

Dead Ops

By James Wilber

Dead Ops is an All Flesh Must Be Eaten adventure, written as a “one-shot” for convention demos. It can easily be adapted for home play, either as a one evening excursion, or as a basis for an AFMBE campaign.

The adventure contains six pre-generated characters, complete with histories and personalities. These characters are not integral to the story and when playing at home, Zombie Masters should feel free to have the players make their own characters, as long as they understand that their characters must be U.S. Army Rangers.

This adventure is dedicated to Jeff, Dave, John, Jim, Big Daddy Thwak, and all of the men and women in the U.S. Armed Forces who have fought, and often times died, defending their country in this so called time of “peace”.

Part Summary

Part One: Adventure Overview gives a general outline of the adventure and the history behind it. The story begins as the characters, a team of U.S. Army Rangers, are given orders to retrieve U.S. personnel from the jungles of Columbia. Paranoia runs high, the characters soon realize that this somewhat straightforward mission is being treated as a “Black” operation.

Part Two: Advice for Zombie Masters is general tactics for running Dead Ops and some of the difficulties Zombie Masters may run into. It also includes advice for running convention demos.

Part Three: Cast Members are the six pre-generated characters, for use with this adventure. Each character has a unique background and an extensive list of skills and equipment.

Part Four: More Than Just A Job.... The characters start out in-flight, heading towards some routine training in Texas, when their plane is diverted and their mission is revealed.

Part Five: Base One: The characters infiltrate an abandoned Colombian Army base, hoping to find some the missing U.S. advisors. What they find is a top secret experiment, the zombies, that is being funded by the U.S. government.

Part Six: Enter, The FARC or the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Columbia, rebels attack the base while the Rangers are still gathering information on the zombies. Seriously out-gunned, the Rangers must make peace, hopefully convincing the rebels as to who’s the real enemy. In the process they strike a deal.

Part Seven: Base Two is where the U.S. scientists have been moved, now being held captive by a group of South African mercenaries who hope to use the new zombie disease for their own devices. Can the Rangers save the scientists, the Colombian prisoners and prevent the spread of the zombies? Probably not, this is a zombie movie, after all.

Part Eight: Continuing the Adventure ideas for Zombie Masters to use this adventure as a springboard for their All Flesh Must Be Eaten campaigns.

How To Use Dead Ops

Ideally, this adventure is used to introduce new players to AFMBE. Although the nature of the adventure does call for some of the use of advanced rules involving gunfights, the simplicity of the Unisystem makes it easy for the players to understand the rules in a short period of time. This adventure exemplifies some of the best aspects of the Unisystem, so that new players, who may only be slightly interested in AFMBE, are encouraged to continue playing.

About The Author

James Wilber resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He is the Event Coordinator for Big Daddy Thwak’s Millennial Army, a club that is dedicated to running games at conventions, that do not suck (the games that is, not the conventions).

He is also the proud owner of 1976 Cadillac, Hearse, which he fondly calls Morticia.

Mr. Wilber has been an avid fan of George A. Romero since childhood. Romero has taught him the two most important things about zombie movies: there is no happy ending and everyone’s gonna die!

This is his second demo adventure for All Flesh Must Be Eaten.

Part One Adventure Overview

History

Since Vietnam, U.S. scientists have been working on biological warfare projects to be used against our enemies. One of the problems encountered by the scientists is that more often than not, the human immune system is able to overcome almost all viruses. One of the scientists working on the project, a Dr. Alfred Bergman, had recently been recruited from a pharmaceutical company that was working on gene-therapy drugs to promote longevity. Dr. Bergman was never able to keep human tissue from deteriorating, but he was able to stop it from “dying”. As he worked at his new government job, the idea struck him to mix his two areas of research together, creating a disease that infected a human host, killed it, yet stopped the cells from dying off. These “infected cadavers” would then be a drain on the resources of any enemy it was used against. Surprisingly, he succeeded, all too well.

The Pentagon, realizing the power of this new weapon, increased the program’s funding. At the same time, it was deemed that this project should be carried out with the utmost secrecy. A press leak about the disease would be a political nightmare. For this reason, all testing was to be conducted off U.S. soil.

For years now, the U.S. government has been providing funding and aid in the form of military advisors to the nation of Columbia. A growing faction of communist guerillas in Columbia, called Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias de Colombia, or FARC, have been fighting against the Colombian government and they have acquired an impressive arsenal, using money taken from Columbia’s notorious drug cartels. With all of the U.S. military operations going on in the region, it was a simple thing to move the zombie project (or Dead Ops, as it was now being called), to a U.S. controlled Colombian base.

Unfortunately, as the scientists entered the final stages of testing, the FARC made an offensive, driving towards the base where the disease was being developed.

Current Events

Ninety-six hours ago, the Pentagon lost contact with the base where the scientists had been working on the disease. It is unknown to anyone what exactly happened but officials are anxious to find out. It is believed that the FARC has overrun the base and taken the scientists captive. In reality, the scientists, rushing to finish the testing of the disease before the FARC arrived, had a major outbreak in one of the labs. They decided to salvage what they could and immediately moved to the closest safe area.

Unfortunately for them, the nearest “safe area” was also the home base of a particularly ruthless group of South African mercenaries, who were hired by British Petroleum to guard their oil producing facilities. They were quite surprised to see the U.S. scientists emerge from the jungle. After they learned what the scientists were working on, they quickly decided to take the scientists prisoner and force them to produce more of the disease. The South Africans wanted this weapon for themselves.

In order to find out what happened to the project and possibly rescue the scientists, the U.S. Army has decided to send in our heroes, a Ranger team, to enter the original base and bring the U.S. personnel to a safe extraction point.

The Adventure

The characters are told that the Army has lost contact with a base in Columbia containing U.S. military advisors. They are dropped into the jungle by helicopter, twelve miles from the base. After making their way through the jungle, they find the base deserted and crawling with zombies.

While the Rangers are trying to figure out what is going on, the base is attacked by an entire company of FARC rebels, looking to seize the base. After capturing the Rangers and learning about the zombies themselves, they offer the Rangers a deal. The FARC knows that in a nearby base, the South African mercenaries have been rounding up civilians from villages that are loyal to the FARC. They also know that the U.S. scientists have been taken prisoner by the South Africans. If the Rangers agree, the FARC will lead a raid against the base, distracting the bulk of the South African forces, while the Rangers go in and rescue their people and free the civilians as well.

All of this hopefully goes according to plan, but during the raid, the Rangers learn that the South Africans have already created a zombie army, which are now loose and spreading the disease across the countryside.

What Kind of Zombies Are These?

The zombies are the result of an airborne disease that alters the genetic pattern in the cells of human cadavers, causing the cells to “re-activate” and restoring rudimentary brain function. So far, the virus in airborne form is not strong enough to break down a human immune system. Recently however, the scientists have learned that after the virus has spent time in a host cadaver, it mutates into a form that not only is communicable through saliva, but also is strong enough to kill a human being within hours.

The activated cadaver still needs its primary nervous system to function. Any physical damage that destroys the brain or severs the brain from the rest of the body destroys the zombie.

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Dead Ops Zombie

Strength: 2	Constitution: 2
Dexterity: 1	Intelligence: -2
Perception: 1	Willpower: 2
Dead Points: 26	Speed: 2
Endurance: n/a	Essence Pool: 6
Skills: Brawling 2	

Attack: Bite damage d4x2 (4) slashing

Weak Spot: Brain

Getting Around: Slow and Steady; The Lunge

Strength: Dead Joe Average

Senses: Like the Dead; Life Sense

Sustenance: Who Needs Food?; All Flesh Must Be Eaten

Intelligence: Dumb as Dead Wood

Spreading The Love: One Bite and You're Hooked

To make things simple on the Zombie Master, anyone bitten by a Dead Ops zombie simply has Constitution x3 hours to live. Of course, don't tell the player exactly how long their character has. Simply describe the effect of the disease: fever, uncontrollable twitching (feel free to assign penalties to any Dexterity related actions), hunger pangs, and yet, the victim feels stronger than they ever have before (no increase to Strength).

Power: 19]

Part Two

Advice for Zombie Masters

Dead Ops is a militaristic thriller, in the tradition of such great authors as Tom Clancy and Larry Bond. Like other stories in the genre, it includes a healthy dose of true-to-life politics, situations and military procedures, with a nice fictional twist. Even though the zombie twist in Dead Ops is a bit more science fiction than most, the conventions of the genre remain the same.

One of those conventions is that the heroes in these stories are often the consummate professionals, usually intelligence agents or military personnel. In Dead Ops, all of the heroes are U.S. Army Rangers and unless your players have had a good dose of high-level military training, or have done a lot of research on the subject, they simply won't know how to act like the professional soldiers they are supposed to be. Most players don't know how military rank works, what their jobs would be, or how those jobs are executed.

For example: when faced with opening a door leading into a building they know is filled with hostile enemy soldiers, a Ranger would know the proper procedure – one man opens the door, one covers, one throws a grenade. If the players don't know this, they are going to get themselves into all sorts of trouble, while in truth; their characters should know what to do.

It is up to the Zombie Master in instances like these, to help the players out and give them the information they need to know. Even if the Zombie Master doesn't know the proper procedure himself, assume that the characters will know the best way to operate in these conditions. Don't be afraid to give the players a little extra information.

This is especially true when running this adventure in a convention-demo setting. Not only are the players unfamiliar with their roles, they are unfamiliar with the Unisystem as well. As any good Zombie Master knows, the Unisystem is particularly unforgiving when it comes to combat, especially firefights. If the characters get involved in a prolonged gunfight, head-on, chances are they are all going to die. It is only fair to warn them, loudly and repeatedly at the start of the adventure, that this is the case.

With this in mind, be forewarned that Dead Ops is designed to kill at least a couple of the characters. It is the “nature of the beast” – there is simply no better way to instill a sense of horror than death. Zombie Masters will find however, that most players don't mind if their character is killed, as long as the player knows it was because of a mistake they made.

