Amazon Warrior

Archetype: Warrior
Motivation: Glory

Style: 3
Health: 6

Primary Attributes
Body: 3
Dexterity: 3
Strength: 3
Charisma: 2
Intelligence: 2
Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes
Size: 0
Move: 6
Perception: 5
Initiative: 5
Defense: 6 (8)*
Stun: 3

Skills
Base
Levels
Rating
Average
Archery
3
3
6
(3)
Athletics
3
3
6
(3)
Throwing
7
(3+)*
Brawl
3
3
6
(3)
Melee
3
3
6
(3)
Spears
7
(3+)*
Stealth
3
2
5
(2+)*
Sneaking
6
(3)
Survival
2
2
4
(2)
Warfare
2
2
4
(2)

Talents
Strong (+1 Strength rating)

Resources
None

Flaw
Overconfident (+1 Style point whenever your character gets in over her head)
Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)

Weapons
Rating
Modifier
Attack
Average
Spear
3 L
0
10 L
(5) L
Spear (thrown)
3 L
0
10 L
(5) L
Sword
2 L
0
8 L
(4) L
Punch
0 N
0
6 N
(3) N

* Amazon shield provides a +2 Defense bonus
"You men stay here. Killing is woman’s work."

Character Background

I was weaned on tales of valor and heroism. I learned each story at my mother’s knee and know them all by heart. Each one tells of a heroic Amazon who snatched victory from the fanged jaws of defeat or sacrificed her life to defend her land and her people. I grew up dreaming of adding my name to these ranks and hearing my tribe tell tales of my own great deeds.

My mother taught me to fight with sword and spear from the time I was able to hold them. When I was old enough to bleed, I was sent out—alone—to test my mettle. I killed a cave bear and brought back its pelt. They dressed me in it and anointed me with its blood. On that day I became more than woman—I became an Amazon warrior.

Amazons are the finest warriors the world has ever known. Generations of women have handed down their weapons, knowledge, and training. We are their legacy, and like them, we are united by courage, discipline, and blood. Ours is a sisterhood of war maidens—both givers and takers of life. No one can stand against us.

When our enemies are foolish enough to encroach upon our land or test our strength, we blunt their weapons against our shields, fell them with our blades, and crush their dead underfoot. Survivors are driven before us like dust on the wind so they can spread tales of our valor and plant fear in the hearts of our enemies.

But now strange enemies have come, led by grey men that do not fear us. They wield strange weapons that sound like thunder and kill at great distance—something my sisters and I have learned firsthand. Our baffled leaders consulted the Oracle, who told us that outsiders will come from above to help us defeat the grey men. But I am a woman of action. I have grown impatient waiting for dreams, prophecies, and visions to come true. My blade is sharp, my vision clear, and my thirst for glory is unquenchable. I will track down these grey men and make them regret raising their weapons against us. I will strike fear into their hearts and my deeds will inspire my people. For the glory of my queen. For the glory of my family. For the glory of my name. I will write a new story—my story—in the blood of my enemies.

Roleplaying

You are a battle-hardened warrior, baptized in fire and trained from birth to fight and kill with sword and spear. Other Amazons—specifically, men—may be content to live peaceful lives and die in their sleep, but you are a woman and were raised to be a warrior. Death on the battlefield is the greatest glory an Amazon can achieve and you will die with your spear in your hand just like your mother. Tales of your deeds will be told long after you’re gone, inspiring the next generation of great Amazon warriors.

Now a new enemy has invaded your land: outsiders equipped with strange weapons that crack like thunder and spit fire. They have only won a few skirmishes so far, but each victory emboldens your enemies and gives your menfolk delusions of grandeur. The fate of the entire Amazon civilization is at stake. Now is the time when legends are born.
Chapter One

CARGO CULT ALCHEMIST

Archetype: Mystic  
Motivation: Wisdom

Style: 3  
Health: 4

Primary Attributes
Body: 2  
Charisma: 3
Dexterity: 2  
Intelligence: 4
Strength: 2  
Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes
Size: 0  
Initiative: 6
Move: 4  
Defense: 4
Perception: 6  
Stun: 2

