Dr. Mateo Ruiz

Seasoned Male Human, Dr. Mateo "El Fantasma" Ruiz

Attributes

Agility:	4	**6**	8	10	12
Smarts:	4	**6**	8	10	12
Spirit:	4	**6**	8	10	12
Strength:	4	**6**	8	**10**	12
Vigor:	4	**6**	8	10	12

Skills

(Unskilled):	**4**	6	8	10	12	-2
Athletics:	4	**6**	8	10	12	
Common Knowledge:	**4**	6	8	10	12	
Fighting:	4	**6**	8	10	12	
Language (Nahuatl :	4	**6**	8	10	12	
Language (Spanish):	4	**6**	8	10	12	
Language (Native):	4	6	**8**	10	12	
Notice:	4	**6**	8	10	12	+2
Occult:	4	**6**	8	10	12	
Persuasion:	**4**	6	8	10	12	
Riding:	**4**	6	8	10	12	
Shooting:	4	6	**8**	10	12	
Stealth:	**4**	6	8	10	12	
Survival:	4	**6**	8	10	12	

Derived

Pace	Parry	Toughness
6	5	8 (2)

Armor

(Unarmored)	0
Toughness: 6	
Armored duster (light)	10
Toughness: 8 (2)	

Gear

Boots	4
Derby	0
3x Healing unguent	0
Horse	0
Saddle	30
Saddlebags	5
2x Tobacco, smoking (pouch)	2
Rifle Boot	0.5
4x Rifle Ammunition (Small, .38-.44 caliber)	0.4
Lantern	4
2x Lantern oil (per gallon)	12
Bedroll	10
Rattler detector	5
Shovel	5
Matches (box 100)	0.2
Pipe	0.7
Restoration elixir	0
Samson’s elixir	0
Scope	2
Suit/fancy dress	6
Watch, gold	0.5
Wealth: $10.48	0

Damage

-1	-2	INC	-3	-2	-1	
Fatigue			Wounds			

Hindrances

Ailin' (minor)
Subtract 1 from any roll made to resist Fatigue from any source. On a critical failure, gain the Major version of Ailin'. / Deadlands p15

Cursed (major)
The GM starts with an extra Benny! / Deadlands p15

Heavy Sleeper (minor)
Notice roll (-4) to wake up and -4 penalty to Vigor rolls made to stay awake. / Deadlands p16

Edges

Alertness
+2 to Notice tests / SWADE p37

Knack (Seventh Son)
Choose a single birth circumstance (Bastard, Born on All Hallows' Eve, Born on Christmas, Breech Birth, Seventh Son, Shooting Star, or Storm Born) / Deadlands p22

Rich
Character starts with three times the starting funds and a $150K annual salary. / SWADE p40

Weapons and Attacks

Name	Damage	Range	AP	ROF	Shots	Weight	Notes
Unarmed	Str	Melee	0	-	-	0	Innate Attack

There is one more weapon on page 2

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More Weapons and Attacks

Name	Damage	Range	AP	ROF	Shots	Weight	Notes
Evans Old Model Sporter (.44)	2d8	24/48/96	2	1 -	34 -	12	Uses special .44-caliber ammo - delivery takes about three weeks

Special Abilities

Languages Known
Spanish (d6), Nahuatl (Aztec) (d6), Native (native, d8)

Advances

Novice

1 Raise Attribute: Spirit
2 Raise Skills: Language, (Spanish)/Occult
3 Raise Skill: Shooting

Seasoned

4 Edge: Knack (Seventh Son)
5 Edge: Rich
6 Raise Attribute: Vigor

Description

Dr. Mateo "El Fantasma" Ruiz is a dapper vision of the Weird West's scholarly underbelly—a wiry, sun-leathered Tejano explorer in his early 40s, with the sharp, hawkish features of a man who's spent decades prying secrets from cursed ruins. His face is etched with deep lines from desert winds and midnight excavations: high cheekbones, a neatly trimmed mustache that curls like a bandit's sneer, intense dark eyes gleaming with fanatic knowledge under heavy brows, and long black hair slicked back beneath his signature headgear. He carries himself with the poised elegance of a Mexico City professor slumming it in the badlands—tall and lean, about 5'10", with callused hands that speak of both delicate artifact handling and brawling with servitors.

Background

Born 1842, in the shadow of the Alamo in San Antonio—back when Texas was still a fledgling republic clawin' for legitimacy—Mateo Ruiz grew up amid the ruins of Spanish missions and the whispers of Mexican glory days. His father, a Tejano ranchero descended from Coahuila y Tejas settlers, spun tales of the federalist era under the 1824 Constitution, when Mexico was a beacon of liberty before Santa Anna's centralist boot crushed it all.

His mother, a curandera from Zacatecas, taught him the old ways: Aztec herbal lore blended with Franciscan saints, stories of pre-Columbian trade routes snakin' from Tenochtitlan up through what gringos now call Texas, where Huastec and Coahuiltecan tribes bartered obsidian and maize long before Cortés or the friars showed.

The Reckonin' hit when Mateo was just a lad, twistin' those mission ghosts into somethin' meaner—whispers say the manitous latched onto the rage of forgotten neophytes, turnin' haciendas into haunted hellholes. By 1860, Mateo had buried both folks to Comanche raids and fever, leavin' him with a dog-eared copy of his abuelo's journal: maps of lost Spanish silver caches from the 1700s, hid in the ruins of San José y San Miguel de Aguayo, and notes on "tecolote eyes" glowin' in the mission cellars—early abominations, perhaps.

Now in his mid 40s, Dr. Ruiz is a wiry, sun-leathered Explorer with a PhD in antiquidades from the Universidad Nacional in Mexico City (earned dodgin' carteleros and cultists). He roams the Disputed Territories and Confederate borderlands, funded by shady Mazahua artifact smugglers and Texas Ranger "donations," unearthin' pre-Texas relics: Olmec jade idols in Goliad dig sites, coded Aztec codices hintin' at ghost rock veins the Spaniards missed, and cursed mission bells that summon walkin' skeletons wearin' friar's robes.