

Future/Perfect, Part 1

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

Written by Dennis Detwiller

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Introduction

Future/Perfect is a series of investigations linked together to form a single unbroken campaign. However, each investigation is self-contained and can be run as a one-off adventure. *Future/Perfect*, Part 1 is a great way to introduce new players and new characters. They can be brought in completely ignorant of Delta Green.

Hellbend, Calif., Pop. 82

Hellbend was once a vibrant town of nearly 3,500 souls, back when Hunt Electrodynamics ran the show. It was in the middle of Death Valley and no one knew why it was built there. In fact, no one cared.

In the late 1940s, Hellbend produced a third of the electronics found in fighter aircraft around the world. Hunt Electrodynamics ran everything from the schools, the town general store all the way down to the funeral parlor. The company provided everything; and the people liked it that way.

The explosion of 1952 changed everything.

When the plant went up one August night, it took twenty-six locals with it, as well as the founder of Hunt Electrodynamics—the elusive Arthur Hunt.



In the midst of the destruction, Hunt Electrodynamics fell under new ownership and changed. Hellbend was left behind, crippled. The firm changed its name to Hunt Electronics and shifted its attentions to the east coast, and focused on contracts with NASA and the Pentagon.

Without the leadership of Hunt, who lived and worked in Hellbend, the town dried up like the earth in Death Valley. People left, schools closed, things fell apart.

Decades later, the town is nearly dead. Only eighty-two people call the crumbling remains of Hellbend home, and those few don't look to the future. They get by on what they can, selling gas and goods to tourists on the way to the Death Valley National Park and biding their time. In another few years, Hellbend will die a natural death, shriveling up in the 110-degree summer heat, leaving behind a skeleton of ruined buildings as a monument to a better time.

But in the last month, something else has worn away at the town, something decidedly unnatural. If the murder rate in Hellbend continues, it'll die a lot faster than a few years, and a lot more violently than just another victim of some dead industry.

Someone or something is killing the residents of Hellbend, California. No one knows who or what it is.



The Hellbend Investigation

Future/Perfect, Part 1 assumes that the players are special agents from the Bakersfield office of the FBI. They have been assigned the case following the second murder of a resident of Hellbend. Hellbend is inside Death Valley National Park, which is owned by the federal government. That gives the FBI jurisdiction if it wants it.

The first death occurred on March 5 on the outskirts of the town. Clifford Potter, a 53-year-old white male, was found mutilated less than four hundred yards from the remains of the ruins of the old Hunt Electrodynamics plant. Evidence was scant; he lay near the Bobcat tractor he had rented, which was splashed with blood. After a cursory investigation by Inyo County Deputy Lucas Androzy, the coroner ruled the death a bizarre accident.

The second victim, Lucille Mayer, a 36-year-old white female, was reported missing from Hellbend on the night of April 24. Her body was discovered by Deputy Androzy on May 8 when he was drawn into the desert by a gathering of buzzards. The physical evidence—what there is of it—was consistent with the marks on Potter's body: violent blunt and cutting trauma.

That was too much for coincidence. The coroner ruled Mayer's death a possible homicide, and now called Potter's death as a possible homicide, too.

Since both deaths were on U.S. government land, the Inyo County Sheriff's Office contacted the FBI office in Bakersfield, which covers Inyo County. He asked if they wanted to investigate, and meant to ask for help should they decline to take the lead.

Somewhat to the sheriff's surprise, the FBI wanted the case.

Jurisdiction

Who are the player characters investigating this case?

The short answer is, it's up to you. *Future/Perfect*, Part 1 assumes the case is investigated by FBI agents sent from Bakersfield. But the FBI is unlikely to send more than one or two people for this kind of investigation, so additional Agents could come from other agencies. Or you could skip the FBI altogether.

The Agents

Other than the FBI, the most likely investigators would be some mixture of:

- » Special agents from the National Parks Service.
- » Special agents from California's Bureau of Investigation.
- » Deputies from the Inyo County Sheriff's Office.

Hellbend has no police force of its own. Crimes there are usually handled by the Inyo County Sheriff's Office, which keeps a two-deputy station at Furnace Creek, about 10 miles southeast. The sheriff's office rarely handles this kind of "whodunnit" homicide investigation, so they would likely reach out to the California Bureau of Investigation for aid if the FBI declined the case. The sheriff's office would then assign one or two deputies with local knowledge to assist the lead investigators.

The California Bureau of Investigation (CBI) sometimes provides special agents to assist county and local authorities with especially difficult cases. CBI agents more often investigate drug and corruption cases than murders, but they're veteran detectives capable of handling any cases. One or two CBI detectives might come from the Fresno Regional Office's Unsolved Violent Crime Team to lead the investigation or, if requested, to assist FBI agents.

Hellbend is inside Death Valley National Park. The National Parks Service sometimes sends highly-trained special agents to work with local cops enforcing drug laws and investigating abductions and other violent crimes in national parks, so one might be sent to help with the Hellbend case.



These are the likeliest professions for Agents assigned to the Hellbend investigation.

ANTHROPOLOGIST OR HISTORIAN: A consultant with the FBI or National Parks Service brought in for expert knowledge of Death Valley.

COMPUTER SCIENTIST OR ENGINEER: A consultant with the FBI or CBI brought in after the Agents discover unusual technology in Hellbend.

FEDERAL AGENT: An FBI special agent from the Criminal Investigative Division, Bakersfield resident agency. Or a federal agent could be a special agent of the National Parks Service, Investigative Services Branch. In that case, use the Outdoorsman bonus skill-point package.

PHYSICIAN: An FBI or CBI forensic pathologist brought in to examine the remains. Use the Criminalist or Police Officer bonus skill-point package.

POLICE OFFICER: A special agent with the California Bureau of Investigation's Fresno Regional Office, on the Unsolved Violent Crime Team. Use the Criminalist, Interrogator, or Police Officer (for a career cop) bonus skill-point package.

SCIENTIST: An FBI forensic examiner specializing in biology and DNA analysis.

SPECIAL OPERATOR: A former Army Ranger who has hired on as an FBI special agent. Use the Criminalist or Police Officer bonus skill-point package.

Bakersfield FBI

The Bakersfield FBI office ("resident agency" in FBI lingo) is located at 4550 California Ave. #450, Bakersfield, CA 93309. The nearly two dozen agents in Bakersfield report to the much larger FBI field office in Sacramento. They usually deal with drug trafficking, bank robberies, and white-collar crimes. Homicides are typically handled by local, county, or state police. Kidnappings and interstate violent crimes are relatively rare.

The Hellbend case is different, and Bakersfield is the closest FBI office.

Bakersfield is confident that someone is murdering people in and around Hellbend. And its chief wants it solved.

Assistant Special Agent in Charge (ASAC) Kevin Slotin runs the Bakersfield resident agency. The Hellbend case smells like a big investigation. It's the first significant murder case the Bakersfield office has handled in years. He wants it solved while he's around to share the credit. Slotin has ambitions beyond Bakersfield.

ASAC Slotin will keep close tabs on the case. The Sacramento office is also watching closely, ready to step in if they feel the case has bogged down. Slotin absolutely does not want that to happen.

The Agents from Bakersfield are on a short leash. They must keep their i's dotted and their t's crossed, or face swift punishment or even replacement. This may have terrible repercussions for more than their careers.

The director of the Sacramento FBI office is Special Agent in Charge Michael Turk, a skilled investigator known for his long memory and his ability to recall, names, dates and personal histories in seconds. ASAC Slotin lives in particular fear of Turk, and will do anything to appease him.

If, God forbid, the investigation into Hellbend goes south badly enough to generate media coverage, the Sacramento field office will step in with both feet. The Agents, and more specifically Delta Green, don't want that to happen. Special Agent in Charge Turk is a large and looming threat to the security and secrecy of Delta Green.

Are the Agents DG?

This is a question the Handler needs to determine before the adventure begins. There are four options:

THE AGENTS ARE MEMBERS OF DELTA GREEN: This is the easiest solution, and works well if this investigation is to be run as a one-off adventure. In this case the normal routes of unnatural investigation are open to the Agents, depending on whether they belong to the official program or the illegal conspiracy: They can call in help, and they know that they might have to use bizarre and illegal means to get the job done.

SOME AGENTS ARE NOT DG: This can make for interesting roleplaying as the knowledgeable Agents attempt to "break in" those ignorant of the world of the unnatural.

This creates an interesting tension between Agents and therefore between players.

THE AGENTS ARE DG "FRIENDLIES": This works well if you want the Agents to have a whiff of the unnatural, but no definitive proof. They haven't been inducted into Delta Green, but they unwittingly have Delta Green's attention. They may have seen or heard first-hand about things that science could not explain. The Hellbend case might see them brought fully aboard.

ALL AGENTS ARE OUTSIDE DG: This operation is a great way to introduce Agents to Delta Green. Once they discover what they are dealing with, few will be able to deny the existence of the unnatural. See **DELTA GREEN IN SACRAMENTO** on page 5 for details on how to set this up.



Delta Green in Sacramento

Three Delta Green agents work in the Sacramento FBI office: Special Agent Grunberg, Special Agent Tralvayne, and Special Agent Makamura (see page 28). Their exact histories and their role depend on which Delta Green is at work in Hellbend. Are they with the official Delta Green program or with the illegal conspiracy? And more importantly, are the players' Agents already in the know?

Already in Delta Green?

If the Agents and Grunberg's people are in the official Delta Green program, then Grunberg is the DG case officer assigned to the Hellbend operation. Tralvayne and Makamura work on his behalf. The Agents get briefings from Tralvayne and are expected to send word back to Grunberg through her. If they uncover conclusive evidence of the unnatural, Grunberg reports it to the program. Delta Green's people in FBI headquarters in Washington activate a new investigation under the aegis of counterterrorism or counterespionage, classifies it Top Secret, and grants clearance only to its own people: Grunberg, Tralvayne, Makamura, and the players' Agents. That freezes out the sheriff's office, the state police, and even the rest of the FBI, including Slotin and even Turk. That wins the players' Agents exactly zero new friends.

If the Agents and Grunberg's people are in the illegal conspiracy, then their task is more fraught. They have to continue the Hellbend investigation while covering up all signs of the unnatural and keeping Bakersfield and Sacramento from sending more personnel. Grunberg, Tralvayne, and Makamura can run interference, but there's only so much they can do. They impress on the Agents how critical it is to walk with care and to provide a plausible cover story to keep Slotin and Turk happy.

Not in Delta Green?

If the Agents aren't yet part of Delta Green, it's because the Hellbend case has not caught DG's attention. The case begins as a mundane investigation. But when their reports back to Bakersfield start including bizarre details, that catches the attention of Grunberg, Tralvayne, or Makamura in Sacramento. Grunberg persuades Turk to send him and Tralvayne to Hellbend to make sure everything is

squared away. Makamura remains in Sacramento to keep watch and to warn Grunberg if complications develop.

In Hellbend, Grunberg and Tralvayne review the Agents' discoveries, listening for cues that the Agents have indeed been exposed to the unnatural: evasiveness because the Agents saw things that didn't make sense, or objects set aside without being labelled as evidence because they were too strange.

Once they're convinced that the Agents are indeed dealing with the unnatural and know it, it goes much like if the Agents were in the official Delta Green program or the illegal conspiracy. If the Agents seem reliable and discreet, Grunberg and Tralvayne may tell them that they're part of a secret task force that looks out for weird cases like this. Or if the Agents seem prone to panic or publicity, Grunberg and Tralvayne may try to cover everything up and freeze them out.

What happens next is up to you. Maybe Grunberg and Tralvayne take over the investigation and send the players' Agents away—but the Agents get called back by Makamura to help when Grunberg and Tralvayne go missing, victims of the Hellbend killer.

The Program Takes an Interest

If any of the unnatural oddities in this investigation—the dragonfly, the gold cube, the radiation, the dinosaur—are reported to the mundane authorities, or if Grunberg and company are part of the official Delta Green program, then the program takes a deeper interest.

Already in the Program?

If Grunberg's in the official program, he receives orders to secure all such discoveries safely for pickup by other personnel. He and Tralvayne handle it and try to keep the players' Agents uninvolved, compartmentalized, out of sight. If necessary, they warn that the Agents are risking careers cut short, pensions severed and internal investigations launched out of nowhere. Agents who ignore the warnings and get caught will find these threats very real.

Within a day, Grunberg and Tralvayne take their finds deep into the desert to meet a helicopter belonging to the

U.S. Air Force. Specialists in hazmat suits put the discoveries in sealed containers under the watchful eye of heavily-armed guards and fly them away a Delta Green lab in a restricted corner of a top-secret base.

Not in the Program?

If Grunberg and the Agents are not part of the official program, they may run into agents from it. These new agents approach the problem through official channels as investigators from elsewhere in the FBI, part of a highly-restricted task force sent from Washington. Turk in Sacramento tells Grunberg and the Agents (if the Agents are FBI) to cooperate and to not ask questions, and warns them that their careers are on the line. He's not in on this other group's secrets; he only knows they have clearance that he doesn't.

These agents of the program weren't sent to investigate the Hellbend killings, only to seize the fruits of unnatural technology. They give the players' Agents some pretext meant to let them persuade themselves that they saw nothing unnatural, after all.

If the Agents have clearly seen the unnatural and don't seem likely to pretend otherwise, the program's agents tell them to keep quiet about it. Don't take it public. There's far more at stake than they know. Someone from the program will be in touch.

