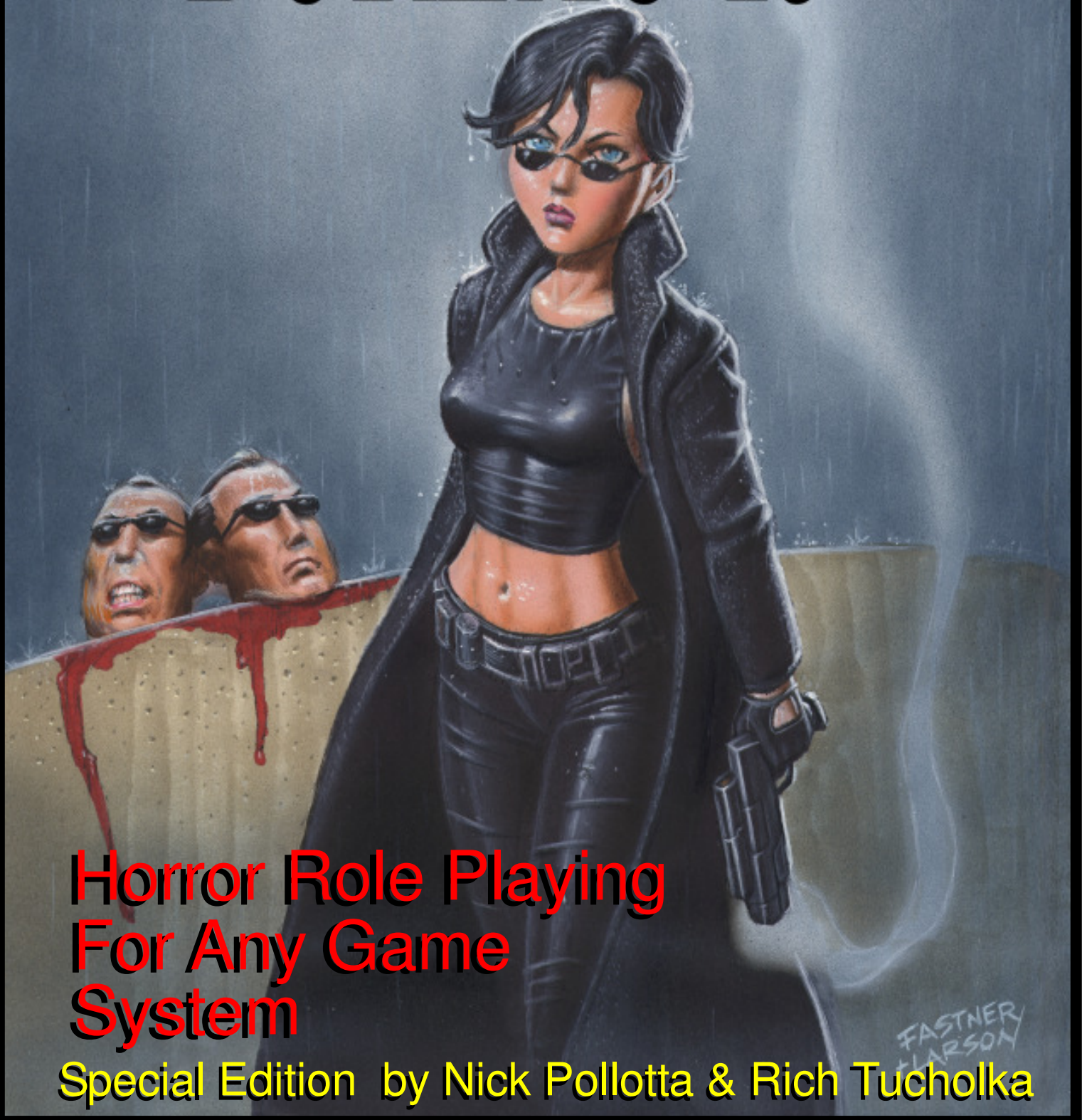


TRI TAC GAMES

SP #0100

# BUREAU 13



**Horror Role Playing  
For Any Game  
System**

Special Edition by Nick Pollotta & Rich Tucholka

FASTNER  
PARSON



## ***THE DAMNED THINGS WERE EVERYWHERE...***

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

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

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

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

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

“Then why the elaborate evasion?”

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

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

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

“Correct.”

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

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

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

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

It’s a crazy world....



Nick Pollotta



Rich Tucholka

# **BUREAU 13**

***Special Edition Sourcebook for Any Game System***

**Nick Pollotta & Richard Tucholka**



Tri Tac Games, Books & Graphics  
Michigan Washington Georgia Texas

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

**BUREAU 13**  
**SPECIAL EDITION SOURCEBOOK**

For any Game System

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**DEDICATION**

To Gamers Everywhere!

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**Be Sure to Check out the *Bureau 13 Message Board* at [Yahoo.com](http://Yahoo.com)**



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### ***IMPORTANT NOTICE***

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



## SECRET HISTORY OF THE WORLD

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

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

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

And then it happened.

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

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

They are wrong... Dead wrong.

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

# ***EVIL IS GROWING***



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



## **BASIC DATA**

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

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

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

### **BUREAU 13 THE RPG:**

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

### **What is Role-Playing?**

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

## **TERMINOLOGY**

### **DICE:**

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

### **ABILITIES:**

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

### **GAMEMASTER**

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

### **PLAYER CHARACTER:**

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

### **STICKING TO THE RULES:**

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

### **HOW DO I JOIN THE BUREAU?**

You don't. Bureau 13 finds you.

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

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

## 'INITIATION'

by Nick Pollotta

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One tough bitch. Incendiary bullets? I wondered.

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

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

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

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

*Big deal, I thought.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

At least, it seemed crazy until tonight.

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

Where the arrow came from I have no idea.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah?"

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

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

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

My thanks consisted mostly of four-letter words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay, deal me in," I sighed.

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

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

*-THE END*

### **VAMPIRE ANNOYANCES**

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



## HOW TO BE A (Covert) FEDERAL AGENT

### What is My Job as a Bureau 13 Agent?

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

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

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

### What Do I Start With?

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

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

### INSURANCE:

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

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

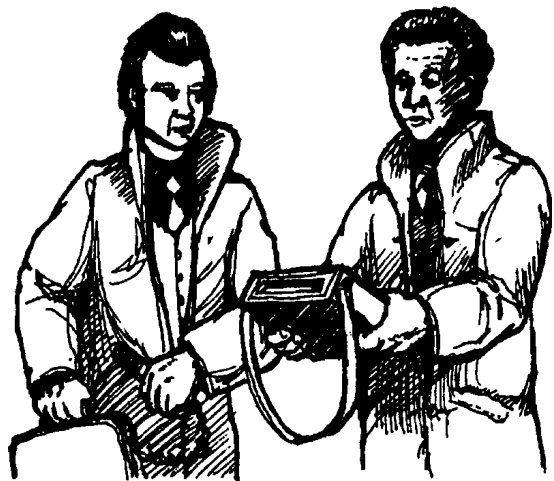
But you could be the first. Really, you could. Honest.

### WHAT IS BUREAU 13?

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

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

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



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

### DISPOSING OF EVIL

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

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

## BUREAU REGULATIONS

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

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



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

## IF YOU'RE CAUGHT

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

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

## LIMITATIONS

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

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

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



## **BASIC TIME-LINE OF BUREAU 13**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



## MATERIALS NEEDED TO START PLAYING

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

### THE GAME

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

### OPTIONAL: Figurines

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

### OPTIONAL: Maps and Buildings

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

### OPTIONAL: Props

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

### OPTIONAL: PIZZA AND SODA

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



Bureau 13 Figurines by Lance & Laser



## **HOW DO I START A MISSION?**

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

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

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

## **GREEN AND RED TABLES**

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

## **CONTACT OPTIONS**

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



## **CONTACT TIME**

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

## **SUDDENLY THINGS GET HOT**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# CHARACTER DESIGN



## CREATING A CHARACTER

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

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

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

## THE INITIATION OF ROBERT HARRISON

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

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

Mr. Harrison is also a Bureau 13 agent.

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

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

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

## CREATING A BUREAU 13 AGENT

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

### NAME:

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

### OCCUPATION:

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

### AGE, SEX, HEIGHT, WEIGHT

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

### AH, LIFE:

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

### OPTIONAL:

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

### THE RULES:

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

### TYPES OF CHARACTERS

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

### FIELD AGENT

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

### SUPERNATURAL

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

### COMBAT CLERIC

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

### MAGES

A Bureau 13

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

### MILLENNIUM KNIGHT

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

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**BUREAU 13 FIELD REPORT**

**FROM:** Team Firestorm

**LOCATION:** South Central CA

**STATUS:** Successful

**DATE:** 7/17/2013

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*(see attached Translation)*

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TOPSECRETTOPSECRETTOPSECRETTOPSECRET**



## CHARACTER ASSUMPTIONS

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

## WEAPONS

### Human

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

### Combat Cleric

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

### Mage

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

### Other

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

### Note

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

## TYPES OF BUREAU 13 AGENTS

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

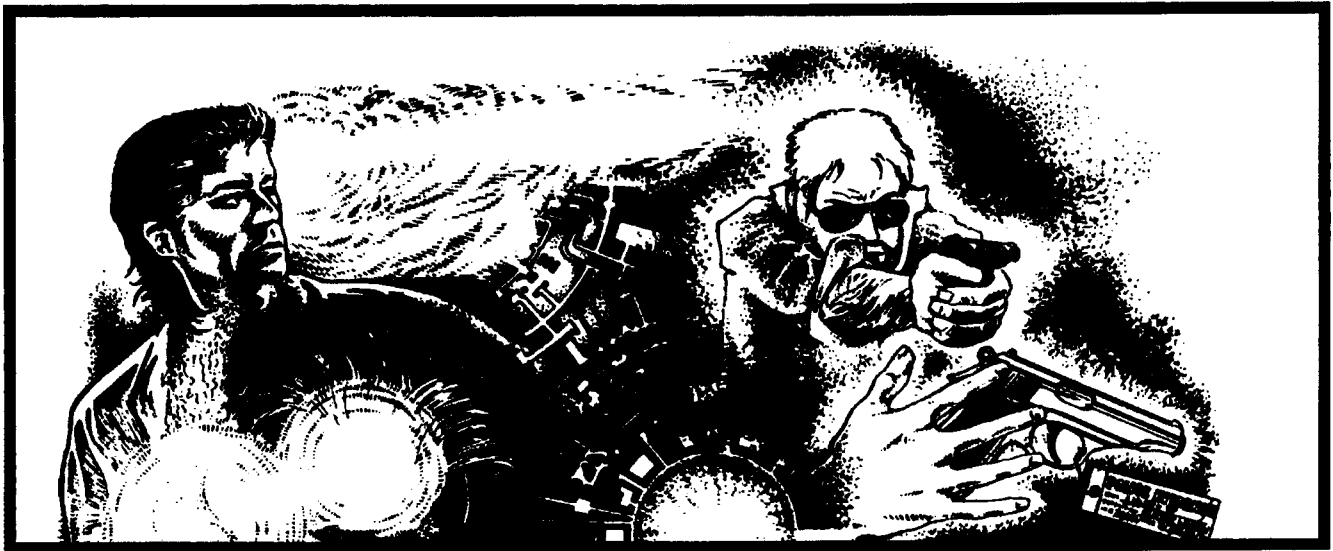
### TOP TEN REASONS WHY ITS GREAT TO BE IN BUREAU 13

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

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

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





### **Solo Agents:**

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

### **Doubles:**

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

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

### **Field Teams:**

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

### **Millennium Knights:**

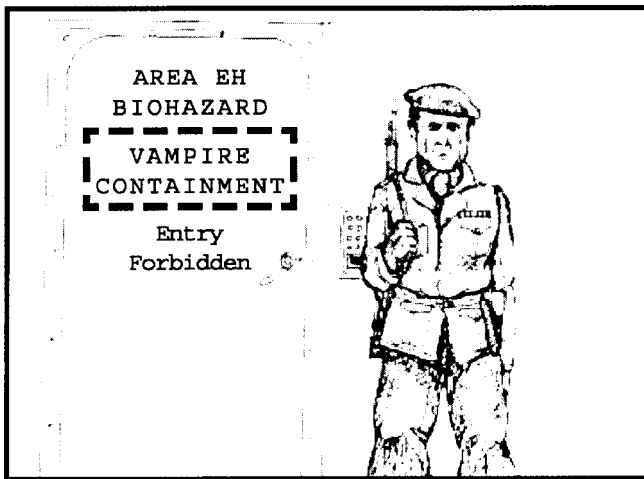
This is an advanced class of Bard/Soldier. These combat musicians prowl the nightclubs and concerts halls of the nation searching for evil. Millennium Knights can either perform with their Posse, (*see: Millenium Knights for full score and details*), or a full Team of musicians. Ever wonder why rock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

#### **Known Millennium Knight Teams**

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

#### **Known Solo Millennium Knights**

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



## RETIREMENT:

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

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

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

## EXILE

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

## ADDENDUM

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

## KNOWN BUREAU 13 FIELD TEAMS

### BALTIMORE

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

### BOSTON

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

### CHARLOTTE, NC

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

### CHICAGO

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

### CINCINNATI

Team Macabe - Rabbinical students turned Cabalist Mages.

### DETROIT

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

### OHIO

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



## HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS OF AMERICA

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

### HOUSTON

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

### KANSAS CITY, MO

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

### LOS ANGELES

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

### MIAMI, FLORIDA

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

### EAST NEW YORK CITY

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

### WEST NEW YORK CITY

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

### SEATTLE

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

### UNKNOWN

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



### VISTA CITY, CA

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

## WASHINGTON, DC

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

### Team Phoenix

Designed to kill rogue B13 agents.

### The Council

Classified Beyond Top Secret.

## KNOWN SOLO AGENTS

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



## NAMING A TEAM

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

### Examples:

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



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

### TEAM NAMES.

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

## **BUREAU 13 ADVANCED CLASSES**

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

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

## **NEW PRESTIGE CLASSES**

### **COMBAT CLERIC**

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

#### **Requirements to Join:**

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

#### **Basic Abilities**

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

### **MILLENNIUM KNIGHTS**

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

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



## Solo

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

## Team

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

Word up, homey.