Skills
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Skill</th>
<th>Base</th>
<th>Levels</th>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Average</th>
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<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brawl</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diplomacy</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>(2)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Linguistics</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>(2+)</td>
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<td>Gestures</td>
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<td>(1+)</td>
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<td>Stealth</td>
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<td>Survival</td>
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<tr>
<td>Foraging</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Talents
Transmutation

Resources
Artifact 1: Voodoo Bear*

*See Voodoo Bear in Sample Artifacts, p. 65

Flaw
Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)
Superstitious (+1 Style whenever your character’s beliefs cause her trouble)

Weapons
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weapon</th>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Modifier</th>
<th>Attack</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knife</td>
<td>1 L</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4 L</td>
<td>(2) L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Punch</td>
<td>0 N</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4 N</td>
<td>(2) N</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sample Characters

“The Great Shampoo commands us: Lather! Rinse! Repeat!”

Character Background

My people dwell by the shores of the Endless Sea, blessed by a bounty of marvelous gifts sent to us by our benevolent and generous gods. These sacred items wash ashore from the sea or fall from the skies of the Eternal Sun—each a treasure with mysterious purpose that we must divine for ourselves. Many things are used to make life easier (like the silver skin of the hollow birds, from which we fashion the roofs of our huts), some things are used for play—for we are a joyous people and respect the pleasures of life—and some items are used for gaining wisdom and expanding our understanding of the world around us.

We have many wondrous treasures in our village: there is a pretty, green, curved glass bottle that fills itself with a fresh and sustaining healing-water, a metal torch that both illuminates without heat and allows the user to look inside a man’s heart to reveal lies, and a beautifully patterned box that plays a happy song when you open it.

There are few among us who can divine the mysteries of our gifts. Like my mother before me, and her father before her, I have the ability to create powerful treasures using the gifts of the gods. Identifying a gift’s true intent and knowing what it must be combined with to make its magic work: this is the knowledge handed down from generation to generation in my family. I’ve spent my life committing this sacred knowledge to memory so that I might one day pass it to my own children. Although there is much that we know, there are gaps to be filled in our knowledge. Each gift from the gods answers one question, but raises two more. I still have a great deal to learn about the nature of our existence!

Like most of my village, I devote several hours each day to look for gifts. Recently, I found a strange, small bear washed up on the beach. Not a real bear, of course, but a tiny replica. It was squishy, with raggedy fur and bald spots, and it was missing its eyes. When I picked it up, I had a powerful sense of pain, loss, and death, and I had to sit for a moment. I pulled out one of the thin, sharp sticks I keep in my hair. The bear seemed to fill with light and, without understanding why, I removed the necklace left to me by my mother, put it on the bear, and plunged one of the sharp sticks into its belly. To my surprise and dread, a mist came together to form the body and face of my dear mother! It opened its mouth to speak to me, but I raced toward my village, yanking the stick out of the bear as I ran. The mother-thing disappeared, and I made it back to my hut safely.

By painful experiment and horrible mishap, I discovered the bear’s terrible power: looking at another, I can inflict harm upon them by jabbing sharp sticks into the bear. I believe it may also be possible to use the bear to drain the very life out of someone. There is a price to be paid for all this power, though. Each time I’ve used it, I have been cursed with ill fortune for a time.

My tribe is peaceful, and fearful of this dark magic. And they should be. It threatens our very way of life! I am shamed that part of me wants to learn all its secrets and control its powers. But I am afraid I would lose myself and become a terrible, dark creature, reviled by those I love and hold dear.

The elders of my people agree with me that the bear is too powerful to remain among us. Since I released its power, I volunteered to return it to the gods. I do not know where to go—or if I will be punished by the gods for the insult—but go I must. And when I find them, and return the bear, I hope the gods will be kind enough to answer some of my questions.

Roleplaying

You have the ability to create wondrous, magical treasures using various combinations of surface world items that are sacred to your people. Mundane items such as a soda-pop bottle, an old flashlight, or even radio headphones can be used to produce magical effects. The voodoo bear is different, with a magic darker than your people practice, and you believe it is too tempting a magic to use, with too high a price.

