

protodimension magazine



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"LAVINDA IS NOT AMUSED."

LOUP-GAROU (DEMON WOLF)

Shape-shifting challengers

by Tim Bisailon

FOR DARK CONSPIRACY

WHAT FOUL CREATURE howls under the light of a silvery moon? Well, in Quebec there is the *loup-garou*, from the lore of French Canadians passed down from generation to generation. Over the years the tale of the loup-garou changed with each teller, but the gist of it remains the same: it is one huge wolf-like beast!

The Loup-Garou is a French legend of a human who changes into a huge wolf-like creature at his or her own will. The word “*loup*” means wolf in French and “*garou*” means werewolf, roughly translating to “demon”, hence “wolf-demon”. These wolf demons usually travel alone and in wolf form are three-, sometimes four-times larger than a wolf, with fur of pure black and eyes a glowing red.

Some of the legends tell of pristine looking loup-garous with fur of the purest white and glowing blue eyes said to be enchanting to those who look into them. Those legends call these types the “Protector of the Woods” and portrayed as helping those needing help.

Unlike *weres* loup-garous are immune to the effects of silver, since they are beasts in nature and are not the product of corrupting dark forces. They do not change with the cycles of the moon, can transform at will (taking about 60 seconds), and have complete control of their actions while in wolf form. What makes them dangerous is the fact that while in their wolf form they are as self-aware as they are when in human form having complete access to their human thoughts, memories, and knowledge. This, with the enhanced abilities of a giant wolf, makes them worthy as darkling prey for the prepared Minion Hunter.



LOUP-GAROU (DEMON WOLF)

| | | | | | |
|--|----|-------------|----|--------------|-----------|
| Strength: | 12 | Education: | 4 | Move: | 3/9/18/34 |
| Constitution: | 13 | Charisma: | 8 | Skills/Dam.: | 6/4d6 |
| Agility: | 10 | Empathy: | 10 | Hits: | 36/64 |
| Intelligence: | 4 | Initiative: | 6 | # Appearing: | 1d2 |
| Special: Automatic Human Project. | | | | | |

MR. FITCH

Monster or NPC?

By CW Kelson III (Tad)

FOR DARK CONSPIRACY

Mr. Fitch uses an Ogre Dark Race as a base which was then run through a few professions using the chargen rules. He is more a contact than a monster really.

A MERCENARY FOR HIRE, a part time body guard, a heavy to help guard a convoy, these are the skill sets that Mr. Fitch possesses. If you are in need of someone to rough up an old ex, or help make something disappear, Mr. Fitch is your man. When you know you are heading into danger and need someone that really does not care about the odds to be faced, hire Mr. Fitch, he will have your back, for the right price.

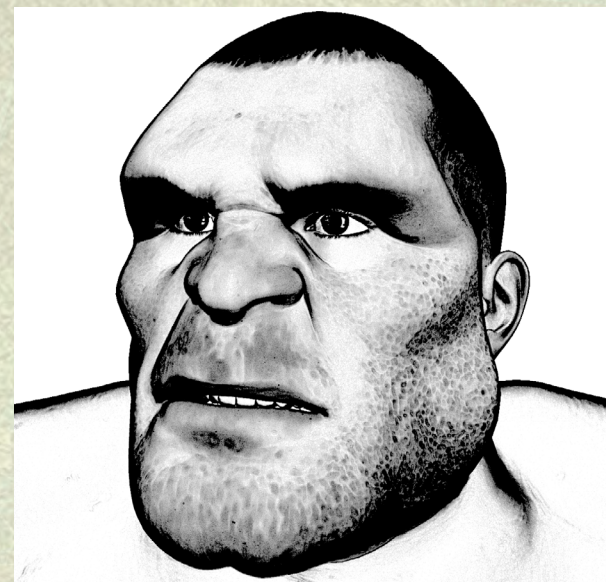
Mr. Fitch arrived on the underground fight scene as a mercenary several years ago and swiftly made a name for himself as a solid and reliable operator. Known to be totally indifferent as to who his employers are, with a reputation for keeping his mouth shut, and a complete disregard for the type of mission involved, Mr. Fitch commands high rates. He will turn on his employer the moment his pay requests are not met. None have survived the experience yet.

Mr. Fitch is a hulking brute of a man, towering over the largest of body-builders with slabs of muscle on top of more slabs of muscles. With a shaved head and eyes deeply inset in his massive skull, his appearance belies a cold intelligence focused on mayhem and destruction. His pale white complexion is offset by thick claw like nails and black piggish eyes, standing close to 10 foot in height and well over 300 pounds of solid brute. Scars and pockmarks crisscross his frame lending to the brutal nature he exhibits.

BACKGROUND

Mr. Fitch came from a distant proto-dimension, one composed of all ogres. In his world he is

a common member of his species. When a rift opened up and dragged him into it he was deposited in the middle of a demonground located in the former American Southwest. Once he made his way to a local agricorp farm he started to learn



Mr. Fitch

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-------------|---|----------------|-----------|
| Strength: | 21 | Education: | 1 | Move: | 4/8/16/32 |
| Constitution: | 24 | Charisma: | 1 | UCDR.: | 4 |
| Agility: | 4 | Psionics: | 1 | Social Status: | 1 |
| Intelligence: | 3 | Initiative: | 6 | Influence: | 1 |

Special: Long unarmed melee range..

HIT POINTS

| Head | Chest | Abdomen | Right Arm | Left Arm | Right Leg | Left Leg |
|-------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|-----------|----------|
| 48/45 | 135/69 | 90/45 | 90/45 | 90/45 | 90/45 | 90/45 |

Original method / Optional method

English. By the standards of his species he is well above the average in intelligence. With the aid of electronic learning devices, he acquired language skills to aid him in his new location. Realizing he is much larger and stronger than anyone around, Mr. Fitch, the name he chose for himself, took to using his physical advantages to work his way into the bounty hunting and freelance bodyguard fields.

During his time here he has been an unlicensed Bounty Hunter, a violent Enforcer for Criminal Organizations, a member of a Paramilitary Organization and is currently working again as an unlicensed Bounty Hunter for hire for the highest price. He has a customized shotgun, modified for the size of his hands as well as a massively oversized Kevlar vest to fit over his vastly robust frame.

Depending on his mission he will just charge in and take out any opposition, relying on his size and strength to overwhelm his foes. If necessary he will take extra gear in specialty situations, if provided by an employer. He has not been able to obtain skills in operating machinery or vehicles and will rely on others for transportation.

CREATION

Using the standard Ogre Stat Block from the rulebook, modified by the 4 careers adding in his skills and contacts. Treat him like a combat trained veteran force of violent nature.

