



IMPOSSIBLE SCENARIOS GROUP

Millennium's End Tournament, Gen Con UK 2000



"Extreme Prejustice"

A two-part adventure for Millennium's End
By Roger Stenning

Rounds One and Two
**(Player Characters in separate
document)**

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A couple of weeks ago, all over the live TV news, a U.S. Border Patrol officer and his partner were blown to bits by a booby-trapped drug cartel's blockade-runner's car...

Now one of the men's widows wants revenge...

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Introduction...

This adventure was inspired by a television program on the growing problem of the new drug cartels that the US Border Patrol and the US Drug Enforcement Agency is having to deal with from Mexico. If you're looking for inspiration on writing an adventure, you *could* do worse, than use current events programmes on the TV!

I'm grateful to the playtest group in London, for being my guinea pigs for the play testing of this adventure. Not all of them could make all four play-test sessions, but they did their damndest to de-rail the adventure! They are, in alphabetical order:

Geoff Atkinson
Tom Coxon
Roger Burton-West
Peter Edge
Colin Grey
Gary Newsham
Oliver Stanford
and
Mark Steedman

Thanks, guys - you helped make a massively large adventure a monster!

The satellite imagery ("spy satellite") images came from the Federation of American Scientists website, at www.fas.org.

Preamble...

This adventure is can be used as a 'stand-alone' adventure in its' own right, or as part of an on-going plot. It's intended use was for the UK Gen Con 2000 RPGA tournaments, as a two-part tournament adventure for Millennium's End.

Use your regular player-characters, or use the ones included elsewhere on the website where you downloaded this adventure (www.the-isg.co.uk).

Setup...

You should have the following to hand, prior to running this adventure:

- This adventure (**of course!**).
- Millennium's End v2.0 rules book (**required**).
- Millennium's End GM's Companion (**required**).
- Millennium's End Ultra Modern Firearms (**useful**).
- Ten (10) - sided dice, at least two (2) (**required**).
- Paper and pens/pencils. A straight rule might be a good idea too (**advised**).



Bullet-point summary of the plot...

In the continuing war between the illegal Drugs cartels and the U.S. Government, two of the guys on the front line - Border Patrol Officers - have been murdered.

- One of the dead men's wives wants revenge.
- She wants BlackEagle/BlackEagle to go into Mexico (or wherever), find the person(s) responsible for ordering or authorising the killings, kill them, and BRING BACK THEIR HEAD(S) to U.S. soil, where she'll try to shame the U.S. Government into taking their own laws (on foreign nationals committing crime in the U.S.) seriously.
- That's it, in a nutshell. Obviously, it's a bit more complicated than this...

Phases of this adventure:

This adventure is designed, as stated above, to be run over two rounds. With this in mind, the adventure is also in two phases, **the investigation**, and **the hunt**.

The Investigation ends when the Player characters identify where their ultimate target is located: Mexico. It's part investigative, part semi-tactical.

The Hunt is the second phase, including the tactical considerations, planning, and assault planning. This phase is completely tactical. Due to it's loose nature, referees **HAVE** to know the details of the hacienda (target area), routine there, and possible avenues of approach - **READ** the adventure prior to running it!

PART ONE: The Investigation...

Background...

The characters are members of the London office's Cell three, on temporary detached duty (TDY) at the Miami Office, because of a shortage of cells, due to an on-going government contract, that extended far faster than anyone expected.

At the start of this adventure, they've been in Miami for just over a week, acclimatising and getting their act together, finding housing for their two-month stay in the USA, learning to drive on the "wrong" side of the road, and so on...

It's a Monday, and, feet just under the table, so to speak, they've drawn 'On Call' cell status for the week. All they know at this point, is that Ranulph Tykes is talking to a new client, who walked in off the street half an hour ago, and who apparently is made of money, judging from her clothing (cutting edge fashion house stuff, etc).



After about half an hour, Tykes comes into the cell office, and explains that there's some background, and a video tape that they should see, prior to seeing the new client.

The mission...

Her husband was murdered two weeks ago; it's a rather basic seek-and-snatch, but with a twist. He shows the PCs a video tape, showing some news recorded from the TV.

The video tape...

Voiceover: We're here above the El Paso border crossing, and it looks like someone's trying to run the barrier...

It shows a Blockade Runner bursting through the El Paso U.S. Border Customs post, nearly running down three Customs officers, and making a run from it; the helicopter footage shows a high speed car chase developing with a U.S. Border Patrol car giving chase, and managing to force the suspect car to stop, whereupon the driver bails out, running into a nearby crop field full of corn; one officer gives chase, the other goes to the car, to search it.

