

Call of Cthulhu In Viet Nam Charlie Don't Surf

"It don't mean nothing."
"Fight to win or don't fight at all."
"Make it mean something."
"Was it worth it?"

Graffiti found on various signs and notices on Hamburger Hill over the ten days of the main battle.

"Whoa, thought it was a nightmare,
Lo, it's all so true,
They told me,
'Don't go walkin' slow
'Cause the Devil's on the loose.'"

'Run Through The Jungle' – By Creedence Clearwater Revival.

This scenario is a 'modern day' scenario, set in Viet Nam in May 1969.

The biggest challenge for Keepers and Investigators alike is keeping people alive long enough for the scenario to unfold, and for the Investigators to get any further than being wiped by Charlie: either through direct combat or booby traps.

This is because there are a lot of very deadly weapons to deal with. Sounds obvious, but it's worth stating out in the open: there are a lot of guns and explosives flying around. If you're not comfortable with this, you'll need to think of a way round it before the game gets underway. It's up to the individual Keeper as to whether they play the encounters with Charlie for effect or as direct threats: it's easy to describe the scenes so they convey an element of deadly danger without actually killing the Investigators, but on the other hand you may feel they need a wake up call and play it straight on the dice.

The nature of the real war is worthy of focus for a game in itself, and many Keepers will want to use the 'Red Herring' variant of this scenario, and have it all explained by non-Cthulhu involvement.

There are a thousand stereo typical images as well as many well worn preconceptions and

clichés surrounding the Viet Nam war. We have taken these and used them where they help to build atmosphere, and abandoned them where they don't. Although we have done our research for this scenario, and made it as accurate as we possibly can within the bounds of the game, it is not intended to be historically 100% accurate and educational.

We hope not to offend anyone with the content of this scenario. We are only too well aware that Hamburger Hill was a real battleground, fought over in a real war where there were displays of real personal heroism and horror from all concerned.

This scenario is designed as a game. And we hope that all reading it remember that.

We have listed a few of the web sites we found useful in researching this scenario, and we would urge anyone interested in the 'truth' of the Viet Nam war to go and find out for themselves: read about it from as many source as you can, especially from those who were there.

Running The Scenario - A Convention Game

Please be aware that this scenario was designed specifically as a Convention game. That is, it was designed to fit in to a four hour slot, to get people in to character quickly, to focus on inter-character relationships, to involve a reasonable amount of action, and to not care a jot about consequences for the characters or the 'game world' once the scenario has finished.

Investigators are very probably going to die. They may not all die, but most will go insane or die. So it's not really suitable for long term campaign arcs.

There is a suggested run on for a much longer term campaign, and that can be used if you want this to be the springboard for a 'Modern' day Cthulhu campaign. But let's not kid ourselves. The Investigators are all going to probably die during the scenario. In convention games that seems to be the great unwritten rule ☺

Handling Being 'In Country' During The Scenario

The A Shau Valley was one of the strategic focal points of the war in Vietnam. Located in

western Thua Thien province, the narrow 25-mile long valley was an arm of the Ho Chi Minh Trail funnelling troops and supplies toward Huế and Danang.

At the north end of the valley was the major North Vietnamese Army (NVA) staging area known as Base Area 611. Because of its importance to the North Vietnamese plan for victory, the A Shau became a major battle ground from the earliest days of the American involvement in Vietnam.

Being in country means dealing with the terrain, animals and weather. Survival of these seemingly innocuous elements is not guaranteed. The threats from the environment can either be skirted over or played up, depending on how the Investigators are doing in the scenario. They can be confronted by snakes, ants, leeches, lizards, wild cats, and all manner of biting bugs. These can either be real threats (some of the snakes like the Malayan Krait can lay a man low for weeks, even kill him) or merely annoyances to emphasise the hateful nature of the war and the struggle of those going through it.

The terrain is usually thick foliage or sparse paddy fields. In the thicker jungles, you can pass a man by twenty feet away and never even know he's there, ten feet at night. Ambush could come from anywhere, and most often did. Booby traps were rife, and the cunning with which they were placed and formed killing zones, could easily grind a squad down or even wipe it out.

You need to decided early on how you want to play the terrain and it's inherent threats. If the pace of the game needs picking up, you can skim over the detail, just highlighting the problems with the occasional reference, stressing the normality of having to battle the terrain.

If the Investigators are driving along at hell of a lick and need some bogging down, it can be stressed yard by yard for a click or two, with the search for booby traps needing meticulous attention to detail and utmost concentration.

Most of the players will have images of being in country in their heads, from movies, books and possibly other games: don't be afraid to use these, draw on any common stereo-types to help build the tension, to help them visualise a common image.

From all of the reference material we looked at, the first hand accounts as well as the written reports vetted for and by HQ's, there is one persistent theme: moving on foot is a tortuous slog. Moving by chopper is the main advantage enjoyed by the US, and that's dependent upon the weather and the put down space through the canopy on the terrain below.

The area around Hamburger Hill is steep and hilly, with deep ravines splitting the terrain. Small rivers and streams over run when it rains, making the ground a muddy quagmire. The thick canopy prevents choppers picking up and setting down, it's all got to be on foot or not at all. This means that for the duration of the scenario, even if there was a medevac mission available, it couldn't get in and out to reach the squad.



Dong Ap Bia - 'Hamburger Hill', from the south

The Language - Grunt Slang

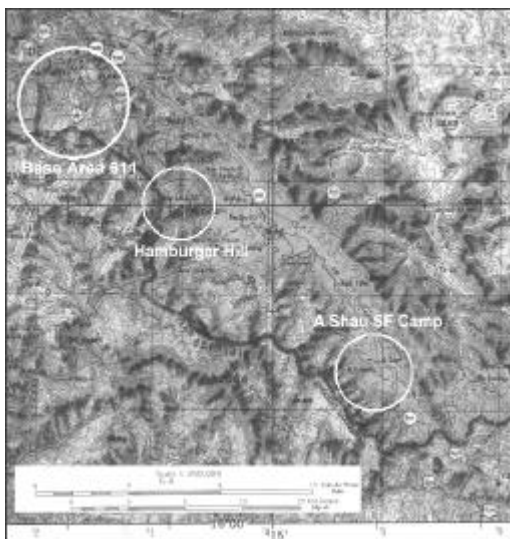
We have included a list of slang and terminology used by the grunts while in country. There are numerous words and phrases that have passed in to common use and remain even today, while some are uniquely of the time. Dropping a few of these in adds to the atmosphere and keeps the focus on the time and place. How you handle the apparent liberal use

of bad language will of course depend upon the group you are running for and your own personal taste. Doubtless each GM will find the right balance for each game, but it's worth being especially aware that the language used in country at the time, was a form of code, a badge of honour in itself, keeping those in country apart from those who didn't have a clue, playing this up in the game will only add to the atmosphere.

The Scenario - Scenes

The scenario is set out like scenes in a play. The basic information and some description is given, but it is always up to the Keeper to fill the scenes out and make them breath. Don't hesitate to change things to suit the flow of the game and the mood. All timings are approximate and there only to give you an idea of when things should be moving along if you want to fit it all in four hours. If a scene is going particularly well, getting lots of role playing and atmosphere, let it run, simply change a later scene to compensate. As the scenario is very modular, some scenes may be cut altogether if necessary.

Information not in the scene's description should be added by the Keeper: don't look for a more detailed section elsewhere to tell you all the things you think are missed out: there isn't one and they probably are 😊



Basic locations of camps

The A Shau Valley, Viet Nam.
3pm, Saturday 10th May 1969.

Weather: Weather in country is very changeable. Start the game with a clear sky with clouds blowing in from the north, promising rain before the sun sets. Rain here is torrential and can come in either short bursts or prolonged deluges.

The challenge of staying dry is seldom taken on with any real zeal by grunts in country, it's just not worth the effort to fight a losing battle. Showers are fought off with ponchos, poncho liners and make shift shelters, or simply endured. The heat and the humidity means the rain is soon forgotten as it's just part of the nightmare of the place. The longer bouts of downpour can halt movement of all troops except Charlie, and can bring floods and mud slides, reducing trails to rivers of dirt and making travel all but impossible.

The weather previous to the start of the scenario has been the usual mix of rain and heat.

Once the scenario gets underway, you can have the weather help or hinder as needed.

Scene Zero: 3pm, Saturday 10th May 1969.

Introduction and character intro. Set in temporary encampment, do a roll call and equipment muster. Lay out plan (such as it is) to get back to the Hill and the security of the main camp before the impending VC counter-attack.

Purpose Of The Scene: To get the Investigators introduced to one and other, to allow them a brief period of familiarity and peace before they set out on the long hard slog back to the main encampment. To emphasise the fact that they are cut off from the main force that will launch the Apache Snow offensive, and that they are between a rock and a hard place.

They have approximately eight clicks to cover to get back to the main encampment, where they can get re-supplied and fight with the main force from the 101st. This would be a good time for each of them to go through what they have in the form of equipment, and for the sarge to draw up a marching order (point duty is a pain, but it's got to be done!).

What they'll know about the area can be limited by their last intel, which got them out here on an advanced patrol. The news is that there is no significant force of the VC in the area, and that the main assault on the hill shouldn't take longer than a day, two at most. Since the C'Ya's have been out, they have had no contact with Charlie though they know he's there.

If anyone wants to use skills to find out more, you can embellish as you see fit, with the knowledge that there is a huge VC force dug well in to the hill.

The Investigators may have other questions about their situation, how they got here, what their mission is, all the stuff they like to burden a GM with having to tell them before they can make 'informed decisions'. Screw 'em. This is in country. Make it clear through your answers that they're here just to deal with it. This is what it's like, this is what they do, there are no clear cut answers, no quick fixes and no matter what they plan, it'll come down to slogging it out on foot and keeping one eye out for Charlie. Set the tone early, set up their expectation. Don't be afraid to be vague, don't be afraid to let them know that you're not going to let them sit round and waste time. You can use the radio that sarge has to call in a sighting or a new mission brief, set them off in the direction you want, or you can just let them make their own minds up to move out and start from there.

(Once the scenario gets underway radio contact will be very, very scarce and will be discouraged by HQ. Charlie may not surf but he has ears.)

The most important thing is to get them in to character and get them to accept that they know each other and that at the end of the day, they're all they have.

Two minute character biogs are always a good idea: have each of them do a two minute introduction of their character which has to include; prominent physical features, prominent attitudes, speech and any mannerisms, over all appearance, weapons and favourite tactics, as well as maybe a smattering of any background they want to be relevant to the way the others see and treat them. Limit each Investigator to two minutes, don't let them get too indulgent.

Possible Threats: None as yet.



The M16, love it or loath it, sometimes it's all you got

Descriptive Stuff: The make shift camp sits slightly raised on a slope leading down to a deep ravine, filled with low ground cover and completely obscured from the air by the high dense canopy. The incessant rain has let up, leaving everything dripping and glistening. The bugs have started to come out again, and you have already started to hear the ever present buzz of mosquitoes.

No sign of Charlie, but you know he's out there. The day drags on and you have at least eight clicks between you and the main camp. Get back there and you can stock up on ammo, food and maybe even squeeze a shower and some shut eye.

Before you go anywhere you better take stock of what you've got. Before you take down the ponchos and the liners, before you pack everything up for jungle hike, it'd be smart to clean weapons, take stock, set point and get a plan together. And you're nothing if not jungle smart.

30 mins.

Scene One: Mid afternoon, Saturday 10th May 1969 (Day 1 and Night 1.). Head south through jungle, encounter vill's. Meet with Specialist Ron Haeberle, known as 'Click', spaced out Combat Photographer.

Start the rain. Travel through jungle, come across the two vill's perimeters, by passed defences, the usual clutter as well as finding the mysteriously murdered and arranged bodies. Clues to 'something'. In second Vill find Click, get some more info., get first clues as to

'dusting' of area by the Au Viet, may confuse with Black Op's chemical drop.



The AK47, they love it, you loath it, possibly the most widely used AR of all time

Purpose Of The Scene: To introduce Click, to start spooking the Investigators with Click's obviously unbalanced presence. To find the two villages, each of which has been cleared of all life and the second of which has been set up in ceremonial order by the Au Viet Cultists. To show that Charlie has booby trapped the second vill to stop things coming out, not going in.

How you play Click will determine how much info you feed the Investigators and how much tension you can set up for the future scenes (two, three and four). Click is spaced out, possibly on chemicals, and the Investigators should quite happily assume he is an addict, a pot head that is never quite coming back from the edge. Click will have morphine sticks and some heroine, which he takes to keep the voices away. Click is of course pretty much an insane wreck. He will ramble and mutter constantly, occasionally trying to engage one of the C-Ya's in conversation, these little chats will always be infuriating and mostly fruitless.

The first vill found isn't on any maps and no one knew it was here. It looks small, maybe twenty hootches, maybe holding up to seventy people. It is completely deserted, with a few blood smears and blood trails that lead nowhere. If you want to start laying clues very early, you can have some of the hut walls smeared with what look like ancient symbols. These are sacred to the Au Viet tribe and are wards that guard them while sacrificing victims to the Dark Young. The best recognition anyone could get is

that they are a kind of 'proto-vietnamese', with possible associations with Mayan, or some other equally as unlikely culture across the globe, maybe even tie in to glyphs found in native american caves from the dark ages.

The second vill is My Lao, a known habitat for a few hundred locals. It is completely empty and completely untouched, an isolated Marie Celeste, with pots still warm, fires still smouldering, all the livestock missing. The squad may find booby traps on the vill perimeter, and may detect they are to keep things in rather than stop people approaching the vill.

In the vill, hiding in a deep grain bunker, is Ron Haeberle, 'Click', he will come out if he hears American voices. He may startle the squad. He is unbalanced due to inhaling the dust used by the Au Viet to hypnotise the locals, and he wasn't exactly playing with a full deck to start with. He's been wandering around separated from his platoon for two weeks, hiding from Charlie and the Au Viet.

Click will lead the squad to a hut where he will uncover the secret door to the deep bunker beneath. In the cellars are the bodies of the two hundred villagers. They have all been sacrificed (throats cut) and bled out (the floor is awash with fresh blood). Their bodies have been staked to the walls and floor so that they are in a grotesque parody of a strange dancing troupe.



Colt .45, tried and trusted, legendary longevity

Click may say something like, "two by two man, they filed in two by two, like freakin' animals on the ark man, no one gets out alive,

no one leaves here man, they knew but they still went in."

The Investigators will have to make SAN checks when they discover the bodies of the locals.

Possible Threats: Booby traps, friendly fire from incoming artillery barrage in to what is thought a 'free fire field'.

Descriptive Stuff: The first vill should be found like an abandoned ship in the midst of the sea of forest, have it appear out of the trees and the misty rain. It will be strangely quiet, with a deadening of all sound.



