

The Huntsman

Rainer Jäger

EARTH

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|------------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| Brawling: | Gr(+2)(15) | Reputation: | Gr(+2)(15) |
| Agility: | Gr(+2)(15) | | |
| Strength: | Ou(+3)(20) | Health Points: | 70 |
| Endurance: | Ou(+3)(20) | | |
| Willpower: | Ex(+4)(30) | Story Points: | 85 |
| Intelligence: | Ou(+3)(20) | | |
| Perception: | Ou(+3)(20) | | |
| Resourcefulness: | Gr(+2)(15) | | |

Armor: Ph(+5)(40)

Rainer can summon up a full suit of faerie armor to surround his body. When he first summons the armor, it starts to appear a few pieces at a time and isn't completely solid, but it can form around him even while he's fighting and running. On the first turn it appears, it provides **Common** protection, absorbing the first 6 points of any attack. On the next turn, his protection goes up a level, and keeps going up one level per turn until the suit is complete and totally solid, providing **Phenomenal** protection. The entire process takes 6 turns.

Powers

Enhanced Hearing: Ex(+4)(30)

Enhanced Smell: Ex(+4)(30)

Enhanced Sight: Ex(+4)(30)

Night Sight: Ex(+4)(30)

Sense Pollution: Ex(+4)(30)

Sense Faeries: Ex(+4)(30)

The Huntsman's senses of hearing, vision, and smell are better than that of most nocturnal animals. To him, different types of environmental pollution each carry a distinct and memorable signature. Also, any natives to the land of Faerie that within 600 m (1,800 ft) of him set off a tingle in his skin, not unlike the bio-electric proximity sense of certain fish. He has mastered one feat through his supernatural senses:

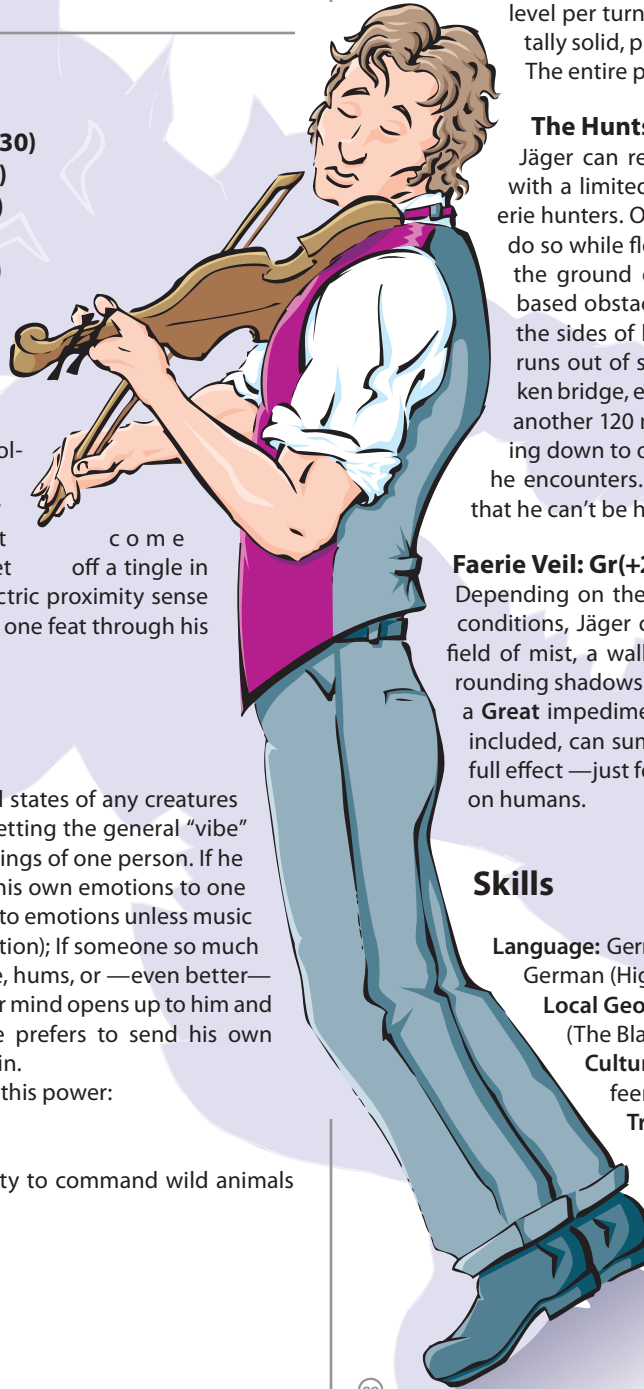
- **Tracking: Ou(+3)(20)**

Telepathy: Gd(+1)(10)

Rainer can sense the emotional states of any creatures within 200 m (600 ft) of him, getting the general "vibe" of a whole room or just the feelings of one person. If he concentrates, he can send out his own emotions to one or more creatures. He is limited to emotions unless music is involved (**Outstanding** limitation); if someone so much as taps out a beat with her shoe, hums, or —even better—plays an instrument or sings, her mind opens up to him and he can read her thoughts. He prefers to send his own thoughts while playing the violin.

