



## WARRIOR'S PRIDE

The Online Source for Street Fighter: The Storytelling Game

Logo Courtesy of J. Scott Pittman

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# WELCOME TO WARRIOR'S PRIDE

**February, 2002**

This issue of Warrior's Pride is late, not as late as the last one perhaps, but late never the less. But it's a good sort of late, a late born of a comittment to quality, rather than simple neglect.

Vomit bags have been provided for your retching pleasure.

Anyway, drugs seems to be on everyones mind this month. Why I don't know. But you've got three articles with drugs at leat peripheraly involved, if not their cornerstone.

I would like to congratulate William Adams for submitting an article and breaking the Arkon monopoly on contributions. But Arkon has not yet admitted defeat. The man has outdone himself this time with a crap load of submissions. I'm not sure how many a crap load is, but it's almost certainly more than none.

And now I'll shut up and let you get on with it.

## CONTENDERS: JOE RANKIN

**History:** In the year 2011, the final battle between the world and Shadowlaw will begin and one of shadowlaw's loudest opponents will be a promising young boxer named Joe Rankin. While not world warrior material, not at that time anyway, Joe will be considered a rising star on the Freestyle circuit, and many will believe him to be the natural heir to M. Bison's mantle.

That's probably why he will be the first to be targeted. On a cold July evening in Bagdad, Joe will die at the hands of shadowlaw assassins. But Joe survived his death.

In 1992, a strong and healthy boy was born to Kathy and Donald Rankin. Even as an infant, his parents noticed how alert and aware he seemed. But he was more aware than his parents knew, for Joe had somehow been reborn in his infant body after his death in 2011 with full knowledge of what will happen to him unless he changes his fate.

Joe began retraining his body as soon as he could walk. Whenever possible, he skipped school to hang out at Moe's Gym to get in as much training as possible. When not training or catching up on missed school work, he's giving information to the police about every shadowlaw operation he can dredge up from his memory.

Recently Joe has found conclusive proof that he has changed the future, at least to a small degree. During a trip to Brooklyn the World Warrior Zangief was deported back to his own country as part of a token effort to enforce America's stance on illegal street fights. But not only was Zangief not deported,

he wasn't even in the country to take place in the tournament. Joe has no idea of what he may have done to change the future, but he draws hope from this evidence that it's not set in stone.

**Appearance:** Joe is a small scrawny white kid that always has at least one bandaid in use somewhere on his body. It's very likely whenever you look at him he'll have at least a couple of bruises and cuts on his face and/or arms. He wears a red two sizes too big t-shirt and baggy blue jeans. He keeps his curly black hair short.

**Roleplaying:** You have no idea what's happened to you and you don't really care. All you care about is getting tough enough to stand a chance at living past twenty. It's not revenge that drives you, but rather commitment. You've been given a second chance at life and at stopping shadowlaw, and you're not going to blow it.

**Notes:** Joe actually knew several high-level maneuvers and combos, in addition to having had higher techniques before he rebirth, but it will be a while before he can toughen his ten year old body up enough to take advantage of them.

