

Jessica Drummond (revised)



For her previous version, [see here](#).

March 2022:

In a two-story rowhouse in **Tanelorn**, a woman lay on her side on a mattress, staring at nothing, just as she had for most of the last week. A few hours before, she had gotten up to wander over in the direction of the bedroom window that looked out onto the street outside, so that her face might be seen and start the process. It was a little annoying that the process had taken so long, really, but she supposed that she had nothing better to do than wait.

Ah, there it was now -- the sound of the front door being kicked in and booted footsteps on the floor below. The steps were lighter than they might have been and there was an absence of the familiar whirring of exomuscular motors. Interesting. Her visitor was wearing armor, but not the powered armor. On some level, that annoyed her; it suggested that she was being taken lightly. Well, fair was fair. She was taking her visitor lightly by not setting up any traps downstairs.

Of course, her visitor had no way of knowing that. In its turn, that ignorance only increased her own annoyance when it took a while between the sounds of entry and the start of noises indicating that someone was coming up the stairway, with that while doubtless spent checking for nonexistent traps. Well, whatever. She rolled over onto her back and then sat up on the

mattress, waiting for the words --

"Hands where I can see them!"

She obediently held up her hands, and managed to find a certain amusement in the imagined reaction that her guest was doubtless giving to that obedience. When no further commands were issued, she decided to make a reply. "Hello, [Patricia](#). Do you mind if I call you that?"

"Yes," replied the Sheriff of Tanelorn. "I do mind."

"Tough," she said with a shrug. And with that word, she opened her eyelids to gaze in the direction that she assumed her visitor was located.

"What happened to your eyes?" Patricia asked after a moment.

"I'm honestly not sure," Jessica admitted, since she had obviously never seen what they now looked like. "I was seeing what he was seeing, and now ... now I see what he saw, at the end. And only that. A vast, polychromatic ... something." She shrugged again. "Moving on, then. Are you here to arrest me or kill me?"

"I haven't decided, yet."

Jessica nodded. "Understandable. You never struck me as being all that decisive."

Her visitor let out an annoyed sigh. "I have a gun aimed at your head, and you're insulting me?"

The admission almost made her smile. Almost. "Well, Patricia, I hate you. I have hated you since I first realized that you were the reason I never succeeded in breaking him." She heard Patricia start to interject something and kept on speaking over it. "If not for you -- well, none of this would have been necessary, and I'd be a lot happier. So, yes, I'm going to venture upon insult in this, our last conversation."

"Do you *want* me to shoot you?" Patricia asked. "Do you want to die?"

The question hung in the air for a while.

"No," Jessica answered, lowering her hands. "No, I don't. I'm not going to beg for my life, but I do want to live. Tell you what -- I'll spare you the cliché of saying that you'd be doing me a favor if you shot me, and you can spare me the cliché of saying that you don't want to do me any favors. Shoot or don't shoot. You're the one with the gun."

There was only silence, and Jessica found herself idly wondering if it was true that you never heard the one that got you, and whether her nemesis was that unsure of her aim as to take this long to line up the shot. And then she felt firm hands on her shoulders.

"Get up," said Patricia. "I'm taking you in."

"Why?" asked Jessica, even though she obeyed the instructions as she felt handcuffs going on her wrists. "You must hate me as much --"

"I don't think that's possible," the Sheriff interrupted. "And -- well, I dislike you enough that I *won't* spare you the cliché of saying that **Kent** wouldn't want me to kill you. Or the one about how you're all that's left of him in this world."

"... where do we go from here?" Jessica asked as she was guided down the stairs.

"Jail," Patricia answered firmly.

"Not even remotely what I meant," replied the weed that choked the garden of creation -- or ex-weed, it seemed.

She has spent the last few months in a cell, trying -- without much success -- to figure out what she wants to do with her life from this point. The cell is not the obstacle it seems. Whatever took away her sight seems to have compensated her with impossibly keen senses of hearing, scent, and pressure; with these, and with her skills, escape would be easy. But escape to where? What is the point of her existence now that the goals she lived for are permanently unobtainable?

Her trial -- likely to be the trial of the significant time period in Tanelorn -- is still a few months away. It is likely to be complicated by another new ability she has developed without knowing it. Tanelornian justice relies heavily on telepathy to confirm the identity of the accused and verify the absence of mental influence on them, and her mind has been sufficiently shattered by her experiences that it cannot be read or influenced in any way. What this will mean remains to be seen.

However, if **a certain individual** regains their former psychic might during the episode, then Jessica will be in a unique position to resist him ... if that is what she decides to do.

Jessica Drummond -- PL 10

Abilities:

STR 4 | STA 4 | AGL 7 | DEX 5 | FGT 8 | INT 5 | AWE 3 | PRE 4

Powers:

Age-Defying: Immunity 1 (aging) - 1 point

Keen Senses: Immunity 2 (visual sensory effects); Senses 6 (accurate hearing, acute olfactory, acute ranged touch) - 8 points

Shattered Mind: Immunity 20 (mental effects) - 20 points

Sneak Attack: Strength-based Damage 4, Limited to vulnerable or defenseless targets - 2 points

Advantages:

Attractive, Daze (Deception), Defensive Roll, Hide in Plain Sight, Fascinate (Deception), Improved Initiative, Taunt.

Skills:

Acrobatics 4 (+11), Athletics 6 (+10), Close Combat: Unarmed 4 (+12), Deception 9 (+13), Expertise: Criminal 6 (+11), Expertise: Dimensional 4 (+9), Insight 6 (+9), Perception 8 (+11), Sleight of Hand 5 (+10), Stealth 4 (+11), Technology 6 (+11).

Offense:

Initiative +11

Unarmed +12 (Close Damage 4)

Sneak Attack +12 (Close Damage 8)

Defense:

Dodge 14, Parry 12, Fortitude 7, Toughness 6/4, Will 8

Totals:

Abilities 80 + Powers 31 + Advantages 7 + Skills 31 + Defenses 19 = 168 points

Offensive PL: 10

Defensive PL: 10

Resistance PL: 8

Skill PL: 8

Complications:

"A New Song Must Begin"--Motivation. Blindness. Reputation (arch-villainess.)

Update: Her trial finally got underway, but was interrupted by Andropov indeed regaining his psychic power and trying to take over the island. Jessica assisted a group of unlikely allies in stopping this, resulting in the prosecutor offering her a plea bargain where she would receive a sentence of community service of up to three hundred years (subject to revision.) Genuinely curious to see whether this would lead to the new life she desires, Drummond agreed to the deal and has been working with the remaining Guardians ever since.