Jäger has learned one feat with this power:

- **Mental Control: Pr(-1)(4)**
He typically uses this ability to command wild animals into joining him on a hunt.



The Huntsman's Run: Cm(0)(6)

Jäger can reach speeds of 72 kph (45 mph) with a limited form of flying used by many faerie hunters. Once he starts running, Rainer can do so while floating about a meter (3 ft) above the ground or over the tops of any ground-based obstacles. He can even run straight up the sides of buildings or over still water. If he runs out of surface to float over (a cliff, a broken bridge, etc...), the Huntsman can still cross another 120 m (360 ft) of open air before floating down to one meter above the next surface he encounters. One side effect of this power is that he can't be hurt in a fall.

Faerie Veil: Gr(+2)(15)

Depending on the time of day and environmental conditions, Jäger can summon up a bank of fog, a field of mist, a wall of haze, or even just cause surrounding shadows to deepen and grow, all to create a **Great** impediment to vision. Some faerie, Rainer included, can summon this Faerie Veil at less than full effect —just for the psychological impact it has on humans.

Skills

Language: German (Standard), German (Swabian), German (High Alemannic).

Local Geography: Der Schwarzwäld (The Black Forest).

Culture & Customs: Die Schwarzwäldfeen (Black Forest Faerie).

Tracking: Forest.

Survival: Forest.

Stealth: (-1) penalty to being followed or tracked.

Arcana: (+1) bonus to Intelligence.

Profession: Classical Musician (Violin).

Gear

The Alicorn

Price: M1 \ Ph(+5)(40)

- Material: **Wo(+7)(100)**, sharp
This spear is made from the mystically reinforced horn of a unicorn, bound in silver wire and mounted on a shaft of enchanted ironwood sheathed in silver.
- Protection from Poison: **Wo(+7)(100)**
- Protection from Disease: **Wo(+7)(100)**
- Protection from Pollution: **Wo(+7)(100)**
- Protection from Radiation: **Wo(+7)(100)**
The bearer of the Alicorn is practically immune from poisons, diseases, pollution, and radiation. Further, just a touch from the tip of this spear can cleanse a **Wondrous** amount of damage done by those ills from one person, or 200 m³ (7,000 ft³) of land, per day. Die Geisteskranken Feen (Insane Faeries) will do anything to avoid the Alicorn's healing touch.

Limitations

Fugitive - Die Dritte Partie: Ou

The Third Faction of Faerie would like Rainer to fail in his quest to heal the realms of human and faerie, so they will have no choice but to attack the human race. Once per chapter there is a chance that they will interfere with Jäger's quest.

Fugitive - Die Geisteskranken Feen: Ou

The Insane Faeries rejoice in their toxic existence, in their human skins, in their resistance to the crippling magic of iron; They don't want the mayhem to end. Once per chapter, there is a chance that one of Die Geisteskranken Feen will either block the Huntsman's quest or just cause so much trouble in the human realm that Rainer will get side-tracked by dealing with them.

Description

Appearance

Rainer Jäger is a male human/faerie hybrid in his late 20's who stands about 178 cm (5 ft 10 in) tall and weighs about 80 kg (176 lbs). He sports short, wavy brown hair and has eyes that reflect the sky. Rainer's hands seem a bit too large and thick to be of any use to a violinist, but he's learned to turn them into an advantage, playing with a forcefulness and power that threatens to break his instruments, but stuns his audiences. Jäger looks completely human, and has no sign of the faerie allergy to iron; one would never guess that his great-great grandmother was a full faerie (and still alive).

Background

The Huntsman discovered that he had inherited some of the powers of the legendary Furious Hunt as he became an adult, right at about the time he realized that human-made pollution was contaminating the faerie realm in places where it overlapped the lands of humans. He vowed to use his birthright to heal both realms, and has used his magic to spy on and expose these "despoilers" to other humans. But when they evade human laws or overpower the institutions of human justice, they become Huntsman's quarry.

Notes

Home Base: Southern Germany

Story: The Huntsman might run into the PCs in any natural setting which the GM decides overlaps the realm of Faerie (especially one getting polluted), or they could cross paths when he tours. They could also meet him if they fall victim to one of Die Geisteskranken Feen's latest amusements.

