
Lex Luthor

Lex Luthor: Now, call me foolish, call me irresponsible, but it occurs to me that a 500 megaton bomb planted at just the proper point would, uh...

Superman: Would destroy most of California. Millions of innocent people would be killed. The west coast as we know it would...

Lex Luthor: Fall into the sea. Bye-bye, California. Hello, new west coast. My west coast. Costa del Lex. Luthorville. Marina del Lex.

– Superman

Luthor Voice Log: Sunday, January 10, 19:01

I have been in the lab for three hours perfecting the latest prototype of the Kryptonite ray gun. I cannot raise Miss Teschmacher on the intercom and I fear this is the doing of Superman. Ready battle suit.

Luthor Voice Log: Sunday, January 10, 22:36

Things are worse than I first expected; every resident of Metropolis (save myself) seems to have been turned into a mindless, unmoving drone. The battle suit's isolation filters seem to be keeping out whatever did this.

Luthor Voice Log: Monday, January 11, 07:24

Data from the Luthor Satellite in polar orbit indicate that there is exactly one hotspot of activity still present in the United States: in the Arizona desert. It must be Sciencetown.

Luthor Voice Log: Wednesday, January 13, 00:06

I've detected an anomalous heat signature somewhere in Kansas, but it seems to have gone away now that I've landed. I wonder if it was just residual heat from an underground generator of some sort.

Luthor Voice Log: Thursday, January 14, 12:45

I have arrived at Sciencetown. Upon arrival, I announced my presence and asked to see the Mayor, a Dr. Clayton Forrester. I then made a deal: I would buy one quarter of Sciencetown (renaming it Luthorville) in exchange for one billion dollars. He wasted no time in accepting – the fool! – not realizing that the money was now totally worthless.

Luthor Voice Log: Thursday, January 14, 15:10

Despite buying enough of the city to have my own private laboratory, there are certain facilities that are only provided communally. One of these is the Satellite Room, which provides worldwide telemetry for surveillance and weapons targeting. This is the perfect way to find and destroy Superman once and for all – but the search will be slow since each resident can only get so much satellite time. Doesn't matter; I've got all the time in the world now.

Luthor Voice Log: Thursday, January 14, 20:10

That last entry may have been hasty. I've learned that Sciencetown is quickly running out of food and water. The mayor sent out a call for proposals to deal, so I have come up with one plan for each. For food, I would institute a plan for agriculture; to grow food crops in hydroponic tanks, which could then be expanded into terraforming the desert in the vicinity, to handle larger crops like wheat.

For water, well, as far as we know, the water on the moon hasn't been infected with whatever agent has caused the drone plague. It should be simple enough to create some sort of robotic water retrieval system to go to the moon and get some of it for Sciencetown's use.

I expect these plans to work out quite well, considering the imbecilic intellects I seem to be surrounded by.

Luthor Voice Log: Friday, January 15, 14:55

Was just approached by the The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists. Damn them for reminding me of my Superman-inflicted deformity!

Luthor Voice Log: Friday, January 15, 15:06

Having blasted holes in several buildings in Luthorville, I feel much better. They seem to have a plan for dealing with the baldness; we shall see how much sense it makes.

Luthor Voice Log: Saturday, January 16, 09:30

Another day begins. Time to get my plans in motion.

Goals

- Locate and destroy Superman.
- Cure your baldness.
- Finalize your plans to provide Sciencetown with food via agriculture, and with water from the moon.

Roleplaying Notes

- Your role as Luthor should be modeled after Gene Hackman's portrayal in the *Superman* movies, though if you want to incorporate aspects from the comics, feel free. You are essentially a straight man to the insanity of Sciencetown.

Contacts

- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): The fool who sold you a quarter of Sciencetown. If he were to need help with anything and begged you pitifully enough, you might help him. He is also organizing the Request for Proposals for the food and water plans.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Killing Your Archnemesis for Fun and Profit

Abilities

- none

Items

- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- Hair Recovery 101 (research notebook)
- Agriculture (research notebook)
- Importing H₂O from the Moon (research notebook)

Stats

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