

God's Teeth - Go Forth by FaceplateVTT

Sessions 1 - 4

January 4, 2026 - January 25, 2026

Cast:



Hunger — Quororque



SA Mariam Helena Khoury — V-S



SA Keith A. Pike — J-M



Michael Sajdak — S-L



DUSM George E. Jones — K-A



DUSM Anderson Fowler — X-A



SA Darius J. Cruz — O-1

God's Teeth - Go Forth - Session 1

January 4, 2026

Hunger: God's Teeth - Go Forth

Hunger: A game about prophecy.

Hunger: Unknown place and time.

Hunger: Two men meet below a dim lightbulb in some kind of room.

Hunger: One seems to be crying, losing his wits.

Hunger: The older one is trying to keep stoic.

Hunger: It's what it is. An attempt.

Hunger: Neither of them thought it would come to this.

Hunger: "Stepan."

Hunger: "Stop fucking crying."

Hunger: "We need to do this."

Hunger: The younger one retorts, "I- I can't..."

Hunger: "There's no other way."

Hunger: "They are going to kill us if we don't join."

Hunger: "Think about your children. Back in Moscow."

Hunger: "The Bureau."

Hunger: "Oh God... Anything but my kids right now..."

Hunger: "Fuck!"

Hunger: "Stepan. Look at me."

Hunger: "There's no way out of this now."

Hunger: "Put on the mask."

Hunger: CITGO on I95. 0200R.

Hunger: Mariam. You pull up to the gas station in your rental car and quit the vehicle. There are two more cars here.

Hunger: The cold digs into your skin like a thousand needles. It's not so nice outside the city at this time of the year.

Hunger: A young man is coming out of the station.

A Man: It's just some kid, smirking. He's holding some kind of dollar bill.

A Man: "Oh hey, ma'am."

A Man: "There's a lady inside, I think she's waiting for you."

A Man: "She gave me a fifty... hehehe... You want me to gas it up?"He points at your rental.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Just fill her up."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm heading in, hands in my coat pockets, making a mental note of the cars and their plate numbers.

Hunger: Indeed. You do so. One is a 1990 Corolla in battered condition. The other is a 1995 Civic. You can retain both of their license plates, note it down on your Notebook item.

Hunger: Mariam. Alertness, Blind.

Hunger: As you walk inside, you start hearing the god-awful creaking of the hot-dog machine and the sickly sweet stench it's creating.

Hunger: There is an odd, vandalized advertisement here. Which is strange, because this place does seem frequented.

Hunger: It looks back at you with hollow eyes.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Wonderful.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I see anyone waiting expectantly from here?

Hunger: No. The lights in the kitchen are off, but the door is thrown open. "Staff only" door, to be exact.

Hunger: Clove really must have bought that guy off.

Hunger: You're standing a foot ahead of the kitchen door.

Hunger: What do you do?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is there a light switch?

Hunger: Must be, unless they are lighting this place up with candles, vintage style.

Hunger: You take a step inside.

Hunger: "Hold it. Password."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Sanitizer. Turn the lights on, yeah?"

Hunger: "To your right hand side."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I flick it.

Hunger: The lights come on.

Hunger: A Black woman is waiting for you, splayed against the corner of the room.

Hunger: There is a bunch of documents on the table next to her, alongside a pink folder and a M1911.

Hunger: You can tell that if both of you drew a gun, she'd have a go first.

Agent Clove: "Agent Diana."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Clove?"

Agent Clove: "A-cell tasked me with contacting you. You've been given a list of Friendlies to vet for entrance into the group. They've already had a credential review. Your mission is a loyalty test. Their names are in the manila folder. You've got a conference room set up at the Holiday Inn Express in Sykesville for tomorrow morning. A criminology lecture. You're supposedly training law enforcement and government personnel on domestic abuse."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What's the threat?"

Agent Clove: "If you don't already know, you aren't supposed to."

Agent Clove: "Let that suffice."

Agent Clove: Mariam. Roll HUMINT. Public.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 22
(Rolling HUMINT Target: 80%)

Agent Clove: There must be a very clear and tangible threat towards the group, although you don't know exactly what it is.

Agent Clove: "Your instructions are quite simple."

Agent Clove: She passes you the regular looking documents, holding onto the pink folder.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury strokes her jaw.

Agent Clove: "Secure unregistered guns, mask up, go to Cornucopia House at night when the kids are asleep."

Agent Clove: "Kill every adult."

Agent Clove: "Do not let them speak."

Agent Clove: "Dispose of the targets and the evidence."

Agent Clove: "When its done, call me on the phone."

Agent Clove: "No one hears of this. No outside help, no backup or reinforcements. This is highly compartmentalized and eventually connects to an Interpol person of interets."

Agent Clove: "If the friendlies need a push... well."She nods at the folder.

Agent Clove: "But most importantly..."

Agent Clove: "Do it fast."

Agent Clove: "There are kids being harmed, right now."

Agent Clove: She holds the pink folder in two hands.

Agent Clove: Mariam. Roll Psychotherapy, public.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 61 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 50%)

Agent Clove: It doesn't take a genius to tell that whatever is in that folder must be extremely distressing.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Right. I understand."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I assume Charlie's out of the question, since you're here?"

Agent Clove: "You're what's available. You and the friendlies."

Agent Clove: Mariam.

Agent Clove: You pass a Bureucracy check, at this low. None of this makes any sense. Testing the loyalty of these friendlies must be suicidal. This is reckless, even for a black bag operation.

Agent Clove: You take a look at the files. It doesn't take you long to realize that there was no consideration on -who- was picked for this operation.

Agent Clove: Correct, there is a brief description of every friendly inside the manila folder.

Agent Clove: She is still holding onto the pink one.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "A bit hardcore for an introduction scenario, don't you think?"

Agent Clove: "Say whatever it takes to them. And there's always this fucking thing. she waves the folder. If this doesn't get them off their ass then the mission is probably them."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Alright. I'll take it from here."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Anything else I should know?"

Agent Clove: "This needs to happen now. Don't let the kids identify you, if you can help it."

Agent Clove: She sighs.

Agent Clove: "And for this, try and hold onto it until the operation is over."

Agent Clove: She puts the pink folder a bit ahead of herself, you can reach for it any time, that is if you don't have any further questions.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll probably regret this, but I'll crack it open and take a look.

Agent Clove: Mariam...

Hunger: Roll SANLOSS. Blind as always.

Hunger: You open the pink folder. Inside...

Hunger: A compelling arguement for the non-existence of God.

Hunger: Check your Discord DMs.

Hunger: 0600R. I95, inside your car.

Hunger: Where are you? Your car? Your hotel room? The folder lays next to you, alongside the bottle. You don't remember buying the bottle. The bottle is almost empty, and the sun is starting to crest over the horizon. Clove is gone. Trying to conjure what you saw, you can only imagine flipping the folder open, curious as to why you can't hold a memory of doing it before. You are certain that, if you did that, you would find nothing inside except a rectangular portal to a huge, sucking void that draws your body and soul into it like a collapsing star. The pages will eat you if you open the folder again. The only thing more absolute than your terror is the knowledge that she was right. They all have to die.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll wipe my eyes and look up. Time to get to work.

Hunger: To paint the scene, the folder is still sitting next to you, half poking out from inside your bag still contained within the gallon sized ziploc.

Hunger: You may have missed something, in the fugue.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Well I'm sure as shit not taking another look for now.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm ramming it in the bag AND zipping it up. What's next?

Hunger: You're boozed up to your neck but you think you can still drive. You must.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I... would be stupid to place myself in such danger of mortal collision with the snow on the road. I'll hang about for an hour or two, seething as the sun comes up, before getting back on the road.

Hunger: Blind SAN roll. (not loss).

Hunger: A few minutes pass, but it already feels like its been hours sitting where you are.

Hunger: Are you seriously just going to wait it out?

Hunger: You'd like to say yes to yourself, but it's not working.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, I guess I'm putting my faith in the lord. I'll drive.

Hunger: Maybe if you couldn't find him at the bottom of the bottle he will eventually show up in front of the windshield. Roll Drive.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100
(Rolling Drive Target: 50%)

Hunger: Mariam. You start the car and drive for a good twenty minutes.

Hunger: You're rolling along the highway, not another car on the road.

Hunger: It's dead quiet now. You heard stories about how it gets absolutely dead-quiet for no reason in the Appalachian mountains a few times. You're close, but not exactly there.

Hunger: It's that kind of dead quiet.

Hunger: A few more minutes pass. Your vision blurs, and you soon realize that the two bright lights coming towards you are in fact not your guardian angels.

Hunger: LOADING...

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: You're coming back to.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Prone

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: CAN I FEEL MY LIMBS..?

SA Mariam H. Khoury: You can.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: You're splayed on the frozen ground. As soon as you open your eyes, your bag is in front of you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm just going to try and look over my whole body.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: You manage to get up with ease. It doesn't look like anything is broken.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Prone

SA Mariam H. Khoury: You feel a warmth running down your face.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Unlike what's in front of me.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: No responders yet, right?

Hunger: The birds are chirping and the sun rose above the horizon, but otherwise, all quiet.

Hunger: Your cheek is slightly wet with warm blood.

Hunger: Something stings on it. You grab a small hand mirror from your bag. Something is stuck to it.

Hunger: A small fang.

Hunger: From what would be... a cat?

Hunger: Roll Alertness.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Alertness Target: 70%)

Hunger: There's a cat, torn in half, lying dead a few feet away from you.

Hunger: The poor things intestines hang free.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Bigger fish to fry. Can I circle around and see how the other driver's doing?

Hunger: The other driver...

Hunger: Well.

Hunger: It looks the way it looks. Your cars' wreck is right behind the tanker.

Hunger: There isn't much left of an other driver.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: How far away am I from town?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Walkable distance?

Hunger: You'd reckon. But something catches your attention.

White Cat, scarred: A cat is perched over the rolled tanker.

White Cat, scarred: The tanker is burst open, flowing with dark red inside.

Hunger: A pack of feral cats are licking on the fluid coming from inside.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is this a fucking dream? I must be on a hospital bed by now.

Hunger: You realize, the torn open cat, is a Calico too.

Hunger: As far as you can tell, this is reality. You feel like meat that just got tenderized with a hammer.

Hunger: Roll Alertness, again.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling Alertness Target: 70%)

Hunger: You circle round back to the wreck and see...

Hunger: The "in" of "inedible" is scratched away.

Hunger: The big cat hisses as you get close.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I don't need a pack of cats finishing the job. I'm going to pick my things up, try and wipe the steering wheel with my sleeves, and get on track to town.

Hunger: Your overnight bag is perfectly intact, somehow. You gather it.

Hunger: There's no steering wheel, Mariam.

Hunger: Both of the cars are a pulp.

Hunger: It looks like you survived by flying out the windshield.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That makes it easier... I'm out of here. Maybe I can hitchhike down the road once I've made some distance.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Roll Navigate. Blind.

Hunger: You start heading... towards the opposite direction.

White Cat, scarred: The cat notices this and... corrects your mistake?

White Cat, scarred: It's like he's begging you to follow him.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "...Thanks."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll oblige...

Hunger: Mariam. It hits you that you are in fact not dead or dreaming, and this is your situation. SANLOSS.

Hunger: The cat sprints towards one particular direction before attending to his pack. You'll follow this path, until something happens.

Hunger: Quarter to 1000, Holiday Inn Sykesville MD.

Hunger: Everyone seems to be gathered, save for one special person.

Hunger: All of you have been sitting here awkwardly for a while now, exchanging word between your own groups.

Hunger: No one has said anything to the other side yet.

Hunger: Perhaps an ice breaker is due? There are some bagels and coffee.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler plays with a pen in his hand.

Michael Sajdak: Michael decides against being the asshole that makes a joke in the middle of the domestic abuse talk.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith tries basketball. Nobody good played lately.

Hunger: The projector is burning blue against the roll down screen.

Michael Sajdak: "...Y'know I've never been a fan of this whole psychoanalysis thing. I feel like if you hurt a woman you're probably just a nasty person and that's the end of it."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George has nothing to say relating to basketball given that he is a Samoan by blood and was poached by local football coaches AUTOMATICALLY!

Hunger: Laughter erupts on one side.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "You gotta know them to stop them."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Yeah." Keith declares it, just to make sure everyone knows that he agrees.

Michael Sajdak: "Y'know, there's this whole industry of... consultant types... people who make things more complicated than they really are."

Hunger: The slideshow flickers. In front of the projector device says "MS. CECILIA SANDS."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: We've all been introduced to Mariam in one way or another, right?

Hunger: No.

Hunger: None of you have any idea.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Noted.

Hunger: It looks like the room is dry in the middle.

Hunger: What are Michael and Darius talking about?

Michael Sajdak: About where we're from, although Michael can't comment much on Darius's experience since he's never really lived away from the coast."

Hunger: You should be able to access the party vehicles now, give them a look. We are waiting for a special someone.

Hunger: Right.

Hunger: After a painfully drawn out bout of awkward silence and measly talk, the door finally opens.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Mariam.

Hunger: You ran across a cab soon after you began running and had a chance to put a band-aid on the cut on your face.

Hunger: Everyone in the room can see that, you are in fact fucked up.

Hunger: The looks are likewise awkward and judgemental.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury cups her hand over her mouth to cover up a cough.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Good morning, everyone."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith looks at Anderson with a dismissive "what the fuck" gesture.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: You may move.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George looks at the other two at his side of the table and just raises his eyebrows and shrugs.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Right, full attendance. Good."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You've introduced yourselves to each other already, I take it?"

Michael Sajdak: He nods, feeling uneasy at the idea that they're just meant to ignore the elephant in the room here.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson looks at Mariam then back at Pike with a raised brow.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: He sets the pen down and corrects his posture.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Let's just get this out of the way, go around the room real quick." He stands up, says his piece and sits down. "I'm Keith, and, ah, you guys have heard this one before - I'm just here so I don't get fined."

Hunger: Everyone here knows, feel free to tell him to skip it.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "Ma'am, /what/ happened to you on the way here? You look like you've just ran through hell and back."

Hunger: With the bullshit, I mean.

Michael Sajdak: He laughs at the quip but his face is unexpressive.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: The joke goes over George's head as he is too busy looking at the fucked up lady and trying to discern HOW she got fucked up.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We all know why we're here." She looks over the room. "Has anyone checked the place out?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "For devices. Have you?"

Hunger: Table, roll Search, blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "An incident on the road. Nothing concerning the reason why we've gathered here."

Hunger: You take a moment to go through the place. It is free of spying devices.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 34 (Rolling Search Target: 20%)

Hunger: In the process you do go through the projector.

Hunger: Yes Darius you rolled a 1 I just wanted to show it to everyone.

Hunger: The next handout has multiple pages just like the files.

Hunger: It doesn't go past slide 5.

Hunger: Mariam, it's time to break it to them.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Great. We can speak freely now."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "The slides are relevant, in a way, as to why we've gathered."

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: You find a small note in your breastpocket. That you wrote.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll peek it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury nods reassuringly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We've gathered evidence pointing towards the fact that an organization which is going by the name of 'Families Without Frontiers' is currently engaged in an international network of child trafficking. I'll spare you the details for now."

Hunger: It sounds like there's some usual foot traffic in front of the conference room. No matter.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "This organization is directed by an individual by the name of Yelena Kalamatiano out of 214 Carruthers Road, Zion, Maryland. Our task is to gather information and act accordingly."

Hunger: That's not your task, Mariam.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "By 'accordingly', I mean decisively."

Hunger: Nuh uh. You can't convince even yourself with that.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury pinches the bridge of her nose and looks down at the desk.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm putting my bag down on the desk.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The door has a lock, right?

Hunger: You do so. The pink folder, covered in oily ash and blood slides halfway across, still on the desk.

Hunger: The door is locked, yes.

Hunger: Everyone can see the folder from here.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I... don't think I can describe it in full detail. You'll have to see it with your own eyes."

Hunger: Friendlies... you're completely baffled as to what the fuck is going on, just so you know.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You'll stand up, one by one, and stand across from me by the desk."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Should we fucking say something?" Keith whispers at his table.

Michael Sajdak: His eyes go very wide indeed at the blood-spattered folder that just appeared in a conversation about child trafficking. "Hey, uhh..."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Man, I have half the mind to get the fuck out of here," George whispers back

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You." She points at the man with the mustache.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Quieten down. This isn't a game, and you've been selected for a reason."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "These... people..."

Hunger: You don't feel like she earned the right to give you orders, currently.

Michael Sajdak: "If that has what I think it does I don't think anybody here needs to see it. And I have half a mind to get out of here before I get involved with the person carrying around child--y'know..."

Michael Sajdak: "You can get arrested just for touching that shit with a barge pole. What are we even doing here..?"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler scans the room with a mixture of curiosity and horror, but doesn't say anything.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "This is your chance to walk straight out that door if you have any reservations about this." She flashes her badge. "We're all here at a law enforcement capacity."

Michael Sajdak: He tries calling her bluff by standing up and heading for the door.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I gotta check on my dog." Keith says and stands back up.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I don't think Anna would forgive you once she's grown up if she'd ever found out you were unwilling to dish out justice when you were called upon, Mr. Sadjak.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Nor would Roy and Anne, Mr. Pike."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "What the fuck did you say?"

Michael Sajdak: He pulls his fist back.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury nods.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Hey now."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius looks at the folder for a moment, then back up at her. He finds himself unable to stop himself from standing tall, the sight of her alone being enough to concern him.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "What are we doing here?"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George stands up and starts shuffling to the door. A man of his size looks comical in professional wear.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "If you believe there's any meaning to the words 'protect and serve', you'll come here and look at what you need to look at."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Mr. Fowler. You seem more eager than the rest."

Michael Sajdak: "Why do you know my kid's name? You some kind of chomo?"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George stops for a moment and turns to Mariam, "Why do we need to look at this stuff if we're going to be doing a stakeout?"

Michael Sajdak: He looks ready to hit her.

Hunger: I'm taking it's time to pass the pink folder around and see what the fuss is all about- and how this woman knows the names of your children.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "You're mistaken. I'm not eager for shit."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler stands up.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Keith, man, we're all feds. It doesn't mean shit if she knows the name of your kids. Look at her, she's all fucked up," George waves dismissively at the woman. "Let's get the hell out of here."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Do we need to drag this out? You were contacted and issued a set of instructions. I understand that the lack of information can be unsettling-- and this is what I'm trying to correct by doing this."

Hunger: I should underline this, all of you have been made aware that this is your new case officer in the e-mails.

Hunger: This is not just some random woman.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Yes, but she is fucked up!

Hunger: You're not in any position to bluff, as far as you know.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "The safety of many children is at stake here."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George isn't bluffing, he sincerely thinks this woman is fucked up and got cold feet after she invited him and the others to come and take a nice good look at what's probably child pornography.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: And is very insistent on it.

Hunger: Knowing this, if you get out that door, you'll spend the rest of your life thinking about what you just let happen.

Hunger: What more do I need to say.

Michael Sajdak: "This whole thing has been a big test of my credulity before I even got here. And now some victim of a knife-fight walks in with a folder full of--"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith lingers by the door with his arms across his chest. "I'm not touching that shit without gloves."

Hunger: You all have gloves.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury crosses her arms, eyeing the pink folder.

Hunger: It's probably the best idea to not contaminate it, yeah, if you want to put it in the lab later.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Mariam's move. If she has to pop it open and shove it in someone's face to keep people around.....

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Alright, let's get to the fucking bottom of this." He slips them on finger over finger and steps up to the plate.

Hunger: Keith. You grab the folder.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Have a look, then I'll continue explaining why we're here."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Go ahead, Mr. Pike."

Hunger: With proper gloves, you lift it out the ziploc bag and...

Hunger: Roll SANLOSS. Blind.

Hunger: Everyone who checks the folder, there's a DM for you in Discord.

Hunger: You rolled a san check, I said roll the sanloss table from the tables.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George lets out a sigh as he lingers by the door and then, somewhat re-assured by Keith, turns around and grabs a pair of nitrile gloves from his pocket.

SA Keith A. Pike: Keith browses the folder first.

SA Keith A. Pike: He's still holding onto it.

Hunger: Whoever wants to see, you can go ahead and roll now!

Michael Sajdak: He gesticulates vaguely at the pink folder, disgusted-looking. "Surely there's a way you could have proved to us something bad is happening without all the theatrics, and the folder full of-- I'm not even gonna say it..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "The people who've done these terrible things are still at large, operating out of a family-friendly organization."

SA Keith Alan Pike: He flips it shut and holds it out to the left, welcoming someone else to grab it from behind him.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Man, get your ass over here," he replies to Michael as he gets behind Keith.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: He grabs the folder.

Hunger: George, up next.

Hunger: Blind.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Pass it over."

Hunger: Sent!

Hunger: George is browsing the folder.

Hunger: Anderson, roll the table, not the san check!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You'll understand the gravity of the situation once you know what specifically is being done." She coughs. "Then again, you don't have a security clearance. Maybe it's the right decision for you to avert your eyes for now, Mr. Sajdak."

Hunger: With or without bond loss.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George turns his head away as he simply passes the folder over and behind him.

Michael Sajdak: There is literally no good reason to read that folder other than to know whether this lady is full of shit or not, which others are doing for him. "I'll take your word for what's in there, thanks." He says to George.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Feel free to take your seat, then."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George doesn't even look like he registered what Michael said. The folder is still up for grabs as he looks at nothing on the wall.

Hunger: Michael, you have the folder. Blind SANLOSS.

Michael Sajdak: I'm not reading it unless it literally gets forced on me.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler looks at the folder with crossed eyes before just handing it over.

Hunger: You three, you can see Michael's hesitation to read the fucking folder.

Hunger: Can you let that go?

Hunger: Michael refused picking it up from Anderson.

Michael Sajdak: I will also be standing on business if someone here tries to make me consume child porn.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Go ahead and take your seat, Mr. Sajdak."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius reluctantly holds out his hand, the dread at whatever lays within this folder outweighed by the urgency of the situation. "I'll give it a look. If there's anything worth noting, past the /obvious/, I'll say."

Hunger: This is where being loud can help navigate impasses.

Hunger: Exclamation marks.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Has Cruz looked at it yet?

Hunger: Negative.

Hunger: Cruz, SANLOSS blind.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith looks over at him. "Once you see it, you'll understand that this is a one-way street. No going back."

Hunger: You grab the folder.

Hunger: Dm sent!

Hunger: Just Michael left now, in all his selfishness.

Hunger: Everyone who has browsed the folder, blind 1d2.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler silently sits back in his seat.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Right. Gentlemen-- with the exception of Mr. Sajdak, you now have a sliver of understanding on why we're really here. This organization, Families Without Frontiers, has been..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "This is inadmissible, by any interpretation of law or morality."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Wait."

Hunger: It's still with Cruz.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith stands up again. He pushes in his chair neatly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury nods.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I'm not asking. I'm sorry."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I'm telling you."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Look at it."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm just crossing my arms and watching the situation unfold.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Eyes widened in horror, he sets the now closed folder on the table. "I- /We/ can't turn our backs on this. That much should clear."

Michael Sajdak: "I get that they're hurting kids. What the hell is wrong with you? Y'gonna fight me into looking at it?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Do you think I'm fucking around?"

Hunger: The folder is currently sitting on the table between you three.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Let me put it to you this way: You have five seconds to pick that fucking thing up before I dogwalk you on this fucking hotel carpet until you're ready to be a man."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George stands up and walks up to.... back Keith up?

Michael Sajdak: Michael's thinking about what he can remember from his upbringing where his dad would get mad at him simply for eyeing a chick in a sundress. He imagines reading that folder will kill his soul. "I'll kick the shit out of you!" He says, standing up and rolling his sleeves.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "You ought to do what the man says. We can't have anybody who's only got half his heart in this arrangement."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is not in the business of waiting for fights to come to him.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Ergo, Michael must now be dogwalked around on the fucking hotel carpet until he's ready to be a man.

Hunger: Act as you please.

Michael Sajdak: "Oh, fuck this--" He takes the folder.

Hunger: Michael, SANLOSS. Blind.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith watches him coldly.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George already had one foot up on the table ready to hop over in order to grab and help in the dogwalking operation, but he unclenches his fist and stands down.

Hunger: Michael is browsing the folder... you see no reason to blow this thing before it even starts now.

Michael Sajdak: "I'm not getting into a fight over this shit. You think you're the bigger man because you saw some kids being chopped up-- good for you, you freak..." He makes a show out of reading the files like he's still kinda mad about having his ego tested.

Hunger: Sent.

SA Keith Alan Pike: He heads back to his chair and rests his hands on the backing. "Yeah."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're not doing this out of pleasure, Mr. Sajdak."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "As you'll come to understand."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Let's get on with it."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "The fact of the matter is that it's on us to put an end to this."

Hunger: The air grows quiet.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We'll be using unorthodox methods, but justice'll be carried out."

Michael Sajdak: He pushes the folder away, disgusted with it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Some of you are familiar with these methods. Port-au-Prince, Mr. Pike?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "...Yeah. Fuck."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I've left no room for doubt as to how we're going to deal with these individuals, have I?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: She looks at the faces around the room.

SA Keith Alan Pike: He shakes his head somberly.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Yea, we gotta blow em' up, chop them. Whatever."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "They gotta go six feet under."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm looking at the other three expectantly.

Hunger: You have enough Psychotherapy to tell that no one in the room has any doubts about what must be done.

Hunger: However, questions stand.

Hunger: An investigation, alongside gear procurement and scouting the property, a combination of all three awaits.

Hunger: Clove mentioned an Interpol person of interest. She did not say it was Yelena.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "If you have any questions, now's the time to ask them." She pulls a slightly crumpled printed flyer out of her bag and flashes it across the group.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We'll need appropriate hardware to proceed as we will. We'll also need to scope out the facility, subtly. And gather any information in order to gauge whether this group sprawls out into multiple other chapters."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "This'll be surgical."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "There's this gun show in Rosaryville, it'll serve our purposes. All six of us there, though."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It might draw some attention. Any suggestions?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I can find what we need." He says plainly. "Easily."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury nods.

Michael Sajdak: "Should we draft up a shopping list, then?"

Hunger: Keith, you are intimately aware of the fact that gun shows are full of shady people and even shadier transactions. You're confident you'll find a gun of your choice, one way or another.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is aware that with the right t-shirt he blends into that pool of customers nicely.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Yes. Any other questions, concerns, suggestions on how to proceed about the investigation and action, lay them all out."

Hunger: Let's limit the questions. If you have nothing to speak about, we'll expedite.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Do my injuries warrant a hospital visit and a quick outfit change to look presentable?

Michael Sajdak: "I imagine B&E equipment would be useful but I doubt you'd find that in a gunshow. Well, I'm also thinking we should snatch someone behind this operation beforehand for info - how they go in and out, how many people are there and so on."

Hunger: You can take care of that in the restroom. As for your injuries, the scratch on your face can heal on its own but its likely it will leave a small mark.

Hunger: The adrenaline wore off long ago and youre still okay.

Hunger: Michael, care to elaborate on that?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Right. To say the least, Yelena Kalamatiano is a person of interest. But I don't want us spreading out unnecessarily when it's time to engage one way or the other."

Hunger: Oh, you mean you want to investigate someone on the payroll, tldr.

Hunger: It is a registered, tax paying organization after all.

Michael Sajdak: "This is meant to be an orphanage, right? They might let one of us in if we snatch someone's lanyard or something. And presumably they have members on paper somewhere."

Hunger: Interesting idea. We are finishing this meeting after Keith speaks.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Nothing to add.

Hunger: Alright. Mariam, adjourn the meeting, you have a lot to do.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Let's get on the move, then."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Also."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It goes without saying. No one outside this room must know what this operation consists of, why, on whom it's being carried out, who its participants are, et cetera."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "If absolutely anything comes up and you're unsure how to proceed, you come to me. This goes beyond all typical security clearance levels."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Let's meet outside. I'm going to clean up."

Hunger: Numbers are exchanged and the participants exit.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George shuffles outside the conference room. For real this time.

Hunger: 15 minute break. Review the handouts.

Hunger: On discord.

Hunger: Resuming...

Hunger: 1100R. Sykesville Holiday Inn.

Hunger: Map markers are activated. You're open to the wide, wide world.

Hunger: Darius and Michael are booked at Sunshine Motel.

Hunger: Keith. You had to drive all the way north to Snowdream Motel because it actually admits dogs.

Hunger: The rest of you are butt ass naked no vehicle etc.

Hunger: You may act

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith needs a cheap change of clothes (see: disguise) and then it's off to the races (community center).

Hunger: Right on. It should take you about... an hour to get ready and get there.

Michael Sajdak: Do we know about eachother's jobs and so on at this point? I've given Darius my other set of plainclothes.

Hunger: Everyone has their own set, but you specifically have 2

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: First order of business is renting two or three more vehicles and keep them on standby if anything. I'll get my own and then book a spare room here at the Holiday Inn, never wrong to have an extra place to stash goods at.

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: Roll Intelligence.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling INT Target: 70%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George wants to go dutch on a rental car with somebody AND find a place to stay.

Michael Sajdak: In that case I'll keep them in case they get covered in blood or something.

Hunger: A Miss Cecilia Sands, the same one who just wrecked her car and killed a truck driver on I95 a few hours ago, had a seminar at this fucking location.

Hunger: ...

Hunger: George, you already got 2 motels available to you but you could definitely book something more downtown.

Hunger: Would you like to?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Yessir.

Hunger: It takes you about 40 minutes to find a cheap vacancy at Lord Baltimore Hotel. Detail the car you rent out.

Hunger: Secret marker enabled.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Then it's best if I just proceed with the rental and look for a place downtown as well. Best if Jones rents both rooms, I'll pay for mine.

Hunger: Sure, it's a really good deal so an Incidental purchase for both of you.

Hunger: It's not exactly holiday season.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Gotta see if there's a minivan available for rent like a Dodge Caravan or something similar.

Hunger: Interesting choice. Throw a luck coin.

DUSM George E. Jones: DUSM George E. Jones rolls 1d2 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

Hunger: Bow wow. The biggest they got is a SUV.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: As for wheels, a sedan. An Altima in an inconspicuous color would be good.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: The fuck is Baltimore's problem? Sure.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: He'll take it. Big car for big guy.

Hunger: They just don't have it, as the coin dictates.

Hunger: Right. Note the vehicles down on your notebooks, they will be tokenized next week.

Hunger: For all intents and purposes you got a car each.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Will I be able to visit the nearby hospital, see about trying to get a potential witness statement from children?

Keith's station wagon: Michael and Darius, actions.

Keith's station wagon: I need to fix something with this thing.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I have to stop at a bank to withdraw the presumably substantial amount of cash I will need to straw purchase multiple guns.

Michael Sajdak: Probably wouldn't hurt to do a little shopping if I have the time. We all need sheisties and a crowbar wouldn't hurt.

Hunger: Keith, Anderson will be joining you in spirit. He'll just be there hanging around, but he's awfully quiet after what he's seen, cough cough.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I want to take some time to go over the folder thoroughly and examine it coldly. Faces, items of interest, landmarks, the works. I'll pop an aspirin and make sure there's no alcohol to be easily obtained in the room just in case.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Then I think consulting the CPS is in order, then.

Hunger: Darius. You don't think they would just let the kids go to hospital after the thing they did to them.

Hunger: That's not how it works.

Hunger: I beg to differ. However, you could consult CPS.

Hunger: It is a registered org after all.

Hunger: The office is inside GHF Federal Building. The list of offices in there can be accessed by clicking.

Hunger: Federal presence in Baltimore is noticably low.

Hunger: There is only one military installation that is just adjacent to the city border, and everything else is in GHF. Save for the FBI field office and IRS national headquarters.

Hunger: Yeah, the one, imagine the amount of good you could do by blowing it the fuck up.

Hunger: Anyway.

Hunger: Actions: Mariam: hotel and reviewing the folder
George: hotel, presumably tagging with Mariam
Michael: ??
Darius: GHF CPS visit
Keith & Anderson: gun show

Michael Sajdak: What's the extent of the research I can do on Families Without Borders without any security clearance? I'm guessing they're at least registered with the SEC or something for whatever that's worth.

Michael Sajdak: You have Department of Commerce credentials. You could figure something out at the tax office, after some sweet talking since you have no subpoena or anything.

Hunger: But you're ridesharing with Cruz.

Hunger: There should be an IRS satellite office in GHF.

Hunger: Right. Let's resolve them from quickest to slowest.

Hunger: 1200R. Baltimore Downtown. Lord Baltimore Hotel.

Hunger: George. You're gonna take some time in your own room to think this shit through. There's a big ass TV inside, with a heated bed.

Hunger: Snow falls softly outside and melts immediately upon contact with anything. Noon warmth.

Hunger: Mariam. What are you doing in your own room?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Presumably seated on a comfortable chair in front of some sort of surface I can lay the folder upon. I'm being careful not to leave bloodstains on the furniture or my own fingerprints on the folder itself.

Hunger: Roll Forensics and SANLOSS, blind.

Hunger: You reel away in disgust every few seconds. You didn't notice before that the top-left corner of the folder is scorched where a flame was hastily put out. You regret that the flame was extinguished. Inside are the remains of Polaroid photos. They are tacky and worn from handling. The images depict men, women, children, and...things. Their forms combine in ways that are a compelling argument against the existence of good in universe. The lighting is amateurish and inadequate for the night in which the scene was filmed. It took place somewhere in the woods or on a farm. The first picture shows a cottage with a sign in the distance. Clove must have used a magnifying glass to read "Cornucopia House" on it. You cannot imagine how she managed to look at the images for so long without going mad. Perhaps she already has. You couldn't blame her.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is that all I notice during this cold examination?

Hunger: You notice that you didn't actually use any forensic tools, such as a magnifying glass.

Hunger: You do have one in your bag.

Hunger: It stares back at you with malice.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm going to dispel all belief that this inanimate object is looking at me in such a way and pick it up, then get to work.

Hunger: SANLOSS.

Hunger: Computer Science 50%: You notice that the telltale signs of digital manipulation are absent from this photo. Smudge tools, hue shifts, color normalization... nothing. The photographs can't be fake. The poor lighting conditions displayed on the photos simply can not be simulated, and it's consistent across all polaroids. The scenes are depicted the same across multiple angles.

Hunger: The photos carefully avoid the faces of the participants, sometimes revealing a bit of an animal mask. Some seem young, some elderly. Some fit, some decrepit or obese. Some men, some women. A few tattoos are visible, however, you do not know what they stand in for. Most noticeably, some of the participants are castrated with visible scars. They look absolutely terrible, and there is no more than half a dozen in all of them. For the men, it's the scrotum that is missing. For the women, it's horrible scar tissue from trauma and burns across the entire vagina.

Hunger: These tattoos resemble absolutely nothing you've seen before.

Hunger: A second opinion may be due, but from who?

Hunger: You reckon it's time to put this thing inside a real lab.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I hear Samoans do ritual tattoos.