Therefore, you left the safety of your village to roam the wilds of the Hollow Earth, seeking the gods so that you can return the bear to them. Naturally, you are more than happy to learn everything you can about the world along the way. Should you get into trouble, you can use the power of the bear to protect yourself. And should you be lucky enough to find the gods, perhaps they will enlighten you about a thing or two.
Chapter One

Natural Philosopher

Archetype: Scientist

Motivation: Truth

Style: 3

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2
Dexterity: 3
Strength: 2
Charisma: 2
Intelligence: 3
Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0
Move: 5 (10)*
Perception: 6
Initiative: 6
Defense: 5
Stun: 2

Skills Base Levels Rating Average
Athletics 2 2 4 (2)
Brawl 2 2 4 (2)
Craft: Chemistry 3 1 4 (2)
Demolitions 3 1 4 (2)
Firearms 3 1 4 (2)
Investigation 3 2 5 (2+)
Research 6 (3)
Science: Chemistry 3 3 6 (3)
Survival 3 2 5 (2+)
Navigation 6 (3)

Talents

Civilized (May use technology without penalty)

Resources

None

Flaw

Condescending (+1 Style whenever your prejudices cause trouble)

Weapons Rating Modifier Attack Average
Blunderbuss 4 L 0 8 L (4) L
Punch 0 N 0 4 N (2) N

* Apemen double their Move rating when climbing
  Apemen may use their feet as if they were hands, but suffer off-hand penalties
Sample Characters

“I am a rational being. I will not stoop to acting like a human.”

Character Background

Most members of my village can be—how shall I say it?—a bit incurious. A few show intellectual promise, but the older I grow the more I fear open-mindedness is a rare commodity indeed. Some of the elders are afraid of my research and go so far as to call me mad. And the young ones, even the scholars, are known to engage in behavior becoming only of those babbling, hairless, degenerate quasi-apes who teem in the jungles and call themselves “humans.” Yet I persist in careful observation of the natural world, for it is only through observation that one may find truth.

Even as a child, I felt the joy of inquisitiveness strongly within me. I read the ancient scrolls preserved within the elders’ huts, and when I had completed my course of study I roamed the forest, intent on authoring new scrolls for the collections. I watched the interplay of the food-chain at different levels of the forest, tracking the flow of various substances from the lofty canopy down to the dark floor and back up again. It was from these early studies that most of my life’s work flowed. Extracting quicksilver from cinnabar built into knowledge of interactions of elemental substances. Melting sand into glass led to the shaped lenses which I now use to make small objects appear large.

It was on one of these youthful expeditions that I encountered a lone quasi-ape. He was dressed strangely and wore a bristling beard which made him look slightly less primitive (some days I toy with the notion that humans form the link between the apemen and the animals). It was he who taught me the secret of the blasting powder, a mixture of niter, sulfur, and charcoal. Although I have greatly refined the recipe in my years of research, this concoction has certainly proven the most pragmatically useful and—shall I say it?—spectacular of all my discoveries.

That gangly human who taught me to make the black powder also stated that he came from another world, a world surrounding our own the way an outer shell surrounds a hollow coconut. Just think of it! A land which curves downward in the distance rather than upward, and where the sun, unbound on any side, whizzes around unpredictably in the sky like a bird, sometimes escaping to the other side of the world to leave all the land in utter darkness. It sounds so preposterous that I can almost forgive my fellow villagers for their inability to comprehend my explanations. Yet, according to my extensive calculations, such a place could—and I strongly believe does—exist.

The apemen who live on the surface must be very advanced indeed, if they could teach a simple human how to make the blasting powder. I am sure they and I have much we could teach each other. This is why I must find this land. For the venture, no expenditure is too large, no risk is too great. When I find this “Outer World,” they will never again dare call me mad, and my philosophy will be vindicated for all time. And, oh!, think of the things I shall learn on the way there!

Roleplaying

You are constantly devising and testing ideas and finding new ways to experiment with the natural world. Your ideas are not always correct (and sometimes might even represent gross miscomprehensions or absurd assumptions), but that won’t stop you from carrying each theory as far as it can possibly go. Nor are you one to spend much time contemplating counter-theories: if something works, it must work for the reasons you imagine. And if you believe the “Outer World” exists, then you will consider no evidence to the contrary and stop at nothing to seek it out.

