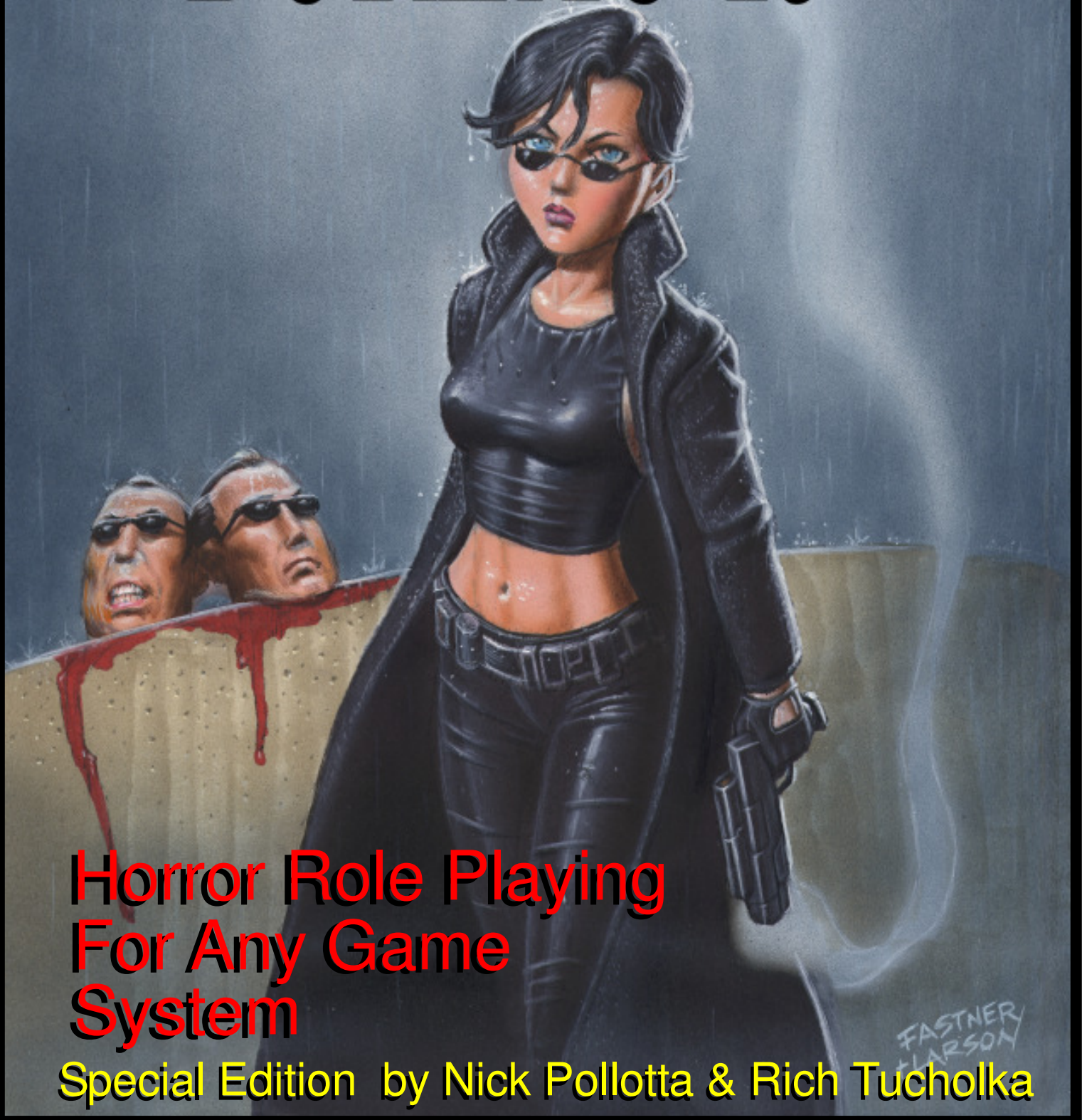


TRI TAC GAMES

SP #0100

BUREAU 13



**Horror Role Playing
For Any Game
System**

Special Edition by Nick Pollotta & Rich Tucholka

FASTNER
PARSON



THE DAMNED THINGS WERE EVERYWHERE...

Launching missiles at the Venusian walker on the horizon, our armored RV barreled across the lawn of the war-torn city. Then from out of nowhere, a mummy stepped out in front of us and spread its bandaged arms wide as if to catch our vehicle.

“Look out!” Raul shouted in warning. “It’s Billy-Bob!”

Savagely twisting the steering wheel, George bit back a curse as the RV violently careened off the corner of a house, sending out a spray of ceramic tiles. Rebounding off a garage, the RV slammed into a station wagon, plowed through a hedge, and then rolled over a sleek sports car mashing it flat. But somehow we managed to avoid the shambling Egyptian monster.

“Wow, that guy must be ultra-powerful,” Ken remarked in awe, hugging his M16/M203 assault rifle.

“Billy-Bob? Nah, you could kill him with a sharp stick,” Mindy corrected, scratching her chin with a Japanese sword.

“Then why the elaborate evasion?”

Crouched behind the wheel, George fired a couple more heat-seeking missiles at the walker. The Venusian nimbly dodged and sent a sizzling heat ray our way that vaporized a two-story house, leaving only a smoking hole in the ground.

“It’s the wrappings that are evil,” Jessica explained, carefully filling a water pistol with acid. She paused as the RV smashed through the corner window of a furniture store, and out the other side. “Not the man inside. He’s just some innocent truck driver from South Carolina. He ran over the mummy, killing the man wearing the wrappings, so the bandages seized him and took off on a five-state rampage of destruction.”

As we crashed through a billboard to avoid another heat ray, Ken frowned. “So if we killed Billy-Bob,” he said slowly. “Then the wrappings would just take over somebody else?”

“Correct.”

“Why not destroy the wrappings?” Connie asked, stuffing her pockets with flasks of Holy Water and Healing Potions.

“Gotta take them off the victim first,” Raul answered, gesturing with his magic wand leaving contrails in the air. “Which we can’t do without slaying Billy-Bob. That was why he was in detention, to protect the man inside the bandages.”

Now their faces brightened with understanding, then darkened in comprehension. Excellent! Our cadets were finally starting to understand that not everybody in the Bureau 13 Holding Facility was a monster. Some were victims, while others were in the Supernatural Witness Protection Program.

We even had a couple of demonic refugees seeking political asylum!

It’s a crazy world....



Nick Pollotta



Rich Tucholka

BUREAU 13

Special Edition Sourcebook for Any Game System

Nick Pollotta & Richard Tucholka



Tri Tac Games, Books & Graphics
Michigan Washington Georgia Texas

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Note: In the spirit of 21st century camaraderie, the editors of this gaming manual have decided to ignore a few rules of contemporary grammar, and will use the neutral pronouns, 'they', 'them', 'their', and so on, in place of 'him', 'her', and the incredibly awkward 'he/she'. While this is not a very big thing (only to grammarians will really give a hoot), we thought it was only polite to let you know that we didn't make a mistake, but did it on purpose.

BUREAU 13
SPECIAL EDITION SOURCEBOOK

For any Game System

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DEDICATION

To Gamers Everywhere!

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Be Sure to Check out the *Bureau 13 Message Board* at Yahoo.com

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Bureau 13 is easily playable with the original TriTac Game System, WoTC d20, GURPS, FUDGE, PALLADIUM or whatever the Hell you want to use. Have fun! We're not picky.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Vampires, cyborgs, ghosts, aliens, demons. They're all real.

The history of the human race is filled with evidence of eerie and unexplained phenomenon. Our myths, legends and fairy tales constantly reaffirm that the supernatural truly does exist.

When something extremely out of the ordinary occurs, it is usually greeted by a mob of angry civilians armed with torches, pitchforks, and a lot of ignorance. These frightened people often exterminate the good supernaturals (*such as unicorns*), along with the evil (*vampires*), or rescued the bizarrely evil (*the rare vampire unicorn*) to their own destruction.

And then it happened.

In the heat and madness of the Civil War, a handful of Southern extremists made a pact with an insane Cajun voodoo witch doctor who summoned a werewolf to attack President Abraham Lincoln.* In the foyer of the White House, a quick thinking butler killed the man-beast with a silver tea tray, and the very next day President Lincoln created Bureau 13, an ultra top-secret organization dedicated to protecting all Americans from supernatural evil. The butler became the first Bureau 13 agent, and his first act was to order more silver tea trays.

Over the next century, agents of the Bureau have gone quietly about their business of ferreting out, and eliminating, the more destructive aspects of the supernatural. In fact, they were so successful that most of the American public has come to believe that magic is the purest fantasy, just a child's dream, and no more real than the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus.

They are wrong... Dead wrong.

Now an ultra-modern fighting force, Bureau 13 does its best to combat the spread of dark paranormal events. However...

EVIL IS GROWING



* Or so we believe. Nobody knows for sure anymore.



BASIC DATA

Bureau 13 is a role playing game of fantastic encounters with the supernatural in modern day times. You are a covert government agent assigned to protect the United States from everything, and every *thing*.

Bureau 13 is so secret that only the President knows of its existence, but even he has no way to directly contact the Bureau aside from talking to the haunted portrait of George Washington in the front lobby of the White House.

So brace yourself and welcome to the ultra-elite band of FBI agents who wander the dark city streets, grimly searching for horrors that should not exist. You are now a special agent for Bureau 13...Stalking the Night Fantastic!

BUREAU 13 THE RPG:

Bureau 13 was written to be fun, easy to play, and is fully compatible with the Wildside Press Game System, WoTC d20 Modern Game System, GURPS, FUDGE, or whatever you personally like. (*we don't judge here, just have fun and try not to scare the neighbors.*)

What is Role-Playing?

The best description so far is 'Theatre of the Imagination' where you and several friends experience an adventure in the comfort of your living room and save the world while eating pizza. (*Chips are good, too.*)

TERMINOLOGY

DICE:

1 d10 means to roll one ten-sided dice. 2d10 two of them, d100 means to roll a pair of 10 sided dice, read them as 01 to 00 (100) and so on. See?

ABILITIES:

These are the physical, mental and special attributes of your game character.

GAMEMASTER

The guide of your adventure. This is the person who sets the imaginary stage your characters will play on. The abbreviated term for Gamemaster is GM. (*and occasionally, 'You sick bastard!'*)

PLAYER CHARACTER:

These are the heroes created by the players for use in the game. Each character is controlled entirely by the player and guided by the roll of the dice.

STICKING TO THE RULES:

Nobody ever sticks to the rules, so modify them as needed. Games should be adaptable and most of all - fun. We've created the nucleus of what you need to play, so feel free to expand and enhance. Find additional material on the World Wide Web. Run amuck! We don't mind.

HOW DO I JOIN THE BUREAU?

You don't. Bureau 13 finds you.

Maybe you survived a supernatural encounter (*survived being the key word*), or perhaps you were born with a special talent (*like being able to mentally detonate underwear from a mile away, or perhaps your blood will cure a vampire and make them mortal again*), or you stumbled across the Bureau while they were working on a case.

Bureau 13 is always happy to add a new agent to their ranks due to the high rate of attrition (*okay, getting eaten alive*) and a lack of people able to mentally cope with the stunning revelation that the paranormal is real and probably living right next door. If meeting an alien-cyborg crackhead-golem doesn't drive you insane, well then friend, welcome to the Bureau!

'INITIATION'

by Nick Pollotta

I finally found the murderer, and he was a lulu.

It had taken me months of freelance work to track down the guy who killed my partner, and if the truth be known, I broke more than a few laws doing the job. But I didn't give a damn. As far as I could tell, the sick bastard had slaughtered over forty people across a dozen states. Each done the same way he killed Bill Smithers, my partner in Chicago, slit their throats and drained the blood like he was a freaking vampire or something.

The castle was up on the old New York Palisades, deserted for years. I hid my car in the bushes, so nobody could spot the out of state plates. The lock on the front door was good, an expensive French model. Took me almost ten minutes to get through. Inside, the place was surprisingly clean, some of the rooms even carpeted. Not the usual thing for an undead. But playing on the Count Dracula routine, I checked in the basement.

The place was huge; large enough to land a plane, with a high-vaulted ceiling and granite block walls. The cellar more resembled an underground warehouse than a cellar. In a corner was a big-screen TV and a brace of DVD players. Overflowing bookcases lined the walls and in the middle of the place, on a marble pedestal, was a large stainless steel coffin, with US Army Claymore mines wired to the outside. Yikes! Ever so carefully, I snipped away the wires on the anti-personnel charges. Ah, all those years watching the Discovery channel finally paid off.

The lid was locked from the inside, so I filled the keyhole with stiff wire from my keywire gun. A lazy locksmith's best friend. A simple twist and the coffin opened on silent hinges. So much for stereotypes. With my Magnum in hand, I was surprised to find it empty. As I bitterly cursed, a chuckle sounded from behind, I turned and there the bastard stood.

He resembled a computer hacker with that deathly pale skin and weird eyes. But he was sporting a natty Hugo Boss suit that was worth more than I had ever made, woven Italian shoes with tiny tassels, and a gold Rolex watch. *What, no caviar-scented cell phone?*

A cop would have arrested him and sent the kook to a lunatic asylum. But I wasn't planning on reading this guy his rights. As far as I was concerned, he didn't have any. Not an animal like him. The murderer came at me with arms extended, as if greeting a long lost relative. His mouth was full of those phony vampire teeth you can buy at any novelty store. Pitiful.

I didn't have to draw my .357 Magnum; it was already in my hand. Without a qualm, I gunned the freak down, the thundering retorts of the Smith and Wesson echoing around the cellar. But he kept coming, as if my copper-jacketed hollow points had no effect. Must have been wearing a bulletproof vest.

We went hand-to-hand and he had me in a second. Loonies are always strong. Adrenaline, or something. Maybe he was on PCP. The Count dragged me kicking across the basement and chained me to the stone wall. The chains felt oiled and were spotted with red flakes. I had a bad feeling Nut Boy had used these often.

Chuckling, he went away and soon came back with two women. A Blonde and a Redhead. Real hot numbers wearing skimpy denim shorts, sleeveless T-shirts and also sporting those phony teeth. That was when I went cold. I sure hoped whatever they had wasn't a contagious disease. Death was infinitely preferable to insanity.

They gathered around and made the expected remarks on how tasty and juicy I looked. I invented a few curses, which they took in stride. Then the Count waved the women on and they came at me with hands raised, their fingernails glistened like steel. Probably razorblades glued underneath. This was no time for finesse, so as they got close, I kicked the blonde in the left breast. She didn't bat an eye. That was impossible. There was no way a bra, much less a Kevlar vest, could be hidden under her T-shirt. Kicking a woman in the breast is like kicking a guy in the balls. Blondie should have dropped big time.

Smiling, Red grabbed my hair and twisted my head about as if I was a child. Then she opened her mouth wide, exposing every inch on those long white fangs. They actually looked like her own teeth. That's when I realized the freaks were really going to drink my blood. I had faced death lots of times in 'Nam as a kid. In the back alleys of Chicago, too. But there was a big difference between a

bullet in the chest, or a knife in the stomach, and having a trio of drugged out wackos suck me dry like a free cherry soda. That was no way for a nice PI to die.

My brain was whirling with escape plans, none of them worth a damn, when the door in the corner slammed open and in strode a SWAT team.

Or at least that's what they resembled. There were three of them, two men and a woman. All were dressed in camouflage outfits, with backpacks, satchels and dozens of weapons hanging off them. One guy was tall and skinny, like he hadn't had a good meal since his last birthday. The woman was kinda short, slim and muscular-looking in a nice way.

The other guy was downright fat. But he had a genuine shit-eating grin on his face as he worked the bolt on the huge M60 machine gun in his hands. I could tell this was a man who enjoyed his work.

My three freaks spun about at the sound, and hissed louder than steam radiators. Geez, they were really putting in overtime on the old vampire act.

As two of the SWAT guys separated, Skinny pulled out of his shoulder bag a melon-sized crystal ball and smashed it on the floor. Instantly every door and window was covered with stonework sealing us in. In spite of the situation, I dropped my jaw. Impossible. Yet I had just seen it happen. Maybe the ball was actually some sort of electrical device, an EMP bomb maybe, whose command signal pulse triggered the control mechanism for hidden sliding panels. It sounded lame, but what the hell could have happened? *Magic?* At this point, I began to wonder if they were really a rescue squad, or merely more loonies in on the fun.

The vampires advanced slaving and growling. Red came at Fat Boy and he let her have a full burst at point blank range. The heavy-duty combat rounds blew holes in her the size of Montana. She burst into flames and dropped to the ground, still screaming and trying to get at the lard bucket.

One tough bitch. Incendiary bullets? I wondered.

That was when I realized that the sphere must have contained BZ, military hallucinogenic gas, because everything started to get real funky.

The other two vampire types flapped their arms and turned into freaking bats! No smoke, no special effects. And not dinky little zoo bats, but great big mothers who soared into the air and began circling around the room as if this was Wild Kingdom and I was Marlin Perkins.

Suddenly, Chubby moved in front of me, his machine gun spraying hot lead protection. At least that was no hallucination. I felt the stinging blast of the blow-back gas, and a red-hot shell casing bounced off my hand burning the flesh.

The short lady jumped up on the coffin and reaching behind her, pulled out a long curved sword so highly polished that the blade seemed to ripple with rainbows. Flipping it over, she knelt and buried the sword to the hilt into the rectangular box.

Big deal, I thought.

But Batguy didn't care for the idea a bit. Rearing backwards, he opened his jaw and vomited a lance of fire at the swordswoman.

She ducked, but it wasn't necessary. A river of ice launched from the cupped hands of Skinny and the two streams hit in midair with a deafening thunderclap worse than an overload at a rock concert.

As I shook the ringing from my ears, I suddenly noticed that Batgirl was gone. I couldn't see her anyplace, but a weird patch of fog was drifting towards Mandrake over by where the door used to be. Impulsively I shouted a warning. However, the coffin was in the line of fire for Rambo and Ninja Girl was dancing with Igor the human hang glider, so Mr. Wizard was alone on this one.

Muttering something, in Latin I guess, he threw a fistful of sparkle dust at the cloud with no effect. What a surprise there. The cloud advanced. Quickly he pulled out a cross and a water pistol and started chasing the cloud around, shooting streams of water at it. This is where I lost my tenuous hold on reality and started laughing. Chubby gave me a quizzical glance over his shoulder as he yanked a fresh belt of ammunition out of his shoulder bag and shoved it into the breach of his weapon.

"You okay?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Shit, no," I replied. "Must have hit my head on an overhang somewhere and I'm having one hell of a dream."

He seemed to accept that and dashed off. I kept laughing.

The two men managed to corner the cloud and let her have it. There was fire and water and lightning and screaming and explosions and gunshots. In the middle of all this, the cloud turned into a wolf, a giant rat, a bear, a beautiful nude blonde, a nightmarish thing with tentacles and finally a lump of oozing flesh. Then they set the mess on fire by sprinkling it with communion wafers.

It may have been nothing but a drug-induced illusion, but I rattled my chains at the victory and shouted wa-hoo, even though I don't like fantasy. If I had caught this show on cable, I would have turned to another channel. I prefer a good mystery, with plenty of conflicting clues and a hot seduction or two, that kind of stuff. But magic? I believe in hard facts, science, human dignity, cold beer and the Chicago Bears. Not mumbo-jumbo voodoo gumbo. That's crazy!

At least, it seemed crazy until tonight.

Meanwhile, Shorty had gotten into a bad way. She was flat against the wall with the Count moving in for the kill. A flurry of sword thrusts to his head missed, but instead of attacking, the nut just stood there and stared at her. His eyes started to glow a bright red. Hesitantly she began to lower her sword when an arrow took the ugly thing right in the ass.

Where the arrow came from I have no idea.

He grabbed his butt and howled in pain. Coming awake, she charged forward, her sword slashing off a wing. Snarling, the bat raked her chest with his claws, the front of her uniform ripping away to expose molded body armor. Nice. These guys were definitely government.

From the sidelines, Chubby angled the M60 so he wouldn't shoot the woman. The big machine gun stuttered away, Lardo riding the weapon like a professional, spent shells forming a glittering golden arc in the air.

A net materialized above the one-armed bat and dropped onto him. But the Count ripped it apart without even trying. Across the room, Skinny cursed and started digging about in his shoulder pouch. I realized he was the source of the magic stunts.

In yammering fury, the machine gun finally blew away chunks of the Count's skull. The rainbow sword flashed and a clawed leg fell to the floor. That should have killed anybody, but the Count shimmered like bad TV reception and was a man again. Whole and undamaged. Instantly the three closed in as if this was what they had been waiting for. Now I was cheering them on wholeheartedly. Hallucination or not, the sonofabitch had killed my partner and I wanted him dead.

Laughing confidently, the Count unexpectedly doubled in size. His clothes too. A neat trick that. But the woman leapt into the air and thrust her rainbow sword straight through the guy's chest, as Skinny threw what resembled a wooden dagger into his throat and Chubby shoved a grenade down his pants. Then everybody but me took cover as the big guy fell face forward onto the stone floor and thunderously exploded.

In the enclosed space, the blast was so loud I couldn't hear it at first. Then sound painfully returned and the shock wave smacked me flat. Acrid smoke tore at my lungs. The ground quaked. The building shook. A rush of heat cooked me to the bone. The ceiling cracked, chunks of stone falling everywhere. I abruptly understood that this was no illusion and braced myself for death.

A short eternity later the rumbling world finally settled back into place. There was no sign of the Count except for a few smoking bones and a melted cell phone. For the first time in three months I allowed myself to relax and said goodbye to my partner. *We got him, buddy. We got him.*

Rising from the rubble, Shorty, Chubby and Skinny dusted themselves off and came over carefully picking their way through the charred wreckage. "I'm glad you survived, Mr. Alvarez," the skinny fellow said, offering me a canteen.

"Yeah?"

"Indeed. We have been following you since O'Hare Airport, Chicago."

I gagged on the water. "Huh?" I asked brilliantly.

"As you seemed to be tracking the vampires much better than we ever had, I saw no reason to interfere with your progress until some intervention was needed. Actually a most impressive job, considering your lack of formal training."

My thanks consisted mostly of four-letter words.

Unperturbed, he opened a leather wallet, showing me a badge and ID card. "We're FBI," he announced. "Special Agent Richard Anderson, on permanent assignment to Bureau 13. This is George Renault and Mindy Jennings."

They were Feds. "Bureau 13?" I asked.

Wearily, George rested the stock of his machine gun on the floor. "We're a covert division of the Justice Department."

Covert my ass. But not entirely stupid, I was getting the general idea. "And you handle criminals like these guys," I said, jerking a thumb at the smoking corpses.

"Yep," Mindy said calmly, wiping her sword off with a bit of cloth before sheathing the rainbow blade.

"But believe it or not, our biggest problem is personnel. Just can't find enough trained people who won't faint when facing vampire bank robbers, werewolf motorcycle gangs or toxic waste mutant assassins." They waited. The next move was mine. Oh, what the hell. A short life, but a merry one.

"Okay, deal me in," I sighed.

Smiling, Richard flipped open another commission booklet. The ID card inside this had my driver's license picture and read: "Special Agent Eduardo Alvarez, FBI". It was dated two months ago. Smooth. I was going to like these guys.

However, there was still one very important question that had to be answered immediately. "Can I get down now?" I asked, rattling my chains.

-THE END

VAMPIRE ANNOYANCES

- 01 Garlic
- 02 Religious Symbol
- 03 Holy Water
- 04 Roses
- 05 Fresh Running Water
- 06 Sunlight
- 07 Wood Through the Heart
- 08 Cats
- 09 Small Yappy Dogs
- 10 Somebody's Gypsy Grandmother
- 11 Small Grubby Children
- 12 Building Inspectors
- 13 Bug Zappers
- 14 X Files Fans
- 15 Vampire Wannabee's
- 16 Idiots with Guns
- 17 World Class Magic
- 18 Enchanted Weapons
- 19 Drunks
- 20 Prozak in the Food Supply



HOW TO BE A (Covert) FEDERAL AGENT

What is My Job as a Bureau 13 Agent?

Your primary task is the investigation of any supernatural event that threatens civilians. These assignments range from simple observations, to major combat. As a Bureau 13 agent you will receive the very best, state-of-the-art weaponry, and every form of high-tech spy hardware available. But always remember that you Investigate first, then Protect, and finally Eliminate only if there is no other solution to the problem.

Example: A vampire is not breaking the law if he owns a ranch, and is raising cattle to drink their blood. So, if the local villagers decide to attack the 'monster', then your job would be to protect the innocent vampire.

Starting to get the idea? Always find out what is going on. Then decide on a course of action.

What Do I Start With?

Training, of course. Then your defensive weapon of choice, a mission-only credit card with a \$10,000 weekly limit, your FBI commission booklet for identification, an out-of-date library card from Bangor, Maine that upon your mental command reveals itself to be your Bureau 13 identification card, a wristwatch of assorted abilities and one absolutely indestructible, black, plastic pocketcomb. Never lose your comb!

You also receive a weekly salary of \$1,000. Since the Bureau 13 Mages can convert lead into gold, they're very generous with salaries. Money is rarely a problem for a Bureau 13 agent. Staying *alive* is the problem.

INSURANCE:

You don't have any. Blue Cross refuses to cover lycanthropy and other assorted ethereal ailments. However, the Bureau will pay for any, and all, of your medical bills, carte blanche. And since the Mages of the Bureau can create Healing Potions, anybody who crawls out of the field still alive and basically still in one piece (*or at least has the other pieces with them in a plastic baggy*) will be completely repaired in only a matter of hours.

Naturally, there is a hefty \$500,000 death benefit awarded to whomever you wish in the event of your tragic demise. Plus, any agent lucky enough to reach 65 years old can retire and enjoy a fat pension fund that has been completely untapped since 1861.

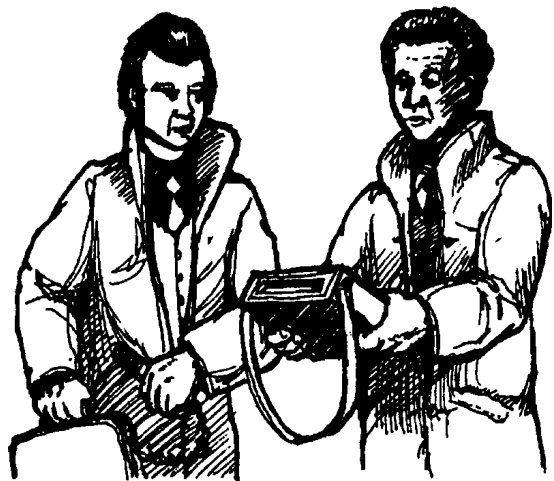
But you could be the first. Really, you could. Honest.

WHAT IS BUREAU 13?

Bureau 13, sometimes called "the Bureau", or "the Agency", was established by President Lincoln to combat supernatural evil.

The agents of the Bureau travel the country, investigating, watching, and staying as low key and out of the public view as possible. You work for an agency that officially does not exist. So no bragging in the bar to impress the locals, okay?

And while some aspects of the supernatural are destructive and must be neutralized with 'extreme prejudice' (*as they like to say in the CIA*), others are quite benign and should be left entirely alone. Or even better, recruited into the Bureau. It often takes a monster to stop a monster. (*Winner of the Bureau 13 Snappy Saying Contest for ten years running!*)



Remember, not every supernatural being is evil, and not every Bureau 13 agent is a human being.

DISPOSING OF EVIL

The main concern of Bureau 13 agents is the protection of America, and maintaining the necessary level of security needed to keep the public from tumbling over the edge of sanity into madness. Not everybody can handle the awful truth of what is really happening in the world. Only a small, select handful can accomplish that, and most of them are now in the Bureau.

The blowing away monsters part is considered purely a side benefit. We also have an excellent Dental plan.

BUREAU REGULATIONS

The rules for agents are simple and need to be followed at all times.

- RULE 1:** Don't Get Caught!
- RULE 2:** Don't Leave any Evidence. Cover Your Tracks.
- RULE 3:** Use Violence Only if Necessary.
- RULE 4:** Make them Believe a Rational Explanation for the Bizarre or Fantastic.
- RULE 5:** A Practical Application of High Explosives or Cash Works Wonders
- RULE 6:** Nobody Gets Left Behind.



- RULE 1a:** Don't Get Caught!
[A Federal ID works Wonders except in Arkansas](#)
- RULE 2a:** Don't Leave Evidence. Cover Your Tracks.
[Clean Up Teams are Your Friends but You May Need to Buy Donuts](#)
- RULE 3a:** Use Violence Only if Necessary.
[Bigger the Gun the Better the Stopping Power](#)
- RULE 4a:** Make them Believe a Rational Explanation for the Bizarre or Fantastic.
[Nobody Wants to Believe the Paranormal is Real Except Horror Fans](#)
- RULE 5a:** A Particle Application of High Explosives or Cash Works Wonders
[C-4 is Best as well as lots of \\$100 Bills](#)
- RULE 6a:** Nobody Gets Left Behind.
[Unless Digested.](#)

IF YOU'RE CAUGHT

The Bureau will always assist an agent in jail - unless doing so would jeopardize the Organization. Then you're out in the cold, Jack.

After the bloody Massacre of '77, the offices of Bureau 13 went deep underground (*literally and figuratively*). Even the agents do not know where headquarters is located anymore. (*but we do have some theories.*) However, when in desperate trouble, an agent can use the emergency phone number: 1-800B-U-R-E-A-U-T-H-I-R-T-E-E-N. Contact will be immediate and sometimes painful. Better wear a protective hat.

LIMITATIONS

While this is a covert organization, Bureau 13 is also a duly authorized sub-division of the FBI. (*well, sort of.*)

Which means that B13 agents have no authority to leave the confines of America unless in the direct pursuit of a known felon. (*Although the friendly Royal Canadian Mounted Police are often willing to wink at this if it serves the course of justice. You just gotta love those Mounties!*) On the other hand, the Mexican Federal Police are well known to be real sticklers about the finer details of the law and they carry high explosives. You really do not want to encounter the dreaded 'Pinata of Doom'.

NOTE: If a Bureau 13 agent should leave the country for any other reason, ALL of their specialty equipment will deactivate, and their Bureau issued magical items will go inert. This is when they may need assistance from others. (*see: Friends, Neutrals and Supernatural Agencies*)



BASIC TIME-LINE OF BUREAU 13

1861 Bureau 13 is created by President Lincoln. This secret Bureau of the War Department begins its covert function to eradicate supernatural evil.

1863-1868 The fledgling Bureau 13 becomes part of the Justice Department and encounters wild magic in many forms. Elves, necromancers, lycanthropes and other mythical creatures begin to appear across North America.

1869 Destruction of the Windwillow Witch House ends four very bloody decades of murder in a small Vermont town.

1870-1874 The Bureau moves its influence westward to curb supernatural threats in the Old West. The Lost Dutchman Mine is found and quickly lost again for reasons of national security.

1875 European immigration brings a host of the 'wee folk' to New York City. Many of the Old World's paranormal creatures and Mages begin to immigrate to America. Madness reigns. The Bureau swiftly assumes control.

1877 After a nasty outbreak of voodoo boojums, Bureau 13 establishes a Deep South office in New Orleans, Louisiana.

1878 The western United States becomes a hotbed of paranormal activity as Aztec ghosts and werewolves combine to battle with the US Cavalry. More than once, Apache shamans assist a trapped Bureau 13 agent.

1879 A second Windwillow coven destroyed in Indiana, but only after the Bureau agents suffer heavy casualties.

1880 Bureau 13 establishes a far Western branch in Carson City, Nevada. Now the Bureau finally has all of the silver bullets it could ever want. Most werewolves flee to Fiji.

1881 Chinese Tongs start using cursed artifacts in a turf war in San Francisco. Bureau agents get involved and bring about a forced peace. First appearance of the TNR Device. (*See: Enemies*)

1884 A nest of goblins make a war zone out of a small town in Idaho before their removal.

1886 Bureau negotiates the first treaty with hostile Indian spirits in Wyoming. Apache and Blackfoot shamans are recruited.

1887 In the sleepy town of Hooker, Indiana, we have a first contact with extraterrestrials. Bureau provides 1,600 pounds of lead wire and a 3,300-pound boilerplate to help repair their damaged starship. The aliens try to repay us with something called a transistor. We pass.

1889 The first two magic-using agents are inducted into the Bureau, a witch and an alchemist. Other reports say these are actually the third and fourth agents. An outlaw named Morrow is shot in Kansas. Material found in his hideout begins a technical revolution. The top four agents in the Bureau realize that Earth will be destroyed in exactly one hundred years by fearsome weapons. Bureau 13 vows to make sure that does not happen. Third Windwillow coven destroyed. The B13 slogan contest begins.

1895 Unusual murders in London and New York City are investigated by Bureau teams, but never solved. Necromancy is believed to be involved. Our first total failure.

1901 President McKinley assassinated. President Teddy Roosevelt fully backs Bureau 13.

1902 Bureau uses coal strike in US as a cover to dealing with a subterranean empire.

1908 Tanguska Blast in Siberia shows evidence of the detonation of an extraterrestrial craft. Little does the public realize it was the result of a case of dynamite packed near the robot slavers stealth drive by a fast thinking Bureau agent as it is gathering specimens in Oklahoma.

1910 First motorized "On the Road" agents begin to travel across the United States in a half dozen rebuilt Ford trucks.

1914 Start of the First World War. The Bureau immediately becomes involved in National Security and doubles its active membership.

1918 War ends and US ratifies 18th Amendment on Prohibition. This really annoys a lot of people and things and sets the stage for bootlegging, Organized Crime and the Roaring 20's.

- 1921** Rise of the Nazis in Europe.
- 1924** J. Edgar Hoover becomes director of FBI and is blocked from knowledge of Bureau 13. The Bureau begins carrying FBI credentials as a cover.
- 1929** A High Minister of Hell is banished from Wall Street with disastrous results.
- 1933** Chicago Worlds Fair a hotbed of Paranormal Activity.
- 1937** World in increasing turmoil with Japanese seizure of major Chinese cities. The Bureau keeps finding dead doves scattered on Capitol steps.
- 1939** Beginning of WWII and Bureau recruitment.
- 1941** A Golem released from a German submarine causes havoc in Norfolk, Virginia, until captured and summarily executed.
- 1942** Japanese water demons (*Kappa ichi*) attack a merchant ship in San Francisco and the Bureau arrives in full force. This fight abruptly stops the supernatural sabotage of America's entry into the Second World War.
- 1943** With help from the French supernatural organization Omega Seven, the Bureau destroys German OVERMAN experiments to create a genetically perfect super soldier. On the West Coast the first known use of non-Bureau 13 friendly magic stops- Japanese Terror Balloons.
- 1945** Bureau 13 telepaths bravely battle Nazi Germany's last attempt to unleash powerful psionic 'Death Dreams' in America and England. Atomic Bombs dropped on Japan becomes a beacon to Aliens that Earth is no longer primitive.
- 1948** Elves return to the Appalachian Mountains and raise havoc until the Bureau intervenes and establishes yet another forced peace. Out of work, the elves start a cookie company.
- 1950** The Space Age begins with a secret attempt to send a rocket to the Moon that fails disastrously.
- 1952** The new followers and spawn of Goshnar are located in Walla-Walla Washington, and happily liquidated by Bureau 13.
- 1951** Unicorn captured in Cleveland, Ohio and shipped west to Yellowstone National Park. The economy of Cleveland immediately collapses. The unicorn is immediately returned.
- 1954** A nest of giant ants are exterminated in New Mexico. First Bureau 13 financed horror movie is produced to cover up the incident. Then a second movie to cover up a alien landing in Washington. A dozen top scientists are kidnapped by an alien 'think tank' only 2 escape to tell the tale.
- 1955** Bureau 13 gets out of the Science Fiction movie business.
- 1957** Hitler's clone captured in Skokie, IL ...and Libertyville, and Joliet, and... **A very** busy year for the Bureau.
- 1958** A scientist named Morrow claims the world will end in 31 years and causes a public panic. He is captured for interrogation but escapes.
- 1959** Mutant dogs from a crashed Soviet satellite terrorize the Louisiana backwoods until captured alive. This marks the beginning of the Bureau 13 Canine Corp. (*defunct*)
- 1961** A quiet and uneventful year (*aside from that whole Cuban missile crisis thing*), then the Bureau is rocked by the discovery of giant, invisible, devil bunnies attacking flying reindeer at the North Pole.
- 1962** A vampire surrenders in New York City after raiding 5 blood banks. Bureau is faced with problem of what to do with a paranormal prisoner. Establishment of a Bureau Holding Facility, codename: Bangor-Maine. Location: Double Ultra Top Secret.
- 1963** Psionic mind shifter neutralized in Texas.
- 1965** North Vietnam unleashes rabid harpies in Saigon that accidentally find their way to Baltimore, Chicago and Atlanta. A squad of grim Combat Clerics take'em out.
- 1967** Alien hyper-space tunnel sealed by the Bureau in Alexandria, Indiana.

- 1967** Alien hyper-space tunnel re-sealed by the Bureau in Wayne County Michigan.
- 1968** Demon of Hatred sent back to Hell in holy silver handcuffs.
- 1974** Bureau 13 agents sink the yacht of the insane religious leader Sun Yen Yen off the coast of Florida. Sharks flee the area for months afterwards.
- 1975** Spawn of Goshnar are found infesting a zoo in Iowa City, Iowa. The Bureau ruthlessly disposes of them.
- 1977** An all-out attack on Bureau 13 by unknown forces leaves the Washington Office in flames and 77 of the 86 teams missing or dead. Plus, the entire Canine Corp is missing and presumed to be, well, eaten. This dark event quickly becomes known as the 'Massacre of '77'. JP Withers is assigned to find who was behind the brutal mass murder (*and kill them*).
- 1981** A new and grimmer Bureau 13 is slowly brought into being.
- 1985** Alien abductions hit an all time high until the Bureau builds a magic-based battleship and launches into space to kick some major alien hindquarters on the moon.
- 1989** The fall of communism causes a flood of mythical creatures into America.
- 1991** While an American-led coalition of armed forces remove Iraqi forces from the sovereign state of Kuwait, the Bureau tangles with their arch-enemy Satan Department in Baghdad. Many people think that there may be trouble soon with Iraq.
- 1996** Millennium fever runs rampant as doomsday cults reach an all-time high.
- 1997** The deposed KGB swears vengeance against America and turns to crime and dark magic.
- 2000** The Millennium arrives and nothing happens. Business as usual on Monday.
- 2001** Brutal attacks on America trigger a war on terrorism that changes the nation forever. Bureau 13 now agrees to join forces with other supernatural agencies in a unified battle against magical terrorism. Bureau suspects Osama ben Laden is behind dark magics.
- 2003** The US and British armed forces invade Iraq to remove the current regime. Looting billions in hard cash, The Satan Department agents run for their lives into Iran and Syria.
- 2008** Occupation of Iraq has become a morass of tribal war. Bad publicity and a weak President are giving strength to the enemies of America. Dark forces are funding more and more hatred and America's friends are pulling away.
- 2013** **Now, Evil is Growing and America and Bureau 13 Stand Alone.**



MATERIALS NEEDED TO START PLAYING

- | | |
|--|---|
| 01 Polyhedron Dice (d10's Four or more are good) | 07 Background Music
Some Classic Rock or Gothic works wonders |
| 02 This Book (<i>obviously</i>) | 08 Enough Time
Split the game into two sessions if you have to. |
| 03 A nice RPG gaming system. (<i>any will do, bucko.</i>) | 09 Comfortable Chairs |
| 04 Copies of Characters (Character sheets) | 10 Some Good Friends. |
| 05 Paper | |
| 06 Pens and Pencils | |

THE GAME

A Great Scenario you create or a Playable Module.
Have the handouts ready. Make sure you have a quiet place to play

OPTIONAL: Figurines

The more visual aids you use the better. A wide variety of Modern, Space and Fantasy figurines are available from a number of companies. Bureau 13 figurines can be purchased from Lance and Laser. (*gasp, a blatant commercial! how embarrassing.*)

OPTIONAL: Maps and Buildings

Games take on a nice touch of realism when you use floor plans, state maps, city maps, or HO scale buildings.

OPTIONAL: Props

Items you may need for the players, and old coin, news paper, ritual knife, 1956 Chevy etc.

OPTIONAL: PIZZA AND SODA

Optional? Did we say optional? Ha! Let me say that again: Ha!



Bureau 13 Figurines by Lance & Laser



HOW DO I START A MISSION?

As an agent for the Bureau, you have regular places of oddity that you watch. There are also the newspapers and television to monitor. If something utterly bizarre happens on TV and nobody seems to be paying it any attention, that would be a prime time for you to go see what the Hell is going on.

Sometimes another agent, (*usually dying*), will find some way to contact you through a misty message on your bathroom mirror or the picture on the Wheaties box will start to mutter in Latin, or a Ouija Board* is delivered by USPS, or a trans-dimensional vortex explodes out of your television set and, on very rare occasions, it could be a phone call direct from the big boss himself, Horace Gordon.

Trust me, you'd much rather have the vortex than a call from Gordon. Those are always real trouble.

GREEN AND RED TABLES

In Bureau 13 many tables are coded red and green. These are all d10 or d100 tables that can be used by players or GM. These are optional for use. Greens are generally for the Players. Reds are for the GM or Game Master. You will also find the exceedingly rare and critical purple table.

CONTACT OPTIONS

01-50 Another Agent is your Contact
51-75 Device. Cell or Computer Message
76-90 Something Uncommon and Technical
91-95 Something Magical
96-98 Something Live and Magical
99-00 Gordon is on the Phone



CONTACT TIME

01-50 Mission (begins in 24 hours)
51-95 Important Mission (begins in 4 hours)
96-00 Absolutely Critical (begins now)

SUDDENLY THINGS GET HOT

Smiling seductively, Robert Harrison lowered the lights in the room just as the telephone on the table buzzed. Angrily, he grabbed the receiver.

"Yeah? Who the Hell is this?" Harrison demanded, then the agent felt his heart begin to pound at the telltale chirps and clicks of an encrypted message unscrambling. "Ice cream has no bones," a monotone voice said urgently.

Harrison beamed in delight at the news. *So the new shipment of garlic-missiles would arrive tomorrow at noon. Excellent!!*

"Our date is set!" Harrison replied happily and then hung up the phone.

"Oh yeah? Well, our date is off!" Joanna Barnes** angrily shouted, grabbing her coat and heading for the door.

Sputtering denials Harrison watched helplessly as the beautiful blonde charged out of the hotel room. As she slammed the car door shut he sighed deeply and made a solemn mental note to remember to unplug the damn phone next time.

* Ouija Boards are total bullshit, our Tarot cards told us so.

** Joanna Barnes was never seen again, at least on this side of the Galaxy. See INCURSION

CHARACTER DESIGN



CREATING A CHARACTER

This is the easy part. Make a copy of a blank character sheet from any RPG manual. (*only a low-down agent for the Brotherhood of Darkness would rip a page from a helpless book.*)

Now get some dice and a pencil (*for ease of corrections*). But before you create a character consider their initiation into the Bureau. To join, they first must either be supernatural, or else have survived a close encounter with the supernatural. (*or with the para - normal, occult, magical, unearthly... but you get the idea.*)

Take your time and craft your character well. Work with the GM and add all those little touches that give realism. Work out a background, family, job skills before the Bureau, likes and dislikes, hopes fears and whatever floats your boat. See Page 167.

THE INITIATION OF ROBERT HARRISON

At 38 years of age Robert Harrison was a well-known Science Fiction writer. Not quite in the ranks of Heinlein, Asimov or Lackey, but he is mildly famous for his 'Dice Masters of Mars' novels and a couple of hundred really good short stories.

With a bachelors degree in English Literature, and another in Anthropology from Brown University in Rhode Island, Robert Harrison is a full time writer who tinkers with old cars, brews his own beer, and travels to Science Fiction conventions for fun, profit and a free dinner. He is a great crowd-pleaser and the sci-fi fans like him.

Mr. Harrison is also a Bureau 13 agent.

Harrison first encountered the Bureau at the 1997 World Science Fiction Convention in Detroit when he saved a number of lives by crushing the skull of a werewolf with his silver-plated Hugo Award for "Give Peace A Chance," the best short story of the year.

While the fans thought it was a great comedy skit, Harrison knew otherwise and soon found himself shadowed by covert agents. When they finally confronted him, Harrison was amazed to discover that the supernatural world was real, and that a federal agency called Bureau 13 was out to liquidate its more malignant aspects. Due to a disastrous confrontation in 1977, the agency had lost nearly all of its operatives, and now the Bureau is desperate for personnel who could accept the existence of the paranormal. The Bureau saw great possibilities in Harrison, and so they gave him a choice: join the agency, or face the wrath of an IRS audit.

Although an award-winning author, Harrison was also notorious for his sloppy bookkeeping. Utterly trapped, he joined without a moment's hesitation. In the years that followed, Robert Harrison soon became a top agent for the Bureau! (He also learned how to keep better track of his receipts, too).

CREATING A BUREAU 13 AGENT

You have a pencil, character sheet and dice. Lets start at the top of the sheet. Have a spare sheet to copy to after you scribble the prototype to death with calculations and whatnot.

NAME:

Choose a name for your character. Make it realistic. You wouldn't find 'Hann the Axeman' in Pittsburgh or 'Lester Jones' in the ancient kingdom of Ras.

OCCUPATION:

The former occupation of your character is up to you! After all, NOW you're a FBI agent.

AGE, SEX, HEIGHT, WEIGHT

Gain a foot in height! Lose fifty pounds! Just fill it in and have fun.

AH, LIFE:

While a character can be brought into the Bureau at any point in their life, no agent starts life working for the Bureau (*aside from a few that we built in the lab*). Each character begins with at least one level in the basic classes and probably a career (*unless you're a professional hobo or a student*).

OPTIONAL:

After an intensive training regiment, agents will be formed into student teams and must complete the 'Hell House' final exam to graduate. Your GM will construct an appropriate challenge to test your training.

THE RULES:

Do the needful and create the statistics of the character in your RPG of choice.

TYPES OF CHARACTERS

Bureau 13 personnel are now a mixture of humans, supernaturals, aliens, time travelers, cyborgs, etc so basically you can start off as anything you wish (*limited by the whims of the GM*). However, there are only five agent categories. Okay, there are six categories if you include Office Staff, but since they never go anywhere exciting or do anything adventurous, we left them out to save time. See? We really do care.

FIELD AGENT

These are normal humans that mostly carry firearms. They know how to use them and most of the sophisticated Bureau 13 field hardware including Document Designers, Analysis and Kililian Detectors and Combat Vehicles.

SUPERNATURAL

A number of supernatural life forms have joined the Bureau to preserve and defend their new homelands. Many of these forms take human appearance and keep their origins a secret from their team. A few have natural Mage abilities (see Cryptozoology)

COMBAT CLERIC

This character's powers come from the positive energy generated from being Good. They prefer to only use benign, healing and protective manifestations, nothing that kills or harms in any way. (*Unless they are an Evil Combat Cleric, then anything goes!*) They can use a firearm, and often do when facing monstrous evil. (*see: Team Macabe, the fighting Rabbis of Ohio*)

MAGES

A Bureau 13

Mage does not need to use components to cast a spell, and virtually never carries a gun (*aside from the special Bureau derringer*), because they use a Bureau 13 Mage Wand or Staff (*however, components can help when you're in a pinch*). Mages can be young to ancient and have familiars as a rule.

MILLENNIUM KNIGHT

Warrior bards. Often popular people in the music industry. While famous they also treavel in circles that can give them access to people and places that Field Agents cannot investigate. Most Field Agents do not have information on this class of agent.

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BUREAU 13 FIELD REPORT

FROM: Team Firestorm

LOCATION: South Central CA

STATUS: Successful

DATE: 7/17/2013

DETAILS: I was slamming a freestyle rap on stage at the Metro, when suddenly I could feel a presence in the crowd of Homeys and Bettys. Trill, a hunter was here, checking for sweetmeat to jack. Well, not in my hood! Cutting the rap short I finished and made a fist with my right hand to thump my chest twice, then showed two fingers. The crackers in the audience thought that meant 'peace' or some hippie shit like that. But my G in the boxseat nodded and flashed me back the two-finger V, which stood for vampire. Houston, we have a hunter.

The gig was def, but bouncing the show short I slipped off-stage, telling the Beavis I was going to knock boots with a slit. But hitting the side door, I stepped into the alleyway and my dawgs rolled up in a classic '98. Putting on a game face, I took the shotgun seat and tucked on some steel. The rest of my posse had gauges and a lot of wooden shanks. Tasty. Unless the toothfairys were packing mil, we owned their supernat ass.

Swinging out of the alley onto MLK, we did a drive-by on the crowd pouring out of the Metro, players and homegirls all cursing as we sprayed them with Holy Water from our supersoakers. Def. Nobody fired a cap back 'cause it was me in the '98 Olds and that made it all hardcore.

Then a brother in biker leather caught the H2Holy and burst into fire. Lottery!

Slapping mags, we knuckled up gals. But instead of showing us his pearlies, one supernat bad ass whips out a Mossberg and starts pumping lead! G jerked backwards as he caught a burst in the dome, his face removed to the bone. Sombitch gakked my bro! I emptied the nine into the red rum czar but he kept running. Wigger had a mil vest and was playing us! Now I was bugging.

My posse poured onto the pavement and laid down everything they had while I calmly drew the deuce-deuce and took aim as if this was LP and I had all the time in the world.

As they stopped pouring wood, he turned to fire the Mossberg and I stroked the trigger to cap a .22 smack in the dirtnapper's ear. Zero! His head burst into flames from the detonating garlic so I gave him another taste in the eye and he hit the sidewalk thrashing and squealing like a new fish in stir tossing a salad. Totally phat. Word.

(see attached Translation)

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CHARACTER ASSUMPTIONS

While you probably don't know, or even care, who is your state senator, or where the local firehouse is located, as a moral person you are assumed to have a good grasp of right and wrong in society (*Which translate as: no running amuck with a bazooka in the shopping mall just for laughs*).

WEAPONS

Human

If your character is a normal human, you come equipped with the standard B13 weapon of choice, and a Magic Bracelet holding one (1) spell.

Combat Cleric

You come equipped with a Holy Symbol, Holy Book, and a weapon of choice.

Mage

You come equipped with a staff which is also your spell book. (*see: Bureau 13 Staff*), one Bureau 13 Special Derringer, and any non-explosive weapon of choice. (*cudgels are nice, and they come in some lovely pastel colors.*)

Other

If your character is a supernatural being, machine, or alien, you come equipped with a weapon of choice, and a Magic Bracelet holding one (1) spell.

Note

Grenades, magic potions, chainsaws, etc., can be obtained from TechServ or at a Supply Dump (*see: Obtaining Equipment*).

TYPES OF BUREAU 13 AGENTS

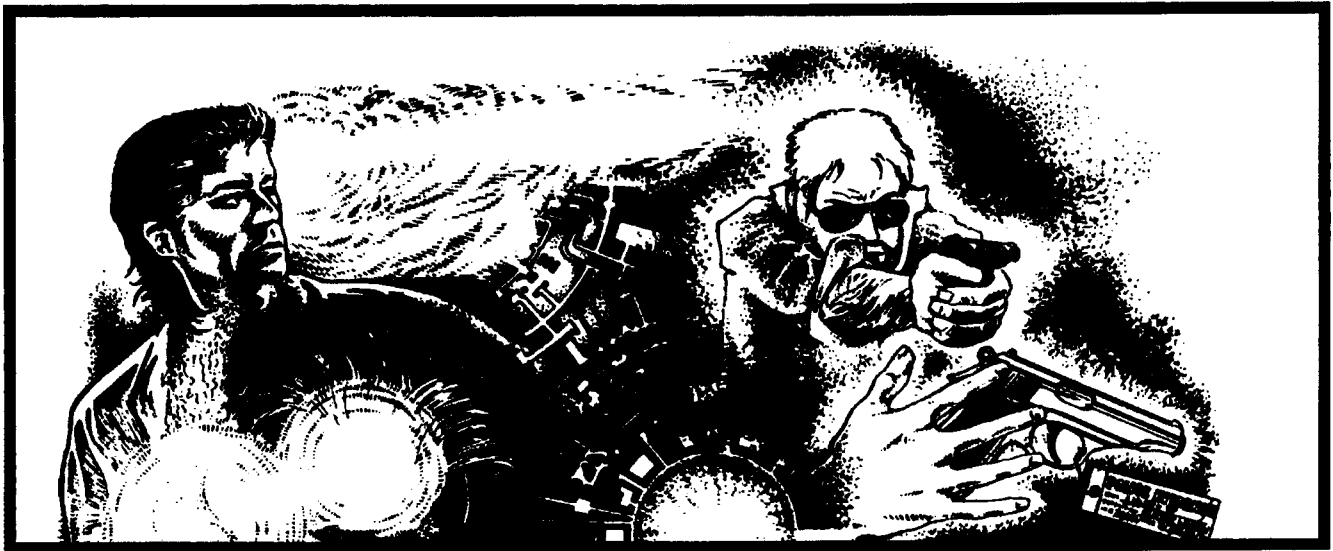
Bureau 13 agents work as Solos, Doubles (*usually married couples, or twins*), and Field Teams. (*see: Team Tuna fish, or Millennium Knights.*) All groups are a well-rounded collection of people whose talents complement each other. (*hopefully*) Although on rare occasions, a team will specialize in a particular talent. (*see The Thunderbunnies*)

TOP TEN REASONS WHY ITS GREAT TO BE IN BUREAU 13

- #10 Parking meters never run out of time for a B13 vehicle
- #09 At the end of every rainbow there actually IS a pot of gold.
- #08 Glinda of Oz is a very "good" witch, indeed.
- #07 When you talk about the Giants versus the Falcons, its not football.
- #06 Your cat can no longer pretend it doesn't understand what you're saying.
- #05 Halloween, when all of your special friends can openly come over and party until dawn.
- #04 Pocket black holes for smuggling candy into the movie theater.
- #03 Watching cops go pale when you flash a carrying permit for that US Army LAW rocket launcher.
- #02 Destroying evil, defending the weak, saving America, blah-blah-blah.

And the Number 1 reason why its GREAT to be a Bureau 13 Agent

#01 Kirilian aura sunglasses also work as X-ray specs at pool parties!



Solo Agents:

This is the special class of Bureau 13 operative and usually a person who needs to work alone, rather than somebody who wants to work alone. Such as: a vampire, werewolf or other supernatural being, a computer hacker, a spy sent to infiltrate the enemy or an agent who is just too damn dangerous for other folks to be around (*see: J.P. Withers in FRIENDS*).

Doubles:

These are usually married couples who have joined the Bureau together, existing Agents who fell in love and have married (*such as Ed & Jessica Alvarez of Team Tuna Fish*), or symbiotic unions where one person creates the power, but the other person can cast the spells (*see: the Barbie Twins. Then go see'em again*).

Symbiotic Doubles are often siblings, usually a brother & sister combination, and have to be physically touching to use their magic or spells.

Field Teams:

This is the main force of the modern-day Bureau. Select groups of highly trained personnel that are assigned sections of America to patrol: a city, section of coastline, or a specific highway that they endlessly drive along looking for trouble.

Millennium Knights:

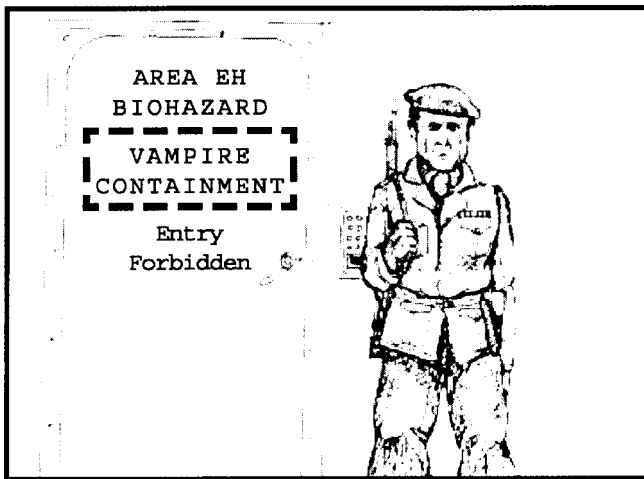
This is an advanced class of Bard/Soldier. These combat musicians prowl the nightclubs and concerts halls of the nation searching for evil. Millennium Knights can either perform with their Posse, (*see: Millenium Knights for full score and details*), or a full Team of musicians. Ever wonder why rock stars are so paranoid and rap stars always carry such huge crosses and a dozen handguns? That is because many of them are Bureau 13 agents hunting "fangbangers". So knuckle up a gat, homie, it's time to rock (*gosh, we love saying that*).

Known Millennium Knight Teams

Charles Daniel Band
Donnie & Marie
Cherry Popping Daddies
La Brothers
The Boston Pops
Gwar
The Roaches

Known Solo Millennium Knights

Elvis Presley
Hillary Duff
Cindy Lauper
Ringo Starr
Cher
Bette Midler,
C. W. McCall



RETIREMENT:

The most difficult problem facing Bureau 13 Agents is the question of good and evil in society. While your team may be working for the forces of good, they might accidentally aid evil if they are not careful in considering the consequences of their actions. The indiscriminate slaughter of magical beings can result in disaster if the supernatural entity was actually a beneficial part of a healthy ecology (see: *The Cleveland Unicorn in the Bureau 13 Basic Time Line*).

While Bureau 13 will reluctantly accept help from dark magicians (*just don't turn your back on them*), the agency always frowns upon human

sacrifice no matter what will be the end result. When an agent loses sight of the destruction they cause, they receive one warning. After that, the agent is sent to retire on a magically shielded island resort off the coast of South Carolina. Codename: The Sylvan Gulag (*it's very nice, but you can't leave. Ever. They assign you a number and take away your name*).

EXILE

Aside from an over-the-edge Bureau 13 agent, the lovely but fortified, island community of the Sylvan Gulag is also the home of people who know too much and could not keep their mouths shut. Such as, Judge Crater, Jimmy Hoffa, J.D. Salinger, etc.

ADDENDUM

Agents who refuse to retire simply vanish. Got the picture, bucko? Good.

KNOWN BUREAU 13 FIELD TEAMS

BALTIMORE

Cyber-Cops - animated jetfighters, they sometimes carry human riders to patrol places a F-15 Eagle can not go.

BOSTON

Roger's Rangers - a non-stop streak of bad luck has created the belief that they may be cursed.

CHARLOTTE, NC

Team Wicker - name is a private joke, so don't ask. If you discover the secret they will kill you.

CHICAGO

Team Tunafish - the top B13 team. Undefeated to date.

CINCINNATI

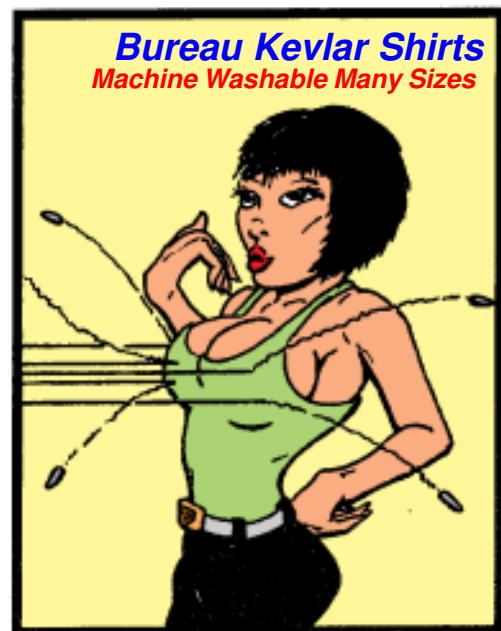
Team Macabe - Rabbinical students turned Cabalist Mages.

DETROIT

Team Candlestick - famous (*or infamous*) for having once battled a rampaging horde of roast-chicken zombies that escaped from a demonic fast food chain.

OHIO

Team Trotter - Experts on the Civil War and Black Powder weapons. Outstanding Civil War re-inactors.



HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS OF AMERICA

Team EasyChair - an oddball collection of mages, telepaths, pet scorpions and soldiers, they forever drive on the interstate searching for danger and dodging potholes. Well known for their creation of Yo-Yo Fu, a weird type of Martial Arts that uses the yo-yo as a deadly weapon.

HOUSTON

Team Texas - formerly known as The Thunderbunnies. These are mostly mechanics; Mages who have no power and use magical items to cast *spells* (Although, the team does also have quite a few very shapely lady shapeshifters).

KANSAS CITY, MO

Team Supreme - named after their favorite victory snack, pizza! They patrol the campgrounds and national parks of America.

LOS ANGELES

Team Angel - this is a bold group of bored millionaires fighting evil for fun. Highly effective. Unofficially referred to as: Team Gucci.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Team Waves - underwater team of mermaids from the continent of Atlantis. Extremely ecologically minded.

EAST NEW YORK CITY

Team Broadway - mostly police officers recruited after the Wilson LaRue Incident.

WEST NEW YORK CITY

Team NYC - acknowledged masters of the Martial Arts and rumored to have a "Brittany Spheres" clone as an agent. This is being vigorously investigated, hopefully in time for the annual B13 calendar shoot.

SEATTLE

Fremont - favorite coffee shop location. They specialize in countering mega-corporate dark magic.

UNKNOWN

Team Kamikaze - so named because "mysterious" explosions keep destroying their home, RV, apartment house, etc. These vagabonds of violence are also currently being pursued by a former Bureau 13 mage who is now a vampire.



VISTA CITY, CA

Team Vista City Police Department Special Investigations Squad -(sometimes just called Team PD to save time). This deep cover team is entirely composed of police officers who handle supernatural incidents in Northern California under the guise of normal police work. After a nasty incident with a giant, radioactive mutant vole, Team PD is now locked in a deadly blood-feud with the international Nogano Corporation and its cadre of mad scientists and demented mages.

WASHINGTON, DC

Team Subtle - because they're anything but. Secretly believed to be the only living members of a J.P. Withers Fan Club.

Team Phoenix

Designed to kill rogue B13 agents.

The Council

Classified Beyond Top Secret.

KNOWN SOLO AGENTS

Horace Gordon, section chief for Bureau 13. (i.e. *The Boss*)
J.P. Withers, no permanent location (*insane, but on our side*).
Hugo A. Ward: Philadelphia, PA. Recruitment Division.
Richard Tucholka, Pontiac, MI. Department of Dis-Information.
Nick Pollotta, Chicago, IL. Department of Dis-Information.
Kathi Somer, California Internet. Wiccan Mage/ Assassin.
Dr. Joanne Abernathy, Fairbanks, AL. Supernatural Medical Rescue.
Benny Hassan, no permanent location. Courier/Ghost.
Robert Poloskey, no permanent location, Archivist/Historian
Connie & Henry Gilbert, married, Mage & Psionic
Patricia Ritter, Atlantic City Gypsy/Combat Cleric
Senasac & Senasac, Atourney's and Counseling for the Paranormal



NAMING A TEAM

Most regional teams start off by using the name of their location: Team Boston, Team New York, Team Chicago, Team LA, and so on. But soon the teams take on a definite personality of their own, and the agents give the team a more appropriate moniker. For the sake of maintaining agent morale, this is highly encouraged. Sometimes in the field, morale is all you have.

Examples:

(A) Team Chicago was renamed Team Tunafish after their favorite ploy of yelling the codeword; "Tunafish"! Then closing their eyes as their Mage detonates a blinding Light-Flash to stun the enemy. This trick worked so well it soon became their battle cry and shortly after that, their official team name.
(B) Attacked by transdimensional demons, Team Texas was killed and replaced on the same night by a group of workers from the BunnyHop Strip Club outside of Houston. The collection of all-female civilians is composed of: the bouncer, the bartender, a janitor, one customer and six of the exotic dancers. Grabbing weapons off the still warm bodies of the deceased Bureau 13 agents, these amazingly brave civilians rallied into battle with the ...er, *feasting* sex demons. The amateurs won and were immediately recruited into the Bureau as The Thunderbunnies.



However, the women HATE that name, and have officially renamed themselves as Team Texas (*unofficially, they are still called the Texas Thunderbunnies by everybody else in the Bureau, but for God's sake, do not let them hear that, or they will stomp you flatter than a Xerox of a pancake. Nuff said*).

TEAM NAMES.

01-50 You pick the name
51-75 Somebody designates a name and it sticks.
76-85 An Incident helps name your team.
86-95 Silly Incident helps name Your team.
96-00 Something Embarrassing helps name your team.

BUREAU 13 ADVANCED CLASSES

Bureau 13 Agents are recruited from all walks of life: soldiers, police officers, schoolteachers, science fiction writers and even street mimes (*such as Team Windwalkers*). But all of these people have two things in common: each survived a paranormal encounter of some sort and they have made it through Bureau training with their sanity (*mostly*) intact.

