

# THE BAD GUYS

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wrapper  
games

M&M  
SUPERLINK



**A nefarious M&M Superlink sourcebook  
by James Thomson**

# Introduction

A compendium of every sort of crime and wickedness, this book contains more than fifty of the most gloriously evil (or tragically misunderstood) supervillains in history. From cackling arch-fiends to sneering street thugs, if you want scum in capes—we've got 'em!

Fully compatible with the M&M Superlink line, this volume holds enough goons, creeps, crooks, monsters, madmen and maniacs to trouble your players for months on end. A veritable smorgasbord of crime, where the sneeze-guards of evil are always

clean and the bacon bits of wickedness never run out!

Includes more than one hundred separate adventure seeds that will let you start using these villains straight out of the box. Serving all your needs for crime at pennies on the dollar, no batteries are required (unless you're reading this on a laptop), and neither is any specific campaign world—these super-scoundrels fit right in anywhere!

It's time to don the bicycle helmet of villainy and head-butt the smirking face of justice!

## Cimarron Starr



**Real Name:** Tammy-Rae Mulford  
**PL:** 12

**Str:** 18 (+4) **Dex:** 12 (+1) **Con:** 20 (+5) **Int:** 10 (+0) **Wis:** 9 (-1) **Cha:** 15 (+2)  
**Initiative:** +1 **Attack Bonus (Melee):** +10

(+14S, Punch) **Attack Bonus (Ranged):** +7

(+12L, Blast of Radiation) **Defense:** +16/+15

**Speed:** 30 feet, (fly 60)

**Damage Save:** +5 **Fortitude Save:** +4

**Reflexes Save:** +1 **Willpower Save:** +7

**Skills:** Innuendo +4, Taunt +4

**Feats:** Aerial Combat

**Powers:** Amazing Save (Will) +8 (Source: Mutation, cost 1pt), Energy Control (Radiation) +12 (Extras: Flight, Force Field; Power Stunts: Drain Energy; Source: Mutation; Cost: 4pts), Super-Strength +10 (Extras: Immunity, Protection; Source: Mutation; Cost 6pts)

*"Yes, I've robbed, I've killed and maimed. I've taken drugs, betrayed friends and had improper thoughts just like everybody does. But I don't let it define who I am. My tender womanly heart, my unwavering faith in Jesus, these things are more important than who I slay or cripple or what I steal from them."*

A walking H-Bomb with a temperament to match. She used to use the alias "Winter Steel" but too many people started calling her "Nuclear Winter", so she changed it. She'll probably change it again once enough people point out how much her current name sounds like a racehorse (or a stripper). Perhaps she'll be "Angel Blayze" next. Self-absorbed and melodramatic, her hair is large, her makeup is overdone, she wears boots with six-inch heels in the middle of combat.

She likes to talk about herself in the third person, as in: "Who is Cimarron Starr? Woman of mystery, with a heart as wide as the Texas sky and as warm as the prairie wind..." etc.

Cimarron Starr is a Christian, as she will smugly

tell anyone who cares to listen, although this doesn't stop her from getting drunk, stealing someone's boyfriend or robbing banks. It is possible to use her beliefs to manipulate her, although you won't ever be able to convince her that she is wrong or that anything is her fault. It would, for example, be easy to convince her that she shouldn't steal from a bank owned by a televangelist, or that she shouldn't trust someone because they haven't been "saved."

Saved or not, her life is dysfunctional mess. Whenever the Player Characters encounter her, she is screaming at some former friend on her cell phone, even if she is walking into a battle. Unfortunately, she's radioactive and her powers interfere with cell phones when she gets mad. This does not improve her mood.

She claims to always fight fair, and that she would never harm a child or an animal, but she mostly says this to annoy her arch-rival, the Lone Star Lady. While taking hostages and hitting people who are trying to surrender isn't normally her style, once the tide of battle turns against her she will promptly forget her principles and become capable of anything.