The worst mistake that the players can make in this adventure, comes at the point when the FARC rebels attack the base they have infiltrated. At this point in the adventure, the characters are totally surrounded and outgunned. If they decide to push an attack against the FARC, chances are they are all going to die. It is up to the Zombie Master to convey the hopelessness of the situation, and the wisdom of negotiating with the FARC. Most roleplayers are used to heroic roleplaying, not survival roleplaying, negotiation is not a part their vocabulary. It is up to you to break them of this and if in the end, they insist on pushing an attack, let the chips fall where they may, they were warned after all.

As stated at the beginning of this chapter, many of the events in Dead Ops are based on real-world situations. The FARC is a communist insurgent army currently operating in Columbia, whose primary means of income is kidnapping, extortion and drug running. Oil companies in Columbia have been implicated in charges of using mercenaries against the rebels and the civilians who support them. It is also true, that many soldiers of the former apartheid government in South Africa are working as mercenaries around the world. If Zombie Masters wish to add realistic details to this adventure, information on these topics can be found on the Internet. The author suggests starting with the following sources.

Jane's Online www.janes.com

Ft. Benning Home Page www.benning.army.mil

Militarization & Minerals www.moles.org/ProjectUnderground/mil

Part Three

Cast Members

The following are background stories and character sheets for the pre-generated characters. *Zombie Masters* in home campaigns can use these as a basis to help guide their players in making their own Ranger team.

All of the characters have a new Quality called Rank. Rank is simply an indicator of their rank within the Army, and all of the benefits that it entails.

Some of the characters have the new Quality: Highly Skilled. This simply lets a character trade one point in Qualities for three extra skill points.

A new type of weapon presented in *Dead Ops* is the concussion grenade. These grenades are designed to stun opponents and are very useful in areas where it is hard to distinguish friend from foe. Rules for running these weapons are as follows: anyone within three yards of the grenade's detonation must make a Difficult Constitution test at a Difficulty number of 12. Those within seven yards of the grenade must make a Difficult Constitution test at Difficulty number 10. Those within ten yards make a Simple Constitution test at Difficulty number 8.

Another weapon new to the game is the Claymore Mine. Claymores are an anti-personnel shrapnel device, which are usually remote detonated. Typically, the mine is placed under light cover and a wire with the detonation switch is trailed back to a secure position. When an enemy approaches, the mine is detonated. Damage and blast radius is given on the character sheets.

Zombie Masters may notice a slightly difference in the statistics for weapon given here, than in the *All Flesh Must Be Eaten* rulebook. These values are based on the author's own research.

Also give each player a copy of player handout three: Ranger Creed.

Squad Leader

Character Name: Staff Sergeant (E6) Michael Knobloch

Sex: Male

Age: 23 Height: 6'2"

Weight: 215

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Gray

Attributes

Str 3 Dex 2 Con 3

Int 5 Per 3 Wil 4

LPS 49

EPS 35

Spd 10

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Cruel -1

Hard To Kill 5

Photographic Memory 2

Rank 6

Situational Awareness 2

Highly Skilled 1

Skills

Acting 2

Brawling 2

Climbing 2

Computers 2

Dodge 2

Gambling 2

Handgun 4

History 5

Instruction 2

Notice 3

Rifle 4

Stealth 2

Surveillance 2

Survival 3

Weapons

Type	Cap	Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Pistol - Beretta, 92F 9mm	15	1/10/15/25/50	D6x4	x2
Pistol - Colt M1911A1, Auto-Pistol .45	8	1/10/15/25/50	D8x4	x2
Assault Rifle - FN Herstal FAL 7.62	20	20/50/100/175/350	D8x5	x2
Knife			D4xStr-1	x2
Claymore Mines			(50) D10x10 (75) D10x8 (85) D10x4	
Grenades		3/7/10/13/20	(2) D6x10 (6) D6x8 (10) D6x3	

Background: Mike Knobloch hails from Newcastle, Pennsylvania. He spent most of his childhood alone, either in his room building model airplanes, or in the backyard playing with his plastic army men, recreating famous battles.

High school was pretty much the same. Although he joined in student groups and other activities, and had very good grades, he never felt he was like people his own age.

After high school, he could have easily entered the university of his choice, and even considered ROTC, but what he really wanted was adventure, something to test himself. He enlisted right away.

In the Army, he knew exactly what he wanted to do, be one of the best, the Rangers.

Image: Tall and stocky, Michael has rounded features and a large nose, typical of his Hungarian heritage.

Roleplaying Hints: Michael is actually rather soft spoken; relying on his second in command to get the troops motivated. Sometimes this makes the men wonder why he is in command, until they realize that what he lacks in charisma he makes up for in intelligence. Michael is a brilliant tactician.

Quote: "Everybody, do your job. This isn't going to be easy, but I know exactly what the enemy is going to do."

Equipment: FN Herstal FAL with 7 magazines, M9 Beretta pistol with 3 magazines, Colt 1911A1 with 3 magazines, fighting knife, 4 fragmentary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, 2 concussion grenades, 2 claymore mines, protective mask, chemical suit, night vision goggles.

Team Leader

Character Name: Sergeant (E5) Raymond Earp

Sex: Male

Age: 21

Height: 6'

Weight: 210

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Attributes

Str 4 Dex 3 Con 3

Int 3 Per 3 Wil 4

LPS 53

EPS 38

Spd 12

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma 3

Hard To Kill 5

Minority -1

Rank 5

Situational Awareness: 2

Highly Skilled 1

Skills

Brawling: 3

Climbing: 2

Computers: 2

Dodge: 2

Driving: 3

First Aid: 2

Handgun: 4

Heavy Weapons: 2

Instruction: 3

Notice: 2

Rifle: 4

Stealth: 2

Surveillance: 2

Survival: 2

Throw: 2

Type	Cap	Range	Weapons Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Pistol - Beretta, 92F 9mm	15	1/10/15/25/50	D6x4	x2
Assault Rifle - M4 Carbine 5.56mm	30	20/50/100/175/350	D8x4	x2
Heavy Weapon - LAW Rocket Rocket	1	3/15/30/100/200	(2) D6x12 (6) D6x10 (10) D6x4	
Knife			D4xStr-1	x2
Grenades		3/7/10/13/20	(2) D6x10 (6) D6x8 (10) D6x3	

Background: Raymond Earp is from Cincinnati, Ohio. In his family, military service has always been a matter of pride. One of his ancestors had served in some of the first all black units in the Civil War. Some of Ray's earliest memories are of family reunions, where all of the men would get together and talk about their time in the service. Listening to them he heard the tales from four separate wars.

Despite all this, Raymond never intended to join the military. His father talked him out of it, explaining that he had done it because it was the only opportunity for a black man at the time, and he explained to Ray Jr. that he could go to college without having to serve.

Ray did have a desire to be like the rest of the men in his family, but he took his father's advice and went to college. There, he met the love of his life, a pretty girl from Texas named Tabitha, and he planned the rest of his life with her. All of that exploded one day when Tabitha's car was hit by a drunk driver head on.

Without anything to hold him back, and desperate to get away from the memories of his love, Ray joined the Army, and eventually moved past his grief, becoming an excellent soldier.

Ray, inspired by his family, decided to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, who was the first black Army Ranger.

Image: Tall, and incredibly handsome, though he doesn't realize it. Raymond always has a serious look on his face.

Roleplaying Hints: In some ways, Raymond is the true "leader" of the team; he is the one who conveys most of the orders. He has a sincere and overwhelming presence that few cannot obey. The men love him, though they wish he would lighten up sometimes.

Quote: "Alright soldiers, we are the best, now let's prove it. Its time to show 'em how we do it the Ranger way."

Equipment: M4 Carbine with 7 magazines, M9 Beretta pistol with 3 magazines, bayonet, 4 fragmentary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, 2 concussion grenades, 3 LAW rockets, protective mask, chemical suit, night vision goggles.

Medic

Character Name: Corporal (E4) Derrick Harris

Sex: Male

Age: 20

Height: 6'4"

Weight: 190

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Brown

Attributes

Str 4 Dex 4 Con 3

Int 4 Per 2 Wil 3

LPS 53

EPS 35

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities

Hard To Kill 5

Nerves of Steel 2

Rank 4

Reckless -2

Situational Awareness 2

Highly Skilled 3

Skills

Brawling 4

Climbing 2

Dodge 2

First Aid 5

Hand Weapon (Shovel) 4

Handgun 4

Martial Arts 4

Medicine 2

Notice 2

Rifle 3

Stealth 3

Surveillance 2

Survival 2

Throw 2

Type	Cap	Weapons Range	Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr+4	
Kick			D4xStr+5	
Pistol - Beretta, 92F 9mm	15	1/10/15/25/50	D6x4	x2
Assault Rifle - M4 Carbine 5.56mm	30	20/50/100/175/350	D8x4	x2
Bayonet			D4xStr-1	x2
Shovel			D6xStr	x2
Grenades		3/7/10/13/20	(2) D6x10 (6) D6x8 (10) D6x3	

Background: Derrick Harris grew up in South Haven, Michigan. Basically a beach bum for most of his youth, he spent his time drinking with his friends and harassing the tourists. He didn't give much thought to what he would do with the rest of his life.

In high school, he took the ASVAB test because it got him out of class for a few hours. A couple of months later, Derrick was mildly surprised when an Army recruiter pulled him out of class. The recruiter worked his "charm", telling him that he scored pretty high and that he could go into one of the more respected fields in the military, as a nurse or an orderly in a hospital, surrounded by female nurses and given preferential treatment. Derrick thought about this for a bit: dope, women and a paycheck? Why not.

It was pretty good at first; he breezed through basic training, and was sent to school at Ft. Jackson South Carolina. As often happens with young men out on their own for the first time, he started getting into trouble. In Charleston, he got involved with a married woman, and of course, he got caught. Running through the streets, pulling up his pants, he was shot in the buttocks by the enraged husband.

