

INTRODUCTION

The men were laughing.

“Look, sweetness, you want no part of this. This isn’t daddy’s dojo in Fresno. Got it?”

Brianna brought her knees up to her chest one at a time, then, while each knee was still against her chest that leg went straight up into the air. Both feet on the ground, she doubled over backward, placing her hands flat on the ground. After holding this position for a few seconds, during which time her back popped—out of shape, too much time over a typewriter at the paper—she brought her legs up, held the handstand for a few seconds, then went over the rest of the way. She moved her head from side to side, momentarily resting an ear on each shoulder—and causing her neck to pop both times—then tied her long chestnut hair back into a ponytail and stepped out of her shoes.

The men were no longer laughing.

“Look, is this a date, or what? I made all the right ‘contributions’ to the old folks’ home. I thought you boys liked to party.”

The men formed a circle around her.

One stepped forward, his sadistic grin showing the teeth he had lost in previous streetfighting. “All right, Cutie. I promise to be gentle.”

Brianna smiled. “That doesn’t work for me, sugar.”

The punk never saw the snap-kick—or the circle kick that robbed his smile of another tooth—but he managed to throw himself out of the way of the jump kick that would have snapped his head back into oblivion. The men surrounding them starting screaming as if on cue, with the men in the back—the hard-looking Japanese men with the bulges in their jackets, the men she was actually here to meet—taking bets.

“What the fuck was that?!?”

Brianna smiled again, her sweet southern drawl mocking the man on the ground. “That’s Hapkido, darlin’. Did you miss the lecture on Korean history at the museum last week?” She moved in a slow circle around him, keeping her eyes on the throng surrounding her to make sure no one wanted to join the “party.”

The man sprang to his feet, spitting out a mouthful of blood, which caught one of the spectators right in the face. The man growled and surged forward, but a voice in the back hissed something, and he froze in his tracks.

Good. This might be the Hanmei after all.

Five hours later, back in her hotel room, Brianna slipped into a long-overdue hot bath, working out strain in muscles long left unused. Before surrendering altogether to the hot water, she picked up her cell phone and hit the speed dial. “Constitution. Do you know the extension of the party you’re trying to reach?”

Brianna’s mind was already fogging over, but she managed to mumble “868.”

“Hello, this is Foreign Affairs Editor Jim Philby. I’m not at my desk right now, but leave me a message, and I’ll return your call as soon as time permits.”

“Jim. Bri. I’m in.”

Hanging up the phone, Brianna sank down into the tub, letting the water cover her completely.

*The d20 Modern Roleplaying Game handles martial arts well enough for games that focus on gunplay, driving, criminal shenanigans, getting your brain eaten by zombies, and all that other fun stuff, but in these games, combat with weapons is a preference, and a skill in unarmed combat is developed as a fallback position in case you are disarmed. Many people, however, enjoy watching movies with Bruce Lee, Jackie Chan, Jean-Claude van Damme, and others that feature a decided focus on unarmed combat. *Blood and Fists* allows you to bring these kinds of combat situations into your *d20 Modern* game. In addition to two-fisted, two-footed action scenes, *Blood and Fists* also gives you new rules for the more mystical side of the martial arts, abilities like Ki and Zen.*

Blood and Fists begins with three advanced classes to round out the selection offered in the *d20 Modern Roleplaying*. Two of these, the Martial Arts Master and the Contemplative Master, are offered as alternatives to the *d20 Modern* Martial Artist advanced class. Following these classes, a section with three new skills, plus one or two new uses for existing skills, is offered.

Next is the heart of *Blood and Fists*: the new feats. *Blood and Fists* presents over one-hundred new feats to augment the martial arts rules presented in the *d20 Modern Roleplaying Game*. These feats are broken down into several categories, including: Martial Arts Styles, representing over thirty real styles to replace the generic martial arts feats in the *d20 Modern Roleplaying Game*; Martial Arts Maneuvers, representing the specialized and advanced moves learned by the dedicated martial artist; Signature Maneuvers, representing the exotic moves and stances found in some styles; and lastly, the Power of Ki, which brings Ki into the game as a new form of FX.