Hunger: You know what Samoan tribal tattoos look like. This isn't it

Hunger: They are all over the place in these years, on game consoles, assholes who spend too much time in Planet Fitness. It's not that.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's enough of this... shit. I'm bagging the folder and searching for Cornucopia House on a nearby internet café if available.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Also, about the folder itself...

Hunger: There's a public computer in the hotel lobby. No results on the world wide web.

Hunger: Of course the mapquest website leads there but that's about it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I don't suppose the room's ceiling is one of those fake ones you can access by pushing a tile in, right?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: So I can stow the bag out of view?

Hunger: Interesting. A lucky coin will tell.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls 1d2 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

Hunger: Although the ceiling is angle grinded popcorn, you manage to find a hardwood panel that comes off easily from the drywall. It has enough clearance to fit the folder inside, and you doubt room service will bother relocating your bed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I spot any signs of it being messed with if I were to put myself in the shoes of someone who's broken into the room and is looking for something?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The surface, the flooring, etc.

Hunger: No, it's tucked behind the bed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, that's good enough. I'll head out and knock on Jones' door.

Hunger: Good. What is George doing?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Seeing what's on the TV.

Hunger: You zap for a while. You come across a particularly brutal documentary where a snow leopard absolutely tears apart a mountain goat.

Hunger: It's fucking disgusting.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Do they have HBO?

Hunger: Mariam knocks on your door to interrupt your search for HBO.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Who is it?"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George stops sitting on the bed and heads for the door.

Hunger: It's Mariam. We're nearing 1PM noon, and if you have nothing else left to do here, we're moving on.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It's me."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: There's not much else to do on my side of things-- we might yet meet Pike and Fowler at the gun show.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Help them carry the hardware, if anything.

Hunger: A Samoan and an Arab walks into a redneck ass gun show. Hilarity ensues.

Hunger: We are now tabbing into Michael and Cruz.

Hunger: Around noon. Michael, Cruz, you're up.

Hunger: The CPS office should be inside of the federal building.

Hunger: Alongside IRS.

Hunger: You do not have an express invitation to barge into either of them.

Hunger: Cold wind whips across the open plaza.

Michael Sajdak: With no other choice, I'm just going to head up and see if I can get by flashing my credentials and telling whoever's at the door that I'm investigating a certain non-profit for fraud. If that doesn't work I guess I'm shit out of luck.

Hunger: Worth a try. Cruz?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'd try a similar approach, try and head in by showing my credentials and asking about a potential, widespread child abuse case. If probed further, I'll say kids /may/ be being used to traffic drugs. If that doesn't work I'll be shit out of luck, too.

Hunger: Cruz. You're headed in the right direction, however, you forgot something.

Hunger: You're going to kill everyone working inside Cornucopia House soon. You can not name names or details. Especially not anything related to "child abuse" in the ghetto ass city of Baltimore, which on this scale, will cause a national scandal almost immediately.

Hunger: You should try a much simpler approach, a smile could go a long way, even if you can't access the files directly.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Fair enough. I'll hold my tongue for the most part, speaking vaguely on just about everything. I won't be saying anything more specific than "an investigation", if /that/.

Hunger: You do have a security clearance these people probably don't have, after all.

Hunger: Michael.

Hunger: You're inside IRS satellite office. Shoot your shot.

Michael Sajdak: I'm guessing I'm not yet poring through archives like in this image.

Hunger: The office is really small and open. It's absolutely fucking full of papers, but this guy seems eager to help you get whatever you need.

Michael Sajdak: In that case I'll casually mention I'm looking for info pertaining to Families Without Borders and hope he doesn't ask why.

Hunger: You show your DoC credentials. Roll Disguise, Blind.

A Man, in a suit: "Oh yeah, uh, it's probably in the main office man. It sounds pre-Paperwork Reduction Act so you're down to whatever is on the computer unless you want the records sent here."

A Man, in a suit: "I guess we can get it done tomorrow."

Michael Sajdak: I wanna roll HUMINT to see if this guy is bullshitting me or not.

Hunger: Go ahead. Blind.

Hunger: From what you can see he looks quite relaxed and as if answering a day to day question. You don't catch onto any subtle body language. You don't see why this guy would be lying to you.

Michael Sajdak: "If you could do that that'd be fantastic, thanks." I say before checking said computer.

A Man, in a suit: "Uh, alright. If you need anything else just find me."

Hunger: He buzzes off elsewhere, clearly busy.

Michael Sajdak: Roll Computer Science.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 58 (Rolling Computer Science Target: 40%)

Hunger: As far as you can tell, the records have been delegated to the deep dark dungeons of IRS archives in the main office. However, you can access the company payroll from here.

Hunger: FwF receives all mail to their Cecil County PO box. Yelena Kalamatiano is the sole company officer. It employs three people:

Hunger: Sabina Appolonov, 29Alexi Arseni, 26Ryan Innokenty, 35

Hunger: There were more than 4 individuals in the folder. This isn't it.

Michael Sajdak: I'm gonna take a note of all of these names and ask someone with the clearance to cross-reference them later. It'd be great if we can bag a single one of them before we actually raid this place.

Hunger: Sabina Appolonov and Ryan Innokenty have no recorded address.

Hunger: Alexi Arseni, on the other hand...

Hunger: It's somewhere inside Baltimore.

Michael Sajdak: ...And presumably he'll be far easier to access than Yelena, the registered owner of this whole operation. Perfect.

Michael Sajdak: Hell, Yelena might not even exist.

Hunger: You make a note of his address. As for the rest of the paperwork, you can attempt fetching it yourself (although it will take much more than a please and thank you to enter the main office) or ask that guy to have it ready on his desk by tomorrow.

Hunger: Yelena definitely does exist.

Hunger: Registered address = same as Cornucopia.

Hunger: She is a taxpayer.

Michael Sajdak: Ahh.

Hunger: What's the move?

Michael Sajdak: I'll ask that guy I spoke to to get me those files ready and make my leave.

Hunger: Roll Bureucracy with a 20%+

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 54 (Rolling Bureaucracy Target: 40%)

Hunger: Success.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Should I knock or...?

Hunger: You get off on it without putting your signature on any of the forms. He just agrees to "handle it", what a go-getter he is.

Hunger: Cruz.

Hunger: You're up.

Hunger: The office seems busy with an open door. You can walk inside and ask for someone.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Well, I see no good reason to do exactly that. I walk in and ask to see who I can speak with.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "Ma'am?"

Hunger: A lady tells you to wait until she's done with a phone call.

Hunger: You wait.

Hunger: And wait.

Hunger: It's been a good 20 minutes.

A Woman: "Okay. Okay. I got it."

A Woman: She turns to you.

A Woman: "How can I help?"

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "I'm with the DEA, I've been sent down to investigate potential leads for a case I've been assigned to. I'm not permitted to say much more, as I'm sure you can probably understand. Would I be allowed to check any recent cases that have been filled? I promise I'll be quick."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 60%)

A Woman: "Uhh..."

A Woman: "We just handle police cases and reassignment here."

A Woman: "I think you're looking to visit the DHS."

Hunger: (Department of Human Services, Maryland.)

A Woman: "I'm sorry, I've gotta go."

Hunger: Cruz, roll HUMINT.

Hunger: She seems to be genuine. This small office can only handle so much, you think.

Hunger: On the way out you notice this weird poster.

Hunger: I made Alexi's apartment and DHS public.

Hunger: Bathroom run, then we handle Keith's scene.

Michael Sajdak: For posterity: Michael is gonna hold his tongue on Alexi's address because he doesn't trust anyone here not to flip out and murder him over what they saw today.

Michael Sajdak: He'll pay him a visit on his own.

Hunger: Around noon, Rosaryville Community Center.

Hunger: Keith. You're with Anderson up front.

Hunger: The food stands extend all the way up to the parking lot, and despite the snow, they are mostly occupied.

Hunger: The smell of barbecue does distract you momentarily from the horrors.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith offers that he's never heard of 'Maryland barbecue', but it's close enough to Virginia. They may as well eat lunch here.

Hunger: Even though gun shows are mostly for borderline skinhead white guys, the food guys are black. Almost every American agrees on a good grill.

Hunger: You browse the stands...

A Man: An old man with barely any hair is calling for customers.

A Man: "Are you an apex predator?! Come try our RARE game meats today!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith points him out. "You think he's got 'rare' pulled pork?"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Look at this shit dude, there's more than just pork."

Hunger: A hand-painted banner saying APEX PREDATOR MEATS hangs from above the food truck in red paint.

Hunger: There's a bunch of jerky inside cheap Tupperware containers, labelled from...

Hunger: lion, elephant, wolverine, and more protected species. Panda? What the fuck...

Hunger: There is a LIVE snapping turtle inside a cage, a few meters away from where you get the food.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Hey, man." Keith leans in to look at the food and scrutinize the old man. "Is that real wolverine?"

A Man: "It's no more dangerous than man, that's fer sure."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Man I gotta try that."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Yo, think you could fix me an elephant sandwich?"

A Man: "Ya bet."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I'll do a lion sandwich. I never thought I'd say that."

A Man: "Comin' right up."

Hunger: Clearly it's more expensive than a regular Subway. It will cost an Incidental expense, which is outrageous for a daily meal.

Hunger: He throws a couple pieces of jerky on the grill after slathering it with some sauce. It begins cooking like bacon.

SA Keith Alan Pike: It isn't every day you get to eat an apex predator sandwich.

Hunger: The smell is... odd. But it's definitely meat.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Man, can you believe it-"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 30 (Rolling Dodge Target: 40%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: "You don't wanna know if I do or don't."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson almost knocks over the snapping turtle cage, not paying attention to what's behind him.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: He pulls out just in time-

DUSM Anderson Fowler: SNAP.

Hunger: The thing got him in the hand.

A Man: "What's going on there?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "This little guy is a mankiller! Taste for blood, you know, like a tiger?"

Hunger: Keith, you're joking but his hand is actually covered in blood.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Fuck!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Jesus, man, let me see it. You got all your digits?"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: The turtle seems calm, as if nothing happened.

SA Keith Alan Pike: It's a turtle, it has the cognitive and emotional depth of a stone.

Hunger: It got him on the outer side of his palm. The fingers are intact, but this definitely needs dressing.

Hunger: Keith, turtles just don't do that.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Man, fuck your turtle, this shit's a public safety hazard!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Snappers? It's in the name. There's probably an aide station around here somewhere, most states mandate something like it.

A Man: "You almost knocked his home over!"

A Man: "Just get yer damn sandwich n go."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Fuck you... Ow.."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Just give it to me."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I'll carry the sandwiches, man, let's just get something to cover your shit."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Keith, throw a First Aid.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 43 (Rolling First Aid Target: 40%)

Hunger: Your IFAK is consumed.

SA Keith Alan Pike: At least we got away with our sandwiches and digits intact.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson is munching away on it, with the facial expression of someone who just caught his sister getting fucked.

Hunger: You can head inside any time.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Let's take a look around.

Hunger: Here you are. It's... a gun show. You can find pretty much any type of heater in here.

SA Keith Alan Pike: It's a little bitter to be on the reverse side of the NFA. We're looking for people selling interesting rifles and spending the rest of our time on the floor fishing for an invitation to an afterhours or off-site showroom - one where you can buy something you shouldn't be able to.

Hunger: Roll Alertness.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: Something does catch your eye. A particularly large stand with not that many people around it.

Hunger: You walk up to the stand.

Hunger: A white guy toting a bunch of confederate flag is eagerly waiting behind.

Hunger: 500 bucks in the year 2001 is pretty high end for an AR, just so you know.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is looking for good-condition AR and AK-pattern rifles, one or two. How much cash do we have?

Hunger: You got a Standard with you. Any further purchase can be retroactively assigned to your credit line.

Hunger: It's about how much you're willing to throw, really.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I don't think anyone rocking stars and bars in Maryland is going to sell me anything I want without a complimentary arrest warrant.

Hunger: You're pretty white, why not.

Hunger: In any case.

Leon Augustus Chapman: "How can I-"

Hunger: The guy turns at you.

Hunger: Keith. Roll Intelligence.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 80 (Rolling INT Target: 50%)

Leon Augustus Chapman: "Hm. Just name it."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Just looking to round out a collection." He identifies two rifles. "You know what time this closes tonight?"

Hunger: Keith. You realize it way too late.

Hunger: Leon Augustus Chapman. 1999, acquitted of murder charges on wife due to lack of identified murder weapon. As a gun collector- that is.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Does he know me?

Hunger: He seems to. But how do you know him?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Maybe consulted his case, maybe saw it in a newspaper.

Hunger: Keith- you run it back through your mind, and there's not that many plausible explanations on how you know this guy and how he seems to recognize you.

Hunger: In any case.

Leon Augustus Chapman: "I can cut a sweet deal. I also got something special just for you."

Leon Augustus Chapman: He reaches beneath the stand and produces a walnut pistol case.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Yeah?"

Leon Augustus Chapman: "Delta Elite, made 1995. Customized for a rancher. Real antler grip. Ten millimeter."

Leon Augustus Chapman: "If you get off my neck today it's yours."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith whistles in appreciation. "Ranching what, bank robbers?" Laugh. "How much?"

Leon Augustus Chapman: "As I said. Just pay for the rifles and get this extra, as long as you and the ATF leaves me the fuck alone."

Hunger: It's a heavy pistol.

Hunger: Quite beautiful too. You can handle it.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith looks at him for longer than is entirely appropriate. He'll take it.

SA Keith Alan Pike: In retrospect, under scrutiny in court this would be considered taking a bribe, but this road probably doesn't have many off-ramps.

Hunger: You admire the shiny nickel plating and the ornate engravings and inlays. You pull back the slide. Strangely enough, it's a fluted barrel. On one of the grooves it says "Bring Only Death". An engraving here is highly unusual. This must have been an extremely personal piece.

Hunger: The antler grip looks like white skin torn open by claws, with red inside.

Hunger: It looks gnarly.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Probably some old man's passion piece, one who died ignominiously in a hospital bed, Keith thinks to himself.

Hunger: Perhaps. Leon is very pleased with this exchange. Do name the long guns you will be picking up.

SA Keith Alan Pike: From Leon: An AR-15 and whatever kind of AK knockoff he's selling

Hunger: Of course all of them are semi and would need gunsmithing work to convert to select fire. AKs, especially difficult.

Hunger: You may want to diversify and make the best of what you can get with civilian options.

SA Keith Alan Pike: From other vendors: Two semiautomatic shotguns, possibly something like the model 9200.

Hunger: You also had an opportunity to take a look at the mapquest printout. The property is largely woodland with open field.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Well, that's why the last purchase is a magazine-fed rifle in .308 and if the budget can support it, a nice lever gun, maybe a 30-30.

SA Keith Alan Pike: The latter two need optics but we can get those on the road.

Hunger: Also, there's hell a body armor on sale here.

SA Keith Alan Pike: It's a great time to be an American, yes.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We can always get some of the surplussed flak vests, I don't know if we can get away with helmets.

Hunger: They got PASGT on surplus, alongside helmets.

Hunger: Adding up to the past 2 Unusual purchases you could get 2 sets, vest and helmet, with no further expense.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I will need to add one more expense to account for some handguns.

SA Keith Alan Pike: You never know when someone will need a handgun.

Hunger: Handguns are a no go without paperwork in Maryland.

Hunger: You reckon everyone has their service sidearm with them.

SA Keith Alan Pike: No private transactions allowed?

Hunger: Nada.

SA Keith Alan Pike: This is unconstitutional. Bastards.

Hunger: The guy is committing a felony giving the delta elite to you.

Hunger: If that's complete, we are moving on. The gun show will be up for another day, and if it somehow elapses, there are always a bunch of gun stores.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Well, stupid is as stupid does. Someone else can buy all the ammo we need.

Hunger: Ammo is trivial.

SA Keith Alan Pike: One last thing: What was the deal with the sandwich?

Hunger: The deal is: it tasted like barbecue but unlike anything you've ever had.

Hunger: Anderson is still fucking mad.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Justifiably. Moving on.

Hunger: It's around 1 PM.

Hunger: Actions.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm ringing the two that went to the GHF, starting with Sajdak.

Hunger: Michael, do you pick up?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: After that I'll hit Pike up.

Michael Sajdak: Yes.

Hunger: You're on the line.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Hello."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "News?"

Michael Sajdak: "Nothing we didn't know already. I was able to get someone to pull the files on Families Without Borders but that'll have to wait till tomorrow." I say, knowing full well I'm gonna be staking Alek's house out the moment I have this car to myself.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Nothing on Kalamatiano or the rest of them?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Really?"

Michael Sajdak: "As far as I can tell the Greek chick's home address is the pedo ranch, so I doubt we'll be bagging her any time soon."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I feel like you've got something else in mind."

Hunger: Mariam, HUMINT.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 42 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 80%)

Hunger: Michael, you stagger for a second. She got you.

Michael Sajdak: "...I'm going to ask you to trust me for now. I'm being coy about this because-- well, passions are high at the moment and I don't want to give anyone the chance to do anything stupid. I hope you understand."

Hunger: It's a fairly compelling argument as long as Michael isn't the one to do the -stupid- thing by breaking in instantly the second he is there.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Right. I trust you, but that'll change if you withhold information. Are you armed, at least?"

Michael Sajdak: "Yes."

Michael Sajdak: "My apologies for trying to pull a fast one. I, uhh, just have a feeling that most of the people here would shoot someone dead on the street if they had an inkling they were linked to that place."

Hunger: Enough said.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We'll make sure it won't happen. Ring me if it gets hairy, and don't get lost."

Hunger: To top this session off we got room for one more preparatory action.

Hunger: Cecilton USPS is immediately interesting, although it will require an Alternative Approach for federals to open that PO box without a warrant.

Hunger: What do we do?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is the house on the map?

Hunger: It is.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The CP house?

Hunger: Not that one.

Hunger: It's in Cecil County.

Hunger: 2 hours drive from here, although let me show you the overmap.

Hunger: The map pin is where it is.

Michael Sajdak: Michael will do some last-minute shopping for a crowbar from a hardware store and a balaclava.

Hunger: Ignore buying shiesties, they are so necessary that we can assume all of you packed them in your luggage.

Hunger: For the crowbar, Incidental purchase with cash. It can open basic locked doors, but can't break into iron ones like a Halligan.

Hunger: Add it to your credit line.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I think we might want to rent a storage locker somewhere near Zion to stash the weapons and anything of interest we come across during the raid. Besides that, I've got nothing on my mind right now unless anyone else's got suggestions.

Hunger: It's been a great and productive session. Appropriate to cut it here.

Hunger: God's Teeth - Go Forth Session 1 End.

Hunger: Thanks for playing!

God's Teeth - Go Forth - Session 2

January 11, 2026

Hunger: God's Teeth - Go Forth - Session 2

Hunger: Unknown place and time.

Hunger: Harsh fluorescent light pierces through eyelids, and small palms do nothing to help it. It's almost like it cuts apart flesh and bone and enters into your brain, violating your senses.

Hunger: A man is banging on a large metal door.

Hunger: BANG. BANG. BANG.

Hunger: "CLEEEM!!!"

Hunger: He speaks to himself some phrase, but only a partial "nahuy" is heard.

Hunger: He starts banging on it again.

Hunger: "CONRADIN!!!"

Hunger: The door opens.

Hunger: 1300.

Hunger: We're back in the shit. You're free to act.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm the woman's personal chauffeur-cum-bodyguard for now.

Hunger: Mariam has her own car.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: She can give the keys to sum' else we have the mobile execution van.

Hunger: Let's hear what -she- wants to do.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm leaving it at the hotel's parking lot, it's not really an issue for now. We're checking on Cruz's intel.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: In Person

Hunger: You're linking up with Cruz.

Hunger: Before that, let's resolve Keith's encounter.

SA Keith Alan Pike: O.K.

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: As you were walking into "GunTry" shooting range, you saw a single-file line of... pretty much everyone... coming out for lunch.

Hunger: There's just one guy who checked you in, and you're on your own. You can see him behind the (presumably) bulletproof screen to your right.

Hunger: He seems to be really into the Chinese food box in front of him, digging out some red-orange-lathered something-chicken. In front of him an old CRT plays something...

Hunger: It's the movie Full Metal Jacket. You know which one, everyone does.

Hunger: It's the scene where Private Joker is being interviewed.

Hunger: "I wanted to meet interesting and stimulating people of an ancient culture... and kill them."

SA Keith Alan Pike: I love that movie.

Hunger: It seems to be stuck on loop on that part.

Hunger: "I wanted to meet interesting and stimulating people of an ancient culture... and kill them."

Hunger: Over and over again.

Hunger: The guy is unbothered.

Hunger: He's too invested in his Chinese.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I don't stare, I need to zero the rifles.

Hunger: Which one do we start with?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Mine should be to 200m

Hunger: You load some .308 FMJ in it.

Hunger: You aim down the range. It's quite big, but it simulates some extra distance on top of that, using a smaller target.

Hunger: Your ear rings a bit through the earpro, but it's fine. It seems to function.

Hunger: You send down another one.

Hunger: What next?

SA Keith Alan Pike: If it's good, the rest of the rifles should be a rough 50-100m, since they're all on irons and probably going inside the building.

SA Keith Alan Pike: The shotguns don't need anything other than a function check to make sure they cycle.

Hunger: So far, so good.

Hunger: The little red circle on the target just looks so appropriate to put a slug inside of.

Hunger: You feel your finger going to it.

Hunger: Not much of the target is left now, but it was fun.

Hunger: There's one more left.

Hunger: The pistol, of course.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yes.

Hunger: You slide the magazine into the pistol. It is likewise engraved, and slides in like it's some part of a spacecraft rather than a rusty old 1911 copy.

Hunger: You disengage the safety and send one down. That was unusually smooth.

Hunger: You check the box of 10mm you have next to you. It is indeed some hot load, but how come?

Hunger: This might be the smoothest 10mm you have ever seen.

Hunger: The grip just sucks your palm into it like a competition pistol.

SA Keith Alan Pike: This is someone's retirement gift or some other collector piece.

Hunger: Maybe it was made just for you.

Hunger: You pack the guns up and sit in the lobby for a while until Anderson shows up with your car.

Keith's station wagon: You're tagging now. He seems neutral.

Hunger: Now for Cruz and Mariam.

Hunger: Mariam, how did you join Cruz if you left the car in the parking lot, again?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Jones drove me!

George's rental SUV: Thanks for the clarification.

Hunger: Baltimore DHS. Around 13:30.

Hunger: You three are standing in front of the 10-story building. Things are painfully routine.

Hunger: This is where the large DHS building is situated.

Hunger: All three, roll Law, blind.

Hunger: GEORGE DARIUS ROLL LAW BLIND

Hunger: Darius and Mariam, you more or less know the basics of the adoption process in US.

Hunger: All adoption agencies, group homes, and juvenile residential facilities in Maryland answer to the Department of Human Services (Maryland DHS). The Department of Human Services works out of a ten-story building in downtown Baltimore. Maryland DHS tracks the placement of children in permanent homes, residential facilities, and foster homes. Budgeting and staffing issues often mean that after a child's placement, follow-ups get outsourced to private companies. Many of these organizations are accredited through recognized medical institutions, but, as private entities, anyone an insurance company is willing to rubber-stamp (read: the lowest bidder) can be contracted. This has led to states delegating the work of child welfare to questionable or harmful organizations: teen boot camps, evangelical conversion therapy, and juvenile detention centers. This situation is not unique to Maryland; it is the norm for most states. In short, Maryland DHS is likely to have records of all Maryland adoptions carried out by Families Without Frontiers, but those documents may not reflect what is actually happening.

Hunger: You may go inside.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We go forth.

Hunger: You walk into a too-well lit office floor.

Hunger: MARYLAND DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES - BALTIMORE BRANCH

Hunger: A poster catches your eye.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm happy to know the trend of unsettling posters is being upheld in government buildings.

Hunger: The receptionist seems awfully uninterested in three federales standing right there.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll let Darius take the lead on this one, since it was his task initially.

Hunger: Darius, you may.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "Excuse me, ma'am? I'm with the DEA, we've been sent here from the CPS, they told us to check here for a case we're on..."

A Woman: "Oh, alright. You got a case number?"

Hunger: She still looks like she doesn't give a fuck. You can bullshit her with a Persuade.

Hunger: Public.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 74 (Rolling Persuade Target: 50%)

Hunger: Say your line.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: He freezes up in the moment, whatever investigations he planned on conducting sure as hell weren't going to have a case number."Uhh... No..?"

A Woman: "A name at least?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Ma'am, save us some time, yes?" I flash my badge. "We're in the early stages of an interagency investigation here. You'll be doing a good thing."

Hunger: 1

A Woman: "Uhh. Okay."

A Woman: She's now suspicious of you, going back to whatever she was doing on the computer at the moment.

A Woman: You may walk in, she won't stop you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: On we go.

Hunger: You're inside the office.

Hunger: Uhh. Fuck. Now what?

Hunger: You actually don't know who you're looking for.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're grabbing the first distracted office jockey we see here and asking them to point us in the right direction.

Hunger: In what direction?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're looking for records on adoption centers and similar organizations."

Hunger: WELL YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT FUCKING PLACE!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is that what he said?

Hunger: That's what I said. You're in the adoption center and similar organizations building.

Hunger: There are dozens.

Hunger: As for what you said, the first guy straight up ignores you.

Hunger: Social workers and SSRIs...

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's rude. I'm still talking to him. "We need to see adoption records off a particular organization. Families without Frontiers."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Can you help us or do I have to get a manager?"

Hunger: The guy gets his head up his screen like you just told him you fucked his sister. His expression sours.

Hunger: He points you at a certain cubicle.

Hunger: "There."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Thanks."

Hunger: You walk up to it.

Kerry Houghton: A woman is sitting on her desk, typing away.

Kerry Houghton: "KERRY HOUGHTON", the nameplate says.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Good afternoon." I knock lightly on her desk to get her attention and get my badge ready.

Kerry Houghton: "Oh, hi."

Kerry Houghton: "W- what do you need?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You can relax. We wanted to know if you could give us a hand-- we need to see the records you've got on Families without Frontiers. Ring a bell?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It's operating out of Zion."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I put my badge away.

Kerry Houghton: "Oh..."

Hunger: Mariam. Roll ALERTNESS, BLIND.

Hunger: You can see a couple photos of herself on her desk. She looks mid-20s in them, slim, beautiful and about half of her current weight. The woman in front of you looks a few months away from 40 with sunken eyes and thin hair. The photos are taken with a digital camera, that you can immediately tell as an expert, not that old.

Hunger: Otherwise, the desk is absolutely cluttered with files upon files.

Hunger: She can hardly sit in such a disarray.

Kerry Houghton: "Um, you're the feds and stuff. You know that you can't just barge in here and demand information about adoption records."

Hunger: She would be absolutely right, by the way.

Kerry Houghton: "But I can give you... this much."

Hunger: She reaches for a copy of a "letter of intent"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I'm sorry if that came out wrong-- we're not demanding it. Me and my partners just wanted to know if you could give us a hand looking into this."

Kerry Houghton: "Oh-kay."

Kerry Houghton: She hands it over to you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It's a tragic case of familial reunion. I'll spare you the details."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm reading it over...

Kerry Houghton: Do scroll down.

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: Psychotherapy, public.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm reading this in such a way that the other two can check it out as I do, too.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 82 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 50%)

Hunger: They can. Throw.

Hunger: She looks agitated, somehow. As soon as her hand left the paper, she began twirling her hair locks, hard, while tapping on the floor.

Hunger: It's like she is one poor choice of words away from telling you to fuck off.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Yelena Kalamatiano, is it?" I stroke my jaw. "She sounds kind."

Hunger: Meanwhile, George and Darius, throw alertness, blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm gauging her over.

Kerry Houghton: "Y-yeah... the kids call her 'babashka' or something... the whole place smells like gingerbread cookies..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You've been there?"

Kerry Houghton: She seems to be wiping her nose as if its dripping, profusely.

Kerry Houghton: "Huh, oh-yeah."

Kerry Houghton: "I've been, I've been the assigned case worker for a w-while now."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: My fault.

Hunger: George, there is just one STAFF-ONLY door on this floor with one camera, hands reach off your dome, peering at it.

Hunger: You're fairly certain the padlock on it is some cheap home depot bullshit.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I understand." She points at the document. "It reads like they're giving these children what they really need."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm letting the silence linger for a little after my sentences just to see if she squeaks anything else.

Hunger: Mariam, throw psychotherapy with +20%.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 90 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 70% (50%+20%))

Kerry Houghton: She hastily chugs her cup of coffee down, while looking at the clock above.

Kerry Houghton: "Uh... it's like weekend soyounknow, Igettogohomeearly..."

Kerry Houghton: Something's up.

Kerry Houghton: That much you can see.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Of course. Don't let us keep you."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm eyeing Jones and Cruz the second I know she won't see my expression.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Thanks for your help. Kerry."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury nods

Hunger: Cruz seems to be aware of whats going on, George is examining the STAFF ONLY door from afar.

Kerry Houghton: "Right- right."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is she getting ready to leave?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm putting the paper down calmly so it won't seem like I'm just staring at her.

Hunger: She's hastily packing her "things", which are a series of random items off the desk.

Hunger: What is George doing?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Anything I can cover the camera up with? How many people left on this floor?

Hunger: Skeleton crew, about 6 people inside without much chatter. No one near the door. You can reach for the camera and put your hand over it... if not just rip it straight off the hinge.

Hunger: It's budget as fuck, this is by no means a secure facility to store secrets.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Did the hallway before entering this office have any sort of janitorial closet or something? And is it traversed? Just curious.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Is it on a swivel? I could just turn it to look at nothing.

Hunger: You can, George. Mariam, what are you getting at?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Dead end, don't worry about it.

Hunger: Darius you might want to do something other than standing idly, just a suggestion.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Jones will put on a nitrile glove and just attempt to silently turn the camera to look at drywall.

Hunger: Squeee.... It turns.

Hunger: No resistance whatsoever.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: How easy would it be to jimmy the lock open with something without taking out the lockpicking kit?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm torn between asking her to accompany us into the staff room at gunpoint and following her outside discreetly and asking her to calmly get in the car at gunpoint.

Hunger: It's not as big as you think, you can slip out whatever type and size of shank without making a scene.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Second glove on and shank out. Crack this thing open.

Hunger: It's like a thin pencil-case in leather.

Hunger: You take out one of the bump shanks.

Hunger: Roll Locksmithing, blind.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling Craft (Locksmithing) Target: 40%)

Hunger: In three strokes, the lock gives way.

Hunger: Click!

Hunger: Take your pick Mariam. I won't bust your balls.

Hunger: She'll leave in a couple minutes, although, it's just 1:30 and not the end of her shift.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: If Kerry's leaving right now, I think the wise move is to let Cruz do the record digging and for myself to head downstairs with Jones to catch her at the entrance and get her in the car.

Hunger: That can be arranged.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Sounds good

Hunger: George, you can open the door.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Has anybody communicated what's to be done to me or can I just go inside and ransack some documents?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Jones. We're going."

Hunger: You can tell more or less that you're looking for FwF documents here, doesn't take an einstein.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: And I flick my head between Cruz and the staff room.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Right on," Jones leaves the door open a crack.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Assuming there's an underground parking lot, we're waiting in the darkness within visual range of the elevator door and ambushing when she gets to her car.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's the idea.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: We don't really have anywhere to hold her.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The Car

DUSM George Elijah Jones: And I think we've probably been seen by at least ONE camera.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Walking towards the staff room and passing George, Darius nods to the pair before letting himself in the staff room.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: And the outback for lack of a temporary holding facility.

Hunger: Darius. You're trespassing.

Hunger: Throw a Search, public.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Hunger: You fuck up and knock a folder or two over.

Hunger: 1

Hunger: No one notices it.

Hunger: Roll again at a +20%.

Hunger: Just roll

Hunger: or right click the dice icon

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 76 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Hunger: You get to the F- section at least.

Hunger: Fast-track, Fairchild, Fae Forest, bla bla bla...

Hunger: Where the hell is Families without Frontiers?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Do I have time to look again? They've got to be here somewhere, right?

Hunger: 1

Hunger: You gotta get it done. Fast.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Alright, I'll search again. I have a feeling I won't have any time after this...

Hunger: You did do a full spread of the F cabinet on the ground. Throw at a +30%.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 47 (Rolling Search Target: 80% (50%+30%))

Hunger: There you go. Some asshole mistakenly wrote "Families Without Borders" on the manila with a sharpie, that you somehow missed.

Hunger: Let's see... do you have a camera with you...

SA Darius J. Cruz: Naur. Maybe you should have did some shopping on your way to Baltimore after all.

Hunger: You're holding onto it. Now what?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Should I just take it? If it can be labelled as "families without borders" for god knows how long, this will probably all be done with by the time anyone notices.

Hunger: What power do I have to stop you?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: None Keenly aware that he's on borrowed time already, Darius puts his gloves on before he pockets the files and walks away.

Hunger: You do your best to stuff the files back where they were and head to the exit.

Hunger: Roll SNEAK.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 74 (Rolling Stealth Target: 10%)

Hunger: Houghton is gone by now.

Hunger: Darius.

Hunger: The guy that pointed you at Houghton sees you come out the filing closet.

Hunger: He nods, and raises his cup of coffee at you, almost as if a toast.

Hunger: A nod of understanding between two men? Or just someone who's okay with not being a part of a federal investigation?

Hunger: You nod back. He goes back to watching a small VHS television on his desk, one and a half hand wide.

Hunger: On it, a documentary of an orca tearing a dolphin apart.

Hunger: It's absolutely brutal, the blue fish splits into two and paints the sea red.

Hunger: The orca smiles, or seems to be smiling, through it all.

Hunger: You're exiting the building.

Hunger: Mariam, George, you're entering the parking lot and it seems like the winter wind is picking up.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Good.

Hunger: What's the move?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We took the elevator down, right?

Hunger: The elevator took too much time at ground floor so you just decided to go in from out the front.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Right. We're heading in and doing as we said. Lying in wait for her to head out through one of those doors, then heading up to her as she goes for her car.

Hunger: George?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Ideally we reach her when she's by the car door.

Hunger: In any case both of you throw a blind Stealth.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm just lying in wait and then nabbing her ass with Samoan strength.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: ...at the car door.

Hunger: Simple enough. There's ample space to hide your big ass in this parking lot

Hunger: Kerry comes out the -2F elevator. She heads...

Hunger: For a 50cc pink moped.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: In the dead of winter?

Hunger: In the dead of winter.

Hunger: Mariam at this point you do have the signs that she is fucking nuts but to what degree you wonder.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, we're walking up to her first. I'm guessing there's no one around?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: My gun's drawn but behind my back.

Hunger: The parking lot is empty but, pause, need I remind you that you showed your badge to both the receptionist and another worker?

Hunger: What's the grand plan?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're gonna have a talk with her.

Hunger: Fair enough.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Are there cameras pointed at her??

Hunger: You don't know and can not tell.

Hunger: Not without a roll at least.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll hit Search?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Alertness or search?

Hunger: Search.