CONTACTS

Mr. Fitch has four criminal generic contacts. He has little influence beyond his knuckles.

GEAR

Along with anything else that might be furnished to assist in his current task of job, Mr. Fitch has the following when on a mission:

- ☒ Custom Sized Kevlar Vest (AV-1 Chest and Abdomen)
- ☒ Custom Armalite Stormcloud Shotgun
- ☒ Axe (oversized)
- ☒ Oversized Camo and Combat Boots (Customized)
- ☒ Wireless Communication Device

MR. FITCH'S SKILLS

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Act/Bluff [CHR] | 1 / 2 |
| Bargain [CHR] | 1 / 2 |
| Carousing [CHR] | 3 / 4 |
| Demolitions [AGL] | 1 / 5 |
| Disguise [CHR] | 1 / 2 |
| Interrogation [CHR] | 1 / 2 |
| Language (English) [INT] | 5 / 8 |
| Language (Native Ogre) [INT] | 5 / 8 |
| Observation [INT] | 3 / 6 |
| Small Arms (Pistol) [AGL] | 2 / 6 |
| Small Arms (Rifle) [AGL] | 4 / 8 |
| Streetwise [INT] | 5 / 8 |



SLEEPING WITH BEAUTY

Fiction

By Eric Fabiaschi

FOR YOUR READING PLEASURE

LIGHT WAS FOLLOWED by unimaginable violence as you are ripped from the one you love. Her shrieks echoed in her lover's ears and head. The echo seemed to go on forever never fading.

Imagine that perfect moment with the one you love, all of time stops and the all that makes up the totality of each other is held in that one place. You drink and partake of each other's essence in that one eternal moment of love, lust, sex, romance, and even a bit of violence but it is an eternal thing. Time had erased her name as the soil, decay, rot, and elements all had their way with them both. But they were together for eternity. She was his all and he hers since time had wed them together. Bodicacia could see the edge of the underworld and then her love was ripped from her arms. The scream was primal, ancient and ripped across eternity with a sound that was not a sound at all.

'Welcome to worlds of antiquity, I'm your host Michael Cromilington and today we're digging up a massive Roman graveyard from the ancient days of empire during the occupation of Britain and we've got just two days to do it.' Michael was trying to deal with the sun, the rather dry English summer and the smell of the fields surrounding him. The set up for the shot was quick and rather sketchy but he was thrilled to have the opportunity to have his team dig into this graveyard which had been ignored for so long by archeologists of the past.

'Michael come quick you've got to see what we've found!' the sound of his American co-host was like nails on a black board to him but she was a great lay though. But what Michael didn't understand was that Dr.Sarah Pulin actually had far more degrees under her belt than her co-host and had been subtly guiding the production for months. Michael was adequate in the sack and was being used to fill certain needs of the forty five year old archeologist. But what they found was incredible.

His eyes grew larger as the backhoe had uncovered a fully laid out early Roman era grave

complete with two skeletons deep within the embrace of eternity. Around them were the remains of the soldier's 'Lorica Segmentata' armor now looking like so many brown beetles under the soil? Scattered around the other skeleton were bits and pieces of what might be jewelry or other remains, it was difficult to tell. The light hurt beyond pain and measure and she felt it pour through every last bit of spirit and hidden place in her heart. The anger and rage building within her were beyond the pale. 'Who, who, had disturbed her rest?'

'Hey have a look at that bit right there. Could that be a Roman pugio dagger?'

'Michael, I very much doubt that.'

'Sarah it might even be the remains of a gladius or...'

'Look Michael it's very unlikely that it is.'

There was a sense of unease around the dig as if they had disturbed someone's sleep or rest in the middle of the night. The dig was mapped, sketched, and ground radar had been employed over and over the site for a good four days before the camera crew had gotten there in their shiny new Range Rovers.

Pulin's small spade separated out a bit of 'dirt' from the shoulder of the skeleton. Elsewhere the shades of the family were bathed in the presence of the Gods and ancestors; suddenly Bodicacia screamed as she was cut across her shoulder and torso, the wound cut deeply into her flesh and soul as one. She was wrenched from her husband's grasp. She was elsewhere and her anger and rage were building by degrees. Who had done this insult to her family? Where were they taking her? The flesh that was not flesh took her by degrees to a cold, dark place in the middle of some damned iron table?! Had the priests called her back across the Threshold? Why, why, would they do this?

'Isn't this skull magnificent? The details are all there, she must have been very important. Many of the teeth are still intact and her skull seems in

such nice shape compared to the rest of the skeleton. And that jewelry is so lovely. Who do you think she was?' The skeleton had been prepped, readied, and every bit of her body laid out under the lights. Students buzzed around the new find as everything was entered into software and the university databanks for later, deeper cataloging. The process was done by archeology department volunteers; they were eager for good grades and the fast track for better things. Yet they felt uneasy around the ancient Roman corpse, and the more sensitive ones shivered and shuddered for no apparent reason. There was something ancient, tragic and weird about the corpse.

Elsewhere the pain had eased and Bodicacia was brought before the Judges of the Dead. More spirit than flesh, they looked at her with lidless skeletal eyes. They had eyes without compassion, mercy, or any of the other thousand human emotions that get in the way of making the humorless judgments of those who wander the darkness of the Underworld.

Rhadamanthos looked down at Bodicacia and with an atonement that could crack the lid of a stone crypt simply said, 'State your case child of the Mysteries?'

'Those of the living have taken my husband from me. I was promised eternity for my final service with him. And I can no longer feel his presence near me. My soul cries out for blood, vengeance, and the violator's pulsing hearts in my hands!'



Aiakos looked at his brothers then stared into Bodicacia's soul with the cold steely gaze of undead horror far beyond the pale of even a little ghost such as her. 'This is a waste of the court's time and your own child. Why should we, the ilk of Zeus himself, grant your request for vengeance when you can't even raise yourself from the grave or protect your husband who has watched over his own household for over eleven years? Brothers, I say nay. What say you Minos?'

Minos existed in two places that were not places at all, one of which was Hell where Uriel had given him reign over the final

rewards of those of the Earth. The words, if they can even be called that, were trite and very swift to the point, 'I am of course curious and never become curious without good reason.'

'Shall we send you back to the land of the shades without your husband, my lady Bodicacia?', the words were carefully crafted and measured as Rhadamanthos jiggled the Keys

of Hades carefully on his bony lap. His scepter floated mere inches above his hands, ready to send Bodicacia's soul into the deeper depths of Hades, to fates far worse than even the priestess and former lady of the house could imagine, and for an eternity of horrid things priestess could never imagine.

