



## Welcome to Sicily: July 1943

Six months of hard desert fighting against the crumbling remnants of the once-proud *Deutsches Afrika Korps* recently ended with the *Korps'* surrender in Tunis. Now battle-hardened Allied eyes turn to the next campaign.

Scuttlebutt has it that the U.S. brass want to head straight for France, but the Brits want to make the most of their hard-won victory in the Mediterranean. Either way, the real goal was kept a tight secret until the last minute, while the most massive armada in the history of the world assembled on the North African coast. They're calling it Operation HUSKY. Its target: Sicily.

As the ships set sail on Friday night, July 9, the first Allied forces were already in the air. Airborne glider troops of the British 82nd Airborne, paratroopers of the American 505th, and the superhuman soldiers of the Talent Operations Groups and the British Special Sciences Office flew toward Sicily and foes known and unknown.

On the southeastern tip of the island, British gliders were to land around Syracuse and secure vital bridges and airfields; on the southwestern coast, American paratroopers were to capture the airfields and town of Gela. The Talents were arrayed to support those missions, but they didn't expect to run into any superhuman opposition; not a single Italian Talent has yet been found, and the high command said it had no indication that Germans were in the area, let alone German *Übermenschen*.

At least, that's what they told the troops. But they told the troops a lot of things.

The landings were supposed to be smooth. The weather was supposed to be clear. The pilots were supposed to be well-trained. The enemy was supposed to be taken by surprise.

Instead, gale-force winds blew up around Sicily, throwing the transport planes out of formation. Some hove off into the wild dark yonder; others tried to stay on course. Then anti-aircraft fire came bursting all around—some of it from friendly ships.

Then the flyers' worst fears were confirmed: *Übermenschen* were in the air. All but invisible in the darkness of the stormy night, they only appeared when powers flared or when limned against the glow of an exploding plane. Allied Talents jumped out to meet them and the planes carried on, rocked by the wind or brought down by the enemy.

The pilots, most of them fresh out of a hasty training course, zigged and zagged defensively and lost all semblance of order. Some turned too soon. Some tow-planes released their gliders early, forcing them to land at sea or slam into cliffs. Those that stayed on the mission came in from every direction, dropping their gliders and parachutists wildly across southeastern Sicily.

Now a few bedraggled Allied troops have gathered in the hilly fields, surrounded by brittle grass and thin wheat stalks, rocky earth and low rock walls. The ack-acks are silent, the last of the Allied planes having dropped their troops and turned for the safety of Malta or Tunisia, but gunfire can be heard not far away, seemingly in every direction. The terrible wind and rain are only beginning to subside.

Welcome to Sicily.

## About Donar's Hammer

*Donar's Hammer* is suitable for beginning characters and players, but it can be very difficult if the players are not savvy in their approach. The enemies are not balanced for a fair fight, and the players won't get far charging forward in four-color superheroic style. Their best bet will be to find out all they can from enemy captives and the civilian populace, then attack their superhuman enemies singly and stealthily before they can do any real damage. Daring, intelligence, and a little diplomacy will help them make the most of their powers and weaponry—and survive to save the Allied fleet from disaster.

Of course, if they somehow manage to survive a full-on charge and still accomplish the mission, they *deserve* to celebrate.

Just remember to include extra characters. They'll probably need them.



*The Odal rune,  
symbol of the Übermenschen.*