Voiceover: Looks like the Border Patrol might have caught the runner's car... no, he's jumping out, and running for that crop field... let's see what it is he's dumping...

On opening the trunk (boot) of the car, the officer finds LOTS of drugs (camera zooms in, rather shakily, showing the drugs). There's then a white-out on the camera; two seconds later, the picture returns, showing that a massive explosion has taken place.

Voiceover: HOLY...! Jesus! Did you see that? GOD! Pull out, Mickey - did the officer get away in time?

Video tape ends.

Tykes explains that the border patrol officer searching the car was killed in a booby-trap explosion (the other was about fifty metres from the car when it exploded, and died in hospital from massive shrapnel injuries).

Once the tape has finished, Tykes leads the PCs into the briefing room, where contract negotiations and briefing can take place.



The Client...

The client is Michelle Toland. Her husband was Jim Toland, and was the officer killed by the car. The other officer was Art Smith, a close family friend.

The salient points of her story is as follows: Since her husbands' death, nothing of any meaning has happened within the US Law Enforcement machine to catch her husbands' killer, and, while an International arrest warrant, for John Doe and accomplices, was issued by US Department of Justice, and ignored (payoffs at the highest level of the Mexican Justice Ministry), all the US DoJ has done since then is precisely **nothing**. Obviously, she's angry (furious, actually, and she wants revenge).

She wants the BE/BE team to identify the boss of the drugs cartel that set the booby trap, extract him to somewhere safe in Mexico, behead him, and return to the U.S. with his head, whereupon she'll go public with it, to shame the US Administration into "Actually enforcing the laws it makes, and damn the diplomatic crap! ".

She will also confirm that "Comebacks" (deniability of mission) are not a problem – she's going public with his head. Likewise, reasonable fees are no problem – she's rich in her own right from her fashion business.

Should the PCs check Client's background, they'll find nothing unusual – she's made her own business an international success since marrying the border guard some ten years ago, and is worth (a conservative) \$50 million.

Her business is High Fashion, with offices in Miami, New York, London, Rome, and Paris, and it's completely legit.

Finding the Target(s)...

Getting information on the target is going to be a real pain, since the only real link to the cartel, the driver of the car-bomb booby trap, is missing, having "legged it" at the time of the murders.

The PCs can use a reasonable contact in US Customs, the FBI, or even the Border Patrol, to get the CCTV security Video footage from US Customs, and get a print-out of the Driver's likeness; it's a little grainy, but OK for ID purposes.

SNAG: Should the PCs use a Border Patrol Officer, on a 50% roll, a fail means that the PCs contacted a crooked officer, who's in the pay of the Mexican Cartel. The second stage of this adventure therefore, should be made damned dangerous, as the Mexican Cartel may well be warned that "someone's coming, and looking for trouble".



Tracing the runner...

Trying to trace this person through normal missing persons methods will fail. Come to that, every method will fail, bar that of checking Mexican morgues: After being paid by the cartel for doing exactly as ordered, he got drunk in a cantina, insulted the wrong person, and got killed in a knife-fight, and posthumously robbed of all his cash - some 75,000 Pesos.

If the PCs think to check the TV chopper crew, they'll eventually discover that a Top Of The Line pilot and film crew (veteran pilot, expert cameraman, moron-type reporter (think the idiot from Die hard 1) were in the air about fifteen minutes prior to the blockade runner arriving at the check point – the chopper had been recalled from it's traffic spotting duties at very short notice, and the entire crew replaced with the one that filmed the chase and murder.

Moving to El Paso...

The next logical step would be to move to El Paso, set up safe house, ID the airport watering hole, check the TV Station GenNet site, and find a mugshot of the entire crew of the chopper that day on their 'info for fans' page (rather helpful of the TV station, innit?!).

Then go see them. Sounds simple, doesn't it?

Since players are rarely logical (or helpful, come to that!), guide your players if they cock it up.

The Pilot (Clay Hamilton) is the easiest to find: He's single (again), and regular in his habits and routes. Likewise, he's accessible a lot of the time, unlike the Cameraman, who's just married, and gone to Europe on honeymoon, and the reporter, who (it turns out after careful surveillance) has a permanent bodyguard assigned to him (NOT from BE/BE!).