The wound was superficial, but he spent enough time in the hospital, that he was held back from the rest of his medical training class. To waste the time before he could start his medical schooling again, he decided to go to Ft. Bragg and pick up some combat training. He performed well, Derrick was always into martial arts, and his shooting skills were impressive as well.

This turned out to be a big mistake. The Army was short on combat medics, and as soon as he was done with his medical training, he found himself on a plane to Korea, wondering what he had done to deserve this.

In Korea, ill luck struck again. The Rangers were assigned a mission into enemy territory, to pick up the crew of a downed helicopter. The Rangers had no medics in the area, so Derrick was pulled for the operation. They were so impressed with him, that they made him an honorary Ranger. A few months later, he made his first jump, and become one of the elite.

Image: Big, for a medic, Derrick is six-foot-four and impressively built. He moves with confidence and grace.

Roleplaying Hints: A singular wit, Derrick often goes off on long rants about anything that happens to piss him off at the moment. He can be cocky, and arrogant, but takes orders well and is always willing to help out, even in combat.

Quote: "Listen asshole, I have been trained to take you apart, put you back together and then take you apart again, so stop acting like a jerky."

Equipment: M4 Carbine assault rifle with 7 magazines, M9 Beretta pistol with 3 magazines, bayonet, 4 fragmentary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, 2 concussion grenades, protective mask, chemical suit, night vision

SAW Gunner

Character Name: Private (E2) Wayne Holten

Sex: Male

Age: 23

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 160

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Blue

Attributes

Str 4 Dex 4 Con 3

Int 4 Per 2 Wil 3

LPS 53

EPS 35

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma 1

Hard To Kill 5

Nerves of Steel 3

Rank 2

Reckless -2

Situational Awareness 2

Highly Skilled 3

Skills

Brawling: 4

Climbing: 2

Dodge: 2

Handgun: 4

Heavy Weapon (SAW): 5

Martial Arts: 4

Medicine: 2

Notice: 4

Rifle: 3

Stealth: 3

Surveillance: 2

Survival: 3

Throw: 3

Type	Cap	Range	Weapons Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr+4	
Kick			D4xStr+5	
Pistol - Beretta, 92F 9mm	15	1/10/15/25/50	D6x4	x2
M249 SAW (Machine Gun) 5.56mm	100	30/75/150/225/400	D8x4	x2
Bayonet			D4xStr-1	x2
Claymore Mines			(50) D10x10 (75) D10x8 (85) D10x4	
Grenades		3/7/10/13/20	(2) D6x10 (6) D6x8 (10) D6x3	

Background: Wayne grew up in Alpena, Michigan, far from the “civilized” world. His mom left when he was only three, and his father was not much of a parent, leaving Wayne mostly to his own devices. This meant, running around out in the woods and playing soldier, or visiting his uncle Rudy, to hear stories of Vietnam.

Wayne developed a healthy interest in history, especially when it came to war. Because of this, he decided to try college. While he excelled at many of his classes, he could never stay motivated enough to actually earn his degree. Soon, the money ran out, and a pile of student loans were rearing their ugly head. Wayne did what he figured he probably should have done in the first place; join the Army.

He excelled in infantry school, but he never got back into any academic study. His superiors constantly told him that he should have become an officer, and Wayne figured that was true, but he wanted to earn it the “real” way, in the field. To help make this a reality, he joined the Rangers.

Image: Wayne is built like a brick, short and stocky. He smiles a lot, and seems to be the least threatening guy in the world, until he goes to work.

Roleplaying Hints: Wayne often offers advice to everyone in the team, almost stepping on the sergeant’s toes from time to time. He often works a history lesson into any speech that he gives. He often talks about historical events as if he was actually there.

Quote: “Yeah, this is just like the work the Montagnards did back in ‘Nam. Everybody watch your step.”

Equipment: M249 SAW with 2, 200 round belts, M9 Beretta pistol with 3 magazines, bayonet, 4 fragmentary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, 2 concussion grenades, 2 claymore mines, protective mask, chemical suit, night vision goggles.

RTO (Radio/Telephone Operator)

Character Name: Private (E2) Adam Honhera

Sex: Male

Age: 20

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 165

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Blue

Attributes

Str 4 Dex 3 Con 4

Int 4 Per 3 Wil 2

LPS 57

EPS 35

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma 2

Hard To Kill 5

Obsession (women) -1

Photographic Memory 2

Rank 2

Situational Awareness 2

Highly Skilled 3

Skills

Brawling 2

Climbing 2

Computer Hacking 4

Computers 4

Dodge 2

Electronics 4

Electronic Surveillance 3

Handgun 4

Notice 2

Rifle 3

Stealth 3

Smooth Talking 2

Surveillance 2

Survival 2

Throw 2

Type	Cap	Range	Weapons Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Pistol - Beretta, 92F 9mm	15	1/10/15/25/50	D6x4	x2
Assault Rifle - M4 Carbine 5.56mm	30	20/50/100/175/350	D8x4	x2
Bayonet			D4xStr-1	x2
Grenades		3/7/10/13/20	(2) D6x10 (6) D6x8 (10) D6x3	

Background: Adam was born in Akron, Ohio. A basically normal kid, with loving parents, growing up in Middle America. In his early years, he was overweight, and never very good at sports. Because of this, he always felt somewhat outcast, and what most people considered a “geek”. As was expected, when the time came he went off to state college to study engineering and computer science. There he met the first girl who ever took notice of him – Jamie Wataski.

Adam was an eighteen-year-old virgin, and to him, Jamie was everything he ever wanted. They hung out together, studied together, and she was everything to him. On Valentines Day, he made the leap, and told her that he loved her, that she was his only desire, everything short of a marriage proposal. When he was through emptying his heart, Jamie could barely suppress a giggle, to her Adam was just a friend, nothing more. He was devastated.

When the semester ended, he went home, dreading the day he would have to go back to school and face her, so he decided not to, he joined the Army.

Adam took to basic training with gusto, and learned to his surprise that all he needed was little “motivation” to excel physically. He dropped fifty pounds of fat, and gained thirty pounds of muscle, acing every physical test he was given.

He entered training as a technician, stationed in California, and he soon found that his newly trimmed physical form was sought after by women. He dove in head first, jaded by his previous love life; he scored the highest number of “kills” in his unit, getting himself in all sorts of trouble.

In order to escape the growing number of young girls crying out for his blood, Adam decided to clean up his act. He figured he succeeded the first time, by challenging himself with joining the Army, now he needed an even bigger challenge, Ranger school.

Adam is an RTO (Radio/Telephone Operator), though his job is technical, he has all the skills called for in an Army Ranger.

Image: Adam is strikingly handsome, well built with dark hair and a devilish grin. He prides himself in his appearance, mostly because it helps him pick up women.

Roleplaying Hints: Adam is friendly and quick-witted, and can be a bit of a smart ass. He is smarter, faster and stronger than the average man and he knows it. He is also jaded, commenting often on the down side to any situation.

Quote: “Oh this is great, now I suppose you expect me to call for help and save your ass.”

Equipment: M4 Carbine assault rifle with 7 magazines, M9 Beretta pistol with 3 magazines, bayonet, 4 fragmentary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, 2 concussion grenades, protective mask, chemical suit, night vision goggles.

Grenadier

Character Name: Private (E2) Daniel Montgomery

Sex: Male

Age: 19

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 165

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Brown

Attributes

Str 3 Dex 4 Con 4

Int 2 Per 4 Wil 3

LPS 53

EPS 35

Spd 16

Essence 20

Qualities

Fast Reaction Time 2

Hard To Kill 5

Highly Skilled 2

Nerves of Steel 3

Prejudice -1

Rank 2

Situational Awareness 2

Skills

Brawling 3

Climbing 3

Demolitions 4

Dodge 3

Handgun 3

Heavy Weapons 5

Mechanic 2

Notice 3

Rifle 4

Stealth 2

Survival 3

Throw 4

Type	Cap	Range	Weapons Damage	Bonus
Punch			D4xStr	
Kick			D4xStr+1	
Pistol - Beretta, 92F				
9mm	15	1/10/15/25/50	D6x4	x2
Assault Rifle - M4 Carbine				
5.56mm	30	20/50/100/175/350	D8x4	x2
Heavy Weapon - M203 Grenade Launcher				
Grenades	1	30/50/100/200/350	(2) D6x12 (6) D6x10 (10) D6x4	
Bayonet			D4xStr-1	x2
Claymore Mines				(50) D10x10 (75) D10x8 (85) D10x4
Grenades		3/7/10/13/20	(2) D6x10 (6) D6x8 (10) D6x3	

Background: Daniel Montgomery was born and raised an army brat. His father is a full-bird colonel in the Army, and he fully expected his son to follow in his footsteps. Although discipline was harsh in the Montgomery household, dad was rarely around to enforce it, leaving Dan to get into trouble, which he did, a lot. While it may be harsh to say Dan was a juvenile delinquent, he was no angel. Drinking and hanging out with his friends, shooting guns and getting into trouble, were always more important than school. When the time came to apply to West Point, the review board thought his application was a joke.

Daniel's father went ballistic, and for his son, this was still a force to be reckoned with. If no respectable college would take him, then Dan would enlist, immediately.

Basic training was a sobering experience for him. Dan had the sudden realization of where his lack of discipline had taken him. He decided to do the best he could at his training, even if he was going to be just a grunt. His determination did not go unnoticed, and when he was offered the chance, he did the one thing that he believed might make his dad proud of him again, join the Rangers.

His predilection for making things go boom helped him fit in well. Daniel is a Grenadier, specializing in the use of grenade launchers and other heavy weapons.

Image: Daniel is a little scrawny for a Ranger, but he makes up for it in toughness. He is calm under fire; more interested in watching things explode than taking cover.

Roleplaying Hints: Dan spent a lot of time hanging out at southern military bases with the "wrong" crowd, and it shows. He is bigoted and a not very witty. He does have somewhat of an innocent charm about him, and the members of his squad usually forgive his dumb ass comments.

