrocket to the point that the money literally wouldn't be worth the paper it's printed on. (That paper's already been used, for one.)

If everyone had an original Mona Lisa, would any of them be worth anything? It's all about the laws of supply and demand, and the forger manipulates that supply directly to his own advantage.

Forgers are highly valued by Evil Unlimited. They may not be the flashiest kinds of crooks, but they can help the company make a great deal of money very quickly, and with little direct, personal risk to any of the company's agents.

Sure, it's not like knocking over a bank with a blaster and a bomber at your side, but on the other hand, forgers rarely get shot at while on the job. It's a career choice with a much longer life expectancy. The worst punishment they face is jail time.

Forgers are used to help create new identities for people, complete with new birth certificates, with which a person can get a new Social Security Number, a new driver's license, and – for all intents and purposes – a new life. In a bureaucracy like that of the United States, this power can prove to be truly invaluable. Just ask anyone who's ever been caught at customs without a passport.

A forger can also replicate an ID badge, copy a key, forge a new title for a stolen car, or even create a new deed for someone's home. Societies function around keeping proper records, and a forger has the ability to alter those records and change what society assumes to be true. Further, the best forgers diverge only slightly from the truth, making them even harder to catch.

POWERS

Forge: Given enough time and the right materials, the hero can make an exact duplicate of just about any simple object. Just like you would expect, the more complicated the object, the less likely the forger is to be able to copy it.

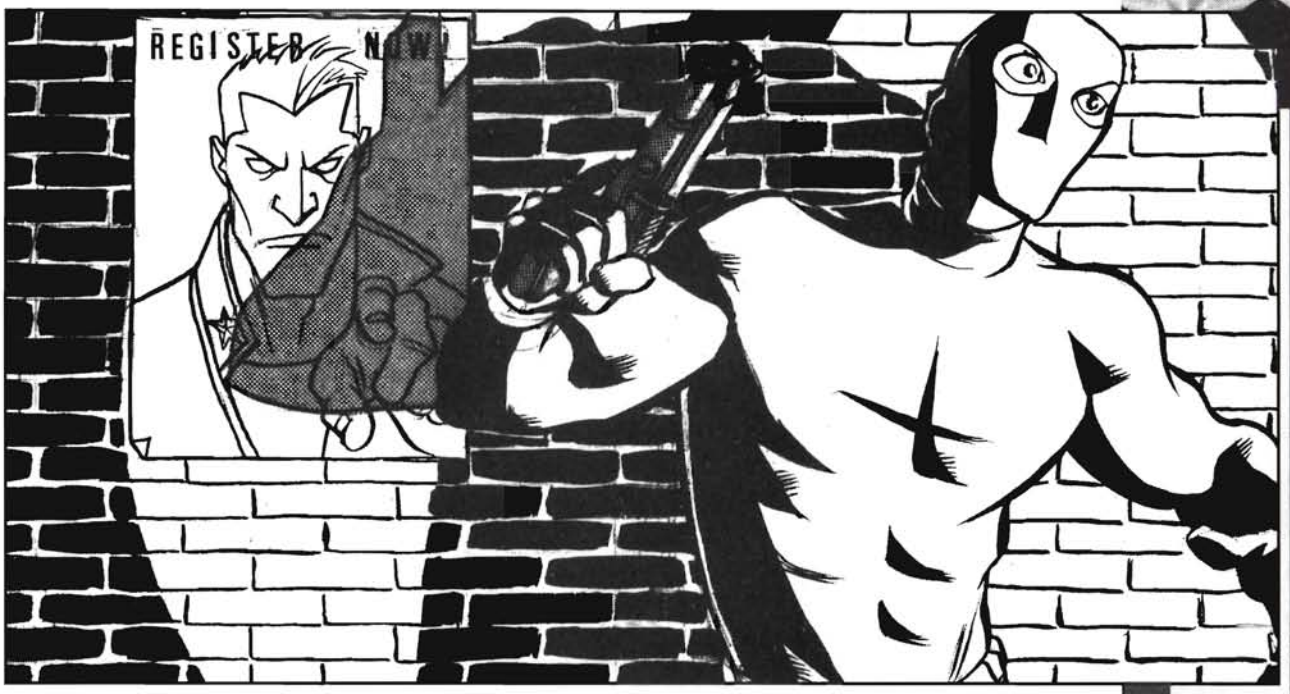
Add +10 to the hero's *forgery* skill.

See the rules on the *forgery* skill in the *Brave New World* core rulebook for specifics on how the skill works.

TRICKS

Forge from Memory: With an extra success on the *forgery* roll, the hero can actually make a decent copy of something that he's only seen once. In effect, he has an almost eidetic memory for objects. With this trick, he can tap into that memory.

If the hero only saw the item in question from a single angle, however, that's the only side of it that he can duplicate. He can try to construct the rest of the item through sheer



guesswork, but – depending on the item's complexity – the chance of getting it right is next to impossible.

But that's where the next trick comes in handy.

Quick Forge: It's not always possible to come up with a decent forgery on the spot. When you see a Primer coming through a train car at you, asking to see the passenger's papers one by one, you make do with what you can.

Sure, it would be best if you were back at home with your light box, magnifying glass, and the rest of your tools. We might as well toss in an extra week for you to work on the forgery while we're at it.

But that's not always how it works, is it?

With three extra successes, the forger can come up with a passable forgery on the fly, one that's good enough – at least for the moment. It won't stand up to any real scrutiny, however. An Easy (5) *scrutinize* roll can detect the fake.

In a case like this, how well the forgery is accepted depends as much on how it's delivered as upon the quality of the forgery itself. The forger knows this, and he projects the perfect image to help him get away with his hastily assembled falsehood.

The forger is the only one for whom the forgery has any chance of working. He must present the forgery himself. Otherwise, the charade quickly falls apart.

When the forger presents the forgery for inspection, he makes a contested *Spirit* roll against the inspector. If he wins, the inspector doesn't even bother to give the item more than a cursory glance.

As soon as the forger leaves the inspector's presence – or if anyone else takes a look at the hasty forgery without the forger's input – the inspector can make a regular skill roll to detect the fake.

A smart forger will be long gone by then.

FORTUNATE

Some people seem to be born lucky. Others are made that way – after awakening as a delta.

Just becoming a delta is pretty darn lucky in the first place. After all, most people are killed by the kinds of experiences from which deltas are born. But there's a special kind of delta who knocks that luck up to the next level on a more or less continual basis. They're called "fortunates."

A fortunate is a hero who can manipulate fate in his favor – anything he has influence over, that is. In other words, his uncanny luck can affect anything that he could normally use a delta point on, but outside of that, he's, well, out of luck.

When most people hear about a fortunate, they figure that he's out there picking up lottery tickets or heading straight to Vegas to play the slots. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Most games of chance are rigged so that the players can do little or nothing to change the odds in their favor – at least not without cheating, anyway.

When you're rolling dice or flipping cards, for instance, there's really nothing you can do to affect the results. Not even a fortunate can change that. The whims of chance are simply too tightly regulated to give him any room to change things.

At least, that's true in the short term, on any given bet. When you start thinking in terms of longer periods of time during which the hero can use his skills to affect matters (and make a *gambling* skill roll, for instance), then you've moved into the fortunate's realm.

When you leave the casino behind and head into the real world, that's when the fortunate's power really shines. Out beyond the dealer's tables, the rules aren't so rigid, which means that they can be manipulated that much more easily.

New Power Packages

Some fortunates fall into the trap of thinking that they're invulnerable, but the smart ones know better than to push their luck. These savvy people only invoke their powers when they need them. Otherwise, they risk having their luck run out on them when they need it most.

Powers

Make Your Own Luck: The hero has the ability to manipulate reality to his benefit – up to a point. At will, he can try to generate another delta point for himself, at any point when it would come in handy.

Whenever the hero wants to generate another delta point, he must make an Easy (5) *Spirit* roll. This is a simple task, and doesn't require an action. In fact, it can only be performed while the hero is trying to do something else for which he wants to use a delta point, like making a skill roll or avoiding some kind of possible injury.

If the hero succeeds, he instantly gains a delta point. This delta point must be spent immediately, on the action he's attempting when he invokes his power.

The hero must declare that he's activating this power before he rolls dice for anything during the round. He can't back up and use his power after the fact.

If the hero fails a roll for his power at any point, his luck runs out; he cannot use his power for the next 24 hours. If he gets a disastrous roll, he also automatically fails at whatever he is trying to do – often with spectacularly bad results. Treat this as if the hero had rolled a disaster normally.

The hero can also use this power when he's been wounded. Every time he's wounded, he can make an Easy (5) *Spirit* roll to activate his power. If he succeeds, he generates a new delta point, which he must immediately use to counteract the wound.

No delta points can be spent on the *Spirit* roll to activate this power. These extra delta points cannot be saved. If they are not used at once, they instantly disappear.

Tricks

Bad Luck for Them: If the hero is making a contested roll, things get even more interesting. With an extra success on the *Spirit* roll to activate his power, the hero can force his foe to reroll her dice and take the worst of the two results.

The effects of any delta points that the foe spends are added to the foe's final result. They are not wasted. So one kind of luck can offset another.

Choose Your Luck: With an extra success on the *Spirit* roll to gain another delta point to use on a skill roll, the hero can use that delta point in a whole new way. Instead of using the delta point to roll a single die and add it to his current result, he can simply make the entire skill roll again. (He cannot use his power again on this new roll though.)

Better yet, the hero can then use the best of the two rolls, even if either one of them was disastrous. If both rolls were disastrous, the hero is just plain out of luck. There's only so much good that a delta power can do against those kinds of numbers.

If he has any other delta points, he can still spend them to roll dice to add to the result he desires.

POISONER

When you think about it, there are lots of ways to kill someone, and most of them are incredibly violent. They often involve lots of blood and gore and screaming.

Because of what they are, these methods tend to both get and create a lot of attention. But not everyone wants that kind of attention when they try to do someone harm. For one, it's a great way to get caught. And then there's the the chance of blowing it.

The poisoner is the most subtle of killers. With but a touch, he can cause toxins to leech from his bloodstream directly into that of his chosen victim. Often he can be gone before anyone – including his victim – even realizes what he's done. This makes him the perfect employee for Evil Unlimited.

POWERS

Immunity: The hero is entirely immune to the effects of any poison of any kind.

Poison Touch: With but a touch, the hero can inject a poison into a victim. The hero must be able to touch the target's bare skin for this to work.

This requires a hit during close combat. It's up to the Guide as to whether or not the hero manages to touch bare skin with his attack. You can probably improve your hero's odds by making a called shot to a particular spot instead.

When the hero touches his victim, he must make a *Spirit* roll to determine the maximum strength of the poison that gets into the victim's bloodstream. The hero may always inject a poison of a lesser strength if he wants.

POISONER STRENGTH

Number of Successes	Strength of Poison
1	Mild
2	Medium
3	Severe

See "Poisons," on page 73 for more information on just how poisons work in game terms.

TRICKS

Cure Poison: Just as the poisoner can make someone sick, so can he make them well – even if he wasn't the original source of the poison. To do this, the poisoner has to touch the poisoned person, skin to skin, just as if he were trying to poison the victim in the first place.

To neutralize the poison in a victim's blood, the hero must make a *Spirit* roll and receive one extra success for each level of the poison. Remember, these are extra successes the hero needs, so he must get one more success than listed on the Neutralizing Poison Table below (i.e. a Mild poison requires 2 successes).

If the hero fails to cure a poison in one round, he can try again on the next. There is no penalty – for the hero, at least. The victim might feel otherwise – particularly if she is moments from death.

NEUTRALIZING POISON

Strength of Poison	Number of Extra Successes
Mild	1
Medium	2
Severe	3

Poison Food or Drink: With a touch, the hero can poison up to 16 ounces of liquid or one pound of food. When this happens, the hero makes a *Spirit* roll like normal, and then consults the table below to see how strong the poison is. Just like normal, the hero can opt to cause a lesser effect if he likes.

The entirety of the affected food or drink must be ingested for the poison to have its full effect. If less than all of it is consumed, treat it as if the victim ingested a poison one level less severe. If less than half is consumed, drop the strength by two levels. If this drops the poison's strength off the bottom of the table, it has no effect.

INGESTED POISON STRENGTH

Number of Extra Successes	Strength of Poison
1	Mild
2	Medium
3	Severe

POISONS

Poisons are a tricky thing and can have a variety of effects on a victim. Here, we assume the toxin is intended to be directly harmful.

The Poisons Table on page 74 outlines how poisons work in the game, based on their strength. In general, the stronger the poison, the more damage it does, but the shorter it remains in the victim's system.

Poisons do one heck of a number on a defenseless system. The damage that they do is massive, so it affects every part of the victim's body at once. However, you should keep track of it separately from physical damage, as a body part that's been "pulped" by poison obviously hasn't been actually crushed, severed, or entirely destroyed by the poison. In fact, if the victim manages to recover from the poisoning, he should be able to recover use of every part of his body, even those pulped by the poison.

POISONOUS EFFECTS

Here's how you use the Poisons Table below. It's all pretty straightforward. These poisons have, of course, been radically simplified for easier game play and some semblance of balance between them.

Strength: This is the relative potency of the poison.

Resistance Roll: Poisons don't affect everyone the same. Weaker people have more of a problem with them than stronger people, for instance. To see if a poison affects the victim, have the poor soul make a *Strength* roll against the difficulty number listed here.

Duration: This is how long the poison lasts in the victim's system. The victim needs to keep making *Strength* checks until this much time has gone by.

The milder the poison, the more time the victim has to find an antidote or some other cure. Of course, if he can't locate any help, he also has longer to wait to see if he can manage to survive the poisoning on his own.

Check Interval: This is how often the victim needs to make that *Strength* check to resist the effects of the poison.

Damage: This is the amount of massive damage the victim takes every time he fails the *Strength* check to resist the poison. Because the poison works directly on the victim's internal organs, no armor works against it.

OTHER KINDS OF POISON

Not all poisons kill. Some of them just make you wish you were dead. Here are a few examples of different poisons. Guides should feel free to come up with whatever new poisons they like. All should be designated as one of the three levels already defined.

BLINDNESS POISON (MEDIUM)

This poison attacks the optic nerve instead of the body. Every time the victim fails a resistance roll, subtract –1d6 from the hero's *Spirit* for *perception* rolls. Once the hero's *Sprit* hits 0d6, he's blind. When the poison wears off, the hero's sight returns.

DIZZINESS POISON (MILD)

Every time the victim fails a resistance roll, subtract –1d6 from the hero's *Speed*. Once the hero's *Speed* hits 0d6, he collapses. When the poison wears off, the hero recovers +1d6 of *Strength* every hour.

WEAKNESS POISON (SEVERE)

Every time the victim fails a resistance roll, subtract –1d6 from the hero's *Strength*. Once the hero's *Strength* hits 0d6, he passes out. When the poison wears off, the hero recovers +1d6 of *Strength* every hour.

POISONS

Strength	Resistance Roll	Duration	Check Interval	Damage
Mild	Easy (5)	24 hours	Hourly	1d6+5
Medium	Challenging (10)	6 hours	15 minutes	3d6+7
Severe	Difficult (15)	1 hour	3 minutes	5d6+10

SMUGGLER

As long as there have been laws against certain things being taken from one place to another, there have been smugglers. It's one of the oldest professions, and with the proliferation of regulations and borders (and border guards) these days, it's never been in such high demand.

The smuggler power package is one of the most unusual around, but it's tailor made for those who make their living moving contraband from one place to another. It's also useful for legitimate couriers and others who prefer to travel unnoticed.

First, the smuggler can lie through her teeth in a way that could put the devil to shame. This is great for getting past customs. Even better, the hero can actually create a hollow space in her abdomen in which she can hide small items so that it's almost impossible to detect them. It may be weird, but it works.

POWERS

Liar: The hero can deliver a lie flawlessly. It's just a beautiful thing to see. Add +10 to the hero's *persuasion: bluff* rolls. And do yourself a favor and never play poker with this woman.

Smuggling: The hero can hide small items within her abdominal cavity. She does this by pressing the item against the skin of her belly. The hero's stomach shrinks and moves back out of the way while her skin extends outward and envelopes the item.

The item in question is then drawn into the newly created space within the smuggler's body, encasing it safely within a sac of her skin. All that's left

behind is a small scar, about an inch long, that looks to have long since healed. The whole operation takes about a minute, although it can be done in three full rounds in a pinch.

The smuggled item can be up to one quart in volume. While in the smuggler's body, the item cannot be detected by any normal means. Even an X-ray will only show that the hero's belly seems to be full of something – unless the item is metallic, in which case it'll show up clear as day.

If the hero is struck in the torso, roll a die. On a 1, the sac holding the item has been struck. If the hero fails the stun check from that attack, the item immediately spills out of the sac.

The hero can remove the item from the sac anytime she likes. The item can be removed in a full round, although it takes at least three full rounds for the hero's belly to return to normal. Once it does, there's no trace left behind.

