



MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK



Deadlands: The Marshal's Handbook. Revised Edition

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Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Author's Dedication: My two "John's:" Goff, my first real game master, and Hopler, my old friend and fellow gamer.

Editor's Dedication: The guys and gals of the *Deadlands* listserv.

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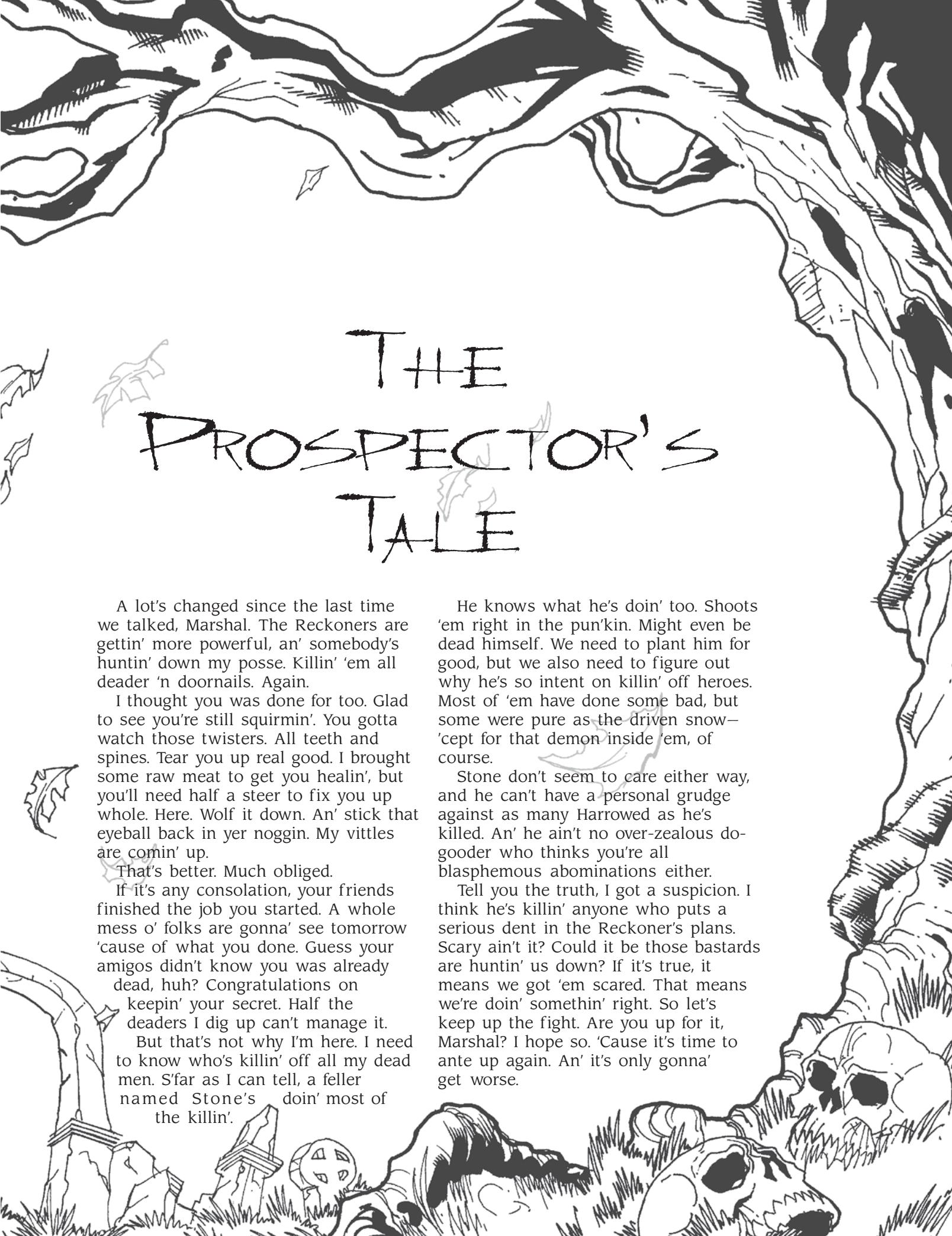
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THE PROSPECTOR'S TALE

A lot's changed since the last time we talked, Marshal. The Reckoners are gettin' more powerful, an' somebody's huntin' down my posse. Killin' 'em all deader 'n doornails. Again.

I thought you was done for too. Glad to see you're still squirmin'. You gotta watch those twisters. All teeth and spines. Tear you up real good. I brought some raw meat to get you healin', but you'll need half a steer to fix you up whole. Here. Wolf it down. An' stick that eyeball back in yer noggin. My vittles are comin' up.

That's better. Much obliged.

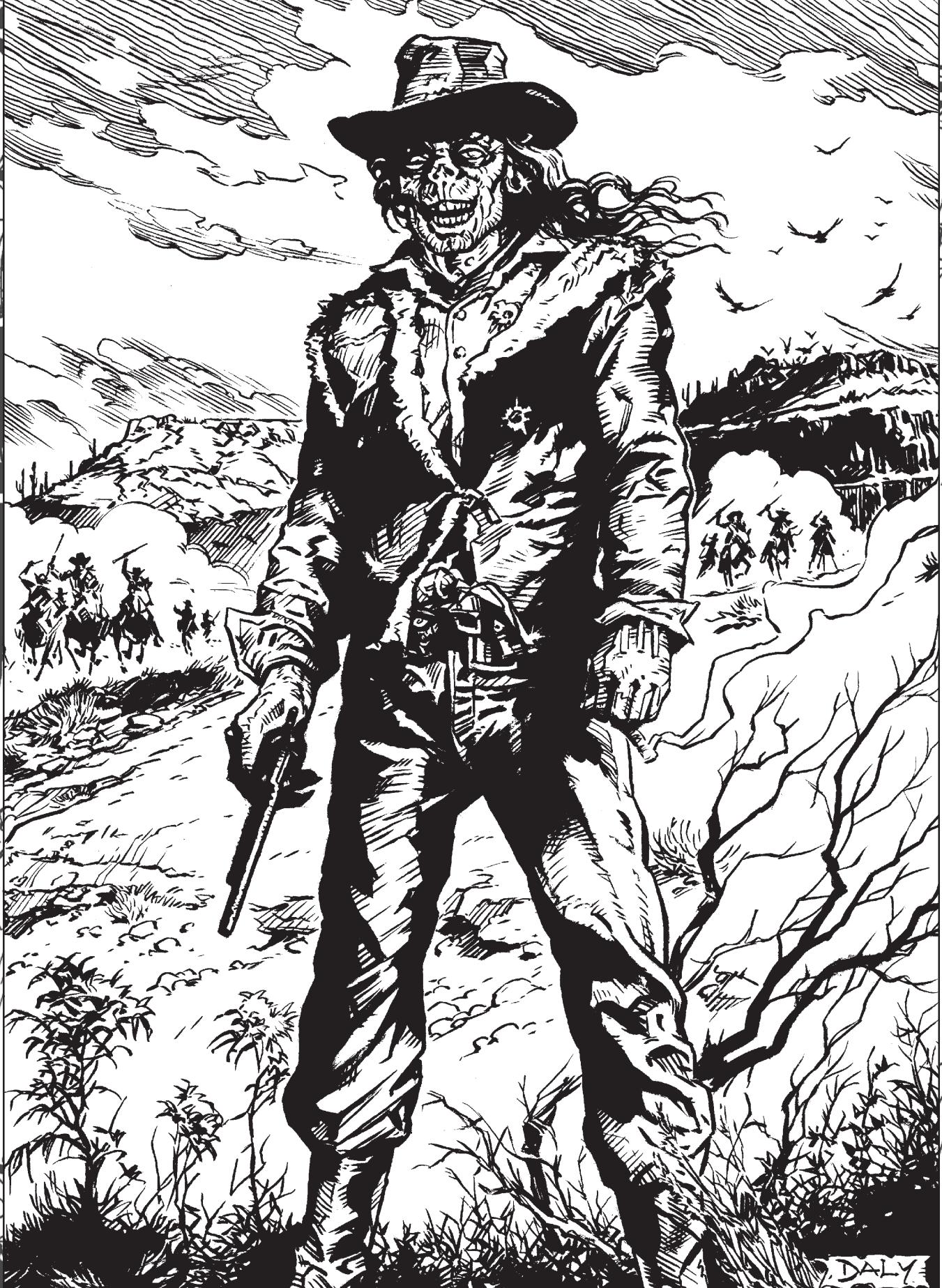
If it's any consolation, your friends finished the job you started. A whole mess o' folks are gonna' see tomorrow 'cause of what you done. Guess your amigos didn't know you was already dead, huh? Congratulations on keepin' your secret. Half the deaders I dig up can't manage it.

But that's not why I'm here. I need to know who's killin' off all my dead men. S'far as I can tell, a feller named Stone's doin' most of the killin'.

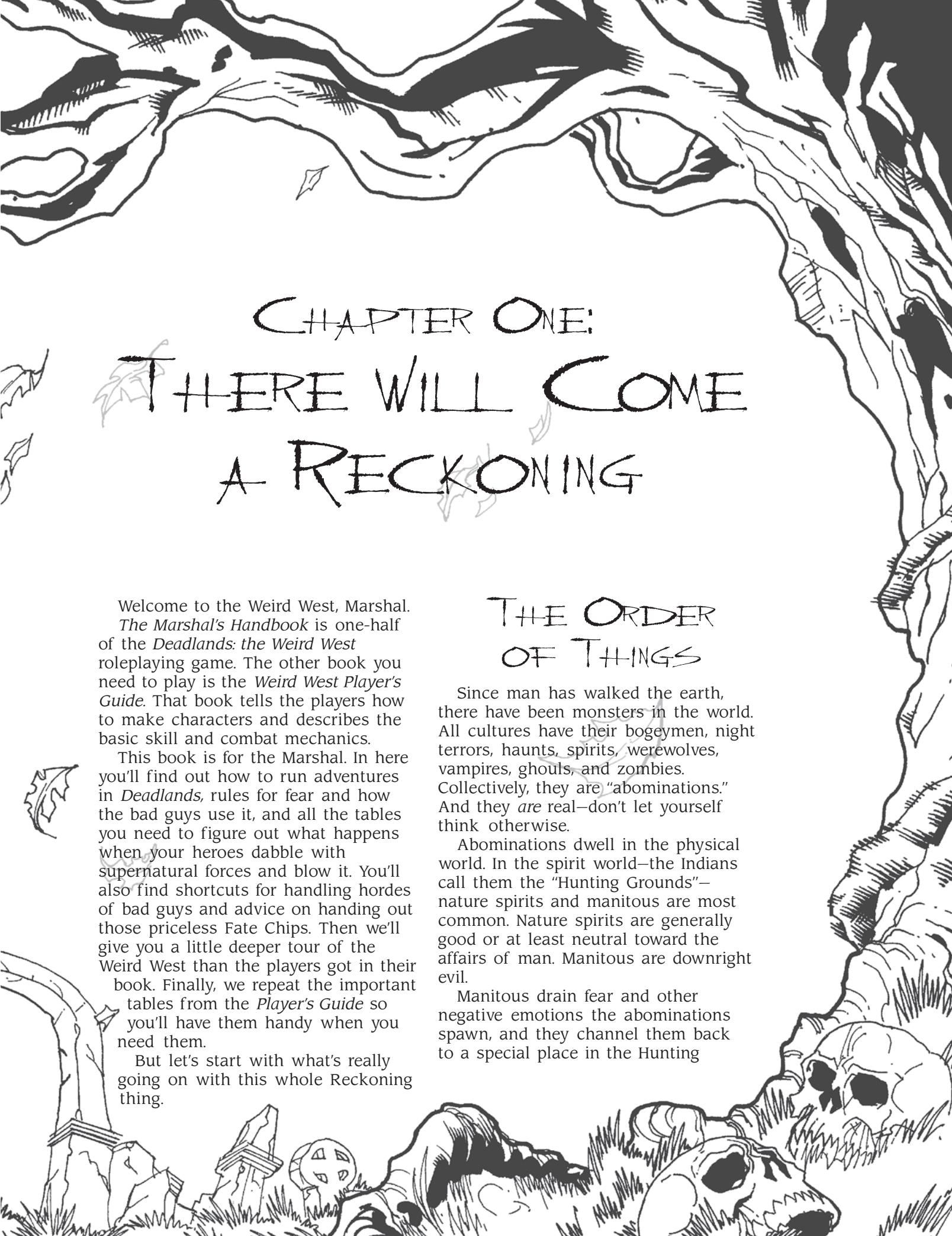
He knows what he's doin' too. Shoots 'em right in the punkin. Might even be dead himself. We need to plant him for good, but we also need to figure out why he's so intent on killin' off heroes. Most of 'em have done some bad, but some were pure as the driven snow—'cept for that demon inside 'em, of course.

Stone don't seem to care either way, and he can't have a personal grudge against as many Harrowed as he's killed. An' he ain't no over-zealous do-gooder who thinks you're all blasphemous abominations either.

Tell you the truth, I got a suspicion. I think he's killin' anyone who puts a serious dent in the Reckoner's plans. Scary ain't it? Could it be those bastards are huntin' us down? If it's true, it means we got 'em scared. That means we're doin' somethin' right. So let's keep up the fight. Are you up for it, Marshal? I hope so. 'Cause it's time to ante up again. An' it's only gonna' get worse.



DALY



CHAPTER ONE: THERE WILL COME A RECKONING

Welcome to the Weird West, Marshal.

The Marshal's Handbook is one-half of the *Deadlands: the Weird West* roleplaying game. The other book you need to play is the *Weird West Player's Guide*. That book tells the players how to make characters and describes the basic skill and combat mechanics.

This book is for the Marshal. In here you'll find out how to run adventures in *Deadlands*, rules for fear and how the bad guys use it, and all the tables you need to figure out what happens when your heroes dabble with supernatural forces and blow it. You'll also find shortcuts for handling hordes of bad guys and advice on handing out those priceless Fate Chips. Then we'll give you a little deeper tour of the Weird West than the players got in their book. Finally, we repeat the important tables from the *Player's Guide* so you'll have them handy when you need them.

But let's start with what's really going on with this whole Reckoning thing.

THE ORDER OF THINGS

Since man has walked the earth, there have been monsters in the world. All cultures have their bogeymen, night terrors, haunts, spirits, werewolves, vampires, ghouls, and zombies. Collectively, they are "abominations." And they are real—don't let yourself think otherwise.

Abominations dwell in the physical world. In the spirit world—the Indians call them the "Hunting Grounds"—nature spirits and manitous are most common. Nature spirits are generally good or at least neutral toward the affairs of man. Manitous are downright evil.

Manitous drain fear and other negative emotions the abominations spawn, and they channel them back to a special place in the Hunting

WHO ARE THE RECKONERS?

You've heard a lot about the mysterious and powerful puppetmasters behind this whole Reckoning thing.. Hopefully, you're curious about who they really are and what they're really up to.

We're not going to tell you.

Well, not here anyway. You see, some secrets are so big they take a whole other game to hold them, and that's the case with the Reckoner's identity.

If you really want to know who the Reckoners are, check out *Deadlands*' sister game, *Hell on Earth*. You won't regret it.

Grounds called the "Deadlands." That's where the ancient and mysterious Reckoners dwell, though even the manitous that serve them don't know what these unearthly beings are or why they exist. The manitous only live to serve death and destruction up in large helpings.

What the spirits do know is that the Reckoners horde the fear energy the manitous bring to the Hunting Grounds. Most of the energy is stored for some strange and unknown purpose, but some small sparks are hurled back into the physical world to bring new abominations to life. These abominations then create new fears to feed the manitous, who carry it back to the Reckoners, and so on.

It's an ongoing, vicious cycle with razor-sharp teeth, and it's been going on since the dawn of time. As you can imagine, things eventually got out of hand. Terrors walked the earth unhindered, and whole societies lived in fear, feeding the Reckoners' dark appetites. Things were certainly looking pretty bad for the human race—at least right up until the end of the Middle Ages.

THE OLD ONES

That's when the Old Ones—the elder medicine men of various Indian tribes in the American East—called a council deep in the mountains of New England. There they discussed the state of the earth and the increasing number of horrors that walked upon their sacred land.

The Old Ones knew there was no way to banish all evil from the land at once. The abominations would have to be defeated one at a time. If the manitous were gone, however, they reasoned, far fewer new abominations would be born.

THE GREAT SPIRIT WAR

So it was that the Old Ones asked the spirits of nature to war against their evil cousins, the manitous. The spirits agreed, but their price was high. The Old Ones would have to join them in their war.

The Old Ones traveled to an ancient Micmac burial ground and performed a long and arduous ritual. When they were through, a portal to the Hunting Grounds stood open.

The shamans stepped through and began their long fight against the evil spirits. The "Great Spirit War" raged for hundreds of years as things are reckoned in the Hunting Grounds. It was a secret battle unseen by the vast majority of humankind. Only the most spiritually powerful individuals sensed that there was something afoot.

The Old Ones eventually tracked down and defeated their foes, but the manitous, being spirits, could not truly be destroyed. The best the Old Ones could do was defeat them and hold them to a sacred bond: As long as the Old Ones remained in the Hunting Grounds, the manitous could not meddle in the affairs of man.

The Old Ones were trapped (seemingly forever) with the malignant spirits they had defeated, but the horrors of our world abated and began to dwindle. The price the shamans paid was high, but they had won.

A TALE OF VENGEANCE

The manitous kept their bargain. For hundreds of years, supernatural horrors were few.

Until Raven.

In 1763, a young Susquehanna shaman named Raven had just completed his studies. He had been a great student, devouring arcane lessons as if each was his last meal. The spirits spoke softly in those days, but Raven could truly hear them, and he listened eagerly.

One summer day, he sat on a high mountain in the new colony the white men called Virginia. As he meditated, the nature spirits told him of the Great Spirit War, and of the pact that the Old Ones had made with the manitous. His conversation was cut short by the sounds of musketry near his village far below.

Raven climbed down the mountain as fast as he could, the cruel din of battle mocking his every step. His feet felt as if they were made of stone and the miles seemed like leagues. When he finally arrived at his village, he saw a band of white men butchering his family. They had been the last band of the Susquehanna.

Now he was the last son.

THE RECKONING

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RAVEN REBORN

Raven stayed hidden, watching the massacre of every human being he had ever held dear. His heart now filled with hatred, Raven left the valley that he had always called his home and wandered the earth looking for ways to increase his own power and exact vengeance on those who had murdered his people.

The shaman learned many secrets of the world during his travels among both the Indian tribes and the towns of the white men. The first was that of long life. Though born in 1745, Raven looks no more than 40 years old today.

The most important secret he learned however, was that the Old Ones had left the long-forgotten door to the Hunting Grounds wide open.

Between 1861 and 1863, Raven visited all the other tribes he could find and spoke solemnly of the massacre of his people at the hands of whites. He said that he was the last of his tribe, the "Last Son," and he was searching for other braves who shared his blind anger.





Other shamans often sensed Raven's long quest for vengeance had twisted him, consumed him with evil. Most banished him from their villages quickly. But sometimes a vengeful youth, an adopted survivor of a wiped out tribe would turn his back on his new family and follow Raven on his dark quest.

These young men understood the shaman's sorrow and his rage. They were the last of their tribes, families, or villages as well. Like Raven, they were the Last Sons.

Raven told his followers their troubles were caused by the coming of the whites. In some cases, it just happened to be the truth. In others, it was yet another gross misunderstanding between two different peoples.

In either case, Raven told the Last Sons he knew how to defeat their common enemy. He would release the manitous from their old bond.

And there would come a Reckoning.

Raven told the braves who chose to follow him that the manitous were the People's protection against the white man's growing invasion. He said the Old Ones were fools for their actions. By forbidding the manitous from leaving the Hunting Grounds, they had limited their own powers and condemned the tribes to a long and painful road that could only end in their extermination.

Raven told the Last Sons it was their sacred duty to travel to the Hunting Grounds and return the spirit world to its natural order.

But there was only one way to accomplish their task. The Last Sons would have to enter the Hunting Grounds and murder their ancestors—the Old Ones.

THE HUNT

The Last Sons began their long trek from the southwestern deserts and plains to the wooded mountains of New England early in 1863. The group reached the old Micmac burial ground in which the Old Ones' gate was hidden on the first of July of that year. Then and there, the Last Sons stepped through the open gate and into the Hunting Grounds.

The battle with the Old Ones took many weeks as time is reckoned in the Hunting Grounds. In that strange place, the Last Sons committed one atrocity after another, hunting and slaying the Old Ones in the name of vengeance.

The Last Sons emerged from their war for retribution on July 3, 1863, at the end of America's greatest and bloodiest battle of the Civil War—Gettysburg—and

just scant hours before America's Day of Independence. Many of the Last Sons had not returned from their battle, but they had been successful in their quest.

The Old Ones were dead, their blackened spirit blood forever staining the hands of their slayers.

The manitous were free.
The Reckoning had begun.

THE RECKONERS AWAKE

The Reckoners sat slumbering when the manitous ceased bringing them delectable morsels of fear. As the last Old One died, a flood of energy washed over them, feeding the mysterious beings and waking them from their centuries-old malaise. The Reckoners reveled in the feast and realized the mistakes of their past.

They would no longer horde their power. They had always sown seeds of fear in the world, but now they would increase their efforts. There would be a harvest of malevolent energy such as the world had never known.

The mortals below would bleed pure terror. When there was enough fear on the earth to sustain them, when the Earth was finally refashioned after their own Deadlands, the Reckoners would walk upon it.

The Reckoners know they cannot flood the world with abominations. An army of monstrous creatures would expend all the Reckoners' precious energy, and in the end, the jaded mortals would only stop fearing them and start fighting back. Far more energy could be generated by keeping the abominations at the edge of the unknown.

Abominations don't know they are serving darker masters. They know only that their power grows as they cause more terror and mischief. A rare few abominations, such as Stone and Reverend Ezekiah Grimme, have learned that something greater lurks in the spirit world, but the vast majority of the world's monsters go about their own business never realizing they serve a darker purpose.

THE WORLD TODAY

Now it's 1877, and the Reckoners' plans seem to be going nicely. The War Between the States still pits brother against brother, feeding more and more death and misery into the Hunting Grounds. The Indians fight against the white man and each other, abandoning the Old Ways and forsaking the nature spirits. The American West is riddled with fear. The dead rise from their graves, and strange beasts are abroad in the land.

Somewhere out there, Raven waits and watches. And smiles.

AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

It doesn't look good for humanity, does it? With a set of incredibly powerful evil beings and their minions arrayed against them, what chance does an unsuspecting human race have?

As it happens, they have every chance. Heroes can fight the evil powers of the Reckoning both by fighting evil creatures and people and spreading their tales of heroism and hope. Humanity's fate is very much in its own hands.

Should the heroes' lose, the consequences are pretty grim. *Deadlands'* sister game, *Hell on Earth*, tells the tale of one possible future for the Weird West, and it's not pleasant—the bad guys win. The Reckoners ravage the Earth and leave the survivors to muck about in the ruins of civilization. But again, that's just one *possible* future. The other is all sweetness and light. Your saga decides what happens in your little corner of the universe. With a little heart and a whole lot of luck, the Reckoner's plans can be stopped.

Will there come a Reckoning? It's up to you, Marshal.



CHAPTER TWO: RUNNING THE GAME

You're the Marshal.

Remember that. You're the fellow who makes all the decisions and keeps things moving. It's your job to make the posse afraid of the dark while still dying to know what's in it. You have to run scenes full of high-action and drama, then turn around and do a little romance and comedy. You need to know enough rules to get you by, and you'll probably wind up paying for more pizza and soda than anyone else in the room. It's a tough order to fill sometimes.

This chapter should make things a little easier on you. We're going to show you how to organize your Weird Western adventures so they flow as smooth as the Rio Grande. We also have a little advice on when and how to award Fate Chips to your players.

We even have a bunch of neat tricks and shortcuts to make your Marshaling duties easier to handle. That way you can concentrate on the most important thing: having fun.

SHORTCUTS

The rules in the *Weird West Player's Book* are fairly detailed. Those die-hard heroes have a host of skills, special abilities, detailed wound systems by location, Wind, and lots of maneuvers they can try when fighting your precious minions.

We give them all that detail because they've only got one character to control. The detailed Traits and Aptitudes help make interesting and balanced characters. The combat maneuvers help players use every situation to their advantage—if they're clever enough to use them.

Characters need all that detail because they can't cheat. But you're the Marshal. You can do whatever the Hell you want to, and that's official partner.

But you still need some basics, so we're going to give you all sorts of shortcuts to help make your life simple and run all those extras with ease.

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Player characters have 10 Traits and tons of Aptitudes. They want and need lots of detail because they're the heroes. You, on the other hand, don't need to be so picky with the vast number of characters you have to handle. Instead, you can base the Traits and Aptitudes of common extras on averages or the Action Deck.

Average folks have 2d6 in their Traits, 3 levels in Aptitudes relating to their main profession, 2 levels in common Aptitudes like *horse ridin'* and probably one *shootin'* skill, and 1s or nothing in everything else. When you need to know what a bartender's *scrutinize* Aptitude level is, you can figure it's 3d6.

If you want a character to have a few higher Traits or Aptitudes, then that's what they are. Don't make extras with the card deck like players make characters. You've got better things to do, like coming up with incredible adventures and horrific monsters.

CAUGHT WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN

They don't make outhouse doors like they used to, do they Marshal?

Okay, if you're caught off-guard and need an extra's Trait or Aptitude and you have no idea what it might be, draw a card from your Action Deck. The value of the card tells you a die type to use, and the suit tells you the Trait or Aptitude level, just like in the character creation section in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. You only have to draw for the Trait or Aptitude you need at that moment, not the entire range you'd need for a major character.

RECURRING EXTRAS

Sometimes you might want to prepare ahead of time, especially for extras who are going to appear frequently. For these

characters, it pays to do a slightly more detailed profile for consistency's sake. Don't worry about writing down every single skill the extra has, just jot down those that are likely to come into play.

Here's an example character written up in a quick and dirty shorthand way that really cuts down on paperwork:

FATHER JUAN NAVARRO

Corporeal: Quickness 1d8

Shootin'; shotgun, pistol 3d10

Mental: *Mien* 3d8

Faith 5d10, scrutinize 3d10

Gear: Colt Peacemaker

Miracles: *Consecrate weapon, protection, smite.*

Personality: Juan is a good man, though he is surrounded by outlaws, including his brother Victor.

DETAILED PROFILES

If you need a more detailed profile, such as for a character's *sidekick* or a character who's around all the time (or just because you're one of those thorough types from Back East), there are some blank Profile sheets in the back of this book and in our separate book, the *Marshal's Log*, but there's nothing wrong with plain old notebook paper either.

You get complete statistics for major extras in published *Deadlands* sourcebooks and adventures, but again, you don't normally need all that detail for extras whose only purpose is to convey information or suck up the party's bullets.

CREATURE PROFILES

You might also want a little more detail when it comes to the slimy creatures you've designed. In particular, you want to write up the monsters' various powers so that you'll know exactly how to handle them when the posse stumbles into your fiendish trap. Chapter Three is chock full of powers you can pick and choose to fill in the basics of most critters. Then you can concentrate on the mechanics of any unusual attacks or abilities the thing possesses.

RUNNING COMBATS

Sometimes there are a lot of bad guys. You don't want to keep track of 15 banditos' Quickness totals, wounds, Wind, and wound modifiers when you're trying to describe the scene and help the heroes resolve their actions. You've got better things to do.

We've got something for you here, too.

QUICKNESS & ACTION CARDS

Of all the tricks we give you, the Action Deck is the niftiest. You don't have to roll an "initiative" number for each bad guy and then try to remember it as in most roleplaying games. You just lay down a few cards behind your screen and wait until they come up in the round. Then the bad guy takes his action, and you move on.

Roll Quickness totals for major bad guys and critters. For numerous extras, deal one card for the whole lot. The downside (for them) is they only get one card. The upside is they all get to go together like one big, nasty family. It all balances out in the end.

If you feel a bunch of lesser goons or creatures are faster than that, give them 2 or more. It's your call, Marshal. That's why you get to wear the tin star.

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WOUNDS

Here's an easy way to keep track of wounds for lots of bad guys with no bookkeeping whatsoever. You have to use miniature figures, however, or something else to represent the heroes and the bad guys.

When a player character makes a successful attack, go ahead and let her roll hit location to see if she gets any extra damage dice for hits to the gizzards or noggin, but don't actually keep track of all those separate locations. Just use the damage total to determine how many wounds the opponent takes, then place a chip under the miniature's base to mark its wound levels (assume all the hits go to the thug's guts area). The chip also tells you what kind of penalty to assess the bad guy when he makes an attack as well (see the table on the next page).

The best part? You can even tell the players their opponent's Size and let them "chip" your bad guys for you. That way you can keep even a really huge combat moving faster than a three-legged toad.



WOUND SHORTCUT

Wound	Chip	Penalty
Light	White	-1
Heavy	Red	-2
Serious	Blue	-3
Critical	2 Blue	-4

We use blues because most folks have extra blue chips left over when they buy chips for the Fate Pot. You don't have to use blue chips, or poker chips at tall for that matter. Use any kind of marker you have handy.

Now here's a disclaimer. Don't use this shortcut for major bad guys or unique monsters. Use the more-detailed wound system for anything that spectacular. You should also use the regular system if there are only a few thugs involved in a fight.

MINIATURES

Help yourself run a better game—use miniatures. Besides helping you use the wound "cheat," minis help your players understand the scene better—which is especially important in a big fight.

We'd love for you to buy ours—Pinnacle makes a bunch of minis for just this purpose. But if you're gun-shy about minis, you can use dice, coins, plastic cowboys and Indians, or even counters with the heroes' and bad guys' names written on them.

Place the minis on a map or a piece of paper with the battle sketched in. Big sketch pads work great, and good hobby shops have erasable "battle mats" as well. Make sure to include any major furniture, geographic features, or other obstacles. You'll be amazed at how differently your posse acts when they can visualize the scene better. Suddenly characters are knocking tables over and slugging bad guys with beer glasses instead of just shooting every action.

WIND

So you're thinking, "Okay, but brawling and some weapons only do Wind damage. How does that work with this simplified wound system?"

We have your back, amigo.

With big bad guys, use Wind damage normally. With goons who you're not tracking detailed wounds, treat Wind just like damage. Every increment of the bad guy's Size in Wind raises the wound level a notch just like regular damage. We know that isn't exactly right, but it all balances out if you consider you're not tracking the Wind the goon would take with any "real" wounds he's sustained.

STUN

You might not want to keep track of stun for all the bad guys. Don't worry—the rules are as complete as possible so you can dig into the details when it matters. When it does, this cheat can help you keep track of stunned bad guys as well.

Place a stunned opponent's figure on its back on top of its wound chip. That reminds you to have the sodbuster make a stun check on its next action. If it makes the roll, stand the sucker back up on top of its wound chip. How do you tell stunned figures from dead ones? Take them off the table, silly.

USE THE POSSE

The last bit of advice we can offer to help run your fights is to use the posse. You have to show everyone how to play the first few times, of course, but afterward you need to let them figure out whether or not they hit the bad guys, how many actions they get, and make sure they subtract their wound modifiers from their rolls. This leaves you free to better describe the action and keep the game moving right along.

We've tried to make it easy for you to run *Deadlands*. The first game or two might be a little rough, but we think you're sharp enough to get into the swing of things quick. And when you do, you can really cut loose and spin yarns your posse will talk about for years to come.

FEAR

Soiled pants. Shaky nerves. Stark, raving madness. These are the end results of sheer terror.

Fear permeates the Weird West. No matter where your posse goes or what they decide to do. Whether the terror is caused by a horrific, savage beast or a heartless, calculating human killer, the cold hand of fear will touch your heroes eventually.

The Reckoners thrive on fear. When some poor soul gets so scared he wets himself they gobble his terror down like candy.

FEAR LEVELS

The unknowing minions of the Reckoners—the abominations—create an “atmosphere of fear” in the areas where they do their dirty work. Their deeds cause those in the area to generate fear and terror. The amount of “fear energy” in an area is called its “Fear Level.”

All that fear has a real effect on the world. The Reckoner’s servants can draw upon the ambient terror in an area for protection, and those who work against it might find themselves paralyzed with fear.

On a scale of 0-6, the normal state of the world is Fear Level 0. In these

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areas, the worst thing most folks have to worry about is the local bully or a bad rash. They might shy away from rumored “haunted” places, but they rarely admit their fears to their neighbors. Fear Level 0 places are pretty rare in the Weird West.

In areas with higher Fear Levels, folks begin to get more superstitious and wary about just about everything around them. Haunted locales are avoided, and people try not to wander out after dark if they can help it. In some drastic cases, people start to distrust their neighbors and even their friends and family.

In these areas, the abominations begin to garner the attention of their faceless masters, the Reckoners.

Heaven forbid fear should actually totally permeate an area. These are the dreaded “Deadlands,” Fear Level 6. In these places the Reckoner’s servants are truly in their element, and even usually weak abominations can be truly terrifying.

The location affected by a varmint’s Fear Level is usually a town, a hollow, a haunted mansion, a gulch, or the like, but it isn’t necessarily restricted to a





definite geographic area. Sometimes an abomination inhabits arcane artifacts or haunts a group of people, such as a family suffering an ancient curse. In essence, the Fear Level encompasses everyone who lives in its shadow on a day-to-day basis.

Abominations can raise a Fear Level one step once every month or so, assuming they cause considerable mischief and don't suffer any setbacks. There are exceptions, of course. Certain powerful creatures sometimes find ways to raise the Fear Level several levels in a single dark ritual. These incidents are rare, but pose the greatest threat to humanity and should be stopped by the posse at all costs.

When a great evil is inactive or defeated, the Fear Level drops by one about every two months or so.

As the Fear Level rises, local abominations are awarded with more power from the Reckoners. The highest level of fear possible (6) makes the area into a "Deadland." If the Reckoners have their way, the entire earth is destined to one day become such a place (a possibility explored in our sister game, *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*).

THE LAND

Even the hills and trees are affected by fear. A canyon with a Fear Level of 1, for example, seems a little darker than normal, even in the middle of the day.

At level 2, its rocks look more jagged and sharp.

At level 3, its cliff walls are more foreboding and the shadows may sometimes appear to flicker or move.

At level 4, there seems to be something even blacker than shadows lurking in the corners and overhangs. Cacti take on the appearance of grasping hands.

Level 5 is oppressive, as if a heavy dew were about to settle and seep into one's skin—and burn it right off. Some flora and fauna begin to die, wither, or take on strange and horrific forms. In its place grows a mix of tangled weeds and stunted scrub that looks like it would swallow anyone who walked into it alive—but it doesn't—yet.

A Deadland (level 6) is a twisted and macabre landscape. No sane person can deny the supernatural in such an area. Trees look like splintered skeletons or haunted souls, rocks resemble groaning faces, weeds grow impossibly tall and cut flesh, and water turns dark and stagnant. Nothing is as it seems. The very landscape may devour an unwary traveler.

A CAREFUL BALANCE

The Reckoners know they cannot simply create thousands of abominations out of the blue to ravage the Earth. Such an act would quickly drain their power. The safe path is the slow and calculated "seeding" or "terrorforming" of the earth in fear. A tiny spark used to create a single night haunt can terrify an entire town for months. More energy could be used to fill a town with walking dead, but they would quickly be defeated and have little effect on the population afterward.

The Reckoners sometimes gamble great amounts of power, but only when the payoff well outweighs the risk. Reverend Grimme and Professor Darius Hellstromme are occasionally entrusted with such tasks, but by and large, the Reckoners know humanity is very resilient and would quickly fight back against an overt attack. Fear and dread of the unknown are far more effective weapons in their mysterious quest for power than any kind of "blitzkrieg."

Abominations that get too blatant in their attacks can even stagnate or lower the Fear Level. The rumor of some unknown creature on the prowl for young maidens strikes fear into the hearts of everyone. A werewolf that wades into Dodge and starts eating people wets a few chaps, but then becomes just another varmint and a boon to the local silversmith.

Remember that the unknown is the greatest horror of all. That's why the horrors created by the Reckoners, or the traitorous humans who have given themselves to darkness almost never know where their power truly comes from. In fact, only Reverend Grimme, Stone, and a very few other individuals even know of their masters' existence.

The Reckoners actually feed off any sort of negative energy, such as hate, jealousy, and misery. But fear is the easiest for them to generate, and often feeds them the other emotions as well. That's why they created ghost rock. The wars it has sparked—the Civil War, the Great Rail Wars, and random acts of murder and raiding all along the frontier—has already paid them back a hundred-fold on the energy it took to create it in the first place.

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FEAR AS A WEAPON

Fighting evil on its home turf is always harder. The very air itself lends a feeling of dread to those mortals within it. Grotesque or terrifying sights affect heroes more in the dark thickets of some haunted hollow than in the bright, open fields of the High Plains.

In areas with a Fear Level higher than 0, the posse suffers penalties to its *guts* checks (see the Fear Effects table below, pard).

But that's not all. To make matters worse, those creatures and beings who perform the Reckoners' will are a little tougher in these dark domains. The Marshal gets to draw Fate Chips for the bad guys at the beginning of any combat encounter. If the heroes are fighting their way through a big area with lots of fights, you should only draw once per chapter.

"Combat encounter" is a loose term, by the way. If the posse comes into direct conflict with the bad guys, maybe hurling insults like bullets from a Gatling, feel free to reward the bad guys whether anyone actually takes a shot at anyone else or not. It's your call whether or not the Reckoners are feeling generous.

FEAR EFFECTS TABLE

Level	Effects
0	None.
1	-1 to <i>guts</i> checks.
2	-2 to <i>guts</i> checks.
3	-3 to <i>guts</i> checks.
4	-4 to <i>guts</i> checks. The Marshal draws one chip from the Fate Pot at the beginning of each combat encounter.
5	-5 to <i>guts</i> checks. The Marshal draws two chips from the Fate Pot at the beginning of each combat encounter.
6	-6 to <i>guts</i> checks. The Marshal draws three chips from the Fate Pot at the beginning of each combat encounter.

GUTS CHECKS

We hope you have a group of players who lets you scare them from time-to-time. We'll give you some advice on how to do that later on this chapter.

One thing we know you can do is scare the dickens out of their characters. We know this because we're giving you a mechanic to do it with. We call this the *guts* check. You should have characters make *guts* checks (with the *guts* Aptitude) every time they come upon a disturbing scene.



Guts checks are made just like any other skill roll. You set the TN and watch the fireworks. Never tell the posse what the TN is until after they've all given you their totals, however.

Failing a *guts* check is a "bad thing." Usually it means that something a character can't defeat anyway just got some extra time to beat on him. The table below shows you the TN for *guts* checks as well as how many dice to roll should the check be failed. Count Aces when rolling these dice.

When you have your total, roll again on the **Scart Table** on the next page.

TERROR

TN	Dice	Description
3	1d6	A description of a strange event or creature; a nasty wound on a living being.
5	2d6	Something slightly strange, like a vampire that's not "vamped out," or a fresh walking dead with no obvious wounds, such as a Harrowed; a dead body with "normal" wounds.
7	3d6	A bizarre creature (a mad grizzly, a jackalope, or a prairie tick); a gruesome corpse.
9	4d6	An undeniably supernatural creature; a sickening scene, such as a dismembered or mutilated corpse.
11	5d6	A unique and overwhelming horror (such as a wendigo); a nauseating scene of mass carnage.
13	6d6	A creature that defies the imagination; grisly carnage that serves some arcane and evil purpose that "man was not meant to know."

Use a little common sense when calling for *guts* checks. A party should only make one the first time they see a particular creature in an encounter. Say they're fighting through a train full of ghosts. The first one they meet causes a check, but once it's made, leave 'em alone. Should they run into similar creatures later on, hit 'em again. Only if a posse meets a certain type of creature

fairly often should they become jaded to its terror, and then you should probably just lower the TN a step.

A hero might fight walkin' dead several times, but that doesn't make it any more comforting when one busts through the earth and grabs his boot.

"Grit" is the bonus veteran heroes get for their experience (see the next page).

SCART TABLE

Roll	Effect
1-3	Uneasy: The character stares for a moment at the scene and loses his next Action Card.
4-6	Queasy: The victim stares in horror at the scene, loses his next Action Card, and subtracts -2 from any rolls made the rest of the round.
7-9	The Willies: The character staggers back and stares in horror, missing his turn for the round. He takes 1d6 Wind and his actions are at -2 until he makes a <i>guts</i> check, which he may attempt as an action.
10-12	The Heebie-Jeebies: The character turns white as a sheet and loses his entire turn and 1d6 Wind. All actions are at -2 for the remainder of the encounter.
13-15	Weak in the Knees: The victim loses 1d6 Wind. At grotesque scenes, he loses his lunch and staggers away. At terrible scenes, he puts his tail between his legs and gets the Hell out of Dodge. In either case, he is completely ineffectual until he makes the <i>guts</i> check that caused this result. He remains at -2 for the remainder of the encounter.
16-18	Dead Faint: The character takes 3d6 Wind. If she's reduced to 0 or less, she faints dead away until she recovers. If the character has <i>faith</i> , she must make an Onerous (7) <i>faith</i> check immediately. If she fails, her lack of faith causes her to lose 1 level of <i>faith</i> permanently.
19-21	Minor Phobia: The character goes Weak in the Knees and gains a minor phobia (as the <i>loco</i> Hindrance) somehow associated

22-24	with the current event or environment. She suffers a -2 penalty to any actions when the stimulus of her fear is present.
25-27	Major Phobia: The character goes Weak in the Knees and gains a major phobia (as the <i>loco</i> Hindrance). This is the same as a Minor Phobia except the penalty when the feared item, environment, or thing is present, the penalty is -4.
28-30	Corporeal Alteration: The character gains a Minor Phobia and suffers a physical defect of some kind, such as a streak of white hair, his voice box contracts and he can only speak in whispers, etc. The "Shakes": The cowpoke gets a Major Phobia and must make a Hard (9) <i>Spirit</i> roll or reduce <i>Deftness</i> by one step permanently. If the roll is made, <i>Deftness</i> is reduced only for the next 1d6 days.
31-35	Heart Attack: The poor sap's heart skips a beat. He must make a Hard (9) <i>Vigor</i> roll. If made, he suffers 3d6 Wind and gains a Major Phobia . If failed, he suffers 3d6 Wind, his <i>Vigor</i> is permanently reduced by one step, and he must make a second Hard (9) <i>Vigor</i> roll. If failed, he has a heart attack and dies unless someone else makes an Incredible (11) <i>medicine</i> roll within 2d6 rounds (a supernatural healing roll must cure a serious wound though no actual "wound" is inflicted). If the victim's <i>Vigor</i> falls below 4, he kicks the bucket.
36+	Corporeal Aging: The character has a Heart Attack and ages 1 year.

GRIT

After a fellow's battled werewolves and walkin' dead, he gains a little resistance to fear and terror. Get beat by something like that and a hombre's likely to lose his confidence.

"Grit" is a measure of a hero's willpower and exposure to the terrible things he's encountered in the Weird West. Grit counters the negative modifiers of high Fear Levels, but to get it, a hero has to earn it the hard way.

At the conclusion of an adventure in which the posse defeats a major foe, the characters gain the inner strength to keep fighting the next time they encounter some gibbering horror or desperate band of outlaws.

Every hero who took part in the adventure gains 1 point of Grit. Grit adds +1 to the character's *guts* checks, steeling him against all kinds of horrors and anything else the Reckoners have to offer.

GIVETH AND TAKETH AWAY

Just as a victory can steel a hombre's nerves, a stinging defeat can rob him of his confidence. Characters can lose Grit as well.

It happens whenever a hero goes bust on a *guts* check against a TN of Hard (9) or higher. When that happens, roll on the **Scart Table** normally, but also subtract one from the hero's Grit permanently. Don't take away Grit for busts on lesser TNs—only the nasty stuff really eats at a character's soul enough to give him shaky knees.

THAT'S A LOT O' GRIT!

A hero can never have more than 5 points of Grit, and he can't store up "extra" Grit to counter what he might lose later on.

Those managing to survive that many adventures in the Weird West are truly formidable enemies of fear, and sometime attract the direct attention of

the Reckoners. We'll tell you all about what happens to characters like this under **The Black Hats** later in this chapter. You can also check the entry on the "los diablos" critters in Chapter Three.

KISS MY UNDEAD GRITS!

Heroes with a lot of Grit are more likely to become Harrowed when they die (see Chapter Two). The manitous like their hosts tough and grizzled.

When drawing cards to see if a hero comes back from the grave, draw one extra card for every point of Grit a hero has.

TALE-TELLIN'

The heroes of *Deadlands* fight the Reckoners and their minions by their very deeds. Banishing the ghost of a haunted shack deep in the backwoods of Missouri might not seem like an earth-shattering event, but every time the heroes defeat evil and spread the tales of their deeds, they chip away at the local's fear—and thus the Reckoners' power. The world is an average of all the lesser areas beneath it, so one day the actions of the world's heroes might just thwart the Reckoners' plans to turn the entire Earth into a Deadland.

But their victories won't affect the local Fear Level if no one realizes the dark forces around them have been defeated. This makes the *tale-tellin'* Aptitude the greatest weapon the heroes have against the Reckoning.

This also means every adventure that takes place in *Deadlands* matters, no matter how insignificant it might seem at first. Every morsel of fear they keep the Reckoners from devouring weakens these fiends. This also means your posse isn't forced into saving the world. It just happens naturally as long as your group continues to defeat evil.

TELLIN' THE TALE

Soon after victory against the forces of darkness, usually at the climax of an adventure, someone in the posse should tell the tale. Muckrakers and

blessed with good speaking or writing skills are good candidates, though anyone can tell the tale if they wish.

The tale-teller needs to speak to an influential portion of the community or group that was most affected by the horrors. The largest church congregation in town or the local newspaper are likely targets.

At the conclusion of the tale, the speaker makes a *tale-tellin'* roll against the TN of the Fear Level in the locale in which the evil was defeated, as shown on the **Tale-Tellin' Table**.

If the speaker is successful, the Fear Level drops by one level immediately. Further tales have no effect on the area until another horror moves in and begins a campaign of terror.

TALES O' TERROR

The down side of telling incredible stories is that if some big-mouth goes bust on his *tale-tellin'* roll, the audience hears only that horrors beyond their wildest imagining exist in their own backyard. They may not publicly acknowledge their fears, but they're not likely to grab their pitchforks and shovels to help the hero out either.

Going bust on a *tale-tellin'* roll raises the local Fear Level by 1 point. This is why Texas Rangers and the Agency's "men in black" don't like troublemaking adventurers to talk about what they've seen. A few bad speakers can sow enough chaos and confusion to turn the whole Weird West into a Deadland.

TALE-TELLIN'

Fear Level	TN
1	3
2	5
3	7
4	9
5	11
6	15

LEGEND CHIPS

When a tale-teller successfully lowers a Fear Level, he gets a one-time, one-use Legend Chip all his own—don't put it in the pot. The tale-teller can trade the



Legend Chip away in the usual fashion if he wants, however.

This special award represents the forces of Good (they are out there, really!) smiling down on the hero for trying to save the world from the Reckoners. (This is something like the divine powers the *blessed* get for performing great deeds as detailed in *Fire & Brimstone*.)

Once used—for any purpose—even if traded in for Bounty Points (what a waste!)—the chip disappears. You can tell the tale-teller how this all works the first time he gets one so he can best decide how to make use of his reward.

AWARDING FATE CHIPS

All right, Marshal. We've told you how to maim, mutilate, and kill your posse with the power of fear. Now it's time to be nice to them.

The best way to be nice to your players is to award them Fate Chips at the end of each game session for accomplishing notable milestones in and roleplaying their Hindrances.

WHITE FATE CHIPS

White chips are awarded whenever a character does something amusing or clever, or whenever her Hindrances make life inconvenient.

RED FATE CHIPS

Red chips are given out when the character does something particularly clever, finds important clues, or defeats

or outwits some minor opponent. You should also hand out a Red chip whenever a character's Hindrances make life miserable but aren't particularly life-threatening.

BLUE FATE CHIPS

Blue Chips are the reward for playing in character even when it might cost the character his life. You should also award a blue chip whenever a hero defeats a major menace or discovers a critical clue.

LEGEND CHIPS

At the conclusion of each adventure, you should reward the heroes with a Legend Chip. By "adventure," we mean once every 3-4 sessions. This goes for any of the adventures we've published too, even if some of the older ones don't say it. When the last scene of an adventure is over, drop a Legend chip into the posse's cup.

The Marshal shouldn't normally award players with Legend chips (other than tale-tellers as we told you about in the last section). Fate decides who she smiles on when the players draw their chips before each session.

If you draw a Legend chip, put it back and draw again until you get a red, white, or blue one. Legend chips are for the heroes, Marshal. We gotta give 'em some breaks.

SOME TIPS

Players often spend more chips than they get in a night. This usually happens if there's lots of fighting and little roleplaying. If there's more roleplaying than combat, the chip stacks are likely to get tall.

It's up to you to judge how freely to distribute Fate Chips, but don't feel bad holding back if there hasn't been much to "bleed them off" in a while. By the same token, don't be too stingy when you're hitting them with waves of monsters or your posse may never advance and the players may feel cheated.

Try to strike a balance where everyone ends the game with enough chips to convert to 2-4 Bounty Points.



ADVENTURES

Deadlands adventures read like dime novels, helping you keep your twisted tales of the Weird West running smoothly. The tale starts with "The Story So Far," the introduction to the adventure. The next section is "The Setup," which tells you how to get the posse involved in the adventure. After "The Setup," the adventure breaks down into individual "Chapters."

A section entitled "The Bounty" comes at the end of each chapter. This part tells you how many Fate Chips you should award the posse for completing certain goals. These awards can be made as the adventure is played—they're simply listed at the end of the chapter for convenience sake.

Here's a little more information on each of these sections.

THE STORY SO FAR

The introduction describes the backstory that sets everything in motion. You're likely the only one who's going to read it, but establishing a solid background is vital.

Posses being made up of clever and unpredictable heroes, things will happen that you hadn't counted on during the course of your adventure. If you've got a detailed background, it will help you answer questions you hadn't thought of beforehand and determine how the extras react to the posse's schemes.

THE SETUP

The point at which the posse gets involved is called "The Setup." This is where you figure out how to rope the heroes into the shenanigans that are about to occur.

There are lots of ways to pull the player characters into your adventures. The most common is to have someone hire them to do a job or solve some problem. The difficulty with this is you have to keep the party poor. Wealthy characters aren't likely to go chasing dangerous outlaws, after all.

Another good way to get the group together is to let the players tell you

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why their characters are involved. Even if the heroes have been hired by someone, the players should still have a good reason why they are each interested in the offer.

CHAPTERS

Now you're ready for the meat of the adventure. Each chapter usually describes a location and the events that occur there. Sometimes, though, you might want each chapter to represent certain events if the story takes place in one location (like a haunted mansion). Break things up however it works best for your particular tale.

Within each chapter, describe extras' personalities, critters' statistics, the locations of clues, and the events that must occur before moving on to the next chapter.

Here's an example of the most typical way of breaking the game up into chapters—by location.

Say your adventure starts in town where Union Blue hires the group to investigate the disappearance of one of their rail crews. The first scene might take place in Dodge where the team is hired. The next scene might take place along the last railhead, a ruined camp where they find tracks leading into the hills. The next chapter occurs after the group has followed the tracks into the woods—where they discover a camp of raiders in the employ of Bayou Vermillion and. This is where you list statistics for the raiders, their hougan leaders, and the walkin' dead they keep chained up to kill nosy heroes.

THE BOUNTY

Each chapter ends with "The Bounty." This tells you how many Fate Chips you should hand out as clues are uncovered or bad guys are defeated. Keep these in mind as you're running the game so you can reward your players as they overcome these obstacles.

TRAVELING THE WEIRD WEST

The Weird West is a big place. Getting from one place to another is often as exciting and deadly as what happens when you get there.

Here are a few rules you and the Marshal can use to help figure out what happens on your posse's journeys across the frontier.

HOT & COLD

Extreme heat and cold can be as deadly as a gunslinger's bullet.

If your character is exposed to temperatures over 80° F or above, he needs to make a *survival* roll around noon each day. The TN is a base Fair (5) for 80°, and it goes up by +2 for every increase of 5°. If your hombre fails, he loses 1d4 Wind that can't be regained until he can rest in a cool, comfortable place for at least 4 hours.



Going bust means he's doing the kickin' chicken or, as they call it Back East, having a seizure due to sunstroke. After that, he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If he makes it, he suffers 3d6 Wind. If he fails it, he loses the Wind, has his *Vigor* die type permanently reduced by one step, and must make a second roll. If this is failed, he dies unless someone else makes an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll within 2d6 rounds. If his *Vigor* falls below a d4, there's no saving him.

Cold works the same way.

Temperatures below freezing mean your hero has to make a *survival* roll for whatever environment he's in or lose 1d4 Wind. Add +2 to the TN for every 5° F below freezing.

Going bust means the hero is freezing to death. If he doesn't get heat and a *medicine: general* roll of Incredible (11) or better within 4 hours, he's likely going to be frozen solid until the spring thaw.

In either case, a hero whose Wind hits 0 through exposure is headed for the Great Beyond unless some good Samaritan lends a hand by rescuing the character from his predicament.

CHOW

A fellow's got to eat. If he can't get enough vittles, he starts looking like the walking dead. Then he just might become one.

A person needs at least one decent meal and two quarts of water a day. If either is unavailable, he loses 1d4 Wind (or 2d4 if both are scarce) that can't be restored until he eats or drinks. Don't reroll Aces on these rolls.

Should a character fall to 0 Wind through starvation or dehydration, he'll keels over and continue to lose Wind until he does or gets aid.

The *survival* Aptitude can provide food and water in a pinch. See *The Weird West Player's Guide* for more info.

HELL FOR LEATHER

We listed the normal traveling rates in the player's book, but sometimes a person needs to travel a little farther and faster than normal. In these life or death situations, use the rules below.

RIDE LIKE THE WIND

Experienced riders change their mounts frequently, but sometimes a traveler has only a single horse or team and needs to get somewhere in a hurry. He can push his animals to make better time, but he risks exhausting or even killing them in the process.

The horse must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll every 10 miles over the normal limit of 40 miles, up to a maximum of 50 extra miles (average horses have a *Vigor* of 2d10). Every check after the first is made at an additional -2, up to a maximum of -6.

At 40 miles over the normal limit, for example, the horse or each horse in a team makes its fourth check for the day at -6.

If an animal goes bust on this roll, it dies. If it fails, it walks for another 1d4 miles and then drops from exhaustion for 2d4 hours.

THE HEEL-TOE EXPRESS

Cowpokes in a pinch (and without a horse) can push themselves along in a similar way. A regular person can walk 10 miles a day with no problems. Make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll for every 5 miles over that limit the character hikes, up to a maximum of 25 extra miles. Every check after the first is made at an additional -2, up to a maximum of -6.

If the walker fails the roll, she loses 1d4 Wind. Wind lost in this way can only be regained by resting for 1 hour for each lost point. At 0 Wind, the walker cannot go further until rested.

TELEGRAPHIS

Rail raiders, bandits, and storms often cause disruptions in the Weird West's telegraph service. Whenever your posse sends a telegram and you want to mess with them, First do a quick estimate of the mileage between the sender and receiver. Use the **Message Distance Table** to determine a modifier, then roll on the **Telegram Results Table**. If that roll is an 18+, the message has been intercepted by gremlins. Roll on the **Gremlins! Table** when that happens.

MESSAGE DISTANCE

Distance	Modifier
Less than 100 miles	0
100-200 miles	+2
201-500 miles	+4
501+ miles	+6

TELEGRAM RESULTS

1d20

Result

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1-9 | The message goes through fine. |
| 10-13 | There's a break in the line. The message won't be received for 2d6 hours. |
| 14-17 | The line's broken somewhere far from civilization. The message won't go through for 2d6 days. |
| 18+ | The message gets intercepted by gremlins. Roll on the Gremlins Table. |

GREMLINS!

1d6

Result

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | The message goes through, but the letters are received in reverse order. |
| 2 | Rearrange the words of the telegram to cause as much trouble as possible. |
| 3 | Make up a whole new message—something that causes trouble. |
| 4 | Make up a new message, but the gremlins echo the right confirmation. |
| 5 | The message goes to the wrong city. |
| 6 | The gremlins pretend to be a deranged operator at the other end. They block the message but send back crude taunts and cryptic responses. Feel free to do just about anything you want to cause the heroes as much trouble as possible. Think like a gremlin, pard. |

THE LAW

Posses being made up of trigger-happy player characters, you can bet you're going to find your campaign centering around a court trial from time to time. Here are a few pointers on how to run them.

The case usually starts with the prosecution. A lawyer hired by the county introduces all his witnesses, usually moving from the least to the most damaging. When the prosecutor is done with a witness, the defense lawyer gets a chance to cross-examine.

Despite that little piece of paper called the Constitution, folks accused of a crime in the West are often guilty until proven innocent. Or more accurately, until some fast-talking lawyer gets them off the hook.

Unless it's a simple case of self-defense, the lawyer usually must prove what his client *didn't* do. This gives him two options. The first is to find some other skunk to blame things on. The other is to discredit the prosecution's witnesses by showing what low-down, ornery liars they are.

Both sides play fast and loose with the facts. In a big trial, drama is the key. If a lawyer can win over the jury, regardless of the truth, his side wins.

Most cases are decided in a few hours, but since juries are selected a day or two ahead of time, it's usually easy to threaten or bribe them. Jack McCall got away with murdering Wild Bill Hickok when the rats who put him up to it successfully threatened the jury.

Judges out West don't put up with much tomfoolery. Forget about loopholes or technicalities. At the end of a big trial, a defendant swings or he walks scot-free.

GET A ROPE!

So called "hangin' judges" (not the legendary abominations but their all-too-human namesakes) are rare. Maybe one out of every 20 judges in the Weird West would qualify for this not-so-honorable title. They're mostly found in isolated counties of the USA and CSA territories.

Having jurisdiction in an isolated area is the only way these madmen can get away with an extended "reign of terror." If a hangin' judge ever somehow manages to come to power in a more populated region, he never lasts long. Some vengeful family member eventually puts a bullet in his back.

Throwing a hangin' judge into an adventure is serious business, so use them sparingly. You're essentially throwing the entire weight of the law against your posse.

If the heroes can't prove their innocence or escape, they swing and you get to try out those nifty hanging rules we gave in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. If the heroes do escape, word is likely to get out and turn the posse into wanted criminals. That can be fun, but make sure it's what you want first.

COMMON JAIL TIMES & FINES

Offense

Horse Thieving	Hanging
Rustling	Hanging
Murder	Hanging
Rape	Hanging
Attempted Murder	20 years or more
Bank Robbing	20 years or more
Train Robbing	20 years or more
Stealing money from a widow	20 years or more
Robbing someone of authority	5 years or more
Grand Larceny (stealing \$300 or more in goods or currency, besides horses or bees)	5 years or more
Stealing less than \$300	1 week to 1 year

Sentence

COMMON CRIMES & TIMES

The table to the left lists some common crimes and sentences, as presented in the *Player's Guide*. Remember that this is the frontier, though. Strange events, a military presence, or even the whim of the local law dogs can change any sentence. It might not be constitutional, but by the time the appeal comes through, the defendant is usually cold in the ground.

THE BLACK HATS

By now you probably have a passel of ideas for incredible adventures, diabolical villains, and terrible monsters. We'll tell you how to come up with their statistics in Chapter Three, but first, let's make it clear just what the Reckoners can and can't do.

These guys are bad news in a box. They can warp the landscape, grant power to mortals who ask for it, and even create monsters out of thin air.

The ability to create any type of horror is very important to you, Marshal. It means you can create *any* type of creature, monster, or villain you want. Their "ecology" doesn't have to make sense, nor do they have to conform to the normal laws of the world. Most times, locals believe in some imagined creature and the Reckoners give it life. Occasionally, a single person fears something so badly she gives life to a monster.

Some of these created creatures are intelligent and self-serving, like Reverend Grimme. Others are merely savage horrors such as wallcrawlers with no real free will. It doesn't really matter—make up whatever type of bad guy you want and it will fit into the world of *Deadlands*.

RUNNING THE GAME

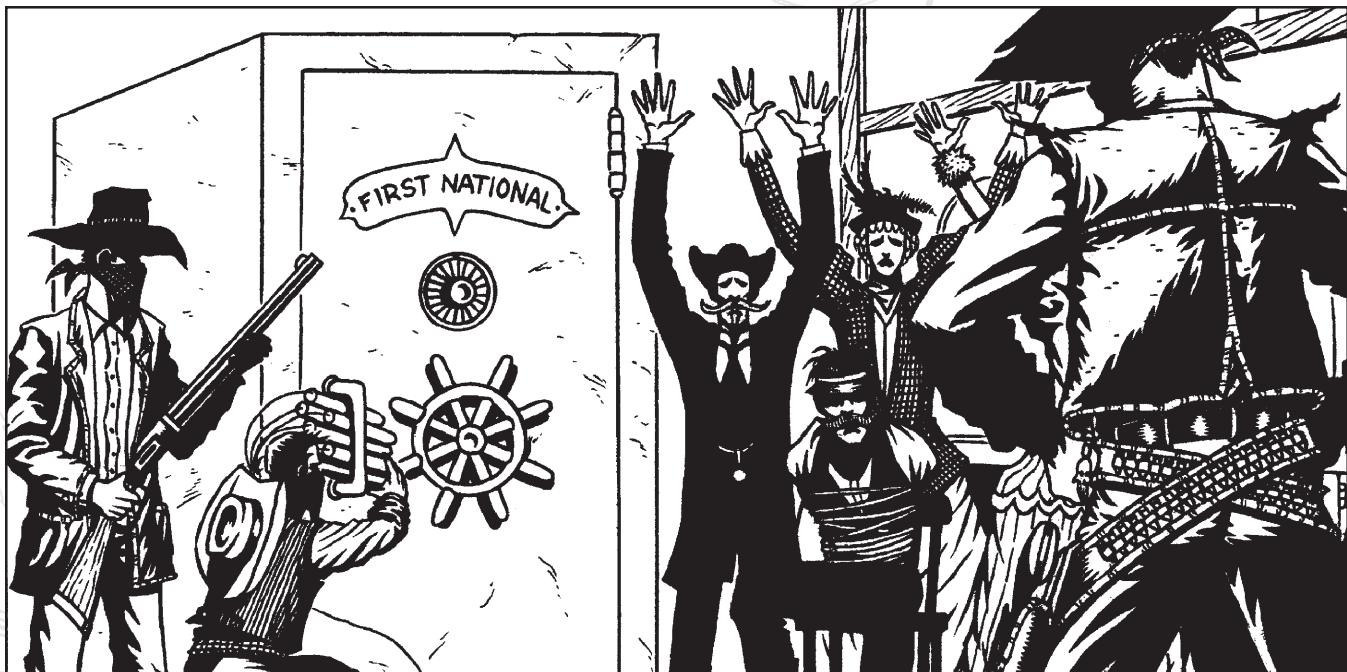
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DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

For all their power, the Reckoners aren't omnipotent. They can't kill anyone or even make someone do their bidding. One of the big secrets the Reckoners like to keep close to their slimy chests is that those mortals who serve them must do so of their own free will, literally selling their souls to these devils in exchange for power.

That's the human element of *Deadlands*, a Faustian tale of misguided humans who have betrayed their own race. Raven, Hellstromme, Stone, and most of our major villains illustrate this point. Even Reverend Grimme illustrates this, though his is a special case. "He" was created by the Reckoners, but only after his deranged flock cannibalized him—thus it is the "group" who sold their souls and gave rise to this devil in a preacher's flock.

All this means villains in the game are true villains. They know what they've done and they're responsible for their own actions. They may be tempted or mislead, but they always know what they're doing is wrong.



ENFORCERS

Of course, not being able to kill a hero with a thought doesn't mean the Reckoners can't take steps to plant 'em six-feet under. Heroes who really get under the Reckoners' skin can't just be pulled down into Hell when they get too efficient, but they might find themselves being hunted by others who have given themselves over to evil.

LOS DIABLOS

Truly pesky heroes get a visit by los diablos, the "Devil's own herd." You'll find their statistics and a little more information on how to use them in the full-color section of Chapter Three.

The text for *los diablos* says they come after a hero when he "gains the attention of the Reckoners." But what exactly does that mean?

Deciding when to send these things after your heroes is a tough call. The target is likely to die, as are those around him, so don't be too quick on the draw.

At a minimum, a character should have five Grit. He should also have done something that truly angers the Reckoners, such as foil a major plot by Grimme, Hellstromme, or some insidious horror with long-term goals. Only then should the hero get the idea that these mysterious beings have taken a personal interest in his demise.

When the sound of the rumbling herd draws near, make sure your hero is ready for it. Throw him a few clues on the nights before the creatures' approach and give him a way to learn what's about to happen before the demons actually arrive. Maybe the character meets a legendary hero who has also been visited by the herd. Or perhaps he discovers some clue in an ancient tome. Most importantly, give the group some warning that the hero's compadres are little more than sitting ducks until he either defeats his hunters or joins their Hellish stampede.

STONE

Think the diablos are bad? They're a cakewalk with ice cream and clowns compared to Stone.

This cold-hearted bastard is a Harrowed who's so mean his manitou is afraid of *him*. He's in total control of the thing and forced it to give up its many powers to him very early on.

Stone is one of only a handful of beings in the world who works directly for the Reckoners (Reverend Grimme is another). His job is to hunt down those who truly disrupt his masters' plans and put bullets in their heads. He specializes in Harrowed heroes.