Although you tend to be reserved in your manners and refined in your tastes, you possess steadfast courage, particularly when knowledge is at stake. You will think nothing of risking your life to save a book you haven’t read, or of setting out on an extended expedition to unearth a secret of the natural world. You look down on most races (including more than a few members of your own) as primitives and savages who waste their time in petty or debased pursuits. You remain confident that sophistication and rationality will eventually always win out against strange customs and brutish behavior.
Chapter One

Noble Beastmaster

Archetype: Barbarian

Motivation: Honor

Style: 3

Health: 6

Primary Attributes

Body: 3
Dexterity: 2
Strength: 3
Charisma: 3
Intelligence: 2
Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0
Move: 5
Perception: 5
Initiative: 4
Defense: 5
Stun: 3

Skills

Base Levels Rating Average
Animal Handling 3 3 6 (3)
Athletics 3 3 5 (2+)
Brawl 3 3 6 (3)
Melee 3 1 4 (2)
Knives 5 (2+)
Stealth 2 3 5 (2+)
Sneaking 6 (3)
Survival 2 3 5 (2+)
Hunting 6 (3)

Talents

Animal Affinity (Temporarily gain Animal Followers)

Resources

None

Flaw

Stubborn (+1 Style point whenever your character’s inflexibility causes trouble)
Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)

Weapons

Rating Modifier Attack Average
Knife 1 L 0 6 L (3) L
Punch 0 N 0 6 N (3) N
"Back away slowly. She doesn’t like the way you smell."

**Character Background**

I have no interest in your valuables or any of the strange playthings you call tools. Where you carry bags filled with useless trinkets, I take only a knife. You have far-seeing eyes, loud booming spears, and heavy coverings to protect yourself, and yet—like children afraid of the dark—you ask me to guide you. This land that fills you with fear and dread is my home. Fortunately, I have many friends here. I will not allow them to harm you, and I will not allow you to harm them. That is my oath and my bond. Do not doubt it.

If you wish to stay here, if you want to survive, then you must become one with the land. This brutal, unforgiving place will constantly hone and test you, but the more respect you have for the land and its inhabitants, the longer you will survive.

Every waking moment is a struggle for survival, and when you travel, it is good to have friends that you can trust. Long-toothed cats make good hunting companions, but they are not our only allies. The goat of the mountain might show us a path that we would never find on our own. The fish of the stream shows us clean water. The plants of the land give us food and shelter. Every living thing can be your ally if you just listen and heed its wisdom.

Make no mistake, this land is not just another “thing” for you to claim or conquer. Look around you. Everything you see, hear, and smell can defend itself against you. And then there are things you cannot see—hungry beasts that stalk you and watch your every move, waiting patiently for the perfect moment to strike. This land cannot be conquered. It is indomitable. Its spirit cannot be broken. Fight it and you will die.

Until you arrive safely at the village, we will face every danger together. Keep your eyes and ears open. The beasts that inhabit this land will allow us safe passage because I am their friend and ally. But you are guests here, and any guest that makes himself unwelcome will pay for the insult with his life. I will not be able to help you. This is natural law. It is just and right.

**Roleplaying**

You’re a strong and noble guardian of the land, completely at ease in the primitive world around you, and friend to all the beasts that inhabit it. You don’t just survive in the savage and dangerous Hollow Earth, you thrive and flourish, using your strength, courage, and an uncanny way with animals to safeguard your friends and crush your enemies.

The land provides everything you need—food, shelter, and clothing—and in return, you nurture and protect it. There is no wrong in hunting for food or survival, but there is no honor in killing for sport. Similarly, killing more than you need, caging wild animals, or befouling the environment goes against natural law. Anyone guilty of one of these crimes will be given a chance to make amends and correct their wrongdoing. Your retribution for ignoring this opportunity is as swift as the wind, as hard as the mountains, and as deadly as the fiercest predator.
Chapter One

**Shadow Stalker**

**Archetype:** Beastman  
**Motivation:** Love

**Style:** 3  
**Health:** 4

### Primary Attributes

- **Body:** 1  
- **Dexterity:** 5  
- **Strength:** 1  
- **Charisma:** 3  
- **Intelligence:** 3  
- **Willpower:** 3