She claims that her powers are a gift from God (although it's not clear why He would want her to rob banks with them) which most people assume means that she's a mutant. She writes startlingly bad poetry, and sometimes she recites it, too.

## **Adventures With Cimarron Starr:**

### **1) This is Not a Stick-Up**

Cimarron Starr walks into a bank. She's not there to rob the place, she's there to complain about some extra fees that have appeared on her statement. She claims that there's a special exception to the rules that should keep her from having to pay the extra fees—the whole thing is complicated and she's not very good at explaining it.

Amazingly enough, she's right. Her bank has actually cheated her out of about \$12 in total, over the past six months. However, the branch manager

doesn't like her tone and recognizes her as Cimarron Starr. So he trips the silent alarm and claims that she's robbing the place. Exasperated and indignant, she insists that this is not a stick-up, she's just here for her money—but the cops won't listen. A standoff develops, and the Player Characters get called in to resolve the crisis.

She will attempt to explain things to them while she's fighting the PCs, but even if they believe her story, how can they help her now? She's already taken hostages and injured police officers. And now she's attacking them.

After the PC's defeat Cimarron Starr (or get defeated by her and watch her fly angrily away) the smirking bank manager points out that she really was right, but it was cheaper to call the cops than to pay her the twelve bucks.

### **2) This is Not a Stick-Up Either Oh, Wait...**

Cimarron Starr walks back into the same bank. She's fuming mad, but she's not here to rob it this time either, she just wants to close her account and give them a piece of her mind.

Unfortunately, whether or not she's out on bail, the government has frozen her account, and the terrified tellers can't give her any money. Then the bank manager walks in and sees her. He panics and calls the cops again.

When she hears the sirens coming for the second time Cimarron Starr has had it, and decides to rob the place after all. She only wants the money from her account. Plus twelve dollars.

The PCs get called in again, and find that she's desperate to explain things to them. Whether she wins or loses this fight isn't that important to her. What she's really afraid of is turning up on that reality show about America's stupidest criminals, for trying to rob the same bank twice in one week. Can they explain things to the TV people? She doesn't mind jail so much, but she couldn't bear it if she turned up on that show.

# Doctor Moloch, Phd.



**Real Name:** Dr. Moloch, Phd.

**PL:** 16

**Str:** 20 (+5) **Dex:** 18 (+4) **Con:** 18 (+4)  
**Int:** 18 (+4) **Wis:** 18 (+4) **Cha:** 16 (+3)  
**Initiative:** +4 **Attack Bonus (Melee):** +20  
**Attack Bonus (Ranged):** +19 **Defense:**  
+29/+25 **Speed:** 30  
**Damage Save:** +4 **Fortitude Save:** +4  
**Reflexes Save:** +4 **Willpower Save:** +4

**Skills:** Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (Blasphemous Secrets and Forbidden Lore)+14, Listen +7, Spot +6

**Feats:** Darkvision, Durability, Immunity (Aging, Cold, Heat, Pressure, Radiation, Starvation, Sufocation)

**Powers:** Super-Strength +13 (Extras: Protection, Thunderclap; Cost 6pts)

**Weaknesses:** **Vulnerability:** Holy objects. And not just Christian ones. The object must be genuinely revered by someone—you can't just hold two sticks up like a cross to fend him off, but any such object will do (unless of course it's revered by satanists).

*“Why Captain Eldritch! How good it is to see you again! And how is Liberty Lass these days? Recovering well from our last encounter, I hope? I hate to have to say it, but I'm afraid my current master wants me to kill you in some truly disgusting ways—he seems to think I should be terribly impressed by his*

*boring depravities, as though these uninspired mutilations of the flesh weren't something I already see every day in Hell. But I don't mean to waste your time with my difficulties. Shall we just get down to it then?”*

Filth-Lord of the Third Infernal Legion, Plangent Wrecker of Obscenities on the Heads of the Lost and the Damned, and Professor Emeritus of Depraved Studies at the Burning College of the 34th Hell; for the living incarnation of absolute evil he's not really such a bad guy. Certainly he intends to wreak wondrous and unthinkable abominations upon Mankind, but it's really just a job to him. The truth is that he's deeply bored with Evil. He is unimpressed with bloody sacrifices and demented acts of worshipful carnage. Unspeakable perversities make him roll his eyes—he's seen it all before. Any idiot can slaughter children over a bowl as far as he's concerned.

