

1. BELIEVED TO BE (BTB) IDENTIFIED DECEDENT

DELTA GREEN

4. I HAVE PERSONALLY VIEWED THE REMAINS BTB IDENTIFIED ABOVE. RECOGNITION IS BASED ON THE
Birthmark and mole, left collarbone below line of amputation.

THE LAST EQUATION



EYES ONLY

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

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the most suitable in

The Mathematics of Murder

A killing spree is horrifying enough. When all eight members of the Ridgeway family are gunned down by a math student who then kills himself, Delta Green sees hints that make it more terrible still. Your Agents have to stop the madness before it spreads.

The Last Equation is a full-color scenario of personal apocalypse and lethal mystery. It is playable with *Delta Green: Need to Know* or *Delta Green: Agent's Handbook*, available from Arc Dream Publishing.

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The Last Equation

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

Written by Dennis Detwiler

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Introduction

Brussels-born mathematician, sage and astronomer Fascius Claudan (1535–1561) was responsible for many minor breakthroughs in science and technology during his short but broadly travelled life. Between journeys to Egypt, Persia, central Asia and more exotic locales, Claudan published six books on astronomy and mathematics. His last book was on cosmology, a book which is considered dangerous by some who know

of such things: the *Libri Plures Admiratio* (“Book of Many Wonders”).

Claudan is fleetingly remembered as a minor inventor or various knots, pulley systems, cogworks and early machines for pumping water, but he has vanished almost entirely from known science. One legacy of Claudan remains: the Laqueus Equation. This short code was rendered just days before his death. It is regarded in the small circles that know of it as either an epiphany or complete gibberish. To date, no one has publicly claimed to understand it, much less to have solved it.

For over 500 years, the world’s most brilliant mathematicians and cryptographers tried in vain to solve the equation. It holds a place in the annals of cryptography as one of the few cryptograms to resist modern attempts at cracking. It is used as an example in many cryptography tomes as a “clean” cypher, because it has remained untranslatable.

Until now.



Columbia University

On October 12, Michael Wei, a graduate student in mathematics at the prestigious Columbia University Department of Mathematics, successfully cracked the Laqueus Equation.

Using a computer program of his own design, Wei examined all seven of Fascius Claudan's books and discovered a cypher embedded in imperfections on the pages on the last one. That dictated the proper way to decipher Claudan's last equation.

What Wei discovered was a complex formula, which rendered the world at every level down to a mathematical simplicity never before seen. It was literally a reduction of the entirety of existence through prime numbers unlocked in a particular calculation of a sequence of sixteen digits. It revealed a vast and roiling reality dancing just behind modern mathematics.

Elated, Wei forwarded this discovery to a very select few on a privately maintained mathematics mailing list. The list consisted of twelve mathematicians known to one another through academia or friendship, mathgeeks@listbrain.com.

Wei did this before the true horror of the Laqueus Equation had settled in his consciousness.

Four hours later, Wei drove out of New York City to Teaneck, New Jersey, and purchased ammunition for a stolen shotgun. He drove 10 km to Alliance, New Jersey. At 2:28:13 P.M., he entered the home of Dinah and Malcolm Ridgeway and their six children. Wei, who had no criminal history, slaughtered the Ridgeway family one by one. He chased the last, 18-year-old Michael Ridgeway, out onto Highway Six and shot him in the back in front of eyewitnesses.

Before police arrived, Wei spray-painted a number sequence on the pavement as witnesses understandably kept their distance. He then shot himself in the face with the shotgun, removing almost all of his head in one blast. When the police arrived, they had an interstate murder-suicide with nine bodies and no apparent connection between the victims and assailant.

No clues, no leads, no motive. All they had was a dead mathematician, the corpses of eight slaughtered innocents, and a spray-painted number.

As usual, that's where Delta Green comes in.

The Program Makes the Call

When the report reached the national crime database, the numbers spray-painted on the pavement in front of the Ridgeway murder scene triggered a troubling alert in the Program's intelligence office. It was flagged as a possible paranormal event. (If your Agents are part of the Outlaw conspiracy and not the Program, then an unnamed Friendly recognized the dire import of the numbers.)

The numbers have been seen at various times and in various dangerous books known to the conspiracy, once at the death scene of a Delta Green agent. It is high on the containment protocol list as a dangerous, infectious meme.

The numbers are: 9 9 2 0 .2 2 9 9 8 9 2 1 2 .3 3 3.

Within an hour, a team is being assembled through secure channels to get to the Ridgeway murder scene. Wherever they live, tickets are waiting to fly them to Newark Liberty International Airport, about 30 minutes' drive from Alliance, New Jersey.

Odd Questions

Reaching out to each Agent in turn, the Agents' case officer or primary contact asks strange questions before informing them of the assignment: things like "Do you have any experience in theoretical mathematics?" and "On a scale of 1 to 10, how well would you say you understand physics?"

Any Agent who has any skill in **Science (Mathematics)** or **Science (Physics)**—unless the skill is unknown to the Program—is told that the case is not for them, and then the contact hangs up. The player should take a temporary replacement character. (As Handler, you can facilitate this by having a couple of spares ready. *Delta Green: Agent Dossiers* may be useful.) The Program is looking for people to identify and contain the meme, not spread it.

Some Agents might answer "No" to the above questions while the true answer is a resounding "Yes!" Don't worry. Having such a character join the operation won't ruin the scenario, but it might derail things—in a fun way.

Operation IAPETUS Briefing Summary

You are to investigate the murders of MALCOLM RIDGEWAY (age 44), DINAH RIDGEWAY (43), MICHAEL RIDGEWAY (18), CLARK RIDGEWAY (16), DEAN RIDGEWAY (14), MARY RIDGEWAY (13), ALICE RIDGEWAY (12), and CLAIRE RIDGEWAY (10) in Alliance, New Jersey, on October 12.

The murderer was MICHAEL WEI (26, deceased). Wei was a mathemats student at Columbia University, New York. At the scene, Wei wrote a series of numbers which are known to possess dangerous, paranormal properties.

Instructions

- » Determine if WEI distributed the number in any manner besides the crime scene (such as phone, text, social media, or email).
- » Locate WEI's notes and other works on the number and destroy them.
- » Destroy the numbers written at the scene and all photographic evidence of them in the hands of the authorities.
- » Locate any individuals who have been exposed to the numbers and have mathematics experience and report them to your case officer.
- » To establish a cover story for WEI's actions, link WEI romantically to DINAH RIDGEWAY. Create whatever documents are necessary to make an affair between the two seem likely.
- » Once these actions are complete, contact your case officer for further instructions.

Possible Friendly Contact

- » Trooper Thomas Blanet, New Jersey State Police

Joining the Investigation

The Agents' case officer assumes that they will join the interstate murder investigation in an official capacity. The Program is well suited for arranging that, and sends the Agents under the aegis of the FBI as special agents or as consultants under an FBI contract. An official tie to the investigation has many advantages, including easy access to crime scenes, witnesses and evidence.

Of course, it also brings the Agents under the close scrutiny of the commander of the investigation and has a chance of exposing their real purpose. The Agents may wish to set up a secret, parallel investigation with part of their team or even all of their team. That reduces day-to-day exposure to law enforcement officers, but it can be dangerous. Being caught inside a secure crime scene and tampering with evidence carries a heavy penalty (three to five years in prison under New Jersey law), and of

course the Program cannot come forward to assist any of its personnel caught in such a situation.

A tandem approach is probably the safest, if the Agents think to propose it. One or more Agents can be officially placed on the case as "experts," while the rest act as a "go team" to investigate leads leaked by their insiders.

Experts on the Case

It is generally easy to place an Agent or Friendly as a specialist on the Ridgeway case, as it now falls within the FBI's jurisdiction (due to Wei's interstate transportation of firearms to commit murder). The murderer killed himself after killing the family, so the local police are eager to close the case and move on, but the FBI wants to confirm that Wei was not involved in anything broader-reaching.

