

Callie Rodenburg

Alignment: Scrupulous **P.C.C.:** Physical Psychic

Occupation: MMA Fighter, Personal Trainer, Model and Dancer



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Edmond was still working on his latest case file in the 2nd floor office of the “Seattle Branch”, the warehouse that both local Lazlo Society members and Agents use for storage and other practical purposes. It was getting late; he was editing as fast as he could to finish last night’s investigation file. The case had turned out to be an Entity problem in one of the older neighborhoods near Sea-Tac, and Entity related cases always took the longest to fill out due to all the small details. The devil truly was in the details. Even with his personal assistant Kendra helping him earlier in the day, his writing wasn’t going as fast as he’d liked. On the other hand, once he started Edmond disliked leaving a file unfinished, so he kept at it. Some days, like today, there just wasn’t enough hours in the day.

Finally, he was finished. Saving it, he printed a copy and placed the completed file in one of the filing cabinets in the records room next door. Looking out the window, it was nearly nightfall. One of his goals are to always to drive home before sunset. His eyes weren’t what they used to be and he preferred not driving at night anymore, but this was going to be one of those nights. He called his wife Catherine to let her know he was on his way home.

Collecting his messenger bag in one hand and his cane in the other, Edmond switched off the office lights, locking his office door behind him. Warily, he carefully made his way down the set of stairs closest to the side door of the warehouse, where his car was parked close by. He was just reaching out to open the door when he heard a key enter the lock from the other side of the door. He stepped back just as the knob turned and the door opened. A pretty and familiar face, one that he’d not seen in a long time, entered the warehouse.

She looked at Edmond with a look of surprise, followed by a genuinely happy smile, not expecting him to be just on the other side of the door.

“Edmond!”

“Callie?”

He hadn’t meant to respond with a question, but Callie’s appearance caught him off guard. She looked... “normal” would be his best choice of words. For as long as he’d known her, Callie always kept herself very fashionable and well dressed. But right now, she was wearing a plain t-shirt, leggings and running shoes, all of which looked faded and wore from use. Her hair, usually kept at a “beauty salon” level of care and maintenance, was up in a loose ponytail. Slung over her left arm was a gym bag he’d vaguely recalled seeing her carry during past investigations, but like the rest of her, it was faded and worn with milage. She excitedly dropped the bag just inside the doorway.

“Oh yeah, It’s me! Coming in!”

Callie reached out for him with arms wide open, coming in for a hug. Looking at her for the first time in a long while, a flood of memoires came rushing to him. In many ways Callie is the energetic, impulsive, and rebellious daughter he never had. Her physical psychic abilities had blossomed in her early teens, and she was insistent on getting involved in paranormal investigating when she was only 15. At first, he was reluctant to let such an impulsive, and frankly such a headstrong and reckless teenage girl confront dangerous supernatural beings. However, he also understood that he couldn’t stop her either and letting her take on the supernatural by herself would’ve been irresponsible for both of them.

So, after a lengthy discussion with her parents one night, Edmond reluctantly took her under his wing as a mentor and teacher. While she was impatient and impulsive, she was also a fast learner,

quickly proving that she could hold her own against the Supernatural. In a surprisingly short amount of time, they'd bonded and became close.

Still, it wasn't easy. There were some hard moments for the both of them, especially the night Callie was nearly killed during an investigation. Edmond led a team that was investigating an old farmhouse near Mystic Falls. What he believed was a simple haunting situation - and therefore was a safer investigation for Callie to attend - was in reality the forming of a dimensional portal from a demonic realm. The large and horrific creature that emerged from the portal was one of the toughest creatures Edmond had ever confronted in all his decades of investigating, and was certainly the toughest for Callie. Realizing that the demon had come for the family that lived on the farm, Callie lunged at it, fists flying. She'd distracted it long enough for the family to flee the house, and for the rest of the investigators to organize and confront it together. In the end, the team destroying the demon, dismantled the portal and saved the lives of the entire family. But Callie was nearly killed in the process.

The raw emotion of those painful memories jolted Edmond's nerves, his mind skimming back to the hospital. He stayed by Callie's side the entire time. Seeing her, laying there unconscious and questionable, worry and guilt had engulfed him. He hated himself for bringing her to an investigation he wasn't certain would be safe for her. He hated himself for not mentoring her well enough to show some kind of restraint. Sitting there and watching her, not knowing if he'd ever recover, he'd even considered hanging up his Parapsychologist cap for good.

