

[1] Name: *Verdan*

[2] Appearance: *All muscle, no fat. Big hands, big sack.*

No shirt. No shoes. Two leather holsters (empty) are strapped to his dark denim trousers with a duster coat slovenly sleeved over one shoulder.

The symbol of a black bleeding heart is tattooed on their chest, at the center teeth and an iron cross are inscribed. A series of stars or crosses span across their chest, back, and arms lengthwise. Their bright orange hue contrasts his dark navy skin. Devil horns protrude from his skull between heaps of ashen grey hair, but most notably, a black spiked halo hangs above them.

[4] Hometown: *The small village of Ostružná resting between two mountains south of the Poland border.*

[6] Character Image: <https://imgur.com/a/ZHAUj0L>

Private Profile (Character)

Theme

[7] Rough Background: *Hans Wüdimeire was not an impressionable man. Quiet. Reserved. Much like his hometown, rather unremarkable to the far corners of the world. Taking after his father, Hans pursued the medical field and was a studious academic. In his spare time Hans would sketch away minutes into hours upon his notebook pages. Notes would crowd every corner of free space around his drawings, usually cut-in dioramas of plant life and other biology to show their inner workings.*

Hans changed little with adulthood. His thesis of reanimating plant matter earned him renown with his peers throughout the eastern bloc in the field of medicine. Yet still, instead of using his free time to further his research, he still found himself steeped in his notebook, scribbling every idle hour away into twilight.

His academic pursuits opened many doors to this closed off small village boy, eventually moving to the metropolises of Prague, Berlin, and even Moscow. Yet still, Hans remained Hans, becoming no more worldly from his journey across the eastern bloc.

Ten years had passed since the end of World War II. Hans found himself working as an apprentice under the esteemed Dr. Herman Volke and his medical institute in Moscow. The entire project was backed and funded by the KGB, to the ignorance of Hans who was merely just a fledgling scientist working on medicinal research there. Just as the MKUltra project was

heating up across the pond in the states, so too were the soviets toppling their small domino in the arms race for illegal human research.

Hans would not learn the untold tales of wicked cruelty that his medical research helped enable. Not in life that is.

After one late night of burning the candle oil dry, Hans was trudging through the thick Moscow snow, stopping upon a disheveled vagrant which blocked their sidewalk path. Nary a soul could be found walking the streets at this hour in the northeast district. Likely freezing to death, the vagrant begged Hans for a hand out, a donation of mercy. "No." Replied the scientist coldly. Hans had not an ounce of sympathy for the downtrodden. They were there because that was their place, nothing more. Walking past the vagrant like mere street trash Hans proceeded to unlock his car door to commute home for the night. He was quite used to the locks freezing over at this late hour and preemptively jostled his key to pop the door open. That is when the vagrant demanded Hans hand over the keys, lest they get hurt. Under the bundle of coats was an impoverished man not far off in age as Hans, now brandishing a pistol to his head. Still, Hans had no sympathy to bear, "No." he coldly replied, even under the threat of being held at gunpoint. A second of silence passed for what felt like an eternity to both parties. Then a shove. Then a bang.

Never expecting resistance, the vagrant screamed at the sight, the man he just shot not only didn't drop dead, he now had his gun arm held firmly by the wrist. Caught in a death grip, Hans struggled and forced the vagrant to the ground. The bullet had made a clean entrance and exit in the side of his cranium, blood pouring out profusely. The now mortally wounded Hans with sluggish frantic thrashing turned the ignition key, prompting the screeching spinning of tires in the deep snow. Still screaming, the vagrant shot several more times at the drivers side, thinking they just encountered a monster. A stray bullet lodged into Hans' shoulder, but he was already taking off, his heart pounding like a war drum. The sharp burning pain he now felt in his shoulder was almost a sobering distraction from the profoundly disorienting sensation he was feeling in his head.

It was unclear what Hans thought he could do at that point. No doubt he refused to surrender his vehicle to the vagrant out of a woefully stubborn principle, but what did he hope to achieve now? Perhaps he thought he would drive to the hospital or to a city center to request help. Maybe he was even mad enough to intend driving home and sleeping this off...

