

Dr. Reginald Tiberius Littlejohn, retired

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Total Points: 25

Appearance: Early 60's, unkempt thinning gray hair, 5'6", 135 lbs, brown eyes

ST: 8 [-15] Swing 1d-2; Thrust 1d-3

DX: 9 [-10] Basic Speed 4.5, Move 4, Dodge 4

IQ: 14 [45]

HT: 9 [-10]

Advantages: Language Talent +1 [2]; Status 1 [5]

Disadvantages: Curious [-5]; Phobia (cats) [-5]; Phobia (enclosed places) [-15]; Phobia (darkness) [-15]

Quirks: Dislikes first and second names (uses Dr. R.T. Littlejohn), Feels a sense of loyalty to the Folklore and Mythology Department

Skills: Area Knowledge (central Europe)-14 [1]; Area Knowledge (Indonesia)-14 [1]; Area Knowledge (southern Mexico)-14 [1]; Anthropology-14 [4]; Archaeology-14 [4]; History-16 [8]; Linguistics-12 [2]; Literature-15 [6]; Occultism-20 [14]; Research-14 [2]; Teaching-13 [1]; Typing-14 [1]; Writing-14 [2]

Languages: English (native)-16 [0]; German-15 [1]; French-15 [1]; Spanish-15 [1] (all include +2 from Language Talent and Linguistics)

Equipment

Dr. Littlejohn is rarely encountered outside his home, so he normally carries little in the way of equipment. He normally dresses very casually, including a smoking jacket. He may have a pocket pistol (.32 revolver, 2d-3 damage) on him if he is wary about a visitor, but he relies on his servants for defense.

Biography:

When Reginald Tiberius Littlejohn enrolled at the University to become a historian, he had no idea of the path he life would actually take. He was born the son of a small-town newspaper printer and editor and read everything he could. In most cases, this was old issues of his father's paper, which helped stir his interest in history. Littlejohn proved to be a good student and learned quickly. His interests eventually branched into the unwritten period of man's past, where he studied archaeology and anthropology.

Unfortunately, Littlejohn got on the wrong side of the professor who had the power to block his doctorate (Littlejohn had had the audacity to correct several egregious errors made by the old codger in a lecture). Despondent, he nearly left collage, but suddenly his fortune changed again. To this day, he isn't sure if it was for the better or for the worse.

Two professors in the little-known department of Folklore and Mythology offered Littlejohn an alternative; he could receive a doctorate, but he would have to take classes in their department. Littlejohn agreed the next day. As it turned out, he learned virtually nothing about common folklore. Instead, he was taught about strange things that stalked the world and what existed on the *other side*. At first, Littlejohn thought it was rubbish, but quickly changed his mind when he saw the books and artifacts in a room under the library unknown to everyone outside his department.

After a few months, the old professor who had blocked his way died from pneumonia. Littlejohn

quickly received his doctorate in History, but stayed on at the University as a research assistant. In truth, he was helping his department fight a war that few others were remotely aware of. He traveled to various ruins around the world, spending most of his time in France, Germany, Mexico, Timor and Java. It wasn't uncommon for several members of each expedition to fail to return to the University; often, the bodies weren't even shipped back, even if they could be recovered.

Although Littlejohn was never seriously injured by anything the expeditions discovered, the cumulative effect of his encounters was very destructive. His physical health deteriorated slowly and his mental health deteriorated in leaps. Eventually, he was no longer sent away from the University, instead looking over the reports from the scattered expeditions. At first, he seemed to recover, and was even given a teaching position in the History department. However, after two years, it was obvious that he would never regain his mental and physical stability. Littlejohn retired and a small (but sufficient) pension was arranged for him.

Littlejohn's mind has been severely twisted by what he has seen and learned over the years. His fear and loathing of cats originated with his encounters with Mayan jaguar spirits. His other two phobias are more generally from what he has experienced in tombs and caverns. He absolutely refuses to have anything to do with cats; only by moving into the city did he stop his tendency to shoot any that came near his house. He is terrified of the dark, so always leaves lights on when possible. Finally, he refuses to remain for long in a room less than 20'x20' and only in an emergency will he go down a hallway.

The professor has always had a problem with his name. When he was young, he didn't mind using Reginald, with the inevitable nicknames of Reggie or Reg. However, once he obtained his doctorate, he felt that such a name was undignified and started using his middle name. Unfortunately, to many people, Tiberius seemed a bit pompous and he started getting a reputation for being a blowhard. In the end, he decided to just use the initials 'R. T.'

Encountered

Dr. Littlejohn rarely leaves his house, so they will either need a reason to seek him out (not hard in an a Horror campaign) or he might contact the party if any have an appropriate good Reputation. He has a small staff of three (maid, butler, cook) attending to him; all have been specially trained to deal with supernatural foes (one is a 75 point character, the other two 60 points).

Canonality

Littlejohn is mostly designed by normal rules. However, instead of taking the age disadvantage, I have chosen simply to give him lower physical stats.

What if?

The professor is intended for a Horror campaign set in the 1920's or 1930's. With some changes, he can be moved to the Victorian Era or more modern times.

Adventure Ideas

Most adventures involving Dr. Littlejohn will involve the party coming to him to (a) learn about a particular creature or legend or (b) tell them about some manuscript or relic they have found. While he will be willing to do so (if the PCs are students at the University, they may be part of the new generation of 'explorers,' and Littlejohn would feel a duty to help), the GM should play up his phobias, especially his methods of avoiding them.