TRICKS

Blatant Lie: With three extra successes on a contested *persuasion: bluff* roll, the hero can convince his foe of the most incredible, bald-faced lie. ("Look, Godzilla!" "Where!?") The effects of this last for only one round, but this is often enough time for the hero to do she needs.

Spit It Out: With an extra success on a *Speed* roll made specifically for this purpose, the hero can shove the item in her belly out as a simple task, requiring no actions. Without the extra success, the item takes its normal full round to appear.

Some smugglers keep a small holdout weapon in their secret compartment. In such a case, if the smuggler pulls off this trick, she can try for a *quick draw* roll as well, meaning she could theoretically perform the trick, draw the gun, and fire in a single action.

WEREWOLF

There are few beasts of legend more terrifying than the werewolf – the monstrous cross between wolf and human that hunts the night, looking to feast on warm, human hearts. That's what we know from movies. As with most things, real life is a bit different.

POWERS

Change Shape: With a single action, the hero can change shape. The werewolf has three shapes he can take: human, beast, and wolf.

As a human, the werewolf has all of his normal traits and skills. The beast form is a monstrous cross between man and wolf. It walks on two legs or leaps along on all four. It has massive claws, vicious teeth, and a savage nature. In wolf form, the hero looks just like an ordinary wolf. Of course, the hero's mind is still in control, making this one cunning wolf.

In combat, a werewolf in beast or wolf form can attack with both claws and its bite in the same turn, but if it does so, it suffers the normal +4 modifier to its Target Number for making more than one attack at once. Since both of the werewolf's animal forms are *ambidextrous*, the offclaw penalty doesn't apply. The bite attack, though, suffers an additional +4 modifier when combined with another attack, for a total of +8 .

When in beast or wolf form, the hero retains all of his regular skills and

picks up some new ones. However, just because he has a skill doesn't mean he can use it. A wolf can't drive a car. The creature simply can't turn the wheel or reach the pedals.

Any skill levels that the hero picks up in any of his alternate forms are cumulative with the ones he has in his human form. They simply add to what he's already got, like a template laid over his basic profile.

This is not true of quirks. If the hero already has a quirk that the beast or wolf form gives him, then only one of the quirks counts. You can only be so savage, for instance.

QUIRKS

Crazy: The hero has a strong (–5) phobia of fire, like most wild animals. This is true no matter what form the hero is in. You won't see this hero lighting a cigar anytime soon.

Savage: This is pretty much like the standard quirk, with one extra problem. If the hero loses control while in human or beast form, he instantly shifts into wolf form before attacking. He does this no matter where he is or who might be watching.Note that a hero can't voluntarily go savage. He must fail the spirit roll to change shape.

When the moon is full, the werewolf's struggle with his savage side is that much more difficult. The moon calls to him, and it's harder to resist. Any time the moon is full, the Target Number of the *Spirit* roll the hero must make to resist going savage is raised to Challenging (10).

Vulnerability: The werewolf takes double normal damage from any attack using silver. This is true no matter what form the hero may be in.

New Power Packages

Tricks

Inflict Madness: In legend, if someone survives a werewolf bite, she is transformed come the next full moon. Fortunately, it doesn't work that way. Otherwise, we'd have werebeasts everywhere. It's perfectly possible for a victim of a werewolf attack to awaken as a delta, though. The victim might even turn into a werewolf. But in most cases, the survivor simply goes mad.

With an extra success on a bite attack, the werewolf inflicts a madness on the victim. Assuming she survives the encounter, the next time the full moon rises, the survivor becomes convinced she is a werewolf. She runs around on all fours, trying to bite and claw at people. It takes a Difficult (10) *Spirit* roll to prevent this.

The survivor's madness can be cured by wrapping a wreath of wolvesbane around her neck while she's in her deluded state. This permanently puts an end to this effect.

Terrify: While in beast form, the hero can let loose with a bloodcurdling howl. This is a *persuasion: intimidation* roll for the monster. If he gets an extra success over the target, that person must make an Easy (5) *bravery* roll or turn tail and run. For each extra success on the roll applied toward this trick, the Target Number for the *bravery* roll goes up by +1. This trick affects several people at once – anyone in front of the beast when it roars.

Beast Form

Smarts: ±0d6
Navigation 2, survival: forest 2
Speed: +3d6
Stealth 3
Spirit: +2d6
Brave 2, perception 2, persuasion: intimidation 3, tracking 5
Strength: +2d6
Climbing 3, fighting: barehanded 3
Size: 8
Pace: +3/+6 when on all fours
Quirks: Ambidextrous
Powers:
Bite and Claw: See table below.
Fur Coat: The hero is immune to most of the effects of cold.

Wolf Form

Smarts: ±0d6
Navigation 2, survival: forest 3
Speed: +3d6
Stealth 1
Spirit: ±1d6
Brave 1, perception 2, tracking 6
Strength: ±0d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 2
Size: 9
Pace: +4
Quirks: Ambidextrous
Powers:
Bite and Claw: See table below.
Fur Coat: The hero is immune to most of the effects of cold.

Werewolf Attacks

Weapon Type	Defensive Bonus	Quickness	Damage
Wolf bite	–	1	*Strength*+4
Wolf claw	+1	1	*Strength*+1
Werewolf bite	–	1	*Strength*+6
Werewolf claw	+1	1	*Strength*+3

ARCHETYPES

DOUBLER

PROFILE

Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, disguise 2, etiquette 1, language: English 2, security 2, tactics 1
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 2, driving: personal vehicle 1, shooting 4, stealth 2
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 2, perception 3, persuasion: charm 3, persuasion: bluff 3, scrutinize 3, search 1, shadowing 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 3, running 1, swimming 1, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 8
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Beautiful +1, curious –3, delta ±0, destined for greatness +5, duty: Evil Unlimited –3, greedy –2, patron: Evil Unlimited +3, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, sharp eyes +1, stubborn –2
Powers:
Create Double: The hero can make a duplicate body for herself.
Tricks: Double speed, double team, first move.
Gear: Twin Colt Agents with a box of 20 AP 10 bullets for each, a red Mustang convertible (financed), and $100.

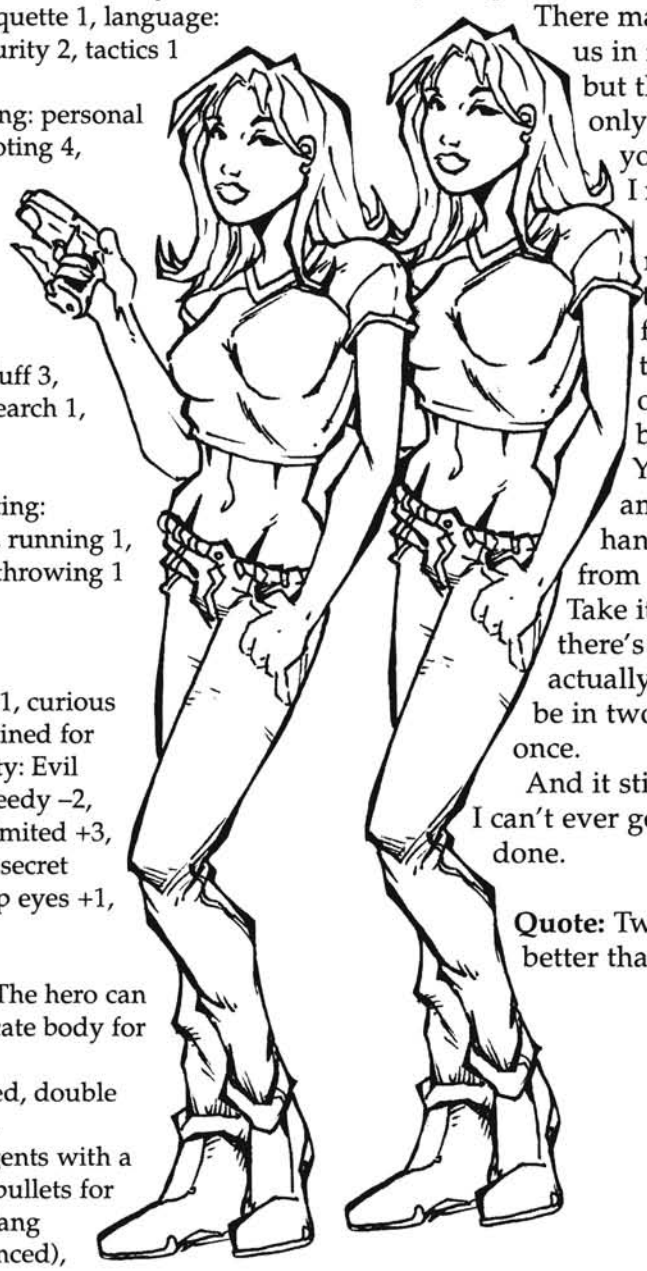
PERSONALITY

Hi! We're pleased to meet you. Actually, *I'm* pleased to meet you. There may be two of us in front of you, but there's really only one of me, if you know what I mean.

Sure, we may look like twins, but the fact is that there's only one brain between us. You'd be amazed how handy that can be from time to time. Take it from me, there's nothing like actually being able to be in two places at once.

And it still seems like I can't ever get enough done.

Quote: Two heads are better than one!



ARCHETYPES

FORGER

PROFILE

Smarts: 5d6
Academia: art history 2, area knowledge: Crescent City 2, bureaucratics 3, computing 3, forgery 5, language: English 2, security 2
Speed: 2d6
Dodging 1, driving: personal vehicle 1, lockpicking: mechanical 1, sleight of hand 1, shooting 1, stealth 1
Spirit: 3d6
Arts: illustrating 2, perception 2, persuasion: bluff 5, scrutinize 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 3, running 1, swimming 2
Size: 5
Pace: 7
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Arrogant –3, cautious –3, delta ±0, duty: Evil Unlimited –3, patron: Evil Unlimited +3, photographic memory +5, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, sense of direction +1, sense of time +1, skeptical –1
Powers:
Forge: Add +10 to *forgery.*
Tricks: Bull's eye, forge from memory, quick forge
Gear: Forging tools and supplies, a Colt Agent with 20 rounds of ammo, an old Chevy Cavalier, and $50.

PERSONALITY

I don't know what it is, but I just seem to have a real knack for copying things. If you give me something and I have the right materials and tools, I can usually knock out a duplicate for you in no time at all.

By "no time at all," of course, I mean in a reasonable amount of time for whatever it is you want copied. Forging a signature on a check, for instance, is simple. Creating a replica of the Sistine Chapel is something else altogether.

It's not all illicit work, you know. In my day job, I'm actually a set designer for a major movie studio. You want the Oval Office? No problemo. As long as you've got the budget, I can make it happen.

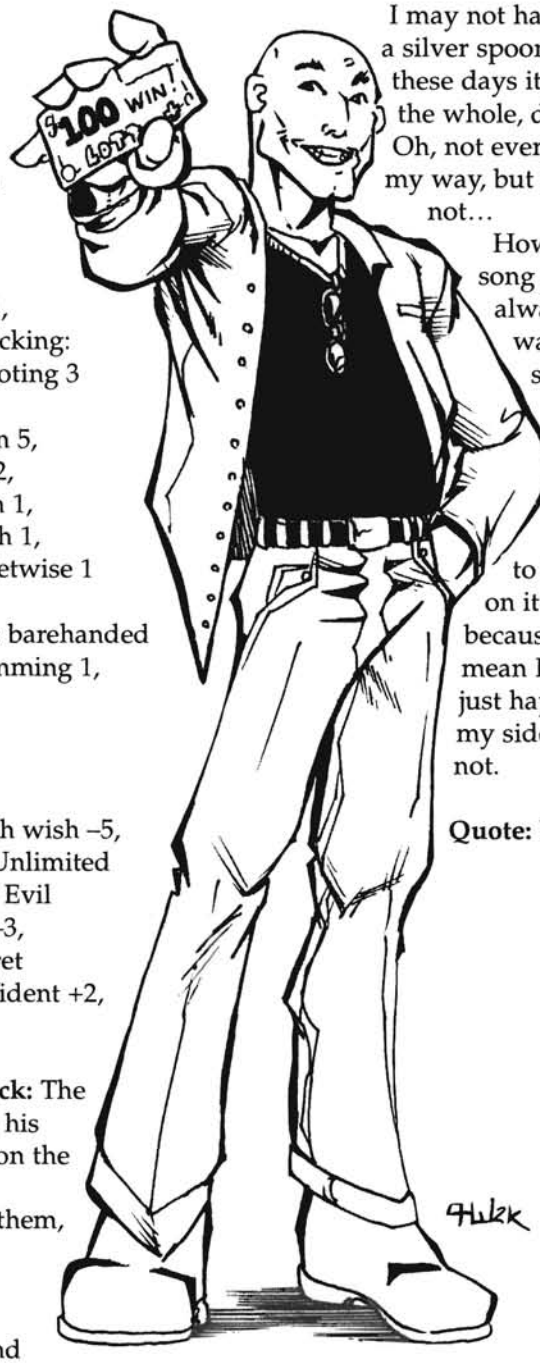
Quote: How would you like me to sign this?

ARCHETYPES

FORTUNATE

PROFILE

Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, gambling 4, etiquette 1, language: English 2, security 1
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 3, driving: personal vehicle 1, escaping 1, lockpicking: mechanical 1, shooting 3
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 3, perception 5, persuasion: bluff 2, persuasion: charm 1, scrutinize 3, search 1, shadowing 1, streetwise 1
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 3, running 1, swimming 1, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 8
Delta Points: 4
Quirks: Cheap –2, death wish –5, delta ±0, duty: Evil Unlimited –3, lucky +3, patron: Evil Unlimited +3, poor –3, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, tough +2
Powers:
Make Your Own Luck: The hero can generate his own delta points on the fly.
Tricks: Bad luck for them, bull's eye, choose your luck.
Gear: A Colt Agent with 20 bullets, and $20.



PERSONALITY

I may not have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but these days it seems like I've got the whole, darn place setting. Oh, not everything always goes my way, but more often than not...

How's that old Stones song go again? "You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you find you get what you need."

That's my life to a T.

Of course, I have to be careful not to rely on it too much. Just because I'm lucky doesn't mean I can taunt fate. I'm just happy to have her on my side more often than not.

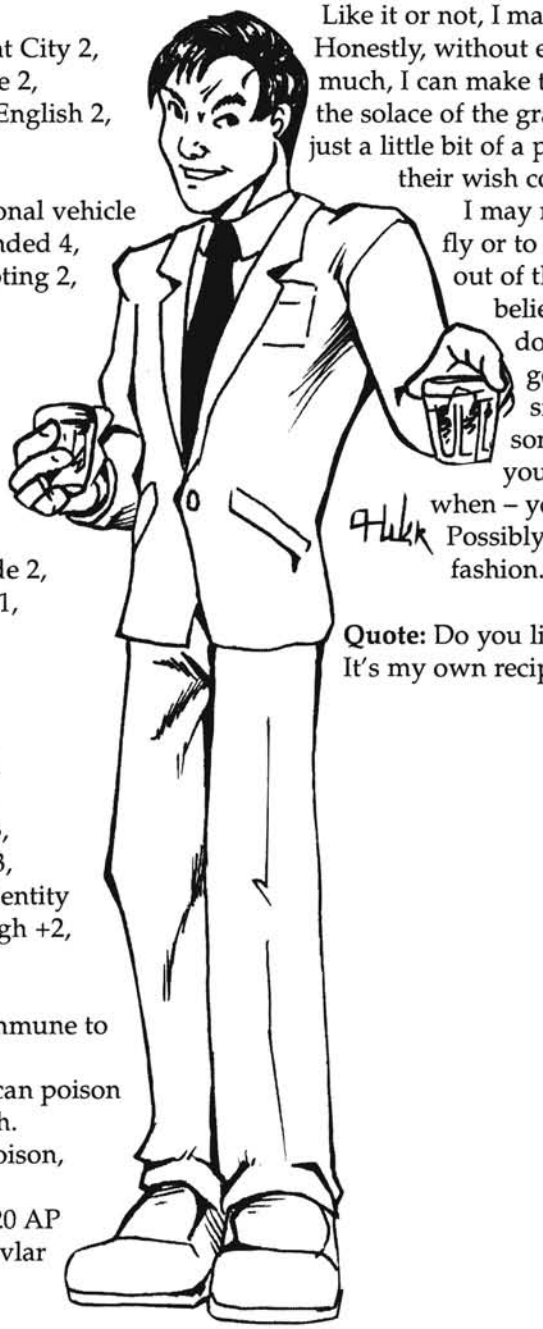
Quote: Double or nothing?

