

Ludivigo De Luigi (*Vigo*)

Alignment: Anarchist (was Scrupulous) **P.C.C.:** Ordinary Person

Occupation: Proprietor of *De Luigi's Italian Deli*

6:07 PM, the shop was now closed for the day, and Vigo was wearily heading upstairs to his apartment. There weren't many of these old "apartment over the shop" buildings left in Seattle, which he thought was a shame as they're so convenient. They also reminded him of his childhood home back east. Opening the door (he never bothered locking the apartment doors nowadays) Vinny was as the door waiting for him as usual.

Vinny was the most recent addition to the apartment; Vigo wasn't much a "cat guy", but he'd taken Vinny in after his uncle passed away several months ago. He hadn't adopted Vinny out of any selfless intentions; no one else in the family wanted the old cat and Vigo wasn't a fan of the idea of Vinny going to the pound. Vinny had been in the family for years; he may as well stay in it. Luckily, Vinny didn't seem to mind their small apartment, nor the change of coasts. Vinny's 'go with the flow' attitude about life made him easy to live with.

The one exception to his lazy way of living was when Vigo came "home" after work. Vigo always had leftover scraps of meats or fish from the deli downstairs to add to Vinny's dinner. Not knowing anything about what and where cats should eat, Vigo started a ritual of feeding Vinny on one side of the kitchen table while he ate on the other. Vinny wasn't much for conversation, but Vigo was fine with that. Vinny's physical company at the table was enough. Dinner served, Vinny greedily ate his cat food and baked fish leftovers while Vigo ate the sandwich he'd made before coming up. Like tonight, Vinny usually ate better than Vigo. Vinny loved the leftovers, and Vigo didn't see much point in making a fancy meal for himself.

The realization of his simple dinner due to loneliness stung like it always did. Vigo looked to the empty chair on the right, Leo's chair. Then over to the left one: Claire's. Vinny's place was at the far end of the table, in the spot that never got assigned to anyone. He and Claire had talked about having another one, and Leo was excited about the idea of a little brother or sister. They talked about it right there at the table one night, over a family recipe lasagna, fresh baked bread and tossed salad with the family recipe dressing that Claire loved. While Vigo could almost (but not quite) still smell that meal, he still sharply remembered the conversation that night, along with all the smiles, and all laughter all too well. But Leo was long gone now, and so was Claire, and so that night felt like such a long time ago. "Well Vinny, at least I still got you" he said solemnly. Having nothing to say about the subject, Vinny quietly continued eating.

About an hour later, Vigo was in his chair 'legs up and shoes off', the remote in his hand and watching the game. A craft beer sat half empty on the table next to him. Vigo was far more of a wine fan (even an *aficionado* at one point), but he didn't feel like opening a bottle if he couldn't finish it, and without Claire there to enjoy a bottle with him he just didn't feel it. But he could empty a beer or two on his own easy. Thinking about Claire, he looked to the old landline phone he could see all the way on the wall in the kitchen. Looking over to Vinny he said "Maybe she'll call tonight."

Ignoring him as usual, Vinny was lounging in his usual spot on the back of the couch, looking out his window. Vinny was a loner who wasn't much for affection or attention, which were some of the reasons nobody else in the family wanted him. Vigo on the other hand accepted his self-reliance, even respected it to a degree. Truth be told, he felt a sort of kindred spirit in Vinny, especially whenever he considered how his family didn't seem to want him around these days either. It wasn't always like that, but it is now.

The high pitch, digital chirp of the cordless landline phone started ringing. Surprised more than anything, Vigo got up and made his way over, a sort of unrealized hopeful hustle in his step. Before he could stop himself, Vigo answered in a memorized force of habit. "De Luigi's Deli".

“Vigo, you forgot to turn on your cellphone again.” It wasn’t Claire like he’d hoped. Instead, it was Edmond, a voice he’d become familiar with in the last few years. “Oh, yeah.” Switching the cordless phone in his hands, his now free hand reached down and pulled his old flip phone from a pocket. Opening it and turning it on, “Yup, you’re right. Sorry.”

“Its fine, but I was wondering if you’re busy this evening?” Edmond’s usually polite banter was short and to the point, something Vigo recognized as a sign of trouble. “Never too busy for you, Eddie. What’s up?”