Stone is an over-confident bastard, but not out of stupidity—he's just really that tough. When his prey has any real chance of defeating him, Stone is likely to shoot him in the back or take whatever other actions are necessary to make sure he wins. If he's confident of victory—real victory—he likes to do the old "shootout at High Noon" business. Stone has been looking for someone good enough to beat him for a long time, but he has thus far been disappointed. Stone *likes* competition—but only if he *knows* he's going to win. He's weird like that, and evil through and through.

As for statistics, we don't like to list them for two reasons. First is the old rule in game design that "if you stat it, they will kill it." How many of you used to go hunting the Gods of Asgard in your high-school fantasy rpgs?

Second, some beings are just more than a collection of their statistics. Play any villain or monster in this or any other game as just a set of stats and your party will have little trouble with it. Play it smart and you'll make 'em retreat every once in a while.

Still we know you need a few stats to use this stone-cold killer. By 1877, assume Stone has any Harrowed power you need him to at level 4. His *shootin'* with any firearm is 10d12+10. He's also *two-fisted*, and prefers to fight with the weapons he had in his hands when his own men shot him in the back at Gettysburg—two single-action Colt Dragoons. These cap & ball pistols have become relics—they are reloaded by holstering them for one action.

RUNNING THE GAME

So you've read the *Weird West Player's Guide* and you've browsed through here enough to know where everything is. What do you do next?

If you're like most folks when they play this type of game for the first time, you're probably thinking you don't quite have a grasp of the rules. Fair enough. Roleplaying games are more complicated than games like chess because they cover so many different situations. If you're new to this type of game, all the options we give folks in *Deadlands* might be a little overwhelming.

We understand. So try this. Try it anyway. Run a game and screw it up. Get all the rules wrong. And don't worry about it. Just concentrate on making an exciting adventure. You'll figure out the rules as you go, especially once some of your players read the *Weird West's Player's Guide*. And if you can't figure out the rules while you're playing, don't slow down the game too much trying.

Once you've played a whole session, go back and read any sections you didn't quite understand. You'll get it eventually. Just make sure you're having a good time while your players—and you, Marshal—get the hang of the rules.

SPAGHETTI-WESTERN

Let's talk a little about tone. What's this game supposed to "feel like?" *Deadlands* is equal parts Western and horror. Specifically, the Weird West is a "spaghetti-Western," so-called because of the famous Italian Westerns of the 1960s. Check out your local video store for a wide assortment—you can find them most anywhere. Watch a few of these, especially those starring Clint Eastwood, and you'll understand the feel of the Western part of this game.

Sure there's a little John Ford—John Wayne action at times, and maybe even a little *Brisco County Jr.* and *Wild, Wild, West*, but when one of your heroes is staring down a bad guy at High Noon, everyone ought to hear the theme from *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* in their heads.

RUNNING THE GAME

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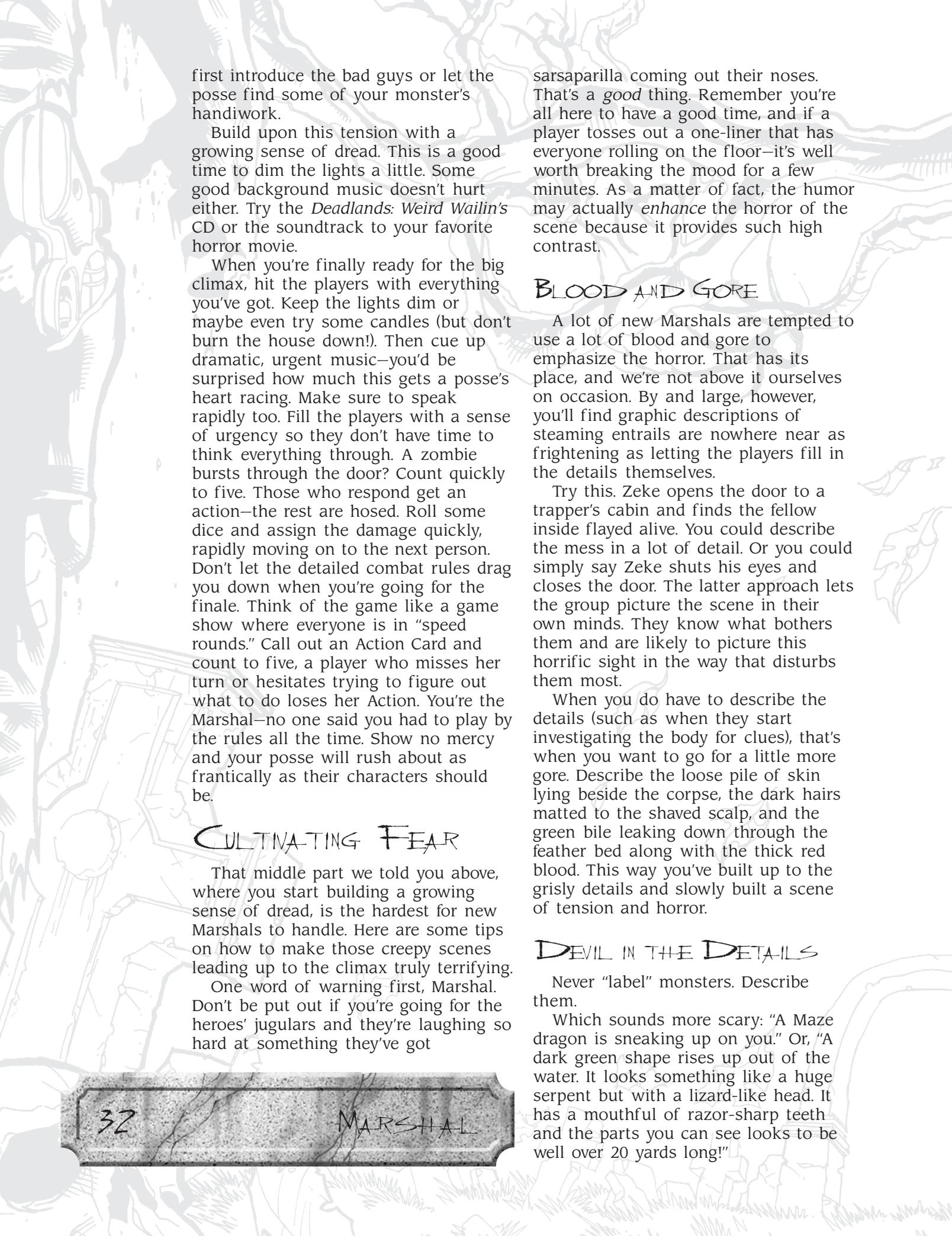
HORROR

So you get spaghetti-Western. But what about horror? How do you put a chill down the spine of your over-educated friends who have watched every scary movie and maybe lived through worse in the real world?

We have a few words of advice. First, start with contrast. Start the night with bright lights, laughter, some high-adventure, and action. Play up the spaghetti-western aspects of the game. Keep the pace slow, let everyone roleplay their characters, and throw in a few bad Western accents for some yuks.

As the night rolls on, slowly add some tension into your scenes. Hint that there's a storm coming. Maybe you





first introduce the bad guys or let the posse find some of your monster's handiwork.

Build upon this tension with a growing sense of dread. This is a good time to dim the lights a little. Some good background music doesn't hurt either. Try the *Deadlands: Weird Wailin'* CD or the soundtrack to your favorite horror movie.

When you're finally ready for the big climax, hit the players with everything you've got. Keep the lights dim or maybe even try some candles (but don't burn the house down!). Then cue up dramatic, urgent music—you'd be surprised how much this gets a posse's heart racing. Make sure to speak rapidly too. Fill the players with a sense of urgency so they don't have time to think everything through. A zombie bursts through the door? Count quickly to five. Those who respond get an action—the rest are hosed. Roll some dice and assign the damage quickly, rapidly moving on to the next person. Don't let the detailed combat rules drag you down when you're going for the finale. Think of the game like a game show where everyone is in "speed rounds." Call out an Action Card and count to five, a player who misses her turn or hesitates trying to figure out what to do loses her Action. You're the Marshal—no one said you had to play by the rules all the time. Show no mercy and your posse will rush about as frantically as their characters should be.

CULTIVATING FEAR

That middle part we told you above, where you start building a growing sense of dread, is the hardest for new Marshals to handle. Here are some tips on how to make those creepy scenes leading up to the climax truly terrifying.

One word of warning first, Marshal. Don't be put out if you're going for the heroes' jugulars and they're laughing so hard at something they've got

sarsaparilla coming out their noses. That's a *good* thing. Remember you're all here to have a good time, and if a player tosses out a one-liner that has everyone rolling on the floor—it's well worth breaking the mood for a few minutes. As a matter of fact, the humor may actually *enhance* the horror of the scene because it provides such high contrast.

BLOOD AND GORE

A lot of new Marshals are tempted to use a lot of blood and gore to emphasize the horror. That has its place, and we're not above it ourselves on occasion. By and large, however, you'll find graphic descriptions of steaming entrails are nowhere near as frightening as letting the players fill in the details themselves.

Try this. Zeke opens the door to a trapper's cabin and finds the fellow inside flayed alive. You could describe the mess in a lot of detail. Or you could simply say Zeke shuts his eyes and closes the door. The latter approach lets the group picture the scene in their own minds. They know what bothers them and are likely to picture this horrific sight in the way that disturbs them most.

When you do have to describe the details (such as when they start investigating the body for clues), that's when you want to go for a little more gore. Describe the loose pile of skin lying beside the corpse, the dark hairs matted to the shaved scalp, and the green bile leaking down through the feather bed along with the thick red blood. This way you've built up to the grisly details and slowly built a scene of tension and horror.

DEVIL IN THE DETAILS

Never "label" monsters. Describe them.

Which sounds more scary: "A Maze dragon is sneaking up on you." Or, "A dark green shape rises up out of the water. It looks something like a huge serpent but with a lizard-like head. It has a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth and the parts you can see look to be well over 20 yards long!"

ISOLATION

A posse stuck in an isolated cabin high in Donner Pass is more apprehensive than the same posse in the middle of Dodge City. Isolation is a tried-and-true method of making your party feel they are the prey of your nefarious evil (and they probably are).

But what do you do if the adventure takes place in a heavily populated area? Isolation comes in many forms, Marshal. Remember that most folks have never heard of the Reckoning and they don't believe in monsters. If the heroes go to the local law and tell him the dead are rising from Boot Hill, he's likely to just throw them in the hoosegow for public drunkenness.

You can also isolate the heroes from their closest companions—the posse itself. Anytime a character wanders off by himself, take the player into a separate room for a bit. Besides keeping his Fate a mystery to the rest of the group, the player will actually feel isolated as well. There's nothing creepier to a player than having the Marshal say "Come with me...."

Besides being a tool of terror, isolation also means the heroes have to confront your villains and creatures on their own—and that's how you want it.

But what happens when the authorities see it with their own eyes? That's when the law should ask the posse for help. They probably stirred up the evil anyway. If the law puts the heroes on the front line, they might realize just how bad things are.

Too, if the heroes are always running for help, the posse may actually contribute to the Fear Level and help the bad guys win. Find a way to let them know this, then hit them with a higher Fear Level when they eventually go back to finish the job.

PARANOIA

One last tip, Marshal. It never hurts to instill a sense of paranoia in the group. Pass notes, take players out of the room for private discussions, and make them tell you things only their characters know in private. Don't let a player say he's stealing the treasure map from another hero in front of the

victim's player. Make him pass you a note or take you aside for a private conference instead. Remember that the fear of the unknown is the greatest fear of all, and even if the party suspects there's a thief in their midst, it creates mistrust and apprehension that contributes to the overall fear and paranoia of the group.

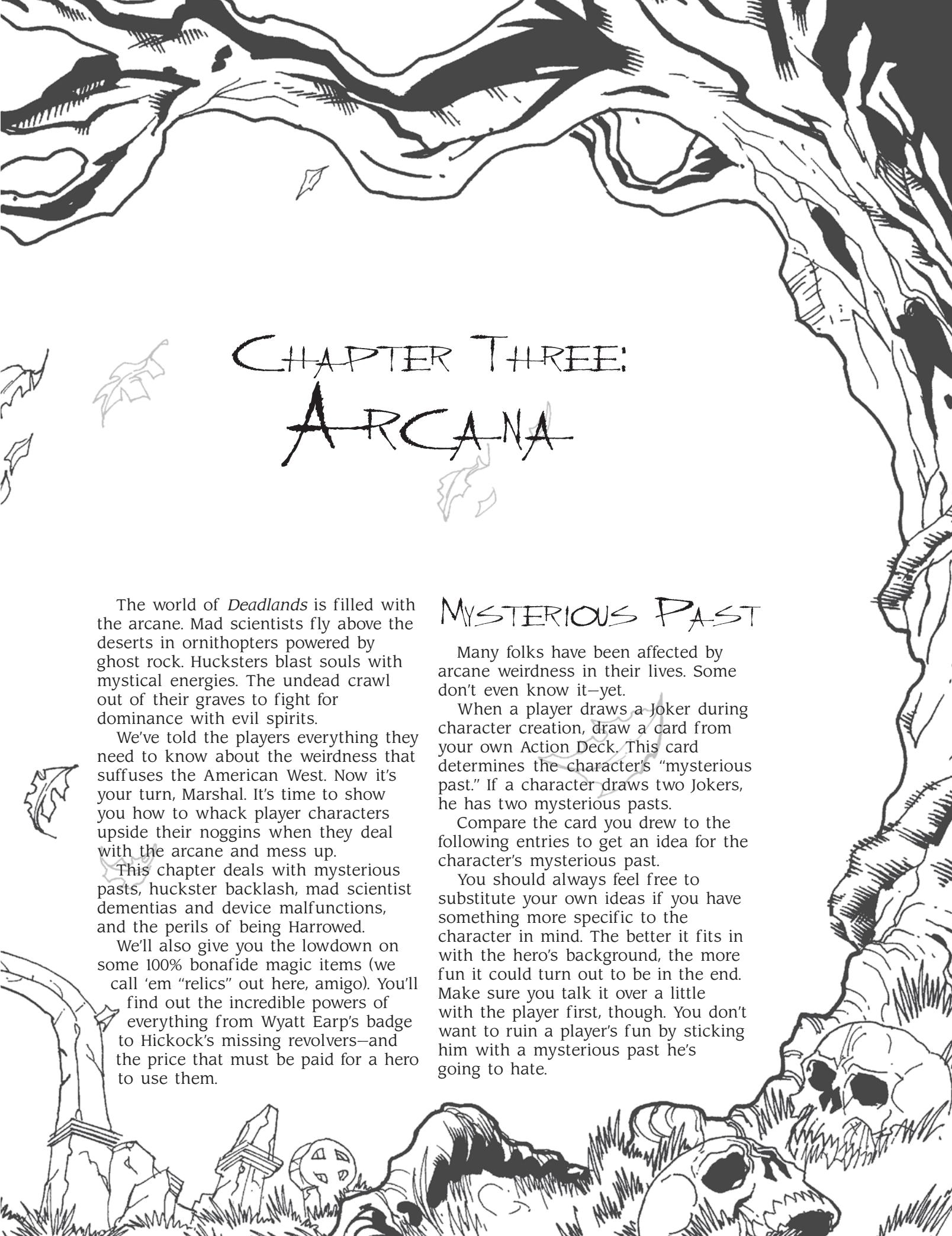
Having a Harrowed in the group should cause constant paranoia. If the heroes find someone dead, they can't be sure if it was the monster they're tracking down or the one they bed down with every night. Make 'em wonder. And take the Harrowed's player aside constantly to keep everyone on edge. "Your breakfast was real good this morning, Zeke. Just wanted to let you know." Let the player try and tell the posse that was his "private" message, and watch the suspicion grow when one of the party later turns up dead.

MUSIC, MAESTRO!

We've said it twice, but it's worth saying again. The right background music can add a lot to your game—that's why we make a soundtrack for all of our horror games. We hope you use ours, but you'll need a good assortment of music to really reinforce the various moods you try to create during the night. Try Western soundtracks for the early phases of a game where everyone's trying to be Clint Eastwood. Move on to creepy horror-movie soundtracks when the posse first stumbles across the handiwork of your villains. If they get in a fight with bandits or other relatively normal bad guys, play something exciting and heroic, like the theme from *Indiana Jones*. In the final scene, go for something really dramatic and urgent, such as *Night on Bald Mountain* or *Flight of the Valkyries*.

Movies and television use music to manipulate our emotions constantly. Try it in your game as well. You won't believe the difference it can make.





CHAPTER THREE: ARCANA

The world of *Deadlands* is filled with the arcane. Mad scientists fly above the deserts in ornithopters powered by ghost rock. Hucksters blast souls with mystical energies. The undead crawl out of their graves to fight for dominance with evil spirits.

We've told the players everything they need to know about the weirdness that suffuses the American West. Now it's your turn, Marshal. It's time to show you how to whack player characters upside their noggins when they deal with the arcane and mess up.

This chapter deals with mysterious pasts, huckster backlash, mad scientist dementias and device malfunctions, and the perils of being Harrowed.

We'll also give you the lowdown on some 100% bona fide magic items (we call 'em "relics" out here, amigo). You'll find out the incredible powers of everything from Wyatt Earp's badge to Hickock's missing revolvers—and the price that must be paid for a hero to use them.

MYSTERIOUS PAST

Many folks have been affected by arcane weirdness in their lives. Some don't even know it—yet.

When a player draws a Joker during character creation, draw a card from your own Action Deck. This card determines the character's "mysterious past." If a character draws two Jokers, he has two mysterious pasts.

Compare the card you drew to the following entries to get an idea for the character's mysterious past.

You should always feel free to substitute your own ideas if you have something more specific to the character in mind. The better it fits in with the hero's background, the more fun it could turn out to be in the end. Make sure you talk it over a little with the player first, though. You don't want to ruin a player's fun by sticking him with a mysterious past he's going to hate.

DEUCE: CURSE

The character is cursed in some way. Figure out when and why it happened by sorting through the hero's past, looking for someone he may have wronged.

The character has the *bad luck* Hindrance until he resolves whatever issue caused the curse. If the character winds up also having *bad luck* in some other way (like by purchasing it during character creation), the curse proves doubly catastrophic.

THREE: SWORN ENEMY

The character has an enemy in her past that she doesn't know about. Look over the character's background and pick an enemy or a group of enemies that are looking for the hero. The nature of the enemy and the frequency of its occurrence is entirely up to you.

Consider carefully how powerful you want the enemy to be. He could be a major threat or just a minor nuisance.



FOUR: DOPPLEGANGER

The hero looks eerily like some other well-known person. A red card means the other person is someone who is generally considered "good," at least in the USA or the CSA, if not both. A black card means the character looks like a wanted bandit, gunman, or someone else with a "bad" reputation.

FIVE: KIN

A family member or close companion gets involved in the adventure every now and then. The relative tries to help but can't really take care of himself, and so he generally ends up getting in the way more often than not. He also tends to make a great hostage should one of the character's enemies ever get wind of the fact that he exists.

The hero occasionally benefits from the relative's actions, but usually just winds up rescuing him. Kid brothers and sisters, a previously unknown father, or a trouble-making cousin with the same last name make great personal interests.

SIX: SIXTH SENSE

The character has an uncanny sixth sense that sometimes warns her of danger. Whenever a hidden danger or ambush is about to occur, make a secret Onerous (7) *Cognition* check.

Fate has nothing to do with it, so don't worry about the fact that the hero can't use Fate Chips to affect the roll. If she is successful, she knows something's up and can react accordingly.

SEVEN: BLACKOUTS

The character has "holes" in his past. He can't quite remember certain periods of his life. He probably doesn't even know he can't remember them.

What happened to him during these "blackouts" is entirely up to you and the needs of your game. The character might occasionally experience glimpses into his mysterious past. These visions eventually make sense, but they just confuse and confound him until the past finally catches up to him.

EIGHT: ANCIENT PACT

The character's ancestors made a pact with a manitou some time in the distant past, before the Great Spirit War. The power of that pact still traces through the family's bloodlines.

The character gains a power of the Harrowed at level 1. The level cannot be raised unless the hero someday becomes Harrowed.

You should decide which power to grant the character. You can base the ability on her personality if you choose, or you can choose an ability at random, since the power was chosen by a distant ancestor that may not have been a whole lot like the hero at all.

NINE: FAVOR

Someone owes the character a favor of some sort. Perhaps a town Sheriff was saved by the hero's father long ago. Or maybe an infamous outlaw turns out to be the character's father. Whatever the circumstance, the indebted extra can occasionally bail the hero out of dire situations.

TEN: ANIMAL HATRED/KEN

Animals react strangely in the hero's presence. He may have been this way from birth, or perhaps she somehow gained the attention of the nature spirits through some act of kindness or a thoughtless misdeed.

Red: Animals just flat-out love the hero. They never attack her unless they're somehow provoked, and she adds +2 to any *animal wranglin'*, *teamster*, or *horse ridin'* rolls. If the hero rides a horse, the animal should be especially intelligent and well-trained after spending any time at all in the hero's care. She might also have a special pet, such as a bear or a dog. This part's up to you, Marshal. The stats for a few standard critters can be found in Chapter Three.

Black: Animals hate the character. Dogs growl and sometimes bite. Horses complain and buck whenever the character goes bust on a *horse ridin'* roll. The character always suffers -2 to any *animal wranglin'*, *teamster*, or *horse ridin'* rolls.

JACK: INHERITANCE

The hero has inherited something, such as an old mansion, a thousand dollars, or even a debt. This makes a perfect adventure hook, of course.

For fun, let the messengers hunt the hero for a while and make him nervous. He won't know why they want him or if the news is good or bad until they catch up with him.

Red: The inheritance is by and large a good thing. Whether it's money, a relic passed down from a long-lost uncle, or a son the hero didn't know he had is up to the Marshal.

Black: The inheritance comes with trouble. A ranch sits in the way of a the Rail Wars, or a trunk full of Grandpa's belongings contains a cursed or haunted relic.

QUEEN: HAUNTED

A ghost of some sort haunts the character. No one else can see or hear the being, but it is always lurking nearby. Put some thought and personality into the ghost's identity. Perhaps a beneficial spook is the ghost of a dead relative. A malevolent specter could be the ghost of someone who died because of the character, or the shade or revenant of a major villain the hero put down.

Red: The ghost is beneficial. Once per session, it warns the character of danger or provides him with useful information relevant to the adventure or overall campaign. The phantom shouldn't be too powerful or all-knowing, but it should prove useful.

Black: The character is haunted by an evil spirit. It appears at the most inconvenient times to frighten and confuse the hero. At least once per adventure (and when the character draws a black Joker from the Action Deck during combat), the ghost appears and tries to trick, confuse, or distract him with some illusion or phantasm.



KING: CURSED RELIC/RELIC

The character has in his possession an artifact once owned by someone else. He might have inherited it, or acquired it through some unusual means. It is, at the very least, very valuable or perhaps even magical in nature.

Red: One of the character's possessions is a valuable or arcane relic of some sort. Perhaps he has the pistol of a famous outlaw or a blueprint designed by a great mad scientist.

Black: The artifact is cursed or comes with trouble. Perhaps the hero's pistol was once used in a heinous murder. Or the pocket watch he carries was "altered" by a mad scientist. The effects of the curse depends on the item (and how badly you want to sock it to the hero). At the very least, a cursed weapon should secretly fire at a -2 penalty, while a mundane item quietly causes the hero *bad luck* until he figures it out and rids himself of it.

ACE: KNACK

The character was born under strange circumstances or on a powerful holiday. Since that day, she has developed strange powers. Let the player read the **Knack** section that follows and choose the one she feels is most appropriate for her.

JOKER: HARROWED

This one's lots of fun, Marshal. The character is dead and doesn't know it. Maybe he was gutshot a few weeks ago and left for dead. He thought the local sawbones patched him up real good (and the sawbones likely thought so too), but in truth, he just slipped on into the Great Beyond.

Make up some event that took place in the character's past in which he was left for dead but somehow survived. The event should have occurred within the last few months if possible (which is why the deader hasn't figured it out yet).

Red: The hero has total Dominion.

Black: The hero starts with only a 1 point advantage in Dominion. Maybe he's already lost control to his manitou a few times and committed unspeakable acts. Very likely, there's a posse of Agents or Rangers on his tail already. They don't usually ask questions first.

KNACKS

Howdy, friend. If you're reading this, the Marshal has told you your character's mysterious past is a "knack," a supernatural ability he was born with. Since you're already here peekin' in what's normally the Marshal's book, we're going to let you read all the knacks in this section and choose the one that fits your character best.

Knacks cost Fate Chips to use. If a hombre can't pony up a chip, he can't use his knack. The knacks below explain what each type of chip does for the hero. You can use chips of different colors at the same time if you want.

Many of the knacks we've included have to do with certain holidays. It might not make sense for an Apache to have a knack from a Roman Catholic holiday, so you have to do one of two things: don't take it, or assume your character's mythos has some other event or situation that grants him the knack.

Marshal, if you're feeling particularly generous, you *might* let a hero buy one of these knacks during character creation. Should you choose to do so, we recommend charging 5 character points, and only letting a hero buy one knack.

BASTARD

The character's a bastard. Not just the mean and ornery kind, but the kind born out of wedlock.

It is said that a child born out of wedlock can see the unseen. Seems there's some truth to that, at least in this character's case.

White: The hero can find an inanimate object he's looking for within 10 yards.

Red: A red chip lets your hero spot someone or something that is actively hiding from him or others through natural means (such as *sneakin'*). This benefit lasts 5 minutes.

Blue: This lets your hero see "invisible" critters, or those that supernaturally blend in with their surroundings. This effect lasts 10 minutes.

Legend: A Legend chip works the same as a blue but the effect lasts an entire day.

ARCANA

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BLUE VEIL

Your character was born with a "blue veil"—a purplish bit of his momma's insides—wrapped tight around his noggin. The old-timers say this gives a child the gift of foresight.

White: Your character cannot be surprised as long as he has at least one white chip in his possession. If you ever happen to fail a surprise check, just chuck the chip into the pot and grin like a possum. You automatically make the check, even if you went bust.

Red, Blue, Legend: Only one of each color chip may be spent per game session. When it is, the Marshal must describe a vision or dream of some sort to you. Hidden within the vision is an enigmatic clue that might help your hero survive the upcoming struggle. The clarity and insight of the vision increases with the type of chip spent.

BORN ON ALL HALLOW'S EVE

They say Mr. Unlucky, the King of Halloween, favors those born on his day of mischief. His gift to these rascals is a greater understanding of the arcane world.

Your character has an innate "sense" about matters of the arcane or supernatural.

Note: You can only use the blue and Legend chip function of this knack if your character has the *arcane background* Edge and is a mad scientist or a huckster.

White: Your character can sense magic or arcane energy within 50 yards.

Red: Your character can sense magic as above, and also has some idea as to its purpose or inclination.

Blue: Whenever your huckster or mad scientist draws a hand to cast a hex or design a gizmo, you may discard

any one card of your choice and draw another. You can spend multiple chips on the draw, but you can't discard a black Joker.

Legend: Your character gets the highest possible raise on his draw, a royal flush. Relax and watch the fireworks, partner. You've earned this one.

BORN ON CHRISTMAS

A babe born on Christmas is particularly resistant to arcane effects powered by evil spirits.

If your character takes this knack and has the *arcane background* Edge, she may only be a blessed or a shaman. The knack has no effect on shamanic or blessed powers. It works on the tainted magic of hexes, weird gizmos, and black magic.

Your character can use this knack even if she isn't aware she's a target of some foul magic. She cannot, however, use the knack against a magic-using character who isn't using an arcane effect directly on the heroine. If your buffalo gal sees a huckster cast a hex on himself or someone else, for instance, there's nothing she can do about it.

White: Against any type of damage-causing magic, a white chip provides 1 point of Armor. Against a resisted spell effect, the character gets to add +4 to his roll.

Red: As above, but it gives 2 points of Armor and adds +4 to your heroine's resistance roll (if there is one). A red chip is not cumulative with a white.

Blue: A blue chip forces a backfire of some sort. Hucksters roll on the

Backlash Table, mad scientists suffer a malfunction, and cultists get spanked by their dark masters for their incompetence. If the effect is caused by a creature's special ability with no "backfire" results, the spell simply doesn't affect your heroine.

Legend: When a tainted supernatural spell or power affects your character, spend a Legend chip to make him

immune to all the powers of the creature who cast it for the rest of the scene. A vampire could not charm the hero, for instance, but it could still bite her on the neck since that isn't a supernatural power.

BORN UNDER A BLOOD RED MOON

The blood-red moon leered down upon your birth. The wolves howled. The bobcats wailed. Nature went blood simple the night you were born.

Your heroine has a wild and feral side. She can't work anything more complicated than a pistol and must take the *all thumbs* Hindrance, but animals think she's Mother Nature herself.

All the effects below work on a single large animal (such as a wolf or a bear), a half dozen or less small animals (beavers), or a pack of about a dozen smaller varmints (rats). It does not work on creatures created by the Reckoning (including jackalopes, Maze dragons, and the like), so don't get any foolish notions.

White: You can get some idea what a critter within 10 feet is thinking or feeling.

Red: Spending a red chip calms nature's little beasties. The critters won't attack unless provoked or they have some more important concern (such as being worried the rest of the posse will harm their young). Move carefully, because upsetting the animal in some way negates the chip. And remember, happy wolves eat people too.

Blue: The critter becomes a temporary companion. It stays by your character's side and fights for her until a scene or violent encounter has ended.

Legend: An animal native to the environment comes to the heroine's side and becomes her constant companion until its death. It is fiercely loyal to her, and won't attack her friends if they do not threaten it. The beast is still an animal, but it understands and obeys her commands as if it had been trained to do so from birth.

BREECH BIRTH

A baby born butt-first is said to have the uncanny ability to heal sprains, lumbagos, and other discomforts.

Your character has a knack for healing. He can attempt to heal serious and critical wounds even if he has only the *medicine: general* Aptitude. No chip is necessary; the kid's just a natural.

Using these powers requires touching the patient.

White: Given a full minute and a few minimal supplies, the healer can completely remove a single light wound per chip. Note that this only works on light wounds—it has no effect on greater wounds.

Red: Healing wounds less than an hour after they were received usually lets a sawbones remove one level of wounds per area. If your hero makes his *medicine* roll, he heals two levels of wounds.

Blue: Your healer is a wonder with others, but he's downright miraculous when mending his own body. Given ten minutes and some home-brewed poultices or other herbs, the healer can spend a blue chip to completely remove a single wound from his body.

Legend: If the healer can place his hands upon the body of someone slain in the last minute, she can return them to life. The body must be reasonably intact to accomplish this.

CAT CHILD

You've heard the old wives' tale that cats sneak into children's beds and steal their breath? Truth is, some do. But if the child's lucky, the cat leaves something in its place.

A cat stole your character's breath soon after he was born. Of course, this was no ordinary cat, and it left a little part of itself in you. Reduce your hero's Wind by 4 if you take this Edge (to a minimum of 4), and gain the powers listed below.

White: Your character automatically lands on his feet after a fall, ready to go. He can safely fall up to 10 yards without taking any damage.

Red: You can see in darkness as long as there's any light at all (even



starlight). This lasts for 10 minutes and extends to the natural limit of your hombre's vision.

Blue: Your character's *Nimbleness* increases by two steps for one entire scene, increasing his die rolls and Pace accordingly.

Legend: They say cats have nine lives. Whenever your character is about to die, a Legend chip saves his life. The Marshal must come up with some bizarre circumstance to explain how Fate intervenes to save his life (maybe a fatal fall is broken by a pond, haystack, or snowdrift, for example). Place a tick mark at the top of your character sheet each time this happens. When you reach nine marks, you lose this ability forever. Use your lives wisely, cat-boy.

CHILD OF THE RAVEN

A raven perched on the windowsill when you were born. It didn't say "nevermore," but it did give you the ability to look into the past.

Your character has the gift of psychometry. Whenever he touches a nonliving thing (including corpses and the Harrowed) and concentrates, he receives a vision about the thing's past.

The vision is often couched in symbolism or puzzles, so don't expect it to solve a mystery for you. It might help you turn up an unfound lead, however.

The vision is always of the most dramatic event in the thing's past, up to the time limit imposed by the chip (see below). The most dramatic event in the history of a rock, for example, might be a drop of rain. A blood-soaked rag has a better story to tell.

It isn't pleasant sensing someone else buying the farm. If a *child of the raven* uses his ability on a corpse, the blood of a corpse, a murder weapon, or other items associated with death, he gets a taste of what it's like to die. When he does, the character runs the risk of busting his ticker.

The investigator must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* test. If he passes, everything's peachy. If he fails, he suffers 3d6 Wind, his *Vigor* is permanently reduced by one step, and he has a heart attack. Make a second Hard (9) *Vigor* test. If this one is failed, his last double-eagle buys him a plot in Boot Hill, unless someone makes an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll within 2d6 rounds.

The type of chip spent determines how far back in the target's past you can go.

White: One day.

Red: One year.

Blue: Centuries.

Legend: Anytime, and the vision is particularly clear.

EARTH BOND

The Sioux say a person with an *earth bond* is chosen by the nature spirits to protect the physical world. They offer precious gifts, but they are ruthless if these gifts are abused.

Your character has some mystical bond with Mother Nature. She

understands the ways of the wilds and can sometimes use its secrets as well.

None of these bonuses apply in towns or cities, while on trains, or in other places where nature has been overshadowed by technology.

White: Your heroine may add +4 to her *climb*, *sneak*, *survival*, and *track* rolls. The chip can be spent after the roll is made, even if it was already modified by other Fate Chips.

Red: Given a few hours and a few acres of wilderness, your character can find enough herbs and roots to make healing poultices. This allows your hero to make an immediate natural healing roll for each wounded area. Only one such attempt may be made per day.

Blue: Your heroine can completely disappear in the wilderness. If silent and stock still, she is effectively invisible to all but magical means. Also, for one hour after spending the chip, the character leaves no tracks upon natural surfaces, even in muddy fields. Unnatural surfaces, such as a street covered in paint, show tracks normally.

Legend: The character can call upon the spirits of nature to return to an area flooded with fear, temporarily riding it of its vile influence. Plants return to life, birds return, and the sun (or moon) shines a little brighter. Make a *Spirit* roll. The Fear Level is 0 for one hour for every success and raise the hero achieves. (Don't worry if you don't know what a "Fear Level" is, the Marshal does!) This negates the *guts* penalties as well as certain special powers the forces of darkness get for the ambient fear.

SEVENTH SON/DAUGHTER

Your character is fated for greatness. Her legend will loom large in the Weird West.

Your hombre has the unique ability to control Fate. Anytime someone spends a Fate chip in his presence (usually within sight), you can discard a like-colored chip to stop its effects. A pricey but valuable power, amigo.

Legend: If your character dies and there's enough left of him, he automatically comes back Harrowed.

VETERANS O' THE WEIRD WEST

Here are all those horrible things that can happen to character who took the *veteran o' the Weird West* Edge we warned the posse about in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. Feel free to make up your own results, or draw a card and consult the table below.

DEUCE: JINXED

This hombre ran into something that jinxed him bad. His luck's fine, but his companions suffer minor mishaps constantly. The rest of the posse has the *bad luck* Hindrance.

THREE: HUNTED

The veteran didn't finish the job. Something is looking for him, and it wants him dead. Or worse.

FOUR: DEBT

The Agency (red card) or Texas Rangers (black card) has something on the hero that could make him swing if revealed. They frequently recruit him for the roughest assignments. Refusing is bad. Neither type usually asks nicely, or takes no for an answer.

FIVE: ADDICTED

The character would like to forget the things he's seen. He has a severe *hankerin'* for alcohol or a drug like opium or peyote.

SIX: HAUNTED DREAMS

The cowpoke can never forget the things he's seen. They even haunt him in his dreams, giving him *night terrors*.

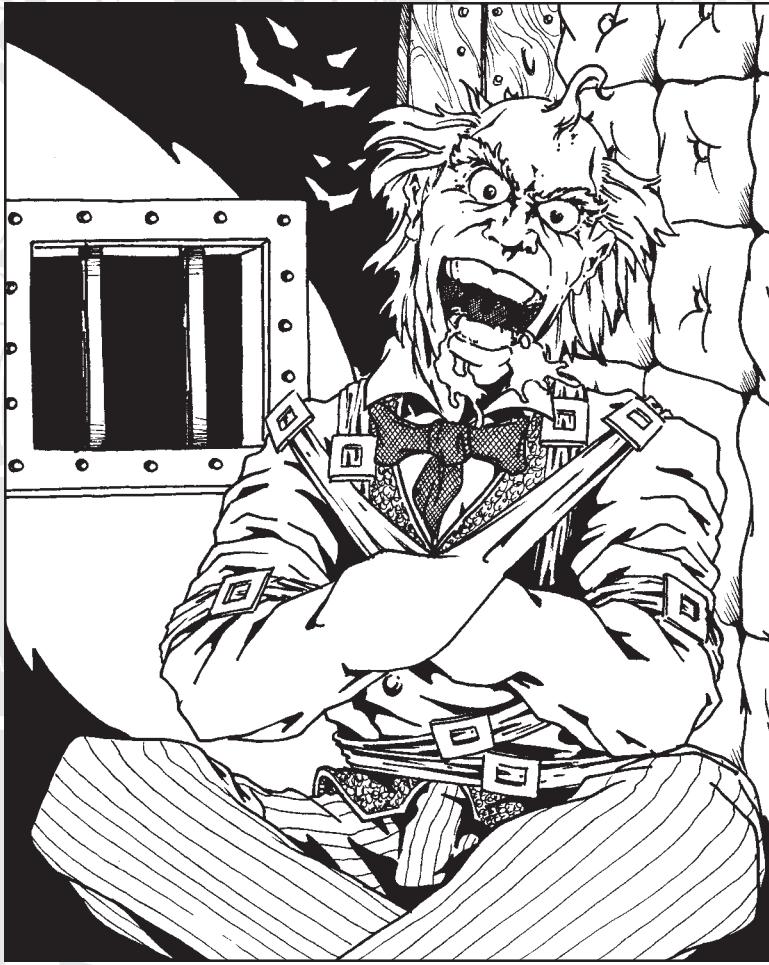
SEVEN: MAIMED

One of the character's limbs is maimed or entirely missing. Roll a d6. On a 1-2, he's *lame* (limp); 3-4, he's *lame* (crippled); 5-6, he's lost his non-weapon hand and is a *one-armed bandit*.

EIGHT: BEAT WITH AN UGLY STICK

One of the abominations this unfortunate hero encountered rearranged his face or some other highly visible body part. He's *ugly as sin* when the wound is visible.





NINE: INSANE

This dude's mind's not what it once was. Give him a mental illness from the mad scientist's **Dementia Table** (page 49, Marshal).

TEN: PARANOID

This tinhorn's seen things he shouldn't have. He's afraid of the dark, afraid to wander out of camp to relieve himself, and so on.

JACK: INFECTED

The last creature he tussled with left a mark that won't go away. The dude has some sort of strange wound that gives him the *ailin'* (chronic) Hindrance.

QUEEN: BOLLIxed

You've got a bad case of gremlins. These buggers infect every device the hero touches, including guns. Every mechanical item he uses has a Reliability of 19. Devices which were previously prone to malfunction lower their Reliability by -1. If he can go without touching a mechanical device for one year, the gremlins get bored and go away.

KING: MARKED FOR DEATH

Some intelligent and phenomenally evil abomination from the hero's past uttered a dying curse. He may not spend Fate Chips of any kind to negate damage, or even regain Wind.

ACE: FORSAKEN

Long ago, this lone rider did something awful to survive an encounter with the supernatural. Ever since, the spirit world won't aid him on a bet. No beneficial spiritual magic, miracles, or favors work on him. Hexes, weird science, and black magic work normally.

BLACK JOKER: CURSED

The hero's very soul was damned by one of the insidious creatures of his terror-filled past. The player draws only one chip at the beginning of each play session.

RED JOKER: ETERNAL HERO

Fate chose this fellow to combat the forces of darkness across the centuries. He is her champion, and she does not want him to die—at least until he has fulfilled his destiny.

Give the hero 1 point of Grit. Also, whenever he is about to die, an Incredibile (II) *Spirit* roll allows him to somehow survive the situation. This is often not without tragic consequences, however. Perhaps a dear friend or loved one takes the bullet meant for him instead. Fate is a cruel mistress.

ARCANE MISFIRES

Many characters in *Deadlands* have learned to tap into the awesome power of the Hunting Grounds. We told your posse how to play magic-wielding heroes in the No Man's Land section of the *Weird West Player's Guide*. Now it's time to show you the price these sometimes reckless individuals pay for their powers.

Let's go through them in the same order we presented them to the players..

HUCKSTERS

Hucksters open themselves to manitous every time they perform a hex. Most of the time they control the spirit safely. Other times, these demons are able to cause their hosts pain and suffering or even madness.

Roll 1d20 on the **Backlash Table** whenever a huckster draws a black Joker while trying to cast a hex. Unless an entry says otherwise, the hex takes effect normally unless the huckster passes out or dies from the Backlash.

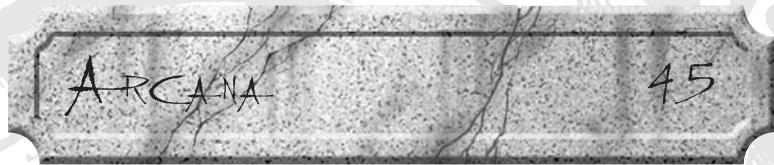
THE BLESSED

Whenever a blessed character commits a sin of some sort, she must make a *Spirit* roll. If she fails, she loses a point of her *faith* Aptitude. She does not lose her miracles, but she might lose her ability to use them for a while.

The Target Number of the *Spirit* roll depends on just how bad the sin is, as shown on the **Sinnin' Table**.



Sin	TN	Example
Minor	5	Taking the Lord's name in vain, refusing to aid those in need.
Major	9	Theft, turning away others in need.
Mortal	11	Adultery, theft of something of great importance, killing in other than self-defense.



YOU GOTTA HAVE FAITH

Lost *faith* doesn't just return on its own. A lamb that has lost its way doesn't just wander home to be accepted back into the flock. It takes genuine sincerity, a little work, and a whole lot of praying.

If a blessed character loses all her *faith*, it costs her 5 Bounty Points to purchase the first level again. Restoring other lost levels can be done at normal cost. If *faith* was lost due to a mortal act of sin, you might also make the blessed character go on a special quest for atonement.

In special circumstances where a blessed has to choose between sinning and allowing a greater evil. In these cases, use your own judgment to determine if a sin was truly committed.



Roll

1-4

Effect

Brain Drain: The manitou fries part of the huckster's mind with energy from the Hunting Grounds. The huckster's hex fails, and he must make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll or his *hexslangin'* Aptitude drops 1 level.

5-8

Backlash: The manitou rebels and overloads the huckster's system with magic from the Hunting Grounds. The huckster takes 3d6 damage to the guts.

9-12

Spirit Drain: The manitou tries to take over. The huckster manages to retain control but loses 3d6 Wind in the spiritual struggle. The hex fails only if the huckster goes unconscious.

13-16

Madness: The manitou ruins the spell and, worse, drives the huckster insane. Roll on the mad scientist's **Dementia Table** on page 49 to determine the nature of the insanity.

17-20

Corruption: The manitou twists the spell's effects. Damage-causing hexes hit friendly characters, protection hexes protect the enemy or make the huckster more vulnerable, etc.

MAD SCIENTISTS

Mad scientists flooded into the Weird West soon after the discovery of ghost rock and what it could be used for. The things they can build are incredible, but sometimes the deranged inventors can take out half a town with their weird gizmos.

MALFUNCTIONS

Weird gizmos are prone to malfunction at nearly any time. Mad scientists are known for creating noxious fumes and spectacular explosions, often at the hazard of their own lives as well as those of the people around them. In any case, science must press on, sometimes with tragically unpredictable results.

Every time a character makes an Aptitude roll to use a weird gizmo of any sort, she must also roll 1d20. If the number on that die is greater than the Reliability of the gizmo, a malfunction of some sort has occurred.

Roll 2d6 on the table below to determine how bad the malfunction is.

MALFUNCTIONS

2d6 Roll Malfunction

2-5	Major Malfunction
6-10	Minor Malfunction
11-12	Catastrophic Malfunction

MALFUNCTION DESCRIPTIONS

The descriptions below should help you figure out what to do whenever a gizmo malfunctions. You need to figure out which of the charts below best fits the device in question.

If none of them fits the gizmo, come up with an appropriate malfunction on your own, but you should still roll 2d6 to check the severity of the disaster.

MECHANICAL GIZMOS

(NO MOVING PARTS)

Armored vests, diving suits

Minor Malfunction: The device fails, falls out of position, or otherwise has no effect until it is repaired with a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll.

Major Malfunction: The device falls to pieces and must be reassembled from scratch. This takes a considerable amount of time and certainly can't be repaired in the middle of a combat unless it's an incredibly simple device. Hopefully the mad scientist can find all the pieces. If not, he'll have to build the device from scratch.

Catastrophic Malfunction: The device proves dangerous somehow. Perhaps some toxic substance leaks from it or it gives off noxious fumes. Maybe the shellac on a bullet-proof vest is so overpowering anyone who wears it gets ill. Or if the gadget is worn, it could collapse with the wearer trapped inside, potentially injuring her. In any event, the device is ruined and likely causes some sort of ill effect as it passes to the great Junkyard in the Sky.

MUSCLE OR MECHANICALLY POWERED DEVICES

Clocks, Epitaph cameras, Gatling guns and pistols, gliders

Minor Malfunction: The gadget's mechanism jams and won't operate again until the user makes a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll.

Major Malfunction: The gizmo jams, but much more severely. Locomotion devices won't steer or brake, and guns misfire, or worse, can't stop firing. A Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll stops the madness.

Catastrophic Malfunction: Gatling weapons backfire and injure the firer, cameras burst into flames, or gears munch on tender fingers. If a gadget is a locomotion device, it goes completely out of control and crashes into the nearest obstacle (the ground counts as an obstacle partner). Somebody's going to be hurting for sure.

STEAM OR GHOST-ROCK POWERED DEVICES

Flamethrower, rocket pack, steam wagon, train

Minor Malfunction: The engine, stove, or boiler conks out. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll gets it moving again with no other problems.

Major Malfunction: The power source grinds to a halt, goes out, or falls apart. If the gadget is a locomotion device, it continues on its path uncontrolled or comes to a grinding stop. Fixing the situation requires an Incredible (11) *tinkerin'* roll. The amount of time needed depends on the device's complexity. If the device hits a solid obstacle, the damage is 1d6 for every 5 points of Pace the vehicle was moving during the round that it smacked into the immovable object.

Catastrophe: The device's engine explodes! The damage depends on the size of the engine, and has a burst radius of 10 unless otherwise specified.

CATASTROPHIC DAMAGE

Gizmo Size	Damage
Small (steam gun)	3d10
Medium (steam car)	4d20
Large (train boiler)	8d20

BASIC DEVICES

Here are the specific malfunctions for the devices found in Chapter Seven of the *Weird West Player's Guide*.

BULLET-PROOF VEST

Minor: The shot hits a weak spot. The armor protects as one level less against this hit.

Major: The vest is weakened. The Armor level is reduced by one until it can be repaired (a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* roll and the necessary parts).

Catastrophe: Buckles snap, straps break, and metal plates pop out of their compartments. The vest acts as Armor level one and then falls to pieces after this hit is resolved.



THE EPITAPH CAMERA

Minor: The camera takes a blurry picture. This shot is lost.

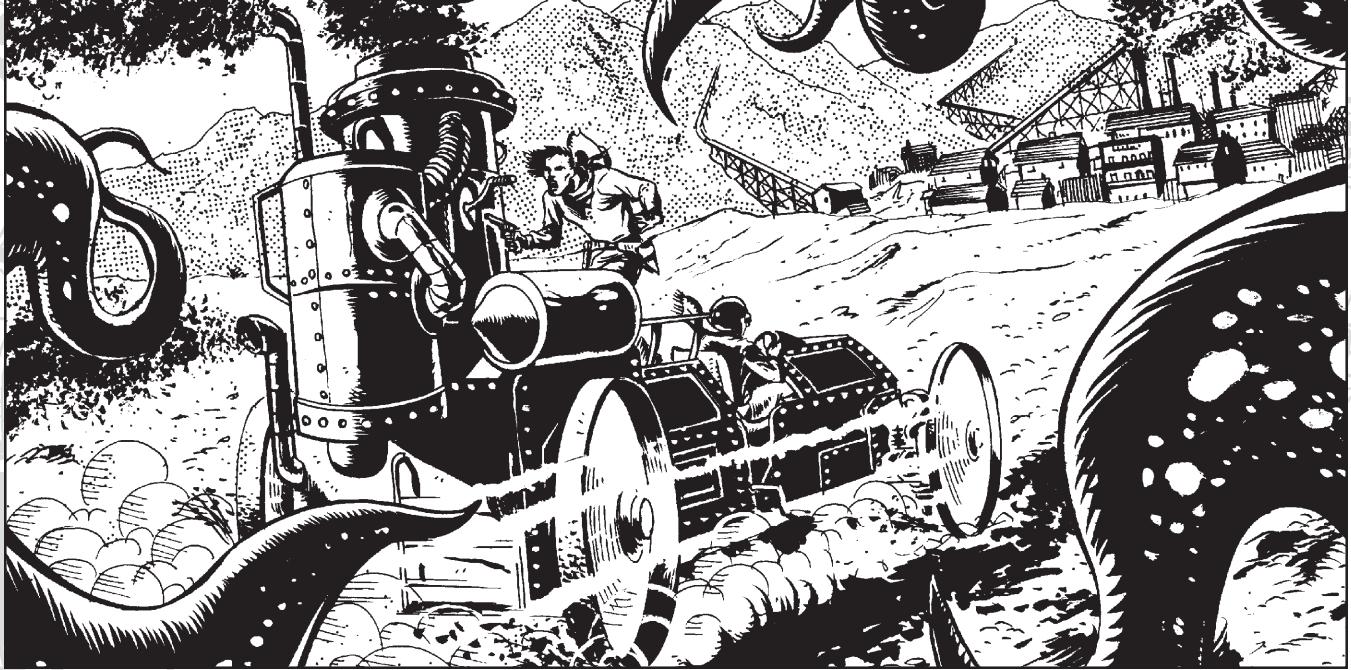
Major: The shot is lost and the plate is jammed in the device. It takes a Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll and 1d6 actions to get it out.

Catastrophe: The ghost rock flash explodes, causing 2d4 damage to the wielder.

FLAMETHROWER

Minor: The selector dial malfunctions. Roll 1d6 each time the weapon is fired to determine the number of shots in a burst. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll and 1d6 actions corrects the problem.

Major: The trigger jams. Roll 1d6. Odd, the weapon won't fire. Even, the flamethrower won't stop firing. An Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* and 1d4 actions roll remedies the situation.



Catastrophe: All that's left are smoking boots. The flamethrower's wearer takes $1d12$ times the number of shots remaining in the tank as damage. The shape of the tank tends to channel the blast upwards, so the burst radius is only 2 yards.

GATLING PISTOL

Minor: The weapon jams. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll fixes the problem.

Major: The gears in the chambers strip. The weapon may not be fired until the chamber is replaced.

Catastrophe: A round cooks off while the chamber is in the wrong position. The round backfires and hits the user, causing him the weapon's normal damage. Add +4 to the Hit Location roll.

ROCKET PACK

Minor: The rocket pack stutters. The pack and its wearer lose $1d10 \times 5$ yards of altitude. If this brings the character in contact with the ground, he takes normal falling damage.

Major: The rocket nozzles fire unpredictably, moving the wearer in completely random directions. Roll $1d20$ and $1d12$ each action. If the result of the d20 roll is odd, the rocket pack gains altitude equal to 5 yards times the roll. If the result is

even, it dives a like amount. Read the d12 roll as a clock facing. The hapless rocketeer moves a number of yards equal to 3 times the d20 roll in this direction. If this causes the rocket rider to collide with something, figure damage from the distance as if he fell from that height.

Catastrophe: The vapor collector overheats, causing the ghost rock vapor tank to detonate. The pack and its helpless victim rocket $1d20 \times 5$ yards into the air and then make a spectacular airburst for $3d20$ damage. Resolve the fall and the funeral immediately afterwards.

STEAM WAGON

These results apply only to the boiler. If the wagon has other mad science devices attached to it (such as those detailed in *Smith & Robards*), you should check those parts separately.

Minor: The boiler loses pressure. The steam wagon moves at only half its Pace. A Fair (5) *tinkerin'* roll and 1d6 actions fixes the problem.

Major: The boiler blows a gasket and spews steam. The wagon moves at one quarter its Pace and one passenger (chosen at random) takes $3d6$ damage.

Catastrophe: The boiler explodes, causing $6d20$ damage with a burst radius of 5 yards.

MADNESS

Genius is the next closest thing to insanity, as those who follow the mad scientist's calling often discover the hard way. They don't call them "mad" scientists for nothing.

Whenever a mad scientist draws a black Joker while devising a gizmo's blueprint, he develops a mental illness of some sort.

Roll or select the dementia immediately, but it may be that the inventor's madness doesn't take hold until some later event. A phobia, for instance, might develop as a result of some incident that occurs the first time the mad scientist uses the device. The

creation of a flamethrower may have triggered a phobia of spiders because the first thing the inventor used it on was a giant tarantula.

You can create a condition on your own or roll 1d20 on the **Dementia Table**. Feel free to change or alter the result you get to fit the character and the situation. The goal here is to provide a Hindrance of some sort that reflects the mad scientist's precarious walk along sanity's edge.

As usual, a player who roleplays her character's insanity is rewarded with Fate Chips. She should have fun with her loco inventor. That goes for you, too, Marshal. Prod her a bit by occasionally making her fears real.

MADNESS!

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 1-2 | Absent Minded: The scientist tends to forget everything but his work. He might forget to wear his pants one day or eat raw coffee the next. Whenever he needs to remember an important detail, he should make a Fair (5) <i>Smarts</i> roll. If he fails, he can't remember it. |
| 3-4 | Delusion: The inventor's mind snaps and he comes to believe something that is patently untrue. Maybe he thinks he's a werewolf, or the sky is blue because the "Moon People" paint it that way every morning. Or perhaps he believes he's not a living person, but a character in some strange game. |
| 5-6 | Eccentricity: The inventor becomes eccentric. Maybe he smothers his food in vinegar or eats lots of bran to keep his digestive system clear (ugh). The condition is basically harmless and amusing, though occasionally annoying. |
| 7-8 | Evil Deeds: An insidious manitou convinces the inventor that someone or something is evil and must be stopped. Each time the inventor gets this result, his madness is more pronounced. At first he may only talk badly about his "enemies." Later on he might attempt to ruin or even kill them. |
| 9-10 | Depression: The inventor becomes incredibly depressed about himself, the futility of humanity, or his chances of surviving another adventure. He often speaks of humanity's impending doom. His lack of faith causes him to lose 1 point of Grit every time he gets this result. |
| 11-12 | Minor Phobia: The scientist develops a strange fear of something. He suffers a -2 penalty to his actions whenever the source of the phobia is present. |
| 13-14 | Major Phobia: As above, except the inventor is at -4 to his actions when in the presence of the feared object or environment. |
| 15-16 | Mumbler: The inventor talks to himself constantly, and his sentences often taper off into meaningless drivel. While working, he might occasionally hear "voices" talking back. The frightening truth is, the voices are real. |
| 17-18 | Paranoia: Everyone's out to get the mad scientist or steal his ideas, or so he believes. Or maybe sinister creatures from "Dimension X" are lurking just outside his lab, waiting to steal his amazing breakthrough so they can conquer the Earth. |
| 19-20 | Schizophrenia: The mad scientist adopts drastically different attitudes from time to time. At one moment he might be passive and restrained. Later on he's a raving madman. If he gets this result multiple times, he develops entirely new personalities who might have different names, mannerisms or Hindrances. In fact, they might not even be of the same race or gender. |

THE HARRROWED

At some point, you're going to end up having to kill some of your player characters. It's okay. *Deadlands* has a high character turnover rate compared to most games. But don't let your players start ripping up their character sheets too fast—their heroes just might come back from the dead.

We told you how to find out who comes back in the *Weird West Player's Guide*. Now you need to know what to do afterwards.

MANITOUS

Manitous are the souls of the damned. There are a few ancient spirits that weren't originally alive, but most manitous are humans who were sent to Hell for their sins. These spirit are unable to affect the material world without some sort of corporeal shell. There are a couple of different ways the manitous can enter the corporeal world.

The first method is the actual possession of a living being. A few manitous do have the power to do this, but it's pretty rare. If a manitou possessing a living being is "exorcised" from the host body, it is simply ejected back into the spirit world. Most tales of demonic possession actually are attributable to manitous.

The second method that manitous use to enter the world is by simply entering a corpse and animating whatever flesh and bone is left. The manitous, referred to as "soulless dead", have to pick a spot in the body as a focus point for its energies, usually the brain. If the focus point is destroyed, the manitou is booted out of the body back into the Hunting Grounds.

The final way that manitous can enter the corporeal world is by reanimating a freshly dead corpse with the human soul still intact—creating a Harrowed. This offers the manitou the

most power, since it permanently binds with the host, and when in control the spirit has full use of any of the host's skills and arcane abilities. The downside is that if the Harrowed is ever put down for good, the manitou is permanently destroyed. In fact, this is just about the only way to destroy them.

MANITOU LIMITATIONS

Manitous are bound by a few limitations while inhabiting physical forms. First, they can only use the powers and abilities of their host. If the host hasn't developed any powers, the manitou can't use them either or develop any on their own.

Although the reverse isn't true, manitous can see and hear while the Harrowed character is in charge. This makes it nearly impossible to fool a manitou into revealing its true identity unless it wants to.

Second, if a manitou is trapped and somehow forced to speak, it proves a clever but ignorant spirit. They know they serve greater masters, but they do not know what their true name or purpose is, nor do they particularly care.

They also know that while they are in spirit form they gather fear from mortals and take it back to the Hunting Grounds, but again they don't know what their masters do with it. They aren't usually privy to secret information about abominations or their motives either.

TIME TO PLAY

So, when does the manitou stick its nasty little nose out and cause trouble? Well, pretty much whenever you want, Marshal. Remember that manitous who have taken the trouble to animate a Harrowed are crafty and subtle bastards. They want to spread as much fear as possible, but know how important it is to keep their existence and their actions secret from mortals. They don't try to take control every time their host picks up a gun or is alone with a companion. Manitous are very conscious of the fact that if they get caught, they can be killed—permanently.

So, use the manitou as a plot device and hindrance to the Harrowed *and* his companions. Torment them, annoy them, make them remember that there is a price for getting up from a dirt nap and starting to walk around again.

What exactly do manitous do when they're in charge? Whatever they can. Their goal is chaos and mischief, not necessarily death. They never make an outright attack—unless they've got one of the Harrowed's companions in an inescapable and precarious position.

Say, for example, a mad scientist friend of the Harrowed stands looking over the edge of a deep pit full of hungry prairie ticks. No manitou could resist giving him a little shove.

STRENGTH

For the Nightmare and Dominion test coming up next, we need to know the Spirit of a Harrowed's manitou. Draw a card, and consult the table below.

MANITOU'S SPIRIT

Card	Spirit
2	Legion
3-8	Spirit is equal to the hero's
9-Jack	Spirit is same die type but +1 Trait Level
Queen-Ace	Spirit is +1 die type and +2 Trait Levels
Joker	Greater Manitou

LEGION & GREATER MANITOUS

"Legion" is a collective horde of lesser manitous. Whenever you need to know Legion's *Spirit*, draw a card as if you were making a character. Legions are far more destructive and obvious than normal manitous. All those notes on subtly we just mentioned? Well, Legions tend to ignore most of them.

Greater manitous are some of the strongest spirits in the Hunting Grounds. More than just causing trouble, these ancient horrors usually have some sort of very evil and very specific purpose. That and their *Spirit* of $3d12+4$ means one thing: trouble.

HARROWED SHAMANS &

BLESSED

Nature spirits abhor manitous, so a manitou that inhabits the body of a shaman can't perform rituals when it has Dominion. If a shaman is in charge, the risk that the manitou might take over requires him to gather 1 extra *Appeasement* point more than normal for each favor.

The blessed are treated in much the same way by their holy patrons. As long as they are in charge, they can perform rituals. When the manitou rules, it cannot use the blessed's miracles or *faith* Aptitude.

In fact, *faith* is the one Aptitude that the host possesses that the manitou can never use. Should the spirit ever



need to make a *faith* roll, the Marshal draws a card from her Action Deck to determine the number and type of dice the manitou rolls. These matters are very chaotic and unpredictable to these unstable demons.

NIGHTMARES

When a character dies and attracts the attention of the manitous, she wages a spiritual battle for control of her body. The winner comes back in charge. The loser sits in limbo waiting for another chance to strike back.

There are two ways to resolve the results of this spiritual battle. The first way is faster. If you are playing for only a single night or can't think of a good nightmare scenario for a particular player, save time by using the first method.

The second method requires substantially more work but really lets you get under a hero's skin. This is a full-fledged nightmare adventure drawn straight from the character's worst fears.

If several characters die and come back at roughly the same time (perhaps they were hanged together), the manitous might absorb several of them into a collective nightmare. If this is the case, you should definitely use the second method to construct a nightmare scenario that encompasses all of the characters' fears into one horrific tale.

THE FAST WAY

After it's determined that a character is on the long, narrow road back from the land of the recently dead, she has to make an opposed *Spirit* plus Grit roll (add the hero's Grit to a *Spirit* roll) versus her manitou for each Dominion point. Harrowed characters have a number of Dominion points equal to their *Spirit* die type. Whichever entity controls a majority of a character's Dominion points is in charge of his

form. The mortal always wins ties. Each of these are going to be fought over, tooth and nail.

The winner of each check gets that Dominion point. When the fight is over, the side with the most Dominion points returns to the physical world in charge of the hero's body (at least to start with). The Harrowed player character wins ties.

THE NIGHTMARE SCENARIO

The second way to determine the result of the nightmare is to actually play it out like you would any other adventure. This is a lot more fun and creepy, but it takes some work on the part of the Marshal. Still, it can be a rewarding way to play the game and get under your friends' skins!

This takes quite a bit of work, so we're going to refer you to the *Book o' the Dead* if you decide to make a nightmare into a truly Harrowing experience (sorry, we couldn't resist).

DOMINION

After a character's return from the grave, she and the manitou inside struggle for control constantly, each trying to gain some advantage and wrest control. Most of the time (we hope) the hero remains in control, but on occasion the demon gets in the drivers seat. When the manitou takes control, the mortal "blacks out." She has no idea what's going on while the manitou is running the show.

We represent this constant struggle with Dominion points. As we just talked about above, the Harrowed has a number of Dominion points equal to his *Spirit* die type.

The most common time the manitou tries to steal Dominion is while the Harrowed is "sleeping." The evil spirit tortures its host's soul with horrific visions, trying to erode his will and weaken his resolve.

To represent this nightly battle, the Harrowed and the manitou make an opposed *Spirit* test at the beginning of each game session, each adding their current Dominion to their rolls. The winner gets 1 point of Dominion for each success and raise over the other.

TAKING OVER

We mentioned earlier that the manitou can come out to play pretty much whenever you want. Well Marshal, that's *almost* true. You can try to take over a character whenever you want, but it will cost you.

When you want the manitou to take control of a Harrowed, you have to pay a Fate Chip first. To offset this little cost, you should draw 1 extra Fate Chip from the pot at the beginning of each game session for every Harrowed in your party. You don't have to spend this chip on the Harrowed. It's your option.

Once you've spent the chip, make a *Spirit* check for the manitou. The TN is Fair (5) plus +1 for every point of Dominion the hero currently has. While you can use additional Fate Chips as normal on the roll (if you really really want to take control), but the first chip does not affect the roll in any way. It's just the price of taking control. It also determines how long the manitou gets to be the boss.

POSSESSION

Chip	Duration
White	1 minute
Red	10 minutes
Blue	1 hour

If you need the manitou to have a little more play time, you can simply pay additional chips. You don't have to initiate another test of wills—just pay the chip cost to "add coins to the meter."

Should a manitou ever let its control lapse early (perhaps to let the host explain why he just murdered the nosy muckraker who'd been following the posse for days), it can resume control without a roll or a chip. It's already paid its dues and can regain control at any time until it expires.

TOTAL DOMINION

If a manitou ever controls all a hero's Dominion points, it takes over for a good, long while—sometimes for years.

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Exactly how long is up to you Marshal. Use this as a plot device or as a way to turn really powerful characters into NPCs for a while

The only time the mortal soul gets to fight back is when the manitou is affected by certain magic spells, relics, or arcane procedures. The Marshal might also give the hero a chance to fight back in particularly unusual circumstances, such as if the demon was about to kill someone *very* close to the host. Then it might be time to give the poor sodbuster another attempt to fight back against the evil that dwells inside his rotten carcass.

COUP POWERS

Harrowed can tap into the thing inside them for arcane powers. This is the bait the demons dangle in front of their hosts to keep them from finding an exorcist or getting themselves killed.

There are two types of powers. The first are Harrowed powers, which are detailed in Chapter Ten of the *Weird West Player's Guide*.

The second kind are "coup powers." When a powerful creature of the Reckoning dies, Harrowed can absorb its essence and draw upon it forever after.

Coup powers are always "in theme." the coup for killing a wendigo, for example, grants a Harrowed the ability to ignore cold and cold-based attacks. This reflects the winter horror that gave the Harrowed his power. See the monsters in Chapter Three for some examples when you need to create coups for your own monsters.

To gain a coup power, the Harrowed must first kill some powerful creature of the Reckoning. Then he simply stands over the thing and absorbs its essence. The only tough part is if two or more Harrowed are present—only one of them can "count coup." To find out who wins, have all present make *Spirit* total. The highest roll wins!

