

protodimension magazine



ISSUE #9

SUMMER 2011

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FROM THE SHADOWS

Welcome to the ninth Issue of Protodimension Magazine, marking the initiation of our third year in production. This is a great time for our gaming genres; horror, modern, and conspiracy; and we here are glad that every reader is a part of the experience.

Looking back I see a wide and varied assortment of content in our previous issues. Fiction, poetry, art work, How-To articles, supporting materials, and professional level adventures have all graced the pages. All of this would not be possible without the fine work and efforts of both our many contributors and the work of the staff here. A round of honest and sincere thanks to everyone that has helped out, large or small or just as inspiration.

On to other weightier topics. Looking back over the last two years I see many changes in our world that parallel events and situations in the original Dark Conspiracy setting. Of course we do not have Aliens (that we know of) and Dark Monsters (again out of sight so far) to corrupt and influence our world and society, but we do have other social events that mimic much of what Lester Smith postulated in the first edition of the rules. Wide areas of devastated land, social upheaval, corporations that span nations and control governments using proxy votes (not quite here yet), and ecological upheavals. All these and worse are actually present today. Of course we do not have the Demongrounds, but we have underground coal fires raging in Pennsylvania and in parts of India and China. A pretty close second in my mind actually.

So from this I think there are more than ample real life examples to pull into your gaming, to make it both more horrific and more accurate at the same time. The 3rd Edition of Dark Conspiracy, in progress as this editorial is being written, pulls from modern events such as paramilitary operations and continuing disenfranchisement of peoples to bring a more recent sense of relevancy to the game, while maintaining the spirit of the brilliant original.

The times we live in are troubling, with signs all around of changes to come, still we have the fine distinction of make believe and reality that we, as gamers, are well aware of. Other people might not distinguish between Fantasy and Make Believe, while we as table top role-playing gamers, know all too well that we are striving for a better tomorrow in our creations at the gaming table.

As part of the staff for Protodimension Magazine I thank everyone reading for their time and efforts in life and gaming and I personally look forward to many more years of PDM being available.

*Respectfully,
Tad Kelson*



KIMMY NEUHEISEL AND HER SPECIAL FRIEND



Character and Plot
By Jeff Moeller
For Call of Cthulhu®



BACKGROUND

Kimmy Neuheisel is a waifish, perky, red-headed, reasonably attractive young woman with a face full of freckles and a bubbly, talkative personality. She is an undergraduate college student at an urban university in a large U.S. city, majoring in journalism. She might be encountered by anyone connected with the university, looking into the student newspaper archives incident to doing some research, or just frequenting the coffee shop when she is working. Or they might meet her attending a *cosplay* convention in another city, if they are interested in unicorns.

Kimmy lives on campus in a dorm room with her roommate, Janice Farrell, who is rarely there. Kimmy works part-time at the college radio station, hosting music shows featuring trance and industrial dance tracks, and picks up a few hours at a campus area coffee house. People generally like Kimmy, although she is more than a little eccentric. She is polite and has good social skills, but tends to excitedly ramble about, and turn the conversation to the things that she is interested in: comic books, My Little Ponies, and *all* things unicorn related. Her dorm room is crammed with unicorn paraphernalia: stuffed, drawn, posters, figurines, books, you name it.

She has no truly close friends or people that she spends intimate time with, however. Except, that is, for Bernard, her unseen boyfriend. No one at college or work has ever met Bernard, and he never calls, although she seems to spend a lot of time with him on breaks and weekends, if her stories about how wonderful he is are to be believed. She goes off, ostensibly on vacation with him, during fall breaks from school.

She does not talk about her parents, other than to deflect questions by noting that they are not part of her life. Snooping through her college records might disclose that she was a ward of the state at the time of admission, and therefore qualified for a wide variety of need-based grants and scholarships. She is, on average, an average student: at times brilliant, but disorganized and prone to skip class and drag her grades down by missing assignments. Her transcript is a mix of Ds, dropped classes and As. She tends to take elective classes that deal with myths and legends, so that she can research or write about unicorns. She gets As in those classes.

Kimmy is heavily into cosplay. She travels frequently to culture conventions where cosplay or “furry” culture is featured, driving long distances by herself to attend.

She always goes as the same character: a sort of humanoid, fiery unicorn. Kimmy dresses up in a *very* skimpy red bikini and knee high go-go boots, paints herself head to toe in orange paint and body glitter, and adds flame accents and a glowing red horn. At these events, she only appears in full costume, goes only by the name Brightstar the Unicorn, and is extremely promiscuous with members of both genders. Kimmy tends to remember little of these incidents later, blotting out these events through a haze of party drugs like ecstasy as well as alcohol. She takes no i.d. with her, tells no one her real name, pays cash for everything, and leaves abruptly at the end.

The last few conventions that she attended have, “coincidentally”, suffered from unsolved disappearances that are worrying relatives and baffling local police. No bodies have been found, and no one has put the pieces together yet. Careful detective work might reveal that only a few people were at all of these conventions, including Brightstar the Unicorn. However, Brightstar did not check into a room and paid cash for everything, and no one knows who Brightstar is, other than that she is a friendly, tiny little redhead who couldn’t have hurt the burly men who are missing. No one has made anything yet out of the scorch marks found out in the alleys

where the cosplayers would go to smoke and make out.

At the base of her spine, where a “tramp stamp” tattoo would be found, Kimmy/Brightstar has an amazing and bizarre piece of artwork that, to all but the closest observation, appears to be a fantastic tattoo. It is on full display when she is in costume as Brightstar, but otherwise, she avoids exposing her lower back. It isn’t a standard tattoo: it is a complex illustration of a flame shrouded unicorn, done painstakingly in burn scars instead of ink, interspersed with Phoenician script identifying the unicorn as Melqart, Lord of the City, and prophesying his fiery return. A *Cthulhu Mythos* roll suggests that certain debased elements in ancient Tyre worshipped Cthugha, the Living Flame, clothed in Melqart worship, and sought to bring it forth to cleanse the Earth by fire of its false gods.

Now Kimmy has a problem, and she is quite out of sorts in either guise. The problem is a positive pregnancy test, but the only “person” she has been with lately (that she can remember, at least) is Bernard. He may be her boyfriend, but he’s a unicorn who only she ever sees, so she doesn’t see how he could be responsible. That just wouldn’t make sense.

The Truth: Kimmy Neuheisel is an example of what happens when well-meaning social workers intercede with a sick family involved with worshipping a Mythos being—in this case, Cthugha—without really understanding what they are dealing with. Her parents were deeply involved with the worship of Cthugha, in its guise as the ancient Phoenician god Melqart. Kimmy came to the attention of the authorities at the age of ten, when she did not return to school for the fifth grade. Her parents claimed that they had decided to home school her, but had not filed the proper paperwork to do so. Suspecting abuse when she saw all the burns on the parents, the social worker surreptitiously gave Kimmy a gross visual inspection and found the fresh branding on her lower back. The social worker ran from the house; her parents were arrested as their house mysteriously caught fire when the police closed in; and Kimmy was made a ward of the state (after receiving insufficient psychotherapy that assumed she was a simple victim of child abuse).

In fact, Kimmy had been consecrated that summer as the Beloved of Melqart, in a hideous ritual involving burnt offerings to Melqart, including of kidnapped infants. As Beloved of Melqart, Kimmy became a vessel who, in ten years’ time,



was foretold to be instrumental in bringing forth Melqart to cleanse the world. Part of the ritual required branding her with a symbol of a burning, unicorn-like creature, marking her as sacred to Melqart. As the Beloved, she is watched over by a Child of Melqart, an unusually capable Fire Vampire which guards her, gives her advice, and immolates anyone who harms her. Her damaged psyche interprets the Child as a fiery unicorn, like the one on her back, and she has named him Bernard. (It's a pun). Bernard progressed from "imaginary" childhood friend and mentor to a more intimate kind of relationship as Kimmy grew older.

Neuheisel is a surname that Kimmy picked up in foster care; the name on her birth certificate is Kimberley Baalshazar. This name also appears on her school records, her I-9 (papers one signs when one begins employment in the U.S.), her driver's license, and other official records that the investigators might snoop into. She insists on being called Neuheisel, however.

Appropriate research into court records or criminal databases will not find anything under Kimmy's real name (those records are sealed), but will find both criminal records and termination of parental rights records against Josiah Baalshazar

and Bridget O'Leary Baalshazar, her father and mother. These date from ten years ago, when Kimmy was ten years old, and do make occasional references to a juvenile referred to by the initials "K.B." Her father was a Syrian immigrant; her mother was of Irish descent. The charges include conspiracy to commit arson in connection with a plot to burn down several churches in the area; and felony child abuse for "tattooing a ten year old with a firebrand." Both parents were found guilty but mentally ill and committed to mental institutions. If tracked down, both strangely died in fires shortly after their commitment. (They were assaulted and incinerated by Bernard in their padded cells).

People who might remember the K.B. case, such as old police officers, the social worker, or the prosecuting attorney, recall that the Baalshazars were some kind of religious fanatics, worshipping some ancient Middle Eastern fire deity called Melqart. Conventional research reveals that Melqart was a popular Phoenician god during Antiquity, and the results of *Cthulhu Mythos* research are discussed above.

Her last child protective services case worker, Robert DiStefano, was under suspicion for abusing his female charges. Mention of this might be found in newspa-

pers. He mysteriously disappeared shortly before Kimmy left for college. No body has been found. DiStefano was incinerated by Bernard when he tried to abuse Kimmy.

Bernard usually repays slights against Kimmy when Kimmy is not there, although the cosplayers who have been trying to take advantage of her while she was drunk and/or stoned more recently required more immediate intervention and DiStefano was dealt with in the course of his misconduct. Note that Bernard will swoop down and assault even someone in close quarters with Kimmy, if necessary, since she is largely immune to fire. This is not something that Kimmy is generally aware of at the time (although Bernard tells her later what he has done), although she did wish harm on her parents when she was 10 years old and DiStefano was killed (at risk of a pun) in *flagrante*.

PLOT SEEDS USING KIMMY NEUHEISEL

I. CONFLICT WITH JANICE

Kimmy Neuheisel is best used as an eccentric NPC and a subplot that does (at risk of another pun) a slow burn. Introduce her a few times and have her start babbling about unicorns, a subject about which she knows a ridiculous amount.



After a while, though, Janice finally gets tired of all the unicorns, and tosses one of Kimmy's stuffed unicorns down the garbage chute. Kimmy is furious and a verbal altercation ensues in front of witnesses, during which Kimmy wishes that Janice would just get hit by a bus and get out of her life, in front of numerous witnesses. Bernard zaps Janice with the Evil Eye at an opportune moment and she stumbles out in front of a bus. Janice is hospitalized and forced to drop out of school. Kimmy is childishly satisfied and might acknowledge this if the investigators have made her acquaintance or ask after her roommate's well-being, the first sign that something is not quite right with her.

2. THE PERFECT ALIBI

Eventually, a fairly diligent police detective looking into a string of mysterious disappearances at cosplay conventions comes looking to talk to Kimmy. They figure out who she is from surveillance camera footage and solid detective work. She is not a suspect, but the detective simply wants to talk to her because she was at all of the conventions. She strikes him as odd and he resolves to investigate further, but is attacked in a spectacular fashion in his car on the way out of town by Bernard, while Kimmy is at work in full sight of numer-

ous witnesses. The detective spontaneously combusts in his car (witnesses see him ignite) and the ensuing car wreck kills five people. More detectives follow, perhaps questioning Kimmy in front of the investigators, but her alibi is airtight. Perhaps she was even serving them coffee at the time, waving the criminal investigation right in front of their faces. The detectives' questions (if the investigators get questioned themselves, such as will happen by asking the detectives what is going on) expose her cosplay activities, and yet another person who has annoyed Kimmy has met a mysterious fate.

3. THE BLESSED EVENT

Some months later, Kimmy is obviously pregnant, and as her due date approaches, a bunch of nut jobs start to drift into town. They watch from afar, start frequenting her coffee shop, set up a transient camp, and just keep congregating. They are insane worshippers of Cthugha, deranged firebugs out on probation, fervent adherents of Melqart, and perhaps even an apocalypse predicting doomsayer or two. If Kimmy becomes threatened in any way at this time, someone gets burned by Bernard.

Whether some avatar of Cthugha is about to be born onto the Earth, sweeping it for the End Times, or if Kimmy just

got pregnant at a cosplay convention, is up to you. But either way, she has no idea what the fuss is about, although if asked who the father is, she continues to believe it is Bernard. Whether she lets slip that she thinks that Bernard is a "fiery unicorn" who has gone from childhood companion to lover is up to you as well.



*Like a lion, without fear of the
howling pack; Like a gust of
wind, ne'er trapped in a snare;
Like a lotus blossom, ne'er sprin-
kled by water; Like me, like a
unicorn, in solitude roam.*

Hymn of Buddha



KIMMY NEUHEISEL, BELOVED OF MELQART

STR	10	CON	14	SIZ	10	POW	18
DEX	12	INT	16	APP	14	HP	12
SAN	20	EDU	13	Luck	90	Age	20

Damage Bonus: +0

Education: G.E.D, some undergraduate college

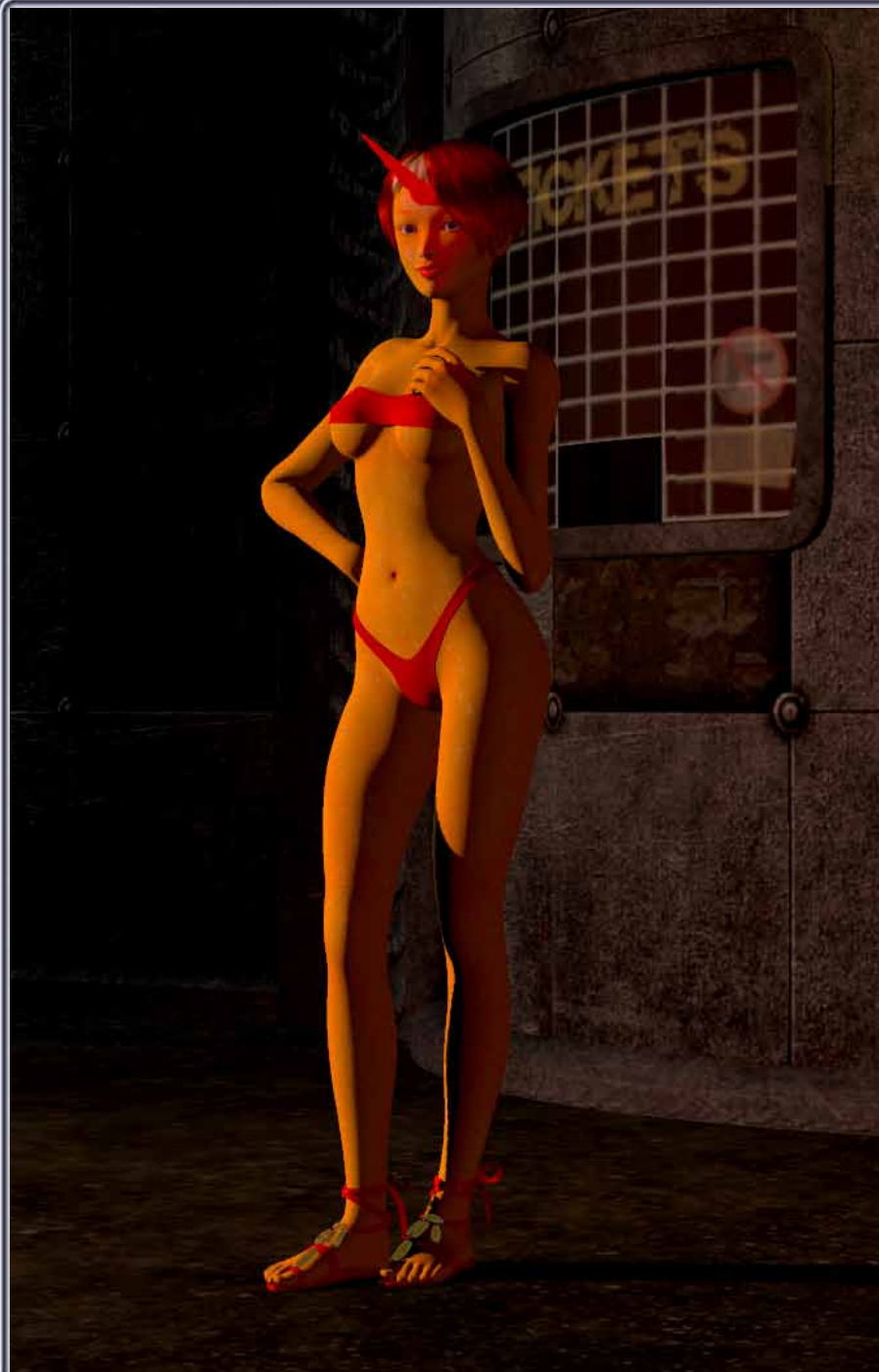
Skills: Computer Use 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 45%, History 40%, Library Use 70%, Listen 45%, Occult 30%, Own Language (English) 80%, Other Language (Aramaic) 20%; Persuade 40%, Photography 40%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 60%, All Things Unicorn 90%.

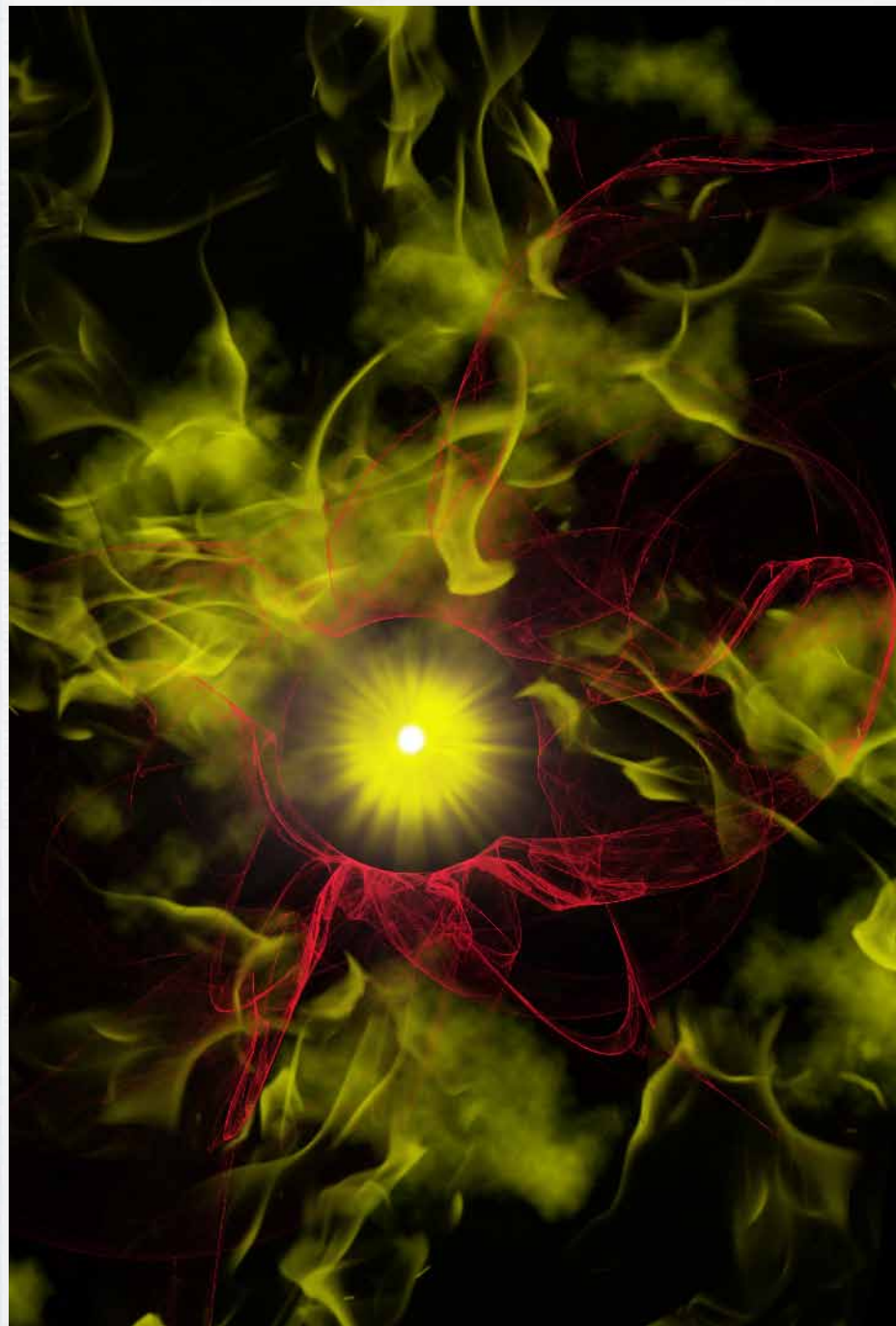
Attacks: None above base.

Defense: As the Beloved of Melqart, Kimmy is constantly watched, from a distance when she is not alone, by a bound Fire Vampire. She has rationalized its presence by categorizing it as an imaginary friend from her childhood, which she calls Bernard the Unicorn. Over time, her attachment to Bernard has progressed into something romantic. If Bernard is ever dispelled or killed, Kimmy knows a special rhyme in Aramaic that calls him back from "unicorn land." It's not the same Fire Vampire, of course, but it is to her and that's what matters. She is also immune to the first 10 points of fire damage in any round. People at the coffee house have seen her steam her hands by accident and not even flinch.

Spells: Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Call/Dismiss Cthugha

Indefinite Insanities: Dissociative Identity Disorder; Delusional Psychosis, Substance Abuse Disorder





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“BERNARD THE UNICORN”,
GUARDIAN FIRE VAMPIRE

STR	N/A	CON	07	SIZ	1	POW	18
DEX	17	INT	11	MOVE	9	HP	12

Attacks: Touch, 85%, damage 2d6 burning + 1d10 magic point drain.

Defense: Immune to most material weapons; water inflicts 1 hit point per half-gallon poured over it; a fire extinguisher does 1d6 points of damage; a bucket of sand does 1d3 points of damage.

Spells: Evil Eye, Call Cthugha (but not Dismiss)

San Loss: None normally; but hearing Bernard talk costs 0/1 SAN. Bernard speaks English in a *tinkly*, slightly electronic sounding voice when it chooses to. Seeing someone spontaneously combust costs 1/1d6 SAN.

Notes: Bernard generally stays hidden and keeps an eye on Kimmy from a distance. It is sworn to protect her, though, and (when it has an opportunity to strike unseen by anyone other than its victim or Kimmy herself), incinerates anyone who harms her. People who merely annoy or harass her instead get hit with the Evil Eye, as a first warning, resulting in freak accidents or Kimmy’s vocalized wishes for harm to befall them coming true.

Strikeface Part II



More Gear
By Phil Ward
For Dark Conspiracy®

Two miles outside camp, we met the first surprise of the day; a piece of desert floor came alive as a heavily camouflaged figure stood up right behind the LT. As we shook off the surprise and brought our rifles to bear, the LT screamed at us to hold fire.

Five more pieces of bush and dirt formed into vaguely humanoid forms carrying rifles, if they'd chosen, they could have taken us apart before we even realised we were in contact.

The visibly shaken LT, called the platoon to order "Men, this is the element we are here to support, Sergeant Eversman of the 1/75th Rangers and his team." The Sergeant gave a mocking salute and grinned tightly.

I learned a lot of history after I joined the guard; the first great depression when the stock market crashed, and the second when the banks went under, even the lean

"An unarmed man can only flee from evil, and evil is not overcome by fleeing from it."

Jeff Cooper

Late 20th century philosopher

green machine got skinnier after that. Government sat and debated a bail out while people's savings disappeared into the deep blue. By the time they finished, there wasn't a snowballs chance of making that ship sail again, and even the Air Force had to stop buying \$150 hammers.

These guys had the best gear I'd ever seen, tailored ACU's, personal comms, land warrior HUD's, even a selection of Unmanned Vehicles. One of them tapped at his land warrior, and three honest-to-goodness Big Dog UGVs shook off a layer of sand and loped towards us carrying even more gear.

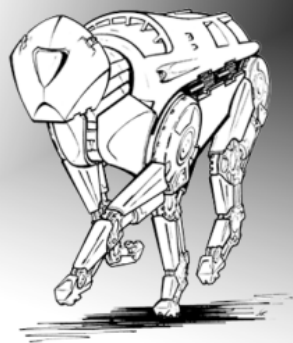
Our Observation Point was a gas stop on one of the back roads outside Laredo, the tanks were long dry and the shop abandoned, but useful idiots leave food, water and sunblock here. Of course after the Wall Act, it's a year of community labour for anyone caught supplying

"Of course evil is best overcome from a safe distance with the heaviest weapons available."

Zena Marley

21st Century Philosopher





LEGGED SQUAD SUPPORT SYSTEM

Load Bearing Robot (Non-vehicular robot): The Boswash Dynamic successor to the Big Dog drone, intended to carry 200kg's of a squads gear for 24 hours at a dead run. It can follow waypoints, navigates using LIDAR (Light Detection And Ranging) and is nearly impossible to tip over. In stealth mode it is near silent, but can only move at a walking pace.

Use the quadruped column on the Human/Animal Hit Table.