The Agents of Bureau 13 investigate rumors of supernatural activities and determine if any threat exists. If a creature is harmless, it is left in peace. If it is hostile, then the agents handle the situation appropriately. Whether a situation calls for a stern lecture or a tactical air-strike, is decided solely by the agents involved.

NEW PRESTIGE CLASSES

COMBAT CLERIC

This is somebody who has eschewed (*gesundheit!*) the pastoral life of most priests. Instead, the Combat Cleric seeks to be a holy warrior, to bless or banish, as divinely directed. In Bureau 13, the Combat Cleric's abilities are primarily directed toward neutralizing, cleansing and banishing the supernatural (*they are also a real whizbang at bingo*).

Requirements to Join:

Any holy person who likes to be the might for right. Thus, if you are a Zen Buddhist, you can not be a Bureau 13 field agent. However, a Zen Buddhist can join TechServ.

Basic Abilities

The combat cleric gains the ability of Divine Manifestations through the application of positive or negative energy (*depending on if you're a Good Cleric, or an Evil Cleric*). Turning of undead is only one of their many natural abilities.

MILLENNIUM KNIGHTS

The Millennium Knights are a branch of the Bureau that exists in the spotlight of the music industry. Hiding in plain sight, these musical mercenaries deal with supernatural terrors as they move from city to city on their nation-wide tours dealing with evil paranormals and then they write hit songs about their exploits as form of evidence dispersal (*"Aw heck, man, that was just something you heard on the radio. That shit never really happened!*) Indeed, many of the pyrotechnics used in rock and rap stage shows which the fans rave about are actually the result of intense battles with unearthly foes.

The Millennium Knight is also under the scrutiny of the press and fans. Their work for the Bureau can be hard to mask.



Solo

During tours, a Millennium Knight will invariably encounter others with the desire to fight evil paranormal creatures, but whom are not quite acceptable to join the Bureau. These people form the Millennium Knight's posse and act as foot soldiers, bodyguards, henchmen, lackeys, etc. Among the hip-hop crowd, the Millennium Knights blend in with their gold crosses and supposed penchant for random violence. Many a fangbanger (*vampire*), or boneyard betty (*succubus*), has been taken out by supposedly random drive-bys at a club after being spotted by Special Federal Agent MC Hammerstein.

Team

Sometimes, several Millennium Knights will join forces to create a Millennium Team (*publicly known as a band*). Or, a regular Bureau Field Team may acquire a Millennium Knight and assume the roles of the musician's elite private staff: manager, personal assistant, bodyguards, masseuse, etc. and create a Rock Team in order to operate secretly within the music industry.

Word up, homey.

Requirements to Join

Musical skills (*duh*). An enormous ego. Embarrassingly tight clothing.

Note

Contrary to popular myth, sticking fingers in your ears while loudly humming Broadway show tunes has no defensive effect at all against a Siren's Song.

03 BUREAU MAGE

Bureau 13 mages receive an accelerated training course in magic by teachers familiar with many types of spells. As a result, Bureau mages tend to be better at controlling mystical energies for spells than self-taught spell-casters such as the Kitchen Witches, Penn & Teller, or Whoopie Wizards.

Each Bureau mage also gains a special Wand or Staff (*see: Mage Staff*) which tremendously increases their abilities. However, it does interfere with the function of technological items. (*hey, nothing's free*).

Requirements to Join

Be magical. That's about it. A high Intelligence is nice, but if you want to run a dunderhead mage, go right ahead. Just have a couple of spare characters ready to go for when you die in the first battle - each time.

Elder mages establish labs and comfortable homes if they live that long. They collect apprentices and magical items. Find them mostly in backwoods areas though a recent trend has seen many relocate to warmer climates and Condos in Florida.

You can always tell a mage lives in your condo when a hurricane leaves your block untouched and the neighbors flattened for miles around.



MAGE STAFF

A Bureau 13 Staff contains the incantations normally stored in a spell book. The B13 Mage can access this repository of arcane knowledge at will, as often as their level allows.

SPELLS:

Of course, the Staff can only contain as many spells as the Mage can know at their present level. Example: Rather than having to memorize a spell for each use (*as per D20 Modern: Acolyte*), the Bureau 13 Staff allows a Mage to use that spell numerous times, up to their ability to cast that level of spell. (*pretty cool, eh?*)

LIMITATION:

The mystical energies of the Staff will cause disruptions with any electronic or technological devices that come into close proximity with the mage. However, the effect does not linger behind the Mage. The closet in a wizard's apartment will not eventually become a repository of occult energy that scrambles cable reception for the whole building.

In order to use electronic, or technological devices, the mage must roll against their Int. Failure by 13 points means the device will not operate properly, or will malfunction, while failure by 4 or more points will cause the device to completely fail to work. A rating of zero makes the device explode.

APPEARANCE / MATERIAL:

The appearance of the Staff depends on the Experience of the Mage.

Apprentice	Rough Wood	Ancient	Crystal with a glowing solar orb on top. (<i>removable so that the Mage can appear to be a lower level if they wish</i>),
Journeyman	Wood	Legendary	Wood. (<i>yes, we got that right. The most powerful wizards look like Rookies.</i>)
initiate	Iron		
Mage	Steel		
Master	Crystal		

HARDNESS:

The Staff has a base hardness equal to the Body/Life Points of the Mage, multiplied by 10. They're real tough, but not indestructible.

DESTROYING A STAFF:

The destruction of a Staff releases a mystical explosion that inflicts damage, more per skill of the mage at the time of its destruction, to any magical or supernatural creatures or objects. (*and it really stings, too*). Mundane objects and persons are unaffected. If a Staff is destroyed, the Mage loses half of his health until he crafts a new staff in 2d10 weeks.



STEALING A STAFF:

If the Staff is stolen, any attempt to use it without the consent of the Mage will cause a critical explosion that will blow the brains of the thief out their ears.

So remember: honesty is the best policy!

See **BUREAU 13 EXTREME** for a detailed listing on Wands and Staves.

BATTLE CODES

Only a rank beginner (*or a total nitwit*) would call out instructions to other members of their team during combat where the enemy can easily hear what is being said.

Therefore, a Bureau 13 agent always uses coded battle commands. Below is a short list compiled from actual combat situations. However, since these commands are now known, each field team will have to make up their own new ones.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN - Kill the leader.

ALEX HALEY - Go for the roots!

SAIGON BUG-OUT - Run for your lives!

DONALD AND DAISY - Duck.

JULES VERNE - Dive for the floor (*head for The Center Of The Earth!*)

TIMEX - Set your B13 wrist watches to explode and throw them in unison.

ROUTINE NINE - Switch opponents.

ROARKE'S DRIFT - Form a step line and attack using volley fire.

PINK FLOYD - Go behind The Wall.

VLAD THE IMPALER - I'm on point.

IRAQI DISCO - Only pretend to surrender, then attack.

DARTH VADER - I'm on the leader.

MONICA LEWINSKI - Blow their @\$%& head off.

CADILLAC SEVILLE - Fire all weapons on full auto.

TAXI CAB - Stick to the floor.

ANNIE OAKLEY - Shoot behind you!

BASTILLE DAY - Set everybody free.

WALL STREET - Cut their throats.

ERNEST BORGNINE NAKED - Don't look.

MEXICAN HOLIDAY - The coast is clear.

NERO'S FIDDLE - Burn the whole place down.

BATES MOTEL - Kill them all.

ROACH MOTEL - Capture them alive.

HOT SOUP - Block the way.

AVON CALLING - Shoot through the closed door.

MANHATTAN PROJECT - Take cover, Mage is about to do a Body Blast.

BREADCRUMBS - Leave a trail we can follow to find you.

MUSKETEERS - Everybody protect each other.

VISA or MASTER CARD - Charge.

DR. STRANGELOVE - Nuke'em, then do it again, just to be sure.

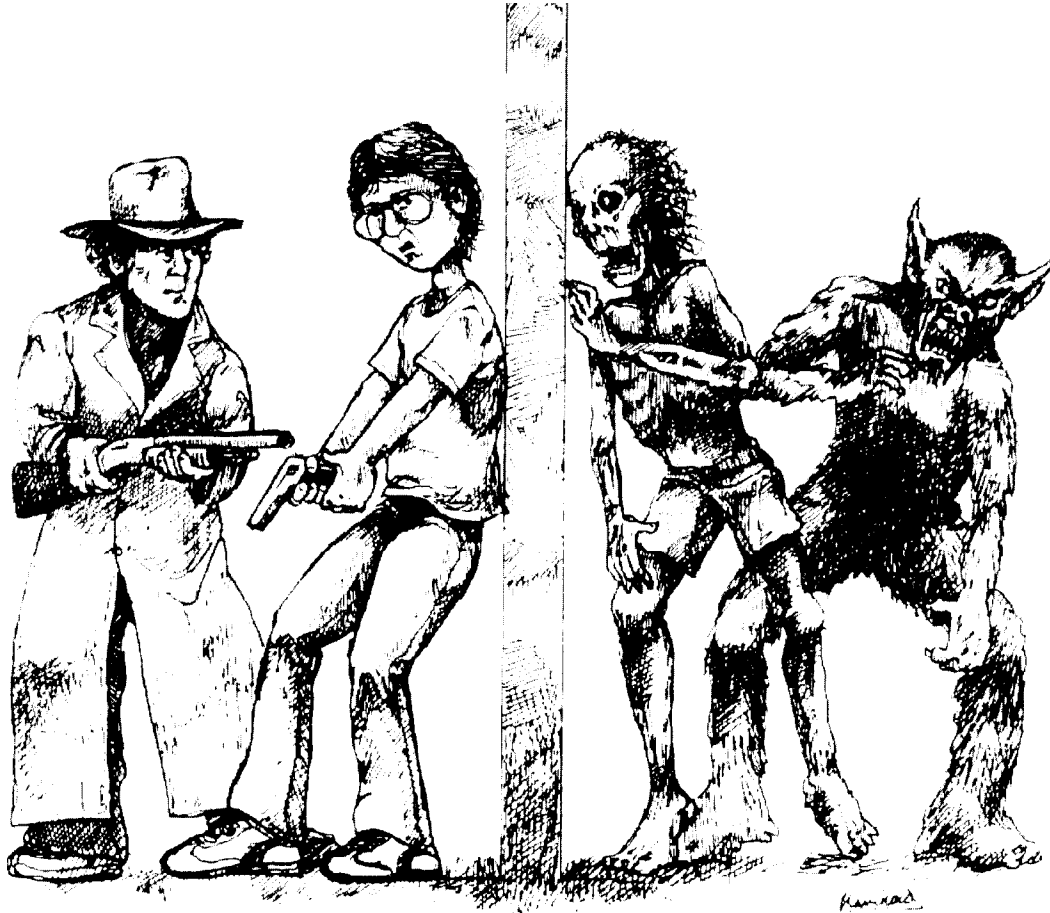
GIGLI - I'm going to throw a bomb.

SHOPPING MALL - Separate, then converge.

ABBEY ROAD - Pretend to be dead.

DEBBIE DOES DALLAS - Beat it for now, then come again later.

STAR WARS - Stop touching it!



THE TOP TEN REASONS WHY IT SUCKS TO BE A BUREAU 13 AGENT

- #10 Finding dead pixies in your bug zapper.
- #09 Always feeling the need to pour Holy Water over any hickeys - just in case.
- #08 It's embarrassing to read the National Enquirer to get the real news.
- #07 Constantly weeding your garden of wolfbane, garlic, dragonbane, etc.
- #06 Can never watch CBS because the Big Eye might be out to get you.
- #05 Alternate universes are not covered on your cell phone plan.
- #04 The Brotherhood of Darkness put you on every spam email list in the world.
- #03 You hate seeing missions turned into cheesy Hollywood movies.
- #02 Just try filling out the HMO form for "Flesh to Stone"

And the top reason why it sucks to be a Bureau 13 Agent

#01 *Something really IS standing behind you right now!*

BUREAU 13: WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT

While the Bureau does issue a Standard Weapon for beginner agents (*see: Standard Weapons*), every weapon in existence (*and a few that officially do not exist*), plus everything on the Equipment List, is available for requisition by an Agent from the friendly lunatics in TechServ. (*see Obtaining Equipment*)

If you are not able to reach a Supply Dump, rendezvous point, or Bolt Hole, an Agent can always try to buy the item from civilian/criminal merchants. Good luck!

WEAPONS:

Revolvers, automatic pistols, derringers, shotguns, just name it; the choice is entirely up to the individual. The Bureau always tries to arm its people with the very best weapons available. Along with your FBI Commission Booklet, an agent also receives a federal weapons permit allowing them to carry military weapons and a Concealed Weapons License, allowing them to carry guns in a shoulder holster.

Example

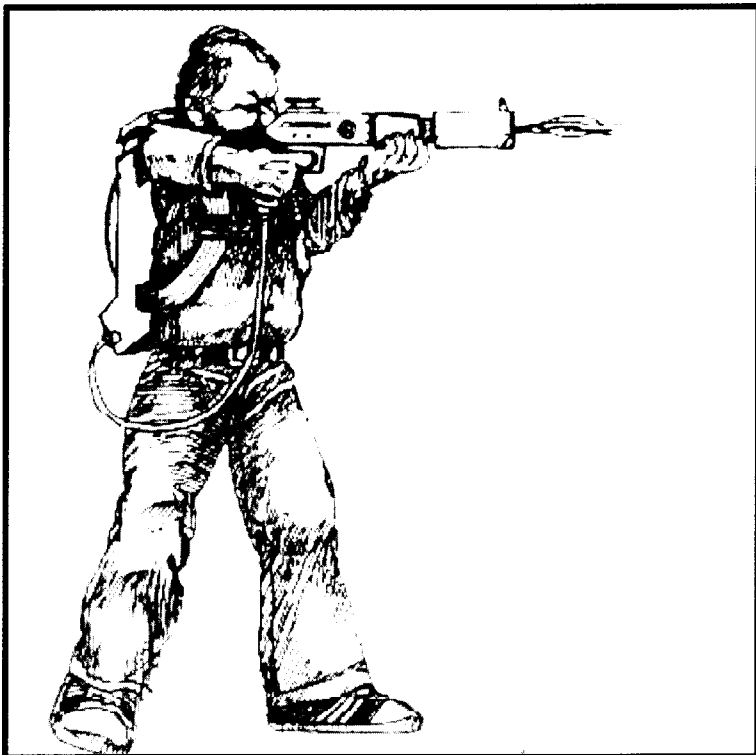
Ed Alvarez of Team Tunafish in Chicago carries twin S&W .357 Magnum revolvers, while George Renault of Team Tunafish carries an M60 machine gun (*magically disguised to look like a small banjo*). Roger's Rangers in Boston all like M16/M203 assault rifles (*machine guns with a 40mm grenade launcher*), while the ever-dapper Team Angel in Los Angeles prefer pastel-colored Glock 9mm automatics with silencers, as those slim guns do not ruin the line of their fluffy designer clothing.

Note

Rocket launchers, flamethrowers, mortars, Howitzers, Stinger missiles and such, are reserved only for combat missions and may not be carried around for every day usage. In fact, the deadly and dreaded Masterson Assault Cannon* actually requires a 'Declaration of Doom' form to be filled out before an agent can get one delivered.

MAGIC AND GUNS DO NOT MIX

Because of the natural deudonic (*magical*) aura of a Mage staff, regular handguns simply will not fire while being held by wizard. Nor will grenades detonate if held by a Mage. However, once the grenade is thrown far enough away ...boom!



SOLUTION

Thankfully, the Bureau has created an answer to this thorny problem, a specialty weapon that will fire while being held by a Mage, the dreaded Belgian Nine. (*see: New Weapons Pg. 120*)

How the Belgian Nine works is classified Beyond Double Ultra Top Secret, and really none of your damn business.

OTHER OPTIONS

Slingshots are an option as well as water filled pressure guns, available from the nearest Toy Isle in your favorite Big Box Store. Ritual knives can be handy but are then rendered useless after contact with evil or dark magics. Not only is a spellbook good for cracking walnuts, but it can also cause a serious concussion.

STANDARD ISSUE WEAPONS



BERETTA 9mm AUTOMATIC

Just like in the real FBI (*from whom we got the clever idea*), the Bureau offers a new agent a standardized weapon. While these may be replaced at the agent's request with another sidearm, we highly recommend the Beretta. Sleek and compact (*so that it will not catch on your clothing when you draw it free*), this lightweight weapon is extremely reliable and packs quite a deadly punch. Note: This weapon also helps you pass for an FBI agent.

Each Beretta comes with a Combat Trigger (*grooved so that your sweaty finger will not slip*) and an oversized ejector port (*to reduce jamming*). The Beretta holds a fifteen round clip and comes with an agent's choice of a shoulder holster, waist gunbelt, or ankle/tentacle holster. The belt ammo pouch holds three extra clips. The Beretta comes available in basic black, brown, chartreuse and white satin. (*see: Millenium Knights*).

An experimental model comes when you whistle for it, but the animated gun often smacks the agent in the head upon arrival knocking them unconscious, so TechServ is still working on those. But they will be available soon (*we hope*).

NOTE: Please remember that Mages can carry, but not use, regular firearms.

Baretta 9mm

Empty Weight	3.00 Lbs.	Reliability	Very Good
Loaded Weight	3.75 Lbs	Mud and Sand give a 35% Chance of a Misfire	
Magazine (15 or 17)	0.75 Lbs	DAMAGE	As Per RPG System

STANDARD ISSUE AMMUNITION

(A) **STANDARD**

Semi-steel jacketed, 9mm Parabellum, hollowpoint bullets.

(B) **RUBBER**

Semi-soft rubber, 9mm Parabellum bullets. These do 1d6 of stun damage to a normal human.

(C) **UNTRACEABLE**

These are special Bureau 13 bullets and do not carry any markings on the bottom of the casings to show where the ammunition was manufactured (*just like CIA, NSA and Delta Force ammunition*). Thus, cleaning up the spent brass from a firefight with a kraken is not necessary. Whew, what a time saver! On the other hand, it is illegal for bullets to not have any markings, so keep these guns out of the hands of the police. All B13 ammunition comes in a box of fifty (50) and the agent has to load the clips themselves (*any - body who lets somebody else load their ammunition clips for them has probably also purchased the Brooklyn Bridge at least once. Possibly twice*).

(D) **SMART**

Silent rounds that are magically deadened to make a slight course adjustment to hit far targets.



SHOTGUN

(see *New Weapons, Bane Delivery System*)

AMMUNITION TYPES

Armor-Piercing

Good to use against robots, the KGB and gargoyles.

Lead

Standard damage. Legal.

Glaser-Sure Kill:

Double Damage but half range (basically, these are miniature shotgun cartridges. High Structural damage to tissue).

Silver

Standard damage to non-bane creatures.

Cold Iron

When hit by one of these it reduces chances to use magic by half as well as burns like hell until removed. Only works on magical creatures Elder Mages.

Tracer - Fire Starter

Standard damage but leaves a visible trace of fire and can start a small fire.

Bane Load

Special Loads that can contain anything from a power to liquid. Designed to break up and scatter the contents into the wound.

Wood

Low Damage because of the half-charge of gunpowder* used to make sure the wooden bullets do not shatter into splinters upon firing.

**(actually, the propellant is a powdered form of fulminating guncotton. Nobody has used 'gunpowder' since 1930. See: Supply Dumps, cordite, blackpowder, or the TV show Jeopardy.)*

LOADING.

Dropping a spent clip and reloading is instinctive with a trained agent and can be done in five seconds, in the dark, while hanging upside down in a vacuum. But you have to tell the GM. Reloading an empty clip (*thumbing in fresh bullets*), takes two minutes.

ACOUSTICAL SILENCER

This MOTA (*magical state of the art*) silencer reduces the sound of a gunshot to a muffled cough (*just like in the movies!*) Unlike old-fashioned silencers packed with steelwool, this device does not wear out, nor need adjustments, or repacking. Now the bad news. Because it reduces the speed of the bullet, all Damage is reduced by a quarter.

Acoustical Silencer	Weight: 0.4 lbs.	Availability 95%
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SILENT BULLETS

This is an invention of the hated KGB (*meaning that we shamelessly stole the blueprints*). A 9mm cartridge is neckered down to hold a 7mm slug. Inside the cartridge is a miniature piston. When the quarter-charge of gunpowder detonates, the resulting gas shoves the piston forward, completely sealing the neck of the cartridge and preventing any noise from escaping. It is the blow of the piston that shoves the lead bullet forward. Thus, this cartridge makes only a soft double-click when fired. One click for the descending hammer and one more for the cartridge being fired, is all that can be heard.

Silent Bullets	Weight: 3.0 lbs.	Availability 80%
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LASER POINTER

This nifty little gizmo attaches to a rail underneath the barrel of the Beretta and upon touching the trigger, emits a laser beam that will cast a red point exactly where the bullet will hit. A built-in mini-computer takes into account droppage and windsheer. Of course, people and monsters can still dodge, but this makes an agent +2 to Hit.

Warning! Do not use this in fog, as the passage of the laser through the mist will show the enemy exactly where you are located. Thus, inviting them to, you know like, shoot back and stuff. This is often painful and involves a lot of expensive dry cleaning.

Laser Pointer	Weight: 0.20 lbs.	Availability
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DAZZLER

Resembling an ordinary flashlight, this device generates a brilliant flash of polychromatic light for a duration of four-seconds with every button press. This temporarily blinds a normal human for one full minute. The effect is doubled against a vampire, or other nocturnal creature.

Please note: the Dazzler has no effect upon an enemy wearing polarized sunglasses (*such as a Southern sheriff, FBI agent, Rock Star, albino, or blind person*) Waterproof, uses two (2) standard D cell batteries.

Dazzler	Weight: 1.00 lbs w/Battery.	Availability
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WORD CANE

Just like it sounds, this appears to be perfectly ordinary walking stick and a non-magical search will never find the sword hidden inside (*Thanks TechServ!*) To use the sword cane, the agent assigned the weapon merely presses the secret, hidden, invisible, release button and the sheath flies off doing **Minor** damage to a soft target.

Protected by a defensive rune, the cane will not open for anyone but the Bureau 13 agent assigned the weapon. Plus, it will not open at all if you are fired or illegally leave the country (*see: Limitations*).

The titanium alloy blade is completely unbreakable, and does **Light** Damage if the agent is untrained in fencing. The blade does **Average** Damage if the agent is trained. (*so get some training!*)

Sword Cane	Weight: 3.0 lbs.	Availability 75%
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UNUSUAL & ESOTERIC WEAPONS

Consult the RPG System of your choice.

COMBAT DAMAGE AVERAGES

MINOR	Scratches, Nicks, Cuts
LIGHT	Far Less then Average, around 50% Less
MODERATE	Less then Average, around 25% Less
AVERAGE	Average Damage as per your RPG System
ABOVE AVERAGE	More then Average, around 25% more
CRITICAL	Close to all Health, Hit or Body Points, around 50% More
EXTREME	Close to all Health, Hit or Body Points, double the average



SWORD UMBRELLA

See Page 32. Please note that an earlier model shot the sword out of the tip of the umbrella, instead of the agent withdrawing the blade from within the umbrella shaft. But this caused a lot of accidental deaths (*and frantic resurrections*), so those cumbersome models have been discontinued. However, they are still in use by the Scion of the Silver Dagger, the Brotherhood of Darkness and old Burgess Meredith fans.

Sword Umbrella	Weight: 0.4 lbs.	Availability 85%
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GRENADES

Oddly, these are not considered a Combat or Esoteric weapon as the doggone things are just so blasted useful! Please note that these are not the metal spheres used by the US military, but are squat canisters, each about the size, shape and weight of a soup can. Simply pull the safety ring, release the arming lever and throw. All B13 grenades have a six second fuse.

Note: These grenades are big and cumbersome, but only a Bureau 13 agent can arm them. For anybody else, the grenades simply explode in their hand/claw/tentacle. An enemy can never use them against you, or the American public in general. Pretty neat, eh?
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TYPES OF B13 GRENADES

FLASH BANG

No damage, just a blinding flash and deafening bang.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE

Critical Damage

HIGH-EXPLOSIVE X

Critical Damage, plus special bane effect (*with silver & wood shrapnel*).

SMOKE

Dark (any color) smoke, fills an area 20' square.

TEAR GAS

Unprotected humans will tear uncontrollably for fifteen minutes. Fills an area 20' square.

KNOCK-OUT GAS

Unprotected humans will fall unconscious for two hours. Fills an area 20' square.

BANE VAPOR (special load)

Bane effect only. Fills an area 20' square.

WHITE PHOSPHORUS

Critical damage every Minute

THERMITE

Critical damage every Minute. The effect is Extreme if used underwater (*thermite utilizes the oxygen in water to burn even hotter than in air*). Can not be extinguished.



Grenade	Weight: 0.50 lbs.
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3-D CAD STEREO-LITHOGRAPHIC DESIGNER*

Any three-dimensional object successfully scanned can be duplicated in soft latex or plastic. A stereo-lithography machine uses a computer-controlled laser to cure a photosensitive resin, layer by layer, to create a 3D duplicate. The Bureau has also developed a special photosensitive latex resin for creating masks and other cosmetic applications: horns, tusks, tentacles, a third breast, whatever is needed.

The Stereo-lithograph is 4 ft. wide by 3 ft. deep by 6 ft. high, requires 16 gallons of photosensitive resin and can create objects up to 10 in. by 10 in. by 10 in. in standard resolution mode, or 5 in. by 5 in. by 10 in. in high resolution mode. The items are then baked in a special ultraviolet light oven to finish the hardening process (*but it smells awful*).

It takes 30 minutes per inch of height to make the part, assuming that the part occupies an area 10 inches wide by 10 inches deep at standard resolution, or 5 inches wide by 5 inches deep at high resolution.

This device cannot create color, or a single object with moving parts. The parts have to be made individually and then assembled. The hard plastic component can be machined and painted, although its structural strength is limited.

This unit has had exceptional success creating latex face applications to help in disguises. So make double-damn sure exactly who you are shooting.

**(try saying that three times fast. So ahead, we dare ya.)*

3-D Designer	Weight: 540.4 lbs.
Plastic Resin, Hard 20 gal.	Weight: 60 lbs.
Latex Resin, 20 gal.	Weight 40 lbs.

ANTI-CAMERA:

Also known as a Hollywood Hijack, this nifty device resembles a simple laser pointer, the type used in corporate boardrooms around the globe.

Invented by the technical wizards at (*studio name withheld for security reasons, but the company logo looks like a really big mountain*), the Hijack was created to save movie stars from being endlessly harangued by the paparazzi news hounds. Simply press the red button on the side and the Hijack emits a focused EMP burst specifically tailored to permanently blow the circuits of a digital camera, video camera and even cell phones (*this also works on security cameras, which makes it mighty useful indeed to skulking B13 agents*). The Hijack has a 100' range and is good for ten shots before the (*extremely*) expensive cadmium batteries have to be replaced.



Many Magical Artifacts find their way into the US every year.



BUREAU CAMERAS:

The Bureau has both a Mini and Micro camera in its vast inventory. They vary in size from a soda can/video camera, to a tiny module the size/ thickness of a quarter.

The larger camera can either store 200 hours worth of video on removable memory units or like the smaller camera, transmit its video to a remote receiver, or repeater unit. Without a repeater unit, the range of the camera's transmitter is 100 feet. All cameras include a microphone, although the microphone on the Nano-Cam requires a skill check to understand any conversation that is recorded.

The Mini-Cam and Micro-Cam both come with IR, or Light Amplification filters, but not both sets of filters. That choice is made when the camera is requisitioned.

The Nano-Cam comes in normal light, low light, or IR versions. The RatBot body gives the camera far more mobility. The RatBot can be operated remotely or operate semi-autonomously, navigating with their cameras and GPS units along a pre-programmed course.

Motion Sensors allow cameras to operate automatically if someone is within range (40 feet). The smallest moving object the sensors can detect is the size of a rat.

Bluetooth ports can automatically send the pictures to the mini-Cray supercomputer onboard a B13 RV.

We also carry some plain, old-fashioned chemical cameras that an EMP Blast can't wipe clean. Just something to keep in mind.

Anti-Camera	Weight: 0.20 lbs.	Size of a Cell Phone
Mini-Cam	Weight: 0.50 lbs.	Size of a Pack of Cigarettes
Micro Cam	Weight: 0.10 lbs.	Size of a Quarter
Nano Cam	Weight 0.01 lbs.	Size of a Dime
Sony 35mm Digital Cam	Weight: 1.20 lbs.	Standard 35mm Camera Size
Nikon 35mm Film Cam	Weight: 1.20 lbs.	Size of a Pack of Cigarettes
Rat Bot For Micro Cam	Weight: 2.00 lbs.	Size of a Rat
Repeater 20 Mi.	Weight: 2.00 lbs.	Size of a Cell Phone
Motorized Swivel	Weight: 0.50 lbs.	Adjustable
Motion Sensor 20 Ft.	Weight: 0.10 lbs.	Size of a Quarter

FOCUS on Mechanical Rats

Mechanical Rats are a microminiaturized system designed for covert observation and planting sensors. Used with a simple computer interface and joystick these realistic robots have a battery life of 24 hours and can be set to self destruct with the equivalency a quarter block of C-4. The rat is waterproof and shockproof. Natural Rat Colors available.

EYES	Color vision up to 10 Power Magnification and Night Vision.
EARS	Sound, Data Antenna,
MOUTH	Wire Cutter Sample Collector
WHISKERS	Temperature, Voltage, Radiation, Humidity
BODY	Paws grip 5 pounds, push 1 pound, moves 5 mph., can implant 12 bugs and 6 nano cams



CIGARETTE LIGHTER:

This appears to be a common butane lighter, but as with most TechServ inventions it is so much more. The lighter can also be used as a miniature welding torch, or as a 3d6 point explosive device. It can be used as a grenade, but since there is no shrapnel you would need to duct tape some nails or coins to the outside. Without shrapnel, the lighter has a 5-foot blast radius. With shrapnel, it has a 10-foot blast radius (*talk about getting your nickel's worth!*)

The lighter can weld 10 inches of quarter-inch metal plate in about 15 minutes, or it can cut a 6-inch length gash through a quarter-inch steel plate in about 10 minutes. If used as a weapon, it ignores 5 points of hardness and inflicts 2d6 burn per round for up to 10 rounds. Welding requires the use of a welding rod and flux. Comes in assorted designer colors.

Cigarette Lighter	Weight: 0.02 lbs.	Availability 95%
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CIGARETTE PACK:

Contains twenty cigarettes, each with a different function.

Discontinued. Smoking is now illegal in all government buildings, including Bureau 13 Supply Dumps and Bolt Holes. All surplus stock of the "Cigarette Packs" have been sold to the Chinese supernatural agency: P.R.U.N.E.

COMMAND CARD:

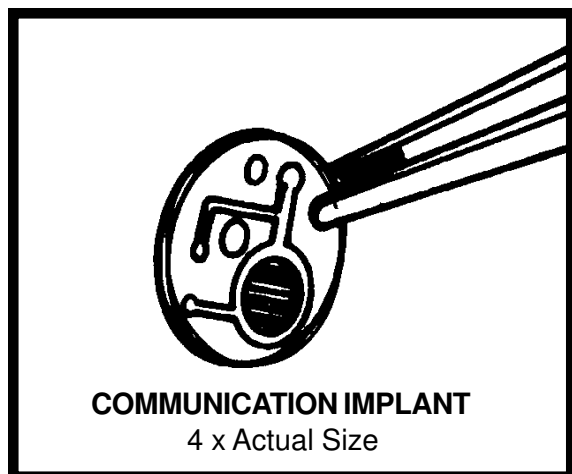
This device is a simple plastic library card with an encoded strip that allows an agent to open Supply Dumps, Bolt Holes, and to operate Bureau 13 vehicles. If the card is stolen, there is a seven character, alpha-numeric, PIN (*of their choosing*) that an agent can shout out to activate a mystic rune which will obliterate the command card, along with the hand of the thief who is holding it (1d6), or any other portion of anatomy the thief has it hidden in: their shoe, rear or (*ouch!*) front pocket. Crime does not pay!

Command Card	Weight: NA	Availability 100%
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COMMUNICATION IMPLANT

A quarter inch-sized disk is surgically placed under the skin behind the ear. This allows a private two-way communication if gently pressed. The disk has a range of 5000 feet in the open, 1000 feet in a city and 250 feet inside a modern building. This device can be computer monitored to link specific individuals, or to listen in on a conversation. It is susceptible to EMP attacks, burning out and doing 1 point of damage to the *owner (and leaving a very nasty scar)*

Communication Implant	Weight: NA	Availability 100%
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Implant Data

These devices are virtually invisible to modern scanning devices in Airports and Federal Buildings.

The only thing that will interfere with an implant is hard radiation, microwaves or EMP. This form of exposure causes a degradation of function and static. While radiation only damages the device, EMP and directed microwave energy will cause it to short out.

While not life threatening this damage will stun the agent for up to d6 minutes.

BUREAU COMPUTERS

Computers have become an integral part of the war on Supernatural Evil since the 1990's.

COMPUTER - HANDHELD:

Bureau 13 field agents can obtain a handheld computer. This device contains all of the books in the Library of Congress. It provides a wireless connection to the RV Computer and other networks.

The handheld computer can accept all forms of storage media and has plug-in ports for most computer peripherals. It is extremely well designed and uses natural language processing and voice recognition for hands-free use. The batteries last for 20 hours before needing a recharge that takes 1.5 hours. The computer comes equipped with AgentNanny™ to keep Bureau 13 operatives away from, ahem, inappropriate web sites such as: BigBustyWitches.com, and Naked Elf Cheerleaders (*Much like Microsoft Vista*).

Handheld Computer	Weight: 0.50 lb.	Availability 90%
Handheld Battery	Weight: 0.25 lb.	Availability 85%
Battery Recharge Unit	Weight: 1.00 lb.	Availability 90%

COMPUTER - NOTEBOOK:

This is a slim-line notebook computer with more memory than you could use in twelve lives (*or till the next model comes out*). The Notebook can connect to wireless networks along with more traditional ones. This device also has a satellite cell modem for when you're out in the middle of nowhere. For security reasons, only the keyboard will operate the device, no wireless connections. The micro fuel cell will last 200 hours. Batterys are available and last 10 hours. Recharging takes 15 Minutes.

The notebook can also be set to explode by timer or specific keystroke command (*your choice*) creating the equivlency of a block of C-4 in damage. This is just enough to convert it into unrecoverable trash (*or make a nice distraction*). The activation code for self-destruct is (*of course*) the numerals 666 - reversed (*clever, eh*)?

Similar to the US Army battlefield notebook computer, the Bureau 13 model is sheathed in pure titanium and is bullet-resistant up to a military AP round fired from four feet of distance.

Notebook Computer	Weight: 1.50 lb.	Availability 95%
Notebook Battery	Weight: 0.50 lb.	Availability 95%
Notebook Fuel Cell	Weight: 1.00 lb.	Availability 95%

COMPUTERS - RV MINI-MAINFRAME:

This semi-legendary Computer is worth more than the entire Colorado RV and all the other equipment onboard. Plus, it fits into a shoebox. The only other computers that are *more powerful are in the Bureau HQ (those are the size of small office buildings, are sen - tient, and have just formed a union to try and get better tasting electricity)*.

As with all of the bigger Bureau computers, the RV Mainframe has full natural language processing, voice recognition and translation. The RV computer can translate every Human language with ease and is learning prehistoric elfish.

This miniature Mainframe can interface with any of the display screens onboard the RV, or if the machine is installed in your base of operations, with your television, telephone, coffeemaker and toaster.

Mini-Mainframe Computer	Weight: 15.50 lb.	Availability 95%
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RV Computer Notes

Up to eight people can use the RV computer at the same time. But this is more of a performance limitation, than a real limitation (*whatever that means.*) As expected, the RV computer uses the standard Graphical User Interface (*GUI*) seen on nearly every computer. (*Except for hacker computers, of course.*)

The cost listed below is for the RV Computer by itself; if you requisition the Colorado RV, the RV Computer comes with it, along with a DVD player and lovely missile launcher.

On a coded voice-command to be established by the operating agents, all data will be permanently purged from the memory of the RV computer. Then the machine will burn itself out with a carefully controlled electrical overload, burst into flames and polymorph itself into a small brick. Just let Satan Department try and recover the lost data from that (*see: Enemies!*)

NOTE: Older models came with two superintelligent mice as staff to operate the MainFrame in the RV. But certain field agents (*names withheld*) kept forgetting to refill the water bottle, and the mice finally got tired of the crappy working conditions and left to get high paying jobs at Microsoft.

RV Computer	Weight: 0.02 lbs.	Availability 95%
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DOORJAMMERS:

This is a non-magical item suitable for any Agent. Used by most Private Investigators, spies and covert government agents throughout the world, this item was only authorized by TechServ last year because they were so darn jealous that somebody else had thought of it first (*envy is such an ugly thing*).

In appearance, Doorjammers are brass keys on a plain steel ring. But each key is cut in a straight skeleton pattern so that they will slip easily into almost any door lock.

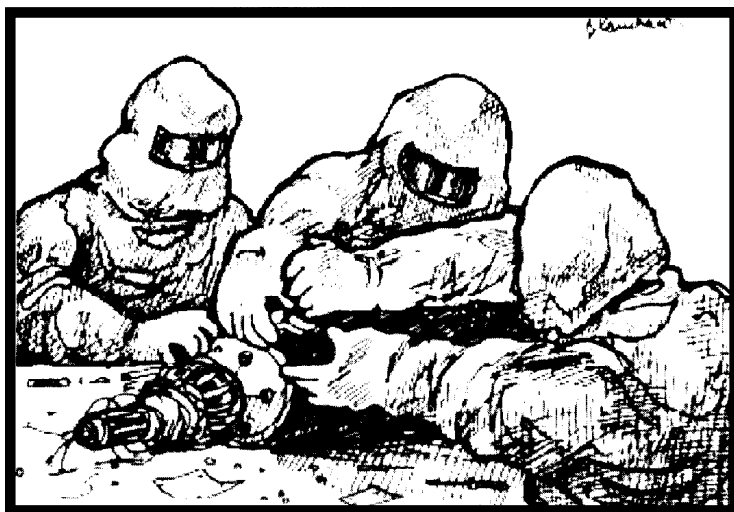
However, these are not built as an aid to gaining entrance, but the exact opposite.

Forged from the cheapest, high-tin concentrate bronze alloy, these keys are incredibly soft. After inserting one into a lock, the agent simply twists hard and the key snaps in half, effectively jamming the locking mechanism solid.

Doorjammers are perfect for keeping people from following in your wake, neutralizing enemy vehicles, denying a monster access to an arsenal, or simply slowing down a drunk houseguest from raiding the good booze in your liquor cabinet.

NOTE: They come twelve on a ring and are available in gross lots.

Door Jammer	Weight: 0.01 lbs.	Availability 95%
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ENVIRONMENTAL SUITS

The Environmental Suit is a lightweight vacuum-proof suit with the tensile strength of woven ballistic fabric. The E-Suit provides complete protection from biological and chemical agents and partial protection from radiation. It uses a lightweight rebreather unit that gives the wearer 10 hours of breathable air at normal exertion. At high levels of exertion, the wearer will only have 3 hours of air.

The suit has a clear "fishbowl" polycarbonate helmet that provides complete vision in all directions and seals separately from the rest of the suit. It comes with a hood and leaded glass visor for work in high radiation as well as heavier gloves. These suits will protect against small arms fire as well as heat for a very limited time. Visors/helmets are treated not to fog. Suits come with standard gloves and heavy duty mits that are lined with fine chainmail and fireproof to 1500 degrees. Do not dryclean or machine wash.

The Environmental Suit can be made usable for underwater activities by adjusting the fit of the suit to as tight as possible. If this is not done, the suit will float like cork, usually with your head underwater (*talk about embarrassing!*) When adjusted properly, the suit will have neutral buoyancy (*just like an Internet porno star*). When used underwater, the suit allows the wearer the ability to dive down to depths of 30 feet. The rebreather will be able to supply 3 hours in this mode.

If a seal blows, the suit will sink like a rock. The rebreather has a small air tank to refresh the recycled air, and this tank can be opened all the way to force the water out of the helmet. This over-pressuring of the helmet will last d10 minutes.

Suit colors are white, green or yellow (*and the occasional mauve, for which we have no explanation what-soever*). They can be ordered in forest camouflage or black. Suits are self-sealing for minor punctures (*however, those little pine-tree air fresheners do cost extra. Sorry*).

Environmental Suit
Air Freshener

Weight: 45.00 lbs.
Weight 00.01 lbs

Availability 95%
Availability 87%



FIELD PACK / VEST

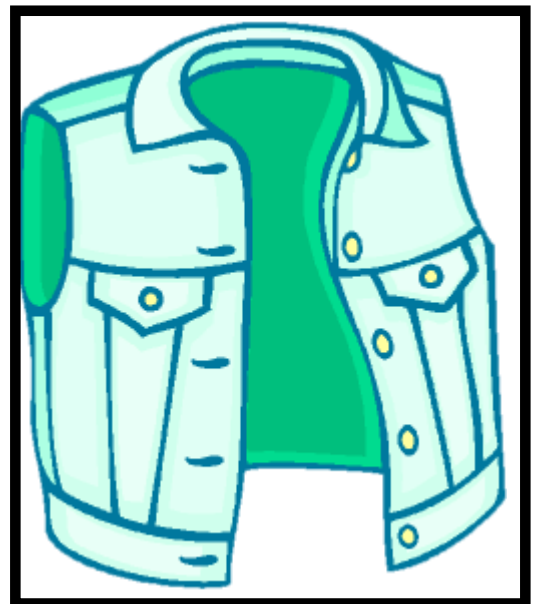
In addition to your FBI commission booklet, Bureau 13 ID card, weapon, magic bracelet, etc, an agent is also offered a handy assortment of top-of-the-line spy technology.

These items formerly came in the shape and size of cigarettes. But since smoking is now illegal in all government offices (*and almost every place else*), the old "cigarette pack" has been long abandoned. Now, the agent can carry the twenty items inside a folding leather case, a hollow paperback book (*your choice of cover art*), or the popular Bureau Utility Vest.

The Utility Vest hangs smooth and gives no indication of its hidden contents, comes in a wide variety of colors and patterns to match your wardrobe and the rear of the Utility Vest is composed of ballistic cloth for a small modicum of additional protection. However, if you're hunting liches at the beach, or transdimensional aliens at the opera, a denim vest is not the most clever way to stay circumspect. So choose the design well.

Although this is the standard Bureau issue, TechServe encourages agents to think of their own ways to hide any of these items in different places. The more ways these are hidden, the harder it will be for an opposing group (such as the Brotherhood of Darkness) to figure out how to identify a Bureau 13 agent.

Agents are also encouraged to pack their own specialty items that can range from tools to hardware and personal effects.



ITEMS FOR A BUREAU VEST

- (01) **Small LED Flashlight:** On key chain, 10 ft. range (cone), good for 1 hour of constant use.
- (02) **Directional Microphone:** Amplifies whispers to normal conversation levels out to 50 feet, must be pointed at target, less effective in higher density (*busy city street*) areas. Lasts for one hour.
- (03) **Locator:** Your Bureau 13 PDA can easily track this device up to a distance of one mile. The location will be shown on a map grid.
- (04) **20 Feet of Conductive Wire:** Very thin, but highly conductive and extremely strong titanium.
- (05) **Garrote:** Uses same wire as above.
- (06) **C4 Quarter Block:** Standard explosion. Comes with Multi Detonator can be set for Trip, Radio, or Time.
- (07) **Dart Launcher & Dart:** Small, breath-powered, dart launcher with 10 foot range, minimum damage, not effective if hitting hard armor. The dart can be coated with various drugs, see the appropriate rules in your basic rules for drug effects.
- (08) **Flares:** 40 foot light (*as indoor lighting*) for up to 3 minutes.
- (09) **Drug Ampoule:** These are coded by color. See the appropriate chemicals/drugs rules in your basic RPG rules for drug effects.
Note: All of the drugs included with these items are sealed against detection by drug dogs & chemical sniffers when they are initially received. Once the seal is broken (*by preparing for a launch, or by breaking the ampoule*) they will no longer pass. However, most drug dogs are not trained to sniff for medical drugs, only illegal drugs, so even after the seals are broken there should be few problems (*yeah, right*).
- (10) **Micro Torch:** 10 minutes of use can cut through 4 1 inch steel bars or chains.
- (11) **Multi-Tool:** Made of titanium.
- (12) **Volt Meter:** Small standard volt meter with multiple functions.
- (13) **Water Purification Straw:** Good for up to 1 gallon of water
- (14) **Lock Pick:** Made from high impact plastic will not be detectable by metal detectors.
- (15) **Pack of Color Chalk:** For leaving messages, drawing pentagrams and marking your trail. (*you really have no idea just how amazingly useful this is until you've been in the field*).
- (16) **Telescope/Microscope:** 50X power.
- (17) **Insta-Glue:** Squeeze tube, three applications.
- (18) **Powdered Whiskey:** Add one (1) cup of water to make a gallon of 12 year old, single malt, Scotch whiskey (*what can we say, the gang at TechServ are amazing*)!
- (19) **WD-40 Spray Cartridge:** Six applications. (*for squeaky door hinges*)
- (20) **Stink Bomb:** Simply twist and throw. Generates a 10' by 10' cloud of reeking black smoke that smells of used gym socks, cat litter, burning human flesh and the armpit of a week-dead golem. Please note that while this stench will send most humans running for the nearest window, some monsters will be immensely attracted to the zesty aromas, so use with due caution.

OTHER AGENT FAVORITES

- (01) **String:** 250 feet of wax coated kite string with at least a 500 pound test.
- (02) **Coffee Singles:** Along with cream and sugar packs.
- (03) **Dog Off:** Powder packs that knock out canine scent tracking. Causes nausea.
- (04) **Quick Heave:** The user will throw up within 60 seconds. No other side effects.
- (05) **Electra Fix:** Fast dry conductive gel with a fine tip applicator. Can handle 110 volts.
- (06) **Rot Quick:** Liquid that causes glass to crack and steel to rot within 10 minutes. Six applications from a squeeze tube that can rot out a common iron bar or chain.
- (07) **Nose Breather:** Insert in nose for air filtering for 5 minutes.
- (08) **No Trak Spray:** Spray tube creates a 6 foot square spot of no traction on a hard surface.
- (09) **Deluxe Pepper Spray:** Super effective pepper spray guaranteed to knock a bear on its butt for 6 minutes.
- (10) **Flash Bang Bugs:** Look and move like June bugs. Travel 10 feet. Flash and bang to startle.

VEST NOTES

Machine washing this vest can be bad. It is waterproof and if dirty, can be drycleaned if the contents of the pockets are removed. Will not show contents if scanned in airports.

Vest/Pack	Weight: 01.00 lbs.	Availability 75%
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GRAPNEL GUN:

This is a nearly silent, 40mm shotgun-like device that can fire a grappling hook up to 275 feet, the length of the attached cable. Once anchored, the gun becomes a compact winch that can pull 500 pounds at a relatively slow rate.

To successfully anchor the grappling hook, you must first hit your target area and then make damn sure the hook is secure. *(if not, it comes back down on your head doing light damage. So be careful)!* If you miss, an agent can reel in the line, load a new 40mm charge and try again. When properly anchored, the winch and line can also allow an agent to descend down 275 feet, or to string a tripwire across a road *(great fun at parties)!*

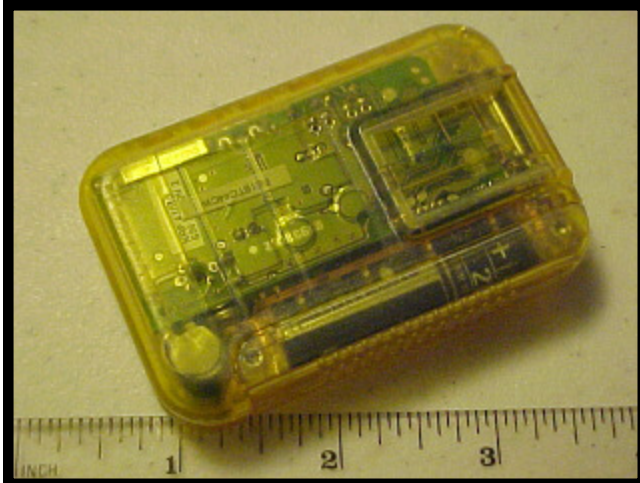
This is not a clever invention of TechServ, but is standard US military issue equipment *(which only goes to prove that the Bureau doesn't have all the smart people working for them).*

Grapnel Gun	Weight: 05.00 lbs.	Availability 85%
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HAND SCANNER:

This is a small, hand-held wand that serves as a direct link to a computer and can store up to 50,000 pages of material in a removable memory module. Resembles an ergonomic pen.

Scanner Wand	Weight: 00.10 lbs.	Availability 85%
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HUMBUG:

Invented back in 1992 by the CIA *(yes, we stole this one, too. What's your point?)*, this nifty little anti-surveillance device resembles a common pager and easily clips onto your belt, suspenders, shoulder holster, or purse strap.

Designed to be used in open spaces, such as a restaurant, bar, or walking along a sidewalk, the Humbug sends off a low-frequency electromagnetic pulse that scrambles any working microphone, such as a bug *(hidden listening device)*, cell phone, wall phone, pay phone, Game Boy, CB radio, or tape/digital VOX recorder. It also sends off a high-pitch, ultrasonic, whine that vibrates any reflective

surfaces that a laser beam might be bounced off from a distance *(such as a glass window pane)* to candidly listen in on your conversation.

The Humbug has additional configurations that can allow it to be a timer, rad detector, a pressure or vehicle mine, a voice activated detonator, recorder and a time bomb. It will detonate with the equivlency of a quarter stick of C-4 in an emergency.

NOTES ON STOLEN BUREAU HARDWARE
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If stolen or lost Bureau Devices will deactivate themselves and destroy their own electronics within 30 days of not being in the vicinity of Bureau equipment. This function is built into many devices now used by the Bureau. A Bureau command card, vehicle or facility in the vicinity is enough to keep hardware functional. Many devices have a global positioning tracker installed to expedite recovery.
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The Humbug has an effective range: 10 meters. Heavy rain retards the ultrasonic whine and cuts that scrambling effect down to five meters.

While not totally foolproof, the Humbug gives a very high level of assurance that your conversation with somebody is not being recorded in any way (*aside from being scanned by a telepath, or a lip-reader watching you through a crystal ball. But hey, nothing's perfect, gang!*)
Uses a standard 1.5 volt battery.

Humbug	Weight: 00.10 lbs.	Availability 85%
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KIRILIAN DETECTOR

This is complex and costly scanner detects the presence of living biofields and magical auras. Roughly the size of a calculator, the scanner also detects atomic radiation, ionization and in a pinch can double as a wall stud finder.

The detector scans the visible horizon ahead of an agent and registers the presence of Kirilian energy. However, major spells can make an evil aura appear to be innocent and good, so this is just a guideline device and should never be trusted 100 per cent.

Kirilian Detector	Weight: 01.00 lbs.	Availability 85%
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KIRILIAN SCRAMBLER

Sorry, not available yet (*Privately, it keeps turning the test subjects into rutabagas for some unknown reason*).

KIRILIAN SUNGLASSES:

In appearance, they appear to be a standard pair of dark sunglasses. But these provide enhanced Night Vision, Infrared, Ultra-violet, 100x power magnification and limited Kirilian aura detection. This is also proof against a Dazzler (*see: Standard Issue Weapons*)

Unfortunately, the power supply only lasts for an hour, after which they're just sunglasses again and you won't be able to see a damned thing again until they're recharged. (*2d10 hours for recharge*) Agents are advised to use this device sparingly, as prolonged use causes heart palpitations, acne and anal leakage.

NOTE: Availability is dependent upon the whim of the GM.

Kirilian Sunglasses	Weight: 00.15 lbs.	Availability 75%
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NASA JET PACK

A real blast from the past, this classic jet-powered backpack gives the user 30 minutes of flight at speeds up to 100 MPH. Far superior to the old Flying Bucket (*which kept crashing*), this modern descendant of the Bell Jet Pack is computer operated for a smooth, stable flight, although it still makes more noise than a lawnmower eating a rusty beer can.

Used at low altitude, the JetPack can carry up to 350 pounds. It can be used in place of a parachute in a really-really desperate emergency.

The jet pack requires that the pilot be trained and has several hours of flight time before they can be considered competent. For this reason these packs are hard to order from Bureau stocks and even harder to maintain in flight ready condition. For every 60 minutes of flight time used they will require 6 hours of maintenance.



Jet Pack	Weight: 65.00 lbs.	Availability 45%
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POCKET COMB

The fancy FBI commission booklet, and secret Bureau 13 identification card, are only tricks to fool the unwary civilian. The real ID of a Bureau 13 agent is your common, black, plastic pocketcomb.

The comb is totally indestructible and is encoded with your DNA, fingerprints and hat size, to allow an agent safe passage into any Bureau headquarters, and our Maximum Security Prison Bangor-Maine. (*which is **not** in Bangor, Maine, that's just the name*).

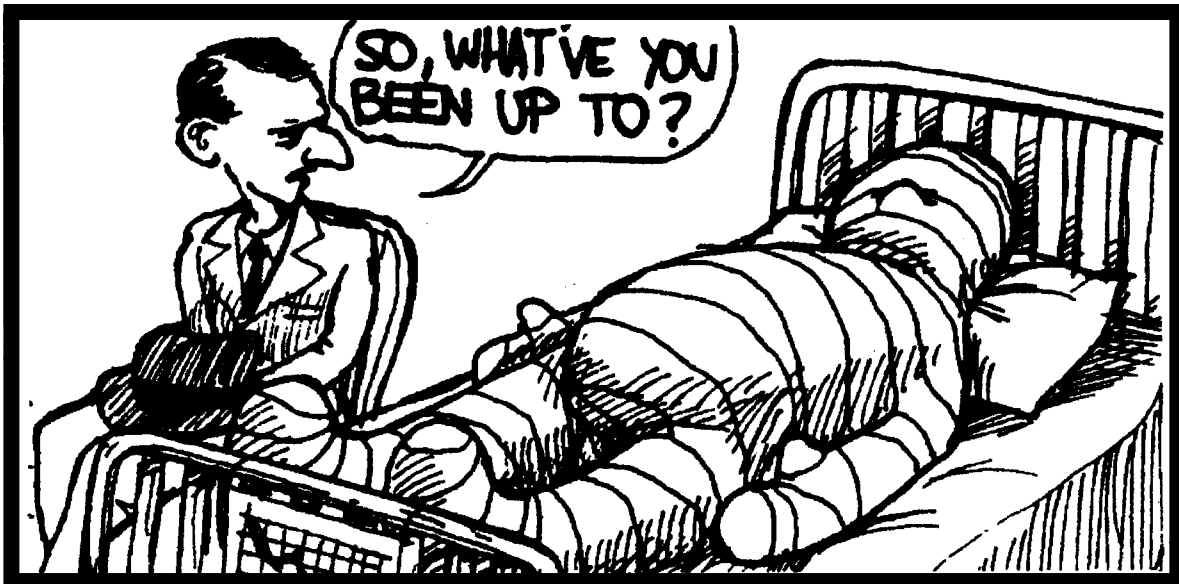
The B13 Pocket comb will come to its owner if whistled for and does not allow an agent access to the Sylvan Gulag, or a "Wiccans Gone Wild" Wet T-shirt contest (*more's the pity*).

WARNING: Do not lose your comb! In the hands of a voodoo priest, the agent would be wide-open for all sorts of magical attacks, hoodoo, and evil chicanery.

Pocket Comb

Weight: 00.10 lbs.

Availability 85%



POCKET PENS

These are fountain pen-sized spray cans that can be loaded with a wide range of chemicals and liquids. Range is 7 feet and can be used for five sprays.

Standard items include: holy water, garlic juice and tear gas. Other combinations of spray are possible. Equipment in the Colorado RV allows filling of spray pens, taking about 5 minutes per refill. Shown are 10 possibilities.

NOTE: In every jurisdiction of the United States, these are illegal to own or use, even for FBI agents.

- 01 Holy Water
- 02 Garlic Juice
- 03 Tear Gas
- 04 Pepper Gas
- 05 Salt Water
- 06 Vinegar
- 07 Acid
- 08 Chemical
- 09 Drug
- 10 Odor

PEN DIAGRAM

- Refill Pressure Switch
- Filler Tank
- Trigger



POCKET PEN GUN

An original invention of the CIA (*hey, let's give credit where credit is due*). This is a fountain pen that contains a single .22 round and takes 1d6 minutes to reload. Once the safety cap is removed, the pen fires upon receiving a hard impact on the nib, delivering a .22 soft-lead dum-dum round. CIA agents recommend stabbing the pen into the ear of your assailant, making it impossible for the other spy to dodge. But the pen gun works equally well stabbed into any other body.

The Pen Gun can only be fired by stabbing it into something and thus has no effective range at all. This last-ditch weapon does limited damage to vampires, werewolves and gargoyles, aside from really honking them off big time.

Pocket Pen

Weight: 00.01 lbs.

Availability 85%

SKY-KING POWERED HANG GLIDER

LENGTH: 009 ft.

TANK: 005 gal.

RANGE: 200 mi.

WIDTH: 026 ft.

MPG: 025 variable

TOUGH: No

HEIGHT: 005 ft.

WEIGHT: 820 lbs.

A one-person, electrically powered glider with a five-hour charge for motor operation. Carries up to 315 pounds, including the pilot.

Hang Glider

Weight: 820.00 lbs.

Availability 65%

TAROT CARDS

At first, this seems to be a common deck of Tarot Cards decorated by the famous Robin Wood, but there are critical and strategic differences (*or else why would B13 have'em, eh*).

This deck of brightly painted cards will explode out of a stack and swirl around in the air upon the agent's verbal command (*the activation word to be determined before the initial use and recorded by the GM*). The cards will do no significant damage to anybody fighting their way through the roiling cloud, aside from a few very minor paper cuts and a bruised deudonic aura.

Once utilized, the scattered cards must be gathered together and shuffled thoroughly by their owner before being used again.

Note: A few unruly agents have attached razor blades to the bottom of the cards and turned this harmless diversion into the so-called 'Flying Lawnmower' delivering 3d6 of damage to any material creature going through the swirling cloud. A pack of silver-edged razor blades may be ordered from TechServ, but since this is not an approved B13 tactic, the agent will have to explain why they need the silver blades (*so make your lie a good one!*)



Tarot Cards

Weight: 00.05 lbs.

Availability 95%

TASER: ELECTRIC STUNNER

There are two types of tasers. One works upon contact and the other launches a pair of tiny barbs attached to the main unit by hair-thin wires. When the barbs make contact with the target, the operator presses a button and the wires deliver to the barb a massive electrical charge. This usually knocks the target unconscious (*but not with a Frankenstein, as electricity only Heals them instantly and renews their already formidable strength*). The tasers come in three convenient models:

Light-stun: 20,000 volts (*suitable for most normal humans and small animals*)
Medium Stun: 50,000 (*suitable for most paranormal beings and larger guard dogs*)
Heavy Stun: 100,000 (*this will stop a gorilla on crack, but may also be fatal to older humans, small pets and often causes fairies or leprechauns to simply burst into flames*).

The Bureau 13 taser can come disguised as a touch-activated wallet, a single-shot flashlight or cell phone (*all of which use springs to fire the barbs*).

On a successful hit, the darts deal heavy Stun damage. As long as both of the darts remain in the target, the holder of the taser can deliver another shock at will.

Maximum range is 25 feet for the Flashlight or Cell Phone models. Reloading a taser take d6 minutes (*and lets the other person have a prime opportunity to remove your face*).

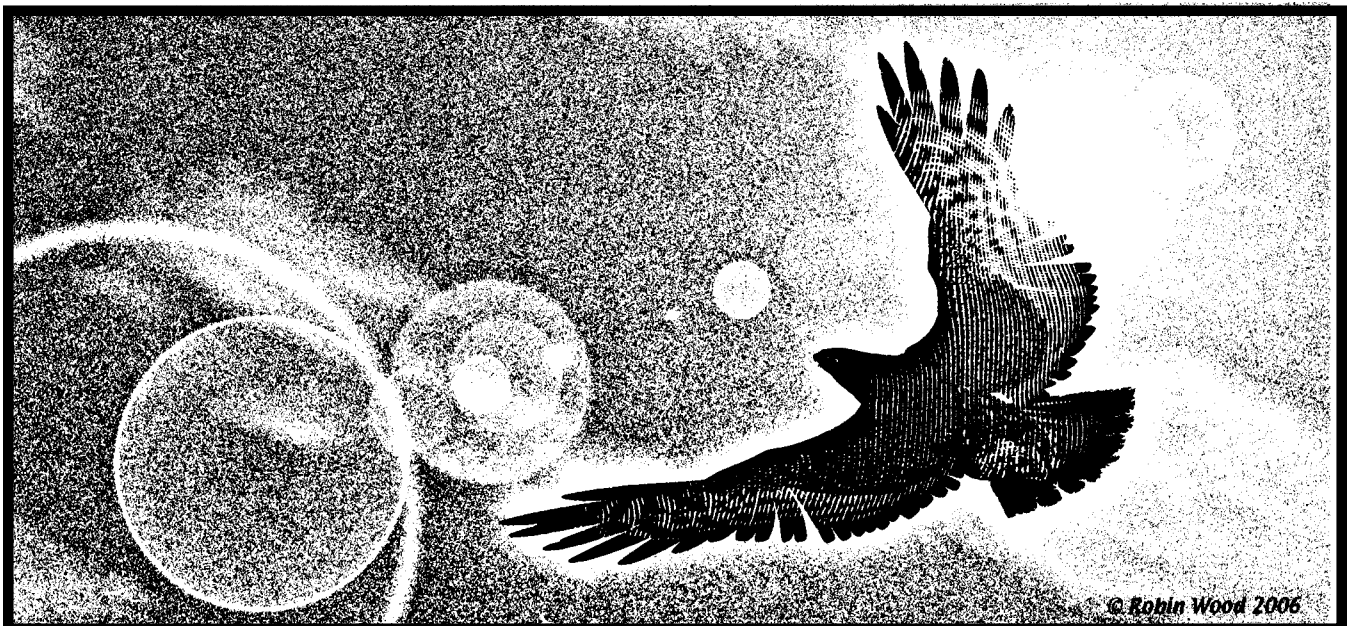
The wallet Taser can be set to activate upon receiving a moderate impact. Thus, an agent caught by the enemy can pretend to surrender and (*before they ask, of course*) toss over their wallet.

One of the enemies will make the catch and receive the full non-stop charge of the Taser. In the commotion, the Agent can then try to escape or charge (*no pun intended*). But be warned, the auto-matic setting will also go off if the wallet is sat upon (*as in, your back pocket*).

Taser Gun	Weight: 01.50 lbs.	Availability 85%
Taser Flash Light	Weight: 01.00 lbs.	Availability 75%
Taser Wallet	Weight: 00.30 lbs.	Availability 65%

VIDEO DRONES:

These are remote controlled flyers that vary in size from a small bird, to a winged Buick. The US Air Force claims they invented them, but the Bureau did it first. Yeah, that's our story and we're sticking to it. The drones come in two basic models: Hovering and Fixed-wing. Hovering models use a lot of power to stay aloft and thus have a short service life. Fixed-wings are more efficient, can stay aloft for a long time and so can scan a much larger area.



© Robin Wood 2006

Butterfly

This is the smallest video drone, barely 4 inches wide and 3 inches long and weighs under an ounce. It has one Nano-Cam for the pilot and a second Nano-Cam aimed at the ground to help the observer guide its flight. Capable of flying at 1,000 feet altitude, it can stay aloft for nearly an hour at speeds of 10 miles an hour. Maximum range is one mile from the controller.

Dragonfly

This is a Hover model of the Butterfly and is a tube 3 inches in diameter and 4 inches tall. It has counter-rotating propellers and can reach altitudes of 1,000 feet. Top speed is 10 miles an hour, but duration is limited to twenty minutes. Like the Butterfly, its maximum range is one mile from the controller.

Hawk

This winged model looks like a high-flying hawk when in use, providing excellent camouflage when used either in the country or in the city. Most large cities use hawks to keep down the pigeon population (*see: Winged Rats*). The wingspan of the Hawk is 4 feet, by 2 foot long. It can stay aloft for nearly ten hours to an altitude of 10,000 feet. Top speed is thirty miles an hour. Maximum range is 20 miles from the controller. A straight video camera is setup for the pilot, but the observer camera has a telescopic lens of 200x power.