## Requirements to Join

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

## Note

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

## 03 BUREAU MAGE

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

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

## Requirements to Join

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

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

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





## MAGE STAFF

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

### **SPELLS:**

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

### **LIMITATION:**

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

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

### **APPEARANCE / MATERIAL:**

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

**Apprentice** Rough Wood

**Journeyman** Wood

**initiate** Iron

**Mage** Steel

**Master** Crystal

**Ancient** Crystal with a glowing solar orb on top. (*removable so that the Mage can appear to be a lower level if they wish*),

**Legendary** Wood. (*yes, we got that right. The most powerful wizards look like Rookies.*)

### **HARDNESS:**

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

### **DESTROYING A STAFF:**

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



### **STEALING A STAFF:**

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

So remember: honesty is the best policy!

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

## **BATTLE CODES**

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

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

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN** - Kill the leader.

**ALEX HALEY** - Go for the roots!

**SAIGON BUG-OUT** - Run for your lives!

**DONALD AND DAISY** - Duck.

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

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

**ROUTINE NINE** - Switch opponents.

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

**PINK FLOYD** - Go behind The Wall.

**VLAD THE IMPALER** - I'm on point.

**IRAQI DISCO** - Only pretend to surrender, then attack.

**DARTH VADER** - I'm on the leader.

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

**CADILLAC SEVILLE** - Fire all weapons on full auto.

**TAXI CAB** - Stick to the floor.

**ANNIE OAKLEY** - Shoot behind you!

**BASTILLE DAY** - Set everybody free.

**WALL STREET** - Cut their throats.

**ERNEST BORGNINE NAKED** - Don't look.

**MEXICAN HOLIDAY** - The coast is clear.

**NERO'S FIDDLE** - Burn the whole place down.

**BATES MOTEL** - Kill them all.

**ROACH MOTEL** - Capture them alive.

**HOT SOUP** - Block the way.

**AVON CALLING** - Shoot through the closed door.

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

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

**MUSKETEERS** - Everybody protect each other.

**VISA or MASTER CARD** - Charge.

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

**GIGLI** - I'm going to throw a bomb.

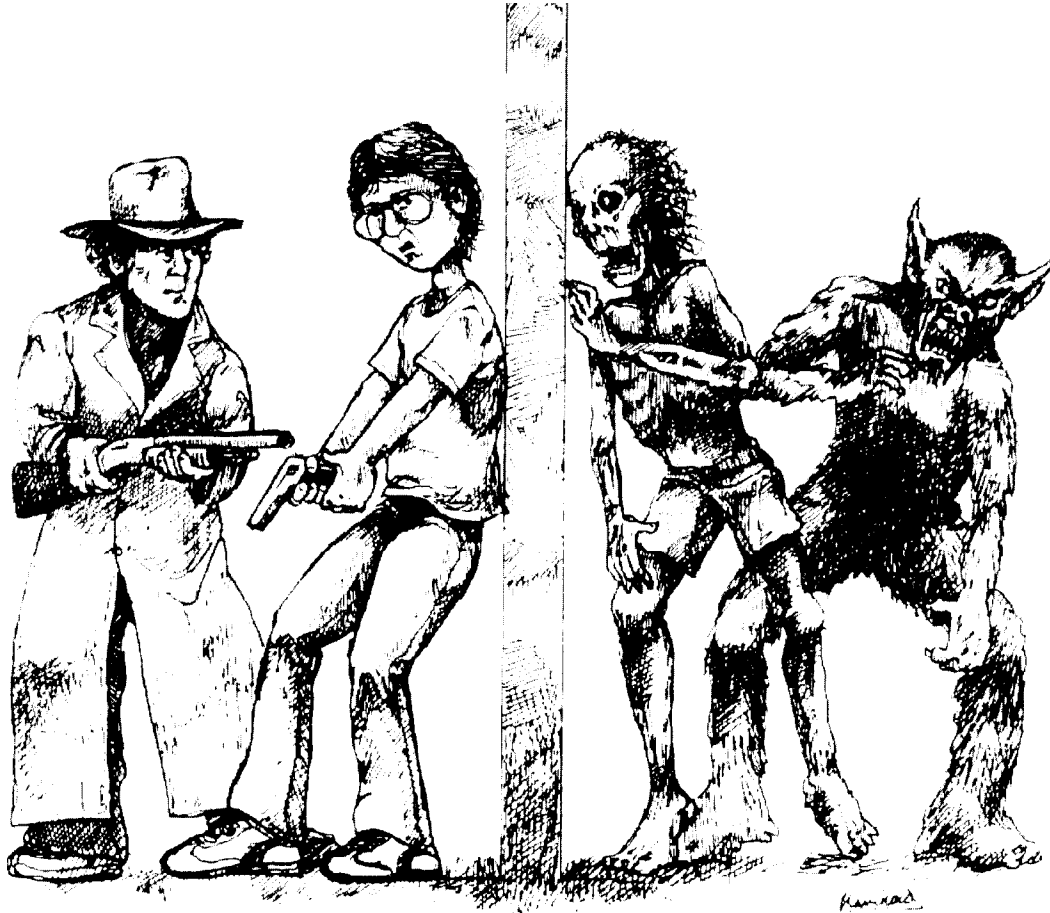
**SHOPPING MALL** - Separate, then converge.

**ABBEY ROAD** - Pretend to be dead.

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

**STAR WARS** - Stop touching it!





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

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

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

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

## **BUREAU 13: WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT**

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

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

### **WEAPONS:**

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

#### **Example**

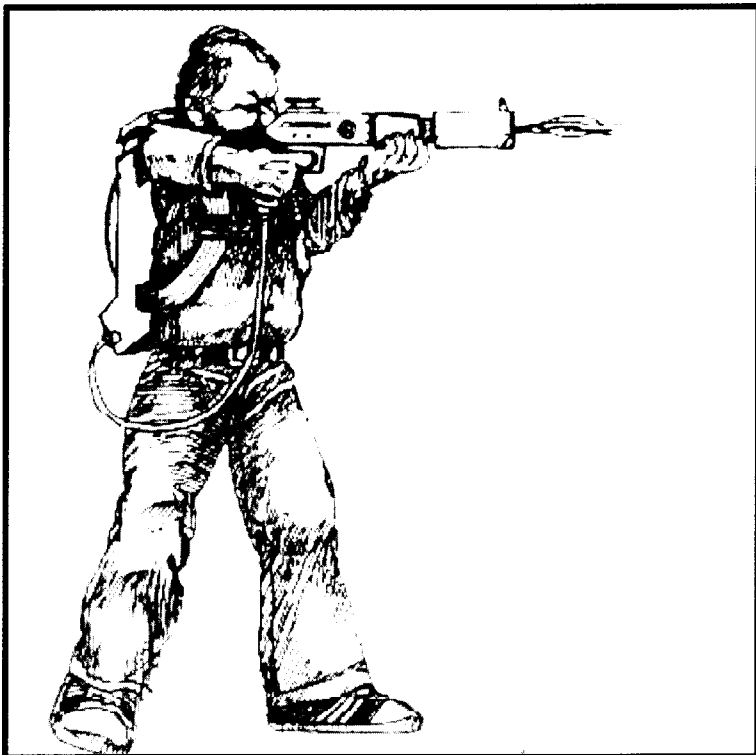
Ed Alvarez of Team Tunafish in Chicago carries twin S&W .357 Magnum revolvers, while George Renault of Team Tunafish carries an M60 machine gun (*magically disguised to look like a small banjo*). Roger's Rangers in Boston all like M16/M203 assault rifles (*machine guns with a 40mm grenade launcher*),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

#### **Note**

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

### **MAGIC AND GUNS DO NOT MIX**

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



### **SOLUTION**

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

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

### **OTHER OPTIONS**

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

## STANDARD ISSUE WEAPONS



### **BERETTA 9mm AUTOMATIC**

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

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

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

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

#### **Baretta 9mm**

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

## **STANDARD ISSUE AMMUNITION**

### (A) **STANDARD**

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

### (B) **RUBBER**

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

### (C) **UNTRACEABLE**

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

### (D) **SMART**

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



## SHOTGUN

(see *New Weapons, Bane Delivery System*)

### AMMUNITION TYPES

#### Armor-Piercing

Good to use against robots, the KGB and gargoyles.

#### Lead

Standard damage. Legal.

#### Glaser-Sure Kill:

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

#### Silver

Standard damage to non-bane creatures.

#### Cold Iron

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

#### Tracer - Fire Starter

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

#### Bane Load

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

#### Wood

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

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

### LOADING.

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

### ACOUSTICAL SILENCER

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

<b>Acoustical Silencer</b>	<b>Weight: 0.4 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
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### SILENT BULLETS

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

<b>Silent Bullets</b>	<b>Weight: 3.0 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 80%</b>
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## LASER POINTER

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

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

<b>Laser Pointer</b>	<b>Weight: 0.20 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability</b>
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## DAZZLER

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

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

<b>Dazzler</b>	<b>Weight: 1.00 lbs w/Battery.</b>	<b>Availability</b>
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## WORD CANE

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

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

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

<b>Sword Cane</b>	<b>Weight: 3.0 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 75%</b>
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## UNUSUAL & ESOTERIC WEAPONS

Consult the RPG System of your choice.

### COMBAT DAMAGE AVERAGES

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



## SWORD UMBRELLA

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

Sword Umbrella	Weight: 0.4 lbs.	Availability 85%
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## GRENADES

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

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

### FLASH BANG

No damage, just a blinding flash and deafening bang.

### HIGH EXPLOSIVE

Critical Damage

### HIGH-EXPLOSIVE X

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

### SMOKE

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

### TEAR GAS

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

### KNOCK-OUT GAS

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

### BANE VAPOR (special load)

Bane effect only. Fills an area 20' square.

### WHITE PHOSPHORUS

Critical damage every Minute

### THERMITE

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### ANTI-CAMERA:

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

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





## BUREAU CAMERAS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## FOCUS on Mechanical Rats

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

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





### CIGARETTE LIGHTER:

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

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

<b>Cigarette Lighter</b>	<b>Weight: 0.02 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
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### CIGARETTE PACK:

Contains twenty cigarettes, each with a different function.

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

### COMMAND CARD:

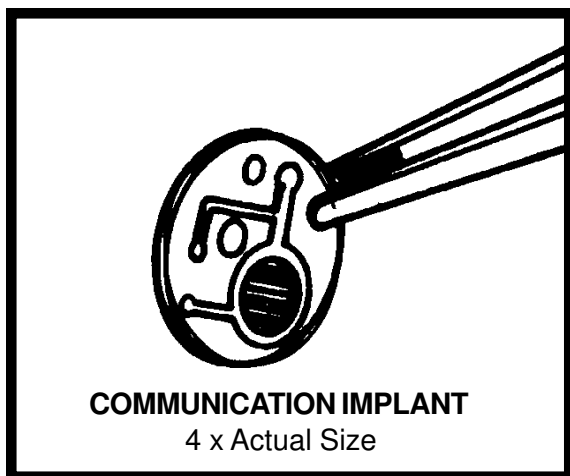
This device is a simple plastic library card with an encoded strip that allows an agent to open Supply Dumps, Bolt Holes, and to operate Bureau 13 vehicles. If the card is stolen, there is a seven character, alpha-numeric, PIN (*of their choosing*) that an agent can shout out to activate a mystic rune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

<b>Command Card</b>	<b>Weight: NA</b>	<b>Availability 100%</b>
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### COMMUNICATION IMPLANT

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

<b>Communication Implant</b>	<b>Weight: NA</b>	<b>Availability 100%</b>
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### Implant Data

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

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

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

# BUREAU COMPUTERS

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

## COMPUTER - HANDHELD:

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

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

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

## COMPUTER - NOTEBOOK:

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

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

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

<b>Notebook Computer</b>	<b>Weight: 1.50 lb.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
<b>Notebook Battery</b>	<b>Weight: 0.50 lb.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
<b>Notebook Fuel Cell</b>	<b>Weight: 1.00 lb.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>

## COMPUTERS - RV MINI-MAINFRAME:

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

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

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

<b>Mini-Mainframe Computer</b>	<b>Weight: 15.50 lb.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
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## RV Computer Notes

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

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

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

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

<b>RV Computer</b>	<b>Weight: 0.02 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
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## DOORJAMMERS:

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

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

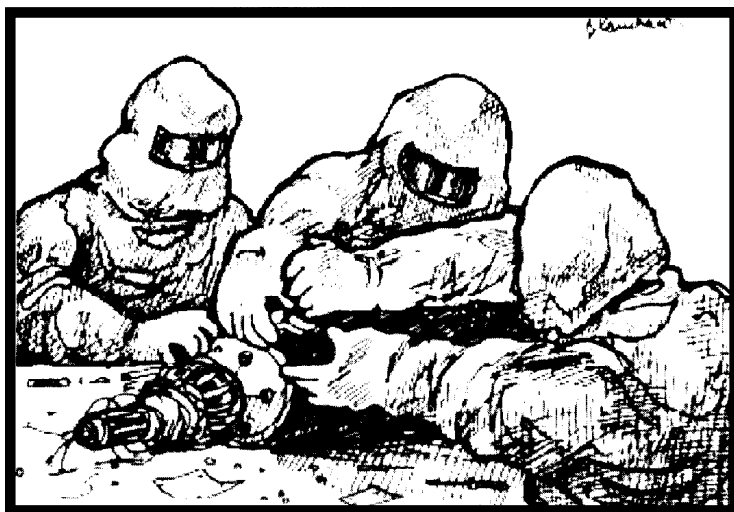
However, these are not built as an aid to gaining entrance, but the exact opposite.

