

Lover in the Ice

A Scenario for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

Written by Caleb Stokes

Written by Caleb Stokes (hebanon.blogspot.com) and illustrated by Dennis Detwiler, Ean Moody (moodyillustrator.com), and Todd Shearer. Published by arrangement with the Delta Green Partnership (delta-green.com). The intellectual property known as Delta Green is ™ and © the Delta Green Partnership, who has licensed its use here. The contents of this document are © their creators, excepting those elements that are components of the Delta Green intellectual property. Thanks to Terry Knox for help with proofreading. Updated 29 MAY 2016.

IT'S THE FIRST WEEK OF JANUARY IN THE YEAR OF your choosing. An apocalyptic ice storm struck Lafontaine, Missouri on Jan. 2. An extreme cold front from the northeast caused a 30° drop in ground temperature over a matter of hours. Simultaneously, humidity reached 100% and a thunderstorm blanketed the region. The rain, already barely above freezing, coated everything in layer upon layer of ice. Roofs collapsed under four-inch sheets. Trees exploded as sap flash-froze in the trunks. Transformers shorted out and fell flaming from their posts. Cars not crushed by falling debris skidded off impassible roads or froze up. Flights in and out of the area were cancelled. The governor declared the city a disaster area, but the ice and continuing winter weather prevented dispatch of services.

Inside Lafontaine, a mothballed Green Box—a storage facility rented by the conspiracy in the old days—sent a silent alarm to Delta Green on the night of the storm. The contents of the box were never inventoried after the organizational restructuring in 2001, and the Friendly caretaker on site is not responding. Delta Green doesn't know what caused the breach or what potential threats might now be in the field. They need eyes on the ground.

The nearest available operatives—the players' Agents—each get a call from a known Delta Green case officer the afternoon of Jan. 5. The call comes in the usual way, from one of half a dozen numbers arranged ahead of time but which frequently change. The caller did his best to sound like he was confirming an ordinary dinner or business meeting. He gave a time and place: a private TSA

conference room at Lambert Airport, St. Louis, Missouri, 11:45 P.M. that night.

It was up to each Agent to make personal arrangements and get a last-minute flight to Lambert. Whether the Agents have cash or debit cards provided earlier by Delta Green, or have to use their own money, is up to the Handler.

As always, traveling by plane in the U.S. restricts the kind of gear they can carry. Federal law enforcement officers are allowed their duty sidearms, but no one can carry personal weapons aboard. Delta Green Agents are often expected to equip themselves to suit the mission after they arrive.

Briefing

TSA agents at Lambert allow the Agents into the conference room. Inside is a balding man in his early fifties, with a heavy paunch and deep circles under his eyes. He does not offer his name here but the Agents know him as DHS Special Agent Patrick Hill. They have met him before. He's a Delta Green case officer. He arranges missions. He is the go-between and cut-out between the Agents on the ground and the rest of Delta Green. The mission is the Agents' job; the Agents are his job.

If the Agents worry about eavesdropping, he waves off their concerns. Maybe he already handled it. The following is all he has to say by way of briefing. Act it out like a script or ad-lib the essential parts that are called out.

"Let's get this out of the way.

*"Back before 9/11, people did our group's work out in the cold. Then we got activated, or reactivated anyway. **During the transition...decisions were made.** I didn't make those decisions, and I don't know the people who did. But they were made, and now we're here.*

"I don't know more. I can't know more. We're all only here because we were closest. I'm not going with you because I've been up for two days trying to find you a ride into the goddamn mission area. Got it?"

“So...sometime around 2002, some team or another was tasked with repurposing assets from the old group into the new program. At least the ones we knew about. To my understanding, it was a cost/risk analysis based on the needs of the moment and the current budget.

“Lo and behold, **they tended to report that moving things out of unsecure private storage to secure, official locations wasn't worth it.** I don't know if it was because the contents were too volatile, or someone couldn't be bothered to find a truck, or if they didn't trust the transition...I don't know, OK? Wasn't there. But one of those storage sites was in Lafontaine.

“Yeah. That Lafontaine. The one from the news.

“They installed an alarm on the door. They got some Friendly from the utility company—one Skip Mills—to keep an eye on the place. Gave him some bullshit about maintaining a secret counter-terrorism storage site or something. Do it for God and country—the typical patriotic, make-your-life-matter spiel. He was strictly observe-and-report. Guy never had a key, far as I can tell. The idea was to come back to the box in a few months when things settled down.

“Well, it's been a few months.

“The storage unit is at an Earl's Rent-A-Space, unit 0171—I know; OPSEC clusterfuck. You're preaching to the choir. Anyway, the site is designated GB 224. Ice storm hits the city hard the night of the 2nd, and the parrot box—the security system—sends a silent alarm to someplace above my pay grade and reports a breach. This shit is so far buried in the shuffle that nobody in signals picks up on the damn thing until two days later. That's when they drag my ass out of bed.

“So we have nothing on the ground. I don't know if this Mills was on the silent alarm's call list or not. All I know is that I can't get a hold of him. But then I can't get a hold of anyone. Phone lines are down across the entire city and most of the cell towers are dead. Something like 70% of buildings are without power still.

“Anyway, we're blind down there. **All we know is that the door to GB 224 has been open for going on a week. We don't know what's inside.** We don't know if this Mills guy is on the level. We just don't know, and you have to find out.

“**I got you a ride on a National Guard disaster-relief convoy.** It leaves in a few minutes. **You're on an oversight group working for FEMA.** Don't abuse the cover. The legend is paper-thin and I can't for the life of me think why anyone would put y'all in the same room together. But it's the best I can do on short notice. Paperwork is on the table.

“**I got you some office space squared away at the City Utilities company.** Fuck knows I spent enough time on the radio trying to find their boss. From there, find out where this Mills guy is and what he knows. Head out to GB 224 and inventory the contents. See if you can tell if anything is missing.

“And if something's out there? **Do what needs to be done. Text me if you need something, but keep those messages clean and coded.** I'll do what I can from here, but...well, there's a hundred miles of solid ice around you in every direction and more alphabet-soup agencies and media in the theater than you can shake a stick at. Don't expect miracles.

“Hell, don't expect anything.

“You're on your own.”

In short, the mission is to find the Skip Mills, discover why he hasn't reported in, inventory the Green Box, and report and eliminate any threats in the area.

This concludes everything the agents know before entering the city. From here on out, it's Handler's eyes only. Anyone playing an Agent should stop reading.

Handler's Information

Ryan Whitehead didn't live in LaFontaine, nor even in Missouri. He made his home on his decaying ancestral plantation house in Alabama. In the 1960s he achieved some literary fame for his first novel, *Man Jesus with the Golden Arm*, a biblical allegory retold as the story of messianic minor-league pitcher amidst the tumultuous cultural revolution of the Sixties. Stylistically, he was regarded as the “upper-crust Hunter Thompson,” fusing an unflinching and contemporary voice with a penchant for Modernist allusion and Southern Gothic themes.

Riding high off his critical success, Whitehead was commissioned by the San Francisco magazine *Blammo!*

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

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

Whitehead's troubles grew exponentially upon his return. He remained under investigation by police for the disappearances of Gabriella Larentinos and Albert Capchka. Uncharacteristic reluctance and secrecy by the typically pro-Western Brazilian dictatorship complicated inquiries to the point where charges could never be brought, but the stain of suspicion never left Whitehead's reputation.

The author's alcohol and drug abuse, significant even before the trip, became rampant after his return. His drunken ravings about monsters lurking in the jungle became something of a legend in his Alabama town. Police reports said Whitehead's longtime neglect of his young wife devolved into full-blown domestic abuse. His refusal of marital favors, his screaming fits, and his outright abuse were enough for his wife to obtain a divorce in 1970.

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

Whitehead's need to feed his various addictions finished the job and wiped him out financially. He declared bankruptcy and drew government disability checks

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

In 1981, a cash-strapped Whitehead attempted to sell some of his writer's "paraphernalia" to a few collectors still interested in his career. Though the details of the meeting are unclear, it ended in a bizarre double-homicide at Whitehead's apartment complex. The peculiar nature of the wounds and the supernatural proclivities of the deceased collectors drew the attention of Delta Green, then an underground conspiracy. By the time the investigation indicated Whitehead as the primary suspect in the killings, agents found the author dead from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. They found a note (Handout A) pinned to his chest.

That note now can be found in Green Box 224.

The box mentioned in Whitehead's suicide note was a Brazilian army ammo box found near his body. The agents on the scene, guided by experience and by other documents found in the apartment, heeded the dead man's advice and refrained from investigating further. Whitehead's personal effects were collected, along with the ammo box, and eventually secured in a Green Box (Handout B).

Though the records of the Whitehead investigation and its inconclusive results are available to Delta Green today, after decades of illegal activity and subterfuge they lost all track of the evidence. Through the vicissitudes of Delta Green's operations in the Eighties and Nineties, Whitehead's possessions eventually landed in Green Box 224 in Lafontaine, Missouri. There they stayed until the ice storm of Jan. 2 released that which the dead author never wanted released.

