



Accursed



Long Dead and Twice Slain

Shane Lacy Hensley



TONASIO (GOLEM)

The hulking Golem was once a gentle giant, until enraged. Now he is little more than a mass of muscles and rage stitched together by black magic.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

Gear: Maul (Str+d8, AP 2 vs rigid armor, Parry -1)

Special Abilities

Improved Sweep: Tonasio can attack all adjacent foes with a sweep of his maul.

Hulking: Tonasio is nearly 7' feet tall and thick as a tree. This adds +2 to his Toughness.

Undead (10): +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; doesn't breathe; immune to disease & poison; no additional damage from called shots; ignore 1 level of wound penalties; -2 Charisma.

Weakness: +4 damage from flame-based attacks.

Weakness: Beth's allies take 4 damage from cold iron attacks.

VERMIN (MONGREL)

Vermin is part man, part rat, and all horror. Even in life he was far more grotesque than the rats whose name he took. Katrina and Beth had taken in him out of pity, but the vile creature was only waiting for his chance to betray his companions anyway. Tonasio never trusted him, but was overruled by the others.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:**

Gear: Maul (Str+d8, AP 2 vs rigid armor, Parry -1)

Special Abilities

Animal Control: Vermin commands two medium swarms of undead swamp rats (+2 to Toughness) that split when wounded. He uses these to distract his foes, then strikes from behind while they're distracted.

Bite: Str+d6. With a raise, Vermin severs an artery or vein (if the opponent's blood still circulates). The target suffers a level of Fatigue in addition to any wounds. This can cause death, and only fades after 24 hours and sufficient nourishment and rest.

Undead (10): +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; doesn't breathe; immune to disease & poison; no additional damage from called shots; ignore 1 level of wound penalties; -2 Charisma.

Weakness: Beth's allies take 4 damage from cold iron attacks.



Aftermath

Beth's demise doesn't stop the others as one might expect—her spirit is infused in each and is what gives them life, so all must be put down to put Beth to rest.

If Kleiner lives, he is genuinely penitent and pledges to aid the Accursed for the rest of his days.

If the Game Master and players want to continue the campaign, there is plenty left to do. The raids continue in the river valley, led by the knight, Groening, who has only grown more powerful in the last few days. The survivors of Kleiner's band willingly remain with the Accursed and become their loyal retainers—for as long as they last in this unforgiving war.

This may be the end of this tale, but it may be the beginning of another.

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Long Dead and Twice Slain

An Adventure for Seasoned Accursed

The tale below takes place south of Valkenholm, where the river empties into the Sunken Lands, but is easily set anywhere else in Morden that has rivers and swamps.

River Raiders

Bands of cauldron-born scour the river south of Kulidar, rounding up new recruits for some dark and as yet unknown purpose. They've already ravaged the isolated villages of the foothills, and now move into the dark forests to the north.

Groups of Accursed have responded in kind, playing deadly games of cat and mouse in the foothills, plains, mountains, and swamps of southern Valkenholm. Humans have rallied against their attackers as well, but so far have fared poorly against the slaving banes.

The heroes are one of the Accursed bands fighting the raiders in Valkenholm. Perhaps they were dispatched by the city, they may have family (or former family) in the river villages, or they may simply be out to thwart the Witches any way they can.

If possible, work in one or two relatively short encounters or battles against small bands of raiding cauldron-born before running the rest of this adventure—it will give upcoming events a bit more personal context and urgency.

When you're ready to begin these next series of events, read or paraphrase the following introduction:

The scrublands between the pine forests to your north and the Sunken Lands to the south are cold and wet. Most of you no longer care about such things though. Your dead flesh remains chilled even when the sun is high.

For the last two weeks, bands of soulless cauldron-born have prowled the area of the river valley, raiding the villages and carrying away men, women, and children for some fresh design of their dark mistress.

You and other bands of Accursed now stalk the river lands in kind, hunting the raiders and attempting to protect the surviving towns and their precious people and life-giving farms. At first the Witch's servants roamed in small groups, but the actions of your group and other penitents have caused them to grow more cautious. The last war party you saw was composed of at least fifty groaning corpses, led by a Grave Knight and his unholy retinue. That is far too great a challenge even for your experienced band—for now, at least.