ARCHETYPES

POISONER

PROFILE

Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, criminology 1, disguise 2, etiquette 1, language: English 2, medicine 1, security 1
Speed: 4d6
Dodging 2, driving: personal vehicle 1, martial arts: barehanded 4, sleight of hand 1, shooting 2, stealth 2
Spirit: 4d6
Bravery 1, perception 2, persuasion: bluff 2, persuasion: charm 2, scrutinize 4, search 1, shadowing 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: blade 2, running 1, swimming 1, throwing 2
Size: 5
Pace: 9
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Delta ±0, duty: Evil Unlimited –3, greedy –2, impulsive –3, iron jaw +3, patron: Evil Unlimited +3, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, tough +2, vengeful –2
Powers:
Immunity: The hero is immune to poison.
Poison Touch: The hero can poison others with but a touch.
Tricks: Bull's eye, cure poison, poison food or drink.
Gear: A Colt Agent and 20 AP 10 bullets, a taser, a kevlar vest, and $250.



PERSONALITY

Like it or not, I make people sick. Honestly, without even trying much, I can make them wish for the solace of the grave. And with just a little bit of a push, I can make their wish come true.

I may not be able to fly or to blast Primers out of the sky, but believe me, you don't want to get on my bad side. If you do, someday – and you won't know when – you'll regret it. Possibly in a fatal fashion.

Quote: Do you like that tea? It's my own recipe.

ARCHETYPES

SMUGGLER

PROFILE

Smarts: 3d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, bureaucratics 3, etiquette 1, forgery 2, language: English 2, security 3
Speed: 2d6
Dodging 1, driving: personal vehicle 1, driving: commercial vehicle 1, lockpicking: mechanical 1, sleight of hand 1, stealth 1
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 2, perception 4, persuasion: bluff 5, scrutinize 3, search 1, streetwise 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 3, running 1, swimming 1, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 7
Delta Points: 4
Quirks: Alert +3, arrogant –3, cautious –3, delta ±0, double-jointed +1, duty: Evil Unlimited –3, lucky +3, patron: Evil Unlimited +3, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, skeptical –1
Powers:
Liar: Add +10 to *persuasion: bluff* rolls.
Smuggling: The hero can hide things in his abdominal cavity.
Tricks: Blatant lie, know the streets, spit it out.
Gear: A Colt 2000 with 20 AP 10 bullets, a kevlar vest, and $150.

PERSONALITY

You see that customs agent over there? He knows me. I fly this route just about every week, and he stops me to inspect my bags every now and then. He even knows me by name.

Once one of his dogs thought she smelled something on me, and I was hauled into the back room and strip-searched. But he's never caught me yet.

Yeah, that's right. I specialize in bringing things from one place to another in the quietest way possible.

Don't worry about that customs man. What he doesn't know won't hurt him.

Quote: It's not an easy life, but it pays great.

ARCHETYPES

WEREWOLF

PROFILE

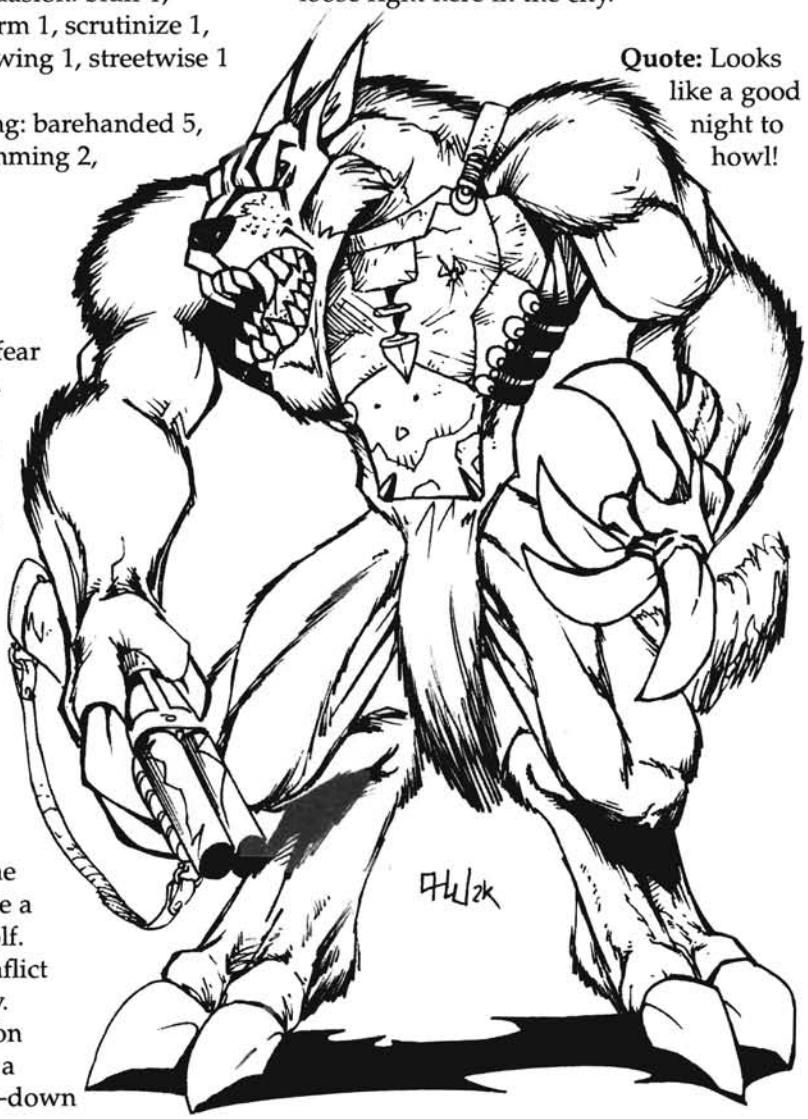
Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, computing 2, language: English 2, medicine 2, security 2
Speed: 4d6
Dodging 4, driving: personal vehicle 1, shooting 3, stealth 4
Spirit: 2d6
Perception 2, persuasion: bluff 1, persuasion: charm 1, scrutinize 1, search 1, shadowing 1, streetwise 1
Strength: 4d6
Climbing 2, fighting: barehanded 5, running 2, swimming 2, throwing 2
Size: 6
Pace: 9
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Brawny +3, coward –3, crazy: fear of fire –5, delta ±0, duty: Evil Unlimited –3, iron jaw +3, patron: Evil Unlimited +4, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, savage: can cause transformation into beast –3, temper –2, vulnerability: double damage from silver
Powers:
Change Shape: The hero can become a wolf or werewolf.
Tricks: Grapple, inflict madness, terrify.
Gear: A Colt Python with 20 bullets, a kevlar vest, run-down Jeep, and $50.

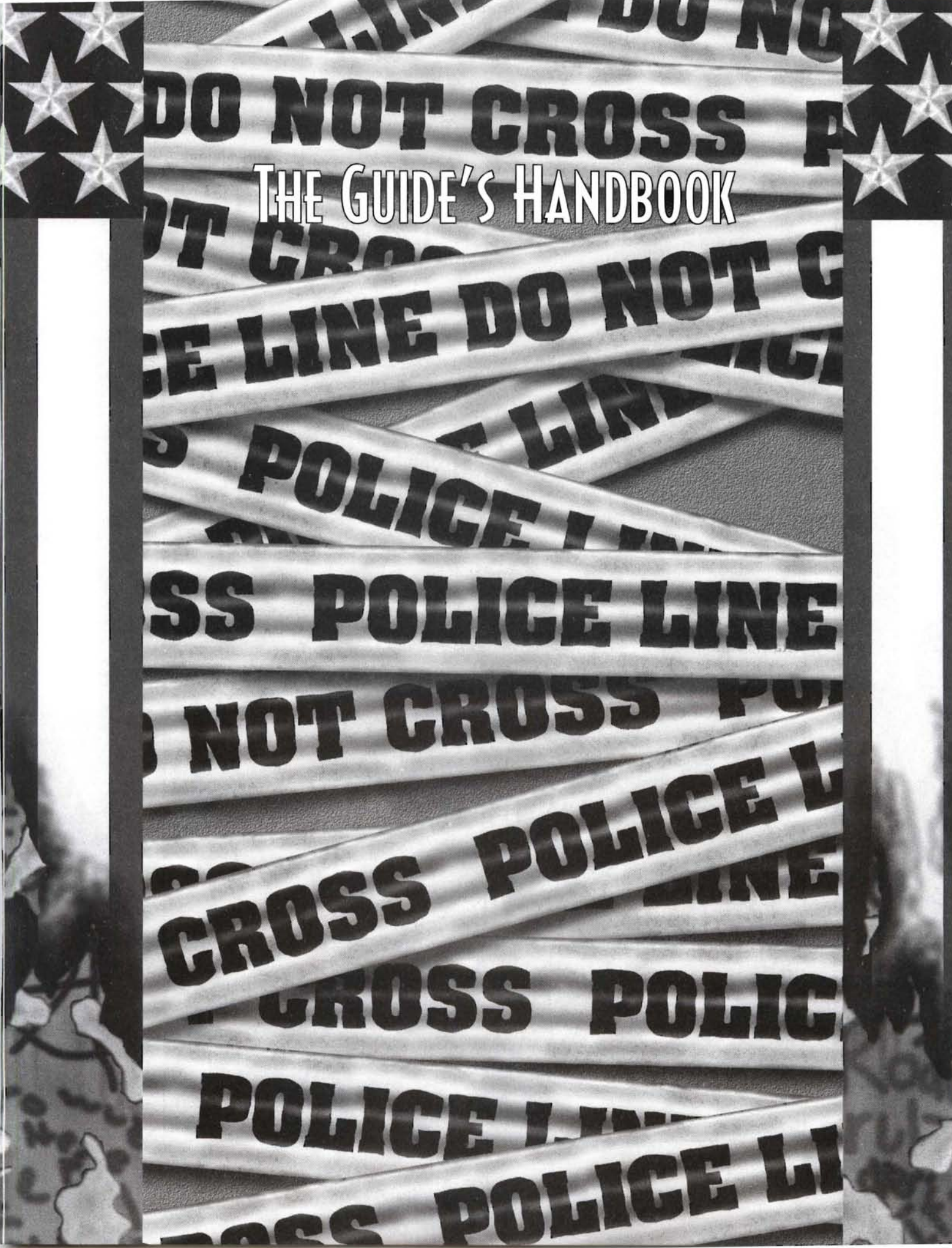
PERSONALITY

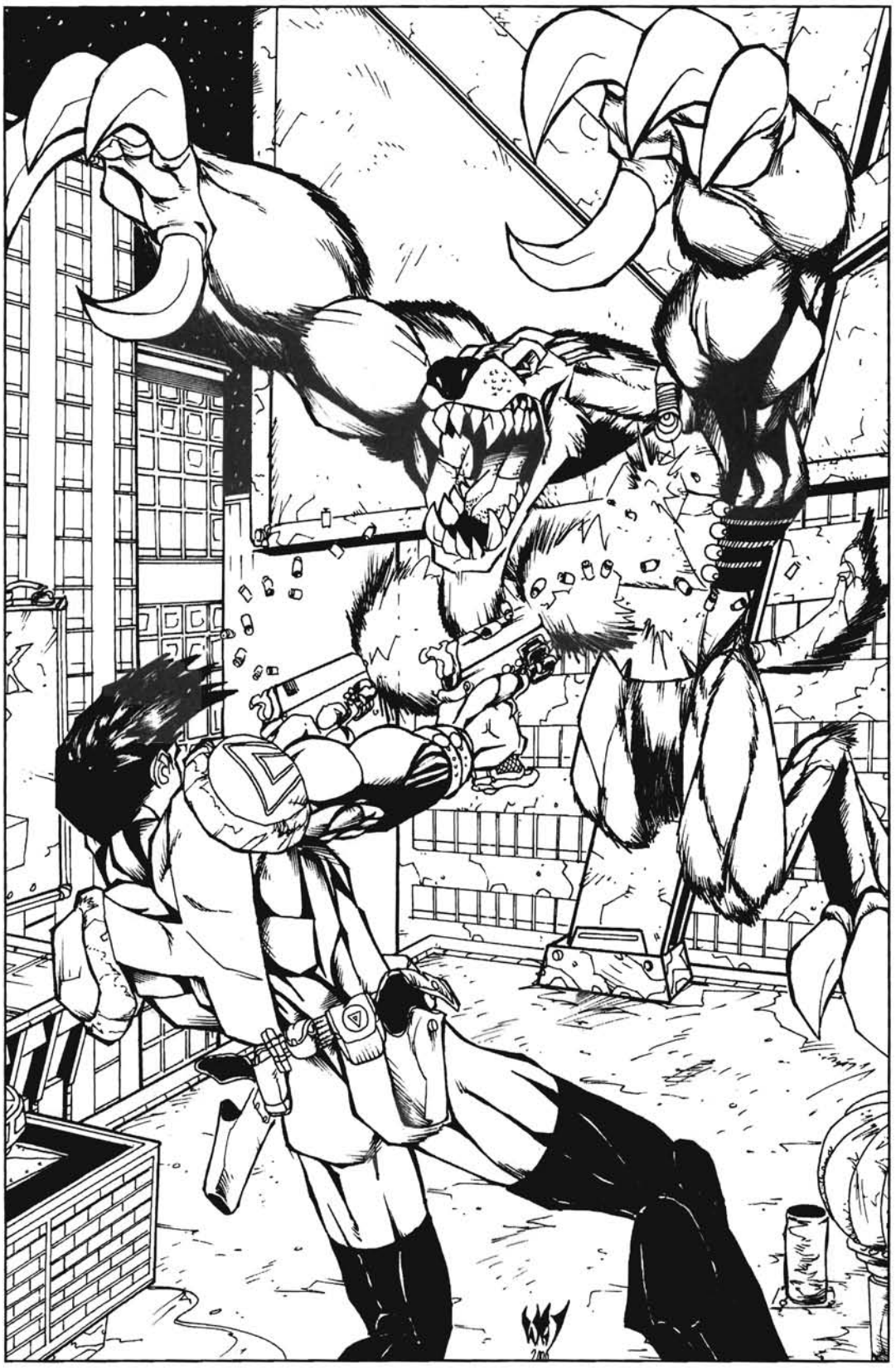
I used to be afraid of the dark, especially of the woods at night. I was never much of a woodsman. My girlfriend was always the outdoors boots type.

These days, though, I can't seem to get enough of the great outdoors. Of course, I don't make it up to Wisconsin as often as I'd like. But sometimes, I do manage to cut loose right here in the city.

Quote: Looks like a good night to howl!




THE GUIDE'S HANDBOOK
DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE



Chapter Two: The Truth of the Matter

Time to Be Good!

Sure, folks, the name of the book might be *Evil Unlimited*, but let me make one thing clear: This is just a game, and EU's just a name.

As a player and a regular, all-around good person, it's up to you to do the right thing on a continuing basis, no matter what your hero might do. That's right, we want you to make your mom proud. And that means no snooping around back here in this part of the book.

As you should have realized when you went blithely flipping past that page with the big type that reads "The Guide's Handbook," players aren't welcome to read these pages. There are two reasons for this. First, we're going to let loose some secrets that are only for the Guide to know. You'll find out all about them in the course of the game. Second, there's an adventure in the back of this book, and again, it's best if you don't know anything about it for now.

Heroes and Villains

Okay, well, if you're a player, you can read this one section here, but then you're out of here. Get it?

While this book seems to be geared for bloodthirsty, cutthroat characters, we still expect you to play the hero in this game. Think of it like this. It's a crazy world out there. Down is up, and up is down, and things like laws don't really mean a whole lot to you if you're always on the run from the government.

Still, there are certain things that just aren't right. You know what they are without having to be told. Just make sure that your hero tries to do the right thing. This is the dilemma of a hero who works for Evil Unlimited. She needs the paycheck and the protection that working with the group can offer her, but there's a limit to what she's willing to do for those benefits. It's up to you to figure out where that line is for your hero.

All right, that's it. Get out of here!

DID THEY FALL FOR IT?

The front part of this book is the biggest snowjob ever perpetrated in *Brave New World*. It talks all about the long and proud history of Evil Unlimited as if this loosely affiliated band of crooks, killers, and thieves should be listed on the New York Stock Exchange – or at the very least have its own Hall of Fame.

All that stuff about, "Hey, we try to match the clients with our talent. You don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with. We protect our own?"

Well, that's all a pack of lies.

Here's how it really works.

RECRUITING

As with most jobs, when the prospective employer is trying to get you to hire on, she'll tell you just about anything to get you to sign on the dotted line. Now, most of the time she won't simply tell you an outright lie. She'll just stretch the truth until it sounds a bit more like what she thinks you want to hear.

Nicollette Marks doesn't work that way. She just constructs complete falsehoods whenever it serves her purpose.

Maybe in the back of her mind, Marks tells herself that she's doing this for the prospective employee's own good. After all, lots of people seem to have settled into the job just fine once they've gotten over the initial adjustment period. Of course, some people never manage to do that, but that's really their problem and not hers, right?

At least that's what she tells herself.

LANDING THAT FISH

Getting your heroes involved in Evil Unlimited might not be as easy as you think. Some characters aren't motivated by greed, hard as that might seem to believe.

