

Vicar Horace Truesight

Leader of The Holy Purist Empire

The Mutant Epoch RPG Crossroads Region Gazetteer NPC

Type: **Ghost Mutant** who believes he is a Pure Stock
 Caste: **Supreme Leader of Church and State**
 Gender: **Male**
 Read/ Write?: **Yes**
 Personality: **Moody, Indecisive and Conflicted**
 Sexual Orientation: **Heterosexual**
 Handed: **Right** Religion: **Puristalism**
 Languages Spoken: **English and Spanish**

EF: 5980 Rank: 15
 Faction: **Holy Purist Empire**
 Age: **Physically 34, Chronologically 144**
 Do Math?: **No**
 Swim Ability: **poor**
 Height: **196cm**
 Weight: **122kg**

Endurance: **128** /
 Strength: **116** (+20 dmg/+100% throw range)
 Agility: **97** (-14 DV/+1.75 meters movement)
 Accuracy: **86** (+12 SV)
 Intelligence: **79**
 Willpower: **113**
 Perception: **71** (+2 initiative)
 Appearance: **26**

Defense Value: -78
Armor Worn: Dodge skill 5 pts -17/Heavy Combat Armor -40 and combat helmet -7 / Agility -14
Movement: 7.75m or 6m armored
Initiative: +2 Base Strike Value: 01-92



Attack Mode	Strike Value	Rate	Range	Damage	Ammo/Uses	Skill Points
Assault Rifle	01-112	3	900m	d20+6	30/ Plus 4 full spare magazines of 30 rnds each	3pts
Martial Arts	01-105	4	melee	2d6+25 stun		5pts
HC Automatic Pistol	01-114	2	250m	d20+10	20/ Plus d6 full spare magazines of 20 high caliber rnds each	4pts
Razor Sword	01-110	2	melee	d20+31		4pts

Mutations: **Image Projection** (no.48) / **Mental Screen** (no.55) **Telepathy** (no.85) / **Reserve Heart** (no.69) / **Increased Cellular Activity** heals 45 END per day plus longevity (no.50)

Skills: **Negotiate** 7pts/ **Lying** 6pts/ **Disguise Artist** 5pts/ **Riding** 5pts/ **Stealth** 2pts/ **Climb** 2pts/ **Grapple** 2pts/ **Martial Arts** 5pts/ **Dodge** 5pts (-17 DV)/ **Weapon Expert Pistols** 4pts, **Rifles** 3pts, **Swords** 4pts

Valuables: Golden staff of Puristalism worth 5000+2d1000sp/ Theocratical robes and crown worth 8000+5d1000sp, jewels worn daily worth 4000+3d1000sp

Clothing and Equipment: He wears a spare fully loaded auto-pistol in the small of his back, next to a advanced frag grenade. In battle, he will also carries 6 other advanced frag grenades, a gas mask, 5 anti-toxin injectors, a DNA scanner and a pair of advanced binoculars.

Description: As mentioned on page 234 of The Crossroads gazetteer, the current Vicar of the Holy Purist Empire, who was elected to the position eight years ago, is reclusive and decrepit. Furthermore, to many beneath him, the Vicar lacks the ambition of younger men, and is failing to execute the war against the infidels as prescribed in the Purist Bible. His refusals to simultaneously attack the DOA, the Northern and Lower Freeholds, and engage the unbelievers of the Pure Hold Republic in the Shattered Region, are all strikes against him. They believe that, according to the Book, God has promised them victory if they will only have faith and march forth.

Horace Truesight the First is actually far older than he appears, being 144 years old and in remarkably good health. In fact, this fundamentalist, who has slain countless mutants, cyborgs, synthetics and deviant life forms, is himself starting to suspect the worse; unless cursed by the Devil, or blessed by God, then he himself must be a mutant.

Aghast at his continued long life, ever fearful of somebody in the archives of the Hermitage discovering his lineage and thus his true birth date, Horace has become reclusive and indecisive. To do what he has done, to go through the years of denial of his true nature, and gradually accept what he must be, all the while personally butchering fellow mutants, has led him to believe that not only is he a deviant, but so too, insane.

Now, he hears voices in his head. Whole conversations between personalities in his brain. They speak of worries at being discovered by mutant slayers. About illicit relationships, plots, deals, and mundane chores. The voices also discuss options on how to flee Pure Hub before they are discovered. Horace has never assumed that he is a telepath and picking up the mind-speak of ghost mutants. It is all too much for him. Daily, he approaches a psychological breaking point and believes that either he is one of three things. Either a damnable, thrice cursed mutant, or favored by God and thus given gifts to weed out the deviant filth, or else cursed and made the plaything of the Devil.

He surmises that the diabolical one is perhaps keeping him alive, and tormenting his thoughts with the voices of the damned in hell itself. At other times, when feeling more devout and steady, he believes God must be testing him, or gifting him with extra years to fulfill his glorious task of cleansing the earth of mutantkind. Suffering with inner conflict, he maintains his hunched posture, wobbles along with his golden staff like a cane, and plays the part of an elder. His body, in truth, is that of a fit thirty something year old.

While engaged in his own inner battle of self identity, he leaves much in the Empire to subordinates, yet keeps them in tight control lest they unleash all out war on too many fronts, especially Burgess, the eager successor-to-be of the Holy Purist Empire. More on page 190.