Ironically, the most unassuming role for an Agent would be as a mathematics expert brought in to examine the numbers, as well as Wei's work, email and documents. Of course, Delta Green is bringing in the exact opposite: people with little skill in mathematics. Still, the role of mathematics specialist is not unattainable, even to someone uneducated in mathematics. Possessing the proper badge and ID is far more important than actually understanding mathematics, as far as the bureaucracy of the FBI is concerned. Few FBI agents are expert mathematicians, so it's not hard for an Agent to fake it. A "mathematics specialist" can get away with saying a series of numbers "are gibberish, they mean nothing." No federal agents or cops on the scene will know to say otherwise, at least for now.

Paperwork and ID

The Program sends the proper paperwork and ID to Agents assigned officially to the investigation. Agents with the appropriate backgrounds—those who are already federal law enforcement officers—are suddenly assigned to the Ridgeway/Wei case, and their day-job supervisors are not told why. The whole thing strikes everyone as political, so the Agents' colleagues encourage them to keep their heads down and finish as soon as possible to avoid trouble.

Agents without the proper background each receive a FedEx envelope filled with a disturbingly detailed dossier of a new identity. This "cutout" is as real as you can be on paper, at first glance, right down to dental records, IRS returns for the last two years, and credit card receipts. It also has the appropriate law enforcement ID, and details on what firearm to purchase as an appropriate duty weapon. However, this identity will not stand close scrutiny for long. Anyone examining this paperwork at length can make a **Bureaucracy** roll. Success means some inconsistency has been detected. It is then only a matter of time until that thread unravels the false identity. Avoiding that kind of attention is critical.

Anyone caught illegally posing as a federal officer faces eight to 13 years in jail—even a special agent from a different agency. Anyone outed in such a manner better be prepared to flee. If they don't, it could mean

an ignominious end to a career. Exposed Agents can be readily identified by their fingerprints. If the Agent is in the employ of another agency (for example, if the Agent works for the IRS but is pretending to be with the FBI), each agency will launch an investigation.

Such a discovery, and possible detainment of an Agent, may make the Program take some unusual steps to prevent a deeper witch hunt from occurring. We leave those details to the Handler. But an Agent who is unfortunate enough to try to crawfish on Delta Green—to expose the Program after being left to dangle—will be in for a swift and lethal surprise. Horrific things happen in jail all the time, over things as trivial as a case of cigarettes.

A Friendly on the Inside

If the Agents do not officially join the investigation, the Program reaches out to a contact in the New Jersey State Police and gets him placed in the investigation. The last victim and Wei technically died on the highway, which opens the jurisdictional nightmare of the Ridgeway murders up to the state police.

This contact, Trooper Thomas Blanet, is a 22-year veteran of the New Jersey State Police and a wholehearted believer in Delta Green, though he does not know it by that name. Agents he worked with before simply called it "the Group."

Blanet has access to most files on the case, as well as crime scene photos, copies of Wei's hard drives and more. He is careful and resourceful, soft-spoken and to-the-point. Blanet does his best to assist the Agents in retrieving whatever information they need to complete their investigation. He is willing to copy or photograph evidence for the Agents.

Blanet will not cross certain lines, however. He will not falsify information, tamper with evidence, steal evidence, or tolerate murder or abductions. Agents asking for his assistance in those matters find themselves stonewalled.

If confronted with an unnatural threat, Blanet acts by the book, never losing his cool unless insanity strikes.

Blanet brings with him a bit of baggage. His involvement with the Group dates back nearly 20 years

to the locally infamous Tiem slaughter, a hit on a dozen men of Vietnamese extraction by an unknown gang. Blaney claimed he was struck on the head and did not recall any of the particulars of the firefight that erupted. Investigators said Blaney froze in the line of duty, which cost Alliance Police Officer Morris O'Dell his life. Blaney was cleared, but it put him on the radar of local news. He was later diagnosed with and treated for post-traumatic stress disorder.

Blaney will do his best for Delta Green. His maneuvering would be easy if the Ridgeway murders were an abstract little news story. For about the first ten minutes, it was. It's not anymore.

Preliminary Plans

Smart Delta Green Agents will immediately secure a primary base of operations and, if they are particularly diligent, a secondary safe house. Alliance, New Jersey, is nothing more than two strips of restaurants, gas stations and some large shops, surrounded by sparse lots that once were farms. Two large motels sit on the east and west of town and a hotel stands in the center of the strip. The Motel 6, on the west side, is the current haunt of all manner of law enforcement personnel; it would be the common choice of an FBI specialist, and, most likely, a room is waiting for any official member of the investigation.

Killer Math Teacher!

By the time the Agents are in the air from their various ports of call, the story of Wei's murder of the Ridgeway family has become national news. Reporters have descended on Alliance, New Jersey, in droves. The story is filled with the hooks that make viewers tune in by the millions: insanity, murder, innocents slain, and a confusing back-story which may never be understood. Already, camera crews are camping out at every meaningful place in Wei's life or the lives of the Ridgeways. They are likely to be anywhere the Agents arrive, and they are likely to have lots of questions. This makes the investigation doubly dangerous. Conspiracies don't have a good track record of surviving encounters with the press.

Official Investigators: Ambushed

If any Agents are officially placed on the case, the following occurs just as they arrive at either the airport or at Alliance, New Jersey, itself.

As an Agent exits a vehicle, he or she is ambushed by a small press team: reporter Enrico Savé (see **THE FACE OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY** on page 9), a cameraman, and a producer. The camera shines a bright light in the Agent's eyes as the reporter launches a barrage of questions that vaguely imply that the case's investigators are keeping the truth to the public. The reporter already knows the Agent's name (or at least the name on the Agent's credentials), and bombards the Agent with questions about Wei and his motives.

If the Agent has a **Charisma** of 13 or better, the player must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, that Agent becomes the "face" of the investigation in the eyes of the media. (If there are two or more Agents with **Charisma** 13 or better and only one is female, she gets the honor. Otherwise it goes to the one with the highest **Charisma**.)

If that happens, other news agencies now go out of their way to track down this particular Agent and interrogate him or her with ambush interviews. God help the team if this comes to pass while they are involved in something unnatural, because a camera crew is likely to be nearby, looking for trouble.

Worse yet, if that Agent has been assigned a false identity to pursue the investigation, every time he or she appears on the news, the player must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, someone recognizes the character as a video spreads through Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, cable news, and so on. The character may suddenly get a phone call asking what he or she is doing in New Jersey and why he or she was identified by the wrong name on the news. If the **Luck** roll is a fumble, someone in the character's own office saw the broadcast and the Agent's official supervisor is informed. It's then only a matter of minutes until the hammer falls.

The Ridgeway Investigation

The following characters might turn up in the investigation of the Ridgeway murders. Use them as you will.

Supervisory Special Agent Canor

Aiden Canor is a 15-year veteran of the FBI, assigned to the Garret Mountain Resident Agency in Woodland Park, New Jersey, a short drive from Alliance. He has been the lead investigator of nine investigations in the last four years, successfully prosecuting six of them.

Canor is a 47-year-old African American man, tall and thin, with steel-rimmed aviator sunglasses, always clad in black a suit. He lives with his wife and two children in Bergen, New Jersey. He is a straight-laced agent with no substantial dirt in his past.

Canor is an easy-going supervisor who places his trust in those who prove themselves. He is easy to get along with, as long as the Agents are careful to go above and beyond when Canor asks them for information. If the Agents fail him, or avoid direct questions by him, Canor becomes interested in them as a “manpower problem” and inserts himself in their lives to find out “what’s wrong.”

