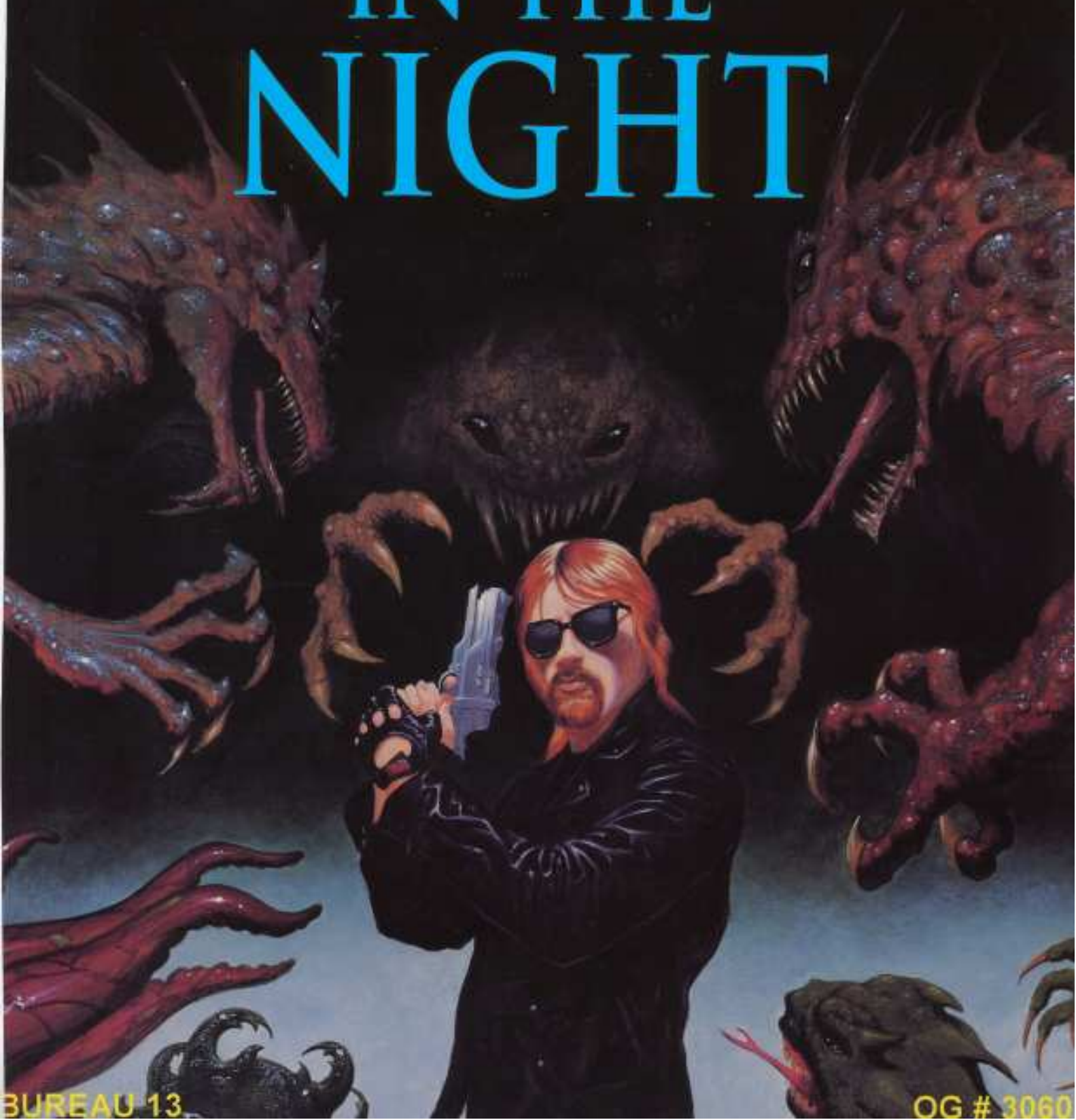


SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT

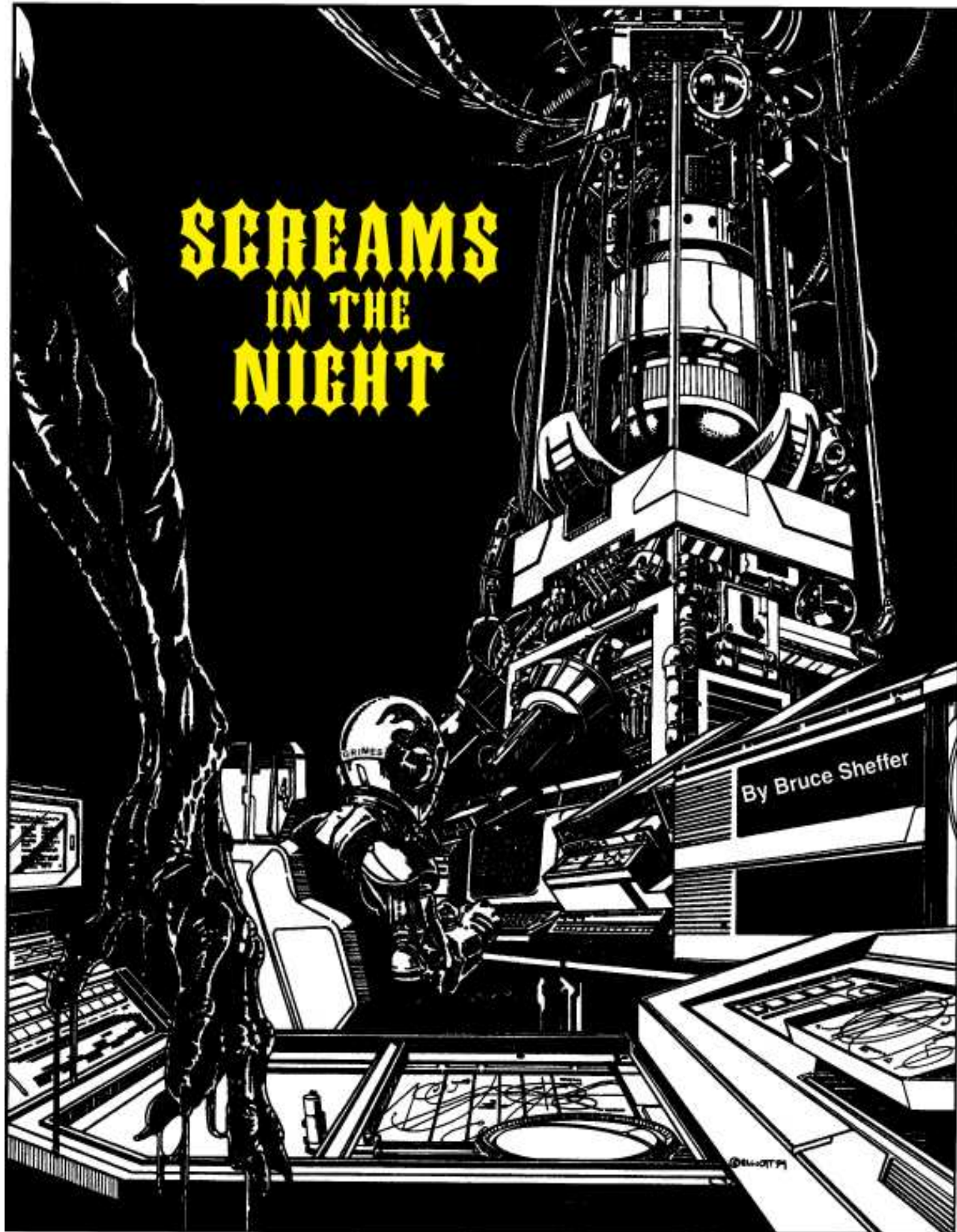


BUREAU 13

OG # 3060

OUTPOST GAMES
5096 Ashmont Court
Dunwoody GA 30338

SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT



Module Design

Bruce Sheffer

Edited by

Bruce Sheffer

In Memory of

Victor Smith

Proofreaders

David Turkheimer

John G. Lindsey

Writers**Bruce Sheffer**

Supernatural Quanta Generator

Bridesville, USA

The Case of the Baneful Beast

Ghost Baby

Stone Killer

The Strange Death of Daniel Stuart

BUREAU FILE: Greek Gods

BUREAU FILE: Perseus and Medusa

BUREAU FILE: Bigfoot

House of Shrift

J.P. Withers

The Maltheon Incident

BUREAU FILE: The Block

BUREAU FILE: Atomic Toddlers

Utility Suit

Tom Kauke

The Baconville Bigfoot

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Charles Lang: The Strange Death of Daniel Stuart**Jason Thomas:** The Case of the Baneful Beast**Ruth Thompson:** The Case of the Baneful Beast**Jason Gardner:** BUREAU FILE: The Block**Bruce Sheffer** (Floor Plans)**Beth Sparks:** Cartographer**Adrian Foster:** General Scutwork



Supernatural Quanta Generator

Bureau 13 Mission Briefing

Long has Bureau 13 wanted to quantify supernatural phenomena. Until now, all known "facts" about their nature, power, or scope have been based on observed phenomena, historical reports, and educated guesses. A massive collation of this kind of data was used by Tech Services to produce the Expert System which is hardwired into the Kirilian Detector to determine if the energies present and detectable by the device are magical, psionic, spiritual, radiation, or unknown. It records and displays this conclusion as well as any patterns that it can differentiate. This has allowed the Bureau to build up a Kirilian fingerprint of most demonic types as well as some "at large" supernatural creatures. Sometimes a creature can exhibit more than one type. However, this system is still far from a science.

Ray Robertson decided that Tech Services needed a baseline for the amount of supernatural power required to cause a supernatural incident. There were no guidelines for the effect that the amount of ambient supernatural energy had on the success of an attempt. Casting spells and using psionic powers remained an art rather than a science. This really went against his grain.

He assigned his brightest and best to invent a device that would increase the amount of supernatural energy in a limited area. After many failures (some spectacular), they succeeded and called the result the Supernatural Quanta Generator. After experimentation under rigorous lab conditions to isolate the device from external influences, they determined:

- The entire containment area that surrounded the Generator experienced a uniform rise in supernatural energy, regardless of shape. Therefore, the effect does not drop off with distance within the laboratory area. Furthermore, when a larger experimental area was used it required a uniformly greater amount of power to produce the same rise in energy readings.

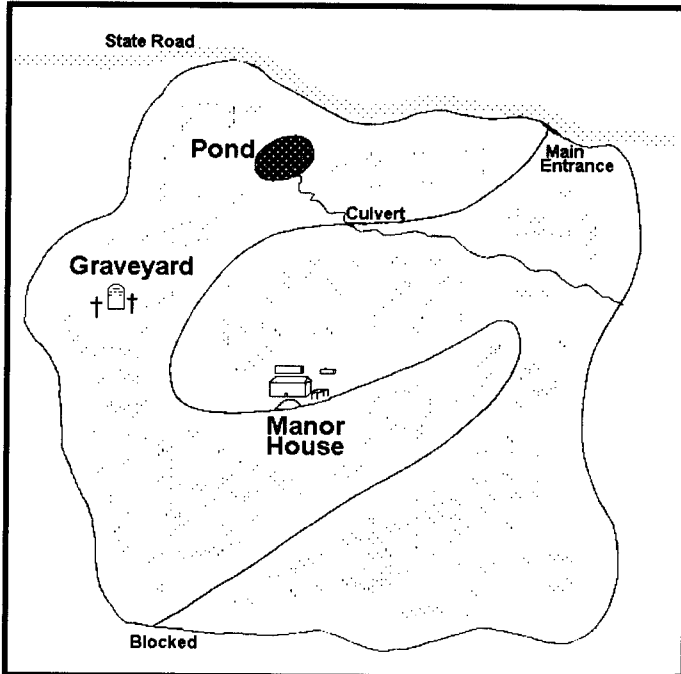
- Supernatural energy permeates empty space more rapidly than solid matter. When the Generator was surrounded by a shell inside the containment area, the supernatural energy level outside the shell lagged behind the level inside when the power to the Generator was increased. The levels matched eventually if given enough time. If the shell was composed of natural materials (wood, adobe, etc.) it proved more resistant to the energy flux than refined materials such as steel, ceramic, or lead by orders of magnitude.

- When supernatural energy is increased in an area, spell casting becomes easier. At the highest reading attainable in the laboratory, the bonus was equivalent to **GROUND SANCTIFIED TO SPELL PURPOSE**. This was true regardless of the spell attempted. Psionics use also benefited in like manner and amount. Mages benefited from each **Quanta Level** rise, but psionics use gained no bonus to success until **Quanta Level 3**.

- This bonus to success did not rise uniformly. The Generator would pump ever more energy into the area and suddenly an improvement would occur. This led the experimenters to assume that, like atomic theory, the supernatural also had a kind of quantum mechanics where particles would suddenly "jump" to a higher energy level and exhibit new characteristics. They also realized that a Unified Field Theory required the inclusion of the supernatural, something no sane non-Bureau scientist would ever do. After long, exacting testing they determined the minimum energy required to raise a given area to each **Quanta Level**.

- Laboratory animals exposed to **Quanta Level 3** levels and below displayed no lasting effects outside of temporary irregularities in sleep cycles. Offspring who were conceived or spent some developmental time in the field exhibited no abnormalities. Since there have been documented cases of animals and people developing supernatural powers following exposure to "Strong Magic" the experimenters concluded that the level of energy was too low, was applied too slowly, or that the field actually inhibited the development of these powers by providing a "hothouse" environment due to the energy rich supernatural environment.

They could not go beyond **Quanta Level 3** under laboratory conditions. At that point the electronic protective screens and magical and Priestly containments drained, dispelled, and negated any additional energy. When the power was cut off, the level of supernatural energy dropped quickly. They assumed this because of the protective shielding as well. They do not know if this rapid level drop will occur in the absence of these shields. Field experience with the device is required.



Alabama Plantation

This property has recently been purchased by Bureau 13 because it has many desirable qualities.

The plantation is large (approximately 12.5 square miles). The nearest dwelling is 1.3 miles from the manor house. It is roughly circular with the manor house in the center. This will allow the experimenters to determine if the **Quanta Effect** diminishes over distance when outside and whether it ever assumes a spherical shape.

Following the Civil War, the fields were planted with orchards. During the sixties, environmental concerns prompted the adoption of natural "organic" farming methods. The last owner was a disabled rail worker who hired migrant workers to pick the crop from the orchards growing wild. He sold the produce at the local farmer's market for beer money. Otherwise, he used it solely as a wood lot. He died with no heirs.

It has been abandoned for about 5 years so no recent events should color the area. Generally speaking, it has reverted to a more natural state. An exhaustive Kirilian examination of the property determined that it had no abnormal Kirilian patterns.

The small pond, fed by the water table and stocked with small fish, was used to water animals at one time. It is natural in all ways and has minimal levels of pollution.

They discovered a forgotten graveyard on the property. Since this was once a plantation, The Bureau assumes that these are the remains of slaves, many unbaptized. There is no evidence that the ground is **sanctified**. Another possibility exists: near the end of the Civil War, this farm was used to house Confederate deserters before they were sent on to official military installations for trial. Some of the deceased could be soldiers who died here of wounds received in battle or impromptu executions.

Historically, there have been no supernatural incidents associated with this area.

Therefore, Tech Services believes that the plantation is a supernaturally neutral location with good potential for responding to an increase in supernatural energy.

Security

The property is surrounded by a 6 foot chain link fence with barbed wire at the top. Directly behind the chain link is a security webbing that is loosely connected to the chain link and tightly connected to the barbed wire. This webbing will trigger an alarm and display the location on the perimeter at a monitor in the manor house if sizable weight is placed on the fence. A thrown bottle or branch should not trigger it. An intruder making a **Difficult Breaking & Entering** or **Security** skill roll bypasses the alarm on the fence.

A hydraulic gate made of a horizontal I-beam blocks the main road from the highway to the manor house. This is sunk into a 50 ton concrete pad. It will open only to a Bureau Command Card. It has a built in camera. The gate opens horizontally and can resist 100 tons of pressure and push back 40 tons. It is powered by the normal power grid. If this power is cut, it will close and lock, drawing power from an emergency battery pack. All other entrances to the property have been sealed.

The main road is mined. Each mine will do 3000 pts of blast with high output fragmentation. A culvert underneath the road was unearthed and covered by a mined metal grid. If blown it will leave a 15' wide, 10' deep break in the road.

There are sonic motion sensors and cameras every 100 feet along the perimeter and throughout the property. The cameras have IR, Starlight, normal and wide-angle lenses, and motion mount to follow a target. An AI program allows the cameras to "hand off" the target to other cameras.

There are Kirilian Detectors along the main road, at the pond, the graveyard, and in a circle 100 yards in radius around the manor house.

All equipment is backed up with batteries and powered by buried cables. All sensors use shielded, hardened, fiber optic cables connecting the devices to the monitor station in the manor house to prevent interference.

All equipment except the I-beam gate is powered by a diesel electric generator. A separate diesel electric generator powers the Supernatural Quanta Generator. These generators are located behind the main house, 100 feet from each other and 50 feet from the house, on separate concrete pads. They are housed inside armored enclosures, shielded from electromagnetic and hard radiation, and electrically grounded. Buried, armored cables connect to the various devices in the house and on the property. The cable that carries the power to the Supernatural Quanta Generator is as thick as a circus strongman's thigh.

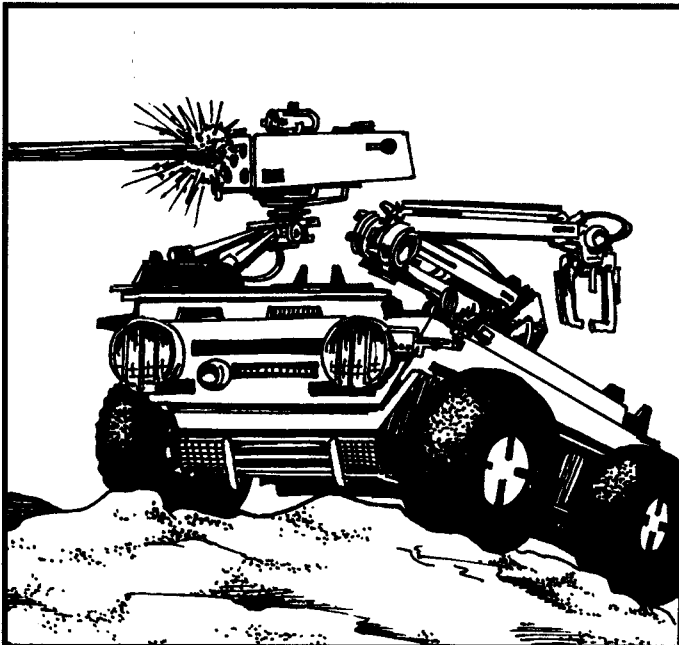
The Rover

This 3 foot by 5 foot remote controlled ATV (see Portable Robotic Frames - Stalking the Steel City Supplement, Pg 88) is used for cargo hauling around the property, for defense, and for roaming surveillance. It will float. It has a flat bed for cargo, a full sensor array, a Lightning Missile Pod armed with standard high explosive ordinance, and waldoes that can lift 100 pounds. The waldo can only be operated from the manor house, but all other options can be controlled by a hand held control unit. Since its main purpose is cargo hauling, it has a top speed of 5 M.P.H. but plenty of traction and torque. It is powered by a zinc-air electric fuel cell which will be depleted after 2 hours of continuous movement. The fuel cell slides out for replacement and recharge (1 hour). There is a backhoe attachment stored in the equipment shed which was used to dig the trenches for the cables to the sensors.

Lightning Missile Pod

CAP: 10	Range: 0 - 275 ft.	Misfire: 5%
Blast: 188	Burn: 1d3	Frag: 1

1 - 10 missiles may be fired in one action. Neither the hand held controller for the Rover nor the one in the manor house adds bonuses to aiming. There are no replacement missiles currently issued.

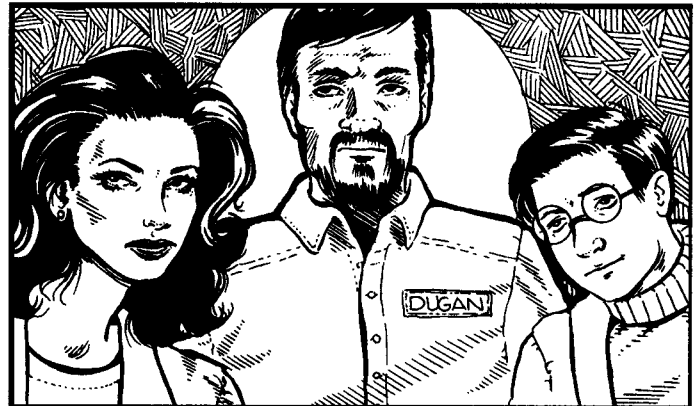


Mission Objectives

Your team is to provide security for the plantation and the experiment and protection for the Tech Services personnel. You have no authority to alter the experiment in any way or give orders to any member of Tech Services. However, if the team leader determines that his team or the experimenters are in imminent danger of harm, you have the right to abort the experiment.

Remember, this is a field experiment. A certain level of danger and uncertainty is assumed. That's why you are assigned. Please be helpful in any way possible.

The experimental team members are Rachael Grimes (team leader), Everett Dugan, and Alfred Rainey.



Tech Services

30 year old Rachael Grimes holds a triple doctorate in physics, mathematics, and Japanese. She was recruited from Cornell University. Much like a pulp Sci-Fi heroine she has beauty and brains. She spends all of her time around tech "rats" and is quite accustomed to their geeky affection. She has no social graces.

Everett Dugan, 54, is a crusty ex-NASA guy who just wants to do his job and put his kids through college. When things fell apart in the Challenger disaster he was there putting them back together. Rachael will hand the agents off to him.

Alfred Rainey, 25, is the classic prima donna, hot shot programmer, who thinks the world owes him everything, and expects to be treated as the top of the heap. Unfortunately, his abilities merit that treatment. He is a "blue sky" thinker and is always pushing the limits of knowledge and technology.

The experimental team is an amiable, intense lot who tend to use jargon for everything. Almost any question about the Supernatural Quanta Generator or the control stations will be answered by technobabble. If the agents seem puzzled, Everett Dugan will smile indulgently and inform the agents that they just don't have the math, background, and vocabulary to comprehend the answer. In other words, the agents are too stupid to understand. But he is nice about it. This is sure to tick off any Priest, mage, psionist, and especially the team leader who is used to being the expert in arcane knowledge.

Technobabble

These are some suggested terms to throw into any technical conversation about the Supernatural Quanta Generator:

Quantafied (not quantified): Anything affected by the Supernatural Quanta Generator

Dynamic Physical Principle: Any matrix of energy that affects the real world.

Track: Location of any effect that builds up over time through repeated exposure (such as magnetism).

Aquastats: Stationary but fluid vortices created by concentrations of supernatural energy.

Nanopolar Extrapolation: Anything that requires taking all 9 dimensions required to create the universe into account to explain or modify.

Radiation Service: The effect that expectation "radiating out from the observer" has on the observed phenomena. This is one of the reasons the experimenters seem reticent.

Stroke: Same as a slash mark, as in '504//9F' ("Put it over there next to the five-oh-four-stroke-stroke-niner-ef"). Tech Services uses catalogue numbers for objects whenever possible for absolute precision (to avoid "not that red wire, **that** red wire!").

Altogether we have:

"Lot 504//9F was selected for its negative track profile. We hope that this will provide maximum quantafication when the dynamic physical principle of the aquastats induced by our nanopolar extrapolation is applied, barring negative outcome induced by radiation service."

Translation:

"The plantation was chosen because it is relatively untouched by the supernatural. We hope that this will

allow maximum effect when we turn on the Supernatural Quanta Generator, assuming that our expectations don't interfere with the outcome."

Tech Services Objectives

Tech Services has its own agenda that may conflict with the orders that were issued to the agents. These are listed in descending order of importance.

1) Discover if **Quanta Level 4** is attainable with the available power (5,000 kilowatts) and if it is achieved at the predicted power output.

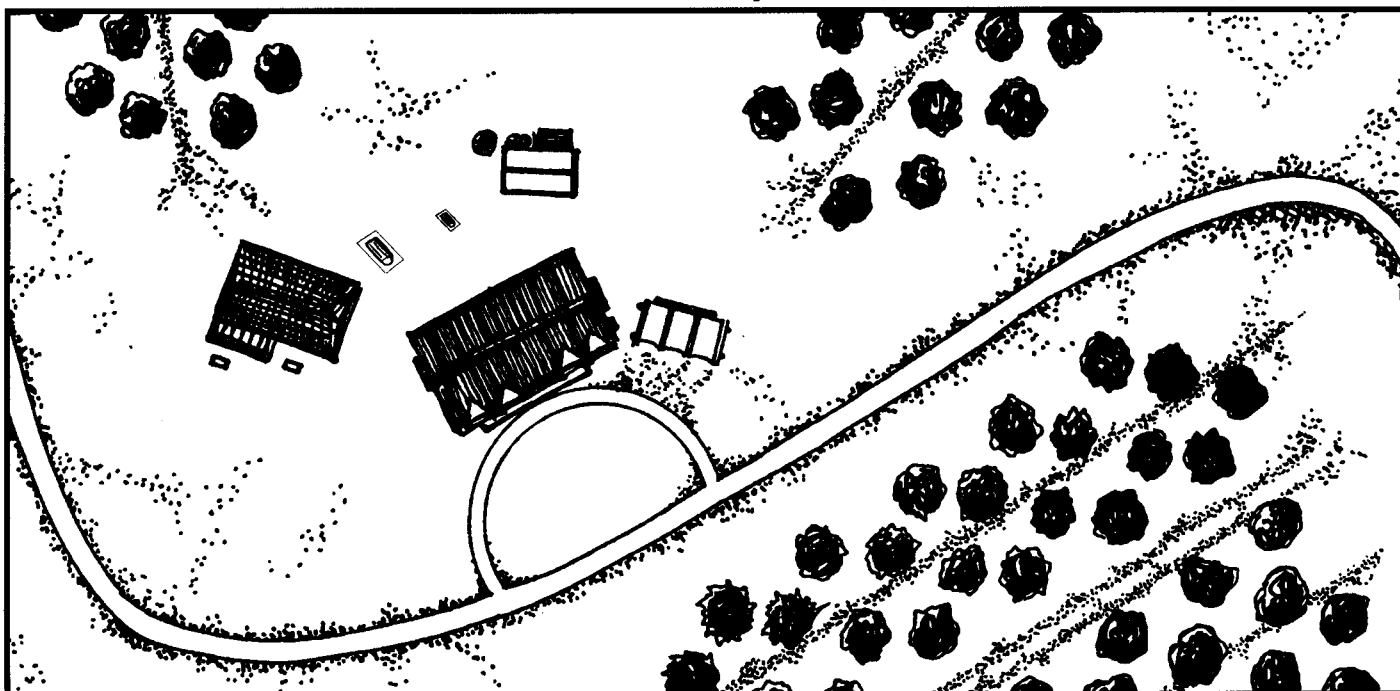
2) Discover what phenomena are present at **Quanta Level 4**. They are especially interested in the effect of the field on human subjects. Rachael will insist that at least one agent remain in the room with the Supernatural Quanta Generator when they attempt **Quanta Level 4**, just in case something happens. She is interested in experimental data, not security.

3) Discover if the expected effects occur at the appropriate **Quanta Level** and if any new effects occur at those levels.

4) Discover if there are any permanent effects or effects that linger after the supernatural energy level drops below any particular **Quanta Level**.

5) Discover if the Supernatural Quanta Generator exhibits the same attraction effect on the supernatural or weird human normals that is associated with PSIs, mages, and other supernatural creatures.

6) Discover if the supernatural energy level drops at the same rate exhibited in the laboratory after power was cut off to the Supernatural Quanta Generator. The rate of drop will determine





what effect the shielding and Wards had on the energy level in the area when the experiment was conducted in the laboratory. It will also be affected by the permeability of the manor house structure to the supernatural energy. Since the walls are three inch thick wood, the experimenters expect them to be good insulators.

7) After a successful run of the experiment, discover if the supernatural energy level rises and drops at the same rate on succeeding runs as it did initially.

The control panels are slaved into a recorder that can repeat every command entered into any panel in the exact same sequence and time spacing. This will allow an exact repetition except for external conditions such as temperature, weather, date, etc.

Arriving At The Scene

The plantation is beautiful this time of year. The fruit is swelling on the trees. Wild flowers grow everywhere. The RV turns from the state highway onto a narrow gravel road that winds between pecan, apple, and pear trees. Allergy sufferers will hate it here.

Assuming that the agents read their mission briefing and open the I-beam gate with a Command Card, they can start down the road toward the manor house.

If the agents examine the road, they can tell that it has been freshly graded and gravelled. Anyone with **Security** knows that this was done to hide the location of the buried mines. Someone with **Demolition** should remark that the gravel will provide beautiful additional shrapnel if one of them goes off.

Suddenly, the **Rover** wheels out onto the road and levels the missile pod. If they do nothing, it will stare them down for about 20 seconds and then wheel off into the brush between the rows of trees. If they are stupid enough to activate their weapon systems, it will open fire. When the agent inserted the command card in the gate it notified the experimenters, but they are not used to field conditions and are taking no chances. If any of the agents

dies, the experimenters will order some more after apologizing.

The Manor House

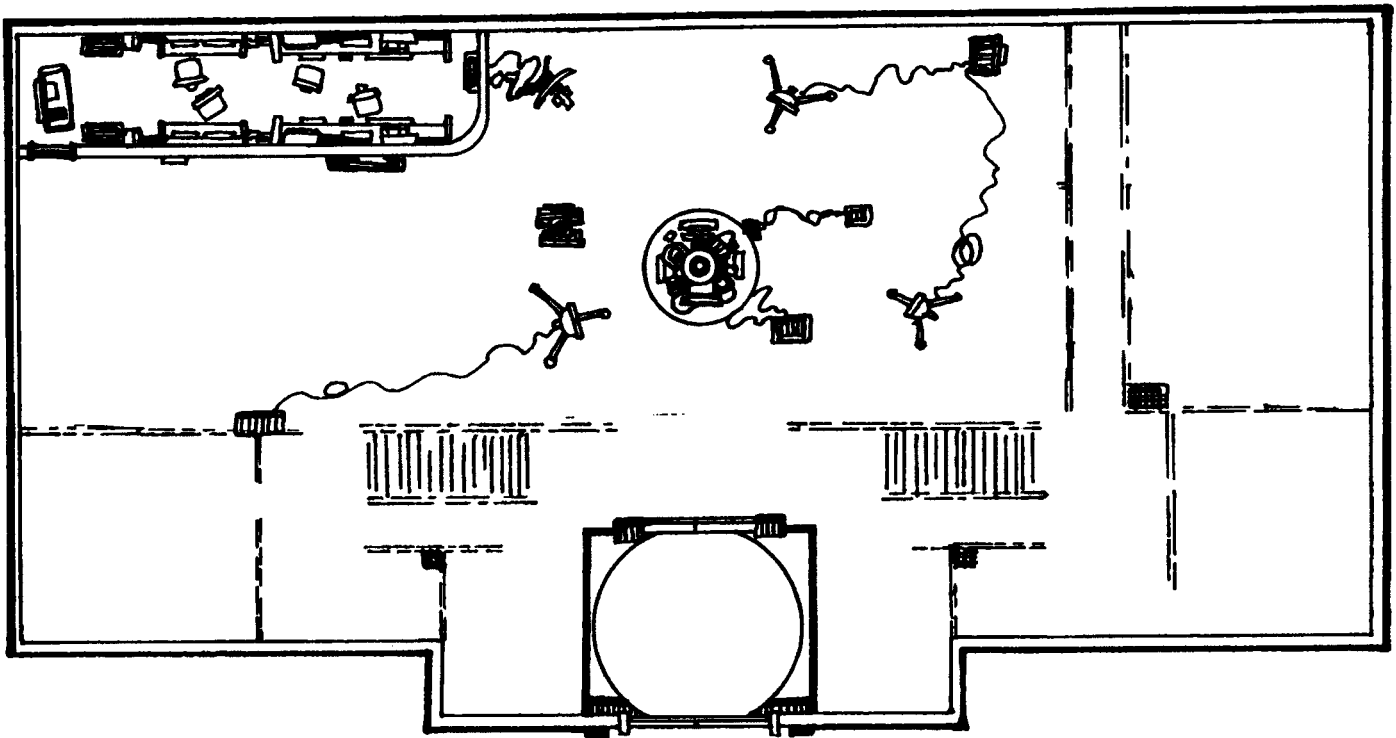
Not knowing what to expect now, the agents follow the road to the manor house. This was the pride of the plantation. In the center of the property, shaded by stately dogwood trees, the three stories towered monolithically over the fields, a symbol to all who worked the land.

The walls are wide ribs of oak with cherry trim. Once immaculate, the outside walls are now a mass of peeling paint and graying wood. The dogwoods were cleared to provide unobstructed surveillance of the manor house. Thick plywood sheets are bolted over the exterior windows. The inside was panelled with cherry wood except for the cedar lining of the closets and the maple hardwood floors. Over the years the panelling was sold off. That is probably for the best since it would have been stolen during the five years the house lay abandoned. Still, the structure is solid and enduring.

The agents park their vehicles under a free-standing, aluminum awning with a fifteen foot clearance to the right of the manor house. There is no sign of any activity by the experimenters outside the manor house. A careful check of the ground reveals some **Rover** tracks in the resodded ground.

There is no answer to any radio query. Tech Services runs everything from the monitor station, so they have no need for standard Bureau communicators. They won't be recording any readings of the electromagnetic spectrum until the experiment begins so they are not monitoring those frequencies now.

The agents walk up to the front door and find it bolted from the inside with a standard deadbolt. They have to rouse Tech Services to gain easy entry. Pounding on the wall for about a minute does the trick. Rachael opens the door while sucking back a cold one. She belches. Then she waves them in.



Entering through an impact plastic airlock attached to the inside of the door frame they see that the building has been gutted by Tech Services. All that remains are the three inch thick oak outer walls, the structural supports, the natural wood first floor, and the roof. All the windows have been boarded over with plywood sheets on the inside as well. The house is completely sealed. The amount of air flow through the house is minimal. The smells of soldering and ozone hang heavily in the hot, humid interior. This was done to provide a consistent barrier to the supernatural energy as it was generated. Tech Services hopes to buffer any surges of energy that might occur.

The furnace, water heater, water and heating pipes, and all electrical wiring have been removed. They hope to prevent any inductive heating or resonance effects from the **Supernatural Quanta Effect**.

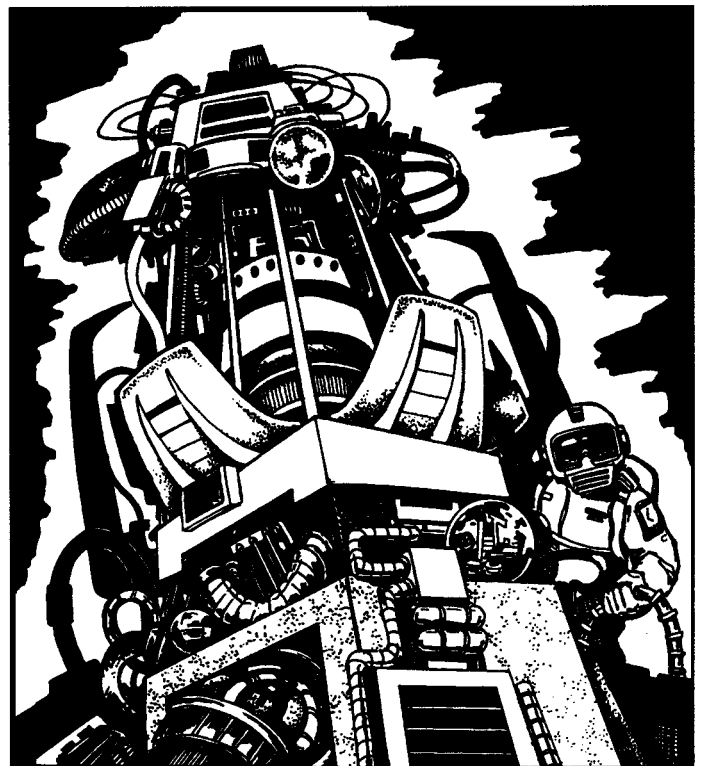
The monitor and experiment control station is heavily shielded with Faraday nets, bullet proof plastic, holy symbols, and other exotic devices. Each experimenter has an expedition environmental suit that is the equivalent of an armored NASA EVA spacesuit. Each suit weighs about 200 lbs. Once they get into position behind their control panels, they aren't moving until the end of the experiment.

Inside and outside the shielding cameras and recording devices are mounted that cover the whole spectrum of energy. Many are spring operated in case of power failure or interference. The entire area is illuminated from many points to avoid shadows caused by the structural supports and for redundancy.

There is no protection provided for the agents except Faraday nets, grounded by light chains that drag on the floor. These give some protection from radio through microwave frequencies and

static electricity charges (and render communicators inoperative). Rachael and her team assume that the agents know how to protect themselves otherwise. Previous experimentation suggests that these nets should not be needed at all, but **Quanta Level 4** is still unknown territory.

The agents will be stationed outside the shielding so that they can protect the experimenters. The shielding cannot be lifted once established without negating it entirely, forcing the experimenters to abort the experiment.



The Equipment Shed

Behind the manor house are two buildings. The large long one on the left is the equipment shed. It houses a pickup truck, a Yugo, which Everett declares is the finest example of minimalism in the car industry since the VW Beetle, and the backhoe attachment for the **Rover**.

The Cook House

The experimental team is living and cooking in the cook house. It has a pump connected to a fresh water well. There is a filter attached that will produce 99.99999% pure water. The device is imposing enough to scare off any technophobe from using it, even though the operation is entirely automatic. There are no objections if the agents decide to join them. However, locating space between the piles of cable and exotic components is difficult.

The Experiment

Everything is set up when the agents arrive (Tech Services planned it that way). Everett answers any questions the agents have about the setup, security, and what is expected of the agents. Rachael is overbearing until she is certain that the agents understand and acknowledge that she is in authority here and that the agents will not be throwing their weight around with the other researchers. Alfred is oblivious to everything but his job. If the agents insist on talking to him, he will have a tantrum. He was the one controlling the Rover when it confronted them on the road.

Tech Services has invested a huge amount of time and effort to set up this experiment (over one million dollars of unrecoverable improvements and man-hours). They will have to be facing a smoking gun (literal and figurative) before they will even consider aborting the experiment.

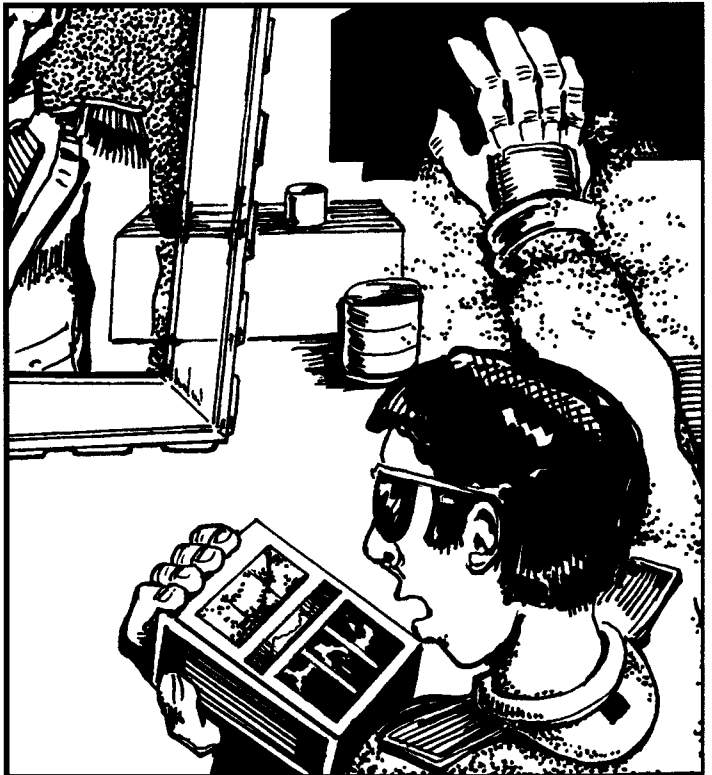
The experiment begins at 10 PM. This should eliminate any effects of the sun and ionization of the upper atmosphere. The moon is just beginning to wane. The sky is clear with a low probability of rain. The air is still warm and sweet. Fireflies decorate the property like Christmas lights. The chirping of crickets rises and falls like the surf of the ocean. A gentle breeze ripples the leaves of the trees and the high grasses.

It only takes a few minutes to reach each **Quanta Level**, but the experimenters will wait an hour between each level rise to check the stability of the level, the amount of energy bleeding through the manor house structure, and for any effects that might require some time to evoke. During each **Quanta Level** jump, there is an increased humming sound from the equipment, static electric effects, St. Elmo's fire, and occasional feelings of disorientation and hot flashes. None of these manifestations are directly dangerous to the agents or the buildings.

QUANTA LEVEL 1

Everyone's Supernatural Sensitivity (SNS) automatically triggers.

The agents see a blurring of the air where the interior walls used to be and where the inside of the exterior walls was removed. Tech Services deduces that the manor house is "remembering what it used to look like". This should only happen to structures that have been in place a long time. They chortle amongst themselves over a new effect not observed in the laboratory. This is not visible on the outside of manor house. Apparently the thick wooden walls create a "bubble" effect, restraining most of the observed phenomenon to the inside of the building.



All the effects that occur inside the manor house, such as the memory effect, will also occur outside, it just takes 10 minutes for that level of energy to filter through the walls of the manor house. When the memory effect occurs outside, a cobblestone drive, trellises, shutters, ornate kerosene lamps, and hitching posts will appear on the grounds and next to the house. The exterior walls will be whitewashed. In general the area will appear to return to a more cared-for time. However, anywhere the grasses or trees have overgrown, they will hide or disrupt these manifestations.

The feed from the Kirilian Detectors in the ring around the manor house keeps Tech Services apprised of the disparity in the levels of supernatural energy inside and outside of the manor house. They have a good idea when the outside will jump each Quanta Level. If the agents have set up some kind of communication system with the experimenters, they will let the agents know right before it occurs. However, the agents must initiate this. Tech Services is too engrossed with their work to think about including the agents in their comm links.

QUANTA LEVEL 2

Inside, the holographic walls thicken up and look entirely real and solid. However, they are still insubstantial. The walls are covered with a blend of colors and patterns from the various paints and wallpapers applied at different times during the history of the building.

All the dust bunnies in the room spontaneously form ranks and fly in formation in random patterns around the room. When they run into anything they just bounce off and continue in a new direction.

Furniture appears and disappears, each piece independent of each other, from an era that would fit the life of the house.

Agents making a Difficult **Physical Surveillance** roll detect that they can see the Supernatural Quanta Generator better though they cannot tell why. The details of the device seem to stand out in high relief.

PSI Sensitive agents inside or outside experience the effect that is normal for their sensitivity.

All insect and animal sounds throughout the property (to the limit of the sensors) suddenly stop. There is dead silence outside.

QUANTA LEVEL 3

Inside, the Supernatural Quanta Generator begins to glow noticeably, revealing why it seemed easier to see at **Quanta Level 2**. The slight shadows on its surface were banished by its own light. There also appears to be slight movement from some of the arms, wires, and cross-pieces of the Generator. This movement does not register on any recording device. It cannot be determined if the movement is real or an illusion in the mind of the viewer. Nobody will be allowed to touch it.

The holographic walls and furniture have their original substance now, though furniture continues to appear and disappear. Light pulses through the boards covering the windows as the house remembers both night and day. The appearance of the walls is no longer a blend. Rather, the patterns flow and ripple through the structure like a choppy sea.

Furniture is negated where the experimenters and their equipment are shielded. Partial chairs and tables appear seemingly supported by invisible sections. Nothing at all appears where the agents are stationed. The experimenters tell them that their Kirilian auras are preventing the manifestation.

When an agent tries to touch a piece of furniture, wall, or door, it seems slippery and hard to grasp. Since each piece of furniture only appears for a few seconds, it cannot be determined if an agent can dispel a piece by touching it.

The way out is now blocked by holographic doors, walls, and ceilings. Other than the slippery surface effect, the walls and

doors are completely stable. An agent, attempting to open a door, must roll under 1/2 DEX to succeed. If any holographic wall or object is blown apart, it will completely reform in d4 actions.

All the insects on the property swarm the house. No harm is intended. They are experiencing an attraction effect and are trying to get into the house, but they will not be able to chew their way in.

The chicken, fish, and pig bones, feathers, and remains in the



garbage pit next to the cook house reassemble into parodies of their former selves and run and flop about the pit and back yard in a frenzy of undirected motion.

The newly discovered graveyard begins to glow.

QUANTA LEVEL 4

This requires every iota of power from the diesel generator out back. The ground is noticeably hot where the cable to the Supernatural Quanta Generator is buried. There are horrible sonic vibrations emitted as it staggers under the load that cause teeth fillings to resonate, glass to shatter, etc. As bad as it sounds it is built to take this kind of punishment. In addition, the armored housing will require a direct hit from a standard high explosive 40 mm round to penetrate. Even if it should destructively fail, any agent nearby should be safe.

Inside, the squadron of dust bunnies dive bomb the nearest light fixture causing it to detonate in a shower of sparks and glass shards.

The whole interior of the manor house is a sea of discharging energy. Light strobos through the boarded windows.

Screams in the Night

A halo effect surrounds the house and St. Elmo's fire and other static electrical effects discharge between the house, nearby trees, outbuildings, vehicles, and any agents outside. The flying insects swarm in a blinding cloud. Their droning wings and clicking mandibles are deafening. After three hours, they have arrived from all over the county. The swarm appears to be a plague of biblical proportions.

Any lycanthropes spontaneously turn into their Were form.

Any remaining animal skeletons take a dislike to the agents and attack.

Sixty-three restless dead rise from the graveyard. Some are ghosts (they are confused by their insubstantial nature), but most are zombies. There are both slaves and confederate soldiers who set upon each other in a free-for-all of unresolved resentment and hate. They have no weapons except for rocks and tree branches. If the agents intervene, the undead will direct their anger toward the agents and chase them back to the manor house. Otherwise, they will be locked in immortal combat. This melee is slowly attracted towards the main house. If the agents destroy their bodies, their spirits will continue the journey to the house.

When they reach the manor house all (zombie and ghost) take on solid flesh and are armed as well. Soldiers have their rifles and bayonets. Slaves have pitchforks, sickles, kitchen knives, and so forth. They proceed to break in if they can, attacking the agents if resisted. Any damage to the house quickly, holographically heals, but the dead don't have the same problem gripping door knobs and opening latches that the agents have. Remember that they will be arriving no earlier than 7-10 minutes after **Quanta Level 4** is reached outside.

Vengeful Zombies



STR: 30+ DEX: 10+ AGL: 10+ HPT 175+
Banes: Holy Persons, Technology

Toughest of the zombies are the angry dead who have a mission to return and kill due to some past injustice that they have suffered. (See BUREAU 13 Sourcebook, Pp 65, 106, 114, and 155)

Supernatural Quanta Generator

If they reach the Supernatural Quanta Generator, they go berserk, trashing everything in sight, exploding if they touch it. When enough of them get in, they are able to batter through the shielding around the control stations. The experimenters shut down the power but it takes 5 minutes for the supernatural energy level to fade enough to drop to **Quanta Level 3**. Tech Service armor protects from most of the attacks, but they can be bludgeoned into unconsciousness. The repercussions if they should die will be dire for the agents assigned to protect them.

The Supernatural Quanta Generator glows fiercely. There is obvious motion and phasing of the device.

Any Borderline PSI gets an Induced PSI (technology) roll at this time. Any PSI with either **Psi Tap** or **Psi Linking** has unlimited WKP at her disposal at this Level. A mage also has unlimited WKM at this Level. Magic Familiars and agents who are still just PSI Sensitive go into heavy stun.



Inside, everyone except a Priest (assuming that he is being anti-magic at this time) or an Anti-PSI has to make a **Wisdom** roll. Failure indicates mental confusion that causes the agent to stagger toward the Supernatural Quanta Generator. If an agent touches the Generator, he merges with the device. His arms, legs, head, or torso replace a control panel, crosspiece, etc. This changes randomly, as bits of the agent swirl around and reappear as different parts of the device.

If the power is cut to the Supernatural Quanta Generator at this time, the trapped agents disappear. If the building is still intact, the other effects fade slowly (5 minutes per Level) until completely gone leaving only an elevated Kirilian reading.