RELICS

Excalibur. The Golden Fleece. The Holy Grail. Even the stone David used to fell Goliath. These are collectively called "relics." Some may have been magical before falling into mankind's grasp. Others, like David's stone, became enchanted only after being part of some legendary event.

A relic's power stems from the story around it. When a great event occurs, an object at the center of it might hold on to some of the magical energy that surrounds a great legend.

Sometimes, a relic also conveys a heavy responsibility or even a curse. Finding Excalibur, it is said, obligates the wielder to come to England's rescue in her time of need. And Jim Bowie's knife "lives" to taste the blood of Mexicans. What might happen to someone who resists depends on the situation, but it's never pleasant.

PRE-RECKONING

Relics existed long before the Reckoning. Since that time, the supernatural energy of the world has increased a thousandfold, allowing more relics to come into being. The few who know about the Reckoning don't know why this is. The Reckoners likely wouldn't encourage their creation, since most relics are used by heroes fighting for good. It's more likely that the Reckoning simply created more supernatural energy in the world and that imbued these devices with magical power. On the other hand, maybe the Reckoners encourage the creation of relics just to give folks something else to fight over.

Either way, the Reckoners are sometimes able to taint a relic's power. Those created since their awakening are much more likely to come with a curse of some sort. Keep this in mind if and when you decide to come up with some relics of your own.

LEGENDARY RELICS

Here are a few relics found in the Weird West. Most are based around legendary heroes or events of the frontier, but you can use these ideas to create other relics based around events in your own campaign.

After a little background on the relic, you'll find its *Power*: This is the game effect the relic has on whoever uses it.

If the relic has a *Taint*, there's some drawback to using the item as well.

BOWIE'S LAST KNIFE

Jim Bowie had this knife in his hand when he was killed by Santa Anna's troops at the Alamo. His blood infused it with the power to slay his foes.

Power: The knife causes STR+2d6 damage, or STR+4d6 against anyone of Mexican persuasion.

Taint: The owner gains a violent intolerance of Mexicans, and he must try to kill any Mexican soldier he sees, regardless of the circumstances or odds.

CORTEZ'S SWORD

Hernando Cortez conquered the Aztecs in 1521. The sword this famous conquistador carried throughout the campaign was basically responsible for wiping out an entire civilization, and it still bears the taint of this evil deed.

Power: The sword grants its wielder STR+3d8 damage. This is magical and can hurt creatures such as ghosts and the like.

Taint: Every time the sword draws blood from a living being (causes at least a light wound), the user's hands ooze a tiny bit of blood. Each time thereafter, the stain grows slightly larger until the user's entire arm (just up past the elbows) oozes blood constantly. The bleeding doesn't hurt the character, but neither can he ever truly stop it. The slimy blood ruins clothes and generally makes it hard to walk about in polite society. Even bandages will soon soak through.

Indians, Mexicans, and other native North Americans see the taint as a mark of evil, and they won't associate with the character unless they're evil as well.

CRAZY HORSE'S COUP

STICK

The Battle of the Little Big Horn was a pivotal moment in the Reckoning. Several relics were forged in the blood of that day. One of the most significant is Crazy Horse's coup stick. As Custer fired his six-guns from amid the groaning bodies of his troopers, Crazy Horse crept right up behind him and whacked him with his coup stick. Custer lived, but Crazy Horse's action enchanted his coup stick forever.

Power: Anyone with Indian blood in his veins can use Crazy Horses' coup stick. A character officially inducted into a legitimate tribe might also be able to use the stick (that's the Marshal's call, partner).

The first time the wielder touches a dangerous opponent with the stick in combat, he may draw a chip from the Fate Pot.

The stick only works if the opponent is armed and dangerous, and it never works on the same person twice. Touching a sleeping warrior produces no effect unless the stick wielder wakes him first. Counting coup in hand-to-hand combat takes a successful *fightin'* roll.

Taint: None.

DEAD MAN'S BULLETS

When a gunman dies at High Noon in a duel, the bullets in his gun are sometimes enchanted by the powers of the Weird West.

The defeated gunman can't be a pushover, so a character who figures out how this relic comes to be shouldn't be able to toss a schoolmarm a six-shooter and gun her down for a quick reload. The Marshal must decide if a dead duelist was a legitimate threat or not. It doesn't always happen anyway. Again, it's the Marshal's call as to whose bullets get the extra bite—posthumously, of course.

Power: Whenever the firer rolls damage, he may reroll any 1s once. If the second roll is a 1, do not reroll again. In a duel, the bullet does an extra die of damage.

Taint: None.

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DREAMCATCHERS

Pacific Indians make these devices to keep away bad dreams and nightmares. Truth is, they work. These are minor relics, but they can be quite handy to a fellow who suffers from *night terrors*.

Power: Anyone who sleeps in a room with a dreamcatcher sleeps peacefully. Wounded characters may add +1 to any natural healing rolls they make after a night's rest beneath a dream catcher.

If a character with *night terrors* gets her hands on a dream catcher, she may add +2 to her nightly *Spirit* roll. The Marshal should make the heroine buy off 1 point of her Hindrance if the dreamcatcher will be a frequent friend.

Taint: None.



EARP'S BADGE

Though Wyatt Earp has been fired at many times, he has never been hit. Any time Earp wears a badge for any length of time, some of his incredible luck rubs off on it.

Power: Anyone attacking the wearer of Earp's badge, whether in hand-to-hand or ranged combat, must subtract a -4 penalty from his roll.

Taint: The hero gains an aura of power and respectability. This adds +2 to his *persuasion* attempts. This is bad because the common folk are always asking the wearer for help. Every time the request for aid is turned down, the wearer must discard his highest Fate Chip.

HELLSTROMME'S BLUEPRINTS

Professor Darius Hellstromme always looks to the future. His past designs are usually discarded and later burned to hide his often sinister experiments. A few, however, have been salvaged from the incinerators and sold on the black market of the City of Gloom.

Power: Any mad scientist who constructs a gizmo using one of Hellstromme's blueprints may add +6 to his *tinkerin'* roll. All these blueprints have a base Reliability of 16. (Note that using a previously designed blueprint allows a mad scientist to skip the first two steps and go straight to finding the components; see the *Weird West Player's Guide* for details.)

Taint: There is no actual *taint* to Hellstromme's blueprints, but the ruthless Dr. Hellstromme cares little for social mores when devising his gizmos. The components are often illegal if not downright disgusting. People parts figure into several of his devices, as well as human blood, a person's willpower, live jackalopes, and the like.

He's also been known to kill those who wind up with his plans.

HOYLE'S CARDS

Hoyle used many sets of cards in his travels. On his death—or more precisely, his mysterious disappearance—these cards became enchanted. They have since been scattered, so few hucksters have more than one or two cards.

Power: Each one of these cards gives the huckster an additional card when drawing for his spell effect assuming he gets at least one success on his *hexslin'*.

Taint: Manitous swarm around these arcane relics. Whenever a huckster using Hoyle's cards draws a Joker, add +1 to his roll on the **Backlash Table** for each card in his possession.

HOYLE'S BOOK OF GAMES, 1769 EDITION

Edmund Hoyle's original manuscript included a number of the hexes he discovered during his travels. Most have been erased from later editions by clueless editors and their inane changes, but the 1769 edition is still pure, and contains hundreds of still undiscovered hexes.

Power: A huckster who owns this book can learn any hex available in the campaign (such as those in the *Huckster & Hexes* book). He still has to purchase these hexes normally.

Taint: None, but every huckster in the world would kill to get his hands on this baby. Isn't that bad enough?

MARTYR'S CROSS

The blessed are called on to fight the horrors of the Reckoning more than any other sort of folks. Sometimes, when a pious man or woman dies in the course of his crusade against evil, his chosen holy symbol is imbued with the power of his righteous sacrifice.

In the Weird West, most of these relics take the form of crosses or rosaries, but a shaman's fetish or a Mormon's Bible might also take on the power of the "martyr's cross."

Power: The wielder may add +4 to his *faith* total when calling on the protection miracle.

Taint: None.

SACRED TOMAHAWK OF THE SUN

This sacred Sioux artifact is bestowed upon one brave warrior at the end of the Sioux's annual sun Dance. The magical energy of the ceremony is consumed by the relic, and from that point on it bestows its awesome powers to whomever it is awarded to by the Sioux's council of wicasas.

One tomahawk and one bow (see the next entry) have been created every year since the Reckoning, so there are currently 13 of each in existence. They are prized by their owners beyond all other possessions. They are never sold or given away willingly, although they may be loaned out for short times for worthy causes. The only other way a character should get hold of one is to find it on the dead body of a noble brave.

Power: Anyone wielding the tomahawk against a supernatural creature of evil, including a Harrowed (whether with or without Dominion), does STR+4d6 damage.

Taint: None, but the warrior is obligated to fight for the Sioux when he or she is called upon. Non-Sioux with the tomahawk are asked to return it. If that fails, Sioux braves put on their warpaint and go on the hunt to return this sacred relic to their tribe.

SUN BOW

Like the *sacred tomahawk of the sun*, the sun bow is awarded to the Sioux's bravest and brightest warriors. The wicasas typically grant the tomahawk to the stronger of their two champions, and the bow to the wilier.

Power: The user gains +4 to hit when using the weapon, and arrows fired by the bow cause STR+3d6 damage. The arrows become magical once fired and so can affect creatures such as ghosts and the like.

Taint: None, but the Sioux expect the recipient to protect their people with this sacred weapon. As with the *sacred tomahawk of the sun*, the Sioux hunt down non-Sioux who somehow wind up with this important relic and do not use it for the People's protection.

UNHOLY SYMBOL

When the leaders of the world's most nefarious cults are slain, their black essences are often drawn into their unholy icons.

Power: The most powerful unholy icons allow a wielder to cast a single black magic spell. The Marshal should choose the spell and its level based on the history of the icon itself.

Taint: Unholy symbols are always tainted, though the particular effects vary. Sometimes, just before death at the hands of some unwelcome do-gooder, the former owner of the symbol transfers her soul into the icon. When someone takes possession of the icon, the cultist attempts to take over the new user, just like a manitou struggling with a Harrowed for Dominion.

In this case, the user starts with complete Dominion, and he must check for Dominion every time he uses the relic.

Should a Harrowed gain possession of such an icon, he must keep track of his fight for Dominion with both his manitou and the icon's former owner.

WILD BILL'S SIX-SHOOTERS

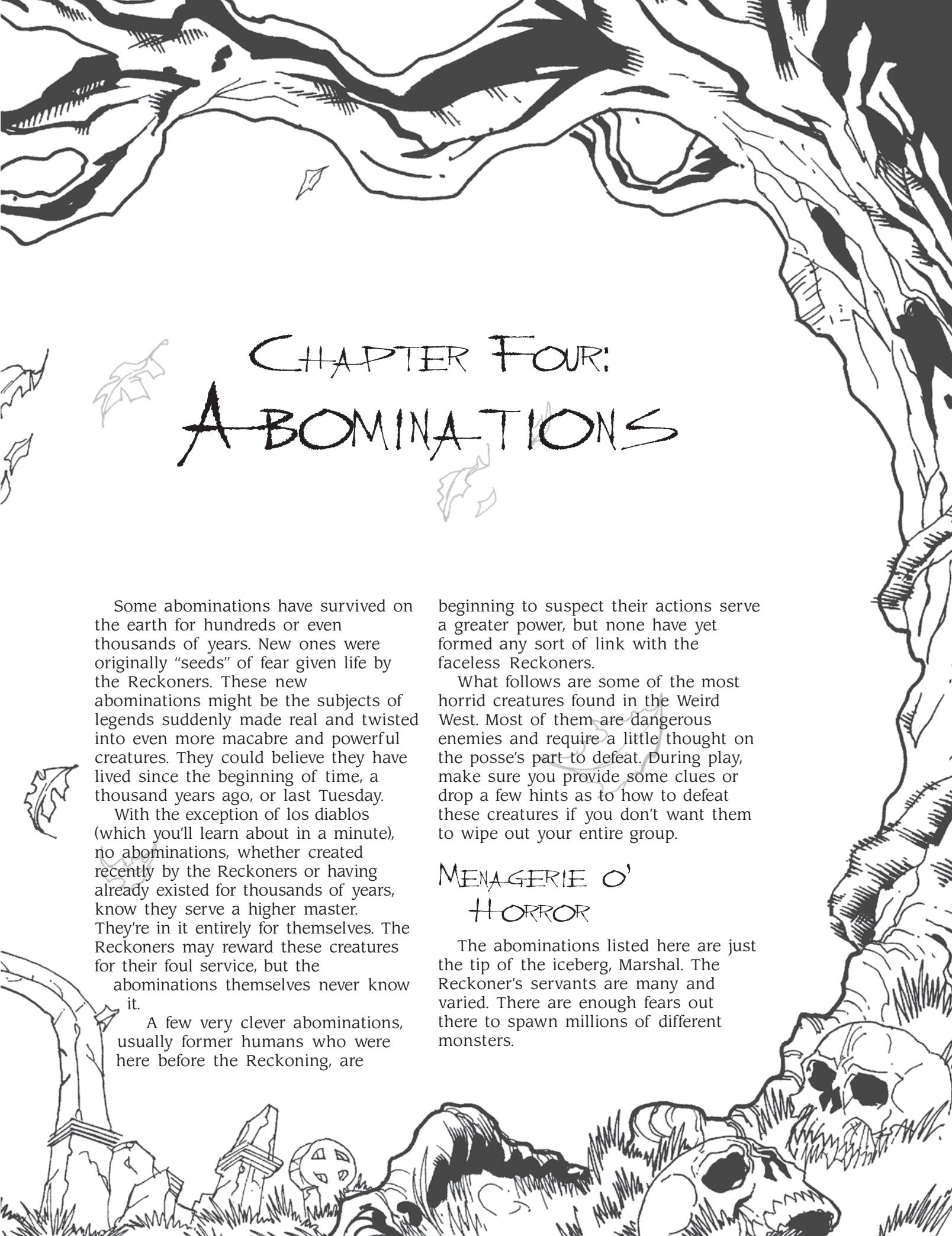
Everyone knows the story of how Wild Bill was shot in the back by Jack McCall. What most folks don't know is that while he was (temporarily) pushing daisies, someone made off with his twin, single-action Colt Navy revolvers. Since then, his guns have become part of the very legend of the Weird West.

Oh yeah, Wild Bill is back from the grave, and he wants his shooters back.

Power: Unless the hombre goes bust, a shootist firing one (or both) of Wild Bill's revolvers can reroll any 1s.

Taint: Whenever anyone wearing either of Wild Bill's pistols is shot from behind, add +2d6 to the damage roll.





CHAPTER FOUR: ABOMINATIONS

Some abominations have survived on the earth for hundreds or even thousands of years. New ones were originally "seeds" of fear given life by the Reckoners. These new abominations might be the subjects of legends suddenly made real and twisted into even more macabre and powerful creatures. They could believe they have lived since the beginning of time, a thousand years ago, or last Tuesday.

With the exception of los diablos (which you'll learn about in a minute), no abominations, whether created recently by the Reckoners or having already existed for thousands of years, know they serve a higher master. They're in it entirely for themselves. The Reckoners may reward these creatures for their foul service, but the

abominations themselves never know it.

A few very clever abominations, usually former humans who were here before the Reckoning, are

beginning to suspect their actions serve a greater power, but none have yet formed any sort of link with the faceless Reckoners.

What follows are some of the most horrid creatures found in the Weird West. Most of them are dangerous enemies and require a little thought on the posse's part to defeat. During play, make sure you provide some clues or drop a few hints as to how to defeat these creatures if you don't want them to wipe out your entire group.

MENAGERIE O' HORROR

The abominations listed here are just the tip of the iceberg, Marshal. The Reckoner's servants are many and varied. There are enough fears out there to spawn millions of different monsters.



Many *Deadlands* sourcebooks contain new abominations for you to terrorize your heroes with. *Rascals Varmints & Critters* in particular has a whole host of terrifying monstrosities for you to throw your player's way. (There is also an entirely new abomination in the adventure included in this book, *Comin' Round the Mountain*.)

You're more than welcome to make your own using the tools in this chapter. In fact, we hope you will, Marshal. We're sure you can come up with stuff that will make even us a mite bit queasy.

TOO MANY MONSTERS?

Abominations make great villains, but be careful where, when and how often you use them. If your heroes are running into twisted demon-spawn every time they turn around, your carefully crafted horror atmosphere could dissolve into just a big-game hunt.

Also, as horrible as monsters are, they're sometimes hard-pressed to match the evil that human beings inflict on each other. Don't forget that.

CRITTERS & ABOMINATIONS

We'll get to the descriptions of the actual abominations in just a moment. Before we do, let's talk a bit about how to read the monster's statistics. We want you to understand them fully so you get full use of each beastie's potential for mayhem!

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Critter and abomination Traits and Aptitudes are presented exactly like those for heroes and human villains. Most abominations only have a few Aptitudes—just the ones they need to cause trouble!

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

While some abominations may be possessed of a sinister intelligence, most critters, even supernatural ones, are things with near-animal intelligence. Their *Knowledge* and *Smarts* Traits are relative to the animal kingdom, not to the human cognitive levels. A gunslinger with a *Knowledge* of 1d4 is still smarter than a wall crawler with the same score.

Animals can be overawed normally. They can't be *ridiculed* by verbal attacks, but they can be poked with a stick and annoyed all to Hell. *Bluff* works the same way. An animal can't be told its shoelace is untied, but it might be distracted by a rock thrown behind it.

PACE

Unless a critter is given a special Pace under *Special Abilities*, its movement is equal to its *Nimbleness* die type, just like a hero's.

SIZE

The bigger a critter is, the harder it is to hurt it. That's a simple fact. A creature's Size is the number of points of damage it takes to cause it a wound. See Chapter Four in the *Weird West Player's Guide* for the details.

The **Critter Size** table lists the sizes and weights of some common critters and abominations

WIND

Creature Wind is figured just like human Wind—most of the time. Add the varmint's *Vigor* and *Spirit* die types together.

Some abominations are just so danged big, weird, or otherworldly they don't take Wind from any source. A creature has “—” under its Wind score when this is the case.

You shouldn't normally keep track of Wind for goons unless it's a very small fight. To remind you, we put lesser bad guys' Wind in *italics*.

TERROR

Most abominations are pretty horrible looking. We don't call them abominations because they're nice to look at.

When a hero first sees a critter with a Terror score, he must make a *guts* check, with the critter's Terror as his TN. A hero who fails this roll gets to play “How do I get screwed by the **Scart Table**,” which we gave you in Chapter One, amigo.

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SPECIAL ABILITIES

To keep things as simple as possible for you, we've tried to classify most of the powers that your monsters might have into some simple categories. These won't work for every creature, but they should help you out when you're trying to create new abominations for your posse to face.

ARMOR

No self-respecting terror of the High Plains goes around without a thick hide or a hard carapace.

The Armor value is listed directly after the creature's *armor* ability. This works just like the armor we told you

CRITTER SIZE

Size	Typical Weight	Examples
0*	1 ounce	Bug
1	a pound or two	Rat, snake
2	0 or 12 pounds	House cat
3	20-30 pounds	Eagle, fox
4	50 pounds	Average dog, pig
5	100 pounds	Mountain lion
6	150 pounds	Person, wolf
7	250 pounds	
8	400 pounds	Gorilla
9	650 pounds	Bear, saddle horse
10	1000 pounds	Clydesdale, moose, steer
11	1750 pounds	
12	2500 pounds	Buffalo
13	2 tons	
14	3 tons	Elephant
15	5 tons	
16	8 tons	
17	13 tons	
18	20 tons	Average Maze dragon
19	30 tons	
20	50 tons	Small Mojave rattler
21	80 tons	
22	130 tons	Blue whale, average Mojave rattler
23	200 tons	
24	300 tons	Large Mojave rattler

about in Chapter Five of the player's book. *Armor 2* means it has heavier armor that reduces an attack by 2 full die types. *Armor -2* means the thing has light protection that subtracts 2 points of damage from every attack.

BLACK MAGIC

Black Magic is usually only used by human servitors of the Reckoners, but a very few rare abominations might have access to it. It's a pretty flexible system, and can be used to model all sorts of powers if you don't want to come up with a unique Special Ability for a monster. See pages 83-91 to get the full lowdown on this fast and easy system of evil magic.

DAMAGE

This is one of the most basic abilities in any critter's profile—the capacity to physically hurt others. Even mundane creatures usually have the damage special ability unless they're something totally harmless, like rabbits or squirrels (and in *Deadlands*, you sometimes even have to watch out for those critters!)

Damage can come in all sorts of forms—claws, teeth, tentacles, fists, hooves and so on.

Creatures with both biting and clawing attacks may usually use both in one action. If the thing has a third or special attack (say with a tail), it must normally use it in place of another attack.

FEARLESS

Some critters just can't be scared. Most soulless undead are like this (because the manitou inside has nothing to lose). Others are just too dumb to know when they're beat.

These kinds of monsters are *fearless*. They never make *guts* checks, even against a power or effect of supernatural origin.

Fearless creatures can be surprised for one round, but after that, they get over their shock and get to work. Deal *fearless* creatures in normally the round after they're surprised.

IMMUNITY

Immunity simply means the character or creature can't be hurt by certain forms of attack. Anytime you see this, a description of the particular immunity follows.

One common *immunity* is to "normal weapons." You'll see a lot of the Reckoners' servants, ghosts, and "spiritual" creatures with this power. In this case, normal weapons refer to any blade, bullet, or even fist that's not enchanted. Magical abilities, supernatural effects, and legendary weapons work normally unless the creature's description says otherwise.

To be absolutely clear, the weapon itself must be enchanted, not its user. Thus a *soul blast* could hurt this kind of creature, but a blessed using the *smite* miracle could not (though if a blessed was using an enchanted weapon, she could, and it would grant the benefits of *smite* as well!).

Another kind of *immunity* you might see is "All." That means this is one ugly critter and there's probably only one way to kill it. Check out its *weakness* to find out how.

INFECTION

Infection is the ability to turn a victim into something like the monster. Werewolves, vampires, and other creatures that can make more of their ilk have this ability.

The details are up to you. A bug-like horror might inject eggs that hatch inside its victim. A vampire bites someone and then forces him to drink of its own dark blood.

If the *infection* is spread through the blood, any wound, including a single point of Wind does the trick.

After the *infection* entry is a TN. That's the *Vigor* roll a character must beat to avoid the infection. If he fails that, he can only seek supernatural aid in resisting the inevitable results.

POISON

Poison does just what you think it does, though the way this kind of thing works in the profiles of the creatures of the Wasted West also applies to diseases, nonlethal poisons (such as paralyzers), viruses, and other toxins designed to get into the blood.

If the *poison* is delivered by fangs, claws, needles, blades, or other devices that have to hit the victim, it takes effect if the target suffers even a single point of Wind damage.

Once contacted, the victim must make a *Vigor* roll versus a TN based on the *poison's* power level listed in the creature's description. If failed, he suffers the effect listed.

REGENERATION

Some critters heal faster than you'd believe. The exact rate of its regeneration follows the entry.

STUN

Some critters like to eat their prey while it's still warm or maybe even still breathing. That's a really bad way to go, friends. This power lets the bad guys *stun* their prey instead of hurting them, very likely saving them for a much more horrible fate than death.

ABOMINATIONS

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Most creatures must touch their prey to stun them. In these cases, if the monster hits (usually whether it actually causes damage or not), the victim makes a *Vigor* check against the TN listed after this power. The victim can make recovery checks each action against this same TN to snap out of it.

SURPRISE

Creatures with this power are keen on catching their victims unaware. Some burrow up from below. Others swoop down from the sky.

Assuming the critter isn't detected, it starts the fight with one Action Card "up its sleeve" and makes its first attack at +4.

UNDEAD

There are many different types of undead, from simple zombies and walkin' dead to ancient liches and vampires. Those without any vestige of their mortal soul inside their rotting carcasses are "soulless" undead. They are animated by manitous. These are much less risky for a manitou to





occupy because the demon simply escapes back to the Hunting Grounds when the shell is destroyed.

More powerful creatures like vampires and liches become undead because of ancient curses, a lifetime of evil, or by casting dark rites. They make a deal with the forces of evil and destruction (the Reckoners, though most don't know that) in exchange for awesome power, but in so doing they become irrevocably evil.

Harrowed are a special case of course. Their manitous share the shell with the mortal soul. We've already told you all about that in Chapter Ten of the *Weird West Player's Guide*, as well as in Chapter Three of this book.

All these undead have many varied powers and abilities, but here are some common to all types:

Undead don't feel pain, but they still suffer from having their body parts blown off. They can ignore 2 levels of wound penalties and can never be stunned.

Undead ignore Wind caused by wounds or physical damage.

Supernatural effects that cause Wind act as regular damage, since the spirit inside suffers the blow. Since undead don't suffer Wind, halve damage if you're using the Marshal's trick for handling lots of lesser bad guys we gave you in Chapter One.

Soulless undead don't regenerate damage without a secondary power. Those with souls (like Harrowed) make natural healing rolls once per day unless they have a faster way to heal damage and regenerate their flesh.

Undead can usually only be killed by destroying their "focus." This is some area of the body the spirit inside uses to control the corpse. The most common focus is the brain, though a vampire's focus is usually the heart, and some very powerful creatures even remove their focus and hide it elsewhere for safekeeping. Unless the description says otherwise, assume the focus is the brain.

All this means undead can only be destroyed by a maiming wound to their focus. Horrors like walkin' dead (with the brain as a focus) keep fighting even if they receive a maiming wound to the guts. They might be rendered ineffective (and might even desert the shell) if blown to pieces, but they *can* animate those hands and keep 'em coming if they want to).

WEAKNESS

Creatures with a weakness are particularly susceptible to certain kinds of damage. A dry, brittle tumbleweed probably doesn't enjoy fire. Similarly, a giant, mutated slug might dissolve if covered in salt.

Generally, attacking a creature with whatever it has a weakness for causes normal damage. If the weapon doesn't usually cause damage (such as salt, water, holy water, or so forth), the description tells you how much damage the *weakness* can cause the creature.

DESERT THING

What desert would be complete without a tentacled beastie lurking beneath the sands?

Desert things move very slowly beneath the dunes, setting up shop along popular trails or in or near a water hole. When a hapless traveler passes by, the thing grabs its legs or hooves with its long tentacles and drags it into its circular maw.

Desert things can sense approaching prey up to 50 yards distant on an opposed *Cognition* versus *sneak* roll. When the prey gets within reach of its 20' long tentacles, the creature attacks.

Each of the thing's 8 tentacles can attempt to pull prey closer to its gaping maw. First a tentacle has to hit the character with a *fightin' brawlin'* roll. If it does, it can entangle the victim instead of causing direct damage. Then it starts to reel the character in.

This is an opposed *Strength* roll with every success and raise on the creature's part dragging the prey 1 yard closer to its gnashing teeth. Two raises on a character's *Strength* roll means she's managed to break free.

The only other way to escape the creature is to kill it or mangle a tentacle. The beast lies protected under several inches under

the sand, and the tentacles themselves are tough and difficult to cut. They have an Armor value of 1 and can each take 20 points of damage before they are effectively destroyed.

PROFILE: DESERT THING

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:1d8, S:1d12+4, Q:3d10, V:2d12+2
Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 2

Size: 12 (8' diameter core)

Wind: 18

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2 for the body submerged in the sand,
1 on the creatures tentacles

Damage: Bite (STR+1d10), tentacles (STR. The desert thing may attack with each of its eight tentacles on each of its actions)

Slowpoke: Desert things barely move at all.
Their Pace is only 2, and they cannot run.

Description: A desert thing is basically a gaping maw in the sandy desert floor, surrounded by 20" tentacles.



DEVIL BAT

These critters live in the Badlands of the Dakota Territory. The Sioux call them "kinyan tiwicakte," or "flying murderer."

Devil bats are nocturnal predators who hunt in groups of 1-6. They attack by racing from the night and grabbing prey with their taloned feet. This is an opposed *fightin': brawlin'* roll. If the bat thing gets a success, it causes damage normally. With a raise, it drags the prey into the air and rises at its maximum Pace for a medium load (12). If the prey doesn't break free with an opposed *Strength* roll by the time the devil bat is 50 yards up, it lets go (10d6+50 points of falling damage) or tries to slam the prey into a rocky outcropping. If successful, the bat lands and feasts on the remains.

The best thing for a traveler to do once she's in the grasp of a devil bat is to grab hold of its ankles and hang on for dear life. This is an opposed roll between the creature's *Nimbleness* and the character's *Strength*. If the creature gets a raise, it manages to shake the prey loose. If the prey gets a raise, she manages to force the critter to within 10 yards of the ground or a rocky outcropping where she can jump free.



PROFILE: DEVIL BAT

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d12, S:1d12+2, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Dodge 3d12, *fightin': brawlin'* 3d12, sneak 1d12
(5d12 from the air)

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8
Overawe 2d10

Pace: 6 (ground)/24 (air)

Size: 7 (8' tall)

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage:

Claws (STR+1d4)

Flying: Pace 24

Weakness:—

Noise: The

devil bat
"sees" by
means of
sonar. If its
prey has
the guts to
stand stock-
still among
other
obstacles (like
rocks and such),
the thing has to
make an
Onerous (7)
Cognition roll to
pick her out of the
clutter. If the prey
does this, however, her
fightin': brawlin'

Aptitude is not added to
the devil bat's TN.

Description: Devil bats
look like an obscene cross
between a human being and
a bat.

DUST DEVIL

Dust devils are vicious killers that live in the deserts of the southwest. They lurk about like repulsive spiny serpents until they see prey. Then they use their supernatural power to create a whirlwind about themselves and move in for the kill.

More than one unwary traveler has gone down before the spikes of one of these creatures, thinking it was only a dust storm.

Dust devils attack by centering on their prey and whirling around it with their spiny, snakelike bodies. They live at the center of their dirt-filled whirlwinds, making them difficult to see or hit with normal weapons. A character has to take a -8 called shot to hit the creature itself.

Shots that miss are sucked into the whirlwind and shot out in a random direction. Roll a d12 to determine a clock facing and see if any innocent bystanders are hit by the errant attack (see the **Innocent Bystander** rules in Chapter Four of the *Weird West Player's Guide*).

Dynamite might affect the creature normally, though sticks thrown inside the whirlwind are usually flung out before they can detonate.

A hero making a *fightin'* attack on the creature must first beat it in an opposed *Strength* contest (ignore the -8 penalty for hand-to-hand attacks because of the creature's length). If he wins, he can attack normally. Otherwise he is blown backward by the whirlwind and can't take a swing this action.

PROFILE: DUST DEVIL

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:1d12+2, S:1d12+4, Q:1d10, V:1d8
Fightin': brawlin' 6d12+2

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 24

Size: 10 (10' tall)

Wind: 12

Terror: 7

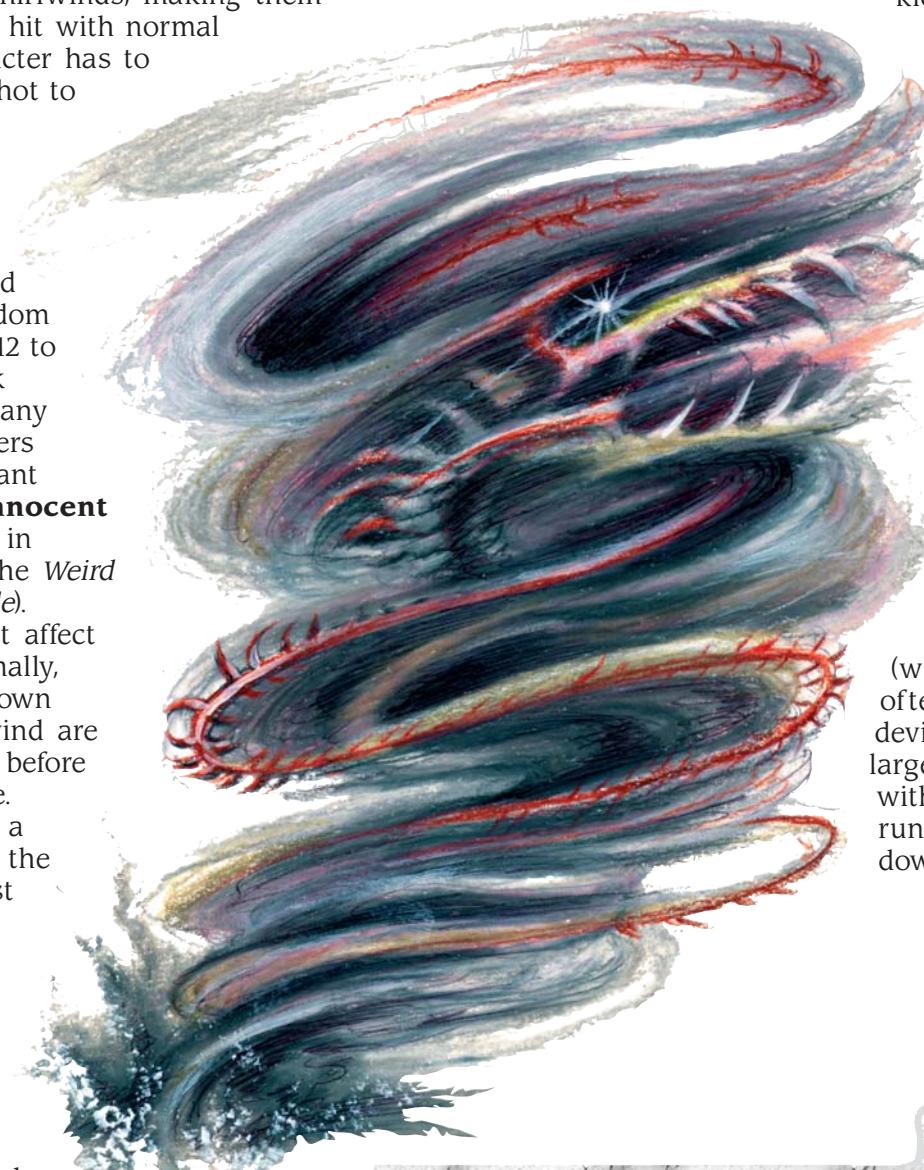
Special Abilities:

Damage: Spines (STR+1d4)

Blinding: The dust devil kicks up a swirling cloud of sand and stone that blinds everyone within 10 yards of its deadly center unless they make an Incredible (II) Vigor roll.

Description:

When not whirling (which isn't often) a dust devil looks like a large pale snake with spines running all down its back.



GREMLINS

Gremlins exist solely to cause mischief and disaster via mechanical contraptions.

Most of the time, gremlins exist in spiritual form only. This allows them to inhabit gizmos and gadgets such as flamethrowers, steam engines, and the like.

While gremlins can live in any contraption, their location of choice these days is the gizmos of mad scientists. If a mad scientist botches when constructing or repairing a gizmo, he sometimes attracts a gremlin. The creature's spirit inhabits the device instantly and begins to make minute arcane alterations to its nature (see the gremlin's "jinx" ability below).

Worse, every day the gremlin may attract more of its mischievous brothers and sisters. Roll a d6 once per game session. On a roll of 1, another gremlin spirit enters the device and causes another jinx.

The only way to get rid of the gremlins is for someone to make an opposed *Spirit/tinkerin'* roll versus the gremlin's *Spirit*. If the tinkerer gets one success, the combined jinx of all the gremlins inside is canceled for 24 hours.

On a raise, the gremlins are actually forced out of the item, where they involuntarily materialize in the flesh for one hour. If they think they can win, the gremlins attack. Otherwise they make the best of their situation and run around causing as much havoc as possible.

PROFILE: GREMLINS

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:1d6, Q:4d10, V:1d6
Filchin' 4d10, lockpickin' 3d10, climbin' 5d10,
dodge 6d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, sneak 6d10,
swimmin' 3d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4
Ridicule 4d8

Pace: 10

Size: 4

Wind: 10

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

Jinx: A gremlin causes a mechanical item's Reliability to drop by -1. Even items without a Reliability, like a watch or a pistol, are affected. Make Reliability check whenever these items are used (*shootin'* rolls for weapons, *drivin'* rolls for wagons, and so on). On a 20, the device malfunctions.

Description: When physically manifested, gremlins are little green humanoid with comically large ears, and not so comically long claws.



HANGIN' JUDGE

From 1863-69, five Confederate circuit judges formed a secret alliance to steal land, ruin their rivals, and eliminate anyone who stood in the way of their wealth and fame. Those who opposed them were framed for "hangin' offenses" and hauled to the nearest tree for a lynching.

But after six years of tyranny, the locals, mostly hot-blooded Texans, fought back. They rounded up each of the judges and hung them from trees all along the Chisholm Trail as a warning to other authorities who would abuse their power.

The Reckoners seized the opportunity to infuse their spirits with unholy energy and send them back to earth as abominations.

Now the hangin' judges stalk the Chisholm by night, terrorizing anyone who happens to cross their path. They might decide blue is illegal one day and whistling Dixie is a hangin' offense the next. Being from Texas is always a heinous crime. Whatever the "charge," the judges' sentences are always death.

Hangin' judges are solitary and relentless hunters. Once they're on someone's trail, they stay with him until he's dead or morning comes. If their quarry is killed, they string him up along the Chisholm Trail and paint the victim's offense on his forehead in blood.

The judges never speak except to whisper their prey's offense over and over.



PROFILE: HANGIN' JUDGE

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:3d12, Q:2d12, V:2d8
Shootin': pistol 5d10, fightin': scythe 5d8, horse ridin' 3d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8.
Scrutinize 2d10, search 6d10, trackin' 5d10, area knowledge: Chisolm Trail 3d6, overawe 5d12

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: –

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Damage: Single-Action Army Revolvers (these weapons entirely reload themselves 1 round after they're emptied. On the end of their two pistols are scythes. The judges can use these in hand-to-hand combat to cause STR+2d6 damage)

Fearless

Immunity-Normal

Weapons: The only way to destroy a judge is to hang 'im high. Bullets fired from a real lawman's gun can "kill" them, but even after being shot and buried they come back the following night, hot for vengeance.

Coup: Hangin' judges are fearmongers of the highest order. If a hangin' judge is destroyed, a

Harrowed gets the

judge's twin, autoloading Army revolvers as coup. The guns are not for those on this side of the grave. They vanish in the hands of living folks in a matter of hours.

Description: Each hangin' judge looks bit different, but all wear cowls or hoods hiding their faces.

JACKALOPE

Some folks might think these critters are cute, but jackalopes are omens of bad tidings. They stalk a party and wait for bad luck to strike, then feed off the remains of those who don't survive it.

When a jackalope stalks a party, it curses them with the *bad luck* Hindrance and waits for disaster to strike. The canny creature never attacks anyone bigger than itself as long as the prey can fight back. A Winded character is in for a surprise, however, for the jackalope instantly rushes to the attack and rips into the victim's throat.

Jackalopes are darned hard to kill. They have a sixth sense that warns them whenever they are about to meet danger, and they're fast enough to get right out of the way after that.

As long as a jackalope makes a Foolproof (3) *Smarts* roll, it automatically moves out of the way of danger a fraction of a second before it would otherwise be a coat. Jackalopes are also smart enough to hide if someone decides to keep taking shots at them.

The best way to get rid of one of these tenacious critters is to get across running water. Jackalopes can't swim, so unless they find a bridge or some other way across, they get left behind and hop off to find easier prey.

On the plus side, jackalope feet are good luck charms. Anyone wearing one has the *luck o' the Irish Edge* until the charm is removed or it decays after about one month.

PROFILE: JACKALOPE

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d8, S:2d4, Q:2d10, V:1d6
Fightin': brawlin' 1d8, sneak 5d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4
Ridicule 4d6

Pace: 8

Size: 2

Wind: —

Terror: 7

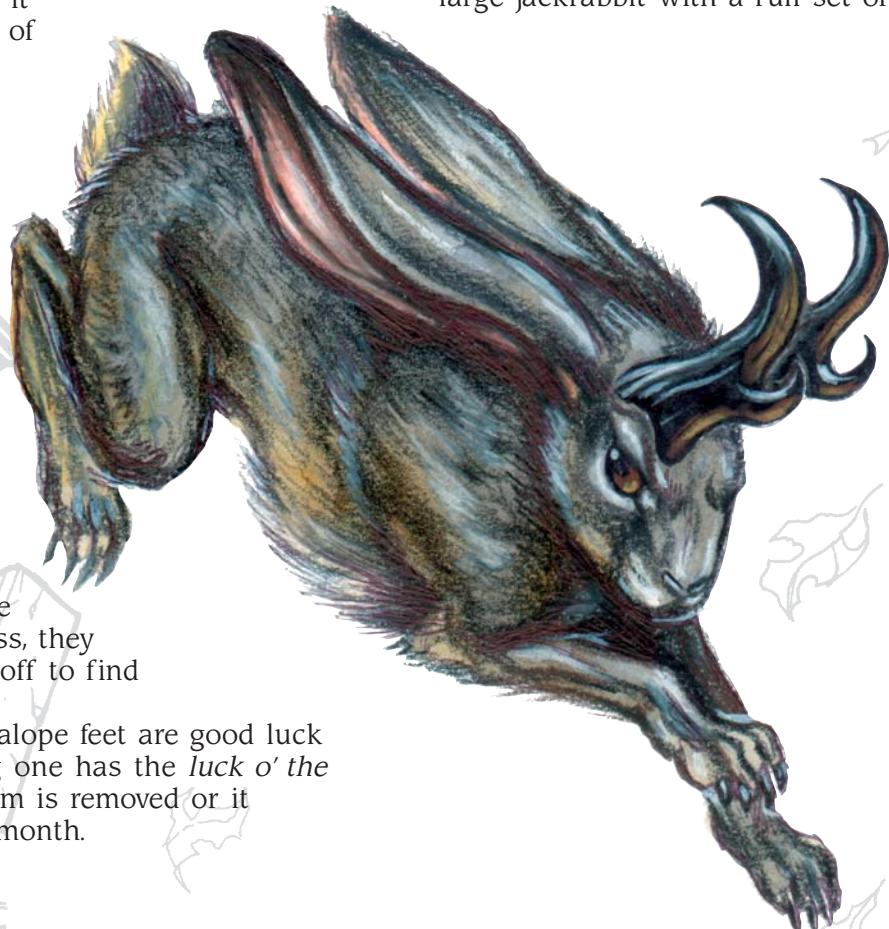
Special Abilities:

Bad Luck: All members of a posse being stalked by a jackalope get the *bad luck* Hindrance.

Damage: Antlers (STR+1d6)

Sixth Sense: On a Foolproof (3) *Smarts* roll, a jackalope can avoid any attack.

Description: The jackalope looks like a large jackrabbit with a full set of antlers.



LOS DIABLOS

Los diablos have haunted humanity for thousands of years. Other cultures knew them as minotaurs and gorgons. In the Weird West, they have taken on the forms of mutated Texas longhorns. They are harbingers of doom, for they are one of the only direct servants of the mysterious Reckoners.

Los diablos hunt down heroes who become thorns in the Reckoners' sides. Fate rules even these mighty beings, however, so los diablos are only allowed to walk the earth on certain occasions. Whenever a hero or group of heroes gets their 5th point of Grit *and* gains the attention of the Reckoners by foiling one of their better schemes, los diablos pays them a visit.

The first night los diablos are on the posse's trail, the heroes hear a distant rumbling, as if a herd of buffalo or steers were stampeding in the distance. At this point, everyone needs to make a Foolproof (3) *guts* check. Anyone who fails loses her highest Fate Chip. The next night, the rumbling grows louder, and everyone must make a Fair (5) *guts* check or lose a Fate Chip.

This continues until the TN reaches Incredible (II). The next night, los diablos appear at the head of a ghostly stampede called the "Devil's Own Herd." These creatures are actually the souls of all those the Herd has slain before.

Even if the posse is indoors, los diablos and the Devil's Own Herd smash through walls, doors, or windows to ride over them.

There is one diablo for every character who has a Grit of 5 or better. These heroes are the devil bulls' sworn enemies and the only individuals Fate allows to hunt.

The bulls can only harm or be harmed those with five Grit.

Other characters in the vicinity are "trampled" by the ghostly hooves of the Devil's Own Herd, and take 1d4 Wind per round until all los diablos are defeated. As usual, if Wind goes negative and starts causing wounds, the characters can die. Those who do become another soul in the Devil's Own Herd.

Those fighting with los diablos suffer a similar fate. Their souls are taken into the Hunting Grounds to become diablos.

PROFILE: LOS DIABLOS

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d8, S:3d12+8, Q:2d10, V:2d12
Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d4, M:4d12, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Scrutinize 2d10, overawe 5d12

Pace: 8

Size: 8

Wind: —

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

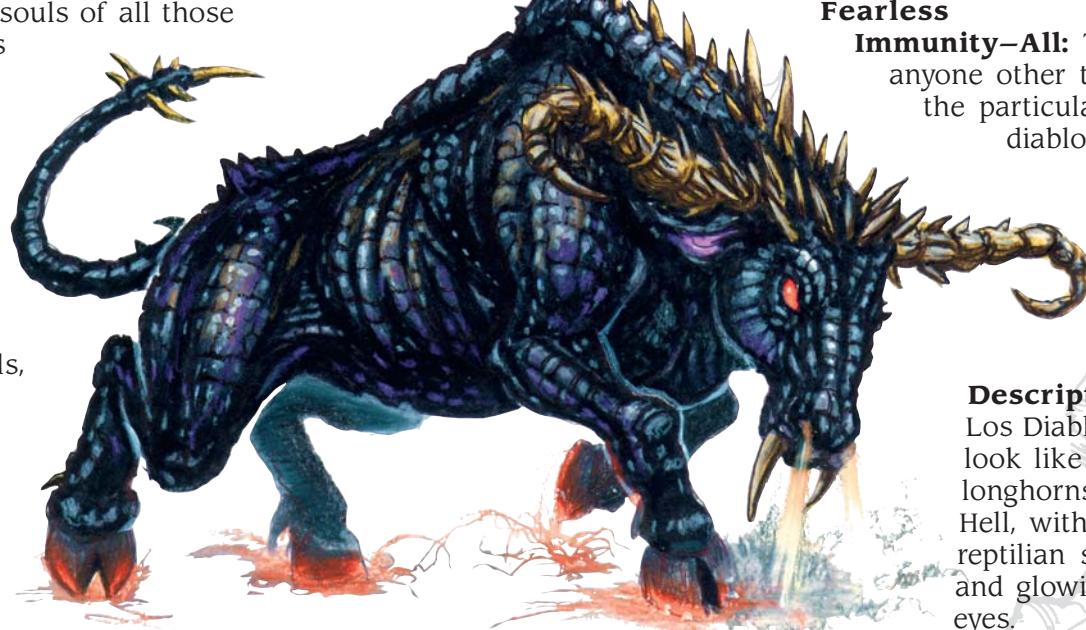
Armor: 2

Coup: A Harrowed character who absorbs a diablo's essence gains 1 point of Armor and 1 point of Grit.

Damage: Horns (STR+3d10)

Fearless

Immunity—All: To anyone other than the particular diablo's target.



Description:

Los Diablos look like Texas longhorns from Hell, with thick reptilian skins, and glowing red eyes.

MAZE DRAGON

All kinds of strange creatures emerged when California fell into the sea. One of the biggest is the California Maze dragon. These tremendous critters attack both ships hauling ore and prospectors mining the canyon walls of the Maze.

Unlike most abominations, Maze dragons are known and accepted as ordinary creatures. Most folks just figure they somehow came with the Great Quake. The Chinese warlords of the area started calling them dragons, and the name stuck.



PROFILE: CALIFORNIA MAZE DRAGON

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:5d12+4, Q:1d10, V:2d12+4

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 5d10, swimmin' 5d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 20

Size: 24 (50 yards long)

Wind: —

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+2d12)

Swallow: The dragon's mouth is large enough to swallow a person whole. With 2 raises on an attack, it does so.

The victim takes 4d6 points of damage every round from the crushing gullet and acidic bile. The only way out is to cut open a slit with 20 points of damage from a shotgun or cutting weapon.

Swimming: Pace 20

Description: Maze

dragons look like sea serpents of legend, with long sinuous bodies covered in thick, slimy scales.

MOJAVE RATTLER

They call these great worms "rattlers" because a person's teeth start chattering as the rattler rumbles through the earth beneath him. Though they are most common in the Mojave, rattlers are also found in isolated flatlands in Montana and Utah. The rattlers of each region tend to have their own colors and even personalities.

Mojave rattlers go straight for the kill, while the ones in Montana are skulkers. Utah rattlers are smaller but faster, and they absolutely love to chase steam wagons across the great Salt Flats. Like Maze dragons, rattlers are accepted near the regions they terrorize. Folks Back East think Weseterners exaggerate, but the locals know better.

Rattlers sense their prey by vibrations in the sand. They can detect the movement of a man up to 200 yards distant. This is an opposed *Cognition* versus *sneak* roll if the prey is trying to be stealthy. Horses are detected at double the distance, and wagons at triple. Note that if a creature runs, its *sneak* totals suffer the usual -4 penalty.

When a rattler moves in for the kill, it bursts up through the earth and tries to snag its prey with one of its tentacles. Though rattlers have many tentacles, they never attempt to capture multiple targets unless their intended victims are very close together, such as a horse and rider, preferring to focus on a single quarry.

The tentacles have a *Strength* of 3d12 and are about a quarter as long as the worm itself. Once they grapple a target with a raise on an opposed *Strength* roll, the worm starts dragging the victim into its crushing maw. Every success on an opposed *Strength* roll drags the rattler's prey 1 yard closer.

The rattler's tentacles (Size 5-10) can take 3 wounds before they're useless and the worm retreats, but bullets and impaling weapons do only a single point each, and shotgun blasts do 2. Cutting weapons do full damage.

PROFILE: MOJAVE RATTLER

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:6d12+20, Q:2d6, V:4d12+24

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 2d8 (when underground)

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8 Overawe 2d10

Pace: 6 (18 underground)

Size: 10-20 (10-100 yards long)

Wind: —

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

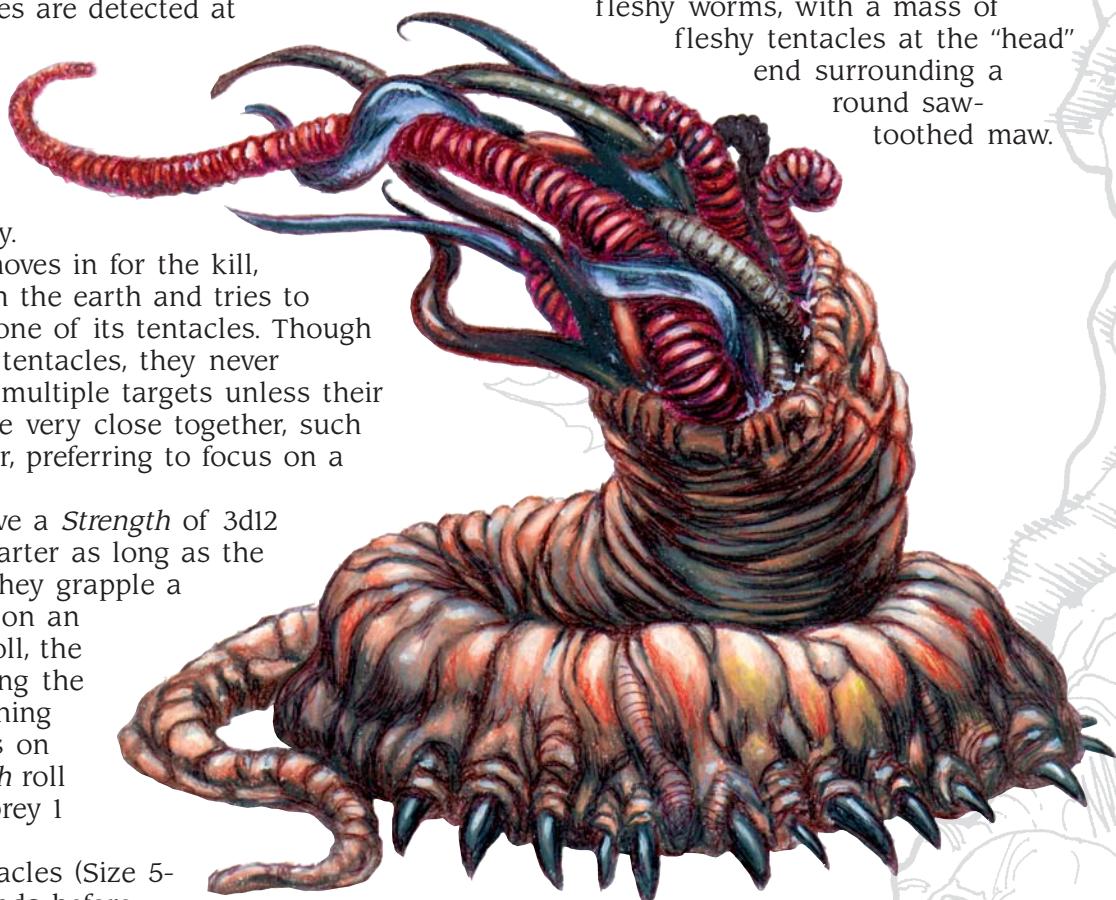
Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (2d20)

Burrowing: Underground Pace 18

Surprise: Travelers who don't recognize the rumblings of a rattler beneath them subtract -4 from their surprise checks.

Description: Rattlers look like huge fleshy worms, with a mass of fleshy tentacles at the "head" end surrounding a round saw-toothed maw.



NIGHT HAUNT

Night haunts are evil creatures of corrupted shadow that subsist on human souls. They are lone hunters that appear only at dusk, following settlers and other travelers across the plains, waiting for them to camp for the night.

When a night haunt spots prey, it hides away in the enshrouding darkness and waits for most of the travelers in the posse to fall asleep before it begins its insidious attack. It then uses mimicry and illusion as a *bluff* test of wills.

The camp's guard, if any, likely sees strange "patches" of darkness or hears a distant baby's cry or some far-off screams—anything the night haunt can do to unnerve its prey. Its goal is to lure the guard out alone, preferably without waking his companions.

If the night haunt is successful, it draws the fool out until he's entirely isolated before it attacks with its soul-wrenching claws. When it has killed its victim, it sups on the fleeing soul, making it impossible for someone killed by a night haunt to become Harrowed.

PROFILE: NIGHT HAUNT

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:4d10, S:2d8, Q:2d12+2, V:1d4
Fightin': brawlin' 5d10, sneak 8d10

Mental: C:4d12, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d10
Bluff 6d8

Pace: 24

Size: 6

Wind: —

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: A night haunt's essence gives a Harrowed character a dark, shadowy appearance. When he concentrates, the Harrowed may add +6 to his *sneak* rolls.

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4), claws (STR+1d6, ignores armor)

Fearless

Hovering: Pace 24. Night haunts float a few feet off the ground and aren't slowed by material objects.

Immunity—

Normal Attacks:

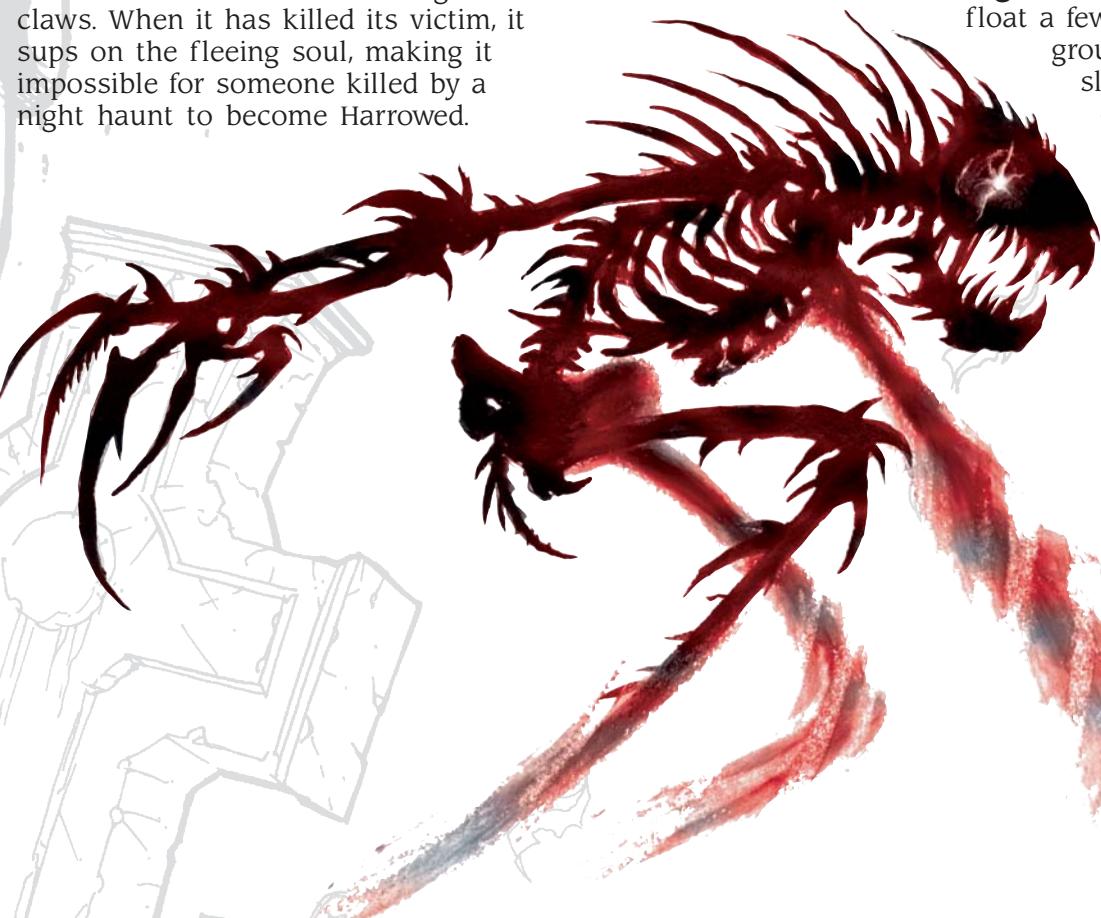
Normal weapons can't hurt a night haunt. Only light (see below) and magical attacks cause it any sort of damage.

Weakness—

Light: Night haunts are creatures of shadow. They cannot exist in bright light. Torches, lanterns, and other weapons used against them

inflict 2d6 points of damage (ignore the user's Strength).

Description: Night haunts resemble thorny shadows straight from a nightmare.



PRAIRIE TICK

Prairie ticks are the scourge of the High Plains. These horrid bloodsuckers live in underground burrows of 11-20 (1d10+10) creatures each, and they are rumored to be controlled by a single, giant queen that rules over each nest.

When they sense prey, the ticks crawl out of their burrow and bound through the tall prairie grass at top speed. They can sense the vibration of a man walking across the desert up to 100 yards away, double that for horses, and quadruple for wagons.

Prairie ticks attack by leaping for the mouth and pulling the victim's lips down with their two front hooks. This is an opposed *fightin' brawlin'* roll. If the tick gets a raise, it's in and slides down the victim's throat. Once inside, the thing's hooked legs sink into the innards, and it begins to drain blood at the rate of 1d4 Wind per hour.

As the host loses wounds to bleeding, the tick gets larger. When the host dies, the tick has grown so large it bursts the ribcage and comes crawling out of the stomach or throat. Anyone who sees this needs to make a Hard (9) *guts* check or very likely lose his lunch.

The only known way to remove a prairie tick inside a host is to pour a quart of castor oil down the victim's throat. The host needs to make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to get the castor oil down. If he does, the tick comes crawling out in 1d4 rounds, doing its *Strength* in damage each round as it does so.

PROFILE: PRAIRIE TICK

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:4d12, S:1d4, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Dodge 2d12, *fightin'* 4d12, *sneak* 3d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Overawe 2d8

Pace: 12

Size: 2

Wind: —

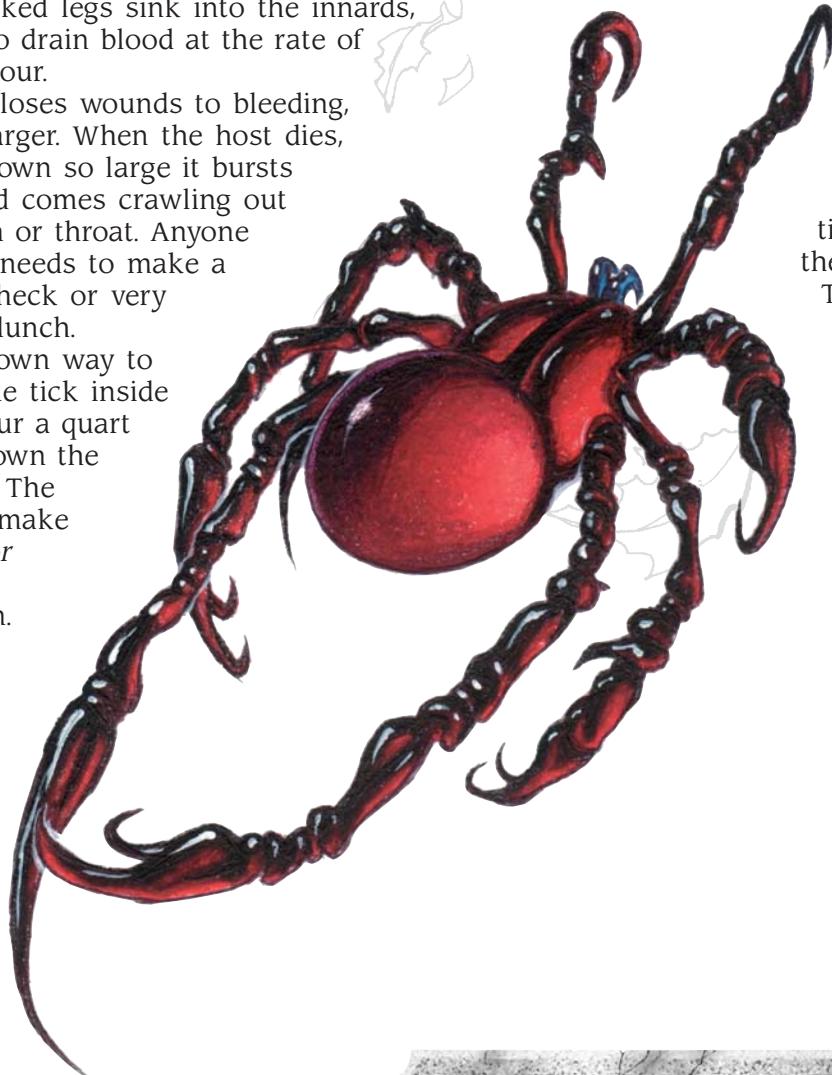
Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Hooks (STR; when prairie ticks can't get at someone's mouth due to a covering of some sort, they swarm over him and try to pick him into unconsciousness with their hooks, then try to crawl inside)

Description: Prairie ticks' bodies are about the size of a man's fist. They are blood-red red in color, with fat bloated bellies and long hooked legs .



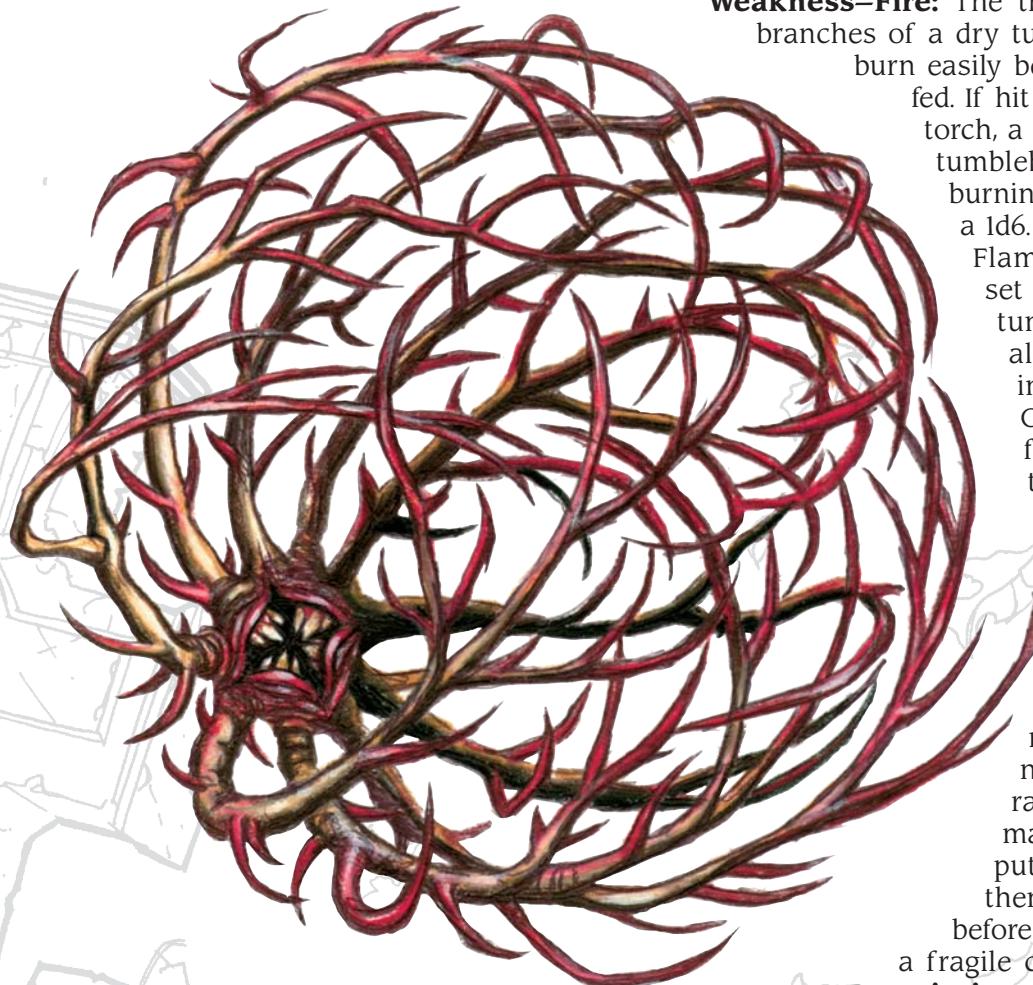
TUMBLEBLEED

In the Weird West, even the tumbleweeds are out to get you.

