

Reverberations by FaceplateVTT

Sessions 1 - 6

September 7, 2025 - November 2, 2025

Cast:



Handler — Patternseeker



SA Michael McCannon — khoka



SA Richard J. Finnegan —
JAJSM



SA David Grozze Vasmin —
alekhin



SA Samantha Cliff M.D. —
Xlyana



SA Frank Earle — skel



SA Doug Moore — averagejoe22

Reverberations Session 1

September 7, 2025

Handler: Reverberations

Handler: A game about spiralling down.

Handler: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Mexico City. We have just arrived at Benito Juárez International Airport. The local time is approximately 3:57 PM, and the temperature outside is 25 °C (77 °F). For your safety, please remain seated with your seatbelt fastened until the aircraft has come to a complete stop and the captain has turned off the seatbelt sign. At this time, you may use your mobile phones, but please keep your carry-on items stowed until it is safe to retrieve them. On behalf of United Airlines and this entire crew, thank you for flying with us today. We wish you a pleasant stay here in Mexico City or safe travels to your final destination."

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: Your Xanax induced haze comes to an end as the flight attendant prods you awake, asking for you to fasten your seatbelt.

Handler: That was the last of the evidence locker freebies.

Handler: The plane is packed with people, as usual. A woman next to you buckles her seatbelt.

Handler: "Señoras y señores, bienvenidos a la Ciudad de México. Hemos llegado al Aeropuerto Internacional Benito Juárez. La hora local es aproximadamente 15:57 y la temperatura exterior es de 25 °C (77 °F). Por su seguridad, les pedimos que permanezcan sentados con el cinturón de seguridad abrochado hasta que la aeronave se haya detenido por completo y el capitán apague la señal de cinturones. En este momento pueden utilizar sus teléfonos móviles, pero por favor mantengan su equipaje de mano guardado hasta que sea seguro retirarlo. En nombre de United Airlines y de toda la tripulación, les agradecemos por volar con nosotros hoy. Les deseamos una agradable estancia en la Ciudad de México o un buen viaje hacia su destino final."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon jolts awake and looks around momentarily, before fiddling with the seatbelt while muttering something to himself. With a click, he lets his hands loose at his sides and reclines back in the seat, as if expecting it to swallow him.

Handler: How the fuck did you end up here? You don't recall a thing.

Handler: You can see Finnegan from here.

Handler: And you turn your head to see Earle, fiddling with his phone.

Handler: Your brain is still too hazy. The chattering of people and kids melts into the cabin brown noise.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Fuck, I must've asked for whiskey again," he thinks to himself as he bangs his head back against the seat once and sighs.

Handler: The woman next to you giggles and returns to her Blackberry.

Handler: What are the others doing from where you sit?

Handler: Earle. Finnegan.

Handler: You remember it now. There are more, actually. It's just that you can only see these two.

Handler: It looks like Finnegan is studying his notes. For Earle...

SA Frank Earle: Absorbed in his phone, watching some episodes of Dallas he downloaded in preparation for the flight. He's visibly nervous and hasn't said a word all flight.

Handler: He seems just fine.

Handler: Your teeth stop clenching and feeling returns back to your hands. You start recalling the recent events all the way from start.

Handler: A basketball court...

Handler: LOADING.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You're at the right place, at the right time. Or so you hope. Actually, you've been standing there for 5 minutes now.

Handler: The cigarette is in your pocket. What do you do?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I check my watch. Again. I scrutinize the cigarette - again. I'll give it another five minutes. Round up.

Handler: Between the distant traffic, you can hear two cars pull up outside.

Handler: A man disembarks first.

Handler: And a woman. Two women, actually.

Handler: A couple other guys get off too.

Handler: All are feds from a mile away. No one shows up here in a business suit. They are your kind.

Handler: The foremost guy seems to be holding a rolled up folder.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Thank God. This building was starting to make me nervous. You can feel the mold in the air.

Handler: You dust yourself off and calmly wait for them to enter the court from that door right there.

Handler: The guy opens the door for others and begins walking towards you.

Handler: McCannon. You are holding a NDA and other papers to sign this person into the //SSG clearance. He doesn't seem to object to it, so far.

Handler: You may move.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon walks towards Finnegan, mostly looking around at the ceiling, and as he gets closer he turns his head to him, but the look is as if he's looking through glass. He's transparent to him.

Handler: Finnegan. You instantly recognize the lady. The others, well...

Handler: You're barely in Washington and you have not seen them around your floor.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Well, it's a big small community, like they say."Good morning, everyone."

AD Ramona Diaz: "And a good five PM morning to you, Mr. Finnegan."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin nods.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon stands directly in front of Finnegan, face to face. Then he looks him up and down, folder at his side.

SA Frank Earle: Morning.

Handler: IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK.

Handler: CLOCK TO BOTTOM LEFT.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He pulls a pen from his front jacket pocket, as he pulls up the folder to his chest level and opens it up.

Handler: Everyone is standing there expecting you to get it over with. Of course, you have the free will to object.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He shuffles the NDA up first, pulls out the paper and hands it to Finnegan. "The rest of your life is on this paper. Think before you put the ink to paper." He clicks the pen and hands it aswell.

AD Ramona Diaz: "He's had plenty of time to think, Agent McCannon."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: This is my chance. Finally. My signature is tight and neat, like a carbon-copy stamp on every document I ink.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon turns his head to Diaz: "It's never enough time, unfortunately."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon turns back to Finnegan and pulls out more pages as he collects the ones he has signed already.

Handler: The pen makes a scrubbing noise as it dances on top of archival grade paper. Here, here, here, and you're done. Fifteen seconds of constant signing.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Then he closes the folder shut and nods.

SA Doug Moore: All the while SA Doug Moore is doing his best impression of the Ceilings and Floors Observation Team Duty Officer.

AD Ramona Diaz: "I'm glad you made the right choice, Agent Finnegan. We should get started right now, sooner the better."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Goes without saying, everything here, beyond classified. It's not just your badge that's in line anymore."

AD Ramona Diaz: She clears her throat.

AD Ramona Diaz: "We are here today for the briefing on Operation Chokecherry." She corrects her hair and produces a singular, unmarked manila folder from her leather bag.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon steps back and gets into the semicircle.

Handler: She hands the folder out to McCannon, to pass it along.

SA Doug Moore: Of course there'd never be copies of this. Figures...

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon passes the briefing folder to Doug. "Pass it when you're done."

AD Ramona Diaz: "You're holding the death warrant of two gangsters and their friends. The stuff they deal goes beyond the usual coke and molly all of us love to do a bump of."

AD Ramona Diaz: "We believe that high level corruption is involved in the making of this... situation."

SA Doug Moore: Doug takes in the the contents of the file, parsing the legalese into actual statements. Despite that, the "OBJECTIVES" are clear as they can be.

SA Doug Moore: "Done. Here, Frank." And he passes the folder on

AD Ramona Diaz: "We are the ones who are going to clean it up. Whether the district federal judge likes it or not."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Hundreds of thousands of lives are in immediate danger."

Handler: Study the document and line up your questions. Piss intermission.

SA Frank Earle: He scans the files and the further he gets wider his eyes grow. "Holy shit." He deadpans. "Fuckin'... Fu Manchu..."

SA Frank Earle: He passes the files to Samantha.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff holds the file in the same hand as her cigarette, juggling between shifting pages and taking a drag. She looks focused as she reads. Afterwards, she gives the file to Vasmin with a nod.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin accepts the dossier from Samantha and starts parsing it.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rapidly shuffles his eyes up and down the document in a mechanical manner, repeating this routine three times, before passing the file to Richard Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks, reads, and comprehends. He's full of questions, but he looks expectantly at Diaz for a cue.

Handler: Diaz is fiddling with a worn out zippo. You can tell pretty easily what she is going to use it for.

SA Frank Earle: We've gotta be dealing with some maniacs if the drug running is only the cover...

Handler: Quotations for talking, please.

SA Doug Moore: "Tong. Tong... Shuriken. And Chen and Feng and...", Moore mutters under his breath. Clearly, the Oriental overtones of the operation might be tough to navigate around. Doug does not speak up about it, not just yet.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin looks at Frank and nods solemnly, shoots a glance out the window, then looks expectantly at Richard.

AD Ramona Diaz: "Those two reduced a life sentence to a conditional release. You better get their names right before you show up on their doorstep."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...Shukoran." He says it with the correct inflection.

AD Ramona Diaz: "I'm taking that your lack of questions stem from the fact that this operation is not just utterly unconstitutional but illegal as well."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Unfortunately for you, there is no backpedalling now."

AD Ramona Diaz: "If you weren't aware of it so far welcome to the game."

SA Doug Moore: Doug shoots a glance at the others. It works as well as anything for a display of agreement.

Handler: The game: Noun. Activities of an intelligence community.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan tightens his lips and makes a conciliatory nod.

AD Ramona Diaz: "Right. Let's get down to the meat and potatoes."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff returns Moore's glance with a light nod.

AD Ramona Diaz: "You are going to insert into the operation zone over Mexico."

AD Ramona Diaz: "All of you, as of last night, are signed off on a classified JTTF assignment to our sister location in Mexico City. Of course, you'll never show up there."

AD Ramona Diaz: "You have plane tickets book for this Sunday. You're going to take a chartered Cessna prop plane to Chihuahua International from Benito Juarez and make the rest of trip by land with the help of our assets."

AD Ramona Diaz: "They will arrive in DEA costume."

Handler: A funny choice of words.

AD Ramona Diaz: "They'll take you up to El Paso and drop you off at your vehicle cache."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Thereon, it should be a 4 hour drive to Albuquerque."

AD Ramona Diaz: "The land of enhancement, so to speak."

SA Doug Moore: So many locations and names and plots. Doug finds himself wishing for the first time that the others are as competent as he thinks himself to be.

AD Ramona Diaz: "Your IDs are the real thing until the end of next week. Then, all of your computerized information will be wiped out before the routine backup, making scrutiny impossible."

AD Ramona Diaz: "You should consider dying before getting caught out there in a DEA windbreaker holding a fake badge. That's why you should wrap it up before Sunday noon."

AD Ramona Diaz: "That being said, try not to get shot. We'll have to pull you out of a hospital at best, and at worst... actually let's not go there."

SA Frank Earle: Earle's been nervously touching his face for a while now as he pictures the torture he'll be subjected to if these triads get a hold of him.

AD Ramona Diaz: "ASAC Schrader of ABQ DEA has been briefed on the arrival of a task force from El Paso to investigate the, quote unquote, sudden uptick of trade volume in drugs."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon has been head-up staring at the ceiling the whole time.

AD Ramona Diaz: "He's not a little kid so clearly he must believe he is under internal investigation scrutiny. You're free to fit your legend any way you like to make it work. I think hundred-mile long tunnels are a funny conversation starter."

Handler: Legend: noun. A cover story

SA Doug Moore: "Hundred-mile tunnels like what?"

AD Ramona Diaz: "I don't have to say it again, but they must be kept in the dark. You'll have to make reports to him eventually, just bullshit him. Tell him it's the Pistolas. Tell him anything but the fucking truth."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Like the freedoms road, Agent. Tried and true method."

SA Doug Moore: "Ah, I see."

SA Doug Moore: It would make for quite a legend indeed.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Something more like a Ho Chi Min trail." Finnegan mutters under his breath.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin huffs slightly.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I'm sure he knows about the entrepreneurial activities of our southern neighbors," he says to the ceiling.

AD Ramona Diaz: "Right. Once we're established on that, no witnesses or survivors."

Handler: The air chills. She clearly means fellow federal agents.

SA Doug Moore: Just about the last thing Doug wanted to hear. After all of this. "No witnesses" is Standard Operating Procedure. 'No survivors', however...

SA Doug Moore: Has an entirely different ring to it

AD Ramona Diaz: "We lost two agents and a cop to these pricks in a gunfight. They are armed and extremely, beyond your wildest dreams dangerous."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Any questions I can answer?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Is there any reason for us to believe that they might have some associates in the area involved in the previous tong operation, stateside? More faces and names to look out for, I mean."

AD Ramona Diaz: "They are in kahoots with Las Pistolas. This side of the border of Sinaloa."

AD Ramona Diaz: "You'll most likely find street to lieutenant level dealers who are hispanic."

SA Doug Moore: Might be the time to break the question. "Uh, Assistant Director?" Doug opens up. "Any possibility we are to agree on some kinds of... code words, for important persons related to the Operation?"

SA Doug Moore: Ones that aren't in China Mandarin, or whatever they speak."

AD Ramona Diaz: "I don't care, Agent. Your tradecraft is yours. By next week I want to call them by the name 'Dead Meat' and 'Rot in Hell'."

SA Doug Moore: "As you wish."

SA Doug Moore: Doug is already working out the names in his head. "Dragon", "Lance". Yeah, much better.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "That's a keeper," he mutters at the ceiling, once again.

Handler: Click, click. Click, click. She is flicking the Zippo cap like a toy.

SA Frank Earle: "I can't believe this." Earle muttered, exasperated sounding. "We've got the Ming Dynasty slinging dope in Big Rock Candy Mountain." His mind has been very active picturing filigree palaces, dark oriental magic, martial artists with swords and qipao. To say he felt out of his depth would be an understatement.

Handler: Anyone confident in their HUMINT, roll. First come first serve.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 45 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 80%)

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 50%)

SA Doug Moore: A sudden tightening of the atmosphere in the room. Strange.

Handler: David. She is clearly as stressed as you are about this. When you think about it, the whole thing is fucking insane. But, you gotta put food on the table, right.

AD Ramona Diaz: "I like to think about flying swords too, but it's been a century since Samuel Colt made all men equal in war."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin nods solemnly, then intones, "Regarding the eventual collection of the... substance itself, are we to dispose of it on the field- or would that posit some sort of hazard?"

AD Ramona Diaz: "You'll find a cache of weapons."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon cracks his neck shoulder to shoulder as he shudders and finally decides to take a look over at the semi-circle, eyes resting on each person for a moment.

AD Ramona Diaz: "We don't know the exact specific methods of production but the last raid did not result in catastrophic contamination, still, won't hurt to put on some PPE once you come around to setting it on fire."

SA Doug Moore: "That bad?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "It means there's been worse."

SA Doug Moore: A pointless remark. But it came out before Doug could put it away.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin states, "One must then assume that the superiors are not interesting in collecting any samples."

AD Ramona Diaz: "It's bad, because they refused to tell how to make a brand new drug in front of the god damn state prosecutor."

AD Ramona Diaz: "We're not interested in studying smack."

AD Ramona Diaz: "So, are we done? I gotta make it to a meeting soon."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin nods.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That's all for me. Are we going to get a more complete record on these two gentlemen when we get there?"

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore nods as well. Talk, as they say, is cheap; and time as of recent had been unusually expensive.

Handler: She scratches her neck awkwardly.

AD Ramona Diaz: "I think you're gonna have to wheel this one out, Agent. Records..."

SA Frank Earle: Earle looks like he's about to say something just to bide the time but he stops himself. Then he nods.

AD Ramona Diaz: "It's complicated."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Right."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon's face shifts, uncomfortably - more so for the others. "I'm sure Assistant Director has briefed you regarding standard procedure if an agent is..... 'compromised' by 'forces extreme and extraordinary'?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon turns to face Diaz: "Too soon?"

Handler: She interrupts.

AD Ramona Diaz: "Let's not kill the mood. This meeting is adjourned."

AD Ramona Diaz: "We have a seat for you, Agent Finnegan."

SA Doug Moore: What an awful, awful euphemism. Doug does not even stop to consider -- the fact that they're all here means each person in the hall has ran into some of these 'forces'. Probably. Quite likely.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon has a wicked smile, but sad eyes: "They'll learn," he thinks to himself.

AD Ramona Diaz: She stares daggers into you and waits for Finnegan's response.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well... We'll see you Monday, then."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Sunday, actually. You're all booked on the same flight."

AD Ramona Diaz: "I take it that you came here with your car. I didn't think that one was yours outside."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Well, then."

AD Ramona Diaz: She flips the Zippo open and casually sets the briefing document on fire.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" he breathes to himself as he drags his foot on the paneling.

Handler: The stink of burnt paper reaches your nose. Once it's gone right up until her hand, she drops it into one of the puddles and tramples it a few times.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan watches it go up in cinders wistfully. A lot more dramatic than a government-approved classified-material-compliant cross-shredder.

SA Doug Moore: Doug side-eyes McCannon. What a strange turn of phrase.

AD Ramona Diaz: "This meeting never happened and we don't know eachother, Agents."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Have a good day."

SA Doug Moore: The smell of whatever indelible ink just went up in flames makes Doug cough uncomfortably.

Handler: Everyone is leaving, unless someone wants to stand around for whatever reason.

SA Doug Moore: "Good day, then, Assistant Director."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon starts moving towards the door, opening and propping it with his foot.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The sooner I get out of this building, the better. Whatever's percolating in the drywall is making me queasy.

SA Frank Earle: "You're fuckin' weird." He says to Michael with no particular emotion before leaving.

Handler: The start of a wonderful friendship. He sits shotgun in the same car as you.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Enjoy the rest of your day, Assistant Director." Vasmin makes to leave.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon chuckles to himself.

Handler: Moving on.

Handler: Dulles International Airport, D.C. International Outbound Terminal.

Handler: Despite the representation you see right now, the weather is quite beautiful today. Briefly describe how you wait for your flight, back in 3 minutes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is sitting on the bed of an errant luggage cart, twiddling with his fingers.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan pays an airport premium price for National Geographic. The cover plainly says 'CHINA' in white letters on a red background. He scrutinizes every photograph and each editorialized diatribe like it's a work document.

SA Doug Moore: Doug Moore is sort of there, in the background, as present as a mayfly in the summer. He's checking something out on his phone, whether it's related to the Operation at hand or of a different subject entirely no one knows but he.

SA Doug Moore: But let everyone hope related it is.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin looks over Finnegan's shoulder and nods appreciatively at the asiatic beauties pictured on the catalog.

SA Frank Earle: Earle is slouched against the only free chair he could find - shirt untucked - thinking back to the movie he watched before this trip, The 36th Chamber of Shaolin, and chuckling occasionally.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: They're hosting the Olympics this year. The Yangtze's history takes up two whole pages. Optimistic graphs and tables project good outcomes from the ever-growing financialization of the Chinese economy.

Handler: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We are now ready to begin boarding United Airlines flight 821 with service to Mexico City, Benito Juárez International Airport. At this time, we would like to invite our premium cabin customers, MileagePlus Premier members, and passengers requiring extra assistance to board. We will then continue boarding by group number as shown on your boarding pass. Please have your boarding pass and travel documents ready, and remember that each passenger is allowed one carry-on bag and one personal item. Larger carry-on items should be placed in the overhead bins, while smaller personal items should be stored under the seat in front of you. We kindly ask that you step aside once you have scanned your boarding pass to avoid crowding the gate area. Once again, this is United Airlines flight 821 with service to Mexico City, Benito Juárez International Airport. We look forward to welcoming you on board, and thank you for choosing United Airlines."

Handler: Time to go.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon stands up with a groan and produces a boarding pass from his inner jacket pocket as he shuffles towards the gate unenthusiastically.

Handler: The sudden feeling that you might not be coming back hits all of you like a punch to the throat.

Handler: Did any of you actually realize what is about to unfold?

SA Michael M. McCannon: He hears the music. It's time to dance.

Handler: Ignorance is bliss, they say. Here comes Mexico.

SA Doug Moore: The first day of the rest of our lives. Give or take however much life we have left.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's not a bad airport. Finnegan will miss it, if he never sees it again. There's always something to appreciate about an airport that isn't bad.

Handler: You heard some nice things about Benito Juarez too.

Handler: 4 hours later.

Handler: McCannon. It looks like you're back on the track as soon as you grab your luggage off the luggage claim.

Handler: You all fast track through the customs. No one here dares to even fucking question an American federal agent.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon extends the handle and stands the Samsonite case on its wheels.

Handler: Your connecting chartered flight is in an hour.

Handler: Luckily, you have two fluent Spanish speakers on board.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He's whistling to himself as he goes through the motions of every airport in existence post-9/11

Handler: You make it past the terminal and into the hangars.

Handler: "Hi, are you the dude we are supposed to take to Chihuahua?"

Handler: A guy, clearly waiting for six sharply dressed federal goons like yourselves, shows up and asks this very question.

SA Doug Moore: Doug suddenly gets an onset of headache. Probably time for the pills.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin yawns as he emerges out into the hot mexican air. Checking his belongings and ensuring nothing has gone missing- knowing the sort of folks that traipse this territory- he proceeds to disembark along with the rest. Enjoying the mexican airport tunes, he is suddenly met with the mexican guy. He says, "Yes. We are the ones you have been expecting."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Si, hermano."

Handler: "Oooookay! Come fly with my jet set plane maaan!!"

Handler: This guy is very Mexican.

Handler: And you just said that to him in English.

Handler: "Come on ese!"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Tone down the paisano and turn on the professional, if you would so kindly."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin says, "Yes, brother- You seem like a man of great skill- lead the way."

khoka: I typed the last two sentences with Spanish selected? Was it working?

Handler: This -is- him being professional, you'd say that the way he talks he probably doesn't know past A2 grade English.

SA Frank Earle: Earle can't hold back his laughter anymore and has to turn away.

Handler: I don't think you have spanish selected from the dropdown menu.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Earle pushes Finnegan past the point of professionalism and he hides his mouth with a fist, turning a snicker into a cough.

SA Doug Moore: This should not be how the Operation is starting. But, this is how the Operation is starting.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I have it selected right now.

Handler: Very well. The guy takes your luggage on board by himself as you make yourselves comfortable.

Handler: Next stop: Chiuhaua International.

Handler: Any objections?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: None.

SA Frank Earle: None at all.

Handler: That just worked, Khoka

Handler: Whatever you did tell it to him over Discord, we are moving on.

Handler: Another 4 hours later, Chihuahua International Airport.

Handler: The sun is beginning to set. McCannon, you handed the guy a twenty dollar bill as a tip for the jokes he made on the way here.

Handler: All of you, your ears are still ringing from the rumbling propellers.

SA Doug Moore: 'Chee-wah-wah'? Doug never heard the name spoken out loud before, much less by a native speaker. There's just no way it's the same as that breed of dog... is it?

Handler: It is.

Handler: For a small town, the airport is quite modern too.

Handler: Must be some kind of hub.

Handler: Light rain begins to fall.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You're telling me you don't know one of the best destinations for whoring and debauchery in all of Americas, Doug?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Aside from Tijuana."

SA Frank Earle: "I hear if a Mexican likes you they call you caballero." He says to nobody in particular.

SA Doug Moore: "Not into that.", Doug speaks to put the small talk out before anything happens. He knows about Tijuana, though. He knows.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Dalmatians come from Dalmatia. It's the same idea, I think."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "When a Mexican likes an arch-gringo like you that'll be the day."

Handler: You guys seem to start getting along despite knowing each other for just a few hours. That's cute.

SA Doug Moore: Imminent danger and threat of death tends to do that.

Handler: On that topic, Doug and Cliff recognized each other before as they both work in CID. The rest of you, perhaps brushed against each other but no dice on telling names.

Handler: Now, back to the issue at hand.

Handler: McCannon. You were told to wait at the terminals until your guys show up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon absentmindedly looks at his watch.

Handler: You already waited an hour here. Few footsteps clatter in the wide space.

Handler: It's about nine o'clock local time.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Evening?

Handler: Affirm.

SA Doug Moore: If only there was a way to tell.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan makes sure to adjust his watch accordingly.

Handler: Any other actions than waiting for who knows how long?

Handler: You're all sitting around, splayed, some in groups.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is going to look around for a vending machine selling the famed 'Mexican Coke'.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin surreptitiously monitors the crowds for any noticeable arrivals.

Handler: You find one effortlessly. Only to realize you have no pesos on you, and it's the year 2008 so no card pay here.

Handler: Maybe a guy is willing to take USD.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon tries to flag a person down for 'ghetto ForEx'

SA Doug Moore: Handler, is it intentional that we're all in the lobby while only Cliff and McCannon are... tokens?

Handler: It's my laziness, yes, you're all in the same scene.

Handler: It doesn't matter.

SA Doug Moore: Let us speak no more of that, then.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin notices Michael look helplessly at the vending machine and checks his wallet for any mexican currency.

Handler: "Yes ese?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You looking to get some dollars, guey?"

Handler: "Oh yeah."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I need enough pesos for a coke. How about I trade you a fiver and you give me just enough, keep the difference, no?"

Handler: "Ehhh let me see what I got."

Handler: He is two dollars short but he has a bunch of fucking coins.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Mccannon pulls out a fiver from his wallet.

Handler: "You bet!"

SA Doug Moore: Doug is just a seat behind from Sam. He admires her hair, maybe without exactly meaning to. All this Mexican speech might well be hieroglyphics to him.

Handler: Transaction concludes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Stuff those in there and push the button and here's the five."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Muchas gracias."

SA Frank Earle: "All that for a coke..?"

Handler: You achieve your dreams of tasting Mexican Coke.

Handler: It tastes like... Coca Cola but kind of Dr. Pepper? It's a little... off.

SA Frank Earle: "Typea guy to go to a foreign country, go to the McDonald's first thing."

Handler: Care to share?

SA Michael M. McCannon: They should've learned Spanish if they wanted some.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon sits down satisfiedly with the coke in his hand.

Handler: Womp womp. Time carries on with or without your liking and indulgence of Mexican Coke. It has been four hours in total now.

SA Doug Moore: "Anyone know what a McDonald's Big Mac is called in Mexico?" An attempt at small talk by Doug about as fruitful as leading a one-man cavalry charge.

Handler: It's about midnight.

SA Doug Moore: "A Big Mac."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin looks at McCannon and licks his lips, then keeps watching Finnegan's CHINA natgeo catalog.

Handler: Two guys in DEA windbreakers begin approaching your group.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon has passed out slumped with his head thrown back already, arms crossed, lightly snoring.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan begrudgingly hands it over without a word. He's read every article two or three times by now, and realistically, learned very little.

SA Frank Earle: He laughs at Doug's anti-quip like a moron.

Handler: They are looking straight at you, McCannon.

Handler: But you seem out of it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He doesn't know.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin pats McCannon's shoulder in an attempt to wake him up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon jolts awake yet again, "Bwuh- what?"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin whispers, "They're looking at you."

SA Doug Moore: Doug looks over at the two whispering, then in the direction of where they're looking. Oh. That's two guys.

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: "You the guy?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon puts his palm over his eyes, groans and says "In what capacity are you asking?"

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: "It's blacker than black."

SA Michael M. McCannon: He's spread his legs now and is resting his arms on his knees as he's leaned forward.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin glides his blue eyes up and down the DEA windbreakers visibly shining in the airport neon light.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I like black, it's my favorite color," he replies, palm still over eyes.

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: "Come on then, let's get the fuck out of here. You got a ticket to El Paso with your name on it."

SA Doug Moore: Some kind of code phrases being exchanged? If it wasn't 'on' before, it certainly is now.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He takes the palm off his eyes, blinks a few times and then finally looks at the guy: "Took your sweet time," He looks back at the others. "Let's go."

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: "It's Jason. This is Jordan."

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: "Karl, I believe."

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: "You don't need to tell me the others."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finally. If Vasmin doesn't take the magazine, the next traveler to chance the terminal can read it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "And I didn't mean to." He stands up.

SA Nicolas "Jason" Damron: He scoffs and begins leading you outside.

SA Doug Moore: Doug stands up as well. 'Go' means 'go'.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin goes with the rest, following the DEA spooks, leaving the CHINA National Geographic catalog.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He turns back again: "Get your shit, come on." Head cock to the guys leaving, and he starts moving with his luggage.

Handler: Any objections to moving on?

SA Frank Earle: None.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No.

SA Doug Moore: Nope.

Handler: Chihuahua to El Paso, Texas is a five hour drive.

Handler: You enter two white unmarked sedans.

Handler: Five hours later, El Paso, TX. Break of dawn.

Handler: Within half a day, you're back on American soil. DEA cars are not inspected on the way in or out, so customs just wave you down once and let you ride. You waited an hour in that traffic, and that's before the sun even rose.

SA Doug Moore: "Out in the West Texas town of El Paso..." Doug probably meant to think the song's famous jingle, not mutter it under his breath. But then again, you only go to El Paso the first time once.

Handler: You can see the famous text on the mountain now.

Handler: Anyone care to enlighten us on what it means?

SA Doug Moore: Would that require a roll? Common general knowledge like that? For some, at least.

Handler: Too slow.

SA Doug Moore: Welp.

Handler: The Bible is the truth. Read it.

Handler: That's what it says, in Spanish.

Handler: The air itself gets more breathable on the American part of the city.

Handler: You cut through some lanes and get on the highway to New Mexico.

Handler: It's another five hours from here and your back and ass are sore as an ex wifes face.

Handler: Anyone would like to stop the cars for any reason in El Paso?

Handler: Your drivers don't seem that talkative.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We're doing piss stops.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon makes a rule of not stopping for any other reason.

Handler: Sure. They don't mind. You take the necessary leaks and continue.

SA Doug Moore: Must be regretting that Mexican Coke.

Handler: Moving on.

Handler: Two hours later, you come to a halt in front a billboard between the New Mexico and Texas border.

Handler: No cars are coming from either direction for miles.

Handler: LOADING.

Handler: About seven in the morning, out in the middle of nowhere.

Handler: Without a word, your drivers pull aside and disembark.

Handler: You may move or ask questions.

DAMRON, NICOLAS: "Well, this is it."

DAMRON, NICOLAS: "Get the box from the back.", he says to the other guy.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: He fetches a cardboard box from the trunk of his car full of DEA badges and burner phones.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: You're each handed your respective ID.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: You have one minute each to make up a name, or you'll be randomly assigned one.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Kyle.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Jacob Woods.

SA Frank Earle: Richard Gallagher.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: You are also asked to put your FBI credentials and actual phones in.Finnegan, you keep your blackberry, just not the SIM in it.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: One minute break.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Robert Callahan.

SA Doug Moore: Richard. Richard Fell. Doug probably doesn't realize Frank went for the same first name. Might get inconvenient.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Right.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Note your names down, it is your duty to remind me of them when they are somehow relevant.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Before we continue, I must make one detail very clear

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Kyle Smith

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: A task force usually refers to a minimum of three people, but can size up to whatever number. Not all of you have to talk to Schrader, and him having six agents in one conference room from another jurisdiction, that's gonna reflect on his attitude.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Outside your team leader, volunteers to show up will say so now.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Me.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Two should be fine.

SA Doug Moore: Doug's in. Why not?

Handler: Naur. Three. It can go up to all of you if you want.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: That's an interesting selection to represent our little group.

SA Frank Earle: Earle is self-aware enough to know he has no tact and so stays silent.

SA Michael M. McCannon: NBA Draft Pick of Samantha.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon at least needs one level person.

SA Doug Moore: How's Sleeping Beauty doing over there, anyway?

Handler: Samantha is in quantum space right now, don't count her.

SA Doug Moore: Very well.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan will go if he's asked, but he's happy to stay outside.

SA Doug Moore: Guys love a woman who can quantum.

Handler: Alright. So it's just Earle that's no-show.

Handler: Continuing.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Come on, your rides are over there."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: He points to behind that billboard.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Woah, David.

Handler: Relax.

Handler: Continuing.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: He is going up and ahead of the billboard.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Come on in, it's right here."

SA Doug Moore: Something isn't right. But then again, something always is.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "That's a fine piece of work there."

Toyota Corolla "DEA": Ahead of you, a red Toyota Corolla and a White Suburban. Typical of agency fleets.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Who wants to go ahead and inspect the vehicles?

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I hope you got a two-Jay Zee in that Corolla."

SA Doug Moore: "That it is." Doug is by a large measure more of a 'car guy' than most men are. He doesn't find it relevant to bring up, however.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon saunters up to the Corolla.

SA Frank Earle: "It's a fuckin' hatchback, man, c'mon."

SA Doug Moore: There's just no way the vehicles are in anything other than pristine working condition. Just no way.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "One can dream."

Handler: Drive 50%McCannon, you stroll to the Suburban and throw the hood up.

Handler: The roll was unnecessary, you passed the check.

Handler: Anyway, that's when you realize. The alternator, it's not an Agency heavy duty alternator. This is a murdered out Suburban from a car dealership.

Handler: It's a faked out unmarked federal vehicle.

Handler: The plastic seams are painted over in bland black and gray.

Handler: A RADIO is installed inside, tuned to the police and DEA frequencies of Albuquerque.

Handler: And then you OPEN THE TRUNK.

Handler: An armory rack is installed. You can see the M4 carbines from here.

Handler: In one of the compartments, an extra car battery is wired in to power the electrical systems and the radio.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He lets out a long whistle as he looks at the guns.

Handler: Whoever made this shit, it's perfect down to a T. It's art. No one would be able to tell this apart from a fleet vehicle unless they inspected the alternator, or the chassis serial number.

Handler: The exhaust is painted in black and diarrhea yellow to make it seem as if it idled for dozens of hours.

Handler: The plastic smell inside is still fresh. It's most likely stolen from a dealership.

Handler: For the Corolla, it's just an unmarked sedan, but...

Handler: In the trunk is a shotgun and a set of armor.

Handler: What do you guys think?

SA Doug Moore: "Well, I'll be..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon smiles: "Not bad. Where'd you repo these from?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I hope it's a Mexican dealership."

DAMRON, NICOLAS: "A chop shop guy handled it. Friendly, so far."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan nods to himself, wiping the still-forming sweat from his forehead. This is very different than a surveillance van or an office.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Good."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "The guns, eh, we had to make some budget cuts."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: He throws you the key to the rack.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Do you check it out?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon catches it and heads back to the Suburban's trunk, slotting the key into the lock and popping the armory open.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He pulls one of the carbines out.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: You handle one of the M4 carbines. Quote unquote. They are not actually machine guns.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Smith and Wesson MP15

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: It's just a budget semi-automatic AR with some accessories on it. No full-auto.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: No one telling that apart unless they read the serials et al.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He pulls out the magazine.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: It's full. There is a bunch of ammo in the back, along with flashbangs and whatnot.

Handler: Can you guys not see the car inventory?

Handler: You should be able to.

SA Doug Moore: Not seeing much of anything at all.

"DEA Suburban": Try now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I can see it

SA Frank Earle: works now

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon puts the magazine back into the gun and stuffs the carbine back into the armory.

SA Doug Moore: After a Quantum brainfart, I do as well.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: An AR-15 that's not in select fire.

Handler: You see a mistake here that ought to be corrected.

Handler: Your blood runs yellow.

SA Frank Earle: But I don't bother mentioning it, self-conscious about looking like a nerd.

Handler: There are more than one ways to skin this cat but you'll get to it in Albuquerque.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Well, that's about it from us."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Any questions?"

SA Doug Moore: "The guns were procured... where from, exactly? Don't mind me finding this relevant."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Shut the fuck up, man."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Not that kind of question."

SA Doug Moore: It probably was. Doug is trying to jump over his own head.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I assume you'll be delivering the REAL badges back once we're done?"

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Who do you think is going to take you back to Mexico?"

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "We'll meet up again after you finish your mission or whatever."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Speedy Gonzalez," he answers.

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "What you mean the pilot guy?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "No, I mean the rat who runs really fast."

SA Frank Earle: skel is back

SA Michael M. McCannon: You're not sure if there was sarcasm there.

Handler: "That's actually what we call him. He's a nice dude, a nice green hundred and won't tell if you put a bullet into someones head in front of him."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: "Well then, it's been a pleasure."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: He shakes your hand.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon shakes his hand, then turns to the others.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Pile in. I'm driving the Suburban, figure out the Corolla."

SA Ezekiel "Jordan" Dent: Everyone, roll Blind Luck.

Handler: d100, blind.

Handler: McCannon and Doug.

Handler: You notice what the billboard says.

Handler: THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON DRUGS.Picture of a grotesque, malformed... puppy? He seems to be either crawling up or trying his best to walk. He looks covered in blood...?It's really tattered up and haven't been replaced in years, decades maybe. In one corner you can read "PAID FOR BY DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION".

SA Doug Moore: Sure is something.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Truer now than ever.

Handler: The image is quite something. Must be an advertising trick from an older generation.

Handler: You seem dismissive towards the billboard.

Handler: Then, you get into your cars.

"DEA Suburban": From here, three more damned hours to Albuquerque.

SA Doug Moore: "So, the Corolla?"

Handler: Your seating doesn't matter, the roads are empty and safe. It would be an opposite-miracle for you to crash and unluckily die on the spot.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Draw straws, rock paper scissors, whatever," he's heading towards the Suburban and not looking back.

Handler: In that case let's find out.

Handler: 35

Handler: You'll live.

Handler: ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

Handler: You actually drove past the DEA field office on your way here. It is right at the edge of the city, coming from El Paso.

Handler: You've been travelling for almost 22 hours now. McCannon, you remember the location of the safehouse. Do you head there immediately?

Handler: All of you are fatigued. Without at least four hours of rest, all of your rolls will be at - 30%.

SA Michael M. McCannon: YES.

SA Doug Moore: Good. The heat was killing Doug, figuratively. What's the weather like, by the by?

Handler: Affirm. Now heading to the safehouse in Rio Rancho estates. It's a 40 minute drive from where you are.

SA Frank Earle: "Y'ever hear about that coffee they do where they put an espresso in an americano?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "That's just a double-espresso."

SA Doug Moore: "What, a two-by-four?"

SA Doug Moore: "Or you could call it that, yes."

SA Frank Earle: "I mean... yeah..."

SA Doug Moore: "Or you could call it that, yes."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Two espressos and hot water. What the hell?"

SA Doug Moore: This place looks... different.

Handler: You show up at the given address. It's a very unassuming suburban household. Two stories and a pool.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's a house.

Handler: It is matter of fact just a house from outside.

Handler: Indeed it's so uninteresting I didn't even add walls to it.

SA Doug Moore: Ahem.

Handler: It takes you all 20 minutes to find your bearings and figure out the entire place.

Handler: But.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You know where the 'assets' are.

Handler: Everyone may move in the house freely, pick a spot to rest.

SA Frank Earle: He mainlines it to the bathroom to get a wash.

Handler: You may describe your actions. McCannon can review the assets if he desires to do so.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon walks singlemindedly to the assets, ignoring the shuffling of everybody else.

SA Doug Moore: Doug will take some time to find the bathroom. He goes in after Frank.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon asks the river of memory to flow into him and remind the location of the assets.

Handler: McCannon. You walk upstairs, to the masters bedroom toilet.

SA Frank Earle: Earle comes out with naught more than a towel hiding his dignity and heads for a nap.

Handler: Inside the sink, behind the wall, a mis-fitting piece of drywall detaches.

Handler: There are three duffel bags here.

Handler: One to three. Pick one.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon mutters to himself. "Good, good," he places the drywall to the side. Time for a review of ONE.

SA Doug Moore: Doug just barely misses Frank, in all his corpulent glory.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan turns on the news, at an appropriately respectful and cooperative volume. CNN or MSNBC.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Frank Earle: He figures he did good by snatching the bed, seeing as everyone else is gonna have to rough it on a couch or something.

Handler: You are looking at 10 kilograms of methamphetamine crystals, packed into ounce bags.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He grabs one of the baggies and gets a good feel for it with his one hand.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Correction: BAGS.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Vasmin hears the gasp and enters through the door.

Handler: It doesn't take a genius to tell what it is.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Oh. Oh my."

Handler: Oh my indeed. This here, could sell for... 800 thousand dollars on the good end.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is roughing it, on a couch, oblivious to all but his private thoughts. Wonder what the others are doing?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon stuffs the meth back into the dufflebag and puts it back where it originated from. He shoots a glare at David: "Get the other one and have a lookover." He grabs number TWO.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "And lock the door."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin nods.

Handler: You unzip the second duffel.

Handler: Around 150k\$ in cash.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "WAKE UP!"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Come with me.

Handler: Your briefing indicates that this is meant for the drug bust and not for lackadaisical purchases.

Handler: You just wonder what they would do to your family if you blew this all on prostitutes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He ruffles through one of the bands, trying to get a rough count for how much is in one.

Handler: Standard ten thousand bricks.

SA Doug Moore: "Yes?"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Might want to go upstairs in the bathroom and take a look."

SA Doug Moore: "Was that you, yelling to get someone up?"

SA Doug Moore: "Might as well."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "McCannon called for you- Yes."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon starts stuffing the bills back into the bag and puts it behind the wall, he shakes his head as he understands that David completely misunderstood his request.

SA Doug Moore: The door is locked. What's happening?

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's not.

SA Doug Moore: It's not. So Doug just walks in.

Handler: You got another bag comin'.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He grabs the last bag.

SA Doug Moore: "Mike? Those bags are--"

Handler: You unzip this one. For the sake of abstracting it, there's no pop-up. It's a black duffel like the others, except its filled with firearms in utterly shit condition.

Handler: It's like a TSA confiscation photo.

Handler: Almost all of them are tiny pistols.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Don't call me 'Mike'. You'll sleep better if you didn't make any friends."

Handler: Great for gangster use, or womens self defense.

Handler: You might be able to fish something out if you get lucky.

SA Doug Moore: "Erm. Agent, no offense meant."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "And I didn't call for you, I told him to grab the last bag and he completely misunderstood me."

SA Doug Moore: "But now I'm here. Things have a way of working out."

SA Doug Moore: "What's in the other two? If you don't mind my asking..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, since you're here - we have ten kilos of meth, 150 'kay' in cash and this bullshit."

SA Doug Moore: Which he probably DOES

SA Doug Moore: "...I see."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Vasmin peeks the door and looks inside.

Handler: You may try your luck at it. Above 50 is a heads. Just like that, 2 is the heads in luck rolls. If its green we're good.

Handler: 1d2 or d100, call it.

SA Doug Moore: I'd love to try my luck.

Handler: Not you.

SA Doug Moore: Ahem.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Vasmin.

Handler: McCannon, you're still looking at the load of crap in front of you.

SA Doug Moore: Correct, I am.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon inspects one of the pieces.

Handler: Go ahead.

Handler: Public roll 1d2.

SA Michael M. McCannon: What have we got? Chinkshit? Barrio shit?

Handler: I can't tell you if you don't roll.

Handler: Yes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's one

Handler: Tails. You find nothing worthy of value... except...

Handler: One of the pistols have a Glock switch on them.

Handler: If you have this thing on your duty gun and draw it out it's gonna be a real conversation starter.

SA Doug Moore: "Any ideas on how we put this to use... Agent McCannon?" Doug gave the contents of the bag just a furtive glance so he probably misses the relevance. Just a bunch of pistols to him.

Handler: Moore. You have enough Criminology to be able to tell yourself, but you ask the rhetorical question anyway.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "We do a drug rip and then just shoot them with these shitty ass plinckers probably."

SA Doug Moore: Intended as rhetorical, so I do.

Handler: If they found this in a drug bust, that's a dozen new firearm charges. Could escalate to a federal felony under the right circumstance.

SA Doug Moore: "No objections."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Or...."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, we'll see."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "It's just options."

Handler: For all intents and purposes, it's immediately clear to all of you that this is evidence meant to be planted.

Handler: Any fun ideas best kept to yourself.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon zips up the bag and stuffs it behind the wall.

SA Doug Moore: "Some hardware we're working with..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Would be a waste to not have our fun with it, though, wouldn't it?"

He turns to Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Not the kind of thing you say to a man such as Doug. But, still, maybe it's just his way of making conversation.

SA Doug Moore: "Your call. I'll, uh, be seeing myself out, Agent."

SA Doug Moore: "Any idea what they could have on the TV at this time?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: He stands up and pats Doug on the shoulder. "I'm just fucking with you. We're professionals."

Handler: There's plenty of room here for all of you, equal in comfort. You will rest for 3+1d3 hours, and then move on.

SA Doug Moore: "That we are." But Doug is taking notes. Mental notes.

Handler: 2

SA Michael M. McCannon: His expression is deadpan. He could still be fucking with you and not be saying this in good faith.

Handler: The distant suburban traffic whizzes by as you get some light sleep.

Handler: It's quarter to four o'clock now.

Handler: Let's take a look at Albuquerque from overhead. You did light studying with maps and tourist guides.

SA Doug Moore: Airforce bases, they put that on maps and tourist guides?

SA Doug Moore: Well, it's right in front of my eyes, so...

Handler: That's where you are right now. It's a fourty minute drive to the city proper, but if you get out now you might be able to catch Schrader before he leaves for home.

Handler: Kirtland AFB is the reason Albuquerque even exists.

SA Doug Moore: Doug doesn't live under a rock, so that's evident.

Handler: As federal agents you have unrestricted roaming access to most parts of the base, except for compartmentalized access zones where they keep the UFOs

SA Doug Moore: Of course, the UFOs.

Handler: Whatever, moving on. It's laid out all in front of you, right here.

Handler: You got named a motel down-town on your way here and it's marked there. Booking for a week for everyone will be a Standard expense.

Handler: Just a street in suburbs. You don't know residential areas that well. It's that huge gap in the middle of the map, and it's pure Americana for square miles.

Handler: Not much interesting going on, not much crime either.

Handler: The crime happens right across Kirtland AFB in La Mesa. Worst shithole in ABQ.

Handler: Drugs, guns, whores, you'll find whatever you want there.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Military installations and ghettos go hand in hand like peanut butter and jelly.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If we're looking for drugs, the clubs in La Mesa are probably the best possible place to start. The DEA hopefully can make a tasteful recommendation.

Handler: Of course things are not gonna be as easy as going out in your clean shaven face and demanding an obscure rave drug.

Handler: Schrader expects to see you soon.

Handler: Right. I assume that is the next action.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yep.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Daylight's burning.

Handler: Samantha is in quantum state. Earle, last call to get on the Schrader Train or stay home and Google how to drill the third hole in the lower receiver.

Handler: On your way there, you decide to listen to some music.

Handler: You have the following options: mainstream, latin, hip hop.

Handler: But who has the aux cord?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Me.

SA Michael M. McCannon: we pump flo rida

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Latin.

SA Doug Moore: He does.

SA Frank Earle: He'll stay home for the day.

Handler: The proverbial aux cord, of course.

SA Michael M. McCannon: They didn't mention specifics.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We pump "Low" by Flo Rida.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yes.

Handler: Rolling a d6 that descends the playlist, one to six from top to bottom.

Handler: 2

Handler: Doug.

Handler: The radio is yours.

SA Michael M. McCannon: 3

SA Doug Moore: Mainstream, please

Handler: Right on.

SA Michael M. McCannon: By Mainstream he means Low by Flo Rida which was #1 in the billboard charts of Hot 100

SA Michael M. McCannon: in 2008

SA Doug Moore: Thank you for the insightful commentary, Agent

Handler: "Good afternoon, Albuquerque! You're tuned in to Mix 95.7 — the best hits of the '80s, '90s, and today! It's evening on a sunny Monday. Right now, it's about 82 degrees here in the Duke City, and we're looking at clear skies through the evening..."

Handler: Anyone like Taytay?

SA Doug Moore: Someone does. Out there, somewhere.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon lets out a loud "FUUUUUUCK!" in the car as he immediately starts going into a long tirade about Taylor Swift being an industry plant and yammers on about the intelligence of the Swifties for a good minute or so.

SA Doug Moore: Unsightly.

Handler: Roll blind SAN.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Jesus Christ.

Handler: You keep yourself from losing it completely.

Handler: Now driving to DEA Field Office.

Handler: You may enjoy the tunes for a moment. Another bathroom break awaits.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon's eyes keep darting to the volume knob and at moments you can see his hand reach for it then shoot back.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is very doubtful whether he'd see eye to eye with 'Mike' again.

SA Doug Moore: The next song comes on. Sounds nice.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is not so irritated anymore.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Alright, this one is good."

Handler: Alright. Before proceeding, we gotta resolve what Earle is actually doing at the safehouse.

Handler: There is internet, and your laptop.

SA Frank Earle: He's chasing up his observations earlier about the AR-15s, wondering if there's anything he could do to make them a more convincing set of fakes. He isn't sure it would even matter but it can't help to be cautious.

Handler: There is no way to make them "more convincing" other than laser etching the S&W marks away and drawing a Colt mark on, which would cost... is there anyone in ABQ that can even do that shit?

Handler: You can consider converting them to select fire though.

SA Frank Earle: That is indeed what he thinks of doing, although he isn't sure if he has or could even get the means to do it.

Handler: Roll Gunsmithing.

Handler: Some options: bump stock, binary trigger, the famous "third hole" (although this would need a machined or handcrafted sear), rubber band across magwell...

Handler: Eugene Stoner knew his thing.

Handler: For your time you can consider rolling Criminology to look for a machine shop of this kind of reputation.

Handler: The Corolla is still parked in the garage.

SA Frank Earle: Might as well, right? They're rich in cash after all.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling Criminology Target: 40%)

Handler: You walk into a shop with a lathe and ask the guy with a Hulk Hogan beard if you can do a custom request. Once he realizes you're talking about a gun part, he tells you to get the fuck out before calling the cops.

Handler: You could try again later.

Handler: For now, your time remains wasted.

SA Frank Earle: Sucks, but what can you do. He spends the rest of his time looking into nearby cheap eats before getting a nap.

Handler: Hell, you damn well find one.

Handler: Los Pollos Hermanos

Handler: You have a pretty alright Peri Peri chicken menu and head back to the safehouse.

Handler: You can visit it with the rest of the team later.

Handler: Continuing.

Handler: DEA ABQ Field Office, Simms Building

Handler: A historical relic, this piece of brutalist architecture has been standing over 50 years in this exact spot.

Handler: Your access is not questioned whatsoever. The whole cell, sans Earle are standing at the lobby.

Handler: Employees are walking about. It's not that full, but there is some activity.

Handler: What now?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will take the lead and ask the receptionist if ASAC Schrader is in.

Handler: "Right. Please hold."

Handler: ...

Handler: "Third floor."

Handler: She goes back to her phone.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He nods and motions with his head for others to follow as he makes his way to the elevator.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Fuck the stairs.

SA Doug Moore: Doug could fall on his knees in praise right now. FUCK the stairs, indeed.

SA Doug Moore: He doesn't.

Handler: You're at the third floor. Before long, a guy looking for you appears.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Hope you remember your assumed identities fellas.

SA Steven Gomez: "Hey you. Are you the guys from El Paso?"He is talking to Finnegan.

SA Michael M. McCannon: What rank would I be in the DEA scheme of things? At least for this legend.

SA Steven Gomez: Special Agent.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan extends his hand. "Callahan. Rob Callahan. Good to meet you."

SA Steven Gomez: You don't have to talk in your fake names, we just assume you are saying them out loud.

SA Steven Gomez: "Yeah, Gomez."He takes out his flip phone and speed dials someone.

SA Steven Gomez: "Yeah, Hank. They're here. Alright. Okay."

SA Steven Gomez: He flips it back shut.

SA Steven Gomez: "He'll see you guys in the conference room in ten minutes."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No handshake prick. Finnegan gives him an icy New England smile and nods assent.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Vasmin will try to analyze how this person is reacting.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Does he seem defensive?

Handler: DEA guys are famous for being so chill. He doesn't really give a fuck whether you are here or not.

Handler: In any case, you are led to the conference room.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon takes a polite position at the table, probably the nearest at the door so he can get the first handshake in.

SA Doug Moore: It's all about them handshakes.