'My husband has been taken from me; my children lay in the path of their vile machines' blades even as we speak in this

timeless place. Have you no compassion left in those old and sorry things you call souls, you mad fucks? I have given you my time, my life, my sex, my memories, my life and the memories of our lives for all eternity is that not enough for the likes such as you? Zeus himself does not concern himself with the affairs of the dead and his brother does not even hear us anymore, but you do! You judges of the dead have the authority and the agenda to grant me the strength I need to break these bonds of death and return to the world of the living. Please grant my request!' The words tumbled from her dead and frozen lips as one might expect a breathy market deal or the proposition of a paid sex act in the wilds of Pompeii.

It was Minos, who's far too wide bony mouth, spoke first without humor or remorse at the prospect of granting the request for unlife to the little slip of a thing who had more strength in this single request than the ageless and decayed demigod things that stood before the council room of the ancient dead.

'There is of course the price to be paid. Of this you are no doubt aware, child?'

'To keep them safe and sound, I would pay any price or take on any risk to maintain my household and keep my family safe. But then you have looked into my soul and know this to be true. But still as always even with eternity beckoning, you continue to test and tease me.' Her words were filled with passion and anger but still it drew from her tormenters breathless laughter.

The questioning of the judges took no time at all and yet seemed to go on for an eternity. Bodicacia's soul seemed to swell with anger, rage, and passion that only the dead can feel toward the living. The judges of the dead continued to torment her with questions, ideals, and emotions in a single limitless instant of the high language of the dead. All this as the seconds of the clock ticked away and the shivers of the living felt the eyes of the dead ones upon them. The ghostly wispy things hovered over her corpse in the near now of the astral watching the whole process of them taking apart her life and corpse bit by bit each object unraveling another piece of her life, memory, and identity until only the barest bits were left all for the entertainment of a television audience. All that was left of her was her rage and seething breathless anger and need to find the soul of her husband. Finally it was Triptolemos the demigod of the Husks who surrounded by the goddesses Demeter, Persephone and Hecate

came to her aid. 'Grant the child her request brothers or we will have to continue to watch this farce for the eternity it takes between the dropping of the waters of life and death'.

'Very well Triptolemos but the court is not amused by your interruption and interference of our amusements and affairs!', Rhadamanthos was as testy and taciturn as ever he was his scepter weaving a pattern of power in the air around it.

Bodicacia's soul went screaming down toward the Earth gathering momentum and power as it went. The arcane power of the judges of the dead granting her wish and erasing what mind remained as she shredded the vale between the living and the ancient dead in quick succession of magick and power. Her spirit arrived in the makeshift tent in the field and screamed unseen among the living for the laboratory in the local university where her skeleton had been laid out on its steel and glass temporary home! Are there words that can describe the dark miracle of the dead returning to life? Wrapping the undead with the shredded reality of the local space time as it reaches out to become a new body? The body was made from the glass and steel cracking, shattering, and the ectoplasm goo of other place becoming her form in a quick and dirty spell of succession and violence at once monstrous and beautiful in its simplicity. The bone and dirt was all that was left of her flesh the power of her spirit bringing the entire form to unlife even as she took her first steps back into the world of the real. Inch by inch, foot by foot Bodicacia's soul searched for her husband's presence. And within mere moments she found him!

Michael Cromilington and Dr. Sarah Pulin had stolen away to a back office at about three am in a naughty secret that every crew member had known for at least three years making a clumsy attempt at fucking each other's brains out. A mix of clumsy clothing, sweat, and passion had caused them both to land on the back desk. It was quick and dark even as Michael mounted her with a determination that only cheap booze can bring on. Sarah was already nearing her first orgasm as he sunk deeply into her and she was a screamer of the first order. It was this stroke of the orgasm that almost caused her almost but not quite to swallow the bit of leather holding the trinket from the grave. 'What in the fuck is that Michael? You didn't take that from the dig did you?' The moment was ruined any way but it was the accusation that hurt the most. 'What the hell, no this bit of





Maybe it was a smug sense of satisfaction that she had even as her own monstrous temporary body began to fall apart. She broke the amulet with claws of glass and steel and swallowed his soul as well. She held him in her arms one last time and saw his handsome features at least for a moment but then he was gone between the drops of water and time. But for all eternity now she was a soul indebted to the courts of the dead and she would be called into service whenever they needed a strong arm of the dead in this realm. From now on her shade would be denied an eternity with her family as she was now something more and less than a lemure in the world of the gods.

Her thoughts if you can call them that were more like instincts now even as the first of the sirens sounded echoing across the lonely fields. The lights and crew of the worlds of antiquity television show would have to clean up the scandal and disaster of having their host and head advisor murdered in the middle of filming of an episode. Channel five would report it as the work of a mad man and perhaps they'd run it as part of their unsolved murders series. But the glass and rot of the dig merely confused all who saw it. But from someplace other...Bodicacia smiled and picked her teeth clean even as her family's resting place was safe even if it was only for now.

rubbish is just something that I picked up off of the ground.' 'That should have been turned over to the professors that were in charge of the dig' though his prick was still hard the moment was gone but it got a lot harder as the bone, back and spine of Michael Cromilington was spilt from the inside out by claws of glass steel and bone.

For Dr.Sarah Pulin she had the best and final orgasm of the nanoseconds of her life as the monster that had been Bodicacia. They caught the guttural Latin words and though they registered on their dying brains the gore and blood that bathed them seemed to belong to someone else. The

act of vengeance by Bodicacia for the violation of her family was quick and very vicious; it somehow seemed a spirited mockery of the act of sex. They had the feeling of themselves doing something very wrong but it was gone as Bodicacia took their souls and swallowed them become at once the monster and the horror she swore to protect her family from all of those thousands of years ago on Roman soil. She had mere seconds to enjoy the feeling triumph and vengeance as she held the amulet that held her husband's soul. Perhaps it was instinct that allowed her to wreck the office where the reports on the find of the Roman graves.



**REALITY TV
STARS SLAIN,
PRECIOUS
AMULET IS
MISSING**

In a Sequester'd Providence Churchyard

Where Once Poe Walk'd
By H. P. Lovecraft

Eternal brood the shadows on this ground,
Dreaming of centuries that have gone before;
Great elms rise solemnly by slab and mound,
Arch'd high above a hidden world of yore.
Round all the scene a light of memory plays,
And dead leaves whisper of departed days,
Longing for sights and sounds that are no more.

Lonely and sad, a spectre glides along
Aisles where of old his living footsteps fell;
No common glance discerns him, tho' his song
Peals down thro' time with a mysterious spell:
Only the few who sorcery's secret know
Espy amidst these tombs the shade of Poe.

