

Chase Cale-Weatherly

Name: Chase Cale-Weatherly

Birthday: June 18, 1984

Age: 22

Nature:

Demeanor:

Profession: Computer geek and talk show DJ.

Appearance: 5'2", 100 soaking wet, dirty blonde hair, green eyes, very pale skin. Wears punk and funky clothes, always carries her laptop in a messenger bag.

Personality: Freedom to be who she wants to be is the most important thing to Chase. She's a flirt, a conniver and a brat, but basically good hearted.

Lifestyle: Chase lives in a small loft apartment about 3 miles radio station where she works weekends. She doesn't drive, rides a bike everywhere she goes. She has her license because she hacked into the DMV computers changing her state ID into a license, but she doesn't drive because she'd hurt someone.



"Sure I can get physical, but there are better ways to get what I want..."

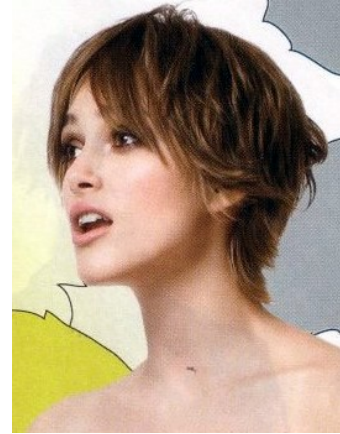
I wouldn't say that we were poor, but we were on our way down to that level. The Cales had invested heavily in the Dot.com boom back in the late 90s. We made a lot of money, fast, easy and plentiful. My grandfather sold a lot of real estate to fund the speculative companies. He figured if Bill Gates could get richer, so could he. Problem was, the bubble burst in 2001. It all went to shit. They lost their big office building, their yachts, a lot of real estate, forcing the old man to consolidate the family into the old Victorian mansion that his daddy had built. There we were, my aunt and her kids, my uncle, his wife, and their son, Logan, and the grandparents all sharing the one house. It was like living in a commune.

I went from having my own bathroom at my dad's penthouse in downtown Seattle to sharing a bathroom with three of my girl cousins. I so did not like the Brady Bunch deal with sharing, and was determined to get the hell out as soon as I could. Mom and Dad had been divorced for years before the trouble started. I hadn't seen her since I was a kid. I just remember that she was pretty with red hair like fire. I'm really pale like she was, and would burn under a bright light bulb.

Dad was the one who talked granddad into investing in the new electronic economy. When the Cales lost it all, so did he. He slit his wrists in the shower. I came home from Catholic School – don't ask – to hear the water running, and after half an hour went to find out what was up. I figured he was just taking a long shower after spending the afternoon with one of his secretaries or something like that. When I found him there wasn't even much blood left in the water. I guess I should be glad they foreclosed on the penthouse, and I had to move in with granddad.

My mother showed up for the funeral. She looked like she hadn't aged a day. I wasn't sure what I wanted from her. Did I want her to take me with her? Did I want lightning to strike her dead for ditching me? I was a mess, and just didn't know what to think of the whole deal. Where the hell had she been all those years? Why hadn't she written to me or gave me a call. I was so pissed off that I slapped her when she came up to me dressed in her perfect little black dress and hat. It was raining, and as my hand connected a sizzle of electricity filled the air making my hair stand on end.

She grabbed my hand and dragged me into her limo. I was curious, so didn't struggle a whole lot. I mean being kidnapped by my mother was still probably better than sharing a bathroom with Marcia, Jan and Cindy. She was like watching an old movie star, so graceful, without a single wrinkle in her dress, not a hair out of place.



We drove around for a good long while; the rain was coming down hard splattering against the sunroof of the car. I leaned back and watched for a good long time waiting for her to tell me what was up. I was less than prepared for the weird fucking story she told me about the Sidhe, and that I was a changeling. I was her child, I was of the Alfar, and she'd been waiting to tell me until the time was right. Nice of her to get around to it, I figured. I mean she waited until my dad killed himself. Bitch, I hated her.

She took me under her wing then, coming to visit me a couple of times a month, to teach me about the Fey and how to control my newly awakened powers. Mom was all about the fire; it was her element, probably where the red hair came from. Her name's Miranda by the way. Dad's name was Lewis.

My gifts seem to center around electricity. I've always had a gift when it comes to machines, especially electronics. I can fix just about anything, and I'm one hell of a computer geek. I started hacking before my dad died, and still do it. I try to only do it when I have to though, but once in a while I do need some money in the old bank account to cover the bills. I do a bit of it for myself, but I have been known to work for other people. No one ever meets me face to face though.

No one meets me at my other job unless they are a guest on the show, and those are few and far between. I'm a weekend talk DJ on Radio 730. The show's called Chasing the Night. Management wanted to call it Chatting with Chase – spew. The show runs for 4 hours of chat, music from the local bands, classics, and interviews on Fridays at midnight where the strange and unusual can call in. I get all kinds, the werewolves with bad hair days, the vampires who miss tanning booths and occasionally some kid who turns out to be a Changeling too whose parent didn't show up to help them. I usually try to get as much info as I can from them, and shoot Raven a call. There aren't enough of us in Seattle not to try to bring the strays in.

