

Voodoo Child

Belle Conti



Brawling:	Cm(0)(6)	Reputation:	Gd(+1)(10)
Agility:	Gd(+1)(10)	Health Points:	42
Strength:	Cm(0)(6)	Story Points:	42
Endurance:	Ou(+3)(20)		
Willpower:	Ou(+3)(20)		
Intelligence:	Gd(+1)(10)		
Perception:	Gd(+1)(10)		
Resourcefulness:	Wk(-2)(2)		

Powers

Heal: Phenomenal(+5)(40)

Anyone touched by Conti can heal up to 40 Health Points and one lost level. Recovered points return at the rate of one per turn, and a lost level comes back in an hour. She can even combat diseases with **Phenomenal** ability. If Belle tries to heal someone within 24 hours of a previous healing, she will take on his injuries, recovering from them in a quarter of the usual time (**Fantastic** limitation).

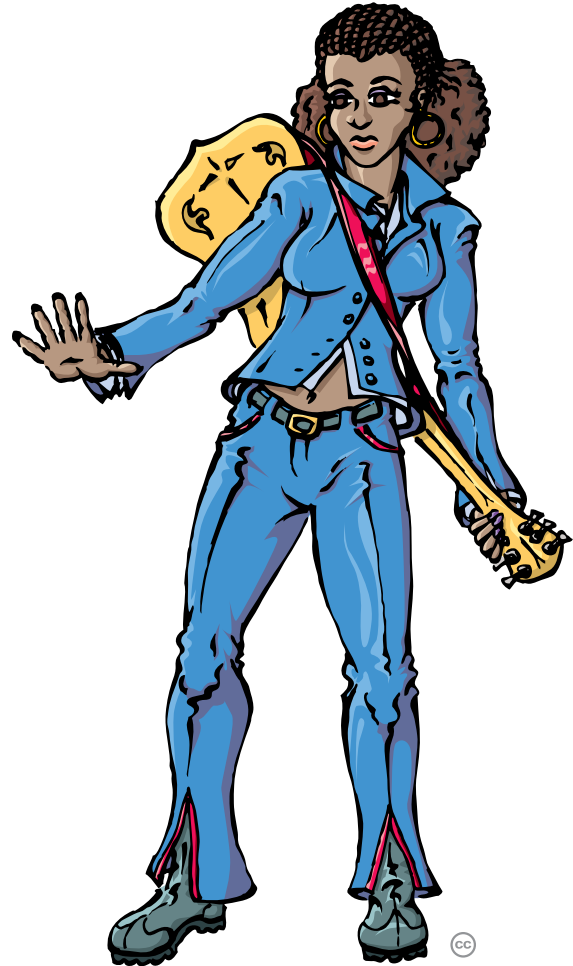
Sense Home: Ou(+3)(20)

Whenever anyone plays an instrument, sings, or so much as hums live within earshot of Belle, she can get a sense of all the places they've ever lived. On a **Good** result, she'll know a person's **Home Base**, plus any place where they've spent at least a year and a day, down to the parish. Conti will know any city where they've spent even a month on a **Great** result. With an **Outstanding** result, she'll know every neighborhood where someone lived for even as short as a week. This power is not limited to people: Belle learned the route of every type of migratory bird that passed through New Orleans just by hearing their songs, year after year, as a little girl. After hurricane Katrina, her power became more attuned to the post-storm diaspora. She has a (+2) bonus to detect former residents of pre-Katrina New Orleans, a (+1) bonus to detect those who lived in pre-Katrina Louisiana, a (-1) penalty for anyone from outside the US gulf coast, and a (-2) penalty for anyone outside the continental United States. This power also changed in another way:

- When Conti plays an instrument, sings, or hums, she can sense the presence of any former resident of pre-Katrina New Orleans within 400 m (1,200 ft), even if she can't pinpoint who (or what) it is.

Precognition: Gd(+1)(10)

Belle sees her possible future in the signs and symbols of her dreams. Since Katrina, her only dreams are of all the monsters of old New Orleans —usually the next one she'll meet.



Skills

Language: English (US), Creole, French (Cajun).

