

## Spawn: The Eternal

### Prelude

Darkness. Pain. What . . . oh. Oh god. I'm alive!

CHOOSE.

What? Oh great God almighty in Heaven . . .

NOT QUITE. CHOOSE.

Choose . . . choose what? What are you? Where am I? Am I in Hell?

NOT YET. DO YOU WISH TO RETURN?

Yes! Yes, of course I want to go back! But . . . what's the catch? What is all this?

IT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN. WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE FOR A RETURN? TO SEE YOUR LOVED ONES, TO ONCE MORE TASTE LIFE? WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE?

I . . . I'm dead, aren't I?

YES.

But . . . what can I give? I am dead, so I have nothing!

NOT TRUE. YOU HAVE YOURSELF.

Myself? I don't understand . . . is it my soul you want?

NO. I ALREADY HOLD YOUR SOUL . . . I WISH TO KNOW IF YOU WOULD SERVE ME WILLINGLY IN RETURN FOR COMING BACK.

Serve . . . to see my wife again . . . yes . . . to hold my children once more . . . yes. I will serve you.

VERY WELL. THE DEAL IS DONE . . .

In a rainy graveyard, something fell smoking to the ground. It sat up, shaking its head, looking around itself. Strange. Why was he lying here? He tried to stand up, surprising himself by leaping at least twenty feet into the air, landing as smoothly as a cat. How . . . then something caught his attention. He stared into the puddle of rainwater, trying to discern the vague shape that must be his own face. And then he screamed. Because what stared back was the burn-scarred skullface of a corpse, its eyes glowing a deep green. And then he heard a mocking snigger behind him. He whirled about, ready to kill the intruder. But what sat on a gravestone was only a pretty, dark haired girl, her eyes . . . red? She wasn't human. "Take it easy, soldierboy . . . relax with the murderous reflexes and we'll get along just fine . . . allow me to introduce myself. I'm yer new teacher . . ."

### The Deal

*"I'd sell my soul for anything, anything but you . . ."*

-- Marilyn Manson, "Long Hard Road Out of Hell"

So ya took the easy way, huh? The big horned dude told ya that ya could return, but not until ya gave him yer fealty . . . sucker! Now for the real deal. Yer a Spawn. That's short of Hellspawn, by the way, so don't get any ideas. Yep, yer in thrall to a demon. The demon, to be exact. He goes by the title and name of Malebolgia, and he pretty much calls the shots in his own private Hell. And now yer another little soldier in his ever growing army. Neat, huh?

I always thought it was too good for you human wussies, but hey, that's me . . . what? Oh, the looks . . . well, too bad, yer kinda stuck looking like the hamburger that lost against a flamethrower . . . and those glowing eyes . . . babe, i gotta tell ya, them eyes make every succubus crazy, ya know? They just throw themselves all over ya. Of course, then they kill ya, but that's succubi for ya . . .

Okay, first off the suit. Yeah, I know, "what suit" . . . the one ya got implanted in yer neural system. It's a kind of symbiotic creature that pretty much lives for as long as you do, and protects ya when necessary. What's it looks like? Well, it kinda moulds itself to yer personality . . . this wimp we got in New York looks like he's wearing spandex. He must've watched too many cartoons as a kid . . . so the minute the suit comes out, it looks like what yer personality prefers it to look like. And no, it ain't a conscious design. It's kinda merged with yer mind by now, so it takes its commands from ya, does what ya tell it ta do, and protects ya when necessary, like when you ain't ready. Catch!

See? Them chains appeared outta nowhere, yeah . . . an' they caught the knife before it hit ya.

Not that a knife would hurt ya in any case...see, we kinda ditched yer old body...it was all rotten an' stinky anyways, so we replaced it with what we prefer t'call necroplasm. It's raw Hellstuff, ya might say, an' yer made of it. "Da shtuff dreamsh are made off..." Heh heh heh heh... Okay, first of all, ya gotta wait for a while until the suit matures, then it kinda comes out on its own . . . ya might not want anyone near; it can get pretty painful an' messy . . . but when ya got it, that suit'll pop out whenever ya need it, an' whenever it thinks ya need it. Cool, eh?