Handler: Assume your seats.

Handler: It takes about twenty minutes for him to show up. You can see him and Gomez from before out the glass panel.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Time's fucking wasting.

Handler: They are laughing about something, perhaps joking around.

SA Michael M. McCannon: No wonder they let those two guys out without so much as a slap on the wrist. Someone's been sloppy.

Handler: Confusion seems afoot. The 2005 raid did not happen in ABQ. You don't know where it exactly happened since you did not bother digging into files before exiting D.C.

Handler: However, sometime somewhere shit went down and these guys don't seem involved with it.

Handler: A rotund, bald man walks in.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Do they know about the triad activity here?

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Hey fellas, welcome to Duke City!"

ASAC Hank Schrader: They are the fucking DEA of course they know about asian gangs.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Well,"He puts his hands together."Let's get started with names first."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon stands up to extend a handshake: "SA Jacob Woods."

SA Doug Moore: Doug does likewise: "SA Richard Fell. It's a pleasure."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "tleast it's not Dookie City, hah.""SA Kyle Smith. "

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon cannot believe he said that.

SA Doug Moore: The measure of 'mood' in the room plummets like a stock graph during the Great Depression.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He just grins and lets out an ugly laugh at your extremely childish remark

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is obviously overthinking Gomez and the handshake, frowning. "Callahan."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Right, then. What's the scoop from El Paso?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Here we got the usual, Sinaloa, ecstasy, meth, you know."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "It's a pile of shit but it's our pile of shit."

SA Doug Moore: 'DEA suspects methamphetamine', recalls Doug. He's just thinking it, but it helps to think.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He cracks into laughter again at that."I know right, we have some real geniuses spread around the whole nation."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I almost thought it was just candy cigarettes."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, it's actually the usual but with a twist. The task force was set up with regards to the increasing prevalence of Asian-American crime. "

ASAC Hank Schrader: His snarky grin stops.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "The higher ups are not happy at the appearance of Chinese-Mexican fusion cuisine, if we're speaking metaphorically."

ASAC Hank Schrader: Roll HUMINT.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 21 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 50%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 48 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 80%)

SA Doug Moore: All of us?

ASAC Hank Schrader: No.

ASAC Hank Schrader: McCannon, he clearly was not expecting Asians to come up as a conversation topic.

ASAC Hank Schrader: Perhaps it would have been a brighter idea to probe what he himself was up to first.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Unfortunate, but we gotta mix in a bit of truth in with the lies to make it not stink like shit.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Go on, continue."

ASAC Hank Schrader: He takes a seat.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Guess he doesn't know or he hasn't been caring.

Handler: Asian crime is everywhere across United States, but right next to the Mexican border, the answer is nine point ninety nine times out of ten has to do with Hispanics.

Handler: You truly captured his interest.

Handler: He is staring at you now.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "What do you know about triad activities in New Mexico, ASAC Schrader?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Um, actually. It has been a while since we dug into that skin color as a discussion topic."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Dime a dozen street level dealers but anything bigger than that... a rare catch."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Do you read any news about anything south of Mexico?" Finnegan interjects. "Venezuela, for example."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Well I tend to make the news, so."

ASAC Hank Schrader: He grins.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "So you're familiar with the reality of how many tons of Chinese freight get into the neighborhood. I think as time goes on, we'll just see more and more of this. Comes with the territory."

ASAC Hank Schrader: He doesn't respond to that.

ASAC Hank Schrader: Go on.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It's probable that some new cooperative enterprises have worked their way up into New Mexico, like he said."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He adjusts his glasses. "They're taking advantage of customs at Latin ports, in other words, and seem to be integrating very well with organized crime with interests here in the States."

ASAC Hank Schrader: He reclines back in his chair and scratches his chin. "Well actually, there is this one character we just couldn't fit anywhere in the puzzle a month ago."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Some kid named... shit what was his name... 'Spider' I think. Illegal immigrant but not Mexican, I think he was uh..."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I don't remember. Anyway, we just couldn't link him to a supplier and he was dealing ecstasy out of nowhere. Then one day, poof, the guy is gone."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Not gone gone, but as in vanished without a trace."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well as you said, the topic of race hasn't been in discussion precisely because it has been a done deal. The two colors known for the meth trade at the southern border have been barrio brown and trailer park white."

SA Doug Moore: Much too correct, as some would note.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Personally?" he points to himself with his thumb, "I don't care what color the guy is. A dope slinger is a dope slinger and we're fighting the war on drugs, right?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Meth's the enemy, doesn't matter who is spreading it."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Come on Agent, cut the horse shit. Let me think."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Let me get you a copy of that missing persons report we filed for him."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It'd be much appreciated."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "He didn't actually have any family but they just let us go through the process."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "That'd be a good start, actually. Thanks a ton."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "The ABQ PD I mean."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Was he under surveillance?"

Handler: He takes out his Motorola flip phone."Yeah, Gomie. Can you bring me that poster copy of that Spider guy we were onto last month? Yeah. Okay."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "He was."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Were they just watching a location and then one day he never came out?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "We thought it was just some new Pistolas lieutenant but the guy turned out to have no connection to the cartel proper."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Something like that actually. It's a night club. He was preying on there and we were gonna send some agents to entrap him into selling."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "But then one day he spirits away."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You mean to tell me the guy was pushing independent on cartel turf?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I mean what the hell is that guys."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Seemingly so."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "He'd be skinned alive before he could say 'Por favor no'"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "That's why we had intel look into his every last detail, we thought he was Pistolas."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "It's strange. Maybe he cut some kind of deal? Eh I don't know. Probably selling to teenagers in hell as we speak."

Handler: Gomez brings a folder in front of Schrader and leaves the room immediately.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yeah, we'd see it if they got to him. They like sending a message, don't they?"

SA Doug Moore: "We'd better hope so."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Here you go."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I don't hope so. We still need to slap the shit out of him and see what's up before he goes to hell."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Realistically, and I don't mean to spark anyone's imagination, there's a serious chance he's in a 55-gallon drum somewhere in the Chihuahuan." Finnegan reaches for the poster.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "The thing about the cartel is, if you fuck them they will fuck you one hundred times hard. I didn't think his death would go so under the radar."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "How long ago was this, specifically?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Give or take a month."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "What is that? A Persian? Weird haircut for an asian." He tries to make it out leaning over the table looking at the poster.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan pushes it towards McCannon. "I assume the exact date and time is written down in the full police report."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Yeah the resolution is soggy. We don't know what breed of Asian, apparently he dodged ICE ever since he came to the States."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Bush in office and ICE still hasn't got it's shit together."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Whatever, the way it's filed you gotta go sweet talk the PD into giving it out to you. We didn't admit into placing him under surveillance."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Much cleaner this way." He winks.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Task forces can get away with a lot."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan nods. "Right. What about the club?" He narrows it down. "Who's going there? College kids, gangbangers?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "It's a rave club. Mostly young adults, but some well dressed Hispanic figures may be around."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "The owner got shot and did some time inside if I recall correctly. He repented ever since, though. Claims to be 'clean'."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Interesting." He means it, sincerely.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We'll have to get some more information about who's into it on paper. It might make things a little more transparent."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "He's clean, club ain't."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "The usual schtick."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Who is into what?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "The business. Registered owners. Just small potatos. I like to start there."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Yeah well, figure it out. It's just one guy."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "If that's all then maybe it's time for us to go home."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "The name of the place would be appreciated."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Uhhhm..."

SA Doug Moore: "I was about to say."

ASAC Hank Schrader: ASAC Hank Schrader rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling INT Target: 75%)

ASAC Hank Schrader: "It's called... something Overground."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I don't remember the first part."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Just Google it, agent."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That narrows it down enough."

ASAC Hank Schrader: He gets up and gets the folder.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Well it's certainly been interesting meeting you folks."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I'm looking forward to your report."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: These boneheads should have more to turn over than this. I'm glad I didn't go to the DEA table at the job fair.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "We'll start digging and reconvene when we hit something actionable."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "So far it's smoke and mirrors, but we've got a start."

ASAC Hank Schrader: It's one dealer who went missing a month ago. He's not even Hispanic. He thinks he's dead, because what else could he be.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He has a field office to run, ya know.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Things start turning up when you start looking for them.

ASAC Hank Schrader: Unless you interrupt, you will begin exchanging handshakes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon stands up and goes through the motions of professional farewells.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finally, a decent handshake.

SA Doug Moore: Doug shakes hands last and walks out last.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Vasmin does the requisite hand shakes.

SA Doug Moore: And so it was.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Once Schrader steps out, Finnegan is ready to make a plan.

Handler: Hank waves a formal-ish bye and goes about his business.

Handler: The time is...

Handler: 1816.

Handler: What's the next move?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He looks at McCannon. "I'd like to take the lead on local PD."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Sure, take someone with you so you don't look weird walking around without a partner."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He looks over at Vasmin.

Handler: Federal agents mostly work alone.

Handler: It doesn't matter.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Mostly, but we're a task force.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "They're going to get our foot in the door. Not only do they have hard copies of any black-and-white we want..." He gestures for effect. "Any regular cop we can pin down into some friendly smalltalk is going to know about the club."

SA Doug Moore: "Finding out what the club is actually called and where it's located would be a... sensible first step."

Handler: List your actions. Earle, you're still having dinner so we are skipping you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will be googling local clubs ABQ.

Handler: Uh, where exactly?

Handler: Over which computer

SA Michael M. McCannon: Find a library or some shit.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Enjoy taxpayer dollars at work.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan plans on heading to the APD station to introduce himself to the desk sergeant and "gather information".

Handler: You manage to find an unoccupied and unlocked computer inside Simms.

Handler: Local Clubs Albuquerque Overground. Dozens of results, but, of the same thing.

Handler: Studio Overground.

Handler: No other club shares this name.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Bingo.

Handler: Think of what to do afterwards. The group is all split up, so you don't think showing up alone in your jorts is gonna be very fruitful to the whole process.

Handler: Doug and David, actions.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is quite at a lack of anything to do and rest would be a priority right now, if permissible.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I get a camera and a recorder from somewhere.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: That is, a voice recorder.

Handler: You did not book the motel yet, you either do that or take a cab to the safehouse.

SA Doug Moore: A question not related to anything and very much said in jest:

Handler: David, you manage to find both in a pawn shop for cheap. They are of incidental expense.

SA Doug Moore: How would a fine gentleman acquire stuff needed to make homemade explosives in ABQ?

Handler: DEA Armory or farm supply store

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I purchase the goods.

Handler: or something more creative

Handler: Add them to your inventory, David. This means Finnegan is heading in alone.

Handler: David, your time is also occupied, what's the next move?

SA Doug Moore: In that case, Doug goes out to the farm supply store and gets the proverbial "supplies". Fertilizer, ammonia nitrate, that sort of thing. Each component he buys in a different store, obviously.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'd like to know what sort of area this club is in, and if possible engage in some reconnaissance.

Handler: Doug.

Handler: You realize you're walking on very thin ice doing this.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Do we have the ability to remotely communicate? As in, phones with numbers, so on.

SA Doug Moore: I am and maybe I want to reconsider.

Handler: You are gonna need to file in papers under your fake DEA identity. If this is scrutinized before the mission is over...

SA Doug Moore: And go back to the safehouse

SA Doug Moore: Just maybe

Handler: You all have burner phones, yes.

Handler: David, the club is completely insignificant from the outside, but for convenience we can assume that you're "around the block" if you guys decide to head in tonight.

Handler: That being said, Doug is taking a cab to the safehouse.

Handler: Let's put those tokens down.

Handler: Right on. McCannon, I forgot your action.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will be getting some plain clothes for club infil.

Handler: Plain clothes for a rave club?

Handler: You realize you'll stick out like a sore thumb unless you're in leather straps or fishnets, friendo.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Well, plain for a rave club.

SA Michael M. McCannon: That being said, your overall creepy military look and poor disguise ability offers a bleak outlook on ever trying to sneak in there unnoticed.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Oh well, one can dream.

Handler: Actually let's get some radio on.

Handler: 3

Handler: Finnegan. You're driving up to ABQPD in the suburban.

Handler: Mainstream, latino or hip hop?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Well, when in Rome. It should be Latino. Something AM.

Handler: No one gets to complain about the results since you're alone.

Handler: You have no idea what the radio says, but you can tell it's about to be a party.

Handler: Bathroom break, then we can resolve the PD situation and call the sesh.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Right on.

SA Doug Moore: Isn't someone glad there is no one in the car with Finnegan right now.

Handler: Right.

Handler: You turn the ignition off and get out of the car.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You're at ABQPD HQ. What next?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Through the front doors. I'll introduce myself to whoever's in the reception and say I need to speak to the desk sergeant. This is a good time to use my federal flip-over ID.

Desk Officer: After a couple minutes, he arrives from the back holding a coffee mug.

Desk Officer: "How can I help ya?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Evening, boss. Rob Callahan, DEA." My ID says the same thing. "I'm with a TF that's blowing in from El Paso. I was hoping you could help me find some information. Onesy-twosey stuff."

Desk Officer: "Oh yeah?"

Desk Officer: "What, you think it's the DEA that runs ABQ?"

Desk Officer: "Showing up here, no subpoena, no warrant, no anything."

Handler: This guy is hardass. Looks like this will be a Tricknology roll.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: d100 blind?

Handler: Just kidding. Do attempt to soften him in more legitimate ways.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Forced smile. "The trouble is that I know we don't. It's a professional courtesy." I put my ID away. "We're here looking into a missing persons case as it relates to some controlled substance movement in the nightlife here."

Handler: Public Persuasion.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Forgot to change it to public

Desk Officer: d100 36. Success.

Desk Officer: "You mean you want to take a missing persons case back from us over drugs?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It's a little complicated." Finnegan runs his fingers through the stubble on his head he calls hair. "We think this might be a strong lead in connection to a DWI from a few weeks ago, eastbound on the 40. Positive for meth, PCP, and a few things from a

specialty test kit." I'm bullshitting him, but the highway back towards Texas is out of his jurisdiction and gossip circles, unless he has friends in Highway Patrol.

Desk Officer: "Alright alright alright just stop-"

Desk Officer: "Look, how about I find the area subcommand that handles the case and you get off my back alright?"

Desk Officer: "Is that a deal?"

Desk Officer: "What you're looking for is ninety nine percent in the area subcommand buddy."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If you don't mind, it'd be a big favor. The report was filed about a month ago. Last seen at Studio Overground."

Desk Officer: "Okay, give me a few."

Desk Officer: He begins typing away at the computer.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Asian. Male. Young, nice clothes." I nod.

Desk Officer: After fifteen or so minutes...

Desk Officer: "Last seen: Studio Overground. Filed under Southeastern Area Subcommand."

Desk Officer: "Yeah no shit it's filed under there, god help them."

Desk Officer: "Is that all?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well, uh... You know the place? We got here yesterday, still trying to get a feel for the city."

Desk Officer: "It's a few blocks down the western wall of Kirtland." He points it at you on the map on the wall.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Get a lot of calls there?"

Desk Officer: He makes a blowing face and tugs on his collar.

Desk Officer: It's the zone that handles La Mesa.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "One more thing, if you don't mind. Just personal curiouosity."

Desk Officer: "Yeah, what?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "How long have you been with the department here?"

Desk Officer: "Fifteen years. I got one in my leg back at SE, you know." You notice his light limp.

Desk Officer: "Still serving proud."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I nod. "That's a minute. I'm trying to piece something together here, and local PD in my experience usually knows this kind of thing... Are there any Asian communities you can think of around the city? Our 2M (cop talk; missing person) is from somewhere East, and I'd be surprised if he was living with strangers."

Desk Officer: "Southeast area command, pal. Bye."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You have a good night."

Desk Officer: He takes his mug and starts going in the back room.

Handler: I can guess what comes now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'd be pissed if I was working a desk after taking one to the leg, too. Better find Southeast command.

Handler: Are you seeing it on the map? It's right there.

Handler: Click journal notes

Handler: Left hand side dropdown, bottom most

SA David Grozze Vasmin: not visible

SA Doug Moore: Nothing there

Handler: press the button on discord

Handler: its right next to kirtland

Handler: Well, moving on. 15 minute drive there, Finnegan. No one gets to act but you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I don't appreciate how these southwest grid-cities look after dark. Depersonalized.

Handler: You pull up to the substation. It's much smaller than the HQ.

Handler: You're led right inside. The "desk" here is mainly for checking in the usual suspects, you were named the detective for any inquiries.

Handler: On the wall you see the motto.

Handler: In step with our community.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Perfect.

Handler: Officers are buzzing around and some Future Engineers and Scientists are loudly claiming their innocence. The usual stuff.

Handler: Finally, you find the detective.

Handler: He's hunched over his desk, busy at work.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Excuse me." I interject, holding out my hand. "Rob, Rob Callahan, DEA. You're the detective for southeast area?"

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Oh, hello, DEA huh."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Christopher Bakersfield. Just call me Chris."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "What brings you here?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Good to meet you, Chris. We're just in from El Paso. Snooping around, I'm afraid... I'm trying to get a little more information about a missing persons case that got filed by the local office."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Which one?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Asian male, early twenties or late teens. Studio Overground, last seen about a month ago."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: He exhales and buries his face in his palms over his desk, after that picturesque description of yours.

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Anything else?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...Went by 'Spider'."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "No real name?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That's all that got turned over to me. Foreign national, too. No visa."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "You know what, just give me a few minutes okay? I gotta get home soon and I can't bring myself to care the least about some dealer."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: He exhales again. This guy is worn out.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If you don't mind. We'll be out of your hair by next week."

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: Luck roll. Blind.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You are handed a missing persons report.

Handler: "Last seen: Studio Overground"However, this is not who you are looking for.

Handler: "Damien Lucas, 22. Caucasian."The report is filed...Yesterday.

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: He sighs and gives you a side eye that screams "just get the hell out of here already."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I don't let it faze me. "Appreciate it, Chris. We'll be in touch."

Handler: He ignores you as you walk out of the building.

SA Doug Moore: And thus...

Handler: Reverberations, Session 1 END.

Reverberations Session 2

September 20, 2025

Handler: Reverberations - Session 2

Handler: Unknown date, 2007. Jacob J. Kavitz Federal Building, NYC, NY.

The Director: Diaz enters the smoky, refurbished room in one of the higher floors of the building.

AD Ramona Diaz: She knocks on the door twice and enters without waiting for a response, like told.

AD Ramona Diaz: She clears her throat."I expected something bigger, the office in Norfolk beats this."

The Director: "Renovations in progress."

The Director: He is leaning against the huge window, smoking a cigarette.

The Director: "Do you know why I called you here?"

AD Ramona Diaz: "To admit that we are finally square?"

The Director: "After this, perhaps."He waves a manila folder."It's insanity. To a level that I have just my own stamp on it, with nobody else's."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Better have a plan that works now, isn't that what you've been doing all your life?"

The Director: He smirks."This is your own death warrant as much as it is your agents'. You know you won't get to walk this off, even with our help."

AD Ramona Diaz: "I have my reservations. Do you have anything else for me?"

The Director: "No. I just wanted to relive the old times, even for a moment. Dusty rooms, after-hour meets. It used to be better back then."

The Director: He takes a long drag out of his cigarette.

The Director: "Go spend time with your family. It's almost Christmas."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Your sense of humor is sick, as always."

Handler: ABQ

Handler: Samantha, you're up first.

Handler: You spent most of the drive here quiet and reserved. Out of all these fools, you recognize Doug but not the others.

Handler: You decided against a face-to-face with Schrader. Instead, you went around the block and personally visited some landmarks. Including the Days Inn Motel.

Handler: There is enough vacancy for the whole party.

Handler: But that's not it.

Handler: You also dropped by a friendly that you got named, by the name of "Caldera".

Handler: Civilian, veterinary. In the game. Not the Delta Green game, the 'crime' game.

Handler: Let's take a look.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: It's around dusk. You enter the pet clinic and walk past the secretary. She does not really bother you because it's not often someone shows up here in a business suit holding no pet.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: You eventually come to the clinic room, with an operating table for small animals in the middle. Your guy is on the phone.

Dr. Joe Caldera: He leans into it, his back facing you.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Yeah, don't forget to bring around lil' Smoky in two weeks for a parasite shot and a vaccine, okay?..."

Dr. Joe Caldera: The business here looks legit by all means.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff walks by the bed and places a hand on it, staring at Caldera. When she's noticed, she gives a nod as an understanding to continue the call.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "...Mmm, yeah. I got it. We'll mail you a reminder, thank you, have a nice day."

Dr. Joe Caldera: He turns around to face you.

Dr. Joe Caldera: He immediately notices the lack of animals and business casual on your body.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "What, am I under arrest, agent?"

Handler: You may speak and act freely.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff smiles. She lifts her hand off the bed, and raises it towards Caldera for a handshake."Of course not, Dr. Caldera."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Well, then, how can I help you?"

Handler: Roll HUMINT.

Handler: Public.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 55 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 30%)

Dr. Joe Caldera: He really doesn't get the point or understand what's going on. You have to sweet talk him into it.

Handler: He IS a friendly, you can probably tell right out of the bat that he was not expecting a woman.

Handler: An introduction is in order.

Dr. Joe Caldera: He snorts and scratches his nose nervously.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff keeps a soft smile as she keeps her hand raised for a shake."I'm Special Agent Cliff. I'll be your point of contact with the bureau."

Dr. Joe Caldera: He blows a huge gust of air from the corners of his lips as his cheeks swell up."Please, let's not say that out loud again here, or ever."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "I'm in good standing with you folks, whatever you need just come here and pretend you're not a feeb, alright."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Of course. You won't get any trouble from us. This is just an introduction for further business, so you need not be alarmed."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Right, I got the surgical theatre here, but I'd have to put you in the garage if you showed up at daytime."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Meds, tools, goons, other crap I dare not utter, I can arrange it."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "If you're new in town I could show you around, maybe grab dinner too, heh."

Dr. Joe Caldera: He laughs once to himself and realizes it's inappropriate.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff keeps a straight face."Well, I'm sure we can find the time to introduce you to the team..."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Oh no, oh fuck no don't bring your 'team' here for a move-in party, please."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "In fact if you don't have another request it's about time you should go."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff tucks her lips and nods several times."Yup, about what I wanted to cover anyways. Hopefully we won't be in touch often."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She turns around to leave as she raises a hand goodbye.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "I'll get some O- blood stocked and a human-sized defibrillator arranged, or something."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Bye now!"

Dr. Joe Caldera: He goes back to work, going through phone calls.

Handler: 2130.David is 'busy', rest of you have gathered nearby Studio Overground to take a look.

Handler: There he goes..

Handler: I should make that faster soon. Anyhow, you're all gathered in front of Studio Overground. It's nighttime.

Handler: You can hear the music booming from here. It's in the better part of the hood, so it's obvious why this place hasn't been shut down due to noise complaints yet.

Handler: A bouncer is vigorously bodysearching the patrons in the line and claiming that doors close in 15 minutes.

Handler: McCannon. You're in the lead. What do you do?

SA Michael M. McCannon: How's the disposition of the people look like? What's tonight's crowd like?

Handler: Cars are whizzing past. There's a taco truck feeding hungry lowlives a bit ahead.

Handler: The disposition of the people- ravegoers. All sorts of crazy, half naked clothing and strange hair. Most are skinny, down to the bone.

Handler: Some business casual people have also gotten in.

Handler: The crowd is calmer compared to a weekend in the club. If you were here yesterday on a Sunday it would be teeming, you guess.

Handler: It's still big but not explosive big.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Are we tangoing with our guns at our hips or did we deign to leave them somewhere for this stakeout?

Handler: Your guns are carefully hidden below your jackets. No one is taking them off of you if you show your DEA badge. You know that.

Handler: The artillery is still in the trunk.

SA Michael M. McCannon: What's the likelihood of getting fast-tracked inside if one or two of us flash our badges?

Handler: 100%. Obstructing a federal investigation is not a charge someone is going to catch over 15\$/h nightshift.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Now we're talking. Who else volunteers to enter tweaker MDMA heaven?

Handler: There is nothing interesting going on outside. You don't see any of the MDMA dealers themselves, not from this angle. They don't tend to fuck around cartel territory- that is if the rumors are true and the owner is leashed to the Sinaloa.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan meekly offers to stay outside, just in case, and maybe see if there's any interesting traffic around the sides or back as the night goes on.

SA Doug Moore: Whatever McCannon has planned could probably do with a Doug. He's in

Handler: Finnegan, you're gang unit for fucks sake.

Handler: What are you getting paid for?

Handler: You think to yourself exactly that.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon loves the idea of bald and anxious tagging along.

SA Frank Earle: Earle graciously declines, for what he understands to be obvious reasons.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: ...Well, someone has to keep America safe. Let's go.

SA Doug Moore: Cinco de Mayo, right. That's reasons

Handler: Bathroom run. You are all grouped up in a "parking lot" (vacant private property with a bunch of cars) discussing your next move. Be done with it until I return.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon volunteers Samantha to also come along. He doesn't really care if Finnegan and Earle want to gorge themselves on al pastor.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff readily agrees to come along.

SA Doug Moore: You people smell that?

SA Doug Moore: 'Ethnic' is in the air tonight

Handler: McCannon, did you miss your Ambien schedule? You don't know a "Pastor" yet.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's food, man, people gotta eat.

Handler: You are entering the nightclub a la feeble clown car. The bouncer at the door doesn't even dare to stop you, and you're inside single file.

SA Doug Moore: For posterity sake, is McCannon leading the way? At the head of the line?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yes, and being blasted by the godawful electronic music first.

Handler: The music is booming. Enough to silence casual conversation.

Handler: You may move.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: Roll Alertness.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: The smell of sweating bodies is overwhelming, despite the powerful AC fans.

Handler: Fixed to the ceiling are crystal "cages" with performers inside them, half naked. They are throwing it down, 6 of them arranged in a polygonal pattern above the dance floor.

Handler: Light is reflecting off of them in crazy angles.

Handler: In front of you is a reception desk where you may turn in your car keys to get "stamped" on the hand. You just saw it get done to a guy, the stamp is the logo of the club. Its a cartoon cactus with a snapback cap and a boombox.

Handler: You may act.

Bouncer: "Hey, welcome."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Party of five," McCannon pulls out the badge from his jacket pocket and unfurls it towards the bouncer, "Business, not pleasure."

Bouncer: "Right on."

Bouncer: He speaks into his earpiece.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon waves the people behind him forward.

SA Doug Moore: "What next?"

SA Frank Earle: "We look like a bunch of schnooks..."

Handler: The crowd is dancing exactly like what 300mg ecstasy feels like.

SA Doug Moore: The group is just past the doors and the music is starting to give Doug Moore a headache.

Handler: As far as you can tell nobody cares about your presence yet.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "We are a bunch of schnooks. For starters, did any of you grab the printouts? Finnegan?"

Handler: What printouts?

Handler: Finnegan has a copy of the Spider brochure.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Missing person pictures?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Camera pictures.

Handler: Oh, also the file.

Handler: It's a copy, though, not the original.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I think we should ask about the Lucas kid. He might've been a regular."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "That's what I was thinking. Hey, man," McCannon waves at the bouncer as he shuffles back to him. "Big man in?"

Handler: You are starting to get some weird stares from the tables around you.

Bouncer: "He's in the private room."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Where is it at?"

Bouncer: He points you northeast.

SA Doug Moore: "Might want to get a move on."

SA Frank Earle: skel is back

Handler: You can move your tokens right?

Handler: You May Walk

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Right on. Doug, Samantha, go get a drink and make conversation with the bartender. Frank, Dick, let's get to private."

SA Doug Moore: "Oh."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Right."

SA Frank Earle: "Ehe."

Handler: If you are having trouble use the arrow keys.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: A guy dancing like it's his last day on earth shoulders you very roughly.

Handler: Roll Strength.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 11
(Rolling STR Target: 45%)

Handler: You stand still like a tree. He staggers to his knees.

Handler: "Sorry, man! Sorry!"

Handler: He goes deeper into the mosh, escaping.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Don't mind me. You just have fun." He flashes a creepy smile in his direction as he recedes.

Handler: Samantha, just so you know, the bar is south.

Handler: You should be able to see past the windows.

SA Doug Moore: "Agent? Uh, Samantha?" Doug gets in close and lowers his voice, though they are quite a distance away from any person and barely audible as is.

Handler: You can't even hear what you are saying at this tone.

SA Doug Moore: Right, clearly not.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff leans in, moving her ear closer to Moore.

Handler: McCannon. You're at the private rooms, it's in front of you.

Handler: What now?

SA Doug Moore: More of a halfhearted yell: "Samantha, how is it going to look when two uniformed feebees come up to the bar? How will we play this?!"

SA Michael M. McCannon: Doors not seethrough? No slit?

Handler: Feel free to act, Finnegan and Earle.

Handler: Nope. Bank vault solid. Or drywall solid, it doesn't matter. The music is really getting to your nerves, McCannon.

SA Frank Earle: Earle's simply following McCannon's lead and awkwardly averting his eyes from any nearby women.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks at McCannon. "Do you want to ask the questions? I can think of a couple."

Handler: Earle.

Handler: Roll Charisma.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha leans into Moore's ear, coming off somewhat loud this close up. "We had some presentation and hit the bar. Accounting maybe?"

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 17 (Rolling CHA Target: 50%)

SA Doug Moore: "Suppose..? Might pay to ask about that kid, assuming the others have any success."

SA Doug Moore: "Shall we?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Let's go."

Handler: A black woman splayed on the couch right next to you waves her dainty fingers towards your direction, saying "hiiii" through thin lips.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "If you've got anything that you'd like to shoot immediately go right ahead. The music is giving me a headache and I'll think of something when we get somewhere insulated from the cacophony."

Handler: She takes a sip out of a drink.

Handler: The crowd cheers the DJ as the song comes to an end and a new one begins.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Trust me, it's not my type, either." Can we knock on the door?

Handler: You knock on the door. No response. It's locked, try banging.

Handler: Continue moving.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I give it a FLETC-grade knock.

Handler: BANG BANG BANG.A voice from the inside says, "WHAAT?!"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Front desk called ahead. Open up!"

SA Frank Earle: Not sure how to handle the sudden attention he nods cowboy-style to the black lady before returning to the group.

Handler: Doors to your right.

Handler: The bouncer guy gets up from his chair and peers the door enough to see you.

Bodyguard: "Who the fuck are you bro?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "DEA. We've got a few questions. Nobody is in any trouble."

Bodyguard: "Fucking crackers from DEA."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Alright, alright."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Get off me bitch."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Just open the damn door."

SA Doug Moore: "Uh... That thing you mentioned, Agent..." He's talking to Samantha, more whispering. The music is not as deafeningly loud in the little walled off bar area.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: He dusts off and arrives at the door.

SA Doug Moore: "Forgot to mention I don't know the first thing about accounting." Maybe he's giving himself too little credit. Still, that's what Doug thinks. "Not going to affect anything, right?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Hey. My office, alright. Right across."

SA Doug Moore: "I am not much for small talk. Mind asking the questions?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Sure thing." I step back enough to give him comfortable space to lead the way.

Handler: "You ladies wait for daddy, ahahahahahah."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Don't fret over it. Just be casual."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Come on."

SA Doug Moore: Doug forgot "casual" a decade ago. He is trying hard to recall how to.

SA Frank Earle: He raises an impressed eyebrow at the Spanish fellow's retinue of ladies.

Bodyguard: This room is very clearly insulated. The music comes to a hum.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff sits down first, sighing as she settles into her seat.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "So, what can I do for you agents?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "You got me at a busy hour."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I can tell, it looks like you do well here." No forced smiles.

SA Doug Moore: Doug thinks this is something like a game of pantomime so he sits down, as well, and sighs, as well, but it comes out notably deeper and more exasperated. Must be all the stress.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon takes the liberty of sitting down in one of the cushioned chairs.

SA Doug Moore: There's another patron at the bar with Samantha and Doug. Probably no-one

Handler: Doug, Samantha. The bartender will talk to you shortly. For now you're waiting for the drinks you asked for to pour.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Yees, make yourself at home."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Now what do you have for me?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan takes the photograph of Lucas out of his jacket and puts it on the table. "I'd like you to look at this picture. Do you know this man?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He gestures to the bouncer, as well. "You, as well, please."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "No greetings first?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: It takes a moment, but he remembers that you are in fact not the feds that he reports to.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Agent Callahan. We're in from El Paso."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "And you, dick beater?"

Handler: He lights a cigarillo.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Be civil, now. I guarantee you there's at least a dozen people out there melting their brains off of ecstasy, if not all of them, and we can tie this place up in so much federal tape that this club will be silent for the foreseeable future."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "And it's Agent Woods."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Hey look now, my club is clean."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "They call me Cucaracha here, okkkay? And it's because I went to federal for a bullshit charge where I got shanked twice and almost died. But I don't fucking die to that. And there are no fucking dealers in here or out there in my property."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I can't stop people shooting up and then coming here for a dance, alright."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "It's entertainment."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We've heard good things and we're not here to roll up a bunch of kids out for a night on the town." He taps the photo.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Rodriguez, pour a glass of Zafir each for my guests. Let's sweeten this up."

Handler: The bouncer begins pouring up from a blue bottle with a spiky cap. Some of you know this thing, a shot is 50\$ usually.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: He drinks his own and then demands the photo from your hands.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's on the table for him to do with as he wishes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You know it'd help the image if you had people address you by your government name instead of the cholo shit, you feel me?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: He scratches his fat chin. "Don't know him. Never seen or talked to him. They say he was last seen here before he vanished but the only thing cops found was a blown up toilet stall."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Come on man, you got the papers, you got the forensics, fiiiigure it out."

SA Frank Earle: He leans forward to take his shot glass and, hoping to make up for the cold reception they're getting, quickly imbibes - before puckering his lips and cringing a little like he just got hit in the face.

Handler: The liquor is very refined and aromatic. It goes down effortlessly despite the fireball taste.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan leaves his drink untouched. "He's not the only person who was last seen hanging out around here. Like you said, it's entertainment, a clean business, I'm not trying to bust your balls... But lightning doesn't generally strike twice."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I don't know what the fucking law people think about my club, coming here for a missing persons case every week, do you think I have a hole to the center of earth here?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Look, you know what? There is the CCTV computer."

Handler: He points at the table behind the bodyguard.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks back at Earle and gestures with his head.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon looks at Earle: "Agent?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "It's all yours. But I have no business with no missing people."

SA Frank Earle: "Eeeyup." A quick nod and he's on his way, set on scraping all the data he can on here to his laptop.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: Finnegan.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: Roll Intelligence.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 74 (Rolling INT Target: 85%)

Handler: You remember the fact that this man came out of a room with 3 similarly aged Asian escorts.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He takes the photo of Spider out and lays it over Lucas'. "What I'm getting at, and I know you're not slow on the uptake, is that there's such a thing as too much coincidence."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Look, how abouuut, you go see the wrecked toilet stall for yourself and tell me how I allegedly abducted a white boy through the gaps in the walls."

Handler: Earle.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He gives a skeptical look back. "We'll take a look."

Handler: Roll CompSci.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 68 (Rolling Computer Science Target: 80%)

Handler: The chances of you failing to pull the CCTV footage is next to none. However, with the extra time, you can pretend you're doing just that while smartly doing something else.

Handler: Any other thing you wish to look for on this computer or network?

SA Frank Earle: He checks to see if the PC is linked to Cuca-coockoo's emails or some other database that'd be of interest of them.

Handler: It is. You find a ton of financial e-mails and correspondence from any provider a nightclub might need. Audio engineers, catering, all that.

Handler: Your Accounting 10% is worthless to determine any discrepancies.

Handler: However, Internet is a series of pipes. You have one more move.

SA Frank Earle: Finally he looks for any files on here that are encrypted, password locked, otherwise out of place. Anything that'd be worth checking on later on his laptop.

Handler: Nothing here is encrypted. However, this does tell something. He is old fashioned and keeps his passwords on a physical piece of paper, et al. Probably. The most out of place thing you can see are some digital photos of him with other thugs. And that's not even that "out of place" either, considering the mans history.

Bodyguard: "You finished?"

SA Frank Earle: "Something like that." He says, sniffing and heading back with the other two.

Handler: Earle, you narrow the footage down to 30 minutes of Lucas entering the club and vanishing into thin air. On 3x playback, it will take 10 minutes at the least for you to analyze it.

Handler: In the mean time, I take it that McCannon and Finnegan are investigating "the toilet"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It'd better not be a stupid joke. Yes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yep.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: Cucaracha gets up out of his white leather chair and corrects his jacket.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I'll be here for a few more, before I return to my girls."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "If there is anything you need to help me get these punks off my back, let me know."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I really do have nothing to do with these putas anymore."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "And I want it to stay that way."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We appreciate the help." Finnegan collects the photos. "It's dirty business. We want it off the streets just as much as you want it out of your business."

Handler: After a customary nod, you are leaving Earle to watch the footage in the office as you go to the bathrooms.

Handler: Feel free to move. It's right south of the office, the toilets.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: On the way through the main room, Finnegan scans the crowd - ABQ isn't the most cosmopolitan city - on the lookout for any unusual groups of Oriental types, maybe lingering around the peripheral or in a group.

Handler: Roll Search.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon just marches the toilets. He's a million miles away in his own world.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 46 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Handler: You would be right. Majority is white trash, but there are a couple blacks and asians scattered about.

Handler: Out of anything unusual...

Handler: Well, there are 2 Asian girls in that corner over there, and both do not seem on the pill.

Handler: Right down west of you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: To McCannon. "You think he's bullshitting? We've got him on solicitation, at least enough to twist his arm. That's five girls of the same persuasion in the same club. Might be a connection to our tong."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Of course he's bullshitting. He's making too much money on this shit. It's imperative for him that he's bullshitting."

Handler: It's a free country.

Handler: Both of you are at the doors of the bathrooms.

Handler: We are panning to Samantha and Doug.

Handler: Finish your sentence.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yeah I go by La Cucaracha but nooooo I'm not part of the cartel. Fuck off."

SA Doug Moore: Doug is at the bar, waiting for his daiquiri to get there. That thing must have the consistency of prehistoric tree resin, considering how long it's taking to pour and mix.

Bartender: "There you go, enjoy."

Bartender: "Anything else I can get you?"

SA Doug Moore: "Right on, thanks."

SA Doug Moore: Doug kind of relied on Samantha for this. The man is not much for gathering intelligence by way of small talk.

Bartender: He artfully spins and flips some mixer around and pours syrups and whatnot in some crazy cocktail.

Bartender: He's a white boy, clean shaven and all.

SA Doug Moore: Well, if that's how it is going to be...

SA Doug Moore: The situation, sitting at a bar and asking the bartender this, is cliche enough to make Doug's jaw lock up but here he goes.

SA Doug Moore: "Say, what's the word around here lately?"

SA Doug Moore: "Anything... interesting happening?"

Bartender: He grimaces.

Bartender: "The show yesterday was pretty good."

SA Doug Moore: "Yeah. Yeah, I bet it was."

Bartender: "They got smoke effects and all."

SA Doug Moore: What was he expecting?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Place must be doing pretty good. How long you been here?"

Bartender: "A little over four months. Gotta make ends meet for college."

Bartender: "It's nicer than my last gig."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Oh, I used to bartend in college. What do you study?"

Bartender: "Law."

Bartender: He's rubbing down on a glass now.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Must be quite the hustle."

SA Doug Moore: Doug is going at that Daiquiri like it's the blood of Christ. Who knew that having drinks on this job was a thing? Just a little bit, though. Just to get a taste.

Bartender: "I like it."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Failure -> 65 (Rolling Alertness Target: 40%)

Handler: It just seems like an usual bar for a rave club.

Handler: You need to get creative, the two of you.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Odd to have a bar walled off like this from the dance floor nowadays."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "It's good, very good."

Bartender: "Yeah, no holding drinks on the dance floor."

SA Doug Moore: Doug still has his eyes on the patron sitting to his left. Are they relevant in any way to the situation at hand? Are they anyone at all?

Bartender: "Makes a huuge mess."

Handler: Doug.

Handler: All you can see is...

Handler: A middle-aged Hispanic woman.

Handler: She looks uninterested for small talk.

SA Doug Moore: Noted. This is not anything.

Handler: The world is your oyster. You have 2 minutes to spin this encounter into something useful before we pan back to McCannon.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is not oblivious enough to miss that McCannon might have just wanted these two out of the way. He doesn't comment. Well, in that case...

Handler: Being a bad investigator on purpose is usually not a part of a plan.

Handler: 60 seconds.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is more of a feeling person than a thinking person. Conversation aside, anything stands out, in particular? Probably not.

SA Doug Moore: Just some white kid...

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Do you usually get interesting clientele? Me and my buddy here are merchants of sorts, sometimes of some more unique items..."

Handler: Samantha. Roll Persuasion. That sounded fucking unhinged, so at a -20%.

SA Doug Moore: Doug cocks an eyebrow to 120% of regular eyebrow cocking measure.

Bartender: He closes in on the counter.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Failure -> 56 (Rolling Persuade Target: 40%)

Bartender: "I think you had enough for tonight ma'am."

Bartender: He then returns to the cash register to tend to something.

Handler: After all, you fail to find anything useful in the bar.

SA Doug Moore: "I think man's is right, Sam. Let's go and have a breath of fresh air..." Or so Doug says.

Handler: McCannon and Finnegan.

Handler: Mens: left. Ladies: right.

Handler: You may move.

Handler: 1: Finnegan2: McCannon

Handler: 2

Handler: McCannon. The guy in front of you is completely zoinked out of the good stuff.

Handler: Do you wish to know to what level? Rhetorical question, it's to "come out of the stall with your pants down and pee everywhere" level.

Handler: You got a bit on it on your shoe. Not enough to freak out, but it dribbled.

Handler: Roll Dodge if you wish.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 9 (Rolling Dodge Target: 50%)

Handler: You get out of the streams way but a few drops did stain the tip of your loafers. The dudes dick is swinging and he is looking for somewhere to hold on to.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Jesus Christ. This place is clean like a garbage dump."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "This place is like AIDS as in it's a gift that keeps on giving," McCannon furrows his brow angrily at the retard.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is he right in front of the stall and is he still pissing?

Handler: "Uhhahuughh... sorry... hauugh..."

Handler: He dribbles a bit more but his pants are still down. He looks like he's about to hurl into the sink.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Which is the ruined stall, for reference?

Handler: The fourth one. It looks like a shower on the battlemap but it's actually the removal work haphazardly done by perhaps someone here.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "What'd you have, man? This is what happens when you mix."

Handler: You can get past the guy by shoving him aside, it's fine.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will grab this dude by the shoulder and push him back into the stall that he's across. I assume he's in no condition to resist.

Handler: He's not. He tumbles into the stall and sits on the toilet, trying to get his shit back together.

Handler: You close the door on him.

SA Doug Moore: averagejoe22 is back

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon grabs a paper wipe from one of the dispensers as he quickly brushes his shoe and then walks up to the fucked up stall.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "This stuff makes me sick." He looks over from McCannon's side into the stall.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: In front of you lies... a completely destroyed stall.

Handler: It looks like a fucking grenade exploded inside. Except, all the destruction is...

Handler: Roll Forensics.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 64 (Rolling Forensics Target: 50%)

Handler: There's really not much left to paint a clear picture here.

Handler: The porcelain bits lay scattered and the sewer pipe is otherwise exposed.

Handler: There is charring on the sides.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "The fuck? Finnegan, try and make sense of this clusterfuck for me."

Handler: He may move in.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Every good agent carries some handy 5mm nitrile gloves. Let's take a look.

Handler: Finnegan, roll Alertness.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: +20%

Handler: Huh, strange. Are you not going to question the source of that bonus to your roll?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'd love to know.

Handler: You feel an indescribable sense of deja-vu.

Handler: Two eyes laid over the same optical illusion...

Handler: Finnegan, blind SAN roll.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Just blind d100?

Handler: You can roll a SAN dice from your sheet. Toggle to Blind mode and go ahead.

Handler: The sense deepens. It's just not right. A pulse of coldness washes over your heart, the exact same you felt like when you got rejected by a girl in high school for the first time. However, it lasts infinitely short, like a light being flicked on and off.

Handler: You come to your senses and notice the geometrical charring patterns across the walls.

Handler: Dozens and dozens of polygonally-shaped burn marks.

Handler: In triangles, rectangles, polyhedrons, etc.

Handler: And that's not it. It does not encroach just an inch outside of the stall.

Handler: It's like if the apocalypse happened inside of this tiny enclosed space but nothing else reflected out of it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He squints through his glasses. "...I'd say take a sample. Whatever happened in here was... I don't know, some kind of very strange chemical reaction. I don't know what to say."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "But we're not here long enough to get results. God."

Handler: As soon as you pick up a ceramic shard, you notice that it's disintegrated into a very precise geometric shape of...

Handler: 17 sides.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I don't know if I'm seeing what you're seeing. What's up?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Understandably, he marvels at it for a little longer than is appropriate.

Handler: You drop it into a zip-loc bag, eventually.

Handler: It can't be more than a scattered piece of toilet, right?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I've just never seen something break like this. Especially ceramic, you know. It's... Perfect." Any human remains? Clothing shreds, parts of a shoe, personal effects?

Handler: Roll Search.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is McCannon seeing the same thing as Finnegan?

Handler: +20% with help.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Handler: McCannon, you're just looking at a blast crater.

Handler: However the shards are indisputable.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Do they look like regular porcelain shards to me?

Handler: Finnegan, you take way too long with your scrutiny and come to the realization that not one smidge of human trace is inside this stall.

Handler: No, they are in perfectly cut shapes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Even worse. "I know this whole place is probably popping positive, but maybe the kid was mixing something, I mean..." I open the bag and want to use the Defender on it, the sniffer device.

Handler: Both of you get your shit together, collecting evidence to the best of your ability. Pieces of debris clutter up your jacket pockets.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I'm not sure I follow, man. Did they use an angle grinder on this thing or what?"

Handler: Really not much to look at besides broken crap.

Handler: Right. Finnegan.

Handler: Let's see. No need to roll. Do let it do its job inside the baggy.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I'm not sure. Something obviously happened here. The scorches, they're almost... Fractal, like the pieces. The only thing I can think of is some kind of really particular... Well, no shame in saying I just don't know. And there was an adult male here."

Handler: Finnegan. Remind me how precise and capable your device is when it comes to narcotics.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I don't see any fractal scorches, but I'll take your word for it. Would be wise to burn this whole joint down just because of this contamination, but we have neither the time or resources."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's a portable mass spectrometer that can return a quick positive (false or not) on particulate of common narcotics and explosive residues.

Handler: Positive.

Handler: Clearly something is in the mix.

Handler: That's about as much as you get out of this thing.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: MDMA? Nitroglycerine? Maybe too mixed to determine. That wasn't much help.

Handler: Trace amounts of MDMA.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He shakes his head. "Just a little bit of MDMA, but maybe it liquified some piss when the rest of the room flared. There's just no way this happened without someone hearing or seeing something."

Handler: Any other thing you wish to do here?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We don't have a timeline to make prints or lab analysis worth our while. McCannon?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not required, not applicable. Let's reconvene with Earle. Maybe we can ask if Cucaracha's seen this shit.

Handler: It's 2008, you can sort most of it out in a few hours save for full spectrum DNA analysis.

Handler: That, will take a few days.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I hate to say it, but the only thing I can think of is that someone tampered with this. It's not cleaned up - why? Someone else has at least looked over it."

Handler: Common sense be told, Finnegan. When someone sees blown up toilet they think firecracker and dickheads, not missing person.

Handler: Let's pan over to Earle, after McCannon finishes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Just another person in our great big list of people to be dealt with."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Fuck."

Handler: Finnegan, your holster uncomfortably tugs against the stall lock as you walk out. It's nothing, but it's sign that you might be losing your grip.

Handler: Do walk to the office.

Handler: Frank.

Handler: You got it.

Handler: It's been a good 15 minutes but you think that Lucas talked to this girl right before spiriting away.

Handler: It's a brunette. (HOLD ON I'M UPLOADING A THING)

Handler: You three get a good look at it.

Handler: Bingo. What now?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Does Cucaracha recognize her?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Or the bouncer?

Handler: Both shrug it off.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks at the owner, trying to think of something sly to say about the stall. "And you're sure you never saw either of those gentlemen?" He falters.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I don't know that white punk. I said it."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ever heard the name 'Spider'?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "It's the dude who apparently vanished here a month ago. Yeah, the cops told me."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I don't know him in person."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "A dude who was pushing in your club."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I don't know anything about that, we got great security."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Off the record, no one pushes anything inside here. My business is squeaky clean."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I'm sure. But I know you see how this looks from my end of the table."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Okay. Let's talk cards. What exactly do you have on me white boy?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We don't want to make a scene. Do you really think we can't pick you up for solicitation?"

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "What solicitation?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Your three amigas in the other room. I'm not playing stupid with you, play straight with me. We want whatever this kid was into - bathroom blowout or not - and if we can do that without entangling you, that's fine in our book."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: Roll Persuasion.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling Persuade Target: 50%)

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Alright, you think I'm a pimp, pimp? I barely know those girls besides their soft asses. You get me in the box for 24 hours, then what? I told you I don't know the damn kid. Even if I did I would never work for a greasy haired stoner piece of shit gringo like what you just showed me."

Handler: He does sound genuine.

SA Frank Earle: While the two are arguing Earle decides to push his luck. He opens the command prompt on the PC and starts typing some gibberish to see if anyone notices.

Handler: Earle. You open the command prompt and type in gibberish.

Handler: Then what?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks at McCannon. "I don't think you're turning anyone out, boss. I just think you like to keep a few girlfriends handy. I noticed there's a bit of a theme - they're not the only Asian girls here. Birds of a feather, you know." He stares down his glasses. "I think they might've known our Spider. Might've even mentioned him to you. Think hard."

SA Frank Earle: Then he tries typing up a batch script that'll save any keystrokes on this PC to a notepad file on the same PC - a very primitive keylogger, in essence, that'd take someone getting a hold of this computer later on to use.

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Maybe. Maybe I just got the yellow fever."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "But I'll let you in on it just so you get off my back already."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Those girls, they smoke some weird shit called 'Liao' and refuse to pass me one puff, ever."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "Now you might be thinkin, did I just rat someone out? I said I don't know shit about them. And they refuse me a courtesy in my own place."

Ramirez "Cucaracha" Perez: "I've had enough of you people for one night."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "The feeling is mutual. We appreciate your cooperation."

Handler: Richard.

Handler: Liao. Your mind goes back to Tcho-Tcho Study.

Handler: The enigmatic "nectar of heaven" mentioned multiple times in the book itself. It just doesn't match anything else.

Handler: It doesn't make sense. Some Chinese prostitutes, here in the United States have access to a ritual substance?

Handler: And it's not something you can arrest them over. It's not illegal. Hell, no one even knows it. You'd be risking your badge.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I hate coincidences.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Are the effects of the drug described as I remember?

Handler: He did not describe any of the effects. However, the way he talked about it... roll HUMINT

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 23 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 60%)

Handler: If it's casually imbibed in the company of others it must mean it's not a "real" drug like heroin or xanax.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Definitely something organic vice pharma. Smoked, that's good to know.

Handler: Many ways to skin this cat.

Handler: List your actions if you have one, this scene is ending.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'll bring it up to McCannon afterwards if there's time.

Handler: Within the nightclub I mean.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Negative.