Hunger: Either of you.

Hunger: Public.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 37 (Rolling Search Target: 20%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 6 (Rolling Search Target: 70%)

Hunger: There are two cameras pointed at you, one from the entrance/exit and one next to the elevator that may or may not be seeing you right now.

Hunger: Continue walking?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Okay, I just remembered my gun isn't drawn.

Hunger: Fine by me.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Hm... let me think for a split second.

Hunger: She's starting the moped up.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: If we ask her to accompany us, we'll most likely be seen by the cameras heading out with her if she doesn't freak out right off the bat. If we try to follow her, she'll scamper in traffic and be home comfortably to make a call.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're just approaching her here.

Kerry Houghton: She sees you walking up to her.

Kerry Houghton: "O-oh."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Kerry."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Hello."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "My partner and I would like to invite you over for a coffee."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Would you come with us?"

Kerry Houghton: "Uuuuuuuuuuuuhhh...!!!"

Hunger: She's trying to frantically start the shitty moped up.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Does she look like she's about to boost off?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George leans over to the ignition and pulls the key out.

Hunger: George, no need for a roll. You're overwhelming in strength, and she's really off of it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "It's cold out, lady. Nuts to drive this thing out there."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We only have a couple of questions for you, off the record."

Kerry Houghton: "Gimme that!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You'll be doing the right thing. Ah-ah."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury wags her finger a little.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We really need to speak with you over a drink. You'll be home for dinner."

Kerry Houghton: "I already said everything!"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George clutches the key and sort of leans over, attempting to show her his size that he usually keeps in check with a friendly demeanor and adjustments to posture.

Kerry Houghton: Kerry Houghton rolls Failure -> 74 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Kerry, you aren't helping us out here."

Kerry Houghton: She turns pale.

Kerry Houghton: "You're gonna do something to me..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're federal agents. You're safe."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're bound under oath not to lie during work. I give you my full assurances that you'll be home by dinner. With your moped."

Kerry Houghton: "I told you everything I can about case #121."

Kerry Houghton: "I'm feeling really ill and I have to go now."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I'm afraid that just won't work for us."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "If you don't come with us, all you'll see for the rest of your life will be the inside of a jail cell."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "This is serious stuff we're working on. We can't be wasting any time with letters of intent and unsealing documents, you know. Gotta run this formation., you know?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I just remembered that the folder's in my bag.

Hunger: Mariam. One last psychotherapy roll at +20%.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 70% (50%+20%))

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I THOUGHT THAT WAS A 76!

Hunger: No advice. Continue.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Okay, proceeding as priorly established. Turning a little and brandishing the folder out of the camera's view.

Kerry Houghton: "Is that..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What is it, Kerry?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What's this I'm holding?"

Kerry Houghton: It looks like she just lost all of her blood through her ankles and died standing up. You haven't seen a person get whiter than this.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "This is the last time I'm asking. You're not going to like what happens if you won't come with us."

Kerry Houghton: "I- I- I-"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury flicks her finger.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Look at me." She points at her eyes.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You'll be safe if you let us ask you a few questions."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "And, as said. You'll be cozy at home for dinner."

Kerry Houghton: She's pointing at the folder, almost as if waiting for you to open it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You don't want to see this, Kerry." I'm putting it in the bag.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You want to come with us."

Hunger: She watches it go inside the bag.

Hunger: She's nonresponsive.

Hunger: You feel like you just stepped off a breakthrough.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "George, help her to the car."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Be calm, Kerry."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I assume this will be like leading an earthquake survivor to an ambulance.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "All is well in the world."

Kerry Houghton: All is in fact, not well in the world.

Kerry Houghton: 10

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

Kerry Houghton: SURPRISE ATTACK!

Kerry Houghton: Kerry is going to deck Mariam in the face for a +20% ambush bonus, scoring a critical if it connects.

Kerry Houghton: 1

Kerry Houghton: Kerry Houghton rolls Failure -> 83 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 30%)

Kerry Houghton: Miss!

Kerry Houghton: However, she tangles you over.

Kerry Houghton: Condition Changes Prone

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Prone

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Active Conditions Prone

Kerry Houghton: Active Conditions Prone

Hunger: Turn 1. George.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George is going to be dragging this bitch off like it's the WWE with one arm while fumbling to get his telescopic baton out with the other.

Hunger: You either take your baton out or move in.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Move in then.

Hunger: You can assist Mariam by 20% in a contested str roll with Kerry. She needs to get her off.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Active Conditions Prone

Hunger: You're in a struggle.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Assisting.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Roll unarmed?

Hunger: Contested STR to break free.

Kerry Houghton: Kerry Houghton rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling STR Target: 50%)

Kerry Houghton: Lower one wins. You need 71 to succeed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: She's got The Rock looming over her, this should be no trouble.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling STR Target: 75% (55%+20%))

Kerry Houghton: She's fighting you back like an insane person.

Kerry Houghton: Which at this point, you're pretty sure is the case.

Kerry Houghton: Active Conditions Prone

Kerry Houghton: Kerry will reach for your unzipped bag to pull the folder out. She seems less interested in cutting your throat off.

Kerry Houghton: Kerry Houghton rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling DEX Target: 65%)

Kerry Houghton: She reaches for it!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: She'll have to fumble with the zip.

Kerry Houghton: There's no zip to fumble with, you literally just shoved it back in.

Kerry Houghton: She's holding onto the folder. Next turn, she will peer the contents.

Kerry Houghton: Act, no need for me to say your name.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: The baton comes out.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm smacking this bitch straight on her back.

Kerry Houghton: You fling your baton out, attacking in the same turn would be a -20%. Alternatively you could aim for it to not... paralyze or kill her instantly with your gorilla strength.

Hunger: This will make a huge mess if you're not careful.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Can I just drag her away by using it for leverage?

Hunger: You could pin her down back at an unarmed -30%. Twenty for ongoing fight (not surprised) and ten for drawing the baton at the same turn.

Hunger: Failure: go prone.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Anything to not let this bitch read the folder.

Hunger: roll or aim and skip

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Aim and skip would probably better. I can let Mariam try to catfight it away from her.

Hunger: Your next turn will get a +20%.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Active Conditions Prone

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I can't get up and move on her at the same turn, can I? Is struggling with her while knocked down an option? Lay it out for me.

Hunger: She's still all over you but frantically trying to rip off the zip-loc bag of the folder.

Hunger: So yeah you're still in a contested STR roll to break a pin but you won't be able to act back in the same turn.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm struggling with her overweight ass in order to subdue her Derek Chauvin style.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 60 (Rolling STR Target: 55%)

Kerry Houghton: Kerry Houghton rolls Failure -> 84 (Rolling STR Target: 50%)

Kerry Houghton: You toss her off.

Kerry Houghton: You're still on the ground.

Kerry Houghton: Active Conditions Prone

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Surely that made some distance between her and the folder.

Hunger: The distance is now about: 20 centimeters from her open eyes.

Kerry Houghton: Kerry stares with dead eyes at the awfulness of the photos.

Kerry Houghton: You already know what's in there.

Kerry Houghton: She seems to stop struggling.

Hunger: 3

Kerry Houghton: Condition Changes Insane

Hunger: Hunger rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Panic Reactions d6 table)

Hunger: She drops the folder from her hands, as if powering off.

Hunger: It looked like she just remembered something.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright. I'm getting up, dusting myself off, and getting her on her feet.

Hunger: This broken husk no longer offers you any resistance.

Hunger: You may do as you please.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Is this bitch of any use now at all?

Kerry Houghton: Condition Changes Prone

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm closing up the folder and shoving it in the bag. It's getting zipped now.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Prone

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: She'll be.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're walking her over to our car.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: So be it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Maybe Cruz'll be within eyesight by then.

Hunger: George, you run her pockets just in case. Her adress is listed on a ripped off notebook page.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: She hasn't memorized it?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: The hell?

Hunger: You shove her into the SUV. She is in your custody.

Hunger: Of course she probably knows her own home adress but this is like, for EMTs and such in case something happens.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I should start doing that.

Hunger: 1400R

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George doesn't buy that theory. It seems more like this woman is like an oversized elementary schooler.

Hunger: Mariam. She acts similarly to a teenage abuse victim. You'd know, having handled some in the early parts of your career.

Hunger: You meet up with Cruz and get in the car.

Hunger: He shares the documents with you...

Hunger: Maryland DHS employs accredited social workers to do follow-ups on adoption placements. However, social workers remain heinously underpaid and understaffed despite having to record, process, and investigate every report of child abuse across the state. Cases related to adoption constitute a fraction of their responsibilities. The result is a small stable of overworked professionals carrying impossible caseloads at poverty wages. Turnover among social workers is extremely high. Furthermore, Maryland DHS has no law enforcement arm. Upon discovering impropriety in a household, social workers can, at best, advise local law enforcement. Regardless of the severity of the crime and action advised by social workers, local law enforcement retains prosecutorial discretion and has little to no legal responsibility to follow through on Maryland DHS recommendations. For the past three years, Houghton's home-visit notes for Cornucopia House have given it a score of 3 out of 4 in every category. The notes read: "Sanitary conditions and chore load for children are acceptable and adhere to the rigors of farm life. Children appear happy, playing often and engaging in many educationally enriching activities. Interviews reveal that the children love their 'Babushka.' Much to do was made about her homemade cookies." Every report contains that exact statement, in a variety of handwritings, since 1982. Since 1998, it is Kerry Houghton's writing. Visits are sporadic. The next is not yet on anyone's schedule

Hunger: In addition to adhering to the required paperwork for international adoptions in only the most minimal capacity, Families Without Frontiers appears to be laundering the origin of children in their care. Every adopted family listed is one of the donors responsible for the charity's finances. All live in the "Moscow on the Chesapeake" neighborhood on Eastern

Chesapeake Bay. In recent years, families that have adopted children from Cornucopia House have given up custody of their own children to the agency, just so those children can be adopted by different Russian immigrant families that have also given up children in the past. There appear to be thirty families trading possession of their kids. Immigration paperwork requires copies of the birth records from the parent country. Until 1995, Families Without Frontiers provided this information. After that, an increasing number of Delayed Certificates of Birth were granted without indication of former citizenship. These forms are provided to U.S. natives only if they are born to communities from isolated religious sects, such as the Amish. The records suggest nearly every child currently housed in Cornucopia House was born to some isolated community and never received a Social Security number. That, or Families Without Frontiers is stealing these children and getting them new identity documents after the fact.

Hunger: It's worse than you've thought. It's industrialized.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, well, we're not driving over to her place as that might be under surveillance. We'll head somewhere quieter for maybe thirty minutes, giving her some time to settle down.

Hunger: This woman. Is she really in on it? Or is she victim to something far worse?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: She looks like she's settled down indefinitely as of this moment.

Hunger: Mariam, it's just some social worker.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yes. And everything points towards the pedophile mafia using her. Who's to say they aren't watching her sporadically?

Hunger: Plus, you're in a fucking pickle carrying this broken bitch around... I hope you aren't planning to take her prisoner in your hotel room.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Well we can't dump her ass in the middle of the street because it's the dead of winter.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're just driving somewhere quiet in silence to see if she'll calm down and answer some questions.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Thirty minutes' drive. We assess then.

Hunger: You can take the time off.

Hunger: As we pan to Keith and Anderson.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: We'll 360 and dump her back to the DHS later probably.

Hunger: What's the move?

SA Keith Alan Pike: We'll call just to say "we got it". Is Anderson still in extradimensional solitary confinement?

Hunger: He's with you.

Hunger: Anderson, how is that snapping turtle bite feeling?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I've had it worse.

Hunger: So what now?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Any ideas? Keith wants to start rooting around the Zion area, but that's fraught, and a few hours away.

Hunger: Mariam could tell you to take the drive to Cecilton USPS to see what's up.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll suggest that over the mentioned phonecall, yes. We've got to get the lay of the land.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Poke around and such.

Hunger: We're doing just that then.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Cool.

Hunger: Keith, roll Drive.

Hunger: Don't worry you won't wrap the car around a semitrailer

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling Drive Target: 40%)

Hunger: You make it there in an hour, already being halfway out of Baltimore and all.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We stop to let the dog piss periodically. Keith makes a point of doing it at the same time.

Hunger: Duke's doing just fine in his carrier.

Hunger: That thing was a good investment.

Hunger: 1500R

Hunger: Bookmarks should be up.

Hunger: Not much in this fucking town.

SA Keith Alan Pike: What did she want us to see at the postal building?

Hunger: All FwF mail is routed to Cecilton USPS.

Hunger: That's all you know.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We could find out if the employees actually have home addresses in this county; utilities company, town hall, cops - they'd all know.

Hunger: Fine, why not.

Hunger: Act.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We'll go to the USPS and lie.

Hunger: You're right up front of it, parked.

Hunger: Any smart ideas or do you -literally- just do that?

SA Keith Alan Pike: We're looking for any packages going to the FwF address - bringing the dog. If they're FedEx or UPS and not actual USPS mail, we can search them without a warrant.

SA Keith Alan Pike: And "packages" includes envelopes.

A Man: "Sir, you can't bring a dog in here."

A Man: "Outside, please."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith glares at him. "He doesn't look like a seeing-eye dog, does he?" He nudges Anderson to show his credentials.

Hunger: Keith, you're looking for a PO box.

A Man: "Uh, alright."

A Man: "What can I do for you?"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson takes out his wallet, letting it fold down to show his badge.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "We're looking for a quick sniff on a particular box." He says flatly.

A Man: "Can I see some warrant?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "You can open the box on your end and take out anything that's federal, but the rest is warrant-free. Anything, uh..." He looks at Anderson. "USPS. FedEx. Anything not through the actual mail."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "...You guys never have the inspector come out here?"

A Man: The man is already tired with your shit. It doesn't look like he ever got shaken down by an ATF federalé for no reason.

Hunger: You're in some fuckoff town USA, all you saw on the way here was a department store and some old brick houses.

A Man: "It's just mail, man."

A Man: He takes one thin USPS priority mail package out the box and shows it to you. Empty.

A Man: Box number #121.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Look at that. We'll be back for that."

A Man: "Whatever."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Let's get out of here."

Hunger: Anderson?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Shit's empty. What else can we do?

Hunger: It's not empty.

Hunger: He took a priority mail package out of it and held it behind the desk.

Hunger: Other than that, its all cobwebs.

SA Keith Alan Pike: It has a package we can't bullshit our way into searching unless we commit a laundry list of felonies and case the place once the sun goes down.

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: Roll Criminology.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 9 (Rolling Criminology Target: 10%)

Hunger: It's just one guy and one camera.

Hunger: In a whites-only town.

SA Keith Alan Pike: That's right. And after hours, it'll be zero guys and one camera.

Hunger: Astute. Hearing out Anderson and leaving.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Right. I don't think doing something rash makes sense here.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I nod back at Keith as we leave.

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: You're back up front.

Hunger: Roll ALERTNESS.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 71 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: It gets dead quiet.

Hunger: Dead, dead quiet.

Hunger: Not one insect chirping.

Hunger: The wind stops.

Hunger: You hear crunching footsteps.

Hunger: You turn to your right side.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Hey, Keith."

Moose, adult: The 'herd' stops on their tracks, blocking the road with a wall of tough flesh and hide.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler talks in a hushed voice.

Moose, adult: The big one starts growling at you.

Moose, adult: It's the size of a pick-up truck, times two.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Can we get into the car, or are we going to have to jump a fence?

Hunger: Keith, you're a street away from the car and you highly doubt any of these creatures are slower than you are.

Hunger: As for Duke...

Duke: He just steps aside and stands put.

Duke: He licks a paw and begins watching what's about to unfold with intent.

Hunger: You have 60 seconds.

SA Keith Alan Pike: There isn't a door or a fence we can use to separate ourselves from the enemy?

Hunger: For a split second before this tank on four legs runs it over.

Hunger: He's staring at you.

Hunger: Roll ALERTNESS.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 49 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: He seems uninterested in Anderson.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith draws down on it, head-on.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Get out of the fucking road, man."

Hunger: You have enough time to aim at this HUGE target. He has about 40HP.

SA Keith Alan Pike: So I aim at it, right for it's huge chest-flesh. Firearms?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler slowly backs away.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Hey now."

Hunger: Right on, with a +30%, additional from being a huge target. You only have your pistols.

SA Keith A. Pike: 108

SA Keith A. Pike: Success!

Hunger: The shot rings across the neighbourhood.

Hunger: Roll Damage.

SA Keith Alan Pike: 11

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "God damn it."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 96

Hunger: Hunger rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Torso Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Hunger: You hit the moose in the gut for 11HP. This has succeeded in making him a very angry moose.

Moose, adult: He's just going to roll CONx5 to not be stunned.

Moose, adult: Moose, adult rolls Success -> 71 (Rolling CON Target: 85%)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler pulls out his gun and shoots as he sees Keith get ready to fire.

Moose, adult: Keith. I have bad news for you. It's coming right at you, now.

Moose, adult: Anderson, it's already running.

Moose, adult: Throw at a -10% if you wish to fire.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 40

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Actually... success!

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Throw damage and random bodypart.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 2

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls 1d10 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Hunger: You hit it right in the venison. It does nothing.

Moose, adult: His turn now.

Moose, adult: Keith, he's going to gore you at a 20% Lethality rating. His attack will gain a +20% to Unarmed for charging you down, which was 60% to begin with.

Moose, adult: Moose, adult rolls Success -> 51 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 80% (60%+20%))

Moose, adult: 41

Hunger: You take catastrophic damage to the torso and die instantly on the spot bleeding like a faucet from multiple horn-related injuries. It's running away.

Hunger: Or do you?

Hunger: The herd is marching off.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Prone

Hunger: Keith, you're on the floor.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Keith!"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: How bad does it look?

Hunger: There's a gash across his torso, seeping slightly.

Duke: Duke calmly walks up to you and nuzzles you.

Hunger: Snow falls on your face.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith watches the sky thoughtfully.

Hunger: Keith... at this point you realize you're not dead.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Shit."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson runs over to Keith and crouches down, getting a closer look at his torso.

Hunger: Anderson. No need for first aid. It's a really insubstantial cut across the ribcage. It's like a papercut.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "What just happened?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith sits up and shoves his pistol back where it belongs.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Prone

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I don't know. Fuck. This place is fucked." Can we see where the casing went?

Hunger: Your coat seems torn but there's an extra...

Hunger: It's somewhere in the snow. Some old guy and the USPS clerk is watching you from outside.

Hunger: "What happened?" "Are you okay son?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith raises his hand O-K. "Just a slip, a little accident. Fucking, uh... Shit, man, let's get in the car."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "We're alright."

Hunger: "We got ice in here sonny boy if your butts bruised... aaaahahha!"

Hunger: The USPS clerk goes back inside.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Let's go."

Duke: Duke rolls flat on the snow, asking for a belly rub.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith obliges only with his boot and motions with his head for the dog to get in the car.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Not right now, man."

Hunger: All of you huddle back into the car... but did no one else really hear anything?

Hunger: Do moose even travel in herds?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Not with a male, not that close, not in a small town.

Hunger: Both of you, SANLOSS.

Hunger: You get back in the car and spend a good few minutes, staring at the wheel.

Hunger: We're going to quickly pan to what Michael has been doing so far.

Hunger: Around the same time. The wind rushes through and past the projects.

Hunger: The shithole of a shithole. You never thought this is what you'd do for a living.

Hunger: That is indeed a BMW SUV. Drug dealer car.

Hunger: Nothing else in here out of all places.

Michael Sajdak: An SUV might also mean he has a family. Is the address to an apartment floor or to that whole building?

Hunger: That's not -his- SUV.

Michael Sajdak: Ahh.

Hunger: You don't know what car he's got.

Hunger: Also.

Hunger: Apartment 6B, room 121.

Michael Sajdak: Sucks, because Michael was thinking of prying one of those shitty vinyl windows to break in if this was a house. Are his blinds open? He wants to know how many people are in that building and he might just watch him for a while with his binos to find out.

Hunger: Its above ground floor. No activity inside. Gangbanging activity by future neuroscientists is reduced due to heavy snow (kryptonite) but one or two are around. You don't think they are his friends.

Michael Sajdak: So his apartment is empty at a glance.

Hunger: Yes. Though, you just got word that the team has guns now and going in without calling cavalry at this point would be straight up foolish. Who knows, maybe someone is just high inside.

Michael Sajdak: I'm mostly just thinking of who to call. If it turns out he isn't home it'll help if we don't fuck the property up and make it look burgled... do I know who has a lockpick gun in our cell?

Hunger: No, but you surely know that theres a crowbar in the back seat.

Hunger: The sun goes down in three hours.

Hunger: As for who to call, why not 'everyone', make it look a bit official at least.

Hunger: You are deep in the hood, no one talks here.

Michael Sajdak: The crowbar will make it obvious as fuck we broke in but whatever. Michael's gonna tell the cell what his plans are and see if he can get that massive Polynesian fucker to help him.

Hunger: Without a doubt they are all eager to cave skulls in at this point.

Hunger: You have time to make one call as I go for a pee.

Hunger: Any cell member.

Michael Sajdak: One call to George Jones coming up.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Yello?"

Michael Sajdak: "I'm calling you because you're the scariest looking guy from that meeting we had. I have a lead on someone who might be working for the child-nappers and I need someone to back me up. Are you free right now?"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George looks at the back seat of the car, "I don't know if this can be called 'free', man."

Michael Sajdak: "Can you send someone my way? I just want another pair of eyes here to keep me from getting shot."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I can see if I can get Cruz to you."

Michael Sajdak: "Thank you."

Hunger: The call drops.

Hunger: MEANWHILE... AT THE CAR...

Hunger: You drove around the park for a good while, at least 45 minutes. She's completely catatonic, and stares back at you in absentia.

Hunger: It's not looking good. The catatonia comes from Mariam's psychiatrist opinion.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It's not looking good."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury pinches the bridge of her nose.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Mariam had a separate car right?

Hunger: Yes.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: It's parked at the hotel.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We can drive past it

DUSM George Elijah Jones: We can drop Cruz off at that one so he can go to Sajdak's place.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: He can take Mariam's car while we figure out how to deal with the woman who went insane.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I assume I've been apprised of the developments right after the call. I'd be inclined to have Jones head over to Sajdak with Cruz, all things considered.

Hunger: Right. Brainstorm on what to do. Ten minute break, we are handling the raid on Alexi's apartment this session.

Hunger: Not all of you have to be present for it. It will probably be after sundown (3 hours).

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: If we leave Kerry parked up at her place she might just kill herself or do something crazier. And despite Sajdak's stoicity, the more manpower the better knowing what we're dealing with.

Hunger: You heard the conversation.

Hunger: Anyone is free to participate in the raid.

Hunger: As for the rest, you're just fucked, good luck. 10 mins.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm thinking I stay with Kerry in the car, parked up the street just in case, while the rest participate. We bring all the cars in case they're needed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Chase/triage/getaway.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Well, yes, but I've got to speak with Kerry first. That'll probably be in the middle of the night that I leave.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 34 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 70% (50%+20%))

Hunger: Kerry is not getting better any time soon. This type of shutdown can last between days to weeks. Certainly not with you holding her prisoner. You can't think of another long term solution than to drop her off and leave a voice message to her family, or something. The situation is not good, and holding onto her will make it worse.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: She's not cuffed, but alright. We'll wait for Pike & Fowler to get back and use the time to drop her off at her place and call a family member to keep her together and get her moped tomorrow morning.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're all participating in the raid, I'll leave for Quantico after.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I think this bitch is probably a former Families Without Frontiers child.

Hunger: Unlikely.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Is it really such a distant leap of the imagination to consider she might be someone who runs cover for them at the state administrative level

SA Keith Alan Pike: You did find their files concealed in a shittily-marked file

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's what I thought at first, she might've been blackmailed or broken into it from her demeanor.

Hunger: I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions. Resuming in a minute.

Hunger: But she broke down and she broke down hard upon seeing that folder.

Hunger: 1600R

Hunger: Michael, you're still sitting where you are. Keith and Anderson are entering Baltimore. Mariam and George dropped Kerry in her house and Darius brought back the moped to her spot. No one seemed to pay attention to the fact that a black man is stealing a motor vehicle, after all, it's Bawlteymore

Hunger: He drew it hewm, so to speak. Panning...

Hunger: You're inside Kerry's apartment. No one saw you on the way here.

Hunger: It stinks to high heaven.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: She's obviously deeply troubled.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I hit an epic SEARCH to see if anything catches my eye at her place? Not just any thing, something that might be of interest.

Hunger: Go on.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 23 (Rolling Search Target: 70%)

Hunger: You find a dessicated cat underneath the couch.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That sucks. How about her phonecall log?

Hunger: If you can find the phone... Hit it again.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: If such a thing is accessible in this era of landlines.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 80 (Rolling Search Target: 70%)

Hunger: Your hand goes for something that you think is a landline phone.

Hunger: It's not. It's a notebook.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm flipping through the pages to see what's in it. I'm not studying it, just eyeing it out.

Hunger: There's a homework assignment stuck in it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I've a lot of red thoughts myself.

Hunger: Perhaps. You inadvertently peer into the contents of the notebook.

Hunger: It's not just a notebook, after all.

Hunger: It's Houghton's diary. It reveals nightmarish conditions at Cornucopia House reminiscent of the photos contained in the cartooncat folder. Later entries depict Houghton's worry about her failure to remember making such entries or visiting Cornucopia House. This distress continues until, one day, the entries begin parroting the text from the Families Without Frontiers home visit reports. Verbatim. Day after day. A little more than a year ago, it stops.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is there anything that might elucidate any facts about the house's layout, how many staffmembers there are?

Hunger: 25 children and 3 caretakers.

Hunger: The numbers are not consistent.

Hunger: Not with the children.

Hunger: SANLOSS.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Cool. I'm not going to pore over this too hard right now. I'm pocketing it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: What does that mean?

Hunger: it means SANLOSS.

Hunger: To elaborate, the number of children decline steadily over the weeks, and then abruptly increase.

Hunger: The pattern continues for quite some time.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Well, shit, this could all be bogus info.

Hunger: You can imagine why that is.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Why's it unnerving me?

Hunger: It indicates an average of 2-3 kids 'disappearing' every week at its height.

Hunger: They are then replaced in numbers.

Hunger: Kidnappings, followed by...

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's just my mind going back to the folder, I guess. There isn't anything written about WHAT is being done here, is there?

Hunger: It seems like Kerry did not witness the events per-se but the description of certain specifics such as tattoos and unusual growths on the body are there. Without a doubt this has been going on for years. You're only making this worse on yourself.

Hunger: Hit the sanloss again blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Jones. We're going to have to do things that've never been done before to these people."

Hunger: Mariam, you're not sure if you're gonna be mentally in one piece to actually see it happen. Time to get the fuck out of here.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yes.

Hunger: Do the other two wish to do anything?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Nope, this place sucks.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm leaving.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Likewise, I don't think there's much more to be found here. I don't want to pull out a second dead cat or anything.

Hunger: You lay out Kerry after clearing the big couch in the middle and drop a quiet voicemail to one of the contacts. You can only hope it's a family member.

Hunger: You come back out front again.

Hunger: The fresh winter breeze hits you like a pack of ammonium sniffing salts.

Hunger: You realize the second worst day of your life is yet to be over.

Hunger: Right. Time is synchronized. 1 hour to sunset, act.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The move is to find parking spots up the street Sajdak is watching. Are we there yet, and are Pike & Fowler almost here?

Hunger: Everyone's in Baltimore. You can meet up with Sajdak whenever you please.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That'll be now.

Hunger: So then is everyone going in the raid?

Hunger: I need a YES.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yes Sir.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Let's run it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: kill em dead.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: YES

DUSM Anderson Fowler: yes

Hunger: You have 1 hour. Two minutes to list an action or we are expediting.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Ready to rock

Michael Sajdak: Michael is continuing to peeping tom the apartment while he waits for whoever's coming.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: First crackhead seen will get skull cracked with maglite.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I wanted to ask how expensive and accessible we think a snap gun might be in this day and age. Locksmithing shop or something.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Someone here has one.

Hunger: It's cheap but not that easy to come across.

Hunger: Plus, it only works on simple tumbler locks.

Hunger: It's not advanced by any means.

Hunger: It's a residential building worse comes worse just kick that shit Off the hinge.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, that's good enough. We want to case the building for back exits.

Hunger: The fire exits are through windows only. No back-exit.

Hunger: Quite common in the projects where the state prefers the inhabitants just burn alive.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Then there's little left to do other than meet up. I'm unsure if we need to kit out with the long guns and armor for this residential area operation, if anyone's got thoughts on that.

Hunger: Tick your gear and if you're going in without the long gun just apply secondary status effect on yourself. Your shotguns are not carbine length, by the way, if you care.

Hunger: LOADING

Hunger: 1700R.

Hunger: The street is empty. The door to the apartment building is unlocked. Broken lock.

Hunger: Michael didn't bother to check it, but you make your way up to the first floor.

Hunger: Apply your status effects.

Hunger: apply a status effect like usual just select the one you want

Hunger: right click token -> 2nd on right hand side

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

Michael Sajdak: 15

SA Darius J. Cruz: 12

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

Michael Sajdak: "Please please please don't kill this guy before we can talk to him."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Speaking in hushed tones here. "Don't hesitate if you get a gun pointed at you. But we're in a residential street."

Hunger: guys you right click the token, click the second button on the right hand side and click primary secondary or tertiary its not rokit science

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Keep that in mind, try to seize him."

Hunger: TURN ONE ANDERSON YOU MAY ACT.

Hunger: Anderson hesitates.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: That shit is NOT there

Hunger: (it was)

Hunger: select token press O to allign

Michael Sajdak: I stack at the hinge side door for the correct address. "Any of you got picks?"

Hunger: You may move.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I got em'."

Michael Sajdak: "Get on the other side."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I'll take rear."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'll get behind him

Hunger: Do so.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Jesus. Jones, you're pointman. Fowler, Keith, you're after him."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll try the door and if it don't open we lockpick.

Hunger: Locked.

Hunger: Lockpicking, public

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 47 (Rolling Craft (Locksmithing) Target: 40%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: JONES - FOWLER - PIKE - CRUZ - SAJDAK - KHOURYUSE
READY OR NOT TACTICS GO.

Hunger: wtf is he talking about bro adhere to the combat carousel

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: can we not pick our own stack order

Hunger: NO

Hunger: GEORGE YOU ARE UNLOCKING THE DOOR NEXT TURN

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: how're we going about this tactically

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Yes!

SA Keith Alan Pike: The initiative is in the right order, Keith pushes Mariam so he can get behind Fowler where he belongs

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Can I use my turn to reposition a little actually

Hunger: NO

Hunger: Resetting the carousel

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

Michael Sajdak: 15

SA Darius J. Cruz: 12

SA Keith A. Pike: 13

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

Michael Sajdak: 15

SA Darius J. Cruz: 12

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

SA Keith A. Pike: 13

Hunger: he messed something up. one second

SA Keith Alan Pike: Let me help you out: Sadjak or Jones opens, whichever doesn't touch the door is covering, Cruz pies out and then your point + 2nd + 3rd hook in

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

Michael Sajdak: 15

SA Darius J. Cruz: 12

SA Keith A. Pike: 13

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

Hunger: Cool. back on it

Hunger: dont ever do that again

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson positions himself behind George.

Michael Sajdak: Waiting for the door to open.

Hunger: dont have two weapon status effects at the same time it will bug by the way.

Hunger: keith action now

SA Keith Alan Pike: I'm behind Fowler as third in the order to enter the room.

Hunger: The door is unlocked.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm opening. Letting Sajdak cover and then Cruz can pie it.

Hunger: You swing the door open quietly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Staying rear.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to move down a little.

Hunger: You see nothing from where you stand.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll take point and move at the door.

Hunger: You see about the same as what Darius sees, not much.

Hunger: Either go in or stay.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: that's it.

Hunger: Clear, so far.

Hunger: Do not change token alignment when its not your turn please and thank you.

Michael Sajdak: I'm staying in place until Jones opens the door.

Hunger: THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN SOMEONE ALREADY WENT INSIDE

Michael Sajdak: ok im hooking in

DUSM Anderson Fowler: What was the maximum movement length per turn

Hunger: The range is too small.

Hunger: It's a tiny apartment.

Hunger: Just keep going, we'll do it live.

Hunger: Michael.

Hunger: Roll ALERTNESS.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: You notice nothing.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Going inside and should end up behind whoever's furthest down, I can't see

Hunger: If your turn is over say "over."

SA Keith Alan Pike: This is a bad spot to stay in, do I have enough movement to get across the room?

Hunger: you have enough movement to get across.

Hunger: Keith, roll Alertness at a +20%.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 42 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: The TV is on and theres a woman sleeping in front of it. You just walked past her.

Hunger: She's dug deep into the couch with a bunch of pillows, it's dark so its kinda hard to see her small frame.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith keeps his gun trained back 10-o-clock to cover the door and the bathroom and gestures to her with his offhand.

Hunger: She's fast asleep, snoring.

SA Keith Alan Pike: End turn.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George rolls on into the room given that people hopped inside already.

Hunger: You're busting in?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Naw, let me think real quick.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Is this a closet?

Hunger: Seems so.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will move to the corner opposite from Keith.

Hunger: George.

Hunger: Roll DODGE at a -20%.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 49 (Rolling Dodge Target: 10% (30%-20%))

Hunger: Autofail!

Blackrat Snake: The snake bites your ankle.

Hunger: It pulls back as soon as it's done, it's not hooked to your leg.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George holds back a "Fuck!" that comes out as a "Pfff-!"

Hunger: The snake coils back, almost as if sorry.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm done here. Cruz is going up front.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to setup next to this closet

Hunger: You are aiming at it from where you are.

Hunger: The snake escapes back below the cupboards.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler shifts past Michael, pointing his weapon at the door on the other side of the room.

Michael Sajdak: Can I stack on the other side of this closet and try opening it?

Hunger: One above you?

Hunger: there are two closets

Michael Sajdak: The one on the left that Cruz is next to.

Hunger: He's aiming at that one.

Michael Sajdak: Okay well I'm gonna go to the opposite side and open it.

Hunger: You open the closet.

Hunger: Some coats and a bunch of random other crap fall out. Shoes, hardware, whatever.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Did Fowler acknowledge the women on the couch?

Hunger: Yeah all of you can see it now.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Sadjak has the bathroom, Fowler and George have the door, so Keith is going to twist her arm and slap on handcuffs. Pulling her south onto the floor, so both should be concealed from the doors by the couch.

Hunger: Keith, you get close enough to slap the handcuffs on her.

Hunger: You've already seen the folder and know the oddities of the people inside the folder.

Hunger: This woman, although bearing signs of extensive drug abuse, does not share them.

Hunger: No genital mutilation scars or unusual growths or unknown tattoos. Just some skank shit.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Are we wearing badges, or is this a ski mask party?

Hunger: You're all covert.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Cool.

SA Keith Alan Pike: She is going into the handcuffs.