Damage Record

Head: Chest: Leg1:
 Leg 2: Leg 3: Leg 4:

Armour Values

Head: 2
 Chest/Abdomen: 2
 Arms/Legs: 2
Combat Move: 30/30

Initiative: 2
Agility: 6
Strength: 10
Constitutions: 10
Skills: Stealth 5, Navigation 5
Armament: None
Weight: 110 kg
Price: \$40,000 (R/V)
Night Vision: LIDAR

the immy's, but that doesn't stop the bleeding hearts. The illegal immigrants coming over the wall followed signs in the desert, found their way here and maybe they lived another day.

We dug into shady outbuildings and waited out the sun, dozing fitfully. The rangers were busy, laying out flexible solar panels atop the buildings, charging the high density batteries of their big dogs and other drones.

As the sun dropped beneath the horizon, they launched a recon net, tiny UAV's that could loiter overnight on a day's charge, they could see the immy's coming from miles off. Finally they settled down to wait, basking in the heat of the day rising off the baked scrub. As the light faded, we lost sight of them, but we knew they were out there, Night Vision turning the dark desert into green and black.

We waited a few hours, then they came, a handful of scrawny aztlaners carrying their worldly goods in scruffy packs. Nervous as a pack of coyotes, they stayed on the edge of the lot, scanning for threats, finally coming up to the buildings, nosing around for food and water.

When they were into the trap to get back out, we popped out of doors, up from



Initiative: 2
Agility: 4
Strength: 5
Constitutions: 8
Skills: Small Arms Rifle 6
Armament: Varies (see text)
Weight: 50-70 kg
Price: \$150,000 (--/--)
Night Vision: Camera, Image Intensifier, Spotlight

FOSTER-MILLER SWORDS

Combat Drone (Non-vehicular robot): The Special Weapons Observation Reconnaissance Detection system is a weaponised version of the Probe Drone (Dark Tek p90) operated by remote control.

Originally intended to provide infantry with an armed recon drone, the SWORDS could be mounted with an M249 SAW +200 rounds or an M240 +100 rounds or a Barret M82 with 20 rounds.

Today, the SWORDS is now often seen patrolling corporate facilities armed as above with a Taser in addition, its on-board targeting computer is extremely accurate.

Damage Record

Head: □□ *Chest:* □□
Abdomen: □□ *Legs:* □□□□

Armour Values

Head: 2
Chest/Abdomen: 2
Arms/Legs: 2
Combat Move: 24/18

behind walls, rifles sighted, screaming. Most of the immy's just froze to the spot, but one rabbited back towards the Rangers. Eversman popped up as he passed, close enough to tackle him, but instead he came up with a sidearm, and shot the immy through the leg.

He dragged the screaming immy back by his injured leg as we rounded the others up and stuck the plasticuffs on them.

DRONES

Unmanned vehicles, both the Arial and the Ground versions are extremely common Human Technology in the world of Dark Conspiracy. Many of those presented in Dark Tek are enormous high tech machines, here we present a few smaller, simpler drones.

RAMTECH UNMANNED VEHICLE CONTROL SYSTEM

This rugged wrist mounted computer enables the operator to command up to give drones to a radius of 2km, or further if connected to other radio gear. Drones can be ordered via waypoint and GPS, or set to

follow the operator, it does not allow for true teleoperation.

Wt: 0.5kg

Price: \$15,000 (R, S)

HEWLETT ZENITH REMOTE OPERATION UNIT

This attaché case sized computer/radio gear provides very basic telepresence operation of Drones, it consists of a communications base station, goggles and controller (much like popular games console controllers). With a range of up to 20km, it is nowhere near as effective as a Telepresence Operation Station, but much easier to carry into the field.

Wt: 5kg

Price: \$50,000 (R/S)



<i>Initiative:</i>	1
<i>Agility:</i>	2
<i>Strength:</i>	2
<i>Constitutions:</i>	2
<i>Skills:</i>	None
<i>Armament:</i>	None
<i>Weight:</i>	2 kg
<i>Price:</i>	\$40,000 (R/S)
<i>Night Vision:</i>	Night Vision Camera

FESTO AERO PENGUIN UAV

Surveillance Drone (Non-vehicular robot): Aptly named, this unmanned helium blimp looks like a flying silver penguin. It is often used for long term corporate security and surveillance, the underside carefully camouflaged (Difficult Observation to spot if not looking), the upper side covered in solar cells, it has effectively unlimited endurance.

Any damaging hit causes the penguin to crash the penguin does not cope well with poor weather.

Damage Record

Body:

Armour Values

Body : 0

Combat Move: 5



New skill from Dark Conspiracy III draft. Drafted from T2k!



MILITECH SURVEILLANCE ENTOMOPTER

Surveillance Drone (Non-vehicular robot): This tiny drone has two sets of wings, resembling a dragonfly and is a few centimetres across. It carries a tiny CCD camera, and is usually deployed in large numbers as it networks together to provide a complete surveillance net.

The Entomopter has an endurance of only one hour, and any physical damage renders it inoperable, spotting one takes a Difficult Observation check.

- Initiative:* 5
- Agility:* 8
- Strength:* 1
- Constitutions:* 1
- Skills:* Stealth 6
- Armament:* None
- Weight:* 0.01 kg
- Price:* \$5,000 (R,S)
- Night Vision:* Camera

Damage Record

Body:

Armour Values

Body : 0

Combat Move: 24/18

RCV OPERATIONS -- EDU

The RCV (remotely commanded vehicle) Operations skill allows the character to control weapons or vehicles from a remote location. The limitations imposed by reliance on sensors mounted in the remote vehicle, the absence of subtle sensory inputs such as motion and the time-lag built into the control transmissions make RCV Operations very difficult without training. This means that there is no default or level zero (0) skill level allowed.

RCV Operations is always combined with another skill, such as Pilot, Ground Vehicle, Tac Missile, etc., depending upon the type of RCV that is being controlled. The firing of weapons from such vehicles works the same way, and is rolled against RCV Operations and Heavy Gun, RCV Operations and Heavy Weapon, etc., depending upon the weapons mounted on the remote vehicle.

The interpretation of sensors mounted in these vehicles does not require the use of the RCV Operations skill, as the data is sent directly to the control station and can be read there.



FESTO SMARTBIRD

Surveillance Drone (Non-vehicular robot): This bird like drone can carry a camera for up to three hours on one charge. IT's faster than an air penguin, but

Initiative: 3

Agility: 8

Strength: 1

Constitutions: 1

Skills: None

Armament: None

Weight: 0.5 kg

Price: \$20,000 (R/S)

Night Vision: Night Vision Camera

Damage Record

Body:

Armour Values

Body: 0

Combat Move: 15

**DARK[®]
CONSPIRACY**

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BK1-95



Autopsy: 3



A Review
By Tad Kelson

Autopsy 3 is the latest in the series from James 'Grim' Desborough through his **Postmortem Studio**

Autopsy 3 is the last, as the author states, of the themed issues of his irregularly produced support magazine. From this point on he is changing the format as well as a more general feel to the articles, vice having a theme to them. So the topic for this issue is Violence as it relates to the RPG Hobby. This is naturally a very pertinent topic to gamers, as violence to some degree is central to the hobby, as the author points on early in this document.

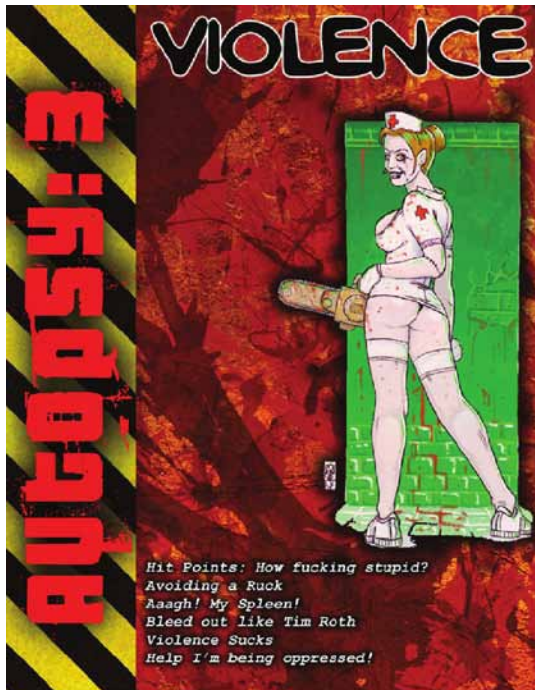
In construction, there are multiple short articles in this issue covering a multitude of points ranging from outright violence, death, injuries, to a discussion on hit points versus wound thresholds, alternatives to violence in an RPG setting, discussions on torture and various forms of corporal and lethal punishment, an article on risks and rewards, as well as official errata and combat updates to his *Blood!* and *Xpress* game systems. These range from a couple of pages long to more sizeable articles. The opening ones are penned, presumably, by Grim, showcasing his perspective as well on these themes in his RPGs he produces.

Additionally there are two articles from other authors, one on *Violence in Roleplaying* written by Michael Garcia and the other are some *Musings on Violence* by Ian Warner. These both cover excellent points and aspects of real life situations and suggest ways to apply them to a game or setting. These have the most applicability to Fantasy in my opinion, covering as they do some medieval concepts as well.

Overall this is quite a bargain at \$1.99. There is some great art from Bradley K. McDevitt. A couple of these pieces are not NSFW in my opinion. Two of them are not for minors in this parent's opinion. Still the images work well with the topic and the look and layout on page 14 is poignant. Issues 1 and 2 both are still available on RPGNow.com each for \$2.50.

Grim does a great job writing and delivering a quality piece of work. I recommend picking it up for use in all RPG settings. It should have the most import, in my personal opinion, on Modern and Horror gaming. With clear and concise tips and written illustrations *Autopsy 3* has excellent applicability to those genres. There are tons of historical suggestions for the Fantasy Genre based gamers that purchase this. Having read this 3rd issue I am looking for-





Autopsy: 3

\$1.99

26 total pages

3.13 meg

Written by James 'Grim' Desborough

Art by Bradley K McDevitt

Available on RPGNow.com

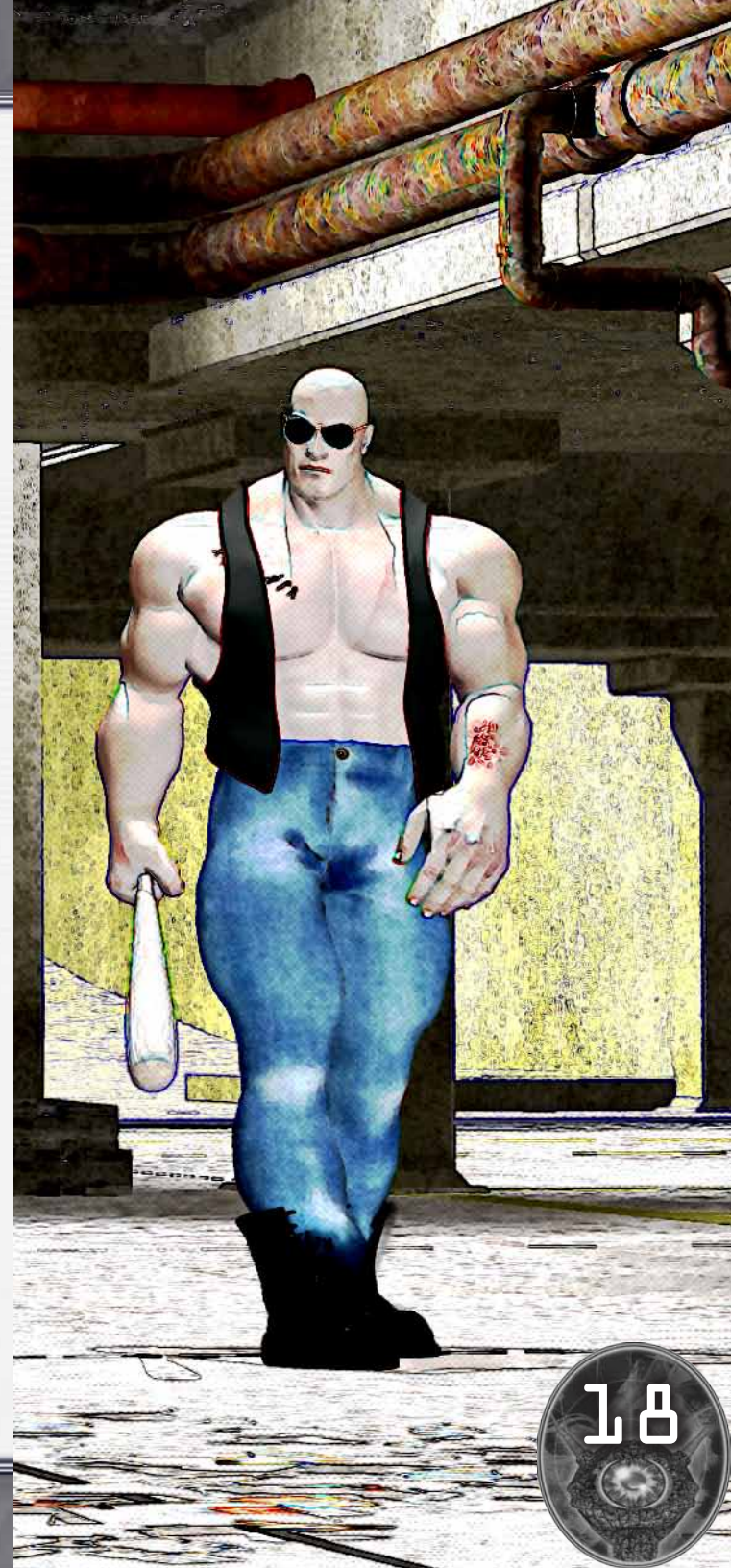
ward to going back and picking up the first two issues of *Autopsy* and see what I have missed.

As an added benefit there are coupons in the issue good for \$3 off purchasing his *Fate* based *Agents of S.W.I.N.G.*, as well as for the game *Tough Justice*.

A shorter version of this review was posted on RPGNow.com



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The King is Dead

Long Live the Risen



A Deadworld
By Dave Schuey
For All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

In his office atop the Sears Tower in Chicago, Lawrence Orin Kenneth Ingersöl sipped from a glass of wine while he watched the populace below in their panic. Across the room, Patty reclined on the sofa.

"It is perhaps the greatest trick in history, my love." She said.

"Do you think? I'm not sure. It is certainly great, I admit."

"You're joking, to be sure?" She got up and joined him at the window. Its cool glass brought goose bumps to her skin. "You have tricked Marcus into killing your father, and now the dead walk the Earth unfettered."

"Yes, it is a grand joke. I am sure he is cursing us both this morning."

Just as Lawrence spoke these words, the intercom sounded. He walked to his desk and touched a button. "Yes?"

The sound of gunfire and screams were concealed only slightly by a man's voice. "Sir! There is a disturbance in the lobby! "

"No doubt, Ivan. As I understand it, the world has become a George Romero film this morning. Isn't that your job as head of security?"

"No sir! I mean, yes sir. But that's not the disturbance. There's a man down here, he was demanding to see you, and then he... started shooting."

"Aah...that would be Marcus. I was expecting him."

"You were..." But Ivan did not finish his question as a shot rang out very close to the phone and there was a loud thump. Then a new voice spoke.

"I'm coming for you Loki. You and Apate. You tricked me. I had no idea this would happen."

Lawrence chuckled. "By all means, Mars, if you insist on being so familiar. Please take the elevator."

Lawrence turned to Patty and raised his wine glass to his lips. "Let's make this quick, dear. We're having brunch with Kali at ten o'clock."

NOTE: This campaign is full-blown All Flesh Must Be Eaten. It is meant to include Inspired, as the very nature of the Rise is metaphysical. It also begins six months into the Zombocalypse so Survivor characters should be welcome, even common.

HISTORY

The old gods are real and walk among us, usually anonymously. For the most part they do not associate with one another, although there are friendships, rivalries and the occasional gathering. It was at one of these that Odin became boastful of his power at the urging of Loki. Mars proposed a friendly combat but had been slipped an artifact called The Deus Mortis, or God Killer, by Apate. Mars won, but inadvertently killed Odin, freeing the souls of the dead to begin returning to their bodies. When this was not possible they become ghosts. Moreover, with no one to harvest souls, people stopped dying.

The fight between Odin and Mars took place on December 1, 2014. Almost immediately, some souls began the journey back from the afterlife to find their bodies. Others, as they were freed from their flesh, found no one to meet them or take them away. In most cases, they re-entered their bodies right there and then. It took a varying amount of time for them to figure out how to move, but upon waking they found themselves drawn to the living.

The government tried to hold things together for two days. Warnings, advisories, and statements were made in the hours after the first Risen appeared. By the begin-

ning of the second day a state of emergency was declared. After that, things just fell apart. Despite their combat training, soldiers found it exceedingly difficult to fire upon American civilians, even dead ones. That hesitation cost millions of lives.

Cities were evacuated, as much as could be, but this simply transferred the population of those cities to the countryside, where more people died, then reanimated. It was soon discovered that the “head shot” stopped the Risen from moving. While this at least was a course of action, it provided no answers to the general public concerning the cause for the event.

As the weeks passed and civilization collapsed, the CDC announced that it could find no medical explanation for the reanimation. The Christian Church announced that mankind had finally entered “The End Times” and Atheists blamed extraterrestrials. The airwaves were chaotic.

One voice rose above the din. Oddly enough, it was that of Rush Limbaugh. He claimed to have foreseen the coming tragedy, preparing himself a fortified secret studio in which to ride out the end, broadcasting the entire time. He offered no explanation, although he claimed to know what had happened. After weeks of dangling this information with no hints,

most chalked it up to hubris and ignored his claim. Nevertheless, as one of the few remaining voices on the airwaves, his listeners are loyal.

THE STATE OF THINGS TODAY

Estimates are from 4.5 to 5 Billion people have been killed in the past six months. Most have reanimated. The number of previously dead who have returned to ambulation is perhaps ten times that. Decomposition continues apace, so some of the older Risen are falling by the wayside from natural causes. The actions of the world’s military and armed populace have made little impact.

The greatest impact has been by those nations willing to nuke cities within their borders (or outside them, in some cases). This, however, usually kills living humans as well, so its value is debatable.

There is still no information on the cause of the reanimation, but of note is a report from December 2, 2014 that one corpse, has not reanimated.

His name was Zed Norten. He apparently led a quiet life. This one-eyed homeless wanderer was found with his pet raven in an alley in Los Angeles. He had no identification, but was recognizable to the police

in the area. He had been stabbed in the chest, but appeared to have been in a fight shortly before his death. Even six months later, his body lies in a cold locker at the L.A. Coroner's Office.

THE RISEN:

The corpses that become Risen are re-animated because there is a spirit causing them to move. If that spirit is long dead, it is likely already mad, craving the Life Energy of the living through consumption of the flesh. Some spirits, at the whim of the Zombie Master, may be immune to this madness. This should only be used rarely

and for either dramatic or comedic effect. The recently dead may remain sane for a time after returning, but it is a downward spiral. The more they give in to the urge to devour human flesh, the more difficult it becomes to resist. Further, giving in to this compulsion also feeds the madness.

For the Risen, the living seem to glow. This light is their Life Energy (LPs). It cannot be absorbed by contact. The flesh of the living must be consumed in order for this energy to be taken. A Risen individual will feel a hunger soon after they return to their bodies. They often do not realize for several minutes what they are hungry for. Upon realizing they crave the flesh of the living, they must make increasingly difficult Willpower rolls to avoid the obvious course of action.

Initial Willpower Roll Difficulty (9)

Roll is retested every **five minutes** and the Difficulty increases by one level.

Their Intelligence and Willpower scores continue to decline in the minutes after rising at a rate of **1 per 5 min-**

utes. It is unheard of for a Risen to remain rational for more than 30 minutes.

The Risen are generally slow, but recent victims may still retain their speed. They are generally unintelligent, but again, if killed recently they may still be able to think. However, the acceptance of their flesh eating desires represents a fundamental moral defeat for most, which leads to a decline in mental capacity.

They often return with Powers per the AFMBE rule book, and a chart is supplied here. Feel free to modify or expand upon it.

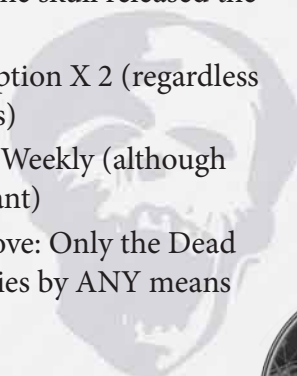
For the Zombie Master's convenience, a chart detailing 6 distinct levels of zombie is provided, as well as the common factors most zombies possess.

The common factors:

- ☠ Bite Damage: D4x2 (unless toothless, like some aged)
- ☠ Weak Spot: Head (but not the brain. Simply opening the skull released the spirit)
- ☠ Life Sense: Perception X 2 (regardless of sensory organs)
- ☠ AFMBE: *Needed Weekly* (although the urge is constant)
- ☠ Spreading The Love: Only the Dead (everyone who dies by ANY means comes back)

1D10	Ability	Strength
1	98 lb Weakling	1
2	Strong Like Bull	4
3	Monstrous Strength	7
4	Damage Resistant	½ Dmg*
5	Flame Resistant +1	½ Dmg
6	Flame Resistant +3	No Dmg
7	Iron Grip	Gripping Str. 10
8	Claws	D6XStr AP, Slashing
9	Teeth	-3 to hit close cmbt, 6 Dmg
10	The Hug of Death	-2 to hit close cmbt, Hugging Strength 10; D4X10 per turn

*Applies to all damage sources except fire and chemicals.



Levels of Zombie

	Fresh	Embalmed	1 Week	1 Month	2 Months	Desiccated
Strength	2	2	2	2	2	1
Dexterity	1	1	1	1	1	1
Constitution	2	3	2	1	1	1
Intelligence	2	1	1	1	0	-1
Perception	1	1	1	1	1	1
Willpower	2	1	1	0	0	-1
DPs	26	30	26	22	22	18
Speed	6	8	6	4	4	4
Essence	10	9	8	6	5	2
Power	6	6	6	6	6	-5
Getting Around	Lifelike	Lifelike	Slow&Steady	S&S	S&S	S&S

a player character may acquire Haunted.

If the PC fails a standard Willpower (9) roll while sleeping, the haunting spirit has stolen 1D3 of Life Points.

Ghosts turn Life Energy into Essence and use that Essence to fuel any Powers they may have learned. In addition to Manifest, ghosts often learn Powers such as Telekinesis and Pyrokinesis. These may be assigned as the Zombie Master deems necessary.

GHOSTS:

Ghosts are generally invisible, but some have developed the Manifest Power, and if they have enough Essence they may appear visually. They are not solid, however. There is always a "cold spot" when a ghost is present.

Ghosts have no physical attributes or Life Points. They are comprised of Intelligence, Perception, Willpower, Essence, Non-physical Qualities/Drawbacks and Skills. Some also have Powers. They move at the speed of thought, which is to say as fast as they want to.

Ghosts cannot feed upon the flesh of the living, and are therefore often more sane than the Risen. However, they feel the hunger just as strongly, and many have figured out a way to steal Life Energy without the consumption of flesh.

Ghosts can haunt the living. This is typically visited upon a family member or descendant, but can also be inflicted upon someone who has an extreme obsession with the Ghost's former identity. This is because in these cases the psychic bond is stronger. Anyone who takes the Haunted Quality/Drawback gets a Ghost immediately. Under the right circumstances,

GODS:

Gods are the embodiments of metaphysical concepts. In most civilizations gods are responsible for several of these concepts. There are very few gods who have been adopted whole cloth by another civilization, but most civilizations have a god for each metaphysical concept that is important to them.

The gods still walking the Earth are defined by the metaphysical concept for which they now have responsibility. Which is to say there is only one god of Death, one god of War, one god of Love, etc. In cases

where multiple gods or goddesses shared a responsibility from one civilization to another, one god has assumed the responsibility of one concept, while the other(s) has taken over one of the other responsibilities. There are very few instances of gods or goddesses who were exact copies of another civilizations, but in those cases, it turns out that the same physical being was playing both roles.

At some point in the ancient past, after the civilizations that worshipped them had passed away, the remaining gods split up their responsibilities. This is known as the Olympian Convocation. At this gathering, duties were agreed upon, treaties were made and guidelines for behavior set in place. Loki was noticeably absent.

Gods are, in most cases, perfect physical specimens. Only where it was essential to their worshippers that they not be does this deviate. Also, certain metaphysical wounds never heal, hence Odin's missing eye no matter how many bodies he went through. In cases of Possession or Rebirth the very instance of entering the new body causes old wounds to be inflicted upon the new vessel.

They are usually mentally fit as well, with exceptions per the same reasons as above. Their skills within their area of responsibil-

ity are unequalled, but they are not necessarily good at everything. However, they are ancient, and have been learning for all that time, at least those things they choose to learn.

Under no circumstances can a god return from the dead, however, the Deus Mortis, or God Killer artifact may only truly kill them. Historical accounts where a god is said to have returned from the dead result only from the perceptions of the observers who were unaware of the metaphysical conditions under which a god exists.

Gods receive Essence from their worshippers, but in the modern day, true belief is rare. When they do have them, those worshippers may allocate as many points of Essence for the use of their god as they wish, so long as they keep **one** for themselves. The amount of Essence allocated reflects the amount of time the worshipper spends in prayer and thought about the god, or devotion.

All gods have the Immortal and Old Soul Qualities.

Presented here are a two gods and a goddess to give an idea of their power level.

MARS

Prior to the Rise, Marcus roamed the world as a soldier and mercenary. On the field for virtually every major or minor engagement for the last 3000 years, he almost always turned the tide for the winner. After his defeat of Odin, he learned very quickly his mistake. He fought his way through countless zombies to find Loki, only to be cheated of revenge by a trapped elevator. He now searches for those who might aid him in setting the world right.