Handler: You there McCannon?

SA Michael M. McCannon: I'm here.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I got nothing.

Handler: Excellent. You leave the nightclub in about the same casual air as you waltzed in.

SA Doug Moore: All in a day's work.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He didn't do shit.

Handler: We are taking a 10 minute break, you have physical and digital evidence of the disappearance. It's about 10:30PM and all of you are dead tired.

Handler: Consider your actions.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan has one thing to do outside the club before we drive off.

Handler: What's that?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: A cursory look at the parking lot. Looking for a blue Civic, vanity license plate.

Handler: Are you talking about Lucas' car?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Yes.

Handler: Smart. Yup, right here.

Handler: Looks like they didn't impound it yet.

Handler: Workload probably.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He points it out to McCannon. "That's how he got to the club. We should toss this before it gets towed. Might get lucky."

Handler: More than one way to skin this cat. No roll to get in the very loud way, but lockpicking or otherwise finessing your way in is going to be hard to very hard.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Would it be a criminology roll?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Anyone here have some experience boosting cars? That's a loaded question in present company.

Handler: Not a Criminology roll.

Handler: Think. Hard.

SA Doug Moore: A cop?

Handler: Those with Drive 50% may know some tricks.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Jimmying the windshield trick?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's make sure the trunk is locked. If it isn't, we can get into the rear seats easily.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not windshield, door window.

Handler: One of you can risk an INT roll at -40% for a terrible insight.

Handler: Only one.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I got drive 50%.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'll give it a shot

Handler: This is a separate thing on its own.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 86 (Rolling INT Target: 85%)

Handler: Nope.

Handler: Just no, you'll have to houdini your way in.

Handler: The trunk is locked.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "No two ways about it. Anyone got a glass breaker?"

Handler: In any case, it would be convenient for you if you thought with your Delta Green brain and not FBI brain.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Tricks from Drive 50%?

Handler: Getting in and wiring shut the alarm quick enough, but it will wake some people up anyway.

SA Doug Moore: "A rock's a glass breaker. But no, not one you're thinking of, probably not."

Handler: Finnegan, there are two telescopic batonnes in the back of the chevy.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I'd have thought of slim jimming the window.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Instead of breaking it.

SA Frank Earle: "You guys are gonna ruin your credibility doing this shit if anyone sees."2

SA Michael M. McCannon: "If you're worried about your credibility you're in the wrong line of work."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We're six deep with badges and there's no telling when a meter maid is going to whisk this thing away to a lot. Boss, it's your call."

SA Doug Moore: Looks like opinions are divided. Doug is not feeling this at all.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan retrieves both and hands the other to Earle. "Who's got the alarm once we're in? We'll be fine, this could be our in."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Someone pop the hood and disconnect the battery. We've all seen enough auto theft to know that's step one.

SA Frank Earle: "Y'still planning on playing DEA agent after this? Shiiiiit."

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Let's get this open, bag it, tag it, and get some sleep. My head is pounding."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Unless anyone actually objects, Finnegan'll take a swing at the driver's side window.

Handler: CRASH!!

Handler:

BEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEBBBBBBBBBEEEEEEEEEWEeeeeeeeeeBEEEEEEEEEWE
EEEEEEEEE

SA Doug Moore: "Oh for the love of--"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Someone get the fucking glove box!" He opens the doors, flicks the locks and goes for the center console and the space under the driver's seat.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon rushes around the side and opens the side door, pulling open the glovebox.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: The glovebox throws open.

Handler: Inside, a Ruger .380 hammerless revolver and a bag of pills.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Into the evidence bags they go.

Handler: By its weight you'd say there's about 80 to 100 of them.

Handler: They look exactly as they look, a bunch of Skype pills.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is anyone checking the back? "Don't forget the floor mats." Finnegan blurts out.

SA Doug Moore: Doug does.

Handler: For anything else, highest Search in the party rolls.

SA Michael M. McCannon: 50%

SA Doug Moore: ...Or not.

Handler: Hit it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 67 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

SA Michael M. McCannon: Damn.

Handler: You found a handful of cheeto dust and cracker crumbles.

Handler: BWEEEEEEWEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEE

SA Doug Moore: "Let's bounce."

Handler: Lights come on in the apartments around you. You have a minute to leave.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan takes anything and everything from the glove box, cup holders, center console - receipts, registration, insurance, and hustles back to the car, muttering something about "pattern of life".

Handler: Seek for it and you shall find.

Handler: If no other actions, all of you get into the federal battlebus and begin driving into the night.

SA Frank Earle: He already started running the moment he realized he'd prove useless here. He clearly doesn't have the makings of a varsity athlete.

Handler: From here you can either book the motel or take the 30 minute drive to safehouse.

Handler: It's 10 minutes less at nighttime.

Handler: The motel does have vacancy and is shit cheap.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan wants to get this evidence off of his person and into the safehouse as soon as possible.

Handler: It doesn't really matter, the hot potato is yours as long as you have the DEA badge on you.

Handler: And you will need a lab to analyze both.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is just dead tired for no reason whatsoever. Safehouse it'd better be, but he's not driving.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Put someone behind the wheel and let's get some sleep at the safehouse.

Handler: With no objections, you all drive to the safehouse.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Someone who isn't Richard J. Finnegan. He has rotten luck with cars, lately.

Handler: After a shower and a beer each, you begin going to sleep one after other.

SA Doug Moore: Someone who is not Samantha Cliff, M.D. She has rotten luck, in general.

Handler: 10 minute break.

SA Doug Moore: Informational.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Every week" or something to that effect.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: The clock says 2:30AM. Everyone else already dozed off. But you know it's a long shot for you without the Ambien.

Handler: You're making your report of the first day to Diaz over your laptop.

Handler: You're on TOR, connected to the "customer service" of a money transfer escrow scam. Matter of fact is, Allison is on the other side of the screen. Dawn must be breaking in D.C. about now.

Handler: Anything else besides the routine event report you want to get through?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon wants to examine that weird piece of porcelain himself. Maybe he'll see something Finnegan didn't.

Handler: "not over this."

Handler: "anything else?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: oh, you meant as in communication with Allison

Handler: aka. Diaz

Handler: You make a quick jab at something unbelievable and you're instantly interrupted, basically.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Mostly complaining about the team of cats he is herding, but noting Finnegan's surprising initiative and competency. And the fact that he saw something that McCannon didn't.

Handler: "don't let him lose his shit. you know what to do."

Handler: The chat closes.

Handler: You pop an amby and drift to a dreamless sleep. Everyone on prescriptions, subtract 1 from your inventory.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's Lorazepam, sir.

Handler: Then you have incredible dreams of childlike wonder... actually no you doze off and when you wake up it's 0800 sharp as a razor.

Handler: Dawn of the Second Day.

Handler: List your actions, there is enough cereal and milk for everyone in the house but no one is stopping you from getting a better breakfast.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Rallying the group for breakfast at a Mexican joint.

SA Doug Moore: Cereal and milk, are you kidding me? Time to go to a diner.

SA Doug Moore: Oh, actually, what McCannon is having.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You remember something from last night.

SA Doug Moore: It's still Cinco de Mayo out there, somewhere.

SA Frank Earle: Last night he'd been talking to Doug, who he's been using as a bit of a blank slate, about how these days there are websites where you can order drugs for delivery like patio furniture. This morning he intended to chase that lead - in other words, cereal and milk for him. He's staying inside for the time being.

Handler: You have a meeting arranged for 1600 today in a diner called "Golden Griddle" with an undercover DEA contact.

Handler: Diaz confirms he is not in the game and should be kept out of the loop.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not friendly, just neutral, then.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Are we going somewhere, or eating in? It's window dressing, we have business to talk and evidence to review.

Handler: You don't even want to think about how many strings are being pulled behind this meet right now.

Handler: In fact, what triggered this red flag in the first place?

Handler: The cell inside DEA must be really up to something.

Handler: Could be worth digging in to.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon does not give one fuck about milk and cereal given since he is a grown man. Huevos rancheros it is.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Could be worth digging into, but things are compartmentalized for a reason. Poking the hornets nest isn't in his plans right now.

Handler: No one seems to object to the breakfast outing. You all find a Mexican restaurant that serves at this hour somewhere inside the city proper.

Handler: It's 0920. You're really going through your time like it's a vacation.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's clearly putting Finnegan on edge, if nothing else.

Handler: David is busy again today. The rest of you, you have evidence to analyze and doors to knock on.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: You have enough material on the woman to put through cyber forensics.

Handler: However, bureaucratically speaking, it will raise a lot of flags for DEA to arrest someone over a missing persons case.

Handler: One of you will have to sweeten up the cops.

Handler: Finnegan. You have debris and a bag of Skype pills.

Handler: The heroic act of popping one at 0920 is still within the realm of possibility.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: With the appropriate gloves and mask, he wants to shave the corner off a pill and see what the analyzer spits back.

Handler: MDMA.

Handler: This really ain't it, a handheld laser pointer and a forensic lab are a comparison akin to a baby with the cougne and a hydrogen bombe.

Handler: Samantha could do great with this.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Right. We can section off some of this dope to go to an actual forensics lab. It'll help us figure out what he's into. Finnegan has a working phone, right?

Handler: You have a burner phone and a no sim card Blackberry.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The burner will work just fine. He dials the number on Lucas' missing persons report for the Parole Officer.

Handler: Brrrrrp. Brrrrrp. Brr—"Hello? Who is this?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Good morning. Agent Callahan, DEA, El Paso? I was hoping you have time for a few questions about one of your parolees."

Handler: "Oh, hello agent. Angela Martinez here. I take it this is about Lucas."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Yes, ma'am, Damien Lucas. I know he did some time other year - have you been with him since his release in '05?"

Handler: "Yees."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Are you aware that Damien is currently considered a missing person by the police?"

Handler: "I'm aware. I was called when the report was submitted."

Handler: "He got off of probation months ago, it's so sad to witness."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Right. Would you say his time in parole was well-spent? No trouble, not running with the wrong crowd... Stable employment? I noticed he's listed as living with his mother."

Handler: "He was slumped with bond debt and a huge fine over a misdemeanor but he got out of it quick. He was working as a tattoo artist in a legit place. Got out of the ditch eventually."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Did he ever mention any friends or coworkers to you that stood out? Maybe the type of people he shouldn't be around. Foreign nationals, so on."

Handler: "No, they typically don't do that to their parole officer, Agent. You and I know they present themselves to me as the best versions of themselves, as per their lawyer."

Handler: "Good try, though."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It's a tragedy what's happening to these kids. I appreciate your time. We're just trying to get all the facts straight." He pauses. "If you think of anything that you feel the local PD might've overlooked, if you remember anything about him not reflected in the case or statements... Don't be shy to reach out."

Handler: "It's a sad, sad thing but he did have high potential to offend again."

Handler: "I hope it's sorted out soon without anyone hurt."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Before you go--"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "One last thing. You said he was working as a tattoo artist. Do you remember the place?"

Handler: "Uh- let me see..."

Handler: "It says.... 'Angular Atelier'. I really don't know what it's like but it's somewhere near..." You note the address down.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You take care, ma'am."

Handler: "Thanks. Bye."

Handler: It's up north in the hood, a different postcode but the same dog shit regardless.

Handler: Marking on map...

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is everyone grouped up right now?

Handler: Depends.

Handler: You can individually achieve things.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan suggests Earle or McCannon run the revolver's serial number to see if it's stolen or a straw purchase from a POI. He also wants to talk to the mother,

but ideally in person with another agent. That's a better way to do business with a family member.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We need these pills checked by the local narco-forensics, as well.

Handler: Finnegan, you're going to interview the mother.

Handler: Others, list actions now.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon wants to check that tattoo shop.

Handler: Samantha. Roll INT, blind.

SA Frank Earle: At the Motel on his laptop. He does as Finnegan asks and then, if he has the time spare, tries running the keyword 'reverb' through a few drug markets and forums on TOR to see if there's any talk of the stuff online.

Handler: Who wants to listen to the radio?

SA Doug Moore: Doug ABSOLUTELY does.

Handler: What channel?

SA Doug Moore: Hmm... What are my options?

SA Doug Moore: Well to assume "The News" isn't a radio channel

Handler: Mainstream latin hiphop

SA Doug Moore: Well, mainstream it is.

Handler: The news are full of the upcoming election.

Handler: The United States is excited for its first Black president.

Handler: All the power to all the people.

Handler: Samantha.

Handler: You wholeheartedly do not think you can get away trace-free out of analyzing drugs in a DEA lab. And, you're out of your FBI tickets too in New Mexico.

Handler: UNM Hospital lab seems like the only option without exiting the operation zone.

Handler: Luckily you are a MD. Getting in should only be a matter of...

Handler: Let's say that combined with a labcoat and a DEA badge you can do some things that leave spy movies to shame.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Hit a blind Bureucracy roll. It should help with a temporary ID card.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 29 (Rolling Bureaucracy Target: 50%)

Handler: Samantha. You are in.

Handler: That big boxy machine in the back, that's an X-ray crystallography machine.

Handler: It's to do molecular analysis.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I am still dressed in a suit?

Handler: You're in a labcoat. It hides your suit.

Handler: No one has said a thing to you other than security.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Alright. Seems I haven't gone stupid.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll work with the machine casually, walking around the room to gather things if need be. I try not to make eye contact or get too close to anyone who may be nearby.

Handler: Interns rush in and out. Doctors are nowhere to be seen. Probably in for the polyclinic hours.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Would this be regular in a lab, a technician rushing some analysis?

Handler: Not one of them question you, or dare to do so.

Handler: Your credentials just say "TEMPORARY", you can roll with whatever the hell you want. But it's factual that you are a M.D.

Handler: For the analysis work itself. You have a baggy of 5 Skypes.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll crack one in half and use it with the machine.

Handler: With this equipment, you'd be rolling at a 80% on Medicine. Go ahead and shoot on public.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Failure -> 62 (Rolling Medicine Target: 60%)

Handler: That's a success.

Handler: Cliff, it's been an hour but you are nowhere near what you want yet.

Handler: In fact.

Handler: You're not even sure of what you can make out of this.

Handler: You rub your eyes over and over again and do your best to focus in on the lenses, but you can not.

Handler: It takes hours to realize what you are up against.

Handler: Before we leave, a blind SAN roll.

Handler: Cliff.

Handler: The freezing cold of perfect understanding hits you like an elbow to the stomach.

Handler: It looks like you are at the limit of science itself.

Handler: You decide to get on with the report.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Really nothing I can do? Put it through this machine and use that test chemical and whatnot

Handler: The pill itself contains trace MDMA and large amounts of sugar.

Handler: It also includes something entirely else.

Handler: Ignore the title, it says UNM Biochemical.

Handler: Looks like you have finally found what you came here for.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: With the report, I will casually leave the premises.

Handler: A few side-eyes tail you as you exit the campus.

Handler: It's about afternoon for you, but everyone else, it's around 9 where we left.

Handler: Earle. We are resolving your effort up next.

Handler: Where do you wish to analyze the footage?

SA Frank Earle: At the safehouse, away from prying eyes.

Handler: The safehouse has no law enforcement level digital forensics to identify this woman.

Handler: There is still a long way to go until you can dox people just like that, it's 2008.

SA Frank Earle: In which case I presumably don't have a choice other than to try with the police or FBI offices. How much social engineering is it gonna take to get their help here?

Handler: You're not gonna waltz in the FBI Field Office without your ID and use their computer lab. That's next to impossible. However, you could enforce jurisdiction over the case with a Law or Bureucracy roll at the ABQPD SEHQ, or just go ahead and do your thing at DEA Field Office, but you'll still need some jurisdiction to act on a police case. And, if you fail this last one, it might trigger red flags.

Handler: There is a much more far out and nuclear option like way to go about this, but I'll leave that for you to figure out. It is after 9/11 indeed.

Handler: At 80% CS its hard for you to fumble this.

SA Frank Earle: I know very little about the small-p politics that'd get me into one of those offices and a lot about the post-2001 surveillance state. I'm gonna try and break into one of Palantir, NSA-style databases that might have accrued some information on our mystery Jane Doe.

Handler: What a funny way to say that you're using the DEA computer lab. Breaking into a NSA-level database...

SA Frank Earle: Yeah that

Handler: Earle, you're not breaking into shit. You're at the Simms building. You may work your magic.

Handler: A radio plays this in the computer lab.

SA Frank Earle: The program is fairly simple to use. A CS roll will do the trick.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 22 (Rolling Computer Science Target: 80%)

Handler: It's pretty much retard proofed. Your luck stems from the fact that out of all days, today is when it's not lagging and your query is processed in just two hours instead of up to 16.

Handler: Several hits.

Handler: The one that catches your attention is pretty much the exact same woman in the video.

Handler: Jane Margolis, 26.

Handler: The radio is turned off by another agent.

Handler: The woman on the screen... Unemployed, did some community service hours over a petty offence a few years ago followed by dozens of attended rehab meetings.

Handler: Goes without saying she is a potential prime victim of a drug related scheme.

Handler: You get a printout of her file and phone McCannon. But not before...

Handler: A Hispanic agent is staring you down from down the hallway.

Handler: You don't know eachother. But your pasty white skin clearly doesn't scream New Mexico.

SA Frank Earle: He stares right back at him without much care for how he might look right now. "Yeah?"

Handler: He buries his face back into his paperwork and slowly walks away into another office space.

SA Frank Earle: "Mhm."

SA Frank Earle: Back to calling McCannon.

Handler: Actually, you flip your phone open, but before you call anyone...

Handler: We are panning to McCannon.

Handler: McCannon. You're in front of the tattoo joint.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is it open?

Handler: No. The junkie-in-charge is probably sleeping and tossing around and farting in his stoner apartment.

Handler: The front-everything is barred. No shutters.

Handler: You're in the Corolla, staring it down from a street away.

Handler: No movement.

Handler: A few dogs bark and a kid skitters around the place.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I can spin the block and check the back of the store, maybe.

Handler: There is no "back of the store", behind is an apartment and the back is in a tight alley.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Noted.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Does it look like it has been in operation at all recently?

Handler: Roll Search.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 76 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Handler: It's used but you can't tell how often.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Are the operating times listed anywhere?

Handler: No. Probably open whenever the owner is not stoned out of his mind and closed whenever he is.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Knowing junkies he's probably passed out right inside. McCannon will try knocking.

Handler: You hear a radio somewhere around the block.

Handler: You knock on the barred window. No response after 10 seconds.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He'll check the back alley.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Maybe there's a service entrance.

Handler: One building code incompliant fire exit.

Handler: On a heads, you were smart enough to bring the Halligan.

Handler: 1

Handler: It's still in the chevy.

Handler: Which is down several blocks driven by Finnegan.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Sucks.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He'll try knocking on the service exit just in case.

Handler: No response. A hispanic kid runs up a few dozen meters away from you and claims:"Izz not open sir."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Oh yeah?"

Handler: "You come later!"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "When's it open, kid?"

Handler: "It opens at 5."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You know anything about the owner? Who works here?"

Handler: The kid inexplicably lets out a shriek and runs away from you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon looks behind himself quickly.

Handler: No one behind. You realize that it's just hood life in vivo.

Handler: You don't answer questions like that around here.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Retarded ass kids.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Oh well.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Where was Finnegan stomping around again?

Handler: As this is happening he is already at that womans door with Doug. You could still do other things.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Well, barring breaking in through the front McCannon deigns to see if he can't figure out something useful to do until five. How did Samantha get to the hospital?

Handler: Bus over IS40N, she did have some time to figure out the city yesterday. You can take a cab, but right now, she is probably deep in work.

Handler: If you have no other actions, we are panning over to Finnegan.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon isn't leaving the Civic to have it's tires replaced with bricks.

Handler: Then you are staking out the tattoo joint?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Might as well wait around.

Handler: You mean Corolla.

Handler: Civic is the missing kids car.

Handler: In any case, we are panning over.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah

Handler: Finnegan, Doug.

Handler: The old woman opens the door for you after you ask for her.

Christine Lucas: "Hello there, good morning. Yes?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's see what Doug says first.

SA Doug Moore: Would the woman find anything at all weird in two government-looking men visiting her home at 9 of the morning?

Christine Lucas: What do you think.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We try to look professional. "Ma'am, good morning. Agent Callahan, DEA. This is my partner."

SA Doug Moore: "Agent Moore, DEA."

Christine Lucas: "Oh- the DEA..."

Christine Lucas: "Oh no..."

Christine Lucas: She is visibly despaired at the mention.

SA Doug Moore: "Oh, no, no, please. Just some questions we have to ask. It's nothing like you think."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "He's not being charged and he's not under investigation for anything in our neck of the woods." He forces a sympathetic smile.

SA Doug Moore: She is much too used to the sight.

Christine Lucas: "My poor boy..."

Christine Lucas: "Well then what is it?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Do you mind if we come inside?"

Christine Lucas: "Sure, come in..."

Handler: You're inside in the living room. It's generic Americana. Paint the picture.

SA Doug Moore: Consider it painted.

Christine Lucas: Photos of Damien are all over the place, in standing frames.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I'm going to ask you a few questions about Damien. It's important for him that you're as honest as possible with us."

SA Doug Moore: Would we, for whatever reason, require pictures of Damien. All we're working on is that grainy photo in the MPR, right?

Christine Lucas: "Would you like some coffee? I just put the pot on."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If you don't mind, ma'am, I'll take some."

Christine Lucas: The photos don't really offer anything new for you, you already have a quite recent one.

SA Doug Moore: "Thanks, I'll be fine."

Christine Lucas: It's mostly childhood friends.

SA Doug Moore: Doug won't have no coffee.

Christine Lucas: She pours one for Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Did he go out often at night? Weeknights, weekends?"

Christine Lucas: "Oh yes, he's an outgoing child."

Christine Lucas: "He used to have bad friends before he went to jail, but after that he assured me he'd only deal with good people..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Did he ever go out with friends, or people you might know or recognize? Within the last month or two, please."

Christine Lucas: "He told me he was going to have some friends over at a club about dusk the day he disappeared... other than that I'm not sure if I know any of his friends."

SA Doug Moore: "Any... particular interests you've ever noticed in Damien? What kind of boy was he to you?"

Christine Lucas: "He didn't come back for so late so I just went to the police immediately."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan rubs his forehead and glares at Doug.

Christine Lucas: "Oh he's my little artist."

Christine Lucas: "He's just the artsy type."

Christine Lucas: "He loves to draw."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ma'am, when the police took the report from you, did they look through his personal effects at all?"

Christine Lucas: "Personal effects such as?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "His room. His car, if it was parked here."

Christine Lucas: "No, they did not go through his room."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Would you mind if we gave it a once-over? I want to be clear - he's not in any trouble, he's not being charged, he just got off parole and his social worker said he seemed to be doing well. We're just trying to connect some dots."

Handler: Public, Persuade.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 2 (Rolling Persuade Target: 50%)

Christine Lucas: "Oh he would hate me for saying it but... just a quick peek please."

Christine Lucas: "I want my boy back..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Agent Moore would like to ask you a few more questions. I'll only be a few minutes." He leans over to Doug and whispers. "Ask about extended family, anything about his work."

Christine Lucas: Doug, no need to drag it out. The boy is pretty much alienated from her and it's apparent to you that the arrangement goes like this: he makes her happy and she keeps him housed.

Christine Lucas: Finnegan, onwards to his room.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Good work Doug, keeping her busy in the other room.

Handler: Here you are.

Handler: The smell of unwashed clothes and BO reminds you of college.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: What a mess. Is everything in the image on the table to look at?

Handler: The image is representative of the mess, you never know the ingenious hiding spots that junkies come up with.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: On the lookout for: Personal electronics, ashtrays, drug paraphanalia.

Handler: Public Search.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 41 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Handler: Hidden compartment in the dresser: bong and an ounce of weed. It's unmistakably marijuana, and this amount totally goes over intent to distribute. There is something inside the wall.

Handler: You have no idea how to get your hand inside there without ripping the drywall clean. But it's behind there.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I wonder how he's been getting it in and out, himself. Let me feel around for a tool.

Handler: A tool like what?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Something rigid and durable, like a bulky flathead, a smoke store folder knife.

Handler: You find a prybar, the kind that burglars love, in one of the drawers.

Handler: It's solid and heavy in the hand.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He lines it up above where he thinks the cavity is and intends to give it one kick forceful enough to let him pry the rest out.

Handler: Roll Strength.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 53 (Rolling STR Target: 75%)

Handler: You bust whatever is inside and it spills out.

Handler: Skype pills.

Handler: At least another hundred.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Every good agent has a small flashlight. I check inside the cavity for anything else he shoved into the crevices.

Handler: 2000\$ in cash and a box of .380 cartridges.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is there reasonably enough time to check one or two more things?

Handler: There is reasonably enough time to get all the Evil Ecstasy Pills out of this womans house.

Handler: Or leave them as is and risk catastrophe.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Better bag up all this dope before his poor mother catches wind of it. The pills, obviously, are coming with me.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No cellphone or laptop?

Handler: Doesn't take much finesse to scoop them all in.

Handler: There's a desktop. You don't have enough time to recover it discreetly.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Damn. Time to go.

Handler: Anything else you would like to do here?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Doug, any especially good questions?

SA Doug Moore: Not particularly, no. Doesn't seem like Damien was "employed" in any standard capacity.

Handler: Guys a fucking drug dealer anyone with 1/4th of a brain can tell that

SA Doug Moore: That's just the answers I got.

SA Doug Moore: Extended family is all way out of state, nothing that appears possible to follow up on.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ma'am, thank you for your time. This has been very helpful. We're on the right track."

Handler: "Oh please, thank you, thank you..."

Handler: She sees you outside.

Handler: About noon.

Handler: McCannon. You receive a call. It's Earle, frantically giving you an address to meet at.

SA Frank Earle: It's a suburb at the edge of Sandia Heights.

Handler: Rest of you, sans David and Cliff meet up on location.

Handler: That's her place.

Handler: How do you go about this?

Handler: No partner on record. Probably alone and asleep in there, right now. If she is ignoring rehab.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: How's it looking? A single-unit house?

Handler: Two units, one house separated in half. It's in New Mexico desert style.

Handler: The other half seems vacant.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan suggests one or two people go around the back in case she tries to "book it". There's some Newark in the way he says it.

Handler: Earle and Doug are on it.

Handler: You and McCannon are knocking up front.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Knock-knock.

Handler: "One sec I'm coming!"

Jane Margolis: The door opens.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan gives the same introduction he's been giving all damn day.

Jane Margolis: "Um, am I under arrest?"

Handler: Finnegan, it's either this or that. There are two agents behind her house.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: As long as she doesn't bitch about a warrant. That's the American way.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We're evil feds. We do not give one fuck about a warrant.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Once they're situated, he shows her the picture of Damien Lucas and asks if she's ever seen him before.

Handler: David has been at work. You either bag her right now or it's a civilized discussion. Make the call.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I think we should grab her. At worst, she's going to file a complaint that she was arrested for no reason and asked questions.

Handler: Go right on.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Right now, you're being detained. I need you to turn away from the sound of my voice and keep your arms outstretched."

Jane Margolis: "Uh... shit..."

Jane Margolis: She hesitantly complies.

Jane Margolis: "I need to call my dad and my lawyer."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan steps in for the collar. Right hand, left hand. "I understand. You'll get to do both shortly."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He isn't going to mirandize her if she doesn't ask about it; this is extralegal.

Handler: There is no fighting back whatsoever. She has no clue.

Handler: You load her in the back of the chevy and drive off out the neighbourhood.

Handler: Another fine days work.

Handler: Reverberations - Session 2 End.

Reverberations Session 3

October 4, 2025

Handler: Reverberations - Session 3

Handler: May 06, 2008. About noon. Tom's Pool & Bar.

Handler: Doug.

Handler: You're done with the booking procedure of Jane Margolis. You took the time off to get some lunch at an old-timer bar near the courthouse. The radio is playing some song from the generation preceding yours.

SA Doug Moore: Looks pretty lively this time of the day.

Handler: You're having a tuna melt sandwich with fries and diet coke. It reminds you of Miami.

Handler: The dry heat on the other hand is a sharp contrast. The moist tropical breeze of Dade is an unending summer vacation year-round. Here, it's scorching, blazing hot in the desert.

Handler: Likewise with the environment. Miami is always a pleasure to be in, full of colors and the hot-blooded songs of the countless Latin immigrants there. Here, you're at the crime capital of New Mexico. Albuquerque is statistically less safe than Mexico City in literal Mexico.

Handler: What are you thinking thus far?

SA Doug Moore: Foremost, I am thinking that it's a real blessing this Coke is still cold, came straight from the fridge. But aside from that...

Bartender: "Myy dream came true..."

Handler: Aside from that, what?

SA Doug Moore: It's been pretty real so far. We got that Jane in custody and Doug is going to assume the others are working their own angles. Now would be a pretty decent time for Doug to do something for himself.

SA Doug Moore: Come in contact with a friendly, possibly? Is that an option?

Handler: What kind of friendly?

SA Doug Moore: Well, that's the question, isn't it? How is the state of the investigation looking like? Leads on whatever that "Angular Atelier" was would be pertinent to pursue.

SA Doug Moore: I'm crazy for tryin'...

Handler: You think about it for a while. You can't think of a reason why you would need the help of a friendly to break into some bum-ass tattoo shop and question the owner. You're reading the national newspaper on the side. First page is reserved for the upcoming election, on the second, you read something about the recent "Bay Harbor Butcher" in Miami. Apparently a local sergeant from the metropolitan area PD is responsible for it. His obituary takes up just three lines - possibly one of the worst possible outcomes for a cop.

Middle-aged Man: "Listen, I'm telling you..."

Middle-aged Man: "We just gotta get their help for distrib- selling!"

Handler: The man behind you sounds pretty agitated.

SA Doug Moore: That's really interesting to overhear. Hm...

SA Doug Moore: Doug'd better keep listening. Intently.

Handler: Roll Alertness, Blind.

Young Man: "We don't fucking need them, we just need to keep pushing the ice Mr. -!" You didn't catch the name, it went down in pitch really hard.

SA Doug Moore: "Ice"

Middle-aged Man: "Look you don't understand, this could be groundbreaking. You don't understand anything more complicated than downloading porn on your computer!"

Handler: Their arguing cascades in tone.

SA Doug Moore: Might spill a lot more info if this keeps up.

SA Doug Moore: So loud, so agitated. Either very stupid or wanting someone to overhear. ...But clearly no-one is that paranoid.

Handler: You try to eavesdrop for a few more minutes but fail to make anything deeper than that.

Handler: Finally, the guy explodes.

SA Doug Moore: Not literally, I hope.

Young Man: "Look man, I'm fucking done with you!"

Young Man: "I'm so tired of all your shit, yeah, do this and that, heil fucking Hitler bro! I don't need you or your help!"

Middle-aged Man: "Calm down Jesse-

Handler: The young man grabs his things and prepares to leave. Eyes are on him.

SA Doug Moore: The name "Jesse" pointedly noted.

SA Doug Moore: We'd better just let him leave. He's got the whole diner in an uproar. People are watching.

Young Man: "Don't fucking call me anymore, we're done, understand?!"

Handler: The middle aged guy sits back on his couch, stumped.

SA Doug Moore: Enough identifying traits for Doug to pick this guy out of a line-up or, say, a crowd, later?

Handler: Yes- picture perfect junkie build, but you might not immediately recognize him in the future.

Handler: The middle aged man leaves the bar soon after. You're alone.

SA Doug Moore: Not so very much alone, I hope? I mean, in the physical sense. People in the diner here still.

Handler: You're always alone, no matter where you go. Hell, you don't even believe in love anymore.

Handler: May 05, 2008. Evening. The day before.

Handler: David.

Handler: It's the evening you were "too busy".

Handler: You reckoned you'd actually dig into the reason why you are here, but if that truly doesn't interest you, you're free to fill up your time with something else.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I do try to dig into the reason we're here, yes.

Handler: Quite straightforward. Forensic accountance does highlight the details between the lines, sometimes with frightening accuracy.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Sun is setting, you're at the Simms building.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I will attempt to examine the forensic documentation records.

Handler: Accounting, Blind.

Handler: You enter records. Unsurprisingly, it's a fucking mess. There is no way you can handle this task on your own.

Handler: The special agent at the desk is slacking off on her Blackberry.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I look for any particularly subservient or effeminate looking staff I may browbeat or persuade into aiding me.

Handler: It is a woman, after all.

Handler: Go ahead and shoot a blind Persuasion alongside with how you open.

Handler: Around dusk, don't dig too deep into that. You have enough time to get somewhere.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Stuck on the slow desk duty? Got a moment?"

SA Maranda Faller: The hispanic woman looks for a moment at you, and then slides forward on her office chair.

SA Maranda Faller: "What do you need agent?"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "I need another pair of eyes, miss."

SA Maranda Faller: "..."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Looking to cross-reference a few facts and... the forensics archives are quite muddled."

SA Maranda Faller: You immediately notice how patronizing that was.

SA Maranda Faller: "Okay, sure. Which case?"

SA Maranda Faller: Most of these files are need-to-know. Welcome to compartmentalized access.

SA Maranda Faller: You can still worm your way past with a relevant skill.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll try to use my knowledge of bureaucracy and criminology to worm my way past this little bureaucratic obstacle.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Preferably the latter.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Criminology is higher. Blind roll, and since this is an area of your specific expertise, get 20% bonus.

SA Maranda Faller: "Sure, you mean the Pistolas stuff that came in last week?" The woman pulls up a few manila folders full of stamped copies of sales ledgers obtained from drug busts.

SA Maranda Faller: You nod and thank her and find a nice corner to go through them.

Handler: David, no need for yet another roll. Doesn't take a genius to understand what's going on here, and you can fairly make out the financial big picture of a 10-15 man sized gang of hispanics out of these.

Handler: A lieutenant is inexplicably crossed out 1/3rd of the way in and is never accounted for again. Exactly a week later after the suspicious entry, another one. It doesn't say "dead" or "in custody", these are clearly noted for those who haven't turned in their shares yet to the gang leader.

Handler: For the rest of the data, everything seems to be within the realm of routine.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: That must surely mean he is either desperately hustling to make up for low sale volume, or acting treacherously. Either way, maybe a good pressure point- though I do not see any good connection to the asians here.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Perhaps the chinks may be to blame, too.

Handler: Or, it could mean a disappearance. Gangsters do have 99 reasons to skip town and never show up again.

Handler: In any case, that's all you're getting from this.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Wetbacks act in packs, there must be waves.

Handler: May 06, 2008. 1300. USMS Holding Facility, Bernadillo Courthouse (basement).

Handler: Everyone who wishes to show up to the interrogation are at the entrance of the holding facility. For David, he is remembering the events of this morning so far.

Handler: David. You got a call from Earle this morning about a positive ID. First instinct, issue arrest warrant. The courthouse opened fifteen minutes ago and you've met with the assistant DA.

Handler: You're fairly sure you can build a warrant out of the M.O. you have. Two disappearances and possibly more, linked to a shady woman with cartels involved. The judge shouldn't be that hard to crack.

Assistant DA Isabel Herrera: "So, what do you have for me?"

Handler: Roll Law, Blind.

Handler: She seems pleased and nods at your remarks.

Handler: Unless you have specific demands from the court or wish to drag the conversation on to attempt to get her number, your job here seems done for now.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I do not.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I am a married man, after all.

Honorable Judge Isaiah Thornton: The Honorable Judge goes through your paperwork and motions and nods approvingly. He signs the warrant. The whole affair takes about 3 minutes in his chambers.

Honorable Judge Isaiah Thornton: You can expect an immediate hearing. That is, if, your cell gets to her first. Which they do, but at this point you're in the dark.

Handler: Present time. USMS Holding center, right below the courthouse.

Handler: Finnegan. You're at awe at the bureaucratic efficiency of Albuquerque. The central PD HQ is right across the courthouse, alongside the ABQ convention centre. It's all tightly packed in such a small area.

Handler: At this time the entire cell is at the courthouse, who wishes to participate in the interrogation?

SA Doug Moore: If "Good Cop, Bad Cop" was expected, Doug is game. He could be either.

Handler: More than three agents at once might cause unforeseen reactions. As you talk it out, federal marshals buzz around you.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I would attend nearby to show a strong front in the absence of other volunteers.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan suggests two people, since that's the standard. He can ask the questions if nobody else has a pressing need to - McCannon?

SA Frank Earle: Frank immediately declines to enter the cell, aware of his lack of subtlety with words and yet more terrified by the prospect of dealing with a young woman.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Finnegan's suggestion is taken into account. Two volunteers with people skills.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Which isn't him.

Handler: I'd like to remind, since the interrogée is a woman, another woman in the room might be helpful.

SA Doug Moore: If only that was an option. If only.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Samantha and Finnegan?

Handler: Does Samantha agree?

SA Michael M. McCannon: In absence of agreement it's a direct order from team lead.

Handler: Doug and Finnegan unless objections are raised.

SA Doug Moore: Here goes...

Handler: Very well. You can see two female marshals drag her into the corridor, handcuffs and all.

SA Doug Moore: There's an unspoken assumption in the air that Finnegan should be the one asking questions. Mostly.

Jane Margolis: Unsurprisingly she looks like a nervous wreck. What now?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We've got a couple questions. It's important you answer them thoughtfully and carefully. Don't omit any detail." He starts. "First: Did you know Damien Lucas?"

Jane Margolis: "Ugh... I want a lawyer."

Handler: She does have previous arrests, after all.

Handler: Marshals did allow her a call.

Handler: You can safely say whoever it is, the lawyer is going to show up within this half-hour.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Sure. You're not a suspect in anything, like I said earlier. Did you get to call your dad?"

Jane Margolis: She stares back at you.Finnegan, Blind Persuasion.

Jane Margolis: "Yeah, whatever."

Jane Margolis: The air is frozen. Doesn't look like the cooperative type.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is off to the side, trying on a variety of exciting tics in an attempt to project some kind of presence in the room.

Jane Margolis: She looks at you stammering to yourself like a psycho and rolls her eyes. Feds, am I right?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks at Doug and makes a frustrated gesture with his hand. "Do you understand how serious this thing you're wrapped up and around actually is? People around you are dying - 'yeah, whatever', that's what you think about it?"

Jane Margolis: She is taken aback for a second."I don't know about no-one dying."

Jane Margolis: "Look, I didn't skip my rehab sessions okay?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Nobody is saying you did. Damien, did you think we were trying to shake you or him down for some pills? Do you really think federal agents would roll up to your house five deep over smalltime shit?"

Jane Margolis: "I don't fucking know! Yes I know Damien, we hang out together but that asshole hasn't texted me since the club."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That wouldn't happen to have been the club on Sunday, the 4th, Studio Overground, would it?" He's writing something down on a paper pad. Bullshit scribbles, but gives a sense of import.

SA Doug Moore: Should Doug be writing this down? Scratch that, Doug is writing this down. Very visibly. So she sees it.

SA Doug Moore: Ah, great minds think alike, then.

SA Doug Moore: They are BOTH writing it down.

Jane Margolis: She thinks for a couple seconds, and then replies:"Yeah, sure. Here you go, my alibi. Now where is my lawyer?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If they're any good, they'll know how to get down here. In case you didn't put it together, Damien hasn't texted anyone since 'the club'. Hasn't talked to anyone, either. Or been seen. Period."

Jane Margolis: "What? What does that mean?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Gone. Poof. Not the first, and if we don't start getting some good details, probably not the last. Something is happening at that club."

Jane Margolis: She digs her face inside her palms."Oh God..."You can tell with ease that this is genuine confusion and distraught.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If you know something, this is your chance to tell us. And if you do - and I find out you're hiding it from us - I'll make sure you're buried so deep in a federal pen that you'll forget what going to a club was ever like."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "No more music. No more friends. Collusion. Obstruction. Felony. That's curtains."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Blind Persuade at 20%+

Jane Margolis: She pulls herself up and rubs her temples once, wiping the tears off her eyes."Okay look, listen.""There's this new shit out there. They're the Skypes, it's like, pills but in the Skype logo. You know that right? I swear-"

Handler: BANG BANG BANG!It's the door.

Handler: "OPEN UP! THE LAW IS HERE!"

Handler: The same female marshals undo the external lock and let a guy inside.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Well hi there! Your first arrest agent? If you don't know yet it's time you step outside and let me talk to my client ALONE."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: Briefcase in one hand, yellow coffee mug in other. Bluetooth earpiece on, balding.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Come on now, shoo, shoo, you're about to violate an amendment!"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You're late. What are you talking about?"

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Oh come on, just haul your butt out of here, I got five more clients after this." Very clearly and obviously he is asking for you two to leave, and it's not exactly something you can refuse without putting your badge on the line.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We'll be outside. She's not in any trouble. Not yet."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Yeah right, and she shall NEVER BE!"

SA Doug Moore: "Alright. We're going." What an outstandingly strange person.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If I had a dime..." He looks at Doug and steps out. "Make sure you get this guy's card before he dips."

Handler: Defense attorneys...

SA Doug Moore: "I will."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: You two wait outside the cell.

Handler: About 20 minutes elapse. You two get coffee. The door unlocks and the marshals ask you to return inside.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "So she knows about the pills, at least we got that." He murmurs to Doug. "But she knows something more about them. Maybe the upstream."

SA Doug Moore: "You don't think we're getting anything more out of her with this guy in the room, are we?" Doug whispers back to Finnegan.

Handler: You two get back in the room.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Please, take a seat agents." Everyone is seated.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Now, here's the deal. The case is dropped against my client, my client agrees to part all information she has about the subject alongside being obliged to stay in Albuquerque for the next three months." "And- my client consents to future house searches and solicitations in case more evidence is levied against her, which she assures, will certainly not happen."

Jane Margolis: She shuffles uncomfortably around her chair. "Three months..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan tries to reign in genuine surprise. "It sounds like we can pick up right where we left off, then."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "I need to hear the magic words 'yes we agree' come out of your mouth first, agent."

Handler: This is, in fact, legally binding.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We'll take it."

SA Doug Moore: "That sounds... very reasonable. Agreed."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: He sighs a relief and takes a sip out of the big yellow mug. You notice it says "WORLDS BEST LAWYER" on it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You were saying - the pills?"

Jane Margolis: "Okay, so, there's this new shit on the street and Damien has been selling it. He's a fucking asshole so I don't care if he gets arrested anymore, we were just together for the stuff."

Jane Margolis: "They are called the Skypes. I don't know what exactly it is but it's like, ecstasy on steroids."

Jane Margolis: "Damien hangs out with the cholos but told me that he's been getting it from a black guy, personally."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan makes sure Doug is writing this all down. "And he never named names, did he?"

Jane Margolis: "He kept calling a 'Mad Dog' on his phone but I don't know his real name. Probably Juan Ignacius or some bullshit, I really don't know."

Jane Margolis: She scratches on her arms uncomfortably.

SA Doug Moore: 'Mad Dog', yeah, Doug's writing it down.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Enough about 'Skype' for now." He clears his throat. "You go to Studio Overground often?"

Jane Margolis: "Yeah, it's a cool place to hang out."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ever heard anything about people going missing? Think carefully."

Jane Margolis: "I think I came across the cops twice there in the past month but they say there's definitely been more of them hanging around."

Jane Margolis: "Didn't really care about it."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Not for nothing." He reaches for the picture of Spider. "Ever seen this guy there?"

Jane Margolis: She shuffles for a second, and then is interrupted by Saul. They whisper to each other for a moment.

Jane Margolis: "Yeah, this is the guy who used to sell me the same stuff before Damien took over, I guess."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Happen to know his name?"

Jane Margolis: She shakes "no".

Jane Margolis: "The pill itself is really hot shit, though."

Jane Margolis: "I bet you mormons have no idea, but it's partying on another level once you pop one."

SA Doug Moore: "Mormons..?" Doug mumbles that then clears his throat. In some manner of awkwardness.

Jane Margolis: Mormons and FBI, google it, or don't.

Jane Margolis: Or DEA, they do have a big presence in there too.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan offers a condescending smile. "The night Damien was last seen by your - at the club, you said - did anything happen to him that you remember? Someone he talked to, maybe. Or he seemed off."

Jane Margolis: "He was tweaking off his mind, must have popped at least three doses."

Jane Margolis: "Definitely on the same shit. Was describing the stuff that happened to him as a toddler, it was... weird."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Have you ever seen someone get hurt from taking these pills? Like an overdose, maybe."

Jane Margolis: "Actually, no. Even in my narcotics anonymous group I haven't heard of anyone getting hurt by it."

Jane Margolis: She scoffs, having to mention that.

Jane Margolis: "Maybe it's some new type of LSD, who knows."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "So Damien is telling you some kind of childhood memories - and he goes into the bathroom."

Jane Margolis: "I was in the mood to dance, I didn't really care much afterwards and got pissed when he wasn't lying next to me the next morning like how he usually ends up."

Jane Margolis: "The pill grips strong, man, it's like time stretches and you feel the same good feeling over and over again."

Jane Margolis: "Feels like it's never gonna end. And then you realize you've been on the dance floor for six straight hours."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ever heard of someone smoking it? Crushed up, maybe, out of a pipe."

Jane Margolis: "I think I actually holed in like that once too, I took two pills once and saw myself in the classroom getting bullied for being anorexic in middle school. It was like, everyone was right in front of me once again and their laughter just echoing, inside my ears..."

Jane Margolis: Her stare drifts off into space.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Hey, stop, you don't have to go there."

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Doug Moore: You're clearly smarter than Doug to pick up on this. She is painting a crystal clear picture of a memory that should be repressed due to trauma.

Handler: You're feeling like an underpaid therapist. SAN roll, blind.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It made me think hypnotic regression therapy.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is too busy taking notes. Last line so far reads "EFFECTS: AGE REGRESS?"

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You seem to resonate with it. Too hard.

Handler: The feeling you had in the club bathroom is coming back.

Handler: It's like you're in that classroom with her, cruelly laughing at the thin brunette girl sitting a few desks behind you.

Handler: Your laughs erupt in a cacophony and spit is flying everywhere. Children can be so cruel, inhumane even.

Handler: The old and shrewd geography teacher interrupts the class, but all of you continue laughing, choking on your own laughter, in unison.

Handler: She's crying but you do not understand a thing about her pain. Empathy is alien to you.

Handler: You snap back to your senses. Now, the same girl has grown up into a woman, looking at you once again in helplessness, like a cornered animal.

Handler: You may blind roll 1d4 to deflect some of the harsher feelings.

Handler: Or refuse, if you wish to keep it all to yourself.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Better not to talk about this kind of stuff. No roll.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Another nightmare in your collection. You may continue interrupting her, in reality.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...Miss Margolis. The pills. Smoking. Did you ever see anyone... Smoke them." He stops. "Liao. They called it Liao. I think you heard them say it."

Jane Margolis: "It doesn't matter, it all hits about the same."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That's a yes or no question." He glares at the lawyer.

Jane Margolis: "Yes. You can crush it, smoke it, shove it up your ass, I just said the high is the same."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ever notice particular groups of people using it particular ways?" He taps his finger on the table. "Let me get down to brass tacks for you. Asians. Asians in Studio Overground."

Jane Margolis: "Nah, I don't swing that way."

Jane Margolis: "Never hired an escort off that club."

Jane Margolis: She raises her hands in reveal.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "No shit."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "But they're there. I've seen them. You've seen them. Do you know who they are? They're not exactly ABQ poster children."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Alright look, this has nothing to do with my client."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Doug, I need to get some water. You've got it."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "My client does not recall soliciting any sex worker for services."

SA Doug Moore: Doug sighs. "I've got it."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Hey, are we done here?"

SA Doug Moore: "Were we talking about, sex workers, just now? The question raised is still about the drug. Asians. Studio Overground? Really, never heard or seen none of it?"

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "It's not her-"

Jane Margolis: "Relax, I know about the asian prostitutes there. They aren't strippers or anything, it's just like, where they do their business."

Jane Margolis: "It's not illegal in this state, as far as I know."

Jane Margolis: "But I really have nothing to do with any of them."

SA Doug Moore: Would she be correct, in this case? Doug obviously knows, but just for posterity.

Handler: You know what? Roll Law.

SA Doug Moore: Again, blind.

Handler: Sounds convincing.

SA Doug Moore: Then Doug is convinced. Well, aside from that...

SA Doug Moore: There's nothing immediately relevant that catches his attention. He's kind of at a loss.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Well, I guess our little conversation is over."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Another 'epic win' for Saul Goodman Esquire, like the kids say."

SA Doug Moore: "Ahem. Er- sir, just one more thing."

SA Doug Moore: "Might I see a business card of some sort? Just to get acquainted. As we should be following this."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Sure, here ya go."He hands you one each."I only practice in New Mexico, though."

SA Doug Moore: It really is 'Esquire'. Well, figures.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Unless you end up in the Land of Enchantment with no possibility of extradition to D.C. I don't see you being my client."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I'll remember that. Appreciate it."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Pff, what a relief."

Saul Goodman, Esquire: "Sure."He is packing his stuff in his briefcase.

Saul Goodman, Esquire: Handshakes are exchanged and Saul takes off.

Handler: Everyone besides Doug, Finnegan and Cliff, state what you are doing.

Handler: You're all within the immediate vicinity of the courthouse.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Didn't I have a meeting with a CI?

Handler: You got a few more hours to that.

Handler: It's at 4PM.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon asks for Finnegan to give him the lowdown of what's up and asks if Doug was of any use in addition.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David is smoking a cigarette.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan shakes his head. "One lead. Upstream from Lucas. Black, goes by 'Mad Dog'. Other than that, just a girl's diary about what it's like to throw back pills."

Handler: Such is life.

SA Frank Earle: Thinking about the bigger picture over a coffee while he waits for Doug and Finn. What's going on here? His first thought were that the pills were enthraling people or something, but from what Finn told them yesterday it's likely that members of Tong Shukoran itself are taking the very drug being sold at that club. It's all sideways and he can only curse his lack of creativity at how stumped he is.

Handler: David. As you are chiefing on that hoe, you notice a strange looking bench.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Anything else? You look like you've seen a ghost."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I stroll towards the bench in a leisure manner and take a closer look- oh my, how garish.

Handler: This would never happen in D.C.

Handler: It's embarrassing.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: These people really have no taste.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Nah. Nothin'."

Handler: You're all exchanging thoughts inside the holding facility, while Cliff is still working on the sample. David is smoking outside.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You sure?" He stares Finnegan directly in the eyes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Just something in her eyes. Freaked me out. It's nothing."

Handler: Two figures are approaching you, clearly not marshals.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...It's good she's in a program, that's all."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David heads back inside.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Heyyy, fellas."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I heard you already got an arrest in."

SA Steven Gomez: Earle.

SA Doug Moore: "Long time no see."

SA Steven Gomez: This guy is staring at you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Fuckin... alternate lifestyles-" McCannon turns towards Schrader as he gets interrupted mid-sentence.

SA Steven Gomez: He is the same guy who was staring at you when you were at the computer lab this morning.

SA Frank Earle: Earle stares back at him appearing vaguely confrontational, but silent.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He puts both thumbs into his belt, displaying a rotund belly unbecoming of a federal agent.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "So, what's the scoop?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: Same shit eating smile from yesterday.