### Secondary Attributes

- **Size:** 0  
- **Move:** 6  
- **Perception:** 6  
- **Initiative:** 8  
- **Defense:** 6  
- **Stun:** 1

### Skills

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<th>Base</th>
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<th>Rating</th>
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<tr>
<td>Acrobatics</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>(4)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archery</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brawl</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>(2+)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claws</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Con</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>(4)</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Survival</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>(2+)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Hunting**  
*Subtle Strike (Use Stealth rating to attack)*

### Resources

None

### Flaw

**Aloof (+1 Style point whenever your character’s standoffishness causes her trouble)**

**Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)**

### Weapons

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weapon</th>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Modifier</th>
<th>Attack</th>
<th>Average</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bolas</td>
<td>*</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6*</td>
<td>(3)*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bow</td>
<td>2 L</td>
<td>-2</td>
<td>6 L</td>
<td>(3) L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claws</td>
<td>0 L</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6 L</td>
<td>(3) L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claws (Subtle Strike)</td>
<td>0 L</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>8 L</td>
<td>(4) L</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Weapon may be used to entangle (see “Touch Attacks” in Hollow Earth Expedition, p. 126)*
Sample Characters

“If I'd wanted to kill you, you would already be dead.”

Character Background

I was out hunting when the slavers attacked. They would never have caught me off guard if I hadn’t been so focused on my cub. He was learning to hunt and kill, and I was following close enough to keep a watchful eye on him, but far enough back in the trees that he felt he was on his own. He was following a game trail when he spotted a hunk of meat partially obscured by bushes. I immediately recognized the danger and I started to call to him, but he has his mother’s reflexes and he pounced before I could get my warning out.

The trap went off, and he was hoisted into the air by a net hanging from a large branch. He let out a frightened shriek and wriggled frantically, but he was firmly caught. With a snarl of fury, I leapt to the jungle floor and raced to free my cub from his restraints. I didn’t pause to devise a strategy or consider the potential dangers. Every fiber of my being was focused on getting him down and to safety.

I was not the only one intent on retrieving the precious bundle in that net: hairless slavers adorned in unsightly pelts also came running for my cub. Bright lights shot from the ends of their spears, causing the air to sizzle and pop around me. Their aim was poor and I reached my cub unharmed. I yanked and clawed at the net, savaging it with my teeth, tearing one piece loose. I could see the terror on my cub’s face as he cried out and strained to reach me with his small, outstretched paw. Suddenly, the entire world went white and I crumpled to the ground.

When I returned to my senses, I was alone on the game trail. They had left the hunk of meat behind—a meager payment for my cub, I supposed. But I am no dumb beast of the jungle, so easily bribed with food. I tore after the slavers, easily following their trail until I reached a clearing. I puzzled over deep depressions in the ground that must have been made by something very large and heavy, but the trail stopped there. All that remained was the smell of burnt air.

I swore to get my beloved cub back from the slavers. I could not forget the scent of these men or their strange speech. I traveled constantly, always in shadows, searching for signs of them. I deigned to approach people who had similar experiences, so I could hear their stories. I found other clearings with the same depressions in the dirt. And finally, one day, I found them.

I recognized their scent. I watched them set up traps designed to steal the young from their mothers. I crept forward and listened to them speak, and though I did not know their language, I found I could understand them. They laughed and joked about their capture of “simple beasts.”

I waited patiently and bided my time. One of them fell behind and I attacked. He could not scream with my claws in his throat, but I pulled him deeper into the jungle anyway, and left him choking on his own blood. I stayed at the slavers’ heels, never seen but always there, pouncing whenever one strayed too close to the shadows. It did not take long for them to notice their dwindling numbers, but they were powerless to stop me. I took them down one by one.

The last man standing panicked and fled. I dragged him down, but did not kill him right away. I made myself understood, or perhaps he recognized me, and he told me what I wanted to know: they took my cub to their city. The slavers only take the young because they are easier to train. If the captives do not learn to be slaves, they are made to fight and die for the amusement of an audience. I did not understand all of the slaver’s strange words, but I did understand that my cub was taken to a terrible place. I will find this place. I will find my cub. I will do whatever it takes to get him back, and any who try to stop me will pay with their lives.