Still, if you're determined to place your heroes in the kind of situation they'll be scratching to get out of, it just takes a little planning and patience.

If you think about it, it's just like landing a fish. In this case, though, you're fishing for the hero's souls.

CHOOSING THE BAIT

If your heroes are ready to join up with Evil Unlimited, then you're all set. Skip this step, and roll on to the next.

The first thing the heroes should run into is an agent of Evil Unlimited. Of course, this shouldn't be someone like Nicollette Marks. Try an Evil Unlimited front man instead – a recruiter, perhaps.

This agent should seem like a regular Joe, likeable enough and comfortable with the heroes. He talks a lot about how he works for these people on the side when he's not doing whatever it is that's brought him into contact with the heroes, whether that's being part of the Defiance, Delta Prime, the Bargainers, or whatever. He always seems to have a ton of extra cash, a nice car, a fancy apartment, and all the trimmings.

The agent is generous with his money as well. If someone needs some cash, he's more than happy to loan it to them at a reasonable rate. If they have trouble paying it back – which you

should be able to arrange – then the agent casually broaches the subject of the hero going to work for Evil Unlimited.

Of course, the agent doesn't call the company Evil Unlimited. In fact, those words never leave his lips. Instead, he comes up with an alternative name for the company (let's use Creative Solutions, for now) and explains that it's a small firm that specializes in using delta talent to help people out of unique problems. He likens it to what Triumph, Inc., must have been like when it first started out.

If the hero is up for it, the agent offers to set him up with an interview or to cut him in on the agent's next gig. Once the hero accepts an assignment of any kind, he's taken the bait.

SETTING THE HOOK

Of course, that's just the first step. You have to make sure that the hero doesn't throw the hook before you can haul him in.

This is often pretty easy. Most heroes are pretty cavalier about breaking the law, and they often forget to do anything to cover their tracks, figuring that the police are never going to be able to find them. That's why they wear the mask, right?

This goes double for Delta Primers who moonlight with a company like Creative Solutions. Primers generally see themselves as above the law. If they get caught doing something, they can just haul their buddies in to help them cover it up, right? There's no one really watching these watchmen.

That's just foolish pride talking.

Once the hero goes out on a job with the agent, you've pretty much got him. Things should go smoothly at first, but eventually it all hits the fan, just like it always does.

This shouldn't throw the heroes too much. This is *Brave New World* after all, and by now the heroes should be nearly used to having things go wrong.

In this case, though, you're going to put the heroes in an even worse situation than usual. In the middle of a fight, the hero's mask is going to be torn off, and the target of the job is going to get a good look at the hero's face. (It's best if this happens to the agent as well.)

Once this happens, the target surrenders. He's willing to give his assailants whatever they want for the moment. Now that he knows who they are, he figures he can always track them down later and pick them off at his leisure.

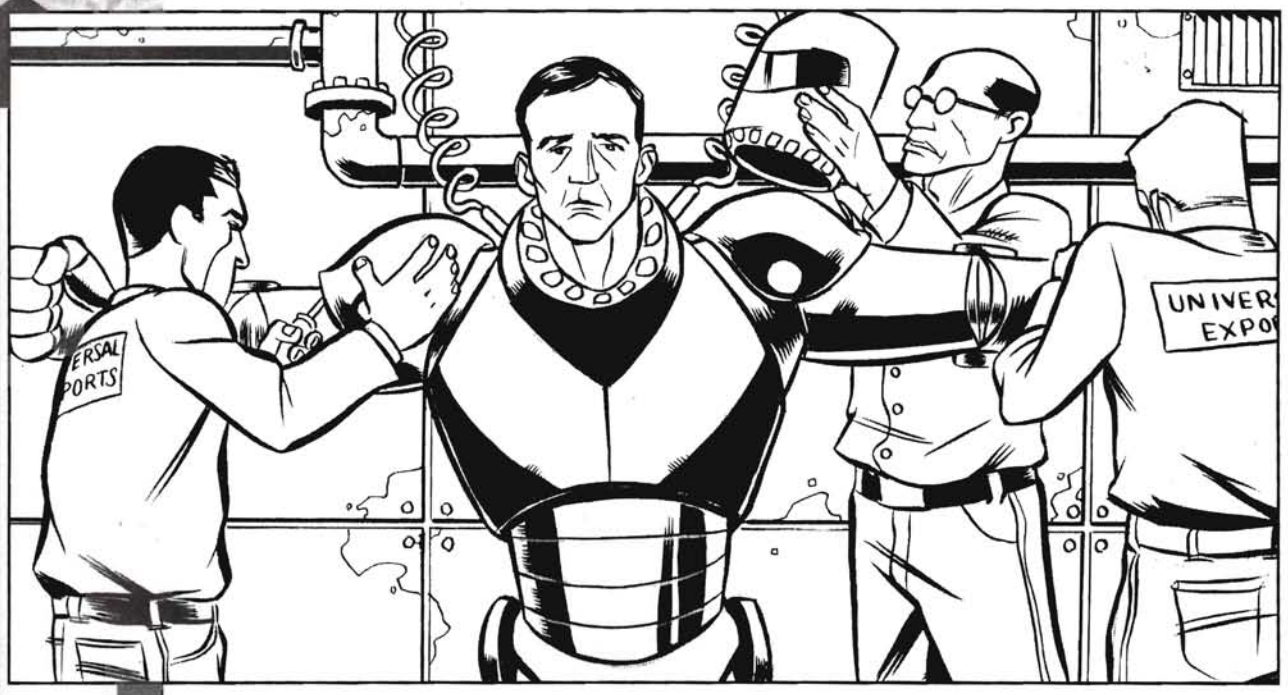
The target is arrogant enough to tell the hero and the agent this, which should set the hero's head spinning. What is he going to do now? If the hero has a secret identity, it's going to be blown for sure, and then life as he knows it is pretty much over.

Do your best to taunt the hero, to make him lose control. The answer to the problem here is obvious: The target can't hurt the hero or his family – or anyone else for that matter – if he's dead.

If you can manage to actually provoke the hero to kill the target, then you've got him dead to rights (so to speak). Otherwise, the agent steps forward and plants a bullet between the target's eyes before the hero can do anything to stop him.

"It was the only way," the agent says. "And now you're an accomplice, so you'd better keep your mouth shut and help me get rid of this body."

Now you've really got him over a barrel.



REELING THEM IN

Now that the fine folks at Evil Unlimited have a capital offense to pin on the hero (or at least accessory charges), they're going to mercilessly exploit that fact. At first, not much is going to happen. The agent "friend" will call his bosses at Creative Solutions to come in and help him clean up the mess and dispose of the body and any murder weapon.

Of course, the cleaners are Evil Unlimited Agents. When they "dispose" of the evidence, they actually hide it away someplace where they can get at it should they need it in the future. You can be sure that the agent has also made note of the hero's real identity – or at least his face – now that it's been revealed. This is yet one more thing that the higher-ups at Evil Unlimited can hold over the hero when the time comes.

In any case, the agent should emphasize how much he and the hero both owe to Creative Solutions, and state that he's pretty much sold on working exclusively for Creative Solutions for the rest of his life.

From here on out, it's a simple matter of offering the hero more and more assignments from Creative Solutions. Eventually, the list of laws he's broken in their service should be long enough to send him away for life – as a habitual criminal.

But so what? The hero's a delta, and if he's unregistered, he's already an outlaw. This is true, but with the hero's identity and movements firmly in their grasp, Creative Solutions can certainly ensure that a Primer team could find and arrest the hero on almost a moment's notice.

And if the hero's a Primer, then he's got a lot more to lose. There is a code of silence that many Primers keep about each other's indiscretions, but that unspoken agreement only goes so far. Working with Evil Unlimited crosses that line.

A MORAL DILEMMA

Now that you have the heroes enmeshed with Evil Unlimited, it's time to start playing with them a bit.

The first thing to do is to drop the facade. When you feel it's time, have the agent offer to introduce the hero directly to his employers. The agent says, "My bosses have been really impressed with everything I've told them about you, and they'd like to meet you."

THE JOB OFFER

When the hero arrives in the offices of Creative Solutions, he should be met by the office manager, a person who works directly beneath the regional manager. She is there to make the hero an offer. She'd like to put him on retainer, offering him a handsome weekly salary in exchange for being on call 24 hours a day.

If the hero balks, the executive gently reminds him how much he owes the company for cleaning up the messes he and his agent friend have left behind. This is not meant as a threat – yet – although the hero should be made to understand what the executive is hinting at.

When the hero accepts the offer, the executive reveals that Creative Solutions is, in fact, a front for an organization called Evil Unlimited. She then sets him up with a web terminal and points him toward the pages that comprise the front part of this book.

At this point, the hero should be open to working for just about anybody, so long as they don't ask him to do anything against his moral code – assuming he has one. The executive will be quite explicit in her statements that the company doesn't force anyone to do anything they don't want to do.

(In fact, this is true. However, Evil Unlimited is extremely good at getting people to agree with its line of thinking.)

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

Play with this scenario for a while – a few gaming sessions at least. Then, just when the hero is starting to think that maybe he shouldn't have bought into all the bad things he's heard about Evil Unlimited, you should drop the boom on him.

The executive asks the hero to do something entirely reprehensible. What this might be is up to you; after all, you know your players and their heroes much better than we do. It could be just about anything, ranging from robbing a church's collection plate to roughing up an old lady to committing cold-blooded murder.

It's at this point that we get to see just how far the hero has gone. This should be a watershed point in the hero's life. If he goes along with it, he's basically sold his soul to Evil Unlimited. What happens to him from here is up to you and the kind of game you want to play. You might even consider making the hero an extra to be used in your game against other heroes in the future.

But a real hero will finally rebel, no matter what the personal cost. This is a moment of true drama that you've built up to, and it's been a lot of hard work. Don't let it go to waste. Make sure that both the player and the hero know that this decision will forever change the hero's life.

MR. C, I PRESUME?

Here it is, the answer to the biggest question in the book: Who is Mr. C?

Why, he's none other than Al "Scarface" Capone himself.

That's right. The man who was sent away to prison in 1946 for tax evasion wasn't the real McCoy. He was an actor paid to do the time for Capone, while the real gangster was out roaming around free.

The actor was killed in a jailhouse riot after only serving six months. Apparently he'd gotten tired of the prison life and was thinking about telling the warden who he really was. When Capone found out about it, he ordered that little loose end to be cleaned up, and it was – quickly and rather brutally.

REPORTS OF HIS DEATH

Capone actually got to attend his own funeral, posing as a long-lost cousin of the family. He was right out there in plain sight, and nobody recognized him. Why?

Because Capone – the founder of Evil Unlimited, a criminal organization that relies on deltas – is actually a delta himself. In fact, he's a changeling, a delta with the power to alter his appearance to look like anyone he likes.

Capone awakened when a rival Chicago ganglord sent a hit after him in early 1933. A car full of well-dressed guys with Tommy guns was sent to Capone's favorite restaurant to gun him down him – with his entire dinner party.

According to the papers covering the event, Capone "miraculously" survived the incident and responded by quietly having each and every member of the hit squad disappear.

The crimelord who called for the hit on Capone – an ambitious Sicilian by the name of Francesco "Funny Frank" Milano wasn't nearly so lucky. The police found Milano hanging from the scoreboard in Wrigley Field, impaled on a baseball bat that had been shoved through both him and the visiting team's "Error" tally space.

To those in the know, the message was unmistakable: Don't mess with Capone.

EVIL'S EARLY YEARS

Having had his fill of organized crime, Capone retired soon after Prohibition was repealed in 1933, only a few months after he'd awakened. The former crime boss was intrigued by the possibilities of deltas in general and his own powers in particular, and he was determined to explore their use thoroughly.

After the attempt on his life, Capone had an epiphany. He realized what he'd done wrong when building his first criminal empire. He'd gone about it all the wrong way.

Because it was an open secret that Capone was in charge of the Chicago crime families, he and his family had become prime targets for every two-bit, aspiring ganglord out to make a name for himself. Worse yet, when the Feds were looking for someone to make an example of during Prohibition, they didn't search much farther than him. Scarface's operations kept cropping up in front of their faces everywhere they turned.

The police couldn't have helped but notice him.

A NEW LIFE

When Capone retired, he almost entirely dropped out of the public eye. He was determined to keep his name and face out of the papers, but it was no good. He was just too well-known.

Every time anything gang-related happened in Chicago, Capone was put on the short list of suspects. Nobody really believed that a man who had fought so hard to become the boss of Chicago's crime families – and who'd ruled over them with such an iron fist – would be able to just walk away from it all.

Of course, he hadn't. He still had Evil Unlimited, but no one knew about it. Still, every time some reporter uncovered a scrap of evidence concerning a shadowy alliance of delta criminals, Capone's name cropped up in the report. To him, it didn't seem like he was really fooling anyone.

In fact, the Feds kept after him, and in 1946, they finally sent him up the river. Sensing an opportunity to finally be free of his past, Capone sent another man to take his place and then arranged to have him killed at the first opportunity.

Capone took to his newfound freedom like a fish to water. He left behind his friends and family, taking only his still-new concern – Evil Unlimited – with him.

DON'T LOOK BACK

At that point, Capone became the mysterious Mr. C in his entirety, and never looked back. He dedicated his life and fortune to building the most powerful criminal organization on the planet, and by most accounts, he succeeded nicely.

The thing that sets Evil Unlimited apart from other criminal organizations is that it's less a group of crooks and more an agency to match people who want to commit crimes – or have them committed – with other people who actually have the talents and abilities to pull them off. It's structured so that the risk to the staff of Evil Unlimited – and to Mr. C, in particular – is minimized as much as humanly possible. This goes a long way toward explaining the longevity of such an organization in a time when it seems that most other groups of delta-powered criminals have ended up being killed while resisting arrest, often within a few months of first showing their faces.

MR. C TODAY

These days, Al Capone is over 100 years old, but he doesn't look a day of it. As a changeling, of course, he can look however he likes, so he usually chooses the form of a handsome man in his mid-30s. From time to time, Capone has even actually posed as Nicollette Marks to take care of business while Marks happened to be away.

It seems that Capone's control over his form extends to his long-term health as well. You're never going to find a more spry, 100-plus-year-old man in your life.

Still, time wears on a man. Capone has been semi-retired for the past 8 years, relying on Marks to handle just about everything for him. His hands are full with another, more legitimate business under an entirely different identity. (More on that later.) On a moment's notice, though, he could be right back in the Evil Unlimited game.

THAT DAY IN DALLAS

Pretty much everything that Nicollette Marks said about the Dallas disaster was spot on. The whole thing came about during the first time Mr. C tried to retire. This was back in 1962, and instead of leaving one strong visionary in charge as his vice-president, Mr. C gave each of his regional managers a great deal of autonomy to do as they saw fit.

The problem was that Billy Cobb, the West Coast regional manager, was lazy as sin. First of all, the policy back in those days – when it came to checking into what a client was going to do with the resources he was renting or buying from Evil Unlimited – was "Don't ask, don't tell."

The theory was that as long as you could somehow deny foreknowledge of something, you could also shirk responsibility for it.

You can see how well this worked.

THE AFTERMATH

When Superior came onto the scene, he literally tore apart the Dreadnauts' suits of power armor, nearly doing the same to the four men inside. Things would have gotten worse, for sure, but with the direct threat was put to an end, and Superior scooped up JFK and hustled him off to the hospital instead.

(Or didn't, as the case may be. If you've forgotten about what really happened on that fateful day, go back and check out the Guide's section in the *Brave New World* rulebook.)

All four of the assassins were immediately apprehended by Secret Service and placed under arrest. Two of them died from their wounds, and were pronounced dead on arrival when they finally made it to the hospital. One of the survivors, a man by the name of Jack Ruby, killed himself before he left the critical ward.

The last man, Lee Harvey Oswald, disappeared from his hospital bed in the middle of the night, the day of the killings. Oswald, in fact, awakened while Superior was trying to rearrange his ribcage. It wasn't until he awakened in his hospital bed later that night, though, that Oswald was able to use his newfound powers – as a sneak – and escape.

The manhunt for Oswald was the largest and most concerted police effort the country had ever seen, but it was to no avail. The man literally seemed to have drop off of the face of the planet, leaving no traces behind.

In later years, many people would launch new hunts for Oswald based on a rumored sighting or reputed new evidence recently come to light. Eventually these formed an epic quest that captured American interest.

Each and every one of them failed.

LIKE A BAD PENNY

That's not to say that Oswald laid low the entire time. Far from it. Every other year or so, he'd crop up with a new group of Dreadnauts, ready to take another shot at tumbling the government of the United States.

Each and every time, Superior or other deltas would show up and put an end to Oswald's plans before he got too far. But he did a lot of damage in the meantime, and always managed to get away with his own life.

There are many theories about who funded Oswald over the years. The fact is that the man was hardly a

criminal mastermind. He saw himself as a revolutionary with a cause, and he never quite understood why others didn't flock to his banner.