Tumblebleeds are vicious critters that look just like tumbleweeds, the dried plants you see blowing across the desolate desert plains. They attack by rolling into a victim and entangling him in their thorny branches. The things' mouths and spiny thorns then penetrate the skin and drain the prey's blood.

Tumblebleeds usually travel in packs of three to six for more efficient hunting. Hungry tumblebleeds stay well away from any prey carrying fire—they burn like dry tinder when they haven't fed recently.

A tumblebleed that has just feasted looks like a pile of wet, bloody seaweed.



PROFILE: TUMBLEBLEED

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:1d6, Q:2d8, V:1d4
Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Pace: 18

Size: 4 (2-3' diameter spheroid)

Wind: —

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Mouth (STR), thorns: (STR, brawlin' damage; Lost Wind is actually drained blood. Due to an anti-clotting agent in a tumblebleed's saliva, damage taken from a tumblebleed cannot be healed as easily as normal. Wind lost in this way returns at the rate of 1 per day)

Weakness—Fire: The thorny branches of a dry tumblebleed burn easily before it has fed. If hit by a lit torch, a dry tumblebleed starts burning on 1-3 on a 1d6.

Flamethrowers set the tumblebleed alight immediately. Once on fire, the tumblebleed takes 3d12 damage per round. Unless there's a lake or river nearby, they rarely ever manage to put themselves out before burning to a fragile cinder.

Description: See above.

WALKIN' DEAD

Pulp novels describe zombies as slow and mindless. Obviously the writers have never truly encountered the walking dead. Creatures like these aren't the kind to shuffle about like they hadn't a thought in their rotting heads.

These suckers are mean and clever. They know people think they're supposed to be slow and stupid, so sometimes they act that way just to get close. And by the way, they *do* feed on brains.

PROFILE: WALKIN' DEAD

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:3d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8

Shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d6, climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR)

Fearless

Gear: Many walkin' dead carry weapons they've taken from their victims: pistols, clubs, shotguns, rifles and the like. Or something bigger if you like.

Undead: A walkin' dead's focus is its head.

Description: Walkin' dead appear just like you'd expect: corpses that should be buried six feet under.



VETERAN WALKIN' DEAD

The walkin' dead are those raised straight out of a cemetery, the average folk who just happen to be strolling around when they ought to be napping in the dirt. Sometimes walkin' dead are made out of better stock. Spill a vat of Baron LaCroix's zombie juice near a soldier's graveyard and you'll get a much tougher variety of rotting horrors.

PROFILE: VETERAN WALKIN' DEAD

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:2d10, Q:3d10, V:2d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, search 3d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR)

Fearless

Gear: Like normal walkin' dead, veteran walkin' dead carry weapons they've taken from their victims. They're just usually better at using them.

Undead: A veteran walkin' dead's focus is its head.

Description: Veteran walkin' dead look pretty much like standard walkin' dead, though they are often dressed in the tattered uniforms they died in.

WALL CRAWLER

When travelling through the dim canyons and narrow defiles of the Weird West, travelers with any sense at all should keep an eye on the rock walls above them. There are things lurking there, waiting for a nice soft pink meal to ride by below.

Wall crawlers are predators that hang on the shadowy sides of mesas, waiting for unsuspecting travelers to pass below. When they spot prey, they race down from their perch and strike with lightning speed. Their prey almost never sees them coming before it's too late. This is a good time for a surprise check.

Before they strike, wall crawlers are almost totally silent, their claws scrabbling on rock the only sound they make. Once they reach their prey, they emit an evil hissing.

PROFILE: WALL CRAWLER

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:3d10, Q:2d12+2, V:2d8
Climbin' 8d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d10, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d6
Scrutinize 2d10

Pace: 10 (20 when racing downhill)

Size: 14

Wind: 24

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Damage: Bite (STR+2d8), tail strike
(STR+3d10)

Wall Crawling: Wall crawlers can move over any moderately rough vertical surface at their normal Pace, and can even move along totally horizontal overhangs at half Pace. They don't call 'em wall crawlers for nothing!

Description: Wall crawler's forms combine the worst aspects of a spider and a monitor lizard, with nasty spiky bits all over them for good measure.



WENDIGO

Winters can be tough in the northern reaches of the continent, or the high passes and trails of the Rocky Mountains. The savage cold has driven men and women to resort to the unthinkable to survive on occasion: cannibalism.

There is a price to be paid for such activities, and it's a high one.

Wendigos are the twisted spirits of those who resorted to cannibalism to survive. Their eerie howls can be heard in just about any cold climate, such as states along the Canadian border. They might also appear in more southern areas during harsh winters, but return north as it grows warmer.

Wendigos crave just one simple thing—human flesh to feed the gnawing hunger in their bellies.

There are a few other types of wendigoes. See page 112 for more info.

PROFILE: WENDIGO

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d12, S:3d12+6, Q:4d8, V:3d12
Climbin' 4d12, fightin' brawlin' 6d12, sneak 2d12, swimmin' 2d12, throwin' rocks 4d6,

Mental: C:2d12, K:1d6, M:4d12, Sm:1d8, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge 5d6, overawe 7d12, search 3d12, trackin' 5d12

Pace: 12

Size: 10 (8' tall and thick as tree trunks)

Wind: —

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Coup: A Harrowed who feasts on a wendigo's essence gains immunity to cold and cold-based attacks.

Damage: Bite (1d12+2d6), claws (STR+2d6)

Night Vision: A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as if daylight.

Weakness— Tallow:

A wendigo is instantly killed by pouring hot tallow down his throat.

Description:

Wendigoes are vaguely humanoid mountains of muscle with savage claws, and mouths full of dagger-like teeth. The color of their fur depends on the specific type, though all species stay stained with blood.



WEREWOLF

Lycanthropes come in many forms, like wolves, jackals, and coyotes. Most times, lycanthropes are normal folk, but when a full moon emerges, they lose control and revert to snarling creatures bent on murder.

Some werewolves have fully embraced their cursed state and revel in the destruction they cause. Some few may even seek to become werewolves on purpose! The Reckoners sometimes allow these select few evil and depraved individuals to retain their normal Mental Traits when in werewolf form. Obviously, these werewolves are even more dangerous than the normal type.

Many werewolves existed even before the Reckoning. They are still supernatural creatures of evil, however, and so can be affected by holy rituals such as protection.



PROFILE: WEREWOLF

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d12+4, S:2d12, Q:4d12+4, V:2d10

Dodge 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 6d12+4

Mental: C:2d12, K:1d4, M:3d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6
Overawe 2d10

Pace: 24

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR), claws: (STR+1d6)

Immunity—Normal Damage:

Werewolves take half damage from all normal attacks.

Infection: A character bitten by a werewolf must make an immediate Hard (9) Vigor test. If he fails, he becomes a lycanthrope himself in 1d6 days. From that time on, he transforms into a werewolf every full moon. The character isn't in charge during these episodes, and he doesn't remember what he's done the following morning.

Weakness—

Silver: Silver

bullets, daggers, canes, and the like cause normal damage to werewolves.

Description: Werewolves look like a horrible hybrid of man and wolf, with slavering jaws and razor sharp claws.

COMMON VARMINTS

Animal	Cog	Def	Knw	Mien	Nimb	Qk	Sm	Sp	Str	Vig	Size	Pace
Bear	2d8	1d6	2d4	2d10	2d8	3d10	1d4	2d6	1d12+2	2d12+2	10	8
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, overawe 4d10, sneak 2d8;											
	Damage: Claws (STR+1d4), bite (STR+1d4)											
Buffalo	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	3d6	3d6	1d4	2d6	2d12+4	4d12+4	12	20
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 2d6;											
	Damage: Hooves: (STR); Horns: (STR+1d6)											
Mule	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d6	3d8	2d4	1d6	2d10	4d8	3d10	8	22
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 1d8;											
	Damage: Hooves: (STR)											
Cattle	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	2d10	2d6	1d4	1d4	3d10	3d10	9	10
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 1d10											
	Damage: Hooves (STR); Horns (STR+1d6. Bulls only)											
Condor	2d6	1d6	1d4	1d4	4d8	3d8	2d6	2d6	2d8	2d8	5	20 (flying)
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 3d8											
	Damage: Talons (STR), beak (STR)											
Coyote	1d4	1d4	2d6	2d6	3d8	2d8	2d6	2d6	3d6	4d8	4	12
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 3d8; filchin' 2d4, sneak 2d8, overawe 2d6											
	Damage: Claw (STR), bite (STR+1d4)											
Deer	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	2d10	2d10	1d4	1d4	3d8	2d8	6	22
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 2d10											
	Damage: Hooves (STR+1d4), antlers (STR+1d4)											
Eagle	2d6	1d6	1d4	2d6	2d10	2d8	1d6	3d8	3d6	3d6	3	24 (flying)
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 3d10											
	Damage: Talons (STR)											
Cougar	2d10	1d4	1d4	1d8	3d10	2d12	1d4	2d4	4d6	2d8	6	22
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, overawe 2d8											
	Damage: Claw (STR+1d4), bite (STR+1d4)											
Moose	1d6	1d4	1d4	2d6	2d10	2d4	1d4	1d8	3d12+2	3d12	12	18
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 3d10											
	Damage: Hooves (STR+1d12), antlers (STR+1d6)											
Rattler	2d10	1d4	1d4	1d8	1d6	2d10	1d4	1d4	1d4	2d8	2	22
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, overawe 2d8											
	Damage: Bite (STR+poison)											
	Special Abilities: Terror 3, Poison: Hard (9) TN. Success means the affected location is paralyzed for 1d6 days. Failure results in death in 1d6 hours. A Hard (9) medecine roll removes the poison, as long as it occurs before the last half hour.											
Scorpion	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	2d6	3d10	1d4	1d4	1d4-2	1d4	1	4
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 2d6											
	Damage: Sting (STR+poison)											
	Special Abilities: Poison: Onerous (7) TN. Success means the affected location is paralyzed for 1d6 days. Failure results in death in 1d4 hours. A Hard (9) medecine roll removes the poison, as long as it occurs before the last half hour.											
Wolf	2d6	1d4	1d6	3d6	3d10	2d8	1d6	3d8	2d8	3d10	6	20
	Aptitudes: Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 2d10, overawe 2d6, search 3d4, trackin' 5d4											
	Damage: Claws (STR) bite (STR+1d6)											

ROGUE'S GALLERY

Here are a few standard character types your posse might run into as well.

PROFILE: TYPICAL BANDIT

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 3d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6, survival: plains 4d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Raiders can be found carrying just about any weapon imaginable.

Description: Bandits range from suave "Gentlemen bandits" to murderous thugs.

PROFILE: TYPICAL SOLDIER

These statistics cover typical Western enlisted cavalrymen. Infantry soldiers have similar stats, but drop the *horse ridin'* Aptitude. For low-level officers, add *academia: military history leadership*, and *professional: tactics* at level 2-3. They have the *rank* Edge as well, of course.

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, Q:3d6, S:2d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol (officers), rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: local post 3d6, bluff 2d8, overawe 3d6, persuasion 2d6, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Rank (if an officer)

Hindrances: Obligation: the military -5

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Both infantry and cavalry North and South of the border carry Winchester repeaters. Cavalry for both sides, as well as officers, carry Colt double-action Peacemakers as well. Confederate cavalrymen sometimes carry shotguns for close-in attacks. All cavalry also carry a saber (though they are rarely used these days).

Description: The military ranks are truly America's melting pot. Some are wealthy idealists who want to serve their country, others are criminals hiding from the law, and many are foreigners who had no other career opportunities and joined the service.

PROFILE: TYPICAL LAW DOG

Use the following statistics for your average Deputy Marshals, county sheriffs, town marshals, and the like.

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, Q:2d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 3d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 1d6, area knowledge: (jurisdiction), 2d6, bluff 4d8, overawe 5d12, persuasion 3d12, professional: law 3d6, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Law man 1-3, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Enemy: outlaws -2, obligation: serve their jurisdiction -1-3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Most lawmen carry double-action Colt Peacemakers and keep a Winchester '76 rifle or double-barreled shotgun in their office.

Description: Law dogs are a tough breed. The honest ones suffer the most—they must fight outlaws and the creatures of the Reckoning. Dishonest ones tend to have life a little easier.

BLACK MAGIC

When it suits their purposes, the Reckoners reward mortals with sinister spells. Abilities granted to true abominations and creatures are powers—every ability is unique and granted individually. Black magic spells are the tools of witches, evil sorcerers, and unholy acolytes who have learned pagan incantations and dark rites. These spells come from the Reckoners, though those who dabble in the black arts are rarely aware of it.

Mortals (or at least those acolytes who started life as mortals) granted the ability to use black magic often believe vehemently in dark gods, but in truth, their deities are only manifestations of the Reckoners' awesome power. If these lords of darkness really exist, they rally beside the Reckoners. If there is such a creature as Lucifer, for example, he allows the Reckoners to reward the twisted cultists who worship him. Or it may be that Lucifer is somehow *part* of the Reckoners. At this point, even those few who understand the nature of the Reckoning are unsure.

In any case, black magic is based on the faith of a dark soul in his or her god, spirits, or other form of evil religion or power. The sorcery they wield manifests in many different forms, but they are all “spells,” and draw their power from the Reckoners themselves.

USING BLACK MAGIC

This system has been designed for you, Marshal. You don't want a complicated system when you're running an exciting tale of terror in the Weird West, so we've made things simple for you.

Black magic is flexible enough to cover many different kinds of evil spellcasters, so you don't have to come up with lots of different spells for each kind of cultist the heroes might come across. After all, a *bolt o' doom* has pretty much the same effect no matter if it looks like a blast of radiant light, a bolt of ice, fire, or a column of angry killer bees.

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Most of the time, a disciple's black magic works without a hitch. She points her finger at some poor sap and watches his head explode—nothing to it.

Only rarely do these spells fail. To reflect this, a villain using black magic need only make a Foolproof (3) *faith* check every time she casts a spell. If she succeeds, the spell works normally. If she fails such a simple test, the Reckoners have decided to remind the follower of the fickle nature of their dark gift. This is rare but painful, and it can be quite embarrassing when it happens.

The Reckoners show their disapproval by causing the spell to misfire. Choose an effect you feel is appropriate, or roll on the **Black Magic Misfires** table below whenever this occurs.

BLACK MAGIC MISFIRES

d20	Effect
1-4	The spell fails and the minion cannot use it for 1d6 rounds.
5-8	The spell fails and the minion cannot use it for 24 hours.
9-12	The spell fails and the minion cannot use it until he atones by performing some dark deed.
13-14	The misfire stuns the minion until she makes an Incredble (11) recovery check.
15-16	The minion's body courses with arcane energy. She suffers 5d6 damage that ignores any protection or immunities.
17-18	The spell affects the minion or a cohort. If not an attack, the target receives the spell's benefit. A divination spell might give the <i>victim</i> a vision of an ambush planned by the disciple, for example.
19	The caster's innards broil with dark flame, causing 5d10 damage to her guts regardless of any protection or immunities.
20	The user is engulfed in black flames and perishes instantly.



BLACK MAGIC AND THE BLESSED

Gods protect their servants. Any blessed can resist black magic cast on him with his *faith*. This is an opposed roll versus the spellcaster's *faith* roll. If the blessed's roll is greater than or equal to the sorcerer's, the spell fails to work. This resistance roll does not take an action.

If a warlock targets someone else with a spell, a blessed hero may try to intervene. Doing so does requires that the hero know the spell is being used and has an action available. He must also be able to physically interpose himself between the spellcaster and the target. The blessed must then make a *faith* check just as above. If he meets or beats the evil magician's total, the spell has no effect. Otherwise, the blessed character takes the effect of the spell himself. A hero can even perform this sacrificial action at any time. In combat, he may act "out of turn" by throwing away his highest action card, just like *vamoosin'*.

EVIL IN THE AIR

The powers of darkness are strong in the wake of the Reckoning. A blessed's *faith* rolls are reduced by an area's Fear Level when resisting black magic.

HOLY GROUND

On consecrated ground, *any* person with *faith* in that particular religion may resist black magic. The procedure is the same as for blessed characters. Additionally, blessed characters on holy ground get to add +4 to their *faith* rolls for resisting black magic.

SPELL LEVELS

Spells are rated from 1 to 5. A minion with a level one spell is often little more than a lackey trusted with but a spark of power. A dark sorcerer with a spell at level five is a favored servant of the Reckoners.

SPELLS

These are some basic spells to help you customize your own villains and miscreants. You should fill in the details of the spells you give them depending on the situation.

Speed is the number of actions it takes to cast the spell. Resolve the effects on the last card spent. A spell with a Speed of 2, for instance, is resolved on the villain's second Action Card.

Duration is how long the spell remains in effect.

Trappings is the method used to start the spell or the visual effects it creates. A worm-worshipping cultist's *bolts o' doom* might manifest as a shower of maggots, while one of Baron LaCroix's evil voodoo priests might cast a beam of icy blackness. The trappings don't really matter, they're just an easy way of making the same basic black magic spells have many different appearances.

ANIMAL MASTERY

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 scene

Trappings: Glowing eyes (in animal and cultist), or an inky black cloud around the critters

The cultist can call on a number of wild critters to do his bidding. The distance the critters are when called—and how far they can be away while controlled—varies, as do the kind of critters called.

The number of animals the cultist can control depends on his spell level, but of course you can adjust them as you see fit.

If the cultist wants to control a specific animal, such as one owned by a player character, the animal resists with its *Spirit*. The cultist rolls his *faith* and adds his *animal mastery* rank to the total. If the animal's owner is nearby, she can make a Fair (5) *animal wranglin'* roll to help out her stray varmint. Each success and raise adds +2 to the critter's *Spirit* total.

ANIMAL MASTERY

Level	Range	Kind of Creatures
1	10 yards	Bats or crows
2	100 yards	Black cats
3	1 mile	Hungry wolves
4	5 miles	Wild horses
5	50 miles	Angry bears

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BOLTS O' DOOM

Speed: 1

Duration: Instant

Trappings: Fire, ice, darkness, colored light, or objects or critters associated with the cultist

This spell manifests itself in many forms depending on the nature of the user. Flaming *bolts o' doom* may ignite the victim's clothes, a shower of rats gnaws a victim to the bone, and so on.

The attack roll for *bolts o' doom* is a *throwin': unbalanced* check. You should assume most cultists with this curse have the Aptitude. If not, they can make a default *Deftness* check as usual.

You have to figure out the aftereffects of particularly exotic attacks yourself. Generally, if an attack has a lingering effect (such as those rats we mentioned), they do 1 die of the spell's basic damage at the beginning of each round afterwards.

BOLTS O' DOOM

Level	Damage	Range	Increment
1	3d6	3	
2	4d8	5	
3	4d10	10	
4	5d12	20	
5	5d20	50	

CLOAK O' EVIL

Speed: 1

Duration: 2 rounds/*faith* level

Trappings: Blurred image, cloud of darkness or mist, flash of energy, mystical haze of things associated with the cultist

In the age of the six-gun and Gatling pistol, no self-respecting cultist can make do in a head-on confrontation without a dark miracle to turn away the bullets and arrows of the world's heroes.

The modifiers below apply to the die roll of anyone attacking the cultist, whether by missile, magic (that requires an attack roll), or melee.

CONTAGION

CLOAK O' EVIL

Level	Modifier
1	-2 to hit
2	-4 to hit
3	-6 to hit
4	-8 to hit
5	-10 to hit

CONTAGION

Speed: 1

Duration: Permanent (until cured)

Trappings: Evil eye, glowing hand, serums, hypodermics, rats

This insidious spell is used to cause horrible diseases. This is usually done by tainting water or food, in which case everyone who partakes may contract the disease.

A black magician can also transmit the disease by touch. Of course, few able-bodied heroes are likely to stand still to find out why some chanting lunatic wants to stick 'em with some big needle. In combat, the sorcerer needs to make a *fightin' brawlin'* roll to transmit a disease by hand.

In either case, once a victim has come into contact with the *contagion*, she must make a *Vigor* roll against the appropriate TN. If she fails, she acquires a fatal *ailin'* Hindrance. The disease takes immediate effect on the victim.

Worse, any disease delivered by a *contagion* spell is contagious. Anyone having physical contact with a victim of the hex must make a Foolproof (3) *Vigor* roll or contract the illness as well.

Unlike with the normal *ailin'* Hindrance, a disease inflicted by *contagion* can be cured by a physician. Healing a patient afflicted by *contagion* requires one week and an Incredible (II) *medicine: general* roll.

Level	Vigor TN
1	3
2	5
3	7
4	9
5	II

CURSE

Speed: 1d6 minutes

Duration: Permanent until dispelled

Trappings: The "evil eye," voodoo dolls, poisons, strange marks

Evil cults have more ways to punish those who cross them than just sending a group of robed thugs to shed a little blood. There are much more subtle methods of vengeance.

Curse inflicts a slow wasting on the target. This is represented by a daily loss of the victim's Wind. Wind lost to this black magic cannot be recovered by normal means. Once the victim reaches 0 Wind, she becomes bedridden. She begins to suffer wound levels as usual when her Wind goes negative.

The caster must be able to see the target and have an item belonging to the victim in order to cast the spell. After that, the spell has no range restriction, and a virtually limitless duration.

Killing the cultist who invoked the curse ends the spell. While magical cures such as *succor*, *lay on hands*, or *helpin' hand* restore the lost Wind, they do not prevent any further losses.

Finally, all *curse*s have a method for removal specific to the cult. This is often used as a method to force the victim into a course of action. Whether or not a cultist can voluntarily remove a curse once inflicted is up to you.

CURSE

Level	Wind Lost
1	1 per day
2	1d2 per day
3	1d3 per day
4	1d4 per day
5	1d6 per day

DARK PROTECTION

Speed: 1

Duration: 2 rounds/faith level

Trappings: Scaly skin, bony armor, shimmer of energy or light

Cultists hate to see their evil plots foiled by a six cent bullet. A *cloak of evil* is nice, but good shots are likely to plug the disciple in the eyeball anyway. The *dark protection* spell helps them avoid such ignominious fates.

Dark protection acts as armor, reducing damage normally. You can decide if the spell protects against magical attacks, electricity, or similar damage.

DARK PROTECTION

Level	Armor
1	1 level
2	2 levels
3	3 levels
4	4 levels
5	5 levels

FOREWARNIN'

Speed: 5-30 minutes

Duration: Special

Trappings: Tarot cards, bones, entrails, tea leaves, crystal balls

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Foreknowledge of the future is little more than an educated guess. The disciple can never be sure of his vision, for the future is a labyrinth of individual decisions. Like water, the future runs the path of least resistance. Occasionally, however, an unexpected channel opens that changes the entire course of things.

You should use this spell mostly as a plot device. If you want the bad guys to ambush your party or prepare against some really devastating surprise, this is the spell that gets you off the hook.

The speed to use the spell depends on the focus. Each level of the spell allows the disciple to look further into the future.

FOREWARNIN'

Level	Time
1	1 hour
2	1 day
3	1 month
4	1 year
5	1 decade



GHOSTLY SERVANT

Speed: 1

Duration: 1 minute/*faith* level

Trappings: Strong winds, murmuring voices, elaborate gestures, large hands, phantom servants

Sure, hucksters have *phantom fingers*—big deal. Evil cultists have the whole hand!

Using this incantation, a cultist can use ethereal hands to lift, move, and even hurl objects in the physical world. Treat the hands as an invisible servant with the *Strength* listed below.

The hands can affect anything within sight and 10 yards times the caster's *faith* level.

GHOSTLY SERVANT

Level Strength

1	Caster's <i>faith</i> +1 step
2	Caster's <i>faith</i> +2 steps
3	Caster's <i>faith</i> +3 steps
4	Caster's <i>faith</i> +4 steps
5	Caster's <i>faith</i> +5 steps

ILLUSION

Speed: 2

Duration: 1 hour/*faith* level

Trappings: Hypnotism, heavy incense, gas, mirages, poison

The forces of evil have always been masters of lies and deceit, so it's no surprise some favored servants have been granted the power to change the appearance of reality.

Illusion affects an area up to a radius equal to the caster's *faith* times 10 feet. Inside that area, the caster can produce illusions of nearly anything she chooses.

These illusions are very realistic and difficult to detect. A character who suspects he is the victim of an illusion must make a *Cognition* roll to recognize what he sees as phantasm. The TN for the *Cognition* roll is based on the

caster's skill with the spell. If the hero is successful, he has seen through the *illusion* and is unaffected by the spell.

If the caster wishes, she may summon up horrific images to terrify her victims. This is a simple action on the caster's part, and it can only be done once per round. Viewers who fail to detect the *illusion* must make a *Guts* check against the TN shown on the table below.

While the caster can have the *illusion* attack the characters, it's not particularly well suited for this. The skill of any "creature" within the *illusion* is the cultist's *faith*. Even then, any successful hit does only 1 Wind for each level she has in the spell. Heroes who make their *Cognition* roll to detect the *illusion* are invulnerable to these attacks.

This spell is best used to mislead the posse or frame innocent folks. The *illusion* affects all the senses, but only for its duration, so if it's used as an attack, a clever hero quickly notices the *illusion*'s lack of force.

ILLUSION

Level	Cognition TN	Guts TN
1	5	3
2	7	5
3	9	7
4	11	9
5	13	11

PACT

Speed: 1

Duration: Varies

Trappings: An amulet, a sacrifice, arcane sigils

Abominations are independent horrors. Even if two night haunts arise in the same town, they may or may not become allies in terror.

The *pact* spell allows a cultist to form a tenuous contract with an abomination with animal intelligence or any other "mindless" horror. Truly intelligent monsters are not affected by this spell but might be otherwise bargained with depending on the situation and the offer (which doesn't require a spell to do).

To force a pact with a more savage and feral creature of darkness, the cultist must beat it in a *Spirit* contest, adding his spell level to the roll. If he wins, the creature is bound to him for the duration below.



Level	Duration
1	1 round
2	1 minute
3	1 hour
4	1 day
5	1 week

PUPPET

Speed: 3

Duration: Varies

Trappings: An evil stare, a kiss, a touch, a potion

The *puppet* spell allows minions of the Reckoners to control a person's mind and make him commit unspeakable acts. It's about the worst thing a black-heart can do to a true hero—making him do the very evil he lives to fight.

To use the spell, the caster makes an opposed *faith* roll versus the target's *Spirit*, adding +1 to his own roll for each level he has in *puppet*.

If successful, the target becomes the minion's puppet for the duration below, plus another increment of that duration for each raise on the opposed roll. Whether there's a telepathic link between them is the Marshal's call.

A person affected by the *puppet* spell can occasionally snap out of his stupor. Anytime the *puppet* is forced to commit an act that is completely against his basic nature, he may attempt a *Spirit* roll to break free of his master's grip.



Level	Duration
1	1 round
2	1 minute
3	1 hour
4	1 day
5	1 week

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SCRYE

Speed: 1 minute

Duration: Concentration

Trappings: Crystal balls, visions, eyeballs (clairvoyance), ears (clairaudience)

Dark minions often need to track their prey. The *scrye* spell grants them a vision, allowing the evil magician to watch and even listen in on his opponents. The spell doesn't necessarily tell the caster where the subjects are, but if the cultist is familiar with the area, he can make an *area knowledge* roll to figure it out. The TN depends on what sort of landmarks can be seen in the vision as set by the Marshal.

The spell level determines the distance from which the party can be spied upon.



Level	Distance
1	1-mile radius
2	10-mile radius
3	50-mile radius
4	100-mile radius
5	No limit

SENDIN'

Speed: 2d6 minutes

Duration: One night

Trappings: Nightmares

When a hero gets on the bad side of a cult, it may seem there's nowhere left to hide. *Sendin'* lets the unholy hound their prey even in sleep.

This spell allows the cultist to inflict nightmares upon the character. Treat it as if the character were afflicted with the Hindrance *night terrors*. Although each casting lasts only a single night, the cultist can recast the spell on the victim each night to get a sustained drain on the character's will. The TN for the victim's *Spirit* roll to resist the

nightmare is Hard (9). Feel free to tailor these nightmares to fit the scenario or campaign rather than simply telling the character she's having bad dreams.

SENDIN'

Level	Range
1	100 yards
2	500 yards
3	1 mile
4	5 miles
5	10 miles

SPOOK

Speed: 1

Duration: Special

Trappings: The being's own bone-ugliness, an icy grip, a weird stare
The minions of evil are a creepy lot. This gift makes them even more so. Some find it easier to scare off curious folks than confront them.

When cast, the disciple causes all those who can see him to make an immediate *guts* check.

The level of the spell determines the TN of the *guts* check.

SPOOK

Level	Modifier
1	3
2	5
3	7
4	9
5	11

STORMCALL

Speed: 5-30 minutes

Duration: Varies

Trappings: Blizzards, hailstorms, tornadoes

Few things make folks nervous like a dark and stormy night. Better yet, bad weather is quite handy for keeping a

posse pinned down while a cult carries out its abominable schemes.

Stormcall brings a terrible squall down upon the area. Anyone venturing out into the storm is battered and torn, both by the storm itself and by the array of whirling debris stirred up by it. Any hapless sodbuster who gets caught in it slowly takes Wind damage.

The area affected by the spell, as well as the Wind damage inflicted on those in the storm, are based on the caster's spell level.

STORMCALL

Level	Area of Effect	Wind Loss
1	1-mile radius	1/30 minutes
2	5-mile radius	1/10 minutes
3	10-mile radius	1/5 minutes
4	25-mile radius	1/minute
5	50-mile radius	1/6 rounds

STUN

Speed: 1

Duration: Varies

Trappings: Bindings, energy, poisons

Sometimes evil cultists need living victims for their pagan sacrifices. Most folks won't willingly strap themselves onto an altar, so the dark disciples of the Reckoners need some way to stun their prey that doesn't blast holes in them like *bolts o' doom* tend to. When a cultist wants someone still kicking, this is the spell they use.

To do so, the minion must touch or fire a projectile at the victim. If it hits, the victim makes a *Vigor* check against the appropriate TN (as shown below). The amount of time the victim remains paralyzed or unconscious also increases with the spell level, though the cultist can end his curse whenever he likes.

STUN

Level	TN	Duration
1	3	1d4 rounds
2	5	1 minute
3	7	1 hour
4	9	1 day
5	11	Until dispelled

TRANSFORMATION

Speed: 2

Duration: 2 rounds/level

Trappings: Body painting, self-mutilation, jagged claws

Voodoo legends abound with stories of bokkor who transform themselves into werewolves or worse. Other evil cultists often transform into minions of their dark pantheon.

With *transformation*, the cultist calls on the power of her dark patrons to change her physical form. This is a spell and not a natural ability like that of certain abominations. As such, it requires the caster to perform a short ritual.

Transformation alters the cultist's body into a fearsome monstrosity of some sort. The appearance of the monstrosity is up to you, Marshal, but it should be something horrible. At lower levels, it may only change a limb or two, but more skilled casters can affect their entire body.

When transformed, the caster takes on whatever form is appropriate. It's hard to list levels for an effect like that, so you'll need to decide exactly how powerful the new form is and what the cultist's *transformation* level is.

The level determines how long it takes to complete the *transformation* as well as its duration.

TRANSFORMATION

Level Speed Duration

1	5	2 rounds/ <i>faith</i> level
2	4	1 minute/ <i>faith</i> level
3	3	1 hour/ <i>faith</i> level
4	2	As desired
5	1	As desired

ZOMBIE

Speed: 2d6 actions

Duration: Varies

Trappings: Pentagrams, dust, potions

This spell turns a corpse into a walkin' dead, pure and simple.

This does not create corpses. It animates those that exist. The newly undead can go make new corpses out of the posse though.

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Corpses made in this way don't last long—a couple of weeks at best. There are exceptions, of course, like the soldiers in Santa Anna's Army of the Dead, but most necromancers can only make the dead walk for a night or so.

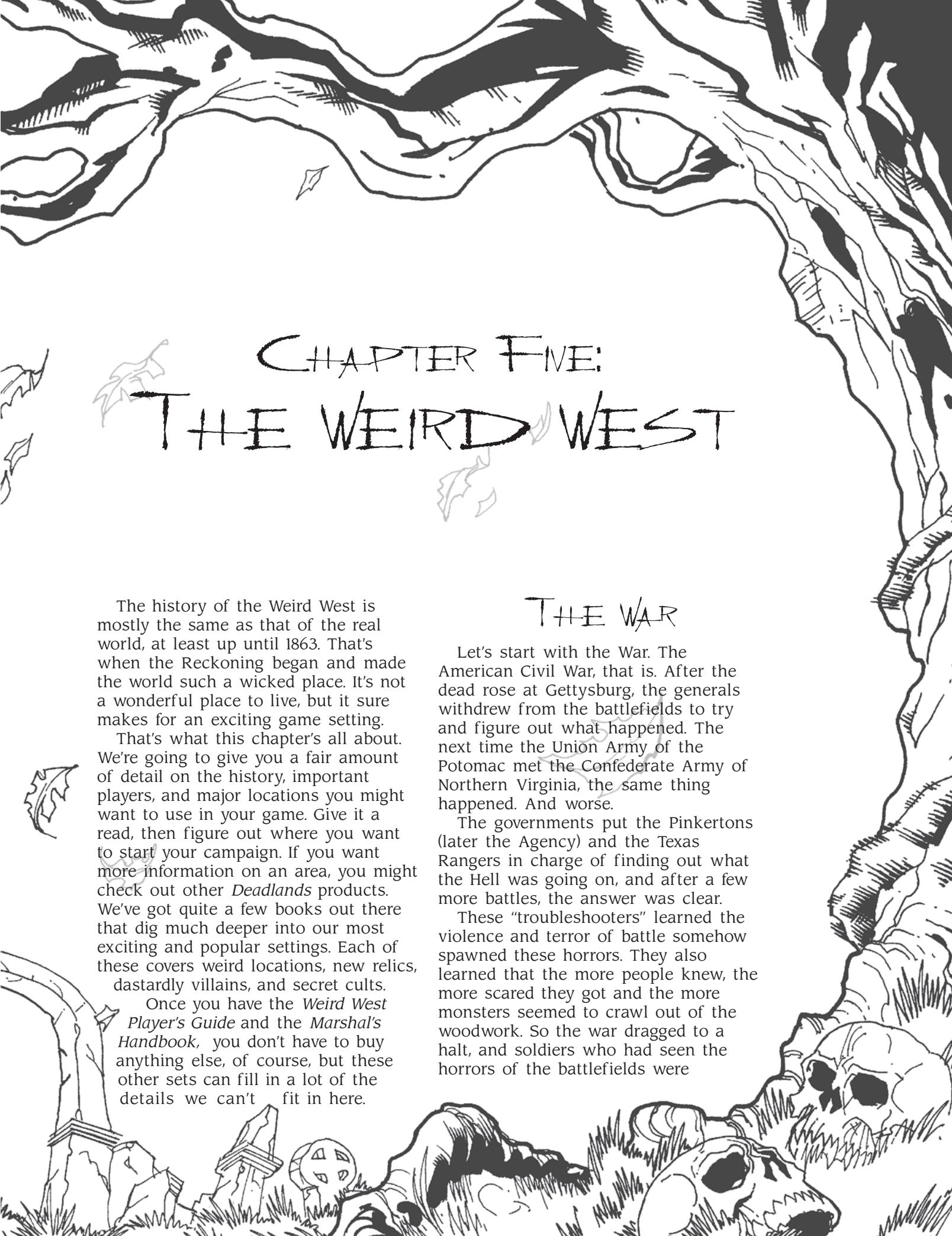
Treat the zombies as walkin' dead. *Zombie* used on a battlefield might produce "veteran" walkin' dead. Both are detailed later in this chapter.

ZOMBIE

Level	Number of Undead
1	1 human
2	1 creature of any size
3	1d6 humanoids
4	4d6 humanoids
5	A cemetery (50 people)







CHAPTER FIVE: THE WEIRD WEST

The history of the Weird West is mostly the same as that of the real world, at least up until 1863. That's when the Reckoning began and made the world such a wicked place. It's not a wonderful place to live, but it sure makes for an exciting game setting.

That's what this chapter's all about. We're going to give you a fair amount of detail on the history, important players, and major locations you might want to use in your game. Give it a read, then figure out where you want to start your campaign. If you want more information on an area, you might check out other *Deadlands* products. We've got quite a few books out there that dig much deeper into our most exciting and popular settings. Each of these covers weird locations, new relics, dastardly villains, and secret cults.

Once you have the *Weird West Player's Guide* and the *Marshal's Handbook*, you don't have to buy anything else, of course, but these other sets can fill in a lot of the details we can't fit in here.

THE WAR

Let's start with the War. The American Civil War, that is. After the dead rose at Gettysburg, the generals withdrew from the battlefields to try and figure out what happened. The next time the Union Army of the Potomac met the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, the same thing happened. And worse.

The governments put the Pinkertons (later the Agency) and the Texas Rangers in charge of finding out what the Hell was going on, and after a few more battles, the answer was clear.

These "troubleshooters" learned the violence and terror of battle somehow spawned these horrors. They also learned that the more people knew, the more scared they got and the more monsters seemed to crawl out of the woodwork. So the war dragged to a halt, and soldiers who had seen the horrors of the battlefields were

split up, and convinced they had suffered some sort of insanity or mass delusion caused by the horrors of War.

From that point on, both the US and Confederate governments have worked very hard to keep the existence of the supernatural quiet. At first, this almost worked. The battles stopped for a while, agents sought out and dealt with the first abominations, and those who saw them were kept quiet.

But the Reckoners weren't defeated so easily.

A 17 YEAR WAR?

How could a conflict that ended in five years in the real world (1861-1865) still be going on in *Deadlands* for 17 years?

There are two answers. First, blame it on the manitous. Whenever the armies fought a major battle after Gettysburg, too many weird things happened. The generals could hardly press their attacks with reports of dead men stalking the battlefields. If you want details on some of these battles, check out *Tales o' Terror: 1877*. In addition to updating current events in the Weird West, it takes a look at a few of the more important battles that have raged since the Reckoning.

The second answer is that the war has gone through many lulls in the last 17 years. These "cold wars" erupt every other year or so, particularly around Election time (1860 and every four years afterwards). The historically minded of you might realize that means the South essentially won the War. After all, they were only after their own independence, right?

From our modern perspective that might be true, but try telling that to one of the shell-shocked survivors who live along the Mason-Dixon line between the two nations. Or any of the besieged towns along the Mississippi, now called the "River of Blood" by some.

With periodic offensives, constant raids, spies, sabotage, and a continuing Northern blockade that has economically devastated the South, there are scant few Rebels who would claim they have won. They might say so in the pulpits, podiums, and papers, but quietly, most think the Civil War is at a long stalemate with no end in sight.

THE GREAT QUAKE

The west coast has been rocked by violent quakes for several million years. The ancient people who lived there knew it, and prayed to the earth spirits to protect them. The spirits agreed and the deal was sealed with great pictures, known as the "rock paintings," up and down the fault line of the coast. A few thousand years later, the Native Americans of the coast maintained the images, though they had forgotten their specific purpose. But the Reckoners knew, and they led Raven to the secret. In early 1868, he ventured there, vandalized the paintings, and used his magical powers to start a minor tremor. The earth spirits, infuriated at the destruction of their millennia-old memorials, turned the tiny tremor into the greatest earthquake the world has ever seen.

California fell into the sea, turning the land that remained into a massive labyrinth of towering sea-canyons. Thousands died. But that wasn't the Reckoners real purpose. Their true goal was to provide an excuse to expose an incredible new mineral. The stunned survivors of the quake discovered it first. A group of survivors near San Diego found that the black rock they had gathered was not coal as they had thought. It was an entirely new substance that burned nearly 100 times hotter, brighter, and longer than coal.

At first these tales received little notice, but as more and more people reported discovering rich veins of the stuff, the public realized there might be something to the stories after all. The dust of the quake had barely settled before a bunch of scientific types headed west to check things out. They called this stuff "ghost rock" because of the ghostly vapors and low moan the rock emits when burned. The inventors who tried to demonstrate ghost rock's incredible properties were first laughed at as eccentric kooks. That's when the members of the press dubbed them "mad scientists." The name stuck, but it didn't take more than a few flying machines and ghost rock and steam-powered horseless carriages to convince the public there were fortunes to be made from their madness.

WAR MACHINES

The Confederate government was especially interested. President Jefferson Davis got the notion these amazing inventions could be used to turn the tide of the war. In January of 1869, Davis declared that the Union state of California no longer existed and the "Great Maze" was now a Confederate Territory. His plan was to seize the ghost rock for the South and develop an army of war machines the likes of which the world had never seen.

Teams of Texas Rangers combed the West to recruit those with knowledge of ghost rock. Those scientists who signed up with the Rebels were taken to a secret Confederate base at Roswell, New Mexico.

Those scientists who refused the Texas Rangers' offer couldn't pass their knowledge on—at least not without a seance. This is why mad scientists tend to keep to themselves to this very day.

Davis has never really got hold of the Maze, but he has been able to establish enough pro-Southern settlements there to secure a decent supply of ghost rock. Mile-long mule trains carry tons of the stuff to Roswell, long ago establishing the now-famous "Ghost Trail."

The scientists at the secret base in Roswell conducted every conceivable experiment (and a few inconceivable) to create infernal devices. In less than a year, Davis demanded the scientists turn over their gizmos—ready or not.

THE BATTLE OF WASHINGTON

The Confederates attacked Washington with their new toys in February of '71. The Union forces were caught completely off-guard and pushed back into southern Pennsylvania. Fortunately for the boys in blue, the Confederates' gizmos began to conk out and the Rebel supply of ghost rock ran low. Ulysses Grant, Commander of the Army of the Potomac, rallied his forces and staged a massive counterattack. Lee was forced to retire across the Potomac.

Fortunately for the Union, the Confederate war engine was spent. The overworked inventors back at Roswell

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did not fare well. Many went mad while developing the new weapons. Some had been killed in experiments or while attempting to repair their gizmos on the battlefield. A larger number, tired of the horrible conditions at Roswell, deserted. Some took their weird gizmos with them. It is said the bones of many of these mad scientists still lie bleaching in the desert beside their priceless inventions.

To make matters worse for the Rebels, a famous band of Union soldiers known as the "Flying Buffalos" raided the base in early '72. These men, led by veteran officer Jay Kyle and Sergeant Amos, stole many of the South's best designs. Davis was furious and responded by ordering the base to be moved to a secret, underground location with only one entrance. To hide the base, the Confederates detonated tons of ghost rock and low-grade coal to create burning ore piles, then they leaked word that a horrible experiment had caused a disaster. The public believes the "secret" base was destroyed and figures the Confederates have another one somewhere else.. That's almost true. The new base lies beneath the smoldering ruins of the old. Only a few senior Texas Rangers and the special infantry detail that guards the camp know the safe routes in. Even the scientists inside are kept in the dark, literally, to make sure they don't desert.

THE AFTERMATH

These events were the kick in the pants needed to get the US government's attention. Grant realized war machines powered by ghost rock were the way of the future. His weary eyes turned toward the Maze.

Secretly, he commissioned the construction of "Fort 51," a secret base in southern Nevada designed to be the equivalent of the Confederate's laboratory in Roswell.

Publicly, Grant started the Great Rail Wars.

THE GREAT RAIL WARS

The ghost rock rush and the renewed vigor of the War Between the States spawned the hateful stepchild known as the Great Rail Wars.

In an impassioned speech before a joint session of Congress, Grant proposed the government support the construction of a transcontinental railroad. Plans for such a railroad had been proposed before, but the war and the rise of the Indian nations had derailed them (no pun intended, Marshal).

The next day, Congress unanimously passed the Transcontinental Railroad Act. It offered a 10-year monopoly on government ghost rock shipments to the first railroad to complete a continuous rail line to the Maze. The contract was worth billions.

Across the border, Jeff Davis realized the first country to have rail access to

the Maze would not only have an edge on creating new war machines (not to mention billions of dollars to build them), but could also quickly mass troops along its length. He urged the Confederate Congress to match the US offer. They did. The Confederate Rail Committee was created days after the US legislation passed.

THE COMING OF THE GANGS

The race quickly captured the public's imagination. The furthest position of the railroads' work crews was reported daily in the newspapers. Fortunes were won and lost speculating on the railroads' stocks. Betting on which railroad would be the first to reach a certain longitude became a national pastime.

At first, dozens of railroads competed to be the first to reach the Great Maze. Then the race got dirty. With so much at stake, competition steadily escalated, making the rail wars of the mid-1860s look like a bake-off. All the railroads recruited gangs of hired guns—and sometimes stranger allies. The more scrupulous companies used them to guard their interests. The underhanded ones used them to actively sabotage their rivals.

By 1870, only six of the most powerful and well-financed railroads remained in the race to the coast.

BAYOU VERMILION

Bayou Vermilion is run by a wealthy New Orleans merchant of Haitian descent, Baron Simone LaCroix. The public doesn't know much about the reclusive LaCroix. The Baron's hermit-like behavior has led to all types of wild stories, including some that claim he dabbles in the black arts. It isn't even known where he gets his baronial title from, but he insists he be addressed as such by his employees.

In truth, Baron Simone LaCroix gets his name from the cult that worshipped him in his native Haiti. As you might have guessed, LaCroix is a voodoo master of the first order. His mysterious first name—Simone—is normally a



woman's name. His cult gave him that name—after he consumed his sister alive in a bizarre voodoo ritual (see *River o' Blood* for the whole story).

LaCroix cares nothing for the railroad or the race to the coast itself. He drives to Lost Angels because one of his dark deities told him to. His only real enjoyment is power and the terror he spreads along the way.

When his railroad is far enough from civilization, Baron LaCroix allows the scores of young and ambitious houngans (voodoo priests) to raise the dead and put them to work on the line. Strangers unfortunate enough to see the dead men will likely be grabbing a pickax and joining them shortly after the houngans catch up with them.

Bayou Vermillion's expansion slowed considerably after arriving in Tombstone, Arizona. The local Apache tribes, who see his use of the dead in the isolated outlands, revile B.V. and its houngans. They destroy these blasphemies every chance they get, usually taking a few valuable houngans and hired guns with them. This has forced the redeployment of guards and work crews along the length of the railroad. B.V.'s glassy-eyed guards are not particularly observant, but dangerous and difficult to put down in a fair fight.

BLACK RIVER

Black River Railroad was run by Miles Devlin, a ruthless S.O.B. by anyone's standards. Back in '67, the Tennessee Central railroad tried to pressure Devlin into selling his company. When that didn't work, they put a bullet in his back. But no one counted on Miles' wife Mina. When Mina Devlin inherited Black River's stock, everyone expected her to sell it. They were sorely disappointed. In the next few months, this raven-haired beauty proved she was twice as bright and four times as mean as her late husband. Some say Mina only turned cruel after Miles' assassination. Truth is she was born a black-hearted seductress, willing to do anything to accomplish her goals. Her and Miles were truly a match made in Hell and she avenged his death with blood. It

wasn't long before a number of executives from Tennessee Central (and their families) were on permanent sabbatical in Hell.

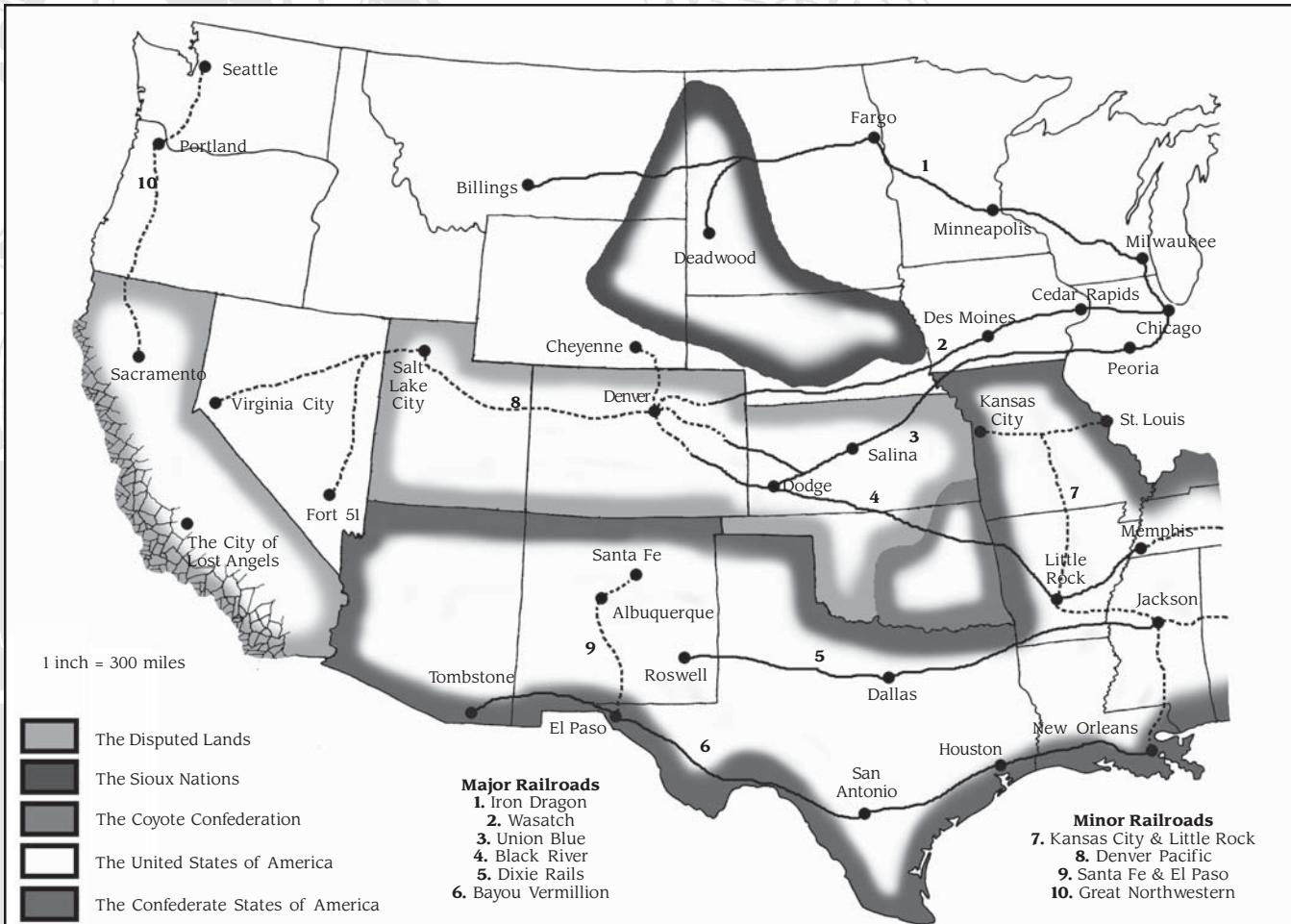
Building a transcontinental railroad is just a means to prove a woman can be just as megalomaniacal as a man to Mina. She could care less about the actual linking of East and West. To further her ends, Mina has long dabbled in the dark side of witchcraft. She is now one of the most powerful spell-slingers in the West.

Black River's rail line runs smack through the Disputed Lands. Mina rarely pays towns for the right-of-way, preferring campaigns of seduction, violence, or intimidation instead. Her gangs are some of the meanest in the Rail Wars. She doesn't have all the toys of Wasatch, the glassy-eyed servants of Bayou Vermillion, or even the resources of Dixie Rails, but her people can hold their own against any of their opponents. Women are preferred and actually get paid substantially more than men of equal skill.

Black River's most feared gang is the "Wichita Witches." Their name is no coincidence. They are the brightest students of her evil ways. The beautiful but deadly witches are led by a whip-cracking beauty from south of the border named Violet Esperanza. Violet and her girls are as fast on the draw as any male gunslinger and can hit a man smack in the privates at 50 yards with a pistol.

DIXIE RAILS

Dixie Rails is owned in part by retired General Robert E. Lee. The company is managed by his nephew, Fitzhugh Lee. Like Joshua Chamberlain of Union Blue, both uncle and nephew thought it their patriotic duty to secure the riches of the Great Maze for their own struggling country. The Lees chose to build their railroad along the border so that it could be used to quickly shuttle Confederate troops along the frontier in times of war.



Both Robert and Fitzhugh Lee are privy to the Confederacy's greatest secrets, however, and their close ties to the Confederate administration allow them to test secret Rebel war machines from Roswell. A few of their war trains rival those of even Darius Hellstromme. In the Rebel tradition, Dixie Rails has fewer secret devices, but the ones they have are top quality.

Dixie Rails makes most of its money contracting out to the Confederacy. The railroad's greatest obstacle to winning the Great Rail Wars is that Fitzhugh is nowhere near as crafty as his uncle Robert. When Fitzhugh is left to his own devices, the railroad struggles along at a moderate pace. Only when General Lee takes an active hand in these matters does the railroad really live up to its full potential.

IRON DRAGON

Perhaps the most unlikely of the rail barons is a man known only as Kang. This Chinese magnate amassed his fortunes shipping ghost rock from the Maze to points east. Far East. And he wasn't particularly nice about it.

Everyone who lives there knows to fear the colorful sampans of Kang. His pirates steal their ghost rock from other miners, raiding their camps and making off with their ore-laden barges. The rest of the warlord's money comes from the opium trade, prostitution, and any other vice he can dip his well-manicured hands into.

Kang is a ruthlessly efficient warlord. He is also a superior martial artist and an even better sorcerer. But despite all his personal power, he knows the key to his secret ambition—establishing his own nation in the northern Maze—is money. Lots of it. Piracy and graft are lucrative, but the real money to be made is in shipping ghost rock to the war-torn eastern states. To meet this

demand, he bought out the old Chicago and North Western, renamed it Iron Dragon, and quickly extended its lines west.

Kang entered the race later than most. By the time his first rolling stock was ready, all of the good routes west had already been claimed. So the crafty Kang did what no other rail baron was able to do—he headed straight into the Sioux Nations.

The real problem with building a railroad through the Sioux Nations is the Old Ways movement, a rejection of everything technological. Kang's railroad was a direct challenge to the Old Ways movement, which had already had some resistance from younger Sioux.

Fortunately for Kang, a few months before he joined the rail wars, the tribes who lived near Devil's Tower, Wyoming, were attacked by strange demons. The Sioux call them "paha wakansica," or "mountain devils." Kang's agents found out about the situation and also learned the Sioux's arrows and rifles were useless against the wakansica. Even many of their shamans had died fighting the evil creatures.

Kang had no idea what these horrors were, but he believed he and his warriors could defeat them. The Great Fathers, desperate for help, agreed that if Kang could stop the wakansica, he could build a single line through the southern Sioux Nations. The warlord went to Devil's Tower with a handpicked band of martial artists, Japanese samurai, gunslingers, and mad scientists.

The strangest gang ever assembled entered the tower and fought a battle unlike any the world has ever seen. We'll tell you a little more about what he found inside on page 117, but the real secrets of the wakansica's lair are revealed in the *Devil's Tower* adventure trilogy.

Kang's success in battling the wakansicas really paid off in '75 when gold and ghost rock were discovered in the Black Hills, right in the heart of the Nations. The Sioux agreed to let him build a single spur to the "treaty city" of Deadwood and Kang's fortunes grew, allowing his ominous Iron Dragons to chug on westward.

UNION BLUE

Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, the hero of Gettysburg, is the president of the Union Blue Railroad. Chamberlain was working as Grant's aide de camp when the competition was announced. Realizing the strategic importance of the transcontinental railroad to the country, he asked for and received a leave of absence to form the railroad.

Union Blue runs just south of the Sioux Nations. As you might expect, the spurs Chamberlain needs to generate revenue often stray into the Disputed Lands. This means very slow going due to constant harassment by Rebel guerrillas and Black River saboteurs.

Chamberlain's real advantages stem from his personal character. His incredible sense of integrity and honor has won him many friends along his path, including many military commanders and the leader of the Agency's Western Bureau—the Ghost. This is why he is able to quickly and cheaply negotiate right-of-ways with towns in both the United States and its territories as well as the Disputed Lands.

Chamberlain's workers—the best-treated of all the rail crews—would die for their selfless master. Many of his guards are veterans of the war, some of whom are disabled but make up for their disadvantages with cold determination. All of Chamberlain's workers take the job of protecting the line and its crews very seriously.

WASATCH RAILROAD

The "iron horse" most folks are betting on is Dr. Darius Hellstromme's Wasatch line. The railroad is named after the mountains around his renowned laboratory in Salt Lake City, Utah, also known as the City of Gloom for the constant cloud of ghost-rock soot that hangs over the heavily industrialized city.

Hellstromme is the world's foremost "mad scientist." His incredible inventions have led to faster trains, mechanical men, and even ornithopters.

Hellstromme has an easy time winning rights-of-ways in the West. He merely bribes the town's mayor or citizens with money or some fantastic device. When he can't win a right-of-way so easily, Hellstromme isn't above resorting to terror tactics. He lets nothing stand in the way of his goals. The murder of fools who stand in his path is completely acceptable this obsessed inventor.

A SEVENTH PLAYER?

There is one other railroad that has become a player in the Great Rail Wars, the Denver-Pacific. This line runs from Salt Lake City to Denver and has no chance of running the entire width of the nation, but its position puts it in a prime position to sell itself off to one of the "big six."

Even more interesting, the DP is owned by the Smith & Robards company, a mail-order factory specializing in weird gizmos (mad science). The owners don't like Dr. Hellstromme as their ideas often compete, and each accuses the other of constant industrial espionage and patent violations. Smith & Robards' compound in the mountains above Dr. Hellstromme's factories in Salt Lake City is well-guarded or they would have been dead a long time ago.

STATE OF THE RAIL WARS

The Rail Wars heated up in the summer of '76 with a flurry of confused and bloody fights called the "Battle of the Cauldron," but events in the City of Lost Angels have recently caused the railroads to come to a screeching halt. See **The Edict of '77** later in this chapter for all the gory details.

The lull is good for the tired survivors of the Rail Wars, but bad for the companies. Most of them staked everything on reaching the coast. Now they found themselves barely breaking even providing service to the towns along their exposed rail lines.

THE ELECTION OF '76

The simultaneous presidential elections in both the North and the South captured almost everyone's attention in late 1876 (whether they wanted it to or not). The elections, and the accompanying military actions of the so-called November Offensives, did little to change the status quo of the War between the states.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTION

In the South, Jefferson Davis has ruled unchallenged since the start of the Civil War in 1860. The election of '76 changed all that.

General Robert E. Lee retired from the CSA Army in 1870 to help run Dixie Rails, but received the unsolicited nomination of the reconstituted Whig Party, a loose coalition of factions united by their opposition to Davis, and they did most of the actual campaigning on his behalf.

Though smaller in scope and numbers, the rallies organized in support of Lee by the crippled and maimed veterans of Lee's army spoke more poignantly for his election than anything else possibly could. Only public concern over the (soon-to-be) 70-year-old former general's health seemed to lessen Lee's chances of election, and the more partisan of Davis' supporters ceaselessly reminded voters of the general's near-death by heart attack six years prior.

THE NORTHERN ELECTION

Ulysses S. Grant was the Union incumbent. Grant was set to step down and resume command of the Union Army. In late '75, however, Generals Sherman and Sheridan convinced Grant

that only he could remain president while the Civil War raged on. Letting a "civilian" run the war would only result in a quick death for the Union.

Grant's challenger this time around was Democrat Samuel Tilden, the Governor of New York. Tilden, spokesman of the Union "peace movement," was rarely able even to begin a speech, lacking the incumbent's Secret Service protection. In Tilden's case, hundreds of wounded Union army veterans shouted down his every word and were all too zealous in their efforts to prevent his supporters from showing up in the first place.

THE NOVEMBER OFFENSIVES

As everyone expected, the Fall of 1876 saw a renewal of the fighting all along the Mason-Dixon line.

VIRGINIA

November 1st saw the first action of the offensives with the Battles of Sixth Manassas. The Union Army, supported by a fleet of massive, ghost-rock powered land-ironclads advanced on the Confederate lines. At the same time, three newly constructed Union air carriages began a bombing campaign over the Confederate capital of Richmond. Only a swiftly brewed home air corp of Rebel ornithopters and the unleashing of the Confederacy's newly developed terror weapon, chlorine gas, saved the day for the South.

The fighting and shelling raged for weeks (while the ballots were counted), but in the end neither side gained an inch of ground. All that was accomplished was a veritable feast of human misery for the Reckoners.

KENTUCKY

Meanwhile, General Sherman led his Union forces across the Ohio river into Kentucky, first evacuating, then sacking the city of Louisville. He then advanced on Bowling Green, Kentucky, leaving a swath of destruction in his wake not unlike the one left by his forces in Georgia a decade earlier.



The Union forces seemed unstoppable as they advanced on Bowling Green, and only the intervention of a collective abomination called The Black Regiment, a group of spectral soldiers who live only for death and destruction, saved the Rebel forces from complete destruction.

As it happened, Sherman was forced to retreat his men back into northern Kentucky, and retired across the river into Indiana in late January of 1877.

KANSAS

While there was no organized offensive in Kansas as such, the arrival of a force of Federal troops there some days before the elections destabilized this powder keg of a state completely. Pro-Northern Jayhawkers and pro-Southern border ruffians clashed even more than normal. The Federal troops, under General Sheridan's command were dispersed throughout the state to restore order, and turned the tide for pro-Union forces.

In response, the CSA dispatched a cavalry force under General Gano as an equalizer. So, ultimately the balance of power in Kansas has not shifted—there are just more people with guns in the state now.

DETROIT

While the Union was on the offensive on its southern border, it was forced onto the defensive on its northern one. Confederate saboteurs have been working out of Canadian bases for several years, and the Union had begun to fortify the Canadian border as a result. This didn't sit too well with the British, who already have made overtures of support to the South. Still, the Union was not prepared for what happened on November 5th, when a British line division crossed the Canadian border into Michigan and seized the city of Detroit. The British have since fortified their position, as seem to be in the occupation for the long haul.

SOUND & FURY

After the casualties and the ballots were all counted, the events of late 1876 seemed to have produced only unintended consequences. President Grant had sought to rekindle Northern support for the War by launching the November Offensives, but he succeeded only in triggering an international crisis with Britain. Nonetheless, he won by a substantial margin over his opponent, Samuel Tilden.

The results in the Confederacy are more controversial. The votes cast in the states went to Lee by a slight margin, but highly suspect votes from the territories and Disputed Lands tipped the election in Davis' favor by a razor-thin margin. Cries of fraud were heard from every part of the Confederacy, and only the published personal appeals from Lee himself averted a national uprising, and then only just.

BACK EAST

Here's a brief run down of the political situation Back East. Events there are often far-removed from the boomtowns of the Great Basin and the Maze, but they do affect the Disputed Lands significantly.

For more complete details on what goes on east of the Mississippi, check out the *Back East: The North* and *Back East: The South* sourcebooks.

THE SOUTH

In the South, Jefferson Davis has ruled since the start of the Civil War in 1860. The recent election in '76 was the first real challenge to his power.

The main reason he proved so unpopular is because the people are still suffering greatly from the ravaged economy. The Northern blockade and constant raids make food sparse. The government is little help since Davis puts all of its money into developing war toys or paying its huge armies. That leaves little left for relief or disaster programs.

The cries of fraud are quite correct. Stealing the election was easy for Davis, who saw to it the electoral votes assigned to the western territories were counted and recounted until they added up in his favor. However, he may find it difficult to continue covering his tracks, as more people than ever now believe something is amiss with the President.

Many wonder how this once caring man could be so callous to his starving people.

DAVIS' SECRET

The reason why is that he isn't the same man who took office at the start of the war. He's actually an evil doppleganger who's been in charge for the last several years.

In the winter of '71, Davis toured the hills of Kentucky to scare up new regiments to replace those lost in the Battle of Washington. On the last night, the President took a lonely walk in the crisp mountain air to relieve his tensions. There a sickly, shambling

thing with white, wet skin bushwhacked him and ate him alive. The bloated thing then crawled into the woods and waited for its bizarre transformation to take place. By the next night, the doppleganger had assumed Davis' appearance, and more importantly, his knowledge and ambitions.

In its original form, the doppleganger is clever but not truly intelligent. When it assumes a human form, it assumes its host's consciousness, albeit in its own twisted fashion. The doppleganger who consumed Davis wants to keep the country at war and wreak as much devastation as possible on the North. Though it has so far been subtle, its designs are causing it to fast lose favor with the mostly unsuspecting Confederate people.

The Jefferson Davis doppleganger's future plans for the war includes the continued development and deployment of weapons of mass destruction, most of which would horrify the most ardent of proponents of the War.

With the terror weapons being developed by Confederate scientists and another term in office under his belt, the Davis doppleganger hopes to continue spreading as much death and misery as possible.

GENERAL LEE

Retired General Robert E. Lee is suspicious of Davis. He took a position as a special advisor at the Confederate Department of War just so he can keep an eye on the President.

Lee's recent electoral defeat confirmed that there was something very wrong in the Confederate White House, but the aging military man still has no idea exactly what. Davis has moved to distance himself from Lee since the election, encouraging him to go back to running Dixie Rails full time.

Lee is unsure what to do now. But he believes he may have to do something soon. He knows that if he tried an outright coup d'état it might give the Union forces the opening they need to crush the Confederacy. And yet he sees Davis steering his beloved nation down the path of destruction. For now Lee waits—and plans



THE NORTH

Things are a lot more straightforward up north, at least as far as the presidency goes. Ulysses S. Grant remains President of the United States of America. While there was a little behind the scenes influence in the '76 election, it came mostly in the form of staging demonstrations against Tilden's peacenick campaign rather than outright electoral fraud.