Roleplaying

You are a silent hunter, ambushing your prey from the shadows. Standing and fighting is not your way. You prefer to strike hard and fast and then melt away into the shadows again. You’ll kill with one blow if possible, or harass larger and more dangerous prey until they fall.

While you know that humans took your cub, you do not hate them all. Experience has taught you that not all of them are alike. You have come across many tribes of humans in your travels, and some of them have lost loved ones too. Some of them have even been helpful. You will gladly work with others (even outsiders) to find your cub, but you will never let them get too close.
Archetype: Guardian  
Motivation: Preservation

Style: 3  
Health: 4

Primary Attributes
Body: 2  
Charisma: 2
Dexterity: 4  
Intelligence: 2
Strength: 2  
Willpower: 2

Secondary Attributes
Size: 0  
Initiative: 6
Move: 6*  
Defense: 6
Perception: 4 [8]**  
Stun: 2

Skills
| Archery Base Levels Rating Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 4 | 2 | 6 | (3) |

| Athletics Base Levels Rating Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 2 | 2 | 4 | (2) |

| Brawl Base Levels Rating Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 2 | 2 | 4 | (2) |

| Melee Base Levels Rating Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 2 | 3 | 5 | (2+) |

Javelin 6 (3)

| Stealth Base Levels Rating Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 4 | 2 | 6 | (3) |

| Survival Base Levels Rating Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 2 | 3 | 5 | (2+) |

Navigation 6 (3)

Talents
Dive Bomb (+2 Attack bonus to throwing weapons when flying)

Resources
None

Flaw
Claustrophobic (+1 Style when confronted with his phobia)
Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)

Weapons
| Javelin Rating Modifier Attack Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 2 L 0 8 L (4) L |

| Javelin (dive bomb) Rating Modifier Attack Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 2 L 0 8 L (4) L |

| Lariat Rating Modifier Attack Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 0*** 0 6*** (3)*** |

| Talons Rating Modifier Attack Average |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 0 L 0 4 L (2) L |

* Hawkmen use their full Move rating when flying, but require 10 feet of space to flap their wings
** Hawkmen gain +4 on sight-related Perception rolls
*** Weapon may be used to entangle (see Touch Attacks in Hollow Earth Expedition, p. 126)
“My people have no future unless I find what I seek.”

Character Background

Until recently, I spent my entire life flying high above the dirt, grime, and muck on the ground. My home, the Aerie, is the most magnificent sight in the world and the wellspring of all my people’s fortune. I have pledged my life to the Aerie and the needs of my people. But the Aerie is now only a memory for me, as I had to give up my home—at least for a time—in order to save it.

I trained my entire life as a Sky Raider in order to increase the wealth of my city and ensure the survival of my people. I learned to fly fast, dive hard, and always hit my target. There was no place too far for my wings to take me, no height out of my reach, and no groundling who could prevent me from retrieving the food and water that my people so desperately need to continue our way of life. I had fame, I had respect, and, best of all, I had all the wide sky in which to soar.

But the Aerie, for all its marvels, is a homeland in peril. Most of our sustenance must come from the surface, and raiders like me must carry food and water up to the clouds. This process is laborious and dangerous, but it has always been the way of my people. The true danger is that our city is falling slowly from the sky as the vast and mystical machinery within its foundation winds down. In my lifetime, I may notice it sink only a little, and my children and grandchildren might still live among the clouds. But eventually it will settle until it is in danger of colliding with mountains, and then trees, and then the dirt itself. That is not the legacy I wish to leave to my people.

To preserve our kind, some of my fellows have founded colonies in the high peaks where their fate will not be tied to the Aerie. But I have a different mission: I will roam the world in search of something—anything—that might help preserve my ancestral home and keep it in the sky, or even extend its lifespan by another generation.

The difficulty is that I do not know what I am searching for. I can only hope that I will recognize it when I see it. I know that it is Atlantean technology which powers the Aerie, so it can only be an Atlantean device which can repair whatever is breaking down. So I wander. What else can I do? Perhaps my god will one day smile on me and guide my wings to where I need to be. I will work with the groundlings when I must, acting as their guide or messenger in hopes that I may one day discover what I need to take back to my home. For now, all I can do is survive in this unforgiving land, because as long as I keep flying I have a chance of finding that which will save my people.