Naked Whore: Condition Changes Restrained

Naked Whore: She looks high. On a 2, she wakes.

Naked Whore: 2

Naked Whore: "Huh--"

Naked Whore: "What the fuuuuuck--"

SA Keith Alan Pike: He presses the gun to her neck. "Shut the fuck up."

Naked Whore: Keith. That didn't exactly sound very soothing.

SA Keith Alan Pike: What do I look like, a social worker?

Naked Whore: "YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Actually no

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Keeping a bead on that door.

Naked Whore: Condition Changes Asleep Unconscious

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is it an option to switch turns with Cruz for ease of use, since he's right next to me?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Physically and in the turn order.

Hunger: IT'S ALREADY YOUR TURN WHY DO YOU WANT TO SWITCH

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: he does not get the memo

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm not moving then.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to move into position at this other door, all whilst keeping an eye on the now handcuffed lady.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: It's time.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'm going to wait for Darius to face somewhere relevant. That's it for now.

Michael Sajdak: Taking point on the door to the left while gesturing for Jones to take the other side, since Keith is occupied with the lady of the night.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I'm preoccupied with the prisoner. I can't exactly let her get up and go for a stroll around the living room.

Naked Whore: "LET ME GO YOU MOTHER FUCKER!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith hits her with the gun.

Hunger: Pistol whip her.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Damage only?

Hunger: Yeah. Won't multiply to head this time due to your intention.

SA Keith Alan Pike: 2

Hunger: 3, 4 = KO

Naked Whore: "OW!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "You be fucking quiet, alright? I said to be quiet, god damn it, shut up."

Naked Whore: "FUCK YEW!"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Probably not locked.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will be openin'.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Yep, it's the shitter.

Hunger: The rusty bathroom stinks like raw ass but there are no feral crackheads inside.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm closing this door behind me.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll cover this door with an OVERWATCH action if possible-- from THIS position.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: (BEHIND THE CUPBOARD)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Partial Cover

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to walk in this room, presumably with my back to the wall, aiming to the right.

Hunger: Clear.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Locked?

Hunger: Yes. Wafer lock. Crowbar it open or waste time picking it.

Hunger: It's the master bedroom wardrobe.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Let's crowbar it open.

Hunger: Combat is over. Turns dissolve.

Hunger: Undo your status effects.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Get a crowbar in here."

Hunger: You open the door you've been aiming at. It's filled with a washing machine.

Hunger: Stinks.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "A fuckin' snake bit me."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What kind?"

Hunger: You should have been more or less able to figure out the dimensions of that space and that it wouldn't fit an adult human but it's fine.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Snake kind? I couldn't tell."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Someone check the fucking pantry before I have an aneurism."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury looks around the kitchen.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Under that sink."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Everything's ran through."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Watch out."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "It went there."

Hunger: The cupboards are empty. Doesn't surprise you that these types are pizza delivery.

Hunger: The snake hisses from beneath the counter.

Hunger: You don't get close to it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will be checking the bite mark.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What was this guy's name again?"

Hunger: George, it's two dots on your ankle. You should be like, checking the snake instead.

Hunger: Alexi Arseni.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "He's obviously not here. Knock on the door across the hall in case he's visiting."

Hunger: Darius, hit a STR roll.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: This woman's still conscious, right?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling STR Target: 75%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "They love answering the door to ski mask people in the ghetto."

Hunger: She's flailing around.

Hunger: Darius, you pry the wardrobe open.

Hunger: It's full of drugs and drug paraphernalia and porn magazines and VHS tapes.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith tugs up arms up and backwards every few seconds to try to get her to stop thrashing like a captured trout.

Hunger: No cash, suspiciously. No guns either.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Well, he might be fucking hiding there. CRUZ! Check that BITE!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury points at Jones.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Let's sit this hoe up on the couch.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Sure. You can keep her, Keith wants to go open the last closed door in the entire apartment.

Hunger: Let this WITNESS sit up on the couch.

Hunger: Those red thoughts are coming back about now.

Hunger: Keith, you run up to 122 and find out that it's locked. No answer after banging.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Damn.

Hunger: George, roll ALERTNESS.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 28 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "What did the bastard that bit you look like, anyways? I need to know if you're gonna need antivenom or not."

Hunger: You notice that the TV is playing a documentary about snakes. It's some massive, tropical snake constricting a small goat to death before swallowing it whole.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Ask the bitch if she keeps a snake."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're ski'd up, right?

Hunger: You are ski'd up but you're not gonna be so ski'd up when you put a bullet in her boyfriends head and the cops find her.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Or you can go look at it under the counter."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "I don't fancy getting bit myself, but I can take a look..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Who're you?" She points at the cracked out woman.

Naked Whore: "The question is, who are YOU?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You don't have a gun in your hand, do you?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Where's the owner of this apartment?"

Naked Whore: "I got this." She flips you off.

Naked Whore: "Out there hustling probably."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "When's he coming home?"

Naked Whore: "I don't fucking know. I don't care either. He lets me hit all the dope."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury looks at the masked faces around the room.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "She's useless."

Naked Whore: The channels switch.

Naked Whore: Who has the remote?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I reach over and turn that shit off.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: MAIN BUTTON.

Hunger: Busted. It's still running, plug somewhere behind the heavy ass set.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm just kicking the screen in for intimidation facotr.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I don't give a shit what's on the TV.

Hunger: You're not kicking a thin plasma TV. It's a heavy CRT and your heel hurts now.

Hunger: Stop crashing out on the TV set maybe?

Hunger: It's not responsible for your troubles.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Titanium screen. Cool.

Hunger: A baton might do it, but might also cause a spark.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're not bothering with that anymore.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Tell me where he usually deals."

Hunger: The TV starts playing 'Muskrat Love.' This is the live version from the 1980 performance on The Toni Tennille Show. The one where Toni tells a story about Kissinger not enjoying the song.

Hunger: The room is silent for a moment before the interrogation goes on.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I hope someone's watching that door. Guy might get here anytime."

Naked Whore: "Yeah, and I hope he kills your slut ass."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith suggests him and the big fucker loiter in the staircase in case he does.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury waves a hand in front of the woman.
"Answer the question."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm making way for Keith to move.

Naked Whore: "What do you want from me bitch?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Where does Arseni go for work?"

Naked Whore: "His government job is some bullshit like a daycare, I don't fucking knooooooooow."

Naked Whore: "He sells drugs. You gonna let me go now?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You got a phone?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Long fucking commute."

Naked Whore: "It's in my pants. Right there."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Great." I'm reaching for it. Carefully and methodically, I don't want any more snakes under the couch or this bitch biting at my neck.

Hunger: There are no snakes or dead cats underneath the couch.

Hunger: You open the phone.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is "BABY DADDY" or "SUGAR DADDY" in the contacts list?

Hunger: 2

Hunger: "SUGAR DADDY" is to be found.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You're going to do us a favor, miss."

Hunger: The TV loops the song.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "If you don't comply, we'll put a bullet through your head. If you do, you'll be free to go."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Wherever home is, for that matter."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Am I understood?"

Naked Whore: "Whatever pig. I'll do it, I'll suck his cock, I don't care." He nods to Michael behind her.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You don't have to do that." She holds the phone up.

Naked Whore: "It's right there. You can call him."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I'm going to phone Arseni, and you'll say whatever it takes to get him home now. Can you do such a thing?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Will he listen to you?"

Naked Whore: "Oh yeah he will. He's addicted to this."

Hunger: You doubt that.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It goes without saying. Don't say anything about what's just happened."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I'm being clear, right?"

Hunger: She agrees. Start calling?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I want to motion at Sajdak to point his gun at the side of her head.

Hunger: That depends on if he wants to.

Hunger: Calling?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Well I'm waiting for him to do it.

Michael Sajdak: I shrug and up the pole as Mariam asks me to.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Should be making contact with her temple. I press dial and put it on speaker.

Hunger: As you do, the TV loops the song for a third time.

Hunger: Dialing...

Hunger: Michael, roll Alertness.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 33 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: A phone buzzes inside the wardrobe you just pried open. Hidden inside a tub of protein shake.

Hunger: BZZZZZZZZZ...

Michael Sajdak: "Are you fucking kidding me?" I go ahead and grab said phone from the closet.

Hunger: "BITCH" Answer?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury sighs.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I hang it up.

Hunger: It hangs up on that side.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "How do you get in contact with him?"

Hunger: She shows the divot scar on her arms.

Naked Whore: "Wanna take a guess?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Does he usually come home at night?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Is this even his home?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What're you doing here?"

Naked Whore: "Just fucking let me go already you god damn fucking skank."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury looks at Sajdak, Cruz and Fowler, hands hung on her waist.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Miss. We don't want to hurt you."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Save us some time here."

Naked Whore: "Fuuaahkkk youuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Every fucking TV in this god-damn state is broken."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Alright. Wait."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Pike."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "What?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I need you to get persuasive. She's not being helpful."

Hunger: Michael, roll SANITY.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "He's flown the fucking coop, if you didn't get the memo."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "We can stay here all night and see if he comes crawling back. He probably has a second phone, if he even brings a phone to that place."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We'll do that. Get inside."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We'll be keeping you some company."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George wants to examine the VHS tapes.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm looking for the cable to unplug that shit.

Hunger: Mariam, as you are walking back inside...

Michael Sajdak: I shoot the woman in the head and put my gun away.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "JESUS!"

Hunger: It hits her neck. She flops forwards and sags on the ground.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Naked Whore: "Ghlgrgurh-"

Hunger: Michael. She's not dead. You're not "done".

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "CRUZ!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm pushing Sajdak against the walll before he draws again.

Michael Sajdak: "What?"

Hunger: And that's the end of that.

Naked Whore: Condition Changes Dead

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Are you fucking insane?"

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: The moment she passes, you swear you had a whiff of gingerbread cookies for just a moment.

Hunger: But then it turns into milk.

Hunger: Sour milk.

Hunger: It's like sour milk and rotting meat, sickly sweet.

Hunger: It's coming off of her.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, I don't need to think about that.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We can't stay here now, can we?"

Hunger: Keith, Anderson, George, you can also smell it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will be grabbing the VHS tapes which seem like the most relevant item from the wardrobe.

Hunger: The fucking TV is still playing the same song.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith waves his hand in front of his face. "This is a fucking pigsty... And change the god-damn channel or turn it off!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'M UNPLUGGING IT FINALLY COME ON.

Hunger: Dex roll to reach the cord!

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler puts his gun away, looking at the body with a mix of worry and disgust.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 46 (Rolling DEX Target: 60%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Stepping out with a stack full of tapes - "We gotta get the fuck out of here. That was LOUD."

Hunger: Tchoww... It turns off.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Go."

Michael Sajdak: He shrugs.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Close the door behind you."

Hunger: Mariam, George, Keith, Anderson, the smell is getting weaker with each step you take away from the carcass.

Hunger: The sour-milk rotting flesh sickly sweet smell.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith lingers long enough to consider turning on the stove.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm gonna go examine the body, see if I can figure out why her death caused the room to smell like that.

Hunger: Darius, you kneel over the corpse for a moment.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "There's no fucking way that's her."

Hunger: You see tiny, almost dust-like particles within the blood pouring out from about 6 different holes.

Hunger: They're black.

Hunger: It's like if something got in.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I don't exactly have the tools to grab a sample on hand now, do I?

Hunger: You got a syringe.

Hunger: You manage to vacuum a couple millimeters of it into the cylinder before leaving.

Hunger: Anyone doing anything else before extracting?

SA Keith Alan Pike: No, I don't think we're going to burn this place to the studs tonight.

Hunger: Keith. Roll Intelligence.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 85 (Rolling INT Target: 50%)

Hunger: No advice. Carry on.

Hunger: Leaving?

SA Keith Alan Pike: He closes the door behind him.

Hunger: God's Teeth - Go Forth - Session 2 End.

Hunger: Thanks for playing!

God's Teeth - Go Forth - Session 3

January 17, 2026

Hunger: Delta Green - God's Teeth - Session 3

Hunger: 2000R. In front of Michael's motel.

Hunger: Michael. George is inside the room, trying to make heads and tails of the evidence. You just came out of the raid, how are you feeling?

Hunger: Snow softly falls around you and slow cars make a slushing noise as they go past.

Hunger: None of them have a clue.

Michael Sajdak: Not very good, owing to how slow the investigation feels and how high the stakes are. I don't want more children to get hurt and so every day is wasted time.

Hunger: Are you smoking right now? Roll Luck, blind.

Hunger: Your feet takes you a few steps forward, uneasy, as you attempt to light a cigarette. You're in the middle of the driveway passing through the motel complex.

Crow: A crow lands in front of you, the size of a housecat.

Hunger: It's huge, looks dreadful with big eyes.

Hunger: Sounds horrible too.

Michael Sajdak: I wanna kick it away.

Hunger: As you reel for a swing, another one lands.

Crow: And another.

Crow: The crows land around you, forming a circle.

Crow: They caw at you, what did you do to offend them?

Michael Sajdak: He runs around in a circle and tries shooping them away, whatever good that'll do.

Hunger: Before you do that, the crows take off in unison. The one that showed up first goes for your face.

Crow: Crow rolls Failure -> 76 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 40%)

Crow: You're quickly overwhelmed by the flapping wings...

Michael Sajdak: "FUCK!"

Hunger: The time is around 2000R. Now panning to Mariam and Darius over at Virginia.

Hunger: Mariam, Darius. You're up front of the Laboratory Division lab complex.

Hunger: You have a good chance of getting Darius in through bullshitting, but if you have other ideas, let me know.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're not gonna attempt to sneak him in, I think. My credentials should be enough to get a licensed doctor (and LEO) in at a visitor's capacity.

Hunger: Roll Bureucracy, Law or Persuasion, whichever you think is appropriate.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling Persuade Target: 50%)

Hunger: The security checkpoint doesn't raise any uncomfortable questions as you spell out the magic words 'national security' and 'JTTF'.

Hunger: You're inside in one of the forensics labs. You're free to begin your work as you see fit.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Any cams facing us? Just need to be aware.

Hunger: No, this area is compartmentalized access.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Great. I'm getting started with the folder-- lifting the fingerprints and diluting some of the blood on a q-tip for analysis. Darius can check out the contaminated heroin and the hooker's blood.

Hunger: Darius, detail your action.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius puts a sample of the blood beneath a microscope on a slide to try and analyse it, in an attempt to identify what's contaminating it.

Hunger: Mariam, throw Forensics.Darius, throw Medicine.Your bonuses are accounted for, from the lab and eachother. Blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 1 (Rolling Forensics Target: 30%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling Medicine Target: 40%)

Hunger: Both of you are impeccably focused on the task at hand, despite all that's happened so far.

Hunger: A few partial fingerprint matches are smudged on the folder and photos. Two match prints in the FBI's database: FBI agent Gary Hall and a disabled 80-year-old named Vasilii Karpov.Gary Hall, born in Syracuse, NY in 1968, is the only child to an African-American family. Working as a criminal profiler in Criminal Investigative Division in D.C. Special Agent Gary Hall is currently considered a missing person. He has not reported to work since 13 JAN 2001. His wife reported him missing on 17 JAN 2001. The rest of the file is classified under access level 5, which corresponds to at least Assistant Director without participation in the access level program of whatever operation this corresponds to.Vasilii Karpov, born in New York in 1921, is a U.S.-born child of Russians who immigrated to the U.S. in 1920. He joined the Navy in March 1942. He lives on a U.S. Navy disability pension, address in New York City apartment. No family. No criminal record, not even a DUI. The rest of the file is classified under access level 5.There is also a partial print identified on the folder. But that's what it is, partial. Facilities in Quantico could cross-reference it to already existing federal fingerprint databases (such as passports), but if that isn't the case, you're shit outta luck.

Hunger: As for the blood, the blood drops on the folder come from multiple individuals, male and female, dating to a variety of periods. The freshest can be dated to about a month previous. It appears that the folder had droplets of blood on it before Agent Clove gained possession of it. Identifying every DNA strand on this folder could take months, and should you decide to chase it further down the line, you require a Bureaucracy test to obscure the provenance of the information request. If that fails, the results could get you into deep, deep trouble.You have a fair amount of reason to believe that SA Hall's blood might be a part of the mixture and most likely

got there during it's procurement. Clove's might be on it too. And if it is identified and passed up the line, you'll generate a shitstorm in the bureau the size of never seen before.

Hunger: You separate the charring on the paper from a black organic fluid that the charring obscured. It is an anomalous genetic material, too damaged by fire to recognize. The cells lack telltale signs of heat damage. Their abnormal shape comes from two factors. First, they are cancerous. The cell walls are visibly and highly misshapen, still bearing enough resemblance to their neighbors to suggest malignant growth. A deeper insight into it will call for another Medicine roll, blind. As for the charring itself, you find suggestions of concrete and building material debris mixed in powder form, ignited by gasoline. You have enough Criminology to tell that a fire may be connected to the taking of this folder. This could be worth investigating.

Hunger: Darius.

Hunger: The electron microscope in this lab may or may not be functioning. Roll Luck, blind.

Hunger: You manage to turn it on.

Hunger: The image clears out on the monitor.

Hunger: But First, Mariam, what do you think?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I think a lot. Maybe a red thought, too: I need to speak with Clove.

Hunger: Right now? You can ring her through the burner.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll wait until Cruz is done. I'm still pondering over the results from the folder, not looking at what Cruz is doing.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll need to know what he's got before I make the call.

Hunger: Cruz...

Hunger: You first put the samples through a regular backlight microscope. Doesn't reveal much about the blood since it's, you know, -blood-. However, the black slurry would like to differ.

Hunger: The cells in the black slurry are all of different types. Cancerous marrow cells reside next to corrupted red blood cells, next to misshapen semen and tumorous muscle cells. Human cells of these type have no cause being connected to each other in this black stew, nor is there anything to explain their uniformly cancerous nature. It also contains dead and cancerous animal

cells mixed in among the roughly human biology. You struggle to grasp where something so horrible might come from, and it what way or shape it affects the human biology....SANLOSS.

Hunger: Since you're keen on using the electron microscope, we're moving on.

Hunger: You get a much better look at the slurry underneath the electron microscope. What you see almost makes you pass out. Immediately you spot a congregation of HIV virions attracted to an unrecognizable kind of plant cell, like ferro-dust to a magnet. White blood cells in superexcess are shrouded by an oily cellular membrane structure, effectively cutting them off from their surroundings at nano level. This might be the yellow pus of a past wound meant to become infected, only it seems to be absorbed and trapped inside of the abyss of the cancerous soup. Likewise, you can spot other types of virions that you fail to identify- you just happened to catch a glimpse of HIV because that's what they hammered inside your brain before letting you loose to do surgery. Exhibiting the same behavior, you can also see animal enzyme strings connect to a plant cell, something wholly incompatible with nature itself. Another examination you make is that some of these organism look half-consumed, with the cancer cells being in a state of hibernation. There is no clear explanation to how (or if) these cells can multiply in number, and they seem perfectly calm inside the petri dish. It then dawns on you that this woman did not exhibit any of the telltale symptoms of HIV or hundredfold comorbidities that such a lifestyle brings, just pure after effects of drug abuse such as shrunken veins. The centrifuged blood looks otherwise healthy, with no anomalies to be found. Is she immune to HIV, infections, enzyme imbalance and whatever other kind of disease she might have had biomechanically thanks to the working principles of the anomalous cancer cells? Clearly it works in some kind of selective manner, given that she is a dopewhore after all. Does it hold everything else from an average heroin needle -filler, AIDS, blood of others and debris- while letting opioids seep past?

Hunger: If this was somehow exploited, it could end medicine as a science. The Panacea. However, you can not begin to imagine what the price demanded of such a trade would be. Injecting broken oily black cancer cells genealogically traced across the entire fauna and flora kingdom... The black growths on the bodies of the people in the folder might be an answer. It might be the beginning of what is to come. If these results leave this room, one day you might find humanity absorbed by the oily black cancer cells that they opted in to avoid least-worse things. Did a junkie idiot like Arseni ever realize what he is doing? How many users are affected

so far? What could have been the motivation to spike the dope with this out of all the fucking things you can imagine? Either way, this might be contributing largely to how the children in Cornucopia might be alive despite the hellish conditions. Refused a quick death, so to speak.SANLOSS. Again.

Hunger: Darius.

Hunger: Roll Panic Reaction table, private roll.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius stares at the screen, the chaotic mass of misshapen cells glaring back at him as he finds himself unable to do much else than look.

Hunger: You notice that he's become awfully irresponsible, Mariam.

Hunger: What's going on?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Cruz."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury waves over at him from across the room.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm Getting Up And Approaching Him, Then.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'M NOT LOOKING! I'M NOT A DOCTOR!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What've you got?"

Hunger: You do look at the screen but you don't understand what you're looking at. Biology isn't exactly your forté.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: He's just frozen up in place?

Hunger: Ask him.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Are you alright?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Do you want to head out for a coffee?"

Hunger: Mariam. blind INT.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'd rather not lose sight of him and keep him in my relative adjacencies. I'll guide him to a bench or whatever is available on the hallway and get him some hot chocolate from one of those quick coffee machines.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: No caffeine.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll bring him to the car after I'm done with the call.

Hunger: There's plenty of both. You lead him out there for some rest.

Hunger: You can resume your work now.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Right, well. Running the partial wouldn't prop up any alarms, right?

Hunger: Not exactly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I suppose it'll leave a log of it having been checked out if it's of any importance. I'll do it.

Hunger: You pass several skill checks at once, so no need for a roll. It takes you a couple minutes to find who it belongs to.

Hunger: Dr. Marie Noella. Ph.D. in Experimental Psychology from University of Oxford Department of Experimental Psychology in UK. Almost a decade of advisory and consultation work in the FBI. The fingerprint partially matches with her thumb print. What could have been the cause of such carelessness? Nothing in Noella's background or records indicates her role in Delta Green. Reading her work does reveal an under-appreciated mind. She has a husband, Charles Noella, and young son, four-year-old Timothy. They live in a nice house in Bethesda, Maryland. She teaches at Wilmington University.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Great, we've found Clove.

Hunger: You do so. Make a note of it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm about ready... I'm not going to run the blood sequencing. I'll just call her now.

Hunger: You ring the number...

Hunger: It rings and rings on...

Hunger: The line picks up. You hear breathing.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Good evening, sanitizer. We've got to speak."

Hunger: "Is it done?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I've vetted the support personnel, secured the hardware, but I've also dug up some intel on the organization and the entire structure of it. I'm not confident in the fact that performing the hit will bring this all to a close."

Hunger: She interrupts you."Call me again for a bullshit reason before it's done and I'm cutting you off."The call hangs up.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is there anything I can find on Gary Hall's disappearance?

Hunger: You've found all you could with your access level.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm calling her again.

Hunger: "The number you're trying to call is currently switched off."

Hunger: Not even voicemail.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I find her home number in a yellow pages book?

Hunger: It's right there on the lookup you can just ring it if you dare. Is it a good idea? FAFO.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm taking note of it. It's time to turn in for the night, let Cruz get some rest and await two calls from MD.

Hunger: What do you mean by the calls.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll bag all this shit up and close whatever Cruz was looking at on the computer.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: USPS box + VHS inspection from the rest of the team.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're moving on from here.

Hunger: Oh, right. Are you driving back to Baltimore or staying overnight at Hotel Sedan?

Hunger: The second will prompt a CON roll.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: What's that mean? Not driving will require a CON roll?

Hunger: If you want to sleep in the car with the AC on in winter freeze you'll need CON to get the rest you want with no delays.

Hunger: Or you can drive safely back to Baltimore

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Will driving while tired prompt a Drive roll?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yeah if it won't I'll get back to the city.

Hunger: Just throw it to see if you're really up to it or not. Relax you statistically can't wrap a car around something twice in a day.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 2 (Rolling Drive Target: 50%)

Hunger: You can drive back without complications, but at regular speed (2 hours)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yeah, we'll go.

Hunger: George. You finished sifting Alexi's stuff out of a cardboard box and laid it out on the floor.

Hunger: Michael walks back into the room, bleeding from his neck.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "The hell is wrong with you?"

Michael Sajdak: "You're gonna think I'm nuts! I got jumped by a bunch of fucking CROWS, can you believe that shit?"

Michael Sajdak: "Fucking-- whatever, we've got bigger fish to fry."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "You're way in over your head, man," George says as he peers over the items to inspect.

Hunger: Michael, you put a square bandaid on your neck after wiping it down with some antiseptic. It's three little lacerations arranged in a triangle pattern, hardly bleeding.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: What've we got?

Michael Sajdak: "You know there's gonna be some really nasty shit on that tape, right? It might not even be worth watching."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I ain't gonna watch it,"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I didn't want to look at the fucking folder in the first place."

Hunger: You got several porn magazines with files from a regional bank called "Chesapeake Shores" tucked inside. The VHS tapes are labelled porn, but legal. Very jaded, however.

Hunger: The stuff you went through so far is largely mundane. It's a box full of tapes and magazine volumes. They are various porn magazines and tapes, all of them legal (if we don't count the fact that they are probably stolen) but deranged enough to fit the most jaded of tastes. It ranges from vanilla to VERY messy and brown. No crime here as far as you can see. It's all covered in gunk you'd rather not figure out what exactly is. As for both phones, the contacts are mostly first names. No one from the Cornucopia payroll. You really don't know where this is going to lead you, if anywhere.

Hunger: The special one is covered in shipping wrap with a note on it saying "VIDEOCLIPURI DE FAMILIE, MAMĂ 1952-1994".

Michael Sajdak: "I mean, we already know what we're gonna do-- dunno what good scarring ourselves even more is gonna do..." I rummage through the goods with George.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: GEORGE doesn't know that it's Romanian, but I do. For what it's worth - all eurotrash media is equally horrible to him.

Hunger: Michael, you can tell it's Romanian but come on, "videoclip" and "familie" and "mama", you can more or less tell.

Hunger: It's sitting there.

Michael Sajdak: "...To be honest, my curiosity is piqued. I'm gonna have to see it for myself, George - if you wanna leave that's fine by me."

Hunger: Mariam also gave George the diary to examine it.

Hunger: Both of you may go.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I'm gonna catch up on some light reading."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "You can watch whatever horrid nonsense is on that tape, man."

Michael Sajdak: Then Michael is watching the 'family' tape.

Hunger: Michael, you unwrap the tape. A letter falls out of it first.

Michael Sajdak: "I understand."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will go somewhere where he cannot see or hear the TV.

Hunger: Michael, you don't have to -watch- the tape now that it's clear what's inside of it. However, someone's gotta ask the unpleasant questions.

Michael Sajdak: I mean, what would there even be to gain? The tape could serve as evidence or something when we inevitably have to cover our tracks but I don't see why I'd want to watch a video of a child being sodomized if I can avoid it.

Hunger: Moving on. George.

Hunger: The diary.

Hunger: The earliest and most legible sections of the diary date to 1998 when Kerry was first assigned to the case file. She details her expectations and how they are affected by the office rumors about Cornucopia House. The Families Without Frontiers caseload was, for a time, considered cursed. The last social worker assigned to the case retired with early-onset Alzheimer's. The one before that hanged herself. The one before that quit after a month. The current social worker for Families Without Frontiers is Kerry Houghton. Kerry Houghton has been assigned to Families Without Frontiers for about three years. Apparently, when she talked to the last caseworker (first name not mentioned, last name 'Deropf'), she told her that she is "as fine as any of us are doing." Kerry mentions a taxi parked in front of the entrance when the property was still entirely owned by the organization and not half sold to the state of Maryland. The driver was nowhere to be seen. After having some of the famous tea and gingerbread cookies, she is introduced to Mr. Berezhkov as the new overseer for the boys section. However, no such Mr. Berezhkov is ever mentioned again in the notebook. Months down the line, Kerry recognizes this discrepancy that she wrote down with her own hands, spiraling into confused mania and chicken scrawl. A year after, in late-1999, Kerry is introduced to Mr. Dovchenko as 'the new overseer of the boys section'. He is described to be flanked with two 'helpers', holding brooms in hand. Kerry does not question it. She notes clearly that Dovchenko asks Babushka who this "whore" is and Kerry does not react. She wishes Mr. Dovchenko well on his new duties and simply moves on to inspect the dairy cows. Kerry makes an additional note on how beautiful the 'canary yellow' cars up front look, reflecting the cheerful personality of Babushka.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Let's peer in.

Hunger: You continue reading.

Hunger: Eventually, Kerry's mania seems to decline into making sporadic notes about disconnected topics and subjects. It is mostly single-word catch phrases you'd note down somewhere to remember what it was about later, until you eventually reach a page dated 12 January 2001 that says nothing but the following: "Sredni Vashtar went forth, Six were his destroying teeth. Six were his priests and six were his cattle, but twelve made his hecatombe. Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful." The diary then begins parroting the casefile reports verbatim for a few months before abruptly ending.

Hunger: George, SAN test.

DUSM George E. Jones: "Sredni Vashtar went forth, Six were his destroying teeth. Six were his priests and six were his cattle, but twelve made his hecatombe. Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful."

Hunger: You read it out loud without noticing.

Hunger: Nothing happens but a moment of awkward stare between you and Michael.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Nothing else aside from the usual nonsense about cookies further down?

Hunger: Negative, this is all you could reference together.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: That's that.

Hunger: Michael. Are you not gonna say anything?

Michael Sajdak: "...Sounds Russian." Mostly trying to break the ice here.

Hunger: Roll Persuasion.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 25 (Rolling Persuade Target: 20%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "You're the one with the Polish surname, man. You'd know better."

Hunger: You're openly bullshitting, George can tell. You know the poem because you read it in school. The poem and the fictional god (but all of them may well as be so, technically) Sredni Vashtar is a literary invention of H.H. Munro, better known as 'Saki'. It is a part of a 1911 short story by the same name of 'Sredni Vashtar' in which a sickly young boy known as Conradin is in the care of an abusive guardian known as Mrs. de Ropp. The boy begins worshipping a pet (a

polecat/ferret mutt) he secretly takes care of in the shed as a god (Sredni Vashtar) and eventually the polecat attacks and kills Mrs. de Ropp, freeing him from torment. You could mull over the literary analysis of the short story for days. What's immediately apparent to you is that what Kerry wrote in her diary is not a part of the 4-line poem included in the short story. It's almost as if a continuation in the same style. "Sredni Vashtar went forth, His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white. His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death. Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful." Delusions of grandeur or religious psychosis? You call it. It's certain that you didn't find a murderous polecat in Kerry's apartment.

Hunger: You can read the short story online (it is real) in one sitting (about 20 to 30 minutes)

Hunger: With that being said, Michael.

Hunger: Why did that click so well?

Hunger: What the hell is going on, really?

Hunger: Roll SANLOSS.

Hunger: Things are getting very strange. You're feeling utterly lost.

Michael Sajdak: I try not to think about it too hard.

Hunger: Stop lying to yourself for one damn second.

Hunger: That's what just went across your head.

Michael Sajdak: "...Are we even making headway here? I feel like we've just been driving ourselves mad all day."

Hunger: George, just so you know, this whole thing is pissing you the fuck off too. In fact you've been too calm at this.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "We're dealing with a child-raping, child-killing cult. I'm at the end of my tether here too, brother."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "If it were up to me we'd just pull up on the place in ski masks and blow apart every adult in that fucking place."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George takes the VHS tape.

Michael Sajdak: "The letter mentions what happens in the tape and I'm not gonna watch it. The pertinent thing is that it mentions a guy on the Families Without Borders payroll but it's not like that'll make it easier to find the guy." I let him take it and shrug. "I'm stumped. We may as well just storm that place and see what happens."

Hunger: Perhaps so.

Hunger: We're now panning over to Cecilton USPS.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Before that.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will be smashing the Romanian tape to bits using his insane strength.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: And disposing of it.

Hunger: The brittle plastic crumbles inside your palms effortlessly and tape comes flying out of it.

Hunger: It is destroyed, irreparably.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: He flushes the remains of VHS noodles down the toilet.

Hunger: Keith, Anderson. You're a block away. It's dark as shit outside and there's no FedEx car up front anymore.

Hunger: The situation is as follows: Front door, iron security gate and unreachable camera. Back door: regular door with a much lower camera. Windows: barred.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We should have everything we need: A good prybar, a drill with metal bits, some snips, a reflective vest and a hardhat. All Home Depot.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Does the rear camera have a power indicator, like an old-school CCTV with a red light?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Do post offices have backup generators?

Hunger: You're fairly sure both are infrared. I admire your repair guy getup but it's almost 9PM.

Hunger: No they do not.

Hunger: Someone's going to retroactively pay for that home depot stuff by the way. Standard Expense, but we'll handle it later.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: There's likely no live surveillance. We could cut the power and head through the back.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith suggests snipping the phone line into the building, since that's probably what the burglary alarm is wired through in this town.

Hunger: Cutting the power is it's own affair. You can lockpick open the box and eliminate both power and phones, but it might cause a spark if you don't know what you're doing.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: It shouldn't be too much of an effort to flick some switches.

Hunger: The box itself is out of the view of the backdoor camera.

Hunger: There's no 'switch' for a phone, but powers there.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: For that, there are other methods.

SA Keith Alan Pike: The phone is going to be routed through something from a utility pole and if it's locked, we can break into it. Camera is fine - we're masked.

SA Keith Alan Pike: You just need to prevent the police from showing up in the first place.

Hunger: Then tell me what you do!

SA Keith Alan Pike: We're looking for where the phone lines are trunked or whatever and go into this building, so they can be cut into spaghetti.

Hunger: Roll Stealth, blind, both of you. Anderson, throw a lockpicking on top of that, blind.

Hunger: So far so good. The landline is cleaved and you unlock the back door lock.

Hunger: You enter inside. It's dead quiet.

Hunger: You know where the PO box is, you looked at it today.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yes. Well, Keith is going to check it. He asks Anderson if he can check how they're sorting incoming mail, just in case there's something for them that hasn't made it into their box yet.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson can pick it open or you can pry it open destroying it permanently in the process.

Hunger: As for the unsorted mail, PO box #121 does not have any. No need for a roll.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I can just pick it open.

Hunger: In that case what will Keith do?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I instinctively do so.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is going to pry open several other boxes and try for the cash register while he does that, if there is one. You just need to stage a crime that's anything other than what we're doing.

Hunger: Keith, throw STR.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 72 (Rolling STR Target: 55%)

Hunger: You're making a whole lot of grunting and noise. You fail to break into the cash register- ironically it's built much tougher than these wooden boxes.

SA Keith Alan Pike: That's okay. It looks like someone tried to break into it now.

Hunger: You did do visible damage to it, yes.

Hunger: Anderson, you're shining a light to the box, trying to pick the "standard" lock on it.

Hunger: Snip-snip-snip...

Hunger: It's not coming off just yet.

Hunger: BOTH OF YOU ROLL ALERTNESS.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 73 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: You hear the talking sounds of a man and a woman entering from the back.

A Man: "I said I just know the right place.

A Woman: "Tee hee, you got me to yourself aaall night here without your stupid stepdad-"

A Man: "Hey, I didn't leave that light on."