Canor’s interest in helping the Agents to help the investigation can be very, very bad. The Agents might find Canor at their hotel doors late in the evening to “catch a beer” and “discuss their problems.” Needless to say, the last thing any Agent needs is face-time with the FBI’s lead investigator.

Canor will not believe in the unnatural under nearly any circumstances. He views even direct experience of magical effects with disdain, as some complex shuck and jive. His mind just does not feature such a possibility.

If the Agents attempt to bring Canor into Delta Green, it becomes readily apparent that it was a large mistake. If Canor discovers the conspiracy, nothing short of a direct, unequivocal threat to his family will disengage him. And a threat like that turns him into an enemy for life. He then makes a career of uncovering Delta Green and bringing the Agents to justice.

Special Agent Gant

William Gant is Canor’s go-to man. He is young and eager, working his way up the ladder at the Garret Mountain office. He both looks up to Canor and covets his position. Everyone at Garret Mountain knows Gant is on the fast track.

Gant is a short, stocky, dark-haired Caucasian, only 31 years old. His eyes are a deep green and seem too close together. At first glance this makes him look stupid. He’s anything but. He dresses in carbon-copies of the same suit every day—always charcoal grey—along with a pair of tinted sunglasses. He projects a feeling of careful routine.

Gant has a close-knit family with many siblings, nieces and nephews. He has been on the prowl for a significant other for a long time now, but he’s a bit out of practice. This becomes evident whenever Gant is dealing with a woman about his own age. His somber attitude immediately becomes overly jovial instead.

Gant graduated Quantico six years ago and is still relatively wet behind the ears. He was a marvel as a student, and is still known to instructors at the academy—some of whom are Delta Green operatives.

Gant is deeply religious (Greek Orthodox) and believes in unseen things. He dislikes only one thing about Canor: his lack of faith in any religion. Gant’s father often said, “Never trust an unreligious man,” and to a certain degree that distrust is evident in Gant’s relationship with his supervisor. Gant has never really taken to Canor as much as Canor has taken to Gant.

Bringing Gant into Delta Green is a viable option, particularly if the Agents approach him through Delta Green operatives at Quantico who were once his teachers. If exposed to the conspiracy in such a manner (or more likely, to the fact that the government has a supernatural investigation arm), Gant will do anything to be a part of it.

Dr. Comox

If the Agents do not think ahead and fill the slot of FBI mathematics specialist with one of their own, the FBI sends one who is truly expert. Anyone familiar with the mission protocols can immediately see this as a problem.

Dr. Sarah Comox is a crypto-analyst for the FBI, with a double Ph.D. in mathematics and cryptography. She has worked on several cases involving mathematical oddities. Comox is a 46-year-old Caucasian woman with sandy brown hair cut in a bob, a chubby face, and little in the way of grooming. She would not look out of place at an insurance seminar. She looks over-dressed in her business suit. Her demeanor practically screams T-shirts and sweat pants.

Comox has no family to speak of and few friends.

Above all, Comox is a maven for numbers. She is in great danger.

She will, of course, have access to the sequence of numbers found at the crime scene, as well as Wei's notes from his dorm. It is a matter of time before she realizes that Wei broke the Laqueus Equation, and that the solution may be the greatest discovery in all mathematics history.

Those with direct access to her (that is, Agents on the inside of the investigation) notice the change very quickly.

Comox's Timeline

Here's a rough schedule of Dr. Comox's involvement in the operation. Adjust it as needed for your game.

Day 1

Comox takes extensive notes at the crime scene, downloads Wei's email correspondence from the FBI secure servers, and retires to her room at the Motel 6 to study them. The next morning, she is exhausted and sluggish, looking as if she had little sleep.

Day 1: If Comox Is Interrupted

If Comox is approached about the numbers by anyone with HUMINT, Medicine, or Psychotherapy at 50% or higher, they see signs of stress and fatigue. If questioned about the meaning of the numbers, she seems torn. They could, she finally admits, be very significant, but she is still studying them. She offers nothing more on the subject.

Day 2

Comox walks through the crime scene at the house, and stops in the kitchen, where a large portion of the murders happened. She stares at the damaged stove. Anyone watching her sees the color drain from her face. She hurriedly leaves the scene. If questioned, she replies, "I just thought of something," but does not say what. She remains in her room for the rest of the day.

Day 2: If Comox Is Interrupted

If Comox is approached about the numbers on Day 2, it is clear she is deeply disturbed about something. She says that Wei was brilliant but deranged, and that his math is so complex, she's not sure she can fully understand it. To those with a mathematics background, she talks of number series, strange interrelationships between number sequences, and reoccurring patterns in prime numbers.

This is the point of no return for Comox. If she is removed from the investigation here, and all her notes are removed, she will take a leave of absence and slowly recover.

Day 3

Comox stands at the highway near the Motel 6, looking at her watch. She holds a pen and a notepad. She seems engaged in some sort of count. Every once in a while a car passes, she checks her watch, and she notes something down.

After one hour and twenty-three minutes of this, she seems satisfied and retires to her room. If she is interrupted, it seems as if she's been crying, but her attitude is jubilant, almost manic. If asked what she was doing, she says she was "testing a theory" without explaining. She is not seen again outside of her room that day. She phones the scene supervisor and complains of indigestion.

Day 3: If Comox Is Interrupted

It is clear Comox is off the rails. If detained, she continues to degenerate, and will never recover. She attempts to escape and fulfill her Day 5 plans.

Day 4

Comox fails to report in, and a state trooper is dispatched to her room to locate her. The door is unlocked. The ruined remains of her laptop are found scorched in a metal wastepaper basket along with scraps of paper, apparently ignited with lighter fluid on the walkway outside (so as not to set off the fire alarm).

Her car is still in the parking lot. Her credit cards are unused. This disappearance is reported to FBI headquarters and an alert is set.

Day 4: If Comox Is Interrupted

She is beyond help. She appears normal at first glance, but close observation reveals she's unkempt and has a glazed look. Comox eagerly murders anyone who gets in her way. She holds them at gunpoint while looking at her watch as if waiting for something. After two minutes and 23 seconds, she shoots them in the head.

Incarcerated, she is a raving lunatic, screaming about the Laqueus Equation. If she escapes, she attempts her Day 5 plans. Otherwise, she attempts to kill herself.

Day 5

Before business hours, Comox turns up at Shaver and Sons, a small stock trading firm on the lower east side of Manhattan (229 9th Avenue East). After passing through three security doors which require either key card or code access and successfully gaining access to a safe, she destroys \$2.3 million worth of bearer bonds by setting a fire. The fire soon rages, igniting most of the offices. Comox is found dead by fire crews, on the ground, having fallen nine stories to her death. She has no identification or clues as to her motivation or methods. She died from the fall. It takes New York law enforcement six hours to identify her and notify the FBI. Interestingly, the telephone number of Shaver and Sons is (212) 333-0229, almost exactly a match to part of the Laqueus solution.

Infecting Others

Unless one of the players' Agents is skilled in **Science (Mathematics)**, only Comox is skilled enough for the

Laqueus solution to be a threat. If you need an alternative, though, one of the other FBI agents or even one of the New Jersey State Police troopers could be substituted as being "infected" by the meme, acting out in the manner just described.

Police Chief Upton Weeks

Weeks is a career officer, recently named chief of the tiny Alliance Police Department. He is eager to hand off the investigation of the biggest crime in Alliance history to the FBI or the New Jersey State Police. He wants nothing to do with it—not that he'll say that out loud. Weeks has training in investigations, but offers little help, deferring to his deputies and the FBI.

Weeks is a 41-year-old Caucasian male with a tall, thin build and a strangely protruding gut. When dealing with anything investigation-related he has a look of constant confusion about him; that kind of thing is what his deputies are for. It's only in front of large crowds or cameras that the reason for Weeks' success comes to light. He has a way with words. He is self-deprecating and humorous, and knows what to say and when.