In person he is pleasant, congenial, and a good host (although he does often have a tired and rueful air about him). He will greet the players cordially if he's met them before, ask about the health of mutual acquaintances and how things are going in their own lives before he gets down to the business of killing them.

Despite his weary contempt for human evil, it is his job and he knows a lot about it. In any conversation with Doctor Moloch, he's likely to utter at least one hideously accurate insight into the nature of the universe, but he does it distractedly, as though he can barely be bothered to pay attention. When he makes a point, he likes to use examples from *Seinfeld* (you'd think that as the embodiment of all that is foul and wrong he'd be more into *Friends* than *Seinfeld*, but in fact he's fond of George Costanza). He does have his dignity and he doesn't like to be taunted, but he's more likely to look hurt than enraged if someone insults him. Sarcastic is about as aggressive as he gets, at least in conversation.

In combat, on the other hand, he goes right for the throat. A swift and efficient fighter, he wants the brawl to be over as quickly as possible so he tries to incapacitate or kill his opponent as fast as he can, preferably by hitting them in a weak spot with everything he has. It is true that he may sometimes handicap himself against really puny opponents, reading a book or doing a crossword puzzle with one hand while he fights them with the other. But he doesn't do this to show off—he does it because he's bored.

It's really quite unusual to encounter demons this powerful outside of Hell itself. Someone at his level of the Infernal Hierarchy really shouldn't be running around the Material Plane kicking in bank vaults and battling superheroes hand-to-hand, he should be attending Planning Committee sessions and teaching advanced seminars in Evil.

Alas, three years ago the late sorcerer Hubert Shackley found Moloch's true name and published it on the Internet. How someone like Shackley managed to get his hands on such an incredibly potent secret remains unknown, but it hardly matters. Now any cheapjack magician with a web-browser and a set of black candles can yank poor Dr. Moloch up out of Hell and force him to run their shabby errands.

He is forever having to miss Planning Committee sessions and interrupt seminars to come up here and waste his time kicking in bank vaults and fighting superheroes hand to hand. He's not really sure what to do about it, although he supposes that human civilization will fall eventually.

If the players manage to destroy his physical form he can still be summoned at some later date, in which case he won't hold a grudge.

If they get access to his true name (which he is compelled by the laws of Darkness not to tell them himself) then he will be only too grateful to obey commands like "return to Hell, ye devil-spawn" or "never again shalt thou trouble Mankynde" and he will thank them for it. However, only an actual sorcerer can use his name effectively, and then only if they are willing to go through a lengthy, disgusting and morally dubious ritual. The GM should improvise the details, but it should be the kind of thing that you can't do in the middle of combat and that you wouldn't want to go through again if you could avoid it.

Dr. Moloch is a loyal ally--as a summoned and bound entity he frankly doesn't have any other choice. He will frequently make wry observations about what an idiot his current boss is, but he's not willing to betray them or to reveal anything about them that a superhero could use to their advantage. He already has a few choice plans for his current master once they reach his domain, and he's willing to wait.

Be warned, whenever Doctor Moloch appears in person on the Earth, the Forces of Light send Azeraphel the Screaming Angel to stop him, and she's a lot less pleasant than he is. See her individual entry to learn all the frightening details.

### **Using Doctor Moloch, Phd. in your campaign:**

While he can turn into a one-joke character if you're not too careful, Dr. Moloch can actually get funnier and funnier each time the PCs encounter him, as they come to understand his plight better and he gets to know them and enjoy their company.

His plot hook, while it's really specific, is actually flexible enough that you can use him for a bunch of different types of crimes. Because he's forever getting

sent on petty, trivial errands by idiots, he could participate in amazingly minor or amazingly major capers—whatever works for your campaign. Even so, use him sparingly to keep the joke from getting stale.