The British invasion of Detroit has had one upside for the beleaguered president: it has solidified the people of the Union behind Grant and halted (at least for the moment) what was a rising tide of opposition to the War with the Confederacy.

Despite the complete failure of the November Offensives, Grant, backed by a pro-War congress, intends to continue prosecuting the War with the South—right after he deals with the British troops messing about on his northern border.

AGENTS & RANGERS

Now that you know a bit about the governments that spawned them, it's time to tell you about the North and South's secret weapons in the war on the supernatural: the Agents and the Texas Rangers

THE AGENCY

In the West, Agency operatives (or simply Agents) are the Union's elite secret investigations branch. Originally this duty fell to the Pinkerton Detective Agency, but the Union government revoked their contract in early 1877 for more direct control of operations.

That was the public face of it, at least. In reality, the branch of the Pinkertons that handled secret operations was split away from the Detective Agency and absorbed whole by the US government. The name changed, but the faces

actually remained the same, right up to the man tapped to head the whole shebang—Allan Pinkerton, founder of the Pinkerton Detective Agency!

WATCHING THE SHADOWS

In addition to watching for sedition, sabotage and espionage, the Agency has a much more important function, just like its Pinkerton predecessor: investigating the paranormal. Agents never admit this publicly, however. In fact, most won't even admit they're working for the Agency.

If word of an encounter with the strange or bizarre gets out, however, the "men in black" are usually on the scene within hours, at least in Union territory.

AGENCY ORGANIZATION

Agents work on several levels. Full-time Agents carry badges. Local sheriffs and town marshals are supposed to comply with them under an executive order issued by President Lincoln way back in '64, and modified by Grant in '77. US Marshals are also supposed to comply with the Agency, but their independent nature often puts them at odds with their fellow lawmen.

THE GHOST

The Pinkertons' founder, Allan Pinkerton, remains in charge of affairs in the East. In the West, a mysterious figure known as "the Ghost" is in charge. Only Allan Pinkerton, President Grant, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and a few other high-level officials know this operative's true identity.

The Ghost is none other than former President Abraham Lincoln. After his assassination in 1865, Lincoln returned from the dead Harrowed. He and a few close associates chose to let the rest of the country think he was dead—in the traditional no-talking, no-walking-around sense, that is.

Over the next few years, Lincoln mastered his manitou and began to develop his arcane powers. When he finally felt he had control, he used his ability to become incorporeal and slipped into the White House in February of '73.



President Grant knew a little about the Reckoning from his agents in the Pinkertons, but having the undead former president walk into his bedroom nearly gave him a heart attack.

After a few hours of Lincoln's calming voice and more than a few stiff drinks, Grant welcomed his old friend back. Then Lincoln told him his plan.

The former President, having experienced the power of the Reckoning firsthand, wanted to use his dark gifts against the bizarre transformation of the world.

Lincoln would be easily identified in the East, however, so he traded in his stovepipe hat for a Stetson and headed west. At Grant's behest, Allan Pinkerton officially placed Lincoln in charge of the "Western Bureau" under the false name of Andrew Lane. The press has come to call him "the Ghost," however, and it is far more appropriate than they know.

The Ghost rules the Western Bureau with an iron hand. He is sly and easygoing personally, but he's strict and unforgiving in his policies, just as he was as President in the early years of the Civil War.

Lately the Ghost has been seen operating near a mining boomtown in the Great Maze called Gomorrah, along with a handful of his Agents. He's been remarkably close-mouthed about the situation, only communicating directly with Allan Pinkerton and Grant himself about the matter.

THE GHOST

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, Q:3d10, S:4d6,
V:2d8

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 3d6, drivin':
steamwagon 3d6, fightin': brawlin'
3d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol
4d8, rifle 4d8, sneak 5d6, swimmin'
3d6, teamster 3d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:5d12, Sm:5d12,
Sp:4d10

Academia: occult 4d8, area knowledge:
Illinois 5d8, bluff 3d12, disguise 5d8,
faith: Christianity, guts 5d10,
language: Sioux 2d8, Latin 3d8,
leadership 4d12, overawe 7d12,
persuasion 3d12, professional: law 6d8,
politics 6d8, scroungin' 1d12, scrutinize
6d10, search 4d10, streetwise 2d12,
tale-tellin' 3d12, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Friends in high places: US government 5, keen 3, "the stare" 1, "the voice" (soothing and grating) 2

Hindrances: Curious -3, enemy: too many to list here -5, Oath: to heal the nation -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Grit: 5.

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 8,
Manitou 2. Powers: Ghost 5,
stitchin' 2.

Gear: Two Colt Peacemakers, 100 rounds and a letter of authority from President Grant

Description: The Ghost looks like Abraham Lincoln, if perhaps a bit paler.



THE SPOOKS

Lincoln's handpicked coterie of agents are collectively known as the "Spooks." All of these agents are intelligent and deadly gunmen, and a few are as undead as Lincoln. Some have mistakenly identified them as the Agency's "Inner Council." In truth, Lincoln rules the Western Bureau with complete autonomy.

Lincoln travels with at least five Spooks. Another 15 or so are dispatched to trouble spots around the country—sometimes even venturing undercover into the Confederacy. Though the Spooks should be treated as individuals, below are the stats for a more or less "standard" living agent. A few very trusted Spooks are Harrowed, and you should come up with their abilities separately.

PROFILE: SPOOKS

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d8, S:3d8, Q:4d12, V:2d8

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d10, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 2d8, teamster 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d8

Academia: occult 3d8, bluff 3d10, disguise 2d8, guts 5d8, leadership 3d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion 3d10, scrutinize 4d8, search 3d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Friends in high places: Agency 4, sand 3, tough as nails 3

Hindrances: Enemy: Texas Rangers -3, oath: destroy or contain the supernatural -4

Size: 6

Pace: 8

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Grit: 5.

Other Powers: A few are hucksters, one is known to be blessed, and one is even a Sioux shaman.

Gear: Most of the spooks prefer single-action pistols, Winchester '73 rifles,

or shotguns. All carry a secret letter of authority from President US Grant sewn into their clothes.

Description: Varies according to the individual, but long black dusters are common.

AGENTS

Agents are the mainstay of the Agency's personnel. They do the "average" Agency work: investigating supernatural incidents while obfuscating the truth about what's going on in the Weird West as much as possible.

While not as tough as the Ghost's personal assistants, the spooks, they are still usually more than equipped to deal with average supernatural threats

PROFILE: TYPICAL AGENT

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:2d10, Q:4d8, S:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, horse ridin' 3d10, shootin': pistol, automatics 4d8, sneak 2d10, swimmin' 2d8, teamster 1d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d6

Academia: occult 3d6, bluff 3d8, disguise 4d8, guts 4d6, overawe 4d8, persuasion 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 3d8

Edges: Belongin's: gatling pistol 3, Friends in high places: Agency 2

Hindrances: Enemy: Texas Rangers -2, oath: destroy or contain the supernatural -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A Gatling pistol, a disguise kit and an Agency badge.

Description: Agent's appearances are as varied as their missions. Most of the time they make an effort to look normal or nondescript.

TROUBLESHOOTERS

The Agency hires local well-knowns when full-timers are scarce, or for missions where they expect high casualties and are looking for a few expendables. The Agency invariably treats troubleshooters like mushrooms:



keep them in the dark and feed them manure. They also aren't likely to use a troubleshooter twice in the same area to keep them from knowing too much.

Though they may be working for the Agency, troubleshooters have no authority. Local lawmen often work with them only if they share the same interests. If they don't, the lawmen usually take the opportunity to pay the Agency back for usurping their authority in the past.

THE STAR CHAMBER

Senior Agency operatives, like veteran Texas Rangers, know of the Harrowed. They also know some of these individuals can fight the demon inside them and regain control of their bodies. When they can manage to stay in charge, the Harrowed can become great allies in the fight against the Reckoners.

Once a Harrowed is captured, it's difficult to tell who's in charge. Manitous are clever liars, and they can fool even the most skilled interrogators. The Rangers rely solely on their judgement, but after many years of bloody failure, the Agency has devised a better method: the "Star Chamber."

A huckster working for the Agency constructed the Star Chamber for sorting the good from the bad and the ugly. The Star Chamber is hidden deep

inside a warehouse in the Denver stockyards. On its floor is a circle enclosing a five-pointed star. Harrowed are bound with rope or handcuffs and placed at the center of the star. Then the huckster engages the thing in a spiritual test of wills and tries to bind the manitou's soul.

Binding manitous isn't a sure thing. When the Agents fail, they usually apply a flamethrower to the unfortunate host, killing him and his malignant parasite forever.

Only the Spooks and a few senior Agents know of the Star Chamber. Other full-time agents are told to capture Harrowed characters whenever they can and bring them to Denver by rail. They are met by the Spooks or its duly appointed representatives, and the Harrowed prisoner is immediately whisked away to the secret warehouse.

BINDING A MANITOU

Once the Harrowed is inside the Star Chamber, it cannot leave the pentagram or use its powers on anything outside the confines of the circle's borders. It can fire a weapon, throw things, or do anything else a normal mortal could do, but it cannot cast spells, use powers, or otherwise supernaturally affect anything outside the pentagram.

The manitou gains instant but temporary Dominion while inside the



pentagram. The mortal soul is repressed and cannot later remember the incident.

Once the manitou is trapped in this way, the interrogator starts to work. His role is to win a contest of wills with the creature. If he wins, he can bind the spirit for a while. If he loses, the manitou gains total Dominion over its host. Dominion may be regained naturally if the Harrowed somehow escapes, but the Agents always break out a flamethrower and the marshmallows if they can't succeed.

To begin the binding ritual, the interrogator begins asking the spirit questions. The nature of the questions doesn't really matter, as such. The banter is really only symbolic of an incredible battle of wills.

After two hours of this, the manitou and the agent must each make a Fair (5) *Spirit* roll. The manitou's *Spirit* can be determined by a draw of cards (as per the character creation rules) if you don't already know it. Now the participants each draw five cards plus one for every success and raise on their *Spirit* rolls.

Whoever gets the best poker hand wins.

If the manitou wins, the interrogator suffers 3d6 damage and can't ever attempt to bind this manitou again. If the manitou loses, it is bound and the Harrowed character gains complete Dominion. The undead can lose Dominion normally once the host is released, but the mortal soul is given relief from his parasitic tormentor for at least a while.

Agents use the Star Chamber only when they have a worthy subject. It's a dangerous process, and unless the Harrowed is strong-willed, he would likely just lose control to his manitou a few months later.

THE TEXAS RANGERS

The Confederacy relies entirely on the military to do its interstate policing in the West. Regiments scattered throughout Rebel states and territories always have jurisdiction over local town marshals and county sheriffs.

Of the military units, one in particular has free reign over the entire Southwest: the Texas Rangers. These surly fellows fought as regulars in the early years of the war, but they were later detached from the regular military to serve the Confederacy as mounted police officers.

That's all the public knows. Your average CSA citizen has no idea that the Texas Rangers have another job: hunting

monsters. Richmond has charged the Austin, Texas-based Rangers with detecting and stopping supernatural activity in the borders of the Confederacy, as well as suppressing the truth about the supernatural events. Their methods of doing so are often a bit less subtle than the Agency's.

There's an old saying that goes, "one riot, one Ranger." This is true when they're dealing with outlaws or lynch mobs. When they're chasing something less natural, the wily Rangers travel in packs, much like wolves but twice as mean.

The Rangers' unspoken motto is "shoot it or recruit it." You see, there are certain creatures in the world that can be used to fight the tide of evil that has washed over the Weird West. The Rangers love to get these dark champions to fight for them. If they eventually turn against the Rangers—and quite often they do—they quickly find their way back into the black holes from which they came.

TYPICAL TEXAS RANGER

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:2d10, Q:4d10, S:3d8, V:4d6

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 3d10, horse ridin' 2d10, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Texas 4d6, guts 4d6, language: Spanish 2d6, leadership 3d6, overawe 4d6, search 2d8, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Law man 5

Hindrances: Big britches -3, enemy: Northerners -2, obligation: shoot or recruit the supernatural -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: 2 double-action Peacemakers, a good horse and a Ranger badge. Most keep a rifle or shotgun and some dynamite on their horse as well.

Description: Rangers keep a low profile until it's time to get down to business. Still, most folks can tell by their demeanor, their long, black dusters and wide-brimmed hats that they're one of "Texas' Finest."

THE RANGER'S BIBLE

Rangers are given a book titled *Fugitives from Justice in the Confederacy*, though it is more commonly known as the *Ranger's Bible*.

Published every year, it contains information about every criminal wanted anywhere in the South—personal history, known habits, contacts, friends and family, and anything else that might prove useful.

There's a second section to the book that's even more interesting, but only senior Rangers get the copies with that part. It reports some of the weird or unexplainable events the Rangers have encountered over the last 13 years. This includes a "bestiary" of all the less-than-ordinary creatures running around the Weird West, and a "rogue's gallery" of all the people the Rangers feel are a supernatural threat—from hucksters to black magicians and the Harrowed.

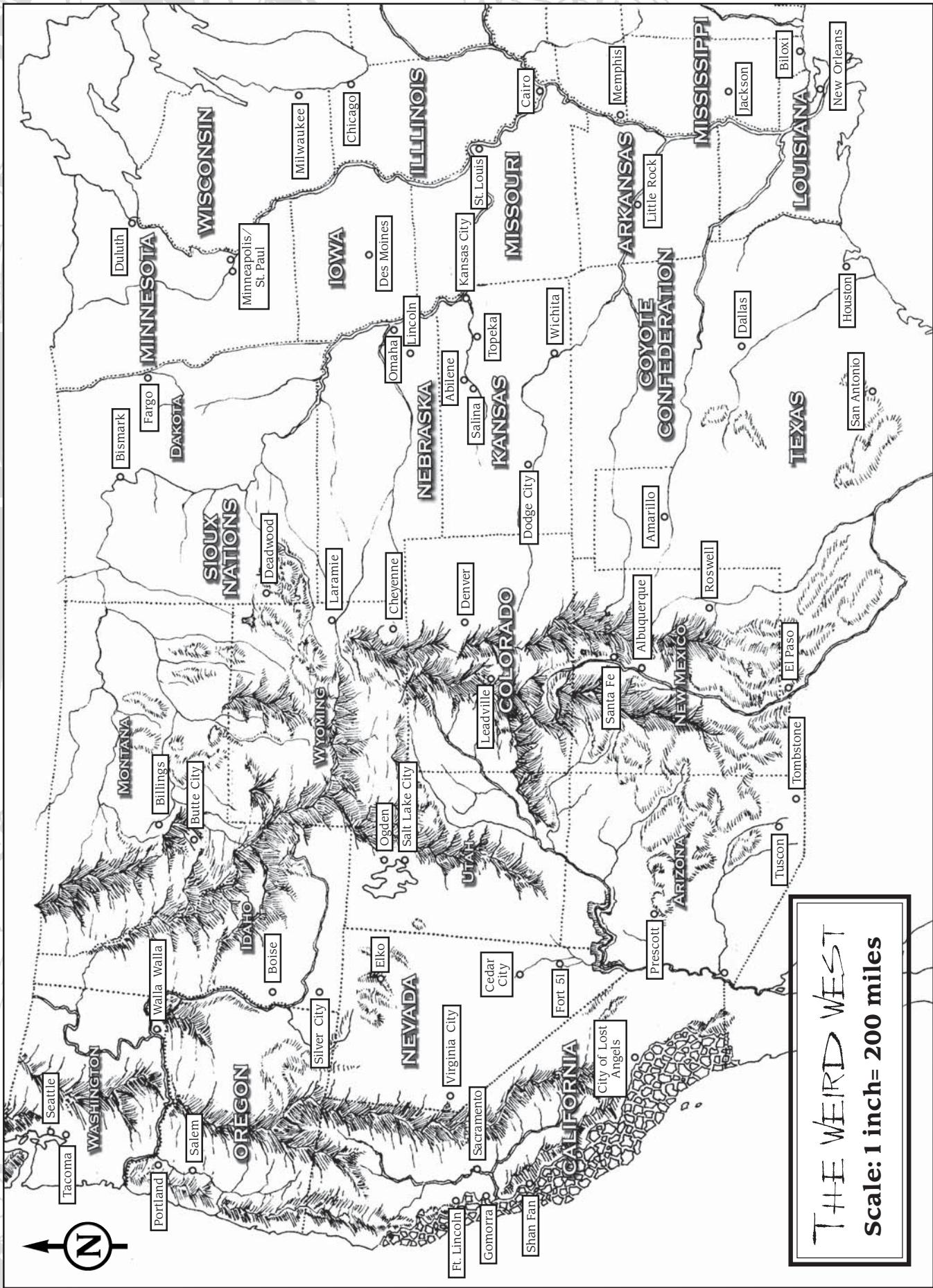
Rangers have come to call this part of the book "Chapter 13."

Most Rangers know Chapter 13 exists, but aren't allowed to even see them. They can only wire their findings to Ranger's headquarters and hope a senior "researcher" there (usually a maimed Ranger who can't work the "field" anymore) can figure something out. It's just too risky to give these books to all Rangers. If one should fall into the hands of a civilian, or worse, the *Tombstone Epitaph*, God only knows what havoc it could wreak.

GENERAL KING

The Ghost, Allan Pinkerton, and General William King, commander of the Texas Rangers, are the three Americans who know the most about the Reckoning. They know because they report it and record it every day.

King is a no-nonsense man who believes firmly in the Ranger's methods. He isn't shy about it, either. Young Rangers who disagree with him are quickly "transferred" to the CSA cavalry.



THE WEIRD WEST
Scale: 1 inch = 200 miles

A TOUR OF THE WEIRD WEST

Here is a brief overview of some of the more interesting people, places, and things your posse might discover as they explore the Weird West. The entries are broken down by region to help give you a better idea of what's going on in the area in which you set your campaign.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Washington, Oregon, Idaho

At first glance, the beautiful landscape of the Great Northwest is serene and peaceful. The mist-shrouded base of Mount Rainier, the snowy evergreens of the Cascade range, and the crystal lakes lure a man into their arms like a siren's call.

Don't be fooled. The howls in the night are more than just the wind.

The general Fear Level of the Cascades is 1. In areas where sasquatches or wolflings are spotted, the Fear Level rises to 2. If a wendigo terrorizes a settlement, the town's Fear Level jumps to 3 overnight.

SASQUATCHES

If the Indians are feeling particularly generous with their stories, they may tell folks why the tops of certain totem poles bear furry, humanoid faces. These people believe a race of giant, hairy humanoids resides in the vast uncharted woodlands of the Northwest. They call these creatures by many names. "Sasquatches," "brothers of the woods," or "bigfoots" are the most common. The Salish Indians around Seattle believe the sasquatches live in the hollow trunks of tremendous, living trees high in the Cascade Mountains. They claim the sasquatches have an entire village and even a hierarchy of leaders, warriors, workers, and the like. They only venture down to check on their little Indian brothers and sisters or to see how these new, pale-skinned folks live.

THE WEIRD WEST

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They're right. Sasquatches are friendly, huge, primordial pre-humans who have their own simple language and use tools. They do not know the secret of fire—though they are fascinated by it. They are truly intelligent—though primitive—and crafty woodsmen. Sasquatches are also relentless trackers and elusive prey, using tricks and simple but clever traps to throw pursuers off their trail.

The sasquatches' ancient enemies are wendigos (detailed below). These creatures were common before the Great Spirit War, and they have made a dramatic comeback since the Reckoning.

Sasquatches try their best to keep new wendigos from coming into being. Whenever they see a starving human, they try their best to provide him with sustenance. Sasquatches don't like to let themselves be seen, so they leave their gifts of food along trails where hungry humans are most likely to find them.

As you might guess, sasquatches mercilessly attack any human they catch consuming the flesh of another.

PROFILE: SASQUATCH

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d8, S:3d12+2,
Q:2d10, V:3d12

Climbin' 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak
5d8, swimmin' 2d8, throwin': rocks 4d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d6, M:3d8, Sm:2d8,
Sp:4d10

Area knowledge: Cascades 7d6, guts
3d10, medicine: general 4d6, overawe
4d8, scrutinize 2d10, search 3d10,
survival: mountains 4d8, trackin' 3d10

Pace: 8

Size: 8

Wind: 22

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Sasquatches sometimes use sharp sticks to catch fish (STR+1d4 damage), and they can throw large stones (STR+3d6).

Description: Sasquatches are large ape-like humanoids covered in reddish-brown fur.

WENDIGOS

The mountains of the Northwest grow deathly cold in the winter. Survival is always a trial, especially the quest for food. When sustenance is scarce, folks do horrible things. Like consume human flesh.

The Indians of the area abhor the idea. When a person resorts to this heinous practice, he sometimes becomes an evil creature called a wendigo. They are huge, hairy beasts with oversized mouthfuls of jagged teeth, huge claws, and white, pupiless eyes. Their fur can be white or black, but never brown like a sasquatch.

BECOMING A WENDIGO

Should a character ever be forced to (gag!) consume human flesh in the Great Northwest, secretly roll a d20. Add +1 to the roll each time the character consumes flesh from a new victim, and add another +2 if this incident of cannibalism occurs during winter.

On a 20 or higher, the cannibal becomes a wendigo under the Marshal's control. There's no way to get this not-hero back, so the player should make a new one.

WHITE WENDIGO

Folks who eat the flesh of close friends or relatives become white wendigos. These creatures are even bigger and meaner than the black variety (which are described in the color bestiary of this book).

Use the stats for the standard wendigo with the following modifications: raise its *Strength* to 4d12+8, its *Quickness* to 3d10, and its *Vigor* to 3d12+4. A white wendigo has 2 points of Armor.

The coup gained for killing a white wendigo is different as well. A Harrowed who sups on a white wendigo's essence gains the *stitchin'* ability. If he already has the ability, he

gains a level in it, or he cuts the regeneration time to five minutes if he already has the power at level 5.

FLYING WENDIGO

A rare few wendigos even have wings. These abominations swoop down from the sky and drag their victims into the frigid air. Once they have done so, they fly at such extreme speeds that the victim literally begins to burn up from the friction. Flying wendigos prey on misers who hoard their food from their companions, forcing them to starve to death during harsh winters.

Flying wendigos are created by food misers. Roll a d20 whenever a character's companion starves to death and he hides or hoards food from the unfortunate victim. Add +1 to the roll each time another of the miser's companions starve to death.

PROFILE: FLYING WENDIGO

Corporal: D:2d6, N:3d10, S:2d12+4, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Climbin' 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, sneak 2d10
Mental: C:2d10, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge 4d6, overawe 4d10, search 3d10

Pace: 30 (flying); 6 (walking)

Size: 8

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: Flying wendigos grant Harrowed souls the ability to levitate a few feet off the ground for 1 Wind per round.

Damage: Claws (STR+2d6), bite (STR+1d6)

Night Vision: Can see normally in all but total darkness.

Weakness—Hot Tallow: As with regular wendigos.

Flight: Pace 30

Grapple: Flying wendigos kill by grasping their victims from above and then dragging them through the wintery air at incredible speeds. With surprise, the wendigo needs a single Fair (5) success to pick up a man-sized character. If

the prey is aware the thing is after her, she can make this an opposed *Nimbleness* test. The creature needs at least one raise to pick up prey. In either case, the victim needs at least one raise on an opposed *Strength* test to break free.

Wind Burn: Once the prey is airborne, he begins to literally burn up and takes 1 Wind per round until he dies or breaks free. Note that the wendigo doesn't actually move this fast—it's purely a supernatural effect. Breaking free can be painful—a cowpoke takes $5d6+25$ damage when he hits the ground 25 yards up at a Pace of 30. Still, it's better than dying from a friction burn.

Description: This kind of wendigo is white and has two huge wings in place of its arms. Its legs are lanky but strong and end in two terrible talons. Its head is that of a regular wendigo, though its teeth are longer and more jagged.

WOLFLINGS

The settlers and Indians of eastern Washington agree the many wild wolves that roam there are dangerous predators. The locals have more to say about the beasts, but they say it only in whispers. Their legends tell of half-human, half-wolves with coats of pure white. These feral creatures supposedly live in the lost valleys of the Cascade Mountains and venture out only to prey on mankind.

Wolflings are not lycanthropes or shapechangers. They are simply intelligent wolves with long, oddly jointed legs that allow them to walk on two legs or four. They prefer four for running and hunting and two for fighting.

The wolf people have fingers and opposable thumbs and use crude tools and weapons. They occasionally wear jewelry, scarves, or other clothing they've taken from their victims.

Wolflings and sasquatches are not good neighbors. Since sasquatches tend to wander alone, the wolflings have preyed on their kind for generations.



This is why the sasquatches became so elusive and learned to set such remarkable traps. On the wolflings' part, they have honed pack tactics to a fine, bloody point.

PROFILE: WOLFLINGS

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:3d10, S:2d10, Q:3d10, V:3d8

Climbin' 5d10, dodge 3d10, fightin' brawlin' 4d10, sneak 6d10, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d10

Area knowledge 5d6, guts 3d10, overawe 3d8, search 3d10, survival: mountains 3d8, trackin' 6d10

Pace: 10 (2 legs)/20 (four legs)

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6), claws (STR+1d6)

Description: See above.



WINTER WARS

All types of wendigos retreat into the snowy mountains during the warmer months. There they turn their savage attentions to the villages of the peaceful sasquatches. The wolflings side with the wendigos, though the latter are cruel masters who basically chase the wolflings into the sasquatch villages more than they actually command them.

This epic struggle has lasted for centuries. The Indians claim the ancient wars are often the cause of the Cascade Mountains' sudden and violent avalanches, some of which have been known to wipe out entire villages.

The Fear Level of these bloody battlegrounds is 4, should anyone ever stumble across one.

THE HIGH PLAINS

Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Dakota

The northern end of the Great Plains look harmless. Low rolling hills seem open and inviting, and the gently swaying grass seems to welcome the weary traveler.

Nothing could be further from the truth. These storm-swept plains are home to horrors and chaos beyond imagining. Lurking behind every knoll is a creature in search of prey. In the tall grass, fiends with bloodshot eyes and dripping fangs silently stalk lone travelers for meat—or for play.

The High Plains has an average Fear Level of 2. A few areas are much higher, as you'll see below.

THE BADLANDS

Fear Level 4 (average)

There are many dangers in the Badlands, but two bear special attention.

DEATH FROM ABOVE

Some say winged raptors prowl the twisted valleys and canyons of the Badlands. Government agents who investigated the area late in '75 claim these are giant condors and warn travelers to avoid this area.

That's pure government propaganda, Marshal. The flying terrors of the Badlands are devil bats. You'll find their statistics and a full-color picture of these dangerous horrors in Chapter Three of this book.

The Fear Level in the valley around their lair is 4. It would be higher if there were more people around.

WORM CANYON

Fear Level 5

There is an even more sinister evil at work deep in the Badlands. According to several prospectors who have explored the area, there is a labyrinthine section of the Badlands called "Worm Canyon." As you might guess, it is home to a number of giant worms similar to Utah and Mojave rattlers.

The worms' young can be found everywhere. A few trappers have taken to skinning young ones and selling their tough hides for use as hatbands. The price of a single young rattler hide can fetch as much as \$2 a yard. The trouble, of course, is the mommas. They don't much like having their little ones skinned. And they're a lot more intelligent than most people think.

Some trappers who have been there claim a local cult worships the creatures. The misguided pagans have dyed their skin a deep purple hue in honor of the worms and even make human sacrifices to the creatures. Even more strange, the images of those who have fallen victim to the cult turn up in the eerie rock formations of the canyon, making the jagged cliffs resemble twisted human corpses.

Of course the rumors are true. The Cult of Worms is led by "Queen" Ursula, a maniacal sorceress. She and her "coven" of witches were up to no good out Reno way when they were captured by Nevada Smith, a famous spy for the Agency.

Smith's superiors ordered him to take the prisoners back to Washington for study. He took the northern route back, of course, but halfway along the Oregon Trail, the coven overwhelmed Smith and his hired freelancers and escaped into the Badlands.

Smith barely survived. When he finally recovered, he was rushed to the City o' Gloom (where he continues to foil Dr. Hellstromme's plots to this day) and never got to track the coven down.

After escaping, Ursula and her twisted coven found themselves trapped in the Badlands by giant worms. Ursula used her powers to talk to the critters, and the evil horrors surprised her with their intelligence. But the things demanded she sacrifice one of her companions if she wanted to live.

Ursula blinked in disbelief for a moment, then quickly hurled one of her surprised coven forward. She cackled with glee as the monsters gobbled up her sacrifice.

Since then, the worms have made Ursula both their prisoner and their Queen. If the sorceress and her cult don't make a human sacrifice once a week, the worms eat one of the coven.

Ursula accepted her fate warmly. Or perhaps, "wormly." She dyed her skin purple, stopped taking baths in the local watering hole, and started making up chants, prayers, and songs in honor of the worms. Her followers decided to go along with it after she fed those who didn't to her huge friends.

Ursula's greatest challenge is finding new sacrifices. There aren't many visitors to Worm Canyon (the Sioux give it a wide berth), but the clever witch soon hit upon a plan. Ursula let a few travelers pass through her lands safely, but only after telling them she was there with her "fellow prospectors" hauling out wagonloads of gold. Needless to say, Ursula has had little trouble finding sacrifices since then.

The giant worms' statistics and a full-color picture can be found in Chapter Three. Here's the lowdown on Ursula and her wackos.

URSULA

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:2d8
V:2d6

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 3d8, fightin':
brawlin' 2d8, sneak 4d8, throwin':
bolts o' doom 5d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d10, M:3d10, Sm:4d8,
Sp:3d12

Academia: occult 5d10, area knowledge:
Worm Canyon 4d10, disguise 2d10,
faith 5d12, leadership 4d10, medicine:
surgery 2d10, overawe 3d10, scrutinize
3d8, search 3d8, survival: desert 2d8

Edges: Arcane background: black
magic 3

Hindrances: Loco: megalomaniac -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolts o' doom 3, dark protection 2, stun 3

Gear: A long knife (STR+1d4).

Description: Ursula used to be quite pretty, but her dyed purple skin and current lack of hygiene make her pretty repulsive right now.

PROFILE:

FANATICAL WORM

CULTISTS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:3d6,
V:2d6

Climbin' 4d6, dodge 4d6, fightin':
brawlin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 2d6,
sneak 5d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6,
Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge:
Worm Canyon 4d6, faith 4d6, overawe
2d6, search 3d6, survival: desert 2d6

Edges: Arcane background: black
magic 3

Hindrances: Loco: worm worshippers
-3, loyal: Ursula -3

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Dark protection 1,
stun 3

Gear: A few still keep double-action
pistols, but most rely on their black
magic to bring down their opponents.

Description: These slavering fanatics
are all purple and filthy, following the
dictates of their subterranean
masters.

BLACK MAGIC TRAPPINGS

Bolts o' Doom: Only Ursula has this
black spell. Her version resembles a
crimson and purplish energy ray that
blasts her opponents.

Dark Protection: The cultist's dyed
skin works like the giant rattlers' hides
to repel damage.

Stun: Ursula's horrible *stun* is an
invisible beam that causes the victim's
veins and arteries to writhe and
convulse like worms. The attack
automatically hits any one target
within 50 yards. Once the victim is
paralyzed, the cult takes them to the
Altar of Worms (see below).

THE ALTAR OF WORMS

Fear Level 6

The cult makes its sacrifices at a
bizarre altar high on a twisted peak
overlooking the Badlands. The
unfortunate victims are placed on the
altar, stunned or bound, while the
cultists chant and stamp their feet to
alert the rattlers below. In five minutes,
giant rattlers gather in a great circle at
the base of the cliff. In their midst are
hundreds of their young.

The sacrifice is pushed off the altar
and into the squirming mass of worms
50 feet below. The victim is cushioned
by the bodies of the worms and then
torn to pieces by the young's mouths.
When the grisly rite is finished, the
rattlers and their larvae burrow back
into the ground.

The soul of the victim is consumed.
He cannot return as a Harrowed, nor be
resurrected by any means. Proof of his
eternal damnation can be found in the
hills and cliffs of Worm Canyon—the
image of the victim's corpse appears
there over the next few hours. Exactly
what purpose this serves is unknown.

LITTLE 'UNS

Rattler larvae can be found all over
the Badlands. Strangely, all the baby
rattlers the trappers kill in the area are
about three feet long. The theory is they
stay underground until they're this size,
prowl around the surface for a while,
then go down for further incubation.

Young rattlers travel in packs of 2-12,
and have the following statistics:

YOUNG RATTLERS

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6,
V:3d6

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d6,
Sp:2d6

Pace: 6/15 burrowing

Size: 4

Wind: 12

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Burrowing: Pace 15

Damage: Bite (STR)

Description: These worms look like
miniature versions of their huge
parents.

THE BLACK HILLS

Fear Level 3

The Sioux call these ancient hills, "saha paha." To them, the hills are a sacred place where a brave can come to relax, meditate, and cleanse his soul. At least before gold and ghost rock were discovered there. These days, a brave can't even sit down without landing on a grubby prospector tearing the Black Hills apart.

Under the Deadwood Treaty of '75, miners are supposed to pay a \$100 fee to stake a claim in the Black Hills. Most of them can't afford the fee until they hit a vein of gold or ghost rock, however, so they sneak into the hills illegally until they get lucky.

The Sioux are ruthless in patrolling for these squatters. A miner who can't produce his claim is dragged back to Deadwood without his gear. Rogues who fight back deal with the full fury of the Sioux braves. Their corpses are mounted on poles along the trail to the Black Hills as warnings to other claim jumpers. See **Deadwood** later in this chapter for more information.



DEVIL'S TOWER

Fear Level 4

The Sioux call it "mateo tepee," or "Lodge of the Grizzly." Devil's Tower suits the place just fine. If you've never heard of this geological wonder, Devil's Tower is a massive column of rock over 850 feet high with a base around 1000 feet in diameter. The tower gets its Indian name from the vertical grooves that cover its sides. The legend goes that a gigantic grizzly chased several Indians to the top of the tower and tried to climb up, making the grooves with its horrible claws.

Don't buy into all that hullabaloo. There's something worse going on at Devil's Tower than a bunch of angry grizzlies. A few years ago, the Sioux in the area spoke in hushed tones of the "paha wakansica," or "mountain devils." These things are reputed to have skin like stones, and strange, magical artifacts that can melt the flesh off a brave's bones or freeze the blood in his veins. There are also some sort of

"scaly grizzlies" living in the area. At least one of the Sioux shamans believed these creatures were friendly nature spirits come to save them from the wakansica. He probably kept believing that right up until the beasts tore him limb from limb.

The warlord known only as Kang supposedly defeated the wakansica a few years ago. The Sioux believed him and allowed Kang to build a line to Deadwood.

The truth is that the creatures inside are the mutated descendants of ancient visitors from the stars. Their entire warped society lives inside the mountain, and is detailed in part three of the *Devil's Tower* adventure series, "Fortress o' Fear."

Kang hasn't defeated these creatures—he made a deal with them. He maintains a guard around the tower that keeps strangers out and little green men in. The grizzlies rumored to wander the surrounding plains have long since been put down by Kang's hired guns.

YELLOWSTONE

Fear Level 3

Yellowstone was declared a national park by President Grant in 1872. In case you haven't heard about this incredible place, Yellowstone is home to a number of geological wonders. The Black Cliff is a sheet of pure obsidian over 100 feet tall, and a number of hot springs riddle the land, the steam shrouding the area around them in white mist. Of course, the most famous wonders are the geysers.

These natural phenomena shoot scalding water high into the air. The most violent is Excelsior, which can spit nearly 200 feet straight up. The most regular is Old Faithful.

The Indians say spirits and demons dwell in the park. The truth is a Sioux shaman discovered a natural gateway to the Hunting Grounds deep inside the geyser known as Excelsior. He and others tell his people there are demons around Yellowstone because strange creatures sometimes emerge from Excelsior. Most are minor abominations and animal essences that populate the Hunting Grounds that dissipate if they wander too far from Excelsior. Nature spirits and manitous are far worse when they manage to escape from the gateway. Either can survive indefinitely up to one mile or more away. After

that, the spirits and manitous must make *Spirit* totals (determine their statistics with the draw of a card) each day they wander outside of this zone. When they fail, the creatures are violently drawn back toward Excelsior and sucked into the Hunting Grounds. That particular creature may then not return to the physical world for 100 years.

Nature spirits never intentionally enter the physical world. They are somewhat absentminded, however, and so occasionally become lost in the mists surrounding the gate. When they realize they have left the sacred Hunting Grounds, nature spirits are angry and cruel to any mortals who cross their paths. They can rarely be reasoned with and must be led—usually by mortal “bait”—back to the gateway. They cannot be harmed by normal means.

ENTERING THE HUNTING GROUNDS

To enter the Hunting Grounds, a person must step inside Excelsior and make an opposed *faith* check. Shamans may make a *ritual/Spirit* check instead, if they desire. The gateway's *faith* score is determined by drawing three cards and using the highest value as its *faith* (compare the card to the Trait Table from the *Deadlands Player's Book*.)



If the character loses, he drops into the boiling water below and dies instantly (unless he has some sort of protection from the scalding water). Should the character win, he is instantly transported to the Hunting Grounds.

We don't have room to describe the mad Hunting Grounds in this book, but it's a land of incredible beauty and twisted nightmares. Warp reality as much as you want should the posse desire to explore it. The *Ghost Dancers* sourcebook contains some information on this strange place. You can even use such gateways as a portal to our sister games, *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* or *Deadlands: Lost Colony*.

THE DISPUTED LANDS

Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Utah

The Disputed Lands are those states and territories with no clear allegiance to either the North or the South. Both nations may claim they own these states, but in truth the towns and cities within switch sides frequently—and often violently.

Like the Disputed Lands, the land itself turns broken and jagged as it crawls westward. The plains of Kansas rise slowly to the rolling hills of eastern Colorado before finally becoming the Rocky Mountains and the jagged hills of Utah.

The tension and warfare in the unfortunate Disputed Lands keeps the average Fear Level at 2. When raiders strike, a settlement's Fear Level rises by 1. If Quantrill's Raiders, the James Gang, or the Revenant strikes, the Fear Level jumps by 2 overnight.

Fear around Salt Lake City is usually 3, but Hellstromme's experiments cause frequent spikes.

BLOODY KANSAS

Kansas has been the site of more than 20 years of guerrilla warfare. Back in 1854, President Franklin Pierce signed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, opening the territory to settlement. According to the Act, the people of the territory would be

allowed to vote on whether it entered the Union as a free or slave state.

It didn't take long for pro-slavery groups from Missouri to filter across the border. Dubbed "border ruffians" by settlers, these groups tried to ensure that Kansas would become a slave state. Their mortal opponents are the Jayhawkers, Kansan abolitionists.

Despite the border ruffians' best efforts, Kansas was admitted to the Union as a free state in January, 1861. A few months later, the Rebels opened up on Fort Sumter and the Civil War began. No major campaigns have been fought in Kansas, but many neighbors harbor grudges from the earlier fighting, and the war always provides an excuse for a new round of hostilities. Guerrilla fighting is particularly intense along the Kansas-Missouri border. The recent influx of troops into the state has only made things worse.

Due to the large number of murderous thieves acting as military raiders, the Fear Level in the most contested parts of Kansas is 4.

PROFILE: TYPICAL RAIDER

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 3d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6, survival: plains 4d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Raiders can be found carrying just about any weapon imaginable.

Description: Raiders appearances differ from group to group. Often they wear some remnant of a military uniform.

QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS

One of the most famous Rebel fighters was Bill Quantrill. In 1863, he and his boys burned the town of Lawrence, Kansas, and killed over 150 men, women, and children. Later the same year, he defeated a small unit of Union cavalry and put 17 noncombatants to death. It was rumored that a Union cavalry troop caught him and put him six feet under, but folks claim he still rides. And with a vengeance.

Bill Quantrill returned from the dead Harrowed, but Hell truly followed with him, for his manitou manages to keep Dominion almost constantly. In this state, Bill is a bloodthirsty and merciless marauder. Even women and children aren't safe from his ravages.

He has a single Harrowed power: *unholly host*. This power is fully described in *Book o' the Dead*, but in essence it lets Bill create a band of undead servants. These are Bloody Bill Quantrill's marauders, murderous undead who kill for sheer pleasure.

On the few occasions when Bill manages to regain Dominion, he believes his ghoulish followers are actually demons from Hell sent to punish him for his sins. He doesn't know how he escaped from Perdition, but he believes his own undead minions are chasing him to drag him back to the netherworld.

Unfortunately for Bill, his actions while the manitou was in charge have alienated those few who might once have believed him a hero. They now shut their doors and shutters to the lunatic's screams.

His last hope is Jesse James. Quantrill believes his now-famous friend can help him fight off the "demons" and save his mortal soul. Whenever he gains Dominion, he heads for Missouri, keeping to the woods and back roads so he won't be recognized and lynched for his misdeeds.

When the manitou eventually regains control of Bloody Bill's soul, it quickly reunites with its pursuing servants, who are always hot on their master's trail.

PROFILE: BILL QUANTRILL

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d8, S:4d12, Q:2d10, V:3d8

Dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, fightin': knife 4d8, horse ridin' 5d8, quick draw 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d10, sneak 3d8, speed load 3d10

Mental: C:4d6, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d10

Bluff 3d8, guts 3d10, overawe 3d8, persuasion 2d8, professional: teaching 3d8, scrutinize 4d6, survival 4d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: None

Hindrances: Ugly as sin -1

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 1/ Manitous 9, Powers: *unholly host* 5

Terror: 7

Gear: Two .44 Colt Dragoons, a Winchester '73, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Quantrill was an ugly man in life, and death hasn't done a thing to improve his appearance.

UNDEAD MARAUDERS

Use the statistics for veteran walkin' dead on page 77.

THE JAMES GANG

The James Gang are Missourians who frequent the banks, stagecoach trails, and rails of Kansas. Jesse and Frank James—as well as frequent cohorts James, Cole, and Jim Younger—are notorious bandits and thieves. Some believe the dime novels' tales of their "daring" exploits, but in truth, these men are little more than bloodthirsty killers.

Their troubles began when Frank and later Jesse joined up with "Bloody Bill" Quantrill's Confederate raiders early in the Civil War. The ruffians who made up this band had only one thing

in common: an intense hatred for anything north of the Mason-Dixon line.

Jesse, in particular, had been nearly beaten to death by Yankees and wanted revenge. He got his chance in 1864 when Quantrill raided Centralia, Kansas. The gang looted and burned the town, then massacred over 75 unarmed Union prisoners.

When Quantrill was reported killed in '65, the band scattered. Frank and Jesse, too lazy to dirty their hands with honest work, turned to thievery. Their targets are usually banks in the Disputed Lands with Northern sympathies. They are reported to have robbed a few stagecoaches, but their new favorite targets are trains—especially those of Union Blue.

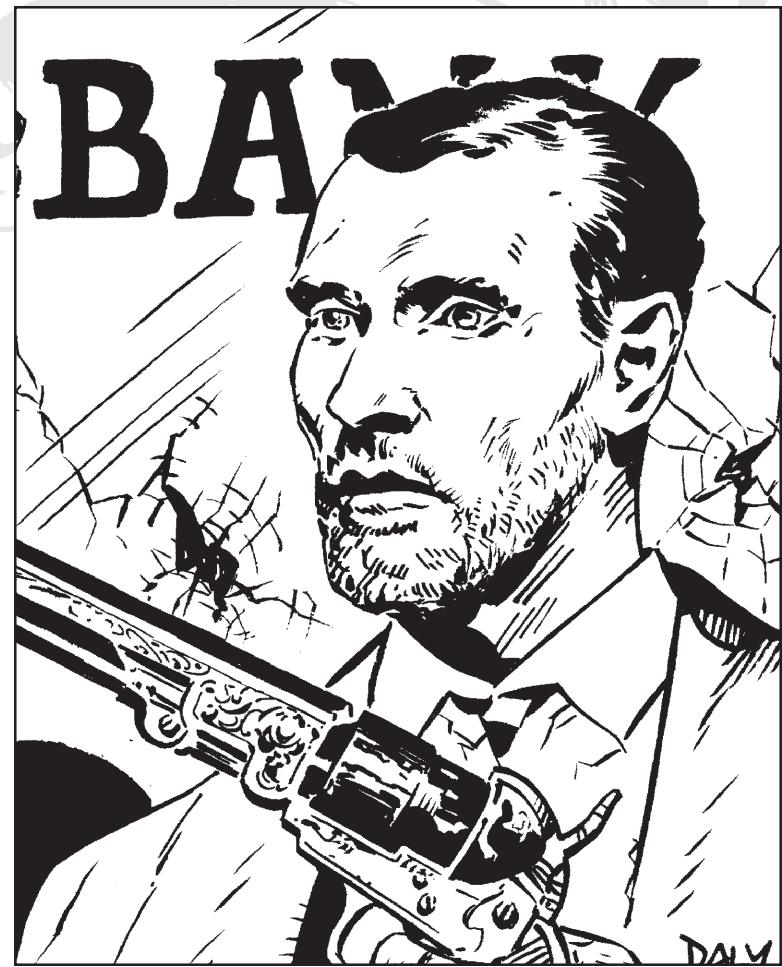
After one train robbery, the boastful Jesse even handed the engineer a press release which stated that the railroad's owner, Joshua Chamberlain, was a Union General, and the gang therefore considered the train a "military" target. Why James needed to justify this robbery is a mystery. He has certainly shown no compunction about robbing and murdering just about anyone else who gets in his way.

THE JAMES-PINKERTON WAR

Union Blue and an association of bankers and former victims called on the Pinkerton Detective Agency (operating in their civilian capacity as a private security force) to solve their problems with the James Gang. Unfortunately, a bumbling employee of the usually efficient agency thought he had the James brothers cornered in their mother's house. When the brothers didn't come out, the overzealous agent threw an explosive gizmo inside and leveled the place. The boys' mother lost her arm, and their young half-brother was killed.

After this incident, opinion in the Disputed Lands is split over whether the James Gang is made up of legitimate Confederate raiders or greedy, cold-blooded killers. These heartless murderers are even considered heroes across the border in Missouri.

Lately the James brothers have sold their services to a minor rail baron



named Richard Barney, who operates the Kansas City & Little Rock rail line.

Barney has absolutely no desire to join in the chaos of the Rail Wars, and is making quite a pretty penny running contraband smuggled across the Disputed Lands down into the Confederacy. The James gang ensures that his shipments through the territories aren't raided.

JESSE JAMES

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:4d10, Q:3d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, horse ridin' 4d10, quick draw: pistol 4d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d12, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Disputed Lands 4d6, artillery: cannons 2d8, disguise 1d8, overawe 3d10, survival: plains 3d8

Edges: Big ears 1, eagle eyes 1, friends in high places: friends and sympathizers throughout the

disputed lands 2, friends in high places: KC & LR railroad 3, renown 5

Hindrances: Ailin': lung injury -1, enemy: Pinkerton Agency and Northerners in general -3, outlaw -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Two Colt Army revolvers, one Sharpe's big 50, a Bowie knife and a horse.

Description: See the picture above.

DENVER

Fear Level 2

There's a saying that goes, "all rails lead west to Denver." The Queen City of the Desert lies nestled in a valley in the foothills of the Front Range of the Rockies. It's the largest city between Dodge and the City of Lost Angels, and between Texas and Seattle, making it the perfect place to run a rail to.

Colorado was only made a state in '76, with Denver as its capital, and the people are prouder than peacocks. Of course, both the North and the South claim ownership of the state, but this far from the battlelines, it doesn't seem like most people care much. Of course, there are always exceptions.

The best way east or west of Denver is by the Denver Pacific railroad (see

The Great Rail Wars, above). It connects with three of the major lines in the Disputed Lands, so it's accessible to the East. It reaches far west as well, all the way to Salt Lake City where the owners, Smith & Robards, use it to ship their incredible wares.

THE REVENANT

There is a rumor of a tall cowboy dressed in black mounted atop a pale horse riding from town to town in the Disputed Lands. The papers have named this grim figure "the Revenant."

The Revenant rides into towns searching for lawmen. It isn't known if

victims are chosen beforehand or if this dark stranger simply challenges the first lawman he sees.

Once his prey is spotted, the Revenant pats his six-gun, silently challenging the law to a duel. In a heartbeat, the lawman is dead, and the Revenant mounts his pale horse and rides away.

The Revenant has visited Lawrence, Abilene, Wichita, Dodge, and Denver. Where he's headed next is anyone's guess.

The Revenant is an amalgamation of all the dead outlaws of the West. It is the spirit of criminal hatred and disregard for the law gained corporeal form.

At High Noon on the thirteenth of each month, the Revenant rides ominously into a town and silently challenges the most senior lawman to a duel. The only words it ever utters are the names of its victims, and these are whispered in hoarse whispers that only lawmen can hear.

Only a duly authorized lawman can destroy this abomination. This is not an easy task, since the entity has the collected skills of all those who are a part of its dark soul.

PROFILE: THE REVENANT

Corporeal: D:4d12+6, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:4d12+6, V:3d8
Dodge 3d8, fightin' 4d8, horse ridin' 6d8, quick draw 9d12+6, shootin': pistol 10d12+6, sneak 7d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:4d10, M:5d12+4, Sm:2d8, Sp:7d8
Overawe 9d12+4, guts 8d12+4, search 5d10, trackin' 10d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: Immune

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: A Harrowed who feeds off the Revenant takes half damage from a lawman's bullets.

Damage: Army .44 Navy revolver (when this weapon is empty, the Revenant must spend 1d4 actions spinning its well-oiled cylinder; each action counts as an overawe); when the cylinder stops, the gun is reloaded.

Immunity—All: The Revenant is immune to all attacks, with one exception (see below). Even magical attacks are useless (other than a damage-causing hex to the heart cast by a lawman, of course).

Weakness—Lawmen: To destroy it, a duly authorized lawman must hit it in the heart. A called shot does the trick. Otherwise, there is a 1 in 4 chance on any gizzards hit or 1 in 6 on any upper guts hit that the Revenant was hit in the heart. Other attacks may make the entity flinch or fall down, but they do no real harm.

Description: The Revenant is a tall, nondescript cowboy, its face always shadowed by the wide brim of its hat.

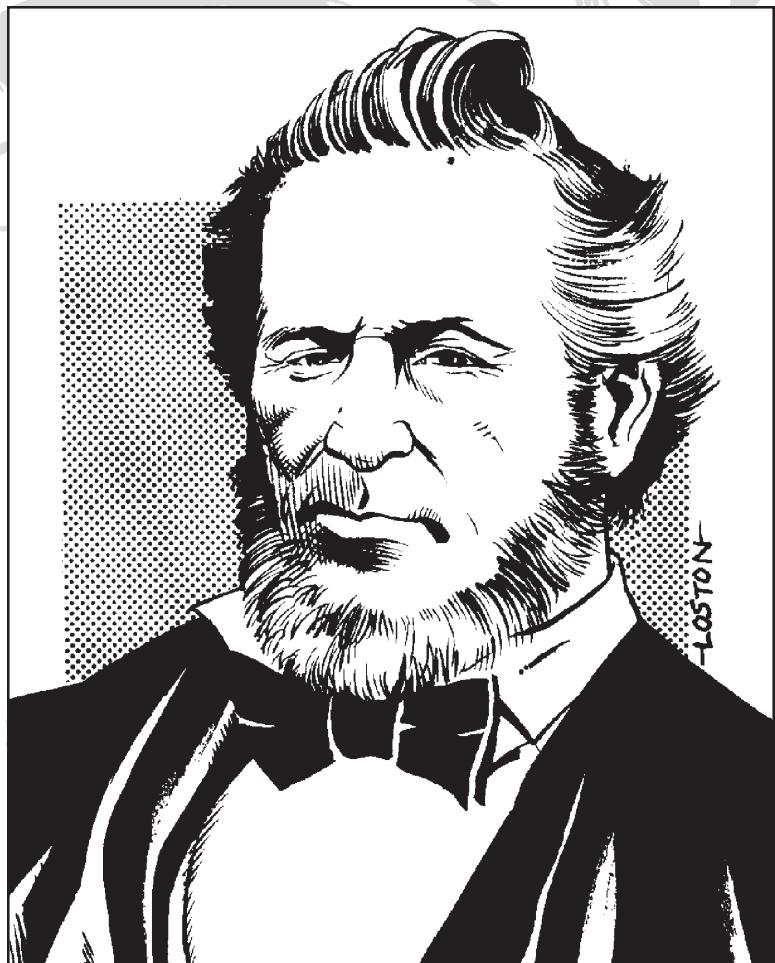
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Mormons, or Latter-day Saints, are God-fearing folks who believe Christ visited America shortly after his resurrection. They also believe their first prophet, Joe Smith, was visited by an angel of the Lord and given a set of golden plates describing the flight of God's chosen people from the Holy Land to the Americas. Smith was also told to create this new religion in place of other misguided religions of the world. Other than their continuing practice of polygamy—having more than one wife—their beliefs differ little from most other Christians.

The Mormons established several communities in Kansas and Missouri, but they clashed violently with their neighbors and eventually fled as far west as they could, founding Salt Lake City in 1847. They survived under the Utah Territory's harsh conditions but never really prospered.

INDEPENDENT DESERET

In 1866, the current leader, and Joseph Smith's successor as leader of the Mormon people, President Brigham Young, declared the Utah Territory the independent "State of Deseret." While young declared publicly that Deseret's loyalty remained with the Union, few believe that young wants to be part of



either the North or the South. Brigham almost says as much in his sermons—but never within earshot of representatives of the US or CSA governments.

As things stand now, neither the Union or Confederacy can spare the manpower necessary to dispute the Mormon's sovereign status.

THE DOCTOR IS IN

Everything changed in 1870. That's when Professor Darius Hellstromme joined the Mormon community.

Hellstromme initially won over the Mormons by creating a horseless carriage that helped them outrun the local salt rattlers that dwell in the salt flats. The worms were curiously missed until 1863 or so, but ever since they've claimed many pilgrims. Hellstromme's horseless carriages allowed the Mormons to cross the flats easily, outracing this terrible threat. Later, his incredible factories brought jobs and incredible wealth to his adopted family.

THE CITY OF GLOOM

Whatever one thinks of the "Mad Scientist of Salt Lake," thanks to him, the Mormons are the most technologically advanced people in the world. Thousands of high-voltage wires and pipes bearing natural gas sprawl through the urban tangle, bringing light, heat, and electricity to those who can afford it.

Salt Lake City's mechanization comes at a cost: the once-clean city now lies hidden under a pall of dirty smoke. It's also become an attractive spot for prospectors, former rail warriors, or settlers down on their luck. They flock to the city for quick factory jobs, hoping to work for just a few years until they're back on their feet.

In truth, most of these lost souls never leave the factory district of the city, the polluted sprawl called Junkyard. Even in this grimy subsection, life in the city is incredibly expensive, so laborers usually find themselves trapped in an endless cycle of wage slavery.



The Mormons themselves have weathered the change well. They live in Salt Lake City proper. Even the Good Lord seems to favor them, for they do not suffer from the pollution as the "gentiles" of Junkyard do. You can find much more information on this incredible setting in the *City o' Gloom* boxed set.

The city's ore-mining operations are carried out on the outskirts of Salt Lake City. Mammoth conveyor belts miles long transport ore to the city from the Wasatch Mountains.

Another booming industry is salt gathering. The brine from the Great Salt Lake is two-thirds table salt. Shallow salt boats trawl the waters with nets manufactured by Hellstromme. Fortunately, the salt rattlers can't seem to survive in the waters of the Salt Lake.

Since meat is in short supply in the region, hunters who can bring in fresh game are in great demand, and some are actually insane enough to tackle the largest game of all: the rattlers themselves. Some hunt the great worms in massive land ships. Smaller crews scour the salt flats via strange gliders, dropping sticks of dynamite on their tremendous prey from the air. Either is dangerous work, but worm armor and meat fetches a fair price these days.

PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY

Hellstromme has carefully cultivated a following in Salt Lake City. Brigham Young and the rest of the Mormon elders realize Hellstromme's importance in their lives. Most are convinced the changes of the last decade would have wiped them out were it not for Hellstromme's inventions.

Hellstromme lives just south of Salt Lake, between the urban sprawl and the ore-rich Wasatch Mountains. His manor is surrounded by barbed wire, hired gunmen, and guard dogs. Why a man who is supposedly Salt Lake City's fatherly patron needs such protection is suspicious to say the least.

Many Salt Lakers believe Hellstromme's influence has gone far enough. In fact, a few citizens are privately forming a rebellion against him. Several non-Mormons count

themselves among this secret circle, but no one argues that the legendary Mormon Danites are the cabal's leaders.

The Danites were always a secret society, charged with protecting and serving Brigham Young. Now they are even more secretive, for those who speak out against Salt Lake City's continued urbanization often wind up dead, hunted down by Hellstromme's own ruthless and silent enforcers. The Danites hope to expose Hellstromme's evil, but know they must have positive proof to make their kindred rise against him. In the meantime, they work as saboteurs to thwart Hellstromme's most vile plans.

To Brigham and the elders, Hellstromme denies that it is his own people who strike at the Mormon's "secret army." Few believe him, but Hellstromme's power and popularity keep them from exiling him. Even so, the elders might have dealt with the scientist in their own way if not for Brigham Young's influence.

Brigham had a vision that Hellstromme would destroy the world some day. He wants to keep this dangerous man under close scrutiny so that he can draw him away from the darkness and into the love of God. If he exiles him, Brigham will have no influence on Dr. Hellstromme's incredible schemes.

EXPERIMENTS IN TERROR

The truth is that the insidious Hellstromme is one of the Reckoner's favorite playthings. He's also one of the few folks who know of the Reckoning, and one of even fewer who have surmised there are sinister beings masterminding the whole thing.

Hellstromme spends day and night pondering the meaning of the Reckoning. He has discovered fear is definitely a factor, and he performs experiments to learn its significance.

The Wasatch railroad serves two purposes for the nefarious inventor. First, it provides him with money to fund his insane experiments.

Second, certain areas of his railroad are home to special "fear laboratories." Hellstromme disguises these labs as "roundhouses."

The rails around these special roundhouses act as giant conduits, conveying fear from the surrounding areas back to the roundhouse. Hellstromme has a laboratory set up at the center of the roundhouse where the tracks converge. There he can control the flow of fear by rotating the building's central turntable.

Late at night, Hellstromme probes the mysteries of the Reckoning by building up the Fear Level within his arcane laboratories and observing the odd phenomena which occur in his various living subjects and unliving apparatus. He has had a number of close calls with his experiments, but so far he has escaped unscathed (though some of his guards were not so lucky, and some of his experiments still roam the Weird West).

Undaunted, the evil doctor continues his quest for knowledge, determined to find the truth even if it takes his life (or at least his last hired hand).

Hellstromme's special rails are known to have two unintended side effects. The first is that, because of the concentrated fear flowing through them, they tend to attract manitous and other creatures of the Reckoning. This causes all manner of weirdness to occur directly along the railroad's right-of-way. Encounters with abominations are far more frequent along the rails, and those mortals who die near them are slightly more likely to come back Harrowed.

To reflect this, should a character die within 50 yards of Hellstromme's mysterious rails, draw an extra card to see if he becomes Harrowed.

The second is that passengers of the railroad who are sensitive to the spirit world (basically any character with the *arcane background* Edge), have very unpleasant dreams should they happen to fall asleep during their trip. While traveling on the Wasatch, treat them as if they have the *night terrors* Hindrance. A character who actually has *night terrors* suffers a -2 penalty to her *Spirit* roll.

THE GREAT MAZE

The broken landscape of the Maze is a magnificent sight. From certain vantage points, a person can see thousands of settlements. Some are situated atop the cliff-top islands and others rest on the rubble below.

Everywhere one looks, hopeful miners are lowering themselves over the island tops, chipping away at the canyon walls for gold, silver, or ghost rock. Below, ore barges scud back and forth, with perhaps a Federal or Confederate monitor guarding them.

In the shadows, one might just find pirates and raiders. Besides greedy Americans, there are also the colorful sampans of the Chinese warlords or the heavily armed flotillas of the Mexican Armada.

Staring out at all of them is the City of Lost Angels, perched smugly on the low inland cliffs overlooking the Bay of Prosperity.

The Maze is breathtaking. In fact it takes some folks' last breath.

The constant fighting and paranoia of the Great Maze keeps the average Fear Level at 2. If Santa Anna razes a settlement, the Fear Level of all communities within five miles jumps to 3 for at least a month.

DISPUTED MAZE

California is torn by more than just the aftereffects of the Great Quake. As in the central Disputed Lands, folks in California butter their bread on both sides. Merchants contract to ship gold and ghost rock to both sides of the border, but they rarely talk about it in public for fear of incurring the wrath of their clients' enemies.

Both the Union and the Confederacy maintain a Pacific fleet in crude harbors and strongholds scattered throughout the Maze. They engage in battle frequently, though both sides are reluctant to commit to a major

engagement for fear of losing their tenuous foothold.

The Union definitely has the upper hand, though neither side is strong enough to force the other out—especially with Santa Anna and the French Foreign Legion leering hungrily at the poorly defended holdings (see below), and Reverend Grimme's Guardian Angels watching their very move.

THE CITY OF LOST ANGELS

Fear Level 5

In the wake of the Great Quake of '68, the survivors made their way inland as best they could. It was an incredible journey. Besides the lack of food and fresh water, the ragtag refugees had to swim across the shark-infested sea channels and scale the canyons.

The most successful of these groups was led by a preacher named Ezekiah Grimme, who somehow managed to provide food and water for the entire motley congregation that followed him from the ruins. When they arrived at the inland side of the Maze, Grimme found a natural spring and proclaimed this site a new home for his "lost angels."

Other refugees eventually wandered into Grimme's camp. The town grew slowly but steadily until the discovery of gold, then later ghost rock. When the rush began in earnest, Grimme's sanctuary became the natural shipping point for everything coming in and out of the Maze.

FAMINE

The problem in the City of Lost Angels has always been food. The inland side of California is dry and vegetation is sparse, making game too scarce for so many people.

Some villages raise crops, but blights and other strange plant diseases often wipe them out. Cattle is also raised in some areas, but Texas fever and prairie ticks run rampant among the herds. Folks in Lost Angels pay five to six times the normal prices for even the rangiest meat.



One reason that Grimme became such a beloved figure to the people in the surrounding area is because his Church of Lost Angels provides a free meal to anyone attending Sunday service.

THE CHURCH OF LOST ANGELS

The venerable Grimme still leads his congregation. The Reverend's sermons are pure fire and brimstone.

Most folks in the city are members of the church, in body at least if not in spirit. Those weekly feasts after Sunday services make a lot of friends in the food-starved Maze.

THE TWO FACES OF LOST ANGELS

Well, that's what the normal folk see, anyway. To truly understand what goes on in the City of Lost Angels, Marshal, there are a few things you should know about. First of all, the "Savior of California," Reverend Ezekiah Grimme, isn't the man he used to be. When he led the survivors of the Great Quake inland, many of them starved. Like the famous Donner party, some resorted to cannibalism. A religious man, Grimme refused to take part in it. He died, but the Reckoners saw their chance to

create a powerful new fearmonger in his place.

After his death, Grimme's gnawed bones lay in a pile near the survivor's camp. That night, a dark miracle occurred. As the horrified cannibals watched, the bones grew bloody. Slowly, Grimme's skeleton stitched itself together with oozing sinews and gory flesh. When the spectacle was over, Reverend Grimme had returned from the dead—tattered black priest's suit and all.

But this was not the good-hearted man who had led his errant flock from the ruins of the Great Quake. This was a full-fledged abomination created by the Reckoners to take advantage of a horrible situation.

The new Reverend Grimme embraced the practice of eating human flesh. In fact, he *demanded* his starving companions seek out other refugees and murder them for food.

When hordes of survivors eventually moved in on the camp, Grimme took a more subtle tack. He supplied food and shelter for them while his inner circle quietly took the weak in their sleep.

Once word of ghost rock got out the next year, the settlement became a full-fledged village. Folks migrated to the camp from the sundered west coast and the ore-hungry East.

Within three years, the population hit 20,000. The City of Lost Angels was

born, and Grimme's secret cultists had gained a herd of witless cattle to feed their unholy appetites.

Grimme established the Church of Lost Angels to maintain his own power within the growing community. He secretly does everything he can to keep food prices high, often using his dark powers to cause blights in nearby crops and diseases in cattle herds that enter the city. This makes him that much more popular when his church serves a feast of mysterious meats and other foods to the starving citizens. The nature of Grimme's dark religion prevents his followers from transforming into ghouls or wendigos—the fate of most cannibals.

Even better for Grimme, his dark miracles seem divine within the Lost Angels environs (75 miles out, to be exact, after "Bloody Sunday," see below.)

Needless to say, Grimme is a popular figure. The Church of Lost Angels considers him a magnanimous benefactor. The *Cult of Lost Angels* knows the dark truth.

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

It all started on a Sunday like any other. During Sunday services at the Cathedral of Lost Angels, a horde of "demons" invaded the proceedings, slaughtering many of the churchgoers. It appeared to anyone watching that Grimme drove them off with holy powers.

In truth, the people killed by the demons were all part of a bloody sacrifice intended to fuel a ritual that has permanently expanded Grimme's sphere of influence out to about a 75-mile radius around Lost Angels. Grimme and his cohorts can now use their demonic powers freely within that radius and it looks like the work of the lord God Himself!

Grimme's priests can even take chunks of his altar with them to maintain this illusion further abroad.

THE EDICT OF '77

Grimme's next step was a simple one: he declared the City of Lost Angels and the area 75 miles around it a free and independent state. He abolished all semblance of a civil government, establishing himself as the head of a new city theocracy. All citizens of Lost Angels were given a simple choice: join the Church or get out.