Warrior's Pride Character Sheet		
<b>Name:</b> Joe Ranken <b>Player:</b> <b>Chronicle:</b>	<b>Style:</b> Boxing <b>School:</b> Moe's Gym <b>Stable:</b> None	<b>Team:</b> None <b>Concept:</b> 2nd Chance <b>Signature:</b> Band-aids
ATTRIBUTES		
<b>Physical</b> <b>Strength:</b> 3 <b>Dexterity:</b> 4 <b>Stamina:</b> 3	<b>Social</b> <b>Charisma:</b> 3 <b>Manipulation:</b> 2 <b>Appearance:</b> 3	<b>Mental</b> <b>Perception:</b> 4 <b>Intelligence:</b> 3 <b>Wits:</b> 4
ABILITIES		
<b>Talents</b> <b>Alertness:</b> 4 <b>Insight:</b> 2 <b>Instruction:</b> 2 <b>Intimidation:</b> 1 <b>Searching:</b> 2 <b>Streetwise:</b> 5 <b>Subterfuge:</b> 3	<b>Skills</b> <b>Blind Fighting:</b> 3 <b>Bookie:</b> 1 <b>Drive:</b> 2 <b>Leadership:</b> 1 <b>Repair:</b> 1 <b>Security:</b> 3 <b>Stealth:</b> 1 <b>Survival:</b> 2	<b>Knowledges</b> <b>Arena:</b> 2 <b>Computer:</b> 1 <b>Investigation:</b> 1 <b>Law:</b> 1 <b>Medicine:</b> 2 <b>Mysteries:</b> 3 <b>Style Lore:</b> 1
ADVANTAGES		SPECIAL MANEUVERS
<b>Backgrounds</b> <b>Arena:</b> 1 <b>Contacts:</b> 3 <b>Resources:</b> 2	<b>Techniques</b> <b>Punch:</b> 3 <b>Block:</b> 3 <b>Grab:</b> 2 <b>Athletics:</b> 4	Fist Sweep Head Butt Hold Jump Kippup Power Uppercut Punch Defense Jumping Shoulder Butt Brain Cracker Deflecting Punch  <b>Combos:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Deflecting Punch-Fist Sweep-Brain Cracker (Dizzy)</li> <li>Power Uppercut-Headbutt-Jumping Shoulder Butt (Dizzy)</li> <li>Jumping Fierce-Fistsweep-Head Butt Hold</li> <li>Jab-Jab-Strong</li> </ul>
<b>Renown</b> <b>Glory:</b> 3 <b>Honor:</b> 3	<b>Chi:</b> 1 <b>Willpower:</b> 8 <b>Health:</b> 12	
<b>Division:</b> Freestyle <b>Wins:</b> 13 <b>Draws:</b> 0	<b>Rank:</b> 3 <b>Losses:</b> 0 <b>KOs:</b> 13	

## BioChem Augmentation

Contributed by [William Adams](#)

Not content with Cybernetic Enhancements some fighters have turned to drugs and chemical boosters to augment their abilities to keep up with the Plethora of Duelists, Cyborgs, Animal Hybrids and Mystic Warriors that dominate the Deadlier tournaments. In some cases the BioChem augmentation is more readily available to the fighter, in other cases it's simply a matter of economics. Cybernetics cost millions to construct and hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain. Most fighters would rather not have that kind of debt to a corporation or criminal cartel. Drugs on the other hand are cheap to acquire and easy to administer. Drugs however take their toll and before long the fighter is forced to retire before his body gives out on him.

Beginning from the first level of drug use all fighters receive a +1 bonus to the Speed of their Basic and Special Maneuvers. Many a fighter has been caught by surprise by an opponent who snaps up from a Knockdown almost as quick as he fell down. The fighter also adds one dot to his Strength and Dexterity scores while his Athletics Technique also goes up by one. On the downside the fighter has to deal with the effects of Drug dependency. At the end of each fight the fighter must roll a straight Stamina roll against difficulty seven and achieve more success than his rating in BioChem augmentation. If he fails this roll he loses all the benefits he has obtained from BioChem augmentation for the next hour and his Strength and Dexterity drop to one for the duration of the weakness. If he botches the roll he goes into cardiac arrest and needs medical attention. The doctor has to succeed in a medicine roll against a

difficulty 7 and achieve more successes than the fighter's BioChem augmentation rating, but this is an extended roll and the doctor can roll once each hour. If the doctor botches the roll then the fighter goes into a coma where he is kept alive by life support. The fighter can attempt to get out of the coma each week by succeeding at a Willpower roll with a difficulty equal 7 and achieve more successes than the fighter's rating in BioChem augmentation. At the end of each week the fighter has to roll Willpower against a difficulty equal to 7 and achieve more successes than his BioChem augmentation rating to avoid overindulging. If he fails the result is usually clinical depression which lasts a number of days equal to the fighter's rating in BioChem augmentation. During this time the fighter is lethargic and unmotivated. All his maneuvers receive a penalty of -4 to their Speed and his Movement ratings are penalized by -3.

1. At this level the drug use is fairly sporadic and there are no major changes to the behavior and prowess of the fighter. No other changes beyond the minimum.
2. At this stage the fighter has gone beyond simple steroid and Adrenaline abuse and has added a few synthetic booster chemicals to his drug cocktail. The fighter receives the Jump and Kippup maneuvers for free, if he already has them these maneuvers gain an additional +1 to Speed and Move.
3. By this time the fighter has added several painkillers and amphetamines to his repertoire. The fighter cannot be Dizzied

unless the damage is higher than twice his Stamina. The fighter also gains one extra Health level which can take him over 20.