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

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

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

<b>Door Jammer</b>	<b>Weight: 0.01 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 95%</b>
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## ENVIRONMENTAL SUITS

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

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

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

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

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

**Environmental Suit**  
**Air Freshener**

**Weight: 45.00 lbs.**  
**Weight 00.01 lbs**

**Availability 95%**  
**Availability 87%**



### FIELD PACK / VEST

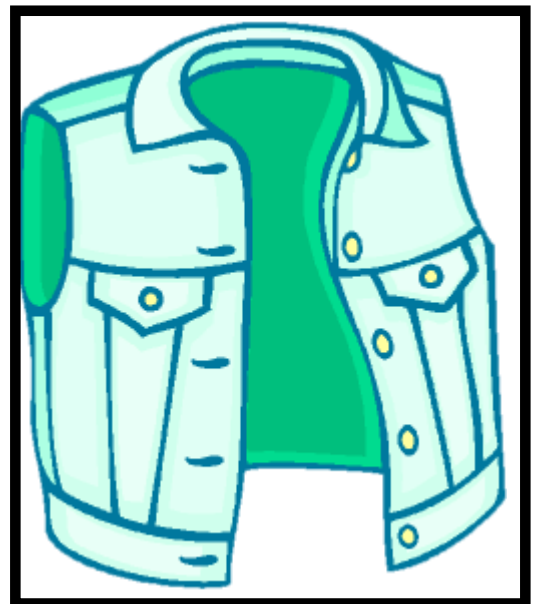
In addition to your FBI commission booklet, Bureau 13 ID card, weapon, magic bracelet, etc, an agent is also offered a handy assortment of top-of-the-line spy technology.

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

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

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

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



## ITEMS FOR A BUREAU VEST

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

## OTHER AGENT FAVORITES

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

## VEST NOTES

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

<b>Vest/Pack</b>	<b>Weight: 01.00 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 75%</b>
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## GRAPNEL GUN:

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

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

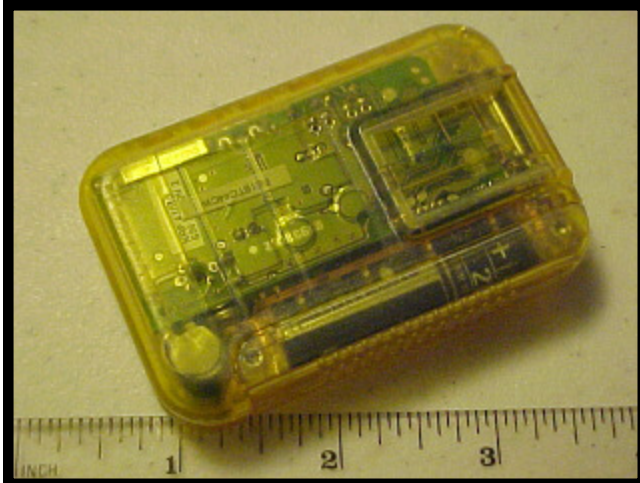
This is not a clever invention of TechServ, but is standard US military issue equipment *(which only goes to prove that the Bureau doesn't have all the smart people working for them).*

<b>Grapnel Gun</b>	<b>Weight: 05.00 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 85%</b>
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## HAND SCANNER:

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

<b>Scanner Wand</b>	<b>Weight: 00.10 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 85%</b>
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## HUMBUG:

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

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

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

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

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

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

<b>Humbug</b>	<b>Weight: 00.10 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 85%</b>
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### KIRILIAN DETECTOR

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

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

<b>Kirilian Detector</b>	<b>Weight: 01.00 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 85%</b>
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### KIRILIAN SCRAMBLER

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

### KIRILIAN SUNGLASSES:

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

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

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

<b>Kirilian Sunglasses</b>	<b>Weight: 00.15 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 75%</b>
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### NASA JET PACK

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

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

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



<b>Jet Pack</b>	<b>Weight: 65.00 lbs.</b>	<b>Availability 45%</b>
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## POCKET COMB

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

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

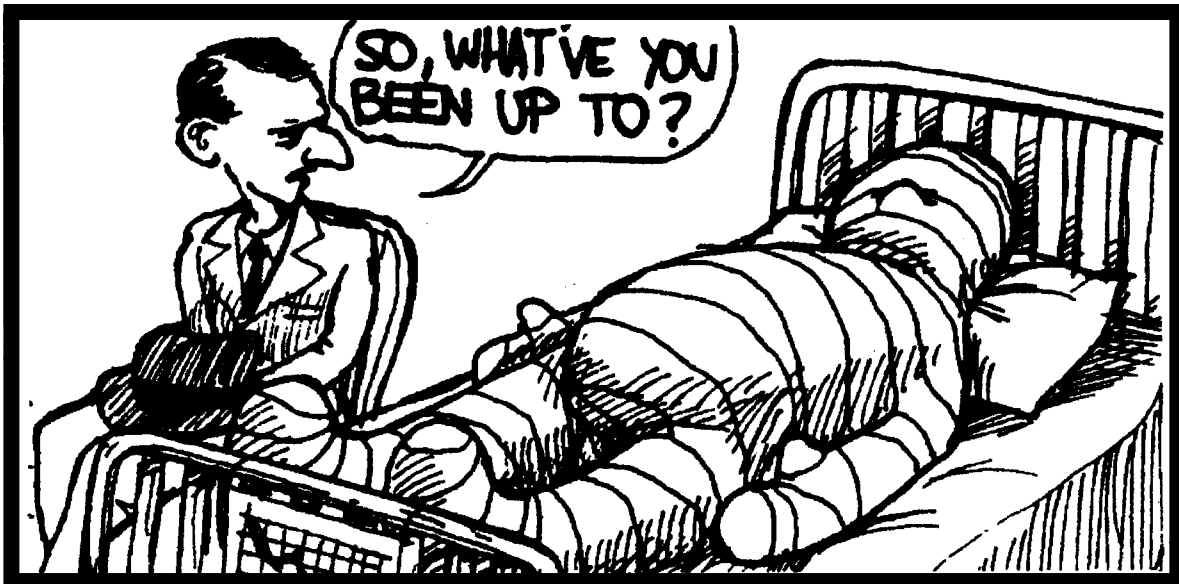
The B13 Pocket comb will come to its owner if whistled for and does not allow an agent access to the Sylvan Gulag, or a "Wiccans Gone Wild" Wet T-shirt contest (*more's the pity*).

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

Pocket Comb

Weight: 00.10 lbs.

Availability 85%



## POCKET PENS

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

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

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

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

### PEN DIAGRAM

- Refill Pressure Switch
- Filler Tank
- Trigger





## POCKET PEN GUN

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

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

Pocket Pen

Weight: 00.01 lbs.

Availability 85%

## SKY-KING POWERED HANG GLIDER

LENGTH: 009 ft.

TANK: 005 gal.

RANGE: 200 mi.

WIDTH: 026 ft.

MPG: 025 variable

TOUGH: No

HEIGHT: 005 ft.

WEIGHT: 820 lbs.

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

Hang Glider

Weight: 820.00 lbs.

Availability 65%

## TAROT CARDS

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

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

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

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



Tarot Cards

Weight: 00.05 lbs.

Availability 95%

## TASER: ELECTRIC STUNNER

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

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

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

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

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

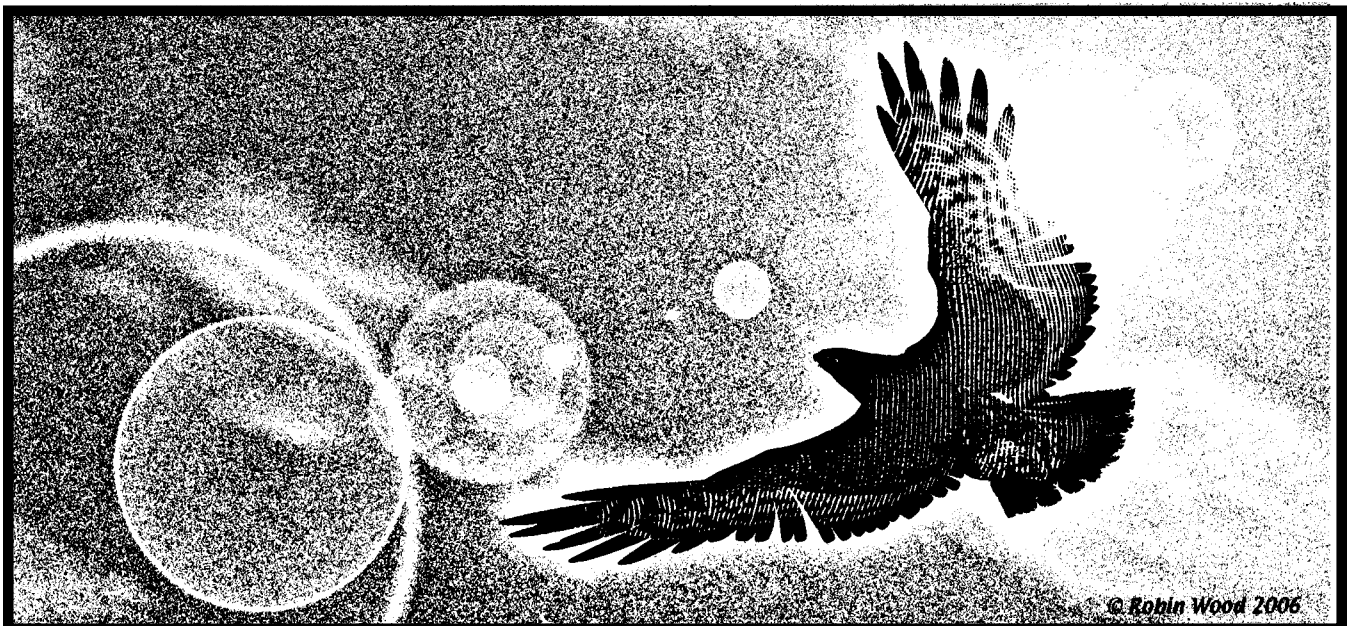
The wallet Taser can be set to activate upon receiving a moderate impact. Thus, an agent caught by the enemy can pretend to surrender and (*before they ask, of course*) toss over their wallet.

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

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

## VIDEO DRONES:

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



### Butterfly

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

### Dragonfly

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

### Hawk

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

### Viper

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

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

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



## WRIST PDA

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

### Features

#### **Cell Phone**

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

#### **MP3 Player**

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

#### **Text Messaging**

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

#### **Wireless Web browser using WAP**

Wireless Application Protocol.

#### **Email**

1000 messages, voice playback.

#### **Remote control of WAP controllable Devices**

Bluetooth connectivity.

#### **Security**

Works like an electronic key.

### PDA Functions.

#### **Games**

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

#### **Water Resistant**

Down to 500-foot depth.

#### **EMP Blast shielded:**

Hardened from Magnetic Shock.

#### **Shock Proof**

Up to a fall from 1,000 feet.

#### **RV Computer Link**

Links to any Bureau Computer or other PDA

#### **GPS**

Global positioning device.

#### **2-Way Video**

High resolution.

#### **High Explosive Charge**

Quarter stick of C-4

#### **Detonation Timer**

Set from 5 Seconds to 24 hours.

#### **Atomic Clock Synchronization**

Oh yes, it also tells the time.



Wrist PDA

Weight: 00.25 lbs.

Availability 95%

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

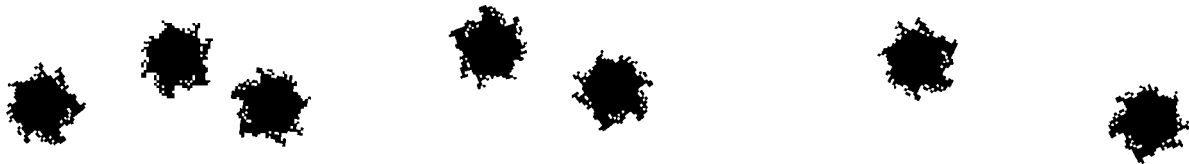
... Raul Horta, Bureau 13 Mage

## ***YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED BY ALIENS IF...***

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

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

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



## ***YOU MIGHT BE A WEREWOLF IF...***

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

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

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



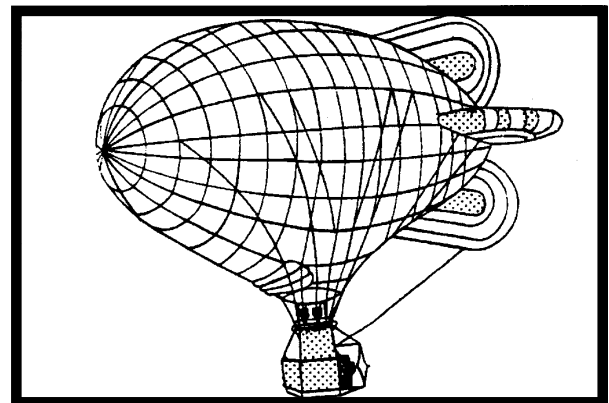


**ORDERING EQUIPMENT FROM HQ**

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

**GENERAL TIME TO ORDER TYPE DELIVERY**

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



**Bureau  
Stealth Blimp  
2 Man Operation**

## DELIVERY

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

### 01 UNDERFOOT

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

### 02-50 ARRANGED DROP POINT

No personnel involved

### 51-75 COURIER RENDEZVOUS

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

### 76-98 USPS/UPSDELIVERY

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

### 99 ARRANGED AIR DROP

Special location and time

### 00 MAGIC GATE

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

## DESIGNING EQUIPMENT

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

## WHERE CAN I FIND EQUIPMENT?

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

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

## CONDITION OF SUPPLY DUMP

### 01 YIKES!

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

### 02-50 AS EXPECTED

Very well stocked, with everything neatly in place.

### 51-70 ALMOST AS EXPECTED

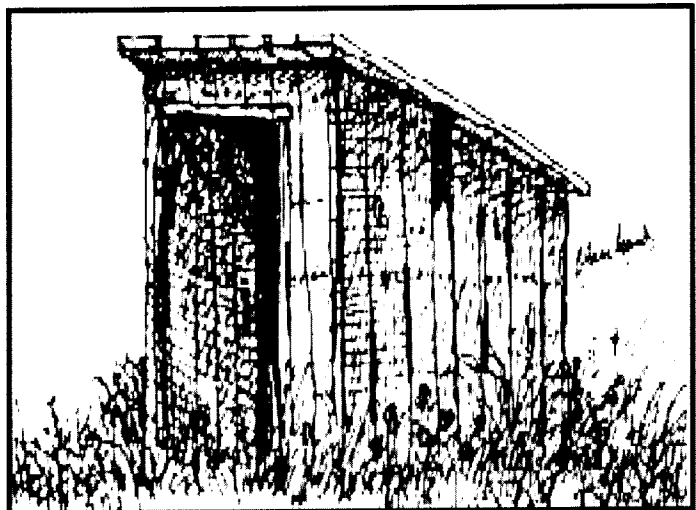
Well stocked, but with everything out of order, and probably signs of a fight/party from the last agents to use the facilities.