If the remaining agents panic at **QUANTA LEVEL 4** and blow out an exterior wall before the power is cut or immediately afterward, or a Priest touches the Generator or dispels the supernatural energy out of the area, the Supernatural Quanta Generator appears to implode, disappearing forever along with any trapped agents, and anything nearby that is not welded down. This includes agents not previously trapped, debris from the wall, slaves, soldiers, and the swarming insects outside. The vortex will not suck in vehicles or cause the building to collapse. The experimental crew are belted into their chairs and are safe.

Rescue

If any agents are lost, the remaining agents and experimenters will want to rescue them, assuming that the Supernatural Quanta Generator didn't implode. It is a prototype.

If a Priest is present he should immediately take the corpses back to the graveyard and perform a burial service on each one and the graveyard in general (to cover the ghosts). This will prevent them from rising again. The same should be done on the garbage pit out by the cook house.

Any damage to the manor house should be repaired. The insects and especially the zombies do serious damage given time.

Tech Services runs the recorder that is slaved into the control consoles to exactly reproduce the sequence of actions of the previous trial. The events are more or less as before without the restless spirits. When **Quanta Level 4** is reached the trapped agents reappear still swirling around the supernatural point source of the Quanta Generator. The previous statements about a Priest or anyone else touching the Generator still apply.

The best method of rescue is to use a strong magnetic field to attract the agents out of the device using the ferrous metals in their equipment or some form of magical or psionic **Telekinesis**. They are experiencing a 2 Gee attraction to the Supernatural Quanta Generator and are not able to get themselves out. If someone throws them a rope or cable and any trapped agent successfully makes a magic resistance roll (check for each separate rope, net, or wire), it embeds itself somewhere in his body (use random body chart - BUREAU 13 sourcebook, Pg 126) which can be used as an anchor point to haul him out of the device. This has to be surgically removed.

If a Priest or Anti-PSI touches an agent after pulling her free of the Generator, the agent immediately convulses and twitches as if touching a high voltage line. Each action of contact causes 2d10 whole body damage.

The rescued agents seem somewhat immaterial until the supernatural energy level is dropped below **Quanta Level 4**. Then they thicken up. The gravity-like attraction of the Generator decreases as the power to the Generator decreases with the greatest drop being at the **Quanta Level** changes. When the Generator is shut down, the rescued agents can start to learn what lasting effects have occurred.

They have no knowledge of any passage of time between the two **Quanta Level 4** states.

Schrödinger's Agents

Each rescued agent finds that he or she has been changed, along with all clothing and weapons, into a completely supernatural analog.. Whatever base magic resistance an agent has is the same chance that normal matter is likely to be "real" (not immaterial). There is no pattern to this, trial and error applies.

Each new article of clothing, bullet, tool, and so forth must be checked to see if it is "real". Once determined to be so it does not change unless the article is altered in a significant way. This is true only in reference to the agent. It is "real" to everything and everyone else. If she has a weapon that is "real", she doesn't have to check the bullets if someone else loads it for her. However, she might have trouble changing clips.

Floors and furniture do not support her. However, if her clothing and footwear are "real", they support her when resting on any appropriate surface.

All elemental or natural items are "real". So a natural pond, the earth, a rock, a tree, animals, and people are solid, but items on the people may be immaterial. Therefore, she has a good chance to walk up to someone wearing battle armor and poke his eyes out if her hand passes through the helmet.

She can stick her head through doors and walls. If she is naked or wearing the clothing that she was transformed in, she can pass through walls. All this assumes the failure of the Magic Resistance roll.

Since all of her original equipment was transformed into a supernatural analog, they are always solid to her and any other supernatural creature. Therefore, a creature immune to normal bullets is affected by a "quantafied" bullet. The sleep darts affect a Were creature and so on.

The transformed agent can only eat natural foods, non-processed, as well as water. Processed food is too separated from its "natural" origins to be nutritious.

Poison gasses do not affect her (6% failure). However, poisons fed into the soil, poisoning the food, cause damage (i.e., a poisoned apple).

Most of this is not a problem. An agent in this situation just has to plan. Finding enough stuff that is real to both the agent and everyone else just takes time and trial and error. Wearing gloves that are "real" solves most problems immediately. Gloves can even be an advantage. A knife that can be held by the gloves but isn't "real" cannot be used against the agent.

However, any anti-magic item or person (like a Priest) is a bane for the character. Touching either induces a shock in the agent causing 2d10 HBD per action of contact.

Suggested Experience Points

Risking their lives to aid	1000
Rescuing "quantafied" agents	500
Each experimenter injured or killed	-500
Stopping the experiment before the zombies attack the house.	-1000



The Maltheon Incident

BUREAU 13 Incident Report

The Maltheon Corporation is building a research and development facility in Nicholas County, West Virginia. This facility will be devoted to alternate fuels and will include a prototype mining operation for robotic mining experiments.

The land clearing operation for this facility has suffered a number of delays due to equipment malfunctions and outright sabotage. The Maltheon Corporation blames these problems on **Ecotage**: the practice of some extremist environmental groups of destroying equipment used in projects that they feel harm the environment. These environmentalists deny the charges and imply that the culprits are union mine workers, who are afraid that non-union Maltheon Corp. will not be using them in the experimental strip mine. They also suggest that the union fears that the techniques that will be developed there are going to put union miners out of work in other locations.

Due to government concern over the ecotage problem, FBI agents **Rick Allison** and **Bob Garvey** from the Charleston, WV, office were assigned to the case. Their initial reports indicate

that neither the unions nor environmental groups appear to be responsible. In their last report the two agents were following up their theory that a disgruntled employee was the source of the problem. This was right before both were killed by a lightning strike while on stake-out at the construction site. There were no electrical storms in that area that night.

According to **Dr. Earl Windham**, the doctor on call at Summersville Memorial Hospital the night of the deaths, Agent Garvey was DOA with an apparent hole from a lightning strike to the chest. Agent Allison was severely injured, but stayed alive long enough to drag in his partner and mumble about a shadow creature that threw lightning from its hands.

Agents Allison and Garvey were the only two agents stationed in Charleston. The Bureau picked up these reports from their office computer and inserted orders stating that a new team has been assigned from Washington. This cover will hold good for a few days. Your team may pose as this team, but remember the time limit.

Note: Communications Channel 13-B, the satellite link, is suspected to be compromised. Information coming in on that frequency is not reliable. All agency personnel are advised not to use that channel for any outgoing communications.

Summersville

Summersville is a small town in the hills of West Virginia. During half of the year the town is inundated with tourists bound for the nearby Summersville Lake. In the off season the lake is partially drained by the Corps of Engineers for flood control. Since it is early October and the lake was drained three weeks before, the town is now at its normal population of 2200. Summersville sports two diners, a number of tackle and hunting shops (all but one closed for the winter) and three hotels. One of the hotels, Lakeside Hotel, is closed for the year. The Archer Inn and The Lincoln Hotel are open and mostly filled with the construction workers for Maltheon.

The Lincoln Hotel

The Lincoln Hotel is the hotel nearest the construction. The hotel is totally booked with Maltheon employees.

The Archer Inn

The Archer Inn, normally closed during the off-season, is staying open to accommodate the workers who fill half of its rooms. The agents can find lodging here.

Breakfast is included in the cost of the room. In the dining room rumors can be picked up if the agents listen carefully:

- The construction workers are wary of the security personnel.
- A cabin located in the middle of the area that they are clearing belongs to a black man. There is much speculation whether the man is going to sell his little lot before they reach his area, or whether they are going to have to go around and leave him with access rights to his property. Apparently he is being stubborn about selling.
- The foremen do not like the computerized lines that they are required to use to communicate with the home office. Most of them are not computer literate, and they find it a real hassle to use the dedicated terminals.
- Billy Phillips, a laborer, has just been fired for suspicion of being the one who destroyed some of the equipment.

Obviously all of these subjects are not being discussed at the same table in the dining room. If the agents sit clumped together or stay only briefly in the dining room, they cannot hear more than one of these rumors a day. Dispersed, they will be able to hear all the rumors at one meal.

If they ask the employees about how Maltheon treats its employees they find that Maltheon is a top shelf operation. The workers are paid non-union wages, but are fully vested in health, disability, and retirement plans. If union dues are subtracted from standard union wages the remainder is very close to what they are making. Management is very strict about the chain of command (much like a military organization), but it is notably responsive to the Advocacy office in the personnel department.

The agents will find all workers to be loyal, content, and completely unsuspecting.

The Hospital

The Summersville Memorial Hospital is a small 50 bed facility that provides primary health care for the county. Any serious or protracted problems are air-lifted to Beckley, WV, the nearest town with a major health care facility.

Gaining information about the death of the FBI agents at the hospital is not difficult. Up front questions meet with candid responses if the agents have a good cover. Going in as patients with casual queries also gain a good deal of information. Using minor misdirection the agents can gain access to the file room during night hours. The single night nurse, Mrs. Ritter, is addicted to bodice ripper romance novels and usually is busy reading one in-between her hourly rounds.

Agent Allison dragged in the body of Agent Garvey at 1:10 AM one week ago. The dead agent had localized electrical burns to the chest indicative of a freak lightning strike or contact with a high voltage arc. Agent Allison was in shock due to less severe wounds of the same nature. He told Dr. Windham that he and his partner were on a stake-out at the construction sight when "*The shadow man appeared and threw the lightning bolts at us. No weapon. Couldn't see a weapon.*"

Soon after this statement Agent Allison succumbed to his wounds and died. The bodies have already been shipped to Charleston for autopsy. If the agents are posing as FBI they should check in with the Charleston Office for information, otherwise the office staff will wonder about the lack of orders from the newly assigned team.

If the agents research the Halloween Demon deaths (see Historical Society) they have a much harder time of it. The nurses will not talk of the matter and anyone with minimal psychology skills can see that they are spooked by the subject.

Dr. Windham is always on call at the facility. He tersely insists that all the deaths were from natural causes, that it is just a statistical abnormality that they happened on that particular day. He cites the "zero factor" of Presidential assassinations as another of the same sort of statistical freaks that creates the appearance of a pattern where one does not exist. The Doctor is a much better liar than his nurses, but a Medium **Psychology** skill roll indicates that he is holding back something.

The Doctor's Office

The agents can easily break into the office of Dr. Windham, which is located in an adjacent building to the hospital. If the searchers have computer skills they find, after an hour or so, a huge number of computer files containing the Doctor's research into this matter.



All of them died of natural causes such as heart failures or strokes. The only abnormality in the data is that, as best medical science can pin point the time of death, they all seem to have died at the same time: between 1:00 and 1:30 in the morning of Halloween. Parts of the files are statistical simulations showing the probability of something like this occurring naturally. The odds are pretty slim.

Other files contain environmental information, including correlations between emissions of the small local industries, coal mines, and weather patterns. An agent with a good **Chemistry** skill or a doctor can see that these studies are attempting to find if various emissions are combining, changing with the temperature, and turning into some form of traceless poison that strongly affects the circulatory system.

The remainder of the files chronicle his comprehensive research into the victims' personal lives in an attempt to find a common link between all of them. The one fact to be gained by them is that none of the victims went to church. Anyone with **Sociology**, **Anthropology**, or just a good dose of common sense will realize that this is a conservative rural area. Finding 30 people in one category who don't go to church is statistically very significant.

The Library and Historical Society

The Summersville Library and Nicholas County Historical Society reside in a two room brick house that was a country school until the consolidated high school was built fifteen miles away in Richwood (the county seat). The main function of this small structure is to give the town's six old maids something to do with their time. Ten hours worth of research and talk with the old ladies will get some leads:

The Legend of the West Virginia Moth Man: The moth man is a huge critter who looks like a distorted man with the wings of a moth. He reportedly inhabits this area. There have been few sightings of the moth man since the 1930's. Some versions of the moth man tale report a man with the wings of a moth "craklin' with 'lectric sparks all 'round the wings". An agent making a Medium **Anthropology** or **Sociology** skill roll can see that all of the reports of the electrical moth man were recorded when electrical power was first introduced into the area. Most likely it

was incorporated into the local myth structure as a matter of course.

The Ghost Horse: Stories over the last hundred years tell of a white horse that is visible only to children. This horse was sighted from time to time in outlying regions of the county. The horse heals the sick, mostly sick women. There have been no sightings of the horse in the last twenty years. A successful Easy **Supernatural (Natural)** skill roll suggests a unicorn.

The Halloween Demons: For the last ten years there have been three deaths in the county each October. All the victims were people who the old women at the historical society considered bad news. Erma, the most superstitious of the lot, thinks that there are demons in the area that take three of their own every year. Correlating the news reports and a successful Easy **Supernatural** skill roll indicates that these deaths occur on Samhain (Halloween).

The General Store

Milt Wilson's general store has one of just about everything on the shelves and looks like a forcible union between a Wall-Mart and a rummage sale. Inside the store some stereotypical old-timers are always playing checkers.

As the agents enter the store for the first time they are passed by an older black man leaving. Milt and Fred, one of the old-timers, start up a conversation.

Fred: *I can't tolerate their kind no matter how hard I try. When I was a boy we would's just run one of them out of the county... if he was lucky.*

Milt: *Hush up now, Fred. Rick is a good feller and all.*

Fred: *Well it ain't one we need to worry about. When one's around then more is bound to move in, and not just in the hollers neither. Sooner or later they's gonna be in the town and going to the schools.*

Milt: *Personal I think that we could use more people like Rick around here. At least he pays his credit bill, unlike some others I could name.*

One of the other old men tells Fred, "You shouldn't be talkin' like that if you don't want to fall under the evil eye." If they are asked about this or about Rick in general all the old men clam up.

Milt, if asked in a casual way, tells that Rick is, "a foreigner who moved into the old Johnston cabin (where they's doin all that research buildin' and stuff like) a few years back and is a right nice feller. He retired teaching from some college and is writing a book or something out there."

As the agents leave, Milt and the old-timers return to their original discussion: a friendly debate about the finer points of the Kant-Laplace hypothesis of solar system origin versus the latest developments in astrophysical theory.



Ricardo Smith

Age: 48 Race: Negro
 Height: 5' 11" Weight: 200 lbs.

STR: 09	INT: 16	THR: 10	HPT: 41
CON: 11	WIS: 09	DOD: 12	75%: 30
DEX: 13	LCK: 10	ACC: 08	50%: 20
AGL: 12	CRZ: 09	STB: 42	25%: 10
SNS: 07	MRE: 03	STN: 10	PIE: 18

Skills:

Magic, Black	10	Magic, White/Grey	10
Anthropology	09	Sociology	10
Computer Operation	04	Religion	08
Philosophy	03	Supernatural, Natural	13
Supernatural, Spirits & Undead	12		

County records, computer search of utilities, and discrete postal inquiries are all ways for the agents to discover the name of Ricardo Smith, who owns the cabin located in the area of the Maltheon construction.

A full records check on him reveals that he was a Jamaican national who emigrated to this country at the age of 21. He graduated early from college with exceptional scores. He became a professor of Anthropology at a small college in Rye, New York. His area of specialty is myth in society and he has written a number of books on the subject. If any of the agents has **Supernatural (Natural)** skill and an exceptionally high IQ they might remember that the Bureau uses one of Smith's textbooks to teach that course (with copious addition sheets. He is not a Bureau agent so his knowledge, while deep, is limited in practical application). He is not listed by the Bureau as being a part of any known supernatural events. His police record is clean. His collegiate record is spotless. According to Rye College records he retired ten years ago to devote himself to writing, though he has published nothing but a few articles.

If an agent specifically thinks of it, a Real Tough skill roll in **Computer Research** shows from a combination of sources that at least three people died every Samhain from natural causes during the entire time that he was in Rye, New York, except the last year. That fall semester he was teaching at Source Polytechnic in Haynes, Wisconsin on an exchange program. A check in Haynes, Wisconsin shows three deaths there also.

The Sheriff

Enoch Adams, a former State Trooper, has gone into semi-retirement as the local sheriff so that he can devote plenty of time to fishing. Enoch is particularly unthrilled with any new FBI agents, as the last pair didn't treat him too well. Enoch is none too happy with reporters, as he thinks that the damage to the construction site has made bad press for the town. He fears that this will affect the next tourist season, and hence the prosperity of the bait shop that he owns. This is the sports shop that is still open.

The obvious choice of ID is for the agents to come in as FBI following up the death of the two agents. The people here are small town residents, but they are not stupid. Agents who blatantly do not meet the standards and dress codes of the FBI (or other government organizations) will prompt a telephone check by the sheriff as soon as they make his acquaintance. Gossip moves quickly. If the party decides to split up into different cover groups (FBI, reporters, and ecological activists for example), and they all come in to town in the same RV or are seen constantly in each other's company, this will also engender suspicion. Most locals will assume that the whole party is FBI, some of them undercover.

A blown FBI cover will certainly bring an FBI team. Senator Webber just might become involved.

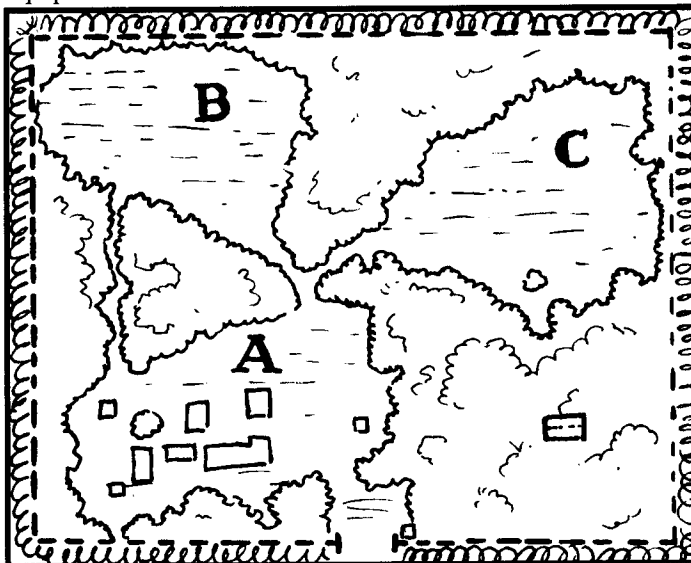
A conversation with the sheriff gleans that all questions should be addressed to the construction site guards. He has been instructed to stay out of the investigation by the Bureau posing as the FBI.

"They ain't making it any of my business nohow."



The Maltheon Site

The construction site has a 31 mile perimeter with a number of clearing operations going on within it. Referring to the map, each of the three wedges is a large clearing operation working toward the final goal of meeting each other. The clearing area marked 'A' is the main camp, with many huts and such for equipment and command functions.



The first thing that the agents notice is that the perimeter is reinforced by one serious fence. Tensor wire, backed up with electrified chain link, makes up the fence. An agent with **Security** or **Physical Surveillance** skills over 3 notes that the fence has remote sensors to detect when it is touched.

Entry into the site is by a single road. There is a checkpoint at the entry through the fence manned by two guards in black jumpsuits. Emblazoned on the jumpsuits is the silver stylized 'M' of the Maltheon Corporation. A good reason is required to get past the gate. Visitors are given plastic ID badges to wear on their shirts.

If the agents are using FBI or reporter covers to get admitted, they will be met by Jamison Wood, the Chief of Security.

Jamison Wood

AGE: 35 RACE: Caucasian
 HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 165 lbs.

STR: 17	INT: 15	THR: 16	HPT: 56
CON: 15	WIS: 13	DOD: 15	75%: 42
DEX: 14	LCK: 12	ACC: 1750%: 28	
AGL: 14	CRZ: 14	STB: 75	25%: 14
SNS: 11	MRE: 05	STN: 00	PIE: 00

Skills

Security:	13	Physical Surveillance:	12
Electronic Countermeasures:	10	Assassination:	10
Espionage:	09	Weapons, Light:	10
Computer Operation:	06	Weapons, Heavy:	08
Martial Art, Tai Boxing, AO:	10		

Jameson has a background in military intelligence. He is ruthless and efficient. He is paid too well to be disloyal.

Jamison happily answers any questions. Jamison will not randomly volunteer any information, he must be asked a question that would lead to it:

- He is in charge. Since the matter became a security problem the company put him in charge of the site. There is a site engineering manager, but he is subordinate to Jamison since the ecotage might move into the realm of killing personnel. In that case everything about the situation is subordinate to the safety of the workers.
- He has no idea about the cause of death of the two agents. He is not sure how they got onto the site that night. *"Things would have been different if they had worked with me, instead of sneaking on the site to do their observations."*
- He does not feel that Ricardo Smith is involved in the problem and admits that he had some of his men keep Smith's cabin under observation for a while. When some of the incidents

happened at times that Smith was known to be in his cabin he discontinued this practice.

- The security personnel live on the site at trailers in the main encampment. The rest of the workers were going to be living there, but when the problems started he decided to leave them at the hotels. *"Any fear on the part of the workers toward the security personnel is silly and merely an extension of normal hostilities that labor and management often have. In this case it is a bit out of proportion because my security men are, of necessity, armed."*

He conducts the agents around the sites if requested. There is quite a bit more information that the party, given the proper degree of observation skill, can pick up as they are touring the site:

- A Real Tough skill roll by anyone with a **Psychology** skill over 3 reveals that Jamison Wood is concealing a great deal of information, and is just lying outright with almost everything that he says. Pointing this out to him will not elicit any useful information and will not change his attitude. He will retort that the individual is being silly. *"If I had anything to hide I would not have let you in without a search warrant."*
- A Medium **Security** roll reveals that the perimeters of the cleared areas on the site have advanced motion detectors and cameras pointing inward toward the woods. Jamison Wood claims that these are for detection and observation of the terrorists. Jamison will use any means required, up to and including a fictitious warning of an upcoming demolition blast, to divert any close inspection of these sensors.
- The location of the attack on the FBI agents is just within the fence in one of the cleared areas. Most likely they scaled the fence after bypassing the security there. Remember that the electrical damage was due to an electrical arc, not contact with an electrical source like the fence. There is no cover nearby which would have concealed the "Shadow Creature".

Wood is an expert in all types of cameras and recording equipment, as well as almost any type of detector that an FBI man or anyone else should be carrying. He confiscates all on sight with the explanation that he does not want its use to accidentally interfere with the advanced radio detonation systems that the construction crews are using. If there is a major argument over acquiring the device (as there should be) he allows the agent to keep it only if there is a case for it that he can tape shut to insure that the individual does not use it. He tells the agents that he can only permit its use if it is inspected by his radio engineers first to prove that it is not dangerous to the operation. If confiscated, the device will be returned at the gate when the agents leave.

Ecotage

A large amount of equipment is being repaired at the main site. The official company line is that the equipment malfunctions are caused by ecotage.

The malfunctions started four weeks ago with minor damage to heavy equipment: bulldozers and such. Initially, the damage was limited to detergent in the diesel tanks. Now they have to contend with explosives.

If the agents find a good reason to be looking over this stuff they can see a few things. The appropriate skill rolls will show the following:

- **Terrorism, Traps, Commando Training, or Mechanical Diagnosis** with an Easy skill roll: Two bulldozers are sloppily disabled with detergent in their tanks.
- **Terrorism, Traps, Demolitions, and Commando Training** with an Easy skill roll: Four bulldozers have been damaged with what appears to be short flamethrower bursts, definitely not conventional explosives as claimed.
- **Mechanical Diagnosis** (no roll, but requires two hours of inspection): In fourteen of the remaining sixteen pieces of equipment there are a variety of mechanical problems. Anything that can go wrong has gone wrong. In a couple of cases there appears to be no real problem. The equipment just won't work.
- **Supernatural Sensitivity** roll: There is a strong supernatural presence here. A sweep with the AKD shows that it is magic.
- An Easy **Supernatural, Black** skill roll or a **Detect Curse** spell indicates that all the equipment that is not obviously damaged from fire or electricity is under a combination of a **Bollox** spell and a **Minor Curse**.



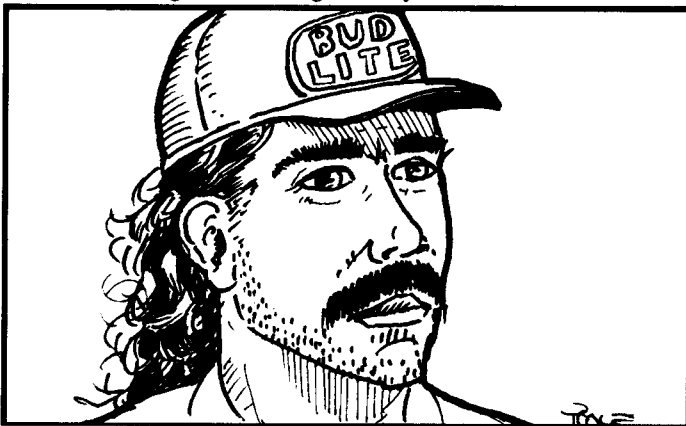
If requested, Jamison takes them to the property of Ricardo Smith. They see a small wood cabin with numerous crosses prominently displayed on the door and in the windows. Jamison reports that Ricardo appears to be a very holy man. If someone makes a SNS roll, he gets a feeling of deep unease from around the cabin. A **See Aura** spell reveals the outline of a small, invisible creature sitting on the ground watching the party approximately ten feet from the front door of the cabin. **See Invisible** reveals it to be a small ugly humanoid of demonic countenance. The creature does nothing unless he is attacked. If he is attacked he will fight back. This creature is an **Imp**.

Jamison does not take the agents off the road to the cabin because Ricardo told him to stay off his land and threatened to prosecute Maltheon for trespassing if any of the workers come onto his property. If the agents are using FBI covers and want to proceed, Jamison drops them off on the edge of Ricardo's land and waits for them.

Ricardo is not home. The shades are drawn. If the agents for some insane reason try to break in under the watchful eye of Jamison they are attacked by the demon.

If the party spends too much time in the yard performing a foot by foot inspection or a careful AKD scan, for example, the demon will use magic to discourage the party from staying. Any other actions by the party are ignored by the creature.

There is nothing more to be gained by the tour.



Billy Phillips

When the agents arrive back at the hotel they are approached by Billy Phillips if they have been posing as FBI, EPA, or reporters. Billy is very nervous and wants to speak to them in private, without any recording devices.

Billy tells the party that he is a construction worker who was fired from the construction crew. He wants the true story to get out. He was given a big bonus by Jamison Wood to sabotage the equipment. He does not know why and didn't ask. The only equipment that he sabotaged were the two vehicles that he damaged by pouring detergent in the tanks. At this point, as per their agreement, Jamison fired him for minor pilfering and secretly gave him the \$5,000 bonus that he had earned. Billy has stuck around the area since then, drinking up some of the bonus before he goes back home to Kentucky.

Last night someone shot at him on the way back to his hotel. He is certain that Jamison is trying to eliminate him. He thinks that the whole thing is related to the deaths of the two FBI agents. Billy is afraid that Jamison is going to try and frame him for their deaths, if Jamison can't kill him. Billy will eagerly testify or give a full media report (depending on the party cover) if the agents can promise him immunity and get him out of the area.

Careful questioning reveals that the fence went up and security took control of the operation after the sabotage.

Billy Phillips is correct. He is being set up by Jamison Wood for the murder of the two FBI agents. Papers are going to be planted in his hotel room that connect him to a particularly violent offshoot of **Earth First**. They state that he was ordered to kill the FBI agents with a powerfully modified stungun to create the appearance of a safety problem on the construction site.

Trying to Hack the Maltheon Computers

A successful hack of the phone company computer in Chicago (home of Maltheon) will give the unlisted modem numbers that are assigned to Maltheon. Maltheon's central computer has a security rating of -40.

If the agents manage to hack into the Maltheon main system and start downloading files (in real life that is the way that you do it. You do not sit there and sort through the information while you are still connected to the target system) they will find that the Maltheon computer fights back.

The Maltheon system hacks into the Bureau computer while the information is downloading. It sends an interrupt downline and starts siphoning information off the Bureau system. The screen of the agents' computer shows a message saying "Switching to high speed transmission mode". It is a Medium difficulty task for anyone with **Computer Crime** or **Computer Tapping** skill and a Hard task for anyone with other **Computer** skills to tell that this is a counter hack.

If the agent running the hack notices the counter attack, she has two options. The first is to disconnect the modem and end the hack. The second is to try to regain control over the Bureau system and to fight back. Fighting back is a head to head roll of skill verses skill. The agent adds up her skill as a straight percentage (level 5 = 5%) plus a d100 roll. The Maltheon percentage is 60 plus a d100 roll. Each side rolls until only one fails. Whoever wins gets the data while the other side is getting trash that they think is good data.

After the hack, if the Maltheon system wins, or if the party does not notice the counter hack, the system log will tell them what occurred. They now know that the entire content of their computer memory is in the hands of Maltheon.

If the party successfully managed to avoid the hack and attack the Maltheon system back, they receive the full personnel record of Jamison Wood (see **Jamison Wood**). They also discover that the security forces have been augmented with a team of five individuals from Research and Development.

Sifting through the data for d20 hours reveals the following information if the researching member has the appropriate skills:

- An agent with a 6+ in Computer Programming can see that much of the Maltheon system is devoted to AI modules. These are elegant routines for vision, sound recognition, remote equipment control, voice generation and other such things. The actual core routine has not been captured by the dump, but



carefully tracing the command sequence reveals that these routines are designed to work with a port controller (an external piece of equipment hooked to the computer that is probably the actual "brains" that runs these programs).

- A agent with a 5+ in Physics can see that many programs model an energy field generator of some sort. An agent with a 5+ in Nuclear Physics can see that this is a patterned field dealing with damping quantum reactions on a macro-atomic level. An agent with any magic skill will see that the pattern of the field being generated looks like some sort of a magic related pattern. A mage who has the spell group **Protection** can see that this pattern is part of the same sequence of runes that must be used to cast **Hold Greater Being In Symbol**, but with a number of unidentifiable additions.
- Anyone can see that some equipment from the high energy research section of Maltheon has been requisitioned here and sent to the construction site.

What Is Going On

There is a hunt for a unicorn going on, that's what.

Ricardo Smith is the son of a high priest of Voodoo in Jamaica. The priest made a deal with three lower demons to do his son's bidding throughout Ricardo's life. During the last casting of the negotiations, Ricardo's father made a mistake in the spell and was killed by the three demons, but the deal was already struck. Now the three demons are the servants of Ricardo for life.

This occurred when Ricardo was a baby. He has no knowledge of this. His mother did not want Ricardo to die in the same manner as her husband. She kept all knowledge of his father's legacy as a high priest in one of the more evil voodoo sects from him.

With the invisible demons helping him along, Ricardo has gone far from his roots. When he needed money for school all of his grants came through. When he says "I wish" whatever he wishes for takes place in some form.

The demons have to take extraordinary measures to stay on this plane. Every Samhain they must send an evil soul to hell instead of returning there themselves.

During his career as a professor, Ricardo realized that having a body count every Halloween was statistically significant. He started thinking that he might be cursed. He tried to laugh the idea off. He even taught at another college for one year to prove to himself how silly the whole idea was. When the same thing happened there, he knew that he was cursed.

During his studies he discovered that there might be a unicorn in West Virginia. Suddenly a strong believer in the supernatural, he moved here with the hope of finding the unicorn and getting it to remove his curse. But Ricardo has a problem: he can't find the unicorn. From various signs he can tell that the animal lives in the woods near his cabin, but he never sees it. Ricardo, while being a good guy, is not the kind of intensely pure of heart that it takes to see a unicorn. The unicorn is not really interested in his problems anyway.

Damion Antigua

The owner of Maltheon Corporation and the sole worldly possessor of a true artificially intelligent computer system, Damion comes from a long line of powerful witches. He is the last generation, so he has inherited the spell books and tomes of his entire family line from his dead mother. The problem is that the gift for magic in his family runs only in the female line. He just doesn't have the knack. However, he is one of the world's most knowledgeable theorists.

After getting a double degree in Electronic Engineering and Theoretical Physics from Cornell University, Damion has managed to augment his knowledge of magical principles and cast some spells through the use of technology. Spin-offs from this research made Maltheon one of the biggest research firms in the world and made Mr. Antigua a very rich man.

Since playing around with weird radiation is not good for even the pure of heart, it has really taken its toll on an evil man like Damion. He is dying of multiple cancers. Damion has made many attempts to cure himself with his techno-magic, but to no avail. By using computer correlation he has managed to find out about the unicorn. He purchased the land in that area. He intends to capture it and grind the horn down to make an elixir that might cure him.

He has the same problem as Ricardo: no one whom he can hire to find a unicorn has the pure heart required to see it. Instead, he arranged the sabotage at the site to justify the intense security and barrier fence. The 3 pronged clearing pattern is designed to drive the unicorn into a small area. There specialists from the high energy department of the company will blanket the area with a power field that will act as a **Hold Greater Being In Symbol spell** and allow them to take the critter to Chicago. It will be killed and made into medicine.

Only the members of the five man technical team and Jamison Wood know what is being really done on the site, but the security teams follow Wood's orders without question.

The Demon Problem

A monkey wrench has been thrown in the works. The demons of Ricardo Smith heard him say that he wished that the workers would go away so that the unicorn wouldn't be bothered. Right now the demons are trying to solve the problem in the easiest manner possible by attacking the equipment. However, they are about to move up to murder and wholesale destruction to run the workers off.

The two FBI agents were killed because one of the demons carelessly allowed himself to be seen while casting lightning bolts into the construction machinery. He then had to kill the two witnesses.

On the second night after the party arrives the demons will damage another piece of equipment. On the fourth night they will kill four members of the Maltheon security forces.



Ricardo's Demons

STR: 15 DEX: 13
AGL: 16 HPT: 100
MRE: 30% E/BT
TMP: 25 WKM: 1000
BAN: silver, blessed weapons, holy water

The banes for these particular nasties are silver, holy water, and blessed weapons. Silver and blessed weapons do the base weapon type damage and the holy water does d10 on touch. The party has no way of determining the banes or effects except for trial and error. An attack using any other materials will do no damage.

These three demons are right on the verge of going from lower order demons to minor demons. They possess the following spell groups: **Curse** and **Control Nature**. They also have the innate ability to be invisible, but this is only when they are not casting a spell, when they must become visible. Another innate skill is the use of **Plant Thought (Mind)**, but it only works at their normal cast of 50% and does not work on a subject with both WIS and INT over 16. They may only perform this ability once per day.

These demons have a flat 50% percentage chance to cast a spell. They always Snap Cast with No Gesture and No Components. If the spell fails, then the demon must recover for the amount of time that it would have cost for a normal casting. During this recovery period the demon will be fully functional (able to conduct physical attacks and defend) but unable to cast.

Dispelling the Demons

There are several ways to get rid of these demons:

The first method is to cast **Dispel Magic: Neutralize or Disperse** on the demons. Using **Release** isn't too bright, as this will allow the demon to dump all of his WKM on the party in whatever form that he chooses. However, Neutralize or Disperse only affects d100 WKM per casting. The low order demons attached to Ricardo have 1000 WKM each. The whole 3000 has to be neutralized or dispersed before the spell holding them is broken and they will return to the depths of Hell from which they have been so long absent.

A second magical solution is cast **Hold Magical Being in Symbol** (or using the Maltheon High Energy Containment Field should the agents somehow come into possession of the device). Cast **Open Dimensional Gate** with the destination being Hell. Then seal the gate over the demon(s).

Both of these solutions to the demon problems are going to take somewhere in the neighborhood of 600 WKM, average, per demon. If the party doesn't have a magic user on the level of an archmage with them, then a priest can attempt an **Exorcism**. Unless the priest manages to get a demon alone he will be binding all three of them at once. They will all get to attack him

with their **Doubt** skill. He will only be able to attack one of them with his exorcism, though he will still restrain all of them. The binding of the demons will be negated if they are physically attacked during the exorcism, but they will still be unable to attack the priest as long as he has not resorted to physical measures.

There is a final, non-magical solution available, known in Bureau slang as the **Withers Gambit**: blow the buggers into little pieces.

It should be noted that the demons are not going to sit still for any of this. They will use their magical powers to defend themselves as best they can.



Searching Ricardo's Cabin

Ricardo spends 40% of his time out in the woods looking for, beseeching, and otherwise messing with the unicorn that he is sure is out there and just avoiding him. During this time the party can search Ricardo's cabin without his knowledge. They will not escape the attention of the demon that is always hanging about out front, while the other two stay near Ricardo.

If the party is sneaking around, acting as if they shouldn't really be there, the demon will retreat to the nearest shadow and start making life rough for them. On the other hand, if they walk up and knock on the door like normal people there will be no problem.

The demon can not go on the porch of the cabin, due to the large number of holy symbols displayed on the door and windows of the cabin and the holy water that Ricardo sprinkles around the porch every week. For all intents and purposes the cabin itself is sanctified ground in the Roman Catholic religious sphere. There is no WKM gain for agents of good alignment casting there, but evil or gray mages will not be able to cast a spell.

Getting into the cabin is an easy task. Most of the windows are unlocked. Inside the cabin the agents find most of the available shelves taken up by books on the occult, mythology, and religion. There is a small computer on a writing desk in the study along with a number of small shipping boxes from a religious supply house. The invoices in the boxes say that the boxes contained holy water. A half empty, leaded glass decanter of water is in one of the drawers of the desk.

An agent with computer skills can easily search the files in the computer system. No attempt has been made to install any form of security. There are a few word processor files that are notes for a sociological analysis of the West Virginia Moth Man. Most of the system files appear to be used for telecommunications. The autodialer of the communications package is primarily stored with numbers of various Occult BBS's with a couple of numbers for university network systems. A note dated a week ago is still stored in the electronic mail section of the package. It is from someone who has the computer handle of "Seeker" and it is addressed to "The Professor". The note says:

After contacting my Source, I am convinced that the problem is not one, but three. One is probably Beznatsina, as an absence has been noted covering the proper time range. More will follow. Please hang in there. When all the information is in I will personally travel to your location. The problem should be easily dealt with then.

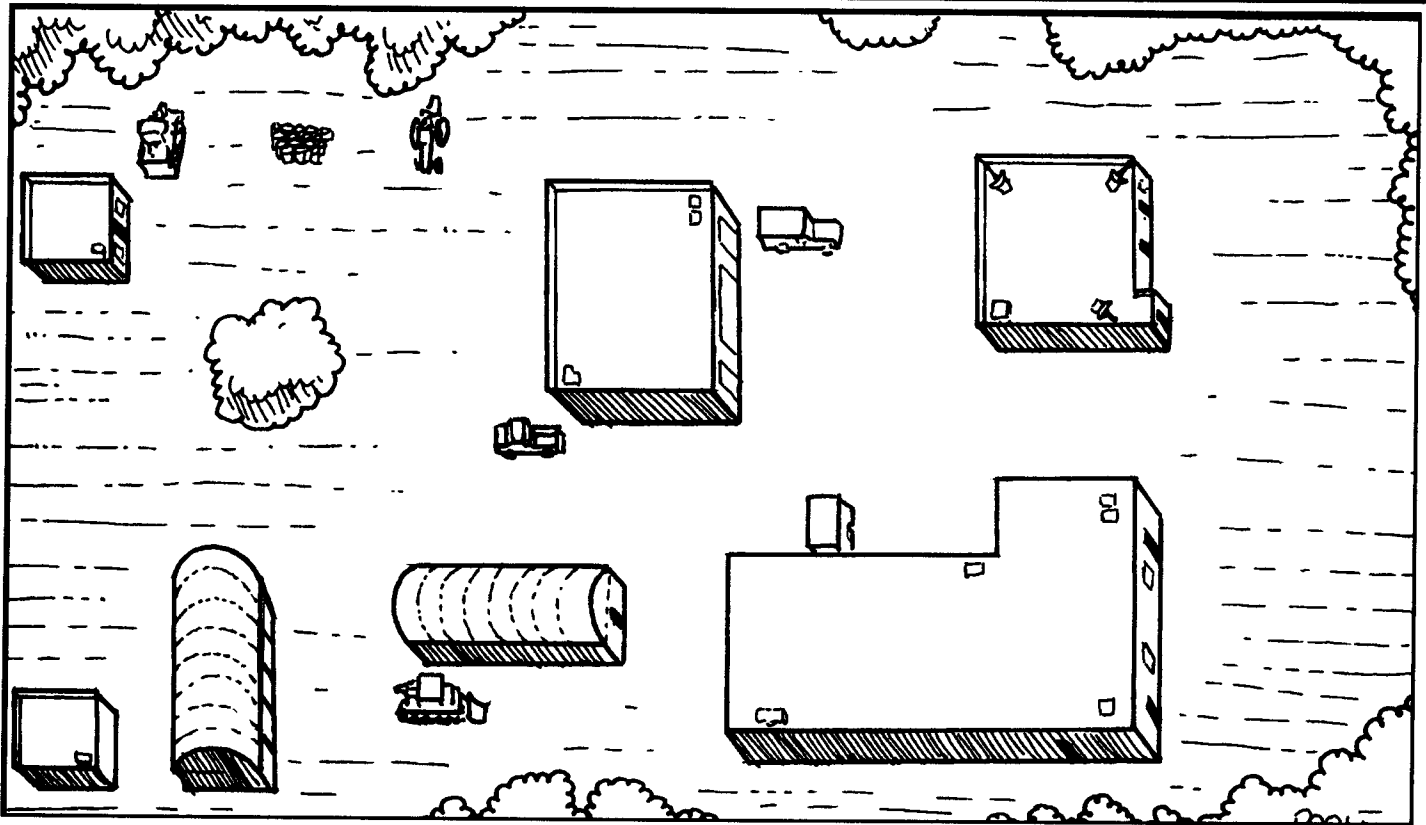
In addition to this note there are various communications between Roberto and his accountant, talking about the amount of money remaining in the trust and investments for it. A check through the home budget spreadsheets shows that Ricardo gets a monthly check from a trust that is his main source of support. This is merely a trust from a dead uncle and has no bearing on this case.

This is all of value to be found in the cabin. If the agents have broken into the cabin, the demon will attack them with spells the second that they step off the porch.

Entering the cabin when Ricardo is there is no more complicated than when he is out. He has no problem with receiving visitors regardless of their reason for coming, as long as he knows that they do not work for Maltheon. If the agents pose as the FBI then an Easy **Psychology** roll indicates that he is very scared.

Richardo explains away his books as being part of his field of expertise. He says that the reason that he moved out here is to write a comprehensive book on the formation of myths in western society, and that he needs isolation for the concentration required in this task. A Medium **Psychology** skill roll shows that he is concealing something.

If one of the agents is obviously a member of the ordained clergy of a major religion, and treats Roberto well, regardless of the feeling of evil that the clergyman receives (the GM should want a good reason for this to be the case), then Ricardo presses a note into his hand as the party leaves. The note asks the priest to come back alone as soon as possible to help Ricardo with a matter of faith. If the priest returns alone, Ricardo explains his problem and his suspicions about it to the priest. He also says that he has had a computerized consultation with a spiritual medium who told him that he is being stalked by three demons, one of who is named Beznatsina. If the priest explains the true nature of the party to him, then Ricardo will cooperate with the team in any



way possible. If he survives the whole adventure Ricardo will become a friend of the Bureau in the future.

Getting Past the Site Fence

Trying to get into the construction site without going through the main gate is not an easy task. The skills that relate to jamming the complicated electronics that are guarding the fence and the woods are **Electronic Engineering, Electronics Micro, Security, Breaking & Entering,** and **Electronic Countermeasures.** Getting past the sensors is a Real Tough skill roll.

Evading the human security element is not as difficult, since the guards rely far too heavily on the electronics to do their job. They are not very alert.

Site Security

The site has 12 guards awake at any one time, with three shifts (changing at 2300 Hrs, 0700 Hrs, and 1500 Hrs) for a total of 36 guards. The guards are not nervous about breaking the law. Most of them were low order criminals before recruitment into the security profession by Jamison Wood.

Average Site Security Guard

STR: 16	INT: 11	THR: 13	HPT: 58
CON: 16	WIS: 09	DOD: 12	75%: 43
DEX: 12	LCK: 09	ACC: 13	50%: 29
AGL: 09	CRZ: 10	STB: 80	25%: 14
SNS: 03	MRE: 02	STN: xx	PIE: 03

Skills:

Street Fighting: 5	Security: 4
Pistol Shooting: 6	Weapons, Light: 3
Phys Surveillance 2	Civil Law: 1
Blade Fighting: 4	Evidence Dispersal: 3
Martial Art (Tae Kwon Do): 3/3	

Weapons:

Submachine Gun		Ingram M10
ROF 1to3	AMO FGH	PB VS SH ME LO EX
ROL A	CYC 34	+1 +1 0 -2 -4 -8
CAP 30	WTE 7.0	Effective Ex
CIR 1960	MIS 1%d	4 1

Semi-Auto Pistol		Glock 17
ROF 1or3	AMO FGHP	PB VS SH ME LO EX
ROL A	CYC n/a	+3 +2 +2 0 -4 -8
CAP 17+1	WTE 0.8	Effective Ex
CIR 1986	MIS 1%d	4 1
HSM +1		

AMMO

Three clips for each filled with hollow points (p)
 damage: d6+1 HSM +3 KDM +1

If a security breach is noted by the electronic gear, it takes d4 minutes for a team of d4+2 of the guards to show up. The security guards know exactly where the agents are, because the sonar/IR blanket that the sensors emit pin points their location within 100 yards of the fence. If the agents make a break for the deep woods they will be safe from detection by the electronics.

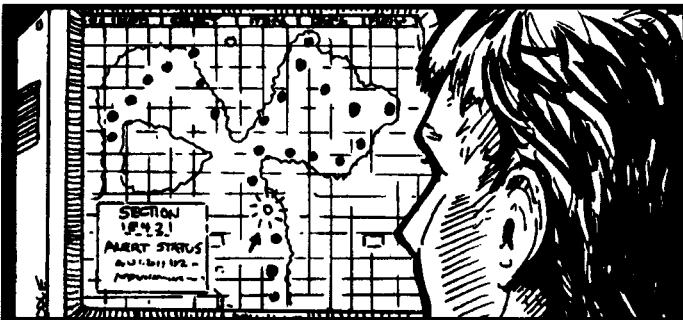
If it is before day 5 of the investigation the security personnel only attempt to apprehend the agents for legal action in the morning. If it is after day 5 the security personnel shoot to kill and bury the bodies deep in the woods.

The Main Camp

There are two patrolling guards who remain somewhat alert. It requires a successful **Commando Training, Breaking & Entering, Guerrilla Tactics**, or **Security** roll to move around area undetected. This will be an Easy roll up to day 4 and a Tough roll afterwards. A good diversion will give D20 minutes of fairly unrestricted movement, but for the next three hours all rolls for concealment will be one difficulty level harder.

In the main camp at night there are many things to be found out. Doing the stealthy spy thing around the main computer shed and using the sound amplifier from the cigarette pack picks up a conversation inside between Jamison Wood and an unidentified voice. The conversation details the fact that the party (yup, you guys) is not what it seems, but Jamison is to take no action at this time unless they breach security. Things are being taken care of at the main office. If they breach security, Jamison is to take care of the bodies. Careful observation through a window shows that Wood is talking to a computer terminal (an Easy **Physical Security, Ninjutsu, Commando Training**, or **Guerrilla Tactics** skill roll is required to remain undetected by Wood).

As they move around the camp at night the agents see that the security sensors that they saw pointing inward are being moved up to the new clearing line created by the day's construction work. A Medium **Security** roll indicates that this should be a containment procedure. If one of the sensors is carefully examined by an agent with an **Electronics** skill of 5 or higher, a Hard skill roll suggests that part of the sensor package could be a modified form of the AKD.



Technical Section Building

Only one office is still lit. A man can be observed through the window sitting at a console that is displaying a map of the area. The perimeter of the cleared area is marked with a blinking line. Near Ricardo's cabin is a large blocked-in area (in scale around a mile square) that has a legend on it that is too small to read from the window unless the agent has binoculars. The legend reads, "Probable Target Area". Another screen on the console displays the location of all the inward pointing sensors, each with small numbers beside them. Again, using binoculars, the agent can see that the numbers are Kirilian readings.

Within the same building are the sleeping quarters for the four technical section personnel that are not on watch at the moment. If it is after midnight all of them will be asleep. If it is before midnight then the rest are awake in their rooms reading.

The storage area of this building houses the High Energy Containment Field.

High Energy Containment Field

This pickup sized device throws a brilliant blue stream of energy at an object, surrounding and containing it. It can be targeted over a wide area and reduced in diameter, forcing any captives into the narrowing area of effect. When they are sure that they have the unicorn, the techs force it into a cargo helicopter; transfer the device into the copter; and fly like the wind for Chicago. No one but the Maltheon techs know how to use this device.