A Man: They enter the post office and close the door behind them. They don't notice the malfunctioning lock.

A Woman: BOTH OF YOU HAVE THIRTY SECONDS TO REACT.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith unholsters his pistol and steps out: "Don't fucking move, mailman."

A Man: "Woah-!"

A Man: Anderson?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll keep working on the lock.

A Man: Anderson you just take the prybar and break the stupid fucking lock it's too late. It's open and you take the package.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Both of you, face the wall and keep your mouths shut if you like your head hole-free. Don't say shit."

A Woman: "KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Hunger: Keith it's bad manners to do this to a lady.

A Man: "Relax, man!"

A Man: "Just take whatever the fuck you want."

SA Keith Alan Pike: I think manners are our least concern, because if she doesn't shut up something bad is going to happen to them.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: BOTH OF YOU ROLL ALERTNESS AGAIN

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Move away from the door and get on the fucking ground."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 50 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: Anderson, the woman is reaching for her purse.

Hunger: In the stealthy kind of way.

Hunger: You know what comes next.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Don't you touch that phone."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler unholsters his pistol.

Hunger: Who said it was a phone? You can see her gripping a gun, the way her hand moved.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Alright, mailman, we're out of here. You know where the phone is in your office?"

A Woman: "RUN!"

A Woman: The woman draws.

A Woman: The shots are not particularly accurate.1: Keith2: Anderson

A Woman: 1

A Woman: Keith, roll POW.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

A Woman: You instinctively look for cover.

A Woman: You don't feel anything because of the adrenaline, but you can see the man beginning to charge for you.

A Man: Target: 40%

A Man: A Man rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 20%)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Can I not shoot at the woman or man?

A Man: You would risk hitting Keith.

A Man: Keith. You're in Grappling range. The guy will try to wrestle you down.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fuck the man. The bitch has a gun.

A Man: A Man rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 1 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 20%)

A Man: HOLY SHIT!

A Man: Condition Changes Prone

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Prone

SA Keith A. Pike: He tackles you!

SA Keith A. Pike: 13

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

A Woman: 10

A Man: 10

SA Keith A. Pike: Anderson, you may.

Hunger: Call that again. Target first.

Hunger: Those rolls are invalid.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: The woman.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Firearm roll is correct, yes?

Hunger: If you roll without calling the target its invalid

Hunger: Throw again

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 27 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Hunger: Random bodypart and damage.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls 1d10 -> 7 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 7

A Woman: A Woman rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Stupid bitch."

A Woman: A Woman rolls Failure -> 59 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

A Woman: "Hng-"

A Woman: She falls on the floor, knocked out from the pain, screaming like an animal.

A Woman: Condition Changes Unconscious Prone

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Prone

A Woman: Condition Changes Serious Bleeding

SA Keith Alan Pike: If he wants to keep wrestling, I just want to get on top of him so I can punch his head for a little while.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD RIGHT NOW!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: By the way, isn't this a few blocks away from the PD?

A Woman: Sherrifs department. The deputy may show up any second, but you have the package in your posession.

Hunger: Shut up bitch you're dead. Keith, contested STR roll.

A Man: A Man rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling STR Target: 45%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 27 (Rolling STR Target: 55%)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "HEY POST BOY GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF HIM!"

A Man: You throw him off you, but you're still both on the ground.

A Man: You get to act, but youre prone.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Do I still have the gun, or did I lose it in the struggle?

A Man: You got another one in your belt.

A Man: The shiny one.

A Man: No need to roll for quickdraw, you already find yourself gripping it.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "STOP PLAYING HERO OR YOU'RE GONNA GET SHOT, DICKHEAD!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Cool. I'll give him a few in the chest.

A Man: You get a +20% to a prone target, without aiming.

A Man: Roll.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 71 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60%)

A Man: Success. Roll damage.

SA Keith Alan Pike: 6

A Man: A Man rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

A Man: "AAAURGHH!!"

A Man: A Man rolls Failure -> 68 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

A Man: He limps.

A Man: You said you'd give him a few.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I meant a short burst, yeah

A Man: The man is now dead, riddled with 10mm.

A Man: Condition Changes Dead

SA Keith Alan Pike: The postal service will be alright.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Prone

SA Keith Alan Pike: Let's grab our tools and book it.

SA Keith A. Pike: You get up and dust yourself off. There's still the woman, with a fair chance of survival. Bad, bad idea to let her live.

SA Keith Alan Pike: You're right. I'll spare my partner the trouble. Someone has to shoulder all the killing around here.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Besides, she drew.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Keith, it doesn't matter if she-"

SA Keith A. Pike: The 10mm magazine runs dry, she's a goner.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Shut up, man."

A Woman: Condition Changes Dead

A Woman: You can, and should leave.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "God damn it."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Fowler holsters his weapon.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Let's go."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Let's bounce like it's '92 in LA.

Hunger: Both of you roll Athletics, blind.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 11 (Rolling Athletics Target: 70%)

Hunger: You manage to get in the car and drive to the edge of the town before the sherrif's deputy even pulls up.

Hunger: 0000R. 04 FEB 2001.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Double homicide for a PO box."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "It wasn't an option."

Hunger: Everyone is back in Baltimore, but we are going to rest until 12PM Noon.

Hunger: 10 minute break, then we are continuing.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: AFFIRM.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "We just... gotta be more careful."

SA Keith Alan Pike: We're going to open the package while we're driving back, by the way

Hunger: Cruz I forgot to give you an entire chunk of info because I was so taken away by Mariam rolling a nat1

Hunger: You are one step ahead of it but I should for the sake of posterity

Hunger: You run the sample of heroin through a series of test strips and sticks. Positive for heroin and just heroin. You seperate the dissolved powder in a centrifuge and as you suspected, most of it is baby food. Street-level dope right there. Alexi might have a couple buyers but with this shit here, you find it unlikely he's the Heisenberg of H in Maryland. A side hustle perhaps?The black dust coagulates into the heaviest end of the centrifuge tube into one or two drops of dirty black.You run the whores blood with common drug dipsticks. You do not have the time or interest for a comprehensive tox screen. Positive for THC, heroin, amphetamines and HIV. In a much less earth shattering and head spinning revelation than knowing she's an aids-ridden junkie, the centrifuge seperates globules of black mass to the heaviest end.You take a sigh of relief as you run your mind back through the scene and remember for a fact that no one came

in direct contact with the spilled blood. You just sucked it up through a piston syringe. You also remember that the corpse was handcuffed before you went.

Hunger: Continuing in 2 minutes.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Morning, 04 FEB 2001.

Hunger: Mariam, you jolt awake from a nightmare.

Hunger: You do not remember what it was, but you are feeling an incredible hunger.

Hunger: It's like you haven't ate in days.

Hunger: The blinds are still down all the way.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: It's a typical rough morning. I'm sure I'm also still feeling battered from the accident. What does the bedside clock say?

Hunger: 11AM.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll get up and hit the blinds.

Hunger: You get up and try to get your bearings.

Hunger: Your mind goes back to the events of yesterday. How do you explain what's happened so far?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm boiling inside. After the call, I feel stuck-- there's no other way to go about this than to move on Cornucopia House tonight, then expect being let in on the larger picture by Clove.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I feel out of my element. Cut off, lacking context, I guess.

Hunger: What I meant is, the fact that you killed a man, the cats, the folder, you witnessing an execution, not the chain of clues you've unearthed so far.

Hunger: You're more than "out of your element".

Hunger: As far as you can see this is not a dream or you recalling the events of your life after you've died, therefore, what?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I couldn't help that guy even if I wanted to. If God still watches over me I'm sure I'll get to atone for ending an innocent life through my own carelessness. I don't

want to obsess over the cats' uncharacteristic behavior, that part feels like a fever dream and I'd be better off not informing anyone of myself having witnessed that. I was enraged when Sajdak magdumped Alexi's hooker. Then again, it most definitely would've ended up with that, her being associated in some way with this. It's more about being stepped over.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: All in all-- I'm trying to keep a lid on it. Do my best to stay in control.

Hunger: You're still lacking an explanation as to what is going on. SANLOSS.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury pinches the bridge of her nose in reflection.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: It looks like you'll be out of answers for a long while.

Hunger: 1200R.

Hunger: You may act.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're meeting up and taking stock before the raid tonight. I only now have realized that we haven't agreed on any such a place for meetings.

Hunger: Others have things to do, don't slog them down with a meeting before you're not done.

Hunger: We got a whole laundry list here, and 100 minutes to resolve them.

Hunger: EVERYONE ACT!!!

SA Keith Alan Pike: Package./

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: You find a single check from Chesapeake Shores inside.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Mister Dorchenko. Ok.

Hunger: Roll Bureucracy.

Hunger: Most bank checks are valid for six months. This one is from 1995 and arrived a week ago.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yeah. Weird.

Hunger: Then, what next?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Reload and move on.

Hunger: Michael. You get a call, the IRS stuff is here.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Would the FBI FO be the place to follow up on that JAN 13 - JAN 17 building fires lead?

Michael Sajdak: I'll head straight there by car. Failing that I have half a mind to call my FBI contact and see if we can get a lead on the ever-growing list of addressless, pedophile Russians at our disposal.

Hunger: Mariam, FBI doesn't really give a fuck about fires. However, the fire marshals might.

Hunger: You can look around for it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Cool. Where's that at.

Hunger: Steadman Fire Station is discovered.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's where I'm going, sir.

Mariam's rental sedan: We're going to deal with Michael's files first.

Hunger: Michael, it's Sunday and it's even emptier than yesterday at the IRS office. The guy isn't here, but he left a memo for you, alongside a pile of files.

Michael Sajdak: Let's give them a browse.

Hunger: According to an inconclusive tax-exemption audit from the 1980s, the organization's focus is the adoption, acculturation, and placement of orphans from Eastern Europe in the U.S. The property is listed as a hobby dairy farm, but its profits are not enough to even pay property taxes. In 2000, less than a year ago, the farm sold 150 acres of its property to Maryland for development of a new state prison. The organization was founded by and remains run solely by Yelena Kalamatiano. According to the records, she is the only company officer of Families Without Frontiers alongside three employees. It's almost certain that Kalamatiano has other employees off the books based on the sheer amount of work required to maintain a hobby dairy farm and orphanage. Additionally, it's all but impossible that the extra hands involved in this work are not "in on it" given the circumstances, the papers mention some fifty to sixty children, it's unlikely they were just observing the maintenance crew doing their jobs. The rest of the income reports of the orphanage are buried under a mountain of tax-free declaration forms and

transaction paperwork. It will require an Accounting roll and a number of hours to fully decipher, but it is immediately apparent to you that the farm has an outstanding expense spent on purchasing livestock and livestock feed, while making zero income from livestock products, such as sale of milk or other animal products. Livestock makes up the majority of the adoption agency's expenses. Furthermore, a few receipts suggest some of the cattle aren't from milking breeds, and the farm reports no earnings from their slaughter. Although there are no survey records of the property included in the files, you think you can attempt a Bureaucracy test at the urban development office to locate survey records of the land, including a basic map of the property.

Hunger: For a deeper inspection (will take two hours) roll Accounting. Blind.

Hunger: For the sake of posterity, the figures about children do not match the ones on the FWF casefiles.

Hunger: You don't know which one is the correct number.

Michael Sajdak: There'd be no point going deeper into the accounts because I'm hardly numerate and it'd just waste time, so instead I'm going to try my luck at the urban development office. I try not to think about the ungodly things that are obviously being done to those cows.

Hunger: Michael, blind Luck.

Hunger: A well dressed and very eager intern approaches you and offers to help. He's trying to make an impression on his supervisors, and he thinks you are somehow connected to them.

Hunger: Your chance of success is greatly increased.

Hunger: Remember, these are IRS forms that date back decades, if you're considering opsec.

Michael Sajdak: Take it away, I say, although I'm not sure this will provide us more than extra evidence of the ongoing child and animal abuse. Do I roll accounting?

Hunger: Go on and throw.

Hunger: Blind.

Hunger: Actually, pause, that works fine for a +40%.

Hunger: Firstly, you find a one-time tax exemption letter for a grand renovation that took place in mid-70s. The paper is yellowed out, but the IRS agreed on carrying it out without the tax burden. It's easily enough to put a building or two on the property, if you eyeball the cost. Families Without Frontiers is supported almost entirely by businesses around northeast Chesapeake Bay, Maryland. Tax-free forms for donations are filed mostly by jewelers, plumbers, contractors, and taxi companies. Almost all are run by Russian immigrants or the near descendants of Russian immigrants who live in an unincorporated part of Cecil County. These businesses have made donations like clockwork every year for decades, sometimes donating over 50% of their annual reported profit. Whenever one of these corporate supporters folds, it is replaced by another company owned by the same persons. Over the years the list of donors has dwindled. Families Without Frontiers appears to be in financial distress. According to its expense report, intake of orphans from Eastern Europe stopped in 1997 following the Moscow memorandum, after years of decreasing frequency. The organization appears to have pivoted to local adoptions. You have a gut feeling that a great number of missing children's cases can be connected to this. And to think it took place right under your nose, in Maryland, just an hour away from D.C. and its law enforcement apparatus...Roll SANLOSS.

Hunger: Michael, you're in fact hopelessly late to have helped a majority of these children. That won't stop you from executing these bastards tonight.

Michael Sajdak: I'm worried about something else.

Hunger: The intern doesn't understand a thing, he just thinks it's a financial investigation and that you're annoyed at him with your frowning.

Michael Sajdak: So I don't have to worry about the witness I might have just created?

Hunger: That's what the guy does for a living.

Hunger: The papers do not necessarily incriminate the organization, from this end.

Hunger: Will that be all?

Michael Sajdak: It will, and I give the intern my thanks and lie that I'll put a good word in for him. All things considered we should maybe just kill everyone in Baltimore with a Russian accent at this point.

Hunger: He smiles back at you and turns around with a blank expression once you're out of sight. On your way out, you see an animal calendar that you didn't notice yesterday. The image on it is a Manul ripping some kind of infant hare's head off with its jaws. The red plastic square on it is aligned to December 28.

Michael Sajdak: There must be an enclave of them in Cecil County, right? Like New York Hasidim.

Hunger: You're fairly sure that's the case. The time of your exit from here is 2PM.

Hunger: Everyone else, act.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Fire station business.

Hunger: You're in front of Steadman Fire Station.

Hunger: Mariam, what now?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm talking to the first tall muscular fireman I can spot on the way in.

A Firefighter, male: Lots of those around. This guy isn't in his full get-up, but he's ready for duty.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Good day. I'm with the FBI," I say, QUICKLY flashing my badge. "What's your name?"

A Firefighter, male: Relax, he's not gonna chop you in half with a fire axe."Hello ma'am. I'm Conrad."

A Firefighter, male: "Anything I can help you with?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Pleased to make your acquaintance, Conrad. Yes, there's something-- I was hoping you'd give me a hand looking at accidental building fires and arson records from a specific range of days."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "D'you know how we might go about this?"

Hunger: He seems to like you so throw a Persuasion with +20%.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 28 (Rolling Persuade Target: 70% (50%+20%))

A Firefighter, male: "Uh- of course. I could show you the fire marshal investigation stuff, they're off duty today but I'm sure they won't mind."

A Firefighter, male: He turns around to lead you inside. At the back of his jacket is emblazoned "121".

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Thank you. Just lead the way."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury rubs her neck, trying to look at the cool fire engine instead of the number.

A Firefighter, male: There are a lot to sift but most have obvious and mundane explanations. Three vehicle fires, a stove-top fire out of control, an apartment that burned when a drunk idiot set off a smoke grenade, two apartment electrical fires, one house electrical fire that killed an elderly woman who lived alone, a taxi garage that burned down, and a pair of neighboring bakeries that burned down four days apart.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's within the set dates, right? JAN 13 to 17?

A Firefighter, male: Indeed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is there anything that screams "AN ILLEGAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OPERATION TOOK PLACE AND THE BURNING WAS NOT ACCIDENTAL" here?

A Firefighter, male: Roll Intelligence.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 53 (Rolling INT Target: 70%)

A Firefighter, male: "A taxi garage burned down..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Let's take a closer look at that one?

A Firefighter, male: You point at one of the folders while saying that. He has been quiet the whole time, you were just talking to yourself internally.

A Firefighter, male: Coachman Taxi Garage was in Perry Point, Maryland, an unincorporated stretch of the north end of Chesapeake Bay mostly dedicated to a U.S. Health and Human Services office and a Veterans Affairs medical complex. Baltimore fire marshals assigned to the

case in absence of any other experts (the fire was put out by the local department) found enough accelerants where the fires began, more spilled gasoline than you would expect, even in a taxi garage, to suspect arson. But the authorities did not commit resources to excavating the wreckage, as no missing persons report correlates to the fire and there aren't any eyewitnesses of the garage being open at the time. The local fire department also provided zero insight into potential loss of life in the event. No one working at the garage even showed up to the scene or the department. Correlations between Coachman Taxi Garage and Families Without Frontiers puts them among the donors that spent much of their income supporting the adoption service. Perry Point is an hour drive away, if you wish to visit a burnt-out mess.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You wouldn't happen to have been personally involved with this or know someone around here who has, would you, Conrad?"

Hunger: The incident is dated 14 JAN 2001.

A Firefighter, male: "Uh.. No?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I meant at a work capacity."

A Firefighter, male: You pass a HUMINT check. He's actually puzzled that you even asked that.

A Firefighter, male: "It's one of the marshals, but those guys really do their own thing you know."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Right on."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Well, that'll be all. Thank you again for having me."

A Firefighter, male: "Ma pleasure."

Hunger: What next?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: There's little else to do between NOW and the pre-raid prep meeting, so I'd like to call maybe Jones to see if he'd head out there with me.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Unless he's watching over Cruz?

Hunger: Heading out where?

Hunger: Cruz is back in it, he's been fine since the rest.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The incident, I guess?

Hunger: He didn't talk a lot, went straight to sleep.

Hunger: You're heading out to Perry Point?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Shouldn't be an issue.

Hunger: George will follow you unless objected.

Hunger: You'll be likewise done and back in Baltimore around 2PM.

Hunger: Here it is.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Well, this is a mess. Are there any office facilities connected to the garage?

Hunger: Only one inside, but it's burnt to shit as well. The whole place is a wreck. I warned you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: It's a hail mary, but I'll still perform a search check with Jones to see if there's anything at all anyone might've missed.

Hunger: Both of you, search, blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 62 (Rolling Search Target: 70%)

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: Besides a whole lot of wreckage you find a singular .40S&W casing.

Hunger: Nothing else.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm guessing this was the work of Agent Hall. I only wonder where he is now-- he clearly managed to drop the folder off to Clove.

Hunger: Wind blows in and past through the garage.

Hunger: You really aren't getting much out of this.

Hunger: Any clever ideas?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll put the casing in a ziplock if possible. Might come in handy.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Other than that, well. FwF might've already eliminated Hall, seeing as he's missing.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're leaving.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: George?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Nothing to add here except is there any car that looks like it could've been a fedmobile?

Hunger: Negative, all taxis, or what used to be.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Nuts!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Away we go.

Hunger: Keith, Anderson, Darius, act.

Hunger: All the gun venues are still open and you obtained a power tool.

SA Keith Alan Pike: No official business from Keith, maybe just a walk to meditate on a double homicide in the name of stealing the mail.

Hunger: Plus, you're yet to look at Cornucopia.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Accounting roll?

Hunger: Accounting roll for what?

SA Keith Alan Pike: You said I would need an expense for the purchases

Hunger: We're dealing with that later.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I was just about to ask about visiting Cornucopia, scout the place out a little.

SA Keith Alan Pike: O.K. Fowler and I can do a rollby on the place if we have time.

Hunger: Expedite it for now, you can 'visit the store' or 'work on the guns' and we'll do it postsesh.

Hunger: You can wait up to link with others if you wish to visit Cornucopia. George and Mariam are only 45 mins away.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Sure thing.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: That's good.

Hunger: Michael?

Michael Sajdak: For future reference did any of the FwF donors I investigated have anything to do with that taxi place? Since they're in the same area and all.

Hunger: Perry Point garage is a donor of FwF.

Hunger: I'm gonna run for the bathroom, but here is how it works:

Hunger: You're going to go scout out Cornucopia, but leave your 'hardware' behind since a traffic stop might ruin your day and you're not exactly planning to assault it in daytime. You will return afterward, and then go there again in full gear and with a plan.

Hunger: I'd like to remind Michael that the ground plans are obtainable with a Bureucracy roll.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Someone has a pair of binoculars?

Hunger: Michael does.

Hunger: That being said, the rest of the time slots for others will be used up for purchasing and modifying equipment, and figuring out how to get the surgery thing done.

Hunger: You don't know where to bury the bodies, that requires a designated man on the job.

Michael Sajdak: Do I still have time to investigate something, last minute?

Hunger: Depends on what

Michael Sajdak: The chick that runs Cornucopia is old as shit and I'm wondering if there's anything we can consult to get an idea of how long this child-trafficking shtick might have gone on for.

Michael Sajdak: Could I use my bond to get her criminal record?

Hunger: No need. She doesn't have one

Hunger: You saw it on IRS files. Ryan Innokenty has possession charges, all resulting in community service hours and parole.

Hunger: Alexi and Sabina, clean.

Michael Sajdak: Right. Nothing else to note then.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm assuming we'll have time to talk it over when we formulate the plan, but the question remains whether we actually want to spend our time burying the bodies once we're done. Also what to do with the captive children (if anyone's got any ideas besides calling the cops and having them sort the rest of that shit out). And the surgery thing: what's the move if we can't commandeer a dentist shop or similar near the objective area?

Hunger: Good questions but I don't think anyone has the answers you want.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Just putting them out there for people to think about them.

Hunger: Actually, let's take a gander at the DHCD plans first. Michael, Bureucracy.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 75 (Rolling Bureaucracy Target: 40%)

Hunger: You knock up to DHCD and this is all they can bring up for you, with your DoC credentials.

Michael Sajdak: Good enough. I'll call Mariam and tell her what I've got.

Hunger: Right. Now panning to Zion, Maryland.

Hunger: Landmarks are on, if you wish to see them.

Hunger: You're all on the scene, the time is...

Hunger: 1600R.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: This is Carruthers, right?

Hunger: Yes.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: So here's the place, going by the internet map?

Hunger: Yuuup I said the landmarks are on.

Hunger: You can see them- actually

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I can't see that shit

Hunger: Fixed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Sweet.

Hunger: No need to beat around the bush, the concertina around the property is ripped off and some supporting structures are left in place, probably because this land is half owned by the state of Maryland. Infiltration by woods: everyone rolls Blind Navigate.

Hunger: You have precious daytime hours.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I guess we can spread out. - We might get some more actionable intel from town.- We have to scout out Carruthers, Biggs and New Elk for dirt roads/others sorts of access roads into the facility, and camp them out to keep a log of how many cars head in/out.

Hunger: EVERYONE THROW BLIND SEARCH & NAVIGATE

Hunger: Outwardly, Cornucopia House projects the image of pastoral serenity: whitewashed wood buildings, green rolling hills, split-rail fences, docile dairy cows. The main house sits atop a small hill, but out-buildings and trees prevent casual observation from the north. The driveway leading to Cornucopia House cuts through trees separating the property from onlookers. Since much of the southern and eastern acreage has been sold to the state, the intersection of the two roads remains the closest street access. Lines of sight down the hill are excellent, especially under the moon. The gravel driveway and snow make approach toward the property very noticeable. It's unlikely you'll get in down the main road without being seen. The straight line stretch from half the gravel road to the entrance reveals a brick construction wall with an ad-hoc parking lot in front of it. The entrance gates are chained and they look strong enough to stop something up to the size of a truck. There are two parked sedans, both a sickly blue. The porch light and a security light illuminate the parking lot and front door at all times, even day. The lights reflect off dirty snow churned by the footprints of children and dogs. The front door is equipped with a peep-hole and festooned in "Do Not Disturb" signs. Some signs claim that this is for the good of special needs children contained within.

Hunger: This much you can see up front, without risking being spotted back.

Hunger: You'll have to sneak in from the woods.

Hunger: The rolls are already in. Who is leading the way?

Michael Sajdak: Not me, I have a fat chance of seeing shit out here.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith can do it.

Hunger: You approach inward from the woods facing South. After a 30 minute hike, you're against the chickenwire fence.

Hunger: It's quite shoddy, but it will stop creatures.

Hunger: Taking your best Search roll, you have binoculars and therefore entitled to long range reconnaissance.

Hunger: It looks like you caught them out for playtime. The children don't play so much as exercise. They make no sound while outside. The silence during a game of tetherball is especially eerie. Their toys are old, broken, and half-buried from where they were abandoned in the snow. The games seem more robotic than spontaneous. Many children are obviously happy to be in the sun, but they take care to restrain their joy, their fleeting smiles never, ever pointed toward the house. The rear and flanks of the main building are patrolled by second aggressive guard dog that barks and snarls when children get close. The kids give them a wide berth. The eastern side of the main house is flanked by a small, idyllic cottage. Though it is unguarded, children cut a wider path away from that than from the snarling animals. A musclebound man, wearing nothing but a pair of jeans and a telnyashka in the snow and a young woman monitor the outing. He patrols among the children. She watches from the back steps, smoking a cigarette. The man gives a hard shove to any child caught standing too still or associating with one clutch of kids too long. The woman appears to suggest worse things to come with a glance and gets the kids moving again out of fear. Both do not say a word. The violence is not exclusive to the adults. Some of the older children bully others, beating them to the point of drawing blood. The adults do nothing. The other children do nothing to help. They focus on bouncing a ball or whatever perfunctory game they are supposed to perform. The sallow skin and patchy hair on some of the children are a sign of malnutrition. None of the children wear adequate cold weather gear.

Hunger: The party is here.

Hunger: The children are playing next to the ranch house.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is curious in particular if the exterior building shape, window and door positions match what we saw in the drawings. Unregistered modifications?

Hunger: From the exterior, they are in near perfect condition. However, roll Milsci Land.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling MilitaryScience (Land)
Target: 40%)

Hunger: There aren't nearly enough cablework connecting to the barn structure. That much you can tell.

Hunger: Who is holding the binoculars?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Probably Sajdak still, but I'd appreciate them being passed over for enhanced SEARCH.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Does anyone have some special need to PID people? This is Yelena and Dorchenko(?)

Hunger: Go ahead and throw.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 36 (Rolling Search
Target: 70%)

Hunger: PID?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Positive ID

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yelena's about to be in her eighties, so that's definitely not her.

Hunger: You can tell the huge guy with the nearly-bald head is Ryan from here.

Hunger: And the woman- too young to be Yelena.

Hunger: You don't see Alexi.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Probably Appolonova.

Hunger: Mariam.

Michael Sajdak: I've handed the binos over to Mariam.

Hunger: One child in particular, a white boy with clumps of blond hair, stands with his back to the house and furiously scratches something into the side of a white poplar that rots at the edge of the yard. Periodically, the boy glances around the side of the trunk and into the woods. Though you are obscured, the boy appears to be staring directly into you. Into your eyes. Eventually, the balding man yells. The children drop their toys quickly and assemble into a line to be led back inside. The boy at the tree does not listen. He continues to scratch into the tree with a stone. The

woman sitting on the step storms across the lawn, grabs the child's wrist, and drags him angrily back into the house. Her venomous glare portends violence. All the while, the young boy stares blankly toward where you are hiding. The scratched up bark needs to be viewed from where the driveway is facing, risking exposure.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'd like to share what I've just seen with the guys to see if anyone's got anything to say.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Everyone is appraised of the stuff from the IRS files, right?

Hunger: You have enough hands and vision from where you stand to get a really good view of the whole area. Switching to tactical view.

Hunger: Keith, you're seeing two adults here.

Hunger: The children you have no clue.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is formulating a plan to kill everyone. It'll be ready soon.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Referring the IRS stuff, Sajdak did share. We're also all on the same page about the garage fire probably being where the folder was sourced from, and the owners having been FwF donors.

Hunger: You do not have that much time left.

Michael Sajdak: I wanna try and read that message the kid scrawled into the tree.

Hunger: Michael, want anyone to help you?

Michael Sajdak: Mariam preferably.

Hunger: Right. Both of you, throw Stealth Blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Sure, let's hit it.... Very Carefully.

Hunger: You trek it to this side of the fence.

Hunger: You can see the tree from here.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Sajdak's got his binos.

Hunger: Carved into the poplar is a crude image. The bark is stripped away to form a gaping mouth. The top line of bark represents the teeth of some predatory animal, but the bottom jaw is

lined with figures in human shapes. Six silhouettes with chips around certain bodyparts: the face, the hand, the ankle...The silhouettes represent you.SANLOSS.

Michael Sajdak: What was that George said before? About Sredni Vashtar and six teeth?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is that shit visible without the binoculars too? Heh.

Michael Sajdak: You saw the fucking bark, mariam.

Michael Sajdak: It's you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: It is I.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: The adults did not see you on the way here. However, the boy is peering back at you from one of the blinds.

Hunger: He's staring dead into your eyes past the binoculars.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Let's not address that kid and just get the fuck on out of here, we can deliver justice tonight.

Hunger: You can leave the same way you came.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: No need to get him more riled up than he already probably is.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith has finished his plan to kill everyone.

Michael Sajdak: He looks at the chipped face on one of them and touches the plaster on his own neck. "Did the others get injured too? Is that what they are?"

Hunger: Team, it looks like you've done all you can from where you're standing.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Huh?"

Hunger: Figuring out an insertion spot will be another roll.

Hunger: Table rolls LUCK. Blind.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Are we hitting it tonight, or tomorrow night?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Tonight's the plan.

Hunger: Keith, you're being led by Duke... somewhere.

Hunger: Is he smelling footsteps?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Probably. There's something fucked up in the trees that these people are involved with.

Hunger: Darius is on your six.

Hunger: You come across...

Mr. Throbb: A massive rottweiler guard dog.

Hunger: It's sitting there, looking at you.

Duke: Duke is entirely relaxed.

Duke: In fact, he's acting like he knows him.

Duke: He spins in a circle ones and slips of his leash, at least, as far as you were holding it.

Duke: He walks up to the rottweiler.

Mr. Throbb: Likewise, the rottweiler starts panting, as if the two are friends.

Mr. Throbb: They start playing in the snow.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith watches them, but rests his hand on his pistol.

Mr. Throbb: The rottweiler is turning around belly-up, making a mini snow dog angel.

Duke: Duke eventually stops playing.

Duke: He turns around.

Duke: He's looking very angry towards Darius.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Duke. Here." He clicks.

Mr. Throbb: The rottweiler is watching intently from the snow where he's splayed out, still in a rub-me position.

Mr. Throbb: It's almost as if this thing doesn't guard the pedo ranch.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius holds his arms out and tries to calm Duke down. "Easy, easy!" He says, in a soft tone.

Hunger: DARIUS, CONTESTING DEX ROLL

Duke: Duke rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling DEX Target: 75%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 54 (Rolling DEX Target: 60%)

Hunger: Duke takes a nibble out of your leg.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Duke! God damn it, man!" Keith goes to grab him by the collar.

Hunger: He reels back around, in regret.

Hunger: He doesn't fight you back, but he drew blood from Darius' ankle.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "GAAAH-! What the fuck?!"

Mr. Throbb: This guy is just watching you.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "He's freaked out, man, it's okay, dogs can fucking feel what a place is like better than we can."

Mr. Throbb: He gets up and ruffs at you, asking you to come with him.

SA Keith Alan Pike: He extends his closed hand towards the other dog.

Mr. Throbb: He does a little spin and runs towards somewhere.

Mr. Throbb: And turns back around.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I choke up the grip on my leash and follow. Darius'll live.

Hunger: Darius is fine- it drew blood but it really is fine.

Hunger: Roll First Aid.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 59 (Rolling First Aid Target: 50%)

Hunger: You'll get better by tonight.

Hunger: The dog leads you to this spot, where there's enough space to slip right through.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I give him a treat. He deserves it.

Mr. Throbb: He catches it mid-air and sprints away.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith nods approvingly towards him. Nobody else understands these animals.

Hunger: You now know where to come in from. Will that be all?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yes, it's time to share my plan.

Hunger: You can do it on the way back. You're all in a hurry.

Hunger: Now leaving Zion.

Hunger: Objections?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The town's right there. Could check for a dentist or veterinary we might be able to hijack after closing time.

Michael Sajdak: None.

Hunger: There's nothing in this fucking town except for the methodist church, and the mass is long over.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Nothing else, then.

Hunger: Returning to Baltimore.

Michael Sajdak: Michael was more thinking they should go to the hood in Baltimore and find a fucked up van to hijack and use as an operating theatre.

Hunger: Could be a thing, you have enough time to do this in post-sesh

Hunger: We have 20 minutes left for tonight so we are expediting it.

SA Keith Alan Pike: The plan will be post-session

Hunger: I will advance the clock to 7PM and begin the drive to Zion, MD if there are no objections.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: If anyone's missing body armor they're hereby ENCOURAGED to get themselves some on their own dollar from the community center.

Hunger: It can be arranged.

Hunger: Just not now.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: There's fuck all left to do besides prep for the raid right now. The questions can be asked later...

Hunger: 1900R. I95, northbound.

Hunger: You're all locked and loaded. TABLE, BLIND LUCK.

Hunger: BWEEEEUOP! BWEEEEEEEE!!That's the sound of a state troopers siren.

Hunger: He's following the convoy.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is pretty sure his car is flagged in relation to the post office.

Hunger: BWEEEUUEEEEEEE!!

Hunger: "Pull over, all four vehicles!!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Guess we can comply. Have a chat.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We're not stopping on the shoulder of the I-95, we should drive to the next exit.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're not wearing kit yet.-- agreed.

Hunger: You're at a pretty empty stretch.

Hunger: No cars coming in or going out.

Hunger: You're also very much IN KIT.

Hunger: No helmets but you have your flaks on.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Oh Hell Naw

A Police Officer, male: The state trooper comes out of the car, hand resting on his gun.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith steps out and tells his buddy to do the same, we can't let this guy run the traffic stop.

A Police Officer, male: "SIR I NEED YOU TO GET BACK IN THE CAR!"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "We're JTTF, what are you doing?" He yells back. "Everyone here has a badge."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George steps out and pulls out and unfurls the US Marshal badge.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm brandishing my badge from my window, too.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson walks towards the officer with Keith.

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls Success -> 39 (Rolling Alertness Target: 40%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: Anderson, we're not moving forwards, stay on the right side and covered by the door.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius is showing his badge through the windshield.

A Police Officer, male: "SIR I SAID I NEED YOU TO GET BACK IN THE FUCKING CAR NOW!"

A Police Officer, male: What's up with him?

SA Keith Alan Pike: "This isn't a lawful fucking stop!" He slams his door and starts stepping forwards.

A Police Officer, male: As you slam it, his hand goes to his gun.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Badge's in my left hand still, right hand is slowly reaching for my holster.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Everyone here should know, as FLETC graduates, there is something wrong with this guy and that state police isn't ever going to try to stop four cars armed-and-dangerous with one officer.