The Threat

Skip Mills, a Delta Green Friendly (a contact who can be counted on for help but is not an agent), is the unwitting caretaker of the Green Box. He has been infected by the contents of the Whitehead's Brazilian ammo box, a horror called a Seeder, and turned into a reproductive organ for the Amantè, the hellish Amazonian creature that ruined Whitehead's life. Mills has gone completely mad and birthed a new Amantè into the world, and it has spawned others. The creatures and their thralls are now picking their way through the frozen city, eating and corrupting anyone they find. If their existence continues until the weather breaks, there's no telling how many will die before the infection can be contained.



EL AMANTÈ

Unnatural lover

STR 19, **CON** 21, **DEX** 20, **INT** 8, **POW** 10, **CHA** n/a

HP 20, **WP** 10

SKILLS Athletics 80%, Alertness 60%, Unarmed Combat 60%

ATTACKS Claw or bite 60%, damage 1D6+2

ARMOR 2 points of leathery hide

SANITY COST 1/1D6 (the Unnatural)

NOTES The Amantè is a terrible creature found in the humid hell of the inner Amazon. How it evolved or where it came from, no one knows. It stands about as tall as an orangutan but is hairless, covered instead with pallid, leathery grey skin. The head is dominated by a huge circular orifice with concentric rows of teeth used for hooking and sucking in prey.

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

The Amantè is eyeless, relying on huge bat-like ears and a high-pitched "hoot" for echolocation. Though perfect for hunting in the dense jungle night, such dependence on sound can be hindrance in the hectic modern world. If the environment is overwhelmingly noisy, the Amantè suffers -20% to all rolls and tries to retreat to places where it can hunt unimpeded.

The Amantè's only goals when encountering prey are appeasing its hunger and its reproductive instincts. If it doesn't instantly kill prey with its claws and begin feasting, it attempts to pin the victim to the ground and implant its phallus, the Seeder organ (see below). The creature uses its clawed hands and weight to pin the victim before thrusting the phallus into the mouth, bulbous end first.

This is not typically hard to do as the victim is usually screaming in terror. Being subjected to this assault costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness. Only if the victim succeeds at this Sanity test can he or she resist the urge to shriek.

Once lodged in the throat of the victim, the Amantè pulls back and rips the organ from its body with a sickening snap of tendons and a spray of orange fluid. The Amantè then retreats to feast, rest, and regrow its organ.

The Amantè will attempt to turn people into "Seeders" as fast as it can grow replacement organs with which to do the task. The phallus is linked to its creator and offers the creature a degree of telepathic emotional control over the host, but the primitive Amantè rarely finds the need. The creature's only priority is survival, and the effects of its parasitic anatomy are more than enough to motivate most people to fulfill its reproductive desires.



Seeder

Seeders retain their ordinary stats and skills. A Seeder originates with the foot-long nightmare phallus of the Amantè. The phallus ends in four serrated hypodermic needles made of bone, ringed around a black gill that operates like a stand-in esophagus, piping air and food to the host. Each bone needle is attached to a vein that runs down the length of the wriggling-grayish tube. Two veins suck blood from the victim while the other two inject an orange, recombinant fluid. An alien biological process housed in the blub-like pustule at the base of the phallus rearranges the orange fluid on a cellular level from human blood. This bulb also contains nerve tendrils that integrate with the host's limbic system.

Seeder organs are relatively useless until placed in a host, though they can move and implant autonomously with the element of surprise. Once lodged in the throat, the Seeder organ takes control of, rewrites, and supercharges the host's hormonal production. All forms of serotonin reuptake are blocked, causing a deep depression (in addition to the negative psychological effects of being assaulted by the Amantè in the first place). Meanwhile, the parasitic organ chemically corrupts the brain's stress hormones into endorphins analogous to those found in human sexual arousal, though many times more potent. Within minutes of infection, victims are rendered neurological incapable of all joy and sensation beyond an animal reproductive instinct—an instinct chemically reconditioned to trigger only in instances of violence and pain.

Those infected quickly begin to sexualize nearly every encounter with other human beings, regardless of relationship, context, or taboo. The host literally begins to lose his or her mind trying to resist perpetrating perversely violent acts. As infection continues, psychic driving conflates the victim's every stress response with arousal, anatomically incentivizing risk-taking behavior.

The Seeder's brain struggles to grasp its corrupted neurological chemistry. Sexual fantasies become intensely distracting, and as the Seeder acclimates to its new host the waking dreams grow ever more depraved. All skills are at a -20% penalty unless the skill serves the Seeder organ's ends.

Nothing about the Amantè's lifecycle remotely resembles sex or love. No matter how perverse, the infected are

SEEDER

Infected human host

ATTACKS Unarmed Combat, skill varies, damage 1D4-1

Seeder Stab, skill varies, damage 1D4

Weapon, skill varies, damage varies

left emotionally catatonic to all thoughts save violence. Imagining people naked quickly evolves into imagining them flayed alive. Disgust loses ground to insane lust. A Seeder unlucky enough to actually witness a violent act while caught in this fugue state is in danger of having his or her very mind shatter with desire to join in. Suffering this inexplicable urge costs 1 SAN from the Unnatural. Resisting it costs 1D4 SAN from the Unnatural. Giving in and perpetrating it has the usual SAN cost for violence, probably 1/1D8 or 1/1D10 depending on the severity.

Two major behavioral patterns manifest after infection.

Those who give in: In most instances, Seeders rationalize their murderous urges as perfectly natural impulses. The victim might even regard the Amantè as a liberating entity and seek to actively serve it. The Seeder begins engineering wild, hedonistic encounters with as many participants as possible. The Seeder attempts to separate partners from the herd and either bring them to an Amantè for implantation or stab them to death with the Seeder's needle phallus, thus creating an Incubus (see below). The simultaneous mind-rending horror and intense pleasure of murdering someone to create an Incubus often shatters the Seeder's remaining sanity, costing 1D4/1D10 SAN due to helplessness. The infected typically hides the body in a safe place and seeks to repeat the process as many times as possible.

Those who withdraw: A few infected individuals withdraw from society. This typically occurs when someone is seeded by an organ whose Amantè is dead. Without the primal influence of their master, certain psychological types only feel a more intense shame with their heightened



craving for physical pleasure. Those resisting might take temporary solace in self-mutilation as a means of temporarily appeasing the beast within them. But if the Seeder commits suicide or has the organ surgically removed, this merely delays the inevitable. Eventually the Seeder gives in to the typical predatory tactics.

Regardless of type, a Seeder finds any act of physical violence intensely arousing. Conflict has been naturally selected as an aphrodisiac to the Amantè, as it conceals their invasive breeding habits and increases their chances of survival. It is difficult for any Seeder to resist the sight of violence. Sufficiently violent stimulus—such as the presence of blood or violent, screamed threats—costs 1/1D6 SAN from the Unnatural. The roll is made every turn in the presence of the violent stimulus.

A Seeder who goes temporarily insane or whose SAN reaches the Breaking Point loses all self-control. The spiny Seeder organ bursts forth from the mouth and the Seeder attacks until he or she commits murder or is incapacitated.

Infecting Agents

Agents isolated from the team might be attacked and become unwilling tools of the Amantè, sabotaging group efforts from within.

An Agent should be given a chance to resist the attack. An Amantè is drastically stronger than a human, but it is still possible to resist one long enough to run away. Even if physically pinned, the character still has a chance. The Amante’s position is unsteady when it is attempting to force a Seeder down someone’s throat. If the character can keep from screaming by succeeding at the SAN roll, they can prevent the tendrils at the base of the organ entering the mouth. This prevents the victim from calling for help, but it allows another chance to beat the creature’s Unarmed Combat roll and wrestle free.

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

Handler’s shouldn’t take away control of Seeder character immediately. Agents can resist temptation, but each time the agent resists a fantasy or witnesses stressful behavior, it requires another 1/1D6 SAN roll against The Unnatural. Once the character’s Breaking Point is reached, the Handler offers one last choice: commit suicide before it’s too late, or give up control and attack the closest warm body. Those that survive the latter option lose 1D4/1D10 SAN to Helplessness after realizing what they’ve done. The 1/1D6 SAN rolls begin again once a new violent stimulus arrives. The mental degradation continues until the Seeder organ is removed with a successful Surgery test (at a -20 penalty because most tumors don’t actively fight back), until the host dies, or until the victim’s SAN reaches zero, at which point he or she becomes a gleeful servant of the Amantè.

INCUBUS

Human corpse repurposed into Amantè womb

NOTES Amantè do not reproduce so much as clone. Human blood is broken down and reassembled into a series of different DNA strands through the remarkable action of the Seeder organ. It is then injected into the host. The bloated corpse that remains becomes the Incubus.

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

From the outside, anyone unlucky enough to see this “conception” witnesses a bloated corpse with something gurgling and shifting inside of it. The dead flesh writhes until a hungry monster comes bursting forth in an eruption of rotten flesh.

“Birth” occurs one to two days after a victim’s death. Witnessing an Incubus at rest costs 0/1D4 SAN from violence. Seeing the young Amantè tear free costs 1/1D4 SAN from The Unnatural.

Timeline of Disaster

Many terrible things happen before the Agents' arrival.