Quote: "Shoot, you see that spic's head explode like that? That was cool!"

Equipment: M4 Carbine assault rifle with 7 magazines, M9 Beretta pistol with 3 magazines, M203 Grenade Launcher with 20 rounds and 4 flare rounds, 2 claymore mines, bayonet, 4 fragmentary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, protective mask, chemical suit, night vision goggles.

Part Four

More Than Just A Job....

What's Going On?

The adventure starts quite suddenly for the characters. They are aboard an Army transport plane when they are mysteriously re-routed to Ft. Sheridan in Panama. Once in Panama, they are stripped of their dog tags and identifying insignias. The Squad Leader is given their orders: enter a U.S. base in Columbia, find any survivors and escort them to an extraction point. Not a difficult or politically sensitive mission, so why is it being treated as a black op?

Setting The Scene

The characters are simply going to Ft. Hood in Texas to help train the recon division stationed there. They are aboard a typically uncomfortable Army transport. Since the characters are all part of the same unit, they know each other fairly well. Have everyone give a brief description of their character, with whatever details that they believe the others might know about them. Give them a few minutes to roleplay amongst themselves before you start the adventure.

Tell the Story

After everyone has gotten comfortable, read or paraphrase the following:

The plane finally comes to a halt on the runway. You start picking up your gear and stretching, glad to be on the ground again. You wait impatiently for the pilot to open the hatch, wondering what is taking him so long. After a good twenty minutes the pilots voice comes over the intercom.

“Sorry gentlemen, I’m afraid you’re not getting off here.” He pauses, sounding puzzled. “I have been given orders to fly you directly to Ft. Sheridan in Panama. The boys on the ground are refueling us right now, so you might as well relax, it’s going to be a long ride.”

The characters are free to question the pilots if they want. The pilots don’t know anything more than that they have given orders to fly them to Panama. The pilots were also ordered to let no one disembark from the plane until they reach Panama.

After the characters have had enough time to wonder about their predicament, read the following:

The flight to Panama is almost torturous. Everyone seems lost in thought, thinking about what may lie ahead. The plane lands in the early morning light, the touch down jarring you back to your senses. The door opens, standing behind it is an impressive man in full dress uniform; perfectly pressed coat and pants, medals on his chest in perfect rows. He takes three rigid steps forward and puffs out his chest and you salute by pure instinct. He salutes back, his grim expression never changing, his eyes undetectable behind mirrored sunglasses. A secretary, a sharp dressed corporal, follows him with a clip board under his arm.

“Good morning gentlemen, I am Colonel Jurkat.” He pauses, studying your faces. “We have a little situation on our hands down in Columbia and I think you boys can give us a hand with it.”

“First,” he pauses as his secretary steps forward, “I need you to surrender your dog tags and any documents that you are carrying that might identify you.”

You try not to let your expression change as the order sinks in, this is a black op, you are now officially in deep shit.

The secretary takes your dog tags with an almost gleeful expression on his face.

“There is a helicopter waiting for you outside, gentlemen, and the gear you will need for this mission. Sergeant Knobloch, you’re with me.” He motions for the Sergeant to join him as the others disembark.

The Colonel is only going to give the orders for the mission to the Sergeant in charge. It is suggested that the Zombie Master pull the player aside and relate this information in private. It is up to the player as to how much information he wants to relate to the others.

“This is our situation Sergeant. As you know, the U.S. Armed Forces has been supplying our friends in Columbia with arms and military advisors, to help them in their fight against the drug cartels and to fight against a communist insurgent group known as the FARC.”

He pulls out a map to help illustrate the conversation.

“Twenty four hours ago, we lost contact with one of the bases we are using in Columbia to help train their military. We are unsure as to what happened to them, but we do know that FARC has started a major offensive in the region. The FARC may have overrun the base.”

“You are to drop by helicopter here.” He points at the map, “approximately twelve miles south of the base, in order to avoid enemy surveillance.” “You will make your way to the base and determine the situation there.” “In the event that any of our personnel are still present, you will escort them to the extraction point, here.” He points at a place about twelve miles North of the base. “You will radio for a pick up, and we will take you out by helicopter.” “Do you have any questions Sergeant?”

Let the Sergeant ask as many questions as he likes, until it gets annoying. The Colonel doesn't know much more than he already stated. He warns that the FARC is well armed and well trained. He suggests that the team not engage the FARC if at all possible, though they are authorized to use any means necessary to defend themselves.

With the orders given, the characters are given new jungle BDUs, with no insignias, the equipment noted on the character sheets and maps of the locations they will need. Then it's time for another long ride.

Part Five

Base One

What's Going On?

The adventure becomes location based as the characters explore the abandoned base. Contact with the zombies is inevitable and there is a chance that one or more of the characters will become infected. When the Zombie Master believes that the characters have learned enough, the FARC attacks the base, and captures the PCs.

Setting the Scene

The helicopters drop the characters into the jungle during the pre-dawn hours. After an uneventful trek, they arrive at their destination at first light. Even from a distance they can tell something is wrong. A thorough search of the base will reveal what is going on.

If at anytime the characters communicate via radio with their command and mention the words “zombie” or “walking dead”, radio contact will immediately be severed. The Army will not risk a security leak of any kind. If the characters do this, they are on their own; no one will be coming to lift them out.

Tell The Story

Read the following for the characters.

The ride in is always the hardest part. There is a sense of helplessness. Nothing you can do if your whirly-bird is shot out of the sky. As is customary, you sit on your helmets for the entire trip. Not exactly comfortable, but no really believes that the armor plating on the underbelly of a helicopter is going to stop anything.

The drop goes by the book, 90 feet down to the jungle below. You account for your gear, get rid of the useless body armor, and make your way through the dark jungle. Strange sounds and uneven terrain keep you on your toes for the entire trip. By daybreak, you are standing on a hill, over-looking the base. It looks like a pretty standard Army base, tall chain link fence topped with barbed-wire surround several buildings made on concrete block. Several “bird’s nest” guard towers stand at the corners. A quick scan through your binoculars tells you something is amiss.

No flag flies over the base, your first clue that it has been abandoned. No one is moving, and no vehicles are present. Between two of the buildings is what seems to be a body, dressed in hospital gown.

Give the player’s their copy of the map. Certain buildings on the players map are not labeled; this is because their function is not immediately apparent. The X marks the location of the corpse, which is visible from their vantage point. Both labs, the test subject holding and the armory have no windows. The door to lab two is open, swinging in the breeze. Approaching the base is easy. The gate is locked but the characters can easily cut a way through the fence.

The first thing they will probably do is check out the corpse, which is of course, not entirely dead. The corpse is a zombie, escaped from lab two. The zombie has simply deactivated, due to the lack of human presence, but it will rise and attack as the characters approach. The thing has been lying out in the sun for some time now, not to mention that some of its internal organs have been removed for experimentation (not immediately apparent under the gown). Be certain to describe the zombie’s horrific appearance and stench as it attacks.

After the zombie is put down, the characters are free to explore the rest of the base.

Check Point – This building was used to monitor traffic to and from the base. The only thing of interest is a duty log. It contains an endless list of times and vehicle numbers. Most are supply trucks or vehicles carrying petty officers. The scientists were never allowed to leave.

Guard Towers – The towers are 20 feet tall, and completely empty. Apply bonuses and penalties as are appropriate if any of the characters end up shooting from one of the towers.

Barracks – These are pretty standard military style barracks, capable of housing about 150 soldiers. The second floor contains a mess hall and recreation area. They are completely empty, except for a few minor personal items that were left behind. The items

left behind indicate that the soldiers were probably Columbian. The only thing that is mildly interesting is that it appears that some food was taken by those who left.

Officer's Quarters – These are small ranch style houses, split into two apartments each. Personal items left behind indicate that the inhabitants were probably Americans.

Lab One – The Zombie Master should conduct the search of this building room by room. The characters should be puzzled as to why this facility is here. All of the doors are made of solid metal and are locked, though they can be forced by a determined effort. Two zombies have broken free of their restraints and are now wandering the building. They cannot enter any of the locked rooms unless someone opens the door for them.

Operating Rooms: Each of these small operating theaters contain an operating table and basic equipment. Zombies are strapped to the tables marked with an X. Buckets of visceral matter are in each of the rooms.

Consulting Room: A basic meeting room, nothing of interest.

Lab/Staff: A laboratory used to synthesize the virus. Some notes have been left here. Characters with limited medical knowledge could guess as to what was being produced here. This is a Very Difficult Task (-4), using the Medicine skill.

Break Room: This room contains vending machines, a microwave and chairs.

Storage: Various advanced medical supplies are kept here, including canisters of the virus, kept in an electronic, refrigerated safe. Breaking into the safe is almost impossible. It is a Heroic Task (-8), using the Computer Hacking or Electronics skill. The use of explosives to enter the safe would be much easier but would also destroy the contents.

Computer Lab: This is where the characters can find the most information. The scientists, not being military men, were a bit lax in security and forgot to destroy the computer files in this lab before the evacuation. Getting into the system is a Difficult Task (-2). Searching through the system takes three hours. In that time, the characters can find the entire history; purpose and execution of project Dead Ops. These files include military orders, scientific data and even video footage of tests. The last video file on record shows the zombie break out. The video shows a group of three scientists performing an operation on a zombie as it tries to break free from its bonds. The zombie manages to slip through the restraints and bites two of the scientists before the camera is cut off. One of the memos on the computer (see player handout one), contains the order to evacuate the base, but does not reveal their destination.

The only problem the characters might have is keeping this information. They could simply throw a few of the pertinent documents (but not the videos) onto floppy disks. Floppy disks, being notoriously fragile, may not survive the trip home. The players could simply take the hard drive from the main server. This is an Average Task (+1), using the Computers skill. This allows them to keep more information, though the medium is still likely to break under heavy stress (such as combat).

