

Military Intelligence Group 7

United Kingdom
Classified B-12-097-62495



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MILITARY INTELLIGENCE GROUP 7

a.k.a.



S.T.R.I.K.E.

(Special Tactical Response for Interdimensional Key Emergencies)

OVERVIEW

Like most major powers, the United Kingdom is all too aware of the existence of the supernatural. For nearly five centuries, the British government has carried on a secret war against demons, vampires, ghosts, evil sorcerers and monsters of all sorts. At present, Britain's premier anti-supernatural force is S.T.R.I.K.E. Officially (but only at the highest level) known as MI7, S.T.R.I.K.E. is a top-secret group nominally under the aegis of MI5, the domestic intelligence service of Her Majesty's Government. In reality, S.T.R.I.K.E. operates with almost complete autonomy, funded through a variety of dummy agencies scattered throughout the British government and lead, at the moment, by retired Army Brigadier General Sir Martin Black.

S.T.R.I.K.E. headquarters is just outside the remote rural village of Tanglewood in Yorkshire, England. Avalon, as the facility is called, houses the hundred or so commandos and scientists who carry out the agency's work - locating and destroying non-human threats to Britain. While vampires are the vast majority of Paranormal Entities, they are considered a low priority by S.T.R.I.K.E. compared to the far less numerous but far more dangerous demons that prowl the countryside and stalk the cities.



At the dawn of the 21st century, S.T.R.I.K.E. has its hands full. The number of PEs in Britain is reaching record levels, and there seems to be no end in sight. The para-scientists are at a loss to explain the cause, and the commandos are run ragged trying to keep up. Deprived of the fat budget that supplied America's Initiative with next-next generation weaponry, S.T.R.I.K.E. does its best to stay afloat using ordinary weapons and extraordinary courage.

HISTORY

Like much of Britain's current intelligence apparatus, S.T.R.I.K.E. was born in the early 20th century. Rumor has it that there were earlier such organizations, but if so, their secrets remain buried deep. What is known is that S.T.R.I.K.E., then called MI7, was created in 1907.

Official records state that MI7 was formed in order to subvert 'extraordinary' threats to the Empire. At the time, these were primarily colonial in nature - anti-imperial uprisings backed up by magic were fairly frequent. Luckily for the British Empire, they were all squashed by MI7 before they could become truly dangerous (although some paranoid members of MI7 wondered if perhaps the Sepoy Mutiny or the Mahdist Uprising in the Sudan were stranger than they appeared).

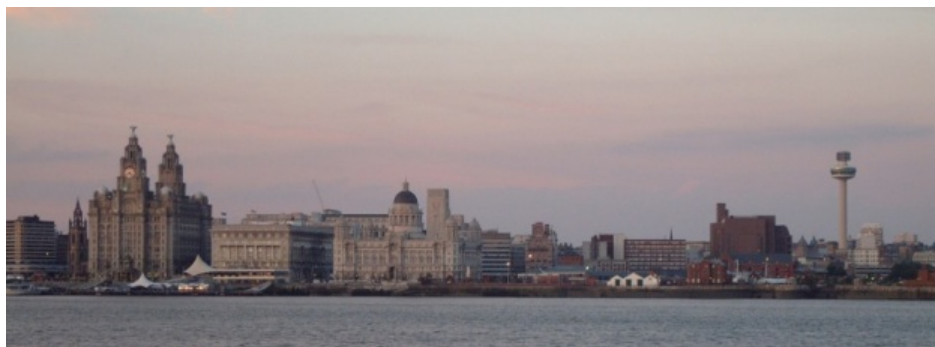


MI7 saw relatively little action during WWI, and funding was slowly cut even before the Great Depression. Thus, when the occult-obsessed Nazis took power, MI7 was ill-prepared to deal with the new threat. While Britain's mundane security services easily turned the German spy network in a brilliant coup, the Nazi supernatural offensive was not so easily countered. Many MI7 agents were killed in frantic attempts to prevent Nazi occultists from summoning demonic hordes in the City of London or from unleashing supernatural devastation on RAF air fields during the Battle of Britain.



Eventually, though, the Third Reich was defeated and the tangle of intelligence agencies was cleaned up. MI7 was placed under the control of MI5 and became known, unofficially at least, as S.T.R.I.K.E. Its focus shifted from international threats (which were few in number even with the rise of the USSR) to domestic security. Ironically, this restricted focus meant more work for the beleaguered S.T.R.I.K.E. operatives – there were never more than a few Nazi wizards, but there were thousands of vampires and demons in Britain. Just locating them all was a Herculean task - complete destruction was never more than wishful thinking.

And the job has only become harder over the last few years. The number of supernatural creatures continues to rise at an alarming rate, and there have been no fewer than six Code 5 incidents – near-catastrophic breakdowns of the barriers between Earth and demonic dimensions. How much worse will it get? is a question that haunts many S.T.R.I.K.E. leaders and operatives.



ORGANIZATION

S.T.R.I.K.E. is divided into two branches - Intelligence, commanded by Amelia Caldwell, and Operations, commanded by Major David Pendrell, both of whom report directly to Sir Martin, who in turn reports to the Director General of MI5.

Intelligence is responsible for gathering information about supernatural threats (preferably before they emerge), for analyzing recovered bodies and artifacts, and for investigating new and more efficient methods for Operations to employ. With the current rise in the supernatural threat level, information gathering is Intelligence's primary duty, and little manpower is devoted to analysis and research.

The two main sub-branches of Intelligence are Psi-Division, comprised of a dozen or so of Britain's finest clairvoyants, precognitives, and psychometrists, as well as another score of parapsychologists and interpreters (psychic visions have an annoying tendency to be given in tongues) and Arcane Division, which is staffed by a handful of volunteer magicians. Recently, Arcane has gotten a boost by the recruitment of nearly a dozen former members of the Council of Watchers. Their status is still somewhat ill-defined, though, and there have been some personality clashes with the original staff.

