



James Bond

CHARACTER SHEET

*Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old times
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are*

Alfred Lord Tennyson

It's a terrible thing, when a man gets more respect from foreigners than he does from his own country.

You have served England proudly for over almost seventy years. In return, they have put you out to pasture. They'd retire you completely, if they could, but you're too famous, too well known, so they trot you out now and then, sending you to be an Honorable Representative of the British Empire at one function or another. This time it's the Pope's funeral. You're sure someone needs to go to these things, but really, does it have to be you?

Still, it's not all bad. Everyone's always officially very pleased to see you, and you do still meet a number of women who want to spend time with you at these things. And the fact that the foreign governments still keep an eye on you, making sure you're not up to anything, is ever so gratifying. As far as MI-6 is concerned, though, you're just a distraction, now. They won't let you *run* an operation — not since you went to Mars with Jun Shan and they threw him out an airlock. You only escaped by the skin of your teeth there, yourself.

They don't even bother to tell you nowadays what Jenny's up to.

Not that you have anything against Jenny, of course. She's a dear girl, and takes after you in so many ways. You're proud she's following in the family tradition. And you realize you've slowed down, a little, from when you were thirty. You probably couldn't take more than one or two thugs in a round of fisticuffs, these days. But your mind's as good as it ever was, and it wouldn't hurt her to consult with you for advice occasionally, now would it? But no, she seems to think she has something to prove by not talking to the Old Man when she's in the field.

She could take a lesson in how it's done from those chaps over at the undercover branch Interpol. They're happy to learn a thing or two from a Pro, when the occasion arises. As MI-6 was closing you out, over the last decade or so, you had several missions where you were working closely with them, and they were always happy to let you lead. They've been willing to ask for advice since then, too, and as long as they're not working against England, you've always been happy to help. They don't have much in the way of experience being undercover, after all. Most of their department are just Bobbies, like those annoying Swiss Guard. You've even had to get them some proper supplies for undercover work from your friends in England, every now and then. Really, how can you expect to get anything done if you don't provide people with truth serum, or tranq guns?

Interpol has two undercover agents in the area at the moment, that you recognize. Ignatius is the permanent Vatican City agent, since they're not officially allowed to work in the Holy See itself, only in Rome. You've worked with her once or twice, but never on anything big. Artemis Rousakis, on the other hand, you've worked with several times, sometimes *quite* closely. Renewing that acquaintance, and providing the ladies with a hand for those things a lady shouldn't have to worry about, could be quite rewarding.

Unfortunately, you won't just be able to send home for *everything* they need — the fellows back home will be making you work for it, trotting out to make little speeches about the Pope. They want you to put the lid on the reparations that the World Court

has been talking about paying to the Third World, and they want you to try and influence the vote on the Mars Colony, to keep it part of China's territory. You think that's probably due to the aborted infiltration op... so you're not going to ask too many questions there, just put in the word for Mars.

But standing around making speeches is not how you wanted your career to end. You're *James Bond*, not some career politician. This is Rome. There's a papal election, some sort of art conference, *Ernst Stavro Blofeld* is here — you probably can't throw a rock six feet without hitting a spy of some sort, up to *something*. So you're going to find some of them, and find out what they're doing, and then — and then you're going to turn on some of the famous Bond ability and make sure you're a part of it. A central stage part of it, if the newspapers ever hear about it. This might be your last big op, and you're going to make it count.

Contacts

- Selena Lopez Arroyo (Xiao Xiao): One of the other Ambassadors here to honor the passing of Pope Adam Paul, you rather think she has her eye on you. You'll have to turn on the charm and see what you can do...
- Ernst Stavro Blofeld (Chris Walsh): Your old nemesis.

Guilt

- Lose G slots in every speech you give

Bluesheets

- Colonial Reparations in the World Court
- The Descendants of the Protestant Reformation

Greensheets

- Strike Teams
- The Papal Funeral Orations
- Affecting Colonial Reparations in the World Court
- On Choosing the Heir to St. Peter's Throne
- Reputation and Damage Thereto
- On the Formation of the Greater Christian Faith

Abilities

- Art History Specialty
- Collect Influence
- Famous
- Cat Burglar
- Karate Chop!
- Miraculous Escape
- Pick Locks
- Quick
- Taunt World Court Litigants
- Particular Vice: Pride
- Virtuous against Gluttony
- Particular Vice: Lust
- Standard Temptation Attacks
- Temptation: Gluttony
- Temptation: Sloth
- Temptation: Lust
- Temptation: Avarice
- Temptation: Wrath
- Temptation: Pride
- Temptation: Envy
- Confess Sin

Psychological Limitations

- None

Items

- Briefcase

Memory Packets

- 95119
- “Lou Quintero” or “Mervin Corley” or “Madeline Peters”
- 49119
- Mikhail Donestevsky
- V01
- V02
- V03
- V01
- V02
- V03

Stats:

- Virtue (Virtue): 3
- Vice (Vice): 5
- Signature (Sig.): 3945
- Sin (Sin): 0
- Sigma (Sigma): 1
- Gamma (Gamma): 0
- ST (ST): 5
- FT (FT): BNDJBN
- Q numbers (Q): 482, 215
- MHC (MHC): DWC
- Phi (Phi): 3
- Lambda (Lambda): 0