Lab Two – This building should also be searched room by room. This building is constructed the same way that the first lab is with only one notable exception; it is plainly visible from the outside that one of the rooms has a large refrigeration unit. The vents for the unit can be seen and heard, quietly humming on the south side of the building.

Computer Lab: There are five computers here. All of the files on this system have been deleted.

Lab/Drugs: Some medical supplies can be scrounged here, nothing else of interest.

Exam Rooms: These rooms look almost like the typical doctor's office examination rooms, except all have manacles installed on the walls. The exam rooms marked with an X have zombies chained to the wall.

Exam & Procedure: This room is like the other exam rooms, just a bit larger. Also, the three zombies in this room have managed to escape their bonds. Shouldn't be too much of a challenge for our brave Rangers.

Observation Room: This room contains video equipment and a two-way mirror on the wall that adjoins the Zombie Storage room. When the light switches are turned on, it illuminates the zombie room. The twenty zombies in storage will rise from the ground and started beating on the walls and the door. One might even start banging on the mirror, though they cannot see through the glass on their side, the zombies simply know that when the light turns on, humans are near.

Zombie Storage: The door to this room is reinforced. This room is refrigerated and twenty zombies lay about the room. Whoa be to the Ranger team that opens this door before looking in the observation room. The fight shouldn't be too bad, as long as the characters fall back and shoot from a distance. A few of the zombies might not cooperate though, and will have to be hunted down at close range.

Test Subject Holding – This simple building contains a few jail cells and a duty station. Prisoners, mostly captured FARC members, were sometimes held here and used for experimentation. A log of prisoners taken and “used” is present. Some twenty-five people have been through the process. The prisoners that remained were moved during the evacuation.

Armory – The metal door to this small windowless building is reinforced. The Columbian soldiers were about as good at following orders as the scientists. All of the rifles are gone but two cases of 5.56 mm ball ammunition remains (2400 rounds) and a case of fragmentary grenades (24).

Long House – This spartan housing unit held the U.S. scientists. It is mostly empty now, except for a few personal belongings. In one of the rooms there is a laptop computer. The computer’s hard drive has been wiped, but a floppy disk remaining in the drive has not. This contains one small file, a daily journal entry of one the scientists. See player handout two.

Part Six

Enter, The FARC

What's Going On?

The FARC rebels, sick of having a U.S. presence in the region, attack the base that the characters are exploring. They are unaware that the original inhabitants of the base have already left. As stated, this is a critical point in the adventure. If the Rangers decide on a head-on assault, they are most certainly doomed.

Setting The Scene

The beginning of this phase of the adventure is all a matter of timing on the part of the Zombie Master. It is suggested that the attack begin while they are searching one of the buildings, perhaps after they have finished searching the computer system.

The FARC attacks with seventy-five soldiers. Twenty-five of them are hiding in the tree line all around the base to prevent a retreat. The attack begins with the FARC mortar shelling the base indiscriminately. They are aiming for the guard towers but they are not very accurate with their weapons. A few of the shells may hit the building the characters are in. This won't hurt them, but it should shake them up a little. After a couple of minutes of shelling they realize that no one is returning fire. The remaining fifty soldiers drive through the front gate, using old military buildings and surprisingly brand new American SUVs. They search the entire base in groups of five. One member of each group will have an RPG launcher with three rockets.

[sidebar:

Average FARC Soldier

Strength: 2	Constitution: 2
Dexterity: 2	Intelligence: 2
Perception: 2	Willpower: 2
Life Points: 26	Speed: 8
Endurance: 23	Essence Pool: 12

Skills

Brawling 2, Demolitions 2, Dodge 2, Driving (Truck) 1, First Aid 1, Guns (Assault Rifle) 2, Heavy Weapon (Rocket Launcher) 2, Stealth 2, Survival (Jungle) 2, Swimming 2, Thrown (Grenade) 2.

Equipment

M16-A1 Assault Rifle (use same stats as M4 Carbine), 3 Spare Magazines, 3 Fragmentary Grenades. One in five FARC members will be carrying a rocket propelled grenade launcher (RPG) with 3 rockets.]

Tell The Story

When you are through having the characters search the base, begin describing the attack. Details will be dependent upon where the characters are at the moment. The Rangers will understand quickly that they are not under direct fire, but things are about to get ugly quickly. If the characters don't rush out to greet their guests, they have a little extra time to determine their course of action. Things should progress quickly though, don't give them time to make complex plans and they should understand that running is not a good option either.

The FARC will accept any honorable surrender. This means that a character must present themselves without a weapon, in a non-threatening manner, and follow all instructions given by their captors (which will probably include "hands on your head," "Get down on the ground," in English and Spanish).

If the characters decide to resist, things get real ugly. The Rangers are quite capable of taking out a good number of the FARC, but they will lose in the end. If the characters take a defensive position, the FARC goes in after them. After losing more than three soldiers, they simply sit back and blast any building the Rangers may be hiding in with rockets and grenades; not a pretty picture.

[sidebar:

FARC Commander Christian Flores

Strength: 2	Constitution: 3
Dexterity: 4	Intelligence: 4
Perception: 4	Willpower: 4
Life Points: 60	Speed: 17
Endurance: 32	Essence Pool: 21

Qualities

Charisma 2, Nerves of Steel 2, Situational Awareness 2, Hard To Kill 5.

Skills

Brawling 2, Demolitions 2, Dodge 4, Driving (Truck) 1, First Aid 3, Guns (Assault Rifle) 5, Guns (Pistol) 4, Heavy Weapon (Rocket Launcher) 2, Intimidation 3, Stealth 2, Surveillance 4, Survival (Jungle) 2, Swimming 2.

Equipment

M4 Carbine Assault Rifle, 3 Spare Magazines, Colt M191A1 Auto-Pistol.

Commander Flores sees himself as a modern day Robin Hood. He is self-sure and smooth. Educated in the U.S., his English is flawless and only slightly accented. He is in control of any situation and always has a smile on his face.]

After things calm down the FARC commander has a chat with the Rangers. He is perplexed that the base is empty and is curious himself as to what was going on there. This will be a good roleplaying moment. The best thing that the characters can do is show the FARC proof of the zombies. This will make them angry at first, especially since their own people were used as part of the experiment. As long as the characters make it clear that they find the zombie experiments reprehensible themselves, the FARC commander will be understanding. When the dead walk, strange bedfellows will be made.

The FARC commander finds the Ranger's predicament rather amusing and wants to use it for his own gain. The rebels were about to attack another base where they know more of their people are being held prisoner. They also know that the next base is the home of South African mercenaries: a very deadly crew who are more than likely to give them a bit of trouble. The FARC commander's plan is simple: the FARC will shell the base, drawing out the mass of regular Columbian Army troops that are stationed there. The Rangers will go in and take out the South Africans and rescue the prisoners. As added incentive the commander explains that the South African's base is the closest "friendly" shelter in the area and if the U.S. scientists went anywhere, it was probably there.

After this touching scene of camaraderie, start quickly with the next phase of the adventure.

Part Seven

Base Two

What's Going On?

The Rangers join with the FARC to stop the spread of the zombies. The South African mercenaries are determined to keep the scientists and intend on forcing them to produce more of the zombie disease. This is the final shoot-out. Of course, there will be a few surprises, like lots and lots of zombies; this is All Flesh Must Be Eaten after all.

Setting The Scene

Before continuing, *Zombie Masters* should consider the possibility that the Rangers are on their own. It is possible, though highly improbable, that if the Rangers ran early and fast, that they escaped the FARC. That's okay; just drop some clues that will lead them to the second base. Things will be a lot more difficult on them without the FARC. They will have to contend with all of the Columbian soldiers at the base and the mercenaries. Players may attempt to negotiate with the mercenaries; this is a bad idea. The South Africans will consider anyone with knowledge of the scientist's whereabouts a threat; they will shoot to kill.

Assuming the characters are with the FARC, things are a little easier. Commander Flores invites them to watch an amusing show of Columbian Army predictability. The FARC will start firing mortars at the base, and sure enough, the Columbian soldiers will come out of the base to attack. The FARC will then lead them on a merry chase through the jungle, giving the Rangers time to rescue the FARC prisoners and the scientists.

Things are not all that easy, there are still twelve, well trained, South African mercenaries guarding the base and a handful of Columbian soldiers. For the Columbians, use the same stats as the Average FARC soldier. The South Africans are described below.

[sidebar:

Average South African Mercenary

Strength: 2	Constitution: 3
Dexterity: 3	Intelligence: 2
Perception: 3	Willpower: 3
Life Points: 30	Speed: 12
Endurance: 29	Essence Pool: 16

Skills

Brawling 3, Demolitions 2, Dodge 2, Driving (Truck) 3, First Aid 1, Guns (Assault Rifle) 3, Stealth 2, Surveillance 3, Survival (Jungle) 2, Swimming 2, Thrown (Grenade) 3.

Equipment

FN Herstal FAL Assault Rifle, 3 Spare Magazines, Walther P99 9mm Auto-Pistol, 3 Fragmentary Grenades. One in five FARC members will be carrying a rocket propelled grenade launcher (RPG) with 3 rockets.]

Tell The Story

After all the roleplaying is through and the characters have decided on a course of action, read the following.

The FARC loads you into one of their new SUVs, bought with drug money no doubt, a more expensive vehicle than you could ever afford. Your driver is a small, skinny boy, couldn't be older than sixteen, wearing a red bandana, a dirty yellow t-shirt with a faded picture of Guy Cheguevara. He immediately cranks up the AC and the stereo starts blasting AC/DC's Highway To Hell. He looks back at you and gives you a huge shit-eating grin.

You fly down rutted jungle roads, bouncing out of your seat the entire way. After a couple of hours the FARC caravan comes to a quick stop and the soldiers pile out. Commander Flores walks up and salutes you.

"The prisoners are being held at a facility a half-mile north of here. There are some one-hundred Columbian Army there, but do not worry about this, my men and I will cause a little diversion." He smiles when he says this.