THOR

Thor has spent most of his long life in the frozen wastes to the north. Occasionally venturing into civilized realms he has picked up a few modern skills, such as piloting, but largely remains an anachronism. He felt the moment his father died and began a search for his father's killer. He found Mars and the two battled, until it was revealed that Mars had fallen victim to one of Loki's tricks. Thor relented, having himself been the butt of Loki's ruses in the past. Now he has vowed to help Mars in his quest to defeat Loki and end the madness.

Special: Mjolnir is Thor's magical hammer. It is a powerful weapon that resides in the Metaphysical realm and can be called

Name	St	Dx	Cn	In	Pe	Wl	LP	EP	Spd	Ess
Marcus (Mars)	7	7	7	7	10	10	81	77	28	171

Qualities / Drawbacks

Adversary	5	Resistance: Poison	3
Charisma	4	Resistance: Disease	3
Contacts	5	Resistance: Fatigue	3
Fast Reaction Time	2	Secret	2
Hard To Kill	5	Situational Awareness	2
Honorable	3	Immortal	5
Multiple Identities	2	Gift	5
Nerves of Steel	3	Increased Essence Pool	5
Reckless	2	Old Soul	10

Metaphysics

Eye of the Storm	10	Strength of Ten	10
Spirit Armor	10	Godfire	10
Reformation	10	Rebirth	10
Possession	10	Cadre	10

Skills

Acrobatics	10	Hand Weapon: Club	10
Martial Arts	10	Hand Weapon: Foil/Rapier	10
Climbing	10	Hand Weapon: Knife	10
Craft: Weaponsmith	10	Hand Weapon: Spear	10
Demolitions	10	Hand Weapon: Staff	10
Dodge	10	Hand Weapon: Sword	10
Driving	10	Hand Weapon: Bow	10
Escapism	10	Hand Weapon: Crossbow	10
Guns: Handguns	10	Intimidation	10
Guns: Rifles	10	Language: Greek	10
Guns: Shotguns	10	Language: Latin	10
Guns: SMG	10	Language: French	10
Guns: MG	10	Language: German	10
Guns: Heavy Weapons	10	Language: Italian	10
Hand Weapon: Axe	10	Language: Russian	10
Myth and Legend: Humanity	10	Notice	10
Riding	10	Running: Dash	10
Stealth	10	Streetwise	10
Swimming	10	Survival: All	10
Throwing: All	10		

forth with a successful Willpower roll (9) by Thor. In combat it does 10D10 damage either as a Hand Weapon or a Thrown Weapon. When thrown it automatically returns to Thor's hand, should he wish it. Only Thor may wield Mjolnir. For all others it will become immobile, appearing to weigh in excess of 100 tons.

ATHENA

Athena was a California feminist and spiritual leader before the Rise. She had not revealed herself as a deity, but rather preached a message of metaphysical self-reliance. Her "church" was small but loyal, and consisted mainly of women. After the Rise she and her followers relocated to Alcatraz Island and she revealed who she really was. From this secure locale she is collecting information and formulating plans. As a warrior, she resembles her brother Mars, but her true responsibility is wisdom.

NEW QUALITY:

Immortal: A 5 point Quality usually unavailable to player characters, this simply represents the fact that the NPC is a god. This is the pre-requisite for the three common god powers Possession, Reformation and Rebirth.

NEW POWERS:

Rebirth: Like Possession, this power places the god's spirit in a nearby vessel. In this case, however, it is that of a fetal mortal, or unborn child. The unformed personality of the child is overridden, and the god is reborn normally when the baby comes to term (sometimes, if near enough to term, this event will send the mother into labor). The child is born with the knowledge that it is a god, and will behave appropriately. The child will have no further health issues, which in some cases may be remarkable, although the clever god will induce small injuries to hide their remarkable health. These children excel in most areas, but particularly in that for which they are responsible. Use of this power costs 25 Essence.

Possession: The second most Essence expensive method of returning from the destruction of a vessel, this power is used by a god to repair the damage to a "brain dead" mortal nearby. The god then inhabits the body as their own. Over time, the body will adjust to the level of physical perfection befitting that god. Using this power costs 50 Essence.

Reformation: At the highest end of a god's powers is that of Reformation. Using this power, the god literally builds a new body, usually (but not always) from the

matter that comprised his previous one. All wounds are healed and a new face, ethnicity and sex are possible. If the god has died in combat, this is obviously the fastest way to get back into the fray. However, it still takes just under an hour to accomplish, which is reduced 5 minutes per Level of Success. If in battle with hostile gods, this may not be the best strategy, as they will likely expect it and place a watch on the corpse. Using this power costs 100 Essence.

Godfire: Like the infamous fireball spell of modern myth, this power sends a mass of hyperexcited particles at a target in the god's line of sight. A ranged attack roll using this power's level is needed to hit, and damage is 1D6 per 10 Essence points spent, with no upper limit.

Eye of Insight: This power has several uses. Primarily, it finds the answers to questions. The cost for this is 5 Essence. It can also be used to "read" a mortal, giving the god access to all available facts about that person (Note: other gods are immune). The cost for this is 10 Essence. Lastly, it can be used to see the future, although the future is always murky and difficult to define. Sometimes a clear path presents itself, but usually there are too many variables. The cost for this is 20 Essence.

Name	St	Dx	Cn	In	Pe	Wl	LP	EP	Spd	Ess
Thorne (Thor)	8	6	7	4	7	8	70	74	26	115

Qualities / Drawbacks

Adversary	5	Humorless	1
Attractiveness	5	Nerves of Steel	3
Contacts	4	Obsession: Kill Brother	2
Depression	2	Reckless	2
Fast Reaction Time	2	Resistance: All	5
Hard to Kill	5	Secret	3
Honorable	3	Situational Awareness	2
Zealot	3	Berserker	3
Gift	5	Increased Essence Pool	5
Immortal	5	Old Soul	10

Metaphysics

Eye of the Storm	8	Spirit Armor	8
Strength of Ten	10	Reformation	8
Rebirth	8	Possession	6
Mjolnir	10		

Skills

Brawling	10	Survival: Arctic	10
Climbing	10	Throwing: All	10
Dodge	10	Tracking	10
Driving	5	Notice	6
Gambling	10	Occult Knowledge	8
Guns: All	5	Piloting: Small Jet	8
Haggling	8	Singing	7
Hand Weapons: All Except Foil	10	Storytelling	7
Intimidation	10	Language: English	3



Name	St	Dx	Cn	In	Pe	WI	LP	EP	Spd	Ess
Tina (Athena)	7	7	7	8	9	12	81	83	28	150

Qualities / Drawbacks

Charisma	4	Resistance: Poison	3
Contacts	5	Resistance: Disease	3
Fast Reaction Time	2	Resistance: Fatigue	3
Hard To Kill	5	Situational Awareness	2
Honorable	3	Immortal	5
Multiple Identities	2	Gift	5
Nerves of Steel	3	Increased Essence Pool	5
Old Soul	10		

Metaphysics

Eye of the Storm	10	Strength of Ten	10
Spirit Armor	10	Godfire	10
Reformation	10	Rebirth	10
Possession	10	Eye of Insight	10

Skills

Acrobatics	10	Swimming	10
Martial Arts	10	Throwing: All	10
Climbing	10	Hand Weapon: Club	10
Demolitions	10	Hand Weapon: Foil/Rapier	10
Dodge	10	Hand Weapon: Knife	10
Driving	10	Hand Weapon: Spear	10
Escapism	10	Hand Weapon: Staff	10
Guns: Handguns	10	Hand Weapon: Sword	10
Guns: Rifles	10	Hand Weapon: Bow	10
Guns: Shotguns	10	Hand Weapon: Crossbow	10
Guns: SMG	10	Intimidation	10
Guns: MG	10	Language: Greek	10
Guns: Heavy Weapons	10	Language: Latin	10
Hand Weapon: Axe	10	Language: English	10
Myth and Legend: Humanity	10	Notice	10
Riding	10	Streetwise	10
Stealth	10	Survival: All	10



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Cadre: Traveling with a god can be problematic, but fighting alongside one can be exhilarating. The god who has this power imbues those fighting for his cause in the immediate vicinity with a number of benefits. Firstly, they automatically ignore the first 4 points of damage from every hit. Second, they gain a +2 bonus to all tasks, as if they had 2 levels of Good Luck. Lastly, they gain a “Moral Bonus” of +2 versus any mental effects that might deter them from continued action. The cost to activate this power is 10 essence and the effects will last 1 hour.

Manifest: The ability to use one’s Willpower to gather photons into a discernable form is unique to Ghosts. Spending 20 Essence and making a Willpower roll (11) allows the Ghost to create a blurry form similar to that they had in life. Each Success Level increases either the time (additional turn), definition (+1 for others to recognize), or flexibility (changing features) of the projection.

Telekinesis: Not limited to Ghosts, this Power costs 5 character points. It is the ability to move objects at a distance by exciting the molecules surrounding said object. With the expenditure of 3 Essence the user may move 1 ounce of weight a distance of 1 foot. For each additional



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3 Essence or with every Success Level, one of these factors may be increased by 1. A Willpower roll (11) is required for basic success. The inherent danger is Overpowering. It is possible to excite the molecules too much, setting the object on fire. Therefore it is imperative to use only as much power as is needed. If successes or spent Essence is leftover, the Zombie Master should make a Combustion check

(Dif 9) using the object's Armor value as a roll modifier. Each unused ounce of weight or foot of distance equates to 1 point of damage should the Combustion check fail.

Pyrokinesis: As above, this power is not limited to Ghosts and costs 5 character points. This is the ability to cause objects to burn at a distance using only Willpower. It functions very much as above, except there

is no intent to move the object. The same Combustion check is made, and every 3 Essence spent and each Success level equates to one point of heat damage. Note: if the user wishes to excite object's *actual* molecules, its Armor value is added to the Difficulty of the Willpower roll rather than the Combustion check.

ARTIFACTS:

Deus Mortis (The God Killer): This object is said to have come out of Pandora's box, but that is only legend. When first encountered, it will be in the form of whatever weapon it was last commanded to be. When touched, it will take the form of an outstanding example of the type of weapon that the person holding it knows best (highest Weapon skill). However, it is not limited to this form. A successful Willpower roll (9) allows the user to change it to any weapon form they know. It functions as a +2 (attack and damage) version of that weapon, with the exception that should it kill a god in battle that god is TRULY dead. No power possessed by that god can cheat this effect, although powers that avoid the killing wound function normally.

The Heart of Chichen Itza: This massive (slightly smaller than a football) onyx ovoid was named for the location of its discovery, but no one knows where it truly originated. Modern mortals have no idea of its use or significance, but it can be used to trap the soul of a god without killing that god. It currently contains the soul of Atlacoya, a pre-Columbian goddess of drought. She will communicate telepathically with anyone holding the stone, offer-

ing them great power should they agree to be her vessel. It takes only skin contact with the stone, a Willpower roll (9) and acceptance of her offer for this transference to occur*. Trapping a god's soul is much harder. A metaphysical frame of mind (brought on by a chant that can be learned from Athena or perhaps a pre-Columbian god) and the Willpower rolls (11) of twelve mortals sucks the god's soul into the stone. The participants must surround the god to be trapped. If other god's participate in the chant, each one may be a substitute for three mortals. All Willpower rolls must be successful for the trap to activate.

* Atlacoya's offer is false. She will possess the mortal's body as per the power Possession, subsuming his personality, while retaining access to his Skills, Qualities, Drawbacks and Powers.

STORY IDEAS:

BUSINESS AS USUAL

The PCs are surviving as best they can in the post Rise world. Perhaps they have a secure hideout, like a fortified hotel, or they may be on the run. In any event they have settled into a daily routine that, for the most part, is working.

Then, with no warning, one of them, probably an Inspired, begins having a recurring dream. Each time the dream occurs (Willpower roll Dif 11 to suppress) it gets a little longer.

The dream begins in the eye of a man. The viewpoint pulls out to reveal a handsome blonde-haired, blue-eyed warrior of Nordic descent. He is dressed in torn clothes and has a number of weapons strapped to his body. He is firing a machine gun one handed and his other hand is outstretched. As the viewpoint recedes you see that he is atop what seems to be a billboard. He is firing at a huge mass of zombies on the ground. As the view pulls back farther, a massive hammer flies into view and the man catches it with his free hand. The angle changes and you see that the billboard is actually the Hollywood sign in California.

The viewpoint quickly travels to another man battling zombies. This one is dark-haired and rugged. He too, wears torn clothing and many weapons. He is fighting with swords, one in each hand. He moves with a quickness that is inconceivable, chopping off whatever zombie limbs and heads come into his range. A glee for battle burns in his eyes.

The viewpoint travels upwards and you see a man and a woman in a helicopter, apparently overlooking the battle below. They

are both dressed impeccably and are very attractive. The man's features are a bit angular, his eyes mischievous and his hair red. The woman has dark hair and stern features. She pilots the helicopter while the man makes silent comments about the events below.

The view zooms into a building and passes through its walls as it narrows. When it stops it is clear this is a morgue. Cold storage drawers line one wall and the viewpoint narrows on one of them. The name on the drawer is Norten, Z.

What they choose to do with this information is up to them. They may ignore it. If they are in Los Angeles they may investigate. Setting the game in L.A. is probably a bad idea as it makes things far too easy. However, if that is where you wish to play, having Odin meet his final reward in New York may be the solution. **The dream should be edited to accommodate for location change.**

I'M FROM OLYMPUS, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU

During one of the group's standard adventures looting and killing zombies, they encounter Mars and Thor in some sort of dramatic fashion. Perhaps the duo saves their bacon from a horde of undead. Perhaps they drive off with the group's

vehicle while they are away from it, only to return in the nick of time. Use your imagination and drop it in whenever it will seem best.

Of course Mars and Thor will introduce themselves by their common names, and will be in no rush to reveal that they are gods. However, in subsequent encounters their skill level in battle will be noticeable. Mars will tell them that he has been led to them by his dreams and that they must begin the quest to set the world right.

With a successful Notice (9) roll the PC who has been having the dream may recognize one of both of the gods. Mars will try to convince the PCs that they must flee with him to the airport where he knows of at least one working Lear jet. As it turns out it belongs to a corporation named Ingersoll Industries International. The PCs may be familiar with the multinational conglomerate, depending upon what they did before the Rise.

The corporation is wholly owned, of course, by Loki, and he has used it to amass a powerful organization and fortune. While many of his fellow gods and goddesses look down upon this use of his powers, under the terms of an agreement made 1000 years ago they are prevented from directly interfering in his affairs. In order to compete

they would need to do so under human rules, i.e. in the free market by starting their own business. Likewise, if Mercury chose to become a professional athlete, the only way another god could compete would be on the same field.

This story gets the PCs into the meat of the campaign. Crossing the country and the world contacting other gods and developing a plan to defeat Loki. There are several steps that may be taken. An artifact may be needed to capture Loki's spirit without killing him. This would be the Heart of Chichen Itza, which might be located under Machu Picchu, or anywhere else you might like. Using the Deus Mortis against him would result in a world without mischief and trickery, which might be problematic. Simply destroying his body would be no good because he could use one of his powers to return.

SHOWDOWN IN THE VALLEY

The likely end to the campaign would come when the PCs and whatever gods and goddesses they have enlisted in their cause journey to L.A. (or New York) to engage Loki and his forces for the final battle. While Loki does not control the zombies, they make a formidable barrier on their own. The forces Loki does have under his control are an army of convenience made

up of all surviving street gang members in the area.

Loki has not revealed himself to them, but has used his powers of persuasion to convince the gangsters that he is trying to help them and that the PCs are coming to kill them. They have surrounded the coroner's office with makeshift fortifications. Outside that is a wall of zombies.

The zombie problem can be ended in only one way. There must be a new god of Death. If Athena has been consulted this course will have been made clear. Otherwise, it should be presented as Mars' best guess. Someone must eat Odin's heart and impose his view of the afterlife on all souls entering. It cannot be another god either, or Loki would have done it.

Ideally, Loki's soul will be captured in the Heart of Chichen Itza and a new god of Death will walk the Earth. Then civilization can begin to rebuild. If Loki escapes then the campaign continues, but it is no longer really AFMBE. On the other hand, Loki could be captured but no new god of Death created. In this case it is likely that the gods and goddesses gathered by the PCs will disband and try to find a human willing to become the god of death. This will likely not take too long.



STALEY FLEMING'S HALLUCINATION

By Ambrose Bierce

From Project Guttenburg

Of two men who were talking one was a physician.

"I sent for you, Doctor," said the other, "but I don't think you can do me any good. May be you can recommend a specialist in psychopathy. I fancy I'm a bit loony."

"You look all right," the physician said.

"You shall judge - I have hallucinations. I wake every night and see in my room, intently watching me, a big black Newfoundland dog with a white forefoot."

"You say you wake; are you sure about that? 'Hallucinations' are sometimes only dreams."

"Oh, I wake, all right. Sometimes I lie still a long time, looking at the dog as earnestly as the dog looks at me - I always leave the light going. When I can't endure it any longer I sit up in bed - and nothing is there!"

"M, 'm - what is the beast's expression?"

"It seems to me sinister. Of course I know that, except in art, an animal's face in repose has always the same expression. But this is not a real animal. Newfoundland dogs are pretty mild looking, you know; what's the matter with this one?"

"Really, my diagnosis would have no value: I am not going to treat the dog."

The physician laughed at his own pleasantry, but narrowly watched his patient from the corner of his eye. Presently he said: "Fleming, your description of the beast fits the dog of the late Atwell Barton."

Fleming half-rose from his chair, sat again and made a visible attempt at indifference. "I remember Barton," he said; "I believe he was - it was reported that - wasn't there something suspicious in his death?"

Looking squarely now into the eyes of his patient, the physician said: "Three years ago the body of your old enemy, Atwell Barton, was found in the woods near his house and yours. He had been stabbed to death. There have been no arrests; there was no clew. Some of us had 'theories.' I had one. Have you?"

"I? Why, bless your soul, what could I know about it? You remember that I left for Europe almost immediately afterward - a considerable time afterward. In the few weeks since my return you could not expect me to construct a 'theory.' In fact, I have not given the matter a thought. What about his dog?"

"It was first to find the body. It died of starvation on his grave."

We do not know the inexorable law underlying coincidences. Staley Fleming did not, or he would perhaps not have sprung to his feet as the night wind brought in through the open window the long wailing howl of a distant dog. He strode several times across the

room in the steadfast gaze of the physician; then, abruptly confronting him, almost shouted: "What has all this to do with my trouble, Dr. Halderman? You forget why you were sent for."

Rising, the physician laid his hand upon his patient's arm and said, gently: "Pardon me. I cannot diagnose your disorder off-hand - to-morrow, perhaps. Please go to bed, leaving your door unlocked; I will pass the night here with your books. Can you call me without rising?"

"Yes, there is an electric bell."

"Good. If anything disturbs you push the button without sitting up. Good night."

Comfortably installed in an armchair the man of medicine stared into the glowing coals and thought deeply and long, but apparently to little purpose, for he frequently rose and opening a door leading to the staircase, listened intently; then resumed his seat. Presently, however, he fell asleep, and when he woke it was past midnight. He stirred the failing fire, lifted a book from the table at his side and looked at the title. It was Denneker's "Meditations." He opened it at random and began to read:

"Forasmuch as it is ordained of God that all flesh hath spirit and thereby taketh on spiritual powers, so, also, the spirit hath powers of the flesh, even when it is gone out of the flesh and liveth as a thing apart, as many a violence performed by wraith and lemure sheweth. And there be who say that man is not single in this, but the beasts have the like evil inducement, and -"

The reading was interrupted by a shaking of the house, as by the fall of a heavy object. The reader flung down the book, rushed from the room and mounted the stairs to Fleming's bed-chamber. He tried the door, but contrary to his instructions it was locked. He set his shoulder against it with such force that it gave way. On the floor near the disordered bed, in his night clothes, lay Fleming gasping away his life.

The physician raised the dying man's head from the floor and observed a wound in the throat. "I should have thought of this," he said, believing it suicide.

When the man was dead an examination disclosed the unmistakable marks of an animal's fangs deeply sunken into the jugular vein.

But there was no animal.



THE LONELY ROAD



A Solitary Adventure
By Jon Hook
For Call of Cthulhu®

PLAYER INFORMATION

This solo adventure is set during the classic roaring twenties era of Call of Cthulhu. Players can generate and play this adventure with any era appropriate character type. Or, you can talk to your Keeper, (and with their blessing), you can use your 1920's era campaign character and run him or her through this solo adventure between adventures orchestrated by your Keeper. Or, you may use the character provided, C. J. Young, private investigator (page 10).

It is dark and stormy night as your character drives back to Arkham alone during the midnight hour on Halloween Eve. Your character is driving a 1918 Type 57 Cadillac, unless your character has another car that he or she would rather use. You may reasonably equip your character with gear appropriate to the era and character occupation. In addition, your character has a recent newspaper, a thermos of hot coffee, and an umbrella in the car. In the trunk of the car are a flashlight and a 2' long tire iron. (See page 10.)

You will begin the adventure at story paragraph

one; the beginning of each story paragraph is headed by a bold number, i.e.: **1**. Each story paragraph ends with a note that lists the story paragraphs that continue your adventure, depending upon what choices you make or your skill check results. Skill names are listed in *italics*.

Your skill checks will result in one of several levels of success or failure: Touchdown, Success, Failure, or Fumble. Some of your skill check rolls may be modified, (positively or negatively), to compensate for the environment, injuries, and experiences, so be sure to modify your skill percentages before rolling the dice. Remember, with each successful skill check, you may mark that skill on your character sheet with a checkmark. Each skill check's result level is defined below.

For this adventure, you will use a modified Insanity Table for a more streamlined

SKILL RESULTS TABLE

result	definition
Touchdown	1/5th or less than the current skill value
Success	Equal to or less than the current skill value
Failure	Greater than the current skill value
Fumble	96% to 100%

C. J. YOUNG, Private Investigator

STR	15	INT	11	APP	12	Idea	55%	Hit Pts	14
CON	16	POW	12	EDU	14	Luck	60%	Magic Pts	12
SIZ	12	DEX	14	SAN	60	Know	70%	Dmg Bonus	+1d4

Skills

Accounting	10%	Disguise	20%	Listen	35%	Psychology	45%
Anthropology	01%	Dodge	38%	Locksmith	40%	Ride	05%
Archaeology	01%	Drive (Auto)	40%	Mech Repair	25%	Sneak	45%
Art (Sketch)	05%	Elect Repair	25%	Medicine	05%	Spot Hidden	35%
Astronomy	01%	Fast Talk	55%	Nat History	10%	Swim	25%
Bargain	75%	First Aid	30%	Occult	05%	Track	10%
Biology	01%	Geology	01%	OL: English	55%		
Conceal	30%	Hide	45%	Persuade	35%		
Chemistry	01%	History	25%	Pharmacy	01%		
Craft (Cooking)	05%	Jump	25%	Physics	01%	Handgun	65%
Credit Rating	15%	Law	55%	Photography	45%	Rifle	25%
Cthulhu Mythos	-	Library Use	25%	Psychoanalysis	01%	Shotgun	30%

Weapons

weapon	base skill	damage	base range	atts/rnd	HPs
Fist/Punch	60%	1d3+db	Touch	1	-
.45 Auto Pistol	65%	1d10+2	15 yards	1	8

In the Trunk

weapon	base skill	damage	base range	atts/rnd	HPs
Tire Iron	25%	1d8+db	Touch	1	20
Umbrella	25%	1d2+db	touch	1	3

game. If during the course of play, you lose five or more points of sanity, you will need to attempt an *Idea* check. If you fail your *Idea* skill check, then your poor mind has grasped a level of truth in the world that has snapped your mind a bit. So, if you have lost more than 5 SAN, and have failed your *Idea* check, then consult the Temporary Insanity Table below.

Should you lose more than 1/5th of your total sanity during the course of this adventure, then you have gone indefinitely insane; no *Idea* skill check is required. For Indefinite Insanity, roll on the Temporary Insanity Table above, but the effects are

permanent and last for the rest of the adventure.

Also, your first instance of Mythos-related insanity loss will add 5% to your Cthulhu Mythos skill. All further Mythos-related insanity loss will add 1% to your Cthulhu Mythos skill.

At the end of the adventure, if you have survived, then you may also be rewarded with a boost to your sanity. If you have survived the adventure, then you may increase your sanity by 1d10 for each Mythos creature you encountered. Also, increase your sanity by 1d6 for any unnatural creature

you encountered; and finally, increase your sanity by 1d3 for each mundane threat you encountered.

You may also roll to see if each skill successfully used in this adventure has also improved. To see if a successful skill has improved, attempt to roll *greater than* your current value in that skill. If you succeed in rolling greater than your current skill, you may then add 1d10 percentage points to that skill.

Now buckle-up and drive safely.

1.

Thunder rumbles in the distant black sky; your windshield wipers swipe and click a rhythmic pattern as you trundle along a lonely road back to Arkham. The rain is steady, but not torrential. Very little water leaks through the seams of your windows. You take a moment to check your timepiece and see that it is nearly midnight; you estimate that you are still an hour and a half away from reaching your destination. This is turning into a very long night, and a very long drive.