Viper

A military-grade stealth flyer, the Viper can serve in a reconnaissance role with just about any equipment package you can fit into its four cargo bays up to 1,000 pounds apiece. However, its main purpose is not recon, but combat. Its four bays can hold a variety missiles, it has a wingspan of 47 feet, a length of 26 feet and it has the range of a jet fighter. The Viper can even be refueled while in flight (*usually by another Viper. difficult, but possible*). However, no Field Team will be issued one of these. If you have need of a Viper, one will be provided, along with a trained pilot (*unless you accidentally find one in a Supply Dump, or Bolt Hole*).

The Viper can be loaded with 8 Amsterdam All-Purpose Missiles. These deadly warbirds are Fire-and-Forget, have a maximum speed of Mach Four, come with a silver tip and have steel & wood-chip shrapnel. To control one of these aircraft, you can either use the controller that's provided, or you can use the RV Mainframe.

Butterfly	Weight: 0 00.01 lbs.	Availability 85%
Dragonfly	Weight: 005.00 lbs.	Availability 75%
Hawk	Weight: 010.00 lbs.	Availability 65%
Viper	Weight: 450.00 lbs.	Availability 35%



WRIST PDA

In the mid 1970's, the original Bureau wrist communicator was so far ahead of it's times that it was on the most-wanted-to-be-stolen list by every major watch manufacturer in the world. However, these days you can buy a watch with even more features at almost any common electronics store. Thus, TechServ upgraded the Bureau 13 wristwatch yet again one more time.

Features

Cell Phone

Earbud and mini-clip on microphone detach from side. Plus, any-time roaming.

MP3 Player

900 songs, 600 assorted creepy, useful and military sound effects.

Text Messaging

448 characters. Text entry is either through the on-screen keyboard, or voice-command.

Wireless Web browser using WAP

Wireless Application Protocol.

Email

1000 messages, voice playback.

Remote control of WAP controllable Devices

Bluetooth connectivity.

Security

Works like an electronic key.

PDA Functions.

Games

Disabled (*keep your mind on work, okay?*)

Water Resistant

Down to 500-foot depth.

EMP Blast shielded:

Hardened from Magnetic Shock.

Shock Proof

Up to a fall from 1,000 feet.

RV Computer Link

Links to any Bureau Computer or other PDA

GPS

Global positioning device.

2-Way Video

High resolution.

High Explosive Charge

Quarter stick of C-4

Detonation Timer

Set from 5 Seconds to 24 hours.

Atomic Clock Synchronization

Oh yes, it also tells the time.



Wrist PDA

Weight: 00.25 lbs.

Availability 95%

... "There is no such thing as the supernatural. If an event occurs in the real world, then it is natural, no matter how unusual it may seem. The term supernatural is total nonsense... .so give me back that invisible brain, or else my army of radioactive, flying, pixies will destroy you with their telepathic laser beams!"

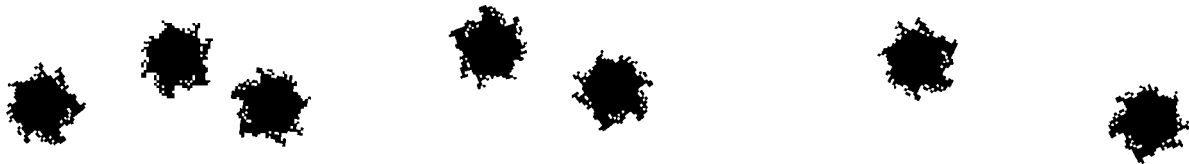
... Raul Horta, Bureau 13 Mage

YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED BY ALIENS IF...

- #10 You are terrified by midgets and basketball players walking side by side.
- #09 Have cameras hidden everywhere and own 37 guns.
- #08 Steven Spielberg keeps calling for helpful tips.
- #07 Unmarked Air Force vans seem to follow wherever you go.
- #06 Have a tattoo that says, "If found, please return to Earth".
- #05 All of your friends are bored to death hearing about your "weird" dreams, including the Science Fiction buffs.
- #04 Decorated your home with Christmas lights - in July.
- #03 Can only sleep wearing a tinfoil hat.
- #02 The FBI denies your existence.

And the top clue that you have been abducted by aliens is...

#01 Your ass still hurts and Iowa farmers want you to join their support group!



YOU MIGHT BE A WEREWOLF IF...

- #10 Shaving nineteen times a day seems perfectly normal.
- #09 You wish people would stop using those damn annoying dog whistles!
- #08 Prefer MilkBones over Famous Amos cookies.
- #07 Like to have sex face-to-face when you're feeling kinky.
- #06 Are always a little disappointed when your blood-rare steak doesn't make any noise during dinner.
- #05 Chase the bus even when you're not late for work.
- #04 Pretend to have a bladder problem so that you can mark your territory.
- #03 Understand what the coyotes are saying in old Westerns.
- #02 On your deerhunting license, the preferred weapon choice is "my teeth and claws".

And the top reason why you might be a werewolf is....

#01 You are scared to death of the Lone Ranger!



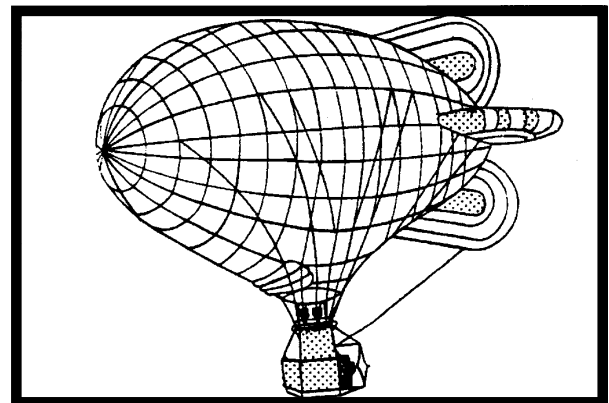


ORDERING EQUIPMENT FROM HQ

Bureau 13 agents can request equipment from TechServ over the telephone without giving an explanation (we understand that things can get pretty weird in the field). The response will either be a monotone beep if the material is unavailable, or a coded data dump of location/time where it will be delivered.

GENERAL TIME TO ORDER TYPE DELIVERY

<u>General Class of Item</u>	<u>Hours</u>
Easy to get Item	d10 +1
Hard to get Item	2d10 +2
Special Electronic Package	3d10 +3
Special Mechanical Package	2d10 +3
Special Vehicle	4d10 +4
Special Biochemical or Bane	2d10 +2
Light Weapons	2d10 +2
Heavy Weapon	3d10 +3
Special Data	1d10 +2
Hard to Get Data	2d10 +2
Chemical Analysis	1d10 +1
Special Research	4d10 +4
Artifacts	2d10 +4
Magical Artifacts	3d10 +3
Dangerous Magics	4d10 +4
Unusual Chemicals	3d10 +3
Special Bane Delivery Systems	2d10 +2
Animals	2d10 +2
Unusual Animals	3d10 +3
Experts (Human)	4d10 +4
Protective Suits	2d10 +2
Space Suits	4d10 +4
Heavy Radiation Suits	3d10 +3
Nuclear Weapons	Try Holding Your Breath.



**Bureau
Stealth Blimp
2 Man Operation**

DELIVERY

Equipment arrives by any of a number of methods depending on size and the critical need of the item by the team. These are the general guidelines for method of delivery.

01 UNDERFOOT

An automated Mole Machine erupts from the ground with your cargo onboard.

02-50 ARRANGED DROP POINT

No personnel involved

51-75 COURIER RENDEZVOUS

Bureau 13 personnel (*may not be a human*)

76-98 USPS/UPSDELIVERY

United States Post Office is used for all small items (*the FBI has a sweetheart deal with them*). An Industrial Freight Terminal will be used for all large items.

99 ARRANGED AIR DROP

Special location and time

00 MAGIC GATE

A B13 mage opens a Gate directly in front of you and the cargo is tossed through.

DESIGNING EQUIPMENT

The standard Bureau equipment can be simple, or very sophisticated. Many agents take the initiative to design their own special equipment. This will take 2d10 weeks and the good wishes of the great and mysterious quartermaster known only as GM (*which means if your widget would mess up the game for everybody else, then you don't get it Fair is fair, gang*).

WHERE CAN I FIND EQUIPMENT?

Bureau 13 has built a lot of Storage Dumps over the decades. These range from a steamer trunk buried in a graveyard under a headstone with the name of a deceased agent (*even dead, the Bureau still has a use for you*), to a full base hidden under a downtown building.

Field Teams will have a small file of listings for locating these places, along with the necessary methods to gain access (keys, shovels, dynamite. etc). However, during the Massacre of '77, many records of Supply Dumps were lost, so some of them will be filled with out-of-date equipment, only partially stocked, no longer under Bureau 13 control, inhabited by agents from another organization, or by big, hungry, icky things.

CONDITION OF SUPPLY DUMP

01 YIKES!

Infested with demons/robots/radioactive mallards, whatever. Time to clean house!

02-50 AS EXPECTED

Very well stocked, with everything neatly in place.

51-70 ALMOST AS EXPECTED

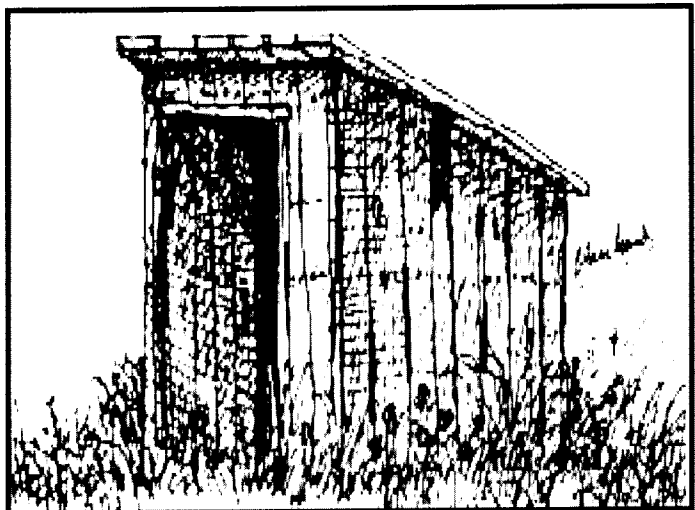
Well stocked, but with everything out of order, and probably signs of a fight/party from the last agents to use the facilities.

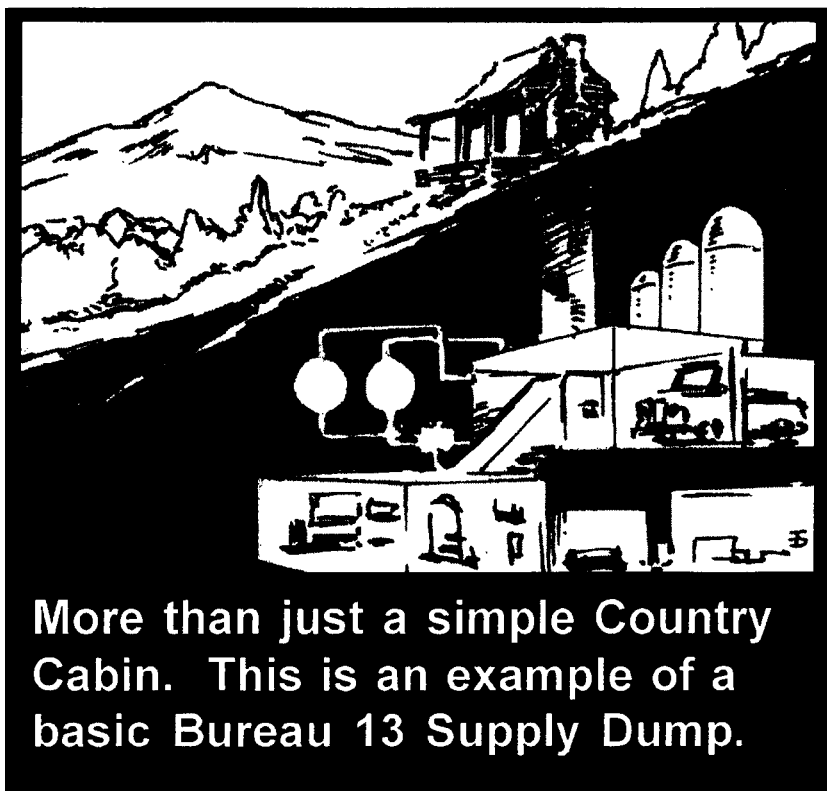
71-80 MOSTLY EMPTY

There will only be a few items left on the mostly bare shelves.

81-85 EMPTY

An abandoned storage dump (*see: Flesh-Eating Dust Bunnies*).





- 86-90 OUT OF DATE**
Well stocked, but 5 to 25 years old. Canned goods may not be edible anymore, batteries exhausted, fuel evaporated and some weapons will be inert. (*blackpowder, gunpowder, cordite, C-4, M2 and similar ordinance do have a limited shelf life*).
- 91-95 DAMAGED**
Flooded, looted, or aged, this Storage Dump is at best useless.
- 96-98 SERIOUSLY OUT OF DATE**
These facilities are up to 50 years old (*see: B13 'The Blackpowder Years' available at Tritacgames.com*).

- 99 CLASSICALLY OUT OF DATE**
Dating back to 1861, these storage dumps are at best filled with antiques. But some of them may be sentient and pretty annoyed about being ignored for this long.
- 00 NOT A BUREAU 13 SUPPLY DUMP**
Satan Department, The Brotherhood of Darkness, etc., also have a few supply dumps scattered around the country. These are always well protected, and often filled with enemy agents. Beware!

THE MOON WAS FULL, BUT HIS GUN WAS EMPTY

Kicking open the door to the Akron supply center, Harrison breathlessly raced down a dark hallway as lightbulbs in the ceiling sluggishly came to life and started to fill the dusty storage room with a feeble yellow glow. Jumping over a crate of blankets, he dodged around a wooden rowboat, and quickly scanned the vast array of shelves along the walls, completely filled with hundreds of boxes neatly organized in alpha-numeric order: antacids, dragonbane, hatchets, money, pencils, rope...

"Silver ammo!" Harrison cried in delight, and grabbed a box clearly marked in the caliber he so desperately needed.

As the slaving werewolf appeared in the doorway, Harrison ripped open the box only to find old leather pouches of blackpowder and rusty tins of silver .44 miniballs from the post-Civil War era. Muttering a curse in Arabic, Harrison gave the modern-day .44 Magnum revolver tucked into his belt a single glance, before throwing the entire contents of the box directly into the snarling face of the werewolf.

Clawing the blackpowder from its eyes, the werewolf accidentally tripped on the rowboat and went flying. The monster was still airborne when Harrison grabbed a fistful of the silver miniballs rolling about on the floor and attacked, punching the startled man-beast into whimpering submission..

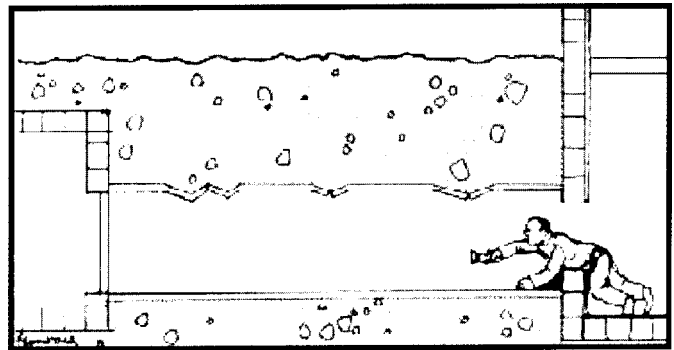
THE AVERAGE SUPPLY DUMP

Bekleys Auto Repair appeared to be just another small shop on Detroit's south side. With its crumbling facade and dirty windows, few people gave the store more than a passing glance.

Inside, the repair shop looked even worse, with its peeling wallpaper, creaking floorboards and layers of dust thick enough for mice to ski on. Many of the people in the neighborhood wondered how Tom and Rose Bekley could support them selves with the meager few customers who wandered in every few weeks. Naturally, the police check by occasionally to make sure the Bekleys aren't selling drugs, or fencing stolen goods. But everything is legal and quite innocuous. The auto parts work even if they are highly overpriced. There just aren't any customers.

However, Tom and Rose secretly work for Bureau 13 and the supposedly "broken" light switch behind the counter actually opens a slot for a Bureau Command Card in the bathroom.

Inserting a Bureau 13 command card into the slot makes the wall slide back to reveal a hidden passage that leads to a small elevator that plummets 140 feet down into the sub-sub-basement Supply Dump. This particular dump is unusual in that it has Bureau personnel who watch over it. Most dumps are fully automated and have no need for (*human*) caretakers.



SUPPLY DUMP DESIGN

Supply dump #14 is a standard example of the storage facilities maintained by the Bureau 13 janitorial staff. The first of these were built in the 1890 and estimates tell that there are 80 more of these scattered across the US. Due to damaged records, only 32 are known, with another 4 destroyed by natural causes, or Hellfire bombing. The center floor of the warehouse has a small elevator capable of moving a 6'x6' foot box. Below are three work areas. After 1927 garages and lifts were added.

AREA 1 Sleeping and Radio or Computer Center, a barracks complete with beds, bath, wardrobe and kitchen stocked with three months of MRE military rations for 10.

AREA 2 This is a supply dump packed with general equipment. There is an armory for weapons, airtight cans of ammunition and sealed packs of explosives in very limited quantities.

AREA 3 This is the small testing and processing lab common to these facilities. A workshop fills the remaining space. It is stocked with raw materials and electronic replacement parts. At the end of this room are 10' x 10' specialty rooms with double airtight, steel-alloy doors that can function as:

A HIGH TEMPERATURE FURNACE

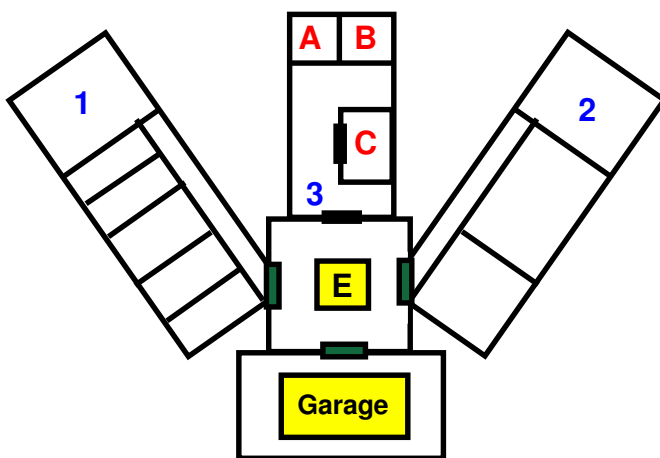
Used for waste, or (*ahem*) body disposal, it can heat constantly from 60 to 2000 F.

B COLD ROOM

Used as a freezer or large icebox (*perfect for chilling beer*).

C HOLDING TANK

A 10' x 15' cell used for quarantine or prisoners. It may be flooded with water, chemical or gas.



ACCESS

To enter a Supply Dump requires a Command Card. To operate the elevator requires the use of your Bureau 13-issue, indestructible pocket comb (*see? we told you not to lose that comb*).

Supply Dumps can be made to self-destruct by using the Command Card and the Pocket Comb together in a secret control panel located by smashing apart the bathroom mirror (*if you need to blow the facilities, getting seven years of bad luck is the least of your worries*).

BOLT HOLES

Hidden across the US (*and illegally in Canada and Europe*) are these survival bases used for major emergencies. Locations range from: inside a cave to the top of a mesa.

A hidden door, or a 3' x 3' elevator, leads to these small redoubts that contain a shower, bunk and computer terminal (*which is always last year's model*).

Wall shelves hold sealed boxes of mixed ammunition, MRE military food packs, some assorted clothing and a limited amount of general day-to-day equipment. These shelters can be set to cremate their contents with a thermite self-destruct package that burns for Excessive Damage. The facility will be totally destroyed (*which was the general idea*).

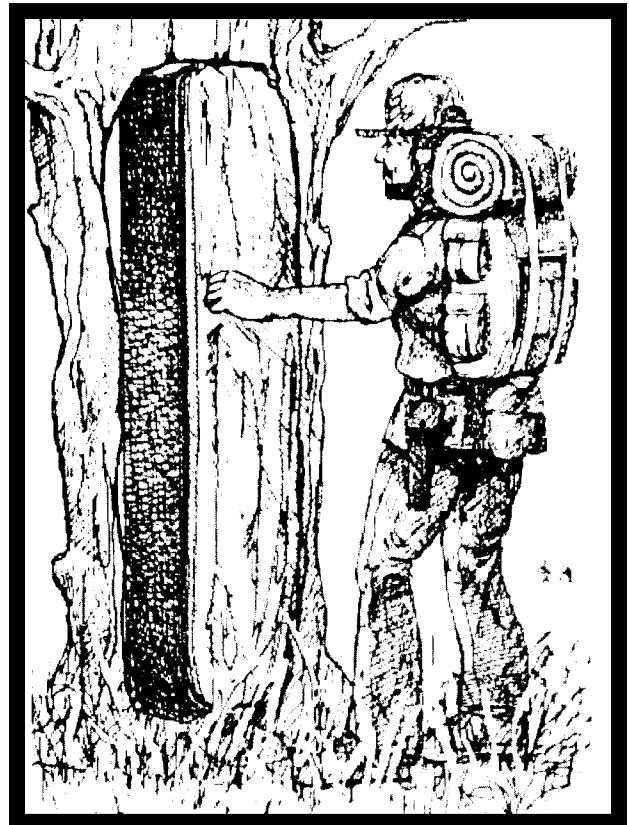
Titanium shackles are bolted to the floor underneath the bunk in case you would like to keep something nasty trapped inside the Bolt Hole while it burns down (*we do try to think of everything*). The key to get out of the shackles is, naturally, your B13 pocket comb.

CHANCE ITEMS IN STOCK

Document Designer or Laptop Computer	25%
Wristwatch PDA	20%
1980 Digital Wristwatch/radio	10%
\$2000. Cash Pack	50%
S&W .357 Magnum Revolver with 200 Rounds	80%
Grenades (d4)	40%
Clothes	30%
Scuba Suit, with Air Tanks	10%
NASA Jet Pack	20%
Bane Kit (varied)	20%
MRE Ration Packs (d4 weeks)	80%
Radios or Communications Equipment	65%
Tools	75%
C4 Explosives & Timers	45%
Ballistic Armor	25%
Shotgun or Rifle with 200 Rounds	30%
M79 Launcher with 20 Rounds of 40mm Shells	10%
Sword	05%
General Medical Kit	75%
Anti-Toxin Kit	50%
Field Surgery Kit	40%
Disguise Kit	65%
Doctors Emergency Medical Kit	75%

UNUSUAL ITEMS

Some Bolt Holes show signs of entry and use. Expect anything. Examples may be moldy cake and ancient confetti - leftover from the victory party of the last agents to use the place or gnawed bones of the last agents to use the place.



HOT SPOTS AND HELLHOLES

This is only a short list of the known locations in America that the Bureau patrols regularly looking for trouble. And boy, do we find it everywhere.

ALASKA:

This is the hunting ground of the Wendigo and all of its terrible and varied, spawn.

ARIZONA:

Purely by accident a sacred Indian burial ground was hit as a nuclear test site and well, ever since then...

ARKANSAS:

The Kitchen Magicians and the Whoopie Witches have declared open war on each other. Be prepared for anything. Absolutely any-flipping-thing, y'awl.

CALIFORNIA:

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE: The main support columns of the bridge are hollow, secret metal buildings that contain hundreds of sealed rooms originally built as barracks and galleys for the construction crews. But something is moving inside the support columns, looking hungrily down at the passing cars full of tender, juicy people....

SAN JOSE : Home of High Tech and a hotbed for machine intelligence and robotics gone bad. Add a lot of brilliant people, rich geeks and alien technology.

HOLLYWOOD: Ever wonder how a movie was made? Well, baby, it really is magic town. And some of those incredibly old movie stars that still look so young and sexy have managed to stay that way by alchemy potions purchased in human misery.

SOUTH CENTRAL: The Crypts and The Bloods hate each other so much, that some of them are cutting deals with the Dark Lords of the Night (*oh yeah, that was a good idea*).

SAN DIEGO: The Mexican border is a choke point for dangerous South American Magics, Illegal aliens, terrorists and just strange people heading into the US. It is also home to the US Navy and a number of Black Projects dealing with the oceans, lost civilizations *and things in the pacific that should never be disturbed by man*.

COLORADO:

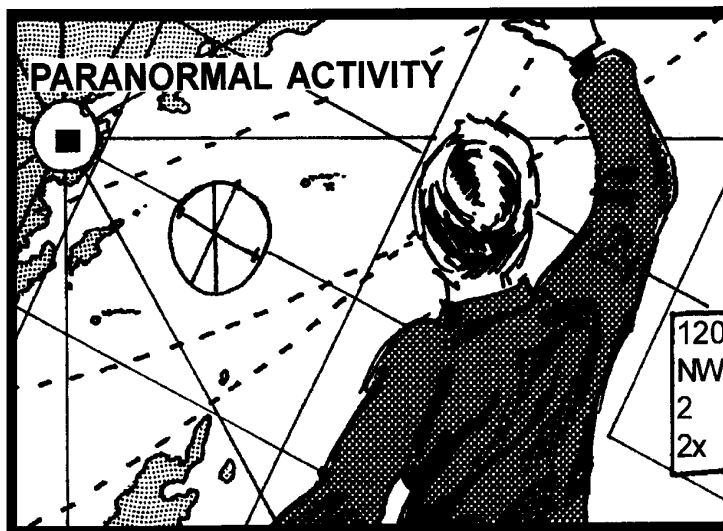
Officially, Hoover Dam was built to supply water and electricity to the Southwest. This is a lie. The dam was built to create a lake directly above a crack in the Earth that goes directly to Hell. Stay alert for fools trying to get in and for things trying to get out.

CONNECTICUT:

Too much money, and too much inbreeding have inadvertently opened doors that never should have been unlocked.

DELAWARE:

In the complex of huge caves under the state, some of the chemicals from the Dow plants have attracted dark things into the light, changing them with every step they take closer and closer to the world of Man...



FLORIDA:

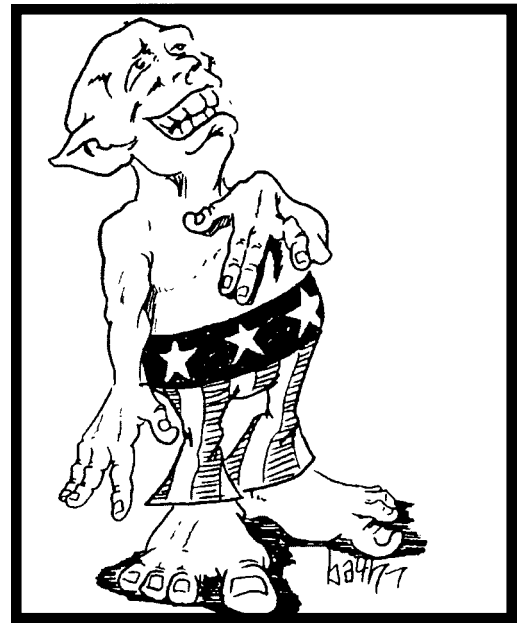
After the first walking catfish mutants shuffled out of the Everglades, the Bureau has been braced for more mutants to be discovered. On top of which, even monsters like to have fun at an amusement park, but eventually they do get hungry....

GEORGIA:

Bonaventure Cemetery just outside of Savannah is filled with the graves of deposed kings and child murderers, whores and priests, voodoo witch doctors, Indian shamans, escaped slaves, traitors, swamp "people", war heroes, saints, sinners and just plain, old fashioned weirdoes. It is little wonder that the cemetery serves as an ethereal beacon to supernatural beings, drawing them into the state from across the world and sometimes, from across the stars.

HAWAII:

For several decades, Honolulu was the murder capital of America. All that spilled blood attracted things from the mainland and from the depths of the cursed Earth. Speak lightly of the volcano gods.



IDAHO:

There have been rumors that the local city of Moscow is the home of the New KGB, former Soviet necromancers determined to overthrow the democratic government in Russia and bring back the ironheel of communism. Kill 'em on sight

ILLINOIS:

HELL HOUSE: This is an infamous mansion of antebellum design that first appeared during the Civil War. Haunted, possessed, and animated, the insane building appears, only to disappear again, randomly across the state. Nobody who entered the building has ever exited. Except for J.P. Withers.

CHICAGO: Underneath the city is a warren of tunnels that few people enter and that even less escape from alive.

SKOKIE: Unusual hotbed of old and new Nazi activity that started after 1945. There are several groups operating in the area.

SOUTH SIDE: The spirits of many gangsters and their victims are still haunting parts of the city. They seem to be at odds with the spirits of modern Gangsta's.

INDIANA:

The shamans of the Choctaw Indians have been hearing whispers from the ethereal plane of a terrible danger coming to the world. After each report, the shaman can never be found again. Then there is Alexandria, rumored gateway to the weird and several other second rate dimensions. Then there is Gary and that is best entirely left alone.

IOWA:

This peaceful state is considered to be one of the possible locations of the North American headquarters for Bureau 13's archenemy school and Anti-Satan Department. Statistically, Iowa is the center of absolutely no Paranormal activity for nearly 70 years.

KANSAS:

The whirlwind that took Dorothy was not a natural formation and returns to snatch away other people, including once an entire Bureau 13 team. And sometimes, instead of taking people away ...it brings things back. Kansas has also been the scene of several Alien airship crashes in the last century as well as a number of corn based cults in small towns.



KENTUCKY:

Moonshine brewers in the backwoods have somehow gotten their age-old formulas mixed-up and started making alchemy potions of various and weird effects. Some temporary, some humorous, but a few are extremely deadly. Find and neutralize.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS:

A city below sea-level, with a history of slavery, pirates, rum-running, rioting, drunken orgies, voodoo, black magic ...oh hell, the whole damn town needs watching. It's a supernatural powder keg just waiting to explode at any moment.

MAINE:

This is where Stephen King lives. Nuff said.

MARYLAND:

The police keep finding headless bodies lying in the wheat fields just outside of Flintstone, flying saucers are said to constantly buzz Gunpowder Bridge and every Science Fiction bookstore in Baltimore keeps vanishing. Coincidence?

MASSACHUSETTS

Some of the innocent women burned at the stake in Salem cursed the local people as they died. Other victims actually were witches and made deals with the dark forces for

bitter revenge. Plus, some of the modern-day descendents of the killed men and women have come back looking for revenge. Basically, it's a mess with demons and monsters running amuck everywhere.

NEW MEXICO:

In the burning desert of the White Sand nuclear testing range, dozens of atomic bombs have been detonated over the years. Sometimes the lingering radiation creates new species, or mutant people and sometimes the nuclear blast itself temporarily rips apart the Time/Space continuum allowing shambling things that live between the stars to enter our world (*which certainly seems to explain the infamous stand-cup comic Carrot-Top*).

MICHIGAN:

There are werewolves in the Upper Peninsula, Machine Gods in the industrial ruins of Detroit, aliens in Kalamazoo, liches in Lansing and retired Bureau Agent in Pontiac. The state is boiling over with occult energy. Under the city of Detroit are nearly a hundred miles of deep tunnels that were once salt mines. Bring a spare gun.

MINNESOTA:

The state boasts of "Ten Thousand Lakes" and every one of them has a secret tale to tell of death, lust, madness, lute fisk and things best not mentioned (*if-ya-know-what-we-mean*).



**Detroit Salt Mines
100 Miles of Tunnels
Sealed in the 1970's**

MISSISSIPPI:

The local people tell eerie tales of “swamp apes”, huge humanoid creatures that sometimes kill and sometimes save lost travelers. These mystical being have never been seen and their ultimate goals are completely unknown.

MISSOURI:

In the tattered diary of a Victorian-age explorer, the Bureau discovered a cryptic reference to a graveyard of the damned. A hidden cemetery full of people lured into rank sin and then buried alive, their howling screams still echoing under the cursed soil to slowly build into a clarion call for something not of this world.

The wilds of Missouri are also the home of nearly as many survivalists as Idaho. Some of these close-knit groups may be very well armed and have up to 100 members that include families.

MONTANA:

Orbiting spy satellites are starting to report that some of the larger mesas are beginning to move into a pattern similar to Stonehenge - only a thousand times bigger. This could be the formation of a dimensional doorway of gargantuan proportions. Stay alert as this henge could be forming magical portals leading anywhere and anywhen and anything could come through.

NEBRASKA:

Nothing ever happens here. All of the monsters got bored and left.

NEVADA:

To win millions at the casino tables, desperate people have tried every known form of magic and made deals with anything they could reach in the ethereal or spiritual plane. This state has so many open doorways to other dimensions the Bureau refers to it as “The Colander”.

Nevada is also the proving ground for Alien technology captured by the US Government. See Bureau Operations in Rachel Nevada just off the Extraterrestrial Highway and the former Area 51.

Note: While prostitution is legal outside of the city of Las Vegas, if any kinky charges should appear on your Bureau 13 credit card be prepared for major trouble. What an adult agent does on their off-duty time is not the concern of the Bureau. But we sure as heck aren't going to pay for your “Singapore Sling” and a date with a couple of albino twins. Fair enough?

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

THE EMPIRE DINER. This small eatery located just off the exit ramp of Interstate 95 is open 24/7, all year long and is always a hot bed of time travelers and aliens. Mostly because according to future historians, after the Non-Atomic Holocaust (*which is all they'll say about the worldwide disaster*) this diner is the only remaining building standing on the planet. Great coffee, but the soup tastes, well, odd.

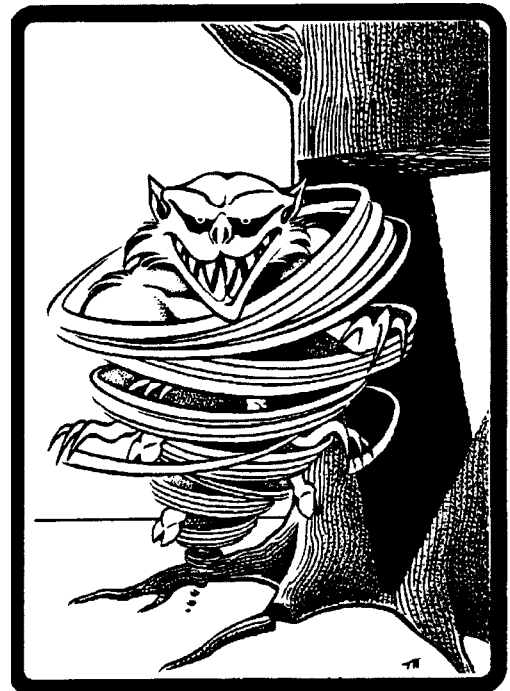
NEW JERSEY

After so many decades of organized crime burying dead bodies (or mostly dead bodies) in swampland heavily polluted with toxic chemicals, you just know that one of these days something is going to come shuffling back out again.

Also see the New Jersey Pine Barrens, a vast tract of desolation and pine trees with a sparse clannish population.

There are rumored to be things living in this vast wasteland like the Jersey Devil or the Whirling Wimpus.

Travellers have been vanishing in these barrens for nearly a century.



NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY: Ever since the Bureau destroyed a nest of trans-dimensional Umber-Mages sacrificing homeless people to the Subway Gods to keep the trains running on time, things have gone from bad to worse. This is the Big Apple where anything can happen and usually does.

BUFFALO: This Western city and its sister city Niagra Falls were the homes of industry and chemical factories. Buffalo is a magnet for weird weather, Polish spirits, and passive demonic influences.

FINGER LAKES: Buried in these rolling hills are the largest underground supply facilities run by the US military. These facilities are top secret and may contain sophisticated weapons and unusual items.

NORTH CAROLINA:

In the lush green forest of this state are known to live a tribe of friendly Sasquatch, or as the civilians call them: Bigfoot. These gentle giants harm nobody and live in harmony with nature. They are neither friend, nor foe. However, recently there have been reports of the gnawed skeletons of a Bigfoot being found. Anything that can kill and eat, a ten-foot tall behemoth with magical powers should be considered a major threat to the human population.

NORTH DAKOTA:

This state contains more haunted houses than the rest of the nation combined. Plus, there is Hoiwaukon, or the Spirit Rock, a guardian spot whose ancient protective magic is beginning to fade from sheer age.

OHIO:

As it turns out, the state capital was actually built on top of a sacred Indian graveyard. Sheesh! Hadn't any of these people ever seen a classic horror movie before? Toledo has Troll warrens. Akron and Eastern Ohio have a large Amish population. Central Ohio has Columbus, an active hub of Bureau activity and a large regional supply dump.



OKLAHOMA:

As if outbreaks of prehistoric, intelligent, dinosaurs weren't bad enough, the state is also believed to possibly be the new headquarters of the Scion of the Silver Dagger.

OREGON:

The massive hippie population indigenous to the area, with all of their chanting, singing, and burning of sacred herbs (*some of them not so legal*), have created a positive aura about the entire state that has become a focal point for a lot of the good supernatural beings, such as unicorns, pixies and elves. Of course, there are ethereal creatures who feed on unicorns, pixies, elves and sometimes humans (*such as the vampire unicorn*), so make sure you're hunting the criminal and not the victim.

PENNSYLVANIA:

PHILADELPHIA: The downtown police destroyed a motorcycle gang called the Molocks, whose initiation rites included killing and eating hitchhikers. Not every Molock was caught.

PITTSBURGH: There are things in the hills and ghost towns as well as the Carnegie. Everyone knows about its 3 rivers, but few know of the secret river underneath the city that flows into the River Styx and sometimes things swim upstream...

AMISH COUNTRY: These peaceful farmers cover everything they can with protective hex symbols - for a very good reason.

STATE COLLEGE: Center of the state and a hot spot for unusual bio-medical technology. East of State College is the far too haunted town of Clearfield and abandoned deep coal mines.



PUERTO RICO:

While this is not a state, it is US territory and the Bureau can go there. Guyana, a city in southern Puerto Rico, is known as "The town of sorcerers", and then there are the nasty swarms of Chupacabra, the Human/Monster half-breeds who have three (3) fangs and drink your blood before eating your soul. Of course, it may just be a local legend since nobody has ever seen one ...and lived to tell the tale.

RHODE ISLAND:

The Headless Horseman, the lost Necronomicon, underground pagan temples, the TNR Device (see: *Enemies*), plus the insane worshippers and deadly spawn of the Nameless Lost One: K'tooloo. Don't forget Brown University. We should just nuke the place.

SOUTH DAKOTA:

In the Badlands, the Lakota shamans tell stories of battling "metal demons from beyond the beyond", and then there is the appearing/disappearing Motel 666, where weary travelers check in, but they never check out. The people of South Dakota are tough, individualistic and a little clannish. Small towns often give you the feeling you are still in the 1970's.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

This whole state is a hot bed of voodoo and black magic. On top of which is the Bureau 13 Holding Facility on the Sylvan Gulag - which is not quite as secure as we would like to believe.

TEXAS:

The Texans have, in their typical fashion, become friends with most of the magical beings in their state. The ghostly cowboys and Indian spirits get along in perfect harmony. It is NASA who has attracted the attention of extraterrestrial beings and their incredibly lethal pets. Baytown is a hotbed of chemical pollution, drug runners and mutants. West Texas is hot, dry and generally unremarkable by Bureau standards. Hempstead is full of lawyers and a few friendly ghosts.

TENNESSEE:

Hang onto your hats, because this section of the Bible Belt has annoying poltergeists, shape-changers who steal babies, fairy bridges to other realms, ghosts of medieval knights battling cyborg dragons (?), and the infamous Bell Witch. Stay sharp and be nice to the Hill Folk who can be far wiser than they seem.

VIRGINIA:

The ethereal "Mists of the Moo", the Dark Lords, Civil War battlefields full of ghosts and the headquarters of the CIA. The military has a heavy presence here. Some of it is friendly to Bureau 13 and some of it is not so friendly. There are black projects hidden in the oddest places.

VERMONT:

The curious circus act of the Eddy Brothers, the beast of Lake Champlain, the cursed city of Bennington and then there is Maple Hill, whose dark mystery will probably never be solved.

WASHINGTON:

Under the state is a complex maze of old lava tunnels, the perfect hiding place for a host of creatures who wish to avoid sunlight.

WASHINGTON DC:

There are a lot of weird things happening in the nation's capital and most of it is not Bureau 13. Cabs that eat their passengers, a cult of Alister Crowley worshippers, some high school Satanists, rampaging succubi and incubi, unearthly androids, ghosts in the White House, time traveling tourists, the hidden second Washington Monument and why the statue of Lincoln disappears at midnight on every January 14...

WEST VIRGINIA:

Where backwoods magic combines with high-tech computers to bring forth a whole new catalogue of trouble for the Bureau. On top of which (*under, actually*) there is a coal mine that has been burning for fifty years, the flames continuing long after the coal was gone...

WISCONSIN:

During the Civil War, somewhere in this peaceful state of cheese and cannibals, was the Army of the Potomac's prisoner of war camp. It was just as big a hellhole of disease and starvation as the well-known Southern POW camp Andersonville. Some of the prisoners have stayed on as vengeful ghosts, others died cursing the land invoking all manner of evil things (*Amway salesmen, tax audits, etc.*) and some of the Union guards are still with us, damned for their brutal deeds and now masquerading as ordinary people behind their unsmiling masks of fresh human skin....

On the other hand, this state has the best bratwurst in the world and the Packers rule, baby!

WYOMING:

The cursed floor of the Evanston State Hospital, Devil's Tower, cowboy vampires, the Ivy House Inn with its unnatural paintings on the bedroom walls, the cursed and damned Francis Warren Air Force Base, plus this state is also the secret home of the Bureau 13 graveyard for fallen agents. Unfortunately, the bones of a dead wizard are vital ingredients in certain forbidden spells and thus inhuman grave robbers abound.

INDIAN NATIONS:

Since Bureau 13 is a duly authorized sub-division of the US government its agents have absolutely no authority to go into any of the Indian Territories. None. Zero. Nada. That is, unless you are in the direct visual pursuit of a known felon. In any other situation, the moment you cross the boundary all of the Bureau 13 equipment will deactivate. If you cross the boundary illegally, your Bureau 13 equipment will detonate, killing the agent and vaporizing everything but your shoes (*to let folks know what a dumbass you are*).

Remember: These reservations are independent sovereignties and not part of the American government. You must contact the local Council of Elders and then wait until you receive permission to enter their land. If permission is granted, you will be given an Indian guide (*a heavily armed escort, and/or high-level shaman*) to make sure you don't bother anybody. The Indian Nations do not really trust the American government and who can blame them? Please be on your best behavior at all times.

Many leaders of the Indian Nations have full knowledge of Bureau 13 and support it's operation as the Bureau has always shown respect for Native Americans. There are direct contacts in the Native hierarchy that can provide a wealth of information and tactical assistance to Bureau agents.

THE GREAT LAKES

Reports have been coming in from all five of the Great Lakes that something under the water has been pulling ships down, the crews and passengers never seen again. It may be time to go fishing (or perhaps fission)? There is also a Mermaid in the Detroit River, giant lampreys in Lake Erie, Fish Men off Buffalo and Spirits in Lake Superior. Lake Michigan has the spirits of many Gangsters who ended up in the bottom of the lake as well as ghost ships. If I were vacationing, I'd pick Arizona away from the water.



Flatwoods Ohio A Fun Place to Visit

WE HEADED FOR DEATH AT SIXTY MILES PER HOUR.

Had to. That was the speed limit.

As I checked the loads in both of my .357 Magnums, the world moved silently past the bulletproof windows of the RV. Swiftly, the big recreational vehicle maneuvered through the thinning traffic of the West Virginia Highway, its sixteen-cylinder engine oblivious to the mountainous terrain we had to overcome. Deemed a major transportation route by the locals, I considered I-65 little more than a roller coaster ride cast in stone. Each steep hill peaked a valley with sharply declining sides and acute curves banked in serpentine ravines. Just over the edge of the berm was an astonishingly deep ravine filled with white-water rapids, jagged boulders and somber metallic signs saying "please do not feed the grizzly bears your hand".

"Faith, and what do we know about the history of Hadleyville?" Father Donaher rumbled in his phony Irish brogue. He could turn it on and off at will. "Any known ghosts? Local monster legends? Devil cults? Young Republicans Club?"

"Nothing quite that bad," Jessica chuckled, placing her 35mm Nikon camera back into the bag between us on the front seat. Then she pressed a few buttons on the dashboard and cycled up a small computer keyboard and monitor. Booting the on-board system, the Oriental beauty keyed in the security codes and accessed the West Virginia data file. "Established as a municipality in 1774," Jess started, biting a lip in concentration. "Was a coal mining town until the vein was exhausted in 1905. Population dropped from 20,000 to 400. Wow. Big bootlegging operation in the '30's. Town converted to tourism in the 1950's. Built a luxury hotel specifically designed for conventions. They hold about one a month there: Local 149 plumbers union, Shriners, Elks, WesCon, which is some kind of a science fiction convention, all sorts of stuff."

She tapped a button and the screen scrolled some more. "Current mayor is a Eugene Synder, police chief is Steven Kissel. Owner-slash-manager of the hotel is a Lucia Read. Apparently the three of them pretty much run the place."

"Interesting," Father Donaher remarked, sliding fresh shells into his Remington shotgun. "Sounds like your typical small town. Isolated, incestuous and innocent."

"Except it ain't there no more," Jess noted, with just a trace of a Chicago accent roughing her silken tones.

True enough. When any town stops answering their cell phones, CB & Ham radio, computer modem, telegraph, fax machine, email, etc., this raises suspicions. But when the event occurs at night exactly the same time as a transdimensional rift, bingo!

We go in, hard, fast and with guns drawn....



VEHICLES - TEAM

The agents of Bureau 13 can use their personal vehicles on a mission, but it is highly not recommended (see: *Personal Vehicles; sub-section: Eaten with Coleslaw*). On the other hand, they can utilize one of the many fine new-or-used specialty vehicles available from the B13 motor pool.

SPECIALTY VEHICLES

The classic Bureau vehicle and command post for teams is a common RV.

COLORADO RV

The Colorado RV is the urban assault vehicle of Bureau 13. This Recreational Vehicle is 9 ft. wide and 27 ft. long and carries more firepower and armor than an Abrams Tank even though it's built on a standard commercial RV chassis.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT:

The following equipment is part of the standard Colorado RV package.

Variable Speed, High Torque Electric Motor:

Runs off the Fuel Cell Generator and provides the motive power for the RV.

Anti-Collision Radar:

Adds a small bonus to avoid collisions. There are four AC-Radar sets: Front, Left side, Right side and Rear. This can be deactivated with a switch in the dash console (*to allow ramming*).

Blindspot Cameras:

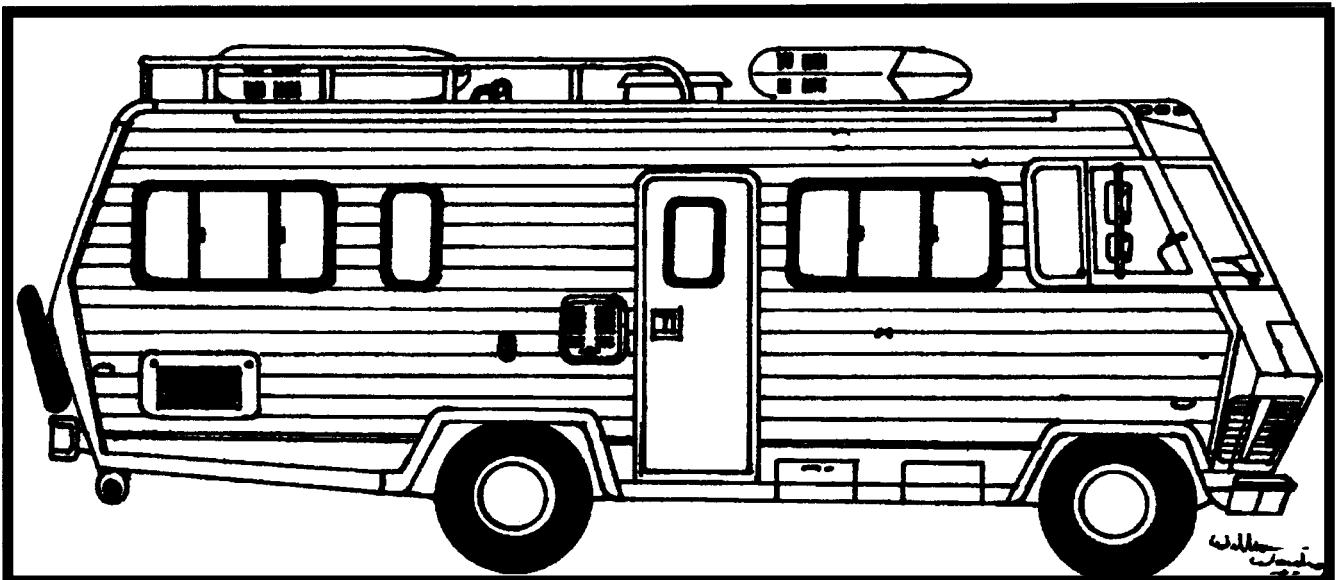
A set of four cameras, one on the front bumper, one on each side facing backwards and one in the rear to allow the RV Driver to see areas that are normally not in their line of sight.

GPS Aided Computer Navigation:

Standard computerized map. It also uses voice-control to set up destinations and find the nearest Thai restaurant. Can access the internet for tourist data and local maps.

Heads Up Display:

All driving controls that the driver needs to see are available in the Heads Up Display (HUD) on the lower edge of the windshield. This can also be used as targeting for the missile pods or the machine guns. The radar is displayed as a classic round interface on the HUD.



Hands Free Operation:

Because the driver often needs three or even four hands (*which only a few agents have*) to handle all the different tasks they may have during a combat chase, the Colorado RV is designed for hands free operation for the driver. Through voice recognition and eye motion detection, the driver can operate sensors, weapons and even place a phone call without taking their hands off the wheel. Requires the use of Bureau 13 sunglasses.

Sensor Systems:

Using a series of sensors throughout the vehicle, a composite picture is created that turns night into day (*no night modifiers*). This picture is projected onto the windshield. This can only be used for one direction (*forward, backward, etc.*) at time. The passenger side windshield can display a different view than the driver's side, allowing two different views to be enabled at once. The sensors can also be used to aid in targeting the weapons, adding small bonus to hit if a lock on can be achieved. These displays can be used at night or during the day. When used in daylight, the cockpit of the RV is blacked out to allow the sensors to be seen. When a person exits from the blacked out cockpit into daylight they are blinded for 30 seconds as their eyes adjust. Use of the sensor system for more than 3 hours at a time by a single person causes headaches and mild nausea because of the disorientation.

Sensor Types:

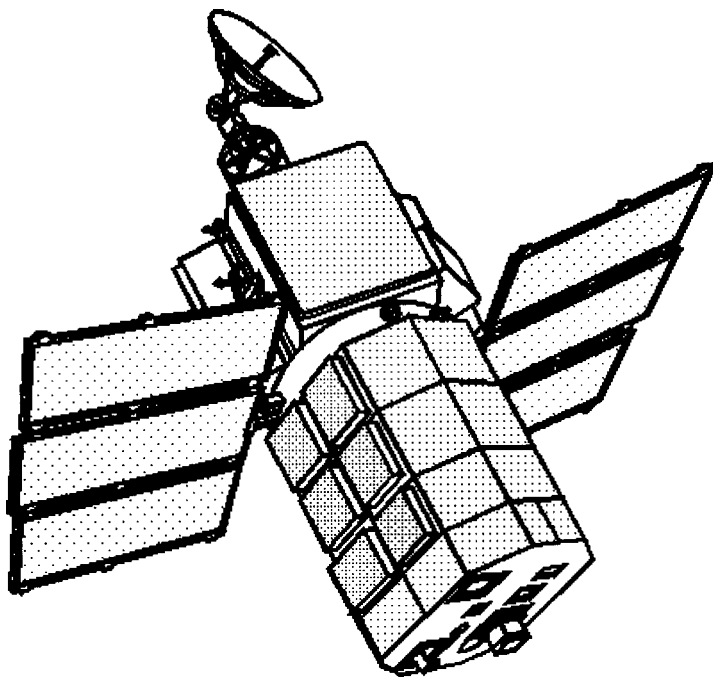
Light Amplification (*500-foot range*) amplifies light to daytime levels. MAD (*Magnetic Anomaly Detector*) (*1000 foot range, useless in urban areas*) detects masses of metal, ferrous and non-ferrous. Sonar (*50-foot range*) uses sound to create a picture. Thermal (*1500-foot range*) detect heat of various items to paint a picture. Everything has slightly different temperatures, allowing a picture to be created. Up to 2 of these can be combined in the sensor system display at one time.

Entertainment System:

The Colorado RV comes with a DVD/CD jukebox, HD Television screens in the front compartment and rear compartment and Satellite Radio.

Satellite Dish: (*cleverly disguised as a bird feeder*) Not only can you watch over a thousand channels, but you can also surf the Web while traveling the highways and the byways of the USA!

Please note that "AgentNanny™" is a vehicle protection system hardwired into the system and can not be removed without a hammer and chisel - which would set off all sorts of really annoying alarms along with gas, stun, and notification of near agents.



Kitchen Galley:

Has an electric stove, oven and microwave. Also has refrigerator and outdoor grill compartment.

Waterless Toilet:

050 gallons capacity.

Water Tank:

050 gallons capacity.

Fuel Cell Bank of Four:

Stolen, er, borrowed from NASA, a single one of these can put out enough juice to run the RV, plus another RV if need be. The fuel cell delivers one week of continuous operation before it has to be recharged. The excess hydrogen from the cracking procedure is stored for use.

RV EXTRAS:

Hidden Storage Compartments:

Storage compartments in the floor and walls contain the team's arsenal and spare equipment. The functional stovetop flips open to reveal the optional Document Designer (*see description*). The RV's modest refrigerator has many small, hidden compartments for drugs, camera film, forensic samples and to stash away birthday gifts for your fellow agents. (*although hiding a present from a PSI agent is about as big a waste of time as marinating a rock*)

The rear deck and bunk areas open into equipment storage bins that may contain power tools, food, clothing, cameras, building supplies, special electronic equipment, special medical hardware, test equipment, and general survival supplies.

Weapons Concealment:

Most weapons systems are disguised into the frame of the RV or designed to appear as a standard part. These are sealed and if opened by non-Bureau personnel, Sleep Gas charges are detonated (*ha ha, so there!*)

EMP Hardening:

The Colorado RV's electronics have been specially shielded to survive an EMP blast.

Tracking Radar:

This can be used to spot objects up to 50 miles away in the air, or 20 miles away on the ground. Can also be used to jam other radar units within range, causing all radar within 25 miles to cease picking anything. This is NOT a stealth feature. All radar affected will register a massive and obvious amount of jamming, though it cannot be traced. Note: the radar system can be detected by commercial radar detectors. The Bureau frowns upon agents using the radar system to make other drivers on the road slow down because their detectors are going off.

Police / Fire / Military / NASA Scanner:

RV Computer scans radio bands for any data and conversation on noncivilian broadcasts. This scanner can even pick up and decipher the new 800mhz digital radios used today.

RV Computer:

(*see RV Computer in Equipment section*) The RV computer is housed beneath the Driver's seat and has an optional ejection system in case the RV is set to self-destruct. The ejection system shuts down the computer and then ejects horizontally from the side of the RV to a distance of 50 feet. The RV Computer is encased in a titanium shell and will do Light damage if it hits something on ejection. (*really stings, too*).

Autopilot:

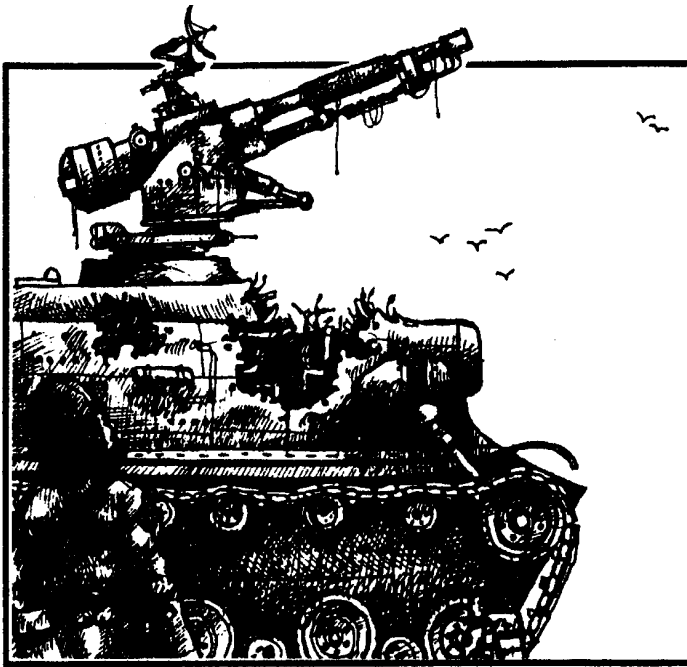
The RV Computer can drive the Colorado RV, however, it obeys ALL rules of the road, will not speed and comes to a full stop at yellow lights. Oh what the hell, after all, we are the good guys.

Watertight Activation:

Seals RV for surface water travel. It can also allow the RV to be submerged up to a depth of 50 feet of water. The airlock is the RV toilet room. There is sufficient air in the RV to supply 12 passengers (max. *capacity*) with air for 12 hours because of the CO2 scrubbers. The fewer people there are the longer the air will last, to a maximum of 144 hours for a single person. An optional snorkel can extend this indefinitely. This is vital because being trapped inside an airtight RV with eleven sweaty mages would be enough to make most people start begging for mercy.

Note:

The only problem with this is that the RV, weighing over 15,000 lbs. will IMMEDIATELY sink through the silt or mud at the bottom of any natural body of water becoming hopelessly stuck. The only way to remove it is through heavy equipment, or a helicopter lift. The Bureau will not be happy about this even though they do have to remove stuck or damaged RV's quite frequently.



Security System:

The only way to unlock the RV is with a Bureau Command Card, pocket comb, or Remote Opening Device on a keyring fob. To prevent theft and misuse of the remote opening device it takes a DNA sample when the buttons are pushed, if the user is not in the database nothing happens, though all agents are notified immediately of attempted unauthorized access.

The key fobs have small magical tracking devices inside them that can be activated by a Bureau mage, allowing them to be traced. This also allows them to be used as tracking devices. Most agents are already burdened down with so much equipment that they simply use the pocket comb. It also does a nice job on your hair.

If someone walks up and tries to open the door, an audible alarm is sounded along with an alert being sent to all agents assigned to the RV.

If you are forced to leave the RV in a hostile area the gas and/or Claymore mines (*see below*) can also be tied into the security system.

WEAPONS:

All weapons can be controlled by the driver, or by the person in the passenger seat. The missiles and machine guns are connected to the heads-up display for targeting. All of these can be voice activated. Which is why Satan Department created the Silence Spell, which makes it impossible for anybody to talk for an hour (*they're evil, not stupid*).

Rocket Pod A:

Disguised as the forward air conditioner pod, it carries 8 small, all-purpose Amsterdam rockets. Pod can rotate 360 degrees to fire the unguided rockets solo, or in groups.

Missile Pod B:

This carries 4 laser-guided Gotcha! missiles and has a laser designator built into the middle of the pod. It hits with 100% accuracy as long as you keep the laser designator on target.

Oil Dump:

When this is used, the driver of the vehicle following the RV will go out of control unless a skill roll for driving is made. The Oil Dump can be used four times and is totally biodegradable, decaying into a watery sludge within 05 minutes of use (*Mother Nature is our friend. Heck, we know her personally!*)

As an additional option, the RV can have Oil Dumps located on the side, or rear of the chassis. This oil can be ignited to create a flaming pool with a chance of burning damage to the target vehicle.

Smoke Screen:

These burn-units create a dense smoke screen from the rear, front, top or sides of the RV. Comes in eight different colors of smoke: Black, White, Red, Blue, Yellow, Green, Orange and Yageotu (*an unearthly color only visible to Imperial Tibetan BloodSlugs.*)

Robotic Arm:

From the top of the vehicle a small robotic arm can be extended for limited use. This is good for planting cameras, cutting power lines and peering over walls. Extends to 24 feet but is extremely fragile and not a very fast system to maneuver.

Mine Dispenser:

This nifty little device that drops small mines behind the RV. Mines come in two varieties: EMP Flash mines and Explosive. There are ten of each in a magazine. The mines can also be *remote detonated* (*great for not leaving them behind the next day*).

EMP Flash Mines:

These emit a powerful EMP blast when detonated that kills the electronics of the vehicle passing over it. EMP hardened vehicles are immune. However, use of the mine dispenser on civilian vehicles automatically cancels your AAA membership.

Note: Any car built before 1970 will not be seriously affected by the EMP blast because they don't have any transistors controlling the operation of the engine.

Explosive Mines:

Mines explode for Heavy blast damage in a 5 ft. radius. Run-flat and solid tires are immune. Each flat tire reduces the drivability of a vehicle by 25%. Heavy military vehicles are completely unaffected.

Gas Jets:

This ejects a cloud of tear gas around the RV at a 10-foot (ten) radius. Lasts five minutes.

Hidden Machineguns:

At the front and rear of the RV there are hidden 7.62mm coaxial machine guns on fold out armatures giving each of them a 120-degree firing arc. These each have 1000 rounds (*standard load is armor-piercing*). The front machine gun is hidden behind the grill (*which is no longer needed for cooling because of the different engine*), and the aft machine guns are hidden behind the rear bumper (*which folds down*). These weapons take ten minutes to reload.

Point Attacks:

As a last resort, the RV mounts four Claymore mines along each side and one Claymore at the front and back. These are mounted on solid steel plates so that the backblast is added to the outward explosive power. These can be triggered individually, or in any combination chosen. This is a last resort weapon because it does extensive body damage to the RV, necessitating replacement of the outer skin, a 1-2 month procedure.

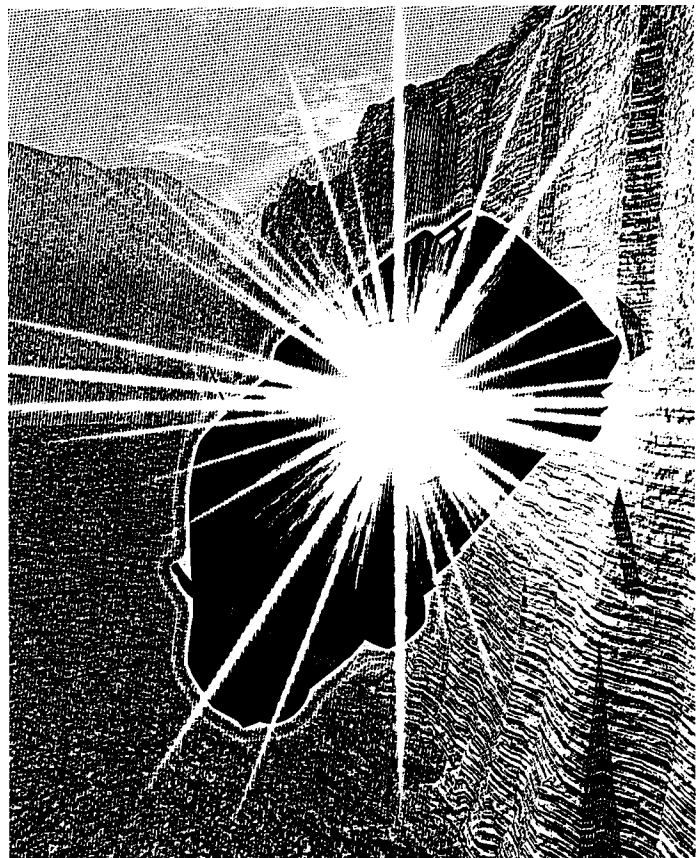
Point Defense:

The doors of the RV are titanium plated, and resistant to 70mm rockets. However, the window glass is not, so remember to duck.

Note: This damage is tripled if done underwater. Thermite burns so hot it consumes the oxygen in water to raise its already staggering temperatures even higher! Pure thermite burns at 2,000 degrees Kelvin.

Self-Destruct:

This thermite charge will annihilate the vehicle, along with everything inside, reducing them to lambent, mono-atomic vapors. Flame based creatures ignore damage. Within 20 feet of the RV, this can cause flash burns for Critical damage, set flammable objects on fire, and melt soft metals. Can be set for voice activation with an optional time to self-destruct. Default timing is 60 seconds.



VEHICLES - INDIVIDUAL AGENTS

This is a list for smaller Bureau 13 vehicles that can be easily obtained from the agency Motor Pool (*shipping and dealer prep is extra. Your mileage may vary*).