The next section presents new weapons and weapon rules from nations around the world, broken down culturally and geographically.

Following this, *Blood and Fists* presents a section on the Martial Arts Campaign, which presents Martial Arts Campaign Themes. A Theme is somewhat like the Campaign Models presented in the *d20 Modern Roleplaying Game*, except that Themes may come and go through the course of the campaign.

Blood and Fists concludes with the *Hanmei*, a tournament run by a mysterious Chinese businessman, a tournament where qualifying takes place in the back-alleys of California, Japan, and Hong Kong, and where the final rounds take place in the penthouse gardens of Japan’s elite. GMs may enter their PCs into the *Hanmei* as an action-filled adventure to find out who is the best, or the characters may investigate the *Hanmei*’s darker secrets. The *Hanmei* section presents martial artists of every description, and the GM may use these characters as recurring allies and adversaries in the campaign even if he does not use the *Hanmei*.





CHAPTER I: CLASSES

This section presents three new advanced classes for *d20 Modern* games. The Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler is a wild, undisciplined fighter who relies on anger, brute strength, and dirty tricks to win his battles. The Contemplative Master explores the mystical side of the martial arts, learning the subtle yet powerful mysteries of Ki and pressure points. The Martial Arts Master is the living embodiment of his style, learning its maneuvers and mastering them to a degree few characters can match.

BAD-ASS BARROOM BRAWLER

Max watched the two fighting men, then turned away in disgust. As he walked over to his beat-up truck, he glanced at the little Japanese twerps that ran these “qualifiers.” He could feel their eyes on him as he reached in through the passenger window and pulled out a beer. Grinning at the closest one, Max stared right into his eyes as he opened the bottle with his teeth.

“Mr. Riggs, that might not be the best idea. You only get one attempt to qualify.”

Max spit out the cap and took a long swig of his beer. “What, you think I need to be sober to beat those guys?”

Suddenly the crowd split open, and one of the two men was on the ground. The other, the big bald asshole with the Nazi tattoos all over his chest, was glaring at Max. “Don’t ever talk about me, hick.”

Max growled, the veins of his thick neck bulging as he surged forward. The Japanese handlers were yelling. Max smashed the huge man right across the face with the bottle, ignoring the spray of beer and blood that showered him as he grabbed the biker’s crotch with one hand and his goatee with the other, upending him and pile-driving him right into the pavement.

As the toughs who enforced the rules tried to drag him

away, Max kicked the downed biker with his steel toe. “You listening, you ignorant fuck?!? Good. Don’t ever call me a hick!”

Max spit on the man and walked back toward his truck. The head handler ran over. “No weapons! No Weapons! That one doesn’t count!”

Max laughed, then frowned, seeing that the biker had made him waste his last beer. Taking out his pack of unfilteredreds, he watched as the other toughs tried, without success, to get the biker to stand.

He was about to light a smoke, but he suddenly changed his mind. He tossed the cigarette pack into the truck and barreled towards the action again, grabbing two of the onlookers and smashing their heads together. “All right then, who else’s sorry ass do I have to kick? Huh?”

One of the spectators had gone down, and Max drew back to kick him like he had the biker, when the handlers grabbed him again. “All right! All right! You win! You win!”

Max shrugged his shoulders, simultaneously dislodging the thugs.

“Whatever. Look, is there a secret handshake or something? I’m thirsty.”

One of the Japanese men, the one who spoke English, stepped forward and handed him a card. It had two numbers on it.

“What the hell is this, your phone number? I don’t want a date, Hop Sing.”

“It is a time and a flight number. The next stage of the Hanmei takes place in Hong Kong.”

The Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler character is a baaaaaaaaad man. He’s the kind of guy who rides the subway at night because it’s soothing. He has usually not been formally trained in any fighting style, but not too many people are willing to tell him that.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler, a character must fulfill the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +3.

Feats: Brawl, Streetfighting.