Arcana: (+1) bonus to Intelligence.

Knowledge: Geography.

Knowledge: Legends & Folklore of New Orleans.

Navigation: (+1) bonus to Intelligence.

First Aid: (+1) bonus to Intelligence; Permanently stabilize a dying character; Help a healing character to recover an extra set of health points per day.

Profession: Musician (Guitar and Harmonica).

Contacts

Beauregarde Conti: Ex

Earth-bound ghost of her late uncle, a Voodoo priest and an expert on the monsters of old New Orleans.

Gear

First Aid Kit

- (+1) bonus when using the First Aid skill in the field.

9mm Glock 17 Pistol

Price: **Gd(+1)(10)**

- Material: **Gd(+1)(10)**
- Range: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 40 m (120 ft)
- Damage: **Cm(0)(6)**, sharp
- Shots: 17

Mobile Phone

Price: **Dr(-3)(1)**

- Signal Range: **Wk(-2)(2)**, 4 km
- Requires a telecommunications network

Guitar

Harmonica

Description

Appearance

Belle Conti is a human female in her late twenties, about 176 cm (5 ft 10 in) tall and weighing about 84 kg (185 lbs), with a slight build. Her dark dove eyes, cinnamon complexion, and shower of curls reflect an ethnic gumbo of all the early New Orleans families: French, Spanish, and African. An ornate labrys tattoo adorns her right shoulder.

Background

Belle is a US citizen, a New Orleans native with no immediate living relatives. Before Hurricane Katrina, she was a nursing student. Now, she's a touring musician with a small following.

Notes

Home Base: Mobile, often in the back seat of her friend's 1971 Ford Thunderbird.

Story: Southern Knights.

Character points: (3,011 - 30 in limitations =) 2,981

Unused Character Points: 19 (built with 3,000 points)

Belle on Belle

"What can I say that isn't already on my web site? Plenty. Buy me another drink and maybe I'll tell you.

Here's what most people know: I used to be with an all-woman blues/rock/zydeco/punk band called 'Dump Your Boyfriend' that managed to bomb at both blues clubs and womyn's music fairs, but had a loyal college following. The rest of the band went off to work on other, better-paying solo projects when I finally made my family happy by going to nursing school. When Katrina came to town, I was actually crazy enough to go into New Orleans to try to rescue my uncle Beau. I failed — nuff said. With my nursing school destroyed and my family and band scattered, I left town to figure out my next move while developing my music on the road, touring with an old ex-girlfriend and some new friends in a beat-up old car.

Tequila? Great. Here's what most people don't know: I could always do a little something my grandmother called 'sensing home', and anyone I ever put a bandage on seemed to heal so much faster than if they'd put one on themselves. It came from being fifth in line for being some sort of Voodoo queen, but I never thought much of it, since my Uncle Beau was the family's head mage, and probably would be for decades to come. Then Katrina came, and as I'm trying to escape, Uncle Beau calls to tell me I'm the next in line, and to come get him quick. I didn't have time to think about what his words meant, didn't have time to cry. I just acted, and fought my way to the Ninth Ward, where I saw him trying to contain a second flood, a flood of evil spirits. I could tell just by looking that he was fighting a losing battle and that the effort was killing him. When he saw me, he 'zapped' me, I guess you could say, and said 'finish the job'. Then he collapsed just as a storm-surge of water and ghosts flooded the street and carried me away.

When I recovered from being nearly drowned and trampled by ghosts, there was one ghost left at my side, Uncle Beau. As I huddled with everyone else in the reeking SuperDome, he slowly told me about how the storm took out more than just the levees, but the magical wards that had kept all kinds of evil locked up in this town. Now that evil was running amok all over the South, and as his heir, it was my job to find those old monsters wherever they hid, bring them back to their cages in New Orleans, and lock them up again."

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I chose to release this work in this way so you can adjust it to suit the needs of you and your friends, and so you can create your own characters and stories based on this game and still own them yourself—which is as it should be. I do ask that you give me credit when you make something based on this work (preferably by linking to www.TenThousandWorlds.org) and I ask that you not try to make any money off of it.

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.