Weeks is a family man with two children, and his wife Emily is known as a bit of a battle-axe. For the last year and a half, Weeks has not-so-quietly been sleeping around with an Alliance waitress, Cicely Brown, age 25. This scandal has been on a slow boil for months and could explode at any time.

His biggest concern is keeping his job. He wants to stay near enough to know what is going on (and maybe take some credit), and far enough out to point a finger if things go wrong.

Special Agent Canor is smart enough to include Weeks in press events and to paint the chief in a positive light. That makes Weeks Canor's puppet in nearly every way.

Trooper Thomas Blanet

A New Jersey State Police officer, this Delta Green Friendly is useful in many capacities, not the least of which is knowledge of the lay of the land, both literally (he has driven around this region for more than 20 years) and jurisdictionally speaking. Blanet has

been involved peripherally in many operations which involved local police and the FBI, and is well-versed at slipping in and out of the cracks in such fragmented investigations.

Blanet is a 49-year-old, stocky Caucasian man. He works out religiously and his chest and arms are huge. However, this exercise has not removed his ample beer belly. He keeps his salt-and-pepper hair clipped short. He rarely smiles. In or out of uniform, he is obviously a cop.

Blanet is divorced and has no children. His ex-wife Rosemarie remarried and moved to Los Angeles 11 years ago.

Blanet will assist the Agents as long as it does not compromise his personal integrity or risk his pension. See **A FRIENDLY ON THE INSIDE** on page 4 for details.

The Face of Northern New Jersey

TV reporter Enrico Savé has been the face of northern New Jersey news for a decade and a half. He is part Mexican, part French, and has the classically handsome looks of an aging 1950s movie star. He is loud, abrasive, and driven. He is always eager to chase down any lead, day or night, to make the six o'clock news sing.

Savé will be the main thorn in the side of the Delta Green investigation into the Wei murder-suicide.

As many people have discovered before, Savé is extremely effective at emotional and social manipulation. Wherever the Agents go, it is likely Savé will be there or has been there. It quickly becomes clear Savé is far too informed not to have someone inside the investigation.

Savé also has the uncomfortable ability to be three places at once. His producer, Charlie "Chip" O'Connell, and cameraman Armand Grant often operate independently of Savé, running down leads and quickly getting Savé to locations of importance. All three are in constant phone and text contact. To avoid Savé, it is not enough to just know where he is. All three must be accounted for.

Savé has already done a deep background check on Wei and the Ridgeways. He thinks that this is simply the act of a deranged mind and wants "candid" footage of the federal agents for extra color. If the Agents are not cautious, he might realize there is far more to the story.



The Ridgeway Crime Scene

The Ridgeway house is three stories tall plus a basement, built on a quarter acre just on the edge of New Jersey Highway 6. Built in 1924, it was once the main house of a much larger farm, which was long ago split up into lots. There is absolutely nothing unusual about the house or its occupants. They were innocent bystanders.

Dinah, Malcolm, Clark, Dean, Mary, Alice, and Claire Ridgeway all died in or around the kitchen. Michael Ridgeway, who was upstairs, fled and was killed outside.

Wei fired 16 times in the house, hitting each victim once, except for Clark whom he shot twice when the first blast failed to kill him. Wei used both slugs and shot. The kitchen is sprayed with buckshot and slug-holes.

Strangely, Wei also seemed to fire once in the house with no living target. The stove, a 1970s tan and green monstrosity, was struck by buckshot, and the old clock on it is stopped at 2:28:13 P.M.

Searching the house provides no clues except the clock in the kitchen.

There is absolutely no connection between Wei and the Ridgeway family.

The Numbers

An Agent who looks into the numbers that Wei painted on the street at any length, and compares them with numbers found at the crime scene, may make a Luck roll.

If the Luck roll fails, the Agent begins to notice the numbers Wei scrawled *everywhere*. The ruined clock in the Ridgeway kitchen, for instance, stopped at 2:28:13 (or 22813)—numbers in the sequence separated by twos. Also, there are sixteen numbers; Wei fired sixteen times. Such strange, disturbing coincidences appear to any Agent who looks for them. License plates, phone numbers, receipt amounts, anything with a number may turn out to resemble the number sequence.

Adding, dividing, or subtracting numbers reveals stranger connections. For example, totaling the Ridgeways' Social Security numbers, their license plates (with

numbers for letters), bank accounts, and mortgage amounts yields a sum of 9,920,229,989,212,333.

Any Delta Green Agent with experience in the field should begin to feel that perhaps they've jumped in a bit over their head.

Investigating the Shotgun

Wei's murder weapon is a Remington 870 police shotgun, serial number 2022998. It is well oiled and maintained. It holds eight rounds including one in the chamber. The weapon has been fired repeatedly and is covered in Michael Wei's fingerprints.

Its serial number indicates it was sold to the state of New York in the summer of 1959, and was relocated to the 24th Precinct in New York City as a utility weapon. As far as the city of New York is concerned, the weapon is still there.

Checking with the 24th Precinct—the Agents must make a **Bureaucracy** roll to get the right officer on the phone, or else take a long drive to go there in person—reveals the weapon is missing. A wooden box that should hold five Remington 870s is missing one. The box itself seems untampered with; its nails are all in place. If the box is dusted for prints, prints consistent with Michael Wei are found all over it.

Recently—on the day of the murders, in fact—the weapon was one of an allotment of weapons moved offsite while plumbers replaced a pipe in the basement of the 24th Precinct. The weapons were taken out of a storage locker, boxed, and then moved to the precinct parking lot, where a single policeman watched the pile of weaponry for the day as the work was completed.

At 5:53 P.M., the weapons were moved back downstairs and signed for. Nothing odd was noted.

The officer watching the weaponry was Sgt. Marvin Herrera, a 19-year veteran of the NYPD with a sterling record. He is completely innocent of any crime, although at the beginning it may look like he stole the shotgun or sold it on the side. Herrera is convinced of his own innocence, so his response may be a bit more heated than the Agents expect to any accusations.

Herrera claims complete (and truthful) ignorance of the weapon's disappearance, and initially claims he never left the boxes unattended without trading off with another officer. Shortly thereafter he corrects himself and explains that he did, in fact, step away for a moment when a squad car collided with a small dog at the east exit from the parking lot. The dog, which had run from its owner, was killed in the intersection, and several officers gathered to see what the commotion was.

Herrera was away from the boxes for less than seven minutes.

If the Agents fail to consider it, Herrera offers up the idea that the cameras that record the outside of the building might have recorded what happened.

As soon as Herrera realizes that the Agents think a murder weapon was part of the lot that he was supposed to watch, he demands a union lawyer to be present for every interview to ensure that he is not going to be subject to prosecution or a lawsuit.

The Tale of the Tape

If they keep things cordial with the police, the Agents can examine recordings from the many cameras which observed all entrances and exits of the 24th Precinct on the date of the murders. An **Alertness** roll spots Michael Wei, recorded by the front entrance camera, waiting across the street 20 minutes before Herrera reports stepping way. Wei stands holding an obviously empty gym bag, and checks his watch many times. He suddenly crosses the street to the west parking lot entrance, 15 seconds before a small dog appears on the other camera and is struck by a police cruiser. On the parking lot camera, Herrera stands and heads towards the commotion. Less than five seconds later, Wei walks to the tarps covering the weapon boxes, uncovers them, produces a claw hammer from his bag, pries open a box, removes a Remington 870, and replaces the lid in less than a minute. He restores the tarp before stepping off camera with the shotgun in his gym bag. This took place at 9:21 A.M.

Herrera returns a few minutes later and sits down in the folding chair once more, unaware that Wei was ever there.

Columbia University

Columbia University is an Ivy League school located in Morningside Heights on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Wei attended the Applied Physics and Applied Mathematics program as a graduate student. By all accounts, he was a model student.

