

# LOVER IN THE ICE

A "No Security" Horror Scenario



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A Hebanon Games Product



## Lover In the Ice

### INTRODUCTION

Lover in the Ice is a survival horror scenario set in a contemporary Midwestern city after a catastrophic ice storm. Four-to-six players take on the roles of a disaster-relief team interrupted from their efforts by an inexplicable horror. The story emphasizes body horror and the ubiquitous nature of crisis: what happens when those expected to respond rationally to danger are confronted with terror beyond their imagining? Will they be able to overcome the threat with decisive action, or will they doom everyone in their panic? The adventure can be completed in one or two sessions, depending on the level of detail employed by the GM.

This adventure starts with an overall description of the setting and plot for the GM's use. Information players can reveal through roleplaying can be found in the gameplay section.

### January 8th, 2008: Lafontaine, MO

An apocalyptic ice storm struck the Midwest on Jan. 2nd, 2008. An extreme cold front moved in from the Northeast, causing a 30° drop in ground temperature over a matter of hours. At the same time, humidity reached 100% and a widespread thunderstorm blanketed the region. The rain, already barely above freezing, coated whatever it hit in a thin layer of frost. An hour or so of downpour was all it took to coat the area in layer-upon-layer of ice. Roofs collapsed under 4-inch thick sheets. Trees exploded as sap flash-froze in their trunks, century-old oaks snapped in half under thousands of pounds of additional weight. Transformers shorted out and fell flaming from their posts. Cars not crushed by falling debris were sent skidding off impassable roads or frozen solid inside blocks of ice.

Hit hardest by the storm was the plains city of Lafontaine, MO. Already ill-prepared for winter weather by the economic depression (most of the salt trucks and plows were sold to keep the city from declaring bankruptcy), officials found themselves unable to respond

## GM INFORMATION

### A Broken Promise

Ryan Whitehead didn't live in LaFontaine, nor even in Missouri. He made his home on his ancestral plantation house in Alabama. In the 60's, he achieved some literary fame for his first novel *Man Jesus* with the Golden Arm, a biblical allegory retold as the story of messianic minor league pitcher amidst the tumultuous cultural revolution of the times. Stylistically, he was regarded as the "upper-crust Hunter Thompson," fusing an unflinching and contemporary voice with a penchant for Modernist allusion and the Southern Gothic themes.

Riding high off his critical success, Whitehead was commissioned by the San Franciscan magazine *Blammo!* to write some of the Gonzo journalism so popular with its readers. After being paid a significant advance, he was sent to Brazil to report on the Transamazonian highway, a massive public works project promised by the new military government. Rumors had it that the road's work crew was trailed by a movable city called "Little Altamira" that served all the workers' baser needs: drugs, dance, and sex. In 1967, Whitehead travelled to Brazil to write the article, accompanied by his childhood friend Albert Capchka and an editor from *Blammo!*, Gabriella Larentinos. The group was reported to have checked in with their military escort before heading downriver. Then...nothing.

In 1968, nearly five months after he had left, Whitehead was spotted back in his hometown. The writer was gaunt, having lost nearly fifty pounds, and now shook uncontrollably with tremors. All attempts to find the whereabouts of the rest of his party were met with silence. Whitehead insisted everything would be clear once he finished "his next novel."

### Wreckage of a Wasted Life

Whitehead's troubles grew exponentially upon his return. He remained under investigation by police for the disappearances of Gabriella Larentinos and Albert Capchka. Uncharacteristic reluctance to cooperate and secrecy by the pro-Western Brazilian dictatorship complicated inquiries to the point where

to the flood of emergency calls. Roads were blocked with felled trees. Phone lines were useless. Emergency responders had to spend hours chiseling out vehicles like sculptures, only so they could impotently skid off the road.

In the aftermath, the people of Lafontaine are trapped in a frozen wasteland. The majority of homes remain damaged and without power, their residents left to freeze in winter temperatures. Getting to the few operational shelters requires trekking across the eerily beautiful city of ice. Upon arrival, they're crammed into crowded shelters filled with cots and hastily packed suitcases. Even those lucky ones with vehicles rugged enough to escape often have to cut a path ahead through the felled limbs. The roar of chainsaws is constant.

The President declared Lafontaine a Federal Disaster Area, and after five days, assistance teams start making headway. A few of the major roadways get cleared and salted. The commercial and university districts to the South have power restored.

The same can't be said for the north side, the "bad" side of town. The north of Lafontaine is the oldest part of the city, cut off from the rest by a moat of abandoned warehouses, rail yards, factories, and other remnants of the city's industrial past. The massive, old growth trees dotting its residential neighborhoods caused more damage than anywhere else. The only lifeline south, The Zora Neale Hurston Bridge, remains a clogged, icy mess. It's difficult for FEMA teams to even tell who needs help in Northern Lafontaine; only the locals can distinguish which homes were abandoned to the storm and which were left vacant by the real estate crash.

Still, progress is being made. Operating out of the headquarters for City Utilities, workers are slowly getting Northern Lafontaine livable again. It appears that while the storm will certainly be expensive, none of the relief workers will be haunted by the lives it took.

That is, until they discover something far worse than the temperature lurks outside...and among them.

charges could never be brought, but the stain of the suspicion never left Whitehead's reputation.

The author's alcohol and drug abuse, significant even before the trip, became rampant after his return. His drunken ravings about monsters lurking in the jungle became something of a legend in his Alabama parish. Already neglectful of his young wife even before the trip, police reports trace Ryan's devolution into full-blown domestic abuse. His refusal of marital favors, screaming fits, and outright abuse granted his wife a divorce in 1970.

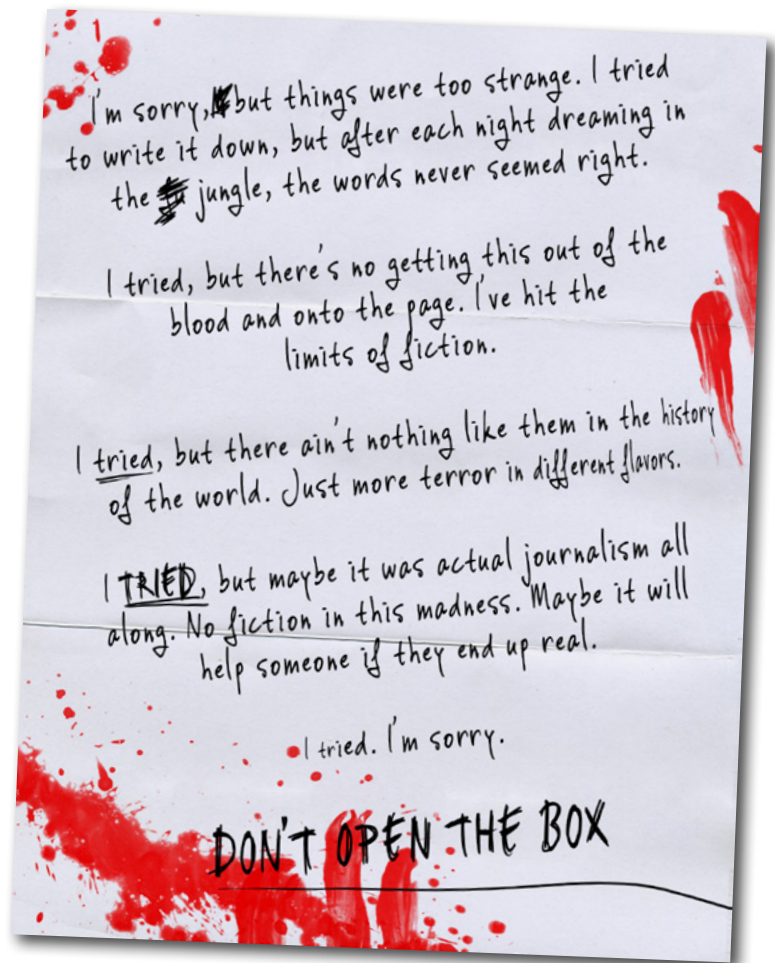
Eventually, Blammo! won a massive domestic lawsuit against Whitehead, suing for damages incurred from the stolen article advance and "failure to account for the whereabouts of vital staff members." Whitehead's only defense in the case was the assertion that the article "demanded a novel" and that all would be made clear soon. The court costs and damages resulted in the loss of much of his family fortune.