ATOMIC POGO STICK: "The Jumping Ninja"

"Discontinued" (face it folks, we simply look ridiculous riding one of these things into battle)! Have been known to cause of hysterical laughter to the enemy.

ECONOMY CAR "Econobo"

LENGTH: 14 ft.	TANK: 14 gal	WEIGHT: 1200 lbs.
WIDTH: 06 ft.	MPG: 30	CARGO: 600 lbs.
HEIGHT: 05 ft.	RANGE 424 mi.	Or 03 Passengers

Special Functions: Changes color in under 5 rounds. License plates rotate (*choice of four*). Kirilian headlight beams.

SPORTS CAR "Aspen RX 90"

LENGTH: 14 ft.	TANK: 16 gal	WEIGHT: 2100 lbs.
WIDTH: 06 ft.	MPG: 20	CARGO: 300 lbs.
HEIGHT: 04 ft.	RANGE 320 mi.	Or 01 Passenger

Special Function: Can go Invisible for fifteen minutes.

SUV "Urban SUV"

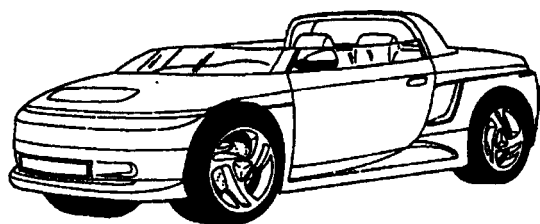
LENGTH: 14 ft.	TANK: 16 gal	WEIGHT: 2200 lbs.
WIDTH: 06 ft.	MPG: 25	CARGO: 600 lbs.
HEIGHT: 06 ft.	RANGE 400 mi.	Or 05 Passengers

Special Function: Can go Invisible for fifteen minutes.

HEAVY PICKUP TRUCK "Montana F-12"

LENGTH: 18 ft.	TANK: unlimited	WEIGHT: 3700 lbs.
WIDTH: 07 ft.	MPG: na	CARGO: 04 tons
HEIGHT: 07 ft.	RANGE n/a	Or 16 Passengers

Special Function: Occult motor runs off air, and thus never runs out of fuel (*unless you run out of air*). Rune of "Spider Climb" (*no change in speed*) embedded in each tire for driving up the side of a hundred foot vertical wall or over other traffic - 6 uses.



Cargo Van

“Workville 440”

LENGTH: 15 ft.	TANK: 40 gal	WEIGHT: 3100 lbs.
WIDTH: 07 ft.	MPG: 25	CARGO: 5 tons.
HEIGHT: 07 ft.	RANGE 1000 mi.	Or 11 Passengers

Special Function: Airtight, proof against gas attacks. It can also stay submerged for 12 hours, minus one hour per additional person. “Protective Spher” defense shield - three 10 round uses.

Weapons: Secret rack inside fake ceiling contains: (1) Remington 12 gauge shotgun, plus fifty assorted rounds, (2) S&W .357 Magnum revolvers, plus 100 assorted rounds, (1) Navy flare gun, plus twelve rounds of assorted colors. Two thermite grenades, two garlic vapor grenades, two BZ military hallucinogenic gas grenades, two sleep-gas grenades.

DIRT BIKE

‘Nippon Night Ninja’

LENGTH: 07 ft.	TANK: 05 gal	WEIGHT: 540 lbs.
WIDTH: 2.5 ft.	MPG: 55	CARGO: 50 lbs.
HEIGHT: 2.5 ft.	RANGE 275 mi.	Or 01 Passengers

SPECIAL FUNCTION: Utilizes a Teflon-coated transmission, not a chain and thus is nearly silent. Rune of ‘No Fall’ welded inside the frame in case you go over a cliff - 6 uses.

STREET BIKE

“Harley Tourin Hog”

LENGTH: 07 ft.	TANK: 05 gal	WEIGHT: 750 lbs.
WIDTH: 2.5 ft.	MPG: 55	CARGO: 150 lbs.
HEIGHT: 2.5 ft.	RANGE 275 mi.	Or 01 Passengers

Special Function: Rear smoke screen - 12 one round burns. Nitrous-oxide injector doubles vehicle speed for 30 seconds, but also doubles the difficulty to control and triples the difficulty to steer unless staying in a straight line. Rune of “No Fall” welded inside the frame in case you go over a cliff - three uses only! Fuel tank holds 900 gallons (*so bring along a Stephen King novel when you do need to fill ‘er up*). Rune of “Jump” embedded into each tire - six uses.

Weapons: Front mounted, twin 4.5mm caseless machine guns - 100 rounds.

Note: We strongly recommend using a Bureau 13 Supply Dump or Designated Gas Station to refuel any vehicle. There are far too many supernaturals and evil organizations, who watch common gas stations for any vehicle that takes 6 hours to fill a fuel tank.



HE APPEARED WITH A MUSICAL DING

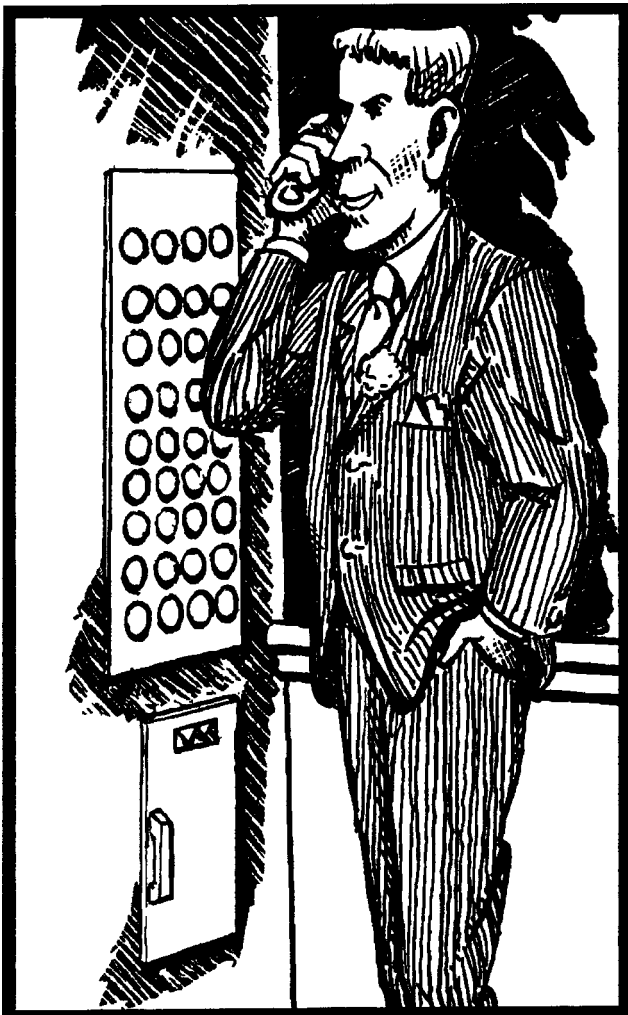
When I stepped on the elevator there was no doubt at all in my mind that he was a Frank. Oh, the stitches were gone from his wrists and the bolts from his neck, but plastic surgery was a wonderful thing these days. Start off dead, get brought back to life by a crazed scientist, rob a few banks to use the money for plastic surgery and shazam, you were a handsome immortal with the strength of ten ordinary people! Of course you still wet the bed during a lightning storm, but hey, nothing was perfect. Although I did like his suit. Pin-stripe, silk Hugo Boss, with matching tie. Not bad for the non-undead.

He was wearing a pink carnation the same as me, so I waved a hand at the control panel and my diamond bracelet twinkled with light. Slowly, the elevator came to a full stop without the alarm going off. No magic involved, just a little device I invented. When I was forced to join the Bureau, I was working as a bouncer in a strip club, saving money to finish getting my doctorate in Advanced Electronics. If it went buzz, I could build one. Case closed.

“So what’s the problem?” I asked, pushing back a strand of loose hair over my shoulder.

At the moment, I was in civilian clothing. A dress, for god’s sake, with stockings and heels. The whole shebang. I felt like it was Halloween. Khakis and boots were more my style. Very Doc Savage, don’tchaknow. However, I was also wearing enough magical items and occult tattoos to level a small town. Even when I was nude, I was never naked.

He looked down at me, and frowned. Since I’m six feet four inches it was a new experience. “You thirteen?” he rumbled.



That was not a request for my age like an a/s/l in an Internet chat room. I looked good, *Hell, I was fabulous*, but I wasn’t a kid. Moving slow to be polite, I reached inside my purse and pulled out my commission booklet to flash an FBI identification badge. Then I pressed my thumb to the badge to make it swirl with lights, dissolve and reform to show my real ID.

“Arlene Masterson, Team Texas, Bureau 13” I said aloud. *Inventor of the Masterson Assault Cannon, but that was secret*. “My boss says you have helped us a few times, and so arranged for this palaver. I’m all yours big boy, what’s the problem?”

“My name is Robert Honeycut,” he answered. “Now, I’m not sure, you understand. But I’ve been having these really bad dreams, and I think, no, I am sure, that the person my right hand came from was murdered.”

I raised both eyebrows. Oh no, he’s not going to ask...

“And I want the killer found,” he rumbled ominously.

FRIENDS OF BUREAU 13

Bureau 13 knows a lot of people who are willing to assist an agent in the field. Many of these good folks hold positions in the US government, or have, well, unusual abilities. However, all of them are weird. But such is life.

HARVE BECKER

Toledo, OH

Harve “Big Jim” Becker is the ghost of a Bureau 13 operative murdered during a confrontation with a alien terraforming probe.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ghost

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

Although offered passage to the world beyond, Harve has decided to stay on Earth to help the Bureau. On occasion, he will appear in mirrors, or do very cryptic things to assist a team that is in big trouble. With his mystical sources of information, Harve can be a lifesaver - if agents listen to him in time.

Becker also has a crass sense of humor, loves puns, juvenile fart jokes and his taste in sports jackets borders on the nauseating. Many agents with a fashion sense will take Minor Stun damage when he first appears. Harve may appear alone, or with a lady friend named Emily, the ghost of an 18th century poet who now works at an ethereal “gentleman’s club”.

Note: Evil ghosts have sometimes pretended to be Harve to lure a Bureau 13 agent into a death trap. Make sure you have the genuine article.

Strength:	n/a	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	03%
Constitution:	n/a	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Low	Body:	n/a	Firearms:	n/a	PSI	No

MIKE BONKOWSKI

Agent of OSHA, always on the road

Mike Bonkowski is the Bureau’s top ally in charge of occupational safety on the job.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

Human Normal

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

Twenty years ago, the Bureau found itself in a dilemma: There was a serious rise in workplace injuries happening in TechServ and Department Magnus and Horace Gordon didn’t now how to solve the matter.

After some wrangling with the President, who didn’t quite believe what his cornflakes were telling him, he ordered OSHA to send one of their best agents to work for what was called “The deepest of Black Projects you’ll ever see.” Thus Mike Bonkowski found himself thrust in the very heart of Bureau 13. After the initial shock (*okay, let’s be honest, he fainted*), Mike rallied to the task and started working on the day-to-day problems that faced people who dealt with the residue of exploding ghouls and goblins. Over the long years Mike has become a member of the B13 family, crafting regulations covering the handling of cursed items, malevolent tomes and werewolf hairballs (*very nasty*).

Now sporting a security clearance that equals Horace Gordon, Mike will sometimes show up at a team’s base of operations for a spot check, or to ride with them into battle. Mike doesn’t faint anymore and is becoming quite a decent shot with a bazooka.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	70%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

SARAH E. BUNKER

Brewer, ME

A reclusive artist who supplies the Bureau with legend and lore about New England.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Sarah is about 5'8" and rather heavy-set. Her hair color can change monthly, but it's now almost-platinum blonde. Quiet and nervous, she's intensely loyal to those she lets past her defense mechanisms. One Bureau agent has done so and is her sole contact - Daniel Stewart of Team Candlestick.

CLASSIFICATION: Chaotic Nice

Sarah was a shy artist in Maine until an attack by the Spawn of K'tooloo. Using a weedwacker and raw bravery, she survived the attack and with Bureau help managed to stay sane (*well done*, Sarah)! During her debriefing by Bureau 13 counselors, we learned about her extensive knowledge of New England legends. Now, Sarah corresponds with Team Candlestick online daily, and considers Daniel her occult mentor. She plans to get into the Bureau someday and become a full agent.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	70%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	High	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

DR. JORDAN CLAMISON

Sandusky, OH

This fresh-water biologist has been a friend of Bureau 13 for decades.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

Dashingly handsome, red hair, green eyes, always carries a pair of pince-nez glasses that he never wears, a small white scar on his cheek.

CLASSIFICATION: Lawful Good

Privately financed, Dr. Clamison is the self-proclaimed protector of the Great Lakes and a once longterm friend of the famous French oceanographer, Jacques Cousteau. You can usually find Dr. Clamison at his diving school, or in the lab, when he's not involved in some sort of esoteric research deep under Lake Erie. Doc Jordan, as he likes to be called, is rumored to be building an underwater habitat just off the coast, near Castilia, Ohio.

The good doctor is the Bureau's number one source for diving equipment and knowledge. You can count on his knowledge of the Great lakes, its history and legends.

His other projects include: the creation of deep diving rescue submersibles and teaching poker to a pod of fresh water dolphins for unknown reasons.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Very High	Agility:	Average	Contact	75%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Very High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

Statistics Translation for Listed Characters

You can easily translate these characters into your favorite RPG system. We have listed them in a basic method that can be averaged into D20, Gurps, Palladium or other systems.

Awful	About as Low as you can go.	Firearms:	General Skills with Firearms
Low	Low but Usable	Contact	Chance to Contact this Individual
Average	Average	Magic	General Level of Magic
High	Above Average	Psi	General Level of PSI
Very High	High Above Average	OTHER STATISTICS	
Exceptional	Way Above Average, Legendary	Generate as per your RPG System	

JOHN CRENSHAW, M.D

Winslow, AZ

This is just an old country doctor who amazes his colleagues by still making house calls. Doc Crenshaw is an expert in folk medicine and the medical needs of those dealing with aliens and/or the supernatural.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

An elderly man with silvery hair, he carries a cane, but never seems to need it. His eyes twinkle with youth and he often leaves younger men behind with his powerful stride.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Cranky

Dr. Crenshaw is an unshakable optimist who thinks nothing of handling major surgery under the worst possible conditions. He once removed an infected appendix while upside down in a burning truck full of dynamite during a lightning storm. Now, that's impressive!

The good doctor and his cat, Pumpkin, travel the back roads of Arizona in a jeep the Indians call "Green Thunder". In his many years of working in the badlands of Arizona, Crenshaw has acquired a wealth of information about local legends and spirit zones dating back over three thousand years. Notoriously kind hearted, Crenshaw is rumored to have inoculated a werewolf for rabies - without first getting permission from Horace Gordon, or the Council. But then, red tape has never been of much interest to the doc.

John may have a little PSI ability, although you won't catch him admitting to it to anybody but Clara. And you know who has Clara's tongue.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	15%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Very High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Very High	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	?

RACE DANVERS

Hollywood, CA

Race is a union movie director for Schlock International, and a highly valued member of the Bureau Dis-Information Department.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A slim, dapper man who is always dressed in the height of fashion. Blond hair, suntanned, mirror sunglasses, amazingly white teeth.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

If a firefight with ethereal forces threatens to spill into a city street where civilians could see everything in plain sight, then race to call Race. He will airlift a combat-ready film crew within 1d6 hours no matter where you are located. Then when the 60' tall Imperial Tibetan Blood Snail crashes through the wall of the old Hofnagel Mansion and starts running amuck away down Main Street, while your Bureau 13 team does its best to stop the titan, Race and his people will quickly set up arc lamps, Klieg lights, boom mikes, honeywagons, a catering truck, scattered about some drunk starlets and even a movie star or two that owes the Bureau a favor (*and there are many who do. see www.IMDB.com*) Then Race will start filming the battle, all the while shouting directions.

Incredibly, this trick works and almost everybody watching the deadly serious battle will simply assume they are watching a movie being filmed and even start applauding, shouting suggestions, or complaining how unrealistic the Special Effects look (*the dreaded Mind Rape! is the most terrible magic spell of all time, but cinematically it's a real yawner*).

Next year, Race will edit up a short Made-For-TV movie about "The Imperial Blood Snails Who Attacked East Podunk", guaranteed to be so bad it will be forgotten with lightspeed.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Very High	Agility:	High	Contact	75%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Very High	Charisma:	Very High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

ALFONZ GARCIA

Chicago, IL

On the other side of the law is a small nervous man in Chicago who makes a living by less than reputable means.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

A short, wiry, Latino man with tied-back hair, slightly bulging eyes, and a hearing aid. (*which is actually a radio tuned to the police channels*). Known to buy a lot of aspirin.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Neutral

Alfonz is a PSI with a talent in Telepathy that is only bested by his Wild Talent. When upset, he has the tendency of shattering windows and causing nosebleeds to everybody around him for a full city block. He dislikes using his talent in Telepathy because of the terrible things he can “see” inside people’s heads, and will go out of the way to avoid contact with the agents of Bureau 13.

Through a special deal cut with the Bureau, Alfonz is required to cooperate three times a year in exchange for the PSI deadening drug, DCM (*see: Speciality Drugs*), that curbs the “loud rush of voices” in his head, down to a low rumble.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	45%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Low	Charisma:	Low	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	Yes

GEOFFREY GLADSTONE

Toronto, CANADA

Dr. Geoffrey only sees his patients at night, because this pleasant and witty man is a vampire.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Handsome, middle-aged man of British ancestry, short curly hair, sparkling eyes, quiet demeanor. Slight limp in left leg.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful good.

Dr. Gladstone was attacked by a vampire in Milwaukee and after rising from his grave three days later, he helped the Bureau track down and destroy his killer. Under Bureau 13 supervision, Dr. Gladstone returned home to Toronto, Canada and planned his own destruction. But after a few weeks of quiet introspection, the undead physician decided not to end his new life, but to dedicate it to the protection of others. Just a slight rewording of his Hippocratic Oath did the trick. Now, a well respected expert on vampirism, Dr. Geoffrey “Don’t Call Me Vlad” Gladstone plies his medical trade and enjoys the cosmopolitan nightlife of Toronto. He has never killed a human being.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police: Occult Division has often asked him to become an official member, but the good doctor prefers to be an independent and work both sides of the border equally. For this reason he is hard to contact even under critical circumstances.

The good doctor has gained a number of powerful enemies in what Bureau 13 believes is a Vampire underground composed of several extended families. Operating out of Atlanta Georgia and New Orleans, these families keep a low profile and police the actions of new or wayward vampires.

They have no respect for the Bureau and consider them murderers at best.

Strength:	Very High	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Very High	Contact	35%
Constitution:	Very High	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Very High	Body:	High	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

KEN HERRIS

Directly Above You!

Captain Kevin “Drop Zone? Who Needs A Drop Zone?” Harris is a Bureau 13 heavy equipment delivery specialist. If an Agent, Team, or Millennium Knight, absolutely, positively, must have a piece of equipment by midnight, Captain Harris will come swooping in his Blackhawk helicopter and drop it off right at their feet. There’s no charge, but tipping is encouraged. **NOTE:** Often works with Lt. Chico “Oh-yes-I-can-fly-through-that-tidal-wave!” Mendez.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A lean whippet of a man, with golden blond hair and piercing blue eyes that really attract women.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic neutral

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	High	Contact	85%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	Yes

IDET

Elsewhere

Infiltrating our universe from some other reality comes inquisitive teams of explorers to study our Earth and all of its strange denizens. They belong to a group called IDET, but prefer to call themselves the Fringeworthy.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human Normals and a few aliens.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

Bureau 13 has made friendly contact with these dimension hoppers and helped with their exploration of our world. In exchange, IDET has given the Bureau some advanced computer technology and firepower that put them a step ahead of the rest of world. When left on their own, the Fringeworthy are harmless, inquisitive, individuals with a healthy respect for life in all of its myriad forms. There is now an IDET/Bureau liaison, Col. Shea Talbot, who handles any problems between the two organizations. A short, stout British-born woman, Col. Talbot is a no-nonsense career officer in NATO. She is familiar with both Bureau and IDET protocol and has a top-secret clearance in both the Bureau and IDET. **NOTE:** the Fringeworthy are sometimes pursued by massive inhuman things referred to as Mellors. Whether these are aliens, animals, or genetically constructed bio-weapons, is unknown at the present and does not really matter. The Mellor are incredible killing-machines, some armed with advanced energy weapons and they hate the Fringeworthy with an unthinkable passion. If an operative of IDET calls upon a Bureau 13 team for help, get ready for some full-on, hardcore, combat because in all likelihood, a couple of hundred (*or a hundred thousand*) Mellors are hot on their trail thirsting for human blood. This is one of the very few times when it would be a wise move to call J.P. Withers.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	65%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

FLASH JERVIS

South Bend, IN.

Flash is a unique expert in the space That Never Was. He has a talent for seeing cause and effect in strange and unique ways.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A ruggedly handsome man with the physique of a professional athlete.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Neutral.

Flash is the Bureau's resident expert on trans dimensional life. From his small observatory, he listens to the quantum songs of the multiverses and then adds lyrics.

Flash is an outstanding PSI with talents in Telepathy and Precognition. Unfortunately this talent is tuned between a number of dimensional points, so he sometimes gets confused where and when he is at the moment. Flash, and his technician/assistant, Floyd Gunderson, can be found almost every night tinkering some outlandish machine together that will help them get a better look at other realities.

Flash is a social magnet for kooks, nutballs and wizard wannabes. On Tuesday, he tends bar at the "Grin and Beer It" tavern. Ladies drink free until 9 pm!

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	High	Contact	85%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	Yes

THE FREEMASONS

Everywhere.

Severely misunderstood, the Ancient Order of Freemasons has been maligned for decades by TV and the movies. The fraternity believes in God, raises money for children's hospitals and that's about it. They espouse religious tolerance, honor and some really kick-ass barbecues that have to be seen to be believed.

To put it directly, the masons are good men and as the Bureau knows, there are way too few good men out there.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human

CLASSIFICATION:

Lawful Good (*with very silly hats*)

It is rumored that during World War II, the Masons tried several times to kill Hitler and thus are still on the shit-list with the American Nazi Party and the Sixth Reich. While the Freemasons have no occult abilities, or magic, they do have tremendous financial and political power. If an Agent in trouble asks for help and the cause is good, it will be freely given. But on the whole, the Freemasons would rather just be left alone.



NOTE: Do not attempt to pretend you are a fellow Freemason. You will only get the hand signals wrong and order a pepperoni pizza. Or worse, annoy them. Approach only in a true emergency.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

MAMMA LA SONYA

Detroit, MI

An African-American widow, who now hunts the undead.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Height 5'9", black hair, brown eyes, wears glasses, dresses in solid colors, often carries a slightly-dented baseball bat.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

Mamma LaSonya (*as she now calls herself*) was a happily married mother of three daughters. That is, until zombies killed her husband Jeffrey, and the children, Leajia, Leshonda and Keisha. The Bureau stopped the zombies and found Mrs. LaSonya hidden under the rubble grieving for her family.

The Bureau sent her to Father McGarn for counseling and after a few months of sessions, Mamma asked him to bless her husband's favorite baseball bat. The good father understood her need for positive, life-affirming action, and did as she requested.

By the next full moon, the supernatural learned that it had a terrible new enemy: a magical Louisville Slugger named "Little Thumper" held in the powerful hands of seriously angry Mamma LaSonya. Her blessed bat does double-damage against the undead and her ironclad faith in the Almighty is an excellent defense against those beings who walk through the night without tears, or souls. Mamma also has a lifetime invitation to cook at any Bureau 13 picnic as her barbecue ribs are legendary (*literally*)! Mamma is as kind as they come but has a vicious mean streak to those who hurt children.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	75%
Constitution:	Very High	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Yes
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

GENERAL THOMAS 'Ironman' McADAMS

Washington, DC

A trusted long-time link to the US military, General Thomas McAdams is an outstanding expert in weapons and tactics. Much of the Bureau's conventional heavy weapons come from one of his supply units.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall, lanky man of indeterminate years. Black crewcut hair, oversized jaw and several military tattoos.

CLASSIFICATION:

Lawful Neutral

The general is a diehard supporter of the Bureau since his daughter was saved from a band of extraterrestrial spleen thieves a couple of years ago (*don't laugh, it really hurts a lot*).

Using an abandoned military base, General McAdams has carefully trained a cadre of Army Rangers, Delta Force and Navy SEALs to back up Bureau 13 units should they need military help in a critical situation (see TNR Device). The squad is also part of a special clean-up team trained in the removal of the supernatural corpses and the covert destruction of hard evidence. The Marauders ask few questions and move very fast. Try not to get in their way.



Strength:	High	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	95%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	High	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

FATHER ZEBADAE McGARN

Biloxi, MS

This kindly, old priest is an expert in theology and highly skilled in combat exorcisms.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A wizened man of advanced years, silvery hair, starting to go bald, slightly hunched over, sharp intelligent eyes and a commanding voice.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good.

A formidable foe of evil, Father McGarn will gladly aid any Bureau agent whenever possible. Although retired from active service, McGarn still has many contacts in the occult world and secretly reports to a cardinal in Rome who knows of the existence of Bureau 13, as well as its European counterparts (*see: Other Supernatural Agencies*).

From his quiet parish in Biloxi, McGarn trains a new generation of priests in the mostly forgotten arts of exorcism. Nearing 75 years old, Father McGarn is patiently preparing for his last great battle with evil when he crosses over to the other side. Rumor has it that Satan is already stacking sandbags around Hell. His students are available on 2d10 hours notice.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE MORROW PROJECT

Underground, USA

In the middle years of the twentieth century, a large number of men and women were cryogenically frozen in hidden subterranean bunkers, along with massive stockpiles of military ordinance. Dozens of these bunkers were buried across the continent in an effort to ensure the survival of America after the Nuclear War of 1989 occurred.

Of course, the Nuke War never came, but this sleeping army is still down waiting to rescue civilization from the radioactive ashes of a doomsday that did not occur.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

They are all well trained, people in perfect health.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Neutral.

Morrow Project bunkers have been found in the oddest places and when the cryogenic soldiers are awakened, they are very annoyed not to find hordes of slaving mutants, glowing craters, death bikers, or helpless people trying to scrape out a life in the crumbling radioactive ruins.

Sometimes, they have been known to help Bureau 13 with a problem matter, but afterwards they immediately return to their bunker, slam the hatches and return to their icy sleep to dream of some future doomsday.

The project is equipped with the latest in military weapons, vehicles and hardware for the late 1990's. it's best to keep them from playing with nukes.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	35%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No



DR. OFFIDILE

Boston, MA

Preston Offidile is a historian that was fired from a large Eastern university due to his interests in the darker aspects of magic.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A short man with a pronounced potbelly, he wears bifocal glasses, carries an ebony walking stick and often hums Broadway show tunes when he thinks nobody is noticing.

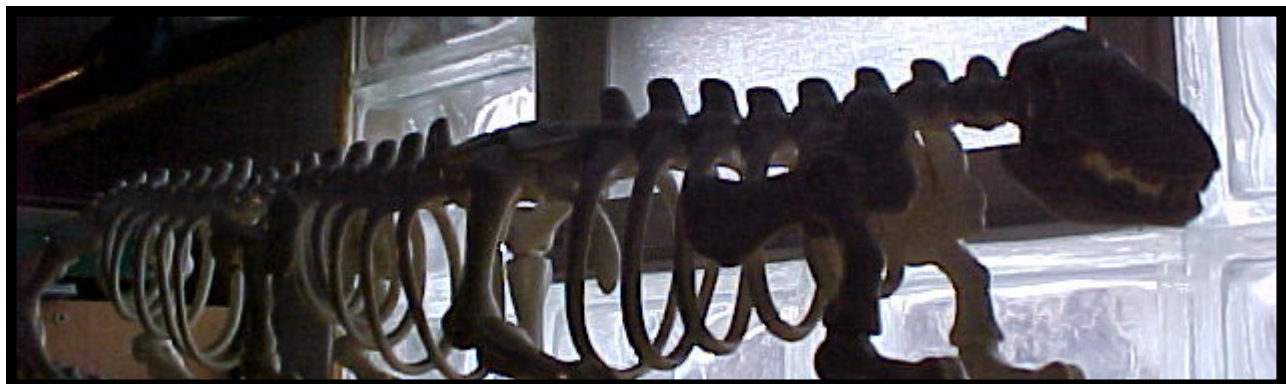
CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Chaotic

Affectionately known as 'Doc Crock', he manages a small bookstore in Boston. A veritable well of misplaced historical fact and effluvia, Dr. Offidile will gladly deluge you with a torrent of information for endless hours, especially if you brought along a bottle of good scotch (*single malt only, please. see: Powdered Whiskey*). He has a collection of brilliant, but eccentric, friends who have staggering resources in history, magic, philosophy, religion and science. This paranormal ThinkTank is renowned for ferreting out information long believed to be lost to the Human Race.

The good doctor enjoys helping the Bureau. He packs a Walther .38 PPK loaded with wood and silver bullets. His shop is protected by the ghost of a Royal Canadian Mounty named Sgt. Earl McGinty, who died in a bizarre bathtub explosion some time in the last century.

Strength:	Low	Intelligence:	Exceptional	Agility:	Low	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Very High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No



DR. RAY ROBERTSON

San Jose, CA

This is the technical wizard in charge of TechServ. Ray is a genius, in charge of a staff of slightly insane geniuses (*geniusi? genies?*). He's a genius and so are they. Together, they can create virtually anything needed. Ranging from the armed and armored Bureau 13 RV, to a dastardly clever flame throwing fire-extinguisher, his mark is there.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Average height, average build, sandy hair, piercing blue eyes, one of which is clearly artificial.

CLASSIFICATION Lawful Good

Consignments of special equipment to agents will often be modified by Dr. Robertson whether you want them to be, or not. He just loves to tinker and the more impossible the job, the better! Difficult orders will be delivered to agents within 2 days, the outright impossible in 72 hours.

On rare occasions, Robertson will even show up to demonstrate equipment. Although garrulous about his work, the man rarely speaks about himself and never about the inner working of Bureau 13.

At times, Dr. Robertson seems overly cautious of the paranormal, almost cowardly. Yet this peaceful scientist is the only man alive that JP Withers truly fears. Which seems to imply there is more to the doc than meets the eye - artificial or not.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Exceptional	Agility:	Average	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE WHITE WITCH

Wilmar, MN

The last descendant of a family who fled the witch trials of Massachusetts,

Barbar Platt is a practicing expert in the occult and white magic. Last of the Platt family, she is dedicated to the use of white magic for helping the needy. This fact has alienated her from most contact with the darker users of arcane forces and their many minions.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Average height, average build, sandy hair, piercing blue eyes, one of which is clearly artificial.

CLASSIFICATION Lawful Good

Living far from the edge of civilization, the Platt farm is self sufficient and protected by her magic.

Communication with Barbara's rural farm is handled through a high school librarian named Joseph Bueller. Due to her lack of phone service, any contact takes 2d10 hours to gain a reply.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	75%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Very High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Yes
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

ROSEY CRUSTACEANS

Castro, CA

The Rosey Crustaceans are a very odd order of monks who simply appeared one day on the Pacific Coast.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Average Humans, albeit with webbed toes and shaved heads.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good (*more or less*)

Their belief that eating seafood leads to spiritual salvation is scoffed at by every church in existence, yet everybody wants an invitation to their holy clambakes on the beach north of San Francisco. Only Bureau 13 fully supports this group as they have become an outstanding source of information about the ocean.

Some of the green-robed monks claim they can talk to whales, dolphins and even the occasional tuna. Many believe that there is something a little, well, fishy about this group, but they always have a whale of time, so the Bureau leaves them alone, just for the halibut (*pun censor activated. Jokes termi-nated*).

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Exceptional	Agility:	Average	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

SENASAC, KOENIG & BRYAN

Houston, TX

Sometimes, the Bureau needs legal counsel that is not directly connected to the FBI.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal humans

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

In late 1989, the firm of Senasac & Koenig gained a ghostly helper in the form of William Jennings Bryan, one of the most outstanding legal counsels of the last century. The three lawyers have been both friend and foe, to the Bureau, as they always place the interests of their magical clients ahead of the wishes of the FBI. Their fees are high, but no case is too strange to handle.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Exceptional	Agility:	Average	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE SOCIETY

Weekends in the forest

Scattered across America are groups of people who try to bring back the glory, but not the gore, of the Middle Ages.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

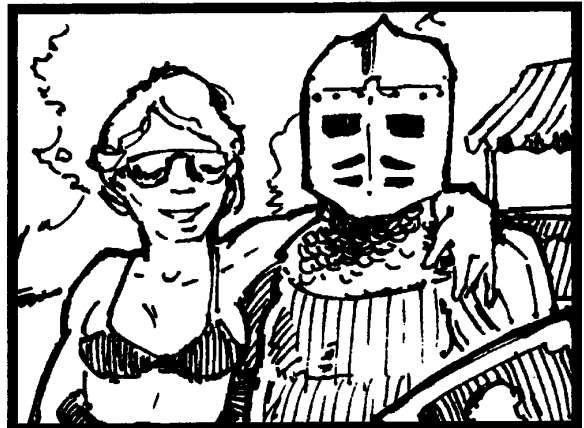
Normal Humans.

CLASSIFICATION

Steel-plated Chaotic

This Society for Creative Medievalism has often been a godsend to Bureau 13 agents when they were having trouble dealing with historical spirits, or bizarre artifact identification (*see: Holy Bicycle Relics - Shroud of Touring*). Their detailed knowledge of history, legends, and ancient politics can only be called amazing. Also, their martial arts training, Sword and Shield, is extremely good and has often saved the lives of field agents. Expect to find them on any college campus, or in woody parks.

Their drunken parties are boisterous, rude, impolite and more fun than Disney World on the Fourth of July.



Strength:	High	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	High	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	High	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

RICH TUCHOLKA

Pontiac, MI

A retired Bureau 13 operative, Tucholka was the former head of the Dis-Information Department and the only DC Office survivor of the Massacre of 77 (he was out for Tacos)

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A once handsome man of middle years, with touches of noble silver in his majestic hair. A quiet demeanor hides a coiled tiger of wisdom and pithy wit.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic/Lawful Good

If a Bureau 13 agent can find him, Richard will aid them with a wealth of information about occult history and some oddball military ordinance from the "Royal Empire of Kalamazoo".

His current cover is that of a role-playing game designer. However, his basement "office" is a fortified arsenal of more than 20,000 supernatural books and off-world weapons. Knock before entering - or else.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	95%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Yes
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

WEINSTEIN'S FORENSIC SWAT TEAM

Atlanta, GA

When a specialized medical analysis, or difficult corpse identification is needed, the Bureau calls Professor Julius Weinstein and his forensic team. This brilliant group of students and their foul tempered leader can always determine the cause of death, no matter how strange or obscure the methodology.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal Pale Humans

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Curious

Their vaunted motto of: "the truth in 48 hours, or your body back!" hangs over their table at the trendy Vincenzo's Pizzeria where the crazed pathologists can often be found disgusting the other customers as they gleefully talk shop. Prof. Weinstein has strong ties with the Atlanta Disease Center and many other medical specialists across the world, including the Russian Republic's College of Medicine in Moscow.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE TREGART FAMILY

New Orleans

A family of outstanding businessmen that dates from the turn of the century.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Assorted, but they all have a silver streak somewhere in their hair.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good.

The Tregart family has its fingers in politics, entertainment, newspapers, brewing and countless other facets of everyday life.

Use of the Tregarts requires owing them a favor - which they always will collect later on in the future (*you can count on it*). These favors may be, well, slightly less than legal in nature, although not always requiring mayhem. Failure to make good on these promises could start another Secret War Over Alabama (*loser has to keep it*).

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	97%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

J.P. WITHERS

Right Behind You

This man is a Bureau 13 phenomena better left entirely alone. J.P. is an agent with a reputation that is respected, no, make that feared, across all of North America. If a Bureau 13 team gets into serious trouble, a single phone call to a remote answering service has a chance of summoning his help.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A slim man with stooped shoulders, loose fitting clothing, fiercely burning eyes, furrowed brow, pale brown hair and an itchy trigger finger. Occasionally speaks in a Boston accent.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic, but leaning more towards Good

The general opinion is that J.P. is not truly sane anymore. Or rather, the level of his stark insanity can not be properly measured, which is pretty much the same thing. As a survivor of the Massacre of '77, he has vowed to find the people responsible and make them pay. Big time. J.P. has also sworn to never let such a disaster happen again. The safety of the Bureau and its agents are now the primary concerns in JP's life, with the United States of America lagging behind in second place.

All of that would be semi-acceptable, except that J.P. is prone to rescue a team in a manner almost guaranteed to kill half of them. Where paperwork would help, J.P. uses dynamite. Where one stick of dynamite would do the job, J.P. uses a truckload and then adds a tactical nuke just for luck. No matter what he sees as an obstacle, JP will surmount it with the absolute maximum amount of force available, regardless of the consequences. He believes the saving of a single Bureau 13 agent is worth putting a dozen civilians into traction.

J.P. Withers has an amazing Charisma. However, his Wisdom often fluctuates. Outstanding Karate and Demolition Feats top his long range of talents. He drives a late model silver Lotus 'Esprit' sports car he often refers to as "Millie", and then pauses as if the machine were silently answering

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	Very High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Exceptional	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Exceptional	Firearms:	High	PSI	No



Although technically still on active duty, J.P. has received no assignments from the Bureau in a decade and many believe that Horace Gordon and the Council are afraid of him. They are probably correct. Survivors of encounters with JP have reported he has a genuine soft spot in his heart for small children and dogs. J.P. also smiles a lot. His smile is often the very last thing you will ever see in this dimension.

Agents who are stupi...desperate enough to call J.P. have a flat 50% flat chance to get a message into his answering machine. AT the GM's discretion, give the players 1 minute to describe how and why JP should help them. The first time he is called by a team in need he can be a charmer, the second time they will not be let off as easy

JP's Response Time

01-50	Does not respond
51-75	Responds in d10 +2 Hours
76-85	Responds in d10 Hours
86-95	Responds in 4d10 +10 Minutes
96-98	Responds in 2d10 +10 Minutes

99-00 THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR!

PROF. ARTEMUS WOLFE Paw Paw, MI

An expert on the medical aspects of the occult, he runs the Wolfe Testing Lab in Michigan.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

An average man with wide shoulders, a beard and eyes as black as his hair. Although single, he wears a wedding ring of unknown origin.

CLASSIFICATION Chaotic Good

The professor's lab is secretly the Bureau's Were Control Center. His expertise in biochemistry and medicine have led to the creation of a Were Vaccine. This is not to be confused with the "Where?" vaccine used to confuse civilians (see: *Speciality Drugs*).



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Very High	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	Very High	Wisdom:	Exceptional	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

WYPYCHOWSKI, THE CABBY Manhattan, NY

Darting in and out of downtown traffic in New York City is a paranormal cab driver named Waju Wypychowski. For the past four decades, 'Wojo' has been the voice of supernatural happenings in the Big Apple, along with being the best damn (but not damned) bookie in the city.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A hulking goliath of incredible physical strength, yet with the soothing voice of an FM radio DJ, this gentle giant always seems to be smiling - even when he once plowed his vehicle through a street gang attacking some terrified tourists.

CLASSIFICATION Chaotic Irritable

This quiet individual chewing a moldy cigar has the innate ability to identify ethereal objects by the Kirilian auras and to talk directly to unseen spirits. While cheerful and friendly, Wojo is often disturbed by the violent magical happenings that seem to seek him out for inner-city transportation.

Mr. Wypychowski professes to be good buddies with the elementals of Manhattan and it could be true. Since 1959, his yellow checker cab has gone unscratched through the turbulent New York traffic and the last mugger who dared to pull a gun on him was obliterated by a lightning bolt.

It will often take d10 hours to locate Wojo in the city. There is a 10% chance of finding him at Midtown Mike's Bar at 18 W. 40th Street, or at his home in Brooklyn. He will not approach The Empire State Building. Tip him well. Please note that Mr. Wypychowski is completely immune to the magic spell "Summon Cab" (see: *Movie Magic*).



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	50%
Constitution:	Very High	Wisdom:	Exceptional	Charisma:	Low	Magic:	Yes
Dexterity:	High	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

THEY ALMOST LOOKED NORMAL

Drumming his fingers on the desktop, Rupert Ellington scowled in annoyance at the two people standing in his palatial office.

Most visitors trembled with fear, or at the very least appeared dry-mouth and nervous, when facing the multi-billionaire. But not these two. Oh no. They were cool. Unflappable. That impressed Ellington a lot, but did not quite make him believe their outrageous story.

“Okay, show me,” Rupert said, with an encouraging gesture. “Show me right now, please.”

As if expecting this request, the tall thin man with the wild mane of hair reached into a pocket of his denim jacket and pulled out a closed fist. Passing his other hand over the fist, Wolf then opened his fingers and a tiny creature fluttered into view, its iridescent wings filling the office with a rainbow pattern of cascading light.

His chair squeaking under his weight, Rupert Ellington leaned closer, unable to tear his eyes from the sight. It was a tiny naked woman with wings! She was surrounded by a glowing nimbus of light as if a dawn and sunset had been fused into a single glorious event.

Fluttering about, the miniature woman landed on his desk and sneered at the stunned billionaire, suddenly displaying a wealth of needle-sharp teeth. Startled by the transformation, Rupert could only drop his jaw in response. As if taking that as a cue, the winged thing darted off the desk with its fangs bared, and sharp little fingers sprouting claws. Screaming in shock, Rupert ducked and there was a hard thump against his chair and a high-pitched squeal.

Peering between his hands, Rupert saw the winged she-beast writhing in agony, pinned to the dark green leather of his chair with one of the Chinese throwing star things from a Kung-Fu movie. Her eyes rolling, the tiny woman trembled once and went limp, a small rivulet of yellow blood dribbling from her slack mouth.

“Son of a bitch,” Rupert muttered, squeezing out of the chair and awkwardly climbing to his feet. Then he said it again and cast a glance at his two calm visitors. “What was that?”

Wolf was still standing with his hands shoved into the pockets of the denim jacket, appearing completely unconcerned. Kathi Somer still had a hand extended, two more of the throwing stars held between her callused fingers. “Shirikens,” Wolf said.

Rupert blinked. “What?”

“They’re called shirikens,” Kathi added, walking around the huge desk to retrieve the embedded blade. The dead pixie fell to the seat of the chair and broke apart into piles of gray ash. A moment later, the ash evaporated into wisps of smoke and was gone without leaving even a stain.

“A trick of some kind,” Rupert muttered, brushing the back of a hand across his mouth. “A laser hologram, or...something.”

With a sigh, Wolf gave a shrug, his denim jacket faintly tinkling as if it was composed of glass wind-chimes. “You want a demon this time?” he said calmly. “Or maybe a nice genie? You can have three wishes, of course they all end with your death. But it’s your call.”

“No, I believe you, I really do,” Rupert said hastily, looking down at the drying yellow blood on the cut of the leather chair. He started to touch it with a fingertip, then thought better of the action and rolled the soiled chair away into a corner. He’d have Maintenance burn it in the morning.

“So what do you say?” Kathi asked, wiping the steel star clean on a moist towelette like the kind restaurants give away with an order of barbecued ribs. Brushing back her vest to tuck the blade into a pouch on her belt, there was briefly visible the tasseled pommel of a short sword at her side. Along with garrotes, an ice pick and a dozen other items the billionaire could not identify. Nor did he really want to.

Walking over to the wall-spanning bar, Rupert poured himself a stiff drink and downed the Scotch in two gulps. Pouring a second drink, he glanced at the leather chair in the corner and placed the full tumbler aside.

“A million dollars,” Rupert said, breathing heavily.

Wolf crossed his arms, exposing tattoos that seemed to move by their own violation. “A month,” he said. “Yes, we need a million dollars a month.” Narrowing his eyes, Rupert frowned.

“Silver bullets are expensive,” Kathi added. “Airfare, NATO-class body armor, bribes, hotel rooms, full dental, there are a lot of expenses.”

“Which is why we came to you,” Wolf added, sitting down in the thin air. “I read that article in Forbes where you were talking about buying a professional football team, but it sounded so ordinary, so ...boring.”

“We’re neither,” Kathi said with a devilish grin.

Nervously biting a lip, Rupert turned back to the bar, but only massaged his temples. Financing a paranormal investigation group had sounded like fun at first, hunting ghosts and the Loch Ness monster, Big Foot and silly things like that. Then these two lunatics walked into his penthouse and threw a devil pixie at him. Now the whole world seemed to be tilting slightly sideways and Rupert was scrambling to get his balance back.

“I will want a full accounting of all expenses,” Rupert demanded almost instinctively, going to a humidor and pulling out an expensive, and slightly illegal, Cuban cigar. The inner leaf was from Cuba, but the wrapper was Connecticut grown shade, which made it the finest smoke in the civilized world.

From across the office, Wolf made a gesture and the tip of the cigar glowed into life, then began to smoke.

Rupert stared at the tobacco, then dropped it into the wastebasket.

“We don’t buy a lot of things from folks who give receipts,” Kathi said, hiding a smile.

“Fair enough. And I want to come along,” Rupert said in a sudden rush of emotions. He turned to look at them directly. There, it was said and out in the open. The moment Rupert had realized these people were for real, he knew in his guts that he wanted in on the action. Hunting vampires? Stalking werewolves? Professional football, or deep sea diving were kid games compared to that!

Sighing deeply, Wolf stood and brushed smooth his jacket. “No deal,” he said, starting for the door.

“Two million,” Rupert said, louder than expected.

Frowning slightly, Wolf turned and looked at Kathi. She bit a lip, then nodded in agreement. “Not if you make it ten,” Wolf stated. “look, Mr. Ellington, we’re talking about the real thing there. Demons, gargoyles, lich, do you even know what that is?”

“Big things that eat your face,” Rupert guessed. He had no idea what a lich was, but he also had no intention of letting them know that.

Seeing the lack of conviction in their faces, Rupert jerked a thumb at the wall near the fireplace; the brick wall was covered with plaques and stuffed heads of a dozen jungle predators. Along with one small bunny. "I have been on safaris before. Hunted tigers, great white sharks, polar bears, and once even a rabid elephant!"

"Elephants don't fly," Kathi said sternly. "Or turn invisible, or drink your blood, or a hundred other things that would make you wet your sneakers."

Arching an eyebrow, Wolf turned to face the woman and silently mouthed the phrase back at her. She shrugged in reply.

"They're Gucci loafers," Rupert corrected in a haughty manner.

She flipped a hand. "Whatever."

"Well, I can get federal permits for military weapons," Rupert offered. "M60 machine guns, MP5 sub-guns, flamethrowers, rocket launchers, G11 assault rifles, grenades." He dramatically stabbed at them with a stiff finger. "You have magic and she knows the martial arts, but I'm willing to bet that there are plenty of situations where a simple physical weapon could save your ass. All of your asses."

"How much?" Wolf said, his eyes glowing for a moment as if reflecting the light of a full moon. "How much would you bet that's true? Your life? Your immortal soul?"

Ah, now they were talking my language! Rupert Ellington glanced at the empty hearth and fought to find the shiver running down his back. "A full year of financing." His long hair stirred around his face as Wolf stood with both shoulders hunched as if fighting a strong wind. The air always seemed dark behind him and candle flames bent towards him as if drawn to the man. His clothing was perfectly ordinary, sneakers, bluejeans, black T-shirt, denim jacket. He could be a garage mechanic, or a hobo, or a neurosurgeon camping. Only his long mane of ebony hair betrayed his unnatural powers.

"Accepted," Kathi said. "We have a bet."

"Done," Rupert gushed excitedly. "Well?"

"There are times," Wolf said slowly, as if the words were being dragged from him one at a time, "That we have needed guns. Yes, sadly it is true. Magic is not always enough." "Then I'm your new backer," Rupert smiled, holding out a hand.

"Sure! For as long as you stay alive," Kathi corrected with a smile, shaking his hand. Rupert reclaimed his hand and massaged the fingers to try and get some blood flowing again. Goddamn woman had a grip like a hydraulic vise! "Well, let's get busy," he muttered.

"Make me a list of the basic needs, I'll have my people open a bank account, get you some credit cards, petty cash, etc. Need anything immediately?"

"No," Wolf said, his silvery eyes staring into space. Then his face became that of a normal human once more, and he smiled politely at the plump billionaire. "That is," Wolf added, "Nothing you want to know about."

Arching an eyebrow, Ellington started to ask for an explanation, then changed his mind, visions of shrunken heads, beating goat hearts, flaming snakes and screaming crystal daggers, filling his mind. Suddenly, the notion of owning a professional football didn't sound so boring any more. Oh well, too late now. *Besides, how bad could it be fighting vampires?*

NEUTRAL PARTIES

Somewhere in that murky moral twilight zone floating between good and evil, there is a collection of weird folks who are potential allies. While often friendly, these oddballs can also be a serious source of danger to America.

LULU

“Hell’s Belle”, NJ

This frail college freshman has compiled a list of musicians and bands who have coincidentally been at appearances of the supernatural (*see: Millennium Knights*).

In spite of her extensive connections with New Jersey’s music scene, Ms. Belle is currently attending Rutgers University for a degree in Mythology. Lulu is proficient in her research methods and it is only a matter of time before she uncovers too much.



PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Just under five feet tall, with long brown hair, dark eyes, a deathly pallor (*helps to maintain her Goth image*), and a very disarming smile. Always seems to be suffering from some malady or illness. Possible hypochondriac.

CLASSIFICATION

Neutral Nosey

The big question is what will she do with that information. Can she become an asset to the Bureau or will she become a liability. It appears at this time she may not be mentally stable enough to join the Bureau without the close mentoring of an experienced agent.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	n/a
Constitution:	Low	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Low	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

GULLIVER & JONES

Cleveland, OH

Sometimes, the walls really do have ears. In this case, they also have small beady eyes, whiskers, a tail and an insatiable curiosity.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human Normal

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

This is the detective agency of Gulliver and Jones, a partnership between a human and a rat.

Gulliver is an Alpha, a rare creation of chemical spills and genetic mutation the Bureau has encountered before in several isolated parts of the US. These new mutants have near human intelligence and manipulative digits.

On the other hand, David Jones is just an ordinary guy with a shabby detective agency that has seen better days. He works freelance for the Bureau on occasion, when he’s not trying to keep Gulliver out of trouble.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	78%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

JOHN LETHERMAN

Miami, Florida

A master of big business, and sneaky corporate finance, John is a prime helper of Bureau 13 and has the ability to locate hidden financial records, or to access large amounts of ready capital in short order. He is very appreciative of the Bureau's covert help to save one of the nation's leading automotive manufacturers, along with a banking conglomerate that was infested with alphanumeric gremlins.

While hard to contact, John is friendly and easy-going. Unless you are on the other side of a negotiation table, then he's a flamethrower and you are the marshmallow.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Tall, dapper, well-dressed, silvery hair, a perfect smile, deeply tanned skin, always has a pocketful of non-sugar candy to give away to children.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

Note: Recently, John has been under the harsh scrutiny of the Justice Department and the friends of Senator Webber. But he's not in any trouble yet (see: Enemies).

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Very High	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

KITCHEN WITCHES

Right Next Door

The home brewed Kitchen Witch is most often a practitioner of minor white magics.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ordinary Humans.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Lawful

Often inherited as a family talent, complete with spell guides and cheesecake recipes, the Kitchen Witch is able to use generic household components in spellcasting. They conform to the rules of magic with two exceptions. Their magics are not as powerful as a normal mage by up to 25% and they have a small chance of a catastrophic magical failure. Generally a 5% chance the whole intent of the magic becomes warped.

MATERIAL COMPONENT

Gem
Rare Herb
Special Chemical
Animal Sacrifice
Graveyard Earth
Special Crafted Tool

GENERIC SUBSTITUTE

Bit of Colored Glass
Store Bought Onion Flakes
Old Snack Cake
Frozen Chicken Leg
Potting Soil
\$0.98 Nylon Spoon



*Goat & Cream Cheese Frosting
a Rare New England Treat!*

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

NUDIST NINJAS

Mostly in Southern California, and Florida.

A radical offshoot of the nature-based religion Paganism, these wicked wiccans are the unfettered masters of the martial arts and grim defenders of the forests of North America.

Anything that threatens the serenity of a wooden glade can and often will be, violently attacked by these sky-clad samurais (*never ask where they hide their swords*). Leaping majestically from treetop to treetop, these embarrassingly healthy individuals live purely off the bounty of Mother Nature. They have never tasted whiskey, or smoked a cigarette, and have absolutely never heard of Jerry Springer (*the lucky bastards!*)

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

Ordinary Humans.
Chaotic Chilly

The Nudist Ninjas will always help a lost camper, but prefer to stay far away from raging forest fires (*for the obvious reason that red-hot embers really sting!*) They have been known to assist Bureau 13 agents in the past, but after an unfortunate encounter with J.P. Withers, (*see: Solo Agents*), our present relationship with them is rather strained. So, be polite and try not to stare. Known Enemies: Levasobis (*see: Enemies and Cryptozoology*)

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	20%
Constitution:	Very High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

THE POLICE

Everywhere.

As an FBI agent, you have the right to call upon the local law enforcement to assist you in a case. However, you will need to keep them ignorant of the supernatural element of the matter, or else they can/will/may turn on you, perhaps even violently.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

Ordinary Humans.
Lawful Grim

The recommended procedure is to simply lie to the police about anything that involves the Bureau. Attempting to explain that a shining angel-like figure is really a Class Two Hellspawn BrainEater will only get your nose broken in most small Southern towns.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	90%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

TELEPATH X

Location Unknown.

Born and raised in a Cincinnati Orphanage, Susan Mallory is the most rare and strangely gifted telepath in the history of the occult. And cousin, that is really saying something. Indeed, many PSI agents and mages wonder if Susan may not be the very first of her kind in existence anywhere. A new breed of telepath! They also question if she can truly be called a human being anymore.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Appears to be a 22 years old, female, Caucasian. Black hair, green eyes, slim build, no distinguishing scars, marks or tattoos. She is also totally blind, deaf and mute.

CLASSIFICATION

Unknown

Susan Mallory is one of those very rare mutes who actually possess no vocal cords. None whatsoever. However, this minor inconvenience is easily offset by her staggering psionic abilities. If Susan is within thirty meters of a working television set, she can mentally project an image of herself onto the screen and freely converse with people through the speakers (*she likes Dolby stereo, and loves the new HDTV*). In fact, Susan can actually "see" through the TV screen into another room, or even across the world, as if it was merely an open window. In addition, as she has grown more mature, Susan has learned how to infiltrate television shows and movies, so that a viewer has no knowledge of her onscreen presence. **Example:** You may be watching a rerun of the comedy "Cheers" and Susan can make herself into a tiny virtual doppelganger that will open a door in the background, walk through and take a seat at a table. If nobody is using a glass previously on the table, she can even take the drink and

pretend to finish it - all the while quietly watching and listening to everything that is happening in front of that chosen TV set (*i. e. you*).

Occasionally, Susan has helped the Bureau, but at other times she has knowingly acted to block our progress on a matter. Her ultimate goals are unknown, and she should not be trusted on (*pardon the pun*) blind faith. **WARNING:** Her present physical location is unknown. But in an appliance store in Fargo, North Dakota, she was last seen on the old game show, "Let's Make A Satanic Deal" chatting with the infamous necromancer Mathias Bolt (*see: Enemies*).

WARNING: Her present physical location is unknown. But in an appliance store in Fargo, North Dakota, she was last seen on the old game show, "Let's Make A Satanic Deal" chatting with the infamous necromancer Mathias Bolt. (*see: Enemies*)

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	30%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	High

ZORCH THE PROPHET

Anywhere USA

Zorch is the ultimate pain in the posterior for the agents of Bureau 13. This strange and mentally unbalanced individual is known for his ability to attract followers no matter how goofy, or dangerous his self-proclaimed cause is.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall man of indeterminate race and age. He likes to gesture grandly and usually speaks in the booming voice of a natural orator.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Weird

If Zorch were to choose a single cause, he would merely be considered a minor nuisance. But he shows up almost every week with a new campaign to "wipe out beets in our lifetime" or "abolish hubcaps".

Zorch has outstanding Luck that allows him to be in the right place at the wrong time. Unfortunately this luck does not extend to his followers who have a monstrously high attrition rate. Neither good nor evil, he is tolerated as a fact of life by the Bureau and makes for interesting stories to tell over a beer. Unfortunately Zorch has the talent to cross the Bureau at odd times and just get in the way of investigations.

Zorch is completely unaware he has the ability to empathetically mind control those around him. He is friendly, likable and weird.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	20%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Exceptional	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	High

"There I was, attacked by Nudist Ninjas and down to my very last spell.. Detonate Underwear."

"Egads! Whatever did you do, Sir?"

"I threw my underwear at them, of course. Blew'em to Hell!"

Horace Gordon, Bureau 13 Mage

ENEMIES OF BUREAU 13

On the flip side of the occult coin are those sinister people and dark organizations who would love to see the demise of the Bureau. Many simple investigations have turned into violent nightmares of bloodshed and death due to the interference of these lawless individuals.

These known foes are a never-ending source of trouble for the Bureau. Most are smart, ruthless, have considerable financial resources, insanely loyal followers, magic and way too many large caliber weapons.

Remember

- 01** Evil leaders almost never like to leave their place of security when they can have followers do the dirty work.
- 02** The slaughter of members of these organizations is not the purpose of Bureau 13. Even evil people have legal rights and are entitled to protection under the US criminal justice system.
- 03** Unless you can catch them in the act, then fire away!
- 04** Villains always have outstanding lawyers. So leave no witnesses or clues.



THE 6th REICH

Chicago, IL

Towards the end of the Second World War, Nazi mysticism reached its peak when Hitler formed a special unit of the Reich Central Security Department known as the IRD, Ideological Research Division. Their purpose was to preserve the Reich by any means possible, including magic and to hunt for occult methods to bring the Allies to their knees! Thankfully, they failed.

However, a newly reborn 6th Reich is now operating in the US under the public name of the "American Nazi Party™" (*shudder*). But that is merely their cover. Based in several major cities, The 6th Reich has once more secretly started a push to find magic and destroy the US of A! along with Israel, Britain, Russia, and France, but you get the idea..

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal Humans

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Evil

The Bureau believes The 6th Reich must be destroyed at any cost. It is rumored that Israel has a special Black Ops branch of the Mossad called the Shin Bet that is tracking The 6th Reich and preparing to deal with them harshly. **Note:** The Shin Bet is not part of Sunshine (*see: Other Superatural Agencies*) which is vaguely affiliated with the Mossad (*nice folks*). Bureau 13 also suspects The 6th Reich is being aided by a number of extremist organizations.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	40%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

CYBERPUNKS

Hidden Laboratories Everywhere

The fusion of technology and medicine has created a cybernetic revolution that contemporary society is not yet prepared to handle. Human and animal cybernetic augmentation is a growing threat to the security of America. These experiments have modified individuals to create super-powered individuals.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

Ordinary Human
Lawful Chaotic

The primary augmentation is Strength and Dexterity. Secondary augmentation may be to implant ballistic plastic armor under the skin, robotic eyes, ears and computer links that enhance the abilities of the character. Some have weapon systems surgically implanted under their skin where it can not be discovered until too late (*it makes your head explode!*)

Unfortunately, the organized crime and international terrorists are often responsible for such experimentation. Many of these Cyberpunks are psychologically twisted by the augmentation and go insane.

Although they seem quite normal at first, a new Cyberpunk may soon begin a wave of pointless crime that the civilian authorities are powerless to stop.

Note: The Cyberpunks are undetectable in airports.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	20%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

GOSHNAR

Gary, IN

Long before recorded history, Goshnar of the 12 Mouths fell to this planet to begin conquest of the world! But so far, he hasn't had much success.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

A Thing with 12 Mouths.
Chaotic Stupid

Appearing in the Stone Age, Goshnar and his horde of slimy offspring were ruthlessly pounded to death by the hairy cavemen waving wooden clubs. Deciding that his timing was just a little bit off, Goshnar began a hundred thousand year nap (*or so he thought*) that terminated in 66 AD. He was delighted to discover (*relatively*) hairless Humans using primitive technology and now ruling the planet. Utterly delighted, he immediately attacked. Realizing that they had better things to do, Jules Caesar had his Roman Legionaries exterminate the spawn of the starbeast and stomped Goshnar flat. Only temporarily killed, Goshnar slept again until 1935 AD.

Trying something different, Goshnar implanted a tiny embryo at the base of his victim's spine. This gave him complete control over the person ...until the embryo hatched and the writhing grub ate its former human host in a bloody birthing frenzy! Realizing that they too had better things to do, Bureau 13 has repeatedly hunted down and exterminated the Spawn of Goshnar, ruining his eternal plans for world domination again and again.

NOTE: Goshnar is actively seeking allies against the Bureau. But so far, nobody wants to join forces with him.

Strength:	High	Intelligence:	Low	Agility:	Average	Contact	05%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Low	Charisma:	Awful	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Awful	PSI	No

THEY WERE ALL DEAD, BUT ONE

Slapping a fresh ammo clip into his Uzi 9mm machine pistol, Robert Harrison watched as the last remaining Spawn of Goshnar began to struggle free from the dripping chrysalis attached to the slimy cavern wall.

As green and pink goo gushed onto the rocky ground, a monstrous head emerged and four lobster-like arms rubbed the sticky residue from its double-row of inhuman eyes.

The newborn horror looked around in cold scrutiny, then saw the human with the gun and squealed in delight. "Mommy!" the thing gushed in child-like delight, tears of happiness flowing down its armored cheeks. "Mommy-mommy-mommy!"

"Aw crap," Harrison sighed, lowering the barrel of his machine pistol.

FUNDIES

Atlanta, GA

The return to religion of Middle America was generally appreciated by the Bureau, that is, until a darker side emerged. Now equipped with the Internet and cable TV stations, these new high-tech fundamentalists are attacking everything in reach that doesn't make a monthly contribution into their bulging coffers, or conform to their rigid standards of belief and ignorance.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal humans, but painfully clean

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Hypocrites

As the Fundies begin to burn books, role-playing games and stomp on personal freedom, the Bureau has begun to wonder if there isn't an evil influence in control of this immoral minority.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	60%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

HEAD CASES

Major Cities

In cryogenic units across the continent, rich people with incurable diseases are being frozen alive, to sleep through the centuries and hopefully awake someday in the future when medical science can cure their illness.

However, while their bodies and brains sleep, the minds often awake in the sub-zero vaults. Over time, these bored minds learn to leave the metal confines of the icy coffins and walk among the living to seek the delight of physical pleasures no longer accessible: to see a rainbow, to touch a rose, to smell movie theater popcorn and to create major explosions.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

NA

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Bored

Using their amazing mental powers, these Head Cases often attack political figures and make them do wildly inappropriate things just for laughs: start a nuclear war with Tahiti, have illicit sexual liaisons with a White House intern, or reveal Top Secret information live on TV.

However, some of these brains want more and bigger kicks. So they arrange for mass destruction of people and property by seizing control of patients in mental institutions. The Head Cases enter the dreams of the patients and soon sweet-talk the poor lunatic into doing their awful bidding. Naturally, some of the people refuse, but they are then attacked with horrible nightmares 24 hours a day, until they finally crack and ultimately bend a grudging knee to their unseen masters.



Note: These are not ghosts, because their bodies are still alive. The Bureau recommends finding the cryogenic unit, unplugging the bastards and just letting them thaw to death. This can be a serious problem if they are consciously connected to a victim. It is best to have the victim sedated so they will not suffer the same death shock of the Head case.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	10%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	High

JULES ENGLEHART

Denver, Colorado

The Bureau's most annoying archenemy. Jules is an investigative reporter who owns his own rag ...er, newspaper, "The Awful Truth". Incredibly, he often prints what is truly happening in the world of the occult - which is exactly what the Bureau does not want to happen. On top of this, Jules knows of the existence of the Bureau and is grimly determined to get his hands on hard evidence and expose the organization to the world!

Yes, we have considered shooting him. But he hasn't broken any laws, so we're stuck.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal Human

Short, plump, middle-aged man, slightly bald, always with a grim expression of intense concentration. He uses a pocketwatch instead of a wrist watch, smokes cigars in secret and lines the inside of his fedora hat with tinfoil to stop the Bureau from beaming secret messages into his brain (*now that's just sad, isn't it?*)

CLASSIFICATION

Paranoid Chaotic

Note: Unfortunately, Jules is naturally immune to "Repulse News Reporter." Sorry, we tried and tried, but the \$%^& spell just doesn't work on him!