M1917 Trenchgun, deadly, reliable, weapon of choice for 'Shotgun'

Heading south the ground starts to slope down, small ravines channel a myriad of tiny streams down to the rive that will run across your path some few hundred yards ahead. Through the thinning trees and tangled undergrowth you see a hootch, it's glistening grey wooden walls telling you of a vill up ahead. No maps show this place, it must be old or deserted, maybe even a temporary vill set up by Charlie. But somehow you don't feel it's Charlie territory. As the misty rain swirls through the clearing of the vill, you see there are maybe twenty hootches, all laid out in a circle, no outer fences, just the clearing in the jungle. Something is wrong. It takes you a while to figure.

No livestock. No animals and no signs of any life at all. Small fires smoulder, wispy smoke strikes blue patterns through the rain, many of the hootches look like they've been left in a hurry, turned over furniture outside, half opened pots, reed mats left out, but no people. They must have known you were coming and bugged out. But it feels wrong. No livestock. Some of the hootch walls have faint red smears on them,

looks like hands dragged through mud, or is that blood?

The second vill, My Lao, is different but the same, it's got all the tell tale signs of occupation and use by Charlie, and there are chickens roaming, some penned, a few other animals lay dead in the spaces between the hootches. But it's deserted, left in the same hurry as the first vill, but with less apparent stealth: signs of struggle, broken hootch doors, a few torn up walls, as if there was a brief but tough fight here.

Climbing again now, the ground rising up to the shallow plateau that rolls away south with the paddy fields. You know what's on the trail up ahead: My Lao, a small vill that has been cleared numerous times, the villagers know the game: Charlie comes, and Charlie goes, grunts come and grunts go, life goes on. Nobody fights over My Lao, there is always advance notice of either side approaching and each is met with resigned apathy. You can see the vill is deserted, you can hear it's too quiet. Looks like Charlie has been through here on a raid, and not made any friends doing it. Better check for surprises.



M14, old school, accurate and reliable

From out of one of the huts you hear a strange voice calling, "hey man, I'm coming out, don't shoot I'm US, green as the machine, don't shoot man.." The voice is quickly followed by a shabby figure of a grunt with more cameras than Lenny round his neck, he keeps his hands raised as he approaches, "hey man, am I glad to see you brothers, it's hit the fan and then some here." Click then bursts in to tears and sobs

uncontrollably for a few minutes. After this he tries to coax the C-Ya's to the hootch with the basement and the bodies.

"Get your heads on straight man and get a load of this shit. It aint Charlie, it aint nothing but stone crazy," Click will pick out who he thinks is the greenest member of the squad, "you may wanna stay out here kid, this stuff'll lose ya your breakfast."

As you descend down the dark stairs to the bunker below, you know you've seen them a hundred times before, these bolt holes, storage for grain, animals and of course the locals. But then there's the smell. Sweet. Cloying and slightly acidic. Blood. The floor is awash with blood, you see it glint and glisten before you see the extent with which it fills the bunker. And the smell. It's everywhere.

Around the walls of the bunker are the locals. All dead. All staked out and standing. All with their throats cut and all bled out. They look like they're performing some crazy dance, it's a scene straight out of Hell.

Once out of the hootch with the hidden bunker the incoming will start, there will be a tell tale squelch on the radio, which may or may not be picked up, and then two or three tracer rounds followed by a walking barrage.

Using the radio will get a response form a spotter, who will say he'll relay the message, but that there shouldn't be anyone out there in the first place.

Click will try and convince the C-Ya's that this is a safe place to pitch camp for the night, safer than the jungle at any rate, and hell, everyone is already dead so what could happen anyway?

Tactically My Lao is as safe as it gets (once the artillery has let up), and the squad can even, with some care, make use of the existing traps and defences by turning them around.

Once they are camped, Click will tell them of the 'spooky' flying over head: "It was running lights out man, it weren't no spotter, didn't drop no basketballs, but it dropped something man, you dig? They weren't up there for the view man."

If pushed or persuaded, perhaps bribed would be best, Click tells them he saw it rain orange, "a dusty rain that disappeared when it hit stuff,

didn't leave no sheen, no trace, he checked. But it weren't long after that the crazy shit started."

The night in My Lao (or wherever the squad ends up camping) will be uneventful. You may of course want to throw in hints at Charlie moving about, or take the opposite tact and make it spooky by the lack of movement, maybe even animals are quiet.

25 mins.



My Lao, seen from the north, suspiciously quiet

Ron Haeberle - 'Click': Ron doesn't respond to 'Ron' anymore, he just knows himself as 'Click'. Click is a two term Combat Photographer who's head is so twisted by the war and the things he's seen, that he's no longer comfortable back in the world: in country is all he really knows now, and all he can cope with. Click likes his morphine and his 'weed' and will pretty much give most things a go: anything to relieve the pain in his head from his fear and his memories.

STR 14
CON 14
SIZ 14
INT 13
POW 13
DEX 16
HP 14

Move: 6. Hit Points: 14. Damage Bonus: +1d4.
Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Occult 20%.

Dodge 55%, First Aid 40%, Hide 40%, Knife 30%, Listen 35%, Rifle 40%, Sneak 50%, Spot

Hidden 40%, Photography 65%, Psychology 20%, Rifle 30%.

Bargain 35%, Fast Talk 30%, Persuade 35%, Track 35%, Vietnamese 30%.

Punch 40%, Head Butt 65%, Grapple 30%.

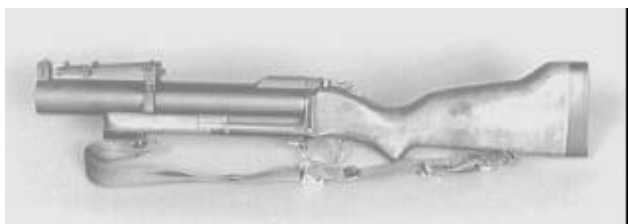
Note: Click doesn't carry any weapons and doesn't want to.

Scene Two: Sunday 11th May 1969.
Encounter LRRP squad. (Day 2.)

Stops raining at dawn, the weather clears for a few hours. It starts raining again at sundown and then stops around midnight. Encounter LRRP squad from the 1-506th Infantry, gain some more info on Charlie's activity and numbers, begin to suspect that a large Op is in the offing. Get some clues as to altered nature of LRRP grunts (effected by 'dusting') and get reports of possible sighting, maybe a rough description, of a 'monster' (Dark Young).

7 LRRP grunts encountered in all: 6 man squad: 1 sgt, 1 corporal, 4 privates and 1 Vietnamese interpreter.

Sgt. Barry 'Pepper' Labowski, Corporal Sandy 'HP' Peterson, Private Craig 'Dizzy' Berry, Private Leroy 'Cupcake' Lewis, Private George 'Boom-Boom' Winthrop, Private Nathan 'Heidy' Brown. Interpreter 'Danny' Tran Van Danh.



M79, 'Blooper', deadly in the right hands, in the wrong hands, deadly in the wrong way

The LRRP Squad is vaguely aware of the C'Ya's reputation but is generally ambivalent. They will of course not take kindly to any accusations thrown their way, and if treated with suspicion or hostility, will cold shoulder the squad and try to move on as quickly as possible. They will be curious about Click, though they won't give any details, only hints that they have been asked to watch out for grunts 'gone native'.

Will tell of Charlie's build up and digging in. May give details of a 'spooky' encounter, vague details, but some clue as to it being a bestial creature. Will only tell of the Au Viet if asked specifically and will then detail a 'wandering tribe' that even Charlie steers clear of.

Any meeting and briefing will be broken up by VC sniper trying to take out one of the non-comm's. The sniper will target the easiest non-comm to hit, targets available: Sarge, Buffalo, Lenny, Pepper, HP. Click will not be shot at, even if he refuses to go to cover. While trying to escape the sniper, the squad run in to a booby trapped area, need to have skill rolls to detect the killing zone etc.

Purpose Of The Scene: To get the Investigators feeling like they're going to be in the middle of something really big and deadly if they don't get back to camp. To give them a feel for something else going on apart from the usual Charlie activity. To hint at the Au Viet, and maybe even at the darker possibility of 'monsters', and to give them a chance to dismiss such reports as the affected ramblings of grunts who've been out on patrol for too long, smoked too much dope, or ingested too much Agent Orange. It can also give a chance to talk up the C-Ya's and their actions that have got them all but ostracised by other grunts and HQ, make them out to be heroes, even if they're not really understood by many other grunts. The sniper is a wake up call: you're never really far from Charlie.

Possible threats: sniper, booby traps.

Descriptive Stuff: Click will keep very quiet around the LRRP squad, and they will try and ignore him. Pepper tells you that there are at least two Battalions of Charlie digging in to the Hill, the 7th and 8th from the 29th NVA Regiment: he's personally interrogated spotters from one of their artillery support units. Charlie is here in much bigger numbers than HQ suspects. Apache Snow is going to turn in to a firestorm, no way Charlie is moving, and unless there's more support out there than has so far shown itself, the big green fighting machine aint gonna get hold of Ap Bia (Hamburger Hill).

All of the LRRP squad will swing from intensely focused, serious and apparently concentrating on every word, to distracted and uncaring, spaced.

"And you seen that get up Charlie is carrying? Weird thing, like a monkey-pig on it's back legs, looks like part of the trees, we seen it. Charlie messing with our heads, that thing supposed to scare us? Nothing scares us. Moved like it was a tree, must have taken some serious effort. Hardly think it was worth it would ya? How scared of a freakin tree can you be?"



Au Viet Shaman, rarely does speech pass their lips, yet they are understood

On the Au Viet, they will say very little, and only if pushed or seriously charmed. "You see a 'tribesman' you run. Even Charlie don't mess with them. Bows and arrows? Loincloths? They live here man. They are part of it. If you see them it's cos they want you to. And that's number ten. Ten thousand. You run. Don't care what you're carrying, what you think you're gonna put out, they just walk through it. You just run. If they don't get you with the bows and arrow shit, they'll get you anyhow... you just run."

They may be more willing to swap news of the country hereabouts, and won't care who they tell about seeing the recon plane, the spooky. They won't know what it was doing, or where it came from or went, but they will know it was up there for some time, too long for a night time spot. "We saw it, sure, the spooky. Recon for the boys back at SF base camp, they have some serious fire missions to plan. Yeah, weird, no

basketballs, just a fly by, but who knows what they saw. They was up there long enough, circling, didn't take any flak from below, so must have figured it weren't worth the effort in the end. Fly boys. Wat-are-ya-gonna-do?"

Once the sniper opens up, the LRRP will melt away in to the jungle.

The Investigators will travel for the rest of the day then make camp. Their radio will be dead. At about midnight they will start picking up chit-chat from a Charlie broadcast, obviously aimed out there to any grunts trawling the channels. It will be the usual mix of pointless propaganda and insult, but may strike a chord as 'normal' radio traffic is apparently blocked.

Play the sniper for real effect, and if the Investigators make a serious attempt to go after him, they should only have a very, very slim chance of success, and they will of course be lead to an area heavily booby trapped.

Let them slog on for a while after the sniping, before they camp down for the night. They should be suitably alerted to Charlie and be ready to take the necessary precautions when making camp. If they seem a bit lax, you can have Click make some stoned suggestions, or even rant on about how bad their efforts are.

20 mins.

Scene Three: Sunday 11th May 1969.
Charlie attacks. (Night 2.)

Starts raining again, and raining hard. This is the kind of weather feared by all US forces in country, it stops them in their tracks and gives Charlie a free hand. The Investigators are attacked by a recon squad of VC. Possible hints that some of them are mad, or at least being affected by something other than 'battle rage'.

This is a firefight with a five man VC fire team. After sniping away, and quite effectively, the VC will break cover and charge the C-Ya's, which will be totally unnecessary and stupid. (For the VC apparent madness and failure of tactics, you can either use the Dark Young encounter as a sanity ripper or explain it via the chemical dust by the Black Op's.)

If any of the VC are interrogated, they may babble about monsters and may mention the Au Viet.

Purpose Of The Scene: To let the C-Ya's know they are still in a war with Charlie, and that he's out there doing what he does best. To highlight the fact that there is something effecting Charlie, sending him crazy. To get in to a firefight and then to hand to hand to bring home the madness of it all. By now the Investigators may be feeling like they've got off lightly as far as contact with Charlie is concerned. We need to remind them that the business of just staying alive is hard work, regardless of any other weird stuff they think might be going on. In the sniping and the firefight, remember that the C-Ya's will mostly be saved by their flak jackets and helmets, which absorb a lot of the damage from rounds taken. In hand to hand, it's a different story: the VC are going insane and will simply fight to the death.

This is a straight out combat segment: if the Investigators aren't really in to that, or you need to, you can easily skate over this by having the VC killed really easily, or perhaps missing it out all together.

Possible threats: VC recce squad.

Descriptive Stuff: The rain is here for the night, time to dig in and get a hootch sorted. Little hope of keeping totally dry, but you should be able to pitch in and make something half decent to keep off the worst of the torrential downpour. Charlie's out there, so it's a full perimeter and a full watch, or you could take your chances and hope the rain keeps you hidden. As usual, the darkness is complete. You wouldn't see a battleship float by ten feet away. It's all about the ears, listening, straining in to the night to pick up any noise that doesn't fit. Easier said than done. The rain pounds the leaves and trunks of trees, smashes in to the ground, runs in splashing rivulets all around, it's like being inside a huge drum under a waterfall. And the animals don't let up, not even the weird 'fuck-you' lizard: there is goes again, with it's screeching parody, 'fuk-yew!' You've heard stories of whole platoons opening up cos they thought it was Charlie. And you know Charlie is out there somewhere, either moving in to position, or hunkering down and laughing his ass off at you, biding his time.

Then there's an explosion of noise, rounds wizz through the air, zipping by so close you can taste them tearing the air, smashing in to the ground, in to the hootch, spitting from out of the darkness.

(After some exchange from firearms...)

You can't believe your ears, screams out of the darkness, unmistakable, voices shouting in anger, rage, almost senseless in their intensity, "Di di mau! Di di mau!", they're charging you! Getting in close, coming in for the kill: either there's way more of them than you thought, or they're out of their freakin' minds!

25 mins.

Average VC Soldier: The average model for 'Charlie' is given here. Their knowledge of the jungle and moving around in country is never surpassed by the US forces, and seldom understood by them. Charlie's ability to melt away has taken on mythical, even slightly magical status, and no matter what the skills are, you should always let them escape if at all possible.

STR	12
CON	14
SIZ	11
INT	10
POW	11
DEX	13
HP	13

Move: 6. **Hit Points:** 13. **Damage Bonus:** +1d4. Camouflage 70%, Climb 70%, Dodge 50%, First Aid 40%, Hide 80%, Listen 70%, Martial Arts 20%, Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 75%.

Optional: May also have one or more – Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 40%, Machine Gun 45%, Operate Heavy Machinery 35%, Speak English 25%, Throw 45%.

Weapons: Rifle: AK47 60%, Handgun: Makarov Pistol 65%, Knife 65%. **Fist / Punch** 60% 1d3+1d4 damage. **Grapple** 50%.

Optional: May have MAT49 SMG or RPD GPMG, depending upon support needed, as well as grenades, etc, as required. Will usually have

access to some stolen US equipment such as Claymores.