The university is extremely forthcoming with law enforcement personnel, revealing any information they have on Wei without hesitation. A public information official is assigned to the Agents. Sandy Beema, a woman in her mid-40s, is responsible for spin control for the PR disaster that Michael Wei represents. She does her best to paint Wei as a troubled, mentally ill individual who simply snapped. She sharply rebukes any implication that Wei's involvement in mathematics at the university was responsible for his illness. Otherwise Beema is a great resource, walking anyone with the right police or federal credentials anywhere on campus, as well as granting them access to Wei's dorm and university email account.

Wei's Dorm Room

Wei was housed in a small dorm room in John Jay Hall, a skyscraper-like residence hall located on the campus. John Jay Hall also houses the Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science, which contains the Applied Physics and Applied Mathematics program.

Wei chose the room due to its vicinity to his work. He often went downstairs in his pajamas to work in the lab.

Wei's dorm is small, modest and messy. It is clear he had little or no social life. Every surface is covered in half-read books (folded open at random points). His bed is nothing more than a futon dropped in the middle of the room.

A single, rickety Ikea desk holds a nondescript gray computer and a cheap monitor. A pile of papers are stacked all over the table. Most are covered in a scrawl that anyone with any level of **Science (Mathematics)** skill recognizes as differential equations.

It is clear this room was simply a rest-stop for Wei in his daily routine.

Nothing is obviously unusual in Wei's apartment. There is no indication he owned any firearms.

Digging deeper into his digital records and the papers on his desk reveals some oddities.

Wei's Computer

The computer is a poorly maintained, component-built machine running a recent version of Windows.

It is not password-protected and all directories on it are open. There is nothing hidden on the machine.

Wei's last email was sent the morning of the murders to mathgeeks@listbrain.com, a group composed of 12 mathematics students and teachers from around the world who are interested in mathematical puzzles. This email was the complete and complex solution to the Laqueus puzzle. Anyone with a **Science (Mathematics)** skill of more than 20% can use this email to "solve" the Laqueus equation. (See **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 15 for details.)

Wei's Papers

The papers are of particular interest. Those stacked on top the pile are the most recent and are filled with a spray of complex numbers. The equations seem to resolve in a chain of numbers: 10.12, 921, 40.796901, and -73.968158. They represent the date and time (October 12, 9:21 A.M.) of Wei's theft of the shotgun and the latitude and longitude of the 24th Precinct house (40.796901, -73.968158).

Anyone putting this together with the video from the 24th Precinct must make a Sanity roll. Failure costs 1D4 SAN from the horrors of the predictive power of the equation.

Furthermore, each Agent with a **Science (Mathematics)** skill of 20% or more must make a **Luck** roll. If it succeeds, the Agent loses 1D4 SAN as additional ramifications of the equation's effects sink in. In addition, from this point on, any time that Agent is exposed to the equation, the number sequence, or numbers generated by it, he or she must make another **Luck** roll or lose another 1D4 SAN. Such a character who hits the Breaking Point comes under the influence of the equation. (See **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 15 for details.)

The Photocopied Book

A bundle of pages stained with coffee and food, and held together by an orange binder clip, is shoved beneath Wei's futon. This is a heavily annotated, photocopied English translation of *Libri Plures Admiratio* ("The Book of Many Wonders"). Wei's interest in Fascius Claudan began as a simple query into interesting and esoteric encryption and compression methods. He hoped some old trick might either fit the bill for his Mersenne prime algorithm or point the way toward a solution.

Instead, he found a gaping hole in reality.

With some effort, Agents can find that the book was photocopied from the Educational Studies Books edition of *The Book of Many Wonders*, translated by Maurice Ester and published in 1944. The company is long since defunct, and it only published several hundred copies of the book before ceasing publication. All involved in the translation and production are long dead from normal causes. There is nothing sinister about this. The book was not popular, and only now has the study of mathematics caught up with Claudan's discovery.

Before the 1960s, the book posed little threat to any except the most brilliant mathematicians. Now, to any mathematician worth his or her salt, reading this book is like pointing a gun at his or her own head. Anyone with a **Science (Mathematics)** skill of 20% or more who studies the photocopy is subject to the ill effects as outlined in **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 15.

The photocopied book is covered in handwritten notes, some coherent, some not. The deadly number sequence covers the last page in a violent scrawl. It appears as if the marker used to scribble it broke during the writing.

Notes in the margins in Wei's handwriting include some disturbing elements. Deciphering this chicken scratch requires a successful **Science (Mathematics)** roll. If successful, the Agent reading the manuscript realizes that Wei predicted the time the Agent would find the book and read the entry, as well as the Agent's Social Security Number, age, and the latitude and longitude of the Agent's home address. There is even a scrawl at the end of the equation which says, "Hello!" This costs 1/1D4 SAN.

If the Agents' case officer or Delta Green contact is made aware of this manuscript, they immediately order its destruction, as well as a report on who has read it or is reading it. If they learns that an Agent has spent significant time with the manuscript, the other Agents are tasked with carefully observing the reader.

Researching Fascius Claudan

Agents with at least 70% in **History**—or with at least 50% in **History** and at least 40% in **Latin**, **Dutch**, or **French**; or who gets help from an expert in early-modern European history; or who simply succeeds at a **History** test—can find details about Fascius Claudan in Columbia's library.

Fascius Claudan—summarized on page 1—is an obscure figure in scientific history. He is mentioned in some sixteenth-century texts as an oddity, almost a cautionary tale, and then not at all. His name vanishes from most texts at about the time of the Dutch invasion of England (1688), almost as if it had been purposely excised.

Claudan was known in Brussels as a brilliant inventor and scientist. Locally he was held in high esteem by nobles, and his papers were seen as far away as Milan. Early in his career, Claudan focused on astronomy, mechanics, and simple machines. He developed two pulley designs which enjoyed widespread use in Europe. Still, his name was clouded by his later activities.

Claudan travelled to Asia and Africa and, according to some sources, was corrupted by the influence of foreign science and magic. Upon his return, Claudan was withdrawn and strange; some even called him insane. He defaulted on debts and was thrown in an almshouse more than once. He feverishly wrote a series of books on astronomy, Asian and African-influenced science, and alchemy. In his last book, *Libri Plures Admiratio* ("The Book of Many Wonders"), Claudan revealed the Laqueus Equation, a math puzzle he claimed he learned from an Arab in Constantinople in 1650. The book claims this Arab was six hundred years old and had seen the "grand library of Nakotic," wherein lie the secrets of the ancient architects of the world.

Claudan's death remains a mystery. No official records indicate how or where he died. The last official

mention of him was his incarceration in an alms-house in the summer of 1651. No other record exists for him past this point. Most scholars assume he died, as thousands did, from an outbreak of cholera which swept through Brussels that summer.

Only six copies of *Libri Plures Admiratio* survived to the modern age. All but one were lost during World War II. The last, thought to be the original, resides in Brussels.

Several small publishing houses have created copies of the book, and a few cryptography books cite the puzzle in it, but for the most part it remains an obscure footnote in scientific history.

The Mailing List

The mailing list mathgeeks@listbrain.com is composed of 12 individuals in academia around the world who enjoy puzzles, codes and mathematical ciphers. It is maintained in the open and membership is open to anyone (though a moderator ensures no spammers make it on the list).

It is a small group and it sees only periodic activity, usually comprising a flurry of emails concerning some puzzle or equation. The latest email was from Michael Wei, containing the complete solution to the Laqueus Equation, on October 12 at 6:41 A.M. No one has responded to this email yet.

The list moderator is Julio Kimbrel, Ph.D., a professor of mathematics at Alfred University in upstate New York. He is wholly forthcoming with anyone in law enforcement. Luckily, he has not read the Laqueus solution. But he might, especially if the Agents indicate it might have something to do with the murders in New Jersey.