The Setup

The Maltheon computer is aware that the party is not what it seems. It has accounted for all FBI agents in the region (or checked on reporters, or whatever) and put in discrete inquiries to the federal systems to confirm its findings. If the agents have attempted to hack Maltheon and failed then it knows their physical and skill profiles as well.

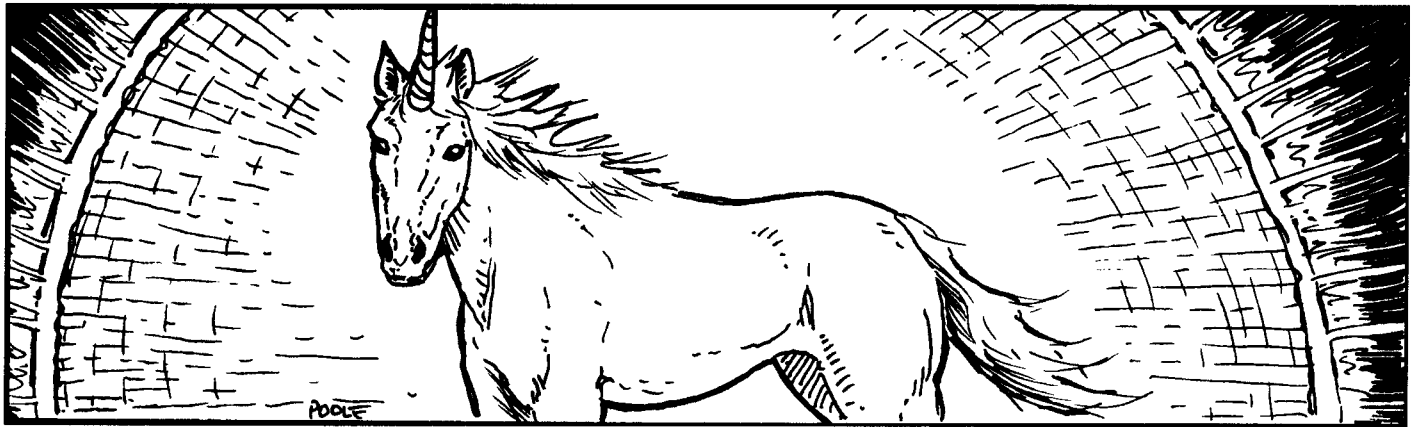
Maltheon intends to kill Ricardo Smith and frame the agents for it. They will also be framed along with Billy Phillips for the murder of the FBI agents. The Maltheon computer, from the second day of the investigation, begins inserting files in the National Criminal Investigations Computer about the agents. The files detail that the finger prints of the agents have been found at many robberies and murders that have occurred at isolated sites. BUREAU 13 is aware of this, but all communication channels available, especially 13-B, to the team are considered compromised. The Bureau will only respond if they move out of the area to report. Otherwise, they will warn the agents on the fifth day on channel 13-B.

Once the computer records scam is complete on Day 5, the Maltheon Security personnel are instructed to kill Smith and capture the Unicorn.

The next day the security personnel report to the authorities that they saw the agents leaving the site at high speed and that they have no idea how the agents got in.

The Kill

On the fifth day after arrival the party receives a communication over channel 13-B that they are being set up by false computer record plants. That night the Maltheon security forces attack Ricardo Smith's cabin. If he is not with the agents, he is killed. Twelve members of the Maltheon security forces are killed by the demons before Smith dies and the binding spell is released.



The next morning police reports go out naming the agents as the primary suspects in the deaths of the security guards killed by the demons during the attack on Smith's cabin, the death of Ricardo Smith, and FBI agents Allison and Garvey. If the assassination of Smith did not occur as planned the warrants are only for the FBI agents and the dead security personnel.

The Evidence

If any of the agents are apprehended, five of the Maltheon security men come forward and testify to seeing them kill the dead security guards. In addition, Jamison Wood produces a set of leather gloves and a gun that were found in a dumpster on the site. One of the gloves contains a hair that positively identifies an agent. Jamison carefully salvaged the hair after the tour. The gloves will be positively linked to the gun. The gun fired a bullet found in one of the guards (Jamison shot the body soon after the battle at Ricardo's Cabin). If the tour of the site never occurred, then the only evidence will be the witnesses.

The Unicorn Napping

Unless something happens to prevent it, late at night on the sixth day the unicorn is caught by the Maltheon techs. On the morning of the seventh day the unicorn is taken to Chicago in a specially equipped cargo helicopter. This is the end of the adventure.

Solving the Maltheon Problem

There are three ways of solving the Maltheon Problem:

1) Find and ask the unicorn to leave. To see the unicorn requires a Piety in a good faith of 17 or above. Persuading it to leave requires a bit more work. A **Talk To Animals** spell or the PSI talent **Telepathy** allows someone to talk to the unicorn. A reaction should be rolled on the reaction table. If the reaction is favorable, then the unicorn is willing to move to another location, but only under its own power. This means that the agents have to make an escape hole in the fence for the unicorn.

2) Find and coerce the unicorn to leave. The second method requires some brute force technique to get the unicorn out. Knockout drugs do not effect the unicorn. The High Energy Containment Field will subdue the creature. A demon may be

summoned to get the unicorn and move it, but the demon will look for any loophole in its orders that allows it to kill the unicorn or take it back to Hell. Note that only a Major Demon will have the power required to get the unicorn at all.

3) Somehow shut down the Maltheon operation. This is easiest to perform by framing them for something, preferably the killing of the two FBI agents. Wiping out the instillation itself is another method, but will result in negative experience unless handled carefully.

4) A final resolution is to kill the unicorn. This is NOT an acceptable solution and results in negative experience and piety for anyone involved. Individuals actually performing the killing gain a curse of the GM's design.

Simplified Timetable

Day -7: FBI Agents Allison and Garvey die of an electrical attack.

Day 1: Agents arrive.

Day 2: Demons destroy another piece of equipment at the site that night. The Maltheon main computer checks into party. Billy Phillips contacts the party.

Day 3: Maltheon begins building bogus files to frame party for the upcoming death of Ricardo Smith.

Day 4: Demons kill 4 members of security at Maltheon. Maltheon main computer decides that the agents are involved and steps up plans for dis-information on the party and the death of Ricardo Smith.

Day 5: (Morning) agents are informed through Communication channel 13-B that they are being set up by false computer record plants.

Day 5: (Night) Ricardo Smith is killed by Maltheon Security Forces. 12 members of the security team are killed by the demons before Smith is killed and the bonding spell broken.

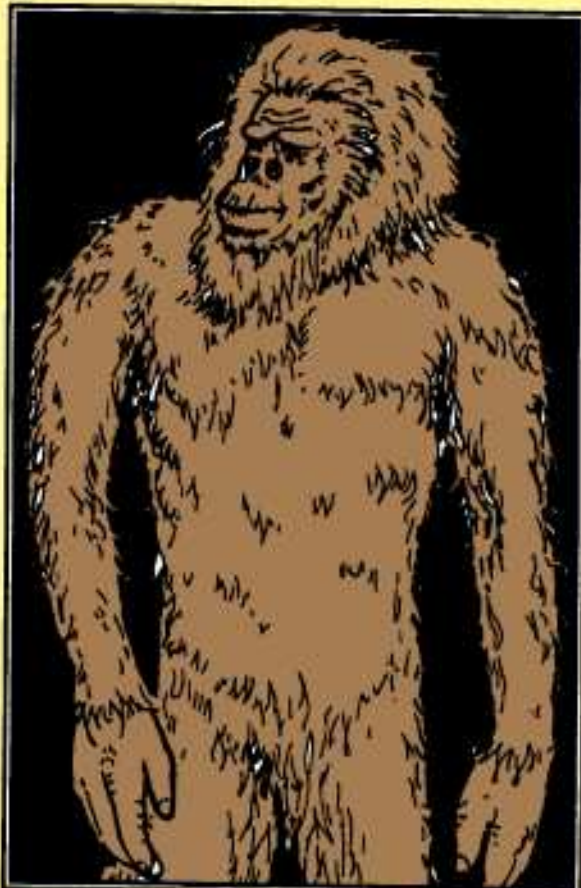
Day 6: (Early Morning) Law enforcement bulletins go out naming party members as prime suspects in the Smith and Security guard slayings.

Day 6: (Late Night) unicorn captured by Maltheon technicians.

Day 7: (Early Morning) the unicorn is taken out of the area on a specially equipped cargo helicopter.

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE



GENUINE

BIGFOOT

REWARD

\$45,000

THE BACONVILLE BIGFOOT

Trouble Brewing

On a dark and dreary day the team routinely checks one of their covert dead letter drops to find a large envelope containing the following items:

BUREAU 13 INCIDENT REPORT

REWARD POSTER: The copy offers a \$45,000 reward for a genuine Bigfoot, dead or alive. This reward is offered by a local widow named Ester McTuggle. According to Bureau records she is very rich and quite eccentric. Several years ago she claimed that a Bigfoot carried off her husband.

BIGFOOT DOSSIER: Includes several large files detailing everything that the Bureau knows about these creatures, which is not much (See BUREAU FILE: Bigfoot). The dossier also includes two dozen blurred and grainy photographs of hairy man-like figures. These photos are of terrible quality but are said to be authentic.

ISSUED EQUIPMENT: A receipt from an airfreight delivery office where the agents are to collect a large crate from Midnight Greeting Cards. The crate contains:

- 2 bolt action tranquilizer rifles w/20 rounds
- 1 Steel gorilla cage mounted on a trailer and enclosed with plywood
- A general purpose, injectable sleep drug disguised as a night time cold remedy.

BACONVILLE MAPS: Water-Proof, Computer generated, satellite maps of Baconville, Georgia, and surrounding area. One map depicts the actual structures in the town of Baconville. The other map details the surrounding country side.

Bureau 13 Incident Report

The Bureau's media monitoring system has turned up what appears to be a rash of Bigfoot sightings. Contacts are reported in and around the small town of Baconville, Georgia. Several strange news articles in the local paper, the Baconville Star tipped us off. Your team is to investigate these reports for merit and to determine if a Bigfoot creature exists. If this is confirmed the team is instructed to safeguard the creature by capturing the mischievous Bigfoot alive. The team is to then to transport it to a remote location of your own choosing. The team will have no further contact with Bureau 13 during this assignment. As always act decisively, but in a covert manner. Let's keep this one quiet.

Good Luck

Newspaper Clippings

Four strange articles have appeared repeatedly in the Baconville Star over the last six months.

HAIRY CREATURE STEALS COOLER

"It scared me real bad", says Newton P. Legart regarding his recent brush with the monster. Last Monday Mr. Legart, a local hunter, reported that a "slurring and staggering hairy creature" wandered up to his camp site and stole his beer cooler. The local hunter claims that this has happened to him on the last three of his yearly fishing and camping trips. "At least my wife reminded me to bring along a spare cooler this year. Great little woman."

The Baconville Sheriff Department is conducting an investigation according to Deputy Samples, who wished not to be quoted as saying, "Well... you know and I know that Newton (Mr. Legart) can drink like the devil. Maybe he only saw his mother-in-law."

SEMI-ANNUAL WATERMELON FESTIVAL AND PIG WRESTLE DELAYED BY MONSTER TRACKS

Giant human footprints found along Main Street have prompted town leaders to delay the big event for now. The prints are seen by many residents as the work of the devil. Local police call the man-like prints a hoax. They report the prints as being 26 inches long with a five foot stride. "It's just not natural", said one Baconville resident, "I am real afraid for my dog and my kids." Mayor Buckstone affirms that the Semi-Annual Watermelon Festival and beloved Pig Wrestle will be held, "Just as soon as all

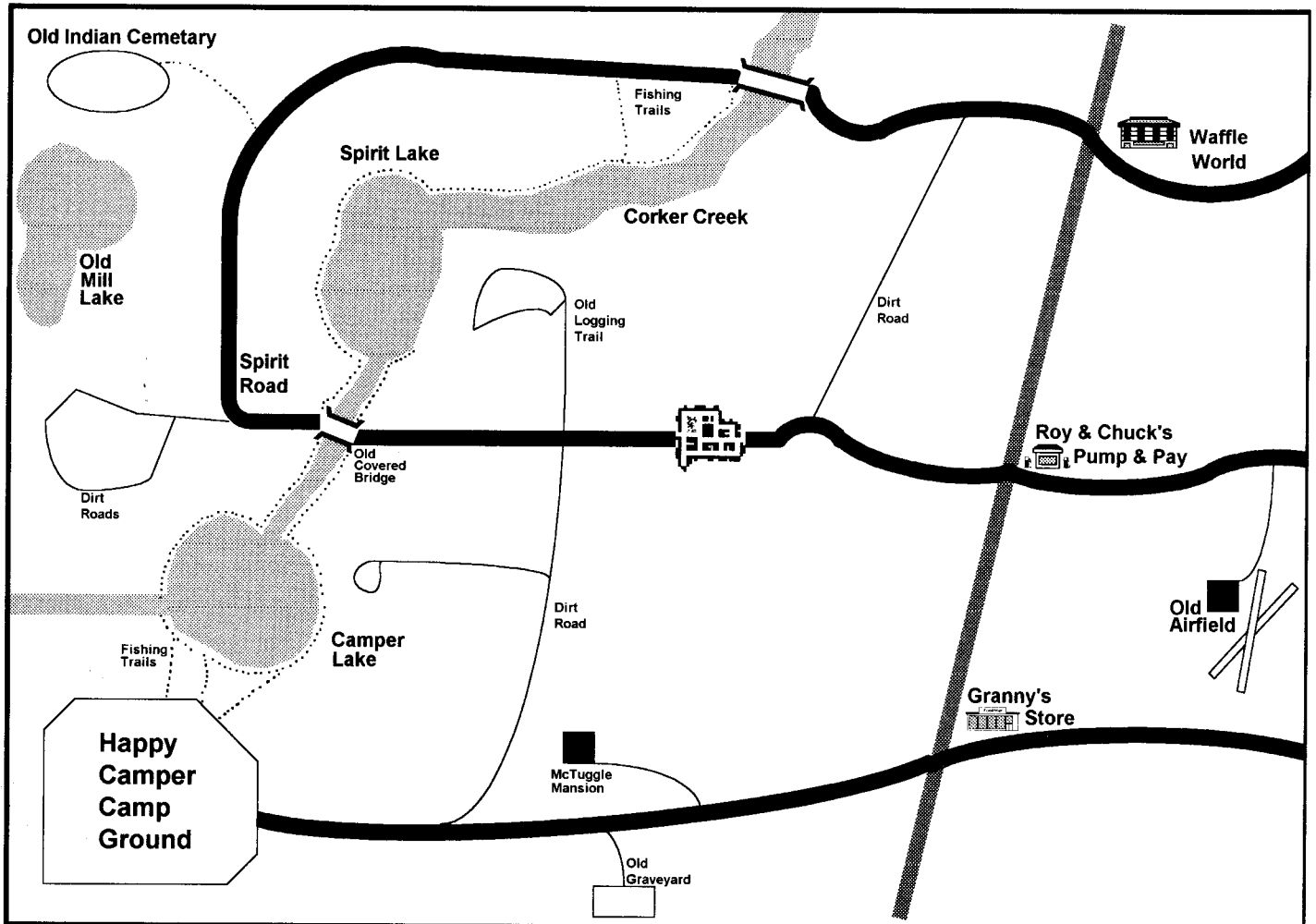
this fuss dies down". He also adds that Free Festival T-shirts will once again be available at the courthouse for only \$19.95.

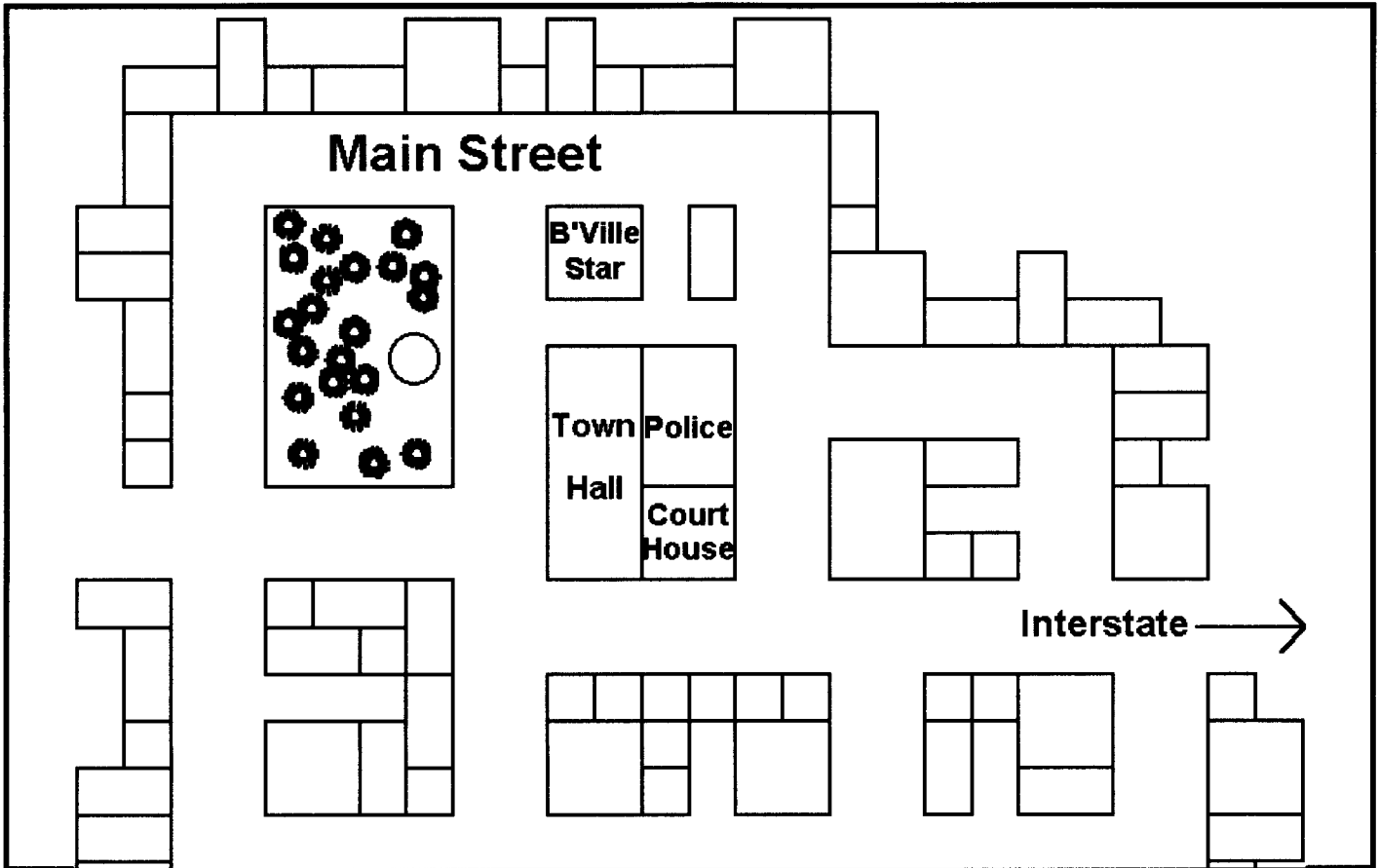
MCTUGGLE SPOTS THE DEMON MONSTER

The elderly Mrs. Ester McTuggle, a well respected member of Baconville's social circles, reported Tuesday that a "wild demon beast threatened my immortal soul". Mrs. McTuggle was driving with an unnamed male companion when the vicious creature allegedly dashed out from the trees and tried to attack the terrified passengers. The two escaped unharmed. Mrs. McTuggle complained to the Mayor that "Somebody should do something to protect little old ladies from this sort of thing! I was terrified for my life and my immortal soul."

ELVIS'S GHOST SAVES CHILDREN FROM BIGFOOT

This weekend several local children were reported to have been saved from a hairy monster by turning on their radio. "It looked like Big Bird with long teeth. The monster ran away when we played Hound Dog." The children were playing near Corker Creek when the tragic incident occurred. The Baconville Sheriff Department has refused to comment on the incident until "all the facts is in", says Deputy Buckstone.





Baconville, Georgia

Over the years Baconville has been known for a lot of things: Farming, logging, and now tourism.

Though there are many small businesses, the biggest one is the Happy Camper Camp Ground. Signs for this rustic retreat are posted as far North as Augusta. It boasts all versions of campsites, hiking trails, stocked lakes and rivers, dirt bike trails, even horseback rides. Tours are provided to the old Indian graveyard, the restored sawmill on the shores of Old Mill Lake, the covered bridge, the historical houses and shops in Baconville, and, of course, the festival.

The team rolls into the sleepy town of Baconville during the semi-annual Watermelon Festival and Pig Wrestle. Most of the interesting people including Sheriff Pruitt, Deputies Buckstone & Samples, Mayor Buckstone, Old Lady McTuggle, and the red neck hunters are present to reveal information to an inquisitive team. In Baconville the agents have a wonderful opportunity to snoop around, ask questions, deal with angry protestors, get in trouble, find out about the reward, and wrestle pigs.

Baconville Star

In a prominent storefront on Main Street they find the offices of the Baconville Star. There they learn that the man they want to speak with is J.T. Buckstone, fondly known as "Bucky", the beloved town mayor. He's over at the park judging the "Pig Wrassle".

Pig Wrestling

During the street festivities a team member is challenged by some arrogant hunters to wrestle the famous "Baconville Wrestling Pig". Should an agent be enticed into entering the contest she finds that the privilege costs her 20 dollars per one minute attempt. If she succeeds she will limp away with a \$1000 prize.

The large sandbox in the park playground located at the center of town has been excavated, lined with plastic, and filled with a particularly gooey brand of mud. A padded fence encircles it. A row of large bells set near the judges' elevated chairs and rung in turn to indicate the success of the attempt, completes the "Championship Arena".

A large panel truck is parked to the side displaying a huge pig with steam jetting from its ears painted on the side. "Goliath, the Battling Boar", occasionally makes itself known by rocking the truck as it moves about inside.

The rules for winning are simple: the contestant has to grab the greased pig and hold on for 10 seconds (5 actions) while it slings him about the ring and against the fence. Five consecutive actions of pinning the squealing creature counts as a "Pig Pin". The town record is 18 seconds.

Goliath: (greased and wily)

STR: 25 WIS: 05 THR: 05
 CON: 10 LCK: 12 DOD: 12
 DEX: 15 CRZ: 05 HPT: 50
 AGL: 15 MRE: 12

A few valiant souls pony up the required sum. At the appointed time the contest begins with recordings of squealing, shrieks, thunderous applause, and the sound of ambulance sirens. If an agent entered the contest, she is second in line.

Just before releasing the pig they erect a metal frame in the middle of the goop. It has a sheet of plastic stretched across it with a rendering of a man standing, legs apart, with a shocked look of horror on his face. To remove all doubt of the picture's intent, they set loose the pig who runs straight for the picture. Without even slowing it tears right through the man's plastic crotch. The plastic has been scored to tear right along the inside of the legs and through the groin. All the male viewers spasm and groan in unison. Shortly thereafter the judges announce that the first contestant has withdrawn due to a bad case of "Swine Flu".

Getting down and dirty

The frame is removed and the pig is muzzled. It's an awesome sight snorting and glistening in the afternoon sun. The agent has to climb up a set of stairs set against the fence and jump into the pit which is sure to guarantee a prat fall unless she can roll under 1/2 of her Agility.

She scrambles to her feet, spattered with mud. She and the pig warily circle each other. If she rolls under 1/2 of her Dexterity and the pig fails its dodge roll she succeeds in getting a firm grip on the slippery beast. Now she has to hold on while it shakes her like a rag doll, drags her up and down the pit, and tries to scrape her off against the fence. This requires five successful rolls under her Strength. The pig is well trained and fairly gentle under the circumstances. She should not be permanently injured.

If by some stroke of luck or skill she wins, she is regarded as somewhat of a local hero and receives the key to the city from

Mayor Buckstone as well as the "Grand" prize.

Nobody walks (or crawls) away a loser. Possible consolation and "val-u-bale" prizes include a kiss from Miss Baconville 1979, a 1/2 half off coupon for Missy's Uni-Hair Salon and Video Store, a kiss from Miss Baconville 1934 (What a great ol' Lady huh?), Two Weeks free lessons at KARATE IS US, or a buy-one-an'-get-one-free BBQ dinner at Porky's Pig Emporium.

Mayor Bucky Buckstone

STR: 12 INT: 13 THR: 09 HPT: 49
 CON: 14 WIS: 12 DOD: 11 75% 36
 DEX: 09 LCK: 16 ACC: 07 50% 24
 AGL: 10 CRZ: 11 STB: 76 25% 12
 SNS: 16 MRE: 6% PIE: 15

Journalism 5 Fast Talk 5
 Politics 5 Psychology 1
 Sociology 2 Computer Use 2

The ultimate small town politician, J. T. is notorious for kissing hands and shaking babies. His idol is President Jimmy Carter who he really believes will make a come back someday. Bucky pats everyone on the back and badly misquotes the Bible. Mayor Buckstone is also the owner, editor, and only writer of the town newspaper, the Baconville Star.

Bucky Buckstone can be easily spotted in his white suit. Bucky wrote the news articles about the "wild creatures" stealing young ladies and carrying them off. They all deal with scantily clad cheerleaders being held against their will while brutal hairy creatures have their way with them. Detailed reports of Bigfoot sightings all over the area are included. Unfortunately, Mayor Buckstone made them all up to sell more newspapers. The Mayor does not believe in the creature but he thinks that a **Bigfootville Theme Park** sounds very profitable. He does not want any trouble or bad press (It's an election year). He will ask Sheriff Pruitt to hassle the team if things in any way start to look bad for his re-election (like a mass panic or an angry Mrs. McTuggle, who makes very generous donations to his campaign).



Long Arm of the Law

Sheriff Donald T. Pruitt

STR: 17	INT: 14	THR: 15	HPT: 52
CON: 14	WIS: 14	DOD: 12	75% 39
DEX: 14	LCK: 12	ACC: 15	50% 26
AGL: 13	CRZ: 9	STB: 80	25% 13
SNS: 12	MRE: 02%	PIE: 15	

Law Enforcement	9	Pistol Use	4
Rifle Use	6	Civil Law	2
Criminal Law	6	Local Law	8
Investigation	4	Security	4
Driving	3	Combat Driving	8
Crime Tactics	4	Politics	2
Psychology	5	Sociology	2

The Sheriff is the backbone of law and order in Baconville. He is a serious man with little imagination. Unlike his two deputies.

Deputy Sam "Skinny" Samples

STR: 12	INT: 11	THR: 15	HPT 52
CON: 10	WIS: 11	DOD: 12	75% 39
DEX: 13	LCK: 15	ACC: 15	50% 26
AGL: 13	CRZ: 9	STB: 80	25% 13
SNS: 12	MRE: 02%	PIE: 15	

Talk Slow	4	Pistol Use	2
Rifle Use	3	Civil Law	2
Criminal Law	4	Local Law	6
Investigation	2	Security	4
Driving	4	Journalism	1
Crime Tactics	3	Politics	1
Psychology	1	Sociology	2
Computer Op	1		

Excitable third cousin to "Jr" (see **Local Hunters**).

Deputy Toby "Dad" Buckstone

STR: 14	INT: 10	THR: 15	HPT 52
CON: 14	WIS: 12	DOD: 12	75% 39
DEX: 13	LCK: 11	ACC: 15	50% 26
AGL: 12	CRZ: 9	STB: 80	25% 13
SNS: 11	MRE: 02%	PIE: 15	

Talk Fast	4	Pistol Use	2
Rifle Use	7	Civil Law	2
Criminal Law	4	Local Law	6
Investigation	9	Security	1
Driving	1	Journalism	1
Crime Tactics	1	Politics	5
Psychology	1	Sociology	2

His relationship to the Mayor is obvious.

While the team is in Baconville they will surely attract the attention of Deputy Samples. He will seek to secretly follow the team and if he is spotted, question them. The two deputies have seen too many James Bond movies and will help the team any way they can if it seems exciting. They will gladly dust the entire forest for fingerprints or perform a "Covert Stakeout" in a men's room if convinced that it is all top secret and important.

The Sheriff has a surprisingly large collection of military grade weapons, from grenades to M-60's. The deputies enthusiastically break out this fire power at the first sign of trouble. The two cannot shoot straight regardless.

Fortunately the pair is incompetent. The surrounding law enforcement agencies are quite used to them reporting Russian spies, flying saucers, and Elvis. They respond to everything that Skinny and Jr report with enthusiastic promises of support, but actually ignore them completely except to notify Sheriff Pruitt of "what yer doofus deputies are doin' now".

Old Lady McTuggle

When the team decides to drive to the old McTuggle mansion to gain information or to attempt to convince Mrs. McTuggle to cancel the lucrative bounty on the Bigfoot she is home in her mansion. Nearing a hundred years of age, Mrs. McTuggle is an avid church goer, gossip, and cat lover. She is also mean, ruthless, snotty, and very rich. Her missing husband became wealthy by selling fleets of used trucks before secretly running off to Hawaii with a minister's wife. They have not been seen since. He left her plenty of money and the mansion.

Old Lady McTuggle calls every one "Sonny-Boy" and secretly lusts after Sheriff Pruitt. She also has a huge six foot ten butler named Rex, who likes to hurt folks.

Rex

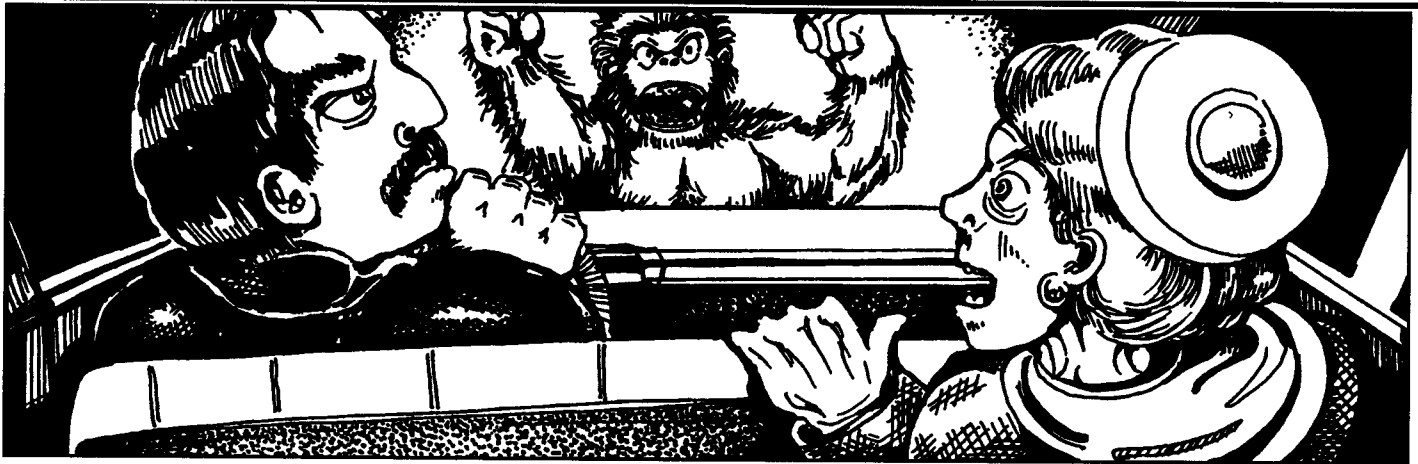
STR: 19	INT: 11	THR: 18	HPT 52
CON: 17	WIS: 11	DOD: 12	75% 39
DEX: 12	LCK: 12	ACC: 15	50% 26
AGL: 11	CRZ: 09	STB: 80	25% 13
SNS: 12	MRE: 02%	PIE: 15	

Brawling	8	Pistol Use	3
Driving	4	Wrestling	8
Martial Arts PO	5	Local Lore	2
Detect Humor	1	Security	6

Rex has little sense of humor after his professional wrestling career with the daily steroid injections. He enthusiastically throws out anyone who upsets Mrs. McTuggle.

A Tale of Terror

Mrs. McTuggle proudly retells her tale to any interested parties who will listen to it over a glass of cold lemonade.



"It all started last week when Rex was taking me on a lovely evening drive. We had just turned onto Old Mill Road when our headlights suddenly illuminated this huge wild-looking hairy creature that lunged out of the woods line. The beast roared and waved his arms right in front of our car. I can tell you that I was terrified. Rex, bless his heart, was brave enough to swerve around the wild beast and took off down the road like a bat out of you know where. I looked back wards form my window and glimpsed the creature lumbering off into the woods."

"Gentlemen, I know what I saw and this was no bear or some juvenile delinquent dressed up in a monkey suit. I could see the creature's drooling teeth, and I know for sure that it wanted to eat me or carry me off into the woods to ravish my helpless mortal body."

"Seven years ago this creature or one of its ilk carried my poor husband off into the wilds and probably ate him. I want this devil-creature destroyed."

"All the educated folks around here call this creature Big-Foot or Sat-Squash, but I am not fooled. I know the work of Satan when I see it. This un-holy critter needs to be destroyed before it causes any more evilness."

"Would you nice boys like another glass of lemonade?"

Local Hunters

When the agents investigate the woods adjoining Old Mill Road where most of the sightings occurred they run into a fun loving bunch of six hunters who are looking to bag themselves a "Gen-You-Ine" Bigfoot in order to collect the reward so they can open a fireworks stand and become millionaires. This group of hunters also baited the agents into entering the "Pig Wrassle".

They are severely intoxicated and blast anything that moves. Their aim is always about two feet to the left. In addition to firearms they are armed with huge knives, chewing tobacco, and a large cooler. They will gladly go away for \$35,000. Until then they will harass, dare, and challenge the "wimpy-looking" team members, who they believe are interfering "sissy fer-in-ers"

Daryll "Speedy" Potts

STR: 15	WIS: 4	THR: 9	HPT 55
CON: 15	LCK: 12	DOD: 10	75% 39
DEX: 4	CRZ: 15	ACC: 8	50% 26
AGL: 5	MRE: 01%	SNS: 8	25% 13

Brawling	8	Pistol Use	3
Shotgun Use	3	Pick Nose	8
Drink & Burp	8	Local Lore	5
Detect Humor	1	Hunting	2
Driving While Under the Influence			3

Extremely slow of speech and I.Q. Armed with a double-barreled shotgun

ROF: 1or2		PB VS SH ME LO EX
ROL: B		-1 0 +2 +1 0 0
CAP: 2	MIS: 1%b	6c 5d 3e 2f 1h 1h
AMO: 0 Buck - d12 pellets doing d6 each		

Gene "Killer" Potts

STR: 12	WIS: 10	THR: 14	HPT 60
CON: 19	LCK: 9	DOD: 13	75% 45
DEX: 15	CRZ: 7	ACC: 15	50% 30
AGL: 15	MRE: 01%	SNS: 14	25% 15

Knife Use	4	Pistol Use	9
Rifle Use	7	Spitting	2
Drink & Burp	5	Local Lore	6
Martial Arts	5	Hunting	2
Driving While Under the Influence			1

No relation to Speedy. Veteran. A born killer with a M-16 Rifle & Nunchaku.

ROF: 1 to 3	CYC: 16	PB VS	SH	ME	LO	EX	
ROL: A		-1	0	+2	+1	0	0
CAP: 20	MIS: 1%d	Effective					
Ex							
HSM: +4		4d			1d		

Bubba "Bubba" Burk							
STR: 17	WIS: 2	THR: 11	HPT 72				
CON: 9	LCK: 8	DOD: 11	75% 54				
DEX: 11	CRZ: 12	ACC: 7	50% 36				
AGL: 6	MRE: 4%	SNS: 12	25% 18				
Knife Use	4	Pistol Use	2				
Rifle Use	2	Insult Others	4				
Drink & Burp	5	Local Lore	6				
Martial Arts	1	Hunting	2				
Driving While Under the Influence			1				
Big, rude, and curses a lot. Dang it! He's got 3 sticks of dynamite, a paint ball (splat) gun, and a large knife in his boot							
ROF: 1 to 3		PB VS	SH	ME	LO	EX	
ROL: B		+1	+2	+4	-1	-4	-8
CAP: 20	MIS: 5%f	Effective					
Ex							

Josh "Jr" Samples							
STR: 10	WIS: 10	THR: 10	HPT 50				
CON: 12	LCK: 15	DOD: 10	75% 36				
DEX: 10	CRZ: 15	ACC: 12	50% 50				
AGL: 16	MRE: 2%	PIE: 10	25% 12				
Knife Use	4	Pistol Use	2				
Rifle Use	2	Dating	2				
Drink & Burp	5	Local Lore	6				
Martial Arts	2	Hunting	2				
Driving While Under the Influence			1				
Bubba's half-brother and cousin to Deputy Samples. Redman sends him a Christmas card. He is armed with a Ruger Mini-14 and Throwing Stars							
ROF: 1 or 2		PB VS	SH	ME	LO	EX	
ROL: A		0	+2	+4	+2	0	-3
CAP: 20	MIS: 1%d	Effective					
Ex							
		4d			1d		
AMO: Explosive - d6+2	HSM +5	KDM +2					
Throwing Stars							

Ralph "Wild Man" Sams							
STR: 12	WIS: 9	THR: 10	HPT 55				
CON: 11	LCK: 6	DOD: 11	75% 40				
DEX: 9	CRZ: 11	ACC: 10	50% 27				
AGL: 10	MRE: 5%	SNS: 10	25% 13				
Knife Use	2	Pistol Use	2				
Rifle Use	2	Insult Others	8				
Drink & Burp	5	Local Lore	6				
Demolition	2	Hunting	2				
Driving While Under the Influence			6				
He's a "real man" with his beer and high powered rifle. He has lost at least three teeth opening beer bottles. He's packing a 30-30 Winchester and firecrackers							
ROF: 1		PB VS	SH	ME	LO	EX	
ROL: B		0	0	+3	+2	0	-2
CAP: 6+1	MIS: 1%d	Effective					
Ex							
HSM: +2	KDM: +1	6d			2d		

Billy-Bob "BJ" Jake							
STR: 15	WIS: 12	THR: 12	HPT 60				
CON: 16	LCK: 13	DOD: 15	75% 45				
DEX: 12	CRZ: 15	ACC: 10	50% 30				
AGL: 15	MRE: 6%	SNS: 10	25% 15				
Wrestling	8	Pistol Use	2				
Rifle Use	2	Insult Others	4				
Drink & Burp	5	Local Lore	6				
Sport, Baseball	1	Hunting	2				
Driving While Under the Influence			4				
Group leader and pro-wrestling fan. He sports a modified M-1 Carbine and likes to pitch beer bottles							
ROF: 1 or 2		PB VS	SH	ME	LO	EX	
ROL: A		0	+2	+3	+1	-2	-7
CAP: 15	MIS: 1%d	Effective					
Ex							
HSM: +1		3d			1d		

- SAMPLE INSULTS**
- Your daddy walks you to school because you're both in the same grade... third! (Heuw Heuw Huew)
 - I saw your momma's name written on the interstate bridge.....I didn't know she could read! (Yuck Yuck Yuck)
 - When God was given' out brains you boys got in the express check out lane for having 12 or less items! (Hee, Hee, Hee)
 - I feel sorry for your dog. You know pets and their owners always look alike! (Snort, Snort, Snort)
- Obviously, the only way to get respect from this bunch is to have a colorful nickname and a family tree that doesn't divide.



Mr. Bigfoot

Sooner or later the team spots the Bigfoot. Hopefully they have gotten rid of the hunters by now or they find him caught in a fire. He acts very clumsy and falls down a lot. However, his huge stride allows him to cover ground like a gazelle.

Once they manage to save him from the hunters or capture him, the team quickly realizes that they have made contact with a very friendly but drunk Bigfoot. He hugs and sloppy kisses each member of the team. The Bigfoot will follow them anywhere if given enough booze.

Bigfoot

STR: 60 MRE: 05%
DEX: 15 TMP: 75
AGL: 10 HPT: 255

Special resistances & immunity: 19 natural forces

Banes: technology, fire, chemicals

Attacks: Punch (clo4b)

Heavy Fur Armor: -03 to firearms.

Poison Resistance: 70% (100% to the sleep drugs carried by the team)

A lazy, eight foot tall, furry humanoid who is afraid of his wife, gets drunk any opportunity he can, and rather enjoys being examined by scientists. He is able to speak some crude English such as: "Okey-dokey, Beer-good, Boomshooters-loud, Hurt-head, You-nice, Wife-mean, Kids-monsters, Me-go."

Attack of Mrs. Bigfoot

As the team leads the drunken Bigfoot to "a nice ride in the team's vehicle", Mrs. Bigfoot suddenly appears. She is not drunk and her camouflage abilities are just dandy thank you. She is bent on bringing her good-for-nothing husband home to do his chores.

The team becomes involved in furry domestic squabble that must be diffused quickly before the hunters show up again or the law checks out all the shooting. Mrs. Bigfoot is also immune to the issued sleep drugs. The team has to quickly learn the value of skillful negotiation with a creature who does not speak much English. Mrs. Bigfoot has a tendency to hit Mr. Bigfoot in the head with a large stick. Mrs. Bigfoot is able to speak some pidgin English such as: "Good for nothing-idiot, You- drunk, Home-now". Her vocabulary is much larger than her husband's. She is obviously the smarter of the two.

Mrs. Bigfoot (Your standard 8 ft. enraged wife with a stick)

STR: 65 MRE: 05%
DEX: 15 TMP: 75
AGL: 10 HPT: 255

Bigfoot Marital Problems

If properly motivated Mrs. Bigfoot attempts to explain what is going on. The trouble in Baconville started when Mrs. Bigfoot began endlessly complaining about Mr. Bigfoot's bad habits:

- **Laziness:** He never helps me with the children, performs his chores or his husbandly duties.
- **Unthoughtfulness:** He never brings me flowers or takes me anywhere. He constantly forgets our anniversary.
- **Stupidity:** He's always breaking things and he endangers the family by carelessly getting spotted by joggers and hunters.

All of this complaining and whining have driven Mr. Bigfoot to drinking and he's not very experienced at it. Wandering drunken through the forest Mr. Bigfoot no longer is capable of skillfully avoiding human eyes. The wife explains to the agents that one drunken evening, after downing 47 captured wine coolers, he was almost hit by Old Lady McTuggle's Cadillac on a dark and lonely road, causing the reward for his hide to be posted.

Bigfoot Baby-Sitting

After calming down she decides to allow the team to take the whole family to a relocation site. She loves flattery, but she will only agree to cooperate if the team and Mr. Bigfoot will do a few things for her before they leave:

- The team must follow her back and help "straighten up" the cave, including collecting wood, fetching water, and picking wild blue berries.
- They must take her husband down to the stream and "clean" him up. He becomes very playful during this and half drowns the agents involved.
- The team must baby-sit the two children so the parents can have a romantic evening alone, for their anniversary.

The Kids

STR: 40 MRE: 10%
 DEX: 30 TMP: 50
 AGL: 20 HPT: 125

These harmless yet annoying, hairy, little terrors are the pride and joy of over-protective Mrs. Bigfoot. (Advice: don't hurt them or make them cry).

The Bigfoot boy is named **Junior**. He bites. Dennis the Menace™ with fur. The Bigfoot girl is called **Princess**. She cries if "her way" is not followed (see above).

These two Bigfoot brats get into any trouble that they can find at the worst particular time. Fortunately, they both like candy.

Friends For Furry Freedom

When the agents finally load the family into the vehicles they find that the steel cage is only big enough for one adult. Mrs. Bigfoot will never allow the children to be locked up in the box without supervision. The best suggestion is to put Mr. Bigfoot in the cage. He has a terrible hangover.

As the team is transporting the creatures out of town they run into a massive demonstration/riot of the F.F.F.F. The Bigfoot reward poster has attracted the attentions of the "Friends For Furry Freedom". The F.F.F.F. is fanatical regarding animals and their "natural rights".

William B. Goodie: Group leader. Unfortunately he is afraid of guns & the woods.

Tracy Goodie: Bill's wife who wants some adventure & romance.

Friends For Furry Freedom: 23 hard-core members.

This group carry signs, yell slogans, lie down in front of random vehicles, chain themselves to things, and protest most anything related to the treatment of animals.

Favorite slogans include: Animals are equal! Bigfeet have feelings too! Animals are people too! Guns kill animals not people! People kill animals not guns! If the group becomes particularly excited phrases like "Animals kill guns not people!" tend to be chanted in incomprehensible unison.

The Friends For Furry Freedom group show up and cause problems at any point in the scenario when things are going too well for the team. The group demands all sorts of things, most of them physically impossible. If handled badly, this group can make life really miserable for the team members.

Traveling with the Family

After leaving Baconville with the Bigfoot family the team should feel that they are finished. It should be a simple matter of dropping the creatures off at the new relocation site. However, the agents may have to deal with following occurrences:

- Bigfoot family gets car sick and creates a big mess in the team's favorite vehicle.
- They are constantly being pulled over by the police. ("No sir officer you did not actually see a gorilla looking out my rear window making rude gestures")
- A Bigfoot child escapes at a gas station and plays with all the "neat" equipment there.
- None of these creatures are potty trained. Nor are they used to having to wait to go. Finding a secluded spot of woods or teaching them about modern RV plumbing should be a challenge.
- Pappa Bigfoot miraculously finds more booze, becomes drunk and disorderly, and then has a bad hangover again!

Suggested Experience Points

Group Award

Team relocates only Papa Bigfoot	800
Team bring whole family along	400
Patches things up between family	200
Successfully handles the Hunters	200
Successfully handles the F.F.F.F.	300
Team uses a Beer Cooler to capture Bigfoot	200
Effectively gathers information	400
Excellent Group Organization	500

Individual Awards

Individual avoids going to jail	100
Individual breaks no laws	200
Individual injures nobody (Permanent Damage)	100
Individual makes effective use of Skills	200
Individual acts of Heroism (Save buddy, Risk Life)	100
Character who wins the Pig Wrestle	150
Player has clever actions/ideas/leadership	100
Player stays in Character/roleplaying	100



The Strange Death of Daniel Stuart

Incident Report

The Boston Globe has reported the death of Daniel Stuart as a result of a freak drowning accident in his home. This in itself is not worth investigating. However, Daniel Stuart was a Bureau 13 agent and the sole survivor of Team Icebreaker.

Team Icebreaker had a short but illustrious career. However, a run-in with Goshnar resulted in the team being changed into Spawn (see BUREAU 13 Sourcebook, Pg 49). For an unknown reason, Daniel woke free of the implanted embryo and had to kill the team/spawn before escaping. He has been on psych leave for the last 18 weeks.

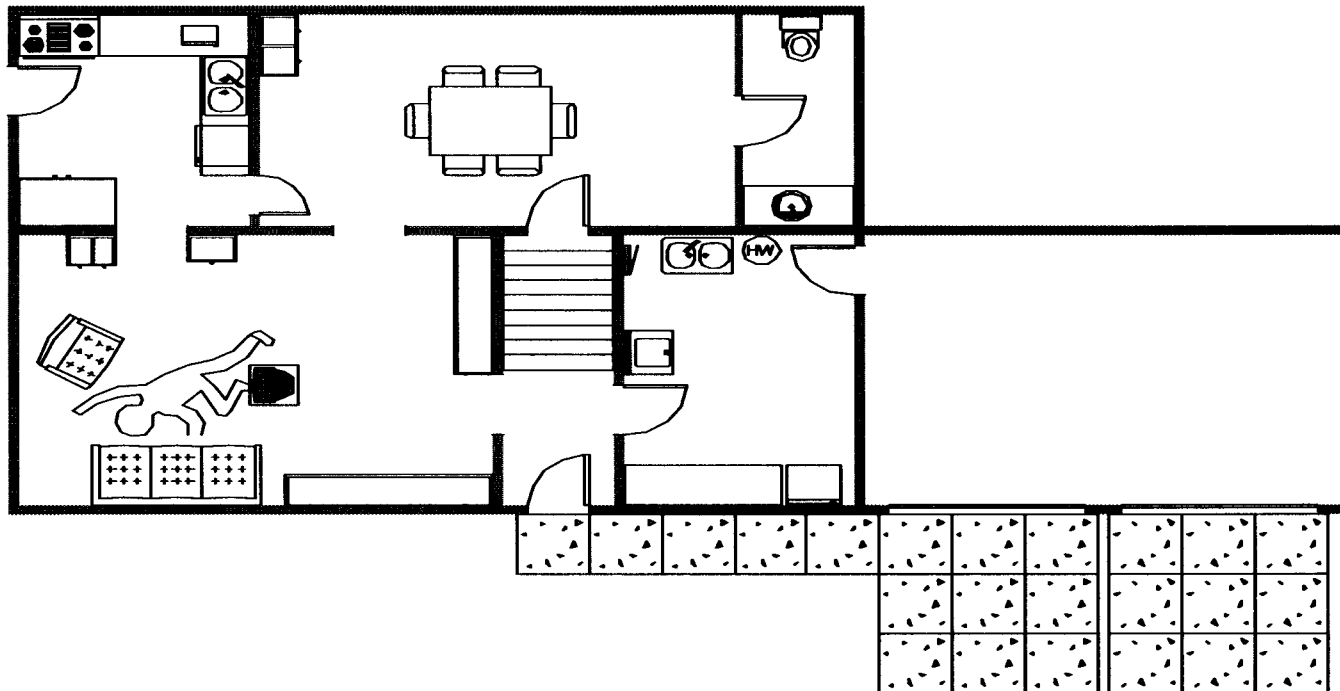
Your mission is to confirm the accidental nature of Daniel Stuart's death. Dan Stuart was a hell of a good agent.