He all but begged for her parents' forgiveness, even though the both of them were taking the situation better than he had. Her mom was hard to read, but said she understood what happened and wasn't angry with him. Her dad however, calmly put one of his big, strong hands on Edmond's shoulder.

"Look, I can't even pretend to understand what it's like for her being psychic. But I do know that she takes after me, and I would've done the exact same thing. I'm proud of her, and I'm thankful for all the time you've spent with her, and training her. Just imagine what might've happened to her if you hadn't. Besides, she's a Rodenburg... she comes from tough stock. She'll be okay." He was surprisingly considerate and understanding for a former professional boxer.

When Callie suddenly woke up the following evening, she caught the room off guard as she casually said "Hey mom... hey dad. Why the long faces?" The three of them encircling her bed, she looked at Edmond. He wasn't sure what to expect from her. Would she be mad at him? Would she hate him? Would she ever forgive him? She looked him dead in the eyes, but there was no anger in those eyes.

"Was anyone hurt? Is the family, okay?"

With a tearful smile, he held her hand and nodded.

"Good... I'd hate to get my ass kicked for nothing."

Her spirit, her strength, her determination, even her humor couldn't be crushed by the supernatural. Edmond had seen the supernatural take the fight out of an investigator many times over the years, especially after a near death experience. Callie would not be one of them. More than ever, he understood her father's pride in her; he felt it himself. They remained close after that, almost always at each other's side to face the supernatural together.

He shook his flashback off just in time to brace himself for her incoming hug. Even then, she nearly squeezed the air out of him. While she was as physically strong as ever, she was also noticeably without wearing any of the expensive perfumes that usually accompanied her. Still embracing, he couldn't wait for the hug to end, he had to ask.

"Where on earth have you been?"

With an amused laugh, she released him, letting him breathe again.

"The Philippines."

He looked at her quizzically. Her smile was genuinely amused.

“You’d probably like to hear the story, huh?”

He straightened his glasses.

“Yes, I would very much like to. But let’s sit down first.”

He turned to the well-used living room set located near the door. It included a couch, love seat, recliner, two end tables and a coffee table, all sitting on a large Persian rug. It was all donated a few years ago by one of the members of the Society when they got new furniture. No one had realized how much the warehouse needed a comfortable conversation area until after it all showed up. Callie picked up her bag and followed him.

“I’d rather stand if that’s okay, I’ve spent most of the day flying and I’ve sat around too much.”

“Oh... well of course you can”.

His cane helping him find his footing around the coffee table, Edmond placed his messenger bag in the recliner chair while inching his way over to the couch.

“Now then, let me think... as I recall, you’d left a rather vague text saying you’d be away for a while. That was more than a year ago.”

“More like two years. I’m sorry I was so vague, it all just happened so fast.”

Taking a seat on one end of the couch, Edmond gave a smile behind his statement.

“Callie, I’m the first person to say that ‘no news is good news’, but you could’ve called, or emailed, or sent another text you know.” He sat up attentively, his cane planted firmly on the floor between his feet, both hands resting on top of his cane.

“I know, and again I’m sorry. But I didn’t get around to it when I could have, and then I couldn’t because I had to give up my phone after I got there. I called mom and dad from a payphone whenever I had a chance, but never got around to calling you.”

He waved his hand to clear to moment. “Well, never mind all that. You’re here now, and that’s all that matters. So, the Philippines?”

She landed her bag with a thump on the coffee table, standing on the opposite side of the table from Edmond.

“Yep. So like, two years ago I attended an MMA event over at the Moors. For a change I wasn’t fighting that night, I was there to support a friend. One of the bouts I’d watched that night was between a pair of stick fighters. I’ve seen tons of boxing and MMA fights, but I’d never seen stick fighting before. And OH MY GOD, Edmond... they were amazing! I had no idea how flashy and effective stick fighting is! It was just super exciting to watch! You ever seen a pair of stick fighters in action?”

“I... no, I haven’t. But judging by your excitement, it must be something.”

“Oh Yeah. And after watching them, I really wanted to know if someone in town was teaching it so I could learn. I know most of the staff at the community center and they let me in back by the locker rooms. I waiting for Arturo to come out, the guy who’d won the match. I headed him off and started asking him outright “What style is this, and HOW do I learn it?”