ASAC Hank Schrader: ASAC Hank Schrader rolls Success -> 17 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

ASAC Hank Schrader: Earle, there's nowhere to hide here and he just stares at you for a moment, before returning to McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Potent pressed MDMA pills on the street and two dealers of the shit in a row disappeared. We got Type O Negative #1 fan in there with a... uhhh," McCannon clicks his fingers trying to remember "Saul Goodman, I think?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Type O... what?" He grins. "She's also got Goodman for attorney?"

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I swear every half wit piece of shit in this town is downstream of him."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Maybe we oughta run him outta here sometime Gomie." He is returned with a snarky smile.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "So she's not connected to the disappearance?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Not necessarily, but she did identify 'the Spider' as a previous dealer."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I see."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Of the pills, I mean."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Anything else?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, she's attending rehab, but from what I hear this isn't the usual XTC we're dealing with."

ASAC Hank Schrader: His smile fades.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He puts a hand on your shoulder, McCannon."Can we talk over there for a second?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan leaves his hands in his pockets and exhales deeply.

SA Doug Moore: "What's this about?" Doug remarks to the others in a low whisper

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon has his hands on his hips looking downwards at nothing in particular.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Look, next time you write up a warrant why don't you try giving me a call alright? Especially when it's concerning a two-cent junkie slut."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We're shitting in his backyard, Doug." Finnegan says.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "I know El Paso is the real elite high speed low drag shit, I've been there for a while, but here we gotta bite the big fish only, you know what I mean?"

SA Doug Moore: "Yeah, how we brought that junkie in? I understand McCannon is not going to hear the end of this."

SA Frank Earle: "I was hoping we'd avoid this whole, whatever you call it... feds-versus-locals thing..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It'll be fine."

SA Steven Gomez: He's still staring at you talk to the other two, he very clearly has not seen you around before.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yeah, I understand," McCannon replies, looking back at his team for a second, "I'm trying to reign in these chucklefucks and have us pace ourselves, but you know how agents are when there's glory involved."

SA Steven Gomez: He turns around to his flip phone, messaging someone.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "This chick wasn't even worth a warrant, let's be real, she's just some fucking party girl."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Alright, just find glory where it actually is, not in the back of some club, agent." He pats you on the shoulder once more and turns to leave.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Let's go, it's lunch break."

SA Steven Gomez: "Right."

Handler: They get out fast, brushing against some marshals.

Handler: And how about the rest of the crew? Jane's hearing is in an hour, right after the lunch break.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I join the others.

Handler: David. Your smile fades when you find out you are dropping the case.

Handler: Don't worry about it, though. Happens all the time, especially when important evidence is uncovered.

SA Frank Earle: "Hell was up with the Mexican? Mad dogging me..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Don't talk to him."

Handler: Anything but the fucking truth, or so the elders hath said.

SA Frank Earle: "I didn't and I won't."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "David, consult me before you decide to pull a warrant."

Handler: Don't patronize him for it, you didn't say no.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "They think we're going to stumble onto some sketchy shit they're into. I think that's pretty clear."

Handler: Right. You recover your sidearms and exit the holding facility.

Handler: 1500, The hearing went without any bumps and the case is dropped. Jane left for home, now you are back out in the wide world.

Handler: Decide your actions.

SA Michael M. McCannon: When was the CI meeting due for?

Handler: In an hour.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is going to prep for that.

SA Doug Moore: Anything to follow up on regarding that connection with the 'Mad Dog'? ...Probably not. Not even so much as a name, and there must be a hundred Mad Dog beaners in this whole damn state.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is willing to stake out the tattoo parlor if nobody has a more pressing use for one of the vehicles. Owner might turn on.

Handler: Spot-on thinking Doug. No objection.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I assume they've shared what happened in the interrogation with everyone else?

Handler: McCannon, you take a cab to the location and leave the corolla for someone else.

Handler: MISCLICK. Carry on.

Toyota Corolla "DEA": Yes, all of you have a clear idea of what happened.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Finnegan staking out alone or anyone else want to join him?

SA Doug Moore: If he does not object. After all, he and Doug make such a great team together.

SA Frank Earle: Earle would love to feel useful too.

SA Doug Moore: David, Earle, decide your actions.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I join Finnegan.

SA Frank Earle: Plenty of people for that Tattoo Parlor, then, and he's not needed. In that case...

SA Frank Earle: Earle had an inkling on the fourth that he might be able to modify the group's ARs with someone's help and he'll chase that lead up again, if he has the time. Perhaps a little research online and he'll find some militia nuts that are able to help him?

SA Doug Moore: Looks like M.D. Samantha Cliff is... temporarily indisposed. Can she be said to be even doing anything at all, anything that is relevant to the goings on?

Handler: Friendly reminder of the multitude missing persons reports you have not crossreferenced.

Handler: Earle. Blind Criminology at a 20% bonus.

Handler: Cliff is working on the sample, it's taking a huge chunk of time.

SA Doug Moore: Makes sense.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: The forensic reports I just found in the archives you mean?

Handler: Stakeout team has the SUV and Earle has the corolla so he doesn't scream federal agent to the world.

Toyota Corolla "DEA": Earle.

Handler: You got wind of some crazy white dude on his ranch right next to the Petroglyph Monument handling these kinds of things.

Handler: He can machine the auto sear and the necessary modifications to the lower receivers for an Unusual expense. For a bargain... you did see a couple Gadsden flags on your way in. Time for a friendly chat?

SA Frank Earle: Absolutely. No idea how to broach a topic like this without seeming like a cop but at least they seem to have something in common.

Handler: It's second nature to you, just speak your mind with a blind Persuasion roll at a 20%+.

Handler: If you're lost just hit the roll.

SA Frank Earle: "...I figure if I ask for anything too particular, I'll sound like the guy that done bagged Randy Weaver, so I'll let you name your price to work on these and leave it at that. Y'good to work on five?"

Handler: Earle. He agrees to do it for Standard expense only if you listen to his rants while sharing a bowl. Might fuck you up if you have an unscheduled drug test in the next 6 months. If you see the next 6 months.

SA Frank Earle: Not too fond of drugs but he hasn't much of a choice here and they're taking greater risks anyway, so he obliges the man.

Handler: You toke up.

Handler: Yes, he does make you listen to hip-hop the whole time.

Handler: It's been years since you smoked weed and this strain hits you like a fucking truck.

Handler: You sink into the couch and get the munchies.

Handler: It's looking like you're stuck here way into the evening.

Handler: Better come up with a good explanation for what the fuck you've been out doing.

Handler: Your ARs are now select-fire.

"DEA Suburban": Stakeout team.

Handler: Hours are flowing by.

Handler: It's just a tattoo parlor. Lowlives in, lowlives out, with new body marks.

Handler: You see a few bikers and that's about all the "gang activity" you can figure out from this distance.

Handler: You also see two trannies go in and out.

Handler: David, you're also here taking the best comforts the back seat has to offer.

Handler: The reports I mentioned, it's not clear if you can cross reference the forensic accountance stuff to filed missing persons reports, gangsters don't tend to do that

Handler: You might get lucky.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David attempts to do the needful.

Handler: You can not do anything here at the stakeout. You're stuck.

Handler: That could be your next action, though.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will keep that in mind and for now, simply watch the crossdressers parade around the tattoo parlor.

Handler: Hope you enjoy the view.

Handler: Finnegan, wishing to deviate from the plan or?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No.

Handler: Right on.

Handler: Then, we are moving onto the CI meeting.

Handler: Before that, 10 minute break.

Handler: Continuing.

Handler: Finnegan, make an INT roll, blind.

Handler: As you see a tranny and a gay guy smooch eachother about 30 yards away, you suddenly revert to the first principle and run the investigation back through your mind.

Handler: It occurs to you that you never actually bothered Googling anything about the Tchotcho, let alone seeking other forms of academic insight.

Handler: Furthermore, like many US cities, Albuquerque has it's own little chinatown also.

Handler: It's more like a China "strip", small in size and adjacent to the main Central Avenue cutting the city in half.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: More interesting than a local cruising spot, that's for sure. Who's in the car?

Handler: You three.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's see what's open in China"town".

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We'll text McCannon just so he knows which way we're headed.

Handler: I'm gathering that you're leaving these two on the stakeout and going your own way.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If they're feeling inspired to keep watching this place for a suspicious-looking black male or anything else of interest

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Makes sense. I'd come with him to Chinatown if possible.

Handler: Doug is staking out alone. It's just a ten minute ride from where you stand so he does drive you up there first.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Easy.

Handler: Doug. Alertness, blind.

SA Doug Moore: Stakin' out ain't easy.

SA Doug Moore: The tattoo shop is definitely a hangout spot. Not everyone walks out holding a limb in mild pain. That's about all you gather.

"DEA Suburban": Finnegan and David.

Handler: You two take a stroll through the Chinatown.

Handler: About as usual as it gets. Wet market, noodle shop, gift shop, nail salon...

Handler: Some are closed.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Any young masters we might notice as part of the local crime scene-enforcers or protection racketeers?

Handler: Even if they were, by your gut feeling, you can tell that none of these resident chinamen would say a word about being extorted for protection money even if they were paying.

Handler: That's just how it works.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: There is a very genuine and rustic looking tea shop that caught your attention. It's almost like it's trying to hide away from plain view. So simple yet so unmistakably... Chinese. Everything about it. It did occur to you that most of the people manning the wet market stalls and the sushi joints were actually speaking Vietnamese.

Handler: Anyone else and it would have flied right past their head.

Handler: One problem though, the tea shop is closed.

Handler: "OWNER SICK. RETURN TWO DAY."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Single-story building? Finnegan has been trying to summarize his Tcho-Tcho theory of Tong identity to David while they walk.

Handler: Yep. However, everything is in plain sight from where you stand. Past the barred windows the interior is full of Chinese medicinal herbs you can immediately recognize, such as lemon balm and ginseng. Dried, powdered, pulverized... if this is some money laundering front there is some genuine know how behind it.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "What are these... Tcho-Tcho?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: To make a long story short, they're an ethnic minority in China, and he overheard an unmistakable word related to them while they were questioning the club. Moreover, it concerns him that the word and meaning is fairly old, even when "Skype pills" are self-evidently very new.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: Alertness, Blind.

Handler: There are two characters that are not Chinese on each top side of the front door, itself painted in red and the characters themselves in a darker shade of red.

Handler: You do recognize them. From the book.

Handler: You do have the copy with you in your briefcase.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We'll make a quick transcription just to remember the shapes and then retreat to any business with outdoor seating that's open.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: That would be a good idea. We should call reinforcements, too.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Occult roll with a bonus, blind.

Handler: As you are flipping the pages, David abruptly stops you to point you at a certain "protection ward" that you made a note of in plain English.

Handler: The same kind that the superstitious love to draw on everything. This stuff transcends culture and brings oldheads of the world together.

Handler: It does heavily resemble a Chinese character but to the trained eye is "off" in every way.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Good eye. Call the boss, this isn't coincidence."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I want to see around the sides and back of the building: Windows, doors?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I give the boss a call on my phone.

Handler: The back alley is easily accessible. From the dimensions of the building you can tell the upper residential floor is completely separate from the storefront, and that there's just a small backroom with a window peering inside.

Handler: The upper floor is accessed through the entrance and the staircase adjacent to the main building, serving no other purpose. Could be illegal building code, you're totally unsure.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: That's fucked up. "The owner is up there, if he's really sick at all. Someone involved is. We need them."

Handler: Roll Alertness.

Handler: Public.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: You hear heavy coughing from an old man from the residential floor.

Handler: And the voice of a young girl comforting him.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We might be able to talk our way inside. I'm not sure." He wipes the rapidly-forming sweat from his forehead. "How long until someone else gets here?"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Did my call get picked up?

Handler: Finnegan. This very clearly does not look like a drug gang clandestine base of operations.

Handler: No fancy cars around, no suspicious figures, just some Chinese people walking around, one pushing a stroller.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It doesn't, but the odds of someone from an incredibly obscure ethnic group involved in this whole thing in New Mexico not being somehow involved seem astronomically slim.

Handler: However the owner might be true to blood Tchotcho from what you've just seen.

Handler: Well, Finnegan, did you actually check in with an immigration authority?

Handler: Shooting from the hip aren't we.

Handler: David, your call is declined.

Handler: Boss is busy.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We could always ask ICE how many visas are issued to self-identified Tcho-Tchos with legal residence in NM, but that could be a crapshoot. These people might just mark themselves as Han.

Handler: Can see that working. Will you peer inside the window, though? You can get to it if you stand on some crate.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Absolutely.

Handler: No need to roll Alertness again. Just the sleepy backroom of a tea shop. One small round table, few chairs, some calligraphy art on the walls.

Handler: One scroll is covered over with a beautiful piece of rug.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Finnegan, we may be able to trick him into giving up intel, considering he might be feverish and not fully alert."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "There's a younger female in there with him. Probably a niece or some other relative. Might be a juvenile."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "That's if he even can understand us- but with a shop this nice, he's either funded by some stronger party or he actually gets some sizeable traffic. Could it be wholly chinese custom- I doubt it."

Handler: I gotta point out your spotty reasoning, this is like saying any old Mexican is an expert at Cartel business.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Ah yes, possibly. An additional weight on his consciousness if anything untoward were to happen, even if nothing is stated or even threatened."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is operating under the impression that the immigrant community of a very small and obscure ethnic group in the American southwest is probably so small that any single adult member would at least know something of value.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Shall we go in?"

Handler: The doorbell is right there.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: There isn't any reason to believe there's a four-digit value or more of Tcho-Tchos in New Mexico or even the country, it'd be like running into Hmong in Montana.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He rings it.

Handler: A Chinese girl about 17 answers the door.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Good afternoon.

Asian Female Young: "What?"

Handler: White boy speaks PERFECT Mandarin.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We used to come here on trips and saw the sign saying the owner was sick. We were hoping to see him, or ask if there was anything he needed.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Vasmin looks mildly shocked by the jade princesses' beauty, but quickly reins it in with his nordic composure.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's a conference a few times a year.

Asian Female Young: "He's really sick, I'm sorry but he can't see you. We don't need help, thanks."

Handler: That was in English.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan nods. "It's not flu season. Do you know what it is?"

Asian Female Young: "Pancreatic cancer. He lived with it for years and it ebbs and flows."

Asian Female Young: "He says herbs fix him more than chemotherapy, I believe him."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We didn't know. God. That's awful."

Asian Female Young: "He says he'll be better in two more moons. Old people..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Are you his niece, granddaughter, something? I've never seen you here."

Asian Female Young: "I'm his granddaughter. Yi Leng."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well, you can let him know Mike and John stopped by from Rapid City. We'll be back when it's open." He tosses his head to the side, urging David and him away.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I head off with Finnegan.

Asian Female Young: "Okay. Bye Mike... and John."

Asian Female Young: She returns inside like a scared rabbit.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I want to know who this business is registered to. Property, leased or owned. I don't like it."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Vasmin nods, "Let me get the address proper..." Vasmin notes down the address.

Handler: Nothing more captures your interest here.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Sure thing.

Handler: May 06, 2008. 1600. "Golden Griddle" Diner.

Handler: McCannon. You may act.

Handler: Nothing out of the ordinary in the parking lot. The guy will meet you inside, after all.

Handler: The entrance is right there.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Affirmative.

Handler: As soon as you step in, the overwhelming fried food smell assaults your nostrils. You're not that hungry so it's kinda gross, but no one here seems bothered.

Handler: The ambience is... old timer shit. Albuquerque feels like it's been frozen in ice since 1920s.

SA Michael M. McCannon: The state of New Mexico really has nothing going for it, doesn't it?

SA Michael M. McCannon: What's the description of our CI?

Cashier: The guy at the cash register looks at you for a second and then returns to it.

Handler: He's wearing a hoodie and a bit chubby. Looks like a junkie.

Handler: That guy is overweight with a tank top.

Handler: Face smudged in a burger.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Fatass.

DEA Rat: He looks at you and doesn't break eye contact.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon takes a seat at the booth, quietly whistling some fucking tune or another.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon stops whistling and leans in, staring into the guy's eyes as he clasps his hands in front of him.

DEA Rat: "Hope no one followed you here."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon tilts his head a little, smirking, looking quietly, letting the uncomfortable silence seep in.

Handler: "So, what do you wanna know?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon lets his hands free and leans back into the cushions of the booth. "Now why would I be followed?"

DEA Rat: "Jesus christ man, enough with the spy shit, let's just talk already."He is undercover, not a CI, treat him like one.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon massages his brow with eyes closed, "Sure, whatever, it's your head man."

DEA Rat: "I'm meeting him this Friday."

SA Michael M. McCannon: Did McCannon get anything about Tcho-Tcho's mentioned to him, and in addition: does he know anything about this ethnic minority in the first place?

DEA Rat: You didn't pay attention to anything past their existence. For all intents and purposes it's nerd shit to you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Does McCannon know who this schmuck is referring to in regards to a meeting?

DEA Rat: No. This guy most likely knows you as "his new case officer."Fuck. McCannon! You just realized you need to adlib this whole thing.

SA Michael M. McCannon: The usual, of course.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Jesus, man, I got a gajillion POIs I need to keep track of. Which one?"

DEA Rat: "The motel. The one down by..." He gives you an address. I'm too lazy to crossreference it on Google Earth, but it's clear where it is. "It's super super down low, though. He knows he's got some heat on him now, after the kid disappeared."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon can hazard a guess that it's the black dude. "What was that fuckin' guy's nickname again?"

DEA Rat: "Lucas. Fucker gets whole three bags of the shit and then skips town. Can you believe it?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Wait, he's back?"

DEA Rat: "No, man, no. Pastor gave him all that shit to go sell it and now he's nowhere to be found."

DEA Rat: "I think that pushed Pastor over the edge, fucker's going crazy over it. All that, combined with the PTSD, ticking time bomb."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Over some fucking Skypes?"

DEA Rat: "How would you feel if I took your 30 thousand dollars and fucked off the face of Earth?"

DEA Rat: "Guy's already mentally half gone, fucker once snuck on me like I was a god damn jihadi when I went to visit him."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "30 thousand dollars is the cost of doing business in that trade, if you can't handle that then don't do crime, I guess?" McCannon shrugs.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Naaah, it's gotta be something else..." McCannon looks out the window feigning wistfulness,

DEA Rat: "He's got people to answer to too, what if one of the made ones decide to show up with a chainsaw one night? It's gang shit, man."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "It's gotta be something else. What's your take on it?" McCannon turns to the guy.

DEA Rat: He takes a sip of his coffee.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Didn't Damien Lucas get his shit from a guy named Mad Dog?

DEA Rat: "My take is that getting constantly robbed like that, combined with a few tour of duties, I hope guy won't just brain himself before we arrest him."

DEA Rat: Jane never implied that Mad Dog actually supplied Lucas, only that they are acquainted.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You know anyone with the nickname Mad Dog?"

Handler: Blind Persuasion.

DEA Rat: "You sure you not mixing up cases? Probably some spic out there."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Little birdie told me that Lucas was banging some dude's phone with that name. It probably is some spic, but....." McCannon looks out the window again for a second then shakes his head: "Naah..."

DEA Rat: "Well, I gotta go actually, let little birdie know that no one goes near the motel until ASAC signs on it. Bring SWAT when he does."

DEA Rat: "I swear there are hidden cameras and shit around that place. Guy is fucking psycho from all the hajjis."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Little birdie is not as import as you think it is," McCannon nods, "Fucking GWOT, am I right?"

DEA Rat: He smirks.

DEA Rat: "Thanks for the coffee."

DEA Rat: He leaves, quick.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon leans on the table, unsatisfied.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Pastor is the black dude who supplied Lucas, probably reports to some higher up people, GWOT veteran, hallmarks of PTSD from the description.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Mad Dog might be a Studio Overground connect.

Handler: No government name, but with the address and the way he described the spot you may definitely bark up something.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Or maybe he's totally wrong, he's just a doppleganger for some fucking case officer.

Handler: Diaz wouldn't do this to you, you hope.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon ponders on if he should run after that fucker and blow his head off before he gets impatient and calls in Schrader himself.

Handler: Before you hit the speed dial.

Handler: Much like all undercover ops this one is compartmentalized and one you are not supposed to know about.

Handler: You can stir BIG shit if you do this.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Probably DEA cell moves involved here, house of cards shit.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Why didn't they just send in a DEA embedded cell in the first place? More questions, no answers, little time.

Handler: Many answers, actually, none that you can know and still keep living.

Handler: Right.

Handler: It's 18:00.

Handler: Earle is occupied. Cliff is done with the lab and in the quantum foam. Doug still on the stakeout.

Handler: David will dig up records regarding the tea shop.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He is back at the courthouse for it, no big deal.

Handler: McCannon, Finnegan, you feel like you could squeeze one more thing out of today.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I got nothing; just thinking about what it all means.

Handler: Still aversive to computers I see.

Handler: McCannon?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Go to Google.com and ask it to give you INFORMATION on TCHO TCHO's Finnegan

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "TCHOTCHO CAMBODIA CHINA PEOPLE DISPLACED"

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not sure, could probably do a quick check on the motel. Did the car have any binos?

"**DEA Suburban**": No binos. But you can do a quick driveby of it, and get away doing so.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Spin the blockaroo, then.

Handler: Blind Alertness with a 20%-

"**DEA Suburban**": It's a motel. Not much else you can make out.

"**DEA Suburban**": Single story, little worn out but servicable.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: With the powers of your BlackBerry and a boutique restaurant in the International District offering free WiFi you can do this without a public library.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: God bless American Telephone and Telegraph.

Handler: Several hundred results. Some scholarly, most from NGOs and human rights watch stuff.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Any stuff CONUS?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Give me a blind INT roll.

Handler: Effortlessly, you find something interesting indeed.

Handler: You don't have access to the whole paper, but you can read the abstract for free.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I make note of the DOI in case we need to pull the full thing later, that should just be a call away.

Handler: Do you one better, you could probably fly to Chicago and talk to the professor yourself. That is, if you have a question that is not answered on this paper.

Handler: It's from 10 years ago, Henrietta Cole is a PHD in Anthropology now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan thinks the idea of such a people existing as described is disturbing, to say the least.

Handler: UNM is five minutes away too. But you don't know about the Humanities there.

Handler: State of the art hospital, however.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is there any census-derived data I can find online that points to a lot of these people (or not) living in the US, and particularly in NM?

Handler: No. Such research is pretty frowned upon.

Handler: Racially profiling regions.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's something the census does track, since it affects districting in some cases, but maybe the group is just too small to be its own self-reported category.

Handler: The NGO published stuff claims the national Tchotcho population doesn't exceed 50 thousand.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Any Chinese-language sources, before we close out?

Handler: The book you researched has more info on the ethnic group than the stuff they pumped out.

Handler: Strangely- no. No traces of the Tcho Tcho exists on the Chinese side of the internet.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Chalk it up to controlled information.

Handler: Thank you Party.

Handler: Right. Time flows on.

Handler: It's 9PM.

Handler: Everyone is ready to move, though, unless you want to suffer insomnia the move is to sleep.

Handler: Let me clear what David found first, the store is registered to the granddaughter and seems legit on all accounts. Dates back to 1970s.

Handler: Cliff has been driving back and forth SECOM and PDHQ to crossreference missing person reports with similar circumstances. You turn up 3 more. Victims- all past drug charges.

Handler: Pretty safe to say that your serial killer slash abductor does have a M.O. concerning drug users only. If, he exists.

Handler: What's the move?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan wants to go back to the store, he's stuck on it. If anyone has a better idea, speak up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: ^

SA Richard J. Finnegan: And this time, we're not knocking.

Handler: Finnegan. The place is just like you left during afternoon and lights are on around you.

Handler: The chances of you two sneaking inside without being detected is nearly zero- all entrances are barred and getting past requires power tools or very solid lockpicking, both of which you do not have.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Don't we have a halligan in the car?

Handler: If the girl has a gun (probably does considering she owns the place) and peeked out to finish you it would be fully in self defense.

Handler: Halligan won't help you with bars, only with steel doors. There are bars over doors, detroit gas station style.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh, exterior security doors

SA Richard J. Finnegan: So we're assuming two bedrooms, one juvenile female, one adult male, separate - or maybe not, considering these people. Anyone have a useful tool or idea? I doubt they're going to open the door again.

Handler: All things put together it's starting to become clear you are wasting time here.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I have no ideas aside from the code uncompliant door.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We are probably going to have to talk to them again during daylight hours.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Serves us right for scoping out Chinese Fort Knox.

Handler: Right. Are you pulling Doug from the stakeout for the night?

SA Doug Moore: Not a lot of things to see there, all considered.

Handler: The tea shop is not hard to get inside with the right tool, its just that its right in the middle of residential area and there is no immediate way to sneak inside.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The situation with the door is fucked Chinesium architecture, yes

Handler: Then everyone is withdrawing to the safehouse/motel on the map for the night, that's given you wish to rent a room.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Safehouse is good

Handler: You just love a 40 minute drive on no traffic, don't you.

Handler: Anything out of the ordinary you wish to get to Diaz, McCannon?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Probably mention the fact that the undercover guy is meeting with a crazed GWOT veteran who may or may not be getting drugs from a specific ethnic minority (the name of which is delivered in anagram form.)

Handler: "pmc or marine?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "could be either but pmcs tend to enjoy the war and NOT get PTSD, so i'm guessing marine. black dude."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "pastor nickname."

Handler: "dod money is no joke i guess."She disconnects.

Handler: May 07, 2008. 0800.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You wake up to your burner ringing.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon sits up in bed and picks up the phone.

Handler: It's Schrader."Heyy, Agent. I think I got your 'missing person' here. You gotta come see this. We're at..."He describes the address of a multi-story car park.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Huh?"

Handler: "Looks like the cholos got to him first, too bad!"

Handler: He hangs up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Motherfucker!" McCannon tosses the burner aside and gets dressed as if he has to toss on CBRN gear during a gas attack. Once he's dressed he starts banging the doors of his fellow agents "WE'RE MOVING! GET DRESSED!"

SA Doug Moore: "What the-- Yeah, coming!"

Handler: The drive takes you 50 minutes and you're practically out-raced by everyone else to the scene.

SA Frank Earle: Indecipherable grumbling as he puts his britches on and gets ready.

Handler: The whole team is here.

Handler: Kindly move up northeast.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon rushes up first, unfolding and flashing his badge like it's a sleight of hand trick.

Handler: You all walk past the news anchor and the night shift guard frantically explaining to a cop.

Handler: The local PD is here.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "The fucking press is already here? Jesus Christ."

SA Doug Moore: Doug takes up a more defensive position some distance away.

Handler: Schrader and Gomez come up from a corner.

Handler: Damien is lying right there.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Dude, look at this one." They are giggling at photos of his dead body.

Handler: On the floor, the young man is splayed across with 4 holes across his chest.

Handler: Reverberations - Session 3 End.

Reverberations Session 4

October 19, 2025

Handler: Reverberations - Session 4

Handler: Somewhere in New Mexico, 2006.

Wang Haoran: "Hmmpphhh!!!! Hnnnnnnnmphh!!!"

Handler: The thin, bald man is duct-taped very tight to a wooden chair.

Handler: Sweat is flooding down from his forehead. The rancid, burning New Mexican heat is sizzling through the gaps on the roof.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: A man enters from an adjacent room.

Handler: Followed by another.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He is holding a rusty, crude machete. He seems nervous, hesitating to take a step forward.

Miguel "Toro" Molina: "Cmon bro."

Miguel "Toro" Molina: "You gotta do this."

Wang Haoran: "HNGHNGH!!!!" The man, seemingly not understanding Spanish, is trying his hardest to break free.

Wang Haoran: The sight of a rusty machete in the wrong hands needs no elaboration.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "This is messed up, bro..."

Miguel "Toro" Molina: The older brother grabs him by the shoulder for a few words of encouragement.

Miguel "Toro" Molina: "No one fucks with us."

Miguel "Toro" Molina: "Come on."

Miguel "Toro" Molina: "Here, this will take the edge off."

Miguel "Toro" Molina: He produces a keybump of white powder on a stiletto, holding it close to the mans nose.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: It hits like a truck in an instant, he heaves once and looks for somewhere to hold onto to regain his bearings.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: The innocent gleam in his eye vanishes.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "YOU MOTHERFUCKER!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "FUCK YOU!"

Wang Haoran: "HIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!!"

Handler: Far-off traffic backdrops the savage sounds of flesh being cleaved into pieces.

Handler: Multistory parking garage, Albuquerque NM. May 07 2008.

Handler: Right back where we were. In the middle of a huge mess.

Coroner: The coroner is unfolding a stretcher for Damien.

ASAC Hank Schrader: Schrader is giggling at the photos of the boys dead body. Looks like the hamhandedness of DEA agents was not just a rumor.

Handler: You may act.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Has the vehicle been searched yet?

Handler: Wouldn't hurt to ask.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Anyone check that thing?" Finnegan points at the car, asking nobody in particular.

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "It's a pimpmobile. Was idling when we got here."

Handler: You may move around.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon produces a pair of nitrile gloves and puts them on.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "No shit." Gloves on. If it's idling, we have the keys, and Finnegan'll check the trunk, glove box, floor mats. 5 minutes or less.

Handler: Before we do that, something to get out of the way.

Handler: Earle heard a commotion between the gatekeeper and the cops, looks like something was up with the camera system. He is working on it.

Handler: Doug is trying to talk to the gatekeeper.

Handler: Right. Finnegan.

Handler: Roll Search, Public.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 81 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

LAMBDIN, TERENCE: The cop, with a laminate, is trying to take pictures of the body.

LAMBDIN, TERENCE: Without realizing, you step on a thin puddle of blood.

LAMBDIN, TERENCE: "HEY!"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ah, shit."

LAMBDIN, TERENCE: He looks deathly annoyed with you, but you're in a three-piece suit and he is not.

LAMBDIN, TERENCE: He grumbles and goes back to work.

Handler: Finnegan. The car is indeed a pimpmobile, but quite the tasteful one. The upholstery looks genuinely nice. Unbecoming of a run of the mill criminal.

Handler: Cashmere and velvet seats. Matte cream dash. It's fucking nice, in short.

Handler: Not much to look at in the alcoves of the cabin but you realize you could pull prints off of the steering wheel.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If it's nice, that makes me think it's either reported stolen or registered to the actual owner. But we'll take prints from the wheel and the passenger interior handle - great place for a thumbprint.

Handler: It's pretty clean on the inside too, save for the traces of frequent smoking on the roof.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You haven't pulled a print since Quantico. You don't have a forensics kit.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Do we have one in the car?

Handler: You're surrounded with cops.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Sure, someone here definitely does. Any luck in the obvious spots? Looking for blood or debris, what seat Lucas was transported in.

Handler: No need to roll Search for a second time. If there is a clue, you really can't see it.

Handler: A second opinion may be a good idea.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You got anything man?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Let me get a second set of eyes on this."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon goes around, having seen the blood mishap.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...And they either left on foot or in a second vehicle, if that wasn't obvious."

Handler: McCannon, Forensics Public with +20%.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "No shit."

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 75 (Rolling Forensics Target: 70% (50%+20%))

Handler: The complete lack of clues in and around this vehicle may be another tell to a man of your experience.

Handler: What's going on here?

Handler: A crime scene is usually a story. What you're looking at is disjointed pieces with no connecting lines in between.

Handler: Something to think about.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It looks like the body was dumped here, right? As opposed to the injuries happening on-scene.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Have I had a chance to look at the body yet?

Handler: It doesn't take a genius to assess the traumatic extent of the injuries. Damien is in fact "fucked up" but there is way too little blood around to indicate it's been done here.

Handler: No Cliff.

Handler: You've been staring at it from a distance.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: If there isn't anything significant to be gathered from looking at the injuries I'll look in the car from the drivers side.

Handler: As you figure out your action, I should address David's little trot around the entire parking lot. David, retroactively roll Search Public.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Failure -> 67 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Handler: Looks just like the usual business day around here.

Handler: You get a few stares as you walk, but it's nothing.

Handler: Samantha.

Handler: No need for another search or forensics roll, for your expertise in anatomy you immediately recognize that both the drivers and the shotgun seats are adjusted for people a foot or more shorter than Damien.

Handler: Hell, you fit in just fine.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Anything in the trunk? He was either there or in the back.

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Just a lug wrench and jumper cable. We already took it into evidence."

Handler: The extra wheel compartment is pried open, nothing interesting down there either.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I'm sure they'll provide a fascinating story."

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Feel free to pitch in any time."

Handler: He scoffs and goes back to his notes.

Handler: The coroner lifts Damien onto the stretcher and begins walking him towards the ambulance outside with the paramedics.

Handler: A cop follows them.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Seems like the shotgun and driver seats are adjusted for Damien's height. Car's clean so it's unlikely it was used to dump the body."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Figure they picked him up here, then dropped the dead body at the same place?"

LAMBDIN, TERENCE: The guy with the laminate walks past Schrader and out of the crime scene.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Any return on the plates?" Finnegan asks the detective.

Detective Christopher Bakersfield: "Not yet, probably not until lunch break. Same with the prints."

Handler: There's a chalk outline where Damien used to be.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan will go call into ABQ dispatch to run the plates and the VIN to make sure they match and see who this is registered to. It's getting towed either way, but maybe someone familiar will pop up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "They left the car idling either because they had to get out of dodge and forgot to pull out the keys - unlikely OR they wanted the cadaver to be found - likely."

KOA-TV Anchor: You can hear the news anchor speak as Damien's stretcher is exiting the scene."...KOA-TV has arrived on the scene as soon as possible to capture this young men who has allegedly been the victim of a gang related murder..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Vultures arrived, looks alike. Well, I don't think we're going to get anything here that we won't get from the coroner or forensics."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Earle got that CCTV footage yet?"

SA Frank Earle: Earle brushes past you before going out the parking lot for a proper morning coffee."It's all fucked, retard IT guy updated the system but didn't realize it messed up the camera software. It didn't record and most likely hasn't been recording for months."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Fucking hell."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "What the fuck, man." McCannon just raises his hands behind his head.

Handler: What the fuck indeed, considering this is New Mexiraq.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "How do they know the cameras were down?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Jesus Christ." Finnegan massages his forehead.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, there must've been a live feed it's just none of it got backed up in any way."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Was there security? Did they see anything?"

SA Doug Moore: Doug comes back from the questioning. "Guy says he hasn't seen or heard nothing, no gunshots, no screams. He's crying his guts out, saying he's innocent, mame wey."

SA Doug Moore: "They're taking him in for a statement but I don't think they'll keep him in overnight."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yeah, yeah, they love that no sabo bullshit."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Lowest common denominator security stuff. I'd be surprised if he saw anything other than the inside of his eyelids."

Handler: Everyone but David, Roll Luck. Blind.

Handler: McCannon and Finnegan are still turning the inside out of the vehicle. Doug is checking in with his notes, perched over them.

Handler: Samantha, smile for TV.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: TV?

Handler: The cameraman.

Handler: He's pointing it at you now.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha is caught unaware as the cameraman films her, and she turns and gives a faint smile as she notices.

Handler: ...

Handler: The cameraman turns back to the anchor without incident.

Handler: Right, everyone else, it looks like it's time for a word with Schrader and then to blast off.

Handler: Unless you have a better idea.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He's talking to his top guy while shooting occasional stares at you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I got nothing. Can Cliff make sure this autopsy gets done tonight-tonight?

SA Michael M. McCannon: That guy smells like brewer's yeast for some reason. McCannon doesn't really have much to exchange aside from pleasantries right now.

Handler: He's obviously expecting a word from you.

Handler: Go on.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, guy who disappears off the face of the earth in club owned by the most obviously cartel affiliated Mexican turns up here next to an idling blingwagon."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "If this isn't a message I don't know what is."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Hehe, I'm guessing an arrest is soon."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "It's all splayed out there, but looks like your trafficking thing might be falling apart."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Who trafficks a dead body?"

Handler: McCannon. HUMINT, Blind.

Handler: He is fucking with you. Looking for an opening in your narrative, obviously Mexicans killing people when they can't pay to get from point A to point B is routine.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Coyotes, that's who."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Especially when you can't pay."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Doing a white kid in is quite the move, though."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "That's true, but I think whoever you'll arrest will just be some fall-guy low rank cholo, otherwise they wouldn't be this fuckin' sloppy."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "There's some dumb fuckers out there, but this dumb?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It isn't sloppy, it's a statement. You fuck around, something bad happens, and the leftovers are public." He points over his shoulder at the news camera. "The message is sent."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "My point exactly."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Probably. Hey, it looks like time for the third coffee of the day." He nudges Gomez with his elbow.

SA Steven Gomez: "Right."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Don't shit yourselves off those espressos."

ASAC Hank Schrader: "You only live once, as the kids say."

ASAC Hank Schrader: They turn to leave.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yeah I don't know what the fuck they say," McCannon mutters to himself.

Handler: Without a doubt, that explanation came off extremely awkward but enough to put a stop to the conversation.

Handler: A task force after low-level cholos... who knows how that would look on paper.

Handler: It's 10:30 AM. You're free to act.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan spends the drive out talking about Tcho-Tchos. Better than sitting in silence and brooding over the mystery of Damien Lucas' reappearance.

Handler: Drive out where and with who?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David listens to the Tcho-Tcho talk, curious about their history.

Handler: The radio sounds more interesting than that to you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Well, let's see who's going where. 1. Is Cliff going to the expedited autopsy? 2. Did Earle successfully rat that computer in the club? I remember it being mentioned, don't remember the outcome.

Handler: Paramore. Cool, not taytay this time.

Handler: Cliff.

Handler: Your action?

Handler: The body is being brought to ABQPD Morgue.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I can do the autopsy, but is it really necessary for me to be doing it?

Handler: ...

Handler: YOU have the M.D. at the end of your name.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It probably isn't going to get done in a timeframe that's productive or helpful to us if you don't go. Who knows what their schedule and backlog looks like.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Yeah, if me going to it makes things go faster, I'll do it.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: So I'll do the autopsy.

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

Handler: Cliff. The autopsy will take until afternoon to be complete.

Handler: The thing about Earle, can you elaborate on that?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I can go back in the log but I remember it being mentioned that he might've been able to set the club owner's computer (the one with the security program and personal email) to keylog or build a record we could collect later.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Low importance if no.

Handler: I know what you're talking about. Earle pulled some personal files off that computer, but did not install a backdoor or keylogger or anything like that. The files are of no consequence to your investigation.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Right on.

Handler: Right. Where are you driving actually.

Handler: You and David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Didn't Finnegan want to spin the block on Tcho Tchos?

Handler: He's ranting about a Chinese ethnic group you've never heard of before as you trudge through the morning traffic.

Handler: But I really need to know where you are HEADED!

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan explains, in brief, that he thinks our two "ethnicity unknown" Oriental gentlemen of interest in the case are Tcho-Tchos. There aren't too many in the US, and he and David scoped out a business owned by some in the chi-town.

Handler: So you're driving to Chinatown?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We made contact with a juvenile, female. Store is closed for a few days. Do you think it's worth another rollby?" McCannon's call.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Am I in the car with them right now?

SA Frank Earle: Yes, you three are riding.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "What does your gut tell you?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It tells me that the odds of an extreme minority group living in New fucking Mexico without ties to, coincidentally, organized crime by the same group, are astronomically low."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Slim to none to fucking none."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Then it's time for Big Trouble in Little China."

Handler: You've made several trips around the International District in the SUV.

Handler: You went past the store twice. It's still closed.

Handler: It's pretty much the same as you left it yesterday. Mostly a trail mix of Asian ethnic groups in a few square acres of land.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I don't think we're going to see any traffic unless it's the female or another relative. The way I see it, if we can get them to open the door, well... It's dirty, and we'll have to figure out PC if anyone asks." He nervously taps on the armrest.

Handler: Crime out in the open here is uncommon. You'd have to go to a Negro neighbourhood for that. But for NM, you know what the difference is. Nonetheless everything is discreet as this is a high drug trafficking region and criminals are usually smarter than, say, a bag of rocks.

Handler: So far a peaceful day in Chinatown. Lunch hour is approaching and there are 2-3 good noodle joints nearby, according to Google.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "We smelled weed. Chinese medicinal weed."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "That's our PC."

Handler: You're not going to sniff out weed in a Chinese neighbourhood unless you're a substance sniffing K9. Even then it's quite hard. Exhaust fumes and ginseng aroma invade your nostrils.

Handler: Luckily the wet market isn't that big.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah, no shit we're not going to smell weed. It's called lying.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If there's a lawsuit on the tail end, we won't be there to sit in the courtroom. Finnegan is suggesting we get them to open the door and force entry.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David nods to the mentioned plan.

Handler: If you went to the right neighbourhood you'd know immediately that weed is being cultivated in residential zones around. Anyhow.

Handler: Finnegan. It's highly unlikely you'll get anything useful from a bedridden old man who knows basic English if you decide to drag him out of his bed to search his store with no warrant. Even worse if you decide to physically break in, at daytime nonetheless.

Handler: There has got to be other angles of approach to this, other leads to chase.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is stuck down a rabbit hole of a novel narcotic being imported or synthesized by foreign nationals. Anyone else got any bright ideas?

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: Roll INT.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 52 (Rolling INT Target: 40%)

Handler: Mole mentioned that Pastor is ex-military. No way to pull that one off without leaving a paper trail.

Handler: The setback here is that you don't know how to get to that information in New Mexico without the help of federal information networks. In this case, the DEA's.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Would mothafuckin' Earle know?

Handler: You have not told Earle about it, but he is willing to share his log-in to get the deed done.

Handler: You don't really need his help for this one besides that.

Handler: A phone call would be enough when time comes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah, sure.

SA Michael M. McCannon: My guess for the Tcho Tcho situation is that if there's one there's more.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: Luck, Blind.

SA Michael M. McCannon: If we drive around slowly enough or park up and take a brisk walk around the area we should be able to find more Tcho Tcho signs.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan figures it's probably one of one.

Handler: As you browse your BlackBerry over lunch, you glance that Cho tsu-tsao, spokesperson for Tcho Tcho Community, will be on Oprah Winfrey Show tonight.

Handler: What are the odds?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Disturbing.

Handler: David. Ideas?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David says, "These people can't be alone here. Old man and his daughter, and one of them sick. Surely there must be some sort of young nephew around, and he will be sure to visit."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David, "We could wait and look, but it might be a waste of time."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's just ask around at the businesses across the street. It's that simple. Is the place rarely patronized? Visitors after hours?

Handler: If it was on paper the first ones to visit them would be ICE, you gather. You're in illegal immigrant heaven, a few levels behind Miami.

Handler: Right. We're going to do the culminative chinatown search in one go.

Handler: McCannon, you have the lead. Blind search with +20%

Handler: No wards like Finnegan has seen on the doorsill, but you do catch sight of a couple of really odd and disturbing gang graffiti.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Check this out," McCannon points to the graffiti.

Handler: It's like a Japanese oni mask face, distorted to have a slightly rounder face and an infinitely more malicious stare.

Handler: Indescribable characters are adjacent to it. They are not Chinese and can not be crossreferenced to Finnegan's book.

Handler: Looks like you're getting closer.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David takes a closer look, trying to recognize any sort of resemblance to anything he has previously seen.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Figure this is our Tong's backyard?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Maybe. Can you translate that shit?"

Handler: He can't, even if he did his best. It must be some initiate kind of thing.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He shakes his head grimly and offers that it might be analogous to an English second language learner trying to decipher deep gangland cursive grafitti script.

Handler: Apt. Moving the time ahead a bit, you ask about the tea shop.

Handler: Every response you get is in English. The worker class here is mostly second and third generation immigrant.

Handler: It's a dinghy but frequented place by the community.

Handler: No one remarks it as "shady" or "gangster". Maybe it's because their silence is bought way before you came here?

Handler: You can't say like this.

Handler: The sun passes overhead and prepares its course downward.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Realistically, they just don't want us busting up their after-hours mahjong game.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Or grandpa's game, in any case.

Handler: The time is 15:00.

Handler: McCannon gets a call. You don't immediately recognize it, but you realize it's actually the lab tech calling you.

Handler: You have the sinking feeling that you didn't leave a great impression on Bakersfield.

Handler: Anyhow, the plates have a match.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Fuck Bakersfield, fat fucker.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ever heard that you should never chalk up to malice what can be explained by incompetence?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Every single fucking cop in this city reminds me of that."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "The heat's melting their brains, doesn't help that half of them are bald."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "This city sucks. It's like Arizona, but worse."

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: I should let you know before I forget the details, both the plates and the prints match to one Domingo Molina, 28 ans. Sentenced to 6 years for aggravated assault in 2003, got out in 2 due to overcrowding. This world sucks. There's already an APB out on him, and considering how ASAC might be onto something, this could not hurt being done black bag style.

Handler: Earle pulled his residential, it's right in the middle of the hood, La Mesa. You reckon the cops won't go in there for a myriad of reasons, mostly due to disinterest.

Handler: They don't have the information K-cell has. For them it's just a criminal investigation concerning an ex-addict now. Which means next to fuckall.

Handler: Think on that. Now, we take a deeper look into what they did to the boy.

Handler: Cliff. You borrow a labcoat and enter the morgue. The coroner has nothing of note to say other than a preliminary examination, listing severed tendons and whatnot.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll look at the most obvious wounds first.

Handler: The most obvious ones don't need a roll and you've already been given that in handout form.

Handler: The limbs are carefully severed at tendon joints and there seem to be four neat little holes.

Handler: They are not chopped apart, deep cuts.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Has the cause of death been determined yet?

Handler: Officially, gunshot to heart.

Handler: All four are pass-through and one goes right past the tricuspid valve.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Are there any notable cuts that could be considered torture? Not aimed at killing him?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Other than the limbs.

Handler: Roll Forensics. Blind.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Whether or not a wound was inflicted with intent to torture and not to kill is quite an easy tell. There are no more cuts across his body than what is listed... except...

Handler: There is a chain-shaped rash on the back of his neck, like something was yanked out.

Handler: It's partial, caused a very minor laceration but that's it. Doesn't seem cause for suffocation.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: The most obvious answer is hair, no?

Handler: What?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Would hair being yanked out cause a rash like that?

Handler: No, it's very obviously chain-shaped.

Handler: Not vaguely.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Aah, like that.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Literally.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I see.

Handler: You should get to the meat and potatoes of it instead of dallying around. Your tools are ready on a counter nearby.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Then I'll start by making an incision on the chest.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: We'll check the heart out.

Handler: You make the usual Y-incision. Everything comes out in neat parts. The holes on his chest look gnarly.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I run my perfectly qualified brain to determine if he really did die from the gunshot to the heart.

Handler: You'll have to dig in deeper. Surgery, Blind.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Should be easy.

Handler: Your examination reveals extensive blood loss and oxygen deprivation. Without a doubt this man died from his heart getting poked through.

Handler: You also notice that...

Handler: The wound tunnels.

Handler: They curve about a degree down from the front out the back.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Can a bullet do them with internal ricochet or something?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Or is it... unnatural.

Handler: This is not ricochet.

Handler: Whatever poked through him was a curved object.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: But wasn't the entry wound a bullet hole?

Handler: That's what the coroners report says.

Handler: The body wasn't cut open until you got here.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: What'd I see before cutting him open?

Handler: You saw the same thing as everyone else!

Handler: Now that he's open in front of you you have more answers.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Is there an exit wound on the back?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Or is it curved and stops internally.

Handler: Yes, all four of them exit out the back, that's how you can tell there was a deflection.

Handler: As you move closer to the body, you notice the cleanness of the cuts on his limbs and tendons.

Handler: They seem to be made with a very, very sharp surface.

Handler: You can't think of any scalpels that can just dig in that deep without harming the surrounding tissue in some way.

Handler: A large and crazy sharp knife could have achieved this.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Are the wounds on the arms reminiscent of damage with a curved blade?

Handler: Not enough tells to reach that conclusion.

Handler: The wound is too... insubstantial to leave a mark that says "yeah, that's the product of a curved object" unlike the passthroughs in his chest cavity.

Handler: Those ones have their own tale.

Handler: As you mull over it, you go back to his file and check it again.

Handler: His tox screen is attached. Positive for caffeine, nicotine, escitalopram and MDMA.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Doesn't seem relevant to the wounds.

Handler: Not immediately. Then you remember about the two ounce bags of (partially) MDMA pills in this mans posession and his possible gang connections.

Handler: You cut, chop and slash your way through the guy. It's nothing new to you. Now is the time for the brain.

Handler: How do you approach it?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Are there any wounds on the head, other than the chain rash around the neck?

Handler: None, save for some years-old scars.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Should be normal. I cut it open to see if it's as I expect.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Maybe some brute damage...

Handler: BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Handler: The skull flips open from the top like a jar. You take his brain out to examine it.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha. Roll Medicine, Blind.

Handler: As you sever the brain stem, you immediately notice a crystalline buildup in the cerebellum.

Handler: It shines and glistens in iridescent color.

Handler: It seems to reach deeper down.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Is this reminiscent of any chemical buildup that can occur post-mortem or anything?

Handler: Samantha.

Handler: In such a short notice, you're at the limits of science yet again.

Handler: Without the slightest doubt this is nothing like you've ever seen before.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: The fuck is this? I try to cut around the buildup without disturbing it.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: How did it get here?

Handler: Ha. Like I know! You don't know either!

Handler: Whatever you're dealing with does not seem to be in touch with the reality you're a part of.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I touch the iridescent material with the tip of my scalpel.

Handler: It scratches against it loudly and cracks it like the top layer of crème-brûlée. It falls apart partially in fine dust and gets lost on the white tile floor.

Handler: Samantha. Roll Sanity, blind.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Holy shit.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha looks at her hands to make sure they're not disappearing into a fine dust.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: It's already gone.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Why did it do that to the scalpel and not his brain?

Handler: Out of the hundreds of gored limbs and crushed organs you had to piece back together, nothing was as extraordinary as what is in your hands.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to cut out a piece of his leg and drop it on the iridescent material.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Just a little.

Handler: You do so. It slides along with no effect.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Whatever this is, it can at least be contained by flesh... Or dead flesh... Or the dead flesh of this guy. Either way I'm not touching that.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I get a dropper and try to transfer it to a glass vial.

Handler: You're already womanhandling it and it's not doing anything bad to your hands through nitrile gloves.

Handler: Pressing against it with steel or other metals might be it.

Handler: A plastic bag should suffice.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Yup. Should be easy to examine it in the lab.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I think we got to the core of it, but I'd like to check the other wounds as well, if there are any.

Handler: You pack up and stove away the core of his brain. From the end of the cerebellum, all the way inside his amygdala.

Handler: No one will know.

Handler: As for other wounds- you've already revealed everything you can that calls for cutting tools.

Handler: The cuts on his extremities are made by a sharp object, and the four neat holes on his chest cavity are passthrough via something curved, and possibly pointy.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I pack up and get ready to stow the body away.

Handler: On your way out, you sign off on the logs and run the mysterious thing inside the nickel bag through your fingers.

Handler: It hums softly.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Gonna be interesting to examine this thing in detail.

Handler: It's 3PM. Actions.

Handler: I mean EVERYONE.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: VIA our secure communications I communicate my findings and wait for the next step.

Handler: Doug and Earle have been digging through files to see if any homicide cases have been recorded under similar circumstances, and they have failed to come up with any.

SA Michael M. McCannon: No you don't because I do that shizzle.

Handler: Samantha. It's a burner phone, you tell McCannon that something is up.

Handler: That's about all you tell as long as secure goes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: McCannon's lead. If I had my personal computer I'd be combing the chi-net for Tcho-Tcho information.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Relevant information will be communicated to AD Diaz LATER.....