We pass it all off as a joke, since we don't want the norms to know that the strange and unnatural really are out there. I'm sure the MIBs are just wishing I'd get off the air, so they could hunt us all down. I'm not sure what scarier, the thought of them killing us or that they'd take us in and experiment on us. I think death would be better. I don't like to fight, but I can if I have to. Raven's made sure that all of us can defend ourselves. But when push comes to shove, I'd rather fry you with a lightning bolt than to try to use a hand to hand weapon. Personally I'd rather follow Drake's example, and enjoy life.

The Peeps



Logan Cale – cousin

Years before the Pulse and the events of Dark Angel, Logan is a suit working for Cale Enterprises. He believes in the all mighty dollar and not much else. He's still the only person better at hacking than Chase is. She misses the scoundrel that he was when they were kids, and is afraid he's going to turn out like her father.



Desmond Fry – agent

Mr. Wheeler Dealer, Desmond wants Chase to get a syndicated spot on National Radio. He's very pushy, and is certain that he knows best. He'd like her to move the show to LA or NY, and can't understand why she won't budge.



Miranda Weatherly – mother

Chase's mother spends most of her time with the Fey or gallivanting around Europe. She occasionally visits Chase unannounced by just showing up at Chase's loft. They have a brittle relationship.

Raven – ●●

Raven and Chase know each other, but Raven wishes that Chase would take her responsibilities to the Fey more seriously. Chase doesn't want the responsibilities at all, and figures sending strays towards the Winter Court should be good enough.

Jo Davis – ●●●

Miss Davis was a neighbor of the Cales', and Chase grew up knowing her. The family attended parties at each other's estates, even after the Cales lost everything. Chase fondly remembers getting drunk for the first time at a party at Jo's when no one was looking and fooling around with one of the stable boys. Since high school and college, Chase hasn't seen much of Jo.

Drake – ●●●●

Chase lusts after Drake – who wouldn't?

Shae - ●●●

Fey Junk – like magic...

Upbringing -

Half-Faeries: Half-Faeries have to buy the seven point Merit: Half Faerie. They look human, but have a few characteristics that evoke impressions of their faerie blood. They heal at the same rate as ordinary humans.

Type of Fey -

Alfar: Also called the Kind Folk. They are the elves of Nordic legend, the Tuatha De Danaan, and other human-like Fae. They are regal and a bit haughty generally. Their breed power is Mana manipulation.

Court –

The Tinker Court: Victory is to be gained by whoever builds the ultimate machine. If you can think of it, we can make it. The virtue of Fearlessness is stressed. Tinkers are insanely curious. They must make an Intelligence check at Diff. 6 or try something new regardless of danger.

Powers: Tinker, Machine Master

Quote: This is the alarm that goes off if the alarm to tell you it is malfunctioning doesn't go off.

Whoever builds the best/biggest toy wins! The key to the rules for the Tinkers is the invention of new devices, and the improvement of old ones. Tinkers are discouraged from interfering with

each other's work...This is just too dangerous when Tinker devices are concerned. What you do with the rest of your life is your own affair...but you should always strive to learn more about machines, and not destroy the machines of others.

Stability is Honor + Fearlessness

Stability loss caused by:

- 10: Failing to spend at least three hours a day working on inventions
- 9: Failing to explain your inventions whenever you demonstrate them
- 8: Failing to take apart at least one of every new machine you find
- 7: Not trying to learn more about new machines you encounter
- 6: refusing to share your knowledge about machines
- 5: Not spending at least 30 hours a week tinkering and experimenting
- 4: Destroying a machine without studying it first
- 3: Solving a problem with brute force where a machine could do it
- 2: Sabotaging anyone's experiments with machines.
- 1: Sabotaging a fellow Tinker's experiments

Merits and Flaws –

Night Faerie (seven point flaw) You are a faerie of the night. Daylight is painful to you and possibly fatal. Exposure to sunlight for you is like being on fire for other people. (Use normal fire damage rules.)

Half Faerie (seven point merit) Immunity to the Delirium, one pip in the breed power of the Faerie parent (Which can be improved with experience points), causes vulnerability to cold iron (but it isn't aggravated), and allows the character immunity to Arcadian time-distortion effects.

Mojo –

Elemental Control - Electricity

* **Sense Element:** Per + Alert (d.6) to detect and analyze the nearest quantity of your element

** **Shape Element:** On a roll of Int. + Elemental Power (d.6), the character may reshape an amount of available element.

*** **Move Element:** Character can move existing elements or use them as a weapon (Use appropriate skill as if character was physically lifting/moving it)

Fade

* **Hide:** Add level of Fade to Stealth Rolls

** **Disappear:** Turn invisible when no one is observing you. You can't move while anyone is looking and stay invisible, but if you don't move, they can't see you.

Machine Master

Duration Table

Success	Duration
1:	1 round
2:	1 minute
3:	1 hour
4:	1 day
5:	1 week
6:	1 month

* **Control Simple Machines:** Control Simple Machines (mechanical, non-self powered) with a touch (roll Man + Machine Master diff 6)

** **Control Electric Machines:** Control simple electronic devices (Calculators, digital watches, remote controls, TVs) with a touch (Man + Machine Master, diff 6)