"I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU," SAID THE LITTLE BLUE MAN

Blue Fiction

By Shae Davidson

FOR BUCKY



THE FIRST TIME I saw him was on a bright spring morning in second grade. It was late May, and the teacher asked me to take some papers up to the principal's office. I reached the bottom of the long, broad wooden stairway that ran up from the school's front door and saw someone halfway up, hopping back and forth on the stairs in some weird little dance. He wore a bright blue pinstripe suit with a dark blue tie and a little matching handkerchief sticking out of the jacket pocket, and his greased-back hair made him look like a gangster from the old cartoons I watched each morning before I had to catch the bus. He looked short, and as I climbed closer I realized that he was only about four feet tall. The little man ignored me until I reached the step he was on, then he stopped dancing, blew me a kiss, and stared at me as I hurried up the rest of the stairs.

I didn't say anything about him when I was in the office, but I didn't dare look back down the stairs as I left. Creeping down a back stairwell I cut through the cafeteria and made my way back to Mrs. Gum's room, where I spent the rest of the day trying to forget the odd little man.

I managed to get the image out of my mind by the end of school, but that night at dinner the doorway leading upstairs seemed to gape at me and I had trouble eating, so I told my parents what I'd seen. "Your little friend's back," my mother said immediately. My dad looked as confused as I was, but after a moment he sighed. "When you were a baby," he explained, "you used to cry when we could carry you up the stairs. Not every night, but it was enough that we noticed the pattern. One night I was taking you up to bed you crammed your face against my chest and yelled, 'No! Blue man!' You must have been about two and a half or so. I'd forgotten all about it."

"One night about a year after that," my mother added, "you kept peeping up at the stairs. After a while you came over and said the blue man was

holding something shiny, and that he blew a kiss to you. We thought he was some kind of imaginary friend, but you never really talked about him again after that."

I couldn't sleep that night. Even with my door firmly closed I could imagine him quietly dancing from one step to another or—worse still—quietly sitting on a stair watching his feet dangle as he waited for me. I rolled to face my window, where I could see a maple tree silhouetted by our neighbor's motion light. The tree's shadow had frightened my best friend so badly he had to go home during our first sleepover, and part of me realized that the motion light signaled someone or something moving behind our house, but these thoughts were more comforting than dwelling on the dancing blue man and the way his eyes had gleamed when he puckered his lips.

Days passed, then weeks, and the little blue man didn't reappear other than in fragments of nightmares. I stopped worrying about him each time I passed a stairwell and as school ended I began to open my bedroom door at night, letting a breeze pass through the room as the maple swayed outside. I never mentioned him to my friends, though, and was happy that my parents never brought him up.

I was tempted to talk about him once, though. The summer before sixth grade I went to a gifted camp at the small college in my hometown. There was a new kid there, Lee, and one afternoon he told me that the chapel's steeple scared him a little. His parents had bought a house in a neighborhood near campus, and he could see the spire through his bedroom window. The way the lights hit it at night, he explained, made it look like a weird solemn face. We spent the afternoon walking around the chapel, looking at it from different angles as I tried to see what frightened him, but I could never see the face.

I started to tell him about the strange shadows the old maple tree made at night, but as we

rounded a corner I saw the little blue man. He was hopping from one section of pavement to another on the sidewalk leading to a rear entrance to the church. The door had been propped open, and when he saw me he made another little hop and hid himself in the doorway. I stopped dead but Lee kept on walking. When he turned to ask me what was wrong the little blue man peeped out of his hiding place, his hands held up to his face like binoculars.

Lee hadn't seen a thing. I had to get away from the chapel, and blurted out that I my parents were coming to pick me up. As I headed away we invited me to his house to watch movies and try to see the face in the chapel at night. We spent most of the weekend together, playing computer games and watching bad horror movies, and by the time sixth grade started we were best friends.

I'd been able to push the little blue man to the back of my mind when I was in grade school, but I couldn't shake him in middle school and high school. I hated being in my parents' house alone at night, I never walked past the chapel again, and when I was learning how to drive I worried that I would see him doing his weird little dance on the curb. One summer night in high school Lee and I were playing spotlight with some friends in an old cemetery outside of town. Someone had tossed a blue hoodie over a fence, and when the beam of my flashlight caught swept over it I started screaming so loud that lights came on in the houses below the churchyard.

I didn't see him again, though. I had nightmares about him, seeing him waiting in the long stairwell leading to my seventh-floor dorm room when I was a freshman. I imagined him sitting on the railing of the fire escape outside my first apartment, his legs dangling in the air as he watched people passing on the street. When I had an internship at an art museum the way one long gallery echoed reminded me of the sound of his blown kiss.

The fears followed me when I moved to Pittsburgh to take a job at a community art center. I rented a small house near work and left the light in the stairwell on all the time, and avoided going up the narrow stairs to the center's attic by myself. I loved my job, though, and started to make new friends.

After I'd lived in Pittsburgh about two months Lee sent an email letting me know that he'd gotten a job with a small production company. He wanted to know if he could use my house as a base for apartment hunting, and to see if I wanted to go down to Cooper's Rock the following weekend. I found a hiding place for a key on my front porch, cleaned up the spare room, and queued some trashy movies we hadn't watched.

Lee was going to text when he arrived on Tuesday afternoon. An accident tied up traffic, and when he arrived he sent a message letting me know he was exhausted and was going to settle down to read until I got back instead of driving around to look at neighborhoods. His car was in the driveway when I got home, and I spotted a couple of bags in the backseat. The light to the spare room was on, but I quietly opened the door in case he'd dozed off.

I dropped my backpack in the hallway and moved to the stairway. As I started up I saw the little blue man sitting at the top of the stairs, licking something sticky red from a long needle.



WHAT'S ON THE SHELF

Ammunition Packaging

By Jason D. McEwen

FOR DARK CONSPIRACY

Anna was in daze since Creighton had bought their rings, but business quickly broke the trance. The clerk smiled at the familiar couple who were frequent customers, "Welcome back!" The man smiled back.

Creighton grinned, "I heard you got a couple more of those Gunsite Colts in, and do you have 200gr hollow points to feed 'em?" he watched Anna drifted to the next counter with a smile still on her face, "Sorry, what did you say?"

The clerk cleared, "Our distributor came through and the order arrived this morning, we also got a pallet of 62gr 5.56N. We're sorting some surplus AR-15/M-16 mags and have some police trade-in shotguns."

Creighton smiled, "Just got paid so I can restock, also need some cleaning supplies, dry boxes, targets." He glanced at another shelf, "I see you have both 5 and 25 shell boxes of 00 buck and slugs for 12 gauge, go ahead and add a couple of each to the pile."