Handler: Finnegan, not much has changed since you did that the last time.

SA Michael M. McCannon: How much of a hurry are the DEA in to get Domingo as of right now?

Handler: It's a pain in the ass to try over a blackberry but ultimately possible, you don't find much.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: In that case, he suggests we pull up on Domingo. Hardcore.

SA Doug Moore: How hardcore are we talking?

Handler: You don't know how much of a hurry they are in because none of you dropped by the field office, but you estimate... not much.

Handler: You're in New Mexico it's just one spic out of a million.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The county and state's list of active APBs is well into and through the double digits, so let's go make our contribution.

Handler: McCannon did agree to do it black-bag style.

Handler: That means it might end in a different way than an arrest.

Handler: The boonies are right there.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We just need him for a little while.

Handler: Right on. EVERYONE. LIST ACTIONS. NO ACTION: YOU'RE JOINING IN THE SEARCH.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan volunteers either to drive or to carry a rifle. At least one person should be riding with a longarm.

Handler: Back in 2.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will join in the search, with no particular other action in mind.

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

SA Doug Moore: What a strange way to phrase that question. Doug is a cop, you are aware. He knows his way around a gun.

SA Doug Moore: Doug remains stoically unphased.

SA Frank Earle: Earle is decent enough with guns and volunteers to join them with a rifle. He mentions that said rifles are now all select fire in passing and hopes nobody is too worked up about how that happened.

Handler: Okay.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan will drive the suburban.

Handler: Looks like everyone is riding in on this one.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: alekhin is back

Handler: All of you strap your vests on.

Handler: As for the heavier ones, there are some to go around but considering it might turn into a chase...

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Anyone with a longarm needs to be wearing their SAPIs. That's policy.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon doesn't count on the spicaroo carrying anything heavier than a glock and having the guts to shoot instead of run.

Handler: Two ARs and a shotty. McCannon has an AR, Earle has an AR by the rite of passage and who gets the last?

SA Doug Moore: I do!

SA Doug Moore: Just common sense, really.

Handler: No one considering tazers, huh?

SA Doug Moore: We don't play about the brown man.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The people WITHOUT the longarms should have the tazers.

Handler: 16:00

Handler: You've been driving around the hood for an hour now.

Handler: You see two men coming out of Domingo's residential.

Handler: It seems to be himself along with another individual.

Handler: You're parked a block away and they have not noticed the two cars. Yet.

Handler: What is the approach?

Handler: A third figure is approaching. Teenager, black. Looks like he is buying some smack.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We can just roll up and grab him with three dudes doing a tactical exit and pointing guns while screaming levanta las manos at his ass. If the others give trouble, we shoot em'.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: They're going to either run or shoot, so we need to scoot up quick, dismount and throw them in the back. Who's driving the Corolla?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's manos-fucking-arriba, by the way.

Handler: Toyota (up front) Doug-driver Cliff-shotgun Earle - passenger SUV (back) Finnegan-driver McCannon-shotgun David-passenger

SA Michael M. McCannon: We need fucking Domingo.

SA Michael M. McCannon: The other guy and the kid doesn't matter.

Handler: Domingo produces a nickel bag from his pants and gives it to the kid.

Handler: The other guy nods approvingly.

Handler: He came out of the building WITH him, remember.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Gotta take both." Finnegan says low.

Handler: Right then, this is going to be a head-on style thing.

Handler: McCannon. Yes or no?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Corolla should pull past them, SUV parallel.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yes, we're trimming the fat from the encounter with Occam's razor.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Let's do it quick.

Handler: McCannon gives the go and both cars lurch forward, the Toyota coming to a screeching halt up front.

Handler: LOADING.

SA Doug Moore: averagejoe22 is back

Handler: The hostile party has the initiative. They are alerted.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "FUCK!"

Handler: They will attempt to escape.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "OYE MARICON! HANDS IN THE FUCKING AIR!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Antonio Perez: Antonio Perez rolls Failure -> 81 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Black Male Young: Black Male Young rolls Success -> 35 (Rolling Athletics Target: 70%)

SA Michael M. McCannon: Optimal.

Black Male Young: The kid is running in the opposite direction.

Black Male Young: "I AIN'T DO SHIT MANE!"

SA Frank Earle: Frank stares at McCannon and mentally begs him not to open fire.

Black Male Young: In another turn he will escape unless chased.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, TYRONE!" McCannon shouts at the black kid.

SA Doug Moore: We don't have no business with Black Male Young

SA Michael M. McCannon: He doesn't know or care if his name is Tyrone.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Dominigo crashes through the pile of garbage and drops something from his pant pocket.

Antonio Perez: Antonio is shielding for Domingo. You won't be able to shoot past him, you've lost sight.

Antonio Perez: Furthermore...

Antonio Perez: HE'S REACHING!

Antonio Perez: Antonio Perez rolls Failure -> 57 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Antonio Perez: 5

Antonio Perez: He pops a couple shots towards your direction...

Antonio Perez: 1 = SUV2 = Toyota

Antonio Perez: 2

Handler: Everyone near the toyota is SUPPRESSED!

Handler: TURN 1

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You May Act.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is going to unleash leaden missiles of hate on Antonio.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Preferably in his leg.

Handler: Targeting leg will come at a -20% for your Firearms roll.

Handler: With or without, go ahead and shoot the dice.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Man, fuck this guy. McCannon isn't the type to shoot to wound anyways.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 1
(Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: McCannon. Roll Damage.

SA Michael M. McCannon: 10

Antonio Perez: "HUAARRGG!!!"

I'M HIT!: SA Michael M. McCannon deals 10 damage to Antonio Perez. HP: 12 → 2 ▲
Antonio Perez falls unconscious!

I'M HIT!: SA Michael M. McCannon deals 10 damage to Antonio Perez. HP: 2 → 0 † Antonio Perez dies!

SA Michael M. McCannon: "YOU BETTER STOP RUNNING OR YOU'RE NEXT PENDEJO!"

Antonio Perez: The rifle rips through his chest like a buzzsaw and the man dies on the spot, before he sags along the ground and falls to a pathetic slump.

Handler: Cliff. You're suppressed.

Handler: You are suppressed, you may not act without losing your suppressed status.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to lose my suppressed status.

Handler: Roll POW.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Private?

Handler: Public.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling POW Target: 70%)

Handler: Spend a Willpower point. You're no longer suppressed.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Actually, did Mexican Drake pull a gun?

Handler: The other guy is running for his life.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I don't even see him.

Handler: I KNOW!

Handler: YOU'RE NOT IN RANGE!

Handler: Next turn.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: No, like, I have no clue where he is. I'm looking at a wall since the start.

Handler: You may realign.

Handler: Sorry.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "ANTONIO!!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Failure -> 59 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

SA Michael M. McCannon: "GET BACK HERE YOU FUCKER!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He stumbles once while pulling out his gun but is still in hot pursuit.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Bring a car around!"

Handler: "FUCK YOU!"

Handler: Doug. You're suppressed.

Handler: POW roll if you wish to get out of it.

SA Doug Moore: Right on, Doug's ears are still ringing. Despite that, he notices a very conspicuous alleyway on his right. Should probably take up a position in there.

SA Doug Moore: But first, get myself unsupressed.

Handler: Roll.

Handler: 55

Handler: Critical success. You may act in the same turn.

Handler: Spend a WP.

SA Doug Moore: Wonderful.

Handler: Point to me where you wish to go.

SA Doug Moore: Doug BOLTS down the alleyway on his left and takes up a position, say, halfway down.

Handler: You're under half cover behind this trash bin.

SA Doug Moore: I bet the others have it handled. Going to keep watch here if that guy ends up running down that way.

Handler: Earle. You're suppressed.

SA Frank Earle: He attempts to break said suppression.

Handler: Public POW.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 98 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Handler: Spend a WP. You fail to get your shit together. It's not every day you get shot at. Not the computer guy.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'm hitting reverse and spinning the block to cut this guy off.

Handler: Roll Drive, Public.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling Drive Target: 50%)

Handler: You'll be back up in...

Handler: 1

Handler: Two rounds.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "CHECK HIS FUCKING IGA!" Finnegan yells through the passenger window.

Handler: The car hits a loud screech and leaves David and McCannon alone.

Handler: You're out of the scene for now.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Am I suppressed?

Handler: No. You may act freely. You may even get a shot into this guy if you run&gun for -20%.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Fucking spic nigger.

Handler: "SAATANA PERKELE!"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I run down the alley and try to tase him.

Handler: As you wish. Athletics, Public.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling Athletics Target: 40%)

Handler: You're in range. -20% to Firearms if you trust in yourself.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 9 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: Then, tazer damage will be applied. If.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: TZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "FUAHK!"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David says, "GET! GET HIM! Taser!"

Handler: The tazer barely bit him through his denim jeans, but he'll get a nasty minus to his next roll.

Handler: He's not down.

Handler: If it was the waist above...

Black Male Young: "NAH FUCK THAT!"

Black Male Young: The kid escapes.

Handler: TURN 2

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: Act!

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is going to be rushing up to tackle or push down the world's least coordinated beaner.

Handler: Athletics, Public. At a... -30% from the heavy armor.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 65 (Rolling Athletics Target: 20% (50%-30%))

SA Michael M. McCannon: Sucks.

Handler: He looks to outrun you.

Handler: Cliff.

Handler: Chill. List action first.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm moving southeast.

Handler: Next to Doug?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Yes.

Handler: No need for Athletics, the path doesn't have any obstacles on it.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "AIEEE!!!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Failure -> 80 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: At a -40%, he crashes down next to the trash bin and...

Handler: 73

Handler: Just a scratch. Nothing serious.

Handler: On an autofail, he will shoot.

Handler: Bullets fly down the alleyway.

Handler: David, roll POW.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 74 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: You feel like you just dodged that. You're unstoppable.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: Something taps on your abdomen.

Handler: Doug, you may act.

SA Doug Moore: Considering he's heard a loud exclamation of "TASER!" and people screaming bloody murder , then gunshots over there, Doug rounds the corner and tries to get as close as possible to Dominigo.

SA Doug Moore: Ideally, pouncing on him in the same action.

Handler: 27

SA Doug Moore: Click the skill on your character sheet... anyway that's a failure.

Handler: You run up just to the corner, but fail to round it.

Handler: The old scar on your chest aches.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: Lose your suppression, the shooter is dead.

Handler: You may act.

SA Frank Earle: He runs to the alleyway feeling like a fat retard with no intent other than getting a gauge on the situation.

Handler: Behind Doug?

SA Frank Earle: Sure.

Handler: You run about this much.

Handler: Finnegan. You're speeding.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yes.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I will rush down towards the perp and try to tase him again.

Handler: Negative, reloading it would take a turn and you don't have an extra cartridge.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll rush down shoot him in the legs, if possible, while yelling at him to stop. We have a medic on duty, after all.

Handler: Partial cover obscures his legs. You could go for the silhouette at a -20% but then you'd need to roll high enough damage to make it past the trash bin.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Or could I perhaps scare him into submission?

Handler: Guy did his time and as just proven is not afraid of a white boy.

SA Michael M. McCannon: If McCannon sees David raising his gun he will be yelling at him to NOT shoot.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: What exactly am I looking at right now? Did he topple over the trash out of sight?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Does he look like he'll pop up in a second again?

Handler: No, he's there but partially covered.

Handler: You can't gauge his future intentions without a roll.

Handler: WHO AM I KIDDING? HE'S GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU BRO!!!

Handler: YOU JUST SHOT HIS SIDE MAN!

Handler: 10 seconds to come up with an action or lose your turn.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I keep my gun pointed at him and clear the middle of the alley.

Handler: You have partial cover only to your chest behind a structural column. You're aiming for a +20% on your next turn.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is the dumpster open or closed?

Handler: It's open but splayed against the wall, doesn't obscure anything.

SA Michael M. McCannon: How is Domingo positioned? Is he just laying down behind a toppled trash can?

Handler: He's behind it.

Handler: Still on his feet.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is he looking towards or away from us?

Handler: WHAT DO YOU THINK.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I'm surprising this retard so others get a chance to pin him down.

Handler: You're shooting at his cover?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Well, it's an aluminium trash can with shit inside of it, even if it penetrates and pushes through the velocity should be slowed down enough by the time it reaches him that any wounds will be flesh ones.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I just need him to keep his head down.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I assume I can do this while moving forward a little.

Handler: Short or long burst?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Short burst.

Handler: That would be a... -10% from slow walking and 0% from short burst nullified by foregrip... +20% from holo sight... you're looking to do this at +10% in total.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60% (50%+10%))

SA Michael M. McCannon: wow

Handler: Wow indeed, you achieved exactly what you wanted. You missed.

Handler: Since it's a failure he will do a POW roll.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Success -> 63 (Rolling POW Target: 70%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: HE'S NOT SUPPRESSED!

Handler: Cliff.

Handler: Cliff ten seconds or we are skipping.

Handler: Cliff is confused as to what to do next.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "FUCKIN' PIECE OF SHIT CRACKER!"

Handler: He won't miss this time.

Handler: David. The barrel is pointing at you.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Success -> 9 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

SA Michael M. McCannon: "ILL DEPORT YOU TO THE FUCKING AFTERLIFE YOU RETARDED PAISANO!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He's still fucked up from the tazer. It will target the chest automatically.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: 1

Handler: David.

Handler: Your vest absorbs the bullet nicely. However, not the kick behind it.

Handler: It pins you right in the stomach.

Handler: Your soft insides tolerate it, but barely.

Handler: You're staggered. Your next action will be at a -20%. But you're still on your feet and breathing.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Doug has a terrible premonition that some of his are taking fire. He rounds the corner carefully, weapon raised, and what he expects to see is the back of that beaner's neck, since he's probably facing away from him.

Handler: You realize immediately he's not this far up. You need to keep moving.

SA Doug Moore: Keep moving I do.

Handler: Athletics, at a -20% due to the adrenaline.

SA Doug Moore: Down the alley to the west, please.

SA Doug Moore: God, Doug's lungs hurt...

Handler: Athletics Public.

Handler: Throw the dice.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Failure -> 45 (Rolling Athletics Target: 40%)

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling Athletics Target: 40%)

Handler: Throw a lucky coin of fate. I mandate it.

Handler: On a heads, you'll have an opportunity.

Handler: That's a 2.

SA Doug Moore: 2

Handler: You move up just enough to get a glimpse of his balding head.

Handler: Earle, act.

SA Frank Earle: He's running to get behind Doug while panting like a walrus.

Handler: That's a huge distance to cover in one turn. Will only happen on a critical success. Go.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 65 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

SA Frank Earle: He never had the makings of a varsity athlete.

Handler: You run about this much, gun in hand.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You're here, but there's a staircase leading downwards where you stand.

Handler: You can see his neck up.

Handler: Without spending a turn, this is about what you see.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: So this is a cross-street, just not on the map, a staircase down and without getting out of the car that's what I can see?

Handler: You're out of the car you're standing at the head of the staircase now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'll cover down with my pistol and tell him to "DROP THE FUCKIN' GUN! DEA! DROP IT NOW!"

Handler: You're taking cover behind this scaffolding, still only having a clear shot on his head.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "CHINGA TU MADRE!"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: As long as he can see and hear me. Taking it from both ends usually changes people's perspective on things.

Handler: David.

Handler: You really didn't appreciate that.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I don't have a good way to clear this distance without getting shot and no way to make him submit from range, so I'll simply pin him down and keep him suppressed. I shoot above his head by a feet or two.

Handler: Firearms at a -20%.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Failure -> 84 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: He's not suppressed, but he dives into full cover!

Handler: If he wants to shoot, it will be a dex roll to switch to partial cover fast enough.

Handler: Mad Dog wasn't just a suggestion.

Handler: TURN 3

Handler: McCannon, act.

SA Michael M. McCannon: At this point McCannon just wants to rush up to him to get in gun-whipping/pointing barrel between the eyes range.

Handler: Athletics, at a -20% from adrenaline.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 39 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30% (50%-20%))

SA Michael M. McCannon: Did I roll this correctly?

Handler: You're exposed to him now.

Handler: You're not in "gun butting" range either.

Handler: Now he is pointing the barrel at you.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I move towards where Doug was.

Handler: That all?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: If I can keep moving...

Handler: This is as far as you go without an athletics success.

Handler: Since you're not fat and roughed up only a regular success will do.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Handler: The high heels...

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: They say nothing fights like a cornered animal.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: McCannon, you will have a contesting DEX roll with Mad Dog.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Do i just do a public roll?

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Yes. May the lower percentage win.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 74 (Rolling DEX Target: 85%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Success -> 12 (Rolling DEX Target: 70%)

Handler: After all, this ending beats prison again.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: On a prone position, a handgun has no drawbacks.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Failure -> 98 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: 3

Handler: Your ESAPI plate disintegrates, but you're fine.

Handler: You may shoot back, or wait for your turn. You do not get to aim for a body part.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I wait my turn so I can beat the fuck out of him.

Handler: Are you cool enough after getting shot twice?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon. The visions, the Somalians.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Your thread of life is running very thin. Has been, ever since that day.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SAN Roll. Blind.

Handler: Instead of turning this man into a mesh colander, you just pull the trigger once.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 9 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

SA Michael M. McCannon: 7

Handler: His shoulder pops open out the front and through the back with a disgusting noise. His gun hand.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He's kicking his feet on the floor, huddling against the wall now.

Handler: Doug, act.

SA Doug Moore: I think that was the beaner screaming. That does it.

SA Doug Moore: Doug attempts to get to his last athletic effort of the day, rounding the corner, pouncing on that guy and trying to apprehend him.

Handler: The distance is quite short. Roll Unarmed, public.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 30 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 50%)

Handler: Roll Damage with your fists.

SA Doug Moore: 3

SA Doug Moore: Doug.

Handler: In the heat of the moment, you kick him in the skull and knock him out.

SA Doug Moore: That... tends to happen. But mission complete?

SA Doug Moore: Actually, this might be bad.

Handler: McCannon popped him good. Without first aid, this man will die in...

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: 10 minutes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is going back for the SUV's medkit, hopefully it has a tourniquet. If this is even low enough for a TQ.

SA Doug Moore: "I got him! He's out! Out cold!"

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm going to move and do first aid with whatever I have on me, until we get a proper kit.

Handler: Optimistic, but this shit looks like a tourniquet won't cut it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Sounds like a job for packing and a pressure bandage and a dream.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Surely we have a priority line for 911.

Handler: Apt, Earle.

Handler: Calling 911 on this?

Handler: What happened to the concept of "black bag?"

SA Doug Moore: If we don't hurry up it's going to be a bodybag.

Handler: In the meantime... due to the severity of the injury your IFAK won't actually guarantee any bonus. Roll Public First Aid.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Cliff's roll?

Handler: David. Roll Alertness.

Handler: Yes, Cliff.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Ms. Cliffe please make sure this man lives long enough for McCannon to torture him to death.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling First Aid Target: 80%)

Handler: DAVID, ALERTNESS PUBLICCLIFF, FIRST AID PUBLIC

SA Frank Earle: Earle suddenly realizes there were gunshots and a witness and cops might be on the way. He heads out of the alley to take watch.

Handler: Samantha.

Handler: Your guy has about three hours before that artery is fixed.

Handler: He was bleeding like a faucet, now it's staunched.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 40 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: David.

Handler: You notice the bag your guy dropped on his way out of here.

Handler: It's on the floor besides the dead guy.

Handler: Oh, on that topic!

Handler: Are you leaving him here?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Can't we take this guy to our guy?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Veterinarian was it?

Handler: Within the realm of possibility.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I pick up the bag "Mad Dog" dropped.

Handler: It's daytime, however.

Handler: That complicates things.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Someone grab the dead fucker's phone."

Handler: David. It's a bag of Skypes. Same bag as the ones you got from Damien, even.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "David! Get the guy's phone!"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I grab the dead guy's phone and the bag and fuck off with the others.

Handler: TWO MINUTE BATHROOM RUN.- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH MAD DOG?- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH PEREZ?- WHO IS GOING WHERE?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If he's fucked up, he needs to go in the SUV backseat zip tied hard with someone sitting there. If we're feeling risky, the Corolla Team can case the house (since we need to do a passenger shuffle)

SA Doug Moore: Enough car space left to handle all of that? We sure as all are not leaving a dead body on the side of the road.

SA Doug Moore: I would hope we aren't.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We are leaving a dead body on the side of the road.

SA Doug Moore: As you say, boss.

SA Frank Earle: Who gives a fuck this is the hood

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yep.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Black bag asf

SA Doug Moore: Doug is given to understand "chiraq dialectics"

SA Michael M. McCannon: We either drive this guy somewhere to get interrogated now or get him to the vet.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: We get him to the vet, he's dying.

SA Doug Moore: Doctor's professional opinion

SA Richard J. Finnegan: McCannon's call, I think.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: He has three hours but he'll pass out.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Professional M.D. Opinion.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Call the vet, then.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Just drive him to the fucking ER, hospitals will let you stay bedside if you show badges.

SA Frank Earle: Presumably we should vacate the crime scene and THEN call this guy

SA Richard J. Finnegan: This isn't rocket science. Or any science.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Presumably we are doing this at once so it doesn't matter Mr. Earle

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Who's calling the vet.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Fuck the vet we go ER.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: we just said black bag MY NIGGA

Handler: Your brainstorming is neat.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: If DEA catches wind of this you'll be buried under a mountain of paperwork and statements.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Finnegan is right in that we can get them to ask exactly 0 questions by just flashing the badge.

Handler: The Vet is the best help you can get, since you didn't bother rigging a surgical theatre for yourselves.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: We're not going to the fucking hospital for this.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I didn't know the friendly did that kind of work. In that case, he's the best bet.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: We have the connect exactly for this type of work.

Handler: Righto. And the dead body?

Handler: To the boonies I presume.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Throw the stiff in the Corolla trunk.

SA Michael M. McCannon: In hindsight, yes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's better if they think they skipped town.

Handler: It's gonna make a huge mess in the back, but as long as no one opens it...

Handler: Right.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: We can clean out the car...

Handler: Hispanics are coming out from windows around you. Clearly someone has heard and seen you, but are they willing to talk?

Handler: No, for all intents and purposes, nothing happened here. Cartel shit stays cartel shit.

Handler: You handcuff and legcuff Mad Dog and throw him in the back of the suburban. He is in no condition to fight for at least the next week.

Handler: And the body, it fits nicely in the Corolla trunk.

Handler: 4PM. You're on the road. Who is heading where?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is heading with Cliffe to the vet. Somebody has to take the Corolla to the middle of nowhere and dump the body for wild animals.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Or dig a grave, if they're so inclined to manual labor.

Handler: Exactly, was gonna say that. The SUV holds 2 passengers with that guy lying in the back.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is still driving the SUV, so it's to Happy Paw.

"DEA Suburban": Negative, Finnegan.

SA Doug Moore: Yeah... Someone will have to deal with the body. Sounds like a two-man job.

SA Frank Earle: If Earle is involved in said job it's because he got goaded into it or drew a short straw.

Handler: The sedan can comfortably fit the rest of you, and dead bodies don't want to get out of the trunk in case you want to drop someone off somewhere.

Handler: Finnegan, you're driving it.

Handler: Call the shots.

Handler: You can stop by a sporting goods store for some entrenching tools and I could recommend some nice places for a burial. Miles and miles of nothing up to Santa Fe and Arizona.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Northbound. We'll go on the highway 'til we can find some suitable frontage road to pull off on. We'll need a shovel from Home Depot or Lowes.

Handler: No one wants to make another stop on the way?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The quicker we get this dead body out of our car and into the dirt, the better for everyone, Finnegan figures.

Handler: More or less.

Handler: You drive north for about 3.5 hours, deep enough into the boonies that no one will know.

Handler: To dig deep enough with 4 men to prevent scavengers will take another hour of work.

Handler: If it's time to get it off your chest, you four, it's now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan prefers not to say a fucking word about it.

SA Doug Moore: As does Doug. We're all nonchalant here like that.

Handler: David. There's a golf ball sized black bruise right about to your left side, on soft flesh.

Handler: It's yellow around.

Handler: Hurts to touch, but probably nothing big.

SA Frank Earle: "Hell of a fraccas..." Earle mumbles, equal-parts disturbed and guilty at how useless he was for the whole ordeal.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I pat it a bit and revel in the sensation, then ignore it from now on. I'll take a look later. I doubt any bones are broken.

Handler: You're pretty sure nothing is broken.

Handler: Doesn't take a doctor.

SA Doug Moore: "He had it coming anyway, I bet..." None of this sits right with Doug.

Handler: An hour passes.

Handler: The hole is finally big enough for the body.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We checked his pockets already, right?

Handler: Yup. Keys, wallet, gun, burner phone.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Unfortunately, he's bringing none of those things to the afterlife.

Handler: You could, if you wanted to, make the extra effort to prevent dental identification if this body was ever un-earthed.

Handler: However it's a nasty job and involves a shotgun.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I do it.

SA Doug Moore: Christ. No--

SA Doug Moore: Doug doesn't want to look. Just doing what we have to do...

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Good man.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Jesus Christ."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Do the work.

Handler: You could also cut the fingertips off.

Handler: But it will probably not be that quick, if ever.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: the flesh will probably rot quickly

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David says, "Does anyone have a knife?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Just leave it. He's dead. We're four hours north of the city. By the time he gets dug up, nobody will remember these fake fucking names."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David nods.

SA Frank Earle: Frank immediately holds David back lest he does something to make him vomit.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David says, "Oh, I have my flashlight. Nevermind the shotgun."

SA Doug Moore: Doug takes note of David jumping on the opportunity to mutilate a dead body.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David proceeds to knock the man's teeth out with the heavy flashlight.

Handler: David. You land a few heavy blows on the corpse but it does nothing to mutilate the rear set of teeth.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He collects the few teeth, which will be scattered in completely unrelated places.

Handler: So far, useless.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Stop, you- you fucking psychopath, man, Jesus. Someone help me throw him in."

SA Frank Earle: "What kinda serial killer logic--"

SA Frank Earle: Earle grabs the body by the legs.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David says, "A partial dental match is better than a perfect one. This will suffice, in lieu of a more proper tool to finish the job. If you don't have any ideas, it's time to let this little spic enjoy the worm orgy."

SA Frank Earle: Eager to keep David from turning the already grim sight into a trauma ward.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: The thing. It's not in the breast pocket anymore.

Handler: You know what.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You're sick."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David turns towards Richard then says nothing.

Handler: Earle. Blind SAN Roll.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You heard me."

SA Frank Earle: Earle's eyes suddenly resemble a doe staring down a truck.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "When you do a job, you have to do it properly."

Handler: You're pretty sure this not-so dead guy snuck his fingers in your pocket to take it.

Handler: The shotgun is laying across the rear seat of the car a few feet away from you. He needs to pay.

SA Frank Earle: He rushes for said shotgun, an immediate and very noticeable change of heart.

SA Doug Moore: "Whoa-- Frank, what's the big idea?"

Handler: You reach for it in time. You have it trained on the hole and in the general direction of everyone else, before anyone else can draw their pistols.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "What the fuck are you do--"

SA Frank Earle: Without a word to my very confused partners I aim at the dead man's face and fire.

SA Doug Moore: "FUCK! ...That's one way to do it."

Handler: -CLACK -CLACK -CLACK

Handler: The guy's head turns into mist...

Handler: FINNEGAN, DOUG, DAVID, BLIND SAN ROLL.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David nods solemnly.

SA Doug Moore: "Feel explaining what that was to everyone, F--"

SA Frank Earle: "Dental records-- had to, y'know-- d-dental records..."

SA Frank Earle: Followed by insensible blabbering.

Handler: All three of you can feel it.

Handler: Whatever you're doing here, whatever you have been doing, it totally does not have to do with how you've been trained, or raised.

Handler: Black bagging, body mutilation, criminal organizations with no official record... what exactly are you all here for?

Handler: Everyone, roll a blind d8.

Handler: You can feel your worldview dwindling under its own hubristic weight like a poorly balanced house of cards.

Handler: It's too late to return.

Handler: Is this what it takes to keep the world spinning?

Handler: Earle.

Handler: A perfectly intact molar, large in size, lands right next to your shoe.

Handler: You're already getting ideas.

SA Frank Earle: I take the tooth and pocket it, just like that. I look at the group with furrowed brows as I do so as though offended that they think I'm a maniac.

Handler: He seems to calm down immediately, tossing the shotgun back in the car seat.

SA Doug Moore: "You are a maniac."

Handler: Now you can finish what you started.

SA Frank Earle: He's holding his arms in the car and rocking about as though cold.

SA Doug Moore: Doug can barely stand to look at the others. Is that what we're doing to make the world better? One spic, one head turned to chunks of gore at a time?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You're fucking-- both of you, what the fuck are you thinking?" He points at Earle. "Put that in the fucking hole."

Handler: Finnegan. HUMINT Blind.

Handler: You can tell he is a stick of dynamite held just a bit above a candle. It would be wise to back off.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He's sweating like the sun is directly overhead and picks up a shovel. Let's get it done.

Handler: The messy work ends as the sun is too ashamed to keep looking at you.

Handler: Now, for the surgery.

Handler: McCannon is standing in front of the door with a gun.

Handler: You're lucky. No one was in when you came.

Handler: The Vet immediately closed up shop to attend to your guy, instead of dragging you into the "garage".

Handler: Samantha, it's looking like a good chance that this guy will live. Surgery, blind.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 66 (Rolling Surgery Target: 70%)

Handler: You've seen worse, yet.

Handler: The operation will last a couple hours, but you got everything you need, enough ketamine to k-hole him for a month and a helping hand.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "How the fuck do you know him?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Do you have to know?"

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Do you even know who this guy is?"

Dr. Joe Caldera: "You brought him in during daytime too! Jesus!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "We're out in no time."

Handler: McCannon. You're overhearing this.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Yeah you better be." He tightens his surgical mask and reaches for a hemostat.

Handler: Two hours later, Samantha finishes up fishing out bits of clothing and copper off his flesh.

Handler: It's about 9PM. He's alive, but unconscious due to anesthesia.

Dr. Joe Caldera: Exhausted, he pours out a coffee for himself.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Jesus..."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Should have seen him on the scene. Thought he wouldn't make it."

Handler: He offers you a cup, McCannon. You've been quiet so far.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "So who shot at him?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha looks over at McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon takes the cup and drinks, just raising his eyebrows once at that question.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Wait, let me get this straight."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "You shot him?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Mhm," McCannon takes another sip.

Dr. Joe Caldera: He pinches the bridge of his nose.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Alright, you need to get the fuck out of here like, right now."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "As you say. Let's pack up and get out."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "He's asleep, but we should zip tie him to be safe."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Antibiotics, some naproxen, stomach pill to top it off..." He's putting pill boxes in a bag.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Just get him out of here, you never showed up to this place."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "And next time do me the courtesy of giving a phone call."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "We've never showed up here ever."

Handler: Anything else you wish to grab on your way out, Samantha?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon brushes past Cliff and whispers: "Lorazepam."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Well, I think our medkit has all we need. Maybe some sutures or disinfectant...

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: But that's it really.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "This is a fucking veterinary, dude."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "I can get you some but it would take me a week or so."

Handler: The room is small. He heard you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Don't bother. We'll be long gone and by then I can handle it myself."

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Yeah. Bye."

Handler: I'm taking you're hauling his ass to the hideout.

Handler: Or someplace else?

SA Michael M. McCannon: YES.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Likewise.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to examine the thing

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: At a lab, maybe at the hospital?

Handler: Too late, try again tomorrow.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Yeah saying it in advance

Handler: If you were a staff member you could, but you know. Anyway.

Handler: And the dig group? Off to some rest?

Handler: You're aching all over from the shovelling and whatever the fuck that just happened.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan drives to the safehouse without a word to say to either of the unhinged freaks him and Doug and sharing the car with.

Handler: May 08, 2008.

Handler: It's about morning. There is one last thing I would like to do before finishing this session.

Handler: Finnegan. The tea shop.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Right.

Handler: Bringing anyone along?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Can I get McCannon, or is he indisposed?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Yes, if he can get some ridealongs. Better than leaving it untouched. This shit is already off the rails.

Handler: Anyone else?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Doug is invited; he seems like a normal human being with some integrity.

SA Doug Moore: Doug's beat. But he's coming along.

Handler: Okay. Bathroom run, meanwhile enjoy discussing over cereal.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...Worst case, he's sick and we give him the scare of a lifetime. But I'm willing to bet a traditional medicine store here knows what the fuck "liao" means." He emphasizes the word with accent.

SA Doug Moore: "Lyaow?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That's what they call it."

Handler: Right.

Handler: Here it is. It looks open this time.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No shit. Time flies.

Handler: Going in?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Afraid so.

SA Doug Moore: Inside looks... appropriately ethnic.

Asian Male Adult 1: "Hi! Welcome!"

Asian Male Adult 1: "You want ginseng?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "There's actually a lot of data behind traditional eastern medicine." He tells Doug. "Good morning, no, no, actually, something for sleep." He indicates the other two agents.

Asian Male Adult 1: "You want sreep? I got lemon barm."

Asian Male Adult 1: Is this the same guy that was coughing his insides out a few days ago?

Asian Male Adult 1: Pancreatic cancer?

Asian Male Adult 1: He looks just fine.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: That's what I was wondering myself.

Asian Male Adult 1: The girl is nowhere to be seen this time.

Asian Male Adult 1: He coughs to himself a bit. Roll Awareness, blind.

Asian Male Adult 1: No, just Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Alertness, or just /brd100?

Asian Male Adult 1: Without a doubt, you catch the exact same tone of voice he did when he coughed two days ago. Not the thundering kind, but the soft afterthought kind.

Asian Male Adult 1: "So, what you buy?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'm visiting from my company's Shenzen branch. I was hoping to show my friends good eastern medicine.

Handler: He's stunned at your PERFECT Mandarin.

Handler: "Very good, what company?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Wangshu Steel 4. We mostly do business in California.

Asian Male Adult 1: "Good, come inside, I have a nice room for these kinds of occasions."

Asian Male Adult 1: "My name is Shen Gonxu."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Rob Callahan. It's a pleasure.

Handler: Finnegan, you do agree to share the conversation with others once you're done right?

Handler: Unless its something extra secret.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: They have a need to know, yes.

Handler: He's making some kind of... soup? It's not the usual tea greeting.

Handler: Continue in plain English.

Handler: McCannon, Doug, you are clueless to what the fuck is going on.

SA Doug Moore: Absolutely so.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Where are you from? China is a very large country, I've only seen so little." He nods to his friends. "Gentlemen, this is mister Gonxu."

SA Doug Moore: As far as Doug is concerned, it just smells weird in here.

SA Michael M. McCannon: This is some Fu Manchu bullshit here.

SA Doug Moore: "Uh, knee-haow, mister Gonxu."

Asian Male Adult 1: "Close to Cambodia... My village probably doesn't exist anymore because of that dog Mao..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan nods solemnly. "It was a very hard time for many of my overseas colleagues."

Shen Gonxu: "You drink this soup, you live a thousand years."

Shen Gonxu: He places a small bowl in front of you, foregoing the others.

Shen Gonxu: It smells delicious, porky.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Mm. Is it a local recipe?"

Shen Gonxu: "Chochao delicacy. Pork ganglia with soy."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It would be such an incredible faux-pas to refuse this. He glances at McCannon.

Shen Gonxu: You take a sip of the soup with the Korean style long handle spoon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is considering saying that he is Muslim or Jewish.

Shen Gonxu: It has a very strong and savory umami flavor, with a powerful spicy punch.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan concocts an appropriate Chinese exclamation for satisfaction in food.

Handler: For no reason in particular, the scene of Earle blowing a dead guys head off yesterday flashes before your eyes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Now, ah... Don't mind me being so forwards, but I was actually looking for something in particular -- ah... - that I heard about at a dinner last winter."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is just idly picking at the soup.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not really eating, kind of stirring it about absent-mindedly.

Handler: You don't realize it's actually pork brain and it does smell really good so it's your fucking loss, mmkay.

Shen Gonxu: "Huh, what have you heard?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well, he said it was called the 'nectar of heaven'. Now, we both know there are a dozen things in traditional medicine that might be called that..." He laughs at his own joke.

Shen Gonxu: "You mean sacred Liao?"

Shen Gonxu: His expression sours.

Shen Gonxu: "Oh, the younger generation..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan snaps. "That was the word, yes."

Shen Gonxu: "The kids don't understand it!"

Shen Gonxu: "It's no drug! It's sacred!"

Shen Gonxu: "They don't know that the Spirit does not take it lightly those who desecrate his gift!"

Shen Gonxu: He slams a fist on the table.

Shen Gonxu: Finnegans.

Shen Gonxu: Roll INT.

Shen Gonxu: That word... did that sound like God? As in Jesus?

SA Richard J. Finnegans: "Well, I've heard that it was a very powerful medicine for particular illnesses. He never mentioned anyone misusing it."

Shen Gonxu: He's resting his head on an elbow on the table, distressed.

Shen Gonxu: "The kids are selling it on the street nowadays... Grown right here in yankee land!"

Shen Gonxu: "It belongs to the Himalayas alone..."

SA Richard J. Finnegans: "On the street?" Finnegans pretends as hard as he can to be surprised at the mere idea. "Is it a religious object?"

SA Richard J. Finnegans: "You know, I've heard of other problems like this down in South America. Once it's out of the hands of the people who know what to do with it, it becomes, well, you know."

Shen Gonxu: "It's a sacrilege, son. Take it with no respect, you go insane."

SA Richard J. Finnegans: "Oh, I understand completely."

Shen Gonxu: "Only lamas can imbibe so much... but kids are taking it like candy!"

SA Richard J. Finnegans: "So, it's an herb?"

Shen Gonxu: "Sacred black lotus, prepared with alchemy."

Shen Gonxu: "You take some poria mushroom, wolfberry, jujube, astragalus, powder it, mix with goat milk..."

Shen Gonxu: "Oh... how would you know about it. Your generation is always about..." he makes a motion with his hands scrolling an iPhone

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon doesn't understand what fucking Chinese magic he's doing with his hands and is half a mind to blow his head smooth off, but controls himself out of great respect for his culture.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I know, I know, it's ridiculous, the phones. It was an older gentleman from a material handling equipment company who mentioned it, himself. He said it did something incredible for his back after two surgeries in New York."

Shen Gonxu: "Liao brings youth back, but only in moderation."

Shen Gonxu: "Say, I think I know what you're here for..."

Shen Gonxu: "You wanna buy some?"

Shen Gonxu: He makes a pinching motion with his hands.

Shen Gonxu: "It's gonna cost ya!"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan offers a very coy smile. "Well, I wasn't expecting charity. But I'd like instructions, as well, if it's dangerous when misused."

Shen Gonxu: "I'll make a note for you, but you need to understand that the Spirit demands meditation lest it hungers."

Shen Gonxu: Finnegan.

Shen Gonxu: His smile widens up at the mention of you willing to pay, perhaps for whatever he is about to ask you of.

Shen Gonxu: Three men in suits wanting to buy something is always a good sign.

Shen Gonxu: Roll Alertness, Blind.

Shen Gonxu: You notice that his rear set of teeth is charcoal black, as if painted.

Shen Gonxu: Up and down.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Curious. Maybe a Tcho-Tcho body art.

Shen Gonxu: You feel like it might be a part of why they are called "knife smiles".

Shen Gonxu: Now time for business.

Shen Gonxu: "Ten thousand dollar. Nickel bag. Other stuff on the side, for free."

SA Michael M. McCannon: We do happen to have a bit more than 'ten thousand dorra' I think.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Mm. Well, of course, I'll come back with the money." He adjusts his glasses. "When you mean spirit, do you mean, ah... Shennong?"

Handler: Ten bands for a nickel bag of anything short of diamonds is insano, but when the money's free...

Shen Gonxu: "No, you mispronounce it."

Shen Gonxu: "You may not behold the goddess before contemplating on a perfectly empty space first. It's sacrilege."

Shen Gonxu: ... What is he saying...

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It sounds like he's describing meditation, like he said earlier.

Shen Gonxu: "You must focus on absolute emptiness so goddess has nothing to feed on in your mind, son. Do this before imbibing the tea."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I've been taking some excellent meditation classes in Shenzhen." He smiles. "What do you mean by feed? I don't mean to pry, only that it's an unusual choice of words."

Shen Gonxu: "You ask too much."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Right. Of course. I'll be back with the money."

Shen Gonxu: "Not before you correctly pronounce her name."

Shen Gonxu: "Tell your friends to close your eyes and focus on blackness."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan nods. "Right, right."

SA Doug Moore: Doug nods similarly. But not a word of this did he understand.

SA Doug Moore: Should probably ask about the "focusing on blackness" thing later. Someone like McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah, don't.

Handler: The air feels dead. Colors seem to drown.

Handler: Finnegan, you three are holding hands, daisy chained together around the table.

Handler: The whiter ones among you seemed to have understood the assignment.

Shen Gonxu: Without you noticing, the man gets up from his chair and goes over to the framed calligraphy on the wall.

Handler: With a tug, he takes it off to reveal the savage portrait."Behold, the goddess Shukoran!"

Handler: Finnegan. The last thing you remember before passing out from a panic attack is releasing a torrent of cold sweat.

Handler: Reverberations Session 4 - End

Handler: Thanks for playing!

Reverberations Session 5

October 25, 2025

Handler: Reverberations - Session 5

Handler: May 2008, Unknown. Albuquerque NM.

Chen Jianyu: The huge gangster, sweaty and veiny from all the roids, is splayed out wide on a shit-stinking couch.

Chen Jianyu: He's playing with a bag of blue rocks.

Chen Jianyu: "So... You want me to sell this?"

Handler: No reply.

Chen Jianyu: He takes out a one of the rocks, crushes it and lays it over a large blade.

Chen Jianyu: Roughly, he hits the line.

Chen Jianyu: "PFOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAHH!!!"

Chen Jianyu: "HOLY FUCK!"

Handler: He's immediately up on his feet and tweaking.

Chen Jianyu: "WHOOOOOOOOO!"

Chen Jianyu: "HIT THIS SHIT!"

Chen Jianyu: "I SAID HIT IT!"

Chen Jianyu: He looks at his bodyguards, who look at eachother in confusion.

Handler: "..."

Chen Jianyu: "I SAID! FUCKING! HIT IT!"

Chen Jianyu: He reaches out the huge machete-thing to their nostrils with more powder on it.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: "Damn! Shit!"

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: "Fuuuahhh!!"

Chen Jianyu: He does a few shadow box punches on his feet, pumped to the gills.

Chen Jianyu: "So what the fuck did you put in this thing? It's amazing."

Heisenberg: "..."

Heisenberg: "I can tell you what it's not."

Chen Jianyu: "Huh?"

Heisenberg: "It's not meth."

Chen Jianyu: "What the fhhhhhh- "The gorilla-like man collapses on the couch, fast asleep.

Handler: His guards follow suite, right before flicking the safety off their MP5Ks.

Heisenberg: The man takes out a snub-nose .38 revolver and points it at the gangsters face.

Heisenberg: He pulls the hammer back, but hesitates in the last moment.

Handler: Instead, he reaches for a key in one of his jean pockets, like he himself put it in there.

Heisenberg: He unlocks a locked drawer, taking out four vials of milky white liquid out of it.

Heisenberg: He looks at them for a moment, and then heads for the exit.

Handler: May 8, 2008. Albuquerque.

Handler: Back in the trenches. It's about 11AM now.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: Your episode lasted about... 30 seconds.

Handler: They got you on a chair and gave you some water, you seemed to recover from it, eventually.

Handler: The guy was laughing in your face the whole time, but he was helpful, after all you are his meal ticket.

Handler: The transaction is complete. If you have any parting words with him, it's time to share them now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No.

Handler: He bids you farewell as he runs his grubby fingers over the crisp bills.

Handler: Earle, Samantha. You can retroactively act between wake hour and 11AM.

Handler: David is watching over the guy. He is conscious now.

Handler: Actions?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Had we sorted out the brainatter liquid?

Handler: Negative.

SA Frank Earle: Earle spent that morning cooped away and carving a you-know-what out of the deceased cartillero's tooth.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I think my priority is that. Where could I check it out?

Handler: Earle. Roll Skill (Gemcutting) Public.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 23 (Rolling Craft (Gemcutting) Target: 20%)

Handler: It's very close to completion, but whatever you got at hand is just not that good at working tooth enamel.

Handler: You'll have to keep working on it.

Handler: Samantha.

Handler: UNM Lab is open.

Handler: Do you wish to commit to it?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Yes.

Handler: Roll Medicine. Blind.

Handler: Samantha. Without a doubt, this is condensed Reverb. It's pure, crystallized.

Handler: In its metabolized form it hums a little bit quieter. Not the chaotic wave patterns of the pillpressed version, but a stable, pure compound.

Handler: To have accumulated this much of it... just how much of them did Damien take exactly?

Handler: His tox screen does show a hefty dose of MDMA. Mixer in Reverb, but if he has -that-much it means he should have swallowed a fucking ton of pills. Either over a long time period, or right before his death. You fail to make a comment about how quickly this thing reaches LD50 in the body.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm sure we'll have more autopsies to have an idea.

Handler: Besides, although you have no word of it yet, you do not have any Liao to put under the microscope.

Handler: Or the crystallography machine, the not-metaphorical device.

Handler: We are synchronized now, the entire party can list their Actions.

SA Doug Moore: Before anything else... Would Doug be able to get anything out of Finnegan related to just what exactly happened in that chinaman's store? What effect could that image of Shukoran have had? Doesn't seem like an easy question to breach, though...

Handler: Doug. You do jog back and forth in your mind, and it's abundantly clear that you have no idea what the fuck is going on. You didn't drink the proverbial kool-aid yet, and you're out of the loop for everything save for Finnegan's racial rants.

Handler: You just haven't been that "into it" to piece it together.

SA Doug Moore: I suppose being knocked out cold like that is something that just happens. Fair enough.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan suggests that he has some inkling of an idea as to what's going on in New Mexico. A working theory.

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

Handler: He would do good to share it.

SA Frank Earle: If there's nothing urgent on the horizon there's a lead Earle was meaning to chase up. That Angular Atelier place - they hadn't had any luck staking it out, but what if one of them... just goes in and gets a tattoo? Chats with the people in there in the meantime, see if it amounts to anything? Couldn't hurt if there's nothing more productive to do.

Handler: Frank.

Handler: You're a chubby grown ass man screaming "fed", it's extremely "uncool" of you to be doing such a thing. You can attempt it but you can tell that you'll shit the bed horrendously and embarrass yourself.

Handler: You're simply not a part of that life, or crowd.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Two different groups. Gonxu - he's old-school, first generation. I think some of the younger ones... The Tcho-Tchos, here... Got some of that tribal knowledge, however they did, and they're the ones doping, pressing, selling. The Mexican connection is some deep shit a few of these people have fallen into."

SA Frank Earle: Perhaps he'll ask Doug to do it in his stead at some point. If nothing else it will be kinda funny if he fails.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "They needed someone to do the legwork, to distribute, all of it. The Spider was one of them."

Handler: No actions listed so far- give me actions people.

SA Doug Moore: Richard seems to be onto something here.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm waiting for news.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: On what to do.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Did we happen to grab Mad Dog because his prints popped positive on the Lucas death car?

Handler: You are aware that those three left for something this morning, maybe you could call them over cell.

Handler: Mad Dog is currently tied to a structural post in your basement.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "...And in case it needed to be spelled out, Jianyu and Xifeng are part of that second cohort of Tcho-Tcho-Americans. They named their whole outfit after the subject of that fucking Halloween poster."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll just head to the industrial district to group up with the rest.

Handler: Finnegan. It does make sense, after all, the 2005 raid should have taken out a substantial chunk of them to relocate such distance.

Handler: Maybe the mix-in with the cartel was more necessity than choice?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: That's exactly what he's proposing. This close to the border, Latin crime is a quick fix for the dumb and dirty labor end.

Handler: You discuss the topic over lunch. It's now 12:00.

Handler: You're all together in there.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We should probably start asking our special guest some questions about the operation. Too bad we turned his house into a crime scene - who knows how much evidence is in there.

Handler: Who knows indeed. Who else joins it?

SA Doug Moore: For lack of other sensible options, Doug would.

Handler: Doug, reminder that this is not the usual good cop bad cop stuff.

SA Doug Moore: Doug is neither kind of cop at this point. It'll work out.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's McCannon's prisoner-of-war. Finnegan is trying to connect the dots to the club in his mind and mulling over perfectly geometric toilet blast shards.

SA Frank Earle: Frank volunteers to join, excepting the possibility that Richard wants him as far away from him as possible after last night.

SA Doug Moore: Three's a crowd.

Handler: Right. Before we continue...

Handler: EVERYONE, Blind INT Roll.

Handler: The weather is breezy today. After a nice cup of afternoon coffee, your spirits start to come back from the scorching broiler surface of the New Mexican sun. McCannon: you could still attempt to dig out information about Pastor. You got a name, and something about him being ex-military. Finnegan: you could possibly catch a re-run of last night's Oprah at the safehouse. Earle: you're acutely aware that no one has conducted an interview with a real immigration authority about the Tchotcho, and you haven't checked out other crime scenes yet. Doug: you're quite sure that you can buy some fireworks without showing ID in the state of New Mexico, alongside hollowed out galvanized steel tubes, and caps.

Handler: Now, everyone, actions in one sentence please.

SA Doug Moore: That sounds like it'd come in useful. I am pretty sure I can, but will I? Doug goes to procure the materials.

Handler: Doug. You pay in cash for a Standard expense for everything. Blind Craft (IED) Roll.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I want to see if I can't get a hit on the Pastor dude in the DEA database.

Handler: You manage to make three solid pipe bombs, heavy in hand. You're sure they'll work. You hope.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If Earle is going to try to talk to someone from ICE or CBP, Finnegan will tag along to make sure that maniac doesn't publicly humiliate the Bureau.

SA Doug Moore: I do hope. I suppose the others don't know about this, and they don't need to yet.

SA Doug Moore: You're working inside the garage, it will take until 3PM.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll go with Finnegan, I don't have a priority right now.

Handler: McCannon. You got a hit. But it looks like a gerbil due to how classified it is.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Small aside: Finnegan relates Shen's alleged list of ingredients for Liao to Cliff, just to have some peace of mind that the old fuck is lying.

SA Frank Earle: Earle thus sends a couple emails to USCIS types seeing if he can't secure a chat over coffee with somebody about the Tcho Tcho. He'll try and rope the cell's resident China hand into said interview if he's free and if he isn't permanently put off working with him after the shotgun incident yesterday.

Handler: Ekon Cole. Two tours in Afghanistan, honorable discharge after dismissed charges of smuggling in court martial. After that, two tours in Unknown with Blackwater, now Academi.

Handler: You're fairly certain, with your anti-terrorism background, you can get an interview with an Academi representative.

Handler: Conversely, no one else in the party would be able to strike up a date with such a personality. They outright refuse to work with no subpoena these days unless it's anti-terrorism.

Handler: Finnegan. The list of inactive ingredients is pretty standard Chinese medicine stuff that should not hurt unless consumed in kilogram-amounts. You have absolutely no fucking clue about the pharmakokinetics of the mixture, and have no way of knowing without an extended animal trial.