### 71-80 MOSTLY EMPTY

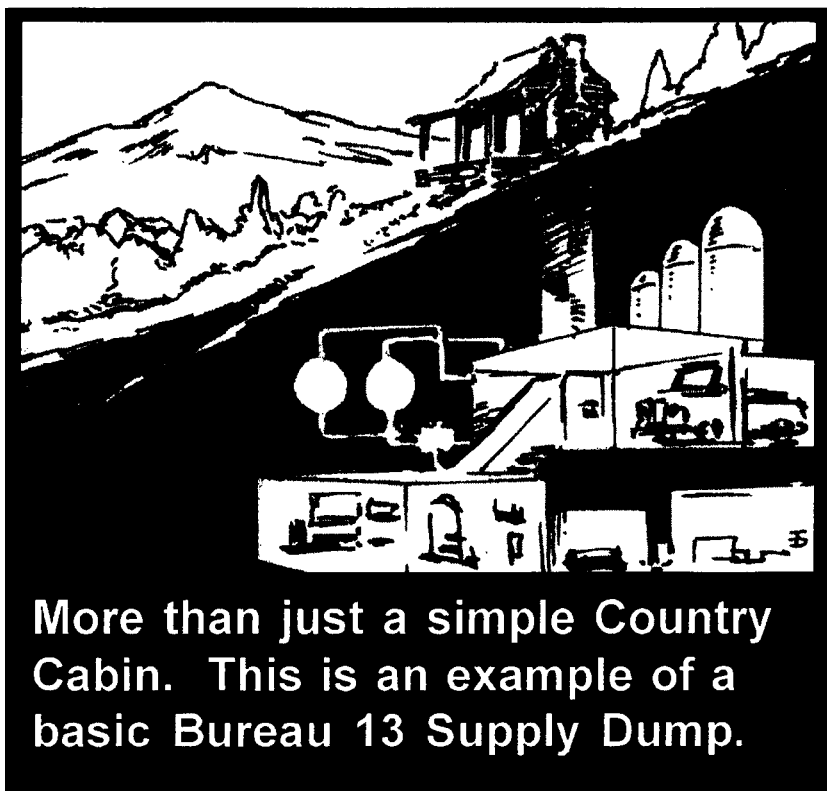
There will only be a few items left on the mostly bare shelves.

### 81-85 EMPTY

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







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

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

**THE MOON WAS FULL, BUT HIS GUN WAS EMPTY**

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

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

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

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



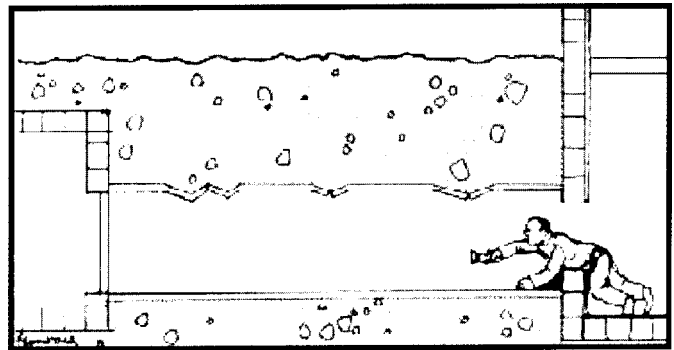
## THE AVERAGE SUPPLY DUMP

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

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

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

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



## SUPPLY DUMP DESIGN

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

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

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

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

**A HIGH TEMPERATURE FURNACE**

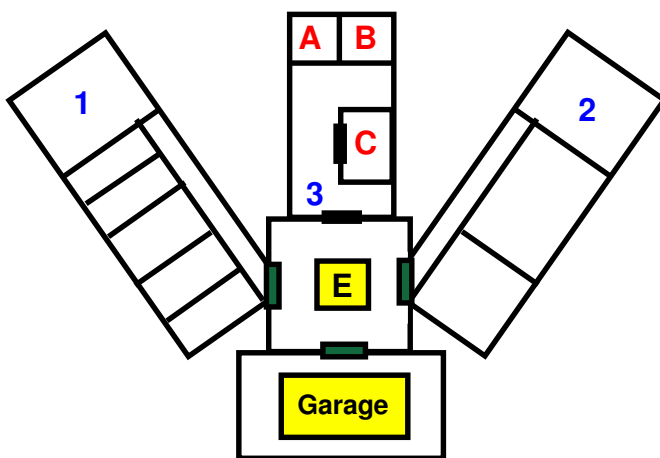
Used for waste, or (*ahem*) body disposal, it can heat constantly from 60 to 2000 F.

**B COLD ROOM**

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

**C HOLDING TANK**

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



## ACCESS

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

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

## BOLT HOLES

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

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

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

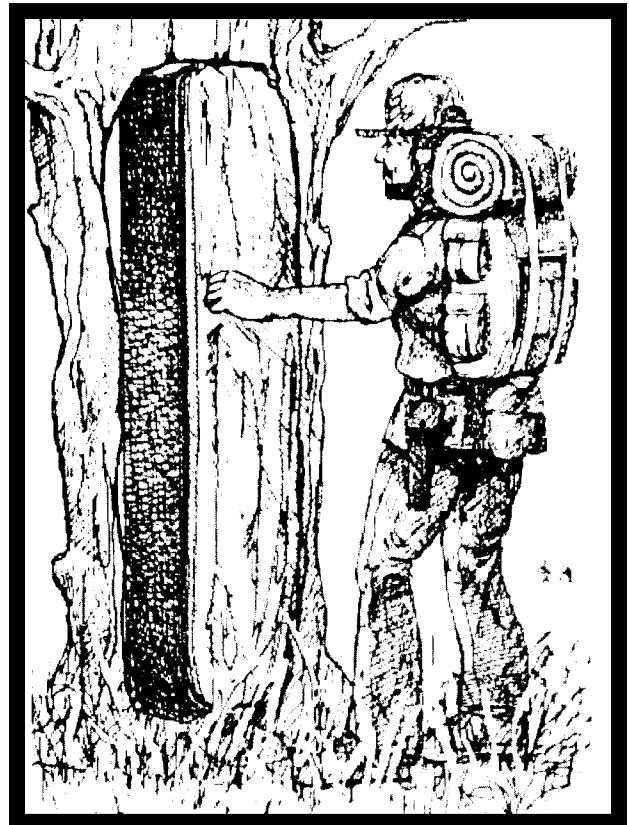
Titanium shackles are bolted to the floor underneath the bunk in case you would like to keep something nasty trapped inside the Bolt Hole while it burns down (*we do try to think of everything*). The key to get out of the shackles is, naturally, your B13 pocket comb.

## CHANCE ITEMS IN STOCK

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

## UNUSUAL ITEMS

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



## **HOT SPOTS AND HELLHOLES**

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

### **ALASKA:**

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

### **ARIZONA:**

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

### **ARKANSAS:**

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

### **CALIFORNIA:**

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

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

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

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

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

### **COLORADO:**

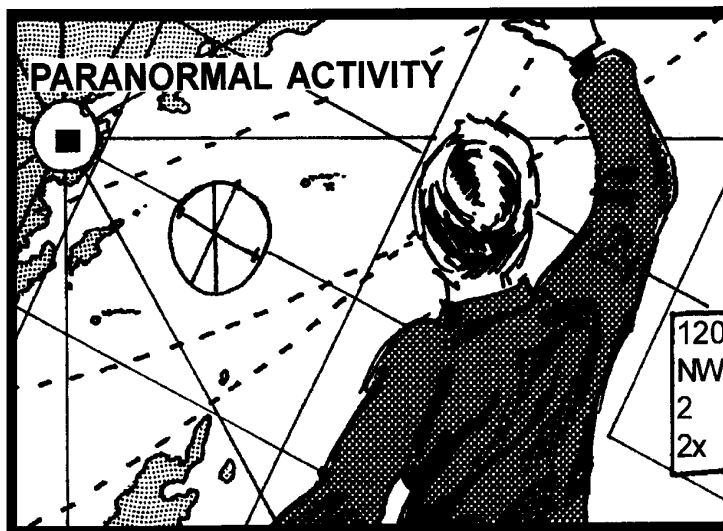
Officially, Hoover Dam was built to supply water and electricity to the Southwest. This is a lie. The dam was built to create a lake directly above a crack in the Earth that goes directly to Hell. Stay alert for fools trying to get in and for things trying to get out.

### **CONNECTICUT:**

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

### **DELAWARE:**

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



## FLORIDA:

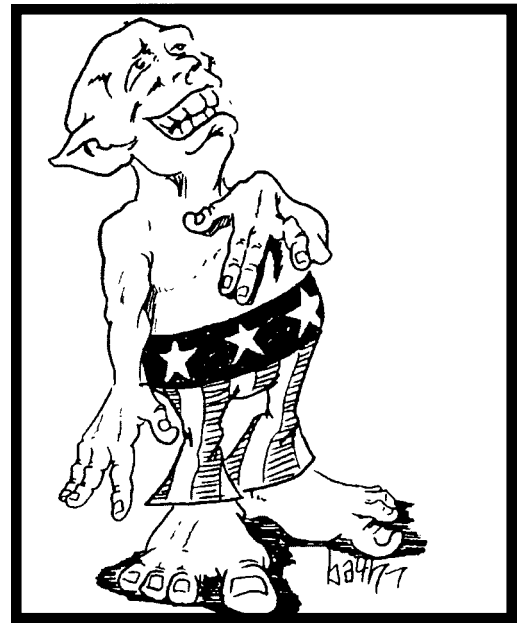
After the first walking catfish mutants shuffled out of the Everglades, the Bureau has been braced for more mutants to be discovered. On top of which, even monsters like to have fun at an amusement park, but eventually they do get hungry....

## GEORGIA:

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

## HAWAII:

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



## IDAHO:

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

## ILLINOIS:

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

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

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

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

## INDIANA:

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

## IOWA:

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

## KANSAS:

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



### **KENTUCKY:**

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

### **LOUISIANA**

#### **NEW ORLEANS:**

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

#### **MAINE:**

This is where Stephen King lives. Nuff said.

#### **MARYLAND:**

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

#### **MASSACHUSETTS**

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

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

#### **NEW MEXICO:**

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

#### **MICHIGAN:**

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

#### **MINNESOTA:**

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



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

## MISSISSIPPI:

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

## MISSOURI:

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

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

## MONTANA:

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

## NEBRASKA:

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

## NEVADA:

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

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

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

## NEW HAMPSHIRE:

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

## NEW JERSEY

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

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

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

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



## NEW YORK

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

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

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

## NORTH CAROLINA:

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

## NORTH DAKOTA:

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

## OHIO:

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



## OKLAHOMA:

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

## OREGON:

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

## PENNSYLVANIA:

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



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

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

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



#### **PUERTO RICO:**

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

#### **RHODE ISLAND:**

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

#### **SOUTH DAKOTA:**

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

#### **SOUTH CAROLINA:**

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

#### **TEXAS:**

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

#### **TENNESSEE:**

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

#### **VIRGINIA:**

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

**VERMONT:**

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

**WASHINGTON:**

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

**WASHINGTON DC:**

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

**WEST VIRGINIA:**

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

**WISCONSIN:**

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

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

**WYOMING:**

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

**INDIAN NATIONS:**

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

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

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

## THE GREAT LAKES

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



*Flatwoods Ohio A Fun Place to Visit*

## **WE HEADED FOR DEATH AT SIXTY MILES PER HOUR.**

Had to. That was the speed limit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## VEHICLES - TEAM

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

### **SPECIALTY VEHICLES**

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

### **COLORADO RV**

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

### **STANDARD EQUIPMENT:**

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

#### **Variable Speed, High Torque Electric Motor:**

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

#### **Anti-Collision Radar:**

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

#### **Blindspot Cameras:**

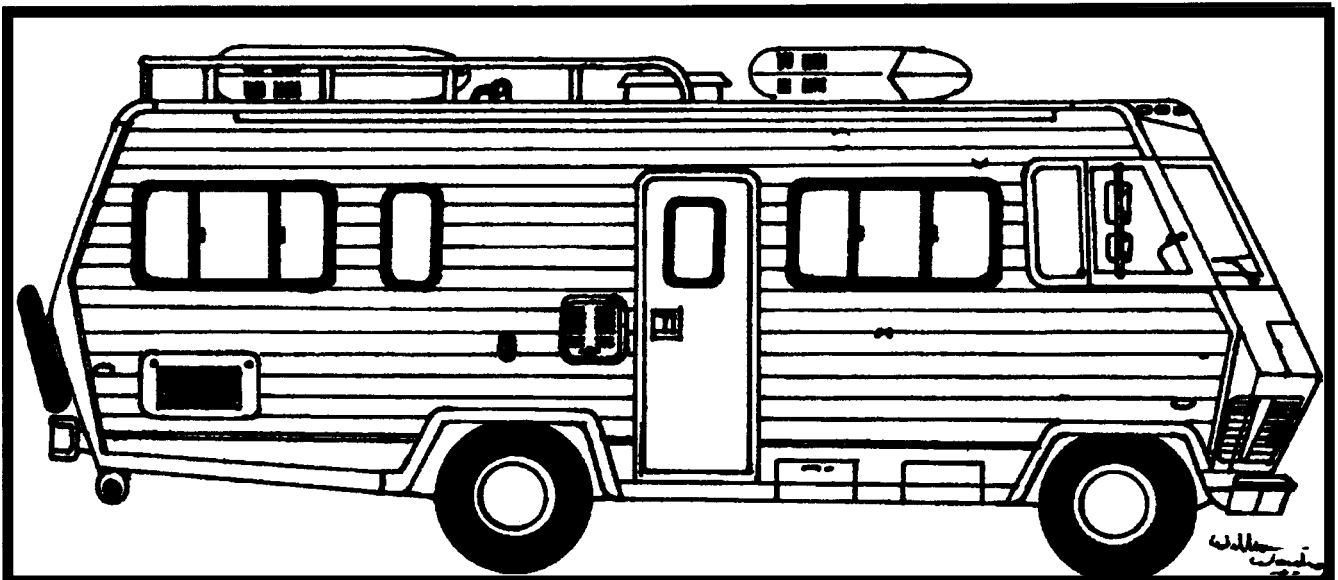
A set of four cameras, one on the front bumper, one on each side facing backwards and one in the rear to allow the RV Driver to see areas that are normally not in their line of sight.