Edmond began to explain a situation to him, but Vigo’s attention was suddenly back in the living room. Hissing, Vinny was glaring wide eyed out the window. His trademark quietness and laid-back demeanor had changed into hissing and raised hackles. “Hey Eddie, hang on a second.” Putting the phone on the counter before waiting for a response, Vigo instinctively grabbed a carving knife from its wood block set while bolting his way next to Vinny. Looking out the window, it was dark outside. One of the streetlights had been out for months and still hadn’t been fixed yet, making the dimness and shadows prevalent. Even so, Vigo could see what Vinny was seeing. In the alleyway across the street, a shadow moved, a large and solid black one. It was gone before Vigo could consider going out after it. This was the other reason he’d taken Vinny in; he was a cat, and cats had a hatred for them. Vinny was no longer hissing, but he still growled as he glared down at the alley way. “I know, I saw him too, Vinny... I saw him too.”

Making his way back to the kitchen and then the phone, Vigo picked it up. “Sorry Eddie.”

“It’s fine Vigo, are you alright?”

“Yeah, it’s just... dark things are out there tonight, am I right?”

“Indeed. That’s why I’m calling you. There’s been a sighting. I need to get a team together to find and deal with it before people start to go missing.”

Vigo’s knuckles were starting to ache, realizing he still gripped the knife in his hand with far too much tension. Easing up, he put it back in the wood block with the rest of the set. “Text me the address, I’ll head out in a minute.”

Going to the bedroom, Vigo opened his foot locker. Inside was what he called “his gear” which was more or less his collection of high-quality cutleries, two hatchets, a hand cannon, and all the sheathes and holsters needed to hold them. Back in the kitchen, he put his gear on the table. While putting his belt on, he looked at Leo’s chair again. While the rest of his investigation related stuff was usually kept in a full-size aluminum toolbox in his truck, “his gear” was always close by him, in case that thing ever got close to his home again. Leo was long gone, but his kidnapper... his killer, was still out there somewhere. One day... one day he would find it.

Back in his comfy chair in the living room, just long enough to put his shoes back on, he looked at Vinny, who was still on the couch, looking out the window on full alert. “Hey Vinny, I’m gonna be out late. Don’t wait up.” He left the television on, in case Vinny wanted to watch the game.

At the apartment door, Vigo collected his wallet and keys from a crystal dish on the nearby table. He opened the door, but paused before exiting. He glanced at the cordless landline now resting back on the wall in its cradle. He sighed, “Maybe she’ll call tomorrow night”. Vigo left the apartment (not bothering to lock it behind him), made his way down the stairs, through the deli shop to the back door, and towards his truck. As he drove down the street, the cordless phone on the wall began ringing again.

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"You aint had Italian food until you've had "De Luigi's Italian" food, baby!"

"You see dis here carving knife? I once carved the skin off a ghoul with it... it's so sharp that it was like going through warm butta. And as for dat ghoul? Well, I'd didn't know dey could scream, much less scream like little girls." Hey! I guess dey scream like little ghouls, eh?

Laughs a little too wickedly at his own joke

"Where da heck is that Banshee? I'll give it somethin' ta wail about!"

"Dat Bogey Man is already dead... it just don't know it yet."

"Got Hell Hounds? Well, I got silver coated hatchets... BA DA BING, done like dinner!"

"Whataya talking about? I don't live alone! Vinny's at home waiting for me."

Beyond the Supernatural

Player: Pregenerated Player Character

Character: Ludovigo De Luigi

Nickname/Alias: "Vigo", "The Vig" and "Ludo"

P.C.C.: Ordinary Person (pages 64-67)

Sex: Male Alignment: Anarchist (was Scrupulous)

Occupation: Owns De Luigi's Italian Deli Shop

Attributes

I.Q.: <u>11</u>	HTH: <u>Basic</u>
M.E.: <u>10</u>	Actions per Round: <u>5</u>
M.A.: <u>20</u>	Initiative:+ <u>2</u>
P.S.: <u>20</u>	Damage:+ <u>6</u>
P.P.: <u>17</u>	Strike:+ <u>4</u>
P.E.: <u>21</u>	Parry:+ <u>3</u>
P.B.: <u>9</u>	Dodge:+ <u>3</u>
Spd.: <u>15</u>	Roll with punch, fall or Impact:+ <u>5</u>
P.P.E.: <u>2</u>	Pull Punch (11+):+ <u>2</u>
I.S.P.: <u>-</u>	Knockout/Stun Roll: <u>-</u>
S.D.C.: <u>40</u>	Critical Strike Roll: <u>Natural 20</u>
Hit Points: <u>43</u>	Death Blow Roll: <u>-</u>
Perception: <u>+2</u>	

Armor: Armored Vest & Guards A.R.: 12 S.D.C.: 120

Level: 5 Experience Points: N/A

Special Abilities/Skills

Good with his hands (+1 P.P.)