Visiting the pilot's regular haunts will reveal that he spends a lot of his time in "The Broken Prop", the local airfield haunt for most aircrew when not scheduled for flying duties over the following 24 hours. Established about a mile from El Paso International airport, it's a typically basic (read ever so slightly seedy) joint.

Clay Hamilton's home...

Should the PCs decide to search his home while he's at the Broken Prop, use the Garden Apartment plans in the GMs Companion, page 75.

Note that he's upgraded the security of his apartment, with better locks, and a (cheap) alarm system...



Any search of Hamilton's home will reveal all his personal and financial documents in a (fairly cheap) lock-box (locked, of course, key in his desk drawer) in his living room, which will show that he's divorced, owes alimony BIG TIME, is behind on rent, did have gambling debts, but just (Saturday) won \$500,000 on a football game (Super Bowl 2000, Washington Redskins verses the Atlanta Dolphins, genuine, not fixed, Atlanta won, and so did he – the bet was placed a year ago, and he has receipts to prove it, even if the bookie he uses is a mobster).

The balance of the bet, after paying off his debts to the guy, was \$100,000, which is sitting in a locked attaché case in his cupboard at home (once again, key in his desk drawer).

It will also show that he's a Vietnam veteran (black and white photos on the wall, by his desk, showing him in helicopter pilot gear, wearing Lieutenant's rank bars), and apparently as tough as nails (boxing awards from his old Air Cavalry Regiment as well).

There are two ways to get him to talk freely.

1. Appeal to his sense of honour, and try to show him that something is not right - after all, how come they were on-scene for the only Border Patrol double Murder of the year? Was someone bought off within the TV station?
2. The other way, of course, is to see that he's in financial straits, and offer him a life-line. \$25,000 should do the trick, seeing as how he owes the \$100,000 in the briefcase to his ex-wife...

Of course, if they try to dark-alley him (grab him, beat him up for the info), they'll come unstuck damn quickly. Remember the boxing awards? Well, he still keeps in shape, and attends the gym in the basement of the TV company once per week, regular as clockwork, where he helps keep the in-house security team in shape...

Assuming the PCs manage to get him to talk, he'll volunteer the following: It seems that the Dork reporter (Dick Masters) received a tip-off on the 'phone, informing him that 'something of interest' would happen at the customs post at that time. The reporter managed to get the crew scrambled in the 'flying eye' chopper. The rest is history.

This means that the PCs now have to (a) pay Hamilton, (b) make sure he keeps quiet about the little chat that they've just had with each other, and (c), go find Masters...



Finding the Dork...

As stated above, checking up on Masters' habits will show that he has been assigned a bodyguard by the TV station; being such a dork has made a few enemies along the way, and a few are capable of carrying out their death threats.

Searching his home, a very well-to-do luxury apartment in uptown El Paso is a non-starter. Security is damn good, and the apartment is manned by a security guard when Masters is out (hired by the TV company). In addition, there's security in the foyer (hired by the management company). The apartment block is also home to some well-known El Paso celebrities, hence the security.

Masters' dodgy little secret...

However, being a complete twit, he regularly (on a Friday night, every two weeks), dumps his BG, and makes his way to a seedy part of El Paso, where he visits "Madam Sadie's House Of Discipline", a 'house of ill-repute', to receive 'lessons in discipline' (Use your imagination!).

It should be noted to the PCs that this is the ONLY time at which Masters is vulnerable, due to the lack of a bodyguard.

Layout-wise, Madam Sadie's occupies the space of a large bar, downstairs, with two floors of rooms and apartments upstairs. Unless they're really enterprising, don't let them get upstairs (if they do, wing the layout yourself!). Downstairs, in the bar, use the Large Bar plan in the Millennium's End GM Companion book, on page 46. It's poorly lit, there's a dancing platform instead of the pool table, and scantily clad girls (age 21-36), all good looking, will be 'strutting their stuff' in full sado-masochism gear, complete with whips and chains. For the more straight-laced players/PCs, pour the atmosphere on, and make 'em squirm!

The madam of the joint is a crusty 45-year old female, who doesn't suffer idiots at all. She's backed up by every cheap thug in the main rules book (pp 156), if things get 'heavy'. Also, if things get really pear-shaped, the girls not with 'clients' will get in on the act, with their whips and chains... have fun!

Cracking the Dork...