#### **GPS Aided Computer Navigation:**

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

#### **Heads Up Display:**

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



### **Hands Free Operation:**

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

### **Sensor Systems:**

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

### **Sensor Types:**

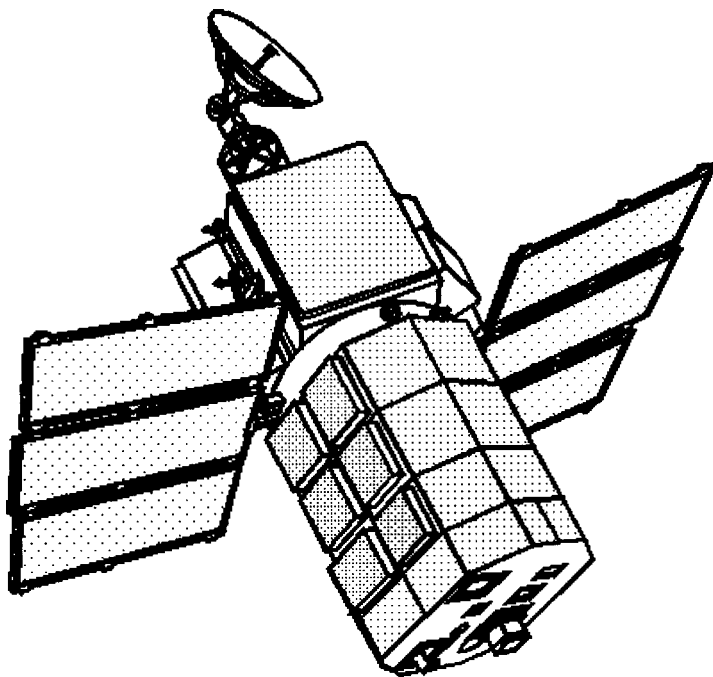
Light Amplification (*500-foot range*) amplifies light to daytime levels. MAD (*Magnetic Anomaly Detector*) (*1000 foot range, useless in urban areas*) detects masses of metal, ferrous and non-ferrous. Sonar (*50-foot range*) uses sound to create a picture. Thermal (*1500-foot range*) detect heat of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

### **Entertainment System:**

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

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

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



### **Kitchen Galley:**

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

### **Waterless Toilet:**

050 gallons capacity.

### **Water Tank:**

050 gallons capacity.

### **Fuel Cell Bank of Four:**

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

## **RV EXTRAS:**

### **Hidden Storage Compartments:**

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

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

### **Weapons Concealment:**

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

### **EMP Hardening:**

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

### **Tracking Radar:**

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

### **Police / Fire / Military / NASA Scanner:**

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

### **RV Computer:**

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

### **Autopilot:**

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

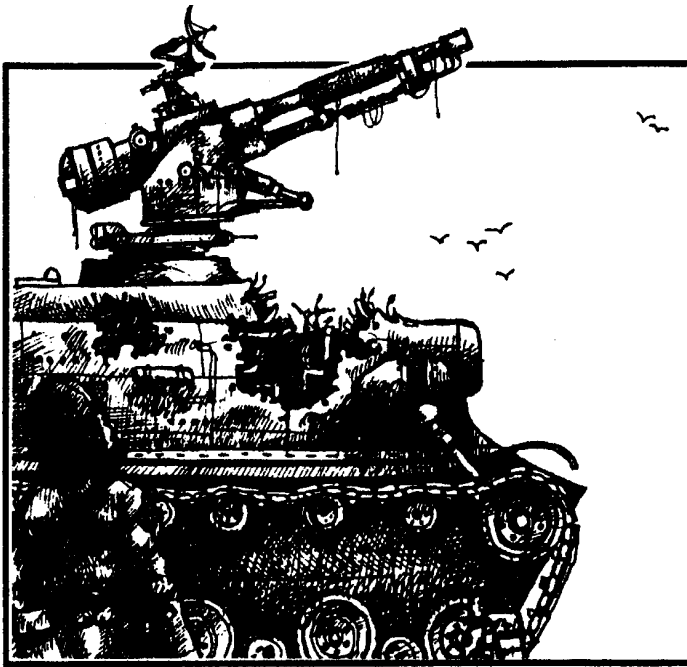
### **Watertight Activation:**

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

### **Note:**

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





### **Security System:**

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

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

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

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

### **WEAPONS:**

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

#### **Rocket Pod A:**

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

#### **Missile Pod B:**

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

#### **Oil Dump:**

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

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

#### **Smoke Screen:**

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

#### **Robotic Arm:**

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

### **Mine Dispenser:**

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

### **EMP Flash Mines:**

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

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

### **Explosive Mines:**

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

### **Gas Jets:**

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

### **Hidden Machineguns:**

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

### **Point Attacks:**

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

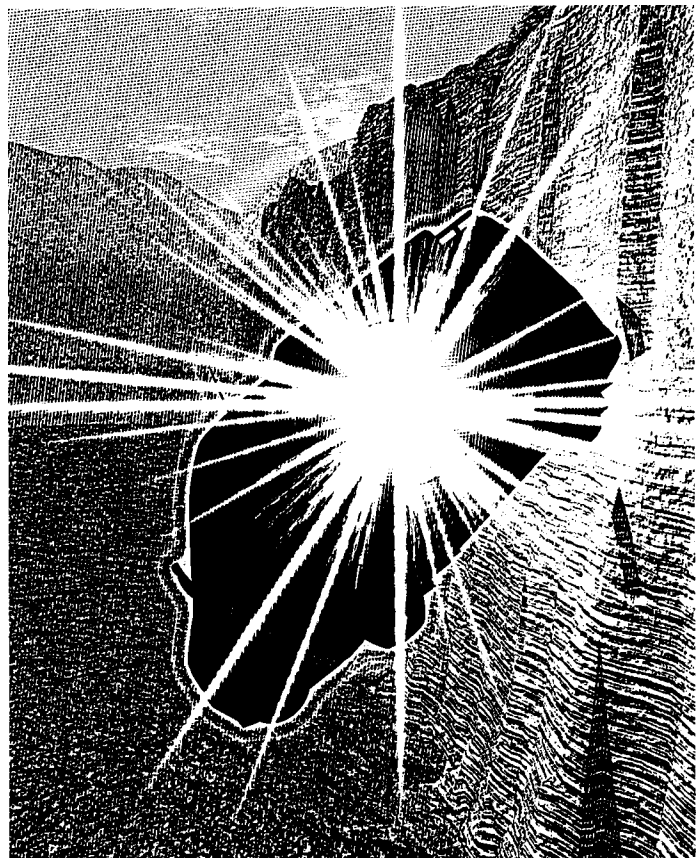
### **Point Defense:**

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

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

### **Self-Destruct:**

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



## VEHICLES - INDIVIDUAL AGENTS

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

### ATOMIC POGO STICK: "The Jumping Ninja"

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

### ECONOMY CAR "Econobo"

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

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

### SPORTS CAR "Aspen RX 90"

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

**Special Function:** Can go Invisible for fifteen minutes.

### SUV "Urban SUV"

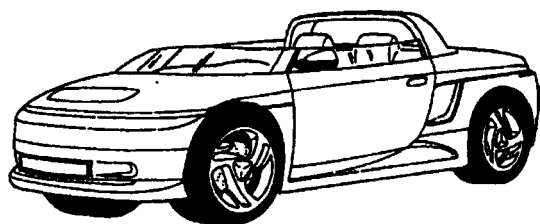
LENGTH: 14 ft.	TANK: 16 gal	WEIGHT: 2200 lbs.
WIDTH: 06 ft.	MPG: 25	CARGO: 600 lbs.
HEIGHT: 06 ft.	RANGE 400 mi.	Or 05 Passengers

**Special Function:** Can go Invisible for fifteen minutes.

### HEAVY PICKUP TRUCK "Montana F-12"

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

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



**Cargo Van****“Workville 440”**

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

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

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

**DIRT BIKE****‘Nippon Night Ninja’**

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

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

**STREET BIKE****“Harley Tourin Hog”**

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

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

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

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



## HE APPEARED WITH A MUSICAL DING

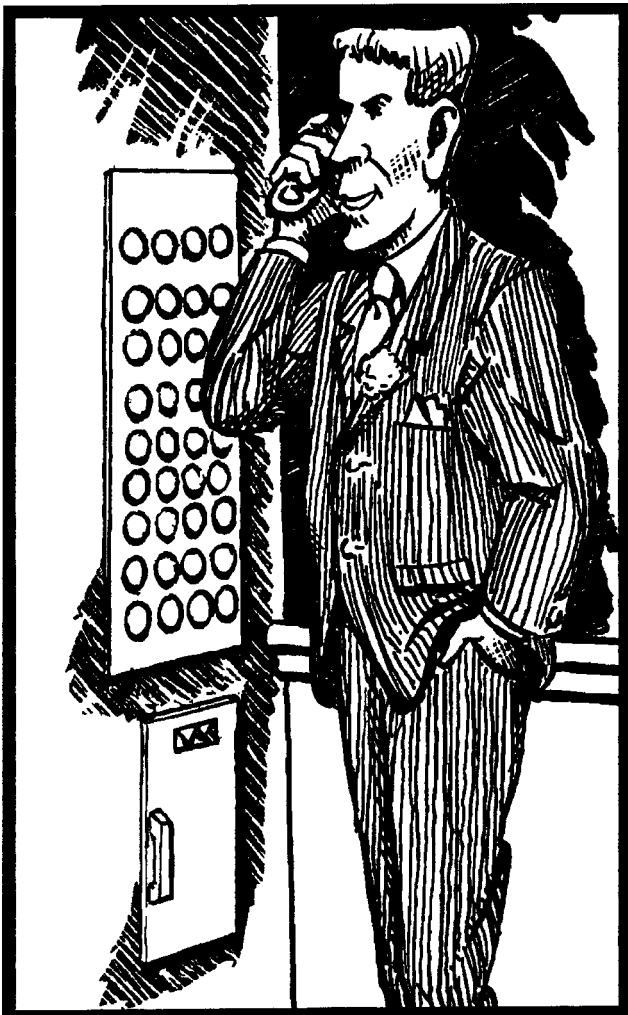
When I stepped on the elevator there was no doubt at all in my mind that he was a Frank. Oh, the stitches were gone from his wrists and the bolts from his neck, but plastic surgery was a wonderful thing these days. Start off dead, get brought back to life by a crazed scientist, rob a few banks to use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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

## FRIENDS OF BUREAU 13

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

### **HARVE BECKER**

**Toledo, OH**

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

#### **PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

Ghost

#### **CLASSIFICATION**

Lawful Good

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

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

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

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

### **MIKE BONKOWSKI**

**Agent of OSHA, always on the road**

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

#### **PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:**

Human Normal

#### **CLASSIFICATION**

Lawful Good

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

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

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

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

## SARAH E. BUNKER

Brewer, ME

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

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

**CLASSIFICATION:** Chaotic Nice

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

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

## DR. JORDAN CLAMISON

Sandusky, OH

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

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:**

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

**CLASSIFICATION:** Lawful Good

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

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

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

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

### Statistics Translation for Listed Characters

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

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



## JOHN CRENSHAW, M.D

Winslow, AZ

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Cranky

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

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

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

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

## RACE DANVERS

Hollywood, CA

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

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

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

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

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

## ALFONZ GARCIA

Chicago, IL

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Neutral

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

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



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

## GEOFFREY GLADSTONE

Toronto, CANADA

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful good.

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

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

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

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

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

## KEN HERRIS

### Directly Above You!

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic neutral

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

## IDET

### Elsewhere

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human Normals and a few aliens.

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

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



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

# FLASH JERVIS

South Bend, IN.

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

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

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

**CLASSIFICATION**

Chaotic Neutral.

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

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

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

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

# THE FREEMASONS

Everywhere.

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

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

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

Human

**CLASSIFICATION:**

Lawful Good (*with very silly hats*)

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



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

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

## MAMMA LA SONYA

Detroit, MI

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

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

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

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

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

## GENERAL THOMAS 'Ironman' McADAMS

Washington, DC

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION:

Lawful Neutral

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

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



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

## FATHER ZEBADAE McGARN

Biloxi, MS

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good.

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

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

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

## THE MORROW PROJECT

Underground, USA

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

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

They are all well trained, people in perfect health.

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Neutral.

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

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

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



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





**DR. OFFIDILE**

**Boston, MA**

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

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

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

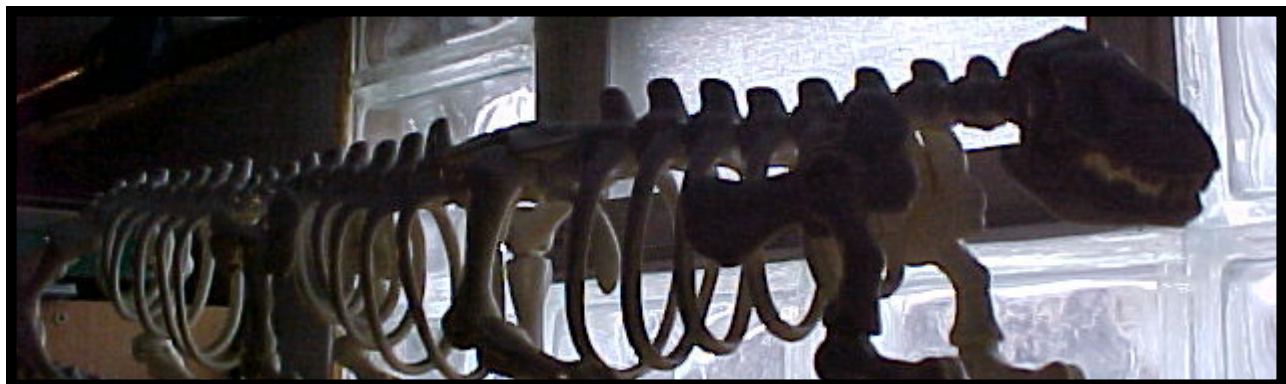
**CLASSIFICATION**

Lawful Chaotic

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

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

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



## DR. RAY ROBERTSON

San Jose, CA

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

**CLASSIFICATION** Lawful Good

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

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

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



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

## THE WHITE WITCH

Wilmar, MN

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

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

**CLASSIFICATION** Lawful Good

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

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



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



## ROSEY CRUSTACEANS

Castro, CA

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Average Humans, albeit with webbed toes and shaved heads.