Police Statement of Shelly Marie Stuart

Age 24
 Height 5'5" Weight 102 lbs
 Eyes Blue Hair Brown
 Race Caucasian

Occupation: Homemaker, volunteer at a child care nursery at 1840 Beech Street.

Statement: I was taking the dishes out of the dishwasher in the kitchen when I heard a loud thumping sound through the walls from the living room. I set the dishes down and hurried into the living room. There, between the Lazy Boy recliner and the TV, was Danny. He was twitching and spitting up water. It sprayed out of his mouth and kept on coming. It was horrible. He was just covered in water. His clothes were sodden. I had left him just a couple of minutes before, and he was just fine, dry as a bone. Finally, he stopped moving. Then I called you (the police). Then the paramedics and the officers came.



Police Report: Greater Boston Area

Investigating Officers: Gary Slone #47118
Barbara Bennett # 48283

The Police Emergency Line was contacted at 9:07 PM by a woman identifying herself as Shelly Stuart, spouse of Daniel Stuart. She was convinced that her husband was dead. Central Dispatch sent paramedics to the location and directed us to meet them there.

Upon arrival (9:17 PM) at 221 Marcum Place, we found that the paramedics had already arrived. We entered the premises by the front door and found the body of Daniel Stuart in the living room. CPR was being administered by the paramedics. They ceased shortly after we arrived as telemetry from Boston General stated that the patient had no EEG whatsoever.

We proceeded to take a preliminary statement from Shelly Stuart and wait for the coroner to arrive.

The coroner arrived at 9:50 PM and declared Daniel Stuart dead by asphyxiation pending autopsy. The body was transported to the morgue.

The body was soaked, including clothes and the carpet around the body. No other large areas of wetness were discovered. The upstairs bathtub was dry, and no wet towels were found. We suggest that he drowned in the bathtub before his wife dragged the body into the living room, called for help, and mopped up the floor and bathtub during the interval. We have no evidence at this time for any motivation. We feel that Mrs. Stuart should be examined for mental competence in light of her statement.

We returned to patrol at 10:45 PM after transporting Mrs. Stuart to the station for an official statement.

Death Certificate

Name: Daniel Houston Stuart
Age: 37
Height: 5' 11"
Weight: 160 lbs
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Race: Caucasian
Residence: 221 Marcum Place
Cause of Death: Asphyxiation by drowning
Time of Death: Between 9:00 PM and 9:30 PM, October 24th

Notes: victim had no unusual bruises or traumas. Exhibits classic drowning symptoms: low blood oxygen due to asphyxiation, presence of large amounts of water in lungs, and some capillary destruction due to efforts to expel water in attempts to breathe. There is no evidence of drugs or alcohol in the bloodstream. The patient has no known history of epilepsy. It is unlikely that his spouse would have had the sheer physical strength to hold him under water without leaving some bruises unless she had more help. There is no evidence that this is more than a simple drowning except that the algae present in the water in the lungs indicates that the water was fresh water, not tap water.

Jacob Francis Ermine, County Coroner 10/26

221 Marcum Place, Boston, Mass

This is a normal, two-story, frame house. There are three bedrooms. One has been converted into a nursery, but it is obviously unused. If questioned about this, Shelly will say that they have been trying to have a baby for the past year without success.

Daniel's body was found between the Lazy Boy recliner and the television. The water has soaked into the carpet leaving a stain that covers half the living room. Strangely, if an Advanced Kirilian Detector is passed over the area, no reading, not even background radiation, will be detected. It is as if all life force has been drawn out of the area. This is also true of Daniel's body if the agents gain access to it in the morgue.

The basement is finished and is Danny's den. It includes an office, library of history, mythology, and speculative fiction, and an elaborate computer setup. Part of this is the bridge to the Bureau communication link. The files in the computer are encrypted and require a **Cryptology** skill of at least 6 before an attempt to break the codes can be made. The base chance is -40 before modification by skill. If the Bureau hacking program is used, it will successfully break the codes in d4 hours. This is because he used BUREAU 13 encryption routines. The program will recognize the code signatures. The encryption key is Daniel's BUREAU 13 identification number.

The files include:

- 1) A journal of all of his adventures to date:
 - Stuart joined Team Icebreaker. They stopped an infestation of migrating caterpillars that were coming through a transient warp in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
 - Team Icebreaker was sent to investigate a ghostly manifestation in an ice rink. They found that a workman died from an accident in a paint factory. During the accident a lot of blood ran into a paint run which ended up in the waterproofing paint used on the floor of the ice rink. His body was cremated, so his greatest concentration of non-fired body parts was at the rink. His spirit was drawn there. He was zapped with the **Mark I Spook Smasher** (see HAUNTS supplement) and was taken to an ion discharge chamber where he is slowly fading away (the spirit in question has long since dissipated by this time).
 - An intelligent tree caused a resurgence of druidical customs, complete with human sacrifice. The crazies were rounded up and sent off to prison. The head one was put on a diet of anti-PSI drugs to keep him from communing with the tree. Finally he was convinced that it all was nonsense and has been relocated far from that site, out of range of the tree's broadcasts. He was considered psychologically unfit to be inducted as an agent (the tree still exists and is being monitored by a Bureau research team).
 - Fairies abducted children. Team Icebreaker found them in a mystic mound 10 years after they had been reported missing. They had not aged. Daniel and the other agents staged an elaborate hoax to convince the authorities that the children had been cryogenically frozen and then released by a lab explosion that destroyed all the equipment and evidence. A transparent lie but much more acceptable than the truth.

There is no entry for the Goshnar mission.

- 2) A scanned laboratory report of a Dr. Julius Reinhart's findings on Daniel's fertility: He is completely infertile. He isn't producing any sperm at all. There doesn't seem to be any pathological cause. The doctor tried testosterone boosters, temperature adjustment, and other treatments, but nothing helped. He offers no hope.

Daniel has not told his wife that he is infertile. Apparently he prefers to keep on trying. A classic case of denial.

The desk has information about his insurance business: His cover to his wife was that he was a travelling industrial insurance salesman. His adventures were "business trips".

On the wall are pictures of him fishing in a Canadian fishing camp. The calendar is marked for a fishing trip next summer. Scanning his receipts or cancelled checks indicates that he has spent a considerable sum vacationing at the Bad River Fishing Camp.



Shelly Stuart

Shelly is the classic, Vassar educated, born to marry a rising young executive, white anglo-saxon protestant. At least, that's what her parents planned until she graduated with a MRS degree by eloping with Daniel, a charming but unsuccessful business insurance salesman. She was prepared to make the grand sacrifice and live as a failure in her parent's eyes, but then Daniel got that job with the new company soon after they were married. He went off to that private training center for six months. Then he was made a field agent and had to make a lot of long business trips.

Whenever Danny was home they spent as much time together as possible, so she could not have an outside job. He said that it made up for the times he had to be away from her. Fortunately, his company paid well enough that they never lacked for money except when he was first starting out two years ago.

Since she was home alone so much, she became a volunteer at the Beech Street Child Care Center. Soon she wanted a child of her own. They have been trying to conceive for the last year. There is a nursery upstairs that is perfectly clean but is in obvious disuse.

She is curious about the car wreck that put Daniel into a private hospital for three months last year. It was an injury that occurred during the intelligent tree investigation.

They own a late model family car that carries a lot of insurance. Shelly says that for some reason he never felt that he was going to grow old with her, so he planned ahead for her future. This was also a reason why they planned to have a family right away.

If questioned about the Bad River Fishing Camp, Shelly says that Danny has been going there for years. He went there once as a boy and had such a good time that he goes there every year that he can get away.



Bad River Fishing Camp

The Bad River is one of the tributaries that feeds the Canadian side of Lake Superior. Nestled into one of its many eddies is the Bad River Fishing Camp.

The fishing camp is been in existence since the early 1900's. It is closed for the winter. In a few weeks the entire area will be socked-in with snow. The river is beginning to freeze. All the buildings are built with thick beams and reinforced roofs to support the weight of the snow.



The camp has minimal security. It is primarily a service business and has few tangible assets except the location, buildings, and reputation. The sturdy buildings require little maintenance. A handyman stops by every few days to oil a hinge or paint a door frame. If he notices anything out of the ordinary he will give the police a call.

The road into the property is blocked by a chain secured to a post on either side of the road with a padlock. All the cabins are padlocked. The kitchen/diningroom, boathouse, bait shop, and administration buildings have door locks and electrical alarms on all the doors and windows. These all are controlled by a device in the Administration building. If a break-in is detected, the device calls the police and vocally identifies the exact location of the break-in. Snipping the phone lines will prevent notification.

The owners of the properties on either side of the camp will notice anyone traipsing across their land. Besides, there is so much brush along their borders that the agents will find it difficult to move through it quietly.

Arriving by boat is no easier. No one will take notice of a boat running up the river, but the small cove that comprises the camp is blocked by a submerged heavy chain (clearly marked by caution buoys). This is welded shut each fall and cut loose each spring with a great deal of fanfare.

The boathouse has bays for a dozen boats. These are rented by the guides. A single dingy remains, hanging over the water by a block and tackle. It is an easy, but noisy task to lower the boat into the water. The dingy is powered by an electric prop. The battery is plugged into a charger set on trickle recharge. It must be disconnected, placed in the dingy, and reconnected to the prop power feed. The boathouse submerged doors are secured only with interior slide bolts.

Screams in the Night

The dining hall is centrally located. Large framed photographs of record breaking catches or sport fishing shots adorn its natural wood panelling. Many of these locations no longer exist. Urbanization changed the course of the river.

All the business records are in the administration building. They go back 90 years. Every guide who has ever worked there is listed and his clients. Unfortunately, they are inscribed in thick ledgers which will take hours to scan into the computer using the **data pager**. Eventually, all the guides who serviced Dan can be identified. Some have died from old age, some have moved away, but a few can be found. A successful group Luck roll indicates that his last guide is in this area.

Most guides are local citizens who are willing to talk to the agents. In addition to never-ending fish stories, the agents discover that nine people died in just one night a while back. A whole bunch of old people just keeled over and a few young ones too. Most died of apparent heart attacks. One died of ruptured blood vessels in his arm (looked like a huge sausage it did). Another died of drowning. A final died after a lingering death.

The last one was horrible. Chief Internist Lon Phillips at the local hospital says that it was best that Ian Sparks finally died. He had lived past his allotted time. He had cancer. He should have died months ago, but even though they kept cutting parts out of him he held on. It was the darnedest case of a will to live that Dr. Phillips had ever seen. Toward the end Ian kept asking them to put him down. When they wouldn't, he would curse someone named Hanson.

The only Hanson anyone knows is old Doc Hanson who retired and moved away three years ago. That was long before the doctors discovered any cancer in Ian. No one knows where he is now. Everyone thinks that he was a wonderful doctor even though he was a bit arrogant. Never did anyone suffer more at the death of a patient than good ole Doc Hanson. If he could give you a little more life, he would move heaven and hell to do so.

When the agents investigate, they discover that the cabin Hanson lived in so many years burned down the very night that everyone died.

Doc Hanson's Cabin

This converted one story hunting lodge served Doc Hanson well for 20 years as a country doctor. A huge living room filled one end of the cabin. The large fireplace was the dominant feature. Thick redrock flagstones paved the floor and the hearth. Fired bricks composed the mantle. Large iron hooks projected out from the bricks providing support for coats, boots, and other objects that needed drying out from the deep Canadian snowfalls.

It has remained abandoned for the last three years. The property has been seized for back taxes. It is for sale for \$5000.

Strange Death of Daniel Stuart



Unfortunately, an accidental fire, probably caused by an intruder, burned it to the ground. All that is left is a large pile of huge blackened beams. The only open area is where the livingroom used to be.

On the right side of the fireplace, under a flagstone is a stainless steel box. Inside is paper charred to membranes of ash. If the agents exercise exquisite care, and use special restorative sprays common to museums, they can separate the pages and read them. They are all death certificates, most with dates of death still in the future. Most are for vacationers or people who have moved away. Daniel Stuart's death certificate is here as well as all the locals who died suddenly that night. When the cabin burned the thick resinous logs that made up the walls created an inferno. The temperatures reached heights never dreamed of by Dr. Hanson when he hid the box. The death certificates crisped like leaves in autumn. Each person inscribed within suddenly died the same death he or she had experienced long ago. Since the power is gone, there are no Kirilian readings here.



Daniel Stuart's Resurrection

Five years ago, Dr. Hanson brought back Daniel who had drowned in a boating accident at the Bad River Fishing Camp.

Daniel's lack of fertility is a direct result of his resurrection. Since he is on borrowed time, he cannot bring any new life into the world. Ironically this false life is what protected him from being a host to the Spawn of Goshnar.



Emil Hanson, MD

Doctor Emil Hanson practiced medicine for 40 years. He fought the spectre of death every way he could. He felt pride that though God gave breath into a body, he was the one that kept it there. He used to boast that a person's time of death should be in the hands of the medical community rather than the Almighty.

One day he was filling out a death certificate and wrote the date incorrectly. He wrote it a day ahead. To his amazement, the woman dead a few hours suddenly started breathing again. Unfortunately, she had died from burning and writhed in agony until she died again, her time of death matching the death certificate. This power would give life, but the patient would be in agony if too much damage had been done. The gift couldn't be bestowed lightly.

Terribly fearful of the power he now possessed, Emil found himself in a horrible dilemma: He could bring them back to life, but the stroke of his pen was a death warrant as well. He knew the time of their deaths but could not tell them. It would destroy their lives as well as his own.

The final straw came when a fisherman whom he had resurrected developed a consuming cancer. Month after month he wasted and lingered. But he could not die. He was being kept alive through the power of the death certificate. Hanson destroyed it, in effect killing his patient. He quit his practice and moved away. The remaining death certificates he carefully packed into a steel box and buried under the flagstones to the side of the fireplace in his cabin.

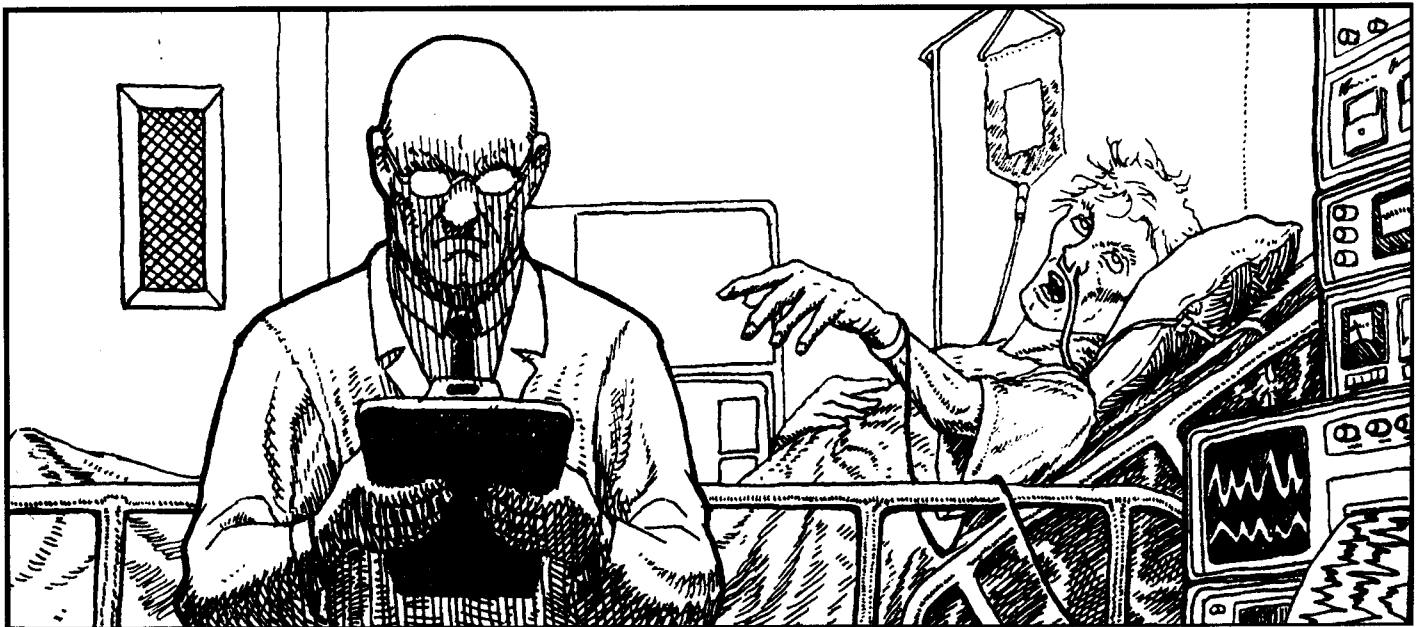
Now he lives a hermit's existence in the far reaches of Canada. He runs a small drugstore and is not known to be a doctor. In fact, his license has lapsed. He reads no newspapers, and avoids listening to the radio or newspaper. He lives in terror of being tempted to use the terrible power again.

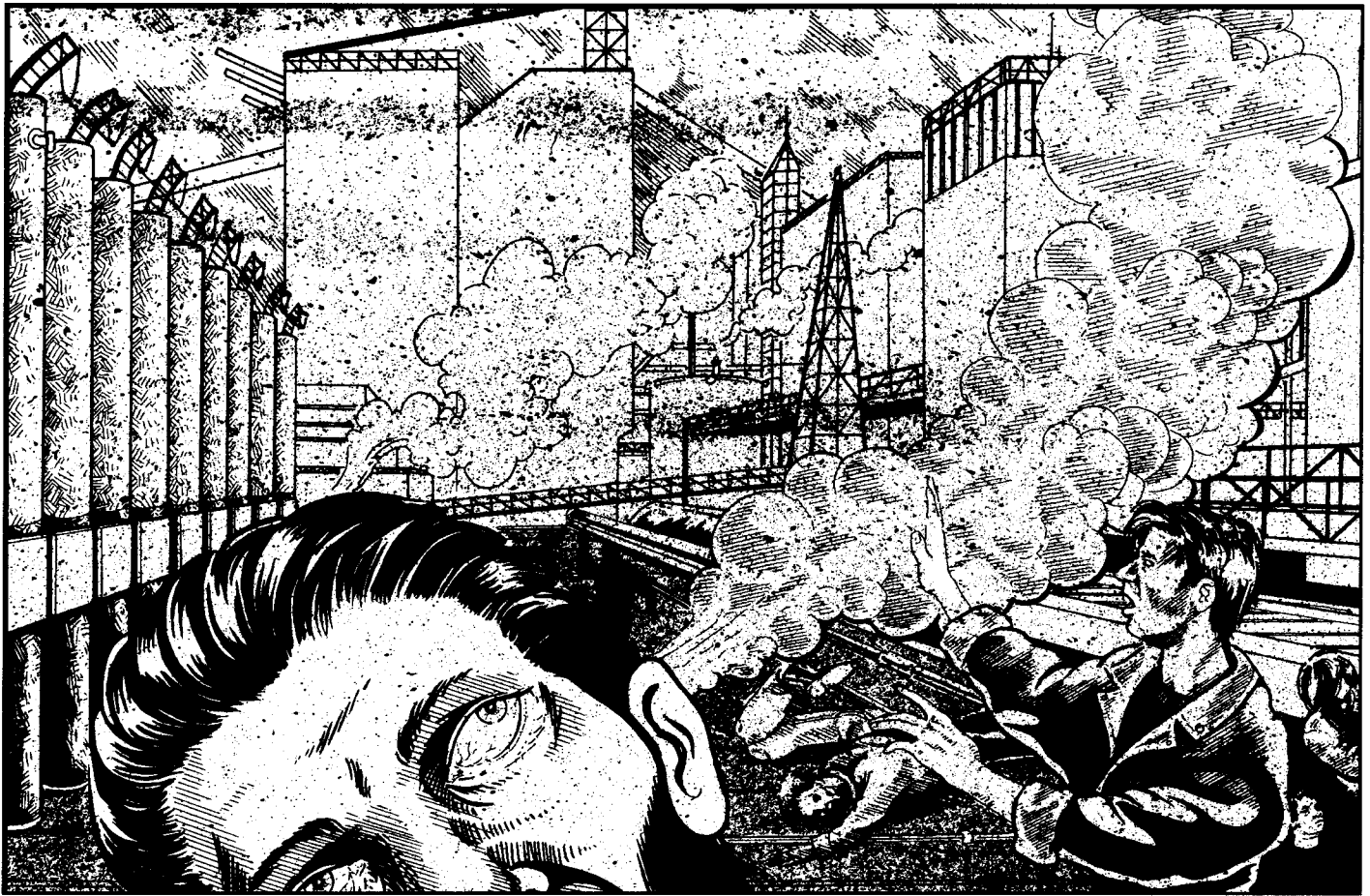
Doc Stuart has never written a death certificate for himself. He could die soon. He has been humbled by this power. He has sworn never to use his power again, but that depends on an occasion to use it. Being kind-hearted, he would recant if presented with a dire opportunity.

However, if his power was to become known, he could be horribly exploited. Bureau 13 would be hard pressed to resist and the Brotherhood of Darkness wouldn't hesitate for a moment.

Suggested Experience Points

- Giving the Police a plausible explanation for Daniel's death that gets Shelly off the hook. 550
- Realizing that something was wrong with Daniel long before his death. 600
- Removing all evidence of Daniel Stuart's involvement with the Bureau, especially the computer link. 200
- Salvaging the burned death certificates. 500
- Finding some way to protect Doc Hanson. 1000
- Finding a way to protect Hanson from the Bureau 3000





Bridesville, USA

BUREAU 13 Incident Report

This article was published this week in the National Investigator

Bridesville, USA: Supernatural or Psychosis?

Greenville, Indiana should be a lonely town. Just two weeks ago a freak accident at the Inland Chemical Plant created a poison cloud that killed five thousand people, over 60% of the population of this rural community, and almost 100 % of the men. In one stroke every married woman in town was widowed.

Last Saturday a mass funeral was held for the deceased. They were buried in a huge concrete lined pit that had been a farm until purchased by the county. Their bodies were too toxic to be handled by normal mortuaries and crematoria. The bereaved lined the edges, their tears falling like rain into the open grave as a microphone was

handed from one to another and each in turn spoke a short eulogy for their spouses. Finally, massive earthmoving machines churned forward and covered them over under the watchful eyes of the disaster recovery technicians flown in from all over the world.

Then the miracle began. Maybe it was a mass reaction to the tremendous social loss. Maybe some handsome young men saw a good thing in the account swollen beneficiaries of the largest life insurance payoff in American history. Who knows? Couples of all ages appeared at the courthouse steps in what grew to be a raging torrent of betrothed wanting to marry as soon as possible. Over 1000 marriages have been recorded in the last week. The county courthouse is remaining open around the clock to service the never ending lines. Local churches are swamped with parishioners attempting to schedule weddings. Itinerant ministers have opened up storefront chapels. Wedding gowns are being auctioned off the back of semis to fill the impossible demand.

Local ministers and the Department of Mental Health were very concerned by this phenomenon, but interviews with newlyweds revealed nothing except happy couples who had found the love that they had always sought and were looking forward to spending the rest of their lives with each other. And not just the locals: men and women from the surrounding counties and states are travelling to Greenville, meeting their soul mates, marrying and returning home somewhere. Everyone this reporter has spoken to has not had the slightest trepidation or misgivings about their choices. Could these be the marriages made in heaven we have heard so much about? They certainly think so.

Robert Parker

Editor's note: Robert Parker is currently on his honeymoon after meeting his dream girl while on assignment. He will be soaking up the sun in Malibu for the next two weeks or until the next Elvis sighting (whichever comes first).

Mission Background

18 days ago two unrelated explosions at the **Inland Chemical Plant** released clouds of chemicals that combined to produce a crude nerve gas that decimated the workers at the plant. Fortunately, the prevailing winds blew the cloud away from the town and schools into the rural farmland where it dissipated with a minimal loss of life. However, the chemical plant was the primary employer in the area and the overwhelming majority of the workers were males. This resulted in an almost complete elimination of men, married or otherwise, between the ages of 18 and 65 from the area.

These winds were typical weather patterns. The placement of the schools suggests that cautious local planners had considered this possibility many years ago when the schools were built.

Though only a preliminary report has been filed with the EPA, all evidence points to a tragic but completely accidental catastrophe. The toxic cloud was formed from the components of two accidents. The first was the rupture of a high pressure steam line from an accidental strike by a semi-diesel petroleum hauler. The other was caused by the failure of a transport pipe carrying a volatile nitrogen-based compound between two distillation towers. The failure is presently attributed to metal fatigue. The ultra high temperature steam combined with the compound and formed the toxic cloud. If either of these incidents had occurred separately or if the steam had been cooler, no loss of life would have resulted.

Inland Refining Corporation, having learned from the bitter

lessons of other companies in similar foreign and domestic disasters, realized that the repercussions from this event went far beyond mere monetary reparations and cleanup costs. They established a one billion dollar slush fund for cleanup and ecological recovery. Families of the bereaved were flown in at no cost on chartered jets. Enormous pressure was placed on insurance companies to pay off in record time. As these were accidental deaths, double indemnity applied so life insurance benefits were doubled. The survivors of Black Tuesday found themselves to be suddenly very wealthy. In fact Greenville presently has the highest per capita personal wealth in the country, next to Beverly Hills, California. This has suggested speculation that the sudden appearance of "eligible men" is a classic case of "Gold Digging".

Possibly related information: Las Vegas, Nevada, is considered by many to be the premier marriage capital of America. It has experienced a sudden decline in marriage registrations during the last 18 days. Though important to the operators of the quickie marriage chapels, this loss in business has little impact on the economic health of a city known for million dollar casino prizes. However, not enough time has passed to determine if this is more than a social hiccup.

Mission Objectives

- Travel to Greenville, Indiana and determine the scope of this social phenomenon. Prevent the spread of this effect if possible and necessary.
- Determine if this is caused by paranormal forces. If so, identify and neutralize such forces.
- Provide a believable explanation for this behavior if caused by paranormal forces.

The Accident

Rooted in the heartland of Indiana, the refinery was fed a steady stream of raw materials pushed by towboats up the tributary from the Wabash River. Farming used to be the lifeblood of this community, but, after the dust bowl of the twenties and thirties, the town fathers decided never to have all their eggs in one basket and invited the burgeoning chemical industry home. Over the years the refinery became increasingly important. Finally the tables turned: the refinery became the predominant employer of the area. Everyone who could worked in the well-paying and reliable chemical industry. Times were good. Sure embargoes hurt, but foreign oil wasn't its only supplier. A host of other chemicals, plastics, and fertilizers were produced from US sources. Business was never too tough. Life was sweet. Everyone looked forward to dying old and happy in their beds.

The accident changed everything. A semi-diesel while backing up impacted a high pressure steam generator that was in operation cleaning thick metal pipes that were used to carry raw material into the silo-like retorts for processing. It exploded, sending a jet of steam blasting toward an overhead conduit. Unfortunately, this pipe was suffering metal fatigue and a

precursor to Super Glue was just now being pumped through it to the next processing stage. The sudden change of pressure cracked it like a pea pod. The volatile chemical slurry inside sprayed into the cloud triggering the chemical reaction that produced a crude nerve gas. The expanding cloud settled over the refinery like a death shroud.

The one saving grace was that the prevailing wind blew it east and south, away from town. The rolling wall of death killed cattle, birds, and people for miles until it soaked into the ground. This wasn't entirely luck. Long ago, knowing that some kind of accident was possible, and well acquainted with the pungent odors that chemical industries produce, the city fathers decided to build all the hospitals, schools, and other urban expansion, upwind of the refinery as each was proposed.

No one dared to approach the refinery until the next day. By then the military had been mobilized, the Governor had declared the site a disaster area, and Inland Chemical Corporation, the parent company, was on the scene. Using state of the art reclamation equipment, the toxins were quickly neutralized. However a huge amount of topsoil was torn up and removed. Farms were entirely denuded. Rather than attempt to reseed the properties the land was condemned. The dead could not be decontaminated in the same manner as the other toxin ridden material so a mass grave/memorial lined with concrete and plastic was dug on one of the farms.

Greenville is an anachronism. Predominately men worked in the chemical plant while their wives were homemakers or worked in the town. On that fateful day almost every wife became a widow. Daughters lost their fathers and boyfriends. Greenville became a lonely, anguished, single parent town.

Suddenly, almost as if that funeral veil was lifted, women started meeting men: men who cared and touched the wounded parts in their hearts, healing them. Love blossomed even before the money started coming in. The swell of newlyweds began to roll in like surf after a storm.

Las Vegas

For over fifty years couples have run off to this oasis of light to tie the knot. Quite apart from the gambling hotels and casinos, the marriage racket is big business. These "Chapels of Love" come in all varieties, each struggling to distinguish themselves from the others to gain more business. Ministers dress up as celebrities, perform marriages in balloons, underwater, or anywhere else the customers might desire. For a price, the nuptials can take place in a snowy wonderland (an amazing sight in a desert location). This incredible scope of options is fueled by the legions of couples who arrive daily to get married, play a few hands of blackjack, see a show, and head back home.

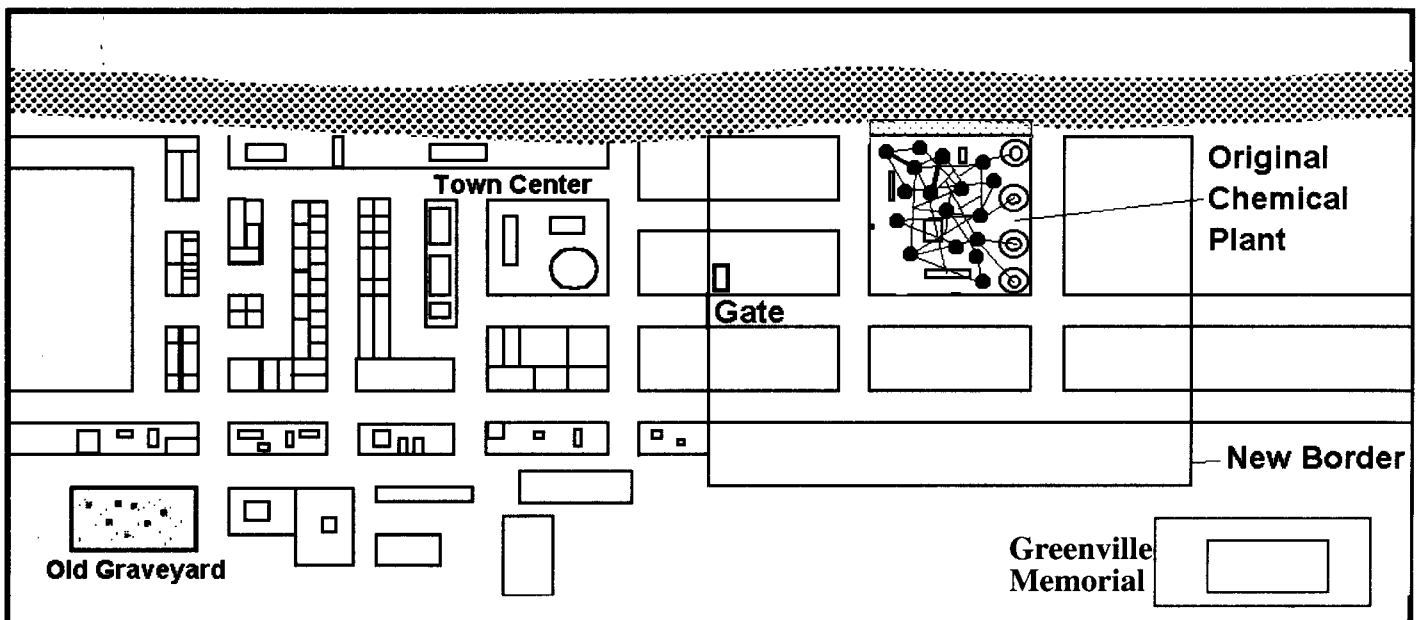
Suddenly the industry is floundering. Imperceptibly, the number of newlyweds has dwindled. Chapter 11 bankruptcy petitions are piling up like snowdrifts.

When the agents arrive, they see fliers, roadside stands, even full page ads in the Las Vegas Times offering extremely attractive deals on marriage arrangements. If they visiting some travel agencies, they find that these offers are just the tip of the iceberg. Complete honeymoon deals, with sizable kickbacks to the agencies, are being promoted across the nation. Local agencies are puzzled that Las Vegas residents want to fly all the way to Indiana when the marriage cornucopia is all around them.

Note: These deals are working. The hemorrhage of business has been stanchd. These couples aren't stupid or mindless. They just need a stronger motivation to resist a sudden craving for the rolling hills of Indiana. Even so, the percentage of those diverted have swollen Greenville's population enormously.

There are no abnormal Kirilian readings in any of these locations unless the GM wishes to add in a plot complication.

The agents may neglect to check out Las Vegas. This is not a serious omission but indicates a sloppy investigation.





Arriving at Greenville

The agents immediately notice the traffic. Only secondary, state, and county roads serve this area. The farmers really hate these crowds. They have enough problems already with drunken students sneaking into their pastures and tipping the cows (knocking over sleeping cows which can seriously injure the animals). Now they face convoys of newlyweds riding up and down the roads at all hours honking horns and dragging all kinds of noisemakers behind their cars.

If the agents have called ahead, they find that there is no lodging to be had within 20 miles of Greenville. Some of these same farmers have decided to make the best of it and have opened their fields to trailers, tents, minivans, and RVs. Portable toilets have been trucked in and are becoming as distinctive of the area as the Mail Pouch signs on the barns.

Downtown is a massive gridlock. The town council is about to prohibit out-of-town cars from downtown. They plan to run school buses as shuttles from hastily designated parking areas (more fields) to prime locations such as Town Hall, restaurants, and churches. The GM may add this as a complication.

As they crawl toward town they have plenty of time to check out the innumerable gypsy stores that have set up along the road. Wedding dresses are being sold out of semi-diesel trailers. Flowers are hawked from the tailgates of pickup trucks. Ginseng is vended in all forms. If it is marriage related, it can be had at these roadside shops. Some of the agents can get out and check out a few shops and then jog back to the RV that has progressed only a few hundred feet.

Agents with any people related skills at all realize that this crush of people should be causing enormous problems for the local law enforcement agencies. Motorists shoot each other in traffic jams like this. However, everyone is notably nice and considerate to each other. A Kirilian scan gives no abnormal readings. Apparently, they are so happy that nothing seems to bring them down. As cars filled with wedding parties drive out of town honking madly, the crowds clap and cheer. An Easy **Psychology** roll reveals that even the agents seem to be in good spirits regardless of the long trip into town.

Struck by love

When the agents get close to Greenville the Advanced Kirilian Detector (AKD) registers a sudden rise. It is too late. Any unmarried agent who is not a priest or of some chaste order falls completely in love with the first available person of the appropriate sex that they meet. There is no magic resistance for this effect (it is not an attack and it is overwhelming in power). They pair off among themselves first. Of course it is likely that someone will have more than one suitor. Nothing can dissuade the paramours except a declaration of love for a single person, clearing the field. This must be convincing. Then the spurned suitors immediately seek out new possibilities.

The agents are quite aware that they must be under some type of supernatural influence and that they have a job to do here. However, they are earnestly in love and seek to get married at the first opportunity while they carry out their investigation. The town is certainly trying to make that easy:

- The Red Cross is located in a large tent outside of city hall. It provides "while you wait" blood tests.
- City Hall has added express lines for those couples who have all their documentation and a separate office for requesting faxed birth certificates, verifying and completing documents, and notarizing same. The place looks like the Department of Motor Vehicles on tag day.
- 20 extra Justices of the Peace have been sworn in. They are set up in tents outside.
- Roving vendors provide food, drink, even chairs while in line, easing the long waits.
- Local bands play for the crowds. They are paid by the city as a good will and crowd control measure.
- The dozen or so permanent churches are coordinating with each other to handle as many ceremonies as possible. Some denominations have strict requirements before they will perform a wedding. These are kept just as busy scheduling counselling sessions. None of the ministers know what to make of this sudden surge of "family values". Some see it as a good sign. Most just want some sleep.

All of these services are being provided on a 24 hour basis.

Phone lines are constantly busy. Agents cannot call out unless they tap into the phone lines used by city hall, police, or fire departments. These lines have been given priority status by the phone company. The agents will remember telephone trucks stringing cable about 20 miles away. The phone capacity of Greenville will triple when the new services are completed. Cellular phones have the same problem. Bicycle messengers dart everywhere.

Most of the businesses are placing their orders over the CB radio to locations in nearby towns. The FAA has temporarily lifted the restrictions on transmitter power to help in the situation. The agents will remember that their CB monitor was busy all the way into town on all frequencies except channel 9.

The few restaurants are packed. The owners have given up on individual service and are providing buffet service. The waiters and waitresses have been cut in for a small share of the profits to make up for the loss in tips. The name brand fast food joints have trucked in extra freezers and refrigerators to keep up with the demand. The food is always fresh since it never stays under the heat lamps for more than 15 minutes.

Many of the townspeople are recent transplants from neighboring areas. Due to the present extreme personnel shortage, pay is good and jobs are plentiful. Most of them also got married when they arrived.

Interviewing Newlyweds

All the original widows and widowers have already remarried. Many of them have left town permanently or are on their honeymoons. The present newlyweds are those who have travelled here since the accident.

The majority of the couples are residents of Indiana or neighboring states who heard the report and have come to see for themselves or had planned to get married and this seemed a shorter trip than Vegas. When they arrived, the place was so wonderful (no lodging, long lines, huge crowds, sure!) that it seemed silly to wait any longer. They could always get married again when they got back (Note: if the agents go to the trouble to check, none of the couples did so).

Many who were not engaged when they arrived came because they heard that the women/men weren't stuck up here. They heard that great looking girls/guys were arriving daily. They found this to be entirely true. Of course, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and love is blind. To the discerning eye, the range of attractiveness and personalities is the same as at any other location. The difference is that everyone seems willing to forbear almost **anything** in the name of true love. Yes, it was love at first sight and isn't it just wonderful. The agents are all too aware of the magic in the air.

Due to the housing problems, most are just there for the day/night and plan to leave for some rustic cabin immediately. Some enterprising travel agencies have decided to go with the flow and have ready-made honeymoon packages that can be purchased before or after the couples arrive in town. Some of these packages include trips to Las Vegas.

None of the newlyweds seem in any way conscious that most of the local coupling has been completely random, without regard for age, race, or station.

The disaster at the refinery seems to be wholly forgotten.

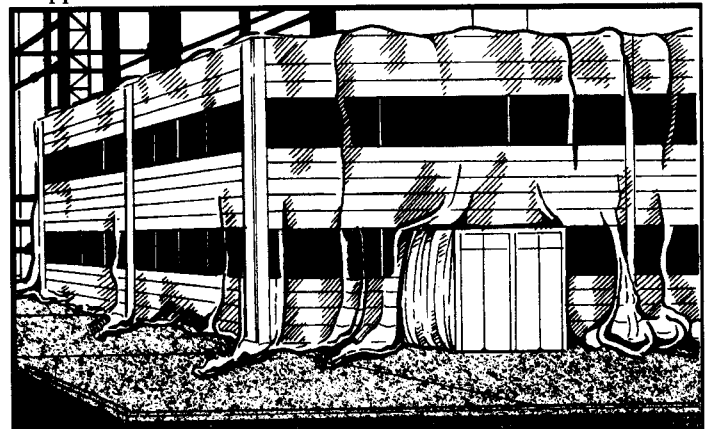
The Refinery

At the far end of town, towers Inland Chemical Plant, Greenville Division. It is completely encircled by a high chain link fence. The fence is recent. Further inside another fence can be seen.

That was the original property boundary. Inland purchased all the contaminated land around the plant and had to put up another fence. There is a guard station here. The guard will allow no one to pass without authorization. Local police or EPA identification provides immediate access. All others require a check with the main office in the plant for approval. If the agents are using press credentials they will not be allowed on the site ever. Instead they are referred to the public relations office at Inland Petroleum's main office in Gary, Indiana.

After passing muster the agents are directed to a long prefab building and parking lot just inside the fence. There they must leave their vehicles and don protective suits. The guard at the check point does not wear a suit since he stays inside the guard booth at all times and should never come into contact with contaminated material. If the agents insist on wearing their own environmental suits, the attendants have them sign a waiver and inform them that they must be decontaminated in any event when leaving (which involves being blasted by high pressure water and air hoses for about 15 minutes).

One of the attendants drives the team in a pickup up truck fitted with seats in the back bed to the plant. They wind through the maze of pipes, boilers, storage tanks, and cooling towers and are dropped off in front of the main administration building.



Administration Building

This two-story office structure has been shrink-wrapped. Plastic sheets coat all the windows. Urethane has been sprayed over walls leaving runnels of the quick drying epoxy. On one end is an obvious airlock door. If the agents circle the building, they can see that all the other doors are sealed with plastic sheets as well (so the seals on fire escapes can tear open in an emergency).

Inside, the air has a dry gritty quality about it and smells of solvent. Their feet make scratching noises as they walk. Part of the decontamination process was the sandblasting of all equipment, walls, and ceilings that were not torn out and replaced. The whole inside has been repainted.

Everyone is still wearing the environmental suits. The air-conditioning is set on high. The inside temperature is very chilly to offset the hot suits. This is merely a precaution now, so their helmets are off, sitting nearby. Their heavy rubber gloves are gone too, replaced by leather driving gloves for warmth.

The agents need to speak to the operational manager of the plant, Mark Sutton, and senior EPA operative Bill Otto, in charge of the decontamination. For efficiency sake they are sharing an office on the second floor. Mark is usually in the office. Bill spends the majority of his time out on the site supervising the cleanup and reconstruction.

Mark Sutton

Mark was flown in from main office in Gary, Indiana. He's been faced with a thankless job and has done it very well. If presented with a decent cover story he is quite frank about what occurred. He has all the details and will pull out the 300 page manuscript that he and Bill are working on. He refuses to let the agents copy it, but they can look through it. He promises to send them a copy as soon as the EPA formalized its findings.

He is very busy. Every day that the plant is shut down costs millions of dollars. Mark has access to the superfund established to pay for the cleanup and reconstruction, but he has no access to the compensation to surviving defendants. That is being administered in town by a team of Inland lawyers who are making sure that everyone is getting what is coming to them. They have an office in City Hall. They have processed all the claims at this time and are being kept here in case of any sudden problems.

He is married and has no interest in the goings on in town. The road into town from this side has been commandeered by the police. All emergency, cleanup, and supply vehicles for the plant are using this route. He doesn't have to deal with the love-struck masses. When he sleeps, it is on a cot in his office.

Bill Otto

Bill also has been working night and day. Not to get the plant open, but to make sure that all the toxins have been cleaned up. He has ordered every joint and stressed conduit to be tested for metal fatigue.

He arrived with his cleanup crew and started stacking bodies. Weeks later, he is nearing the end of the job and his strength. He feels as if he has been in a war. On the plus side, he has immense admiration for his crew and Inland Petroleum who, for once, didn't hide behind the usual rhetoric and gave whatever was needed with all dispatch.

Within hours after the incident a literal army of toxic removal experts was on the scene. All the surviving townspeople were evacuated immediately. His crew quickly determined the nature of the toxins and advised the military and civil authorities of what protective gear to wear. The Airforce seeded clouds causing a short rainstorm that knocked the remaining vapors out of the air. The only other disaster that he is aware of that was handled so well was the plane crash in Sioux City, Iowa.

Bill found no evidence that suggests any wrong-doing on the part of Inland. There is every indication that this was a freak and

tragic accident. He attributes any other reports and theories by the agents to "yellow dog journalism" (sensationalism).

Greenville Memorial

Over 5000 contaminated dead are buried here in a huge concrete containment.

It is located directly southeast of the chemical plant. The newly sodded top stands 2 feet above the walkway encircling it. Small plaques commemorating each dead are set in the sides. The rest of the property has been scraped to bedrock. The only green is on top of the memorial.

There is a higher than background Kirilian reading. This is due to the strong emotional outpouring that occurred during the funeral. It is slowing fading away.

The Old Graveyard

Eventually, the team investigate this location on the wild chance that it has something to do with what is going on in town.

It is on the outskirts of town, away from the river, in what was the less choice property. The soil is rocky, hard to farm. The only water is in deep wells. Still the area is humid enough to support grass and well rooted trees.

The graveyard is surrounded by a 8 foot high by 2 foot wide stone wall that is easily scaled. Originally the graveyard was a fall back plan for settlers. Knowing that Indians would not cross sacred ground the farmers would hide their children and women here during raids.

Even though it is old, it is not more than four acres in size. Most of the farmers preferred to bury their dead on their own land.

What is striking about this place is the abundance of Greek statuary. In the center of the property is a tableau of Zeus and Helena, King and Queen of the Greek Gods. All the other gods of the pantheon plus the occasional centaur and eagle dot the landscape and are mounted on the walls. An agent making a **Difficult Psychology** or **Theatre Arts** roll notices that all the pieces interact to draw attention to the figures of Zeus and Helena, except for one statue.

When they examine the statue they notice that it is a beautiful male archer who is looking out toward town, apparently ignoring whatever the scene is trying to portray. An **Average History** or **Religion** roll suggests that this might be Eros (see Bureau File: Greek Gods).

The cemetery is inside the general area of Kirilean energy rise for the town so AKD will register no special readings.

If they check with city records, they find that the sculptor was James Turkel.



The Sculptor

Jimmy "The Turk" Turkel grew up in South Detroit. He learned the stonecutting craft from an uncle and spent most of his youth working the quarries. After WWII the building boom used up a lot of marble. He became a master stonecutter. Unfortunately, later modern buildings have little use for natural stone. He and many other stone cutters had to go into other lines of work.

Being near retirement age, he decided to go gracefully. He moved to Greenville and hired on as the caretaker for the cemetery. Time hung heavy on his hands. He petitioned the town council to allow him to add some statuary to improve the property. Since he offered to do all the work himself as well as pay for all the materials, they agreed.

Over the next 20 years he filled the cemetery. Visitors thought them odd decorations. Most cemeteries tend toward angelic images, cerubs, and the like. Still, they were tastefully done and quite beautiful so there were no complaints.

Jimmy was a talented amateur. If he had spent his life sculpting he could have made some note of himself, but lack of education, finances, and opportunity set him on the track to the trades. In no way should they be considered photographic or more than normal statuary.

He died 17 years ago and is buried in the cemetery.

If they check the newspapers over the last century and make a Real Tough **Data Manipulation** roll, they determine that the stature of Eros was originally facing inward in harmony with the other pieces.

What's Going On?

Eros, the God of Love, has taken up residence in Greenville, Indiana. Specifically, he has taken up residence in the statue that faces out toward the town.

Originally he lived in Las Vegas. Lovers are naturally attracted to him. Many arrived in Las Vegas deluded that they had decided on a whim to combine gambling and nuptials. Eros found the shallow desires of most of those newlyweds poor entertainment. When the widows poured out their pain and longing for their lost loves in the memorial service at the mass grave Eros received his wakeup call. Suddenly he realized that there was a group of people who really needed his essence.



He travelled to Greenville in but a moment. Knowing that the best cure for lost love was new love, he invoked his power and hearts turned to each other and bonded anew. Love and desire blossomed in this pit of despair.

Naturally, once he left Las Vegas, the strange charm of getting married in a hot, tawdry town overshadowed by organized crime soon faded. For a while only the couples who wanted to gamble were coming to get married. Of course, if the price is right anyone will come. The deals offered by the travel agencies are bolstering the thinning crowds. If left alone they will find an equilibrium. Not too many businesses will fail. Some have already relocated to Greenville.