He explained that it’s called “Silat” or “Amis” depending who you ask, and it’s mostly taught in Southeast Asia, where he’d trained. I asked him if we could go for coffee or something to talk more about it. Like I said, I really wanted to know. Arturo explained that Silat is a competitive sport over there, and has lots of schools and academy’s that teaches a more common form, but for training at a hardcore level, I’d have to find a master who’d be willing to teach me, like Master Sol, who’d taught him.”

Callie became more and more animated and active as she spoke. Her hands moved along with her speaking, quickly becoming part of her talking. Edmond observed her increasing activity with amusement. Sitting sit never came easy to Callie. Standing still even more so.

“So long story short, I got enough details from Arturo to where I could go looking for Sol or another teacher. At the time I didn’t know it, but after learning boxing with my dad and learning various MMA styles from the instructors at the fitness center, they just didn’t excite me like Silat did. Beyond instructing a few fitness classes, I had no real commitments keeping me here, and one of my bucket list items was to visit a foreign country anyway, not counting Canada as I’ve been to Vancouver a few times. So like, more or less on a whim, I told mom and dad where I was going, made some quick arrangements and two days later I was in Manila, making my way to the southern tip of the country.”

Edmond was intrigued. “Just like that, huh?”

She nodded. “Just like that. I won’t bore you with all the details, but I found Master Sol. He wasn’t what I expected. He doesn’t run a dojo or anything, he lives on a farm with his family. Luckily, he speaks pretty good English so I could talk to him. I told him about how I met Arturo and that I wanted to learn Silat from the Master who taught him. He flat out said no as he already had a student, and he only trains one student at a time. Even then, he won’t teach just anyone. But as you know, I don’t give up so easily.

While I’d say that I’m ‘relentless’, Master Sol told me I’m one of the most annoying people he’d ever met. But I kept hounding him and asking him. Finally, he said if I worked on his family farm until his current student finishes his training, he’d consider training me next. But he warned me that it was hard work, and he wasn’t kidding. The farm was about as stone age as it gets. The electricity was spotty and running water was a luxury when it worked. I was basically housed in a leaky shack, which I didn’t stay in a lot anyway as I was working on the farm from dawn until dusk. On top of the farm work, there’s a lot of conservation efforts and agroforestry going on over there as the island is low-lying and the sea levels have been rising. So when I wasn’t farming, I was planting trees and shrubs and moving rocks and vegetation to help sustainability while preventing the farmlands from flooding. It was all a hard and dirty job, but I kept at it. Sol later admitted to me that he didn’t think I’d last a week, and a month or so later he invited to sit in and observe his training with Conrado, his current student.

I worked the farm and waited for about six months before Master Sol believed that Conrado’s training was complete. Keeping good to his word, Master Sol started teaching me. I had to be dedicated and I needed to avoid distractions, hence my giving up my phone. I had to start basically from scratch with him, but I learned fast. I was still in training with him when he realized that I’m a physical psychic, and he was ecstatic about it. I didn’t know this at the time, but there’s a lot of supernatural beings that are more or less exclusive to that region, and all of them prey upon people. You know me, I don’t back down from challenges, especially when it comes to monsters, so I got to hunt and destroy some supernatural nasties that I’d never heard of before.”

“Really? Like what?”

“Well, like there are these creatures that look human, but walk on their hands called “Panapati”; I destroyed a few of those. I destroyed several demons called “Sundel Bolong”, basically what the natives call “demon prostitutes”. During harvest time, a lot of these vampire creatures called... if I’m saying it right, “Manananggals” come around. The heads of these demons detach from their bodies at night, sprout wings and use their long tongues to feed on people’s organs. I’d destroyed about a dozen of those, but one of the first times I hunted one down, it casted paralyzing spells on me. My arms and legs just stopped working and I laid there, helpless in the mud. If Conrado and master Sol hadn’t been hunting with me that night, I probably wouldn’t be here right now. I took them a lot more seriously after that.”

Edmond smiled. “I’m sure you did. I’m also certain that I’ve told you several times that overconfidence is a flimsy shield.”