A Police Officer, male: 10

SA Keith A. Pike: 13

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

Duke: 15

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

Michael Sajdak: 15

SA Darius J. Cruz: 12

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Officer! Let's talk!"

A Police Officer, male: He's not confident about what he's meant to do but he is surely fucking reaching for it.

A Police Officer, male: Anderson, you're the fastest.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll move and shoot him.

Hunger: No aim & walk would be at a -10%.

Hunger: Do move and shoot.

Hunger: He's covered from here waist down, by the way.

Hunger: START ROLLING!

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Not from here he isn't

Hunger: Very well!

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 24 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: His car is parked at a 45, it's definitely half cover

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls 1d10 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 5

Hunger: Hunger rolls 1d6 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Leg Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls Success -> 52 (Rolling CON Target: 70%)

A Police Officer, male: "FUCK!"

A Police Officer, male: He stumbles!

SA Keith Alan Pike: Someone needs to blow his head off before he says something on the radio.

A Police Officer, male: Condition Changes Serious Bleeding

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "STAY DOWN!"

A Police Officer, male: Duke's locked up.

A Police Officer, male: Michael, it's your windshield to ruin, reminder.

Michael Sajdak: I wanna run this piece of shit over.

A Police Officer, male: From this position you are in an extreme risk of crashing into another car.

Michael Sajdak: Then I'll just up pole.

A Police Officer, male: ROLL!

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 56 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Not the wiiindshiiiiielldddd

Hunger: You miss.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is shooting.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 12 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60%)

SA Keith A. Pike: SA Keith A. Pike rolls 1d10 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

SA Keith Alan Pike: 7

Hunger: It's completely out of your training, but you did just reach for the plated magnum out of instinct.

Hunger: He's got a flak vest (equivalent), 4 damage.

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Torso Minor Wounds (3, 4 Dmg) table)

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls Success -> 63 (Rolling CON Target: 70%)

A Police Officer, male: "AAAAAHH!!!"

A Police Officer, male: He perseveres...

A Police Officer, male: GO GEORGE!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I ain't doing shit but staying in the car. Skip me.

A Police Officer, male: Darius.

A Police Officer, male: You don't have a sight.

A Police Officer, male: You can however get out and aim.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm gonna move to the back of the car in front of me and then aim at the cop with my gun.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm heading over and letting 5-6 rounds loose at him from point-blank range as he reels from the gunshots.

SA Darius J. Cruz: You get out and suppress.

A Police Officer, male: At this range he might get TERRIFIED.

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Surely that was before I got out.

A Police Officer, male: HE ISN'T!!

A Police Officer, male: Active Conditions Serious Bleeding

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I wanna GET UP ON HIS FACE AND BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT! Just so my intention is understood.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Your action went through, but this man isn't exactly interested in it!

Hunger: He's going to fire in a rage towards Keith.

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I DIDN'T SHOOT AT HIM?

A Police Officer, male: He misses all of his shots.

A Police Officer, male: TABLE rolls POW.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: I don't see it

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 17 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 9 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

A Police Officer, male: You're as unfazed as he is!

A Police Officer, male: ANDERSON HELLO

A Police Officer, male: skipping your ass in ten seconds

Michael Sajdak: Michael will continue to shoot at officer donuts until his hairpiece is split.

A Police Officer, male: Roll.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 62 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

A Police Officer, male: Michael, you're feeling like the windshield thing was over nothing.

A Police Officer, male: KEITH!!

SA Keith Alan Pike: Shootin'

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 70 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60%)

A Police Officer, male: Still waiting George?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm reversing the car a little bit so I can ride the line and eventually run over this LEO.

A Police Officer, male: You set yourself up to do that (not represented on the map!)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I shoot the cop I'm aiming at

A Police Officer, male: Do so at a +20%

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 6 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60% (40%+20%))

SA Darius J. Cruz: Throw random hit bodypart and damage

SA Darius J. Cruz: SA Darius J. Cruz rolls 1d10 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: 2

A Police Officer, male: You graze the man. What a juggernaut.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "Motherfucker..."

A Police Officer, male: Oh, just remembered, he took 2 damage from bleeding this turn.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Advantage from this range against him since he's on the floor?

A Police Officer, male: Finish him.

A Police Officer, male: +20%.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 66
(Rolling Firearms Target: 60% (40%+20%))

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 48 (Rolling Firearms
Target: 40%)

A Police Officer, male: MISFIRE!

A Police Officer, male: Active Conditions Serious Bleeding

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: THAT'S A 44!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: STOP THE COUNT!

A Police Officer, male: you rolled a 66 at a -20%

A Police Officer, male: i mean plus

A Police Officer, male: pretty sure thats a fumble

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Ok.

A Police Officer, male: In any case its his fucking turn now.

SA Keith Alan Pike: But the result would be a 44 after modification

A Police Officer, male: No, the +20% is to the goal, he rolled 66.

A Police Officer, male: not to the roll itself

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The mod was actually accounted for... zigh

A Police Officer, male: YOU ROLLED A NAT66 FOR A 60% SUCCESS CHANCE WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT

A Police Officer, male: HE'S BLASTING YOU NOW MARIAM

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Since he's lying on the floor surely THIS IS COVER FROM MY TORSO AND UP!

A Police Officer, male: A Police Officer, male rolls Failure -> 90 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

A Police Officer, male: The bullet whizzes past you, so close that it triggers a POW roll.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 70 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

A Police Officer, male: You win.

A Police Officer, male: New turn.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "YOU JUST HAD TO KEEP GOING MOTHERFUCKER!"

A Police Officer, male: He loses -2HP from bleeding.

A Police Officer, male: Condition Changes Unconscious

A Police Officer, male: He grunts one last time before passing out.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I aim and shoot at him.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Now that we're out of combat I want to stab through his throat with my folding knife yo.

A Police Officer, male: Anderson, you kill him. No need for a roll.

SA Keith Alan Pike: The second he slumps, Keith is sprinting to the driver's side of the car.

A Police Officer, male: Condition Changes Dead

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We need that shotgun. Taking the key from his belt.

A Police Officer, male: He sags to the floor.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm ASSUMING his patrol car has a shotgun in it!

A Police Officer, male: Well find out.

Michael Sajdak: "Why the FUCK did he shoot?!"

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Any cars we can hear or see nearby?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Keys nabbed, I'm using my jacket to cover my hand and open the passenger side door.

A Police Officer, male: You really need to get the fuck out of here while its still empty.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: This is a matter of seconds.

A Police Officer, male: You loot a dead police officer Mariam. R870 pump action inside.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius gets back in the car, the quicker they're gone the better.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Cool. I'm running back to my Altima and waiting for the others to back up.

A Police Officer, male: You're leaving him here?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith gets back into the car. If we're lucky, this guy didn't call out the stop associated to one of our cars.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yeah it's a police car full of bullet holes with a dead body next to it

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's right. Honestly we'll only make it worse if we try to obfuscate what happened here.

Michael Sajdak: Can I shoot the fusilage on this car or something to set it on fire?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Just need to slip up once to leave a fingerprint.

Hunger: You don't have any ordnance to set the car on fire quick.

SA Keith Alan Pike: None of these vehicles have an extra can of gas, unfortunately

Michael Sajdak: Then let's get out of here, holy fuck.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Let's go!

Hunger: Cold wind blows.

Hunger: You're leaving for Cornucopia now, to end this madness.

Hunger: Objections?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: None.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Negative

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Let's git.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: None at all.

Hunger: Your red convoy treads along as if nothing just happened.

Hunger: God's Teeth - Session 3 END.

God's Teeth - Go Forth - Session 4

January 25, 2026

Hunger: Delta Green - God's Teeth - Session 4

Hunger: 2021R, somewhere along I95.

Hunger: You just executed a cop on patrol and are speeding away. Team, what are your thoughts?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: They've got really bad cops in Maryland.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: How the fuck are we getting away with this? We just killed a guy, surely this is getting traced back to us.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Some other poor fucker caught up in this web of shit. Satanic fucking mind control.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That could've gone better, not only in that respect.

Hunger: Anderson is awfully quiet, for the executioner.

Michael Sajdak: That the string of bizarre coincidences that have led up to this point are surely the work of some kind of providence. And is that really a bad thing? It's comfortable to imagine God is on their side, and surely torturing children goes against the law of Moses somewhere.

Hunger: It's more uncomfortable that an entire snowstorm is currently blowing in your face Michael.

Hunger: The weather is picking up, hard.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: You have to distance yourself from the killing to do this job. One of us had to do it, and nobody will keep their hands clean in the long run.

Hunger: As you think to yourself that, suddenly, six cop cars zip past your convoy at full speed.

Hunger: One, two, three, four, five, six. They go right past.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That means he didn't identify the make of our vehicles over the radio, for a mercy.

Michael Sajdak: I grimace as I realize how fucked we are if a single traffic warden notices the state of my sedan.

Hunger: They didn't seem to pay mind to it.

Hunger: You continue driving down the empty highway.

Hunger: 2121R. Cornucopia House.

Hunger: Everyone, state what you are doing. You turned your flashlights right before the last approach.

Michael Sajdak: I believe me and George are headed for that shed.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Yes sir.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Trying to make a decision - is this weather going to be too poor visibility for overwatch shooting from the hill?

Hunger: The snow cuts like a knife but your eyes are spared from it- Mariam's PPE C getup comes with safety glasses.

Hunger: Keith, to put it into perspective, you see nothing but what those three lights reveal.

Hunger: The one behind them will be at a major disadvantage but this is about it!

SA Keith Alan Pike: Those are over the entrances.

Hunger: Should have broke the bank for a NVG scope.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Before we continue (prior to approaching the property), for the sake of checking in one last time: do we care about creating a distraction up the main road, or are we better off sticking together from the start?

Hunger: I don't know, you tell me, it's your assault.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm asking the guys yes.

SA Keith Alan Pike: No, we had a conversation about why it doesn't matter

Hunger: You have 30 seconds to give me a final answer.

Hunger: Or it is "yes".

Michael Sajdak: I'm gonna try and get to the side of that shed to see if I can peek through a window with my binos or something.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're approaching together unless anyone has any other reservations.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Let's do it.

Hunger: Michael, roll Search at a -20%.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 44 (Rolling Search Target: 20%)

Hunger: The snow is too fucking much, you can't see nothing.

Hunger: EVERYONE: LIST YOUR ACTION NOW. WE'RE OUT OF TURNS SINCE THIS WILL BE SO SLOW.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Right. Darius, Anderson and I are headed for the barn. Anderson is lugging the fuel.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Posting up on the hill and trying to find some foliage or anything that'll mitigate the weather.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Or (some) of the fuel. How many canisters do we have?

Michael Sajdak: Meanwhile me and George will hit that shed.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Roger.

Hunger: Here's the problem, Mariam, your navigate would be an 'autofail' without any light to lead the way. Where the barn used to be is just darkness.

Hunger: You can see it on the battlemat but it doesn't mean you'll end up there.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can't I cross-reference the lights from the main house with where I know it must be?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Maybe the side of the barn is reflecting some of that light?

Hunger: Roll Search. Michael passes you the binoculars, just -20%.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100
(Rolling Search Target: 50% (70%-20%))

Hunger: Nothing reflects.

Hunger: However.

Hunger: You are picking up a slight odor.

Hunger: Actually, it's a pleasant smell.

Hunger: The smell of gingerbread cookies.

Hunger: The entire table is.

Hunger: By the way, everyone, switch to your weapon status.

Hunger: (Primary, ideally)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We don't want to think about the cookies-- we'll be smelling a lot more of it once we shoot these fuckers up. I think the move here is to move as a group, the five of us, in the same direction-- then we split midway.

Michael Sajdak: If I wanna take a shot after kicking a door down I should have the pistol out right.

Hunger: Yeah, at no malus... I really don't want to stall the fight over this, let's move.

Hunger: Keith: overwatchEveryone, moving up to here.

SA Keith A. Pike: Keith.

SA Keith A. Pike: You have partial cover behind a boulder here. You can see everything.

Hunger: Where do you aim, if you do?

Hunger: Also you can move your dog.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Watching the cottage house for now. Are the lights on?

Hunger: That being said, highest Stealth in the party rolls BLIND.

Hunger: The porch light is on. You're aiming.

Michael Sajdak: That's me I think

Hunger: No bipod, you'll have to rack it the hard way.

Michael Sajdak: At 70

Hunger: Hit it blind.

Hunger: MOVE YOUR TOKENS TO WHERE MARIAM IS.

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: You can see a humanoid figure behind the frozen glass move around. You can not estimate if it's an adult or not, scarily.

Hunger: Moving on?

SA Keith Alan Pike: No shot yet. Moving on.

Hunger: This is where the groups split. Everyone who wants to head to barn, move up closer.

Hunger: You need to turn the flashlights on now.

Hunger: Or risk a bad roll.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Only one of us has to see it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Ayyuha-r-Rabbu Yasu..." I mutter to myself.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm flicking the light on and off for a sec

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 52

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Just to shine the side of the barn so that we can identify it.

Hunger: The porch door opens. Keith, you see a young man aiming down a sniper rifle towards the group.

SA Keith Alan Pike: So I take the shot. Are there modifiers?

Hunger: Your aim mitigates the bad weather, other than that, roll raw.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 58 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: 5

Duke: Duke rolls 1d10 -> 7 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Hunger: Bodypart!

Hunger: You pop a shot. One of the front glass panes fall.

SA Keith Alan Pike: We're connected on radios, right?

Hunger: The ??? takes three damage.

Hunger: "NAAAHUUUYY!!" Alongside the extremely loud gunshot, everyone heard that scream.

Hunger: Everyone who has a radio is connected, right now, everyone.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We definitely heard the shot, we're hurrying behind the barn OR hitting the floor if we're not close enough to do so in a single move.

Michael Sajdak: Me and George are separated from the others right.

Hunger: Alright... LOADING!!

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Rifle, porch, hit!"

Hunger: You're in front of the barn.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I move up to the barn and wait for the others to form up.

Hunger: Do so.

Alexi Arseni: The man takes 3 damage to the torso.

Alexi Arseni: Alexi Arseni rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Torso Minor Wounds (3, 4 Dmg) table)

Alexi Arseni: Alexi Arseni rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling CON Target: 60%)

Alexi Arseni: A piece of spall from the powerful round hits where his liver is, but he's protected.

Alexi Arseni: He's diving into full cover by going prone, and searching for where Keith is.

Alexi Arseni: At a -20%

Alexi Arseni: Alexi Arseni rolls Success -> 4 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Alexi Arseni: Keith, your scope glare gives your position away.

Alexi Arseni: He does not get to aim just yet, but he'll fire just to let you know he's not to be fucked with.

Alexi Arseni: Autofail. It misses.

Michael Sajdak: Figuring us two are yet to be spotted, I'll continue on my way to the shed to try and catch any reinforcements coming by surprise.

Hunger: You'll have to sprint up there. Roll Athletics.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 82 (Rolling Athletics Target: 70%)

Hunger: You move up right in front of it, but not to position.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll follow.

Hunger: Hit the roll.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 90 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

Hunger: You're right behind him.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Is it clear enough for me to use the turn to aim at the shooter?

Alexi Arseni: Condition Changes Prone

Alexi Arseni: You'll have to bolt, and then aim again.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Same turn?

Hunger: Roll DEX.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 54 (Rolling DEX Target: 65%)

Hunger: You were fast enough. You may aim.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Partial Cover Aiming

Alexi Arseni: Condition Changes Partial Cover

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Looking at the side of the barn, do I think dousing it in gas to the best of our ability would work as intended?

Hunger: It's way too mildewed and cold to do this from this end.

Hunger: It may be warmer inside.

Hunger: Furthermore, it looks like it was treated with sturdy exterior paint.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Approaching the other side of the door, not opening it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Hold up on opening this, they're definitely aiming downrange."

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Partial Cover

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I group up behind Anderson this turn

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "We wait for Keith?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I think we might have to circle around and catch them from the other side."

Hunger: You flick your lights on. No further need for this bullshit.

Hunger: What next?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Let's move."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Start getting around the corner behind me."

Hunger: Are you clearing inside the barn?

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Going around.

Hunger: Going around it will take a LOOONG time.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're not taking that risk.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Plus the door opens in our direction, it's a shitty angle.

Hunger: You're looking to clear 60 meters of snow, it will take you 3 turns of successful Athletics rolls or up to 6 if they dont.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's worth it if it means not staring down the barrel of a rifle with hardly any cover, in my opinion.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I think we should just risk it, if we get spotted next to the barn we're probably fucked.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: AND IT DOES MEAN THAT!

Hunger: Actually, foregoing an INT roll on this one since you saw the other side of the barn.

Hunger: It's more or less the exact same with an extra side-door.

Hunger: You have nothing to go forward from other than the questionable plan.

Hunger: So decide.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: We can just peek the door.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're Taking The Other End

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: We should totally peek the door.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Alright I move to the corner.

Hunger: Okay. Anderson, action.

Hunger: Roll Athletics.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 41 (Rolling Athletics
Target: 50%)

Hunger: You manage to round the corner.

Alexi Arseni: Active Conditions Prone Partial Cover

Hunger: Keith, he's aiming back.

Alexi Arseni: Condition Changes Aiming

Michael Sajdak: Is this a door.

Alexi Arseni: Yes.

Michael Sajdak: Then I'm heading beside it, George can take point since I know he can pick it open.

Alexi Arseni: Go ahead.

Hunger: You're overwatching down the door?

Michael Sajdak: Yeah. Is this the right side?

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Aiming

Hunger: Should be.

Michael Sajdak: I wanna be opposite the handle.

Michael Sajdak: Got it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll go up and check to see if it's open, and if not, we bust it open with locks.

Hunger: The arrow is right there, this is a double door that opens outwards, you'll be able to shoot at an advantage inside.

Hunger: George, hit the lockpick.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Craft (Locksmithing) Target: 40%)

Hunger: You fail, but it's not an outdoors model. You can smash this shit in.

Hunger: Do you dare?

Michael Sajdak: Fine by me if he does.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Then I do so.

Hunger: Your size easily overwhelms the entire door frame.

Hunger: The door is thrown open. No one inside.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Aiming

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Partial Cover Aiming

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: 11

SA Keith A. Pike: SA Keith A. Pike rolls 1d10 -> 9 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Alexi Arseni: Alexi Arseni rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Arm Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Alexi Arseni: "AAAAYYYY!!!"

Alexi Arseni: You hit him directly in his dominant hand.

Alexi Arseni: Condition Changes Unconscious Dead

SA Keith Alan Pike: He won't be needing it.

Alexi Arseni: He passes out from the pain.

Alexi Arseni: Condition Changes Heavy Bleeding

Alexi Arseni: You can see blood pooling out around him.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Rifle's down."

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: You hear a happy dog.

Hunger: Roll Alertness.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 47 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: The rottweiler is waiting right beside you, nuzzling with Duke.

Mr. Throbb: He rolls over the snow, waiting for a belly rub.

SA Keith Alan Pike: He can have one.

Hunger: You walk up to him and rub his belly. He's very pleased.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 95 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: Mariam, list your action, the bathroom calls.

Hunger: Move halfway to the long end of the barn.

Hunger: That looks right.

Ryan Innokenty: Active Conditions Partial Cover

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 55 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I tag along, how far do I move?

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Partial Cover

Hunger: You slip, you're right behind Anderson.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Failure -> 80 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: You're next to Mariam.

Alexi Arseni: Condition Changes Heavy Bleeding

Michael Sajdak: Seeing as we're very visible from that house now I'm gonna take cover on the inside before we get shot.

Hunger: Michael, you take a step inside. No need for a roll, as it's calm enough.

Hunger: A weird smell, buttery gingerbread mixed with butchery and death, is stronger here.

Hunger: The shed contains the lawn maintenance equipment, a weight-bench with barbell and dumbbells, materials for disposing of bodies, and a large stash of child pornography and snuff films. The zero-turn mower, weed-eaters, and gasoline cans are located on the left-hand side of the shed. The plastic buckets of caustic lye soda and shovels are stacked on the right. A standing workbench holding a JVC JX-C7 Multi Color Editing Processing Unit and JVC9U CRT monitor dominates the side of the shed. The equipment is flanked by two boxes of VHS tapes, one labeled "Blanks" and the other "Ready." A small black ledger on the table includes a long list of P.O. boxes, code names, quantities, and significant dollar amounts (Major \$\$\$\$ in very poor condition bills.) This is money earned from producing child pornography. The drawers in the worktable contain numerous stamps, boxes, and empty sleeves for popular VHS movies such as Lethal Weapon 2 and Troop Beverly Hills. It appears the operations in the shed were making up for the budget shortfalls in Families Without Frontiers. There's a Windows computer here powerful enough to be a workstation, alongside copies of video games and off-brand controllers. The drawers of the desk are absolutely packed to the brim with cattle steroids and sterile needles still in their packaging. Some of the bottles are dry. A 1/3rd full jerry can of gasoline is perched against some tools, conveniently there to raze the whole thing down to the last nail. Almost as if begging for you to put a bullet in it.

Hunger: You may proceed to take cover or else.

Michael Sajdak: I'll take the cash and list of addresses and leave it to George if he wants to burn this place down.

Hunger: You do so, foregoing taking cover.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George is going to hop into the shed and take cover too.

Hunger: Do so.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Condition Changes Partial Cover

Hunger: Aiming or what?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: At the porch.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Condition Changes Aiming

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Partial Cover Aiming

Hunger: No movement, Keith.

Hunger: You can break out into a sprint from the hill and make it to the building of your choice in 2+d2 turns.

Hunger: Duke will happily lead the way.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I'll go to the cottage.

Mr. Throbb: The dog sits in place almost as if waiting for you to come back.

Hunger: d2.

Duke: 1

Hunger: Duke will clear it in 2

Hunger: You, in 3.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Aiming Partial Cover

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: You round the corner.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: How far do I get to move?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 6 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: You can catch up to Maria, five meters behind.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: You're there with Darius.

Hunger: The barn door is about as wide as the path. The small door is just a door.

Michael Sajdak: I'll take cover opposite George and overwatch the porch for now.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Partial Cover Aiming

DUSM George E. Jones: Active Conditions Partial Cover Aiming

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Same.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Just watching the porch until fuckos figure out the barn.

Hunger: There's no movement where you're aiming at, George. Likewise with Michael.

Hunger: Keith, you're sprinting. You can't see any of your teammates from where you are.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Stacking up on the door, my side.

Hunger: Mariam, roll STEALTH.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 88 (Rolling Stealth Target: 30%)

Hunger: The small door in front of you is unlocking.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 99 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: Critcial failure! Too bad.

Hunger: Darius.

Hunger: You round the corner, you're directly behind Mariam.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 66 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Kostyo Vlasov: The man peeks out of the small room he was in and raises his Makarov at you.

Kostyo Vlasov: Kostyo Vlasov rolls Failure -> 50 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Kostyo Vlasov: Failure, however, due to your complete lack of cover from here, both of you throw POW.

Kostyo Vlasov: Condition Changes Partial Cover

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 25 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 79 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

Hunger: The bullets whizz close, but both of you know this is just an amateur.

Hunger: Anderson, you already rolled a critfail on your athletics.

Hunger: Move on with it.

Hunger: Tell me what you intend to do.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll form on the other side of the door.

Hunger: Oh you're running against gunfire coming from the door? Okay, that's utterly worthy of a critical "fail"

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Partial Cover Aiming

Michael Sajdak: Can we see anything in these windows?

Hunger: No, they are stapled to the drywall tight. No fucking movement.

Hunger: You're too far to hear anything as well.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: The move might be to just wait until the barn burns.

Hunger: What's burning is your element of surprise, with each turn that passes.

Hunger: The enemy is moving, they heard the shots.

Michael Sajdak: Gonna push here, between the window and porch.

Michael Sajdak: Where I believe I'll be able to get cover.

Hunger: Move. There's a beaten footpath, ignore the range reduction.

Hunger: You're in partial cover against the entrance, yeah.

Hunger: Now that you're close...

Hunger: The barracks-like construction looks clean enough aside from some mildew on the siding. No windows are visible from the front of the house. The main room is obscured by blackout curtains. There are windows to another room visible, but these are boarded shut. The porch light and a security light illuminate the parking lot and front door. The lights reflect off dirty snow churned by the footprints of children and dogs. The front door is equipped with a peep-hole and festooned in "Do Not Disturb" signs. Some signs claim that this is for the good of special needs children contained within. The curtains seem to be fastened tightly to the wall with an industrial stapler. The boarding on the windows are semi-permanent, almost a professional job done. The reinforced wood panels would take a good 10-20 minutes of loud and awkward jimmying with a crowbar, but an axe could knock it down between thirty seconds and two minutes. If you had one.

Hunger: You can see the said 'boarding' next to you.

Michael Sajdak: Anything I can hear?

Hunger: Roll Alertness.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: You can hear the loud screaming of children and unintelligible Russian inside.

Hunger: Someone's spooked.

DUSM George E. Jones: Active Conditions Partial Cover Aiming

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm coming!

Hunger: You can stack up behind him, yes.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Yes!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Condition Changes Aiming

Hunger: Duke is near the cottage. You'll be so too next turn.

Hunger: You can see Michael and George.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I want to shoot a controlled burst at this man with the intention of hitting him-- can I move past the barn door as I do so?

Hunger: Walk n shoot: -10%.

Hunger: Short burst: another -10%.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll stay in place and shoot, then. A failure will prompt a suppression roll, right?

Hunger: It does both ways. Automatic fire is terrifying.

Hunger: Roll.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: 2

Hunger: Off by one!

Kostyo Vlasov: Kostyo Vlasov rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Kostyo Vlasov: The man, however dickless he is, doesn't dive into cover.

Kostyo Vlasov: Darius, you MUST move and shoot, Mariam is right up front. Your +10% from buckshot will mitigate it.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I move northwest and shoot at the person attacking us

Hunger: Roll!

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 50 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Hunger: You can also suppress with semiauto, likewise how you can with pistols.

Hunger: Your +10% is mitigated, do you keep pulling the trigger?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Yes.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 75 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Kostyo Vlasov: Kostyo Vlasov rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Kostyo Vlasov: HE'S UNSTOPPABLE!

Kostyo Vlasov: Active Conditions Partial Cover

Kostyo Vlasov: He is going to aim for Mariam's face, in utter determination.

Kostyo Vlasov: Kostyo Vlasov rolls Failure -> 58 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Kostyo Vlasov: Condition Changes Aiming

Kostyo Vlasov: Doubtful it will work.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I want to move northwest and get a clearer shot on him.

Kostyo Vlasov: From here, you can mitigate his cover entirely.

Kostyo Vlasov: At a -10%.

Hunger: I mean you need to move.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Hunger: Damage and bodypart!

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 11

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls 1d10 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Kostyo Vlasov: Kostyo Vlasov rolls 1d6 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Leg Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Kostyo Vlasov: You hit him thick in the thigh. He goes down immediately.

Kostyo Vlasov: Condition Changes Dead Unconscious

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Partial Cover Aiming

Michael Sajdak: Heading beside the front door and taking up overwatch, I'll leave it to mister Samoan brick shithouse to kick it down.

Hunger: Move.

Michael Sajdak: Are these windows also boarded?

Hunger: All of them are. The windows next to the door have black curtains.

Michael Sajdak: Right.

Hunger: You're standing next to a glass pane for reference.

DUSM George E. Jones: Active Conditions Partial Cover

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Partial Cover

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Condition Changes Partial Cover

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm coming to kick that fucking door down.

Hunger: Go!

Hunger: Michael aims where he's aiming at. You need to kick this bitch dead in center, meaning you won't have an advantage shooting after it opens.

Hunger: It's quite heavy.

Hunger: STR.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 69 (Rolling STR Target: 80%)

Hunger: The door flies open.

Hunger: As soon as it does...

Ryan Innokenty: Ryan Innokenty rolls Failure -> 74 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Ryan Innokenty: A man inside shoots back. He's in the corner where Michael can't see.

Ryan Innokenty: Both of you, POW. It failed.

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Partial Cover

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 45 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 29 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Hunger: Bullets whizz past.

Hunger: As soon as the children see you...

Hunger: Keith, you're in range of the cottage.

Hunger: Exactly where you are.

SA Keith Alan Pike: As long as there's nobody moving, I'm going to move up to the porch.

Hunger: Waive the athletics roll, you're right at the threshold.

Hunger: So is the dog.

Hunger: MOVE!!

Hunger: Keith.

Hunger: Roll ALERTNESS.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 80 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: The smell of gingerbread cookies is absolutely overwhelming your nostrils. It smells amazing, but at the same time, it's beyond logic that there are this many cookies being baked inside.

Hunger: The shattered glass pane seems rained down on the dead boy.

Hunger: He twitches.

Hunger: You got him in the arm after all.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I'll make sure he's dead.

SA Keith Alan Pike: You know, from several feet away, with a bullet.

Hunger: You blow his head off, splitting it open like a smashed watermelon. It's pink and red everywhere.

Hunger: A sense of relief washes over you.

Hunger: You also feel a wetness rub against you inside your t-shirt.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Stacking up on the far side of the main door, pointing with my off hand at it for Fowler and Cruz to do the same at the other side.

Hunger: Do it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm getting an AIM action ready facing inside, can I do that in this turn?

Hunger: You can't move and aim.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's all for me then.

Hunger: then move

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I've moved.

Hunger: Oh Okay.

Ryan Innokenty: Active Conditions Partial Cover

Hunger: Ryan already took his turn by firing at you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Let the grenade stack up front."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I stack up at the door, opposite Mariam

Hunger: You know, you can't open a barn door like this, it needs a hell of a push.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The push will leave us exposed I reckon?

Hunger: I can more or less tell you want to open it.

Hunger: No rolls needed if you confirm.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I do.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: And I want to throw a grenade inside.

Hunger: You sling your gun and move the barn door open. The-

Hunger: ...

Hunger: Very well. Athletics.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Hunger: The grenade explodes inside.

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Aiming

Michael Sajdak: Can I hit Keith from here/

Hunger: you surely mean ryan

Michael Sajdak: Yeah

Hunger: YOU DON'T SEE HIM!

Michael Sajdak: Ok is this shit cover.

Hunger: Considering you're right next to a glass pane as I said you're about to find out on Ryan's next turn.

Michael Sajdak: I MEAN THE DESKS

Michael Sajdak: OR WHATEVER THEY ARE

Hunger: Desks next to you? They are coffee tables.

Hunger: No cover.

Hunger: actually

Hunger: MICHAEL, ROLL ALERTNESS.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 92 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Hunger: You heard a door open inside from somewhere.

Hunger: Your action is uninterrupted, what now?

Michael Sajdak: Okay then I'm staying here in overwatch and letting George kill that guy. Also I shout in Russian: "I hear you guys have no balls."

Ryan Innokenty: "FUCK YOU!"

A Girl: George, your gun is leveled.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I show him the Baltimore frontline by shooting him.

Hunger: He has 3 partial cover from the robust build of the arm chair. Throw.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 95 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Ryan Innokenty: Your pellets are lost inside of it.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I open the door and let the dog in, and I'm close behind it

Ryan Innokenty: This door?

SA Keith Alan Pike: The actual physical porch door, but eventually that one, yes

Hunger: The porch door was already open.

Hunger: Do you want to go inside?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yes

SA Keith Alan Pike: These are not all doors, are they?

Hunger: KEITH, BLIND POW.

SA Keith Alan Pike: The way the actual obscurant door piece is drawn in Foundry is preventing me from seeing which of these is a window and which is a door that goes inside the house

Hunger: The middle one that you just opened, the rest are boarded up. Anyhow.

Hunger: You twist the door handle and...

Hunger: You step inside of an idyllic cottage.

Hunger: The small, open-concept living room and kitchen of the cottage couldn't possibly be more idyllic. Its well-maintained, antique sitting room tastefully invites guests to sit on a U-shaped arrangement of matching love seats facing a grand and worn fauteuil where Yelena Kalamatiano sits, with a cup of steaming tea sitting on the adjacent end-table. The kitchen appears clean and organized. The oven is on and floods the room with the smell of gingerbread. The walls are covered in crosses and painted with ornate illuminated scenes in the Russian Orthodox style. Yelena sits as if awaiting guests, wrapped in a cozy shawl. She's startled at intruders but is still welcoming. She offers them tea, strong but delicious, "Come, I have enough for both of us, my dear."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Do I still have my gun? Is Duke here?

Hunger: What gun and what Duke? The gingerbread cookies are ready.

Hunger: What you're missing most is, a guest that you should have invited inside, to come with you.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I don't know what that means. It's time to beat this old bag to death.

Hunger: Roll POW again, blind.

Hunger: You take a seat in the opposing armchair, waiting for your own cup of tea.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Insane

Hunger: Keith went inside of the house, but his perspective is frozen.

Hunger: He's not responding to radio call, but you can't see him.

Hunger: The dog is waiting outside, growling angrily at the house.

Hunger: It refuses to take one more step closer.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm pointing at Fowler and Cruz then at this barn door. I'm moving over to the door that dead dude is splayed on and looking inside. For the sake of clarity-- the barn gate opens towards the INSIDE, and requires a John-Marston-ending style push?

Duke: The barn gate(s) open inside. You're moving somewhere entirely else.

Hunger: Are you stepping over his dead body?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Did Fowler get to open it already?

Hunger: Yeah.

Hunger: And made a huge fucking mess inside.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Okay. Yes, I'm stepping over it-- but I'd like to watch for a tripwire or something.

Hunger: No such thing. He was inside of here. The air smells that of crack cocaine.

Hunger: There is a bunch of paraphernalia over there.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I stack up on the next door?

Hunger: You do so. Locked.

Vladimir Osipov: The man comes running out of the hallway.

Vladimir Osipov: Michael, you are overwatching it.

Vladimir Osipov: He is sprinting, your aiming bonus is negated.

Vladimir Osipov: Shoot, and then he will.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 46 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: 10

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls 1d10 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Vladimir Osipov: Vladimir Osipov rolls 1d6 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Leg Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Vladimir Osipov: Ouch! Looks like his plan didn't work.

Vladimir Osipov: "SHIT! FUCKER!"

Vladimir Osipov: Condition Changes Heavy Bleeding Prone

Vladimir Osipov: Vladimir Osipov rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling CON Target: 65%)

Michael Sajdak: I shout that that can't have been the gamer.

Vladimir Osipov: He's on the floor, stunned. However, his finger is on the trigger and he will let out a burst towards your direction, on the ground.

Vladimir Osipov: Autofail.

Vladimir Osipov: Both of you, roll POW.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 2 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

A Boy: The only thing he manages to hit is a tuft of hair off a little girl with the AKSU.

Ryan Innokenty: Active Conditions Partial Cover

Hunger: Ryan will aim at your face, George.

Ryan Innokenty: Ryan Innokenty rolls Failure -> 71 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Aiming

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm walking in the barn, there shouldn't be much of anyone in there now.

Hunger: Go right on.

Hunger: What the hell is that over there?