The pale yellow light from your headlights barely cuts into the night. An occasional flash of lightning helps illuminate the lonely narrow forest road you're on. Tall dark co-

TEMPORARY INSANTIY TABLE

roll 1d10	Result
1-2	Screaming fit for 1d3 turns/choices (unable to be silent or stealthy)
3-4	Laughs or cries hysterically for 1d6 turns/choices (unable to be silent or stealthy)
5-6	Ombrophobia- Fear of rain or of being rained on for 1d10 turns/ choices (try to make choices that get you out of the rain)
7-8	Achluophobia- Fear of darkness for 1d10 turns/choices (try to make choices that get you out of the darkness)
9-10	Hylophobia- Fear of forests for 1d10 turns/choices (try to make choices that get you out of the forest)

nifers and evergreens curtain both sides of the road. Your car rocks a little as the wind picks up, and your thermos bumps up against your thigh. You begin to juggle between steering the car and opening your thermos as you try to pour yourself another small cup of coffee. You thank your lucky stars for the all-night diner you passed fifteen miles ago so you could refill your thermos and finally get a copy of today's Arkham Gazette, (better late than never).

With three gulps, you're able to empty your cup of warm coffee. You're juggling between steering the car and sealing your thermos closed when a flash of lightening illuminates the road ahead again. A deer has leapt in front of your car! Make a *Drive Auto* skill check at -5% due to the rain.

Next:

If your skill check resulted in a Touchdown, go to 16.

If your skill check resulted in a Success, go to 2.

If your skill check resulted in a Failure, go to 3.

If your skill check resulted in a Fumble, go to 4.

2.

You slam on the brakes and crank the steering wheel over to the right. The deer leaps away, back into the safety of the dark woods. Your car skids off the road, into the soft muddy ditch. You come to a sudden and abrupt stop as a loud metallic crack echoes through the cabin of the car.

Thunder and lightening punctuate your predicament. With umbrella in hand, you get out of the car, retrieve your flashlight from the trunk, and begin looking for the source of the "crack" sound. With no effort whatsoever you find the source; your front-right wheel is nearly lying flat upon the grass, because it has broken free from the axle.

You're in the middle of nowhere, in a thunderstorm without transportation or help of any kind. You search your car and take stock of what you have available. You have your flashlight, umbrella, thermos, newspaper, tire iron (just in case), and a few other personal items. You're sitting in the car as you ponder your options.

Next:

If you choose to wait in the car for a while, go to 5.

If you choose to walk further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

3.

You slam on the brakes and crank the steering wheel over to the right. The deer leaps away, back into the safety of the dark woods. Your car skids off the road, into the soft muddy ditch. You come to a sudden and abrupt stop, slamming your chest against the steering wheel; additionally, a loud metallic crack echoes through the cabin of the car. Take 1 HP of damage.

Thunder and lightening punctuate your predicament. You catch your breath, and then exit the car with umbrella in hand. You retrieve your flashlight from the trunk and begin looking for the source of the "crack" sound. With no effort whatsoever you find the source; your front-right wheel is nearly lying flat upon the grass, because it has broken free from the axle.

You're in the middle of nowhere, in a thunderstorm without transportation or help of any kind. You search your car and take stock of what you have available. You

have your flashlight, umbrella, thermos, newspaper, tire iron (just in case), and a few other personal items. You're sitting in the car as you ponder your options.

Next:

If you choose to wait in the car for a while, go to 5.

If you choose to walk further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

4.

You slam on the brakes and crank the steering wheel over to the right, but it's to no avail! You slam into the deer as your car hydroplanes in a puddle of water. The deer is knocked into the darkness on the left side of the road as your car spins off the right side of the road. You feel the car take flight momentarily as it flips over into the muddy ditch. Your body flops and bounces around inside the cabin of car, smashing your head and chest against the steering wheel and windshield. Take 1d6 HP of damage.

You are knocked unconscious.

You wake up, a bit bloodied and bruised, but otherwise okay. You crawl out of the car; it is still dark and raining. You assume you were not unconscious for very long. You gather your things to take stock in what you have left; a flashlight, umbrella, thermos, newspaper, a tire iron, and a few other personal items. Not much.

Your car is on its side in the ditch; you can see that the axle has broken. You look around, but the deer is nowhere to be seen. It must not have been injured that badly, and has run off into the woods. With the windows smashed and the car on its side the rain is pouring into the car, so it's not a viable shelter from the storm. As you see it, you only have two choices.

Next:

If you choose to walk further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

5.

More than a half hour has passed. You huddle in the car, the sound of the rain thrumming on the roof. An occasional flash of lightning illuminates the road.

Is the storm getting worse? Make a *Spot Hidden* skill check.

Next:

If your skill check resulted in a Success, go to 8.

If your skill check resulted in a Failure, go to 9.

6.

You gather your gear and start walking down the dark road. Your umbrella is tipped forward to shield you from the rain as you walk into the wind. Your flashlight illuminates a small patch of ground before you. Occasionally, you look over your shoulder to see if another car is approaching, but it's been more than an hour since you've seen another car on this road.

You've been walking for more than a half-hour. You see something on the side of the road ahead of you. You approach, and find a wooden post with a mailbox mounted on top. The mailbox just has a single number "9" painted on the side. You see a dirt driveway, (currently a slick muddy driveway), leading off into the woods. You can't see the house from the road, or at least you can't see it in the middle of the night in the rain.

Next:

If you choose to look for the house, go to 10.

If you choose to continue walking down the road, go to 11.

7.

You gather your gear and start walking the road back toward the diner; your umbrella is tipped back over your shoulder to shield yourself from the wind and rain. Your flashlight illuminates a small patch of ground before you. Occasionally, you look over your shoulder to see if another car is approaching, but it's been more than an hour since you've seen another car on this road.

You've been walking for more than a half-hour. As you continue to shuffle along the road, accompanied by the occasional flash of lightening and roll of thunder, you suddenly come upon a horror splayed out on the road. At first glance, it's difficult to identify the animal; you finally decide that this must have once been a deer. Something has rend and torn this thing to shreds; entrails, meat, and fur are scattered everywhere. It's obvious that the kill is fresh, because the leftover organs are still

steaming in the cold rain. Make a *Sanity* check.

Next:

If your sanity check resulted in a Success, go to 12.

If your sanity check resulted in a Failure, go to 13.

8.

You see a parade of lights going by deep in the woods. The lights swing and bob in a fashion that reminds you of lanterns, like people carrying lanterns. It's hard to tell without reference points, but you think they are fifty yards or more in the woods. The lights are very hard to see as the trees are obscuring most of the light.

Next:

If you choose to follow the lights, go to 14.

If you choose to stay in the car, go to 15.

If you choose to ignore the lights and start walking further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to ignore the lights and start walking on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

9.

Frustrated and anxious, you get tired of waiting in the car. You decide to see if you can find some help, maybe you can find a house or maybe another car will come by.

Next:

If you choose to walk further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

10.

You walk into the woods, following alongside the muddy driveway. The driveway is long; after twenty yards it turns left and continues for another ten yards before you finally see a large dark barn. Beyond the barn, you see an old dilapidated two-story house; both the house and barn are located in a clearing in the woods that is just large enough to accommodate the two buildings. You see a flickering light, most likely candlelight, in one of the upper-story windows of the house.

Next:

If you choose to investigate the barn, go to 17.

If you choose to investigate the house, go to 18.

11.

You continue to walk along the road in the rain. You walk for another thirty minutes, but it feels much longer. Your shoes are soaked, and the cold chills you straight to the bone. Make a *Spot Hidden* check.

Next:

If your skill check resulted in a Success, go to 19.

If your skill check resulted in a Failure, go to 20.

12.

You successfully resist vomiting. Lose 1 SAN. You wonder what kind of beast could've done such a thing. Your thoughts are cut short as a strange howl cuts the night air. You suddenly think that whatever did this could still be in the area! The hairs on the back of your neck stand on end as you feel eyes in the darkness watching your every move. You snap your head around, looking into the darkness looking for the unknown predator.

Next:

If you run into the woods to hide, go to 21.

If you choose to turn around and head back to your car, go to 22.

If you choose to continue on the road back toward the diner, go to 23.

13.

You buckle-over and vomit! Lose 1d3 SAN. You wonder what kind of beast could've done such a thing. Your thoughts are cut short as a strange howl cuts the night air. You suddenly think that whatever did this could still be in the area! The hairs on the back of your neck stand on end as you feel eyes in the darkness watching your every move. You snap your head around, looking into the darkness looking for the unknown predator.

Next:

If you run into the woods to hide, go to 21.

If you choose to turn around and head back to your car, go to 22.

If you choose to continue on the road back toward the diner, go to 23.

14.

You quickly head into the woods, trying to catch up to the parade of lights. The sounds of the storm easily cover-up the sounds you should be making as you plunge into the woods. The woods are getting thicker, and you seem to have lost sight of the lights. You crane your neck around trying to find them again. It's while you're looking for the lights that you now notice the sound of drums. At first you thought it was more thunder, but it's too rhythmic to be thunder.

You begin to follow the sounds of the drums. Soon you begin to see lights up ahead, big bright lights. Someone has started a roaring bonfire in the woods; a fire large enough to resist being snuffed-out by the rain. You finally reach the edge of a clearing, and in the midst of the clearing are at least a dozen naked people, men and women, singing and dancing around the bonfire.

You see the drummers, three of them, banging away on huge kettle-style drums. You also see a pair of strange stone columns; each column is approximately eight feet tall, two feet around, standing eight feet apart from each other. The columns are white in color, and are carved to look

like they are covered in tentacles and Cretaceous fossils. You also see a third column, much like the other two tall columns, but this one is only three feet tall. It is topped with some kind of ugly ebony statue, and a pair of iron rings are bolted to the sides of the short column. The statue looks like it could be a representation of some kind of animal, but it is hard to tell because the statue is facing the bonfire.

As you're taking in the sights, a new sound cuts the night air, a scream. Two large men are dragging a woman over to the columns. Unlike the revelers, the woman is fully dressed. The men drag her to the short column and use thick ropes to bind her wrists to the iron rings. The woman is now kneeling before the ugly statue, with her back to the other columns and the bonfire.

Next:

If you choose to continue to watch, go to 24.

If you choose to save the bound woman, go to 25.

If you choose to leave and return to the road, go to 26.

15.

You spend the time drinking your coffee and reading your newspaper by the light of your flashlight. The drone of the rain and the late-night hours are taking their toll on you. Make a *CON* x3 check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 27.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 28.

16.

Your amazing reflexes allow you to brake and steer around the deer without your car going off the road and into the ditch on the side. Your car comes to a complete stop in the middle of the road; your heart continues to race as you see the deer leap into the wood. After a few moments, you put the car into gear, and begin to motor on toward Arkham.

You're on your way, ever more vigilant and watchful for more animals that may leap out onto the road. The wind and rain increase, and the trees sway to the rhythm of Mother Nature's symphony. Ahead, it looks like the road dead ends into the

woods. You slow your car as you approach the end of the road.

As you near the end of the road, and your headlights illuminate the tree in the road, your mind twists as it tries to comprehend the horror standing before you. What you thought was a tree is some kind of monstrous horror standing on two hooped tree-stumps for legs, a huge thick black body with a gaping maw dripping ichor in the center of its trunk, and a host of twisting and flaying tentacle limbs above it! Make a *Sanity* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 29.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 30.

17.

You run across the open expanse between the trees and the barn. The large barn door is already open just wide enough for you to slip inside. The barn is warm and dry inside. You can hear some animals snorting and breathing. The wooden floor has a thick layer of hay. Using your flashlight, you can see several stalls, and large shadowy shapes within most of the stalls.

The shapes are cows. A quick count reveals eight cows. You also see about a dozen chickens sleeping in the hay. Due to the late hour, all of the animals are quite docile. Make a *Listen* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Touchdown, go to 31.

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 32.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 33.

18.

You run across the open expanse between the trees and the barn. The house is an old two-story house in disrepair and in desperate need of a paint job. The front porch looks rickety. You suspect that the floorboards of the porch will squeak quite loudly if you were to get up on the porch.

You head around to the back of the house, and you see a short set of steps up to the back door and you see some doors on the ground that most likely lead to the cellar. You listen, but you don't hear any noises from the house.

Next:

If you choose to try the back door, go to 34.

If you choose to try the cellar door, go to 35.

19.

The wind and rain increase, and the trees sway to the rhythm, but your eye catches sight of what looks like a tree walk-

ing out into the road up ahead of you. The walking "tree" is some kind of monstrous horror standing on two hooped tree-stumps for legs, a huge thick black body with a gaping maw dripping ichor in the center of its trunk, and a host of twisting and flaying tentacle limbs above it! Make a *Sanity* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 36.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 37.

DARK YOUNG (Mythos creature)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	4d6 +30	44	INT	4d6	14	HP	30-31
CON	3d6 +6	16-17	POW	5d6	17-18	DB	4d6
SIZ	4d6 +30	44	DEX	3d6 +6	16-17	Sanity	1d3 / 1d10
Weapons	Tentacle: 80%, damage: DB and 1d3 STR drain						
Armor	Dark Young are of non-terrene material and make-up, so any successful firearm attack does only 1 point of damage. A firearms impale does 2 points of damage. Shotguns are exceptions, and do minimum possible damage whether its an impale or not. Hand-to-hand weapons do normal damage; attack dependant on heat, blast, corrosion, electrical charge, or poisoning have no effect.						



20.

The wind and rain increase, and the trees sway to the rhythm. You continue to walk along the road looking only at your feet as you shuffle along in the puddles. You now wish you had stayed in the car until morning.

As you plod along, you suddenly smell something that reeks of the long decay of a grave. The ground shakes causing you to stumble. You look up, and towering above you is a monstrous thing, as big as a tree! The “tree” is some kind of monstrous horror standing on two hooped tree-stumps for legs, a huge thick black body with a gaping maw dripping ichor in the center of its trunk, and a host of twisting and flaying tentacle limbs above it! The monster bellows a horrible cry as two of its giant tentacles swing at you!

Make a Sanity check. If your skill check result is a Success, then lose 1d3 SAN. If your skill check is a Failure, then lose 1d10 SAN. Consult the insanity rules in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook if you have lost more than five sanity points.

Make two tentacle attacks from the Dark Young against yourself. Each successful attack results in damage equal

to its damage bonus and a loss of 1d3 STR. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you attack, go to 38.

If you run away, go to 39.

21.

You race into the woods looking for someplace safe to hide. You push through a thicket of brush and bramble, resulting in dozens of scrapes and scratches across your face and hands. You run several yards into the woods before you need to stop and catch your breath. Another howl splits the night air. You're positive now that the thing has caught your scent, and is hunting you now. Make a *Luck* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 40.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 41.

22.

Your car was an obvious safe shelter! You turn around and start running down

the road back to your car. You get the sinking feeling that your every move is being watched. Make a *Dodge* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 42.

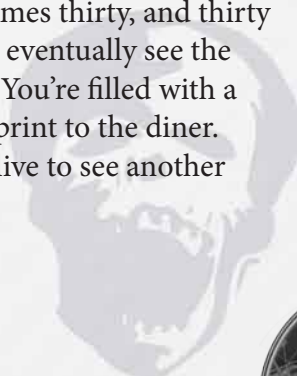
If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 43.

23.

You hope and pray that you're just being paranoid, so you walk around the slaughtered animal, and continue on the road back toward the diner. You begin walking at a brisk pace, snapping your head around as you continue to look for possible danger.

You continue down the road, up a rise in the road, down the other side, and around another bend without sight or sound of the animal. You begin to breathe easier now as you continue your trek. Five minutes becomes ten, ten becomes thirty, and thirty becomes an hour. You eventually see the all-night diner ahead. You're filled with a second wind, as you sprint to the diner. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End



24.

You hunker down deeper into the shadows as you continue to observe the pagan ritual. The woman tied before the statue wails and sobs. None of the naked dancers pay her any heed. The sound of the drums, the dancing, and the singing continue their hypnotic rhythm until they reach a screeching crescendo. And with a final thrum of the drums, you see the space between the two tall columns waver and warp. At first you think it is a trick of the heat from the bonfire, but then you see the fabric of the air rend and tear. A hole in space has opened between the columns!

The woman, sensing danger near her, whips her head around and also sees the hole in the air between the columns. The hole is dark within, making observation of anything beyond the warp impossible. Suddenly, giant green tentacles whip out from the hole in space and wrap around the woman!

The woman screams in terror as the giant tentacles pull the woman, ripping her arms off, and pulls her into the darkness beyond the hole! Make a *Sanity* check!

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 44.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 45.

25.

You take a deep breath as courage surges through your veins. You heft your weapon and dash for the woman in an attempt to save her. As you run out, the sound of the drums, the dancing, and the singing reach their screeching crescendo, and with a final thrum of the drums, you see the space between the two tall columns waver and warp. At first you think it is a trick of the heat from the bonfire, but then you see the fabric of the air rend and tear. A great black hole in space has opened between the columns!

None of the naked cultists try to stop you; in fact they scatter away from you and the woman. The woman's eyes are filled with tears as she begs you to save her. Just as you reach her, you see movement out of the corner of your eye. You look up just in time to see several giant green tentacles whip out from the hole in space; the tentacles shoot out toward you and the woman!

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check results in a Success, then lose 1d10 SAN.

If your skill check results in a Failure, then lose 3d10 SAN. Consult the insanity rules in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook if you have lost more than five sanity points.

Several tentacles whip out at both you and the woman, some are going for her, and some are going for you. Make a *Dodge* check!

Next:

If your skill check results in a Touchdown, go to 46.

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 47.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 48.

If your skill check results in a Fumble, go to 49.

26.

The pagan ritual being conducted by the naked cultists has turned your stomach. You decide to slink away and save your own skin; that poor woman is going to have to save herself. Due to the guilt you feel for leaving that woman behind, make a *Sanity* check. If your skill check results in a Success, then lose 1 SAN. If your skill check is a Failure, then lose 1d3 SAN.

You head back to the road, back to your car. Standing in the rain by your car, you look up and down the road trying to make-up your mind on which way to go.

Next:

If you choose to start walking further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

27.

You resist falling asleep. You had been slumping in the car, so you decide to sit up so you can stretch you back and shake-off the fatigue. As soon as you sit up, you see a little girl, no more than eight years old, standing barefoot in a white nightgown in the middle of the road. She is soaking wet, and the nightgown is sticking to her thin body. Without a word, she turns and runs off into the woods.

You remember reading in your paper about a girl that has been missing for more than a week; the description in the paper matches the little girl you just saw!

Next:

If you choose to follow the girl, go to 50.

If you choose to go to sleep because this must be a dream, go to 28.

28.

You drift off to sleep. When you wake, it is morning; the rain has stopped, and sunlight is filtering in through the trees. You hear the strangled cry of a horn. You look up, and a Ford pick-up truck is pulling up behind you. A local farmer gets out of the truck and rescues you. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End

29.

Thankfully, you mind fails to successfully catalog the horror you see before you. Lose 1d3 SAN. The earth shakes as the monster begins to march toward you; its tentacles wave like whips readying to strike.

Next:

If you choose to turn your car around to make an escape, go to 51.

If you choose to ram your car into the creature, go to 52.

If you choose to get out of your car and run away, go to 53.

If you choose to get out of your car and attack the creature, go to 54.

30.

Your mind snaps! Lose 1d10 SAN. Consult the insanity rules in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook if you have lost more than five sanity points. The earth shakes as the monster begins to march toward you; its tentacles wave like whips readying to strike.

Next:

If you choose to turn your car around to make an escape, go to 51.

If you choose to ram your car into the creature, go to 52.

If you choose to get out of your car and run away, go to 53.

If you choose to get out of your car and attack the creature, go to 54.

31.

As you prepare to leave the barn, you hear a soft sobbing from an empty stall. You enter the stall and find an area in the floor that is not only clear of hay, but also has a pull ring and hinges; it's a door in the floor. You open the door, and you find a ten



foot deep pit lined with smooth limestone. At the bottom of the pit is a young boy; he is crying.

You reassure the boy that he is going to be safe; you then head over to another stall where you saw a length of rope. As you grab the rope, you then hear the sound of another door somewhere swing closed and the thumping of booted feet.

Next:

If you choose to hide and wait for whoever may be coming to the barn, go to 56.

If you choose to hurry up to save the boy, go to 57.

32.

As you prepare to leave the barn, you hear a soft sobbing from an empty stall. You enter the stall and find an area in the floor that is not only clear of hay, but also has a pull ring and hinges; it's a door in the floor. You open the door, and you find a ten foot deep pit lined with smooth limestone. At the bottom of the pit is a young boy; he is crying.

You reassure the boy that he is going to be safe. You remember a length of rope stored in another stall.

Next:

If you choose to get the rope, go to 58.

If you choose to check the house and come back for the boy later, go to 59.

33.

You're about to leave the barn when you think you hear something outside. You're not sure what, if anything, you heard.

Next:

If you exit the barn through the front door to check out the sound, go to 60.

If you exit the barn through the back door to avoid the sound, go to 61.

If you hide in the barn, go to 62.

34.

You creep up the steps and try the door knob. The door is unlocked and swings open with a whisper of a creak. Inside, you see a dark and dingy kitchen. There is a small table in the room and an open dark doorway on the other side of the room.

You silently enter the kitchen. The kitchen counters and sink are piled with dirty dishes. Some look very old and moldy, while others look much fresher.

There's an ice box on the wall next to the open doorway.

Next:

If you check the ice box, go to 63.

If you enter the next room, go to 64.

If you change your mind and go back outside, go to 65.

35.

You squat down and grab one of the handles to the cellar. It takes some effort, but you're able to lift the door, exposing a stone stairwell down into the cellar. You head down the steps, entering the cellar. The walls of the cellar are rough-hewn earth; there is an occasional wooden post and beam to help keep the ceiling from crashing in.

The smell down here is horrific. It takes all your effort not to run out of the cellar for a fresh breath of air. You hear a slight tinkling of metal, possibly chains. You creep deeper into the cellar, plying your flashlight back and forth. Suddenly, you find the chains and the source of the smell. The chains hang from the ceiling; each chain ends in a large hook, and on each hook is a large chunk of meat that is drying out and curing. You cover your nose

and mouth as you start to move forward, but then you see something that stops you dead in your tracks. From one of the hooks hangs the nude torso of what must have once been a child. The missing head, arms, pelvis and legs make identification of the child impossible.

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check result is a Success, then lose 1 SAN. If your skill check is a Failure, then lose 1d3 SAN.

Next:

If you continue moving through the cellar, go to 66.

If you turn around and run out of the cellar, go to 67.

36.

Thankfully, you mind fails to successfully catalog the horror you see before you. Lose 1d3 SAN. The earth shakes as the monster begins to march toward you; its tentacles wave like whips

readying to strike. You turn around and run away!

Next:

If you run along the road, go to 68.

If you run into the woods, go to 69.

37.

Your mind snaps! Lose 1d10 SAN. Consult the insanity rules in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook if you have lost more than five sanity points. The earth shakes as the monster begins to march toward you; its tentacles wave like whips readying to strike. All rational thought has escaped your brain, as you are rooted to the spot. The monster tries to smash you with two of its tentacles!

Make two tentacle attacks from the Dark Young against yourself. Each successful attack results in damage equal to its damage bonus and a loss of 1d3 STR. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you attack, go to 38.

If you run away, go to 39.

38.

Fearing for your life, you attack the giant monster. Make an *Attack* check; remember to consult the Dark Young's special armor notes before you make your roll. If your skill check results in a Touchdown, you

DARK YOUNG (Mythos creature)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	4d6 +30	44	INT	4d6	14	HP	30-31
CON	3d6 +6	16-17	POW	5d6	17-18	DB	4d6
SIZ	4d6 +30	44	DEX	3d6 +6	16-17	Sanity	1d3 / 1d10
Weapons	Tentacle: 80%, damage: DB and 1d3 STR drain						
Armor	Dark Young are of non-terrene material and make-up, so any successful firearm attack does only 1 point of damage. A firearms impale does 2 points of damage. Shotguns are exceptions, and do minimum possible damage whether its an impale or not. Hand-to-hand weapons do normal damage; attack dependant on heat, blast, corrosion, electrical charge, or poisoning have no effect.						



may roll double your weapon's damage and then add your damage bonus if it is a hand-to-hand weapon. If your skill check results in a Success, then you may do normal weapon damage and then add your damage bonus if it is a hand-to-hand weapon. If your skill check results in a Failure, then your attack missed. If your skill check results in a Fumble, then your weapon has slipped from your hand and has landed under the monster; you no longer have that weapon.

The monster attacks you again. Make two more tentacle attacks from the Dark Young against yourself. Each successful attack results in damage equal to its damage bonus and a loss of 1d3 STR. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you continue to attack, go to 70.

If you run away, go to 39.

39.

You turn and run, dropping everything you were carrying, anything that could slow you down. Your heart is beating so hard and so fast, you can hear the thrumming in your ears. You blindly run down

the road until your legs turn to rubber. The rain has finally stopped just as you collapse to the ground. You turn and look back over your shoulder, but can see nothing in the darkness that surrounds you.

Your body finally gives up, and you pass out.

The next morning, you wake to an old farmer and his wife shaking you as they try to wake you up. You awake to sunshine and singing birds. You burble out some gibberish as the old couple helps you up and guide you to their pick-up truck. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End

40.

You look up and see a hunter's perch up in a tree, constructed twenty-five feet overhead. After stuffing some of your things into your shirt and pockets, you scale the tree. Your fingers are raw and splintered once you finally reach the top of the tree and settle into the hunter's perch.

