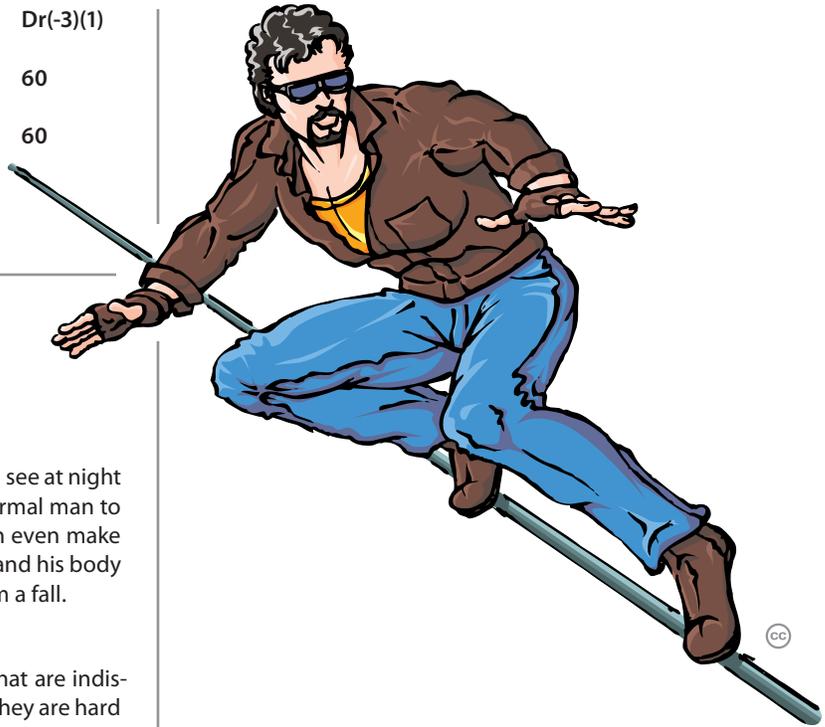


# Stray Cat

## Alan Partick Meyers



Brawling:	Gd(+1)(10)	Reputation:	Dr(-3)(1)
Agility:	Ou(+3)(20)		
Strength:	Gd(+1)(10)	Health Points:	60
Endurance:	Ou(+3)(20)		
Willpower:	Gd(+1)(10)	Story Points:	60
Intelligence:	Gd(+1)(10)		
Perception:	Ou(+3)(20)		
Resourcefulness:	Ou(+3)(20)		



### Powers

**Night Sight: Ex(+4)(30)**

**Extra Attacks: +2**

**Jump: Ex(+4)(30)**

Alan's body has a number of cat-like traits. He can see at night as well as he can by day. In the time it takes a normal man to throw one punch, Meyers can land three. He can even make 600 m (1,800 ft) jumps from a standing position, and his body ignores the first 600 m when taking damage from a fall.

**Sharp Attack: Ou(+3)(20)**

Meyer's hands and feet have retractable claws that are indistinguishable from regular nails when retracted. They are hard enough to scratch concrete and strong enough to help him climb up walls:

- **Climb: Gr(+2)(15)**

### Limitations

**Compulsive Behavior: Gr**

A leftover from his earlier days as a cat burglar, Alan sometimes gets the compulsion to keep things he finds, like evidence and loot, from crime scenes. To resist this urge, he must make a Willpower check and get a **Great** result.

### Skills

**Language:** English (US), French (Cajun).

**Acrobatics:** (+1) bonus when defending in combat.

**Charm:** (+1) bonus in social situations.

**Connoisseur:** (+1) bonus to appraise luxury items & detect fakes.

**Escape Artist:** (+1) bonus to Agility and Strength for escapes.

**Lockpicking:** (+1) bonus to pop open locks.

**Pressure Points:** deliver a knockback, knock out, or critical hit even when no damage is done.

**Slight of Hand:** (+1) bonus to Agility.

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

**Unarmed Combat:** (+1) bonus to Brawling when unarmed.

### Gear

**Lockpicking Tools**

- (+1) bonus when using Escape Artist or Lockpicking skills

**Handcuffs**

Price: **Gr(+1)(15)**

- Material: **Gr(+1)(15)**, steel

**Mobile Phone**

Price: **Dr(-3)(1)**

- Signal Range: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 4 km
- Requires a telecommunications network

**1971 Ford Thunderbird**

Price: **Ex(+4)(30)**

**Structural Subsystem**

Price: **Gr(+2)(15)**

- Material: **Gr(+2)(15)**, steel
- Seats: 4, cover

**Power/Propulsion Subsystem**

Price: **Gr(+2)(15)**

- Power Reserve: **Cm(0)(6)**, 6 hours of operation
- Speed - Land: **Gd(+2)(15)**, 180 kph (122.5 mph)

**Sensors Subsystem**

Price: **Gd(+1)(10)**

- Headlamps: **Gd(+1)(10)** night sight

## Description

### Appearance

Alan is a (mostly) human male in his early thirties, about 168 cm (5 ft 6 in) tall and weighing about 59 kg (130 lbs), with a lean, feline, athletic build. He has pale skin, straight black hair, and he usually sports a mustache or goatee. Meyers wears sunglasses almost every daylight hour.

