

# Warhawk

## Warren Hawke



Brawling:	<b>Ou(+3)(20)</b>	Reputation:	
Agility:	<b>Ex(+4)(30)</b>	as Warren:	<b>Dr(-3)(1)</b>
Strength:	<b>Gd(+1)(10)</b>	as Warhawk:	<b>Ou(+3)(20)</b>
Endurance:	<b>Ex(+4)(30)</b>	Health Points:	<b>90</b>
Willpower:	<b>Gd(+1)(10)</b>	Story Points:	<b>80</b>
Intelligence:	<b>Ex(+4)(30)</b>		
Perception:	<b>Ou(+3)(20)</b>		
Resourcefulness:	<b>Ou(+3)(20)</b>		

### Gear

#### Helmet

Price: **Wo(+7)(100)**

##### Structural Subsystem

Price: **Fa(+6)(60)**

- Material: **Fa(+6)(60)** "smart" polycarbon matrix.
- Armor: **Ex(+4)(30)**

##### Sensors Subsystem

Price: **Ex(+4)(30)**

- Starlight Sights: **Ou(+3)(20)** night vision.
- Telescopic Sights: **Ou(+3)(20)** x200 magnification.

##### Wingpack Controller / Communications Subsystem

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

- Signal Range: **Gd(+1)(10)**, 20 km (12 mi).  
The helmet can be used to control the wingpack even when the wingpack isn't being worn.
- Protection from Jamming: **Ex(+4)(30)**
- Protection from Decoding: **Ex(+4)(30)**

#### Robot Wingpack

Price: **Fa(+6)(60)**

##### Structural Subsystem

Price: **Ph(+5)(40)**

- Material: **Fa(+6)(60)** "smart" polycarbon matrix.
- Wingtip Blades: **Ou(+3)(20)** sharp.

##### Power / Propulsion Subsystem

Price: **Ex(+4)(30)**

- Power Reserve: **Gd(+1)(10)**  
The wingpack can go 10 hours between recharges, and can charge up in one hour from electricity sources at a variety of voltages.
- Flight: **Ex(+4)(30)**, 360 kph (225 mph).
- Silent Running: (+1) bonus to making a sneak attack when he cuts the engine and swoops in from above.
- Capacity: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 400 kg (800 lbs).

#### Flight Suit

Price: **Fa(+6)(60)**

- Material: **Ex(+4)(30)**, "smart" synthetic fibers.
- Armor: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Protection from Heat: **Ou(+3)(20)**
- Protection from Cold: **Ou(+3)(20)**