Eros is a vain and egotistical god (see Bureau File: Greek Gods). Mortals, unless they are very beautiful, are beneath his notice. Only by demanding his attention will he even be brought out of his reverie as he basks in the surfeit of emotions that fill the town. This can be done by insistent verbal demands, by damaging the statue, or by casting some kind of containment spell or dispel magic nearby. He appears on the wall next to the statue, an awesomely attractive man with a bow and quiver. He can be dressed traditionally or in modern clothes (even punk as long as it looks good on him). He has physical substance and can be attacked, but, like all the other Greek gods, he is a master of illusion, appearing however and wherever he wishes. He cannot be killed through normal weapons. His arrows, fired in anger, kill instantly.

Eros can not understand what the agents are complaining about. He is completely aware of the overwhelming focus of Americans on love, sex, and physical pleasure. He is giving them what they want. The love is real. These couples truly love each other. They may soon find that they don't have much in common and use that as a lever to undermine their relationship, but they could instead embrace their feelings and differences and let the relationship grow. He couldn't care less that it is disruptive and produces abnormal group behavior.

The only way to stop him is to threaten to do something radical like sleep gas the whole town, cart everyone away, and quarantine the area, or (more radically) nuke the whole place from orbit...Just to be sure. Eros is a god but he cannot read minds. He believes that radical methods could be employed. He certainly has seen other gods do similar things. If the agents convince him that they are serious, he will propose a contest.

The Contest

Eros suggests an archery contest. If he loses, he will tone it down, go back to Las Vegas, or even go back to Mount Olympus permanently (he will not suggest this and will try to weasel out of the deal through the wording of the terms). He will bargain for the best terms on his side. However, if the agent loses, Eros will flay him alive and watch him die (no negotiation). This seems a perfectly fair deal to Eros. After all he is a god and the agents are mere mortals. Besides, it is the same punishment that Apollo inflicted on a musician who dared to think that he was as good as

a god. In that contest the musician played the flute and was expecting Apollo to play his lute. True to his word Apollo played the lute but also sang. The combination performance was obviously superior to the flute solo alone. This kind of bet hedging is common to all Greek gods. If the agents contact the Bureau, they receive a message stating unconditionally that Eros would have never agreed to this contest unless he is absolutely certain that he will win.

Assuming that the agents agree, Eros commands them to return when the moon is high in the sky for the start of the contest. Then he vanishes.

When they return, Eros appears dressed in finery. He points out the moon as the target. When the agents complain, he states with quiet and deadly intent that he can hit the target so their inadequacy is not his problem. He intends to carry this to the end.

At this point the agents should be appealing to whatever higher force they ascribe to. This is appropriate since only something of that power can give them any hope. Eros is a massive supernatural presence. The average agent is no match for him.

Fortunately for the agents, the reality set of Eros is in operation here. The laws of physics are not as they were. This enables the gods to perform some of the incredible feats that are ascribed to them. Feats that obviously violate our modern view of physics, thermodynamics, genetics, and common sense.

Eros tells the agents that terms of the competition are this: Each competitor will fire in turn at the target until one of them misses. That person loses. Eros graciously allows the agent to go first. In fact, he insists on this.

Remember: Eros does not have to do this. He can battle it out with the agents. That would be very ugly and horribly non-covert. Fortunately, he doesn't know how much that worries the agents.

To hit the moon, the agent must make a roll under his or her Accuracy with the following modifiers:

Range bonus (EX)

Target & Attacker still (+3)

Light, Target Silhouetted (+2)

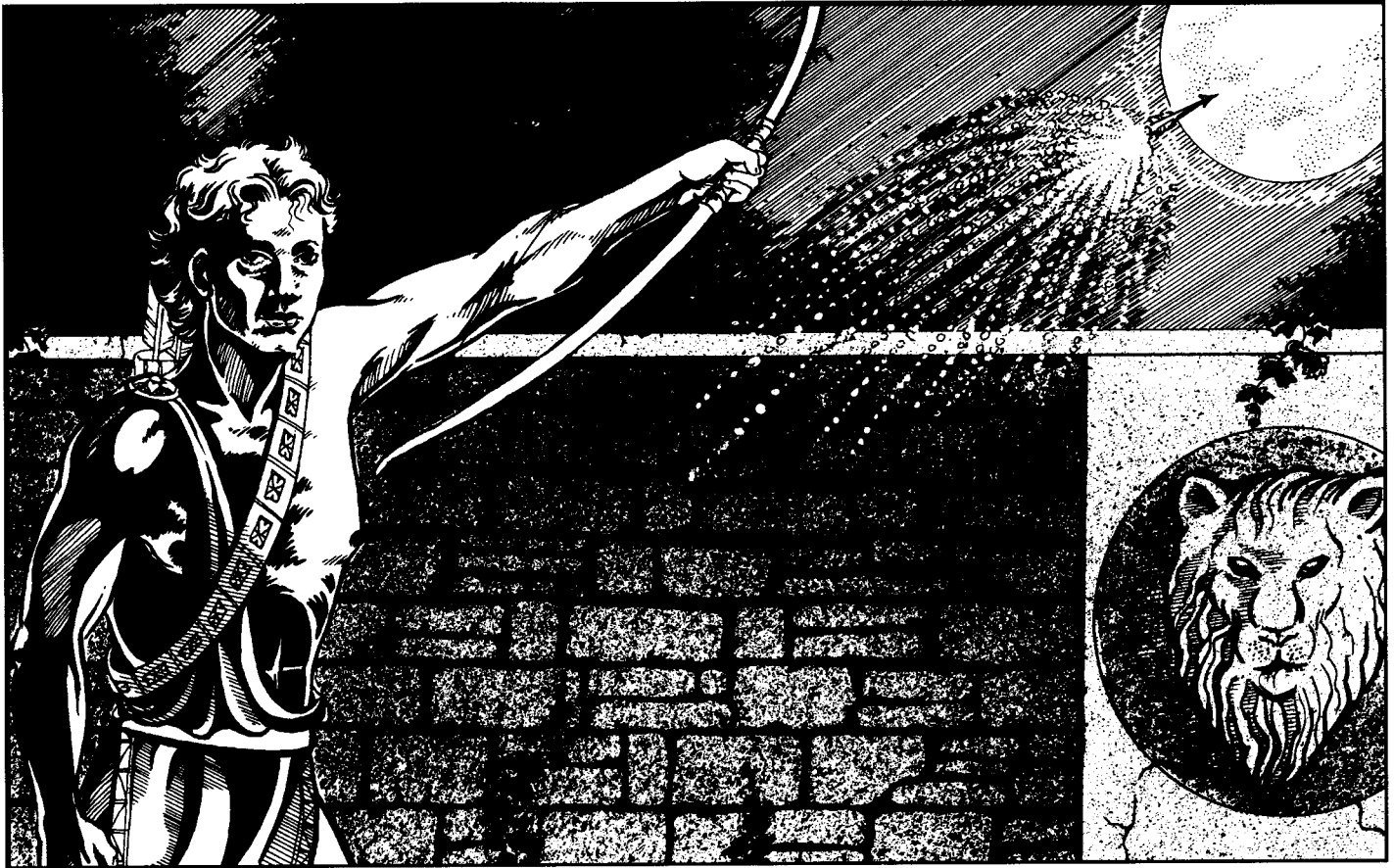
Sight (only optical - set to infinity) (+2)

Target still and very small (size of dime) (+0)

Any archery or applicable skill bonuses

Eros, desiring a good night, has controlled the weather so there are no clouds or haze. Even the lights of the town don't seem to dim the stars or lighten the blackness of space this night.

When the agent looses his arrow, it disappears up into the darkness. Eros has no trouble following its flight. In about 5 minutes, assuming that the agent made the roll, everyone sees a tiny flash as the arrow impacts the surface of the moon.



Obviously, by the physics and astronomy we know this is impossible. Still there it is. Eros congratulates the agent on the shot and prepares to loose his own.

"Now see how it's done!"

The arrow leaps from Eros' bow in a shower of sparks and streaks into the night, dwindles to a pinpoint of light, and vanishes. Eros stands there shoulders back, chest out, puffed up with pride. An arrogant smile twists on his lips. The agent may attempt a roll under her Piety. If successful, as the arrow is just about to reach the moon, suddenly the moon shifts to the right and then moves back (dodging the shot). Eros purples in rage and screams,

"MORTAL THOU HAST CHEATED!!!!!!"

Of course, this is just bluster. He knows that there was nothing in the terms that precluded the target moving. He just cannot believe he has lost. If the agents stand their ground he stamps his foot, shattering the stone wall around the cemetery and disappears, following the terms of the agreement. Wherever he is, assuming he is still in the US, couples will be drawn to him. However, the imprinting of strangers to each other has stopped.

The love that the agents feel for each other or for anyone that they have bonded with will not fade. It is true love. Under no circumstance should they leave without their spouses or betrothed (assuming they have not yet married). If any insist, they find themselves returning here days later, driven to find their heart mate. Amnesia drugs wipe out the knowledge of who

they are looking for but not the desire for them. This results in madness.

Remember: The mind is the heart's lawyer. It always finds a rationale to give the heart what it really wants.

Signs in the Sky

Yes, the moon actually moved. This was seen by observers scatters all over the western hemisphere. However, since the movement occurred for only a second there was no time to take authenticating photographs. Most professional astronomers are busy recording distant star clusters that would be lost in the reflected light of the moon so they are pointing their instruments far away from it.

Those that saw the movement jumped to their feet, called the neighbors, or smiled and ordered another drink.

Many people took great religious significance from the sight. Certainly the agent that made the roll should have his Piety increased by a point or two.

Of course no one believes the account even though there are dozens of witnesses completely independent of each other. Reputable newspapers bury the story on the back page. The National Investigator runs it on the front page.



The Case of the Baneful Beast

Heartbreak curve, NC, has been the site of many traffic accidents. It is at the bottom of a steep grade in Holly Shelter Swamp. There are crosses spaced down the hill, marking the many deaths and acting as a warning. There once was a sturdy, protective guard rail, but it stood little chance against the weight of the 18 wheelers that side swipe it at least once a month. One head on impact and it would be gone.

Steven Peters had just finished the spring term and was travelling home to visit his mother. It was storming that night. The air was rich with ozone. In his car were his lifelong friends Brad Brooks, Ben Rhodes, and John Altizer. They were a little tipsy from the case of Bud that they had finished off at the last truck stop in Wilmington.

They didn't see the lightning bolt strike the semi behind them, destroying the electrical system, the brakes, and the lights. The trucker, Lori Marton, fighting to maintain control, had only their lights to steer by. The semi crashed against the rear bumper of the station wagon, crushing it and locking the two vehicles together. Together they smashed through the guard rail and impacted into the marsh beyond.

The vehicles peeled apart like aluminum cans. All five were killed instantly. The medical waste in the truck from BIO-TECHNA sprayed from the crushed containers and hung and clung like a mist over the bodies. Then, belying the old wives' tale, lightning struck again, producing ball lightning and will 'o

wisps that danced through the area igniting spilled fuel. One of these, shining bright red from the mist, settled onto the bodies, searing and fusing them.

The rain started again, washing away the mist and smoke. Its sound covering up the stentorian sound of breathing from the mound of twisted human remains. The limbs started to twitch, causing the heap to slide slowly into the water. The slight current moved it further and further downstream.

The accident was discovered, and the State Patrol arrived to investigate. Quickly they discovered that there were no bodies except for a few bits that were ripped off and flung wide during the accident. They assumed that wild dogs or bears had carried off the bodies. A search was planned for the next day.

Unfortunately, the remains had been reanimated into a mindless hungry beast with 10 legs and 10 arms.

BIO-TECHNA arrived a few hours later and cleaned up the site. They wanted to remove the waste, but Sheriff Smith claimed it was evidence in a wrongful death and must remain until the conclusion of the investigation. It is in a room in police lockup sealed in a hard plastic block.

An examination of the vehicles indicated that the truck was the primary cause of the accident, after its electrical systems were fused by some enormous overload. The Forensic department suggested a lightning strike.

Search Parties

Sheriff Victor Smith and his trusty deputy, Travis Williams, are in charge of this rag-tag group of search parties. They are drawn from local citizenry and are composed of the unemployed, the retired, or non-working spouses. Most are experienced hunters. Sheriff Smith set up a base camp on a bluff overlooking the edge of the marsh. Each party is issued a radio and instructed to inform him if they see anything. Travis is acting as field liaison for the Sheriff. Due to the cleanup at the crash site, the search didn't begin until the afternoon.

The Horror

When the small search parties moved out, they had no knowledge what would be waiting for them.

"Sheriff, this is Mark Gaddy. I can see the bodies. God, they are in bad shape! They are laying in some high grass. We are checking them out. Wait! Oh! God!!! Click."

As the patchwork creature reared up and attacked with mangled arms, legs, and teeth, the horror of it stunned the party of searchers until it reached them and began to feed. Only Mark, with a large chunk of flesh torn out of his left thigh, escaped.

Sheriff Smith rushed Mark to the county hospital. The surgeons transplanted muscle; replaced an artery; and grafted skin from his back to cover the wound. He will be conscious and coherent by the time the agents arrive. Unfortunately his story is totally unbelievable and the doctors have been instructed to allow no one to talk to him until his "condition" improves.

BUREAU 13 Incident Report

In the Appalachian Foothills in North Carolina there is a search underway for a group of wild dogs or bears that reportedly have carried off the remains of five individuals killed in a two vehicle collision. One of these vehicles was carrying medical waste from BIO-TECHNA, a private firm engaged in genetic research. It is located in Uniontown, South Carolina (a small town near Loris). The research center is not permitted to destroy its own waste due to local ordinances. The waste was being transported to an incineration site in New Jersey along Rt 17.

A prior incident at this facility suggests that this spill may cause a threat to the surrounding area: An accidental exposure of personnel to a bacterium resulted in the entire town becoming infected. The bacterium was benign except that it caused severe hallucinations. Many accidental deaths occurred. A simple regimen of antibiotics cured the populace. The town council passed an ordinance forbidding processing any waste from BIO-TECHNA, fearing contamination even from an incinerator.

Since the accident two days ago, a group of searchers were brutally killed and eaten. The one survivor, Mark Gaddy, is reported to be suffering from delirium in the county hospital.

Your team is to investigate and neutralize the situation if possible. We are issuing cover papers identifying you as a watchdog group of ex-biological weapon researchers. Environmental suits are being issued to all personnel in addition to standard equipment lists and wide spectrum antibiotics.

You will find a Colorado RV at the Charleston, NC, airport. Good Luck

Examining the Crash Site

There is a huge Kirilian reading where the Beast animated. An analysis of the readings reveals that the source was Spiritual or Magical Energy. An aura reading is Black.

The Swamp



Beware 'Gators

Alligators are a protected species in this state. They used to be rare, but a cold resistant strain was bred by researchers for the Florida Everglades to help prevent their extinction in the wild due to poaching. This new gator has slowly migrated up the coast and now infests this marsh. It is very sluggish at night and early morning. Its most active times are afternoon and evening, especially during the summer months. It has a large bite. The most common attack form is to latch on to a limb and twirl to dismember. Because of its camouflage colorations, a Physical Surveillance roll is required to see the alligator when at rest or stalking prey.

A difficult Data Manipulation or Biology, Animal reveals that the Department of the Interior contracted with BIO-TECHNA to develop the breed. They did so at a research/tourist attraction called GATOR WORLD, just south of Orlando, FL, in cooperation with the University of Florida.

Ghosts

The spirits of the five motorists need to be put to rest. Their sudden death and the supernatural effects that followed, have tied them to the natural plane. They are very interested in the search and will appear from time to time in mirrors, patches of mist, and reflections from the water and try to point toward the Beast. Otherwise, they will just screw up Kirilian Detectors big time.

A Priest who blesses the site of the accident will make them return to the crash site. They can try to talk to the Priest, but will mostly be confused. They cannot be laid to rest until the Beast has been found and the burial ceremony performed on its remains. A burial service at the site will just banish them until the next day.

The separate presence of the ghosts is a sure indication that the Beast is only historically connected with them.

Sheriff Victor Smith

Age: 52

Race: Caucasian

Height: 5' 11" Weight: 200

Eyes: Green Hair: Brown

STR: 12 WIS: 15 THR: 13

CON: 10 LCK: 12 DOD: 12

DEX: 15 CRZ: 11 ACC: 12

AGL: 13 MRE: 2 HPT: 45

Law Enforcement Criminal Investigation

Criminal Science Political Science

Physical Surveillance Forest Survival

Martial Arts Weapon Skill, Shotgun

Weapon Skill, Pistol Combat Driving

The sheriff is trying very hard to keep this from turning into a mob scene. These locals are quite capable of hopping into their pick-up trucks, driving down to BIO-TECHNA and burning it to the ground.

He already knows that his people are being eaten by things with human teeth. Since the five from the accident are still missing, he thinks they have gone feral and are eating people. He suspects that the agents are from BIO-TECHNA, that the area was exposed to some horrendous disease, and that the agents are here to cover it up. This paranoia will be inflamed if the agents start using environmental suits ("We were told the area was safe. What do they know?"). At this point he will assign Travis to escort them always.

Travis Williams

Age: 32

Race: Caucasian

Height: 5'10" Weight: 160 lbs

Eyes: Black Hair: Black

STR: 10 WIS: 17 THR: 11

CON: 12 LCK: 10 DOD: 12

DEX: 09 CRZ: 09 ACC: 14

AGL: 13 MRE: 6 HPT: 35

Law Enforcement Weapon Skill, .357 Magnum

Criminal Investigation Criminal Science

Martial Arts Hunting

Forest Survival Off Road Racing

Emergency Medical Care

Travis is Sheriff Smith's good right arm. He is being groomed as the sheriff's replacement someday and everyone knows this. He is utterly loyal to the sheriff. Because of the suspicious circumstances, he is very tightlipped around the agents. Anyone with Psychology and Criminal Investigation knows that Travis is far more occupied with watching them than watching for a dog pack, alligators, or bears.

Baneful Beast

Weight: 800 lbs

Size: 8-10 feet wide

STR: 8 DEX: 5 AGL: 7

STR: 10 DEX: 9 AGL: 15

STR: 6 DEX: 6 AGL: 10

STR: 5 DEX: 6 AGL: 11

STR: 9 DEX: 6 AGL: 6

It is a magically animated creature and slightly aware. It has no bones. It is affected by any weapon. It cannot be killed by any weapon, but it can be smashed up to the point of immobility.

Any examination of the Beast will indicate that it cannot possibly be alive, since it is just a knitted together mass of body parts: no complete circulatory system exists. Any flesh ingested flows straight through without digestion. Its pallid white color is another indication. However, the breathing, movement, and aggression can certainly be mistaken for true life.

Any Priest should be outraged if anyone suggests this abomination is the result of an "Act of God".

There are five different sets of arms and legs, each with a different STR, DEX, & AGL. It is too stupid to be afraid, but massive injuries will cause it to retreat (part of it could be retreating while parts are still trying to attack).

Its attacks are 10 kicks, 5 bites (from 5 heads), 10 punches or grabs. It moves about half as fast as a man can run flat out. The Beast is too uncoordinated to jump. Bones that were broken in the crash are back together but not necessarily aligned correctly.

It moves poorly, but low to the ground, so spotting it is difficult.

Most of the sounds it makes are mewing, painful sounds and labored breathing that are usually interpreted as the moaning of an injured person. This lulls searchers into a false sense of security.

The sight of this thing causes anyone failing their STB/2 roll to freeze in amazement and horror. Only a sharp pain or severe shaking will disrupt the stupor.

It usually drags a victim(s) into the water, eat what it can, and leave the rest for alligators and scavengers. (Bears, wild dogs, and alligators are common to the area. Seeing a wild dog with a severed hand would do much to confuse the searchers from the real threat).

OUTPOST GAMES
5096 Ashmont Court
Dunwoody GA 30338

When the coroner examined the bodies of the slain searchers he knew immediately that some of the teeth marks were human. The doctor at the hospital, Nesbitt Sinclair, also knows this from examining the leg wound of Mark Gaddy. They have told Sheriff Smith, and he has briefed Deputy Williams. They are the only ones who know this. They will deny this fact to anyone else unless they have time to confer with Sheriff Smith first. Mark will spill his guts to anyone who can reach him.

BIO-TECHNA

This small genetics firm, funded by long term industrial grants and state business loans, looks for that elusive bit of golden code that will make a crucial difference in human life as well as a bonanza in financial return.

Uniontown was happy to have the firm originally. Then the accident occurred. The town closed them down and debated their fate for a month. Finally they were allowed to return to work under stringent local ordinances.

Jack Whistler is the managing partner, running the place from the right corner office on the second floor. Administrative offices take up the front quarter of both floors, leaving the remainder of the building for storage and laboratory space.

At one time there were plans to enlarge the building, but the accident ended that. Instead, they lease space in other laboratories or subcontract with other businesses that specialized in the area that they are interested in (i.e., GATOR WORLD). Due to the distributed nature of their business, they have a number of dedicated modem lines. Agents can hack into the system using the Corporate Computer bonus listed for the **Bureau Vehicle Computer** (see **BUREAU 13**, pg 33).

Agents investigating this firm find lots of bad feelings and rumors of payoffs from the local townsfolk, but they learn nothing that will help complete their mission.

What's Going On

A Necromancer decided to appeal to the dark forces that he serves for a familiar. If granted, it will tremendously enhance his power and prestige among his peers. He desired the most positive response to his request, so he attempted to impress them with an offering of terror and flesh. He smote the truck with a lightning bolt, gleefully creating this tragedy. Heartbreak Curve is a good location for creating undead due to the number of violent deaths that have occurred here. The power almost leaped from him, stirring false life into the rent and crushed bodies. He received his answer and was long gone before anyone discovered his work.

Resolution

Well, this thing needs to be put out of its misery.

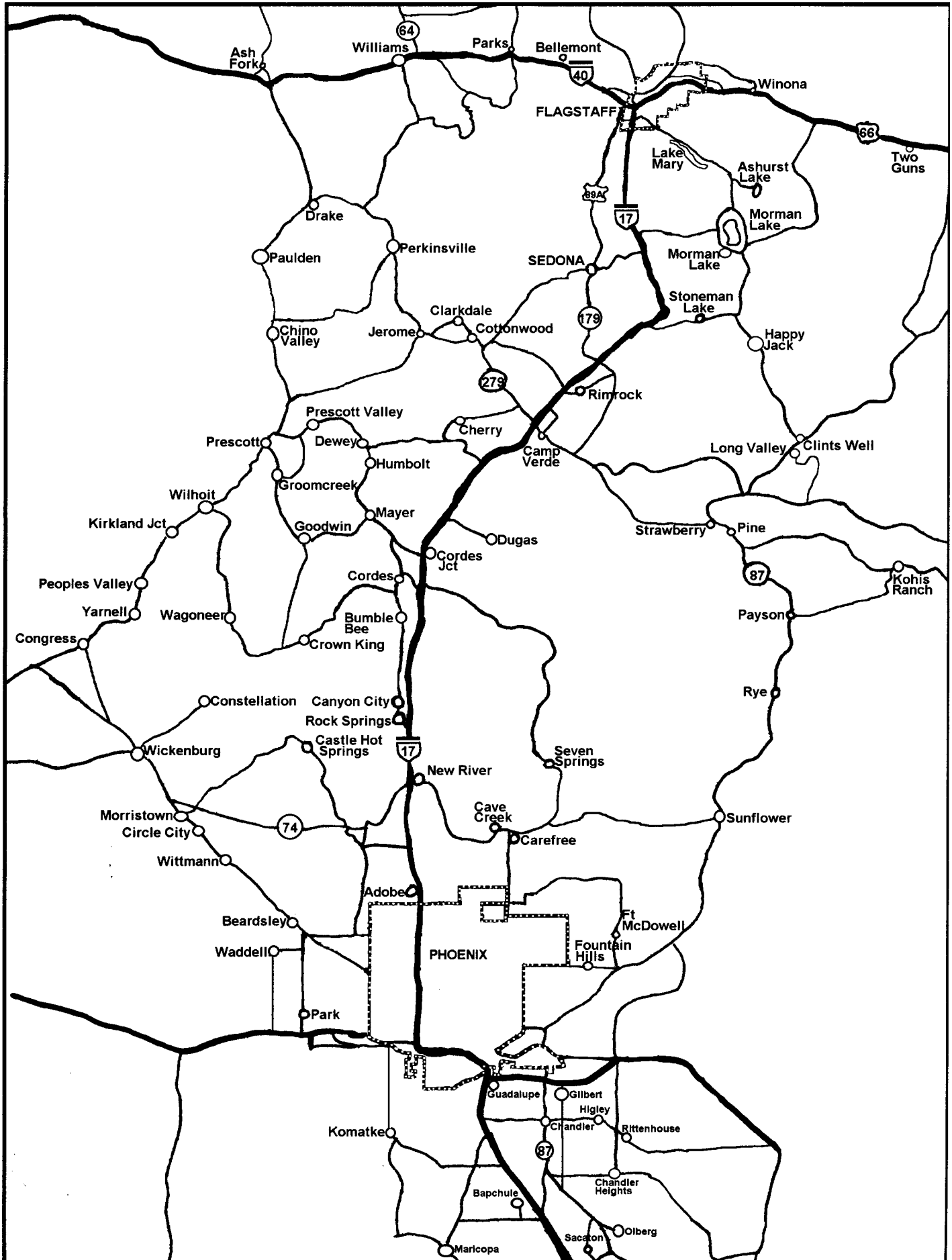
The simplest method is to lure it into a net or pit. Then either use a Priest to **Dispel Magic** or the mage spell **Disperse Magic**. Of course they have neither initially, and a pit will quickly fill with water unless lined with plastic or styrofoam. This will be a nightmare to create covertly.

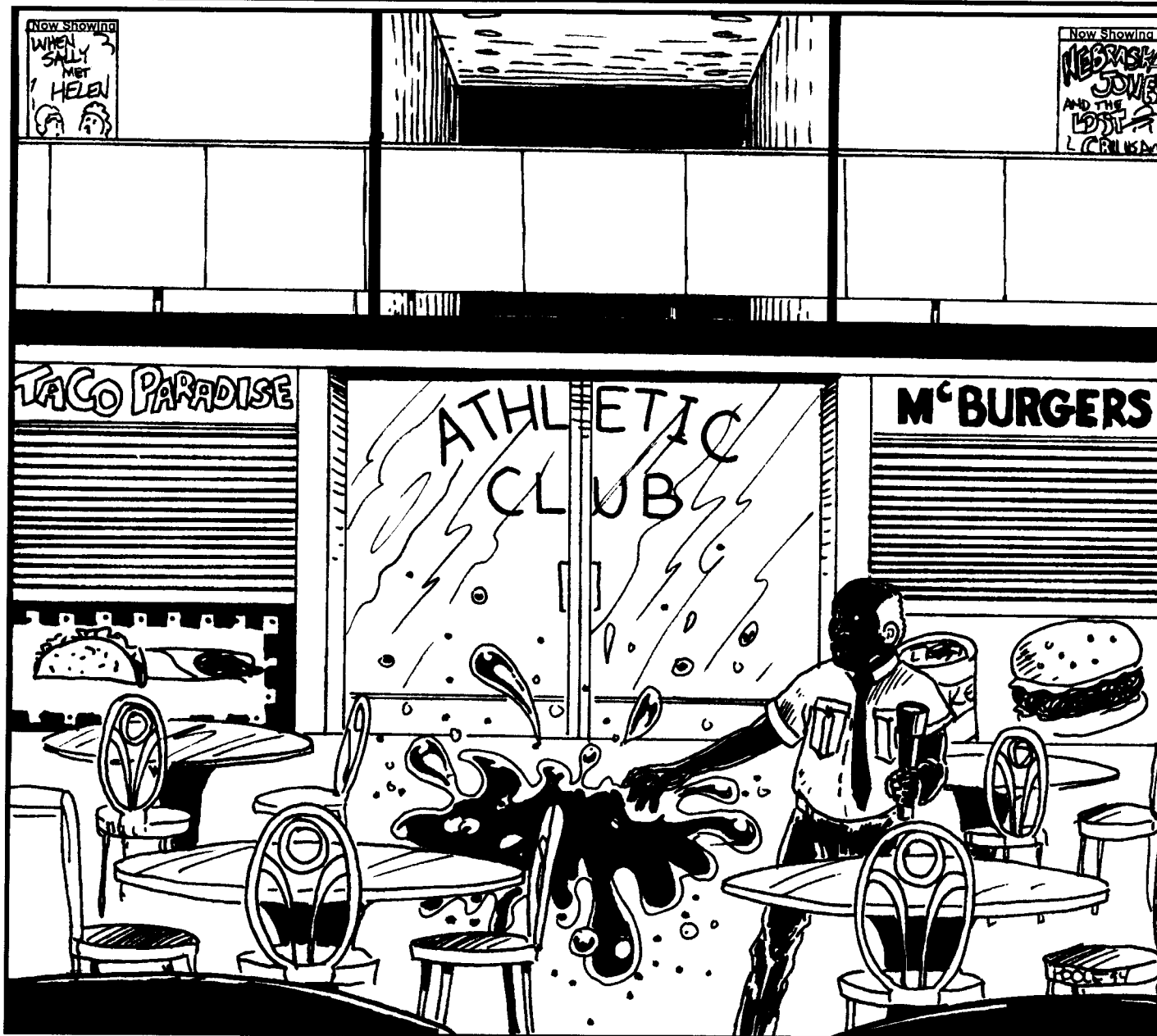
A Priest may use his **Protection** ability to contain the creature, but it will attack him since he must be within the area that it is contained in. If he leaves, it is released. He will not be able to perform **Dispell Magic** while being assaulted.

If the team has enough machettes, it can be chopped up into little bits. This will take hours. The Beast will be fighting them and screaming the entire time. Then the squirming parts can be packed out and burned later.

Burning it will only be effective if its movement is restricted. Otherwise, the Beast will move away from the fire or carry it into battle or into the water. A good evidence dispersal will remove the ashes.







Ghost Baby

BUREAU 13 Incident Report

Location: Flagstaff, Arizona

At approximately 10:35 PM John Woods, a night watchman, reported seeing an apparition at the soon to be opened Red Rock Mall.

He heard crying from the balcony entrance to the movie theaters even though that area is entirely glassed in. Suddenly there was a scream and a thud as if someone had fallen and hit the floor. As if that wasn't enough, a huge pool of blood appeared, soaking the carpet.

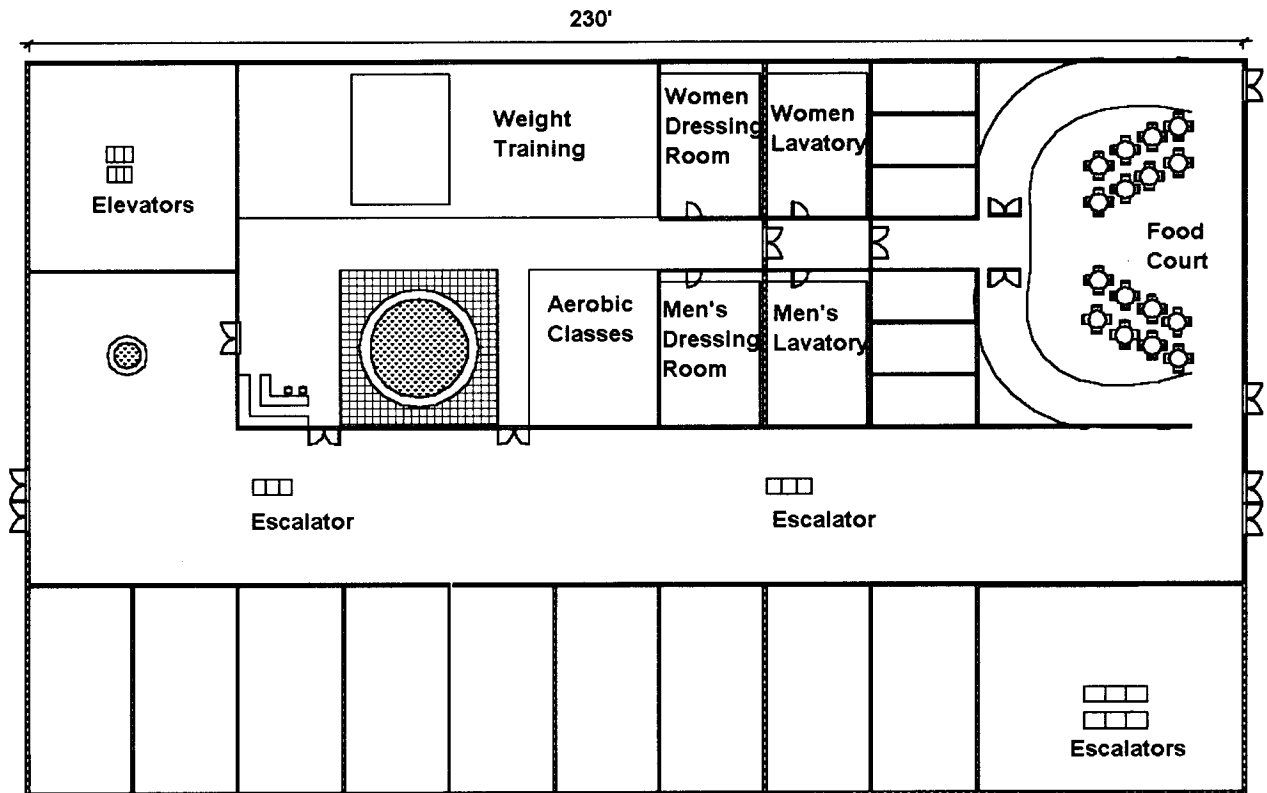
John Woods is a highly decorated, 25 year veteran of the Phoenix Police Department. He fits the profile of a level headed, accurate

observer. Just our luck.

He has officially recanted his story. Most likely he succumbed to pressure from the owners to reduce any adverse publicity about the mall. The police announced that it was an elaborate hoax and has absolved John from any culpability in this matter.

Red Rock Mall is owned and financed by a consortium of white collar professionals in Phoenix, AZ (90 miles to the south), who have formed a corporation and pooled their money in an attempt to append another zero to their yearly incomes. This consortium is listed as Diamond Chip Enterprises.

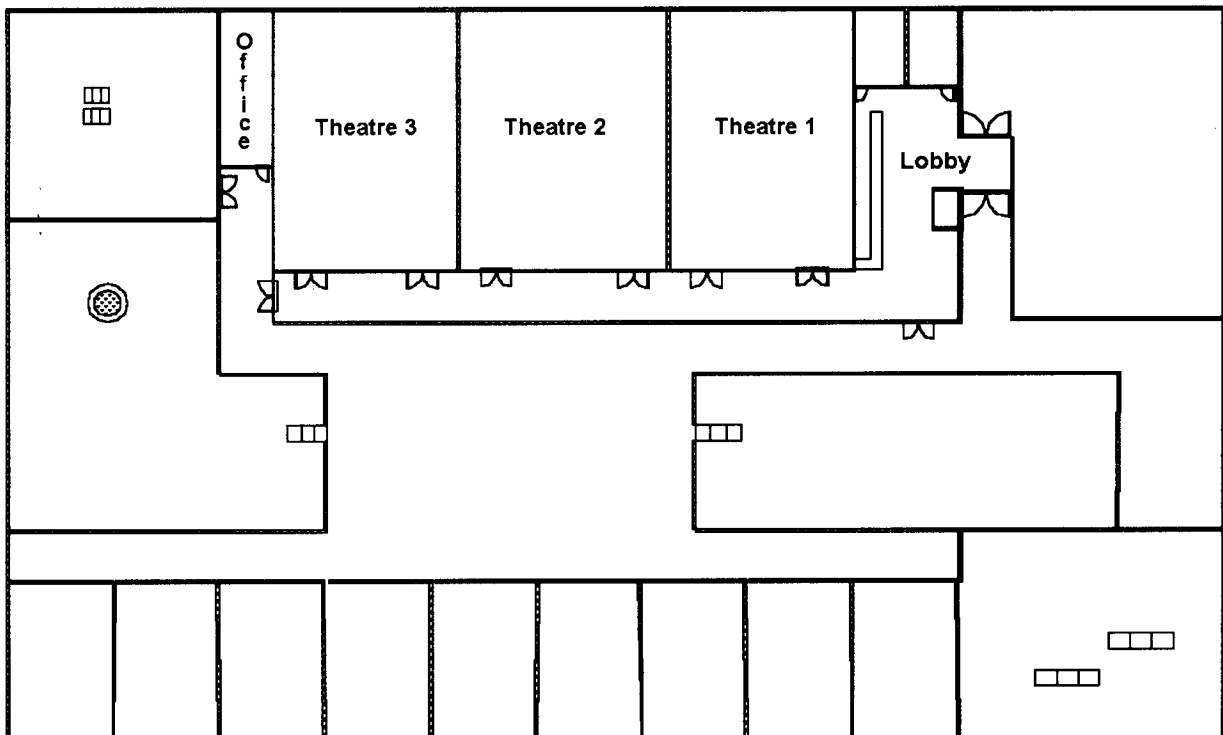
The mall is scheduled to open in five days. If these violent apparitions continue, they may delay the opening. This would result in expensive damage suits from the businesses who have leased space and are waiting for that all important **Grand Opening Sale**. Everyone should be having a stroke about now.



Ground Floor

Red Rock Mall

Upper Floor



The Night Watchman

John Woods

Age: 67

Race: Black

Height: 5' 8" Weight: 210 lbs

STR: 7 INT: 13 ACC: 14
CON: 8 WIS: 14 DOD: 6
DEX: 10 CRZ: 10 THR: 10
AGL: 6 LCK: 15 HPT: 25

John Woods spent ten years in the Army Military Police before leaving to join the Phoenix Police Department. After an illustrious career he retired to Sedona, AZ, to rub crystals with the rich and famous and run a gun shop. However, when his wife died five years ago, he sickened of the area. He moved to Flagstaff after visiting some old friends from the police force who had retired there.

When the mall needed some top notch security, his friends suggested John, partially because he is highly qualified and available, but mostly to give him something productive to do with his life.

John was hired to watch the site during the last phase of the construction. The various businesses are bringing in stock and installing expensive fixtures. Many opportunities exist for robbery.

He reported his observations to the police and backers immediately. The consortium fired him. He went to the newspapers. Fearing a scandal, the backers cut a deal and rehired him. His old friends on the police force vouched for his sanity and sobriety, though they don't really believe him. They convinced the papers that the event was a hoax perpetrated on John. As a result, everyone is acting as if this isn't happening. The agents will be ignored as long as they do not present themselves as members of the press. That will get them harassed by everyone.

He works from 10 PM to 6 AM. During the day, the construction workers and personnel diligently laboring to ready the stores for the Grand Opening are considered adequate security.

He carries no weapon, but he has a radio link with the police. He does have a very large and heavy flashlight (treat as heavy object for Strength Related Damage).

John is very interested in discovering what is going on. The agents will have to decide whether it is better to get rid of him or allow him to join and try to recruit him into the Bureau later.

Flagstaff Mall

A two story building, 2 blocks long, in the heart of Flagstaff, Arizona, is divided into four parts. The left side and northern block are retail businesses.

A large athletic club fills the right side of the southern block on the first floor. It features a spa, racquetball courts, weight rooms, and aerobic studios that the shoppers can view dimly through the darkened glass wall that borders the main mall concourse. It has entrances in the center of the mall and through the Food Court.

A large food court fills the southern right end of the mall. All the major chains are represented.

Two ramps lead up to a glassed-in balcony which is a theater lobby. The southern right side of the second floor is a multiplex movie house. Movie posters advertising the current features are mounted along the ramps and down the length of the second floor walkway that leads to the retail section.

There is one level of underground parking. This is for employee and valet parking. The entrance to the parking garage is blocked by a roll down steel barrier and locked at the bottom in two places. The security gate opens to magnetic cards that are issued by the mall management. It stretches the entire length of the mall except for the area under the pool. There is a set of elevators (one passenger, one shipping) which are also accessed with the magnetic cards. They open on both the ground and upper floors near planned Security/Information stations. Unsecured parking is available in many lots in the surrounding blocks.

At night, all the floor level exits are locked. Access to the site is only available through the parking garage. Of course, in case of fire or power loss all exit doors will automatically unlock.

Diamond Chip Consortium

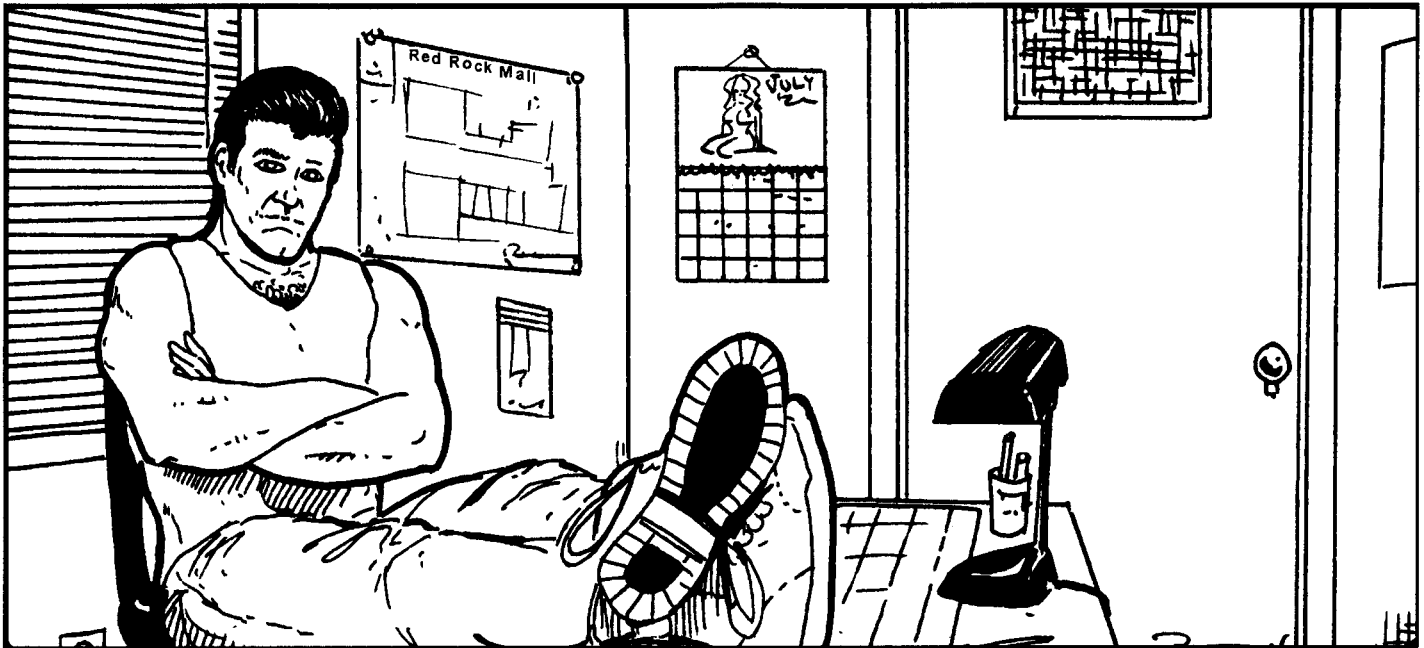
Brainstorming in the jacuzzi of their health club these professionals decided to leverage their respective businesses for a shot at the big-time money. This is their first major speculation, and they are extremely nervous. Phillip Smythe, a corporate lawyer, heads the consortium, but he is used to risking the money of others, not his own.

Members of Diamond Chip Consortium:

Phillip Smythe, Esq., Smythe & Associates
Janet Fitz-Sutton, Fast Food Franchise Holder
Sandy Long, Health Food & Fitness Supplements
Abraham Morrison, Immediate Care Clinic
Clinton Rolls, Donut King

The list of members are recorded in the County Chamber of Commerce and the state records of incorporation. Phillip Smythe is listed as the Chief Executive Officer.

By the time the agents begin investigation, the apparition has been heard twice. Phillip is more than willing to engage the agents' services if they can convince him that they can deliver the goods. These are practical, rational people. They are not equipped to deal with the situation, and they know it.



The Contractor

Albert Torban
 Age: 45
 Race: Caucasian

STR: 16	INT: 8	ACC: 12
CON: 12	WIS: 7	THR: 12
DEX: 10	CRZ: 13	DOD: 13
AGL: 11	LCK: 9	HPT: 48
SNS: 11	MRE: 6	

Albert is a congenial fellow used to putting on a good face for backers. He has been on the job for almost 2 years. He is familiar with all aspects of the construction of the mall. He has been a building contractor for over 20 years and involved with construction all his adult life.

Handsome and powerfully built, he dominates the room and usually the conversation. The agents first see him dressed in a black muscle shirt, denims, and a tooled leather belt and motorcycle jackboots.

He appears to be very busy completing the construction on schedule. He doesn't seem to care about the apparition, but will not impede the Agency investigation as long as they appear to have the backing of Diamond Chip Consortium. If asked about this he will grunt, "I'm paid to build, not hunt spooks".

If the agents claim to be parapsychologists hired by the Consortium, he will hand them a set of pass keys and tell them to get lost. An agent making a **Difficult Psychology** roll will realize that Albert is far too trusting for a man with his responsibilities.

Albert lives in the trailer mounted just outside the mall that also serves as the operations center and office. He has a permanent residence in Phoenix where he lives with his wife.

The Apparition

At 10:35 sounds of forlorn crying begin. It rises and falls and has both a pleading and insistent quality. They are the cries of a woman. These sounds are clearly heard both from the theater lobby and food court below.

This is joined by the hollow sound of footsteps crossing the balcony toward the outer edge where the thick safety glass muffles any sounds from the food court below. The balcony is one half inch carpet over concrete. It is designed to be soundproof. Nothing walking over it could produce this sound.

When the footsteps reach the glass, they and the crying stops. Suddenly there is a choking intake of breath, a terrible scream, followed immediately by a thud on the floor below. A huge gout of blood appears soaking the floor in blood. (The carpet that was there has been removed and destroyed).

Examination of the blood reveals it to be fresh. The simple tests that can be done in the **Colorado RV** determine that the blood is human, B Positive, and that of a healthy, pregnant woman. This is very unusual, since residue may be created by a haunt, but, regardless of appearance, it is a simple substance that disappears after a short time. This stuff is here to stay. This is a repeating phantasm. (For more information see Bureau 13 supplement: **Casebooks: Haunts.**)

If the agents planted bugs or recording devices they find that nothing was recorded. They are not really hearing the sound. It is psychic in nature.

Kirlean traces are found all over the balcony. They are strongest near the glass and on the bloody floor below. The traces indicate psionic and spiritual energies. Neither inside the Athletic Club nor in the theater beyond the lobby show any traces of this disturbance.

Spirits rarely hang around unless they have major unfinished business or the death is especially traumatic. Since there have been no signs of a haunting until now, the time must be significant. The spirit wants something or is trying to pass on some information. The fact that the blood indicates pregnancy should be significant to even the most unobservant agent. They are dealing with the murder of a woman who was probably killed for being with child.

Identifying the Ghost

The Bureau can perform a complete DNA typing of the blood. Unfortunately, they are not yet to the point where they can render a complete image based solely on genetic information. However, they can determine natural hair and eye color, racial and ethnic background, and possible health problems. Armed with this information the agents should have enough to begin looking for her disappearance.

The problem is when did she disappear? If they were listening carefully to the footsteps they might realize that the woman must have been walking up there before the concrete was poured. If they check with Albert Torban they find that the second floor was poured seven months ago. If they question him further Albert admits that the entire floor before was just a framework covered with plywood. Now they know that she was killed between the time the second floor was constructed and the floor was poured. This provides a window of about three months.

The best place to start is with the police and FBI. They can provide a list of missing persons for the period specified. The older the case, the more cooperative the authorities will be, since they have little hope of finding the girls. If the agents are skittish about that, they can check newspaper records. They will find a few disappearances, mostly associated with the University of Arizona, Flagstaff.

After careful examination, the team determines that the best match is Elizabeth Sloan.

Elizabeth "Elly" Sloan

She was a freshman at the University of Arizona. She disappeared exactly seven months and nine days ago. When the police investigated her disappearance, they found that her diary alluded that something terrible had happened to her and that she feared the shame coming upon her family because of it. Also in her room was a used pregnancy test kit. The police concluded that she was pregnant and had run off to some other town. She never surfaced. The agents can interrogate her old roommate, Susan Barrow, for the same info. She has heard nothing from Elly. The only additional info she can give the agents is that Elly's last boyfriend was an older man. They broke up months before her disappearance.

What's Going On

In fact, Elizabeth Sloan broke up with her boyfriend, Albert Torban, only a month before her disappearance. Unfortunately not before she conceived his child. Exactly seven months and nine days ago the mall was just a framework. That night she confronted her lover with her unexpected pregnancy. He wasn't able to accept the situation. He is married.

