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DIGITAL HERO

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**IT'S PROBABLY
OBVIOUS, BUT...**

The original background of this scenario was meant to be an analog of the Rwanda Civil War. In keeping with the tradition of comic books, the names of the nation and the factions involved in the conflict have been changed; it's now a fictitious nation with non-real world geography that can be fitted (very roughly) onto a map of Africa.

Scenarios which use real world international settings can be very topical and may seem absurd over time as political situations change. It'll be easier to run a scenario in Kinyasa in a few years than in Rwanda, provided that the situation gets resolved. In the case of the Rwanda conflict, the sooner it becomes absurd, the better.

**OTHER POSSIBLE
LOCATIONS**

This scenario, alas, is not inconceivable for Africa again at the time of this writing, with war in Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast, and an out-of-control conflict in central Africa involving many of the same players as the original Rwanda crisis. The Balkans, Kashmir, and East Timor are also hot spots (the former possibly involving nuclear weapons).

“And There Was Blood Everywhere!”

by Scott Bennie

Pity the living.

They came in a long, haggard line of human misery: young women weeping for lost children, old men hobbling on improvised canes – one of them was an unloaded rifle, another a broken guitar. Possessions were bundled in makeshift sacks. No one was without scars. Hope had been replaced by desperation, and desperation by a weary inhuman numbness. They were the army of the defeated, despoiled, and desecrated scions of humanity, their losses worn on their lined faces. They may have been handsome or happy faces once, but such emotions had been long lost, like the memory of a taste of an old favorite food, they had passed into an intangible realm that was not quite forgotten, but incapable of making a lasting impression in memory.

And who was here to observe them? Who was there to give them solace, let alone tend to their physical needs? A handful of altruists, people whose bravery was beyond question, able to endure the sight of such suffering and remain usefully unmoved. All the rest of the world viewed them as curiosities, subjects for cocktail parties and computer chatrooms, abstract objects of pity, editorial remarks, and conversation fillers. Such was their use in the modern world. Poor wretched souls, barely alive on a continent that had been all but forgotten by their fellows, their souls broken, their bodies a testament to the brutalities of which the human spirit was capable.

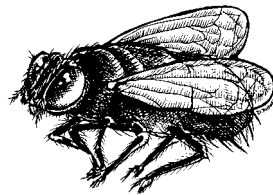
— *Kinyasa Review*

“*And There Was Blood Everywhere!*” is a *Champions* scenario for a group of characters built on 350-450 points, with 20-30 defenses and 50-70 Active Point attacks. This scenario deals with themes of mysticism, brutality, torture, and fantastic horror. It is recommended for gaming groups who are capable of dealing with mature themes.

This adventure gives a lot of options for the GM and attempts to encourage the GM to be flexible and creative. As a result, it will be necessary for the GM to carefully read through this adventure before it is played, and to determine some of the staging for himself.

The scenario involves a battle in a war-torn land against a mystical threat. There are six sections to the scenario:

1. *The Background*
2. *Getting the PCs There*
3. *Geography of the Damned*
4. *Minor Encounters*
5. *The Main Event*
6. *Consequences, Consequences*



**POSSIBLE
BATTLE
COMMANDS**

Overture: Make a grand entrance, Presence Attacks, and showy displays.

Fat Lady or The Fat Lady Just Sang: It's over, let's get out of here – Often used in retreat.

Uscita Maestro: Focus your attentions on the opposing team's leader or tactical head and take him out.

Standing Ovation: Just the opposite – knock your opponents down or immobilize them so that other members of The Choir might have a better chance of hitting them.

The Choir by Denver Mason

Duet looked across the table at the Stronghold guard, then glanced back at the suit sitting next to her. She then looked over at yet another guard behind him. She made a point of visibly eyeing the guns, looked down at the high tech shackles still on her wrists, then smiled, “You must think...” in her best John Wayne impersonation, “that I’m a real... dangerous... person.”

The suit didn’t laugh. The guards didn’t even smile.

“Tough crowd,” she muttered to herself.

“Can the comedy, Michelle,” The federal representative a.k.a. “Mr. Suit” said. He opened the briefcase at his side and pulled out some files, “We’re here to get some facts. You’ve been most uncooperative.”

She gave a lazy toss of her head, “Hey, I told you guys curtains were the way to go, add a touch of color. You can’t say I’ve not tried.”

“I’m talking about your friends, The Choir,” Mr. Suit said calmly. “So far, you’ve refused to even plea bargain. Michelle, we know you’re not the worst of them. It’s the leader we want, most of all.”

Duet wished they’d use her villainess name. You work hard to build a reputation, rob some places, spread a little terror, you’d think they’d get the hint that you were *trying* to stand out. She didn’t respond to his comment.

“Tell me, without jokes, about Virtuoso and The Choir,” Mr. Suit demanded.

Duet calmly clasped her shackled hands, and delicately crossed her legs, seeming all business at last. She stopped smiling, and looked at Mr. Suit, “I’ll be honest, and very serious then. No games, and no jokes.”

Mr. Suit was too well trained to say “finally” out loud, but she could tell he was thinking it. He leaned forward.

She leaned forward a bit as well, and whispered, “Bite. Me.” Then leaned back.

Mr. Suit scowled, “Another time, Michelle.” To the guards he barked, “Take her back to the holding cell.”

The guards did just that, careful of any sudden move she might make. Guard 1 was quietly professional, but Guard 2 must have been new on the job, he couldn’t help talking, “I don’t get it. What is it about this Virtuoso guy that inspires such loyalty?”

Duet walked into her cell, and when it closed, she turned and answered Guard 2, even though he was talking to his buddy, “Because no one wants to be the discordant note when the band is really wailing.” Then she fell back on her cot and closed her eyes. “Mr. Suit could learn a lot from Virtuoso about the power of respect.”

The Choir

Membership: Bridge, Caterwaul, Crescendo, Dirge, Duet, Songbird, Soprano, Virtuoso

Background/History: The Choir has been around for but a short time compared to some supervillain teams, but it is gaining notoriety quickly. Actually, the rookie nature of the team is something of a deception. Before they began public crimes, the majority of the team was already united by the man who dubbed himself Virtuoso.

It was Michelle the duplicator who was first discovered when she attempted to mug Harrison Rayburn, totally unaware of who he was. Offering her a greater destiny than mere thuggery, Virtuoso would soon forge her into the villainess Duet. Thanks to her street smarts and his resources, a recruiting drive was started and Virtuoso began to personally seek out and offer membership to those he found both useful and worthy. The mutant Adriana Tabacchi a.k.a.

Soprano had come to America of her own volition, but found the life of a supervillainess harder and less glamorous than she first imagined. Fortunately for her, the invitation to join The Choir offered both comfort and the training she’d need to get her still nascent powers under control. Tyrone Greene was another mutant, one misdiagnosed as merely hearing impaired when instead his might was fueled by the very sounds about him. He soon was brought into the fold, rechristened Crescendo. Realizing that many superheroes had an edge in mysticism, The Choir extended an offer to the chanting necromancer known as Dirge. The mystic accepted for his own reasons.

The villain Tomcat needed no invitation to realize he had made too many enemies to thrive by himself. He helped himself to a visit with Virtuoso, and was allowed to join as long as he agreed to a name change. Thus Caterwaul was

artwork by Kerry Connell