You do your best to calm your breathing and stay as silent as possible. Your eyes scan the leafy ground looking for your unknown predator, when something big

finally pushes through a thicket. The beast is bigger than a man, but still walks upright like a man. The creature is covered in thick rough fur, a long snout, large ears, and huge claws on its hands. Your mind refuses to believe it, but you're sure you're being hunted by a bona fide werewolf!

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check results in a Success, then lose zero SAN. If your skill check results in a Failure, then lose 1d8 SAN.

Every muscle and bone in your body freezes, you think that maybe if you can stay perfectly still and silent that the beast may give up its search for you. Make a *Luck* check!

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 71.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 72.

41.

You desperately search all around you for someplace to hide. Your mind is racing with fear, making it difficult for you to think clearly or focus on anything. Suddenly, the thicket explodes behind you as a huge beast leaps out and attacks you!

The creature is covered in thick rough fur, a long snout, large ears, and huge claws on its hands. Your mind refuses to believe it, but you're sure you're being attacked by a bona fide werewolf!

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check results in a Success, then lose zero SAN. If your skill check results in a Failure, then lose 1d8 SAN.

The werewolf has leapt upon you! Make two claw attacks from the werewolf against yourself. Each successful attack results in damage equal to 1d8 +DB. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you choose to attack, go to 73.

If you choose to run away, go to 74.

42.

Sensing danger, you duck and roll in mid-run. A blur of fur, tooth, and claw swishes right over your head. You're back on your feet with your weapon at the ready when you yourself facing off against a huge man-shaped monster. The creature is covered in thick rough fur, a long snout, large ears, and huge claws on its hands. Your mind refuses to believe it, but you're sure you're being attacked by a bona fide werewolf!

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check results in a Success, then lose zero SAN. If your skill check results in a Failure, then lose 1d8 SAN.

You get to react first.

Next:

If you choose to attack, go to 73.

If you choose to run away, go to 74.

43.

You're running along when you are struck by a heavy weight on your back. You're being attacked! Your mind is on fire with panic as some kind of huge beast has pounced upon you. In a split-second, your mind processes the situation. The creature is covered in thick rough fur, a long snout, long teeth, large ears, and huge claws on its hands. Your mind refuses to believe it, but you're sure you're being attacked by a *bona fide* werewolf!

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check results in a Success, then lose zero SAN. If your skill check results in a Failure, then lose 1d8 SAN.

The werewolf has leapt upon you, and is savagely attacking you! Make two claw attacks and one bite attack from the werewolf against yourself. Each successful claw attack results in damage equal to 1d8 +DB.

A successful bite attack does 1d8 +DB, and then has a 90% chance to infect you with the werewolf's curse. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Werewolf (Unnatural creature)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	6d6	21	INT	1d4 +2	4-5	HP	12
CON	2d6 +6	13	POW	2d6 +2	13	DB	1d4
SIZ	3d6 +3	12-13	DEX	2d6 +2	13	Sanity	0 / 1d8
Weapons	Claw: 60%, damage: 1d8 +DB; Bite: 30%, damage 1d8 +DB (Infect 90%)						
Armor	Werewolves have 1-point of tough hide, and they regenerate 1 HP reach round.						



Next:

If you choose to attack, go to 73.

If you choose to run away, go to 74.

44.

Your blood runs cold, but you're able to hold back your desire to scream in terror. Lose 1d10 SAN.

As soon as the woman disappears, the hole in space wavers and then slams closed. The revelry of the cultists fades, and you see them begin to gather their clothes as they prepare to leave. You break into a cold sweat as you hide in the bushes as the cultists collect the ugly statue and file out. The cultists leave with the woods with the bonfire raging and the woman's arms still tied to the short column.

Eventually, you head back to the road, but for the rest of your days a part of you will remain in those dark woods. You feel the need to move on.

Next:

If you choose to start walking further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

45.

You feel yourself go into a cold sweat as you vomit-up the coffee you drank earlier. You then let out a blood-curdling scream! Lose 3d10 SAN.

Your scream has barely past your lips before the cultists set upon you like savages. Dozens of filthy arms reach out and claw at you. They strip you of your weapons and drag you toward the hole in space. Your mind begins to comprehend what is happening to you, provoking you to thrash and fight back. Make a *STR* x3 check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Touchdown, go to 75.

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 76.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 77.

If your skill check results in a Fumble, go to 78.

46.

You leap to the side, free and clear of the tentacles. The tentacles meant for you twist and thrash in the air, but the tentacles meant for the woman find their mark! They

wrap around her and with the force and violence of a tornado they drag her into the hole in space. Her arms are ripped from her body, the bloody limbs still tied to the short column.

You swallow the horror that wells up into your throat. Thinking only of your own safety, you escape into the woods, running all the way back to the road. Thankfully, your mind is incapable of fully comprehending the events in the woods. By the time you get back to the road you've convinced yourself that it was all an illusion. Illusion or not, you're read to move on.

Next:

If you choose to start walking further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

47.

You leap aside, but not before one of the tentacles slaps you with the force of a bull. Take 5d6 damage! The force of the blow hurls your body free of the clearing, back into the woods. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

You were knocked unconscious when you were thrown into the woods. When you awake, the cultists are gone, the ugly statue is gone, the fire has died down to half its size, and the hole in space has closed. The only thing remaining of the woman is a pair of bloody limbs tied to the small column.

You start your trek back to the road, thankful that your mind is incapable of fully comprehending the events in the woods. By the time you get back to the road you've convinced yourself that it was all an illusion. Illusion or not, you're read to move on.

Next:

If you choose to start walking further down the road, go to 6.

If you choose to walk on the road back in the direction in which you came, go to 7.

48.

You turn to jump away, but not quite fast enough. A giant tentacle whips out and wraps around your waist. Take 5d6 damage! You witness the woman being snatched into the hole in space by other tentacles, her arms ripped from her body! You then follow her as the tentacles drag

you into the hole! Your final moments in life are in the clutches of Great Cthulhu!

The End

49.

You try to turn and jump away, but your foot slips on some moss, and you accidentally launch yourself into the hole in space! Time and space twist around you; your flesh is stripped from your bones and you bathed in blessed madness as the final moments of your life are spent staring into the eye of Great Cthulhu!

The End

50.

You gather your gear and run off into the woods trying to catch up to the little girl. You call out her name, but she doesn't answer. You occasionally see a glimpse of her bright white nightgown as she darts from tree to tree in the thick woods. No matter how fast you run, you just can't seem to catch up to her.

Finally, you can see that she has stopped running. As you approach, you see that she is looking away from you, and with one arm raised she is pointing deeper into

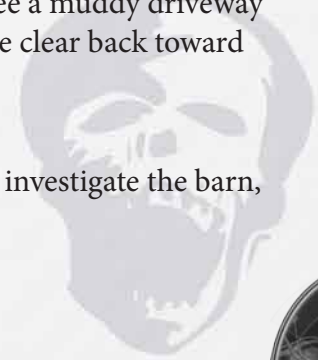
the woods. You call out to her and ask her what's wrong. She slowly turns her body toward you, but she continues to point deeper into the woods. She finally turns her head to look at you, and where there should be eyes, are only black "scribbles" that float in the air, as if some great force is trying to scratch-out the existence of her soul. She silently mouths the words, "Help me", and then the little girl fades away into darkness.

Make a *Sanity* check. If your skill check results in a Success, lose 1 SAN. If your skill check results in a Failure, lose 1d3 SAN.

You look in the direction the girl was pointing, and you see a large dark barn and an old dilapidated two-story house. Both the house and barn are located in a clearing in the woods that is just large enough to accommodate the two buildings. You see a flickering light, most likely candle-light, in one of the upper-story windows of the house. You also see a muddy driveway leading away from the clear back toward the road.

Next:

If you choose to investigate the barn, go to 17.



If you choose to investigate the house, go to 18.

If you choose to follow the driveway, go to 79.

51.

You force the car into reverse, blind panic driving your every move. You can feel the ground shake as the creature begins marching toward you. You crank the wheel over as you're backing up, you should have the car turned around in just a moment, but that moment never comes. Your rear wheels have slipped off the road and into the muddy ditch; you're stuck!

You slam down the accelerator, but the tires only spin in the mud. The creature is almost upon you!

Next:

If you choose to abandon the car and run away, go to 53.

If you choose to get out of the car and attack the creature, go to 54.

DARK YOUNG (Mythos creature)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	4d6 +30	44	INT	4d6	14	HP	30-31
CON	3d6 +6	16-17	POW	5d6	17-18	DB	4d6
SIZ	4d6 +30	44	DEX	3d6 +6	16-17	Sanity	1d3 / 1d10
Weapons	Tentacle: 80%, damage: DB and 1d3 STR drain						
Armor	Dark Young are of non-terrene material and make-up, so any successful firearm attack does only 1 point of damage. A firearms impale does 2 points of damage. Shotguns are exceptions, and do minimum possible damage whether its an impale or not. Hand-to-hand weapons do normal damage; attack dependant on heat, blast, corrosion, electrical charge, or poisoning have no effect.						

52.

Your thoughts become a mixture of fear and rage. You think the only way to save yourself is to kill the creature before it can kill you, and what better weapon than a speeding car. You slam on the accelerator and launch your car at the creature!

The creature doesn't move. Your car slams directly into the monster. You do 2d6 damage to the monster, and you take 1d3 points of damage to yourself. If the monster is dead, go to 55. If the monster is not dead, it now swings two of its tentacles at you for an attack.

Make two tentacle attacks from the Dark Young against yourself. Due to the protec-

tion that the wrecked car is providing you, reduce the Dark Young's attack chance by half. Each successful attack results in damage equal to its damage bonus and a loss of 1d3 STR. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

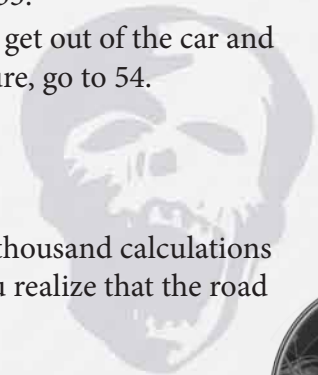
Next:

If you choose to get out of the car and run away, go to 53.

If you choose to get out of the car and attack the creature, go to 54.

53.

Your mind runs a thousand calculations in an instant, and you realize that the road



is too narrow and too wet for you to turn the car around, so you leap out of the car and start running for the woods. You think you can out run it or at least hide from it in the woods.

You run like you've never run before; you're in the woods in seconds. You run blind through a maze of trees and bushes because the canopy of leaves overhead is so thick it blocks out what little moonlight was able to peek through the storm clouds. Your legs are about to give out, when suddenly the ground falls away from you and you tumble through the air.

It's with a heavy smack that knocks the wind from your lungs when you land in the river. The river is swollen and raging due to the heavy rains. Make a *Swim* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 80.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 81.

54.

Your thoughts become a mixture of courage and stupidity. You get out of the car and attack the creature! Make an *Attack* check; remember to consult the Dark

Young's special armor notes before you make your roll. If your skill check results in a Touchdown, you may roll double your weapon's damage and then add your damage bonus if it is a hand-to-hand weapon. If your skill check results in a Success, then you may do normal weapon damage and then add your damage bonus if it is a hand-to-hand weapon. If your skill check results in a Failure, then your attack missed. If your skill check results in a Fumble, then your weapon has slipped from your hand and has landed under the monster; you no longer have that weapon.

The monster attacks you again. Make two more tentacle attacks from the Dark Young against yourself. Each successful attack results in damage equal to its damage bonus and a loss of 1d3 STR. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you continue to attack, go to 70.

If you run away, go to 53.

55.

Your car is a wreck, but it was a small price to pay to kill that God-forsaken creature. Battered and bruised, you start

walking down the road. Your mind reels from the night's events; you have no idea how long you've been walking, but the east is starting to look a little brighter as the rains begin to recede. Soon, an old pick-up truck pulls up beside you, and the elderly couple inside offer to give you a lift. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End

56.

Quickly, you duck inside another stall and hide behind the hay in the deep shadows. In a few seconds, the barn door creaks open a bit as a huge man in coveralls and heavy boots enters the barn; he is carrying a double-barrel shotgun. The man doesn't hesitate as he walks over to the stall where the boy is hidden.

Next:

If you choose to continue to hide and wait, go to 82.

If you choose to attack the man now, go to 83.



57.

You drop to the floor and extend your arm into the pit. The boy leaps up to grab your hand, but he's too small and weak to reach you. Your mind is racing as you plead for the boy to try harder. Suddenly, the barn door creaks open, and a large man in coveralls and heavy boots enters; he is carrying a double-barrel shotgun.

You leap to your feet just as he opens the stall you're in. The man was obviously not expecting you to be there; you have surprised him! Make an *Attack* check. Both of you are in point-blank range.

If your attack reduces the cannibal's hit points to zero or less, you may continue. If the cannibal has survived your attack, make one shotgun, (single barrel), attack against yourself. If you are dead, your soul

has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you continue to attack, go to 93.

If you try to escape, go to 86.

58.

You run over to the other stall that has a large coil of heavy rope draped on it. You pocket the items in your hands, because it takes two hands to carry the heavy rope back over to the stall where the boy is trapped. You turn around to return to the boy, and just as you do you see a large man in coveralls has entered the barn. He is holding a double-barrel shotgun, and it is leveled right at you.

He has caught you by surprise. You stand there, speechless for a second, when the silence is broken by twin blasts of thunder!

Make two shotgun, (both barrels), attacks against yourself. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you continue to attack, go to 93.

If you try to escape, go to 86.

59.

You tell the boy to be quiet, and that you're going to make sure the house is clear before you come back to save him. You beg him to be calm as you close the door to his cell. You then head to the back of the barn and exit the barn from the back door and head over to the house to check it out.

The house is an old two-story house in disrepair and in desperate need of a paint job. The front porch looks rickety. You suspect that the floorboards of the porch will squeak quite loudly if you were to get up on the porch.

You head around to the back of the house, and you see a short set of steps up to the back door and you see some doors on the ground that most

Cannibal (Mundane threat)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	3d6	10-11	INT	1d6 +4	4-5	HP	11-13
CON	3d6	10-11	POW	3d6	10-11	DB	1d4
SIZ	3d6 +6	13-14	DEX	3d6	10-11	Sanity	0 / 0
Weapons	12g dbl-brl Shotgun: 60%, damage: 4d6/2d6/1d6 (6 available shotgun shells)						
Armor	The cannibal's heavy denim coveralls and thick body gives him a 1-point tough hide.						

likely lead to the cellar. You listen, but you don't hear any noises from the house.

Next:

If you choose to try the back door, go to 34.

If you choose to try the cellar door, go to 35.

60.

You creep over to the barn's front door and peek outside, you see a large man in coveralls coming off the porch of the house walking toward the barn. He is carrying a double-barrel shotgun.

Next:

If you exit the barn through the back door to avoid the sound, go to 61.

If you hide in the barn, go to 62.

61.

You exit the barn through the back door and head over to the house. The house is an old two-story house in disrepair and in desperate need of a paint job. The front porch looks rickety. You choose to avoid the front porch in favor of silence.

You head around to the back of the house, and you see a short set of steps up to the back door and you see some doors on the ground that most likely lead to the cellar.

Next:

If you choose to try the back door, go to 34.

If you choose to try the cellar door, go to 35.

62.

Quickly, you duck inside a stall and hide behind the hay in the deep shadows. In a few seconds, the barn door creaks open a bit as a huge man in coveralls and heavy boots enters the barn; he is carrying a double-barrel shotgun. The man doesn't hesitate as he walks over to the stall across from where you are hiding.

Next:

If you choose to continue to hide and wait, go to 82.

If you choose to attack the man now, go to 83.

63.

You go to the ice box and turn the latch to open the door. You swing the door open and shine your light inside. Your stomach turns at the horror inside! You see blood-stained paper wrapped around what you assume to be slabs of meat, glass jars of various internal organs, and a child-sized head sitting on a wire rack! Make a *Sanity* check!

If your skill check results in a Success, lose 1 SAN. If your skill check results in a Failure, lose 1d3 SAN.

Next:

If you choose to shut the ice box and continue to the next room, go to 64.

If you choose to run away and leave the house, go to 65.

64.

The next room is dark, as you enter and pan your light around you see a set of stairs up to the second floor, the door to the front porch, an open doorway to another room, and group of chairs and small tables. This is obviously the front parlor room. Make a *Spot Hidden* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 84.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 85.

65.

Quickly, you exit the house and leap from the back door into the yard.

Next:

If you choose to check out the cellar, go to 35.

If you choose to head back to the road, go to 86.

66.

You push past the horror and find a stairway leading up. Thankfully, the old stairs support your weight as you ascend. At the top of the stairs is a door. You don't see any light leaking out from under the door, nor sounds on the other side. You open the door and find a short hallway; you are in the center of the hall. The hall ends in a closed door to your left, and an open doorway to your right.

Next:

If you go to the closed door, go to 87.

If you go to the open doorway, go to 88.

67.

To your horror, you realize that a cannibal lives in this house! You bolt for the exit. You sprint up the stairs so you can run back to the road. You crest the stairs and stop dead cold; you are face-to-face with huge man in coveralls, and he has a double-barrel shotgun leveled at your gut.

He has caught you by surprise. You stand there, speechless for a second, when the silence is broken by twin blasts of thunder! Make two shotgun, (both barrels), attacks against yourself. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you choose to run for the woods so you can escape back to the road, go to 86.

If you choose to run back into the cellar, go to 89.

68.

Your instincts turn you on your heels and you start running back down the road. You drop everything you were carrying, anything that could slow you down. Your heart is beating so hard and so fast; you can hear the thrumming in your ears. You blindly run down the road until your legs turn to rubber. The rain has finally stopped just as you collapse to the ground. You turn and look back over your shoulder, but can see nothing in the darkness that surrounds you.

Cannibal (Mundane threat)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	3d6	10-11	INT	1d6 +4	4-5	HP	11-13
CON	3d6	10-11	POW	3d6	10-11	DB	1d4
SIZ	3d6 +6	13-14	DEX	3d6	10-11	Sanity	0 / 0
Weapons	12g dbl-brl Shotgun: 60%, damage: 4d6/2d6/1d6 (6 available shotgun shells)						
Armor	The cannibal's heavy denim coveralls and thick body gives him a 1-point tough hide.						

Your body finally gives up, and you pass out.

The next morning, you wake to an old farmer and his wife shaking you as they try to wake you up. You awake to sunshine and singing birds. You burble out some gibberish as the old couple helps you up and guide you to their pick-up truck. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End

69.

You run like you've never run before; you're in the woods in seconds. You run blind through a maze of trees and bushes because the canopy of leaves overhead is so thick it blocks out what little moonlight was able to peek through the storm clouds. Your legs are about to give out, when suddenly the ground falls

away from you and you tumble through the air.

It's with a heavy smack that knocks the wind from your lungs when you land in the river. The river is swollen and raging due to the heavy rains. Make a *Swim* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 80.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 81.

70.

Rage or insanity drives you to attack the monster again! Make an *Attack* check; remember to consult the Dark Young's spe-

cial armor notes before you make your roll. If your skill check results in a Touchdown, you may roll double your weapon's damage and then add your damage bonus if it is a hand-to-hand weapon. If your skill check results in a Success, then you may do normal weapon damage and then add your damage bonus if it is a hand-to-hand weapon. If your skill check results in a Failure, then your attack missed. If your skill check results in a Fumble, then your weapon has slipped from your hand and has landed under the monster; you no longer have that weapon.

The monster attacks you again. Make two more tentacle attacks from the Dark Young against yourself. Each successful attack results in damage equal to its dam-

DARK YOUNG (Mythos creature)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	4d6 +30	44	INT	4d6	14	HP	30-31
CON	3d6 +6	16-17	POW	5d6	17-18	DB	4d6
SIZ	4d6 +30	44	DEX	3d6 +6	16-17	Sanity	1d3 / 1d10
Weapons	Tentacle: 80%, damage: DB and 1d3 STR drain						
Armor	Dark Young are of non-terrene material and make-up, so any successful firearm attack does only 1 point of damage. A firearms impale does 2 points of damage. Shotguns are exceptions, and do minimum possible damage whether its an impale or not. Hand-to-hand weapons do normal damage; attack dependant on heat, blast, corrosion, electrical charge, or poisoning have no effect.						

age bonus and a loss of 1d3 STR. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you continue to attack, go to 70.

If you run away, go to 39.

71.

You hold your breath for what seems like an eternity. Eventually, the werewolf stalks off into the woods. Every few minutes you can hear the beast bark at the moon. You cower in the tree stand all night long. The rain ceases as the morning comes, and it has been hours since you've heard or seen the werewolf. You climb down and head back to the road. You return to the road in time to flag down a passing pick-up truck. The elderly couple in the truck wrap

a warm blanket around you and drive you to town. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End

72.

You cower in the tree stand, holding your breath, when a shiver runs down your spine causing you to take another sharp inhale. You see the beast's ears perk-up at that sound! The werewolf looks up, staring directly into your eyes, and in a single leap the beast jumps up into the tree stand with you!

The beast has you trapped! It ravages you; make two claw attacks and one bite attack from the werewolf against yourself. Each successful claw attack results in damage equal to 1d8 +DB. A successful bite attack does 1d8 +DB, and then has a 90%

chance to infect you with the werewolf's curse. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you leap from the tree stand, go to 90.

If you fight back, go to 73.

73.

Rage and an intense drive to survive fuels you as you attack the beast. Make an *Attack* check. Remember to account for the werewolf's armor when you calculate your damage from each successful attack.

If the werewolf is still alive, it retaliates with two claw attacks. Make two claw attacks from the werewolf against yourself. Each successful claw attack results in damage equal to 1d8 +DB. If you are dead, your

soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you choose to continue to fight, go to 73.

If you choose to run away, go to 74.

Werewolf (Unnatural creature)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	6d6	21	INT	1d4 +2	4-5	HP	12
CON	2d6 +6	13	POW	2d6 +2	13	DB	1d4
SIZ	3d6 +3	12-13	DEX	2d6 +2	13	Sanity	0 / 1d8
Weapons	Claw: 60%, damage: 1d8 +DB; Bite: 30%, damage 1d8 +DB (Infect 90%)						
Armor	Werewolves have 1-point of tough hide, and they regenerate 1 HP reach round.						

74.

You run like you've never run before; you're in the woods in seconds. You run blind through a maze of trees and bushes because the canopy of leaves overhead is so thick it blocks out what little moonlight was able to peek through the storm clouds. Your legs are about to give out, when suddenly the ground falls away from you and you tumble through the air.

It's with a heavy smack that knocks the wind from your lungs when you land in the river. The river is swollen and raging due to the heavy rains. Make a *Swim* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 80.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 81.

75.

You reach deep inside yourself and find a new source of strength. You fight back with all your might and repel all of your attackers! You knock two of them dangerously close to the hole in space and watch them each get wrapped-up by a giant tentacle,

then pulled into the hole so fast that they're unable to scream their final breath away.

You scramble to your feet and race even deeper into the woods. You run blind through a maze of trees and bushes because the canopy of leaves overhead is so thick it blocks out what little moonlight was able to peek through the storm clouds. Your legs are about to give out, when suddenly the ground falls away from you and you tumble through the air.

It's with a heavy smack that knocks the wind from your lungs when you land in the river. The river is swollen and raging due to the heavy rains. Make a *Swim* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 80.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 81.

76.

You struggle with your captors as they drag you closer to the gaping hole in space. You kick and twist until you successfully free yourself. You leap to your feet to run away; you take a final look back at the woman in time to see her being torn to pieces and pulled into the hole by giant

tentacles whipping out from the warp in space.

You turn and flee, running blind through a maze of trees and bushes because the canopy of leaves overhead is so thick it blocks out what little moonlight was able to peek through the storm clouds. Your legs are about to give out, when suddenly the ground falls away from you and you tumble through the air.

It's with a heavy smack that knocks the wind from your lungs when you land in the river. The river is swollen and raging due to the heavy rains. Make a *Swim* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 80.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 81.

77.

You twist! You scream! But you are unable to break yourself free from your captors! They drag you closer and closer to the gaping hole in space. Your mind abandons all logical thought as you scramble like an animal to get free. The cultists grab your wrists and ankles, and on the count of

three, they fling you onto the dirt next to the bound woman.

You and the woman lock eyes, each of you fully aware of your fate. Just then, giant tentacles whip around you, crushing the air from your lungs, as the impossible tendrils pull you to your doom! Your final vision is that of Great Cthulhu preparing to devour you! Welcome to the Great Beyond; you are dead.

The End

78.

You fight back against your captors as you try to twist free, but the cultists leverage your arms behind your back with such force that they have broken both of your arms! Lightning bolts of pain fires through your body, distracting you enough for the cultists to throw your body with such force that you are flung through gaping hole in space!

You are surrounded in inky blackness, falling and falling. Your mind begins to shut down as it tries to save you from your own madness, when a giant gibbering form with ichor dripping claws and a flailing octopi-like tentacles from a monstrous face comes into focus! Your final vision is

that of Great Cthulhu preparing to devour you! Welcome to the Great Beyond; you are dead.

The End

79.

You hesitate to check out a spooky old barn and house some ghost has led you to, so you turn to follow the muddy driveway back to what you assume to be the road. You plod along beside the muddy track and it threads it's way through the thick woods. You eventually come around a bend, and there is the little girl again; she's pointing away from you again.

As you approach, you see that the driveway has somehow led you back to the house and barn. The girl looks at you again, and again you see scribbles where her eyes should be. You swallow a lump of fear, and then she vanishes.