4. The fighter is now using several unique and experimental drugs and chemicals in his bloody mix. All his maneuvers (Including Jump and Kippup) gain a further +1 to Move. Also the fighter gains one more dot in Strength. Alternately instead of an extra dot in strength the fighter can elect to gain a single Animal Hybrid basic maneuver. In this case the drugs are turning the fighter more bestial and he may be mistaken for an Animal Hybrid.
5. By now the fighter has taken every drug under the sun. His drug cornucopia includes several drugs that shouldn't be used on humans. He's a regular at the local emergency room and is a likely candidate for early death. However he is a monster in combat and can regularly pull off feats that leave experienced street fighters gasping on the ground. All his maneuvers gain an additional +1 Speed modifier. The fighter cannot be Dizzied under any circumstances, even

Focus powers or bad footing which would cause a Dizzy regardless of Stamina do not affect the fighter. He can also recover from a successful dodge in time to attack in the same turn. In this case he does not move one hex away from his opponent but must attack immediately with his fastest Basic attack. The fighter also gains one extra Health level which can take him over 20.

Crash and Burn. At the end of each game year the BioChem augmented fighter must succeed in a Stamina roll against a difficulty 7 and achieve successes greater than his BioChem rating or he loses a dot from one of his Physical Attributes. If he botches this roll he dies from a massive heart failure. If he is saved from death by quick acting friends and medical attention he loses two dots from his Physical Attributes and one dot from his Mental Attributes.

BioChem augmented warriors tend to gravitate towards styles that emphasize speed and strength. They also tend to steer away from styles that rely a lot on mysticism and inner Focus. The BioChem augmented fighter's need for high Willpower to overcome his dependency usually means that Chi is a secondary concern.

## ARTICLES: GADGET CORNER

Submitted by [Arkon](#)

### Feralex

**Type:** Experimental Chemical  
Antipsychotic

**Description:** One of the desperate attempts by Dr. Ingellis to fight the progressive mutation that eventually destroyed him, Feralex is one of the few medications that exist to "treat" Animal Hybrids. (For more information on Dr. Ingellis, see this Issue's ['Legends of the Circuit'](#))

Although the drug failed its creator, some animal hybrids are desperate enough to resist their rages to risk using it. It is currently supplied to those willing to pay by a variety of chemists and semi-legitimate manufacturers. Due to inconsistent quality control and impurities in the ingredients, many batches carry unusual side effects.

Feralex is neither cheap nor legal, and it is not entirely safe to use. The ingested drug comes in pill-form. It slows parts of the mind, making it easier to resist the fury that seems to pervade animal hybrids, as well as dulling their consciousness in other ways.

Although not technically addictive, users can easily become dependant on the drug to quell their emotions instead of facing them.

**System:** While under the effects of a dose of Feralex, an animal hybrid gains an additional 3 dice to resist powerful emotions, such as those cause by a berserk frenzy or the Psychic Rage power, however, they suffer an equal penalty when resisting most other mental powers.

Additionally, while the effects last, the hybrid suffers a one-point penalty to Dexterity and Perception, as well as a two-point penalty to Wits. If this would bring any Attribute to Zero, the hybrid becomes sleepy, docile and incapable of any strenuous activity- such as combat (if any Attribute would fall below Zero, the hybrid drifts into a catatonic slumber).

The effects of a standard dose (which must be adjusted to account for the hybrid's body weight) last for twelve hours minus the hybrid's unadjusted Stamina (half the result for hybrids with faster metabolism or active Regeneration).

An overdose of the drug doubles the Attribute penalties listed above (except for the Wits penalty), as well as increasing the resistance bonus (and penalty) to five Dice, and adding a one-point penalty to Charisma and Manipulation, and causes the Hybrid to lose a point of Willpower. Willpower lost in this manner can only be recovered by making a Stamina Roll (Difficulty 8), for each point of Willpower lost. This recovery may only be attempted once per week, and cannot be done while under the effects of Feralex. If Willpower is brought to Zero, the hybrid will lapse into a coma and die. An overdose extends the duration by six hours.