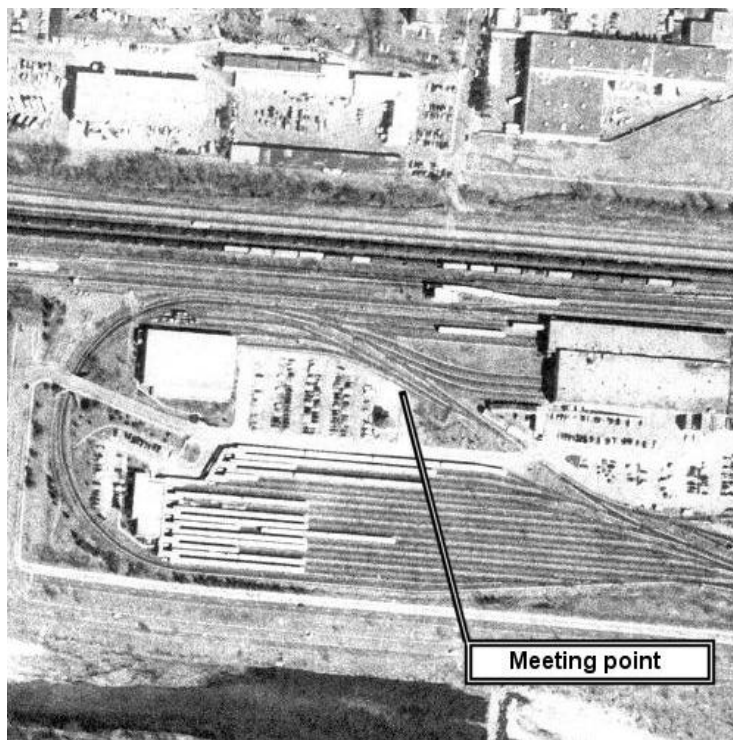
Should the PCs manage to get Masters on his own, they'll probably (normal Perception task roll) notice that he's a bit of a coward, and doesn't want to be hit - at all. In fact, he's a bit of a weedy wimp, too. He'll crack in no time flat, obviously, crying in fear as he does so...



He got a call from a contact, telling him to be in place to watch the events he filmed, just being told that "it'd be interesting". He has a contact that he can use, and, with a little effective prompting, can be made to call the contact, and arrange to meet.

It's a Friday, and on Fridays, he uses an intermediary, never the same one twice. He makes the call, telling the contact that he can't make it, as he's tied up all day, but that he'll send an intermediary with the required message info. He then hangs up, as the rest of the team probably snigger about his choice of words...

The stake out...



The meet will be scheduled for the following night, at about 02:00, to meet with a guy called Manuel Tega, in the sidings (US: train yard) of the cargo terminal of El Paso's main railroad station. Large, empty train coaches, cargo containers, and engines, scatter the place. If you've seen any movies involving large railroad cargo areas, this is it. It's not that wet, but it's a filthy place, with oil stains across the entire area of the tracks, litter, and so

on, gently being blown about in the mild breeze. Feral cats and one or two loose dogs can be seen, furtively darting from place to place. Security is fairly low-key (i.e., non existent).

A car park, filled with ISO-standard cargo containers, within the rail yard perimeter, is the scheduled location, and is overlooked by a couple of low-rise derelict buildings to the north of the yards, over the main railroad, both of them boarded up, with "Danger: Condemned" notices hanging from the chain-link fences surrounding them.

The meet is rather well hidden from casual view, but not from overlooking buildings in the condemned area...

Tactically minded PCs will probably think set-up. Don't discourage them in this, but don't encourage them, either.



Whether or not they suspect the worst, add a bad guy sniper (NPC stats in the Millennium's End Rules Book, pp 157, high-end grunt, male, 180cm, 92 kg, armed with a Steyr AUG); oh yeah: He appears hispanic.

Welcome to the party...

At 01:00, a car (BMW500i with darkened windows, and a personalised number plate, reading 'reaper' (BIG clue!)) will be seen to draw up, headlights off, about three hundred metres away, by the train shed to the east (right) of the image above. A single male, dressed in dark clothing, carrying a long, thin case (rifle case?) will be seen to alight the car, and carefully, and quietly, climb up a fire escape, to the roof of the rail shed. Shortly thereafter, a faint red glow will be seen from the roof of that building.

Ah. We withdraw that welcome, mate...

Any PCs with night-vision gear with telescopic capability, will be able to see him assembling a 'scope-equipped rifle. He will turn of his red-filtered flashlight, and move to the edge of the roof, put a small radio-sized object on the edge of the roof, and assume a firing position, looking down on the meeting place.