HERE WE WILL add the original ammo tables and add commercial packaging of projectiles. This submission uses the Protodimension # 8 article on ammunition by Zvezda and O'Neill. In the U.S. there are a dazzling array of venues to buy ammunition, whether CivTek, or MilTek. The civilian standard packaged amounts are just as varied. Take .45ACP as an example, hollow points may be 20 rounds or the standard 50 round carton. Bulk packs for full metal jacket ball of 100, 250 rounds are available. The military M1911 ball is in 50 round cartons in metal cans, two cans per case, the civilian packaging usually is all cardboard with a

cardboard, styrofoam or light plastic divider in each carton.

Civilian packaging is cheaper, but more fragile and less protective with the exception of battle or blister packs which use the retort pouch material of MRE's. Both cartons and battle packs add no noticeable weight, just bulk when dealing with multiple boxes. These sometimes cost less as a dealer's special.

AMMUNITION:

Black Powder: Usually sold in one Liter cans, 4L cans are also available but some locals restrict the amount one may have. Weight is 1kg or 4kg, price is \$25 per kg. Roughly 4000 shots for small arms per kg is average. Projectiles weight 0.5kg per 10 rounds, cost is at 100 for \$15. Hollow points are \$25 per 20.

5.45B: This is sold in .2kg 20 round cartons, these cost \$4.00 per box.

5.56N: This caliber comes in .24kg 20 round cartons, .36kg 30 round cartons. These cost \$4.00 and \$5.75. A 200 round "battle pack", 10 cartons in a retort pouch, 2.4kg and \$36.

22LR: Sold in 50 round cartons, 100 round cartons, and "bricks" of 500(10 cartons in a box). 50 rd. cartons are .025kg and \$1.25, 100 rd. cartons are .05kg and \$2.50. Bricks are .275kg, \$10.00.

5.7FN: This round comes in .03kg 100 round cartons that cost \$20.

7.62S: Also known as the M43 7.62X39MM. Comes in .32kg 20 round cartons, these cost \$15.

.30-30: 20 round cartons that weigh .42kg and cost \$15

7.62N: Also known as .308 Win. Comes in 20 round cartons, .5kg and \$20. There are 200 round battle packs (10 cartons in a retort pouch), 5kg, \$175.

7.62B: Used in the SVD, also known as the 7.62X54 Rimmed. 20 round cartons weigh .5kg and cost \$15.

.30-06: cartons of 20 rounds weigh .5kg and cost \$25. AP ball is still made as it is the U. S. military's basis for armor threat protection.

8MM Mauser: 20 round cartons weigh .5kg, \$31.

.380ACP: Comes in 50 round cartons that weigh .5kg and costs \$18.

9X18: This round is in .2kg 20 round cartons that cost \$5.

9X19: Comes in 50, 100 round cartons. 50 round cartons weigh .55kg, cost is \$6.50, 100 round cartons weigh 1.1kg, cost \$13. A 300 round battle pack (6 50 round cartons in a retort pouch), 3.3kg, \$35.

.38 Special: 50 round cartons weigh .75kg, cost is \$18.00. 100 round cartons weigh 1.5kg, cost is \$29.

.357 Magnum: 50 round cartons are .8kg, \$5. 100 round cartons weigh 1.6kg, cost is \$30.

10MM: Box of 50 is .95kg, cost is \$27.

.44 Magnum: This box of 50 weighs 1.2kg, costs \$35.

.45ACP: A 50 round box is .39kg, \$15. A 100 round box is .975kg and \$28. Commercial battle pack or box of 250 rounds is 4.8kg, \$100.

.454 Casull: Comes in 20 round boxes that are .54kg, \$20, and 50 round boxes are 1.35kg, \$40.

.475 Wildey Magnum: A box of 20 rounds are .72kg and \$20, box of 50 rounds are .1.8kg,\$40.

.50BMG: Commercial package of 20 rounds weigh .84kg and cost \$50.

12ga Buck: A 5 shell box is .03kg, \$5, 25 shell boxes are .15kg, \$20.

12ga Slug: A box of 5 shells is .04kg, \$6. 25 shell boxes are .2kg, \$24.

Factory Reloads is a company that has been approved to sell ammunition made from once fired brass and/or salvaged components. Cost is 80% of commercial ammunition. Some ammunition is the commercial sales of military ammo. Some commercial concerns make "military style" products as well. Quality ammo from name brands or those with the NATO circled cross is good to go.

EXAMPLE:

Creighton and Anna Bradley are purchasing ammunition, 5.56N AP to break in barrels, .45ACP JHP, and some .45ACP Match. They find a baggy of AP for \$24, three cartons of 50 rounds each for \$75 apiece, one 100 round carton of match for \$125.



FOR DARK CONSPIRACY

AMMO LAND

THE ORDER OF THE VEILED EYES

An Ambiguous Hunter Cell

By Scott McClenaghan

FOR DARK CONSPIRACY

A CELL OF MINION hunters operates out of an abandoned church in Tampete in the slums west of Bayshore (although the group freely moves around and the GM is encouraged to place them in any big city). They pose as clergy for a non-denominational church which welcomes the hungry and homeless, distributing food, blankets, clothing, and medicine to those in need. In actuality they are six extremists who attempt to identify and root out Darkling activity. *Order of the Veiled Eyes* is a thinly veiled reference to the Serengeti sunglasses which some minion hunters wear to identify themselves to each other.

They offer entertaining presentations which seem less like sermons and more like insightful comedy. These are laden with philosophical banter and witty observations of the Dark Times all with the purpose of subverting the will of the parishioners.

The clergy weaken the mental resistances of their parishioners by lacing food, drink and medicine with mind-dulling drugs while Zeeks assists with his psionic abilities. The clergy then offer instructions to them. Simple at first; find and bring friends. Those who have been here while start receiving more complicated orders; monitor police frequencies and note activities, investigate and photograph key locations, follow key people. Meanwhile, Zeeks fills diaries with clues from his nightmares and waking dreams of nearby Darkling activity.

The cell travels with most of the gear they need to operate, gathering the rest locally. They fill rooms with weapons, explosives, and radio equipment including police scanners and cell phones. Members usually live out of the church and rigorously monitor it with cameras and alarms. Rhonnee wires it

to detonate when they are finished or in an emergency.

The cell maintains a “war room” of maps, organizational hierarchies and similar information unearthed by them or their agents regarding Darkling activity. From here, they make all their tactical decisions, and when enough information has been gathered, they put their parishioners into action.

Parishioners are assigned specific tasks ahead of time which amount to terrorist activity. These are post-hypnotic suggestions which survivors do not remember afterwards. They are doped up with mind-numbing drugs and jacked up with amphetamines. At the toll of the church bells (which can be heard for kilometers), they carry out their orders.