Roleplaying

You were a member of the most elite hawkmen flock, but you have given that up to preserve your people’s way of life. You have doomed yourself to sail the winds of the Hollow Earth in an aimless search for anything that will save the Aerie.

You’ll negotiate, you’ll trade, you’ll offer coins, jewelry, and gems, but in the end you’ll offer sharp talons and a daring fight to secure whatever is necessary to maintain your freedom and continue your journey. You’re not cold-hearted, you’re not cruel, but you are practical and have a goal that you will achieve. Your only fear is that you will be prevented from flying on, and that you will be trapped and forgotten far away from the home you have sacrificed everything to save.
Titan Berserker

Archetype: Outcast

Motivation: Survival

Style: 3

Health: 10

Primary Attributes

Body: 6  Charisma: 1
Dexterity: 1  Intelligence: 1
Strength: 5  Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 1  Initiative: 2
Move: 6  Defense: 6
Perception: 4  Stun: 6

Skills

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<tr>
<th>Base</th>
<th>Levels</th>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Average</th>
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Melee

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<tr>
<td>Survival</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Talents

Berserker Fury (Exert to gain 2+ bonus to Strength-related rolls)

Resources

None

Flaw

Depressed (+1 Style point whenever your character’s gloomy outlook is justified)

Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)

Weapons

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weapon</th>
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<tr>
<td>Punch</td>
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<td>-1</td>
<td>8 N</td>
<td>(4) N</td>
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</table>
Sample Characters

“One bite from the beast and it’s over for you. I would not be so lucky.”

Character Background

The people of this tribe once loved me for my strength. Now they are beginning to only tolerate me for my size. Soon, I know, they will hate me for the burden I will become. What then? Will they willingly starve that I may eat? Will I enslave them until I devour them all—or until they decide to end it with a poisoned meal or a knife in my back? Maybe the kindest thing would be to just leave them. I was never one of them anyway, not truly. None of them understands what I am. How could they, when I hardly understand myself?

I know almost nothing of my true family. I had a mother, but I don’t remember her face, or her voice, or her teachings. In truth, the first clear memory of my life is looking for her when she abandoned me in the wilds. I was a frightened, hungry child, wandering alone and lost in the dangerous jungle. I often think how much better it would have been if some hungry beast had found me at that time, or if I had just starved and died. Instead, I was discovered and taken in by this tribe.

These people may be too given to merriment and laughter, but they treated me well, and for a time my childhood seemed almost ordinary. As I grew, my size made me too different from the other children, and it is now becoming increasingly hard to fit in. I am still only a young man, yet I already stand nearly twice the size of some members of this village. And I eat twice as much as well.

Although I am more an outsider now than ever, I serve the tribe as best I can, defending them from the jungle’s predators or leading raids against their enemies. Battle holds no fear for me—why should it, when death is the worst that can happen? My role here is not without joy. Being close to death is the only time I feel alive, and I know each skull split by my axe adds to my glory. So, here, I have had a purpose if not a place.

But, I see now that I must depart from this tribe before I become more of a burden than a blessing. Leaving them is the only way I can repay them for taking me in. Perhaps, as I go my way, one of the bigger beasts will have me for a meal. But I doubt it. More likely, I will have the bad luck to survive to an old age, when I will be so large that I will eat the big beasts instead of the other way around. If I do not die fighting I will end as I began: hungry, lost, and alone.

Roleplaying

You are a dauntless warrior, ready to endure any hardship. When you aren’t in battle, you never fail to point out the bleakness of your situation, whatever it happens to be. You do not gripe about it, but rather make predictions of disaster and dismay. Some might mistake this as the sign of weak morale, but in fact it strengthens your resolve because even if the worst happens it is only what you expected. Just because things look hopeless is no reason to give up—in fact, the more hopeless things appear, the greater your will to fight, since the fight itself is the only redemption of life.

