

Ranger Josiah "Iron" McCade

Veteran Male Human, Former Territorial Ranger



Derived

Pace	Parry	Toughness
6	6	9 (2)

Size: 1 (Normal)

Armor

(Unarmored)	0
Toughness: 7	
Armored duster (light)	10
Toughness: 9 (2)	

Gear

Boots	4
Fedora	0
Gun belt	1
2x Holster	2
Horse	0
2x Dynamite, 1 Stick	0.5
Bedroll	10
Saddlebags	5
5x Trail Rations (per day)	15
Longjohns	2
20x Pistol Ammunition (Large, .40-.50 caliber)	2
20x Rifle Ammunition (Small, .38-.44 caliber)	2.4
Shirt/blouse, work	1
Trousers/skirt	2
Watch, standard	0.5
Wealth: \$129.20	0

Damage

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

Hindrances

Bad Eyes (major)
Without glasses, suffers a 2 penalty to any Trait roll dependent on vision / SWADE p22

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Vow (major, Destroy the supernatural - Elias swore an oath after losin' his partner to a werewolf pack. Breaks it? His soul's forfeit.)
The individual has pledged himself to some cause / SWADE p28

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

Edges

Brawny
Size (and therefore Toughness) +1. Treat Minimum Strength requirements as one die type less; treat Strength as one die type higher for Encumbrance. / SWADE p38

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Guts
Free reroll when making Fear checks. / Deadlands p20

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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

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Territorial Ranger
Start with Armored Duster (+2), any shotgun, horse, and a badge (+1 Persuasion to allies or +1 Intimidation to outlaws). / Deadlands p21

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Veteran O' the Weird West
Begin play as a Seasoned hero! Draw a card for a random misfortune on page 91. / Deadlands p18

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

Intimidation: 4 6 8 10 12

Language

(Native): 4 6 8 10 12

Notice: 4 6 8 10 12

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

Weapons and Attacks

Name	Damage	Range	AP	ROF	Shots	Weight	Notes
Unarmed	Str	Melee	0	-	-	0	Innate Attack
2x Colt Frontier (.44-40)	2d6+1	12/24/48	1	1	6	2	
Knife, Bowie	Str+d4+1	Melee	1	-	-	2	
Winchester '76 (.45)	2d8	24/48/96	2	1	15	7	



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Special Abilities

Languages Known

Native (native, d8)

Description

Josiah "Iron" McCade is a lean, six-foot figure of weathered resolve in the Weird West. At forty-two, his scarred face tells a brutal story: crow's feet from endless suns, a jagged scar from temple to cheekbone, and fresh claw marks scabbing his right cheek. Storm-gray eyes miss nothing—sharp, haunted, unblinking.

He wears a faded brown Ranger duster, frayed and leather-patched, over a trail-stained wool shirt. A rust-red scarf circles his neck; a dark felt hat sits low, rawhide-banded. His Colt Frontier revolver rides low on his right hip, grips worn smooth, barrel etched with faint silver crosses. A nicked Bowie knife hangs opposite, hilt bound with silver wire. His old Texas Ranger badge—tarnished five-pointed star—dangles half-hidden inside his belt.

He sits his raw-boned bay gelding, Diablo, with easy confidence, Winchester '76 across the pommel, ammunition bandoliers crossing his chest. His gravelly Texas drawl is sparse; every move deliberate, every glance calculating.

They call him "Iron" because even broken, he stands. Driven by a blood-forged vow to hunt abominations, he rides alone—silver bullets glinting in firelight—waiting for the next monster to step into his sights.

Advances

Novice

- 1 Raise Skills: Riding/Survival
- 2 Edge: Territorial Ranger
- 3 Edge: Guts

Seasoned

- 4 Raise Attribute: Spirit
- 5 Edge: Quick Draw
- 6 Edge: Brawny
- 7 Raise Skills: Intimidation/Riding

Veteran

- 8 Raise Attribute: Agility
- 9 Raise Skills: Survival/Shooting
- 10 Raise Skills: Shooting/Stealth

Background

Josiah McCade, 42, was born in 1844 on a hardscrabble ranch outside San Antonio, Texas, to a family of cattle drovers who scraped by on grit and prayer. The youngest of five boys, he grew up riding fence lines, breaking broncos, and learning to shoot straight before he could read a Bible verse without stumbling. When the Reckoning hit in '63—right as the War Between the States was tearing the country apart—Josiah was barely 19. He joined the Texas Rangers that same year, drawn by the promise of frontier justice and the need to protect his home from raiders, deserters, and the growing whispers of things that walked the night.

Josiah rose fast through the ranks. He earned his captain's bars tracking Comanche war parties turned feral by manitous, busting ghost-rock smuggling rings along the Rio Grande, and putting down outbreaks of walkin' dead in border towns. They called him "Iron" after the Battle of Black Mesa in '72: a pack of werewolves—shapechangers twisted by fear—ambushed his squad in a narrow canyon. Josiah was the only survivor, gut-shot and half-dead, but he dragged himself two miles to a ranch house with a silver-loaded Colt still smoking in his hand. He finished the last beast with his Bowie knife while bleeding out on the porch. The Rangers found him the next morning, iron will keeping him alive long enough for a sawbones to patch him up.

The massacre left scars deeper than skin. His brothers were gone—two dead in the war, two vanished in the weirdness that followed—and the supernatural horrors kept coming. In '79, during a routine patrol near the Great Maze, his partner (a young Ranger named Elias Crowe) was torn apart by a thing that looked like a man but moved like smoke and shadow. Josiah put it down, but the sight of his friend's body—half-eaten, eyes still wide with terror—broke something inside him. He turned in his official badge shortly after, claiming he was "going freelance" to hunt without red tape. In truth, he couldn't stomach watching more good men die for a cause that seemed endless.

Now he rides the territories alone (or with whatever posse will tolerate his black moods), still wearing the old Ranger duster and carrying the silver bullets he reloads by firelight. The Territorial Rangers quietly keep his name on the books—unofficial status, but they know when "Iron" McCade shows up asking questions, something nasty is about to meet its end. He's sworn a personal vow: root out every abomination he can find, no matter the cost to his soul. Some say the Reckoners themselves have marked him for it; others just figure the iron in his spine won't let him quit until he's dead or the West is clean.