Scene Four: Monday 12th May 1969.

Move out and head back out to find main trail back to base camp. Find site where there have been numerous sacrifices, shallow cave, crude and obviously very ancient. Discover some very large 'stone jars'. Clues as to worship of some strange god, recent VC offerings of food. Clues that there may be a 'stone age' people (the Au Viet) still active in the area. Clicks buys the farm from a booby trap. Discover trail of a sacrificial survivor, a grunt, trail leads up towards VC dug in lines. Once found, the grunt's body will rise as a Zombie. Some hallucinations will occur as the Zombie is raised using 'dust' that can be inhaled by the Investigators.

Purpose Of The Scene: This scene lays the big clues to the Au Viet's involvement with some old religion and strange god. It allows us to introduce the first real Mythos stuff straight to the Investigators via the clues in the cave, i.e. the writings, pictures, stone jars with their strange contents, and then with the Zombie. This is also the pivotal scene for deciding whether it's all a red herring and can be put down to some Black Op's and some chemical experiments, or whether there really is some weird shit going on that can't be explained by 'normal' weird shit rules of being in country.

Possible threats: booby traps, possibly some weird encounter from opening one of the jars (you just know they're gonna do it), possibly a spell or a chemical effect. Zombie grunt. Hallucinations; may get C-Ya's to threaten each other.

Descriptive Stuff: The trail is obviously an old one, not even used much by Charlie, or they're clever enough to use it without leaving any of the tell-tale signs, wouldn't surprise you, though you think you have enough smarts to spot them by now. As the trail runs along side a small stream, running in to a myriad of bamboo grass and swampy fields, you notice a slight rise in the ground, quite pronounced, you're looking at the back of some natural hillock, maybe fifty,

sixty feet high, gradually rising from the flat marshland around it. Facing away from the stream is a small cave, scooped out of the natural, overgrown outcrop. The cave goes back some way, maybe thirty feet and stays about six feet high for it's whole depth. The cave floor is hard packed dirt over scrapings of shingle and rock. There are no signs of anyone having been here in the recent, or distant, past, though it would make a good natural shelter: maybe that's why it's been empty; too obvious.

At the back of the cave are eight large stone jars, each four to five feet high and three feet across at it's widest shoulder. In front of the jars are small baskets of fruit and fish, similar to the offerings you have seen in some of the smaller shrines and temples. The jars are sealed at the neck with a red clay like material and the stoppers in their tops look to be made of a harder stone than the jars.

The cave walls are covered with faint scratch marks, which you come to realise are some form of script or possibly pictographic writing. This doesn't look like anything you've seen in country.

From outside the cave you hear Click's unmistakable drawl, "hey man, I think I found something..." He's twisting his head round trying to see something protruding from his neck, his hands not working properly as they shakily try and grasp for the slender bamboo sliver sticking in to his neck. Click falls to his knees, his eyes a milky white as they roll back in his head, "it's cold man, getting cold, aint that the weirdest thing..." and then he falls flat on his face.

A primitive bungee pit trap, some kind of sprung release using green bamboo, nothing Charlie would ever do, or so you thought, but there it is, and there he is, dead. The bamboo sliver cut him deep, but no way enough to kill him, and his blackened tongue tells you all you need to know: poison.

You notice a few spots of blood on the wet elephant grass, dripping away from you, an obvious trail, looks fresh. The drops lead you to a tramples trail, someone has crawled this way, not trying to hide, just trying to get away. You see the corpse maybe some hundred yards from

the cave. It's a grunt. Face down in the marshy ground, his fatigues soaked through with glistening blood. Must be dead. But he's not. He twists his head round to watch you approach, you see the hideous wounds to his face, notice the skin fallen from his bottom jaw, revealing pale bone. Dead, staring eyes greet you as he stumbles to his feet, reaching out with gnarled and crippled hands, his mouth silently trying to speak some pitiable last words. Something is terribly wrong. This grunt is dead.

40 mins.

Zombie grunt: The Zombified remains of Corporal Gary 'Buck' Bedingfield. The sacrificial victim has been infused with some of the 'Zombie dust' the Au Viet use to prepare victims for the Dark Young. Once in Zombie form, the unfortunate soul is driven to seek out and eat human flesh. All past personality traits are gone and they will not recognise anyone as a friend except the Au Viet.

STR 18
 CON 17
 SIZ 17
 INT 1
 POW 1
 DEX 7
 HP 17

Move: 6. Hit Points: 17. Damage Bonus: +1d4.
 Weapons: Bite 45% 1d3. Punch / Claw 65% 1d4+1d4.

Armour: None, but impaling weapons do 1 point of damage and all others do half rolled damage.

Skills: Obey Command 90%. (Pursue Human Flesh: 90%.)

Sanity Loss: 1/1d8 Sanity points to see a Zombie.

Dust From The Jars (this dust is also thrown out of the Zombie body of Buck if he is shot and impaled): The Au Viet have sealed their sacred jars with a waxy clay that splinters when broken, sending small clouds of dust out within a 10' radius. The dust, if inhaled causes a kind of 'Implant Fear'. Treat as a Poison with a POT

(Potency) of 15. If it is ingested (if the dust overcomes the victims CON on the resistance table, using 15 as the attack roll), the victim is confused, and suffers from hallucinations that the things they most fear are right there with them, usually this means that any people near them appear as the things they fear or their worst enemies. The effects of the dust last 1-3 minutes.

It may be of course, if they fail their SAN roll for seeing Buck, that the Zombie is the worst thing they fear. If they make their SAN rolls for the Zombie, their confusion from the dust (if any) will probably lead to visions of Charlie, but let the Investigators lead the way in detailing what it is they fear the most.



OV10 Bronco, 'Spooky', dusting a combat zone

Scene Five: Tuesday 13th May 1969. Discover crashed plane that was 'dusting'. (Day 4.) (Quietest day for the assault on the Hill.)

Make way back to original track / trail, hump it back towards the main camp. Discover the crashed plane (OV 10 Bronco) that dusted the hill. Find the residual chemicals in some half broken containers. Realise they will burn off harmlessly if ignited. Tie in with lack of use of Napalm on the Hill. Need to find signs that the Au Viet have already examined the crashed plane and possibly it's cargo. Maybe have some runes of guarding, possibly even some 'talismans' of human body parts taken from grunts and VC alike.

Possible threats: Booby traps, mutated / crazed animal, a whole 'hive' of snakes. Leakage from the chemicals.

Purpose Of The Scene: To give us a non-Cthulhu hook for the stuff happening on and near the Hill, to get the Investigators to realise

there is much more going on from the Army's point of view than a simple assault: there are possible Black Op's involving chemical weapons. The canisters on the Bronco contained 'Type VX' toxic gas, developed in 'Project Waterfall, renamed 'Project Red Cap' when the decision was taken to test the gas on the Vietnamese. Type VX nerve gas kills by coming in contact with the skin or by being inhaled. A single drop, if not immediately removed, will result in vomiting, involuntary defecation, convulsions, and a complete paralysis of the central nervous system that ends in death. From contact to death the time elapsed is about ten minutes.

This scene can be an opportunity to slow things up a bit in preparation for the big ending. It allows us to introduce the idea that the Au Viet have been here and have placed some primitive wards on the place that even Charlie respects, possibly made up of body parts from all sides in the war.

And let's not forget the crazy snakes...

Possible Threats: Snakes (crazy and otherwise).

Descriptive Stuff: The trail moves through the tree line, through the dense undergrowth of jungle terrain. The canopy rises, as the trees get larger and taller, blotting out much of the light and acting as a filter for the rain to drip slowly through. It's soft and even marshy in places underfoot, tiny streams running across the forest floor. You're all aware this is the kind of territory where Charlie is most at home.

Up ahead you see a break in the canopy, small but distinct, with a few of the trees having had their upper branches torn from their trunks. A glint of metal can be seen on the jungle floor, looks like a sheet of polished metal, out of place. Getting closer you see it's a crashed plane, one of yours, an OV10 Bronco, usually used as a spotter, it has a huge hole in the front nose section, blackened and ripped from the impact of the rocket that must have brought it down.

There is no sign of the crew, no sign of any injuries, it just looks like it dropped clean out of the sky after the rocket his, straight down, no long entry run through the canopy, it just fell out of the sky.

There are eight large steel drums in the cargo hold, each with a thick rubber pipe running from it to a brass nozzle fitted to the middle underside of the plane, some kind of chemical delivery system. No markings on the drums, no signs or info. to tell what was in them: they're all empty now. At the back of the plane's hold is an old tarp, covering something man sized. There is a slight movement.

A thousand coiled and slithering snakes explode out in a river of movement, flowing over boots, skating across the floor, hissing and squirming towards you.

20 mins.

Snakes - A lot of grunts would rather face Charlie than a mess of angry snakes. And snakes that are 'crazed' pose another problem entirely: they will not avoid contact but rather seek it out with a cavalier disregard for their own survival.

Four of the more colourful snakes are: Spitting Cobra, Bamboo Pit Viper, Malayan Pit Viper, and the Malayan Krait, two of them are detailed here:

Malayan Pit Viper

This snake has a thermo sensitive pit located between the nostrils and eyes which is used for finding warm-blooded animals. The Malayan Pit Viper has a thick body and grows to only about 1 meter long. Like the Green Pit Viper, its head is triangular and distinct from the neck, with an upturned snout. Its reddish-brown surface has dark, triangular markings. Due to its camouflage, the Malayan Pit Viper is hard to see and is an occupational hazard to rubber plantation workers and farmers. It strikes quickly and without hissing. The poison of the Malayan Pit Viper has a potent tissue-destructive and hemotoxic action that can cause severe necrosis of muscles, resulting in crippling amputations.

Malayan Krait.

This black and white banded snake is nocturnal and one of the most dangerous snakes in

Vietnam and the world. Malayan Krait's bite readily at times and without hissing. The bite is virtually painless, and victims may neglect to seek proper treatment. Farmers are the usual victims and are bitten when walking outdoors at night. Deaths from this snake are probably underreported, since most occur in rural areas, at night and unattended. Like the Cobra's venom, the Krait's venom is neurotoxic and signs of paralysis may appear within minutes or be delayed for hours. Up until recently, no antivenin was available for the bite of the Malayan Krait.

Move 4. Hit Points: 3. Damage Bonus: N/A.
Weapons: Bite 65% 1 point damage plus poison (see below).
Skills: Dodge 70%, Sneak 95%.

Poison - Speed of Effect: 1-6 rounds. POT (Potency): 15-18. Symptoms: muscular paralysis, convulsions, respiratory failure.

Scene Six: Tuesday 13th May 1969. Monsters attack, fight off along side Charlie (Night 4.)
(Quietest day / night for the assault on the Hill.)
Once camped for the night, ambushed by Charlie. Au Viet and Dark Young attacks. VC will defend themselves and will (where possible) side with Investigators in fighting off the Dark Young. Au Viet tribesmen will appear and try to use the Dark Young to summon Shub Niggurath.

Purpose Of The Scene: To bring the whole scenario to a climactic conclusion. To show that there is another force out there other than Charlie and the grunts. The Dark Young will use the situation as a huge sacrificial rite to Shub Niggurath, and the Au Viet will pick up on this, casting the Contact and Summon spells for Shub Niggurath. The possibility exists of the grunts siding with Charlie to stave off the Au Viet and the Dark Young, and this should be the ultimate goal. If the Investigators don't buy it and want to fight off Charlie as well, then let them, but make sure they have a clear opportunity to fight along side their sworn enemy to fight the greater chaos of the Dark

Young. If the Investigators and Charlie join forces the Au Viet will turn their full attention to them (rather than just trying to contain them for the Dark Young to feed on), attacking with bows spears and blow pipes, while their Shaman carry on with the summoning.

The numbers of Charlie, the Au Viet, and indeed the Dark Young, can be varied to need: if the Investigator are still at the top of their game, with all their equipment and health intact, ramp up the numbers to suit, maybe twenty Charlie, a hundred Au Viet and two Dark Young. If they are battered and depleted in both resource and sanity, throw in a recon squad of eight Charlie and one Dark Young, keep the Au Viet as a vague number that can be used to hem them in and reinforce the need to defeat the Dark Young, and then use just one.



A terrible Dark Young, the stench of the open grave surrounds them

There are of course a number of ways to play this section, and we found the best was to open the ambush with Charlie attacking the grunts, then have the Au Viet take out some of Charlie's attacking force, with the Dark Young coming from the rear: the first realisation of the horror of the Dark Young then comes from Charlie and spreads to the Investigators, who will eventually figure there is something coming to get them all. Intended Outcome - You can play it to slaughter the Investigators, with the Au Viet being the ultimate threat through their sheer weight of numbers, backed by the Dark Young, or you can play it to have the Investigators realise their only chance of escape is through Charlie: an

unlikely alliance. The house rule for the Dark Young means that with one (or more) of the Investigators sacrificing themselves, the Dark Young can be taken out, which may make the Au Viet back off to allow a mutual withdrawal by Charlie and the Investigators. We have found the best guide to be the mood and mind set of the players: if they want to go down in a blaze of glory, let them. If they want to plan and side with Charlie, going for a cunning escape plan, then let them do that as well. It's tempting to play if for a TPK, but not always the best way to go, if the players feel they have done all they can (including self sacrifice) and have worked their butts off, then an escape is not a cop out by the Keeper.

Possible threats: VC, Dark Young, Au Viet tribesmen, and if you're in a particularly insane mood, Shub Niggurath.



Ancient Au Viet depiction of Shub Niggurath

Descriptive Stuff: It's quiet... too quiet... the quietest night you've known for a long time, maybe ever. The light rain has stopped and there is actually a chance that things may dry out for the morning. You know the nights in country are dark, straining out in to the inky blackness is the hardest part of keeping watch at night, mostly you rely on other senses, your hearing is your best friend, though there is the sixth sense, the bush sense that lets you know when something is 'up'.

Something is most definitely up.

The quiet, brooding stillness is oppressive. Every small noise is registered, the loudest thing you hear is the beating of your own heart. No animal sounds, no insects, nothing: it's like the world has stood still, or died and been swallowed in a black hole of darkness.

The explosion of noise is high pitched, the static crack and blistering of air from an AK47. Rounds tearing the air, spitting in to the dirt around you, ripping through anything that gets in their way. The ambush is classic Charlie, surrounded the camp, set up fields of fire, co-ordinated attack, mixed firing positions, some rounds are coming in from high up. Time to get busy.

The firefight seems to be too intense to survive, a hail of bullets cutting down anything it touches. Then it seems to get even more confused, with some of the fire from Charlie directed away from you, weird shouts, Charlie never shouts, but they're making a hell of a noise now, even some screams, unnerving is what it is.

"Didi mau len... Au Viet! Dinky dau, dinky

The confusion is spreading, more crossfire, some hideous noises, like a screeching, tortured animal, more shouts, Charlie running, running and firing, running towards you but firing behind them.



