# Self-Destructive Slayer



Name: DOB: 21/8/1980

Actor: Alicia Witt DOB: 21/8/1975

Character Type: Veteran

**Life Points: 96 Drama Points: 20**

**Attributes (25) = 25**

Strength 9 (3 Levels Part of Slayer Quality)
Dexterity 8 (3 Levels Part of Slayer Quality)
Constitution 5 (3 Levels Part of Slayer Quality)
Intelligence 4
Perception 2
Willpower 6 (2 Levels Part of Slayer Quality)

**Qualities (25 + 8 from Drawbacks) = 33**

Attractive +3 (3)
Fast Reaction Time (Part of Slayer Quality)
Hard to Kill 10 (5 Levels Part of Slayer Quality) (5)
Natural Toughness (2)
Nerves of Steel (Part of Slayer Quality)
Regeneration (Constitution Life Points per Hour) (Part of Slayer Quality)
Resistance (Pain) (5)
Situational Awareness (2)
Slayer (16)

**Drawbacks (10) = 10**

Addiction (Heavy Drinking, Habitual Cocaine Use) (4)
Adversary (Lots) (5 Levels Part of Slayer Quality) (5)

Mental Problems (Cruelty) (1)
Obligation (Total) (Part of Slayer Quality)
Obsession (2)
Reckless (2)
Secret (Cocaine User) (1)

**Skills (45 + 2 from Drawbacks) = 47**

| | |
|---|---|
| Acrobatics: 5 | Knowledge: 2 |
| Art: 0 | Kung Fu: 8+1 |
| Computers: 3 | Languages: 0 |
| Crime: 3 | Mr. Fix-It: 0 |
| Doctor: 0 | Notice: 0 |
| Driving: 0 | Occultism: 4 |
| Getting Medieval: 7+1 | Science: 0 |
| Gun Fu: 0 | Sports: 0 |
| Influence: 5 | Wild Card: 0 |

| **Maneuvers** | **Bonus** | **Base Damage** | **Notes** |
|---|---|---|---|
| Catch Weapon | 12 | None | Ranged Defense Ac |
| Dodge | 17 | None | Defense Action |
| Grapple | 19 | None | Resisted by Dodge |
| Jump Kick | 14 | 30 | Bash |
| Kick | 16 | 20 | Bash |
| (Groin Kick) | 13 | 20 | Bash |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Parry | 17 | None | Defense Action |
| Parry Ranged | 15 | None | Defense Action |
| Punch | 17 | 18 | Bash |
| Spin Kick | 15 | 22 | Bash |
| Stake | 16 | 18 | Slash/stab |
| (Through the Heart) | 13 | 18 | x5 vs. vamps |
| Sweep Kick | 16 | 9 | Bash |
| Sword | 16 | 36 | Slash/stab |
| (Decapitation) | 11 | 36 | x5 Damage |
| Thrown Stake | 15 | 16 | Slash/stab |
| (Through the Heart) | 12 | 16 | x5 vs. vamps |
| Toss | 14 | 9 | Bash; must Grapple |

**Background on the Self-Destructive Slayer**

The Council found me early. I was going to become a Slayer, they said. I didn't argue. They moved a Watcher to my hometown and everything. I began training, learning the Slayer's art. But somebody got their prophecies a little mucked up. It wasn't me that was called, it was my kid sister.

My Watcher began training her immediately; she said they had a lot to catch up on. My training went by the wayside, so I started hitting the books. If I wasn't meant to be a Slayer, maybe I could be a Watcher, and keep an eye on my sister. She was only 13, for Pete's sake. The first time she barely made it home, I tried to convince her that she should hold back, maybe wait until she'd had more time to train. Her Watcher, however, would have none of it. Sacred duty, blah, blah, blah. I never quit voicing my opposition to it.

The close calls kept coming. She was gifted, no doubt, but she was green. I don't think I had a full night's sleep in those two years. Then, the night came when everything changed. She never came home. The next night, against her Watcher's orders, I went out looking for her and the next night, and the next. For three weeks, nothing and then, one night while I was out hunting, something happened. I felt a new strength, new power. It confused me at first, but then I knew what it meant. I was the new Slayer. My sister was dead. By the time I got home, they'd left her mangled corpse on my front doorstep. Three weeks, they had her before she died. Three weeks, God only knows what they did to her.

Her Watcher... my Watcher, now... didn't believe it at first. Two Slayers in one family, in one generation, that's not supposed to happen. Once she was convinced, she knew I would be heading out looking for payback. She tried to stop me. If she'd listened to me when I told her not to send my sister out, I wouldn't have had to break her jaw then.

I found one of the vamps responsible the very next night, he confessed after a few hours, a ball peen hammer, and six vials of Holy Water. He even apologized. Then I pushed him some more until he begged to be dusted. I knew there were others involved. I got him to give up a list of names. Maybe they're fake, I don't care. It's the only lead I've got. I've been following it for a year now. My friends don't know.

Speaking of my friends, I don't know about that. I generally don't work well with others. I'd rather they stayed out of the fight. I care about them, and I don't want to see them hurt. Plus, with friends I have to keep secrets now. Not only do I have to keep my ahem medicinal habits a secret, but I have to figure some way to keep the vampire I get my stuff from off their radar. It's no fun, sometimes. Okay, all the time.

Quote: “I should warn you, I don't play well with others." **Roleplaying the Self-Destructive Slayer**

You are one of the reasons people say Slayers have a death wish. You are reckless because you really don't care whether you live or die.

You honestly do want to help people, and to be fair, you do. You have substance abuse issues, but so far you've managed to restrict it to off-duty hours. Mostly. You are overprotective of your friends, because you have come to care for them and are deathly afraid of losing anyone ever again the way you lost your sister.

It had been foretold...

*"Into each generation a Slayer is born. One girl in all the world, a Chosen One. One born with the strength and skill to fight the vampires, to stop the spread of their evil and the swell of their numbers."*

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