If the Agents try to interfere with the program's agents, it could turn bloody, fast. The program's agents are professionals, some of them actual FBI agents and some of them special forces with FBI covers. They are veterans of Delta Green's mission and have learned the hard way that when there's killing to be done, it's best to do it swiftly and to cover it up thoroughly. They try to dissuade the players' agents, showing respect for their diligence, not treating them with scorn. But they clearly are ready to kill to take these unnatural artifacts away from the public eye.

What happens next is up to you.

Hellbend History

Hellbend, California is little more than a bump in the road in the desolate wastes of Death Valley. The only thing that makes it unique in the area is that it's obvious it was once much more.

The remnants of a formerly vibrant company town are still to be found surrounding the core of what Hellbend has become. Derelict buildings, long abandoned and overrun by weeds and witch grass dot the roads leading up to town, the legacy of Hunt Electrodynamics.

Once the town supported a workforce of nearly 4,000, and they left their dwellings behind. Most have fallen into ruin: windows long ago shattered, paint peeled off, decks collapsed, foundations shifted. Only a few are still lived in. Most of Hellbend was long ago surrendered to the desert. No one goes into the abandoned areas if they can help it.

Most of the 82 residents of Hellbend live near the center of town or within a few blocks of Main and State streets. A handful live a bit further out.

The only business worth mentioning is the Gas n' Sip, the local gas station/grocery store/post office on the corner of Main and State. Nearly every piece of mail comes or goes through the Gas n' Sip. Nearly everyone who stops in Hellbend does so for one of two things: gas or directions.

On a busy day, a car or two will come through Hellbend on the way to Furnace Creek Ranch, a small resort ten miles south. A scattering of locals visit the Gas n' Sip each day. A cat and a couple of dogs wander around. If it's a banner day, Jarvis Greene closes the Gas n' Sip early and plays horseshoes with neighbors in the lot in front of the station.

The town has no police force. If there's trouble, a deputy drives up from the sheriff's office station at Furnace Creek, 10 miles south.

- » **HELLBEND AREA:** 323.33 hectares (799 acres).
- » **POPULATION:** 82 (2010 Census), down from 3,526 (1950 Census).
- » **FOUNDED:** 1940.
- » **INDUSTRY:** Tourism (formerly military electronics).
- » **TEMPERATURE:** High, 53.3 C (128 F); Low, -7.7 C (18 F).

Hunt Electrodynamics

Arthur Hunt, a self-taught genius from rural Ohio, formed Hunt Electrodynamics in 1926. With three significant patents registered by Hunt in its first year of operation, the company was soon flush with capital. By the time radio and rural electrification had swept the nation, Hunt was already at the head of the pack. The Hunt Resistor was a standard electronic component in nearly every radio produced between 1933 and 1949.

With World War II, Hunt Electrodynamics revenues exploded and the company grew to gargantuan proportions. By 1945, it employed nearly 11,000 workers across the U.S. In a move that would prove his genius, Hunt expanded his business into home devices such as washing machines, refrigerators and freezers, as well as electric ovens. By 1948, Hunt was the second largest producer of such items behind Westinghouse.

Hunt guided the company in several odd directions. First, it never went public. Second, though it did have large offices in both Los Angeles and New York, Hunt ran the business from the Hunt Electrodynamics plant he had constructed at great expense in one of the most inhospitable places on earth: Hellbend, California, in the heart of Death Valley.

Hunt rarely left Hellbend after 1940, and was the subject of some scrutiny due to his odd behavior. A legendary recluse, he spent the last decade of his life working on the design of a device that he said would “change the face of the Earth.”

In August 1952, at age 46, Arthur Hunt died in an explosion that demolished the Hellbend plant. The plant seemed to fold in on itself as the earth swallowed it whole. Nothing salvageable remained.

Hunt’s right-hand man, Thompson MacAfee, assumed control of the company, purchasing Hunt’s privately held stock from his estate at an enormous sum. He renamed the company Hunt Electronics, shifted its headquarters to Washington, D.C., and began actively reviving military contracts which had been slipping in recent years.

Beginning in September 1955, Hunt Electronics became a primary source of electronic components for the U.S. Air Force. The company’s star rose along with the arc of the Cold War, and its revenues and work force exploded.

In 1977, Thompson MacAfee handed over the reins to William Lassiter. Lassiter moved Hunt Electronics into the realm of home computing. By 1990, the move proved sound. Hunt became a premiere producer of computer equipment and components. As the Cold War shriveled, Hunt restructured itself to the demands of the new market.

The company remains an anomaly to this day. It has been privately held since its inception. William Lassiter is a recluse, much like his predecessors. No one knows precisely which way the company will jump next.

Much more about Hunt Electronics can be learned in *Future/Perfect*, Part 3.



The Investigation Begins

The seat of Inyo County, California, is the tiny Death Valley town of Independence. The county courthouse, sheriff’s office, and coroner’s office are all right down the street from each other.

Driving to Independence from Bakersfield takes three hours. For CBI detectives coming from Fresno, it’s a drive of four and a half hours; they pass Bakersfield along the way. From Sacramento, it’s a drive of more than five and a half hours past Fresno and Bakersfield, or a two-hour flight aboard an FBI Cessna.

The Agents first meet the Inyo County sheriff and the deputy who handled the deaths up til now.

Sheriff Alfred Mann

Sheriff Mann, 44 years old, is big and burly with a vice-grip handshake. A ten-year veteran of the Inyo County Sheriff’s Office—he was a deputy before being elected sheriff—Mann likes Death Valley and is a common sight patrolling the roads. He is well liked and is regarded as fair. He’s friendly to the Agents and seems glad for the help.

Nevertheless, Mann was not properly trained for the investigation he has found himself embroiled in. He did not catch that Androzy’s search of Clifford Potter’s house was, at best, shoddy. The report on the murders are incomplete. Luckily, Mann is not an egotist. He is eager for more experienced detectives to work on the case.

Mann will assist the Agents if asked, but otherwise stays out of their way.

Deputy Lucas Androzy

At 26, Deputy Androzy has only a few years on the job. He’s one of two deputies who work in the tiny Furnace Creek station, near Hellbend. He investigated the Clifford Potter death (inexpertly), and he found Lucille Mayer’s body.

Androzy tries to be friendly, but he’s young, headstrong, and more than a little ticked off that the feds have stepped in. This is more from a worry of not doing a good job than from some deep-seated hatred of federal authorities. His policing skills were pretty clearly not up to the task of dealing with the strange deaths. He professional experience has mostly included traffic stops. Murder is way out of his league, but watching CSI shows since childhood has convinced him differently.

Though his heart is in the right place, Androzy tends to stick his nose where it doesn’t belong. He’ll show up (smiling the whole time) at spots the Agents are searching; ask questions of witnesses who were already questioned by the Agents; and complete searches after the fact, trying to cut the Agents off at the proverbial path.

Recruiting the Sheriff and Deputy

Alfred Mann and Lucas Androzy are prime candidates to become Delta Green “friendlies”. They are unmarried and live alone, and their job allows them access to intelligence and weaponry. They can also very effectively quash

rumors, reports, and crimes in Inyo County. Both have lived in the region their whole lives, and are well versed in desert survival, hunting, and the ways of the locals. Everyone knows and trusts them.

They will not be easy to convince, however, unless directly exposed to obviously unnatural events (such as being confronted by the Hellbend killer). They’re likely to shrug off more subtle evidence, such as the 14-pound gold cube or Meganeura dragonfly from the Potter house. Sheriff Mann will immediately grasp the importance of either of those items, but Androzy will feel some sort of trick is being played on him. Convincing him requires unequivocal evidence.

Dr. Abner White, Inyo County Coroner

Along with Mann and Androzy, Dr. White can review the details of the case with the Agents. He can show photographs of the bodies (taken by his staff and fairly competent) and locations where the bodies were found (taken sloppily by Androzy).

The coroner could not readily determine how Potter had died. The body was torn to pieces, but no one could come up with a motive to indicate foul play. A nearby Bobcat light construction vehicle was tentatively identified as the instrument of his death—it was covered in his blood—but even that made little sense. Potter had rented it at his own expense and was scavenging in the

Victim	Clifford Potter (age 68)	Lucille Mayer (age 36)
Race/Gender	White male	White female
Occupation	Retired steelworker	Sculptor
Height	5’10”	5’2”
Weight	165 lbs.	102 lbs.
Time of Death	Between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., March 5	Between April 24 and May 8
Discovered By	Jarvis Greene	Deputy Lucas Androzy
Body Found	2.3 miles north of Hellbend	2 miles southeast of Hellbend
Cause of Death	Blunt/cutting trauma	Blunt/cutting trauma
Family	Brother (deceased)	Emily Warren (companion), Tanya Mayer (mother)
Enemies	None	None

abandoned lot at the ruins of the Hunt plant as he had many times before. He was known as a treasure-hunter and was considered just a little crazy.

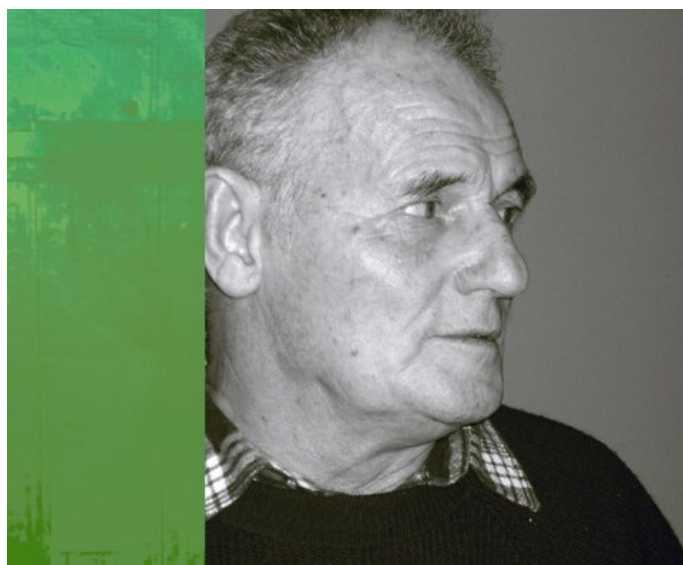
The investigation petered out after a week. Lacking concrete evidence of foul play, Dr. White ruled it a bizarre accident. Potter must have somehow lost control of the Bobcat and fallen underneath it while it was still moving. The marks on his body didn't exactly line up with that, but it was a closer fit than anything else. Any coroner can tell you, some deaths are just weird.

When Androzy found Mayer two weeks later—he followed circling buzzards and found the body beneath a rock shelter in a dry gully—very little of her was left to examine. Severe blunt trauma had occurred, and portions of her skeleton were missing, sheared off as if in an industrial accident. The remains had been exposed to the harsh elements of Death Valley for several days. Dr. White identified her by her teeth.

Agents with Forensics skill can examine the bodies. They find nothing new. Dr. White did a competent job.

Victim 1: Clifford Potter

Potter was born in Detroit, Michigan, and worked at a Ford auto plant there for twenty-five years. He took early retirement in 1992 just two weeks before the plant permanently closed. He had taken four vacations in those years, the last two to Death Valley. He fell in love with the climate and area. He bought a house in Hellbend in late 1993 at a fire-sale price and lived in the town ever since.



Around Hellbend, Clifford Potter was considered neither nice nor particularly rude. He had no friends to speak of, but helped others out as needed. He drank, but not enough to bother anyone. He seemed content to maintain his house and hike around the ruined areas of Hellbend. He sometimes recovered valuable scrap metal to sell in Independence.

A little less than two years ago, Potter began poking around the Hunt Electrodynamics plant. Locals usually avoided that area. The site is uninteresting, nothing more than a thigh-high sea of concrete rubble.

Potter began digging up large portions of brass, bronze and copper piping from the site. He was often seen driving to the ruins of the plant in his old Ford truck with an acetylene torch and other gear in the back. It was common knowledge around town that Potter thought the ruins were a proverbial gold mine.

No one else in town really cared. After awhile, even Potter stopped talking about it.

Victim 2: Lucille Mayer

Born in Los Angeles, Lucille Mayer spent most of her adult life in and around the UCLA School of Arts and Architecture, first as pottery student and later as a teacher.

Six years ago, Mayer met Emily Warren, a painter from Death Valley who sold canvases in L.A. twice yearly. After a brief affair, Mayer moved into Warren's home in Hellbend. They lived there together as a committed couple until Mayer's death. They supported their leisurely lifestyle



by selling Mayer's sculptures and Warren's paintings in Las Vegas and L.A.

Mayer and Warren were friendly and affable, well liked by the townsfolk. Some neighbors refer to them as "the lesbians," but that's less a slur than a sign of the tiny size of the community. Few gave them a second glance.