A maddening vision of Shub Niggurath

Shapes and shadows in the darkness, lit up by the firefight, some explosions, grenades, Charlie are coming in for a beating, some fall with arrows sticking out of them, all of them look insane, spooked, panicked more by what's

behind them than by you and the fire you're putting out.

"Chieu hoi! Chieu hoi! No shoot! Surrender!"

All the VC are shouting it, still firing behind them, wildly shooting in to the darkness, and babbling, shouting, screaming, "chieu hoi!"

They want to surrender!

No way. Never been known. Surrender while they have rounds left to fire, and rounds they seem to be busily emptying in to half seen figures behind them.

From out of the liquid darkness you see a tall shape, a tree, swaying backwards and forwards, out of place, some kind of trick, could almost be moving towards you. A hail of small bamboo arrows and darts smatter the earth around you, sticking in to everything, a pin cushion vision. And that sound, that terrible screeching sound, some abominable torture battering your ears. And the smell! Worse than a five day old body pit, the stench is like a viscous fluid, clinging to your mouth and nose, forcing the vomit up in your throat.

You don't know what the hell is going on.

But then you realise you are about to find out.

30 mins.

Au Viet Tribesman

The Au Viet are a truly ancient tribe that are descended from the original hill people that emigrated to Viet Nam from China. They are a hidden and lost people who have only managed to survive by dedicating themselves to the worship of Shub Niggurath and the Dark Young. The Au Viet are not themselves 'monsters', but they are almost a species apart from 'normal' tribes of Viet Nam. They have an affinity with the jungle that puts even Charlie to shame and can seemingly merge with undergrowth and foliage. They hunt with the most primitive of weapons, all of which is dipped in poison, mostly a paralysing neurotoxin. The Au Viet only wear loin cloths or simple 'gowns' and paint their faces with black and brown paint. They are mostly only a legend to all but the most knowledgeable of the VC and US forces. If they are known of at all, they are merely thought of as another backwards

hill tribe, always confused with one of the other more widely known tribes.

Au Viet tribesmen are silent, they only speak their own language and only then at great need. Most communication is through simple hand gestures.

STR 14
CON 16
SIZ 11
INT 10
POW 11
DEX 14
HP 14

Move: 6. Hit Points: 14. Damage Bonus: +1d4.
Climb 75%, Dodge 85%, Hide 85%, Jump 60%, Listen 70%, Occult 25%, Oratory 40%, Pharmacy 30%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 75%, Swim 65%, Throw 55%, Track 85%.
Blowpipe 60%, Knife 70%, Shortbow 75%, Spear 75%.
Grapple 65%, Head-but 60%, Kick 45%, Punch 45%.

Dark Young

The Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath are horrifying, pitch-black monstrosities, seemingly made of festering ropy tentacles. They stand as tall as a tree (between twelve and twenty feet tall) on a pair of stumpy, misshapen hooved legs. A mass of writhing tentacles protrudes from their trunks where a head would normally be, and huge puckered maws, dripping dark green goo, cover their flanks. These monsters roughly resemble trees in silhouette: the trunks being the short legs and the tops of the trees represented by the ropy, branching bodies. The stench given off by Dark Young is that of the open grave.

STR 44
CON 16
SIZ 44
INT 14
POW 18
DEX 16
HP 30



Move 8. Hit Points: 30.

Weapons: Tentacles 85%, damage 4d6 plus STR drain of 1-3 once victim is grabbed. Trample 40%, damage 6d6.

Armour: Dark Young are made from non-terrene material and only take 1 point of damage from any gunshot, and 2 from any gun impale. Hand to hand slashing weapons do normal damage. All other attacks generally have no effect.

Spells: Shrivelling, Wither Limb, Stop Heart, Create Zombie, Call / Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Blight / Bless Crop.

Skills: Sneak 60%, Hide in Woods 85%.

Sanity Points: 1d3 / 1d10 Sanity points to see a Dark Young.

House Rule: We play a house rule that means the Dark Young take half damage from explosives that can be placed inside one of its gaping maws: essentially if you can get it to eat some explosives, it takes a lot more damage. Grenades have a 01% chance of being thrown in to a gaping maw, where as anyone carrying them on their person who is the eaten, has their skill chance to set them off. (Base skill chance to set off explosives such as Claymores or C4 is 25% or 95% if they are wired and primed as for 'normal' use.)

Scene Seven: Wash Up: Wednesday 14th May 1969. Explain plot, background and where it'd go from here, you can use the 'Battle Report' or give it out. (Day 5.)

Battle of Hamburger Hill rages from 10th May all through this adventure, it will end for the 18th on 20th May.

Chemical use to send VC crazy, unauthorised and not co-ordinated with army.

Apache Snow is a real attempt to dislodge Charlie from area that is abandoned after it's apparent success. Reports of it and the pictures released back in the world help change the perception of the real reasons behind the war and the real chances of 'winning' it.

The Au Viet are a stone age tribe that have survived by dedicating themselves to the

worship of the Dark Young and Shub-Niggurath.

Odds And Ends - Some Intel

We certainly don't want to preach or be accused of being partisan, but there are some myths about the US involvement in Viet Nam that are worth exploring.

(It is very hard to avoid the appearance of 'supporting' the war by including the following stuff, but we think it's worth putting in to show why some of the clichés about Viet Nam have been left out of this scenario and why it's worth doing some digging of your own. No judgement is made about the morality or the legality of the war itself. We only wanted to look at some of the popularised myths surrounding the US combatants.)

Nixon said: "No event in American history is more misunderstood than the Vietnam War. It was misreported then, and it is misremembered now. Rarely have so many people been so wrong about so much. Never have the consequences of their misunderstanding been so tragic." But perhaps he would say that ☺

91% of Vietnam Veterans say they are glad they served. (Westmoreland papers)

74% said they would serve again even knowing the outcome. (Westmoreland papers)

There is no difference in drug usage between Vietnam Veterans and non veterans of the same age group (from a Veterans Administration study). (Westmoreland papers)

97% were discharged under honourable conditions; the same percentage of honourable discharges as ten years prior to Vietnam. (Westmoreland papers)

85% of Vietnam Veterans made a successful transition to civilian life. (McCaffrey Papers)

Vietnam veterans' personal income exceeds that of non-veteran age group by more than 18 percent. (McCaffrey Papers)

Vietnam veterans have a lower unemployment rate than non-vet age group. (McCaffrey Papers)

87% of the American people hold Vietnam Vets in high esteem. (McCaffrey Papers)

Myth: Most Vietnam combatants were drafted. 2/3 of the men who served in Vietnam were volunteers. 2/3 of the men who served in World War II were drafted. (Westmoreland papers) Approximately 70% of those killed were volunteers.(McCaffrey Papers)

Myth: A disproportionate number of blacks were killed in the Vietnam War. 86% of the men who died in Vietnam were Caucasians, 12.5% were black, 1.2% were other races. (CACF and Westmoreland papers) Black fatalities amounted to 12 percent of all Americans killed in Southeast Asia - a figure proportional to the number of blacks in the U.S. population at the time and slightly lower than the proportion of blacks in the Army at the close of the war. (All That We Can Be)

Myth: The war was fought largely by the poor and uneducated. Servicemen who went to Vietnam from well-to-do areas had a slightly elevated risk of dying because they were more likely to be pilots or infantry officers. Vietnam Veterans were the best educated forces the U.S. had ever sent into combat. 79% had a high school education or better. (McCaffrey Papers)

Here are statistics from the Combat Area Casualty File (CACF) as of November 1993. The CACF is the basis for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial (The Wall):

Average age of 58,148 killed in Vietnam was 23.11 years. (Although 58,169 names are in the Nov. 93 database, only 58,148 have both event date and birth date. Event date is used instead of declared dead date for some of those who were listed as missing in action). (CACF)

Category Deaths Average Age

Total 58,148 23.11 years

Enlisted 50,274 22.37 years

Officers 6,598 28.43 years

Warrants 1,276 24.73 years

E1 525 20.34 years

11B MOS 18,465 22.55 years

Five men killed in Vietnam were only 16 years old.(CACF)

The oldest man killed was 62 years old.(CACF)

11,465 KIAs were less than 20 years old.(CACF)

Myth: The average age of an infantryman fighting in Vietnam was 19.

Assuming KIAs accurately represented age groups serving in Vietnam, the average age of an infantryman (MOS 11B) serving in Vietnam to be 19 years old is a myth, it is actually 22. None of the enlisted grades have an average age of less than 20. (CACF) The average man who fought in World War II was 26 years of age. (Westmoreland papers)

Myth: The fighting in Vietnam was not as intense as in World War II.

The average infantryman in the South Pacific during World War II saw about 40 days of combat in four years. The average infantryman in Vietnam saw about 240 days of combat in one year thanks to the mobility of the helicopter.

One out of every 10 Americans who served in Vietnam was a casualty. 58,169 were killed and 304,000 wounded out of 2.59 million who served. Although the percentage who died is similar to other wars, amputations or crippling wounds were 300 percent higher than in World War II. 75,000 Vietnam veterans are severely disabled. (McCaffrey Papers)

Medevac helicopters flew nearly 500,000 missions. Over 900,000 patients were airlifted (nearly half were American). The average time lapse between wounding to hospitalisation was less than one hour. As a result, less than one percent of all Americans wounded who survived the first 24 hours died. (VHPA Databases)

The Viet Nam war was a terrible part of our history (as a species), as all wars are.

The effects of the war can still be felt today, especially in Viet Nam itself.

The 'real' horror of the war is not dulled, lessened or denied by the use of the war as a backdrop for the Mythos and the beings that would bring even greater misery, pain and ultimately enslavement and annihilation to us all.

Peace man.

Quick bit of the niceties of using someone else's system and such:

Chaosium own all copyrights and IP rights to the Call of Cthulhu game system.

This is an **unofficial** scenario designed for use with that system and is in no way a challenge to those rights.

Please don't sue us.

All images used in this scenario are used without the permission of the owners, and for that we beg forgiveness. But we did find them all on the internet in public domain sites with an implied permission that it was alright to use them for 'personal use', i.e. not for passing off as your own or for profit.

Please don't sue us.

With that in mind: this scenario is a copy of a demonstration game that was run at Shadow Con II 2006 and Conception 2007, and is **not for sale** by anyone to anyone. It is free to any that want to download and use it, subject to the condition that they do not try and pass it off as their own or sell it on.

Many, many thanks to those that played this scenario at Shadow Con II and Conception 2007 (you know who you are!) as you've so rightly demonstrated – sanity is overrated!

Conception is (in our opinion) by far the best con in the UK.

The official Conception web site can be found at:

<http://conception.modus-operandi.co.uk/>

Shadow Con is growing, and is already established as a must do for Cthulhu.

The Shadow Warriors web site can be found at:

<http://www.shadow-warriors.co.uk/>

Chaosium are of course the one and only producers of Cthulhu, they have been at it for 30+ years and do it really rather well.

Supporting them when you can guarantees the growth of the game.

The Chaosium Call of Cthulhu web site can be found at:

<http://www.chaosium.com/>

Please feel free to contact us to let us know how you got on in playing or running this scenario or with any suggestions you may have for follow up's or other 'modern' scenarios.

max@bantleman.demon.co.uk

Some other groovy sites:

Specific but with some good stuff and kinks:

<http://www.screamingeaglesthroughtime.com/id95.html>

Some good weapons info, links:

<http://www.173rdairborne.com/weapons.htm>

Delta Mike2 stuff is invaluable:

http://www.gruntonline.com/US_Forces/US_Weapons/us_smallarms.htm

http://www.gruntonline.com/TheWar/the_war.htm

The Big Idea

We briefly mentioned the idea of running this scenario as a campaign game and bringing it up to date to the 'here and now'. The idea was that after each Investigator is killed by the Dark Young or the Au Viet (final scene), they suddenly 'come to' in a Vets hospital in the present day. They are the subject of an experiment by a group of cultists, lead by a doctor in the asylum, who want to know how to summon the Dark Young, even Shub Niggurath, and are regressing the Investigators using drug and hypno-therapy to get any details they can of the Mythos beasts and clues as to how to contact them. The 'big idea' was too much to fit in to a single con game, but we will soon be writing up and running it as a follow up.

Play safe... and watch that san!

Firearms And Armour

The most commonly used weapons in this scenario are:

Name	Shots per Round	Damage	Range (yards)	Ammo	Malfunction Number
.45 Automatic	1	1d10+2	15	7	00
M16A1 AR	1-2 or burst	2d8	130	28	98
M16A2 AR	1-2 or burst	2d8	130	28	97
M14 Rifle	1	2d6+3	110	18	99
M1917 Trenchgun	1	1d10+6	30	5	00
M60 LMG	Burst	2d6+3	150	200	99
M79 'Blooper'	1	3d6 / 2y	20	1	99
AK-47 AR	1-2 or burst	2d6+1	90	30	00
Makarov Pistol	2	1d10	15	7	00
Grenades	1	4d6 / 4y	Throw		99
Claymore	1	6d6+6	10		99
Claymore	1	3d6+2	25		99
Claymore	1	1d6	50		99
C4	1	6d6 / 3y	in place		99

Armour

Armour will be the saving grace of most grunts in most firefights. Without it, grunts would mostly be killed or wounded to evac in pretty much every firefight they got hit in.

Flak Vests stop 7 HP of damage.

Helmets stop 5 HP of damage.

First Aid

It's worth reviewing the first aid rules quickly, to show how a bit of timely healing in the field can keep things moving.