An additional dose may be taken up to an hour before a dose expires without overdosing. The duration of such a dose overlaps with the previous dose.

The long-term effects of the drug are still unknown.

Anyone known to be taking Feralex loses one Permanent Glory.

'Normal' Street Fighters should not take Feralex. Even low doses are treated as overdoses with a doubled duration, and large doses are fatal. In addition to the other effects, normal humans can suffer loss of muscle control, immune system deficiencies, and other effects at the Storyteller's whim. Elementals seem to be immune to the drug at any dosage.

**Variants:** Each batch of the drug is unique, and should be carefully matched to the recipient. Side effects can occur due to impurities in the compounds or peculiarities in the recipient's body chemistry. These can include anemia, nausea, vomiting, hair (scale/feather) loss, drowsiness, memory loss, immune system deficiencies, loss of appetite, and impotence.

## FICTION: FORTUNES OF WAR: ACTS OF SACRIFICE

Contributed by [Arkon, Dark Lord of Chaos](#)

Welcome back to the town of Talwood. I'm afraid the tourist's center is still under construction, but things are beginning to happen in this dark place. You are not the only visitors here. And some are bent on raising hell in this town.

They'll have to survive a small war first. The first stage of war begins as it always does: gathering information.

### Episode Four: Closing in...

*"Wrongly viewed among people of the world, not understanding anything is itself considered emptiness. This is not real emptiness; it is all delusion."*

-Miyamoto Musashi

*"Take a look at what you're doing  
Can't you see the consequences that  
have lead to your ruin?  
Though I've tried and I've tried my  
dear  
The situation's ending is clear"*

-Save Ferris, 'Angry Situation'

"Do you know this guy?" Xi said to the blonde girl in the next seat.

"No, he's new," she began, "I've heard he's a frustrated writer. Warping the minds of English students is supposed to be part of his big revenge against 'the System'. The story is that he lost his mind over some scandal in New York."

Xi sighed. "Sal, if anyone in this class lost their mind, it's you."

"Hey, I just report the Truth."

"You and the Truth aren't even on speaking terms."

Before Sal could retort, the object of Xi's curiosity walked into the

classroom. He was a slight man, frail and small, with gray hair and fingers stained white from years of chalk dust.

He began addressing the Senior English class; at least Xi assumed he did. His mouth had started to move before he turned to write his name (Edward Derleth) on the board. Xi tried to ask him to repeat whatever he had said, but her mouth hung open uselessly. Her hands felt as though they were on fire and began to tremble; her body quickly followed. Her heart beat erratically, like a sledgehammer striking her chest. Bile surged up from her throat as a spasm threw her headfirst to the ground.

*She saw.*

*The Host raises a knife over the limp girl flung onto the altar. Heavy robes hide his form, not that it matters; he is no longer a man, the Outsider has consumed him from within. The air is shimmering in anticipation as he does it, the dark, spherical gem set upon her forehead hums to the unpronounceable words the Host chants. The girl is lying terribly still, she's barely even breathing. The side of her head is still bleeding, staining her silver hair an ugly crimson. The Blonde One-Eyed Man draws a gun, and fires. His one brown eye watches it fly from behind his unkempt face. The bullet strikes*

*true, it tears open the Host's chest. A dozen tentacles spring forth from the wound, horrid gray things glistening with slime. Each has a row of pink blisters down its length.*

*Somehow, she knows what the 'blisters' are. They are mouths- each with dozens of teeth, and a hungry, probing, tongue. She knows this the same way she knows why the man has one eye; something ate it. It just leaned forward, puckering as if to kiss him, then sucked the eye out of the socket.*

*The tentacles grab him. They begin the pulse as flesh and blood travel through them. The Host is eating him alive. But the Host is only a shell. He is an empty skin the Outsider wears. The One-Eyed Man looks at the girl tied to the altar, and says two words to her: "I'm sorry." He smiles at his adversary. It is a sharp, predatory grin. He is a ruthless killer; the Outsider had forgotten that or it never knew. The sentence for ignorance is death.*

5637.

*She knows the voice that says that.*

*5637 North Asper Road.*

*It is the Demon Guardian.*

*You will go there tonight, Rain.*

*She is powerless to disobey it, because on some level, she understands what is happening.*

Xi opened her eyes, and saw only red. She was moving. The world was spinning from her fall. The back of her head was painfully wet. Her vision was beginning to clear as they lifted her into the ambulance.