### **Adventures With Doctor Moloch, Phd.: Seven Crowns of Stupid and a Diamond or Two**

Doctor Moloch, PhD, gets dragged up out of Hell by a twenty year old Svengali named Melvin Dumbrowski, who wants to impress his pack of giggling teenage girlfriends. Melvin orders him to retrieve the Seven Crowns of Crime—lost artifacts of the Black Atlantean Age, now scattered and vanished. Whosoever possesses them will know the ultimate embrace of shadows and become the Lord of Night, master of darkness and blood.

Doctor Moloch patiently explains that he can't retrieve the Seven Crowns of Crime because there's no such thing—in fact Melvin just made them up now. But Melvin and his pimply handmaidens won't listen. They will have Seven Crowns of Crime, and that's that.

The first Crown of Crime is supposed to be located in a secret chamber underneath the Museum of Natural History. Inwardly rolling his eyes, Dr. Moloch smashes his way into the Museum at midnight. He breaks open a secret chamber under the basement and does in fact find a lost forbidden book of blasphemous secrets from beyond time and space (the dreaded *Gerflugelmacht Codex* of Manfred the Unbelievably Insane), but of course no Crown of Crime.

Alas, Melvin is not satisfied with book and declares that Doctor Moloch has failed him. The next crown must be in a safety deposit box kept by an ancient European family in one of the city's most exclusive private banks. Of course Dr. Moloch doesn't find it there, although he does find some swell diamonds—one of them as big as a sparrow's egg. But Melvin didn't want diamonds, he wanted a Crown of Crime. And so it goes.

The PCs find out at some point in Dr. Moloch's pointless crime spree that someone is breaking into creepy, ominous locations and stealing who-knows-what kind of arcane artifacts for some terrible unknown purpose. All the signs point to a demon of incredible power—the kind of entity who almost never gets summoned to the earth in the flesh. What frightful scheme is afoot? How to stop it?

To complicate matters, one of Melvin's acolytes has started reading the *Gerflugelmacht Codex* for herself. And then Azeraphel the Screaming Angel shows up...

# Sicko the Clown



**Real Name:** Wendell "Butch" Blutarski  
**PL:** 8

**Str:** 14 (+2) **Dex:** 14 (+2) **Con:** 18 (+4)  
**Int:** 16 (+3) **Wis:** 12 (+1) **Cha:** 14 (+1)  
**Initiative:** +2 **Attack Bonus (Melee):** +10  
**Attack Bonus (Ranged):** +12 **Defense:**  
+23/+18 **Speed:** 35  
**Damage Save:** +12 **Fortitude Save:** +4  
**Reflexes Save:** +2 **Willpower Save:** +1  
**Villain Points:**

**Skills:** Craft (Weird Clown Gizmos) +5, Hide +5, Intimidate +5, Performance +5

**Feats:** All-Out Attack, Dodge, Improved Trip, Power Attack, Rapid Healing, Startle, Stunning Attack, Surprise Attack, Takedown Attack, Toughness

**Powers:** Amazing Save (Damage) +8, Gadgets +8, Running +1 (Cost 2pts)

**Equipment:** (Weapon, +8 Stunning Damage Cost: 1pt), Dubious Clown Van (Vehicle; Size: Large; Movement: 6; Hardness: 6; Armor Bonus: 3; Features: Radio Reception), Revolting Pies (Energy Blast +8 Stunning Damage; Flaw: Device; Cost: 1pt), Stanky Bombs, (Obscure +8; Flaw: Device; Cost: 1pt)

**Weaknesses:** **Quirk:** Loathsome drunken degenerate.

**Quirk:** Crazy Clown Code (Can't knowingly do anyone Lethal damage or allow an innocent to come to

harm), **Unlucky** (Something horrible will happen to him at least once per adventure).