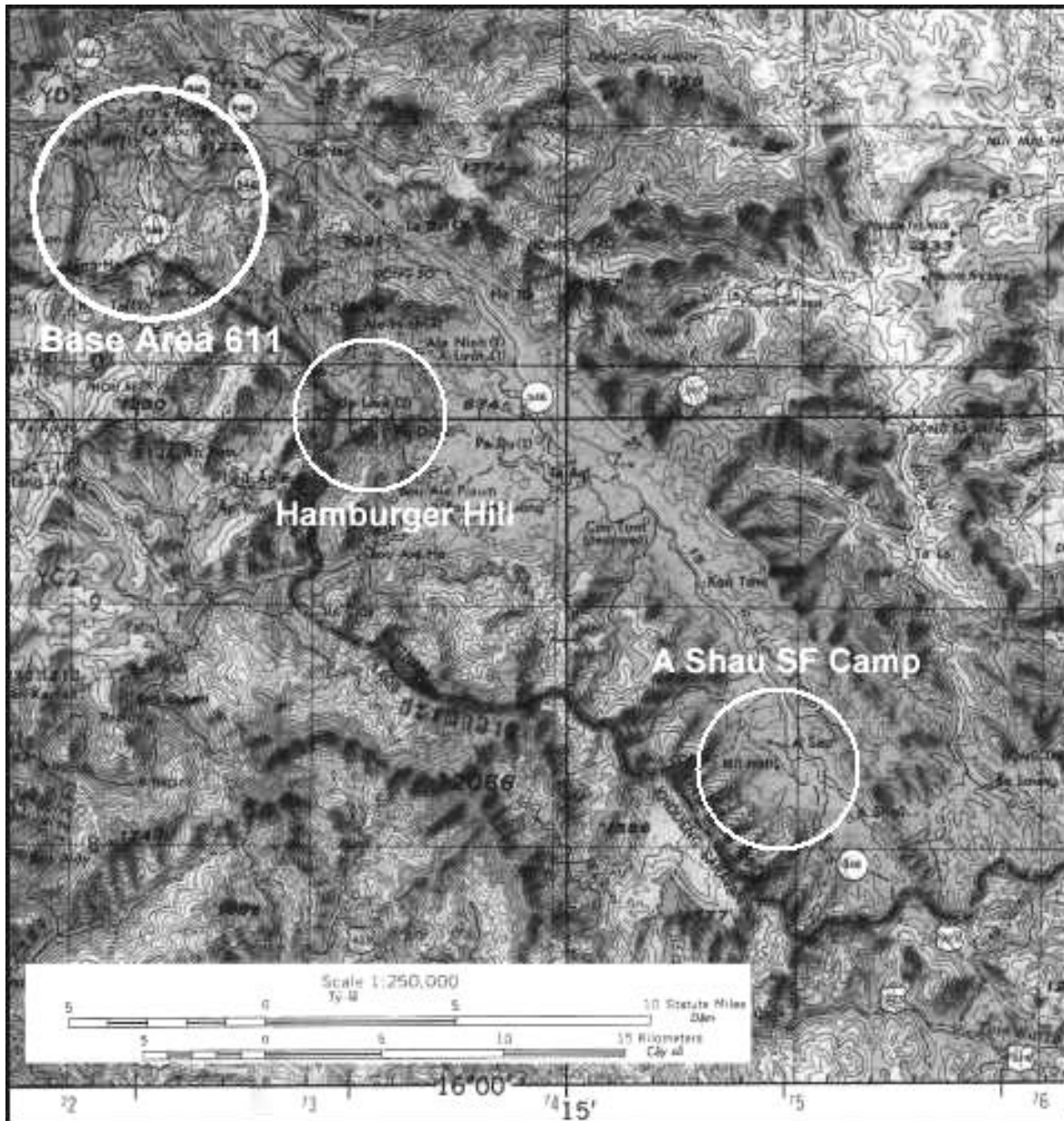
A successful use of First Aid or Medicine, can restore 1d3 hit points per (separate) wound in the round it is administered. So multiple gun shot wounds can be treated as long as they were sustained in separate combat rounds.

Each wound can only be treated once with First Aid and Medicine in the day it is sustained.

A success with First Aid or Medicine awakens an unconscious target.

It takes a whole round to administer First Aid or Medicine.

The A Shau and Hamburger Hill



Base Area 611 is a very large NVA camp.

The C-Ya's need to get back to south of Hamburger Hill, ideally on line with the SF camp.

They will be coming from the NNE, starting approx. 8 clicks away from the Hill and maybe 15 clicks away from where they really want to be.

Charlie Don't Surf Investigator Summary

	HUGH THOMPSON JNR. (Sarge)	LAWRENCE COLBURN (Buffalo)	REGINALD FORSYTHE (Lenny)	BRIAN LIVINGSTONE (Tabasco)	DAN MILLIANS (Shotgun)	GLENN ANDREOTTA (Otto)
STRENGTH	13	16	12	13	14	12
CONSTITUTION	14	16	14	14	14	14
SIZE	13	16	13	13	13	13
DEXTERITY	12	14	16	15	16	15
APPEARANCE	13	14	14	16	14	15
SANITY	50	60	60	55	50	70
INTELLIGENCE	13	12	15	15	14	14
POWER	12	14	14	13	11	16
EDUCATION	15	13	14	16	13	15
IDEA	65	60	75	75	70	70
LUCK	60	60	70	65	55	80
KNOWLEDGE	75	65	70	80	65	75
SANIY POINTS	60	70	70	65	55	80
MAGIC POINTS	12	14	14	13	11	16
HIT POINTS	14	16	14	14	15	14
DAMAGE BONUS	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4

Investigator Skills

Any skills not listed by an Investigator are at the 'base chance' (see separate list). Skills listed on the Investigator's character sheets do not have numerics next to them. They are listed on the character sheet in order of 'profession' and then 'personal choice' in alphabetical order (basically the lists below with the numbers taken out) but without the Cthulhu and Occult skills.

Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jnr. (Sarge) - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Occult 05%.

Dodge 30%, First Aid 30% Hide 35%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Pistol 50%, Rifle 50%, Sneak 35%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 25%.

Drive Automobile 35%, French 25%, History 25%, Natural History 20%, Spot Hidden 30%, Track 25%, Vietnamese 15%.

Punch 60%, Head Butt 20%, Kick 30%, Grapple 40%.

Corporal Lawrence Colburn (Buffalo) - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Occult 05%.

Dodge 50%, First Aid 25%, Hide 25%, Knife 55%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Machine Gun 60%, Rifle 45%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Bargain 30%, Camouflage 45%, Climb 65%, Jump 40%, Make Maps 20%, Pistol 45%, Throw 45%.

Punch 60%, Head Butt 30%, Kick 40%, Grapple 65%.

Specialist (Corporal equivalent) Reginald Forsythe (Lenny) - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Occult 10%.

Dodge 45%, First Aid 30%, Hide 30%, Knife 35%, Listen 25%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Rifle 30%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 30%, Navigate 25%, Photography 45%, Psychology 20%.

Bargain 35%, Fast Talk 30%, Operate Heavy Machinery 25%, Persuade 25%, Track 25%, Vietnamese 20%.
Punch 50%, Head Butt 25%, Kick 30%, Grapple 30%.

Private Brian Livingstone (Tabasco) - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Occult 05%.

Dodge 55%, Electronics 25%, Electrical Repair 25%, First Aid 30%, Hide 30%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Pistol 55%, Rifle 50%, Sneak 25%, Throw 40%.

Camouflage 55%, Chemistry 25%, Debate 25%, French 35%, History 30%, Natural History 20%, Swim 45%.
Punch 60%, Head Butt 25%, Kick 30%, Knife 25%, Grapple 40%.

Private Dan Millians (Shotgun) - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Occult 05%.

Dodge 50%, Electronics 20%, First Aid 25%, Hide 30%, Listen 45%, Knife 50%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Pistol 40%, Rifle 30%, Shotgun 80%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 45%, Throw 50%.

Bargain 20%, Electrical Repair 30%, Fast Talk 45%, French 20%, Jump 45%, Natural History 20%, Photography 25%, Ride 20%.

Punch 65%, Head Butt 30%, Grapple 30%.

Private Glenn Andreaotta (Otto) - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Occult 10%.

Dodge 50%, Electronics Repair 30%, English (Language) 65%, First Aid 40%, Hide 40%, Italian (first Language) 95%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Pistol 45%, Rifle 40%, Sneak 40%, Swim 55%, Throw 55%.

Bargain 35%, Fast Talk 40%, Knife 50%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Punch 55%, Head Butt 20%, Grapple 30%.

Skills Base Chances

Accounting 10%, Anthropology 01%, Archaeology 01%, Art () 05%, Astronomy 01%, Bargain 05%, Biology 01%, Botany 01%, Camouflage 25%, Chemistry 01%, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Craft () 05%, Credit Rating 15%, Debate 10%, Diagnose Disease 05%, Disguise 01%, Dodge DEX x2, Drive Automobile 20%, Drive Military 10%, Electrical Repair 10%, Electronics 01%, Fast Talk 05%, First Aid 30%, Geology 01%, Hide 10%, History 20%, Jump 25%, Law 05%, Library Use 25%, Linguist 01%, Listen 25%, Locksmith 01%, Make Maps 10%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 05%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 05%, Operate Heavy Machinery 01%, Oratory 05%, Other Language 01%, Own Language (English) EDU x5, Persuade 15%, Pharmacy 01%, Photography 10%, Physics 01%, Pick Pocket 05%, Pilot Aircraft 01%, Pilot Boat 01%, Psychoanalysis 01%, Psychology 05%, Ride 05%, Sing 05%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%, Treat Disease 05%, Treat Poison 05%, Zoology 01%.

Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%. Axe 20%, Club 25%, Knife 25%, Sword 20%. Handgun (Pistol) 20%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 10%, Shotgun 30%.



Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jr. ('Sarge')

Sex: Male.
Age: 22.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: Oakland, CA, USA.
Occupation: Sergeant, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Dark brown hair, hazel eyes, a slightly serious look worn at all times. Youthful, often mistaken for a younger man, yet aged by being in country. Agile and active, rarely stays still for very long. Keeps uniform relatively standard issue, though wears it like a vet.

Personality & Attitudes

You are career. The 101st Airborne is your home. You are from a long line of military men and the desire to serve your country is in your blood. You are honourable and believe that a man's word is his ultimate sanction. Not one to suffer fools gladly, you can be curt and sharp with those that won't listen or learn. You don't hate the enemy: they are just the enemy, like the snakes, the bugs or the heat. You're here to do a job and you won't let anyone or anything stop you doing it. A proud man, you believe that courage, honour and adversity makes brethren of men, no matter their skin colour or culture.

Aptitudes & Skills

Dodge, First Aid, Hide, Listen, Mechanical Repair, Pistol, Rifle, Sneak, Navigate, Persuade, Psychology.
Drive Automobile, French, History, Natural History, Spot Hidden, Track, Vietnamese.
Punch, Head Butt, Kick, Grapple.

In Country

Like any sane man, you hate it here. It's hard to be a soldier in this hell hole. The rule book went by the way side a long time ago: you adapted, like thousands of others, you adapted and you survived. Here there is no time for the drills, the finer points of tactics, the strategic planning sessions, here you just have to get through the next day. Your Platoon has become your family, and this squad it's heart. You came with your professionalism as a way to survive, and you still believe that's the case. Following orders, maintaining discipline, keeping the focus on the job in hand: these things will get you through. Have you ever avoided unnecessary contact with Charlie? Sure. Have you ever left a grunt in need? Never. The rules may be malleable, but they are still the rules. Viet Nam is no different to any other war in that respect.

Back In The World

You have two younger sisters and your parents back in the world. They are all proud of you. Sure they want you home, but not until the war is over. You are career, they know that, they are proud of that. Your family tradition is one of service: you would never have it any other way. Your girl, Anne-Marie, is waiting as well, you're going to get engaged once you get back, maybe married next year. She knows what she's taking on, the life of a service wife, married to the 101st as much as she'd be married to you. Some of the stuff people talk about back home, some of the things they say, that they believe about being in country, it's wrong, it's fringed up and you wish they could see it the way it is. But ultimately you know that only those that are here, living it, will ever understand it. Every war has its protestors, you know that, you just wish they'd come over here and protest out in the field for a few weeks.

Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jnr.

Equipment: M-1 Steel Helmet, M-69 Fragmentation Protective Body Armour, 1st Pattern Jungle Jacket, Tropical Trousers, Jungle Boots (2nd Pattern), M-56 Webbed Pistol Belt, M-56 Suspenders (H Harness), M-56 Universal Ammo Pouch (x2), Cloth M-16 Magazine Bandoleer (x2), 2nd Pattern Butt Pack, 2nd Pattern Rip-Stop Poncho, poncho Liner, M-51 Folding Shovel, 1 Quart Plastic Canteen (x2) with Cup, M-7, M-16 Bayonet in M-8 Scabbard, M-42 Machete, US M-26 Egg Grenade x4, M18 A-1 Claymore Mine x2. 1 stick of C4, gas mask, shoe strings (x4), sand bag, 5 days C-Rations, towel, air mattress, M-3 medical bag. Field Radio. M16 Rifle. 12 M16 mags (18 rounds each). Colt .45 Pistol. 6 .45 clips (7 rounds each).

Brothers In Arms - The C-Ya's

You and your squad are known as the 'C-Ya's' (pronounced 'see ya-s'). You have learned to cover your own ass (CYA) and trust primarily to each other for your own safety. You did what you did for the sake of your humanity and your sanity, as much as for the honour and regulations of the 101st. No regrets, you'd do it again. But if you knew the hassle it was going to cause with your fellow grunts, you may have done it differently. But what's done is done, and you are proud the men you serve with stuck with you and showed they had the mettle to do what was right. Even in this Hell there has to be some rules, some decency, and that bond keeps you as brothers, more even than the threat of Charlie himself.

Corporal Lawrence Colborn - Buffalo is your right arm, your second pair of eyes and ears, he's as reliable as the rain. Men respect him, both for his knowledge and his attitude, he rarely has a problem with anyone and he smoothes the way for some of the dumber orders to be carried out. You like his direct manner and you know he respects the fact that you put your men first and the Army second. Buffalo has saved all of your lives with his quick actions more than once, he brushes it off, but you all remember.

Specialist (Corporal) Reginald Forsythe - Lenny is like a second conscience. He knows what's right and he won't let anyone forget it. He's quick to stash the cameras and get firing when it's needed. He sometimes has urges to be brave and do things that seem insane to others, but you know he's driven by the need to help his brothers, to get everyone out alive and to record what's really happening here, not what HQ says is happening. He's a good man and you think of him as a good friend, someone to confide in.

Private Brian Livingstone - Tabasco reminds you of you. He's a good kid, nothing too complicated but thinks a lot. He can sometimes be a bit moody, gets a bit down with it all, but it never lasts, not past the next run in with Charlie anyway. And you've seen him handle himself in a firefight: you've no doubt you'd rather he was on your side. You know he just wants out, but as long as he knows the best way to get out is to get you all out, you figure he's a real asset. Truth is you have a soft spot for him, kind of like a kid brother.

Private Dan Millians - Shotgun is a good kid. He is a vital part of the family, he lifts you all when you're down and never has a bad word for anyone. He seems to have adjusted well to being in country and somehow just 'gets it'. He's an integral part of the fire team and handles his namesake shotgun like it was a part of him. Sometimes he seems to be distracted, and this can mildly annoy some of the others, like he should take it more seriously or something, but when he needs to be, he's as serious as they come.

Private Glenn Andreotta - Otto is the wise cracking, worldly wise, street raised Italian with a very shady family background. He seems to have an answer for everything, confident and sometimes cocky. His tenacity in clinging to his M14 rifle shows his in country smarts. Anyone who mistakes this man as a city kid out of his depth in country, is soon going to be learning otherwise. Otto makes noises about wanting to be a lifer, and you believe him, with a little effort he could do well, maybe even make sarge one day.



Specialist Reginald Forsythe. ('Lenny')

Sex: Male.
Age: 25.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: Oregon, PO, USA.
Occupation: Specialist (Combat Photographer), 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade, 'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Short black hair, dark brown eyes, lithe of frame, athletic looking, always clean shaven. Easy going smile, relaxed manner and attitude, always looks ready to move. Dextrous hands, nimble fingers.