Parishioners may be given tasks like these:

- ☒ Plant a bomb in the offices of a pest control company known to be harboring Darkling activity.
- ☒ Wait on a rooftop with a sniper rifle for certain individuals to appear.
- ☒ Detonate a warehouse and execute anyone who emerges.
- ☒ Drive a truck of explosives into a warehouse suspected of manufacturing chemicals used by a Darkling faction.
- ☒ Shoot your way into a broadcasting station and air damning video footage of Darkling activity.
- ☒ Disrupt police intervention by shooting up police stations. (Here the motive is to disrupt rather than to kill).

Skilled parishioners may be given more complicated assignments and will sometimes work together. For example, one group may disable the power to a high-rise while another moves in to execute everyone inside.

The crew will monitor news and police reports to see if precise strikes are practical after the wake of incidents or whether they should just leave exposed threads for the police and other minion hunter cells to mop up. After that, they'll pack up and collapse the church behind them, and move to a new city to set up shop there.

These guys have been active for nearly a decade now, moving between various cities in USA. They're clearly not "good guys" based on the amount of collateral damage they seem to be okay with, but they are certainly effective in exposing epicenters of Darkling activity.

INVOLVING THE PLAYER CHARACTERS

Players may hear of these events as they unfold through their contacts and may choose to investigate the church. Likely they'll believe the order is itself a Darkling presence, allowing for interesting development if they learn who the clergy seem to be scrutinizing.

Or it may be the investigators learn of the order only after its plans have come to fruition and tragedy is being reported on GNN. In this case, the players will have their pick of new Darkling threads to explore.

If the players are lucky enough to examine the map room before it is destroyed, they will likely inherit years worth of gathered evidence and may even secure a few leads to the clergy themselves.



JAYCE

Male

Age 37

American

STR: 8

CON: 8

AGL: 6

INT: 7

EDU: 5

CHR: 7

PSI: 0

SOC 5



Jayce leads the group and makes most tactical decisions for the team. He's a twelve year army veteran whose family was murdered in Dayton during a vampiric outbreak. He uses this memory to justify the indiscriminate killing of Darklings and civilians.

Other Skills 2
 Unarmed Martial Arts 5
 Slug Weapons 5
 Streetwise 4
 Leadership 5
 Investigate 4

RHONNIE

Female

Age 34

African-American

STR: 9

CON: 8

AGL: 6

INT: 6

EDU: 4

CHR: 5

PSI: 0

SOC 3



Rhonnie is a skilled ex-mercenary. She is also a demolitions expert who bears some scarring and is partially deaf in one ear due to a few close calls.

Other Skills 3
 Demolitions 6
 Observation 5
 Slug Weapons 5
 Streetwise 4
 Running 6
 Climbing 4

MALCOLM

Male

Age 28

American

STR: 4

CON: 6

AGL: 6

INT: 6

EDU: 7

CHR: 8

PSI: 0

SOC: 5



Malcolm is a charismatic orator who can keep large groups of people entertained for long stints of time. He's clever and charming and is the closest to a conscious that the group has.

Other Skills 2

Act/Bluff 5

Bargain 5

Persuasion 6

Slug Weapons 5

Willpower 5

TYSO

Male

Age 14

Polish

STR: 4

CON: 5

AGL: 5

INT: 8

EDU: 7

CHR: 4

PSI: 0

SOC: 3



Tyso is a Polish teenager with experience beyond his years in radio and communications. He has some skill with computers too. Tyso is impetuous and sometimes brings unintended trouble to the cell.

Other Skills 2

Computers 6

Electronics 6

Investigation 6

Observation 5

Research 6

GREGOR

Male

Age 33

German

STR: 9

CON: 8

AGL: 7

INT: 6

EDU: 3

CHR: 4

PSI: 0

SOC: 3



Gregor is a mountain who is talkative and friendly until he isn't, when he becomes all business. His initial demeanor is misleading and sometimes fools people into thinking he hasn't got a one track mind.

Other Skills 2

Autogun 5

Observation 5

Slub Weapons 5

Stealth 5

Unarmed Martial Arts 5

ZEEKS

Male

Age 19

Russian

STR: 6

CON: 4

AGL: 5

INT: 5

EDU: 4

CHR: 4

PSI: 8

SOC: 3



Zeeks is a gifted empath who struggles with drug addiction. He is prone to nightmares and bouts of screaming and crying. Malcolm and Rhonnie are the only two who really know how to talk to him. Without them, he is a loose cannon.

Other Skills 2

Foreboding 5

Human Empathy 4

Observation 5

Scrounging 5

Streetwise 4

PROFILE: RILEY GROFF, NEUROPATH

An NPC/Contact

By Richard Hayden

FOR DARK CONSPIRACY

BACKGROUND

Riley Groff was born to a wealthy family in Manhattan, New BosWash. Always a strange child, the other children in his parent's social circle refused to play with Riley and generally teased and bullied him when no one was watching. The decision was made to send Riley to the Atwood Boy's Private School around the age of ten, with the intent that he would later enter an Ivy League college.

Here the bullying continued and advanced. Riley found himself constantly tormented for the first few years at Atwood. He developed a deep situational depression as a result of his alienation and abuse, which culminated in a suicide attempt at the age of fourteen.

Riley had attempted to overdose on painkillers he had stolen from the infirmary, but was discovered before he died. When he had recovered, Riley began to sense things around him that he was unable to sense before.

The moods of his peers and instructors at Atwood became obvious to Riley. As did the feeling of dread which he felt whenever he looked at the freezers in the cafeteria. For several months after his failed suicide, Riley researched the history of the school, trying to understand why he had suddenly become so afraid of the freezers.

A newspaper clipping finally surfaced that gave him a part of the puzzle. Five years before he had arrived at the school, a sixteen year old boy had been found dead in the freezer. The cause was ruled suicide by asphyxiation after the boy's roommate had produced evidence of the victim's unrequited love for another student. Riley used this knowledge to further his investigation, questioning several teachers who knew the victim. Eventually Riley discovered that almost all of the staff who had been there at the time believed the victim was really murdered by an administrator who was rumored to be a pedophile.

Riley confronted the administrator publically, and found several students backing him up. The man

had been engaging in sexual abuse of several children in the school over the years. During the confrontation, the abuser pulled a knife and threatened Riley. Stunned, Riley watched as he saw what looked to be the ghost of the murder victim seize the abuser's arm and cut his throat. No one else saw the apparition Riley had witnessed, and the official story was that he killed himself rather than be arrested.