Whitehead spent the rest of his savings accruing an odd collection of occult paraphernalia under the auspices of "research" for his book. The attainment and storage of these rare artifacts, combined with the need to feed his addictions, wiped Whitehead out financially. He formally declared bankruptcy and drew government disability checks starting in the early 80's.

Ryan Whitehead spent the rest of his life locked up in a tiny government-assistance apartment. There, the man grew increasingly reclusive and obsessed with finishing "his novel." His once bright literary star dimmed and was forgotten.

Using the funds from a winning lottery ticket purchased from a local gas station, Whitehead rented a number of years worth of storage space at Earl's Rent-a-Space in his ex-wife's hometown of LaFontaine, MO. After shipping all his possessions to the unit, Whitehead sent a letter explaining the presence of the items to his ex; she promptly ignored it. One week later, a mailman discovered Whitehead in his apartment with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head.

The note pinned to his chest reads:



Relevant Excerpts from Drafts of "Escaping Altamira"

Amongst the arcane inheritance of Ryan Whitehead (page 19) (link to "Contents of Box 224") is a box containing hundreds of handwritten drafts for Escaping Altamira, the sophomore novel that never came. Investigators willing to spend a significant time researching the drafts can find the author's original notes for the article and learn how it informed his subsequent mad scribbling.

They sent me to the jungle to write a violent and curty article about the Wild West come round the wheel o' history again, stoppin' its unique je ne sais quoi and yours truly with the compass needle pointed South to a frontier town called Little Altanira. Sounds good to ol' Ryan, I said. I'd momentarily grown tired of wrestling with the people in my head and it's a good plan in such instances to put some new folk in there....filtering out the mundane ones with healthy doses of whiskey, of course. Or some fermented agave fruit, accounting for local custom...

Apparently the latest military coup wasn't content with its 15 minutes of dictatorship. Then crazy damn Brazilian generals fancied themselves capable of some man-sized, Romanesque public works. Seems the psycho bastards are cutting themselves a road through the green hell alongside the river. THE river. The Amazon river. Got everyone in on it—government men whipping indigenous tribesmen and brown proles with bulldozers for 12-hour days of feverish bushwhacking.

They got themselves a goddamned circus in their muddy wake, this nomad encampment called Lil' Altanira. As the road pushes through the humid jungle stink and poisonous everything, the town follows behind, serving the workers with booze and drugs and the bodies of its women, everyone hitchhiking along in the earth-moving spoonfuls of American-made CATS and deuce-and-a-half trucks.

I don't know where the fellas get the energy for that much shag, myself. Getting on the fucking plane to Belen would have killed my grand ass had I not been heavily fortified with a variety of chemicals.

Law has no meaning out in the wilderness. Men are getting shot and left in the trail. They're paving the road to Latino modernity with the bones of barroom shootouts and

used rubbers, like all the good civilizations should. It's the last of the wild places where a man's leisure is as dangerous as his work, and Blammo! thought ol' Ryan here was meant to take the snapshot for y'all.

And the plane is coming in over the Basin now, the muddy river cut into the green like a smile on a whore's face. I've got to meet my guide, Sgt. Travares, and get my pal Albert squared away medicinally despite the watchful eye of that damned sadist editor. We'll get a bead on the local debauchery by point of contrast, then it's off down the road to a town of dreams—the one that's never in the same place twice but always two-lanes wide—where we hope to meet men intent on fucking and drinking their way into places humanity weren't meant to tread..."

Illegible, water=ruined scrawl

That god-cursed Tupi dropped us off on the road a goddamned marathon away from town. Look Chief, I know they're raping your land, but don't charge me for watching and expect the noble savage treatment in my immortal prose. Asshole.

Speaking of violation, my entourage of Americans, whores, and heavy machine operators come across a strange sight as we lumped our shit down the jungle road. I was just thinking to myself this must be what those boys in 'Nam feel like when we saw the idols. The things were some seven-feet tall and dotted the road like attractions. The crew even blasted some of the things apart in their eagerness.

The sight sets me to mind of Friar Carjavel, and I can see why the old priest named it Amazon in 1542. The rock shows these great, granite women with clubs attack these strapping young lads with such enormous

equipment he don't have room for legs no more, just drags his huge junk through the dirt while walking on his hands. Poor fellas pecker must have crossed the weight limit for pleasure and into pain. The prehistoric ladies ain't having it no more, and the bastard's so ugly I can't say I blame them, loyalties to a fellow brother be damned.

The ones they ain't blasted aren't well-preserved. In the flood plain, it seems. I can only glean the stone comic book on one, and all the likenesses of the fella have their faces worn away. No eyes. Just a big sucking hole for a mouth. Gotta remember to call a museum down here before these savages bash their whole history to hell and gravel.

### Unreadable Pages

Have to write this down. I can't make sense of it.

We saw the smoke of the town a full day earlier than expected. The workers must have cut ahead by ten miles, which might as well be on the Moon in the rainy season. Me and Capchka were worried that they'd gotten sick of the nomad act and put down roots, which left a short jump to laws and culture and no story for ol' Whitey.

Far fucking from it. We're no sooner in sight of the tents when these topless women run at us with drinks in hand, titties flopping out. All the new-folk is half-naked too. Whole place is recovering from a Caligula-level orgy the night before. The crew seems disappointed it didn't beat some record and is primed to try again. Makes me wonder now if anyone was left to actually cut the trees up ahead. Lil' Altamira was too damned horny to move.

Capchka and I ditch the she-bitch editor and soldier to dive right in. We think we're big men, doing it for journalism and the U.S. of A and whatnot. Things get fuzzy but it's about the craziest damn time I can remember having. Men and women trailing off into the woods to fuck, music everywhere, booze, drugs, etc. A real love-in. I lost my intended partner in a crush as one seniorita after another found my lap, fighting over me like a piece of meat as we drank in the massive, sweaty tents.

Then the gunfire.

Army men came out of the direction of the work camp, firing in the air. They looked beat to shit. Some were hauling moaning men in improvised stretchers. They were just firing into crowds on the street. Anybody fucking runs for it, anybody coming out of the woods - they all get stitched up. Then the ones with machetes set upon the bodies. It's a fascist wet dream. Before I can pull myself out of shock, they start lining us up and take us behind the shed.

I'm scared shitless already when their officer stalks out of the night. Hard bastard was more scratch than skin; he was bleeding from everywhere. With these dead eyes, he cuts himself somewhere with a shaving razor, looking each person in the eyes as he does it. About the fourth one down, he cuts his face. The girl in front of him, she gives this moan in response. A deep one. Pleasant. Then she's being dragged out of line by her hair.

The soldiers, they circle up around her in a C-shape, real careful to give us a view. The ones not doing that form a line and cock the rifles. I'm pissing myself staring down the barrels, begging in all the languages I know, when I see the girl on the ground. She's STILL hot to trot, writhing around in the mud like a horny dog, feinting toward different men like she can't decide which one she wants more.

Then El Jefe shouts something, and the guys start beating her to death with their rifle stocks. I see it all, but El Jefe, he sees me... he's staring straight at us. He starts pointing at folks in the line, and they open up with them goddamn guns each time. The man left of me goes down, the couple to my right, scores more. Blood was pooling in the tracks left by the bulldozers.

All that was left was me and maybe half a dozen others, though I'm too fucking scared to count at the time. There's this eerie calm between the beat-up girl's last breath and the sounds of the jungle resuming. Then there's this rustling in the underbrush, and weird hooting-chattering like bats on a summer night, but louder and from every direction. Next thing I know they are shooting again, but this time into the trees, screaming "AMANTE! AMANTE!"

Some brute grabs me and runs us down the road, sends us sprinting down the muddy road in the dead of night. I swear I can hear those hooting bat noises rushing past us as we run, heading towards the gunfire and the growing glow of fires.

Albert is already half-way back to the boat landing by the time I catch-up to him. His face is cut to shit and he's got no answers for me. What happened? What the hell happened?

Guess that ol' boy Conrad was right about the jungle.

Woke up this morning to find Albert stabbing one of the soldiers with...something. He held it in his mouth and went at the man like a fucking woodpecker. The Brazilians that made it back to the boat with us almost wiped themselves out in crossfire, trying to hit him on full-auto in the middle of the raging river. He came at me then, with that thing writhing out from him. I ended up cutting something off/out of him with daddy's Bowie knife. Albert fell backwards and overboard. Even in the deep water, the piranha made his blood froth in the surf.