The list includes:

- » Lawrence Badek, 42, a math and chess enthusiast in Wiesbaden, Germany
- » Kelly Casselman, 29, a math teacher in a high school in Brinkman, Montana
- » Jamie Izzi, 19, a biochemistry student in Paris, France

- » Noreen Kuder, 22, a math student in Manila, Philippines
- » Tia Markell, 29, a math dabbler in New York City
- » Eve Mehaffey, Ph.D., 39, a physicist in Brighton, England
- » Ben Philbeck, 44, a computer scientist at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, California
- » Kelly Pletcher, 21, a physics student at the University of Columbia, Missouri
- » Julius Sward, 31, a house-husband in Modesto, California
- » Emile Tumlinson, 51, a chemist for Tyson Foods in Miami, Florida

Asking Delta Green

Informing their case officer or Delta Green contact about the mailing list before hell breaks loose elsewhere is a mark in good favor for the Agents. The Agents themselves might be dispatched to investigate the nearest list member (Tia Markell in New York City). They are told the others “will be handled.”

Clever Agents may watch the news to see the effects of the Laqueus solution on the list members. Others might search the Internet for the names on a daily basis, looking for stories.

Others still might visit those on the list in the hopes of short-circuiting the solution’s effect on them.

If they ask Delta Green about foreign nationals on mathgeeks@listbrain.com, their contact answers quite frankly: “They’re not your problem. Worry about Americans.”

Wei’s Last E-Mail

The solution to the Laqueus Equation, emailed to the list October 12 at 6:41 A.M., is both elegant and disturbing. To those with no background in mathematics, the solution is simply gibberish. To those with significant *Science (Mathematics)* skill, the equation is a trap.

Mathematicians might describe it as a “key” which reveals a chain of prime numbers. These numbers—which are “unlocked” in a sequence—show huge and previously unknown prime numbers. These primes in

turn reveal odd mathematical structures that hover far above the highest prime identified to date.

See **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 15 for details.

Wei’s Friends and Neighbors

Those who knew Michael Wei are shocked, saddened and sickened by his death and the murders he committed. Some simply can’t believe Wei is responsible for such a thing and remain certain he was either coerced or framed.

Wei was held in high esteem by all in his program. He was known as a hard worker, happy and no-nonsense, bent on making math his life. He had many passing acquaintances but few close friends. His closest friends were Anthony Desjardin and Molly Frank.

Molly and Anthony are graduate students at the Applied Science and Applied Mathematics school, and are a couple. The two were good friends with Wei for more than a year, and considered him a “project.” That is, they routinely attempted to set him up with friends. Wei spent many weekends with the two, drinking, talking physics and math, and basically goofing off.

The two are absolutely certain that there is no way that Michael Wei could have done the things the authorities claim he did. They vehemently dismiss all evidence to the contrary and say simply: “No. Michael wasn’t wired that way. He was a peaceful guy.”

Wei’s Family

The Wei family resides in Alta Mira, California. Composed of Miriam Wei (Michael’s mother) and Imogen Wei (Michael’s younger sister), the family is literally dumbstruck by the turn of events.

Michael was always an exceptional student and was the golden child of the family. At the time of his father’s death (eight years ago) Michael was already an accomplished student-mathematician.

Michael’s mother has spent the last few days heavily sedated, and Imogen has been attempting to arrange a remote, quiet funeral for her headless and infamous brother. There is nothing to learn from Michael’s family, except that they are devastated and sickened by the turn of events.

Wei's Life

Michael Wei was not a recluse, but he did not draw much attention. He spent very little money on personal goods, ate mostly in the school cafeteria, and was in the lab working most of the time. His neighbors report nothing unusual, and all had a nodding acquaintance with him. He had few close friends, but spent most of his free time (which was very limited) with Anthony Desjardin and Molly Frank.

Wei's life is easily tracked by his credit card and bank card, and it ran like clockwork. Even up until the day of his crime, Wei followed the same routine. Breakfast at the cafeteria at 7 A.M., work until 1 P.M., lunch at the cafeteria or the Surly Bean coffee house across campus, work in the lab until 8 or 9 P.M. and then either a pizza at home or takeout food.

Wei's real life seems to have been his math, and it is obvious to all who knew him that math was everything to him.

Wei's Work

Wei's school work and dissertation involved research into Mersenne prime numbers: huge prime numbers buried in values so large that they encompass millions of digits each. Wei was working on fast distributed math models to generate extremely large Mersenne primes, numbers somewhere in the range of fourteen million digits.

He hoped to achieve this through a special, small algorithm which could be run on a personal computer, or a smartphone for that matter. This data could then be dumped and "chewed" by another algorithm to sift for high primes.

To date, this algorithm remained a failure. Early positive results in his ideas had proven false, something known to all in the program. Wei was extremely forthcoming about his work.

This failure had sent Wei on a search for clever math puzzles and solutions. That led him to *Libri Plures Admiratio*.

The Shotgun

The Agents probably want to know how and where Wei obtained a police shotgun. There are no records of Wei purchasing any weapons in the tri-state area, and the gun is registered to the NYPD. See **INVESTIGATING THE SHOTGUN** on page 10 for further investigation of it.

In truth, the Laqueus Equation "told" Wei where to find the gun and what to do with it.

The Laqueus Solution

The number-patterns revealed by the Laqueus Equation are an extra-dimensional trap, a pinhole through what we know as reality that reveals something beyond, something infinite. This crack in the world is enough to consume any with the mathematical chops to understand the sequence, the chain of numbers, and interrelationships they represent. To those not schooled in advanced mathematics, the numbers remain harmless gibberish, a madman's last bizarre message to the world.

Solving the Equation

Anyone with a **Science (Mathematics)** skill of more than 20% can "solve" the Laqueus Equation with a **Science (Mathematics)** roll. If the roll succeeds, the character must then make a **Luck** roll. If that fails, the character begins to see numbers from the sequence everywhere. The full consequences of the equation will soon be unleashed.

Choices

Take aside a player whose Agent is affected by the equation. Explain that the Agent has discovered perhaps the most important piece of mathematics in the history of the world. If the universe is a mathematical puzzle, this number sequence is the answer. Ask whether the Agent intends to delve deeper into the numbers or attempts to ignore the sequence.

Effects

Whether the Agent chooses to ignore or explore the sequence, he or she loses 1/1D6 **SAN** once a day as the Agent recognizes its far-reaching implications. Those

who reach the Breaking Point are on the fast track to self-destruction.

Paranoia

Solving the Laqueus Equation fills a mathematician at all times with a feeling of creeping dread, as if the world itself is closing in. Descriptions of this condition vary. Some describe the empty air as something alive and squirming. Others say that the stars are watching them. There is a constant feeling of a ubiquitous presence spying on their every action. This feeling increases in intensity as time goes on. In the beginning it can be shrugged off and hidden. As SAN losses increase, it becomes more and more evident in the person's behavior.

Detection

Anyone observing a character affected by the equation may make a HUMINT or Psychotherapy roll for each SAN loss the subject has suffered. With a success, the observer recognizes that the subject is suffering from some kind of mental illness. Those who are familiar with the "illness" that the Laqueus Equation seems to produce, and are actively looking for such symptoms, gain a +20% bonus to the roll.

Chains of Causality

Those who solve the equation begin to see numbers from the sequence on receipts, in birth dates, in telephone numbers, on TV, everywhere. They are surrounded by the numbers. If they dig a bit deeper, they discover seemingly unrelated numbers add, subtract, divide and multiply to reveal portions of the sequence.

Those who explore such numbers soon find the sequence "leading" them to places. This might be as easy as a telephone number being revealed through some math, along with latitude and longitude, and a letter-number replacement code which reads "KILL THEM ALL."