Albert has spent his whole life building up his business. He is very proud of his accomplishments. He is a **Type A** personality who has learned to succeed. Seeing his middle aged wife on the weekends wasn't enough for Albert. Elly was a small town girl who was easily impressed with his confidence, money, and handsome smile.

When she swore to reveal him as the father, he choked her and shoved her back, forcing her off the balcony. No twist of a girl was going to ruin things for him! Elly fell and smashed through the plywood covering the food court floor and into the concrete congealing in the parking deck below. The workmen had poured it a few hours ago so it would be set by morning. Albert spent the rest of the night smoothing over the concrete.

If the agents check for Kirilean traces in the parking deck they will find an intense reading from the ceiling to a section of concrete paving. This location is directly under the balcony in the food court.

When the apparition occurs Torban will hide in the athletic club to spy on the investigators. He is acquainted with all areas of the mall and should be able to elude pursuit if discovered. If the agents discover the location of Elly's body, Torban will attempt to capture them, transport them outside the city, and execute them. He has a pickup truck and a pump shotgun.

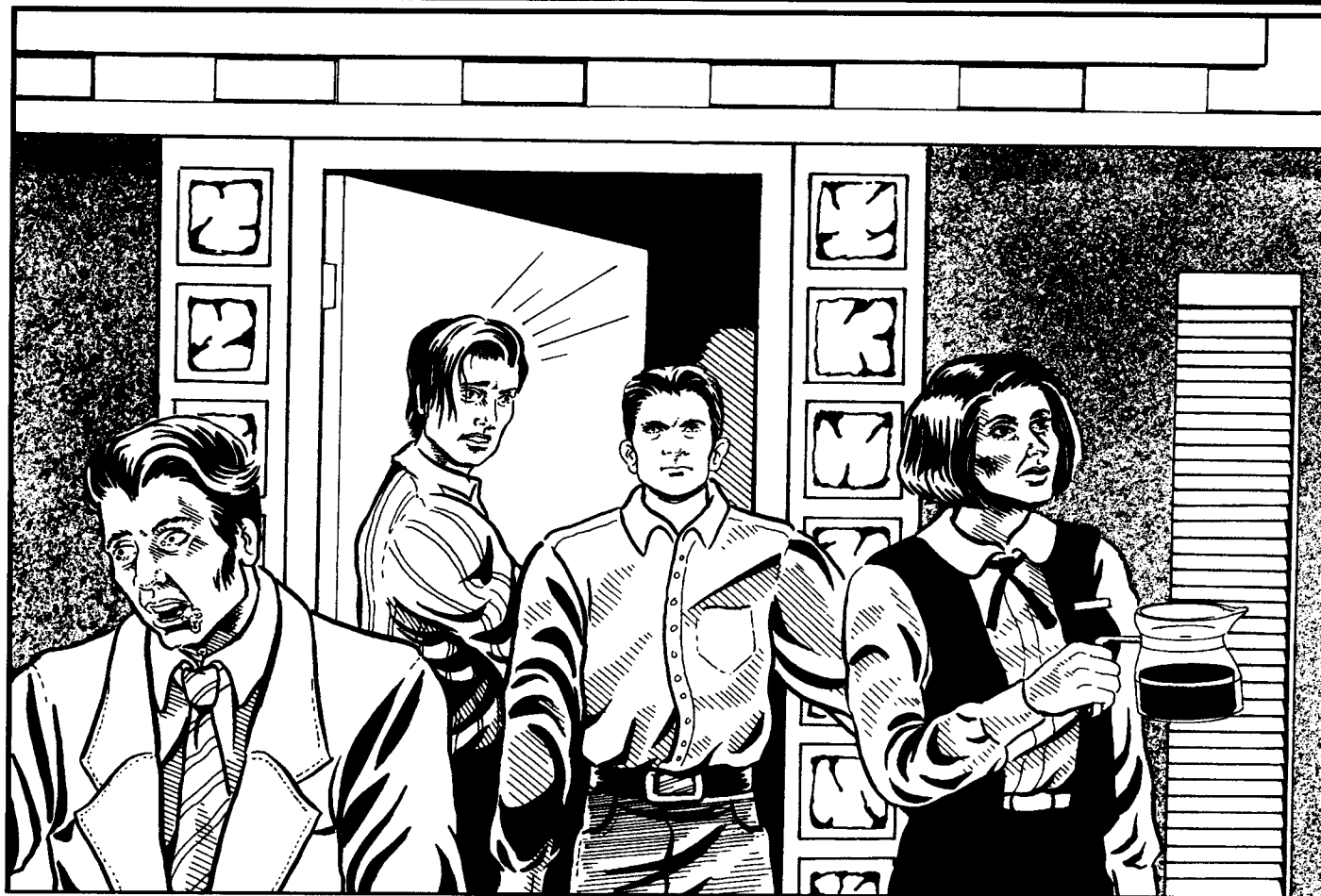
Ghost Baby

Elizabeth has more than vengeance weighing on her soul. Almost nine months has passed since she conceived. During that time her child has been developing on the spiritual plane. Should the agents defeat Albert and dig up the body they will witness a miracle: Her corpse swells and splits apart. In her long dead womb the agents find a living child. It is normal in all respects except for its birth. With this the haunting ceases.

Suggested Experience Points

Convincing Phillip Smythe to hire them	500
Make a picture with the Kirilian Camera (see Stalking the Steel City Module) of the plummeting ghost or at the glass	500
Convincing Albert to surrender	500
Killing Albert	300
Removing all evidence of the supernatural	1000





Stone Killer

Prologue

Gwen Andrews carefully adjusted her name badge.

Hmm, the steam tables of freshly scrambled eggs are clean and shining. The bakery truck just pulled away so the Danish is fresh, glistening with white frosting. Appearances are important.

Here come the regulars. Seven A.M., right on the dot. There's Bob, the night chief over at the Hilton. He'll sniff around a bit, but he'll eat. Oh yes.

Oh dear, must fill this coffee pot for another round. Strange, I don't hear the clatter of anyone's silverware on their plates. Wait. What's wrong with my arm? Bits are breaking off. Oh dear, that won't look good. What? Yes, I should go home. That's what I should do. Hmm, everyone is leaving. I guess they have to go home too. I wish that pressure in my head would stop. I hope I'm not coming down with anything.

BUREAU 13 Incident Report

The Sonata Restaurant in Atlanta, Georgia, has been open every day for the last 35 years without fail. It has served its customers well and never a case of indigestion has been reported. Today Alex Jennings and some other customers arrived about 7:30 AM and saw the regular early patrons leaving enmasse. Even the waitresses left, one with a coffee pot still clutched in her hand. When they entered the restaurant, it was totally deserted.

Since this was entirely unprecedented, Alex went back into the kitchen to tell the management that all the help had left. Well, big surprise, there wasn't anyone back there either. That's when he noticed the powder on the floor. At first, Alex thought that it was just cornflour. Then he realized that he had seen it on the carpet out in the restaurant. Gwen Andrews, the head waitress (reported to have been working there for at least 20 years), would have rushed to get a vacuum at soon as it hit the floor and had a stroke later. Something was drastically wrong!

He called the police. They showed up but weren't much help. They promised to call the owner and sent Alex over to the station house to make a statement. Knowing a good story when he saw one, Alex's next stop was WAIL FM, just in time for the 10 AM newsbreak.

Your job (as if you had a choice) is to find out what the heck is going on. I'm glad I'm not in your shoes.

Follow-up Transmission

-Sorry about the levity in the last transmission. The operator is new. As usual you can expect our full support. Good Luck.

Atlanta, Georgia

Thought by some to be the jewel of the South, Atlanta is the state capitol of Georgia. It is an international airline and overland shipping hub. Rebuilt after its destruction by General Sherman of the Union forces during the Civil War, it is one of the most modern cities. It is the home of the Cable News Network (CNN), highly ranked Georgia Tech, The Center for Disease Control, and a host of software companies. The 1996 Summer Olympic Games are to be held there. It has proved to be a mecca for dissatisfied Northerners. There are more transplanted *Yankees* in Atlanta than *Georgia Peaches*. Therefore, Atlanta is more cosmopolitan than any other southern city.



Alex Jennings

Alex is a 25 year old booking agent for the Atlanta Arts Center on Peachtree Street. Every morning he rushes out of his home in Stone Mountain at 6 AM to avoid the morning traffic gridlock on I-285. He parks in a reasonably priced parking deck within walking distance of the performance hall. Then he saunters down to the Sonata Restaurant for a leisurely breakfast.

He is on first name basis with about a half dozen patrons and nodding relations with twice as many. He knows where some work. He doesn't know any home addresses.

When he discovered the incident he called in to work, informing them that he had to give a statement to the police. Afterward he figured that he had just enough time to squeeze in the stop to the radio station for a quickie "**Mondo Bizarro**" interview and get to work before his boss could penalize him a half day of annual leave for his absence.

If the agents interview him, one other thing has occurred to him. He says that the patrons and waitresses coming out of the restaurant looked a little glazed and blank-faced. "Like they were in a daze, you know? Their faces were a little shiny, like they had a fever or something".

WAIL

This 50,000 Watt station is the number 2 station in Atlanta. Featuring Light Rock and crossover Country-Western it tries to be a countrified counterpart of LA stations with similar formats. The studios are in an office building 6 blocks away from the Sonata Restaurant. On the roof is a repeater transmitter that uplinks to the big tower on the outskirts of Atlanta. About 2.5 million listeners tune in each day for the morning show.

"Wild Willy" Jack, the morning radio host for WAIL, has Alex's work and home number and is willing to part with it for the "inside track" on the investigation. The agents should come up with a good explanation for their interest in Alex. If they threaten Wild Willy, he will toggle the station's mike to "live" and transmit their threats and innuendos to his listening public.

Sonata Restaurant

Established in 1964, this small ethnic restaurant has grown into a choice dining establishment for the culinary elite of the city. It boasts two chefs from the Sorbonne.

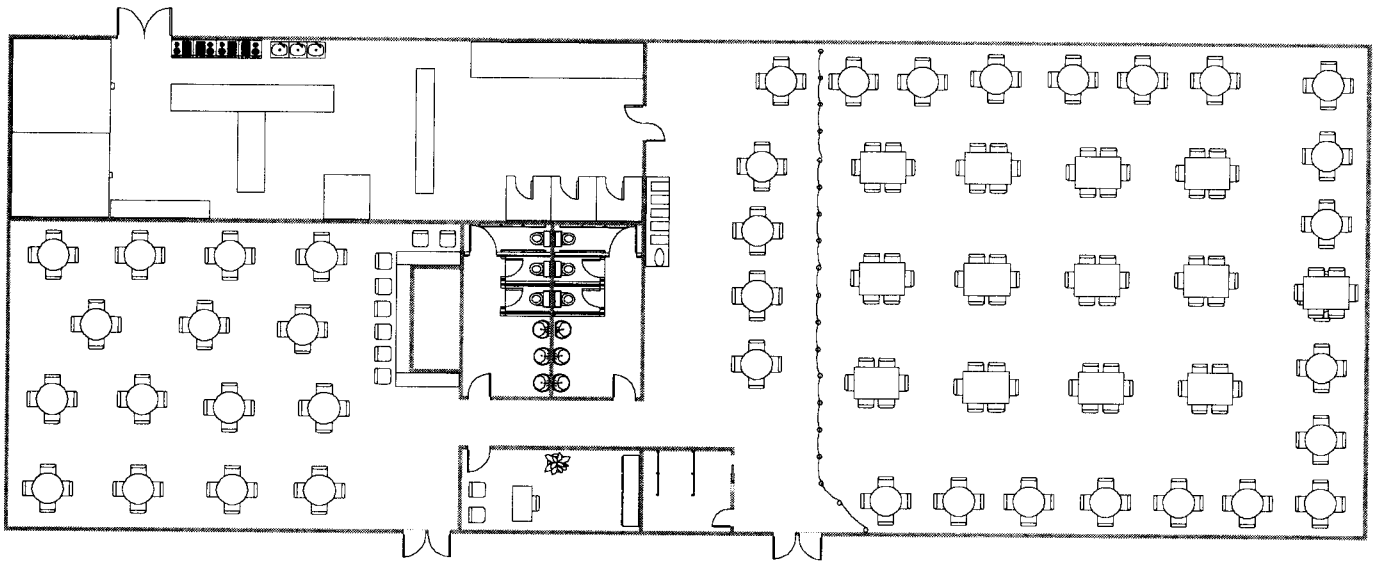
The restaurant is split into two sections. The left section is a lounge that features the standard selections of liquors plus a fine selection of wines from the wine cellar. It is the perfect place for an after performance espresso or nightcap. Drinks ordered in the restaurant are mixed here and delivered by waitresses from the lounge. After 9 PM, when the restaurant closes, all patrons are redirected to the lounge and offered an appetizer menu in addition to drink selections.

The cafe side provides a breakfast buffet in a roped-off area. After 10 AM it opens fully with a complete French and Italian menu. Only male waiters are hired. They must audition for their jobs and their entire income is generated by tips. With the average meal totalling over \$100 dollars, some waiters can afford to ski the Rockies a few months a year.

The hiring practice is extremely sexist: only female servers in the bar and for the breakfast buffet, only male waiters for the lunch and evening trade in the restaurant. Mrs. Angelica Torreta, the owner, thinks this provides a more traditional and classier environment. The kitchen staff and bartenders are hired regardless of gender.

When the agents arrive at the restaurant, Mrs. Angelica Torreta is already there. She is deeply mortified by the incident. Something like this has never happened before. The police were going to close her down until the crime lab could do some tests on the food, but she insisted on eating something of all the dishes to prove that nothing in her menu was amiss.

The first thing that the agents notice is that the whole cafe side is lousy with Kirilian Energy: Major League readings. However, the number of people passing through the area have distorted the reading until only the magnitude can be determined, not the type. Anything that produces this magnitude of reading falls into the



Immediate Threat category.

Mrs. Toretta has a complete list of the phone numbers and home addresses of all her employees. The police tried to reach the employees at home but received only answers from evervigilant answering machines. A quick check at the hospitals turned up nothing as well.

Mrs. Toretta is very cross. Deep in her heart she hopes that they are sick and injured. It's the only acceptable excuse.

A smart team will split up at this point. One group should try to track down the missing employees while the other checks out the unusual dust that was found in the kitchen and on the carpet in the breakfast buffet area. All the powder in the kitchen and carpet has been vacuumed up by this time. The only samples remaining are in the police crime lab.

Note: Even if all the employees of the restaurant and the patrons that Alex knows could be located, a few patrons would be still be unknown and impossible to find.

Police Crime Lab

The incident is not officially a crime. It is listed as a disturbance at this time. The only work that has been done on the case is the report by Alex Jennings, phone calls to the employees' residences and the hospitals, and the lab tests on the powder. The police plan no further action until 24 hours has passed.

Since this was a bit of a mystery, the day shift forensic team put it to the front of the pile. Contrary to television, especially *Quincy*

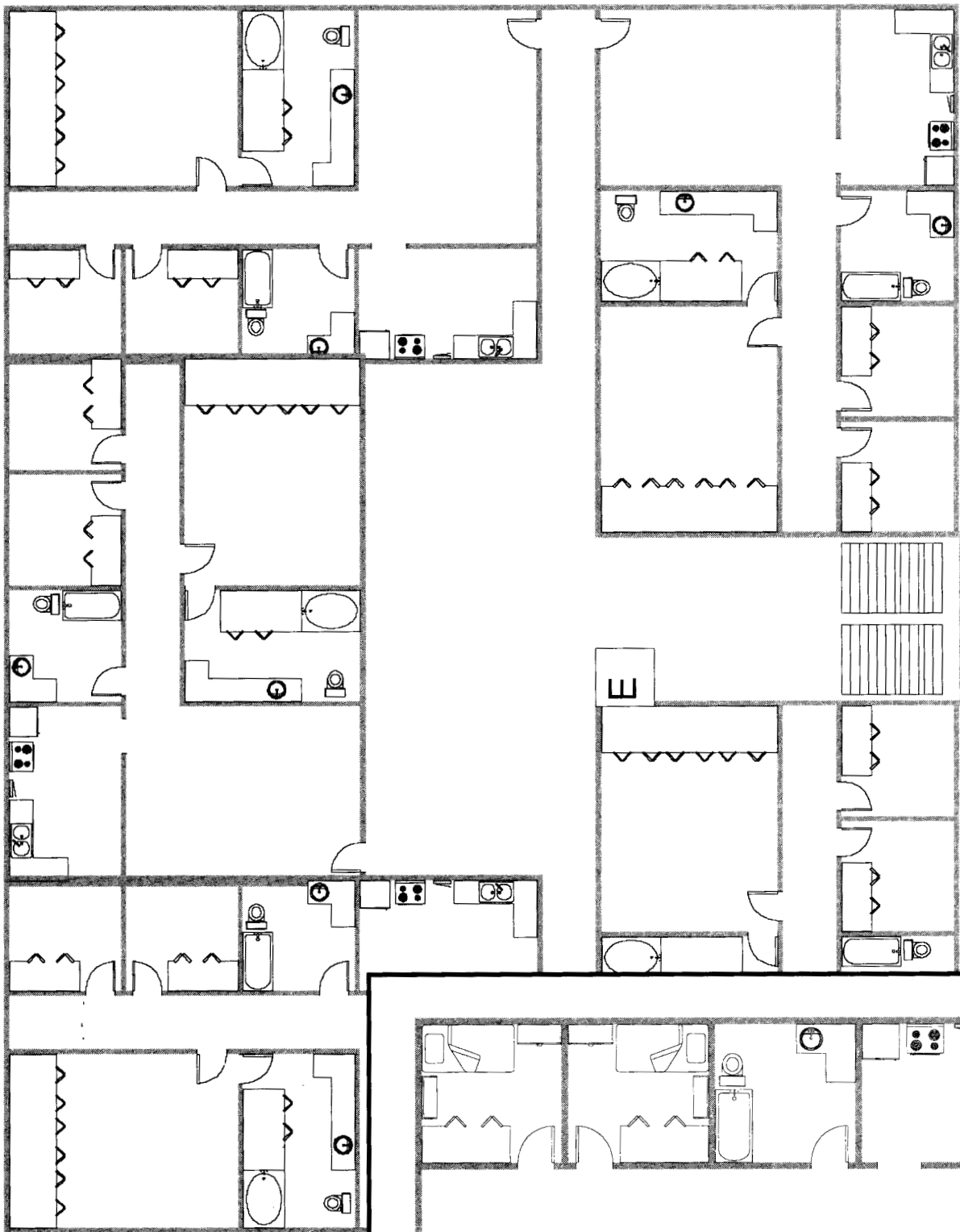
reruns, forensic work is a crushing bore. It requires discipline, absolute precision, and an encyclopedic knowledge of what is and isn't important in the mass of data that these tests generate. The senior forensic expert is completely baffled by the results.

The overwhelming constituent of the pale yellow powder is silica. This is a common component in dust. However, under the microscope the dust looks like crumbled human skin! It is as if skin was perfectly preserved by some kind of silicon preserving agent and then shattered into powder. Individual skin cells can clearly be seen. Since silica is colorless like water the powdered tissue retains its normal yellowish-brown color.

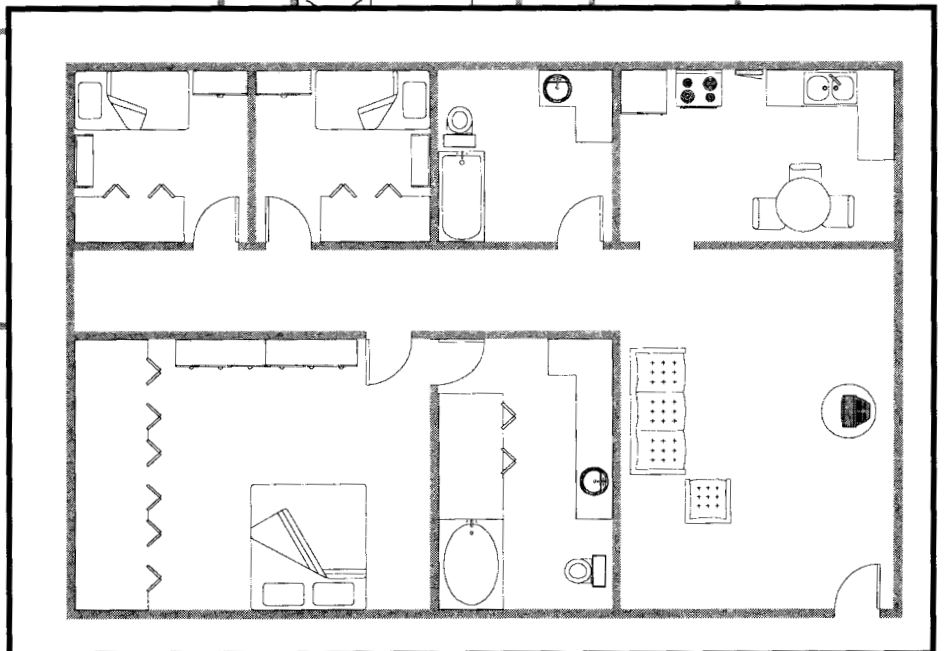
There is a strong Kirilean reading from this powder as well. The readings indicate that **Transformation** magic was at work.

Preserving Samples

The common way tissue samples are preserved is to replace the water in the cells with some material that will prevent the decay of the tissue. Formaldehyde is one such substance, but it is rather destructive on a cellular level, preserving only the larger structures such as organs, blood vessels, muscles, and skin. To examine tissue the water is replaced soaking the sample in alcohol repeatedly and finally in wax (paraffin). Ultra thin layers of tissue can then be cut from the sample and mounted on slides for examination. When the examination is to be made on the cellular level either a sample is wet mounted (a tiny fragment is put in a drop of water and a thin piece of glass is put over it, pressing it flat), or it is quick frozen and sliced cell thin. This is known as a frozen cross section.



Frederick's Apartment



Frederick Lindsey

The team that is checking out home addresses get no better response from a round of phone calls than the police did. The next step is to go to the home addresses.

Fred's residence is on the third floor of a five story apartment building. There are five apartments per floor with a single, narrow, 1200 pound limit elevator servicing the entire building. However, the interior fire escape is large and provides access to the upper floors by resentful furniture movers.

Now matter how hard the agents knock, no one answers the door. A check with a listening device detects the sound of a television. Picking the lock is an **Easy** task roll for anyone with **Breaking and Entering** skill.

Inside, lit only by the TV and whatever light is filtering through the heavy drapes on the livingroom windows, is Fred sitting on the couch. He is still dressed neatly in his chef's uniform and apron. He does not respond to anything that anyone says to him.

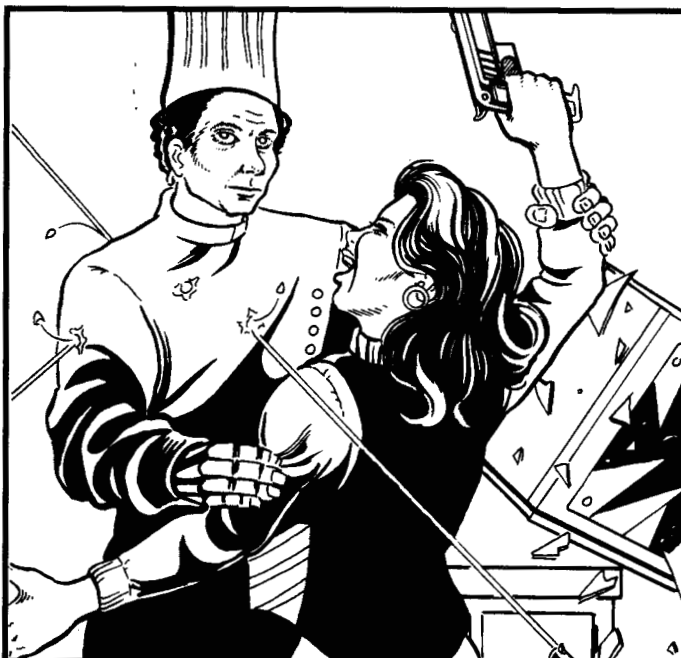
The same Kirilean reading from the powder is also present in the room.

If an agent thinks to shine a pen light at him, he sees that all the joints in his hands are terribly mutilated. There are deep fissures in the skin but no blood shows in the wounds.

Fred's Stats

Race: Caucasian Age: 53
 Height: 6' 1" Weight: 163 lbs
 Hair: Gray Eyes: Blue

STR: 14 DEX: 9 AGL: 10
 ACC: 14 DOD: 12 THR: 12



When someone comes close to him, blocks his view of the television, or shines a light in his face, Fred rises suddenly and tries to push the agent away. Fred is surprisingly strong (treat as 2x normal strength). If he touches bare skin or skin covered by thin fabric, like most shirts or pants, and the agent fails her MRE roll, she is paralyzed and loses d6 CON points per action of contact. Fred continues to hold on until the agent's CON drops below 0. Then Fred releases the agent and moves on to another intruder. She falls to the floor stiff as a board.

Of course the agents shoot Fred. Unknown to them, whatever has happened to Fred has made him hard as a rock. Bullets just ricochet off (make an average group luck roll to avoid being hit). The only saving grace is that his substance is rather brittle. A blow from a heavy, hard object (tire iron, metal baseball bat, heavy rock) shatters the area struck. This means that Fred must be stopped by literally smashing him to bits. Explosives also work, but are even messier in an apartment building. However, there is still lots of connective tissue in his body so he does not fall apart like a statue but is reduced to a stringless marionette (unless blown to bits by explosives). The most horrible part is that Fred is still somehow there, aware and twitching. Fred feels no pain.

A priest can restrain Fred in an area of protection, but must stay inside with Fred. Fred would immediately attack him, probably shoving the priest outside the area of protection, causing the barrier to drop.

If Fred's contact with an agent is broken before the agent's CON drops below 0, the agent remains paralyzed, stone-like, but the agent regains CON at a rate of 1 point per 10 minutes. When her CON returns to normal she transforms to normal appearance and structure, leaving her in **Hard Stun**.

This stoning effect continues even if Fred is put down. Dispelling Magic has absolutely no effect. If a very careful examination is performed, the agents can determine that the tissue around each and every joint is deeply fractured, allowing free movement of the joint. This fracturing of the skin and muscle is what produced the powder found in the Sonata Restaurant. This powder coats the inside of all the clothes that Fred is wearing. If the clothing is removed and an agent accidentally touches it with bare skin, the clothes and powder do not have the stoning effect. It is linked to the solid flesh of the golem.

If an agent was unfortunate enough to have her CON dropped below 0, she remains rock-like. Anyone who touches her finds that she has also gained the stoning quality. The only indication that life remains is through telepathic means. This reveals that the agent's mind is in a trance-like state. No attempts at communication are effective. Only a priestly **Dispel Magic** has any chance of returning her to normal, but it leaves the agent in hard stun. This only works on individuals touched by the employees and patrons of the restaurant (second generation golems). The employees and patrons (first generation golems like Fred) are unaffected by priestly **Dispel Magic**.

The agents should realize with horror that these people are supernatural time bombs waiting to be set off. They should also realize that there is no way that they can locate all of them. If a careful monitoring of the police radio bands is not part of their *modus operandi*, it should be initiated immediately.

A similar scene, perhaps with some family members (even children) stoned, will be found at all the other locations. As stated above, these second-generation victims, though stoned, are not animate and do not have the deep fractures at the joints. They do have the stoning effect on anyone who touches them with unprotected skin (but only after they have been fully stoned).

In fact, the only difference between the first generation and second generation is that the latter have not been animated. Whatever is causing the animation is what keeps the priestly Dispel Magic from working.

If the agents start searching for the employees very late in the day, they should have heard reports of a few statues being found in various locations of the city and rumors of some kind of paralyzing plague (these were created by contact with the first generation golems as they made their way home). The police begin treating this like some type of physical contact disease. They issue orders that the bodies are not to be touched without protective clothing being worn. Unfortunately, they have not had any direct experience with the animated ones. The stoned victims are transported to the county hospital and put in an isolation wing.

McAdams Marauders

If the agents realize the scope of the problem, they should call in a **Top Visibility Incident**. They might try to contact General McAdams. If they don't, Bureau 13 will. Assuming that the agents have done their homework, McAdams mobilizes his forces and arrives in a wave of military helicopters.

General McAdams immediately transfers the stoned victims at the hospital to a barracks at Dobbins Air Force Base.

He sends strike forces to each of the employees addresses. The soldiers will be wearing protective gear if the agents have

deduced this defense.

The agents are welcome to accompany the assault teams, but they might prefer to remain in the communication center. They still have to discover what is causing this. General McAdams will not regard the agents as being in his chain of command (for more detailed information on General McAdams and his Marauders see **BUREAU 13 supplement: Lost Files II**).

Terror in the Streets

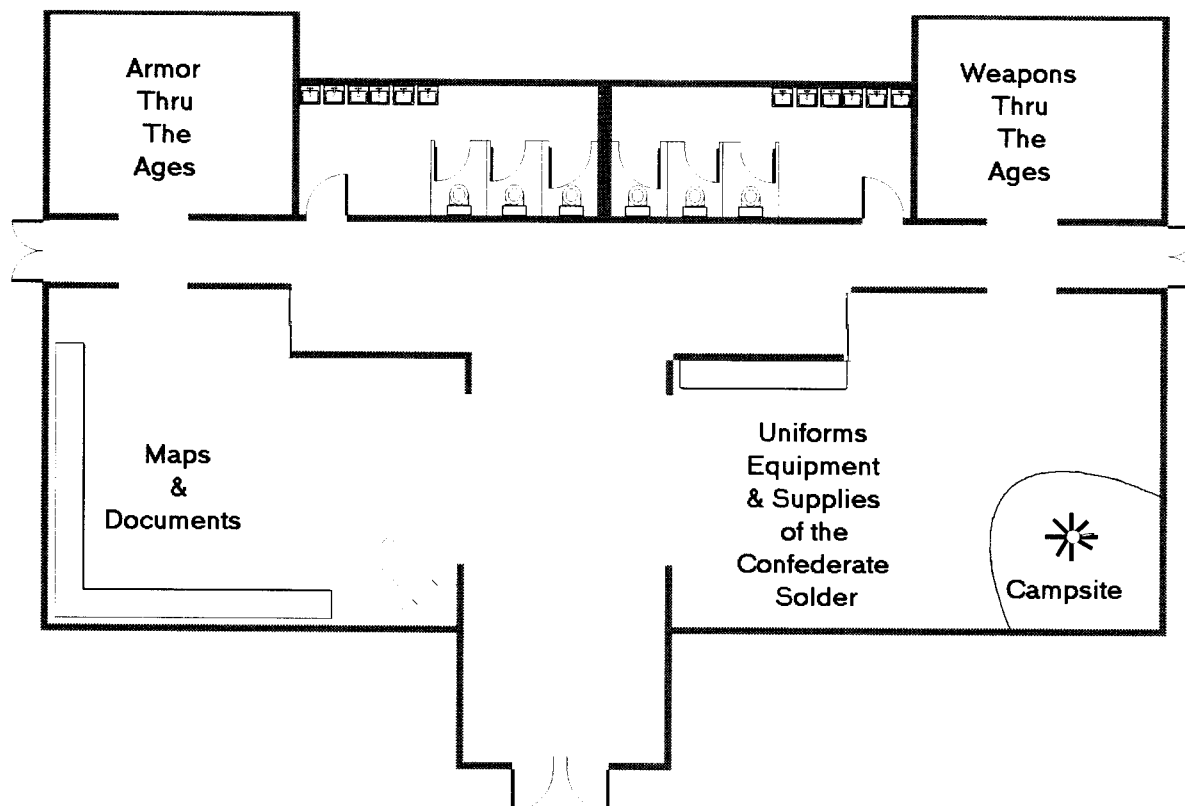
At 8 P.M., just after dark, all the secondary victims who have not been returned to normal animate suddenly and join their stony brethren and sisters in the ranks of the walking...something. The only protection for any agents still stoned is inside a Priest's protective area (this blocks the activation command). Unlike before, all the golems move to the nearest populated area and begin grabbing and transforming people. These victims, when fully transformed, animate as well, causing the chaos to increase geometrically. Pandemonium rules. The police are overwhelmed.

The agents should be prepared with environmental suits or makeshift padded armor, rubber gloves and visored motorcycle helmets. They should have called for backup. Since the attacks break out in numerous locations, the agents have to split up or concentrate on one group of golems at a time. Well-prepared, the teams can dispatch the golems with reasonable effort. It is the scope of the problem that is daunting.

An experienced agent should realize that these golems don't seem to be doing much more than causing a big disturbance: a smokescreen. A careful monitoring of the police bands reveals that there is a break-in at the Stone Wall Museum. A quick check on the business map database locates it in an area free of golems. Somebody must want something pretty bad to do all this to cover it up.

They are in for one final shock. 45 minutes after the break-in all the golems stop and instantly transform back to flesh. Tragically, the deep fissures in and around all the joints have ruptured the major arteries in all the limbs and necks. They might as well have been dismembered. Blood sprays in a torrent for a second or two, then pools slowly in death.





Stone Wall Museum

Named for Stone Wall Jackson, the famous southern general, this tourist attraction rivals the Gettysburg collection of Civil War memorabilia. In addition, it features a wide selection of swords, firearms, and armor that spans the history of warfare. The locals know there isn't anything worth stealing. Occasionally an archeologist donates an item of minor historical note. Only an experienced collector would appreciate their true value. Only a truly exceptional fence could market items stolen from the museum.

On any day there are a few Civil War recreationists standing around taking notes or pictures of some item they want to add to their costume for the next troop meeting or chewing the fat with the caretaker, an enthusiast himself. Still the insurance liability is considerable and many objects are irreplaceable, so the museum is protected with the standard array of locks, window and door alarms, security cameras, and the old dude who runs the place. An intruder must make a **Real Tough Breaking and Entering** skill roll to bypass everything.

Apparently someone didn't want to do all that and took the direct approach. The front door has been blasted off its hinges. Ditto for the security grates inside. A number of the display cases have been broken into. What looks to be a grenade has exploded in the ancient armor exhibit. Robbery or vandalism? Hard to tell. Much more of interest is the stunned caretaker sprawled near the entrance.

Considering what is going on in the city this night, the police will not arrive for hours.

A check on his wallet identifies him as Wayne Thomas, age 68. Apparently he lives in an apartment right around the corner. When the alarms went off, he must have run over to meet his fate. In his apartment the agents can tell that he has been living off an army pension and Social Security. The museum provides a tiny stipend. He would be primarily interested in the medical benefits.

The security cameras yield little. Each clouded over shortly after the break-in though they are fine now. Each recorded a glimpse of an individual in a black bodysuit. Size comparisons to nearby objects indicate that the intruder was about five and a half foot tall. Within an action of recording this individual, the camera optics malfunctioned. The view seemed to gray out.

The intruder was seen peeling away in a two year old black Camero with no license plate by Flybait (a crazy, homeless, old man who has his own waste caked in his clothes and hair). He is the only witness who can be bribed into acknowledging the crime.

Total time for the robbery: 2 minutes.

The explosives used are standard explosives. Anyone with good connections could get some on the black market.

The agents have no hope of catching the intruder now.

The Bureau immediately begins to build a profile on this individual. Using state of the art digitizing equipment, body movement analysis, cross-references of demolition technique, and the psychological profile of the brazenness of the attack they come up with a fairly good match: **The Black Adder**.

The Black Adder

Known as the premier assassin and undercover operative in the world, he has never been known to fail to complete a contract. His identity is a complete enigma. All attempts at penetrating his cloak of anonymity has ended in failure and/or death for the investigators. His signature attack form is poison.

His other signature attribute is his price: a minimum of 10 million dollars. There are few willing to pay this price.

Some of the events attributed to him are:

- Theft and delivery of nuclear devices to a certain Mid-East consortium.
- Assassination of drug lords in various countries (each a different contract).
- Theft of an experimental Soviet long-submergence submarine

Tracking the Missing Items

A complete inventory is required before the missing items can be identified:

- A powder pouch used by one of the soldiers at the Battle of Kennesaw.
- A primitive pair of hand-cuffs used on Union prisoners of war. The key was left behind.
- A Sumerian sword in the general arms section.

Nothing stolen is of any recognizable value. They were made with no precious metals. As far as anyone knows these items were not the personal property of anyone famous.

The robbery might be considered unrelated except that the strong Kirilean traces in the museum are identical to those found on the powder. They are strongest near the security cameras. The caretaker has an abnormal Kirilean aura, but that is likely an after-effect of a supernatural attack. When he recovers he is glad to help the agents discover the missing items and give their histories.

Unless the team has some high powered post-cognitive psionicist available to them, the items stolen from the museum are the only clues they have to why this happened.

Powder Pouch

The pouch belonged to a Corporal Phillip Glanville, who fell in the initial wave of combat. The powder has long been removed though the inside is still stained by grains of powder. Examples of the type of powder and the rifle balls normally issued to the Confederate soldiers are displayed in the same case. These were not disturbed. He has no family in this area. Any checks into his descendants bear no fruit.

Hand-Cuffs

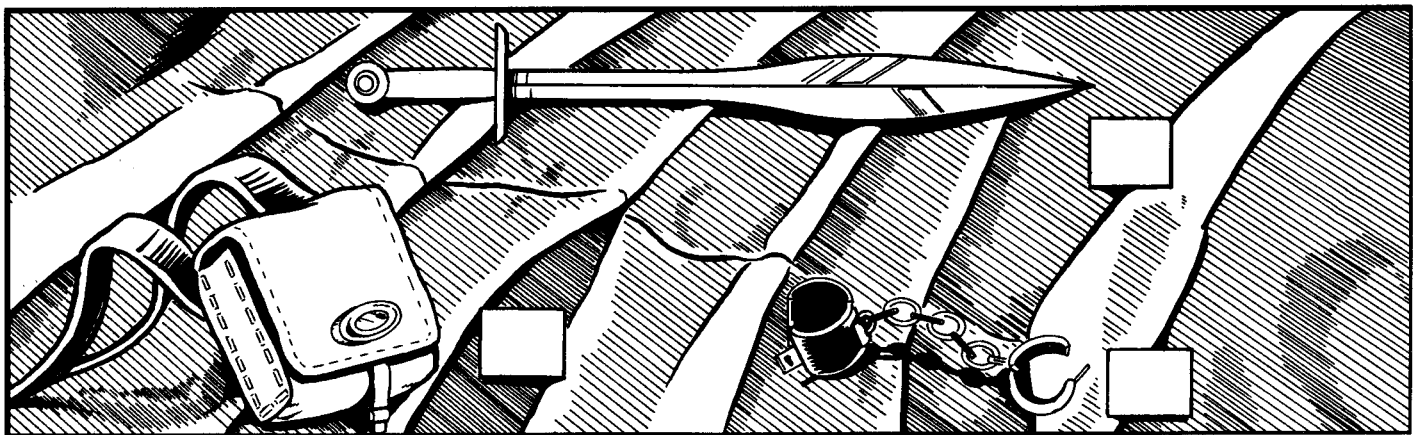
These heavy iron manacles saw heavy use as prisoners of war were transported away from the advancing Union army. They are undistinguished in all other respects though the caretaker likes to tell the story that they are haunted by a Union soldier who tried to escape and died of exposure on a bare field in the winter. This is entirely unfounded.

Sumerian Sword

The manifest on the sword in the museum inventory records indicates that a Professor Karl Meadows of Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, donated the Sumerian sword in 1985

Dr. Meadows discovered it in the ruins of a desert-covered village in Iraq that he was excavating. He was looking for evidence of trade routes between Turkey and Egypt by a certain conclave of merchants. The village was dated to the right time and offered great promise toward validating his theories. He was very surprised to find this sword which he carbon dated to be centuries earlier than the village. Dr. Meadows decided that it must have been lost there by a traveller and was just an artifact (an object out of place). If it had dated to the time he was interested in it would have supported his theories and would have been important. Shortly thereafter he and his team was expelled from the country before the Iran-Iraq War.

It is 47 cm long, slightly curving, tapering to a point. Its bronze composition and construction are consistent with a common Sumerian military blade. However, there was some script on the blade. Loosely translated it meant "When all else fails", "Last Resort", or something like that.



The hilt is wood and leather. It doesn't match the style or period of the blade. The original must have been replaced which says a lot about the longevity of the blade. It must have been heavily used.

Since the sword didn't fit with the rest of the objects unearthed at the excavation, he donated it to the weapon exhibit in the Stone Wall Museum.

All this was a long time ago. Dr. Meadows has to check his journals to state even these facts.

When asked if anyone showed any interest recently in this sword, he sits and thinks for a few minutes and says that the only person that he can remember was a lovely Greek aristocrat that he met at an embassy party a few years ago when he took a sabbatical in Greece.

"But she wouldn't have any real use for it. After all, she's blind, poor child."

It is obvious that the only reason that Dr. Meadows remembers her is that she was very beautiful and kind to him that night.

A further check in his personal diaries locates the date of the party. The Bureau has a few contacts overseas and discovers that the only blind, female, Greek national at that party was a Contessa Cassandra Athena del Rey.

The Countess

Her title came from her grandmother's marriage to an elderly Austrian noble. When he died she liquidated his holdings, bought an island off the coast of Greece. This has become the "ancestral home" for the Del Rey women.

Information on the family is sketchy at best. Most aristocracy eschew publicity because it increases their chances of being abducted for ransom. Children are reared in private schools in Switzerland or France. Most social interactions occur on yachts, at summer estates, and church, all under the watchful eyes of bodyguards. The adults are the working rich, forever slaving in the marketplace to afford the taxes on those huge estates, knowing that to lose their prestige and place in the social register is a fate worse than death. Occasionally they break loose for the opera, fox race, or embassy dinner. The ones who have inherited incredible wealth that survived two world wars are few indeed.

The Del Rey family has been winnowed down to the Cassandra alone. Like most rich families in the modern industrial age there are fewer children. Some think it is an attempt to concentrate the wealth that remains. Her father died 10 years ago. Her mother died of a stroke shortly thereafter.

Now she lives with a few servants and bodyguards on the island. A few times a year she holds a few parties where she performs. She is an accomplished harpist.

The few photos extant reveal her to be slightly over five foot tall, a slender beauty with long black hair and ivory skin. She is quite a catch. Unfortunately her blindness is hereditary. Few young European nobles want to risk producing handicapped offspring. This prejudice reduces most of her choices to gold-digging trash and elderly men who are looking for a trophy wife or trying to recapture their youth.

All her finances have been handled since birth by her family attorneys. They are an old, well-heeled, and prestigious firm. There is no possibility that they would voluntarily discuss their client. If the agents manage to coerce the information out of one of the staff or cracks into their system (-20 % base chance. Treat as bank system) he finds that except for the island, Cassandra owns no property. All her money is in large multi-national funds with a maximum of stability. Strangely, she also has a Swiss bank account that posts huge sums of money (8 figures) on a very irregular basis.

A History Lesson.

Unknown to the whole world, Cassandra is the legendary Medusa. Legend has it that Perseus killed her and used her head to kill the king who sent him on the suicide mission (see Bureau File: Perseus and Medusa). Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Medusa was one of four sisters. Her sisters were great witches who had achieved immortality for all of them through the might of their magic. Medusa and Poseidon inadvertently defiled a temple of Athene. When Athene appeared to wreak her vengeance Medusa's sisters tried to protect her. Athene turned the sisters into the one-eyed bird women of legend. When she cursed Medusa, Poseidon lessened the effects. Instead of turning into the scaly horror that Athene intended she remained beautiful, but anyone who looked at her would see her as a monster and be turned to stone or poisoned by her skin that dripped with venom. Athene banished Medusa to a lonely island. Since Poseidon ruled over the seas, none could approach by boat to harm her. Her only company was the occasional visit by Poseidon. There she bore him a son named Chrysaor. While she was pregnant, to protect her and his son from any further harm from Athene, Poseidon granted her immunity from all physical harm. Poseidon sent Pegasus, the winged horse, to rescue Chrysaor when he was grown.

The gods rarely engaged in direct conflict. They were all related. Even though Poseidon was as guilty of the defilement of the temple as Medusa, he was not attacked since he was Athene's uncle. Instead, the gods punished each other by inflicting harm on anyone held dear by their enemy. However, the gods were capricious like children and would forget about their vows of revenge until something reminded them.

When Perseus promised Polydectes Medusa's head, Athene plotted the death of Medusa again. Knowing that Poseidon would never give a power that he could not overcome she had him plied with wine and loving talk until he fell into a drunken

stupor. While he slept she took a sword and cut him. Carefully she coated the blade with his blood, inscribing it, allowing the words to soak deeply into the heart of the blade. The words promise to allow the wielder to overcome any foe if he does not fear (the actual translation of writing on the sword is "If you persevere until the end"). In fact, it was the only weapon in the whole world that could kill Medusa. Then, under the guise of a gift from his father, Zeus, she had Hermes deliver it to Perseus. Soon after she appeared to Perseus and gave him her shield as well so he could kill Medusa without being turned to stone. Further hedging her bet she sent Hermes to help Perseus collect an unbeatable group of devices. Even a total coward would feel invincible empowered by these. Perseus was no coward.

In the meantime, knowing that they were doomed, Medusa's sisters (The Graiae) had gone into seclusion. The three older sisters had to stay together or all but one would be blind or toothless. After Perseus stole the eye he told them of his quest to kill the Medusa. Attempting to protect their sister they told him that there were three Gorgons, not one, hoping the increased odds would ward him off. They didn't realize how undefeatable Hermes and Athene were making him.

Finally Perseus descended onto the dark and barren island which was Medusa's prison. Unfortunately for Athene, since Perseus was Zeus' son and he had cast fear from his heart, Perseus only saw a very beautiful and forlorn woman. Medusa awoke and saw a man who could love her. Perseus was noble and realized that they were but pawns of the gods. Medusa climbed into the magic pouch which concealed her and protected Perseus from both the stoning and the poison. Then Perseus flew her to freedom. When Hermes asked about his success, Perseus replied that yes indeed Medusa's head was in the pouch.

Perseus and Medusa become fast friends for Hermes didn't stay with him always. She realized that as much as she loved him, her curse would forever keep them apart. She didn't object when he decided to find a bride. When the stories about Perseus spoke of his pulling out the head of Medusa, she was merely sticking her head out of the pouch.

Eventually Hermes returned to collect the items that had been lent to Perseus. He had become aware of Athene's plot and was ashamed for his part since he was known as the "Bringer of Good". He agreed to keep Medusa's survival a secret, but the two friends had to part.

As the centuries passed the Greek Gods became more distant. In time they became fables. As humanity became more ascendant, she gained more control over her powers.

The curse of repulsive appearance faded away since it was hateful to her.

Her power of turning people to stone "stoning" became more refined. She learned that it and the poison production were a manifestation of her will. She learned to evoke or withhold these qualities. A victim no longer had to see her to be stoned. If they

turned their gaze away she could stone them simply by fixing her gaze on them and willing the power forth. Conversely she could suppress the power so that she appeared to be merely a beautiful young woman with strange eyes.

What she actually does is transmute the water composing an object instantly into stone (silica), either the water in something that can see her or the water in anything that she focused her gaze on. Thus she could turn a lake into stone but only if she could see it entirely in her field of vision. Dire consequences could occur if she left the Earth and wished to stone her home planet. On a smaller scale, she can also draw the water out of the air and use it to coat objects or create masses of stone out of thin air. She used this method to coat the cameras at the museum, blinding them. When she left, she transformed the stone back leaving no traces. This power resulted because of Poseidon's (lord of the water) attempt to protect her from Athene's curse. Neither of the gods realized what potential they were giving her.

Sufficiently focused, she can tap into the life force of her stoned victims and use that to animate the statues, turning them into golems. The Golem of Russian folklore was not one of hers, but a response by jealous magicians who wanted to counterfeit her displayed abilities. Even more, she can see through the golems eyes and hear through their ears, making her a consummate spy. She can also transmit her stoning ability through her golems, though the second-stage golems require her deliberate will to animate.

Finally, she learned to transform her stoned victims back to flesh. If she did not animate them, they would remain unharmed in a state of transformation until turned back. Of course, animating them could be a death sentence since any movement could cause enough damage to kill them if they reverted to flesh. However, if she did not mentally command them to move she could still see and hear through their eyes and ears. The damage from minor movements such as grasping might be survivable, though microsurgery would be required to save the limb or digit.