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The passport was a fake, but Basil had used it for nearly five years without incident. The picture had been updated once, after the day he lost his left eye. Occasionally, a security guard would ask him to lift his eye patch. No big deal, there was nothing behind it. Sometimes people would ask how he managed to lose an eye without any scars to his face. He told them he got careless fixing a vacuum cleaner. No one needed to know about HER.

He went into a practiced walk after he passed through customs. It was quick enough that no one asked questions, and slow enough to keep Brenda from asking why he didn't wait for her.

He knew he would never be able to bear her questions.

She was lovely woman, tall and thin. Her hair was long and as brown as Basil's remaining eye. She had been 23 when... everything changed. Her eyes had once been brown with a hint of green, now they were fully green, as she had always pictured them. Her body was horribly flawless; as though she were not a woman, but her own living ideal of beauty. Guilt scorched Basil every time he looked at her.

Brenda started to show her passport to the customs official, but he reached past her. She had to almost jump to keep the man from hitting her. Then she had to dash to avoid being crushed by the woman behind her, who very rudely stepped forward before Brenda had a chance to move.

None of them spared her the simple decency of acknowledging she existed. She shouted a curse that made Basil blush as she walked away from the office.

"Do they ever turn the heat up in here?" she heard the woman behind her ask, then she and Basil were out of earshot.

"You were wrong, love;" she told him, "Americans aren't polite." The last word came as they left the airport.

"Well, my last trip was to Texas, this is Oregon. I was speaking of the famous Southern Hospitality." He answered her softly, in a rich but weary Irish accent. It was one of the few things about his current act that was genuine.

"Let's go there." She said it quick and longingly, with only a hint of fear marring her lovely voice.

"You must be joking. You know I can't. Not until this is over."

"Ba- Lyle. Lyle, please take me there. Let someone else deal with him. Please."

"I- I can't. A man that trains a dog has responsibilities, and one of them is putting the animal out of its misery if it turns rabid."

"But they don't have to hunt it down. Leave an anonymous tip somewhere, let the law-"

"The law's useless. Just like it is in Ireland. Weak and corrupt- he'd eat them for breakfast."

"Basil, please. I- I have a feeling for this. It'll end badly; I just know it."

"Don't worry, love. It'll be done. I promise you that."

"I don't want to hear it. Just promise you'll come back to me."

"I won't abandon you, honey. I'll be with you till-." He stopped himself before he said '-they day you die'.

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Xi watched the point of light as the doctor traced it in front of her face. He was a kindly man with thinning hair. He was kind, but she resented being there. She resented what he represented: a nail in the coffin of her ordinary life.

"Miss Lin, do you have a history of epilepsy?" he inquired.

"No," she said, "is that what happened?"

"It looks that way, but we'll need to run some tests to make sure. You hit your head pretty hard on the way down, back there. Do you remember everything that happened?"

'More than I'd like to', Xi wanted to say, but she answered, "I think so." She paused for a moment. "Can... can you stop this from happening again?"

"I certainly hope so, but we won't know for certain until we've done more tests."

She rolled her eyes. "Great, I'm a lab rat."

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Juliana loved music. She thought there was nothing in the world as beautiful as the moment when the rhythm and beat came together, when the music and song melded into something that transcended both. She was a natural with a guitar, and her voice lifted souls.

She was walking from her latest gig (opening for a small club band) early

that evening. Most of the crowd had left soon after she had. She walked down a well-lit street; normally it was a busy road.

She was humming to herself as she walked, and didn't notice how few people were around her. She didn't notice the creeping silence around her, or the colors becoming strange. But these things did happen. At some point that night, something claimed her in the spaces between.

As she walked, colors around her paled. Shapes twisted, the air grew heavy, and the sound of her humming changed. It was minor, but once she noticed it she noticed everything had changed.

He grabbed her from behind. She screamed in horror when she saw the wasted thing holding her.

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Xi hesitated before 5637 North Asper Road for a moment before crossing the yard.

It was an old house, no window had survived the years unboarded, no board had gone unpelted by stones. Even if she had gone during the day, Xi would have shivered at the sight of it. Now at night, to even stand looking upon it was a feat of courage.