“I know, I know. So yeah, I finally got the hint that night. In between farming and hunting monsters, I spent the next year and a half learning Silat until Master Sol believed there was nothing more that he could teach me for now. I’m supposed to come back after a year or so of practicing and growing my skills. He believes that some lessons only come with time and practice before more can be learned. So, I called mom and dad and made arrangements to fly back home. If you can believe it, I thought about calling you in Manila to tell you all this, but after Sol held my phone for all that time, it hadn’t been charged up in more than a year, and even after I recharged it, the service still needed to be turned back on. Besides, some stories are best told in person and I really wanted to see you as soon as possible, so I thought I’d stop by on the way to my parents’ house from the airport, and I recognized your car. Oh yeah... um, so like I had to go old school and get a cab at the airport, you know... since I couldn’t Uber on my phone. I didn’t know how long I’d be here, so I let the cab go. Can I get ride to my parent’s house?”

Edmond let out a hearty laugh, a sound that Callie loved hearing as he always tries to keep his composure and didn’t laugh out loud very often, but she was always good at getting him to laugh. Apparently, she still is.

“Yes, certainly. But let me ask you... what would you have done if I said no?”

“Well... it’s a nice night for walking twenty miles I guess.” She got another laugh out of Edmond. With the help of his cane, Edmond rose to his feet.

“Well, I was on my way home when you met me at the door. Catherine’s home tonight and making tacos. They should be ready by the time I get home. Are you hungry?”

Her eyes widened “OH MY GOD! Taco’s! I haven’t had tacos in years!”

Letting out another amused laugh, Edmond reached into a pocket and gave her his phone.

“Here, you should let your parents know where you’re going to be then.”

Callie talked with her parents, who put her on speaker phone. Listening to their voices made her miss them even more than she had, but she also really missed tacos... and Edmond and Catherine for that matter. Her mom said they weren’t planning anything special till tomorrow night when all of her brothers could be there for dinner.

“It sounds to me like you’d really like tacos tomorrow night, or maybe pizza?”

“OOH! Pizza! Yes, please!”

Laughter from both her parents and Edmond, who was listening in as they made their way to his car.

“Alright honey, have a good time. Tell Edmond and Cathy we said hi.”

“I will”.

Handing his phone back to Edmond, Callie’s stomach growled. Tacos tonight, and pizza tomorrow night. She was glad to be home.

Beyond the Supernatural

Player: Pregenerated Player Character

Character: Callie Rodenburg

Nickname/Alias: "The Huntress" and "Hot Rodenburg"

P.C.C.: Physical Psychic (pages 73-77)

Sex: Female Alignment: Scrupulous

Occupation: Athletics: MMA Fighter, trainer and dancer

Attributes

I.Q.: <u>12</u>	HTH: <u>Silat/Amis (Rifter #7, pg. 50-51)</u>
M.E.: <u>11</u>	Actions per Round: <u>5</u>
M.A.: <u>15</u>	Initiative:+ <u>3</u>
P.S.: <u>21</u>	Damage:+ <u>6</u>
P.P.: <u>24</u>	Strike:+ <u>8</u>
P.E.: <u>20</u>	Parry:+ <u>10</u>
P.B.: <u>25</u>	Dodge:+ <u>11</u>
Spd.: <u>20</u>	Roll with punch, fall or impact:+ <u>2</u>
P.P.E.: <u>3</u>	Pull Punch (11+):+ <u>3</u>
I.S.P.: <u>11</u>	Knockout/Stun Roll: <u>Natural 20</u>
S.D.C.: <u>47</u>	Critical Strike Roll: <u>Natural 20</u>
Hit Points: <u>69</u>	Death Blow Roll: <u>-</u>
Perception: <u>+1</u>	
Armor: <u>armored vest & guards</u>	A.R.: <u>12</u> S.D.C.: <u>120</u>
Level: <u>3</u>	Experience Points: <u>N/A</u>