2001 TO 2003: Delta Green reorganizes under an official governmental remit. Over the next few years many of the conspiracy's resources are catalogued and repurposed. Some artifacts were housed in "Green Boxes," unmarked civilian locations used for storage. Personnel turnover and the loss of institutional memory keep many Green Boxes hidden. Some Green Boxes contain materials so biologically, supernaturally, and mimetically toxic as to make transportation too dangerous and expensive. These Green Boxes are rigged with security systems and put under the care of local friendlies to ensure containment. One such location is Green Box 224 in Lafontaine, Missouri. Unable to safely catalogue its contents without knowledge of the site's former case history or personnel, a secondary team installed a security system and placed GB 224 under the care of a local Friendly, Lafontaine City Utilities supervisor Skip Mills. Mills believed he was guarding a secret DHS storage site.

JAN. 2, THIS YEAR: A catastrophic ice storm strikes Lafontaine, Missouri. A tree limb breaks off and crashes through the roof and door of storage unit 0171 at Earl's Rent-a-Space, Green Box 224. The Seeder organ is set free among the belongings of Ryan Whitehead, stored in the Green Box since his 1981 suicide and the subsequent, abortive Delta Green investigation. Over the years, the organ has recovered from its wounds and survived in a state of hibernation. Shocked into activity by the extreme cold, the parasite begins inching out of the rubble in search of a host. The security system installed in the Green Box alerts both Delta Green and Mills to a possible breach.

JAN. 3, 1:00 A.M.: Skip Mills braves the ice storm to investigate the alarm in GB 224. Damage visible from the road prompts him to enter the property to check on the downed power lines and trees damaging the property. Security cameras record his arrival.

JAN. 3, 1:05 A.M.: Mills investigates noises within the crushed unit 0171. The desperate Seeder organ attacks. It

hooks itself to his face and forces its bulbous stalk down his screaming throat. Bleeding from multiple facial lacerations and overwhelmed with terror, Mills passes out.

JAN. 3, 1:30 A.M.: Mills regains consciousness, though still woozy and vomiting. On security camera footage he can be seen as a dark shape leaving the facility. Earl's Rent-a-Space security cameras lose power shortly after.

JAN. 3, 2:30 A.M.: Mills returns home in a daze. Overcome by the strange urges of the Seeder organ, he violently slays his mother and turns her corpse into an Incubus for the Amantè. In the grips of combined hormonal euphoria and disgusted horror, Mills slips into shock.

JAN. 3, 5:45 A.M.: Though not fully lucid due to the influence of the parasite, Mills realizes he has committed an unnatural act of murder. Fearing discovery, he covers his tracks. He goes to work at City Utilities to maintain appearances.

JAN. 3, 6:30 A.M. TO 1:00 P.M.: At work and barely lucid, Mills has the craziest day of his career. Power is down across the entire city. He spends most of the day in his office handling calls (badly). His every interaction with his secretary, Tanya Cambria, brings about the terrifying urges that saw him kill his mother. He spends much of the day looking at Internet pornography in a hopeless attempt to quell these inexplicable temptations.

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

JAN. 4, 6:00 A.M.: An Amantè is born from the corpse of Skip Mills' mother. The infected man in the next room is so enraptured in his psychosexual fugue that he doesn't notice the horrific sounds. The creature scabbles through the ceiling and leaves through the attic, seeking prey.

JAN. 4, 7:15 A.M.: Skip fails to return to work despite repeated calls to his home. His cycle of self-abuse continues until he eventually succumbs to his murderous urges

by attacking the Agents when they come to his home (see page 25). Meanwhile the Amantè seeks to escape the murderous cold outside.

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

JAN. 4, 9:00 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.: The Amantè hunts and devours pets in the area. It grows to full size.

JAN. 4, 1:30 P.M.: The Amantè implants Melody Farthing while she is napping. Farthing awakes from her nightmare-haunted sleep as a Seeder.

JAN. 4, 5:00 P.M.: The Amantè easily overpowers Tilda Hasting as she checks on the noise from her roommate's room.

JAN. 4, 9:00 P.M.: Jonah Washington, the third roommate renting 1824 West Ambrosia Street, finally gets home through the weather after visiting his family on winter break. A National Guard reservist, he's been called up for the crisis and came home only to drop off his things. He is immediately propositioned sexually by his two roommates. Thinking his friends are joking (Washington is openly gay), he allows himself to be stripped partially before resisting and provoking an attack. Suffering from multiple stab wounds, Jonah escapes into the cold. The girls pursue him through the abandoned streets until the parasites' aversion to cold forces them to retreat home.

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

JAN. 5, 1:30 A.M.: Jonah Washington, bleeding from stab wounds and delirious with fear, succumbs to exposure in the disused ATM kiosk in which he took shelter.

JAN. 5, 5:30 A.M.: Phone records show the Seeder girls calling Pamela Decature, their landlady, about a supposed

burst pipe in the basement. They also begin calling Chad Bergman in an attempt to arrange a party for that night.

JAN. 5, 9:00 A.M.: Pamela Decature arrives to help with the supposed burst pipe. She is killed and used to incubate another Amantè in the basement. There are now two Incubi inside 1824 West Ambrosia.

JAN. 5, 10:00 A.M.: Deputy Eli Filagree finds the body of Jonah Washington. Though it's ruled as another homeless death on account of the extreme cold, Filagree begins investigating the mysterious nature of Washington's wounds.

JAN. 5, 8:00 P.M.: Suffering insatiable lust and urge to find another warm place, Hasting and Farthing proceed to Pamela Decature's house by trekking through the snow. Their Amantè master follows in the treetops.

JAN. 5, 8:30 P.M.: Kelly Decature, Pamela's husband, greets his two tenants at the door and is immediately attacked by the Amantè. He and his son are killed and feasted upon to nourish the still-growing creature. The girls, completely consumed by the pleasure of witnessing the slaughter, merely watch. Before they return home for more reflexive self-abuse and Amantè worship, the Amantè tears off another wriggling Seeder and gifts it to its thralls.

JAN. 5, 9:00 P.M.: The Amantè, having secured a sizable food source, begins nesting in the Decature home.

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

JAN 6, 7:00 A.M.: The Agents arrive in Lafontaine.

Persons of Interest

The Agents are likely to encounter some or all of these characters.

BERGMAN, CHAD: Sophomore in political science at Lafontaine University and friend to Farthing and Hasting. He's organizing a massive dorm party at their urging.

CAMBRIA, TANYA: Skip Mills' secretary and customer service rep.

DECATURE, KELLY AND LIAM (DECEASED): Father and son of Pamela Decature. The Amantè used Farthing and Hasting to gain entry to the home and kill the pair. Their bodies provide meat for the creature while its Seeder organs breed.

DECATURE, PAMELA (INCUBUS): Owner of the property at 1824 West Ambrosia Street and landlady to Farthing, Hasting, and Washington. Murdered by Farthing and Hasting to incubate an Amantè.

'DOE, JOHN' (INCUBUS): One of the city's many homeless seeking shelter from the storm. He was lured into the house at 1824 West Ambrosia and became the first victim of Hasting and Farthing.

FARTHING, MELODY (SEEDER): Art student at Lafontaine University, turned to a Seeder by the newly born Amantè.

FILAGREE, ELI, DEPUTY: Young sheriff's department officer investigating the death of Jonah Washington.

HASTING, TILDA (SEEDER): Art student at Lafontaine University, turned to a Seeder by the newly born Amantè.

MILLS, SKIP (SEEDER): Site supervisor for Lafontaine City Utilities and the first Seeder.

WASHINGTON, JONAH (DECEASED): Lafontaine University student and National Guard reservist who roomed with Hasting and Farthing. He escaped their attacks only to die in the frigid cold.

The Agents Arrive

The Agents enter Lafontaine in the back of a Navistar Defense 7000-MV troop transport stuffed with blankets, clothing, and food. The ride is freezing and uncomfortable, but the disaster relief convoy has the only military vehicles capable of getting anyone across the icy Midwestern plains.

As far as the National Guardsmen running the convoy know, the agents are part of a FEMA group tasked with monitoring the relief effort: watchers, not workers. The troops accommodate minor requests, but they much prefer "the suits" get the hell out of the way and let them do their jobs. The agents can expect to be happily ignored as long as they don't obstruct relief efforts or ask for something odd, such as weaponry.

You can start the scenario in the truck as it pulls into town, giving agents a chance to greet each other, or right as the truck enters the city limits.

As the truck enters town, read the following description of the city to the agents or paraphrase the highlights in **bold**:

The briefing said Lafontaine was ill prepared for winter weather. The city had sold most of its salt trucks and plows to keep from declaring bankruptcy during the Recession. But nothing prepared you for this level of destruction.

Nearly every road is blocked with felled trees. Phone and power lines dangle everywhere. The few emergency responders you see are still chiseling vehicles out of the ice like sculptures, and most who succeed seem to have impotently skidded off the road.

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

Even after five days, relief teams have made scant headway. A few major roadways are cleared and salted.

The commercial and university districts to the south have power restored.