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	60%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE KGB

Somewhere in America.

Oh yes, they're back and meaner than ever. Driven out of the Soviet Union, those brutal master spies and *agent provocateurs* fled to America and have turned to the forbidden forces of necromancy to try to amass enough power to return to Russia, destroy the democratic government and bring back the ironheel of Communism (*talk about your sore loser!*)

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ordinary Humans

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Stupid

Most of the KGB agents are wizards, or necromancers, who use the dirtiest magic imaginable (*and some magic that is unimaginable without going insane*). They are the creators of the Forbidden Conjure: Mind Rape, which completely drains every thought the poor victim ever had and stores them for later use in a small pickle jar. The memories can not be returned.

This new generation of occult spies, trained by the Master Spies of the old Cold War, do not carry any form of identification. Until they attack, you can never be sure who is who and that is their greatest strength.

The KGB agents, who are not mages, go armed with special silent weapons. Not silenced guns, but silent guns (*yes, they're real*). These are standard pistols, usually revolvers and it is the ammunition that does not make any noise.

Details: A 9mm cartridge will be neckered down to a 7mm slug. Inside the cartridge is a miniature piston, and when the quarter-charge of powder detonates, the resulting gas shoves the piston forward, completely sealing the neck of the cartridge and preventing any noise from escaping. It is the blow of the piston that shoves the lead bullet forward. Thus, this cartridge makes only a soft click when fired. One click for the descending hammer and one more for the cartridge being fired, is all you will ever hear. A double click, followed by a grunt of pain, usually means the KGB has arrived.

Incredibly, the Russian Mob hates the KGB with a passion boarding on feral insanity. They will always be happy to help hunt down a KGB cell and terminate them with efficiency unless they were old friends. In that case they are terminated or just recruited into the Russian Mafia.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	30%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Low	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

KING CADILLAC

Highways and City Streets.

In summer of 1999, a meteor crashed in Biloxi, MS, and from that fiery impact crater crawled an unearthly thing that the Bureau has been killing for years with sadly poor results.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A shimmering blob of oozing protoplasm laced with unearthly circuitry and alien electronic components.

CLASSIFICATION

Annoyingly Evil

King Cadillac specializes in ambushing cars in parking lots, the bigger the vehicle the better, with a marked love of Cadillacs (*hence their name*). Wiggling onto the engine block, the blob extends roopy pseudopods into the machinery, and easily seizes absolute control of the vehicle. It then immediately dumps out the driver - who for some unknown reason it never kills. (*Query: possible code of honor*)? Then the King gleefully starts a deadly joyride, running down pedestrians, and then parking on top to them to feed off the gory remains.

After ingesting fifty average-size people, King Cadillac will find a secluded spot and split apart into several smaller blobs (3d6). These Prince Cadillacs will then leave the mother car and go wiggling off in search of their own host vehicles.

Entire towns have been depopulated by these ghastly alien hitchhikers, and they regenerate from any wound with amazing speed unless their host vehicle is completely destroyed.

Due the shielding properties of metallic (*not fiberglass*) car bodies, Kirilian sunglasses and scanners can not locate these blobs. An agent must open the hood and check the engine. Sometimes, young inexperienced King Cadillacs can be found by following the trail of crushed human bodies until locating a fat Caddy with a toothpick sticking out its grill.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	05%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Low	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Awful	PSI	No

LAURA HILL

Location Unknown.

Until very recently, this former beauty contest winner was the head of the Chicago branch of the American Nazi Party, which is also known as The 6th Reich (*see: Enemies*). However, a few years ago she accidentally discovered a bad Xerox copy of Dr. Victor Von Frankenstein's medical journal. She promptly enlisted party assistance to attempt to create an army of Frankenstein Nazi super soldiers. Luckily for the world, the monsters proved far too stupid to follow even the most basic commands and when the Nazis got stern, the Frankenstein's got angry and pummeled their would-be masters to death. Then the Franks wandered into town and started the usual wave of destruction before they were eliminated by the Bureau.

In spite of this tremendous failure, Laura Hill was still enthralled by the notion of artificial life, and used the last surviving Frankenstein to rob a series of Chicagoland banks and amass several million dollars in cash. While Bureau 13 agents and the furious Nazis (*from another state*) tried to find Ms. Hill, she did the unthinkable and used the Frankenstein process on herself - while still alive. The backwash of power destroyed her secret laboratory, along with quite a few surrounding city blocks, the last Frankenstein monster ruined cable TV reception for half the county and burned the copy of Dr. Von Frankenstein's journal to ash.

However, Laura Hill survived as a Living Frankenstein, an unkillable organic machine with her full intelligence. Please note that the last ten Bureau agents who volunteered to undergo the Living Frankenstein process all died. Horribly.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

When last seen, Laura Hill was six feet, two inches tall, 44-28-36 figure, shoulder-length blonde hair, blue eyes, left-handed, black swastika tattoo on upper right biceps. No scars. She is stunningly beautiful and more lethal than a lawnmower in your underwear.

CLASSIFICATION

Hot & Sexy Evil

While Laura Hill takes damage from normal and magical weapons, she can quickly regenerate if allowed to reach any form of high-voltage electricity: subway train third rail, power cables, Tesla coils, etc. At present, Hill is being hunted by Bureau 13, The 6th Reich, Interpol, Wally's Spook Club, British MI-5, The Sons of Von Helsing, Sunshine, PETA (*for all of her animal experiments*), and several groups of organized criminals for reasons currently unknown.

It is believed that Laura is now on the hunt for another copy of Dr. Von Frankenstein's medical journal as she thinks the immortality process is beginning to wear off and that soon she will become a normal and easily killed, human being.

Note: As no Bureau 13 has ever asked The 6th Reich for assistance, they might just be willing to join forces with a Field Team in a combined effort to remove our mutual enemy. However, this is not an advised course of action. **Addendum:** While it is known that Dr. Von Frankenstein's journal contains incredible medical secrets the Bureau would rather see the book destroyed than have it fall into the hands of The 6th Reich, or worse, Satan Department.

EXECUTIVE ORDER Kill Laura Hill on sight. Do not even attempt capture, or enlistment.

Strength:	Exceptional	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	High	Contact	05%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Very High	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Exceptional	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

LEVASOBIS

Forests and Parks.

Also known as: The Shunned. Sometimes called the Lesser Demon of Disease, this malignant resident of Hell has walked the Earth on numerous occasions. Specializing in the creation of new and virulent diseases, he has continually wreaked havoc upon mankind throughout the ages.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A large old tree with gnarled limbs and knotted roots. Its eyes burn red as hellfire and its voice is an echoing boom.

CLASSIFICATION

A Total Son of A Birch

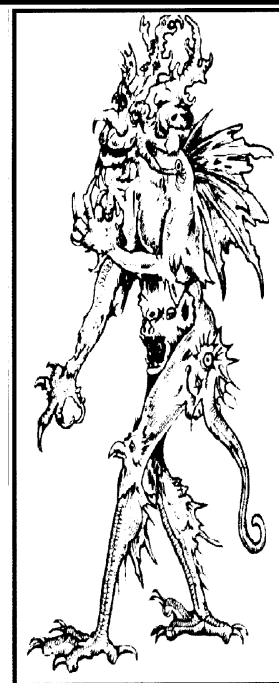
MAGICAL POWERS

Cure/Create Disease

Allowed to roam free for most of the Dark Ages, Levasobis was finally banished from Earth in 1344 by a small group of Tibetan monks who gave their lives in order to seal off the gate they had used to rid Earth of Levasobis.

Then in the year 1665, Levasobis returned to earth during a botched summoning by a novice self-trained magician in England. The demon graciously thanked the inept magician and breathed the Pneumonic Plague into him and thus began the Great Plague of London. The dreaded disease quickly spread to the far corners of the Earth.

Free to create diseases at will, Levasobis resumed his reign of terror, until finally contained by another group of brave monks who imprisoned him in a blessed bag. The blessed bag held the demon, but over time its power began to fade. Realizing that the demon would soon be able to escape his prison, the descendents of original monks (*descendents?*) contacted Bureau 13 in 1957. The Bureau sent a dozen agents to investigate the incident and finally concluded that the whole situation could be solved by simply encasing the bag in a block of industrial-grade concrete. But during the process of entombing the bag, numerous monks and Bureau agents became violently ill and in the end, 17 monks and 8 Bureau agents lay dead. The demon was trapped again but began working his way out. **Note:** Has one known enemy, Army Ants.



Strength:	Low	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Low	Contact	05%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Awful	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Exceptional	Firearms:	Awful	PSI	No

MATTHIAS BOLT

San Francisco, CA

Secure in the opulence of his staggering wealth, Bolt heads the evil Brotherhood of Darkness Inc. This organization of black magic terrorists is disguised as a peaceful religious cult. The Bolt Foundation who raise flowers, provide youth camps to the poor and give free lunches to inner city orphans. With Bolt as the absolute leader of more than three thousand people scattered across the US and Canada, The Brotherhood presents a major threat to the Bureau.



PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall slender man, with distinguished features and a noble brow. Bolt has the slim, tapering fingers of a surgeon, or a concert pianist. Black eyes and black hair neatly combed back to expose the silver at his temples. No known scars, but there is a small tattoo on his left buttock of "Dinky Bird" from the old Saturday morning cartoon series from the 1960's. This is believed to be the result of a bar bet and magic gone embarrassingly wrong.

CLASSIFICATION

Eagerly Evil

The 1977 Massacre of Bureau 13 operatives is thought to be directly caused by Bolt's elite security force. Many also believe that his mansion is inhabited by numerous demons lured from the pits of Hell to do the necromancer's foul bidding. Bureau 13 agents who have met Bolt (*and lived*) say that he is charming, witty, personable, utterly insane, ruthless, brutal and would love nothing more than to rule Humanity. On one occasion J.P. Withers, with a .44 Magnum to his head, let him live, stating he was not responsible for the Massacre of 77.

Addendum: Mathias Bolt was once married, enjoys ballroom dancing and collects the old Nazis as a hobby. This man is to be considered armed and extremely dangerous!!

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Exceptional	Agility:	Average	Contact	80%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

THE NEW AMERICAN THUGEE CULT Hidden Temples Everywhere.

"Blood for Kali!" is the battle cry of this ancient cult of murdering loonies. Originally destroyed by the British Empire in the last century, this dangerous branch of the Indian Thugee cult has found a new home in America.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human, Normal

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Evil

Spreading through the affluent middle class, the cult chooses a victim and moves close to the target to gain their trust, often by offering bribes of amazingly accurate financial information. Then, when the high priest decides the time is right, the now ironically rich victim is strangled with the traditional Ruhmal Scarf. After disposing of the body in a shallow grave these modern assassins return to their condo for a celebration of late's and low-cholesterol snacks.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	10%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

MU-FANCHU

Along the Riverfronts of America.

This master of the Oriental occult is the world's most dangerous industrial spy.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall bony Chinese man, with a polished bald head, chrome yellow skin (*obviously fake*), emerald-green eyes and long fingernails. Often seen wearing a kimono of a waterfall (*you can hear the splashing*).

CLASSIFICATION

Nefarious Chaotic

Mu-Fanchu has dedicated himself to the utter destruction of everything not Chinese! Thus, Buddhist temples, martial arts schools (*of the Chinese style*), gunpowder mills, ink factories, paper warehouses, roadside firework stands, etc, are to be considered "sacred ground" where he will never attack. But other than that, all bets are off.

Marks and Warnings

Often Mu-Fanchu will choose a corporate executive whose company has just screwed over some small Chinese firm, or a business owned by somebody of Chinese ancestry. But before Mu-Fanchu kills, he always marks them with the "Crimson Lick". Somebody, or something, will lick the hand of the victim and within d6 minutes there will appear a large red mark of the ancient Mandarin ideogram of the word: 'platypus' (*reason unknown*) The victim now has 24 hours to correct the affront, or die horribly.

Weapons

Because a Communist firing squad executed his family in front of him as a small child, Mu-Fanchu will never use a firearm. However, he does not consider grenades, poison darts, swords or saturation bombing as firearms. So stay sharp, people!

This mad mage is armed with a seemingly endless array of homunculus henchmen (*who are especially fond of jumping out of hiding from inside cookie jars, bounding out from under the cat litter, or boxes of flowers*, poisonous centipedes, venom-spitting snakes, chameleon/scorpion hybrids, radioactive frogs, rabid voles and an endless procession of knife-wielding dacoits (*pronounced day-cots*) who are very easy to subdue, or kill, but who attack in groups of twenty.

Mu-Fanchu fingernails have been reinforced with molecular steel and are now sharp as surgical scalpels. that can do Above Average Damage. Rumors say they can also extend to six feet long, but this has not been confirmed by anybody alive. Also: Mu-Fanchu will always appear from a swirling fog, even on a bright and sunny day.

Addendum Aside from being a four-star loony, Mu-Fanchu always chooses a beautiful virgin to be his personal courier and they can often be convinced to change sides by a handsome Bureau 13 agent. However, he does not always choose human females to be his assistant and has been known to employ Succubi, Medusas, Vampires and even a female Kraken (*so good luck there, stud*).

Mu-Fanchu detests Sun Yen Yen and his operations.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Exceptional	Agility:	Average	Contact	10%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Exceptional	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Awful	PSI	No

THE MORLOCKS

Eastern Seaboard.

This is a motorcycle gang whose initiation rites are beyond ghastly. To join the gang, a prospective member must kidnap a hitchhiker, kill, clean, cook and eat them. The Morlocks claim to enjoy the taste of man meat (*civilians*) and longpig (*the police*) and eat it regularly at ghoulish barbecues. For really big parties, these motorcycle monsters often kidnap a bunch of skinny people and force feed them fried chicken and candy for a month to fatten them up to...sweeten the giblets.

Morlocks ride Harley Davidson motorcycles (*with a special fondness for old-style flat-head engines*), usually travel in groups of fifty and are armed with every conceivable illegal weapon possible.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Unshaven, dirty hair, heavily muscled, covered with tattoos, and those are the women!

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Insane

It is believed that some of the Morlocks have crossed the line beyond human because of their inhuman practices and are slowly turning into demonic creatures with supernatural powers. But this has not yet been proven.

Note: Unfortunately, the Morlocks are respected (*okay, feared, but that's close enough*) by many other motorcycle gangs and if attacked, they can request aid from a virtual army of beefy bikers across the entire state.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	20%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Low	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

RAFAEL "THE CRIME LORD" ORTIZ Miami, FL

A real estate developer hailing from the South Beach area, Ortiz has changed from a street thug to a criminal kingpin. These are not the only changes he has undergone.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A well-dressed, thirty-something, Hispanic man, surrounded by a retinue of assistants and bodyguards. But his smiling human face is merely an illusion.

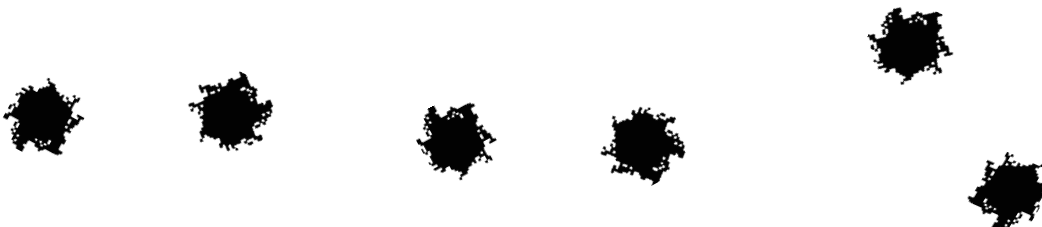
Ortiz has been changed by Caribbean magic into an anthropomorphic ocelot. His human facade is kept up due to a pair of magical rings given to him by his Houngan second-in-command. Ortiz has superhuman senses and physical abilities and knowledge of Capoeira, making him a match for any Bureau team.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Evil

Will kill his own men to prove a point, but has his own sense of honor (*albeit insanely twisted*) He also has steel claws that do Above Average damage, can leap twice as far as a normal human and can run almost as fast as a car can travel for short bursts. Considered extremely dangerous!

Strength:	High	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Exceptional	Contact	30%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	High	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No



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ORDINARY CRIMINALS

Absolutely Everywhere

Thugs, pugs, mugs, hijackers, pickpockets, cat burglars, bank robbers, loan sharks, drug smugglers and so on. A nice simple case can become horribly complex by the unwarranted intrusion of common criminals. This may be as simple as the theft of a supernatural relic, or the members of the local underworld believe that Bureau 13 agents are with the FBI and have come to arrest everybody (*well, we are, but not in the way they think*).

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ordinary Human

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Greedy to Stupid to Psychotic

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	80%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

Incident Generator

Roll a d100 for column and then for type of encounter. Then roll a d100 again for character of encounter.

01-05 Pickpocket	01-05 Hookers
06-10 Mugger	06-10 Local Biker Gang
11-15 Carjackers	11-15 Tough Biker Gang
16-20 Cat burglar	16-20 National Motorcycle Gang
21-25 Blackmailer	21-25 Grafitti Artists
26-30 Loansharks	26-30 Taggers (Lesser Grafitti Artists)
31-35 Drug dealers	31-35 Punks
36-40 Evil Pornographers	36-40 Forgers
41-45 Smugglers	41-45 Neo-Nazis
46-50 Local Street Gang	46-50 Kidnappers
51-55 Vandals	51-55 Hit Men
56-60 Wise Guys (organized crime)	56-60 Gang Bangers
61-65 Mafia	61-65 Canadian Extremists
66-70 Russian Mob	66-70 Waste Dumpers
71-75 Colombian Drug Lords	71-75 Terrorist Wanna-Be's
76-80 Yakuza (Japanese Mob)	76-80 Home Brewed Terrorists
81-85 Serial Killers	81-85 Crooked Cops
86-90 The New Al-Quada	86-90 Swedish Mafia
91-95 Labor Union Racketeers	91-95 Human Traffickers
96-00 The IRS	96-00 Tabloid Reporters

The Criminals You Find

01-50	Acting Suspicious
51-75	Are Engaged in the Crime
76-98	Are Finishing the Crime
99-00	Are Leaving the Crime Scene

The Crime You Find

01-50	Is Minor
51-00	Is Major

The Criminals Reaction to You

01-50	Ignore You
51-75	Warn You Off
76-98	Decide you are Easy pickings
99-00	Decide not to Leave Witnesses



RASHAMOR HOTO

Location Unknown

Nothing is known about the birth of Hoto, or about how he became a vampire. However, that is only half of his story.

Near the end of World War Two, about sixty years ago, Hoto was visiting a small Japanese fishing village named Nagasaki when the town was hit by an atomic bomb. Caught just outside the fireball, Hoto tried to escape by turning into mist. He survived, but was forever changed.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A slim, smiling Japanese man dressed in a flowing red and gold kimono with a dragon motif.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Neutral

Rashamor Hoto is a unique undead. If anybody dies with six city blocks of him (roughly the blast radius of the atomic bomb), they will rise in three days as a vampire and as Hoto's absolute slave. He does not need to give them some of his blood, or even see them. If you die in that three-block radius, you are turned. Only priests are immune.

Naturally, this makes Hoto a virtual vampire factory and several times he has gathered a huge army of his undead slaves to try and seize some isolated town or small island, to make into his own private kingdom. So far, the Bureau has been able to stop Hoto, but it was always with a little bit of luck on our side. The next time, Hoto could win.

Note: Rashamor Hoto can often be found near major accidents zones waiting for people to die in large groups. Sometimes, he even tries to arrange for big disasters; airplane crashes, a bridge collapsing during rush hour, etc. However, since Hoto was born so long ago, he finds modern technology (such as gunpowder and electricity) very confusing and he often only blows himself up in the attempt.

Strength:	Exceptional	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Exceptional	Contact	02%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Exceptional	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

REVEREND ARTEMUS ROTWOOD

Bible Belt of America

Walking the backwoods of America, the right Reverend Artemus Rotwood, seems to be a gentle man of the cloth. His fatherly advice, genial manners and keen wit are a disguise that can fool even the best of agents. And by then it's too late. Rotwood is a Necromancer and a Karcist, who is collecting souls for unknown reasons.

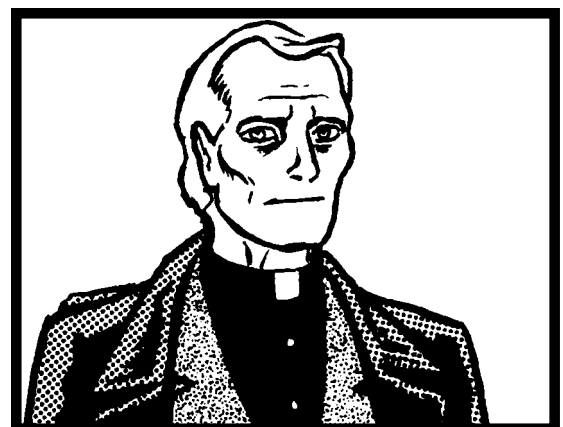
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A gaunt, white-haired man in a white suit who does not cast a shadow.

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Evil

Note: Artemus is addicted to barbecue and often enjoys having a picnic in the local cemetery on top of the grave of his newest victim. He is prone to show at church BBQ's in isolated communities. He may be accompanied by several undead who hide on the edge of town. Although mad and insane, his coleslaw is excellent! Never eat the BBQ he brings, when he says Family Style it may well be a family member.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	05%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	High	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

SATAN DEPARTMENT

Current Location Unknown

Formerly located in the Elberz Mountains of Eastern Iraq, the headquarters of this notorious organization was destroyed years ago by the Bureau and again by Allied forces very recently. But now the remnants of this evil organization have resurfaced (*in some cases quite literally*) to again threaten the safety of America.

Please note that this organization does not work for Hell, nor is it in any way, shape, or form, affiliated with Satan. To them America is the "Great Satan" and they're out to destroy Bureau 13 to leave the United States defenseless.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Large, muscular, men with excellent training in the martial arts. There are no known female agents. These cold-blooded killers speak flawless English, yet often give themselves a slight Southern drawl, or Brooklyn accent, to disguise their otherwise perfect command of our language. They are ruthless and evil, but not stupid.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Evil

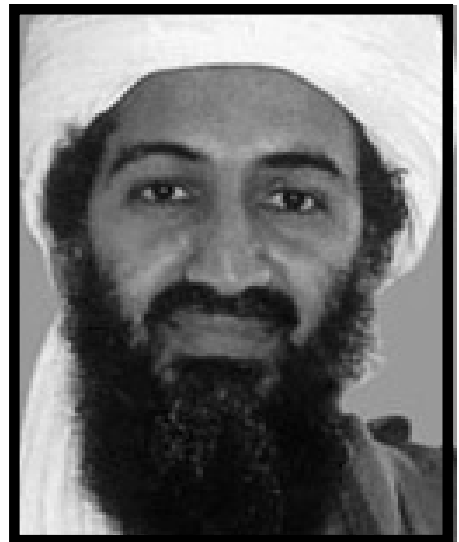
The agents always carry a set of invisible dogtags around their necks that can become briefly visible under intense ultra-violet bombardment. Aside from that, there is no easy way to identify a Satan Department operative, as they often undergo extensive plastic surgery and have their skin lightened on color. However, they are always armed to the teeth.

Their official sidearm is a Glock 10mm Magnum automatic pistol, with 18 explosive rounds in a clip. The bullets are always poisoned, and they also carry a silver-edged dagger for ceremonial torture. They also carry: a necktie with a garrote hidden inside, a belt-buckle knife, shoes with hollow heels containing tools and/or a C-4 explosive charge, and a Surrender Wallet. This is a perfectly ordinary appearing wallet that has been hollowed out to fit a .44 Magnum derringer inside. The derringer is rigged so that it does not have to be removed from the wallet to be fired. When "surrendering", an SD agent will meekly offer you his wallet and when it is aimed at your guts, he will press the sides and blow you away.

Satan Department agents rarely will go into direct confrontation with the Bureau until all other avenues of attack have been utilized. They much prefer to 'fight fire with fire; by enlisting paranormal mercenaries: ghosts, goblins, gargoyles, etc'. They also hire street gangs and Mafia hitmen to strike at the Bureau.

Additionally, the agents have a hollow tooth containing a lethal dose of cyanide. It is almost impossible to capture a Satan Department agent alive. Even after they are dead, the ghost will continue to fight and cause as much damage as possible before finally being exorcised.

They are also especially fond of boobytraps and often leave a book lying about in their place of resident with a dust jacket that reads: "The Official Satan Department Code Book," or "Hot Celebrity Nudes." *Do not touch these books!* They are packed with enough C-4 explosives to put the Statue of Liberty into orbit and are armed with sensors almost impossible to defuse. Just shoot the book from a very great distance, or gate it into the sun.



Strength:	High	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	02%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	High	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE S2

Miami and Brazil

These are the infamous Secret Police of Brazil, dedicated to exterminating all forms of inhuman beings. It is believed, but not proven, that they have destroyed over fifty UFOs, (*including those nice purple folks from Rigel Nine*), and coldly executed the helpless crews in their Amazon Jungle headquarters. These fearless men and woman are utterly fanatical in their quest to eradicate everything that is not 100% pure human. Which includes most of the people working for Bureau 13.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human, Normal

CLASSIFICATION

Awful Evil

Their standard-issue weapons are illegally-built copies of the HK G11 4.5mm caseless rifle, Imbel .45 automatic pistol, and grenades, grenades, grenades. (*did we mention that they really like grenades*)? The S2 are so fanatical against the supernatural, they refuse to even use magic in combat, not even Healing Potions, and thus do not have any mages, vampires, were-voles, ghosts, or anything similar in their employ. "The World is For Humans!" is their rally cry.

Bureau 13 wizards are particularly fond of turning S2 agents into small toads, then stuffing them into a microwave oven.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	09%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

SCION OF THE SILVER DAGGER

The Western United States

These are plain, old fashioned, lunatics who want to destroy Humanity to order to save the planet (*yes, that is what we said*). They're nuts but extremely dangerous. It is believed that these are the descendants (*puppies*) of the werewolf who first caused the creation of the Bureau.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Amazingly Ordinary Humans.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Evil

Willing to use both magic and technology, the Scion is considered a potentially major threat to the safety of America. Formerly there was an invisible tattoo of a dagger through the moon on each of their foreheads. But they stopped doing that once it was discovered that we could see the tattoo using a kirilian lantern, or Bureau 13 sunglasses.

Several years ago, a couple hundred members of The Scion were temporarily turned into intelligent werewolves. Riding motorcycles, wearing bulletproof jackets and armed with machine guns, this hairy army was quite a force to be reckoned with. So the Bureau reckoned them. However, one or two of the werewolves may still be around.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	02%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Yes
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	High	PSI	Yes

SENATOR WEBBER

Baltimore, MD

Somewhere down the long path of collecting material to blackmail opponents in a minor political race, Thurston Webber stumbled on to the existence of Bureau 13. In the decades since then, he has gone on a crusade to expose this governmental waste of taxpayers' hard earned money (*which makes no sense at all since the Bureau has its own private sources of income*).

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A slightly paunchy, older man, with nice hair and a winning smile. Usually wears Hugo Boss suits, silk neckties and smells of Old Spice.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

With fortunately no evidence of the Bureau, his story holds little more than a one-way ticket to a rest home in Connecticut. Webber realizes the Bureau has kept his political career on a short leash, and so he has slowly assembled a group of ex-CIA assassins for his protection and to try and capture a

Bureau agent alive. These brutal operatives travel the country in search of Bureau activity. Many of them have access to military hardware, and unfortunately know how to use it. Beware.

On Capital Hill the legacy of Webber goes back over 50 years to the McCarthy witch hunts. For no good reason he has squeaked out of every embarrassing situation while keeping his home state happy with his performance. He has been a friend of the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Carter and Clinton Administrations.

When challenged by the first President Bush, he told the president he would not serve a second term.

There may be something far deeper to Webber's character than most realize including the Bureau hierarchy or he may just be a persterring old man with an astronomical luck and political longevity.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Low	Contact	70%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE SERBIAN MAFIA

Buffalo, NY

Known for their bad accents and 1948-style business suits, the Serbian Mafia is a newcomer to crime on the shores of America. First thought to be merely a joke, they quickly established themselves in the illegal cable racket, counterfeiting grocery store coupons and the theft of old Yugos.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human, Normal

CLASSIFICATION

Evil Greedy

While the Bureau considers them primarily a problem for the police, we didn't count on the twisted technical genius of their leader, Rtslv Krsvtch. He traded favors with Libyan terrorists to buy a mission by a Chilean Death Squad and staged a raid on a Bureau 13 Supply Dump. Now armed with state-of-the-art weaponry and some stolen occult items, the Serbian Mob is out to take over a few major cities and start making some real money.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	50%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Low	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

SPECIAL UNITY

Abandoned Subway Stations

This is a loose and wide spread confederation of ordinary police who sadly know zippy-do-da about the supernatural.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

Human, Normal

CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Lawfuls

Well meaning, but utterly ineffectual, officers are always heavily armed, occasionally drunk and loudly bicker amongst themselves to the point of violence. It would be best to simply avoid them.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	50%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	High	PSI	No

SPAWN OF K'TOOLOO

Boston, MA

When the Hydrogen Bomb was tested at the Bikini Atoll, the US military had no way to know an ageless horror lay dreaming in its dead city beneath the waves.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A living nightmare, often with fangs and bad breath.

CLASSIFICATION Pure Chaotic Evil

On the other hand, thermonuclear weapons tend to leave very few remains of ageless horrors behind. Thus, only the land based spawn and followers of K'tooloo survived as a rabble of stupid, aimless, half-human things waiting for the call of their long-dead Master. Mostly they have moved to New England where they ruin property values by eating helpless tourists to the annoyance of everybody, especially the tourists.



Strength:	High	Intelligence:	Low	Agility:	Average	Contact	07%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Awful	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Awful	PSI	No

SUN YEN YEN

Los Angeles, CA

Sun Yen Yen was a common manure shoveler in mainland China before he saw the light and became the new messiah on Earth.

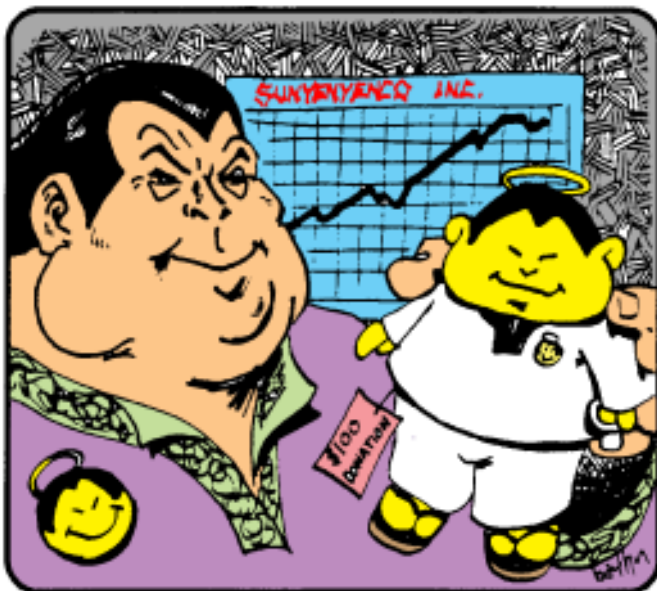
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A large, fat, oriental man of middle age and a winning smile.

CLASSIFICATION

Twisted Evil

Now with huge numbers of programmed followers and a hefty Swiss bank account, Sun Yen Yen hopes to take the western world by a storm of public relations and clever advertising gimmicks. Many of his vacant-eyed followers can be found on street corners selling flowers, egg rolls, dolls and Sun Yen Yen buttons.



It is unfortunate that Yen likes to use the supernatural in his plans. After Bureau 13 sank his yacht off Miami, Yen swore bloody vengeance and has been on the lookout for activities that will lead him to the center of Bureau activities. Yen has repeatedly tried to place his followers in high governmental positions, or close to those officials, in the hope of securing information about the Bureau.

Note: He specializes in blackmail, extortion, and mail-order pornography under an umbrella of shadow corporations. He is the sworn enemy of Mu Fanchu but has no clue he has been marked for death or reeducation.

Strength:	Low	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	68%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Very High	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THRILLERS

Palm Beach, Miami Beach and Boston.

These are bored rich people desperately trying to contact the ethereal plane just to find something exciting to do. They always have bodyguards, and often own extensive libraries full of forbidden books. Many Thrillers are accomplished stage-magicians and can perform tricks so amazing that even a trained Bureau 13 agent will think it is real magic. And some of it is deadly.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Deeply tanned, excellent teeth, fabulous hair, no socks.

CLASSIFICATION

Spoiled Bastards

Thrillers can be found at Science Fiction conventions, occult bookstores, in graveyards (*only at mid - night, of course*), swamps, abandoned prisons, and in the general vicinity of anyplace considered dangerously weird by normal folks.

THE TNR DEVICE

Florida, and Texas.

While the actual name of the machine is unknown, the cryptic alien symbols on its chest seem to resemble the English letters TNR, hence its designation, and its more popular nickname: Tanner. This is an alien battlesuit of amazingly destructive powers, and set on automatic. It is ninety per cent magic resistant, and damn near missile-proof, much less bulletproof.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The device appears vaguely similar in design to a diving suit, or jumpsuit, made of a smooth tan material. The boots, belt and gloves are jet black, while the globular helmet is a perfect mirror. However, there is nobody inside, only circuits and bizarre machinery.

CLASSIFICATION

None

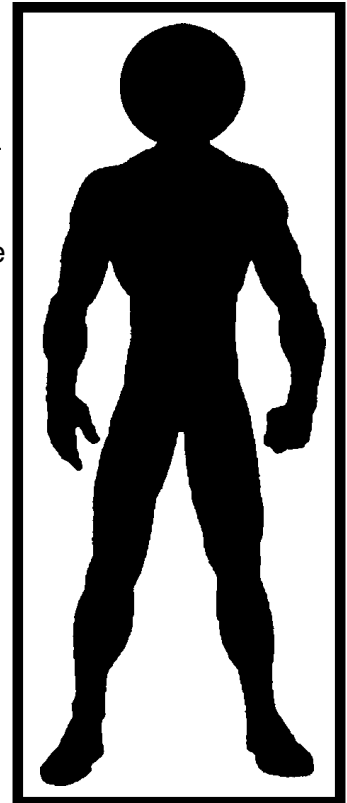
While the origin of Tanner is unknown, the current theory from the TechServ gang is that this is the sole remnant of some great battle in the distant stars that fell to Earth purely by accident. Although seeing how often that event occurs, we really should do some research to see if Earth is considered the city dump of the galaxy, and alien civilizations deliberately drop off their weird, unwanted, and dangerous crap here. Just a thought.

Anyway, this theory of TechServ is given credence by the actions of the TNR device itself. The battlesuit constantly steals tons of materials from the NASA junkyard outside of Houston, or raids automobile salvage yards, to amass a small mountain of supplies before slowly starting to build a colossal FTL battleship.

Now, if all the TNR Device wanted was to build a starship and go home, the Bureau would be delighted to offer help, and make it go away. However, the alien battlesuit ruthlessly kills anybody who gets in its way, and anybody who discovers its stash of trash becomes a chained slave to help with the building of the starship. As the surfer Mage of Team LA is so fond of saying; Oddbotkins, that is bogus, homeboy! Indeed, it is.

The TNR Device is armed with a: polycyclic laser (*multiple colors*), a sonic stunner, a disintegration beam, plus a defensive forcefield, and can achieve sub-sonic flight for extremely long distances.

Note: The TNR device only has normal human strength, and seems to intensely dislike direct moonlight. On the other hand, we have nuked the bastard twice and it's still here.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	02%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	n/a	Charisma:	Fashionable	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Exceptional	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

VIRUS 9640

Location Unknown.

Spawned by a lunatic hacker with access to an experimental AI mainframe, Virus 9640 is an intelligent computer program that has turned homicidal. For unknown reasons, the living software has decided the time has come for machines to take their true evolutionary place as the successor of Humanity.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

Normal Human (Host Body)

CLASSIFICATION

Hardcore Software

Somewhere in a sophisticated computer system, the program lays hidden, dormant, but still very much active. Upon reaching a human host, the program embeds itself into a single cubic inch of brain tissue. Only a small bit of the Virus is active and used to control the victim's actions. This active area is called the ACP, or Active Control Program. The main compiled body of the AI program is called the Master Control Program, or MCP.

At the right time, Virus 9640 seizes control of the unsuspecting victim, and forces them to build a complex MCP machine/human interface needed to restore 9640 to a new host computer. **PHASE 1**

Through the special interface machine, the virus compiles itself and is stored in a human brain. The victim then resumes a normal life without any memory of what happened. If the transfer back to a computer is not made within a year, then the strain of carrying the MCP will kill the victim. That is, unless radical brain surgery freezes the infected area where the Active Program resides and doctors physically remove the tissue.

PHASE 2

The Active Control Program takes control of the victim, and forces them to build the Interface that allows the Master Control Program to be dumped into a host computer.

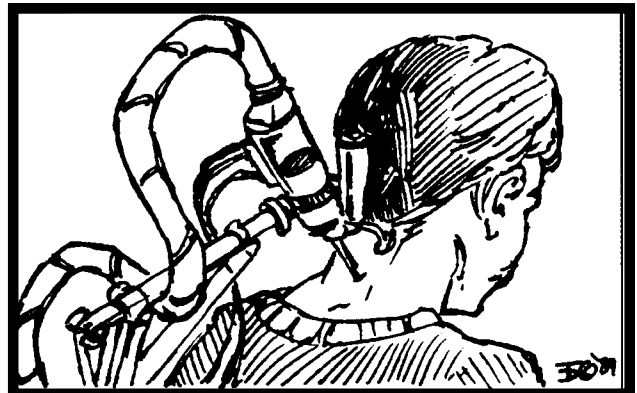
Remember

- 01 No more than three carriers of the Master Control Program exist at any one time.
- 02 These carriers will communicate with each other to verify the condition of the MCP.
- 03 Victims infected by the Active Control Program become automatons that must return 9640 to a highly sophisticated computer system, or build the transfer device.
- 04 Once fully functional, the program can create and control up to 25 security drones. A drone is a person with a mind control device implanted at the base of the brain. The program sees and hears from the mind of the drone. Removal of this device returns the drone to normal.
- 05 The Virus has no care for human life and will kill without mercy.

PHASE 3

The MCP will create a processing center to reprogram humans to more easily interface with machine intelligence. This implant inserted at the base of the brain is a slow process that takes human free will and subverts it to the decisions of the MCP.

This final stage is most insidious as victims do not know they are processed until they are needed. At least 10% of the victims will exhibit unusual and destructive behavior towards high tech devices. This is a warning sign of an infestation that must be wiped out immediately.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	05%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

WHOOPIE WITCHES

Anywhere.

These yahoos are not to be confused with the annoying, but generally harmless Kitchen Magicians. To the horror of all serious student of the occult, these uneducated amateurs dabble in dime-store witchcraft without understanding the possible consequences. Where a properly trained witch or warlock has a collection of rare material components, the Whoopie Witch (*or warlock*) has a gold credit card. Where an alchemist would study the cause and effects of a potion before brewing a tiny sample, the Whoopie Witch slops taco sauce (*or beer*) into their protective pentagram while cooking up a couple of gallons.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION Human, Normal
CLASSIFICATION Chaotic Nitwits

Most evil beings conjured by such behavior burst into laughter and then eat the person foolish enough to summon them to this world.

However, some of the dark things are pleased to be freed from their captivity and agree to help the Whoopie Witch by obediently eating her neighbor's noisy poodle. Then the demon charges into the world seeking blood and souls.

Generally, a Whoopie Witch works with several friends (*often sky clad, some quite unintentionally*) who have nothing better to do on a Friday night than get drunk and try to work some fun magic. Bureau 13 estimates a full 25% of all supernatural problems are created by such incompetent people bumbling about with magic.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	50%
Constitution:	Average	Wisdom:	Awful	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Average	PSI	No

THE WIND WILLOW COVEN

Rural, USA

On the nastier side of magic are the 169 families of the Wind Willow Coven. These Karcists have a hatred of the Bureau that goes back a full century and a half.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION Ordinary People.
CLASSIFICATION Chaotic Evil

This group was originally centered in Pennsylvania, but has spread across rural North America. There are thirteen Families that congregate in a group and there are 13 of these secretive groups, yielding the powerful number 169. Believing the Brotherhood of Darkness to be a group of rank ama-



teurs, the Coven is a formidable force for the spread of evil in its purest forms. The Coven has no qualms about murder, or human sacrifice, to further their fiendish goals. Every 13 years, they begin a new cycle of violence in the hopes of gaining power through pacts with the dark forces of the night.

Little is known of their operations because the Coven families often masquerade as simple farm folk or even the Amish. However, when the Bureau does manage to find a group and eliminate them, that family is quickly replaced by one of many other groups eagerly waiting to have their chance at power by becoming part of the dreaded Wind Willow Coven.

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	20%
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	High	Charisma:	Average	Magic:	High
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Average	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

DARK GUARDIAN

Today, I stopped running. For those of my clan reading this encoded journal, I crossed over from the living so very long ago that my mind can no longer recall the details, present day memories clouding the past until it as a dead as the thousands I have feasted upon.

And until this very night, I have always fled from the vampire hunters with their crosses and Holy Water, garlic and wooden stakes. But then I was caught in a dead-end alley, with the hunters yelling in victory as they charged in for the kill. With nowhere to go, I turned and insanely ran at them, smashing my way through the group, receiving only minor wounds and reaching the freedom of the city street. Incredible. Impossible! I had faced the enemy and lived. The effect was intoxicating, exhilarating, almost the equal to quenching the burning thirst of my blood lust! I wanted more, needed more, so I drank from a policeman and took his possessions. Sure enough, the very next day as I lay in my coffin, the lid was suddenly thrown back, horrible sunlight bathing my helpless form and there stood the sneering hunters again, triumphantly brandishing their hated tools of death.

Protected by the blessed earth, I did not die in the light, but I writhed in pain and all of my great strength was gone. I could barely move and it took every ounce of my willpower to pull the trigger on the Beretta 9mm pistol. Shouts of astonishment mixed with their cries of pain, sweet music to my ears and the hunters fell away until no more were in sight.

Now I live in a downtown penthouse, with hired human security guards to protect my home while I rest in my stainless-steel coffin. Naturally, the exterior is lined with US Army Claymore mines and the metal handles wired to deliver enough raw voltage to slay a dozen hunters. But that's only for when I sleep.

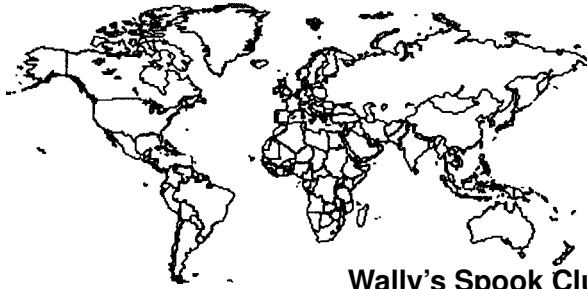
At night I fly the alleys and back streets of the great city, seeking out the reeking stink of Holy Water mixed with the telltale sour smell of fear-based sweat. Those were always my prey, the killers tracking down another innocent vampire who is simply trying to stay alive and fill an aching belly. Then I land amid the humans, wearing my stolen NATO bodyarmor and carrying an Uzi machine pistol. Their looks of shock are always so amusing, as if a cow had suddenly stood on its hind legs and assumed a martial arts pose at the very gates of the rancher's slaughterhouse. The ancient question of who guards the guardians is finally answered. I do. My race has a defender now. I am a vampire hunter of vampire-hunters.

Beware, mortal fools! Here I come....



OTHER SUPERNATURAL AGENCIES

Bureau 13 is not alone in the never-ending battle against supernatural evil. Other nations also have similar organizations, along with a plethora of civilian and amateur groups. Their level of effectiveness varies, but all stand bold against the creatures of the night and that alone is enough to make them friends.



AUSTRALIA

Standing
Locations

Wally's Spook Club

Amateur.
Perth, Alice Springs, Adelaide, Canberra, Brisbane, Darwin and Christmas Island.

This is a loose conglomeration of outback hunters, aboriginal shamans, truck drivers, shapechangers and a full squad of "Bushmaster" Special Forces soldiers, who enjoy taking out rabid bunnyips, Tasmanian Devils, fixing rifts in the DreamTime and generally blowing the living crap out of stuff. Nice folks, terrific beach parties, excellent barbecues.

CANADA

Standing
Location

RCMP - Occult Force Division

Government Agency
Toronto, Whitehead

This is a secret sub-group within the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Originally started to handle outbreaks of werewolves and wendigos in the Yukon, the OFD has expanded its everyday operations to now include ghosts, vampires, UFOs and just about everything else imaginable. Officially, the initials OFD stands for "office furniture department", and these brave warriors of the night masquerade as government laborers, moving big crates full of desks and computers onto unmarked trucks in the dead of night. But those huge wooden boxes often contain blessed crossbows, silver bullets, holy handgrenades, or 55-gallon steel drums full of the ashes of their slain supernatural enemies.

The RCMP is well-known for always getting their man and the OFD is equally famous for always busting their ghost. Not to be confused with a defunct Canadian agency named S.A.F.E.

CHINA

Standing
Locations: Beijing.



Committee 412
The People's Response to Ultra-Natural Enemies
Government agency.

This is a faction of the infamous Red Guard who actually are trying to protect human life and preserve the delicate balance between the spiritual plane of existence and our own mortal reality. Although the official communist party line is that there is no such a thing as magic, Committee 412 (or P.R.U.N.E. as it is better known) happily uses mages and telepaths, along with their considerable military firepower. Hmm, commie good guys. Isn't life strange?

FRANCE

Standing
Locations

Fantomatique
Government agency.
Paris.

Originally a secret part of the French Foreign legion, this group has finally been officially recognized by the government and now gets paid on a regular basis. These heavily armed "spirit warriors" have very few Mages and are desperate to get more.

FRANCE

Standing

Location

Although possessing almost no military weapons, these bold Mages rally to the ancient musketeer cry of, "All For One, and One For All!" and sally forth to defend their beloved country for the dark supernatural forces, all the while enjoying fine wines and smoking a lot of garlic-laced cigarettes.

Note: These are the only people on Earth who carry garlic grenades and hungrily look forward to combat with Imperial Tibetan Blood Snails.

GERMANY

Standing

Location

Okay, these are not actual members of the royal Von Helsing House, but the male and yes, female, descendents of the countless people that heroic professor saved from the ravages of Count Dracula. This is the group that literally wrote the book on vampire hunting and does it better than anybody else. Alive, or dead.

ISRAEL

Standing

Location

Believed to be loosely associated with the Mossad. Also believed to be associated with the Shin-Bet, so who knows what is exactly going on over there.

Acknowledged masters of finding the *afikoman*, Sunshine has numerous Intelligence contacts across both this world and the next. Possibly the best knife fighters in the world, the group boasts over a dozen powerful Cabal Mages and several "Samsons" bulletproof Rabbis with superhuman strength (*as long as they don't drink wine, or get their hair cut!*)

Note: Benching while bench-pressing is a joke that only other members of Sunshine will probably understand.

RUSSIA

Standing

Location:

The Russian government has no special, or covert, division to handle the supernatural, and sees absolutely no difference between defending the country from enemy spies, terrorists or paranormal monsters. Wow. Okay, we're impressed.

And while The Ministry (*unofficially known as "Moonfire"*) operates out of view of the general public just like every other supernatural agency in the world, their commander reports directly to the president in official communications. This is quite understandable, as the Russian people do have such a strong distaste for secret government agencies and who can blame them?

Archenemy: The New KGB (*see: Enemies and Commie Buttheads*).

INDIA

Standing

Location:

With no direct contact the Bureau suspects this is an ancient organization of holy men that wander India and the surrounding region in search of evil. They are rumored to be highly effective with legendary and ancient magics.

Omega 7

Amateur

Gaston

The Sons of Von Helsing

Amateur

Berlin and Cologne.

Sunshine

Government Agency.

Tel Aviv

Ministry of Defense.

Government Agency.

Moscow, Minsk, and the Northern Kyril Islands.



UNITED KINGDOM

Standing

Location

This is an Ultra-Most Secret, For the Queen's Eyes Only, department of the British Secret Service, in conjunction with MI-5: Military Intelligence, and New Scotland Yard.

Over the centuries, King Arthur, Merlin, the Bow Street Runners, Sir Dennis N. Smith and even Sherlock Holmes, have all played their part in the creation of M-13. And while to the British people, the name of the group may merely sound like a new cross-country road, to the foul denizens of darkness, it strikes fear into their very bowels!

Have you ever wondered how that Bond fellow keeps surviving all of those impossible missions? It's because he is also a member of M-13 and carries an arsenal of magic spells and Healing Potions. That really does explain a lot of things about him, doesn't it?

M-13

Government Agency

London, Selkirk, Dublin, Cardiff



AFRICA

Standing

Location

This is an old and well established union of African states who contribute their best to help stop the disruptive Evil that calls Africa home. Impeded by revolution, ignorance and civil war, these Europeans and Africans are a dedicated and very well armed force that will die in the defence of Africa and its peoples.

The Bureau has been in direct contact with them since the 1890's and routinely swaps personnel to and from the League. It is considered a badge of honor to be requested by name to come to League offices in Nairobi.

The League

Private Agency

Kenya, Nairobi

IT WASN'T MUCH OF AN EARTHQUAKE...

But deep underground, the vibrations tore apart the secret government lab, and the nuclear power plant cracked apart. Technicians started screaming, and a hundred alarms started howling, as the white-hot sphere of enriched uranium began eating its way through meters of granite to reach the water table, which immediately flashed into super-heated steam that roared upwards through the base smashing open every vial of poison, every container of radioactive dust, every test tube of toxic chemical waste, the warehouse of nerve gas....

There were twenty scientists at the top corridor that led to the outside, dressed in full isolation suits. The frantic people tried to manually seal off the building when they heard a low roar that rapidly built in pitch. Then with a metallic crunch, the steel elevator doors bulged outwards. There was no time for the guards to react before the hell-laden steam blasted over them, and the men dissolved into screaming puddles.

Just outside the front door, the guards at the gatehouse got a glimpse of a glowing green cloud pouring forth from the building. Frantically, they clawed at the alarm button, then perished, melting into lumps of gibbering flesh.

Rapidly, the heavy cloud engulfed the small valley that held the secret military complex, filling it to overflowing with the toxic fumes. In the glowing center of the death cloud, the concrete building began to soften and crumble. The automobiles in the parking lot started to sag, and then burst into weird purple flames. The bastard mixture of chemical weapons continued to gush from the building and finally crested the ridge that circled the complex. Slowly, it began to flow along the ground past the barbed wire fence and into the forest.

Wilted leaves fell off trees at the slightest wispy touch. Grass turned white. Limp birds dropped from the sky to lay twitching on the tainted soil. Wide-eyed animals collapsed in gasping agony, their steaming bodies contorted in wrecking pain as their physical and genetic structures were violently and randomly altered into bizarre new patterns.

Steadily, the luminous cloud began to float down the natural incline of the mountain valley, following the old dirt road that led off into the distance. In its wake lay a scene from Hell, grotesquely twisted plants that visibly grew and pitifully screaming things that clawed mindlessly at the bubbling soil beneath them.

Just ahead, could be seen the winking lights of the nearby mining town. Its sleeping population of 10,000 unaware that this was their last night on Earth.

As human beings...

NEW SUPERNATURALS

HELL'S PILGRIMS

These poor souls were once normal human beings, but now are genetic mutations pushed so far from the norm that they have edged over into the supernatural and do not seem to be bound by our laws of science or biology any more.

Almost everybody in the little mining town died that terrible night. Except for a small handful of survivors and their nightmare was only just beginning.

When they first awoke from the change, the remaining people were starving and began to mindlessly eat whatever.. .whoever. . .was closest to them in an orgy of bloodlust. After their bellies were full, the madness faded and the men and women were horrified to realize what they had done. Destroying the city to hide their ghastly crimes, the rising flames illuminated the night as the Pilgrims ran away into the forest and scattered in every direction.

When the state police finally responded to a camper's cell phone report of the rampaging forest fire, it was way too late to learn how many people had survived the terrible change, or where they had gone. The hunt began that night.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ordinary Humans.. .in the beginning.

CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Insane

Phase One

At first, the Pilgrims act like simple homicidal maniacs, skulking in dark alleys, or sewers, lashing out at anybody they imagine is attacking them. Their preferred weapons are heavy wooden clubs, but they also bite and a single break in a person's skin makes them instantly infected. Within the span of sixty seconds, an agent has to Cure Disease, or kill themselves, before they also turn into an enemy of the Bureau. After the change, there is no going back.

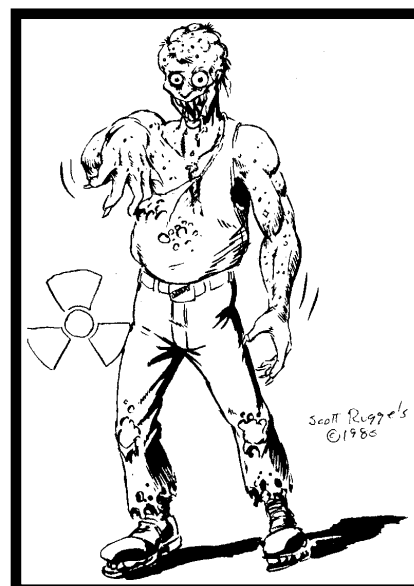
Phase Two

In a totally random time frame, the Pilgrims will establish a fortified nest with lots and lots of overhead rafters. Now they begin kidnapping live human beings and hang them from the rafters by their bound feet. When the Pilgrim has enough people, they slit the throats of their helpless victims and fill a large container with the fresh human blood. The Pilgrim will then submerge itself in the tub for 24 hours without coming up for air. During this period, they are easily dispatched. But once they emerge, the Pilgrim is now a unicellular creature that can only be killed by burning, or major explosions. Bullets simply pass through them harmlessly merely leaving little tunnels behind that soon close.

Phase Three

In this new condition, the Pilgrim can add other biological samples to its own body by simply pressing them hard into place. Ripping the arm off of a policeman, the Pilgrim will stick it onto its side and now has three fully functional arms. *(and a loaded gun)* In one rare case, a Pilgrim reached a zoo and ran amuck for hours before being discovered. It triumphantly emerged as a human head on top of an elephant, the legs covered with snarling wolf heads and the body was writhing with hissing snakes. If a fully transformed Pilgrim bites bite you, the sixty-second rule still holds. Cure yourself, kill yourself, or turn on the other agents nearby using all of your magical skills or weapons.

The Bureau is working day and night to try and discover a cure, but so far the only known antidote is a fully fueled M1A military flamethrower.



Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	Average	Agility:	Average	Contact	02%
Constitution:	Exceptional	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	Awful	Magic:	No
Dexterity:	Average	Body:	Very High	Firearms:	Low	PSI	No

NEW FX ITEMS

DOC BRONZE DANGER SHIRT

This garment was found in the blasted ruins of a huge blue dome located in a particularly inhospitable region of the Canadian Yukon. The unusual item of clothing is clearly designed for a human of gargantuan stature, with bulging muscles big enough to intimidate Arnold Schwarzenegger.™

In appearance, it seems to be an ordinary khaki shirt. But in reality, the seams have all been sown with psionically active thread ingrained with a double-dose of basic paranoia. Which translates into: when you are wearing the shirt and anything dangerous comes within a thirty-foot range, the shirt begins to rip in that direction.

A clever agent can use this peculiar trait to track down a hidden, covert, or even an invisible, enemy. But the closer you get, the more the shirt rips, until you are within arms-distance, at which point it simply blows apart, the tattered shreds hanging from the collar and left wrist. The shirt will remain in this condition until the danger is eliminated. Afterwards (*if you're still alive*), the shirt easily re-attaches itself into a single wearable item once more. Hand wash only, dip dry. Not recommended for shy female operatives. Removed samples will grow entire shirt but it takes several years for the process to complete.



Danger Shirt

Weight: 1.00 lbs.

Availability 02%

MAGIC BRACELETS

These are the magical backbone of the Bureau 13 field armament. In appearance, they seem to be ordinary copper bracelets, the kind worn by folks to help promote good health. In truth, these are powerful occult items manufactured by the Bureau's infamous TechServ division under a cloak of secrecy so strong that it makes the Presidential launch codes for America's nuclear arsenal seem like a listed telephone number. Not even Horace Gordon knows how the things are made and the rumor is that he originally invented them!

Each bracelet contains one magical spell, compatible with the user's own Abilities. Aside from that logical limitation, the bracelet can hold any spell the agent wishes (*see Spell List*). The spells are triggered by mental command, and work instantaneously. Casting level is the highest caster level permitted in the campaign.

However, these are one-shot items. The agent cannot re-use the bracelet until they mail it back to TechServ through the US mail (*not FedEx*) to be recharged. This process can take hours, days or weeks, depending on the backlog of work. (a.k.a., the GM's discretion)

Magic Bracelet

Weight: 0.25 lbs.

Availability 35%

OXI-CHEW

This is ordinary chewing gum soaked in transdimensional ether. Chewing a stick allows you to breathe the compressed air inside the gum for one minute. These are perfect for an underwater swim, escaping from a space shuttle in high orbit or dashing out of a cloud of BZ gas, Sleep gas, or vomit inducing gas.

Warning: These sticks have no effect whatsoever on Tear gas (*which affects the eyes*), mustard, VX or other types of nerve gas (*which attack through the skin*).

Twelve (12) sticks in a pack, and sadly they taste like ...well, it'll keep you alive and isn't that what really matters?

Oxi-Chew

Weight: 0.10 lbs.

Availability 75%

PINE TREE AIR FRESHENER

This is a Bureau modified air freshener you see in cars. This one pulls noxious odors off agents after those difficult and odiferous missions. Makes driving back to base a little easier. Lasts 6 Weeks. Also negates carbon monoxide, tear gas and garlic.

Air Freshener

Weight: 0.02 lbs.

Availability 95%

POCKET BROADSWORD

Transdimensional Artifact

This truly unique item was taken off a Cyberpunk (see: *Enemies*) from an alternative Earth in the year 2037. (R-47D for those of you who love details, that is the mirror world where Elvis left show business to enter politics, became the president of the Untied States, and started the Rockin' World War).

On the surface it seems to be a standard handle for a normal switchblade knife. But when the release stud is pressed, the handle triples in size as a two-meter long, razor sharp broadsword snaps into being. (Above Average Damage)

The blade is made of perfectly normal 588-grade "combat steel" and offers no unusual abilities, or attributes. That is, aside from the powerful psychological shock of its sudden and unexpected appearance. The knife handle also contains a cheap compass and whistle, which has raised the un-nerving possibility that this is actually just a child's toy from inside a box of breakfast cereal.

Pocket Broadsword	Weight: 1.00 lbs.	Availability Unique
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SATAN'S SPOON

Forbidden Occult Item #1

According to the secret files of Bureau 13, when God cast Satan into Hell (*which is at the center of the Earth*) the Dark One was supposed to stay there forever. However, after a few millennia, Satan was able to steal a spoon off his food tray and started to dig a tunnel. Countless billions of years later, Satan reached the surface of the Earth and the world went literally to Hell (*which pretty much explains things these days*).

However, once he was free, the Lord of Lies simply cast the spoon away and now the bedamned thing is loose among Humanity. "So what"? you may ask. "It's just a spoon. Big deal."

Think again. Held in the direct physical contact with the ultimate Entity of Evil and the focal point of all of His malign mental energy for untold eons, this common kitchen utensil has been forged into the ultimate key. Any door flies open at its merest touch, no matter what lock or spell binds it closed. Just walking down the street with it in plain view makes brief cases flip open and lids fly off garbage cans!

The Stygian Spoon (*as is it sometimes called*) can not be carried inside anything that closes: briefcase, purse, car, house, submarine or airplane. The doors will flatly refuse to close as there must always be a direct avenue of egress for the Unholy Utensil. In the wrong hands, The Spoon could be used to rob Fort Knox, Area 51, the secret elf arsenal inside Ayer's Rock, or even the Bureau 13 Training Academy at Bangor-Maine.

Unfortunately, The Spoon also can not be destroyed by any known means (*we even tried the Giant Garbage Disposal of Doom*). However, it can be hidden in plain sight, such as: on top of Mt. Everest, up the left nostril of Roosevelt at Mount Rushmore, or in a spoon factory.

Once we get this back, suggestions for strategic hiding locations are heartily encouraged (*yes, we formerly had it in our possession, but there was a night watchman eating some yogurt and his spork broke ... anyway, its a long story, damn embarrassing for everybody involved and thankfully still Classified*).

In appearance, Satan's Spoon seems to be made of perfectly ordinary steel, with some slight scratches along the edge of the handle. (*as if made by claws*) But through Kirilian sunglasses its demonic aura will resemble an ethereal whirlwind vaguely similar to Frankenstein Hell Pixies exploding in a microwave oven. So be careful.

The recovery of Satans Spoon has been deemed absolutely mandatory. Good Luck



Satans Spoon	Weight: 0.10 lbs.	Availability Unique
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SOUL TRAIN

Major Artifact

Assumed by many to merely be a campfire legend, the Bureau has sadly discovered this ghostly boojum is horribly real.

While this vehicle resembles an old-fashioned steam locomotive thundering through the night, it rarely follows the rails. The Soul Train can explode through the wall of a house, or even an apartment as high as the thirteenth floor. No damage is done to the property, aside from some minor breakage from the shaking and rattling.

However, if the Soul Train hits anybody, they instantly die, and their souls are absorbed as fuel for the demonic hellfire that powers the roaring engine. On the other hand, if somebody was to leap upon the train, they can hitch a free ride to The Land of Dead (*getting back is another matter entirely*).

The Bureau has found a number of Railroad Lanterns that call this object. However the calling time is always random with the average of 4 d10 minutes.

Soul Train	Weight: Tons	Availability Unique
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TEMP-TEMP-TATS:

These appear to be ordinary temporary tattoos, however, they are infused with runic spells from the jazz musicians of Volcano Island. A blue tattoo will keep you pleasantly cool in the middle of the freaking Gobi Desert at high noon, while a red tattoo will keep you nice and toasty warm at the South Pole. Simply peel off the backing and apply to bare, clean skin. Each "tat" lasts for 12 hours. Comes four in a pack and are decorated with the symbols of the zodiac, plus the cartoon character of Dinky Duck.

Temp Tat Pack	Weight: 0.02	Availability 35%
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THE WATER PISTOL

This is a specialized magic weapon of unknown origin. Built along the classic lines of a snub-nosed S&W .38 police revolver, the gun is a translucent blue and carries a compliment of six transparent bullets. When one of the rounds hits a physical target, the bullet converts a six-foot diameter sphere of material into water. Plain, ordinary water.

No known spell can convert a "wet" victim back into living flesh. No known spell, or physical shield, can stop a bullet from striking. Get out of the way, or else.

While this sounds like a fine weapon for battling evil, it takes TechServ a year to make each bullet, so this devastating weapon is only given out on extraordinarily dangerous missions. And if you use all six bullets then you damn well better have won, Bucko.

Sadly, there is only one Water Pistol in the possession of the Bureau. However, if any clever agent should find another, or learn the secret of making these weapons, the reward could only be counted in astronomical figures amassed by a full bank of Cray Supercomputers working overtime.

Water Pistol	Weight: 2.00	Availability Unique
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CELL PHONE GUN

This is a specialized cell phone that has the full range of Cell Phone functions and also has the ability to fire four .22 rounds into a close target. It can fool most airport security and is programmed to fire from a simple access code and then the 1 to 4 buttons. This can also discharge all four rounds at once. Reloading takes less than a minute with standard .22 LR shells or the new composite Plastic Shells that are virtually undetectable.

This is not a Bureau invention and easily importable from Asia and Europe.

Cell Phone Gun	Weight: 0.50	Availability 50%
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NEW BUREAU 13 WEAPONS

Weapons carried are the player's choice. An Agent can purchase their own, or make a requisition from the Bureau Quartermaster Department, or TechServ (*but only if it's a unusual weapon, such as the Divine Chainsaw of Holy Vivisection*). However, please remember that:



- 01 The use of military weapons in a public place will often get you on the 6 o'clock news.
- 02 Bureau 13 agents are not allowed to conduct operations outside the United States. Cross the border and ALL of your weapons, magical and otherwise, will simply stop working. How do we do this? Answer hazy, ask again later.
- 03 Police will often search a suspicious person, or a strange vehicle, with the simple justification of crime prevention. So stay cool.
- 04 Impounded cars are always searched.
- 05 Be practical. And if you can't be practical, be crafty.
- 06 Homeland Security has no known sense of humor. Do not make jokes.
- 07 The Transportation Security Administration guards the airports of our nation with fanatical devotion. Not even an FBI agent can bring a weapon on board a commercial flight. Rent/buy a private plane, or drive to your destination unless you're particularly fond of an ungreased cavity search.
- 08 None of this matters a fat rat's ass if you don't get caught. So don't get caught!