Special Abilities/Skills

Yoga Style Meditation and Trance States: page 74

Summon Supernatural Strength: page 75

Quick Reflexes and Extra Tough: pages 75-76

+1 save vs. Telepathy & Empathic probe & attacks

+3 save vs. hypnosis, mind control & illusions

Critical Strike from Behind and all throws, locks, holds,

disarms & parry attempts can be performed with weapons

Saving Throws

	Base	Modifier	Roll Needed
Horror Factor		<u>+2</u>	
Poison: Lethal	<u>14</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>11+</u>
Poison: Non-Lethal	<u>16</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>13+</u>
Harmful Drugs	<u>15</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>12+</u>
Insanity	<u>12</u>	<u>+0</u>	<u>12+</u>
Psionics	<u>10</u>	<u>+0</u>	<u>10+</u>
Magic Spell	<u>12</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>9+</u>
Magic Ritual	<u>16</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>13+</u>
Coma/Death		<u>+10%</u>	
Possession		<u>+3</u>	
Curses	<u>15</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>15+</u>
Disease	<u>14</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>11+</u>
Pain	<u>16</u>	<u>+5</u>	<u>11+</u>

Skills

	Base	Bonus	+%/lvl	Total%
Language: English	<u>88</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>90</u>
Language: Filipino	<u>80</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>84</u>
Literacy: English	<u>80</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>84</u>
Literacy: Filipino	<u>80</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>84</u>
Mathematics: Basic	<u>72</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>78</u>
Pilot: Automobile	<u>60</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>66</u>
Athletics	Physical & Attribute bonuses			
Boxing	Physical & Attribute bonuses			
Kick Boxing	Physical & Attribute bonuses			
Seduction	<u>20</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>45</u>
Swimming	<u>50</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>75</u>
Ballet	Physical & Attribute bonuses			
Maintain Balance	<u>30</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>60</u>
Back Flip	<u>70</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>95</u>
Prowl	<u>35</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>65</u>
Climbing (Hobby)	<u>30</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>65</u>
Aerobic Athletics	Physical & Attribute bonuses			
Wardrobe & Grooming	<u>30</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>
Gardening	<u>36</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>54</u>

Skills

	Base	Bonus	+%/lvl	Total%
Lore: Demons & Monsters	<u>50</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>70</u>
Running / Jogging	Jog 20 miles before fatigued			
Hobby: Snorkeling	<u>40</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>
Hobby: Reforestation	<u>40</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>40</u>
Hobby: Agroforestry	<u>40</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>40</u>
Weapon Proficiencies: Recognize Weapon Quality (35%)				
Ancient Weapon Proficiencies	Strike	Parry	Throw	
Short Blunt (5th level)	<u>+2</u>	<u>+2</u>	<u>+1</u>	
Knife (5th level)	<u>+2</u>	<u>+2</u>	<u>+2</u>	
Short Sword	<u>+2</u>	<u>+1</u>	<u>-</u>	
Paired in all the above W.P.'s, and in any combination (pg. 52)				
Modern Weapon Proficiencies	Strike	Aimed	Burst	
Handguns	<u>+1</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>-</u>	

Weapons & Hand-to-Hand Attacks

Weapons & Attacks	Strike	Parry	Throw/Range	Rate of Fire	Shots/Ammo	Weight	Damage
G17 semi-auto pistol	<u>+1</u>	<u>+3</u>	<u>aimed</u>	<u>135 feet</u>	<u>single/burst</u>	<u>17/ 2 clips</u>	<u>2 lbs.</u> 3D6; 3D6x2 for a burst of 3 rounds
Wooden escrima sticks	<u>+10</u>	<u>+12</u>	<u>+9 / 12 feet</u>	<u>melee</u>	<u>carries two</u>	<u>1 lb.</u>	<u>1D6 (2D6 if vulnerable to wood)+8</u>
Silver capped sticks	<u>+10</u>	<u>+12</u>	<u>+9 / 12 feet</u>	<u>melee</u>	<u>carries two</u>	<u>1.5 lbs.</u>	<u>1D6 (2D6 if vulnerable to silver)+8</u>
Pair of combat knives	<u>+10</u>	<u>+12</u>	<u>+10 / 12 feet</u>	<u>melee</u>	<u>carries two</u>	<u>1 lb.</u>	<u>1D6+9 per strike</u>
Karate Punch / Kick	<u>Called shots (nose, eyes, groin, etc.) can penalize target</u>						<u>1D4+8 (punch) / 2D4+8 (kick)</u>
Elbow / Knee strikes	<u>Note: Called Shots & Power Strikes cost two attacks to perform</u>						<u>1D6+6 (elbow) / 1D8+6 (knee)</u>
Kick Boxing strikes:	<u>Roundhouse Kick (3D6+8), Axe Kick (2D8+8), & Leap kick (3D8+8, but counts as two actions)</u>						
Disarm Attacks	<u>Needs a Natural 18-20 as a defensive move; gets a +1 bonus to offensive all disarm attempts.</u>						
Body Flip / Throw (auto)	<u>Victim is "thrown" to the ground; loses initiative and next action</u>						<u>1D6+8 per successful attack</u>