Awww. what'samatter, miss yer old bod? Don't. It wouldn't do ya any good now, anyway. See, yer a soldier in Malebolgia's army, an' that kinda brings responsibilities. So ya kill who we say ya kill, ya walk where we say ya walk, or ya go straight back ta Hell, to serve yer sentence . . . as easy as that. Ya break the contract, we send ya back. Ya do what yer told, we leave ya be.

Okay, now fer the fun part. The war. Sooner or later, yer gonna run into an angel. And no, they ain't nice, cuddly little critters with cutesy wutesy goodness and love. They're as mean as we are, only they say they're the good side. God? God don't work here anymore, bub. He or she or it or whatever God was stopped interfering a long time ago, now shut up and I'll tell ya more. See, the angels have this kinda bias against yer kind. They're convinced all Spawn are evil sumbitches, who must be killed, so they send down these hunters, who do nothing but kill Hellspawn. And they don't ask if they're nice Hellspawn first. To them, the only good Spawn is a dead Spawn. And frankly, I say the only good angel is a dead one. Now, if ya come with me, I'll tell ya about yer new powers, an' take ya to yer first target . . . we need ya ta kill this little serial killer we know of, it's just yer kinda work . . . hey, just 'coz we be demons don't mean we be evil . . . we wanna get rid of the psychos and killers as much as anyone . . .

### **The Truth**

*"I ought to go on Oprah . . . 'Today! Dead guys whose widows married their best friends, only on . . . ' nah."*

-- Al Simmons, "Spawn"

The truth is that when you say "Yes" to Malebolgia, you're screwed. Basically. First of all, they never bring you back to a place or point where you can restart your life. No, of course not; that would be playing fair, wouldn't it? And if there is one thing Malebolgia never does is play fair.

Second, they always make sure to put you in an environment where you will have to fight constantly to stay alive. And no matter what their "teachers" might say, they never give you enough info to get by.

Why? To make you as evil as they are. The saying that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions is very accurate. And they do make the worst of your intentions.

Okay, you think you might be able to do some good with your new powers. Well, good luck. You'll need it. Because Hell will throw everything they can in your way, to push you farther and farther towards the point where you just don't care anymore. And that's when they take you back to Hell. They also want you to kill muggers, killers, psychopaths, all those scourges of society, because, well, they got you, right? When did they get you? Right. After you died. So whenever you kill somebody, you contribute another recruit to the army of Malebolgia.

Okay, some say there is a way out. But no one knows what it is. Some say it's turning your face towards violence and hate, and starting to use compassion instead. But the man known only as Cogliostro says that this is pretty much both true and false. That's because he did it that way. But he's been alive for millennia now. Do you really want to live forever? Wasn't the whole point that you wanted to come back and grow old with your loved ones?

Well, be that as it may, you have to know this. Never trust a demon. When they don't lie, they're only telling you half the truth. And when they're only telling you half the truth, they're completely omitting something else, even more important. So stay alert. Don't kill anyone. And try to keep your suit under control . . .

### **The Powers**

There is a slight advantage to being made of necroplasm. First of all, you can pretty much heal any normal injury within minutes, or even seconds in some extreme cases. The downside is that whenever you do this, you drain your own personal energy, and as soon as that energy run dry, you're pretty much toast.

The second advantage is that you can make yourself look like a normal human. You just won't look like your old self. Most probably, whenever you do the body change, you look like the exact opposite of yourself. A tall, muscular black man might become a short, scrawny blonde white man, or in some extreme cases, change gender entirely. And the change takes so much power it's usually never used. It just isn't worth it.

The third advantage is the enhanced strength, speed, stamina and the energy blasts you may issue from hands or eyes in some cases. But, as everything else, these blasts cost energy, so . . . you get the point. Whatever power you use apart from the strength and speed, you get closer and closer to your own second death. Unless . . .

Some say it is possible to use the power supply of the symbiotic suit you wear.

### **The Suit**

Well, this is one of the more important issues of your newfound powers. The suit. Yes, it's red, black and white, and reminds you of something you would never wear in public -- if you were alive. Yes, it's a kind of parasite that feeds on your nervous system. But hey, it likes you!