To his family's dismay, Riley did not enter university after his graduation from Atwood. He still lacked friends and remained isolated. He sought to understand the strange feelings and visions he had been having and entered a corporate run program for "sensitive individuals." Doctors would spend several years administering medical and psychological testing. Eventually he learned to control his ability to sense feelings in others and even developed a knack for moving small objects using nothing but his will.

However, he suspected a darker purpose to the testing and training. Not long after his twenty first birthday, he was told he would be placed in the advanced classes. The doctor who informed him of this let a mental image slip that made Riley sick to his stomach. They were going to train him to be a weapon of some sort, and his trainers would be something inhuman. Riley contacted his old history teacher from Atwood, a woman who had always been kind to him, and begged for help. On the night he was to be transferred to the advanced training facility, Riley was extracted by a team of what he thought at the time were mercenaries. During his escape, the team was attacked by things which resembled humanoid bears. Massive, hairy, with huge, sharp claws, one of the beasts nearly killed the entire team until Riley managed to use his psychokinetic abilities to hurl a knife into the creature's heart.

He knew from that point forward that monsters were real, and that horrible things lurked in the

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darkness. His rescuers called themselves “minion hunters”, and although he was not sure what that meant, he joined them in the fight against the dark.

APPEARANCE

Riley is a young man in his early twenties with a baby face. Scrawny and lanky, these combine to give him the look of a terminally ill teenager. His sandy hair is rarely combed, and he typically dresses in ill-fitting clothes with holes and stains.

PERSONALITY

Riley is a gentle young man who rarely speaks unless asked a direct question. He has an unnerving habit of answering unasked questions. Riley is thoughtful and smart, but almost never shares an opinion on any topic. When confronted with violence, he tends to hide until things cool down, but will use his abilities to protect himself or his companions. Since joining with his team, he has been learning to fire a gun, but has yet to master those skills properly.

CONTACTS

The following are Groff’s solid contacts:

- ☒ **Dr. Alexandra Simmons (Academic):** Historian from the UK.
- ☒ **Jacob (Empathic):** A mysterious fellow test subject who fled shortly after Riley.
- ☒ **Captain Sean Ward (Military):** Member of his minion hunting team.
- ☒ **Beth (Criminal):** Member of his minion hunting team.
- ☒ **“Tennessee” (Specialist):** Member of his minion hunting team.

GIFTS AND FLAWS

- ☒ **Increased Influence:** Riley received double influence during his time at Atwood.
- ☒ **Mental Illness (depression):** Whenever he is subject to extreme stress (at the Referee’s discretion), his depression manifests, with the effects applying immediately.

GEAR

Sometime while hunting minions Groff picked up the following gear:

- ☒ Glock 17
- ☒ 50 rounds 9mm P ammunition
- ☒ RamTech Bodyguard Kevlar (Ballistic Nylon) Vest

STATISTICS

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|---|--------------------|---|-----------------------|-----------|
| Strength: | 3 | Charisma: | 4 | Move: | 2/8/16/32 |
| Constitution: | 2 | Education: | 7 | UCDR: | 1 |
| Agility: | 4 | Psionics: | 7 | Social Status: | 8 |
| Intelligence: | 6 | Initiative: | 2 | Influence: | 11 |

SKILLS

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Act/Bluff [CHA] | 1/5 |
| Biology [EDU] | 2/9 |
| Business [EDU] | 1/8 |
| Computer Operation [INT] | 2/8 |
| Disguise [CHA] | 2/6 |
| Foreboding [PSI] | 2/9 |
| History [EDU] | 2/9 |
| Human Empathy [PSI] | 2/9 |
| Instruction [CHA] | 1/5 |
| Intrusion [AGL] | 1/5 |
| Project Emotion [PSI] | 1/8 |
| Psychology [INT] | 1/7 |
| Telekinesis [PSI] | 2/9 |
| Willpower [INT] | 2/8 |



I OWN A PAWNSHOP, AND THIS ONE GUY BRINGS IN THE STRANGEST STUFF... REPRISE

Further in, you will be

By Howard Moxley

FOR CONSPIRACY POINT OF VIEW

SAVE THIS FILE while you can. It will most likely be removed, one way or another.

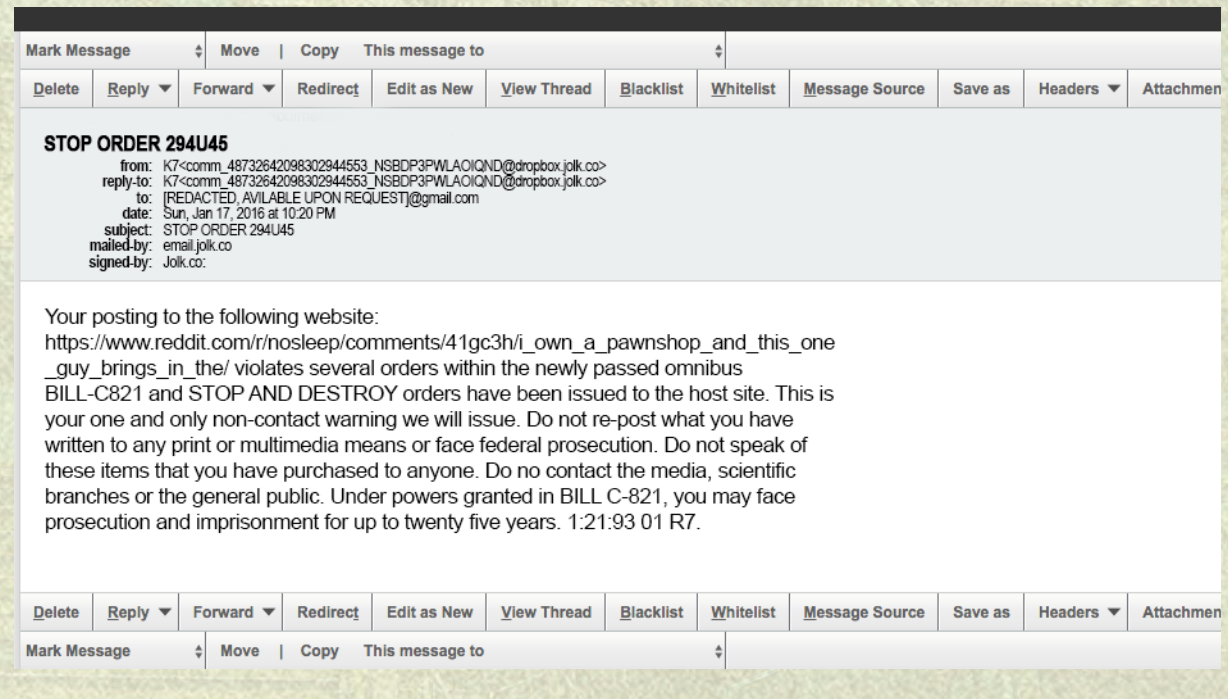
You can read post #1 [here](https://www.reddit.com/r/nosleep/comments/41gc3h/i_own_a_pawnshop_and_this_one_guy_brings_in_the/), but it won't get you far. That one was removed, or I was told to remove it, by the moderators a few hours ago. I am used to moderators removing what I write, it's part of what they do to maintain the prime vision of what this place represents. What I'm not used to was emails like this one I received below.