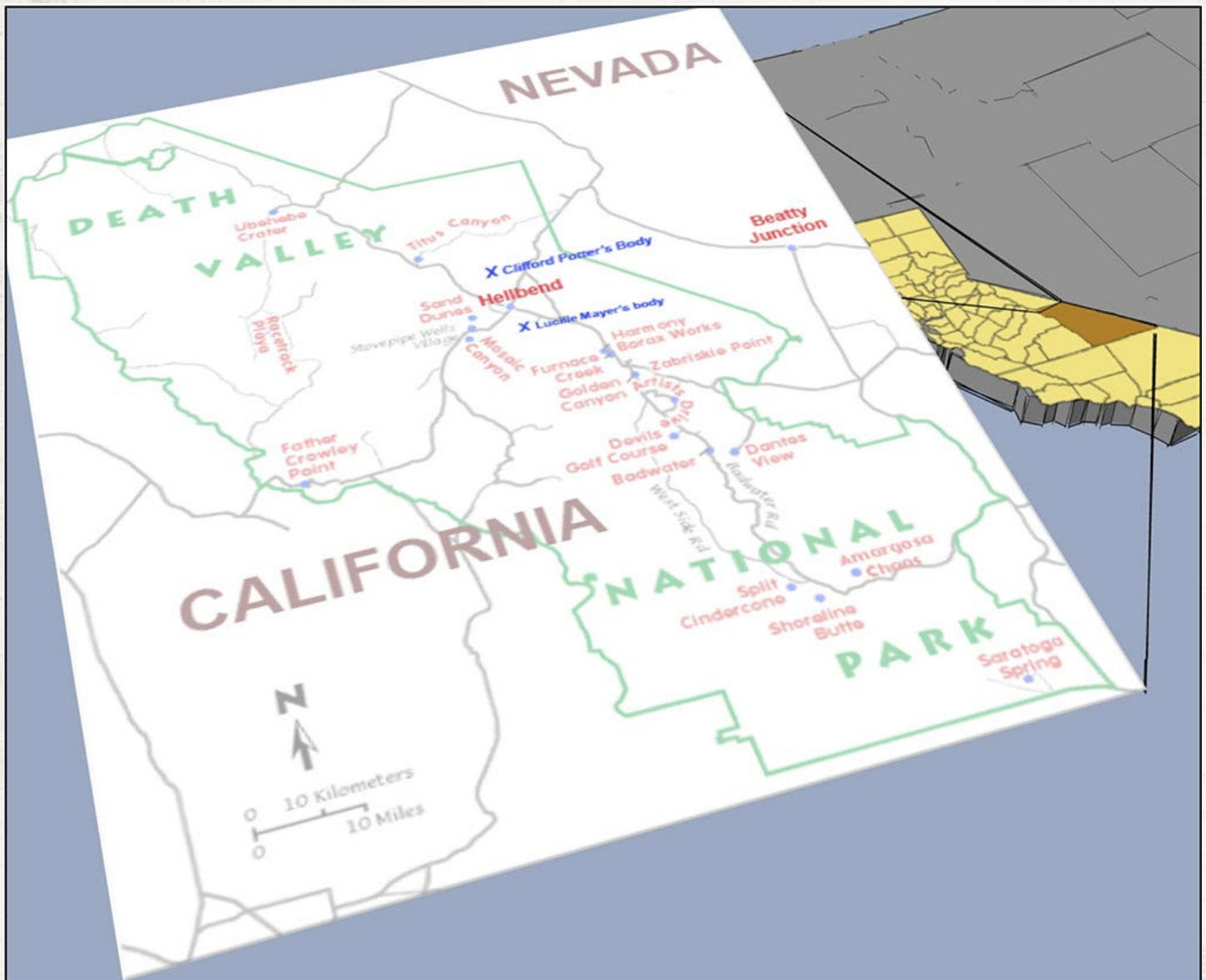
For the past few years, Mayer had been creating popular "desert wood" sculptures: assemblages of desert-dried wood and other plants, woven together into complex designs. Mayer spent much of her free time, particularly at dawn and dusk, walking the perimeter of town, collecting wood. She never went much further than a half a mile out of town. She was not known to be skilled at survival but nor was she known for taking risks. She was cautious.

The night that Mayer failed to come home, Warren alerted the sheriff within an hour of nightfall. The town rapidly organized a search but found no signs of her. A painful two-week wait ensued, until her body was found two miles from Hellbend by Deputy Androzy.

Hellbend and Furnace Creek

After the Agents meet the sheriff and coroner in Independence, it's a two-hour drive to Hellbend. The tiny town is 110 miles from Independence, south and then west around dusty, stony mountains.

The Inyo County Sheriff's Office maintains a tiny station in Furnace Creek, ten miles south of Hellbend. The station is staffed four deputies, with one on duty at any



given time. They rarely see any criminal activity worse than drunk driving. The deputies work out of a small cabin with little more than a two-line phone, a ham radio set and a sloth-like internet connection. Deputy Androzy works the day shift, three 12-hour days one week and four the next.

Furnace Creek is best known for Furnace Creek Ranch, a small retiree resort with a tiny golf course, a swimming pool, palm trees, a pleasant motel, a big lot for recreational vehicles, a post office, a few shops and a grocery store, and an airstrip where small planes can land. It's the only place for the Agents to rest near Hellbend.



Clifford Potter's House

Clifford Potter lived on the extremities of Hellbend, near what is commonly referred to as the "bluff," a small rise in the land northwest of town. His house was 1.1 miles from the center of town and 1.2 miles from the ruins of the Hunt Electrodynamics plant.

Potter was the only resident for nearly a quarter of a mile in any direction, and seemed to like it that way. His small house was immaculately kept; in fact, it is the only well-maintained house in the vicinity. Potter owned the house outright, and went to great lengths to keep it in prime shape, though hardly anyone ever came to see him.

It is a one-story, gable-roofed house painted a sickly, lime green. It has a low attic. Witchgrass outside the house is brown and dead. A small, hand-dug root cellar is in the backyard, a short distance from the house.

Deputy Androzy searched Potter's house in a casual fashion, looking for signs of a struggle or other simple clues. Otherwise, it has been ignored. Androzy took nothing from the house.

The Kitchen

Potter's kitchen seemed to be the hub of his life. The rest of the house is military clean—even sparse—and only the kitchen seems "lived in." A sign over the stove says, "You don't have to be crazy to live here, but it helps."

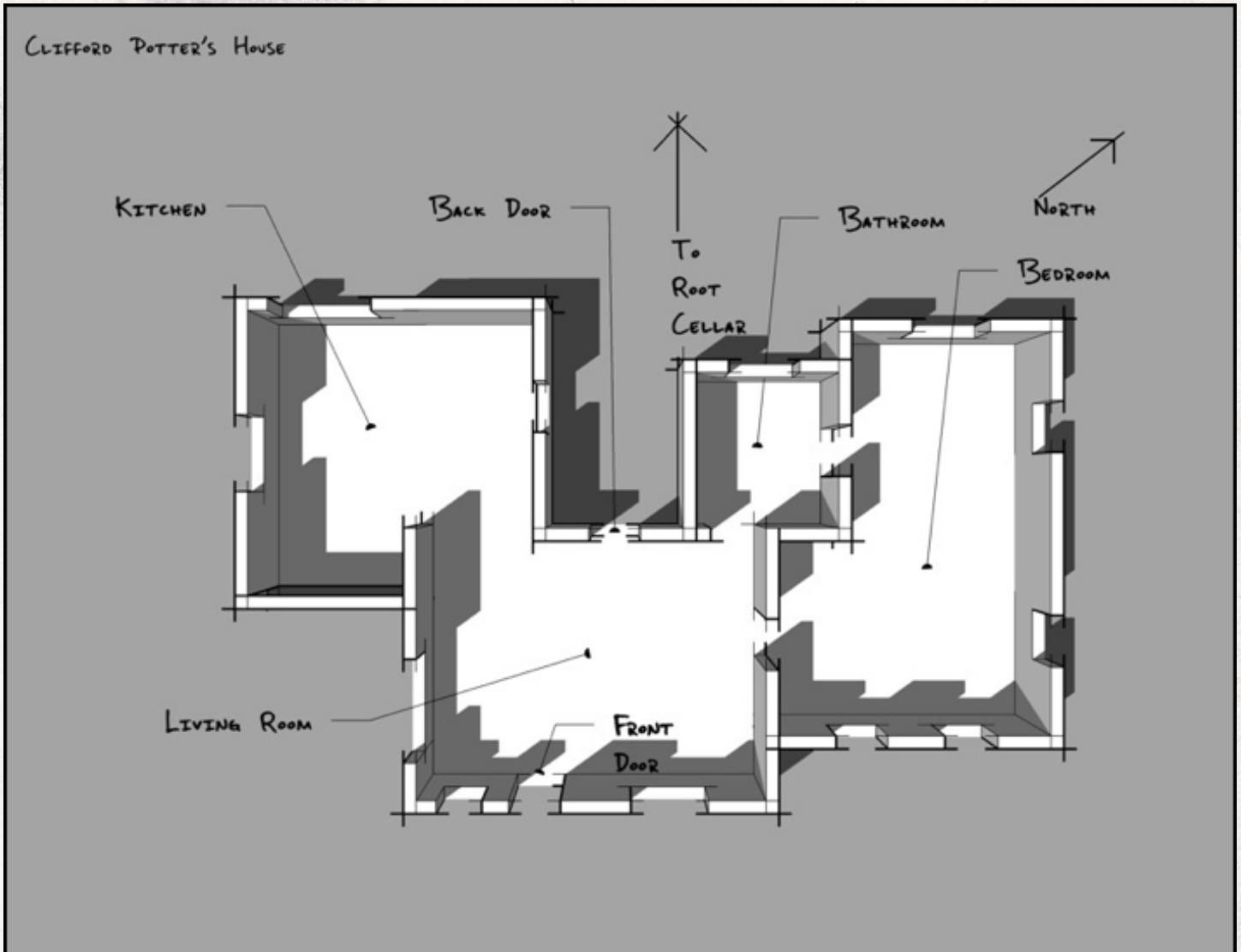
The food consists of canned meat and chili and boxed noodle dishes, all bought from the Gas n' Sip downtown.

The real interest in the room lies on the table: gloves, two books, a notepad, a map, a boom-box, and a series of tapes.

THE GLOVES—RED DIRT: These heavy work gloves are covered in red dirt that does not match the local terrain. Anyone picking them up realizes they are unusually heavy. They are leaded gloves, purchased from a medical supply company in Winchester, Idaho, nearly a year ago. They're typically used by X-ray and lab technicians who deal with radioactive substances on a daily basis.

THE BOOKS—DISTURBING IMPLICATIONS: Two beaten books sit on the table: *Radioactivity and Geology: An Account of the Influence of Radioactive Energy on Terrestrial History* and *Radioactivity and Its Measurement*. Both were ordered from Amazon.com nearly two years ago. They are somewhat technical, but deal with the detection and identification of radiation sources. They seem to be well read, but are otherwise devoid of clues.

THE MONTE GREENE TAPES—HEARSAY AND INNUENDO: Twenty-four cassette tapes are strewn about the kitchen table, next to an ancient, nearly inoperable boom-box. Each tape has a chicken-scratch label marking them as "Monty Int." followed by a number. They are not dated. They contain the rambling recollections of Montgomery Greene. (See **MONTGOMERY GREENE** on page 17.) Each captures a particular recollection by Monty Greene about when he worked in the Hunt Electrodynamics plant for Arthur Hunt, the reclusive multimillionaire. The tapes appear to have no relevance on the case, but appearances can be deceiving. Deputy Androzy listened to part of one tape and failed to see their importance. See **MONTGOMERY GREENE INTERVIEWS**, pages 31–33, for samples.



THE NOTEPAD—BAFFLING SHORTHAND: A battered and once water-logged (but now dry) notepad is on the kitchen table as well. In it, Clifford Potter took hundreds of notes. Few are clearly legible. Beside the poor penmanship, it is obvious Potter felt no need to label pages. He seemed to be writing about something he knew very well and expected no one else to need to understand. Most of the notes appear to be measurements of distance, such as 6'3". Careful comparison of the notepad to the map (see below) finds some identical measurements on both. A few notes are less obscure, such as "machine parts: gold, silver" and "radioactive?" The last page shows a simple drawing of what looks like an odd pool with sockets in the border surrounding it. Wavy lines are drawn in the center of the

pool. (In actuality, this is not a pool, but a gate; see **THE GATE** on page 22 and **THE DRAWING** on page 34.)

THE MAP—BUT OF WHAT? Clifford Potter obviously fashioned this hand-drawn map with great care. It shows what appear to be several roads or passages from a bird's-eye view, all surrounding a large, central, circular location. There are careful measurements of distance and angles. It is not labeled. Agents exploring the ruins of the Hunt Electrodynamics Plant will soon discover that the sinkhole there matches the width and dimensions of the hole in the center of the map. The tunnels shown on the map are not visible from the surface. If the Agents visit the culvert beneath the rubble, the map and its measurements provide a precise guide.

The Root Cellar

Potter dug the root cellar recently. Locals can say that he finished it just after he began going out to the Hunt plant on a regular basis, about two years ago. It is about three meters by four meters across and about four meters underground, accessible through hand-made storm cellar doors and a series of slate steps. It appears to be completely empty except for a single long-toothed rake propped against a shored-up wall.

Careful Agents who hover on the stairs before entering and make a successful **Search** roll see by the footprints that only one person has been walked on the soft dirt of the cellar. (Deputy Androzy can confirm that he looked down the stairs but did not walk around.) It's also obvious that whoever the footprints belong to, the person was interested in raking the floor of the cellar. Those few footprints disrupt an otherwise perfect sea of carefully raked dirt, like a strange, subterranean Zen garden. (Agents with **Forensics** at 20% or better can take plaster casts of one or two footprints. Examination matches them with Potter's shoes.)

Paranoia

Agents confronted with books on radiation in a dead man's house might jump to unpleasant conclusions. Encourage paranoia. Did radiation kill the grass in Potter's lawn? (No, but it's fun to freak the Agents out.)