### Skills

**Language:** English (US), Irish, Lakota, Spanish (Mexican).

**Acrobatics:** (+1) bonus when defending in combat.

**Chemistry:** (+1) bonus to Intelligence.

**Computers:** (+1) bonus to design, build, & repair computers.

**Engineering:** (+1) bonus to design, build, & repair gear.

**Local Geography:** Chicago.

### Contacts

**Dr. Bonnie Rowan:** Ex

Surgeon at Mount Sinai Memorial Hospital

**Father Miguel Torres:** Ou

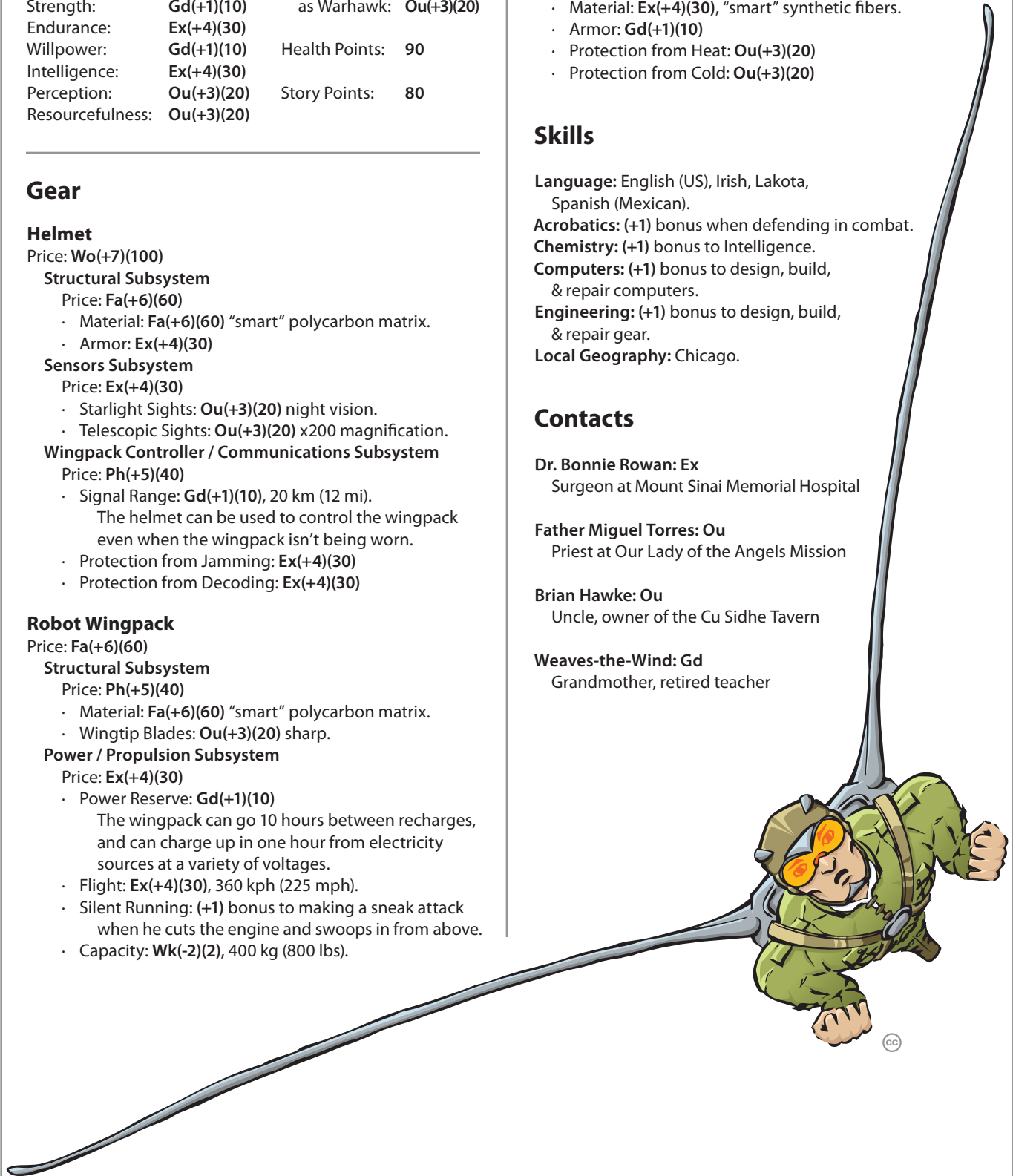
Priest at Our Lady of the Angels Mission

**Brian Hawke:** Ou

Uncle, owner of the Cu Sidhe Tavern

**Weaves-the-Wind:** Gd

Grandmother, retired teacher



## Description

### Appearance

Warren Hawke is a broad-shouldered, stocky human male in his late 20's who stands about 168 cm (5 ft 6 in) tall and weighs about 79 kg (175 lbs). While his sharp nose, high cheekbones, and sculpted features tend to make Warren seem a bit hard, the smile wrinkles around his hazel-green eyes soften that impression. He has caramel-brown skin and curly black hair that's prematurely peppered grey at the sideburns. Hawke is a chameleon with styles of speech; He can adjust almost seamlessly from barroom banter to technical jargon to street slang and back again.

### Background

Warren is an adult US citizen, an ethnic mix of Irish, Sioux, and Mexican. His closest living relatives are his uncle Brian, a retired Chicago policeman and tavern owner, and his grandmother Weaves-the-Wind, a retired teacher. Something of an engineering prodigy, he worked for NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory straight out of college, and made significant contributions to the mysterious Project Horus, before leaving over "ideological differences". Now Warren works as an engineering consultant, specializing in adapting smart material technology to aerospace applications. He also occasionally tends bar at the Cu Sidhe Tavern.

## Notes

**Home Base:** Chicago

**Story:** Hawke believes that there is a difference between the law and justice. To him, a bad law must sometimes be broken in order to do the right thing. Warren also feels a bit cheated by the powers-that-be and finds it difficult to trust anyone in authority. Despite this, he still has a deep respect for certain symbols of the law, like the police. He has yet to resolve these conflicts in his own mind. Heroes who try to team up with Warhawk will have to contend with the fact that he breaks laws and —until he works out his conflicts— doesn't always react to the same situations in the same way every time.