Outsiders may still travel to Lost Angels of course, but have virtually no rights while in the city limits.

Neither the USA or the CSA recognizes Grimme's authority or the city's sovereignty, but neither do they have the manpower to do anything about it at the present.

The rail barons are also understandably upset. They've wagered everything on reaching the Maze and its priceless ghost rock only to have it shut off by a madman.

PROFILE: LOST ANGELS CULTIST

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 2d6, fightin': knife 2d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8

Bluff 4d6, faith 4d8, guts 3d8, overawe 3d6, persuasion 4d6, Scrutinize 4d6, survival 4d6, trackin' 3d6,

Edges: —

Hindrances: Oath: Lost Angels

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolt o' doom 3, dark protection 3, scrye 2, zombie 1 (see **Bloody Ones**)

Gear: An assortment of guns or knives.

Description: These are the dark priests that often accompany the more common Guardian Angels on their spiteful missions. They pose as pious individuals to the public, but are actually despicable agents of evil. They are the lowest members of the "inner cult."

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

The Guardian angels are the police force of the Church of Lost angels. They are becoming more common away from the City these days as they accompany proselytizing Church priests on their "crusades." Angels are organized in "flights" of five.

PROFILE: TYPICAL GUARDIAN ANGELS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:2d8, Q:2d6,

V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, fightin': knife 2d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 2d6, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d6, M:1d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8

Guts 3d8, overawe 2d8, persuasion 4d6, search 2d8, streetwise 3d6

Edges: Law man 1

Hindrances: Self-righteous

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: In a flight of five angels, two carry double-action pistols, two carry rifles, and one packs a double-barrel shotgun.

Description: Guardian Angels are little more than thugs looking for violent work. They have no idea they are the foot-soldiers of a cannibal cult.

THE BLOODY ONES

Priests of the cult are sometimes granted enchanted bones taken from their victims. Grimme gifts them with a twisted miracle that summons forth a bloody zombie with putrefying organs, looking much as Grimme did during his rebirth. These blood-soaked skeletons are called the "bloody ones."

A cultist (or anyone else with the bone in hand) need only toss the enchanted bone on the ground to summon the horrid servants. The bloody one follows its summoner's orders to the letter—but only if the summoner is a flesh-eating member of Grimme's cannibal cult. If not, it turns on the summoner immediately, devouring him and then collapsing into a bloody and useless pile of bones.



An hour after it is summoned, the shambling thing collapses into a pile of steaming gore. Bloody ones do not speak, though they do sometimes emit a slurpy laugh (hence the high *ridicule*).

PROFILE: BLOODY ONES

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d10, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:3d8

Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 4, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:4d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d6

Overawe 4d8, ridicule 4d8, search 4d8, trackin' 3d8 (by scent)

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: —

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d6), bite (STR+1d6)

Undead: Focus—Head

Description: Blood Ones look like corpses with their flesh gnawed off—which is exactly what happened.

MAZE PIRATES

There are five types of pirates present in the Maze: Chinese, Mexican Armada, Union and Confederate raiders, and rogues. Each has their own kind of ships and inimitable style in which they harass and rob the hard-working (if not actually innocent) miners of the Maze. Of course, their main targets in this melting pot of evil are each other.

CHINESE WARLORDS

The Chinese warlords of the Maze build their fortresses high atop small but high-walled islands in the heart of the Maze. Their success is a result of the white man's poor treatment of Chinese prior to the Great Quake.

When several warlords from mainland China established strongholds in California, they brought with them scores of their own warriors. The Chinese already living in the Maze, tired of oppression, flocked to their colorful banners by the hundreds.

Most of the warlords have so many followers that they cannot hope to house them all in their fortresses. Should you ever spy one of these islands—from afar I hope—you will see scores of leaky sampans sheltering in the shadows of their more favored brothers and sisters.

The warlords are hardly confined to the Maze itself. Some, like the infamous General Kwan, and Wang Ti-P'ing Hsien, the so-called "King of the Horizon" control a fair amount of real estate inland.

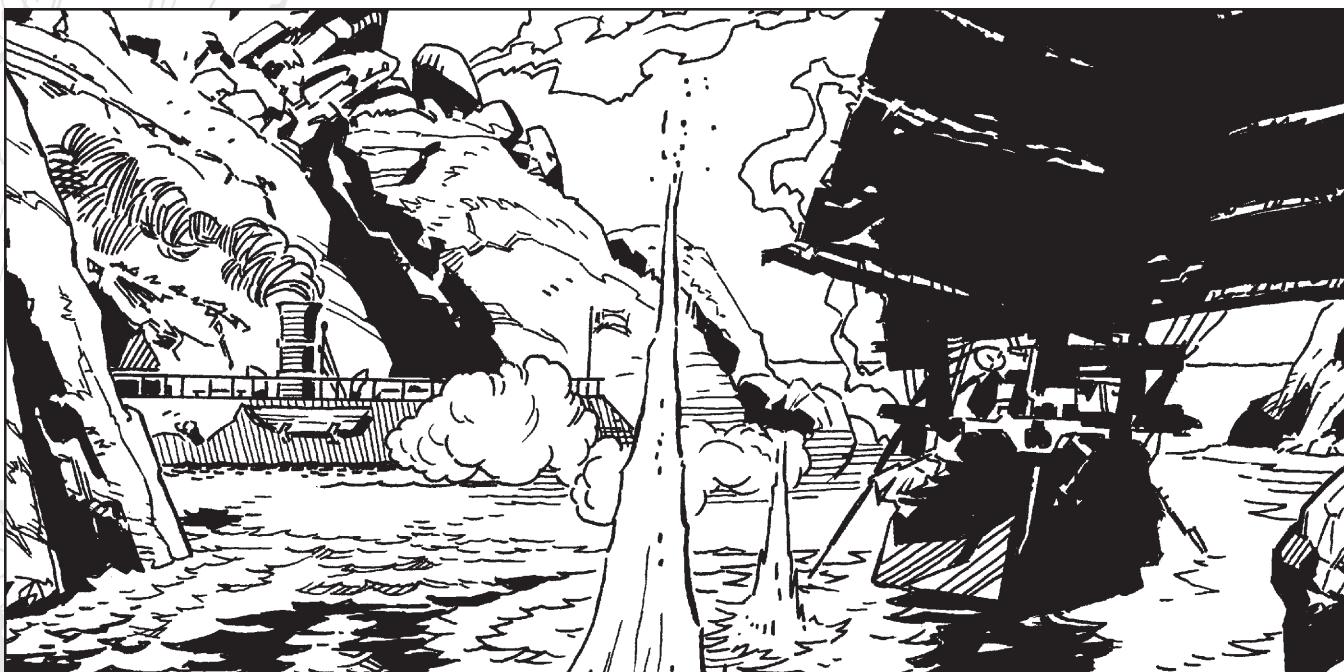
KANG

Of all the warlords, the enigmatic rail baron Kang is by far the most powerful. Kang's warriors use a strange method of fighting that others say can't be beat. They use guns, but they more often prefer to kill with swords or even their bare hands!

Kang's boats scour the interior of the Maze looking for prospector's camps. When they find one, they send their spies to find out if the miners have hit a strike. If they have, the rest of Kang's warriors move in and tell the miners the land is theirs. Those who realize it's a bald-faced lie and are dumb enough to say so soon find themselves swimming with sharks.

SHAN FAN

The Chinese warlords can all find safe haven at one place in the Maze—the port city of Shan Fan. Located about 300 miles north of Lost Angels, the city is run by a consortium of Chinese criminal gangs called triads.



While not as large or important a port as Lost Angels, Shan Fan holds its own, acting as a stop off point for ghost-rock shipments heading south, as well as a convenient place for Maze pirates to dispose of goods of dubious origin.

The triads are constantly at each others' throats, struggling to control the city—except when someone from outside of town threatens their power base. The triad bosses have a close eye on events down south in Lost Angels, and are preparing for the worst.

UNION & CONFEDERATE RAIDERS

The Union and Confederate navies are undermanned and under-equipped. Both sides make up for their shortcomings by outfitting small bands of raiders. The story of the navies and their raiders is much the same as it happens to be with the infantry Back East: the Union has more men at its disposal, while the Confederates have fewer but more-experienced crews and better vessels.

The Northern navy, based out of a place called Fort Lincoln in the northern Maze, treats its raiders as regulars. They use small, open boats with steam-driven propellers. Their boats do not sport guns of any kind—the volunteers are left to fend for themselves with their rifles, pistols, and wits. Most keep a few sticks of dynamite on hand as well.

These soldiers use stealth to make up for their lack of firepower. Their favorite tactic is to slip aboard Confederate ore-haulers by night and hold the crew hostage while they remove any ghost rock on board. If they can put the crew ashore, Union raiders scuttle or dynamite the ore-hauler once they've off-loaded any valuables.

Confederate raiders aren't quite as honorable. Strapped for manpower, the Rebels essentially granted letters of marque to some of the most notorious rogue pirates. Then they gave them a few, well-armed and armored experimental boats to go raiding in. These bloodthirsty fiends seem far more interested in violence than loot.

By the way, Admiral Allen Birmingham—the Confederate naval commander of the Maze—is as honorable a man as you could ever meet. He was field-promoted to his current position and has quickly risen to the task. He hates his own raiders and, for the most part, keeps them from striking civilian targets.

THE MEXICAN ARMADA

The Mexican Armada consists of two parts: the fast clipper ships that patrol the coastline, and the sturdy ironclads that steam through the Maze itself.

In the open sea, the shipping lanes are menaced by independent pirates commissioned by France. The pirates are commanded by "Capitán Sangre," which translates into "Captain Blood," which is likely not his real name.

Part of France's master strategy in conquering California is to raid its ore shipments Back East. Sangre was an infamous pirate along the Barbary Coast, and he was approached to take charge of the operation. He eagerly agreed and quickly put together a fleet of fast clipper ships crewed by ragtag bands of undisciplined and merciless French expatriates, rogue mercenaries, and his own Spanish compatriots.

Wind-powered ships can't sail in the Maze. Not every channel has a breeze, and those that do can force even a galleon into the cliff walls in seconds. So the Mexicans, under Maximillian's guidance, built a fleet of ironclads. These sport the latest in weaponry: heavy cannons, flamethrowers, grapnels, and any other gadgets their scientists back in Europe can dream up.

Mexican crews man the gunboats in the Maze. They are the opposites of their uneasy allies in the seaward shipping lanes. Where the Spanish pirates are chaotic and cagey, the Mexican naval crews are highly disciplined and ruthless if not particularly imaginative.

Collectively, the Armada is the terror of the Maze. The few ships of the Union and Confederate Pacific Navies are no match for the flotilla, either within the Maze or along the coast. The outgunned Americans have won their few minor victories only through their wits. The usually mortal enemies of the Northern and Southern Pacific Navies have even allied against their common foes on occasion.

ROGUES

In addition to the big boys, there are a plethora of independent scurvy dogs looking to loot and pillage. These "rogues" are sometimes the worst and the toughest of the lot. They have to be to survive with no one to watch their backs for them.

Some are honorable and abide by the "code of the sea." Others are cutthroats who kill a miner for a handful of ghost rock dust.

Their ships range from salvaged ironclads to small craft barely larger than rowboats.

PROFILE: TYPICAL PIRATE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N2d8, Q:2d6, S:2d8, V:2d6
Climbin' 1d8, fightin: brawlin, cutlass 3d8
shootin' pistol, rifle 2d6, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:1d4, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d6,
Sp:2d6
Gamblin' 2d6, guts 3d6, ridicule 2d6,
search 2d8, streetwise 3d6, trade:
seamanship 4d4

Edges: Fleetfooted 2

Hindrances: Randy -3, vengeful -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Double-action pistol, cutlass.

Description: These scurvy dogs run the gamut of appearances. Most are men, however, though there are more than a few lusty ladies amid their crews.

SANTA ANNA'S CRUSADE

The self-proclaimed "Napoleon of the West" is General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, former President and General of Mexico. When Texas seceded from Mexico in '36, Santa Anna was sent to quell the rebellion. He lost whatever sympathy the world might have had for his cause when he massacred prisoners at the Alamo and Goliad.

The Texans beat Santa Anna at San Jacinto, and in true Texas style, took back with them the leg the general lost in the battle.

President Polk was the next American to raise Santa Anna's ire. Polk and his concept of "manifest destiny" meant an annexation of the independent Texas in '46. Mexico still saw Texas as a province in rebellion and moved their forces north to take it back.

Under General Zachary Taylor ("Old Fuss and Feathers"), Polk put together a ragtag army to block the Mexicans, and the war was on. Though their army was larger and prettier, at least, the Mexicans were defeated by the Yanks at such places as Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterrey, and Buena Vista. While the Mexicans were fighting the American troops in the north, General Winfield Scott landed at Veracruz in the south and took Mexico City itself.

After the war, Santa Anna went into a self-imposed exile. He didn't emerge back onto Mexico's political frying pan until the French conquered Mexico in 1863. The French put Emperor Maximillian on the throne and, in a "goodwill gesture" that stunned the world, offered control of the remaining army to Santa Anna.

Santa Anna rolled over like a whipped dog and agreed. The rumor is that Maximillian has promised to build Santa Anna an army with which to invade Texas, but only if he can first conquer the ghost rock-rich California Maze.

Santa Anna has far fewer troops than before, so he has resorted to terror tactics to force Californians out of their boomtowns. Many have seen the

brilliant and colorful regiments of Santa Anna riding through the California wastelands, but many others claim there is another army, one that moves only at night. This is the Ejército de los Muertos, or "Army of the Dead."

Lately, Santa Anna has been sending out scouts as far afield as Arizona and the Texas border, and his men have been sighted on the move along the baha peninsula. They seemed to be looking for something. Just what remains to be seen.

SANTA ANNA'S ARMY OF THE DEAD

Santa Anna's Ejército de los Muertos is indeed an "Army of the Dead." His power stems from his new aide-de-camp, Xitlan (pronounced "EET-lawn"), a mysterious shaman who claims to be a descendent of an ancient Aztec sorcerer that lived in the area when the first Spanish explorers landed on its shores.

Santa Anna's mortal troops bring up his rear. He mistrusts his soldiers after the debacles of '36 and '48. The regulars are used only to put on a show for spies.

His real army is composed of rotting undead brought back to unlife by Xitlan. These small but deadly creatures are gruesome cannibals with a taste for human brains. Xitlan controls the zombies by use of a special plant mixed in with their usual diet of raw meat.

Use the normal statistics for veteran walkin' dead, but Santa Anna's soldiers' *Deftness* is 3d8, and their *shootin': carbine* skill is 4. Also, add the *fightin': saber* and *fightin': lance* Aptitudes at 3 and the *horse ridin'* skill at 4. These creatures wear the uniforms of the famous Tulancingo Cuirassiers (green tunics, bright bronze breastplates and helmets, and black pants), and carry carbines, sabers, and lances.

XITLAN

Xitlan is what some would call a liche, an undead sorcerer. He's neither Harrowed nor a zombie. He's entirely his own kind of abomination.



PROFILE: XITLAN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:4d6,

V:3d8

Bow 4d6, fightin': knives 4d6, sneak 5d6,
throwin': bolts o' doom 7d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d12, M:2d10, Sm:4d8,
Sp:4d8

Academia: occult 8d12, bluff 4d8, faith
8d8, guts 7d8, language: Spanish 4d12,
leadership 6d10, medicine: surgery
5d12, overawe 5d10, scrutinize 5d10,
search 4d10

Edges: Arcane background: black
magic 3

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Bolt o' doom 4, cloak of
evil 3, forewarning 4, pact 5, puppet
5, scrye 5, spook 3, zombie 5

Undead: Focus—Heart

Description: Xitlan looks and dresses like an ancient Aztec priest. He looks pretty good for a walking corpse.

GREAT BASIN

Southern California, Nevada

Southern California and Nevada form the Great Basin. This arid land is mostly desert, though a few lakes and rivers can be found if one knows where to look. There aren't many settlements out this way, so folks don't venture into the Great Basin without a map and enough provisions for several weeks.

The sparsely populated Great Basin has an average Fear Level of 1. It rises dramatically along the Ghost Trail to 3.

DEATH VALLEY

Fear Level 5

It's one of the hottest places on earth. It might even be *the* hottest. A few local prospectors who somehow survive in the region call it "Hell on Earth." The volcanic mountains, particularly the Funeral range, are bare and colored in brilliant reds and yellows dotted only by an occasional stunted mesquite or lone cactus. The lower portions of the valley are covered in salt flats, left there from the occasional wash from the Amargosa River, which I'm told actually contains a few inches of water about three times a year.

DEATH RIDERS

A handful of prospectors scour the scorching desert of Death Valley in search of borax. A few claim to have seen strange black-clad phantoms there, though most dismiss these visions as mirages caused by the incredible heat.

The black riders are minions of the Reckoners, one of the first wave of "scouts" they have sent to Earth. They were hurtled out of the Hunting Grounds to see if they could survive on the ambient fear of the area. They have, though their powers are greatly diminished until Death Valley becomes a Deadland.

The black riders are not happy about their fate. They despise all life and kill any living beings they see.

PROFILE: BLACK RIDERS

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d8, S:2d12+4, Q:5d12+4, V:3d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 8d8, shootin': pistol 8d12

Mental: C:4d12, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d10

Overawe: 5d10, search 4d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: —

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Coup: A Harrowed who takes a rider's essence can instantly detect other Harrowed by simply looking at them.

Damage: Ghostly six-guns (ROF 1, range increment 10, damage 4d10, never need reloading)

Immunity—All

Weakness—Blessed Weapons: The riders can only be destroyed by weapons blessed by an ordained minister. The cloak is insubstantial, the horrors' skulls must be shattered to send them back to Hell (by maiming the noggin).

Description: The riders wear tattered black shrouds with a single holster at their waists. Beneath their black cowls, should anyone get that close, are skulls with two glowing red sparks for eyes.

THE DEVIL'S POSTPILES

Fear Level 5

The Devil's Postpiles are huge, octagonal columns of blue, basaltic rock. Some of them are over 60 feet tall. Local legend says a corpse buried near the postpiles will return to life. This has led many to bury their loved ones at the feet of these awesome columns. Some also say that pleading one's case on the fallen's tombstone improves the chances the "spirits" will return their loved ones to life.

Scores of graves contain the heart-wrenching tales of the bereaved.



Fathers, sons, mothers, and daughters are all jammed into the hard earth here. The Apaches believe in the legend of the Devil's Postpiles, but they also claim returning from the dead in such a way taints the victim's soul.

Most of this is true.

Any dead buried in the rocky ground near these strange rock formations draws 5 extra cards to see if they come back Harrowed. The corpse must be fresh, no more than a week old, and completely buried in the stony earth, a task that takes about two man-hours.

Unfortunately, the cursed ground gives the Harrowed's manitou total Dominion when the victim returns from the grave.

If you want to give a hero a chance to come back with Dominion, you can, but you should definitely play out his nightmare, and you should make it harder than Hell.

WALKIN' DEAD

Whenever anyone spends the night waiting for a companion, there's a chance the lost souls who didn't come back rise as walkin' dead. They don't pursue their prey more than a half-mile from the postpiles, and they return to their graves if not destroyed.

Most nights, the smell of fresh brains causes 3d10 walkin' dead to rise from their graves.

FORT 51

Fear Level 0

Fort 51 is the Union's answer to the Confederate base at Roswell. Officially, however, Fort 51 is an outpost for the 10th Cavalry Regiment. These are the famous "Flying Buffalos" of Captain Jay Kyle.

It was Captain Kyle who bought the group their rocket packs. His men were suffering greatly from Apache snipers situated high on the mountain passes. Being a wealthy individual, Captain Kyle tried a grand experiment. He ordered five rocket packs from the newly opened Smith & Robards' Emporium.

His men trained with the devices for a few weeks, then went on patrol. When the column was ambushed, the five specialists assigned rocket packs bolted into the sky. The Apaches ran in terror and the buffalo soldiers returned home victorious.

Now Kyle has trained the entire regiment to use the rocket packs, of which he now has about 50 functional packs (enough for one troop to use them at a time). Whenever the Federals need to raid south through Apache country, these veterans are their only choice.

The most famous of these is Sergeant Benjamin Amos. He's led more raids into Apache country than any other. He is respected by both Geronimo and his Chiricahuas and the jaded Texas Rangers who frequent Roswell.

There are 17 scientists on the base, as well as their families. A civilian is in charge of the scientists. This is "Mr. Eddington," a mysterious and secretive type who rarely speaks, but keeps his nose in every experiment.

Tales of strange lights seen in the night skies over Fort 51 aren't flying saucers or will-o'-the-wisps. They're the Flying Buffalos in training.

THE GHOST TRAIL

Fear Level 3

The Ghost Trail used to run to Santa Fe, where it turned into the Santa Fe Trail. It came to life in '69 when Southerners forged it bringing loads of ghost rock to Roswell for Jeff Davis' attack on Washington. Since Roswell exploded, the independent contractors working for the government truck their precious loads to the railhead at Tombstone instead.

Bandits and thieves are common, as are the phantoms of those they've slain.

THE MOJAVE DESERT

Fear Level 4

The Mojave (pronounced mo-HA-vee, friends from Back East) is a huge expanse of barren landscape in southern California. Part of the desert is hard and brittle. A few stray cacti and dry scrubs are the only vegetation you'll find. The rest is made up of shifting sand dunes and bizarre rock formations.

More inhospitable country is hard to find. Most folks who try to cross it die from lack of food and water. Travelers who must head into the Mojave for some reason must carry enough provisions for themselves *and* their mounts for several weeks.

MOJAVE RATTLERS

The Mojave is a barren place, but life exists most everywhere. Some of it defies natural law, and some contradicts common sense. Mojave rattlers fall into the latter category.

Unlike most of the monsters of *Deadlands*, rattlers are known and accepted by most folks. They chase prey they hear walking or riding on the ground above. Should a cowpoke feel rumbling in the earth beneath his feet, he should head for a rocky place as fast as possible—the critters can't tunnel through solid stone. Those who aren't near a hunk of stone should stay real still and start praying. Fighting them isn't usually an option, either. Rattler hides are tough and a little bullet won't do much damage to a critter this big anyway.

What only a few folks have figured out is that the rattlers are intelligent—far more so than should give anyone comfort. The Mojave rattlers seem to be the biggest of the West's giant worms. The salt rattlers of Utah are the craftiest. Those who lurk in the Badlands seem to have an affinity for magic—and an agenda to create a new race of beings with human DNA (see *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* to find out if they were successful).

For statistics and more information about these huge and malevolent worms, see page 73.



THE WILD SOUTHWEST

Texas, New Mexico, Arizona

Texas has its fair share of green rolling hills, auburn fields, cottonwood stands, and scrub plains, but the stark mountains of New Mexico and Arizona really stick in a traveler's mind.

Wild Texans, the war between the Apaches, Confederates, and Yankees, and the constant threat of a combined Foreign Legion/Mexican invasion keeps the average Fear Level at 2.

The Grand Canyon is Fear Level 3 thanks to the Laughing Men and the rumored "City of Ghouls."

ADOBE WALLS

Fear Level 3

High in the Texas Panhandle is a ruined village by the name of Adobe Walls. It was built in 1843 by a trading company known as Bent, St. Vrain & Company.

Bent believed this base would give him an edge on his competition, the Kiowa and Comanches, for buffalo hides and stolen horses. The Indians didn't take kindly to Bent's efforts, and he was sent running east with his tail between his legs.

THE FIRST FIGHT

In 1864, Federals withdrew from the Santa Fe Trail to participate in the Civil War. The Comanches and Kiowa took advantage of their absence to raid and pillage the local settlers. Famed Army scout Kit Carson was sent to settle the bill. Along with him were a number of New Mexican volunteers, Utes, Apaches, and five cavalry and two infantry companies.

Carson stumbled into a large encampment and, after a sharp battle, retreated to the "safety" of Adobe Walls. The Indians were all set to overrun the startled soldiers when Carson wheeled around a pair of 12-pound mountain howitzers and opened fire. Carson escaped, harried all the way by the angry Indians, but he lost many of his troopers in the bargain.

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THE SECOND FIGHT

The next fight at Adobe Walls took place in '74. Two Dodge City merchants set up a tanning village on the site. Unknown to the hunters, an Indian shaman named Isatai had a vision. He said he had been shown how to make a shirt that could repel a white man's bullets. Isatai's chief, Quanah Parker—later a key member of the Coyote Confederation—wanted revenge for the hunters' slaughter of the buffalo and decided to use the shirts in a raid on the new camp at Adobe Walls.

Parker prepared well for his raid. He and his braves even practiced their assault on a constructed settlement modeled after Adobe Walls. Their plan was to attack at dawn—gaining surprise—and massacre the hunters in their sleep. But a clever saloonkeeper somehow found out about the raid. He even managed to get the town up out of bed early that morning under the pretense that his building was caving in. (The "pop" of his support timbers that awakened half the town was more likely made by his pistol.)

Parker's warband attacked only to find most of the town wide awake. Fortunately for the Comanches, Isatai's magic shirts worked just as the shaman claimed they would.

Only the saloonkeeper's alarm and the clearheaded actions of Bat Masterson allowed most of the hunters to escape. The post was left in ruins.

Now Adobe Walls stands bloodstained and silent in the Texas Panhandle. Quanah Parker and his warband left many dead on the field. The Coyotes won't go near the place, saying it is haunted by ghosts of all the battles fought there. Several unfortunates have camped near Adobe Walls since only to be found dead the following morning.

The truth is that Comanche Chief Quanah Parker and his braves are the ones keeping Adobe Walls free of visitors. They sometimes claim ghosts

murdered travelers who tried to stay there, but more often the victims were buffalo hunters poaching on Confederation territory. This is a convenient way for them to get rid of dead white men and keep their relationship with the Confederacy friendly.

THE GRAND CANYON

Fear Level 3

Truly one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Grand Canyon in Arizona is the largest crevasse on earth. The Navajos call it the "house of stone and light." It is an apt name, for the dramatic shadows and sun-baked canyon walls are startling to behold, whether from the top or from the banks of the Colorado River far below.

Long ago, the Grand Canyon made a wonderful campsite for travelers. Whites and Indians got along, the view was breathtaking, and the only dangerous critters were the occasional snakes and spiders. These days, the shadowy floor of the canyon seems a shade darker, and the echo of a man's voice rings with an unearthly cackle.

THE LAUGHING MEN

The most dangerous threat in the Grand Canyon area is posed by a former Black River gang. The band now calls itself the Laughing Men and holes up somewhere in the vast canyon.

The leader of the Laughing Men is "Chuckles" Ryan, a bloodthirsty villain wanted in every state and territory in North America. Little is known of Ryan except that he's a cautious planner with a raspy, constant laugh and a passion for cheap cigars.

His band has taken to laughing their heads off when they ride out of a town they've just robbed—hence the name.

The Laughing Men once worked for the Black River railroad, but they went rogue after Mina Miles took over from her deceased husband. Mina put the

Wichita Witches first in line over Ryan's band and the bandits took it personally.

The Laughing Men number over 200 dark-hearted souls. They make their living raiding Indian and white settlements from Texas to Colorado. On a robbery, the Laughing Men usually have 10-30 gunmen, though more may be waiting nearby to persuade pursuing posses that they'd be better off tending beeves than following a marshal into certain death.

The Rangers know the gang operates out of the Grand Canyon, but they have yet to find the secret camp in the area's scarred landscape. That's because Chuckles moves his camp every month or so.

Traitors and trespassers to his camp are dealt with in the most entertaining way possible. Victims are put through a gauntlet of traps, critters, and hand-to-hand combat with his own men. He promises his victims their freedom if they can survive the gauntlet, but no one has yet to survive to see if the bandit would keep his word.

PROFILE: CHUCKLES RYAN

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d10, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 4d6, fightin': knife 1d6, sneak 5d6, horse ridin' 4d6, quick draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d8, M:4d10, Sm:3d10, Sp:2d4

Area knowledge: Grand Canyon 4d8, Artillery 2d10, bluff 3d10, demolition 4d8, disguise 3d8, gamblin' 4d10, guts 4d4, language: Mexican Spanish 2d8, language: Apache 2d8, leadership 4d10, overawe 4d10, persuasion 4d10, ridicule 2d10, scroungin' 2d10, scrutinize 5d10, search 3d10, streetwise 2d10, survival: desert 3d10, trackin' 2d10.

Edges: Levelheaded 5, sand 3.

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 10

Gear: Army .44 revolver, Winchester '73, small knife, 1 stick of dynamite.

Description: Ryan is a thin beardless man, given to wearing smoked glasses against the harsh glare of the sun.

PROFILE:

TYPICAL LAUGHING MAN

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': knife 3d6, sneak 3d6, dodge 2d6, horse ridin' 4d6, quick draw 3d8, Shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Bluff 1d6, demolition 2d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6, streetwise 3d6, survival: desert 4d6

Edges: None

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: An assortment of weapons, with knives and Derringers up their sleeves.

Description: The laughing men are an assortment of hard-looking thugs and ruffians.

THE CITY OF GHOULS

Whispered legends speaks of something deep in the heart of the Grand Canyon—a set of caves that hold a strange city of the dead. The city is reportedly inhabited by eaters of the dead—ghouls.

No one living has actually seen this fabled city, but the Laughing Men stay out of the bottom of the Canyon, just the same.

LA LEGION ETRANGERE

When Emperor Maximillian took over Mexico, he garrisoned the northern border with the refuse of the proud French Army, the Foreign Legion. While the Legion has a valiant fighting record, there is little denying its ranks are made up of the rest of the world's castaways.

Deserters, debtors, and criminals all find homes as Legionnaires. Even the French officers are lost souls forced from the regular regiments to France's unwanted stepchild.

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Still, when there's fighting to be done, the Legion is a force to be reckoned with. These desperate men are cunning and ruthless in battle. Though France and the southern states are on cordial terms, the Legionnaires scattered along the forgotten outposts of the border do their best to wreck the relationship. Out of greed or sheer boredom, Legionnaire patrols often wander north to raid the caravans of the Ghost Trail. They rarely leave witnesses to their bloody attacks.

The Texas Rangers know which outposts are responsible, but they can't take action once the "patrols" retreat across the border for fear of spoiling the Confederacy's already tentative relationship with France. The Rangers could likely win a fight with the Legion if they could just catch them. After years of fighting in the deserts of Africa, the Legionnaires can ride fast, hide in plain sight, and survive the incredible heat even better than the Rangers.

PROFILE:

TYPICAL LEGIONNAIRE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:3d6

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': knife 4d6, dodge 3d6, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Guts 3d6, language: English 1d6, Language Spanish 1d6, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 4d6, search 3d6, survival: desert 6d6

Edges: Tough as nails 2

Hindrances: Ferner -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A Smith & Wesson Frontier pistol, a Winchester '76 rifle, a knife, a horse and a filthy uniform.

Description: Legionnaires come from a wide variety of sordid pasts, and their diverse appearances reflects that.

NACOGDOCHES, TX

Fear Level 1 (Hey, they're Texans)

Residents of Nacogdoches, Texas, claim the dead rose from their graves last Halloween. The undead were slow, had a hunger for brains, and could only be killed by shooting them in the head.

The things besieged the townsfolk in their homes through the long night. When morning came and the ornery Texans finally figured out how to kill the rotting creatures, the Nacogdochans wheeled out the whiskey kegs and took turns shooting out zombie brains.

The story is as true as it gets, though most of the West laughs at the tales and the Texas Rangers have sworn to wipe out "every damn Nacogdochian" if they talk to the *Tombstone Epitaph*.

Here's how this strange event happened. A few days before Halloween, a B.V. train sped through Texas carrying vats of a special brew. This experimental formula was devised by Baron Simone LaCroix to create the walking dead. Unfortunately, the bridge over the Angelina River near Nacogdoches was out, and the train plummeted into the water. The formula eventually made its way down to the Nacogdoches cemetery.

Fortunately, the brew was not one of Baron LaCroix's better batches. The undead that arose came out slow and near mindless. The gun-toting Texans had an easy time rounding up their undead relatives and planting them back in their holes.

LaCroix continues to send his special potions west to make more work crews as his rail line forges slowly across Arizona. It's only a matter of time before another train wreck creates another zombie uprising. And next time the walking dead may not be as easy to destroy.

Meanwhile, the Nacogdochans have plan to stage a carnival to mark the anniversary of the zombie rising.

PESTILENCE

Three particularly nasty epidemics hit the Southwest hard this year. The worst of them are found deep in the heart of Texas, and they've very nearly wiped out entire droves of cattle.

TEXAS FEVER

Texas fever is a cattle disease that has driven the price of beef through the roof. The big ranchers have been hit hardest, so the smaller cattlemen are taking advantage of the situation to drive their herds to Dodge before the disease is wiped out.

When a steer's got the fever it starts foaming at the mouth and attacking nearly anything in sight. Anything that can walk a straight line's pretty safe, since the poor animal sure can't anymore. Within a day or two, the afflicted critter collapses to the ground and, soon after, dies.

The only cure for this ailment is the .45 caliber kind.

TUMMY TWISTER

The second disease is called the "Texas Tummy Twister." Anyone who drinks water tainted with this illness feels his insides get all tight. Then the poor sap gets real hungry but just can't seem to eat enough to fill his innards. A few days later, the victim starts coughing blood, then gets so bloated his gizzards burst. Most sawbones think it's some form of dysentery.

The most insidious new plague to wrack the Southwest can't be fought, avoided, or even seen. It's a microscopic critter that lives in still ponds and muddy swimming holes.

Anytime a character drinks from a stagnant Texas watering hole, there's a chance he picks up a Texas tummy twister. The odds are 1 in 4 in southern Texas and 1 in 6 north of Dallas.

Once in a host's gut, the twister clings to the stomach and begins to absorb blood and water. In three days, the thing is the size of a fist. In seven days, it's the size of a cat.

During this time, the twister grows a spiny appendage which it inserts into the spinal column. One week after

infection, the host becomes a quasi-mindless puppet.

A human under a twister's control isn't particularly bright. The creature can force its host to manage a few words and remember its close friends' names and whatnot. Anyone who knows the victim instantly sees he is out of sorts, though it usually appears as if the host is merely suffering from a high fever or delirium.

The twister can see poorly through its host's eyes, but it prefers to peek outside the victim's stomach whenever it can. It does this by burrowing out through the abdominal muscles. This causes a light wound to the host's guts (the twister secretes a strange ooze that stops bleeding almost instantly). Anyone who spies the creature peeking out needs to make an Incredible (II) *guts* check. When the twister remains hidden inside, the only visible sign of its hidey-hole is a long, oozing scar.

The twister's goal is to impregnate others with its microscopic children. If it can lure another host within a few inches, it lashes out with its thorny tentacles. If it hits and causes at least one Wind, tiny tummy twisters race into the victim's bloodstream and eventually wind up in his stomach.

Even the best doctors probably can't remove a tummy twister. Their link to the spine means a *medicine: surgery* roll of at least 15. Even then the operation takes at least 10 minutes, and the twister won't just be sitting there waiting to have its tentacles sawed off. There are a more than a few doctors in Texas who have contracted tummy twisters in this way.

The only good way to get rid of a tummy twister is for the host to eat something incredibly spicy. Jalapeños make the nasty critters come crawling out in a few minutes (doing a *critical* but non-bleeding wound to the guts that can't be negated by Fate Chips as they scratch and claw their way out).

Acid also gets rid of them, but doesn't do the host much good (unless he's Harrowed, but then tummy twisters can't live in an undead's stomach anyway). Some mad scientists have used hydrochloric acid to destroy the bellies of those believed to be infected with the critters, though.



PROFILE: TUMMY TWISTER

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:1d4, S:2d4, Q:3d10, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' (Deftness based) 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:1d8, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Pace: 4

Size: 4

Wind: 10

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Spiny tentacles (STR+1d4)

Infection: See description above.

Description: See the picture above.

PRairie TICKS

The latest and greatest epidemic is caused by prairie ticks. Regular ticks are bad enough, but these suckers are about the size of a man's fist and like to climb down throats. They get inside steers, sheep, horses, and—yes—even humans, and make their happy homes right inside the host's guts. Then the

critters just sit there and drain blood until they're about the size of small dogs. Next thing you know, they're digging their way out. And that's the end, friend.

Pretty gruesome, huh? Fortunately, there's a cure for this one. Pour some castor oil or similar nastiness down your gullet and the thing will come crawling out your throat. Needless to say, a person wants to take care of his unwanted visitor before it gets too big.

The statistics for the prairie tick can be found in the color section of Chapter Three.

SANTE FE TRAIL

The Santa Fe Trail was once known for the murderers and thieves who stalked it. These days, its reputation is even worse.

Shipments of minerals taken from the Maze used to come up the Ghost Trail to Santa Fe. Those that went on to the southern states continued along the

Santa Fe, and some wagon trains still follow this route. As bad as the robbers along the Ghost Trail are, they're worse along the more populous Santa Fe.

Working for one of the civilian contractors hauling ghost rock is good work. It's dangerous, of course, but pays well. Wagon masters pay up to \$10 a day plus a \$25 bounty on the head of every bandit killed along the way. Some folks have made themselves a pretty penny this way, but others simply never returned. It's a long trail with lots of places for a body to get "lost" along the way.

THE INDIAN TERRITORIES

The Indians are an enigma to most whites: at times noble and honorable, at others savage and cruel. In truth, they are people just like any other. The tribes have their own cultures, ones that may seem strange to those from more the "civilized" parts of the world. Even more confusing to whites, they are as varied as the people themselves.

There are literally hundreds of different tribes in the West, but there are three groups who have the most influence. From largest to smallest they are the Sioux, the members of the Coyote Confederation, and the Apache.

THE SIOUX NATIONS

The Sioux Nations were formed in '72. The Union's initial defeat by Davis' Confederate forces at the Battle of Washington convinced the Indians of the Dakotas that this was the time to reclaim their borders. Sitting Bull started this movement, but even he could not make all the various tribes unite under a single leader.

The tribes' compromise was to reinstate the old council of the Sioux Nations, the "wicasa yatapickas." The wicasas are four wise leaders appointed by the tribes to make decisions on behalf of the Nations.

The wicasas have absolute authority in the Sioux Nations. Any formal dealings with the Sioux must be carried out through this council of revered leaders.



The four tribes directly represented by the wicasas are the Hunkpapa, Miniconjou, Brule, and Oglalas. The other tribes of the Sioux Nations, such as the Northern Cheyenne and Sans Arcs, must make do with winning the ear of one of the wicasas.

RELATIONS WITH THE US

At the moment, relations between the Nations and the US are cool at best. Sioux are allowed to travel the northern states at will, but not in groups of more than five individuals. Anything larger is considered a "raiding party," and the local cavalry is usually called on to "escort" the errant Indians back to their own borders—assuming they're still there by the time the boys in blue show up, of course, which is rarely the case.

The reverse situation is even more stringent. No whites are allowed to cross the Sioux's borders except by means of the Iron Dragon railroad. Even then, a visitor must head directly to Deadwood or certain regions of the Black Hills where the Sioux have allowed mining. Non-designated regions of the Black Hills are off-limits to outsiders, and anyone foolish enough to violate these sacred areas will not likely be seen again.

The locals protested one of these "murders" to the US government. President Grant's only official response to the people of Deadwood was much appreciated by the Sioux. It read simply, "You were warned."

THE OLD WAYS MOVEMENT

The wicasas know the world changed in 1863, but most don't know exactly why. They merely believe the spirits are punishing them for some misdeed. All but Sitting Bull say the people must return to the "Old Ways." They must throw off the "evil" influence of the white man—guns and other manufactured artifacts—and return to nature.

The old Sioux leadership made this idea law back in '65, and the Sioux Nations have kept it so. Publicly, every Sioux acknowledges the Old Ways. Warriors hunt with bows and arrows, knives are made from stone, and so on.

The shamans believe the Old Ways have pleased the spirits, for their powers have grown greatly.

The United States military is thrilled with the Old Ways movement, since it means the Indians are easy pickings for their Gatling guns should a war develop. The Army may eat its words if the shamans' powers continue to grow.

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

Since General Custer's defeat at the Battle of Little Big Horn, the US government has treated the Sioux with a new measure of respect. Grant, despite Generals Sherman and Sheridan's contempt for the wicasas, saw Little Big Horn as proof that the Sioux are a legitimate nation instead of a loose alliance of individuals. The President may not be able to keep the two nations' differences from starting a war, but he is dedicated to trying.

For more information of the confrontation between the Union and the Sioux, the battle of Little Big Horn and details on the Deadwood Creek Treaty, check out the **Deadwood** section on page 153.

THE ORDER OF THE RAVEN

Not every Indian is thrilled with the return of the Old Ways. Soon after the wicasas made the Old Ways law, a quiet rebellion took place, especially among many of the younger Sioux warriors.

These rebels are called the Order of the Raven. All bear a tattoo of their namesake somewhere on their body, usually hidden in the most remote or secret place possible.

When the wicasas caught word of the rebellion, they gave all members of the Sioux Nations one week to burn off any Raven tattoos. From that point on, anyone caught with the mark would be put to death. Slowly.



SITTING BULL

Sitting Bull is the "Hunkpapa wicasa," the leader of the wicasas, and he has his own ideas about the course the Sioux Nations should follow. His speeches, subtle to Indians unused to politicians, hint that war is inevitable.

His most memorable speech was just after the Deadwood Treaty of '75. While he spoke kind words in English, his message in Sioux was less than gracious. In fact, he called the Union soldiers murderers and liars. And all the while Generals Sherman and Terry (not knowing a word of Sioux) just kept smiling and nodding their heads.

Needless to say, when the Generals were later told what Sitting Bull had said in front of them, it didn't do much

to improve relations between the Indians and the US Army. This overt mocking of US power may be what led to the massacre at the Little Big Horn.

The unfortunate truth is that Sitting Bull himself is a Ravenite. Under the advice of the Hooded One (see below), he quietly organized those he knew were resistant to the Old Ways to start acquiring guns and other arms. Some day, Sitting Bull plans to lead his people into battle against the whites, starting with the "invaders" in Deadwood and the Black Hills. He is waiting for an incident to turn popular opinion against the Old Ways. Then he plans to depose the other wicasas and declare himself "the Great Chief." The Battle of the Little Big Horn, and the victory of the Old Wayers over the US cavalry, set him back several years.

THE HOODED ONE

A shaman known only as the "Hooded One" has become one of Sitting Bull's closest companions. What no one knows is that this mysterious figure is none other than Raven. See the **Coyote Confederation** section for more information.

IRON DRAGON

The provisions of the Deadwood Creek Treaty meant Iron Dragon could build a spur to Deadwood. Sitting Bull, saw a chance to arm his braves.

Sitting Bull's cohorts approached Iron Dragon and set up a meeting between their chief, Kang, and the Hooded One. In exchange for Sitting Bull's influence with the wicasas, Kang agreed to transport arms into the Sioux Nations—a direct violation of both US federal law and the Great Fathers' dictates.

Once a month, a private train enters the Sioux Nations and delivers weapons to the waiting Indians. These are bought with fees extorted from unregistered miners in the Black Hills, jumped claims, and thievery. Most of the shipments consist of rifles and ammunition, but dynamite and a few artillery pieces have been delivered as well. Sitting Bull's Order of the Raven should be well-armed when he decides to strike.

COYOTE CONFEDERATION

The Coyote Confederation was formed in '74, just a few months after the second battle of Adobe Walls. The four principle tribes are the Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Kiowa. Several smaller tribes—notably the Kiowa-Apache, what's left of the Cherokee, and a few others—are also members, but they don't have enough population to have any real influence.

Geographically, the tribes are spread out over Indian Territory in the Oklahoma region and maintain their villages in the center of the Confederation. Patrols of 10-20 braves (both male and female) roam the borders looking for intruders. Running into one is bad news.

The leader of the Coyote Confederation is a shaman known, appropriately enough, as "Coyote." All of the tribal chiefs have Coyote's ear, but the two most influential by far are Quanah Parker of the Comanche and Satanta of the Kiowa.

COYOTE

As far as is known, only Parker and Satanta know Coyote's true identity. The shaman wears a long cloak of vermillion, and his or her face is always shrouded inside its deep hood. Most agree the Confederation Great Chief is a male from his deep booming voice, but they disagree on whether he is young or old, Comanche, Cheyenne, Kiowa, or other. The truth is Coyote is Chief Quanah Parker's closest companion, Isatai, the engineer behind the attack on Adobe Walls back in '74.

Strangely enough, Isatai had not created a magical vest for himself, thinking he would stay well back from the battle and watch the braves do the fighting. But one of the whites had deadly aim, and Isatai fell bleeding to the ground.

After the battle, Parker and Satanta sent their warband home and personally took the mortally wounded Isatai to die on the sacred Black Mesa of Oklahoma.

There the three fasted and gave thanks to the spirits for their victory in battle while preparing Isatai's spirit for passage into the Hunting Grounds.

While Parker and Satanta waited, they talked of the Sioux Nations and dreamed of a new land for their own people. Isatai overheard their conversation, and in his delirium he experienced an epic vision.

The spirit of the great Coyote, the trickster, told Isatai that he would live, but only if he created a new confederation of the People in the trickster's name.

Enigmatically, Coyote also told Isatai that he must lead the new nation instead of Parker or Satanta, though the shaman must always keep his true identity a secret. Isatai asked why, but the trickster only hinted at a dire fate should Isatai's true face be revealed.

Isatai reluctantly told Chief Parker and Satanta of his vision. To his surprise, they agreed to gather the People together and allow Isatai to lead them. They, of course, would remain by his side and offer their own guidance as well, but Isatai, under the guise of "Coyote," would from that day forward be the Great Chief of the Coyote Confederation.

Isatai healed as Coyote had said he would, though when he donned his robe, his seeping wound dyed it deep vermillion. The wound has not stopped seeping to this day, though Isatai is stronger than ever before.

To his vermillion robe, Isatai added a deep hood that would forever hide his face. Thus was this Coyote, the Great Chief of the Coyote Confederation, born from the blood of Isatai.

RAVEN'S PLAN

The unfortunate truth is that the "Coyote" who gave Isatai his vision was actually Raven. He plans on assassinating Isatai one day and quietly assuming his identity, putting the entire Confederation at his command.

ALLIES

Coyote has a deal with the Southern states that has become fairly common knowledge since '76. Warbands serve as Confederate allies, raiding settlements or garrisons in Kansas and other border states. Quanah Parker and Satanta are often at the head of these raids.

Publicly, Coyote advocates the independence of the Confederation and the sovereignty of its borders. He sees Southerners as kindred spirits, fighting for their independence from the hated "blue bellies." He does not encourage his people to hate outsiders, but neither does he tolerate uninvited visitors in their lands. Most who wander into the Confederation don't wander back out unless they had a good reason for their visit.

THE BUFFALO WAR

Chief Quanah Parker is the Great Chief of the Comanche tribes and one of the three most important figures in the Coyote Confederation.

Chief Parker makes no secret of his distrust of white men. He particularly hates buffalo hunters. He has good reason, of course, for the massacres of the southern herds cause his people to starve.

Parker has made it known that buffalo hunters will not be tolerated in Confederation territory. Those caught trespassing meet their fates in the most painful ways possible.

Parker's private war on buffalo hunters led to an attack on a skinning camp at Adobe Walls in '74. The violent battle was so widely reported and reviled by both sides that it almost sparked a war with the Confederacy.

The papers call Parker's semiprivate feud the "Buffalo War." If you're heading west to get in on the buffalo craze, I'd advise you to avoid the temptation of entering Indian Territory. Both governments have publicly forbidden it,

though since neither have any real authority there, the hunters ignore them. This gives Parker a free hand to deal with the hunters as he sees fit. His cause is just, but he can be a cruel and merciless opponent.

THE OLD WAYS

The Sioux's Old Ways movement has caught on among the elders of the Confederation, including Coyote himself. He has yet to enforce it, most likely because his close friend Chief Quanah Parker is openly against it. Parker has been known to carry a Gatling pistol on occasion, and his closest companions have collected many odd technological devices, "trophies" of their frequent raids.

Satanta believes strongly in the Old Ways. He is a very spiritual man and believes technology is the cause of the white man's greed.

THE APACHE

The Apache are the predominant Indian tribe in southern Arizona. Raiding and warfare are a way of life for them, and they have gained a well-deserved reputation as fierce warriors. One of the foremost warriors among them was the great Chiricahua leader, Cochise.

Cochise was at first willing to live in peace with the white settlers who came to the area. Then, in 1861, he was falsely accused of kidnapping a rancher's son and stealing some cattle. The soldiers sent to recover the boy and livestock tried to capture Cochise under a false flag of truce. He escaped and soon thereafter—embittered by his experiences—led the Chiricahua Apache on raids against the white settlements in the area.

When the Civil War began, Confederate forces swept into New Mexico and Arizona. The Union forces, weakened by the desertion of many of their number to the Confederacy, burned their forts and withdrew east. The Apaches thought the withdrawal was due to their attacks and stepped up their raiding, hoping to expel all white settlers in the area.

In 1862, a column of Union volunteers from California entered the territory and succeeded in driving the Confederate forces out. After defeating the Rebs and being reinforced by volunteers from New Mexico, the bluebellies turned their attention (in a military manner of speaking) toward the Apaches and Navajos. They were able to make some progress against these tribes until the West got weird. About 1864 or so, the Apaches were able to match the soldiers' firepower with some of a more spiritual nature.

It wasn't long before the Chiricahuas began to gain the upper hand in the fight, and the Union troops were forced to retreat back within the safety of the forts they had constructed. By 1866, the two groups' roles were reversed. The Apaches patrolled the area while the soldiers conducted quick hit-and-run raids against Apache encampments.

The Great Quake of '68 changed things dramatically. Beforehand, the majority of the Union forces stationed in Arizona were originally from California. Those soldiers who didn't immediately desert their posts after hearing about the quake were recalled by the California state government soon after. Once again, the forts were burned as they were left behind, but this time the troops withdrew west.

SLAUGHTER

For a few short months, the Apache were masters of their own destiny. Then Rebel troops from Texas moved in to back up Jeff Davis' claim to the Maze and protect the vital Ghost Trail. They were led by General Joseph Ewell Slaughter, a bloodthirsty devil who took a dim view of any Indian who was still drawing breath. Needless to say, he took an even dimmer view of Indians who were riding around, shooting up his precious ghost rock convoys.

Slaughter lived up to his name. His troops carved a bloody swath across New Mexico and Arizona. Slaughter didn't have many men, but those he had, he drove relentlessly. He hired scouts from tribes hostile to the Apache to help him locate and destroy them.



Still celebrating their "victory" over the bluebellies, the Apaches weren't prepared for such a ferocious onslaught. Many of the tribes were defeated and forced to relocate to the Bosque Redondo, a reservation on the Pecos River in New Mexico. Cochise and most of the Chiricahuas fled into the Dragoon Mountains and established a hidden stronghold there.

After breaking the Apaches' hold on the area, Slaughter built and garrisoned a string of forts along the route used by the mule trains, to protect the ghost rock shipments from attacks by Indian and Mexican raiders. The war in the East was temporarily stalemated, so Davis risked sending large numbers of troops west to man these forts.

Once the Ghost Trail was secured, Slaughter focused his attention on destroying the Chiricahua and Cochise, the only chief in Arizona Territory who openly defied Confederate rule. Small bands of his warriors would slip down from the hills at night and ambush patrols or destroy livestock and

property. Slaughter used this as an excuse to kill and torture any Apache he could get his bloodstained hands on, trying to find Cochise's secret lair. But the Indians wouldn't talk.

Slaughter sent numerous patrols to scour the area in and around the Dragoon Mountains. Most of the patrols only succeeded in wasting good boot leather and getting a few of their number shot by unseen foes. Cochise's warriors refused to give Slaughter the stand-up battle he wanted, preferring instead to strike from ambush and then disappear into the rugged countryside.

Frustrated and enraged at his troops' failure to find the Apache leader, Slaughter wired Richmond for more troops. Davis responded by taking half of Slaughter's soldiers to use in the attack against Washington.

The loss of these additional troops stretched what was left almost to the breaking point. The unhappy Slaughter's forces were deployed in a thin line across New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. For a while, the bloodthirsty general was forced to give up his personal vendetta against Cochise.

THE DEATH OF COCHISE

The Battle of Washington created an insatiable demand for troops Back East. The isolated and desperate western garrisons continued to escort wagon trains through the area, but all offensive operations against the Apache were suspended. Cochise took advantage of this weakness and stepped up his raiding.

Ghost-rock shipments were temporarily suspended after the accident at Roswell. During this time, a number of the forts were abandoned and the garrisons were quickly consolidated. One of the forts which remained active was Fort Huachuca.

General Slaughter used the strengthened garrison here to resume his hunt for Cochise and take down the Apache leader once and for all.

Slaughter was destined to be disappointed. According to the Apaches on the reservation, Cochise died in his mountain stronghold on June 8, 1874.

The final resting place of Cochise's body remains a mystery to outsiders, and the Apaches certainly aren't volunteering any information. Not content to allow his old adversary to rest in peace, Slaughter has offered a \$2,000 reward to anyone who brings him the chief's remains. So far, no one's taken him up on it, although many white bounty hunters have tried and have paid for their efforts with their lives.

But the truth is the Apaches' great chief Cochise is not dead—yet. Aging and in ill-health, he realized he was no longer up to the task of leading his warriors in battle. He consulted with some of the medicine men of his tribe and found another way in which he could help his people.

Aided by the tribal shamans, Cochise's spirit has entered the Hunting Grounds to bind a powerful mountain spirit—or “gan”—to his service. Cochise forced the spirit to grant the *wilderness walk* favor to the entire Chiricahua tribe and mask the location of their mountain hideout from outsiders. This supernatural aid has greatly helped the Chiricahua warriors, enabling them to easily ambush their enemies and then vanish without a trace.

Needless to say, the nature spirits do not grant such requests easily. Cochise may only bind the spirit while his body lives. While his spirit is in the Hunting Grounds, his body lies in a cavern deep within the mountains.

Tribal shamans tend to his body, sustaining him with powerful potions and magic. Despite this, his physical form is slowly losing strength and will eventually expire. At the moment of his death, the gan is freed from service. A great earthquake will shake the Dragoon Mountains and collapse the chamber in which Cochise's body resides, entombing him within the heart of the mountain forever. His spirit

will be trapped in the Hunting Grounds for eternity as a servant of the gan.

When running encounters with the Apache, remember that the *wilderness walk* favor only masks sound and obscures tracks. It can't prevent someone from eye-balling an Apache peeking up from behind a rock.

The Chiricahuas live in a group of caves high in the Dragoon Mountains. The caves are only accessible by climbing a sheer cliff face via a series of small ledges and natural handholds. This is no problem for a Chiricahua. Anyone else who tries to climb the cliff must contend with the gan.

To climb the cliff, a non-Chiricahua character must make three opposed rolls of *climb'n'/Spirit* versus the gan's *Spirit* of 4d10. The character must get at least a raise against the gan to progress to the next roll. If the mountain spirit gets a raise against the character, the climber must back down off the cliff and start again. If the gan gets two raises or more, it has managed to mislead the character in some way, either obscuring a handhold or tricking the character into reaching for a nonexistent one, and the character falls into the gulch below, taking 10d6+50 falling damage.

Any Chiricahuas who are aware of the characters' presence won't take kindly to the intrusion, so you may want to apply a modifier to the characters' rolls if they are being sniped at while climbing.

GERONIMO

After Cochise's alleged death, the mantle of leadership passed to Geronimo. Geronimo was born a Nednis Apache, but after losing his family to Mexican raiders, he came to live and fight with the Chiricahuas and is now considered one of them. He is a skilled warrior and leader and has gained a reputation among the Chiricahua as one with great spiritual power.

Geronimo has vowed to take Slaughter's scalp in retribution for the suffering he has caused the Apaches. Under his leadership, the Chiricahua continue to raid wagon trains going to and from the Maze, outlying ranches,

farms, and—now that the railroad has arrived—trains.

Although weary of war, Geronimo knows his people can only live free if they fight for that freedom. He also realizes the Apache are not strong enough to engage the Confederate forces in open battle—their superior numbers and artillery would make short work of the Chiricahua. Because of this, his warriors have become masters in the art of ambush and concealment.

The Apache warriors always avoid a fight unless they have the advantage in either numbers or position. Unfortunately for the Confederate soldiers, this is increasingly the case these days. Many of the soldiers tell stories of ambushes where the Apaches fired on them and then simply



disappeared, leaving no trace. Even veteran trackers have often failed to find the Apaches' trail.

The Rebels know of the Flying Buffalos' success in fighting the Apache, but Jeff Davis has yet to send them the rocket packs they need to emulate Captain Kyle's famous fighting force. The Confederates hate the Flying Buffalos, particularly the noted Sergeant Amos, who has made them look like fools on more than one of their raids.

ENCOUNTERING INDIANS

Bands of braves from various tribes can be encountered just about anywhere in the Weird West. Check out the *Ghost Dancers* book for more information on the various tribes, as well as more in-depth rules for making Indian heroes (and villains).

PROFILE:

TYPICAL INDIAN BRAVE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, Q:4d6, S:3d8, V:3d8

Bow 3d8, Climb 1d10, Dodge 2d10, Fightin': War Club 3d10, Horse Ridin' 2d10, Shootin': Rifle 3d8 (omit if the warrior follows the Old Ways), Sneak 2d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Faith 2d8, Guts 3d8, Overawe 2d8, Survival: Home Environment 4d6

Edges: Fleet-footed 2

Hindrances: Stubborn -2

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A war club (treat as a large club), a bow, 20 arrows, a Ballard '72 rifle (unless an Old Ways follower) and a horse.

Description: The description above best fits one of the Plains Indian tribes, but it can be easily adapted for Indians from other regions.

THE HEART OF THE WEST

Now it's time to get down to the nitty-gritty on three towns best represent what the West is all about: Deadwood in the USA, Dodge in the Disputed Lands, and Tombstone in the CSA, the so-called, "Heart of the West."

There are more important places, like Denver, the City of Lost Angels, and Salt Lake City, but these places don't have the boomtown feel that really sums up the Western experience. Send your posse to Deadwood, Dodge, or Tombstone and they'll really discover what the Weird West is all about.

DEADWOOD

Fear Level 4.

Deadwood is a town under siege. It sits smack dab in the middle of the Sioux Nations, at the northern edge of the Black Hills. Its only connection to the US of A is a single rail line run by the Iron Dragon Railroad, although those too cheap to pay Kang's price sometimes try to hoof it in under the power of their own horses.

Large groups of Sioux patrol the area around the town, and anyone caught violating the terms of the Deadwood Creek Treaty is ejected from the Nations—if they're lucky. The corpses of those who fight back can be seen hanging from poles along the trail to the Black Hills, a warning to those who would violate the hospitality of their hosts. Smart travelers pay Kang's fare and save their families the grief.

THE POLE MEN

Altogether, the Sioux have only hung seven corpses on the poles lining the road from Deadwood to the Black Hills. So how come there's over 20 now? Read on.

When Sioux patrols are forced to kill (usually when a rogue miner draws a gun), they turn the body over to the miner's compatriots. If no one claims the body, they lash it to the poles along the Deadwood road.



Miners who travel the road every day are forced to look at these grisly remains. The sweet fear they produce caught the Reckoners' attention, and they gave life to a new abomination: the pole men.

Anyone traveling the road alone at night discovers this grisly secret, but only while it is raining. On these nights, the water loosens the grisly gray flesh of the creatures on the poles and grants them unholy life.

As the lone victim passes beneath the corpses, the horrors' dead eyes open, their legs elongate to reach the ground, and their rubbery arms shake loose of their bonds. The doomed soul must make an Incredible (II) *guts* check.

If the pole men can capture a sorry traveler, they erect a new pole and tie him to it. Death comes slowly from the loop the horrors place around his neck.

PROFILE: POLE MEN

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:5d12, S:3d8, Q:3d10,

V:2d6

Dodge 8d12, *fightin': brawlin'* 5d12, sneak 4d12

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Pace: 14 (due to their long legs)

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Entanglin': The pole men usually have little trouble with their prey because the poor sod is dumbstruck with terror. When someone manages to fight back, the pole men attempt to wrap them up in their long, rubbery arms. This is an opposed *fightin': brawlin'* roll. When the pole men get their prey under control, they lash him to a new pole where he begins to hang (use the *hangin'* rules).

Undead: Focus—head

Description: See above.

HISTORY

In August of 1875, a prospector by the name of Frank Bryant and some of his friends snuck into the Sioux Nations. Bryant and company had heard rumors of gold in the Black Hills and figured it was worth the risk. They found gold, and plenty of it, but they also found something more valuable: ghost rock.

Bryant and his friends spent a month in the Black Hills, avoiding the local Indians and mining what they could. The Sioux eventually caught them, tied them behind their horses, and dragged them over 100 miles to the border.

When Bryant recovered, more ornery than ever, he decided to recruit a larger band of miners and head back into the

Nations. This time, Bryant vowed, they would be armed.

The trespassers were successful and, with no other competition, soon found enough gold and ghost rock to set them up for life. This time, Bryant and his cronies slipped out of the Nations before the Sioux caught on.

Although Bryant swore his companions to a vow of silence, the miners' money bought a lot of whiskey, and soon the secret was out. Less than a week later, the rush was on.

An angry Bryant and his few remaining friends ran back toward the Nations for one last load. They arrived to find they were not alone. Other miners were already digging away in the sacred Black Hills.

Despite a few early disputes (usually resolved with one party meeting its maker), the miners worked out a rough claim system and set to work. Bryant's gang came out on top, staking their previous claims and most of the areas they thought would yield more gold or ghost rock.

It didn't take long for the Sioux to discover what was happening in their sacred hills. Small bands began to attack the prospectors, forcing them to work with a pick in one hand and a Colt in the other. The dead mounted on both sides. The surviving miners, determined to hold onto their claims, banded together in defense under Bryant.

One cold, rainy night found the Sioux surrounding the last starving trespassers. As men will do when doom seems certain, the desperate miners vowed a sacred pact to one another. The following morning, the bleary-eyed miners were amazed to see the Sioux had vanished.

They didn't know the Great Fathers had recalled the warriors for a great powwow. More miners were heading into the Nations. Wagonloads of them.

While the Great Fathers tried to figure out what to do with the invaders, Bryant's miners got together

and formalized their pact. Thus was formed the Deadwood Miners Alliance. The terms were simple. Members of the alliance were required to spend one day a week on "militia" duty instead of mining. This consisted of either patrolling the area for Sioux war bands or working on the stockade that was being constructed at the junction of Deadwood and Whitewood creeks. This arrangement allowed the miners to work their claims in relative safety. For a while at least.

THE DEADWOOD CREEK MASSACRE

The stockade was completed in early October of '75 and was called home by more than a hundred miners. The miners lived in their stockade and traveled to their mines or streams each day. During this time, a few lone Sioux were seen watching the miners from a distance, but they were eerily quiet and did not attack.

The flow of ghost rock slowed as the weather turned colder—the miners became more concerned with filling their faces than their pockets. The Great Fathers heard the reports of the miners' difficulties and made their decision. They ordered their warriors to harass any foraging parties sent out from the stockade. The warriors weren't supposed to attack the miners, but they were to keep them from gathering food or catching game.

One of the warband leaders, a Brûlé Sioux named Red Bear, did not have the patience to starve the miners out. He urged anyone who would listen to take to the warpath and drive the white man from the sacred hills. He soon found a receptive audience.

In early November, a party of miners was out hunting. Some Sioux warriors rode ahead of them, making noise and scaring away all the game in the area. Frustrated, the miners opened fire on the braves, killing two of them. A short skirmish followed, and another Indian and a miner bought the farm. The miners retreated to the safety of the Deadwood stockade.

Around the campfire that night, Red Bear told the angry braves that the



time had come to end the desecration of the Black Hills. Eager for vengeance, they agreed. Messengers were sent to gather warriors from the nearby villages.

The Sioux wicasa forbade the attack, but the Hooded One promised Red Bear he would be successful in an attack, but only if he struck that very night.

The warband attacked the fort before the distant Fathers could put together a force to stop them. After hours of vicious fighting, Red Bear was thoroughly victorious. The stockade was burned to the ground, and most of the miners who ran for the hills were ridden down like animals. Of the more than 100 inhabitants of Deadwood Creek, less than 10 made it out of the Sioux Nations alive. Frank Bryant was one of them.

LITTLE BIG HORN

When news of the slaughter reached the public, there was an immediate demand for the government to take some action. The Army was hesitant to waste troops avenging some fool miners who got killed because they were where they shouldn't have been, but the existence of such a large deposit of ghost rock east of California could not be ignored. After much debate, Congress authorized a punitive expedition against the Sioux.

Not much could be done during the winter months. After things warmed up in the spring, Union troops under General Terry headed into the Nations to teach the Sioux a lesson. Terry divided his forces in two, hoping to catch Sitting Bull's forces in a pincer movement.

The southern force was the 7th Cavalry, led by the fair-haired Lieutenant-Colonel George Armstrong Custer. Custer quickly discovered a Sioux encampment and decided to attack it with only a portion of his available forces.

Custer was quickly surrounded at the Little Big Horn by Sioux warriors led by Crazy Horse and a Hunkpapa chief named Gall. His men were wiped out, but he managed to escape. Custer claims he was able to fight his way free, but in actuality he was purposefully left alive. When all his men lay dead at his feet and his cartridges were spent, Crazy Horse, the Hooded One, and Red Bear approached. No one knows what happened next, but Custer was soon sent galloping for the border.

Custer returned to Wyoming in disgrace, but he wasn't defeated yet. While recovering from his wounds he began to organize another expedition against the Sioux, this time without authorization from Terry, the Army, or Washington.

Only a few regulars remain in Custer's command. The rest are volunteers outraged by the massacre or eager to get at the gold and ghost rock of the Black Hills.