In addition to Psi-Division and Arcane, Intelligence also contains divisions specializing in Para-Biological Study, Artifact Analysis, Supernatural Social Tracking, Weapons Research, and Dimensional Physics. Few of them are more than paper units, however, and funding is extremely limited.

(It should be noted that while Intelligence agents are not part of Operations, they do, in fact, take part in field operations from time to time as the situation calls for it.)



Operations is, predictably, the larger branch of S.T.R.I.K.E. It is divided into twelve combat teams of six operatives (five agents and one officer, typically holding the rank of sergeant). Each team is trained to work independently – the situation in Britain is such that only the utmost emergencies will cause Major Pendrell or Sir Martin to deploy more than one team to a given location. There are simply too many threats and not enough manpower.

Fortunately for S.T.R.I.K.E., they have the extraordinary authority to command local police and even Army units if the need arises, although this can often take time to arrange and results in headaches for the agents who work to keep S.T.R.I.K.E. secret from the populace. The Avalon rumor mill also says that there are four (or more) 'shadow' combat teams who answer directly to Sir Martin and are equipped with exotic weapons to do battle with extreme threats. Nobody in authority has ever given even the slightest hint that the rumors are true, however, and few people take them seriously, of course.

OTHER AGENCIES

S.T.R.I.K.E. is not the only organization that is dedicated to dealing with the supernatural affairs of the United Kingdom.



The largest of its associates is T.R.A.N.C.E. (Transdimensional Research and New Cosmos Exploration), a top secret branch of the Office of Science and Technology. T.R.A.N.C.E. is often described as the 'black hole' of cutting-edge physics. Over the last twenty years, many of Britain's best minds have quietly disappeared into it, much to the dismay of numerous universities and businesses. The purpose of the organization is simple – to explore the new frontiers of the 21st century: other dimensions. The British government has long known that other worlds exist. Only now, however, is the technology to reach them becoming more than a dream.

At their bases on Sparrow Island in the Outer Hebrides and St. Barbara in the South Atlantic, T.R.A.N.C.E. attempts to pierce the invisible barrier and enter other worlds. To date, they have succeeded twice. Each time, S.T.R.I.K.E. was called upon to clean up the mess and rescue the survivors. Nonetheless, T.R.A.N.C.E. continues, hopeful that before the century ends, they will have created a safe and cheap method of interdimensional travel.

The Harrowford Sporting Association is, officially at least, a group of hunting and nature enthusiasts based in Kent. Unofficially, however, they are an oddity – a brotherhood of extremely skilled hunters who have made it their goal to hunt and kill demons and vampires. Membership is quite limited – the HSA has no desire for its men to get killed left, right and center – and only the very best are approached. That said, those who do join are both highly capable and, from S.T.R.I.K.E.'s



perspective, highly annoying. Few things are worse than a carrying out week-long stakeout of a demon den in the Highlands only to see a pair of HSA hunters blunder in and ruin things. So far, the HSA hasn't gotten anybody killed – mercifully – or broken any laws but S.T.R.I.K.E. finds them a bother, at best, and a downright menace at worst.

Another organization, of far greater age and authority, was the shadowy Council of Watchers. This private 'occult research society' was once the world's most powerful group concerned with supernatural matters. Watcher archives contained a wealth of information about demons, vampires, magic and more, while individual Watchers often averted major crises by whispering in the right ear or, more rarely, taking direct action themselves. On more than one occasion, S.T.R.I.K.E. and the Council worked together in order to handle an especially powerful paranormal entity.

Unfortunately for the Council, S.T.R.I.K.E. and Britain (and perhaps the world), those days are over. In the fall of 2002, an unknown party managed to infiltrate and destroy the Council headquarters in London. The top ranks of the Council were all killed, as well as many of the rank

and file. The Council's priceless library was destroyed - countless texts and artifacts were lost forever. Worse, within days, many of the surviving Watchers were killed, presumably by the same organization that destroyed their headquarters. In less than a week, a society that had survived thousands of years was all but lost.



In the aftermath of the massacre, Sir Martin was able to contact Reginald Price, the ranking survivor, and made an unprecedented offer: any surviving Watcher who came to work for S.T.R.I.K.E. would be accepted, and given a warm welcome, no (or at least few) questions asked. Some of the remaining Watchers were killed before they could reply, most of them turned Sir Martin down and went back to the job of rebuilding the Council, but twenty or so signed on, to the delight of Arcane

Division.

Sadly, recruiting the former Watchers has proved easier than integrating them into S.T.R.I.K.E. The Council was an almost perversely archaic body, and its members have little experience with or use for S.T.R.I.K.E. and its military ethos.

Alas, not all Britons in the know when it comes to the supernatural have benevolent attitudes. There are some who openly embrace the dark side of the shadow world. The worst of the worst is the Hellfire Club. In its guise as the Hartford Club, the Hellfire Club is one of London's most elite social clubs. Only the finest members of society are even considered for membership. In the past, some Royals (including the current Crown Prince) have been rejected by the Inner Circle.

Behind the charming facade lies a rotten truth – the Hellfire Club is a secret society of black magic and demonic worship. They are intimately involved in Britain's supernatural underground, traffickers in the occult and the diabolical, servants (and masters) of dark forces, and, in the view of some S.T.R.I.K.E. analysts, the greatest threat to Britain's security.

But for all that, S.T.R.I.K.E. is powerless to act against them. The Hellfire Club's evil is second only to its caution. In twenty years, only one member has been identified positively enough for S.T.R.I.K.E. to act against him. The identity of the masters of the Hellfire Club remain unknown, as does the true scope of its activity. All attempts to infiltrate have failed miserably, and the Club itself is immune to surveillance, either electronic or mystical. For now, S.T.R.I.K.E. can only continue to gather intelligence, waiting for the opportunity to act.

JOINING S.T.R.I.K.E.