Enter the contact...

Eventually, at about 01:55, a motor cycle will be driven to the meeting point with a single man atop it, riding it to the waiting PCs.

At this point, the sniper on the roof will receive a cellular phone call, say something into the phone, shrug, hang up, replace the phone on the floor, and begin to take aim.

Uh-oh...

Any PC assigned to counter-snipe the sniper will, on a successful perception check, realise that the aim is off in some manner. On an exceptional success, the PC will realise that the aim is on the bike rider, not the team of PCs.

MAN DOWN!

Should the PC attempt to counter-snipe the sniper, he'll be a smidgen too slow - the sniper will get off the first round, missing by a fraction to kill the bike rider. Instead, he'll be hit in the upper right shoulder, and knocked out by the shot, bleeding very nicely, thank you...

Stats for their bike-riding contact can be found in the main Millennium's End Rules book, pp 156, Cheap Thugs, male, 177cm, 60kg. He looks hispanic as well, by the way.



The PC assigned as the team medic will need to treat him quickly, if he's to survive to answer questions at a later date...

Sniper down...

The resolution of the sniper vs. counter-sniper should be performed normally. The ideal conclusion is the retirement from the situation of the sniper, who will not talk, by the way. He won't be able to.

Remember that he's on the roof? Well, if he isn't killed by the counter sniper, he'll fall five floors to the ground. Naturally, he'll be 'brown bread' (UK London East End slang for dead, that is).

Recovered property...

The Sniper: A cell phone, a few thousand bucks, and bugger all else. The guy was clean, sanitised, even. Even the car rental documents are missing.

The Biker: The bike rider and it's panniers (empty of contents, bar a small Kac-9 sub-machine pistol). The bike is OK, but nothing special, a Kawasaki 850 cc roadster-style bike.

The Biker's story...

Manuel Tega is the name of the guy on the bike. It'll take him 24 hours to recover his consciousness. It was that damaging a shot, that he took.

It seems that he was instructed to get the PC's talking, whereupon the sniper would shoot them. Not him. He's fairly pissed off about this, for obvious reasons, especially if he's told about the phone call that the sniper received before shooting him.

With this in mind, he'll betray what he knows without struggle.

At last, hard data...

It would seem that the Mexican Cartel used a cut-out (a person who would not lead back to the cartel, if caught or otherwise compromised), who told the reporter where to go to film the incident that started the chain of events off. The cut-out received instructions to do so from one Manuel Sorda, head of security for the Mexican cartel.

Manuel always contacts Sorda through Vasquez, an intermediary, whom he also does not have contact details for; he uses a dead-drop instead (If the characters try to use this, make it a fruitless task. They shot his contact - the sniper!) Of course, if he's shown the sniper, or a photo of the sniper, then, oh dear, that's Vasquez (no wonder the dead-drop stake out didn't work!).



The two people Manuel describes are based with the head of the cartel, who's boss is one "Verona", at the Cartel 'Rancho', just south of the town of Paraíso, on the southern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, in eastern Mexico.

Of more use to the PCs, he knows that every Thursday night, the cartel top brass meet for a meal at a restaurant called "Jino's" in the town, which Sorda attends, as the chief of the boss's security team.

If they check with the Miami Office, the BE/BE criminal intelligence database files has Manuel Sorda listed with a very grainy photo, with a note about his being tactically aware, and highly dangerous. There are no (zero) records pertaining to a person called 'Verona', however. Any contacts that the PCs might have in the US DEA will have even less. The only photo of Sorda is three years old, and so grainy as to be of no use at all. All they really have is a 'John Doe' warrant, and the notation that he's suspected of being involved in the death of at last two undercover DEA agents.

At this point, round one ends, and round two continues.



PART TWO: THE HUNT...

Resources for the PCs...

There are several resources that the players can call upon, to aid their hunt.

The first is a satellite pass, through BE/BE resources. Since BE/BE recently hired Commilint Plc in London (see the Millennium's End London Sourcebook, and issue two of the BlackEagle Bulletin, both documents available at www.the-isg.co.uk) to handle their out of area tactical communications, they get a discount from this commercial military intelligence company, on their overhead imagery. A Commilint satellite pass over the rancho results in the description further on in this text ("**The hacienda**").

A map search through L&P at the Miami BE/BE office will find a fairly good quality US Military tactical map at 1:25,000 scale (2cm on the map equals 1km on the ground). It's only a year old, and, since it was compiled by radar imagery, is fairly accurate. It only shows, however, that there's a couple of houses on the hill, nothing more.