Those left threw their own dead to the fish. Didn't even hesitate. I was pinned under some luggage and the thing was still flopping around in my hand. I slammed it shut inside an ammo box. I can still hear it thrashing around in there. Maybe a doctor back home will...I don't know.

Why am I writing this? The words can't cut it no more."

Pages of rambling follow

## Transcript of handout 2:

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*Apparently the latest military coup wasn't content with its 15 minutes of dictatorship. Them crazy damn Brazilian generals fancied themselves capable of some man-sized, Romanesque public works. Seems the psycho bastards are cutting themselves a road through the green hell alongside the river. THE river. The Amazon river. Got everyone in on it— government men whipping indigenous tribesmen and brown proles with bulldozers for 12-hour days of feverish bushwhacking.*

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*Why am I writing this? The words can't cut it no more."*

## Timeline of Disaster

**Jan. 2nd, Days:** A catastrophic icestorm strikes Lafontaine, MO. A massive limb breaks off and crashes through storage unit 224 at Earl's Rent-a-Space. The seeder organ is set free from amongst the belongings of the deceased Ryan Whitehead. Over the past forty years, it has recovered from its wounds and survived in a state of hibernation. Shocked into activity by the extreme cold, the parasite begins inching itself out of the rubble in search of a host.

**Jan.3rd, 1:00 A.M:** Skip Mills, supervisor for City Utilities in Lafontaine, braves the icestorm to survey the damage. Damage visible from the road prompts him to enter the property to check on the numerous overhead power lines criss-crossing the units. He is seen arriving on Earl's Rent-a-Space cameras.

**Jan.3rd, 1:05 A.M:** Hearing something from within the crushed Unit 224, Skip Mills moves to investigate. The desperate seeder organ infects him. It hooks itself to his face using its bone-needles and forces its bulbous stalk down Skip's throat as he screams. Bleeding from multiple facial lacerations and overwhelmed with terror, the supervisor passes out shortly after.

**Jan.3rd, 1:30 A.M.:** Skip regains consciousness, though he is still woozy and vomiting. He can be seen as a dark shape leaving the facility. Earl's Rent-a-Space security cameras lose power shortly after.

**Jan.3rd, 2:30 A.M:** Skip returns home in a daze. Overcome and surprised by the strange urges of the seeder organ, Skip violently slays his mother and turns her corpse into an Incubus for the Amante. In the grips of combined hormonal euphoria and disgusted horror, Skip Mills slips into shock.

**Jan.3rd, 5:45 A.M:** Though no longer lucid due to the influence of the parasite, Skip Mills realizes he has committed an unnatural act of murder. Fearing discovery, he sets about covering his tracks. He goes to City Utilities.

**Jan.3rd, 6:00 A.M:** Having at this point fully diluted himself that killing his mother was "a one time thing" and nothing he should go to prison over, Skip gathers

file boxes from work before returning to Earl's-Rent-a-Space. Expressions of concern by coworkers over the wounds on his face and the declining state of the city receive dismissive answers before he leaves.

**Jan.3rd, 6:30-7:30 A.M:** Skip breaks into the Rent-a-Space offices, investigates the camera, and mistakes it as being broken during the storm. He then repackages every item in Whitehead's Unit 224 using the City Utilities file boxes, making it seem as if nothing was disturbed in the breach. In the darkness of the early morning, he misses his own blood and vomit at the scene.

**Jan.3rd, 8:00 A.M-1:00 P.M:** Skip tries to keep up appearances by coming into work. It is the craziest day of his career; power is down across the entire city. Skip concocts excuses about power failures and complications with the storm in a panic. Facing intense scrutiny by superiors, he accounts for his whereabouts by reporting all the line damages he saw, including those at Earl's Rent-a-Space.

Skip spends most of the day in his office handling calls, but his every interaction with his secretary, Tanya Cambria, brings about the terrifying urges that saw him kill his mother. Much of the day is spent looking at internet pornography in an attempt to quell these temptations.

**Jan.3rd, 1:00-12:00 P.M:** Skip Mills goes home "sick." He continues to attempt suppressing his new instincts by purchasing enormous amounts of pornography at the sex shop outside town. He spends the entire night abusing himself to resist the urges as his mother putrefies in the next room.

**Jan. 4th, 6:00 A.M:** Skip fails to go into work despite repeated calls to his home. His cycle of self-abuse continues until he succumbs to his murderous sexual urges by attacking the PC's located in his office (page 16) or is discovered at home (page 20).

**Jan. 4th, 7:15 A.M:** The first Amante is born from the corpse of Skip Mill's mother. The infected man in the next room is so enraptured in his psychosexual fugue that he doesn't notice the horrific sounds. The creature scabbles through the ceiling and leaves through the attic, seeking prey.

**Jan. 4th, 9:00 A.M.:** The young Amante takes shelter in the attic of Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing at 1824 West Ambrosia, the closest home still generating heat.

**Jan. 4th, 9:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M.:** The Amante hunts and devours pets in the area. It grows to full size.

**Jan. 4th, 6:30 P.M.:** The Amante violates Melody Farthing first, while she is in her bed for a nap. Melody will wake from her nightmare-fueled sleep as a Seeder.

**Jan. 4th, 8:00 P.M.:** The Amante easily overpowers Tilda Hasting as she comes to check on her roommate.

**Jan. 4th, 9:00-10:00 P.M.:** Jonah Washington, the third roommate renting 1824 West Ambrosia, finally gets home through the weather after a 2-week training for the National Guard. He is immediately propositioned sexually by his two roommates. Thinking this is a joke (they know he is gay), he allows himself to be stripped partially before resisting. Then the infected girls attack. Suffering from multiple stab wounds, Jonah manages to escape into the cold. The girls pursue through the abandoned streets for a bit before the parasites' need for heat forces them to retreat home.

**Jan. 4th, 10:15-12:00 P.M.:** While out, the girls find a homeless man on his way to the Truman Memorial High School shelter. They offer him refuge in their home, then film their seeding of him. They spend the rest of the night watching the tape, pleasuring themselves, and making art to please their new dark god.

**Jan. 4th, 1:30 A.M.:** Jonah Washington, bleeding from stab wounds and delirious with fear, finally succumbs to exposure in the disused ATM kiosk in which he took shelter. His body will be found the next day by Deputy Eli Filagree. Though ruled as another homeless death on account of the extreme cold, Filagree begins investigating the mysterious nature of Washington's wounds off the books.

**Jan. 5th, 5:30 A.M.:** Phone records record the seeder girls calling Pamela Decature, their landlady, about a supposed burst pipe in the basement. They also begin calling Chad Bergman in an attempt to arrange a party for that night.

## NPC List

**Skip Mills (Seeder)** – Site supervisor for Lafontaine City Utilities and the first Seeder.

**Tanya Cambria** – Skip Mill's secretary and customer service rep

**Deputy Eli Filagree** – Young Sheriff's department officer secretly investigating the death of Jonah Washington

**Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing (Seeders)** – art students at the local college, turned to Seeders by the newly born Amante

**Jonah Washington (deceased)** – National Guard reservist that roomed with Hasting and Farthing. He escaped their attacks only to die in the frigid temperatures.

**John Doe (Incubus)** – one of the city's many homeless seeking shelter from the storm. He was lured into the house at 1824 West Ambrosia and became the girls' first victim.

**Pamela Decature (Incubus)** – Owner of the property at 1824 West Ambrosia and landlady to the college students. Murdered by her tenants to incubate an Amante.

**Kelly and Liam Decature (deceased)** – Father and son of Pamela Decature. The Amante used the girls to gain entry to the home and kill the pair. Their bodies provide meat for the creature while his seeder organs breed.

**Chad Bergman** – Sophomore in political science at the university and friend to the girls. He's organizing the massive dorm party the girls are invited to.

**Jan. 5th, 9:00 A.M.:** Pamela Decature arrives to help with the problem. She is killed and used to incubate another Amante in the basement. There are now two Incubuses inside 1824 West Ambrosia.

**Jan. 5th, 8:00 P.M.:** Feeling an insatiable hunger and urge to find another warm place, the girls proceed to Pamela Decature's house by trekking through the snow. Their Amante master follows in the tree tops.