Many thought that the Soviets were behind Oswald's frequent reappearances. Others were sure that it was Fidel Castro who was granting the man asylum, hiding him from the Primers and arranging for new Dreadnauts to fill his team's ranks.

In fact, it was Castro who housed Oswald over the years, giving him a secret farm to live on, far from prying Primer eyes and the rest of Cuba alike. But Castro didn't have the resources to hand over valuable suits of power armor to a crackpot like Oswald.

No, the man who kept Oswald's technological army of death going was none other than J. Edgar Hoover himself, the long-standing director of the FBI.

HIGH-RANKING TRAITOR

Hoover and JFK never liked each other. Given the chance, the President would surely have dismissed the old man, but Hoover had been entrenched as the FBI director since 1924, and even a man as powerful as Kennedy feared the repercussions of moving directly against an individual with such a powerful history.

Even so, that's exactly what Kennedy was considering late in 1963 when Oswald's Dreadnauts attacked. If the real President hadn't been killed, it's likely that Hoover would have been summarily removed from office by the end of the year. As it was, the old man hung on for a good while longer.

After all, the Facade had nothing against Hoover.

Hoover was a bit surprised by the President's change of heart after that day in Dallas, but he chalked it up to the massive trauma that JFK had suffered. He was entirely taken in by Facade's charade.

Suddenly the upstart young Catholic President seemed ready to take the bull by the horns and do the work that Hoover knew had to be done to clean the country up. When Kennedy declared martial law, Hoover put to rest his plans for finishing the Chief Executive off.

In the meantime, though, Hoover knew he had a powerful tool in Oswald, as an icon of sheer evil if nothing else. He kept Oswald on ice in Cuba, hauling him out every couple of years to demonstrate to the American people why martial law was still so necessary.

IT'S NOT LIKE APPLYING FOR A FEDERAL GRANT

When Hoover died in 1972, Oswald was left without a patron. Castro was content to let the man remain hidden on his island nation, but wasn't about to give him the means to reassert himself once again. This meant that the man who had set off the chain of events that had put the country in its current state of affairs was suddenly on the lookout for a new backer.

Amazingly enough, he managed to find one. The man's name was Heinrich Brecht. You probably know him better as the Devastator.

So in the end, the man who'd killed Jackie Kennedy ended up arm in arm with the most powerful criminal the world had ever known.

Talk about a match made in hell.

THE TERROR TWINS

For years, Oswald and the Devastator plotted their ultimate act of terrorism against the state. They were going to kill not only Superior, but every other member of Delta Prime they could get their hands on. Toward that end, they planned for what would someday be known as the Bicentennial Battle.

The main idea was for the Devastator to lure as many Delta Primers to Chicago as he could. In order to do this, he helped Oswald establish a new group of Dreadnauts, this one more powerful than any that had come before.

THE NEW DREADNAUTS

For the most part, the power suits were gone, replaced by outlandish uniforms for what the Devastator hoped would be a new world order. These Dreadnauts weren't hastily trained suit jockeys, either. They were masterful and experienced killers, and each and every one of them was a delta – at the least.

Some of the new Dreadnauts were actually Evil Unlimited agents who were hired on by the Devastator. Mr. C checked out the Devastator's plot, and although he knew it was risky, he felt it was something he could get behind.

The potential payoff was just too great to resist. If the device that Evil Unlimited supplied the Devastator with worked as advertised, it would freeze the entire city in a stasis field – except for the Devastator and his Dreadnauts. They could then go around and murder every member of Delta Prime on the scene.

If the plan worked, Mr. C would suddenly be in control of the most powerful group of people in the entire country. Without Delta Prime to stand against the deltas of Evil Unlimited, Mr. C's agents could have their wicked way with the entire country – or even the world.

Mr. C checked the plan out from top to bottom, and it looked to him like it had success written all over it. The only wild card in the mix was the device the Supplier – Mr. C's trusted head gadgeteer – had come up with for the job. But the Supplier vouched for the device, and Mr. C chose to believe him.

THE GREAT DECEPTION

Of course, the Supplier was himself fooled by the supposed inventor of the device, a gadgeteer by the name of Winston Dawson. This man had come up with the plans for the device, based upon technology so advanced that not even the Supplier fully understood it. But the Supplier was a prideful man, and wasn't about to admit to anyone – Mr. C, included – that he couldn't puzzle out another gadgeteer's blueprints.

As it turns out, Dawson didn't really know how the device worked either. He was actually a Delta Primer working for Evil Unlimited as a double agent. Unfortunately, Dawson was discovered and turned back to work for Delta Prime once again, making him a triple agent.

Dawson was given the technology for the device directly by President Kennedy himself. Although he couldn't puzzle the thing out, he respected his Commander in Chief and followed his orders to the letter.

That turned out to be exactly the wrong thing to do.

Dawson was in Chicago the day it disappeared, as were the Devastator and all of the Dreadnauts. Anyone in a position to know what was supposed to have happened was gone, with the only notable exception being the President himself.

And if he knows what went wrong and why, well, he's not talking.

RESCUING PATRIOT

It turns out that some things Evil Unlimited does aren't all that bad. Sure, just about every major US disaster in the past century seems like it can be pinned on them – except for the Soviet bombing of San Francisco and Atlanta, of course, but it's probably just a matter of time before even those are attributed to EU agents and plans. But even so, Evil Unlimited agents can be a force for good – if they're hired by the right side.

Case in point: the daring, last-minute rescue of Patriot.

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE

Sure, the two men who posed as guards and broke Patriot out of New Alcatraz were Defiants through and through, but you don't really believe they were the only ones involved in that caper, do you? The fact is that someone had to get those two men onto the island, dress them in guard's uniforms, and then get them assigned to the firing squad detail.

All in all, getting that done would seem like a pretty neat trick – something far too complex for two men to handle alone.

When Truth was planning the jailbreak, she realized this and decided to call on the only people she knew could help her on such short notice: Evil Unlimited. Working with them might have seemed like kissing up to Satan himself, but Truth didn't see how she had any other choice. Without the Defiance being able to draw upon the expertise and resources of Evil Unlimited, Patriot was sure to die.

It seems that working almost exclusively with outlaws means you get to know some people in the prison system, even in a lock-up as tight as New Alcatraz. A number of prison employees were paid to look the other way or – if they couldn't be reasoned with – urged to call in sick. The proper clothing was procured, along with safe passage onto the island. (The fake guards were actually brought on to the island as prisoners and then handed their guard uniforms and weapons after they'd spent a long night in their cell, hoping they hadn't been double-crossed.)

When the fateful moment came – when the guards turned their guns on the warden instead of firing on Patriot – power to the searchlights that could have pinned the escapees as they made a dash for it was suddenly cut. The few minutes it took for the power to be restored were just enough for Patriot and his rescuers to make their getaway.

Nicollette Marks personally oversaw the entire operation, and when she talks with Mr. C about it, it's obvious that it's the her proudest accomplishment. After all, for once the money that came her way didn't seem dirty. In the end, it was her diligent effort for the client that saved Patriot's life.

Apparently she's a Defiant at heart.

PROFILES IN VILLAINY

In this section, we give you full profiles for the major players in the Evil Unlimited organization. Keep in mind that each of these people has a tremendous amount of power beyond their power packages. They are wealthy, respected, and control some of the world's most dangerous outlaws on a more or less daily basis.

MR. C

If you read *Crescent City*, you already know this, but we'll repeat it here for you as well. For Mr. C, retirement wasn't all it was cracked up to be. He quickly became bored by the relaxed lifestyle and began looking around for another challenge. He found it in the world wide web.

Mr. C recognized the potential of the internet right away and, taking the massive fortune he'd gathered over the years, established a new, entirely legitimate company called Webhead. As the designers and publishers of Web Sailor Pro – the most popular internet browser in America – Webhead has enjoyed an amazing amount of success over the past six years. This is most obvious to anyone who visits the Webhead offices in Crescent City's Near Northside: two massive skyscrapers capped by a bridge level that houses the most spectacular office in the world, that of Oliver Megopolous.

Megopolous, of course, is actually the notorious Mr. C in one of his many guises. Megopolous keeps his connections with Evil Unlimited entirely secret. Only Nicollette Marks knows of the connection between his two identities, each of which has its own face and form.

Mr. C – originally the ganglord Al Capone – is actually an alpha. He awakened a second time after suffering a heart attack when he discovered that Evil Unlimited had played a role in the assassination attempt on President Kennedy.

Mr. C avoided the Vanishing entirely by coincidence. He simply happened to be visiting an ex-employee in the Fortress when the event happened.

As Oliver Megopolous, Mr. C now feels safer than he has in a long, long time. It's not his powers that protect him – though they certainly help. It's the massive organization he's built up around him. He's never anywhere without a platoon of bodyguards, many of whom are powerful deltas in their own right.

Of course, Mr. C's best weapon is the secrecy surrounding his identity. Oliver Megopolous is a popular and well-respected philanthropist and business tycoon. If no one knows that he's actually Mr. C, then he can't possibly be arrested. Megopolous is entirely clean.

There's always the chance that Marks could betray Mr. C, but Megopolous has used his charmer powers (yeah, he's got those, too) on her enough to ensure her loyalty. He knows she'd rather swallow a cyanide capsule than ever say anything that could harm him.

There are no profiles here for Mr. C in any of his distinct guises. You should simply assume that he's someone that isn't likely to cross the heroes' paths by anything less than his own design. And if he did, he'd be more than capable of taking care of himself.

JARED CONGERS

Congers was the man in charge of Evil Unlimited before Marks. He's retired now, though Marks calls on him from time to time for advice (which is almost always insightful).

Congers may be in his 70s, but he's aging well. A shock of thick white hair stands up from his scalp, overlooking a generally dour face. In all the time she's known him, Marks has only seen the man smile once: on the day that he retired and handed the reins of the company over to her.

Smarts: 5d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 3, bureaucratics 5, computing 2, criminology 3, demolition 2, etiquette 4, language: English 2, profession: administration 5, security 4, tactics 4
Speed: 2d6
Dodging 4, driving: personal vehicle 2, escaping 3, shooting 4, stealth 3
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 3, leadership 5, perception 4, persuasion: bluff 5, persuasion: charm 4, persuasion: intimidation 4, scrutinize 4, search 2, streetwise 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 2, fighting: barehanded 4, running 1, swimming 2, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 7
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Curious –3, dark secret +5: knows who Mr. C is, delta ±0, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, loyal –3: to Mr. C, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, rich +5, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, unregistered ±0
Powers:
Armor: 20/ – .
Fast Healer: Congers can make a healing roll every eight hours.
Tricks: Bull's eye, catch attack, extra damage, first move, no fear, know the streets
Gear: A Colt 2000, a box of 20 AP 10 bullets, a cell phone, a Lincoln Town Car, and plenty of cash.

WALLY KIM

Kim is the youngest and most forward-thinking of the regional managers. He believes that computer crime is the wave of the future, and he's ready to prove it.

Kim is short, with straight, black hair and a wide, easy grin. He wears wire-rim glasses, and clothing supporting Seattle's sports teams.

Smarts: 5d6
Area knowledge: Seattle 2, bureaucratics 4, computing 7, criminology 3, forgery 3, gambling 2, language: English 2, language: Japanese 2, language: Korean 2, profession: administration 4, security 3, tactics 5
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 3, driving: personal vehicle 3, lockpicking: mechanical 1, lockpicking: electronic 5, martial arts: barehanded 2, piloting: helicopter 2, shooting 3, stealth 2
Spirit: 4d6
Bravery 2, leadership 4, perception 5, persuasion: bluff 4, persuasion: charm 4, scrounging 3, scrutinize 4, search 1
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: club 2, running 2, swimming 2, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 8
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Delta ±0, destined for greatness +5, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, rich +4, sense of time +1, wise +3
Powers:
Hacking: Add +10 to Kim's *hacking* skill.
Tricks: Bull's eye, crack and hack, first move, grapple, ghost hack
Gear: A Colt 2000, a box of 20 AP 10 bullets, a PCS wireless phone with internet access, a Ford Explorer, laptop with a wireless modem, and cash.

LARGE CAP

Large Cap's real name is Anthony Capilotti. He's a third-generation Italian crimelord who split off from his family to join Evil Unlimited. Large Cap likes to think of himself as the criminal equivalent of a Wall Street investor, with his stock in his agents.

Smarts: 3d6
Area knowledge: New York City 2, bureaucratics 5, criminology 2, etiquette 4, gambling 4, language: English 2, language: Italian 2, profession: administration 4, security 4, tactics 3
Speed: 4d6
Dodging 4, quick draw 4, shooting 5, speed-load 3
Spirit: 3d6
Bravery 2, leadership 4, perception 5, persuasion: bluff 3, persuasion: intimidation 6, scrutinize 4, search 2, streetwise 4
Strength: 5d6+3
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 7, swimming 2, throwing 3
Size: 6
Pace: 9
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Arrogant –3, bloodthirsty –2, brawny +3, delta ±0, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, greedy –2, loyal –3: to Mr. C, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, unregistered ±0, rich +4, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, vengeful –2, wise +3
Powers:
Armor: 5/ – .
Healing Factor: Large Cap can make a healing roll every hour.
Strong: Add +3 to *Strength*.
Tricks: Bull's eye, dirty fighting, extra damage, fast healer, grapple, knockback, know the streets, pumped up
Gear: A Colt 2000, a box of 20 AP 10 bullets, a cell phone, a Hummer limousine conversion, a laptop with a wireless modem, and plenty of cash.

The Truth of the Matter

Pedro Maldavar

Pedro is a handsome Columbian who's living the good life in Miami: fast cars, beautiful women, and lots of money to toss around. He is cunning.

Smarts: 4d6
Area knowledge: Miami 2, area knowledge: Columbia, bureaucratics 2, computing 1, disguise 5, etiquette 3, forgery 2, gambling 3, language: English 2, language: Spanish 2, profession: administration 4, security 4, tactics 4
Speed: 4d6
Boating: speedboat 2, dodging 5, driving: personal vehicle 3, martial arts: blade 4, sleight of hand 4, shooting 4, stealth 5
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 4, leadership 4, perception 3, persuasion: bluff 2, persuasion: charm 5, persuasion: intimidation 4, scrutinize 4, search 3, streetwise 6
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 3, running 2, swimming 2, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 9
Delta Points: 4
Quirks: Alert +3, delta ±0, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, greedy –2, lusty –1, lucky +3, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, unregistered ±0, rich +4, secret identity ±0, stubborn –2, wise +3
Powers:
Liar: Add +10 to Maldavar's *persuasion: bluff* rolls.
Smuggler: Maldavar can conceal things in his belly.
Tricks: Blatant lie, bull's eye, extra damage, first move, new friend, spit it out
Gear: Twin, pearl-handled Colt 2000s, a box of 20 AP 10 bullets, a PCS wireless phone with internet access, a Ferrari Testerossa convertible, a laptop with a wireless modem, and plenty of cash.

Nicollette Marks

Before she became a delta, Marks was one of the sharpest confidence women in the country. Her winning smile and stunning good looks made it easy to trust her. That hasn't changed much since she joined Evil Unlimited. It's just that now she can literally walk through walls when a deal goes bad.

Marks is one of the sharpest, hardest women you'll ever meet. She's a demanding boss, but she can be just as generous, if not more so, when it suits her. She's fair to the people who work under her, but anyone else is pretty much just a meal that she hasn't gotten around to devouring quite yet.

Also, Marks is stunningly beautiful, and she knows it. Her good looks are just one more asset to be exploited in order to make her a better, more powerful leader. She doesn't feel like she has to rely on them very often, but she knows that they sometimes cause people to underestimate her cutthroat business style. Many men tell themselves that nothing evil could come wrapped in such a beautiful package.

They don't know just how wrong they are.

Smarts: 4d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 4, computing 4, etiquette 3, language: English 2, profession: finance 4, security 3
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 3, driving: personal vehicle 3
Spirit: 4d6
Leadership 4, performing: acting 3, persuasion: charm 5, scrutinize 4, search 1
Strength: 4d6
Climbing 1, running 4, swimming 3
Size: 5

Pace: 8
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: arrogant –3, beautiful +1, dark secret +5: knows who Mr. C is, delta ±0, lusty –1, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, rich +3, secret identity ±0, unregistered ±0, voice +1
Powers:
Phasing: Can turn herself insubstantial.
Tricks: First move, make and impression, phase foe, phase friend
Gear: Cell phone and $100 cash.

JACQUES MCCLOUD

McCloud is one of the most charming people in the world. That's why he works directly under Nicollette Marks. She knows that McCloud can bring in the best clients and agents, and he's great to have around to smooth over ruffled feathers when things go wrong.

McCloud is a handsome man with dark hair, blue eyes, and a winning smile. It's almost impossible to not like the man, even if you know what he's really all about: Evil Unlimited. He works closely with Marks, who takes a genuine interest in how the manager of her head office handles his daily duties.