Getting into Mexico... quietly...?

Getting into Mexico without attracting undue attention is not going to be easy. Customs services on both sides of the border tend to take a dim view of heavily armed groups of people 'just out for a holiday', when the weapons could be enough to start a small war...!

How to avoid the law...

There are probably three main ways to avoid such legal entanglements.

Firstly, the PCs could try to use one of their contacts. However, this could cause problems, as the Border Patrol appears to be heavily infiltrated and influenced by the Mexican Cartel, thus any contact could well be compromised, leading to a possible trap on the other side of the border. This is, obviously, to be avoided.

Second, they could make their own way into Mexico, This itself is fraught with difficulties, as both sides of the border are patrolled by each country's border patrol services. Consequently, the PCs are going to have to find a place that (a) can be easily crossed, and (b) is infrequently patrolled. Not an easy task, especially when you consider that they then have to travel to Paraíso, over 1300 miles away.

Finally, they can travel into Mexico as tourists, and either have their weaponry shipped over covertly, or procure them once in Mexico. Both methods have problems, but could be solved, again, by the use of their various contacts.



Undeli!

Once in Mexico, the PCs will have to get to the area of Paraíso without attracting attention to themselves. This is best accomplished by going tactical the moment they leave the border area, travelling across country as much as possible. To this end, off-road four-wheel drive cars should be used, possibly, if they can get them, Humvees. That said, land Rovers are more in use down here, so they'd be less conspicuous, and thus more covertly tactical. They're also a darn sight easier to repair than a Humvee, if something breaks...

Since the distance to travel is roughly 1300 miles from the border, the trip could take up to a week, travelling at night, cross-country. Since they need to be covert, the PCs should pack supplies for the journey out, journey back, and the amount of time that they expect to be 'in country'.

An easier method would be to cross but boat, and land covertly. However, this may well attract the attention of the US Coast Guard... However your players get their characters into Mexico, they still have to get to the target area unnoticed!

Once in the area of Paraíso, the PCs need to find Jino's, establish surveillance, pick up their target, and trail him to his home, south of Paraíso.

Also, the PCs will definitely need to (a) go tactical (if they haven't already), and (b) conduct reconnaissance of the immediate area, looking for vantage points, OP locations, and routes in and out of the initial OP, prior to establishing who their target is, and where he lives.

This will be relatively easy, since the town is a hive of tourism activity, and six foreigners won't attract too much attention, unless they do something really dumb (try not to let that happen - you've only four hours for this tournament slot!).

Once their target is identified and (successfully) tailed to his home, the PCs then need to repeat their reconnaissance, looking for vantage and escape points, routes into and out of the hacienda compound, and a firm, defensible observation post (OP) with which to gauge the daily routine and vulnerabilities of the compound.

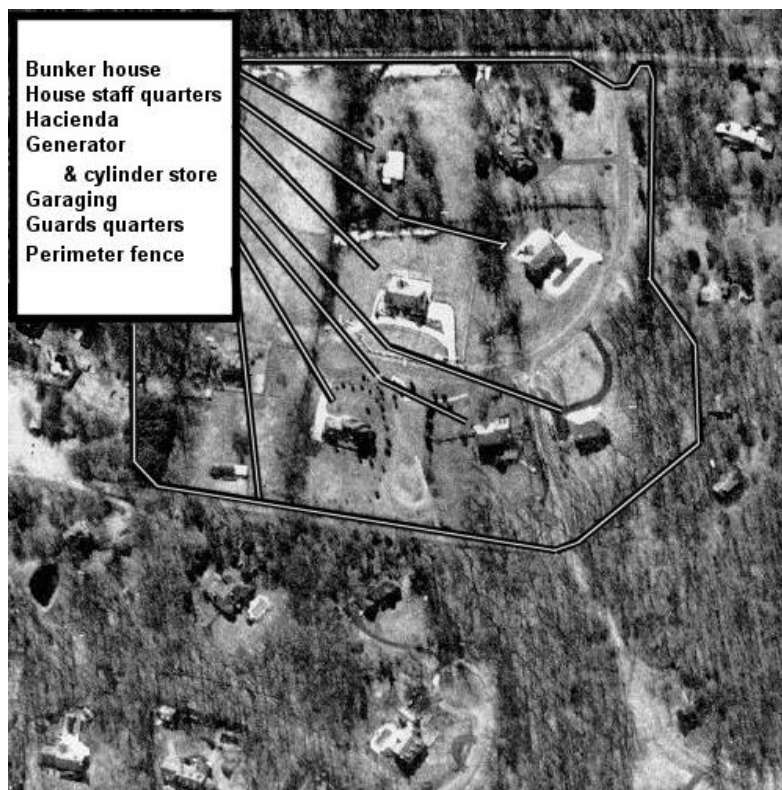
The hacienda...

