

# Jack-O-1

Secret Society: Just Jack (see below)

Mutant Power: Mutant Detection (registered)

Service Group: Internal Security

Jack is very openly mutant. He's a flaming mutant. He's not ashamed of it at all—in fact he is proud to be mutant, feels free to make jokes about it, and encourages other mutants to not be afraid to come out of the closet.

Jack's mutant power is the ability to detect other mutants. He can spot a mutant a mile away, and sometimes, he can even tell what their powers are. If a mutant ability is in use nearby, he can often sense that, and depending on its strength, he can sometimes tell who it comes from and exactly what the power is. He realizes that some mutants choose to remain in the closet, but Jack thinks that's just silly.

Jack is a member of Internal Security. They can't stand him, but his power is so useful that they can't bring themselves to get rid of him. They keep placing him with other service groups as cover, but the other service groups keep kicking him out, because Jack just doesn't ever do any useful work, and usually doesn't even pretend that he's trying to.

The story is the same with secret societies. Jack loves to be in fashion, and he's a sucker for new trendy fads. As such, he's tried a few secret societies—they seem fun and cool, but eventually he gets bored with them and they either kick him out or he just never shows up again. Some societies actively hate Jack now, and others still pursue him—especially those Computer Church people... they are so clueless. The only group that he keeps any contact with is the Romantics (people who long to go back to the days before the Computer). He uses them for their extensive collection of old world videos—especially some of those musical, song-and-dance flicks. Those are great.

As for Jack's unusual name...his home sector was destroyed in a horrifying tapioca accident when he was young. All of the residents there were supposed to be assigned a new home sector. Somehow Jack was missed, and his name has officially remained Jack-O-1. He supposes he could get it fixed, but he likes being just Jack.

Talents: Fashion sense. Singing. Dancing. Acting. Truthfully, Jack has no talents that Alpha Complex considers useful, but that doesn't bother him. He is an artist.

## Equipment

150 Credits—(money)

Black laser pistol—(standard firearm)

3 Orange laser barrels—(barrels screw onto pistol or rifle and have 8 shots each)

Orange Reflec armor—(protects against Red or Orange laser fire)

Orange jumpsuit uniform w/ mutant stripe—(standard troubleshooter uniform with many pockets)

Black utility belt—(with loops and pockets for carrying things)

Red Flashlight—(useful for seeing in the dark)

Red Comm Unit—(basic radio communication; short range and only three channels)

Orange notepad—(for writing things down)

Black mechanical pencil—(figure it out)

1 Bottle of water

1 Black comb  
“My Fair Lady” on DVD  
Orange knit cap  
Black boots  
2 plain unlabeled cans  
Loyalty Journal  
1 pamphlet on “Surviving Inclement Weather”  
5 small bots (at about three inches long, they are a dark gray and covered with some sort of artificial hair; they have two eyes at one end, with largish round ears mounted above, plus a couple of inches of tail hanging off the back; each bot has a single clearly marked on/off switch on the underside)  
Ice pistol  
Orange can (like a Pringles can) labeled “Thermal suit—Wonderland—Large”  
2 dozen Black plastic stakes, each about 9 inches long  
Red sleep mask  
Shiny black hat  
Shiny black gloves  
Multicorder type I (audio only) with microphone  
3 CD’s of popular patriotic jingles  
Spritzing gel.

From R&D: the black boots and something that looks like a wide black belt. “Noble Jack-O, for you we have the B1 Stealth Boots, and this Girdle of Giant Strength.”

Secret Society Info—uuhhh... nothing really. There’s an Assemblers of God meeting in three days. Hope to see you there. The pastor’s upset at your poor attendance lately. The mystics (a bunch of druggies) say, “Dude, I know you don’t hang out any more, but could you talk to Grouch-O for us? He’s supposed to have like a huge stash to share this week and the dude won’t talk to us. C’mon, help a friend out. We’ll owe you one.” And the Romantics say, “Jack, ‘My Fair Lady’ is for on-site viewing only. You can’t just walk away with our stuff. You know we’re gonna need that back.”

Service Group Info—Internal Security says, “Remember Jack, your cover is with R&D this time. R&D. Got it? You can’t go telling people you work for IntSec. No, I don’t care if it impresses people. Now look, we’re sure there are mutants on your team this mission. Find them and report back right away. And quit helping them. Do you understand? Listen, Jack, it’s time for you to straighten your act up, or else we’re going to have to quit ignoring your extracurricular activities. That’s right—no more nights out, no more discos, no more of your funny videos. You don’t want it to come to that, do you Jack? No, I didn’t think so.”