Note: Strike and Parry bonuses from both *Hand-to-Hand Combat* and *Weapon Proficiency* bonuses are included

Equipment

Smartphone, athletic wear & shoes, running jacket, AirPods, Fitbit, sweatband, silver cross on a necklace, pocket flashlight, ultralight mini hip pack (key clip/security pocket/water repellent), 2 hip holsters that holsters two escrima sticks each (4 total), shoulder holster set (holds pistol & two magazines)

Gym Bag Contents: large flashlight, athletic tape, bottle of water, towel, Power Bar, 50' of nylon rope, roll of duct tape, work gloves, 6 pack of road flares, small utility knife (1D4 damage), mini-umbrella, extra pair of clothing and 2 wooden escrima sticks, and some personal items.

Unique Items

Leasing a new cherry red *Corvette Stingray*

Lives in a 2-bedroom apartment with a roommate (fellow dancer)

Works at her dad's boxing club & community center as a boxing instructor & personal trainer; starting to teach self-defense courses, incorporating some escrima stick training into it.

To help get her income level back to where it was before her impulsive 2-year trip to the Philippines, Callie is working some nights as a dancer at the *Parthenon Gentleman's Club*. But this is only temporary; its not as fun to her as it used to be.

Personal Information

Beyond the Supernatural

Age: 22 Height: 5' 9" Weight: 145 lbs. Hair: Natural California Blond; long and straight
Eyes: brown Birth Order: 3rd born of four Money: \$200.00 in cash on hand
General Appearance: While more modest than she was a few years ago, Callie stills wears form fitting, revealing clothing without care. That said, her wardrobe has evolved to be a majority of athletic related apparel. Even her choice of clothing during paranormal investigations are more or less running jackets or hoodies over form fitting athletic wear.
Disposition: Fun loving and fearless; although *not always* to the point of taking foolish risks.
Family History: Of English & French ancestry with some definite history of psychic phenomena
Environment: From an upper middle income class family in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Reason for Paranormal Investigating: "I do it for the fun of it. I like being psychic, but I LOVE the physical and endurance challenges that comes with destroying monsters!"
Outlook on being Psychic: Callie is gonzo about being a physical psychic. Loves all the physical activity involved in hunting and fighting monsters. Gets bored easily when she's not active.
Goals in Life: Was planning to be a professional MMA fighter, but now conflicted as the last two years have revealed that she's good at and enjoys gardening, landscaping and agroforestry.
Insanity: Has a fear (if not a true phobia) of being buried alive. Wrestles with this fear while underground or inside a cave. Being completely covered (even under a blanket) unnerves her.

Psonics: Base I.S.P.: 11 Note: I.S.P. Increases by 2 every level of experience
Multipliers: Scrutiny: x 1 Investigation: x 2 Lesser: x 4 Greater: x 6 Ancient: x 10

Callie's Physical Psychic Abilities

I.S.P.

Yoga Style Meditation & Trance States-pages 74-75: Special meditation techniques: 0
Complete Relaxation and Restorative Rest: A light trance in which you can shut out the world and focus on calm, relaxation and rest. Twenty minutes of meditation is equal to two hours of sleep and recovers 8 I.S.P. Requires 10 minutes of preparation, but there is no I.S.P. cost.
Curative Trance: Reduces the symptoms, damage, and penalties of poison, infection, and illness by half for as long as you remain in his trance. Can be maintained up to 9 days.
Complete Closed Mind Trance: In this state you enter a trance that completely seals you off from the physical and paranormal world. This altered state of sensory deprivation makes you appear to be alive but in a deep coma. Protects you from psychic attacks & communication.
Summon Supernatural Strength-pg.75: Turns your normal strength into Supernatural Strength for 15 seconds (one round and three actions). See *Damage Table* on page 134 for details. You can perform this energy surge up to three times per 24 hours. 5
Demon Punch-pg.108: Does 3D6+6 damage to supernatural beings & spirits/entities. 6
Desiccation Touch-pg.109: Does 1D8x10 damage to physical supernatural beings. 20
Rope Trick-pg.113: Perform levitation on a length of rope, rising it up 48 feet into the air. The levitated rope is held firmly in the air and can support up to 400 lbs. 4
Nightvision-pg.112: Can adjust her vision, making her eyes more light sensitive to see in the dark. Works on the same principles as passive night-sight goggles. 4
Impervious to Fire-pg.111: Endures intense heat without pain, damage or injury. 4
Electrokinesis-pg.110: Can exert amazing control over electricity: *Electrical Resistance* (4), *Electrical Discharge* (8: does 2D6 damage to supernatural beings, entities & energy beings), *Manipulate Electrical Devices* (4) and *Sense Electricity* (2 I.S.P. per every two minutes).

