

Webham Winslett

CHARACTER:

WEBHAM WINSLETT

- BY CLIVE OLDFIELD

Archetype: Gutter Press Motivation: Fame
Style: 3 [3] Health: 4 [5]

Primary Attributes

Body: 2 [3] Charisma: 4 [1]
Dexterity: 2 [3] Intelligence: 3 [3]
Strength: 2 [3] Willpower: 2 [2]

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0 [0] Initiative: 5 [6]
Move: 4 [6] Defense: 4 [6]
Perception: 5 [5] Stun: 2 [3]

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	Average
Animal	4	4	8	(4)
Handling: Rats				
Art: Writing	3	4	7	(3+)
[Brawl]	[3]	3	6	(3)
Con	4	2	6	(3)
Empathy	4	2	6	(3)
Firearms	3	2	5	(2+)
Intimidation	4	3	7	(3+)
Investigation	3	3	6	(3)
Performance	4	2	6	(3)
Streetwise	4	3	7	(3+)

Talents

Provoke

Resources

Highs and Lows
The Ratstone

Flaw

Condescending
Were-rat

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	Average
[Bite]	1L	0	7L	(3+)L

[] as Were-rat

"Bringing you the news of those who should know better. Exposing the shameful glare of glamour when the gloss is off. Getting to the heart of this city of darkness, when the lights go out."



Webham Winslett is a famous journalist. He has a society (ie gossip) column in the Daily Mail called 'Highs and Lows.' It specialises in dishing the dirt on 'the well to do who don't.' Essentially, anyone who does not treat the man with deference and respect, when Winslett feels they should, is liable to come under the painful stroke of his poison pen.

Webham Winslett

He has such a following for his tawdry column that he can make and break careers, ruin theatre productions or restaurants over night. Nobody likes him, but everyone is scared of what he can do, and so tolerates his odious bile.

But the man has a secret. He was sent a gift of Atlantean technology by a 'secret admirer' The generous gift, was a 'Ratstone.' A Ratstone (not its real name) seems to enable a skilled user to command animals by force of will. Unfortunately for Winslett, he could not master the device. The crown (which he wears under his shirt, attached to a necklace) mastered him. The only animals Winslett could effect in central London were the rats who thrive in the sewers. But now, Winslett has an affinity only for rats and an urge to be with them.

Sometimes at night, increasingly often, he becomes a Were-rat. He strips off and prowls the dark places and sewers of the city, running wild with Ratmen and rats, scavenging for rotten meat and foetid foods. He leaves rotting meat and sweaty cheeses about his apartment (in Knightsbridge) to attract rats there, too. The neighbours are beginning to notice. All this is not good for his mental well-being. His column is beginning to suffer; he is not getting enough sleep; he is losing the plot, and his writing is becoming ever more vitriolic and slapdash. His editor is noticing and wondering what can be done about the situation. Meanwhile, everyone hates him anyway, and as Winslett's once comfortable world starts to cave in, it will become a house of cards.