Still, she had to remain in the shadows. Her eyes and nature marked her as an alien. European history is filled with one witch hunt after another. She wished no part of that. Being immune from physical harm and immortal wouldn't keep her from being buried alive or weighted down with stones and tossed into the ocean. She hated when that happened. Unable to die she would suffer in pain until something occurred which enabled her to win free.

No one was happier for the modern, scientific age than Medusa. As the supernatural became less expected and more unbelievable she found herself finally free. But what was she fit for? Formed in an earlier, savage age and forced to hide as an outcast, she had none of the modern niceties and social graces. Immortal, unkillable, ruthless as required, she finally chose to become the world's premier assassin and spy: The Black Adder.

In the modern underworld and the shadow realm of spies and secrets, she is known. She takes only the most difficult and, of course, most lucrative contracts. These huge payoffs are deposited in the Swiss bank account that has the suspicious entries. They cannot be tracked back to their sources. She has access to anything that can be found on the black market. Due to the price that she can command, any piece of equipment is just a matter of price.

Since only governments and the very rich could afford her services it was a simple matter to create the aristocratic identity whose life of privilege would protect her. She married the aging Prussian count who was a client. With her as his wife he had her youthful beauty and unmatched protection. When he died in a few years, she left Prussia and moved back to Greece, her homeland. Over the years she liquidated his fortune. Now she poses as the third generation of blind women to hold the title. The customary black sunglasses hide the outre' nature of her eyes.

Her slender muscular shape, body armor, and heel lifts allow her to pose as a man in her persona of **The Black Adder**. Poison is a signature attack for this assassin that the agents might look for if they can get past the fact that a world class assassin would not rob a museum for a worthless sword.

Cassandra Athena del Rey

Race: Caucasian Apparent Age: early 20's
 Height: 5' 3" Weight: 107 lbs
 Hair: Black Eyes: Strange

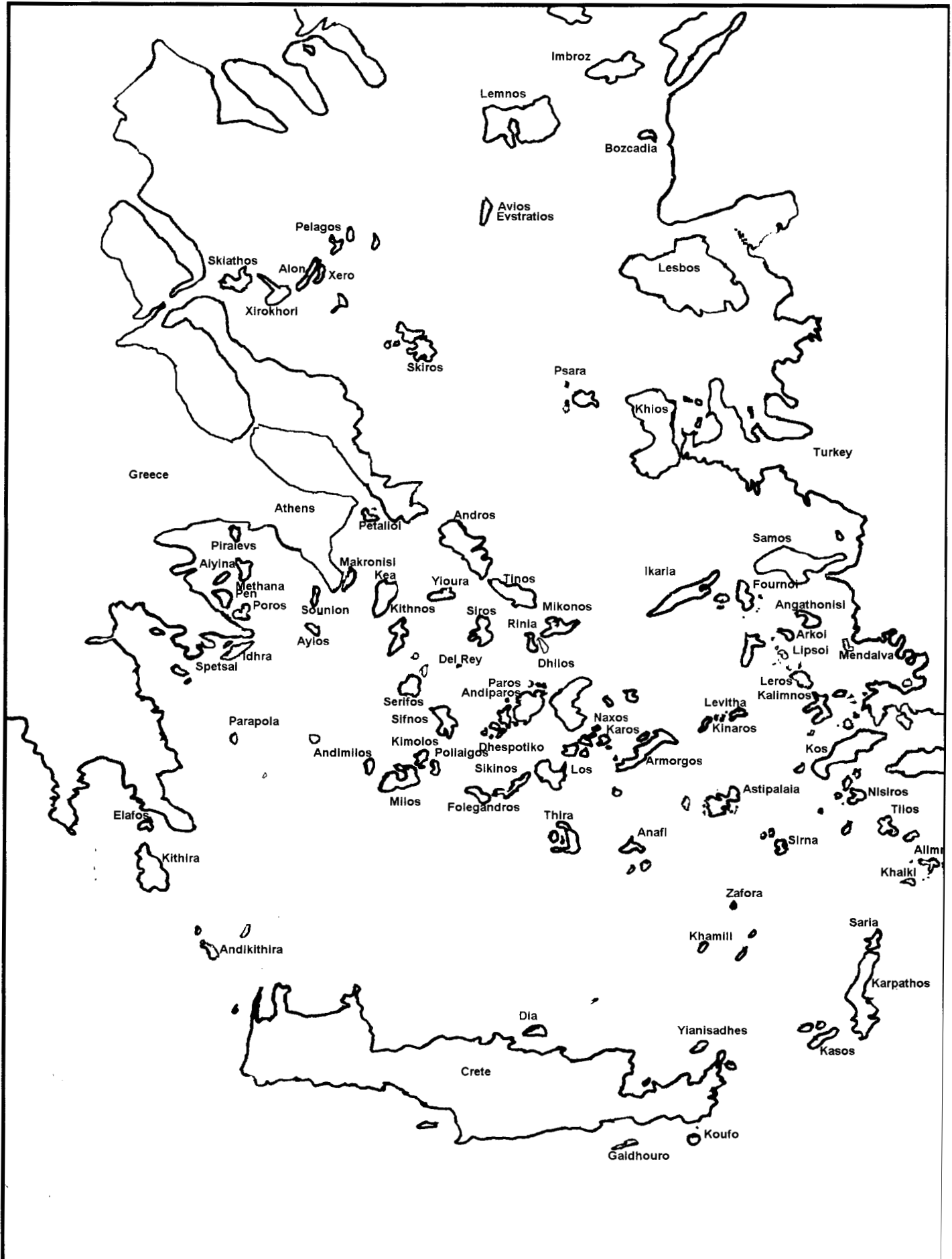
STR: 13	INT: 10	THR: 11	HPT100
CON: 09	WIS: 08	DOD: 14	75% 75
DEX: 12	LCK: 10	ACC: 10	50% 50
AGL: 16	CRZ: 09	STB: 80	25% 25
SNS: 06	MRE: 40%	PIE: 0	

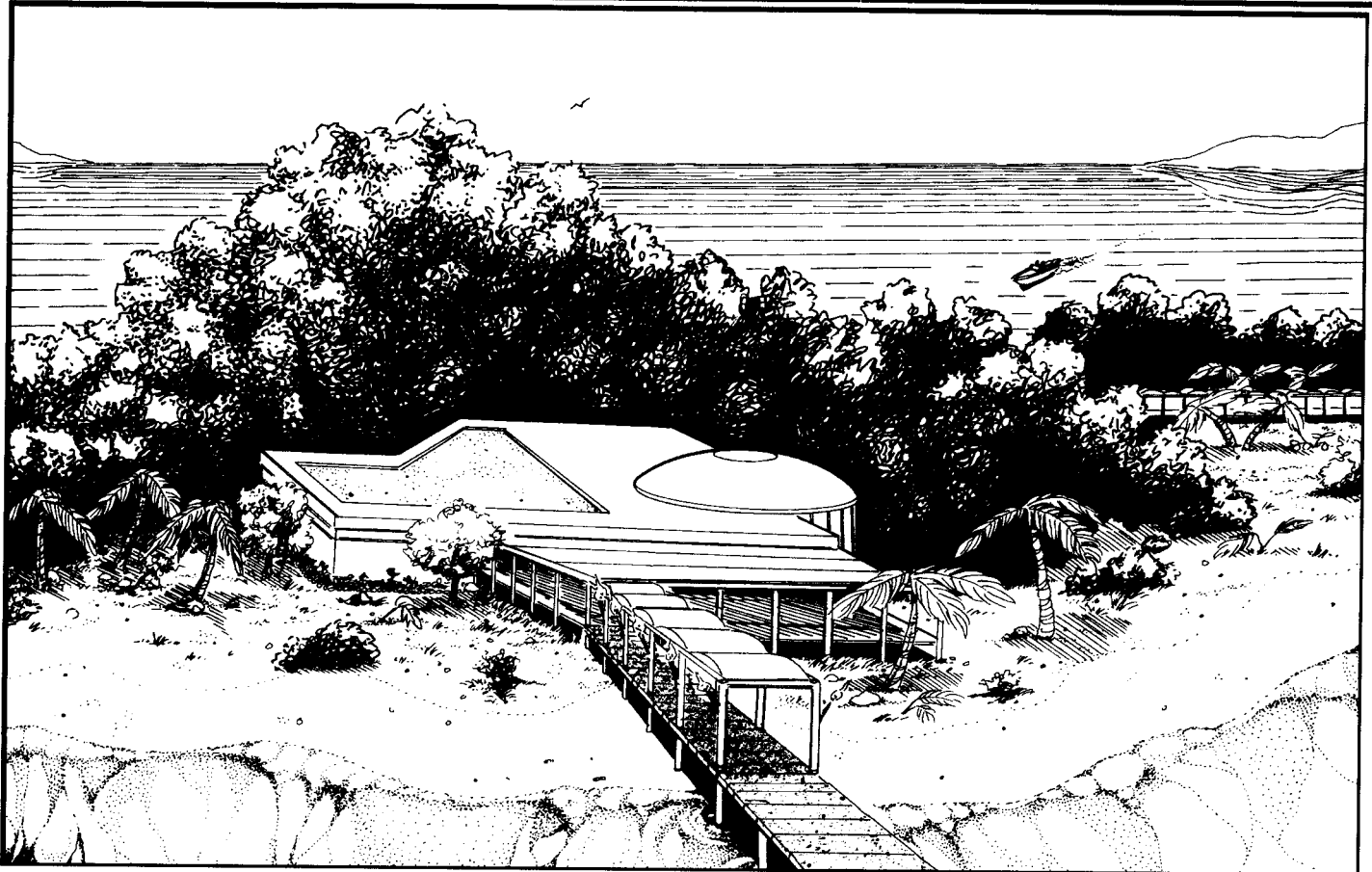
Assassination	20	Demolitions	20
Physical Surveillance	20	Art, History	20
History	13	Greek	20
English	20	French	20
German	20	Russian	20
Martial Arts, Sword & Shield	20	Concealment	20
Music Performance (Harp)	16	Fashion	09
Communication Technology	7	Mountaineering	16
Weapon Skill, Pistol	20	Swimming	7
Weapon Skill, Assault Rifle	20	Poison Use	20
Electronic Countermeasure	11	Electronics	3
Will Enhancement	20	Parachuting	15
Boating, Sail	10		

For someone who has lived thousands of years Cassandra doesn't have many exceptional skill levels. Until she became an assassin, there was little reason to be good at anything other than hiding and languages. Most tasks require only a moderate amount of skill for success. She always gets bonuses for long experience at any task.

Cassandra uses stealth and normal weaponry whenever possible. She keeps her powers as her ace in the hole. Guards who are stoned and then transformed back don't notice that anything has happened. A thin layer of stone fouls surveillance devices. It also disables machinery, seals doorways, and acts as an impromptu concealing wall. Most of the time, she can get by with playing dead after taking a direct hit and then taking out the opposition when they come to collect the body. In at least one instance, she loaded herself up with explosives, walked into the lair of her target and detonated, knowing that she would survive. She knows that she cannot allow herself to be captured and her inhuman qualities known. She always has at least one explosive device attached to her at any time. For this reason she rarely flies on commercial airplanes.







The Island

Most of the island is covered by the large structure that is the main house. There are two smaller structures on each end. One is the boat house for the 60 foot yacht. The other is a storage building, servant's quarters and (supposedly) power generator. In fact, both are state-of-the-art missile assault stations in addition to their more mundane functions.

The island is heavily forested except on the northern side where it has been terraformed into a luxurious beach and boat dock. A canopied walkway links the dock and the main house. This and the trees provide excellent cover from aerial surveillance. They also provide well concealed locations for Cassandra's surveillance devices. There is no place on the grounds, boat house, and first floor of the main house that cannot be seen or overheard from the security center except for her private quarters.

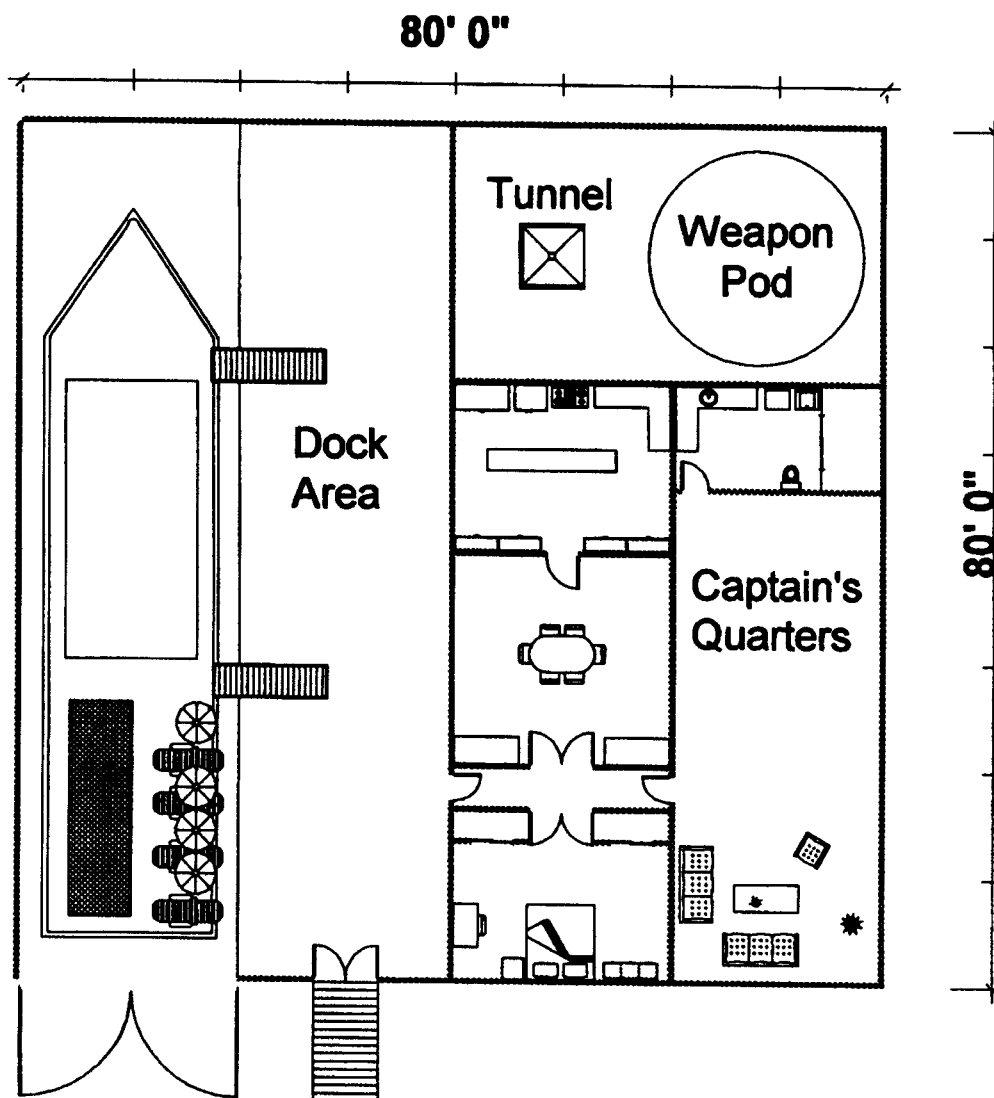
The canopied walkways are lit by tiki-torches. The heated air is caught by the canopies which masks the movement of any individuals underneath from aerial infrared surveillance.

Cassandra's best security is the double life that she leads. Her behavior as a blind woman is completely believable. She has all the mannerisms. She also has a state-of-the-art array of handicap assist devices such as sonar canes and pendants to locate other people and object in the room, hand scanners that recite any writing that passes under them, and a "smart" computer system that runs the house.

Sea Hunt

Should the agents attempt to penetrate the island underwater they notice that the water is fairly murky. Visibility is about 20 feet. The floor is littered with statues of pikemen which, of course, are golems. The pikes are at least 10 feet long. Should they animate, they can easily attack a swimmer on the surface. The pikes are barbed so any victims are quickly dragged down and drowned or stoned. All told there are hundreds of these statues. Invited swimmers find them to be wonderfully picturesque and scenic. The statues are placed no closer than 75 feet to the beach.





Boat House

This cavernous building is composed of I-beams and galvanized steel. It is built to withstand hurricane force winds. The outside walls are covered with a plastic textured to look like stone. The captain of the yacht has a very nice apartment here. In case of attack he is expected to flee with the yacht to the mainland. There are a few statues on board in case of mutiny.

The captain wouldn't want to hang around since most of the building blows out to reveal the missile pod/chain gun. These break-away sections use explosive bolts and shaped charges to tear through the plastic veneer covering them. Entrance to the pod for maintenance is by a tunnel from the security level of the main house. The captain is unaware of the pod's existence though he knows that something must be up in there.

30mm Chain Gun		PB	VS	SH	ME	LO	EX
ROF 4+	AMO Tracer (G)	-6	0	+5	+5	+5	+5
CAP 1200	CYC 26			Effective			
EX							
HSM +8	KDM +10		18			13	

An integral sight built into the operator's helmet and visor gives a +5 to all accuracy rolls. Ammo damage is d8+1 + d6 burn.

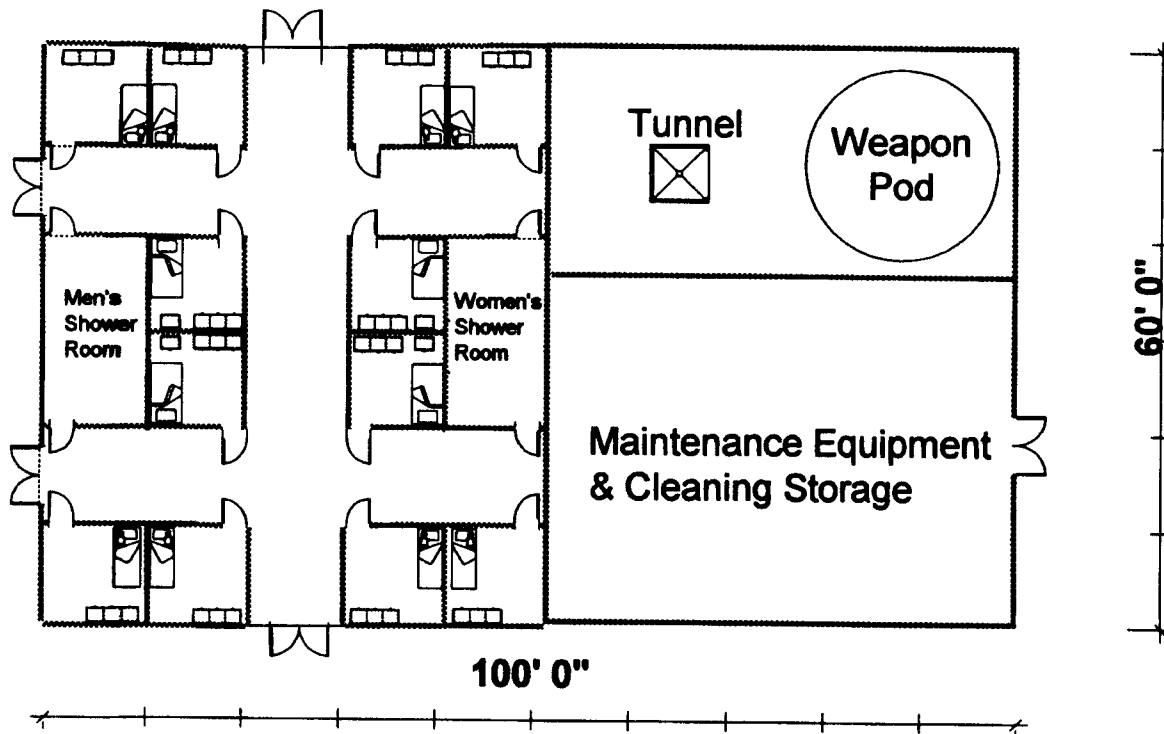
This weapon was designed to be used against vehicles, but the computer aided targeting system allows enemy personnel to be surgically removed even when engaging friendly forces.

3.75 Inch Missile Pod

CAP 16	AMO	Heat Seeking HEAP rockets
MIS 2%	Range	1400 ft.
Damage: 9500 blast	10d10 burn	10(d10-1) frag

The blast is shaped so that damage in any direction besides forward is half the stated value. The basic tactic is to use the missiles against large armored targets like aircraft and ships.

The pod is mounted on a universal gimbal to allow maximum target acquisition. All the weaponry in the pod is operated remotely from the security center, both to protect the operator and because it is expected to be a primary target once hostilities commence.



Servant's quarters

The serving, cleaning, and grounds staff live here in small but modern rooms with communal showers. The bottom, rear half of the building holds all the maintenance equipment and supplies. The top rear section is a missile/chain gun pod identical to the one mounted in the boat house. The servants have been told that the generators are on liquid mounts to completely dampen any vibration from them. The generators are actually housed underground on the security level. The fuel for the generators is piped through intake ports here into underground tanks, which add to the camouflage.

The Main House

The house itself is one story with 14 foot cathedral ceilings. The roof and walls are five feet thick and filled with solid stone. This stone has been created by Cassandra. The architect who designed the house wondered why she insisted that the walls be hollow and shaped to hold tremendous weight. After the walls and ceiling were completed with redundant wiring and plumbing she filled in all the empty space with stone created from water that she drew out of the sea air. Modern appearing, filled with every convenience and luxury known, the place is a fortress.

Creating the stone herself has another advantage. She can turn it back to water in an instant. Therefore, she can "phase" through the walls and attack from unexpected directions. She has never demonstrated this talent to her security forces.

Besides the armor value of the structure, five feet of stone is proof against any known surveillance method.

The Smart Computer System

Most guests have heard that computers are getting more sophisticated, but they are amazed how pervasive the computer system in the main house is. Supposedly it is a prototype for the "House of the Future". Due to her contacts and her blindness, Contessa del Ray's home was chosen as a test site. The house system operates heat, air, lights, music, communications, and other tasks that the designers thought would be a challenge for a blind person to remember or perform gracefully. It appears to respond to her verbal commands, but others must type in commands at a small, inconspicuous console in each room. Guests usually ask the servants to perform these tasks. In fact all these tasks can be performed by any blind person. Cassandra is using her supposed blindness as a shield.

In fact, a special team of security personnel operates everything from a control room separate from the main security center and impersonates the "smart" system. This should prove interesting if the agents attempt to interrogate the system about Cassandra.

Servants

The servants are well trained. Many are graduates of concierge schools. They know that there is an extensive security system but not the scope of it. They are used to the security personnel refusing to answer their questions. In the modern, terrorist filled world, the required silence seems extreme but not excessive, especially for a defenseless, blind woman.

Security

The security personnel operate on the cell system. Each group

knows their area but none of the rest. Those that provide ground security don't know about the missile pods. Those that are running surveillance and playing the part of the "smart" computer system have no tactical duties. Strike force commanders coordinate between each other on any attack drill. To test security they hold war games, but only on overcast nights when all the domestic staff have been given the night off. All security personnel are foreign nationals who live on the basement floor of the house. They operate on a six month on, six month off schedule.

taken into the house.

Greeting Room

There are electronic scanning devices in this room that determine if there are any active bugs or other surveillance equipment on visitors. It opens into a large central room with a huge tapestry on the right side depicting more Greek mythology.

Swimming Grotto

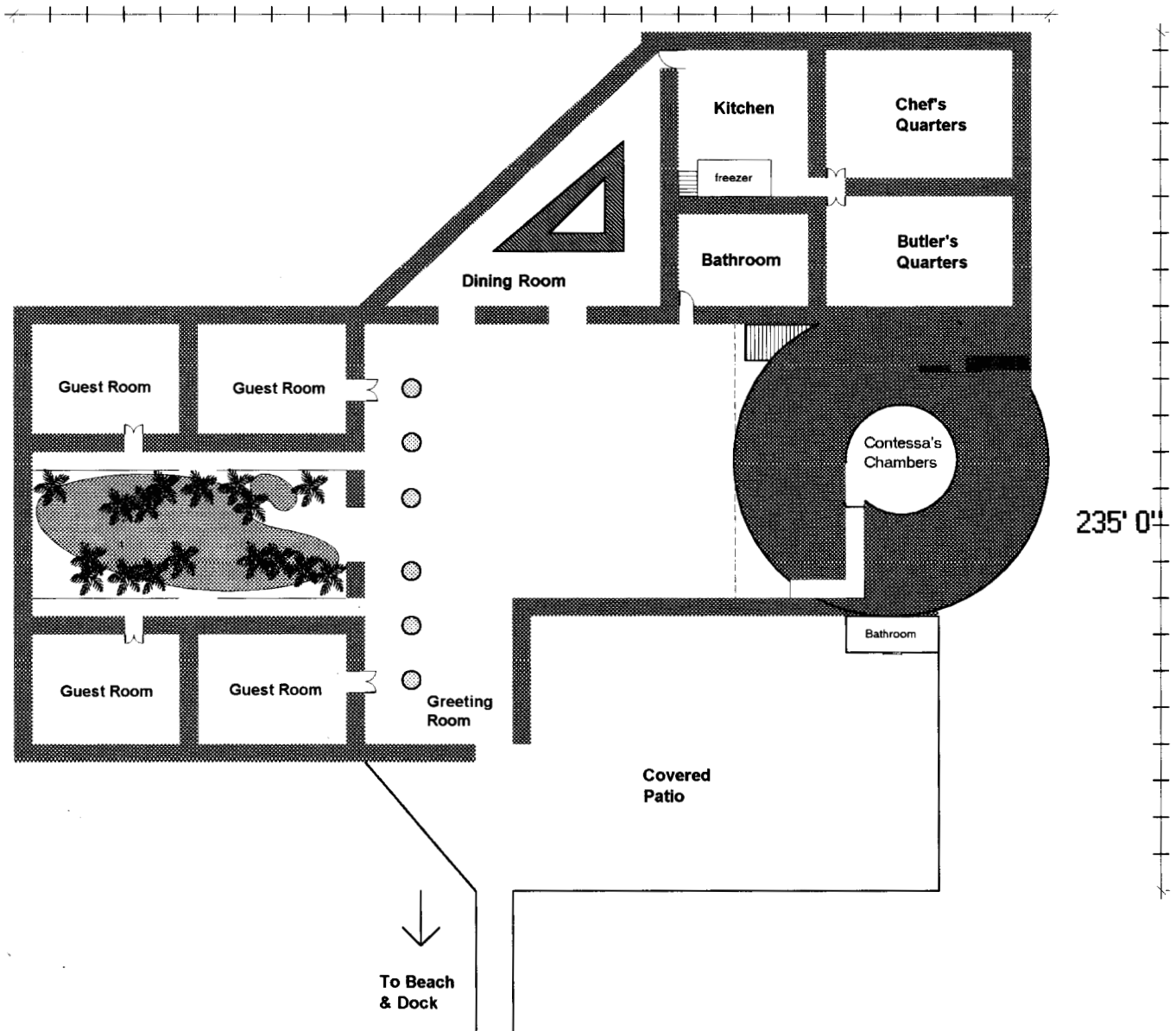
Designed to look like a reef, it is complete with surf, fresh or salt water, and small fish. This is a highlight of anyone who is a guest. Underwater jets aerate the water and provide a tingling sensation to the skin. Sonic vibrations are used to herd the fish to a waiting pool while the water is changed or if too many people are in the pool.

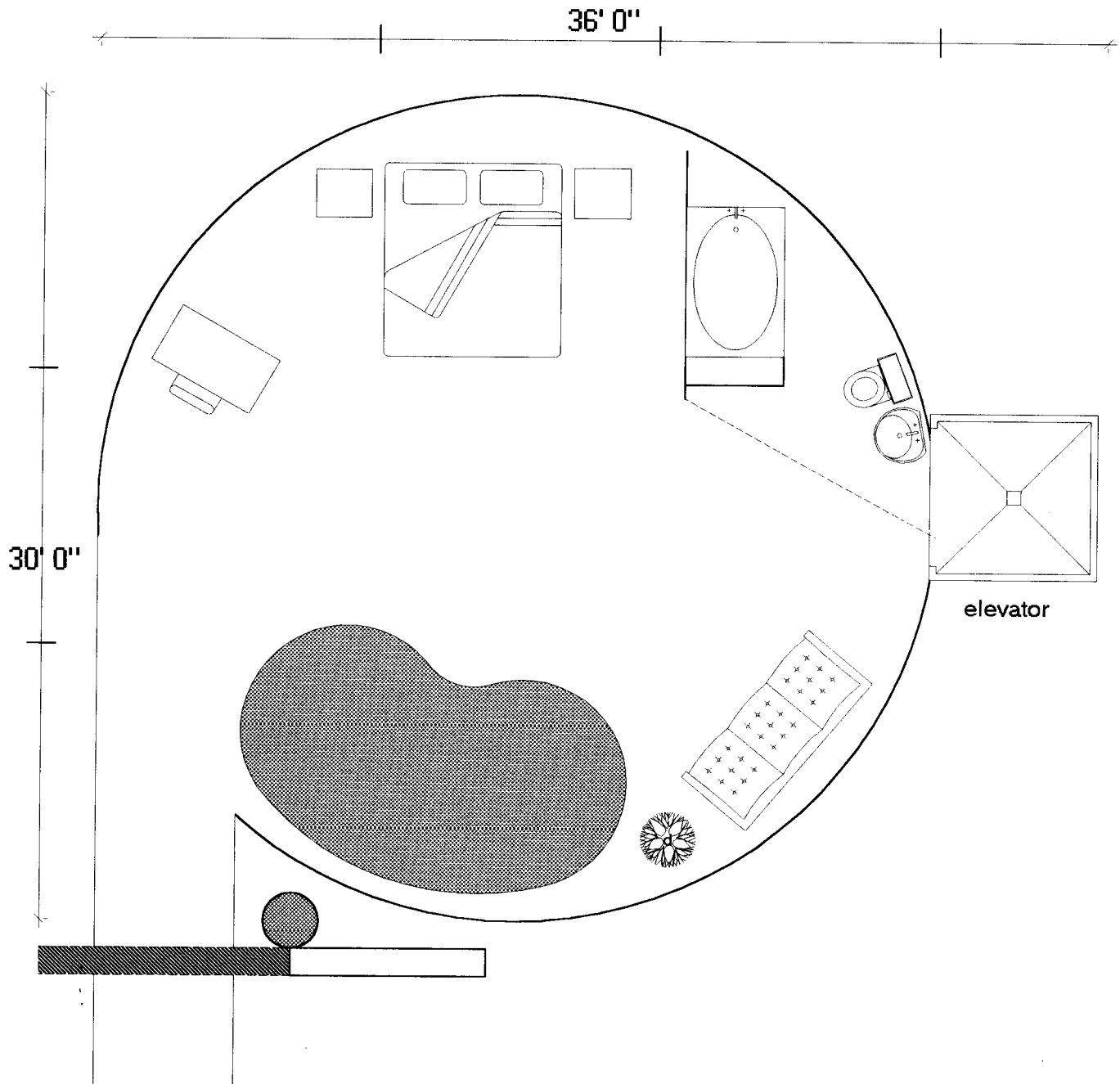
Ground Floor Level

Covered Patio

It is open to the outdoors but covered with beautiful tile mosaic depicting the Greek mythos. This is where guests are greeted and

280' 0"





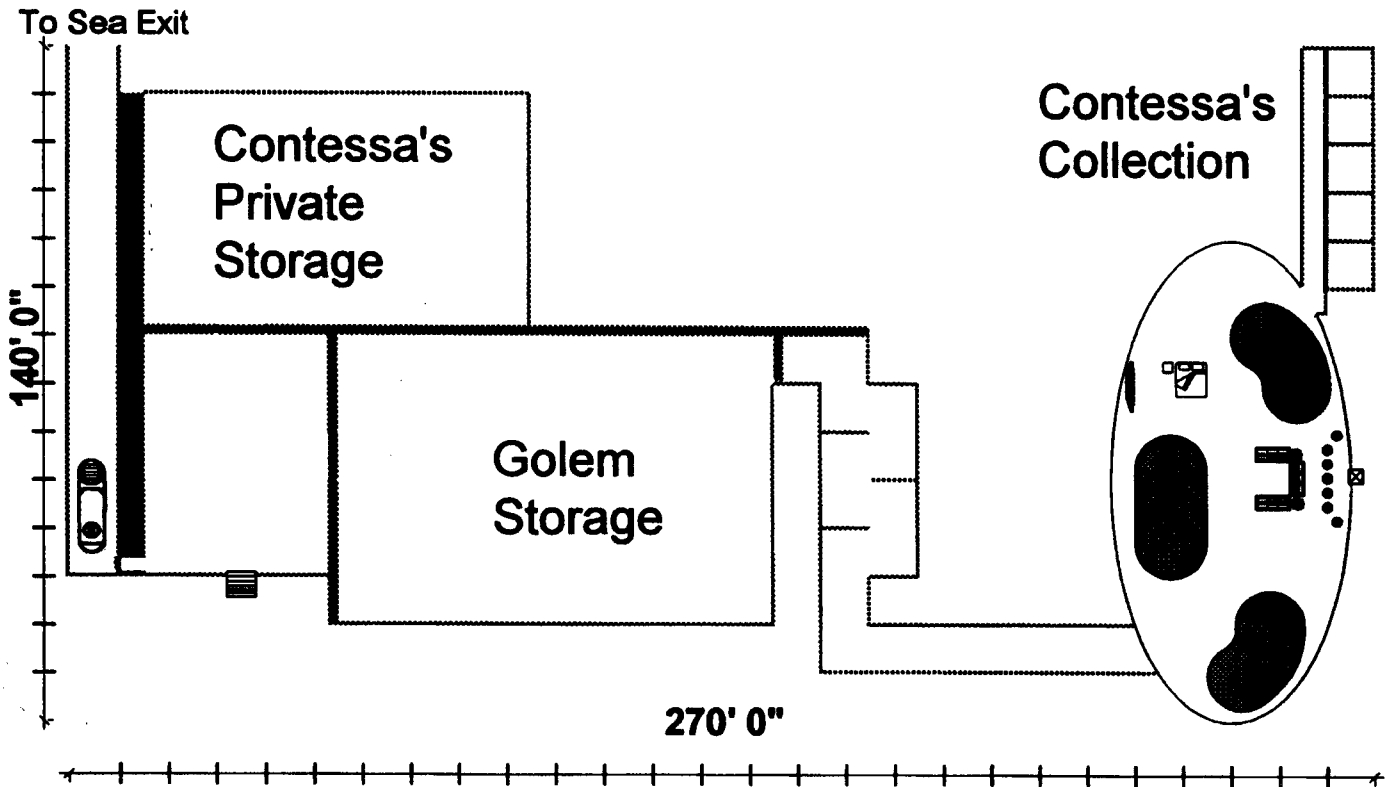
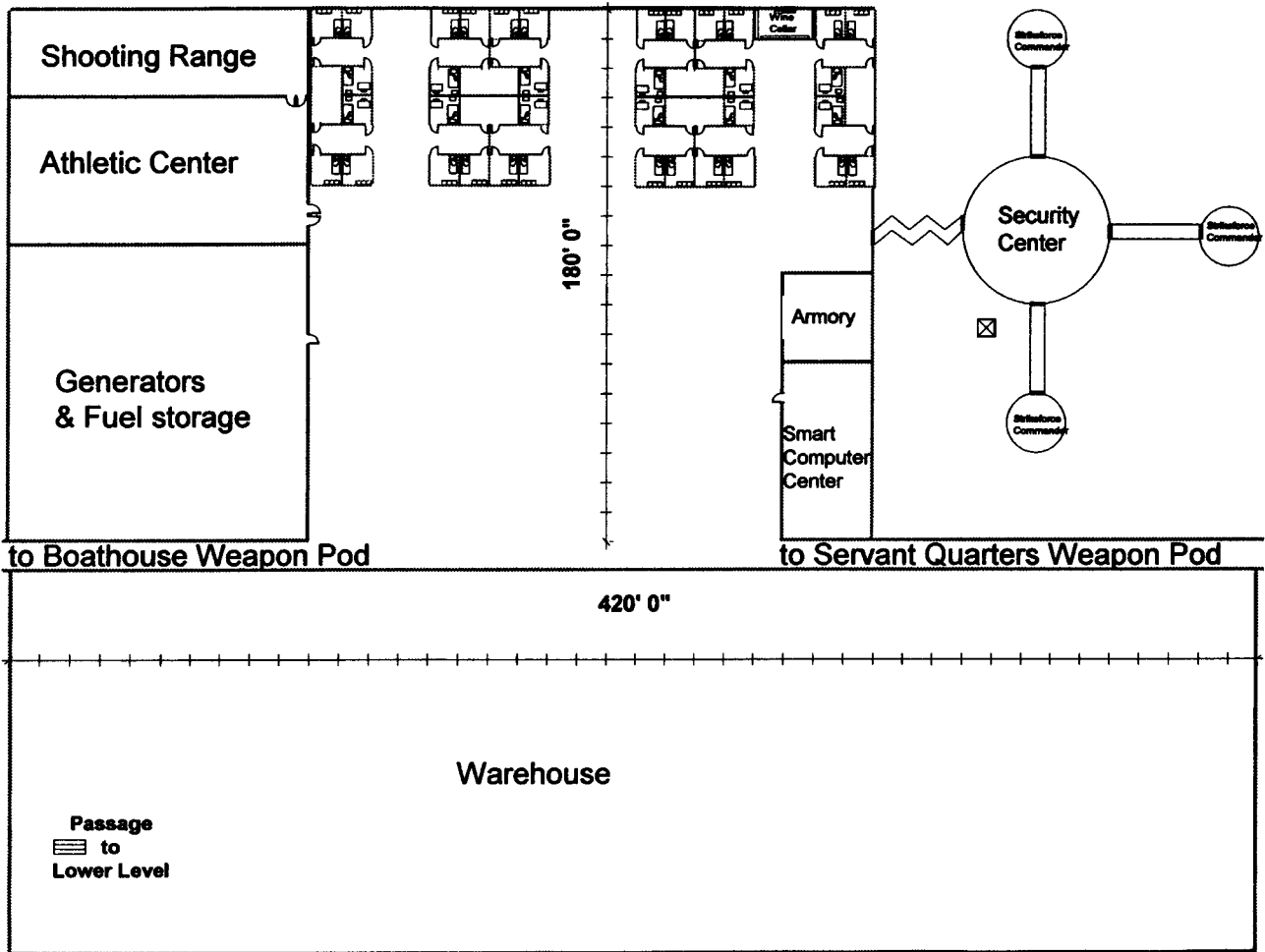
Cassandra Quarters

Her private chamber is carefully dressed to maintain her illusion of blindness. There are many facilitative devices as well as normal furnishings. She sleeps here if she has visitors so she can be more accessible to them. Surrounding this area is 30 feet of stone on all sides and above. Additionally the roof is reinforced by armored alloy steel plates. In this location it appears domed.

The main reason that all the house is made of her own stone is that she is afraid of being buried by an explosion. Even though she cannot be killed, she has no supernatural strength and would not be able to move aside a huge pile of rubble. Her own stone she could dissolve, allowing her to win free.

The corridor to her room is highly sensed. There is a blast door (3 inches armored alloy) that closes at each end of the corridor while the center fills with a sleep gas. There are only audio sensors inside the room.

Hidden next to the sink is a secret sliding panel that opens a highly armored elevator that links her above-ground chambers and a cavern far below which is her true home. The elevator moves by an electrically driven, battery powered motor linked to tracks embedded in the wall of the shaft. Every five feet a one inch thick armored alloy plate seals the shaft. They retract in turn as the elevator rises or falls. A **Real Tough Electronic Countermeasure** roll is required to match the electronic signal that activates the unsealing circuits.



Security Level

All the security personnel are billeted here. The primary access is through the ramp that exits next to the bathroom, behind the tapestry. There are lots of electrically motorized carts to carry equipment and supplies up and down the ramp. Although this is convenient, the primary purpose of these carts is to provide lightning quick deployment of the security tactical squads and their ordinance.

Main Security Center

The switch-back corridor backed by blast doors on each end prevents anyone from firing into the center. The satellite chambers hold the missile pod operators and strikeforce commanders. All defensive control is handled from this location. Normally, surveillance is performed by the "Smart" Computer Center. That is handed off to the Security Center in times of attack. The consoles in the Computer Center are disabled at that time.

All the security operators will be wearing thick ballistic vests and armed with assault rifles during an alert.

Storage

Enough for everyone on the island to survive a nuclear holocaust or civil war. The supplies are densely packed and will not spoil for decades.

Wine Cellar

A very fine stock of wine is stored here. There is a secret door linking the cellar with the security team quarters.

Power Generator

Primary generator for the security area and house. Exhaust is piped away to the multiple exits on the surface. This prevents enemy forces from blocking the exhaust. Any aerial strike should be misled away from the true location of these generators.

Computer Services

The "Smart" computer system operators perform their duties here. An extensive video and music collection can be cued up at a moment's notice.

Secret Sublevel

Entrance

Hidden behind some pallets of bagged concrete in the warehouse is a corridor to the lower level. This walkway is blocked at both ends by sealed steel doors. Inside, the floor and walls are covered by strips of metal. The walls also have sharpened metal spikes jutting out for five inches. The entire floor and walls can be

electrified at any time. If any intruders force their way into this corridor, high pressure salt water jets activate carrying high amperage current. Only a completely sealed environmental suit is proof against this attack. Even so equipped, the intruder would have to brave the force of the water jets that pummel and threaten to throw her against the conductive spikes. The voltage kills instantly.

Entry hall

To the left is a large bulkhead type door that leads to an airlock with all kinds of scuba gear and a long range submersible. Cassandra uses this entrance and exit when she assumes her guise of the **Black Adder**. The submersible is the Russian prototype the Adder is rumored to have stolen. The late employers who commissioned the theft were unable to pay.

Far down the sea mount where the water runs cold and only grey moss grows is an armored secret entrance for the submersible. It is a **Very Tough Physical Surveillance** roll to even find it. The password is extremely complex and is computer generated by the submersible. There is no chance that anyone can crack it without using magical **Divination**. 13,000 points of blast are required to penetrate the vault-like entrance. Powerful hydraulic arms move aside the boulders so the ship can enter a the launch tube and immediately close again. The ship mates with runners on the walls which guide it until it reaches the end of the launch bay. There it locks with an airlock while the tube drains. The launch tube can flood in 15 seconds.

Personal Storage

Here are the knickknacks and mementos that have been collected over a lifetime that stretches the length of recorded history.

Reserve Generators

These can power the underground levels of the complex if the main generator is destroyed. There are 20 golems here to prevent any from entering the room. If the generator is destroyed, there is a device in the room that can provide emergency electrical power by manual effort alone. This would be supplied by the golems.

Golem Storage

This is the main storage for the golems. There are about 2000 of them here. This is a large domed chamber so small explosives can be used here safely. The area is lit by hanging florescent modules. The door can be remotely locked and will be as soon as any intruder enters unless he makes a **Real Tough Security or Breaking and Entering** roll. They are all animated but do not attack unless the team reaches the center of the room, attacks them, or Cassandra mentally orders them to attack.

Sanctum Sanctorium

This is her place of repose. She has lived here for the last century. It is modeled after her ancient Greek world using columns and pools. The lighting is indirect. There are masterpieces of sculpture thought lost during the world wars. A 50 caliber machine gun nest armed with armor piercing bullets is mounted at the entrance to the room and manned by a golem.

Her collection

Cassandra has collected many people throughout time. Here she stores her Rogues or Heroes Gallery. Each is set in his familiar setting.

Hercules - A tall middle aged man built like a tree, dressed in a lion loincloth with a garland of gold leaves on his brow.

Marc Anthony - A very good looking man dressed in the garb of a Roman officer. He wears a gleaming breastplate of bronze and a leather thong kilt. He has a short sword in his hand and a look of fierce determination on his face.

American Indian Shaman - He is dressed in a black bearskin. He wears a ceremonial headdress. He is the last of his tribe. He will inherit a large following among disenfranchised Native Americans if he should be revived.

Kamakazi Pilot - Dressed in his aviator clothes the Japanese Zero pilot stares forward with a defiant look.

Pecos Bill - A legendary figure in western lore. This gaunt and muscular man was a daredevil of his time. If released he would make a very colorful and dashing figure.

Each room is sealed with a glass sheet to preserve the settings within from rot caused by the humidity from the pools. These rooms are filled with nitrogen gas.

Dealing with the Contessa

Only a massive assault or team with highly arcane powers can penetrate this fortress without tremendous loss of life on both sides. The security forces are not terrorists. They are no more evil than any other professional soldiers.

Even so, Medusa would be more than willing to explode her chambers and drop the roof on the team knowing that she can dispel the rock around her until she is free.

As far as the Agency is concerned, they see her as a supernatural threat. If she can convince them that the only reason that she created the incident in Atlanta was to assure that she would get the sword (the only weapon that can kill her) and that she intends never to repeat it, Bureau Central would be willing to let sleeping dogs lie. The agents who saw the carnage and horror might not be so easily mollified. The Bureau will accept whatever decision the agents make.

If the agents get their hands on the sword and escape with it, Medusa will do anything to recover it.

If she is captured, and cannot escape, she will have a golem activate a destruct device that will completely destroy the island. It is not designed to explode immediately. She respects her employees and will not destroy them without an opportunity to escape. Speakers will broadcast a sixty second countdown. The charges are shaped to explode upward. A distance of only a thousand feet off-island should be safe.

The most obvious route of escape within one minute is to use the submersible. Anyone who can read Russian can operate it. Otherwise it takes an **Easy** roll for anyone with **Pilot, Submersible**. If the Contessa is taken along, she instructs any remaining golems to follow her (remember all the ones offshore, underwater). They home in on the mental link between the golems and Medusa. Once established, this link cannot be broken as long as she is still alive and on this plane of existence (the **Conducted Gate** spell would break this link). However, she only has control of them for a radius of about 200 miles. If they are separated beyond this, they will continue to follow the link. She will have no knowledge of their whereabouts until they again approach within 200 miles of her location.

Medusa does not act in a vicious fashion. She prefers to live in peaceful repose. She only does what she believes is necessary to protect and provide for her way of life. In this she is ruthless, but not vindictive.

Suggested Experience Points

There are two parts to this adventure: Dealing with the incident in Atlanta, GA, and resolving the conflict with the Contessa. Both are very difficult operations and should be only assigned to experienced and resourceful teams.

Atlanta, GA

Determining that the dust is petrified skin	200
Interviewing Alex	50
Locating the employees of the Sonata Restaurant	200
Neutralizing Frederick Lindsey	1000
Calling in help in time	200
Placing the unanimated golems in a protective circle to keep them from animating	600
Protect people during the major golem attack	2000
Finding the link between the sword and Cassandra	200

Contessa Del Rey

Determining that the Contessa is receiving huge sums of money and is linked to the Black Adder.	600
Determining that her island home has the same Kirilian traces as the dust in Atlanta	200
Making Peace with her	2000
Making pieces of her	1000



BUREAU FILE: Greek Gods

There are five theories of the origin of these mythologies:

- All are actually the scriptures of the Jewish Old Testament in disguise.
- Every person in the stories actually lived but their appearance, deeds, and abilities were embellished to the point of the fantastic.
- The stories are allegorical in nature, meant to explain some philosophical or religious truth.
- The objects of the stories (war, sky, water, etc.) were worshiped. Deities were then created by the worshippers to embody these objects or aspects.
- These stories are true in their fantastic elements. The gods may have been created by the very principles or areas that they governed. Therefore, the gods were Avatars of these things and promoted them. Any present day discrepancies in the logic of these stories as a whole can be attributed to distortions caused by the oral tradition that preserved them until Homer and other sages wrote them down.

The names in parentheses are alternate names for these gods.

Gaia (Earth or Terra) & Uranos (Heaven)

Gaia was the originator of the entire Greek mythology as well as all living things. She created her own mate, Uranos from the sky itself. They had many children, but the most noted were the Titans Kronos & Rhea. Uranos feared that he would be killed by his children and trapped them inside of Gaia by wrapping himself around her. He was defeated by Kronos who emasculated Uranos with a sickle freeing all the children.

The Titans

Kronos (Saturn) & Rhea (Ops)

The Titans or Elder Gods were giant beings of immense power. Kronos was associated with time and harvest. Rhea was associated with fertility. Kronos also feared his children and attempted to eat all of them. Only Zeus escaped. After ten years of war Kronos was defeated when Zeus released the Cyclopes Arges (Bright), Brontes (Thunderer), and Steropes (Lightning-maker) as well as the Hecatanochires (100 armed giants) from Tartarus (the worst part of the underworld) to aid him. The Titaness Metis freed Zeus' siblings from Kronos' belly by feeding him a drink that caused Kronos to vomit. Zeus became chief of the gods.