**Jan. 5th, 8:30 P.M.:** Kelly, Pamela Decature's husband, greets his two tenants at the door and is immediately attacked by the Amante. He and his son are killed and feasted upon to nourish the still growing creature. The girls, completely consumed by the pleasure of their infected master, merely watch. Before the girls

## The Monster: El Amantè

The Amante is a terrible creature born out of a humid, Amazonian hell. It stands about as tall as an orangutan but is hairless, covered instead with pallid, leather-hard grey skin. The head is dominated by a huge circular orifice with rows of sharp teeth used for consuming prey. It is eyeless, relying instead on huge bat-like ears and a high-pitched “hoot” for echolocation. Though perfect for hunting in the dense jungle night, such dependence on sound can be hindrance in the hectic modern world.

The creature has no legs. It can only move by loping across the ground on its gorilla-sized arms or swinging from limb-to-limb in the tree canopy. The lower half of the body is made up solely by what appears to be a re-curved tail. Those unfortunate enough to be attacked by the Amante will find that this tail is actually a phallus.

The Amante’s only goals when encountering prey are appeasing its hunger or its reproductive instincts. If it doesn’t instantly kill prey with its claws and begin feasting, it will attempt to pin the victim to the ground and erect its phallus/tail. One hand strays to rip the organ from its place with a sickening snap of tendons and a spray of orange blood. The creature then attempts to jam its wriggling flesh –bulbous end first – down the throat of the victim. This is not typically hard to do: anyone fighting an Amante is usually screaming in terror.

The Amante will attempt to turn as many people into “seeders” as it can produce organs with which to do the task. The phalluses are linked to their creator and offer the creature a degree of control over the host, but the primitive Amante rarely finds the need. The creature’s only priority is survival, and the effects of its organ are more than enough to motivate most people to fulfilling its sexual desires.



return home for more reflexive self-abuse and Amante worship, the Amante tears off another wriggling Seeder and gifts it to his slaves.

**Jan. 5th, 9:00 P.M:** The Amante, having secured a sizable food source, begins nesting in the Decature home.

**Jan. 5th, 11:00 P.M:** Chad leaves a voicemail on both girls’ phones saying that power has been restored at the McFillion Hall dormitory and the party is on for the next evening. Melody Farthing and Tilda Hasting have passed out from the exhaustion of going mad and serving their new god. As soon as they wake, they will attempt to gain a third accomplice with the borrowed Seeder, then proceed to turn as many party attendants as possible into wombs for new Amante.

**Jan 6th, 7:00 A.M:** Player characters arrive in LaFontaine.

## The Monsters: Seeders

Seeders originate as the foot-long nightmare phalluses of Amante. They end in a four, serrated hypodermic needles made of bone ringed around a black gill that operates like a stand-in esophagus, piping air and food to the host. Each bone needle is attached to a vein that runs down the length of the wriggling-grayish tube. Two veins suck blood from the victim while the other two inject an orange, recombinant fluid back in. Via an alien biological process housed in the blub-like pustule at the base of the phallus, the orange fluid is rearranged on a cellular level from human blood. This bulb also contains nerve tendrils used to integrate with the host's limbic system.

Seeder organs are relatively useless until placed in a host, though they can move and implant autonomously with the element of surprise. Once lodged in the throat, Seeders take control and supercharge the host's hormonal production. Those infected will quickly begin to sexualize nearly every encounter with other human beings, regardless of relation, context, or taboo. The host will literally begin to lose his/her mind trying to resist sexual acts in inappropriate situations.

This sickness typically takes two forms: in most instances, Seeders will rationalize the sexual urges as perfectly natural impulses. These victims might even regard the Amante that attacked them as a liberating entity and seek to actively serve it. They begin engineering wild, hedonistic encounters with as many partners as possible. If these Seeders can separate any partners from the herd, they will either bring them to the Amante for implantation or stab them to death with their needle phalluses, thus creating Incubus (see below). This latter response brings about a sexual pleasure so intense that remorse is all but impossible. The Seeder will hide the body in a safe place and seek to repeat the process as many times as possible.

A reaction more rare is withdrawal from society. This typically occurs when someone is seeded by an organ whose Amante is dead. Without the primal influence of their master, certain psychological types only feel a more intense shame with their heightened ability for physical pleasure. Those resistant might take temporary solace in self-mutilation or masturbation

as a means of temporarily appeasing the beast within them. But unless the host suicides or has the organ surgically removed, they will revert to the predatory tactics of the typical Seeder if given the chance.

Regardless of type, Seeders will find any act of physical violence intensely arousing. Conflict has been naturally selected as an aphrodisiac to the Amante, as it conceals their breeding habits and increases their chances of survival. It is difficult for any Seeder to resist the sight of hostile action; the organ will likely burst forth and attack.



## Infecting PCs

Though unlikely, it is still possible for PC's isolated from the party to become unwilling tools of the Amante and sabotage any group efforts from within.

Players should be given a chance to resist the attack. Amante's are drastically stronger than humans, but it is still theoretically possible to overpower one long enough to run away. If physically pinned, the character still has a chance. The Amante's position is unsteady when it is attempting to force a Seeder down someone's throat. If characters can keep from screaming, they can prevent the tendrils at the base from thrusting themselves inside. Doing this is far from easy; the situation is terrifying beyond words, and keeping calm enough to shut one's mouth should require a difficult emotional or mental stability check. Even if successful, it prevents the victim from calling for help. Still, those with a strong enough will get another chance to buck the creature's grip and flee.

If the Seeder gains purchase, the character instantly passes out. He or she will wake up a few minutes later, intensely nauseous and exhausted. Shock, combined with the alien creature grafting itself to the nervous system, makes the whole event seem like a terrible nightmare. Those forcing themselves to remember the attack in detail find no comfort. The more the attack is reflected upon, the more arousing it seems.

Characters turned into Seeders find themselves sexualizing nearly every encounter with other humans. These fantasies are intensely distracting, and as the Seeder acclimates to its new host, the waking dreams grow ever more depraved. Imagining people naked quickly evolves into imagining them flayed alive. Disgust, though present, is overpowered by sheer animal lust. Characters unlucky enough to actually witness a violent act while caught in this fugue state are in danger of having their very minds shatter with desire.

GM's shouldn't take away control of Seeder character immediately. Instead, players should be given chances to resist temptation, but each check should degrade the character's overall mental stability. If your game has a sanity mechanic of some sort, subtract points even on a successful check and incur massive penalties for failed rolls. Once the character's mind can no longer withstand the pressure, the GM should take control and launch an attack. However, degrading the Seeder character's willpower over time gives a player the chance to seek sedation, pick a victim that isn't a friend, or nobly eat a bullet to save the rest of the team.

## The Monsters: Incubus

Amante's do not reproduce so much as clone. Human blood is broken down and reassembled into a series of different DNA strands through the remarkable sophistication of the Seeder organ. It is then reinjected into the host,. The bloated corpse that remains becomes the Incubus.

The orangish fluid is the proterozoic stew that makes up an Amante. Within the drained flesh of the victim, individual protein strands reassemble themselves into tissues, organs, and systems. Over time, something like a fetus is recreated, built from the same biological blueprint every time. The infant Amante then begins to feed on the remaining tissues of the host until breaking free.

From the outside, anyone unlucky enough to see this biological "miracle" will witness a bloated corpse with something gurgling and shifting inside of it. The dead flesh writhes until a hungry monster comes bursting forth in an eruption rotten flesh. "Birth" occurs within one to two days after a victim's death.

## GAMEPLAY INFORMATION

### Character Selection

As a narrative, *Lover in the Ice* works best when players take on the roles of outsiders. The few remaining residents of Lafontaine are occupied rebuilding, relocating, and recovering in the wake of storm. A group of characters entering the situation from the outside will have the focus necessary to investigate the odd disappearances, yet remain isolated enough by the weather that they must rely on themselves to survive.

Skill sets are something else to consider when generating characters. Discovering the full scope of the Amante infestation requires a wide range of expertise. Combat ability is necessary to fend against the deadly threats, especially considering their prodigious reproduction rate. Perceptive, inquisitive characters are needed to find clues as to the disaster's origins and spread. A student of American Literature could

even come in handy when forced to decipher the mad ramblings of Ryan Whitehead. Consider the inclinations of the group. Will players prefer more freedom in character generation in exchange for possibly never understanding the frigid hell they've wandered into? Or would they prefer more guidance from the GM and a better chance at uncovering the dark origins of Lafontaine's predator?