Most members of S.T.R.I.K.E. are recruited from various branches of the British government and armed forces. Many Operations agents, for example, are ex-Army and Royal Marines, although there are a fair number of former police officers, MI5 agents, and even ordinary civilians.

S.T.R.I.K.E. keeps a close eye on those British citizens who survive encounters with the supernatural and, if they are considered likely candidates for recruitment, will begin a background investigation with the assistance of either MI5 and Scotland Yard (as appropriate to the situation). Should the background check prove positive, a S.T.R.I.K.E. Intelligence agent will approach the candidate and briefly explain the nature of S.T.R.I.K.E. in general terms. Subsequent conversations take place at a S.T.R.I.K.E. field office outside London (no recruit is told about the existence of Avalon until a full member, let alone taken there). Those who turn the offer down are cut loose; those who accept sign security, confidentiality and liability agreements, then are taken to Avalon for a six month training course in S.T.R.I.K.E. equipment and operational procedure.

At the end of the six month training period, the new agent is assigned to either Intelligence or Operations. Ideally, they are placed in a unit where their talents can be put to best use in order to help combat the supernatural menace. More often, given S.T.R.I.K.E.'s limited budget and high rate of attrition, they are used to fill the most pressing vacancies. This has occasionally resulted in problems in the field.

ARCHETYPES

Para-Scientist

Character Type: White Hat

Life Points: 26

Drama Points: 20

Attributes (15)

Strength 2

Dexterity 2

Constitution 2

Intelligence 5 (1 level from Nerd quality)

Perception 3

Willpower 3 (1 level from Nerd quality)

Qualities (10 + 1 from Drawbacks)

Attractiveness +3 (3)

Nerd (3)

Superscientist 1 (5)

Drawbacks (6)

Dependent (Daughter) (2)

Misfit (2)

Obligation (2)

Skills (15 + 4 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 1

Computers 4

Doctor 2

Gun Fu 1

Knowledge 2

Kung Fu 1

Languages 1

Mr. Fix-It 2

Occultism 2

Notice 2

Science 5 (2 levels from Nerd quality)

Combat Maneuvers

| | Bonus | Base Damage | Notes |
|-------|-------|-------------|----------------|
| Dodge | 3 | - | Defense action |
| Kick | 5 | 6 | Bash |
| Punch | 3 | 4 | Bash |

Background on the Para-Scientist

I have to admit, my life is pretty bloody cool. I mean, really. Look at it. Here I am, one of maybe a thousand people on Earth who get to do what I do. Look. I'm sitting on top of a computer that is cracking open a language that no human has ever spoken. Down the hall, my mates are building a gun that shoots into another dimension. I came up with the idea. Not bad for a scrawny little geek girl from the East End, eh?

So. Here I am, Miss Space Science working for the most secret agency in the country, and loving it.



Of course it's not all perfect. I can't breathe a word of it to my little one. Not a chance. She thinks I work at a chemist. Lord help me when she turns into a teenager and talks about how boring her mum's job is. That's not it, either. Sometimes I wonder just where our ideas are ending up. Certain people 'round here... Just makes you wonder, that's all.

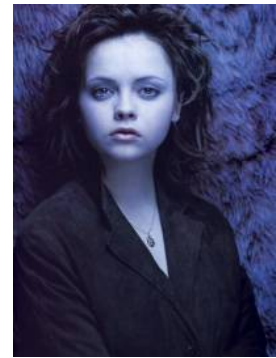
Quote: *"Don't you get it? All you have to do is reverse the polarity and it'll send it back to its home di - oh, bugger, just shoot the slimy git."*

Roleplaying the Para-Scientist

You're a geek. There's no doubt about it. You're also one of the finest minds in Britain, and a major asset to S.T.R.I.K.E.'s attempts to unravel the mysteries of the hidden world. When they need to find out an antidote to Scarra demon toxin, they come to you. When they need to figure out just what can kill a Krishnah, they come to you. When they want to know what the name of that dancer in Return of the Jedi was (Oola), they come to you. But, like a lot of single working moms, you have a tough time balancing career and family. It's not easy to keep lying to your daughter. What will happen if you tell her one day? You've heard horrible rumors. But they're just stories... right?

Psi-Division Psychometrist

Character Type: Hero
Life Points: 47
Drama Points: 10

Attributes (20)

Strength 3 Intelligence 3
Dexterity 3 Perception 5 (1 level from Occult Investigator quality)
Constitution 4 Willpower 4 (1 level from Occult Investigator quality)

Qualities (20)

Hard to Kill 3 (3)
Occult Investigator (4)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Psychometry (4)
Resources (4)
Spirit Medium (2)

Drawbacks (5)

Addiction (Anti-depressants) (1)
Emotional Problems (Depression) (2)
Humorless (1)
Obligation (2)

Skills (20 + 6 from Drawbacks)

Computers 3
Crime 2
Gun Fu 1
Influence 3
Knowledge 3
Kung Fu 1
Languages 2
Notice 4
Occultism 5 (3; 2 levels from Occult Investigator quality)
Science 2
Wild Card (Astrology) 2

Combat Maneuvers

| | Bonus | Base Damage | Notes |
|--------|-------|-------------|----------------|
| Dodge | 4 | - | Defense action |
| Kick | 3 | 8 | Bash |
| Pistol | 4 | 12 | Bullet |
| Punch | 4 | 6 | Bash |

Background on the Psi-Division Psychometrist

I see dead people. No, I'm not kidding. I really do. I see them, I hear them, everywhere I look... Yes,

even right now.

It wasn't always like this. I used to be like you. I used to be blind to the spirit world. I wanted to see, I wanted to experience it. Took my family money and put it into London's first psychic detective agency. All kinds of cranks came to me, of course. But finally, I got a real client. And that's when it happened. I stumbled into something I shouldn't have, and my eyes were opened.

I can't close them again. I wanted to see the spirit world. I got my wish.

I wish I could make it all go away. You'd understand if you saw what I saw.