Worse, she hadn't been able to bring herself to tell anyone about her 'expedition'. She had barely been able to talk with Michael about her second vision. Not after her first had led to him nearly losing his arm. If there was danger here, she couldn't have anyone else face it. And there was danger here- a presence, some terrible wrongness.

She knew what it was, but could scarcely explain how she knew. It was anathema. An Outsider. It was nothing from anywhere in this universe. Something was here that was not of Creation.

She cracked open a boarded window and slipped in. It wasn't as difficult as sneaking out of her own house had been. She would find nothing, and then she could bring herself to sleep at night. Or she would find something, and know what to do from there.

A small cloud of dust rose as she touched ground. "Easy as pie..." she mumbled to herself.

"It always is," came a voice behind her as the cold barrel of a gun pressed into the back of her neck. "The trick is not getting noticed."

Next: ...For the Kill

## FICTION: LEGENDS OF THE CIRCUIT

Contributed by Arkon, Dark Lord of Chaos ([ArkonDLoC@hotmail.com](mailto:ArkonDLoC@hotmail.com))

Welcome back to my fire, dear traveler. I do hope you enjoyed the holidays, I know mine were... rather productive. Sometime I will tell you of my night at the First Round, but for now, I have a rather different tale for you.

Animal hybrids are many things to those on the Circuit, but forgettable is rarely included on that list. And this sometimes extends to those figures that deal with these strange amalgamations of man and beast.

This evening's tale concerns perhaps one of the more... renowned figure whose studied this field. This version is from Jeremiah Tavner, a wrestler who has spent some time on the Circuit. He is nursing his ego in Vegas after losing a bid for World Warrior status, and has, perhaps, let a bit too much beer pass him in the bar.

### The Doctor of Inhumanity

*"If anyone ever had a real chance to figure out whatever causes people, like Blanka, to become part beast, it was Dr. Ingellis. Most people would never have pegged him for a mad scientist. When he finished in the lab, he was the darling of any social scene. He was a high roller, known almost as much for his research as his games.*

*"No one can really say for certain what he did in his labs. Some talk about screams, and some talk about miracles. Animal hybrids came to him and left him during his research, but the people who came weren't the ones who left. Some say he had a cure, and turned beasts into men to test it. And I've heard of the Interpol reports on him; the ones about his alleged connection to Shadowlaw's slave trade. But I'm not sure which I believe.*

*"I knew a guy, wanted to be a big man on the circuit. Name was Reynolds Fontane. He was good, but that was all. He always said that he could take the circuit by storm if he just had an EDGE. He disappeared one day, they never found a trace of him. But a year back, I had a match with the champion of the Marti Gras 'Shadow Circuit'. He was a fox hybrid, called himself 'Renyard's Fortune'. He cleaned my clock eight ways to Sunday. It felt familiar to fight him. But his style had changed, just a bit; he had an edge.*

*"Funny, I couldn't get him to talk about his past. I've heard a thousand stories like that, and Durian Ingellis is always the first name that gets whispered after it. Who knows what he could be doing if he was still practicing. If he hadn't been an addict.*

*"Ingellis never heard a bet he didn't take. And after some of the big ones, he would get clumsy, breck his arm falling down the stairs, smash his car so badly you'd swear someone took a sledgehammer to it. That's another kind of story everyone knows.*

*"Eventually, he lost one bet too many. He wound up owing too much to one of the 'Families'.*

*"One of his assistants found him the next day, someone had beat the living hell out of him, and thrashed his lab. He'd been lying, bleeding in pools of his research materials. They say he started to change. He was good, he could have fought it for a long time. But fighting it took very expensive equipment, and he owed a lot of money to very bad people. He and his lab were wrecked again, and things got worse. He couldn't let himself be seen anymore.*

*"The third time they came to teach him a lesson, they got a surprise. The bodies they found had been vivisected. By the end of the week, the entire syndicate had been torn apart. Whatever was left of the*

*good Doctor hasn't been seen since. But something is supposed to be wandering the desert in the southwest. The description always changes, but it takes hybrids; and they're never seen again. Maybe they are, but they're not the same anymore.*

*"And maybe hybrids aren't the only ones it takes. A lot of people disappear out there. Who's to say they're all noticed?"*

## **STORIES/ADVENTURES: HOOK, LINE, SINKERS**

### **A Harmless Invitation**

Contributed by [Arkon, Dark Lord of Chaos](#)

**Hook:** The PCs are invited to a mysterious tournament held in a lonely island mansion. The promised prize is enough to ease some suspicions. Of course, they have no clue as to who sent the invitation....

