

Name Hobbes				Campaign:			
Species: Mutant Tiger		Profession: Free Agent		Career: Tiger			
Level: 1		Total APs: 0		APs/NL: 6		Stored SPs: 0	
Max Last Resorts:		Current:					

Ability	Score	Untrain	Res Mod
STR	10	5	+1
DEX	11	5	+1
CON	9	4	--
INT	10	5	--
WIL	9	4	--
PER	11	5	+1

Action Check	
[M + 13 / O 12 / G 6 / A 3]	Die: -1
Actions per round: 2	

Move			
Sprint 20	Run 12	Walk 4	
E. Swim 2	Swim 4	Glide --	Fly --

Durability	Max	Total penalties
Stun	5 / 4	½ Stun = +1 step penalty All stun = unconscious Extra point Stun = +1 Wound
Wound	5 / 4	½ Wound = +1 step penalty All wound = unconscious Extra point Wound = +1 Mortal
Mortal	5	Each Mortal = +1 step penalty
Fatigue	5	Each Fatigue = +1 step penalty

Attack Forms	Score	Acc	Mode	Range	Type	Damage (O/G/A)	Clip	Hide
Brawl (no claws)	[13 / 6 / 3]	--	--	Personal	Li/O	d4s/d4+1s/d4+2s	--	--
Brawl (claws)	[13 / 6 / 3]	--	--	personal	Li/O	d4+2s/d4w/d4+2w	--	--
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Armor	Skill	AP	Type	Li	Hi	En	Hide
CF Softsuit	--	0	O	d6	d6	d6-1	+4

Skill	Rank	O	G	A
Athletics		[10 / 5 / 2]		
- calvinball	3	[13 / 6 / 3]		
- jump	3	[13 / 6 / 3]		
- throw	3	[13 / 6 / 3]		
Unarmed Attack		[10 / 5 / 2]		
- brawl	3	[13 / 6 / 3]		
Acrobatics		[11 / 5 / 2]		
- daredevil	1	[12 / 6 / 3]		
Stealth		[11 / 5 / 2]		
- hide	1	[12 / 6 / 3]		
- sneak	1	[12 / 6 / 3]		
Stamina		[9 / 4 / 2]		
Knowledge		[10 / 5 / 2]		
- area: Earth	3	[13 / 6 / 3]		
- lang: English	3	[13 / 6 / 3]		
Awareness		[9 / 4 / 2]		
		[/ /]		
		[/ /]		

Skill	Rank	O	G	A
Interaction		[11 / 5 / 2]		
- charm	3	[14 / 7 / 3]		
- taunt	1	[12 / 6 / 3]		
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BONUS							SITUATION DIE STEPS SCALE							PENALTY		
-2d20	-d20	-d12	-d8	-d6	-d4	d0	+d4	+d6	+d8	+d12	+d20	+2d20	+3d20			
Date:												1/6/2023				

Background / Campaign Notes

30 meters

Dry from the summer heat the tall grasses rustle in the hot wind. He snuffles, the wind is coming off his prey, he can smell the stink of it. He moves forward carefully, timing his movements with the gusts and eddies of wind, the rustle of movement lost in the breezes.

20 meters

He crouchs for long moments, his prey takes shade under a strangely twisted tree, safe from the midday suns. The tip of his tail flicks expectantly, with will he calms it. His prey hears nothing.

10 meters

He is up to the edge of the clearing, in it the grass is matted down from use, his prey is not the only one to use the tree as shelter. He changes stance from stalking to prepared to spring. Two bounds and the prey will be his. He forces his tail to calm itself. He waits for his prey to look away. His butt wiggles in defiance.

The moment comes. Taut muscles and sinews launch him forward. one jump, the prey hears but turns too late, two jumps, the powerful legs launch him in a graceful and terrible arc. He strikes his victim in the chest, knocking the wind from it, eliminating any chance of escape.

The prey fights back but its struggles are futile. Hobbes stifles a giggle as Calvin tries to crawl away.

"I thought I told you to stay with the ship"

" You did, and I did" replies Hobbes, "but you didn't say how looong I was to stay" {{giggle}}