Personality & Attitudes

You know what's right and what's wrong, you have a strong sense of very traditional values. When the need seemed to arise, you enlisted, you don't care that some of your friends back home think you're crazy. Friendships are important to you, as are family ties, though you only have a mother back home. The war can be fought with honour, with due care for civilian life and no matter what, to the rules of human conflict. Rules are important to you: society needs them and they make sense. You are sometimes brave to the point of apparent foolishness and you have no idea why. Recording the war is important, and you can't do that if you're dead. You dislike giving orders or being part of the chain of command, but do it as best you can.

Aptitudes & Skills

Dodge, First Aid, Hide, Knife, Listen, Mechanical Repair, Rifle, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Navigate, Photography, Psychology.
Bargain, Fast Talk, Operate Heavy Machinery, Persuade, Track, Vietnamese.
Punch, Head Butt, Kick, Grapple.

In Country

This place is hell. All you can do is survive it. It is the most dangerous place on earth, and anyone who thinks otherwise is bound for a body bag. You have seen the heroism men are capable of and the horror. There have been incidents you have taken pictures of that still haunt you. Over all you believe Charlie are not demons or devils, just desperate people who will stop at nothing to kill you. Men weren't meant to live in this impenetrable jungle. The heat, the rain, the bugs and snakes, the endless tension of not knowing when the next booby trap will get you, when your next friend will buy it, when the next smiling little girl will drop a grenade in your lap: it's getting to you, and getting you bad. You feel like you hate the physical place as much as the war around you, as if the place itself, it's terrain and plants and weather, want you dead.

Back In The World

You have your mother waiting for you, you send her money and she has a little saved, she says she's saving for a small shop you can run when you get back. Nothing fancy, just fixing small appliances. It keeps you going. You don't give a thought to the stuff you hear about going on back home, what they think of you, what they say about you. They're not here, you are. Sometimes the world seems like a foreign place, like so much has changed you'll be the one who doesn't fit when you get back. You don't care, you'll deal with that when you get back. You focus on getting out of here, everything else will just be skating after this.

Specialist Reginald Forsythe.

Equipment: M-1 Steel Helmet, M-69 Fragmentation Protective Body Armour, 1st Pattern Jungle Jacket, Tropical Trousers, Jungle Boots (2nd Pattern), M-56 Webbed Pistol Belt, M-56 Suspenders (H Harness), M-56 Universal Ammo Pouch (x2), Cloth M-16 Magazine Bandoleer (x2), 2nd Pattern Butt Pack, 2nd Pattern Rip-Stop Poncho, poncho Liner, M-51 Folding Shovel, 1 Quart Plastic Canteen (x2) with Cup, M-7, M-16 Bayonet in M-8 Scabbard, M-42 Machete, US M-26 Egg Grenade x4, M18 A-1 Claymore Mine x2. 1 stick of C4, gas mask, shoe strings (x4), sand bag, 5 days C-Rations, towel, air mattress, M-3 medical bag. 8mm Movie Camera, 3 tins film. 4 Cameras, 20 rolls film.

M16 Rifle. 7 M16 mags (18 rounds each). Colt .45 Pistol. 4 .45 clips (7 rounds each).

Brothers In Arms - The C-Ya's

You and your squad are known as the 'C-Ya's' (pronounced 'see ya-s'). You have learned to cover your own ass (CYA) and trust primarily to each other for your own safety. You did what you did for the sake of your humanity and your sanity, as much as for the honour and regulations of the 101st. No regrets, you'd do it again. But if you knew the hassle it was going to cause with your fellow grunts, you may have done it differently. But what's done is done, and you are proud the men you serve with stuck with you and showed they had the mettle to do what was right. Even in this Hell there has to be some rules, some decency, and that bond keeps you as brothers, more even than the threat of Charlie himself.

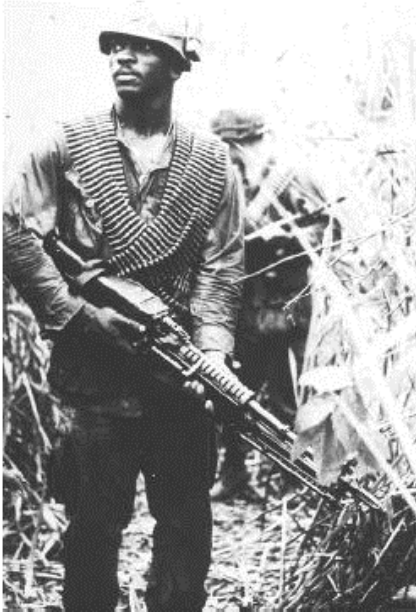
Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jnr. - The sarge is a good man. He knows what you're all here for and sticks by the rules when he can. He has a genuine knack for steering clear of trouble or finding the quickest way out of it. You know he's a lifer, you know he's 101st through and through, but you know his mean come first and that means a lot to you. He has never stopped you taking a picture, even when it could have repercussions for him and the regiment. He's a natural leader and you're glad he's the one leading you.

Corporal Lawrence Colborn - Buffalo is a natural soldier. He has that natural confidence and nature of a man born to do what he's doing. He seems to have a healthy disregard for rank for rank's sake, and respects people for what they do. He thinks you're crazy sometimes, but he knows you do what you do out of a driven cause and he seems to respect that. He's never been one to shy away from a fight and he expects everyone to pull their weight in combat. He's not the kind of man you'd want to let down.

Private Brian Livingstone - Tabasco is just a kid. He's out of place here and you can see it in his eyes: he just wants out. You feel for him. He lost his buddies early on, and now he seems just plain lost. He's with the best people he could be with: you all look out for him when he needs it. Not that he can't take care of himself, he's a real demon when riled. He handles his gear like a real vet and you know that he's never going to let you or his new brothers down. He seems doomed to be good at what he hates: this war.

Private Dan Millians - Shotgun is a natural charmer. He is quick to smile and laugh and keeps everyone else from getting too down. As young as he is, he reads people real well and is never far away when someone needs a friendly face. His baby face and goofing around have fooled more than one lifer into thinking he's an idiot, which seems to suit him just fine. But when it counts, when Charlie moves in, he's worth his weight in 12 gage shells. He eats, sleeps, shits, and probably shags, with his shotgun to hand.

Private Glenn Andreotta - Otto should be a lifer. It's obvious to you he has left a life he hated behind him back in the world, and as much as he hates it here, you know he's suited for the 101st. His family connections are evident in the skills he shows 'procuring' things whenever you hit a base: he knows where to go, who to see and how much to pay. He's a good soldier too, handles his M14 better than a lifer, and can snipe with it too. You know Otto doesn't get why you take pictures, but he likes that you do, and you like that.



Corporal Lawrence Colborn. ('Buffalo')

Sex: Male.
Age: 23.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: New York, NY, USA.
Occupation: Corporal, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Tall, muscled, strong and athletic, deep brown eyes. Always looks alert, active eyes, quick on his feet. Often looks distracted, quick to smile. Carries himself and his gear like a two term vet. Always well armed and well prepared.

Personality & Attitudes

The army offered you a way out. You took it. A volunteer, you think you could be a lifer, but you're not quite sure, there is still the small matter of idiot officers. Respect is earned, not bought with stripes or a bar. There are ways to get by without breaking the laws of the land, and if there isn't, well break the ones that don't hurt nobody. You live by your sense of what's right, what's gotta be done and what should never be done because it's wrong or just plain stupid. When you say you're going to do something: it gets done. When someone shoots at you, they better kill you. Friendship, trust, it's important to you. You will go a long way for a friend. And even further for an enemy.

Aptitudes & Skills

Dodge, First Aid, Hide, Knife, Listen, Mechanical Repair, Machine Gun, Rifle, Sneak, Spot Hidden.
Bargain, Camouflage, Climb, Jump, Make Maps, Pistol, Throw.
Punch, Head Butt, Kick, Grapple.

In Country

This place isn't so bad once you learn to stop fighting against being here and just get on with fighting. The jungle is the worst. Charlie is clever, and wants you dead. That's about it, that's what being in country is all about. Get them before they get you. Stay out of trouble you don't need and watch out for your brothers backs. Out here there is no one but each other. Learn who to trust and forget the rest. Stay away from snakes and bugs, watch out for the rain and the leeches. It's nothing personal, it's just the way it is: nearly everything and everyone you meet is going to hate you and want you dead. And that's it. You find it hard to hate or like the locals, they're just getting by living in the middle of Hell, and if they blame you, well who can blame them? And that's it. Being in country is about accepting it and staying alive long enough to get out.

Back In The World

You have a big family back in the world, three brothers, three sisters, both parents, all wanting you back home. There are a hundred jobs you could do when you get back, but none as well as what you do here. People talk about being back in the world, but when you're there all you can think about is here, and when you're here all you can think about is there. You have a girl, Ella, and she is worth getting back for. Maybe one day you will actually marry her. You heard stories, you read about it in letters from home, what they are saying back in the world, about what you do, all the stuff you're supposed to have done, grunts, uncle Sam's big green killing machine, but it doesn't mean squat. If you haven't been here you just don't know.

Corporal Lawrence Colborn.

Equipment: M-1 Steel Helmet, M-69 Fragmentation Protective Body Armour, 1st Pattern Jungle Jacket, Tropical Trousers, Jungle Boots (2nd Pattern), M-56 Webbed Pistol Belt, M-56 Suspenders (H Harness), M-56 Universal Ammo Pouch (x2), Cloth M-16 Magazine Bandoleer (x2), 2nd Pattern Butt Pack, 2nd Pattern Rip-Stop Poncho, poncho Liner, M-51 Folding Shovel, 1 Quart Plastic Canteen (x2) with Cup, M-7, M-16 Bayonet in M-8 Scabbard, M-42 Machete, US M-26 Egg Grenade x4, M18 A-1 Claymore Mine x2. 1 stick of C4, gas mask, shoe strings (x4), sand bag, 5 days C-Rations, towel, air mattress, M-3 medical bag. M60 LMG. 400 linked M60 rounds. M-79 Grenade Launcher (Blooper). 12 M-79 Grenades. Colt .45 Pistol. 4 .45 clips (7 rounds each).

Brothers In Arms - The C-Ya's

You and your squad are known as the 'C-Ya's' (pronounced 'see ya-s'). You have learned to cover your own ass (CYA) and trust primarily to each other for your own safety. You did what you did for the sake of your humanity and your sanity, as much as for the honour and regulations of the 101st. No regrets, you'd do it again. But if you knew the hassle it was going to cause with your fellow grunts, you may have done it differently. But what's done is done, and you are proud the men you serve with stuck with you and showed they had the mettle to do what was right. Even in this Hell there has to be some rules, some decency, and that bond keeps you as brothers, more even than the threat of Charlie himself.

Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jr. - The sarge is alright, knows his stuff, looks after you and the others, acts as a filter for the stupid orders. He's got a good sense for tactics as well, as much as you can have in this place, and he's never far from the action in a firefight. He's career, you know he's seeing this as part of the job, but you believe he has the same aims as you, some of the same beliefs. He's a good man. Sometimes he forgets that Charlie owns this place, but he has seen you right so far. You back him and his leadership.

Specialist (Corporal) Reginald Forsythe - Lenny is a strange one. You figure he has his reasons for taking all those pictures, especially of some of the more number 10 stuff. He also has a habit for heroics, like he's not sure he can be stopped or something. Strange. But then he gets firing with the rest of you, he's never let any of you down, and he stands by what he says. Some of his beliefs are too liberal for you, maybe he's a do gooder at heart, but as long as he's out here you know you can rely on him in a fight.

Private Brian Livingstone - Tabasco is a mixed up kid, he seems lost a lot of the time, like he really doesn't understand what he's doing here or what he's supposed to do here. But then he pulls himself together whenever Charlie is around and fights like a trooper. You know his head is back in the world and it's pretty much all he thinks about. Maybe he has to live this way to just survive being in country? Some of the others don't understand how much he knows his stuff, but you do, and you know he's solid.

Private Dan Millians - Shotgun is just a kid in the wrong place at the wrong time, doing the best he can to get by. Lucky for you and the 101st his best is damn good. He's always got a smile and a wise crack when it's needed and a hail of 12 gage when that's needed too. Sometimes he plays dumb and that annoys you, but you understand why he does it: just to get by with as little responsibility as possible, it's hard enough for him to take care of himself, never mind watch out for his brothers, but he does anyway.

Private Glenn Andreotta - Otto is a solid man, should be a lifer, and you know he's thought about it. He has the street smarts of a gangster with the jungle smarts of a vet. He knows how useful he is, and you let him know that you all appreciate what he does. He seems to need that kind of approval, like he's given up stuff and needs to replace it, maybe it's true of all of you. He's good with his M14 and is a number 1 sniper when he gets the chance. You like having him close and always try to keep him up to speed.



Private Brian Livingstone. ('Tabasco')

Sex: Male.
Age: 20.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: Huston, TX, USA.
Occupation: Private, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Very youthful looks, often mistaken as mid teens. Blonde hair, blue eyes, looks confused or tired all the time. Fit and strong, restive when possible and frantically energetic when not. Struggles with the uniform and gear, looks like a noob to non vets.

Personality & Attitudes

You signed up with your friends, you all thought you were doing the right thing, maybe you still do. They're dead now of course, killed the first month here. You weren't so lucky. Mostly you feel confused about it all, the fighting, the reasons behind it. You don't have a violent nature, or a particularly patriotic one, but this just seemed the right thing to do at the time. Traditional values mean you respond well to the chain of command, though you rarely trust or like those giving the orders. You hate Charlie for what he's done to your friends, but you don't hate him enough to kill his families. There are rules to this war and you stick to them, even if sometimes he doesn't. You're no lifer, you just want to get out and home. Nothing else really matters.

Aptitudes & Skills

Dodge, Electronics, Electrical Repair, First Aid, Hide, Listen, Mechanical Repair, Pistol, Rifle, Sneak, Throw. Camouflage, Chemistry, Debate, French, History, Natural History, Swim. Punch, Head Butt, Kick, Knife, Grapple.

In Country

This is Hell. The heat, the rain, the dysentery, the relentless swarms of bugs, the snakes, the noise, the jungle, the intense bursts of nothing then death from all around. Charlie is everywhere, moves where he wants, strikes when he wants and then melts away. You can't beat him. What are you supposed to do, kill every one you meet? Booby traps, incoming from your own guns, mines, unexploded bombs, murderous napalm drops. It's just Hell. You hate moving around but staying still is worse. The only way you can survive is to stay with the new friends you have, you trust them and they have come to trust you. That's the only way to survive in here. It's never going to end until it's over. This Hell has made you and now you just want out.

Back In The World

Your parents, your sister, they want you home. You have made your point, now it's time to come home and help with the family business, get married, settle down, look after the family fortune. You couldn't see it before, but you can now: nothing wrong with the future they had mapped out for you. But now it's all different, now you've been in country, now it's all different: what you think, how you feel, what's important, it's all changed. Being back in the world, that's where you need to be, and you know you'll take all this with you, it'll never really leave you. Thinking of all the stuff going on back home, folks avoiding the draft, calling you a baby killer, you just don't care. They aint here. Come in country for a month then protest. Thinking of all the luxury and comfort of home makes you realise how easy it will be, once you get out.