**Line:** All of the fighters who came (against their better judgment) are honorable people, but very nervous. Most of the guests seem overly suspicious of the staff, all of whom claim to know nothing of their employer.

**Sinker:** The man behind this tournament is a true Master of his style, currently posing as one of the servants. His purpose in holding the tournament is to find the most promising student. During the tournament, he observes everything: how and why the fighters win, how they treat the staff, and how clever they are in finding him out.

### **Rotten Timing....**

Contributed by [Arkon, Dark Lord of Chaos](#)

**Hook:** The PCs are asked to give moral support to an ally facing a match with a skilled opponent. The fight ends when the PC's ally lands a single blow- and their opponent faints instantly.

**Line:** The PCs are the only ones at the scene who don't believe that their friend poisoned the other fighter- and may be the only ones even trying to protect him from the outraged Street Fighters present. The situation only gets worse when the incapacitated fighter vanishes.

**Sinker:** The collapsed fighter wasn't poisoned, but is undergoing a massive physical change- the stress of which is sometimes too much to bear. They were taken from the site by a stealthy, intelligent, and very inhuman creature: one of their siblings.

The 'Change' has gone too far for the fighter to risk medical examination, or remain in the public eye. For safety's sake, they have to disappear; no matter what consequences it holds for the PCs' friend. They are not unsympathetic to the unfortunate bystander, but simply unwilling to risk revealing themselves.

## Nerve, Part 2: Cold Blood

Contributed by [Arkon](#)

'Nerve' is a series of adventure outlines that can be added to a Chronicle or used as the basis for a new Chronicle. Comments would be greatly appreciated, particularly on how different teams came through each part. I will attempt to take into account as many possibilities as possible in this outline.

Part 2 requires the PCs to have known someone connected to the 'Hard-Line', the stable introduced in Part 1. For my convenience, certain names are assigned to Characters mentioned herein. These names will carry over until the end, but unless otherwise noted the actual names used are unimportant.

### **Dramatis Personae:** Hard-Liners:

Benjamin 'Coach Doom' Dumas, Stable founder and manager (See [Part 1](#))

Doctor Thaddeus Shepherd, Ring Doctor (See [Part 1](#))

Dr. Shepherd is never seen in the same place as Mr. Wolfe.

Alan Rose, a scarred Muay Thai stylist rumored to have once been part of Shadowlaw. The rumors are true, and his real name has been left behind with the rest of his old life. He looks at the stable as a fresh start on life, and will do almost anything to protect those in it. Ultimately, he seeks to banish the 'ghosts' of his past with honor and discipline.

"Mickey" (real name unknown), a nearly feral Wrestler (Diamondback Rattlesnake-Hybrid). Mickey is a recent addition to the stable- and to civilization. He struggles to 'fit-in' with

his more civilized teammates, and will do nearly anything to avoid looking like a 'savage'. Currently taking Feralex (see this issue's [Gadget Corner](#)) to suppress his animalistic rage. Mickey is convinced that he was once a man, but something... horrible happened to him in the desert of the American Southwest. He wants to reclaim what he feels he lost.

### Outsiders:

Professor Andrew Lunsford, a chemical biologist supplying Mickey with Feralex as part of a long-term plan at curing the Hybrid. He has recently put his patient on a placebo out of concern over 'adverse reactions'.

Mr. Wolfe, a reporter claiming to be doing an article on stables in the Street Fighter Circuit. In reality, he is a deranged but brilliant scientist with great cunning. It is unlikely the PCs will be able to corner him, as he takes great efforts to stay informed of any investigations and always prepares an escape route.

Note: anyone attempting to read Mr. Wolfe's mind is endangering their own sanity. The Storyteller may give the Character a Mental Disorder, or inflict Willpower loss that requires days of rest to recover. The Mind Reader will almost certainly be dizzied, and will feel pain from the attempt. If the attempt is successful, the only thing the Character can even understand is that Mr. Wolfe is deeply psychotic; they may sense (at Storyteller's option) that Mr. Wolfe is an incomplete personality. Barring a reaction from the other party, Mr. Wolfe is unaware of the Mind Reading attempt.