You turn away, and rush back down the muddy driveway; this time you will pay greater attention to your whereabouts so you can return to the road. You plod along the driveway, never missing a step along the way, until you come around a bend and see the little girl again. And again, she's

pointing toward the old house and barn in the clearing.

The little girl looks at you again and fades away. Your heart sinks as you realize that she has trapped you here.

Next:

If you choose to investigate the barn, go to 17.

If you choose to investigate the house, go to 18.

80.

You thrash about in the water as the raging river drags you faster and faster further downstream. Your mind spins as up is down, and down is up. You finally get your bearings as your face breaks above the water line. You take in a deep gulp of air; you know you were only seconds away from drowning.

The river calms down as it widens, and you float away, out of the woods. You eventually find see a bridge ahead. You swim to shore and drag yourself to the road above. As the morning sun begins to rise and the rains cease, it isn't long before an elderly couple in a pick-up truck find you by the road. They wrap you in a warm blanket and

take you into town. Congratulations, you live to see another day.

The End

81.

You thrash about in the water as the raging river drags you faster and faster further downstream. Your mind spins as up is down, and down is up. You gulp a lungful of water, and then another! Your legs become as heavy as iron as your body is dragged to the bottom of the river. Your body thrashes in your final moments as your oxygen-starved brain drowns at the bottom of the river. Welcome to the Great Beyond; you are dead.

The End

weapon	base skill	damage	base range	atts/rnd	HPs
.30-06 bolt action rifle	25%	2d6+4	110 yards	1/2	12

82.

The huge man goes into the stall across from you; you hear a door fling open and a boy's scream splits the night. His scream is cut short with booming report of one of the shotgun barrels. Rage boils up within you, a rage unlike you have ever felt before.

Your eyes snap up as you see the big man exiting the stall. Without another thought, you stand and attack! Make an *Attack* check. Be sure to observe his armor bonus. If the man has survived your attack, make a single shotgun attack from him against yourself.

If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you choose to continue to attack, go to 93.

If you choose to escape, go to 86.

83.

You know that surprise is your best weapon, so you leap to attack now! Make an *Attack* check, you get a +15% bonus to your attack rolls. Be sure to observe his armor bonus. The man is not able to fight back during this round.

Next:

If you choose to continue to attack, go to 93.

If you choose to escape, go to 86.

84.

You quickly look around the room, and you find a rifle leaning against a chair.

You check, and this rifle is fully loaded with five rounds. You pick-up the rifle, but it doesn't make you feel any safer. You

Cannibal (Mundane threat)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	3d6	10-11	INT	1d6 +4	4-5	HP	11-13
CON	3d6	10-11	POW	3d6	10-11	DB	1d4
SIZ	3d6 +6	13-14	DEX	3d6	10-11	Sanity	0 / 0
Weapons	12g dbl-brl Shotgun: 60%, damage: 4d6/2d6/1d6 (6 available shotgun shells)						
Armor	The cannibal's heavy denim coveralls and thick body gives him a 1-point tough hide.						



weigh your options. If you go out the front door, you might be heard on the rickety old porch. If you go upstairs, there could be someone up in the room where the candle was lit, and you'd like to avoid any encounters if at all possible; leaving you with only a couple of choices remaining.

Next:

If you choose to check out the next room, go to 94.

If you choose to leave back through the kitchen, go to 95.

85.

You quickly pan your light around the room, but find nothing of interest. You weigh your options. If you go out the front door, you might be heard on the rickety old porch. If you go upstairs, there could be someone up in the room where the candle was lit, and you'd like to avoid any encounters if at all possible; leaving you with only a couple of choices remaining.

Next:

If you choose to check out the next room, go to 94.

If you choose to leave back through the kitchen, go to 95.

86.

You escape! You run for the road so you can alert the authorities to what you've seen back here in the woods. You hear something behind you; you suspect that you are being pursued. You get turned around; you can't find the road. You run blind through a maze of trees and bushes because the canopy of leaves overhead is so thick it blocks out what little moonlight was able to peek through the storm clouds. Your legs are about to give out, when suddenly the ground falls away from you and you tumble through the air.

It's with a heavy smack that knocks the wind from your lungs when you land in the river. The river is swollen and raging due to the heavy rains. Make a *Swim* check.

Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 80.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 81.

87.

You go to the door, turn the latch, and a foul odor assaults you. You've found the water closet for the house. You don't have

to be a plumber to realize that the septic system has backed-up in this home. It's all you can do to hold back your retching as you close the door.

Next:

You head back down the hall to check out the open doorway, go to 88.

88.

The next room is dark, as you enter and pan your light around you see a set of stairs up to the second floor, the door to the front porch, an open doorway to another room, and group of chairs and small tables. This is obviously the front parlor room. Make a *Spot Hidden* check.

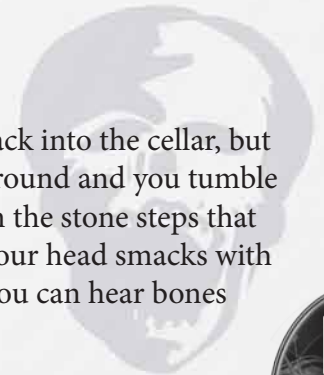
Next:

If your skill check results in a Success, go to 91.

If your skill check results in a Failure, go to 92.

89.

You turn to leap back into the cellar, but you slip on the wet ground and you tumble head over heels down the stone steps that lead into the cellar. Your head smacks with a resounding thud! You can hear bones



weapon	base skill	damage	base range	atts/rnd	HPs
.30-06 bolt action rifle	25%	2d6+4	110 yards	1/2	12

break in your skull! Take 1d6+2 points of damage, and you are knocked unconscious.

You awake sometime later; time has no meaning for you now. You've been stripped nude as your wrists and ankles are chained and holding you down on a large wooden table. You can hear a blade being sharpened somewhere in the darkness past your vision. I tear rolls down your cheek as the large man returns holding a butcher's knife, and as he silently begins to carve into you, your mind is welcomed into the Great Beyond. You are dead.

The End

90.

You leap from the tree stand; your only hope in being able to get some distance between yourself and the werewolf. As your body falls, you begin to twist and your head smacks an outstretched limb with the force of a speeding truck! Take 1d6+2 points of damage, and you are knocked unconscious.

You awake in pain beyond any you've ever known before! The werewolf has torn

you in half and has pulled your legs and pelvis, along with most of your intestines, over to a nearby tree so it can devour them. Your mind then fades into the black cloud of the Great Beyond; you are dead.

The End

91.

You quickly look around the room, and you find a rifle leaning against a chair.

You check, and this rifle is fully loaded with five rounds. You pick-up the rifle, but it doesn't make you feel any safer. You weigh your options. If you go out the front door, you might be heard on the rickety old porch. If you go upstairs, there could be someone up in the room where the candle was lit, and you'd like to avoid any encounters if at all possible; leaving you with only a couple of choices remaining.

Next:

If you choose to check out the next room, go to 96.

If you choose to leave back through the cellar, go to 97.

92.

You quickly pan your light around the room, but find nothing of interest. You weigh your options. If you go out the front door, you might be heard on the rickety old porch. If you go upstairs, there could be someone up in the room where the candle was lit, and you'd like to avoid any encounters if at all possible; leaving you with only a couple of choices remaining.

Next:

If you choose to check out the next room, go to 96.

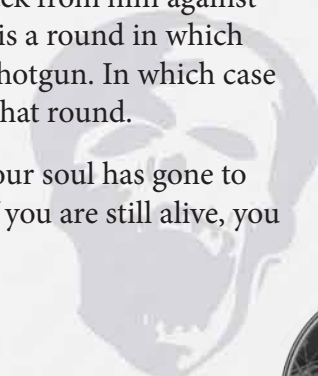
If you choose to leave back through the cellar, go to 97.

93.

You press your attack! Make an *Attack* check. Be sure to observe his armor bonus. If the man has survived your attack, make a single shotgun attack from him against yourself, unless this is a round in which he must reload the shotgun. In which case he'll have no attack that round.

If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:



Cannibal (Mundane threat)

char	rolls	avg	char	rolls	avg		
STR	3d6	10-11	INT	1d6 +4	4-5	HP	11-13
CON	3d6	10-11	POW	3d6	10-11	DB	1d4
SIZ	3d6 +6	13-14	DEX	3d6	10-11	Sanity	0 / 0
Weapons	12g dbl-brl Shotgun: 60%, damage: 4d6/2d6/1d6 (6 available shotgun shells)						
Armor	The cannibal's heavy denim coveralls and thick body gives him a 1-point tough hide.						

If you choose to continue to attack, go to 93.

If you choose to escape, go to 94.

94.

You go into the next room and find a dark hall. There are two doors in the hall, one halfway down the corridor, and another at the end of the hall.

Next:

If you choose to investigate the first door halfway down the hall, go to 98.

If you choose to investigate the second door at the end of the hall, go to 99.

95.

You've had enough. Quickly, you exit the house through the kitchen and leap from the back door into the yard.

Next:

If you choose to check out the cellar, go to 35.

If you choose to head back to the road, go to 86.

96.

You go into the next room, and inside you see a dark and dingy kitchen. There is a small table in the room and door to the back yard on the other side of the room. The kitchen counters and sink are piled with dirty dishes. Some look very old and moldy, while others look much fresher. There's an ice box on the wall next to the open doorway you just came through.

Next:

If you check the ice box, go to 63.

If you choose to go out the back door, go to 65.

97.

You suddenly get a bad feeling, creeping around in this old house, so you quickly go back through the cellar to exit the way you came in. You sprint up the

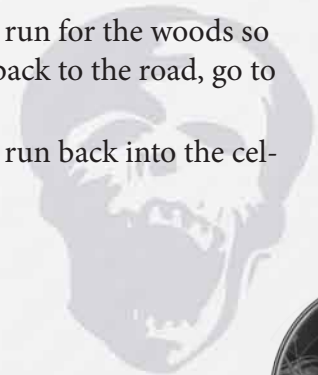
cellar stairs so you can run back to the road. You crest the stairs and stop dead cold; you are face-to-face with huge man in coveralls, and he has a double-barrel shotgun leveled at your gut.

He has caught you by surprise. You stand there, speechless for a second, when the silence is broken by twin blasts of thunder! Make two shotgun, (both barrels), attacks against yourself. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you choose to run for the woods so you can escape back to the road, go to 86.

If you choose to run back into the cellar, go to 89.



98.

Behind the door is an old stairway leading down. You slowly descend the stairs into what must be the cellar. The smell down here is horrific. It takes all your effort not to run out for a fresh breath of air. You hear a slight tinkling of metal, possibly chains. You creep deeper into the cellar, plying your flashlight back and forth. Suddenly, you find the chains and the source of the smell. The chains hang from the ceiling; each chain ends in a large hook, and on each hook is a large chunk of meat that is drying out and curing. You cover your nose and mouth as you start to move forward, but then you see something that stops you dead in your tracks. From one of the hooks hangs the nude torso of what must have once been a child. The missing head, arms, pelvis and legs make identification of the child impossible.

Make a *Sanity* check! If your skill check result is a Success, then lose 1 SAN. If your skill check is a Failure, then lose 1d3 SAN.

Next:

If you continue moving through the cellar, go to 100.

If you turn around and run out of the cellar, go to 95.

99.

You go to the door, turn the latch, and a foul odor assaults you. You've found the water closet for the house. You don't have to be a plumber to realize that the septic system has backed-up in this home. It's all you can do to hold back your retching as you close the door.

Next:

You head back up the hall to other door, go to 98.

100.

You hold your breath as move further in the cellar. You get a bad feeling the longer you are here; you decide to get out of here so you can alert the authorities. Suddenly, you find a set of stone steps leading up to what you suspect is the backyard.

You sprint up the stairs so you can run back to the road. You crest the stairs and stop dead cold; you are face-to-face with huge man in coveralls, and he has a double-barrel shotgun leveled at your gut.

He has caught you by surprise. You stand there, speechless for a second, when the silence is broken by twin blasts of

thunder! Make two shotgun, (both barrels), attacks against yourself. If you are dead, your soul has gone to the Great Beyond. If you are still alive, you may continue.

Next:

If you choose to run for the woods so you can escape back to the road, go to 86.

If you choose to run back into the cellar, go to 89.



A WARRIOR'S CREED

by Peyton Bisailon

Things that go bump in the night
They do not scare me
Things that howl at the moon
better be afraid of what I can do
I'm a hunter by trade
A warrior of light
With a six gun and sword at my side

I hunt the demonic hordes
To hold them at bay
To protect humanity another day
They do not know what lies in the shadows
Their eyes are blinded by ignorant bliss
For people are fools who do not believe
The evil that lives between the trees



Saving a girl from a vampire,
An old man from a pack of wolves
Slicing and dicing and shooting three ghosts
I'm a hunter of creatures
A killer of weres
I do it for the sake of doing so
That's all I do.

I'm not a hero, but heroic in nature
I'm not a killer, just a slayer of creatures
I like what I do since it's the life I live
And protecting the ignorant to stay in their
bliss



BLACK HELICOPTERS



High MilTek
By Captain Obvious
For Dark Conspiracy®

MBB/ Bell-Textron/EuroCopter/ Mil Moscow Helicopter Plant 'Stealth Helicopter'

The Urban myth of “black helicopters” can be traced back to the beginning of the Cold War, usually linked to reports of cattle mutilation, UFOs, crop circles and nefarious plots by secret societies, aliens, right wing or Communist groups from around the globe. The term became an integral part of modern mythology, representing a fear of government misuse of technology. Invariably, these aircraft are unmarked, black with heavily tinted windows, and flying late at night or seemingly appearing out of nowhere near an ‘incident’. To date, air traffic controllers have never confirmed these sightings of these helicopters.

As with all myths, there are several core truths: several nations and corporations developed Stealth-capable rotary winged aircraft for their own use, with the United States leading the pack. The Pentagon eventually admitted that their first mission was during the Vietnam War but development slowed for the next few decades.

During the mid-‘70s, DARPA did experiment with the “Invisible Loach”, using rheostats, a wiring harness and little white

Christmas lights to reproduce the ambient light over the fuselage. As early as 1990, there were rumors of classified stealth helicopter testing at the Groom Lake Air Force under the code name “T.E.-K,” (Test and Evaluation Project K) and by 1995, there were media reports of stealth helicopters inside Area 51.

Around the turn of the century, Eurocopter invented and tested noise-canceling rotor blades that did away with the chopping noise known as “blade-vortex interaction”: the resulting noise reduction sounded like leaves rustling in the wind, unless one is directly under the helicopter. Light-emitting appliqué film linked to directional cameras, reproduced light and color patterns on the opposite side of the aircraft. To human eyes, this effectively turns the aircraft into glass. In addition to noise and optical suppression, the fuselage and skin are reshaped to maximize infrared and thermal suppression. Nanoparticle ‘sharkskin’ paint allows them to withstand ultra-violet radiation, temperature fluctuations and mechanical loads.

Cast Kevlar fuselage panels made them virtually immune to most small arms fire from below. The Block 30 and it’s copies are also equipped with full ‘glass cockpit’ avionic suits and retractable refueling probes,





as well as IR/Thermal sensors and crew goggles.

In addition to seeing long-standing service with the United States Army's 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment ("Night Stalkers"), CIA, DIA and several other Federal agencies, the twin-engined MH60 Block 30 is also flown by the UK's Special Air Service Regiment and MI-6.

With industrial espionage rampant during the 21st century, most major manufacturers had their own purpose-built variant of the basic 'Black Helicopter' design. The performance parameters and even the appearance between different manufacturers varied little. MBB/Eurocopter builds a European-licensed variant, usually with an in-tail fan rotor. Note that limited numbers of a Chinese version of the MBB were manufactured by Sichuan Lantian Helicopter Company, until that facility was destroyed during the Chengdu Blackout Riots.

Corporate Security firms tend to favor less-expensive but performance-equivalent upgrade pack-

IMAGE CREDIT: DAVID CENCIO @ CENCIO4.WORDPRESS.COM AND UGO CRISPONI @ WWW.AVIATION-GRAPHIC.COM. USED WITHOUT PERMISSION.



ages grafted onto commercially available aircraft. These modified helicopters are also the ones operated by the 'secret societies', Igors or even the 'M.I.B.s'.

All versions of the "Stealth Helicopters" are considered rare wherever the United States military is deployed, as well as in Northern America, Western Europe and European Russia. They are extremely rare across the rest of the globe. Typically, the 'Black Helicopters' appear to be transports but depending on their mission, they can be rigged with specialized equipment (including DarkTek) or fitted out as gunships.

As with all technological leaps, there are tradeoffs: while harder to see and hear than conventional helicopters, the stealth versions are slower, carry less and cost much more. Simple RPGs can still bring down these Black Helicopters, while small arms fire strip away their clandestine advantages (by rendering the light-emitting appliqué film inoperative or damaging the sound-suppression subcomponents).



BLACK HELICOPTER STATISTICS

	MH-60 Block 30	MBB/ Bell-Textron Model 256 'Clandestine'
Cruise Speed (kph):	300	325
Com Move:	16	17
Fuel Cap:	480	460
Fuel Cons:	190	180
Ferry Range (km):	2,200	2,500
(w/ stub wings and external tanks, no other cargo)		
Rate of Climb (m/s):	3.5	4.0
Service Ceiling (m):	5,800	5,900
Price:	\$60.2 million (R/xR)	\$42.5 million (R/xR)
Armament:	2 low-recoil door-mounted hardpoints for .50 M2, 7.62 M134, Shipunov GshG or Hua Qing 'Minigun', GPMG, 40mm Mk19	
Ammo: (per)	.50: 440 7.62 Gatling: 1,500 7.62 GPMG: 2,000 40mm : 72	
Fuel Type:	AvG	
Load (kg):	1,100 kg internally / 2,400 in four hardpoints	
Crew:	2 + 8 passengers*	
*If equipped with door guns, two of these are crewmen.		
Min run, takeoff (m):	5	24
Min, landing (m):	5	24
Wt (unloaded) (tons):	5.5	4.8



DAMAGE RECORD

	MH-60 Block 30	MBB/ Bell-Textron Model 256 'Clandestine'
Crewmembers:	□□	□□
Passengers:	□□□□□ □□□□□	□□□□□ □□□□□
Radio:	□□	□
Avionics:	□□□	□□
Optical Suppression:	□□□	□□
Noise Suppression:	□□□	□□
Gun:	□□	□□
Ammo(% con/destr):	□□□□□ □□□□□	□□□□□ □□□□□
Fuselage:	□□□□□	□□□
Engine:	□□	□□
Fuel (% con/destr):	□□□□□ □□□□□	□□□□□ □□□□□
Main Rotor:	□□	□
Tail Rotor: *	□□	□

*NOTAR (No Tail rotor) variants are more popular in Europe.

*"All living souls welcome whatever they are ready to cope with;
all else they ignore, or pronounce to be monstrous and wrong,
or deny to be possible."*

George Santayana, philosopher (1863-1952)



Office Memorandum • UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI
FROM : GUY HOTTEL, SAC, WASHINGTON
SUBJECT: FLYING SAUCERS
INFORMATION CONCERNING

DATE: March 22, 1950

Flying Saucers or Flying Saucers
The following information was furnished to SA [redacted] by [redacted]

b7C
b7D
An investigator for the Air Forces stated that three so-called flying saucers had been recovered in New Mexico. They were described as being circular in shape with raised centers, approximately 50 feet in diameter. Each one was occupied by three bodies of human shape but only 3 feet tall, dressed in metallic cloth of a very fine texture. Each body was bandaged in a manner similar to the blackout suits used by speed flyers and test pilots.

b7C
According to Mr. [redacted] informant, the saucers were found in New Mexico due to the fact that the Government has a very high-powered radar set-up in that area and it is believed the radar interferes with the controlling mechanism of the saucers.

No further evaluation was attempted by SA [redacted] concerning the above.

RHK:VIM

RECORDED - 3
INDEXED - 3

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MAR 28 1950

51 MAR 29 1950

The world is indeed comic, but the joke is on mankind.

H.P. Lovecraft



Some Yards



A Tale of Survival for Little Fears
By CW Kelson III (Tad)
For Little Fears: Nightmare Edition™

Note: In no way does the author, nor the writer of the original game, condone any violence towards children. This is pure fiction, not based in fact at all, and is solely for entertainment purposes alone.

SUMMARY

Some yards children just instinctively know not to enter. Still when shame or bullies force the issue, going against gut feelings, it is up to their friends, other children, to make it right.

Some Yards is an adventure for Little Fears Nightmare Edition as published by Jason L. Blair. It is intended for 3 to 5 brave souls, that must enter a yard long known to be a very bad place, in order to rescue another child. It is a tale of saving, of friendship, of companionship.

This adventure is at the core of it a Haunted House type of scenario. The house is not the main focus but the overall feeling is the same. This might mislead some players as to where the real threat lies. No reason to let them think otherwise. A little misdirection will add to the tension and overall confusion as to what is actually going on and happenings.

SET UP:

A friend to one child lives in another neighborhood. Bullied into invading the old Parnell Residence, the friend is now missing and the teachers and police are asking questions in an attempt to find the missing child. It is up to the player char-

acters to discover where their friend has gotten to, and then go investigate what happened. Grab up the backpacks and bring the Stuff, time to go on an adventure.

FOR THE GM:

PRIOR PREP WORK

To set the stage the GM must get a friend for a Player Character. This will allow the GM to show their vulnerable side. This is the potential victim. Set it up where this is a new kid, or someone not noticed before. Like a few weeks of school, then some older kids, that live in his/her neighborhood, start to pick on the new friend. Once this pattern is established then the start of the adventure really kicks off.

Take some time in setting this up. This adventure will work well after some other game play has occurred. Perhaps have the new friend become involved as a NPC in an adventure, so they can have a sense of helping out. This will illustrate the dangers of working with Monsters alone all the more poignant. Let the new friend try to take a starring role in a scene and ensure they are not up to the task. Then when the friend disappears in the course of this adventure it will add to the tension the players should feel.

Take time to invest the character and makeup of the main focus here. The more time and feeling there is, the more the players should want to find their missing friend across the various scenes in this adventure.

WHO THE CHARACTERS ARE

The player characters should all know one and another, either from attending the same school or by living in the same general area. The only outsider for this tale is the friend that is in trouble.

If characters to play are needed, either make new ones or use the suggested characters from the Little Fears Nightmare Edition Rule book that were presented in The Houses of Apple Court scenario that was presented in the Spooky Stories Chapter. A mixture of ages and abilities should prove sufficient to overcome most of the challenges with ease, leaving only the final Confrontation with Old Man Stump as a very difficult time for them. The final portion of this adventure is heavily conflict oriented, so having some Stuff that is good for defeating Monsters would come in handy.

INCITING INCIDENT

After the characters have been friends with the GMC long enough to be truly

friends, then the child will go missing as a result of older children bullying him/her into invading a deserted house with a vile reputation.

GMCS

There is only the one that is statted up. Any others are incidental and not germane to the adventure

The questionnaire is for the GM to finish up, to make the character relevant to their game, to add depth to the child not being at school. See *The Friend* on the next page.

THE SCENES

SCENE 1 WHY IS OUR FRIEND NOT AT SCHOOL TODAY?

This is an Investigative Scene

The characters all arrive at school one bright Friday Morning and as they assemble before school in the hallways or playground one of their friends are noticeably missing. A newer child, student, at the school where the player's characters attend, who was recently befriended by one of the characters is not at school that day. They had been fine the day before and one of the characters recalls they had texted (or had interacted via Social Media) before dinner

time last night so no indication of sickness or intention to skip school.

During homeroom time in each classroom the teacher asks the students if they have been in contact with the missing student. Seems one of the members of the school snuck out of their house last night and their parents are concerned about their location and well being. The teachers also ask if anyone has any information to raise their hand so they can be excused to go talk to Police Officers waiting down in the Attendance Office. Of course the missing child in question is the friend so noticeable with their absence.

It is up to the player characters to either raise their hands or not. At this point they have no leads, no data, so going and talking to the Police Officers might not necessarily assist in any fashion. Perhaps some Youth Detective Work would be in order instead.

SCENE 2 WHAT CAUSED THE PROBLEM?

This is another Investigative Scene

Sometime during the course of asking around the school, the players should get wind of a couple of older kids that had picked on their friend. Once this information comes out, then a conversation, or potentially confrontation, is in order. It

THE FRIEND

Here are the stats. It is up to the GM to personalize as to gender, name, etc. to fit in the best in the existing campaign.

Name: Determined by the GM based on the particular Campaign

Concept: Quiet Kid

Age: 10
the

Gender: Determined by the GM based on the particular Campaign

Birthday: First day of the campaign (Day the character is introduced)

Abilities

Move OOO
Fight OO
Think OOO
Speak OO
Care OOOO

Good I can fight well when someone else is hurt
Bad It's hard for me to Care when something hurt has more than four legs

Belief: OOO

Wits: scared OOOOO / OOOOO calm

Spirit: dark OOOOO / OOOOO light

Positive Qualities:

I am lonely without my family +2
When I am along I must rely on myself +3
I do better when I am on my own +3
I am good hiking along +1
I can listen really well when I have to +1

Negative Qualities:

I am Allergic to Bee Stings +2
I have been sick a lot growing p +1
I have a hard time running +1

I feel:

fine OOOOOOOO
sore OOOOOOOO (-2)
bad OOOOOOOO (-4)
cold OOOOOOOO (-6)

Goals: Find acceptance, find a family to belong to

Stuff:

His favorite Backpack (it was a birthday present last year)
Always has room for his stuff O (Chance to fit something in it)
Always has his back OO (Armor +2)

should be pretty easy to track down the miscreants. If the GM wishes to make it more of a challenge, then a Quiz is in order, TN 9 and Three (3) Passing Grades will suffice to gather enough information to locate them. Otherwise after some time asking around the players can figure out what trio of boys it was that lies at the root of the teasing. Either die rolling or role-playing will suffice in these circumstances.