A party with a mix of the following archetypes would have a good chance of discovering the mystery haunting the frozen city:

- A medical or scientific expert
- A computer specialist
- Someone with military or law enforcement experience
- An intellectual with good people skills

## Plot Hooks (Getting Character's Together)

A FEMA Disaster Management Team is the best explanation for a group of characters with disparate backgrounds arriving together in Lafontaine. Furthermore, federal employees tasked with administering disaster relief are granted some authority over local authorities, which could prove useful. However, useful as such privileges may be, GM's should be careful not to extend them too far; the game won't be much fun if the PC's call in an airstrike and go home. The winter storms, icy ground conditions, and unbelievable nature of such a supernatural threat should be enough to prevent characters from using full-blown military intervention to solve their problems.

In contrast, if GM's really want to challenge the group, characters could be working for a private company donating manpower towards recovery, or a team of celebrities seeking good PR through charity work. Deprived of any lawful authority, such characters will find the violent action necessary to survive much harder to get away with.

# LOCATIONS AND NPC's

## 1.LAFONTAINE CITY UTILITIES

The City Utilities building is clogged with activity. Complaining customers entering their second week without electricity pack the lobby like cattle. Over-worked receptionists do their best to cajole the crowd. Exhausted lineman file in and out, returning for more equipment or just trying to catch a few minutes sleep in the locker room.

Tanya Cambria is the first person players will encounter. She was made aware that a response team was to be housed at the facility, but she's yet to find any space for them to set up amongst the chaos. In a pinch, Tanya will take the group to a temporary office set up in a prefab trailer out in the parking lot. The office is being used by Skip Mills (his normal space is under renovation), but he is out sick at the moment.

Socially aware characters will realize Tanya is uncomfortable talking about Skip. Pressing her further divulges concerns for his job and health. Missing work during a disaster like this will not be forgiven, no matter the excuse. She sympathizes; he looked very ill when he came into work three days ago. His face was covered in scratches and sweat. She claims he gave her the oddest, pained stares when she came by to drop off his mail and lunch.



## 2. SKIP MILL'S OFFICE

Tanya drops the group off in the office and returns to her work. Generally, this is the characters' "base" for the duration of the scenario. It is isolated, private, and heated. City Utilities is too busy to bother the party unless specifically forced to, and the room is equipped with a few foldout tables, a desk, and a PC. If it weren't for the weird smell and cheesy 70's wood-grain interior, it would be perfect.

Ostensibly, administration is the entire reason for the characters to be in Lafontaine. For much of the adventure, it would be a good idea if someone stayed behind at the office and dispatched agents in the field via cellphones. This is especially true if the full contents of Whitehead's estate are recovered (page page 18); intelligence learned at the office could be the difference between life and death. GM's can explicitly suggest such tactics to players early on to ensure a good experience.

Skip has left his mark on the room in the few hours worked before he went home "sick." Curious characters can get an idea that something is wrong by investigating. GMs should make checks where they find appropriate.

**Password:** The computer is on and still logged in. Accessing the program controlling the power grid requires a separate password, but basic web browsing is possible. The backside of the desk calendar has "Ecclesiastes28" written on it. This is the password to the Power Grid Control Program. It can be used to determine which buildings on the north side still have working connections.

**Browser:** The web history shows Skip surfed numerous, deviant porno sites on his last day. The erotica is violent in the extreme and unfocused on a particular gender.

### Seeder Attack Plot Hook

If players don't find Skip Mills' strange behavior particularly compelling, or if the GM wants to just dive straight into the action, the missing manager can return to work just as the PC's are setting up shop. With days having passed since his last kill, Skip returns to "make love" to Tanya Cambria and instead finds a smorgasbord of new victims inside his isolated trailer. A full-blown seeder attack should get the characters interested quickly without presenting an impossible challenge too early in the game.

Killing Skip does nothing but make the problems worse. Essentially, the PC's have all become accomplices in a murder. Who is going to believe a bone-fanged demon phallus burst from his mouth and attacked? Especially when it detaches and tries to crawl away when the host is dead? As long as the body stays in the trailer, it should go undiscovered; even gunshots are lost in the constant roar of chainsaws and snapping limbs filling the city. Dealing with the corpse and figuring out what the hell happened should get the ball rolling on investigation. Furthermore, the party is provided additional clues in the form of the Seeder organ (if they can catch it).

**Email:** Skip's email is still open. Amongst a flood of requests for situation reports, he sent out a hastily typed memo listing a number of addresses where lines were down. Moments later, he sent out a second memo urging everyone to ignore a certain address in the previous message. Research will show this is the address to Earl's Rent-a-Space (page 17). Skip's house address can also be found in his email account (page 20).

**Empty Boxes:** There are broken down file boxes all around the room but no files.

**Desk:** The underside of desk is covered in...male fluids. Skip was doing some very questionable things during his one day in this office.

**Phone:** Calling the operator or star-69 can reveal that the last place Skip called was a pornography shop on the way to his house.

## 3.MOTOR POOL

The City Utilities Motor Pool has seen better days. The parking lot is all but empty and many sections remain coated a thick layer of ice. The only trucks present are those still being resupplied or broken down.

Deputy Eli Filagree can be found here, desperately trying to get some help from some of the linemen. It is not going well. The deputy is rather mousy for a law officer, and the linemen are typically too world-weary and overworked to give out anything without a warrant.

If approached, Deputy Filagree will try to get access to the Power Grid Control Program. He's investigating the death of a John Doe (actually Jonah Washington) a couple of nights ago, and he wants to know what residences still had heat around the area where the body was found.

Deputy Filagree is working off the books on this investigation; his superiors aren't keen to waste resources during a disaster investigating the death of another homeless man from exposure. Filagree isn't convinced it isn't a case of foul play and figures he could earn himself a promotion by proving it. He'll try and intimidate any civilian characters he can into giving up the information. Bringing up his refusal to show a warrant will shut the Deputy up quick, though.

Characters with federal credentials can convince Filagree to confide in them. Eager to have someone listen to his theories for once, Deputy Filagree will eagerly reveal the odd nature of the death, possibly going so far as to allow them access to the corpse (page 21).

## 4.EARL'S RENT A SPACE

Earl's Rent-a-Space is open around the clock to those with a code to the razor-wire fence gate and a key to their own unit. A gigantic tree limb snapped off, crushing a number of units on the side of the property facing the highway. Unit 224 is among the damaged storage spaces. The gate to the facility remains locked, but another limb has smashed the chain-link flat and allows entry.

A number of interesting details can be found on the property.

**Box Scrap:** There is a piece of cardboard caught on the razor wire trapped beneath the fallen tree limb. Characters familiar with the file boxes used at City Utilities will recognize it.

**Office:** The tiny office of the facility has been broken into. Those with skills in electronics can recognize that while the security camera is no longer operational, the recordings are still intact.

**CCTV:** The video recordings from the night of the storm show a dark, hooded figure (Skip Mills, if the characters know enough to recognize him by now) entering the facility from the breach in the fence. He seems to be looking up as he moves. He leaves frame and stays out of sight for a half-hour before drunkenly stumbling away.

**Insurance Files:** Insurance forms filed in the office will provide an inventory of Unit 224. Handwritten in the margin next to Ryan Whitehead's name is a note reading "Fuckin' WEIRDO. Watch out!"

**Unit 224:** At the shed, a limb has cave in the walls and ceiling. However, perceptive characters notice that the boxes in the unit are perfectly stacked and dry.

**Skip's Tracks:** In the corner of the unit, there remains a single footprint next to a pile of bloody vomit.

## The Contents of Box 6

For those wishing to add a more cerebral flavor of horror to their game, consider adding the mechanic described below. If not, proceed as if the contents of Box 6 were the only items contained in Unit 224.

In his madness, Ryan Whitehead spent every dime of his book royalty, inheritance, and government assistance money on “research” for his book. Drawn into a savage, incomprehensible reality by his experiences in the Amazon, the author found himself unable to ignore the horror he now saw all around him. In attempt to understand and conquer his demons, Whitehead amassed a collection of arcane artifacts in an attempt to validate his experiences as real.

Later in life, when he realized his trauma was beyond any academic study, he abandoned the collection, along with his Amazon paraphernalia, in Unit 224.

For insurance purposes, Whitehead had to itemize his possessions before storing them at Earl’s. Naturally, he left out many of the more salient details about his hobby. Skip’s tidying and repackaging of the scene makes it impossible to tell what is missing. Only by cross-referencing the vague list of items found in Earl’s files with what remains in the storage shed can the cause of Skip Mills’ misfortune be definitively discovered.

