

Name : Arit Packala Nihs; formerly of the Nagiana Clan of Oni.  
Race : Oni Mystic (Female)  
Alignment : Scrupulous (originally Anarchist, working on improving to Principled)  
Age : 83 years old.  
Height : 6 foot.  
Weight : 200 pounds  
Experience : 500+500  
Appearance : She looks like a rather plain woman (P.B. 07) of Asian descent with a small, cute little nose. Despite this, there are a few clearly non-human features to her. On her forehead are two small horns that can be made out, but lie beneath the skin and don't break the surface. Her eyes are pure black with no other color to them. She has matching color hair and pulled back into a tail that travels down to the small of her back with a second tie in the middle of the back to help keep it closed. In addition when she speaks her sharp teeth and fangs can be noticed. Behind her is a lizard-like tail that stretched down to just above the floor. She is dressed in khaki pants, a white t-shirt, a dark brown vest, and boots that come up to the mid-calf. Also, she wears a thick red cloth tied around her forehead as a headband. Around her waist, worn much like a belt, is a whip and carried over her shoulder is a sword.

### **Oni Appearance**

Body Shape : Human  
Head Shape : Human (with all black hair)  
Nose : Human (small and petite nose)  
Eyes : Pure black eyes without any other color to them (no whites, no iris)  
Mouth : Fangs and sharp teeth (2D4 M.D.)  
Hands : Human (no claws; 1D6 M.D.)  
Legs : Human (no claws; 5D6 speed)  
Other Features: Pair of small horns protrude from the flesh but don't break the top layer of skin (1D4 M.D. from head butts), and a lizard tail  
Skin : Looks to be of Asian descent (possibly Japanese)

I.Q. : 22 (+8% to skills)  
M.E. : 22  
M.A. : 12  
P.S. : 33 [35] (lift an additional 30%; carry: 1750 lbs/lift: 4550)  
P.P. : 20  
P.E. : 28 [30]  
P.B. : 07  
Spd : 19 [21]

\*All attributes considered supernatural.

Horror Factor : 14  
M.D.C. : 500  
P.P.E. : 180; +12 per level (6+15)  
I.S.P. : 80; +10 per level  
Attacks : 4+1=5

Initiative : +2+1=+3  
Strike : +1+3=+4  
Parry : +1+2+3=+6  
Dodge : +1+1+3=+5  
Pull Punch : +2+2=+4  
Roll w/punch : +1+2=+3  
Break Fall : +1  
Damage : +20 (hand to hand if SDC attack)

Save vs. Horror Factor : +8  
Save vs. Mind Control : +1  
Save vs. Psychic Attack : +4  
Save vs. Insanity : +4  
Save vs. Coma/Death : +30%  
Save vs. Poison & Magic : +8

\* +1 to all saving throws as long as the samurai rune sword is there (and linked)

Combat Moves: Break fall, body/block tackle, roll with punch/fall/impact, pull punch, kick attack (2D4 damage), karate kick (2D6), karate punch (2D4), knees and elbow strikes (1D6 damage), and the usual strike, parry and dodge.

Damage (Oni Mystic Table):

- Restrained Punch: 6D6 S.D.C., Full Strength: 4D6 M.D., Power Punch: 1D4x10+8 M.D.  
- Kick Attack: 4D6 M.D., Leap Kick: 1D6x10 M.D., Head Butt: 1D4 M.D.  
- Body Flip/Throw: 2D6 M.D., Bite: 2D4 M.D., Hand Strike: 1D6 M.D.

Throwing: Up to 1750 lbs a total of 65 feet away (Damage: 1D6 +1D6 per 20 lbs)

Martial Arts Abilities:

Art of Invisibility: Chi Zoshiki (Art of Mystic Invisibility)

Natural Abilities:

Nightvision: 500 feet (152 m; can see in total darkness)

See the Invisible and Turn Invisible at Will

Fire and Cold Resistant (half damage), Impervious to Possession and Diseases

Bio-Regeneration: 1D4x10 M.D. per hour

Psionics:

Detect Psionics, Clairvoyance, Mind Block, Presence Sense, See Aura, Sense Magic, Telepathy, Resist Fatigue, Resist Hunger, Bio-Manipulation, Mind-Bolt, and Psi-Sword

Magic:

Armor of Ithan, Mystic Alarm, Apparition, Multiple Image, Mask of Deceit, Chameleon, Fool's Gold, Escape, Fly Like the Eagle, Befuddle, Energy Bolt, Fireball, Call Lightning, Negate Magic, Metamorphosis: Insect, Mystic Portal, Commune with Spirits, Tongues

Weapons:

Whip of Pain (worn around her waist); Damage: 3D4 S.D.C. (simple whip); 12 feet range.  
- Spending 20 P.P.E. (or 40 I.S.P.) allows all strikes from the weapon allowing it to inflict the spell Agony upon everyone it strikes for one minute (4 melee rounds).