Avoiding this threat brought you to the northeastern side of the river, just south of the forest proper. A small copse of trees to the south bears the slightest trace of smoke. Perhaps a cook fire. Few cauldron-born need to eat, and of those who do, fewer still cook their meat, so it may be a lone homestead or a band of survivors in need of protectors. You head in their direction. That is, after all, your purpose, here in these fertile lands.

Assuming the Accursed head to the copse, allow them to make Notice rolls at -2. Those who make it hear low, slow talk, and perhaps smell cooking meat.

The copse is 50' in diameter and consists of thick pines, Beneath their dark green boughs is a grim band of weathered humans, led by a former huntsman named Kleiner. The men are all fighters, hardened in battle against the cauldron-born. They have been thwarting the raiders just like the heroes and bear the scars and wounds to show it.

The warriors are regrouping after a fight with the same group of cauldron-born the heroes avoided. There were 12 before. Two were cut down and a third was wounded and taken alive so now there are 9. The group is understandably anxious, and won't take kindly to intruders at first. They aren't hostile—just wary.

KLEINER

The leader of the band is the always angry Max Kleiner. The top of his head is bald with long hair hanging beneath the crest. His eyes are strong but haunted, and his features hard and grim. He carries a well-wrought sword of cold iron obvious to even a casual glance.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Athletics d6, Fighting d10, Notice d8, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Hindrances: Loyal, Mean

Edges: Alertness, Brave, Combat Reflexes, Command, Command Presence, Fervor, Quick

Gear: Brigandine armor (+2), cold iron long sword (Str+d8), minimal camp kit.



WARRIORS (9)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Athletics d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Survival d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: +0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Hindrances: Loyal

Edges: Brave, Combat Reflexes

Gear: Brigandine armor (+2), long sword (Str+d8), minimal camp kit.

Allies in Arms

Kleiner and the other men ready themselves for battle when they see the Accursed, but have seen enough other penitents working in the area that they quickly understand their purpose. After their preliminary caution, Kleiner and a man named Steen begin to open up about the local situation.

Kleiner: "We've seen others of your type in the woods to the north. Fighting the Witches' bastards."

Steen: "We appreciate the help."

Kleiner: "We don't need your help here. We're doing fine. Perhaps you and your...men...can push north while we handle the knight and his marauders."

Steen (to Kleiner): "His name is Groening. But his force is too much for what we have left. We should band together with these...beings."

Kleiner shakes his head and begins to talk when Steen suddenly rubs his chest. As one, the rest of the warriors ready their weapons and watch him anxiously. Steen looks down at his heart, then gasps in dread realization. "No! No!" he whispers... even in peril wary of noise attracting doom to his comrades.

Kleiner steps back and grimaces, as if he knows what's coming and cannot help.

Steen drops to his knees, clutching his heart. His eyes bulge. He valiantly withholds a scream as his face turns red and purple...

The heroes can try to intervene if they want, but there's nothing they can do. In another moment, there's an audible pop from somewhere within Steen's chest. His face contorts in anguish one last time, then he keels over dead.

Kleiner and the rest of the men drop their weapons and stare balefully at the earth. Though beaten, somehow they know there is no further danger. For now.

When Kleiner is asked what just happened, he tells the following tale—some of which is a lie.

"We've battled untold numbers of the Witch's fiends over the last weeks. Years if you count the war. I suspect it's the spirit of some loathsome thing I slew that haunts us. My sword was my father's, and is cold iron, which I thought was the permanent death of such...things. But three of us have fallen to the horror's curse so far, and it seems no matter where we run it follows as we've been all over these blighted lands."

Kleiner sighs and looks at his blade. You can sense the cool dread within.

"I will not lie—I care little for your kind. But your powers may be our only hope, for no one here knows what's hounding us. Or how to kill the ghost of that which was already dead. Perhaps if we knew what it looked like at least we could find an answer."

THE GHOST OF A GHOST

Kleiner doesn't volunteer any further information, but reluctantly hopes the Accursed, with their strange powers, can help. He believes if he can just see the damn thing, his sword can slay it again, this time for good. If a hero makes a Knowledge (Occult) or Knowledge (Witchcraft) roll, he knows such a creature has no precedent and thus there is no way to know for sure if normal weapons will send it on its way. It is certainly worth a try, however.