Tough Guy (+1 P.E.)

Wiry, but Strong (+3 to P.S.)

Death Wish (+2 to save vs. Horror Factor)

Talent for throwing weapons (Targeting W.P. proficiency)

Really good with his cutlery (*Expert* added to Knife W.P.)

Saving Throws

	Base	Modifier	Roll Needed
Horror Factor		<u>+5</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>-</u>	<u>12+</u>
Psionics	<u>15</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>15+</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>+12%</u>	
Possession		<u>+0</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>+3</u>	<u>13+</u>

Skills

	Base	Bonus	+%/lvl	Total%
Language: English	<u>88</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>92</u>
Language: Italian	<u>50</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>72</u>
Literacy: English	<u>80</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>92</u>
Literacy: Italian	<u>40</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>70</u>
Mathematics: Basic	<u>72</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>90</u>
Pilot: Automobile	<u>60</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>78</u>
Cook: Professional	<u>35</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>75</u>
Physical Labor	Physical & Attribute bonuses			
Business & Finance	<u>35</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>75</u>
Computer Operation	<u>60</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>82</u>
Public Speaking	<u>30</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>60</u>
Brewing: Basic	<u>25/30</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>55/60</u>
General Repair/Maintenance	<u>45</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>75</u>
Preserve Food	<u>30</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>
Streetwise	<u>20</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>36</u>
Streetwise: Weird	<u>30</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>
Juggling	<u>35</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>65</u>
Palming	<u>20</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>40</u>
Gambling (standard)	<u>30</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>

Skills

	Base	Bonus	+%/lvl	Total%
Wardrobe & Grooming	<u>50</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>81</u>
 Lore: Demons & Monsters	<u>30</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>
 Lore: Bogey Man	<u>30</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>70</u>
Hobby: Axe / Hatchet Throwing	<u>40</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>60</u>
Hobby: Craft Jerky Recipes	<u>40</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>60</u>
Hobby: Knife collecting (3rd)	<u>40</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>50</u>

Weapon Proficiencies: Recognize Weapon Quality (45%)

Ancient Weapon Proficiencies	Strike	Parry	Throw
Targeting	Critical on 19-20		<u>+2</u>
Knife (Expert)	<u>+4</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>+6</u>
Axe	<u>+2</u>	<u>+1</u>	<u>+3</u>
Paired Weapons	See page 214 for details		
Modern Weapon Proficiencies	Strike	Aimed	Burst
Handguns	<u>+2</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>+1</u>

Weapons & Hand-to-Hand Attacks

Weapons & Attacks	Strike	Parry	Throw/Range	Rate of Fire	Shots/Ammo	Weight	Damage
pair of meat cleavers	<u>+8</u>	<u>+7</u>	<u>+12 / 30 feet</u>	melee	2 cleavers	2 lbs.	1D8+8 per strike (can be paired)
pair of carving knives	<u>+8</u>	<u>+7</u>	<u>+12 / 30 feet</u>	melee	4 knives	4 lbs.	1D6+8 per strike (can be paired)
set of throwing daggers	<u>+8</u>	<u>+7</u>	<u>+12 / 40 feet</u>	melee	6 daggers	7 lbs.	1D4+8 per strike (can be paired)
large chopping axe	<u>+6</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>+7 / 10 feet</u>	melee	carries one	7 lbs.	2D6+10 per strike
silver coated hatchets	<u>+6</u>	<u>+4</u>	<u>+9 / 30 feet</u>	melee	2 hatchets	2 lbs.	2D4 (4D4 if vulnerable to silver)+8
*Ruger Super Redhawk	<u>+2 /+4 aimed</u>		<u>135 feet</u>	single	6 / 12 rounds	5 lbs.	4D6+15 (3D6 to solid objects)
Karate Punch / Kick	Called shots (nose, eyes, groin, etc.) can penalize target						1D4+6 (punch) / 2D4+6 (kick)
Elbow / Knee strikes	Note: Called Shots & Power Strikes cost two attacks to perform						1D6+6 (elbow) / 1D8+6 (knee)
Disarm Attacks	Needs a Natural 17-20 as a defensive move; gets a +6 bonus to offensive disarm attempts.						