Samurai Rune Sword (carried on back); Silver-blue blade

- Damage: 5D6 (M.D./S.D.C respectively; half damage until her alignment matches)  
- I.Q.: 10; M.D.C.: 300; Alignment: Principled

R.C.C. Skills:

Hand to Hand: Karate

Detect Ambush 30%+5% (+15%) 45%

Detect Concealment 25%+5% (+10%) 35%

Calligraphy 35%+5% (+10%) 45%

Forgery 20%+5% (+10%) 30%

Go 30%+5% (+10%) 40%

Intelligence 32%+4% (+14%) 46%

Imitate Voice 36%/16%+4% (+8%) 44%/24%

Track Humanoids 25%+5% (+15%) 40%

Land Navigation 36%+4% (+15%) 51%

Wilderness Survival 30%+5% (+15%) 45%

First Aid 45%+5% (+5%) 50%

Camouflage 20%+5% (+5%) 25%

Prowl 25%+5% (+15%) 40%

Climb 40%/30%+5% (+10%) 50%/40%

Swim 50%+5% (+10%) 60%

W.P. Sword +1 to Strike and Parry

W.P. Automatic Pistol "Aimed"/"Called" shots +3 to Strike, "Aimed" burst +1 to Strike

W.P. Whip +1 to Strike

W.P. Blunt +1 to Strike and Parry

Language: Japanese (N/A) 98%

Language: Gobblely (N/A) 98%

Language: Faerie (N/A) 98%

Language: Dragonese/Elven 50%+5% (+10%) 60%

Language: American 50%+5% (+10%) 60%

Secondary Skills:

1. Literacy: Japanese 30%+5% (N/A) 30%
2. Writing 25%+5% (N/A) 25%
3. Streetwise 20%+4% (N/A) 20%

History : Even though she is plain by human standards, by the oni she is one of the "pretty" ones. While oni may have different standards for beauty than humans, there usage of the word "pretty" is also different and not a pleasant term. This forced her to be looked down upon and often teased. She needed to work twice as hard to prove herself worthy, not because she was a woman but because she looks more human than like them. As a woman she couldn't compete with the males physically, so instead she put her efforts into training her mind. This allowed her to rise to the rank of a lieutenant in her clan. She was one of the most highly spoken members of the war chief's minions as a result of her sharp mind.

She was ordered to kill and she did so happily. When she was ordered to torture she'd do so with a smile. This was truly one of the lieutenants with the most promise. On one of her missions though, she met an older Japanese male. In reality he was probably half her age, but he still looked older at around forty human years. Humans are such frail creatures that way. For some reason though, when he looked at her, she could not bring herself to strike down this one man. There was no logical reason that she couldn't, but there was no denying it either.

She brought that man back to the camp of the clan for torture, or at least that is what she told those under her. However, she couldn't actually bring herself to do it. Something about this man was different than all the others she'd killed thus far, something in his eyes. She continued to spare him, and eventually a romance bloomed. He was the first she ever loved. Even more remarkable is that he was able to love her back, seeing through the oni shell on the outside and to the woman on the inside. It was a happy time for both.

Happiness rarely lasts though. When she returned home to him one day she found him slain. Their romance was discovered, and one of the rival lieutenants made sure the war chief was informed. Naturally, the war chief was furious that one of his underlings would do such an unthinkable thing like love a pathetic human. Her lover was slain to end the mockery. She was stripped of her rank and then they banished her from the clan. But with this clan, banishment did not simply mean being driven away. She was a traitor to the people, and deserved to be treated as such.

Torture went on for weeks. Whatever damage they'd inflict she could heal soon after allowing this to go on for longer than any normal person could imagine. She was whipped repeatedly with a Whip of Pain, causing her agony over and over again. During all of it a smile formed on her face. She was now suffering the same fate she had inflicted on so many others. It's almost humorous. When the situations were reversed she just couldn't understand, but now it was different. As she was tortured relentlessly she realized the mistakes of her past. There was one other thought that would repeatedly go through her mind keeping her sanity in check, "They should have killed me when they had the chance."

The clan knew her abilities well and made a special effort to ensure she couldn't escape. They continuously siphoned off her mystical energies so she would be unable to cast any spells, and the constant pain ensured she was unable to focus long enough to form a psi-sword. Her only other offensive capabilities while restrained were the bio-manipulation and mind bolt. While bio-manipulation may be annoying, it was no threat. As for mind bolt, it was an attack better used against the fleshy humans and did little to their kind even at full intensity. But she was a crafty one, and she knew enough to always

hold a little bit back. All that remained was to bide her time. Her chance finally came when they brought in the weapon of a fallen enemy. It was a sacred weapon, one lethal to their kind. The others were careful not to touch it and use tools to move it. They placed it against her skin. Her skin sizzled as it was being burned off from the contact. She screamed in pain. With the last of her concentration she mounted an offensive.

With her diminishing energy she could only mount a minor mind bolt. It's not much in the way of damage, but part of an attack is strategy. Her aim was not one of her persecutors, but at the weapon itself. The impact caused it to veer off enough to hit one of her restraints, damaging it enough to allow her to break it with the remainder of her strength. Her timing on the matter was excellent. With one hand free she grabbed the sword. Since the others were only using tools to hold it, she was able to do so with relative ease. She sliced through the other restraints and then stared at the others with the sword still in hand.

As they watched on they could see the steam rising up from her hand. The sizzle of her flesh burning could be heard as they watched on. It was hurting her, but no one else in the clan could even hope to hold it for that long. This is the second time she did the unthinkable. First she loved a human, and now she was holding one of their weapons. The blood of those there stained the floor before she left. She couldn't kill everyone in the clan, she knew that much. There were just too many and she wasn't going to fool herself into thinking she could take the war chief in a one on one combat yet.

That was the last day she saw her clan, and with any luck she'd never see any of them again. However her exit was bound to cause some to hunt her, and she knew some of her people were excellent trackers. As she traveled into the world, she picked up some clothes to cover her naked body. Few oni are the type to wear clothing, and what little she did have was stripped off during the torture.

She was free now though free to do as she wanted. However she found all she wanted to do is make the only man she ever loved proud. After everything she'd done in her life she wasn't going to fool herself to thinking she could ever meet him in the next life. Her soul was just too corrupted. Despite that, she decided to seek redemption for her past crimes the best she could. She had spent much of her life killing and ruining lives, now she would do her best to never kill again and help those she could. In that way she would honor his memory.