Bringing a Geiger counter into the house yields interesting (though thoroughly safe) results. The house is clean for the most part, but the notebook and map read in the 3 to 4 REM range, unusual but not overly dangerous.

The root cellar is another story. Even at the top of the stairs, the root cellar emits a strong 50 to 100 REM signature. This is dangerous enough to cause mild radiation sickness after an hour and even cause male sterility with prolonged exposure. The source is the center of the room, in the floor. (See **THE CUBE**.)

This also offers up another serious threat, this one political. The Agents all know that if anyone in the FBI outside of Delta Green learns of such a strong radiation source at a federal crime scene, they will report it to the Department of Homeland Security and other authorities. Within hours, the place will be crawling with specialists

sticking their noses into all parts of the investigation, looking for a dirty bomb. (See **THE REAL FEDS STEP IN** on page 25.)

The Cube

Buried in the dead center of the root cellar beneath less than a foot of dirt, wrapped in a large zip-lock bag, is a 6.904 cm by 6.904 cm (2.718" by 2.718") cube of solid gold. It weighs more than six kilograms (14 pounds). It has been precisely machined with rounded corners, a slight curve on the inner faces, and a strange icon carved into each face. For the gold alone, it would be worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The gold cube is radioactive, emitting 50 to 100 rems. Prolonged exposure to it, such as by holding it close to the body for an hour, will cause an Agent's Constitution to drop by 2 and give a general feeling of malaise, much like the flu. An INT test identifies the culprit. If it is safely contained, the Agent's stats eventually return to normal—though at your discretion, lasting health effects such as sterility might remain.



To any Agent who has **Science** (Physics, Chemistry, or anything relevant) at 20% or higher, this level of radioactivity in a cube of gold is bizarre. No gold found in nature is radioactive. Only man-made radioisotopes of gold retain radioactivity—some are used in microscopic amounts to destroy tumors—and most of those have half-lives of only a few days. A radioisotope of gold with this size, this radioactive, makes no sense at all.

The six icons on the sides of the cube are are rectilinear, mathematical-looking symbols. Each is unique, and all are unrecognizable to any but the most erudite Agents. An Agent who succeeds at an Unnatural test identifies them as a language known as Aklo. Others can discover that only after protracted research. (See **ABOUT AKLO**.)

If these symbols are shown to Montgomery Greene, he says they are identical to Arthur Hunt's "code." (See **HUNT'S ECCENTRICITIES** on page 18.)

If translated, the symbols mean:

- » *Asa* ("The West," "The End," "The Last")
- » *Suu* ("The East," "The First," "The One")
- » *Shé* ("The Between," "Transitional," "The Middle")
- » *Sek* ("The North," "Above," "Up," "Cold")
- » *Sesh* ("The South," "Below," "Down," "Warm")
- » *Shi* ("Time," "Before," "The Predecessor")

Careful examination of the cube by an engineer (with **Science (Engineering)** or a relevant **Craft** skill at 20%) reveals it was made with metalworking machinery that was cutting-edge in the 1950s.

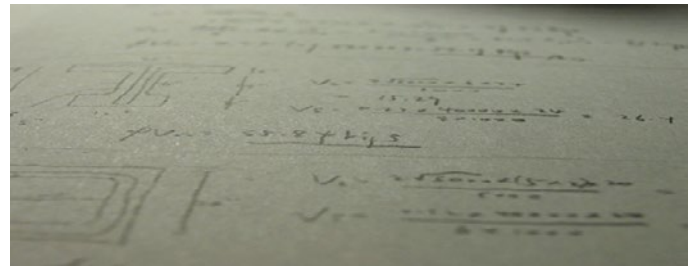
The Meganeura Dragonfly

Buried next to the cube is a huge glass jar filled with a thick, clear liquid. (An Agent with **Forensics** or **Medicine** at 20% recognizes formalin, a formaldehyde like substance for preserving samples.) Inside is a *huge* insect, a dragonfly that measures approximately 73 cm (29 inches) from tip to tail. Its wings are crushed (two are missing) and it has obviously suffered severe trauma. It is curled in its death position in the liquid, rolled up like a spiral.

Seeing this thing costs 0/1D4 SAN. An Agent with knowledge of prehistoric life—**Archeology**, **Anthropology**, **Science (Paleontology)**, or the equivalent at 20% or

more—loses 1/1D6 SAN instead and can immediately identify it. It is thought to be the largest insect ever to have existed on earth, a *Meganeura* dragonfly.

The problem is that the *Meganeura* dragonfly lived in the Carboniferous Period, some 300 million years ago. The sample is as fresh as if it were killed yesterday. If somehow genuine, its value would be incalculable. People would literally kill to obtain it. If anyone outside Delta Green sees the dragonfly, things could get bad, quick.



About Aklo

A serious researcher with a background in language studies (at least 50% each in **History**, **Occult**, and a couple of ancient and exotic **Foreign Language** skills) can find several interesting sources about the glyphs on the cube.

On the Internet

A few days of searching turns up similar glyphs on several obscure websites such as www.glyphforge.net and www.inhumantongues.com. The language is apparently called "Aklo" and arguments rage as to its validity. Some claim it is the tongue of creatures that existed before humanity. Others say it is a modern-day fake, created to generate interest in the occult.

None of these sites say what kind of creatures those pre-humans might be. But they all mention a single existing source of the Aklo tongue: the so-called "Federal Papers" located in the special collection at Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts. PDF scans of the Federal Papers are easily found online. They are filled with symbols identical to those on the cube. The copies are generally good, but lack extreme detail; some symbols are dim, others cut off. The vague impression of notes scribbled on the pages can sometimes be seen but never clearly read.

At the Library of Congress

Two or three weeks of searching turns up two mentions of Aklo in the Library of Congress. One is from a Boston book on American Indians written in 1699, *On the People of the New Land*. It is a study of American Indian tribal legends of pre-history. An unidentified Indian speaks of the “Aklo” people: men of great size who could control minds, vanish from sight and who disrupted the Indian tribes in “the west.”

The second book is called *Tongues of the Precursors* (New York, 1921). This sensationalist occult text refers briefly to the “Aklo (also called ‘Tsath-Yo’) tongue of the sorcerers.” It is otherwise unhelpful.

At Miskatonic’s Special Collection

Access to the Federal Papers is by special appointment only, though FBI agents should have no problem securing an appointment. The Federal Papers, recovered in 1935 from the belongings of vanished writer Robert Blake, were given to the library by Arkham police. Once part of a book, they are now loose sheafs of old vellum paper kept in a folio, separated carefully by plastic guards. Their validity is dubious. Many who study such things think that Blake himself—a writer of weird tales—created them to generate interest in his fiction. However, Agents who go to the trouble of seeing the papers in person will find a reward. On the 12th page is a single, English handwritten line in faded pencil, not visible in the online resources. It is a solution to the cipher of Aklo, broken by Blake in 1935 before his disappearance. Any linguist with access to this cipher can crack the Aklo tongue in a matter of hours.

Emily Warren

Emily Warren was Lucille Mayer’s life-partner, and the two enjoyed a rare, trouble-free relationship. They co-existed in such a manner as their life was seamless—they simply got along. As can be expected, Warren is extremely distraught by Mayer’s death. She is considering leaving Death Valley altogether, and cannot imagine life without her lover.

Warren is of little help. Her house (a small, two-bedroom structure near the Gas n’ Sip) is devoid of clues. Warren is completely innocent of any wrongdoing, but any

Handler who wants to ratchet up the red herrings may do so by playing up connections to her brother.

Warren’s Brother

A background check with the National Crime Information Center (NCIC) reveals Emily Warren’s brother Christopher Warren (age 41) is a felon with multiple convictions for violent crimes, including assault, and attempted murder.

If Emily is asked, she confesses her brother lived with them briefly, a year ago. She kicked him out when he became violent, injuring Lucille in a minor scuffle over a 20-dollar bill.

Christopher Warren is currently couch-surfing with friends in Malibu. He has an iron-clad alibi, literally: He spent two weeks in the county lockup for failing to pay child-support to one of his many children. Those two weeks coincide with Lucille Mayer’s disappearance and the discovery of her body.

The Gas n’ Sip

The Gas n’ Sip is a two-story (plus basement), rickety building with a gable roof. It sits on the corner of Main and State streets, dead center in Hellbend. It’s adorned with aging Coke signs, ancient ads for Brylcreem and other, less memorable products, long since washed out by the relentless sun. There are two old gas pumps placed dead center on a simple concrete block out front. Not too far from them, Jarvis Greene, the current proprietor, can usually be found, generally lounging in the shade of the roof.

Inside, the front room (which was once a parlor) now serves as the store. On the buckling, uneven wood floor, two enormous refrigerators hold perishable foods. Ancient military surplus racks hold potato chips, canned foods and other nitrate-filled treats. A tiny register area—nothing more than an old desk with a 1940s cash register precariously perched on it—sits in the corner beneath one window, overlooking the pumps. Greene also takes credit-card payments via smartphone app.

Past the store is a long hallway that leads to a bathroom, a door to the basement, a rickety staircase upstairs, and a small kitchen in the back. The two rooms upstairs are the small, slope-roofed bedrooms of Montgomery Greene (the ancient owner) and Jarvis (his 22-year-old



grandson). During the day, these rooms boil. At night they freeze.

Montgomery Greene, who is in his nineties, can often be found in the kitchen or bathroom, or moving up or down the stairs painfully, at a snail's pace. He doesn't usually go into the store if he can help it, and leaves the daily grind to Jarvis.

People come and go from the Gas n' Sip in the casual nature of small-town folk. They often go inside without even saying hello to Jarvis, use the bathroom, and leave. No one at the Gas n' Sip seems to mind.

Only recently has Jarvis Greene begun locking the doors at night.

Jarvis Greene

Jarvis Greene is a young, sunburned hippy who has lived with his elderly grandfather for four years. He took over the Gas n' Sip when his grandfather could no longer maintain it. The two live together in the cramped upstairs rooms of the smallish building.

Greene grew up with his parents in Plattsburgh, New York, and attended SUNY Albany for a year before dropping out to move to Hellbend. Needless to say, his parents

are not pleased with the situation. Jarvis' father, William, grew up in the heyday of Hellbend, when Hunt Electrodynamics ran the show, but has few fond memories of the place. He made a dramatic exit at an early age for the East Coast.

Jarvis only heard of his grandfather in passing before he received a letter from him four years ago. Greene took it as an opportunity to find a future other than the dull grind of school. He finds Death Valley and Hellbend particularly relaxing (or at least he did, before the murders) and enjoys his duties at the Gas n' Sip. He even enjoys his grandad's company.

Jarvis spends most of his day sitting in a weather-beaten rattan chair in front of the station, waiting for cars or customers. He hands out mail, sells about thirty to fifty dollars worth of groceries to locals, and maybe twenty to thirty dollars worth of gas every two or three days, on a good week. He reads old paperback novels, plays checkers with his grandfather, steps inside to play video games, or goes outside for a game or two of horseshoes with the locals. He is well liked and respected, despite his



counter-culture appearance. People still think of him “as the new kid at the Gas n’ Sip.”

Jarvis knew Clifford Potter. In fact, he discovered his body at the ruins of the Hunt Electrodynamics plant. It was Jarvis who rented Potter the Bobcat Lifter for the afternoon. When Potter failed to return that evening with the equipment, Jarvis took his Jeep out to the site and found him, and alerted the sheriff’s office.

Jarvis saw a lot of Potter in the months leading up to his death. The retired metal worker had taken to interviewing Jarvis’ grandfather Montgomery Greene about his personal experiences in the Hunt Electrodynamics Plant before its destruction. On several occasions, Potter taped his grandfather’s recollections, and asked specific questions about Hunt and the plant; though what they were, Jarvis can’t recall.

Jarvis’ Secret

Jarvis Greene left Albany for more than one reason. It’s true he didn’t much care for school, but he also has an outstanding warrant for drug possession issued just two weeks before his move west. A New York state trooper busted Greene while he was carrying a modest amount of marijuana. Luckily, it was a small enough amount that when Jarvis made bail, he was released and told to report for a hearing the following month. A day later, he received the letter from his grandfather. Any Agent checking on Greene’s past in the National Crime Information Center (NCIC, maintained by the FBI) finds this New York state warrant still outstanding. Jarvis is a wanted man.

Jarvis brought his habit and knack for growing marijuana with him. In the basement of the Gas n’ Sip, the remains of a grow-op can be found. For months, Greene grew several large pot plants below his grandfather’s feet and sold it to some residents of the town (though getting anyone in town to admit this will be very difficult). Following the discovery of Potter’s body, Jarvis panicked and rushed home to dispose of his grow-op before notifying the police.

Any Agent examining the basement who makes a successful INT test notices strange and recent additions to both the water and electrical systems—and that unlike the rest of the cluttered house, the basement seems relatively empty.

The Missing Four Hours

Agents who look into the time surrounding the discovery and reporting of Clifford Potter’s corpse notice a discrepancy of nearly four hours between the time Jarvis Greene returned from the Hunt Electrodynamics Plant and the call to the Inyo County Sheriff’s Office.

The phone calls, as well as Jarvis’ own statement, foolishly confirm that a twenty minute drive back from the Hunt plant somehow took Greene four hours. In actuality, Jarvis drove straight back, cleared out his pot plants and grow-op equipment and only then called the sheriff.