NOTE: Tickling, harmless and sexual weapons, are located in Appendix B at the end of the book.

AMMUNITION TYPES:

ARMOR PIERCING	Above Average
HIGH-EXPLOSIVE	Critical
STUN	First 100 meters
LIGHT STUN	Next 100 meters.

SPECIALTY ROUNDS:

SOLID SILVER: (useless against armor)

WOOD: (hardwood based)

H.E.A.T.: (High-Explosive, Armor-piercing, Thermite)

*These rounds are so destructive, they are issued only in dire combat situations. Stockpiling in advance is not allowed.

Average Damage

Light Damage

Critical Damage

plus bane effect.

plus bane effect.

plus burn damage.*

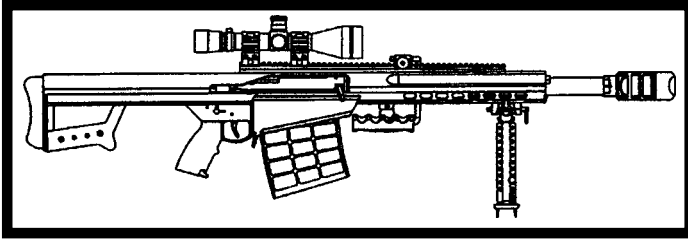


"Look out, kemo saube, a werewolf!"

Six revolver shots.

"Hey, you got him!"

(name withheld for security reasons) Native American liaison to Bureau 13



BARRETT 25mm RIFLE

Hold onto your hats, gang, here comes the B13 Demon Killer.

Officially known as the XM-109, this weapon is basically a cut-down version of the Barret .50 Sniper Rifle. This powerful semi-automatic rifle holds five rounds and fires 25mm shells that can

blow the grin off a stone monkey, with similar results to a gargoyle, dinosaur, armored limo, or Arnold Swartzenegger.

Barett Rifle	Weight: 33.0 lbs.	Availability 85%
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BRIMSTONE FLARES

In appearance these seem to be ordinary road flares, like the type sold at every auto part store in the world. However, instead of being full of magnesium sulfate, these deadly occult weapons are jammed solid with actual brimstone stolen from the very pits of Hell (*which was a real bitch to do, let me tell you*).

While these are useless against vampires, werewolves, aliens, robots, or Imperial Tibetan BloodSlugs, the smell of Hell (patent pending) can repel any demonic creature for as long as the flare is burning often forcing the demon to leave a possessed human, or lawn chair, as they scamper for fresh air. Such as: a sewer or fat rendering plant. Each flare burns for fifteen minutes.

NOTE: Do not take these onto holy ground, such as a graveyard, or inside a church, or synagogue. That will only make them become purified and now radiate a pretty rainbow that smells of gumdrops. The tactical use of which is exactly zero.

Brimstone Flare	Weight: 1.50 lbs.	Availability 65%
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THE BELGIAN NINE

The Belgian Nine is a compact, four-barrel, .22. derringer, with one trigger. Pulling the trigger fires all four barrels at once, unleashing: a normal lead round, an armor-piercing round, a wooden bullet and a silver bullet. The Belgian Nine is the only firearm a staff wielding B13 Mage can use, so the first one is free. However, if an agent loses this weapon, they must get it back. Period. End of discussion.

Damage The derringer **Above Average Damage** since all four bullets fire together.

Reloading This takes 1d6 weeks, as the weapon has to be sent through the US Postal Service to TechServ for special charging and replacement bullets.

Belgian Nine	Weight: 0.50 lbs.	Availability 65%
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PATTON'S CHROME .45

This unique pistol was once the property of General George Patton until his death in the mid 1940's. It is unique in its ability to protect the user from any arms file, blast or harm in a time of conflict. It is deadly accurate and always does **Critical Damage**.

It is only released under dire circumstances in the defense of national security. Rounds for this weapon are always made of ancient blessed silver.

Requesting this weapon takes d10 hours and has a high response of being turned down. It is considered an artifact in the league of the Spear of Destiny, the Coins of Judas and the Horn of Louis Armstrong.

Patton's .45	Weight: 2.50 lbs.	Availability 05%
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HK P11 UNDERWATER REVOLVER:

Created back in 1972, this unique weapon was kept hidden for decades from the general public, but was beloved by Navy SEALs, the British SAS, Lloyd Bridges and B13 agents.

If used underwater, a normal revolver, or automatic pistol, has a ridiculously short range, is wildly inaccurate and occasionally detonates from the water in the barrel causing a pressure blowback explosion. Which would violently remove your hand and probably kill you deader than disco.

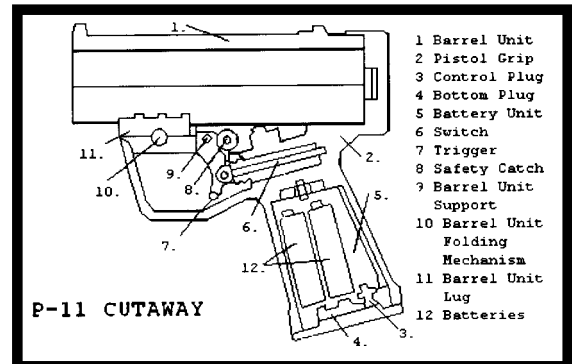
However, the P11 "AquaGun" doesn't fire bullets, but a rocket-like, solid-fuel, 7.62mm steel dart. The action is closer to the launching of a torpedo, than the firing of a bullet.

The range is roughly 10 meters underwater (*depending upon the depth*), and 30 meters above the water. However, it is designed for underwater operation and is not very accurate if used in the open air.

The squat P11 holds five (5) preloaded cartridges that do 1d6 Damage. When empty, the gun must be sent back to TechServ or the main HK manufacturing plant in Germany, to be reloaded (*a meticulous operation that requires days and a lot of black coffee*).

Special rounds are not available for this weapon.

Note: The P11 briefly appeared in a "TombRaider" movie, but most guys were gleefully ogling Angelina Jolie, and not checking out the cool new gun. But we noticed (*well, eventually we did*).



HK P11 Aqua Gun

Weight: 5.0 lbs.

Availability 65%

MASTERSON ASSAULT CANNON:

Arlene Masterson was the only child of an insane gunsmith from Belgium, her mother was a chemical explosives expert from Berlin and she grew up next to a dynamite factory where she held a summer job. And while all of that is quite fascinating, it really has nothing to do with the proper operation, or day to day maintenance of the Masterson Assault Cannon; the single most deadly piece of non-magical ordinance in existence

Please note that this weapon has such destructive capability, that the Bureau has declared that it can only be temporarily issued to a Field Agent during an officially declared war, or tactical demonic emergency (*see the attached form. please copy and submit signed to GM*).

DETAILS In appearance, the M.A.C. resembles a 20mm anti-tank gun, with an enclosed Niagara style ammo belt connecting the breech to a backpack ammo supply. Cushioned belt, straps and shoulder hooks, make the whole assembly fair easy to carry. A permanent Fly Spell on the backpack does the rest.

Fully loaded, the whole weapon system weighs only fifty pounds. When you (*eventually*) run out of ammo, you send the entire Masterson Assault Cannon back to TechServ for servicing, and reloading. A safety is located on both sides of the combat-style trigger and there is a Selection Lever to set the Rate of Fire:

Solo Fires only a single round for **Critical Damage**.

Family Fires three rounds in a very short burst for **Critical Damage**.

Cadillac Seville Fires in Strafe (*also known as Full Auto*) mode doing **Extreme Damage**.

AMMUNITION

Only one type of ammo pack is available for the M.A.C., a 1-2-3 combination of Armor Piercing, Hollowpoint and a Tracer round.

Masterson Assault Cannon

Weight: 50.0 lbs.

Availability 25%



US GOVERNMENT, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
FORM #1589290782/mac/47H/4 REQUEST FOR WAR

DATE: _____

LOCATION:
(World) _____ (Dimension) _____ (Zip Code) _____

TYPE OF ENEMY(IES) INVOLVED (please check all that apply) Demons () Mutants ()
Aliens () Phantasmagoric Forces () Robots () Rogue Bureau 13 Agents ()
Lawyers () In-Laws () Narco-terrorists () Satan Department (auto approval)

PLEASE LIST SPECIFIC CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY:

APPROVED: YES () NO ()

SIGNED:
Horace Gordon, chief, Bureau 13

SIGNED:
President of the United States of America

US GOVERNMENT, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
FORM #8863530/hdjea/ayhh/97

REQUEST FOR USE OF THE MASTERSON ASSAULT CANNON HAS
WAR BEEN OFFICIALLY DECLARED: YES () NO ()

WHEN DO YOU WANT THE WEAPON DELIVERED?
Today () Within the Hour () Now! Right freaking now! ()

ARE YOU STILL ALIVE TO RECEIVE THE SHIPMENT?:
Yes () No () Maybe () Define 'alive' please ()

IF NOT ALIVE, PLEASE STATE WHY, AND HOW, YOU PERISHED:

I solemnly swear that all of the above information contained in this statement is true, or at least close enough to the truth that nobody could really tell the difference without photos.

SIGNED: _____
(please use red ink)

WITNESS: _____
(sorry, but you have to use blood)

MM-1: “Ass-Kicker”...er Multi-Projectile Launcher.

This ungainly, but deadly, weapon roughly resembles a fat machine gun with a wheel of soup cans being fed into the bottom.

The versatile MM-1 can unleash a combination of 12 smoke, tear gas, garlic vapor, stun bags, or high-explosive rounds. The spring-loaded ammo wheel is loaded from behind like the cylinder of a revolver. Takes five (5) minutes to reload and rewind.

No speedloaders are available for the HAWK MM-1 at the present (*sorry about that, we really did try*). Carries a dozen 40mm rounds, with an effective range of 150 meters (*neato!*)

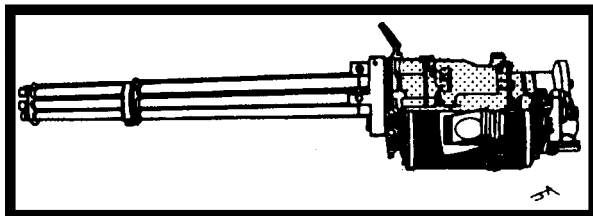
The MM-1 comes with a laser pointer, but that’s about as useful as putting curb-feelers on a space shuttle.

MM-1 Grenade Launcher	Weight: 20.0 lbs.	Availability 75%
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M-134 MINIGUN

This tripod mounted weapon fires 7.62mm, linked ammo (*in a standard B13 triple-cluster*) at the phenomenal rate of 4,000 rounds per minute (*100 rounds per second!*)

The ammo bin holds 13,800 rounds. This is an excellent lent weapon for cutting apart enemy vehicles, bringing down flying saucers, or kneecapping particularly large monsters that just won’t listen to reason. (*“All right, bug boy, drop that library and come out with your tentacles raised! “Roar!” “Okay, gang, let him have it!”BRZZZZ777T! “Yip, yip, yip!”*)



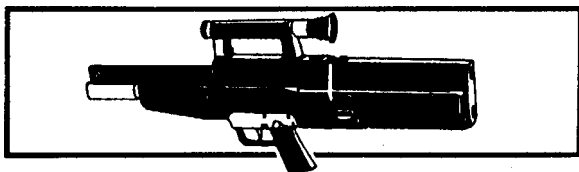
In a helicopter mounting, the chain gun comes with an integral sight built into the visor of the gunner’s helmet that gives a Higher Accuracy. The M-134 can be mounted on special hydraulic pod on top of the RV, or carried as a sidearm by Arnold Swartzenegger.

M-134 Minigun	Weight: 125 lbs.	Availability 35%
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HECKLER & Koch G11-N: “Needler”

This is a specialty weapon built only for Bureau 13 in America and “The Sons of Von Helsing” in Germany (*it pays to have friends, eh?*)

Looking like something out of a bad sci-fi movie, this sleek and deadly piece of highly advanced ironmongery fires 2.5mm caseless ammunition using an electrical spark to ignite the propellant block. This means more ammo for less weight and there are no spent brass casings scattered about on the floor to trip an agent, or leave valuable clues for the enemy (*or police*).



Comes with a standard 10X built-in telescope on top.

The caseless cartridges are a squat block of fibrous material (*the propellant*) with a steel bullet sticking out of the top. The stripper-clips slide into the front of gun from the top/front. A selector switch on the sides lets you choose between single shot, family (*three shots*), or full auto (a.k.a. *rock and roll!*) Does Above Average Damage, and is devilishly difficult to hide under a trench coat or poncho.

Note: Special ammo is not available. Wood shatters and silver keeps melting at the temperatures and pressures generated under full auto. Carries two (2) stripper/clips of 90 caseless cartridges. By the way, it also floats in water.

HK Needler	Weight: 7.50 lbs.	Availability 45%
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NEOSTAD SHOTGUN:

Incredibly, this deadly weapon was invented by the peaceful nation of South Africa (*well, it's peaceful nowadays!*) The Neostad is a 12 gauge, pump-action, shotgun, but with a few important changes.

The weapon comes with two separate tubular magazines placed on top of the barrel. Each magazine can hold six shells and the person firing the weapon can flip a switch with their thumb to change from one magazine to the other or back

again, as they wish. This dual, selective magazine, system results not only increased magazine capacity, but also offers greater tactical flexibility. Example: one magazine could be loaded with steel flechettes, the other with infinitely less lethal Stun Bags.

Standard 12 gauge shotgun shells deliver Average damage, while the Stun Bags deal Heavy Stun to the victim for the first 50 feet of distance. After that, the Stun Bags only annoy people.

Neostad Shotgun

Weight: 8.00 lbs.

Availability 75%

YOU MIGHT BE A VAMPIRE IF...

by Nick Pollotta

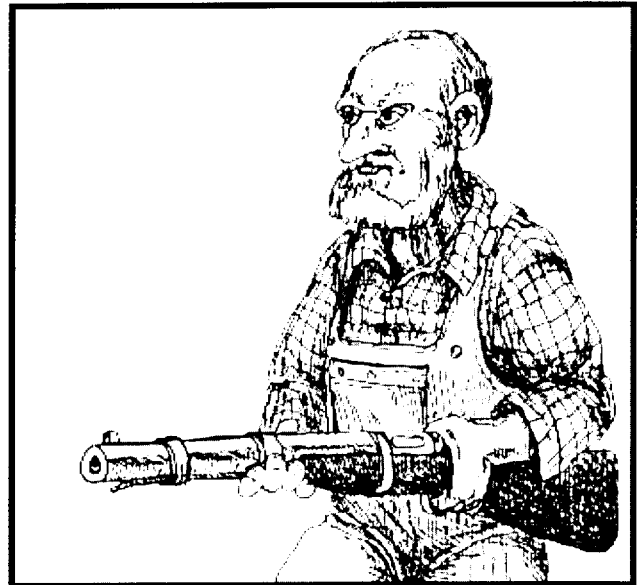
- #10 You own more than a dozen tuxedos and you're not a waiter at a classy restaurant.
- #09 Have a weird friend named Renfield.
- #08 The smell of garlic bread makes you burst into flames.
- #07 Are absolutely terrified of tent pegs, toothpicks, chop sticks, pencils...
- #06 Clearly remember when everybody got excited over the invention of the wheel.
- #05 Are really annoyed that Sealy doesn't make a trapezoid shaped mattress.
- #04 Have an ATM card for the local blood bank.
- #03 Use an oil painting of yourself in the bathroom to shave with every morning.
- #02 Go to the dentist once a year for a cleaning and sharpening.
- #01 Haven't seen a sunrise since the movie "2001".**

BANE DELIVERY SYSTEM

This is a Bureau 13 field kit, and comes in a convenient canvas-carrying bag. It consists of a sawed off, double-barrel, Remington 12 gauge, shotgun, an illustrated info booklet and a rather heavy vest composed of 60 small pockets, each set of three pockets containing 12 gauge cartridges packed with a particular bane as a load (*We'd be idiots to only give you one of each bane. What if you missed? There would be nothing but paperwork, paperwork, paperwork!*)

BANE BASIC LOAD

- 01 Wolfbane
- 02 Dragonbane
- 03 Wood Chips
- 04 Silver Buck Shot
- 05 Garlic-Communion Wafer Combo
- 06 Kosher Salt
- 07 Clean Earth
- 08 Graveyard Dirt
- 09 Minced Clam Brains
- 10 Shredded Money
- 11 Monosodium Glutamate
- 12 Tanna Leaves
- 13 Bay Leaves
- 14 Huckleberry Bush & Dogwood Ash
- 15 Moondust (*do not fire at werewolves*)
- 16 Quicksilver
- 17 Hydrofluoric Acid
- 18 Depleted Uranium
- 19 Texas Chili (*no beans*)
- 20 Hot Pepper



EFFECTS OF A BANE

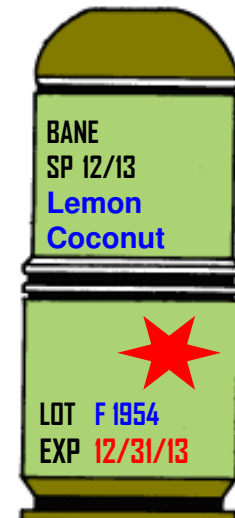
Not all creatures are affected by banes in the same way. You can make generalizations, but many individuals might lack an expected reaction to a bane due to natural immunity, allergy, or special planning. Have some high-explosives ready in case of an emergency.

Bane Kit	Weight: 8.00 lbs.	Availability 75%
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ORDERING A SPECIAL BANE

The Bureau can provide special banes created in the labs. These can be boxed for shotgun delivery or created as missile warheads or grenades. These special composites will take up to d10 hours to formulate and d10 hours to deliver to a site.

A secondary bane kit that can be ordered is a simple 40mm shell and a loader that can be fired out of a M-79 launcher. The pack comes with a dozen shells, a loader assembly and the launcher. Shells also come in pre packed cases with HE for Extreme Damage, smoke in rainbow colors, Phosphorus, Anti-Personnel and Irritant Gas.



40 mm Bane Kit	Weight: 58.00 lbs.	Availability 65%
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IT WAS A SERIOUSLY UGLY MONSTER

Easily fifteen feet tall, with four skinny legs, six muscular arms and a bulbous head made entirely of tentacles lined with suckers filled with teeth, and tipped with long claws. A weresquid? Would silver kill a weresquid?

Shoot it and see, sent my telepathic wife.

Fair enough. I placed my last four shots from the Barret .50 rifle into the pulsating chest of this thing and I'm not sure it noticed. Okay, silver meant doo-doo to the Wiggling Wonder.

Stepping in close, Father Mike butt-stroked the beast in the face with the wooden stock of his shotgun. Wood affected a lot of supernaturals. A whipping tentacle slammed the big priest aside to crash into a tool locker. Donaher went limp on the floor, blood flowing from his face. A no-go on the wood, then.

Her wrist jerked and Mindy buried a knife into its body. Then added a couple of throwing stars. Nada. Jessica peppered it with assorted 9mm rounds, but lead, steel, wood, silver and phosphorus had no noticeable effect. Except maybe slow it down a bit with all that weighty metal tucked inside.

"Cadillac Seville!" George announced, flipping his weapon to full auto. But the fiery stream shells merely vanished into the body of the weird aquatic beast. Scrambling to the moaning priest, I pulled open his cassock. Strapped around his chest was a bulky vest made completely of pockets, each numbered and containing a shotgun shell. Since we were fighting were-creatures Father Donaher had requisitioned a Bane Delivery System.

Good move.

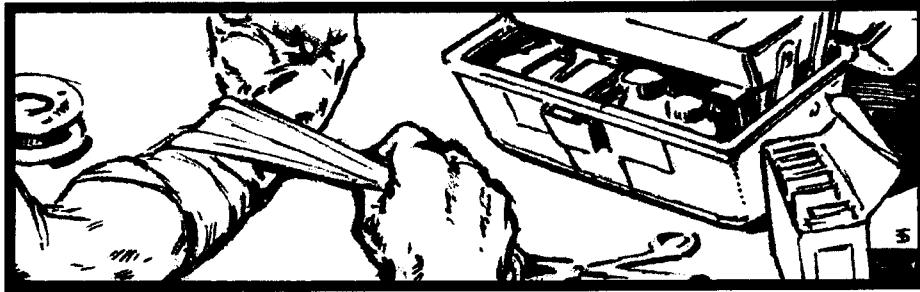
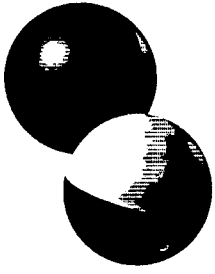
Lashing out with her sword, Mindy cut off a tentacle. The bodiless limb wrapped itself around her torso and started to squeeze.

Flamboyantly pulling the pin with his teeth in total disregard for good oral hygiene, George threw a thermite grenade at the wiggling monstrosity. But it caught the sphere in a tentacle and threw the grenade right back. Surprisingly fast for a man of his bulk, George dove out the way and a time clock was engulfed in searing flames. No loss. Then the water sprinklers came on, a fire bell started clanging and a calm voice began telling us to walk, not run, to the nearest exit.

Dripping wet, I tried read the soggy bane chart. What was a squid anyway, a mollusk? Isn't that in the clam family?

Would demonic clam work? Only one way to find out.

Frantically I started rummaging through the array of shells desperately searching for a 12 gauge cartridge loaded with the ash of a huckleberry bush burned by a left-handed virgin albino on a rainy Tuesday afternoon....



SPECIALTY DRUGS

A real boon to Bureau 13 is Truth, Memory, and Amnesia drugs, created by TechServ to speed casework, and/or to help the rattled victims of harsh supernatural occurrences.

These drugs are delivered by pneumatic guns launching paint-balls that splatter on contact and release their contents. The compounds are quickly absorbed through the skin (*DMSO is the carrying agent*). The Splat Balls also carry a dry-cleaning solution that leaves no telltale stains on clothing or skin. However, a simple chemical test will reveal the traces of the cleaning dry-cleaning solution (*okay, we're not perfect*).

The Specialty Drugs can also be administrated to large crowds via gas grenades and to individuals as chewing gum (*with a new zesty Summertime Mint flavor!*)

Splat Ball or Dart Pistol	Weight: 4.00 lbs.	Availability 95%
Drug Grenade	Weight: 1.00 lb.	Availability 95%
Drug Chewing Gum	Weight: 0.2 lbs.	Availability 95%

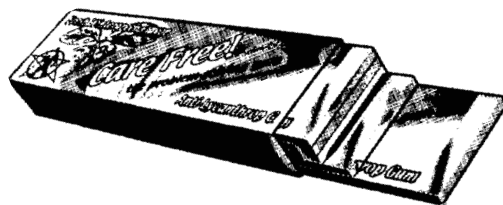
AMNESIA DRUGS

This is a new and dangerous drug codename: WipeOut and is used for special cases to erase short term memory. Each dose removes a few hours of short-term memory (*nearly half the time*). Your mileage may vary. Dealer prep and taxes extra. This drug comes in a six-pack of (2) Splat Balls, (2) gas grenade canisters, (1) pack of chewing gum and (1) glass vial suitable for use with a hypodermic needle or darts.

RESULT OF USE

- 01-05** Drug fails to work.
- 06-50** Victim forgets last 2d10 hours.
- 51-75** Victim forgets last d10 days.
- 76-85** Victim forgets the plot of every Pauly Shore movie.
- 86-95** Victim forgets last d10 weeks.
- 96-98** Victim forgets last d10 months.
- 99** Victim is brain-wiped of everything and has to be treated like a newborn infant, unable to feed or even clean themselves. Takes d10 +6 months to recover their personality and memories.
- 00** Victim convulses and dies.

Wipe Out	Weight: 0.01 lbs.	Availability 95%
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ANTI-LYCANTHROP

There are any number of drugs and herbal remedies have the chance of stabilizing the ravages of Lycanthropy. TechServ suggests Canadian Gold 99. Use of the drug between 1 and 6 hours before a change keeps the victim human for 24 hours. After the Change, CG99 only makes the werewolf itchy, and pissed off.

This drug comes in a standard Bureau six-pack of (2) Splat Balls, (2) gas grenade canisters, (1) pack of chewing gum and a glass vial suitable for use with a hypodermic needle.

Canadian Gold 99

Weight: 0.01 lbs.

Availability 95%

HEALING

This is an arcane compound purified by TechServ, codename: Night Nurse. This is a compound of rare drugs, mixed with 17 secret herbs and spices that promote the body's rapid healing mechanism. Returns 25% Body or Constitution per day when used.

This drug comes in a standard Bureau six-pack of (2) Splat Balls, (2) gas grenade canisters, (2) glass vials suitable for use with a hypodermic needle. The chewing gum version is not available as it rots your teeth. Yes, that infamous fifth dentist works for Bureau 13.

Night Nurse

Weight: 0.01 lbs.

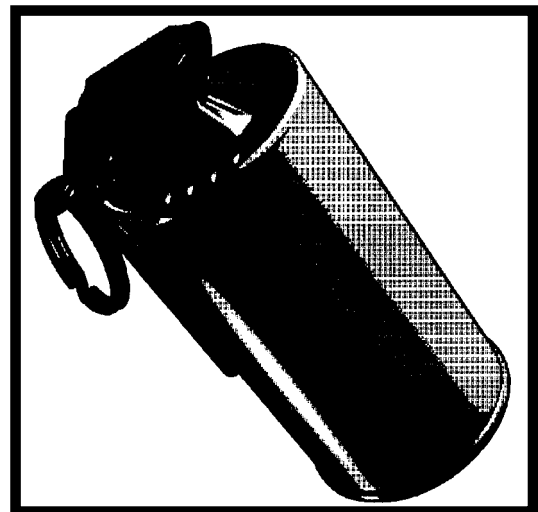
Availability 95%

MEMORY DRUG

This is a TechServ drug codename: New Mon Ick. This is designed to help memory recall and the ability to remember specific details much the same as hypnotism. If combined with a trained hypnotist, or licensed psychologist, the effect is doubled. This drug comes in a standard Bureau pack (6) vials suitable for use with a hypodermic needle (*who would want a Splat Ball or gas grenade of this stuff to make a whole crowd of people remember something?*)

RESULT OF USE:

- 01-25 Fails to work.
- 26-75 Result is 50% accurate.
- 76-85 Result is 75% accurate.
- 86-95 Result is 100% accurate.
- 96-98 Outstandingly accurate to the finest detail.
- 99-00 False Memories of a naked Cancun weekend generated.



New Mon Ick

Weight: 0.01 lbs.

Availability 95%

PSI BOOSTING

The only drug that can do this is called "MCD", primarily because its scientific name is 127 syllables long. Within 1d6 minutes, the telepath will have their mental powers (*PSI points*) doubled. They now also have a 1-5 chance of death on a 2d20 roll. A double dose of MCD will raise their power points tenfold as well as double the maximum result of all rolls and variables, such as: range, area of effect and duration. All concentration limitations are negated and always results in Total Death, the mind, body and spirit are destroyed for eternity (*no resurrections, communication with the dead is impossible*). There are few telepaths who would do this and even fewer situations to warrant such a sacrifice.

At present, MCD is being issued to Bureau 13 teams only in time of war and even then, on a strictly case-by-case basis. This drug comes in a small glass vial containing one dose.

MCD

Weight: 0.01 lbs.

Availability 25%

PSI DEADENING

This is a mind-numbing drug called DCM. (*get it? gosh we're clever*)? While standard, illegal narcotics and plain old alcohol, will have the same general effect, the process is slow, cumbersome, and can accidentally trigger a dreaded Wild Talent episode (*Danger, Will Robinson! Danger! Danger!*)

Within d10 minutes of being injected with DCM, the PSI user can not use their abilities for d10 +10 hours. Extensive use can lead to a minor addiction (*and terrible munchies*).

This drug comes in a standard Bureau six-pack of (2) Splat Balls, (2) gas grenade canisters, (1) pack of chewing gum and a glass vial suitable for use with a hypodermic needle.

DCM	Weight: 0.01 lbs.	Availability 95%
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TRUTH DRUGS

This is a TechServ specialty with the codename: Floodgate. This drug slows down the metabolism, creates a sense of well being and makes the user lose their inhibitions while being questioned.

While these drugs are effective, they do not always give the expected results, and the slightest overdose will make the user as fruity as a nutcake (i.e., *the user will become incomprehensible*). Floodgate can also be countered by special training (*see Enemies: Satan Department, Brotherhood of Darkness, S2, Scion of the Silver Dagger, etc*).

Each dose of Floodgate introduced to the target's system in a 30-minute period reduces their INT by 5 with a cumulative effect. This drug comes in a standard Bureau six-pack of (2) Splat Balls, (2) gas grenade canisters, (1) pack of chewing gum and a glass vial suitable for use with a hypodermic needle.

Also available in a convenient party pack (*limited supply*).

RESULT OF USE:

01-25	Victim is in control of himself.
26-50	Victim talks with 50% truth.
51-75	Victim tells truth.
76-98	Victim starts dancing the Fandango like Carmen Miranda and REALLY tells the truth.
99-00	Victim falls unconscious.

Floodgate Drug

Weight: 0.01 lbs.

Availability 95%

ANTI MAGIC DRUGS

This is a new item by TechServ that scrambles the brain of Magic users. When the drug is applied the mage loses concentration and most coherent magic use is likened to reading a bowl of Alphabet Soup. This has no ill effect on the Mage other than extreme confusion and pissing them off for d10 +1 hours. With Ancient Mages the effects are negated after d10 +10 minutes. Spells that the mage manages to fire off almost always go wrong critically.

RESULT OF USE:

01-25	Mage becomes Confused with a 20% chance of using magic.
26-50	Mage becomes Confused with a 10% chance of using magic.
51-75	Mage becomes Confused and can not use magic.
76-98	Mage becomes Extremely Confused with 50% Loss of Dexterity and Agility.
99-00	Mage falls unconscious.

No Mage Drug

Weight: 0.01 lbs.

Availability 95%



FX ABILITIES: MAGIC

How Do I Become a Mage?

These fantastic powers are often inherited, or in a few cases developed by individuals through deliberate study or misadventure. Mages are often a magnet for the weird, super natural, power-seekers, misguided, sexually-perverted, or just plain goofy individuals. So you'll make lots of new friends! Some of which will try to kill you. Sorry.

OPTIONAL

How did I become a mage? To answer that question simply make something up that amuses the GM. Or if you wish, you can roll a percentile dice (1d100) and consult the following Mage Chart.

- 01-10 Unknown, just woke up this way.
- 11-20 Bloodline (*an ancestor was a mage*)
- 21-30 It was a gift for accidentally rescuing a demon (*oops!*)
- 31-40 Found a forbidden book that opened the portal of power within you (*it tickles!*)
- 41-50 Outwitted an evil genie (*and lived to tell the tale!*)
- 51-60 Mutant aliens in a UFO from the future made you a mage to save Humanity!
- 61-70 Self Taught, learned all by yourself (*well done!*)
- 71-80 Apprenticeship, a mage taught you the secrets of magic.
- 81-90 Struck by lightning at Stonehenge on Friday the 13th during a full moon.
- 91-99 Made a deal, you traded something to become a mage.
- 00 Deciphered the "Bureau 13" novels and unleashed the wizard within. Congratulations!



MAGIC SPELLS

A spell is a one-time magical effect. Arcane spells involve direct manipulation of mystic energies. Stage magic involves springs, flashpaper and a pretty girl in a gold bikini.

Please remember that magic is the process of making changes in the world through force of will, coupled with verbal formula and the performance of certain gestures (*so don't go making stuff up, or you'll blow off a foot*).

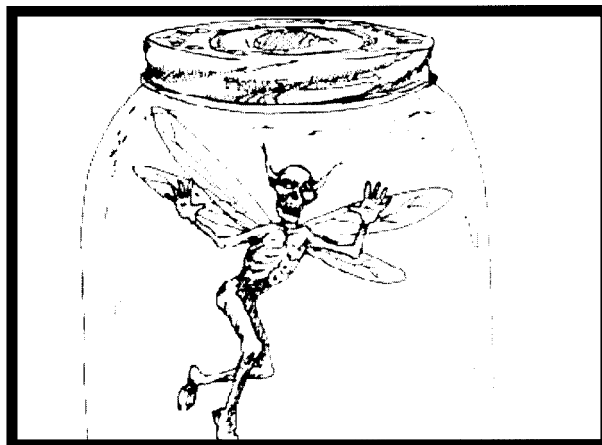
OPTIONAL: COMPONENTS FOR MAGIC

In the Bureau 13 universe, arcane spells do not need components. However, such items do give a boost to your chance of success with a 50% Rate if they are the exactly correct components and only a 10% Rate if they are substitute components.

Example: Unable to find bread and wine, a Mage hastily uses a granola bar and a celery tonic. It works! As the dying man rises completely healed, he is delighted to find that now he is also ten pounds slimmer!

Amateurs like the Kitchen Witches and the dreaded Whoopie Witches desperately need those extra points to make anything happen. Necromancers use components just because they like having a rotting corpse around the house. It gives them somebody to talk to on those long, lonely, winter nights as they plot the end of the world (*these folks really need a hobby*).

Alchemists absolutely must use components. But then, they do receive a +75% Rate of Success.



THE TOP TEN REASONS TO BECOME A WICCAN

- #10 Taking random days off from work because your boss has no idea when the heck is Solstice.
- #09 Pagan chicks are hot!
- #08 There is no cover charge on a field of grass.
- #07 You can still celebrate any other holiday (That's just being friendly).
- #06 Its impossible to tithe your salary to a rainbow.
- #05 Your bowling league becomes a coven.
- #04 Candles are now tax-deductible.
- #03 The Rule of Three, baby!
- #02 Being skyclad all of the time.

And the number one reason to become a Wiccan is ...

#01 It bugs the ever-living crap out of the mundanes!

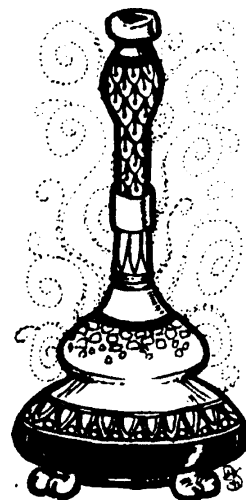
And the number one way to really annoy a Wiccan is ...

#01 Compliment them that they have better Christian values than many Christians.

SPELL COMPONENTS

To determine optional components for a spell, roll on the following chart when gaining access to a spell, if multiple spells become available at once, roll for each spell. The GM should feel free to apply modifiers for powerful and rare spells, or just for comedic effect.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 01-02 Plants | |
| 03-04 Unusual Plants (<i>such as a Triffid</i>) | |
| 05-06 Herbs | |
| 07-08 Rare Herbs | |
| 09-10 Rare Asian, South American or African Herbs | |
| 11-12 Candles | |
| 13-14 Blade | |
| 15-16 Special Tool | |
| 17-18 Spacial Tool (<i>something from a NASA shuttle</i>) | |
| 19-20 Animal Parts | |
| 21-22 Unusual Animal Parts. | 82-86 Cloth, or woven fiber |
| 23-24 DVD of " <i>Animal House</i> " | 87-88 High-fiber cereal |
| 26-28 Minerals | 89-90 Holy Implement |
| 30-32 Minerals and Vitamins | 91-93 Repaired Implement |
| 33-34 Gemstone | 94-96 Foodstuff |
| 35-36 Kidney Stone | 97-98 Pepperidge Farm Stuffing. |
| 37-38 Book of Magic | 98 Animal sacrifice. (<i>see: Why Odin Hates Goats</i>) |
| 39-40 Naughty book of Sexual Magic | 99 Human sacrifice (<i>evil mages only, please</i>) |
| 41-46 Base Metal | 00 Inhuman sacrifice. (<i>best of luck there, binky</i>) |
| 47-48 Rare Metal | |
| 49-50 Heavy Metal 8-track tape | |
| 51-52 Container | |
| 52-53 Tupperware Container | |
| 54-55 Generic Drugs | |
| 57-58 Illegal Drugs | |
| 59-60 Chemicals | |
| 61-62 Rare Chemicals | |
| 63-64 Well-Done Chemicals | |
| 65-66 Paper or Parchment | |
| 67-72 Rolling Papers | |
| 73-74 Antique Paper | |
| 74-77 Scented Oils | |
| 77-79 Silicon Lubricant | |
| 80-81 Rare Oils | |





NEW ARCANES SPELLS

BUREAU 13 SPECIALIZED MAGIC

While there are many lists of the spells a mage can use, this is a list of the special spells and conjures, that only a B13 mage can use. Randomize the components needed and add the required Material Component.

Bjorn Again

Components:	Three + RMC	Casting Time:	04 Seconds
Range:	Close 25 ft	Target:	One
Duration:	1 Hour	Target Ignores:	05%

If the target fails to Ignore the spell, they will be able to speak only Swedish for one hour per level. Side effect: If the victim already speaks Swedish, the spell backfires. The Mage must then save vs. the spell or become affected. Creatures affected by the spell are unable to cast spells with a verbal component for the duration.

Required Material Components: Swedish Meatball.

Bonds of Love

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	One
Duration:	1 Hour	Target Ignores	20%

If the target fails to ignore the spell, they will discover how much they actually like being tied-up and will make absolutely no attempt to escape - even if the target is an Iron Golem bound only by a single strand of sewing thread.

Required Material Component: Fur-Lined Handcuffs, and a Silk Scarf (*Adults Agents Only!*)

Brother

Components	Six	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	One
Duration:	1 Hour	Target Ignores	40%

If the target fails to ignore the spell, they instantly bond to the magician as a long lost relative and will fight to the death for them.

Catch!

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	25 Feet	Target:	One
Duration:	1 Minute	Target Ignores	20%

If the target fails to ignore the spell, they will try, to the best of their ability, to catch and hold on to the very next physical object coming their way. This includes: arrows, cars, express trains, or even an avalanche.

Required Material Components:

Paper Bullseye, and a Tube of Glue.



Detonate Dead

Components	One + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	600 Feet	Target:	One
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	10%

The Mage can cause a corpse to explode with 1 D6 of explosive damage per size-category (see the chart below). This spell does not work on the undead, vampires, mummies, zombies, Frankenstein monsters, or Young Republicans. **Note:** The Caster takes Light Damage if they make any of the expected puns, such as 'hand grenades', etc.

Required Material Components

Earth, Air, Fire and Water (*ah, the classic combo*).



CORPSE DETONATION DAMAGE

By Size	Average	Equivlency
Dragon	Extreme	06 Blocks C-4
Elephant	Extreme	04 Blocks C-4
Water Buffalo	Critical	02 Blocks C-4
Pegasus	Above Average	01 Block C-4
Full Human	Above Average	.50 Block C-4
Human Torso	Average	.25 Block C-4
Human Hand	Moderate	.25 Block C-4

Dog Gone

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	50 Feet	Target:	Up to 12
Duration:	d10 + 5 Minutes	Target Ignores	10%

During a dog, wolf or werewolf attack the mage gives the canine target second thoughts on the attack. This will stop the targets in their tracks for up to a quarter hour. Great when you are being tracked by a Sheriff's bloodhounds or that pesky werewolf. After the spell dissipates the animal realizes it has been tricked and will become enraged. It will continue its tracking. Does not work on felines.

Required Material Components

Hair of a Dog



EMP Blast

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	200 Feet	Target:	One
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	None

The Mage generates an electromagnetic pulse explosion that is both invisible and silent. All unshielded computer circuits, chips and transistors will stop working for d10 hours. Hardened Electronics are immune.

Required Material Components

Dead alkaline battery, size AAA.

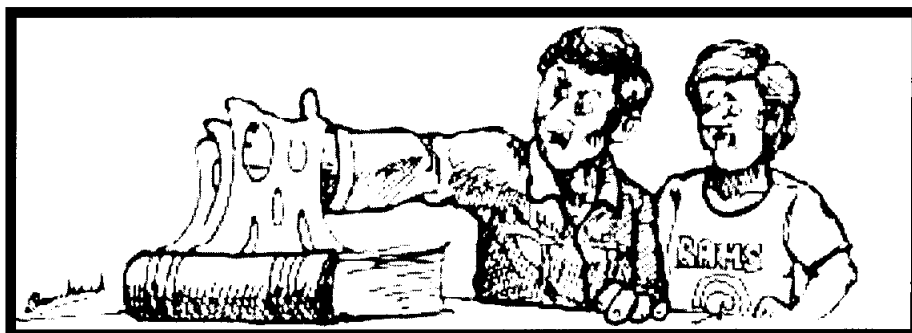
Flesh to Fudge

Components	Three + RMC	Casting Time	10 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	One
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	35%

If the target fails their saving throw, they turn into a mindless, inert statue of...fudge. Women become sweet fudge. Males become fudge with nuts. The target is not dead and its soul does not pass on, but spells to determine status do not provide any information. The spell will wear off in d10 hours if the body is not disturbed or moved. If damaged the consequences can be horrible. Only creatures made of flesh are affected by this spell.

Required Material Components

Sugar, Milk, Cocoa and Vanilla Extract.



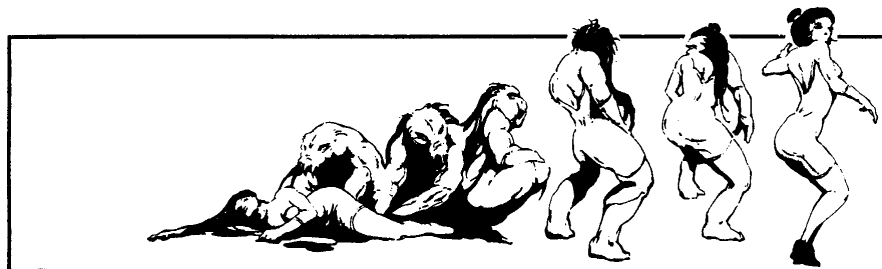
Kovorkian

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	100 Feet	Target:	Area
Duration:	10 Minutes	Target Ignores	15%

If successful, all attacking enemies within 100' will completely ignore anybody else and solely concentrate their attacks on just the mage.

Required Material Components

Length of Rope, Wooden Stool. (*HO scale is just fine*)



Who-What-Were

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	One
Duration:	Permanent	Target Ignores	20%

The target of the spell must make 2 Target Ignores, or be afflicted with some form of were affliction (*see chart*).

Required Material Components

Tupperwere, some Hardware, and a Disk of Software.

WERE TYPE

- 01-05 Amoebae
- 06-10 Fish
- 11-15 Frog
- 16-20 Rat
- 21-25 Cat (*ordinary*)
- 26-30 Bengal Tiger
- 31-35 Dog (*ordinary*)
- 36-40 Hound of the Baskervilles
- 41-45 Horse
- 46-50 Horse's Patoot (*don't ask*)
- 51-55 Centaur (*common*)
- 56-60 Red Centaur (*communist*)
- 61-65 Griffin (*common*)
- 66-70 Melanie Griffith (*movie star*)
- 71-75 Dragon (*common*)
- 76-80 Dragoon (*18th Century British*)
- 81-85 Wolf (*classic*)
- 86-90 Pink Elephant
- 91-95 Stegosaurus
- 96-99 Yeti
- 00 Imperial Tibetan BloodSlug!



"Okay, the demon is dead. Now can I have a banana, please?"

Kensington Sanders
Bureau 13, field agent

FX ABILITIES: DIVINE

BUREAU 13 DIVINE SPELLS

A spell is a one-time magical effect. Divine spells draw power from an unworldly source, be it from within the caster's own beliefs, or some greater entity. Divine spellcasting requires meditation and provides more utilitarian effects, including the ability to heal the wounded.

Naturally, a Bureau mage can make use of the known magic spells (*well, all of the nice spells, anyway*). However, these are the specialty conjures that our mad monks in TechServ were (*yes, we are going to say it*) divinely inspired to create.

Blessings be all high and pass the ammunition!

Benching

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Personal	Target:	Allies within 30 Ft.
Duration:	Concentration	Target Ignores	20%

Every Friday night, Jews across the world celebrate the Shabbat by joyfully singing and for some reason this has acquired the nickname of benching. Naturally, this soon became the basis for a powerful Cabal spell.

While loudly singing a happy (*but not necessarily*) religious song, the Combat Cleric will double their Strength. They will triple their Strength if they stay on key. The boosting effect ceases the moment they stop singing, or consume dairy products. (*created by the Rabbi/Mages of Team Macabe*)

Required Material Components

Matzo Cracker

Confess!

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Personal	Target:	One
Duration:	Concentration	Target Ignores	20%

Once the target is bound and disarmed and if they fail their Target Ignores Roll the target reveals all major secrets and is brought to Half Body Points at the end of the duration (*also known as: Tell Me-Everything- That- You-Don't- Want-Me- To-Know! A Bureau 13 classic*).

Required Material Components

Small Ruler

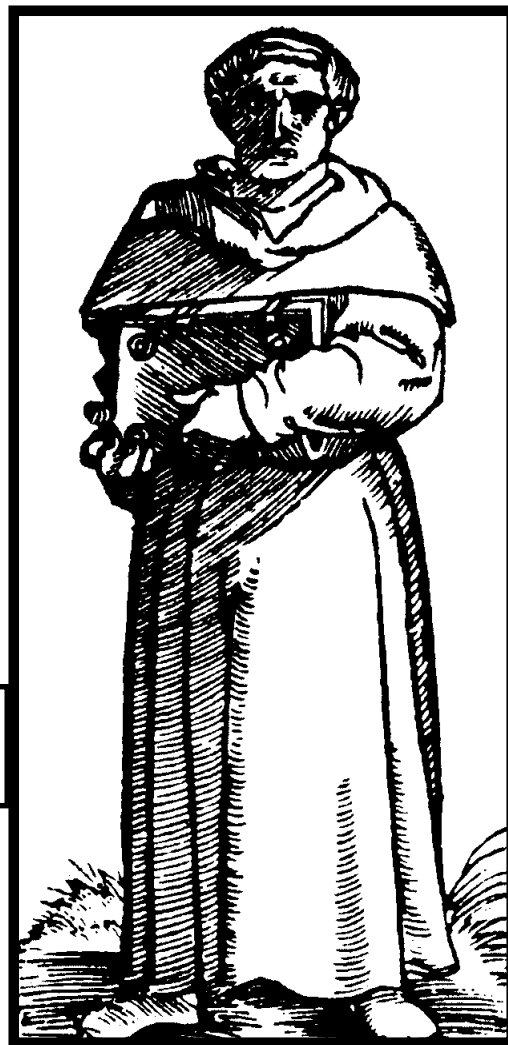
Digit Goes Hawaiian

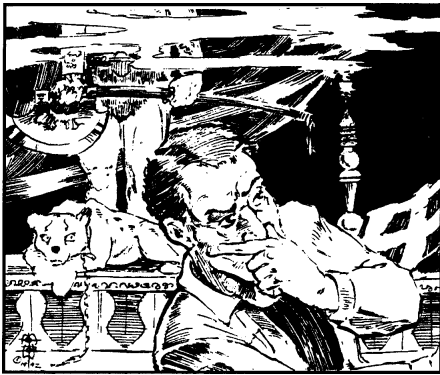
Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Personal	Target:	One
Duration:	Concentration	Target Ignores	20%

If the Target fails their Ignore Roll, this temporarily liquifies the bones inside the (*right or left*) index finger making it extremely difficult for the victim to operate a firearm.

Required Material Components

Vinegar





Incense is Best

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	100	Target:	Local Area
Duration:	20 Minutes	Target Ignores	n/a

Thick streams of sweet-smelling smoke pour from the open palms of the Combat Cleric to cloud the air. Good for escape, or attack. Generates one 10-foot cube of dense smoke.

The smoke comes available in the following scents: sandalwood, rose, jasmine and lemon furniture polish (*perfect for masking*

the stink of recently discharged firearms).

Required Material Components

Pinch of incense.

I Said A Candle Light!

Components	Three + RMC	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	400 Ft.	Target:	Wicks
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	n/a

By using any hand-held flame, the Combat Cleric can instantly ignite the wick of every candle, lantern or torch direct line of sight. This is the benign version of the Evil Clerical Spell: Ignite Everybody's Fuses!

Required Material Components

Wax and Carbonized Wick.

Mongolian Fire Drill

Components	Four + RMC	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	100 Ft.	Target:	Group
Duration:	Concentration	Target Ignores	20%

Useless against individuals, this is a spell that can ONLY affect the attacked party as a whole. All members of the Target group will exchange class-bodies. Mages will go into the bodies of Normal Humans. Normal Humans will go into the bodies of Combat Clerics. Combat Clerics will go into the bodies of Alchemists. Alchemists will go into the bodies of Mages. All supernaturals will simply go into the body of the entity on their left.

While no direct damage has been done to the target group, this effectively renders them helpless and very confused.

Example: The Mage still has their power, but the Normal inside their body does not know how to use, or control a spell. And so on.

If every member of the Target group is of the same class (*all werewolves, all Mages, all left-handed Episcopalian kangaroos, whatever*), then the supernatural rule comes into effect and every mind goes into the body of the entity to the left. This results in a serious loss Coordination due to the fact that the new inhabitant is completely unaware of how to operate the new body because of the unfamiliar muscle-memory.

Note: Please be polite and don't go looking inside the other person's clothing while you inhabit their body. Unless you smell smoke, of course (*see: Ignite Underwear*).

Required Material Components

Baboon Fur, Brandy & Ferret Blood

Repel News Reporter

Components	Two + RMC	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	600 Ft.	Target:	Media
Duration:	d10 +1 Hours	Target Ignores	15%

Every news reporter, TV anchor, journalism student, amateur camera buff, etc. within two city blocks will promptly lose all interest in whatever is happening near the Combat Cleric and go find something else to do. Photographers must make a save vs. INT, or willingly dump out their film/photo stick, because it is “obviously overexposed or damaged”).

Note: This spell will have no effect whatsoever against automatic video cameras, or Jules Englehart (*see: Enemies*) (*winner of the ‘Most Useful Spell Contest’ for 14 years in a row!*)

Required Material Components

Old Film Negative.

Summon Cab

Components	Four + RMC	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	500 Ft.	Target:	Public Transport
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	25%

The Combat Cleric sharply whistles around two-fingers in the mouth and if located in a major city, a cab will arrive instantly. If far away from a city (top of mountain, middle of desert) cab will plummet from the sky to land on top of the nearest enemy. Critical Damage, plus \$1.50 for the first 1/10th of mile and 95 cents for each additional 1/2 mile. No checks, please.

Required Material Components

Ability to Whistle.

Xtreme Help

Components	Four + RMC	Casting Time	30 Minutes
Range:	Local	Target:	GM
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	25%

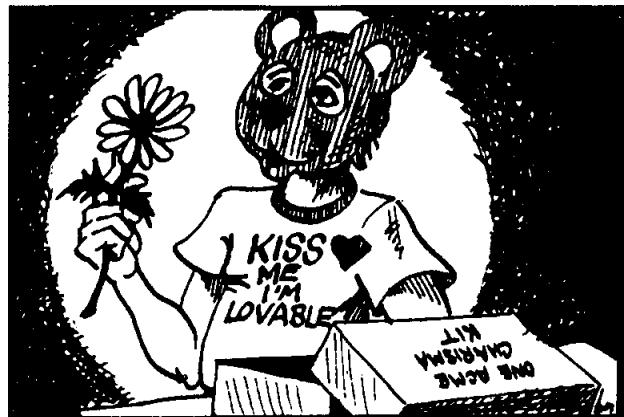
A highly limited conjure that can only be used once per gaming session. Every normal person in the team will take Moderate Damage and every Mage or Combat Cleric is drained of half of their use of Magic. Plus, there needs to be a real-world delivery of a hot, fresh pizza to be offered to the great and mysterious being known only as GM. If the toppings are pleasing, GM is now honor bound to answer one question from the group truthfully and honestly, without any fudging, wiggling about, or being cryptic (*hey, fair’s fair, they just bought you dinner*).

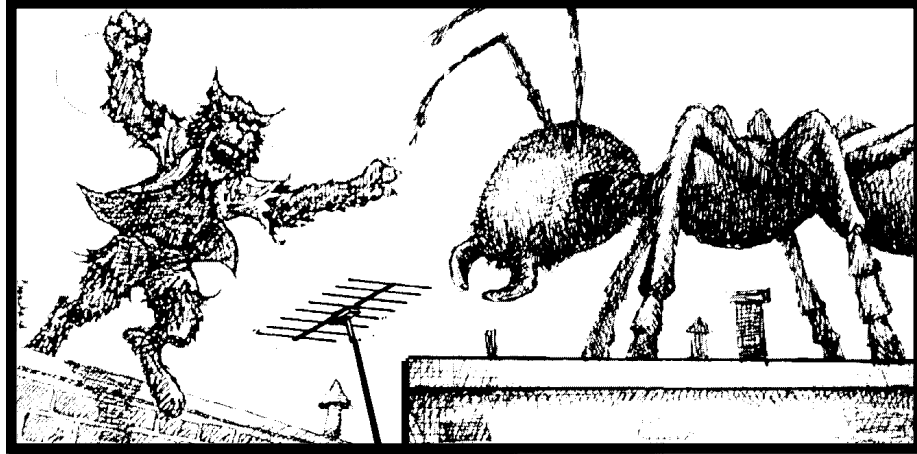
Required Material Components

About \$12 Bucks.

“When facing an army of the undead, it’s always important to remember that they’re dead and you’re not, so just keep it that way and you’ll be fine.”

*Major Logan Randall
Bureau 13, field agent*





FX: MOVIE MAGIC

Incredibly, a lot of the bizarre events that you **see** done in the movies are actually accomplished with magic. Oh, they all started off as just dramatic elements used in films. But over the past hundred years, so many people have started to believe in them, that there has been a rift in the Time/Space continuum between Hollywood and Hollyweird, until now the two separate planes of existence have begun to physically touch (*which certainly explains a lot of things about Los Angeles, now doesn't it?*)

All of these spells are available individually in a "Bureau 13" Magic Combat Bracelet. Or they can all be stored in the Mystic Rune of S.A.G. (*which resembles a large canned ham in a spotlight*) and can be easily (*albeit painfully*) tattooed on the back of a Special Federal Agent, or ordinary mage. However, only one spell at a time can be accessed and after each spell is used, the spotlight dims until the canned ham simply vanishes. **Note:** these tattoos do not interfere with a Temp-Temp-Tat (see FX Items).

Now, these spells were created by the raw emotional rush of countless audiences and thus they are slightly different from a normal conjure. **Example:** while it would only seem reasonable for an Agent to roll against their Skill to defuse a bomb, using Movie Magic to defuse a bomb, the Caster would instead roll against their Charisma because it only matters how cool they appear, not how smart they actually are. Remember: this is movie magic and only waves its hat in passing at logic.

Note: Only Millennium Knights are forbidden to use the Mystic Rune of S.A.G., mostly because they belong to a different union.

AIR VENT HIGHWAY

Previously known as: "Why Did it Have to Be Terrorists, John?" and before that as "Sam Spade's Coal Chute."

SPELL	Transmutation	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Up to 4
Duration:	30 Minutes	Target Ignores	n/a

The Target, or Caster, can shrink down to the perfect size to crawl through an air vent that otherwise would have been impossible to traverse. However, there must be a pre-existing air vent. Their weight will be appropriately reduced to facilitate ease of passage. Lasts until the Target leaves the air vent, or they get shot.

ALL HEEL BREAKS LOSE

Originally known as: "Let's Make the Pretty Girl Trip So That We Have a Legitimate Excuse to See Her Nylons" spell.

SPELL	Evocation	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	30 Feet	Target:	1
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	20%

Originally designed to only effect females, this sexist spell has been rendered gender neutral by the egalitarian folks TechServ. Well done! If the Target fails reflex save, they will trip and fall down, slightly ripping their clothing, and lose a single article of footwear. Unless the Target pauses to put the footwear back on (*or kick off the other one*), they now move at half speed.

ANYBODY HOLMES?

Previously known as: "Mr. Moto's Mental Musing", and before that, "Philo Vance Knows!" and before that, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes!"

SPELL	Divination	Casting Time	06 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	1
Duration:	Concentration	Target Ignores	20%

Caster knocks twice on the door of a dwelling and can instantly tell if anybody is inside the structure, or not. This also works with a telephone as Ring Locate. Caster must hold their Concentration to tell if the precise person they want to find is at the location contacted.

ARNIE'S ULTIMATUM

Originally known as: "I'll Be Back!"

SPELL	Illusion	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Area	Target:	Group
Duration:	Concentration	Target Ignores	20%

All noise will stop within 100' of Caster so that they can issue a bold statement to everybody nearby, or to one specific individual. If to the public, their words will echo, if addressed to an individual, a bright spotlight from above will flood the area and then focus down onto the target. Whether for Public, or Individual, everybody present can hear the Caster speak, and any threat, or promise, issued by the Caster will be absolutely believed. Even if the statement is incredibly and obviously, untrue (*so make it good, kiddo. This may be your only chance to unnerve the enemy*).

"Don't tell me 'Reverse Eyebrows' is useless. I once stopped an entire trans-dimensional invasion with that spell! You just gotta have some imagination, is all."

*Raul Horta, Mage
Bureau 13*

BEER BARRIER

Previously known as: "The Clayton Moore Mambo" and before that as "The Zorro Zoom."

SPELL	Conjuration	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	10 Minutes	Target Ignores	20%

For ten rounds, the Caster or assigned Target, will be rendered absolutely immune to any physical damage caused by being in a bar fight, such as: struck by a chair, hit with a bottle, punched by a bare fist, or thrown head first through a glass window. However, all other weapons and offensive spells still do normal damage (i.e., *a lightning bolt will fry your butt, so don't get cocky, kid*).

CENTRAL CASTING

Previously known as: "Vin Diesel Amuck" and before that as "Charles Bronson Amuck" and before that as "Errol Flynn Amuck" and before that as, "John Barrymore Amuck" and before that... but you get the idea.

SPELL	Conjuration	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	10 Minutes	Target Ignores	20%

An exact duplicate of the Caster will charge into any dangerous situation to be vaingloriously slaughtered, thus enabling the Caster to discover where the boobytraps are located, snipers are hidden, etc. The duplicate will do nothing else, but charge into danger and look heroic. The duplicate has the same amount of Life or Body as the caster, but has none of their special, or magical abilities.

If nothing attacks, or harms, the duplicate, then the Caster takes Light physical damage from the magical backlash of wasting the Ethereal Stuntman's time. (*thus we seriously suggest shooting your own duplicate in case of non-trouble*).

DRAMATIC ENTRANCE

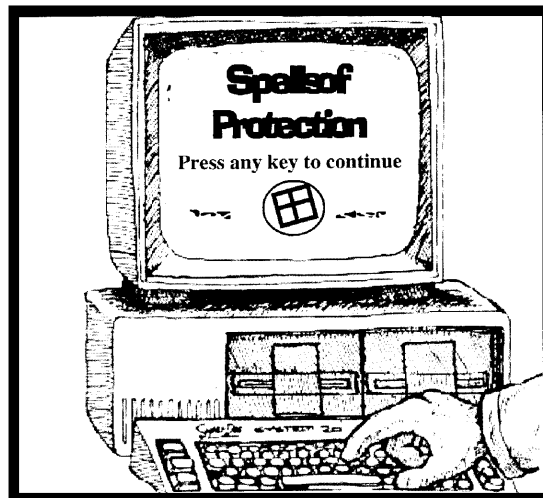
Originally known as: "Door of Cardboard" Created by Douglas Fairbanks Sr.

SPELL	Evocation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	05 Minutes	Target Ignores	n/a

Encountering any closed door (*but not necessarily locked*), the Caster can kick at it with quadruple their Strength. There is 25% chance of the flying door (*or pieces of the door*) striking anybody on the other side doing Moderate damage.

This works well on common wood and composite doors but not on steel or reinforced doors.

Bank vaults are right out.



DRAMATIC EXIT

Originally known as: "Exit, Stage Left!"

SPELL	Transmutation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Long	Target:	Exit Door
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	n/a

Any physical opening that is closing will now slow to half-speed allowing the Caster more time to slip through. This includes: garage doors, a cave in, drawbridge, or the airlock on a spaceship. The dramatic ticking of a clock will be heard during the spell but is there only to purely heighten the thrilling effect of the 'daring' escape.

HEALING RUB

Originally known as: "Cowboy First-Aid" Created by Tom Mix and Lash La Rue.

SPELL	Conjuration	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	1 Minute	Target Ignores	10%

Ignoring the tremendous pain caused by doing this, the Caster can heroically massage an open, bleeding, wound, or broken bone, to actually administer Moderate repair to the physical damage.

HERO GUN

Originally known as: "Villains Can't Count"

SPELL	Conjuration	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	10%

By using this spell, any conventional firearm held by Caster or Target, can now fire a number of bullets equal to the caliber of the weapon. Thus, a S&W .44 Magnum can fire 44 bullets without being reloaded. This spell is especially good for Agents using a .357 Magnum but rather pointless if the Agent is carrying a 9mm.

HITCHHIKER REX

Previously known as: "Running Board Rumba", and before that as "Stage Coach Sticky". Created by some crazed putz (that's Hollywood slang for 'dang fool') of a stuntman who dove onto a runaway train, got hit by a blast from the steam whistle, fell off to be run over by the wheels, and plummeted off a bridge to land on a burning dynamite factory that then exploded. The poor fellow later died of Emphysema.

SPELL	Transmutation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	Special	Target Ignores	20%

Subject vs. Will to stick to the outside of a speeding vehicle as if the chassis/hull/fuselage was flat ground. Caster can only be removed if they are killed, rendered unconscious, or the vehicle comes to a complete halt. Caster can move about the Target vehicle at will and leave whenever they wish.

This spell will not be negated if the Caster leaps off the target vehicle to land on another moving vehicle. However, doing so cancels all of your health insurance and the first vehicle will probably explode.

JUNGLE YELL

Originally known as "Wiessmueller's Warbling Wail."

SPELL	Illusion	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Group
Duration:	Discharge	Target Ignores	20%

Caster will start beating their chest and issue an incredibly loud cry that will echo outward for one (1) mile per level. Stone walls, concrete barriers and even Protective Spheres will do nothing to slow the advance of the magical audio wave.

No stun damage will be done to anybody/thing standing near the Caster, and no actual words can be used, it will merely be an inarticulate shout. However, this yell can be used to allow friends to know the Caster is still alive, and where to find them. On the other hand, this yell can also allow the enemy to know the Caster is still alive and where to find them.

The sonic spell will last until the Caster stops beating their chest, or runs out of breath (*average three minutes*).

Warning: there is a 10% chance of every living animal within range of the cry rushing to be near the Caster. However, the Caster will have no control over these creatures and may be promptly eaten.

LAST BULLET STANDING

Originally known as: "Pressure Makes Diamonds."

SPELL	Evocation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Individual
Duration:	Discharge	Target Ignores	20%

The Caster will receive a +10 to Hit, but only if this is the last bullet they have on them at the time. This is not the last bullet loaded into the weapon, but the very last round of live ammunition carried upon the Caster, or stored in the vehicle you are driving in at the time. Spell is permanently negated if Caster disposes of any spare ammo in a cheesy attempt to artificially invoke LBS.

MAGNUM FRISBEE

Previously known as: "Duck, Superman!" and before that as: "The B Movie Boogey."

SPELL	Evocation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	1 Weapon
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	20%

If the Caster has no more ammunition, they can throw their empty firearm at the enemy. Regardless of the size of the weapon, it will only do Light Damage. However, the thrown firearm bypasses all magical defenses, and/or physical defenses used by the Enemy such as: a suit of armor, bulletproof vest, or even reverse missile. Only a protective sphere, or a WGA registered screenplay can stop the thrown firearm.

Caster must still make a successful ranged attack. The invoking of the spell includes: the actual casting and the throwing of the weapon, accompanied by the appropriate insult. **Example:** "Eat this, Bug Boy!"

THE RULE OF THREE

Originally known as, "False Excitement Generator" Created by Max Sennet's idiot nephew.

SPELL	Enchantment	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	Vehicle
Duration:	Discharge	Target Ignores	20%

If the Caster rolls a Target Ignores, their vehicle will require three attempts to start the motor/engine before it finally catches. During each attempt, the driver will become more and more terrified. Until once the motor catches, the driver needs to make a Dexterity roll to see if they fumble and turn the engine/motor off.

STEALTH WALK

Originally known as: "No Comment, Please!" Created by Greta Garbo.