End Game

An Agent who reaches the Breaking Point due to the equation gains a new disorder ("obsession with the Laqueus Equation") and is in the end game. What task the equation has for the Agent is up to the Keeper, but it

always involves murder and the eventual self-destruction of the character. Try to take the player aside and involve him or her in the Agent's self-destruction. It's fun to go crazy! Tell the player the Agent is in an ever-degrading spiral of mental illness. Then issue the Agent's "orders" and let the player act it out naturally in the game.

An Agent who succeeds at suppressing the disorder can resist the urge to violence but cannot tell people about it. The Agent has no moment of clarity, only an intermission in which to plan rather than act.

The objective of the end game might be as focused as killing everyone in the Delta Green group, or as far-ranging as murdering the U.S. president on live television. Play the situation out in the game, allowing the player to attempt to accomplish the goal.

If the player refuses, step up the SAN losses as the character feels the increasing trauma of refusing an overwhelming compulsion from the universe itself. When the character hits zero SAN, the equation-given task should be that much more awful.

Marching Orders

Issue the affected player orders from the equation. They can be anything violent; the more random, the better. A set of orders might read:

1. *Locate six people with the initials R.A. Kill them. Don't get caught.*
2. *Murder each of them, 15 minutes after the hour or 51 minutes after the hour.*
3. *Find the user of the telephone number (212) 989-9222. Follow the user home. Kill everyone there. Call the local news and repeat the Laqueus solution to them. Pour gasoline on yourself and the corpses. Burn yourself alive.*

If necessary, the Handler should invent new sets of orders. The objective is always horrifyingly violent murder, with details and victims that seem entirely random except for the numbers, ending with the killer's suicide. Of course, if an Agent reduces a Bond's score to zero by projecting the equation's SAN loss, that Bond could be the first or last victim.



Once these orders are issued, encourage the affected player to act them out in the most devious, clever fashion possible. Their goals should be primarily to not be caught, and secondarily to carry out the equation's orders.

Capture

If an affected Agent is somehow subdued, disarmed and locked up, he or she becomes totally unresponsive unless put into a situation where it's possible to enact the orders or spread the number sequence.

Psychological testing reveals a deep psychosis involving the subject's perception of being controlled by unseen forces. The subject must do his or her best to spread knowledge of the solution as far and wide as possible, making the character dangerous even under controlled conditions.

Once the viral nature of the number-meme is confirmed by Delta Green, it won't be long for unaffected Agents to be ordered to silence infected individuals permanently.

Trouble Elsewhere

Just as the situation in Ridgeway begins to hum, trouble begins elsewhere. Three additional crime sprees are outlined here. Feel free to expand the death toll using the MathGeeks list as a starting point.

Modesto Murders

Two days after the Ridgeway slaughter, a seemingly unrelated crime occurs in Modesto, California. A family of four dies under suspicious circumstances. Julius Sward (age 31), Anetta Sward (30), Anthony Sward (2), and Evelyn Sward (5) are found in the ruins of their home, which was burned to the ground around them. Each of them had been shot by a small caliber weapon. The weapon could not be located in initial investigation.

In truth, Julius Sward murdered his family and then burned the house to the ground. As the home burned, Julius shot himself while surrounded by the bodies of his family. The gun, a small .22 pistol, is still in the gutted ruins of the house.

The police are operating under the assumption that the family was attacked by an intruder. It will take some time before they realize Julius was the assailant. No computer or paperwork survived the fire.

Weisbaden Suicide

Four days after the Ridgeway murders, a news story makes the rounds of an man threatening suicide at the top of the Marktkirche Cathedral in Wiesbaden, Germany. The man, a 42-year-old ex-math teacher named Lawrence Badek, has held security forces at bay at the top of the tower for hours, twice unfurling what looks like a bed sheet with numbers written on it in shoe polish.

The picture of the numbers is very poor. With a **Luck** or **Alertness** roll, Agents recognize the Laqueus solution.

Seven hours into the incident, it becomes clear that Badek is armed when he ineffectually fires at the police on the ground, hitting no one.

Finally, a Spezialeinsatzkommando team (the German state police version of SWAT) attempts to take Badek down. The situation ends suddenly with Badek falling to his death along with SDK commando Ernst Austerlitz on live television. The two men tumble nearly two hundred feet and strike a concrete abutment. They die instantly.

Investigation reveals that Badek was mentally ill. No one locally notices the link to Wei and the list. Badek's apartment is a crazed assortment of print-outs, dissected books, and maps. The gun, which was owned by a police officer in a nearby town, was reported missing the morning of Badek's climb to the top of the cathedral.

Montana Massacre

Five days after the Agents arrive at the Ridgeway crime scene, news erupts about a brutal and bizarre attack on a classroom full of students at Lewis and Clark High School in Brinkman, Montana.

The story is confusing. Nearly a dozen students were killed in a shotgun attack. Survivors claimed their teacher, an unassuming woman named Kelly Casselman, entered the classroom Monday morning with a gym bag,

removed a pump shotgun, leveled the weapon at the nearest student, and asked, "What's the answer?" When the student failed to properly answer, Casselman blew his upper torso open. This continued until 11 students were dead and the rest had fled. Casselman apparently then shot herself in the chest with the shotgun.

Casselmann seems light years from the type of person who could commit such a crime. Like Wei, she was quiet, bookish, and loved her job. She was a diligent teacher who took care of her students. She was heavily involved in school activities. Students thought fondly of her before the incident.

That's five days into the operation. If the Agents somehow find themselves looking for Casselman before her self-destruction, they have a chance to stop the massacre. Those showing up at Casselman's home before the attack find the door open and the living room covered in a bizarre mixture of ripped and arranged pictures, mostly of students at the school.

Casselmann is oblivious to the Agents, even if they knock. She sits at her computer, entering odd number sequences into a calculator and then entering the results in a spreadsheet. A new shotgun sits on the desk next to her. She does not answer orders or requests, but only continues typing.

If stopped, Casselman smiles and asks quietly, "What is the answer?" Apart from the shotgun on the desk, she seems totally impassive and unthreatening. If she is not cuffed, or the gun not removed, Casselman suddenly snatches up the shotgun. Resolve the resulting combat as usual. She is a schoolteacher; her physical stats are average and her combat skills are all at base. Nevertheless, Casselman will do her damndest to kill the Agents, one by one, after asking the question "What's the answer?"

If the Agents do not intervene, and look into the case after the massacre, they can find FBI files on Casselman's spreadsheet. No one at the local FBI office has realized it, but the fourteen numbers in the spreadsheet correspond to the Social Security numbers of the eleven victims. The other three numbers match students who barely escaped the attack.

Containing the Numbers

The primary motivation of the Agents, once the situation is fully understood, should be the containment of the Laqueus solution. This is more difficult than might be initially imagined. By the time the Agents arrive on the scene, the number has already done what it does best—it has propagated into hundreds of files, people's heads, photographs, and videos. It has even been shown (briefly) on the news.

Altering Local Evidence

Agents acting under official authority of the FBI have access to the Alliance Police Department, and have free rein on the case files. However, the chain of evidence requires those examining such files to sign in and sign out. Destruction of papers, photos, or videos will eventually be noticed. But the tampering is relatively easy and might not be detected at all for a time.

Agents destroying files must make a **Luck** roll. On a failure, someone immediately notices the tampering and those who signed in are investigated. Another **Luck** roll must be made or the Feds are brought in and things turn more serious.

If the **Luck** roll succeeds, the tampering goes unnoticed for 1D8 weeks. Then, unless the Wei case has been completely closed, it is discovered and investigated. Most likely, by this time the Agents will be long gone, but accusations of tampering with evidence could haunt them even when they think it's all over.

