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## DIGITAL HERO

### *Publisher*

Hero Games

### *Editor*

Dave Mattingly

### *Authors*

Daniel Dickson  
Steven S. Long  
David McGuire  
Landon Schurtz  
Jason Walters

### *Artists*

Darren Bulmer  
DT Butchino  
Bill Jackson

### *Cover*

Darren Bulmer

### *Online*

[herogames.com](http://herogames.com)

### *To Subscribe*

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Issue #44 (July/August 2007)



# Generic Characters

by Landon Schurtz

## Face in the Crowd (“Victim”)

This describes the average person in the crowd, the clerk at the gas station, the teller at the bank, the driver of your cab – Joe Nobody. Use the attributes of the “Average Person,” 5ERp345. There is a small chance – about a 6 or less on 3d6 – that any given “nobody” is actually a “Noteworthy Normal” (same page). Such characters may have a slightly higher skill in their professional area, probably 12- to 13-.

**Notes:** The “Face in the Crowd” is knocked unconscious by the average damage from a 5d6 Normal Damage Attack. Such an attack would also do an average of 3 BODY of damage, wounds that would take around three weeks to heal.

## Average Thug

Describes the rank-and-file of street gangs, urban posses, organized crime, and generic hoodlums and ne’er-do-wells. Use the attributes of a “Noteworthy Normal,” 5ERp345, with 1 All Combat Level and no DCV-Only Levels. The average hood will carry some sort of semi-automatic pistol, usually a 9mm; most have about 12 shots (give or take), add a +1 to hit, and do 1d6+1 Killing (normal STUN multiplier of 1d6-1). Enterprising drug-dealer types may have a small sub-machine gun, such as a Baretta; this does 1d6+1 Killing (1d6-1 STUN multiplier), has 20 shots, and 5-shot Autofire. Really hardcore thugs may use a 12 gauge pump shotgun, like a Mossberg. These carry 8 shots, do 2½d6 Killing with a flat 1d6 STUN multiplier, and have the following modifiers: AOE 1 Hex, Reduced by Range, Limited Range (20”), and Reduced Penetration.

**Notes:** The “Average Thug” is knocked unconscious by the average damage from a 6½d6 Normal Damage Attack. Such an attack would also do an average of 4 BODY of damage, wounds that would take a month to heal.

### VARIATIONS

- *Experienced Thug:* An experienced thug who has been on the streets for a while may have 1 DCV-Only Level and a 3 SPD, but is otherwise the same. Against a normal person, that’s a pretty frightening guy.
- *Ex-Military Thugs:* A terrifying number of street-gang members in big cities have actually served a tour in the Army; Los Angeles police estimate that as many as 20% of members of the major gangs have been in the Army. As for *Experienced Thug*, above, plus Tactics 11-, 1 Ranged Combat Level, and some other skill at base level

(such as Electronics, Mechanics, or Demolitions) to represent the character’s MOS.

- *Theme Thugs:* Some street hoods get recruited for the mad schemes of costumed villains, and find themselves wearing a silly costume and answering to something like “Two of Clubs” instead of their given names. Still, the pay is good and if you’re going to go to jail anyway, you might as well have a good story to tell. Theme Thugs should be considered *Experienced Thugs*, above. They may carry a themed weapon, but usually just have some normal firearm. This assumes that the costumed criminal in charge merely recruited some labor, rather than undertaking to train his own private army (as it were). Specially trained thugs are “Agents” – see below.
- *Organized Crime:* Hoods who work for the Mafia or the Yakuza are still hoods. They may be *Experienced Thugs* (see above) or not. The only additional bonuses they enjoy are a +1/1d6 Reputation (reflecting their allegiance to a particular criminal enterprise) and an 11- KS regarding this group.

## Average Cop

Describes Joe Flatfoot who walks or drives a beat. Use the attributes of a “Noteworthy Normal,” with a 3 SPD, 1 All Combat Level and 1 DCV-Only Level. Also, add 1 Skill Level with PER Checks, a Familiarity (8-) with Combat Driving, and Criminology, Streetwise, and City Knowledge, all at 11-. Cops have a +1/1d6 Reputation, are Subject to Orders (Very Frequently, Major), Watched by the Police Force (8-), and have Distinctive Features (Uniform). They are issued a Glock 9mm pistol that carries 17 shots, imparts a +1 OCV, and does 1d6+1 Killing (1d6 STUN Multiplier). Cops also carry a billy club which is a +3d6 Hand Attack OAF, for a total of 5d6 damage in melee. Cops are required by regulation to wear a Kevlar Vest which imparts 4 rPD/rED on an 11- Activation Roll. They usually carry a Mossberg Shotgun in their car, which carry 8 shots, do 2½d6 Killing with a flat 1d6 STUN multiplier, and have the following modifiers: AOE 1 Hex, Reduced by Range, Limited Range (20”), and Reduced Penetration.