Hunger: It's right next to where the grenade exploded, and took out two space heaters.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Can I check it out?

Hunger: The interior initially favored a large cattle operation. Much of it seems disused. The remainder of the feed sits a meter deep in a trough, and it's so mildewed it's hard to believe the cattle on the property can survive much longer. The only activity other than the wailing of the cows in the benighted barn comes from a set of metal shelves erected in the space that once held cattle chutes, their remains hastily dismantled and left in a rusty stack. The shelves hold small metal cages containing a stupefying array of pets: rabbits, rats, cats, dogs, ferrets, birds, sugar-gliders, and anything else a child might call a companion. There are even a few reptile terrariums containing snakes and turtles, their lamps plugged into an overcrowded power strip in the back. It's a two-meter testament to animal neglect. Dogs strain against cages barely large enough to contain them. Cats gnaw away at their own skin, the fur long since gone to mange, fleas, and neurosis. Each animal rains its waste down on those beneath. The piles of filth collect at the bottom of the stack of cages, mixing amongst the haphazard spray. Every creature looks malnourished and cold. Two of the three cheap space heaters set in a triangle around the stack have stopped working. Some animals have stretched through the bars to kill incompatible creatures placed next to them. Others appear to have starved or frozen. At least a quarter are dead. Each animal's cage has a name tag on it. Some of the name tags match the names of the children you gathered from FwF casefile.

Hunger: There are three cows here, cannibalizing the remains of a long dead one.

Hunger: With the help of the grenade, the animals are making a hell of a fracas, and some of them are bleeding out.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm not about to piss off a herd of cattle, I'm going to stay close to the wall.

Hunger: They seem docile, and very afraid.

Vladimir Osipov: Condition Changes Unconscious

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll move in and open the second door to the left.

Hunger: Those are gates for cattle. Not actually doors. You move past without effort.

Hunger: Is that all?

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Aiming

Michael Sajdak: If I shoot at Ryan will that interrupt his aim?

Michael Sajdak: Peeking out of cover to do so I mean.

Hunger: Only if he has to roll POW or CON. You can try to suppress him, but if you get in the way, he naturally can not bypass armor on George.

Hunger: You would be blocking george tho.

Michael Sajdak: What if I run and gun ahead of him, to like here? I'm more interested in trying to suppress him after all.

Michael Sajdak: And that way I won't block George.

Vladimir Osipov: TRY IT!!

Michael Sajdak: Okay I do that then.

Hunger: You break out into a sprint and pull on the trigger as hard as you can towards his direction.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 29 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: -20% right

Hunger: You're succeeding a suppression roll against a man who has no cover. TERRIFIED on a fail, suppressed on a success.

Ryan Innokenty: Ryan Innokenty rolls Failure -> 79 (Rolling POW Target: 35%)

Ryan Innokenty: He's suppressed!

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Aiming

Ryan Innokenty: "YOU CRAZY BITCH!"

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Partial Cover Full Cover

Ryan Innokenty: He also ducked for a prone.

Ryan Innokenty: Then you notice, he's not wearing any pants.

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Prone

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm just gonna go walk in and bust a cap in his ass over the armchair while he is splayed on the floor.

Ryan Innokenty: He's quite helpless. You may do so, but roll damage.

Ryan Innokenty: And bodypart!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: 11

DUSM George E. Jones: DUSM George E. Jones rolls 1d10 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Ryan Innokenty: Ryan Innokenty rolls 1d6 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Leg Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Ryan Innokenty: Ryan Innokenty rolls Success -> 63 (Rolling CON Target: 80%)

Ryan Innokenty: You now know where all those cattle steroids went. He's simply stunned.

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Heavy Bleeding

Ryan Innokenty: "FUCK! MOTHER!"

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I get over back to Fowler and Cruz with an athletics roll? Running that dude's pockets for keys might take too long.

Ryan Innokenty: No roll, just do it.

Hunger: What next?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Closer to Cruz if doable.

Hunger: Go ahead.

Vladimir Osipov: Active Conditions Unconscious Prone Heavy Bleeding

Hunger: The old man lets out his last breath and goes to Hell.

Hunger: Advice: the AKSU74 is right there.

Ryan Innokenty: Active Conditions Prone Heavy Bleeding Full Cover

Hunger: He's stunned and suppressed, on the next turn he'll attempt to act one last time before expiring.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to stick to cover and move on up.

Hunger: The cattle isn't gonna do anything to you, they're helpless and you'd most likely be able to kill them bare handed.

Hunger: Moving up where?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Yeah

Hunger: The way you first approached the barn?

SA Darius J. Cruz: You open the door on top, confirming its clear in and out.

Vladimir Osipov: Condition Changes Dead Heavy Bleeding

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll move in left.

Vladimir Osipov: Go.

Hunger: This side of the barn is much quieter compared to the other.

Hunger: There's an empty dog 'kennel' here.

Hunger: You can clear all of these cubicles in the same turn, if you wish.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll wait for Mariam.

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Aiming

Michael Sajdak: I ask the kids if there are any others in here while going for the deceased Vladimir's gun.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Aiming

Hunger: The kids look at you in utter terror before being recoiled at your words.

Hunger: Some scream.

Hunger: You spend a turn taking and equipping his weapon. He seems to be wearing a 6b3 titanium vest, but it's now covered in blood and likely not your size.

Vladimir Osipov: Michael, roll Search.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling Search Target: 20%)

Vladimir Osipov: You find a RGD-5 grenade in one of the pockets.

Vladimir Osipov: What was on his mind? This guy looks more or less elite.

Michael Sajdak: I'll put that in my pocket.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll be bashing this guy's head in with the rifle butt.

Hunger: He's not unconscious, but you can finish him any way you'd like.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Shotgun butt, I mean.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 53 (Rolling Melee Weapons Target: 50%)

Hunger: George, Roll.

Hunger: Relax, success.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: 8

Ryan Innokenty: "NO, NO!!"

Ryan Innokenty: You brutally cave his face in with your shotgun stock.

Hunger: George, you're losing it, faster than anyone else.

Hunger: SANLOSS.

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Unconscious Dead

DUSM George Elijah Jones: my bad

A Boy: Michael, you witnessed this brutality, you're not adapted to violence.

A Boy: You too.

Hunger: The kids don't seem that taken back by it.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: why can I not move up

SA Mariam H. Khoury: go through where the 'door' is

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Thanks. Can we sweep this in a controlled manner together?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: As in simultaneously?

Hunger: You can. You do. It's empty.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Cool.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Fowler, start dousing shit."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm just going to regroup with the others.

Ryan Innokenty: Condition Changes Heavy Bleeding

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll start dousing the barn with gasoline.

Ryan Innokenty: Everyone will exit the barn. Your action will consume your turn, its fairly simple to fuckin pour gasoline all over and light a match.

Ryan Innokenty: However, Anderson.

Hunger: Those animals have owners.

Hunger: You can feel it.

Hunger: You can carry the 'live' ones outside, as for the cattle, you can let them go.

Hunger: This will consume all 3 of your turns.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Let the animals go and start dousing, let's go."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "It's faster if we all work."

Hunger: All three of you feel this uneasy feeling.

Hunger: DARIUS, MARIAM, AGREE?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: YES.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's... we can open the cages, yes.

Hunger: You do what's on your mind and leave for the main house. You'll arrive at the start of the next turn.

Hunger: these keybinds man... michael -> george.

Michael Sajdak: I heard voices in that room on the right so that's where we're stacking up next. I take overwatch opposite the door handle again.

Hunger: Move.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Aiming Aiming Aiming

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

Hunger: george go ahead

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I stack up on the door and see if I can't open it.

Hunger: As soon as you turn the handle...

Hunger: Six outward dents appear on the steel door.

Hunger: It did not penetrate, but if it did...

Stepan Kuzmin: Condition Changes Aiming

Stepan Kuzmin: Anderson.

Hunger: You light the fire and watch it take over the large structure from away. Animals walk and fly away from it, in calm single-file order.

Hunger: You've never seen wounded and terrorized animals be this compliant before.

Hunger: You're where you are, you may act.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: The dead cow that the others were eating, was it dead from the grenade or something else earlier?

Hunger: It was half eaten, the grenade took out some poor souls inside of the cages.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll move as far as I can towards the building

Hunger: You're right at the porch, on the footpath.

Hunger: Move

Hunger: You can see the inside clearly from there.

Hunger: The front door opens into the family room. The burgundy shag carpet and drywalls are horribly dated, but both appear to have been recently cleaned. The eastern wall is lined with a dusty, empty bookcase, set low to the ground. The thick layer of dust appears completely undisturbed, as if the shelves are carefully avoided by all who live in the house. There is no furniture save a single armchair. As in the kitchen, the floor it is littered with thin, bare mattresses

where children shiver and try to sleep under the florescent lights. The television is on but plays no sound. The speakers have been disabled. A wire taped to the wall and across the ceiling runs over the room and down to the recliner, where a pair of headphones dangle from the end. The bathroom sits in the northeast corner in a spot that was professionally repurposed. It is lined with grates for the water and with a transparent shower curtain. Chores to clean the bathroom appear to be taken very seriously. It's the cleanest part of the home by far. Anyone doing their business does so in full view of whomever sits in the recliner at the head of the family room. The silent television inexplicably switches channels. The first channel shows an episode of The Crocodile Hunter. Steve Irwin inspects the teeth of a croc before the channel switches again, this time to When Animals Attack! and a photographer being mauled by a lioness. Then it's Disney's Alice in Wonderland and the teeth of the disappearing Cheshire Cat, followed by the assault on Tippi Hedren in The Birds. The television continues accelerating through images of animal savagery.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: What are these door icons, curtained-up windows?

Hunger: Those are locks, boarded up. If you had an axe you might have been able to breach one, hence the DOORS.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Did we see any doors on the other side during the initial recon work?

Hunger: There's the patio entrance but it looks like the main room was already cleared.

Hunger: Also the big, back entrance.

Hunger: No one went there.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's what I'm talking about. I'll gesture at Fowler and Cruz to come over too.

Hunger: No roll for this one. However you're now on snow.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I tag along, following Mariam towards the back entrance.

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Aiming

Michael Sajdak: I wanna throw the grenade in there.

Hunger: I need a general idea of how far.

Michael Sajdak: As far as I can reach, but I figure it being there at all will at least spook the shooter.

Hunger: Athletics.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling Athletics Target: 70%)

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Aiming

Hunger: You throw a RGD fifteen meters away.

Hunger: Roll random deviation!

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls 2d8k1 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Slow Projectile Deviation table)

Hunger: The grenade explodes almost right next to the target.

Hunger: Roll Lethality damage.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 37 (10 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For RGD-5 (B1C4D5) Target: 15)

Hunger: Bodypart!

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls 1d10 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Hunger: A heavy piece of shrapnel hits the mans 6b3 vest, dealing 6 HP.

Hunger: Hunger rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

Hunger: It's stopped by the vest.

Stepan Kuzmin: Stepan Kuzmin rolls Failure -> 87 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

Hunger: He's stunned!

Stepan Kuzmin: Condition Changes Stunned

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm here.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm going to push in and shoot at this fucker.

DUSM George E. Jones: He's got partial cover from this angle. Roll raw, move n shoot mitigated by buck

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Is it a macro?

Hunger: ROLL YOUR GUN!!!!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 69 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Hunger: Miss!

Hunger: The pellets hit the wall next to him.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

Stepan Kuzmin: Active Conditions Stunned Aiming

Stepan Kuzmin: Condition Changes Aiming

DUSM Anderson Fowler: I'll enter from here.

Stepan Kuzmin: naur, boarded

DUSM Anderson Fowler: The north?

Hunger: Everything you see locked here is BOARDED!!!

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Then I move east.

Hunger: Athletics.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We heard the explosion, correct?

Hunger: You just manage to round the corner and bump your foot on something in the process.

Hunger: Yes, you heard the explosion from inside.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We might want to turn back and follow through that doorway behind those two instead of trudging here now.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll do that.

Hunger: No roll. Enter the house.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Trying not to make eye contact with these children...

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: How far can I go?

Hunger: The silent television inexplicably switches channels. The first channel shows an episode of The Crocodile Hunter. Steve Irwin inspects the teeth of a croc before the channel switches again, this time to When Animals Attack! and a photographer being mauled by a lioness. Then it's Disney's Alice in Wonderland and the teeth of the disappearing Cheshire Cat, followed by the assault on Tippi Hedren in The Birds. The television continues accelerating through images of animal savagery.

Hunger: That's what caught your eye, trying to look away from these kids.

Hunger: If you want, you can go as far as George.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll do so and click the TV off.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: In the process.

Hunger: The button on the TV has been long, long since disabled on purpose.

Hunger: Roll Alertness, blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling Alertness Target: 70%)

Hunger: As you look for the button, you find something else. An exercise book, for the kids.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I don't want to pick it up. Guess they were keeping them from bedrotting.

Hunger: Roll POW, blind.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 94 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Hunger: You already find yourself browsing this thing left here, for you to pick up and go through. How could you refuse such a gesture?

Michael Sajdak: If Mariam gets in my way I'll be screaming at her to MOVE so I can aim at Stepan.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Wow. This is decrepit.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I toss this out now?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Rip it to shreds in fact.

Hunger: You fling it out before that thought, it's too harsh on the kids to tear something up they made for you.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: How far east can I haul it? I still think taking the back entrance is worthwhile, it might catch them off guard.

Hunger: Behind George. No roll.

Hunger: You walk past Mariam reading something.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Yeah

Hunger: Oh you mean east like to the back door?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 92 (Rolling INT Target: 55%)

Hunger: Darius, roll INT.

Hunger: Not a chance in hell that thing is not locked.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Fair enough, I'll just head inside the front then.

Hunger: As you move up...

Hunger: The kitchen of Cornucopia House would be filthy by any standards. It's unforgivable in a children's home. The taps run red with rust. Crumbs litter the grimy counters and floor. Stained and poorly-washed dishes are piled haphazardly in cupboards. There is so little food contained within that even cockroaches and ants are absent from this fracasse. The cracked linoleum flooring could cut a bare foot, but the floor is nearly blanketed in worn, smelly, mattresses at haphazard angles, each bare of bedding. Children ranging in age from three to twelve sleep on these mattresses: some with single blankets and pillows, some with nothing at all. They are bathed in hard florescent lights from all angles. One small kitchen table sits near the window to the front porch, flanked by two folding chairs. An old, 12-inch television plays a grainy VHS tape showing an unskilled teen girl figure skating.

Hunger: Showing the drawings again upon request.

Hunger: Mariam picks the thing up and browses it for a second time.

Michael Sajdak: Unless the brobdingnagian frame of George is blocking me I shall aim at Stepan's head.

Hunger: Just aim?

Michael Sajdak: ...And roll to pierce armor.

Hunger: Go on.

Michael Sajdak: Is it just 1d100?

Hunger: firearms

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 6 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Hunger: As you aim down the hallway, you notice...

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak loses a willpower point! WP: 15 → 14

Hunger: The late addition to the house is constructed of newer materials, but somehow appears in worse repair than the rest. The construction is simple. A single hallway bisects two long wings running on either side of the corridor, accessible only through a pair of doors for the girls' and boys' dormitories, colored pink and blue. The carpet is newer than in the living room but more stained. Splashes of old vomit and piss dot the walls. Holes in the plaster and fingernail marks down the corridor give the impression that multiple victims have been dragged down this hallway from the occupied main house toward the heavy-duty security door at the end. It opens to the side of the property facing the cottage. The door facing the main room is also made out of metal, however the locking system on it seems much weaker.

Hunger: George, try not to interrupt Michael's aim.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: If I move along the wall where Mariam is standing and shoot at the fucker will it interrupt aim?

Hunger: Also, everyone, kindly lose 2 WP out of resisting suppression.

Hunger: No.

Hunger: Move n shoot roll raw.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak loses a willpower point!WP: 14 → 13

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak loses a willpower point!WP: 13 → 12

Hunger: TABLE DROP 2WP EACH WITH THE MACRO

Hunger: I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT BUT IT'S COOL

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 55
(Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz loses a willpower point!WP: 16 → 15

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz loses a willpower point!WP: 15 → 14

Hunger: George, misfire!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury loses a willpower point!WP: 13 → 12

Hunger: You'll clear it on the next turn.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury loses a willpower point!WP: 12 → 11

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

Stepan Kuzmin: Active Conditions Stunned

Hunger: He's going to roll to clear his stun.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones loses a willpower point!WP: 10 → 9

Stepan Kuzmin: Stepan Kuzmin rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones loses a willpower point!WP: 9 → 8

Stepan Kuzmin: He clears it on the start of next turn.

Stepan Kuzmin: Condition Changes Stunned

Hunger: Clear the corner, no roll.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Moving alongside Jones-- I can shoot around him as I move up, correct?

Hunger: You can shoot him without moving if you want.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll do that.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 90 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I should've declared BURST, my fault.

Stepan Kuzmin: Stepan Kuzmin rolls Failure -> 63 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Stepan Kuzmin: He's not suppressed.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Do I have a good enough angle to aim at Stepan?

Stepan Kuzmin: No.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'll head up north, then, and stack at the door next to the TV

Hunger: Go on.

Hunger: You notice that the girl in the video tape eventually falls, hard.

Michael Sajdak: Short burst on Stepan.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 58 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Stepan Kuzmin: Stepan Kuzmin rolls Success -> 2 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: i'm aiming right

Stepan Kuzmin: NOT A CHANCE!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Dude.

Hunger: short burst: -10% aiming: +20%

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Is my gun jammed?

Hunger: My bad, body part first.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls 1d10 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Hunger: His left leg is covered. Roll Damage against 6 points of drywall.

Michael Sajdak: 7

Hunger: He takes a scrape to his left leg.

Stepan Kuzmin: George.

Hunger: Your misfire is clean.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll cleanly shoot at this guy again.

Hunger: Send it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

DUSM George Elijah Jones: 11

DUSM George E. Jones: DUSM George E. Jones rolls 1d10 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Random Hit Location d10 table)

Stepan Kuzmin: Condition Changes Unconscious Dead

Stepan Kuzmin: Stepan Kuzmin rolls 1d6 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Leg Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Stepan Kuzmin: "Fuuuck-!"

Stepan Kuzmin: He sags on the floor, passing out.

Stepan Kuzmin: Condition Changes Prone

Stepan Kuzmin: All five of you notice a dead silence take over.

Hunger: The smell of gingerbread cookies is replaced with thick, viscous smell of decomposing flesh. You'd say it's a long dead body, but there's none here.

Hunger: The fight is not over.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I want to move up but George should be in the lead. Guess I'll just stand here.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to overwatch this door and signal for someone else to come over, running in alone seems like suicide.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Condition Changes Aiming

Michael Sajdak: I'll head to the opposite side of the door Darius is watching and try the handle.

Michael Sajdak: Oh.

Hunger: It opens easily from this side.

Hunger: There was a key next to the TV.

Hunger: No enemies.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll go check the door where I just killed this guy.

Hunger: George, you step inside over his corpse.

Hunger: He's still breathing, although lightly.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: He can stay there.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: What's up with this room?

Hunger: It's immediately clear that no boy has ever lived here. Blue comforters, far superior to anything in use by the shivering children sleeping on the floors outside, adorn two rows of double beds that have enough space for everyone in the house, boy or girl. Drawers are stuffed with moth-eaten clothes that appear to be never worn. Closets are packed full of dusty, unused sports equipment. Walls are lined with posters of sports stars from years ago: Ken Griffey Jr., Hulk Hogan, Bo Jackson. They peel from the walls where ancient sticky tack has gone dry, but their colors remain bright from so little exposure to light.

Hunger: Roll SEARCH.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling Search Target: 20%)

Hunger: First of all, you turn the lights on.

Hunger: A cardboard box in the corner reads "Punishment" and is filled with dolls, action figures, and stuffed animals. Toys near the top of the pile have been modified by the former owners. Every cartoon animal appears to have been retrofitted with marker to bear bloody teeth and claws. An unlabeled cardboard box contains a variety of plastic face masks intended to make the wearers look like animals. They are sized for adults and smell of sweat.SANLOSS.

Hunger: You can continue exploring this section freely.

Hunger: It's dead quiet, and you feel nothing but the stagnant air and that SMELL.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

Hunger: George is free to do a tour of that section as others act.

Hunger: Anderson is still lost in the 'reels.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I wanna stack up on this door and get ready for George to be ready to follow up-- but can I reach for my pistol and execute this dude from there?

Hunger: You do so without a second thought.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Clicking my finger afterwards to call for George's attention.

Hunger: Continue.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's it, waiting.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'll be coming to stack up.

Hunger: George can stack up, to speed things.

SA Darius J. Cruz: Active Conditions Aiming Aiming

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to head to the first door on the left the corridor, not before signalling Michael to come with.

Hunger: I'm accelerating Anderson's missed turns. He manages to open the heavy security door from the outside.

Hunger: We're back.

Michael Sajdak: Gonna take point on the door Darius is at and try it.

Hunger: Go ahead

Hunger: It's a closet.

Michael Sajdak: Anything interesting inside?

A Boy: No, mundane crap. The one north contains the water heater for the showers.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Trying this door.

Hunger: No resistance on the other side.

Hunger: Go in?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Alright.

DUSM George E. Jones: I assume Mariam follows suit.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yes. Where's the light switch?

Hunger: Here.

Hunger: The dorm is immaculate and empty. Each bed is pristinely made with pink comforters. An elaborate wallpaper mural dominates one side of the main room, depicting cartoon animals that cavort around a maypole as a small girl holds a tea party with fantasy creatures. Dressers brim with neatly folded, donated clothing. New dolls and stuffed animals, some still in the original wrapping, flank every pillow. The closet holds nothing except the cleaning supplies used to maintain this facade. It's uncertain if the purpose of the dormitory was to taunt the children or concoct some illusion necessary to keep authorities from investigating Cornucopia House. What is clear is that no child has slept in this room. Ever.

Hunger: Mariam, roll SEARCH.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 86 (Rolling Search Target: 70%)

Hunger: You fail to find anything interesting, but George does. He may investigate it, if he pleases.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Ending my turn here, looking at the opposite side of the room.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: George, you checking it?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Sure.

DUSM George E. Jones: George.

Hunger: You notice something odd about the tea party. The girl having brunch with animal friends has a small arched line surrounding her head, barely noticeable. Picking at the line reveals that an incision has been cut into the wallpaper. Folding the heads of the painted creatures back and down at the neck reveals something written on the sticky side of the paper. The symbol drawn on the other side is a birthmark. It's not yours, but you feel like it is inscribed in exact detail as if it were some inscrutable glyph copied from memory.

Hunger: How you got that immaculate sense of déjà-vu, is anyone's guess.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Was something supposed to pop up?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Nevermind.

Hunger: No, you don't know what you're looking at, other than this feeling you got.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: All good. I'll check the little annex.

Hunger: It's empty, as empty as the northern section.

Hunger: You two are free to explore.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Oh, God.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That was us in the drawing.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm heading to the next door down and holding the angle.

Hunger: You're looking at the fucking wall there's no angle

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Is that not a door?

Hunger: can you ping it

Hunger: select token + O

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Appolonova's missing."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Back with the guys."

Hunger: Mariam, you walked right past the section of the wall George tore. Roll Alertness, blind.

Hunger: Mariam, you close in on the wall and take a good look at the drawing. It looks exactly like the birthmark you have right behind your left knee. It's the size of a dime, but here, it's enlarged to a dinner plate.

Hunger: Did you just realize that what the drawings you came across entailed?

Hunger: How do you explain it?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I can't. Something's watching us.

Hunger: SANLOSS.

Hunger: Darius, proceed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury rubs her eyes.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to walk in this room and aim to the east as I do so.

Hunger: You do. It's clear, save for a naked little girl covering in fear in the corner.

Hunger: Anderson is going to guard this rear door, in case someone comes up.

Hunger: Michael.

Hunger: Why is the building dead silent, and where is that SMELL coming from?

Michael Sajdak: I'll check the room in front of me and brace for the worst. Surely something is long-dead in here, somewhere.

Hunger: It's the bathroom. Empty.

Hunger: Filthy, but not as filthy as to emanate that stink.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Do we have anything more to do here?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "We should probably check the other building.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I think we're done here."

Hunger: Keith is not responding to radio and it looks like the building is more or less clear.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Have Sajdak and Cruz checked over their side completely?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We should be hearing that over comms.

Hunger: They got two more rooms.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: We're backing them up.

Hunger: You can walk up to them.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Tell me where to stop, I guess

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm checking this closet, in the off chance there's someone there.

Hunger: Empty, save for more and more filthy clothes and disgusting shit like porn magazines and bongs.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Did I see a redhaired kid as I walked over here?

Hunger: None of these kids have red hair. They all look vaguely Eastern European, some of them American.

Michael Sajdak: I'll check the first door on my right here.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Red hat...?

Hunger: That's a walk-in closet, filled to the brim with more crap.

Hunger: The room itself... the cameras...

Hunger: Michael, you really are helpless out here. You can tell more or less what these rooms are meant for, and that none of them belong to just one staff member.

Hunger: You're -decades- too late.

Hunger: SANLOSS.

Michael Sajdak: At the very least we've effected something like justice and, at least so far, we haven't encounteed any dead children. Can I check the other room on my turn?

A Girl: It's the bathroom.

Hunger: Masters bathroom, to be exact.

Michael Sajdak: I'll check the toilet just to be safe.

Hunger: Clear, not literally but no one here to kill you.

Michael Sajdak: And then radio that all is clear.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Insane

Hunger: George, you open the door. It's immediately apparent from the angle that no one is inside.

Hunger: Likewise, more blood, fluids, piss stains, cameras and dirty clothes.

Hunger: The closet is also empty.

Hunger: The house seems clear.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "We gotta get Keith."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "He must've gone to the other building."

Michael Sajdak: "Is everyone else accounted for?"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Let's go."

Michael Sajdak: "Of course."

Hunger: Everyone, move outside and head north to the stairs.

Hunger: This takes about 5-6 turns, abstracted.

Hunger: Don't move more than a meter after you get out the stair.

Hunger: Right. Let's see.

Hunger: Anderson will provide cover from outside. You four may move in.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Calling Duke over with gestures.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: What's he doing?

Hunger: Duke refuses to budge an inch. He seems to be growling at the cottage.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Is there an entrance out back?

Hunger: Find out.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Gesturing at Cruz to follow.

Hunger: Fucking pause for a second, we're continuing from turn one where you stand.

SA Darius J. Cruz: Michael, act again.

Michael Sajdak: I'll head inside and trudge past Alexi's body. Anything I notice from the foyer, or whatever this is?

Sabina Appolonov: You notice that although the glass is broken, the freeze effect stands, as if a mist or a hotboxed car.

Michael Sajdak: Strange. I can only hope I'm not about to get killed by Russian warlock magic as I stack up against the furthest door down.

Hunger: The door is in the middle, how hard can it be to miss it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm stacking up and trying the door.

Hunger: The door is unlocked. You can open it.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Opened.

Hunger: As soon as you open the door, the stench becomes OVERWHELMING to the entire party.

Hunger: It's like you buried your face in a rotting corpse.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Must be even worse without the PPE.

Yelena Kalamatiano: The main room looks like something out of a fever dream. You see an ancient hag wearing nothing but a filthy bathrobe. The room stinks like a slaughterhouse, and the furniture is stained so badly that any self-respecting thrift store would set it on fire. The murals on the wall are profane, sadistic images in the Russian Orthodox style. The crosses hang upside down. Cockroaches and other insects crawl on the floors. Sitting on the rotting pile of cotton and spring, Yelena is undoing her garbs to reveal large, grotesque bulbous grows that resemble penises, vaginas, uteri, scrota, mammary glands and other things. They all twitch and move on their own to an unknowable motion. Dark 'milk' flows out of it into a gilded vessel the size of a shot glass.

SA Keith A. Pike: Keith is sitting calmly, waiting for a second cup of tea.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Boarded up?

Hunger: Mariam, you feel a sense of INCREDIBLE urgency after the door was opened. Everyone does.

Hunger: It feels like a hand is on your shoulder.

Hunger: You can run at max efficiency without a roll. And yes, all those locks are boards

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I NEED TO GET IN THERE!!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm going in.

Sabina Appolonov: "WELCOME, FUCKER!"

Sabina Appolonov: Sabina Appolonov rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Firearms Target: 35%)

Sabina Appolonov: Both barrels go off at the same time, both missing spectacularly.

Sabina Appolonov: Mariam, roll POW.

Sabina Appolonov: Condition Changes Partial Cover

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: In thee do I put my trust...

Hunger: The guiding hand holds you from falling backwards.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm hauling ass inside, too.

Hunger: Then what?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Could I run in and try and aim at whoever just shot now?

Hunger: No move & aim but you can shoot

SA Darius J. Cruz: At a -20%.

Hunger: With a shotgun, -10%.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Hunger: You miss.

Yelena Kalamatiano: Yelena is unbothered of being seconds away from death.

Michael Sajdak: I'll aim at Yelena if I can from here.

Yelena Kalamatiano: You're blocked.

Michael Sajdak: Then the other chick.

Hunger: You're also blocked, not from here.

Michael Sajdak: How about I just walk up to Yelena and shoot.

Hunger: -10%.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 1 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: Can I call the body part with that

Hunger: Sure, she's standing still.

Hunger: Roll damage.

Michael Sajdak: I dome her.

Hunger: Hunger rolls 1d6 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Head Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Michael Sajdak: 5

Yelena Kalamatiano: You took a huge chunk out of the womans neck. The head hangs free, looking back at you as it dangles.(16hp damage).

Yelena Kalamatiano: She seems unbothered. She tries to say something, but black liquid sprays out of her neck stump instead of words.

Yelena Kalamatiano: The tits squirt their last. She sags on the floor.

Yelena Kalamatiano: Condition Changes Dead Unconscious

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Insane

SA Keith A. Pike: Keith, you're back.

Hunger: You were just about to enter through the door, where the fuck are you?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Good question. Lost time? How do I feel?

Hunger: There's some warm black fluid around your mouth, but you're otherwise okay.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I wipe it away and stand up. Is Appolonva still alive over there?

Hunger: The more important thing you immediately notice is the black thing on the floor in front of you, vaguely shaped as a woman, seeping out the same substance wiped around your mouth.

Hunger: TABLE, SANLOSS.

Hunger: None of you have any idea what the fuck is going on anymore. It's not looking bright for any of you. You need to end this now.

Hunger: Keith, you're unarmed, unsheathe something.

Hunger: DEX to pull that out in time.

SA Keith Alan Pike: I need a free hand to gag myself, really, that's more important.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Much more important to me, personally, than getting in a gunfight right this second.

Hunger: It's a bit too late for that Keith, it's already down your throat.

Hunger: It's sickly sweet.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Sure, and it'll come right back up, just like everything else when you throw up.

Hunger: Draw the gun or try to vomit

SA Keith Alan Pike: I made my choice to try to vomit.

Hunger: Roll CON.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Failure -> 75 (Rolling CON Target: 55%)

Hunger: Good, you failed. You hurl a bunch of dark bile on the floor.

Hunger: That being said, the floor became cleaner compared to before.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Stunned

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm heading in to kill that bitch.

Hunger: Roll!

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 55 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Hunger: You lose your grip on it and shoot too fast. Pellets go all over.

Sabina Appolonov: Active Conditions Partial Cover

Hunger: Sabina drops to full cover and reloads the shotgun.

Sabina Appolonov: Condition Changes Partial Cover Full Cover

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm rushing over and executing her.

Sabina Appolonov: She's active, you can shoot or suppress.

Sabina Appolonov: It looks like you dropped your rifle and pulled out a pistol too.

Sabina Appolonov: DEX for the quickdraw!

Sabina Appolonov: Or, alternatively, just fucking overpower her or something.

Sabina Appolonov: Your call.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: RIGHT NOW?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: WHERE'D MY GUN GO

Sabina Appolonov: Right now, dropping your gun is free with the sling attachment (still on your person) but pulling out the pistol is a dex

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I pull out my knife, grab her by the hair and stab her in the throat repeatedly?

Sabina Appolonov: Melee Roll at a +20% since she's prone.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: By GOD'S will.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 98 (Rolling Melee Weapons Target: 50% (30%+20%))

Sabina Appolonov: God doesn't have a lot of authority here.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Tell me I've got her by the hair at least!

Sabina Appolonov: You pinned her. You're in a struggle.

Sabina Appolonov: "GET OFF ME BITCH!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You... die... TONIGHT."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to run up and try and kick the fuck out of Sabina, I don't want to miss and shoot Mariam.

Hunger: Unarmed at -20%. Half damage on failure, hit Mariam on crit.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 28 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 40%)

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: 2

Hunger: Failure. Roll damage.

Hunger: You don't do much of anything.

Hunger: "WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?"

Michael Sajdak: I'm going to get around to that chick's head while she's being held down and aim so that I can just execute her if nobody else puts her down.

Hunger: Active struggle, no execution.

Hunger: It's extremely dangerous to be shooting.

Michael Sajdak: In which case I'll do what Darius did and try to curb stomp her.

Hunger: Same rules, hit it.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 42 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: 2

Hunger: 1: down2: up

Hunger: 1

Hunger: She has a much higher pain tolerance than you thought she would have.

SA Keith A. Pike: Active Conditions Stunned

SA Keith A. Pike: Keith, CON to get back into it.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 19 (Rolling CON Target: 55%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: Condition Changes Stunned

SA Keith Alan Pike: I just need to get out of this building, the old woman is dead and there are three people stomping the other woman to death.

Hunger: No roll needed to escape. Cowardly, but perhaps for the best outcome.

Hunger: Keith walks past you, looking like a ghost.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George is going to go and.... yeah, he's leaving too.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: We're done here.

Sabina Appolonov: Active Conditions Full Cover

Hunger: Sabina will struggle at an entire -40% to get off.

Sabina Appolonov: Sabina Appolonov rolls Failure -> 93 (Rolling STR Target: 60%)

Sabina Appolonov: She's still held tight.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I've still got my knife in my hand, how do I go about pinning her down and stabbing the shit out of her throat or gut in the struggle?

Hunger: A knife gets no maluses at this range, a Melee roll would be fair to account for the struggle.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 71 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 40%)

Hunger: I forgot to say it, roll again at +20% if you aim for the center of mass.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 77 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 60% (40%+20%))

Hunger: You manage to cut yourself on it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "STOP FUCKING STRUGGLING BITCH!"

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm going to, once again, try and curb stomp Sabina

Sabina Appolonov: "YOU SUCK!"

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Failure -> 50 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 40%)

Sabina Appolonov: Same exact.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: 5

Hunger: Waive bodypart dice. You get her in the head for a full 4 HP.

Sabina Appolonov: Sabina Appolonov rolls 1d6 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Head Minor Wounds (3, 4 Dmg) table)

Sabina Appolonov: You brutally knock out a tooth.

Sabina Appolonov: "AUUGH!"

Michael Sajdak: Once again I'm kicking this lady's head in.