Character points: (8,392 - 60 in limitations =) 8,332

Unused character points: 68 (built with 8,400 points)

Jäger on Jäger

"I've never forgotten my first sight of a faerie Huntsman, clothed in mist and shadow and rune-covered armor, mounted on a horned beast, pointing a spiral-carved spear right at my nine-year-old heart. I had taken a 'short-cut' home on my bike from evening violin practice through a woodland trail, when I got a flat tire, tried to take a real short-cut through the trees, and found myself lost in the forest after sunset. As the moon rose I saw a mist-wrapped hunting party bearing ancient weapons, riding in near silence just above the tops of the ferns and chasing down a young man in a torn and bloodied business suit. Various forest beasts joined the chase as it passed by them, but when the hunt passed by me, I was too dumb-founded to even move. While the rest of the hunting party charged past, the master of the hunt thrust his spear at me and challenged me to either help 'punish the despoiler' or become quarry myself. Still in shock, I stayed silent. When the Huntsman demanded that I answer him or die, I gave the only answer I could: I pulled out my violin and started to play. I played every song I knew; I played each one better than I ever had in my entire short life; I put my whole heart into my playing and somehow managed to tell the faerie my entire life story and my true nature without ever uttering a word. I had been closing my eyes tight while I played, not daring to see my doom approaching, and when I opened them, I was back on my own front steps. It would be years before I fully understood what had transpired that night.

I learned the truth —many truths— after my first professional solo performance. I had been reading with concern about the decline of my beloved Black Forest and decided to drive through it on my way home from the show. I suppose I just wanted to see it before it was gone forever, never dreaming there was much that one man could do to combat so much contamination. I was poisoned with a feeling of helplessness. I pulled off the road near the same place where I'd gotten a flat on the bike trail as a child,

and when the moon topped the trees, I once again saw the faerie hunt. This time, I ran right towards it. Once again, they chased the same man, now older, and this time I recognized him as an industrialist whose manufacturing empire was under investigation for dumping its by-products into the wilderness. Once again the master of the hunt rode by and made his challenge, and this time I realized that he was offering me his spear. I took it and got caught up in the frenzy of the hunt. Rather quickly, I managed to catch up with and corner the man in the dead end of a gully. I even put the spiral spear tip up against his chest, as the faerie hunters howled with vicious glee. Then, finally realizing how bizarre this whole situation actually was, I decided to give the hunters a lecture on 'real life'. I told them that executing this one man would not stop the despoiling of the Black Forest, and they should let human law deal with him and his company. The master of the hunt cuffed me for my insolence, throwing me back several meters, then clued me in to the true nature of 'the real'.

Long ago, he said, before humans learned to forge iron, one could travel between the realms of faerie and human at certain places where both realms overlapped, such as the Black Forest. The faerie were magical immortals who had nothing to fear from primitive humans, and so left their borders open to all. When humans learned the magic of iron, and also learned that faeries had a debilitating allergy to it, their long pent-up jealousy of the faerie and lust for faerie power came to light. Humans raided faerie lands in the same barbaric manner with which they raided each other. They were beaten back, peace treaties were made, and humans even kept them for a few generations —later generations forgot their oaths and raided again. This pattern repeated itself every few human generations, and the situation became dire when humans learned the magic of machinery. The faerie then sealed shut their borders. While humans could no longer cross into Faerie, some places still existed in both realms, thus what affected one realm affected the other. So it went with the massive pollution of the current human era. However, where pollution sickens and slowly kills humans, it drives the immortal faerie mad —murderously mad.

More than one faerie faction, the Huntsman said, was hunting humans who entered shared lands such as the Black Forest. Most tried to capture the humans most responsible for the despoiling, and extract from them oaths that they would change their ways. As I could see, that wasn't working; Humans were now breaking their oaths within a single lifetime, and treating anyone who mentioned faeries as if they were deluded. Perhaps these humans wanted to drive all faerie into eternal madness in the hopes that their magical border defenses would then fade away and a new world of exploitable resources would open up.

Another faerie faction was using powerful magic to clothe the murderously insane in human skin and dump them inside human lands. A third faerie faction (Die Dritte Partei) had discovered that the mad faeries had a resistance to iron, and that if a faerie was willing to trade away a bit of her sanity, humans would no longer have an advantage over her. This last faction currently held the most influence, had been growing in power since I was a boy, and now wanted to open the borders and launch an all-out assault on the human race.

The only thing that had kept their plans in check was that this master of the hunt had reported back what he saw in my heart all those years ago, and told the others that he believed it was my destiny to heal both realms. I remember feeling the expectation, the hope, the desperation of the faerie host as their eyes followed me when I picked myself up, grabbed the spear, approached the human, and stabbed —myself. To this day, I don't know what drove me to do that; I didn't know it was an Alicorn then; I didn't know the third faction, not wanting the solution I'd bring, really had poisoned me —with self-doubt; I didn't know the magic of the spear would awaken my hidden faerie blood; I didn't know my quest was about to begin.

Now years later, contamination is slowing down and I'm stopping the despoilers, one by one. I'm using human justice whenever possible, and faerie vengeance when it isn't. Die Dritte Partei, and all of Faerie, judge my every move, and wait. I never forgot my first Huntsman, and I'll never forget the last: Reflected in the moonlit puddle of a gully in the Black Forest —it was me."

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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.