This discrepancy will likely draw a cloud of suspicion down on Jarvis, though he actually had nothing to do with the incident. A clever Handler can extend this red herring out until it seems very plausible that Jarvis had something to do with Potter’s death.

Montgomery Greene

Montgomery Greene was born in Carlsbad, California, ninety-eight years ago. Following his discharge from the Marines in 1945 he answered a want ad in a newspaper. Montgomery found himself face to face with Arthur Hunt, the elusive and cagey multimillionaire. His life was tied to Hunt and his company for the next twenty years.

Hunt Electrodynamics was taking off, and Montgomery found the man fascinating. Greene was able to endure even the most terrible abuse. Hunt insulted him nonstop



during the initial interview, but almost in a casual way, as if he didn't really understand what constituted an insult at all. Greene had developed an immunity to such abuse during his time in the Marines, and found it routine, even soothing to be back in a familiar situation.

Hunt needed a personal assistant—a glorified gopher—to do a very specific series of things for him, without wavering.

For seven years, Greene did as he was told and was one of the few people in Hellbend to see Hunt on a regular basis. Hunt even seemed to care for him, something unheard of. Greene moved to Hellbend and moved into a lavish house built on company funds. (It would eventually become the Gas n' Sip.) Greene paid nothing for the house or the land. Each was silently granted to him when he renewed his contract the year the Hellbend plant opened.

Clifford Potter and Monty Greene

Since Potter's initial discoveries underneath Hunt Electrodynamics Plant #004, he became obsessed with uncovering the secrets of Hunt's research. The only living person in Hellbend who knew Hunt was Monty Greene. For the last year and a half, Clifford Potter conducted extensive interviews with the old man, in the hopes of uncovering something about the oddities he found beneath it.

For the most part, Monty Greene remains ignorant as to what Potter was poking around to discover. To Greene, Hunt was a demented genius. He was somewhat creepy, but otherwise nothing special.

Monty enjoyed Potter's company, and is more than willing to repeat what he said (if he can recall it).

For more information on the interviews, see **THE MONTY GREENE TAPES** on page 11.

Hunt's Eccentricities

The ad in the *Carlsbad Examiner* answered by Montgomery Greene in the summer of 1945 is still perfectly preserved in the old man's memory, as are most of his memories prior to 1965. See **THE WANT AD** on page 34.

Greene, who had severed in the Pacific during his stint in the Marines, thought the job sounded ideal. He found Hunt abusive at first, but once he learned Hunt's preferences, he found the man—whom all called a tyrant—almost generous.

Montgomery Greene freely talks about Hunt and his eccentricities:

Hunt refused to move anywhere in the plant without specific lighting arrangements. This usually meant two large floodlights with an aluminum reflector placed at even intervals in a room and lit before he even entered. Few could take the heat generated by such lamps, but Hunt seemed to thrive in it. He refused to move into rooms that were not like this unless they were absolutely dark. He seemed quite comfortable in the dark.

Hunt was completely eidetic, and recalled with perfect clarity anything he read, heard or saw. He could draw exact duplicates of things he had seen only once, and never used a ruler or guide. All his plans were drawn by hand with no tools, yet they appeared perfect.

Hunt wrote in a code of odd mathematical symbols. He did so, he claimed, to keep his most classified projects secret.

Twice, Greene heard Hunt exclaim in a language he could not identify. He says it sounded like "some Polynesian or South Seas lingo."

Hunt slept rarely. Greene can recall seeing the man asleep only once in nearly twenty years of service.

Hunt read three to five books a day. Even while maintaining a grueling schedule of product design, Hunt had Greene gather specific books for his perusal. Early on, Hunt focused on politics, religion and current events. Later on the military, the history of world conflict and the disposition of the post-war world.

The sight of blood infuriated Hunt. No one knows why.

Hunt ate only carefully prepared vegetables. He ate copious amounts of cleaned, but otherwise unprepared vegetables once a day. He would only eat vegetables prepared by Greene, and seemed to "know" when Greene had prepared them.

Hunt's office in Hellbend was heated and lit from all angles by specially made recessed lights. Hunt spent the better part of his time in Hellbend in this room, only very rarely venturing out.

Hunt wore a thick pair of specially made Bakelite "goggles" when he went outside. These goggles were tinted a deep yellow. Greene carried an extra pair with him at all times.



The Bobcat

This small, one-man, propane-powered vehicle was designed for light digging, lifting and plowing. It is the only one in town, owned by the Gas n' Sip and rented out for small, local jobs. Clifford Potter rented the machine twice: once to dig his root cellar, and the second time to poke around the Hunt plant.

The Inyo County Sheriff's Office returned it two days after Potter's murder; still dirty with Potter's blood and marked up with various dried bodily fluids.

Jarvis Greene attempted half-heartedly to clean the vehicle, but quickly lost his appetite for the job. It now sits behind the Gas n' Sip in the shade of a garage port, stinking up the area.

The vehicle is still in working condition. And any Agent examining it who has an INT higher than 9 realizes that it is highly unlikely that the vehicle was the murder weapon that killed Clifford Potter. For one, the blood and effluvia are on the side of the vehicle, meaning Potter would have had to be struck by the vehicle on the side. Even at top speed (just over 8 kph or 5 mph), the Bobcat could not have inflicted the wounds found on Potter. The only truly dangerous portion of the vehicle, the blade, is stained only with dirt.

The marks of blood and effluvia on the side of the vehicle are odd. Though they are long dry, they are clearly several distinct "layers." It's as if something applied several layers of biological material on the vehicle. Anyone with **Science (Biology)** or **Science (Zoology)** at 70% or better

recognizes this type of marking as a territorial or scent marking common in large, predatory animals. It seems as if a large animal rubbed against the vehicle repeatedly; spreading Potter's blood on it.

Also, the smell at the vehicle is something exceptional. It is not just the smell of blood cooking in the Death Valley sun. It reeks of ammonia and other, less identifiable smells. A clear liquid has dried to a thin, shiny sheen on the surface. It is not a human body fluid. Agents taking a sample of this substance can have it examined easily, though few of the locals will understand what the point is.

Greene's cleaning attempt did one thing: it removed a single, odd, feather-like scale from the Bobcat. It is now under the vehicle, teetering on the edge of a slot-drain sunk into the floor. It is not readily visible to anyone poking around the vehicle; they must move the Bobcat or carefully search the ground beneath it. If they do this, an Agent with Search at 50% or better finds the bizarre sample.

The Feather-Like Sample

This odd, feather-like item is actually a portion of a giant scale. It is a cluster of small, orange buds that seem to sprout something like the end of a feather. It is not clear what kind of creature could have produced it, even to those skilled in **Science (Zoology)**. DNA examination of the sample, which will take five days, identifies it as from some sort of bird, though an exact identification cannot be made. It is actually a portion of a scale from the Monolophosaurus, the creature that killed Potter, left behind when the beast rubbed its scent glands against the Bobcat to mark its territory.

The Clear Liquid Sample

This substance turns out to be urine dried to a thin sheen. DNA and protein analysis of the sample (which take two days) cannot identify the source, though it does appear to be from some sort of large, warm-blooded animal. The sample also contains two protein chains never before seen in science. No definitive answers can be gained from this examination except, "Whatever it is, it eats meat."

The Ruins of Hunt Electrodynamics Plant #0004

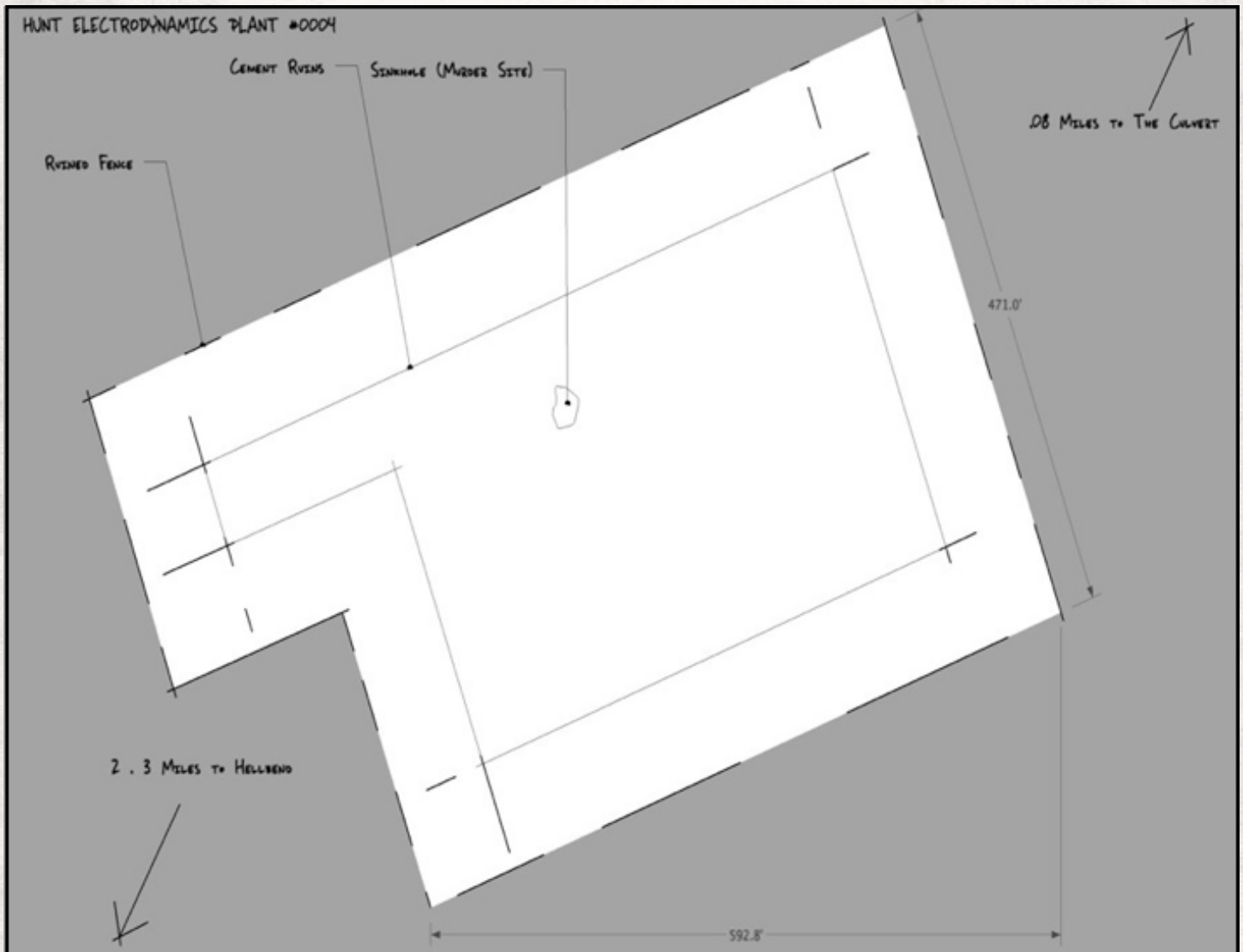
Located approximately 3.7 km (2.3 miles) from the center of Hellbend, on the ruins of a formerly beautiful asphalt road, a sea of destroyed concrete is all that remains of the Hunt Electrodynamics Plant #0004. A partially ruined chain-link fence surrounds it 500 meters out from the ruins on all sides. But it is hardly a deterrent, with large gaps every fifty feet or so.

There are several odd things about the ruins. Agents with **Science (Engineering)** or a relevant **Craft** skill of 20% or more notice that the plant was likely not destroyed by an explosion, but a collapse. A skill of 50% or more

concludes that the plant was destroyed by an implosion. Some great force pulled the building inwards.

All that remains are concrete slabs split into no larger than three-foot chunks, an occasional metal strut curled by some huge force, and random, destroyed business devices from the 1950s. Walking the site of the plant reveals little. There are no apparent entrances below, no tunnels, holes or stairs down. The site appears barren.

The point where Clifford Potter was digging with the Bobcat is easily found. This six-meter by ten-meter (20' by 30') bald spot has been meticulously cleared of rubble, and is covered in Bobcat tracks, footprints, and recent detritus such as candy-bar wrappers and soda cans. Beneath the rubble, the red dirt matches that on the gloves found on Clifford Potter's kitchen table. The Bobcat blade broke the ground maybe once or twice, and the hole it created dips down only a foot or two, revealing nothing.



The site is suspiciously clear of anything else. Where Potter could have been “digging up metal pipes” is unclear, unless they were already on the surface. There are no metal pipes—no metal at all except twisted steel enmeshed in concrete—on the surface.

Whether this means Potter stripped the site or he found the metal somewhere else is unclear. Smart Agents will immediately begin searching the outskirts of the plant.

The Culvert

Located 1.3 km (0.8 miles) northwest of the ruins, where the land drops eight meters (two dozen feet) or more, is a culvert connected to the subterranean structures of the Hunt plant. The culvert is a four-meter by four-meter (12'x12') concrete tube that protrudes from the hill, and disappears into the depths of the ground that leads back to the site.

The culvert is awash with a spray of greenery—small plants with a single red flower on each stem, that grow in dribs and drabs on a delta-like stream of water which pours out into a fan before disappearing into the parched earth about five meters (15') out. The area smells rich and damp. Anyone with at least 50% in a naturalist skill, such as **Science (Botany)** or **Survival**, realizes this is all highly unusual.