The hacienda is located inland of the town, on a hillside dotted with tropical trees, which, while providing lots of cover, tend to obscure ones view rather dramatically.

However, there are more complications (no-one said that this would be easy!). The hacienda is built within a high-price development of similar, costly, homes, all of which house the rich and upwardly mobile nouveau riche classes in Paraíso, a prosperous town, well on the way to becoming the south Gulf's Miami look-alike. State Police are efficient, and, for the most part, bought by the cartel, the citizenry know to look the other way, and **not** get involved, there's very little poverty (it's been chased away by the (bought) Police, and all in all, it's a pretty nice place. If you like drug money.

A single road leads from Paraíso to the hacienda and surrounding compounds.

The hacienda itself is on a gently sloping hill, which has been systematically landscaped.



The compound has a 3 metre high single cyclone fence, topped with razor wire; the fence is also fitted with a single motorised three metre wide sliding gate, again, topped with razor wire. Two armed guards are always on duty at the gate.

Since there are no apparent detection systems between each set of wires, it's a safe bet that there are other, unseen systems (true: there **are** CCTV camera

emplacements looking out of the compound, linked to the block house near the main building).

Inside the compound, there are several buildings and facilities, including a garage, and barracks block for 24-30 guards, a propane gas cylinder store, electrical generator building, next to the propane store, and a small bunker-like facility (block house, where the security of the compound is managed). There is a swimming pool, and multiple over-lapping CCTV security cameras dotting the compound.



Just to make matters worse, there are two pairs of guards patrolling the compound, in an completely random manner, with a dog (**big** German Shepherd), at all times, day or night.

Infiltration-wise, it's a nightmare.

The hill...

The only place for miles that overlooks the place, is a forested hill about a kilometre away, to the south, part of the foothills to the mountains inland. Part of the Mexican National forest, it's widely used by tourists, back-packers, day-trippers, and the occasional (unarmed) Park Ranger.

It's not the best place to set up a covert observation post, but probably the only place that the player characters can use, short of trying to covertly infiltrate the grounds...

By using a tree house set-up, they could probably see more, but let them figure it out on their own.

For NPC guards, use a mixture, roughly 30% verses 70%, of the cheap thugs and high end grunts from the main rules book (pp 156-7).

Sorda should be the toughest hombre you can find; if you have the terror-counter terror sourcebook, use the death Squad sergeant, on pp125. Failing this, use the "male 188cm 100kg" high end grunt on pp 157 of the main rules book.

Verona is very much a non-combatant: She's a planner, and strong on organisation. She and Sorda are (obviously) lovers. She doesn't even pack a gun.

Getting back...

However the PCs pull this off, they're going to need a sure-fire method of getting back into the USA.

Since there are so many variables involved, let them do the legwork on this, but concentrate on how they're going to re-cross the border. Remember: a good 70% of the US Border Patrol *could* be corrupt...

However the adventure goes, here's hoping that you have a whale of a time!