Smarts: 4d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, bureaucratics 5, computing 3, criminology 4, disguise 4, etiquette 5, gambling 4, language: English 2, profession: administration 4, profession: law 4, security 3, tactics 5
Speed: 2d6
Boating: speedboat 2, dodging 3, driving: personal vehicle 3, sleight of hand 3, shooting 3, stealth 4
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 2, leadership 5, perception 4, performing: public speaking 3, persuasion: bluff 4, persuasion: charm 7, scrutinize 4, search 2, streetwise 2
Strength: 3d6
Climbing 2, fighting: barehanded 3, running 1, swimming 1, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 7
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Beautiful +1, destined for greatness +5, delta ±0, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, glass jaw –3, impulsive –3, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, rich +4, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, unregistered ±0, voice +1: soft
Powers:
Sheer Charm: Add +10 to McCloud's *persuasion: charm* rolls.
Tricks: Bull's eye, first move, know the streets, momentary lapse of reason, new friend, trust me
Gear: A Colt 2000, a box of 20 AP 10 bullets, a PCS wireless phone with internet access, a Lincoln Navigator limousine, a laptop with a wireless modem, and plenty of cash.

KYRA RESNICK

A cold-hearted woman, Resnick is hardly the motherly type. She sees other people as little more than tools. Once they have outlived their usefulness to her, she discards them, rarely mincing words about how she feels. She just really doesn't care.

That said, Resnick is one of the most successful regional managers that Evil Unlimited has ever had. She doesn't seem to be weighed down by things like respect for others or caring what they think about her. She knows what people call her when they think she's not listening, and privately, she agrees.

Smarts: 4d6
Area knowledge: Los Angeles 2, artillery 4, bureaucratics 3, computing 2, criminology 4, demolition 3, etiquette 3, gambling 2, language: English 2,

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

language: Spanish 2, profession: administration 5, security 2, tactics 4

Speed: 5d6

Boating: speedboat 2, dodging 6, driving: personal vehicle 5, martial arts: barehanded 4, quick draw 5, shooting 6, speed-load 4, stealth 3

Spirit: 3d6

Bravery 4, leadership 3, perception 5, persuasion: bluff 5, persuasion: intimidation 5, scrutinize 4, search 3, shadowing 3, streetwise 4

Strength: 2d6

Climbing 3, running 2, swimming 2, throwing 1

Size: 5

Pace: 10

Delta Points: 3

Quirks: Alert +3, ambidextrous +5, arrogant –3, beautiful +1, delta ±0, duty –5: Evil Unlimited, greedy –2, impulsive –3, lusty –1, patron +5: Evil Unlimited, rich +4, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, snobby –1, tough +2, unregistered ±0, vengeful –2

Powers:

Crack Shot: Add +5 to *shooting* attacks.

Quick: Add +5 to *Speed* rolls for initiative.

Tricks: Bull's eye, extra damage, first move, pierce armor, ricochet

Gear: Twin Colt 2000s with 100 AP 10 bullets, a Barret M90 with 10 bullets and 20 AP 20 bullets, a Colt 9mm submachine-gun with three clips full of bullets, a Pancor Jackhammer with 40 shells, a PCS wireless phone with internet access, a Lamborgini convertible, a laptop with a wireless modem, and plenty of cash.

POLICE
5509
PRISON TRANSPORT

Evil Is as Evil Does: An Evil Unlimited Adventure

Welcome to My Parlor

As you might expect, "Evil Is as Evil Does" has more than a little bit to do with Evil Unlimited, although it's really up to you whether the heroes ever realize that or not. But before you can make a decision on that – or anything else having to do with this adventure – take the time to read through this section of the book.

Who This is For

This is an adventure that's designed to either introduce the heroes in your team to Evil Unlimited or – if they've already signed on with the company – to enmesh them even further. If you don't want to worry about Evil Unlimited all that much, this adventure could easily be converted as a mission for the Defiance. Just replace the orders that come from Evil Unlimited with orders straight from Truth, and you're on your way.

If the heroes are members of Delta Prime, getting them involved can be a little trickier, but not impossible. Simply tell them that they've been placed on assignment to infiltrate the local chapter of Evil Unlimited and report back to their superiors when possible. Of course, they are to refrain from doing so in all but the most dire emergencies, especially at first, because their superiors in Evil Unlimited will surely be watching for such activity. Experience has taught that Evil Unlimited doesn't treat double agents in their organization kindly.

Even if the heroes are Bargainers, you should be able to get them involved without much trouble. After all, even those who truck with demons need to eat, right? And you can say a lot of bad things about Evil Unlimited, but they do pay *really well*.

You know your team better than we do, so we'll trust you to get them involved in this unfolding story in one way or another. With a little thought, it shouldn't be all that hard.

THE BACKSTORY

A lot of deltas have worked for Evil Unlimited over the years, and not all of them have been pleased with the relationship. Case in point: Kyle Garrigan, a troubled college student who likes to work under the alias of the Technomancer.

DEMON IN THE MACHINE

Garrigan is a young man in his mid-20s, who likes to think of himself as a visionary. A computer enthusiast from a young age, Garrigan awakened as a delta when the car he was driving plunged off of a bridge and through the ice covering a frozen lake one winter. Oddly enough, instead of becoming a delta hacker, he became a Bargainer.

It just so happened that Garrigan's mentor in the fine art of Bargaining – one Ariana Bihani – hired her services out to Evil Unlimited from time to time. When she felt her protegé was ready for field work, she suggested he do the same.

But as students go, Garrigan was rotten to the core. Once he realized that the voices in his head were actually creatures from other dimensions, he figured he didn't need much else in the way of instruction.

The young Bargainer thought the contracts that Bihani showed him were outdated and archaic. Demons always followed the letter of their instructions, constantly looking for a way out of fulfilling their half of the deal. Wouldn't it be a lot more efficient, he thought, if you wrote the demon's instructions out like a computer program?

DEBUGGING THE CODE

Garrigan theorized that demons were like computers. They did exactly what you told them to, no matter how stupid it might seem. To Garrigan, the main problem with the way most Bargainers dealt with demons was the old computing axiom "Garbage in, garbage out."

By this, Garrigan meant that as long as the contracts were written with any degree of ambiguity, they were bound to eventually fail. The only way to resolve this problem once and for all was to write up the contracts as if they were computer programs, a rigid set of instructions that the demons had no choice but to follow.

The idea followed that a demon who could be controlled with a computer program would be a lot more useful than a simple totem. A totem is a powerful device, but it can really only do one thing at a time. A demon-mastering computer program, on the other hand, would allow the user to tap the demon for new powers on an almost continual basis. It would revolutionize bargaining from the ground up.

And so Garrigan set out to do exactly that.

TRIPPING THROUGH THE WEB

Unfortunately, Garrigan ran into a wall almost immediately. None of the programming languages available were adequate for what he was trying to achieve. They just didn't have what it was going to take to keep the demons in line.

But Garrigan still had a true passion for hacking. He'd read on the web that Webhead, the makers of the industry-

standard web browser Web Sailor Pro, were nearing completion of a brand-new, next-generation programming language – one capable of two to three times the processing that was currently out there.

To Garrigan, this sounded like what he was looking for – exactly what he was looking for.

Garrigan poked around the wares sites, looking for a beta or even an alpha version of Sailmaker (as the new development environment was titled), but he came up empty handed. The security surrounding the language's code was unbelievably tight – a hallmark of Webhead from its earliest days. There was only one thing for Garrigan to do: Break directly into Webhead's corporate headquarters and physically steal a copy of the code.

THE SPIDER'S LAIR

Garrigan had never been known for the subtlety of his methods, but he really topped himself here. The smart thing to do would have been to research the situation and find out who was on the Sailmaker development team. Then he could have tracked down the location of those programmers' offices, quietly broken into them, made copies of the program and left with his prize, no one the wiser.

But Garrigan didn't have the patience required for that. Instead, he went for the offices of the one person he knew would have a copy of the code: Webhead's CEO, Oliver Megopolous.

Evil Is As Evil Does

In order to get inside the company, Garrigan hatched a plan. He applied for a job with the company, setting up the appointment for late in the day on a Friday. After going through with the charade, he snuck away and used a phaser totem to hide in a locked supply closet. He waited there until late that night and then used his phaser powers to work his way into the building's uppermost levels.

Eventually he made his way into Megopolous's office. He was shocked by what he found there.

Register This

When Garrigan broke into the CEO's massive office – it takes up most of the top floors of two full skyscrapers – he phased into a dark corner and hid in the shadows. The lights were off in most of the place, but someone was working late at Megopolous's desk.

Garrigan crept closer and saw none other than Nicollette Marks sitting with her feet up on the desk, talking into her cell phone, looking like she owned the place. Her conversation was just ending as Garrigan got close enough to see who she was.

Garrigan recognized Marks from the exposés that had been run in the *Crescent City Times* about her. She was reputedly the leader of Evil Unlimited, or close enough for it to not make a difference. Just seeing her in the Webhead CEO's office was nearly enough to send Garrigan into shock. What he saw next literally caused him to choke.

As the young Bargainer watched, Marks suddenly morphed into Megopolous's form.

The young Bargainer's involuntary outburst grabbed Megopolous's

attention. "Who's there?" he called out. When he got no answer, he instantly summoned security, placing the entire building on full alert.

To make a long story short, Garrigan was eventually captured. (Electrified netting is impossible for even a phaser to get through, it seems.) Realizing that his life would be forfeit if Megopolous could ever get his hands on him, Garrigan immediately confessed to violating the Delta Registration Act. He knew this would win him a one way ticket to New Alcatraz, but he needed the safety it offered, and the time to think, to figure out how to use the secret he'd uncovered to his best advantage. Should he tell the Primers? Could he sell the information or use it for blackmail? Or should he take it to his grave?

The rescue/murder attempt is botched when Garrigan uses a totem hidden on his body to try and break free on his own. He lets loose the other delta prisoner on the boat and then escapes in the resulting confusion.

That night, Garrigan goes to Megopolous's office to kill the CEO, thereby protecting himself. Mr. C is ready for him though, and the young Bargainer is lucky to get away alive.

Garrigan then concocts a plan to pose as JFK himself so that he can get close to Megopolous in a public place. He chooses a reception that Webhead is hosting for the real President in the coming week.

The heroes learn what the young Bargainer's up to, and it's up to them to stop Garrigan before he gets to Megopolous.

AN OVERVIEW

This is where the players come in. Mr. C isn't willing to just sit back and wait to see what this upstart kid does with what he's learned. To be honest, Mr. C doesn't know for sure what Garrigan saw or even if he realizes entirely what it means.

Which the young Bargainer doesn't, of course. His best guess is that Marks is posing as the real Megopolous. He's unaware of how wrong he is.

Either way, all Mr. C cares about is tying this loose end up – permanently. Toward that end, he asks the real Marks to line up a team of deltas – in other words, the heroes – to "rescue" Garrigan from the police boat taking him to New Alcatraz. The plan, of course, is for Garrigan to be killed during the rescue attempt by the agent leading the team, a loyal EU employee named Aric Koffler.

MAJOR PLAYERS

Here are full profiles of the most important characters that make appearances in this adventure – and who aren't already described elsewhere in this book. You should know these characters and their backgrounds well, so that you can roleplay them effectively.

ALICE ANDERSON

Alice is a Primer agent working in the Enforcement division. (Her uniform shirt is red, and her rank symbol is orange.) She's a snuffer, and it's her job to escort delta prisoners to New Alcatraz. She keeps their powers in check for the duration of the trip, while the regular guards keep order.

On this particular trip, Garrigan seems pretty helpless, so Anderson has

decided to risk taking two deltas across to the island at once. She concentrates on snuffing the powers of Bertha Chang, leaving Garrigan to his own devices. This will prove to be a potentially fatal error.

Anderson is an African-American woman in her mid-30s. She was studying to be a doctor before she awakened, but now she finds herself ferrying beaten criminal deltas off to the prison, where they'll most likely rot for the rest of their lives. Anderson hasn't seen any excitement yet on any of these trips, so she's become a bit complacent toward the prisoners.

Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, language: English 2, medicine 3, security 3, tactics 2
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 2, driving: personal vehicle 1, martial arts: barehanded 2, shadowing 1, shooting 2, stealth 1
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 2, leadership 2, perception 3, persuasion: charm 2, scrutinize 2, search 2, streetwise 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 2, running 2, swimming 3
Size: 5
Pace: 8
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Authority +1: Delta Prime Enforcement agent, bad vibes ±0, brave +1, code of honor –3, delta ±0, duty –5: Delta Prime, patron +5: Delta Prime, public identity ±0, self-confident +2, stubborn –2, temper –2, registered ±0, tough +2, wise +3
Powers:
Power Snuff: Anderson can cancel other deltas' powers with an opposed *Spirit* roll. She adds +5 to this *Spirit* roll.
Tricks: First move, pre-snuff, super snuff
Gear: A Colt Agent with 20 rounds of AP 10 ammo, a Kevlar vest, a police radio, and $100.

BERTHA CHANG

Bertha Chang, an Asian-American goliath, has been living in the labyrinth of tunnels beneath the streets of Crescent City ever since she awakened over a year ago, right after she was nearly beaten to death in New Grant Park. In the course of that time, Chang has grown more withdrawn and savage than ever. Now she almost is an animal; she doesn't talk much at all, and her single emotion seems to be rage.

Chang is dressed in prison grays when she's put on the boat. These are made to fit a normal-sized woman, as that's what she is as long as she's under Primer Anderson's care. If her powers return to her, though, she's sure to just about burst right out of those clothes.

When she was younger – before she got her powers – Chang was really something of a beauty. Now that she's been reduced back to normal size, you can see echoes of that carefree young woman about her, but it's hard to spot beneath her tangled hair and behind the wildness in her eyes.

All Chang wants is to be free to live her life on her own terms, and if someone gives her even half a chance at that, she'll leap all over it and beat it to a bloody pulp.

Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, area knowledge: Crescent City underground 2, disguise 3, language: English 2, security 1, survival: city 2
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 3, driving: personal vehicle 2, shooting 2, stealth 4
Spirit: 2d6
Bravery 2, perception 3, scrutinize 3, search 1

Strength: 5d6+5
Climbing 2, fighting: barehanded 5, fighting: club 4, fighting: blade 3, swimming 1, throwing 2
Size: 7
Pace: 8
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Alert +3, delta ±0, dirt slow ±0: –2 from initiative, savage –3, iron jaw +3, obvious ±0, poor –3, public identity ±0, unregistered ±0, sense of direction +1, stubborn –2, ugly ±0, tough +2, vengeful –2
Powers:
Armor: 10/ – .
Big: Add +2 to Size.
Powerful: Add +5 to Strength rolls.
Tricks: First move, knockback, rock your world, superjump
Gear: Nothing.

KYLE GARRIGAN

Kyle Garrigan is a netpunk who got lucky, but not in a way that he really understood. He believes the fact that he's alive today – and has the powers that he does – proves that God has a sense of humor. Still, Kyle's doing the best he can with what he's been given. He hasn't absorbed his Bargaining studies too well – he was always a lousy student. He is a self-taught computer whiz – which is one of the reasons his mind has wandered toward his current scheme. Tossing a computer into the mix just seemed right.

In truth, Garrigan was trying to commit suicide when he drove into the river, and ever since that night he's been hoping to have the chance to make up for blowing it the first time Messing with Webhead's CEO by way of attempting to harness a demon with his laptop seems like a good start. Either he'll be powerful beyond belief, or he'll be dead.

Garrigan is a gangly young man in his mid-20s. He has sandy-colored hair, and usually favors blue jeans and black T-shirts – when he isn't on his way to jail or trying to impress his mentor by wearing a tuxedo, that is.

While Garrigan may have a death wish, he is in no real hurry to die. He's truly scared of what Nicollette Marks (actually Mr. C, although Garrigan doesn't know that) might do to him. That's what's driving him now – with this desperate plan, he hopes to take the battle directly back to the person trying to kill him. Of course, the smart thing to do would be to leave the country.

Smarts: 5d6
Academia: occult 3, area knowledge: Crescent City 2, computing 5, forgery 3, language: English 2, security 4
Speed: 2d6
Driving: personal vehicle 1, escaping 2, sleight of hand 3, shooting 2
Spirit: 5d6
Bravery 3, perception 2, performing: public speaking 2, persuasion: bluff 2, scrutinize 2, search 2
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 2, fighting: barehanded 2, running 1, swimming 1, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 7
Delta Points: 4
Quirks: Arrogant –3, death wish –5, delta ±0, destined for greatness +5, impulsive –3, lucky +3, unregistered ±0, secret identity ±0, vengeful –2
Powers:
Bargaining: The hero can cast spells and use totems.
Tricks: Fast learner, jinx, make it look easy
Gear: Cutting-edge laptop with wireless modem, a Colt 2000 with two clips of AP 10 ammo, a phaser totem, a bomber totem, a changeling totem, a teleporter totem, an aquarian totem, and $500.