The Print

A partial print of the Monolophosaurus (see **THE KILLER** on page 25) can be found in the mud of the culvert. This huge print is easily mistaken for a natural occurrence by those not looking for something highly unusual. If the Agents don't carefully search the area, one notices it only with **INT 16** or better—and then only if they make a **Luck** roll to avoid accidentally ruining the print. If the Agents carefully search as they enter, they find the print.

The print itself is huge, but only shows the ball of the creatures' heel. If a cast of the print is made and examined, someone with **Forensics** of 50% or more can tell that, whatever made the print, it weighs between 600 and 650 kilograms (1,200 and 1,300 pounds). Nothing further can be gleaned from the print, except it doesn't make any sense.

The Flower Out of Time

The tiny red flowers (none bigger than a quarter inch across) are a baffling oddity, but only upon close examination by someone with **Science (Botany)** at 20% or higher. They are of a phylum never before seen. They seem to be somewhat primitive: vascular, fern-like plants that reproduce by spore, not by seed. Their flowers are fragrant but the scent leaves a bitter aftertaste in the mouth.

Agents who search carefully notice a preponderance of bugs flying around the plants. Careful examination of the ground surrounding these flowers will find spore-covered corpses of hundreds of bugs. The plants secrete a chemical that renders the bugs unconscious. The unconscious insects are slowly covered by spores, creating a rich growth medium.

Samples of this flower will cause quite a stir at any facility of higher learning, but it's not clearly drawn from the wrong epoch. It won't be nearly as destructive as, say, the revelation of the *Meganeura* dragonfly.

In the Hole

The concrete culvert, which leads into the earth heading towards the Hunt plant, is quite large (four meters around, or 12'). Agents that roll a successful **Alertness** test can hear an odd noise. It is not easily describable—it sounds somewhat like an echoey clicking. It rises and falls over time. It sounds mechanical or electronic.

The culvert has a slow rush of warm water about 5 cm (2 inches) deep. Its walls are covered in deep green moss up to about hip height. The water seems to go in cycles rising slightly in speed and depth every few minutes.

The Geiger Counter

A long way into the tunnel, this contraption, connected by thick wires to a Sears Die-Hard battery, sits on an overturned orange crate on the floor. It is the source of the ghostly, echoing clicking. The device seems to be the old innards of a radio rewired to some other purpose. Anyone who succeeds at an **INT** test, or who has any radiation-related **Craft** or **Science** skill at 20% or higher, recognizes it as a Geiger counter.

Potter constructed it after his first extended foray into the tunnels made him ill and he concluded that he was



suffering from radiation poisoning. Two other discarded Die-Hard batteries (drained) are dumped to the side of the tunnel. It's obviously been here a long time.

The machine spits out tiny clicks through a single, hand-wired speaker. These clicks increase or decrease with time; sputtering away in a sudden onslaught of noise, then just as suddenly fading to a barely audible click.

Those listening carefully to the clicking over an extended time (more than two hours) and who succeed at an INT test conclude that there is some sort of pattern to the clicking. Every 27 minutes it spikes, and every 11.5 minutes after that drops to almost nothing. This gives the Agents 15.5 minutes of relatively “clear” air in the tunnels to search, before the radiation spikes again. This pattern is very predictable and can be easily timed.

Those that venture into the tunnels during the downswing of a spike are subject to serious radiation poisoning. Each target in the tunnels during that period must make a CON test at -20% or suffer 1D6+2 HP damage and be wracked with nausea, fever, headaches and general malaise for the next 1D6 days. Initially, they seem fine; these effects occur minutes, hours or even days after the exposure. The particulars are up to the Handler.

Those foolish enough to ignore the Geiger counter altogether and who spend more than one “upswing” in local radiation must make a CON test at -40% or suffer 1d10+2 HP damage, and permanently lose 1d20 points of Constitution over the next few days. If that reduces an Agent's Constitution to zero, the Agent dies of severe radiation poisoning. Covering this up will be difficult. Any

emergency room will recognize and immediately report the signs of severe radiation poisoning. (See **THE REAL FEDS STEP IN** on page 25.)

The Caves

The culvert winds its way beneath what was once the Hunt Plant, finally opening into a larger, open cement room, approximately 10 meters by 14 meters across (30' by 44'), awash with water and odd plants. The culvert was once a drainage tunnel for this large room, but damage from the 1952 explosion blew the reinforced concrete wall in and has now made a single jagged space out of the two areas.

Agents must scale a series of jagged ruined concrete constructions, wet with warm water, to reach the larger room. Each must roll a **Dexterity** test at -20% or an **Athletics** test, whichever is better, or else suffer 1D4 damage in an accident.

The caves and main gate room are quite large—much larger than would be expected. Those who look back on the area later can clearly see how a large predator, even a 15' long one, could easily make its way through the gate, down the tunnel and out the culvert. But then again, hindsight is always 20/20.

The Gate

The gate is a 3.83 m by 3.83 m (12'7" by 12'7") stone archway with slots on the left hand side of a large portal. It is tilted forward at a 12-degree angle, pinned in place by debris.

The stone is odd. It is a deep black soapstone-like substance with an almost metallic quality, unidentifiable by modern science. The slots each fit a 6.904 cm (2.718") gold cube; the top slot is empty. (This is the source of Potter's cube.) Though almost the entire archway is clear of debris, as well as the topmost cube slot, much of the gate is obscured by rubble. Due to its geometric construction, however, it is clearly implied that there are other cube slots beneath the rubble. The exact number is not clear.

The other two slots hold two identical cubes, buried beneath extremely heavy portions of ruined steel girders, stone and masonry. There is evidence of someone (Potter) attempting to dig down to these cubes. The gate matches

perfectly the drawing on the last page of Clifford Potter's notebook.

The gate itself is fascinating. The archway is filled with a deep gray mist, much like steam. There is something odd about the way the mist drifts; it occasionally seems to twirl, twist and congeal into tiny storm-like collections of clouds, but it never drifts far from the stone doorway before evaporating. Seeing it for the first time costs 0/1D4-1 SAN due to the Unnatural.

Photographic and electronic equipment more complicated than a pocket calculator immediately fail within visibility range of the gate.

Every 3.5 minutes, a stream of clear, warm water (barely 2.5 cm or one inch deep) pours from inside the gate. The stream flows down the tunnel and exits out of the concrete culvert. When this occurs, the strong smell of a verdant jungle fills the tunnel. This costs 0/1D6-1 SAN due to the Unnatural.

Initially, the gate was buried during the collapse, but subtle shifts in the space/time continuum occurred over the decades as one of the cubes used to control the device shifted slowly out of alignment.

On October 9, two years ago, the gate spontaneously activated, after the cube found by Clifford Potter dropped out of place naturally. This accidental activation burned off the last bits of power that caused the 1952 malfunction. For a brief period, due to this flux, the Carboniferous and Jurassic periods were connected in an unbroken gate to the 21st century.

The underground explosion that occurred went unnoticed by the town at large—there was a measured seismic event, but it was so small as to be nearly undetectable—but it cleared a large portion of the tunnels of debris. Furthermore, the gate was now active, creating a cycling link between various periods of Earthly history.

The Equipment

A stack of Clifford Potter's equipment is scattered around a small, cleared-out area surrounding the gate. It is sitting on top of a pile of rubble, well out of the way of the small stream of water.

It consists of an army bag filled with various ruined pieces of electronic equipment. There is a Sony camcorder which does not work (every single piece of electronics

inside is ruined by some sort of electromagnetic flux), a tape recorder suffering similar symptoms, and even an old flashcube Kodak camera filled with film that shows nothing (due to overexposure by radiation). Strangely enough, this camera is set on a timer and tied to a 1.5 m (5') stick.

Using the Gate

The gate is a travel device to the past. The initial attempt to activate it in 1952 led directly to the destruction of the Hunt Plant; but this explosion “burned off” much of the excess energy produced by the poorly manufactured gold cube. It was designed to travel to one time period, the Paleozoic, 279 million years ago—the height of the Serpent People culture—but due to errors in its construction, it cannot “tune in” on the period. (These errors also led to the first malfunction.)

Living creatures entering the gate are immediately “sucked” through at the cost of 1 POW point. Non-living material can be pushed through and pulled back through the gate without difficulty, as long as the Agents' flesh does not touch the mist.

Clever Agents may attempt to “rescue” trapped Agents on the far side of the gate by throwing supplies, a rope or some other crude rescue device through, just as Clifford Potter attempted to photograph the period with a camera tied to a stick. There is a major problem with this, however. Since the last shift two years ago, due to the non-Euclidean nature of the gate, every “breach” into the time period occurs several microseconds before the last. Agents on the far side will never see another breach; they represent the last and only breach into that time period; previous breaches never catch up.

Those foolish enough to attempt to step through the gate deserve what they get. The gate currently fluxes between two periods in time: the late Jurassic period, nearly 150 million years ago (the source of the water, flowers, the Monolophosaurus, and the smell), and the Cambrian period, nearly 542 million years ago.

But now, unlike the event which reactivated the event, gate travel is one-way. Plants and animals came through the gate at first, but now only water and radiation leak through. It is possible only to enter the past, not return from it.

Both periods represent incredible dangers for anyone foolish enough to step through the gate. An Agent stepping into the gate is transported to one of the two time periods.

Life in the Jurassic

Unfortunate Agents who find themselves in the Jurassic period immediately lose 1d10+2 SAN as they realize the swirling mist of the gate does not exist on the far side. There is no way back. If anyone came through holding one end of a chain or rope, the tether is perfectly severed.

Even after the fixed time period of 3.5 minutes pass, the gate does not reappear; travel through the gate is one way. Congratulate them; they are now fossils in training.

They find themselves in the midst of a lush, fern-covered valley standing in a small stream. It is incredibly warm and humid.

The landscape is covered in conifers, cycads and all sorts of huge and nearly alien looking ferns. Huge bugs buzz about, and will have no problem attempting to feast on an Agent (1d4-2 damage, costing 0/1 SAN. The area is awash with all sorts of life, including obviously long-extinct life forms.

Occasionally, something huge and lumbering smashes through the dense jungle. Those avoiding these sounds (easily done) can survive for maybe a day or two, after which they succumb to various ailments caused by ancient bacteria, protozoa and other microscopic life inimical to human life. Due to dehydration and diarrhea, their death will be prolonged and painful.

Those who search around too long (instead of staying put and laying low), make too much noise, or head towards such sounds encounter an Allosaurus, Monolophosaurus or some other terrible creature, and a very quick end to life.

Life in the Cambrian

As with the Jurassic, the Agent is in an alien environment with no way back. The realization costs 0/1d10+2 SAN.

The environment is bizarre. The sky is a deep and clear purple, drifting up to black. The air is thick, humid and warm. The Agent finds themselves in an endless run of shallow pools, raised portions of dirt crawling with tiny marine organisms like tiny fiddler crabs and distant,

jagged peaks. Hanging above, improbably close to the earth is a huge moon, its crater formations looking very different from what the Agents expect.

Though they most likely have no clue, high levels of radiation are bombarding them; this period is the source of much of the radiation in the tunnels beneath the plant. Within hours, they will perish from severe radiation poisoning, 542 million years before they were born.

Reconfiguring the Gate

The three gold cubes, each marked with six symbols, control what time-period the gate opens into. The gate always opens on Earth, and always in the same position (though the time-period differs). It is powered by the energy contained within living creatures (POW).

Closing the gate is as simple as removing the other two gold cubes, or inserting Clifford Potter's gold cube in the empty slot with the Asa symbol ("The West", "The End", "The Last") pointing outward. If this is done, the mist vanishes instantly and a ruined wall of metal and stone can be seen on the other side of the arch. The radiation bathing the area immediately stops.

Suggestions for the effects of placing Clifford Potter's cube in position with any of the other five symbols are covered below.

SUU: The room immediately begins to heat up at an amazing pace. Within a minute, it's 140 degrees in the room, and those who remain must make a CON test at -20% to not pass out. Those who pass out or fail to retreat immediately suffer 1D6 HP damage per turn. Eventually, the heat rises to the point where the gold cubes melt and the gate fails.

SHÉ: There is a "pop" as the cube is put in place. Nothing seems to change, though the radiation and water cease to fill the tunnel. This is an interim setting, a "stand-by" if you will. The gate is dormant but ready to be activated.

SEK: There is a boom and air begins to be sucked through the gate at a high rate. Everyone present must make a DEX test at -20% or lose their footing and suffer 1D4 damage. Eventually, as the pressure slowly increases, the tunnel begins to rumble. In two or three minutes the entire culvert collapses in on itself. Anyone inside it is killed. The gate is effectively closed.

SESH: The gate opens underwater at some point in the past. An explosive wave of seawater fills the room in seconds, knocking Agents off their feet. Each Agent who fails an immediate **Swim** test drowns in the thunderous flood. Living and dead Agents are washed out into the culvert on a wave of seawater. The real feds will most likely arrive shortly, as seawater begins to fill the desert in the middle of Death Valley. Closing the gate at this point becomes impossible without powerful explosives to completely collapse the tunnels and stop up the source of water.

SHI: Ripples in spacetime rock the room. The tunnel begins to shift as the room shudders in an odd mix of an earthquake and random time-lapse photography. Agents are subjected to bizarre relativistic effects—things seem to stutter, slow, speed up or even stop. Each Agent must pass an **INT** test to escape, riding these effects like a riptide in time. Within minutes, the rift closes as the tunnel collapses. Anyone still in the tunnel at the time is killed.