Cops have a variety of miscellaneous equipment, such as their handcuffs. These cannot normally be applied except to a character who being fully Held, but once on, they have 3 BODY and 6 DEF. Cops may carry pepper spray or a taser. The former is a 5d6 Sight Group Flash NND (protected eyes) and Delayed Recovery

SAGA OF A  
SUPERVILLAIN

In 1982 Hero Games published its second collection of supervillains for *Champions*, entitled appropriately enough, *Enemies II*. The collection included a team of international villains created by Steve Perrin, *Terror, Inc.*, led by **Professor Muerte**. Muerte was a bit unusual for those early *Champions* characters in having an origin closely tied to another of Hero Games' published villains, Doctor Destroyer. Like Destroyer, Muerte was a scientist and inventor aspiring to world conquest, whose superhuman abilities derived from his powered armor; but the Professor was much less formidable than the Doctor, suitable as an opponent for less powerful heroes. When Scott Bennie updated many of the game's older characters to the newly published Fourth Edition of the *HERO System* rules, for 1989's *Classic Enemies* sourcebook, he elaborated on Steve Perrin's designs for *Terror, Inc.* with the new game elements available, while also expanding the characters' backgrounds and personalities.

With the relaunch of the *Champions Universe* for *HERO*

**iViva Muerte!** by Daniel Dickson**Part I: Muerte Reborn**

*Takofanes the Archlich clacked his bony jaws together in frustration. His fiery gaze swept across the small barren island, its low hills and scrub brush pockmarked with numerous blackened craters from some volley of explosions. Here and there a few crumbling remnants of building walls and ruined bits of machinery poked out of the churned soil. A cold fury swelled in the breast of the Undying Lord, one of the few emotions that could still touch his shriveled heart.*

*Takofanes had come to this speck of land west of the continent that modern men called South America, after his divinations revealed one of his ancient sites of power had survived here to the modern age. He expected to find the buried foundations of a temple consecrated to his glory, from which he could have raised the unholy edifice anew, and perhaps some artifacts of his matchless enchanted crafting sheltered beneath the earth through the ages. Instead he found the despoilment the humans of this era seemed to revel in. His temple's remains had been dug up and crushed by machines to make way for new construction, and then pulverized by the inelegant bombs that laid those constructs low. Of his artifacts there was no sign – any that had survived were doubtless reduced to ash and splinters.*

*Still, he thought, all might not yet be lost. The building and the destruction both appeared recent. By casting his gaze into the past Takofanes could learn if some objects of value were removed before then, and where they might now be found. The Archlich stretched out his skeletal arm, palm upward. Black greasy smoke boiled up from his hand, forming a dense cloud before him. Abruptly the cloud parted though there was no wind, and Takofanes looked upon an image of the island as it had been years before, as yet unspoiled. He sensed that his property remained undisturbed beneath the soil.*

*In the image of the past, the Ravager of Men saw a ship approach the island, one of those ugly vessels of steel and gears and belching fumes that plied the seas today. It dropped anchor and a launch was lowered over the side, carrying several persons across the intervening waves and up onto the beach. The first to step ashore was a man clad all in metal armor and wearing a hooded cloak of royal purple. His helmet was worked to resemble a fanged, grinning skull. He strode up the beach with an arrogant swagger that Takofanes well remembered among the petty lordlings who once strutted about his own ancient court. Behind the armored man came a*

*hulking, humanoid brute, with skin that seemed made of plates of silver metal. Last to disembark was a handsome, bold-faced woman with fiery red hair and the graceful movements of a panther. She smiled warmly at the armored man when he spoke to her, but as he turned away she gave him a glance as venomous as any serpent's bite.*

*The armored lordling nodded in satisfaction and called out to someone overhead. Takofanes noticed a figure soaring above the island, apparently a man completely swathed in red and yellow flames. The flaming man turned and rushed like a rocket across the sky back to the ship. It was now clear to the Archlich these were yet more of the "superhumans" who infested the modern Earth, and who'd proved such a frequent stumbling block on his path to restore his rightful rulership of the world.*

*Men scurried about the ship, unloading and transporting equipment and vehicles to the island. Anger rose in Takofanes again as he watched them methodically level the land and raise their ugly square buildings. None of the relics of the ancient glorious past were spared or even noticed. The armored man, who styled himself "Professor Death" in his native tongue, filled these buildings with what the Ravager recognized as products of the modern sorcery called "technology." Despite his anger he was intrigued. For all his matchless occult knowledge and skill the secrets of technology remained beyond his ken, and that as much as anything had contributed to the setbacks in his plans. Yet this man, for all his posturing, seemed adept in its use.*

*Takofanes let the years roll past his scrying spell, watching this "Profesor Muerte" launch one grand scheme of conquest after another, aided by his three cohorts and other followers, and employing an impressive array of bizarre devices. Time and again he jousting with the colorful modern paladins called "superheroes," and time and again he was defeated. Each scheme was more grandiose than the last. Clearly Muerte's ambition outstripped his competence, but his arrogance blinded him to his own shortcomings. That remained true to the last day of his life, when he dined with the flame-haired woman he called "Scorpi" without even the protection of his armor. He remained oblivious to her jealousy and contempt for him even as he ingested the poison she insinuated in his food, although he surely saw her triumphant leer and heard her mocking laughter as he collapsed. In one final mockery Scorpi dressed him in his armor, then ordered the flaming man to melt it*