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good (*more or less*)

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

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

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

## SENASAC, KOENIG & BRYAN

Houston, TX

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal humans

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

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

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

## THE SOCIETY

Weekends in the forest

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

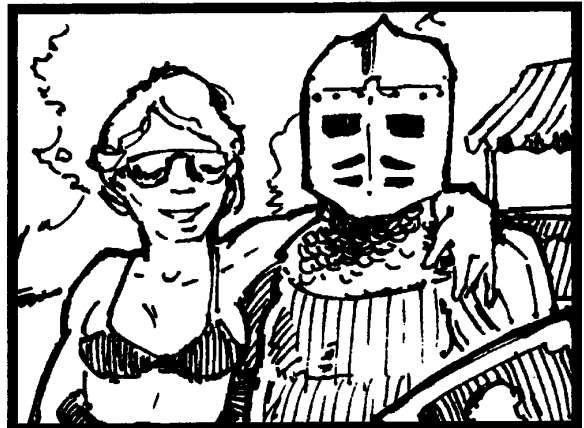
Normal Humans.

### CLASSIFICATION

Steel-plated Chaotic

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

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



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

## RICH TUCHOLKA

Pontiac, MI

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic/Lawful Good

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

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

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

## WEINSTEIN'S FORENSIC SWAT TEAM

Atlanta, GA

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal Pale Humans

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Curious

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

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

## THE TREGART FAMILY

New Orleans

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good.

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

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

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

# J.P. WITHERS

## Right Behind You

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

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

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

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic, but leaning more towards Good

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

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

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

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



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

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

### JP's Response Time

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

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

**PROF. ARTEMUS WOLFE** Paw Paw, MI

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

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

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

**CLASSIFICATION** Chaotic Good

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



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

**WYPYCHOWSKI, THE CABBY** Manhattan, NY

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

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

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

**CLASSIFICATION** Chaotic Irritable

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

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

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



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

## ***THEY ALMOST LOOKED NORMAL***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rupert blinked. “What?”

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

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

With a sigh, Wolf gave a shrug, his denim jacket faintly tinkling as if it was composed of glass wind-chimes. “You want a demon this time?” he said calmly. “Or maybe a nice genie? You can have three wishes, of course they all end with your death. But it’s your call.”

“No, I believe you, I really do,” Rupert said hastily, looking down at the drying yellow blood on the cut of the leather chair. He started to touch it with a fingertip, then thought better of the action and rolled the soiled chair away into a corner. He’d have Maintenance burn it in the morning.

“So what do you say?” Kathi asked, wiping the steel star clean on a moist towelette like the kind restaurants give away with an order of barbecued ribs. Brushing back her vest to tuck the blade into a pouch on her belt, there was briefly visible the tasseled pommel of a short sword at her side. Along with garrotes, an ice pick and a dozen other items the billionaire could not identify. Nor did he really want to.

Walking over to the wall-spanning bar, Rupert poured himself a stiff drink and downed the Scotch in two gulps. Pouring a second drink, he glanced at the leather chair in the corner and placed the full tumbler aside.

“A million dollars,” Rupert said, breathing heavily.

Wolf crossed his arms, exposing tattoos that seemed to move by their own violation. “A month,” he said. “Yes, we need a million dollars a month.” Narrowing his eyes, Rupert frowned.

“Silver bullets are expensive,” Kathi added. “Airfare, NATO-class body armor, bribes, hotel rooms, full dental, there are a lot of expenses.”

“Which is why we came to you,” Wolf added, sitting down in the thin air. “I read that article in Forbes where you were talking about buying a professional football team, but it sounded so ordinary, so ...boring.”

“We’re neither,” Kathi said with a devilish grin.

Nervously biting a lip, Rupert turned back to the bar, but only massaged his temples. Financing a paranormal investigation group had sounded like fun at first, hunting ghosts and the Loch Ness monster, Big Foot and silly things like that. Then these two lunatics walked into his penthouse and threw a devil pixie at him. Now the whole world seemed to be tilting slightly sideways and Rupert was scrambling to get his balance back.

“I will want a full accounting of all expenses,” Rupert demanded almost instinctively, going to a humidor and pulling out an expensive, and slightly illegal, Cuban cigar. The inner leaf was from Cuba, but the wrapper was Connecticut grown shade, which made it the finest smoke in the civilized world.

From across the office, Wolf made a gesture and the tip of the cigar glowed into life, then began to smoke.

Rupert stared at the tobacco, then dropped it into the wastebasket.

“We don’t buy a lot of things from folks who give receipts,” Kathi said, hiding a smile.

“Fair enough. And I want to come along,” Rupert said in a sudden rush of emotions. He turned to look at them directly. There, it was said and out in the open. The moment Rupert had realized these people were for real, he knew in his guts that he wanted in on the action. Hunting vampires? Stalking werewolves? Professional football, or deep sea diving were kid games compared to that!

Sighing deeply, Wolf stood and brushed smooth his jacket. “No deal,” he said, starting for the door.

“Two million,” Rupert said, louder than expected.

Frowning slightly, Wolf turned and looked at Kathi. She bit a lip, then nodded in agreement. “Not if you make it ten,” Wolf stated. “look, Mr. Ellington, we’re talking about the real thing there. Demons, gargoyles, lich, do you even know what that is?”

“Big things that eat your face,” Rupert guessed. He had no idea what a lich was, but he also had no intention of letting them know that.

Seeing the lack of conviction in their faces, Rupert jerked a thumb at the wall near the fireplace; the brick wall was covered with plaques and stuffed heads of a dozen jungle predators. Along with one small bunny. "I have been on safaris before. Hunted tigers, great white sharks, polar bears, and once even a rabid elephant!"

"Elephants don't fly," Kathi said sternly. "Or turn invisible, or drink your blood, or a hundred other things that would make you wet your sneakers."

Arching an eyebrow, Wolf turned to face the woman and silently mouthed the phrase back at her. She shrugged in reply.

"They're Gucci loafers," Rupert corrected in a haughty manner.

She flipped a hand. "Whatever."

"Well, I can get federal permits for military weapons," Rupert offered. "M60 machine guns, MP5 sub-guns, flamethrowers, rocket launchers, G11 assault rifles, grenades." He dramatically stabbed at them with a stiff finger. "You have magic and she knows the martial arts, but I'm willing to bet that there are plenty of situations where a simple physical weapon could save your ass. All of your asses."

"How much?" Wolf said, his eyes glowing for a moment as if reflecting the light of a full moon. "How much would you bet that's true? Your life? Your immortal soul?"

*Ah, now they were talking my language!* Rupert Ellington glanced at the empty hearth and fought to find the shiver running down his back. "A full year of financing." His long hair stirred around his face as Wolf stood with both shoulders hunched as if fighting a strong wind. The air always seemed dark behind him and candle flames bent towards him as if drawn to the man. His clothing was perfectly ordinary, sneakers, bluejeans, black T-shirt, denim jacket. He could be a garage mechanic, or a hobo, or a neurosurgeon camping. Only his long mane of ebony hair betrayed his unnatural powers.

"Accepted," Kathi said. "We have a bet."

"Done," Rupert gushed excitedly. "Well?"

"There are times," Wolf said slowly, as if the words were being dragged from him one at a time, "That we have needed guns. Yes, sadly it is true. Magic is not always enough." "Then I'm your new backer," Rupert smiled, holding out a hand.

"Sure! For as long as you stay alive," Kathi corrected with a smile, shaking his hand. Rupert reclaimed his hand and massaged the fingers to try and get some blood flowing again. Goddamn woman had a grip like a hydraulic vise! "Well, let's get busy," he muttered.

"Make me a list of the basic needs, I'll have my people open a bank account, get you some credit cards, petty cash, etc. Need anything immediately?"

"No," Wolf said, his silvery eyes staring into space. Then his face became that of a normal human once more, and he smiled politely at the plump billionaire. "That is," Wolf added, "Nothing you want to know about."

Arching an eyebrow, Ellington started to ask for an explanation, then changed his mind, visions of shrunken heads, beating goat hearts, flaming snakes and screaming crystal daggers, filling his mind. Suddenly, the notion of owning a professional football didn't sound so boring any more. Oh well, too late now. *Besides, how bad could it be fighting vampires?*

## NEUTRAL PARTIES

Somewhere in that murky moral twilight zone floating between good and evil, there is a collection of weird folks who are potential allies. While often friendly, these oddballs can also be a serious source of danger to America.

### LULU

“Hell’s Belle”, NJ

This frail college freshman has compiled a list of musicians and bands who have coincidentally been at appearances of the supernatural (*see: Millennium Knights*).

In spite of her extensive connections with New Jersey’s music scene, Ms. Belle is currently attending Rutgers University for a degree in Mythology. Lulu is proficient in her research methods and it is only a matter of time before she uncovers too much.



#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Just under five feet tall, with long brown hair, dark eyes, a deathly pallor (*helps to maintain her Goth image*), and a very disarming smile. Always seems to be suffering from some malady or illness. Possible hypochondriac.

#### CLASSIFICATION

Neutral Nosey

The big question is what will she do with that information. Can she become an asset to the Bureau or will she become a liability. It appears at this time she may not be mentally stable enough to join the Bureau without the close mentoring of an experienced agent.

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

### GULLIVER & JONES

Cleveland, OH

Sometimes, the walls really do have ears. In this case, they also have small beady eyes, whiskers, a tail and an insatiable curiosity.

#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human Normal

#### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Good

This is the detective agency of Gulliver and Jones, a partnership between a human and a rat.

Gulliver is an Alpha, a rare creation of chemical spills and genetic mutation the Bureau has encountered before in several isolated parts of the US. These new mutants have near human intelligence and manipulative digits.

On the other hand, David Jones is just an ordinary guy with a shabby detective agency that has seen better days. He works freelance for the Bureau on occasion, when he’s not trying to keep Gulliver out of trouble.



<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	78%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Low	<b>PSI</b>	No



## JOHN LETHERMAN

Miami, Florida

A master of big business, and sneaky corporate finance, John is a prime helper of Bureau 13 and has the ability to locate hidden financial records, or to access large amounts of ready capital in short order. He is very appreciative of the Bureau's covert help to save one of the nation's leading automotive manufacturers, along with a banking conglomerate that was infested with alphanumeric gremlins.

While hard to contact, John is friendly and easy-going. Unless you are on the other side of a negotiation table, then he's a flamethrower and you are the marshmallow.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Tall, dapper, well-dressed, silvery hair, a perfect smile, deeply tanned skin, always has a pocketful of non-sugar candy to give away to children.

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Good

Note: Recently, John has been under the harsh scrutiny of the Justice Department and the friends of Senator Webber. But he's not in any trouble yet (see: Enemies).

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Very High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	90%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	High	<b>Charisma:</b>	High	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## KITCHEN WITCHES

Right Next Door

The home brewed Kitchen Witch is most often a practitioner of minor white magics.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ordinary Humans.

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Lawful

Often inherited as a family talent, complete with spell guides and cheesecake recipes, the Kitchen Witch is able to use generic household components in spellcasting. They conform to the rules of magic with two exceptions. Their magics are not as powerful as a normal mage by up to 25% and they have a small chance of a catastrophic magical failure. Generally a 5% chance the whole intent of the magic becomes warped.

### MATERIAL COMPONENT

Gem  
Rare Herb  
Special Chemical  
Animal Sacrifice  
Graveyard Earth  
Special Crafted Tool

### GENERIC SUBSTITUTE

Bit of Colored Glass  
Store Bought Onion Flakes  
Old Snack Cake  
Frozen Chicken Leg  
Potting Soil  
\$0.98 Nylon Spoon



*Goat & Cream Cheese Frosting  
a Rare New England Treat!*

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	90%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	Low
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## NUDIST NINJAS

Mostly in Southern California, and Florida.

A radical offshoot of the nature-based religion Paganism, these wicked wiccans are the unfettered masters of the martial arts and grim defenders of the forests of North America.

Anything that threatens the serenity of a wooden glade can and often will be, violently attacked by these sky-clad samurais (*never ask where they hide their swords*). Leaping majestically from treetop to treetop, these embarrassingly healthy individuals live purely off the bounty of Mother Nature. They have never tasted whiskey, or smoked a cigarette, and have absolutely never heard of Jerry Springer (*the lucky bastards!*)

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

Ordinary Humans.  
Chaotic Chilly

The Nudist Ninjas will always help a lost camper, but prefer to stay far away from raging forest fires (*for the obvious reason that red-hot embers really sting!*) They have been known to assist Bureau 13 agents in the past, but after an unfortunate encounter with J.P. Withers, (*see: Solo Agents*), our present relationship with them is rather strained. So, be polite and try not to stare. Known Enemies: Levasobis (*see: Enemies and Cryptozoology*)

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	20%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Very High	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Low	<b>PSI</b>	No

## THE POLICE

Everywhere.

As an FBI agent, you have the right to call upon the local law enforcement to assist you in a case. However, you will need to keep them ignorant of the supernatural element of the matter, or else they can/will/may turn on you, perhaps even violently.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

Ordinary Humans.  
Lawful Grim

The recommended procedure is to simply lie to the police about anything that involves the Bureau. Attempting to explain that a shining angel-like figure is really a Class Two Hellspawn BrainEater will only get your nose broken in most small Southern towns.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	90%
<b>Constitution:</b>	High	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	Low
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	High	<b>PSI</b>	No

## TELEPATH X

Location Unknown.

Born and raised in a Cincinnati Orphanage, Susan Mallory is the most rare and strangely gifted telepath in the history of the occult. And cousin, that is really saying something. Indeed, many PSI agents and mages wonder if Susan may not be the very first of her kind in existence anywhere. A new breed of telepath! They also question if she can truly be called a human being anymore.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Appears to be a 22 years old, female, Caucasian. Black hair, green eyes, slim build, no distinguishing scars, marks or tattoos. She is also totally blind, deaf and mute.