PLAYER HANDOUTS

Player handout one - The rail yard meeting point

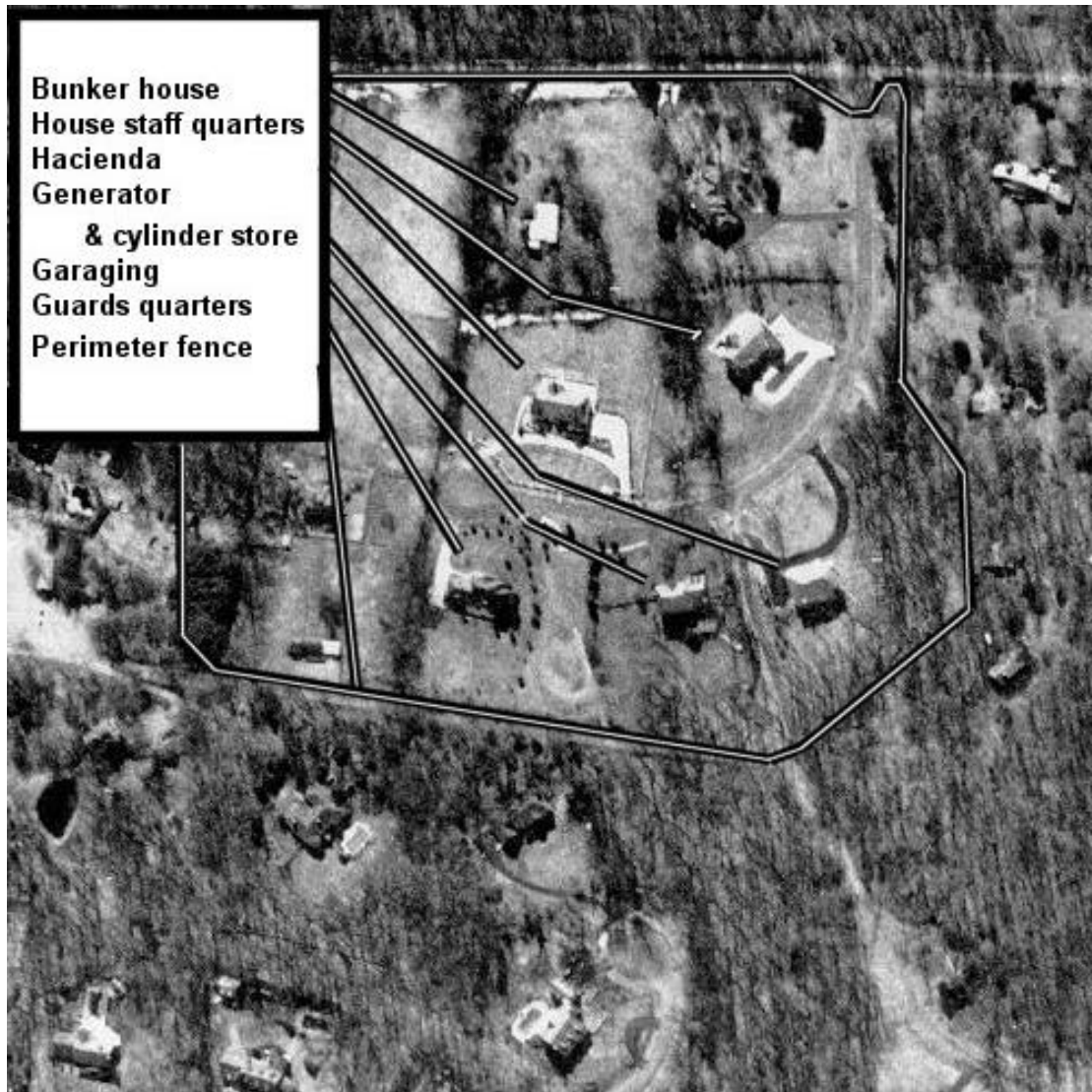




Player handout two - Map of Eastern Mexico



Player handout three - The grounds of the hacienda





Player handout four - The hacienda's security schedule...

The hacienda runs to a regular and visible routine, listed below.

05:30	Three guards leave the barrack building, dressed in suits, and move to the bunker. When they get there, ten minutes later, Three others move from the bunker, and move to the barracks. All are carrying Steyr assault rifles.
06:00	Five men move from the barracks to various points about the compound. The men they relieve move to the barracks.
13:30 and 14:00	Process repeats.
21:30 and 22:00	Process repeats.

Player handout five - The hacienda domestic routine...

Every day:	Grocery truck, marked Perez Farm Delivery (in Spanish)
Every two days:	Supply of gas cylinders for the power, delivered in a large pickup, with slatted wood sides, marked "Miguel's Gasses" (in Spanish). 3 range rovers with completely blacked out windows, leave at dawn, return at dusk, the first car holding Sorda + 3 goons, the second a driver, a goon, plus the lady, the third 4 goons, lots and lots of guns.
Once per week:	Limousine leaves late on a Thursday night (goes to the town, to a rather nice restaurant), with a two range rover escort, same loading at before, leaving at 20:00, lady goes in limousine (complete with blacked out windows, again) in evening dress, returning at around 02:00. The following day she always greets a meeting of various cartel folks, where they talk in a large veranda to the side of the house, served by the house staff with anything from alcoholic beverages, to tea of coffee. The lady then personally bids them good-bye, and does extensive paperwork in the study of the main house, in a room visible from wherever the PCs set up their OP.