Very little relief has come to the north side, the poor side of town the convoy inches through. *The north of Lafontaine is the oldest part of the city, cut off from the rest by a moat of abandoned warehouses, rail yards, factories, and other remnants of the city's industrial past. The massive, old-growth trees dotting its residential neighborhoods caused more damage here than anywhere else. The only lifeline south, The Zora Neale Hurston Bridge, remains a clogged, icy mess. It will be difficult to tell who needs help in northern Lafontaine; only the locals can distinguish which homes were abandoned to the storm and which were left vacant by the real estate crash.*

Still, progress is being made. Operating out of the headquarters for City Utilities, workers are slowly getting Lafontaine livable again. It appears that while the storm will certainly be expensive, none of the relief workers will be haunted by lost lives. It's uncomfortable, but patrols and emergency shelters are so far keeping those without power fed and warm.

Communications in Lafontaine

Some phone lines and cell towers in the city are working. As a rule of thumb, an Agent trying to make a phone call can make a Luck roll (a flat 50% chance) to get a signal.

Make sure the players know the rules that Delta Green expects their Agents to follow. They are to always act as if someone outside Delta Green is listening. Any communications must be coded to maintain plausible deniability. ("I'm home with the mail" is innocuous enough. "We killed the monster and the two college kids and Green Box 224 is secure," less so.)

The National Guard radio frequency is also available, though equally insecure, and of course it's supposed to be reserved for the Guard. Using it for apparently personal messages draws complaints that raise the risk of scrutiny. An Agent with **Military Science** 40% can come up with the right jargon to send messages over that line that won't raise suspicions.

Lafontaine City Utilities

Unless redirected, the agents are dropped off in front of the City Utilities building before the truck joins the rest of the vehicles in the motor pool parking lot around back.

Lafontaine City Utilities Lobby

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

Tanya Cambria is the first person players encounter. She was made aware that a FEMA response team was to be housed at the facility, but she's yet to find any space for them to set up amongst the chaos. In a pinch, she takes the group to a temporary office set up in a prefab trailer out in the parking lot. The space was being used by Skip Mills since his office got a tree limb through the window, but he's been out sick for the past three days.

An Agent with **HUMINT** 30% realizes Cambria is uncomfortable talking about Mills. Pressing her further divulges concerns for his job and health. Missing work during a disaster like this will not be forgiven, no matter the excuse. She sympathizes; he looked very ill when he came into work three days ago. His face was covered in scratches and sweat. She claims he gave her the oddest, pained stares when she came by to drop off his mail and lunch.

Utilities Manager's Office

Tanya drops the group off in Mills' office and returns to her work. The prefabricated trailer suffices as a base from which sorties can be planned and communications secured. The trailer is isolated, private, and heated. City Utilities is too busy to bother the Agents unless specifically forced to, and the room is equipped with a few foldout tables, a desk, and a computer. If it weren't for the weird smell and cheesy Seventies wood-grain interior, it would be perfect.

Ostensibly, FEMA administration is the entire reason for the characters to be in Lafontaine. If National Guardsmen and local officials find the office repeatedly empty while seeking disaster relief coordination, they get

suspicious. But the Agents may not be able to spend much time here. Someone must move and guard the contents of GB 224.

But the first order of the business is the office itself. Mills left his mark on the room in the few hours he worked before he went home "sick." Agents have a few routes to investigate.

Mills' home address can easily be found in correspondence in his desk.

Computer Science or SIGINT: The computer is on and still logged in. Accessing the program that monitors the power grid requires a separate password, but basic web browsing and access to email is possible.

The Power Grid Monitor Program can be used to determine which buildings on the north side still have working connections.

The web history shows Mills surfed numerous deviant porn sites on his last day. The erotica is violent in the extreme and unfocused on a particular gender. Viewing it costs 0/1 SAN from violence.

An Agent with Computer Science or SIGINT 40% realizes Mills' email password may also be written down somewhere here. If the Agents look for candidates and try the most likely, it turns out to be on an index card at the bottom of a desk drawer.

Amongst a flood of requests for situation reports, Mills sent out a hastily typed memo listing a number of addresses where lines were down. Minutes later, he sent out a second memo urging everyone to ignore a certain address in the previous message. Research shows this is the address to Earl's Rent-a-Space.

Search: The underside of desk is covered in days-old semen. Mills was doing some very questionable things during his one day back at work since the storm.

The backside of the desk calendar has "Ecclesiastes28" written on it. This is the password to the Power Grid Monitor and Control Program.

SIGINT or Criminology: Calling the office's landline phone operator or dialing star-69 can reveal that the last place Mills called was a pornography shop on the way to his house. The owner warns callers not to risk driving out; the shop was cleaned out by an "avid collector" a few days ago...the same day Mills went home sick.

City Utilities Motor Pool

The City Utilities Motor Pool, in whose parking lot Skip Mill's trailer office is set, has been transformed into a makeshift HQ for the relief effort. The parking lot has been cleared of its thick coat of ice. Large command tents and the diesel generators heating thing take up the space nearest the building. Otherwise, the cold keeps the parking lot mostly empty save when trucks drive in to be resupplied or repaired.

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

If approached by anyone with City Utilities or FEMA credentials, Deputy Filagree tries to get access to the Power Grid Monitor Program. He's investigating the death of a John Doe (actually Jonah Washington) a couple of nights ago, and he wants to know what residences still had heat in the area where the body was found.

HUMINT, Law, or Criminology reveals that Deputy Filagree is working off the books on this investigation. His superiors aren't keen to waste resources during a disaster investigating the death of a homeless man from exposure. Filagree is convinced of foul play and figures he could get promoted to detective by closing a murder. He figures that if he knows which places near the body had heat, he can go door to door (checking on citizens to see if they need rides to a disaster shelter), peek in, and get enough probable cause to search a place and escalate the investigation.

Agents in federal law enforcement can **Persuade** Filagree to confide in them. Eager to have someone listen to his theory, Deputy Filagree eagerly reveals the odd nature of the death and agrees to take the Agents to view the body at the City Morgue.

On the Streets at Night

Outside at night, Agents can roll Alertness to hear strange hoots and clicks echoing over the eerily quiet city. Tracking the Amantè through sound is a dangerous proposition, as that's also how it hunts its prey.

Earl's Rent-a-Space

Earl's Rent-a-Space is open around the clock to those with a code to the razor-wire fence gate. Each unit has its own padlock. A gigantic tree limb snapped off, crushing a number of units on the side of the property facing the highway. Unit 0171 is among the damaged storage spaces. The gate to the facility remains locked, but another limb has smashed part of the chain-link flat and allows entry.

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

Alertness, Search, or SIGINT: While the security cameras around the perimeter have been rendered useless by a power outage, they appear to be undamaged. Some recordings from the storm might still be intact.

A portable battery and **Craft (Electronics)** or **SIGINT** gets the ancient surveillance monitor working. The video recordings from the night of the storm show a dark, hooded figure (Skip Mills, if the characters know enough to recognize him by now) entering the facility from the breach in the fence. He seems to be

looking up as he moves. He leaves frame and stays out of sight for a half hour before stumbling away as if drunk.

Accounting and some time with the filing cabinets reveal payment information for unit 0171. Though it is paid on time every month, no one has visited the site since 2002, when a Washington, D.C. law firm took over payments as part of a trust from a private renter. Investigating the identity of the previous renter leads to a cut-out identity and a dead end.

The Contents of GB 224

At Earl's Rent-a-Space unit 0171, a giant tree limb that had been growing overhead snapped under the weight of the ice, caving in the walls and ceiling. Everything inside lies in a jumbled heap of boxes, plastic evidence

DEPUTY ELI FILAGREE

Young and mousy but dedicated

STR 11, **CON** 15, **DEX** 11, **INT** 14, **POW** 12, **CHA** 9

HP 13, **WP** 12, **SAN** 60, **Breaking Point** 48

SKILLS Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 40%, Forensics 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 40%, Persuade 40%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS 9mm pistol 40%, damage 1D10

AR-15 carbine 40%, damage 1D12

Collapsible baton 40%, damage 1D6

Pepper spray 55%, damage special

CED stun pistol 40%, damage special

Unarmed Combat 50%, damage 1D4-1

ARMOR Reinforced Kevlar vest, 4 points

NOTES Filagree's carbine, kept in his patrol car, has a holographic sight which grants +20% to hit as long as he has taken no damage since his last action.

Pepper spray stuns the target (a **CON** test resists it) and inflicts a -20% penalty to all actions for one hour. It has a range of one meter. But if the attack roll fails, it sprays the user instead. The user must make a **CON** test at +20% to avoid being stunned and suffers -10% to all actions for one hour.

A CED pistol stuns the target (a **CON** test resists it) and inflicts a -20% penalty to all actions for 1D20 turns. Once struck the victim can be zapped again on the shooter's turn without an attack roll until the barbed darts are yanked out. Anyone holding the victim suffers the same effects. Its wired darts have a range of four meters. It can fire four times.

STATISTICAL DATA

SKILL SETS

- A
- Athle
- Burea

bags, and icy wood. The security system, a motion sensor plugged into the main power line and built with a phone line to send its alarm to Mills and to Delta Green (phone service paid monthly along with the unit's rental), is a smashed wreck. More disconcerting than the breach is the footprint found in the snow at the inside corner of the unit. It's recent and lies next to a frozen pile of bloody vomit.