Other notable Titans:

- **Ocean**, the river that encircled the world,
- **Tethys**, wife of Ocean
- **Hyperion**, the father of the sun (**Phoebus or Helios**), moon (**Selene or Luna**), and dawn (**Eos or Aurora**)
- **Mnemosyne** (Memory)
- **Themis** (Right or Divine Justice), lover of Zeus
- **Iapetus**, father of Atlas
- **Atlas**, who bore the world on his shoulders
- **Prometheus**, savior of mankind, bringer of fire, and son of Themis & Iapetus.

All the other Titans were banished when Zeus defeated his father. Ixion, Sisyphus, and Tantalus were banished to Tartarus along with their father, Kronos. Styx (Abomination), daughter of Titans Ocean & Tethys, became the river that encircled the underworld nine times.

Zeus (Jupiter or Jove)

Lord of the Sky, the Rain-God, the Cloud-gatherer, as the chief sky god he was principally associated with weather. His standard and weapon was the thunderbolt. He wore a breastplate majestic in description. His bird was the eagle. His tree was the oak.

He was also known as a lover of women, godly or mortal, which placed him among the fertility gods. He appeared to earthly women in a variety of guises (shower of gold, swan, etc.).

Zeus also shared the belief that his children would destroy him. He was not omniscient nor omnipotent. He was deceived many times and opposed even more. He hated liars and oath-breakers.

He and the other gods lived in Olympus which was thought to be a high mountain, but other sources depict it as a great region above everything and connected to everything. Heaven and Asgard share these qualities.

Athene (Minerva)

Also called Pallas Athena, she was known as the goddess of wisdom and promoter of the arts. She was also associated with war and was born fully armored and weaponed. She was depicted as carrying a spear, a shield with Medusa's head affixed to it, and a helmet decorated with griffins. However, her aggression was to protect the State and home from outsiders. She was called "gray-eyed" or "flashing-eyed".

Zeus feared that she would be too powerful and swallowed her mother Titaness Metis when she conceived. Later, Zeus was struck with a blinding headache. Hermes broke open Zeus' head and Athene stepped forth.

She was a chaste and virgin goddess. The Parthenon on the Acropolis was her chief temple. Her nature was a stark contrast to the eroticism of her sister Aphrodite.

Aphrodite (Venus)

She was born out of sea foam created by a union of Zeus and the nymph Dione or created from semen from the severed genitals of Uranos. As the goddess of love and beauty she was the consummate seductress and represents the dangers of love or passion.

Eros (Cupid)

Son of Ares and Aphrodite he was the god of love and passions. He was always described as a mischievous and trouble making youth, evil at heart but honey-sweet in speech. His arrows fly far as death and heaven high. Conversely, they can also carry love to the heart of any they strike.

The story of Eros and Psyche was the basis for the *Beauty and the Beast* tale.

Apollo

Phoebos Apollo, lord of distance, was the son of Zeus and the Titaness Leto (Latona). He was a sacred twin with his sister Artemis The Huntress. He was the god of law and was associated with moderation, reason, self-knowledge and self-control. He was also known as the god of light and the sun.

He was depicted as a beautiful man, a musician who played masterfully on his golden lyre; the lord of the silver bow, the Archer-god, far-shooting; the healer, who taught men the healing

art; and the god of truth who tells no lies.

Artemis (Diana)

Twin to Apollo, she was the virgin goddess of the hunt and protector of all young. She shares the title of goddess of childbirth with Eileithyia. She was the bringer of swift and merciful death with her silver arrows.

Hermes (Mercury)

Son of Zeus and Maia, daughter of the Titan Atlas, he was the god of travellers, the runner, the opener of ways, and the giver of good. He served as a messenger for Zeus. Hermes was the god who led the dead to Hades. Hermes was depicted as a trickster god who delighted in petty theft and clever bargaining, though Zeus found him entirely trustworthy. He wore a broad, shallow hat, winged sandals, and a golden staff entwined by serpents (caduceus). He created Apollo's lyre out of a tortoise shell.

Pan (Faunus or Evander).

Son of Hermes and a mortal woman

Dionysos (Bacchus)

Son of Zeus and Semele (a mortal) he was associated with fertility that comes through death. He was also associated with ecstasy (the little death) and was the counterpoint to Apollonian order. He was described as the god of all life-giving fluids, wine among them. He was an earth god and so an outsider to the other sky gods.

His mother was tricked by Hera into demanding that Zeus reveal his true nature. When Zeus did so Semele was killed from the heat of his divine presence. As she died, Zeus snatched the fetus out of her womb and hid Dionysos in his thigh until the time of birth.

The Graces

Aglaia (Splendor), Euphrosyne (Mirth), and Thalia (Good Cheer). They were the daughters of Zeus and Eurynome, daughter of the Titan Ocean. They always appeared together.

The Muses

There were nine of them, daughters of Zeus and the Titan Mnemosyne. They each had a special field but all appeared together. They were Clio (History), Urania (Astronomy), Melpomene (Tragedy), Thalia (Comedy), Terpsichore (Dance), Calliope (Epic Poetry), Erato (Love Poetry), Polyhymnia (Songs to the Gods), and Euterpe (Lyric Poetry). They, like the Graces, usually accompanied Apollo.

Moirai (Fates)

Children of Zeus and the Titaness Themis, the Fates Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (The Drawing of Lots), and Atropes (Inevitable) were thought by some to be even greater than Zeus.

Heracles (Hercules)

Son of Zeus & Alcmene (a mortal). Hera hated him and attempted to kill him at birth. Finally she struck him with a bout of madness during which he killed his wife and children. His great tasks were part of his atonement for their deaths. Hera continued to harass him throughout these labors.

Perseus

Son of Zeus and Danae (a mortal). He was best known as the slayer of Medusa the Gorgon with Athena's help.

Ate

Daughter of Zeus and Eris (Strife), she was the goddess of discord, wickedness, and blind folly.

Epaphus

Son of Zeus & Io (a mortal).

Amphion & Zethus

Daughter and son of Zeus & Antiope (a mortal)

Horae (Hours)

Child of Zeus and the Titaness Themis

Sarpedon, Minos, & Rhadamanthys

Sons of Zeus and Europa (a mortal)

Hera (Juno)

Zeus' sister and wife, she was raised by the Titans Ocean and Tethys. She was the protector of marriage and married women. Though she was depicted as very beautiful she spent most of her time punishing the women whom Zeus dallied with. Regardless of their guilt she treated them with equal contempt and visited punishments on them and their children.

Hebe

Daughter of Zeus and Hera, she was the cupbearer for the gods, the goddess of youth. She was most noteworthy as the wife of Hercules (Heracles).

Ares (Mars)

Son of Zeus and Hera and detested by both of them, he was the god of war and calamities of battle, a bloody bringer of pain and death. He took joy in cruelty and violence. He carried a torch and spear. He became the lover of Aphrodite. Together they fathered Eros (Cupid), god of love, Phobos, god of panic on the battlefield, and Deimos, god of fear.

Hephaestus (Vulcan and Mulciber)

Son of Zeus and Hera, he was lame and ugly but extremely strong. He was the god of fire and crafts and carried a smith's hammer and tongs. Since he was disliked he lived beneath Mount Etna. He became the husband of Aphrodite. He along with Athena were the patrons of the arts and crafts.

Eileithyia

Daughter of Zeus and Hera, she was the goddess of childbirth.

Demeter (Ceres)

Mother of Persephone by Zeus, she was the goddess of agriculture and spent most of her time on the earth, away from Mount Olympus. Her daughter, Persephone, became the wife of Hades, god of the Underworld and her uncle, after he abducted her. After negotiating with Zeus she was able to free her daughter for two thirds of each year. The period when Persephone was below became a time of great sadness for Demeter. For the world it became a time of death of plants and harvest.

Persephone (Proserpina or Kore)

Daughter of Zeus and Demeter. She was abducted by Hades and taken to the underworld to be his bride. Demeter bargained with Zeus for her release but Persephone had eaten food there and so had to return to Hades for a third of each year.

Poseidon (Neptune)

He was Zeus' brother, lord of the seas, and god of earthquakes. He was depicted as carrying a three-pronged spear, the trident, a gift from the Cyclopes, which could break and shatter anything. His nature was chaotic and passionate.

He gave the first horse to man. He fathered the winged horse Pegasus through Medusa. He was also known as the god of horses.

He had many children by mortal and immortal women. Theseus and the Cyclops Polyphemus are noted in the sagas. His wife was Amphitrite, granddaughter of the Titan Ocean.

Halirrhothius

Son of Poseidon and the nymph Euryte, he was killed by Ares in Athens after committing rape.

Triton

Son of Poseidon and Amphitrite (a Nereid) he was the trumpeter of the sea. He used a great shell as his trumpet. When blown it would calm the seas. He appeared as a man from the waist up but the rest was fish.

Proteus

Son of Poseidon, he could foretell the future and was a masterful shape-changer.

Hades (Pluto)

Brother to Zeus, he was one of the three most powerful gods. He was given control of the underworld by Zeus and rarely left it. It was his responsibility to herd people into the underworld, also called Hades, with his two pronged staff. He carried the keys of Hades and was accompanied by the three-headed dog Cerberus. He was also associated with horses.

On the plus side, he was also known as the god of wealth due to his dominion over the precious metals in the earth.

He had a cap or helmet that would make the wearer invisible.

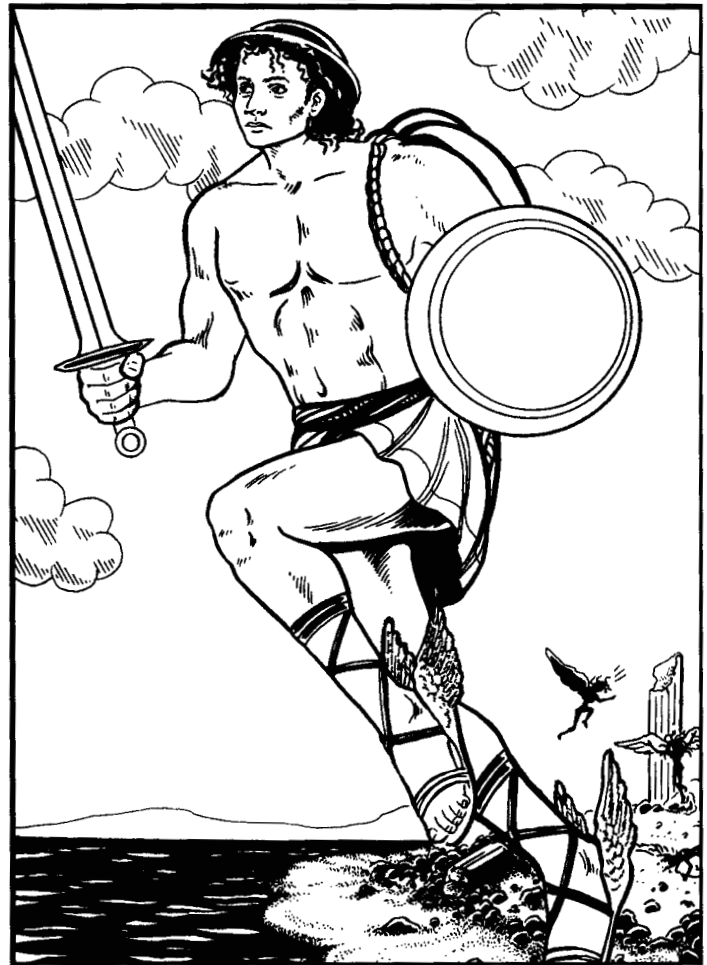
Hestia (Vesta)

First born of Kronos and Rhea she was a virgin goddess sworn to chastity. She was associated primarily with the home and the sacred flame of the hearth.

Other Gods and Powers

These gods are unrelated to the main family of gods:

- **Erebus**, Darkness
- **Nyx**, Night, emerged from Chaos along with Gaia.
- **Thanatos (Orcus)**, Death himself and son of Nyx & Erebus.
- **Hypnos**, Sleep, twin brother to Thanatos
- **Nemesis**, Righteous Anger, daughter of Nyx
- **Oizys**, Pain, son of Nyx
- **Dike**, Human Justice
- **Aidos**, Reverence and Compassion
- **Pontus**, Deep Sea, son of Gaia
- **Nereus**, Old Man of the Sea and son of Pontus
- **Doris**, daughter of the Titan Ocean
- **Oceanids**, nymph daughters of the Titan Ocean
- **Nereids**, nymphs of the Sea
- **Naiads**, water nymphs of brooks, springs, and fountains
- **Oreads**, nymphs of the sea.
- **Thaumus**, sea god and father of the Harpies
- **Aeolus**, god of the winds

**BUREAU FILE:****Perseus and Medusa**

Perseus' grandfather, King Acrisius of Argos, was told by an oracle that his grandson would kill him. His daughter, Danae, had previously been seduced by Proteus, Acrisius' brother. Fortunately, she did not conceive. Acrisius dared not trust her so he constructed a bronze house sunk so deep in the earth that only a narrow slit was open to the sky. He closed Danae up in it and set guards and fierce dogs around it. Unfortunately, Zeus entered the prison through the narrow slit as a shower of gold and impregnated Danae.

When Acrisius discovered the child after the birth. He wanted to kill the two of them, but the Gods bring terrible punishments on those who kill their own kin. Instead, he put them in a great chest and cast them into the sea to die by the elements.

They were found by a fisherman named Dictys from the island of Seriphos. He took them to his brother Polydectes, the King and ruler of the island. Polydectes took them in and raised them in his court. Dictys and his wife continued to be their friends and cared for them as if Danae and Perseus were their own children.

When Perseus was grown, Polydectes decided that he wanted to marry Danae since she was still beautiful. Danae did not want Polydectes so Perseus was forced to protect her from him.

Polydectes began a program of deceit. He told Perseus that he wanted, more than anything in the world, the head of a Gorgon, one of the monsters who lived on another island. Then Polydectes announced that he had decided to woo Hippodameia, the daughter of Pelops. In order to assure her acceptance he asked all his friends and the members of the court to contribute a horse apiece as a love-gift for the wedding. Perseus, living on charity, had nothing to give. He fell right into Polydectes plan and pledged to deliver the head of a Gorgon, specifically Medusa.

The Gorgons were winged female monsters with serpents for hair, protruding tongues, huge teeth, sharp claws of bronze, golden wings, and countenances (especially Medusa) so ugly that anyone who beheld them were instantly turned to stone from fright. They were the daughters of Phorcys, son of the Sea and the Earth. There were three of them: Stheno (Strength), Euryale (Wide-Leaping), and Medusa (Ruler). All the Gorgons were immortal and could not die except Medusa. Thus Medusa was Perseus' target since she was the only one who could be killed.

All three Gorgon sisters were once beautiful. Poseidon fell in love with Medusa. One night they entered a temple to make love without realizing that it was a temple to Athene. Athene and Posiden had previously feuded over possession of the Acropolis. She won and they parted on bad terms. Also, she was a virgin and chaste goddess. Posiden having sex with a mortal in her temple was a terrible affront. In her rage, Athene turned Medusa and her sisters into monsters.

As Perseus wandered afar looking for someone who could tell him the location of the Gorgons, he was met by Hermes, the guide and giver of good. Hermes gave Perseus an adamantine sickle or sword that could not be broken by Medusa's scales no matter how hard they were. But this was not enough. Hermes told Perseus that the Nymphs of the North had what he needed to succeed in his quest. To find them Perseus had to go to the Gray Women (The Graiae) who alone could tell him their location.

The Graiae were also sisters to the Gorgons but had a different appearance. The three of them (Dino, Enyo, and Pemphredo) lived at the base of Mount Atlas in a land always shrouded in twilight. Everything was gray there. The "women" were shaped like swans but had human heads, arms, and hands and were withered as if extremely old. They had but one eye and tooth between them that they passed to each other in turn. The eye fitted in a socket in their foreheads.

Suddenly Athene, Medusa's sworn enemy, appeared and gave Perseus her polished bronze shield. Now he could approach Medusa and avoid looking directly at her by viewing her reflection instead. She took Perseus to Deicterion at Samos where the images of all three Gorgon sisters were displayed so Perseus would know who to attack. Then Hermes guided Perseus to the Grey Women.

The Graiae sat on their thrones in the shadows. Perseus hid until the eye and tooth were being passed. Then he jumped in their

midst and snatched the items away. He swore that he would not return the eye and tooth unless they told him the location of the nymphs. Desperate to get them back the sisters told him what he wanted to know. Cruelly, Perseus broke his promise and departed with the eye and tooth, leaving them blind and toothless.

The Nymphs of the North lived in Hyperborea, a mystical land that could not be reached by mortals. Fortunately, Perseus had Hermes with him, so they had no problem journeying there.

The nymphs gave Perseus three things:

- A pair of winged sandals (in some versions Hermes gave these to Perseus).
- A magic silver wallet (pouch) which would size itself to whatever was contained in it.
- A dark cap or helmet that conferred invisibility upon the wearer that belonged to Hades.

As it turns out, Hermes knew all along where the Gorgons dwelled. He had lied to Perseus to force him to gather the items that would provide the best chance for success. Now Hermes took Perseus to the Gorgons.

Athene joined them there. The Gorgons were asleep. Flying above Medusa, Perseus swung his sword at her head, aiming by her reflection. Athene guided his arm so Medusa was beheaded with a single stroke. He snatched up the head and dropped it into the wallet. From her dead body Pegasus, the winged horse, and the warrior Chrysaor sprung full grown. This woke their aunts. Perseus knew he had to escape immediately. Donning the cap he flew away invisible, safe from the reprisals of the remaining two winged Gorgons.

Perseus had many other adventures, including finding a bride. Finally he sailed home. He found that his mother and Dictys had been forced to hide in a temple. Polydectes renewed his attempts to force Danae into marriage with him as soon as Perseus departed. Perseus went straight to the palace. He appeared suddenly at the banquet hall entrance so everyone looked at him. He pulled the head of Medusa forth stoning them all.

Dictys was made king. Perseus and Danae returned to Greece so she could reconcile with her father. They learned upon arrival that Acrisius had been driven from the city. His whereabouts were unknown.

Medusa's head was given to Athene who added it to her shield and bore it always. Hermes returned the sandals, wallet, and cap to the Stygian nymphs.

Later, Perseus heard of an athletic contest being held by the King of Larissa in honor of the death of his father. Perseus travelled there to take part in the five-fold contest. When his turn at the discus came his throw was diverted by the wind. It landed in the spectators killing a man. Ironically, that man was his grandfather who had come to visit the king.

BUREAU FILE: Bigfoot

Coloring: Brown to Black Body Fur
Height: 2.8 to 3.1 meters
Weight: 110 to 135 kilograms
Cry: Bass Yell or High Shriek

STR: 50+ **DEX:** 10+
AGL: 10+ **HPT:** 200

The Sasquatch or Bigfoot is thought to exist in remote areas of the Northeast, mainly in forested mountainous areas. Many sightings have been reported but none have ever been confirmed or denied. Large foot-prints have been found and plaster casts of them made. From eye witness reports the creatures would be very large. These creatures are possible relatives to the "Abominable Snowman" of Tibet. The Bureau computer has calculated an estimate of physical statistics based on hundreds of reports from the last 2 centuries.

Though reports of its size vary as well as coloration, the majority of reports have these features in common:

It is a large (usually larger than man-size) fur covered creature except on the face, hands, and feet. The head is higher in back than in front, sloping down to the face. The jaw and lips are usually protruding. Its cry is a bass roar or high pitched shriek. Its body is broad with no discernible neck. What separates it from the great apes is that it always moves erect in a manlike fashion, the shape of its footprints, and the incredible stench that it exudes.

Some incidents have the Bigfoot hurling rocks or climbing sheer rock faces, buildings, and trees. They appear to have great agility, strength, and reaction speed. Though they are large, they are experts at using cover. They move silently except when trying to intimidate.

Sightings**United States**

Alaska	Washington	Oregon
California	Nevada	Idaho
MontanaUtah		Colorado
North Dakota	South Dakota	Nebraska
Oklahoma	Texas	Minnesota
Iowa	Missouri	Arkansas
Louisiana	Wisconsin	Illinois
Mississippi	Michigan	Indiana
Kentucky	Tennessee	Alabama
Ohio	Kentucky	Tennessee
West Virginia	Virginia	North Carolina
South Carolina	Georgia	Florida
New York	Pennsylvania	New Hampshire
Connecticut	New Jersey	

Canada

British Columbia Alberta Saskatchewan

Dozens of sightings occur each year. Most witnesses are not trained observers, but Bigfoot researchers are. Many sightings are discounted as hoaxes, but there remains too many unexplained tracks and sightings not to be taken seriously.

Nothing much beyond this is known of the habits or abilities of these creatures if they exist at all. As always any contact with paranormal creatures not previously known to the Bureau must be followed up by a complete report.

The following is a historical sampling of sightings. Unfortunately most modern sightings are suspect due to the popularizing of the Bigfoot myths that colors most testimony.

Washington

The Spokane Indians speak of nocturnal creatures leaving 1.5 foot long footprints and having a strong smell. Many times packs of these creatures would give three whistles and then pelt the Indian homes with stones. They are thought to live in the Cascade mountains: Rainer, Baker, Adams, Mount St. Helens, or Mt. Hood. Most likely it was Mount St. Helens.

In 1864 Alexander Caulfield Anderson, a fur trader, and his party was stoned by hairy humanoids while picking their way through a deep twisting gorge which was part of the Fraser River Canyon.

In 1884 a four foot tall furry humanoid, nicknamed "Jacko", was discovered in the Fraser River Canyon. The Fraser River flows near the base of the mountain where William Roe reported a sighting of a female Sasquatch in 1955.

In 1924, after shooting a giant creature that fell into a river in a

canyon on the northeast slope of Mt. St. Helens, the cabin of a group of gold prospectors was heavily stoned that night by a horde of foul-smelling wild creatures. The attack lasted until daybreak. This location is now called Ape Canyon.

In 1969 Skamania County Board of Commissioners passed an ordinance setting a fine of 5 to 10 thousand dollars plus a 5 year imprisonment for killing a Sasquatch due to the numerous sightings in the area.

California

In October 1967 Roger Patterson recorded a color film of an "authentic" Bigfoot at Bluff Creek.

Alaska

In Ruby dwells a creature called "Bushman" or "Nakenlia" by the Indians of the village of Galena and "Big Man" by the Iliamna & Newhalen Indian Villages. Legends depict it as larger than man, completely covered in hair, and very strong. It only appears in mid-September, before the start of winter.

These Indians refuse to discuss this creature. Some think that they are protecting it. More likely they are afraid that Bigfoot hunters will disrupt their lives, and because it would be another reason for the media to paint them as backward and superstitious.

Idaho

Chronicled by Theodore Roosevelt in *The Wilderness Hunter*: Two beaver hunters repeatedly found their camp disturbed and damaged while they were away. A large shape with a strong odor was seen at the entrance of their tent one night and shot at. It stomped around the campsite the next night keeping them penned fearful and awake in their tent. Two days later one went off to collect their traps. When he returned, he found his partner killed, his neck broken with teeth marks puncturing the throat.

In Grangeville Fred J. Richardson saw a cinnamon colored creature. It looked like a man in fur coat, but the weather was too hot for a such clothing. A smell like brimstone (struck wet matches) was noted.

Montana

September 1974, St. Mary's Peak, 30 miles west of Missoula, Chris Tobias, Diane Stringen, and Kathy Mudd saw two huge black haired animals striding faster than a man could normally walk. Their movement was a smooth gliding stride.

April 4, 1976, Robert Lea saw a creature west of Helena. It was covered in black hair except for hands, feet, and face. It stood approximately eight feet tall. It had no discernible neck, a slanted forehead, flat nose, and protruding jaw and lips.

Oliver

The most striking and least publicized evidence of Bigfoot is "Oliver", a 4'6" hominid weighing 125 lbs that walked upright and showed surprising intelligence. It was good natured and fully domesticated. X-rays of his spine revealed that it was abnormal for an ape and was what make his upright posture possible. his cells contained 47 chromosomes. Humans have 46 chromosomes. Chimpanzees have 48 chromosomes.

It was purchased by Attorneys Michael Miller and David Landay to keep it from being turned into a side show attraction. They received many requests for pictures and appearances. Unfortunately, this took too much time away from their legal practice. They stopped acknowledging the requests. It was last seen at the Enchanted Village Zoo in Buena Park, California.

Full Time Bigfoot Researchers and Information Centers

Dennis Gates & Rene Dahinden - Pacific Northwest
Peter Bryne, Director of Bigfoot Information Center
John Green, Author of *Sasquatch Files* and other books
Michigan Bigfoot Information Center - Run by Wayne King
Sasquatch Research Group of Kansas City, Missouri
Sasquatch Investigators of Mid-America, Tulsa, Oklahoma
The Bigfoot Research, Inc. of Iowa - run by Cliff LaBrecque and Kevin Cook.

Conclusions

While Bureau 13 has never actually captured a Bigfoot, we believe them to exist. Though rural development continues to reduce the amount of wilderness areas, there are still vast tracts of land rarely frequented by man or so rugged that a tribe of Bigfoot could be 100 feet away with little chance of a sighting. It is estimated by Bigfoot experts that over 200 family groups of Bigfoot live in the Pacific Northwest alone.

As to where they came from there are many theories:

- Parallel evolution to man from one of the precursors such as Neanderthal, Paranthropus, or Gigantopithecus that learned that man would kill whatever was not like him and so learned how to hide expertly.
- Devolution due to a curse or other malevolent magic.
- Temporal Slippage from a distant point in man's past.
- Humanoid alien stock that interbred with humans or crashed here some time in the past.
- Sightings of some humanoid aliens who have temporally landed.
- Escaped genetic experiment gone feral.

We have absolutely no evidence that any of these theories come close to the truth. However, as we rebuild our files we are more and more convinced that all are true.



BUREAU FILE: The Block

TMP: 25 ARE: any urban MRE: 99
 PERSONALITY: EITV IMMUNITY: 20
 BANE: bl, bf, as, Cartographers

Somewhere, somewhen, the Block broke off from time and space as we know it. It might be where the legend of Brigadoon spawned. Atlantis might have known it. It is the unfamiliar street in the neighborhood that you have lived in all of your life. It is the address that doesn't exist, the lane that never was, but it appears in your headlights late at night. Pray that you don't end up on it.

The Block is a time/space abnormality that attaches itself to cities. It appears as a semi-deserted street late at night with only a couple of seedy bars, gambling halls, or cat-houses. The denizens of the Block are derelicts and down and out winos. Late at night, normally after midnight, the block appears in a city as a random side street almost always located in an unfavorable section of town. It remains for a few hours and then disappears only to be in another city the next night. The cities that it attaches itself to are often not on the earth as we know it.

The first Bureau contact with the Block was in the arrival of an ancient Greek fisherman in New York City in 1943. He had been involved in a street brawl and was in the Tombs jail. For reasons unrelated to the incident, a Bureau agent who happened to have a knowledge of Classical Greek was also in the jail and engaged the man in conversation. Convinced that the fisherman was really from another time the agent made bail for him when Bureau legal counsel arrived.

The fisherman told of being in a waterside bar estimated to have been about 200 BC. He walked down an unfamiliar side street and sat in a doorway to sleep off his drunk. When he awoke it was still night and he was in the bewildering maze that is New York City.

The next Bureau contact with the Block occurred when Agent James Johnston pursued a man he believed possessed by the spirit of Jack the Ripper down an unfamiliar street. He saw the man go into a bar and went in to pursue him. Unfortunately, Agent Johnston was an alcoholic and, after losing Jack, stayed for quite some time in the bar. When he left the bar it was still night, but he did not recognize the strange street and customs that he found (Historical Records Section feels that it was probably Shanghai in the 16th century). Agent Johnston wisely realized that he was in the grip of some form of time/space disturbance that was probably centered on the bar. He remained in the bar, by his accounting, for about three years, coming out once every twelve hours to check his location. He left the street when he finally recognized the area as New Orleans again, although there was some temporal displacement. After entering in 1955, he came out in 1966.

He immediately contacted the closest Bureau office for a full debriefing. Unfortunately, the debriefing was cut short by the arrival of Agent Goldberg, whom Agent Johnston attempted to kill. Johnston was fatally wounded in the struggle. Before he expired, he explained: He had gotten off in the wrong city after all. In the world he was from, Germany had won World War II.



BUREAU FILE: Atomic Toddlers

13 June 1985

Location: Alton, NJ

Reporting Team: Team Newark

On 12 June we were ordered to contact the Chief of Police in Alton, New Jersey for on-site assistance of an unspecified nature. The chief, John Albright, is familiar with the Bureau (see BUREAU File: Alton Mass Mind, July 1963).

Responding to the request we arrived in Alton at 1800 on the same evening. Chief Albright informed us that on the previous night one of his officers (Sgt. James Blake) had been dispatched to check out a report of a strange glow at a power transformer on the east end of the city. The last radio report received by dispatch was the officer calling in that he was going in to check on movement near the power sub-station that he suspected to be a group of youths, possibly engaged in drug use or drinking. A group of kids had been habitually loitering in the area, so this seemed reasonable. After an hour without any further communication from the officer a backup car was sent to the location. The backup team found the officer's body.

Chief Albright took us to the county morgue, where we inspected the remains of the officer. Agent Jill Filmore, MD, after a rapid preliminary check, found that the remains were highly radioactive. The room was cleared of non-essential personnel and anti-radiation magic philters were taken (Note to Special Equipment: a side effect of severe migraines was noted in Agent Filmore. Please check this as a possible side effect of the alchemy involved, or look for a bad batch. The Potion Control Number was PCN113-0008). After extensive inspection Agent Filmore concluded that the body had been partially consumed by some small animal, possibly a particularly small ghou or pack thereof. The examination of the bite marks was inconclusive, but probably came from a carnivorous anthropoid of some variety.

Inspecting the scene at 2100 hrs we found exceptionally high radiation readings. Our Kirilian Detectors found abnormal background energy. At this point we retired to the local Holiday Inn to collate research on the area, and to call in our initial findings to Research for advice (see attached expense report). Both lines of inquiry were inconclusive.

The next day we reinspected the site with no further results. That evening another report was phoned into Police dispatch about a glow near the transformer. We responded to the call.

Arriving at the site we saw a concentrated bluish glow behind the power substation. Radiation and Kirilian readings were exceptionally high. While advancing slowly around the structure our team was attacked by twenty to fifty small creatures that looked like glowing human babies. These creatures crawled at an abnormally fast speed (5 feet per second). Agent Filmore

was killed before she could bring herself to fire on them. I immediately ordered free fire and the remainder of the team opened up on the toddlers. The creatures were adept at dodging our weapon fire and Agent William Halston was also lost to them before we regrouped on top of a dumpster, circled by the creatures. We killed a number of them at this point.

When they died, they ceased to look like toddlers, and transformed into white masses resembling bread dough. I suspect that their form is some kind of psychological defense, but I have no proof of this.

The remaining toddlers, apparently seeing that they could not climb up onto the dumpster, massed and pushed it over.

At this point it was obvious that we were going to be eradicated. I pulled the pin on my thermite grenade (Note: we have not yet received any response on the use of personal thermite grenades as last ditch self-destruction weapons, as per our report 22-33 Destruction of Selves and Bureau ID Though Cremation. Please advise) and ordered the rest of the team to self-destruct. Before we dropped the grenades a group of heavily-armed men approached our position from the North and destroyed the remaining toddlers.

After replacing the pins in our grenades (Agent Cooper was unable to find his, see attached receipt for dumpster in expense report) I met our rescuers and determined through code-word verification and Bureau identification that they were Team Blackwind, led by Agent Andrew Swan. Both teams then proceeded to disperse the evidence in the area and our team retired to the hotel for the evening.

There is still no clue as to the nature of the creatures that we fought or their origin. A sample of the remains of one of the toddlers was shipped to Support section for further analysis.

It should be noted that Team Newark owes its continued existence to Team Blackwind and particularly to Agent Swan. I personally recommend a commendation.

REPLY: Good work.

Follow-up Comments:

Hal,

I've checked all records and double verified. There is no Team Blackwind working for the Bureau or any affiliated agency. Ditto for Swan!

Jim

House of Shrift

From the personal papers of
 Father Zebadae McGarn
 - sealed by his Holiness

"Forgive me father, for I have sinned. It has been 6 days since my last confession."

"What sins do you have to confess, my son?"

"I have given sanctuary to a great evil, endangering my vows, the parishioners under my charge, even the very soul of someone dear to me as my own life."

"Heavens above! What have you done!"

"You know of the animal attacks in my parish."

"Yes, this is not unusual for mountainous areas."

"Alas, animal attack it is, but not a natural one. There is a werewolf among us."

"We must drive this beast from its hiding place and burn its accursed host, destroying the monster and saving this poor man's immortal soul!"

"No! I cannot allow this. He is dear to me. I have sworn to protect his life since he was an infant."

"Protect his life and damn his soul? That is an unfair trade! Have you no fear of God!"

"All too much. Forgive me father. I came not to gain absolution for my sins but to steel my heart to what I must do."

"Joseph! I have known your voice too many years to mistake it now. Turn aside from your own council. I will petition the Bishop on your behalf. Your life is not your own anymore. You are one of God's own priests!"

"Frances, you have found me out, but you are too late. I know what I must do. May God have mercy on my soul. Farewell."

The House of Shrift was created in the middle ages by a lycanthrope whose curse was broken by the selfless sacrifice of a priest who gave his life according to a vision. Knowing that his life could not have been worth his godfather's death, that man began his lifelong quest to find others trapped as he was in a degrading cycle of murder and despair. He pledged his life in exchange for that other, satisfied that the peace he now had in the intervening time and the peace he would have in the grave was a more than fair bargain.

This secret order has existed until the present. Each member is one who has been freed from lycanthropy by the sacrifice of another in the mystic ceremony. In many cases whole families have joined the order knowing that they have been spared generations of tragedy. The sanctity of "family secrets" has

aided the covert nature of the order.

Currently there is an inner circle of 13 members (one for each full moon in a year and to not be presumptuous upon the memory of the 12 Apostles of the Christian faith) that will come together to destroy a Were when it is discovered. These lead normal lives otherwise.

There is another part of the House of Shrift whose purpose is to hunt the Were and call in the inner circle when it is discovered. This is their profession. They are supported by the other members.

Those cursed with lycanthropy are given the simple choice of joining the order for life or be destroyed immediately without hope. Never is the Were told the whole of the situation. He is told that to join the order all are sworn to secrecy upon their very souls and all must participate in the arcane ceremony:

The Cursed is surrounded by the inner circle inside a protective circle drawn of powdered silver and wolfsbane (this combination is always the same, regardless of the type of Were involved). Outside, to the side, is drawn a representation of the confrontation including a single lit candle representing each person inside the circle. As the Cursed beseeches the higher power he worships to be freed from lycanthropy, one of the members of the House will be possessed by the spirit of the Were. The member will transform into the Were in all respects, except that the piety (PIE) of the member is subtracted from all the physical stats of the Were (the soul of the member is fighting the Were, weakening it so it hopefully may be destroyed).

The Cursed and his were form engage in hand to hand combat to the death. The other members of the House are ignored. As this occurs, the candles representing the Cursed and the possessed member burn hot and rapidly, their heights shortening, representing how each fare in the battle. When one dies, that candle blows out. The Cursed is provided with a silver crusader's sword and dagger, secretly blessed by each member of the inner circle, if he can use them. Any mystic protections are useless as they confer equally to the Cursed and the Were.

If the Cursed is defeated, he dies and the curse can carry on to another of his house. The member of the House of Shrift, freed from the possession, now fights to survive any wounds he has received in the battle.

However, there is a terrible price if the Cursed prevails. Though he is freed from lycanthropy forever, the member who was possessed has died in his place. That is why those cursed with lycanthropy must join the House of Shrift: to replace the member who has given his life so that the curse might be lifted. When the combat is over, the new member will be brought to the side of slain member who will rise up, even though dead, and forgive him and charge him to remember his promise. The new member now knows that sometime in the future, he will be called upon to give his life in like manner in partial payment for what has been done for him.



Routing: AA-2234-86
From: Agent J. P. Withers
To: Technical Support Section
CC: All Active Teams, Support Personnel, Administrative Section

Ray,

I know we have discussed this in the past, but we are going to go through it one more time before I have to come out there and talk to you personally. The Bureau standard issue cigarette packs are an evidence dispersal nightmare and a hazard to the security of the organization.

Here are the facts again. The only effective reason for the cammo on the equipment in the packs is to keep them from being detected during a search of an agent's possessions. When an item is in use it is obvious that it is not a cigarette. If I pull out one of the cigarettes and start using the tools in it to pick a lock it is pretty obvious to any observer that it is not a normal cigarette. With the exception of the drug dart launcher, your argument that the cammo helps you use the tools without detection just doesn't hold water considering how they are actually used in the field.

But, cammo them as you will, the quarter pound weight of the pack due to the equipment in it gives the pack away instantly in a body search. Such searches are routine when you are picked up by police departments. The discovery of the pack and its equipment instantly causes a number of problems and invariably gets the agent involved charged with possession for the explosives, possession of thieves' tools, and various other infractions of the law depending on the state.

So far I have had to kill three separate search queries on the National Criminal Investigation Computer related to the cigarette packs. It is only a matter of time before I miss some and it becomes obvious to the FBI that there is an organization out here arming its agents with this type of equipment.

On the physical end of this problem I have personally been required to free twelve different agents and eliminate a number of law enforcement personnel to keep this problem from coming to light.

I urge you to immediately discontinue use of something so obvious as the cammo being used in the pack. A simple (or even complex) bag would suffice for holding the equipment in question, and would not engender suspicion. Many criminals are carrying the type of equipment that we do, but just not with the elaborate camouflage. No loss of utility would result under field use conditions.

I strongly urge you to take this seriously, Ray, and issue a recall on all Bureau-issue cigarette packs. Failure to do so would make me think that you are becoming a threat to the organization.

Your Friend
-JPW

Routing: AA-CENTRAL-RAY
From: Ray Robertson, Head, Technical Support Section
To: All Active Teams, Support, Administrative
CC: J. P. Withers

Due to a somewhat questionable recent audit of capabilities, a recall is being issued for the standard issue Bureau Cigarette Pack. This piece of equipment has been found to have slight liabilities during use under field conditions, though it is generally recognized that it is a brilliant piece of miniaturization and camouflage.

The following items of equipment are recommended to replace the pack without a loss of capability:

- Utility Suit Mod A-1 (Urban)
- Utility Suit Mod A-2 (Rural)
- Black Bag Mod 1

The Black Bag is a direct one-to-one transfer of the cigarette pack equipment to a more functional, though much less artistic and brilliantly designed, container.

Technical Stats for all of the replacement items mentioned should accompany this report. Please familiarize yourselves with these pieces of equipment.





UTILITY SUIT Model A-1 (Urban)

The Utility Suit appears to be a normal light suit (summer variant) or heavy suit (winter variant) commonly seen on city streets. Modifications may be made to assume various styles, but all consist of a jacket, belt, and pants. The female version is issued with a medium length skirt as well. Utility Suits are custom made to the wearer's physical measurements and none look exactly alike. The suit contains a number of items of Bureau issue equipment concealed from all but the most thorough search. The suit should easily pass an average police search (except where noted).

Equipment specification/location

Garrote wire -- curled into the lining of the right sleeve cuff of the suit (left available on request) is a thin, nonconducting piece of very strong wire 32 inches long. Pulling firmly on one of the slightly oversized buttons on the cuff detaches it so that it and the attached wire slide out. The first 7 inches of the wire are coated with plastic to allow the agent to wrap the wire around his hand for a better grip than the button alone allows. Once extended the wire takes quite some time to replace (2 minutes average under good conditions). It may be removed along with the second, anchoring button and placed in a pocket until such time as it can be replaced covertly.

Transmitter/Bug/Homing Button and Receiver/Tracker Button -- The buttons on the suit jacket front are really electronic devices. One is a transmitter to be used as a bug or activated as an emergency transmitter in place of the standard Bureau watch. Pressing a small indentation on the inner face of the button with any standard pen triggers either the homing mode and it becomes a tracer unit or activates the bug function.

The other button is a receiver that is placed over the ear canal of the user. It has a slightly flexible plastic edge that should provide proper fit plus a permanent tacky inner surface that holds even in high wind. Pressing a small indentation on the inner face of the button with any standard pen activates it. The button should be placed in the ear with the indentation oriented toward the front of the head. Rudimentary tracking is provided by louder and more

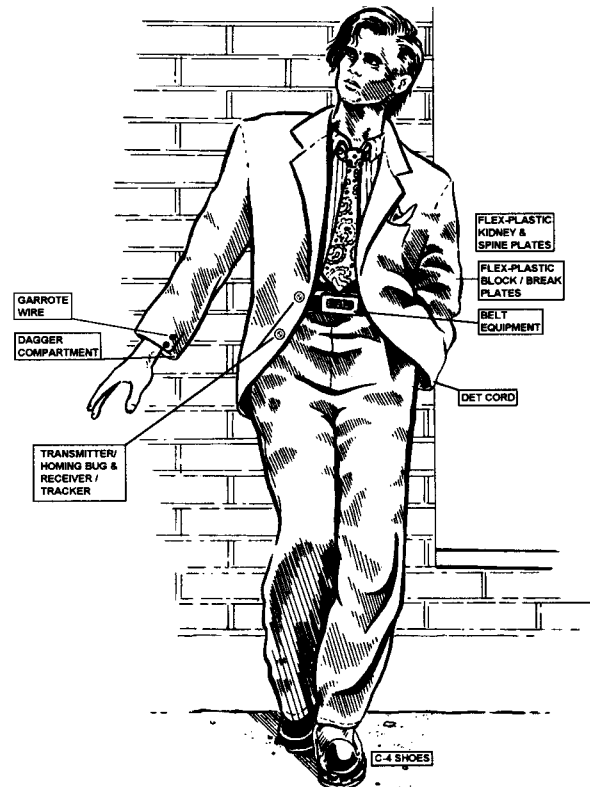
frequent pulses as the tracker is correctly oriented and closer to the transmitter. The bug function has a half mile clarity range while the tracker function is 5 miles.

Note: While these units are almost undetectable when inactive on the suit, great care should be taken not to let them fall into civilian hands if the true nature of the devices is apparent. The power source and some of their circuitry are not available in our time and technology.

Flex-Plastic Kidney and Spine Plates -- Flex-plastic is a velocity activated memory plastic. In its normal state it is as thin and flexible as normal thick cloth and virtually undetectable. When struck, however, the material becomes hard and virtually unbreakable and unyielding to low velocity impact, providing armor covering for the kidney and spinal areas of the wearer. These areas also have kevlar cloth material sewn in. The net protection is the same as having a layer of ballistic cloth and a carbon filament layer in these areas verses weapon fire.

Flex-Plastic Block/Break Plates -- Flex-plastic has also been inserted into the forearms of the suit. These plates are thicker on the outer side of the arm and create a slight raised edge when active. This should be of assistance to those agents with martial arts training. (Blocker receives no damage, treat block as a punch to the limb of attacker using Strength Related Damage table, BUREAU 13 Pg. 114)

Dagger Compartments -- A pair of thin daggers are concealed in special sleeve compartments. These daggers are easily available to the agent with a quick twisting wrist motion. The daggers, obviously, must be jettisoned if the agent suspects a search.



Compartmentalized Inner Pocket -- The inner pocket of the jacket is compartmentalized to hold two sets of identification. The second set should be removed if the agent expects a search or they are likely to be found.

Det Cord -- Concealed in the lining of the suit jacket is ten feet of det cord. Det cord is basically plastic explosive in a cord. It will cut through most materials up to quarter inch plate steel. 10 feet should be enough to burn through the hinges of an average detention cell door.

C-4 Shoes -- A pair of C-4 shoes are standard issue with the suit. The shoes may be styled to match the style of the suit. Unfortunately, most stylish women's shoes preclude this option. Further, most men's stylish shoes can contain only half of the normal amount (100-250 pt blast).

Reversible -- The suit is reversible to black or urban cammo (agent's option) for clandestine operations.

Belt Equipment -- The oversized buckle disassembles and reassembles to provide a standard 4 lockpick set, razor knife, and screw driver. The belt itself contains a small bladder of super glue and another bladder of all-purpose filler. Both of these are available by squeezing the belt in the appropriate location. The fluid will jet from the belt edge.

A great deal of effort has been put into concealment of the objects in the belt. It is doubtful that anyone searching the agent will find the concealed items. However, standard procedure for detainment in a police facility requires the removal of belts and shoe laces.

The belt is available separately from the suit as are the shoes.

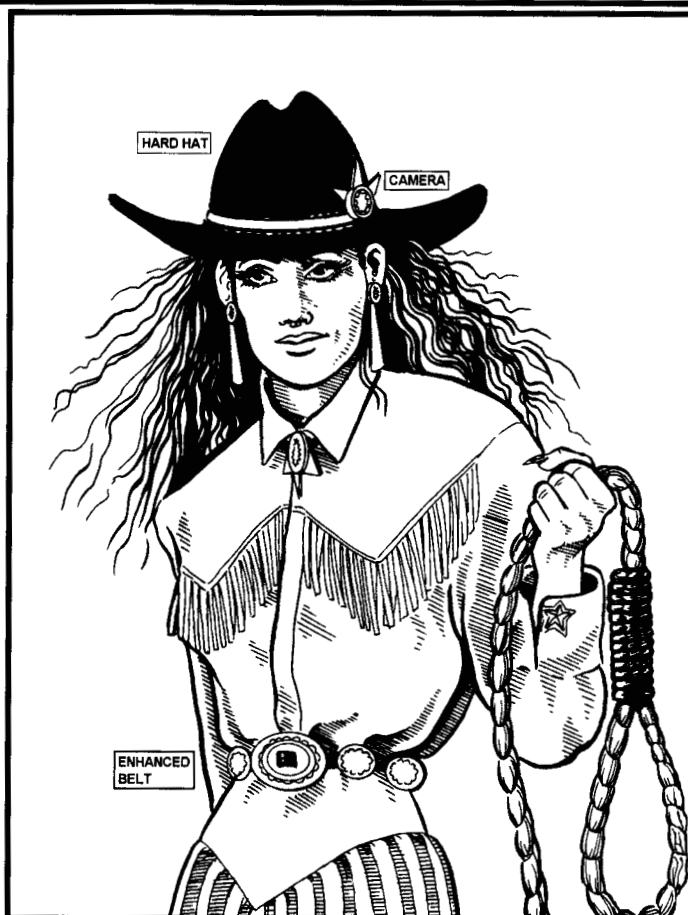
When ordering this piece of equipment please give all normal suit and shoe measurements as well as specific measurements of size of forearm, inner and outer length as well as girth, and the size of the opening of the outer ear canal, in millimeters. If medical personnel are available, an exact placement of the kidneys, in inches out from the spine, circumference, and height from end of tailbone are helpful for perfect fit, but not required.

Basic allocation is two suits and delivery time is 72 hours.

UTILITY SUIT Model A-2 (Rural)

This variant of the Utility Suit consists of a heavy flannel shirt, hiking boots, a hat, and a much larger and ornate belt, with matching buckle. Female variants (skirts and doe-skin jackets, with or without fringes) are available, or female sizes in the standard model.

The flannel shirt contains all the equipment in the urban suit jacket, with the exception of the det cord, the dual compartment inner pocket, and the sleeve daggers.



Additional equipment/locations for the A-2 are listed below.

Folding Knife/Stunner -- A standard folding lock-back knife in a worked leather belt sheath. The knife is also a 70,000 volt stun gun when a second button (next to the locking button of the knife) is depressed. Then it can be pressed or hurled against a target. The belt sheath is converted to a drop sheath with the removal of a small bottom velcro patch, allowing for immediate access to the weapon in an emergency situation. A small opening mechanism in the sheath may be set to always deliver the blade to the hand of the agent, open and locked.

Enhanced Belt -- The belt and buckle on the rural suit are much larger and more ornate than the standard model, allowing for more equipment to be stored. In addition to the tools in the standard belt the enhanced belt includes a tiny 1 hour use flashlight and a compartment to hold a small amount of any chemical compound. It is particularly suited for four small pills, but also capable of carrying powders or liquids of the agent's choice. A thin flexible wire survival saw is sewn into the belt itself. The belt can be tooled with the first name of the agent (or cover name), with or without rhinestones, as requested.

Hiking boots -- The suit comes standard with hiking boots. The boots have both strings and a velcro closure strap. The double protection is because the strings are modified det cord, making up for the ten feet of this material normally found in the suit jacket of variant A-1. The hiking boots hold a full load of C-4.

EVIL NEVER SLEEPS

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A Friendly Note From JP Withers

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