Clever Agents could alter evidence rather than destroying it outright. Photos can be replaced with photo-manipulated versions where the numbers are obscured or altered. Reports can be duplicated down to the last detail, except for the Laqueus-related number. Replacing such files takes 2D10 hours and requires the **Forensics** skill, free access to the files, a computer, a printer, and no witnesses. It is up to the Agents to set up this situation. At the end, the Agents must make a **Forensics** roll; use the highest skill among them. If it fumbles, the tampering is noticed after 1D8 weeks. Otherwise, they get away with it.

Altering FBI Evidence

Because the Wei case involves the FBI, case files are copied to the local FBI field office where they are routinely digitized and dispatched to FBI headquarters. The Agents might be able to gain access to the local FBI field office to destroy or alter evidence without assistance. But it is nearly impossible for them to gain access to FBI headquarters without some assistance from Delta Green. It remains up to you whether such a mission is undertaken by another team, by an insider at FBI headquarters, or by the Agents themselves.

Closing the Case

The best way for the Agents to cover their tracks may be to see to it that the Wei case is quickly closed. This should not be hard. Wei clearly committed the murders. All that really remains is to confirm that he acted alone, and to determine whether the NYPD officer from whom he stole the shotgun should be charged for negligence. The Agents can shut down that part of the investigation by making a convincing argument and succeeding at a **Law** roll. That results in the case being closed within a week and everyone—including the Agents—being sent home.

Of course, if anyone outside Delta Green discovers that Wei's fellow MathGeeks list members have begun killing people, that explodes the case into investigation of an international conspiracy. That official investigation is likely to last months, whether or not the Agents manage to contain the numbers. The Agents ought to do everything possible to prevent that.

Killing the Infected

Anyone who understands the Laqueus solution is a vector for the "disease." The Agents' orders from Delta Green say anyone exposed to the number should be reported to their case officer or contact. If the Agents ask for orders on dealing with an infected individual, they are told brusquely to "remove the vector." Their contact does not elaborate, but the meaning is clear: Kill anyone exhibiting symptoms of "infection" by the Laqueus solution.



Killing an unarmed person is very hard on the human mind. It costs 1/1D10 SAN due to violence, unless the Agent changes his or her mind at the last moment. Standing by while another Agent commits that murder costs 1/1D6 SAN instead.

Resolution

The Laqueus solution operates a lot like a virus. It moves from host to host, can lie dormant in the form of writing or data for months, years, or even centuries, and can awaken in an explosion of infection at any time. It is a threat. Depending on the Agents' commitment to the situation, it might become an obsession. Completely wiping out the number is a practical impossibility.

Locating and destroying copies of the various translations of *Libri Plures Admiratio* is possible, though time-consuming. Fewer than 400 copies of the book, in various languages, exist worldwide. Many are not in fact full translations, but short portions of Claudan's notes reproduced in cryptography textbooks. The book

itself is not well known either to mathematicians or book dealers, but can be found for the right price.

The original copy of the book itself is contained at L'Université libre de Bruxelles, in Belgium. It is very rarely looked at and has remained untouched in the library for nearly 22 years. Gaining access to the book is as easy as having any lettered teacher in the universities of Europe granting an Agent a letter of introduction. Entry to the private library is far from secure. Agents expecting some vault-like facility will be disappointed. There is only a bored librarian, a small room, and stacks of old books. Destroying the book is easy. If violence ensues, everyone in the library attempts to flee rather than interfering. Destroying Claudan's original, hand-written code is probably the easiest thing any of the Agents could undertake in this scenario.

Destroying the original manuscript in this fashion regains those involved 1D4 SAN.

Destroying all known copies of the book regains those involved 1D4+2 SAN.

Characters

FBI Supervisory Special Agent Aiden Canor

Veteran FBI agent. African American male, age 47.

Special Agent Canor

STR 15 CON 11 DEX 9 INT 14 POW 11 CHA 10

HP 13 WP 11 SAN 55 BREAKING POINT 44

SKILLS: Accounting 31%, Alertness 40%, Bureaucracy 50%, Driving 45%, Firearms 60%, HUMINT 60%, Law 50%, Persuasion 60%, Search 40%, Stealth 41%, Unarmed Combat 65%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 65%, damage 1D4.

Glock 20 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.

Special Agent William Gant

Up-and-coming FBI agent who is ready to believe. White male, age 31.

Special Agent Gant

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

HP 11 WP 10 SAN 50 BREAKING POINT 40

SKILLS: Alertness 45%, Driving 40%, Firearms 60%, HUMINT 50%, Law 51%, Persuasion 40%, Stealth 45%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 55%, damage 1D4-1.

Glock 22 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.

Dr. Sarah Comox

FBI crypto-analyst. White female, age 34.

Dr. Comox

STR 9 CON 10 DEX 7 INT 15 POW 6 CHA 9

HP 10 WP 6 SAN 30 BREAKING POINT 24

SKILLS: Accounting 55%, Alertness 60%, Computer Science 60%, Driving 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 35%, Science (Mathematics) 55%, Science (Physics) 30%, SIGINT 60%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4-1.

Police Chief Upton Weeks

Chief of police of Alliance, New Jersey. A charming political operative. White male, age 41.

Chief Weeks

STR 10 CON 10 DEX 15 INT 16 POW 8 CHA 16

HP 10 WP 8 SAN 40 BREAKING POINT 32

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Craft (Mechanic) 45%, Driving 50%, Firearms 45%, Law 30%, Persuade 70%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 55%, damage 1d4-1.

SIG Sauer P226 pistol 45%, damage 1D10.

State Trooper Thomas Blanet

New Jersey State Police trooper and Delta Green friendly. White male, age 49.

Trooper Blanet

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

HP 12 WP 9 SAN 42 BREAKING POINT 36

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Driving 60%, Firearms 54%, Law 35%, Navigation 53%, Persuasion 49%, Stealth 50%, Survival 33%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 55%, damage 1D4-1.

Glock 19 pistol 54%, damage 1D10.

Colt AR-15 carbine 54%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

Enrico Savé

Television reporter—the Face of Northern New Jersey. Hispanic male, age 41.

Enrico Savé

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

HP 11 WP 10 SAN 50 BREAKING POINT 40

SKILLS: Alertness 55%, Art (Emotional Interview) 70%, Driving 30%, HUMINT 50%, Persuasion 80%, Unarmed Combat 57%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 57%, damage 1D4-1.

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ALSO BY ARC DREAM PUBLISHING

KALI GHATI

A Delta Green operative is missing from a U.S. base in Afghanistan. It's up to the players' agents—soldiers, spies or academics with Delta Green clearance—to find him before the disappearance draws the kind of attention that the group cannot afford. Includes six ready-to-play agents.

THE STAR CHAMBER

A Delta Green operation in Myanmar went disastrously wrong. The players' agents must interview the team responsible. The action plays out from one conflicting point of view to the next. The players must decide who is at fault and who, if anyone, is telling the truth.

OBSERVER EFFECT

If we look too deeply into the roiling chaos of reality, chaos may look back. The Olympian Holobeam Array has gone offline in a catastrophic power surge. Delta Green has reason to suspect the worst. The players' agents have no idea what they'll find when they arrive.

VISCID

Two days ago, retired geneticist Tibalt Grieves and his girlfriend died gruesomely. A CDC specialist found weirdly unidentifiable samples. When the sun rose, Grieves' body began to smolder and disintegrate. When the players' agents arrive, they may find that even death has a half-life.

MUSIC FROM A DARKENED ROOM

Places, like people, go wrong. In the last 50 years, 18 people have died at 1206 Spooner Avenue, and you can feel it. Neighbors stay away. In the hours that stretch like taffy after two, no one hears the music from its darkened rooms. Will the players' agents be the next to die?

NEED TO KNOW & HANDLER'S SCREEN

A 48-page quickstart rulebook has six characters and a starter adventure. A sturdy, full-color game moderator's screen features and useful tables and data to aid the Handler and evocative art to unsettle the players.

TOP SECRET