Whatever Hans' plans were, they did not come to fruition. At 3:37 AM Hans Wüdimeire was pronounced dead. The deceased's remains were found strewn about in a horrific car crash which claimed the lives of 3 others unfortunate enough to have been crossing the same intersection the wounded Hans was barreling down. The only public paper trail which remained of the accident was Hans own obituary, the tragic event which led to his demise however was not recorded.

A man reportedly driving 13 city blocks while suffering a gunshot wound to the head immediately caught the attention of big brother. Even more so that this was a scientist engineer from one of their own KGB funded institutes. An extensive investigation was launched in suspicion this was an assassination from the Chinese or Americans. When all else was settled, Hans' remains became government property. Specifically that of the very institute which he dedicated his research to. At the mercy of Dr. Herman Volke.

Volke was under order of the KGB to undergo project V.E.R.D.A.N. Vertical Electric

Radiation and Advanced Network theory. The Russians were trying to employ a means of simulating electromagnetic pulses in the human brain to prevent what they categorized as "second sight", a phenomenon that was being researched extensively stateside to spy on Russian agents.

Whether Herman Volke pursued this goal in genuine or was simply taking the government grants as a means to his own end is not known. What is known about the enigmatic doctor is that he was Russia's most renowned in the research and testing of human follies. He headlined the KGB's super soldier program, which aimed to reanimate deceased soldiers on the very battlefields they had fallen at during the world war, and saw promising success. With the KGB's favor, Volke had near unilateral control over the project to do as they saw fit for the next decade.

The 1960's, MKUltra and its sister projects failed to produce positive results. With this, the mounting fear of the Americans employing second sight tactics on Russia's own agents quickly diminished, and the KGB shuttered the V.E.R.D.A.N. project. As if this was the anticipated result all along, Volke shifted his motives and auctioned the institute to the highest bidder in the private sector. Upon acquiring funding through various backdoors in Russia, along with the likes of Turkey, Iran, as well as the United States, Volke had more power over the project than ever before to pursue his goals.

The human genome was still decades off from being cracked wide open, but that did not deter a man with such convictions as Volke who wished to play God. One late afternoon in early June, 1962. Project V.E.R.D.A.N. was finally realized. In his own words, the world's most advanced folly had reanimated. The subject was an amalgam of the institute's most treasured specimens. The oversized heart of a beastkin panther from the Somalian jungle was the centerpiece of Volke's crazed ambition, but the most unorthodox donor was something stranger than fiction. One of the private investors located in Turkey had supposedly procured the frozen remains of what was once thought to be the long lost humanoid species known as Nephilim in the mountain peaks of Nepal. A humanoid skull bearing horns, shielding still intact brain matter. Little is known about the Nephilim (or Cherubs as some texts reference) and much information about them conflicts with one another. Large, incredibly strong humans, or meager lithe beings with wings so weak they were incapable of flight. No one is quite sure what they were or if they even existed, but Volke's ambition would wager even such an absurd anomaly. The rest of the donor list consisted primarily of the victims from the 1960 terrorist attacks on the Rome Olympics. Muscle tissue from the world's most elite athletes now lined this reborn creature's bones. The most unexpected donor however, was Volke's very own colleague, Hans Wüdimeire. The unremarkable man who committed the most remarkable feat of retaining consciousness after suffering a fatal gunshot wound to the head and driving 13 city blocks. Volke cared little for Hans as a man, but as a specimen, they were invaluable, serving as the majority donor for brain tissue and spinal fluid.

The folly awoke completely lucid, promptly asking the good doctor for his name. Volke failed to answer right away, as the results proved more astonishing than even his wildest dreams. Before his very eyes, the unthinkable happened. A visible band of light manifested over the subject as they reanimated, shining a brilliant gold hue. At five points the halo spiked, then darkened to a slate black. Reportedly, the specimen smiled at Volke jovially all the while, introducing themselves as "Verdan".

[8] Important Moments: *Awakening, Coming to America, Founding Wicked Hearts*

[9] Character Relationships: *Verdan considers all members of Wicked Hearts as his own children.*

[10] Motives: *To impart the gift of awakening*

[11] Likes: *Curiosities, Torture, Underdogs*

[12] Dislikes: *Realists, Pragmatists, Sterile environments*

[13] Additional Character Information: *He is the cult leader of Wicked Hearts*

Private Profile (Backstory)

Theme

[14] Backstory: *“Wayward traveler. Weary settler.”*

“Children bearing wicked hearts”

“Those shunned, discarded... and forgotten.”