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

Equipment

smartphone, trench coat, buttoned shirt, Dockers, shoes, zippo pack of cigarettes, silver cross on a necklace, pair of gloves, wallet, handkerchief, ski mask, flask of whiskey, pocket flashlight, pocket knife (1D4 damage) and some personal items gun holster & knife belt with customized sheathes for hatchets black throwing knife bandolier with vest holder & belt strap

Messenger Bag Contents: large flashlight, bottle of aspirin, flask of whiskey, towel, roll of duct tape, bag of craft beef jerky, sharpening stone, small utility knife (1D4), multi-tool, small canister of ground pepper, cleaning rag for knives, map of Seattle with handmade notes of supernatural hot spots

Unique Items

drives a six-year-old black Dodge Ram truck

Lives in a two bedroom apartment over his deli shop, located in the *Central District* of Seattle. His son Leo's room's been the same since the day he went missing. Vigo treats it like a shrine and visits it often. Been living alone since he and his wife (Claire) separated but has a cat named *Vinny*; was his uncles' cat till he died.

*The Ruger Super Redhawk 44.Magnum Double Action Revolver uses *Hollow Point* rounds that does 4D6+15 to humans/monsters but only 3D6 to solid objects (walls, doors, armor, etc.)

Vigo's Personal Information

Beyond the Supernatural

Age: 43 Height: 5' 11" Weight: 170 lbs. Hair: raven black but greying, short but unkempt
Eyes: brown Birth Order: 2nd of three Money: \$300.00 cash on hand
General Appearance: Vigo usually wears button up shirts (w/ the sleeves rolled up), Dockers and good work shoes. Strangely, while he keeps himself clean shaven, his hair has become unkempt; Vigo used to always keep his hair in a neat buzz cut and well groomed overall. On a typical day Vigo has nicks, cuts, bruises and bandages all over him.
Disposition: A quiet, mean and bitter attitude with an axe to grind (metaphoric and literal).
Family History: Italian decent w/ definite family history of psychic phenomena.
Environment: Raised in the *Little Italy* neighborhood of New York City.
Sentiment towards Psychics & Mages: Has a big sister who's a physical psychic. Her abilities came early, so Vigo watched her grow into her own, jealous that he never got any abilities.
Sentiments toward Supernatural: *Da' supernatural destroyed my life! I'll never chop enough of em up before one of them gets my goat. But that sure as hell won't stop me from trying!*
Goals in Life: Keep his deli afloat (getting harder to do) and hunt down the Bogey Man that took his son so he can personally disincorporate it. Maybe reconcile with his separated wife afterwards.
Insanity: Has become a chain smoker and drinks like a man in need of another drink for the past few years. While intoxicated he is mean & sloppy: +1 Strike, but -2 Parry & Dodge.

Notes about Vigo's mental state

While Vigo's mental health is hurting, his sense of justice & honor have remained strong. When he's not intoxicated or fighting the supernatural with a death wish, Vigo is a good man with a big heart for everyone and everything. Wears his broken heartedness for his dead son on his sleeve, but can still be charismatic and generous with people.
When dealing with the supernatural (especially the *Bogey Man*) Vigo will need to make a save vs. Insanity to avoid going into an uncontrollable rage and lash out at it with all he has. When under this rage, he is +1 to Strike and -2 to Parry & Dodge.

Sample Quotes from Vigo:

"Nah, I aint scared of dyin'... dat Bogey Man killed me a long time ago. I'm just too stubborn ta lay down yet... I'd really like to take some of those supernatural bastards with me before I go."

"You aint had Italian food until you've had "De Luigi's Italian" food, baby!"

*"You see dis carving knife here? I once carved the skin off a ghoul with it... it's so sharp that it was like going through warm butta. And as for dat ghoul? Well, I'd didn't know dey could scream, much less scream like little girls."
Hey, I guess dey scream like little ghouls, eh? *laughs a little too wickedly at his own joke**

"Where da heck is that Banshee? I'll give it somethin' ta wail about!"

"Dat Bogey Man is already dead... it just don't know it yet."

"Got Hell Hounds? Well, I got silver coated hatchets... BA DA BING, done like dinner!"

Miscellaneous

Leaping Distance: Up: 2.5 feet / 5 feet (power) Across: 5 feet / 10 feet (power)
Run: 10.2 mph (max) 21 melees 225 feet per round 45 feet per action
Swim: - mph (max) - minutes - feet per round - feet per action
Bonus to Trust/Intimidate: 60% Maximum carry/lift weight: 400 lbs. / 800 lbs.

