
Daniel Nicholson

“The use of force is being used to ensure the most peaceful resolution possible”

— Ari Fleisher

According to the rumors, they call you “Danny the Nail,” because you killed some poor sap by driving a nine inch railroad spike through his skull with your bare hands, dragging the body off to a nearby railroad crossing, and nailing his dead body to the tracks.

Of course, the rumors are greatly exaggerated. You didn’t drive it through his skull, you just whacked him upside the head with it. And you didn’t kill him either you just messed him up real bad and left him lying in a ditch. And the nailing him to a train track part is complete hooey, although the fight was in a train-yard, to be fair.

Of course, you aren’t about to let the truth get in the way of your good name, so whenever anyone asks you if the rumors are true, you smile and reply,

“Nah. It didn’t nearly make it through his skull. It barely stunned him. He was definitely still alive and kicking, when I nailed him to the tracks... through his tongue. Believe me you should have heard the racket he made over that one. Now I could have put one in his brain and ended it there but I liked the bullet better than this guy, so I just left him there until the 5:15 rolled into town the next morning. By the time the coppers found him they couldn’t even recognize the body.”

That was just one of the many fights you’ve been in in your days. You’ve always liked fighting and you’ve always been good at it. Maybe you’ve got a certain knack to it or maybe it’s just ‘cause you’re such a big guy. You’ve always been a big guy. Hell, according to your dear mother you were born weighing nearly eleven pounds. By fourteen, you’d already broke six feet and weighed nearly one-hundred. This meant the kids you hung out with on the street never gave you any shit.

Of course, that did mean you had to look for rival gangs to get into fights. This was important. You liked fighting. For a while, you thought you’d become a boxer but then you learned that boxing matches have rules. You just wanted to pound in some guys face once in a while. None of this rules crap. Just two guys kicking the shit out of each other like god intended it.

By the time you were nineteen you started getting involved was some of the up and coming organized crime families in the area. At this point, you were standing about six-foot-eight and weighing in at two-hundred, so it was pretty easy for you to find work as a bouncer at one of the local speakeasies that were starting to crop up with the onset of prohibition.

You did good work and were willing to, shall we say, go to greater lengths than most in dealing with some of the more problematic customers. This certain moral flexibility was a real career booster with these mobsters and you were quickly promoted to be an “associate” of the owner: a man named Michael Gavin.

It’s been eight years since then and time has treated the both of you pretty well. Gavin has opened two more clubs and brings in some real high rollers for cards and dice each night. You like having all the people coming in to gamble because invariably, one of them gets a bit overzealous in his betting and you get to go to work convincing him that he really needs to pay up no matter what he thinks.

You like the work and the boss treats you well. It’s good to do something you enjoy and you’re quite happy with your work. By this point, Gavin has made it pretty big, so as long as he’s around you’ve got good job security. As such, you’re aiming to keep him around for a good long time.

Today your job is basically to follow the boss around, keep him safe and maybe rough up some people who are causing him problems if he needs you to.

A guy named Leon Cumani kicked the bucket the other day. Leon was another big time mobster in charge of most of the Italian stuff that went down. Today was his funeral. Naturally, Gavin attended the funeral to show his respects for the competition

and all. Now he's staying on afterwards to attend to some important business.

You don't know all the exact details and you try not to pry too much into the boss's affairs, but here's what you've managed to overhear. First off, the boss's clubs have been starting to run pretty dry lately and you know that the Cumani family is where he gets a lot of his hooch, so he's probably looking to buy more. You know he brought a lot of cash.

Second, there's this guy named Jack Forester. The boss is real pissed at him. Seems he was mucking about with one of the boss's fixed fights in Chicago. Normally, you'd jump at the opportunity to bash this guy's skull in, except, the problem is that the boss doesn't seem to know where he is. In fact, nobody seems to know. So you may not get the chance to go to town on this sap.

But that's okay, there's there's a couple of kids named Eduard Rosa and Vincent Morrison that the boss is also after. Seems they caused problems for a guy named William O'Rourke a while back and the boss owed O'Rourke a favor so he's gonna deal with them. This might actually get you a chance to do some pounding, but you should be sure to clear it with the boss first. After all, you don't even know what these guys look like yet.

Finally, there's a guy named Nick Carpenter. He owes the boss a lot of money and, if he doesn't pay up tonight, he's a dead man. He's definitely a prime candidate for some pounding.

Stay cool, protect the boss, do what the boss says, and everything should work out fine for you.

Contacts

- Michael Gavin (Cheryl Ann Costa): The boss. You protect him and do what he says and he treats you good.
- Leon Cumani (deceased): He used to run the Cumani family, but he's dead now, so you guess he doesn't run it anymore.
- Thomas Cumani (Vance Walsh): Some kind of close relation to Leon. You think he might be taking over the Cumani business.
- Melissa Gavin (Paige Phillips): The boss's daughter. She's real easy on the eyes, but seeing as how she's the boss's daughter, you guess that means look but don't touch for you and everyone else.
- Jack Forester (unknown): The boss doesn't like this guy. Maybe if you find him and ask real nice, the boss will let you pound his face in.
- Eduard Rosa (unknown): The boss doesn't like this guy. Maybe if you find him and ask real nice, the boss will let you pound his face in.
- Vincent Morrison (unknown): The boss doesn't like this guy. Maybe if you find him and ask real nice, the boss will let you pound his face in.
- Nick Carpenter (Nicholas Lugo): The boss doesn't like this guy. Maybe if you find him and ask real nice, the boss will let you pound his face in.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| - Knock Out | - Assist |
| - Wound | - Restrain |

Items

- .45 Semi-Automatic *Starts loaded.* - 40 Dollars
- Thompson Submachine Gun *Starts loaded.*

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3