Hunger: Throw. She's a bit disoriented after that, so +20% for this time.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 50%)

Michael Sajdak: 1

Hunger: You strike the skullcap, but it doesn't do a whole lot.

Sabina Appolonov: Waiting here?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yes, nothing else to be done.

Hunger: The cottage porch is enclosed in cheap windows and furnished with metal folding chairs, a space heater, and a cheap TV stand that holds ashtrays. Oddly, the front window, while it has its curtains drawn back, reveals nothing about the building's interior. Though it is lit with a warm glow inside, the glass is obscured by some sort of frost. With the heater blasting inside the porch, however, there's no way ice could have formed on the window's exterior, and the opaqueness doesn't seem to be part of the treatment. Outside, from inside, seems perfectly visible.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: They look like they got a handle on it.

Sabina Appolonov: Active Conditions Full Cover

Sabina Appolonov: -40%

Sabina Appolonov: Sabina Appolonov rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 33 (Rolling STR Target: 60%)

Sabina Appolonov: Critical failure. She gives out.

Sabina Appolonov: "PLEASE! NO!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Okay, now it's going through her throat for sure.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Passionately so.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: And a few more times.

Sabina Appolonov: You stab her neck until you are covered in red.

Sabina Appolonov: Condition Changes Dead

Sabina Appolonov: The knife slips off your hand and drops with a clink. It's over.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury leans back, sitting on the grimy floor.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Check..."

Hunger: The SMELL is not gone and ALL OF YOU can tell.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "...fucking rooms." I'm panting. "Kids."

Hunger: The snowstorm seems to be calming as well.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "Hey, you guys doing okay?"

Hunger: The three who held down Sabina and brutally stabbed her and curbstomped her, SANLOSS.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "We gotta burn this fuckin' place down."

DUSM Anderson Fowler: "There a kid inside?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: surely this is SANGAIN

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I dunno!"

Hunger: Enough chit chat, there may be a kid in one of those rooms, fucking go.

DUSM George E. Jones: GEORGE. ROLL DODGE.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Dodge Target: 30%)

Hunger: A dead little girl flops on your arms, your body softening her collapse.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Fuck!"

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George lays her against the wall.

Hunger: She's dead. No need to put salt on the wound. SANLOSS. You'll have to get rid of her.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is inspecting the body on the porch while everyone is inside. He looks young.

Hunger: Keith, not much to inspect since you disintegrated his fucking skull, but you recognize the growths and the tattoos.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Does this bitch have those growths too?

Hunger: Yes.

SA Keith Alan Pike: He's just mulling over if this was a victim-turned-victimizer or not. It's unimportant.

Hunger: Darius and Michael, you may move.

Hunger: George, the smell in this room is so abhorrent that you immediately retch behind you and hurl.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Condition Changes Stunned

DUSM George E. Jones: Even for a big guy like you.

Hunger: The N95 is doing jack shit against this.

Hunger: Might as well throw it away, it did not exactly help you.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George is taking of the PPE and will let someone else investigate the room of evil smells instead.

Michael Sajdak: "What the hell are we doing with the kids in the house? The only thing I can think of is calling 911, but if the police get to them and learn what happened here."

Hunger: What the fuck is he talking about... that idea is so stupid you don't even register it... please move.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury stands up and dusts herself off.

SA Darius J. Cruz: Darius.

Hunger: The other bedroom in the house serves as a cell, padded, sound-proofed with empty egg cartons, and filthy. The only furnishings are a tray holding implements of torture, a filthy bucket, and chains looped through boltholes in the far wall. The corner near the restraints has some battered dolls, papers, and crayons scattered about. There's a mattress, stained in blood and fluids. The boy chained to the radiator looks at you absently, as if you were standing there all along. He is next to a notebook and a handful of crayons. After a moment of looking at each other, you shoot the rusty chain off its hinge at the bracelet with perfect accuracy, and the chain crashes on the ground with a rustle. You swear you didn't just do that. SANLOSS.

A Blonde Boy: The little boy gets up and dusts himself off, staring at you with no expectations.

A Blonde Boy: He's leaving.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Does he have a red hat perchance?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "What the fuck...?"

A Blonde Boy: No, just clumps of blonde hair. This is, in fact, the kid that made the tree bark.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "STOP!"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "KID!"

Hunger: You fall on deaf ears. You get the biggest goosebumps of your life after saying that, and are stopped on your tracks.

A Blonde Boy: He begins running towards the flock of animals near the barn.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What... the fuck... are you...?"

Michael Sajdak: I give chase.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Where the fuck's my dog?

Hunger: Michael.

Michael Sajdak: Duke is currently barking and growling at Michael, almost as if protecting the blonde boy.

Michael Sajdak: You'll have to fight him to get past.

Hunger: Keith is watching you.

Michael Sajdak: I'm not getting my throat munched on thank you very much.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Mariam.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Aside from an ancient bed, chest of drawers, and a small chamber pot absolutely reeking of human shit, the room is entirely dedicated to grotesque blasphemy. Bones and desiccated body parts lay splayed on the floor in arcane shapes. The walls hold more smeared bodily fluids than paint. A roll-top desk sags under the weight of frantically scrawled notes in Cyrillic next to obscene drawings and photographs similar to those found in the cartoon cat folder. On top of the rotten wood desk lies a single, ancient notebook. In one corner lies a pile of dead rats with the words *Смерть шпионам* scrawled on the wall above the corpses in blood. The collection of slain rodents appears to have been going on for some time. Upon its discovery, a

living rat wiggles out from beneath the pile and seems to regard you. The rat has blood around its mouth from cannibalizing its peers. It stares at you emptily.SANLOSS.

Hunger: You're at the edge.

Hunger: Michael can, if he wishes to.

Michael Sajdak: And I oblige, patting George on the back on my way to help him empty his guts.

Hunger: (THE WORK IS IN RUSSIAN, ONLY MICHAEL CAN UNDERSTAND IT)A disorganized jumble of papers contain Yelena Kalamatiano's journals, experimental logs, enemies list, and recipes. These documents represent a lifetime spent pursuing the mysteries of the so called the Magna Mater or Great Mother, as part of a patriarchal subculture unappreciative of her gifts: a horrifying subsect of the Skoptsi. You recognize the names Dovchenko, Berezhkov and Karpov on the list. However, to delve further any of this blasphemy, you need to do some serious studying. There is only one English entry in the entire notebook. It is part of the log of children that have stayed here since the renovations in late 80s. To calculate the ones before, you have nothing to go on from but a wild guess. Most of them are crossed out.121: CONRADIN

Hunger: Mariam.

Hunger: It didn't occur to you before but there's another exercise book, in an hard-to-see spot.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: It's as if my feet and arm are moving on my own.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Let's take a look.

Hunger: Something is stirring on the living room floor.

Hunger: You hear the noise of a digestive track and the pleased moaning of... something.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Hall and Noella..." My inspection is cut short as I notice the squelching.

Hunger: Your lungs are completely submerged in the stink, as if a straw forced down pure rot down it.

Yelena Kalamatiano: Yelena starts rapidly twitching on the floor.

Hunger: She melts into a puddle of blackness.

Hunger: The lights are going out.

Michael Sajdak: "We need to go."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're leaving."

Michael Sajdak: Is what I say, sprinting out.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Move, Jones."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "Let's get outta here."

Hunger: EVERYONE WHO WISHES TO RUN, ATHLETICS, BLIND.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Outdoor characters, too?

Hunger: Michael, you trip on something and fall prone. The rest of you are frozen in place, unable to move.

Hunger: Outdoor characters, the invisible hand is pushing you inside. It will take a great deal of POW to resist.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Anderson walks inside, as if entranced.

Michael Sajdak: "GET OUT! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!"

Hunger: The stirring thing gets more coalescent.

SA Keith A. Pike: Keith, you walk inside and draw your powerful hunting rifle.

Hunger: It's almost as if you're expecting it's forthcoming.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Hopefully aware enough to put some more bullets inside it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "FOW-LER." I'm pointing at wherever he's got the fuel stored.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Prone

DUSM George Elijah Jones: Condition Changes Stunned

Unnatural Daughter: It takes form, of a gigantic uterus, and then a penis, and then...

SA Keith A. Pike: 13

Michael Sajdak: 15

Unnatural Daughter: 14

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 12

DUSM George E. Jones: 13

SA Darius J. Cruz: 12

Unnatural Daughter: TABLE, SANLOSS.

Hunger: Mariam, George, Darius, private panic reactions.

Hunger: Anderson is giving it all he can. HUGE target, rapid semiautomatic fire may connect.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 88

DUSM Anderson Fowler: 16hp damage. He manages to cut off some kind of appendage of it.

Unnatural Daughter: You cant tell if the thing is writhing in pain or moaning in pleasure.

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Prone

Unnatural Daughter: You're on the floor, but you may shoot against the huge target.

Michael Sajdak: Long burst.

Unnatural Daughter: No can do, semi suppression at lethality 10. Roll.

Unnatural Daughter: Actually, nevermind, it's too fucking big to miss.

Unnatural Daughter: Just throw a d100.

Michael Sajdak: 29

Unnatural Daughter: It doesn't seem that interested.

Unnatural Daughter: The Unnatural Daughter self mutilates with claws.

Unnatural Daughter: Black ooze sprays all over the floor.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Well, there's nothing for me to do here but shoot something that looks important.

Unnatural Daughter: d100.

SA Keith A. Pike: 65

Unnatural Daughter: You blast out one of its eyes. It moans.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George is skedaddling out of here immediately, post-haste.

Unnatural Daughter: Jumping in front of that many guns?

Unnatural Daughter: Amusing. Roll POW.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 93 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Unnatural Daughter: You know no better, and block Keith in the process.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius takes a step back, otherwise frozen in fear.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'd shout to get the fuck out of the way, but there's a lump in my throat. I'm shoving everyone aside as I make for the door.

Hunger: Roll POW

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 61 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Hunger: You manage to sidestep Keith and make for the door.

Hunger: Anderson will...

Hunger: Oh, right, he spent his grenade on some animals.

Hunger: 84

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: he got fuel doe

Hunger: He's too busy shooting at the thing.

Hunger: Pellets disappear in the abyss of its body.

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Prone

Michael Sajdak: I get up and join the others in getting out of here.

Hunger: DEX.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling DEX Target: 75%)

Hunger: You're up. The doorway is... quite crowded.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Prone

Michael Sajdak: Can I try my luck with the window?

Michael Sajdak: Or is it boarded up

Hunger: You're full of adrenaline, might as well.

Hunger: STR.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 33 (Rolling STR Target: 60%)

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Prone

Hunger: With a fantastic crash, you lumber out of the boarded window.

Hunger: You're on the floor again.

Hunger: Unnatural Daughter will attempt to grab a target. 1 to 5, left to right.

Hunger: 1

Hunger: Darius.

Unnatural Daughter: Unnatural Daughter rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling DEX Target: 70%)

Unnatural Daughter: A tentacle latches onto you.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Condition Changes Restrained

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith wants to leave, but you can't leave someone behind.

SA Keith Alan Pike: So - shooting, shooting where the appendage meets the body.

Hunger: Roll.

SA Keith Alan Pike: SA Keith Alan Pike rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60%)

SA Keith Alan Pike: 11

Hunger: You blast the tentacle off.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Condition Changes Restrained

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George, however, can leave someone behind. He's still proceeding with getting out.

Hunger: The doorway is quite crowded, on a succesful POW roll you're taking the better exit out.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: DUSM George Elijah Jones rolls Failure -> 98 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Hunger: Nope, you crash past these other two idiots.

Hunger: The strength is unmatchedable.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Stunned

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Condition Changes Stunned Stunned Stunned

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Darius is still shook to the core, the fact that /thing/ touched him hardly doing much to help with that fact. His feet remain anchored with fear.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz rolls Success -> 15 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

Hunger: Darius, POW.

Hunger: You are now sentient enough to recognize that the second tentacle may not be so kind.

Hunger: SO ACT

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Finally getting his shit together, Darius tries to haul ass outta there.

Hunger: You get to choose which exit.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: Can I just rush out of the door, over the other two?

Hunger: They are already tossed aside, you do so.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Active Conditions Stunned

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm still fucking rattled-- but could Jones' shoving me against the doorframe have knocked some sense into me?

Hunger: Find out with a POW +20%

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 15 (Rolling POW Target: 95% (75%+20%))

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Condition Changes Stunned

Hunger: You're not going anywhere without that kid.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Where's Fowler's gas canister? Can I grab it off him?

Hunger: Roll Search, blind.

Hunger: He left it on this plastic chair that Arseni used to frequent until an hour ago, conveniently.

Hunger: You can retrieve it instantly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Guessing grabbing him by the vest and pulling him out wouldn't be so instant?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Just to get him past the doorway.

Hunger: The can is just sitting there

Hunger: Oh, you can squeeze past.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Alright, I'm going for the can. And opening it. And splashing that shit inside.

Hunger: Mariam, the reason why you snapped out is the body of that kid in the closet.

Hunger: Don't forget that.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Okay. I'm drawing the rifle and shooting over Anderson if it's possible in the same turn.

Hunger: Throw. No malus against huge target.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: As long a burst as possible!

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 89 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Hunger: The coathanger sear inside of it holds up fairly well.

Hunger: Roll Damage.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: 8

Hunger: LETHALITY damage

Hunger: yes

SA Mariam H. Khoury: 66

Hunger: You saw off what looks like a cock, one of the many swinging around its giant body.

Hunger: This time, for certain, it reacts with pain.

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Active Conditions Stunned

DUSM Anderson Fowler: DUSM Anderson Fowler rolls Success -> 59 (Rolling CON Target: 70%)

DUSM Anderson Fowler: Condition Changes Stunned

Hunger: Anderson is backstepping to get out of that window, since bullets are whizzing past him.

Michael Sajdak: Active Conditions Prone

Michael Sajdak: Can I shoot at it from here?

Hunger: You're prone.

Hunger: Un-prone yourself.

Michael Sajdak: I do that.

Michael Sajdak: Condition Changes Prone

Hunger: No need for a second dex after a crit success... from here you can see massive parts of it despite being right behind Keith. Shoot at no risk.

Hunger: This thing fills 1/3rd of the entire room, that's why none of you have been missing.

Michael Sajdak: I do so, hoping to stun or annoy it or anything really while the stragglers escape.

Michael Sajdak: Damage?

Hunger: d100

Michael Sajdak: 30

Hunger: Close but no cigar. You put some bullets into what looks like labia majoris, but WHAT ARE YOU EVEN SHOOTING AT?

Unnatural Daughter: Lethality goal was 10%, you dealt 3hp.

Unnatural Daughter: The thing looks at Keith, almost recognizing him.

Unnatural Daughter: "Would you like some more tea, my dear?"

Unnatural Daughter: It seems to open up a pussy on top of its head, an elongated cock extending from inside of it, pointing at you.

Unnatural Daughter: Unnatural Daughter rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 20 (Rolling STR [INHUMAN] Target: 110)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "GOD!"

Unnatural Daughter: It's reeling back, soon to strike.

SA Keith Alan Pike: What's there to do other than shoot blindly and bail out the north door?

Unnatural Daughter: Pray, accept your death, shoot yourself, but these are Counterproductive.

SA Keith Alan Pike: There's still a few things to live for. Keith will just drop the gun and bail, bullets aren't helping anymore.

Hunger: The cock-thing produces a ballistic crack as it goes right above your head. You dodge it at the last second.

Hunger: Everyone is outside. TABLE, ROLL LUCK. BLIND.

Michael Sajdak: Michael Sajdak rolls 1d2 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

DUSM George E. Jones: DUSM George E. Jones rolls 1d2 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

SA Keith A. Pike: SA Keith A. Pike rolls 1d2 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

SA Mariam H. Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury rolls 1d2 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

SA Darius J. Cruz: SA Darius J. Cruz rolls 1d2 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Luck d2 table)

Unnatural Daughter: The thing lumbers after you and manages to reach the door sill. When it extends a tentacle outside the threshold to reach Darius, it starts undergoing months of decomposition in seconds.

Unnatural Daughter: The smell is about to break your mind... but as suddenly it came it leaves.

Unnatural Daughter: It returns to Earth.

Hunger: Black puddle of goo spills out of the door and wets your boots.

Hunger: It's sucking back into the soil.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm running inside.

SA Mariam H. Khoury: Do so. The lights come on.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Fireman carrying the child.

A Girl: Consider it moved around.

Hunger: Everyone else may act.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is looking for the dog. Did it go with the kid?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: I'm getting the fuck outta here!

Hunger: The dog is right here.

Hunger: TABLE, YOU WITNESSED THE THING MELT BACK INTO EARTH.

Hunger: EVERYONE, BLIND 1D6 FOR SAN GAIN. YOU DID GOOD.

Hunger: As unbelievable it was, you can say for sure now that it's over.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Maker... of heaven and Earth..." I'm setting the kid down.

SA Keith Alan Pike: If Duke is here, Keith quietly ambles back to the shooting position to get the other dog.

Hunger: One thought, one action from everyone. There's still a house full of kids that needs to be checked.

Hunger: Keith, the other dog is nowhere to be found.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Damn."

A Blonde Boy: Is everyone moving down to the main house?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: WE can just set this cottage on fire and call 911 on the house as we drive off.

Michael Sajdak: I haven't the foggiest idea what we should or can do with those children but I'd like to at least know they're okay, so I'm heading back to the house.

Hunger: George, don't half ass it, now.

Hunger: The house is better set on fire, now that it's empty.

Hunger: Do you set it on fire? And, who gets to keep Yelena's notes? Mariam doesn't understand a lick of it.

SA Keith Alan Pike: If the dogs are accounted for, Keith will head down to the main house.

Hunger: Just you and Duke. The other lil guy is spirited away.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Yes. Marked missing-in-action.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm kneeling down and praying for two whole minutes. That's my thought. I'm keeping them on me for the time being, I want to be with Sajdak and get a full translation later.

Hunger: Mariam, it's extremely unlikely that you will ever see Sajdak after this.

Hunger: Either make him make use of it, or keep it and attempt to learn Russian from scratch.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Do dictionaries exist?

Hunger: Look up chinese room experiment.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I want Michael to give me the low-down, at least. If there's no time on the drive back I'll just keep it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Better yet.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll take pictures of it just to keep a record.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: He can take it.

Hunger: He shares with you as much as I said a bit before. You hang onto the diary. Everyone, make your way into the house please.

Hunger: Michael will have copy of it.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll carry the kid with me.

A Blonde Boy: Right on. You lay her small body on the table on the patio, to be retrieved later.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I trust someone's on the gas with the cottage.

Hunger: As you move away, you notice that the aberration on the hillside is being engulfed by purifying flame.

Hunger: The smell is gone.

Hunger: It's just cold, sharp snow.

Hunger: Do unequip your weapons.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I want to pull out those drawings and hold them up for the kids to see clearly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Who-- who made this?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury looks at the children's faces.

Hunger: Mariam. You meet zero answers.

Hunger: Some liberated children sob over the bodies of their captors, indoctrinated by their torturers, overwhelmed by emotion, or despairing of being reunited with older friends who already joined the Skoptsi. Some cling to the Agents, recognizing salvation and desperate for human contact. Most sit mutely and avoid eye contact, recognizing that those capable of the most violence are always the ones in charge. The odd part is how eerily silent and obedient they all remain. When directly addressed, even the most inconsolable child shuts up, avoids eye contact, and cowers.

Hunger: Mariam, as an expert, you recognize the operant condition of extreme abuse. Any sound, no matter how understandable, causes the children to distance themselves from whoever made it. Most of the children of Cornucopia House have been educationally neglected past the point of speech. The TV is muted without captions. Books and all signage have been removed from spaces visible by children. All text is reserved for spaces exclusively accessible by adults. The sole communication between captor and prisoner seems to have been pain. The Agents know

of rare cases of extreme neglect, where the ability to speak has been denied to children in an attempt to make it impossible for them to testify against their caretakers. But with a dozen or more children housed at Cornucopia, nothing you have ever seen before on this scale. The younger kids, the majority of the children, can only wait to be physically directed toward whatever task is required. They seem to imbue the sound of the fluorescent lights humming and heaters kicking on with more meaning than the hooting of the new adults in the room. When compelled to speak, anyone beneath the age of eight speaks gibberish. The effect is similar to children born deaf or hard of hearing, but these children lack any recognizable system of sign or symptoms of hearing loss. "Monstrous" would not be enough to describe this.

Hunger: The agents (your group)

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I could recognize the latin script at the foot of those notes, right?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The name?

Hunger: That's Yelena's doing. It's her own personal diary.

Hunger: Actually, roll Psychotherapy.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 59 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 50%)

Hunger: A few of the kids, coy as their gestures may be, appear to understand when you give direct instructions (such as "Go over there" or "Sit down"). This implies silence is a recent strategy, but the price of speaking and comprehending must have been very high for those already proficient with language. Convincing one of the older children to answer questions results in the child sobbing, cowering, or waiting for the blow they are certain must be coming. Further probing reveals that the child still speaks some English acquired before the hush fell over Cornucopia House. This kid you just spoke to is old enough to remember that they were pulled from the crumbling Eastern Bloc. They remember snatches of their original Slavic languages and remain inscrutable to any who don't speak them. Michael, who is capable of communicating with the child, finds that the children recognize only the simplest vocabulary. For instance, the word "abuse" receives blank stares, but they understand "hit," "ouchie," or "hurt." Answers return with equal simplicity, the child's voice often cracking and raspy with disuse. They provide what little they know to those patient enough to make them believe their voice is no longer a sin, but they

don't know much. Talking to the oldest boy you can find, he claims that the people in the house "loved the thing in the woods" or "were pets to the big god." Asking for details leads to rapidly spiraling terror and a dead silence broken only by inconsolable shrieks. If asked how they know about the god, the boy just points to their younger peers again, implying the answer is plain to see. No one who can speak claims this other god as their own. "We're too loud. He doesn't talk to us." The younger children say nothing, no matter how they are questioned.

Hunger: I need to make this clear- these children are making zero fucking noise whatsoever, freeforming questions would only be met with silence.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "They're going to end up back in the system if they're found by the police."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "And we can't do anything else."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Shit."

Hunger: Anderson watches the following happen, facing the barn:

Hunger: Conradin is a small blond child six years of age, but his malnourished frame makes him look four. His first priority upon being released was to check on his ferret. He went to it if the creature is still alive in its cage and desperately tore at the wire until his hands bled. Despite being starved, blinded by chemicals, and half-crushed, the ferret lovingly curls itself around the boy's neck and through his hands. Conradin doesn't smile at this, nor is he distressed by the pet's injuries. His facial expression is aware but distant. The muted gaze of trauma masks everything. With ferret in hand, Conradin sees to the other children, getting them food or leading them to their own charges. He is a natural leader among the group. Young kids crowd around him, eager to make physical contact. Older kids twice his size defer to him, though he says nothing. Conradin doesn't respond to questions or attempt to speak. It's obvious he can hear, but it's plain he regards words as gibberish.

Hunger: He eventually returns inside.

A Blonde Boy: Here he is.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Can I show him the pictures and point at him as if non-verbally asking him if he made them?

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is checking the cabinets and the fridge for alcohol. He doesn't have anything to say about the futility of the foster care system.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: The ones of us.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Of me.

Hunger: Sure. Psychotherapy.

Hunger: But first, Keith.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Failure -> 62 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 50%)

Hunger: Some of the mute children try the door to the kitchen cabinet. They know that Ryan has the key, but no one dares approach him, alive or dead. The taboo is broken by a young boy, barely able to walk. He fishes the keys from the former caretaker, unlocks the cabinet, and distributes food. While the older children fight and hoard the contents of the cupboard, the mute boy, and the other quieter ones, take little and distribute it fairly. The true implications of the removal of their caretakers begins to sink in. Children begin trying the front and back doors. If asked where they want to go, they can only point down the hill toward the barn. They grow increasingly desperate to get there. Children begin to shake, cry, lash out, and bite in an attempt to get out the door. Allowed to leave, they run. They run down the hill in a pack toward the barn through the snow. Once there, each child frees their pet. Even the dead ones are retrieved from cages and clutched by sniffing owners. The abused animals remain remarkably calm, and the children treat their charges with care uncharacteristic for their age. If not already clear, the emotional companionship and blackmail practiced through the Cornucopia House pet program can be seen at its full swing. When things went beyond the point where pain and death were a threat, they threatened the pet, the child's only lifeline to love. With their pets rescued, the children return to the house. They're fascinated by the TV. Unplugging the headphone jack, many are startled to learn the machine makes noise. Everyone in the house (table), SANLOSS.

Hunger: No one else care to share a thought at the fucking nightmare happening around you?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: If they're approaching Ryan, the least I can do is search him for the key and open that up. While feeling torn between wanting to vomit, cry, or stab at his corpse.

Hunger: You're beat to it, Mariam. The only interesting item you find on his person is a debit card from Chesapeake Bank.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'll pocket it. Will these kids freeze if we just let them run off?

SA Keith Alan Pike: "Someone's going to have to call somebody." Keith mutters. "Too cold."

Hunger: They don't seem interested in running off. They'll probably do whatever you tell them to do. There may be clothes to at least survive the way out in the lockers.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Hopefully these people left behind a bottle of something strong enough to perform chemical warfare on whatever's left in Keith's stomach.

Hunger: You wished to speak to Conradin, with a psychotherapy roll.

Hunger: Continue?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Yeees.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Do I roll?

Hunger: You already did.

Hunger: You try to 'talk' to Conradin. Conradin seems to consult his ferret, pressing his head to it. Though not direct, his determination is clear. He steps over the bodies of his abusers matter-of-factly as if his sight were fixed on a distant point only he can see. He eventually reaches a stretch of wall in the kitchen. He kicks at a spot on the plaster, trying to tear through the drywall. He reaches into the wall, pulls out a book, and throws it on the floor. He doesn't even look into the hole or where the book falls. With the book on the floor, Conradin attempts to return to the other children. The book was one of thousands in the walls. Older houses sometimes used books as insulation. They are stacked between studs, dating back to the late 1930s. This is a 1911 first edition of *The Chronicles of Clovis* by Saki. The pages are water warped and moldy. The book has fallen open to the short story "Sredni Vashtar." The poem is still legible. "Sredni Vashtar went forth, His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white. His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death. Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful." An illiterate child with a crippled ferret pulling a story about a boy saved by a ferret he made into a god, from behind a wall where it was entombed over seventy years before he was born. This defies explanation, for there is none.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Sredni Vashtar went forth...?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're not going to find any more answers out here. We're going to end up having to call the cops and hope there isn't another organization like FWF they're using as a front."

Hunger: You can try one last Psycho roll.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Pick up everything you touched. We'll have to dispose of it all..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam Helena Khoury rolls Success -> 48 (Rolling Psychotherapy Target: 50%)

Hunger: You press him in with questions. He instinctively cringes and wraps his body protectively around the animal. It's clear he only recognizes the sound as a signal that someone is about to hurt the only thing he cares about. Conradin has no time for talk. You try to physically stop him and insist on asking questions can get his attention, but the boy can only answer your questions through gestures. His only response as to what is going on involves leading the group through the backyard, pointing to the picture he carved in the tree then pointing back at you. This seems to be explanation enough.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury nods knowingly.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Or attempting to appear knowing, at least.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm heading back to the cottage and picking up the knife I let clatter on the floor.

Hunger: The cottage? You can't go in there without a firetruck dousing the 10 feet high flame.

Hunger: The air is filled with the winter breeze and crisp masonry.

Hunger: Likewise, the barn is also destroyed.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We'd better get to the cars."

Hunger: Your burner phone weighs heavy.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I know where to dump all of this shit--"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: SA Mariam H. Khoury rubs her eyes.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm dialing.

Hunger: In here or outside?

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Just outside is fine.

Hunger: Then, others can hear it.

Hunger: You dial the number.

Hunger: Clove answers after too many rings for comfort, whispering and audibly shaken. She answers with a hissed, "What happened?" You hear audible weeping. It doesn't require any skill to understand this behavior is unprofessional, even for Delta Green. Nothing about a sanctioned op should have made her quite this nervous. Either something is very wrong on her current operation, or she just got away with something. She's slurring her words enough that anyone with a law enforcement background would suspect she's on something.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It's done."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Can you hear me?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "It's. Done."

Hunger: "O-oh-""T-there's no fucking justice coming for these people besides what you just gave to them. You have g-got to make it sniff look like an a-accident or something e-else." You hear a gulp and exhale, behind tears. "Y-you have got to get rid of the bodies. B-burn every document, audio and r-recording. If the cops f-find a dead kid- you're done f-for. Don't leave a g-goddamn dead kid in there, no m-matter what."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What fucking accident? We can burn everything, but it's obvious that a series of premeditated murders happened out here."

Hunger: Silence on the other end. You're still on the line.

Hunger: There is an elephant in the room.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Why'd you call me?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What about upstairs?"

Hunger: "..."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "They'll be expecting a report."

Hunger: You hear soft weeping.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Gary Hall."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "The taxi garage. Were you there?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith looks at the woman with the phone like it's beyond belief, both parties.

Hunger: More silence.

Hunger: Mariam, Conradin looks back at you.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I lock eyes with him, still holding the phone up to my ear.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "What do we do with the kids?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Won't they reach them again?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "This is just a fucking node, as I said. You got that one right."

Hunger: "Oh G-god... You know what you have to do!"She reels back from the microphone, retching with tears."They need to die. Everyone who comes into c-contact with t-this is corrupted. They become p-poisonous.""Them. You. E-even me.""You know what these k-kids saw. They are learning. They a-are going to carry this out to the rest of the w-world.""I couldn't d-do this alone. I needed you. Not this. Not w-without my cell."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "WHAT?"

Hunger: "DO IT! YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE LENA AND HALL?!"The screams are cut short by crashing glass and a muffled, other voice."S-sorry honey. Just dropped something. I'll be out s-soon!"She whispers."I'm out. Do what you want. Don't try to find me."The phone dies.

Hunger: Nothing whatsoever in this clusterfuck was sanctioned by Delta Green. All of you got manipulated into a series of murders, of innocent and guilty, by a rogue agent seeking revenge for her dead cell members. Now she is asking you to murder children who you just let free of the grip of a sexual abuse cult, or else.TABLE, SANLOSS.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Did they actually hear that whole shii?

Hunger: EVERYONE heard the call.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: That's a loud ass speaker.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: I'm looking at the group's faces.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: What're you guys looking like?

Michael Sajdak: "I'm not killing them." I say emphatically.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith has his hands in his pockets. He's still pale from an empty stomach.
"I don't think I can do it."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George is holding his head with his hands. "Fuck that bitch."

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "We're leaving." He says, disgusted at the prospect.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "I ain't doing it. Not me, not ever."

Hunger: Anderson doesn't dare in a billion years.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: There's a huuuge pit in my stomach right now. I'm looking back at Conradin.

Hunger: Conradin seems to have snatched a snug winter coat from one of the cabinets. He's getting ready to leave on his own, along with the younger kids.

Hunger: The older ones are watching some animals tearing each other apart.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Will any of them say where they think they can head off to?

Hunger: ...

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: ok.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "We're buying the corpses we can. And the weapons."

Michael Sajdak: "How did you get caught up in this mess, anyway? Did you just take that chick at her word this whole time, or what?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "You don't understand."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "How'd you?"

Michael Sajdak: "I understand that this shit is gonna chase me for the rest of my miserable life and that I can thank you for the pleasure."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "It doesn't matter if you bury them or not." Keith interjects. "They're going to come with dogs. A backhoe, a skid steer. There's going to be a task force." He presses his fingers into his temple.

Hunger: You have enough fuel left to kindle the main house. The shed is also still intact.

Hunger: Just reminding.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Looking at Sajdak in the eyes. "And you've done a good fucking thing doing what you've done. You'll just have to bear that weight on your shoulders."

Michael Sajdak: "I hope some G-man kills you after this, you dumb bitch."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "Let's wrap this shit up. Get the kids out, we gotta light this place on fire and then call the fire brigade."

SA Keith Alan Pike: Who rode in with Keith?

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: "You lot listen and you listen good. We need to /go/."

Hunger: George, no need for INT roll. Why the fire brigade when the express purpose of arson is to destroy evidence?

Hunger: Keith, Anderson did.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Of course." I look at the rest. "Split the cash evenly between yourselves later, don't consider it payment for this. We have to get the kids out of the main house and burn all of this down."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "As for burying the corpses--"

Hunger: Regarding the corpses, 2 of them are already buried beneath scorched masonry.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "What fucking burying?"

SA Keith Alan Pike: "It's fucking blood money. It's worse than blood money."

DUSM George Elijah Jones: "The ground is fucking frozen."

SA Keith Alan Pike: "There isn't a word for what kind of money it is. You should be glad."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "I cleared a spot up in the woods."

Hunger: George, you can douse the ice with gasoline to do burials and other soil related work. It can happen.

Michael Sajdak: "Y'don't suppose these kids are gonna tell anyone about this..?"

Hunger: They don't even know how to talk... let's finish this.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Shit, who knows?"

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Get them out."

Hunger: Everyone, last words and last actions.

Michael Sajdak: I awkwardly corral the children outside.

Hunger: Anderson will help Mariam hike the dead kid on the footpath.

SA Keith Alan Pike: "I'm sorry I wasn't faster." Keith says to the house, looking at the floor. "A lifetime faster. Shit." His hand rests on Duke.

DUSM George Elijah Jones: George will start pouring gasoline all over inside.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: "Most importantly-- and you all already know this. You keep this a secret until you're six feet deep. You can tell St. Peter about it after that."

Hunger: Duke seems pleased with the outcome.

SA Darius Jeremiah Cruz: I'm walking to the car. I'm not about to spend a second longer than I'd need to here.

SA Keith Alan Pike: Keith is walking, too. He knows all this shit is going to be excavated like the tomb of an egyptian mummy in the next ninety days by every agency under the sun. These people can try to make it look like something it wasn't all they want.

Hunger: The kids get the gist of what they are supposed to do and split the winterized stuff between them, genders notwithstanding, and prepare to go with their animals by their side.

Michael Sajdak: I pray inside that there's a single person here who gets to lead a normal life thanks to what we've done.

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Where was that spot I cleared earlier? Was it just in the woods out here?

Hunger: As soon as the kids are out, you kindle both the main house and the shed. It doesn't take long for flame to wreck both.

Hunger: You're driving to 'the spot' next.

Hunger: Closing words?

DUSM George Elijah Jones: They were just kids, man.

Michael Sajdak: "I really, really hope she was wrong about these kids."

SA Mariam Helena Khoury: Holy God have mercy upon us all.

SA Keith Alan Pike: It's all fucked.

Hunger: You have enough time to excavate one grave before sunrise. You give the poor soul a burial and a cremation in one, alongside your gear in the same hole. It's just up ahead of a nice little pond. May she rest in peace.

Hunger: God's Teeth - Go Forth

Hunger: 2023 by Caleb Stokes.

Hunger: Reimagined by Quororque

Hunger: A game about prophecy.

Hunger: Thank you for playing!