

Meddler

Calvin “You No Good Lousy” Meddler



Brawling:	Gd(+1)(10)	Reputation:	Pr(-1)(4)
Agility:	Pr(-1)(4)		
Strength:	Cm(0)(6)	Health Points:	80
Endurance:	Fa(+6)(60)		
Willpower:	Gd(+1)(10)	Story Points:	60
Intelligence:	Gd(+1)(10)		
Perception:	Ex(+4)(30)		
Resourcefulness:	Gd(+1)(10)		

Powers

Flight: Ex(+4)(30)

Calvin seems to be able to generate some sort of anti-gravity field at will that allows him to fly at 360 kph (225 mph). He can carry aloft anything he touches, negating the effects of gravity for weights up to 600 kg (1,200 lbs). He has learned to use it for the following feats:

- **Acceleration**
He can reach top speed or come to a stop in one turn.
- **Launch Pad**
If Meddler isn't flying, he can touch something that weighs up to 600 kg (1,200 lbs) and shoot it 600 m (1,800 ft) straight up in the air with **Extraordinary** force. What happens if something hits a ceiling on its way up, or what happens when it finally comes down, is another story...

Prehensile Tongue: Ou(+3)(20)

It's sad but true: Calvin is more agile with his tongue than his hands. His tongue can stretch 25 cm (10 in) out of his mouth, and he's learned to use it to do everything from touching his nose, to dialing phones, to catching popcorn.

Linguistics: Ex(+4)(30)

Meddler can make confusing statements in any European tongue by making a Linguistics check and getting a **Good** result. He can insult the rest of the planet with a **Great** result and make bad jokes to aliens with an **Outstanding** result, despite his questionable command of the Queen's English.

Gear

Dimensionally Transcendental Overcoat

Price: Ph(+5)(40)

- Material: Ex(+4)(30) alien fabric.
- Pocket Dimension: Cm(0)(6)

Each of the coat's pockets are actually portals to the same "pocket dimension". Anything Calvin can fit into a pocket's opening will float in suspended animation in that dimension until he remembers to retrieve it. Calvin has crammed so much junk into his pockets over the years that it takes him SR turns to pull out anything specific. Anyone who isn't wearing the coat will only feel an empty pocket when she reaches in.

Skills

Charm:

(+1) bonus in social situations.

Slight of Hand:

(+1) bonus to Agility.

Profession:

Journalist.