The Killer

The Hellbend killer is not human. It is a fugitive from the Jurassic period—a Monolophosaurus that came through the fluxing gate in the ruins below Hunt Electrodynamics Plant #004.

This dinosaur is a cousin of the Allosaurus and is a striking red-green color. At first glance, it looks like an enormous flightless bird the size of a pick-up truck. Its small forearms are sprinkled with orange-green feather-like extrusions, as is its back. It is quite obviously a killer—its head is filled with two-inch serrated teeth, and its face is broken by one blunt horn. Its small forward arms also are tipped with five-inch hook-like claws.

It is also most definitely not a lizard. It is warm-blooded and related more to birds than to ophidians. It's fast and, when it wants to be, quiet. It's a skilled hunter on the par of a large lion or bobcat. It can track, scent and stalk nearly anything with ruthless efficiency. It's nocturnal and sleeps in any dark cave it can find. It generally can be found prowling about within an hour of sundown up until two to three hours before sunrise.

It considers the culvert to the rear of the ruined Hunt facility its "home" and hunts in a broad circle of many miles surrounding Hellbend. Like any predator, it marks

its territory—both with scent glands located on its face near its horn (which left the blood marks and anomalous material found on the Bobcat lifter at the first murder scene), and with urine.

It is not fearless. It lived in a time where bigger most definitely was better, and it learns quickly to avoid things that are larger or louder than it. Since a run-in with a car alarm in Hellbend on its first night in the twenty-first century, it has avoided towns and roads, preferring to hunt in the wilderness. It does not like the smell of gasoline engines and vehicles and avoids them when possible. It can be rapidly dissuaded from a meal through both pain and even a shocking enough sound. A decent shot with a large-caliber bullet or even an air-horn can send it elsewhere to look for easier prey.

Still, seeing a 15.5-foot bird-creature running around will be more than enough to send even the most stoic Agents scattering. Few will think very clearly when confronted with a throwback from the Jurassic era, particularly in an area like Death Valley, which is riddled with caves, hills and canyons large enough to easily hide such a beast. The Monolophosaurus is completely at home in Death Valley. As long as humans keep wandering into its territory, it is quite content to remain indefinitely.

- » **LENGTH:** nearly 5 meters (15.5 feet)
- » **SKULL LENGTH:** 63 cm (24 inches)
- » **WEIGHT:** 610 kg (1,344 lbs)
- » **PERIOD:** Jurassic (206 to 144 million years ago)

Complications

This investigation is filled with booby-traps for poorly prepared or slow-thinking Agents to trigger. Got an Agent stupid enough to report discovering a 14-pound radioactive gold cube, or a 300-million-year-old, 29-inch dragonfly? Or do they just rush in like bulls in a china shop and flagrantly overstep their legal authority? Here's what happens, when, and why.

The Real Feds Step In

If the Agents push the envelope of their legal powers and don't have the protection of the official Delta Green program (see **DELTA GREEN IN SACRAMENTO** on page 5), the

Sacramento FBI office will assign an “advisory agent” to their team. This agent will never be more than a few steps behind them, taking notes and poking her nose into all aspects of the investigation. This will make “borderline illegal” things much harder to pull off.

Until the advisory agent sees something supernatural (such as, say a 15-foot-long dinosaur running around Death Valley) it will be very difficult to get anything done. When she does see something that falls into the realm of the unexplained, the Agents must make a **Luck** roll. If they succeed, the advisory agent is onboard with keeping the situation quiet. If they fail, she reports it to her higher ups.

If the Agents report radioactivity of any sort, an entire FBI task force (along with a mobile command center) shows up. The Department of Homeland Security will be alerted, NEST teams will begin combing the town for other sources of radioactivity, and the story will make national news.

In either case, ASAC Slotin and Special Agent in Charge Turk turn the operation into a media circus until Delta Green interferes more actively; see **THE PROGRAM TAKES AN INTEREST** on page 5. In the meantime, it’s up to you how many government personnel are exposed to the gate beneath the Hunt plant or eaten by the Monolophosaurus.

The Great Race Operative

Agents who begin fiddling with the gate (such as by sending a living victim through or experimenting with cube combinations) will soon be pursued by another force. The Great Race of Yith are alien entities that can hurl their minds through time and space. They send the mind of one of their operatives to occupy the body of a 17-year-old high-school student from Fargo, North Dakota—Michael Grunning—who comes to Hellbend to make an adjustment to the gate.

The Great Race is concerned with preserving a precarious timeline that, in the distant future, allows them to escape from the past into the hive-like minds of coleopterans in the far future. The Agents’ activation of the Hellbend gate has made a minute change that has sent that timeline spiraling off course. The Great Race operative means the Agents no harm, but will do what is necessary to correct the harm they’ve unwittingly caused.

See *Future/Perfect*, Part 4 for more details on the Great Race of Yith.

Observant Agents might notice Grunning with an **ALERTNESS** test at -20% . The young man can be seen around Hellbend just hours after the Agents interfere with the gate. (The Great Race send him back before the interference occurs, so he’s already in Hellbend when it occurs.) Grunning is blank-faced and odd looking. His clothing is mismatched. Though he seems to understand English perfectly, his voice has a strangely uncertain lilt.

Grunning has parked outside Hellbend in a rotted-out Ford Duster that he drove from Fargo. Inside is a mish-mash of various gutted and reconstructed consumer electronics, warped by the incredible minds of the Great Race into technology centuries ahead of modern Earth.

Grunning attempts to make his way to the gate unobserved—something which the Agents have hopefully made difficult—and set up an elaborate electronic device outside it. This device is composed of used sewing-machine parts, a microwave oven, intercom equipment and a home computer. This device is meant to “offset” whatever damage the Agents caused, restoring the Great Races’ timeline.

Whatever the machine is, it is obviously more than some weird toy. The blinking lights, odd cycles and movements of the mechanical elements are as precise as a Swiss



clock. The computer equipment can be tracked back to Michael Grunning in Fargo, North Dakota. After several hours of cycling in front of the gate in that strange manner, the machine ceases working and will never work again. Nothing significant can be gleaned from it except, “It’s complicated.”

If the Agents (or mundane police) attempt to detain the Great Race operative, the creature pulls no punches. He reveals what looks like a hybrid garage-door opener and cell phone, held together by duct tape, and opens fire. It turns out to be a lightning gun.

Nevertheless, due to his odd discomfort in human form, the Great Race operative is easy to kill. If this occurs, the Great Race keep sending operatives until their mission at the gate is complete.

If the operative in Grunning’s body manages to “treat” the gate, it departs. Michael Grunning wakes in Hellbend, Nevada, 1,700 miles from home, terrified.

Michael Grunning’s Background

Michael Grunning was a normal 17-year-old high school student from Fargo, North Dakota, who disappeared just days before the Agents interfered with the gate. He was a quiet, happy kid who worked at the local grocery, lived with his mother, and drove a 1976 Ford Duster.

His disappearance is highly suspicious, and is major news in Fargo. If he’s discovered alive in Hellbend, the story will vanish relatively quickly (happy news is rarely harped upon). If, however, he’s killed by federal agents in Hellbend, the shit will hit the fan. (See **THE REAL FEDS STEP IN** on page 25.)

Spoilers for *Future/Perfect*

Just what is going on in the overall campaign arc of *Future/Perfect*? Good question. Keep this information from your players. Also, it’s not necessary for the Handler to know what is going on in the overall arc (in fact, sometimes it’s better if you don’t!) to present *Future/Perfect*, Part 1.

In 1923, an uneducated, small-town drunk named Arthur Hunt decided to dig up one of the smaller Serpent Mounds in Chester, Ohio. Native Americans constructed these mounds in the distant past, and many locals believed

there was treasure to be found in them. Amazingly, Hunt discovered a gold sarcophagus in the mound, almost as if he was drawn to it. Instead of containing further treasure, it held the slumbering form of the Serpent Man Xichlasa trapped in a stasis for nearly two thousand years.

Freed from the spell that held it in place, the creature rose up and consumed Hunt. Through inhuman magic it assumed his form, becoming him. Realizing that mammals had long since overrun the globe, Xichlasa set about creating a gate back to antediluvian Earth, home of the Serpent Man civilization. In such an uncivilized time, the task would take decades.

To the outside world, it appeared that Hunt—considered a garrulous idiot by most—had suddenly become an incredibly intelligent recluse.

“Hunt” absorbed most of the Chester, Ohio, library in a matter of weeks and quickly understood the primitive hegemony the mammals had forged in the modern era. “Hunt” formed the company Hunt Electrodynamics and began a stellar rise to power as a business owner patenting dozens of devices that were considered well ahead of their time. (In fact, the devices were the most rudimentary Serpent Man technologies.)

The entirety of the company was formed for a single purpose: the construction of the gate that would allow Xichlasa to bring other Serpent Folk from the distant past to modern Earth. By 1940, “Hunt” had constructed the facility in Hellbend, California in which it would construct the gate. It had chosen this location also for the temperature, which its ophidian biology found more comfortable than Ohio.

A small group of humans understood a bit of what “Hunt” was up to—the sheer volume of materials and components needed for the gate required human accomplices. None truly understood the purpose of the device or “Hunt’s” true identity, though a few had their suspicions. One of these men, Thomspson MacAfee, knew that something about Hunt was unnatural and that the device he was building in Hellbend defied Earthly science.

In 1952, “Hunt” was ready to activate his gate. Unfortunately, one of the specially constructed cubes that formed the portal had been machined improperly. The human that constructed it was off by a few microns and the results were disastrous.

The portal activated and immediately failed, tearing the fabric of spacetime. It instantly rent the facility in two and killed everyone inside, including Xichlasa. The remaining cubes were buried in the rubble of the factory.

MacAfee, who had assisted “Hunt” in the creation of the device, now used the illegal materials “Hunt” had somehow gathered (including nearly a ton of gold from an unknown source) to purchase the company. MacAfee became certain after perusing what remained of Hunt’s other designs in the New York office, as well as his odd collection of antique books, that something decidedly paranormal was going on. He had long suspected something was wrong with “Hunt” and had seen things that confirmed his suspicions. By the late 1960s, with further research into the area, MacAfee was convinced Hunt was not human at all but was some sort of extraterrestrial.

MacAfee set about reproducing the device “Hunt” had been building in the desert. He had, after all, been “Hunt’s” right-hand-man, and had been involved in the Hellbend project from its inception. The plans and specifications for the device were left in Hunt’s safe in New York.

By 1977, when William Lassiter took over Hunt Electronics, the new gate was well under way and Lassiter fully understood its implications. The small town of Duxbury, Pennsylvania, was the home of the new gate. By 1986, the gate was active, and Lassiter and his company were exploring the depths of terrestrial history, traveling back in time to epochs completely unknown to man. Hunt Electronics, though the advent of alien science, had unlocked the secrets of time.

Character Stats for Future/Perfect, Part 1

Special Agent Clark Grunberg, FBI

Delta Green team leader, age 44. Caucasian male with grey hair and green eyes, tall and athletic.

STR 14 CON 16 DEX 12 INT 14 POW 17 CHA 14

HP 15 SAN 72 BREAKING POINT 68

BONDS: Brother and sister (as a group) 8, old FBI partner in the New York office 12, teenage son 9, Special Agent Tralvayne (Delta Green) 9.

EDUCATION: M.S. in criminology.

SKILLS: Alertness 46%, Athletics 60%, Bureaucracy 62%, Computer Science 55%, Criminology 50%, Drive 55%, History 39%, HUMINT 60%, Law 50%, Occult 22%, Science (Biology) 22%, Science (Chemistry) 36%, Search 50%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 60% (damage 1D4)

FBI-issue Glock 22 pistol 54% (damage 1D10)

NOTES: Three Delta Green operations in the past six years: an investigation of alien activity, an investigation of a Yosemite cult, and pursuit of a copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis*.

Special Agent Kimberly Tralvayne, FBI

Veteran Delta Green agent, age 43. Caucasian female with brown hair and blue eyes, tall and in perfect physical health.

STR 10 CON 18 DEX 16 INT 16 POW 15 CHA 12

HP 14 SAN 65 BREAKING POINT 60

BONDS: Parents 7, FBI colleagues in Sacramento 6, Mormon church family 8, Special Agent Grunberg 10.

EDUCATION: M.A. in clinical psychology.

SKILLS: Accounting 21%, Anthropology 41%, Athletics 55%, Bureaucracy 42%, Craft (Cooking) 22%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 35%, Computer Science 67%, Drive 50%, Foreign Language (Latin) 12%, HUMINT 55%, Law 55%, Persuade 43%, Psychotherapy 50%, Science (Chemistry) 44%, Search 53%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 60% (damage 1D4–1).

FBI-issue Glock 22 pistol 51% (damage 1D10).

NOTES: Three Delta Green operations in the past six years: an investigation of alien activity, an investigation of a Yosemite cult, and pursuit of a copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis*.

Special Agent Lewis Makamura, FBI

Inexperienced Delta Green agent, age 38. Japanese-American male with black hair and green eyes, sturdily built.

STR 14 CON 17 DEX 12 INT 16 POW 14 CHA 15

HP 16 SAN 63 BREAKING POINT 56

BONDS: Father 15, Grandmother 15, childhood best friend 11.

EDUCATION: M.S. in criminalistics.

SKILLS: Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 34%, Computer Science 71%, Criminology 60%, Drive 54%, Foreign Language (Japanese) 31%, Forensics 70%, HUMINT 60%, Law 43%, Science (Chemistry) 61%, Search 60%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 50% (damage 1D4).