“You should take up positions so that you can watch the base, when they leave to give chase, make your move. I trust you know what you are doing, you are Rangers after all.” He flashes his devilish grin again. “Yes, I know you are Rangers, I myself trained at your School of the Americas, and made many friends there.” He pauses and takes a more serious tone, “good luck”. He salutes you again, and then starts giving orders to his men.

It is a short hike to the base, which is crawling with Columbian soldiers. You have no time to assess the situation, as soon as you take your position; the familiar whistle of mortar shells catches your attention. Shells land randomly around the base. Just like clockwork, the Columbians scramble, loading into personnel carriers and tearing off into the jungle.

You hear sporadic automatic fire coming from the jungle behind you, as the Columbians chase the FARC. Soon, everything goes quiet. You can see that they left a skeleton crew, a few men in the watchtowers, but that’s about it.

The characters may now start their rescue attempt. They can see that there are still two Columbian soldiers in each watchtower. These soldiers will see the characters as soon as they break from the jungle (about 50 feet from the base) and open fire. The characters should make a coordinated effort to take out the towers on at least one side of the base in a surprise attack before entering.

The characters can also see a building near the front gate that appears to be where prisoners are held. A fenced in yard is in front of the building, though none of the prisoners are out in the yard. This is where ten FARC members and about thirty people from local villages, who have been loyal to the FARC, are being held. If freed and provided with arms, the FARC members will help their rescuers. They won’t volunteer their help, and if they are simply let free they quickly escape into the jungle with the others.

Also in the base are twelve of the mercenaries. These mercs have been hired by the BP Oil Company to help train and support the local government, in order to protect their oil producing facilities. All of the South Africans start out in the mess hall. Six will go out and attempt to stop intruders from entering the base as soon as they hear gunfire. They move in pairs, hiding around corners and trying to pick off their targets one by one. The other six mercenaries stay in the mess hall, guarding the scientists, who are being held in the Dr.’s Office.

Here is a break down of the base.

Guard Towers – Same as the U.S. base, small ten-foot square platforms. They offer cover to anyone in them. As stated, two Columbian soldiers man each tower.

Officer’s Quarters – These apartments have been commandeered by the South Africans. Not much to see here.

Barracks – Housing for the Colombian Army. Once, again, not much to see here.

Check Point – This small booth is currently unmanned.

Stockade – A gate allows access into the fenced in yard. The door into the building is locked. Prisoners are described above.

Office/Mess/Infirmary – This is a multi-purpose building, used for administration and an officer’s mess. Positions marked with an M, are where the South Africans stand when the characters enter. They fire at anyone coming through the door and thus will probably get the drop on the characters unless they are careful.

The scientists are in the Dr.’s Office. They are tired, confused and not much help. They look to the Rangers to get them out safely and have no information to give them.

Garage – This is the fun part. Characters may enter this building through the course of a regular sweep through the base, or if they are looking for transportation to get out.

The door on the East Side of the building is welded shut, it has to be blown open. The door on the south side is a large, metal, rolling door that is lifted up from the bottom. It is pad-locked.

The South Africans have not been idle. They are already well on their way to building a zombie army. Ever since they captured the scientists they have been rounding up villagers for “recruits”. This building no longer holds any vehicles, for it now houses some five hundred zombies. That’s right, five hundred.

If the characters enter here, the first person through the door doesn’t stand much of a chance. Everyone should start running very, very fast. The zombies swarm anyone in sight and start moving out into the countryside.

Wrapping Things Up

The surviving Rangers now have all sorts of problems. Even if they don't release the zombies in the garage, the airborne version of the virus is now spreading from village to village. All of this is beyond the scope of this adventure.

Two basic endings present themselves. The first is, the characters call for their ride, go to the extraction point and go home. Probably the best ending as far as they are concerned, though there are complications.

The second ending is automatic if the Rangers breached security. Any mention of zombies over the radio and the government will consider the entire operation a botch, leaving the Rangers out to dry. The players may even decide themselves that their faith in the Army has been destroyed, so they might as well not go home. In any case, if the Rangers stay, the FARC invites them stop the rise of the walking dead.

Zombie Masters can use one of the following narrations to end the adventure. Tailoring it as they see fit, according to the actions of their players.

Ending One: Going Home

You call for your ride and head for the extraction point with a bunch of dazed and fatigued scientists in tow, all of them with a guilty look on their face. Despite all you have seen, there doesn't seem to be anything to talk about, everyone is still trying to digest everything they have taken in.

Amazingly, you fall asleep on the helicopter and you are lead bleary eyed off the runway to debriefing.

You are grilled for hours by a group of stony-faced intelligence officers, none of which have a rank lower than colonel. As you expected, you are told to never speak to anyone about what you have seen, not even your dog.

Immediately, you are placed on a transport back to Ft. Benning. More debriefing, then you are finally let go.

As you file out of the debriefing room, it's barely noon, but you all silently agree to go to the bar. On your way, you pass by a newspaper stand. The civilian behind the counter stiffens as you pass, as if given a sudden case of the chills. Displayed on the rack, screaming its bold headline, The Weekly World News.

"THE DEAD WALK IN SOUTH AMERICA!"

No one says a word. You just keep walking towards the bar.

Ending Two: Strange Bedfellows

You run, because it seems like the thing to do. You're not sure where to go, or what you're going to do when you get there, but you run anyway. It's as if you are trying to run away from everything you have seen.

Eventually, you collapse on the ground, unable to run any farther. As if they had been waiting for you all along, the FARC appear, silently, out of the jungle.

Commander Flores is with them, he smiles at you.

"You have done me a great favor here today, and I am grateful." For the first time since you have met him, he stops smiling. The grave expression on his face is enough to break you from your stupor.

"But I believe our problems are not over. Two of my men were shot during the raid, casualties are a fact of life, but the funny thing is, a few minutes after they were killed... they got up and started to walk."

"One of my men were bitten, he is sick even now." He looks all of you straight in the eye, it is easy to see why his men are inspired by him. "It appears that now we are no longer fighting for ideology, but for survival. You may join us if you wish."

At that moment, you all wish that you really had something better to do.

Part Eight

Continuing The Adventure

Dead Ops makes a great beginning for an All Flesh Must Be Eaten Campaign. You have a group of characters with all the skills necessary to handle the problem, caught in the worst situation in the world.

A great way to continue is to have the zombie disease start spreading like wild-fire. The nation of Columbia is ill-prepared to deal with the menace, both militarily and economically. This means that the zombies have a great head start, giving them the potential to be a true world wide threat.

The FARC distrust the government and the government distrusts the FARC. Each side will take this opportunity to wipe out the other, leading to even more potential for zombies. The characters can be the ones who try to get the two sides to cooperate and fight the real enemy.

The U.S. will desperately try to remove all proof of their involvement. If they learn that the Rangers are still alive, they send assassins to dispose of them.

If the characters did make it out, they can still be involved. Due to their experience, the Army may make them into a zombie strike team, and send them back to Columbia in order to kill the zombies and cover up the whole thing. In that situation, a very pissed off Colombian government and the FARC will start gunning for them, blaming the U.S. for all their problems.

BASE MEMORANDUM

TO: ALL BASE PERSONNEL
FROM: CPT. EDWARD COOPER, COMMANDER
SUBJECT: EVACUATION
DATE: 11 JUL 01
CC: DR. BEJAMAN WHITE, CHIEF OF RESEARCH

An evacuation of all base personnel will commence at 13:00 hrs. All staff will report to the barracks and be assigned a vehicle.

No weapons are to be left on base and all classified documents destroyed.

Command personnel shall secure all buildings before reporting for transport.

No personnel will be allowed to remain on base after 14:00 hrs.

Player Handout 2

July 10, 2001

I will never again be annoyed by the smugness of those who have a degree in psychology. This dumb ass journal, okay, not so dumb ass. It really does help. Thank you Stephen, you poor fucking bastard.

Okay, I'm working this out in my head.

Today, the aforementioned Dr. Stephen Richards, the brave, smug, psychology degree holding member of our research team was bitten by one of those things. And Tracy too, don't forget him, bastard still owes me a round of drinks at his country club, if and when we get home. Well, when if I get home, he is dead too.

You never explained how I'm supposed to keep focused while I do this Stephen.

Start Over.

Stephen and Tracy were bitten by one of the infected cadavers today. Not too big of deal we thought. Clean the wound, put a bandage on it, everything's fine. The virus can't affect the living. The dumb shits should have tied the thing down better anyway.

Why are we so stupid?

Playing with things we don't understand. That's what Julie would have said. Just like Frankenstein.

We were wrong, so wrong. The virus mutated in ways we couldn't imagine. How could we? No one has ever seen anything like this. I need to stay clinical, but fuck, this is really like a horror movie and it just keeps getting better and better.

Apparently, after the virus has lived inside a cadaver it mutates, grows stronger. That, combined with the fact that it had direct contact with the blood of its host, makes it lethal, and of course, those who die come back.

Tracy and Stephen died in eight hours, six for Tracy. That's just fucking incredible. Nothing works that fast. If it weren't all so damn horrific I might actually geeked about discovering the thing.

Oh shit, a bunch of G.I. Joes are knocking on the door. Cooper would go ape shit if he knew about this journal. "It is a breach of security!" he would exclaim in that whiney ass voice.

End Day.

Player Handout 3

Recognizing that I volunteered as a Ranger, fully knowing the hazards of my chosen profession, I will always endeavor to uphold the prestige, honor, and high esprit de corps of the Rangers.