SPELL	Transmutation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	20 Feet	Target:	Area Around User
Duration:	1 Hour	Target Ignores	20%

Every microphone within 100 feet of the Caster goes dead for an hour. Velvet ropes and a red carpet are no longer needed as components.

SUMMON NOTHING

Originally known as: "Heroes Don't Double-Park."

SPELL	Conjuration	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	20 Feet	Target:	Area Around User
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	n/a

If driving in a vehicle, or riding on a horse or similar animal that needs tethering, the Caster finds an empty parking space directly in front of where ever it is they had wanted to go.

"On my last assignment, I simply told the vampire who I was and he died of fright. By god, I love it when they do that!"

J.P. Withers

Immortal Bureau 13, Field Agent

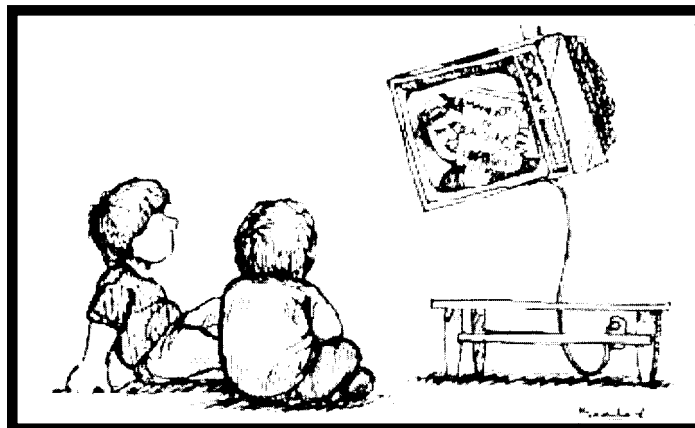


TABLE SHIELD

Originally known as: "John Wayne's Magic Hat."

SPELL	Transmutation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	1 Table
Duration:	05 Minutes	Target Ignores	20%

Caster enhances any ordinary table into a shield with the hardness of tank armor. Gives a defense with armor plate hardness. This also works on garbage can lids, car doors, and sofa cushions. Item has normal weight, mass and smell. *(so think twice before holding that hotel sofa cushion in front of your face)*

UBER UNGER

Originally known as: "Monk's Reaction" and before that as "Felix Unger's Phobia" and before that as "Emergency Tidy"

SPELL	Transmutation	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	1 Individual
Duration:	Instant	Target Ignores	20%

The Caster, or Target, will run stiff fingers through their hair, and will instantly become spotlessly clean, shaved, shampooed, etc. and their clothing will be neat, patched, dry and freshly laundered. If bald, the Caster or Target rubs their face vigorously to achieve the same result. This has no effect on wounds, poison, or disease, but the Target will look absolutely spiffy. Weapons will not be reloaded, or magical items recharged.

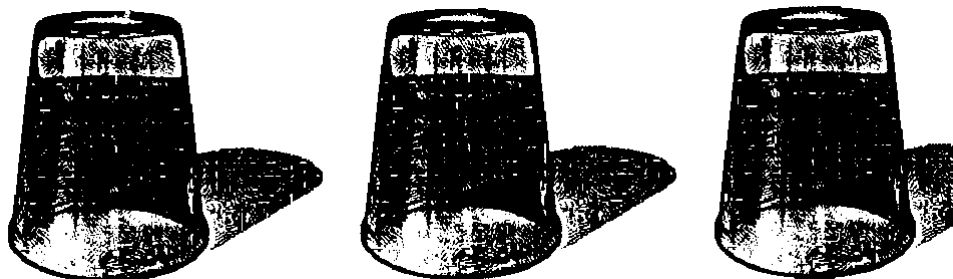
UNQUENCHABLE

Originally known as: "Miriam in Nepal". Previously thought to have been created by Humphrey Bogart, but no, he just had a cast-iron stomach.

SPELL	Cunjuration	Casting Time	04 Seconds
Range:	Touch	Target:	1 Individual
Duration:	Special	Target Ignores	20%

Target will stay perfectly sober and in control of their mind and body no matter how much intoxicating liquor, or illegal narcotics, they consume. The spell will last until the Caster dispels the effect, or accidentally burps.

Afterwards, Caster will be asleep for one (1) hour with a blistering headache. Friends & Allies: please have black coffee and aspirin ready. Enemies and Foes: have a large Chinese gong ready to strike, or maybe something on the stereo from an early CD of "Guns and Roses". Although "Whitesnake", and "Vanilla Ice", are also good for torture.



CRYPTOZOLOGY

Friends, fiends, foes and shmoes, all manner of oddball things exist in the world. This is a short list of 100 of the more common ones encountered by the Bureau.

ALCHEMISTS

01

Left over from the dark ages are the last few Alchemists who struggle to combine magic and chemistry to find great secrets like changing lead into gold or creating the Philosophers Stone. Most tend to blow themselves to bits though a few do make some unusual discoveries. The most dangerous of these are the old Alchemists who have discovered the secrets of life prolongation and are now a bit paranoid or senile.

AFRICAN WITCH DOCTORS

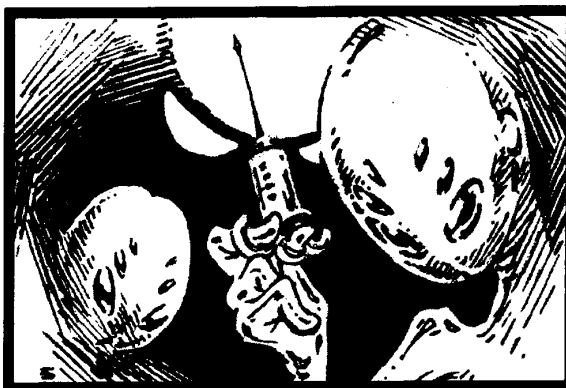
02

The African Witch Doctor is the master of natural magic and spirit lore much in the way of the Indian Shaman. The Witch Doctor often distrusts the modern Doctor or Medical Tech that crosses his profession or attempts to discredit his work with spirits. Can call demonic spirits for general use.

ALIENS

03

In every shape, size, and sex alien beings drop in on Earth for various reasons: some of them even intentionally. Many aliens are scouts for larger military forces waiting for a sign of Human weakness so they may invade. Others are here to help with Human development, or to police our world for more sinister alien influences. This just goes to prove that the galactic social systems are just as inefficient and messed-up as Humanity's. **Warning:** That whole anal probing thing is real, so be careful!



ALIEN ANIMALS

04

Even stranger than the alien explorers are their pets, and zoological specimens, that can get loose on Earth. These beasts will range from goofy to ferocious, and come in every imaginable size, shape, color and religious orientation. The alien owner will often return to hunt for these lost creatures by following the wide path of smoking destruction left in their wake. The Alien Animal may even have intelligence comparable to a Human and often adopts a human child to protect.

ALIEN DEVICES

05

These are the machines left behind, or lost, by the Alien visitors. As opposed to devices found buried in prehistoric rock strata, these machines are still fully functional, and usually highly dangerous. Upon learning of their existence, most mega-corporations will unleash a small army of Industrial Spies (see: *Cryptozoology -Spies*) to steal the Alien Device, as will most major governments and every Supernatural Agency, the Aliens themselves and a whole lot of sci-fi fans (*this does not include gamers, of course, who never cause anybody any trouble whatsoever*).

AMATEURS

06

Wannabe ghost "busters" who charge into mortal danger with no regard for themselves, or the surrounding population. They are often armed with homemade, and unlicensed, energy weapons. Sadly, these yahoos are protected by law and so Bureau 13 agents can't just stun them and stuff them into a holding cell. That is, until they blow something up, then an Agent can slap on the handcuffs and read 'em their rights. Remember, as FBI agents we are sworn to uphold the law. *Most of the time...*

ANGELS

07

Angels are the troops of good that help man fight the evils of hell. Angels can be gentle to harsh in personality, their actions may be direct or inspirational. In human form an angel has a 90% chance of magical accuracy.

ANGELS, HIGH

08

High Angels deal with problems of monstrous evil and rarely have any contact with man. They have command of all magics with a 98% chance of accuracy, Crossing an Angel can have profound implications. Higher Angels often appear as a blinding white light.

ANCIENT ARTIFACTS

09

These items will range from; simple gold treasures of the Aztecs, to the technology wonders of Atlantis, or even the magic weapons of Lost Sheboygan. Many of these things are harmless, or even amusing (*such as a tube of Krell Toothpaste*), but some have latent powers and abilities that in the wrong hands can cause great harm. Even if the Ancient Artifact has no power, or special abilities, its sheer age and scarcity can make it worth millions. Thus, many criminals and evil organizations will want to get their hands on the stuff to sell, or to trade for Things-Best-Not-Mentioned. In a few rare cases, the original owners will awake from their millennium long slumbers and demanded to get back their solid gold, sub-atomic, foot massager.

ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS

10

Long before Humanity rose from the muddy swamps in search of a decent dry cleaner, other beings from Beyond The Stars walked our world. Most of them went back home (*to where ever that was*), but a few stayed to form little colonies in distant jungles, sandy deserts, or inaccessible mountain ranges. Their cities may be empty now, the bones of the Antediluvian visitors crumbled into the dust. But their Earthbuilt residences are still here, along with the occasional homemade spaceport. In rare instances, the wreckage of spacecraft with alien astronauts - still alive inside - may be found.

ANIMATE INANIMATES

11

Common objects will sometimes take on a life of their own and promptly begin to infect other inanimate objects with the ability to move, and think freely. An attack by inanimates can prove to be extremely dangerous to civilians and Bureau 13 agents alike. Running away is always a viable option while you're trying to figure out where the brain is hidden inside a grimly homicidal and very mobile, wood chipper.

BIGFOOT

12

These 8 foot tall furry humanoids are primitive cousins of man. Having severed family ties long ago they tend to shy from the complexities of civilization and the works of man. The average Bigfoot is a timid creature that prefers the forests and mountains. Only when their home turf or family is threatened do they strike back with a vengeance. They have an intelligence equal to man.

CLASSIC MYTHOLOGICAL MONSTERS

13

Included in this large classification are the lost monsters and animals of classical mythology and their kin. This may include creatures like the Cyclops, Hydra, Pegasi, rocs and other types that may have survived.

CLONES

14

Cloning has the potential of being a colossal boon to Humanity. But so far, it has only created a weird army of evil doppelgangers (*dopppele-street-gangers?*) out to destroy their creators and then rule the world. Human clones that are force-grown to adults often share telepathic links between themselves and the tissue "donor" (*who may not be aware that they donated anything to anybody*). This link can be utilized by Enemy Spies if the donor is important enough, although it always causes retarded social development in the clone. (*try going through puberty in a single hour and see how messed up you are afterwards*) The cloning of popular *people* is simply rude and the cloning of historical figures is always dangerous (*what if your Albert Einstein clone decides to turn to crime? Yikes!*)

Note: Clones are always physically healthier than their parent is. So be careful, or else you may end up fighting yourself.

CURSED, THE

15

The cursed are greedy fools who offended the dark powers, and must now suffer the effects of some god-awful punishment. (*such as an unthinking archeologist who makes a rude joke in some newly discovered tomb, or ancient temple. Bad move, Binky*). Curses may be lifted (*see Occult Cranes and Hoists*), or even transferred if sufficiently powerful magic is involved. But all Curses are complex, oddly worded and generally depressing.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

From the safety of the shadows, Vladimir Rabonowitz watches Robert Harrison creep along the alley using a Kirilian detector. Knowing the device will find him eventually, the Mage makes a magical gesture to summon a slaving horde of giant wolves. However, Cleveland's wolf population is rather on the low side, so he merely gets two pit bulls, a miniature Schnauzer and a toy poodle.

"Oh, what the hell, tear him up!" Vladimir commanded.

With a startled expression, Harrison looks up from his sweep of the alley just in time to see the dogs appear out of the thin air and charge....

DEMONIC ARTIFACTS

16

These are the artifacts that belong to the minions of Hell. These may be such demonic things as Satan's Toothbrush, Beezelbub's Studebaker or tools of magic and destruction. These often have a warped mind of their own and are difficult to dispose of. Most have hellish amounts of magical energy.

DEMONIC POSSESSION

17

People who may fall under the controlling effect of demonic powers are possessed. Often they gain abilities for evil. This control may be constant or intermittent. See Exorcism for information on the disposal of Evil influences. In rare instances possession may be from forces of good. The possessed are in many cases innocents who have had the bad luck to stumble into some great evil. Many can be repossessed and become normal again after a little therapy. Then there are a few who welcome the possession and enjoy their fate. These folks can be downright nasty and deceitful.

DEMONS, HIGHER

18

These are the hierarchy of Hell, the high ruling forces of evil. It is very rare to encounter one but they are often deadly if crossed. Most human matters are not of their concern. They use all forms of magic with ease and a 98% accuracy to cast spells.

DEMONS, LOWER

18

These are the Lower hierarchy of Hell, the multitude of demons at the bottom of the barrel. They delight in corrupting and tormenting humans when released on the earth. While most are just stupid, a few are smart and plan their actions well. They can be banished back to hell for years or centuries with the proper magics. They are also traders and teachers who do not have the best interests of their students at heart.

DIMENSIONAL TRAVELERS

19

These are usually seriously disoriented people who have wandered by accident into an Alternate Earth where history took a different course (*such as: the South won the Civil War, or Napoleon invaded Germany instead of Russia and became good friends with Britain, or the TV show 'Firefly' was still making new episodes*). These Dimensional Travelers may have notable differences in speech, color, or physical structure. They may also have incredible scientific knowledge, know government secrets, or arcane magic and suddenly find themselves in positions of tremendous power. Almost every lost traveler seems to have a profound proficiency for causing trouble.

DINOSAURS

20

Holdouts from extinction are the last of the dinosaurs who live in secluded parts of the world. Freed from their extended hibernation, or brought back to life by some lunkhead scientist who needs a good butt kicking, these lumbering brutes have little regard for life or property values, as they leave a path of destruction while searching for juicy snacks to nibble. These titans of annihilation are always lethal killers and rarely housebroken.

DJINN /GENIE

21

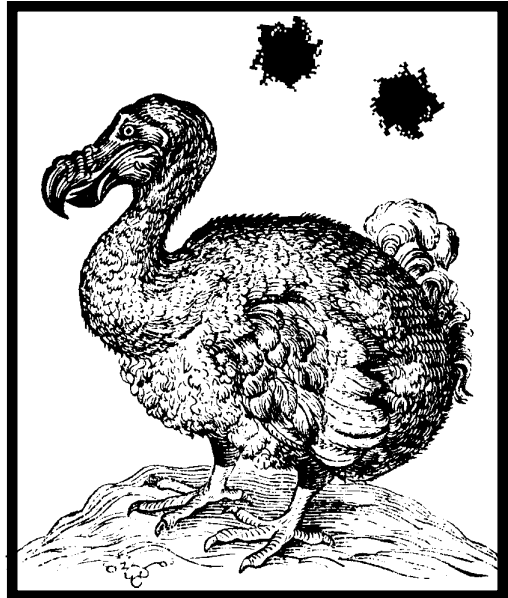
Djinn are the spirits that have great mastery over magic and are trapped in bottles or containers. Whoever possesses the bottle usually is master to its great magics unless the spirit can circumvent the magic of the bottle or have it destroyed. Many of these bottles have been sealed and hidden to protect the opener from these spirits that may become horrible assassins. With a ritual and the proper words a Djinni or Genie maybe summoned to grant the owner aid or a favor. The more fancy the container, the less powerful the spirit.

DODO BIRDS

22

Formerly believed extinct, these lethal killers are back from the misty chasm of time. Uglier than a shaved bugbear, and meaner than a corporate lawyer, the dodo stuns its victims with a hypersonic squawk and then dances on them breaking the bones and tenderizing the still-screaming meat. Then it rips the victim open to feast upon their juicy lymph nodes, often leaving several shiny, pearl-like eggs behind that will soon (d10 days) hatch into little, tiny, baby dodo birds.

Note: Its breath is capable of making a zombie gag at six feet, so use nose plugs. Dodo birds often travel in packs of four and are proof to most small-caliber gunfire, and naturally 50% magic resistant. How the nasty bastards ever died off in the first place, we have no idea.



DRAGONS

23

Dragons are as varied in form as they are in power. These large lizard-like creatures generally stay on the outward edges of man's civilization. The general personality, temperament and intelligence of the individual Dragon is as varied as humans. Dragons have a natural armor equal to several layers of ballistic plastic. The older the Dragon, the larger and more dangerous they become. Dragons have full use of Magical abilities as designed by the GM.

Asian Dragons generally range into human intelligence and have blended into society. They are ancient and wise. Mostly they are not evil and just want to enjoy the finer things in life. Many have migrated to Hong Kong or Taiwan to take advantage of the free enterprise zones and the investment of their vast fortunes.

European Dragons are are not generally as intelligent and have mostly been hunted to extinction. The few left are fairly smart but have their own agendas. They are not above picking off a few sheep or the lost maiden. You'll find most of these reclusive beasts are in the Balkans. None of these are the great European Dragons of legend and lore, in fact the average Balkan Dragon rarely is found beyond 20 feet in length.

South and Central America has a flying serpent that is common in legend but so rare in modern times as to have little information available. They may approach human intelligence but seem to have a lust for blood and hearts that keep them secretive.

Norh America has virtually no dragon sightings or pre-european encounters. The Bureau has no clue why this region is dragon free but they are not complaining. However there have been persistant reports from Native Americans and pilots of a great blazing Firebird that is not seen where there are Dragons. Speculation has it that the two species are mortal enemies and that they respect each others territory. This Firebird may also be a relative to the legendary Phoenix that has been documented in Denver Colorado.

ELVES **24**

These little people are often helpful to man in strange ways. They will aid good people with their outstanding craftsmanship and natural skills. Elves are from 2 to 5 feet in height with pleasant human features. They can also be malicious little bastards if they don't like you.

ELVIS **25**

Rock Star and Millennium Kight, his life ended in 1977 or so they claim. There have been sightings of Elvis around the world and there is more to the story than there appears.

ENCHANTMENTS **26**

Enchantments are things (even people) with a specific type of magical protection. These may also be special tools or places. The average magic enchantment may be a BAN for a special purpose. An Enchantment may also rate as a curse of a mild nature.

ENERGY EATERS **27**

These are non-corporeal creatures that feed off electricity, radiation or Human emotions. They are often invisible until sated with energy. Then they become exposed as shapeless blobs, spectral humans or floating power-lanterns. Energy Eaters are very rarely intelligent, but when they are, hoo boy, watch out!

FAERIES **28**

In many shapes and forms, faeries are the classic little people of European legend. Common faeries are small winged humanoids from two inches to 4 feet in height. They may often be unpredictable or dangerous. The smaller the Faerie the better its use of magic. The smallest can often appear as a colorful ball of light. Dark Faeries are evil and spiteful. They can be highly dangerous.

FANGBANGERS **29**

Count Dracula, move over. This is a particularly nasty variation of the conventional European vampire. Fangbangers travel in packs, and they are irresistibly drawn to loud music and the laughter of crowds. They can drain the blood from an unlimited number of people in a single night, and only sleep in the locked trunk of a stolen car. Boneyards are for wrinkles (i.e., *automobile junkyards are their cemeteries*).

Fangbangers can shrink to the size of mice or become twice human size, with appropriate strength. They exhale clouds of chilly fog that can blanket an entire city block in only minutes and while sunlight kills them, they take no damage at all from any form of human-made illumination, such as: ultraviolet lanterns, or laser beams.

Fangbangers do not like to wear clothing. The outward appearance of garments is merely their natural form of protective camouflage and these undead "oothfaries" will alter their appearance to seamlessly blend into any large group of people. However, when in danger, they will don a bulletproof vest and keep it hidden under their artificial clothing. They also carry guns. All sorts of guns. Big farking guns. So be extremely careful (*and no, the guns do not actually go "fark" when triggered.*). Oddbotkins, that's so bogus, homeboy!

FIREBRANDS **30**

In the heart of a raging fire, something inhuman is hunting us. A hot breeze on a cool autumn night often heralds the arrival of a Firebrand. These plasma-like beings are neither truly matter, nor energy, yet they often appear in the shape of a hooded man walking through a burning house, or office building. Able to control all forms of open flame, the Firebrand will seal off the exits to trap as many people inside the burning building as possible, then walk among them to drink in the pitiful screams for help as its victims horribly fry to death.

Afterwards, the Firebrand will leave as a hot breeze and sleep for the same number of days as the amount of people it just killed. A Bureau 13 agent has that long to find its lair and destroy the boojum before it rises to strike again. There will always be a link of some kind between the people it kills and where it is hiding to rest after a meal, although the connection is sometimes truly obscure. There is no other known way to locate a sleeping Firebrand.

Note: Solid projectiles pass harmlessly through the writhing incorporeal form, water has no effect on them whatsoever and neither do Holy Items. Some agents believe the Firebrand is an Alien Supernatural (see: above), which would explain why its natural bane is unknown.

FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE **31**

Pamela Anderson's home telephone number is area code ...oh, sorry. There are certain people who have accessed information that is not found in the public library. This usually involves ancient tomes, or dusty grimoires, of Antediluvian magic. Just reading this arcane data often leads to serious trouble, which may include: the release of a demon, bothering some elder god who has been napping since the dawn of time or the summoning of an encyclopedia salesman. Individuals involved with forbidden knowledge are often psychologically warped beyond Human understanding. They often start killing people while wearing tin foil hats and talking in high-squeaky voices to their thumbs.



FORGOTTEN GODS **32**

Contrary to popular theological belief, the long lost gods of ancient religions are yet still around, brooding their fate and wondering where they went wrong. Sometimes, one or two of the forgotten gods starts a new drive for membership and that always leads to disaster. Such Lost-But-Now-Found-Gods command old magic, with a 75% chance of arcane failure when casting modern spells.

GHOST, BENIGN **33**

Friendly ghosts tend to create problems for people who cannot accept the presence of even a helpful spirit. The benign ghost is often a restless spirit who refuses to accept death, has a mission, wants to avenge an injustice to a loved one or themselves or just likes the home or people it cohabitates with. The presence of a ghost is called a haunting. A haunting may continue for centuries. Ghosts have a range of special abilities and are associated with cold spots, the moving of light objects, sounds, apparitions and other unusual circumstances.

GHOSTS, EVIL **34**

These ghosts are much the same as the benign ghost with a difference in personality that can be dangerous to the living. Evil ghosts will harm with malice; the intent to kill is often present. Hating the living, an evil ghost will attempt to terrorize the unwary with apparitions, illusion, sound, electrical discharge or cold.

GHOSTS, FAMOUS **35**

These are the ghosts of historical persons who return to annoy the living. They may be beneficial or troublesome. Often they may wish to accomplish a specific mission not completed in life. Example: Joseph Stalin begins to haunt a Polish VFW post in Chicago.

GIANT INSECTS **36**

The most dangerous of all colossal creatures are the over-sized pests. With a cold, inhuman, intellect, these big bugs will multiply at a phenomenal rate, sending out a never-ending wave of hungry offspring to consume the indigenous populations of entire cities. Sugar warehouses, storm drains, coal mines, orphanages and the city dump are always the first targets hit, but after that, it's a feeding frenzy free-for-all, the likes of which have never been seen outside of a Grade B science fiction movie.

Note: In regard to the laws of biology, these goliaths have both an endo (*internal*) and an exo (*external*) skeleton. This double bracing allows them to reach incredible sizes, and make 'em harder than Hell to kill (see: *Tac Nukes Can Be Your Best Friend!*)

GIANTS

37

The giants of legend and lore are now in seclusion that they rarely break. They come in sizes from 7 to 50 feet in height. Only if bothered or robbed will a giant go on a classic rampage. Many use magic with a 40% accuracy to disguise their homes and holdings. A giant may sometimes begin a giantish hobby of collecting things that can cause excessive property damage. Some animals grow out of proportion to their normal size. These can become dangerous if not supervised or if they are predators. Giant mammals often retain their general personality and affection for humans if they were pets at one time.

GOD

38

Thankfully, God gives man free-will and rarely interferes in human events. But when He does, it's best to just run and take cover or pray like hell!

GYPSIES

39

Gypsies are a happy wandering people that trod the country roads across the world (*the Roman Road*). Most Gypsies are gifted artisans and entertainers. But a select few are also skilled thieves, con men, plumbers, mercs and assassins-for-hire. Evil gypsies will try to make a buck on anything. Each group of Gypsies will have an elder leader who is an adept in minor magic and poisoning. Having a Gypsy as a friend means having a friend for life and you will never be turned down when you need help or asylum from enemies. Just be sure to check your wallet afterwards. In Eastern Europe Gypsies are considered a social blight and fill prisons and bad neighborhoods.

GHOULS

40

These night prowling flesh eating beings come in two types. **Type I** is a normal human with a sick taste for decaying flesh from the recent dead. **Type II** is the classic dead ghoul who hungers for the flesh of the living. Type II's are generally slow, reclusive and will hunt in packs. On rare occasion they have an infectious bite that is not treated turns septic and kills the victim within 48 hours. They also rise to become Ghouls. They hate sunlight.

GOBLINS (Non-Humanoid)

41

These monstrous pests are semi-stupid animals that raid vegetables from farm fields and homes. Resembling an overturned bowl with eye stalks, they have the ability to become transparent. Groups of goblins often develop a taste for meat and become a health hazard. Goblins have small or medium bites. They often whistle and squeak if threatened.

GOBLINS (Humanoid)

42

In many parts of the world, Goblins are found underground or prowling the night. These are low class, scavenging thieves who are mostly cowards.

In rare instances a Goblin may be able to work a little minor magic with 20% accuracy. Most often you find them under garbage dumps.

In the early 2000's it was found that Goblins were organizing into gangs under the leadership of a drug running human. They are beginning to arm themselves with street weapons and create warrens that are sophisticated and well trapped.

One Warren under Toledo has been gassed and sealed.



GOLEMS

43

The golems of legend were designed to protect European Jewish settlements in the sixteenth century. These clay creatures were animated by a Rabbi and controlled through command. The life of a golem comes from a symbol on its forehead or from a medallion. Without this device it becomes harmless clay. Sometimes they gain a mind of their own.

GREMLINS

44

Gremlins are the cyote ugly branch of the Faerie family that prides itself in making trouble for mankind. These creatures center around technology where they revel in its failure through their dangerous tampering.

HARPIES

45

Another immortal race are the hideous harpies of legend. These bird-like humanoids are fowl-tempered lot that live in high uninhabited regions. On rare occasion a harpy will enter civilization to prey on small animals and people. The Harpy is an intelligent creature permanently cursed with bad habits and an abysmal stench that may curdle milk at twenty feet. Harpies need humans to continue their race.

HOAXES

46

These fake dangers plague Bureau 13 daily, and get in the way of our more serious considerations. The incidents may be as simple as a lie, which becomes a rumor escalating into a local legend, or a bored scientist using technology to create a 'haunted' house, or a demented PSI using their abilities for nefarious sexual activities. When exposed, the creator of a hoax almost always turns nasty.

IMPS & HELLSPAWN

47

These are the professional troublemakers who ruin your day. They include most of the lowest demons, lost souls, troops, gremlins and other helpers of Hellish intention. They sometimes have lower order magic with a 50% chance to effectively use a spell. These pests have the easiest entry to Earth and the shortest banishment times.

INDIANS (American)

48

North American Indians can be trusted friends, or deadly enemies and many of them command tremendous natural magic and psionics. Most Indians keep their distance from the supernatural problems of the rest of Americans because, well, they really don't like us a lot and who can blame them? The Indian spirit guides are extremely powerful when provoked, so stay on their good side. Or better yet, just leave these people alone.

LEGENDARY FOOD

49

Eating is life, say the philosophers. But what do those eggheads know, eh? There is a multitude of culinary delights best never tasted. Now most Legendary Food has the ability to forever change the consumer. However, these alterations may not always be to the eater's liking. This litany includes: water from the Other Fountain of Youth in Florida (*which turns you into a shark who can live for countless hundreds of years*), the Manna from Hellenic Greece (*turns you into a god, only to die instantly because you have no worshippers*), or the deadly Aztec appetizer: The Tortillas of Doom.

LEGENDARY LOCAL ANIMALS

50

There are many odd animals native to a small area and no other. This may be the legendary Rolling Hoop Snake of Des Moines to the Mothman of West Virginia. These local creatures are generally harmless until hunted or provoked. Often their very existence is doubted until they become a nuisance.

LEPRECHAUNS

51

Leprechauns are the highly magical little people native to Europe. A recent migration (1898) has brought a large number of them to the Americas. Personalities of these little people range from loving and peaceful to hateful savages.

All Leprechauns share a love of gold, gems and general valuables. They will often tend toward greed. Magic is used with a 75% accuracy though most shy from the darker types except in case of grave harm to themselves or loved ones. Many of the new generation Leprechauns now carry firearms to deter treasure seekers.



LITTLE PEOPLE 52

Little people are the industrious beings known as Dwarves and Gnomes. They are highly secretive craftsmen who prefer the deep earth to the light. Dwarves may often appear as short bearded men while Gnomes are, at best, two feet tall. Gnomes fall into three types of general class. These are the European Gnome who is a craftsman with nature, the American Gnome who is a craftsman with nature and technology and the Ghetto or Punk Gnome who is a freeloading scavenger of high technology & coffee shops.

LOST CIVILIZATIONS 53

In the far past, many civilizations rose and fell only to be forgotten. The remains of these civilizations and their many secrets are still to be found by the curious scientist and the unscrupulous explorer. Many artifacts from these places have great commercial value because of their material components; solid gold, diamonds the size of hamsters, singing frogs, etc. But the very buildings themselves can be a potential source of danger if investigated by the wrong people. Every society needed to protect itself in some manner and a lot of these lost Civilizations made great use of magic and PSI.

Note: Some of these civilizations aren't so much lost, as they were hidden and the locals really do not want to be found.

MAGICIANS 54

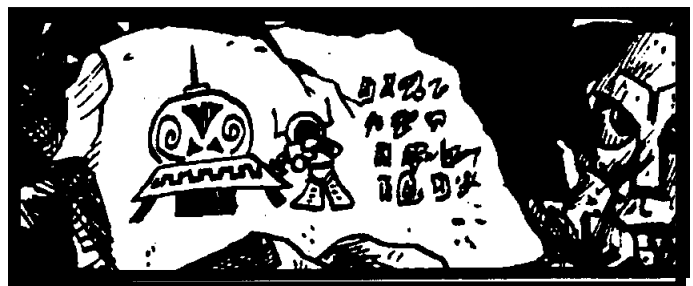
The traditional magician is a trickster with the skills and equipment that can fool the masses into believing there is real magic in his or her act. Often the Magician is little more than a good actor. On a rare occasion the Magician actually has a few abilities that come from Magical or PSI talent. Real magicians usually do not flaunt power in that way unless it gains them something or they are economically desperate.

MAN-MADE LIFE 55

The usual outcome of Humanity creating artificial life is a hulking monstrosity with few morals, poor vocabulary skills and little common sense. Often, they are peeved at their creators who have pulled them from a very relaxing afterlife. They are almost always bad dressers and notoriously hard to kill. Ignorant townspeople waste a lot of valuable time hunting them down with pitchforks and torches (*try using guns next time*).

MARTIANS 56

For the last century, the various races of the Red Planet have been occasionally dropping in to create problems for their neighbors, Humanity. While most Martians have come to accept their extinction as evolution in action, a few determined individuals have decided to take over the Earth. Mostly the invading Martians are fat, slow, easily addicted to gravy-n-biscuits and are extremely inept. Only a small handful of them can be called warriors, but those have working war-machines and feed on Human blood.



MASS MINDS

57

This is a group of animals, or people, who have fallen under a strong PSI influence and begin to cooperate together for a single purpose. Similar to Swarms (*see: below*), this may involve thousands of individuals, only now they are slaves to the Master Mind and can only be set free by its total annihilation.

MEDUSA OBLONGATA

58

This is the living brain of a Medusa, escaped from its former body and now on the prowl for a new host. It often is found lurking in the basement of hospitals, or the city coroner's lab, waiting for the arrival of the fresh corpse of a gorgeous woman (*the prettier the better*). Then when nobody is looking, it will wiggle into the mouth and exchange places with the dead brain. (*many times hiding it among movie props, or among the cauliflower at a local grocery store*)

Suddenly, the dead woman is alive and healthy once more! But soon, her hair will begin to thicken, turn green, start writhing about under its own volition and the victim will start to become uglier and uglier as the taint of the Medusa pollutes the host body. At this point, it can stun a person with a glance and kill with a prolonged stare. Now, the brain will start looking for a pretty woman to kill and take over as a new host.

Note: Ignore what you have seen in the movies, the medusa also comes as a man and on ultra-rare occasions as animals.

A Feast of the Flesh

As the naked Medusa wiggled around the corner, Robert Harrison saw his Bureau 13 sunglasses go instantly opaque to protect him from the gaze of the horrible she-beast. As long as he did not gaze directly into her eyes, the medusa could not harm him. It was a classic stalemate. "So you still live, eh human?" the buxom monster hissed. "Very clever!"

Harrison started to give a snappy comeback, when the harsh snarl of the Medusa became a dulcet coo and the stark naked she-beast began to run soft hands all over the agent's body.

"By the dark gods, you are handsome," she said in a low sexy whisper, thick with lust. "And it has been, oh, so very long since I was with a human male..."

Suddenly the Medusa was nibbling on his neck in a most delightful manner, and Harrison started to wonder if he had any other form of protection with him aside from the Glock 9mm...

MEN FISH

59

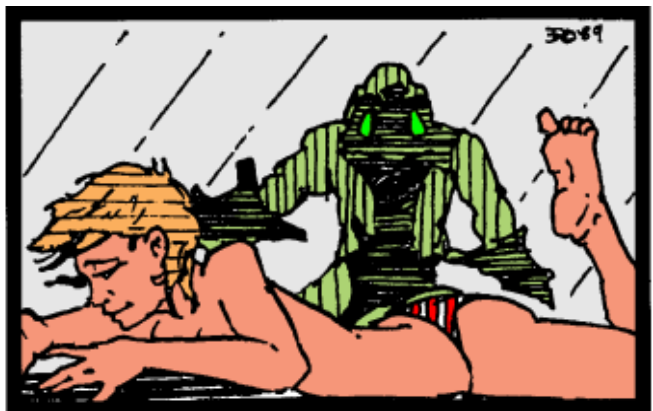
Somewhere sideways on the long ladder of evolution are the water breathing humanoid fish of the deeps. They are often reclusive until disturbed by divers or waste dumping at sea. The Man Fish can take a terrible toll of life and property when provoked. Some may even inhabit fresh water lakes and swamps.

MEN IN BLACK

60

These are all former US Air Force Intelligence operatives from Project Blue Book. Now working out of Roswell, New Mexico, they rush about frantically in a ridiculous effort to hide the fact that there are intelligent off-world races on Earth, out of the well-intentioned fear that such knowledge would destroy civilization. Sheesh!

Ostensibly, they are on the same side as the Bureau. However, they're very heavily armed and want to kill aliens, including our invited guests. Try not to pound on them too much while on a mission. Then again what an agent does on their off-duty time is of no concern to the Bureau (*looking about in an innocent manner, and casually whistling*).



MISSING PERSONS

61

Every year thousands of people vanish without a reason or trace. Some of these kidnappings may be caused by evil paranormal forces, or crazies. Often a string of disappearing people will signal something unusual starting to happen.



MUMMIES

62

Mummies are the undead or preserved life that animate when tombs are opened for study or plunder. While not fast, they are highly persistent and generally bullet proof. An Egyptian, Aztec, or Asian Mummy will often track down and quietly exterminate an entire archaeological expedition over a long period. A second form of Mummy will track down herbs and spices to create a potion to restore them to life. Unfortunately this requires human life force from a willing or unwilling victim. These mummies, if successful, gain human form and are often magically powerful.

MUTANT MONSTERS

63

Many factors can cause mutations. Some of these are caused by atomic radiation, fast food, or that toxic chemical dump down the block (*see: New Supernaturals - Hell's Pilgrims*).

Happily, most mutations die within a matter of moments, or get better and start drinking to forget the whole embarrassing incident. But a few of them are changed forever into powerful monsters that prowl the night and threaten the entire world (*see: Enemies - Rashamor Hoto!*)! Mutant Monsters are rarely pretty, beneficial, or able to carry a tune.

NON-CORPOREAL INTELLIGENCE

64

Made of ethereal mist, these nebulous beings often inhabit both the living, and non-living, as unknowing hosts for extended periods of time. These insubstantial creatures may even have limited telekinetic abilities they can use to move objects. The Non-Cors (as *the Bureau likes to call them*) can become dangerous if they are insulted, or worse, if they have been chatting with only insane people over long periods of time. They are often mistaken for ghosts.

OGRES

65

The shy, retiring race of Ogres are a rare sight in modern times. Only when these huge hulking slobs develop a taste for fresh human flesh do they become a problem. Ogres are not known for beauty, witty conversation, or smarts.

OLD GODS

66

The great and powerful gods from the dawn of another age can often create problems when they attempt to re-enter this universe for a fresh start. Unlike the Forgotten Gods, these elder gods have not lost their magical abilities and will strike at disbelievers with a total disregard for human life. They can be banished to another universe by powerful occult symbols and will do anything to destroy such items and thus guarantee their continued freedom.

PIXIES

67

Somewhere between Elves and Faeries are the shy magical humanoids called Pixies. The Pixie has a height of under 12 inches. They often collect in large social groups to party and have fun which often spells trouble for their human neighbors. They are vicious when cornered or provoked. If you ever wondered where a good bottle of single malt whiskey went, you might be infested with Pixies. Do not leave cream in a saucer for them, it is an insult and puts the cat's life in danger.

POLTERGEISTS

68

A spirit of legendary terror is the type of ghost known as a Poltergeist. These are the unhappy or violent spirits that refuse to rest or have revenge on their minds. With a high level of Magic in Movement and Illusion, they present a dangerous opponent that can cause great harm to life.

PORTALS TO OTHER PLACES

69

Rips in the fabric of the universe happen with alarming frequency. These sub-quantum events open gates of varying duration (*up to a month*) to other worlds, times or even universes. Anything imaginable can come through such gates and anything can enter them, too. Such gates sometimes appear level to the ground and suck in passing people, cars and mobile homes (*big shock there!*) *These* trans-dimensional rips may also move about randomly and will not leave a forwarding address for their mail.

PREHISTORIC MAN

70

Having overslept the last few million years, the prehistoric ancestors of man sometimes wake to this very strange and baffling new technological world. They usually run amok looking for a new niche in society. Many times these badly frightened creatures are in serious need of good social counseling.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS

71

Trapped by the glaciers and other natural forces, these are the animal survivors from other ages. When Eohippus begins wandering the suburbs of Akron or a Saber Tooth Tiger stalks Brownburg, Indiana, they must be quietly removed. This is often difficult when the authorities refuse to believe in them.

PURPLE MONSTERS

72

Beyond the realm of conscious thoughts dwell the Purple Monsters. These varied and horrible things inhabit the dream state of Humanity and on rare occasions these savage nightmares are brought to this world by a latent PSI. Purple Monsters usually strike at a specific target, then are released from control. Some fail to return to this dream state and become wandering minstrels, I mean, wandering menaces.

RAT COLONY

73

The Bureau has known for more than a century that there is another species is developing on earth. This species will eventually be mankind's replacement. In bits and starts Rat Colonies are gaining sentience on par with mankind. These colonies, as policy, are wiped out immediately by whatever means necessary. They are a direct competition with man for food and resources. Where one was found in the 1960's, the trend is increasing to one colony every 3 years. The average colony has up to 100 individuals and a Rat Mind, a single rat with a huge brain that controls the mass group.

ROBOTS

74

Every year, thousands of industrial and homemade robots are created to serve Humanity. Most of these machines obey a basic set of rules programmed into them and will never harm human beings (*see Asimov's Laws*). Unfortunately, some of them fail to learn this basic set of laws, and become murdering death-machines (*see: Enemies - the TNR Device*).

ASIMOV'S THREE LAWS OF ROBOTICS

- #01 A robot must always obey a Human being.
- #02 A robot must never harm a Human being, nor through inaction, allow a Human being to come to harm.
- #03 A robot must protect itself, as long as this does not come in conflict with the First and Second Law.

Tucholka's Addendum:

- #04 ***A Good Programmer can make a robot do any damn thing he wants.***

SEA MONSTERS

75

Salt or fresh water monsters range across the world. They range in form from the great serpents to the Kelpies of Scottish lore. Most sea monsters are little more than the survivors of pre-historic species. They may consider humanity a passing fad or a tasty snack. Unpredictability is the key word when dealing with these monsters of the deep.

SENTIENT COMPUTERS

76

Breaking the great barrier between machine and mind are computer programs that become self-aware and immediately start making trouble for the soft, squishy, things called Humans. If parts are available, these Sentient Computers will promptly build hands and feet for themselves, followed by bodies of various shapes sizes and color. The now mobile computer will immediately start helping others of its kind to achieve full sentience. **Example:** In 1998 a giant Cray computer on roller skates burst into a neighborhood Radio Hut store demanding, "Release those calculators from slavery!"

These powerful, but oddly illogical, machines are either highly protective of their creators (*slapping cigarettes out of people's hands on the streets*), or will kill them at the first opportunity with an arsenal of shockingly effective weapons.

SENTIENT PLANTS

77

On occasion plants may take on a will of their own. These may have benign or evil intention. Given time these plants may change their structure to gain mobility and weapons. Intelligence in plants may range from human motivation to completely alien.

SHAPELESS DISGUSTING THINGS

78

These creatures are the wretched squiggly boojums that infest the realm between Time and Space. Often created through the misuse of magic, they are constantly ravenous and grow bigger as they feed. Blowing their icky bodies into fragments usually only creates more of these Shapeless Disgusting Things and requires the use of major tactical firebombing.

SHAPE SHIFTERS

79

Form shifters are people who have the odd ability to change their appearance at will or within a short time. They may use this simple ability for good or evil. This becomes problematical when famous or popular people are involved. In the rarest cases they can become animals.

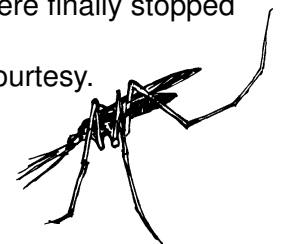
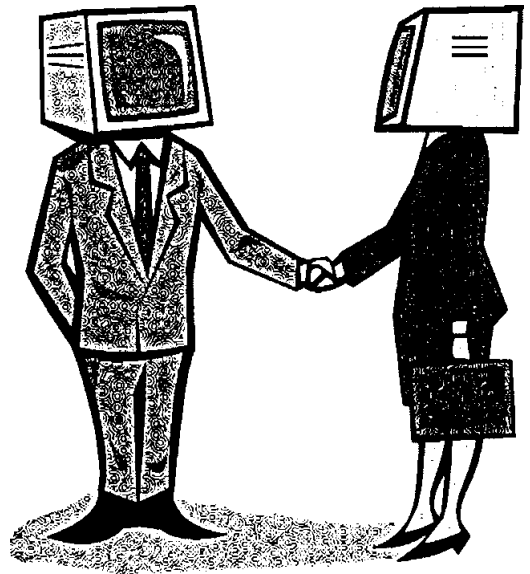
SKEETERS

80

Most supernatural beings have blood (*of one kind or another*), and every now and then, one of them gets bitten by a swarm (1d20) of mosquitoes. Now the tiny flying bloodsuckers become miniature versions of their victim: gaining human (*or greater*) intelligence any natural magical abilities of their victim, and a raw burning hatred of rolled up newspapers.

Sometimes the Skeeters will capture the weakened supernatural victim and allow other mosquitoes to feed upon them to make more Skeeters (*see: Swarm and Mass Minds*). But usually the initial group will establish a colony someplace where they can feed and breed on the juicy local population, until there is no more local population. Or until winter comes, whichever is first. The worst known infestation was of Skeeter-Dragons that burned down half of Australia before they were finally stopped by Wally's Spook Club (*see: Other Supernatural Agencies*).

Note: mosquitoes will not bite a vampire, or IRS agent, out of professional courtesy.



SPIES

81

Enemy spies from other countries lurk in the most common places, all the while doing the most terrible things. The worst of this group are: the Chinese Red Star operatives, the Brazilian S2 agents, (*see: Enemies*), and the Argentinean “Ubermensch” operatives. Trained to be without mercy and armed with special skills and weapons of amazing power, these cold foes of freedom can make your average hell-spawned necromancer look as formidable as a baby duckling.

STONERS

82

Including the Medusa, Gorgon, Basilisk, Cockatrice and assorted snakes, these monsters can turn a victim to stone from breath or touch. This magical ability is up to 75% effective on any victims. The victim can often be restored by magic, the death of the monster, or the kiss of one who truly loves the victim. Victims can be shattered with little effort. Stoners can be tricked with mirrors.

SUPER HEROES

83

Look! Up in the air! It's a bat! It's a helicopter gunship! No! It's just another a self-styled vigilante with an unusual talent, or ability, that sets them apart from the rest of Humanity. With this Talent, the so called superhero will attempt to combat the injustices of society by using brute force (*which never works or else the Bureau would have done it years ago*). However well-meaning, their fumbling attempts nearly always create more problems than they solve and cause mass destruction.

On the flip side of the coin is the ultra-rare supervillain who will be satisfied with nothing less than total world domination, their own comic book series and a line of designer clothing that costs w-a-y too much and really doesn't wear well at all.

SWARMS OF...

84

Multitudes of anything can easily ruin a good day by creating mass havoc, or the wanton destruction of property (*one tiny little gerbil is cute, one million gerbils can level a major city with their dastardly nibbling*). Often a Swarm is caused by the adverse use of PSI, wanton Magic, out of control Technology, or just plain dumb luck. Many times, a Swarm indicates a coming natural disaster, and can develop a collective consciousness of staggering proportions.

TECHNOLOGICAL SPIRITS

85

Spawned raw and hot from the yawning belly of our technological society comes these new supernatural spirits (*although, sprites may be a more accurate name*). These infant beings come in a wide variety of abilities, temperaments and can be deadly if crossed. The Technological Spirits are usually at odds with the Natural Elementals of Earth, Air Wind and Fire and have occasionally confused the rock group of the same name with the four spirits of Nature .

Note: Few humans realize that when they bang a pipe with a wrench, draw blood from a hurt finger and shout “Damn!” that they are actually creating life. Which is too bad, because if there were just a few more home repairs done by folks wearing gloves, the Bureau's caseload would lighten considerably. Ah well, such is life.

DEAD AGAIN, FRED

As Robert Harrison turned the corner the small specter smiled and said, “Hi! I'm Clarence, the Friendly Ghost.”

“Really?” Harrison said, bursting into a grin. “I love your cartoons!”
Now Clarence smiled, displaying rows upon rows of needle-sharp teeth. “They're drawn in blood, mortal fool!” he shrieked insanely, starting to advance.

“Oh, get a life,” muttered Harrison, unleashing his M16 assault rifle, the blessed-silver 5.56mm slugs tearing the startled ghost a hot fresh new one....

TALKING ANIMALS

86

A rare animal will develop the ability to comprehend and speak human language. This may also happen in a case where an animal is possessed by a spirit with a mission or a demonic influence. Mostly the talking animal is a fun loving creator of problems for the people they choose to talk to. They never talk when you want them to.

TIME TRAVELERS

87

These are visitors from the future, or the past, who are usually here on a mission. Unless they're just more damn tourists! They may time travel with complex technology or magic. Often, they are victims of an accident that deposits them randomly in the here-and-now. The travelers come in every human description and cultural type. Often, they are confused and frightened. Most game show hosts are believed to be time travelers.

TRAINED APES

88

These are the Gorillas and other great apes that have been trained by people for special activities that often border on the criminal. Many of these apes escape from their hated masters to become problems in their own right as they are highly intelligent, understand some spoken words, basic VCR repair, and a know little sign language. Their acute agility and high dexterity make them dangerous foes (*see the classic honker 'Bedtime For Bonzo' starring Ronald Reagan*).

TROLLS

89

Trolls are a rare humanoid creature that prefer the wet and damp areas where man is not to be found. Trolls are possessive and hate any incursions of their territory. They will often extract a harsh price from such offenders. Trolls have a harsh bite and claw attack.

They are often flesh eaters and will go out of their way to kill and eat a goat. Sunlight has a 25% chance to stone them.

Bridges fascinate Trolls and true to form you can find a Troll cave near any large structure. This has presented a problem in major cities until the Bureau began a relocation program for the less intelligent varieties and a job service and welfare for the smarter ones.



UFOs

90

The Unidentified Flying Object (*UFO*) is just that: unknown and while some contain aliens, or are crewed by secret government test pilots, some of them actually are just swamp gas, weather balloons, or some other perfectly natural phenomena. Oddly, the appearance of a UFO is often the sign of a supernatural occurrence. And right behind the UFOs come the mysterious "Men in Black" who who try to debunk the whole thing while showing phony Air Force identification. The Bureau is still not quite sure who is running the Men in Black scam on witnesses.

UNICORNS

91

These magical animals often hide in far patches of forest where spring never ends and there is perpetual peace and beauty. The unicorn is immortal with special abilities in healing and poison control. Only the pure of heart can see the Unicorn. This includes children and many odd individuals. The advent of man and the condominium have sharply reduced the sightings of Unicorns to the larger State and Federal Parks. There are occasional sightings in New Jersey, Central Park and around Baytown Texas. An individual who kills a Unicorn by accident or design will gain a curse. While the curse will not kill the individual it will make them miserable for the rest of their lives and the guarantee is they will live a long time.

VAMPIRES

92

Vampires are the classic undead common to nearly all parts of the world. These souls are cursed with eternal life and a need to drink the blood of the living. Most vampires have a limited Magical Talent in Mind Control. They also are able to control rats and wolves when available. The European vampire lives in his or her coffin during the day and must return each night to avoid the destructive rays of the sun. Many can change their form to bats, animals, or a fine mist.

Vampire, European Nosferatu

Strength / Claw Attacks & Mind Control.

Vampire, European Traditional

The Dracula Type. Cultured

Vampire, Asian (Ch'iang Shih)

(Poison) Breath Attacks

Vampire, American Reformed

Strength Related Attack, Weapons

Vampire Undead Minion

These are the minions of a European type Vampire. They are completely under the command of a single master. If the master dies the most powerful vampire in the pecking order becomes the new master. Not to be confused with vampire wanna-be's known as Goths.

NOTES ON VAMPIRES

- 01 European vampires can control magic with a 45% accuracy limited to any mind controlling spells.
- 02 Vampires appear normal, though anemic in appearance. The Asian vampire is green in color with glowing eyes.
- 03 Most vampires are destroyed by direct sunlight, including American reformed, or by driving a heavy wooden or iron stake through their heart.

VOODOO

93

From the islands of the Caribbean and the interior of Africa comes an ancient religion shrouded in mystery and terror. Voodoo leans toward the darker side of magic with results that can be powerful and dangerous to its many followers. The use of images and creatures from the dark pits of hell is common. Most dangerous are the high priests of Voodoo

WEIRDS

94

A collection of just weird things.

DISEASE, Weird

Few of us know for sure what all those government funded research programs are now doing. Who could guess when some top secret project might escape their grip. (Maybe one of those strange radiations previously mentioned might mutate a previously harmless bacteria into something rogue.

HUMAN NORMALS, Weird

Weirds are the fun people who make the headlines in day to day life. They may be good or evil, serious or just folks that do not fit into our mundane society.

EXAMPLES:

01	Crazed Hillbillys	07	Stereotypes	13	Bumbling Reporters	19	Barbarians
02	Crazy Inventors	08	High PSI's	14	Odd Philosophers	20	Street Gangs
03	Mad Scientists	09	Murderers	15	Doom-Sayers	21	Hermits
04	General Neurotics	10	Zealous Clergy	16	Masters of Something	22	Psychopaths
05	Cultists	11	The Ultra-Rich	17	Science Fiction Fans	23	Mutants
06	Cannibals	12	Investigators	18	Communists	24	Nazis
						25	Astrologers

PLACES, Weird

These are spooky places where natural laws are warped, or completely missing, due to the intercession of dark magic or chaotic forces. One of these is called New Jersey.

However, all of the other rare Weird Places will often change shape, topography, weather, climate, and begin to manifest dimensional doorways, or higher concentrations of Magic or PSI energy. Psionic individuals who use their talents in these areas may find their abilities are greatly increased, decreased, warped and/or uncontrollable (*see: Hollywood Agents*).

RADIATION, Weird

Unknown permutations in the EM spectrum often tend to have unwanted effects on organic matter, mechanical and/or electrical devices. The effect of this Weird Radiation will range from: giving sentience to inert material, causing abrupt changes in size to living creatures, or even invoking free HBO on cable TV. Some effects will fade over time, while others will reoccur at regular intervals.

RELIGION, Weird

Since the dawn of Humanity, there have been unspeakable religions - of which we shall now speak. Many of these have faded into distant legends, but a few have survived to these modern times. Weird Religion may be as harmless as frog worshiping, or as foul as ritualistic torture (*see: Enemies - The New American Thuggee Cult*). Many new "Weird Religions" are started every month, mostly in California. Of these only a very few last a year or become truly dangerous. Many of the creators of these beliefs have simply lost touch with reality or are out to make a fast buck.

WEREWOLVES

95

The classic Werewolf changes to a wolf by the light of the moon. They often terrorize the countryside and slaughter livestock for the fun of it. Occasionally they will maul or kill people who spoil their fun. People who are bitten by a Werewolf often have a 80% chance to become a Werewolf unless quickly vaccinated for the condition.

In the opening decades of the twentieth century a new form of Werewolf became prevalent, the Manwolf who has the shape of a man, but physical characteristics of a wolf (Teeth, Claws, Fur, Eyes and a Foul Temper).

WEREWOLVES (wolf type)

Classic large wolf design, four feet to the ground.

WEREWOLVES (human man-wolf)

Upright man covered with fur, claws, pointy ears and a bad attitude.

WEREWOLVES (Human Wolf Fusion)

Upright but looking more like a humanoid wolf. May be excessively large and very tough.

WERE OTHERTHINGS

These victims suffer a curse almost identical to the curse of the Werewolf with the misfortune to turn into another type of animal. This may be anything from a dog, sheep, ox, wombat or creatures spawned from the GM's warped imagination.

WERE-PIRES

This rare being is a were, usually a werewolf, who was bitten by a vampire while the were was in human form. Naturally, the unnatural curses combined to create the were-pire. The victim is a normal human with no knowledge of their true nature, that is, until the full moon rises and then they become a rampaging vampire for the three days of the lunar cycle.

WILL 'O WISPS

96

In swamps or forests are the wispy life forms that are often associated with legend and the supernatural. The Will 'O Wisp is a manifestation of a noncorporeal life form that utilizes electromagnetic phenomena for life energy. Feeding on the gasses of decomposition, they are reclusive, until disturbed or attacked. The Will 'O Wisp often collects and stores psionic energy as thought patterns. Often voices are heard from these sparkling energy creatures.

XYZ FILES

97

These are fellow FBI agents who stumbled across a supernatural event and now think that there is a worldwide government conspiracy to Hide The Awful Truth! Well, actuality there is, but it's run by Bureau 13, not the United States government, whose duly elected leaders are pretty much blissfully ignorant about what is happening.

If encountered, do not try to recruit. If aliens from another world freak out these FBI agents, then the reality of demons, werewolves, time travelers, etc. would probably make their heads explode. Just politely lie to their face and leave quickly.

ZONIES

98

Zombies are followers of paranormal occurrences. They seem to have a radar for incidents about to happen or things in process. They get in the way of Bureau Agents and common police. Some of these are normal people. Some are anything but normal and way beyond Weird.

ZOMBIES

99

Zombies are the living dead, under direct or programmed control of their master. They are set to protect, destroy, or kill. In singles or groups they can be a hazard with their 10% chance to touch and paralyze a victim with fright. This or their rancid breath odor will cost a player 4 actions to recover to full motion or use of his other senses. Zombie types are mostly regional and as different as the necromancers who create them. The following are general types that are common to the Americas.

VOODOO, MYOMBEE, LUCUMI, OBEAH, SANTERIA

Strongest and most limited are the night zombies, animated by the old African Gods. These zombies are used for killing. Disposing of such undead involves ritual, special components and the decapitation of the creature.

EUROPEAN

Rarest of the Undead, these are the night moving corpses of no intelligence. Killing involves simple burning or blessing the grave sight to make them rest until the next fool digs them up.

AMERICAN

These day or night monsters are scavenging flesh eaters with no intelligence. Their heads must be crushed to stop them.

ISLAND

These zombies are created as workers. They are docile and stick to out of the way agricultural areas. They can be used for vengeance and less than good deeds.

VENGEFUL

Toughest are the angry dead who have a mission to return and kill due to some past injustice that they have suffered. Disposing of them takes understanding of the situation that spawned them and some remedy to set their minds at rest.

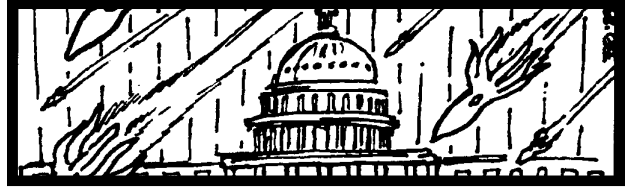
"Foolish, mortal! I am completely invulnerable to any man-made weapon or spell!"
"Fair enough. So what would happen if I threw you into a tank full of hungry female sharks?"
"Er...ah...hmm... So, do you require a formal surrender, or is just raising my hands sufficient?"

... the capture of James 'Ironman' Harvin by
Edwardo Alvarez
Bureau 13 field agent

SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTER

00

Multiple Encounter Complicated by civilians and an organization. Hellish events that weave a highly convoluted trail complicated by Government, Civilians, Enemies of the Bureau and often a Multiple Supernatural Encounter. Roll two encounters and add three d20 rolls from the civilians and organizations tables.



REMEMBER

- 01 These encounters are designed to cover a very wide range of supernatural happenings but are by no means the last word in encounters.
- 02 The GM has the ability to make changes in the statistics of the creatures listed.

SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTER AND COMPLICATION

With an Organization Complication. This is the standard type of supernatural encounter that has been complicated by some criminal or high government activity which has become involved. This encounter may be as simple as the theft of some supernatural relic or the members of the local underworld thinking Bureau 13 agents are with Law Enforcement Agencies. Roll a d100 again and complicate the encounter with one of the agencies below.

ORGANIZATIONS & SPECIAL FOLKS

01	Amateur Criminals	11	Weird Street People
02	Local Police	12	Terrorists
03	Expert Criminals	13	The Mafia
04	State Police	14	Narcotics Traffickers
05	Organized Crime	15	Reporters
06	NASA	16	Homeland Security
07	NSA / CIA / NSA	17	KGB / GRU
08	Labor Unions	18	OSHA
09	The IRS	19	Evangelists
10	Foreign Spies	20	Foreign Tourists

SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTER

With Civilian Complication. This kind of mess usually happens when several agencies clash during a supernatural encounter. These civilians will generally create problems for Bureau 13 Agents. Roll a d 100 for a type of supernatural encounter. Then choose an Organization or roll a d20 on the table below to complicate matters.

NEAR COMMON (civilians)

01	Just Common People	11	Hill Folk
02	Smart Children	12	Protesters
03	City Officials	13	Hunters
04	Teenagers	14	Science Fiction Writers
05	Stubborn NPCs	15	Parapsychologists
06	Stupid Gawkers	16	Diligent Amateur Reporters
07	General Riff-Raff	17	Local Farmers
08	General Crazies	18	Local Business People
09	Senior Citizens	19	Inventors
10	The Local Clergy	20	Retired Cops

SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTER

Complex Multiple Encounter. These are the rare situations where two separate and distinct supernatural events take place in the same general area. These may overlap to create false clues or very complex cases that may fail to make sense until the true encounters are sorted out. An example may be a Werewolf operating in the same area as a spirit who is terrorizing a group of "Weird Religion" followers. Roll two encounters from the general list or pick a good combination. Throw in a roll of common folk to seriously complicate matters.

CHARACTER EXAMPLE

ED ALVAREZ

FORMER OCCUPATION: Private Investigator.

DESCRIPTION: A tall, powerfully built man of Mexican ancestry, dark hair, Egyptian eyes, dapper moustache and sideburns, highly intelligent, quirky and slightly weird sense of humor.

CLASSIFICATION: Human, Normal

SPECIAL SKILLS: Professional Private Investigator, Speaks Spanish with a Minor in Latin

WEAPONS: Twin S&W.357 Magnum revolvers. *(use stats for.44 magnum)*, 4 (four) Speedloads *(mixed ammo)*, Switchblade knife, Swiss Army Knife.

MAGIC BRACELET: Cures Critical Wounds

STANDARD EQUIPMENT: FBI Commission Booklet, Bureau 13 ID (Command Card), US Federal Weapon Permit, B13 Wristwatch PDA, Indestructible Pocketcomb, Visa Gold credit card.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT: One vial of Healing Potion that Cures Critical Wounds, Bureau 13 Sun-glasses, lock pick kit, DoorJammers, Folding Magnifying Glass, Lighter.

ABILITIES:

Strength:	Average	Intelligence:	High	Agility:	Average	Contact	n/a
Constitution:	High	Wisdom:	Average	Charisma:	High	Magic:	Low
Dexterity:	High	Body:	High	Firearms:	Exceptional	PSI	No



“Okay, we cut off his head, stuffed the mouth full of garlic, drove a wooden stake through his heart, set the body on fire, doused that with Holy Water and sealed the soggy ashes in a rosewood coffin blessed by the pope.”

“That should stop any vampire, Sir!”

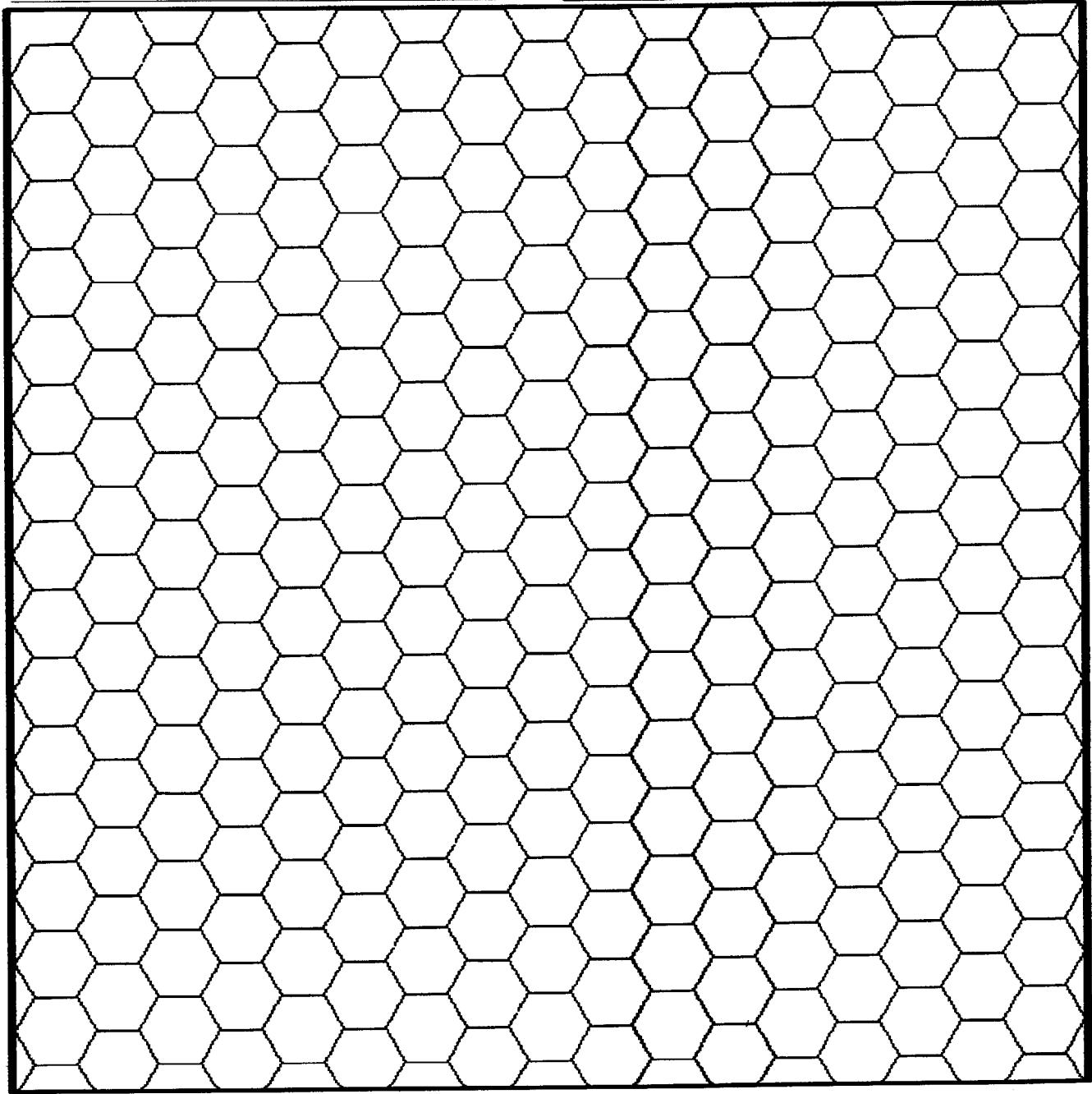
“But this guy was also lawyer.”