If you're in a hurry, you can say the Green Box held together well despite the impact of the tree limb. The contents can easily be placed back into their original containers, giving clear indication as to what is missing and sending the Agents back out on the hunt.

If you want to take your time and play with the Agents a bit, describe the contents as a hopeless mess of black trash bags, yellow file boxes, and poorly labeled evidence tags. The Agents have to take all the contents back to the Utilities Manager's Office to inventory the remains. That may send one group of investigators out into the cold, forced to look for threats in the area with no intel, while others stay back at base, desperately searching through Things Man Was Not Meant to Know.

Agents doing inventory must roll 1D10. The result is the numbered contents they are currently sifting through. Once they get through it, they can go up one number, down one number, or roll again. (If they roll a number that's already come up, reroll.) This creates a dynamic where the alpha unit must frantically search through a toxic pile of sanity-destroying junk lest the beta unit get caught by God-knows-what while fumbling around in the snow.

1. Carving

The "carving" appears to be a mannequin head. A hatchet is lodged in the cranium and there are scorch marks around the base. Characters skilled in anything like **Craft (Woodworking)** notice the odd, unearthly grain of the wood. Aside from the obvious attempts to destroy the thing, the only signs of tool use are the crudely drawn eyes and crooked smile. It appears as if the head was not carved but grown in its current shape, which provokes a 0/1 SAN test for the Unnatural. If at any point the head is exposed to the night sky, it immediately floats upwards like a balloon, causing a 1/1D4 SAN loss. It rises into a

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

2. List of Hands

A large list printed on yellowed computer stock, accordion-folded. It is easily forty inches thick. Each entry contains the single exacting description of a pair of hands: "Caucasian. Male. Glove size large/23 cm. Unkempt nails, bite marks on the thumbs. Wedding band tan-line, but no ring for 3 years and 2 months previous. Black hair on knuckles. Scar on left metacarpal from carving accident in woodshop, fall semester 1994." Reading the entire list reveals that the Agent's own hands are on the list, followed by the hands of whomever touches the list next. There are thousands more entries on the list after those. The last two entries read "...used to staunch puncture wound. Abdomen. Mortal: ruptured spleen and perforated bowels. Death in 2 min 19 seconds" and, finally, "Flames." Reading the whole thing takes two days, costs 1D4 SAN, and adds one percentile to the reader's **Unnatural** skill.

3. Archival Documents

The files of Abner Lebowitz consist primarily of maps. The maps appear to be yearly surveys of the Stockyard District in Chicago from 1910 to 1924. Taking a detailed account of them requires about two hours for a single Agent. Initially, the material seems quite boring. Lebowitz appears to have been a cartographer charged with updating city maps each year for the purposes of electoral districting, census taking, and police records. Each year has its own file containing a map dedicated to each purpose and whatever notes Lebowitz deemed relevant: reports of improperly zoned construction, time sheets, and so on. In 1912 there are a few notes about Chambliss Meatpacking and formal inquiries into a possible error in city records.

As the archives go on, the notes grow increasingly complex and haphazard. A building appears in the center of each map, hand-drawn in red ink. There are grainy photographs of the city skyline. **Alertness** notices that the same squat building is at least partially visible in each one. Reviewing the maps and photographs very carefully finds that the building does not correspond to any building in the plans, only with the red-drawn addition.

By the 1920s, Lebowitz's obsession with the red square is apparent. Hastily scrawled notes in both Yiddish and English exclaim, "How do I get there?!" Numerous routes lines in various colors of ink circumnavigate the square before ending abruptly at X's, each annotated with notes about dates, times, and number of attempts.

The 1923 file contains only a dismissal notice by the City of Chicago on the grounds of "conduct unbecoming a city official." The 1924 file contains a single map, hand-drawn, and a dizzying spiral of failed routes spaced out over the course of months. Written on a strip of tattered cloth, the final note reads "The cattle tunnels! I shall have them now!"

A search of public access records online reveals that Abner Lebowitz was publically suspected of having robbed the City Archives in June 1924. He was never seen after that. Learning that there are no records of Chambliss Meatpacking ever existing in the city of Chicago provokes a 0/1 SAN test for the Unnatural.

4. Decorative Box

This huge nonahedron (nine-sided shape), carved from some unidentifiable hardwood, is a puzzle box. When a hidden clasp is depressed, one of the panels opens to reveal a smaller nonahedron inside. This is also a puzzle box. There are eight nested puzzle boxes in total. The eighth is barely three centimeters across and appears impossible to solve. Continuing to fiddle with it provokes a 0/1 SAN test against helplessness. A successful **Occult** test remembers an obscure nine-number code from certain weird theories. Then a **SIGINT** test applies the code to manipulation of the little box. Only then will it open. Upon opening, there is a blinding flash of light; the Agent working on the puzzle and the decorative box itself disappear and are removed from the game. Anyone witnessing this loses 1/1D6 SAN test from the Unnatural. Encourage the player to make a character sheet for Deputy Eli Filagree and bring him as a new Friendly into the investigation.

5. Violin

A violin and bow. Plucking or bowing the strings produces no sound whatsoever for the player or anyone nearby (SAN loss: 0/1 from the Unnatural). But 100 meters away, even through walls and background noise, people feel like

they hear the violin. The sound is faint and often prompts people to ask, "Does anyone else hear that?" Agents that realize the connection lose 0/1 SAN from the Unnatural. The item otherwise just appears to be a broken violin.

6. Personal Documents and Metal Box

Hundreds of yellow legal pads contain failed drafts of *Escaping Altimira*, an unpublished novel by one-off 1960s literary star Ryan Whitehead. The paper is smeared with moisture. Sifting through the decades of drafts eventually leads to Whitehead's initial Amazon notes (Handout B) and his eventual suicide note (Handout A). There is also an ammo box with Portuguese lettering on the side; **Military Science** 60% or a little research with **History** 40% reveals it to be Brazilian from the 1960s. The metal has been bent and crushed from the inside, where thousands of tiny scratch marks can be seen.

Here's a summary of what can be learned from studying the handout:

- » An unnatural thing cut from the mouth of Albert Capchka was what escaped from GB 224.
- » The thing is from a tropical climate.
- » Sex and violence are dangerous temptations often confused by those affected.
- » The thing in the ammo box is somehow connected to a hooting sound in the trees.
- » Whitehead was driven to a life of reclusive madness by the events in the Amazon.

7. Specimens

A series of vacuum-sealed cellophane packets encase an entire box-worth of odd, fleshy lumps. The things, if they ever were alive, are long dead and grey with age. Each is about the size of a fist and appears tumorous. Dissection with **Forensics** or **Medicine** reveals a bloody, nonsensical collection of cells; muscle strands weave through the middle of circulatory vessels dead-ending at teeth and hair. Each giblet has a skeletal structure (without joints) that holds it in a rigid shape. Those versed in **Anthropology**, **Archeology**, **Occult**, or a classical language recognize that the specimens resemble characters from the Greek, Aramaic, and Hebrew alphabets. SAN loss: 0/1D4 from the Unnatural.

8. Rotoprint Plate

A metal cylinder used in a hand-cranked rotary printing press. At least 40% skill in a visual **Art** such as painting or photography recognizes that the plate depicts six separate comic strips by renowned artist Rodolphe Topffer. The text is in French and printed backwards, but spinning the cylinder gives readers the odd sensation that the story never ends. After the six strips have been viewed, a seventh seems composed of entirely original panels, and the next strip is the same. Though the reader can stop and count the strips from a different angle, turning the cylinder always results in the replacement of out-of-sight panels with new images. Actually printing comics with a compatible press has the same effect; no two pages are ever the same, though the subject matter all seems quite mundane. If the Agents set up camera equipment to record the changes as the cylinder turns, anyone watching the footage loses 1/1D6 SAN and loses all memory of it.

9. Climbing Gear

A rucksack has “McKinley or Bust!” written in faded ink along the side. It contains pre-nylon cords of rope, seal-skin mittens, rusted pitons, and an ice axe. Much of the rope appears to be frayed and gnawed upon, scored on all sides as if run through some sort of grinder. The ice axe is covered in long-dried black ichor on one

end. Scientific analysis of the ichor proves inconclusive, though those with sufficiently advanced equipment learn that everything in the bag emits radiation akin to objects recovered from Chernobyl.

10. Portrait Collection

This box contains dozens of family portraits. The medium varies from photography to oil painting to sculpture. **Alertness, Anthropology, Archeology** or **Art** can notice an eerie similarity between all the images. Mothers look like time-lapse photos of daughters, even as paintings turn to black-and-white photography. The bust of a patriarch bears striking resemblance to the younger brother in another picture. Identical twins abound. Nobody ever smiles. Those with **Art** or **History** can arrange the pieces in a rough chronological order. If this is done it becomes apparent that some of the portraits were taken simultaneously. Italian and German brushstrokes, contemporaneous in the art history, are used to depict the families with identical features in strikingly different locales. Two photographs from 1934—one of a family reunion in South Africa and another of a Sunday picnic in Louisiana—are dated a mere two days apart despite obviously depicting the same people. Finally, a pair of laminated FBI identity cards from 1992 show the male and female face from the other portraits. The names—invent them to suit your campaign—are traceable to a now-defunct office outside Langley, Virginia. Their histories are otherwise classified and secret, and investigating them further draws as much scrutiny and ill-will from Delta Green as you would like to inflict. All Agents present roll POW×5. On a failure, the Agent remembers briefly meeting one or both of these people at a long-forgotten meeting. This knowledge costs 1/1D4 SAN from the Unnatural.