The boxes will have to be removed to a heated location if characters are to sift through them. As none of the boxes are labeled, have characters roll a d10. Whatever comes up is the box they open and start examining. Alternately, the GM could just have the players open random boxes before revealing the crucial information at a pivotal moment.

Investigating the boxes is task action that can take anywhere from minutes to hours. GM’s should assign skill checks and dispense emotional trauma as they see fit according to each item.

**1. Carving:** The “carving” is of what appears to be a mannequin head. A hatchet is lodged in the cranium and there are scorch marks around the base. Characters skilled in woodwork or other industrial arts can notice the odd grain of the wood. Aside from the obvious attempts to destroy the thing, the only signs of tool use are the crudely drawn eyes and crooked smile. It appears as if the head was grown in its current shape. If at any point the head is exposed to the night sky, it will immediately float upwards like a balloon.

Where it disappears into the vanishing point, the stars are not where they should be, replaced by a swirling absence.

**2. List of Hands:** A large list printed on yellowed computer stock, accordion-folded. It is easily ten inches thick. Each entry contains the single exacting description of a pair of hands: “Caucasian. Male. Glove size large/23 cm. Unkempt nails, bite marks on the thumbs. Wedding band tan-line, but no ring for 3 years and 2 months previous. Black hair on knuckles. Scar on left metacarpal from carving accident in woodshop, fall semester 1994...” Reading the entire thing reveals that the investigator’s own hands are on the list, followed by the hands of whomsoever touches the list next. There are thousands more entries on the list after those of the players. The last two read “...used to staunch puncture wound. Abdomen. Mortal: ruptured spleen and perforated bowels. Death in 2 min 19 seconds” and, finally, “Flames.”

**3. Archival Documents:** The files of Abner Lebowitz consist primarily of maps. The maps appear to be yearly surveys of the Stockyard District in Chicago, spanning from 1910 to 1924. Initially, the material seems quite boring. Abner appears to have been a cartographer charged with updating city maps each year for the purposes of electoral districting, census taking, and police records.

Each year has its own file containing a map dedicated to each purpose and whatever notes Abner deemed relevant: reports of improperly zoned construction, time sheets, etc. In 1912, the notes contain a few notes regarding a “Chambliss Meatpacking” and formal inquiries into a possible error in city records. As the archives go on, the notes grow increasingly complex and haphazard. A building appears in the center of each map, hand-drawn in red ink after official printing. Grainy photographs of the city skyline begins appearing.

Perceptive eyes will notice that the same squat building is at least partially visible in each one. By the 20’s, Abner’s obsession with the red square drawn is apparent. Hastily scrawled notes in both Yiddish and English exclaim, “How do I get there?!” Numerous routes lines in various colors of ink circumnavigate the square before ending abruptly at X’s, each annotated with notes about dates, times, and number of attempts.

The 1923 file contains only a dismissal notice by the City of Chicago on the grounds of “conduct unbecoming a city official.” 1924 contains a single map, hand-drawn, and a dizzying spiral of failed

routes spaced out over the course of months. Written on a strip of tattered cloth, The final note reads “The cattle tunnels! I shall have them now!” A search of public access records online reveals that Abner Lebowitz was publically suspected of having robbed the City Achieves in June of ’24. He was never seen again.

**4. Decorative Box:** A huge, nonahedron (nine-sided) carved from some unidentifiable hardwood. The object is a puzzle box; when a hidden clasp is depressed, one of the panels opens to reveal a smaller nonhedron inside. This is also a puzzle box. There are eight-nested puzzle boxes in total. The eighth is barely three centimeters across and appears impossible to solve.

**5. Violin:** A violin and bow. Plucking or bowing the strings produces no sound for the player or anyone nearby. 100 yards away, even through walls and background noise, people feel like they hear the violin. The sound is faint and often prompts people to ask, “Does anyone else hear that?”

**6. Personal Documents and Metal Box:** Hundreds of yellow legal pads containing failed drafts of “Escaping Altimira.” The paper is wet and smeared with moisture. Sifting through the decades of drafts eventually leads to Whitehead’s initial Amazon notes (page XX). There is also an ammo box with Portuguese lettering on the side. The metal on it has been bent and crushed, propping the door ajar. Thousands of tiny scratch marks adorn the inside.

Examination of these documents can teach players...  
...that the Seeder organ cut from the mouth of Albert Caphthcka was what someone tried to hide at Earl’s Rent-a-Space.  
...that the Seeder organ is from a tropical climate.  
...that sex and violence are dangerous temptations often conflated for those infected by Seeder organ.  
...that the Seeder organs are connected to the hooting sound in the trees.  
...that Whitehead was driven to a life of quiet madness by the events in the Amazon.

**7. Specimens:** A series of vacuum-sealed cellophane packets encase an entire box-worth of odd, fleshy lumps. The things, if they ever were alive, are long dead and grey with age. Each one is about the size of a fist and appears tumorous. Dissection reveals a bloody, nonsensical collection of cells; muscle strands weave through the middle of circulatory vessels dead-ending at teeth and hair. Each giblet has a skeletal structure (without joints) that holds it in a rigid shape. Academics experienced in Classics will recognize that each specimen resembles a specific character from

the Greek, Aramaic, or Hebrew alphabet.

**8. Collector Comic:** The comic is actually a metal cylinder used in a hand-cranked rotary printing press. The artistically inclined recognize that the plate depicts six separate strips by renowned artist Rodolphe Töpffer. The text is in French and printed backwards, but spinning the cylinder gives readers the odd sensation that the story never ends. After the six strips have been viewed, the seventh seems composed of entirely original panels, and the next strip is the same. Though the reader can stop and count the strips from a different angle, turning the cylinder always results in the replacement of out-of-sight panels with new images. Actually printing comics with a compatible press has the same effect; no two pages are ever the same, though the subject matter all seems quite mundane.

**9. Sporting Gear:** A rucksack with “McKinley or Bust!” written in faded ink along the side. In contains pre-nylon cords of rope, seal-skin mittens, rusted pitons, and an ice axe. Much of the rope appears to be frayed and gnawed upon, scored on all sides as if run through some sort of grinder. The ice axe is covered in black ichor on one end. Scientific analysis of this material proves inconclusive, though everything in the bag emits radiation akin to objects recovered from Chernobyl.

**10. Portraiture Collection:** The box contains dozens of family portraits. The artistic medium varies from photography to oil painting to sculpture. The perceptive notice an eerie similarity between all the images. Mothers look like time-lapse photos of daughters, even as paintings turn to black-and-white photography. The bust of a patriarch bears striking resemblance to the younger brother in another picture. Identical twins abound. Nobody ever smiles. Those with a working knowledge of art can arrange the pieces in a rough chronological order. If this is done, it becomes apparent that some of the portraits were taken simultaneously. Italian and German brushstrokes, contemporaneous in the art history, are used to depict the families with identical features in strikingly different locales. Two photographs from 1934 – one of a family reunion in South Africa and another of a Sunday picnic in Louisiana – are dated a mere two days apart despite obviously depicting the same people.

#### 4.SKIP MILLS' HOUSE

The house Skip shares with his mother is located in a dispossessed neighborhood near City Utilities. Nearly all the residences on the block are foreclosed, and those that aren't are busy recovering from the storm. No one answers the door, the windows have been papered, and jazz music loudly blares from inside. There is an odd stench around the place detectable even through the icy air.

The doors aren't locked. Those entering will find that Skip has turned his home into a sickening tribute to the flesh. The walls are plastered with pornography of every shade. The TV's, computer screens, and phones are all transmitting filth. The home reeks of organic decay, and the heat is set as high as it will go.

If Skip has not yet attacked at City Utilities, he can be found wandering the house, naked, emaciated, and trapped in a psychosexual fugue state. The presence of the characters alone is enough to arouse the desperate Seeder and provoke an attack. If Skip is put to rest, the house can offer the group information and psychological trauma in equal measure.

**Prono Walls:** The madman has caked every available surface in filth. Much was purchased from a sex shop on the supervisor's way home, but other pieces were printed from the internet. An entire trash bin lies filled with used print cartridges, and each piece of smut proves more violent and deviant than the last. A twisted mind might realize that Skip was trying to cage himself in with his own lust.