It is a group of 3 older kids that all live in close proximity to each other, and live in the same neighborhood. If any of the player's characters had visited the missing kids' house they will recognize them from the area by the house. Otherwise they will fess up to having picked on the missing child. Despite being nascent bullies, they are frightened of what might happen to them if something terrible has happened to the missing child.

They admit to picking on the child for their age and size, and implied if they wanted to be tough or dangerous, or to just not be picked up, then proof of invading the Parnell Yard was needed. A piece of the house, something from the backyard, etc., something to prove they had actually gone into the yard of the allegedly haunted house. This should be the first real clue that something is amiss. Presuming the char-

acters are aware of monsters, not necessarily of Closetland, they should feel a time constraint, since they should presume their friend went on the mission the previous night. Still they are stuck at school for the rest of the day before they could conceivably go find their friend.

Feel free to play up a sense of frustration; how time passes even slower than usual, perhaps in Science Class a sudden Frog Dissection is posed to the class. Ensure the players make a connection between a frog placed into a jar and killed and then the dissection and their missing friend. The player's minds should fill in the rest of the details without too much prompting from the GM.

If feeling particularly dastardly begin describing the day in terms of Closetland, where the colors are muted, sounds are hollow, the hallways echo with more feet than are in them between classes, how the lunchroom feels claustrophobic and a strange odor comes out of a third bathroom door with a strange Octopus head and tentacles on it instead of a Boy or a Girl silhouette.

SCENE 3 WHAT IS GOING ON AT THEIR HOUSE?

This is an Investigative Scene

Once the players have made their way to the missing child's house, they can see a police car sitting out front, several police officers walking around as well as two distraught parents. If they are noticed, or if they walk up to the house, they are greeted with smiles and hugs and asked if they want any snacks and if they have any idea on where the missing child could be. Tailor this to the name and gender of the missing child. The opening scenes are difficult to notate, much of the color and flavor will come from the final composition of the missing friend. At this point the Police have no real leads, have them ask the characters simple Who, What, When, Where, Why, How type questions such as

- ☠ Who they are?
- ☠ What are they doing here?
- ☠ When was the last time they saw the missing child?
- ☠ Why do they think the child ran away from home (indicating what the official position is in the case so far)?
- ☠ How do they know what happened to the child (did they talk, email, IM, PM, etc.)?

Once a few questions are asked and regardless of the answers given the police will thank the characters and go back to stand-

ing around, drinking coffee, taking photos of the house and grounds and essentially dismiss the children as of no interest to the case.

At this point odds are the players will either ask to go up to their friends room to look for clues or to leave the house. If they ask to go check out the room the parents are willing and up there the characters will only find a single note on a sticky stating

OLD PARNELL PLACE

Of course the police and the parents have overlooked this single important clue, so now the characters have another confirmation of what must have happened.

SCENE 4 ALONG THE ROAD

This is an Adventure Scene

There are several low end occurrences along the roads and backyards on the way to the old Parnell House. These can range from the mundane (dogs barking, ice cream truck as a distraction) to the almost creepy (old lady watching the children walking along while she mutters to herself, more dogs barking but large, mangy, and obviously chained up, trees that suddenly lose all their leaves at once and before they touch the ground turn dry and

crumble to dust on impact, etc.). Along the way there should be more subtle hints dropped. Descriptions of trees with drooping branches laden with Spanish Moss, of houses boarded up within a few blocks of the destination, how the street is cracked and the pavement is in bad shape making it almost a Quiz to not sprain an ankle, this should convey the sort of neighborhood they are walking / biking into. All of these clues and descriptions should be used to heighten the mood.

At this point the players should be starting to feel more uneasy about what has happened to their friend. Point out to them the broken and discarded toys along empty streets, how even the metal shopping carts are on their sides and look sad and lonely covered with rust. Describe how the weeds even look sickly in the yards within a few blocks of their destination. Describe how the porches almost look rotted through, and the threadbare curtains in the windows do not totally conceal the furtive shapes moving behind them. No matter what time it is, the sky is darkening and lowering in, with a near claustrophobic feeling to the clouds and houses to either side. If the GM wishes, describe the street behind the players to almost be lengthening out, making it appear as if it would take longer to leave than to proceed onward.

No real contests, no Quizzes in this section. It is intended to set the mood for the upcoming Scenes. Moving on to the next

SCENE 5 INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE

This is another Scene that is either an Investigative or Survival Based scene. Here is where the characters come up to the house and begin to investigate it, to check it out.

APPEARANCE OF THE OLD PARNELL HOME

Standing two (2) stories tall, it has the classic looking architecture of about 70 years ago, especially upper New England or Midwest feel to it. There is a large front yard, narrow side yards and hints of a large backyard. No garage visible from the front, however once someone is about half way down either side they can see a large wooden shed in the backyard. Windows are noticeable at ground level, indicating a basement of some sort. It is likely a 4 or 5 bedroom sized place, with multiple bathrooms. The paint is all peeling and the wood has a bleached grey look to it.

There is little grass in the yard, many tall sickly weeds, and a few clouds of bugs that will rise up into the air as the characters enter the yard. There are several black hornets flying about (none will sting) but a



concern especially if a character has a bee allergy. Making it seem eerie and creepy at the same time. There is an overall sense of decay along with the odor of mold that shows up once someone walks past the front gate that sits ajar.

Entry will be facilitated based on how old the children are. If none of them are close to the upper age range, then the front door will sit ajar, half off the hinges and entry into the house is easy. If there are older children in the mix then have the front door be closed and locked, but it would be easy to force open with a shoulder or two (no Quiz necessary bit if you wish to have them roll, then what ever they roll will work).

As the children walk into the front yard, or along down one side, the sky darkens and the houses to the sides and across the street almost seem to disappear. The characters are entering into a bad place, one that lies very close to Closetland (Treat the front gate or the fence as akin to a door/barrier that is breached to enter into the area. Once through or across it they have crossed the threshold and into the other place).

Inside the house is a terrible place. Many years ago things happened that scarred the house down to the concrete foundations.

Adding into that is the wood used in a renovation, wood that came from a tree cut down out of the back yard that had been haunted for many years. So when the tree came down, the haunted nature entered into the house (especially the kitchen) infecting the entire place. Now it is a haunted kitchen with a run down, dilapidated, interior to the rest of the place. No real details as to the haunting are given; GMs are free to make what details they wish to enhance the ambiance.

The interior of the house is divided into multiple sections. Some sections will have a Monstrous component, others shall not. Most of it shall not; the main exception is the Kitchen which is the center of the House Monster Components, with the Backyard being the real danger area.

Keep in mind how close to Closetland the house really is, and if the GM wishes to play fast and loose with the house interior feel free to. If the description of a room or a location should change while the characters are not in that room, that would be completely reasonable. If the players just think they are forgetting parts or a location, which works as well in this case. This is intended to be weird and ramp up the unease factor to an 11 if possible.

Here are the rooms / locations to be found in the Old Parnell House:

MAIN FLOOR

This is where most of the house is located at. Coming in the front door will lead into the Living Room/Dining Room area just to the left/front with stairs leading up immediately to the right along the way. Refer to the Upstairs portion for where that leads too.

Under the stairs is a storage area filled with old empty hat boxes and luggage with rotted clothing folded neatly and arranged by color.

The Living Room/Dining Room area is located immediately to the left once entering the house. It is a long room, taking up most of the length of the house, with a pseudo-arch to separate it into two different areas. The front would normally be the Living Room with the rear portion, closer to the Kitchen, as the Dining Room. The wood in the front on the floor and walls is a lighter shade than in the back portion. Also in the Dining Room area a faint aroma of rotted meat is always present. Otherwise there is only dust on the floor that never seems to be disturbed no matter who or what crosses over it.



Past the stairs straight ahead is the Pantry, which consists of floor to ceiling wooden shelving and just the other side of that is the Laundry Room with a rusted out washer and dryer. An ironing board and iron rounds out the accessories in this room, however the wallpaper is falling off and there is mold and fungus growing on the walls, floor and ceiling of the Laundry Room.

Close to the Laundry Room sits a Storage Space. Currently it has some old furniture in it, way more than should be able to fit inside if any players ask for a description. There are tables, couches, chairs, dressers, headboards, a few musty mattresses, and boxes all piled in a haphazard fashion in a room that might be 10' by 10' tops, with some space somehow to fit a little more perhaps.

Stairs leading upward and others leading into the basement, the ones leading upward are just inside the front door, have threadbare worn carpet in the middle of them and a slimy looking (and feeling) banister on the left side of the stairs. They lead up into a hallway and along that hallway are three bedrooms and a bathroom detailed separately.

The stairs that lead down are just off the Pantry area behind a wooden door that sits

in the middle of the wall in a strange place. The basement is also detailed separately.

The Kitchen, the heart and soul of the house, and if this was a person it would be a cold undead sort of heart indeed.

The Kitchen is where the malevolence of wood from Old Stumpy is manifested. The tree that was cut down became a butcher block, a center unit and all new cabinets, making for an essentially haunted kitchen. There is a gas stove, an old heavy single door refrigerator, a beat up looking dishwasher along with floor to ceiling storage with an old faux granite countertop.

With the amount of wood in the kitchen the entire place has become a single Monster, The Kitchen Subservient. Ruled and dictated to by Old Stumpy, the Kitchen is able to open and close doors, slamming them on fingers or on heads that look inside, drawers sling open to smack into arms or shins, the Butcher Block centerpiece can also animate similar to Old Stumpy and arm its self with large Butcher Knives. The Kitchen Subservient can speak, using the air that is around in the kitchen and vibrating to make a strange otherworldly atonal sort of voice. It speaks in the 3rd person, such as, "Kitchen says you rotten children need to mind and behave or Kitchen will have to call in Old Stumpy to

discipline." and so on. It is close to a group mind and very susceptible to group think, going along with the crowd even against its own nature or wishes. It will not hurt or damage its self, but short of that witty children could out think it without a whole lot of effort. Additional to all that is is however pretty much a coward. If it looks like there would be too many children in there at once to take on, more than 3, or if they have devices that would obviously injure or damage it, the Kitchen will take no actions. Instead preferring to lie in wait and hide. This could be a long term hazard, if the Stump is defeated and the Kitchen left alone, it can slowly take the place of Old Stumpy in the pecking order and continue to wreck havoc over time.

UPSTAIRS

Upstairs there are three (3) bedrooms and one (1) bathroom, along with a few closets. There are some scattered clothing items about, a few broken and nasty toys that were abandoned. Some empty fast food wrappers with mold growing all over them dot the scenery, with most of the outside windows being either broken or with BB holes in them. It smells like cats use it for a bathroom area, or worse. The carpet has suggestive stains as well. This part of

the house is more decoration than encounter oriented.

BASEMENT

This is a single concrete room with rotted cardboard boxes scattered in various places, the sounds of rat scurrying around and lots of creepy icky insects as well. There are no major components to the basement area, unlike most places all the bad things happened either in the backyard or in the kitchen. This is just moldy, mildew filled and not good for kids with asthma or a fear of the dark. In most haunted houses this would be the most dangerous place. In this case however, it is not so it can be played up as a red herring to set the nerves on edge.

SCENE 6 THE BACKYARD

This is a Scene of Survival

Welcome to the Backyard. By now the characters should have been able to overcome all the obstacles faced to this point. But now things might get a bit dicey for the children. There are multiple foes to be faced in the backyard here, from a group of bullfrogs to a walking tree stump armed with a bloodstained farming implement, the stakes are at their highest.

If the characters have been exerting themselves up to this point, it is time for them to marshal their efforts and strengths for the final push. Once Old Stumpy is overcome, their friend should be released. However it will take at least the destruction of the Wooden Monster to affect this outcome. Their friend is secreted underneath the stump, and until it uproots its self from the ground, they will not be able to locate their friend. Once goaded into action however the plight will come into view, giving an extra Token of Belief for all of the player characters (a free bonus based on the difficulty of the encounter). Immediately award a Token to each character (up to the 10 maximum of course) and allow for them to use it as they see fit in the oncoming struggles. Before dealing with Old Stumpy there are two other Monsters in the Back Yard, The Bullfrog Chorus and The Big Croak. Either or both can be encountered in the back yard, the parts they inhabit are very segmented and if a GM thinks in terms of MMORPG Zones, the backyard consists of 4 different zones with encounters only in 3 of them. The difficulty runs from the easiest to the hardest in this order, The Bullfrog Chorus, The Big Croak, and then there is Old Stumpy. The players should not expend too much effort to defeat the first one, the second is a little

The Backyard in Zones

Outside the Kitchen:	No Monsters here
Middle Section:	Old Stumpy is here
Back Fence:	The Bullfrog Chorus
Over by the Shed:	The Big Croak

tougher, and the third one almost epic in power, at least to newer characters that is.

At this point the middle section would seem to fall into where the players would end up, the GM running this adventure must steer them to the edges first off. This way the characters encounter either The Bullfrog Chorus or The Big Croak first. Then once those two are vanquished, the middle section opens up and the final confrontation can occur. The simplest way would be in descriptions of course. So once the characters come out of the kitchen door to the backyard, or if they circumvented the house and went down either side and ended up in the back yard, here is where the battle truly begins. It is a large space, looking much larger than it should. Stretching out ahead into darkness like oil sitting on black cloth, the fence attached to either side of the house runs down with more wan light coming from the sky and the streetlights off the front of the house. The middle portion is blacker than night. It is presumed the characters look and listen at this point. They can see nothing ahead, but light on the sides. Think in terms of

THE BULLFROG CHORUS

The **Bullfrog Chorus** is a *Regular Monster*.

The Bullfrog Chorus is an Army of Frogs that lives on the back edge of the property, where a creek still runs and an unnatural swamp now exists in miniature. In exchange for their lives, they warn Old Man Stump and the kitchen when there are intruders at night.

Abilities

Fight: ○○○○○○

Grab: ○○○○○○

Chase: ○○○○○○

Scare: ○○○○○○

Virtues

Health: 30

Terror: 6

Qualities

A whole bunch of Frogs

Loud and Noisy, warns the whole yard

Stuff

Cacaphony

Croaking all at once (Scare +2)

percentages, the sides are like 75% lit, fading into 0% in the middle. This should encourage the players to go to one side or the other. Of course at this point unless a Flashlight is Stuff or powered with Belief it will not be strong enough to penetrate the middle darkness. If they go down the Left side, looking from the house, they will come to a soupy, wet, squishy section that after a few more steps turns almost into a mini swamp. This is the home of the Bullfrog Chorus.

GM Note, if your game takes place somewhere where there are no Bullfrogs this should amp the level up as well. The author has Bullfrogs that live in his backyard and his neighbors and when it is about to rain they are very noisy.

If the players take the right hand side, which would parallel the driveway, then they come upon an old decrepit wooden shed, home to The Big Croak. Once these two foes are circumvented or defeated then Old Stumpy wakes up, which aids in dispelling the darkness in the middle portion of the yard, as well as shortening up the entire landscape, revealing the final confrontation.

THE BULLFROG CHORUS

This monster has little real power. More a scaredy cat than anything else, it sits in the swamp and hopes that Old Stumpy does not notice it. When characters get close it will become frightened. It will naturally ask the characters what they are doing. The voice sounds like weird frog voices, many all at once, all of them talking at the same time. It is really a large group of frogs all working together. Once the characters admit to what they are doing, the frogs will become afraid and start to use their Group Croaking Ability. Once they have 3 passing grades in this then Old Stumpy will stir enough to find out what is wrong with the frogs. This will mean that the characters must silence or defeat the Chorus before it can reach the 3 successes. Fortunately for the players the most Passing Grades per attempt is a single one. So it will take 3 rounds at best to reach this goal. It could be the characters completely prevent this from happening. This means once The Chorus and Big Croak are defeated, the players will need to enter the darkness without the space being lit at all. This will be difficult and harrowing for the characters and might add a -1 to all die tasks if that happens. However in fighting The Big Croak there is a second chance to awaken the main Monster as well so not to worry.



After defeating or outwitting The Bullfrog Chorus odds are the characters will suddenly notice a rickety wooden shed. The presumption is since they are looking for their friend, who was not found in the house anywhere, then the next most reasonable location would be this creepy shed in the backyard. Unfortunately there are no tools, nothing in the shed. The only thing is a sense of cold, of winter wind blowing, cutting through the children's thin outfits, bringing a chill and goose bumps to their arms and legs one and all. This is the breath exhaled by The Big Croak, an assemblage of creatures and things that all fell victim to The Old Stump and its Axe. They are all trapped in a hideous non-life in the vicinity of the shed, where Old Stumpy disposes of the remains down a hole in the back of the structure that leads nowhere really.

The Big Croak is a lot like a ghost, very sad, very lonely, but forced by fear to remain trapped in the shed and unable to leave. It will cry and flail out at any that enter the shed, in pain mostly. If defeated, or some enterprising child thinks to light the shed on fire somehow, the spirits will all be released to go where they should have gone. This would actually be a very good thing. One curious thing is that the flames will not spread, nor will the light be seen outside of the yard, flickering and reflecting

off the boundaries of the fencing like they would off of glass walls. Make sure to point that out to the players if they think to take this tactic.

As the fire dies down, the commotion will have roused Old Stumpy, and as the monsters are defeated in the back yard the darkness at the center begins to lift. The children are making a tangible difference, one they will be able to see. But as the darkness is lifted a little, the real danger is revealed.

There is a stump in the center of the darkness. It is a good 3 foot tall and maybe 8 foot around in size. The bark is the color of a mean junkyard dog, the kind that looks like it escaped from some tormented place. Once they get closer they will see the top is marked and scored with countless impacts of an Axe Blade as well as other scratches and cuts, stained a dark brown as if it had been batched in some liquid that dries to a dark brown dull stain. But as the darkness recedes more they feel the cold intensify and actually almost emanate from the final visible object in the whole yard. A strange deep gravel like voice will call out, much like an old man who is mean because he is mean, demanding to know who is intruding in its yard. Over and over until one of the children either gets within 20 some feet

THE BIG CROAK

The Big Croak is a Regular Monster.

A spirit made of many dead things. Sad and pitiful, it is trapped in the area of the shed out back. Held in place with the memories of cages, leashes, and other restraints, with an unreasonable fear and hatred of Old Man Stump, and with no way to affect or escape its confinement.

Abilities

Fight: ∅∅∅∅∅∅

Grab: ∅∅∅∅∅∅

Chase: ∅∅∅∅∅∅

Scare: ∅∅∅∅∅∅

Virtues

Health: 30

Terror: 6

Qualities

Scary Spooky Voices crying or making noise all at once

Confusing to listen to

Fearful Mutterings can send shivers down the backs of children

Stuff

Shifting Shape ∅

Being ghostly parts of many things (-1 damage to it)



of it or one of the answers up. Then it roars and booms out in a shout like thunder mixed with the screeching of metal in an 3 car automobile accident that intruders are not wanted and they had best leave before Old Stumpy came over there and had them for its own.

At this time most players will end up challenging what they might perceive as a stump just yelling at them. Once a step or two is taken towards it, pause the action and describe how the stump starts to shake and rattle and two gnarled arms erupt from the sides of the stump and with a ground shaking movement uproot from the earth, facing the flat portion of the stump towards them like some round non-face. Once up with two stubby legs made of entwined roots the Monster will reach behind somewhere and pull up an Axe on a long wooden handle in one hand and an old Hoe in the other hand. This is the final fight. As it takes a step forward somehow a trick of the light, or of belief, lets them see their friend trussed up in wormy roots in the space below where the Stump had been at. Now they know where their friend had been secreted at, and a battle fierce is on them.

When fighting the Monster will use the weapon of greater effectiveness against the children, the Axe for younger ones to scare

them and the Hoe for older ones to inflict more physical danger and damage, this will be one tough battle.

Reminder, at this point a Token of Belief is granted to all that see their friend alive and a captive under the where The Stump had been at. This is to help in this final battle. The Token is a small replacement for any expended up to this point and cannot exceed the maximum of 10.

Let the battle begin. It is presumed the players will prevail over the Old Man Stump who is a Scary Monster. Once the battle is over, the monster petrifies in the space of a few blinks of the eye. Turning into a stone like statue with the Axe and Handle of it turned into the same substance. The roots holding their friend captive fall away and they are able to rouse their friend, seeming from sleep or being mesmerized. No physical harm had come to them, yet, and they seem a little dazed and confused but aware of where they had gone and why. Not it is time for everyone to leave the backyard and in fact leave the entire area of The Old Parnell Place.

SCENE 7 HEADING HOME

Once they have overcome the monsters in the backyard they are able to locate the rickety old wooden shed where stuffed

in behind a rusted old hand push mower, plastic bags of utterly dried up lawn leaves, as well as carpet pulled in there with strange red stains that could never come out, lies the missing child. Rendered temporarily senseless by the ordeal, had they been in the clutches of Old Stump for a few days, then The Axe might have had another stain added to it. As it stands all is well at this point.

Once roused, or carried out of the yard, the band makes its way back across the neighborhoods, under glowing streetlamps. During it all night fell while the battles ranged on. Several hours passed outside the environs of the Old Parnell House and now everyone is more than late for supper. It should not take too long for the children to see their friend safely to their house, where the frantic parents will greet the child with hugs and tears, and then the characters can make their ways to their own homes, confident they helped out in a positive fashion one of their own.

This final scene should also be used for the players to have the characters relate what the scariest part was, the best part, what they liked, etc. Take the time to wrap it up nicely, all in order to bring a sense of conclusion to the entire adventure.

Finis

THE OLD STUMP

The **Old Stump** is a *Scary Monster*.

The Old Man Stump, Stumpy, dead-wood, The Old Man is a haunted tree, which was cut down and used as wood throughout the large house. Now the broad stump sits there, having been used for years as a table of sorts for chops, cuts and depravity to be enacted upon.

Decades of darkness has given it the ability to uproot and take a waddling old man sort of semblance. Decades of darkness has given it the ability to uproot and take a waddling, old man sort of semblance.

It has two pieces of Stuff, one is The Hoe, and the other is The Axe. Normally it will only use one or the other, however it could in theory use them both, just not at well (-1 to use both at once).

It is in the middle back of the yard, shadows and darkness obscuring its location and form until roused by the efforts of The Bullfrog Chorus or the wails of The Big Croak. Then Old Stumpy awakens from dreams of the past to deal with the intruders it has before it.

Abilities

Fight: ØØØØØØ

Grab: ØØØØØØ

Chase: ØØØØØØ

Scare: ØØØØØØ

Virtues

Health: 40

Terror: 12

Qualities

This is haunted tree stump come to life in revenge of past wrongs

This stump hates and is mean to everything, including other monsters

It has a voice like dead things mixed with fear and thunder

Stuff

Implements of Danger

‘The Axe’ – Plain sweat soaked handle, dull and notched rusty iron blade, it will cut and terrify almost any one. (Scare +2)

‘The Hoe’ – The killing weapon of Old Man Stump is old and pitted iron, over 100 years old. It has been used so many times to kill and conceal it has become a corrupting influence over the entire yard. (Damage +3)

THE KITCHEN SUBSERVIENT

The **Kitchen Subservient** is a Regular Monster.

To the stump, the cabinets, doors, and Butcher Block were made out of the tree. This is a bad place, which could turn worse with time.

Abilities

Fight: ØØØØØØ

Grab: ØØØØØØ

Chase: ØØØØØØ

Scare: ØØØØØØ

Virtues

Health: 30

Terror: 8

Qualities

Lots of doors and things to swing open and close

Made of wood, scared of the stump and unable to get away

Stuff

Cabinet Attack Ø

Doors, Handles, Drawers (+1 Fight)

Butcher Block Ø

Oozes and weeps what might be blood or worse (+2 Scare)

THANKS AND CREDITS FOR
SOME YARDS

Thanks to Jason L Blair for creating a superb little setting

Thanks to Norm Fenlason for his LFNE Adventure in Protodimension Magazine which inspired me to get the system and subsequently to create this and perhaps some follow-on adventures set in the outskirts of Closetland

A little inspiration for all my writing comes from music. A piece of music I listened to while creating this adventure is *Ramalama Bang Bang* by Roison Murphy. Go find the *So You Can Think You Can Dance* group performance to this song (which was my first exposure to Roison Murphy) and you can pull inspiration for this adventure from there, taken to the concept of a moving murderous tree stump.



Well ya' see, I'm not saying that I've been everywhere and I done everything. But I do know it's a pretty amazing planet we live on here and a man'd have to be some kind of fool to think we're all alone in this universe.

Jack Burton
Big Trouble in Little China (1986)



Sawmill



A Mini-RPG of Trust & Claustrophobic
Horror
By James Mullen

Version 1.3
Last Edited 26th June 2011

VICTIMS

Sawmill is an intensely focused game for 4 to 8 players; all of the players take on the role of characters who have been abducted and imprisoned in a derelict sawmill, which has now been laced with booby traps. To escape, they will have to learn to trust each other, but at least one of them will have to die...

To play, all you need is some pencils and paper, a few six-sided dice in two different colours and some beads or tokens. Give each player a piece of paper, a pencil and two tokens, then someone must read out the section headed 'Awakening' to all the players. Do not do anything else until told to in that section; the body text explains the setting of the game, while the bullet points instruct the players in the rules.