### CLASSIFICATION

Unknown

Susan Mallory is one of those very rare mutes who actually possess no vocal cords. None whatsoever. However, this minor inconvenience is easily offset by her staggering psionic abilities. If Susan is within thirty meters of a working television set, she can mentally project an image of herself onto the screen and freely converse with people through the speakers (*she likes Dolby stereo, and loves the new HDTV*). In fact, Susan can actually "see" through the TV screen into another room, or even across the world, as if it was merely an open window. In addition, as she has grown more mature, Susan has learned how to infiltrate television shows and movies, so that a viewer has no knowledge of her onscreen presence. **Example:** You may be watching a rerun of the comedy "Cheers" and Susan can make herself into a tiny virtual doppelganger that will open a door in the background, walk through and take a seat at a table. If nobody is using a glass previously on the table, she can even take the drink and

pretend to finish it - all the while quietly watching and listening to everything that is happening in front of that chosen TV set (*i. e. you*).

Occasionally, Susan has helped the Bureau, but at other times she has knowingly acted to block our progress on a matter. Her ultimate goals are unknown, and she should not be trusted on (*pardon the pun*) blind faith. **WARNING:** Her present physical location is unknown. But in an appliance store in Fargo, North Dakota, she was last seen on the old game show, "Let's Make A Satanic Deal" chatting with the infamous necromancer Mathias Bolt (*see: Enemies*).

**WARNING:** Her present physical location is unknown. But in an appliance store in Fargo, North Dakota, she was last seen on the old game show, "Let's Make A Satanic Deal" chatting with the infamous necromancer Mathias Bolt. (*see: Enemies*)

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	30%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	High	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Low	<b>PSI</b>	High

## ZORCH THE PROPHET

Anywhere USA

Zorch is the ultimate pain in the posterior for the agents of Bureau 13. This strange and mentally unbalanced individual is known for his ability to attract followers no matter how goofy, or dangerous his self-proclaimed cause is.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall man of indeterminate race and age. He likes to gesture grandly and usually speaks in the booming voice of a natural orator.

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Weird

If Zorch were to choose a single cause, he would merely be considered a minor nuisance. But he shows up almost every week with a new campaign to "wipe out beets in our lifetime" or "abolish hubcaps".

Zorch has outstanding Luck that allows him to be in the right place at the wrong time. Unfortunately this luck does not extend to his followers who have a monstrously high attrition rate. Neither good nor evil, he is tolerated as a fact of life by the Bureau and makes for interesting stories to tell over a beer. Unfortunately Zorch has the talent to cross the Bureau at odd times and just get in the way of investigations.

Zorch is completely unaware he has the ability to empathetically mind control those around him. He is friendly, likable and weird.



<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	20%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	High	<b>Charisma:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	High

"There I was, attacked by Nudist Ninjas and down to my very last spell.. Detonate Underwear."

"Egads! Whatever did you do, Sir?"

"I threw my underwear at them, of course. Blew'em to Hell!"

*Horace Gordon, Bureau 13 Mage*

## **ENEMIES OF BUREAU 13**

On the flip side of the occult coin are those sinister people and dark organizations who would love to see the demise of the Bureau. Many simple investigations have turned into violent nightmares of bloodshed and death due to the interference of these lawless individuals.

These known foes are a never-ending source of trouble for the Bureau. Most are smart, ruthless, have considerable financial resources, insanely loyal followers, magic and way too many large caliber weapons.

### **Remember**

**01** Evil leaders almost never like to leave their place of security when they can have followers do the dirty work.

**02** The slaughter of members of these organizations is not the purpose of Bureau 13. Even evil people have legal rights and are entitled to protection under the US criminal justice system.

**03** Unless you can catch them in the act, then fire away!

**04** Villains always have outstanding lawyers. So leave no witnesses or clues.

### **THE 6th REICH**

**Chicago, IL**

Towards the end of the Second World War, Nazi mysticism reached its peak when Hitler formed a special unit of the Reich Central Security Department known as the IRD, Ideological Research Division. Their purpose was to preserve the Reich by any means possible, including magic and to hunt for occult methods to bring the Allies to their knees! Thankfully, they failed.

However, a newly reborn 6th Reich is now operating in the US under the public name of the "American Nazi Party™" (*shudder*). But that is merely their cover. Based in several major cities, The 6th Reich has once more secretly started a push to find magic and destroy the US of A! along with Israel, Britain, Russia, and France, but you get the idea..

### **PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION**

Normal Humans

### **CLASSIFICATION**

Lawful Evil

The Bureau believes The 6th Reich must be destroyed at any cost. It is rumored that Israel has a special Black Ops branch of the Mossad called the Shin Bet that is tracking The 6th Reich and preparing to deal with them harshly. **Note:** The Shin Bet is not part of Sunshine (*see: Other Superatural Agencies*) which is vaguely affiliated with the Mossad (*nice folks*). Bureau 13 also suspects The 6th Reich is being aided by a number of extremist organizations.



<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	40%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## CYBERPUNKS

### Hidden Laboratories Everywhere

The fusion of technology and medicine has created a cybernetic revolution that contemporary society is not yet prepared to handle. Human and animal cybernetic augmentation is a growing threat to the security of America. These experiments have modified individuals to create super-powered individuals.

#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

Ordinary Human  
Lawful Chaotic

The primary augmentation is Strength and Dexterity. Secondary augmentation may be to implant ballistic plastic armor under the skin, robotic eyes, ears and computer links that enhance the abilities of the character. Some have weapon systems surgically implanted under their skin where it can not be discovered until too late (*it makes your head explode!*)

Unfortunately, the organized crime and international terrorists are often responsible for such experimentation. Many of these Cyberpunks are psychologically twisted by the augmentation and go insane.

Although they seem quite normal at first, a new Cyberpunk may soon begin a wave of pointless crime that the civilian authorities are powerless to stop.

**Note:** The Cyberpunks are undetectable in airports.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	20%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## GOSHNAR

### Gary, IN

Long before recorded history, Goshnar of the 12 Mouths fell to this planet to begin conquest of the world! But so far, he hasn't had much success.

#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION CLASSIFICATION

A Thing with 12 Mouths.  
Chaotic Stupid

Appearing in the Stone Age, Goshnar and his horde of slimy offspring were ruthlessly pounded to death by the hairy cavemen waving wooden clubs. Deciding that his timing was just a little bit off, Goshnar began a hundred thousand year nap (*or so he thought*) that terminated in 66 AD. He was delighted to discover (*relatively*) hairless Humans using primitive technology and now ruling the planet. Utterly delighted, he immediately attacked. Realizing that they had better things to do, Jules Caesar had his Roman Legionaries exterminate the spawn of the starbeast and stomped Goshnar flat. Only temporarily killed, Goshnar slept again until 1935 AD.

Trying something different, Goshnar implanted a tiny embryo at the base of his victim's spine. This gave him complete control over the person ...until the embryo hatched and the writhing grub ate its former human host in a bloody birthing frenzy! Realizing that they too had better things to do, Bureau 13 has repeatedly hunted down and exterminated the Spawn of Goshnar, ruining his eternal plans for world domination again and again.

NOTE: Goshnar is actively seeking allies against the Bureau. But so far, nobody wants to join forces with him.

<b>Strength:</b>	High	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Low	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	05%
<b>Constitution:</b>	High	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Low	<b>Charisma:</b>	Awful	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Awful	<b>PSI</b>	No

### THEY WERE ALL DEAD, BUT ONE

Slapping a fresh ammo clip into his Uzi 9mm machine pistol, Robert Harrison watched as the last remaining Spawn of Goshnar began to struggle free from the dripping chrysalis attached to the slimy cavern wall.

As green and pink goo gushed onto the rocky ground, a monstrous head emerged and four lobster-like arms rubbed the sticky residue from its double-row of inhuman eyes.

The newborn horror looked around in cold scrutiny, then saw the human with the gun and squealed in delight. "Mommy!" the thing gushed in child-like delight, tears of happiness flowing down its armored cheeks. "Mommy-mommy-mommy!"

"Aw crap," Harrison sighed, lowering the barrel of his machine pistol.

## FUNDIES

Atlanta, GA

The return to religion of Middle America was generally appreciated by the Bureau, that is, until a darker side emerged. Now equipped with the Internet and cable TV stations, these new high-tech fundamentalists are attacking everything in reach that doesn't make a monthly contribution into their bulging coffers, or conform to their rigid standards of belief and ignorance.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal humans, but painfully clean

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Hypocrites

As the Fundies begin to burn books, role-playing games and stomp on personal freedom, the Bureau has begun to wonder if there isn't an evil influence in control of this immoral minority.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	60%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## HEAD CASES

Major Cities

In cryogenic units across the continent, rich people with incurable diseases are being frozen alive, to sleep through the centuries and hopefully awake someday in the future when medical science can cure their illness.

However, while their bodies and brains sleep, the minds often awake in the sub-zero vaults. Over time, these bored minds learn to leave the metal confines of the icy coffins and walk among the living to seek the delight of physical pleasures no longer accessible: to see a rainbow, to touch a rose, to smell movie theater popcorn and to create major explosions.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

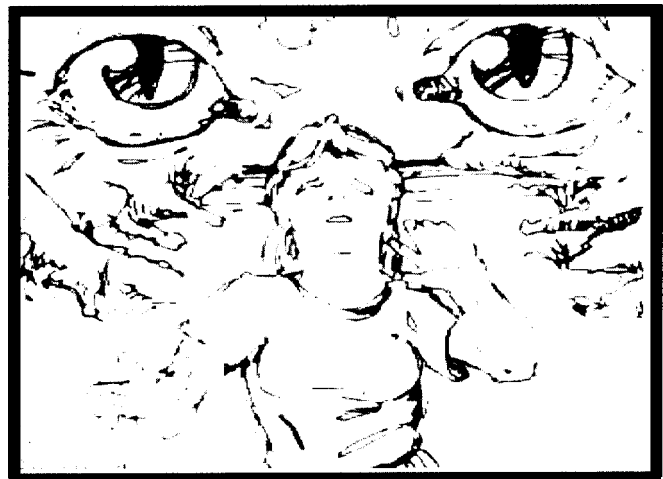
NA

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Bored

Using their amazing mental powers, these Head Cases often attack political figures and make them do wildly inappropriate things just for laughs: start a nuclear war with Tahiti, have illicit sexual liaisons with a White House intern, or reveal Top Secret information live on TV.

However, some of these brains want more and bigger kicks. So they arrange for mass destruction of people and property by seizing control of patients in mental institutions. The Head Cases enter the dreams of the patients and soon sweet-talk the poor lunatic into doing their awful bidding. Naturally, some of the people refuse, but they are then attacked with horrible nightmares 24 hours a day, until they finally crack and ultimately bend a grudging knee to their unseen masters.



**Note:** These are not ghosts, because their bodies are still alive. The Bureau recommends finding the cryogenic unit, unplugging the bastards and just letting them thaw to death. This can be a serious problem if they are consciously connected to a victim. It is best to have the victim sedated so they will not suffer the same death shock of the Head case.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	10%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	High

## JULES ENGLEHART

Denver, Colorado

The Bureau's most annoying archenemy. Jules is an investigative reporter who owns his own rag ...er, newspaper, "The Awful Truth". Incredibly, he often prints what is truly happening in the world of the occult - which is exactly what the Bureau does not want to happen. On top of this, Jules knows of the existence of the Bureau and is grimly determined to get his hands on hard evidence and expose the organization to the world!

Yes, we have considered shooting him. But he hasn't broken any laws, so we're stuck.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Normal Human

Short, plump, middle-aged man, slightly bald, always with a grim expression of intense concentration. He uses a pocketwatch instead of a wrist watch, smokes cigars in secret and lines the inside of his fedora hat with tinfoil to stop the Bureau from beaming secret messages into his brain (*now that's just sad, isn't it?*)

### CLASSIFICATION

Paranoid Chaotic

**Note:** Unfortunately, Jules is naturally immune to "Repulse News Reporter." Sorry, we tried and tried, but the \$%^& spell just doesn't work on him!

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	60%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## THE KGB

Somewhere in America.

Oh yes, they're back and meaner than ever. Driven out of the Soviet Union, those brutal master spies and *agent provocateurs* fled to America and have turned to the forbidden forces of necromancy to try to amass enough power to return to Russia, destroy the democratic government and bring back the ironheel of Communism (*talk about your sore loser!*)

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Ordinary Humans

### CLASSIFICATION

Chaotic Stupid

Most of the KGB agents are wizards, or necromancers, who use the dirtiest magic imaginable (*and some magic that is unimaginable without going insane*). They are the creators of the Forbidden Conjure: Mind Rape, which completely drains every thought the poor victim ever had and stores them for later use in a small pickle jar. The memories can not be returned.

This new generation of occult spies, trained by the Master Spies of the old Cold War, do not carry any form of identification. Until they attack, you can never be sure who is who and that is their greatest strength.

The KGB agents, who are not mages, go armed with special silent weapons. Not silenced guns, but silent guns (*yes, they're real*). These are standard pistols, usually revolvers and it is the ammunition that does not make any noise.

Details: A 9mm cartridge will be neckered down to a 7mm slug. Inside the cartridge is a miniature piston, and when the quarter-charge of powder detonates, the resulting gas shoves the piston forward, completely sealing the neck of the cartridge and preventing any noise from escaping. It is the blow of the piston that shoves the lead bullet forward. Thus, this cartridge makes only a soft click when fired. One click for the descending hammer and one more for the cartridge being fired, is all you will ever hear. A double click, followed by a grunt of pain, usually means the KGB has arrived.

Incredibly, the Russian Mob hates the KGB with a passion boarding on feral insanity. They will always be happy to help hunt down a KGB cell and terminate them with efficiency unless they were old friends. In that case they are terminated or just recruited into the Russian Mafia.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	30%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Low	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## KING CADILLAC

### Highways and City Streets.

In summer of 1999, a meteor crashed in Biloxi, MS, and from that fiery impact crater crawled an unearthly thing that the Bureau has been killing for years with sadly poor results.

#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A shimmering blob of oozing protoplasm laced with unearthly circuitry and alien electronic components.