Skip Mills' Home

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



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

If Mills has not yet attacked the Agents at City Utilities he can be found wandering the house, naked, emaciated, and trapped in a psychosexual fugue state. The mere presence of the Agents is enough to arouse the desperate Seeder and provoke an attack. Seeing the spiny thing emerge from his throat costs 1/1D4 SAN from the Unnatural. Killing him with that pained, guilty expression on his face risks SAN loss from violence.

Searching the Mills Home

Once Skip is put to rest, the house can offer the group information and psychological trauma in equal measure.

HUMINT 40% can trace Skip's descent into madness through the layers of pornography he cocooned himself with. Each piece of smut proves more violent and deviant than the last. A really brilliant profiler—**HUMINT** 80%, or **HUMINT** 60% combined with **Criminology** 60%—might realize that Skip was trying to cage himself in with his own twisted urges, coating the walls in stimulation to prevent himself from leaving and seeking new victims. From the looks of it, it wasn't working. There's enough illegal perversion hanging from the walls to turn experienced investigators white.

At least 30% in **Medicine** makes it apparent that the level of sexual compulsion displayed by Skip Mills is simply impossible on both psychological and biological grounds. He should have passed out from exhaustion and dehydration after a few hours, but his frenzied self-abuse seems to have gone on for days.

Alertness 50% (or **Alertness** 40% combined with **HUMINT** 40%) notices that this is not the house of a bachelor, at least not one as mundane as Mills was before the storm. The interior design appears to have been gaudy and the color scheme decidedly feminine. Pictures of Skip with his mother line the mantle.

SKIP MILLS

Delta Green Friendly turned Amantè Seeder
STR 12, **CON** 11, **DEX** 10, **INT** 13, **POW** 11, **CHA** 9
HP 12, **WP** 12, **SAN** 0

SKILLS Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Melee Weapons 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%

ATTACKS Unarmed Combat 40%, damage 1D4-1

Seeder Stab 40%, damage 1D4

Melee weapon 30%, damage varies

His Mother

Mills' mother can be found by localizing the stench wafting through the house. She lies in the bedroom where she was killed. Her remains are barely recognizable, reduced to a hollowed-out husk burst messily all over the room.

Even cursory **Forensics** on the scene recognize the impossibility of the mother's wounds. The lacerations that splayed out Mrs. Mills appear to have come from inside her. The egg-like hardening of her dermis is also highly unnatural, almost as if she was completely exsanguinated before she exploded. Digging through the remains closely costs 0/1 SAN from violence unless the examiner has lengthy experience dealing with corpses. Those with such strong stomachs can discover the four-pronged puncture wounds of the Seeder's needles.

Bloody hand prints—they look vaguely primate but are not human—and claw marks track up the walls of Mrs. Mill's bed, ending in a hole torn through the ceiling. The attic is empty, but the exterior fan has been ripped out and more claw marks lead outside.

If the Agents have knowledge of the Amantè's climate from examining Whitehead's documents in GB 224 and can monitor the city power grid in Mills' office, they can find that the nearest suitably heated location to Mills' house is 1824 West Ambrosia Street.

City Morgue

Deputy Eli Filagree can get the Agents access to the morgue if he trusts them to help in his investigations. Alternately, the Agents can get access themselves by flashing their FEMA credentials and coming up with a pretext. But that much interaction with local officials raises the risk of questions later. Investigators without credentials can gain access so long as they are not spotted entering the building; the facility is currently running on generator power, but the alarm system is on a separate circuit and still disabled by the storm damage. This requires a **Stealth** test by the Agent with the lowest skill unless they come up with a careful and thorough plan.

Jonah Washington's corpse is stored here, exactly as it was found crumpled inside a disused ATM kiosk downtown. He has no identification. But the body can provide useful clues.

An Agent with INT 12 or better recognizes the body's state of undress as suspicious. Washington wore mittens but no coat, and an athletic shirt and jeans not worthy of cold weather. One shoe is missing. It appears he ran into the frigid night midway through getting undressed, which is what initially tipped off Deputy Filagree.

Navigate: Working from the assumption that Washington fled from somewhere heated before dying in the snow, access to the Power Grid program at Skip Mills' office shows that the nearest heated location on the night of his death was 1824 West Ambrosia Street. Failing that, a general area from where the victim must have fled can be narrowed down.

Military Science (any): Agents with military experience notice that the tattoo on Jonah's chest relates to a National Guard unit. Cross-referencing his appearance with the nearest base or asking around with some of the enlisted soldiers on site can provide Jonah Washington's identity. His current address is listed as 1824 West Ambrosia Street, and he should have returned reported for duty, weather and transportation permitting, the morning of Jan. 5.

Forensics: The four-pronged puncture wounds of the Seeder are visible beneath Jonah's clothes. Pressure causes a strange orange fluid to leak out. Extended examination the wounds suggests that each pair of four-pronged puncture wound had a divided purpose. Odd bruising looks like two needles sucked blood out under enormous

pressure, while the other two were injecting the orange fluid at a pressure sufficient to rupture veins.

Medicine: Expert analysis with advanced microscopic imaging equipment, such as that found at the Lafontaine University's biology department, illuminates the alarming resilience and reassembly capabilities of the orange fluid (e.g. the Amantè cells). Partial DNA strands assemble themselves at high speeds, maintaining impossible cohesion until combining with nearby genetic material. The only thing keeping the orange goop form assembling into an organism on the spot is the paucity of raw genetic material. Given a tight enough container, enough time, and sufficient volume, the stuff could clone...something...in a matter of days and completely asexually.

The implications for such a genetic find are staggering, not to mention the knowledge that its building blocks are entirely compatible with human biology. Pondering such a biological anomaly is enough to cause 1/1D4 SAN loss from the Unnatural.

1824 West Ambrosia Street

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

There are two Incubi in the house, a homeless man seized by the girls and their landlady Pamela Decature. The homeless man should birth a monster while the Agents are present. Decature might be ripe as well, depending on your needs and the amount of time the Agents took getting this far.

For the purposes of combat, a full map of the house has been provided. See the attached images. The following list details each relevant clue and threat.

A—CLAW MARKS AND FORCED ENTRY: It's apparent that the Amantè broke in through the basement. The cellar door has been clawed through with astounding ferocity. Scraps of grayish flesh hang from the splinters around the hole.

B—WASHER/DRYER CONNECTION: The pipes are not burst. The repair job that drew Pamela Decature into the basement was obviously fabricated.

C—PAMELA DECATURE'S CORPSE (INCUBUS): The bloated body shifts like a too-full water balloon. Pamela's face is caught in a mask of terror, and the same orange fluid leaking from her wounds drips from her nose and eyes (0/1D4 SAN). Her death can provide players with their first Incubus to study; the impregnation is still not quite mature enough to be dangerous. Additionally, her wallet contains documents identifying her as the landlord and providing her address (see page 30). Her phone's voicemail reveals that Tilda and Melody lured Pamela to her death by lying about burst pipes.

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

E—PET BOWLS: There are three large bowls filled with dog food in the kitchen. But there are no dogs. Anywhere.

F—SIGNS OF STRUGGLE: The carpet and walls are bloody. There's an overturned dresser and clothes are strewn about the floor. If Jonah Washington's corpse has been examined, the Agents will recognize his clothing.

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

H—ODDLY PLACED ART: The house is very well decorated, with the exception of a blanket oddly tacked to a wall in the hallway. Moving it back reveals bloody smears streaked across the wallpaper. The girls must have been

hiding signs of a struggle from another victim. There is likely another body in the house.

I—TILDA HASTING'S PHONE: It holds two voicemails. One is from Pamela Decature, giving the time she would be over to fix the pipes. Another is from Chad Bergman telling the girls, "The party at McFillion is on!" The call log shows that the girls called Pamala Decature a day earlier.