Yes, it likes you. It protects you against any perceived threats, even those you would never consider threats. The life cycle of a suit is complex. It begins by being placed in your spinal cord (ugh, there's a nasty picture) where it gestates until it is perfectly merged with you, upon which it bursts out of your skin, making a kind of organic body armor. Oh, yes, it's very painful. But it's only once, so . . . anyway, after the first hatching, a suit goes through several metamorphoses, becoming more powerful with each incarnation. Rumor says that one Spawn in New York has a suit that went beyond the usual morphings, but the Spawns like spreading hope among themselves . . .

Okay, by now you're probably wondering where all the stats and numbers are . . . well, there ain't gonna be any. See, the best way of using these "rules" as one might call them, is by discussing first the using of the characters, and then the powers and limitations, all with the Storyteller. All I'm doing is providing a background, upon which you might, if you have never read the comic books or seen the movie, go out and buy the comic books and see the movie, and then come back and make up rules you prefer the best. Remember, this is not a whole new game in itself, rather it is a way of using them in the WoD. Which I'm coming to . . .

## The World of Darkness

Hello again, bub! Yep, it's me, yer fave demoness, comin' ta tell ya 'bout all them critters out there in the night. Some of them are nice, some of them are annoying, and some of them we just ignore . . .

**Kindred:** Oh, yeah, the vampires. For some reason, people tend to confuse 'em with yer own kind. Let me tell ya about the vampires. First, there's the Camarilla, an' they're all wusses. They prance around manipulating politicians and try ta ignore the fact that it was us that taught 'em how ta manipulate from the beginning. Then there are a few independent vamps; there's this assassin version, a mafia version, and these stupid dudes called Setites. Our boys have screwed them over dozens of times, an' they still think they're the meanest undead on the block. Third, there is the Sabbat. They serve us; ya don't have to bother with them -- we can keep them out of yer way easy.

Fourth, we got the Inconnu. We got zilch on them. Unfortunately. But we're working on it . . .

Fifth, the Old ones. Most of'em are dead, but the oldest, and in the vampies world, old means badass, they're just sleeping -- until we start up the final days, when they'll pop up an' eat the young vampies. We got it all planned. Oh, an' if ya happen ta hear any rumors of somebody called Caine, give me a holler, willya?

We got some unfinished biz with him.

**Garou:** Now these guys are dumb. First of all, they killed off all the allies they had during a war long ago. They said that these guys were in the service of a cousin of Malebolgia, a guy they try ta fight. Then they said that since these guys died so easily, they must've been right in the first place, so they started a second war to kill off the rest. Well, they didn't make it. Hardee har har.

So now they're tryin' ta fight the boss's cousin, the Wyrms he's called, with only themselves ta back'em up, an' the other shapeshifters, oh yeah, they're shapeshifters, werewolves an' werocats an' werepigs or whatever. The guys they didn't kill off are now kinda hostile, as in rip off their heads and piss in their throats hostile, instead of being their backup, scouts an' healers. We won the war without having ta mount a full scale assault. Oh, and if ya hear someone speak of a Balancer Wyrms, kill him, he's tryin' ta mess up our work.

**Magi:** Well, we kinda keep away from these guys. Because metaphysically, they can be at Malebolgia's level. Luckily fer us, they can't use these powers in the real world, makin'em sittin' ducks -- as long as they stay in the real world, that is. An' there's a kind called Marauders. You really don't wanna mess with'em; they pretty much mess with reality an' gets away with it, leaving you an' everyone else to take the punishment. We do have our own boys among these, like always; they're called Nephandi, an' we got special plans for'em back home.

**Kithain:** Faeries. Changelings. The fair folk. Call 'em what ya want, you'll probably never get ta meet'em. They hide among the reg'lar folks, see, an' look like anybody else. Just ignore'em, an' they'll go away...

**Wraiths:** Ah, ghosts. You were once one yerself, ya know. They don't bother us much. So we don't care. Feel any better? Good. Now, there's the target. He's killed ten children now, using an old icecream truck. We bagged him twice, but he keeps gettin' away . . .

## Chapter One

### Welcome to the Army Infernal

"It's not quite what you expected, is it? Yeah, there's the fire, sure and the brimstone, and fuck, there's even demons. Yep, it's Hell. But it's not about good or evil; it's about Power. Yours, mine, everybody's. It might interest you to know those do-gooder Angels of the Divinity also wanted you; it was a nasty . . . bidding war. You've got talents, talents we need to win.