The character also knows that if it is truly a phantom, one way to stop it is to give its corpse a proper burial (or burn it). Since Kleiner doesn't know what the spirit looks like, however, he can't tell the group where its body might lie.

When the Accursed reveal they cannot see the thing any more than the humans, one of the younger warriors, a man named Rolf, says "What about the clock maker?"

The clock maker is Rudolph Heining, a tinkerer who lives a day's walk to the east in the foothills of the Highlands. Rolf says that his brother is an apprentice there, and once told him the clock maker had a glass that could see anything—including invisible creatures.

Another warrior, Gustav, says that a white witch named Hezza lives much closer and might have a spell for the same purpose—if one can convince the crone to share it.

Kleiner obviously wants nothing to do with either one but says nothing, as he is powerless otherwise to stop the spirit.

The choice is up to the heroes. They can go to the clock maker or to Hessa, or they can come up with a plan to spy the spirit of their own. In any case, Kleiner and his men accompany them, and are treated as allies under the players' control for now.

If the group decides to visit the witch, go to **Hessa the White Witch**. If they prefer the route into the Highlands, go to **The Clock Maker** instead.

Hessa the White Witch

Hessa lives close enough to the farms of the Valkenhom river valley to help the most desperate farmers there, but far enough away to stay off the beaten path of most cauldron-born. The group can reach her by travelling northwest for four hours assuming a normal pace.

Hessa lives in a gray hovel hidden at the top of a small hill surrounded by thick trees. The trail to her place is protected by witch-kin, tiny constructs of wood set to attack any non-humans who approach. They are not particularly dangerous, but should set the tone that Hessa is not to be trifled with.

WITCH-KIN SWARM

The swarm is made up of 2' tall stick men of all shapes and sizes. If they spy a non-human, they gather into a medium swarm (that splits when wounded). The witch-kin do not kill—they only Incapacitate.

See *Savage Worlds* for Swarm statistics.

If the witch-kin are defeated, the Accursed can follow the trail of their broken bodies to Hessa's hovel. If the things somehow manage to overwhelm the party, Hessa herself eventually happens along to see what her minions have captured this time.

Hessa must be convinced to help using Persuasion. She starts at Uncooperative (see Persuasion in *Savage Worlds*), but if someone seems genuinely concerned for the people of the river valley, he can add +2 to his Persuasion roll.

If convinced, Hessa says the following:

"You want to see the dead, do you? Dead who don't want to be seen? Well, I know of a way. It's not a spell, so much as it is a poison. Drink it and you'll die for a few moments...long enough to see the spirit world around you. But I warn you...you may not like what you see. And the shock may be great enough that you don't come back. Even for those of you who have already seen the other side."

Hessa sizes you and your companions up for a moment before continuing.

"But your cause is just. If you want the recipe, I'll make it for you. You'll have to add one thing though—a toadstool from the fetid pools just above the Sunken Lands. Drop a few in, shake it, then take a sip if you care to. Most of you should survive it."

There's nothing else Hessa can do for the team. She can't complete the potion here and doesn't have any other magic that will prove effective. If they agree, she takes them back to her hovel and lets them wait outside in the gardens while she mixes the rest of the brew. An hour later, she hands one of the party a wineskin of black, putrid liquid and sends them on their way.

HESSA

Hessa is a white-haired woman in her mid-fifties. She wears a beaten brown gardening cap and a white dress stained with dirt or plants from her garden. Her eyes are blue and seem to pierce through to one's very soul. Hessa walks (and defends herself with) a white hardwood staff.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Athletics d6, Fighting d4, Notice d10, Knowledge (Occult) d10, Spellcasting d10, Survival d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: +0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Hindrances: Bad Eyes (Minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Witchcraft), Power Points.

Gear: Staff (Str+d4, Reach 1).

Spells: *Barrier* (wood), *beast friend*, *blind*, *havoc*, *healing*, *shape change*. Power Points: 20.

Return Trip

The trip back to the river valley to the swamps north of the Sunken Lands is tense but uneventful. If you like, the group might see Groening's band from a distance, heading in the same general direction. They might also see winged shapes flying high in the sky... and hear the rasp of metal wings. These are scraplings (see **The Clock Maker**, page 6), patrolling the valley for human refugees. They shouldn't spot the Accursed this time as long as they duck and cover when the things are in the sky, however.