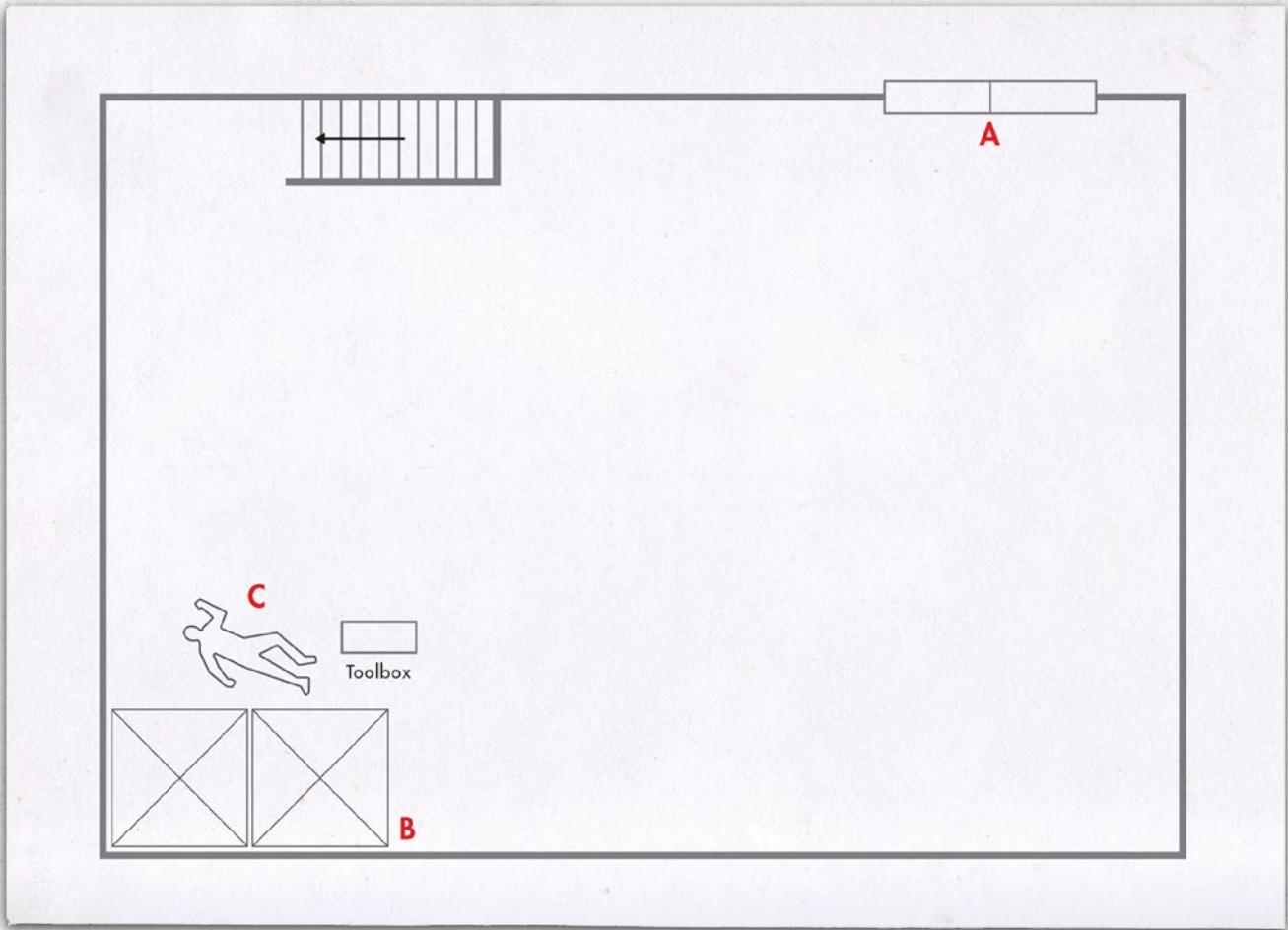
J—LAPTOP: The browser history is littered with violent pornography from the last two days. A webcam video with over 200 personal views is open. The video shows Tilda setting up the camera while Melody leads a homeless man into the adjacent bedroom. After some initial seduction, a full-blown Seeder attack occurs. "Hard to watch" fails to describe it. Viewing it costs 1/1D4 SAN loss from the Unnatural, but the footage does provide valuable insights as to tactics and psychological triggers.

K—DISTURBING SCULPTURE: Tilda, when not murdering people, has been sculpting effigies of her new god. The detail is remarkable.

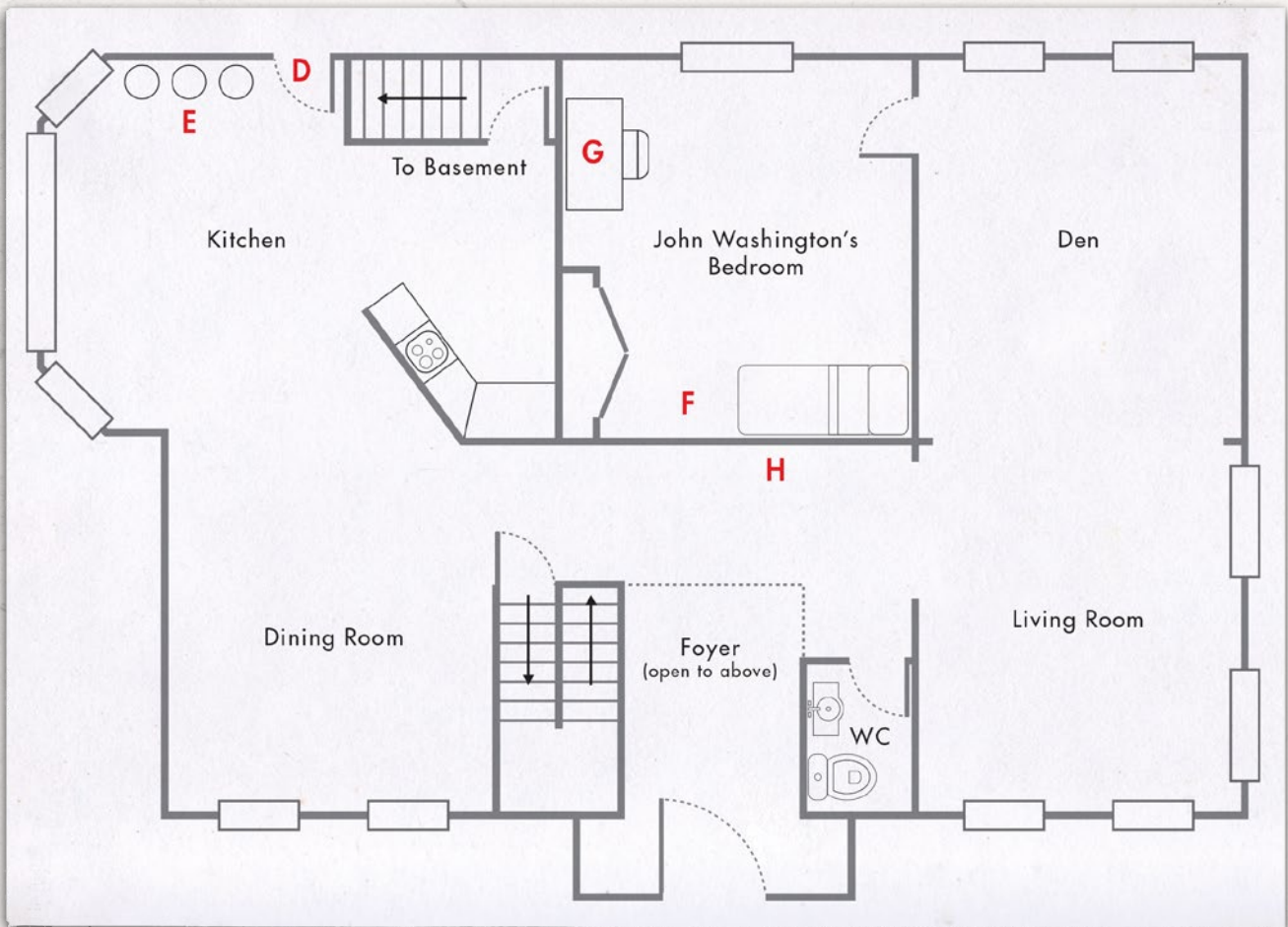
L—BLOODY SHEETS: The blood on the bed is mixed with the same orange fluid indicative of a Seeder attack.