"Win what? Why the whole fuckin' War, that's what! Y'see this Malebogia's realm, your master and mine, and up there, that's God's domain. We don't exactly get along, see, God and Malebogia, they hate each other, and so we have the War. And let me tell you something, don't you ever, ever expect mercy from an Angel.

"The battleground is Earth, the source of the most prized currency in the multiverse, the source of human souls. Who ends up with those souls is what it's all about, and you, my Hell-bound friend, I bet you know this first hand by now. I don't know what you wanted in return for your soul; I know you're going back to Earth. Welcome to officer's training, and when you come back I'll be calling you 'sir'."

## Introduction

The World of Darkness is the perfect environment for Todd McFarlane's *Spawn*. This system is intended to provide rules for the integration of McFarlane's anti-hero into White Wolf's gaming system. It has not been play tested yet, due mostly to a lack of interest amongst players in my area, so play balance may be a bit skewed. Comments and suggestions are welcome.

Spawn and Malebogia are the creation of Todd McFarlane, and are copyrighted by him (I think). This is not a challenge to that, and it is only intended to provide interested readers with a few minutes enjoyment and an outlet for my writing. Same goes for White Wolf, with respects to copyrights and all that stuff.

## The Situation So Far

The forces of Heaven and Hell are at war, and the conflict is intensifying as the millennium approaches. A virtual flood of Divine and Infernal agents stalk the Earth, each willing to do just about anything to gain the upperhand. The long cold war has become one of violent, bloody attrition. The other denizens of the World of Darkness know something's up, but most remain unaware. The agents of these other-worldly forces are numerous but are but a fraction of the world's population of vampires, which is to say, about 5800, compared to the 5,800,000 vampires, going by the rule of 1 per 100000 mortals.

Malebogia, the leader of Hell's forces, appears to have the upper hand, due mostly to a dangerous stratagem. He saw the power of the Hell-Spawn and commissioned the making of more, expending massive amounts of time and Power to do so. The Spawn were chosen from the wraiths that inhabit Hell based upon the evil within them and the talents they have, which is to say, chosen for the capacity of destruction they possess. They were sent to the Earth in droves and most came back, having been defeated by the Angels (or themselves) or having expended all their Power.

But some remain, most still fighting for their dark master, but others, others have doubt. These are the rogues, ones with enough Power, moral character and inner strength to cast off Malebogia's grip. Even as it infuriates him, Malebogia is not overly concerned; after all as soon as they have squandered their Power, they will return to his loving arms in Hell. Of course this doesn't prevent him from sending minions out to crush them and expedite the rebel's return, nor does it mean that the Angels will ignore the wayward Spawn.

## Your Role

You play the role of a Hell-Spawn, either loyal to Malebogia or a rebel. Your character has died once and has made a deal with the devil, sold his soul for the one thing that meant more . . . for most this means going back. Malebogia's price is the soul, and with the soul he can make you a puppet, but only after you've expended your Power and returned to Hell. Believe it or not, there are lawyers even in hell who make sure contracts are followed to the letter. Once you've returned, you're a brand new officer in Hell's army.

Heaven, for whatever reason, does not play quite the same game. Maybe they are inherently good after all, just like the Bible says, but then again maybe they've learned from Malebogia's mistakes.

## Fitting In

Spawn are unlike any other creature in the World of Darkness. They are like wraiths, particularly the Risen, in that they died once and have returned to the Earth's Skinlands. They have dark sides like wraiths or vampires, and this dark side makes it possible for the return to the living. For Spawn, this dark side is largely the domain of Malebogia.

Malebogia is in fact one of the most powerful of the Malfeans, perhaps the oldest one and certainly the most active. From his own realm carved from the Labyrinth, he manipulates and plots, preparing for the day when Oblivion swallows the Earth. The Spawn are his greatest weapons; they have almost free reign to spread destruction and disorder. The method of synthesizing a wraith's plasm to a substance known as psychoplasm, and thereby making it possible to exist in the Skinlands was the result of Malebogia's genius. As far as the Angels and the Divinity, they originate from a Shard Realm in the Deep Umbra that remains unknown to all but the most enlightened individuals. They know of Malebogia's evil intent to destroy the world and thus add it to his own realm and have opposed him since he was 'born' in during the Shattering. Though they have no one leader as strong as Malebogia, an average Angel is more than a match for all but the most determined Spawn. In essence, they are the defenders of the Earth, or more particularly, human civilization, as their legend states that the greatest of them, now gone missing, was responsible for humanity's start. Out of respect for this and a profound sense of duty do they fight on, even without their leader.