Private Brian Livingstone.

Equipment: M-1 Steel Helmet, M-69 Fragmentation Protective Body Armour, 1st Pattern Jungle Jacket, Tropical Trousers, Jungle Boots (2nd Pattern), M-56 Webbed Pistol Belt, M-56 Suspenders (H Harness), M-56 Universal Ammo Pouch (x2), Cloth M-16 Magazine Bandoleer (x2), 2nd Pattern Butt Pack, 2nd Pattern Rip-Stop Poncho, poncho Liner, M-51 Folding Shovel, 1 Quart Plastic Canteen (x2) with Cup, M-7, M-16 Bayonet in M-8 Scabbard, M-42 Machete, US M-26 Egg Grenade x4, M18 A-1 Claymore Mine x2. 1 stick of C4, gas mask, shoe strings (x4), sand bag, 5 days C-Rations, towel, air mattress, M-3 medical bag. M16 Rifle. 14 M16 mags (18 rounds each). M-79 Grenade Launcher (Blooper). 12 M-79 Grenades. Colt .45 Pistol. 6 .45 clips (7 rounds each). 200 rounds linked M60 LMG ammo.

Brothers In Arms - The C-Ya's

You and your squad are known as the 'C-Ya's' (pronounced 'see ya-s'). You have learned to cover your own ass (CYA) and trust primarily to each other for your own safety. You did what you did for the sake of your humanity and your sanity, as much as for the honour and regulations of the 101st. No regrets, you'd do it again. But if you knew the hassle it was going to cause with your fellow grunts, you may have done it differently. But what's done is done, and you are proud the men you serve with stuck with you and showed they had the mettle to do what was right. Even in this Hell there has to be some rules, some decency, and that bond keeps you as brothers, more even than the threat of Charlie himself.

Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jr. - The sarge watches out for you, you like him for it, even though you keep telling him he doesn't have to. He has a strong sense of honour and he always tries to do what's right by you before he gets you all in to the crapper with Charlie. You know he's in it for the career and you respect him for that, especially since it's obvious he knows you just want out: he doesn't ride you or hassle you, just treats you with the same respect he shows all of you. He's a good memory for back in the world.

Corporal Lawrence Colborn - Buffalo is a soldier's soldier. You can see why he's universally respected by everyone he meets. He's taught you a lot and helped you see the sense in focusing on the here and now, on being in country with Charlie, on giving better than you get. It's the only way to get out. You know that sometimes he goes out of his way to help and protect you, and you wish he wouldn't. You don't want anyone in danger because of you. You find the thought of letting him down intolerable.

Specialist (Corporal) Reginald Forsythe - Lenny is weird. He's got all the skills, and a lot of the attitude of a lifer, but he seems to want to take pictures of the kind of stuff that only helps those back home brand you all as evil. You know he means well, and he has a great way of listening and explaining things that makes them make sense. But he's still a bit weird. Maybe that's why you like him. He has a knack of pulling out the camera at just the right time and his M16 most other times.

Private Dan Millians - Shotgun makes you nervous. He's so young and so old. He seems to maybe even enjoy being here. Sure he's always making you laugh, cheering you up even, but you feel he's really at home here and it spooks you a bit. He's so nice, so 'normal', he just shouldn't be this at home in country. And the way he handles his shotgun is like it's all he's ever known. You could easily see you and him being friends back in the world, backgrounds wont matter, this place has made you brothers.

Private Glenn Andreotta - Otto is a clever man, far more clever than most people realise. You like him. He's got that kind of nervous energy you know will make him ok, he'll get through, he has that kind of luck. He's the man to find stuff when you hit camps, and he watches out for you whenever he can, he pretends he doesn't, but you know he does. He carries some old kit, and he's always pretending he's a bit slow, but with his M14 he's a wizard, and you know he's never short of anything he needs while out in the boonies.



Private Dan Millians. ('Shotgun')

Sex: Male.
Age: 21.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: New Orleans, MI, USA.
Occupation: Private, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Baby faced, youthful, though tired looking from being in country. Deep brown eyes, very relaxed manner, seems to be comfortable with the world. Very fit and athletic, moves with a practised grace and ease.

Personality & Attitudes

Seemed like the right thing to do, to volunteer, to get over here and do your bit. The Army didn't seem so bad, it was always going to be an idea, an option, a career even, but then the war came and it just seemed right. You respect the law, you see the need for people to live good lives, each to their own code, and yours is about doing what's right whenever you can. You are proud of your background and heritage, you know your family is important to the community, and the community is important to you. Being at war doesn't change what's right: you believe that honour is worth fighting for, and it's always worth fighting with honour.

Aptitudes & Skills

Dodge, Electronics, First Aid, Hide, Listen, Knife, Mechanical Repair, Pistol, Rifle, Shotgun, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw.
Bargain, Electrical Repair, Fast Talk, French, Jump, Natural History, Photography, Ride.
Punch, Head Butt, Grapple.

In Country

This is flat out the most insane place you could ever imagine. The heat and the terrain are enough to kill most people. Charlie lives here and lives here well. He moves where he wants, booby traps where he wants and despite you and the Army doing your best, simply refuses to die. The bugs and the snakes would also be enough to drive anyone crazy. Nothing is right about being here. Night time is worst, with the noises and knowing that this is when Charlie can move most freely. You are the enemy here and the only way to survive is to kill anything with a gun that isn't part of the big green machine. Surviving in country is about being part of it, knowing you're in it and fighting to win it. Relax when you can, fight like a demon when you can't.

Back In The World

Your parents and your four younger brothers all want you home, they simply don't understand why you're doing what you are. It'll be good to get back to home, mostly for cooking and the community, but not being shot at will be a bonus you can't ignore. It's strange to think how bad folks back home think they have it: once you have been here it all seems like gravy back there. You know they mean well, with the protests and the 'bring our boys back' slogans, but they don't seem to get it, not really. Being back home will be like christmas every day. It just seems like nothing will be the same, nothing will matter as much, it won't be the same intense living it is here. But that can be a problem to look forward to. Getting back is the focus for staying alive. Having it to look forward to, the easy life, that's where the sense is. No one can live out here, you're running on luck every day. Back in the world, that's where you can start to make sense of it all.

Private Dan Millians.

Equipment: M-1 Steel Helmet, M-69 Fragmentation Protective Body Armour, 1st Pattern Jungle Jacket, Tropical Trousers, Jungle Boots (2nd Pattern), M-56 Webbed Pistol Belt, M-56 Suspenders (H Harness), M-56 Universal Ammo Pouch (x2), Cloth M-16 Magazine Bandoleer (x2), 2nd Pattern Butt Pack, 2nd Pattern Rip-Stop Poncho, poncho Liner, M-51 Folding Shovel, 1 Quart Plastic Canteen (x2) with Cup, M-7, M-16 Bayonet in M-8 Scabbard, M-42 Machete, US M-26 Egg Grenade x4, M18 A-1 Claymore Mine x2. 1 stick of C4, gas mask, shoe strings (x4), sand bag, 5 days C-Rations, towel, air mattress, M-3 medical bag. M1917 US Army Trench Gun (12-ga pump shotgun). 48 12-ga shells. Colt .45 Pistol. 8 .45 clips (7 rounds each). 200 rounds linked M60 LMG ammo.

Brothers In Arms - The C-Ya's

You and your squad are known as the 'C-Ya's' (pronounced 'see ya-s'). You have learned to cover your own ass (CYA) and trust primarily to each other for your own safety. You did what you did for the sake of your humanity and your sanity, as much as for the honour and regulations of the 101st. No regrets, you'd do it again. But if you knew the hassle it was going to cause with your fellow grunts, you may have done it differently. But what's done is done, and you are proud the men you serve with stuck with you and showed they had the mettle to do what was right. Even in this Hell there has to be some rules, some decency, and that bond keeps you as brothers, more even than the threat of Charlie himself.

Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jnr. - The sarge is A1. He's a good man, gets you through with as little trouble as he can and fights your corner with HQ. He's a lifer with a sense of duty and honour focused on the good old 101st, and you respect that, he is a man of his word. Sometimes you feel he carries the weight of the world on his shoulders and you try to make him see things for what they are: crazy. He laughs at your jokes and smiles more when you're helping him out. You know he'll always be watching your six.

Corporal Lawrence Colborn - Buffalo looks and acts like a lifer, but he's all grunt, just like you. He's got the right attitude and he's going to get through this. You just know nothing is going to stop him coming out alive. He's a mean fighting machine and a damn good friend. You look up to him for his in country smarts as well as his plain common sense. He doesn't take BS from anyone and if he says do it, people generally do. He's first in and last out from a fight. There's nobody you'd rather be with in country.

Specialist (Corporal) Reginald Forsythe - Lenny is a character. You can't quite figure him out. He seems to want to be here, and yet he hates it just the same as everyone. It's like he's on his own mission to take stupid pictures. Sometimes he gets in to scrapes because of it, but he's always the one to get himself out. He's one of the brothers in a fight and has never been anything other than focused when Charlie is around. Sometimes you think he feels it all too much, like he feels responsible. But he's not. None of you are. Not for this mess.

Private Brian Livingstone - Tabasco can be real quiet, moody and sometimes down right out of his head. He drifts off and is obviously having a real hard time coping with being here. You feel for him and like to help him by brining him round when you can. He's a bright kid, knows his stuff in country and is quick on the trigger when it's needed. You just wish he'd focus a bit more, get his head round being here and just deal with it. But maybe he just needs a fiend to show him how to deal, and you can do that.

Private Glenn Andreotta - Otto is smart. He gets stuff when you hit camps and knows who's the man to speak to for whatever you need. You know his kind from back home, he's a fixer. You like him. You know where you are with him, and he's tight with the squad. He's good with his M14, and if he can get a shot, can take out Charlie from a hell of a range. He's looking to maybe go career, you think this would suit him, give him a home, give him a new family. He doesn't talk about his family back in the world, some kind of bad blood.



Private Glenn Andreotta. ('Otto')

Sex: Male.
Age: 22.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: San Francisco, CA, USA.
Occupation: Private, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Tall, thin and wiry, thick brown hair, light brown eyes, very youthful looking. Quick to smile, face betrays feelings. Large hands and feet, restless, fidgets a lot. Always carries a lot of gear, seems well prepared for anything. His equipment is packed and handled like a vet.

Personality & Attitudes

The Army isn't so bad, you could easily be a lifer. Compared to life on the streets and in the family back home, this is easy. You like the discipline, the laws, gives you a good sense of direction. And you believe they basically have your well being at heart, why wouldn't they? They put a lot of time and money in to you. You know that to survive being here you need to have a liberal interpretation of the rule book and that's not a problem for you. Your survival comes first. You won't hurt anyone unless you have to, or cheat or rob them, but if you have to, then the gloves are off and you do the best you can to come out on top.

Aptitudes & Skills

Dodge, Electronics Repair, English (Language) First Aid, Hide, Italian (first Language), Listen, Mechanical Repair, Pistol, Rifle, Sneak, Swim, Throw.
Bargain, Fast Talk, Knife, Persuade, Psychology, Spot Hidden.

In Country

This place isn't so bad. If it weren't for Charlie you could easily skate through being here. Sure it's hot, and it always rains, and there are bugs and spiders and lizards and leeches and all kinds of other stuff living in the jungle and the paddies, but you figure you leave them alone, they leave you alone. Being in country is about Charlie. Simple as that. Forget the rest, just deal with it. Eat when you can, sleep when you can, stay as clean as you can, and stay out of Charlie's way, when you can. And when you can't, go for him with the same blind fury that he goes for you. There aren't any secrets or tricks. Just get over being here and get on with it. And when ever you can, kill Charlie first, because he's thinking of nothing but killing you.

Back In The World

You are part of a very large family and part of 'the family' in a wider sense. Your parents have all but disowned you for joining the Army and your four brothers and three sisters think you have gone crazy. Your friends have likewise generally abandoned you, thinking you have turned your back on your heritage and family. You don't care. You'd rather they didn't cut you off, but you know you'll survive with or without them. As for the level of understanding from everyone else about this war and what those fighting it are doing here, you honestly think it's the biggest misunderstanding in the history of the world. You get very annoyed and agitated when you hear the supposed reports based on 'true stories' of what's going on here: it's all bullshit. No one knows about being here but those that are here. You are losing faith in the folks back home as well as those in control. Being back in the world will just be another kind of fight for you and one you're not so sure you'd survive. Maybe being a lifer will take away the problem?

Private Glenn Andreotta.

Equipment: M-1 Steel Helmet, M-69 Fragmentation Protective Body Armour, 1st Pattern Jungle Jacket, Tropical Trousers, Jungle Boots (2nd Pattern), M-56 Webbed Pistol Belt, M-56 Suspenders (H Harness), M-56 Universal Ammo Pouch (x2), Cloth M-16 Magazine Bandoleer (x2), 2nd Pattern Butt Pack, 2nd Pattern Rip-Stop Poncho, poncho Liner, M-51 Folding Shovel, 1 Quart Plastic Canteen (x2) with Cup, M-7, M-16 Bayonet in M-8 Scabbard, M-42 Machete, US M-26 Egg Grenade x4, M18 A-1 Claymore Mine x2. 1 stick of C4, gas mask, shoe strings (x4), sand bag, 5 days C-Rations, towel, air mattress, M-3 medical bag. M14 Rifle. 30 M14 mags (18 rounds each). Colt .45 Pistol. 6 .45 clips (7 rounds each).

Brothers In Arms - The C-Ya's

You and your squad are known as the 'C-Ya's' (pronounced 'see ya-s'). You have learned to cover your own ass (CYA) and trust primarily to each other for your own safety. You did what you did for the sake of your humanity and your sanity, as much as for the honour and regulations of the 101st. No regrets, you'd do it again. But if you knew the hassle it was going to cause with your fellow grunts, you may have done it differently. But what's done is done, and you are proud the men you serve with stuck with you and showed they had the mettle to do what was right. Even in this Hell there has to be some rules, some decency, and that bond keeps you as brothers, more even than the threat of Charlie himself.

Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jnr. - The sarge is the best non-com you've ever known. He's looking out for you and the others at every turn. Sure he's a lifer, but that hasn't stopped him fighting it out with HQ over orders and missions. You like his honesty and his openness, he won't lie to you and tells it like it is. He's always in with the fighting and leads from the front. You respect him and have learned to trust his orders and tactics. The man is a natural leader, and much rarer than that, one who leads by example from the front.

Corporal Lawrence Colborn - Buffalo is a good friend. He's simple and direct, what you see is what you get. He thinks of you all as his family, and he's not about to let anything stupid happen to you. You can see him being a lifer, and that's one of the main reasons you even think about going career. If he can do it and get something out of it, you'd like to think you can. Buffalo is one of those men that just doesn't quit. He's always ready to rock and will never let any of you stop pushing yourselves in order to win this war.