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

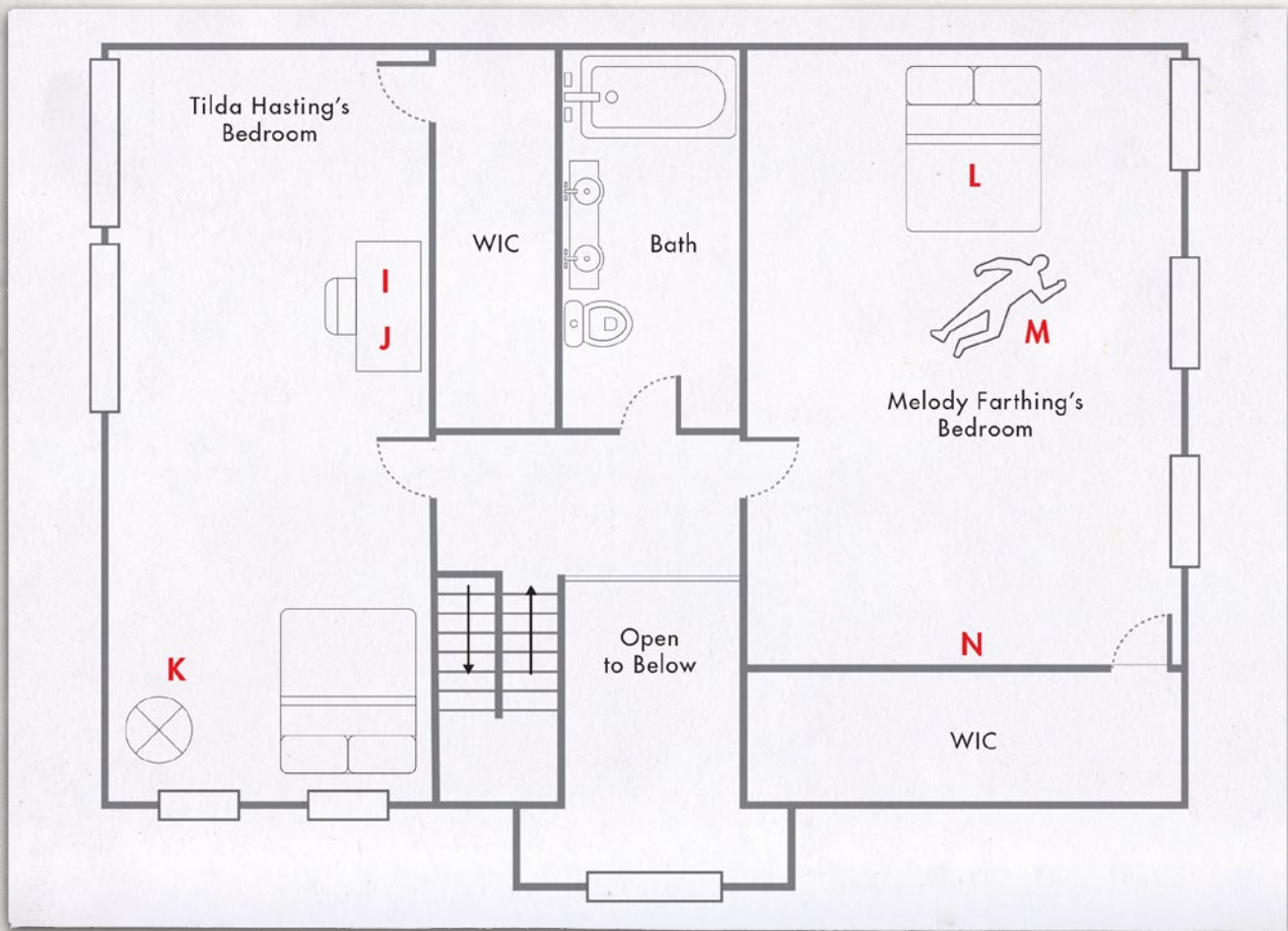
N—UNSETTLING PAINTINGS: Melody, when not driven entirely by bloodlust, has been painting pictures of the creature residing in her throat. Though there is some artistic license, the depictions are fairly accurate. Correlating this art with what's happening costs 0/1 SAN for helplessness.



BASEMENT



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR

Pamela Decature's Home

This cheap, one-level, two-bedroom house is typical of the north side. Kelly and Liam Decature rot in the living room, half-eaten and strewn about. The heat is set ludicrously high. The grotesque hothouse costs 0/1D4 SAN from Violence.

The original Amantè born of Skip Mills' mother lurks in the attic. It attacks any who enter its den, attempting to kill or infect them. However, the creature is smart enough to know when it is hopelessly outnumbered. Rather than die facing overwhelming force, it flees in an attempt to find new victims at Truman Memorial High School.

Search 30% finds Kelly Decature's cellphone. On its voicemail, Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing can be heard informing Kelly that his wife left "tools" over at their place and they would like to return them. The phone's log shows that he called back for a 45-second conversation, long enough to give the girls his address.

A blood-spattered, hastily printed flier lies where it was slipped under the door. It advertises food, shelter, and cots available at Truman Memorial High School, only a few blocks away.

Agents may roll **Alertness** to hear muffled dragging sounds coming from the attic. That's their only warning of an impending Amantè attack. It prefers an Agent it can catch alone.

Truman Memorial High School

Any Amantè driven from its den or newly born seeks hosts and prey at Truman Memorial High School. The gym's power is being run off massive generators and the building is pumping out enough heat to shelter nearly fifty refugees. It is an irresistible target for any Amantè trapped out in the cold. As everyone is trying to save fuel by operating on low power, the gym's lights are off; the occupants rely on lanterns and flashlights to move about the cots. The darkness will allow the Amantè to strike from the dark undetected, picking off refugees who go alone to the bathrooms or to make private phone calls, unless knowledgeable Agents confront it. Any attempt to kill the Amantè where witnesses can see or to evacuate results in panic amongst the refugees and phone calls to the police and National Guard. The authorities can be expected as soon as the weather allows.

Tech-savvy agents can roll appropriate **Craft** skills to figure out how to turn on the scoreboard, illuminating the creature(s) swinging amongst the rafters. Those who've come to understand the monster's reliance on sound can activate the school's public address system to cloak their movements. Sporting goods such as baseball bats can be repurposed as weapons. A chainsaw with fuel can be found next to a pile of tree limbs near the entrance.

McFillion Hall, 5th Floor

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

Shots fired or other overt violence in the dormitory causes panic. Other authorities can be expected as soon as the weather allows. The Agents must be swift and discrete.

Conclusion

By the time the Agents discover where the original Amantè and the Seeders went, it will probably be too late to reach both in succession. If the Agents ignore the Amantè attacking the high school, there is no telling how many refugees might be infected or consumed before everyone else escapes. If the Agents don't confront the Seeders at the dormitory party, that could mean a dozen Incubi and an eventual Amantè plague. The icy conditions make quick travel between the two locations unlikely. Preventing an outbreak for certain requires dealing with both problems at once. Otherwise any victory over the creatures is uncertain at best, temporary at worst. If the Agents split up, shift quickly between their separate scenes to maximize tension and keep every player engaged.

Agents must also consider the likely public response to their actions. The isolating factor of the ice storm won't last forever; legal repercussions and information leaks are imminent. If any civilians witness Amantè or Seeder attacks and survive, the Agent's case officer demands that the Agents help victims "process" what they saw by talking them down from obvious hallucinations and into remembering a more sane version of events. If they do that well enough, the few witnesses stubborn enough to stick to stories of monsters in the school can be made to look ridiculous. Dosing an unwitting witness with hallucinogenic drugs can help with that. It's dangerous, illegal, and unethical, but it may reduce the risk of further exposure to deadly unnatural horrors.

In the case of a total mission failure, where the Agents are all incapacitated or killed, rioting begins at Lafontaine University over the next few days and slowly moves into the northern portions of the city. The media are quick to place the blame on a mix of government mismanagement of the crisis and old racial tensions in Lafontaine. Further National Guard units equipped with riot gear move into the city as the weather thaws. A number of homes and apartment buildings burn before the unrest is quelled, but casualties and arrest numbers remain low. It turns out the initial reports of deaths caused by the ice storm were drastically underestimated. Conspiracy theorists claim there were agent provocateurs on the ground stirring up trouble, and secret government hit teams wiping out entire buildings with thermite. But conspiracy theorists always say crazy things.

Handouts

The following pages contain Ryan Whitehead's notes.

Handout A is Ryan Whitehead's suicide note.

A dusty file box contains hundreds of Ryan Whitehead's handwritten drafts of *Escaping Altamira*, the sophomore novel that never came. Agents willing to spend significant time researching the drafts can find the author's original notes for the article and learn how that informed his subsequent mad scribbling (Handout B).

There is also a fan audio recording by RiQ at the Miskatonic University Podcast forums, available for download at <https://soundcloud.com/tyson-fultz/sets/escaping-altamira-voice>.

I'm sorry, ~~but~~ but things were too strange. I tried to write it down, but after each night dreaming in the ~~the~~ jungle, the words never seemed right.

I tried, but there's no getting this out of the blood and onto the page. I've hit the limits of fiction.

I tried, but there ain't nothing like them in the history of the world. Just more terror in different flavors.

I TRIED, but maybe it was actual journalism all along. No fiction in this madness. Maybe it will help someone if they end up real.

I tried. I'm sorry.

DON'T OPEN THE BOX

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

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

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

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

Law has no meaning out in the wilderness. Men are getting shot and left in the trail. They're paving the road to Latino modernity with the bones of barroom shootouts and used rubbers, like all the good civilizations should. It's the last of the wild places where a man's leisure is as dangerous as his work, and Blammo! thought ol' Ryan here was meant to take the snapshot for y all.

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

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

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

The sight sets me to mind of Friar Carjavel, and I can see why the old priest named it Amazon in 1542. The rock shows these great, granite women with clubs attack this strapping young lad with such enormous equipment he don't have room for legs no more, just drags his huge junk through the dirt while walking on his hands. Poor fellas pecker must have crossed the weight limit for pleasure and into pain. The prehistoric ladies ain't having it no more, and the bastard's so ugly I can't say I blame them, loyalties to a fellow brother be damned.

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

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

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

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

Capchka and I ditch the she-bitch editor and soldier to dive right in. We think we're big men, doing it for journalism and the U.S. of A and whatnot.

Things get fuzzy but it's about the craziest damn time I can remember having. Men and women trailing off into the woods to fuck, music everywhere, booze, drugs, etc. A real love-in. I lost my intended partner in a crush as one senorita after another found my lap, fighting over me like a piece of meat as we drank in the massive, sweaty tents.

Then the gunfire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Albert is already half-way back to the boat landing by the time I catch-up to him. His face is cut to shit and he's got no answers for me. What happened? What the hell happened? Guess that ol' boy Conrad was right about the jungle.

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

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

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