## Concepts

### Power

This is what makes the Spawn tick; it is what fuels and sustains him. Malebogia grants each new Spawn a battery of 9999 points of Power, which may seem like a lot, but most tend to spend it like there's no tomorrow. It can be used to perform Sorcery and it is the only thing keeping the Spawn alive; once it is gone, it's back to Hell to become one of the brass. Of course there are ways of getting around this, but not even Al knows the way.

### Physical Characteristics and Appearance of the Spawn

Spawn have 10 health levels, as they are basically just wraiths who can move about in the Skinlands. Once all health levels are gone, Power must be spent to re-animate the Psychoplasm. It's a hefty price at 1000 points of Power, but it's a small price to pay to avoid going home to Hell. Pain does not slow the Hell-Spawn. He can feel the impact of bullets and so forth, and while it is an unpleasant experience, it will not cause any modifiers to dice pools as it would on a mortal. Only aggravated damage will cause this to happen.

Aggravated Damage: vampire claws and fangs, werewolf claws and fangs, prime fueled magicks, Angelic Hunter weapons

Healing is a simple matter; Hell-Spawn regain one health level per turn. One Power must be spent to heal one wound level. 5 Power is required to heal an aggravated wound. If the Spawn is engaged in strenuous activity, like combat, a stamina roll must be made to heal. This roll cannot be botched; if the roll is failed, the Power expended is wasted.

One thing that most newly made Hell-Spawn are horrified to learn upon their return to Earth is that their appearance is drastically altered from when last they saw themselves. Whether exposure to infernal flames causes this or if it is a jest of Malebogia's, the effect is the same: The Spawn's body is repulsive. Half decayed and half charbroiled, the appearance of all Spawn is therefore 0 and may never be raised.

Shapeshifting (a Sorcerous ability) can change this temporarily, but for some unknown reason it is never possible to resume the Spawn's visage from when he was alive. The only other change noticeable on the surface is the eyes, the green, glowing eyes.

The other thing that most Spawn never even realize is that they are no longer in their old body. The newly-made Spawn is composed of psychoplasm, which is (described earlier) wraith plasm modified to exist in the Skinlands. It reacts to human thoughts and emotions, thus the new Spawn's body is a close approximation of his old. Malebogia always takes a personal hand in the Spawn's transformation, making sure they are appropriately scarred and, at least in their costumes, pleasing to look upon. This means a Spawn's new body has an incredible muscle tone and almost no body fat what so-ever. And to answer a rather delicate question before it is asked, yes, female Spawn still have breasts. As for the subject of genitalia . . . it is a simple matter, they have none.

### Degeneration

Spawn, like vampires, are effectively immortal and suffer from the threat of Degeneration. While the Spawn have no Beast to plague their thoughts, and they have no real Shadow like wraiths (although they will certainly acquire one when they return to Hell) the threat is very real. Spawn therefore have virtues like Kindred do and have a rating in Humanity. If A Spawn's Humanity ever falls to zero, he has become a mindless engine of destruction and will most likely expend all his remaining Power in an orgy of chaos. Once this happens, the player loses control of the Spawn just like in Vampire.

So what serves to corrupt the Spawn? For one thing the pain of returning to life and seeing everything and everyone changed or gone can be enough to send the Spawn along the spiral descent of self-destruction. Malebogia never lets his creations return to Earth right away; the process of bonding a neural parasite to him and converting his plasm takes time after all, and he would prefer that all his Spawn go mad with evil anyway. The constant urge to abuse his power and see himself as superior to mankind is just what Malebogia wants.

The costume, while not quite sentient, is still a thing of Hell and will cooperate with Malebogia towards this end. It will often broadcast its thoughts, simplistic and brutal, to its wearer, urging the Spawn to cut loose and enjoy his new Power. The suit does not want to actually harm the Spawn, but existence on Earth is nothing compared to the comforts of Hell.