ARIC KOFFLER

Aric Koffler is the loyal Evil Unlimited agent whose job it is to lead the heroes astray. Remember all that advice we gave you on how to reel the heroes in like fish? Well, here's your Captain Quint, and you're not likely to need a bigger boat.

Koffler awakened as a blaster after being trapped underneath a building during an earthquake out in Los Angeles. He was a struggling actor, trying to make it to the big time, but the best lines he ever had were the ones he used to feed the cocktail waitresses at his favorite watering holes. As it turned out, Koffler had always been a better liar than he was an actor. His range was pretty limited.

Koffler fell in with Evil Unlimited soon after he received his powers. As a person who finally had an edge, he felt he deserved to live the fast life. He wasn't willing to sign on with Delta Prime for that reason, and he didn't see the wisdom in joining up with the Defiants. At the end of the day, he went with Evil Unlimited simply because they paid much, much better.

Koffler is a strikingly handsome man and a shameless flirt. He has stylishly cut black hair and a set of features that can only be described as rugged. He's easy enough to get along with until the time is right for him to finally set the screws to the heroes.

Smarts: 3d6

Area knowledge: Crescent City 2, computing 2, disguise 3, language: English 2, security 3

Speed: 4d6

Dodging 2, driving: personal vehicle 1, martial arts: barehanded 3, martial arts: blade 3, shooting 5, stealth 2

Spirit: 3d6
Bravery 1, performing: acting 3, perception 2, persuasion: bluff 4, persuasion: charm 2, scrutinize 2, search 3, shadowing 1
Strength: 2d6
Climbing 2, running 1, swimming 2
Size: 5
Pace: 9
Delta Points: 3
Quirks: Beautiful +1, curious –3, delta ±0, duty –3: Evil Unlimited, greedy –2, iron jaw +3, lusty –1, patron +3: Evil Unlimited, rich +2, secret identity ±0, self-confident +2, sharp eyes +1, unregistered ±0
Powers:
Armor: 5/ –
Energy Blast
Tricks: Blast punch, bull's eye, first move, the natural, superblast
Gear: Cell phone with internet access, good false ID papers, Chevy Tahoe (company car), and plenty of cash.

THE GUARDS

You can use this profile for any of the various kinds of guards that the heroes might run into throughout this adventure. These statistics work just as well for the prison guards on the prison transport boat as they do for the security guards in the Webhead Building, or for the rent-a-cops working the Webhead reception for.

Smarts: 2d6
Area knowledge: Crescent City 4, language: English 2, navigation 1, tactics 2
Speed: 3d6
Dodging 2, driving: personal vehicle 2, shooting 2, stealth 2
Spirit: 3d6
Bravery 1, perception 2, persuasion: bluff 2, persuasion: intimidation 3, scrutinize 2, search 2, shadowing 3
Strength: 3d6
Climbing 1, fighting: barehanded 2, fighting: club 2, swimming 1, throwing 1
Size: 5
Pace: 8
Delta Points: None
Quirks: Alert +3, authority +1: guard, duty +3: employer, loyal –3, patron +3: superiors, reg ±0
Gear: A Colt 2000 with 15 bullets and 15 armor-piercing (AP 10) bullets in a spare clip, a Kevlar vest, a nightstick, a patrol car, and a set of handcuffs.

THE SETUP

How you want to get your team involved in this adventure is really up to you. As we said before, you know them better than we do. Once you get them hooked into the story, the following happens.

The heroes are instructed to meet with Koffler in a private back room of *La Paella*, a Spanish restaurant in Crescent City's Near Northside, at 7 PM. They'll get their orders there. All they know for sure is that they should bring any equipment they desire to the meeting. They'll be leaving for their assignment directly after dinner.

When the heroes arrive, Koffler introduces himself and tells them to order dinner. When everyone's there and has started eating, he tells them the following:

Yesterday, one of our top operatives – a kid named Kyle Garrigan – was captured by the police while on assignment in the Webhead Building. He was taken into custody, and his powers were stripped from him. He's scheduled to be hauled out to New Alcatraz

tomorrow at 10 AM, where he'll probably spend the rest of his life.

Our job is to intercept that boat and rescue Kyle before he reaches New Alcatraz. Once he's on the island, he's out of our reach, and we'll never have another chance at him again. We meet tomorrow morning at 9 AM on a dock at South 46th Street and Bayshore Drive. I'll have a boat ready for us. From there, it's up to us to get the job done. If we succeed, it's $5,000 apiece in our pockets.

That's all Koffler really has to say on the matter, though he's a pleasant dinner companion. If the heroes want to requisition any special equipment for the job, now's the time to do it.

Tomorrow morning will be too late.

CHAPTER ONE: THE RESCUE ATTEMPT

The heroes meet at the dock the next morning at 9 AM, where Koffler informs them that the boat that they're to intercept is making its run from the police dock at South 20th Street and Bayshore Drive, leaving for New Alcatraz at about 10 AM. It's up to the heroes to stop it.

Koffler shows the heroes out to a fast boat that's docked at the South 46th Street Pier. A few other ships are docked there as well, but no one else is about. The people who were going to take their boats out today already have, and the dock is now abandoned.

Koffler tells the heroes to get on the boat so they can get underway. They need to be out on the water, ready and waiting when the police boat goes by. Otherwise, they'll never manage to intercept it.

Koffler isn't nearly as friendly or talkative this morning as he was last night. Today – although the heroes don't know it – he's supposed to kill a man, which is something he takes seriously. If anyone is in costume, Koffler demands that they cover it up for now. He has a supply of rain ponchos to hand out for just this purpose. He also has a stock of life jackets, should the heroes want them. He doesn't force anyone to wear them, but if they refuse, he just smiles and says, "It's your funeral."

The trip out onto Chicago Bay is uneventful. Once over deeper waters, Koffler hands a few of the heroes fishing poles so that they will look like a bunch of people who have just decided to skip out on work for some quality time on the bay.

Just after 10 AM, the police boat appears, racing out of the Crescent City skyline. Koffler tells the heroes to get ready. This is the big moment. He jets his boat toward the police boat.

THE BEST-LAID PLANS

If the heroes have no better plan, Koffler races straight for the police boat. As he gets closer, the officers on the boat – there are two, besides the Primer agent Alice Anderson – try to wave him off. Koffler hails them back as if he has some kind of emergency.

As the police boat slows down to check things out, one of the two officers steps out onto the boat's prow with a bullhorn. He says, "Do not come any closer. We are a prison transport craft. If you need help, wave three times. We will radio for assistance."

Keeping his right hand down and powering it up for a *supercharge* trick, Koffler waves once, twice, and then brings up his hidden arm and fires at the officer with the bullhorn.

There should be a heated exchange with the police boat, likely with the officers getting the worst of it. Agent Anderson keeps her head down and tries to concentrate on keeping Chang's powers suppressed, which is not easy to do in a hail of gunfire. Eventually, Anderson realizes that her side is hopelessly outmatched, and decides to take a chance.

She releases her hold on Chang.

The goliath bursts through her shackles in nothing flat, and does a pretty decent job of making a mess of her clothing as well. Outraged, she rips through the top of the police boat and starts attacking anyone she can see, starting with the police.

Koffler immediately starts firing at Chang, even if no one else does. He doesn't know anything about her, but he figures that since an 8-foot-tall woman wasn't in his briefing, she's fair game.

Once Chang notices an attack from Koffler or anyone else, she *superjumps* from the police boat to the heroes' boat and savagely tears into anyone still aboard. Her favorite tactic is to throw people overboard. Then she steals the boat and pilots it to freedom.

AN OPPORTUNITY SEIZED

In the meantime, Garrigan is taking advantage of the situation to extract a totem that the police missed in their search. It's a small fishing hook on the end of a length of thin fishing line. The line was wrapped around several of Garrigan's molars, with the hook taped to the outside rear of his gums. Once he has the whole thing free – which he's been working on ever since the boat left the police dock, so it shouldn't take more than an action or two – he unfurls and activates it.

Garrigan is immediately transformed into an aquarian (see the *Brave New World* rulebook for more on these, or better yet, check out the aquarian power package in *Crescent City*). Then, at the next opportunity, he dives into the dark waters of Chicago Bay and swims away.

BACK TO THE FIGHT

Meanwhile, the heroes still have to deal with Chang – and quickly. They likely only have a few minutes before someone at the New Alcatraz end of the police boat's run realizes that something's wrong. As soon as that happens, they can expect the transport's route to be crawling with backup, and they really don't want to be around when that happens. No one wants to take on the entire police force.

The heroes only have about five minutes, tops, before they need to get moving. If they hang around longer than that, Koffler – if he's in any shape to do so at this point – screams for them all to get back on board. He gives anyone who listens to him fair shot at getting back on his boat, and then takes off at top speed.

Koffler does this even if Chang is still on the boat at the time. He figures that if he doesn't get going now, it's not going to matter if the goliath is defeated or not. The authorities will have all of their hides.

Once the battle is over, if there's any time, Koffler will insist on searching the police boat for Garrigan.

If someone saw the shackled young Bargainer slip into the bay – a Challenging (10) *perception* roll, given the chaotic circumstances – now's the time to speak up about it. After he figures out what happened, Koffler curses up a blue streak and then aims his boat back to the South 46th Street dock.

If no one succeeds at the *perception* roll, Koffler tears the boat apart for half a minute before realizing that Garrigan's no longer there. Even if anyone saw the aquarian dive into the bay, they need to make a Difficult (15) *perception* roll to realize that he was actually Garrigan.

The obvious conclusion here is that either Garrigan was knocked overboard in Chang's fury or he dove into the water in a desperate attempt to avoid the resulting fight. Since his body is nowhere to be seen, the heroes may very well – and understandably – assume that Garrigan was dragged down by his shackles and drowned. Koffler's not happy about this at all – mostly because he'd prefer to see a body – but it's still time to go.

Troubleshooting

It's essential that Garrigan get away from everybody during this encounter – both the heroes and the police. If he doesn't, he needs to escape at the nearest opportunity, hopefully with the heroes trying to save him from Koffler, who is obviously trying to kill the young man.

If the heroes simply manage to capture Garrigan and Koffler kills him, well, the adventure is pretty much over. However, you now have the heroes as willing accomplices in a cold-blooded murder – at least as much as any law-enforcement official is likely to see it – which is something you can use against them as your saga continues.

Rewards

If the heroes manage to capture Garrigan, give them one experience point each. Each hero that gets through the rescue attempt without killing anyone should get one experience point. If the heroes defeat Chang, give them one experience point each.

Chapter Two: Man on the Run

Once into the waters of Chicago Bay, Garrigan dives as deep as he can and follows the bay's floor until he reaches the shoreline. From there, he slips into the tunnels running beneath the city, and heads for his apartment, a squalid hole in the basement of a brownstone in the Near Southside, at South 58th and Sixth Crescent.

Home, Hellish Home

Knowing that his place is probably being watched from the street, Garrigan slips in through an access tunnel in the basement. He slices through the police tape across his apartment's door and enters without anyone noticing.

The place is almost literally a stinking pit. Dirty clothes and take-out boxes are piled everywhere in the tiny, one-room apartment. The only pieces of furniture in the place are a soiled futon tossed in one corner and a battered desk atop which sits a cutting

edge computer, complete with DSL (high-speed broadband) access to the internet. Computer program disks and manuals are strewn throughout the place, along with several well-thumbed reference books on the occult.

Inside, Garrigan grabs himself a change of clothes and three more totems: his teleporter, changeling, and bomber totems. He teleports out of his shackles, changes into his tuxedo – he's ready for business now – and then takes off. Just as he's about to leave, a couple of police officers show up, guns drawn, shouting "Freeze!"

Garrigan just smiles at them, waves his teleporter totem – it looks like the keyless remote entry pad for a luxury car, only larger – and disappears. Safely on the street, Garrigan hustles off and waits for darkness to fall. He has some business to settle.

ENTER THE HEROES

Of course, the heroes have little chance to interfere with any of this, although they'll find out about it soon enough. Once they get back to the pier, Koffler orders them all to scramble. They'll meet back at the restaurant at 7 PM for an after-action review and to collect their paychecks. Right now, the police are probably hot on their tails, so it's time to split up and get moving.

That night at the restaurant, Koffler is not in a good mood. Once all the heroes are there, he says:

> *None of us are getting paid – yet. It turns out that our Mr. Garrigan is tougher than we thought. The police spotted him at his apartment this afternoon, but he apparently teleported away before anyone could stop him.*

I have to tell you now that I haven't been entirely honest with you. Garrigan has done some work for us in the past, but the fact is that he's gone rogue. He was originally captured by the police while breaking into the offices of Oliver Megopolous, the CEO of Webhead. You know, the guys who publish that web browser that everyone uses.

Maybe Garrigan wanted to bust up Megopolous for publishing lousy code. I don't know. But we've been hired to make sure this kind of thing doesn't happen again – ever.

I want you to head over to Garrigan's apartment and see if you can find any clues leading to what he might do next. Just make sure the police don't see you. Then give me a call on my cell phone and report back to me.

How the heroes handle things from here is really up to them. Give them a chance to get into Garrigan's apartment, but use the police to hustle them along if they seem like they're taking too long.

A Bargainer might be able to puzzle out what Garrigan is trying to do with his computer with an Easy (5) *academia: occult* roll. Otherwise, it requires a Challenging (10) *computing* roll. Or they can figure it out on their own. After that, with an Easy (5) *Smarts* roll, the hero remembers that Webhead is supposed to be coming out with its much publicized new programming environment soon. The connection between that and what's been happening should be obvious.

Of course, what the heroes do next may not be so clear. When they report in to Koffler, he thanks them for the information and their insights, and tells them to hang loose and stay near their phones.

RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

Garrigan now has a real mad on. Not only was he captured and nearly tossed in jail for life, he's been shot at, and he had to swim all the way back across the Chicago Bay.

But what really torques Garrigan off is the fact that he lost one of his totems. When the Webhead guards finally brought him down, they took his phaser totem from him, and now he wants it back. After all, that was his first totem, and he had to murder his father to get it. It's not like he has another father to dispose of, let alone another demon to barter with.

That night, Garrigan walks into the Webhead building and works his way as high up into the place as he can without going up against too much security. By way of a disguise, he's wearing a baseball hat and mirrored glasses. (He's young, brash, and too arrogant to think anyone could see through such a simple ruse.)

In the upper levels of the building, Garrigan starts teleporting through locked doors and into and up elevator shafts (where there aren't any security cameras) until he reaches his goal: Megopolous's office.

When Garrigan enters the office, he sees Nicollette Marks behind the CEO's desk again. She's waiting for him. He demands to know where his totem is, but she just laughs cruelly at him and presses a button, calling for security.

Hefting his bomber totem – which looks like a stick of dynamite – Garrigan steps up and threatens to

blast Marks to smithereens. She dares him to try, mocking the impatient young man. Frustrated, he lets loose and detonates his left arm is a spray of powerful energy.

The blast destroys Megopolous's magnificent desk and blows out nearby windows, exposing the pair to the chill night air. Of course, Marks was ready for this outburst and was phasing when Garrigan's arm went off. She laughs at the young man's fruitless anger.

Just then, a platoon of security guards show up. Garrigan switches from his bomber totem to his teleporter totem again. Before blinking several floors down – following his entry path back out, but at a much higher speed – Garrigan snarls at Marks.

"I know who you really are, you know," he says,"and nobody mocks me. Nobody! I'm going now, but I'll find you again – soon. And then you'll be dead."

With that, Garrigan vanishes.

Marks slips away as well. She was willing to play the stand-in for Mr. C for the evening, just in case Garrigan returned, but she doesn't want anyone making connections between her and the CEO, not even the security guards. She phases through the floor, grabs a disguise from a hiding place in Megopolous's luxurious apartment, and simply leaves the building through the main exit.

GETTING THE NEWS

The next morning when the heroes get up they should hear all about the "terrorist attack" on Webhead in the middle of the night. By 10 AM, if they haven't contacted Koffler, he calls them, saying:

Yeah, it was Garrigan all right. Fortunately – thanks to the good work you people did while poking around that apartment of his – we were able to alert the people at Webhead in time. They were ready and waiting for him.

Let me tell you how business works in this city, pals. You do someone a favor, and they do one in return – at least if they ever want you to help them out again.

For instance, these Webhead guys are having a reception tonight for – get this – JFK himself. And despite the fact that this lunatic is running around gunning for them at the moment, they're not calling it off. They say, "We don't give in to terrorists!"

Whatever. The upshot of all of this is that they've hired us to help with security for the event. And by "us," I mean "you."

Of course, we're not exactly a fully bonded security agency, right? And then there's the fact that most of you would probably get arrested just for showing your faces around the ballroom.

So you're going undercover. I don't care about the details; just make sure no one notices you.

The real trick here, of course, is that Webhead can't ever admit to hiring us. So we have to avoid Webhead security and the Secret Service to nab this guy.