Quote: *"I see it... the man we seek. Oh, God! God! No! ... No, no, it's okay. There's nothing for *you* to be afraid of."*

Roleplaying the Psi-Division Psychometrist

Seeing dead people isn't all it's cracked up to be. Ghosts are ugly and unpleasant and angry, or else they'd have moved on. That's what nobody gets. But you get it. You can't help it. You see them.

All. The. Time.

It was almost a relief when S.T.R.I.K.E. recruited you. Now you don't have to deal with them. At least, that's what the contract said. But the 'extraordinary circumstances' clause gets invoked more and more often. How long can you keep it up before you burn out? They're always out there. And now they're in HERE, too. There's no escape. None...

Spy Girl

Character Type: Hero
 Life Points: 46
 Drama Points: 10



Attributes (20)

Strength 3
 Dexterity 4 (1 level from Ex-Cop quality)
 Constitution 3

Intelligence 3
 Perception 4
 Willpower 4

Qualities (20)

Attractiveness +4 (4)
 Contacts (3)
 Ex-Cop (4)
 Fast Reaction Time (2)
 Hard to Kill 4 (4)
 Iron Mind (3)

Drawbacks (9)

Adversary (Hellfire Club) (5)
 Honorable (1)
 Obligation (3)

Skills (20 + 9 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 3
 Computers 2
 Crime 4 (1 level from Ex-Cop quality)
 Doctor 2
 Driving 2 (1 level from Ex-Cop quality)
 Getting Medieval 1
 Gun Fu 4 (1 level from Ex-Cop quality)

Influence 3
 Knowledge 2
 Kung Fu 3
 Languages 1
 Mr. Fix-It 1
 Occultism 1
 Notice 3

Combat Maneuvers

| | Bonus | Base Damage | Notes |
|----------------|-------|-------------|----------------|
| Dodge | 7 | - | Defense action |
| Kick | 6 | 8 | Bash |
| Punch | 7 | 6 | Bash |
| Knife | 5 | 6 | Slash/stab |
| Pistol | 8 | 12 | Bullet |
| Big Pistol | 8 | 15 | Bullet |
| Submachine Gun | 8 | 9 | Bullet |

Background on the Spy Girl

First off, I do not have a license to kill. I never did. But you couldn't call my life boring, either. I was recruited into the new kinder, gentler (right!) MI5 straight out of university. They fancied I might have a shot at infiltrating this posh club in the City that the lads in Thames House have been after for years. Oh, it acts like its just another social club, but they've got their fingers in half the rot in Britain. Drugs, prostitution, extortion, arms deals, a list as long as your arm.

As it happens, it's a lot worse than even that. I still don't even know why they let me join the Club. Actually, I do. I fancy they wanted to cut me open on an altar, or feed me to a bloodsucker as a midnight snack. That's the sort of thing they do. I saw it myself. I got out in time, but MI5 stonewalled me when it came to the 'unsubstantiated' aspects of my report. Turns out, it wasn't all for nothing, even if it nearly got me fired. Sir Martin and his team snatched me up, and here I am.

I can't wait to have another go at the Hellfire Club. I owe them.

Quote: *"Actually, I DO have a license to kill..."*

Roleplaying the Spy Girl

You're not quite James Bond in a skirt, but you're not far off, either. You know the ins and outs of the espionage game, and you're more than willing to use all the tricks you learned to help bring down the Hellfire Club, and anything else that gets in the way. You just might end up running S.T.R.I.K.E. one day... if the Club doesn't get you before you get them.

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando

Character Type: Hero

Life Points - 53

Drama Points - 10

Attributes (20)

Strength 4

Dexterity 4 (1 level from

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando quality)

Constitution 4 (1 level from

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando quality)

Intelligence 3

Perception 4

Willpower 3



Qualities (20)

Attractiveness +2 (2)

Contacts (3)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill 5 (3 levels from

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando quality)

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando (4)

Military Rank (Staff Sergeant) (2)

Natural Toughness (2)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Situational Awareness (part of

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando quality)

Drawbacks (up to 10)

Honorable (2)

Obligation (part of S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando quality)

Obsession (Kill All Vampires) (2)

Skills (20 + 4 from drawbacks)

Acrobatics 2

Computers 1

Doctor 2

Driving 1

Getting Medieval 2

Gun Fu 5

Influence 1

Knowledge 1

Kung Fu 3

Languages 1

Mr. Fix-It 1

Notice 3

Occultism 1

Combat Maneuvers

| | Bonus | Base Damage | Notes |
|---------------------|-------|-------------|----------------|
| Dodge | 7 | - | Defense action |
| Kick | 6 | 10 | Bash |
| Punch | 7 | 8 | Bash |
| Big Knife | 6 | 8 | Slash/stab |
| Shotgun | 9 | 20 | Bullet |
| Assault Rifle | 9 | 16 | Bullet |
| Big Pistol | 9 | 15 | Bullet |
| Stake | 6 | 12 | x5 vs vampires |
| (Through the Heart) | 3 | 12 | x5 vs vampires |

Background on the S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando

To serve Queen and Country. From my youngest days, that was the center of my ambition. I enlisted in the Army soon as I could, just in time for the Gulf War, and before long, found myself in the Parachute Regiment and then the SAS. Then there was a nasty run-in with some fanged freaks in Macedonia. Most of my men didn't make it out. How do you kill something that doesn't fall over when you shoot it? Lucky that I had a few grenades left over. Not so lucky that I was too close to one when it went off.

Once I could walk again, two men from S.T.R.I.K.E. came calling, and I didn't need a second's thought before signing up. Now I'm out in the field again, hunting down the monsters that threaten Britain and taking them out one at a time. It's my dream, my calling - but if only I could get the bosses to pay more attention to the damn bloodsuckers. I have to make them pay for what they did to my mates.