CHAPTER I: CLASSES

TABLE I-1: THE BAD-ASS BARROOM BRAWLER

Level	Base Attack	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	Defense Bonus	Reputation Bonus
1 st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Rage 1/day	+1	+0
2 nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	Bonus Feat	+1	+0
3 rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Cheap Shot +1d6	+2	+1
4 th	+4	+4	+1	+1	Bonus Feat	+2	+1
5 th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Rage 2/day	+3	+1
6 th	+6	+5	+2	+2	Cheap Shot +2d6	+3	+2
7 th	+7	+5	+2	+2	Bonus Feat	+4	+2
8 th	+8	+6	+2	+2	Bonus Feat	+4	+2
9 th	+9	+6	+3	+3	Cheap Shot +3d6	+5	+3
10 th	+10	+7	+3	+3	Rage 3/day	+5	+3





CHAPTER I: CLASSES



Class Information

The following information pertains to the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler advanced class.

Hit Die: 1d12.

Action Points: 6 plus one-half the character's level, rounded down.

Class Skills: The Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler class skills are as follows: Bluff, Drive, Gamble, Gather Information, Intimidate, Knowledge (streetwise), Repair.

Skill Points per Level: 2 + Intelligence modifier.

Class Features

The following features pertain to the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler advanced class.

Rage: Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler temporarily gains +4 to Strength, +4 to Constitution, and a +2 morale bonus on Will saves, but suffers a -2 penalty to AC.

The Constitution bonus increases the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler's hit points by 2 points per level, but these hit points go away at the end of the rage, at which time the Constitution score drops back to normal. While raging, a Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler cannot use skills or abilities that require patience and concentration (the only class skill he can use while raging is Intimidate).

A fit of rage lasts for a number of rounds equal to 3 plus the character's (newly improved) Constitution modifier, but the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler may voluntarily end the rage before that time has elapsed. At the end of the rage, the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler is fatigued (-2 to Strength, -2 to Dexterity, can't charge

or run) for the duration of that encounter. The Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler can only fly into a rage once per encounter, and only a certain number of times per day (determined by level). Entering a rage takes no time itself, but the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler can only do it during his action.

Bonus Feat: The Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler gains a bonus feat at 2nd, 4th, 7th, and 8th level. The feat must be selected from the following list, and the character must meet the feat's prerequisites to select it: Box Ears, Cleave, Elbow Slam, Endurance, Frightful Presence, Great Fortitude, Haymaker, Head Butt, Improved Brawl, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Damage Threshold, Improvised Weapon Proficiency, Kidney Punch, Power Attack, Simple Weapon Proficiency, Toughness.

Cheap Shot: Once per combat, the Bad-Ass Barroom Brawler can do something really nasty, dirty, underhanded, and generally in violation of barroom combat etiquette. If the attack hits, the Brawler inflicts the listed amount of bonus damage. Hit or miss, the Brawler's opponent is on his guard for the rest of the fight and will no longer be vulnerable to the attack. This attack will not work on targets that are not subject to critical hits or have no discernable anatomy.

CONTEMPLATIVE MASTER

The spectators whispered, wondering what the two men were saying. Usually these little affairs were fun, like something out of a movie. Instead, the old man was talking to the handlers in Japanese, and—unusual for them—they appeared to be showing him a great deal of deference. Finally, however, the head handler, with apparent reluctance, shook his head in a firm “No.”

The ring of onlookers rippled and parted as a young man in Air Force fatigues pushed through. “Look, old man,” he said in disgust, “some of us have business to attend to here, you know?”

The old man turned, looking up at the much larger American. “I am not here to fight. I am looking for my daughter. I heard she was here.”

The young soldier coughed, grinning. “I know a lot of Japanese girls. Maybe I know her.”

The old man turned his back on the soldier, again speaking to the handlers in low tones, their Japanese unintelligible. The men again began shaking their heads, almost sadly.

“Hey, old man, don't turn your back on me.”

The soldier grabbed the old man by the shoulder, intending to spin him around, but the old man reached up and grabbed his hand, in the center, with only two fingers. Suddenly the soldier was on his knees, writhing in agony. The old man twisted his arm behind his back, placed one foot on it, and casually pinned the large man to the ground. Penetrating gray eyes raked the crowd as the first hint of impatience entered the old man's voice.

“I am not here to fight. I am Ishinomori Katsumoto. My daughter is named Brianna. I am looking for her.