If you read the first post below, you will see that I followed the supplier of these strange objects, Edwin Dust, to the place I was sure he was getting them. I wish I could write that I was an explorer that braved this strange world, but the truth is that the world beyond the door was too cold for my T-shirt and jeans. Not only that, the air was filled with a strange intelligent

machine humming and a smell of toxic glue and oranges that rose ever hair on my neck. I didn't take 2 steps through the door before dashing back, all the way to the safety of my computer, where this email waited for me (see below).

I sent off a pleasant message, held the blue orb for a blissful minute while a music beyond scales and harmonies humans can possibly conjure played in my head, and went to bed. In the early hours of the morning, ADT called me to say someone broke into my pawnshop. I got there as quick as I could, but all I found was a battering-rammed in door and seven pieces of inventory that had I acquired are now missing, the items in the box I cataloged below. Nothing else, not even the good display gold, was taken.

My heart felt like it was shot with an electric javelin when I fell to my knees in wide eyed, bawling disbelief that something like this could



happen to me, that there were forces out there that actively kept knowledge from the outside people and punished those that would expose it. But I wasn't a child anymore, and if wrongs needed to be righted, I'll keep going even if it hurts.

I paid \$390 to my friends Jose and Luis to remove and replace a door, I rearranged my things, and I went on with my life, hoping more than anything else to see Edwin Dust again. My hopes were risen, dashed, and lifted again when a tall, scrawny woman with a red shock of hair wobbled on unsure heels into the Gilded Gun pawnshop with a large black plastic crate.

The woman slapped down her wares and opened the top of the same dirty camouflage jacket Edwin Dust wore, showing a long wrap-around pad that resembled one of those ribbons seen on car bumpers. She seemed amused that I did not recognize her, and introduced the first item she had for sale:

1. "Evaser", or approximate spelling. The woman said she WAS Edwin Dust, the Evaser was a fad piece of equipment that fell shortly by the wayside to real "genetic re-sequencers". Edwin said that the process works by a type of intelligent ionization, is proven safe for sex re-assignment based on existing genetic structure and has been used in the mainstream as party gags and marriage enhancers for fifty years. She tells me full transformation takes 63 hours, transformation to former state 28, adding she wanted to see what it was like before selling it to me. I think I'll just store it for now.
2. A thin metal tube that vibrates when you hold it tightly. The inside contains a sheet approximately 30 feet long. Edwin -Edwina maybe?- warned me not to release the roll from its protective casing, as the material is, was, "1000 times more buoyant than air". I just didn't grasp how much that was. As soon as she was gone, I unrolled it and the entire roll shot up and ripped a hole through my ceiling and roof. Goodbye forever. Jesus, I'm stupid sometimes.



3. What I call the "alternate timeline headset". This is one of the most interesting objects I have ever seen- Edwin switched it from one timeline during a nuclear attack in 1992, one in 1981 in which Jimi Hendrix married Yoko Ono and ended up buying and establishing plantations for vast hippie communes in the deep south, forming a new and powerful intellectual state, and one in which a plane crashed in Denver during the Giants and Broncos game instead of the twin towards on 2001. Unfortunately, Edwin was speaking too fast for me to understand and the device is too complex for me to use. I have it stuck in some kind of option screen, and it's unusable as of the moment.

4. Headphones. When placed on your head, you are able to hear any conversation you ever had or will have. There is no way to know or set when this conversation took or takes place, but if you are sharp you can trace some of it. I have been hearing an argument I had with my 3rd grade teacher for the past hour. Told you Pluto wasn't a planet.

5. "Blocove Die", or approximate spelling. Three dice, red body and white dashes for eyes. The dice only work as a trio, and will roll any number or combination you think of. If you don't think of any numbers, it falls naturally. I have some BIG plans for these babies.

6. A mana machine is the best way to describe it, I guess. one foot high, looks a little like a hookah, copper and silver glass grooved body filled with a strange green algae that smells milky. If I leave it out in the sun and water it in the grooves, it produces a god-awful tasting slimy goo that makes you feel like superman/woman after eating it. No matter

how much I can stomach to eat, there is more. The benefits almost outweigh the taste. ALMOST.

7. "Anti-kinetic tape". It is what it is, adhesive that is bulletproof, fire-proof, non-Newtonian shockproof. Lots of neat ideas of what I can do with an entire clear 300 foot roll.

8. My personal favorite: The 1" doctor's case. It is two feet by a foot by an inch thick, but the sucker weighs at least fifty pounds. There is strange button-less machine that accepts one of the 6 canisters left out of ten. Edwin explained that if you drink the liquid inside and then urinate back into vial, it can be read on the "meter" and a custom cure for any and all diseases and ailments plaguing your body can be cured by feeding in one of the six cure canisters. Edwin demanded 300 bucks for this. I dickered the most substantial advance in human medical knowledge down to \$220. I drank one vial this afternoon. Results pending.
9. One children's book, printed 1966: "Planet R10-24: Primary annunciation lessons". The pages are filled with complex series of square blocks combining symbols, location, calculus and bar-codes into a dialect that has no beginning or end, as the intelligent beings from R10-24 spoke before they were born and long after they died. Even as a child's primer, it is far beyond my simple mind.
10. The two rings. I didn't know what the two airy brown rings did, and Edwin said to "place them between something you don't want, and touch them". I did that, placed them between 16 old acid-bay batteries that cost a fortune to dispose of, and nothing happened. Maybe they are busted.

What you read here may be removed, but I am willing to deal with that. Even if I need to make a new subreddit, this truth cannot be hidden for long. I dare you to stop me. I dare you. I'll post again below me, and I'll post every time Edwin Dust makes it through that front door, watch me! Because more than anything else, it is you, the reader, that makes all of this possible. The truth is worth anything for you.

[EDIT]: Posting from my phone in a dive bar. I had Jose drive me back home. I never stopped- there were two unmarked towncars outside my home. There was something nailed to my front door. Jose tried to speed up before I could see, but I saw: my puppy Spooky was nailed to it. "YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY" was written in what I presume to be my best friend's blood on my garage door.

This isn't the pub's ale speaking. This is me: you won't stop me from telling the truth. You just pissed me off.





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