Quote: *"All right, brilliant job, boys! That's a few less Polgara demons for Liverpool to worry about. Now let's see if we can find a vampire nest to burn before we head back to Avalon..."*

Roleplaying the S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando

You talk a good game about Queen and Country, and usually you mean it, but what drives you, what really keeps you going, is your own private crusade against vampires. Vampires killed your men, vampires are out there, murdering every night, more vampires every year... vampires, vampires, vampires. You won't rest until you've killed every last bloody one of them. Or at least every last bloody one in Britain.

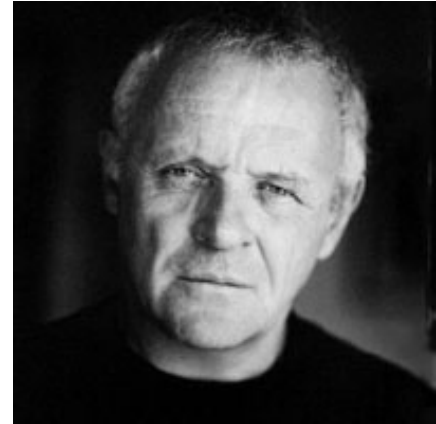
Aside from that, you're an extremely well-adjusted and dedicated member of an above top-secret group of government monster hunters.

NPCs

***Brigadier General Sir Martin Black, Royal Army (ret),
S.T.R.I.K.E. Head (Sir Anthony Hopkins)***

"Perhaps you'd care to explain precisely WHY there's a picture of you shooting a Kalesh demon on page 10 of the Fortean Times, Agent Sloane?"

Sir Martin is the heart, soul and brains of S.T.R.I.K.E. It is, in large part, his efforts that have kept the group intact over the last fifteen years. He is absolutely dedicated to protecting Britain from the supernatural, to keeping control over S.T.R.I.K.E. and to protecting his men (not necessarily in that order).



Unfortunately, Sir Martin is getting on in years (he first saw action fighting in Kenya after WWII), and many inside S.T.R.I.K.E. wonder if his replacement will be half as capable. Few look forward to the day when the Old Man finally retires.

***Amelia Caldwell,
S.T.R.I.K.E. Intelligence Chief (Lena Olin)***



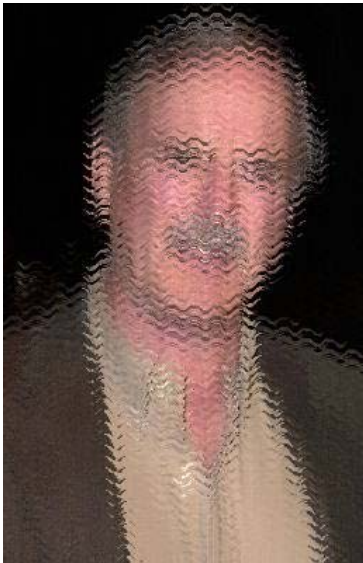
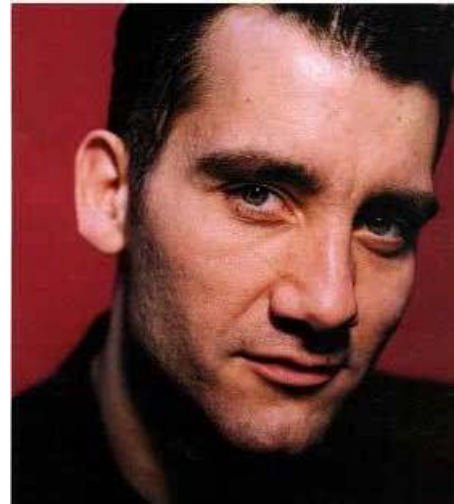
"Does it seem as if I care how long it takes to summon up the Inspector's spirit? Lives depend on it. Why're you still standing there?"

Amelia is cold and ruthlessly efficient. Her subordinates love her anyway for the simple reason that they have no choice. Since taking over Intelligence, Caldwell has ruthlessly weeded out the unreliable, the weak-willed and even a pair of traitors, and placed her protégés into positions of influence. Some of the older hands wonder if perhaps she went too far, but nobody can deny that Intelligence is a far more efficient agency now.

***Major David Pendrell,
S.T.R.I.K.E. Operations Chief (Clive Owen)***

"Easy op tonight, lads. Zombies in Bristol. See if you can't take them out without burning down half the city this time."

Major Pendrell is the very model of a modern British major. He rose steadily through the ranks, a process that continued even after he joined S.T.R.I.K.E. Granted, promotion by attrition is a fact of life in the organization, but nobody doubts Pendrell earned his position. He's well-liked by his men. Enthusiastic and loyal, Operations agents know he's a man they can trust - as long as they do the job right.



Shifty Steve, S.T.R.I.K.E. informant (John Cleese)

Even though S.T.R.I.K.E. utilizes the services of dozens of psychics and telepaths, they often are forced to rely on outside sources of information. Shifty Steve is the first person they turn to. This eccentric character has his finger on the pulse of the British occult underground and is always willing to help out S.T.R.I.K.E. for a suitable fee. Oddly enough, he never lets any of said psychics and telepaths come near him. Everyone has their secrets, it seems.

Mr. X, Hellfire Club Leader (?)

S.T.R.I.K.E. knows next to nothing about Mr. X (he could very well be a Ms. X, or an It X, in fact), only that he is the undisputed lord and master of the Hellfire Club. The Keyser Soze of supernatural Britain, he's been suspected of crimes ranging from the destruction of the Council of Watchers to the Great London Fire of 1666. Discovering Mr. X's identity is officially Priority One for S.T.R.I.K.E. and has been for nearly forty years.

ROGUE'S GALLERY

S.T.R.I.K.E. IdentFile 457
Subject: Tobias King
P.E. Type: Vampire

Background: Tobias King is an especially old and clever vampire. Turned c. 1760 by Angelus (see IdentFile 312). Evaded destruction by H. in March 1765 and August 1769. Sighted in 1772, 1776, 1777, 1782, 1785 and 1786. Departed Britain in fall 1787, believed to have joined Order of Aurelius shortly thereafter. Not sighted in Britain again until 1840, although the 1840 incident is unconfirmed. In 1953, King narrowly evaded destruction by S.T.R.I.K.E. operatives in Liverpool.