## Chapter Two

### Character Creation

Creating a character is first and foremost a function of designing a good background. Why did your character rebel against Malebogia? Or is he still loyal? What made him make the deal with Malebogia to go back? Is there a reason Malebogia chose him. Was your character evil in life or just good with a gun? With your

concept in mind, a nature and demeanor should also be chosen, as per the rules in Vampire. Spawn receive the 7/5/3 split to spend on attributes just like any other supernatural being in the World of Darkness. Abilities are likewise the same: 13/9/5. Combat skills and talents are often in abundance as Malebogia does not often choose pacifists to be his Spawn. Virtues are important to the Hell-Spawn. They receive 7 points to spend on Conscience, Self-Control and Courage. Humanity and Willpower are determined as usual. New Spawn get 5 points to spend on Gifts and start their new unlives on Earth with one Spell. And last but not least, the player gets to spend 15 freebie points to use as desired.

### Freebie Costs

Attributes	5
Humanity	1
Abilities	2
Gifts	5
Willpower	2
Spells	10
Virtues	1
Backgrounds	1

### The Costume's Gifts

The neural parasite that all Hell-Spawn are bonded to serves several purposes. The bold colors and the great red cape are the livery of Hell and proclaim the Spawn's origin, if not his allegiance. Not only a striking fashion statement, the suit is also functional. The chains are weapons and will attack on their own if the parasite thinks danger is present. It enhances the strength of the wearer and makes great armour. The parasite is composed of psychoplasm, just like the Hell-Spawn; it too has its own battery of Power. This Power can be 'borrowed' and used by the clever Spawn, although the parasite will never run out of Power, the amount siphoned off is extremely limited and does take time. This is usually a problem when a timely Psychoplasmic Blast is needed. All of this is made possible by the bonding process; both Spawn and parasite are connected at the unfortunate wearer's central nervous system. This allows for the two to operate in perfect harmony.

#### Might

Most Spawn were already strong in life, but upon returning, many find their strength greatly enhanced. This is primarily a function of the costume bonding with the Spawn's own Psychoplasm, increasing the density and lending it's own strength to the Spawn.

System: Each level taken in Might adds one dot to strength. For all intents and purposes it works just like Potence.

#### Resilience

The costume is, first and foremost, armour. It is far superior to any mundane armour, as it is lighter and tougher, and flashy as Hell.

System: Each level in Resilience adds one to Stamina. This is different from Fortitude in that it applies to any roll where Stamina is involved, not just damage soaking. Even if no levels are taken in character creation, all

Hell-Spawn's costumes confer immunity to mundane and infernal flames. Because Malebogia loves you.

### **Weaponry**

Aside from the cape, the thing that tends to grab the most attention about the Spawn's costume is the chains. Though individuals vary, most versions of the suit have one that connects just above the groin to a decorative skull plate and circles around the Spawn's waist. The chain often serves as the costume's primary mode of expression, rattling like some ghost from a Dickens tale, or lashing out in violence, crushing and maiming. Once the Spawn bonds enough with the costume, the aggression can be controlled, but until then .

. . .

- \* The costume attacks on its own, roll 3 dice to hit and wound.
  
- \*\* The Spawn now has control of whether the chain attacks. Additionally, it can now be used for non-violent actions like climbing or binding.
  
- \*\* Attacks can now be made at range of 5 meters, as the chain has grown longer.  
\*
  
- \*\* Damage is now 5 dice, and to hit too. The chain has grown heavier, and perhaps the links are spiked in some places.
  
- \*\* The range is now 10 meters.  
\*\*  
\*

System: The costume will attack any perceived threat until level two is obtained. The chain attack is considered an extra action and does not halve dice pools, whether it attacks on its own or the Spawn wills it to. At level zero, the chain has not grown enough to be of use for combat or anything else, but various spikes around the costume do strength +2 damage in hand to hand combat. The spikes can always be used, but the damage is not aggravated, nor is the damage from the chain at any level.

### **Hell's Cloak**

All Spawn are instantly recognized for what they are by those who know what to look for by the great, scarlet, voluminous cloaks that adorn their shoulders. It is light and somewhat rough in texture; if the Spawn were subject to the effects of cold, it wouldn't be too useful. The cloak often flaps when no wind is present and shrouds the Hell-Spawn in shadows.