Contacts

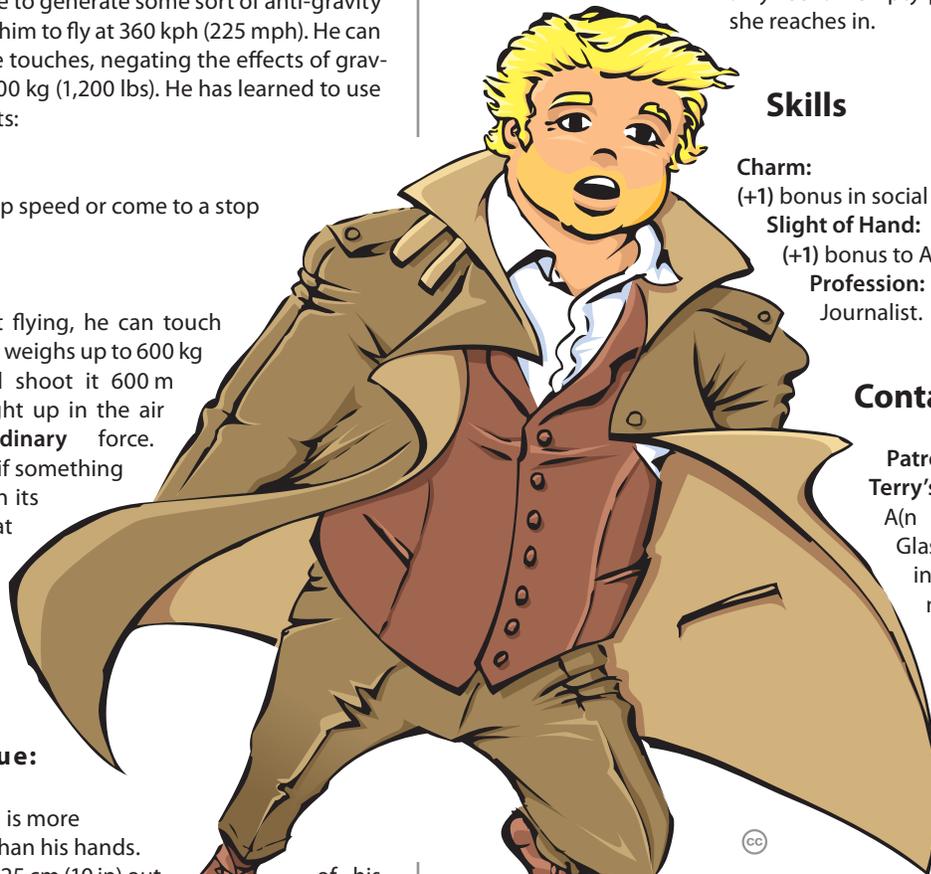
Patrons & Staff of

Terry's Tavern: Gd
A(n in)famous Glasgow drinking establishment.

Description

Appearance

Calvin Meddler is a human male in his early 40's in fair health. He stands about 175 cm (5 ft 10 in) tall, weighs about 86 kg (200 lbs) and has a soft, paunchy build that looks anything but in-shape. Dressing in old clothes that were never in fashion, Calvin tends to look perpetually unkempt and rumpled. His thinning sandy-blond hair usually looks a week overdue for a trim; and his handsome boyish face with puppy-dog eyes often sports a three-day beard. At first glance, Calvin projects the image of a harmless, nice guy.



Background

Calvin Meddler is a British subject, an ethnic Scot. Mr. Meddler is a freelance writer, a correspondent for several news services, and something of a general troublemaker with a few jail visits in his past. To hear Calvin tell it, he never looks for trouble; the aliens, monsters, and assorted weirdos all come to him. He does not think of himself as a hero, just a guy trying to pay for his alimony and his next pint.

Notes

Home Base: London

Story: Calvin can bump into other characters at just about any tavern. He might also be assigned to report on the same crime that the heroes themselves are investigating.

Character points: (2,825 - 0 in limitations =) 2,825

Unused character points: 75 (built with 2,900 points)

Calvin on Clavin

"See lads, it's as simple as this: One night I'm shooting darts at Terry's with a few odd short blue-skinned tourist types, when we start buying each others' shots. We're all having a grand time, and then one of the little fellows jumps behind the bar and offers to make up a special drink for me. The next thing I remember, Terry's youngest boy is shaking me awake in the rafters. Seems I flew up there during the party."

A Sampling of the Contents of Calvin's Pockets

- magnifying lens
- ball of tangerine twine
- slice of cold pizza wrapped in aluminum foil
- map of Moscow subway system
- half-empty bag of Gummi Bears
- page three from the London Sun
- live rhinoceros beetle
- jar of whale ambergris
- LP record of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars
- roll of duct tape
- one argyle sock
- staple remover
- wadded up Rolling Stones tour t-shirt
- library book "Wok Cooking" (six months overdue)
- £10 note
- chili powder candy sticks
- Zulu fertility statue

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I chose to release this work in this way so you can adjust it to suit the needs of you and your friends, and so you can create your own characters and stories based on this game and still own them yourself—which is as it should be. I do ask that you give me credit when you make something based on this work (preferably by linking to www.TenThousandWorlds.org) and I ask that you not try to make any money off of it.

This should go without saying, but this work is a supplement to a *game*, **Ten Thousand Worlds**, and is meant to make a rainy afternoon more enjoyable for you and a few friends. This game requires you to use your imagination. If you have trouble telling the difference between fantasy and reality, then this game is not for you.