Since then, King has resided in the Greater Manchester area as 'Master' of local vampiric community. Intelligence analysis estimates King is responsible for the deaths of at least twelve thousand victims during his existence. Moreover, Psi-Division believes he may be connected to the Hellfire Club through their branch office in Manchester. In any case, King is an extremely dangerous threat to the public good. All leads concerning him should be promptly and thoroughly investigated.

Current Location: Greater Manchester, UK

Confirmed Sightings: Numerous. See IdentFile 457 Appendix.

S.T.R.I.K.E. IdentFile 36

Subject: "Springheel Jack" (real name unknown)

P.E. Type: Unknown Demonic Entity

Background: This bizarre creature is the only known example of an unidentified species of paranormal entity. First sighted in London in September 1837, "Springheel Jack" was encountered by civilians numerous times over the next several decades. In 1877, ***** agents seconded to the Army managed to trap and capture "Springheel Jack". Unfortunately for Research Branch, "Springheel Jack" died shortly after being apprehended, unable or unwilling to communicate with ***** staff. He was transferred to ***** Containment Facility B, and subsequently to Avalon, where his frozen corpse currently resides.



Addendum: In 1904, an entity matching the description of "Springheel Jack" was sighted in Liverpool. It was possibly another member of the same species as the original "Springheel Jack", although the greater likelihood is that it was a mis-identification of another P.E. or simply a case of mass hysteria. No evidence remains for psychometric analysis and all known witnesses are deceased.

Current Location: Deep Storage, Avalon Facility

Confirmed Sightings: Numerous. See IdentFile 36 Appendix.

S.T.R.I.K.E. IdentFile A-6

Subject: Balor

P.E. Type: Class 10 Demonic Entity

Background: The creature known as Balor is one of the oldest and most powerful Class 10 demons in S.T.R.I.K.E. records. Irish mythology depicts the one-eyed demon as the god of death and ruler of the Fomorian giants. This may be a somewhat accurate description once the religious overtones are stripped away. It is known that Balor is a powerful extradimensional warlord and does, in fact, have only one eye. Advanced psychometric techniques, applied to artifacts recovered from Site 17 in Northern Ireland, confirm these details, and that Balor was defeated at some point in the distant past, as Irish legend tells. In contrast to Irish legend, however, Balor was not slain, merely driven from this dimension.

PRIORITY ONE PRIORITY ONE PRIORITY ONE

UPDATE 16/8/03: Recently, Psi-Division Agents Braddock and Stewart have both reported nocturnal visions of a creature matching Balor's description. It may be attempting to regain access to this dimension. All efforts must be made to prevent this from occurring.

PRIORITY ONE PRIORITY ONE PRIORITY ONE

Current Location: Unknown. Presumably an unidentified dimension.

Confirmed Sightings: Historic Accounts, confirmed by psychometric intelligence.



LEXICON

Avalon - The codename for S.T.R.I.K.E.'s Yorkshire headquarters.

Code 1: Unconfirmed P.E. sighting.

Code 2: Confirmed P.E. sighting.

Code 3: Minor P.E. related incident (a vampire feeding or werewolf attack on Scottish hikers).

Code 3s are the most commonly dealt with by S.T.R.I.K.E. agents.

Code 4: Major P.E. related incident with the possibility of public exposure (demon attack in an urban area with multiple witnesses).

Code 5: Serious threat to the dimensional barriers protecting Earth from demonic invasion.

Code 6: Complete breakdown of the dimensional barriers. Not yet used in reference to Britain.

Code 7: Supernatural threat to a member of the Royal Family. The most recent Code 7 was in 1940.

The Hellfire Club - An exclusive social club that hides a secret society of black magicians and occult criminals. S.T.R.I.K.E.'s primary enemy.

MI7 - Military Intelligence Group 7; a subset of Britain's domestic intelligence agency (MI5) dedicated to supernatural affairs.

Mr. X - The unidentified leader of the Hellfire Club. Possibly a demon.

P.E. - Paranormal Entity; S.T.R.I.K.E. jargon for any nonhuman supernatural creature.

S.T.R.I.K.E. - Special Tactical Response for Interdimensional Key Emergencies; Britain's domestic para-intelligence security service, lead by Sir Martin Black.

T.R.A.N.C.E. - Transdimensional Research and New Cosmos Exploration; a British government agency dedicated to uncovering the secret of interdimensional travel.

Up-and-Down - S.T.R.I.K.E. jargon for missions requiring cooperation with outside agencies. The term refers to the need for orders to go up the S.T.R.I.K.E. chain of command and down the chain of command of the agency in question.

CAST

Shifty Steve - John Cleese

Sir Martin Black - Sir Anthony Hopkins

Tobias King - Ewan McGregor

S.T.R.I.K.E. Commando - Kevin McKidd

Amelia Caldwell - Lena Olin

Para-Scientist - Miranda Otto

Major David Pendrell - Clive Owen

Spy Girl - Rosamund Pike

Psi-Division Psychometrist - Christina Ricci

CREDITS

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Military Intelligence Group 7
Limbo Unit
a.k.a.



(Transdimensional Research and New Cosmos Exploration)

OVERVIEW

T.R.A.N.C.E. is a top-secret branch of Britain's Office of Science and Technology devoted to the discovery and exploration of other dimensions.

Why: T.R.A.N.C.E., one of the most classified branches of the British government, exists to research the cutting edge of 21st century science - transdimensional physics. For centuries, the British government, in one form or another, has known that other worlds exist beyond our own. Moreover, these other dimensions can be contacted and even entered, using what is colloquially known as magic. Magic is, at best, unreliable and, at worse, outright dangerous, as the Great London Fire of 1666 proved. A more practical method is called for. That method is, of course, science.