Handler: With that being, you three hit the local ICE office. It's two blocks down the FBI office.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Jujube and goat milk, my ass. These people are synthesizing something that'd make missile silo acid hippies blush, and they aren't doing it with acupuncture.

Handler: Finnegan, Samantha, Earle.

Handler: How do I say this...

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Too many cooks?

Handler: After waiting an hour to talk to an agent, and an hour for him to be done with "looking things up in the files", it's made clear to you that ICE Albuquerque has no idea about the ethnic groups that go by the name of Tchotcho, Chauchua or Chochua. It is not legally recognized in the paperwork, and the agents seem to have no clue about it.

Handler: They are extraordinarily rare deportees, often listed under the "ethnicity" tied to their legal host country like China, Vietnam or Cambodia.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Are they willing to show us naturalization paperwork or visa status for someone? Shen Gongxu, specifically - worst case scenario, we just find out these people go as Han or Khmer on paper.

Handler: You take another extra hour...

Handler: Nothing. Illegal immigrants.

Handler: Are those all the names you've been thinking of?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No - we'll ping CHEN JIANYU and DONG XIFENG just to be safe.

Handler: Loud incorrect buzzer. Nada.

Handler: Roll INT.

SA Frank Earle: All of us?

Handler: Just Finn.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: The girl.

Handler: What was she called?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let me check my notes, that lawyer blindsided my memories.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: ...I did not write it down. That's lost to time and space. Earle, Cliff?

Handler: You have 60 seconds.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm looking for it in my... memories... to no avail.

Handler: Will Earle clutch?

SA Frank Earle: "Yi Leng."

Handler: HE DOES!

SA Frank Earle: How the fuck did he remember that?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh. That one. I thought you meant the club girl.

Handler: Born in Chicago, 1990. Orphan, out of the foster care system.

Handler: BA Microbiology in UNM. Legal owner of Thank You Tea Shop.

Handler: What do you make of that?

Handler: In any case, the ICE agent who has been accompanying you so far is giving you all kinds of weird looks about it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Microbiology? That's our mark. Let's leave and pull her address from another database - something stupid, like the DMV.

SA Frank Earle: "What do you figure her relationship to the old guy is? If they're not related, I mean..."

Handler: No need to fiddle with it, her business address is the same as her residential. You know how that works.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "People can be related without sharing a surname. We don't have time to talk about Asian kinship groupings."

SA Frank Earle: "Eyup."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I call McCannon to let him know a Tcho-Tcho with a microbiology degree owns that tea shot.

Handler: It's complicated... McCannon. I didn't hear what you did after digging up that guy in the DEA database.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I can give a call to Academi and try to bullshit my way into getting more info.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Although I'm not sure how aside from trying to use Federal authority.

Handler: You'll have to leave a legitimate Bureau badge number to get this through, if you have no other ways to finesse it.

Handler: You have it memorized.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Given that we're using fake identities and badges, I don't think the undercover guy is going to know jack shit about my personal investigations into pastor.

Handler: Indeed it's a pretty long shot for them out of all people to piece it together.

Handler: There's a NM representative... in Santa Fe right now.

SA Michael M. McCannon: That's a ways.

Handler: It's actually a 90 minute drive on a good day.

Handler: You still do have a guest sitting back home, though.

Handler: You feel like you could make it right before today's shift ends.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I think we should leave that for after the guest.

Handler: Right on, let's get to that.

Handler: Right.

Handler: Who goes first?

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Finnegan or Michael perhaps?

Handler: Perhaps. By the way, I forgot to mention that the trunk of the Corolla is lathered in dry blood.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Leave Dr. Waterboarding Torture for after. Somebody else go first.

Handler: It's not visible from the outside.

Handler: You'll have to detail it, though, and it will take a while.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan will talk to him, if nobody else has the balls to take the lead.

Handler: Finnegan. The guy looks up to you and cackles.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Fuck you."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff opens the door for Finnegan as he enters.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "If you're gonna kill me do it!"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He rattles the handcuffs.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "If we were going to kill you, don't you think you'd be sharing a seven-foot underground residence with your brother in the desert by now?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She closes it behind herself, and waits by the door.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "What, that your bitch or something?" He nods at Samantha

SA Frank Earle: He ugly laughs.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Man, fuck you..."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "He was a good guy."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff crosses her arms and stares at Molina.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Not a good shot, in any case."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "What do you want from me."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well, we could play twenty questions, and I know you're not a stranger to that game... Or you can tell me how the fuck a bunch of Mexicans ended up carrying around shit straight from China."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Why should I tell you that shit if you're gonna kill me afterwards anyway?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan thinks about it. "You could walk. But you'd much rather talk to me than the other guy. You know his face. Not pleasant."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Finnegan. Persuasion, Blind.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 1 (Rolling Persuade Target: 50%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "...Motherfucker."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Okay. Just don't let him in."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Pinky promise."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Yeah bro, fine."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "I stole that shit from the white boy."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "And his chrome hearts."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "He comes to me for meth, one day he comes to me for that stupid bullshit."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "I see red you know, I mean how the fuck you gonna sell the product of two different people at the same time?"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Fucking white people man... Anyway, I dropped one and it was pretty alright."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Then I realized I should cut him off after he said some nonsense about the Tongs."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It's like cartel, but for Chinese."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He nods to his small jean pocket. The square one right behind the regular pocket.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "It's in there."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You know what happened to him?"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Who you mean?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Your 'white boy'. Damien."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Is that the motherfucker who stole my car?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan shakes his head. "Who'd you rip the pills off of?"

SA Frank Earle: Frank fishes out the contents of Domingo's pockets before tossing them Samatha's way.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "It's him damnit. I haven't seen him since I stole his shit last Sunday. Look, it's in my fucking pocket."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Finnegan. You find a Chrome Hearts cross pendant in that pocket, with a black paracord instead of the usual chain.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You're probably not going to see him again, either, unless you're going to the funeral." He adjusts his glasses.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Who killed the motherfucker though?"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Your friend?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "The way it's starting to fall together, it's whoever he was supposed to be selling those pills for."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff silently walks around the edges of the room.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "It's the Tongs. The chinese motherfuckers."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Vicious people, man."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "We've been at cold war for years."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You get a lot of 'em in New Mexico? A little far from California."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "I don't know how the fuck they here."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "They say they airlift their product. That's far out."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "No shit."

SA Doug Moore: averagejoe22 is back

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He looks at Earle and Samantha in case they have any inputs while he makes a note on his paper.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "They got some black dude selling to their dealers for some reason."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "I heard about it from the cracker."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff shakes her head.

SA Frank Earle: "Y'think that's the guy McCannon mentioned?" Earle asks to Richard.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It's not rocket science. I just want to know how they're flying planes. Their company was busted up years ago. There's a paper trail, maybe."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "You tell me man, I'm no insider to that shit."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You know where these guys hang out, deal? I don't exactly have a map."

Handler: Logically, how is he supposed to know?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He isn't. It was for the other agents.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "No, they're lowkey as fuck, they lose and gain territory a lot."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "That's how they move."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Ever seen them tag something?"

SA Frank Earle: "And I'm guessing we're not getting a... name or face or nothing for that nigger you say's caught up in all this."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Yeah, like some devil shit on a wall."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "I've seen it."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He pauses at you saying the hard R like that.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan nods.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He clicks his tongue. "Man, who you got me in here with..."

SA Frank Earle: He looks away, immediately embarrassed.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "In fact who the fuck is you in the first place?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well, we said we wouldn't play twenty questions. That goes both ways. Do I look like a Chinese drug dealer?"

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Uh... You just look like some cream cheese white boy... uheheheh..."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: His teeth are still bloody.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "And you look like a fuckin' landscaper who got lost somewhere between the taco stand and Home Depot."

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: "Never heard that one before."

SA Frank Earle: Another ugly laugh, extra ugly.

Handler: Finnegan, this conversation is derailing hopelessly.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan shakes his head and moves to step out; update McCannon that Pastor is a hard link, and that Tiger Transit evidently wasn't the end for planes and Tcho-Tchos.

Handler: What now?

SA Frank Earle: Frank looks at Richard and then at Mad Dog as though to ask what they're doing with the guy now.

Handler: We all know what happens next don't we.

Handler: He seems to be in peace with it like a bad-ass. Unlike you bunch.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm behind him right?

Handler: The silence is echoing.

Handler: Yes you are.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Well... I'll give a look at Finnegan.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: One of Cliff's hand reaches for her weapon.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan gives a tight-lipped shrug of the head and looks away. Fuck that.

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina rolls Failure -> 85 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Domingo "Mad Dog" Molina: He's unaware.

SA Frank Earle: He sees Samantha pull steel and walks out.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm... how far away now?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Let's see.

Handler: You're right behind him.

Handler: Finnegan, you're staying for it?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: 2-3 meters. I'll take two steps and shoot him in the back of the head right away.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'll have to be back to clean up and move him, might as well stay.

Handler: Samantha.

Handler: You blow his brains out.

Handler: He limps over next to the pole.

Handler: No coming back from that.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha holsters her weapon after the unceremonious execution.

Handler: Samantha, Finnegan, Earle. SAN roll.

Handler: Blind of course

Handler: You're getting used to this way too quickly.

Handler: However, Samantha, the weight falls on you that you just snuffed out the candle of another human being, no matter how worthless.

Handler: Something about a hypocratic oath?

Handler: It's irrelevant now.

Handler: Samantha, blind d4. Finnegan, blind d2.

Handler: His brains are all over your shoes, Finnegan. It looks like jam.

Handler: Earle, despite your spiralling down, you have more important things to attend to than a dead gangster. Like your beautiful, beautiful sculpture.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff takes a deep breath as she corrects her suit. Time for cleanup.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Oh... God." I don't suppose there's an oily rag somewhere in this dilapidated basement...

Handler: You'll need a bit more than that...

Handler: Continuing.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You're taking the chevy to Santa Fe. It's the car that's not dead body scented.

SA Michael M. McCannon: That's what I was thinking.

Handler: You bunch, luckily you'll do two birds with one stone when you detail that Corolla.

Handler: How do you handle the body?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Hopefully we had the wisdom to pick up some trashbags when we got the shovel for the last one. Anything to prevent even more leakage.

Handler: There's some in the house. The good old trashbag pinata?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: You can fit a lot of human being in a five-gallon black trashbag.

Handler: With or without chopping them up. But since it's not going down in the bottom of the ocean you reckon just wrapping him with it would suffice.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: ...this guy was using or not?

Handler: Using what?

SA Frank Earle: "You should probably, uhh, do this thing away from me." Frank says of the body, half-excusing his behaviour yesterday. "I don't think seeing that sorta thing helped when--y'know..."

Handler: It doesn't take a genius to tell that a gangster who shoots back is a polysubstance abuser.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Just making sure we're not missing out on any Reverb brain juice.

Handler: You'll have to resort to butchery.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Without a care for the body... I reckon it wouldn't take long to take it out.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I can do it before we put him in a ditch or whatever.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "What do you actually expect to find that you didn't already blow out his forehead?"

Handler: Samantha. Cutting up a body in your basement with kitchen tools is a whole another ball game than the autopsy you're used to. The thought irks you.

Handler: The amygdala is not exposed.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha hesitates at Finnegan's words.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Would it not be useful to get more of it?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "To do fucking what with it?" He snaps.

SA Frank Earle: "Y'think getting another sample of the stuff will even--"

SA Frank Earle: He gets cut short by Richie.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Finnegan, we don't know how many samples of this we'll run into."

Handler: No one asked you to retrieve samples of user brain matter, just to make it clear.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "But alright. Let's move on."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "The sooner he's underground, the better. There's red-handed and red-fucking-handed." He shakes his head. "Just hold this tape."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Dude. It's that show you were talking about."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Oprah's on."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's drive and get rid of this thing before it's pitch black out.

Handler: You already got three hands... you're not sure if there will be another re-run of that.

Handler: You did put in work with the convincing down there.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Sure. I'll watch this and then find a change of clothes. Or shoes.

Handler: Right. Samantha, Doug and Earle are on the job.

Handler: Which direction are you heading out to?

SA Frank Earle: We dumped his gunman north of here right? Let's just go there.

SA Doug Moore: Christ, this again. Doug would rather do a lot of other jobs than this. Say, do we recall where we buried the last guy?

Handler: You have a rough idea of it.

Handler: Looks like you agree on doing it again.

SA Doug Moore: Reluctantly.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Without an easily accesible vat of acid, this is the best option.

SA Frank Earle: This is probably bad practice from a True Crime novel perspective but who the fuck cares.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Very bad practice.

Handler: The dig is uneventful. All of you already witnessed his brains being splattered outwards.

Handler: It will take a few hours to accomplish.

Handler: Any words to share?

SA Frank Earle: None at all, although he's grimacing the whole time at the thought of things turning out the way they did last time.

Handler: Deep inside, you don't really give a shit about it, do you now.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "You know... Coming into this, I thought we'd have people do the digging for us."

Handler: YOU are the people in question! 60 seconds.

SA Frank Earle: "I thought I'd have a Hugh Hefner mansion at this age but what do you know." He seems eager to get this over with without the introspection.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "One seems more realistic than the other."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff continues the rest of the dig in silence.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: You make it with ample time.

Handler: You're wiping your shoes off with a wet wipe as the TV runs.

Handler: Before it gets to the part with the TchoTchos...

Handler: You're watching a debate between Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton, held at the National Constitution Center in Philadelphia, moderated by Charles Gibson and George Stephanopoulos. It's mainly about Obama's association with Reverend Jeremiah Wright, who has a long history of making public anti-American assertions.

Handler: George Stephanopoulos: "Senator Obama, you've been associated with Reverend Jeremiah Wright, who has made a number of controversial statements. Can you explain to voters why you remained in that church for so long and why you didn't distance yourself earlier?"

Senator Barrack Obama: "I have said before that the comments that have been made and that have appeared in these news reports offend me. They rightly offend all Americans. Those comments do not reflect my values, and they do not reflect my faith. Reverend Wright is someone who helped bring me to Christianity and who spoke out about social justice, but he has also said things that are simply wrong. I have condemned those statements unequivocally."

Hillary Clinton: "Well, I think that's a fair question, George. You know, we all have to take responsibility for our associations. And people will have to decide whether Senator Obama's relationship with Reverend Wright raises concerns for them. For me, the issue is about leadership — about whether you're ready on day one to be commander-in-chief."

Senator Barrack Obama: "This is an example of what I think the American people are tired of — distractions and divisions that have nothing to do with how we're going to help the American people get health care, make college affordable, or bring our troops home. That's the debate I want to have."

Handler: It runs on...

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "You getting that?"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He's drinking a RedBull.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Paying attention to the election is part of the job." He dryly states.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Yeah I'm partial to Hillary on this one."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I think Barrack's story, uh... Well, it resonates with me. Big city, I guess. I feel like I know him."

Handler: You get a bit of ads before it skips to the next section.

Oprah Winfrey: "Hello everyone, tonight on Oprah Show we have Miss Cho Tsu-Tsao from the Chauchua American Advocacy Alliance... Good evening."

Cho Tsu-tsao: "Hey Oprah, it's great to be on the show."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Everyone has to have a fucking advocacy alliance these days, Jesus."

Oprah Winfrey: "Ms. Cho is the president of the Genetic Agricultural Products based in Chicago and founder of the alliance... Ms. Cho, I understand that you have some longstanding issues with Dr. Henrietta Cole's study regarding the Tchotchos."

Oprah Winfrey: "Care to share what's wrong wid it?"

Cho Tsu-tsao: "Let me say at the outset, I'm not here as a business owner, I'm here as a proud Chauchua, born and raised in Chicago. Go Bulls!"

Cho Tsu-tsao: "And you're right, but you're putting it too mildly. The fact is, this study by Henrietta Cole is nothing more than racist psuedoscience."

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

Cho Tsu-tsao: "Her so called findings aren't fit for a phrenologists dream journal... The University of Chicago ought to be ashamed!"

Cho Tsu-tsao: She goes on to criticize the things you saw on the paper. Their amicability, their norms, their familial ties...

Cho Tsu-tsao: To her, you, the viewer, is just a bigoted American who knows no better.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Man, fuck that noise. I know what I read."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "You and me both. That fucking snake."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Look at this shit."He passes you a laptop.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Tiger Transit, operating out of 20 states including New Mexico, is based in Albuquerque Double Eagle Airfield. Owned by a subsidiary of a subsidiary of her.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It wasn't seized like the briefing said? Or maybe this is just deeper.

Handler: Who knows what legal hoops they jumped through to actually get it back to some capacity.

Handler: Seized, more like reposessed, but to who?

Handler: A lot of things do not make sense about this case.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Not, like I was hoping, an FBI shell company. We'll have to get into this.

Handler: Maybe that's part of why you're here?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Many threads in one web, and so on.

Oprah Winfrey: "...And I'll see you this Saturday on the Oprah Show."

Handler: Commercials.

Handler: He relaxes and sinks into the couch.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Well, it looks like the Mexican connection might just be a mishap. But that club owner, that greasy prick--"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I think he still knows something. I can't prove it."

Handler: "This shit might be going deeper than the club."

Handler: "Typical fallacy man, stuck on one clue."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Perfect is the enemy of good. I can't help it."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: What time is it?

Handler: Around 4.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We should go to the airport tonight.

Handler: DE Airfield is significantly smaller compared to Sunport and is made up of privately owned hangars.

Handler: Before we do that, Santa Fe.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You agreed to meet up in a small coffee shop with your contact.

Handler: Anything you wish to do before moving on?

Handler: It is, after all, the first capital city in North America.

SA Michael M. McCannon: The city looks like half spic tourist trap and half Spanish fort. He really doesn't give a shit about New Mexico that much.

Handler: This place is so much better compared to Albuquerque it's unreal.

Handler: It's like color TV versus 19th century developed film.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We've upgraded from nothing to adobe huts.

Handler: That's one way to put it. Anyway.

Handler: You're at the spot.

Handler: The rich smell of roast coffee overwhelms your nose. The cashier gives you a momentary look before turning away from your killer energy.

Handler: It was not a compliment. What now?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Who's my contact here? McCannon is grabbing a double-espresso first, though.

Handler: Just one person in a three piece other than you.

Handler: You wait in line for a minute before getting that coffee.

Handler: It's rich, smooth and very strong.

Cashier: "Enjoy..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon goes to introduce himself to the woman in the 3-piece.

Academi Representative: "And you're Mr. McCannon? FBI CT?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yes ma'am," he sips his espresso, "I assume you're my Academi meet?"

Academi Representative: "Yes, Aisha Monique, intel analyst." You shake hands.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Right, right, pleased to meet you. As you know I'd like to ask a few questions about an ex-contractor - Ekon Cole."

Aisha Monique: "Yes, I did my own bit of research on him."

Aisha Monique: "It seems that we let him go due to confirmed suspicion of facilitating substance smuggling."

Aisha Monique: "You know how these things are."

Aisha Monique: "Less everyone knows about it, the better."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Was this when the company was still Blackwater?"

Aisha Monique: "The name is quite recent, so yes, by at least 3 years."

Aisha Monique: "Exemplary contractor, too bad he had a side hustle going on."

Aisha Monique: "Our pay is top of the line too."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I don't doubt it."

Aisha Monique: "In case you'd ever want to look into it." She passes you a business card.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "I appreciate the gesture and I'll take the card," McCannon nods and pockets the business card: "but I'm not leaving Federal payroll anytime soon."

Handler: Anything further would positively be prying. Ask a question and throw a Persuade, Blind dice.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Say.... do you happen to know exactly what he was smuggling in Afghanistan? Just opium?"

Aisha Monique: "What you've mentioned is sadly too common, but I don't think the file says anything about that."

Aisha Monique: "It's unclear, but his unit was attached to Bagram and did regular work in the mountains up further east."

Aisha Monique: "So many things going on at once there it would take us a week to talk through all of it."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You mean towards China?"

Aisha Monique: "Himalayas."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Huh."

Aisha Monique: Aisha Monique rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 70%)

Aisha Monique: "Not a coincidence I gather?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "No, not really, although I can't say much without breaching the confidentiality of a federal investigation."

Aisha Monique: "Of course."

Handler: Question, roll.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You said he was an exemplary contractor. Did he have any incidents of erratic behavior? PTSD? Two tours AND PMC work can't have been good on his mental."

Aisha Monique: "Just like everyone else. You know how it goes. He was already on VA benefits when he applied."

Aisha Monique: "He did get into a few brawl incidents but no one was badly hurt."

Aisha Monique: "Tough guy."

Aisha Monique: "Fantastic shot too. Can't talk much about it but the count goes in dozens."

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon grimaces internally a bit. If we do have to kill this guy we'll need Doug to plant a bomb in his car or something, because a gunfight will not end well for us.

Aisha Monique: Anything more you wish to know?

Aisha Monique: You're both running out of time.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Sorry if I'm making you repeat yourself here - but did he separate from Academi because of doing more of the same shit or was it a mutual separation?"

Aisha Monique: "Hm. Well, Mr. McCannon, I think that was all the information I am at the liberty to share with you."

Aisha Monique: "Of course, with utmost professionalism, this goes well into court order territory."

Aisha Monique: She begins packing up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Well, thank you for your time anyways."

Aisha Monique: "You too. Have a good evening."

Aisha Monique: She leaves, calmly.

Handler: You're left alone with your empty espresso cup.

Handler: Just like the last time.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Just another one of those people whose entire history you can tell by their race and career choice. Black woman intel analyst in a PMC? Military brat who went on to join the Army herself. Classic.

Handler: A bit too rude. You're free to make all of these comparisons within your own mind where no one else can hear.

Handler: Academi is an equal opportunity employer and has thousands of support staff on state side.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Whatever, McCannon feels that he didn't really get anything much aside from the fact that they should really just bomb this fucking guy and is wondering if Academi are running their own investigation into him simultaneously.

Handler: When in doubt, JDAM. Except we are in New Mexico, not Somalia.

Handler: Evening.

Handler: In your lack of interest, David has decided to spend his time going to one of the scenes of disappearance.

Handler: A one bedroom apartment at the edges of La Mesa.

Handler: Save for the bedroom, the apartment looks normal.

Handler: For that part, it looks like someone took a sledgehammer to the place.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David takes some photos of the scene.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He then...

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He picks up a piece of concrete, with some...

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 17

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 17 angles.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: That's the second time, is it not?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He doesn't pay mind to it.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: The scene is already picked clean by the PD. If there were drugs here, they are long gone.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Burn marks sing the edges of the room.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Failure -> 64 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Nothing oh-so-special about them.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: It is factually close to the findings at the nightclub.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Besides these, not a whole lot to speak of here.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: He looks around the place for one last time and begs leave.

Handler: McCannon. You have enough time to fulfill one more action.

Handler: Rest of you are preoccupied with body disposal and washing the blood covered Corolla.

Handler: It will take the rest of the day with 4 people on it. It's just fucked, but you do have the necessary stuff at hand. It won't look flawless but it won't look like someone was killed in the back seat.

Handler: McCannon, make it count. It's night.

SA Michael M. McCannon: When did the undercover dude and Pastor plan their meet?

SA Frank Earle: Tomorrow.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Noted. I need to pull data on Li Yeng.

Handler: What kind?

Handler: Li Yeng has no arrest record, you already know that.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Address, properties, so forth.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We know Thank you tea shop

Handler: Gone and done. Tea shop. For all intents and purposes that girl is clean and not a drug dealer.

Handler: Not without any upcoming evidence.

Handler: You have another minute to think before defaulting to bed.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not sure, then. Back to bed and then we can see about the ABQ Airfield TT link and the Pastor meet.

Handler: Very well.

Handler: The house is dead quiet. You know that this is not the usual frat party.

Handler: You heard Finnegan and the guys chatting up a few nights back but it's been mostly silence since the shooting.

Handler: You're all heading to bed. Subtract one from your medicine, and if you have a word to Diaz, go ahead.

Handler: Meds also applies to everyone, just so you know.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Lorazepam eaten.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I inform AD Diaz specifically about the Afghanistan vet link.

Handler: "noted."

Handler: That's all.

Handler: May 09, 2008.

Handler: It's about 10 in the morning, and everyone is still in the house. Yesterday has been tough on everyone.

Handler: What are you doing?

SA Doug Moore: Cereal for breakfast again?

SA Michael M. McCannon: I ask David if TT has an office at ABQ Double Eagle?

Handler: Unless you want eggs.

SA Doug Moore: Eggs sounds nice

Handler: You're affirmed, they do. Not much else.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Did we get a home address for the owner of the tea shop?

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's the tea shop.,

Handler: It's literally right above the shop.

Handler: Obviously some kind of front-y legal loophole shit is going on but are you really here to deport people?

Handler: It hasn't been forwarded to anyone yet and the ICE agent that was with you has no idea.

SA Frank Earle: Frank has an inkling that there's gonna be trouble tonight and so, if there's nothing else K-Cell will literally force him out for this morning, he works to finish his charm. Away from the others of course.

Handler: Earle. You got up a little earlier than others and managed to finish it.

Handler: Do feel free to describe what it looks like.

Handler: Finnegan. You didn't get around to preparing the Liao.

SA Frank Earle: A crude facsimile of the face he saw way back when on one side and a dotted sauvastika on the other.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Are the directions substantive, or do they look like bullshit?

Handler: What does Cliff think about it?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I did try to show her yesterday. What's the doctor's opinion?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff, if you wish to aid Finnegan, roll Pharmacy Blind.

Handler: You feel like this should work if done correctly.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan suggests calling the FAA office for this region and getting information on Tiger Transit's comings and goings, and if they have any planes at the airfield - if they have the pilots on record, as well.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff thinks about the ingredients for a moment.

Handler: Do you prepare it?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Yeah.

Handler: It takes about 10 minutes to combine everything and dispense them to water bottles, diluted with water. It smells sweet and flowery.

Handler: All of you can dose, if you wish to do so.

Handler: Doug is occupied with frying eggs.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: What's next, we'll smoke the meth we have upstairs as a chaser?

Handler: What's next is...

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: Your phone is ringing.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon looks at his phone. Any caller ID?

Handler: The mole.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Sure, whatever. McCannon picks up. "Hello?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff leaves the drugs on her workplace and secures her gloves in a plastic bag.

Handler: "FUCK Dude! I didn't do anything to him!"

Handler: That's the mole.

Handler: "MAN FUCK YOU! YOU'RE A LYING PIECE OF SHIT!"

Handler: That's not the mole.

Handler: Doug.

Handler: You recognize that voice.

SA Doug Moore: That's...

Handler: Your mind goes back..."I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE MR-"

Handler: The spoon slips off your finger.

Handler: McCannon. If he's at the meeting...

SA Doug Moore: Should probably fill the others in on those two I met in the diner, and fast.

Handler: You raise your voice, but McCannon is in a very apparent hurry.

Handler: On your mark.

SA Michael M. McCannon: At what time was the mole's meet even supposed to happen?

Handler: Around noon.

Handler: "MAN FUCK YOU!" Someone is in the room with him.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Does the voice sound accented?

SA Michael M. McCannon: As in Latino?

Handler: Caucasian, young.

Handler: You're really running out of time.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Who is this?" McCannon speaks into the phone, hopefully to get some sort of response.

Handler: No answer. He doesn't have the phone against his ear, probably.

SA Doug Moore: Doug interrupts McCannon. Straight up. Grabs his shoulder.

SA Doug Moore: "I recognize that voice."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Who the fuck is it?"

SA Doug Moore: "It's... Okay so, some fucking... tweaker I happened to overhear in a diner a few days ago."

SA Doug Moore: "I've got a memory for voices."

SA Doug Moore: And then Doug attempts to summarize as best as he can. Not much to summarize, really.

Handler: McCannon, the car keys are in front of you inside the decorative bowl..

SA Michael M. McCannon: "You got a name?"

SA Doug Moore: "No."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Fuck it. Hop in the rides, now."

SA Doug Moore: Off we go.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We go to the meeting place. Bring the pipe bombs.

SA Doug Moore: Does he know about the pipe bombs?

SA Michael M. McCannon: They might come in handy if we're dealing with black Chris Kyle.

Handler: Destination: Traveller's Inn Motel.

Handler: LOADING...

SA Michael M. McCannon: I mean, on the off chance you didn't want us to know about pipe bombs - you can leave them.

SA Doug Moore: No pipe bombs.

SA Michael M. McCannon: 17

SA Richard J. Finnegan: 12

SA Frank Earle: 12

SA Doug Moore: 12

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: 14

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 10

Handler: You pull up the SUV and the Corolla a bit offscreen near the driveway and disembark.

Handler: Check your inventories and toggle your armor ON. You may wear helmets and goggles if you wish.

Handler: If you have them crossed by mistake I'll assume they are on anyway. But half of you don't have shit.

Handler: McCannon.

Young Man: "YOU'RE A FUCKING DOOOGG!! YOU SOLD US ALL OUT!!"

Handler: You can hear that from a bit ways.

SA Michael M. McCannon: About which room?

Handler: Definitely one along that row.

Handler: Action, destination first.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: im blind as hell

Handler: Everyone may freely re-arrange their tokens.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will be motioning for the others to line up. YOUNG MAN is bound to scream and shout some more so we can narrow down the exact room he is in.

Handler: Right-

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is going to go around the back of the building, these rooms probably have windows that someone might try to scurry out through.

Handler: Wait for your turn.

Handler: McCannon, are you staying where you are or moving up?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Moving up along the wall, putting an ear up against each door for a second.

Handler: Obviously not the room next to you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah.

SA Michael M. McCannon: You try this one. Alertness, Public.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 33
(Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: Not this one either.

Handler: Cliff.

Handler: STATE ACTION FIRST. THEN MOVE.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll fall in and follow McCannon

Handler: No need for a roll. You're on his six with your pistol out.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: He takes the door in front of those two and listens in for angry tweakers.

Handler: You mean you want to run past your pointman?

SA Frank Earle: We are gonna be here for fucking ever if we do one door at a time here cmon

Handler: Athletics, public.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 58 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: You fat fuck.

Handler: You go about where the red car is.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Doug takes up a position behind that red car. He has his pistol out.

SA Doug Moore: That would be about right.

Handler: Very well. You're in half cover.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Around the back.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: That's some distance. Athletics, to see if you make it past the second window in one turn.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

Handler: You round the corner and clear the first cabin. It's empty.

Handler: David will circle the main office.

Handler: Turn 2.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Keep doing more of the same.

DEA Rat: "HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU DUDE? IT WASN'T FUCKING ME!"

Handler: Alertness, public.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: It has to be the one up next.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Same.

Handler: You're still on his six.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: Makes his way to the same door those two are heading for. He also gestures to his gun and then the door as though to ask if he should pop it open when they're ready.

Handler: You mean you're tailing them or moving up to the next car?

SA Frank Earle: Next car.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Decent idea of where we're headed. Doug proceeds to move in cover at the front of the beige car, on the other side of Frank.

SA Doug Moore: Works.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Moving on down.

Handler: Finnegan, you cover a neat bit of distance.

Handler: You immediately notice that this cabin is boarded up.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh. Great.

Handler: David will continue circling.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: ROLL DEX. PUBLIC.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 6 (Rolling DEX Target: 85%)

Handler: A guy comes out to check what the huss is about.

Handler: You immediately train your gun on him. He drops the beer bottle he is holding and raises his hands.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon waves him away inside.

Handler: He slowly closes the door.

Young Man: "What the FUCK was that..."

Handler: That glass came down quite loud.

Handler: You may act.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon pushes up to the next door, standing to the side of it and leaning his head a little to listen.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Did he notice how the other guy's door opened? To the inside or outside?

Handler: No need for yet another Alertness. You can hear two distinct heavy breathings inside.

Handler: The door opens to inside.

Handler: Cliff.

Handler: Cliff is on your six again.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: Following the other two now. If he crosses the door he might get spotted through a keyhole or something.

SA Frank Earle: Since they know something's up and all.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Doug repositions just slightly to stay in cover behind the front of the car so he can get a better angle.

Handler: This is as far as you go without losing partial cover.

SA Doug Moore: Okay that works.

Handler: Finn.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let me proceed very carefully up to this boarded one.

Handler: FINNEGAN. STEALTH, PUBLIC.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 16 (Rolling Stealth Target: 10%)

Young Man: "I KNOW YOU MOTHERFUCKERS ARE OUT THEEERE!!"

Handler: David actually finishes circling around the office, and is Medium range from that door.

Handler: Turn 4.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: How far is the tweaker from the door?

Handler: You don't know.

Handler: You didn't breach.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Probably a good time to kick in this door.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Getting shot in the head be damned, 'my mole' is in there.

Handler: You know better than that, to kick a door with no angles covered. You can delay that action to when you want, preferably after your teammates are in position.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah.

Handler: For now you are in front of the door.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I go by the door.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Take position.

Young Man: "I GOT YOUR FUCKING FRIEND WITH ME!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Even pass the other side?

Handler: Yeah, you can do that.

Handler: Earle.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff moves by the door, keeping her weapon down and waiting for the others to take position.

SA Frank Earle: In that case Earle will raise his rifle and cover the opposite side to McCannon. He's sweating bullets.

SA Frank Earle: Opposite Cliff I mean

Handler: You're in position. McCannon, you can do it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Let's go.

Handler: Roll STR.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 93 (Rolling STR Target: 45%)

Handler: THUMP!The door withstands.

Young Man: "I GOT A GUN TO HIS HEAD BITCH!"

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: That doesn't sound good.

SA Doug Moore: Doug stays right where he is.

Handler: No shit.

Handler: And then what?

SA Doug Moore: And then... nothing?

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Can I see into the room at all, or is it just completely obscured by boarding?

Handler: It's boarded up really well with plywood, kind of like something permanent you'd say.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Industrious fuckers. I'd better get out of the crossfire, proceed down the back to the access door past the dumpsters.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Nobody will be jumping out of this window.

Handler: You're far enough, but not quick enough to act again.

Handler: David notices you breaching and overwatches the door.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We gotta kick this doggone door down.

SA Frank Earle: To be clear.

SA Frank Earle: Frank has a rifle and could try shooting it open.

Handler: Wait for your turn. McCannon, STR Public.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling STR Target: 45%)

Handler: The door crashes open!

Handler: He indeed does have the mole in a chokehold, with a small gun to his brain stem.

Young Man: "STAY THE FUCK BACK YO!"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Who the fuck are you?" McCannon says with a gun trained at the man.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm moving ever so slightly to get some vision.

Handler: No need, you already do, it's just represented weird on the battlemap.

Handler: All 3 of you can see inside.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff trains her weapon on the two men ahead of her."Kane, watch the door to my right."She moves in and passes the door, staying a distance away from the men such that it would be very difficult to get rushed without being shot.

Handler: You're in by a step.

Young Man: "I SAID. STAY. THE FUCK. BACK!"

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: "Don't do it man, c'mon - you ain't gotta do this..." And other vaguely paternal-sounding southern drawl while he trains his aim on Young Man's head. He doesn't wanna shoot him, but!..

Handler: You're aiming at his head.

Handler: You get a +20% from your holo, but this is still extremely risky. One inch to the wrong side and fellow federal agent is toast.

Handler: The angle is bad. You'll have to roll luck on a 33% chance compared to the regular 50%.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Let's suppose the tweaker currently holding our man hostage with a gun to their head only sees the three agents in front of him. Doug's an undefined variable.

SA Doug Moore: Doug abandons cover and rounds the back of the car to get a fair distance behind Frank.

SA Doug Moore: You mean like this?

SA Doug Moore: Not really what I was going for. Am I visible like this?

Handler: Yes retard you just ran out from the back of the car.

SA Doug Moore: Okay. I'm sticking with it. Let him feel the pressure.

Handler: Finn.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Inside

Handler: Padlocked. Not from this side.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I'll check down the east side of the building to see if anything is happening there and if not, just cover behind the dumpsters to watch the barricade window.

Handler: Empty.

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

Handler: You get a good look, it's certainly empty, but you can't act again.

Handler: David signals back people coming out of their rooms back inside.

Handler: McCannon.

Young Man: "LISTEN TO ME."

Young Man: "I'M FUCKING LEAVING NOW."

Young Man: "NO MILLION DOLLARS, NO FLIGHT TO YEMEN, I'M GETTING IN MY CAR AND GOING."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Let go of my buddy and we'll let you go, how about that!?"

Young Man: "THEN GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY WAY BITCH!"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Move to the fuckin' sides. Keep your guns trained on him," McCannon says to the others and takes a step back, "Any funny business and we'll open a window with a great fucking view to your brain!"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Cmon, bring him out!"

Young Man: "YEAH THAT'S RIGHT!"

Handler: The turns dissolve, he is slowly backing up out of the room into his car. Acting on it could be catastrophic.

Handler: Make room for him.

SA Frank Earle: He obliges and steps back.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll move.

Young Man: He's not stepping ahead of the hostage.

Handler: He's fully aware of the other agents staring down the door.

Handler: None of you made an effort to hide.

Handler: He flips around, walking backward to his car. Taking a shot on him is still extremely risky.

Handler: David hesitates. He doesn't have a rifle, and it's likely he'll kill the DEA agent.

Young Man: "THIS FUCKING SON OF A BITCH DID THIS TO HIM!..."

Handler: You don't know what he is talking about, really.

DEA Rat: He's about to enter the car.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Let the man go!"

Young Man: "WHAT, YOU WANT YOUR DAMN RAT BACK?"

Young Man: "IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?"

Young Man: "MOTHERFUCKER!"

Handler: He pushes the mole forwards... and...

Young Man: Young Man rolls 1d6 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Torso Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Young Man: He drops dead on the spot.

Handler: HE GETS IN THE CAR AND SLAMS THE GAS ON REVERSE!

Handler: SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon unleashes a barrage of bullets into the car.

Handler: Firearms, no bonus from long burst.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 65 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

SA Frank Earle: Likewise, aiming more to disable it than to murder their now-only witness of whatever the fuck just happened.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Same.

Handler: The bullets plink the car up.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 49 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Samantha. You have a pistol, roll damage.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: 4

Handler: The four points of damage are eaten up by the Sedan chassis!

Handler: He is escaping.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "GET THE TIRES!"

SA Frank Earle: Frank is also unloading into the methmobile.

SA Doug Moore: Doug nearly goes deaf from whatever the fuck this display of superior firepower just was. Tries to fire at the escaping car anyway.

Handler: EARLE, FIREARMS, NO BONUS.DOUGH, DAMAGE.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 25 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

SA Doug Moore: Is it possible Doug had time to reach for the shotgun?

SA Doug Moore: He DOES have a shotgun.

Handler: YEAH YOU GOT IT TRAINED JUST BLAST IT.

SA Doug Moore: AFFIRM

SA Doug Moore: 10

Handler: He gets hit by some of the buckshot...

Handler: Earle, Roll Lethality.

Handler: No, you throw a d100.

Handler: Your lethality rating is 20%.

Handler: THROW A D100

SA Frank Earle: 8

Handler: He gets hit!

Handler: Through cover. You dealt... 8 damage with your dice combined. Four of it is gone.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Leg Minor Wounds (3, 4 Dmg) table)

Young Man: "AAHHH!!"

Handler: One of them connects with the door and goes past it, pinning him in the foot.

Young Man: Young Man rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 77 (Rolling DEX Target: 70%)

Young Man: He BACKS UP INTO THE OTHER CAR.

Young Man: He continues to gas it up.

Young Man: McCannon, you have one more shot on him.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is he just reversing into another car?

Handler: He's going to eventually reverse PAST it and get away.

Handler: Slam it against the wall sideways.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon is going to shoot again.

Handler: Shot type, then roll firearms.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Burst into the car.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 62 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Long I assume.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yea

Handler: A few shots hit the engine to no avail.

Handler: Heavily battered up, he escapes using his un-hit foot.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David runs up.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Holy fuck... Is he dead?"

Handler: You can see the Mexican housekeepers look through the glass.

SA Doug Moore: "What does it LOOK LIKE?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Yeah, our in with the black psycho just got shot in the heart."

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: As the shots were popping, you manage to jimmy the door open with the Halligan bar. You're strong enough.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to turn left.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Thank God.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: looking at a wall gang.

Handler: It's dark in here. You turn your light on.

Handler: It's a man, on the floor.

Handler: African-American. Butt-naked, covered in his own shit and piss. He is in a fetal position, clawing away from you in pure terror.

Handler: "HAAAAA!!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "YAAAAAH!!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Turn me left please.

Handler: He looks high.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: What I see the rest of the interior, is it just him?

Handler: Blasted off earth high.

Handler: It's just him, yes, you may enter.

Handler: There, you see it. Dozens and dozens of white bags... shopping bags?

Handler: Roll Alertness.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 73 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: You get distracted by the blue and white pills all around, in his own gaita.

Handler: McCannon breaches a very obvious fake wall.

Handler: Everyone else is still outside.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: The man in front of you is in tatters.

Handler: Whatever description of him falls apart. He is like a cornered, sick animal.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He can be in tatters in handcuffs.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "HIYAAAHH!"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Motherfucker, stay still!"

Handler: It's fucking gross. He doesn't look like in the mood to run away.

Handler: David is going to watch over the body.

Handler: Rest of you may go inside.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff walks into the room.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "Youuu- yes YOUUU!!!"He points at McCannon.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "I know why you're HEEREEEE Agent!!!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff stands on the bed and looks over the wall, looking somewhat comedic in a suit with the backdrop of a methlab.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Wow."

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: Cliff. Roll Pharmacy, Blind.

SA Frank Earle: He suddenly turns to McCannon with a comic-shock look.

Handler: You can tell with certainty that there is no drug producing capacity here. It's too small, for starters, and the equipment is just not there.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Seems like it's just a storage hub."

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "And I knowww why youuu're here TOOOOO!!!"He points at Finnegan, sounding totally deranged."I KNOOOOWWW about your BOOOKKK!!!"

SA Doug Moore: Is the very obvious firearm on the table over there supposed to be here or just... window dressing?

Handler: That seems to be a SCAR-H with a variable optic attached.

SA Doug Moore: That's so.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan looks like he could explode through his glasses from the pressure behind his eyes. He just gapes.

Handler: Likely what he would use to kill you if he wasn't completely dzoinked.

Handler: You can pick it up.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff carefully climbs over the wall, and drops into the room.

Handler: This thing is actually beautiful, and very recent too. When you consider he is PMC and not just army anymore, it makes sense.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Take anything interesting and get this guy cuffed so we can fuckin' exfil."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Got some monitors and... boxes here?

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "WHY LEAVE SO FAST AGENT? DON'T YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE DAY YOUR CASE OFFICER MET THAT ALIEN IN NEBRASKA?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: What are these?

Handler: What did he just say?"

SA Frank Earle: Don't mind if I go, Earle thinks, taking the Scar to deposit in the trunk.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan doesn't want to touch him again.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff, knelt over some machinery, turns wide eyed at the black man.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: McCannon. You have no idea why, but you have an inexplicably CERTAINTY that you know what he is talking about.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: The sense of deja-vu is matchless.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: Roll 1d2, blind.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: By all metrics, he is supposed to have no idea that such a thing happened, not even you should have known, but you KNOW it did. Thanks to him?

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "BUT THAT'S NOT IT!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "I WAS THERE WHEN YOUR PREDECESSORS FIRED THE FIRST TORPEDO AT THE -----"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: You didn't get that last sentence.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff bumps her elbow on Earle.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "The fuck is he on about?"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She's speaking silently.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "He needs his stomach pumped."

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "I WAS THERE WHEN THEIR ANCESTORS CROSSED THE FROZEN DOGERLAND INTO BRITAIN! OH HOW THEY LABORED ON RAZOR COLD ICE!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "I wonder what the insides of his brain look like now."

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "AND I WAS THERE WHEN THEY RIPPED OUT THE FIRST INFANT HEART ON THE MONTEZUMA!!! SUCH INTENSE TEARS!"

SA Frank Earle: "What the hell are we letting him rant on for?! Sam, you've gotta get him under control!--"

SA Frank Earle: "Or-- or anyone!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "WAIT! YOU THINK THAT'S ANYTHING?!"

SA Doug Moore: Doug is greatly uncomfortable, for no apparent reason discernible to himself.

SA Frank Earle: He says, hoping to foist the duty of manhandling a shit-covered psycho to someone else.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Finnegan, give him a fucking brogan adjustment."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Hey look, even if he's not bullshitting, we don't need to hear this shit."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "STOP! SHUT UP! JUST -- SHUT UP!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Someone grab his ass right now!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "FINNEGAN! SNAP OUT OF IT!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She's shouting by now.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "A LIZARD MAN, HE LABORS IN HIS LABORATORY TO ENSLAVE THE HOMINID! HOW THEY VARY IN SIZE, HIS GIANT NEIGHBOUR GRAZING RIGHT OUTSIDE IN THE RAINFOREST..."

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: AHAHAHAHAH!!

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She rushes past, almost tripping over.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Finnegan!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: His words devolve into meaninglessness.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "AND SO THE POLYPS WERE SUBJUGUATED BY THE MI-GO-AND- AND!!!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: He is losing control

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "HUhuHuhHAHAHeaaaaAAAAAAA!!!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "COLORS ALL AROUND ME!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to slip between McCannon and Finnegan to punch him in the face.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: The black dude.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: Cliff.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: Right before you do that, you see something leaking out of the corners of his eyes.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: Something iridescent. Something exactly like the amygdala you examined.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "What the-"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan stumbles out the door to retch in the alleyway.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "BUT FIRST, THE RELENTLESS HOUNDS HAD PREYED ON ALL SONS OF THE CURVES-"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "OH GOD! IT'S IN MY BRAIN!"

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff slowly walks back, pulling out her gun and training it on him.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon anticipates a blowout like the club bathroom and takes several long steps back.

Handler: Reality cracks around you.

SA Doug Moore: "No, don't do i--"

Handler: Angles, corners, lights, all pile up into a giant pile of shattered glass and explode back into the corners of where things used to be.

Handler: You have no idea where is where.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "What the fuck--"

Handler: From the center, it emerges.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Dosed. We're dosed. It's in the air in the room. We're fucking dosed."

Handler: Finnegan, you think this is what the old man meant by God.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "You've got to be shitting me."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh my God.

SA Doug Moore: THIS IS THE GATE TO THE WOMB OF THE EARTH. WE WILL ENTER IT AND BE REBORN.

Handler: It's in the center of the room, and at the same time, it's all around it.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Oh God..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan closes his eyes and tries to think of nothing.

???: In your heart of hearts, all of you know that it's here to claim what it belongs to it.

Handler: Everyone.

Handler: Blind roll, d20.

SA Michael M. McCannon: For some reason McCannon feels as if now would be a good time to take a large dose of lorazepam.

Handler: You can overdose and kill yourself if you wish to take the easy way out. But you know it's not you who it wants.

Handler: Someone took far too much.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Who's the lucky winner?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan, you're keeping it together, somewhat. This has got to be a drug induced hallucination that you were exposed to when you were cooking that Liao.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I knew it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon, likewise, the lorazepam prevents you from feeling any emotion to its edge.

SA Michael M. McCannon: This is why your family fucking hates you, you realize.

SA Frank Earle: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: The door to the other side is right there. You just have to throw it open. You're awfully close to leaving sanity behind and entering a world of your own making.

SA Frank Earle: But for now, you're content to peeking from its edges.

SA Doug Moore: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: What happened before you defies all explanation. But at the same time, it makes perfect sense, that none of this is real.

SA Doug Moore: You're completely dissociated, from your body and from your surroundings.

SA Doug Moore: 'I BID THE FORMS TO SPEAK. I DELIGHT TO FIND THEM DANCING HERE!'

SA Doug Moore: Unless someone helps you, you're under locked-in syndrome. You fall like a sack of potatoes on the floor.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Your understanding of the human condition is permanently torn asunder.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: From the amygdala, to the wavelength anomaly in the molecule, to this.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: God help you in the rest of your short and pathetic life. If he is out there.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: For now, you're cowering, dissociated much like Doug.

Handler: David.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff curls up in a ball and stops moving.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: You're in the same territory of reality as you were in that warehouse.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Only now, you're incapable of fighting back.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Whatever this thing is, you can not flee it.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: It will find you wherever you go.

???: The awful thing begins tearing Cole apart.

???: ??? rolls 1d6 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Leg Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

Handler: It rips apart his foot in an awesome arc of blood, instantly crystallizing into flying gems.

Handler: The man is unresponsive to the pain.

Handler: Clockwise, act.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: There's no getting out of this space, is there?

Handler: I have nothing to tell you. You're struggling to make tails and ends of reality.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff remains unresponsive on the ground.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I shoot Cole.

Handler: Firearms at a -20.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 80 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Was that a long burst or?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's a handgun, with everything it's got.

Handler: You send a few rounds down past the thing.

Handler: The bullets slow down and deflect into impossible angles off of its crystal-plate iridescent scales.

Handler: One of the bullets fly back to you slowly, as if pushed gently against 0g environment.

Handler: You look at it spin past and away you.

Handler: Roll 1d4. Blind.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: After all, this may not be a drug hallucination.

Handler: Cliff is unresponsive, a crying mess on the floor.

Handler: McCannon.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: McCannon stares absently at the thing.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: He wants to shoot at the thing but he's scared that resisting will turn the 'trip' bad. Or that it will tear him apart. Instead he grabs the psychotic Doug by the shoulders and screams at him to get it together.

SA Doug Moore: 'I AM A CAPTAIN OF MY WILL. THIS IS MERE REFRACTED LIGHT, IT MUST OBEY ME!' But nothing happens. Doug is drooling on the floor in the fetal position.

SA Frank Earle: Your Psychotherapy roll is an autofail. He is too far gone.

???: The thing sates its hunger.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff can be heard mumbling to herself.

???: ??? rolls 1d6 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Arm Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

???: CRUNCH!!It tears up bone and flesh and gulps it down in its abyssal stomach.

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: "AAAAAHHHHH!!!"He seems sober in his last moments.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I can't help him. I tried.

Handler: No actions?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff is still mumbling to herself.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: There's nothing to be done.

Handler: Perhaps that acceptance will keep you alive for another day.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: He's just got a wait this trip out. He knows he's outclassed.

Handler: Roll POW.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 82 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

???: In an ancient tongue of unspeakable malice, it screeches directly into your mind."DO YOU DOUBT ME?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon falls on his knees and slumps.

Handler: Blind 1d4.

Handler: Your submission satisfies the thing.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: He stares the creature dead in the eyes knowing there's naught else he can do.

SA Doug Moore: 'WHY, WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN?! WHEN I SPEAK, TRUTH HAPPENS!' It's still of no use. If this keeps up, Doug might become permanently mentally retarded -- if he hasn't already.

Handler: Is it a look of absentia or introspection?

SA Frank Earle: Introspection.

Handler: Roll 1d6. Blind.

SA Frank Earle: You always knew, you should have just ran away from it the moment that man started raving.

SA Frank Earle: Something inside of you has snapped with a disgusting crunch, but you're too numb to feel it right now.

???: The thing will rend its victim.

Hound of the Angles: Hound of the Angles rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling Custom Target: 70%)

Ekon "Pastor" Cole: It fails to finish him fast. Instead, you hear him scream the whole way through."AIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEeeeeeeeeee!"Finally it stops.

???: It taunts you in eternal hatred once more.

Handler: The thing folds into itself like an origami and disappears back where it came as quick as it showed up.

Handler: The man is gone. In his place, not even a drop of blood.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff falls onto the bags to her right, her face barely missing the concrete.