THE DEADWOOD CREEK TREATY

Sitting Bull has no love for the white man. Most know he favors war, and it wouldn't surprise many if one day he gets his wish, especially if the whites don't quit breaking "sacred" promises and treaties • and trespassing on Sioux lands.

Some were surprised when Sitting Bull proposed to allow limited mining and settlement in the Black Hills. Those who knew Sitting Bull weren't surprised at all. It was clear from the beginning he would only allow mining so that he could raise money to fund a future war effort. The rest of the Great Fathers went along with him because they knew they couldn't keep the miners out and the concession would keep the US military off their backs.

Reaction to the offer in Washington was favorable, mainly because it made it look like the politicians had accomplished something besides getting the 7th Cavalry killed. Grant knew the country didn't have the resources for a full-scale war against the Sioux—the Confederates were giving the Union enough trouble. Sitting Bull's proposal avoided that while still giving the country access to an invaluable source of ghost rock.

On July 1, 1876, Sitting Bull (representing the Sioux Nations) and Generals Terry and Sherman (representing the United States) met at the site of the massacre and signed what came to be known as the Deadwood Creek Treaty. A year later the treaty has held. An uncomfortable peace has settled over the town of Deadwood. How long it will last is anyone's guess.

DEADWOOD REBORN

Only days after the treaty was signed, the Iron Dragon Railroad began laying track toward Deadwood. The line was quickly completed, and a sea of tents soon covered the old massacre site. Despite the restrictions placed on them, hundreds of miners scrambled to be the first to strike it rich in the Black Hills.

The merchants, outfitters, gamblers, and soiled doves weren't far behind. Only a few months after the treaty was signed, Deadwood became a bustling boomtown. In September, the town elected a town council and its first mayor, Sol Star. Seth Bullock was later elected the town's first marshal.

THE DEADWOOD MINERS ALLIANCE

The inhabitants of Deadwood trust Sitting Bull about as far as they can throw his namesake. Treaty or no, the good citizens realize that if trouble should arise, they can only rely on themselves for defense. Some of the miners who survived the massacre have returned to their claims. One of those is Frank Bryant, who has also revived the idea of the Deadwood Miners Alliance.

Close to 70% of the male (and a not-inconsiderable portion of the female) population of Deadwood belongs to the DMA. Members are required to own a functioning firearm and spend one day a month on duty, patrolling the mines of fellow members.

Not surprisingly, many of the young Sioux braves are unhappy with a band of armed whites roaming around the Black Hills. The patrols give each other plenty of clearance, but clash frequently. So far there has been no shooting between the two, but the kettle could boil over any day.

RESTLESS SPIRITS

There are those in Deadwood who say the spirits of those slain in the massacre are demanding vengeance. This claim seems to be supported by recent events.

A number of Sioux have been found dead in the hills around Deadwood. The corpses have been horribly mutilated. Some have been scalped, and others have been dismembered. The Sioux have warned the miners that anyone caught perpetrating these crimes will suffer a slow and painful death. Despite these threats, the killing continues.

In addition to the deaths, miners working claims that had belonged to those killed in the massacre have arrived at their mine in the morning to find their equipment smashed and dripping with blood. Many people, both Sioux and paleface, have begun to believe the stories about ghostly figures wandering the hillsides, thirsting for revenge.

Here's the truth behind these awful murders. Frank Bryant hasn't forgotten being dragged out of the Nations the first time or escaping the massacre the second. Soon after the treaty was signed, Bryant formed a small inner circle among the group's leadership, devoted to avenging the massacre victims and opening all of the Black Hills to free mining. This group has taken to calling itself the Ghost Miners.

The group stays in contact with Custer, who—even after his defeat—continues to recruit volunteers for an expedition against the Sioux. They are biding their time, waiting until Custer's force is ready. When the moment is right, they plan to stage an incident with the Sioux to force Washington to give Custer free reign.

Bryant and his cronies, not content to wait quietly, have begun a campaign of terror. They prowl the hills at night, looking for victims, innocent or otherwise. Their most common prey are lone Sioux.

On nights when no easy targets are available, they content themselves with smashing mining equipment and splashing the blood of a slaughtered animal over the wreckage. The next day they are the first to suggest that the vandalism is the work of restless spirits crying for vengeance.

Not every incident is truly an effect of the supernatural. The nature of the Reckoning, however, means an abomination may soon rise from this murderous mystery.

MINING

Mining is the lifeblood of Deadwood. Miners in the hundreds have come to the town to make their fortune. Some are after gold, more are looking for ghost rock, but all hope to leave the Black Hills wealthy individuals.

There are two main routes into the mining business around Deadwood. The

DEADWOOD'S TREATY

- 1) The US government recognized the borders of the Sioux Nations as we know them today. No US troops are allowed within these borders.
- 2) The settlement on Deadwood Creek could be rebuilt under Sioux supervision. All non-Indians residing in the Sioux Nations must live there unless given special permission by the Council to live elsewhere.
- 3) The only access to the settlement from outside the Sioux Nations is by rail, so white folks found where they shouldn't be can't claim they're on their way to Deadwood.
- 4) Mining is limited to the Black Hills themselves. Miners must pay a \$100 fee for a prospecting permit and a \$200 fee to stake a claim. Finds must be assayed in Deadwood, and 5% of the cash value must be given to the Sioux Nations.
- 5) Mines may only be registered by individuals, not companies.
- 6) No single mine may be worked by more than five people at a time.
- 7) Mines found in violation of these rules are shut down. Anyone violating these rules is immediately ejected from the Sioux Nations.

first is to pay the fee and go prospecting. The second is to buy the deed to an existing mine.

Both choices are risky. Prospecting may not turn up anything, and an existing mine (if the purchased deed is actually legitimate) may be tapped out. Either way, one has to deal with the Office of Mining Affairs in Deadwood.

The OMA was set up by the Sioux to collect mining fees, and it sits in a building at the corner of Main and Gold in downtown Deadwood. Most of the staff are white, but the office is actually run by Deer Slayer, a Sioux educated Back East and quite familiar with the white man's ways.

A prospecting permit costs \$100 dollars and allows a party of five to prospect for one month. Registering a new claim costs a onetime fee of \$200. Operating a registered mine requires the payment of a monthly operating fee of \$100. Assaying a find costs 5% of the load.

HOW TO MINE

Ounce for ounce, gold is more valuable than ghost rock—for now—but it takes more work to acquire. Most of the gold is found in the beds of Deadwood and Whitewood Creeks.

Miners use sluices to separate the gold from the gravel of the streambed. The gold-bearing gravel is dumped into the top of the sluice and carried through a series of riffles by running water. The riffles trap the gold but let the lighter sand and gravel flow out of the sluice.

It's possible to pan for gold in the area, but this method is seldom used. Panning actually recovers more gold from a deposit than sluice mining, but is a much slower method. The \$100 a month operating fee charged by the Sioux makes panning marginally profitable at best.

Panning, however, requires very little equipment, a steel or tin pan and a small vial of mercury (which bonds with gold dust) is plenty. This allows

pan miners to quickly set up shop anywhere that has running water. Many prospectors have used this mobility to mine illegally. They never pan in one location for long, moving from place to place to avoid Sioux patrols. The Sioux have dealt severely with those they have caught doing this, giving new meaning to the term "deadpan."

Ghost rock is more profitable because it is usually found in larger concentrations than gold. Ghost rock tends to appear in fist-sized clumps in a wide variety of rocks. Mining ghost rock, however, is much riskier than gold mining. Direct handling of ghost rock can have serious side-effects, and it gives off sulfurous vapors which are both flammable and poisonous.

Prospecting for ghost rock is simple but dangerous. Once a likely spot is located, a three-foot-deep survey hole is drilled into the rock face. This hole is then capped and left sitting for an hour. This allows time for any ghost rock vapor trapped in the rock to percolate into the hole. After an hour has passed, the cap is removed and a lit match is held in front of the hole. If ghost rock is present, the vapor ignites. The size and intensity of the flame gives the miner an idea of the quantity and quality of the ghost rock he's found.

This method has its dangers. If the drill should cause a spark while passing through a pocket of vapor in the rock, an explosion can result. If the survey hole is drilled into a large deposit of ghost rock, the test flame may ignite it. A few large seams of ghost rock have been accidentally touched off in this way. They have burned for months with no sign of stopping. At night, the sky south of Deadwood is tinged with a red glow from these underground fires.

Ghost rock mines must be well-ventilated. An accumulation of vapor in the mine can be ignited by a lantern or the spark of a pick striking rock, with disastrous results. (Good ventilation is essential for other reasons. Most miners live on a steady diet of pork and beans. Enough said). Breathing large amounts of the vapor can be fatal, and even small doses of it can cause rock fever.

Miners always take caged birds, usually canaries, into the mine with

them. The birds, being much smaller, are affected by the vapor sooner and keel over before the miner does. A bad deal for the bird, but a lifesaver for forgetful old prospectors.

SATAN'S GARDEN

Satan's Garden is an area five miles southwest of Deadwood. It was the site of the Chance Venture Mine, one of the biggest ghost rock strikes outside of the Great Maze. The place was owned and operated by Norman Chance and his brother William.

One night, after spending some time toasting their good fortune in town, the two siblings decided to pay a visit to the mine. In their polluted state, it didn't occur to them to fire up the steam-powered fans that would suck any accumulated vapors out of the shaft. Norman lit a cigar to celebrate his newfound fortune and entered the mine.

A tremendous explosion followed, shattering the earth around the mine shaft and exposing a deposit of ghost rock larger than the crispy Chance brothers had ever dreamed possible. The blast ignited the ghost rock, of course, and enormous pillars of flame erupted through the holes torn by the explosion.

The fire is still burning. Fountains of flame light the sky every night, and the eerie wail of burning ghost rock echoes through the hills. When the wind is right, the sound can be heard in Deadwood. There are those who claim they can hear the Chance brothers screaming in agony, locked in a prison of flame.

It would literally take a river to put out a ghost-rock fire of such proportions. Some entrepreneurial souls have tried some other methods of getting at the fortune going up in smoke, but so far all have failed. A new gentleman named Hyrum Burms has just arrived in town with an all new plan to douse the conflagration.

The ground for a hundred yards around the mine shaft is hot enough to raise blisters, and the air is hot and thick with sulfurous fumes. All of the vegetation within a quarter mile of the site has died and is buried under a thick blanket of ash and cinders.

The Sioux claim strange, reptilian beings have emerged from the flames, but are likely just trying to keep curious prospectors out of the area.

ROCK FEVER

Folks who work with ghost rock day in and day out can catch something called "rock fever."

Fever victims feel warm and light-headed. Some report strange burning sensations, as if their blood were on fire. The victims' high fevers make them irrational, however, and hallucinations are not uncommon.

The fever often causes permanent damage. Many who have had it seem a few sandwiches shy of a picnic, and some have gone stark, raving mad. A case of rock fever usually lasts about a week. At the end of this time, either the fever breaks or the victim does.

Characters who suffer prolonged exposure to ghost rock may contract rock fever. Miners are the most frequent victims, as are mad scientists who handle rock shards frequently.

A person who handles a piece of ghost rock does not usually have to check to see if she's gotten the disease. Only those who work with it for four to eight hours a day or more—or those who simply spend much of their time in a mine filled with ghost rock vapors—have any real danger of contracting rock fever.

After each week of direct, prolonged contact with ghost rock, the character makes a *Vigor* roll. The TN of the roll is 3 after the first week. It increases by +2 per week until the TN reaches 11. After that, check once per month at TN 11.

If the roll succeeds, nothing happens. If it fails, the hero contracts rock fever. He becomes flushed and feels light-headed and feverish, taking -2 to all Aptitude and Trait rolls.

Once with the fever, the character must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll every two hours. Each successful roll reduces the TN of the next roll by -1 to a

minimum of 3. Each failed roll causes a wound to her noggin and increases the TN of the following roll by +1 to a maximum of 11. The character rolls until three consecutive rolls are made or she dies. Chips may be spent to cancel wounds, though the TN still rises.

If the patient takes three or more wounds from the fever, her brain boils a bit, and she gains a dementia. Roll on the **Mad Scientist's Dementia Table** or make up something loco.

Should the afflicted go bust on a *Vigor* roll, she spontaneously combusts and is consumed by fire from the inside out. Little remains of a cowpoke who dies in this manner except perhaps some ashes, a few fillings, and a lump of ghost rock about the size of the victim's heart. Anyone witnessing this event should make a Hard (9) *guts* roll.

IRON DRAGON

The Iron Dragon Railroad built a line through the Sioux Nations years before ghost rock was discovered in the Black Hills. Once the Deadwood Creek Treaty was signed, the company immediately began laying a spur to Deadwood. Iron Dragon has used its monopoly as the sole transportation in and out of Deadwood to its great advantage. The railroad's fees for both passengers and cargo are well above the going rate.

Also, despite the fact that the treaty prohibits companies from owning mines, Iron Dragon controls almost one third of the ghost-rock mines in operation around Deadwood. The railroad does not own the mines directly, but each claim was bought by company employees. It's common knowledge that the money for these claims came from Iron Dragon's coffers. Some of the mining operations on these claims are actually operated by members of Iron Dragon work crews.

Miners have lodged complaints with the OMA, but no action has yet been taken. No doubt many fear Kang's heavy hand.

CHINATOWN

A large number of Chinese immigrants have taken up residence at the north end of town. Most work in the mines or as household servants. Others have set up laundries and restaurants.

Still others have taken up less savory occupations. Just on the northern side of the tracks, there are a number of establishments that cater to those looking for something stronger than whiskey. At night, you can detect the smell of burning opium from over a block away.

THE OPium RING

There are many who would like to close Deadwood's opium dens down, but it's unlikely this will happen. The few brave souls who have organized opposition to the sale of opium in town have received late night visits from Kang's assassins.

Kang has begun using his railroad to move opium. He has shipments delivered to eastern ports and then transports the stuff west by rail. He's found that it's much quicker than having Chinese immigrants carry the opium on foot from the City of Lost Angels. Kang jealously guards his opium trade and has placed enforcers in every town that he services.

In Deadwood, Kang's man is Huang Li. He lives in the boomtown's flourishing Chinatown, and he is widely recognized by Deadwood's Chinese residents as their leader. Few outsiders know of his status.

LIFE IN DEADWOOD

Deadwood is a wild place. Over a third of the population makes its living from saloons, gambling, or prostitution. The knowledge that the Sioux could decide to wipe out the entire town at any time lurks in the back of every inhabitant's mind, encouraging a philosophy of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we may die." The fortunes being made in the hills around the town are spent or gambled away almost as fast as they are acquired.

DEADWOOD, SIOUX NATIONS

- Building Key**
1. Ayres & Wardman Hardware
 2. Bella Union Theater
 3. Big Horn Store
 4. Carmichael's Livery
 5. Empire Bakery
 6. Gem Theater
 7. Green Front
 8. Grand Central Hotel
 9. Langrishe Theater
 10. Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon
 11. Nye's Opera House
 12. Office of Mining Affairs
 13. Stebbins & Post Bank
 14. Train Depot



The vast majority of Deadwood's population lives in tents in and around the city. Due to their inherently transient nature, most of these structures are not shown here.



1 inch = 75 feet

Many saloons are open around the clock, and the whiskey flows like water. Travelers to Deadwood are advised to use their best manners. The combination of whiskey, gambling, and guns is a lethal one; the tiniest insult (real or perceived) can result in an acute case of lead poisoning.

Marshal Bullock and his deputies are kept busy rounding up drunks and keeping the peace. Bullock prefers to settle disputes peacefully. He is not afraid of gunplay, but he wants to keep the dying to a minimum. Some citizens want more aggressive law enforcement. They were lobbying to make the illustrious Wild Bill Hickok the next town marshal until his recent death.

Most folks don't actually live within the city limits, instead camping in tents in the hills overlooking the town. Some miners refuse to leave their stakes for fear that claim jumpers will rob them blind while they gallivant around town. The Sioux don't mind, just as long as the miners don't go wandering off where they're not wanted.

Visitors to Deadwood may want to invest in a good pair of boots. Despite town ordinances, folks persist in throwing their garbage out their front doors. This, combined with the manure from horses and oxen, makes a thick, sticky mud that reeks worse than a garlic-eating skunk.

WHERE TO GO

Ayres & Wardman Hardware: This fine and well-stocked store specializes in building materials and heavy mining equipment.

Bella Union Theater: This establishment is owned by Bill Nuttal. If you're looking for a night on the town, you can find a variety of drinks, games, and bawdy stage performances here.

Big Horn Store: This store is owned and operated by P.A. Gushurst and William Connors. This is the place to go for basic supplies and mining equipment.

Carmichael's Livery: While in town, you can board your trail partner here for \$1.50 a day.

Empire Bakery: Mrs. Ellsner's cakes and pastries can't be beat.

Gem Theater: Another good place for a night's diversion, the Gem is known more for the hospitality of its "hostesses" than the quality of its entertainment.

Grand Central Hotel: If you're only passing through, the Grand Central is the place to stay. You can get a nice room for \$3 a day. The grub here is excellent, Aunt Lou Marchbanks runs a Hell of a kitchen.

Green Front: If you're looking for a lady to spend time with, you're in the right place.

Langrishe Theater: A respectable theater with solid performances featuring Jack Langrishe and his wife. The Episcopalian congregation meets here on Sundays promptly at 9 a.m.

Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon: The site of Wild Bill's unfortunate demise. The owner has roped off the area with curtains and charges folks a dollar to take a gander at the "spot where Wild Bill met his end."

Nye's Opera House: A place to go for those interested in increasing their appreciation of the finer things. It doesn't get much business, but its few patrons are rich enough to keep it going.

Stebbins & Post Bank: The premier bank of Deadwood. It's been rumored that the bank may do as much as a hundred thousand dollars a day in business.

FAMOUS FOLKS

Here are some of the Deadwood town notables.

WILD BILL HICKOK

The legendary pistoleer and lawman Wild Bill Hickok came to Deadwood in the summer of '76. He spent most of his time in the saloons, drinking and gambling. Many in town thought he would eventually replace Seth Bullock as the town marshal.

Wild Bill was a cautious man. He always sat with his back to the wall

and always poured his drink with his left hand to keep his gun hand free. His philosophy was to shoot a man first and talk about it later, if at all. Many an outlaw who crossed Wild Bill's path is now worm food.

Unfortunately, Wild Bill's past eventually caught up with him. On August 2nd, he was in Nutall & Mann's Saloon No. 10 playing cards. There were no seats available against the wall, and he was forced to sit with his back to the door. A drifter by the name of Jack McCall entered the saloon and shot Wild Bill in the back of the head.

Bill keeled over dead clutching what has come to be known as the Dead Man's Hand: two black Aces, two black Eights, and a Jack of Diamonds.

McCall was captured and tried by a miner's court. The cowardly bushwacker explained that he shot Hickok over a poker debt, and he also claimed to be the brother of Samuel Strawhim, a man killed by Hickok in 1869. The jury believed McCall's story and acquitted him. Rumors abound that McCall was hired to kill Hickok to prevent him from becoming marshal and that some of his employers may have even been on the jury.

It seems as if some of Hickok's enemies weren't content with merely killing him. His body has recently disappeared from the Mt. Moriah cemetery. There are those who claim Wild Bill is alive and well and was buried prematurely. A few, including the notorious Calamity Jane, claim to have actually spoken to Hickok.

Hickok is, in fact, back from the grave (most of his brain survived) and has vowed to exact revenge upon those involved in his death. He wants to keep his victims off guard, so he has tried to avoid being seen by anyone who might recognize him.

The exception to this is Calamity Jane. Wild Bill contacted her shortly after his resurrection to get the information he needed to hunt down those involved in his murder.

Calamity had been drowning her grief earlier in the evening and was a few sheets to the wind when this "visitation" took place. As a result, most people have written her story off to a drunken hallucination. She's told a few



tall tales in her time, anyway, so few folks take her seriously. When she blabbed after the first time, he came back and told her to shut up, and now she's helping keep him hidden.

Wild Bill currently has Dominion over his manitou, but only just. He's more than a little loco over his new state, but he manages to keep his mind off it by plotting a long, slow death for Jack McCall. But before he kills McCall, Wild Bill wants to find out who put the bushwacker up to it. He figures haunting his murderer for a while will make him talk when he eventually corners him.

PROFILE:

WILD BILL HICKOK

Corporeal: D:3d12+2, N:2d8, S:3d6,
Q:2d10, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin'
4d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw:
pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle,
shotgun 6d12+2, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d8
Bluff 3d8, gamblin' 4d8, guts 4d8, overawe 5d8, persuasion 2d8, scrutinize 3d8, survival 4d8, tale tellin' 3d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Thick-skinned, the stare.

Hindrances: Bad eyes (mild), bloodthirsty, enemies (a lot of folks hated old Bill, like Jack McCall and the folks who put him up to the killing), stubborn, vengeful.

Pace: 8

Size: 6

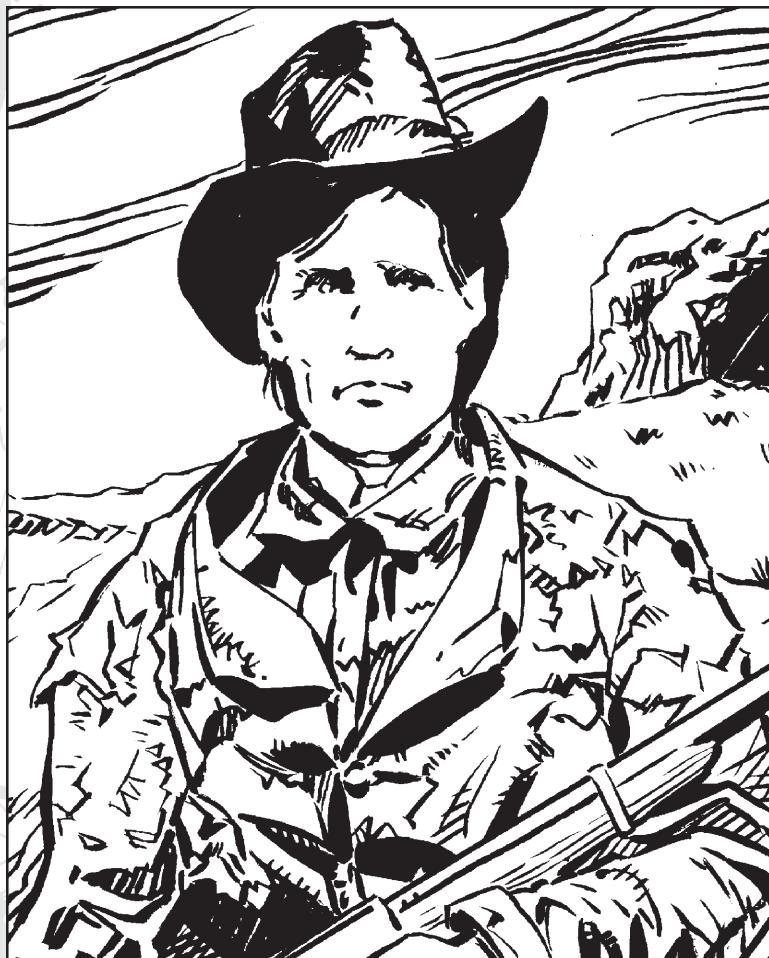
Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Harrowed: Dominion: Harrowed 5/ Manitous 3, Power: supernatural deftness (3d12+2)

Gear: Two .36 Navy revolvers (these aren't the relics), a Winchester '73, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Bill's a tall fellow with sharp, handsome features. At least he was. He's still tall, but the other side of the grave has emphasized the "wild" part of his moniker.



SETH BULLOCK

Bullock is the town's marshal. An easygoing man, he prefers to handle problems peacefully if possible, but he will use his gun if necessary. It's been said he "can out-stare a mad cobra or a rogue elephant," but when "he goes out into the streets of Deadwood in the blazing sun of high noon, he is looking for his lunch, not for someone to shoot."

In addition to his law enforcement duties, Bullock serves on the Board of Health & Street Commissioners and owns a number of local businesses.

PROFILE: SETH BULLOCK

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, Q:2d10, S:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': pistol, rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Deadwood 2d6, bluff 4d8, overawe 5d12, persuasion 3d12, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Edges: Belongin's 4, law man 3, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Enemy: outlaws -2, heavy sleeper -1, obligation: serve Deadwood as a law man -2, pacifist -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A double-action Colt Peacemaker, and a Winchester '76 rifle.

Description: Bullock is a plain looking man of average build with a piercing stare.

CALAMITY JANE

Calamity Jane (a.k.a. Martha Jane Canary) is one of the toughest women in the West. She has posed as a man to get a job as a teamster and a scout. She has also worked as a "sporting lady" upon occasion and can curse and spit tobacco with the best of them.

Despite her toughness, Calamity has a soft streak. She's "collected" groceries for the poor from wealthy donors who didn't care to be staring down the barrel of her gun, for one.

Calamity was an acquaintance of Hickok's (though to hear her tell it, they were more). She claims to have spoken with him after his violent death. She's been hitting the bottle pretty hard since Bill was dry-gulched, and most people believe the spirit visiting her was of the liquid variety. There are even those who think that Calamity had something to do with the disappearance of Hickok's remains.

Down on her luck, Calamity has taken to the bottle and gets by on the charity of friends and the occasional "hostess" job.

Besides Jack McCall, Calamity Jane is the only living soul to have seen Hickok since his death. She's helping Wild Bill hide out and keep track of McCall and his cronies. She loves him, but she's also terrified of him now that he's joined the ranks of the undead.

PROFILE: CALAMITY JANE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d10

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': knife 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d8, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d4, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d8

Area knowledge: the Dakotas 5d6, gamblin' 2d6, guts 3d8, persuasion 2d4, scrutinize 3d6, survival: Badlands 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Edges: Friend in high places: Hickok -3

Hindrances: Bad luck, loyal, ugly as sin.

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: A single-action Peacemaker, a Winchester '73, and a Bowie knife.

Description: Jane is rather plain looking lady with brown hair.

PREACHER SMITH

The first church services held in Deadwood were performed by Henry Weston Smith, a lay Methodist preacher. Smith worked odd jobs at the sawmill or at the Pioneer mine during the week and conducted in-street services on Sunday atop a packing crate.

Smith was killed this year, while on his way to hold services at the Iron Hill

mine. No one is certain how he died, but most of those in Deadwood blame the Sioux. His mangled remains were buried on Mt. Moriah, and unlike Wild Bill's body, his corpse has stayed put.

DEADWOOD DICK

(A.K.A. NAT LOVE)

Deadwood Dick is the nickname of Nat Love, a famous black cowboy who has made Deadwood his home. He acquired the moniker after winning the roping, shooting, and wild-horse-riding competition at the Centennial celebration.

Nat runs a saloon frequented by many of the black miners in town. Though folks in the West have mostly put aside their prejudices these days, Nat is the de facto leader of the black community on the rare occasions when someone forgets their manners.

PROFILE:

DEADWOOD DICK

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:4d12, Q:2d8, S:3d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d12, dodge 1d12, fightin': brawlin' 2d12, horse ridin' 6d12, shootin': pistol, shotgun 5d8, sneak 2d12

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:4d8, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d6

Animal wranglin': bronco bustin' 6d8, Area knowledge: the Dakotas 2d6, gamblin' 2d10, guts 3d6, persuasion 2d8, scrutinize 2d8, trackin' 3d6

Edges:

Hindrances:

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A double-action Colt

Peacemaker, a scattergun and an exceptional (fast) horse.

Description: Nat is a moderately handsome black man, who wears his hair long. He dresses almost exclusively in trail clothes, except when attending church.

DODGE CITY

Fear Level 3

Dodge is a city divided. Like Kansas itself, the loyalties of the town's citizens are torn between the North and the South. "Bloody" Kansas has seen more than 20 years of horrible fighting, and animosities run as deep here as anywhere Back East.

Most towns, however, consist entirely of people supporting either the North or the South because it is almost impossible for folks pulling for the Union to live side-by-side with Rebels on a daily basis. Dodge is different because it has a mixed population of Northern and Southern supporters.

Why? Because there's money to be made. The more money at stake, the more people can endure, and Dodge is a city full of opportunity.

The area around Dodge is a Reckoner's dream come true. Everyone has an axe to grind with somebody, and people are knocking each other off faster than rabbits do arithmetic. This—coupled with the constant threat of violence breaking out in town—keeps the Fear level in Dodge at 3—a level higher than the rest of the disputed lands.

MONEY ON THE HOOF

Most of Dodge's money is currently wandering the Kansas plains, contentedly munching grass. Far and away, Dodge City's biggest business is the procuring of buffalo, and for more than just their prized tongues.

Buffalo hunting began in earnest back in '72. Seems some tanners in Germany found a way to cure buffalo hide into durable leather, and bull hides were suddenly worth \$3.50 each or more.

Fortunately for the buffalo, the Indians got together around then and formed the Sioux Nations and later the Coyote Confederation. Needless to say,

they weren't pleased about the hunters wiping out their primary source of food, clothing, tools, and so on.

Soon after the buffalo rush began, large warbands from both the Nations and eventually the Confederation descended into Kansas and attacked any hunters they could find, driving them from the plains.

Union cavalry tried to stop the rampaging warbands, but it was a lost cause given the continuing Civil War. For close to a year, fast-moving cavalry battles thundered across the plains. Fort Dodge was destroyed in an attack that saw Confederate guerrillas and Sioux fighting Union soldiers and Northern partisans. The Indian bands returned home only after the fort was a smoldering ruin and their point had been made.

After a while, most hunters didn't think \$3.50 a hide was worth getting caught between the Indian battles and the ever-present guerrillas. Even after the Sioux headed north again, it was a while before hunters began to reappear in large numbers.

In '74, though, the value of buffalo went through the roof. Beef herds in both the North and South experienced large numbers of mysterious deaths, mostly due to "Texas fever" but also because of the strange parasites known as prairie ticks.

Neither of these ailments affected the buffalo for some reason. Including the meat, which the hunters had previously left to rot, buffalo quickly went from being worth \$3.50 to roughly \$30 each. Suddenly, buffalo hunting was a much more attractive venture.

"PEACETOWN"

At about the same time, two railroads, one Northern (Union Blue) and one Southern (Black River), began to push rails west into Kansas. Robert Wright, a budding entrepreneur, saw a chance to profit from the railroads' arrival and incorporated a town in their path. Wright envisioned a place where those who were tired of the constant fighting could choose to live in peace—and make a profit, if they were so inclined.

Wright called his new home Dodge City. These days, people claim the name refers to how you're supposed to survive with all the lead flying around, but that wasn't on his mind then. The town's charter explicitly stated that those of all political persuasions were welcome, and it made provisions for a large police force to keep the peace.

The idea of a nonpartisan city caught on and attracted the attention of many people, both inside and outside of Kansas. The town's population grew quickly. Many of the newcomers were war-weary folks who were tired of living in a shooting gallery. Others were just there to make a buck. Some, unfortunately, had more sinister motives and came to cause trouble.

Wright was elected the first mayor, beating a man named Hoover by a slim margin. He and the town council quickly found a marshal and deputies who were capable of keeping the peace in such a volatile situation. Larry Deger was hired as marshal, and two of his deputies are Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp and Ed Masterson.

THE LAW IN DODGE

The lawmen in Dodge are a tough lot. They have to be to survive. In addition to the problems common to most western towns, the lawmen here are forced to deal with the presence of large bands of armed men in town (bands whose only reason for existence is to kill each other outside of town—or inside if they can get away with it), two competing railroads, rowdy groups of buffalo hunters, Texas cowboys, and a cloak-and-dagger war between USA and CSA spies.

Mayor Wright has made it clear to his men that, despite their personal views, they are not to take sides in any partisan disputes in town; the law is to be enforced equally for Northerners and Southerners. Dodge's only chance to survive the Civil War is to establish a reputation as a truly neutral, nonpartisan city. If the police force is perceived to support one side or the other, the town will quickly turn into a battlefield as neighbors take up arms against each other.

Being human, the town's peace officers don't always quite measure up to this lofty ideal. Irate citizens who have been offended can lodge a complaint with the town council against any officer they feel is acting in a partisan manner. The town council usually looks into the charge quickly and holds a public hearing on the matter—five deputy marshals have already been dismissed in this fashion. The system's not perfect, but it seems to have kept hard feelings to a minimum.

There's a movement afoot to replace Dodge's Marshal Larry Deger with Wyatt Earp. Earp has made quite a reputation for himself in Dodge City. His fearlessness and ability to resolve a situation without resorting to gunplay has endeared him to the more peaceful citizens of the town.





A clever man averse to bloodshed, he has already defused a number of confrontations that could have degenerated into bloody gunfights under another man's purview. Wyatt's reputation for buffaloeing troublemakers with the butt of his gun has caused locals to refer to anyone with a knot on their head as having an "Earp."

THE TOWN COUNCIL

The Dodge City town council has six members, each elected for a two-year term. The current council members are all prominent merchants in town. While not all believe in Wright's vision of a peaceful, nonpartisan community, they do all share his love of the dollar and support his efforts to keep Dodge open to all—provided they have money to spend, of course.

The town council has passed a number of strict vagrancy laws. The statutes give the marshal and his deputies the power to run anyone out of town who does not have either a visible source of income or at least \$10 in cash on their person.

Enforcement of these laws is irregular at best. They are usually used to encourage troublemakers to move on.

THE GUN LAW

The biggest news coming out of Dodge City these days is the passage of a new law forbidding anyone to carry guns within city limits. This is the controversial "gun law." Dodge City is a pretty wild and woolly place, so the Town Council decided it might be a good idea to try to rein in rambunctious cowboys a little. As you might guess, it's plenty controversial.

The law requires that anyone coming to town go immediately to the town marshal's office to check his guns (if any) with Marshal Larry Deger. Marshal Deger's office issues a claim slip that is brought back to claim the gun when the owner leaves town. Anyone who carries a gun in town is subject to arrest (with a jail term of up to three months), confiscation of the weapon, and a \$50 fine per violation. The more violations you have, the more time you spend in jail.

A brisk trade in gun claim slips has sprung up since the ordinance was enacted. Slips have been stolen, traded, even lost in poker games or sold. They're fast becoming a sort of underground currency in Dodge.

As mentioned earlier, "Bloody Kansas" and the border states are beset by a constant state of guerilla warfare. Every so often, one of these merry bands wanders into Dodge. They might need supplies, or they may just want to kick back and blow off some steam (although you'd think riding around plugging holes in anything that moves would be relaxation enough for anyone). Not much for law and order, their celebrations can turn rowdy.

Many times a group will decide to hurrah the town after downing a few rounds. Other partisans in town often take exception to this disturbance of the peace and decide to take the law into their own hands to quiet things down, sometimes permanently. This usually leads to an all-out gunfight, with the town's deputies caught in the middle.

These groups are one of Marshal Deger's biggest headaches. Getting drunken men who have spent the last few weeks fertilizing the plains with each others innards to treat each other civilly is a task worthy of Hercules.

As long as they behave themselves, they're welcome in town. If they don't keep quietly to themselves, they have to go. Of course, telling 20 drunken men who have more weapons than the Harper's Ferry Arsenal to get out of town can be tricky.

A number of particularly vicious bands roam the plains around Dodge. On the Confederate side of things, there is Morgan's Marauders, Henley's Hellions, and the Confederate Kansas League. Supporting the North, you have Anderson's Raiders, Bob's Boys, and the Unionizers.

Rumors continue to circulate about a mysterious band that's been dubbed the "Night Riders." No one in town knows who the bandits are or where they came from, but their handiwork is hard to miss. They've visited a number of isolated homesteads and small villages that have Union leanings and burnt them to the ground. The unfortunate occupants of these places have been found dangling by their necks from the local flora.

To date, no one has been spared, and numerous women and children have met their fate at the hands of these merciless individuals. A number of posses and northern guerrilla bands have tried to track them without any kind of success.

This is of course the work of Bloody Bill Quantrill and his raiders. See page 120 for details about this damned soul.

THE BODY SNATCHERS

Anyone who spends any time in or around Dodge will eventually hear tales about the body snatchers. Depending on who you talk to, these things loot the dead, eat the dead, and sometimes raise the dead. The descriptions given by people who claim to have seen these monsters also vary, ranging from little green men to shambling corpses to pink elephants. (I think it's safe to disregard the accounts resembling that last one.)

Most folks believe that these stories have been spun by people who have misplaced their best buddy's mortal remains and are feeling more than a tad guilty about it. After all, they certainly couldn't be expected to properly bury a corpse that's not where they're absolutely, swear-on-the-Good-Book certain they left it. Most of the others can probably be chalked up to looters and animals.

The stories of the dead disappearing are true. The large number of corpses scattered about Kansas has given rise to a population of ghouls.

Ghouls are human in shape and usually stand about five feet tall. They appear shorter because they walk with a stooped, shuffling gait. Their skin is corpse gray and is often covered with pus-filled sores. Their hands are tipped with razor-sharp claws, and their mouths sport wicked fangs.

Ghouls feed on the dead. They will eat any corpse, but they prefer fresh

meat. After ghouls feed on a body there is usually little left but bones, and these have been well gnawed. Ghouls normally scavenge the dead from recent battlefields, but they have been known to grab those too badly wounded to defend themselves as well. Some ghouls dress in the clothing of their last meal, but most don't bother with such things and go *au natural*.

Ghouls live underground, in groups of 6-10. The strongest ghoul in a region is the "ghoul king," a bloated creature who commands all others nearby.

The pack digs numerous tunnels connected to their central den where they drag their victims to feed. It's usually littered with the bones and belongings of past meals. The king rarely leaves this deep pocket.

Above ground, ghouls are cowardly and flee if attacked. Anyone foolish enough to follow them below ground had better be prepared for a fight. The creatures use their knowledge of the maze-like tunnels to surround and trap intruders. They often collapse a portion of the tunnel on interlopers and then dine on them after they have suffocated.

One of the largest ghoul dens in the area is beneath Boot Hill in Dodge City. Twenty ghouls call it home. Some of these creatures have become bold and stalk the streets at night, claiming the remains of those who were on the losing side of an argument.

PROFILE: GHOUl

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, Q:3d8, S:3d8,
V:2d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d4, S:3d6,
Sp:2d4

Pace:

Size: 6

Wind:

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d8), bite
(STR+1d6+poison)

Night Vision: Ghouls can see in complete darkness. Their eyes always have a faint red glow about them.

Poison: Anyone who is bitten by a ghoul and takes at least 1 Wind must make a Hard (9) Vigor roll. If the roll is failed, the victim is stunned as if he had a Heavy wound (TN 7). This stun is in addition to any caused by real wounds.

Stench: Ghouls stink to high heaven, making them very easy to track. Anyone within 20 feet of one of these creatures must make a Fair (5) Vigor roll to avoid losing his lunch and losing 1d6 actions. This roll must only be made once per encounter.

Weakness—Bright Light: Ghouls cannot tolerate bright light. All actions taken by a ghoul exposed to light brighter than a torch or lantern suffer a -4 penalty.

Description: Ghouls are cowardly, twisted humanoids with feral features, surrounded by the odor of decay. They are not undead, but sure look like it.

PROFILE: GHoul KING

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, Q:3d10, S:3d10,
V:2d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, S:2d8,
Sp:2d6

Pace:

Size: 7 (Ghoul Kings eat better!)

Wind:

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Ghoul Abilities: As above.

Pack of Ghouls: Ghoul kings keep 2-20 other ghouls around them.

These creatures are completely loyal until their own cowardice overwhelms them.

Description: Ghoul kings look just like ghouls, except they are fatter and even more loathsome looking. There are rumors that thousands of such creatures live in the Grand Canyon, though they may be a completely unrelated species. We'll tell you more in the upcoming *Canyon o' Doom* campaign set.



BECOMING A GHoul

Cannibals around the High Plains might become ghouls just as those in colder climes become wendigoes. Use the same rules for **Becoming a Wendigo** (earlier in this chapter) should this come up in your campaign.

If the cannibal's victim was a close friend or relative, the character becomes a "ghoul king" and retains his own statistics. Other ghouls naturally bow to this individual, though other ghoul kings usually send their warriors to murder the newcomer.

THE RAILROADS

After incorporating the town, Wright contacted both Union Blue and Black River and offered each of them the right-of-way into town. He pointed out that there were a large number of buffalo hunters in the area, and a lot of money could be made hauling the meat and hides east. Both companies jumped at the offer like hungry wolves after a bleeding buffalo, and they quickly began laying track toward Dodge.

As the companies converged on the town, the competition to get there first got hotter than a cattle brand. Both companies' work crews spent more time digging graves than laying track. Wright, impatient to have rail service in

Dodge, gave the railroads a deadline. If a company's rails had not reached the city limits by June 1, that company would lose its right-of-way. After that, Union Blue and Black River hassled each other less and concentrated more on laying track.

On May 23, 1875, the Union Blue Railroad's tracks crossed the Dodge City limits. Three days later—amid some commotion—the Black River line entered town. Both sets of rails run down the center of Front Street to a station built at the town's expense.

Mayor Wright has made it clear to both railroads that they had best behave while in his town. What they do outside of town limits is their own business, but there is to be no feuding in town. Any railroad caught violating this rule loses its right-of-way. To date there have been a few minor violations, fist fights between train crews, minor acts of vandalism, etc., but nothing big enough for the mayor to take action on. This is probably due to the fact that both companies are making money hand over fist hauling buffalo hides and meat out of Dodge and don't want to do anything to endanger their cash flow.

Outside of town, it's another story. Both companies maintain heavily-armed, mounted patrols to guard their tracks. These soldiers make regular circuits of every foot of track in Kansas.

BUFFALO HUNTING

As we've said, the main source of cash in Dodge is buffalo hunting. Every day, hunters come in from the plains around town with wagonloads of the dead animals. These are sold to a slaughterhouse where the carcasses are skinned and split. The hides and meat are then taken over to the railroad station and loaded on an eastbound train, or occasionally toward the Maze (where they must be carted from the furthest railhead West—a dangerous proposition given the price of beef out there and the tendency of meat to spoil in the hot climate).

All of the slaughterhouses are on the western edge of town (fortunately downwind). They pay anywhere from \$15 to \$30 for a buffalo, based on size, freshness, and hide quality.

Buffalo hunting is the perfect job for those who enjoy gunning down animals that are too stupid to run away. It's an easy business to get into. All

that's really needed is a good rifle and a wagon to haul the kills in. Most serious hunters recommend a big-bore gun like the Sharp's 50. A well-aimed shot from one of these rifles can drop a buffalo with a single round. That's important because bullets are expensive, and the slaughterhouses don't pay any more for Swiss buffalo.

To avoid back injuries, hunters often hire hiring laborers to skin their kills before taking the meat to Dodge. Skinners can also help get the huge animals up on the wagon—a mighty tough job to accomplish unaided. Crews of skinners can usually be found in town who will work together for about 10% of a haul.

Most hunters creep up on a herd and set up at least 200 yards out to prevent the boom of the guns from spooking the animals. It's possible to bag a number of buffalo in this manner. They usually won't stampede away until they smell blood and panic.

HUNTING THE HUNTERS

Hunting alone is not recommended. The Kansas plains are a dangerous place to be—some claim there are more armed men than buffalo out there. Most hunting parties number at least five individuals. Usually three hunt while the other two keep an eye out for trouble.

Besides the usual raiders, Indians, and railroad gangs, a body has got to be on the lookout for other hunters. The weapon that can take down a buffalo can more than do the job on a person.

Some less than energetic "hunters" wait on the main trails leading into town and relieve others of their kills. There are some hunters out there who have probably killed more men than buffalo.

Still, Indians are the most dangerous occupational hazard of buffalo hunting. Many of the tribes who live on the plains depend on the buffalo herds for food and leather. They take a dim view of the white man slaughtering the herds on such a scale. Many braves from the Coyote Confederation, especially Quanah Parker's Comanches, go out of their way to ambush hunting parties.



THE CATTLE TRADE

As if the lawmen in Dodge didn't have enough on their plate, the trade in Texas longhorns has picked up as well. With the longhorns, of course, come Texas cowboys and trouble.

This turn of events is due to the Cattle Owners Associations further west. The biggest and meanest of the bunch banded together and forged exclusive deals with their local railroads to haul their cattle and no one else's. The smaller ranchers, unable to get their herds to market, have been forced to drive them north to Dodge.

The cattle drives to Kansas are ordeals. The cowboys not only have to contend with bad-tempered livestock and the elements, but also gunmen hired by the cattle barons to prevent them from reaching their destination. When and if the cowboys reach Dodge, all they want to do is collect their pay and hit the town.

CITY OF INTRIGUE

Dodge City has become a magnet for Union and Confederate spies. Its location in disputed territory and the fact that it is served by railroads from both countries make it an easy point of access into enemy territory. A Confederate spy can hop onto a train for Chicago and from there reach any place in the Union. Likewise, a Union agent can catch a train directly to Richmond.

Both sides maintain an active network of spies in Dodge City itself. These spies aid those who are traveling into enemy territory by providing false papers and safe places to stay while in town. The agents in Dodge also work with some of the guerrilla bands in the area, using them to gather information and eliminate enemy sympathizers.

However, these agents devote most of their time to uncovering and eliminating each other. This is complicated by the fact that the Agency and Texas Rangers, as well as a number of freelancers, have set up shop in town. Every day, a complicated game of deceit and betrayal is played out in the back rooms of Dodge. Every

night, a few of the town's citizens disappear to be seen no more of course, not all the disappearances can be blamed on the spy war. the ghouls do their part as well.

The Mayor and town council take a dim view of all this cloak-and-dagger stuff. It only complicates Marshal Deger's job and stirs up partisan feelings. As a result, being convicted of spying or supporting spies in Dodge—for the North or South, Deseret, or even the Indians—is punishable by hanging.

LIFE IN DODGE

Living in Dodge is exciting (so is being kicked in the groin, but it's still something to avoid). Despite the ideals of the town's founder, Dodge City is not a peaceful haven of capitalistic bliss. In many ways, the town's success has planted the seeds of its own undoing.

The majority of the town's early inhabitants were honest, hard-working folks just trying to get by in a bad situation. As Dodge has grown and prospered, it has attracted other, less-desirable elements.

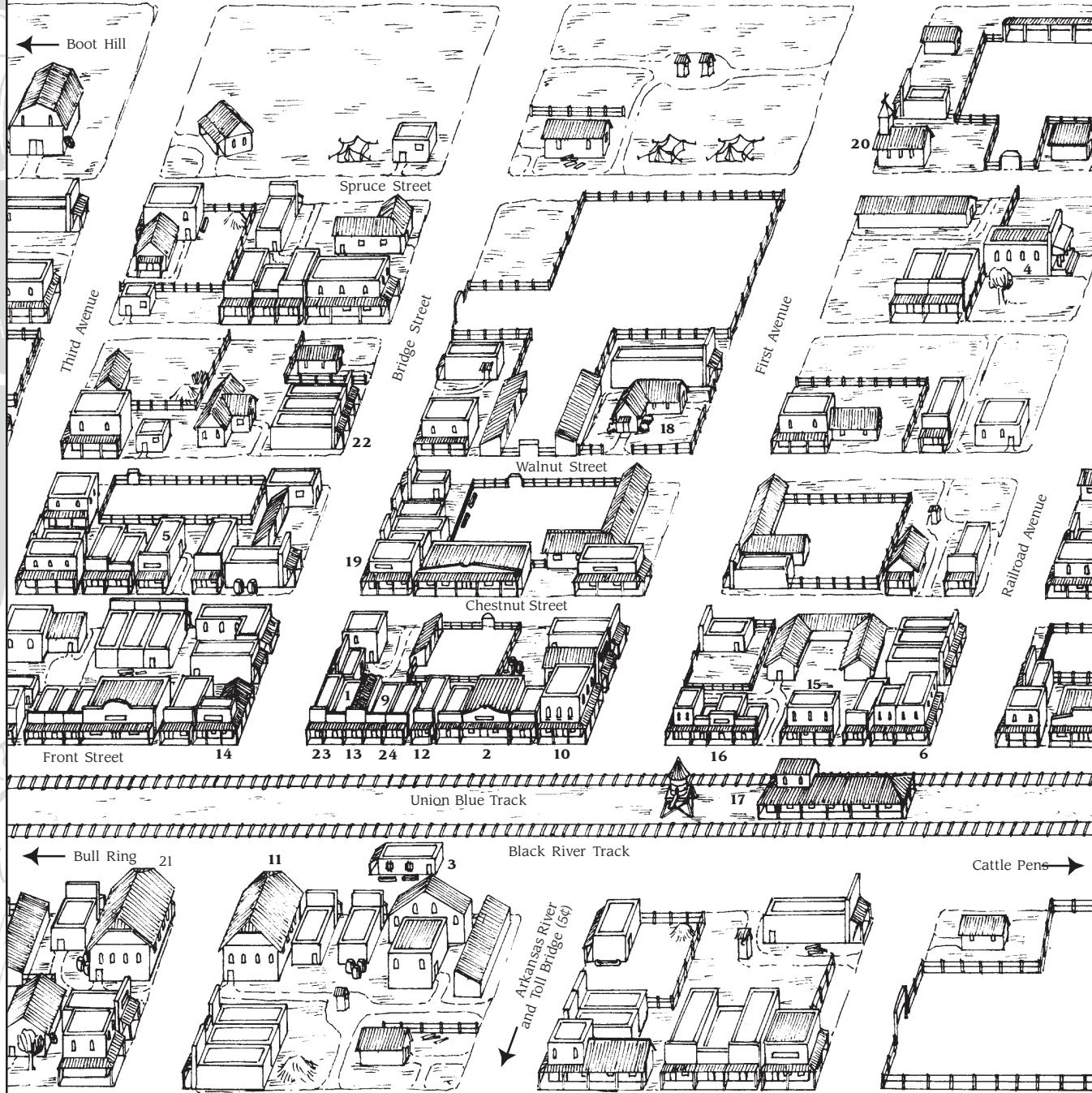
Among this group, partisan feelings run deep, and their attitudes have begun to influence their neighbor's views. Stir in the transient population of buffalo hunters, railroad gangs, guerrillas, spies, cowboys, and guns-for-hire, and the place become more volatile than nitro—one good bump, and the whole town could go.

With the arrival or cavalry troops from both the Union and the Confederacy in the Disputed Lands (a consequence of the November Offensives mentioned earlier), things have only gotten more unstable.

The marshal's office is doing its best to keep the lid on this pressure cooker, but things still occasionally boil over. It's a rare day that goes by without someone ending up on a board in the undertaker's front window. And that's after the gun ban.

DODGE CITY

KANSAS, DISPUTED LANDS



1. Alamo Saloon
2. Alhambra Saloon
3. City Jail
4. Courthouse
5. Dodge City Times
6. Dodge House
7. Great Western Hotel
8. Ham Bell's Livery

9. Hoover's Liquor & Saloon
10. Kelley's Opera House
11. Lady Gay Dance Hall
12. Lone Star Saloon
13. Long Branch Saloon
14. McCarty's Drugstore
15. Mueller's Boot Shop
16. Occident Saloon

17. Railroad Depot
18. Schoolhouse
19. Swemburg & Begley's Buffalo Emporium
20. Union Church
21. Varieties Dance Hall
22. Wild Irish Roses
23. Wright, Beverly, & Co.
24. Zimmerman's Hardware

1 inch = 150 feet



WHERE TO GO

Alamo Saloon: The Alamo, owned and operated by Henry Cook, is one of the classier saloons in town. The bar is in the front room of the saloon. A good meal and cigar can be had in the parlor in back.

Alhambra Saloon: The Alhambra is popular with the buffalo hunting crowd. It's a rough place, but good for rumors about the Sioux or Coyotes.

City Jail: The new address of troublemakers in Dodge. Most don't stay here for more than a spell, usually just long enough to be hauled in front of Judge Moreland.

Courthouse: Judge Wells Moreland presides here when there are cases to be heard (which is most days). Moreland is a buddy of Wright's and does his best to keep things in town quiet. He's gained a reputation as a "hanging judge" because he's had a good number of people strung up. Jail space in Dodge is limited, so most sentences are either a hefty fine or hanging.

Dodge City Times: If you want to know who's who in Dodge and what they're being doing to each other, read the *Times*. If you want to know what's happening in the world at large, you still have to rely on the ever-truthful *Tombstone Epitaph*.

Dodge House: One of the finer hotels in town. Rooms can be had here for \$2 a day, and they're worth it.

Great Western Hotel: Dodge House's major competitor. Rooms go for \$1.50 a day. The Great Western's kitchen specializes in wild game, mostly buffalo, venison, and turkey. No liquor is sold on the premises; the owner's wife is a member of the local Temperance League.

Ham Bell's Livery: This is one of the few reputable businesses on the south side of the tracks. Horses left here, are always well cared for.

Hoover's Liquors & Saloon: For those who aren't content to buy their rotgut by the glass. George Hoover's store carries foreign and domestic wines, liquor, cigars, and lots of good Kentucky Bourbon.

Kelley's Opera House: Seamus Kelley runs the only spot for fine

culture in the entire state. But he's not above featuring lowbrow entertainment when a cattle drive's in town.

Lady Gay Dance Hall: While not as popular as the Varieties, the Lady Gay is filled with hombres ready for 50¢ dances.

Lone Star Saloon: Not as fancy as some saloons on the north side of the tracks, the Lone Star is popular with Confederate guerrillas and Texas cowboys. Those going in here had best be able to sing "Dixie" with enthusiasm.

Long Branch Saloon: The Long Branch is probably the nicest saloon in town). The main room has a full bar and a billiards table. During the summer months, a five-piece orchestra plays. Off the front room is another for private gambling—no professionals allowed. (This is strictly enforced.) There is also a small room in the back equipped with a number of cots where drunks can sleep it off

McCarty's City Drug Store: This establishment is owned by Dr. T. L. McCarty. The bottom floor serves as both a drugstore and the city post office. Upstairs, the doctor has an office where he sees patients.

Mueller's Boot Shop: Owned and run by Jim Mueller, there are no better boots around these parts than his.

Occident Saloon: The Occident is run by Henry Sturm, an immigrant from Germany; the house specialty is sausage and cheese with Rhine wine. Those with nasal problems can try the Limburger cheese. This is a favorite haunt of northern partisans.

Railroad Depot: This depot serves both the Union Blue and Black River railroads. A constant procession of trains passes through here daily on both sides of the station (Union Blue's to the north, of course). Union Blue has a daily passenger train scheduled to arrive at 10 a.m. Depending on what side of their beds the local rail gangs woke up on, the train usually rolls in around noon—if it shows up at all. Black River's passenger service is a bit

more regular because Union Blue refuses to attack civilians. The B.R.'s passenger express usually chugs in around 4 p.m.

Schoolhouse: This small building was built by volunteers. Mrs. Margaret Walker teaches the children of Dodge here.

Swemburgh & Begley's Buffalo

Emporium: One of the largest buffalo buyers. You can usually get about \$30 for a large bull with an unblemished hide.

The Globe: *The Globe* occasionally has some real news in it. Unfortunately, the editor, Dan Frost, is close-minded when it comes to anything out of the ordinary.

Union Church: Where the faithful hold service. This building is used by a number of denominations and congregations.

Varieties Dance Hall: The Varieties introduced the cancan to Dodge. Lonesome cowboys can dance with the hostesses here—75¢ for 10 minutes of (vertical) dancing. Other services can be had, but prices vary. Be careful what you say to the soiled doves who work here or down the street at the Lady Gay; many supplement their income by selling information to the many spies skulking around Dodge.

Wild Irish Roses: This house of ill-repute opened quite recently, and is distinguished from the average brothel by one simple fact—all of the "employees" are fabulously beautiful Irish women. The girls run this place themselves.

Wright, Beverly, & Co.: As the sign on the storefront says, "Dealers in everything." Just about anything can be found here. The store even serves as a shipping point for Smith & Robards deliveries.

Zimmerman's Hardware: Hammers and nails can be purchased here, but Fred Zimmerman's specialty is hardware of a more lethal variety. He's a gunsmith from Prussia, and he knows his business.

FAMOUS FOLKS

Here are statistics for two of Dodge cities most well known residents: Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp.

WILLIAM BARCLAY "BAT" MASTERSON

Bat Masterson is currently undersheriff of Dodge County. He and Wyatt have formed a fast friendship on the job. It is likely Bat will become Sheriff at the next election and make Wyatt his second in command.

Bat is a friendly sort. The rougher types often mistake his cleverness for weakness. It's a mistake they don't make twice. Bat is Hell to deal with when he's angry.

Bat's brother, Ed, is also a part-time lawman. He's served as a deputy town marshal when the police force is stretched too thin—usually when a big cattle drive or buffalo hunt comes in.

Bat Masterson isn't particularly fast or deadly with his gun—at least not compared to the speed of John Wesley Hardin or the legendary accuracy of Hickok. Bat excels in keeping his head and stopping trouble before it starts, making him an excellent partner for Wyatt Earp.

Masterson's fairly well-liked and respected in Dodge and other parts. That means he can summon a posse to back him up when trouble gets hotter than he can handle on his lonesome.

BAT MASTERSON

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, S:3d6, Q:3d10, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin', club 4d8, horse ridin' 3d8, shootin': rifle, shotgun 5d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Kansas 4d8, bluff 2d8, gamblin' 2d8, guts 3d8, leadership 4d8, overawe 4d8, persuasion 5d8, professional: law 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, streetwise 3d8, survival 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Levelheaded 5, purty 1, "the voice": soothing 1

Hindrances: Curious -3, heroic -3, law o' the West -3, loyal: Wyatt Earp -3, tinhorn -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker, can.

Description: Masteron always dresses impeccably. He prefers a black suit, black bowler, and matching tie. He keeps a short mustache as well.

WYATT BERRY STAPP EARP

Earp began his career as a lawman in Wichita, Kansas. He served as a deputy marshal there until he got into a fist-fight with William Smith, who was running for marshal at the time. Following the scuffle, Wyatt was unsurprisingly fined and sacked.

Earp was hired by the Dodge City marshal's office in May, 1876. Since coming to town, he has achieved a reputation as a fair and fearless deputy. Wyatt tries to avoid gunplay when possible, but if pushed, he *will* throw down. He has earned the respect of the townspeople for his ability to face hostile mobs, often alone, and disperse them without bloodshed.

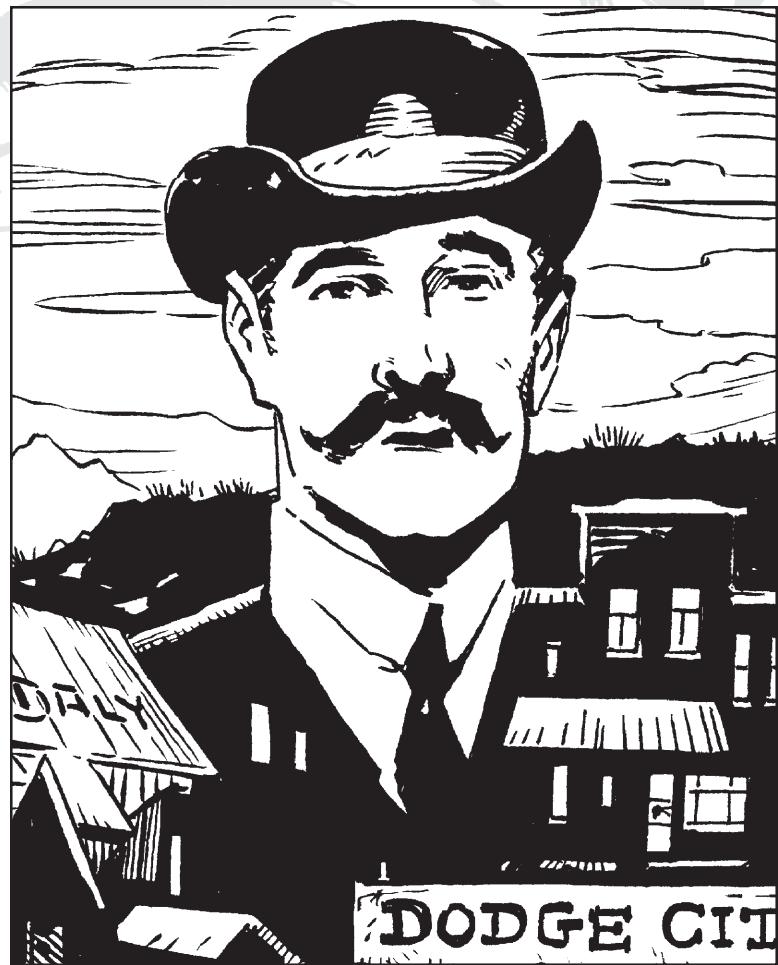
Unfortunately, Wyatt is not loved by all. In the course of performing his duties, he has been forced to crack a number of guerrillas on the noggin, earning their enmity and that of their group. One group in particular, Morgan's Marauders, is looking to even the score. Wyatt was forced to gun down one of their members when he refused to surrender his pistols. The Marauders are biding their time, hoping to catch Earp outside of town.

Like his good friend, Bat Masterson, Wyatt isn't the fastest gun in the West, nor the best shot. He's really a threat because of his calm and quick thinking. He usually buffaloes a troublemaker over the head long before anyone even thinks about drawing a gun.

WYATT EARP

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d8

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', club 6d10, horse ridin' 3d10,



quick draw 4d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 5d8, sneak 3d10,

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d10

Area knowledge: Kansas 4d6, bluff 3d8, gamblin' 4d8, guts 3d10, leadership 4d12, overawe 6d12, persuasion 2d12, professional: law 3d6, scrutinize 5d8, search 4d8, streetwise 4d8, survival 3d8, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Levelheaded 3, luck of the Irish 3, "the voice": grating 1, "the stare" 1

Hindrances: Heroic -3, obligation: to brothers -3, pacifist: does not like to kill -3, stubborn -2, vengeful -3

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: Colt Buntline Special, Winchester '73, shotgun, Earp's badge (see page 56).

Description: Earp is a no-nonsense type with dusty brown hair, solid features, and a stare that can cut right through to the soul. He usually wears a suit, though it stays a little more bedraggled than Masterson's.

TOMBSTONE

Fear Level 3

Tombstone, Arizona is known as the Gateway to the Great Maze—at least in the South, since it sits at the Western edge of Confederate territory. The government back in Richmond claims the entire territory of Arizona, and California to boot, but anyone who has spent any time in the region knows better.

Those travelling outside the patrol area of nearby Fort Huachuca's garrison (which doesn't extend nearly as far as one might hope), find that the surrounding countryside belongs to Geronimo and his Chiricahua Apaches. Farther west, near Yuma, Santa Anna and the new Mexican Army call the shots—usually at interloper's heads.

FORT HUACHUCA

Fort Huachuca was built in late '69 to safeguard mule trains hauling ghost rock from the Great Maze to Roswell in New Mexico. The fort is approximately 23 miles southwest of Tombstone. It commands an east-west pass between the Whetstone and Huachuca Mountains, and has a clear view of both the San Pedro and Santa Cruz Valleys.

The fort currently has a garrison of roughly 100 cavalrymen, significantly less than the 300 troopers that were stationed here before last year's November Offensive. The garrison patrols the mule train route and the area around Tombstone, protecting against marauding bands of Apaches and Mexicans.

Morale among the soldiers is currently at an all-time low. They are tired of being targets in Geronimo's shooting gallery. Most want nothing more than to finally corner the Apaches and force them into a stand-up fight. The soldiers' frustration has led some of them to retaliate against

peaceful tribes in the area. There have also been problems with soldiers getting drunk in town and shooting at anything that moves.

Exacerbating the situation are sporadic sightings of Mexican patrols in the area. The boys in gray have yet to find any evidence of major Mexican movements in the area, but the patrols are making them nervous.

The garrison is commanded by Colonel Jacob Smythe, a dedicated soldier who takes his duties seriously. He has found Geronimo to be one of the most formidable foes he has ever faced. In the cat-and-mouse game between Smythe's troops and the Apaches, it is often hard to tell who is the hunter and who is the prey. Despite the grudging respect Smythe feels for Geronimo and his band, he is committed to running them to ground.

TOMBSTONE & GRAVEYARD

Ed Schieffelin came east from California in 1874 as a guard on a ghost-rock shipment. He had worked as a miner in the Maze for a while, but after a number of his buddies died in particularly spectacular and grisly ways, he decided to try his hand at something a little less dangerous. He had heard there was silver in the San Pedro Valley and decided to check things out for himself.

When Schieffelin left the caravan at Fort Huachuca to go prospecting, he was told all he would find in the Arizona sun was his own tombstone. After dealing with the Mexican Armada, Maze serpents, and the dangers of mining ghost rock, a few scalp-hungry Apaches didn't seem like anything to lose sleep over.

Luck was with him, and he soon discovered a number of silver veins. Remembering the naysayers at the fort, he named his first two claims Tombstone and Graveyard.

News of his find soon got out, and people with more greed than sense began to move to the area. Despite constant attacks by the Chiricahua, a town was established on Goose Flats and named after Schieffelin's first claim.

The town grew slowly until the arrival of the railroad. The completion of Bayou Vermilion's line into town was a major event that literally put Tombstone on the map. Overnight, Tombstone became the eastern endpoint for Confederate ghost-rock caravans and the starting point for expeditions heading to the Maze. Along with this large, transient population came a horde of merchants, outfitters, and saloon-keepers hoping to part them from their money.

THE MAZE OR BUST!

Silver mining, although a large part of Tombstone's economy, has taken a back seat to serving the needs of the many travelers who pass through the town. New saloons and outfitters are sprouting up faster than weeds on a cow patty.

Many would-be miners are tinhorns from Back East who have heard there's easy money to be had in California. They come to Tombstone by train with little more than the clothes on their back and a pocketful of cash. It's usually not until after they've bought every conceivable piece of equipment known to man that they realize they have much more than they could ever possibly carry. The folks over at the OK Corral are making money hand over fist, selling these fools horses and wagons. The only thing that might put a crimp in the store owner's cash flow is Reverend Grimme's Edict. But word of Grimme's activities is spreading slowly, and for now the flow of people through Tombstone has slowed down only slightly.