**Character points:** (1,872 - 0 in limitations =) 1,872

**Unused character points:** 28 (built with 1,900 points)

### Warren on Warren

*Father forgive me for I have sinned. The last time I confessed was ... back during school? Not sure —things have gone crazy since then. About the last time anything made much sense was during my last term at MIT. I was hot then, the wizkid the multinationals were after, but I blew them all off when I got a chance at the stars. That's right, NASA, JPL; the Horus Project guru Jargenson and a dozen suits with bulges under their jackets snatching me up right after graduation.*

*What would you have done? I was hyped, too hyped to see anything but crystal matrices swaying to the beat of coded electron pulses, metals and ceramics and mutant matter in between, taking on a life of its own. Too hyped to see "project observer" Torres was a coke king, too stupid to notice that Colombian jungles were no place to test space equipment. But Keiko saw, slick and sweet Keiko saw. We made a great team; she was checking out the gravity repulsing side effects of superconductivity and I was making materials that acted like self-folding origami; we were going give people the wings to fly. She hacked DARPA and got the lowdown on Horus: It was part of some rogue DOD nasty toy, a laser-blasting winged armored weapon system; and Torres' death-squad would get to play with it before it premiered in Los Angeles against civilians.*

*Never hit us how good Uncle Sam's tracer programs worked, or how quickly you can go from being an asset to a liability. Within an hour of blowing the whistle to Jargenson, Keiko had a "lab accident" —seems she fell and hit her head on a giant magnet seven times before dying. I nearly got cooked when a microwave laser "misfired" a centimeter from my scalp. After that, Jargenson got smart and went AWOL. I did the same, but not before taking some payback for Keiko. Maybe 30 people died in the fire-works when I torched the lab. Then I took my wings and flew. And flew...*

*I thought I could forget, but Manuel Torres won't, and neither will those dried up old warhawks scamming our government. They think their positions and their money and their power will protect them as they make undeclared war on anyone they don't like. They think they can snuff me out with a thought. But they haven't seen a real Warhawk yet...*

## Technology Behind the Wingpack and Flight Suit

The smart fibers in Warren's flight suit dissipate force perpendicularly away from a point of impact through the molecular equivalent of valves, which trapped air in the hollow fibers forces open as it cushions each blow. As a side benefit, the air also acts as an insulator. The smart matrix of the wingpack and helmet also works by redirecting energy, but through the unusual electrical properties of its molecular-level weaving of different materials. By pumping in hundreds of computer-controlled electronic pulses through the material, it can stiffen or bend by various degrees throughout its length. The result is a material that adjusts to, and gives feedback on conditions in its environment. Under the guidance of an expert system, the wings make hundreds of minor second-by-second adjustments, like a real bird. Combined with a powerful gravity repulsor, their only limit to maneuverability is the reaction time of their wearer. Since the controls are lodged separately in a bio-feedback interpreter in the helmet, they can even fly remotely, attaching and detaching from the flight suit's harness as an action.

## People in Warren's Life

**Dr. Rowan** - A very dedicated and sometimes overly serious woman, she's a cardiologist at Mount Sinai who also moonlights at some of the South Side's free clinics. She met Warren when he crashed in a bloody heap through the balcony window of her Gold Coast condo. Simultaneously attracted by his noble ideals and repulsed by his violent life, she and Hawke have an odd relationship. He works on her car, she works on his cuts and bruises, they both work on trying to squeeze in candlelight dinners between dodging bullets and open-heart surgeries.

**Father Torres** - A Catholic priest from Columbia who worked against his parish's drug lords until his own brother, a Jefe in the Bone Flute Cartel, ordered his assassination. Torres' church transferred him to the US, but that only changed their conflict into a long-distance proxy war. Hawke and Torres met when they both ran into a confessional to escape what turned out to be mutual enemies. Father Torres provides information and refuge for Warren, and Warren gives "God's justice" to criminals that escape the law.

**Uncle Brian** - From a long line of Chicago Irish cops, Brian lets any off-duty officer who comes to his tavern have his first beer for free. He is stays well informed about anything that happens in his old precinct. Without a family of his own, Brian became like a father for Warren after Warren's parents died.

**Weaves-the-Wind** - Many of Warren's boyhood summers were spent in the care of his grandmother, while she was on break from her work at Oglala Lakota College. It was she who insisted, and saw to it, that Warren learned all the languages and history of his heritage; the Texans, Mexicans, and Sioux of his mother's family, and the Irish of his father's people.

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This should go without saying, but this work is a supplement to a *game*, **Ten Thousand Worlds**, and is meant to make a rainy afternoon more enjoyable for you and a few friends. This game requires you to use your imagination. If you have trouble telling the difference between fantasy and reality, then this game is not for you.