Aside from making you a powerful warrior, your size also leaves you feeling isolated from other people. In most cases, this is a self-fulfilling prophesy, as you pull yourself away from them before giving them a chance to pull away from you. On some level, you wish you could find acceptance, but you thoroughly believe that this is impossible, making you quick to cut your losses in any relationship.
Chapter One

TRIBAL SHAMAN

Archetype: Healer
Motivation: Redemption

Style: 3
Health: 5*

Primary Attributes
Body: 2
Dexterity: 3
Strength: 2
Charisma: 3
Intelligence: 2
Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes
Size: 0
Move: 5
Perception: 5
Initiative: 5
Defense: 5
Stun: 2

Skills
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Base</th>
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<tr>
<td>Survival</td>
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</table>

Talents
Magical Aptitude (May cast spells and perform rituals)

Resources
None

Flaw
Doomsayer (+1 Style point whenever your character makes a dire prediction)
Primitive (-2 penalty on technology related rolls)

Weapons
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Modifier</th>
<th>Attack</th>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claws</td>
<td>0 L</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4 L</td>
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</table>

*Lizardmen can regenerate lost limbs and damaged organs.*
"I hear the spirits. They are not pleased."

Character Background

I emerged from the hatchery as the single survivor of the nest. My brothers and sisters didn’t have the opportunity to bask in the warmth of the great sun that never abandons us, so their spirits have never rested quietly. From my first days their voices rang loud within my heart and my mind; their speech is trapped within me and none other has ever heard their words.

I grew up with my lost siblings teaching me to listen to the spirits of the animals, the land, and the air itself. Spirit voices guided my tribe’s hunts, healed our wounds, and led to discoveries within the ancient places. Through the favor of the spirits I earned my right to be a voice within the community. Their wisdom has guided and burdened me. They are the words of spirits and I was their voice within my community: I was a Shaman to my people.

While my people flourished under the guidance of the spirits, so too flourished the envy of those that reside in the surrounding lands. Jealous eyes peered upon our abundance of food, great riches, and the freedom from worry that my people enjoyed. The hostilities were costly at first, but even as the raids increased, the voices of the spirits spelled the doom of our enemies as they fell before us. Our foes slunk back to sharpen their spears and bring them forward against easier prey.

Our prosperity had never waned nor had the voices in my soul—until the spirits screamed. Their emotion and power stunned me, and for the first time I felt a rush of dread accompany the voices. A new enemy—not from our lands—had arrived and the spirits advised us down a path that I would not travel. The message was clear: flee or perish under the heels of this new enemy. For the first time, I ignored the voices.

I traveled to the camp of this enemy to learn about them, to impress upon them my abilities, and to turn them away from my tribe’s lands. These grey-clad outsiders took me into their camp with eagerness and friendship. Their leader offered trade and alliance in exchange for knowledge of the area. The spirits were unusually silent during our exchange of information, and I felt an odd sensation within my head as the leader’s advisor looked into my eyes. After our conversation I believed my trip to be a success; I shared a meal with my new friends, and then the sun that never dies blinked away. I do not know for how long I was lost to the world, but when I awoke the spirits screamed as though in pain. The voices were bleating, chaotic, and nonsensical, and I knew that all was wrong. I had made a terrible mistake in coming to this place and meeting these people.

The spirits had warned me, I had ignored them, and my people paid the price for my arrogance. While I slept, they butchered my tribe. They stole our treasures. They even smashed our unhatched young—only a single egg survived, hidden from view by the broad frond of a broken palm branch.

At first, I sought my own death, but the spirits do not want my death: they want my life. I took that one remaining egg and whispered to it to sleep, for it holds the entire legacy of my people and I do not wish the youngling to emerge as a tribeless orphan. I must roam the lands in search of my scattered people. Perhaps the egg will hatch when I have remade my tribe. This is what my ancestors wish, and it is what the spirits wish. Even after my failure the spirits did not abandon me, and I will not now abandon them.

Roleplaying

You were born with the powers of the Shaman and were a respected voice within the community. You acted as spiritual guide, healer, hunt leader, and advisor to your people. The community and well-being of your people has always been at the forefront of your thoughts.

Now your people are dead and you blame yourself. Without a tribe to guide, you’re unsure of your purpose in this world, but the humans you travel with need you and your abilities to survive. You cannot rest until you have searched high and low to find a new tribe of your people, and appease the spirits that continue to scream.