The country between Tombstone and the Maze is rugged and crawling with all sorts of antisocial types and nasty critters. There are guides who will organize a group of travelers and lead them to their destination. Most charge about \$50 a head—expensive, but usually worth every penny.

The trip usually takes someone who knows their business about a month each way—or three weeks on the way back if they're not leading a group. Some guides are making the round trip much faster than that by cutting a



pretty serious corner. These villains take people's money and then, once they're out of sight of town, get their customers killed and dump the poor chumps' bodies in the wasteland that is Arizona.

THE LEGION

One of the reasons one should not make the trip from Tombstone to the Maze without protection is the Foreign Legion, which we told you about a bit earlier. Some of these fellows are slipping away from their posts to plunder the lucrative Ghost Trail. Sometimes they come into Tombstone, where they are promptly run out of town by the Cowboys (see below). Curly Bill and company don't like competition.

There are good Legionnaires, both French and otherwise, but along the Arizona border, the number of bad ones far outweigh the good. Full details and statistics on the Legionnaires can be found on page 139.



CONQUISTADORS?

There is another hazard to watch out for when traveling near Tombstone. Recently folks have been having run-ins with Spanish Conquistadors, of all things.

Their stories are all remarkably the same. While traveling northwest of Tombstone near the Whetstone Mountains, they are approached by three horsemen dressed in old-style Spanish armor. At lance-point, the horsemen demand that the travelers hand over the silver they've "stolen." A few of the more hot-tempered individuals opened up on them, but it didn't seem to have much effect. In all cases, once the traveler got the point across that he or she had no silver, the horsemen simply turned and rode off.

No, these folks haven't been overindulging in the hooch. It's true. The three horsemen terrorizing the area are conquistadors who passed through the San Pedro Valley in 1540 with Francisco Coronado's expedition. They discovered silver in the valley and returned to open a mine. They enslaved the local Pima Indians to work the

mine, working many Indians to death. At the end of each day, they inspected the workers to make sure they had not stolen any silver. Any Indian found with even a fleck of silver on him was put to death.

One day, neighboring Indians liberated the slaves and took the silver. The conquistadors were buried alive inside their mine. A shaman cursed their spirits to walk the earth until they gather silver equal to that mined by the slaves.

The shaman intended this to be an eternal penance. The spirits were powerless to take the silver, and as long as the local Indians knew of their atrocities, none would willingly give them any. Unfortunately, the Reckoning changed that.

The conquistadors now wander the area around their mine looking for the "thieves" who took their silver. Whenever they encounter anyone, they demand the return of their ill-gotten wealth, although they are powerless against those who have no silver on them.

The conquistadors may not harm those who have no silver. They may attack others normally. They can be hurt normally, but not killed directly. Any wound that would kill one simply disperses its soul, causing it to vanish. It cannot return for 24 hours. The only way to destroy them permanently is to

unearth their remains from the mine in the San Pedro Valley and burn them to ashes.

CONQUISTADORS

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, S: 3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d8

Fightin': sword, lance 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8

Overawe 4d8

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Ghost: The conquistadors cannot be permanently killed except by the method described in the text above.

Gear: Breastplate (Armor 2), sword (STR+2d8), lance (STR+2d10)

Description: These spirits look like Spanish Conquistadors, complete with armor and weapons.

THE MULE TRAINS

The Confederate government is still shipping ghost rock overland from the Maze, but in much smaller quantities than before. Mexican and Apache raids have made the trip extremely dangerous and costly, and Grimme's Edict has complicated things. Each caravan is made up of 15 to 20 wagonloads of ghost rock, escorted by two companies of troops—usually a company of cavalry and a company of infantry. The regular troops are often supplemented by Indian scouts and the occasional steamwagon or artillery piece, especially if the Rebels get word of trouble brewing.

It used to take about a month and a half for one of these caravans to reach Tombstone, but these days that's up to two months, since the caravan has to skirt the edge of Grimme's new "sovereign state." Some caravans don't make it at all. Two were lost last year, and three have gone missing since January of 1877. As soon as the dust from the November Offensive's settles, Richmond will likely dispatch fresh troops to reinforce Fort Huachuca and patrol the Ghost Trail.

The arrival of a caravan is a major event. The soldiers receive their pay

when they reach Tombstone and are turned loose on the town. Most immediately head out to celebrate the fact that they've still got a full head of hair. The week following the arrival of a shipment is a wild one, as the soldiers blow through their pay and work up the courage to march back to California and do it all over again.

THE LAW IN TOMBSTONE

Fred White is the town marshal in Tombstone. This poor unfortunate has his hands full dealing with rowdy soldiers, drunken miners, and a wide assortment of trash that's just passing through. He has one deputy, Spence Walker. The most charitable thing that can be said about Spence is that he's a few cards shy of a full deck.

To add legitimacy to their claim to Arizona, the Confederate government divided the territory up into counties and elected sheriffs for each. In some counties, the sheriff and his deputies outnumber the Confederate citizens living there. John Behan was elected sheriff of Cochise County, and his office is in Tombstone, the county seat.

Behan performs one of his duties as sheriff well—collecting taxes. Of course, that may have something to do with the fact that as sheriff he's entitled to take 10% of all the taxes collected as salary. Despite all the cattle rustling and other shenanigans that goes on in the county, it's possible to count the number of arrests Behan has made on one hand.

THE COWBOYS

The real law in town is a group of outlaws called the Cowboys. Unfortunately the law tends to be whatever happens to be good for the Cowboys. They're a bunch of no-good, cattle-rustling lowlifes.

The Cowboys have the run of the town because few people have the guts

to stand up to them. Their leader is Old Man Clanton. His three sons—Ike, Phineas, and William—all ride with him, but it's Curly Bill Brocius who calls the shots when the old man is not around. Other notables among this scurvy bunch are John Ringo and Frank and Tom McLaury. They can usually rustle up 20 to 30 followers and hangers-on when the need arises.

Clanton's boys have raided the Ghost Trail several times, but they're too well-known to really give it a go without blowing their comfortable position in Tombstone. It wouldn't take much of an excuse for the local's favorite Texas Ranger, Hank Ketchum, to round up a posse and put the Cowboys out of business for good.

These no-goods are smart enough to realize this, so they've mostly stuck to rustling. When they're not tearing things up in town, they're usually south of the border liberating some poor Mexican rancher's livestock.

They bring the cattle north and sell them to the local ranchers and restaurants. Sometimes, for a change of pace, they steal local cattle and sell them in Mexico. Despite numerous complaints, Sheriff Behan has taken no action against them.

It's best to stay indoors after the Cowboys return from one of their "cattle drives." They like to celebrate by partaking in what they like to call "a jollification." This consists of getting dead drunk at Ike's Place (Ike Clanton's very own restaurant) and then tearing around on horseback, shooting at anything that moves.

Things have calmed down a bit of late, ever since Doc Holliday came to town. He's had a few run-ins with the Cowboys and lived to tell it—even laugh in that consumptive way of his.

The Cowboys don't know how to handle someone who isn't afraid of dying, and are worried he might make good on his threat to send a wire to Dodge and have his friend Wyatt Earp come to Tombstone for a spell.

Recently, the Cowboys have been employed as local muscle by Baron LaCroix's Bayou Vermillion railroad as enforcers. They don't know anything about the deeper mysteries of the Bayou Vermillion operation—yet

Their ranks of the cowboys have also been bolstered recently by a few soft-spoken Mexican ruffians. These are actually advance scouts for Santa Anna. The General has no plans on invading Tombstone at this time, but he's scouting out the territory for the future. The Cowboys have no idea about their new members high connections south of the border, but other folks in town have been wondering lately...

CURLY BILL BROCIUS

Curly Bill is the number two man in the Cowboys, and he's got plans for becoming the head honcho. He's tired of rustling cattle and wants to move on to bigger and better things like banks and stagecoaches.

He knows that if he just upped and killed Old Man Clanton, it would split the gang. Instead, he's been biding his time, waiting for the chance to arrange an "accident" for the geezer. Bill has been the man brokering the gang's deal with Bayou Vermillion as well. It's all part of consolidating his position.

PROFILE:

CURLY BILL BROCIUS

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:3d10, Q:4d6, V:2d8

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 3d8, quick draw 5d6, shootin': pistol, shotgun 4d8, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d6

Animal wranglin' 4d8, bluff 3d8, gamblin' 3d8, guts 4d6, leadership 3d8, overawe 4d8, persuasion 2d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 4d8

Edges: Brawny 3

Hindrances: Hankerin'/mild: opium -1, vengeful -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker.
Description: Curly Bill is a plain looking man, with kinky black hair and a vicious look in his eye.

JOHNNY RINGO (A.K.A. JOHN RINGOLD)

Johnny is the most feared Cowboy. He's faster than a rattler and meaner than one when he's been hitting the bottle. Tombstone clears the streets when he staggers out of a saloon.

Johnny despises Doc Holliday and the feeling is mutual. They've traded lead on at least one occasion, and it's bound to happen again.

JOHNNY RINGO

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:4d10, V:3d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, horse ridin' 3d8, quick draw 5d10, shootin': pistol, rifle 5d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8

Bluff 3d8, gamblin' 3d8, guts 4d8, overawe 4d6, persuasion 2d6, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Two-fisted 3

Hindrances: Hankerin'/mild: opium -1 vengeful -3, bloodthirsty -2, mean as a rattler -2

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Twin single-action Colt Peacemakers.

Description: Ringo is a fairly good looking fellow, with a bushy black moustache and slicked-back hair

THE EPITAPH

Tombstone is, of course, the home of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, one of the most widely read publications on the North American continent.

John Clum is the paper's editor. He, along with Lacy O'Malley and the rest of the staff, is convinced something sinister has happened that has changed the nature of reality. Clum's goal, and that of the *Epitaph*, is to

make the average person aware of what's going on before it's too late.

Unfortunately, it seems the governments of both the USA and CSA don't want anyone to know the truth. Many smaller papers who have run stories like those of the *Epitaph* have had run-ins with the Agents and the Texas Rangers. The *Epitaph* is fortunate that it built up a large audience before the Rangers knew where it was. Shutting the paper down now would only increase the credibility of its stories, as would banning its distribution. Still, both organizations keep harassing the *Epitaph* staff and reporters to keep as much of the truth suppressed as possible.

Enterprising heroes who witness an event or critter that's more than just a little out of the ordinary can make a little extra cash selling their stories. The *Epitaph* pays a half cent a word for articles, \$10 for sketches, and \$15 and up for photographs. All submissions are subject to independent confirmation, and while the *Epitaph* staff are pretty credulous people, they're no fools.

LIFE IN TOMBSTONE

It's been said that "Tombstone has a man for breakfast," and that's not far from the truth. There are a lot of ways to meet an unpleasant end in the town—provided a body can actually make it there. Many of the regular inhabitants take a sort of perverse pride in that fact.

That being said, the average Tombstone citizen does not live in the middle of an ongoing gun battle—it is possible to walk down the street without catching a hunk of lead.

Things get "civilized" about once a month, when Hank Ketchum and his Texas Rangers come through. Hank and his boys generally stop in town for a few days to rest their mounts before continuing their patrol of the territory.

That's when Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo, and the rest of the Cowboys decide

they've got business to attend to south of the border. While the Rangers are in town, things stay pretty quiet. Even Sheriff Behan gives his mouth a rest for a few days.

Of course, once they pull out it doesn't take long for things to get back to normal—but it's nice while it lasts.

TOMBSTONE LOCALES

Bird Cage Theater: The Bird Cage often has some splendid entertainment. The comedian Eddie Foy has graced the establishment a number of times. Aspiring thespians be warned, however. Tombstone crowds can be hard on acts that aren't up to snuff.

Boot Hill: The epitaphs on some of the tombstones demonstrate the grim humor of the citizenry of Tombstone.

Cochise County Courthouse: This is where Justice of the Peace Wells Spicer passes judgment on the miscreants Fred White manages to round up. Spicer has no love for the Cowboys, but he is powerless to do anything until someone is finally able to arrest them.

Crystal Palace Saloon: Lunch is free here—provided it's washed down with the expensive house beer. The place was originally called the Fredericksburg Lager Beer Depot, but the owners decided to spruce the place up with some crystal stemware and big mirrors.

Episcopal Church: The divine truth is explained here every Sunday by the Reverend Endicott Peabody.

Fly's Gallery: C. S. Fly will immortalize a likeness for posterity for the pittance of a mere \$2.

Grand Hotel: A fine establishment with comfortable rooms. Doc Holliday is currently staying here with his paramour, Big Nose Kate.

Ike's Place: Ike Clanton owns this restaurant, so it's a favorite hangout of the Cowboys. The food is mediocre but cheap. Rest assured that all the steaks

in the place were mooing en Español a few days previously.

OK Corral: This is the place to go for a wagon or horse. Of course, prices are two to three times what they would be Back East.

Oriental Saloon: A good place for a game of faro or poker. The place has gained some notoriety as the favorite haunt of the deadly dentist, Doc Holliday.

Schieffelin Hall: A fine theater erected by Ed Schieffelin. This is the largest adobe building in North America.

Tombstone City Hall: John Clum's other office. He's also mayor of Tombstone.

Tombstone Epitaph Office: The home office of the most controversial paper in North America.

FAMOUS FOLKS

Here's the lowdown on two of Tombstone, Arizona's most famous folks. John Henry "Doc" Holliday, and Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum.

DOC HOLLIDAY

John Henry Holliday came West in '72, after being diagnosed with tuberculosis, hoping that the dry weather around these parts would do his poor lungs some good. Although he sometimes practiced dentistry, hence the nickname "Doc," he made most of his money playing cards.

A real student of card games, Doc's one of the sharpest gamblers in the Weird West. There's absolutely no risk he's afraid to take, and that goes double away from the poker table.

Doc is a dangerous man to cross, and many men have discovered that fact too late to make any difference to anyone but their heirs. He has a quick temper and does not hesitate to take action when provoked. Because of his touchy trigger, he's made a lot more enemies for himself than friends.

He's deeply loyal to those he's got, though. Doc is close friends with Wyatt Earp. A few months before coming to Tombstone, Doc was in Dodge City and saved Wyatt from a horde of angry cowboys.

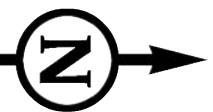
Building Key

1. Bird Cage Theater
2. Cochise County Courthouse
3. Crystal Palace Saloon
4. Episcopal Church
5. Fly's Gallery
6. Grand Hotel
7. Ike's Place
8. OK Corral
9. Oriental Saloon
10. Schieffelin Hall
11. Tombstone City Hall
12. Tombstone Epitaph Office

TOMBSTONE ARIZONA, CSA

As is true in Deadwood, the vast majority of Tombstone's population lives in tents in and around the city. Due to their inherently transient nature, most of these structures are not shown here.

Safford Street



← Boot Hill

3rd Street

8

6

12

11

10

4th Street

Allen Street

Fremont Street

5th Street

Train Depot →

Tough-Nut Street

Doc is also an accomplished huckster, and has been twiddling the cards in an arcane way for several years.

Lately Holliday has been seen in the company of a bounty hunter named Alexander Graves, and actually saved Grave's life in a gunfight with the Cowboys. For full details on Alexander Graves (as well as a passel of other law fogs and outlaws) check out the *Law Dogs* sourcebook.

Doc is dying, and he knows it. He's looking to go out in a blaze of glory if given half a chance.

DOC HOLLIDAY

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:1d6

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw: pistol 6d10, shootin': pistol, shotgun 6d10, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d10, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Bluff 4d8, gamblin' 6d8, guts 5d6, language: Latin 2d10, medicine:

general 2d10, overawe 5d6, persuasion 2d6, professional: dentistry 4d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8

Edges: Arcane background: huckster 3, two-fisted 3, "the voice": grating

Hindrances: Ailin'/fatal: consumption -5, death wish -5, hankerin'/mild: alcohol -1, loyal: Wyatt Earp, Big Nose Kate -3

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 12

Special Abilities:

Huckster: hexslingin' 7, Hexes: Helpin' hand, hunch, missed me!, phantom fingers, private eye, soul blast, trinkets

Gear: Twin double-action Colt

Peacemakers, a deck of cards and a selection of bloodstained handkerchiefs.

Description: Doc is handsome fellow, if a bit thin and pale from his consumption. He has brown hair and a moustache.

HANK "ONE-EYE" KETCHUM

One of the most famous Texas Rangers is Hank "One-Eye" Ketchum. Hank understands the strange events that plague the Weird West better than most. Besides dealing with it on a daily basis, he got his nickname from an rather gruesome event.

Ketchum was in the field hospital at Gettysburg on the last day of the battle. There a surgeon was possessed by an evil spirit and began hacking off patients' body parts. The most famous victim was General John Bell Hood, who watched "the Butcher" take off one of his arms. The madman plucked out Hank's eye with a surgeon's probe, but the indomitable Ketchum and a few other survivors chased the Butcher off.

Hank spent years hunting for the Butcher, and finally tracked him to Dodge city last year, right around Independence day. While the butchers evil was stopped for a while, things didn't work out exactly as Ketchum planned. Check out the *City o' Gloom* boxed set for full details on what exactly happened after Hank left Dodge (in *Independence Day* dime novel).

Hank's a survivor. He's not the fastest gun, but he stands his ground and



keeps firing until he's dead or his target quits twitching.

A recent incident that illustrates this is that of the Gravy River Gang. He captured them in southern Texas single-handedly. What's more amazing is he managed to stay awake and keep guard over these ornery rascals for five straight days on the trip back to the Ranger outpost at El Paso.

PROFILE: HANK KETCHUM

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d10, S:3d10, Q:2d8, V:4d12

Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 4d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw : pistol 1d10, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 4d10, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Weird West 2d6, guts 3d10, language: Spanish 1d6, overawe 5d10, scrutinize 2d8, search 2d8, streetwise 3d8, survival: desert 3d8, trackin' 3d8

Edges: Brave 2, law man 5, nerves o' steel 1, rank: Texas Rangers 2, sand 2, tough as nails 3

Hindrances: Big britches -3, enemy: Northerners and the Cowboy gang -2, oath: track down the Butcher -2, obligation: shoot or recruit the supernatural -5

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: Two double-action Colt Peacemakers, a Winchester '76 rifle, a Bowie knife and three speed-load cylinders.

Description: Ketchum is a bear of a man, with a bushy white beard and an eye-patch.

THE WEIRD WORLD

Evil doesn't recognize borders. There are just as many haunts in England as in the Black Hills of the Dakotas. More, actually, since the English have had a few thousand more years of blood-drenched, "civilized" history to find them.

The West may be weird, but the rest of the continent is besieged by the supernatural as well. The Great Lakes are said to be home to a weird sea-hag

that wrecks ships. The hills of Kentucky are full of nameless horrors beyond imagining. There supposedly even a mischievous poltergeist living in the basement of the New York City Public Library that rewrites certain books when the librarians shut off the lights at night.

In Europe, the French are plotting revenge for their defeat by the Prussians in '70. That's partly why they're in America trying to get ghost rock.

Russia and Turkey are also preparing for war. Experts agree these merciless foes and their "battle in the Balkans" will result in furious bloodlettings in the ancient Caucasus Mountains. The tiniest spark could set this long-standing powderkeg off.

The British are having their fill with the Zulus and Boers in South Africa. Most look for a major war, and the locals claim the Zulus' practice of witchcraft is more potent than ever before, which could be bad news for the Brits.

In Egypt, bizarre cults claim to have re-awakened the old gods. Human sacrifices to Anubis and the other dark gods are said to be near epidemic proportions. In another kind of strangeness, mummified remains are incredibly common in north Africa, and wealthy Europeans are said to be purchasing them for "unwrapping" parties back home. You can imagine just what kind of trouble this has caused in some cases.

The Far East is also getting weird. Sources in Japan claim the "oni" have returned, spirits likely similar to Christian demons or Indian manitous. China's not faring much better.

As for Australia, you don't want to know what's up "down under."

We'll get to these foreign locales as time rolls on. For now, the action focuses on the American West. If you want your posse to travel abroad, you'll have to make up the details until then.

Happy Trails, Marshal!



COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Now that you know how to play this crazy game, you're no doubt itchin' to round up a posse and hit the trail. Well, we've got just the twisted tale for you to spring on a bunch of unsuspectin' cowpokes!

Settle in while we spin you a little yarn about trains, bugs, and the walkin' 'dead.

THE STORY SO FAR

A few weeks ago, a ship called *Mary's Despair* docked in the port of Boston. She carried an innocent cargo of bananas from Honduras. Or so her crew thought. A creature called a "husker" had crept aboard *Mary's Despair* the night before the ship sailed for Boston. The thing is a man-sized, insect-like monster with the extraordinarily nasty habit of reproducing by planting its eggs inside other animals.

Once *Mary's Despair* docked, the monster slipped off and began multiplying—at the expense of a number of Boston's citizens. It wasn't long before the Agency's office in the city was alerted to the menace. Acting with its usual secrecy, the organization quickly identified the problem and took steps to eliminate the husker infestation.

PROBLEM SOLVED...?

A few days burned buildings, and corpses later, the situation was well in hand. However, the field agents realized the husker was a type of abomination they had never before encountered. After a high level conference in Washington, the organization decided the creature warranted further study.

They left one of the monsters alive. The Agency felt the creature was too dangerous to leave on the highly populated East Coast, however, so they arranged to

CHAPTER ONE: TICKETS PLEASE!

The first portion of the adventure is intended to let the players get a feel for the *Skyline Steamer*, its crew, and passengers. If they're strangers, they also have a little time to meet each other and introduce their characters.

As we mentioned before, the point of departure and destination aren't really important to the adventure's plot—use whatever works for your particular game!

The story picks up as the train climbs into the higher elevations of the Rocky Mountains.

THE TRAIN

The train consists of a locomotive, coal car, three passenger cars, dining car, baggage car and a caboose. Don't worry about mapping out who is where inside the train—it's all about to blow up anyway.

LOCOMOTIVE

During daytime hours, engineer Pete Franklin and fireman M. A. Maggert can be found here. At night, King White is normally at the controls and Jane Hunt is his fireman.

COAL CAR

The steep climb through the pass places a good deal of strain on the engine. Coaling stations are few and far between in the mountain wilderness, so the coal car is slightly larger than those found on trains servicing the flat lands.

"SLEEPER" CAR

Unlike some of the richer rail cars Back East, this sleeper car is sparsely furnished. The sleeping compartments are actually wooden cubbyholes stacked two high running the length of the car. Each comes with a thin

have the abomination shipped to one of its remote Western offices for study.

Two field operatives, Laura Giles and Allan Seyberth, were assigned to guard the shipment as it traveled west on an old locomotive named the *Skyline Steamer*. All in all, it should have been an easy assignment.

This is where the heroes come in.

BUSHWHACKED!

Philip Clarkson gave a law-abiding life a try—for almost one whole month. Now he's moving up to the big time—train-robbing. He's rigged a trestle over a shallow gorge with dynamite. When the next train comes, he and his gang of losers will blow it and loot the baggage cars.

Clarkson has no idea about the presence of the Agency or their special cargo. He just figures he's on to an easy score.

He doesn't know how wrong he is.

THE SETUP

This is the easy part—all that's necessary to begin the adventure is that the posse be riding on the *Skyline Steamer*, a west-bound Denver-Pacific train somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Have each of the players tell you why their characters are heading further west. They could have boarded the train anywhere from Boston to Denver, so you can accommodate a wide variety of character types.

You can have some of the characters know each other if you want, or make them all complete strangers. You couldn't ask for an easier way to get a party together.

The story is intended to be run during either early spring or late fall—either just after the mountain passes have opened or just before they close. However, depending on the weather conditions, just about any season is acceptable.

feather-stuffed mattress. A small curtain can be drawn across the compartment to provide a small amount of privacy for the passenger.

There are a total of 20 berths on the car. For this trip, other passengers occupy four of those berths, leaving 16 available for posse members.

The four passengers occupying the sleeper car are Penelope Brown, Gregory Dawson, Laura Giles, and Allan Seyberth (see **Passengers**, below).

PASSENGER CARS

There are two passenger cars on the train. Each one has 10 double-sided benches, each side of which can comfortably seat two passengers (meaning each one can seat 40 passengers total).

Many sleeper car ticket-holders spend much of the daytime hours in this car—there are no seating accommodations in the sleeper. Also, most passengers try to garner an entire bench for themselves so they'll have a little room to stretch out at night.

On this particular trip, there are few regular passengers. Only seven other passengers are spread through the two cars leaving plenty of room for the heroes to stretch out.

DINING CAR

This car has a dining area and small kitchen. The dining area holds four booths capable of seating four passengers at a time and a small bar with three stools. The kitchen contains a wood stove, a couple of prep tables and a tiny larder. Passengers aren't normally allowed into the kitchen, and while crew members are, the cook, Harold Buchanan, becomes grumpy if they raid his larder.

Because there are so few passengers on this leg of the journey, the larder is barely half full. All meals must be bought separately (\$2 each).

Between meal hours, the dining car also serves as an informal lounge. Passengers occasionally scare up a poker game to pass the hours, and the cook serves drinks until 10 PM.

Harold has a small bunk at the back of the kitchen.

BAGGAGE CAR

This car is locked and off-limits to passengers. All the travelers' personal effects are stored here, along with two bags of mail and a large, well-constructed crate.

Any low-down skunk willing to poke through other folks' belongings or mail can find a few, easily concealable valuables here. A Fair (5) *scroungin'* roll nets the thief \$5 dollars in goods plus an additional \$5 for every raise. This roll can only be attempted once per hero (and we use that term loosely here!). If the pilferer gets two raises, she finds either Laura or Allan's Gatling pistol hidden in their baggage as well.

The heavily-boarded and chained crate, marked "Property of the Boston Museum of Fine Art," holds the Agency's husker. For details on the creature, see **Chapter Three** of this adventure. Anyone who makes a Hard (9) *Cognition* roll while closely examining the crate detects the sound of something fairly large shifting its weight inside the crate. Short of using a crowbar to pry the boards loose, there's no way to see what's inside.

Seyberth comes back here at least twice a day to check on the crate. Using Agency connections, he and his partner have secured permission to enter the baggage car as long as the conductor is with him. He explains his presence to any nosy posse members by saying he is carrying a valuable piece of sculpture for exhibit in a Salt Lake City.

CABOOSE

This is where the crew (except the cook) spends most of its free time. There are eight bunks in the caboose. The men are fairly happy on this trip because there are only five of them, which means each man has his own bunk and plenty of room.

FELLOW PASSENGERS

Here are the posse's fellow passengers.

Penelope Brown: Penelope is a pretty red-headed, mail-order bride heading West to meet her new husband. She's not thrilled with the arrangement, it did get her out of Pittsburgh. Penelope is a sleeper car passenger.

Richard Chasen: Richard is a deserter from the Confederate Army. He avoids any obvious lawmen or soldiers of either country.

Gregory Dawson: With his carefully groomed black hair and mustache, Dawson cuts quite a figure. He's always impeccably dressed and frequents the lounge. However, he's nothing more than a shyster looking to sell a fake "treasure map" to whoever will buy it (\$1000).

Jacob Emmet: Jacob is a middle-aged Mormon missionary. Most of the other passengers are a bit uncomfortable around him thanks to rumors abound about the "goings-on" in Deseret.

Laura Giles: See **The Agency**, below.

Denise Merritt: Denise is very nasty and continually quizzes the heroes and anyone else about their lives and experiences. She's trying to make a living as a freelance reporter or dime-novelist, but hasn't gotten a break yet. The husker story might be her big break.

Allan Seyberth: See **The Agency**, below.

Abiel and Aloysius Squatpump: These twin brothers are crude, grimy, trappers heading West for better game than they found in Kentucky.

The Wilson family: Rick, Jenny, and their two boys, Amos and Jethro, are traveling to visit relatives. The boys are rotten enough to be Satan's cabana boys.

THE CREW

Harold Buchanan. A middle-aged, balding man with a belly. He's the train's cook and bartender.

John Crocker. The train's stern conductor.

Pete Franklin. The quiet, business-like, daytime engineer.

Jane Hunt. Jane is a husky, middle-aged woman who serves as King's fireman.

M. A. Maggert. "Mean-Ass" is a the daytime fireman. He's crude and starts trouble constantly.

King White. King is the nighttime locomotive operator. He's the most experienced member of the crew and always polite to *paying* passengers.

THE AGENTS

The Agency has assigned two field operatives to guard the husker on its trip West. Laura Giles, a well-tested agent with years of field work under her belt, is in charge of the mission.

The two agents make little contact in public. Laura believes it best to conceal any connections, particularly from the reporter, Denise Merritt. The last thing they need is a nosy muckraker spilling the beans!

The creature appeared to be in a comatose state when they captured it, so they don't expect too much trouble. Nonetheless, Allan checks the crate at least twice a day.

Lately, Allan has noticed the thing in the crate is awake. This has him a little on edge. If it breaks free, he knows he'll be torn between killing it to prevent its escape and trying to capture it alive so he can complete his assignment. Laura has no compunctions—she'll kill it on sight and thinks that's what should have been done in the first place.

LAURA GILES

Laura is an attractive woman in her late 20s. She's an experienced operative, with more than four years in the field. There's little she hasn't seen, or at least heard of.

She's posing as the spoiled daughter of a wealthy cattle baron on a sightseeing tour. If the posse becomes suspicious, she embellishes her story by hinting that she's running from an arranged marriage with an unsavory suitor.

Although she keeps a low profile, Laura is the agent-in-charge of the transport operation. She's a canny sort and keeps a close eye on her surroundings and fellow passengers. Little escapes her notice.

Laura's statistics are the same as for the standard Agency operative on page 106.

ALLAN SEYBERTH

Allan is a well-dressed young man in his mid-20s. He looks a bit like a tinhorn, but a few minutes of

conversation quickly dispels that misconception. An air of confidence and self-assurance virtually radiates from him.

Allan professes to be a representative of a museum back in Boston. However, a hero making an Onerous (7) *scrutinize* roll notices his hands are rough from hard work—not what one would expect from a museum liaison.

Use the stats for the standard Agency operative from page 106.

PASSIN' THE TIME

Let the players get into their characters and get to know each other better by passing a little time before the action starts in the next chapter. Here are a few subplots you can use to keep things happening if the posse doesn't get into trouble on their own.

BABYSITTIN'

The Wilson boys are Hellions. Their parents look for any opportunity to shuck the kids off onto other unsuspecting adults.

Should a posse member be unlucky enough to get saddled with the kids—and the Wilsons are practiced at this sort of thing!—he'll find them more than a handful. The two are constantly causing trouble and are downright mean about it. They love to start adults fighting by stealing small items and planting them on another, throwing food and then looking away, or planting a card in a gambler's sleeve.

GAMBLIN'

Dawson quickly gets a poker game running in the dining car. He plays an honest game for an hour or so, then starts cheating. Use the **Shyster** archetype's statistics should Dawson get in a fight.

He plays with several of the other passengers if the party isn't interested.

If the stakes get high, Dawson is quick to offer up his "treasure map." He acts like this is worth far more than the "measly thousand" he's asking for it, but his "ill health—(hack, hack)—won't let him pursue this incredible wealth."

MAN-HUNTIN'

Penelope isn't particularly thrilled about being a mail-order bride, but she didn't see any future in staying in a mill town like Pittsburgh. And she *hated* the smoke and fumes from the factories.

She's liable to latch onto any hero who's obviously got a fair amount of money, or, failing that, any male posse member with a high *Mien* Trait (d10 or above). The target of her affections soon learns she's quite affectionate, but her plans are for a permanent relationship.

SNOOPIN' ABOUT

The more curious members of the posse might start nosing about the train. That's fine, but the conductor tries to restrict them to the sleeper, passenger and dining cars.

Getting into the baggage car requires a fairly clever plan to distract Harold from his kitchen, or an Onerous (7) *persuasion* or *bluff* roll. Even once she's gotten past Harold, the cowpoke has to avoid the conductor and Allan as she pilfers the contents of the car.

More adventurous heroes might even try climbing outside the cars and crossing the roof. It takes a Fair (5) *climb* roll to accomplish this between the cars, but an Onerous (7) roll to scale the sides from a window. If she fails the roll, she can't find a route up; going bust means she's fallen from the train, taking 3d6+15 damage. Now she's also faced with getting back on the moving train, but we'll leave those details to you, Marshal.

BOUNTY

There are no special rewards to dole out yet. Just make sure you reward players for roleplaying their characters and interacting with the train's other passengers.

CHAPTER TWO: THIS IS A STICKUP!

Sometime after the posse's had ample time to wander about the train, meet each other, and get to know a few of the passengers, the iron horse rounds a tight curve and begins to climb a steep grade. At the top of the mile-long incline is the trestle Clarkson and his bandits have rigged with explosives.

TROUBLE IN THE BAGGAGE CAR

Just before the train begins to climb the grade, Allan Seyberth makes a trip to check on the husker. His nervousness over the movement in the crate causes the operative to head back to the car without the conductor, Crocker.

What Allan doesn't know is that the husker has already succeeded in breaking out of its crate. When he enters the car, the monster blinds him with its poison and quickly dispatches him.

In the meantime, Crocker has learned from Harold that Allan has entered the car without him. He heads back to the car just in time to see the monster kill the Agent. Crocker bolts for the door to the dining car.

Once there, with adrenaline boosting his strength, he pulls the linchpin between the cars. As the last two cars begin to separate from the train, the husker lunges from the baggage car and snatches the heroic Crocker, dragging him back with it to the tall conductor's doom.

By this time, the train is over halfway up the slope. None of this causes any noise or should be noticed by the posse.

PUT ON THE BRAKES!

Moments later, Harold notices the baggage car and caboose have been released. He rushes to the locomotive to let Pete know. By the time he reaches the locomotive, the train has nearly reached the top of the incline.

The engineer begins to bleed steam and slow the train as it crests the incline.

KABOOM!

As the train reaches the top of the mountain, the posse hears a large BOOM! from somewhere ahead. A cloud of dust rises to the front and the high pitched whine of metal pierces the air as Maggert yanks on the brakes.

Clarkson has detonated the explosives, demolishing the trestle. He'd figured the train would be under full steam and not be able to stop in time to avoid plummeting into the canyon. He had no idea the engineer would have already begun to slow the *Skyline Steamer*.

The other passengers shout and scream when the dynamite explodes. Then, as the brakes begin to grab, everyone is tossed about the inside of the cars.

INTO THE CHASM

The locomotive is unable to come to a complete halt before tumbling into the gorge. Fortunately, it's going slow enough that only the engine and coal car are dropped over the edge. The coal car comes to rest atop the engine and prevents the rest of the train from being pulled over the edge.

Passengers in the caboose or the sleeper, passenger, or baggage cars take 2d6 damage when the train slams to a halt. Anyone unlucky enough to be in the locomotive takes 5d6+25 from the plummet and crash. Determine the total number of wounds and apply each to a random hit location as massive damage.

Any hero on the coal car at the time of the crash takes 3d6+15 damage. He finds himself lying at the bottom of the gorge, just clear of the wreck when he regains his sense.

BAILING OUT

A quick thinker might decide to abandon the train before the crash. Those who do must make Fair (5) Nimbleness rolls or take 1d6+5 points of damage. Going bust on the roll doubles the damage.

DANG IT! NOW WE HAVE TO SHOOT 'EM

Clarkson can't disappoint his already surly gang or they might lynch him, so now he has to shoot it out with the survivors.

The area near the trestle is lightly forested and strewn with a few boulders. The outlaws are hiding among the trees and rocks on both sides of the tracks. Clarkson is farthest from the trestle, located near the end of the dining car once the train has stopped. The others are dispersed evenly along the tracks leading to the bridge.

Clarkson has two train robbers for each member of the posse. Use the statistics for standard bandits found on page 82.

As soon as the heroes begin moving about or try to leave the train, the outlaws open fire. They concentrate on whoever seems to be doing the most damage first, any law dogs second, and the cowpoke with the biggest gun next.

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SHOOTOUT

Only the heroes are likely to be in any condition to fire back on the robbers. With the exception of Harold, the cook, the train crew is out of action. The other passengers are either unarmed or too shaken up to mount any real resistance.

The train wreck provides good cover, but the posse tries to hole up too long. Clarkson lobs a stick of dynamite at their car. Throwing it through a window gives him a -4 modifier to his *throwin'* roll, and if he misses, it detonates outside. The walls of the car provide 3 levels of armor against the explosion (i.e. 3d8 damage instead of 3d20).

If the fight turns sharply against the heroes, the Squatpumps, the cook, and Laura Giles come out of their shock and pitch in.

The bandits have their horses hidden nearby. Should they start to take heavy casualties, they break and run for their mounts, taking any spare horses with them as they go. Remember they're mostly cowards, so they won't fight to the death.



WHAT A MESS!

After the train robbers have been chased off, the passengers set about assessing their situation. Things look grim indeed.

The locomotive and coal car are effectively destroyed. Pete Franklin and M. A. Maggert were killed in the crash. Everyone on the train is at least slightly injured, although the incident seems to have made the Wilson boys even meaner. The conductor, night crew, and Allan Seyberth are missing, along with the baggage car and caboose.

The only member of the crew remaining is Harold, the cook. He says the train is at least 50 miles from the nearest station and a fairly cold night isn't far away. He adds that his larder is poorly stocked and the food won't last more than another day or so.

WHERE'S THE REST OF THE TRAIN?

One of the most pressing concerns is what happened to the rest of the train. No one, not even Harold, has an idea. Dawson puts forth the suggestion that the missing cars are related to the robbery.

Laura Giles has other ideas—she's pretty sure the Agency's special delivery is involved, although she won't say so. Instead, she does her best "maiden in distress" act and asks:

"I'm terribly worried about the rest of the train. Why don't some of you take a walk down the tracks and see what happened? I can't imagine a train car could get that far, especially since they broke loose near the bottom of the hill."

"It's getting near dark and I think we should try to recover as much of our belongings as possible. It looks to me like we're in for a long stay—or hike."

Laura directs her comments at the most capable-looking passengers, the posse. She fully intends to go herself, but, armed with only a Derringer, isn't enthusiastic about running into the husker alone. If none of the heroes volunteer, she specifically asks for their help, possibly hinting that her valuables were truly valuable and offering a small (\$50) reward if they'll help her recover them. Harold, feeling some responsibility as the only crew member present, agrees to go as well.

The rest of the passengers sit tight unless otherwise directed. Richard Chassen suggests they build a fire and prepare defenses in case the bandits return.

THE BOXCAR

Fear Level 2

The trip down the mountain should slowly build a feeling of uneasiness in the heroes. The trees seem even darker and denser than before, and the patches of snow muffle sounds, making the pass almost unnaturally quiet.

The boxcar and caboose rolled back down the hill, then jumped track at the sharp curve at the bottom of the incline. Now they lie upended on an embankment above a small stream.

ANYBODY HOME?

A quick scan of the area turns up no sign of the crew or Seyberth. A little searching reveals several clues. As the heroes search different parts of the wreck, reveal the following clues:

Around the Baggage Car: A Hard (9) search or a Fair (5) trackin' reveals someone in boots was dragged up the opposite slope into the pinewoods. A raise also finds marks in the snow that look suspiciously like the dragger was walking on stilts (the husker's prints).

Inside the Baggage Car: A Fair (5) search roll finds evidence that someone lost a fair amount of blood there. A raise or a separate Onerous (7) medicine roll tells the cowpoke that there were probably two victims inside. One of these was Allan Seyberth, the other was the conductor, John Crocker.

The searcher also notes the only seriously damaged object in the car is the "museum" crate.

If the searcher goes through the strewn baggage, she finds Seyberth's Gatling pistol on an Onerous (7) search.

The Crate: A Hard (9) search roll tells the hero the crate was broken open from the *inside!* Scratches on the inside indicate something had been working to free itself for some time.

The Caboose A hero making a Fair (5) search roll finds more blood here. A raise detects signs of a struggle, and two raises finds the same, strange stilt-like prints in the area. This is where the crewmen in the caboose were finished off.

Laura's Tale

Laura is quick to secure—and hide—her own Gatling pistol. If she used the story of recovering her "valuables" to get the party to help, she pretends some small piece of costume jewelry is an old family heirloom.

WHAT HAPPENED?

The posse is free to make whatever assumptions they'd like about the occurrences at the boxcar. Laura, of course, has a very good idea about what's going on, but keeps this to herself. For now, she continues the

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"spoiled young lady" routine. If the posse becomes too obsessed with the odd clues they found, she suggests wolves dragged the bodies away.

Laura is very nervous about being near the husker when darkness falls. Feigning concern about said wolves, or, if that doesn't work, the train robbers returning, Laura attempts to hustle the group back to the wreck.

In her haste, her guard drops a little. Any sharp-eyed cowpoke who makes an Onerous (7) scrutinize roll notices she's a bit more sure-footed going back than she was coming down.

BOUNTY

Each clue discovered: 1 white chip to whoever found it.

Attempting to aid the other

passengers after the wreck: 1 white chip to those involved. That's why we call 'em heroes, Marshal.

Defeating Clarkson's bandits: 1 red chip each.

Enemy: If he survived his botched robbery, Clarkson might hold the posse responsible and track them down later.



CHAPTER THREE: NIGHT ON COLD MOUNTAIN

By the time the heroes return to the main wreck, nightfall is minutes away. The deathly still is broken only by the lonely sound of a wolf's howl somewhere in the distance.

With night comes a teeth-chattering chill. Now would be a good time to use those rules for extreme cold we gave you on page 26; the temperature drops to 20 degrees after dark in this part of the Rockies. A good bonfire can offset the effects of the cold, however, so if the passengers or posse built one, they're fine.

The events at the boxcar should have the heroes a little uneasy. Something unknown is prowling in the woods surrounding them and they're miles from nowhere. Harold helpfully points this out as he serves a makeshift dinner, if the heroes don't mention it themselves.

By the time the meal is finished, all of the passengers are jumpy, seeing the bogie man behind every tree or rock.

THE WOODS ARE LONELY, DARK, AND DEEP

The husker hasn't been wasting its time. Taking the bodies from the boxcar and caboose, it quickly planted hatchlings and buried them in a small clearing above the bend. Then it stalked the posse back to the main wreckage.

After the passengers begin to settle in for the night, the husker rounds up other corpses from the pass. It begins with the crewmen in the locomotive if no one pulled them from the wreckage, then it moves on to any dead bandits.

As the night progresses, any hero on guard should make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll. On a success, she hears the sound

of something scuttling across the rocks on the side of the pass. Of course, anyone brave (or foolish) enough to head into the darkness to investigate the sounds that night finds nothing.

In the morning, a successful Hard (9) *trackin'* roll uncovers stilt-like tracks all over the slopes above the wreckage. Whatever is out there is nearby, and it's been watching them!

LAURA COMES CLEAN... SORT OF

By morning, Laura is certain the abomination is out and prowling. Although she has no intention of revealing herself to the heroes, she does decide to try to nudge them into eliminating the abomination.

Sometime after a rough breakfast, she approaches the most outspoken member of the posse and pleads her case:

"I didn't want to say anything before, but I think I know what's going on. Earlier in the trip, that Mr. Seyberth let slip that he wasn't really carrying any sculpture. I couldn't get him to go into details, but I'm pretty sure he had some sort of animal back there."

"Whatever it was must have been pretty ferocious and I think it's out there right now hunting us. I can't imagine what it wanted with those poor people's dead bodies, but I'm sure it's something very, very bad."

"I'm pretty scared—we're in the middle of nowhere and there's no one to turn to for help. What's worse is if that thing were to escape and get to someplace where there were other folks not expecting it."

"I just wish there was someone here who could do something."

If the hero doesn't take the bait, Laura nudges a little harder.

"You and your companions could probably handle it, if you set your mind to it."

It shouldn't take any more incentive than that, but if the posse continues to balk, Laura offers a small monetary incentive and builds to her final offer—\$100 now and another \$400 when they reach civilization.

Laura herself doesn't offer to go. She knows if the attempt to destroy the monster fails, she has to take word back to her superiors.

It may strike the heroes as odd that a private citizen is so concerned for others. Laura answers those concerns by trying to shame the heroes for not hunting the creature out of the goodness of their hearts. She explains the money comes from her wealthy father—an inconsistency with her "runaway" story that a keen cowpoke might catch.

She doesn't admit to being a member of the Agency unless there is no other way to convince the heroes to undertake the mission. As before, she still won't accompany the heroes, explaining she *has* to carry word back to warn her organization.

THE REST OF THE GROUP

Denise Merritt demands that she be allowed to go along when she learns of the posse's mission—though Laura demurely tries to talk her out of it.

Harold suggests he and the rest of the passengers start preparing to walk. It's two days' travel in either direction, and the longer they delay, the less food the group has.

The party will wait one day for the heroes to return before departing. Laura guarantees she won't allow them to depart before this time. Unfortunately, she tells them if they're not back in a day, she has to assume they failed.

INTO THE WOODS

The posse can pick up the monster's trail in the rocks above the trestle. The rocks and hard ground make this difficult and doing so requires a Hard (9) *trackin'* roll.

The easier method is to follow the drag marks up from the wrecked boxcar. A cowpoke needs only a Fair (5) *trackin'* roll to pick up the husker's trail there.

The drag marks lead the heroes through thick pine growths. The trees are so close the posse can only see a few feet in any direction. Crouching to the ground allows a hero to see further, but the trunks of the trees and deadfalls confuse any details.

Snow drifts remain under the trees, and combined with the thick bed of needles, creates a nearly deafening silence. The heroes can hear nothing outside of their own footsteps as they trudge further up the slope. Soon, they are completely enveloped by the forest.

THE CLEARING

Fear Level 3

After a long and exhausting climb up the steep slope, the trail leads the heroes into a small clearing about 30' across at the base of a towering cliff. The rock face looms over the trees, cloaking the small open area in perpetual shadow. A cave opens into the cliff at the back of the clearing.

Any cowpoke making an Onerous (7) *search* roll notices the ground has been recently churned up. While the posse won't know this, the husker buried a number of hatchling host bodies (the crew and any bandits who were slain) in the clearing last night.

As the posse surveys the scene, a pale human hand suddenly thrusts up through the ground. The huskers have awokened! They attack immediately.

HUSKERS ATTACK!

As the corpses force their way up, have the heroes roll surprise. This is a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll since the ground and the events of the last few hours have inevitably made them wary.

Don't forget the Hard (9) *guts* checks when they first catch a glimpse of the corpses, and the -3 for the Fear Level!

There are an equal number of hatchlings to posse members. The creatures fight to the death. They're not old enough to know when to run away.

HATCHLING HUSKER

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, Q:3d10, S:2d8,

V:2d8

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 4d8, fightin'
brawlin' 4d8, sneak 3d8, spittin' 4d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:1d6,

Sp:1d4

Search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: —

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6. The monster can only make this attack once its main body has been exposed from the host's torso), Claws (STR. These are only usable if exposed, either by damage or the monster itself. Although it has six limbs, it can only make a single such attack).

Corpse Shell: The hatchling is usually still encased in a dead body when encountered. The body absorbs the first wound *level* (not wound!) done to the abomination in each hit location. Note the hatchling does not use the head of the host, so any hits there are completely wasted. After absorbing one wound, the flesh falls away revealing the insect-like monstrosity.

Fearless

Poison Spit: The hatchling can spit poison at an opponent. The poison is weak, but sufficient to blind a man if it hits him in the face. This requires a called shot to the head from the front. Any cowpoke hit in the face by a glob must make an Onerous (7) Vigor roll or be blinded for 2d20 minutes.

Description: Young huskers look like walkin' dead until they are exposed (each location can take one wound before exposing the pale carapace beneath). The creature gains control of the host by inserting its legs into the corpse's arms and legs. Because

the hatchling doesn't control the head, it often lolls lifelessly to the side, dead eyes staring at nothing.

THE LIFE

CYCLE OF A HUSKER

Husker eggs quickly hatch and grow inside the bodies of dead animals (including humans!). Within hours, each hatchling is nearly full grown, although its tough outer shell requires a few days to harden. During this time, it remains inside the host body as long as possible.

The husker itself is a spider-like insect with large compound eyes, a pale white carapace, and six spiked limbs.

THE CAVE

The full-grown husker, unlike the younger hatchlings, has enough sense to avoid a fight it can't win. It stays hidden in the cave at the back of the clearing.

The cave itself is a fairly small one, formed from a split in the granite cliff. It's only about 40' deep and consists of a small tunnel leading into a single room about 10' across that opens up 5' from the entrance. The ceiling in the room is barely 7' at its highest, so claustrophobic folks are going to be uncomfortable.

The husker has wedged itself into a crack in the ceiling. It waits until a cowpoke is directly under it to attack. If the poor sap looks up into the crack, it spits poison in his face (with a +4 to its roll for the surprise and position) and then drops on him. Otherwise it simply springs on its victim from above. In either case, it gets a +4 bonus to its *fightin'* rolls on its first action.

The monster tries to disable or blind as many posse members as it can and then bolts for the exit. Remember, this critter is smart. It knows its chances of beating a well-armed group of humans are low.

If the husker makes the treeline, the posse has a hard time finding it. A cowpoke can follow its trail only on an Incredibile (II) *trackin'* roll.

MATURE HUSKER

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, Q:3d10, S:2d10,
V:2d10

Climbin' 4d8, dodge 4d8, fightin':
brawlin' 5d8, sneak 4d8, spittin' 4d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:2d6,
Sp:1d4

Search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: –

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

(Same as younger huskers.)

Description: A mature husker resembles a cross between a huge insect and a spider. It has six, 3' to 4' long legs, two feeding arms, a small head and thorax, and a large, bulbous abdomen. Large pinchers protrude from its mouth. The monster is covered in a very dense greenish black shell. The older the creature is, the darker its shell.

The husker moves in a rapid scuttle most of the time, though it is capable of enormous leaps and often leaps onto trees, boulders, or low buildings when stalking prey. When standing, the monster's body is some 3' feet above ground. Its thorax and abdomen are approximately the same size as a human torso. In spite of its size, the monster is capable of compressing itself into small spaces. It prefers to attack from ambush, its dark coloration hiding it naturally in shadows..

CLEANIN' UP

Even if the heroes succeed in destroying the husker, they've got a long hike ahead of them. The passengers are going to rely on them for protection, and it's possible Clarkson and some of his gang are still out there looking for payback.

Once they get to civilization, the posse has to contend with the attention of both the press—thanks to Merritt's story—and the Agency, courtesy of Laura Giles. However, if the heroes were successful, neither is likely to look on them unfavorably.

BOUNTY

The heroes defeat the hatchlings: 1 red chip each.

The heroes kill the mature husker: 1 blue chip each.

Grit: Give those who defeated the husker 1 point of Grit.

Ally: If they succeeded, Laura Giles files a favorable report. This may lead to other jobs for the Agency. Not all cowpokes consider that a good thing!

Ally: If they help Denise Merritt get her story, she may one day become famous and write the heroes' legends in the pages of the *Tombstone Epitaph*.



CHARACTER CREATION SUMMARY

APTITUDES

Aptitude	Trait
Academia	Knowledge
Animal Wranglin'	Mien
Area Knowledge	Knowledge
Artillery	Cognition
Arts	Cognition
Bluff	Smarts
Bow	Deftness
Climbin'	Nimbleness
Demolition	Knowledge
Disguise	Knowledge
Dodge	Nimbleness
Drivin'	Nimbleness
Faith	Spirit
Fightin'	Nimbleness
Filchin'	Deftness
Gamblin'	Smarts
Guts	Spirit
Hexslillin'	Special
Horse Ridin'	Nimbleness
Languages	Knowledge
Leadership	Mien
Lockpickin'	Deftness
Mad Science	Knowledge
Medicine	Knowledge
Overawe	Mien
Performin'	Mien
Persuasion	Mien
Professional	Knowledge
Quick Draw	Quickness
Ridicule	Smarts
Ritual	Special
Science	Knowledge
Scrutinize	Cognition
Search	Cognition
Scroungin'	Smarts
Shootin'	Deftness
Sleight of Hand	Deftness
Sneak	Nimbleness
Speed-Load	Deftness
Streetwise	Smarts
Survival	Smarts
Swimmin'	Nimbleness
Tale-Tellin'	Mien
Teamster	Nimbleness
Throwin'	Deftness
Tinkerin'	Smarts
Trackin'	Cognition
Trade	Knowledge

HINDRANCES

Hindrance	Cost
Ailin'	-1/-3/-5
All Thumbs	-2
Bad Ears	-3/-5
Bad Eyes	-3/-5
Bad Luck	-5
Big Britches	-3
Big Mouth	-3
Big 'Un	-1/-2
Bloodthirsty	-2
Cautious	-3
Curious	-3
Clueless	-3
Death Wish	-5
Doubting	
Thomas	-3
Enemy	-1-5
Ferner	-3
Geezer	-3/-5
Greedy	-2
Grim Servant	
o' Death	-5
Habit	-1-3
Hankerin'	-1/3
Heavy Sleeper	-1
Heroic	-3
High-Falutin'	-2
Illiterate	-3
Impulsive	-3
Intolerance	-1-3
Kid	-2/-4
Law o'	
the West	-3
Lame	-3/-5
Loco	-1-5
Loyal	-3
Lyin' Eyes	-3
Miser	-3
Mean as	
a Rattler	-2
Night Terrors	-5
Oath	-1-5
Obligation	-1-5
Outlaw	-1-5
One-Armed Bandit	-3
Pacifist	-3/-5
Poverty	-3
Randy	-3
Scrawny	-5
Self-Righteous	-3

EDGES

Edge	Cost
Arcane	
Background	3
Belongin's	1-5
Big Ears	1
Brave	2
Brawny	3
Dinero	1-5
Don't Get	
'Im Riled!	2
Eagle Eyes	1
Fleet-Footed	1-5
Friends in	
High Places	1-5
Gift of Gab	1
Keen	3
Kemosabe	1/2
Law Man	1/3/5
Level-Headed	5
Light Sleeper	1
Luck o' the Irish	5
Mechanically	
Inclined	1
Nerves o' Steel	1
Purtty	1
Rank	1-5
Renown	1/3/5
Sand	1-5
Sidekick	5
"The Stare"	1
Thick-Skinned	3
Tough as Nails	1-5
Two-Fisted	3
Veteran o'	
the Weird West	0
"The Voice"	1

SCART TN & DICE

TN	Dice	Description
3	1d6	Gruesome scene
5	2d6	Vampire, fresh zombie
7	3d6	Gruesome corpse, grisly carnage
9	4d6	Grotesque scene
11	5d6	Overwhelming scene
13	6d6	Beyond imagination

TESTS O' WILL

Test	Aptitude	Opposed Aptitude
	Bluff	Scrutinize
	Overawe	Guts
	Ridicule	Ridicule
Result	Effect	
Success	Unnerved	
1 raise	Distracted	
2 raises	Broken	

SCART TABLE

Roll

1-3	Effect Uneasy: The character stares for a moment at the scene and loses his next Action Card.
4-6	Queasy: The victim stares in horror at the scene, loses his next Action Card, and subtracts -2 from any rolls made the rest of the round.
7-9	The Willies: The character staggers back and stares in horror, missing his turn for the round. He takes 1d6 Wind and his actions are at -2 until he makes a <i>guts</i> check, which he may attempt as an action.
10-12	The Heebie-Jeebies: The character turns white as a sheet and loses his entire turn and 1d6 Wind. All actions are at -2 for the remainder of the encounter.
13-15	Weak in the Knees: The victim loses 1d6 Wind. At grotesque scenes, he loses his lunch and staggers away. At terrible scenes, he puts his tail between his legs and gets the Hell out of Dodge. In either case, he is completely ineffectual until he makes the <i>guts</i> check that caused this result. He remains at -2 for the remainder of the encounter.
16-18	Dead Faint: The character takes 3d6 Wind. If she's reduced to 0 or less, she faints dead away until she recovers. If the character has <i>faith</i> , she must make an Onerous (7) <i>faith</i> check immediately. If she fails, her lack of faith causes her to lose 1 level of <i>faith</i> permanently.
19-21	Minor Phobia: The character goes Weak in the Knees and gains a minor phobia (as the <i>loco</i> Hindrance) somehow associated

22-24	with the current event or environment. She suffers a -2 penalty to any actions when the stimulus of her fear is present.
25-27	Major Phobia: The character goes Weak in the Knees and gains a major phobia (as the <i>loco</i> Hindrance). This is the same as a Minor Phobia except the penalty when the feared item, environment, or thing is present, the penalty is -4.
28-30	Corporeal Alteration: The character gains a Minor Phobia and suffers a physical defect of some kind, such as a streak of white hair, his voice box contracts and he can only speak in whispers, etc. The "Shakes": The cowpoke gets a Major Phobia and must make a Hard (9) <i>Spirit</i> roll or reduce <i>Deftness</i> by one step permanently. If the roll is made, <i>Deftness</i> is reduced only for the next 1d6 days.
31-35	Heart Attack: The poor sap's heart skips a beat. He must make a Hard (9) <i>Vigor</i> roll. If made, he suffers 3d6 Wind and gains a Major Phobia . If failed, he suffers 3d6 Wind, his <i>Vigor</i> is permanently reduced by one step, and he must make a second Hard (9) <i>Vigor</i> roll. If failed, he has a heart attack and dies unless someone else makes an Incredibly (11) <i>medicine</i> roll within 2d6 rounds (a supernatural healing roll must cure a serious wound though no actual "wound" is inflicted). If the victim's <i>Vigor</i> falls below 4, he kicks the bucket.
36+	Corporeal Aging: The character has a Heart Attack and ages 1 year.

SHOOTIN' IRONS

Weapons	Shots	Caliber	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Automatics						
Gatling Gun*	45	.36	3	3d8	20	\$1,500
Gatling Pistol*	12	.44	3	3d6	10	\$800
Carbines						
Sharps '55	1	.57 C&B	1	5d8	15	\$18
Spencer	7	.56	1	4d8	15	\$15
LeMat Carbine & Shotgun*	9	.42	1	3d6	15	\$35
Derringers & Pepperboxes						
Derringer	2	.44	2	3d6	5	\$8
English 1840 Model*	8	.36 C&B	1	2d6	5	\$5
Rupertus Pepperbox	8	.22	1	2d4	5	\$6
Wesson Dagger-Pistol	2	.41	1	2d6	5	\$6
Pistols, Single-Action						
Colt Army	6	.44	1	3d6	10	\$12
Colt Buntline Special*	6	.45	1	3d6	10	Special
Colt Dragoon	6	.44*	1	3d6	10	\$11
Colt Navy	6	.36	1	2d6	10	\$10
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	1	3d6	10	\$15
Knuckle-Duster*	5	.32	1	2d6	5	\$8
Lemat Grapeshot Pistol & Shotgun*	9	.40	1	2d6	10	\$25
	1	16-gauge	1	Special	5	—
Pistols, Double-Action						
Colt Frontier	6	.32-20	2	2d6	10	\$8
Colt Lightning	6	.38	2	2d6	10	\$13
Colt Peacemaker	6	.45	2	3d6	10	\$15
Colt Thunderer	6	.41	2	2d6	10	\$14
Starr Revolver	6	.44 C&B	2	3d6	10	\$9
Rifles						
Ballard '72	1	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	\$24
Bullard Express	11	.50	1	4d10	20	\$30
Colt-Paterson Model '36*	7	.69 C&B	1	5d10	20	\$25
Colt Revolving Rifle	5	.56 C&B	1	5d8	20	\$24
Enfield Musket*	1	.58 C&B	1	5d8	10	\$25
		(muzzle-loader)				
Evans Old Model Sporter*	34	.44 Evans	1	4d8	20	\$30
Remington '71	1	.50-.70	1	4d10	20	\$20
Sharp's Big 50	1	.50	1	4d10	20	\$20
Springfield*	1	.58 C&B	1	5d8	20	\$8
		(muzzle-loader)				
Winchester '73	15	.44-40	1	4d8	20	\$25
Winchester '76	15	.45	1	4d8+2	20	\$40
Shotguns						
Colt Revolving Shotgun	5	12-gauge	1	Special	10	\$45
Double barrel	2	12-gauge	2	Special	10	\$35
Scattergun	2	12-gauge	2	Special	5	\$35
Single barrel	1	12-gauge	1	Special	10	\$25
Winchester Lever-Action	4	12-gauge	1	Special	10	\$35
Other						
Flamethrower	30	—	1d6	1d10/shot	20 Max	\$2,000

*See Individual weapon notes at the end of this chapter.

OTHER RANGED WEAPONS

Weapons	Ammo	ROF	Damage	Range Increment	Price
Bolas	Bolo	1	STR+1d4	5	\$3
Bow & arrow	Arrow	1	STR+1d6	10	\$3
Dynamite*	1 stick	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	\$3
Nitro*	8 oz. bottle	1	3d20 (BR 10)	5	\$1.25
Thrown knife	Knife	1	STR+1d6	5	\$3
Thrown spear	Spear	1	STR+2d6	5	\$3

FIGHTIN' WEAPONS

Weapon	DB	Damage	Price
Bolo	—	STR+1d4	\$1
Brass Knuckles	—	STR+1d4	—
Club, small	+1	STR+1d6	—
Club, large	—	STR	—
Fist	+1	STR+1d4	\$2
Knife	+1	STR+1d6	\$4
Knife, large (Bowie)	+2	STR+2d6	\$10
Rapier	+2	STR+2d8	\$15
Saber	+3	STR+2d6	\$3
Spear	—	STR+2d6	\$3
Tomahawk	+1	STR	\$10
Whip	—	—	\$4
Lariat	—	—	—

HIT LOCATION

1d20
1-4
5-9
10
11-14
15-19
20

Location
Legs
Lower Guts
Gizzards
Arms
Upper Guts
Noggin

Modifiers

- +2 When *fightin'*
- +/-2 Waist-high height advantage when *fightin'*
- +/-4 Head-high height advantage when *fightin'*
- +2 Pont blank range when *shootin'*

SHOOTIN' MODIFIERS

Situation	Modifier
Firer is walking	-2
Firer is running	-6
Firer is mounted	-2
Firer is wounded	Varies
Size	Varies
Target moving Pace 20+	-4
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8

FIGHTIN' MODIFIERS

Situation	Modifier
Attacker is running	-4
Attacker has high position	-2
Attacker is wounded	Varies
Size	Varies
Target totally concealed	-4
Torchlight, twilight	-4
Moonlight	-6
Blind, total darkness	-8
Attacker Armed	Weapon's Defensive Bonus

CALLED SHOTS

Size	Penalty
Guts	-2
Legs, arms	-4
Heads, hands, feet	-6
Eyeball, heart	-10

NAME: _____

OCCUPATION: _____

Deftness: _____ **Cognition:** _____
Nimbleness: _____ **Knowledge:** _____
Strength: _____ **Mien:** _____
Quickness: _____ **Smarts:** _____
Vigor: _____ **Spirit:** _____

Major Edges and Hindrances: _____

First Impression: _____

Arcane Abilities: _____

Friends/Enemies: _____

Important Aptitudes: _____

Harrowed Powers: _____

Char./Manitou Dominion: _____ / _____

Notes: _____

NAME: _____

OCCUPATION: _____

Deftness: _____ **Cognition:** _____
Nimbleness: _____ **Knowledge:** _____
Strength: _____ **Mien:** _____
Quickness: _____ **Smarts:** _____
Vigor: _____ **Spirit:** _____

Major Edges and Hindrances: _____

First Impression: _____

Arcane Abilities: _____

Friends/Enemies: _____

Important Aptitudes: _____

Harrowed Powers: _____

Char./Manitou Dominion: _____ / _____

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CHANGES

Howdy, Marshal! If you've been with us for a while, we'd like to point out the most significant changes we've made in this book's. Changes to skill and combat mechanics, as well as those for some of the character types with *arcane backgrounds*, can be found in the *Weird West Player's Guide*.

New Marshals can ignore this page—and it won't be here in future printings.

Fear Effects (19): We've made the bad guys a little more powerful and greatly reduced the job of the Marshal in tracking fear effects. From now on, the Marshal simply draws chips at the beginning of each fight in areas of high fear (Fear Levels 4-6).

Grit (22): We got rid of the whole concept of "fearmongers." Too many folks just couldn't decide who or what a fearmonger was. From now on, award Grit when your posse defeats a major foe at the end of an adventure. Also, a character's maximum Grit is 5, and it can now be lost by going bust on a *guts* check made against a TN of 9 or higher.

Fate Chips (24-25): The party gets a Legend chip at the end of each adventure. Tellers get a Legend chip all their own when they lower the Fear Level. We also made it clear that the Marshal isn't supposed to use Legend chips.

Knacks (39): As we mentioned in the *Weird West Player's Guide*, Knacks are now a mysterious past—exactly the kind of thing we intended for mysterious past in the first place. Players who bought knacks as Edges before can keep them. Institute the change on any new characters brought into your game if you want. We also gave knacks Legend Chip abilities.

Monster Powers (61): We made a set of standard monster powers as we did in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*. Special powers that don't fit into these standard subsets will still be listed on each individual creature profile.

Size Table (61): The long-awaited Size Table helps you figure out how big your own varmints are.

Los Diablos (71): The devil bulls come calling sometime after a character has reached 5 Grit. Treat it more as a minimum than an alarm bell. When the hero becomes a real thorn in the Reckoner's side, the bulls come calling.

WHERE YA HEADED,
PARTNER?



Now that you've gotten a good overview of the *Weird West*, be sure to check out some of the amazing *Deadlands* campaign settings!

Explore California's shattered coast in *The Great Maze*, journey to Darius Hellstromme's *City o' Gloom*, or dare to visit the sinister *Lost Angels*, home to the villainous Ezekiah Grimme! These books, as well as many others, are available at your local games store. Or head for www.peginc.com for direct orders!