### Background

Alan Patrick Meyers is an adult US citizen with (surprisingly) no criminal record. He's a retired cat-burglar who now plays the market and draws on his years of shady experience to help police catch thieves and other criminals. When Hurricane Katrina destroyed many of his New Orleans investments, he started helping out his friends in their multi-state bounty-hunting business, traveling the US South ever since. Like many people, Meyers went through a traumatic experience during the hurricane and in the days that followed, but he rarely discusses it, and never in detail.

## Notes

**Home Base:** Mobile, often his 1971 Ford Thunderbird.

**Story:** Southern Knights.

**Character points:** (3,909 - 15 in limitations =) 3,894

**Unused Character Points:** 106 (built with 4,000 points)

### Alan on Alan

*"I used to own a custom 1989 Corvette prototype that could outrun anything on today's streets. I used to own a mansion near the Garden District and a pied-à-terre in the Old Quarter. I used to have nice suits, beautiful women, and a standing weekly dinner reservation at Commander's Palace. I guess since I'd started out with nothing, ran schemes on both sides of the law to scrape together everything I had, and managed to get out of the crime business while the getting was good, having all those ... things... was important to me.*

*I could honestly say I was content. I even became a model citizen, helping the cops catch thieves that didn't have half the skills or style I had back in the day. Things were going great right up until Katrina hit town, and we missed out on the kind of disaster relief that other towns had gotten in the past. Everyone who lived through that has their own horror story, and a couple of us have stories about the horrors that were unleashed when more than just the levees broke. Here's mine:*

*I was at a hurricane party when Katrina hit. Why not? When the power died and the waters rose, a lot of rich people with mystic talismans called to occult powers for protection, demanding that old covenants be upheld. And that's when we realized how bad things really were. From one magical source and then another, the reports came in: The roof had been torn from the nunnery, and with it, the magic shutters that kept a host of vampires trapped in its attic. The enchanted stones guarding the graves of several evil spirits had moved, freeing them. Holy relics, statues, gates, entire buildings —the physical parts of hundreds of magical wards were being destroyed, and all the city's darkest secrets were escaping. These wards and their continued maintenance were important parts of the covenants that many of our most prominent citizens held with an array of magical patrons, and with the covenants broken, their patronage was withdrawn, and all the former revelers were as alone and helpless any other mortals caught in the storm.*

*When a storm-surge entered our salon and tossed me right out a window, along with millions of dollars of my host's finest possessions, I found myself drowning in mud and gold, sewer water and silk damask. As I went in and out of consciousness, fighting for air, a small statuette spoke to me, or so I thought, claiming to be Bast herself, the Egyptian cat goddess. I had my doubts, since even spirits can get desperate, but asked how I could help. If I protected her from shattering, the statue said, she would save my life. I agreed without putting much thought into how a feline aspected spirit would be able to save me. The next thing knew, I was climbing and leaping from crumbling roof to roof like a man-sized cat, seeing my landing spots clearly in the dark —and then I got even stronger. I kept up my end of the deal, eventually shipping 'Bast' to the Art Institute of Chicago, where she could be cared for in a place not known for hurricanes, and she let me keep my changes, which fortunately did not include whiskers nor a tail.*

*When the waters receded, I'd lost my 'Vette, my homes were destroyed, and I discovered that since I'd never really been close enough to any of my moneyed 'friends' or fair-weather women companions, I had few people to mourn. Amazingly, two friends from the old days had survived, and with the niece of another old friend, were going to try bringing back all those old monsters that had escaped their bonds when the storm broke their wards.*

*So now I race down the back roads of the old South in a beat-up '71 Thunderbird. It has a lot less style than my 'Vette, but between the trunk and the hollowed-out doors, it can pack a lot of ammo. Most days I eat road-house chow; Most nights I sleep in my car. My traveling companions are nurse/musician/reluctant heir to a Voodoo priest, my old comrade-in-arms who's holding himself together more by force of will than by his prosthetics, and our mutual ex-girlfriend who provides cover for our mission through her bounty hunter business. We gather clues, both mystical and mundane, to the whereabouts of those old monsters, and then we go hunting..."*

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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](http://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.