Handler: David, Doug and Cliff are unconscious. Their psyches couldn't tolerate much more.

Handler: Earle, you feel inhuman.

Handler: Finnegan, McCannon, the more you think the more it hurts. But at least you can still think.

Handler: It's time to act.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan touches the wall to make sure it's solid and real. "...I'll back in. The SUV, I mean."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Help me with these morons."

Handler: Before you go, you take a closer look at the bags.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We can't leave any of this, everyone, everything, it all has to go in the car."

Handler: There are dozens, hundreds of them. All empty. You also notice that the shit-covered Reverb is also gone.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliffs fingers periodically twitch, as does the rest of her body in spasms.

Handler: The inside of the room is trashed. It no longer looks tidy.

Handler: Strangely, the outside is intact.

SA Frank Earle: "You're right," Frank says without paying the least bit of attention to their words. "Lemme just... get some fresh air..."

SA Frank Earle: He heads outside.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You trip over a laptop, still working somehow.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is it on?

Handler: No, but the small lights on it are. It's on sleep mode.

SA Michael M. McCannon: We take that.

Handler: "HEY SOMEONE CALL 911!"

Handler: You hear an unknown voice outside.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's time to get the fuck outta here.

Handler: So it is.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan wants to swing the SUV around the back so we can throw everyone and everything in. McCannon has to drive the second car, Earle shouldn't.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Sure.

Handler: How empathetic of you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Someone here has to be a human being.

Handler: A crowd is around David and the mole. How do you disperse them?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Tell them it's a fucking crime scene and they need to stay back before they contaminate it, fifty feet, minimum.

Handler: Then, a badge is shown.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff's unconscious body, in full suit, remains visible from the outside.

Handler: There's an address on each of the bags. It's right where the hood ends and the suburbs begin. You'll remember it in detail soon.

Handler: Until then.

Handler: Until then, you have no choice but to keep driving ahead.

Handler: Reverberations - Session 5 End.

Handler: Thanks for playing!

Reverberations Session 6

November 2, 2025

Handler: Reverberations - Session 6

Handler: Traveller's Motel, right after the shootout.

ASAC Hank Schrader: Hank sneers at the dead body on the floor, recognizing it immediately.

Handler: The detective is talking to his sideman with a torn piece of black bag inside an evidence bag. There's just a red blot and the numbers "078" on it now, otherwise, it's unrecognizable.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He shoos the coroner aside and kneels aside to the dead man.

ASAC Hank Schrader: Fishing out a phone from a jean pocket, wearing nitrile gloves.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He gets back up, stretches and looks around.

ASAC Hank Schrader: He flips the small, red phone open. He goes to the calls list.

ASAC Hank Schrader: "Motherfucker..."

Handler: You have managed to get all the evidence you can get your hands on in the cars. Dozens of these nail salon bags, alongside a bundle of cash in poor physical condition. You decided to leave the body of the DEA agent where it is. After all, people have seen him get shot by a junkie, and it does look like you just got back in your car to chase after him. You flashed a badge, which means another explanation is virtually impossible to make. It was over for him on the spot, and there's not much you can do about it.

Handler: Finnegan, the house of cards you call your life was toppled, picked up from the floor and rearranged into a neat, ordered deck right in front of you by the universe. Now it's threatening you to build it back up it in the shape of a perfect circle, above a length of strewn piano wire. The horrible, darkly thing smiles from ear to ear as it wipes the blood off the sickle its holding in excitement. You notice that you don't have any fingers. With two stumps for hands, you can do nothing but wipe the stream of tears off your cheeks. You thought all your life that

you were raised perfect and are ready for whatever may come. But not this, any of this. You feel too old and late to start from scratch. And matter of fact, you are. It's getting increasingly obvious that the dreaded nine millimeter retirement plan may be the only exit you have left out of this, in case whatever that was wants to eat you next. Or worse, if all of this must repeat in a similar way. You know it will happen again. Has to happen.

Handler: McCannon, in silent communion behind the wheel with the one-ton heap of scrap, it's clearer than ever to you that you're nothing but a pile of scar tissue. Drawing breath and pulling the trigger, one little escape at a time. Except, you feel your footsteps slowly losing their inertia, like punches against a long gone childhood bully in a bad dream. It's coming, it's getting closer. To run away from it in the first place was foolish. Staying intact despite it all has cost you everything but your body and what's left of your mind. This is the martyrs end. Yes, YOU have been chosen to be nailed on the cross and pay for the sins of the world. Only THEN your existence can be redeemed. For now, you also have to carry the weight of these imbeciles. You are nothing but your mission now. May God make you one of his own in the end.

Handler: Doug, it was just like the last time. All you could do was stare at the abject terror in front of you, unable to respond to it in any way, until someone pulled you out of hell by your nape like a mother beast with her helpless young between her jaws. You're just a sad little thing who is trying to see the next day and not at all the hero cop that children once made you out to be. To escape the guilt, the shock, the impossibility of denial... it's only truly possible if you escape yourself. But after all that has happened, how can that be possible without going totally numb on the inside and outside? Your dissociative episodes have gained a whole new level of depth. And when they come knocking back, you'll have no choice but to be pulled back out of hell by a merciful hand as you beg for everything to stop.

Handler: Samantha, whatever you have witnessed in this town, you're not going to achieve any mastery over it in ten or one thousand lifetimes of study. You used to think that maybe, just maybe if you found a way to reverse what happened to your husband and that kid in D.C., you could prevent further suffering in the world and depart it in peace. Your suffering. But it's made conclusive that you're simply below this. Your inferior human nature is just not sufficient to undertake such an endeavor. It's unreachable to you, as the sky is unreachable to an ant. But you could try anyway. You could collect glimpses of it, maybe connect them together and find an

infinitely small fractal of the big picture that you'll never see. And maybe that thing will come back and shape you into something similar to itself. In any case, your newfound obsession will be what drags you out of bed every morning here on out.

Handler: David, you're no stranger to the concept that the fear of the unknown is the first kind of fear that man ever experienced. So far, you were in peace with the unknown itself. What could be the worst that can happen, after all? A bad grade, an annoyed co-worker, a boss on the edge... Maybe losing the case, if you were still practicing the law. You're now acutely aware of what's the worst that can happen. Your short stay in that warehouse could always be thrown aside with a simple explanation, like panic-attack induced lost memory, but how do you explain that? You're desperately clawing at the drawers of your mind, looking for an answer, but it just eludes you. A man vanishes into thin air after being torn apart by a monster right in front of your eyes. There's no calling that a panic attack. You know that you're next. And then your family, and then everything you have ever loved.

Handler: You have two minutes to mull over your fate. The cars roll along at a slow pace and weave across the traffic.

Handler: You may check your character sheets, your BONDS and PSYCHOLOGY has been altered.

SA Frank Earle: "I need to talk to you all about something," Frank mutters. "Pertaining to all this. Whenever we're all, uhh, regular..."

Handler: In general, the hairline fractures of your mind are growing into visible cracks. None of you will ever be the same as you once were.

Handler: The ones who passed out did not fully digest the CAN'T BE, but your psyche is irrevocably damaged.

Handler: Samantha, Doug, David, roll BLIND d8

SA Doug Moore: "Jesus Christ... almighty..." Doug is in a bad way. Headache like every single bad morning and hangover in his life doubled and passed on to this very moment.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Samantha blankly stares out the window with wide open eyes.

Handler: As for the pep talk, there is really nothing you can do more about this other than pretending it never happened. Like getting caught with a porn magazine in your bedroom as a teenager. Doesn't happen to the new generation, but most of you are no stranger to it.

Handler: Around noon, safehouse.

Handler: The air is dead silent. All the doors and windows are shut tight.

Handler: McCannon. You remember an emergency phone line directly to Diaz that you were instructed to call in case of, well, extreme emergency. It might be time, more or less.

Handler: Finnegan, Earle, you're done laying out the loot in front of you. 2000\$ in cash, all the bills are in crackhead condition. And the laptop, along with the bags.

Handler: Act.

Handler: Oh, also, you laid out all the collapsed on the living room couches. They won't be getting up soon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will move to a silent corner of the house in order to call Diaz, he doesn't know what to say or how to describe what transpired, but he does know that a 'trusted adult' needs to be contacted.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Can I find the nail salon and it's operating hours on my phone?

Handler: Goes without saying but, despite standing on your feet you feel incredibly drained. Check your Willpower, but remember that it's a personal secret not to be shared with others.

Handler: Finnegan, it doesn't have a website. Might be time to do it old fashioned.

SA Frank Earle: When they're finally home Frank breaks the news to anyone sane enough to listen: "I didn't want to be the one to say it 'cause I'm a crackpot anyways. But you guys realize the government has to be in on this, right? I mean-- for them to seize Tiger Transit, only for it to wind up being used to traffic this shit again..."

Handler: Earle. That took some force to squeeze out, but you do have a laptop to crack open.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon doesn't deign to respond and has wandered off already.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "What do you want me to say to that? That we're being set up? I don't live in a spy movie, I don't know about you." Finnegan storms out to find a phonebook.

Handler: McCannon, if you're looking for a place to not be heard, it's hard to hear anything while in the garage in the first place.

SA Frank Earle: And that he does, scraping what he can while wondering if they'll have the chance to investigate what became of Tiger Transit via the FBI headquarters in Albuquerque. Maybe there's some sort of database he could get into...

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon doesn't want to be heard by the other agents.

Handler: Finnegan, Search Public.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 46 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Handler: There's one inside the house. You have an address and a phone number, it's somewhere in La Mesa. That's about it. Naturally you try the phone number over your burner. Dead beeps.

Handler: McCannon, you're fiddling with your phone trying to find the number for Diaz' secret line. You saved it as some weird crap, and it's taking a bit.

Handler: In the meantime, you're receiving a call. The screen lights up the dark bathroom.

Handler: Light is peering from the window.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Who the hell is it?

Handler: ASAC SCHRADER

Handler: Roll INT Public.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 28 (Rolling INT Target: 40%)

Handler: It's so convenient they make these in such a form factor that you can split it in half and it ceases functioning. You're getting the idea that this is the way to go.

Handler: You can still answer it, if you want.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Fuck no. Grab with both hands and snap.

Handler: Right before you do that, you manage to write down Diaz' number on your hand.

Handler: SNAP!

Handler: The phone dies.

Handler: You must have declined it three times before doing so.

Handler: In any case, it's likely that your cover to Schrader is blown, even if he doesn't have any proof to back it up.

Handler: Showing up at the field office might get you arrested or worse.

Handler: Earle. Despite your rant, the laptop is still laying on one of the shelves.

SA Frank Earle: From the motel room, presumably. He takes it and scrapes whatever pertinent information his half-scrambled mind manages to process.

Handler: Before doing that, you're greeted with the wonderful windows Login Screen.

Handler: You do know offhand that McCannon had the chance to talk to this guys handler, if guesswork is due.

SA Frank Earle: Ahh, fuck. But will guessing be necessary? Being the tech-savvy guy he is he could perhaps move the contents of its harddrive to his own laptop...

Handler: Computer Science, Public.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 11 (Rolling Computer Science Target: 80%)

Handler: The contents of the hard drive are not internally encrypted and should be a cakewalk to analyze.

Handler: It will take you about an hour or less.

Handler: In the meanwhile...

Handler: Doug wakes up.

Handler: You may act.

SA Doug Moore: It's a total bastard. Doug is up and walking but probably won't be able to respond to any questions more complicated than 'how many fingers am I holding up?'

Handler: The dead silence of the house and the unfamiliar living room gives you goosebumps.

SA Doug Moore: Anything to make it better at the safehouse? Painkillers? At least a drink of water?

Handler: Some over the counter NSAIDs. Will take the edge off but that's about it.

SA Doug Moore: Will do.

Handler: No need for a roll or anything. You swallow some ibuprofen and wash it with Pepsi.

Handler: In the meanwhile, others may continue acting if they wish to do so.

SA Doug Moore: Doug would really prefer to not leave this couch in the next half-hour. Nothing to do and nothing to think. What a fucking life we're living.

Handler: David and Cliff are knocked out next to you. It feels incredibly awkward, but you can watch TV.

Handler: They seem to be snoring.

SA Doug Moore: Will not. Nap with my eyes closed. Not touching the two narcoleptics either - they probably have it harder than Doug.

Handler: Wild colors and shapes dance in front of your eyes when you close them.

Handler: You -were- given some Ambien after all, after you were knocked out.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: La Mesa NM, La Mesa CA, which La Mesa? Seems untenably far away from us no matter what.

Handler: I forgot to mention but McCannon has been going strong with the pills too.

Handler: Your meds are at the edge of running out.

Handler: La Mesa, Albuquerque. It's in the same neighbourhood as the nightclub and the disappearances.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Just another reason to finish cleaning up and get the fuck out of here.

Handler: Perhaps.

Handler: An hour later...

Handler: Earle, you have camera footage of today, going right up to the moment when everything went to shit.

Handler: Might want to call the rest of the team for this.

SA Frank Earle: That I do, excepting the three slumped on the couch.

Handler: As for the rest of the contents of the laptop, it seems dedicated to motel security.

Handler: There is actually just ONE camera feed being recorded, despite all the CCTV around the place.

Handler: It's where Finnegan broke into the hideout.

Handler: The rest of them aren't even set up, let alone lost.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan lurks around with his hands deep inside his pockets, watching the screen.

Handler: Aside from the camera feed, just some porn and video games on it.

Handler: Doug shambles to you.

SA Frank Earle: With nothing else catching his eye he plays the video of the camera from start to finish.

SA Doug Moore: "G-guys?"

SA Doug Moore: "Would now be a good moment?"

SA Frank Earle: "Eyup."

Handler: Around 9 in the morning. A woman is approaching the rear entrance.

Handler: Everyone who is currently watching, roll HUMINT Blind.

SA Doug Moore: Doug's eyes are glued to the footage on the screen for a moment, so he forgets to ask what he wanted to ask next.

Handler: It's a woman wearing a black wool trenchcoat, a stylish hat with a feather and sunglasses. Under the New Mexican sun.

Handler: She looks mixed race, and middle aged. To further confirm, she walks with the grace afforded to mature and rich women, like a big cat.

Handler: You're sure as shit this is not the lanky teenager that runs the tea shop.

Handler: At the same time, you have no idea who it is.

Handler: Speculations?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "That's probably the one who killed him. Overdosed him." Finnegan mumbles. "The Tong names might by psuedonyms."

SA Frank Earle: "You mentioned a chick on the TV who owned Tiger Transit, right? It'd be a hell of a stretch..."

SA Frank Earle: "Or maybe not owned, I don't fuckin' remember, same difference."

Handler: It's likely that the woman on Oprah show could have made it to NM and back out by now, but despite the sunglasses the skin tone and the lower facial features do not add up to Cho Tsu-tsao. Unless it was really heavy studio makeup.

Handler: Really long stretch, as said.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We're staring down the barrel of the most prototypically middle-aged woman-owned-business in the United States." He gestures at the screen and the nail salon bags.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "And it's in the middle of everything. Coincidence."

SA Frank Earle: "I didn't wanna sound like a hick, but that too."

SA Doug Moore: "That tracks. By the way, why this outfit, do you think?" Doug goes to hit on the obvious point.

Handler: Finnegan, you're getting the sinking feeling that your theory is weak and Cho Tsu-tsao fries way, way bigger fish than a nail salon.

Handler: It could still be an outlet for the inflow of a crime operation.

Handler: But then again, you'd need proof. Hard proof.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's a connection, but not a hard one, and probably not the top of the food chain. "Because they knew Pastor, and they knew there was a camera, and they don't want to be identified." He looks at Doug like a parent talking down to a child.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon has a sick thought of it being an M. Night Shyamalan type twist of the woman being AD Diaz, but he doesn't vocalize it and just shakes his head at the thought.

Handler: ...

Handler: Continuing, the footage gets grainier as the woman approaches the security camera.

SA Michael M. McCannon: There's also the Blackwater slash Academi woman, but she wasn't really mixed race.

Handler: She is stopped by the metal door.

Handler: Yes, McCannon, that woman was very black.

Handler: She tries the handle, but it gives no way.

Handler: And then...

Handler: Earle, Roll Alertness, Blind.

Handler: In an instant, the woman makes a turning motion with her hand and light peers from behind the door. It's open.

Handler: What?

SA Doug Moore: "What?"

SA Doug Moore: "Rewind that."

Handler: Earle rewinds the footage. Woman is standing up front. Does a twisting motion with her right hand. The door opens.

SA Frank Earle: "I can rewind it for you a second time if you want." He sounds so droll the joke doesn't really land.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Go forwards."

SA Doug Moore: "No. Don't..." In truth, Doug would rather be looking at anything else than whatever this is right now.

SA Frank Earle: He continues to play it.

Handler: The door closes behind her. Sixteen minutes and thirty five seconds passes before it opens again.

Handler: She takes a step out of the hideout.

Handler: She is holding a nail salon bag, one in each hand. They look full.

Handler: As she takes the second step out, the door closes behind her immediately.

Handler: She begins walking away with her back turned to the camera.

Handler: Now what do you make of that?

Handler: You fast forward the footage. Some point about thirty to fourty minutes ago, that crackheads car enters the scene. You don't know how Mole arrived there.

Handler: And an hour later, your cars. Shortly afterwards, Finnegan is jimmying the door with the claw end of the halligan bar. Three or so minutes later the recording ends.

SA Doug Moore: "Frank? You think this might have been tampered with in any way? I mean... you're the computer... man."

Handler: Frank, no need to roll CompSci again. This device has not been used since yesterday, and has been on standby.

SA Frank Earle: "How the hell would that work? We got the damn thing like an hour after all this happened."

SA Doug Moore: "I guess. What in the world..."

Handler: Someone banged off to petite asian blows cock on it, and that's it. Fast forward to right now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan shrugs and holds his hands over his face for longer than is appropriate.

Handler: You can also tell that storing security camera footage in a laptop, of just one camera at that, indicates towards the idea that this device is made around the concept of "bugging out" as fast as possible from that man cave.

SA Frank Earle: "So this mystery chick with door-opening powers looted a bunch of their Reverb, which maybe explains the argument we walked in on, but I still have no fucking clue what caused Pastor to be--"

SA Frank Earle: "Y'know."

SA Doug Moore: Doug gets a sudden stab of headache, which reminds him...

SA Doug Moore: "Wait. Wait, Frank, That's what I wanted to ask in the first place, when I came in here."

Handler: Finnegan, the door was -padlocked- from the inside before you broke in. Just a thing.

SA Doug Moore: "What... the hell happened? I mean..."

SA Frank Earle: "Nothing much."

SA Doug Moore: "Drawing a figurative blank. Last thing I remember is that damn crackhead getting away in the car."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I remember. ""She knows we-- someone- is closing in. Maybe she gave him a bad dose. I don't know. He knew he was fucked. It's why he locked himself in."

Handler: Few more minutes to make comments before you move onto your next action on the overmap.

SA Frank Earle: "And so they're taking the supply away from their dealers? Consolidating it or something? I dunno..."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "There's also a chance that the distribution of the substance isn't done with money as a motive."

SA Frank Earle: "Fuck, man, this isn't my ballpark at all..."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "We've got the salon in the middle of all this bullshit, we've got Yeng, who's upstream on production..." He holds his hands out like he's weighing something. "No, she probably just couldn't carry any more and knew the opposition would be the next people in the room."

Handler: Yeng, you mean the old guy?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Li Yeng, microbiologist, legal owner of the medicine store.

Handler: You're still trying to tie in some college kid in with no proof, not to mention the person who probably passed on the property to her has an EXTREME distaste for the Reverb sellers.

Handler: It's getting to you, Finnegan.

Handler: It's about 1330. You may act.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: La Mesa, anyone?

SA Frank Earle: He's going with Richard, but where did those bottles of Liao Sam dosed out for them end up?

Handler: If this is really it, then a scouting run might be the best approach.

Handler: The Liao bottles are in a drawer in the kitchen.

SA Frank Earle: He takes one on the way out.

SA Doug Moore: Someone should probably stay behind at the safehouse and wait for the two incapacitated agents to wake up. Or not. They're legal adults.

SA Frank Earle: If Doug offers to do so Frank will force him outside and tell him to stop being a pussy.

Handler: Sure, you grab a 500ml bottle filled 3/5th of the way.

Handler: Name the places you go or the things you do. Or shit you want to buy, whatever, I need direction.

Handler: For "watching over" purposes, David and Cliff are still snoring peacefully.

Handler: Doubtful they will have any problems in there.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Roll-by in La Mesa. At least we'll know if it's a completely fake business or not.

SA Frank Earle: Actually fuck it.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Assuming David will wake up soon, he'll jolt up with a start and shiver his way to the bathroom.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan does mention that Studio Overground probably has Tcho-Tcho working girls - The cockroach was the one who mentioned Liao to us via them all that time ago. They're getting it straight, not in pills but smoked, from someone.

SA Doug Moore: Do Richard and Frank need another person for the roll-by? Doug is not entirely there, but he would rather... try and attempt to be useful in any way.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I wanted to bark up that tree but nobody liked it.

Handler: Finnegan, as a reminder of your past experience, someone who can actually pick locks or take a look inside of the place without risking exposure -might- be helpful. Friendlies can be arranged.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: On the way, we need to hit a clothing store and get out of these suits.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Target. Walmart. Whatever.

SA Frank Earle: If Doug and McCannon are happy leaving him behind he's going to stay at the safehouse.

Handler: It's a write-off. All of you have access to all-black operational wear from your suitcases on the way here and with some small purchases in cash.

Handler: You will need to pick up ski masks if you wish, though.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We'll need those later tonight.

SA Doug Moore: Oh, that's not going to be suspicious at all.

Handler: As for "tonight", I hate to tell you what to feel but, you're totally drained and not that far off from those who collapsed. A good nights rest will do you WAY good.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Sure thing. Some night, at least.

Handler: You still have one more evening to do this, after all.

Handler: Before you drive up to the nail salon, I need to hear Other Actions.

Handler: From Others.

SA Frank Earle: Before with the Totem Frank had hesitated and it had cost him his sanity. Some insane part of him is convinced confronting the beast will make things different this time and so he considers imbibing the Liao.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will be on roll-by duty with Finnegan.

Handler: Earle, you have the bottle and not a whole lot of instructions on how to do this ritualistically.

Handler: As you're staring at the muddy solution in the bottle, Cliff begins waking up.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will head to the store and purchase some liquor. As well as some miscellaneous clothing, and candles(at a different place.), useful to cut into shavings and create molotov cocktails that may come into use when one has to ensure a place doesn't leave any forensic evidence.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: The spirits will come into use soon, too.

SA Frank Earle: But if he asks Richard for advice their resident spook McCannon will find out and he might get shot right there and then. The best he can think to do is clear his mind out as well as he can and--

Handler: David, your request to blacksmith the cocktails ov Molotov is noted, but you're still lying on that couch.

Handler: Frank, Richard already took off with McCannon.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff moves her head around, opening her eyes as she gains a sense of her surroundings. Her brows cross and she looks around with wide open eyes.

Handler: You only live once? How bad can it be anyway.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She looks stunned.

SA Frank Earle: They're already fucked, aren't they? It's either this or he dies anyway. He locks himself somewhere private and takes the substance.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: It hits like a punch in the throat.

Handler: You chug the flowery-tasting solution in one gulp in one of the bedrooms. Your world spins and you are taken back.

Handler: You begin tripping IMMEDIATELY.

Handler: Colors explode around you, sounds and words dance around in your mind like a waltz.

Handler: With a dose like this, it's not just the amplified -feeling- of periphery experiences. It's something ELSE.

Handler: You're receding backwards into your own mind, towards your life before you met that idol in that New York hotel.

Handler: You haven't thought of this time of your life in a long while. Your childhood, from a single digit age when you first touched a keyboard begins reeling past your eyes like a movie.

Handler: You're watching yourself grow up and get laid for the first time in college. You see yourself smoking weed like the good old times.

Handler: And then... Things are happening that you haven't told anyone about yet, all over again.

Handler: It's reeling up to the exact point when you touched that idol for the first time.

Handler: And then it stops. Abruptly, like turning off a light.

Handler: It starts over. And then you're done watching it. And then it starts over again.

Handler: You can not break through that MOMENT.

Handler: You need to navigate this, or wait hopelessly for the trip to end.

SA Frank Earle: Does he have any control over the trip at all?

Handler: You can feel your third-person body coagulate more and more into something tangible as your life loops over itself.

SA Frank Earle: He wants to take hold of the Idol, to FIGHT it rather than run away as he did all that time ago.

Handler: Blind 1d100.

Handler: Earle. It must be the fifty sixth time of you getting laid for the first time ever. It's getting old. The past, you've seen it more than enough times to inspect every detail, every scene, every sight and smell.

Handler: After waiting between a second and twelve years, the Idol is in front of you again.

Handler: You assert you're in charge now. You can feel its presence focusing on one point, instead of just being a piece of the backdrop to your life- up until then.

Handler: You can feel it in front of you. What now?

SA Frank Earle: He wants to destroy it. To free himself. All he ever wanted was to be free.

Handler: And how do you do it?

SA Frank Earle: Is this dream logic? Can he simply squash it in his hands?

Handler: You take the idol in your hands.

Handler: Unlike the last time, your hands do not pass through it. It's a solid object.

Handler: It's looking back at you.

Handler: You don't have much time left to finish this, Earle.

SA Frank Earle: He throws it as far as he can.

Handler: You throw the idol and throw it as far as you can. In this place, this hotel bathroom, just a few meters away from you towards the wall.

Handler: It shatters into a hundred pieces of obsidian glass.

Handler: "What the fuck?" says your fellow agent.

Handler: As he peeks inside the room, you realize he has your face on him. It is you.

Handler: A piece of obsidian leaves a slash inside your hand. The idol lays on the floor.

Handler: It was just a piece of rock... Was it really that easy?

Handler: The trip ends.

Handler: You come to your senses in the bedroom. Immediately afterwards, an incredible urge to throw up forces you on the ground.

Handler: You puke your fucking guts out, everything in it, until you're dry heaving. Iridescent fluid seeps out of your nostrils and eyeducts onto the floor along with it.

Handler: It's all on the floor now, shining and glittering with the light peering from the half closed curtains.

Handler: Along with your carved out teeth keepsake. Except, it's abundantly clear to you that it's just a piece of tooth now.

Handler: Remove your TRAUMA and gain back the MOTIVATION it took from you. However, the damage it caused to your bonds will stay. The wood does not heal after the nails are pulled out of it.

Handler: David is awake by now. They are both looking at you on the floor, in a fetal position now.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David brings Earle a glass of ice cold water.

Handler: Cliff takes off to get a roll of bandage for the gash across your palm. It's not deep, but it's very visible.

SA Frank Earle: It only just occurred to him that a very real wound appeared on his hands from what he thought was a hallucination. Also that David is aware he just took Liao.

SA Frank Earle: "...Don't tell anyone..."

Handler: You were making a hell of a noise in there.

Handler: The door is broken into.

Handler: With that, you're resting.

Handler: MCCANNON, FINNEGAN.

Handler: Alertness, Blind. Both of you.

Handler: Tough as Nails Nail Salon. The last surviving establishment of a rotting strip mall at the edge of La Mesa, where it starts bleeding into the suburbs.

Handler: Up front is the usual strip mall look, the back is walled off large enough for a garbage truck to enter. If there is a thing that takes more effort to be fought in US than terrorism it has to be dumpster diving.

Handler: You see kids playing up front in the parking lot.

Handler: Kids.

Handler: Without a doubt, this is a night job.

Handler: After a couple minutes, a figure goes out up front for a cigarette.

Handler: When he opens the door, you can see at least two women that you couldn't up until now due to the security bars. They don't look interested in him.

Handler: He's a clean shaven millitary looking man.

Handler: Dong Xifeng.

Handler: This has got to be it.

Handler: His physical description matches.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Target one. Over there," McCannon nudges Finnegan, looking over at the guy.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Our distribution center." He nods towards the expanded back fence.

Handler: You can't see the other guy. He hasn't come out yet.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We should slide out before someone notices us.

Handler: Good call, Richard. A friendly can be arranged to stake this place out.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yes, our #2 is probably here as well. Time to drive off and think about how we're going to skin this cat.

Handler: The second story windows are barred also, from here.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Of course they are.

Handler: You don't see any spot to tether a zipline to enter from the roof or anything. It's unlikely the roof is accessible from a commercial unit in this strip mall.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We need a very quick store stop on our way back to the safehouse to establish a plan.

Handler: The vet could hook you up with some sweet gear if you got something interesting in mind. It looks like you'll have to stop there anyway to consult the services of a friendly. On that note, McCannon still didn't reach Diaz.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We'll swing by.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Probably a good time to buy another burner at the store and call her up.

Handler: You got Finnegan's.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Keep it. I won't need it after this is over.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Seems like a waste of a Blackberry.

Handler: Finnegan's blackberry is not a burner

Handler: He also has a burner alongside that

SA Michael M. McCannon: Alright.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Then we will use that one.

AD Ramona Diaz: It takes a few minutes for the call to go through, but you eventually connect."Shit hit the fan? Someone died?"

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Nobody died, but we were exposed to the substance in a bad way. We've found the targets. Tough as Nails Nail salon in a strip mall in La Mesa. My feeling is that we will definitely have casualties."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Also we've burned our cover with the DEA."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Take care of it."

AD Ramona Diaz: "Go see the vet."

AD Ramona Diaz: The call drops.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon snaps the burner and tosses it out the car window. "If we don't make it then somebody else might have a clue as to where to go and what to do in order to finish the job."

Handler: In sync with everyone else, the time is now about 4PM and you two are at the Vet.

Handler: What do you do?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I don't want to think about that."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's go see what this guy can do for us. At the very least we need someone watching the nail salon.

Handler: EVERYONE may act.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will head to the store and grab himself some spirits to make molotov cocktails with, two bottles to help with his mood. As well as the candles, and clothing.

SA Frank Earle: Presumably Frank's still recovering from a few hours ago?

Handler: David. Roll a blind d2.

Handler: Frank, you're lucid enough to act.

SA Doug Moore: Do we have to interact with the Vet with Samantha as proxy or is it just assumed he's buddy-buddy with the whole cell already? Seems unlikely.

Handler: David, you have 3 Molotov cocktails now. Presumably one to share with someone else. In any case, it will have more utility destroying evidence and anything related to Liao than busting a gang hideout.

Handler: Using this in combat could have incredibly hazardous results for -friendlies-.

Handler: Only McCannon and Finnegan are at the vets.

Handler: They can act on your behalf.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Yeah, I know a pretty good guy. Marine vet. Ex-cop. Dude's a bit old but just short of some spec ops shit."

SA Frank Earle: If Frank has the chance he'll do some searches online pertaining to that enigmatic shell company Tiger Transit to see if there's anything he can learn beyond what Richard told them.

Handler: Earle. You spend the evening combing through boilerplate bullshit. Nothing truly "interesting" here besides numbers and facts about Tiger Transit being a globally outreaching firm.

Handler: McCannon, Finnegan, I'm waiting for you.

Handler: Also, I'm not entirely sure of Cliff's action.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan wants to make sure the surveilenceman writes everything down to be collected later. License plates, descriptions, that stuff.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: But more materially, if the vet can have someone straw purchase magazines and 5.56 for us, that'd be great.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "He'll do what he can and meet you at the spot before it goes down."

Handler: The vet can do MUCH more than that for ordnance.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Anything on offer?

Handler: This is not a storefront shop.

Handler: Besides, there are the legal options that don't require anything but a NCIS red flag check. One you know you'll automatically pass by just showing a drivers license.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: As long as we have body armor, magazines for everyone to carry, Finnegan doesn't have any grand ideas. The ARs are already select-fire.

Handler: Your case officer will have to do an accounting roll on your behalf.

Handler: Your priority is High. Which is a +20%.

AD Ramona Diaz: AD Ramona Diaz rolls Success -> 9 (Rolling Accounting Target: 60%)

Handler: You're fairly certain you can finance anything that adds up to one Major purchase out of the cash on hand combined with the two grand from Pastor's. This doesn't mean just ONE major purchase, multiple Unusual purchases are also on the table.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We could always bring a SAW.

Handler: I've been telling everyone to come up with shopping lists... now we shall stall.

Handler: Finnegan. Your SCAR-H is comparable firepower to that, and no one in the team is really heavy-weapons rated both strength and skill wise.

Handler: You might be putting the cart in front of the horse.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Does anyone here have the skills to safely use stuff like breaching C2 or thermite putty?

SA Doug Moore: That's what I was expecting to hear.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Moore is the Xplosives Xpert.

Handler: Right on.

Handler: He can get his hands on a brick of the stuff, to be used in any way seen fit. Alongside a detonator and whatever gizmos.

SA Frank Earle: Some frag grenades would be nice too. Hell with some explosives they could rig one of the two cars to blow mafia style.

Handler: And the team could be fitted with plate carriers and helmets.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Thank goodness.

Dr. Joe Caldera: "Nah, we don't have that."

Handler: No frag grenades in stock.

Handler: Also, during your shopping, a Glock carbine conversion kit catches your attention. It's not that expensive, and you get some fun ideas with a switch.

Handler: I'm going to assume Finnegan would also like to grab a foregrip and sling for his gun.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Frankly, I assumed it had one. It was clearly this guy's passion project.

Handler: Negative. It's a standard purchase to get some stuff that will withstand the force of rapid 7.62

SA Doug Moore: Say, any funds or stock left for us to procure supplies to make a car bomb? Doug is getting ideas.

Handler: David, share 3 molotov cocktails.

SA Doug Moore: Would the explosives we got include enough stuff to, say, rig a van to explode?

Handler: You do not have the means to get enough explosive filler to make a car bomb. The vet doesn't.

SA Doug Moore: Fair enough.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David shares the molotov cocktails.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Whoever would like one of these beauties is free to grab them."

SA Doug Moore: "Jesus, David. Is this your idea of an arts & crafts project?" Doug takes one only so it's one less going to any of the psychopaths on the team.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff notices and silently moves to grab one.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon passes on the molotov cocktail.

SA Frank Earle: Frank takes one.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She rotates the bottle with her hands, looking at it. "Think this'd hurt that thing?"

Handler: Doug has a ton of bullshit, so it's going to Frank. So, you pick up the Glock carbine kit. Earle can install it easily.

Handler: Who calls dibs on it? David or Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff looks over at the kit, and then at David.

SA Doug Moore: averagejoe22 is back

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Go ahead."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff nods.

Handler: Right.

Handler: You're done procuring equipment. You're down to about 80 thousand dollars, any further than this WILL raise scrutiny.

Handler: David, if you wanna get a gun, you'll have to do it out of your own pocket.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I was under the impression that I already had a glock to apply the carbine kit to.

Handler: Samantha has it, with a gun from the SUV.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I would like to purchase a handgun and ammunition, and a kevlar vest if I lack one.

Handler: You already got that shit.

Handler: I'm talking main weapon.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll buy some other main weapon if my budget permits it.

Handler: What kind?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: A shotgun, preferably.

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

Handler: They got a good old walnut grip R870 Wingmaster.

Handler: It's on discount.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll grab the walnut grip Wingmaster and some shells.

Handler: Public 1d2.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 2

Handler: You get ammo with it for free, but your wife is gonna be mad as hell.

Handler: Drop a point on that bond.

Handler: With that, we are done with preparations.

Handler: The whole fracasse takes up the rest of the day.

Handler: The surplus store guy was pretty satisfied with how much money you left on his table. He waves you good luck.

Handler: Samantha has been home doing some of the Liao.

Handler: Samantha, blind d100.

Handler: Samantha. Your trip is significantly milder than Earle's. In fact, it's pretty surface level.

Handler: It went more or less like how Reverb aficionados described it so far. Heightened sense of taste, hearing, smell and sex, though you haven't had the courage to test the last one out.

Handler: You did feel like dancing but David and Doug had to stop you from embarrassing yourself.

Handler: An hour later, the trip was over.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Unremarkable.

Handler: You get the feeling that you may have under-dosed.

Handler: But, overdosing on Liao is... VERY not recommended.

Handler: How do you feel?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Seemingly fine. Nothing compared to the aftermath of last time.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: And no new answers.

Handler: You do have new answers, two doses seemingly of the same size have resulted in entirely different trips.

Handler: That's something.

Handler: May 10, 2008.

Handler: It's about morning.

Handler: Finnegan. You wake up from an awful nightmare.

Handler: You were right in the middle of the jungle gathered around a bonfire. On top of the bonfire, a young man tied on a thick, iron spit. He was being grilled alive as you chanted around him with your fellow villagers in glee.

Handler: Eventually, he finished cooking. You had your fill of his cooked neck and brain. It tasted awfully familiar. Horribly familiar.

Handler: After the meal, the ritual orgy was held. You were passed around with the villagers, as they were passed around with you. It was an everybody for everybody thing, and every last bit of it was to be savored.

Handler: But then, a shimmering, glooming white humanoid being appeared from behind the village elder.

Handler: He seized the elder by the scalp and cut his neck. Arterial blood spilled like an ocean before him and he perished on the spot.

Handler: He then raised a Sign, which was the source of unending light and commanding of the respect of all emperors.

Handler: You drowned in the white, all-annihilating light. Then, you opened your eyes to the popcorn ceiling of the house.

Handler: You remember the sign, and seemingly how to contort your fingers to accomplish it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I really need some time off.

Handler: Arguably.

Handler: It's 9AM. Tonight, you strike the joint.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: How does Finnegan feel about the orgy?

Handler: Ask him.

Handler: Until then, everyone will list ACTIONS.Doug, Samantha, David, throw a blind d6.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Would the vet named finger have acquired enough information about the nail shop by now?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff sees Finnegan pondering alone at the table.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "You alright?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "I have to be. I'm thinking I forgot to pick something up yesterday."

Handler: That being?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Bolt cutters, big ones. Hardware store grade.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "We'll grab them today. Someone could do a quick run."

SA Doug Moore: Right. You can pick one up from a hardware store no questions asked.

Handler: Doug, David, Cliff, you have the listed Willpower on your reserves today. The other three, you're going in with FULL willpower.

Handler: The ones who collapsed aren't fully back on the track, mental wise.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He humors Samantha momentarily. "Did you learn about Jung in any of your psychology courses?" He taps his finger on the table. "I had a dream that I saw someone killed and eaten. Tasted just like the pork brain I had the other day."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Subliminal fear of something or the other."

Handler: Right. Let's get this ball rolling.

Handler: If you have no actions, you will spend the rest of the day doing NOTHING.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Is the vet ready to fill us in?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "The pork taste is just a recent sensation that you recalled. It's probably just stress."

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "Unless there was something else in the dream..?"

Handler: Vet said your guy would be on the stakeout position before you go in.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will follow someone else to back them up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Right.\

SA David Grozze Vasmin: For additional safety.

SA Doug Moore: Doug would like to sort out exactly what kind of explosives they've gotten. What kind of detonators?

Handler: That is up to you, you're the demolitions guy.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan ignores her implication and whittles away the rest of the day inspecting and organizing his gear for tonight.

Handler: In any case, you could follow up on the Double Eagle Airfield or go back to a previous lead if you want.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Can any blueprints be pulled up for that specific strip mall the nail salon is in?

Handler: With what authority McCannon?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Fair enough, we are persona non grata with the local federal and state law enforcement by now, and I assume that there aren't any floor plan dumps online.

Handler: Negative.

Handler: Is no one going to visit the airfield?

SA Doug Moore: Going there alone would be nonsense. Are any of the... actually competent agents up to it?

SA Frank Earle: Frank is. He wants to satisfy his curiosity.

SA Frank Earle: Plus he has David to back him up.

SA Doug Moore: If you two are REALLY sure, Doug is going.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David nods at Frank's self-assuring glance towards him.

Handler: David, Earle, Doug. You are led to a run-down hangar off to the side of the DE Airfield.

Handler: "TIGER TRANSIT"

Handler: It's saying that right there.

Handler: The desert wind blows your face away. It's remarkably hot today.

Handler: What do you do?

SA Frank Earle: The impression he got from a couple days ago was that this place must be involved in the Reverb trade - as in, that it shouldn't be abandoned. I'm guessing we all at least have our pistols.

SA Doug Moore: Absolutely. And who exactly was it that 'lead' us here? Anyone around?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "We need to get inside, I think." says David, "I doubt they have more than a token protection detail here, if anything at all."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Nobody stores the product where they receive it."

SA Frank Earle: He heads inside with pistol raised.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Most likely," says he, "we might be able to find some pertinent paperwork or whatno-" David follows Frank in.

Handler: You enter the hangar from one of the doors to the side. It's unlocked.

Handler: Completely deserted.

Handler: Frank, Roll Alertness.

Handler: Public.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 63 (Rolling Alertness Target: 40%)

Handler: This place must have not been visited in years.

Handler: It's dust-caked and stuffy.

Handler: David. You know about this stuff as an accountant. To keep paying for the rent of such a commercial holding is... quite a move.

Handler: This place should cost hundreds of thousands of dollars a month.

Handler: A worker at the airfield led you here. This place is still on payroll.

Handler: But whose?

Handler: You see nothing but mothballs.

SA Frank Earle: He searches every corner of the building for anything worthwhile at all.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will attempt to see if there is any sign at all of activity, lack of dust, marks of footsteps in the dust- precisely what Earle is doing.

Handler: Search, Public.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 57 (Rolling Search Target: 20%)

Handler: You find nothing but a calendar from 2004.

SA Frank Earle: "Fucking damnit." He knows something's up here but he's totally stumped, and failing some intervention from the other two he'll leave.

Handler: You're leaving this place in 2 minutes.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David heads to the box in the middle of the hangar to take a look.

Handler: Nothing but dust inside.

SA Doug Moore: 2004 really doesn't tell us anything. Are we supposed to believe the Reverb Deep State has been using this place and paying the rent on it... for four consecutive years?

Handler: You found this place from the internet.

Handler: It is most definitely legal.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David looks up at the ceiling for any useful details.

Handler: Not much but rot and falling-off paint.

SA Doug Moore: Doug searches around. Just maybe, the two have missed something.

Handler: Doug. Search, Public. with a 20%.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100 (Rolling Search Target: 40%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Rotting with the heat of the sun baking it from above? Unrelated, David will look through the annex rooms on the sides of the hangar (if they are present.)

Handler: You notice that the door you took to enter here was broken open at some point, and that's it.

Handler: The rooms are all empty and torn down. Alongside the prefabs outside.

Handler: It's all just a box of dust.

Handler: You're leaving now.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Unless you have any further actions, the rest of the day passes in silent prayer and anticipation.

Handler: McCannon. About orchestrating that drug bust.

Handler: It doesn't look like you have any bright ideas left other than to drop the bags in the gang den and run for the hills, hoping DEA ABQ can piece it together.

Handler: Feel free to prove me wrong.

Handler: It's still ten kilos of crystal.

Handler: That's no joke by any means.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's kind of strange leaving the drugs and the money after a pretend drug rip, but I guess it could be construed as the cartel sending a message.

Handler: Again, to cement it, feel FREE to say otherwise and that you have a plan.

Handler: It's looking like the only -obvious- choice.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's easy: Call them after we're done. They'll show up, fumble around, lose sleep wondering what happened at the nail salon for a decade or so and everything will be right in the world.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: ABQ DEA will be there no matter who finds the place.

Handler: You meet up with your guy a block down, in a spot where you can't be seen.

The Guy: "I went inside. You got at least six people in there, not counting the girls."

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Do y'all think the Indians have something like these Tcho-Tchuh chinamen do?"

The Guy: "Some kind of hangout room right behind the nail salon part, staircase up to left side."

The Guy: There's a door about there but that's all I saw before a fat one took me outside."

The Guy: He pretends to not hear you, David.

The Guy: "You whole lot look like some deep shit."

The Guy: "I don't wanna go in there with you, but I could get the door if you want."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Any traffic through the back lot?"

The Guy: "Not tonight, it's probably the only other way to enter this place."

The Guy: "Not last night either."

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Even drugrunners take a weekend." He weakly jokes.

The Guy: "They seem all in there huddled up. I definitely heard an arguement upstairs."

The Guy: He looks at your gear. "Man, I don't even wanna ask."

The Guy: "Are we done here?"

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It's like you said. Deep shit."

The Guy: "Right. Flash me a light if you need my help, but I will NOT go in."

Handler: All of you get a sinking feeling in your stomach.

Handler: The desert night air makes you nauseous.

Handler: This is the terminus.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Are the NVGs in the suburban helmet-worn or harness-worn?

Handler: Helmet. You don't have the IR lasers to aim down with them, just so you know. And the street lights are pretty bright.

Handler: Any other questions?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Nothing from me.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Nope.

Handler: LOADING. Will take a couple minutes.

Handler: May 10, 2008. 2000. Tough as Nails Nail Salon. Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Handler: You've all made it past the garbage dock and you're now lined up against the wall at the back door.

Handler: It gave no resistance against a boltcutter.

Handler: It's time to act.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon motions for the rest of the gang to follow him as he pushes up.

Handler: There's a metal door in front of you.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Oh nevermind.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will try the handle to see if it's unlocked.

SA Michael M. McCannon: It could just be open.

Handler: Negative.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Noticing the door, Cliff signals ahead to split around it.

Handler: There's not a whole lot of space to pile up against the other side.

Handler: You need this door open. Now.

SA Doug Moore: Well... What other option do we have but explosives?

Handler: Lockpicking? The guy is watching you from a block away.

SA Frank Earle: Richard could try picking it for one.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We could halligan it open if there's good clearance between the frame and the door.

Handler: Halligan won't be silent. McCannon will flash a light at the guy to come get this shit.

Handler: Is that okay?

SA Michael M. McCannon: YES.

The Guy: The Guy rolls Failure -> 87 (Rolling Craft (Lockpicking) Target: 10%)

Handler: His target was actually 60%, but it's still a fail.

Handler: The door lock jams open. No way to keep it shut now.

Handler: You may move in.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: The smell of sex and drugs is overwhelming.

Handler: You're in a disgusting shit pile.

Handler: Continue.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah, we're definitely going to have to kill everyone.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon pushes into the room checking corners.

Handler: This room is positively empty.

Handler: Everyone seems to be doing their own thing.

Handler: This is not recommended.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Do we know what those double doors lead into?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff signals to pile up on McCannon.

Handler: Most likely the mentioned room with the staircase.

SA Frank Earle: He points to the back room.

SA Frank Earle: The one he's looking at.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's finish the ground floor, in that case, yes.

Handler: This door most likely opens up to the nail salon hall.

SA Frank Earle: Ahh.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff signals for Earle to come to her right.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I assume that part of the business is empty during closing hours.

Whore 4: It was still lit up front.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Pan to Token Speaker might've re-enabled for other people too

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Where's the sound coming from?

Handler: It's not relevant. Do turn it off while you can.

Handler: In the meanwhile, you hear a flushing coming from that small room in the corner.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Then we go clear out the nail salon hall proper first.

Handler: And the running of a sink.

SA Doug Moore: Restroom?

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will try to rush to the side of the door.

Handler: McCannon, you're in time.

SA Michael M. McCannon: And hopefully ambush the fucker who comes out of there.

Handler: The door opens.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: A fat Asian dude stumbles out.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff crouches behind the shelves.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: He looks at you and is frozen like a deer in headlights.

Handler: He is MUCH bigger than you, McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Interesting considering I have a gun pointed at his face.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Shut the fuck up and hands up, bubba."

SA Michael M. McCannon: "Get on your knees."

Handler: He will roll for Fight or Flight.

Handler: 1= fight.

Handler: 1

Handler: HE'S REACHING FOR YOUR RIFLE!

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will attempt to dodge back and flip it around to rifle butt him in the head.

Handler: Roll Melee, at a 20%.

SA Michael M. McCannon: +?

Handler: +20%.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 60 (Rolling Melee Weapons Target: 50% (30%+20%))

Handler: By the way before you confuse it fire types are single-short burst-long burst.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You dodge him, but can't get in range for a proper heavy swing.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: "COPS ARE HEREEEEEE!!!"

Handler: There goes your stealth.

SA Doug Moore: At this point enough time has passed that someone should PROBABLY step in and deck the guy.

SA Doug Moore: But so much for that.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Doug, Finnegan, Cliff and Earle need to go up the stairs. In that order.

SA Doug Moore: On it.

SA Frank Earle: Frank opens fire on the tubby Chinaman.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Cliff, that makes you the backup team lead if Finnegan dies.

Handler: Fire type? Then roll Firearms.

SA Frank Earle: Short burst to chest.

SA Doug Moore: We're moving out right after the tub of lard drops.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 38 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: You get a +20% from your HOLO sight and foregrip by the way

Handler: Roll Lethality damage.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 35 (8 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For M4 +HLO+GRP+SLN+FLT Target: 10)

Handler: He takes 8 damage to his unarmored...

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Torso.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Torso Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to move to the northeastern corner of the room

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: He falls back on his ass, somehow still alive.

SA Doug Moore: That works.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: McCannon, contexting DEX roll.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: If he wins, he gets to DRAW.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 57 (Rolling DEX Target: 85%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: Tong Shukoran Thug 5 rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 88 (Rolling DEX Target: 50%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: His reach is too slow for you!

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon blasts this guy.

Whore 4: You know the drill.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Single shot.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Do I get any bonus?

Handler: You also have a HOLO and foregrip.

Handler: Short burst: 20%+

Handler: To be honest, you have every upper hand you could need.

Handler: This is not a fight, it's an execution.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: Tong Shukoran Thug 5 rolls 1d6 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Head Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yeah I just let him have the pink mist treatment.

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: The bullet goes in through his forehead and out the back. He's dead.

SA Doug Moore: Ok team we should GO

SA Doug Moore: Does Doug open the door now?

SA Doug Moore: He does.

SA Frank Earle: He flips back around to the rest of the squad.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David whispers, "BItch spotted."

Whore 1: 10

Whore 2: 10

Whore 3: 10

Whore 4: 10

Tong Shukoran Thug 5: 10

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: 15

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: 11

SA Michael M. McCannon: 17

SA Richard J. Finnegan: 12

SA Frank Earle: 12

SA Doug Moore: 12

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 10

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: 14

Handler: Turn 1.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: ACT!

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon wants to get to that door where Moore is standing so he can start snatching every motherfucker birthday in there.

Handler: No roll, go.

Handler: It's already open.

Handler: Do you enter?

Handler: I guess not.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Not yet, but he'll shoot the first bitch he sees. This needs to look authentic, so it doesn't matter if it's a gang member or hanger on.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll form up on McCannon.

Handler: Go.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I see a bitch.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: He takes partial cover behind the metal shelves and takes aim at the double doors. Presumably Tong thugs will be coming down here any second now.

Handler: McCannon. You hesitate at the last moment of executing an innocent. The gun is still trained on the whore in front of you.

Handler: Move, Earle.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Everyone else seems to be occupying the fatal funnel to the best of their abilities, so I'll go take some cover and watch the double doors proned out.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: All Doug sees at the moment are women. There's a little bell ringing in his head, acting as reminder that there's probably still steps of escalation to be taken.

SA Doug Moore: Are any of the BITCHES visibly armed?

Handler: No, they are just sitting at their tables doing stuff.

Handler: None of them have a gun you can see.

SA Doug Moore: Very chill about it too, I bet.

SA Doug Moore: Then Doug goes with the classic.