AWAKENING

You wake up on a rough wooden floor; as your eyes open, you see you are in an unfamiliar room with barred and boarded up windows. A number of strangers are also lying on the floor with you.

Describe what your character looks like to the other players and write it down on your paper. If there are 4 or 5 players, agree on a description for 2 NPCs and place

them on scraps of paper in the middle of the table; if there are 6 or 7 players, create 1 NPC; if there are 8 players, do not create any NPCs.

Bolted to the far wall is a large metal cylinder with a digital clock welded to it that has started counting down from 2 hours; there are also two metal boxes at each end of that wall, connected to the cylinder with thick cables that are stapled to the wall. Each box has a keyhole in it. A recorded message starts to play, but the voice has been electronically distorted:

"Welcome to the Sawmill. You are all here because you have squandered your lives; now you will learn the true value of every breath you take. The cylinder in this room contains a toxic gas; when the clock reaches zero, the gas will be released and you will all die. If you wish to prevent this, you must disable the countdown by turning keys in the two boxes you see before you. Both keys must be turned at the same time or the gas will be released; any attempt to tamper with any part of the mechanism will also release the gas. A number of keys have been placed throughout this building; you are free to look for them, but in order to claim a key, one of you will have to undergo a trial. The question is, are you prepared to risk your life in order to save it? Or would

Playtesters: David Arthur, Matt “Goober” Bleasdale, Ben Cole, Helen Garvey, Martin Goodson, Mark Kerr, Arno Meijs, Nick Reynolds and Sam Thompson.

you rather trust the strangers you are with to save it for you?”

Everyone must write on their paper the phrases ‘I’m selfish because...’ and ‘I’m selfless because...’ completing the phrase in a way that describes their character’s personality. Everyone has 3 points to divide between these values in any way they wish. Any attempt to do something purely for yourself and your own survival, at the expense of others, uses the Selfish value; any attempt at helping others or doing what is best for the group at your own expense uses the Selfless value. Everyone must make their choices before continuing.

“Your best chance of survival is to learn about each other, as each of you has skills that will be necessary to help you all. Although you do not know this yet, however, each of you has a reason to want to kill one of the other people you are imprisoned with, because they are responsible for ruining your life. Finally, once you have played my game and won two keys for yourselves, bear this in mind: one of the two boxes is

booby-trapped and will kill whoever turns the key in it. Let the game begin.”

Players should now begin playing their characters; they can introduce themselves, question others, pretend to still be asleep, storm off looking for an exit or whatever they choose to do, but there is no way out of the Sawmill until the gas has either been released or disabled.

Choosing Your Character

In the introduction to the game, there are three things you must write down about your character; their appearance, a reason for them to act selfishly and a reason for them to act selflessly, the latter two also having values of 0 to 3.

Appearance: Only write down what the others in the room can detect with their own senses, e.g. you gender, approximate age, clothing, any odours or perfumes, etc. For NPCs, a capsule description will do, along with a name, e.g. ‘Sue, a middle-aged secretary’ or ‘Zeke, a redneck.’

Selfish Reason: Come up with a piece of history for your character or an aspect of their personality that explains why they would act selfishly.

☠ *I’m wanted by the police.*

☠ *Everyone around me treats me like a celebrity.*

☠ *I just don’t care about other people any more.*

☠ *I have to get back to my family.*

Selfless Reason: Do the same as above, but this time explaining why you would act for the good of others.

☠ *I never leave a brother behind.*

☠ *I only have a few months to live anyway.*

☠ *No-one else can handle the pain like I do.*

☠ *People look up to me as a hero.*

THE SAWMILL

Getting the Sawmill ready is a very simple job; take two small, square scraps of paper, write *Accusations* on one and *Discoveries* on the other, then place them centrally, along with the dice, pencils, NPCs and so on. Whenever someone spends a revelation token, it is placed on the appropriate square and when they gain a token, they take it from one of these squares. The golden rule, however, is that there may never be more tokens on *Discoveries* than their are on *Accusations*; this means players must make an *Accusation* at the start of the game before



they can make a *Discovery* (see the next section for details on these moves)

THE GAME

Any character can choose to do anything at any time, but in order to progress, they will need to spend their revelation tokens, represented by the three tokens given to them at the start of the game. Spending a token allows a player to make a special move within the game, which invokes the mechanics. There are two moves that can be triggered by spending a revelation token, which are *Accusing* another character or *Discovering* a puzzle-trap:

Accuse: Using either their own knowledge & memories or some clues planted in the Sawmill, the character can level an accusation at any other character, revealing something about their life to the rest of the group. The target character must then choose to accept or deny that accusation:

Accept: The target acknowledges the basic truth behind this accusation, though they may add to or refine it to make it more favourable to themselves. The target chooses a skill that relates to what has been revealed about them, whilst their accuser adds 1 to their Selfless value.

Deny: The target refutes the accusation and in fact turns the situation around by making a counter-accusation against their accuser. The accuser *must* accept the counter-accusation, they may not deny it; their target adds 1 to their Selfish value and chooses a skill for the accuser.

Example: *Dave spends a revelation token and narrates that his character is looking for the bathroom, but when he finds it, there are a series of news clippings pasted to the wall concerning a notorious porn ring and Sam's character's picture appears in the stories. His character confronts Sam's and accuses him of being involved in making extreme pornography. If Sam accepts this, he gets to put his own spin on the accusation and choose a skill for his character, such as 'Photographer', while Dave gets +1 Selfless; if Sam denies it, he makes a counter-accusation that Dave must accept, allowing him to choose a skill for Dave while giving himself +1 Selfish.*

Discover: Whilst wandering the maze of corridors and rooms built up inside the Sawmill, the character comes across one of the puzzle-traps that contains a key. Describe the puzzle-trap in as much detail as you like, but keep in mind that it must relate to a skill that any character already

has or one which a character can reveal soon.

Example: *Helen and James' PCs are exploring part of the Sawmill together and they start to talk about their lives; then, Helen encourages James to open a door, which leads into a darkened room. As James tries the switch, Helen spends a revelation token and describes a puzzle trap that occupies this room; a long, curvy, thick metal wire runs around three walls at chest height, connected to the main power supply. At one end is a small key, also connected to the power and the other is a large, locked box with the word 'Key' messily painted on it. If they can guide the small key along the wire without completing the circuit, they can unlock the box and get 1 key for the gas trap; if they do complete the circuit, however, the person attempting to solve the puzzle-trap will get a strong, possibly fatal, electric shock!*

PUZZLES & CONFLICTS

There are two situations where players roll the dice: when they are attempting to solve a puzzle or when they are in conflict with another character.

Puzzles: Once a puzzle-trap is discovered, the group gets *one* chance to solve it; only one character can attempt to solve

each puzzle and they are at risk from the trap. The player taking the risk must decide whether they will keep the key for themselves, if they win it, or give it to another character. If keeping it for themselves, they use their Selfish value; if giving it away, they use their Selfless value. Another player rolls one die for the puzzle; if the PC attempting to solve the puzzle-trap has a relevant skill, they cross that skill off their paper and two puzzle dice are rolled. If any of the dice rolled by the player attempting to solve the puzzle matches any of the puzzle dice, then they win the key. The character who takes the key must write it down on their paper.

Example: *It becomes established that Ben's PC is a carny, which he takes as a skill, so he would be the best candidate to try the 'buzzer game' discovered by Helen. He decides he will give the key to Matt's PC, if he succeeds, so he picks up the dice for his Selfless score, giving him 2; Matt picks up 1 die for the puzzle, but Ben crosses off his 'Carny' skill, so Matt adds 1 more puzzle die. They both roll: Ben gets 6 and 4, Matt gets 6 and 3, so Ben succeeds. He narrates the tension as his PC tries to get the key and just barely succeeds, but once he has it, he turns to Matt's PC and explains why he is entrusting it to him.*

Conflicts: Whenever two characters disagree, they can settle it by rolling dice to see who gets their own way. The player who reaches for their dice first chooses which value to use, based on their character's motivations and attitude, e.g. if trying to steal something from another character for your own use, you would use Selfish, but if you are trying to push the target into cooperating with the group, you would use Selfless. The target must then use the other value to respond with, or they may simply give and roll no dice, allowing the player who started the conflict to win it immediately. When starting a conflict, the player may choose one of the following outcomes that they wish to achieve or simply go for colour and settle for that fact that the loser will gain 1 Pain (see the next section):

- ☠ Steal a key from the target
- ☠ Refuse to take a key (as a result of another PC solving a puzzle-trap Selflessly)
- ☠ Steal a revelation token from the target
- ☠ Force the target to take a key from you
- ☠ Force the target to attempt to solve a puzzle

The winner of the conflict is the player who rolls the highest single result; if the players are tied, such as they both rolled a

6, then use the next lowest die to break the tie, and so on. If the tie is unbreakable, e.g. both players have exactly the same results, then they each gain 1 Pain and must choose to either roll again or give up their stake in the conflict.

PAIN & DEATH

Whenever the dice are rolled, for whatever reason, the character's rolling dice are at risk: the Sawmill is a dangerous place, full of booby traps, and nothing is gained without a price.

Failures: Anytime a player fails a roll for any reason, they gain 1 Pain die (use a different colour from the other dice). This includes failing to get a match on a puzzle-trap roll and losing a conflict roll with another player. Add some colour narration that explains how you earn the Pain, which can be physical or emotional.

Example: *Martin's PC is attempting to dive down into a dark pool in the basement, where a sign pointing down simply says 'Key'. He rolls 3 dice for being Selfish, as he is keeping the key for himself, and Mark rolls 1 for the puzzle-trap, as Martin has no skill which applies to it. Martin rolls 2, 2 and 5, but Mark rolls 4, so Martin fails to get the key; the pool drains, taking the key away with it, leaving Martin at the bottom of a*



deep, slippery pit and he gains 1 Pain as he drags himself out.

Painful Victory: If you have any Pain dice, you always roll them alongside any other dice you roll, e.g. if rolling to solve a puzzle-trap or in a conflict with another PC. If the *only* way you can succeed at that roll is to use the result of one or more of your Pain dice, then you have achieved a painful victory. Narrate your successful outcome as normal, but also narrate a price you have to pay for that success, such as a minor injury or embarrassing admission, then gain 1 Pain die as if you had failed.

Example: *Nick's PC is pushing Matt's around, trying to get one up on him and just generally wind him up; there's nothing at stake, other than the loser gaining 1 Pain. Nick rolls to be Selfish, so Matt must roll to be Selfless, appealing to Nick's character to work with the group instead of driving them apart. They both roll and Matt gets a 6 on one of his Pain dice; he manages to shout down Nick's character, but winces as he does so, clutching at his chest as the argument seems to drain him. He succeeds but gains 1 more Pain; as the loser, Matt also gains 1 Pain and describes his PC's simmering rage at being made to look a fool by the weak old man.*

Triples: If there are one or more triples in your results across all your dice, your character dies; you get to narrate their death in any way you like, so if you were in conflict with another character, you get to make them responsible for your death. Any character can take any key from your body without a conflict, but if two characters both want to take it, they must fight a conflict against each other. Any unused skills or revelation tokens you had on you are lost.

You can avoid your PC's death by having one of the remaining NPCs take their place; narrate how the fatality occurs to the NPC instead of your PC. If there are no NPCs left to be used, then death cannot be avoided. Whenever a PC dies, all the other players have the option to lose 1 Pain immediately, if they wish to, but they must decide now.

Example: *Arno's PC tries to persuade David's to attempt one of the puzzle-traps; they roll their Selfish/Selfless scores and their Pain. Arno gets the highest result and beats David, so his PC must try to get the key, but Arno has two 4s on his Selfless dice and another 4 on his Pain: that makes a triple, so his PC dies! Luckily, there is one NPC left, so Arno describes how, as he and David argue, Sue the secretary cautiously looks over*

the puzzle-trap, wondering if she can do it instead, but she triggers a hidden booby trap placed there to prevent tampering: a guillotine blade swoops down, chopping off both her arms at the elbows and she bleeds to death within minutes.

CONFIDING

There is one additional move characters can make, but they must spend 1 Pain instead of a revelation token to trigger it: when they do so, they can *Confide* in another character.

Confide: Take another PC aside and tell them some dreadful truth about your character; this should be bad enough that it may give another PC cause to want you dead. It can be a general confession, such as admitting to being a drug dealer, or a specific one, such as confessing to being a private detective who gathered the evidence that ruined another character's marriage. By confiding in another character, you can choose to flashback to your past or cutaway to things that are happening right now somewhere outside the Sawmill. The character you confide in must then choose whether to keep your secret or share it.

Keep: If you keep another character's secret, you gain 1 revelation token.



Share: If you share another character's secret, they gain 1 revelation token and another character of your choice gains 1 Pain; this should be the character who is most affected by learning that secret.

Example: *Mark decides that his character will confide in Martin's and confesses to him that he is a police informant who has sent many of his 'friends' to jail; he narrates a cutaway where we see Mark's contact in the police discovering that he has been abducted. Martin chooses to share Mark's secret, so now all the character's know it; Mark gains 1 revelation token and Martin decides that Sam gains 1 Pain, due his implication in the pornography ring being a result of Mark's snitching!*

ENDGAME

The game can end in one of three ways:

- ☠ If there is only 1 character left alive at any time, they can't disable the countdown on their own, so that player tosses a coin and calls heads or tails. If they are correct, they get rescued before the gas is released, otherwise their rescuers are too late and they die.
- ☠ If the players ever run out of revelation tokens before they have found 2 keys, then the timer on the clock

reaches zero and the gas is released, killing all the characters.

- ☠ If the players obtain 2 keys, they must agree which characters are going to use them: this may be resolved by negotiation or conflict. The players of the characters who turn the keys must choose Heads or Tails each, then a coin is tossed; the winner of the toss lives, but the loser had the booby trapped box and dies.

GETTING STARTED

Every player has pencil, paper, dice and two revelation tokens.

Write down a physical description of your character when told to.

Choose their values for Selfish and Selfless when told to.

MOVES

Accuse: Spend 1 revelation token. Target another character and reveal something about them, target must Accept or Deny.

Accept: Target chooses a skill for themselves, accuser gains 1 Selfless.

Deny: Target chooses a skill for their accuser and gains 1 Selfish.

Discover: Spend 1 revelation token.

Describe a puzzle-trap that relates to a skill already possessed by any character or one which may be revealed soon.

Confide: Spend 1 pain. Tell another character the truth about yourself; if another character confides in you, you must choose whether to keep or share their secret.

Keep: You gain 1 revelation token.

Share: The confider gains 1 revelation token and you give 1 Pain to any third party character of your choice.

PAIN & DEATH

Gain 1 Pain whenever you fail any roll.

If you succeed with results on Pain dice, gain 1 more Pain.

If you roll a triple on any of your dice, your character dies, unless there is an NPC to take their place.

If a PC dies, everyone else may choose to lose 1 Pain, right now.



Midnight Sails



I didn't take the time to clean or bandage my toes where I had used the pliers to rip off the bloody hunk from my right big toe. There is little pain and really, not a lot of blood. Sleepy now, time to lay down under the slowly spinning ceiling fan and wait for Sleep to claim me in its genteel embrace.

My eyes are shut as once again I fall into a trance. taking time to calm and release each muscle, willing gravity to work the magic and feel the flesh I am encumbered with farther and further into the mattress. I feel each and every worn out spring in it, decades of being slept on has worn a contour of my corpulent flesh into the very warp and weft of the once fine piece of furniture.

I feel the weight of the night pressing down as well, the sheer emphasis of the moon hanging in the sky just outside my window, shining down sanctifying the simple act of falling asleep. I hope to dream tonight, to dream such dreams that would make other men cry out, but I crave a release from the pain of life and a hope that sleep will take me, pull me out of the slowly rotting existence I have been dealt and swing me into somewhere else, that I might escape the prison called reality for somewhere more fanciful and to my liking.

Fiction
By CW Kelson III (Tad)

I can only hope as I guide my own mind far within the caverns I have constructed over generations of practice, till I feel it all slip away into the blackness of the night.

Black sails on the horizon, a roiling deck beneath our feet, and the boarman squeals at me in terror while they come closer and closer and a silent cannonade decimates our railing and I flee belowdecks to find pristine steel and wide open holds full of slowly shifting and mewling sacks I tear open one to have a pile of blankets come spilling out like entrails from a large slug, but entrails made of plaid and heavy undyed wool, I feel the clawed footsteps up on the wooden deck above while the crew battle, cries of rage and sounds of shattering tusks and heavy belaying pins impacting on bones and flesh alike. I look for somewhere to hide but there is no space large enough to take me, I look down and I see only hooved hands with no fingers and no color to my hands though I see steel and grey and plaid and off white all around me instead of the featureless nothing of my own hands.

There are worn wooden steps under the feet of the person in front of me, I see how the passage of feet have polished them to a sheen. The wood is black, the edges lighter than the middle of the tread while a black sun shines unlight down unto my head.



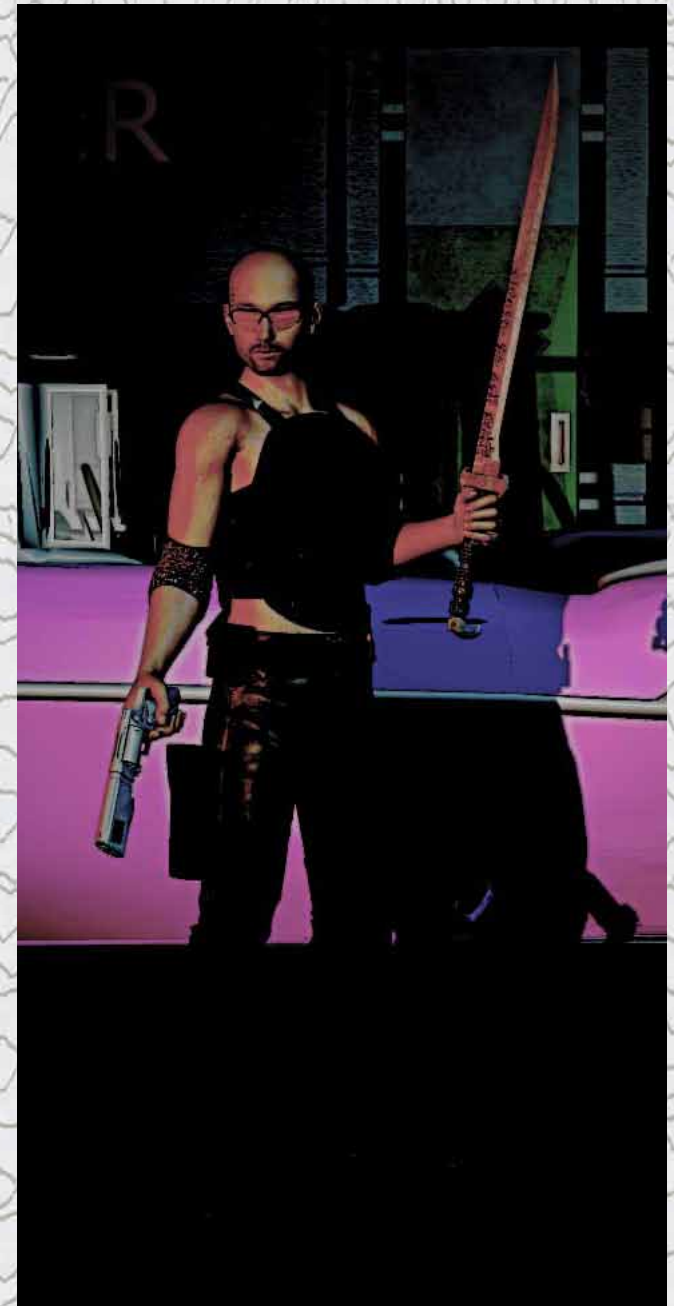
I feel the weight of my past upon me, the thick coverings over my flesh to hide the great truth from any in front, I come up to the deck with featureless nothing surrounding the vessel, winds keep the black sails taut.

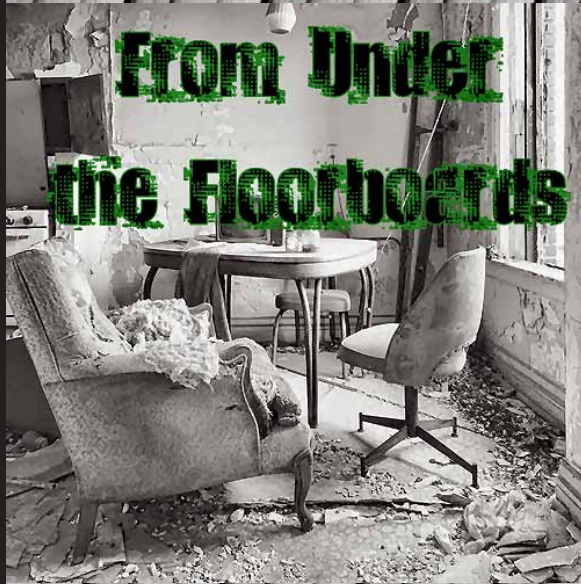
The multilegged houses, each with eight legs, are crawling up the basalt facing, coming out of the spears of granite with endless crashing of deafening wave over wave over wave piling the bodies up higher and higher as the houses climb to escape encroaching.....

The colors of ocher and ruby adorn the raiment of the female as she makes her way along the decking. The ship moves ever so slightly and she must catch herself with a single hand, the wood under her fingers the same shade as her hair, black bile. Her eyes mimic the wood, featureless orbs of cruelty nestled in a countenance composed of serenity and abomination. Small perk nose with wide lips, the shade of precious rubies to match the fist sized stone at her throat, I look down in awe and her single sheer spiderwebbed skirt befuddles my senses and I feel her nails, like needles, lightly stroke my arms as I swirl away into a vortex of primary colors infused with the clarity that comes only with practice at staring into the sun and the soul, I mourn the loss of my

people and I know not who they were and I feel tears leaking down my face, leaving etched channels in my features scarring me for the rest of my days while a forest rises out of the waters in front and we two, my queen and I, turn and gaze out over the tree tops; pine, spruce, fir; home to our enemies while the moon rises behind us foretelling something I should not know.

While the grandfather clock in the living room strikes three times, then four times, the center of night takes me for its own and I am lost forever on a plain of stone while shapes writhe in undulations of sweet morass and pathos. I hear the planets talking and I can almost understand, only a few more moments until....





Greetings to those of you who have chosen to join me down here...

Locations, as we all know, are a large part of any role playing scenario. The places where the characters have their adventures have to suit the game, and possibly more so in the modern era horror genre. Over the last couple of months there have been a number of links posted to the Protodimension and other forums, dealing with derelict and abandoned buildings...and even whole cities that stand empty. For those of you who aren't yet forum members, I present a list of the best links each with a short description. Go check them out!

- ☠ The whole Abandoned Journeys site is great but in particular this article about one of Thailand's tallest buildings, that has never been occupied: <http://bit.ly/mNsz61>
- ☠ Urban Ghosts is another fine resource, especially this list of disused subway/Tube stations around the world: <http://bit.ly/kokVOs>
- ☠ Abandoned Britain's site has a whole range of things. I recommend looking up Cane Hill hospital when you hit the link: <http://www.abandoned-britain.com/>
- ☠ The typically American small town of Cairo, Illinois, which looks pretty much like the people just got up and left one day: <http://bit.ly/eA0B3F>
- ☠ Cracked.com has a list of the 6 Creepiest Places in the World: <http://bit.ly/qZjckf>
- ☠ Ten abandoned cities courtesy of Gadling.com (Hashima is a doozy!): <http://aol.it/dLKYwZ>
- ☠ Finally for now, a UK group who enjoy urban exploration (don't try it at home kids!): <http://www.urbansickness.co.uk/>

I am sure that at least one of these resources will give you something that will add some background flavour to your next game, or possibly even inspire an adventure.

Until next time.

Lee





Ambrose Gwinnett Bierce

June 24, 1842 – after December 26, 1913

Ambrose Bierce was an American editorialist, journalist, short story writer, fabulist and satirist. Today, he is best known for his short story, “*An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge*” and his satirical lexicon, *The Devil’s Dictionary*. The sardonic view of human nature that informed his work—along with his vehemence as a critic, with his motto “nothing matters”—earned him the nickname “Bitter Bierce.”

At the age of 71 Bierce, divorced of his wife and father to two dead sons, went into Mexico to join Pancho Villa as an observer. His last communiqué was sent dated December 26, 1913 from somewhere near Chihuahua, Mexico. Oral tradition has it that Bierce was executed by a firing squad in the town cemetery of Sierra Mojado, Coahuila. This sequence of his life was used in the movie *From Dusk Till Dawn 3 – The Hangman’s Daughter* (1999) where he is depicted dreaming of his execution death and later fighting vampires. His disappearance has otherwise never been explained.

Ambrose Bierce’s body of work is contained in a twelve volume *Collected Works*, published in 1909. Most, if not all, of his work are in the public domain and available in many locations on the web.

The Foolish Woman

From *Fantastic Fables*

By Ambrose Bierce

A Married Woman, whose lover was about to reform by running away, procured a pistol and shot him dead.

“Why did you do that, Madam?” inquired a Policeman, sauntering by.

“Because,” replied the Married Woman, “he was a wicked man, and had purchased a ticket to Chicago.”

“My sister,” said an adjacent Man of God, solemnly, “you cannot stop the wicked from going to Chicago by killing them.”

Think about it...ed.

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