**Biology:** Anyone with a modicum of medical training can see that the level of sexual compulsion displayed by Skip Mills is simply impossible on both psychological and biological grounds. He should have long ago passed out dead from exhaustion, but his self-abuse seems to have gone on for days.

**Décor:** Underneath the filth, players notice that this is not the house of a bachelor. The interior design appears to have been previously immaculate and the color scheme decidedly feminine. Pictures of Skip with his mother line the mantle.

**Mrs. Mills:** Skip's mother lies in the bedroom where she was killed. Her remains are barely recognizable, reduced to a hollowed-out husk burst messily all over the room. The sight and smell are disgusting beyond words.

**Impossible Wounds:** The lacerations that splayed out Mrs. Mills appear to have come from inside her. The egg-like hardening of her dermis is also highly unnatural, almost as if she was completely exsanguinated before exploding. Those with strong stomachs can discover the four-pronged puncture wounds of the Seeder's needles if they dig through the remains.

**Escape Route:** Bloody hand prints and claw marks track up the walls of Mrs. Mill's bed, ending in a hole torn through the ceiling. The attic is empty, but the exterior fan has been ripped out and more claw marks lead outside.

Knowledge of the Amante's climate and access to the city Power Grid can reveal that the closest suitably heated location to Skip's house is 1824 West Ambrosia. A skilled and extremely acrobatic tracker might be able to discover the same information by spotting clawed ice on the trees.

## 5. CITY MORGUE

Deputy Eli Filagree can get players access to the morgue if he trusts them to help in his investigations. Alternately, players with federal credentials can visit themselves once they learn they need to search for the missing roommate at 1824 West Ambrosia (page 22). Investigators without credentials can also gain access so long as they are not spotted entering the building; the facility is currently running on generator power, but the alarm system is on a separate circuit and therefore still disabled by the storm damage.

Jonah Washington's corpse is stored here, exactly as it was found crumpled inside a disused ATM kiosk downtown. He is in boxers and has no ID on him. The body can provide useful clues for those characters keen enough to find them.

**State of Undress:** The scarf doesn't match the shirt. Strange combinations of winter gear and undergarments abound. One shoe is missing. It appears Washington ran into the frigid night midway through getting undressed, which is what initially tipped off Deputy Filagree.

**Cross-reference:** Working from the assumption that Washington fled from somewhere heated before dying in the snow, access to the Power Grid program at Skip's office shows that the nearest heated location on the night of his death was 1824 West Ambrosia (page 22).

**Tattoo:** Characters with military experience will notice that the tattoo on Jonah's chest relates to a National Guard unit. Cross-referencing his appearance with the nearest base can provide Jonah Washington's identity, the night he should have arrived home from reserve deployment, and his current address: 1824 West Ambrosia (page 22).

**Seeder Wounds:** The four-pronged puncture wounds of the Seeder are visible beneath Jonah's clothes. Pressure causes a strange orange fluid to leak out.

**Autopsy:** Those capable of performing or commissioning an autopsy discover that each four-pronged puncture wound had a divided purpose. While two needles sucked blood out under enormous pressure, the other two were injecting the orange fluid at a pressure sufficient to rupture veins.

**Microbiology:** Expert analysis with the proper equipment illuminates the alarming resilience and reassembly capabilities of the orange fluid (e.g. the Amante cells).

## 6.1824 WEST AMBROSIA

This century old house has been converted into rental housing for college students. It has a grand façade and porch in comparison to the rest of the block. The backyard is spacious enough to allow the residents to park. The house is owned by Pamela Decature and currently rented by Jonah Washington, Tilda Hastings, and Melody Farthing. There is no answer at the door.

As there are two Incubuses in the house – one of which is about to birth an Amante – conflict will inevitably break out. The homeless man should birth its monster while the players are present, and Pamela Decature might be ripe as well, depending on the GM's needs. For the purposes of combat, a full map of the house has been provided. The list provided details each relevant clue and threat. Assign skill checks, emotional trauma, and damage as appropriate.

**6.A—Claw marks and forced entry:** It's apparent that the Amante broke in through the basement. The cellar door has been clawed through with astounding ferocity. Scraps of grayish flesh hang from the splinters around the hole.

**6.B—Washer/Dryer Connection:** The pipes are not burst. The repair job that drew Pamela Decature into the basement was obviously fabricated.

**6.C—Pamela Decature's Corpse (Incubus):** The body is bloated and fluidly shifts like a too-full water balloon. Pamela's face is caught in a mask of terror, and the same orange fluid leaking from her wounds drips from her nose and eyes. Her death can provide players with their first Incubus to study; the impregnation is still not quite mature enough to be dangerous. Additionally, her wallet contains documents identifying her as the landlord and providing her address (page 24). Her phone's voicemail reveals that Tilda and Melody lured Pamela to her death by lying about burst pipes.

**6.D—Back alley parking:** There are three cars in the parking lot: two sedans and a jeep. The cars are coated completely in ice, but the jeep is clean. It must have arrived after the storm.

**6.E—Pet bowls:** There are three large bowls filled with dog food in the kitchen. But there are no dogs...anywhere.

**6.F—Signs of struggle:** The carpet and walls are bloody. There's an overturned dresser and clothes strewn about the floor. If Jonah Washington's corpse has been examined, characters will recognize his clothing.

**6.G—Pictures, documents, and keys:** The desk has a portrait of Jonah with his boyfriend, so obviously Melody and Tilda weren't concerned about his compliance when they pinned him against the wall. Jonah's documents confirm he was coming home from a reservist weekend when the storm hit. The keys go to the jeep outside.

**6.H—Oddly placed art:** The house is very well decorated, with the exception of a blanket oddly tacked to a wall in the hallway. Moving it back reveals bloody smears streaked across the wallpaper. The girls must have been hiding signs of Jonah's flight for a new guest.

**6.I—Tilda Hastings's phone:** Two voicemails: one is from Pamela Decature, giving the time she will be over to fix the pipes. Another is from Chad Bergman telling the girls that "the party at MacFillion is on!" Finally, the call log shows that the girls called Kelly Decature a day earlier.

**6.J—Laptop:** The browser history is littered with violent pornography from the last two days. A webcam video with over 200 views is open. The video shows Tilda setting up the camera while Melody leads a homeless man into the adjacent bedroom. After some initial seduction, a full-blown Seeder attack occurs. "Hard-to-watch" fails to describe it.

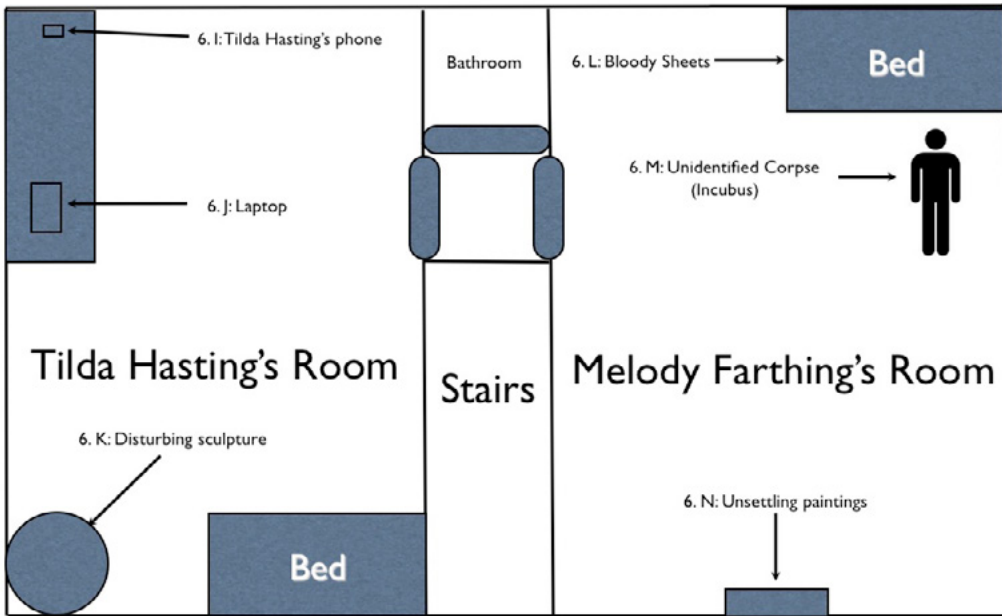
**6.K—Disturbing sculpture:** Tilda, when not murdering people, has been sculpting effigies of her new god. The detail is remarkable.