Specialist (Corporal) Reginald Forsythe - Lenny is an enigma to you. He's obviously a very dedicated and smart man, why he should insist on taking dumb pictures all the time and push his luck with both Charlie and HQ over it, just doesn't seem to make sense. You've seen him throw himself bravely in to situations that have saved many of your lives and you know he's never far from the firing line. It's just his pictures. Sometimes you feel he's trying to get something off his mind, or to help you all deal by using his camera.

Private Brian Livingstone - Tabasco is a good kid. Smart, kind and when he's not being downright moody, a good hand to have in a fight. You feel for him. He's just not suited to being in country, his head can't deal. You've seen him fight like a demon and then withdraw for days afterwards. When he needs to, he's there and one of the squad, never scared of getting in first, but when he's not needed he can be forgotten he's so quiet. When you can you try to keep things light with him, to remind him it's not as bad as he fears.

Private Dan Millians - Shotgun is just a natural. He's adapted and got his head round being in country far quicker than most do. He seems to have a smile and a joke for everything and is only really fierce when he's giving as good as he gets with Charlie. You like him a lot. His natural optimism and easy going nature mean he has been taken as green by those who don't know him. Watch him handle his shotgun, check out the way he packs his gear, sets his sleep hole, then you know he's just born to be here.

Blood Brothers- The Making Of The C-Ya's

101st Airborne, 3rd brigade, 'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment, Bravo Company, 2nd Platoon.

North in the A Shau. Sunday, February 9th 1969.

Out on patrol as part of a zippo mission, you heard the sound of small arms and knew Charlie was near, contact with another squad to your rear. You knew what was coming next and Charlie didn't disappoint. Full blown ambush. Nothing out of the ordinary except that this area had been cleared and declared ready for a move in, camp was planned and back up was on the way. The intel was wrong. Charlie was here and in force. Two platoons to the rear moved up, you were point for the mission and you figured pushing forward would get you out of the trap. You burst out and took a few casualties, nothing you could do, just get out or all die.

Night came and you dug in. Seemed Charlie was passing through, moving south, they went right by you, you stayed put and didn't complain.

Next day you headed further north, carrying on with orders to contact deserted vill's and torch them.

About mid day you heard a squelch on the radio, no call sign. You waited for the incoming. Nothing. Then you heard the screams and the small arms, not the high pitched 'pop' and 'crack' of AK's, but the spit of the M16. And the screams. You moved out and came in to contact with the point man for a patrol from the Tiger Force. You had heard of them, who hadn't, deep recon, out in the bush for weeks even months at a time, beating Charlie at his own game, putting the fear of god in to him. Only this time they were crazy.

The point man levelled his weapon at you, you swear he would have fired if he hadn't been taken down by Buffalo, clean hit, knocked him cold. The screams and the firing went on. By the time you reached the main vill, you were mostly too late. Forty or more old men, women and children had been slaughtered. Rounded up or shot where they stood or ran.

Then it all got real nuts.

Sarge was shouting, Buffalo was getting down with the M60, warning shots over the heads of the Tiger Force, Shotgun had already taken out a grunt trying to shoot in to a mama-sans hut, leg shot, dropped him good. You all fired in to the air, shouting for them to stop the madness.

Once you'd dropped another couple of them, the surprise had worn off, they were ready for you. They started returning fire and it was never going to end but one way. Except it didn't. They ran. Turned tail and ran for the bush, taking their wounded and dead with them, just like Charlie would have.

Total body count was forty six locals dead, eight wounded. You don't know about the Tiger Force, but you know there were at least three wounded and probably two kills.

Stunned, you all tried to calm the sixty odd survivors. They were hysterical and just ran. No way you could convince them you weren't going to butcher them like the other 'grunts' had.

Sarge called it in. Lenny got some pictures. You all swore to keep it to yourself, let HQ deal with it. Only they never did. And word travels in country. Travels fast.

A week later while you were in base camp, you got a message over the radio, from the Tiger Force: watch your back and cover your ass.

Didn't take long after that. Other squads would steer clear of you, the platoon would put you on point or artillery recon. Then the deep patrols started. Pretty soon there were only six of you left from the original twenty that had stopped the massacre.

And now you have learned to cover your own ass. You get looks of grudging respect from other grunts and they just leave you alone, even HQ doesn't speak about it or try to cover it up anymore.

And now here you are, three months later, still alive, and counting down to discharge.

Out on recon, cut off and trying to make your way back to base camp on the Hill before operation Apache Snow gets underway and you're flushed along with Charlie.



Sergeant Hugh Thompson Jr. ('Sarge')

Sex: Male.
Age: 22.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: Oakland, CA, USA.
Occupation: Sergeant, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Dark brown hair, hazel eyes, a slightly serious look worn at all times. Youthful, often mistaken for a younger man, yet aged by being in country. Agile and active, rarely stays still for very long. Keeps uniform relatively standard issue, though wears it like a vet.

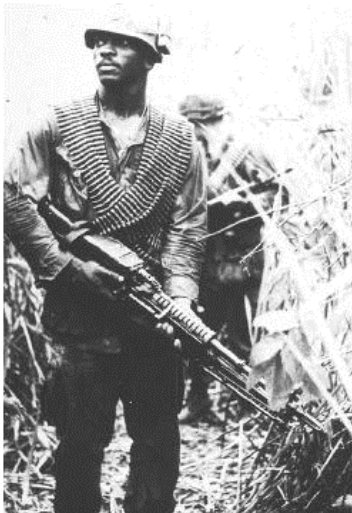


Specialist Reginald Forsythe. ('Lenny')

Sex: Male.
Age: 25.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: Oregon, PO, USA.
Occupation: Specialist (Combat Photographer), 101st Airborne, 3rd
brigade, 'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Short black hair, dark brown eyes, lithe of frame, athletic looking, always clean shaven. Easy going smile, relaxed manner and attitude, always looks ready to move. Dextrous hands, nimble fingers.



Corporal Lawrence Colborn. ('Buffalo')

Sex: Male.
Age: 23.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: New York, NY, USA.
Occupation: Corporal, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Tall, muscled, strong and athletic, deep brown eyes. Always looks alert, active eyes, quick on his feet. Often looks distracted, quick to smile. Carries himself and his gear like a two term vet. Always well armed and well prepared.



Private Brian Livingstone. ('Tabasco')

Sex: Male.
Age: 20.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: Huston, TX, USA.
Occupation: Private, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Very youthful looks, often mistaken as mid teens. Blonde hair, blue eyes, looks confused or tired all the time. Fit and strong, restive when possible and frantically energetic when not. Struggles with the uniform and gear, looks like a noob to non vets.



Private Dan Millians. ('Shotgun')

Sex: Male.
Age: 21.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: New Orleans, MI, USA.
Occupation: Private, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Baby faced, youthful, though tired looking from being in country. Deep brown eyes, very relaxed manner, seems to be comfortable with the world. Very fit and athletic, moves with a practised grace and ease.



Private Glenn Andreotta. ('Otto')

Sex: Male.
Age: 22.
Nationality: USA Citizen.
Birthplace: San Francisco, CA, USA.
Occupation: Private, 101st Airborne, 3rd brigade,
'Rakkassan Brigade', 3rd Battalion, 187th Infantry Regiment.

Physical Appearance

Tall, thin and wiry, thick brown hair, light brown eyes, very youthful looking. Quick to smile, face betrays feelings. Large hands and feet, restless, fidgets a lot. Always carries a lot of gear, seems well prepared for anything. His equipment is packed and handled like a vet.

The Language Of Being 'In Country'

AIRBURST explosion of munitions in the air
AIR CAV air cavalry, referring to helicopter-borne infantry
ALPHA-ALPHA automatic ambush, a combination of claymore mines configured to detonate simultaneously when triggered by a trip-wire/battery mechanism
ARC LIGHT OPERATIONS code name for the devastating aerial raids of B-52 Stratofortresses against enemy positions in Southeast Asia. The first B-52 Arc Light raid took place on June 18, 1965, on a suspected Vietcong base north of Saigon
ARCOMS Army Commendation Medals
ARTICLE 15 summary disciplinary judgement of a soldier by his commander, could result in fines or confinement in the stockade
ARTY artillery
A.R.V.N. Army of the Republic of Vietnam (Army of South Vietnam)
BAC SI Vietnamese term for medical corpsman; doctor
BANANA CLIP banana shaped magazine, standard on the AK-47 assault rifle
BASE CAMP semi-permanent field headquarters and centre for a given unit, usually within that unit's tactical areas responsibility. A unit could operate in or away from its base camp. Base camps usually contained all or part of a given unit's support elements.
BATTALION organisational institution in the Army and Marine Corps. Commanded by a lieutenant colonel, an infantry battalion usually has around 900 people, and an artillery battalion of about 500 people. During the Vietnam War, American battalions were usually much smaller than that.
BEEHIVE a direct-fire artillery round which incorporated steel darts (flechettes), used as a primary base defense munitions against ground attack
BIRD any aircraft, usually helicopters
BLUELEG infantryman, a.k.a. "grunt"
BOUNCING BETTY explosive that propels upward about four feet into the air and then detonates
BRIGADE basic military organisational institution. During the Vietnam War, a division was organised into three brigades, with each brigade commanded by a colonel. A division consists of approximately 20,000 people.
BRING SMOKE to direct intense artillery fire on an enemy position
CAV nickname for air cavalry

C & C command and control
CHARLIE, CHARLES, CHUCK Vietcong -- short for the phonetic representation of "VC": Victor Charlie"
CHERRY a new troop replacement
CHICKEN PLATE chest protector (body armour) worn by helicopter gunners
CHURCH KEY bottle opener
CLACKER firing device ("exploder") for triggering claymore mines and other electrically initiated demolitions
CLAYMORE popular fan-shaped antipersonnel land mine; designed to produce a directionalised, fan-shaped pattern of fragments.
COMIC BOOKS (FUNNY BOOKS) military maps
COMPANY organisational institution commanded by a captain and consisting of two or more platoons; in Vietnam, varied widely in size according to mission
CRACKER BOX field ambulance
C's "C-rations", "C-rats", "Charlie rats", or combat rations -- canned meals used in military operations
DAP stylised, ritualised manner of shaking hands, started by African-American troops
DAPSONE small pill taken periodically by U.S. troops, ostensibly to prevent malaria but actually meant to prevent leprosy
DIDI Vietnamese 'to run', **DIDI MAU LEN** 'to run quickly'
DINKI DAU from the Vietnamese 'dien cai dau', to be crazy or literally 'off the wall'
D.M.Z. demilitarised zone
DONUT DOLLY a female American Red Cross volunteer
DOPE Marine term for the adjustments made to weapon sights; also, a term for marijuana and other illicit drugs
DOUBTFULS Vietnamese individuals who could not be categorised as either Vietcong or civil offenders; suspect personnel spotted from ground or aircraft
DUSTOFF nickname for a medical evacuation helicopter or mission
E & E escape and evasion
ECM electronic countermeasures, such as jamming, deception, and detection
ELEPHANT GRASS tall, sharp-edged grass found in the highlands of Vietnam
EM enlisted man
FIGHTING HOLE foxhole with sandbag protection and sometimes an elevated roof of sheet metal, reinforced with sand bags. Sized for one or two troops, fighting holes might be dispersed around a company or battery area for defensive use during a ground attack.

FIRECRACKER artillery round incorporating many small bomblets which are ejected over a target area and explode in "bouncing-betty" fashion -- almost simultaneously; name comes from the fast popping sound (best heard at a distance)
FIREFIGHT exchange of small arms fire between opposing units
FRAG common term for any grenade
FRAGGING assassination of an officer by his own troops, usually by means of a grenade
FREEDOM BIRD any aircraft carrying soldiers back to the "world" (the U.S.A.)
FRIENDLIES U.S. troops, allies, or anyone not on the other side
FRIENDLY FIRE euphemism used during the war in Vietnam to describe air, artillery, or small-arms fire from American forces mistakenly directed at American positions
GREEN-EYE starlight scope; light amplifying telescope, used to see at night
GRUNT popular nickname for an infantryman in Vietnam; supposedly derived from the sound a soldier made from lifting up his rucksack
HANOI HILTON nickname American prisoners of war used to describe the Hoa Loa Prison in Hanoi
HOOTCH house, living quarters or a native hut
HUMP to slog around on foot
IN COUNTRY Vietnam
IRREGULARS armed individuals and groups not members of the regular armed forces, police, or other internal security forces
K.I.A. Killed In Action
KLICK, K short for kilometre (0.62 miles)
LAY CHILLY lie motionless
LEATHERNECK term for a Marine (Marines wore leather neckbands from 1798-1880 for protection of the neck during sword combat)
LIFER career soldier
LIGHT UP to fire on the enemy
LZ landing zone
MAD MINUTE concentrated fire of all weapons for a brief period of time at maximum rate
M.I.A. Missing in Action.
NEWBIE any person with less time in Vietnam than the speaker
NUMBER ONE good
NUMBER TEN bad
NUMBER TEN-THOUSAND very bad
OUT-COUNTRY the Southeast Asian conflict outside South Vietnam (i.e., Laos and North Vietnam, sometimes Thailand, Cambodia, and China)
PLATOON approximately 45 men belonging to a company. Commanded by a lieutenant, a platoon is

an organisational unit composed of two or more squads.
P.O.W. Prisoner of War
P.T.S.D. post-traumatic stress disorder
PUCKER FACTOR assessment of the "fear factor", the difficulty or risk involved in an upcoming mission
RECON reconnaissance
RED LZ landing zone under hostile fire
ROCK 'N' ROLL to put an M16-A1 rifle on full automatic fire
R & R rest-and-recreation vacation taken during a one-year duty tour in Vietnam. Out-of-country R & R might be in Bangkok, Hawaii, Tokyo, Australia, Hong Kong, Manila, Penang, Taipei, Kuala Lumpur, or Singapore. In-country R & R locations were at Vung Tau or China Beach.
R.V.N. Republic of Vietnam (South Vietnam)
SAPPERS North Vietnamese Army or Vietcong demolition commandos
SAR search and rescue
SEARCH AND CLEAR offensive military operations to sweep through areas to locate and attack the enemy
SEARCH AND DESTROY offensive operations designed to find and destroy enemy forces rather than establish permanent government control; also, called "Zippo missions"
SHAKE 'N' BAKE officer straight out of OCS (Officer Candidate School) without any combat experience
SHORT, SHORT-TIME, SHORT-TIMER individual with little time remaining in Vietnam
SKATE goof off
SLEEPER an undercover agent or a mole
SORTIE one aircraft making one takeoff and landing to conduct the mission for which it was scheduled
STAND-DOWN period of rest and refitting in which all operational activity, except for security, is stopped
VC, CONG Vietcong
VIETCONG Communist forces fighting the South Vietnamese government
VIETMINH *Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh Hoi*, the Vietnamese Independence League
W.I.A. Wounded In Action
(THE) WORLD United States
ZIPPO flame-thrower; also the brand name of a popular cigarette lighter
ZIPPO MISSION search and destroy mission
ZULU casualty report, also the phonetic pronunciation of the letter "Z"