A wreath of wilted flowers sat atop their horns, bathed in the dark shadow of their halo

The blue man was draped in sashes of white silken fabrics, before him stood an audience of wicked hearts numbering several dozens. Wrapped in the same cloth, bearing the same mark on their chests, they followed each word spoken by their leader intently. Between each member bathtubs out in broad daylight under the Montana blue skies were situated. Filled to the brim with ice and bodies, or what parts were left of them. Drink coolers filled with organs and surgeons draped in the same garb and bearing the mark of Wicked Hearts on their chest stood by attently, ready to operate once the time comes.

“Today. We move past the first phase of life. The life which abandoned you. Marked your wicked hearts as sinners. To be reborn. To be Awakened. For as you all know, true Paradise lies not beyond the pearly gates. No. True salvation is to be trekked upon this very soil.”

"Our promise land"

Two assistants come to the blue man's side bearing large firearms fit for his sizable hands

"Look down the barrel to your destiny"

"And pull the trigger"

Each cultist then raised a firearm to the one adjacent to them in a paradoxical spiral

Bang

In perfect synchronized unison, all dropped dead before them. A hundred some lives there one moment, then gone. It began with the pull of his trigger, just as it ended.

The operation was a complete success. Those were Verdan's very words.

One hundred and eight had fallen, only for a meager four to successfully walk away from the ceremony. A profound success as far as folly statistics went. This was Verdan's purpose. His raison d'etre.

The year that day was 1984, two decades had passed since Verdan's awakening. He was far from home, yet just where he belonged... the land of the free.

Verdan had spent the first several years working alongside Dr. Volke. They shared the same goal of repeating their past successes. Only, at first starting as the experiment, Verdan craftily became the one actually running it when all was said and done. Volke however, was not the same success that Verdan had hoped for. The procedure did not take. The barely sentient folly which Volke's cadaver provided shambled around for several days before proceeding to cease functioning. It would seem Verdan's eccentric touch for creating follies brought along with it less impressive results than his predecessor. However his failures did not dissuade Verdan. Quite the opposite. Each failure was more reason to pursue the next. As one could expect, the private funding eventually dried up due to the mountain of failures which the institute now yielded in Volke's absence. A lack of funds, and the ever encroaching threat of big brother realizing their discarded pet project was now walking about and creating unhinged havoc. Verdan had to flee the eastern bloc.

By his own account Verdan supposedly walked all the way from the motherland to the great United States, by way of Paradise of course. An unlikely tale, one can probably imagine he was offered an out from one of his investors overseas hoping to still get something out of the

exchange. Little did they know Verdan had a roundabout way of returning favors.

Verdan found America to be his fate. Destiny. This was a sacred land. The land of the free. And free he would be, at least till the FBI raided his compound in Montana housing several hundred cult members which worshiped and revered Verdan like a messiah.

Countless lost souls were persuaded by the mad man to throw away their lives at the false promise of awakening to a higher plane. Outcasts. Runaways. Verdan sought out the dregs of society, the "throwaway bits" as he called them. In these misled individuals he saw hope, salvation. The building blocks to make a true Paradise on Earth.

Those of his successes were free to walk as they pleased and spread the gospel of Wicked Hearts. There wasn't much rhyme or reason to it at all, this grand scheme of awakening en masse which he pursued doggedly. If Verdan had a whim, that was reason enough to pursue.

And pursue he shall, to this very day in a state penitentiary, Verdan is still making his list and checking it twice.

A small single cell with a slab of concrete for a bed and a permanently stained steel john in the corner, besides the small table and seat bolted to the right, there were no other features of comfort here.

On the table sat two books. One aged, the other new, though still tarnished. The Catcher in the Rye. Blood Meridian. Two American classics gutted and defaced. The floor was covered in pages ripped out of them, their original writing well scribbled over, crossed out, and adapted to something else entirely. Incomprehensible notes, schematics, and plans littered each one of them. Even the very spines of the books which the pages were pulled from featured critical notations. The madness extended to the walls, ceiling and every corner. Even now Verdan was busily scribbling away like he could not dare waste precious seconds staying idle.