SA Doug Moore: He steps forward a few feet, getting away form the doorway. "HANDS UP! ON THE FLOOR!"

Handler: Move in.

Handler: The girls are panicking and trashing. You don't understand a thing.

Handler: David.

Handler: David is lost in thought.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will step in and see if he can find a male of the species in that room and shoot THEM first.

Handler: No need to roll Alertness. There are no thugs in this room.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Push in.

Handler: Even if there were, there's nowhere to hide from this angle.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I want to move in and cuff one of the whores.

Handler: You do so. She doesn't resist the zipcuff.

Handler: This one.

Handler: You feel like this is a waste of time.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: He maintains aim on the double doors ready to shoot the first person who opens them.

Handler: You're aiming at the doors behind cover.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Move up to the double doors so that people can stack up on him when we inevitably move through these doors.

Handler: Accomplished.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Doug swivels a bit. He wants to take aim at the only other immediate obvious entrance to the room as well. Any position he can get to in a turn that still allows for cover? One of those desks?

Handler: Not against that door.

Handler: This is a bad angle.

SA Doug Moore: Absolutely awful.

SA Doug Moore: Then, any closest available cover?

Handler: Waist height right next to you.

SA Doug Moore: Take me there, Handler.

Handler: You're already there.

Handler: The door opens, Earle.

Handler: Contesting DEX Roll.

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: Tong Shukoran Thug 2 rolls Success -> 51 (Rolling DEX Target: 55%)

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling DEX Target: 60%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: You have the shot. Aimed bonus.

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: Call a bodypart for 60% or let it rip at 80%.

SA Frank Earle: LONG BURST!

Handler: That will be a 70% with no bodyparts called.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 69 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Lethality.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 49 (13 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For M4 +HLO+GRP+SLN+FLT Target: 10)

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: Tong Shukoran Thug 2 rolls 1d10 -> 10 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: You draw a line of gunfire from his upper torso towards his face.

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: A few bullets lose their bite on his soft vest but the remaining connects with the skull.

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: He is dead. He falls backwards like a felled tree.

SA Frank Earle: "THEY'RE COMING!"

Tong Shukoran Thug 2: The whores continue panicking.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "WHAT! WHO?"

Handler: David.

SA Frank Earle: "WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK?!"

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David will maintain this corner.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Entering in the room would be a mistake now.

Handler: Earle, from where you stand, this guy was the only one "coming" towards you.

Handler: Finnegan, you're hearing indeterminate screaming in Chinese.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Pass turn, I aim down the doorway.

Handler: Earle, you can communicate that to David.

Handler: Someone needs to go in this fucking place. You can't camp this angle forever.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I head down the doorway.

Handler: Any further down?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I signal 'clear'

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I take position in this corner.

Handler: McCannon

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon shouts at the whores to get the fuck out of here in clear English as he pushes to the door to north, assuming it opens to the same angle David and Earle are holding.

Handler: They begin running outside.

Handler: It opens right next to David.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll move up.

Handler: You can take off the ziptie for free, it was a bit awkward.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Alright.

Handler: It comes off with no effort. Move.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Noticing the number of whores inside, Cliff quickly takes the cuffs off the whore.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: Before he follows the others upstairs he attempts to take this shelf down and use it to barricade the otherwise wide-open back entrance.

Handler: It's pretty lightweight. Free action. You can move.

Handler: You walk over the corpse of the young man.

Handler: He did not suffer one second.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's time to get ready for the staircase with the other two in the room. How can we all move "together"?

Handler: You move one by one by coordinating.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Alright, I'll push as far as the next double doors.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We're leapfrogging it.

Handler: Go on.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Any hope of Doug making it to where the others are preparing to go in one turn?

Handler: Yes.

Handler: It's pretty short.

SA Doug Moore: So he does that.

SA Frank Earle: He points to that mystery room to the right and then to Doug as though to say 'Throw a pipe-bomb down this motherfucker"

Handler: Move.

Handler: Throwing pipe bombs in rooms you don't know the contents of? That's some real SWAT shit.

Handler: Is that as far as you go?

SA Doug Moore: Yes. Against Doug's better judgment, no pipe bombs. Yet.

Handler: The whores are leaving one by one.

Handler: As the one Cliff just ziptied leaves...

Handler: You hear some intense Chinese yelling from above.

Handler: HOLY FUCK!

Handler: She is DEAD!

SA Frank Earle: "What the fuck?!"

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I head down to cover the angle for Finnegan.

Handler: Move up.

Handler: You see no one from here.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon pushes in to take point.

Handler: You can move ahead of everyone, it's your job.

Handler: How far?

SA Michael M. McCannon: I guess into the lounge butchery area.

Handler: Guys the door is already open and you're stacking up for NOTHING in there.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I move as far as I can.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'll move step by step.

Handler: Go forth.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: any more?

Handler: You can continue.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: Like before he takes cover in the corner to hold those double-doors in front of him.

Handler: Right.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: There's enough manpower in there, I'll get up on the right side and push the door open.

Handler: You do so.

Handler: No one from this angle.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Right, nothing behind those double doors, as established?

Handler: Nothing yet.

SA Doug Moore: 'Yet'. Well, that's unimportant.

SA Doug Moore: Doug continues down that hallway.

Handler: Go.

Handler: The room seems clear.

Handler: You can see the light of the staircase from here.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I head down into the room.

Handler: Move.

Handler: That far?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'd go farther if possible.

Handler: It is.

Handler: McCannon

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon go further in the room like a Tcho-Tcho seeking missile.

Handler: Looks like you've found what you sought.

Handler: Contested DEX Roll.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling DEX Target: 85%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling DEX Target: 75%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: You manage to jump back into cover by a hairs length.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls Failure -> 72 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: You're not Suppressed.

Handler: You're in half cover, crouching up to your torso behind that table.

Handler: He's going to move a bit aside his tipped table cover to finish you.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Modifiers: foregrip, short burst at 40

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 66 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Bullets whizz past you.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Roll SUPPRESSION.

SA Michael M. McCannon: What's the roll?

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: POWx5.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 30 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

Handler: YOU'RE NOT SUPPRESSED.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I can see him.

Handler: You need to move up for a shot.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Can I move up here and shoot?

Handler: You can move and shoot at a -10% for walk.

Handler: No, just a bit towards McCannon.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Alright.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff carefully walks out from the corner, starting to shoot just as she sees the man..

Handler: You can do bursts, or single.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 19 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Shot type?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Burst.

Handler: A short burst on 20% is a hit. However, he is behind partial cover (table).

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls 1d10 -> 7 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Roll Damage. Not lethality.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: 5

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: He takes a 1hp graze.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: With three people in the room beside him Frank figures it safe to cover the corridor with Richard and Doug.

Handler: You do so.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's go up the stairs.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: you're not going up the stairs like that

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Are the stairs the part on the left or the right?

Handler: its right next to you just allign

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh there we go.

SA Frank Earle: Frank points to the double doors that they surely need to clear beforehand.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan mutters that there's three males unaccounted for, at least one is upstairs. so... He'll watch the staircase from a dead angle.

Handler: FINNEGAN.

Handler: ROLL ALERTNESS.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: From this angle, you see the barrel of an AKM pointing from upstairs. At you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh, Jesus Christ and Mary.

Handler: However, you're a really difficult shot from this place.

Handler: 74

Handler: You get hit insubstantially on your plate. It did connect.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Ouch.

Handler: Oh, also, since that was a kill zone attack, roll POWx5 for Suppression.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Where is it on the sheet

Handler: Stats.

Handler: Roll POW.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 79 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

SA Michael M. McCannon: khoka is back

Handler: You're SUPPRESSED.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Assuming the topology of the staircase is on our side, this is absolutely the time for a pipe bomb.

SA Doug Moore: Any possibility of getting one up there without ridding all of us with shrapnel?

Handler: You don't know how to make that throw. You aren't even in the sightline of the fucking staircase.

Handler: Try getting in there maybe?

SA Doug Moore: That would be a good first step, yes.

SA Doug Moore: And now?

Handler: Roll SUPPRESSION.

SA Doug Moore: Ah. There it is.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 51 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Handler: You keep it together. That one couldn't hit you if it tried.

Handler: You get a nice view of the staircase, but to get close to it...

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I head down the wall and peek around.

Handler: Go forth.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: David says, "Two doors."

Handler: You have partial cover against him. But since entering partial cover is an action, it's not a shot.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon wants to snatch this motherfucker's birthday and blast this fool into the afterlife.

Handler: Great description, now say something useful (shot type, called bodypart, YOU KNOW.)

SA Michael M. McCannon: Short burst, torso.

Handler: You're looking at a -30% with no aiming.

Handler: Calling it might be the rough part.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Might as well do it for the suppression.

Handler: If you don't call it, you're looking at -10% and a large chance to hit torso anyway.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Then I don't call the torso.

Handler: Throw.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 46 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40% (50%-10%))

Handler: The cover wins.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls Success -> 48 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: ...He's not suppressed.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Your life reels before your eyes, McCannon.

Handler: But then, he changes his mind. Cliff doesn't have any cover to speak of, and can be shot at.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Too bad this may be how you get to live.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 55 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: -CLICK!

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: His gun is dry. He is taking the turn to reload.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Cliff first jumps at the click, but she reels herself back in once she notices she's still alive.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: She focuses and aims.

Handler: You're now aiming. Is that it?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 25 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: You're either shooting without aiming or aiming without shooting.

Handler: Either way, that short burst will connect. And next time CALL YOUR SHOT TYPE PLEASE.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls 1d10 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: The table covers it. Roll Damage.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: 10

Handler: He gets hit in the left arm for 4.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Arm Minor Wounds (3,4 Dmg) table)

Handler: It deeply grazes his shoulder.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling CON Target: 75%)

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: "GET HIM!"

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: He resists the stun.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: EARLE, DOUG, ALERTNESS.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 52 (Rolling Alertness Target: 40%)

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 100 (Rolling Alertness Target: 60%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: The door behind you crashes open.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Doug, you are UNAWARE.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tong Shukoran Thug 1 rolls 1d10 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tong Shukoran Thug 1 rolls Failure -> 86 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: 7

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Your back ESAPI shatters. You are hit.

Handler: Roll POW.

SA Doug Moore: "Ah-- FUCK!"

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Handler: The adrenaline overwhelms the scare.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: Turns around and unloads. Long burst no body part aimed at.

Handler: Long burst would be a -10% on top of an additional -20% for doing a literal 180 and shooting at someone you noticed way too late.

SA Frank Earle: Then short burst.

Handler: That ship has sailed.

SA Frank Earle: Got it.

Handler: Roll Firearms.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 47 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Miss.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tong Shukoran Thug 1 rolls Failure -> 97 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: He dives into partial cover.

Handler: Finnegan. He's got partial cover against you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: What's between me and him, drywall?

Handler: A suppression effect.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Short burst, no body part.

Handler: POW roll to clear it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Handler: Regular success. In this context, where that machinegunner is not visible, you get to act.

Handler: Between you is... you don't know actually. It might be brick.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No problem. I'll shoot at whatever's exposed, he's in partial cover. Maybe a stray will go through.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Short burst, no body part, good?

Handler: Throw at no penalty.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 33 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Throw damage.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: 5

Handler: That's six damage. Three is stopped by drywall, leading to a serious wound in the...

Handler: For your critical success, call the bodypart.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Right arm.

Handler: Actually, hold on. You did five damage, multiplied by critsuccess, that would be a 7 after the drywall reduction. That's still a serious wound.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Arm Serious Wounds (5,6,7 Dmg) table)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tong Shukoran Thug 1 rolls Success -> 79 (Rolling CON Target: 85%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tough motherfucker. He eats the bullet.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: He then...

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tong Shukoran Thug 1 rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: He's staying right where he is.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Alright, plan still on track. What superhuman effort of will would it take Doug to chuck a pipe bomb all elbow-deep in there up that staircase?

Handler: You could probably sneak into that crevice with an Athletics or Sneaking roll and prepare to send it.

SA Doug Moore: I absolutely want to jump out at a guy who has an AKM trained on me. YES.

SA Doug Moore: I want to try Athletics

Handler: Roll. No modifiers.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Failure -> 54 (Rolling Athletics Target: 40%)

Handler: You make it there, but with your shit intact?

Handler: POW roll, go.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Failure -> 86 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

SA Doug Moore: My shit is irresolute.

Handler: You barely manage to huddle to the corner. The shooting ceased.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: What's the guy behind the table looking like? Is he in deep cover?

Handler: Partial cover, head and arms exposed.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll shoot my shot.

Handler: Okay. You do get a +20% for shot, but your gun has no AP.

Handler: Just hit it, we'll calculate.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 21 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Roll Damage.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 9

Handler: 9-4 for cover and 3 for his soft vest, that's 2 points of damage.

Handler: THIS GUY IS ON A FUCKING ROLL, YOU ARE RUNNING OUT OF SECOND CHANCES.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: McCannon

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Finish this.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: How is a flimsy ass table blocking so much damage?

SA Michael M. McCannon: I WILL BE SHOOTING HIM WITH SHORT BURST NO CALL.

Handler: It's a metal table and he is using buckshot.

Handler: Roll with no penalties.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 82 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: The table should be fucked up by now.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: This one will definitely take a life.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Cliff, you are still completely uncovered and eating a short burst.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 44 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Oh?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: Is it?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: When the GM fucking hates you but you love Allah

Handler: He's not finished reloading, apparently. But he is diving in full cover now.

Handler: Cliff.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: He has an action to cover after shooting?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: And I am uncovered all this time?

Handler: YES!

Handler: He's currently invisible behind the table.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I'm throwing a molotov cocktail.

Handler: Athletics.

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 13 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Handler: Handler rolls 2d8k1 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Slow Projectile Deviation table)

Handler: ...

Handler: The dice has concurred.

Handler: Cliff, you take out a molotov from your bag and light the rag on fire.

Handler: It quickly engulfs the corner in flame.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: "HU- HIYAAAH!!"

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls Failure -> 98 (Rolling DEX Target: 75%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: He gets out of cover in panic and goes against the corner.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: He's about to be emblazed.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: The thug still has one of his hands.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Hopefully he's a righty.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: He actually happens to have experience shooting with an offhand.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Tong Shukoran Thug 1 rolls Failure -> 31 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Handler: A couple shots pop towards your direction.

Handler: They all miss, but you have no cover.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: You can't see his head from here, just one extended hand.

SA Frank Earle: What would it take to run and gun this guy?

Handler: Definitely a sprint towards where he is aiming that comes with a -20.

SA Frank Earle: Fuck it I do that

Handler: Go on and roll, if you short burst that should be a 10% chance.

SA Frank Earle: Short burst towards no bodypart in particular.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Success -> 17 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: That's a miss. No effect.

Handler: You had a 10% chance to run up there and pin him in time, your fat ass is moving quick.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Am I entirely out of the staircase gunner's line of sight right here?

Handler: From where you stand, yes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If I shimmy to the right side of the room, can I take the -10% movement penalty but overcome his cover?

Handler: The angle is bad. You'd have to break out into a sprint and miss like Earle. But your weapon has a good chance of penetrating the wall.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Sure, I'll take a stationary short burst at no particular part.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 75 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Roll Damage.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: 14

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: The heavy bullets leave numerous holes on the wall.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: Behind it, you hear screaming.

Tong Shukoran Thug 1: "AARGH!!!"

Handler: He falls on the floor with a thud.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "STAY DEAD, MOTHERFUCKER!"

Handler: He won't be getting up any time soon.

Handler: Doug. You're suppressed.

SA Doug Moore: Best get rid of this first.

Handler: POW.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 21 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Handler: Cleared. Spend a WP and act.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If you throw a bomb up that staircase, there's a real chance we won't be able to access the second floor.

SA Doug Moore: So, Richard just got rid of that guy I was planning on tossing a pipe bomb at, is that right?

Handler: THE UPSTAIRS GUY IS STILL UPSTAIRS.

SA Doug Moore: NOTED.

SA Doug Moore: I proceed with the bomb toss anyway. I know what I'm doing.

Handler: Athletics.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 22 (Rolling Athletics Target: 40%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: How deep in cover is this guy now? Still fully behind the table?

Handler: Doug. You light the fuze on the pipe and send it upstairs.

Handler: It tumbles with a heavy thud.

Handler: "HOLY FUCK!!!"

Handler: You can hear VERY panicked running.

Handler: All of your ears ring.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: How deep in cover is this guy here?

Handler: HE'S OUT AND IS ON FIRE.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Oh good.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I turn around and head another way.

Handler: I don't see a reason to deny that request.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: In the meantime I kill the burning effigy.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Short burst, no call.

Handler: Hit it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 21 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Roll Damage. Single.

SA Michael M. McCannon: 6

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Before he dies, he brings the submachine gun at you and lets out one last hail mary.

Handler: 1=McCannon2=Cliff

Handler: 2

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls 1d10 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: 8

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2 rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Leg Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 2: Cliff.

Handler: A bullet hits your very exposed leg.

Handler: It doesn't hurt, for a second or two. And then it hits you.

Handler: Roll CON.

Handler: roll con in the next 25 seconds or im throwing it for you

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: SA Samantha Cliff M.D. rolls Success -> 4 (Rolling CON Target: 50%)

Handler: You fall to the floor right behind McCannon and pass out due to pain.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: Your hearing is still gone. The blast did shake you.

SA Frank Earle: Figuring the man behind the wall incapacitated he turns to the stairs and moves up to take point, as well as he can with his ears screaming bloody murder and all.

Handler: You're moving up the stairs?

Handler: You're not sure if that room is actually clear, by the way.

SA Frank Earle: Okay good point.

SA Frank Earle: He goes through the other room and checks the right.

Handler: Go inside.

Handler: You pop your flashlight on. You can't see the switch here.

Handler: Roll Alertness.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 64 (Rolling Alertness Target: 40%)

Handler: Earle. You have the suspicion that these butchery implements around you are too unclean and these piles of meat are too large in size for deer.

Handler: There are two freezers in front of you.

SA Frank Earle: His curiosity gets the better of him and he opens one.

Handler: You'd like to deny it, but it's hard to say otherwise that it's not a human being with limbs severed and packed tightly into a chest freezer.

Handler: Earle.

Handler: Roll 1d4. Blind.

SA Frank Earle: You can throw a 1d4 to deflect it to your bonds if you wish.

SA Frank Earle: To any specific bond?

SA Frank Earle: No.

SA Frank Earle: Ok I'll do that

Handler: It's meat, all meat, just like the rest of them.

Handler: This floor is clear. It's time to push onwards.

Handler: Cliff is bleeding the fuck out on the floor. McCannon, you're the closest guy with an IFAK and some first aid.

Handler: You're looking to throw at 50%.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Medicine?

Handler: First aid.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 53 (Rolling First Aid Target: 50% (30%+20%))

Handler: You've managed to staunch it for now but it's not looking good.

Handler: You should probably take her somewhere safe before proceeding.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will be dragging her out to the room we cleared previously.

Handler: Right. Moving upstairs, you will proceed in regular order. LOADING.

Handler: Is everyone seeing the second story properly?

SA Samantha Cliff M.D.: I think I'm in a wall

Handler: you're assigned to an observer

Handler: try

Handler: everyone good?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Yes

SA David Grozze Vasmin: It looks good for me.

SA Michael M. McCannon: yes

SA Doug Moore: AFFIRM

Observer - mememet: cant seem to deselect pawn

SA Frank Earle: yea

Observer - mememet: there we go

SA Frank Earle: im good

Observer - mememet: all good now

SA Doug Moore: 12

Whore 5: 10

Dong Xifeng: 16

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: 9

SA Michael M. McCannon: 17

SA Frank Earle: 12

SA Richard J. Finnegan: 12

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 10

Observer: 10

Whore 5: You're upstairs now.

Handler: There's a huge black splotch on the floor where the pipebomb landed.

Handler: It's not visible on the screen but it's about where you're standing.

Handler: You see no bodies.

Handler: He must have ran off.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon signals for someone to cover the doors as he pushes up to the wall to the south and peeks around the corner.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: As soon as you peek out your head...

Dong Xifeng: Dong Xifeng rolls Failure -> 63 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Dong Xifeng: A hail of bullets greet you from down the hall.

Handler: Roll POW.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 66 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

Handler: You can peek out for a shot.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will shoot back like it's a John Woo movie. Short burst, no call.

Handler: You have a 30% chance to succeed that. Plus, he is behind partial cover behind a really thick metal tool cabinet.

SA Michael M. McCannon: So be it.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 46 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30% (50%-20%))

Dong Xifeng: Dong Xifeng rolls Success -> 73 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Dong Xifeng: You don't impress him.

SA Michael M. McCannon: My intention is to kill him, not show him party tricks.

Dong Xifeng: He's wearing a PASGT helmet and a vest. Both surplus, but he sure as shit looks like he knows how to use them.

Handler: McCannon. He is going to aim for your silhouette behind the wall.

Handler: He's braced to lay down fire. No penalties, if it goes through it will have to go through 5 thickness brick walls. His gun reduces that to 2.

Dong Xifeng: Dong Xifeng rolls Success -> 34 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Dong Xifeng: The damage dice is also 1d12+1.

Dong Xifeng: 4

Dong Xifeng: You get hit in the chest. Your plate saves you.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It's a double door in front of me, right?

Handler: Yes.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan motions for Earle to get the other side of the door and takes up a corner position, opens and peeks.

Handler: Finnegan...

Handler: You open the door.

Handler: You see two barrels side by side pointing at you.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: He will fire them AT ONCE.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: At a +20% bonus for AIMING.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1 rolls Failure -> 41 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: IT HITS.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1 rolls 1d10 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: 10

Observer: Finnegan. You are using a KEVLAR SYSTEM, which provides 4 protection to legs.

Handler: You're taking SIX DAMAGE to your LEFT LEG.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Leg Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

Handler: Roll CON.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 21 (Rolling CON Target: 40%)

Handler: You don't feel it, for now, but a pellet or two has made their way through your boot.

Handler: The awesome sound of two barrels exploding while facing directly at you leaves you whiplashed.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Tough. Can I shoot back in this turn?

Handler: No.

Handler: Actually, since you're hit, you need to roll POW.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 21 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Handler: You immediately fall to partial cover behind the wall without losing your shit.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Right. How far can I proceed down that hallway without being put in range of either of the two motherfuckers who were just blasting?

SA Doug Moore: Being able to turn around to even see would be a good first step.

Handler: Both angles are currently covered by gunmen.

Handler: You need to call out what you are doing.

SA Doug Moore: We're alright. Would I be able to attack the Dong Xifeng on this turn?

Handler: Not without an extremely fortunate sprint & gun.

SA Doug Moore: Which would also leave me out of cover?

Handler: Obviously.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Who has all the flashbangs from the cars?

SA Doug Moore: Awful. I just proceed a bit and stack up on the door.

Handler: Earle.

SA Frank Earle: I try lobbing my flashbang into the doorway, hopefully without getting shot.

Handler: You mean the one with the DB guy?

SA Frank Earle: Yeah.

Handler: Athletics.

SA Frank Earle: Oh no.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls Failure -> 36 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

Handler: Handler rolls 2d8k1 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Slow Projectile Deviation table)

Handler: You're too clumsy for this shit.

Handler: The guy sees your flashbang flying and takes cover. He will suffer 1d2 turns of -20%, but otherwise it's ineffective against this particular kind of guy. Particular being military experience.

Handler: 1

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Hm...

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Can I quickly sprint beyond the door?

Handler: Yeah, he's reloading and can't actually shoot back.

Handler: Go.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I want to throw a flashbang to the side of this guy.

Handler: Athletics.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 47 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

Handler: Point out where you want it.

Handler: If he rolls a crit success...

Dong Xifeng: Dong Xifeng rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling DEX Target: 80%)

Dong Xifeng: Just a regular one. He jumps out of the cover and crashes into the room south, going prone and covering his ears.

Handler: You did force him out of his cover, even though he's too good for this party trick BS.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I just make a short burst back at him.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I can lean that, right?

Handler: Yes, at +10% with your foregrip.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 95 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1 rolls Success -> 19 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Ineffective. You didn't get him.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Damn.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: That Dong, he's on the floor, prone, right?

SA Doug Moore: Doug leans into the room and blasts him.

Handler: You're mistaking this guy for the other.

Handler: Dong is the Boss, down south. McCannon flashed him.

Handler: Doug, shot type, called bodypart, etc.

SA Doug Moore: That's great. Who's in this room, that is who I blast.

SA Doug Moore: Single, torso.

Handler: Do you wish to call that? That's a no modifier roll against partial cover.

SA Doug Moore: Maybe, maybe not. I'm wielding a shotgun anyway.

SA Doug Moore: Just let that single shot rip.

Handler: Send it.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

SA Doug Moore: 14

Handler: Damage.

Handler: He has 3 to torso from his soft flak vest and 4 from the box in front of him with a large, industrial carpet cleaning machine in it.

Handler: 7 to chest.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1 rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1 rolls Success -> 16 (Rolling CON Target: 60%)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: One of the pellets make it through, but he's otherwise alive.

SA Frank Earle: He takes the same corner as Doug and attempts to finish him off. Short burst uncalled.

Handler: No modifier.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 99 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: CLICK-

Handler: Earle.

Handler: You need to reload.

SA Frank Earle: "FUCK!"

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Can I peek here?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: OR is finnegan too bulky?

Handler: And then what.

Handler: Finnegan is already occupying that spot, yeah.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll just sit tight here, then.

Handler: Very useful.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We can swap, if that's a move he can take.

Handler: Right, okay, continue. No you can not swap turns.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I meant places

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon assumes the door here leads into the same room Dong ducked into.

Handler: So what?

SA Michael M. McCannon: He will open it and lean in to check where that fucker has scurried off to.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: As soon as you put your hand on the handle and twist it...

Handler: A shot pops off behind the door, right in the center of mass.

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: 5

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: You take a big ass slug to your ESAPI plate, which shatters after this.

Handler: The sheer force knocks you back, but does it stun you?

Handler: CON roll.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 88
(Rolling CON Target: 70%)

Handler: You stumble onto the floor on your ass.

Handler: Remove the plate from your inventory.

Handler: The DB thug is done reloading.

Handler: He is taking aim at...

Handler: Earle, Doug, both of you seem equally opportune to shoot, not being behind ANY cover at all.

Handler: Call it. Heads or tails?

SA Doug Moore: Heads.

SA Frank Earle: Tails.

Handler: Heads: 2Tails: 1As usual.

Handler: 1

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: He is shooting at a +20%.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1 rolls Success -> 4 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: 18

Handler: Earle.

Handler: Your armor melts against the double buck, leaving you to eat 10 Blunt.

Handler: In the torso.

SA Frank Earle: SA Frank Earle rolls 1d6 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Torso Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

SA Frank Earle: Your family jewels are actually intact against the buckshot pellets. The groin guard did stop them, but you're unconscious. You slam back to the wall and then fall on your face flat.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "Holy shit."

Handler: It's obvious to you now that he has got a turn to reload.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is there any conceivable position I could advance to in this room that negates this guy's cover while he's reloading again?

Handler: You can run inside.

Handler: Not much he can do with his hands full.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: True.

Handler: Oh wait, foot.

Handler: I meant powerwalk.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Stumble, walk, whatever.

Handler: Go ahead and move. You can get far enough to see his ass.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Paused

Handler: Go on

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is this sufficient? At marker

Handler: Yeah, enough to take a move and shoot at -10%.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 18 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Fire mode?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Short burst

Handler: Roll LETHALITY.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 89 (17 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For SCAR-H +LPVO +FRG +SLN Target: 10)

Handler: You gun him down in the chest, hitting him over and over again.

Tong Shukoran Lieutenant 1: He's done for.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Right, this guy is so clearly dead.

SA Doug Moore: Doug approaches those obvious double doors.

Handler: Then what?

SA Doug Moore: No idea where that would lead to. Do we have something to go on?

Handler: Are you opening the fucking door or not.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: The barred exterior windows, Doug, probably.

SA Doug Moore: No. My allies need to recuperate.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I will advance and back McCannon up.

Handler: Back him up against what.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: That's a dark hallway.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: can I keep moving?

Handler: Where are you moving.

SA Michael M. McCannon: A guy slugged me in my chest.

Handler: You want to just go after the boss?

SA Michael M. McCannon: From this door.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yes.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I think I'll stay right here for now.

Handler: The guy keeps blasting slugs center of mass, but you're safe from it, being on your ass and all.

Handler: You can tell he'll run out soon. Amateurish.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Unless he has another shotgun.

Handler: You can get back up for free if you succeed a CON check.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 10 (Rolling CON Target: 70%)

Handler: You're up, a bit away from the door.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I want to unleash a long burst through the door holding my rifle pressed against it from the side since this moron just keeps shooting center of mass.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Two can play this game.

Handler: You have enough experience to actually figure out a silhouette from this side.

Handler: Roll at -10%.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Success -> 32 (Rolling Firearms Target: 60% (50%+10%))

Handler: That's a pass.

Handler: Roll damage.

SA Michael M. McCannon: 3

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: Let's see.

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: Tong Shukoran Thug 4 rolls 1d6 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Torso Minor Wounds (3, 4 Dmg) table)

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: He's inexperienced, if he fails a POW roll, he will freak out and get stunned.

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: Tong Shukoran Thug 4 rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling POW Target: 45%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: He's hit, but still up.

Handler: You hear automatic gunfire coming from Xifeng's room.

Handler: It wasn't aimed at you in particular. In fact, you don't know who it was aimed at. But it certainly wasn't a suicide.

Handler: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Doug is the one with the plastic explosive, right?

Handler: Correct.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Taking up cover behind the cabinets, Doug should blow those doors.

SA Doug Moore: Just for posterity - those ARE doors, not windows?

Handler: They are not breaching explosives. You're fairly certain this shit can bring that section of the building into a smouldering crater.

SA Doug Moore: Also, this.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Oh, I thought it was like a lockbuster little charge.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: In that case, move up to the door and throw it open, toss the bomb.

Handler: What are you tossing the bomb against, exactly?

SA Richard J. Finnegan: If it's completely unclear what's beyond when I open it, just stacking, opening and peeking is the move.

Handler: Also, at "toss" distance this shit can blow YOU up with it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: My final answer.

Handler: Move.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Can't get token controls on

Handler: You sure you're not on shape drawing setting

Handler: There you go.

Handler: You peek the door.

Handler: This time, you don't actually see a gun pointing at you.

Handler: Roll Alertness.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 29 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: There is a very oddly shaped puddle of blood on the floor, alongside the overwhelming stench of sweat inside the room.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Well, it's not a surprise, whatever it is.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Doug?

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Doug throws open his half of the doors, just to let the world see all this.

Handler: Trays.

Handler: Hydroponic trays, 3/4th of the way full of water.

Handler: On top of them, floating, thick and meaty flowers.

Handler: There is some grinding and pulverizing equipment around.

Handler: And in those boxes you swear you can see some zip-loc bags leaking out.

Handler: What now?

SA Doug Moore: Take notes to look this over once we're not in an actual active gunfight.

SA Doug Moore: Let's double back and deal with Dong Xifeng

Handler: Your call.

SA Doug Moore: Or MAYBE clear out the room first. Step inside, look around.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: There's another door up here.

SA Doug Moore: How attentive.

Handler: Doug.

Handler: You step into the odd-shaped pool of blood.

Handler: Roll Alertness.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 38 (Rolling Alertness Target: 60%)

Handler: Immediately you notice SMALL HUMAN JAWS protruding from the blood and tugging on your ankles. It's not enough to seriously hurt you, but the bite is firm.

Handler: They are trying to drag you in but failing miserably.

SA Doug Moore: Oh what in the fucking world.

SA Doug Moore: I want to be AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE from whatever this moat of despair is.

Handler: From the corner of the room, something much less magical.

Handler: The source of the sweaty musk.

Chen Jianyu: "HAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Chen Jianyu: He is SURPRISE ATTACKING you with a JIAN.

SA Doug Moore: "Wh--"

Chen Jianyu: Chen Jianyu rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling Melee Weapons Target: 70%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Looks like he found a gap in your armor.

Chen Jianyu: 7

Chen Jianyu: He stabs you with a sword for 5 damage, with your armor being irrelevant due to a surprise attack.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

Handler: Right in the GUTS.

Handler: Throw CON.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Failure -> 64 (Rolling CON Target: 45%)

Handler: FUCK! That HURTS! You're STUNNED.

Handler: As he screams uncontrollably, you notice that the man is bleeding profusely from his mouth and his tongue is CUT.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I hear the screams but I'm split between not letting McCannon alone and rushing off to help .

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Hmm...

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll push the door open, but first I'll point questioningly at it and ask McCannon.

Handler: Doug, correction, you take 7 damage from his stab but your wound is the same.

SA Doug Moore: He also gets a +2 from his roider freak strength.

Handler: Does McCannon say yes or no to the door?

SA Doug Moore: Am I ever glad to know.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Go ahead.

SA Michael M. McCannon: The dude probably repositioned.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Sure. I'll close up and open it and see what I see.

Handler: You open the door. You can see him aiming at you.

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: Tong Shukoran Thug 4 rolls Success -> 26 (Rolling Firearms Target: 30%)

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: That's a shot to the torso, through the wall. If the wall allows it.

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: 11

Handler: Your plate carrier does what it's designed for and stops the slug in its tracks.

Handler: It was a good idea to bring this stuff.

Handler: Roll POW.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: SA David Grozze Vasmin rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling POW Target: 80%)

Handler: You're not suppressed.

SA Doug Moore: averagejoe22 is back

Handler: He is out of ammo and will need to reload.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Will be LONG BURSTING the THUG if he is in the same position.

Handler: He is, but from where you stand, he is in partial cover.

Handler: Actually, he is literally running dry.

Handler: You're sure you got his ass now.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Do I just hit an unmodified firearms roll?

Handler: You can walk up and destroy him.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Yes but there is the OTHER DUDE.

Handler: What other dude?

Handler: There's a wall dividing those rooms.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Did I see it?

SA Michael M. McCannon: It's hard to tell with the FOV.

Handler: David certainly did.

Handler: He signalled it, you know.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Alright, I walk in and eviscerate the Tcho Tcho.

Handler: Unmodified firearms roll.

SA Michael M. McCannon: SA Michael M. McCannon rolls Failure -> 79 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Actually, his turn is so far back, let's just make this fast.

Handler: Again, execution style like the fat guy downstairs. He does not have much of a recourse against you.

Handler: You gun him down. He eats shit on the spot and dies before he hits the floor.

Handler: You need to reload now.

Handler: You hear Dong reciting... something?

Dong Xifeng: "---ANAC!!"

Handler: Doug.

Handler: This is now a melee fight. Although unfair, you can counterattack. And counter-shoot too.

SA Doug Moore: Richard is not in the picture?

Handler: Richard is lagging behind you. He's still trying to comprehend the fucking jaws rising out of the floor.

SA Doug Moore: I do not like my chances whatsoever.

Chen Jianyu: Chen Jianyu rolls Failure -> 87 (Rolling Melee Weapons Target: 50%)

Chen Jianyu: Decide on your counter-action.

SA Doug Moore: Let's see, what does counter-shoot at point blank range get me?

Chen Jianyu: With this gun, it's looking like Firearms at 30%.

Chen Jianyu: You might be able to block him though.

Chen Jianyu: That would be a Melee roll.

SA Doug Moore: No. Not doing that. I strike him with the butt of the shotgun and hope he DIES.

SA Doug Moore: As in, melee counterattack.

Handler: You have about as much melee as he does, and Finnegan is right behind you.

SA Doug Moore: I meant what I said.

Handler: Let's see. Roll Melee.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling Melee Weapons Target: 50%)

Handler: Incredible. You shoved his sword off your face and managed to get a strike.

Handler: Throw a 1d8+1 for your damage.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 9 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: You rolled a 2+1.

SA Doug Moore: Uh... Yeah.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Arm Minor Wounds (3,4 Dmg) table)

Chen Jianyu: The man-tank is still standing strong, but the lamellar vest and the replica Chinese helmet doesn't extend to his wrist.

Chen Jianyu: You got him pretty good on it too.

Chen Jianyu: On a 2, the sword slips from his hand.

Chen Jianyu: 1

Chen Jianyu: He's holding onto it.

Chen Jianyu: Finnegan.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan shambles around the corner to put bullet after bullet into the swordsman.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Is long burst the same penalty at this range?

Handler: At this range and getup it looks like things are in your favor. No penalties.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 43 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Roll LETHALITY

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 44 (8 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For SCAR-H +LPVO +FRG +SLN Target: 10)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 4 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: You hit him for 8 damage in the torso. The vest does jack shit against the 7.62 Ball.

Handler: Handler rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Torso Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

Handler: You hit him in the base of the spine, where it connects to the pelvis. He is on the floor and reaching for a pistol in his waistband.

Handler: He's NOT DEAD.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Holy fuck.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Well, finish him off, clearly!

SA Doug Moore: Shotgun to head automatikally.

Handler: 60%, easy for you to aim quick against a man on the floor.

Handler: If you miss, though.

SA Doug Moore: I don't have time to think about that.

SA Doug Moore: Unmodified Firearms?

Handler: firearms at 60%

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Failure -> 71 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: Doug...

Handler: You are off balance and bleeding from the stomach, you actually miss it. Even with the incredible advantage stacked on your side.

Handler: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'm walking in the room McCannon just went in.

Handler: Then what?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Did McCannon execute this guy yet?

Handler: He's dead.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Can I run and gun him with my shotgu-

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Right, very nice

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I see the room cleared and I head back out.

Handler: ...

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Is there anything here?

Handler: I will not refuse that but it's obvious to me you people don't know what a cleared room means.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yeah, you leave the room.

Handler: Finnegan, roll Alertness.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 18 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Handler: That door up north, you just saw the handle being forced followed by the sound of a key being inserted.

Handler: Whoever is inside is trying to leave.

Handler: McCannon.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon will be heading out and to the east to stack up on the door there.

Handler: You can hear the gibberish more clearly from here.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Am I supposed to have a pipebomb in my inventory?

Handler: "-OLONAC -TWA"

Handler: Yes, you do.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Oh, perfect, I want to blow that faggot up.

Handler: The distance covered and fishing out a pipe bomb is barely enough for a turn.

Chen Jianyu: Chen is going to aim for your Head on the ground with a small Ruger .22 hammerless revolver, despite the unlikely nature of it.

Chen Jianyu: Chen Jianyu rolls Failure -> 84 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Chen Jianyu: Miss.

Chen Jianyu: However, a gun went off pure inches away from your eyeballs, Doug.

Chen Jianyu: Roll POW.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 2 (Rolling POW Target: 75%)

Chen Jianyu: It went over your head, literally and figuratively.

Chen Jianyu: David. You can hear extremely heavy breathing come out of the small room inside the larger room you're in front of.

Handler: Finnegan.

Handler: The door is still being jimmied with.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Can I reload and shoot on the same turn?

Handler: With a DEX.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 71 (Rolling DEX Target: 60%)

Handler: You're just not fast enough to drop the hammer.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Commitment.

Handler: Doug.

SA Doug Moore: Blast him. Fucking blast him. Hell, Doug is very nearly about to collapse but he needs to get this shot off.

Handler: 80%. Go ahead.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "SHOOT HIM AGAIN!"

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 33 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: His brains are blown out in the soup container called his helmet.

Chen Jianyu: Half of the reason why you're here is dealt with.

SA Doug Moore: "Huughh--" This is getting too much for Doug. But we're not done.

Tong Shukoran Thug 4: David.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Which door exactly was I hearing that breathing from?

Handler: Small room down south.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Down this room?

Handler: YES

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Fuuuck....

SA David Grozze Vasmin: My overly curious nature takes the best of me and I head in.

Handler: The noise gets louder as you approach the door.

Handler: There is obviously someone inside.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I stop and ready myself to shoot whatever is behind, I'll open it next turn.

Handler: Then you'll be aiming at them for a 80% with shot ammo.

Handler: The door opens.

Handler: The guy pops a few shots and quickly retreats back to cover.

Handler: Finnegan, POWx5.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

Handler: You're unfazed.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Did I see them?

Handler: Yes.

Handler: McCannon

SA Michael M. McCannon: Pipebomb that fucker and his ritual.

Handler: McCannon.

Handler: You light the pipe bomb.

Handler: Right before you throw it...

Handler: It's snuffed out, like a candle.

Handler: The fuze is seeping wet with blood.

Handler: You're too late.

Handler: All of you hear the Earth shake and the hairs raising behind the backs of your necks.

Handler: Your stomach sinks and you get the overwhelming urge to run. But this far in, all of you can shove it off without much thought.

Handler: Inhuman noises are coming from inside the room. The self-mutilation is complete.

Handler: Finnegan, you're ready to shoot back.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Absolutely.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: No area, short burst.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: SA Richard J. Finnegan rolls Failure -> 98 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 10 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: The bullet flew pretty close to his head. He is suppressed, but alive.

Handler: Doug, you're aware of what's going on behind you and the jaws no longer tug at your legs.

SA Doug Moore: Might get a move on. If able. Am I really going to be any help to whatever is going on there a tthis point?

SA Doug Moore: Scratch that. Time to move.

Handler: The distance to shoot back at what Finnegan is shooting at is a matter of one step. You can take it with no penalty.

Handler: At a 60% uncalled. And from this angle, only a filmsy door is between you.

SA Doug Moore: I take it. What is he shooting at, by the by?

Handler: Some fucking guy inside that room.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 30 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Handler: Firearms, then damage.

SA Doug Moore: 12

Handler: Handler rolls 1d10 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: You hit him dead center of mass with shot for 11 damage, 1 negated by the door.

Handler: He has 10hp. He is DEAD.

SA Doug Moore: They just keep coming.

Handler: David.

Handler: You may open the door now.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: "Huh."

Handler: It's a guy inside, holding a fire axe over his head.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I shoot.

Handler: "YAAAAAHH!!"

Handler: 80%, go.

Handler: 53

Tong Shukoran Thug 6: Tong Shukoran Thug 6 rolls 1d10 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Handler: Damage.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: 3

Handler: You multiply damage by two for a surprise attack.

Tong Shukoran Thug 6: Tong Shukoran Thug 6 rolls 1d6 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

Handler: You got him dead center.

Tong Shukoran Thug 6: Tong Shukoran Thug 6 rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling CON Target: 55%)

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Beautiful.

Handler: He sags onto the floor and succumbs into a coma.

Handler: He won't need another bullet to die this way.

Handler: The fire axe tumbles next to him.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I grab it with my other hand, maybe it'll come to use busting through doors or whatnot.

Handler: It's not exactly something you can pocket.

Handler: Besides, you have a feeling that your job here is almost done.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Who else had molotovs?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Then I'll just turn around and head around.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I have a molotov left.

Handler: Right.

Handler: The turns are dissolving.

Handler: Finnegan, Doug. It's all before you.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: He looks at Doug. "When this building explodes, this needs to be the epicenter." He gestures with his rifle towards the hydroponics.

SA Doug Moore: "Oh. Oh... I was thinking the exact same."

SA Doug Moore: "Suppose you look around first? What's in those... huff... fucking pods..?"

Handler: It doesn't take a genius to realize, these flowers are obviously mutated in some form. They are full of veins, bulging with mass.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: "It looks like the old man didn't lie." Finnegan checks the last room they were shooting into.

Handler: Earle, you can move your token freely although you're dead to observe.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Checking Earle for signs of life is the next move once we're done with that side room.

Handler: I meant KO not dead.

Handler: Same with cliff.

Handler: Earle is still alive, just knocked out from trauma. He's made out of tough shit.

Handler: Probably a few broken ribs.

SA Doug Moore: Sam? What state is Sam in? Wasn't the first floor of this building set on fire about... eight minutes ago?

Handler: The side room is full of cash and ledgers.

Handler: Not much else immediately visible.

Handler: Unless you pop a Search.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Can we hear sirens, yet? Morbid question.

Handler: Matter of fact, in distance.

Handler: Automatic gunfire for half an hour in the hood, yeah, they are on the way.

SA Michael M. McCannon: I think we have to remember the fact that the EVIL RITUAL was just completed.

SA Michael M. McCannon: So let's put some hustle into it baby.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: We might want to molotov this shithole and escape

Handler: McCannon. The noise behind the door turned into something like the gurgling of a stomach.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Let's drag Earle downstairs so we can at least get them into the car and turn this building into a smoking carcass.

SA Doug Moore: You're telling us the pipebomb fuse is drenched in blood, McCannon? Are we sure this exact thing won't happen to a molotov, also?

Handler: You still need to confirm that guys death you know.

Handler: You'll have enough time to get the incapacitated into the car and the evidence out, it's expedited.

Handler: I'm taking Doug is currently setting up the lab to demolish it.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: I also have another bomb I could always toss in that general direction.

SA Doug Moore: Okay then let's turn to our friends Plastic Explosive and Exploding-Bridgewire Electric Detonator Assembly

Handler: You have more than enough explosive and incendiary to destroy this place, but for the drug bust to work, it must be done with calculation.

SA Doug Moore: First floor is going up in flames, this will be tough.

Handler: Doug, demolition, blind. Finnegan is just done with squirting some foam bandage on top of your gash.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: That's easy: We're using this upstairs room where I got shot in. Drag two more bodies in. The meth and some cash is going up here.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: It was a deal gone bad. Who knows.

SA Doug Moore: The black-lotus-meat-flower pods have to go 100%, so Doug can probably figure out a way to set it so that at least some of what is obviously the offices of an Asian gang operation remains in the rubble.

Handler: Hit the roll.

SA Doug Moore: SA Doug Moore rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling Demolitions Target: 40%)

Handler: You're fairly sure you'll achieve what you want here.

Handler: Now.

Handler: McCannon, David.

Handler: Act.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon asks if David can get that molotov lit.

Handler: Is David and Finnegan joining in this?

SA David Grozze Vasmin: Yes, where do I throw it?

Handler: Of course you can get it lit, you got lighters.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Finnegan is moving props for the crime scene.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Just toss it in the evil room, preferably without looking into it.

Handler: Very well.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I light the 'tov. and ready it.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I'll throw it.

Handler: The molotov is lit on your hand.

Handler: You slowly grind open the door.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: God save us.

Handler: What the fuck...

???: You're looking at a horrible, blood red creation made out of flesh.

???: It has no head and something resembling a clitoris slash face inside its torso.

???: Xifeng is lying dead on the floor, dead to ritualistic self mutilation cuts, or whatever this thing just did to it.

???: It's eating him.

???: Slowly but surely. He is breaking his limbs apart like crackers and bringing them to his disgusting mouth.

???: You can hear some gurgling coming from the creature.

???: DAVID, MCCANNON, 1D8. BLIND.

???: David, you're keeping it together, mostly. This is just on too much impossible for you to digest.

???: You have no idea what you're looking at, or whether it's even real.

???: MCCANON, ON THE OTHER HAND.

Handler: Your mind is racing between the ideas of whether this is just another one of God's subtle messengers or an angel from Heaven itself.

???: "Delicious!"

???: Did it just say that? You don't know."

???: It's going to be finished with its meal in a bit.

???: You need to... contain this thing, whatever it takes.

SA Michael M. McCannon: "TOSS THE MOLOTOV YOU FUCKING RETIN!" McCannon shouts as he fumbles with the pipebomb.

SA David Grozze Vasmin: I throw the molotov at it.

???: It's a huge target. You don't need a success.

???: It goes up in flames.

???: The whole thing begins having a Maillard reaction of burning into crisp.

SA Michael M. McCannon: Attempt numero dos of lighting the pipebomb.

???: It smells... homely? Like a barbecue.

???: McCannon.

???: The pipebomb is lit up.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon tosses it into the room then grabs David by the collar to run to the other end of the corridor with him.

Handler: Fssssssss

Handler: The thing luxuriously finishes consuming its summoner and apparent sacrifice.

Handler: It then begins with consuming itself.

Handler: With the help of the pipe bomb...

Handler: McCannon, David, you should run.

SA Michael M. McCannon: That's the plan!

SA David Grozze Vasmin: WE run the fuck away man

Handler: You're quite sure it at least went off.

Handler: The hairs on your nape calm down.

Handler: Is it dead, though?

SA Michael M. McCannon: Things of that nature don't really 'die'.

Handler: Knowledgable.

Handler: McCannon, you take one last look for good measure. The room is covered entirely in blood and black soot. There is not a trace of Xifeng left but his chewed up PASGT suit and his gun.

Handler: They are dead. The production facility is set for demolition. And you, although some of you are very close to death, still stand.

Handler: Any last actions before you leave Albuquerque forever?

SA Doug Moore: Sit down and have a breather. What a great big fucking mess this all was.

Handler: The sirens are getting really close. You need to get the fuck out immediately, unless you can finesse a secret.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Nothing to add. Let's jump out, blow up and floor it.

SA Frank Earle: Not a whole lot, unsurprisingly.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: Someone else should probably drive given the nature of Finnegan's injury.

SA Doug Moore: Okay, enough. We are out of here like Saddam Hussein.

Handler: McCannon and David carry the incapacitated to the car and the goods out of it in one trip, while the wounded step it towards the car.

SA Michael M. McCannon: McCannon, the uninjured, is the designated driver.

Handler: About fifty minutes have elapsed since your entry. Doug, on your mark.

SA Doug Moore: Remote detonator, or whatever? Anyway, Doug lets it blow.

Handler: KABOOOM

Handler: That was quite close to the approaching sirens. You can only hope you didn't hurt a cop in the process.

Handler: In the meantime, you're riding out in the car that smells like blood and sweat.

Handler: Any closing words?

SA Michael M. McCannon: We should've killed that old fuck selling Liao ingredients.

SA Richard J. Finnegan: We should, in accordance with the mission, kill Shen Gongxu.

SA Frank Earle: Nothing at all, then. He just looks at the others in disbelief at the fact that they're all alive and not in a jail cell.

SA Michael M. McCannon: In fact McCannon wonders if it would be best to just kill every Asian man woman and child just to be on the safe side.

Handler: You'll remark that in your report. For now, the sun rises as you approach El Paso.

SA Michael M. McCannon: In New Mexico.

Handler: Reveberations

Handler: 2018 by Shane Ivey, published by Arc Dream Publishing in arrangement with the Delta Green Partnership.

Handler: Reimagined by Patternseeker

Handler: A game about spiralling down.

Handler: Special thanks to JAJSMS

Handler: For FoundryVTT license and help with token generation.

Handler: Thank you for playing!

Handler: Now loading: Epilogue

Handler: Some time during Autumn, 2008.

Handler: A man in a yellow hazmat suit mixes a milky white fluid into a suspension of various nutritional-for-plants compounds.

Handler: It dissolves entirely in the fluid and begins resembling just water.

Handler: He then places a juvenile, budding plant into the tank.

Handler: It floats gently, going from here and there.

Handler: He places a second, and then a third.

Handler: After he places the fourth one, the first one he placed begins blooming.

Handler: Slowly at first, and then rapidly, reaching its full potential in mere seconds.

Handler: And then it begins growing even bigger.

Handler: Veins pulsate on its leaves in real time as it engorges in size.

Handler: The man undoes the zipper on his hazmat suit, glad and proud at his work.

Middle-aged Man: "I did it."

Handler: True Ending A – ReverberationsAll members of Tong Shukoran are killed and Liao flowers are destroyed.Hank Schrader is unaware of Reverb.Heisenberg is alive.