HISTORY

T.R.A.N.C.E. has its roots in a wartime branch of MI7 known as the Limbo Unit. Based on the findings of America's "Pest Control Section", and its own investigations into Nazi occult research, MI7 learned the Germans were attempting to create doorways into strange worlds in the hopes of summoning demonic armies to aid them on the Russian front. The Limbo Unit, working with the NKVD, the PCS and Poland's Home Army, was able to sabotage the German efforts based out of Ritterburg in the Warthegau. After the war ended, the Limbo Unit continued its studies for a time, until it was clear that the Soviets, while alarmingly ahead in the space race, were falling far behind in the interdimensional trafficking race. The Limbo Unit was dissolved until the late 1970s, when a young scientist at Oxford's Nuclear Physics Laboratory, one Timothy Lewis, discovered that the careful manipulation of certain high energy particles created a short-lived 'bubble' in reality.



Naturally, this discovery, instead of becoming a Nobel Prize Winner, was classified, Lewis was discredited and fired, and Oxford shut down the program. Then the Government hired Lewis and gave him a twenty million



pound budget to further his work in secret. He did so, under proper supervision, and T.R.A.N.C.E. was born. Over the last quarter century, it has continued its work, gradually attracting some of the best minds in Britain. To date, T.R.A.N.C.E. has succeeded in piercing the dimensional walls for an extended period of time twice. Each time, a S.T.R.I.K.E. team was dispatched to clean up the mess. But hope remains that safe and practical dimensional travel is just around the corner!

ORGANIZATION

While Dr. Lewis is undoubtedly the brains of the outfit, he isn't in charge. That honor goes to Lady Monica Holcreek, a former MI7 Intelligence operative and one of the few Britons with any real experience in traveling to other dimensions. Lady Monica runs T.R.A.N.C.E. with an iron grip, probably a good thing given the less-than-military discipline of most of its employees. To put it bluntly, most Trancers are hopeless misfits - brilliant misfits, to be sure, but misfits and prone to making a big mess (big mess as in opening a rift to the Hell of Ten Million Dragons on company time).

The actual organization of T.R.A.N.C.E. is fairly simple. Lady Monica oversees all programs and serves as a buffer between the unit and the Office of Science and Technology, as well as keeping MI7 apprised of its actions. Dr. Lewis is the head of day-to-day operations, and under him are the heads of the various projects that T.R.A.N.C.E. is working on at any given time. Most of the actual research takes place on Sparrow Island in the Outer Hebrides, but application tests are always conducted on the remote island of St. Barbara in the South Atlantic lest half of Scotland end up transposed with another world (as briefly happened in Tunguska in 1908).

Total Value: 27

Clout: Financial (Big Bucks) 4, Governmental (Major Contributor) 3, Supernatural (Arcane) 1. Total Cost: 8 points.

Quarters: Large (3), Multiple Locations (3), Physical Security (Military-level) (4) Total Cost: 3 points (reduced by 7 from Financial and Governmental Clout).

Gear: Computers (Cutting Edge) (4), Laboratory (Cutting Edge) (4), Medical Facilities (Cutting Edge) (4), Workshop (Cutting Edge) (4), Vehicles (Vehicle Fleet) (2), Vehicles (Aircraft) (2), Weapons (Paramilitary) (3) Total cost: 16 points (reduced by 7 from Financial and Governmental Clout).

Para-linguist

2-point Supernatural Quality

You have an uncanny, practically supernatural, ability to master strange languages almost instantly. Those in the know speculate it's an exotic form of telepathy, but whatever it is, it works. After sufficient exposure to an unfamiliar language, you are able to comprehend and speak it on a rudimentary level.

In game terms, you can understand a new language simply by hearing it spoken for a few minutes. The effect wears off when you're no longer speaking to the person (or thing), although you can also gain new levels of the Language skill as if it were any other skill.

T.R.A.N.C.E. Cosmonaut

Type: Champion

Life Points: 61

Drama Points: 10

Attributes (20)

STR: 4 (1 level from Athlete quality)

DEX: 4 (1 level from Athlete quality)

CON: 5 (1 level from Athlete quality)

INT: 3

PER: 4

WIL: 3

Qualities (20)

Athlete (4)

Attractiveness +2 (2)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill +5 (5)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Resistance (Paranormal) (2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Drawbacks (3)

Mental Problems (Mild Recklessness) (1)

Obligation (T.R.A.N.C.E.) (2)

Skills (30 + 3 from Drawbacks)

Acrobatics 2

Computers 2

Crime 1

Driving 2

Getting Medieval 3

Gun Fu 5

Influence 2

Knowledge 1

Kung Fu 3

Mr. Fix-It 3

Notice 4

Occultism 1

Science 1

Sports 3 (2 levels from Athlete quality)

Wild Card (Parachuting) 2

Combat Maneuvers:

Assault Rifle 9, 16, Bullet
Big Pistol 9, 15, Bullet
Dodge 7, -, Defense action
Head Butt 5, 8, Bash
Kick 7, 10, Bash
Knife 7, 8, Slash/stab
Pistol 9, 12, Bullet
Punch 7, 8, Bash
Spin Kick 5, 12, Bash
Submachine Gun 9, 12, Bullet

Background on the T.R.A.N.C.E. Cosmonaut:

Who'd have thought that some footie nut like me would end up here, of all places? I've come a long way, that's for sure. I'm not exactly sure WHERE I am, really, but who gives a toss about the details?

I grew up - it was the Army what sorted me out. Three square meals a day and a chance to put what they might call my dazzling death-defying tendencies to good use - namely, dropping out of a perfectly good airplane in order to ruin someone's day. After a couple years of that, I got contacted by these boffins working on some special little project. I'm still not sure what they saw in me - suppose I must've had the right stuff.