As the group heads back toward the river where it begins to empty into the Sunken Lands, they begin to see and smell the swamp stretching out before them. The Accursed's human allies become visibly nervous the closer they get. Kleiner seems especially anxious and short with anyone who speaks to him. If asked why, he says the fens are littered with dead men washed down by the river. The locals avoid the place if at all possible.

Soon enough, the party finds a patch of toadstools like those Hessa described and can complete the brew. Those who imbibe even a sip must make an immediate Vigor roll. A critical failure results in wracking pain and death in less than a minute, even for those already dead. Failure causes the drinker to fall to his knees and wretch violently.

Those are the lucky ones.

Those who succeed at their Vigor roll are shocked to see dozens of tormented souls shambling through the swamp. The spirits—men and women of all ages—stand agape at the humans, hungry for their lives. Then a change comes over them. They scream...and point...to a coalescing force of blackness. The cloud races through the party, unseen by those who did not drink or failed their Vigor roll—and finally takes shape amid the scattered souls.

The shape is that of a young woman, perhaps in her early twenties and slim of build, though it is near impossible to see in the haze. She has long black hair matted with blood or mud, dark eyes, white shirt, and blood-stained breeches. The young woman wades into the shambling souls and begins plucking out their “hearts,” perhaps whatever residual souls remained in the pitiful wretches.

The spirit is Elizabeth—Beth. She was a Shade before she was killed again, and has now evolved—or perhaps devolved—into something far more sinister. She is completely invisible without the potion...even other Shades cannot see her.

Elizabeth speeds with great alacrity to Kleiner...stopping inches from his face...and howls. But she does not attack. She turns and selects another of the warriors, perhaps Rolf or Gustav, and reaches into the unsuspecting man’s chest to squeeze his heart. Kleiner—who has imbibed the poison and lived—sees her and begins to yell. “No! Not Beth! Not Beth! Curse you, girl! Curse your vile heart!” Kleiner swings at the Shade with his sword but it passes straight through. Beth tosses back her head in cruel laughter as Rolf falls to his knees...dead...then she fades away into the dim mists of the swamp. Those who drank the potion see Rolf’s spirit stand and stagger aimlessly into the fens, lost and alone.

Kleiner grimly looks at Rolf’s dead body and speaks to the heroes.

“I have not told you the entire truth,” the warrior says. “This Shade hounds me. She will kill everyone around me first... as I did her companions. Then she will take my soul as well.”

Kleiner pauses...allowing a moment for the heroes to pressure him on.

“She and her mates came from the woods three days ago. They had been fighting the Morrigan’s banes as we had. But we didn’t know that. At first. We saw only monsters. We attacked. They defended themselves and tried to withdraw. They were wounded from their battle with that knight, Groening. But the rage was in me. I hacked and chopped with my father’s cold steel until those creatures were dead again. The last one was this girl. Elizabeth. Beth. I knew her in life as a child, but did not recognize her until she lay in ruin at my feet. In remorse, I

gave her what I thought was the death blow—if a Shade can be said to die. Her body turned solid before us. We dragged it... and the others...and tossed them into the swamp. I know not how the spirit of a girl long dead and twice slain can haunt us, but it’s her. It’s Beth. And she won’t stop until we’re all dead. Maybe not even then.”

Give the heroes a bit to figure this out on their own, but if they don’t, ask them to make Knowledge (Occult) rolls. Those who make it know that spirits are often laid to rest by giving their bodies a proper burial—or burning.

As the scene closes, Kleiner agrees to take them to where they left the bodies. Move on to **The Cold Hand of Beth.**



The Clock Maker

On a lonely hill in the shade of the Highlands is a shop of mechanical oddities. Hermann Straus is an inventor, astronomer, and enchanter. Or rather, *was*. When the heroes arrive at the foothills (eight hour's walk from where they first met Kleiner and his bunch), they see his shop is little more than a smoking ruin. A Notice roll detects a number of dwarfish figures pawing through embers, gathering metal or other treasures. Closer inspection reveals flying constructs of unnatural origin. The things somewhat resemble winged monkeys made of metal framework bound with leather straps and copper buckles. They have no true faces, but most have a triangular "head" bearing a sharp beaks and horns, and arms ending in bladed fingers of old rusty knives.