Miscellaneous

Leaping Distance: Up: 4 feet / 8 feet (power) Across: 5 feet / 10 feet (power)
Run: 13.6 mph (max) 20 melees 300 feet per round 60 feet per action
Swim: 8.5 mph (max) 20 minutes 189 feet per round 37 feet per action
Bonus to Charm/Impress: 75% **Weight:** Maximum Carrying/Lifting limit: 357 lbs./ 714 lbs.

Example quotes from Callie

You'd know me as the 'The Huntress' on the Lazlo Society website. If you follow MMA fighting, you might also know me as "Hot Rodenburg".

My dad's a boxer and my mom's a ballet dancer; is it any surprise that I'm the physical kind of psychic?

Amis fighting is as flashy as it is effective, that's why I like it some much!

*If you cant beat em, then beat em' with a stick!
Better yet, beat em' with a pair of sticks!*

I recently fought Grave Ghouls in a crypt. I spotted two femurs in a pile of bones, picked them up, and beat every last Grave Ghoul to death with them. Now that's what I call improvising!

Hey, anyone up for Tacos? Or Pizza? I'm starved!



Callie's Escrima Stick Collection

White wax wood Escrima sticks Description: 26" & 7/8" in diameter solid pieces of white wax wood
Traits: Known for its incredible shock absorption and durability, white wax wood has been a staple ingredient in many great martial arts weapons. Callie's always gets the best that wax wood has to offer. These sticks are untreated to take advantage of supernatural beings that are vulnerable to wood.
Damage: 1D6; 2D6 if vulnerable to wood. Callie always carries a pair of these during an investigation.
High Strength Aluminum Sticks Description: 26" thick-walled (1/8") hollow aluminum for durability
Traits: Callie prefers aluminum sticks over steel as they're lighter and just as durable in her opinion. The machined grips increase the surface tension of the metal so her hold/grip on them won't slip.

Steel Escrima Sticks Description: 26" solid pieces of machine gripped steel
Traits: At 2 pounds each, they're twice as heavy as aluminum. Commonly used for strength training. Once trained, going to lighter sticks provides more speed and agility. **Damage:** 1D6+1.

Silver Tipped Escrima Sticks Description: 26" aluminum sticks with solid silver caps on the tips.
Traits: Same as aluminum sticks, but commissioned with pure silver caps covering both tips to gain an advantage over supernatural creatures that are vulnerable to silver (doing 2D6 damage).

Pure Iron Escrima Sticks Description: 26" solid pieces of machine gripped iron rods
Traits: Similar to steel sticks and does 2D6 damage to supernatural beings vulnerable to iron.
Note: Plunging these into incorporeal entities and energy beings can affect them (temporarily).

Unpeeled Rattan Escrima Set Description: 28" solid pieces of unpeeled rattan (vinyl coated)
Traits: Thicker in diameter than normal, the natural bark is more durable and offers a better grip in Cassie's opinion. This set is a memento from her time in the Philippines, training under Master Sol.

Summon Supernatural Strength (see page 134)

Restrained Punch: 2D4+8, **Full Strength Punch:** 3D6+8, **Power Punch:** 6D6+8 (costs 2 attacks)
Supernatural Carrying Strength: 1,050 lbs. **Supernatural Lifting Strength:** 2,100 lbs.
Can hurl a heavy, awkward objects that weights up to 1,050 lbs. as far as 21 feet!
Damage from hurling heavy objects does 1D6+1D6 per every 20 lbs. (100 lb. object does 6D6)
Examples: A 100 lb. object does 6D6 damage while a 1000 lb. object does 6D6x10 damage!