So, now I'm stationed on some godforsaken grey speck of an island with a male: female ratio of about twenty:nil, with no hope of a promotion and spending most of my time shooting things with not enough eyes or too many arms. And that's just the off-days. When we actually go through a portal, it gets even worse.

I love it, mate.

Quote: *"I don't care how many suns this world has. Demons is demons and bullets is bullets."*

Roleplaying the T.R.A.N.C.E. Cosmonaut: You're one of the T.R.A.N.C.E. elite - a cosmonaut, trained and equipped for crossing the dimensional barrier, to see what's there (and shoot the crap out of it, nine times out of ten). Few people in history have done what you do, and it's a pretty heady feeling. You're tough as nails, and pretty much unflappable, which is good; you're also prone to charging straight into the mouth of danger, which isn't always so good.

T.R.A.N.C.E. Para-linguist

Type: Investigator

Life Points: 32

Drama Points: 20

Attributes (15)

STR: 2

DEX: 3

CON: 2

INT: 5 (2 levels from Brainiac quality)

PER: 4 (1 level from Brainiac quality)

WIL: 2

Qualities (10 + 1 from Drawbacks)

Attractiveness +3 (3)

Brainiac (4)

Hard to Kill 2 (2)

Para-linguist (2)

Drawbacks (3)

Obligation (T.R.A.N.C.E.) (2)

Obsession (Translating the Voynich Manuscript) (Part of Brainiac quality)

Humorless (1)

Skills (25 + 2 from Drawbacks)

Computers 3 (2; 1 level from Brainiac quality)

Doctor 1

Getting Medieval 1

Gun Fu 1

Influence 2

Knowledge 5 (4; 2 levels from Brainiac quality)

Kung Fu 1

Languages 6 (German, French, Japanese, Hindi, Latin, Enochian)

Notice 1

Occultism 2

Science 5 (4; 1 level from Brainiac quality)

Combat Maneuvers:

Dodge 4, -, Defense action

Pistol 4, 12, Bullet

Punch 4, 4, Bash

Background on the T.R.A.N.C.E. Para-linguist

I heard it said once that God punishes people most by answering their prayers. Not that I really believe in the man, but it would make a lot of sense. I can even tell you the exact moment it went off track.

Two hours - **two hours** - after commencement, that's when. That's when the T.R.A.N.C.E. recruiters showed up with their little mystery scroll. What do they call it? A gateway drug? That's what it was. Of course I wanted to figure out what it said, and why I'd never even seen that alphabet before. I thought maybe it was all some joke at first.

Well, I figured it out, and I know why. It was a joke, you might say, a big rude joke on me. I don't like tromping all over the universe, helping my 'mates' talk to the things we meet. I don't like handling scrolls made out of 'animal' skin. I don't like living in the suburbs of Antarctica, either.

I **do** like being the first human to ever speak a given language. Name me one Oxford don or Foreign Service boffin who gets to do that.

Quote: *"Don't you get it? All the poor beastly thing wants is a mate. It doesn't know our customs, that's why it shat on your boots."*

Roleplaying the T.R.A.N.C.E. Para-linguist: You're still a little bitter at being essentially conned into joining T.R.A.N.C.E., but deep down, you know there's no better place for someone with your talent. You won't admit it, of course. It's easier just to stay in your grey cloud. Someone has to balance out the aggressive cheerfulness and relentless geek-humor of your military and scientific colleagues, after all.

Name: Lady Monica Holcreek**Motivation:** Prevent Britain from slipping into another dimension. Or vice versa.**Critter Type:** Human**Attributes:** Str 2, Dex 3, Con 2, Int 4, Per 4, Will 3**Ability Scores:** Muscle 10, Combat 11, Brains 14**Life Points:** 35**Drama Points:** 4**Special Abilities:** Attractiveness +2, Hard to Kill 3**Maneuvers**

| Type | Bonus | Damage | Notes |
|--------|-------|--------|----------------|
| Dodge | 11 | - | Defense action |
| Pistol | 11 | 12 | Bullet |

Lady Monica, daughter of the 7th Earl of Holcreek, comes from one of Britain's more prominent Catholic families. Unlike most of her ancestors, though, Lady Monica didn't go into publishing or politics, instead opting to join MI5 and, later, S.T.R.I.K.E. She excelled in both agencies and was an easy choice for the position of T.R.A.N.C.E. head when Sir Crispin Thurston, the previous head, retired four years ago. Since then, Lady Monica has tried her best to reorganize the agency and cut down on the number of bold (i.e. - insane) side projects the staff hatches. This hasn't always worked. Managing fifty Einsteins is a lot like herding cats. Factor in a small nuclear reactor and multiple dimensional rifts and you begin to get the picture. But she endures, in small part because she has no choice (nobody else wants the job), but largely out of a sense of duty to God and country. Failure doesn't just mean getting sacked, it means the very real threat of Britain ceasing to exist in any recognizable form.

Name: Dr. Timothy Lewis, PhD**Motivation:** To seek out new worlds and new civilizations. To boldly go...**Critter Type:** Human**Attributes:** Str 2, Dex 2, Con 2, Int 5, Per 4, Will 3**Ability Scores:** Muscle 10, Combat 9, Brains 15**Life Points:** 26**Drama Points:** 3**Special Abilities:** Brainiac**Maneuvers**

| Type | Bonus | Damage | Notes |
|-------|-------|--------|----------------|
| Dodge | 9 | - | Defense action |

Dr. Lewis is a living example of 'so smart he's scary.' Working on his own free time, Lewis managed to tear a small dimensional rift along a ley line in the West Country using just a portable particle projector (a classified device based on a WW2-era American design) and a pocket calculator. Now that he has a real budget, Dr. Lewis is making even bigger holes in the dimensional barriers around Earth. Forgot astronauts. T.R.A.N.C.E. is the real future of exploration, and one that Britain has a chance of getting a real lead in. Plus - going to other realities. How cool is THAT? If Dr. Lewis actually knew any chicks (besides Lady Monica and a few female scientists), they'd dig it.