*"Hey kids, it's yer old pal Sicko th' Clown! With all kinds of kooky, zany, nutty, messed-up, painful, ghastly, horrid, wacky fun for all of you! Ha ha heh heh hee hee ho hoo hoo ha!"*

A wretched, drunken, self-loathing, glue-sniffing misfit clown. He's an alienated, unhappy deviate who steals women's underwear, wallowing in his perversity with frantic glee. He commits weird, kinky and outrageous crimes for the sheer twisted hell of it, and to get attention. He loves attention, especially the negative kind.

Sicko adores being a villain, a weirdo pervert freak, and plays it up at every opportunity. Yet he's much too self-conscious and theatrical to ever let his act get totally out of control. He won't hit superheroes with lethal force, and if he beats one he will always come up with an excuse to put them in some ridiculous, humiliating but easily escaped death-trap rather than execute them on the spot. Even when drunk he would never willingly let an innocent come to harm. He is deeply ashamed of this fact and tries hard to conceal it.

For while he's great at playing the role of a sinister perverted clown, under his makeup he's kind of a fraud. He gets no kick from hurting people—he just likes shocking them. The thrill he gets from stealing panties is chiefly that it's filthy and wrong. He gets hardly any joy out of wearing them, unless of course someone catches him in the act. He's not even a real pedophile, despite sometimes making leering remarks to that effect (Note to the GM: try to keep this last affectation low-key enough so that it won't get too disgusting for your players to handle. Sicko shouldn't hang around school playgrounds in a raincoat—that would probably freak the PCs out too badly. But if he's surrendering to a superhero he might say something like "I can never say no to anyone in a Boy Scout uniform!")

If confronted with the fact that he isn't nearly as evil as he pretends to be, Sicko will rave and protest and make outrageous claims about what a revolting degenerate he is ("*No! No! I eat three kittens before breakfast! I invented th' Teletubbies! I had intimate carnal relations with Walt Disney's pickled brain!*").

## Using Sicko the Clown in your

**campaign:** As an opponent he is flashy and distracting, constantly hurling sick jokes and exploding pies full of panty hose and bondage magazines, pausing to scribble rude graffiti on a wall or to sniff some glue. But he's a better tactician than he pretends to be. He won't interrupt a fight to do something silly and vile unless he actually has a free moment. Otherwise he would get caught too fast and the show would end too soon. He's always got an

escape plan or two, even though he doesn't much care whether he wins or loses the fight. He might take a hostage, but if he does he'll utter some ridiculous threat like: "*Stay back, or I'll paint moustaches on the pictures of all this guy's kids!*" or "*Back off or I'll tell Mrs. Happy Homemaker here that Betty Crocker doesn't really exist!*"

He may even attempt to take himself or his sock puppet hostage, just for laughs ("*Back off or th' clown gets it! No one will miss him, what's one less crummy clown in the world?*")

He'll never take small children hostage under any circumstances, as he feels that would be too scary for them. Unfortunately, Sicko's drunkenness and drug abuse make him dangerous to be around—not because he might lash out and do something savage, but because being wasted makes him sloppy and incompetent. He's almost sure to kill an innocent sooner or later through some drunken mistake. This will no doubt drive him deeper into self-loathing wretchedness, and make him even more prone to misbehave.

### **Adventures With Sicko the Clown: 1) Another Triumph for Moral Decency**

Sicko the Clown attends a meeting of the Crusade for Moral Decency—after all, who could be more in need of moral decency than Sicko the Clown? He will sneak backstage and put rude slides in the speaker's carousel, rewire the PA system to make even ruder sounds and then finally, as the meeting comes close to dissolving in panicked chaos he'll attack whoever is speaking at the podium, pelting them with sticky pies and foul insults until they run for cover. He will then hold the audience hostage while he delivers a crazy, rambling, drunken lecture on the topic of family values, mocking and mutilating everything they hold dear, pausing only to show more grody and ridiculous slides or to do more drugs. Can no one stop this crazed clown of crime?