The creatures seem to be looking for treasures in the ruins. If the team doesn't act fast, the monsters find the clock maker's scrying glass and take it to their unknown mistress across the Darkwall Peaks.

SCRAPLINGS (13)

These malignant creatures have been given dark life by one of the Witches. They are made of jagged and rusty scraps of old bedframes and other metal and held together with old belts—likely taken from the sacrifices used to give them unholy life. Scraplings are primarily used to scout or keep watch on targets from high above, but greatly enjoy fighting with soft-skinned humans and covering their rusting frameworks in rich blood.

Scraplings have a standard tactic when engaged. Two of their number move just out of the action and use their Screech ability each round while the rest attempt to stab and spike their foes to bloody ruin.

When a single scrapling remains, it attempts to take to the air and escape to warn its mistress. That has no effect in this scenario, but could alert a more powerful being to the party's heroics in a campaign.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5 (9)

Special Abilities

Armor +4: Scraplings are made of metal.

Claws: Str+d6

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken; doesn't breathe; ignore one level of wound modifiers; immune to poison and disease.

Flight: Pace 24, Climb -2, -1 to hit while in flight.

Improved Frenzy: Scraplings make two Fighting attacks each round at no penalty.

Screech: Scraplings can drag one limb across another to create a horrifying sound. Everyone within a Large Burst Template centered on the creature must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken. While screeching, the creature suffers -2 to its Parry.

The Scrying Glass

There is no sign of the clock maker, but Rolf's brother is found dead amid the ruins. Whoever makes the highest Notice roll finds the glass Rolf described, a stubby telescope blackened with soot. Should someone peer through it, read or paraphrase the following:

You put the glass to your eye...and are startled to see several spirits standing about you! They appear to be young men and women, burnt to a crisp and wearing servant's clothes. Perhaps servants of this very house. All of them stand with their mouths open—screaming silently and pointing excitedly at something...behind you.

You turn...and gasp as you see the dark Shade of a shrieking girl! She has long black hair matted with blood...or mud...and wears a tattered white shirt and stained leather pants. She stalks directly toward you...and passes through your body! She wades into the other spirits pointing at her and begins tearing out their hearts, one by one...destroying their very souls in her mad frenzy!

The spirit is Elizabeth—Beth. She was a Shade before she was killed again, and has now evolved—or perhaps devolved—into something far more sinister. She is completely invisible without the glass...even other Shades cannot see her.

Kleiner asks to see for himself and his jaw drops open when his worst fears are confirmed. The warrior yells at the top of his lungs and strides forth with his cold iron, slicing it through Elizabeth's ethereal body.

But there is no effect. The girl screams...inches from his face...and moves toward Kleiner's companion, Rolf. She reaches into his chest and squeezes his heart with her black hands. "No!" Kleiner screams, slashing uselessly with his sword. "Take me! I killed you!" he says as he attempts to slay that which is already dead. But it's no use. Nothing in the party's repertoire can harm this being.

Rolf drops dead and Kleiner's men sink to their knees, doomed.

"I have not told you the entire truth," the warrior says. "This Shade hounds me. She will kill everyone around me first... as I did her companions. Then she will take my soul as well."

Kleiner pauses...allowing a moment for the heroes to pressure him on.



The Cold Hand of Beth

Kleiner and any of his band who remain accompany the Accursed to the fens at the northern end of the Sunken Lands. A few hundred yards south, trickling waterfalls descend into the lower plains. The water is shallow, dotted with patches of thick sawgrass and hidden sinkholes. Creatures slither through the mire, bullfrogs croak, and dragonflies fill the air.

Kleiner looks about for a few moments, then points to a low, red shrub. "There," he points. "We put her there. Along with the rest of 'em."

This should raise the hackles on the party's back as they realize Beth *and* her companions lie in the cold water.

If the group hesitates, Beth attacks another of Kleiner's warriors. If they approach her body, the bullfrogs cease their croaking and the dragonflies quickly depart the area. The Accursed, sensitive to such things, feel the supernatural presence of dread and terror fill the area. Then a pale, shriveled hand shoots forth from the stagnant water.