**Hook:** Someone the PCs know has died in connection to the Hard Line Stable. If the PCs wait for the

conventional authorities to sort things out, the case is quickly written off as another of Shadowlaw's crimes as Alan Rose is arrested and convicted following the events below taking the worst possible course.

Alan Rose is conducting his own investigation throughout this, but has no notable instinct or skill for solving mysteries. He does know the people in the stable, and can be an invaluable aid to the PCs if they convince him to help.

**Line:** When another body turns up, Prof. Lunsford comes to suspect Mickey. If his connection to the hybrid is uncovered, he will grudgingly confess his attempts to "cure" Mickey. He will reveal that he observed the wrestler becoming coldly detached, yet more aggressive in the past few days. He switched Mickey's Feralex with a placebo, fearing it was a long-term reaction to the drug, but the reaction seems to be getting worse.

**Sinker:** Mr. Wolfe is conducting his own experiment, substituting first the Feralex, then the placebo, with a drug of his own design. The chemical is slowly destroying the rational portion of Mickey's mind, and furthering his mutation into a serpentine being.

Those who have gotten close to the truth have so far been killed, but Wolfe is preparing to end his experiment soon; followed by destroying the primary evidence, Mickey, and framing Alan Rose.

Rather than take the risk of murdering his victims himself, Wolfe uses Mickey as his agent by planting a post-hypnotic suggestion in the wrestler's mind. He only needs a few moments to put Mickey in a trance without his subject realizing it (though it is fairly obvious to an observer).

Prof. Lunsford is the next victim, though the PCs may take that role if they get too close to the truth. If revealed, Wolfe will escape (only a truly flawless and unpredictable plan by the PCs can prevent this) and try his fiendish best to kill Mickey before disappearing into thin air... until next time.

The long-term effects Wolfe's experiment has had on Mickey (if he lives) are left to the Storyteller's twisted imagination, but should include withdrawal symptoms to the drugs Wolfe was using.

**Next:** Wolfe's Artist

## IN CLOSING

You know what? I haven't made any new year resolutions yet. A shocking oversight on my part. And so I here by resolve to have every future issue of Warrior's Pride out on time at least until next year.

And speaking of nexts, next issue we'll have another cool logo courtesy of J. Scott Pitman. With a little bit of effort, I'm sure I can convince Arkon to continue Fortunes of War and Nerve, as well as his excellent circuit lore. And you can rest assured that I'll be providing another character or something next issue.

Questions, Comments, Submissions, or Suggestions should be sent to the editor at [sfstg@yahoo.com](mailto:sfstg@yahoo.com).

**Submission Guidelines:**All nongraphic files should be in .txt, .rtf, .html, or .doc formats. Graphics files should be in either .jpg or .gif formats.

**Characters:** Characters should have each section (including Skills, Talents, and Knowledges) separate so as to make the transition easier. In addition, try to list notes for backgrounds and any languages known. Also if your

### Links

[Chris Hoffmann's Street Fighter Alpha Conversions](#)

[Street Fighter: The Dogs of War](#)

[Street Fighter Ultra](#)

*Want your site here? Send me an e-mail at [sfstg@yahoo.com](mailto:sfstg@yahoo.com) with "Street Fighter Links" in the subject line.*

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The characters and events described in this document are fictional, and any

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**Maneuvers:** If you are sending in details of a maneuver, follow the format used in White Wolf books, and the format used in Warrior's Pride. Please send in all details of the maneuver, in that format. Beyond running it through a spell checker, I will not modify the text of your maneuver. I will never change the modifiers or any effect that the maneuver has.

Any other submissions can be sent in any format you wish.

This bi-monthly e-magazine will first be posted at the Files of the Street Fighter RPG Mailing List (affectionately referred to as The Vault). Previous issues are available in .doc and .txt formats. More recent issues (after issue four) will be available in .html and .doc formats. If you somehow stumbled onto this magazine and aren't a member of the Street Fighter RPG Mailing List, then you should find it in the Links below and definitely sign up for it.

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