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**Ernst Stavro Blofeld**

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*Blofeld: "Open Crater!"*  
*Henchman 1: "Open Crater!"*  
*Henchman 2: "Open Crater!"*  
*Blofeld: "Open Shutters!"*  
*Henchman 1: "Open Shutters!"*  
*Henchman 2: "Open Shutters!"*

After your embarrassing defeat and capture at the hands of MI6 and James Bond, the British psychologists assigned to your case decided that you had spent all that effort establishing SPECTRE and rising to the top not because you wanted to rule the world or because you were evil but just because, being so much smarter than all your peers, you were simply bored with life. Finding no one around to match your amazingly intellectual prowess, you resorted to evil as a way to find new challenges for yourself, evidently. They recommended sending you to Sciencetown, in the hope that, pursuing Science with other "damaged" intellectuals like yourself, you might come to find better uses of your time.

Well, they were right about one thing. You *are* smarter than any of your peers. And you *are* going to rule the world, Sciencetown or not, even if you no longer have SPECTRE's empire to call upon. You've lost your empire, but your Scientific prowess is greater than ever before, and, with the world population transformed into mindless drones, you should be able to win the resulting battle and emerge as the sole ruler of the planet. If you can't succeed in ruling the entire world, you figure you can at least carve out a continent or so for yourself. You'd be particularly partial to Asia – The Yakuza disastrously double-crossed SPECTRE at one point almost a decade ago, and you've never really forgiven them.

The one concern, of course, is Bond. He has foiled you too many times for him to be allowed to live. With any luck, he's been turned into a drone like the rest of them, but that's no reason to allow him to live. You can never be too sure. He's probably still somewhere in England, alive or drone. The Sciencetown Satellite can aid you in scanning for his location.

World domination is all well and good, but you do also miss good old-fashioned politicking. You brought SPECTRE from nothing to the world-spanning criminal mega-organization through lots of legwork, bargaining, political maneuvering (and occasional healthy doses of blackmail, of course), and it was frankly a lot of fun. And so, you've decided to run for Mayor of Sciencetown in the upcoming election. You should have a good shot of winning if you play your cards right.

There's at least one small problem. No one, these days, will respect a ruler – mayor or world leader – without a full head of hair. With all of your plastic surgeries over the years to hide your identity, you've gone back and forth between various hair styles and the classic bald look. But now you're stuck with bald (Sciencetown unfortunately does not support the extensive facilities required for another total face transformation), in an era that just doesn't respect the bald look. You've founded The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists with several other scientists, and together you are researching a way to grow your hair back.

There's another issue, a matter of pride, that you should take care of. It relates to your dear cat. Like all cats, she, of course, has nine lives. So, originally, you dubbed her "Nonopussy." A few years ago, there was a tragic accident involving some lasers and she tragically lost her first of nine lives. Since then, though, she's been happily named "Octopussy," a name you've grown quite fond of. A week or so ago, just after the drone virus hit, Dr. Claw's insane cat, MAD Cat, dumped a test tube of flesh-eating bacteria from the bio lab on poor Octopussy. The result was not pretty at all. But worst of all, you've had to rename the poor thing "Septopussy," and that's just not a name any cat deserves!

The The Cat Club has been trying to petition for greater freedom and respect for cats in Sciencetown (current regulations regard them as dangerous and restrict them to be by physically in their owners' possession whenever in public). However, while your own Septopussy is a perfectly respectable creature, as long as that MAD Cat is running around loose, and Dr. Claw refuses to apologize, there is no way you could support passing that motion any more. In addition. Dr. Evil is furious at your Septopussy for tricking Mr. Bigglesworth into falling into the tank of acid, and burning off all of his hair – again. You think the damned cat

looked better hairless, anyways, and just don't see that it's all that big of a problem.

### Goals

- Take over the world. Barring that, seize Asia for yourself.
- Track down the location of James Bond or his drone and destroy him.
- Get elected mayor of Sciencetown.
- Find a way to grow your hair back.
- Get revenge for your poor Septopussy. Only then, help the cat club petition for more freedom for cats.

### Roleplaying Notes

- You are bald, sinister, etc. Play it fairly straight. (Except that you've been drawn into this bizarre mixed universe where little makes sense.)

### Contacts

- Dr. Claw (Daniel Kane): A fellow cat owner. He needs to control his damn cat better.
- Dr. Evil (Shawn Westerdale): Another cat owner, and a founding member of The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists.

### Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

### Bluesheets

- The Cat Club
- The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists
- Residents of Sciencetown

### Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World
- The Mayoral Election
- Killing Your Archnemesis for Fun and Profit

### Abilities

- none

### Items

- Septopussy (54624)
- Hair Recovery 101 (research notebook)
- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)

### Stats

- |              |            |             |                  |
|--------------|------------|-------------|------------------|
| - $\psi$ :   | 5, 6, 8, 8 | - $\pi_T$ : | 8                |
| - $\iota$ :  | 0          | - $\rho$ :  | 5                |
| - $\delta$ : | 7          | -           |                  |
| - $\tau$ :   | 10         | - ♠:        | ATGGCATGCATTAACA |