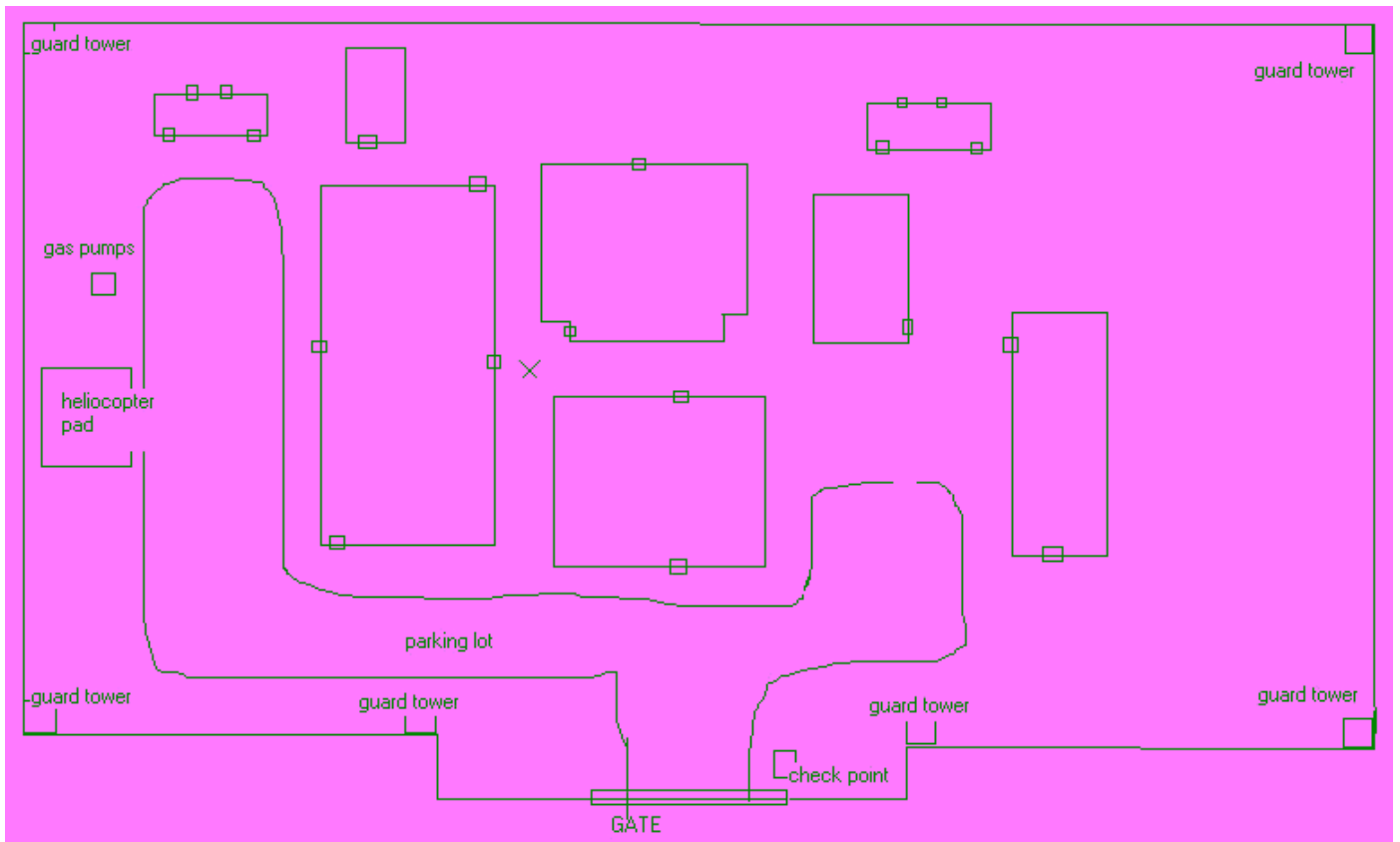
Acknowledging the fact that a Ranger is a more elite soldier who arrives at the cutting edge of battle by land, sea, or air, I accept the fact that as a Ranger my country expects me to move further, faster, and fight harder than any other soldier.

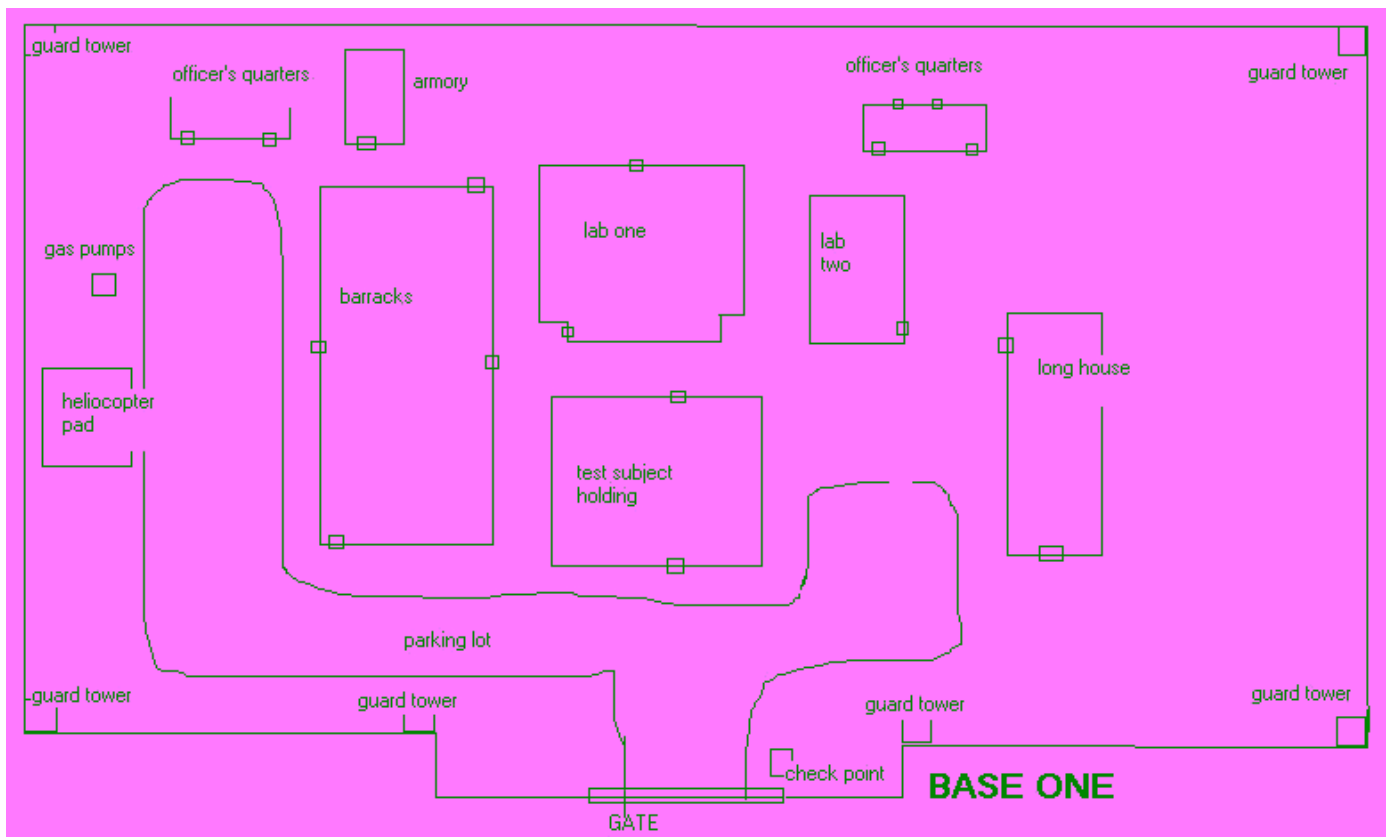
Never shall I fail my comrades I will always keep myself mentally alert, physically strong, and morally straight and I will shoulder more than my share of the task whatever it may be, one hundred percent and then some.

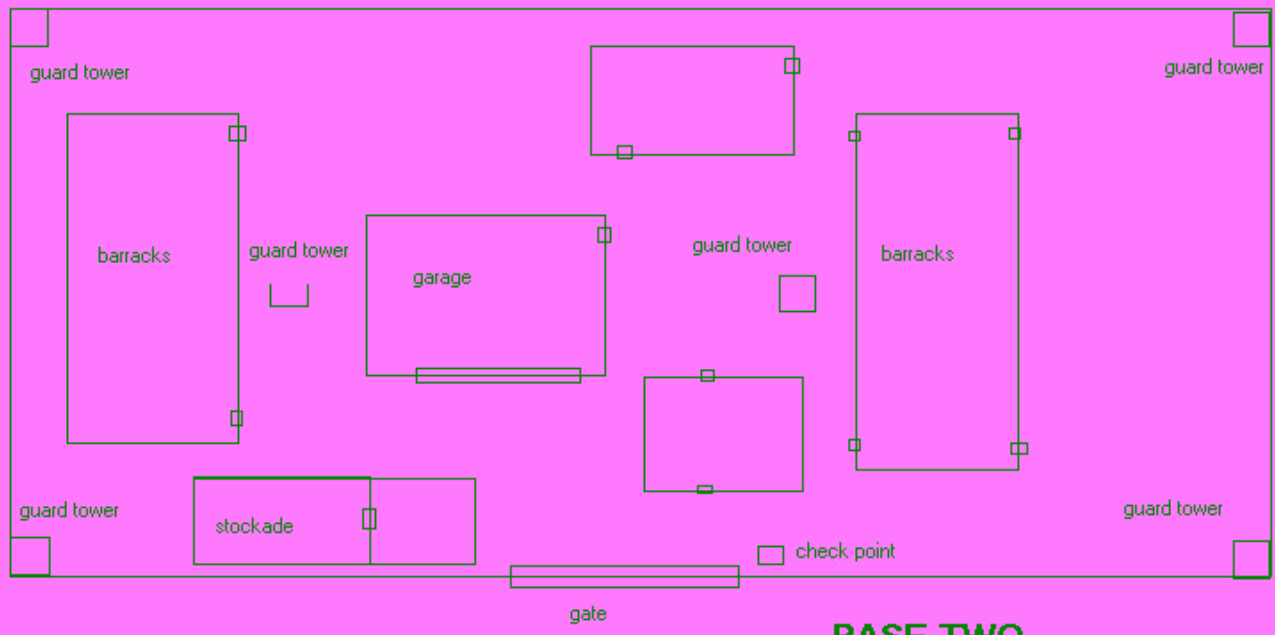
Gallantly will I show the world that I am a specially selected and well trained soldier. My courtesy to superior officers, neatness of dress, and care of equipment shall set the example for others to follow.