#### CLASSIFICATION

Annoyingly Evil

King Cadillac specializes in ambushing cars in parking lots, the bigger the vehicle the better, with a marked love of Cadillacs (*hence their name*). Wiggling onto the engine block, the blob extends roopy pseudopods into the machinery, and easily seizes absolute control of the vehicle. It then immediately dumps out the driver - who for some unknown reason it never kills. (*Query: possible code of honor*)? Then the King gleefully starts a deadly joyride, running down pedestrians, and then parking on top to them to feed off the gory remains.

After ingesting fifty average-size people, King Cadillac will find a secluded spot and split apart into several smaller blobs (3d6). These Prince Cadillacs will then leave the mother car and go wiggling off in search of their own host vehicles.

Entire towns have been depopulated by these ghastly alien hitchhikers, and they regenerate from any wound with amazing speed unless their host vehicle is completely destroyed.

Due the shielding properties of metallic (*not fiberglass*) car bodies, Kirilian sunglasses and scanners can not locate these blobs. An agent must open the hood and check the engine. Sometimes, young inexperienced King Cadillacs can be found by following the trail of crushed human bodies until locating a fat Caddy with a toothpick sticking out its grill.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	05%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Low	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Awful	<b>PSI</b>	No

## LAURA HILL

### Location Unknown.

Until very recently, this former beauty contest winner was the head of the Chicago branch of the American Nazi Party, which is also known as The 6th Reich (*see: Enemies*). However, a few years ago she accidentally discovered a bad Xerox copy of Dr. Victor Von Frankenstein's medical journal. She promptly enlisted party assistance to attempt to create an army of Frankenstein Nazi super soldiers. Luckily for the world, the monsters proved far too stupid to follow even the most basic commands and when the Nazis got stern, the Frankenstein's got angry and pummeled their would-be masters to death. Then the Franks wandered into town and started the usual wave of destruction before they were eliminated by the Bureau.

In spite of this tremendous failure, Laura Hill was still enthralled by the notion of artificial life, and used the last surviving Frankenstein to rob a series of Chicagoland banks and amass several million dollars in cash. While Bureau 13 agents and the furious Nazis (*from another state*) tried to find Ms. Hill, she did the unthinkable and used the Frankenstein process on herself - while still alive. The backwash of power destroyed her secret laboratory, along with quite a few surrounding city blocks, the last Frankenstein monster ruined cable TV reception for half the county and burned the copy of Dr. Von Frankenstein's journal to ash.

However, Laura Hill survived as a Living Frankenstein, an unkillable organic machine with her full intelligence. Please note that the last ten Bureau agents who volunteered to undergo the Living Frankenstein process all died. Horribly.

#### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

When last seen, Laura Hill was six feet, two inches tall, 44-28-36 figure, shoulder-length blonde hair, blue eyes, left-handed, black swastika tattoo on upper right biceps. No scars. She is stunningly beautiful and more lethal than a lawnmower in your underwear.



## CLASSIFICATION

Hot & Sexy Evil

While Laura Hill takes damage from normal and magical weapons, she can quickly regenerate if allowed to reach any form of high-voltage electricity: subway train third rail, power cables, Tesla coils, etc. At present, Hill is being hunted by Bureau 13, The 6th Reich, Interpol, Wally's Spook Club, British MI-5, The Sons of Von Helsing, Sunshine, PETA (*for all of her animal experiments*), and several groups of organized criminals for reasons currently unknown.

It is believed that Laura is now on the hunt for another copy of Dr. Von Frankenstein's medical journal as she thinks the immortality process is beginning to wear off and that soon she will become a normal and easily killed, human being.

**Note:** As no Bureau 13 has ever asked The 6th Reich for assistance, they might just be willing to join forces with a Field Team in a combined effort to remove our mutual enemy. However, this is not an advised course of action. **Addendum:** While it is known that Dr. Von Frankenstein's journal contains incredible medical secrets the Bureau would rather see the book destroyed than have it fall into the hands of The 6th Reich, or worse, Satan Department.

**EXECUTIVE ORDER** Kill Laura Hill on sight. Do not even attempt capture, or enlistment.

<b>Strength:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	High	<b>Contact</b>	05%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Wisdom:</b>	High	<b>Charisma:</b>	Very High	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Firearms:</b>	High	<b>PSI</b>	No

## LEVASOBIS

Forests and Parks.

Also known as: The Shunned. Sometimes called the Lesser Demon of Disease, this malignant resident of Hell has walked the Earth on numerous occasions. Specializing in the creation of new and virulent diseases, he has continually wreaked havoc upon mankind throughout the ages.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A large old tree with gnarled limbs and knotted roots. Its eyes burn red as hellfire and its voice is an echoing boom.

### CLASSIFICATION

A Total Son of A Birch

### MAGICAL POWERS

Cure/Create Disease

Allowed to roam free for most of the Dark Ages, Levasobis was finally banished from Earth in 1344 by a small group of Tibetan monks who gave their lives in order to seal off the gate they had used to rid Earth of Levasobis.

Then in the year 1665, Levasobis returned to earth during a botched summoning by a novice self-trained magician in England. The demon graciously thanked the inept magician and breathed the Pneumonic Plague into him and thus began the Great Plague of London. The dreaded disease quickly spread to the far corners of the Earth.

Free to create diseases at will, Levasobis resumed his reign of terror, until finally contained by another group of brave monks who imprisoned him in a blessed bag. The blessed bag held the demon, but over time its power began to fade. Realizing that the demon would soon be able to escape his prison, the descendents of original monks (*descendents?*) contacted Bureau 13 in 1957. The Bureau sent a dozen agents to investigate the incident and finally concluded that the whole situation could be solved by simply encasing the bag in a block of industrial-grade concrete. But during the process of entombing the bag, numerous monks and Bureau agents became violently ill and in the end, 17 monks and 8 Bureau agents lay dead. The demon was trapped again but began working his way out. **Note:** Has one known enemy, Army Ants.



<b>Strength:</b>	Low	<b>Intelligence:</b>	High	<b>Agility:</b>	Low	<b>Contact</b>	05%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Awful	<b>Magic:</b>	High
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Firearms:</b>	Awful	<b>PSI</b>	No

# MATTHIAS BOLT

San Francisco, CA

Secure in the opulence of his staggering wealth, Bolt heads the evil Brotherhood of Darkness Inc. This organization of black magic terrorists is disguised as a peaceful religious cult. The Bolt Foundation who raise flowers, provide youth camps to the poor and give free lunches to inner city orphans. With Bolt as the absolute leader of more than three thousand people scattered across the US and Canada, The Brotherhood presents a major threat to the Bureau.



## PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall slender man, with distinguished features and a noble brow. Bolt has the slim, tapering fingers of a surgeon, or a concert pianist. Black eyes and black hair neatly combed back to expose the silver at his temples. No known scars, but there is a small tattoo on his left buttock of "Dinky Bird" from the old Saturday morning cartoon series from the 1960's. This is believed to be the result of a bar bet and magic gone embarrassingly wrong.

## CLASSIFICATION

Eagerly Evil

The 1977 Massacre of Bureau 13 operatives is thought to be directly caused by Bolt's elite security force. Many also believe that his mansion is inhabited by numerous demons lured from the pits of Hell to do the necromancer's foul bidding. Bureau 13 agents who have met Bolt (*and lived*) say that he is charming, witty, personable, utterly insane, ruthless, brutal and would love nothing more than to rule Humanity. On one occasion J.P. Withers, with a .44 Magnum to his head, let him live, stating he was not responsible for the Massacre of 77.

**Addendum:** Mathias Bolt was once married, enjoys ballroom dancing and collects the old Nazis as a hobby. This man is to be considered armed and extremely dangerous!!

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	80%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Wisdom:</b>	High	<b>Charisma:</b>	High	<b>Magic:</b>	High
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	High	<b>PSI</b>	No

# THE NEW AMERICAN THUGEE CULT Hidden Temples Everywhere.

"Blood for Kali!" is the battle cry of this ancient cult of murdering loonies. Originally destroyed by the British Empire in the last century, this dangerous branch of the Indian Thugee cult has found a new home in America.

## PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Human, Normal

## CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Evil

Spreading through the affluent middle class, the cult chooses a victim and moves close to the target to gain their trust, often by offering bribes of amazingly accurate financial information. Then, when the high priest decides the time is right, the now ironically rich victim is strangled with the traditional Ruhmal Scarf. After disposing of the body in a shallow grave these modern assassins return to their condo for a celebration of late's and low-cholesterol snacks.



<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	10%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Average	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Average	<b>Magic:</b>	No
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Low	<b>PSI</b>	No

## MU-FANCHU

### Along the Riverfronts of America.

This master of the Oriental occult is the world's most dangerous industrial spy.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A tall bony Chinese man, with a polished bald head, chrome yellow skin (*obviously fake*), emerald-green eyes and long fingernails. Often seen wearing a kimono of a waterfall (*you can hear the splashing*).

### CLASSIFICATION

Nefarious Chaotic

Mu-Fanchu has dedicated himself to the utter destruction of everything not Chinese! Thus, Buddhist temples, martial arts schools (*of the Chinese style*), gunpowder mills, ink factories, paper warehouses, roadside firework stands, etc, are to be considered "sacred ground" where he will never attack. But other than that, all bets are off.

### Marks and Warnings

Often Mu-Fanchu will choose a corporate executive whose company has just screwed over some small Chinese firm, or a business owned by somebody of Chinese ancestry. But before Mu-Fanchu kills, he always marks them with the "Crimson Lick". Somebody, or something, will lick the hand of the victim and within d6 minutes there will appear a large red mark of the ancient Mandarin ideogram of the word: 'platypus' (*reason unknown*) The victim now has 24 hours to correct the affront, or die horribly.

### Weapons

Because a Communist firing squad executed his family in front of him as a small child, Mu-Fanchu will never use a firearm. However, he does not consider grenades, poison darts, swords or saturation bombing as firearms. So stay sharp, people!

This mad mage is armed with a seemingly endless array of homunculus henchmen (*who are especially fond of jumping out of hiding from inside cookie jars, bounding out from under the cat litter, or boxes of flowers*, poisonous centipedes, venom-spitting snakes, chameleon/scorpion hybrids, radioactive frogs, rabid voles and an endless procession of knife-wielding dacoits (*pronounced day-cots*) who are very easy to subdue, or kill, but who attack in groups of twenty.

Mu-Fanchu fingernails have been reinforced with molecular steel and are now sharp as surgical scalpels. that can do Above Average Damage. Rumors say they can also extend to six feet long, but this has not been confirmed by anybody alive. Also: Mu-Fanchu will always appear from a swirling fog, even on a bright and sunny day.

**Addendum** Aside from being a four-star loony, Mu-Fanchu always chooses a beautiful virgin to be his personal courier and they can often be convinced to change sides by a handsome Bureau 13 agent. However, he does not always choose human females to be his assistant and has been known to employ Succubi, Medusas, Vampires and even a female Kraken (*so good luck there, stud*).

Mu-Fanchu detests Sun Yen Yen and his operations.



<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	10%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	High	<b>Magic:</b>	High
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Awful	<b>PSI</b>	No

## THE MORLOCKS

Eastern Seaboard.

This is a motorcycle gang whose initiation rites are beyond ghastly. To join the gang, a prospective member must kidnap a hitchhiker, kill, clean, cook and eat them. The Morlocks claim to enjoy the taste of man meat (*civilians*) and longpig (*the police*) and eat it regularly at ghoulish barbecues. For really big parties, these motorcycle monsters often kidnap a bunch of skinny people and force feed them fried chicken and candy for a month to fatten them up to...sweeten the giblets.

Morlocks ride Harley Davidson motorcycles (*with a special fondness for old-style flat-head engines*), usually travel in groups of fifty and are armed with every conceivable illegal weapon possible.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Unshaven, dirty hair, heavily muscled, covered with tattoos, and those are the women!

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Insane

It is believed that some of the Morlocks have crossed the line beyond human because of their inhuman practices and are slowly turning into demonic creatures with supernatural powers. But this has not yet been proven.

**Note:** Unfortunately, the Morlocks are respected (*okay, feared, but that's close enough*) by many other motorcycle gangs and if attacked, they can request aid from a virtual army of beefy bikers across the entire state.

<b>Strength:</b>	Average	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Average	<b>Contact</b>	20%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	Low	<b>Magic:</b>	Low
<b>Dexterity:</b>	Average	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No

## RAFAEL "THE CRIME LORD" ORTIZ Miami, FL

A real estate developer hailing from the South Beach area, Ortiz has changed from a street thug to a criminal kingpin. These are not the only changes he has undergone.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A well-dressed, thirty-something, Hispanic man, surrounded by a retinue of assistants and bodyguards. But his smiling human face is merely an illusion.

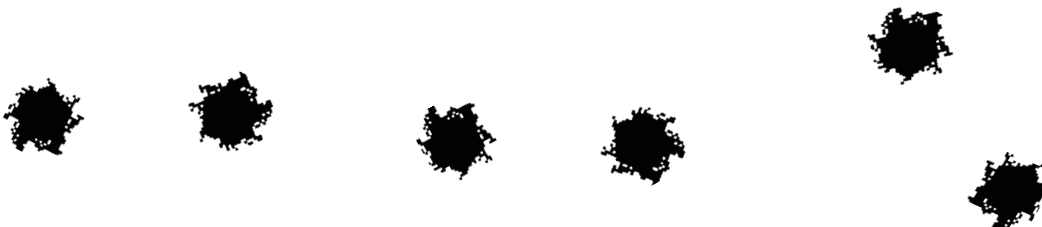
Ortiz has been changed by Caribbean magic into an anthropomorphic ocelot. His human facade is kept up due to a pair of magical rings given to him by his Houngan second-in-command. Ortiz has superhuman senses and physical abilities and knowledge of Capoeira, making him a match for any Bureau team.

### CLASSIFICATION

Lawful Evil

Will kill his own men to prove a point, but has his own sense of honor (*albeit insanely twisted*) He also has steel claws that do Above Average damage, can leap twice as far as a normal human and can run almost as fast as a car can travel for short bursts. Considered extremely dangerous!

<b>Strength:</b>	High	<b>Intelligence:</b>	Average	<b>Agility:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Contact</b>	30%
<b>Constitution:</b>	Exceptional	<b>Wisdom:</b>	Average	<b>Charisma:</b>	High	<b>Magic:</b>	High
<b>Dexterity:</b>	High	<b>Body:</b>	Average	<b>Firearms:</b>	Average	<b>PSI</b>	No



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