A loud buzzer sounds, and the com by the door barks an order. Take everything with you and leave no trash behind.

BUZZ

The door lock on his cell was lifted, and out strolled the blue man with nary a possession on him. He danced down the stairs and waved to the other cells like adoring fans as he walked to the exit of C Block.

"You know who let ya out?" The ignorant guard escorting him down the labyrinth of cold sterile halls inquired.

"A man with a plan" Verdan shined a wicked smile

“Jack~ Jack~ Gotta attack~” he sang a mantra to himself as he skipped into the discharge center.

“Ah. One of them American Colosseum freaks. Shoulda known.”

A cold room with a single bench and shower in the corner. A glass window with a shutter pulls up. Through a drawer beneath, the guard slides forward a tray filled with Verdan’s belongings sealed in a vacuum bag.

“Strip down and change” The guard barks.

“Heh eh...” Verdan unclothed, not the least bit shy “Like what you see?”

The guard only grimaced then remarked as Verdan clothed and strapped on his empty holsters, jingling them provocatively.

“Hah, yeah right buddy. Go ahead n’ ask that old pal Jack of yours to pull some favors if you ever wanna see those freakin’ hand cannons again.”

The two head down several more labyrinths and stop at a shuttered door which rises slowly to reveal a pitch black night sky. Puddles from the sprinklers left a riddled dry path for Verdan to sillily hop between as he and the guard approached an armored vehicle.

“Any last words Mr. TV Super Star? Ya know, as rehearsal for when things go tits up?”

Verdan turned back and smiled to the guard, leaving them with one parting slogan

“Wicked Hearts... never falter”

[15] Weapons (OPTIONAL)

Tier 1 Weapon (10 ATK)

Name: *TWO Big Fucking Guns*

Tier: 1

Description: *Gee Verdan! How come Terp lets you wield TWO big fucking guns? “Righty” and “Lefty”, reunited at last~<3*

Tier 2 Weapon (8 ATK)

Name: *Wicked Hearts*

Tier: 2

Description: *5 lucky devoted followers of Wicked Hearts, rounded up from Verdan’s cheering fanclub outside. Each individual is branded with the symbol of Wicked Hearts. They are... about as effective as you’d expect 5 cult fanatics to be.*

Tier 3 Weapon (7 ATK)

Name: *A Big Fucking Gun*

Tier: 3

Description: *A literal hand cannon. No serial. Whatever weapons manufacture made this firearm did so to suit someone with large hands, and an inhuman amount of strength. Formally named “Lefty”.*

Tier 4 Weapon (6 ATK)

Name: *SAMPLE 1008367584 A-EX-vtl 9*

Tier: 4

Description: *A potent synthesis material encased in a vial. It can be thrown, applied to a blade, injected, ingested either orally or through the skin. A single ounce can induce severe psychological effects; intense paranoia and euphoria, visual hallucinations. Leaves no trace in the bloodstream. Side effects; chills, shakes, strange dreams.*

Tier 5 Weapon (5 ATK)

Name: *Lunch*

Tier: 5

Description: *A lunch tray from a state penitentiary. Consists of; Half an orange(small), beef(?)a-roni(with corn niblets), corn niblets, cornbread, another half an orange(small), 1 pkt of sugar cookies(hard), 1 chocolate milk. A tepid puddle of condensation soaks each portion.*

[16] Traits

You can find a list of traits [here](#). Remember, you have 10 points to spend.

Trait #1

Original Trait Name: *Heal*

Cost: 3

Character Trait Name: *Love Rhymes With Hideous Car Wreck*

Trait Explanation: *Heal 2HP*

Trait #2 (optional)

Original Trait Name: *Vendetta*

Cost: 3

Character Trait Name: *Look down the barrel to your destiny... and pull the trigger*

Trait Explanation: *Follow any engaged player into another room*

Trait #3 (optional)

Original Trait Name: *Fast Learner*

Cost: 4

Character Trait Name: *Wicked Hearts... never falter*

Trait Explanation: *Gain 3ATK in the next engagement*

[17] Race: *Folly*