Energetically will I meet the enemies of my country. I shall defeat them on the field of battle for I am better trained and will fight with all my might. Surrender is not a Ranger word. I will never leave a fallen comrade to fall into the hands of the enemy and under no circumstances will I ever embarrass my country.

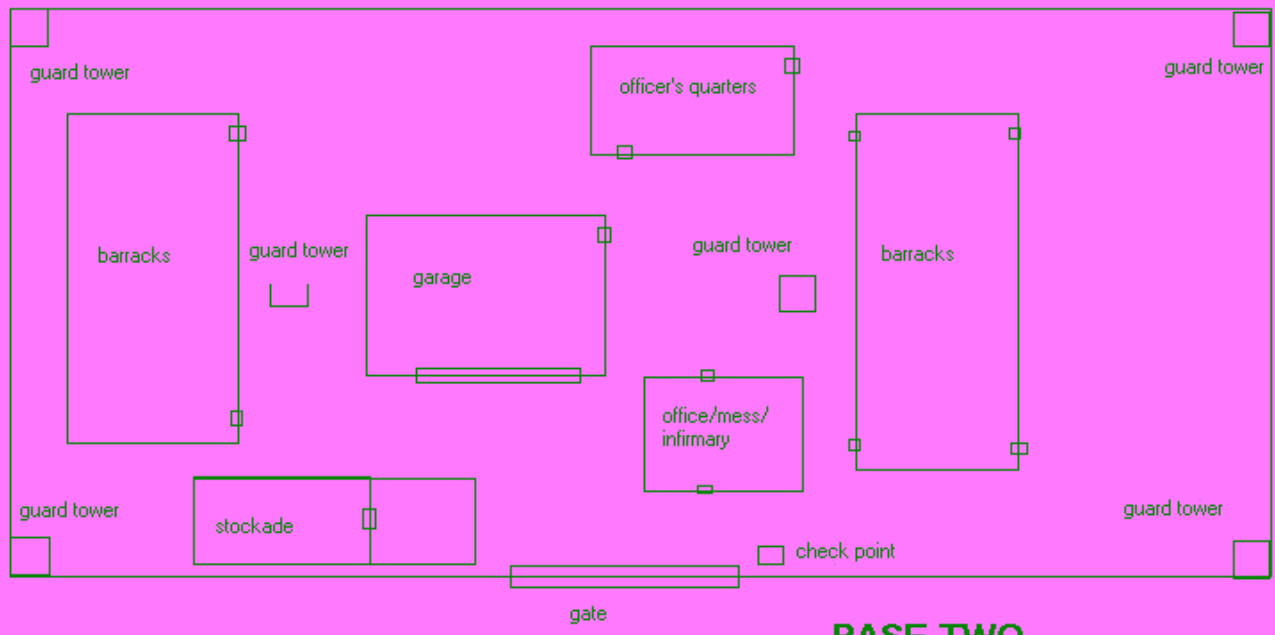
Readily will I display the intestinal fortitude required to fight on to the Ranger objective and complete the mission, though I be the lone survivor.



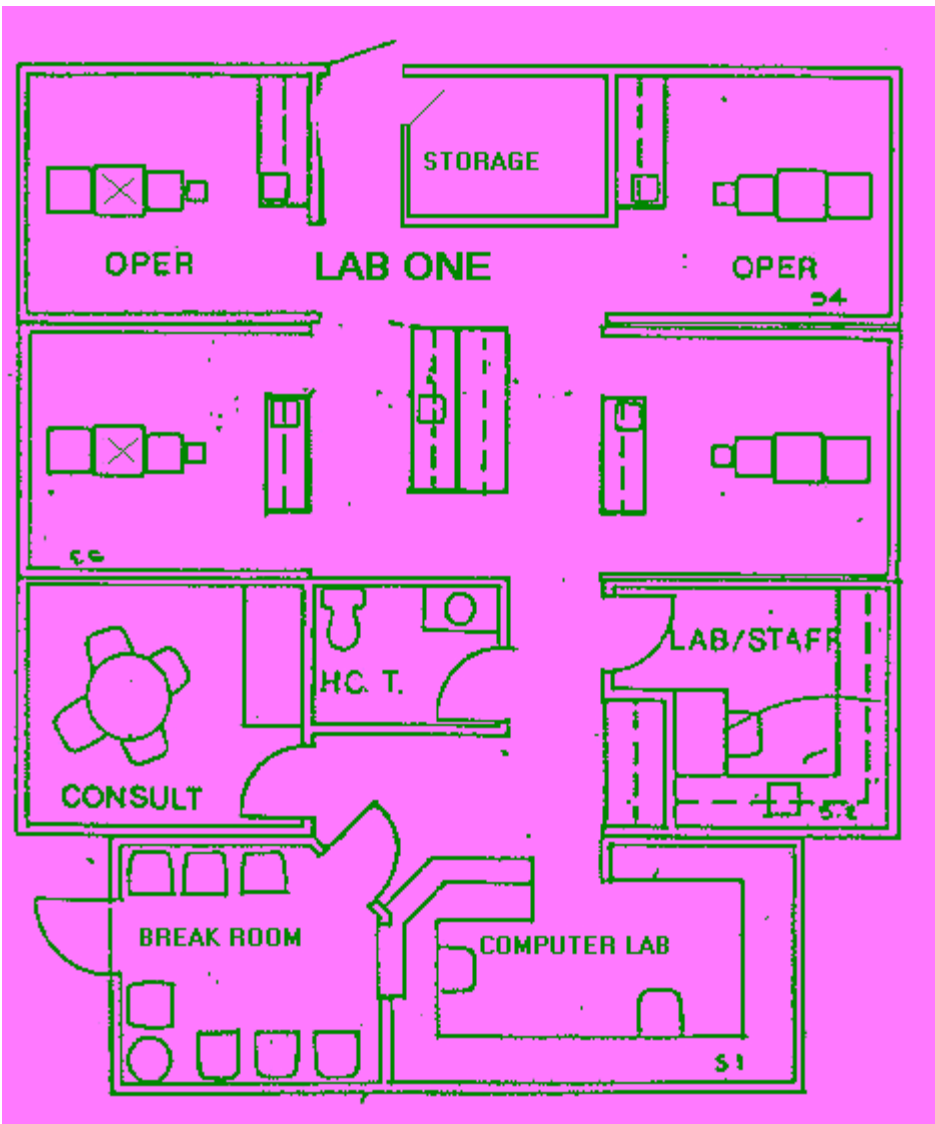




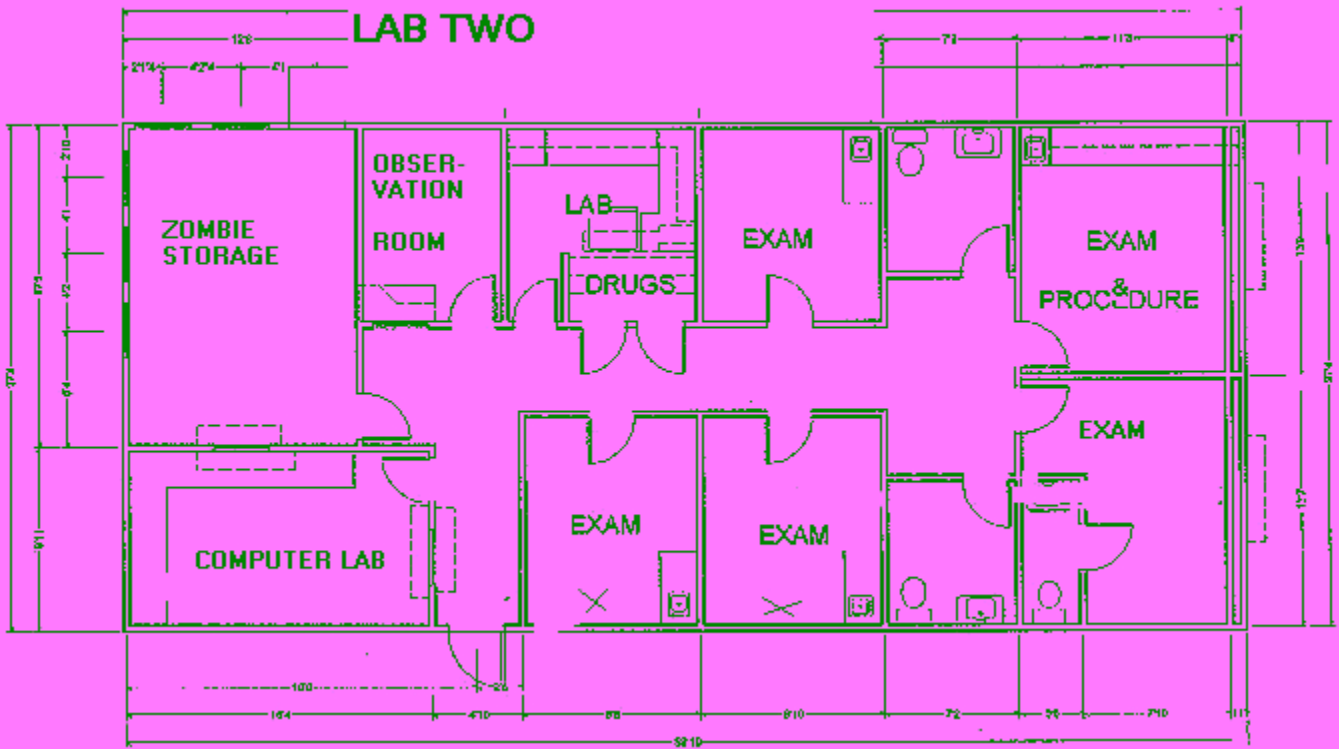
**BASE TWO
PLAYER'S MAP**



BASE TWO



LAB TWO



LONG HOUSE