I've been authorized to pay each of you the original $5,000 you were promised, even though we blew that job. And if you show up tonight, there's another $5,000 in if for you.

And if we nab Garrigan at the reception, he's worth a cool $100,000 to split up as we like.

REWARDS

If the heroes figure out that Garrigan's trying to program demons with his computer, give them each one experience point.

If the heroes make the connection with Webhead and inform Koffler about it, give them another experience point each.

CHAPTER THREE: JOIN THE PARTY

Here's where things get really wild. Prepare for the climactic portion of this three-act drama.

The reception for JFK is being held in the Superior Ballroom of the Marc Plaza Hotel in downtown Crescent City. The hotel takes up the entire block between North 12th and 13th Streets and Second and Third Crescents.

The place is crawling with security, and there's a gun check at the front of the hotel. All guests are being asked to leave their weapons at the door, and they have to walk through metal detectors to prove their good will.

A BIT OF BACKGROUND

Webhead generally declines offers from the city or Delta Prime to assist with security. They have their own forces, which they trust a great deal more than anyone else's people.

Additionally, the last thing that Megopolous needs is a squad of Primers running around – possibly even with a delta hound – poking into everything. He's done a fine job of keeping his two lives separate, but he doesn't see the need to temp fate. Mr. C has a lifelong distrust of the authorities as well, and prefers to follow his instincts with such things.

JFK, on the other hand, rarely goes anywhere without a contingent of Secret Service agents. This is a man with a lot of enemies, and he doesn't needlessly risk his own life for anyone. To assist his own security force, he has developed a habit of showing up at public events at just about any time, with little or no notice. This makes it that much harder for potential assassins to track and predict his movements.

Tonight, however, JFK is simply not going to show up at the reception. (Of course, he's not going to tell anyone that until the reception is already over. Sure, it's not polite to keep hundreds of people waiting for you all night and then not arrive at all, but the country has been under a continual state of martial law since 1964. Many worse things have happened.)

Garrigan doesn't know this, of course, but he is aware of JFK's reputation for always being late to just about everything – with the rare exceptions when he's actually early – and he plans to use this to his advantage.

THE WAITING GAME

The real trick for the heroes here is to get into the reception without being noticed. Koffler can furnish them with engraved invitations – literally – directly from Webhead. From there, it's up to them.

There are metal detectors and regular security, which means that the heroes have two choices when trying to get in. They can either walk through

the front door and ditch their weapons at the coat check – leaving them unarmed – or they can look for another way in.

Security is pretty tight – at least as far as regs are concerned. However, there are lots of ways for deltas to sneak past these measures. Let the heroes come up with their own theories and test them out. Just warn them that if they get caught, they're going to have a hard time keeping Megopolous safe. Webhead will disavow any knowledge of them (not to mention withholding their payment).

Once the heroes are in and set up, it's just a matter of mingling with the crowd and trying to not attract any attention until the action begins.

THE FINAL REEL

The evening seems to go smoothly – almost too smoothly. If you like, you can toss in a few red herrings to agitate the heroes. Perhaps a couple starts a very public spat in one corner of the room, raising the possibility that it's a distraction engineered by Garrigan. Or a drunken partygoer stumbles headlong into one of the heroes. Or an attractive guest starts chatting with one of the heroes, keeping his attention from the reception.

In the end, though, it's the President's arrival that really gets things going. The hotel's event coordinator steps in through the main doors and signals the lights and sound crew. "Hail to the Chief" starts blaring

through the PA system, and a spotlight zooms in on the door.

And then the President walks in, smiling and waving at the crowd, which erupts in applause.

Of course, this isn't actually JFK. It's Garrigan. He's managed to teleport past the security guards and slip into a bathroom stall to use his changeling totem to appear like JFK.

The changeling totem looks like a polished black cane with a ball of amber on top. Inside the amber is a bit of blood that was taken from one of Garrigan's friends, just before her death at his hands.

In his Kennedy guise, Garrigan walks into the room all by himself. He waves at the crowd and shakes several hands as he makes his way to the podium at the head table, which sits atop a short stage at the far end of the room.

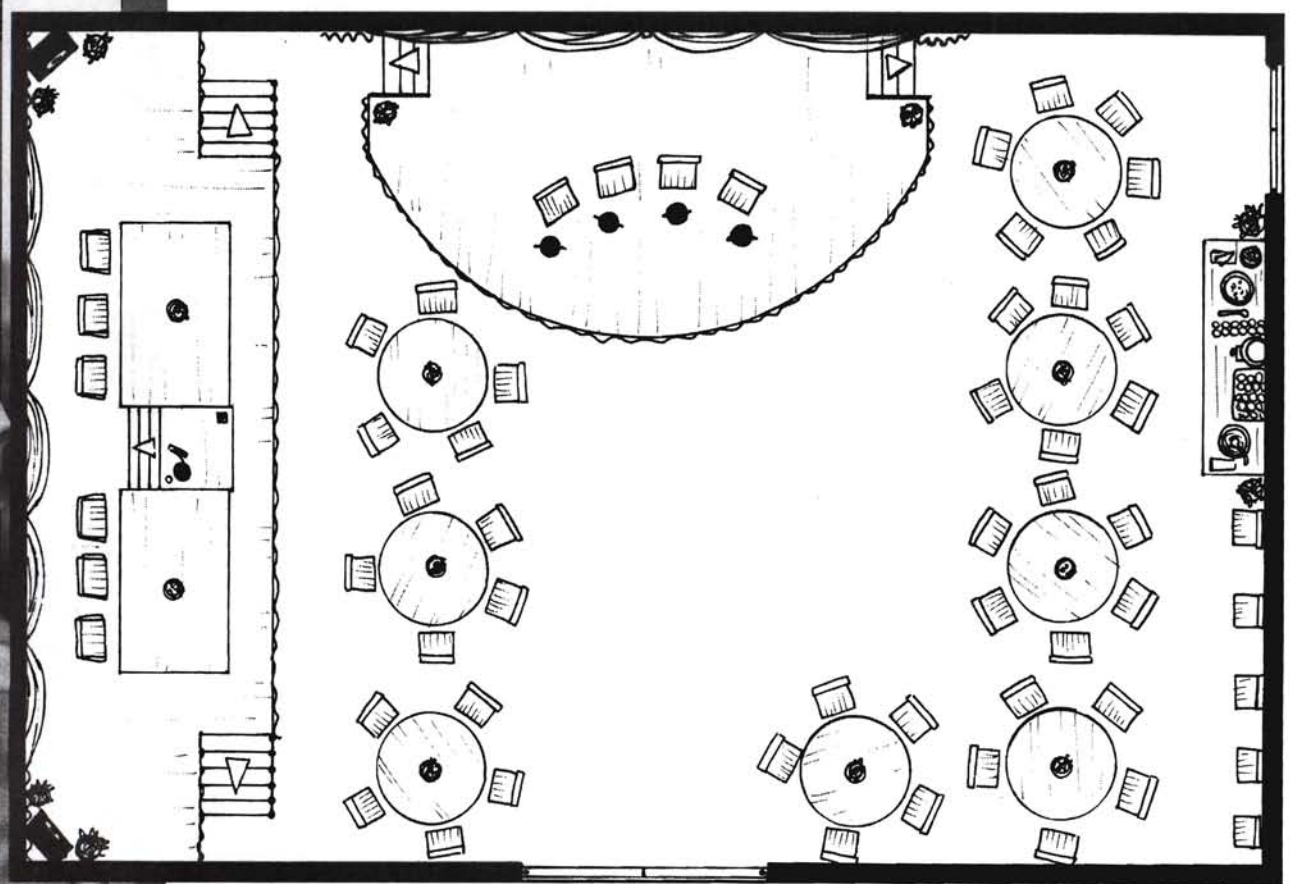
Once he gets up to the stage, Garrigan smiles and reaches out to shake Megopolous's hand. He drops his cane and reaches for the stick of dynamite – his bomber totem.

Then he detonates.

NOW OR NEVER

It's up to the heroes to figure out that the JFK who just entered the room is an imposter, who he really is, and how to put a stop to his plans before their objective is foiled.

First, JFK is carrying a cane, which he rarely does. Spotting this is a Difficult (15) *perception* check. It's not unusual for an old man to use a cane.



Second, no Secret Service agents enter the room with the President. Noticing this is a Challenging (10) *perception* check. With all the fanfare, noticing anything besides the President himself is difficult.

It's best, of course, if the players figure out what's happening on their own – without having to roll any dice. If they don't seem to be picking up on it, though, let them make the rolls. Even if they fail, they'll be alerted to the fact that something is wrong.

Once the heroes intervene, of course, all hell breaks loose. Garrigan grabs for his bomber totem and starts blasting off body parts as he makes a mad dash for Megopolous. If things look grim, he goes for his teleportation totem instead and tries to escape. Even if he's missing his legs, he's willing to give this tactic a shot.

ENDGAME

There are several possible outcomes for this adventure.

First, the heroes might blow it entirely – or even grab Garrigan after it's too late – with Megopolous ending up dead. If this happens, you're going to need to adjust things a bit in your campaign. Over at Webhead, a battle for successorship of the CEO's position will erupt, which could take months to resolve. At Evil Unlimited, this should go a bit more smoothly, since Marks is clearly in line to succeed Mr. C.

The most interesting part, though, is what happens to the body of Oliver Megopolous. It morphs into many different forms as the life leaves him – Megopolous, Mr. C, Nicollette Marks, and many others – before settling as Al Capone and then suddenly vanishing entirely.

This has something to do with the Vanishing and the fact that Capone is an alpha. Most people have never seen such a thing happen because there are so few alphas around these days (and no one's ever witnessed one die before), but there it is.

Second, the heroes might save Megopolous and capture or kill Garrigan. While they might expect the praise of those around them, they should remember that they are very likely unregistered deltas who have just made a public display of power.

Once their job is done, the heroes had better turn tail and disappear as quickly as possible. If they don't think of this, Koffler gives them a not-so-gentle reminder by screaming at them to "Get the heck out of here."

Third, the heroes might rescue Megopolous while allowing Garrigan to elude them. If this happens, then you've got yourself a recurring villain to pitch against them. Garrigan, thoroughly disheartened by his failures, decides he's had enough for now and races out of town. Like all good villains, he'll spend time plotting his revenge.

REWARDS

If the heroes save Megopolous, give them each one experience point.

If the heroes capture Garrigan, give them each two experience points. If they kill him instead, give them each only one. Either way, if they manage to deliver Garrigan to Evil Unlimited, they get to split $100,000 (in addition to the original $5,000 and the bonus $5,000) with Koffler – who first takes 10% for setting the whole thing up, then a full share for taking part in the operation.

THE AUTHOR'S AFTERWORD

The Author's Afterword

It's All About the Benjamins Baby!

At least, that's the philosophy of Evil Unlimited as I see it. (For those of you who don't get the reference, a Benjamin is a $100 bill. Benjamin Franklin appears on that bill, of course.) So it's all about money.

When I was working on this book, I kept thinking about the scene from *Wall Street* (the Oliver Stone movie) in which Gordon Gecko (played by Michael Douglas) gives a speech about why scrambling madly for profit is the right thing to do. "Greed, for lack of a better word," he begins, "is good."

In reality, Gecko is rationalizing his voracious appetite for wealth and all the good things that it brings. It's this very lust for lucre that causes Gecko to step and even proudly bulldoze over the line between right and wrong – or at least legal and illegal – in search of ever-higher profits.

The Business of America Is Business

In the end, it's that same unquenchable desire for profit that brings Gecko low. Once the SEC steps in and the credits start to roll, the theme of the movie has already whacked you about the head and shoulders more times than you might care for. The moral of the story is this: No matter how you slice it, greed is still evil.

That's what's going on with Evil Unlimited, and that's hopefully what the players and heroes will pick up on as they play through the material in this book. In a setting like *Brave New World*, people can come up with many justifications for what they do, and some of them are even believable. They hide from the government to protect their families. They kill for their country out of duty. They're willing to sacrifice their friends and neighbors – and even innocent bystanders – in the name of acquiring power for the greater good of all.

THE PROFIT MOTIVE

But when you're with Evil Unlimited, there's really no beating around the bush. You're in it for yourself, for the money you can earn along the way, and for the things that money can buy you.

That's why I feel like it's okay to sucker the heroes in on this one. You're not really leading them down the long and slippery path. You're just showing them the way. It's up to them which road they take.

Let the players read the first part of this book, and if they decide they want to join up with Evil Unlimited, despite all the bad things they've heard from every other source, let them. Then, when they've made their bed, let them lie in it.

This actually gives the heroes a chance to do something really heroic – to grow in a way not seen in many roleplaying games. They're faced with a choice. They can kneel down before their superiors at Evil Unlimited, giving themselves over body and soul, or they can fight the system.

Of course, fighting isn't going to be easy, but that's how characters go from being a hero to being a Hero. Otherwise, they just end up as a big, fat zero.

This kind of game might not be the sort of thing your players are usually up for. Lots of players like their decisions to be clear and easy, not complicated by things like moral or ethical concerns. Consider this a break from the ordinary if need be, and have fun with it. Make the players squirm in their seats a bit, before you offer the heroes a way to redeem themselves. After all, the hard-won reward is all that much more valued.

IN OTHER NEWS

If you want to see what else I'm doing, you can check out the two regular columns I write for adventure gaming webzines. (The truth is out: I don't spend every waking moment working on *Brave New World*.) Due to the nature of the internet, these both come out a bit more regularly than *Brave New World* sourcebooks.

SLINGING GAMES

First off, do yourself a favor and stop by www.gamesunplugged.com to read my Gameslinger column. This is a freeform soapbox that the fine people at Games Unplugged have given me to use as I wish – as long as whatever I choose to write about has something to do with games. It comes out every other Wednesday. The weeks I'm not on the post are ably filled by the inimitable John Goff, the Deadlands: The Weird West brand manager for PinnacleEntertainment/ Cybergames.com.

AND PLAYING CARDS

Once you're through with reading those ramblings, it's time to swing past www.fandom.com for a brand-new column on collectible card games called In the Cards. I've worked on a number of collectible card games over the years – WildStorms, Doomtrooper, Kult, James Bond, Doomtown, and Monster Rancher, to name a few – and now I get to write about them at length every week. This column comes out around every Thursday, so make it a regular stop during your meanderings around the internet.

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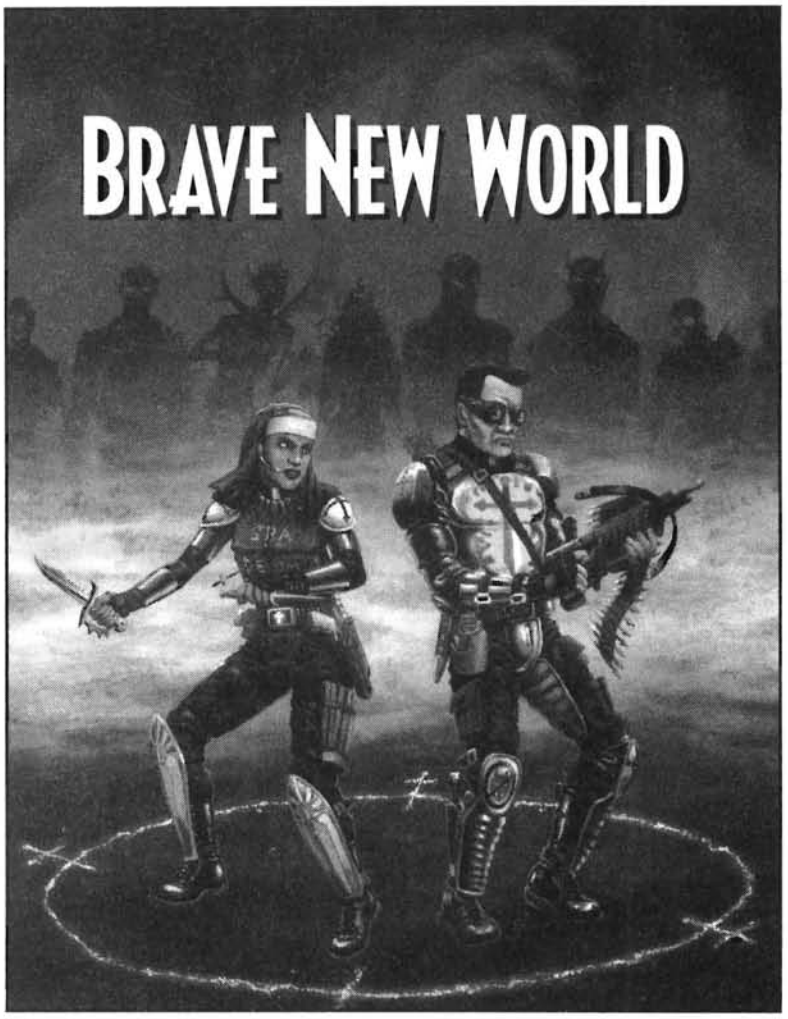
GOD IS ON YOUR SIDE!



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