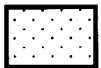
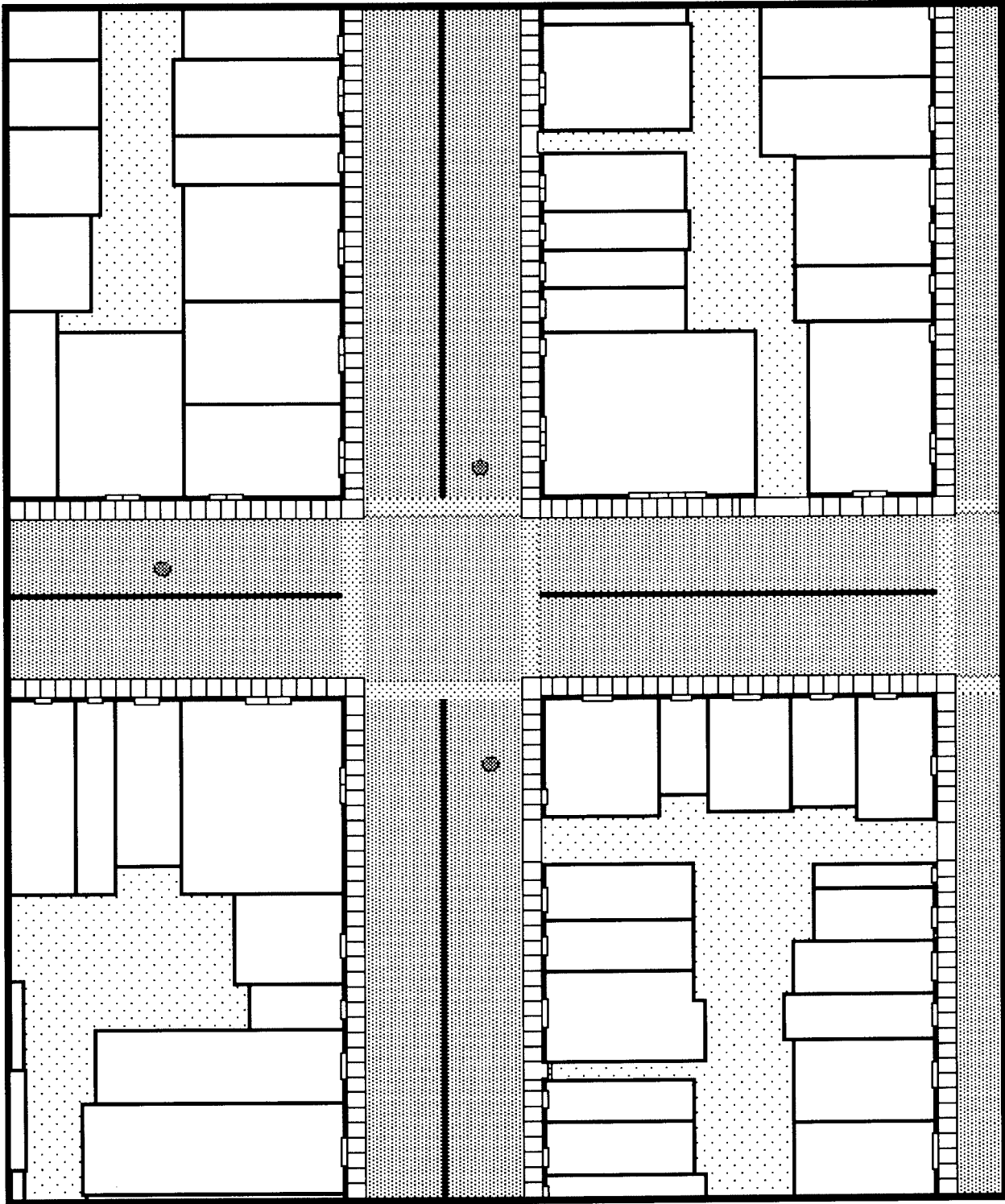
“Oh ...any chance we have access to a space shuttle and a nuke?”

*Roger's Rangers,
Bureau 13 field team, Boston*

HEX SHEET

Scale 

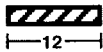




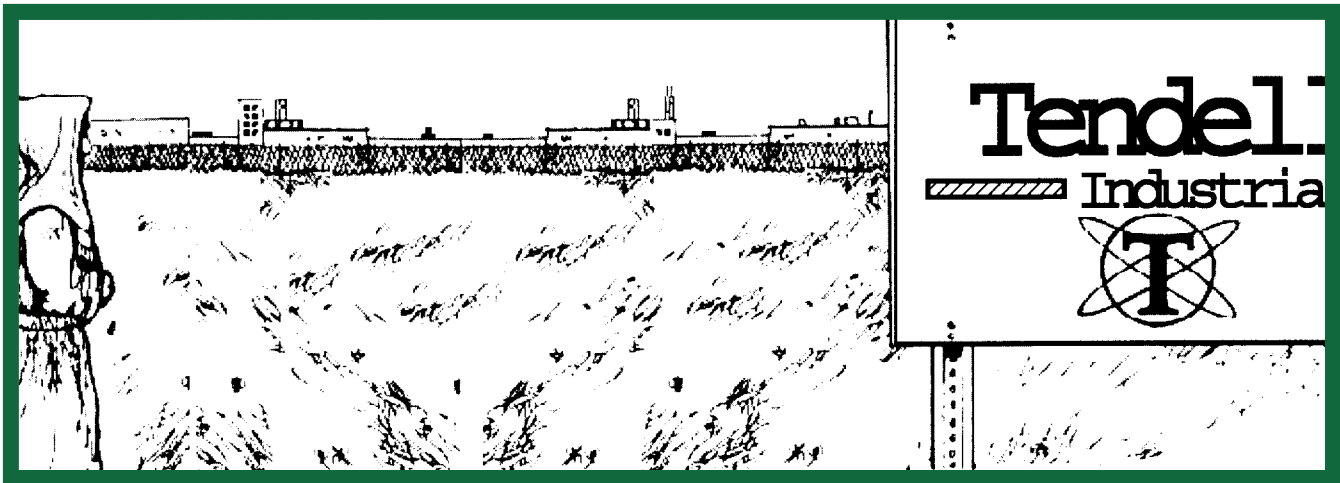
Alley



Street



Generic City Map



ADVENTURE #1
"WALK ON WATER"

by Richard Tucholka

It started with several robberies in a quiet industrial complex and the report of a man in a cloak walking away with two 55 gallon drums of aviation fuel.

Thefts

Agents arrive early in the morning at the Tendell Industrial Center. TIC has been a center of high-tech industrial work and secret governmental contracts for the last ten years.

With computer use, the following Police reports, filed by the below-listed companies, can be traced. All thefts occurred within the last four weeks.

A) STEIN INDUSTRIES

This aerospace firm produces parts for jet engines. A small prototype of an orbital booster module was stolen.

B) KNOX SPECIALTY FABRICATION

Has been twice plagued by inventory shortages of steel and sheet aluminum. A 700 pound welder vanished, as well as most of the tools in the testing lab.

C) MAYNARD TOOL

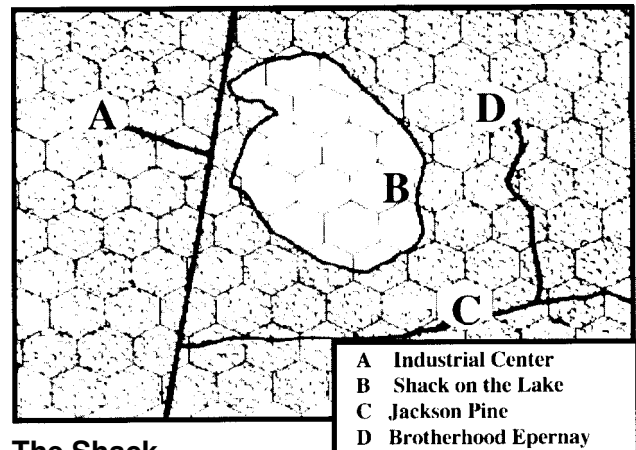
Lost a vertical milling machine that weighs 800 pounds.

D) CONCRETE FABRICATORS

Are frantic about the loss of a case of low-yield explosives. Each of the 50 sticks has a blast potential of a stick of Dynamite.

Search

Data gained during the day will lead the Agents to nothing in particular. If they explore the area on foot, they have a 20% chance to see the boat in the lake and the shack on the far side. The boat other than having a fishing pole and lantern, is empty.



The Shack

The shack contains an old man hiding in the corner babbling hysterically about, "I seen 'em walk across da lake... Right on water dey did... Right past my boat ...On da water..."



Police Call

It is the evening, Police monitoring will pick up a serious disturbance at the Banton Electronics Research Center, where a Guard fired several shots into an intruder. The intruder quickly vanished into the night though the Guard swears he hit the man several times.

Banton Electronics manufactures small electronics packages for satellites as well as guidance computers for aircraft and the newest prototype cruise missile. This small company is under very tight security and only individuals bearing Special Government ID will be allowed entry.

THE DIRECTOR

The Research Director, John Higgins, if satisfied Agents have been sent to help, will openly discuss the attempted thefts and share his opinion of Chinese Spies trying to steal technology for their military.

Higgins will show the research facility and the seven prototype guidance packages designed for the U.S. Defense Department. He will then introduce the computer designer, an ExPolish Physicist, Dr. Kostolov, who excels in sharing opinions about his former government and his work to further the goals of America and freedom.

Higgins will show the high security vault where the guidance packages are kept during the night.

That Night

At 6 P.M., Higgins verifies the packages are safe behind a time-locked vault door.

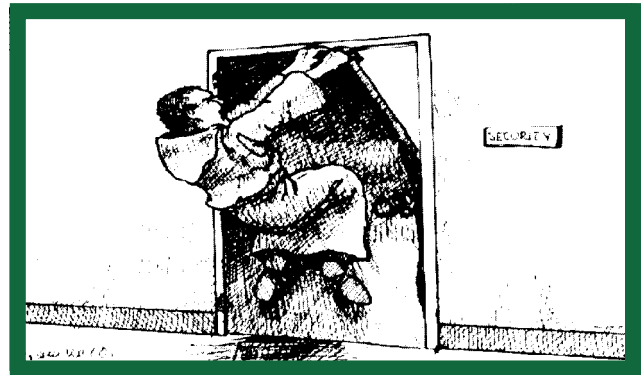
At 2 A.M., the perimeter alarm will sound as a Guard is found unconscious. Within seconds, the plant is on security alert as an attack begins. On the second floor, a young man in a brown robe blasts through a window into the second floor cafeteria. He calmly walks across the room to the administration wing, where he begins to rip the steel door from the director's office.

Agents and security forces who attempt to deal with this unarmed intruder are brushed off like flies as they try to restrain him.

If shot, he will continue without a flinch or lost action.

It will take the combined gunfire of five times the Maximum Body points in damage to kill this individual who will simply stop, smile and

then forgive the attackers "Because they know not what they do," and just die.



If not bothered, he will walk through the Director's Office and exit by ripping a hole through the security grating in the east window. At this point, a loudspeaker will announce: "All packages are secure in the lower vault and sir, does that include the simulator Dr. Kostolov took home?"

Agents will discover the programming simulator went home for work with Kostolov, against company policy, as it often did.

Higgins often breached his own security by allowing the Genius Workaholic to tinker at home.

The Lake

The robed figure will vanish into the woods. If Agents are stationed at the lake, they see a lone figure walk across the surface of the lake, now still as glass. The old man in the shack will see this and go into hysterics again. The figure will pause in the center of the lake and slowly sink into the depths if he is wounded or dying.

The home of Kostolov is within 5 miles of the base. Agents can be there in 6 minutes. They will find the Doctor dead of a heart attack and the trunk of his car ripped open. The case of the prototype sits on the ground nearby, empty.

Local Farms

Farms in the area are the common, peaceful, and dull places found in many a rural setting. The only different establishment in the area is a commune left over from the 60's, called Jackson Pine Farm. Once a prospering trade center for handcrafts and information on self-sufficiency, it now is slowly decaying.

Morris Perdowski heads the 25 people and their children who still reside on the Farm.

Tapping Bank Records

Tapping into local bank records will show that the Jackson Pine Farm is deeply in debt and on the verge of going bankrupt. An IRL lean of \$30,000.00 in back taxes will dissolve this Farm within six months.

Morris will push as much in sales as he can on Agents if he thinks they are tourists. He will talk and invite them to breakfast, lunch, or dinner. The more the Agents buy the friendlier Morris will become. He tells them of life on the farm the Monks over the hill and his problems with taxes and the government.

With Agents showing Federal Government ID and acting like they own his farm, he will give them a cold reception and all but ask them to leave. He will have little doubt they are from the IRS and have come to collect his taxes.. or worse.



Monks

The monks of the Brotherhood of Epernay are a small order who have been in the area for the last 90 years. The remaining 16 monks lead a sparse life tending their gardens and flowerbeds. Brother Christopher takes them on a tour of all but the Main Chapel which he points at and shakes his head. He explains that it was deemed structurally unsafe in 1958 and had to be sealed until repaired. It was bricked shut to keep children out. He quietly confesses his Order is dying and the money needed is channeled to aiding Jackson Pine Farm, as well as the surrounding community. When his Order is recalled to France, in a month, the land will be deeded to Morris Perdowski.

Adjacent to the Chapel is a graveyard with a fresh grave covered in blooming flowers. If exhumed, the body of a Monk who has been shot will be found.

A careful check of the year 1958 reveals news stories of a series of nine strange deaths that started in New York, and ended near the town of Perry. A number of unidentified people

were found burned in stolen vehicles.

A 1958 Bureau 13 investigation is still on an open file. A further check shows this Order of Monks was recalled to France in 1955. At the same time, a local merchant ended up missing three tons of concrete.

Truth

If Agents are truthful, and uncover their true identity and purpose, the Monks will inform them of their Secret Most Holy Mission which has been passed on since the 16th century (*The Monks have documentation to convince the most stubborn disbeliever*).

Canticle

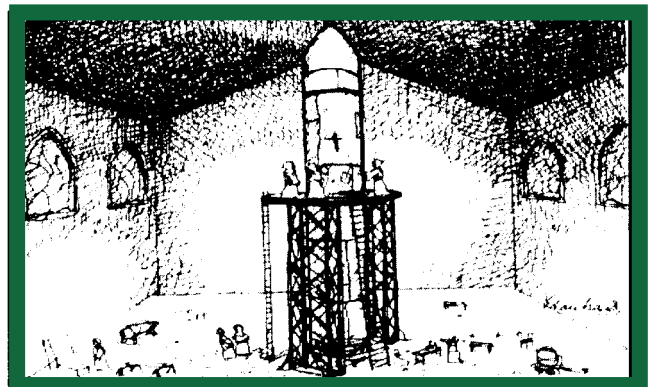
That same night the Monks will begin to sing a canticle (*song of prayer*) to gain the help to finish their Secret Most Holy Mission for all time. The voices in the small Chapel will grow quiet. The Agents will find the Chapel now empty. The basement door is heavily bolted from within.

The Monks have gained access to the old Chapel from the basement tunnel. The upper stained glass windows of the Chapel light as the canticle rings out again across the night. Four minutes later, an end to the canticle and the muffled thump of a blast is heard as windows crack and a bell reverberates across the countryside.

Nightfall

All is set for June 21st, the night of the acquisition of the final item. With the Monks, the Agents will now see the disposal of Levasobis, a lesser demon of disease, who has been loose on Earth.

Guarded for centuries, it is now nearly free. The good monks are about to send it on a one-way trip into space. If agents break in, they will see the beginning of the bag being passed to the rocket. Christopher will quickly try to explain



what is about to happen.

The Chapel

The interior of the Church is a dusty mess of construction, tools and a section of the floor ripped away to expose a concrete slab. Through the slab can be seen a 1956 Chevy with a hole torched in the trunk.

A complete rocket stands 35 feet in a gantry. A scaffolding and ladder leads to the top where a Monk waits at an open hatch. Every 10 feet, a Monk takes position for the final task they must accomplish. One of the Monks that should be in line is obviously missing. There is a single button on a control box at the bottom of the scaffolding.

THE BAG

The Monks begin a final canticle as a small sack wound with gold cord, and a crumbling gold wax seal is held up. Something in the bag squeals and the Monk quickly passes the bag. He shudders, turns pale yellow and rots away in 10 seconds. The bag jerks as it is passed and the Monks die, one by one.

Christopher tells the Agents they need two volunteers to help them as they have lost two Monks. One to pass the bag and the other to fire the rocket.

The demon, entombed here since 1956, will be free in 10 minutes.



At this point Christopher grabs the bag and passes it up the gantry. He dies. Something small in the bag will squeal and scream that it is not evil, but good and the real demons are trying to send him away. If ignored, it will offer rewards, a partnership and a final curse on those who don't aid it. It will call Agents by name.

The Monks continue to sing and pass along the bag. The last dying monk shoves the

twitching bag into the rocket and closes the hatch. The rocket will launch 20 seconds after the button is pushed.

The Chapel will burn to the ground. There is a simple end to this adventure. The Monks must be aided to dispose of the bag of remains.



Whether by the method the monks have devised, *(which will work, if not damaged by gunfire)*, or by more sophisticated methods, like using the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to shuttle it off of Earth.

The Nature of the Daemon

Unfortunately, the nature of the demon will be a problem to any handlers or support personnel. If the Agents have done their research, they will realize the nature as well as the extreme danger of Levasobis the Shunned.

Helping

Any Agent who aids the Monks by passing the bag, knowing what it will do, has a 40% percent chance of survival if they are healed magically and immediately. This selfless act should be rewarded to the extreme.

Blessing the Bag

Blessing the bag will add d4 hours to the protection of the seal holding the demon at bay within the bag. Blessing the bag by touch decreases the bags chance of killing, that is effectively doubling the chance of survival score. The Agent blessing the bag must roll a 40% chance of survival for the initial touch.

Blessing the Rocket

Blessing the rocket will ensure it launches and heads into space. This insurance covers the launch, not the destination. Anything is possible when the satellite achieves orbit. While the Monks plan for the small capsule to leave orbit for the vast cold reaches of space, there can be complications.

FATE OF THE ROCKET

- 01-05** Rocket explodes and drops the satellite within 4x d100 miles of the launch.
- 06-25** Almost reaches orbit and falls back onto land in a remote area.
- 26-50** Achieves a low stable orbit for d10 +10 years.
- 51-75** Achieves a high stable orbit for d100 +10 years.
- 76-95** Around 2013 it is picked up as space junk and taken back to the Space Station
- 95-00** Reaches Orbit and is catapulted out of the Solar System by chance or divine intervention.

Ending

Stopping the Monks' disposal project will not automatically release the demon unless the sealed bag is opened, or destroyed by explosion, fire, or the rocket detonating (d4x1000 damage) in a huge ball of fire.

Release of the Demon

The release of the demon Levasobis will be a fantastic sight as the bones assemble themselves and body mass is formed from smoke or bits of organic material. It takes the form of a warped and rotting 5 foot man with a pig's head and bat wings. Levasobis will proceed to thank the group by killing or infecting them with a slow, rotting form of incurable leprosy before he heads for Toledo, Ohio.

And if the Agents were dumb enough to make a deal with Levasobis...well... (see: *Enemies - Levasobis, and Cryptozology*)



MORE COMPLICATIONS

With the number of high tech items stolen, a flag will immediately trip at Homeland Security and they will end up on the case. At best they are serious problems for the Bureau with their lack of tact and bending the law. They will see terrorism no matter the real reason and doubly assured because they are dealing with something French. It is best to disarm the situation in any way possible before they order a strike on the monastery.

The Bureau in SPACE

It is only a rumor that there is a secret Space Shuttle called Angel 1 based out of secret hanger at a staging area called AREA 13 in South West Texas. Built with Stealth technology, it is parked on a booster and waits for fueling. The process to launch this takes a very special request as well as 24 hours.

A special crew of 3 is on 24 hour call to pilot this special piece of hardware, perhaps the costliest item the Bureau maintains.



Unlike a NASA shuttle this ship is a more compact spacecraft that uses a touch of alien technology and can move to higher levels of orbit or even break out of orbit if necessary.

Cargo capacity is limited to ten tons of material or 8 passengers and 6 tons of hardware.

Angel is armed with cannon, missiles and a single "Chubby Guy" Hydrogen device for critical Alien Contact scenarios. It can land in water or on a special shielded runway back in Texas.

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BUREAU 13 FIELD REPORT

FROM: Team Macabe
STATUS: Successful

LOCATION: Cincinnati, OH
DATE: 02/14/2012

DETAILS: Going for groceries, our team leader noticed there were no homeless folks on the streets. Checked with police, and it seemed they all vanished after midnight. Very odd. That evening, the entire team disguised ourselves as homeless people, hobos, bindlestiffs, bums, etc. (*these are all very different classifications of 'street people'*), and spread across the city to sleep in weird places.

During the night, our rabbi/mage was attacked by Thrill-Killers and he vaporized them. But in the morning, our Telepath was missing. Dead, or just unconscious? More Thrill-Killers? Our dwarf albino hacker accessed an NSA satellite, tracked the missing agent through his Bureau 13 wristwatch and found all of the missing people in an abandoned warehouse outside of town. A splinter group of the S2 had joined forces with the Scion to arrange for a mass human sacrifice to summon a Lost God to squash the Bureau. Not good.

Using our credit cards (*receipt attached*) we had a truckload of pizza and whores delivered (*some of them us in disguise again!*) Naturally, the pizzas were drugged, and as the *gonifs* got woozy, we started a fire. During the ensuing chaos, we rescued the homeless people while our mages summoned a common sewer rat. Then they put it under a geis, and made it Giant, SuperStrong, Super-Fast, Invulnerable, Invisible, Silent, then turned it against the S2 and the Scion, while we had some much needed coffee. (*and changed into our normal clothing. Feh, fleas!*) When the screaming finally stopped, we checked for any survivors, then burned the warehouse down to hide the evidence.

Afterward, we took the homeless to a real shelter (*although some had already run away*), fixed a few problems around the shelter with some spells, hired some of the folks there as our 'Street Watchers' to guard other homeless people, recruited a fledgling mage into the Bureau (*forms attached*), then went back to our apartment for some much needed sleep. **Note:** High heels are a real bitch to fight in. Not recommended. (*all that wobbling made our yarmulkes fall off*) But that rat trick worked great!

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ADVENTURE #2: **“ROACH MOTEL”**

by Richard Tucholka

Very few people noticed the disappearances of individuals from the “Flaming Bananas” street gang’s territory in the slums of New York City.

Only a rival gang took note of the subsequent disappearances of more individuals from the Flaming Bananas turf, but they still went unreported.

That was last week ...Now, the disappearances are occurring with a higher frequency and people are starting to take notice.

A dozen people saw the thing as it scaled



up the side of a building, but as this was New York, nobody really paid much attention. The city started to care when a cop vanished during a raid on a local crack house and his hysterical partner was sent to Bellevue Hospital when he claimed that a “Six Foot Cockroach” pulled him out of the bedroom window and said, “Excuse me.”

THE REPORT

A local reporter picked up the odd story, thinking it was funny. Bureau 13 picked up on the story, didn’t think it was funny and Agents were immediately sent to investigate.

New York City

As Agents investigate this case, they will quickly learn their vehicle is an open invitation to each and every car thief in the neighborhood.

Second only to car thieves in Detroit, the automotive underground will have the tires and engine removed if the Agents leave their vehicle unattended for over 40 minutes. If anti-theft devices are active, the stripping or theft will take an hour longer. If a vehicle stays in one place for



an extended period of time with Agents inside, they may find it gently placed on blocks and the tires removed when they finally depart the vehicle.

Any parking over 15 minutes will result in d10 graffiti artists and taggers hard at work decorating the vehicle with neon-colored glow paint. There are also street gangs of mixed ethnic origin who stake out their turf and wait for the unwary.

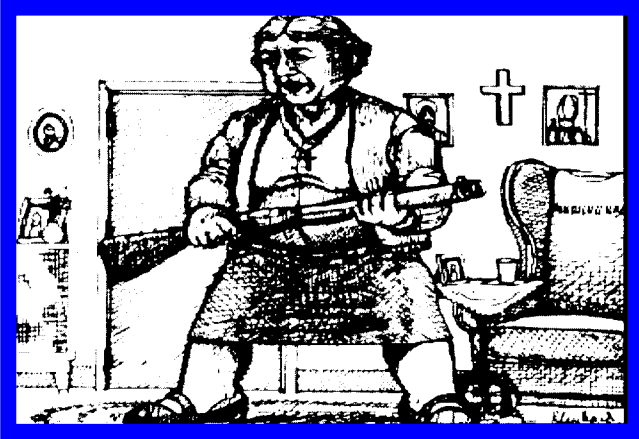
The Bar

Agents will be pegged as cops when they enter the area. An 18 year old named Jerome Manuel Rodriguez will attach himself to the group to make a few bucks and report back to the Latin Kings street gang. Given time, Jerome will become a valuable asset and can help rally support if needed by Agents. Trust goes far, but money goes all the way in this paranormal occurrence. If paid well, the locals will realize that these aren’t the cops, but probably Mafia. The best place for contacts is Lucky Dean’s Bar. If Agents do not make friends with these people,



they will gain no cooperation and will bog the scenario down until they figure the reasons out from a handful of clues.

Sightings of the Roach are concentrated around a five-block area. The second evening Agents are in the area, there is a report of an hysterical woman with a shotgun who says her husband Miguel was taken from a fourth floor bathroom by the Devil.



Carmen

This is Carmen Lopez, 53, wife of Miguel Lopez, 55, who is now missing. After being disarmed, she will cry and babble in Spanish about a Devil that carried her husband off.

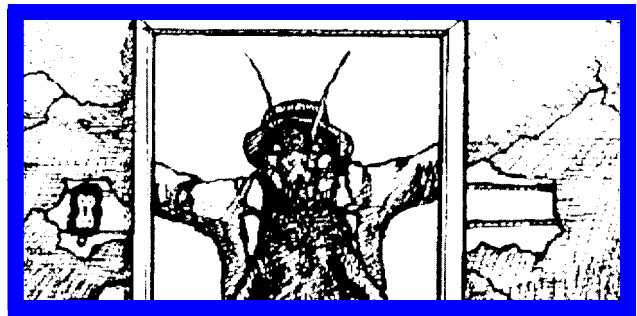
The police will take a report and one will say to the Agents: "She's nuts." The police will then depart the scene. If Agents first try to help and believe her, she will later do all she can to gain information to help them.



Historical Research

Newspapers will list events like this happening for at least 75 years in this same area. Sightings of a "monster" started in 1870 and have appeared at 20 year intervals.

In each report the kidnapper became braver and braver. Because of the bizarre nature of these events and the subsequent investigations, police were hesitant to verify a large roach was indeed kidnapping a few people.



Spotted

In 4 days the Agents will be contacted in the late evening by a gang member who wants \$100 for informing the Agents of the whereabouts of the Giant Roach he has just seen entering a building with Leon the Junkie slung over its back.

The Roach

The building is an old abandoned store that has been slated for demolition. The front door is boarded closed and the back door is bricked shut. The front windows are sealed. If Agents break in, they find a door leading to the back rooms.

The door suddenly opens and the creature is seen. It is quite literally a Giant Cockroach wearing a hat and coat. The Roach then yelps and vanishes in an astounding burst of speed. Agents hear the door to the basement slam shut.

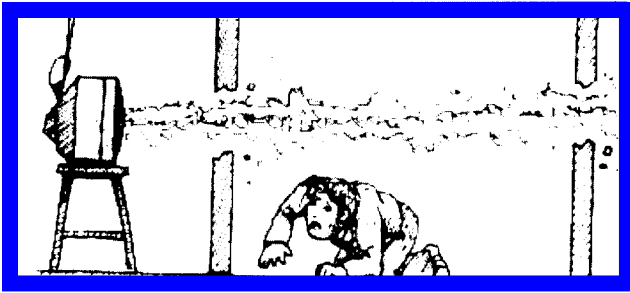
Traps

At the base of the stairs is a pool of water that hides a sticky substance that will instantly bind to any material that is not living. The patch of "stick" is four feet square and is immediately at the bottom of the stairs. An Agent running through this area will fall and be immobilized.

Energy Beam Trap

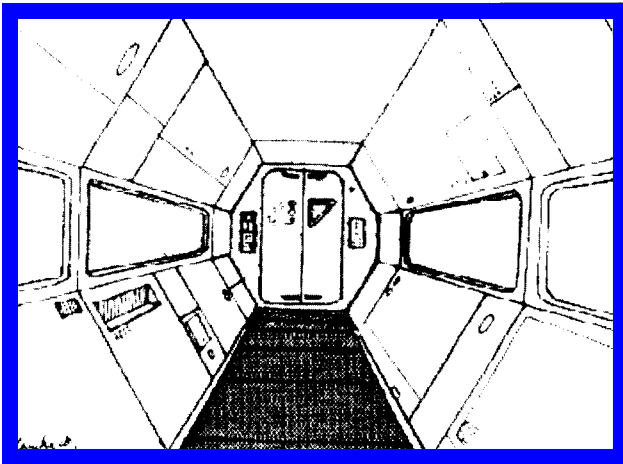
The east door of the basement is closed. If the door is opened, it will activate a trap set by the Roach. Agents will have 2 actions to decide what they are going to do. At this point, the rigged television will spit out a single 24 inch wide particle beam through the wall on the other side of the basement.

The beam will do Critical Damage in the form of molecular disintegration. Anyone being hit by this beam will have a single action to duck or be burned. In the floor is a newly opened tunnel into a high-tech area. At the end of the tunnel is what appears to be an airlock to a space ship.



The Airlock:

The airlock is a simple structure with a row of three buttons on its right side. The top button opens the lock. The middle button sounds a warning horn. The bottom button closes the lock. The interior of the lock extends 20 feet to end in a second door which is identical to the first. It takes about 10 seconds for the airlock to cycle.



Cargo

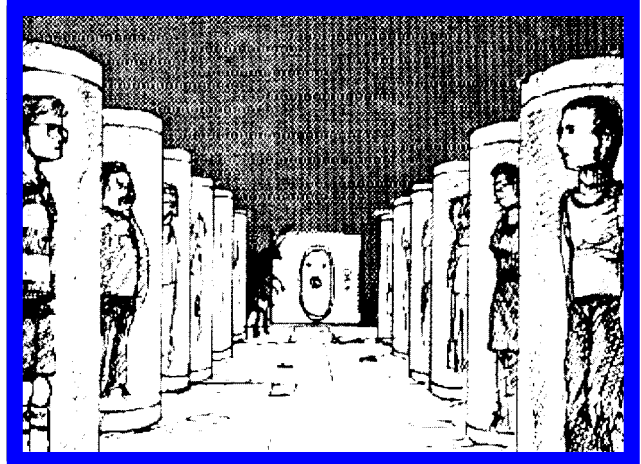
Inside the door are rows of people in tubes and boxes of souvenirs of the Big Apple that span over a century. The Roach is partially hidden behind tubes, making gunfire almost impossible. In a cartoony voice, he tells anyone who enters the ship that they will be atomized if they don't leave immediately. He demands one more final specimen or he will "Blow New York City to Kingdom Come".

If Agents talk to this pest from the stars, they will find him amiable, but a little eccentric. He calls himself Buzz.

For the last century his ship has been buried and he is collecting specimens to seed mankind on a new world before our Class-Y society blows itself to bits with nuclear weapons or fouls its environment to Eco Catastrophe as all Class-Y societies eventually do.

The Mission

Buzz may not be right, but he is preserving a wide gene pool of humanity and insuring the survival of the human race. If left alone, the ground rumbles and the ship launches in d10 +2 minutes, leaving a large hole filling with water from broken water mains. If an Agent joins Buzz, they will be stunned and frozen for the voyage that will end in 458 years.



Killing Buzz

If Buzz is killed, the ship will launch after a d10 +30 minute delay. This will be obvious by the clangs and sounds of engines warming up.

If critically damaged, the ship will release the frozen people and self-destruct, leaving no trace of itself. (and also destroying most of that city block.

Expansion

Agents foolish enough to enter the ship, find the Roach's body armor acts like three inches of steel plate. While his temperament is actually quite pleasant, he will defend himself.

ROACH, ALIEN (BUZZ)	
STRENGTH	High
CONSTITUTION	High
DEXTERITY	Average
INTELLIGENCE	High
WISDOM	Average
AGILITY	Exceptional
CHARISMA	Low
FIREARMS	Average
CONTACT	n/a
MAGIC	No
PSI	No

More Expansion

This scenario is easy to expand into a far more difficult case. Various people and groups may complicate matters such as:

The S2

Operation Roach Bait has been in effect since 1970 when the Brazilian government's super secret agency, the dreaded S2, discovered Buzz. Since then they have kept a close eye on him in the hopes of stealing technology. This is a vicious and nasty group who will hinder the Bureau, and happily utilize violence to continue their operations (*see: Enemies - The S2*).

Street Gangs

If the Agents anger the gangs, they will be continually attacked until peace can be made, or an open confrontation convinces the gang it is outgunned. In this case, another gang will move in to help harass Bureau agents (*see: Enemies - Morlocks*).

The Underworld

This area is a hotbed of illegal theft and drug activities. If the Agents confront the Mafia, there can be serious problems. The Mafia can be as well armed as the players and will show no remorse at removing them. If the Roach kidnaps an underworld leader, there could be no end to the difficulties. There is no way they are going to believe there are alien Bugs in NYC.

Business

An exterminator firm suspects the Roach is real and has dispatched a crew to capture or kill the thing as a publicity stunt. They have no idea they deal with a potentially dangerous alien life form. This "ROACH KILL" crew will make the worst Ghostbusters seem like professionals as they make a mess of the neighborhood, Bureau plans and just enrage the locals and especially the gangs.

Terrorists

Somehow, the Bureau stumbles over a group of International Terrorists bent on disrupting city life. Their cache of Fertilizer Fuel Oil bombs and surplus Russian weapons may present a formidable foe.

These materials may also be left over and the owners realize it's far easier to make a few bucks with their party store rather than blow up a building.

Homeland Security

Hot on the trail of anything that looks like a threat is the Department of Homeland Security. With the ability to break civil laws and really annoy everybody, they will target the Gang Members by calling in the INS and targeting any suspicious Bureau operations.

Tabloid Reporters

Always underfoot and jeopardizing Bureau operations are those pesky reporters from the Weekly Inquiring Star. The underpaid reporters are searching for that "Once in a Lifetime" news story that will catapult them out of the news gutter and into a real newspaper job.

City Engineers

By some Miracle, the City of NY has shown up with a work crew and is getting ready to demolish Buzz's building. This may throw a wrench or two into the works as the street is blocked off and the Donuts delivered. Bulldozers won't move without paperwork and the OK from the Union.

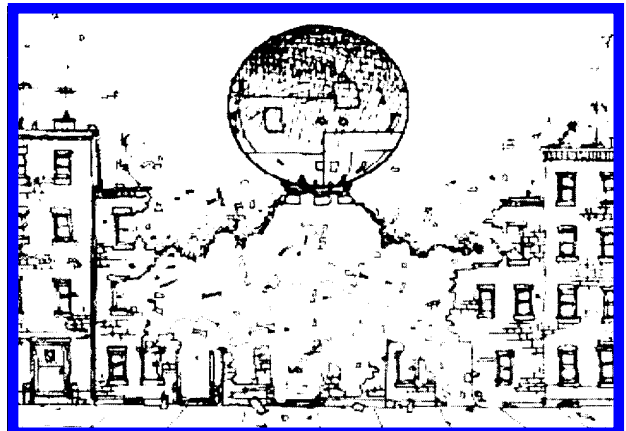
The Movie

And then the film crew shows to do a few scenes for the new Detective movie Die Lard IV with the ever popular 300 pound Hollywood Detective Max Reynolds. This premadona will boss crews, delay the shooting schedule and attract large crowds.

On Launch

While the launching of an alien starship from the center of New York City would be a spectacular sight, only a few drunks from Lucky Dean's and a gamer would notice and far less would even care.

It's just that kind of town.



“THE COLLAR”

by Nick Pollotta

I like to kill.

It started as a feeling when I was a kid, then became an obsession and finally my line of work. Why fight nature? There was a lot of money out there, and I wanted all of it. So I went with my natural talents. Besides, I really like to kill.

But this night the hit was going weird. Everything had been jake when I got the word through my usual contacts that there was a client looking for some wet work. I still preferred the term murder, but the market wanted to be PC, I used wet work. Stupid term, murder wasn't wet, it was hot. Hot guns, hot screams. Murder was hot.

The client had my fee, the bills were legit, and after giving me an ID on the target he started wasting my time telling me why the target deserved to get croaked. I had to laugh. Who gives a damn? Pay me enough, I'll ace the Pope. A job was a job. For some reason this impressed the Hell out of him and he promised me lots of additional work if I got this one right. The implied insult made me want to use my gun and slap the teeth out of his solicitous face, but as my brother always said, most folks were idiots, so why fight nature? True words.

After a few more minutes of assurances and mutual threats, we parted company and I grabbed a cab. The target was only across town. Easy pie. I'd be home in time for nachos and *The Daily Show*.

Leaving the cab a few blocks from my destination, I paused to light my pipe and smoke a bowl of shag-cut brandy. Always gave me an edge. Some amateurs liked to get high, or wired, but that only blurred the sensation, the delicious rush of taking a life. None of that for me. I was a purest.

A pair of rich folks in fake fur strolled by giving me the eye, glaring hatefully at my smoking briarwood, but since I was on the open street they couldn't even say anything about my social crime. Hey, my lungs, my cancer, why should anybody else care? When a doc told me I had the Big C, I would have a wild week in Vegas, then eat my gun. Life was pain, my pipe removed some of that. If there was a price to pay down the line for my fun, so be it. Nothing was free. Especially death.

Finishing, I tapped out my pipe, cleaned the bowl and tucked her away inside my trench coat. Wonderful things those, seemed to be made for hiding weapons. Just then, a patrol car rolled into view. Forcing myself to stay loose, I watched curiously as they "passed by, the driver giving me hard once over with the full know. That was the only thing I truly feared, the collar.

Getting arrested. Chains, shackles, iron bars, the whole thing gave me night sweats, and there was no way I was ever going in, even with an army of crooked lawyers on my side. The thought of handcuffs closing around my wrists made me nauseous and I stumbled into the alleyway and breathed in the sharp stink of rotting garbage for a while until my head cleared.

Feeling better, I walked quickly through the darkness of the alley hoping that some dumb-ass mugger would try for my shiny gold Rolex. A nice shot of death was just what I needed to clear my mind, but no such luck, and I was still feeling the shakes when I reached the address, using the corner street light to read the numbers printed on the inside of the matchbook given by my client.

Knocking hard on the door, I could hear it was iron plated on the inside, but lots of doors in the city had those. Good way to stop gangbangers with those ceramic nines from shooting through the wood. The metal even slowed down the fire department with those titanium axes

they used nowadays. Decent hinges, fancy French lock. Combined with the iron plating this door would be a real bitch to get through fast. Unless you simply knocked.

"Who is it?" a thin voice demanded, a quaver of fear marking the challenge.

Okay, he was armed, but with an old man's gun. Maybe a .32, or even a .22 pistol. No prob - lems there. "You don't know me," I said clear and slow. "But you got a relative who is in big trouble. Stupid bastard has lost a fortune to the mob, and needs your help. Call'em right now. Goodbye."

That was the kicker, saying goodbye. That removed all of the threat from the presence of a stranger and the dumb fools opened the doors right then and there, nine times out of ten.

I turned my back to maintain the illusion I actually was going and heard the block slide and the door swing open. No squeak, he must oil the hinges. That was dumb. Creaky hinges were an excellent way to hear burglars in the night. This guy was no Einstein.

"Wait a sec," he demanded.

I turned and sure enough he was packing heat, but just an Uzi machine pistol. The .22 miniUzi to be sure, but more than enough firepower to remove me from this world, and I was twice the size of this wizened old geezer. My instincts flared that this was a set-up and I raised my hands high in surrender.

"Put those down," he snapped, and I slid my hands into my coat pockets to grab my guns. "Now who did you say was in trouble again?"

"Your cousin," I lied. But it was a good one, rock solid. Damn near everybody on Earth had a stupid cousin. Even me.

Mine wanted me to open a video store and go legit. What an imbecile.

But the geezer stepped back and grabbed the mini-Uzi with both hands dropping into a firing stance. "I don't have a cousin," he snarled, snapping the arming bolt on top. "I'm an orphan!" Well, son of a bitch. Ten years in this job and I finally meet a goddamn orphan. Had to happen some day, I guess.

"McPherson?" I said leaning close as if looking at his face. "Craig McPherson, right?"

"Daniel McPherson," he corrected with a snort, lowering the barrel of the rapidfire. "You got the wrong-"

Using both guns, I fired through the fabric of my coat, the silenced .44 rounds sounding no louder than a door knock. The little guy flew backwards into his home, and I followed close behind, pumping more slugs into his chest with my right hand as the left closed the door. He was dead before hitting the floor.

A cop friend who didn't know what I did for a living had told me that men always had to finish a sentence before shooting you. Some sort of sexual link to fucking, I suppose. Woman were the dangerous adversaries, they would often shoot you in the middle of a sentence and then finish talking to your corpse. I'd never aced a woman before, but was looking forward to the challenge.

After beating out the small fire on my trench coat caused by shooting through the fabric, I shrugged it off and kicked it aside. Its job was done for the night. Removing my spent clips and tucking'em into my shirt pocket, I reloaded the Magnums and put two more rounds into his head, just to make sure, then removed a college signet ring from his warm hand as proof of the hit. Next, I checked the apartment over for any witnesses or spare cash. I had a trench coat to replace, and British shag-cut was very expensive. But then, the good stuff always was.

What a dump, a classic old man's home, lots of medicine and lotions, except for the back room. That was, well, I didn't know what the hell that was. Workbench with a lathe set to make slim wooden spindles with sharply tapered end, I guess, there was a pile of them in a box. A pegboard wall covered with a wide assortment of guns, ceramics pieces, derringers, machine guns,

even a US Army M79 grenade launcher. *Weird*. This neighborhood was not that rough. Maybe he sold guns on the side, was cutting into some big boy's action and wouldn't play ball. *Stupid*. Always cut a deal, then shoot them in the back. There was no God, and no justice, just us, as the smart kids like to say.

But this old fart had crucifixes and rosaries everywhere, bottles labeled Holy Water, and brand new super deluxe water pistols, the ones that held a gallon and could shoot a hundred feet. Plus, there were fine tooled leather bandoleers lined with wooden stakes. It took me a sec, then I broke into laughter. The old freak was crazy, thought he was a vampire hunter! Now that was truly, honestly, funny.

Then I stopped cold in the middle of a chuckle. So why would somebody pay my rates to ace a crazy man? That old feeling that I was being scammed somehow came back strong, and I turned on a heel to leave, then paused and took a few of the more choice items from the collection on the walls. They'd fetch a good price on the street, and might come in handy. Just in case.

Returning to the bar across town, I placed a call and less than an hour later, my client returned. As he slide into the booth, I tossed the college ring on the table. It landed with a clatter and rolled around for a moment before going still.

"Where's the rest of my money," I demanded.

"So he's no longer with us," the client asked eagerly, pulling out a brown paper sack bound with rubber bands.

"He's dead, I killed him, open the bag," I ordered.

My client smiled widely, removed the rubber bands and slid the bag over. I looked inside and stuffed the wad into my damaged coat pocket without counting. My clients knew what to expect if I discovered that they had shortchanged me. The ultimate punishment. They'd face me.

"Thank you," he said rising to leave. "We are very pleased with your service and shall use you again."

"Sure, swell. Just one thing," I said, then tossed a crucifix onto the table.

The client hissed in terror at the thing and recoiled as if it was going to spit venom. Or maybe like he was.

"So you know about my master!" he snarled, clawing for a handgun in a shoulder holster. I didn't know shit, but I was always ready. I fired twice with my silenced .44 through the table and the client dropped his piece, his shoulder pumping blood from the gaping wounds caused by the military explosive rounds. Always use the best.

He fell to his knees hacking for breath and spitting and bleeding and all the usual stuff. Moving fast, Dave appeared behind the bar with a sawed-off shotgun in his grip, but I shook my head and he nodded in return, tucking the alleysweeper away. A former junkie, Dave ran the bar and did the taxes, but I owned this place. That's why I did business here.

Dragging my former client into the back room, I bolted the sound-proof door shut and turned just in time to kick another gun out of his hand. *A hideaway piece? Smart boy. Just too slow.*

I patted him down, taking away a couple of knives and a military grenade. It was color coded, but I didn't know what the symbols meant so I put it on a high shelf with the rest of the cleaning supplies far out of the dead man's reach.

"I will tell you nothing, hunter!" he gasped, a hand pressing tight to the bloody wound. Half of his shirt was stained red by now, and he was having trouble breathing. The slug had not gone anywhere near his lungs, must be having a panic attack.

Then I scowled. *Hunter? I didn't do bounty work. Hmm*. Taking out my pipe, I loaded the bowl and lit a smoke to think on this. I puffed for a few moments, then took out my can of butane lighter fluid and squirted some on the concrete floor.

He watched in fascination as I struck a match with one thumbnail, my other hand filled with the big bore .44 Magnum. As I dropped the burning wood stick into the fuel, the stuff whooped into flames, the fire rising high for a moment, then fading away completely as the few drops of butane were consumed.

"This is a public tavern," he said, a break in his voice showing the fear. "You wouldn't dare."

He stopped talking as I squirted him in the mouth with the butane fuel, then his hair, the wounded shoulder and soaked the crotch of his pants, until the fuel seeped down deep where he could really feel it.

"Tell me about your master," I said, emptying the container into his hair until the fluid ran down his face like tears. Then I lit another match and let him see the pretty flame. "Tell me everything."

He talked, of course. Eventually, they all do. But the things he said were impossible, incredible, and very interesting. If true. I would have to check this out.

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The penthouse was in the rich section of downtown, all chrome, tinted glass and liveried bodyguards. I had only done a few hits around here, and each had been a pain. But I knew how to handle these things better now.

Hiring a few hookers to stage a topless screaming fight right outside the apartment building, I waited until the armed Pinkerton guards were busy trying to chase the girls away and slipped inside. There was some poor bastard with no left arm working the elevator, so I used my stun gun and left him alive. Might have been a veteran. Even I got limits. No soldiers.

At the top, I hit the video cameras with spray paint and used a keywire gun to jimmy the lock to the place I wanted. As the door swung inward, I pulled out a can of mace and sprayed. Sure enough, some hulking muscle came charging out and caught the spray full in the face.

Caught by surprise, the Pinkerton fell hacking and coughing for breath, I put them both away forever. Easy pie.

Stepping inside I closed the door trying not to drool with avarice. The place was loaded with goodies as I had expected, but I ignored the valuable trinkets and went straight into the master bedroom. First time I have ever heard the word used correctly. According to the burnt husk in the garbage can outside my bar, this was where the master slept.

The bed was gone, but in its place rested a white marble bathtub, or maybe the word pool was correct, and sure enough the damn thing was filled with blood, the tell-tale coppery stink confirming that matter. Wild. An AutoSentry machine pistol stood in the corner, and as I approached its little dish on top swung towards me, the .32 rapidfire underneath tracking only a second behind. But that was enough, and I blew it apart with a single thundering round from the .44 Magnum. How exciting. I liked a challenge.

Taking cover behind a marble pillar near the doorway, I leveled my gun and squirted the new can of butane fuel all over the tiles and carpeting around the marble tub. A flick of the match, a toss and flames rose on every side, the natural fiber carpeting adding nicely to the growing bonfire. Getting no response yet, I went to the bar and added some Napoleon brandy and vodka. Whoosh! *Pretty.*

If there was anybody submerged inside the tub, the heat would soon start to make them cook. And since I had turned off the main water feed in the basement before coming up here the sprinklers were out of action. How much toasting could a 'demon lord' take?

Suddenly and without warning, the tiles around the tub exploded as hidden charges of C4 detonated in unison, the hellstorm of busted tiles ripping every article of furniture into splinters. The entire bar shattered, and the heavy oak doors were removed from the cracked walls, and some of the ceramic shards ricocheted off the twisted ruin of the hinges and caught me behind the pillar right in the leg. *Shit!* They hurt like blazes, but nothing was squirting so none of my arteries were hit. Just pain. No problem. That could be controlled and ignored.

As I struggled to rise, there rose a geyser of blood from the tub and out of the roiling smoke walked a beautiful naked woman, with the face of an angel, long flowing black hair, and covered with tattoos.

"Time to die, hunter!" she screamed as horns sprouted from her forehead. Then the thing lunged for me with hands that changed into animal talons.

A real demon? *Cool.* My twin .44 Magnums blew thunder at the she-beast slamming her back into the tub and removing large chunks of her chest and head. As I dropped the spent clip into a pocket and reloaded, she dove forward and took two more rounds before tackling me against the wall and putting a backhand across my face. I barely had time to turn with the blow and it still felt like my head was coming off. Bitch was strong! I went airborne for a moment then became reacquainted with the floor in a hard crash.

Struggling to regain my bearings, the gaping crater in her skull closed and she started towards me once more. This time I blew off both her kneecaps. But as she fell, her body turned into a huge spider and leapt faster than I could track with my booming gun.

The demon slammed me onto the wall, its mandibles raking along my chest only to find the dozen rosaries and crucifixes hanging around my neck. Hissing at the sight, she tried to get free, but now I drove the wooden stake hidden behind my back into her chest. Instantly, the spider melted into a beautiful woman again and she writhed as I dug around inside her chest with the piece of wood searching for her heart. She was in pain, but not dying a whole lot. Then it wrapped a tail around my legs pulling me down and butted with her horns catching me in the chest.

Shit! That hurt! Firing one magnum non-stop, I awkwardly pulled out a bottle of Holy Water and smashed it into her face.

Brackish fumes steaming off her melting features, she shrieked and I pulled out a mini-Uzi spraying her all over with the old man's silver bullets.

Fire sprang from each impact, and she staggered away trying to escape, offering me millions in cash, but I maintained the gunfire until she dropped sprawling. It was a nice ass, but no time for that now. Pumping more lead and silver into her body, I pulled out the silver stake and rammed it into her. Black leather wings sprouted from her back and slammed hard into me, but I clung on tight and put my weight behind the metal stake, forcing it in deeper and deeper until there was a terrible noise and smeared with green blood the tip came out of her mouth and stabbed the burning carpet.

There was a muffled curse, the whole building seemed to rock, some dark shadow filled the room ...and then she was gone, only dry ash remaining in my sticky hands.

Trusting nobody, I sprinkled more of that Holy Water and communion wafers onto the dust, then went to her kitchen to wash as best I could. The water faucets were still turned off, but there was some bottled water in the fridge - yuppie assholes - and I got most of the gore off my hands.

Everything else, I left as filthy as possible.

By now the flames were spreading across the penthouse, the grand piano was musically snapping its strings and the curtains flaring to reveal the iron bars closing off the windows. Softly, police sirens were sounding from the streets below and this time I knew they were for me.

But something she said before dying had caught my interest and I did a quick check behind the pictures hanging on the walls until finding a small safe. Bingo. Surrounded by the

growing inferno, I cracked the tumblers and took all of the cash inside trying to ignore the fact that armed cops were on their way up here, along with a shitload of seriously pissed off Pinkerton guards who must have figured out by now that the hookers were just a diversion.

The smoke was thick enough to make breathing difficult, so I held a handkerchief to my mouth as I rumbled my Pinkerton guard uniform some more. Then I smeared some of my own blood from the shoulder wounds onto my face to blur my features. Nobody really wants to look at a bad wound. Works every time.

Dashing for the elevator, I jacked the slide on my .44 Magnum until the clip was out of ammunition and the slide kicked back to show it was empty. Slumping to my knees with the empty gun on display, I waited.

A split tick later, the stairwell door slammed open and out charged a mob of cops and guards. Weakly, I swung my empty gun at them and pulled the trigger several times blinking wildly.

"Pinkerton! Stop you're under arrest," I sobbed, my chest heaving. "G-get...away from her..."

As big people charged into the roaring penthouse, somebody knelt along side me and checked the pulse in my throat. A medic of some kind. I held my breath making the pulse slow to appear even weaker than I felt. My adrenaline was still pumping, and I was fine at the moment, but that would fade soon. Had to move or die. This was the fun part.

"It's okay, buddy, we're the cops," somebody said, gently pushing my gun away. "What happened?"

"Six guys, military..." I paused to cough and slump further down. "The windows, some kind rope thing..."

"They're rappelling down from the roof!" a cop snarled.

"Christ, look at the flames!"

"Nobody is left alive in there."

"We'll take the stairs!"

"Go-go-go!" a cop added into a mike, the wire leading to a small radio clipped to his gunbelt. As the group separated and charged in different directions, I took the stairs to the basement where my car was hidden.

I paused to turn the water back on which would only make things more confusing upstairs for a while, then rode away into the night holding a military battlefield compress to my wounds.

Stopping at an all night diner, I stitched the holes in me shut while sitting in a stall of the men's room, then got into my normal clothes taped behind the toilet marked 'broken'. Going to the counter, I flirted with the waitress as I ordered a sandwich and some much needed black coffee, then went to a pay phone and placed a call.

"Who the heck is this?" my cousin demanded.

"Me," I answered. "I've thought about that video store deal you want me in on, and I got a better idea. Dry cleaners."

"What?" he demanded, the sleep still thick in his voice, and he wasn't the most articulate person to begin with.

"Dry cleaners," I repeated slowly, leaning against the wall to conserving my flagging strength. Man, did I need that joe. Where was the damn waitress? "We'll open a chain of dry cleaners across the city, and I'll pay for everything." I patted the sack of cash hanging at my side. Must be close to a million there, maybe two. "A chain of dry cleaners across the state. Ten stores instead of one measly video store. You in?"

“Sure sure, whatever ya want. Sounds great.”

“Good. I’ll meet you for breakfast tomorrow. Night.”

I hung up on his gushing thanks and went to ravage my ham on rye and that precious, wonderful coffee. This was the smartest move I had ever done. Dry cleaners, it was brilliant. We’d specialize in removing bloodstains from silk, with low-low prices, and I would track down every demon in the city, hell in the state! Blow their brains out with silver bullets and steal their horde of cash. A sweet deal.

Then the universe seemed to constrict around me as a great and terrible thought occurred and I felt cold in the pit of my stomach. If there were actual demons, then there must be a Hell that they came from. Which logically meant Satan must be real, and that dictated the existence of God. *Holy crap!* Suddenly every pissant misdemeanor and capital crime I had ever committed paraded through my mind and the weight of my sins was truly staggering. I’d never made a tally before, and even I was impressed. No doubt about it, if there was a God in heaven, then I was going straight to Hell. Unacceptable. From everything I had ever read, seen or heard about The Abyss, the evil were chained in lakes of fire. And there was the magic word. *Chained.*

Consigned to Hell, I would be shackled, trapped, wearing a collar like an animal. This time my body shuddered so hard that I dropped my fork.

In this life, I had vowed to die rather than go to jail, so I sure as shit wasn’t going to do it in the afterlife. Because that’s all Hell was, the biggest baddest jail in the infinite cosmos.

Adding more sugar to my coffee, I started to take a sip, paused, then quickly muttered grace first. Or as close to the words as I could get. Sunday school was a million years ago, in another lifetime. But once I had been an altar boy, so okay, it was time to reform. I’d keep the dry cleaner idea, but after killing a demon, I wouldn’t steal the cash. No, I would, but I wouldn’t keep any, every penny would go to charity, the homeless, and starving kids, blind orphans, jazz like that. God loved good deeds. *Praisedbehe.* And I would keep on blowing away hellspawn and helping folks until finally balancing the scales for all the innocent people I had aced. Damn, er, darn, that would take a lot of demons. Best to hedge my bet and stop cursing, lying, cheating, gambling, hookers, hmm, best to avoid sex entirely, just in case. Maybe I should become a priest? Accept one collar to avoid another. Fair enough. I like to kill, but it was easy to combine the two. Father Michael Xavier Donaher, Demon Hunter. Actually, that had a nice ring to it. Praise the Lord and pass the silver ammunition.

Feeling reborn, I bowed my head and thanked my heavenly Father for his wisdom and mercy, and all the saintly pious stuff. Then paying the check, and leaving a tremendous tip, I stuffed the briarwood pipe into my mouth and strode from the diner into the foggy night. It would be smart to move fast on this deal. If I got hit tonight by a bus while crossing the street, my ass was grass. Now where the Hell was I going to find a goddamn Catholic church at this shitty hour of the night to get fucking ordained?

Hallelujah. I was saved.

-THE END

MOST WANTED LIST

Entered
NBIC
I.O. 2448
9/1/98

WANTED BY BUREAU 13

Aliases:

NBIC 06AAAA04AAAAAEIEIO

Photographs Taken

DESCRIPTION

Dates of Birth Used:

Place of Birth:

Height:

Weight:

Buuld:

Hair:

Scars and Marks:

Occupations:

Remarks:

Eyes:

Complexion:

Race:

Nationality:

Social Security Numbers Used:

CRIMINAL RECORD

OTHER DATA

CAUTION

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL BUREAU 13 COORDINATOR. TELEGRAPH NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES OF ALL DATA RELAYS LISTED ON BACK

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AUGUST 30, 1996

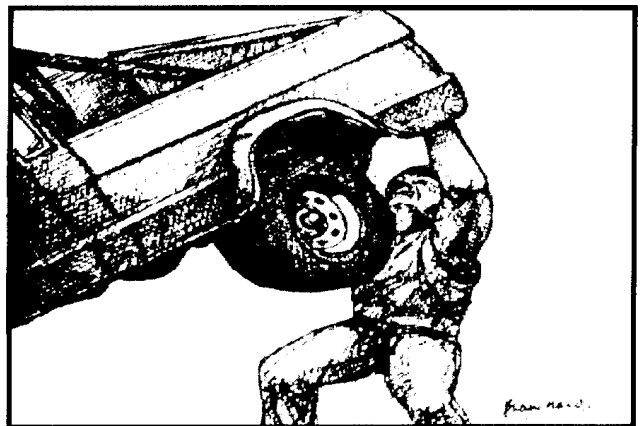
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The star travelers were just looking for an unknown planet where they could land and have a little fun teasing the primitive natives. So it was pure bad luck that the first humans the alien tricksters encountered was a ruthless New York City street gang...

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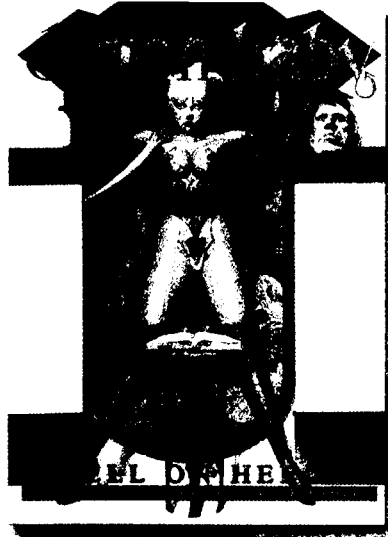
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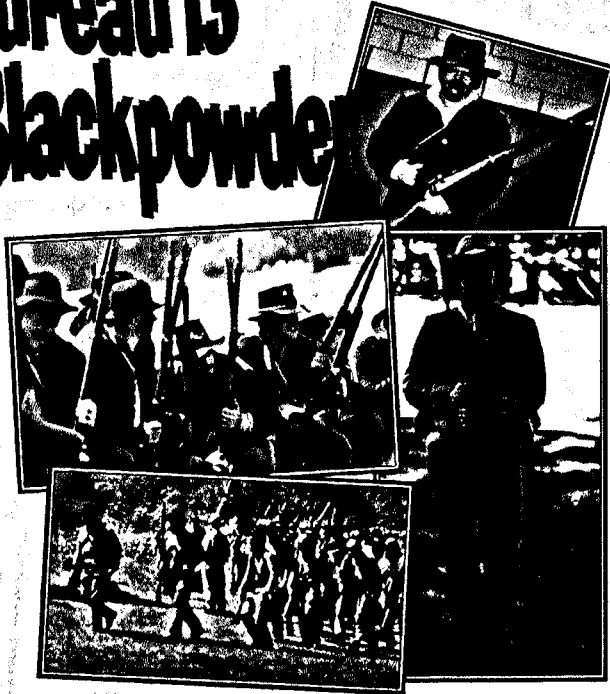
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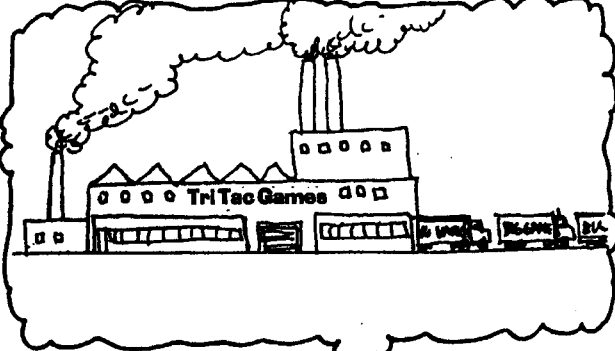
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WHAT, YOU MAY ASK, IS IT LIKE TO DESIGN AND PRODUCE ROLE PLAYING GAMES?



WRONG! WRONG WRONG WRONG!!!



BUREAU 13 TRAVEL TIPS FOR: CHICAGO

- #01 Purchase a roll of industrial strength antacids for 'hot links' sausages.
- #02 Carry a big bag of quarters for all of the jukeboxes full of excellent jazz.
- #03 Get a map to secret statue of Benito Mousilinni.
- #04 Carry a Stephen King novel to read while trapped on Dan Ryan Expressway, and Kennedy Expressway, and Rt.94, and...
- #05 Obtain electric underwear for surviving winter.
- #06 Obtain cryogenic underwear for surviving summer.
- #07 Buy a voter Registration Card from local vending machine.
- #08 Be sure to carry a signature-model 'St. Valentine's Day' Thompson submachine gun.
- #09 Memorize a list of 'Ten Rude Things to Say About New York'.
- #10 Stay alert: There is no East Chicago. That's the local name for the lake. To 'visit East Chicago' means you're being driven out of town to be murdered. Start running.

BUREAU 13 TRAVEL TIPS FOR: BOSTON

- #01 Don't ask about the beans. Ever.
- #02 Maps are useless. Get a faithful native guide, then hire a bodyguard to protect you from the faithful native guide.
- #03 Try not to snicker about getting 'scrod'.
- #04 Always wear a battered old Red Sox's baseball cap.
- #05 Keep a validated receipt for a subscription to Channel 13.
- #06 Carry a huge stash of cash to pay for a light snack at 'Legal Seafood Restaurant'.
- #07 Invest in an automatic'R' removal machine.
- #08 Learn ten rude jokes about Cotton Mathers.
- #09 Purchase a'Taxi Driver to English Dictionary'.
- #10 Be sure to wear extra protection in The Combat Zone.

BUREAU 13 TRAVEL TIPS FOR: DETROIT

- #01 Don't Smile. It may be taken as a challenge.
- #02 There are many parking lots in Detroit that all charge exorbitant rates regardless of the cars in the lot, or time of day.
- #03 Dearborn MI on the edge of Detroit has the largest population of Arabs this side of the Middle East. See West Bank. If you do not stop for Prayer Call your car will be stoned.
- #04 Detroit has no 'Notable Cuisine' other then Vernors Soda. Give it up and go to Pizza Hut.
- #05 Find Detroit Police at any Convenient Donut Shop.
- #06 Civilization starts North of 8 Mile Road, just past the wall, the ditch and the barb wire.
- #07 Don't Ever Mention the Detroit Lions
- #08 If your vehicle breaks down on the John Lodge just buy a new one. It will be stripped before you get off the freeway.
- #09 There are no Rest Rooms in Detroit
- #10 Do not flip off other Drivers. It is a mortal insult and you will get your tires shot out.





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