FBI-issue Glock 22 pistol 53% (damage 1D10).

NOTES: Aided Grunberg and Tralwayne in pursuit of a copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis*.

Michael Grunning

Great Race operative in an ill-fitting 17-year-old shell. Caucasian male, a little heavyset, with brown hair and blue eyes.

STR 16 CON 3 DEX 5 INT 18 POW 18 CHA 3

HP 10 SAN n/a BREAKING POINT n/a

BONDS: n/a

SKILLS: Computer Science 99%, Craft (Electronics) 81%, Foreign Language (English) 50%, Foreign Language (Mandarin) 22%, Foreign Language (Russian) 22%, Science (Chemistry) 61%, Science (Temporal Physics) 99%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 20% (damage 1D4).

Lightning gun 53% (damage 1D20+4).

NOTES: The listed stats are for the Great Race operative in Grunning's body. Grunning's natural stats are: **STR 11, CON 9, DEX 10, INT 12, POW 10, CHA 9, SAN 50, BREAKING POINT 40**. He has Bonds with family and friends back in Fargo.

Jarvis Greene

Local pot-head and gas station attendant, age 22. Caucasian male, hefty and handsome, with brown hair and brown eyes.

STR 15 CON 10 DEX 11 INT 9 POW 7 CHA 13

HP 13 SAN 35 BREAKING POINT 28

BONDS: Montgomery Greene (grandfather) 13, Mom and Dad 13.

SKILLS: Computer Science 25%, Pharmacy 23%, Science (Chemistry) 12%, Science (Hydroponics) 41%, Drive 40%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 50% (Damage 1D4).

Montgomery Greene

Gas station owner and placid keeper of secrets, age 98. Caucasian male, short and feeble; gray hair, brown eyes.

STR 7 CON 3 DEX 7 INT 8 POW 15 CHA 13

HP 5 SAN 75 BREAKING POINT 60

BONDS: Jarvis Greene (grandson) 13.

SKILLS: Accounting 11%, Alertness 34%, Craft (Cooking) 41%, Craft (Mechanic) 42%, Drive 33%, First Aid 21%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 25%, Persuade 55%, Science (Geology) 11%, Navigate 50%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 20% (Damage 1D4-3).

.30-06 hunting rifle 55% (Damage 1D12+2).

Sheriff Alfred Mann

A good officer out of his depth, age 44. Tall and powerful, with brown hair and blue eyes.

STR 17 CON 11 DEX 12 INT 16 POW 10 CHA 10

HP 14 SAN 50 BREAKING POINT 40

BONDS: Mom and dad 10, best friend 10, church 10.

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 51%, Craft (Animal Husbandry) 22%, Computer Science 22%, Dodge 41%, Drive 60%, Law 23%, Science (Veterinarian) 40%, Science (Zoology) 13%, Search 65%, Survival 60%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 66% (Damage 1D4+1).

Glock 21 pistol 71% (Damage 1D10).

Mossberg 12-gauge shotgun 91% (Damage 2D10).

Deputy Sheriff Lucas Androzy

Too big for his britches, age 26. Burly, with blond hair and green eyes.

STR 13 CON 15 DEX 9 INT 12 POW 15 CHA 10

HP 14 SAN 75 BREAKING POINT 60

BONDS: Mom and stepdad 10, grandmother 10, buddies from the Army 10.

SKILLS: Art (Photography) 40%, Bureaucracy 19%, Computer Science 40%, Drive 33%, Ride 30%, Search 39%, Stealth 33%, Survival 51%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed Combat 50% (Damage 1D4).

Glock 21 pistol 44% (Damage 1D10).

AR-15 carbine 44% (Damage 1D12).

The Killer

A rogue from the Jurassic. Monolophosaurus with red and green feathers, nearly 5 m (15.5') long with a mass of 610 kg (1,344 lbs).

STR 25 **CON** 20 **DEX** 13 **INT** 5 **POW** 5

HP 23

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 44%, Search 61%, Stealth 59%, Track by Scent 41%.

ATTACKS: Forelimb claw 65% (Damage 1D8+1D6).

Kick 45% (Damage 1D10+1D6).

Bite 55% (Damage 1D12+1D6).

HUGE: Heavy weapons do not roll for Lethality against the Monolophosaurus. Instead it takes ordinary HP damage equal to the percentile Lethality rating.

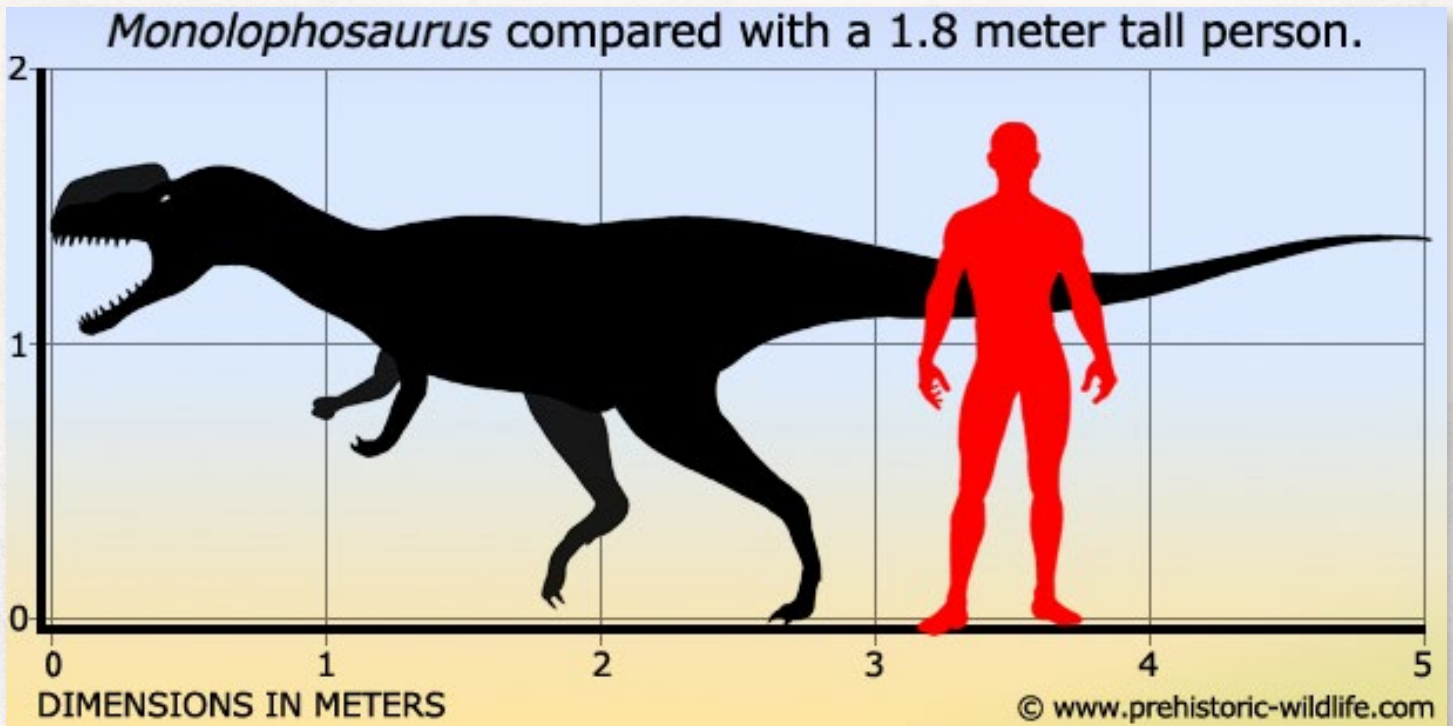
ARMORED: The Monolophosaurus has a thick hide with an Armor rating of 3.

INHUMANLY STRONG: The Monolophosaurus succeeds at any STR or CON test other than a roll of 100, which fumbles. Any STR test that rolls 25 or lower, or any CON test that rolls 20 or lower, is a critical success for it.

FAST: The Monolophosaurus moves faster than humans afoot. It can sprint at nearly 40 kph (25 mph) for short distances.

SANITY COST: 1/1D6.

NOTES: The Monolophosaurus is not a direct hunter. It stalks its prey for extended periods and takes targets by surprise. It will attack anything smaller than a car but it flees wounds and extremely loud noises. It hunts only at night. During the day it holes up in one of the many caves found in the Death Valley area. It is an advanced predator on par with a wolf, and should be treated as wily, clever and exceptionally skilled at both hunting and avoiding detection.



Delta Green: Agent's Handbook

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MONTGOMERY GREENE INTERVIEWS

Page 1 of 3

Excerpts from a taped interview with Montgomery Green (age 98), resident of Hellbend, California, date unknown. Interviewer: Clifford Potter (age 68).

Montgomery Greene: We talkin' about Hunt again?

Clifford Potter: Yeah, Monty, if that's okay.

MG: Sure, why the hell not? He said people would talk about him someday.

CP: Did he?

MG: Sure. Said he was going to change the face of the Earth with what he was working on down there at the plant.

CP: [Unintelligible]

MG: You know what?

CP: [Sounds of microphone adjustment][Unintelligible response]

MG: I believed him.

CP: Did you ever see what went on below the plant?

MG: Nope, I never did. He [Hunt] never really went down there, either. He just stayed in his office, the Bathysphere we called it -- it was all decked out strange. I heard it cost a hundred grand to put together. It was hermetically sealed, with big rubber-lipped cast iron doors like a damn battleship.

CP: Yeah?

MG: Yeah. It was all lit by those klieg light jobbies; you know the ones? It COOKED in there, 110, sometimes 120 degrees easy. He liked it. Hell, he LOVED it. He just sat at this weird desk and drew his plans and cooked. No one but me and him could stand it. I was in the South Pacific for a chunk of time, you understand. Even I found it uncomfortable after awhile.

CP: What was he working on?

MG: I don't really know, except he said it would change the world. The man worked freehand, from memory, just drawing out things that looked like blueprints from scratch. I mean with a damn chalk pencil and some paper and that's it. He just sat there and rattled it off like he was doing the crosswords.

CP: What did they look like?

MG: They're hard to explain. Oh, he wrote in this weird code. It looked like math; like symbols. Then he'd redo the whole thing in English when it was ready to be built.

[Continues]

MONTGOMERY GREENE INTERVIEWS

Page 2 of 3

Excerpts from a taped interview with Montgomery Green (age 98), resident of Hellbend, California, date unknown. Interviewer: Clifford Potter (age 68).

CP: So you don't think English was his main language?

MG: I don't know. He looked white. He looked like he was from Europe or something. He seemed normal, but once or twice I heard him talk in this language...

CP: Can you describe it?

MG: Well...it sounded like some sort of South Seas lingo. Like something from New Guinea or something. I heard some of those in the Corps, you understand.

CP: Did he know you overheard him?

MG: Once.

CP: Did he ever say anything to you about it?

MG: Yeah, he said to forget it. He said he could speak twelve languages, that it was a gift. He could write in them, too.

CP: So, his personal habits, they were strange?

MG: Well, if he HAD any personal habits. He never slept. I only caught him dozing once. The guy ate only vegetables. Only specially prepared stuff. It was flown in every morning by courier from Los Angeles. He'd only eat it if I washed it by hand. He KNEW when I didn't do this. I don't know how.

CP: So he was odd?

MG: "Odd" ain't the word. But he was a good boss. Then again, I was used to the Corps. Anything seems good after the Corps.

CP: So he was a good boss?

MG: Oh yeah.

CP: Do you think you could go into that a bit more?

MG: Sure. Don't get me wrong, he hated everyone. All the guys who worked for him. He never once said a kind word to anyone. Conversations with him were always about three sentences. He'd ask you a question, you understand; you'd answer, and then he'd berate you. But he was always right, and he rewarded loyalty, and consistency. I had that stuff down from training. I did everything he asked, down to the letter. By that time, it was second nature.

CP: So you think he liked you?

MG: Nah, he TOLERATED me, you understand?

[Continues]

MONTGOMERY GREENE INTERVIEWS

Page 3 of 3

Excerpts from a taped interview with Montgomery Green (age 98), resident of Hellbend, California, date unknown. Interviewer: Clifford Potter (age 68).

CP: Did he ever go outside?

MG: Once or twice I seen. He wore these old goggles, Bakelite goggles with black-out glass, when he went.

CP: Yeah?

MG: Yeah, he could see just fine in the dark. He walked around after hours sometimes in the rooms surrounding his office, in the dark.

CP: So, he wore them whenever he was in sunlight?

MG: Yeah. He liked heat, he liked the lamps, but something about the sun bugged him. Not his skin, just his eyes.

CP: So he didn't like blood? You said something about that, earlier?

MG: Yes. I cut myself once while preparing his lunch, and when I walked in the tub [Hunt's office] he got up and started screaming at me. He was really, really mad. Really PO'd. He stood away from me like it was catching.

CP: What was he yelling?

MG: [Laughs] For me to get out. To come back later. That he wasn't hungry. That my blood made him sick.

CP: So you were bleeding a lot?

MG: That's the thing, I didn't bleed hardly at all, and just on a finger. The finger was wrapped in gauze.

CP: So he saw the bandage.

MG: Nah, I had my other hand with the cut on the door. He couldn't see it.

CP: So how did he know?

MG: [Laughs] I think he SMELT it.

[END]

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