- \* Due to shadowing effects (like Obteneration level one), the Spawn is made to look more sinister and threatening. Therefore intimidation roles are -2 difficulty.
  
- \*\* The Spawn can hide in darkness or shadows by willing his cape to cover him. This works exactly like Obfuscate Unseen Presence, but for the requirements.
  
- \*\*\* At this level the cloak will actively seek to protect the Spawn, making soak rolls easier, -2 difficulty.
  
- \*\*\*\* The cloak has grown to such an extent that the Spawn may fall from any distance and take no damage, as the cloak spreads out and works almost like a parachute.

\*\*\*\*\* Flight is attained at this level. The cloak will act as wings to thrust the Spawn away from the Earth's surface and fly like a bat through the night. Maximum flight speed is equal to two times the Spawn's own movement on the ground.

### **Manifestation**

By extending his mind and focusing on the molecules surrounding him and their interaction with the costume's psychoplasmic field, the Spawn can create objects with a poof of green hellfire. Objects created are limited in sophistication by the level of mastery the Spawn has in Manifestation.

- \* Simple things like rocks or chunks metal can be created.
- \*\* Swords or statues could be made.
- \*\*\* Food or water or even 1989 Strawberry Ripple.
- \*\*\*\* Mechanical stuff can be made now, guns and so forth (but no ammunition).
- \*\*\*\*\* Electronics can now be summoned from the air.

System: Roll Manipulation + Manifestation; each success counts as one level of Manifestation. So if a Spawn with Manipulation 4 and Manifestation 1 rolled 3 successes, he could create food or water. This cannot be done with no levels in Manifestation, however, and a maximum of 100 lbs of material can be made at one time.

### **Channel**

The parasite contains its own battery of Power, as mentioned earlier, and it can be accessed with some difficulty. Power gained in this way must be spent immediately, or it dissipates back into the costume.

**System:** Roll Wits + Channel (difficulty 8) to determine how much Power is gained. This can only be done once per month per level of Channel. Therefore, a Spawn with Channel 2 could borrow Power from his costume twice a month.

### **Sorcery**

Sorcery is the ability to manipulate Psychoplasm to produce great and miraculous effects through the expenditure of Power. The effects are called Spells and the creative Hell-Spawn can do just about anything limited only by his imagination and Power supply. Once a Spell is 'learned', either by being tutored by another Spawn or demonic being, or even the boss himself, it can be used at a moment's notice with the appropriate Power expenditure. The Spawn can come up with a new spell on his own, paying double the cost. Of course, the Storyteller should make sure new Spells won't imbalance the game and have a fair Power cost.

The Spells that follow are just but a few of the many tricks a Spawn could do. These were all observed in the comic book at one time or another. Storytellers should feel free to come up with their own Spells and characters should be encouraged to invent their own.

### **Psychoplasmic Blast**

One Power per die of damage.

A blast of raw hell-brewed fire. Perhaps the bluntest tool in a Hell-Spawn's bag of tricks, this Spell is none the less one of the more impressive ones.

System: It has a range of 10 meters per Power spent, and inflicts one die of aggravated damage per Power. A maximum of 10 Power may be spent; anything over this amount disrupts the Spawn's own Psychoplasm, inflicting one die of non-aggravated damage per Power spent over 10.



### **Teleportation**

10 Power + 10 per additional "passenger"

The Spawn's Psychoplasm folds in on itself and spirits him away to any place he can remember and picture accurately in his mind. It is possible to take others with the use of this Spell.

System: The Spawn and his "passengers," if he has any, can be taken instantly to any place he can picture accurately in his mind. The experience is uncomfortable; a stamina roll is required to avoid nausea for one turn.

### **Fist of Hell-Fire**

One Power per Scene

A bit of summoned hellfire wreaths the Spawn's fist with greenish Psychoplasm. The unnatural flames burn in silence, and this Spell is often used to intimidate others rather than to actually hit somebody.

System: Hand damage is now aggravated. Intimidation rolls are -2 difficulty. This will not trigger the Rotschreck in vampires.

