Pistol Petey

Seasoned Male Human, Gun Fighter

Derived

Pace	Parry	Toughness
6	5	3

Size: -1 (Normal)

Armor

(Unarmored)	0

Toughness: 3

Gear

Boots	4
Duster	4
Fedora	0
Gun belt	1
Horse	0
Bedroll	10
Canteen	5
10x Pistol Ammunition (Large, .40-.50 caliber)	1
2x Quick-draw holster	2
Wealth: $269.40	0

Attributes

Agility:	d8
Smarts:	d6
Spirit:	d6
Strength:	d4
Vigor:	d4

Skills

(Unskilled):	d4 -2
Athletics:	d4
Common Knowledge:	d4
Fighting:	d6
Gambling:	d4
Intimidation:	d6
Language (Native):	d8
Notice:	d6
Persuasion:	d4
Riding:	d4
Shooting:	d10
Stealth:	d4

Damage

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

Hindrances

Quirk (minor,)
The individual has some minor but persistent foible that often annoys others. / SWADE p26

Small (minor)
Size and Toughness are reduced by 1 / SWADE p27

Young (major)
Major has 3 attribute points, 10 skill points, and 2 extra Bennies per session. / SWADE p28

Edges

Ambidextrous
Ignore –2 penalty when making Trait rolls with off-hand / SWADE p37

Dead Shot
Once per turn, double damage from Athletics (throwing) or Shooting roll when dealt a Joker. / SWADE p41

Great Luck
+2 Bennies at the start of each session. / SWADE p40

Luck
+1 Benny at the start of each session. / SWADE p40

Quick
Action Card must be higher than a Five. / SWADE p40

Quick Draw
Spend a Benny to draw two cards for an additional Action Card at the beginning of a round. Choose from any cards from all Edges. +2 Athletics to interrupt others' actions. / Deadlands p19

Two-Gun Kid
Wielding two ranged weapons, make one extra Shooting roll with second weapon at no Multi-Action penalty. / SWADE p44

Weapons and Attacks

Name	Damage	Range	AP	ROF	Shots	Weight	Notes
Unarmed	Str	Melee	0	-	-	0	Innate Attack
Colt Frontier (.44-40)	2d6+1	12/24/48	1	1	6	2	
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Special Abilities

Languages Known
Native (native, d8)

Description

Petey's a handsome teenage boy—roughly 16–18 years old—with sharp, intense features that make him look older than his years. He has neatly combed brown hair (parted on the side, slightly tousled by wind and wear), fair skin weathered by sun and dust, and piercing green eyes narrowed in a perpetual scowl of determination or barely contained fury. His expression is hard and focused: jaw set, brows furrowed, lips pressed into a thin line, giving him the look of someone who's seen far too much for his age.

Background

Pistol Petey was born Peter "Petey" McGraw in the dusty boomtown of Junkyard, in the heart of the Great Maze, sometime around 1875—though no one's rightly sure, on account of his ma dyin' of the fever and his pa bein' more ghost story than family man.

Raised by a ragtag crew of prospectors and claim-jumpers who struck it unlucky in the recyclin' pits, Petey learned early that the Weird West don't care 'bout no one's age. As a child, he was already haulin' scrap and dodgin' rattlers bigger than a man oughta see.

One blood-moon eve, Petey's world shattered. A gang of rail warrior deserters—mean sons o' bitches led by a Harrowed gunslick called "Rattlesnake" Roy—raided the camp for chewin' tobacco and ghost rock. They didn't just rob; they reveled in it. Roy's boys rounded up the orphans and young'uns, usin' 'em for target practice to "toughen up the whelps." Petey watched, hid in a scrap pile, as his little sister Ellie—barely five, with pigtails and a gap-toothed grin—begged for mercy. Roy laughed, put a bullet in her kneecap for "squealin' like a varmint," then finished her slow while the others cheered. Petey damn near charged out then, but survival won. He grabbed his pa's twin Colt Frontiers from a hidden cache—big irons for tiny hands—and plugged two of the bastards in the back from the shadows as they rode off, howlin' like coyotes.

That night birthed Pistol Petey. He buried Ellie under a cairn of rusted gears, swearin' on her grave to gun down any yellow-bellied cur who lays a hand on a child. Since then, he's been a ghost on the rails: a kid gunslinger with a stare colder than a banshee's wail, quicker on the draw than a rattler strike. Them Colt Frontiers? They're etched with Ellie's name on the grips, loaded with lead for any that prey on the weak. Petey's roamed from the Coyote Confederation to the Disputed Territories, leavin' a trail of child-hurtin' scum swingin' from telegraph poles. Lawmen call him a vigilante; parents whisper his name like a prayer.

But Petey's got a tell-tale quirk that outs him every time: whenever he's fixin' to draw, he whistles the lullaby his ma used to sing to Ellie—"Hush Now, Little Lamb"—soft and eerie, like wind through a ghost rock mine. It's his calm before the storm, a habit born from rockin' his sister to sleep. Outlaws hear it and freeze, knowin' judgment's comin'. Posse-mates learn quick to plug their ears, 'cause that tune means Petey's blood is up, and the Weird West's about to get a few graves fuller.

Advances

Novice

1. Edge: Ambidextrous
2. Edge: Quick
3. Raise Skill: Shooting

Seasoned

4. Edge: Quick Draw
5. Edge: Dead Shot
6. Edge: Great Luck