Death in the Swamp

Beth rises in the pallid flesh surrounded by her companions. Her statistics are below—she's a Revenant for this scene, but returns to her enhanced Shade form if not defeated in this encounter. Her companions are a Dhampir, a Mongrel, and a massive Golem. All are Wild Cards. If this isn't enough of a challenge for your group, a number of typical cauldron-born skeletal rise alongside them...corpses swept into the swamp after years of fighting in the area.

"She and her mates came from the woods three days ago. They had been fighting the Morrigan's banes as we had. But we didn't know that. At first. We saw only monsters. We attacked. They defended themselves and tried to withdraw. They were wounded from their battle with that knight, Groening. But the rage was in me. I hacked and chopped with my father's cold steel until those creatures were dead again. The last one was this girl. Elizabeth. Beth. I knew her in life as a child, but did not recognize her until she lay in ruin at my feet. In remorse, I gave her what I thought was the death blow—if a Shade can be said to die. Her body turned solid before us. We dragged it... and the others...and tossed them into the swamp. I know not how the spirit of a girl long dead and twice slain can haunt us, but it's her. It's Beth. And she won't stop until we're all dead. Maybe not even then."

Give the heroes a bit to figure this out on their own, but if they don't, ask them to make Knowledge (Occult) rolls. Those who make it know that spirits are often laid to rest by giving their bodies a proper burial—or burning.

As the scene closes, Kleiner agrees to take them to where they left the bodies. Move on to **The Cold Hand of Beth**.

Beth's Return

The foul, necromantic witchcraft of the Morrigan has seeped into the swamps of the Sunken Lands from her seat of power in Blackroot Wode. This is why beings have begun to re-animate in ways no one ever expected, and it's unclear what originally triggered the phenomenon. Curious characters who succeed at an appropriate Knowledge roll suspect that the spirits of those who died—properly motivated of course—have gathered the Morrigan's witchcraft around them, replacing any original witchmarks. If the character succeeds with a raise, he also finds hints that the Unseelie Fey who were once common in this place may have had something to do with the uncommon mingling of magics here as well.

All of the Accursed can be Incapacitated as usual, but permanent rest comes only by decapitation with cold iron or burning. Though these foes are basically built like the forms they took in life, they are *not*—they're twisted versions of their former selves given life and other powers by the dark magic that permeates the world, given substance by Beth's rage. Little of their personality remains, and their skills, Edges, and Hindrances have been replaced by those of mindless beasts.

BETH

Irrevocably altered by her unjust death and the corruption of the Morrigan's witchcraft, this spectre has returned to wreak vengeance upon those who killed her and her friends.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9

Gear: None.

Special Abilities

Claws: Str+d6.

Soul Drain: As an action, Beth can raise her hand toward a foe up to 12" distant and make an opposed Spirit roll. If she wins, she causes a wound for every success and raise as she draws the victim's soul out of his body. Armor offers no protection against this attack.

Undead (10): +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; doesn't breathe; immune to disease & poison; no additional damage from called shots; ignore 1 level of wound penalties; -2 Charisma.

Unearthly Wail: At the start of the combat, Beth opens her mouth and emits a soul-jarring, ear-splitting moan. Swamp water pours from her mouth along with slimy creatures of the muck. All the allies must make a Spirit roll at -2 or be Shaken. Beth only does this once at the start of the fight.

Weakness: Beth takes 4 damage from cold iron attacks.

KATRINA (DHAMPIR)

Katrina was Beth's true love in life. She was refined and educated and everything the girl from the village in the forest wasn't. Now she's a feral corpse with no trace of her former self.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Gear: Maul (Str+d8, AP 2 vs rigid armor, Parry -1)

Special Abilities

Improved Frenzy: In her current state, the once stately Katrina is now a rabid beast. She always Wild Attacks, moving in close to attempt to claw her foe's eyes out (Called Shot at -6). If successful, the character is blinded and must make a Vigor roll minus any wounds as usual. Failure means the injury is permanent and he gains the One Eye Hindrance.

Low Light Vision: Katrina ignores penalties for Dim or Dark lighting.

Undead (10): +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; doesn't breathe; immune to disease & poison; no additional damage from called shots; ignore 1 level of wound penalties; -2 Charisma.

Weakness: +4 damage from wood-based attacks.

Weakness: Beth's allies take 4 damage from cold iron attacks.



JFS Donesz