

## ☞ Crispin Blake ☞ (Wildcard)

**Tag:** International mercenary, rogue and charming killer

**Attributes:** Agility D8, Smarts D10, Spirit D8, Strength D8, Vigour D8

**Skills:** Fighting D10, Shooting D10, Throwing D8, Climbing D6, Driving D8, Guts D8, Intimidation D8, Lockpicking D6, Notice D8, Persuasion D6, Piloting D6, Riding D8, Stealth D8, Streetwise D10, Taunt D8

**Charisma:** +4; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 6

**Hindrances:** Arrogant, Vengeful

**Edges:** Attractive, Block, Charismatic, Combat Reflexes, Command, Dodge, Level Headed, Marksman, Quick Draw, Two Fisted

**Gear:** Mauser C96 "Broomhandle", Throwing Knife, Shoulder Holster, Silver Cigarette Case (with expensive English cigarettes), Gold Plated Remington Lighter



### Description

Cleaned featured and immaculately dressed. Undeniably handsome, he can also be quite charming - but there is a casual cruelty to the man and a nasty gleam to those ice-blue eyes. He is smart and deadly.

### Background

Crispin Blake is a cad and bounder. He is the product of the worst aspects of both English public school system and the Great War. He developed his taste for cruelty at Eton and his taste for killing in the trenches of France, where he served as an officer. Discharged from the army shortly after the end of hostilities – some scandal, the details for which were covered up to protect the reputation of the regiment – he became a mercenary killer for anyone who would pay for his skills and keep him in the lifestyle that he so thoroughly enjoys. In this capacity he has travelled widely (he speaks a number of languages including German and Arabic) and is always on the lookout for the main chance.

### Notes

Blake is no coward but has no death wish either - he values his own life too much. Although he won't do it at the first sign of trouble, he will quite happily sacrifice his own men if it looks like events have turned against him. He is loyal – up to a point but no fool. He enjoys power, but is not a slave to it – he knows the world is ripe for a man of his 'talents'. Likewise he enjoys wealth and all that it brings, but knows better than to get killed over it. He is also fond of the ladies; but considers no woman worth dying for. He enjoys the thrill of the game, outwitting and humiliating those who oppose him (and ultimately dispatching them).

**Quote:** "Holmes old man, you do realise that I was fencing champion at Eton three years running? [grin] En Garde!"

**Likeness:** Douglas Fairbanks Jnr