**6.L—Bloody sheets:** The blood on the bed is mixed with the same orange fluid indicative of a Seeder attack.

**6.M—Unidentified corpse (Incubus):** The homeless man butchered by the girls is ready to pop. The sound of the characters in the room should be enough to "induce labor." The Amante that results, while not full-grown, is still mature enough to infect and kill. If it manages to deposit its Seeder or begins to lose the fight, it will flee to Truman Memorial High School (page 24).

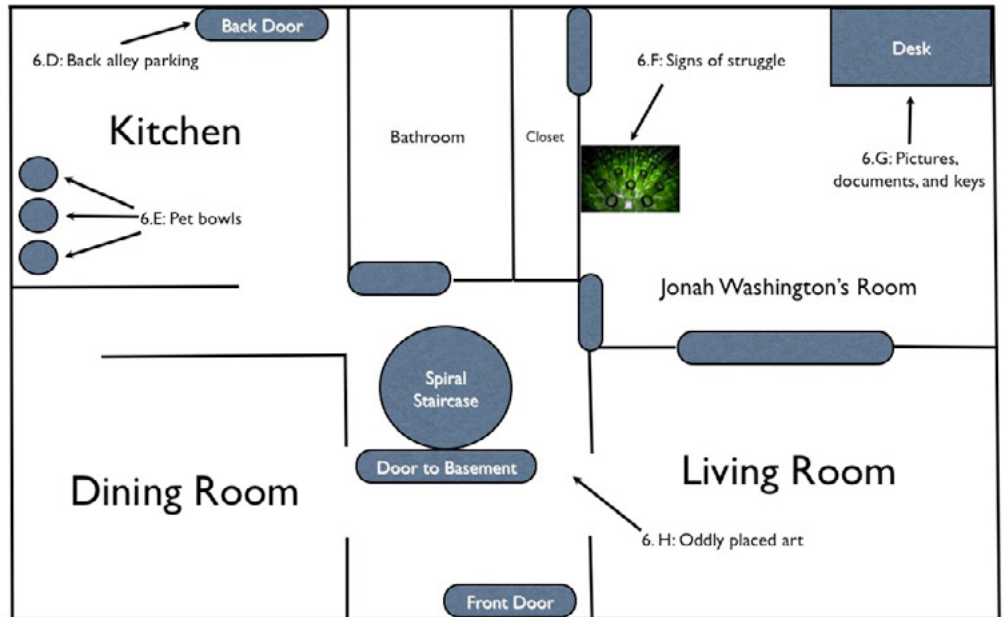
**6.N—Unsettling paintings:** Melody, when not driven entirely by bloodlust, has been painting pictures of the creature residing in her throat. Though there is some artistic license, the depictions are fairly accurate.

## Top Floor

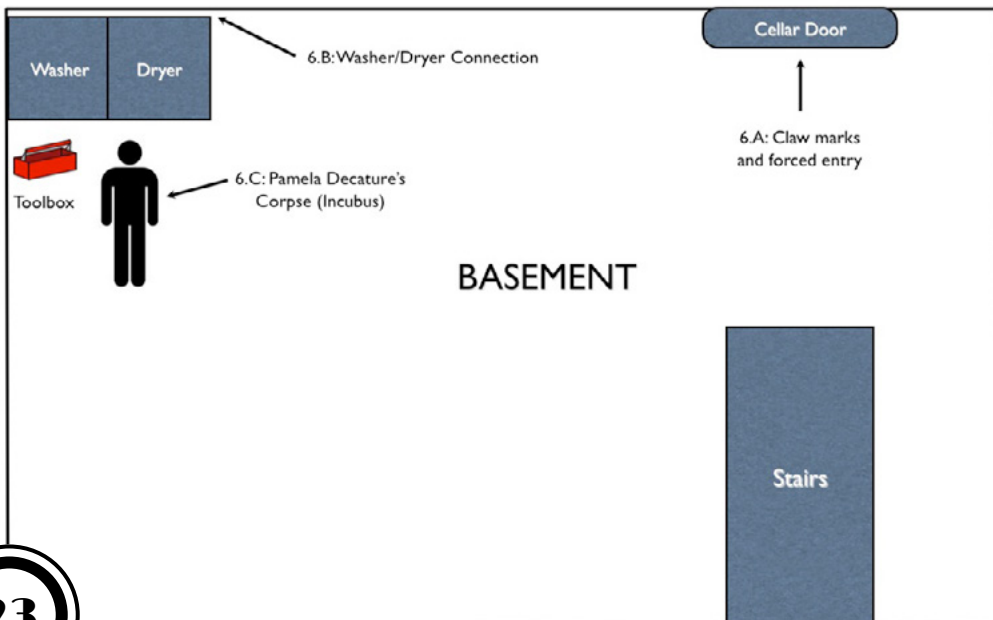


## Ground Floor

**GM NOTE**  
 Once players discover the Seeders are heading for the college and the original Amante is at the Decature's place, please refer to the section at the end of the scenario labeled ENDGAME.



## Basement





## 7. PAMELA DECATURE'S HOUSE

This cheap, one-level, two-bedroom house is typical of the Northside. Kelly and Liam Decature rot in the living room, half-eaten and strewn about. The heat is set ludicrously high. The original Amante born of Skip Mill's mother lurks in the attic. It will attack any who enter its den, attempting to kill or infect. However, the creature is not stupid. Rather than die facing an overwhelming force, it will flee in an attempt to find new victims at Truman Memorial High School (page 24).

**Kelly Decature's Phone:** On voicemail, Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing can be heard informing Kelly that his wife left "tools" over at the place and they would like to return them. The phone's log shows that he called back for a 45 second conversation, likely giving the girls his address.

**Flier:** Blood-spattered, a hastily printed one-sheet lies near the door. It advertises food, shelter, and cots available at Truman Memorial High School, only a few blocks away.

**Listen:** Characters making a check should be warned about an Amante attack by the muffled dragging sounds coming from the attic.

## 8. TRUMAN MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL

Any Amante driven from its den or newly born will seek hosts and prey at Truman Memorial. The gym's power is being run off massive generators, and the building is pumping out enough heat to shelter nearly fifty refugees. It is an irresistible target for Amante's trapped out in the cold. As everyone is trying to save fuel by operating on low power, the gym's lights are off; the occupants rely on lanterns and flashlights to move about the cots. The darkness will allow the Amante to strike from the dark undetected unless knowledgeable PC's confront it. Any attempt to kill the Amante or evacuate will result in a panic amongst the refugees.

Humans are not without defenses. Sufficiently tech-savvy characters can figure out how to turn on the scoreboard, thus illuminating the creature(s) swinging amongst the rafters. Those who've come to understand the monster's reliance on sound can activate the PA system to cloak their movements. Sporting goods such as bats can be repurposed as weapons, and a fueled chainsaw can be found next to a pile of tree limbs near the entrance.

## 9. MCFILLION HALL, 5TH FLOOR

This state-of-the-art dormitory is located across the bridge on the Southside. With classes cancelled due to the weather, students back from Christmas break have turned the fifth floor into a Caligula-esque party. Characters need to find and incapacitate Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing quickly before they use a Seeder organ to infect Chad Bergman. Any delay will see Bergman turned, and the three of them will begin leading other college students into isolated sexual trysts. If not stopped, the Seeders will fill a dorm room with Incubus, waiting to burst forth with a fleet of Amante by the time the rest of the students return for classes.

## ENDGAME

By the time PC's discover where the original Amante and the Seeders have gone, it should be too late to reach both in succession. If the Amante(s) attacking the high school are left alone, there is no telling how many refugees they might infect or consume before being stopped. If the Seeders at the dormitory party aren't prioritized, they could impregnate enough Incubuses to kill hundreds. The conditions make quick travel between the two locations impossible. Preventing an outbreak for certain will require dealing with both problems at once. Otherwise, any victory over the creatures may be only temporary.

Players should also consider the likely public response to their actions. The isolating factor of the ice storm won't last forever; legal repercussions are eminent. If anyone else witnesses the Amante's terror and survives, it might help confirm certain stories, but – quite frankly – the beasts aren't something a lot of people are prepared to see. Genetic samples from the creatures could exonerate any violence as self-defense, but this is dangerous in and of itself. Seeder organs are autonomous outside their hosts, and the same regenerative ability that allows Amante's to grow multiple organs can restore the nightmare phalluses from a single surviving scrap.