### **Shapeshift**

5 Power per Scene

The Spawn's Psychoplasm breaks down and reforms into a new desired form. This makes it possible to change appearance and look like something besides some goon from a comic book or death warmed over. It is perhaps a cruel joke of Malebogia's that it is impossible to assume the visage the Spawn had in life with this Spell. The Spell can also be used to look like somebody else.

System: The spawn assumes a new form; kindred with Auspex two could penetrate the disguise.

## **Appendix, Or, Stuff That Doesn't Fit Anywhere Else**

### **Experience Cost**

New Gift	3
New Spell	10
Gift Rating	Current x 4

All other improvements are bought at the cost table found in Vampire the Masquerade

### **Relations to Others**

#### **Angels**

The enemy. Destroy them. Don't rest until they're all back where they belong and off of our planet.

-- Donovan, Loyalist Spawn

Irritating. I don't like Malebogia anymore than they do and they still hunt me.

-- Derik, Rogue Spawn

*"Fools. Duped by power, it is a mercy to relieve them of their so-called lives."*

-- Angela, Hunter Angel

#### **Malebogia**

My lord and master, you have given me life and I give you my eternal servitude.

-- Percy, Loyalist Spawn

Bastard. Lord of lies, I'll die again before I bow to you.

-- Al, Rogue Spawn

*"Tools."*

-- Malebogia

#### **Vampires**

Possible allies, but not worth the effort at the moment.

-- Percy, Loyalist Spawn

Who cares? As long as they leave me alone, we'll be fine, if not . . . violence will become necessary.

-- Derik, Rogue Spawn

*"Neat costumes . . . ."*

-- Dean, Brujah Neonate

### **Garou**

They hate us...destroy them.

-- Donovan, Loyalist Spawn

Violent, but they serve a kinder power than Heaven or Hell.

-- Elaine, Rogue Spawn

*"Wyrms-Spawn."*

-- Jurgi, Get of Fenris Ahroun

### **Mages**

The Nephandi are fine allies, all others though . . . .

-- Donovan, Loyalist Spawn

I met one once, Houdini, believe it or not. I could have learned much from him.

-- Al, Rogue Spawn

*"Fascinating, perhaps they play an important roll in the Ascension?"*

-- Gerhalt, Order of Hermes

### **Changelings**

. . . the fuck?

-- Percy, Loyalist Spawn

Ditto.

-- Derik, Rogue Spawn

*"No fun whatsoever."*

-- Snert, Pooka Childing

### **Wraiths**

Kill them, kill them all. What? Oh, them. Don't know much about them, don't care either.

-- Donovan, Loyalist Spawn

I believe we were once as they . . . ."

-- Elaine, Rogue Spawn

*"So now we know what awaits us in Oblivion."*

-- Cross, Doomslayer

## **Bestiary**

The foes a Spawn must face are many and varied. The Hell-Spawn often bicker amongst themselves, and a state of outright war exists between the Loyalists and the Rogues. Rogues must always be wary of Demons, too: Malebogia often loses them on his wayward children. Then too are the Angels, those dangerous agents of the Divinity.

### **Enforcer Demon**

Attributes: 10/8/6 (physical halved in human form)

Abilities: 20/16/14

Willpower: 5

Virtues: None

Humanity: None

5 Spells in addition to several Arcanos

10 health levels

500-1000 Power (most don't stay on Earth for long)

Most enforcers are monsters but live within a mortal shell for most of their time on Earth. This can be broken only for a few scenes to go out and play. Demons are otherwise just like Spawn; their plasm has been converted to psychoplasm, and they heal just like them.

### **Hunter-Angel**

Attributes: 9 physical when materialized Abilities: 14/11/7

Willpower: 10

Rage: 8

Gnosis: 8

Power: 100

8-12 Charms

Angels that travel to Earth do so for one reason: to Hunt the Spawn. They are the most dangerous of their breed, and particularly to Hell-Spawn, as hunting them down and making trophies of their 'carapaces' as they call them are central to their existence. They are actually Spirits, as described in Mage or Werewolf. The Angel always takes the infamous Disrupter-Lance with her when she goes to battle. This weapon will

send Spawn back to Hell when reduced to 0 health levels. The weapon inflicts Str+3 aggravated damage. Note that an Angel's Power is not the Spawn's Power and the two are not interchangeable.