Actually, the audience is going to do its best to try. After only a little of Sicko's raving they are mad enough to rip him limb from limb, and by the time the PCs arrive they may find that they have to save Sicko from the Crusade for Moral Decency, rather than the other way around.

### **2) Hey Kids, It's th' Sicko the Clown Show!**

Sicko the Clown gets his own Saturday morning TV show, by breaking into the carrier wave with an illegal transmitter from the back of his skanky clown van. He shows vile cartoons and revolting puppet shows and mocks everything good and decent.

Just how obscene the leering clown gets on his show is up to the GM. If your PCs would be uncomfortable with a lot of swearing, then avoid it. Otherwise, feel free to make his show an utterly outrageous torrent of filth.

It's going to be tough to catch Sicko, since he stays on the move while he's broadcasting. Unfortunately, one of the stations he's interfering with has an owner with Mob connections, and he doesn't exactly dig the

idea of some clown cutting in on his action. The cops are also prone to overreact, since a whole lot of them are also parents and have caught their kids watching the show on the sly. Sicko may be in real danger soon.

To make matters worse, a supervillain from Texas named Cimarron Starr is in town, and she doesn't like the way Sicko is interfering with her soap operas. His unpatriotic tone also offends her, as does the way he mocks televangelists. She is going to teach this clown to show more respect for decent folks, and has no objection to killing him in the process.

*"Now sing along kids: 'Who's a twisted pervert and who wears all your panties? S-I-C, K-Y-T, H-E-C-L-O...' Ah th' heck with it, I gotta huff some more glue..."*

### **3) A Very Special Sicko the Clown Christmas**

Sicko the Clown is beginning to feel the Christmas spirit upon him. He has taken to hanging out at Santa Claus themed leather bars, with names like "The North Pole" and "Kris Kringle's Hidey Hole"—places where big dudes dressed like Santa whip guys dressed up as reindeer and bellow "now dash away, dash away, dash away all!" Joints where you can get a tattoo of a burning tannenbaum on your face at the bar, and the jukebox always seems to be playing "It's a Holly Jolly Christmas."

But then one sodden Christmas Eve, a guy that everyone calls "Jolly Old Saint Nick" gets busted by the fuzz for selling crank and doing indecent things to a clothing store mannequin, just as he was about to deliver a whole load of toys to a program across town that the Hell's Angels run for the orphaned kids of outlaw bikers.

Sicko is seized with a sudden surge of drunken X-mas spirit, and decides to save Christmas. Alas, his sleazy clown van doesn't run at the moment and his tires are all in hock. But there's a marvy-looking sleigh hanging from the bar's ceiling which might actually be functional, and after Sicko delivers a rousing drug-crazed rant about what a bastard Santa Claus must be ("*Poor kids izz offin naughty, in Santa's book, but rich kids izz allus nice. Izz juss like my old clown Mama always used to say 'Sicko' she'd say, 'get me my @\$%&\*! Marlboros ya little creep!', which always reminds me of th' spirit a th' seezun...*") there are plenty of "reindeer" ready to pull the sleigh across town.

He asks the red-nosed little alcoholic who dresses up like Hitler: "*Adolph, wit yer nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?*" And off they go, with Adolph the red-nosed Hitler in the lead!

Of course, Sicko is a wanted criminal, and any superhero who sees him riding in a sleigh covered with obscene X-mas related graffiti drawn by eight half-naked weirdoes in leather harnesses with fake antlers on their heads will surely assume that clown is up to something dreadful. I mean, wouldn't you? His motives are actually noble, for once, but his pathology will never let him admit it to the PCs.

To complicate matters, a bigger, meaner supervillain who Sicko has annoyed may show up and

try to spoil Christmas for everyone. Said villain will somehow know all about Sicko's secret good intentions and will mock him loudly for them. This should let the PCs know what's really going on, and not a moment too soon! Is there still time to save

Christmas?

On Adolph, on Pukeface, on Pervert and Witless!  
On Vomit, on Rat-Fink! On Stanky and Twisted! Hey  
wait a minute—it's July! What the %\$#@\*!??